FIRST COMMANDER OF H.M.S. VANGUARD, Captains W. E. Agnew, C.S., C.V.O., D.S.O. and Bar, R.N., on the deck has for background the deployed battle ensign of his ship's predecessor. The new Vanguard helped to destroy the Spanish Armada in 1588; and she, our many powerful battleships, is the sixth to bear the hallowed name. Her gunnery, damage control, and radar equipment are unsullied. The most formidable man deck in the Navy, electric launch-and-destroy, and other amenities combine to make her a "happy ship." See also illus. pages 113-115.

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

NO. 235 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, JUNE 21
Honours in Holland for Winston S. Churchill

First foreign Statesman to address the Netherlands Parliament. Mr. Churchill began his visit to the country by addressing the crown of the Duke of Argyll, present in the House of Lords, by the people's tribune, with Princess Juliana and Prince Bernhard's children (2); addressing the Netherlands Parliament (4). Seated on the left are Mrs. Churchill (right) and Mary Churchill (left). PAGE 96.
Secrets of the Italian Armistice

by FRIEDL ORLANDO

Formerly engaged on British Government Intelligence work concerning Italian affairs

After he had shown Sir Samuel Hoare a letter of introduction from the British Minister to the Vatican, he was received with great cordiality. On hearing about the purpose of General Castellano’s mission Sir Samuel expressed great satisfaction and called to Rome, where President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill were just meeting.

Two days later, Castellano and Montanari arrived in Lisbon at the invitation of the Italian ambassador. The British Ambassador then immediately asked General Eisenhower to send two of his personal representatives to hear the Italian delegations’ proposals. An American, Major-General Walter Bedell Smith, and an Englishman, Brigadier Kenneth W. Strong, arrived on behalf of the Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean.

Their meeting with Castellano and Montanari, on August 19, lasted from 10.30 in the evening to 7.30 in the morning. It might as well have been shorter, for General Eisenhower’s delegates simply informed the Italians with twelve terms of surrender apparently prepared and decided upon some time previously. It was a matter of “Take it or leave it.”

The terms stipulated immediate cessation of hostilities, immediate end of all help to the Germans, release of Allied prisoners, handing over of all Italian territory as a base for future Allied operations, handing over of the Italian Fleet and Air Force, the recall of all Italian troops abroad, and postponement of all discussions on economic and political matters. The only bright spot for the Italians was a telegram, dispatched a few hours earlier by President Roosevelt and received in Portugal during the first night, which King Victor Emmanuel would be impressed according to the measure in which the Armistice contributed to the war effort of the United Nations.

General Castellano was flabbergasted. His orders were to explain to the Italians that Italy wanted to drive the Germans out of the country, and to ask for Allied help in this aim. He was to consider any political and military collaboration. He tried to explain to the Allied officers that even if the Italian Government would accept the terms of

surrender they would not be able to fulfill them. How could they surrender territory which, though nominally, Italy, was practically in German hands? How could they recall their divisions in the Balkans when there were surrounded by German troops and, in view of their lack of supplies, could not even hope to fight their way out?

The Allied answer was that all that was required of Italy was the fulfillment of the terms to the best of her ability. In Castellano’s argument and objection the Allied officers saw but an attempt to bargain for advantages, a sign that the Italians did not really mean business. Eventually it was decided that Castellano should return to Rome and submit the terms to his Government. A reply should be sent by radio to Hoare not later than August 30. He was given a radio transmitting and receiving set.

The departure of the diplomatic train which was to bring the staff of the Santiago Embassy to Rome was delayed. For four days Castellano and Montanari had to hide in Lisbon, haunted by the fear of being discovered by German agents. When they finally boarded the train on August 23, the sealed envelope containing the terms of surrender was handed to the Ambassador to Chile as a matter of precaution. The Italian Minister in Lisbon told him that the papers contained extremely important information of a financial and commercial nature.

And, in his ignorance, the good man carried them through streets of German-occupied France. On the journey to Lisbon the diplomatic train had run into heavy bombarding, but there were no air attacks on the homeward journey. The Allies took care that Castellano should arrive safely in Rome!

For more than two weeks the Italian Government had had no sign of life from Castellano. Learning that he had been caught by German agents they had dispatched another delegate, General Zamastri. He was accompanied by a distinguished Allied prisoner, General Carton de Wiart, V.C., whom the Italians had set free as a sign of their good faith. The idea was not a very happy one: General Carton de Wiart was a very notable figure, tall, with a big moustache and with only one arm and one eye. It was a miracle that the mission escaped a similar fate.

