CHARLES I RETURNS TO LONDON from Lord Rosslyn's Marienmore estate, in Buckinghamshire, to which the bronze equestrian statue of the King was moved in 1647 after escaping damage in an attack by then Lord Leven's men. It will be among the first of a series of statues of the King to be on view in Scotland. The Marienmore statue, one of the few remaining of Charles I, was kept hidden away for safety, and re-instated after the Restoration of 1660. See also pages 79-81.

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

NO. 233 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, JUNE 7
Monty's 'Great Debt to All British Soldiers'

Taking Leave of His Command of the British Army of the Rhine as

His successor as C-in-C R.A.F. in

The Field-Marshal turned about to give a farewell salute as he entered the plane (1) of Berlin, where he had been for one day. The Guard of Honour at Hambach, where the Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Alan Brooke inspected the Guard of Honour at Hambach, before leaving for Germany (2).
To appreciate the reasons for our attack on the docks at the German-occupied port of St. Nazaire on March 26-28, 1942, it is necessary to restate the situation in Britain at the end of 1941. The U-boat campaign in the Atlantic was expected to reach its full strength before America could really get into gear and help to provide effective counter-measures. The Royal Navy was hard-pressed to protect the British lifeline of convoys crossing the Atlantic, and any additional enemy weight in this quarter would have been a contingency difficult to meet.

It was as a result of this possible threat that the attack on St. Nazaire was considered in the spring of 1942. It was thought that if the Tirpitz was engaged, in all probability she would make for the dry dock there—the only one on the French Atlantic coast big enough to house her if she were knocked about and needed repairs. The destruction of this dock would therefore be likely to have the effect of taking her out of Norwegian waters, or of making her turn over the dismantling of the Stralsund to get back to her usual haunts. At about the same time St. Nazaire was a very strong U-boat base, having a massively constructed concrete bunker, and any damage that could be done to it would assist to some extent the Allied anti- U-boat campaign.

Such were the reasons for the raid, and, in fact, this was the plan for carrying it out. A force of approximately 270 Commandos was to be landed in the docks. Of these, 90 of whom were to carry out the demolition of all the essential dock machinery, gain and approach bridges; the remainder were to destroy the gun crews and kill or capture any enemy whilst the demolitions were taking place. They were to be landed two by two by light surface craft—M.L.s, carrying about 15 men in each—and in an old American destroyer, H.M.S. Campbelltown, which, with five tons of explosives in her holds, was to ram the outer dock gates. A delayed-action charge in the explosives would detonate them some hours later when the land demolitions had been completed. To create a diversion to the enemy dock-port a British fighter pilot, R.A.F., was to carry out a raid on the docks throughout the action.

This time the force of German forces was housed in the old French barracks just outside the city. The Germans, however, still considered essential that the raid should be a surprise and that the troops should be landed in minimum daylight. The maximum time ashore was to be 14 hours, however this might be considerably reduced if all operations went well. The St. Nazaire docks lie some miles up the Loire, and the Tirpitz had been left behind in the bay and a sharp lookout was kept in the darkness for the pre-arranged navigational beacon in the mouth of the river, which was to be given by the submarine H.M.S. Sturgeon. With an inter- mittent light flashing from her conning tower, she was to mark the entrance to the river, after which the convoy was to be directed on to their objectives up the river by a M.O.G. carrying the orders to the German Commandos.

A muffled "Good-bye and good luck!" from the Sturgeon's conning tower as the convoy passed was the last link with home, and the operation was before us. Crossing across the mud flats had its anxieties. H.M.S. Campbelltown touched ground on two occasions but was able to clear herself. Ahead could be seen the flak in the sky, telling us that the R.A.F. were there and the radar was on. How far we would be able to proceed up the river undetected was in the lap of the gods but, incredibly though it seems, the Force was able to get within a few minutes of its objective before searchlights were picked up and every enemy gun in the area was firing, some at practically point-blank range. The Commandos were holding their fire, but as the ships were so close to the German positions, some shots were fired by the Tirpitz. Enemy gunners were firing from every vessel and most of the narrow gaps were in action. The U-boat positions were not all one-sided. From every vessel a stream of tracer alarmed the enemy fire, but searchlights were put out and many gun positions silenced. It was a great relief when immediately ahead could be seen the large dry-dock gate; and, pouring out from its starboard end, the destroyers, vessels with guns and barrage balloons, the tiny motor gunboats, the destroyers were the first part of the operation to complete its task, and the 5.25-inch motor gunboats had taken their position on the three-inch guns, and the destroyers, vessels with guns and barrage balloons, the tiny motor gunboats, the destroyers were the first part of the operation to complete its task, and the 5.25-inch motor gunboats had taken their position on the three-inch guns, and the 5.25-inch motor gunboats had taken their position on the three-inch guns, and the 5.25-inch motor gunboats had taken their position on the three-inch guns.
Great Stories of the War Retold

It was necessary and right that such remaining craft as were left—all carrying many wounded—should be got up from the river—should withdraw down the Lota. This, in itself, was a hazard. A barrage was already being laid down under continuous devastating fire by shore batteries who were by now thoroughly aware of what was happening and whose fire was accurate and heavy.

Our little M.L. proceeding at full steam down the river was engaged by a German destroyer and a lively action ensued. Running alongside each other a continuous interchange of fire was kept up between the two vessels, the much larger enemy destroyer causing heavy casualties on the unprotected M.L. With nearly all the men on board killed or wounded, the M.L. was called upon by the destroyer to surrender, but a burst of fire from a light automatic weapon on the M.L.'s deck told the German capitaine that there was still some fight left in the little British ship.

When the Camelot Began Up!

The very gallant fire of this weapon was the Commanado Sergeant Tom Durrant, who, although wounded many times, kept up his fire. Needless to say, in the end they were overpowered and those on board who remained alive taken prisoner. Sgt. Durrant, mortally wounded, was taken aboard to die a few hours later, and like his comrade, Able Seaman W. A. Savage, who gave his life on the M.G.B., firing his gun to the last, was awarded a posthumous Victoria Cross (portraits in page 185, Vol. 9 and page 28, Vol. 6). Those little ships that made the estuary reach home with colours flying. At times by candlelight in the dark, often at least they shot down, they succeeded in making good their escape.

Back on shore the remaining Commandos had a decorative mercy across the jetty side. With rapidly diminishing ammunition it was no place to stay. Close behind them was the ever-unplodded five tons of dynamite in the Camelot's bow. They were in the dock centre, to stop which, German reinforcements would make, and some to remove was up into parries of about 20 and break out of the dock area into the town, do as much damage to the enemy as depleted ammunition would allow, and then attempt to get through to the open country beyond.

With luck their hope lay in making their way through France to Spain and home. Five of them managed it and sailed for home from Gibraltar. The majority of the remainder managed to penetrate the enemy ring surrounding them and enter the town. From there they spread their message in the streets, fighting their way as far as they could to the town of St. Nazaire. When ammunition ran out each group went to earth and, with daylight adding to their difficulties, hoped to remain hidden through the day and to escape the following night. But, carrying out a systematic house-to-house search, with all cross-roads picked by automatic weapon, the Germans combed the town and one by one the parties of Commandos were taken prisoner.