On September 3, he found the Premier and Montanari at the Quirinale. The Premier was a small, dapper figure, agile and efficient. Prime Minister and call to the British Embassy

The Prolongations of Badoglio

The Allies had freed Sicily, and an invasion of the mainland would not be far off. Montedoglio, the new Head of the Italian Government, knew that the Italian people wanted peace with the Allies at any price. After Mussolini’s fall the whole population of Italy had come out into the streets and squares to demonstrate for peace. They had taken it for granted that the fall of Fascism meant also Italy’s breaking away from the Nazi alliance. Badoglio, terrified of the German reaction, had managed to suppress these demonstrations by martial law.

But he realized that his Government had received from the people only a short surge of life and that, if he did not soon come to terms with the Allies, he would be swept away by Mussolini’s faithful. But what if he entered into negotiations with the Allies? The Germans got wind of it. The Nazis would install a rival Fascist Government and Italy’s last hope of freedom would have vanished for good. Mussolini was still safely guarded by the King’s Carabiniers, but Fascism and some other Nazi hangers-on were at hand to precipitate over a quietly Government if the Germans did not desire. These conflicting arguments in Badoglio’s mind made him hesitant and for some weeks, meanwhile, German troops occupied the country. At last, giving way to the heavy political pressure from inside, Badoglio decided to contact the Allies.

On August 12, a delegation of the Italian Foreign Office left Rome on their way to Lisbon. There they were to receive the staff of the Italians who were in Santiago de Chile. But since the news of the fall of Mussolini had reached Portugal and Italy had been broken off, were returning to Rome. But for the poor of the foreign Foreign Office delegation was a certain Signor Raimondo, an official of the Ministry of Foreign Exchange. “Signor Raimondo,” whose real name was Giuseppe Castellano, 40 years old, who had been a young Foreign Office official, Franco Montanari, a graduate of the University of Bologna, and a man of letters.

At Madrid on August 15 Castellano presented himself to the British Ambassador.
Great Stories of the War Retold

August 11, 1944

The night before, August 11, the German radio had announced Castellano's arrival in Rome.

Two days passed, during which King Victor Emmanuel, Marshal Badoglio, the Chief of the General Staff, and a few trusted military advisors, considered the Allied terms. The majority of the Cabinet Ministers did not even know that Badoglio had been in touch with the Allies. Castellano, who was in Rome, was not aware of the situation. The Germans occupied country they needed to secure their own safety and military advantage. They were planning an Allied landing in force north of Rome, on the very date the Armistice would be announced, because Italian forces could not hold the capital against a German onslaught. In addition, they wanted to keep the peace in advance of the Armistice announcement and of the exact spot of the landing.

The Allies were surprised at what seemed to them highly unjustified. They announced the Armistice on the part of the Italian government. Castellano was sent back to Rome with the reply that Allied plans had already been worked out and could not be altered or discussed with the Italian government. The Armistice was to be announced that day, if the government from Rome found it too difficult to make up their minds, perhaps the Allies would assist them with some breathing space to Rome and thus speed the process.

When Castellano returned, August 11, 1944, the news that Italy was ready to accept the terms unconditionally. In the afternoon of September 3, 1945, the Armistice was signed in the olive grove near Castellano, near the framework. General Castellano, at the head of the Allied Commanders-in-Chief, General Castellano, and General Macmillan and Mr. R. E. Murphy. However, at the last minute, General Castellano left the tent to outline the plan of action. The Armistice was signed only when the Allied officers stepped out of the tent, each break the Armistice treaty from the trees that shadowed the scene.

The Armistice was signed, but the Germans did not know it. Nor did the Italian people, nor the majority of the Government. The Allies had agreed with Castellano that it should be announced simultaneously by the Allied Commanders-in-Chief and Marshal Badoglio.

As the announcement was to coincide with the Allied landing in Italy, data and hour were to be chosen by General Eisenhower. But this could not be done. The Armistice terms were not known to the Italian government, and the landings were to be announced at the same time as the Armistice. The Allies had agreed to the terms unconditionally. The Germans were not aware of the situation. When the Armistice was signed, it was done by the Allied officers in the olive grove near Castellano. However, on the 7th the Italians were informed by Marshal Badoglio that Italian officers were on their way to Rome. They went to see General Marshal, who was commander of the U.S. parachute forces, and Colonel R. E. Gardner, of the U.S. Army.

In a tent erected in an olive grove near Castellano, the Allied Commanders-in-Chief and Marshal Badoglio were seen. The General Staff was gathered around the tent, and the Armistice terms were unconditionally accepted. These terms were announced on August 11, 1944, and were read out in Rome by General Castellano, in the presence of the British and American representatives. The Armistice was signed in the olive grove near Castellano, near the framework. General Castellano, at the head of the Allied Commanders-in-Chief, General Castellano, and General Macmillan and Mr. R. E. Murphy. However, at the last minute, General Castellano left the tent to outline the plan of action. The Armistice was signed only when the Allied officers stepped out of the tent, each break the Armistice treaty from the trees that shadowed the scene.

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Royal Welch Fusiliers in Paris Victory Parade

WATCHED BY THE "BIG FOUR" FOREIGN MINISTERS, Paris celebrated the Victory anniversary on May 13, 1919, with a military parade. At the Arc de Triomphe were (l. to r.) F. Briand, Italy; A. Wilson, United States; Clemenceau, France; and Lloyd George, Great Britain. Representing the British Army, the Royal Welch Fusiliers were led by their mess kit drill and the former section (L) wearing aprons and circular shabraques of distinction granted by the Duke of Connaught in 1908 and shared by no other British regiment.

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First Move Towards Self-Government in the Ruhr

Establishing Democracy in Westphalia, Germany, including the Ruhr, is the task of the British Military authorities and the German Provincial Advisory Council. The first meeting of the Council was at Münster, July 1945, and attended by Brigadier G. H. M. Chadwick, C.B.E. (I.), inspecting the Board of Health.

Followers of Nazi Ideology, who fought fanatically for an earlier era now under Allied supervision, destroying the foundations upon which it was built—war and armament. German prisoners of war, who have been socialized in the last phase of Nazi Germany, are now working alongside their former enemies in a communal site in the deep waters of the Wörthsee, in Southern Austria. N.A.A.F.I. gift shop in Munich (4) is frequented by British troops. The shop caters for a mixed clientele of prisoners and civilians alike. These shops are part of N.A.A.F.I.'s overseas service, offering a variety of articles at reasonable cost and thus preventing the feeling of groups by black market traders. Wreaths of decorated toys and flowers are laid at the site of Munich and have been placed alongside the track repaired.)
V.C.s Won in Conflict With Germans and Japs

Capt. J. B. MACKEY of the 1/2 Australian Pioneer Corps, this Aus-
tralian was awarded the V.C. for his heroic action at Ernani, France.
Here he was in action, firing a machine gun point-blank into a
enemy tank. His gallantry saved the lives of many of his compan-
non Germans before being killed.

Pte. T. STARCEVICH
Firing his Bren gun from the hip, Pte. Starcevich of the 1/4 Australian
Infantry Battalion, killed four Japanese before being killed.

LIEUT. ALBERT CHOWNE
With spear hand and saddlewhip this officer of the 1/2 Australian Infantry
Battalion, distinguished himself in action against the Japanese at
Bunaw, New Guinea, killed two Japanese machinegun posts on 22
August, 1942. He later fought in New Guinea and the Pacific, being
mentioned in despatches.

Pte. F. J. PARTRIDGE
This member of the 6th Australian Infantry Battalion was wounded
by an enemy shell strike while in action at Salerno, Italy, on July 15,
1943. He was hit before he had a chance to return fire. He is
widowed with two children.

Pte. F. A. LONG, D.F.C.
Determined to capture his enemy, he dashed into the breaches of
the fort and began to slaughter the enemy. He was captured and
shot by a machinegun post. He died bravely, with the enemy
still in sight.

Pte. EDWARD KENNA, 1/4 Australian Infantry Battalion
Pursuing the enemy, Kenna engaged Japanese machineguns of an
opposite direction to the enemy. His gallantry saved the lives of
his comrades. He was killed in action.