They knew just what had happened when at about ten o'clock next morning there was a tremendous explosion from the dock area. At that time many high-ranking German officers were carrying out an examination of the Camelot, and it is known that when the went up many of them went up too, some 350 officers and men dying at a result of the explosion. H.S.S. Camelot had done its job; the men in the dock centre had been destroyed, and every effort by the Germans to reach the dock was unsuccessful. Delayed-action torpedoes fixed into the entrance gates by lock through which the U-boats had to pass to their bunker caused heavy damage, and all the installations connected with the working of the dock had been almost fatally demolished.

Failure, however, had to be reported with regard to any damage that we had hoped to do to the bridges and entrance to the inner basin. The men whose task it was to destroy these objectives either lost their lives trying to reach them or, in the case of some, failed to be landed by their M.L.s at the dock side. But the main task was successful. And if as a result of this action the Tirpitz decided to seek the Spanish waters, as indeed she did, then the raid as a whole may be considered successful.

German Divisions Were Recalled

Our casualties were high—34 Commandos officers out of 44 and 178 other ranks out of 224 were left behind; 34 naval officers and 151 ratings were killed or missing out of a total of 62 officers and 291 ratings. From the day the exploit was planned, when it was known as "OperationCharriot," until the day the small Force sailed from Plymouth there was never a doubt in anyone's mind that it would be otherwise. Yet never did a more confident Force sail from its base to do a job that needed to be done.

The action at St. Nazaire had another far-reaching result. The Germans were surprised by it, and for a while they thought it was the opening of the Second Front. Their issues were very heavy, and there is no doubt that in the confusion during the darkness and also during the days that followed, many of their casualties were caused by their own guns. The French citizens in St. Nazaire had spontaneously joined in the fighting and had added considerably to the enemy confusion and discomfiture. As a result it is believed the Germans were unable to send away many Divisions which had been ordered for the Russian Front, but there is evidence that some on the way were actually recalled. Thus the action did to some extent relieve pressure on our Allies.
FOREIGN MINISTERS' CONFERENCE OPENS IN PARIS

Delegates at the opening session were Mr. Benito (1) and his deputy on the council of Foreign Ministers, Mr. Dumas (2), Mr. Butter (3), Mr. Vrej (4), Mr. Alibert (5), Mr. Alibert (6), Mr. Boccelli (7), Mr. Boccelli (8). Mr. Boccelli (9). Mr. Boccelli (10). Mr. Boccelli (11). Mr. Boccelli (12).

Photo: New York Times Picture

THE FOUR POWER CONFERENCE

A summary of the Foreign Ministers, Mr. Ernest Bevin (U.S.), Mr. F. Byrnes (U.S.A.), Mr. Molotov (U.S.S.R.), and Mr. Ribbentrop (Germany), opened at the Luxembourg Palace, Paris, on April 28th. They were to discuss the future of the German Reich, as one of the four states of which Germany is to be an active member, and the future of Italy, as a state member of the League of Nations. The conference is to be held in the presence of all the members of the League of Nations, who have expressed their willingness to support the conference.

A. Proposal for the future of Italy is expected to be discussed, and the future of the Italian Navy is to be shared between the Big Four and the nations of the League of Nations, Italy to retain only four cruisers.

B. The difficulty in the solution of the Italian problem is to be decided by the conference. The solution of the problem of the Italian colonies is to be decided by the conference.

C. The conference is to be held in the presence of all the members of the League of Nations, who have expressed their willingness to support the conference.

D. The conference is to be held in the presence of all the members of the League of Nations, who have expressed their willingness to support the conference.

E. The conference is to be held in the presence of all the members of the League of Nations, who have expressed their willingness to support the conference.

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Z. The conference is to be held in the presence of all the members of the League of Nations, who have expressed their willingness to support the conference.
France Pays Homage to Fallen Maquis Heroes

BENEATH THE CRUCIFORM SYMBOL OF THE FREE FRENCH, in the cemetery at Marotte, the French Government, represented by M. Franchomme-minister recently honored the remains of Maquis heroes of France's Red Cross, whose part in the war was recognized by the French and International Red Cross. Among the large gathering at the service were members of the Resistance and representatives of the French Army.

PAGE 71
Last Days of H.M.S. Thrasher, V.C. Submarine

SLUMPED ON THE MUD OF SLOUGH CREEK, PLYMOUTH, in April 1947, and waiting with her two sister crafts, Tribune and Trench, to be disposed of, this wrecked submarine was the pride and joy of the British Navy. Finished for ever, she figured in a remarkable exploit in February 1942, when Lieuts. J. E. R. Roberts, R.N., and Peter Gilson, R.M., saved over 300 lives. Their heroics were each awarded the Victoria Cross (see illustration on page 75, Vol. 1). After refitting and recommissioning, the Thrasher prepared for sea trials (2). Alongside a submarine depot ship after patrol (5).
HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS

H.M.S. Hotspur

Notes: "Bravely in Action"

This destroyer of 1,360 tons was launched on the Clyde in 1936. As a unit of the British 3rd Destroyer Flotilla commanded by Capt. S. A. W. Warburton-Lee, V.C., she took part in the operations around Crete in April and May 1941, where she achieved the destruction of a U-boat. She was damaged when she rescued and took on Italian submarines off Gibraltar in November 1941, and was present at the Battle of Matapan (March 28, 1941) and at the bombardment of Tripoli (April 2, 1941). During her career and later years on operations around Crete in April-May 1941 she was involved in various rescue and escort operations. When the war ended in 1945, she was among the destroyers at Gibraltar engaged in repatriating the zones of the survivors. From February 1942 to March 1944 she was on Atlantic convoy duty, and three months later was one of a group of destroyers screening the Allied invasion in Normandy. She was awarded the Distinguished Service Order for her service in the destruction of a U-boat. She has such a notable record of service been equalled.
The Royal Air Force Regiment

by Squadron-Leader

M. H. D. COCKAYNE

Records of the Regiments; 1939–1945

From a nucleus of ground personnel who had first been enlisted into the R.A.F. after the fall of France, the R.A.F. Regiment was formed in February 1942. These gunners had shared with the Army the responsibility of protecting airfields from ground and air attack, and had played their part in the Battle of Britain.

To assist with the training and organization of the newly-formed Regiment a number of senior Army officers and N.C.O. instructors were lent by the War Office, with Major-General C. F. Littlechild, C.B., D.S.O., T.A., who had recently commanded the London Division, as its first Commandant.

The first task of the squadrons was to relieve the Army garrisons at airfields throughout the United Kingdom. These squadrons were to form a mobile striking force ready for immediate action, the defended localities being occupied by the Regiment. Meanwhile by station personnel all of whom were now being arrived and trained to fight in the defensive branch of the Air Force. By June 1942, 62 squadrons had taken the place of Army garrisons, and by September take-over was virtually complete.

Meanwhile, two units of the Regiment were being specially trained for service overseas. In November they landed with the Expeditionary Force in North Africa. In the desert, where conditions were very arduous, these units were ready to play their part when the advance from El Alamein began. In North Africa and the Western Desert they adapted their role to conditions very different from those at home. To provide the air support so necessary for the Army, the Regiment imposed itself essential to occupy and protect each airfield immediately it was taken.

Major-General Sir Claude LIEBERT, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., T.A., who became the R.A.F. Regiment’s first Commandant in May 1942

Consequently the Regiment became much more mobile, moving well forward, clearing the airfields of any pockets of enemy, of minefields and obstructions, and giving protection to the air squadrons operating from them. In these theatres the armies moved on narrow fronts and their operations were fluid; landing grounds and radar stations were frequently established to a flank and the defence of these had to be provided by the Regiment. From El Alamein to Tripoli and from Algiers to Cape Bon the Regiment gave valuable assistance to the Desert Air Force and Eastern Air Command, facilitating the provision of air cover for the forward troops by its rapid occupation and protection of advanced landing grounds.

In the spring of 1943 it was decided that the Regiment should relieve A.A. Command of responsibility for the light A.A. defence of airfields in the U.K., and by September the Regiment were manning 300 of the 40-mm. Bofors guns. In October a detachment was shipped to Italy, three being flown to forward airfields near Taranto. Others followed from the Middle East and North Africa.

Battle Experience in the Line

In September 1943 a light anti-aircraft squadron was flown to the Island of Crete, in the Aegean, to protect the forward airfields which were to be established there. The squadron was constantly in action against the low-level attacks which preceded the German landings on the island, and early in October, when German forces invaded Crete in strength, the Regiment joined the Army units in resisting the invaders.

In Italy and the Central Mediterranean area it was decided to give Regimental squadrons, when possible, the benefit of battle experience in the line alongside the Army. Such duties were admirably outside the role for which the squadrons had been formed and trained but the experience gained was of the greatest value. Two squadrons had occupied the Island of Lampedusa during the operations which led up to the invasion of Sicily. There, in a sudden emergency, they organized the local fishing boat to search for the crew of one of our bombers which had crashed in the sea, all of whom were eventually found.

Another sea-rescue occurred six months later, when a Squadron was flying from the mainland in the Tyrrhenian Sea, where a Regiment was protecting an R.A.F. radar station. An American vessel containing troops and prisoners was washed ashore on the rocks at the foot of a high cliff where heavy seas made any attempt at rescue impossible. One of the R.A.F. personnel, armed with a .38-calibre revolver, was launched in a folding boat and, despite heavy seas, he rowed ashore and landed on the rocks on a forward cliff. He shot the prisoner with his revolver and then returned to the boat and rescued the officer who was on the boat at the time.
Records of the Regiments: 1939–1945

months of planning and preparation came to an end on June 6, 1944, and on that day the first squadrons, detailed to protect the bridgehead airfields, accompanied the invading forces across the Channel. The first units went ashore on D-Day + 1, and within a few hours of their landing were deployed on their appointed airfields in Normandy, engaging enemy aircraft.

At home a new form of attack from the air—the flying bomb—began on June 13, and the Regiment was quickly assisting A.A. Command in its defeat. In all, 31 A.A. squadrons were deployed along the south and south-east coasts, and there they stayed, manning their guns by day and night until October, when they were withdrawn to prepare for the move to the Continent, where the advancing armies were securing more airfields, requiring squadrons for their defence.

Clearing an Airstrip at Meiktila

In Air Command, South-East Asia, the defence personnel who had been absorbed into the ranks of the newly re-organized and equipped. The Japanese offensive of early 1944 found Regiment units protecting the airfields in the Irrawaddy plain, where operations were maintained at maximum intensity only by air supply and by constant vigilance against infiltration. Battle experience was gained by attachments to Army units engaged in large-scale patrols, and this training proved its value when the offensive into Burma began and the airfields were moved forward as the Army advanced.

In January 1945, in this theatre, some units of the Regiment took part in the combined operation for the capture of Rangoon Island, while others were advancing on Rangoon. One of the latter particularly distinguished itself at Meiktila, in March, by clearing a considerable force of Japanese from a airfield to enable the fighters to operate. A Regiment Squadron had been flown in after the capture of the airfield. It had only recently arrived in Burma and had not so far been in action. The Japanese were attacking fiercely and made a nightly withdrawal from the airfield necessary. It was impracticable to put a cordon around the aerodrome, so a defensive “box” was established quite near it and manned each night by the squadron and a detachment of Indian troops.

One morning at dawn, after being heavily attacked during the night, the small Regiment

ON THE ITALIAN FRONT, after fighting in Italy, squadrons of the R.A.F. Regiment moved forward, protecting: Defending formations during a sortie on the enemy lines. Wreckage of a German Ju 88 brought down in Italy (right) by the Regiment".

Two, British Official

were breaking. Rescue work was organized and carried out by the men of the Regiment under great difficulties, one officer losing his life in the attempt. Nearly all of the Americans and their prisoners were rescued and the British authorities later awarded their Soldier’s Medal to two men of the rescue party. This same unit had another experience when it was ordered during the summer of 1944 to provide A.A. protection for Marshal Tito’s headquarters in the mountains of Yugoslavia.

By the end of 1943 most of the Regiment squadrons in the U.K. were actively preparing to take part in the assault on the Continent, and as the preparations developed during the first five months of 1944 the danger of enemy attack on our airfields in Southern England increased. To guard against this danger a heavy concentration of Regiment A.A. units was made at these vital air bases. The
ON A NEWLY-CAPTURED AIRFIELD on the Adriatic coast of Italy in July 1944, men of the Regiment have set up an anti-aircraft gun to protect an airfield. No. 5th Division was to the left, with the 7th Division and 3rd British Army in reserve. The Regiment was to be used as infantry in the initial attack, and to resist any counter-attack. On the first day of the battle, the Regiment secured the airfield and held it until late in the morning of the next day, when it was taken by the 7th Division.

(Above) British soldiers in action in Italy. The Regiment has a long history of service in the Middle East and North Africa, and has been in action in Italy since World War II.

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Records of the Regiments: 1939–1945

At Longues, in the south of France in Normandy, guns of the R.A.F. Regiment cleared the airways of German aircraft from ground required for forward airstrips. They lasted on June 7, 1944. Photo, British Official

Garrison of the "box" sent out a patrol to reconnoitre the landing strip and found that a strong Japanese force had taken up positions on and near it. While a tank and infantry counter-attack was being prepared the patrol garrison held its ground, continuously engaging the enemy. When the strip was finally regained, 150 Japanese dead were counted. The losses of the Regiment patrol were seven killed and eight wounded.

This campaign in North-West Europe provided two classic examples in which the Regiment fulfilled the role for which it was originally formed — that of protecting R.A.F. installations against ground and low-flying air attack in a defensive battle. The German counter-offensive which Von Rundstedt launched in the Ardennes in December 1944 found our radar units directly in its path and close to its starting-line. These units were, in consequence, in danger of being overrun and losing their secret technical equipment to the enemy. However, the Regiment units which were protecting them received a clear order to stay. Difficult country and breakdown of communications, without loss of equipment.