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Our Empire's Proud Share in Victory

COLONIAL GUARDIANS OF THE ATLANTIC

By HARLEY V. USILL

To complete his survey of the strategic interest of the British Colonial Empire, the author turns to the Atlantic. Here he explores the importance of the British Atlantic Empire, emphasizing its role in securing the interests of the Commonwealth. The British, through their colonial possessions, ensured the security of Britain and its empire by providing a strategic buffer against potential threats from the United States and other powers. The colonies also served as a source of raw materials, food, and military support.

The British West Indian Colonies

Before we cross the Atlantic to West Africa to complete our survey of the strategic importance of the British Colonial Empire, it is necessary to mention the British West Indian Colonies. These colonies are spread across the Caribbean Sea and include territories in what are now modern-day countries such as Jamaica, Trinidad and Tobago, Guyana, and Barbados. They form a chain of islands that stretch from the coast of South America to the eastern coast of North America. The British West Indian Colonies served as a strategic buffer between the British and the Spanish, and later the French, powers in the region. They also played a crucial role in the early stages of the transatlantic slave trade.

Great Air Bases in West Africa

Great Britain's strategic presence in West Africa is evident in its efforts to establish air bases that could serve as strategic points for military operations. These bases were crucial for the movement of troops and supplies during World War II. The air bases in West Africa were also used for training purposes and for the deployment of aircraft for operations in other parts of the colonial empire. The British worked closely with the French and the Dutch to establish a network of air bases that could be used to support military operations across the region.

We have now traced the strategic importance of British Colonies and Mandated Territories in the region, the role which is guarded by Gibraltar and its colonies, and the importance of our possessions in the Indian Ocean as a springing-off ground for the first African campaign, as a supply route for the whole of the Middle East, as a second line of defence after the fall of Malaya, and finally as bases for_base_at_hands_at the British Empire. We have seen how the Falkland guarded the southern tip of South America and the West Indian Colonies the vital Panama Canal. And, finally, we placed the four African Colonies in perspective in relation to this whole strategic pattern.
Gardens Commemorate the People’s Courage

The magnificent spirit of those who endured the war years in London and Plymouth is commemorated by Gardens for Victory planted in the churchyard of St. Mary’s Church, Plymouth (1), donated in March 1941. Lawns and gay flowards have taken the place of the pews of pure, providing a colourful and fragrant setting for peaceful summer services.

The forecourt of St. Mary’s Church, Plymouth, is the site of London’s own Garden. After a dedication service conducted by the Bishop of London, the Rt. Hon. George Ward, on May 20, 1941, a party of Newbridge School children planted the first garden. Newbridge women and girls, a group of brightly planted gardeners (2), wherein are set in the Wren style, made from the wood of a century old. A special thanks the Royal Air Force, who planted for the war effort the late Viscount Southwood on behalf of The Daily Herald to commemorate the courage and sacrifice of the people of London in the Second World War, 1939-1945.

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Photo: The War Illustrated, Gill, Topham
HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS

H.M.S. Furious

Though she is now due for scrapping, the name of H.M.S. Furious, an aircraft carrier of 22,000 tons, will always be celebrated in the history of naval aviation, as it was in her time a fine example of naval tradition and seaplane, and a centre of seaplane activity. She was begun in 1915.

Subsequently she was completed in 1917 and was the first aircraft carrier to be built in the United States. She was共建 in 1915.

In 1917 she was converted into a flying-boat carrier and was used for the training of seaplanes. She was then used as a flying-boat carrier and for the training of seaplanes. She was finally scrapped in 1919.

Her speed of 35 knots enabled the Furious to perform much useful service in the last war. She operated with Atlantic convoys in 1918 and 1919 and was used frequently for ferrying aircraft to distant bases. After taking part in the Malta convoy of August 1919, she was transferred to the West Indies, where she was employed in the training of seaplanes. She was finally scrapped in 1919.
Records of the Regiments: 1939–1945

The Reconnaissance Corps

by Lieut. J. L. TAYLOR

In the autumn of 1940 the Reconnaissance Corps was an idea born of something near desperation. The Infantry Divisions, who had been served before Dunkirk by Mechanized Cavalry Regiments, were left without any reconnaissance arm in all when these Cavalry Regiments were taken for the fast-growing Armoured Divisions.

Experiments were made by some commanders in furnishing a reconnaissance unit from within the Division. It was soon clear that makeshift measures were inadequate; reconnaissance had always been of prime importance in war and there was no reason to suppose that in the event of war coming it would be less important. On the contrary, it seemed that, as war itself became more swift, the more essential was quick and accurate information to the General's battle-maps.

It was decided that reconnaissance was a job for experts, specially trained in a new technique, and so the Reconnaissance Corps was formed as the "cat's whiskers" of the infantry, in the streamlined army being fashioned at high speed north of the Channel. The need was for a body of men of more than usual intelligence, endurance and enterprise. With every branch of the Army calling for the same thing, the Corps yet managed to lay a firm foundation of the right type of soldier.

Some came from the tough Brigade Anti-Tank companies, fresh from the star role in Belgium and France. Many were volunteers who liked the sound of the job. In some cases those of the 5th Gloucestershire Regiment who had attended a Reconnaissance course were transferred to the Corps. The result was that the twenty regiments of the Corps, in their time, were to serve in the Far East, in North Africa, Sicily, Italy, Greece, and in the sweep from Normandy and North Italy to the line of victory in Europe.

A Reconnaissance Regiment was planned as a self-contained unit, fast moving on wheels and tracks, with a heavy punch in Fire-power. It was visualised that information would frequently have to be fought for, which turned out to be quite correct. A detailed wireless network covered the Regiment and linked it straight back to Division. By necessity, much of this, in the early days, was accepted by token, and had not materialized very far when the Corps first went into battle.

Not counting the luckless 18th Regiment, which arrived in Singapore, without its vehicles, just in time to be surrendered to the Japanese early in 1942, the first Regiment to go into action was the 30th. They were the old 4th Northumberlanders Fusiliers, who can claim to be the fore-runners of the Corps since they operated experimentally in Belgium and France on reconnaissance work, and in the desert, in Egypt, Cyrenaica, and Tripolitania (Libya), without their motor-cycles (not much use in the desert) and without much of the equipment which was on the production lines for Reconnaissance, they had no chance against the German armour which hit their defensive positions in May 1942.

That was part of the general bad start. From then on the Corps fought with continuous success, learning the new job, calling for, and getting, ever-improved equipment. There grew up, too, a remarkable morale. Reconnaissance work in the field had no room for passengers. Every man counted, was trusted, made decisions in tight corners and by the nature of the job there were many tight corners. Then the Corps itself was comparatively small and drew from the same O.C.T.U. Holding Regiment and Training Regiment. There was very quickly a strong

BECCER RECONNAISSANCE DETACHMENT IN THE ANZIO BEACH-HEAD, Italy, fire into a paddy at suspected German troop movements. Two members of the detachment are seen taking cover as the weapon discharges its muzzle towards the enemy. In the overlying battle in the beach-front areas, the 3rd Reconnaissance Regiment maintained its fighting qualities and mobility as it "cleared the way" for advanced units and the Corps had been fought three years previously.

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Records of the Regiments: 1939–1945

We are now ordered by wireless to visit another bridge about a quarter-mile farther on. I give my leading car covering fire. A grenade is thrown on him from the railway bridge, but he misses the ammunition. As my own car goes through we get another grenade.

A host of Spandau fire spatters our ammunition. In the turret I do a 180 degrees traverse and see two men with grenades in their hands. If I let them off they will undoubtedly blow the bridge and we won't be able to return. We get clear and check up on our last position. By now all hell has broken loose. Every type of weapon is being fired at us. We skid round and make with all speed for a more congenial atmosphere...

Chasing the Boche Round Cap Bon

The patrol had plenty of excitement after that. It eventually saved the bridge for the passage of our own troops, and is one of the many such small actions which fit together to make the history of the Corps. The idea of having to fight for information was never far wrong. The 5th Reconnaissance Corps had a very good deal of action before the Anzio beach-head. The 34th started a career of distinction with a nasty mine-laying assignment at Alamein in the autumn of 1942. Later they had a better reconnaissance role in Tunisia.

The 56th Regiment came in at Algiers in November 1942, followed later in the campaign by the 46th, 1st and 8th. The 56th had the envvy of the rest of the Corps for their opportunity, as first arrivals, to make the famous run from Algiers to within 39 miles of Tunis, in four days. These five Regiments all started from the same point. The 6th started from the west, the 5th from the south, and the 7th from the north. The 8th and the 46th started at the same time, but the 56th left from Algiers. The 56th finished strongly in March 1943, by chasing the Boche at high speed round Cap Bon. The narrow mountain roads of Sicily, flanked with steep drops and low walls, presented cross-country movement in most places.