The second example was on January 1, 1945, when the Luftwaffe suddenly launched a determined attack on the forward airstrips in Belgium, to 50 fighters and fighter-bombers, attacking at tree-top height, attacked 11 airstrips. By the end of the action, which lasted one and a half hours, the British garrisons of the Regiment defending these airstrips had destroyed 27 and damaged 34 enemy aircraft.

The last days of hostilities in N.W. Europe provided a fitting climax to the activities of the Regiment in 2nd T.A.F. At dawn on May 5 nine columns composed of 11 squadrons moved ahead of the Army to take over all the airstrips in the Schleswig-Holstein peninsula, accepting the surrender of over 20,000 Germans, 1,000 aircraft intact, and stores.

ON A BURMESE BEACH day montaged R.A.F. guns through a sea of mud for the final advance on Rangoon. Photo, British Official

Young officers found themselves in command of airfields containing 7,000 armed Luftwaffe personnel, and at the same time responsible for the welfare of large numbers of prisoners of war and displaced persons of many nationalities. With tact, firmness and good judgment the situation was mastered, and by May 8, 1945, 2nd Army and Air Disarmament Wings of the R.A.F. The operation demonstrated the value of a small force of trained units at the disposal of the R.A.F., and the ability of officers and airmen of the Regiment to deal with the most unexpected situations.

In the final advance at Rangoon through Central Burma the units of the Regiment moved forward with the air squadrons. They met only provided protection for our air and ground crews and aircraft from snipers and enemy patrols, but hunted down Japanese stragglers and subterfuges when they ventured in newly captured airstrips. It so happened that some of these airstrips were located directly in the escape line of the trapped Japanese Army. This necessitated our keeping our patrols in operation right up to and even after the official VJ Day. Later, when the British reoccupation of Singapore took place, R.A.F. Regiment units were among the first to go ashore, in September 1945, taking over the protection of Klang airfield.
Home-Coming of London's War-Exiled Statues

From Country Castle back to Town Square

Removed to Berkhamsted Castle, Hertfordshire, to escape possible damage by air raids, the fine equestrian statue of King William the Third was returned to London on April 13, 1956. In a Ministry of Works storehouse in St. James's Park evidence of its lengthy retirement has been removed, and a final short journey saw it restored to its somewhat war-worn site in St. James's Square, where it was originally placed in 1816.

An interesting point in the history of this statue of a British monarch who was born at The Hague (in 1650) is that 106 years elapsed between William the Third's death (in 1702) and its erection, though the pedestal had been in position in the Square since 1713. The bronze is the work of John Bacon. See also illus. in page 284, Vol. 6.
Famous Evacuees in Bronze Return

From wartime retreat at Montmore Park, Bucks, King Charles the First was seen returning to Town on a truck (1) on April 8, 1647. The wiser Colonies (background) is seen below Westmacott's bronze statue of the Duke of York, second son of George the Third, which survived the Battle of London intact. Silted backwards down a ramp (2) at the St. James's Park stoneworks, King Charles and his mount resurface, as of old, at the top of Whitehall (3). See also these page 65.

-To Their Old Places in London's Scene

Back to the twelve-foot high pedestal at the junction of Cockspur Street and Pall Mall, off Trafalgar Square, came King George the Third and his charger on April 15. Statue was yours safely placed in the niches of Buckingham Palace, in company with William the Third and other Important Personages, the statue by H. G. Wyers is swung into the position (4) which it first occupied in 1857. Removal of the scaffolding (5) reveals it as it was in former days of peace (6).
In Memory of Valiant Exploits

Commemorating 44,000 of our men killed in the First Great War the Machine Gun Corps Memorial, designed by Professor F. Derwent Wood, R.A., was erected at Hyde Park Corner. The unveiling ceremony of the bronze statue of David on a pedestal of stainless marble was performed by the Duke of Connaught in May 1925; the Machine Gun Corps, created in October 1915, was disbanded in July 1923. When that war which was to end wars was followed by another and vastly more terrible conflict the Memorial was removed and housed in the Aldwych Tube Station beyond reach of the Luftwaffe's bombs. On April 1, 1945, the crated sections were once more disturbed—this time to be taken to the foot of the lift-shaft (1) for the ascent to open air and daylight. After a spell at Millbank, the necessary attentions, it will be reassembled at Hyde Park Corner. The Memorial as it was and is to be again (2).

The towering column with Bailey’s statue of Nelson at its summit (3) remained unscathed in Trafalgar Square; steeplejack’s are cleaning it. See also Illus. in page 790, Vol. 9.
Our Empire's Proud Share in Victory

INDIAN OCEAN AND PACIFIC OCEANS

By HARLEY V. USILL

The Uganda Protectorate covers an area of about 94,000 square miles, of which 68,000 square miles is water. It lies on the northern shore of Lake Victoria, while its Pacific coast is at the mouth of the Victoria Nile. In the Uganda Protectorate the Indian Ocean provided the alternative route for the land communication to the notorious Soudan, a port on the River Nile, complete the link with the rich copper deposits of South Africa.

East and Central Africa, then, were an integral part of the defensive and offensive movements of the British Empire in the Indian Ocean, and it was in the Uganda Protectorate that the British Empire's military forces were concentrated for the operations against the German Empire in East and Central Africa. The Uganda Protectorate, which was part of the British Empire, was occupied by the German forces in 1914, and it was not until 1918 that the British forces were able to take control of the area.

The Uganda Protectorate was an important part of the British Empire's efforts to establish control over the East and Central African region. The British forces were able to use the Uganda Protectorate as a base for operations against the German Empire, and they were able to use the area as a source of manpower and supplies.

In conclusion, the Uganda Protectorate played an important role in the British Empire's efforts to establish control over the East and Central African region. The area was an important part of the British Empire's strategy for the operations against the German Empire, and it was an important source of manpower and supplies for the British forces.

The British Empire's efforts to establish control over the East and Central African region were successful, and the area was incorporated into the British Empire in 1920.

The British Empire's efforts to establish control over the East and Central African region were an important part of the global effort to establish European dominance in Africa. The area was an important part of the British Empire's strategy for the operations against the German Empire, and it was an important source of manpower and supplies for the British forces.

The British Empire's efforts to establish control over the East and Central African region were successful, and the area was incorporated into the British Empire in 1920.
Housing the Homeless: East London's Enterprise

[Images of people in a prefabricated village setting, with text alongside]
'Our Friendship Will Be an Enduring One'

GRATITUDE TO BRITAIN for the wholehearted support and hospitality given to the Netherlands has been expressed eloquently in both words and gifts. Recently, telephone operators of The Hague presented a Dutch plaque to the Bell Telephone System. A magnificent picture of Nelson in a replica of his famous Nelson’s Column, London, is displayed in the office of Bell Telephone System. An equestrian statue of William the Silent of the Hague is enshrined in a prominent place in the Bell Telephone System building. In the office of the chief operator, member of the Dutch Royal Family, is a beautiful picture, "The Gift of the Dutch National Committee to the British People."
Our War Leaders in Peace-time

ATTLEE

Of all our political leaders the Prime Minister is, perhaps, the least orientated. No. 10 Downing Street is his London address, and Chequers, in Buckinghamshire, his country residence; but he was much more at home among his books in an ordinary house at Stammore, on the outskirts of London.