The 5th Reconnaissance Regiment had a tough time of it there in the summer of 1943. The other Regiment in Sicily was the 56th.

The Reconnaissance Corps really started to go with the invasion of Italy. The 5th were re-equipped with a most exciting dash up the west coast, being at one time 250 miles in front of the main body of the Division, meeting trains on moonlight schedules, one of which they captured and co-opted.

The 1st Air Landing Reconnaissance Squadron, later to drop at Arnhem, landed at Catanzaro, in the south of Italy, and took the Boche by surprise. The 5th, 46th, 8th, and 56th all met with the 5th Regiment, one of the first two to land, with the 56th Regiment, at the same time, but the 8th had already been sent in to the hot reception at Salerno. It was early in the next year that the 1st

CAPTAIN R. C. A. BEALE, M.C., of the 1st Reconnaissance Regiment (right), gives an American officer on the bridge crossing the Dora the keenest test of a British armored car. A German engineer officer and his men are waiting at the bridge. (Photo: P. B. Sherrington, Official Photog.)

Family feeling in Reconnaissance, for that reason. What exactly was the job? I Corps with the Airborne Division, 5th Reconnaissance Regiment, M.C., of the 1st Reconnaissance Regiment, on the armored car outing from the Anzio beach-head early in 1944 which gained him his decoration. Dawn is just breaking.

"We rush the bridge and get over against light opposition. Observe an 88-mm. gun to my right. Lucky enough to get a direct hit on gun and crew with H.E. A mile farther we see movement in a house 300 yards to the left. A Boche officer comes out. He is joined by six or seven more. We open fire. They tend to blow up. The remainder run for the house. We next see half a dozen Boche running for some vehicles. We get three more. Push on, and my leading car captures a motor-cyclist D.R., who nearly falls off with surprise. His Hodgkin dispatch case is just what we want.

"We edge round the next bend and come in sight of our main objective, a railway bridge over the road. A German sentry is leaning against the wall with his helmet off and his rifle by his side. He is obviously drowsing, as are two other fellows, who are still leaning against the wall. By this time most troops are appearing. We have an excellent shot as they run for cover up the bank. We back the cars round a corner out of sight, but still keeping the bridge under observation. Very soon we see a car pr..."
Recce Corps on the Victory Trail in Europe

ADVANCING ACROSS FRANCE TO GERMANY

with the Allied armies near the Rhine, the reconnaissance
Corps received a warm welcome in many French towns.

... at the Morin, near St. Omer, on September 14. . . .

... for the battle for Merschenbrech, Holland, October 30, 1944. Two of their officers approached to contact a
... that had linked up with the Americans on the roster of combatants in the Ardennes.

... in February 1945.
Forgetting its specific role as a Reconnaissance unit, as many Regiments have cheerfully done in the past, because the "Hitler Youth" Regiments were trained in the Italian campaign foremost up, the Regiments, now supplemented by the 4th., manned observation posts and patrolled for information. Meanwhile, at home, D-Day was building. Seven Reconnaissance Regiments practiced waterproofing, embarkation drill and the "break-through" role planned for the second phase of the operation. They were the 3rd, 17th Scottish, 46th, 56th West Riding, the 5th Worcestershire, 1st Worcestershire and 1st North Riding Reconnaissance Regiments. From Normandy, when some of them, notably the 46th, greatly distinguished themselves on the beaches, all seven regiments got their break-through.

The run to the Seine, across the Belgian border and up to the line of the winter of 1944, was the perfect Reconnaissance task, a field day shared with the Armoured Reconnaissance Regiments. At different times each Regiment reported the contact with the enemy was continuous, and casualties on occasion were heavy. But the work done was a final justification of the idea born in the dark days of the war.

Among Fumbling German Armies

The Infantry Divisions found that pursuit of the still running Boches was greatly aided by armoured tankettes feeding in front of the advance. When opposition was not too heavy the Reconnaissance Regiments cleared it out of the way in swift sharp attacks. Otherwise, troops of carriers and armoured cars pie-pointed and held the enemy for attack by larger forces.