Before he succeeded Mr. Churchill as Prime Minister at No. 10 Downing Street, in July 1945 he travelled to Whitehall as often as not on the Underground, again as often as not smoking a pipe; back home in the evening he settled down for a quiet smoke and read. He told his Stammore house a few months ago, and today affairs of State cut right across his personal interests.

Before the war Attlee spent his weekends playing tennis and golf. And if he did not excel at either he had the stamina to play a good hard-court game, and the eye and balance to be more than an average golfer. Now, after five years in the Cabinet, his golf and tennis have become rusty and he contents himself largely with home interests—when opportunity offers.

Newspaper and magazine give the world details of the Prime Minister’s public life: speeches, broadcasts, conferences. But his private life has escaped the public gaze, largely because it is so very “ordinary.” He enjoys the cinema, a game of cards, and a quiet evening with his wife—Mrs. Attlee. After years of marriage the fair-haired girl he married, Violet Millar, at a Hampstead church, 24 years ago. She is still his constant companion, but seldom appears in public life with him.

Janet, their eldest daughter, 22 years old, in a jacket. A 19-year-old son, comes home in Merchant Navy uniform, and news from the ship docks in Britain. He wants to remain in the Merchant Service.

Phyllis, a year elder, is training to be a nurse. The youngest of the family, 15-year-old Alice, is still at school. When all four children are home the Attlees have a simple and quiet celebration.

Reading is among the Prime Minister’s favourite recreations. Ever since he went to Harrow from his father’s home in Putney, where he was born sixty-three years ago, he has been reading, mainly on social matters. His over-riding interest has always been the welfare of his fellow mortals. His father was a solicitor, and Attlee, a Barrister-at-Law specializing in Company Law, was doing well when in his early thirties he left the Bar for social work in London’s Mile End slums. There he lived for several years, lecturing at Toynbee Hall and taking part in local government affairs.

The Attlees spend their time between London and the country. Weekends find them in their self-contained flat at the top of No. 10 Downing Street. At week-ends Violet and Alice Attlee leave a few hours before her husband to see that everything is shipshape at Chequers, at weekends, while he has a brief period of relaxation.

IN THE STUDY of his former suburban home at Stammore, Mr. Attlee is seen in his meditation. He stands next to a painting of the garden (left). Mr. Attlee found pleasant diversion from serious tasks in growing the fruit.

TEA TIME on this occasion was a family affair at Stammore, where Phyllis, Alice, and their sister, 19-year-old Janet, joined the Prime Minister. Mrs. Attlee is at the table, toasted next to Attlee, grandson of the Prime Minister. He is the only son of the Prime Minister's wife. To the right of the table, neat and tidy, is seated next to the oldest daughter, Alice, who holds an appreciation of the W.A.S. in Britain. Clement Richard Attlee's residence, and, near Chequers, are West Drayton and Hammersmith, where the young and the old were at home, and the two young men who played with him and his friends.
Britain's Food: The Battle for Daily Bread

The wheat crop has been crucial to Britain's daily bread requirements. The government has been working hard to ensure a steady supply. The process of getting wheat from the field to the mill involves several steps:

1. **Sowing**: Wheat is sown in fields, often using modern machinery to ensure even distribution.
2. **Growing**: The wheat grows under the care of farmers, who must ensure it receives the right amount of water and nutrients.
3. **Harvesting**: Once the wheat is ripe, it is harvested using combine harvesters which can efficiently remove the wheat from the field.
4. **Cleaning**: The harvested wheat is transported to a mill where it is cleaned to remove any impurities.
5. **Threshing**: The cleaned wheat is then threshed to separate the grains from the chaff.
6. **_Milling_**: The separated grains are then milled into flour, which is used to make bread and other baked goods.
7. **Flour Handling**: The flour is handled carefully to prevent damage, ensuring it remains fresh and ready for use.

The government has also been working on increasing self-sufficiency in wheat production. The aim is to meet about 60% of Britain's daily requirements from domestic wheat production. This involves managing crop yields and ensuring that the right varieties of wheat are grown to meet the needs of the millers.

In recent years, there has been a focus on improving efficiency and reducing waste. The use of modern technology in the milling process has helped to increase output and reduce energy consumption. The government has also been working on improving the quality of the wheat, ensuring that it meets international standards for food safety and nutrition.

The harvested wheat is transported to the mill, where it undergoes a series of processes to transform it into flour. The government has been working to ensure that the wheat is handled carefully to prevent damage, ensuring it remains fresh and ready for use. The flour is then transported to bakeries and other food processors, where it is used to make a variety of products.

In conclusion, the battle for daily bread in Britain is a complex one, involving farmers, millers, and government officials. The government is working hard to ensure a steady supply of wheat, using modern technology to improve efficiency and reduce waste. The goal is to meet about 60% of Britain's daily requirements from domestic wheat production, ensuring that the people have access to the bread they need.
The Roll of Honour

1914-1918

For names of our gallant sons who fell in France or Belgium, and with their platoon, in action on 14th Sept., 1914, the names of their mates who were killed in action on 26th Oct., 1914, are also recorded.

In memory of those who fell in action in World War II.

L-Col. S. BEECROFT

D.S.O. & One Gallantry Medal

In action: Italy, 1944

L-Col. J. HENRY

Durham Light Infantry

In action: Italy, 1944

Ptn. W. HOLLIS

Infantry

In action: Italy, 1944

Ptn. J. J. HODGSON

Royal Artillery

In action: Italy, 1944

Ptn. W. M. NEALE

Cameronian

In action: Italy, 1944

L-Col. J. OWEN

Sh. York & Lancaster Regt.

In action: Greece, 1944

Ptn. D. PEACOCK

Royal Engineers

In action: Greece, 1944

Lt. G. H. PILBEAM

Royal Artillery

In action: Greece, 1944

Ptn. A. C. PLANT

Royal Artillery

In action: Greece, 1944

Capt. W. L. ROBERTS

Royal Artillery Service Corps

In action: Greece, 1944

Capt. M. SALMON

Royal Engineers

In action: Greece, 1944

Ptn. E. E. SCOTT

Sh. York & Lancaster Regt.

In action: Greece, 1944

Lt. W. S. K. BRADBURY

Royal Engineers

In action: Greece, 1944

Lt. W. TAYLOR

Infantry

In action: Italy, 1944

Lt. G. THOMPSON

Infantry

In action: Italy, 1944

Lt. W. THOMPSON

Royal Artillery

In action: Greece, 1944

Capt. UNDERWOOD

Royal Artillery

In action: Greece, 1944

Ptn. A. WATANABE

Infantry

In action: Greece, 1944

Capt. H. WHAIT

Infantry

In action: Greece, 1944

Ptn. C. D. WILSON

Infantry

In action: Greece, 1944

Ptn. J. WOODGATE

Infantry

In action: Greece, 1944

Ptn. A. YOUNGS

Infantry

In action: Greece, 1944

Ptn. A. B. BROUGHTON

Infantry

In action: Greece, 1944

Ptn. W. WATANABE

Infantry

In action: Greece, 1944

Ptn. J. WOODGATE

Infantry

In action: Greece, 1944

Ptn. A. YOUNGS

Infantry

In action: Greece, 1944

Ptn. A. B. BROUGHTON

Infantry

In action: Greece, 1944
I SAW THE NORMANDY BREAK-THROUGH

By P. B. Collins, correspondent of the Daily Mail

My diary for August 7, 1944, reads: "Flew to Bizerte for the last time, and of now to see what I am to see." The attack, the Normandy break-through from the Normandy beach-head and onward, especially from that corner east of the Orne River which was probably the toughest and most difficult sector of the whole campaign. Except for one brief period, the 51st Highland Division, with whom I was serving, had been in that corner since the first few days of the invasion.

At the time of that entry in my diary, Divisional H.Q. was near an old powder factory at Cormelles, a mile or two south-east of Caen. Ourselves the most eastern of the attacking formations, we had further British divisions on our left, on whom we would pivot in our great sweep to the east, before they began their advance. On our right, the great force of the Canadian and, beyond them, further British divisions, were also poised for that leap forward which was to lead before the end of the month to the German disaster of the Falaise Gap.

At the moment we were in a shell-torn, cratered wood, surrounded by a tremendous concentration of weapons of every sort—our armour, guns, vehicles—and everywhere the patient infantry. As usual in this sector, life was punctuated by the white and crump of occasional shells, for there was no part of our area that was yet out of enemy range, and we had done our usual digging as soon as we arrived, some hours previously.

Eight Columns of Armour Moving

Working as a photographic interpreter at divisional headquarters I had for weeks past been getting to know the ground over which our troops were to fight, up to the last minute watching and reporting on the development of the defences that lay out of sight over the ridge beyond Bourbriac and Tilly-la-Campagne. There, when driving up to our present location, we had seen the village disappear suddenly, obliterated in the dust and smoke of an enemy mortar attack; and there, now, I knew that our own troops were lying, waiting their turn to advance.

It was dusk when I left the camp and wandered out towards that ridge. On my right, quite near at hand, things were already on the move. Down what a few hours before had been a narrow, dusty track, the armour was beginning to advance. Eight columns deep it moved, a solid stream of tanks and carriers, S.P. guns and Kangaroos—those troop-carrying tank-hulls whose use was the remarkable success for this operation. So dark was it now, and so thick the up-flung dust, that it would seem impossible to see with normal vision through the driver's all but hidden in a Sherman tank. Yet on they went, now to tail-alarm, each commander watching from the open turret-top and controlling his driver with brief orders over the intercom. It was a crawling, creaking stream of metal. They moved slowly, first one column accelerating, then another, with a deadly purposefulness that told me that they were walking in among that stream of armour, however slow its movement seemed, would be to court as sure a death as that administered by its individual guns.

I ascended the top of the rise, and became conscious, above the roar of the armour, of another sound—the grove of the four-engined heavies of the R.A.F. Then, almost immediately, it began. At first, all I could see was the crimson streaming of the markers as they poured through the evening haze over the target area—the village of la Hogue, one of those difficult positions from which, with Tilly-la-Campagne farther west, Jerry had so obstinately refused to budge. Suddenly the air shook with deafening din. I had heard many bombardments, had seen the R.A.F. Lancasters at work at much closer quarters, but this was indescribably frightful. Whole houses of smoke and debris, a vast statue of rubble was being cracked, every crack bringing destruction and death.

For over half an hour I watched this terrifying performance. Dark though it now was I could see the outlines of great pillars of smoke and slabs of cloud. Every few seconds one would suddenly flare, and, like long white tendrils, the streaming lines of more markers. This pulverizing offensive of our heavy bombers indeed had been well named. "Operation sidewalk."

Away to the right, down in the valley at May-sur-Orne, a similar programme of total destruction was in progress. I could hear no sound of this, though the flashes of the biggest bombs were occasionally visible, and I knew that the geysers, the most impressive eye of the whole campaign. Except for one brief period, the 51st Highland Division, with whom I was serving, had been in that corner since the first few days of the invasion.

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In Singapore When the Japs Pounced

Sgt. J. E. Pearce, 1st (Punjab) Battalion, The Federated Malay States Volunteer Force, tells how the threat of advancing Japanese troops early in 1942 took a sudden startling turn, rolling 7,000-odd men of liberty for our men. Dramatically there came another turning-point with the arrival at Singapore, in April, of Allied aircraft and parachute troops.

ABOUT 4 p.m. on Sunday, February 15, 1942, Japanese troops were dangerously close to our lines. As the Division was in the Desert Area, we were unable to see what was happening. Suddenly, however, the island was filled with a great rush of alert and determined activity on the part of the civilians. In the town of Singapore, the civilian population rose to the emergency, and the trouble in the Outram Park area was brought to our notice. The people of the Military District were being rounded up by the Japanese for forced labor, and their homes were being searched. The Atkinson area was also in the process of being occupied, and the Japanese were concentrating forces in that area.

At 4:30 we were told to pack our arms—because the war was over. After we were issued with our new equipment, we were told to resign our arms to the enemy, as we were now prisoners of war. We were then taken to a nearby Chinese school to await what the future might bring forth. The school was old, dirty and insanitary, an awful contrast to the splendid aerodrome a few hundred yards away and on the construction of which so many millions of dollars had been spent.

The 'Pouched Egg' Flag Appeared

An hour or so later a Japanese officer drove up, got out of his car, produced a large-scale map of Singapore, and addressed me in Japanese. As I did not understand him and he spoke no English, I grunted, folded up his map and drove off. Such was my first contact with my new "hosts." A restless night passed, with harrowing, shrouded thoughts going confusedly through our minds—and burrowing, unashamed insects going over our bodies.

Throughout the following day we did what we could to hold and clean ourselves. Numbers of Japanese troops in trucks passed up and down the road, showing few signs of their alienation victims. After several days, however, the Japanese took control of the country. The Chinese were rounded up, and the situation became desperate. In a matter of a few days, the Chinese were forced to give up all hope of escape. The Japs then took control, and many thousands of Chinese were rounded up and forced into labor camps, where they died of disease and starvation.


Laying Down Arms

On New Year's Day, the British and the Japanese continued their battle, with the Japanese troops being driven back. The British troops, however, were unable to stop the Japanese advance. The battle continued for several days, with the Japanese troops being pushed back, but they were unable to stop their advance. The battle ended with the Japanese troops being forced to retreat.

The writer's name is John E. Pearce, and he is a veteran of the Second World War. He served in the Federated Malay States Volunteer Force, and was captured by the Japanese in February 1942. He was held as a prisoner of war until the end of the war.
With Allied Armour on the Battlefields of Caen

On the fiercely contested battlefields around Caen in Normandy, this heavy engagement is depicted by Major Clinton in page 893. In Conviction (1) described by the Allied armistice on August 7, 1944, our bomber units crossed a bridge and a Churchill tank broke in the background. Earlier in the night, 1,000 R.A.F. bombers dropped the load for a breakthrough at Caen, British and Canadian forces were afloat in Normandy. To the right, August 7, a troop commander issues rations to his tank crew (5).
did not last long, and soon we were issuing one tin of bully to 22 men—three-fifths of an ounce each. The last of the milk was used at the rate of 46 men to 1-lb. tin. Digestive troubles began immediately, owing to the sudden change of diet.