That was the classic role. There were others. The 46th, early on, became embroiled with heavy tanks (and when one calls Reconnaissance "armoured," that did not mean against much more than small arms fire). Their Anti-Tank Troop and F.I.A.T.S. disposed of four in quick time. In the Falaise Gap, in August 1944, the 53rd set up something of a record by capturing 4,800 prisoners in 36 hours. The 32nd Lowland Regiment, of the Mountain Division, landed (morally) in the flattest part of Holland, in September, just after the opening of the Emsch River corridor, which was constantly being cut. One of their Squadrons fished out to do it.

When winter came the mobility and high fire-power of the Reconnaissance Regiments enabled them to hold long stretches of the front. The 3rd were for several months responsible for an icy, indomitable stretch of the river Maas, north-east of Helmond. The 46th had an equally gruelling winter, in the Netherlands; its Reconnaissance patrols along the river west of Nijmegen, and its "Famed" — the 804th — race north of Nijmegen on the road to Arnhem.

When Rundstedt achieved his "blitz" in December 1944, the 43rd, the 32nd, the 53rd and the 46th Reconnaissance Regiments were among the troops pushed south to deal with the enemy, especially Patton. They had just handed in all their vehicles, prior to disbursing with their Division. Transport and fighting vehicles were thrown back at them in considerable chaos and hurry, and they went off to do their last job as well as they had done all their others. For similar high-level reasons the 56th Reconnaissance Regiment was also disbanded before the end.

The hard fight to the Rhine was a second edition of Normandy, but the break-through afterwards went faster and was thick with incident as the Regiments found themselves among the floundering German armies which were being driven back to the Rhine's edge. In some places resistance was tough and the always hard-pressed 1st Scottish did a fine job in the last lap. The 5th Regiment, brought up from Italy, also had a run in this campaign before the end.

No picture of the Corps' history is complete without mention of the 1st Air Landing Regiment. Together with the 2nd Air Landing (in the 2nd Armoured Division) and the 2nd Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, they formed the South-Western Command's Airborne Armoured Force. As such they stand at Arnhem in September 1944. The 2nd Armoured Division, though not officially in the Corps, served with the Regiments as the Reconnaissance unit of the Highland Division, and both sides are proud of the ties existing with this Regiment.

The Corps has also served in the Far East. The 45th Regt., before they could go into action in a reconnaissance role, were turned into a Long-Range Penetration Group under General Wilson and harried the Japanese deep in Burma which was part of the world they could reach. It may be that the Reconnaissance Regiment has a longer, more gruelling or more glorious battle history than the 2nd Regiment. After two years of training in the Far East they were in the relief of Kohima, May 1944, and of Imphal in June, and were finally at the head of the advance which in 1945 opened the way to Mandalay and Ranagpur.

Officers of the Corps have been distinguished with more than a dozen awards of the D.S.O. and nearly 100 awards of the Military Cross. The history of Other Ranks in the field—and Reconnaissance work requires much from the judgement and daring of junior leaders—has been recognized by the award of well over 100 Military Medals. At home, the Holding Regiment was the 9th (March 1943), in Mendip. The Reconnaissance Training Centre was at Gartrock, G.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., has been Colonel-Commandant of the Corps since 1943. The "family," now with a disposition to put its feet on the mantel piece and certain with many hair-raising yarns to spin, owns a Reconnaissance Corps Centre Association of over 14,000 members, with a big peace-time programme of reunion and mutual aid.

Changing of the Guard outside the 3rd Division Headquarters in Hamburg, by men of the division. The 3rd Division 'Provence' had had a fine war and was now being replaced by the 9th Division. A full Guards' style of ceremony was worked out through a short but very active history.

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Occupation Troops Ready for Japan

First contingent of the British and Indian Occupation Troops for Japan marched through the streets of Yokohama on September 9th, leaving for their Occupation duties. They were led by the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders (1) carrying the King's and Regimental Colours, and the salute was taken by Major-General F. E. Festing, C.B.E., D.S.O., G.O.C. Land Forces Hong Kong. Included in the march-past were members of the W.A.S.B. (Women's Auxiliary Services (Burma)), Senior, parading for inspection (3). Major-General D. T. Gavin, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C. (2, right), G.O.C. the British Indian Division, chats with Major-General Festing (left).