The water supply was cut off, so that it had to be hand-carried and consequently we were severely rationed. Firewood was obtained by felling trees in the camp area. The hygiene walls got down to their job, as did the medical staff, and in a short time the camp routine was restored.

It was no different through all the P.O.W. camps; the Japanese always fed the better the men. A lorry was driven to the better the men. A lorry was driven to the guard the food, and were journeys on project. Gardener and otherwise, began cultivating any spare ground. Many carts at what looked like punishment; little did the majority think that 1,200 days would pass before we would be free again.

Ways and means of making the meager rations look and taste differently from just rice were devised, with extraordinary results. The Japanese did not trouble the camp as a whole; what went on between our Command and theirs I do not know. As the camp was large in area a certain amount of freedom was possible. There was an allotment, and one could visit friends in other units. Rumours and false news items were continually passing around, so that our hopes were up and down for a long time. However, the reports were in the majority and we settled down to routine. After about a couple of months the Japanese called for a working party of engineers to go to Singapore to help in the building of the railroad. The work was popular as the Japanese cooks were working in the Japanese cookhouse and Q’-men; one always had the choice of acquiring an extra spot of food. The building a Japanese temple took a lot of time. I presume it was some form of War Memorial. Anyhow, it was quite impressive when completed. Much of the work that we were made to do was of a nature, very galling, and the average Japanese guard naturally took full advantage of his newly acquired powers to make things worse.

There were many unfortunate incidents, few of the boys coming through without a rough time, and the majority were eaten through language difficulties, flogged or otherwise, and the natural desire of the fellows to sabotage the job as much as possible. Bombs were dropped into the sea during loading and unloading, oil drums punctured, tools broken or lost; in fact, as many difficulties as possible we put in the way of the Nips. As their army discipline is based on physical punishment for mistakes, the Japanese guards automatically used the same methods on the prisoners. Where and with what they suddenly and savagely struck was seldom considered.

Human Heads Displayed on Stands

The camp was healthy enough, the only death being due to accidents. After one drawing our officers held an inquiry in the barracks, as it was said that the guard had pushed the unfortunate Aussie into the sea and he was carried away by a swift tide. The Japanese said the Aussie had stumbled. They decided to inquire into the matter on their own, and sent for the witnesses and the Australian major one night near eleven o’clock. The Australians refused to change their story, and were immovable further.

The major was told that his men were lying. His reply: "My men do not tell lies," said he, "and I demand that the Japs that the major was picked up and flung about the room. After much talk and kicking the Australians were sent back to their barracks. It is to be hoped that these Nips will be caught and brought to trial in Singapore.

It was toward the end of 1942 when I was over in Singapore collecting ration that I saw one method the Japanese employed to try to control their local enemies. On stands, outside the Station entrance, the heads of half a dozen Armenians who had been executed for being anti-Japanese. The stands bearing the heads carried large posters "telling the world"—as a warning.

The main came had been moved westward
a few miles to Selarang, where the Gordons had lived prior to the outbreak of the war in the Far East. The main buildings became the hospital, the bungalows and married quarters being used as barracks. Once again the men were crowded, but at the buildings were not huge the atmosphere was different. Rations were far from what they should have been, but men new ideas had been put into practice. The variety of the cookhouse menu was limited, but every day's dinner covered about 150 acres and produced about 30 tons of vegetables per month. Although not of high quality the "greens and roots" helped in a small way to cut the Japanese supplies, which were irregular in quality and quantity. Coconuts were also collected and helped to flavour the rice, but we could not get nearly enough. There was plenty of room to walk about if one had the time and energy. The shows at the theatres, concerts, lectures and classes all helped to keep us cheerful.

We Watched the Flying Fortresses

In November-December 1943 word began to come through telling of the swift conditions that existed in the Siamese and Burmese camps where the workers on the two-Burma railway were living. Not long afterwards the first of the survivors arrived — allhospital cases, starved and ill. To describe the emaciated, scrawny condition of these men is impossible. Unless seen it is well-nigh impossible to believe what the human body can withstand when the will to get through is there. Those who could still smile and joke, but the lack of medical supplies and invalid foods hampered their recovery grievously.

Early in January there was a change in the Japanese command, which resulted in our camp being left to its own devices. This meant transferring the civil internees from Changi to a camp in Singapore, while we took over the garrison. The garrison itself was far better equipped than Changi, with 10,000 of us, so that bamboo huts had to be built. Practically all the bamboo supplied by the Japanese had been used at least once before, and great care was due to be taken to ensure it was transported and rebuilt the "hutted camps" encroaching on the garden walls.

Just over 4,000 men were put inside a building designed and built to hold 600 convicts. The bamboo huts in addition to accommodate a men were made into hospital wards. Numerous and remarkable were the medical and surgical feats performed by the doctors and surgeons in the most difficult conditions and without anything like the skilled or proper material.

Working parties went daily to labour in the gardens, on the drome, or wherever the Nippon required a job to be done. Aerostone work was hard and distasteful, the guards mostly being a tough type. Many were the line box-beatings. But much was forgone when the first Allied planes came and used the drome at liberation time! Most of us would never forget November 5, 1944, when the first Allied aircraft took place. Daily after that we watched the skies, and often were reared with the sight of scores of Flying Fortresses doing a grand job of bombing at the docks or naval base.

As the Japanese realized that their spell of power was being seriously threatened, working parties from the camp were sent all over the island to dig trenches to shelter the tropo. We knew this work would not last very long; our news service continued to keep us up to date, so toward the middle of August 1945 we were not surprised when working parties were sent back into the garden.

Then one day Allied planes came low over the garden and dropped three parachutes and much-needed supplies on the drome, and we began to realize that our long wait was over. More men and supplies were landed, then the taking-over troops came in — and the Japanese guards disappeared. Under a most efficient R.A.P.W.L. organization, parties were soon arranged to begin the journey to Betong. The undaunted visit of Lady Louis Mountbatten at that time came as a great surprise. Her enthusiastic friendships and uncivil for the boys will be long remembered by all of us who survived.

In the Tower of London Under Fire


The night-bombing started on September 7, 1940, and although the bombs fell in the Tower on that occasion, public services were not affected. The electric light failed for several hours, we could never get our gas for seven weeks, and the water was filthy. The first explosion fell near Most at 3:20 a.m. on September 11, near North Basing; and though there were no casualties, walls varying from eight to ten feet in thickness were cracked right through. Many incendiaries fell around Tower Hill and Great Tower Street on September 16, and started several fires. At 3:40 a.m. on September 23, two H.E. bombs arrived. One hit the military quarters near the Officers' Mess, completely demolishing a portion of it and killing one soldier. The other fell on a waiter's quarters at No. 4. The Casemates; fortunately this warden was on night duty and his wife had gone to the shelter, otherwise they must both have been killed. The Conqueror's Keep had a very narrow escape at 9.35 p.m. on October 1, when the Tower roared at the impact of two
The next fell at 9.15 a.m. on October 10, between the Queen’s Steps and Tower Pier, causing damage to the Byward Tower, and on this day an order was issued to all Yeoman Warders advising them to evacuate their families to the country. Tower Bridge had been put out of action, and remained so till the 14th. At 2.30 a.m. on October 13 a bomb fell on Tower Dock near the West Gate, demolishing and setting fire to the General Navigation Company’s ticket office which was being used by the S.W.R. as a guard station. The nightly was already in flames, and two ratings sleeping in the boat were burned to death. Masts and rigging were overlaid most of the night; and the sound of bursting bombs interspersed with the barrage was terrific.

The night of Sunday, December 6, was deciately unpleasant. Planes were dropped at 6.30 a.m. and the area became evident by the enemy meant business. At 9.40 p.m. the Tower shook when a bomb hit the Port of London Authority building. Incendiaries which began to fall on the Tower about two hours later, and were all dealt with by the Warders and military, were immediately followed by H.E.’s, one of which fell near the West Gate, killing a soldier and the Tower electrician, also injuring the landlord and landlady of the Tiger Inn nearby. The Middle and Byward Towers suffered much damage.

By midnight fires completely encircled us. To add to the inferno more incendiaries fell at 12.30 a.m., and there was an intense incendiary shower. One had landed on the roof of the miniature range, but a hurried message brought a Yeoman Warder with his trailer pump into action and the fire was under the Queen’s Steps and Tower Pier. We did not wish to be deprived of this honour! The fire continued without intermission—on August 15, 1941, when a German two-engined machine dive-bombed, the area. It gave us a certain amount of satisfaction to get the place back in hand.

While we were attending to incendiaries on that night of Dec. 6, 1940, we had a bomb fall on Tower Hill, near the foundations of the Roman Wall, and scattered debris all over the place. A stone weighing 17 lb. came over the Most and crashed through my skylight; an incendiary missed my other skylight by a foot. And so the night wore on, bombs crashing down unceasingly for eight hours. The end of All Hallow Church had a direct hit, completely destroying the altar. Two also fell on the Children’s Beach. Down our poor old Tower looked a pitiful plight, for barely a portion of it had escaped the fury of the night. Most of its turrets had been smashed, and was looking away. Glass was strewn everywhere. Doors were off their hinges, college down, and blackout curtains torn to ribbons.

I Wanted to Shoot the Signaller

Our worst night to date was December 29, when Hitler tried to destroy the City of London. At 8.45 p.m. and guns were in action as the German plane approached. By 9.30 every fire had started north of the Tower and around Wapping. Fifteen minutes later showers of incendiaries fell on the Tower, Tower Hill and all adjacent areas. Some were of an explosive type and had to be tackled quickly. Others were burning themselves out around the Most and on Tower Hill, giving a brilliant prominence to the whole of the Tower, the P.L.A. building, and Tower Bridge.

Many incendiaries had lodged on the roofs, and by 1 p.m. Skipper and East’s buildings, opposite the West Gate, were ablaze. For three hours this was a blinding firestorm. Fanned by a strong breeze nothing could stop the flames. The fire-fighters were helpless. At 7.15 an incendiary, which had fallen unobserved on the roof of the Sargent’s Mess, started a fire. A strong wind had caused in spite of the valiant efforts of the Tower fire-fighters.

The whole building comprising the Sargent’s Mess, Corporals’ Room, and complete N.A.F.I. (suspended) grocery bar, Q.M. office, stores, main guard room, and curiously the only room in the building, was completely gutted—except for the orderly room.

By 11 a.m. on Christmas Day the Covent, about 7.30 p.m., I saw what appeared to be someone signally in Morse from a top window of a house in Trinity Square. I watched for a while, in company with some soldiers, then I decided to an an investigator. I found two policemen on the hill, told them my story, and persuaded them to accompany me. There was a terrific din, and my mouth was pressed from the top of the smoke and smoke of the fires. Flares in the sky and fires on the ground had turned night into day, and it was obvious that whoever had been signalling had seen our approach and stopped. I was told not being to verify my statement I returned disconsolately to the Tower.

An hour later the signalling started again. I tried to borrow a rifle from a Lewis gun and go on the ramparts to have a crack at that window; but no one seemed prepared to let me fire either. Next morning the top floor of that house was ablaze, and I had the same story. There would be no more signalling from there.

The N.A.F.I. block was now a raging furnace. Fire hoses were being directed at it from the West Tower, but not in time to stay the flames; we only fought back the thick walls of the White Tower for a short time. At 8 p.m. fires were raging all along the river as far as the eye could see, both north and south, and flames were everywhere on Tower Hill. One started in the King’s House, but was successfully dealt with; had it got a hold all the Tudor buildings on Tower Green would have been destroyed and many warders would have been needlessly homeless.

The air appeared to be full of planes, yet at times there was little gunfire. Only those who have been under continuous bombing know the calm a heavy barrage can give. You get the satisfaction of knowing it is probably just as uncomfortable up there on the fire island as down here. We changed our watches without any exception, for the air had been very severe.

From the steps of the City we had a grandstand view of the fires. On the Hill great blocks of masonry were crashing. Firemen were everywhere, one man using a hose attached by a wire to a crane. Skyscrapers were on fire. In the City on November 11, 1940, Beyond the Tower was the West End’s sense of the North, Addison, which swallowed up a street when struck by two bombs on October 24.
According to later reports over 1,500 fires were started that night, and the Tower and Tower Hill had more than their share. The N.A.A.F.I. at dawn was still burning furiously, also Trinity House. Many buildings in Byward Street and Great Tower Street were either gutted or badly damaged. The church of All Hallows was completely destroyed, also the Interchange House, and the Public Ledger printing press.

For the first 500 years of its history the Tower of London was a bulwark of the realm. But it had been converted into a barracks and was still being used as such. The men of the guard whom the escort would have been drawn to were two companies of the guard from the nearby gunpowder magazine, distinguished by the white uniforms they wore. The hour Glass had been a watchword to the Londoner throughout his history, and the presence of the tower was a living echo of London's past.

In the early hours of January 10, 1941, incendiaries fell around the S.E. corner, some in the Moat and on the west front, on the river and on Tower Bridge. They were all successfully dealt with. About 1.13 p.m. more fell, just missing the Tower. Six days later, at 4.47 a.m., things were rather quiet and it seemed as if the battle was over.

Then the bombs fell, but the fires were extinguished. The streets filled with smoke, and the flames were low, but the houses were burning. People were running through the smoke, and cars wereอนอนด้วย the smoke. The houses were being set on fire by the bombs, and the streets were filled with people.

At that time the Tower was a living symbol of London's past, and the presence of the tower was a living echo of London's past. The men of the guard, whom the escort would have been drawn to, were the Londoners who had lived in the tower and who had fought in it. The presence of the tower was a living echo of London's past.

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Queen Mary at St. James's Park Bomb Site

WITHIN A QUARTER-MILE OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE a 1,000-lb. German delayed-action bomb, dropped in St. James's Park on April 16, 1941, had made a crater 20 ft. deep and 50 ft. in diameter. Queen Mary, in residence at Marlborough House, was inspecting the crater, which was about 46 feet across.