Photo, British Official
Britain's £11,000,000 H.M.S. Vanguard

Through quiet rural scenery passes the 42,900-ton Vanguard (1), our latest and greatest battleship, 830-ft. in length. Piloted from the fitted-out basin at John Brown's Clydebank shipyard, on May 3, 1926, down the tricky 14-mile channel, she parted with her bags at Greenock and sailed under her own power into the Firth. Seen, looking aft, are four of her eight 15-in. guns (2) with the ship's badge displayed on their turrets; her secondary armament comprises fifteen 7.5-in. guns.

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Passes Down the Clyde to Her Trials

Princess Elizabeth launched the Vanguard in November 1924 (see illos, page 156, Vol. 8) and on May 12, 1926, revisited her for the hoisting ceremony at Greenock, the ship then proceeding to carry out gunnery trials off the south of Ireland, followed by engine and steaming trials in the Firth of Clyde. Beneath her 15-in. guns a naval officer sounds off (1); the liner Queen Elizabeth is in the background, and again—being reported—by the Vanguard's side (4). See also page 97.
Reopening of South Bridge at Cologne

Attacked by R.A.F. Typhoons, the South Bridge across the Rhine at Cologne was wrecked on January 6, 1945. Reconstruction was commenced, under the supervision of Royal Engineers, in June 1946, almost unprecedented floods and other difficulties—including the lifting of two large spans from the riverbed, and shortage of material and labour—delaying the work for some time. It was reopened to rail traffic on May 1, 1946, by the British Military Governor, Lieut.-General G. Thomas, acting G.-in-C. of the R.A.E.R. A single track providing communication between the goods marshalling yards on the east and west sides of Cologne, a through route for passenger traffic, an important link between Germany and the Channel ports, it can take approximately 40 trains each way daily; when permanently reconstructed it will be capable of taking 72.

The bridge rebuild (below), Lieut.-General Thomas cuts the tape (left) to let the first train run through.

Photo, New York Times Photos
BERLIN

by KENNETH HARE-SCOTT

The Control Commission in Berlin

A YEW weeks ago an exhibition was opened in Schiller Strasse called "Heute im Easten" ("In East Germany Today"). In an attractively arranged series of large photographs Berliners were shown the mills of the British war and post-war conditions of life. A short film show, and a room devoted to the Empire, added interest to an exhibition which has drawn large daily attendances. Later, it will tour the main towns in the British Zone. For entertainment the Germans have opera, ballet, and a number of theatres and cinemas, and also the zoo.

There are a number of museums, large and comfortably equipped, scattered throughout the British sector, and in the early days officers' messes were opened to German officers and some later to be allowed to wives and families. There are several clubs which cater for different purposes, and Other Ranks make full use of the Bathhouse Arms, the Winnet, the Red Shield, the Britannia, and Marbleborough, the German club whose satellite countries—and before that the home of the German aristocracy. Now they are furnished and with painted ceilings, tapestries and other stuff. The Embarras is a theatre place for dinner and dancing. Another feature is the "Blitz Plan"—the Recreation Hall of Berlin, and once the city's select sports.

A postal service for Home, a number of hotels, and some 16 courts, bathe, and dine but not dance.

No Normal Existence for Anyone

In Berlin, as in all Berlin, there is no hope of returning to normal living, as Berliners are still waiting for their new homes, new jobs, and perhaps even a chance to return to their прежние места жительства (former places of residence).

A recent visit to Berlin by an American officer revealed that the population, though not in a state of despair, was still waiting for a chance to return to normal living.

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BERLIN: After Thirteen Months of Peace

ORDER IS EMERGING OUT OF CHAOS, though near the western of Berlin roads toll a order that all bomb debris shall be removed (1). On the roof of an air raid shelter, men used as a hospital, awaiting removal (2). In the Russian sentry-tatting room at Charlottenburg (3) help to pass the time. The bomb damaged tomb of the 1918 Oklahoma Warrior is a reminder of other warfare times (4). A street maternity stares attention with his helmet (5)—as worn by the Kaiser's Guards in the First World War.
Remnants of Past Imperial Glory: BERLIN

Shell of the Reichstag Stands Desolate in the Tiergarten (top), heart of Berlin's block market, and now glutted for gain. Built in the 1890's, west of the imperial parliament, the Reichstag was gutted by fire in 1933, reputedly by Communists but actually through "arrangement" sponsored by the Nazi Government. The Brandenburg Gate (center) and the River Spree, near the former imperial palace, was wrecked by the Germans in a desperate attempt to halt the Russian advance in April 1945. See also page 119.
Allied military forces paraded through Trieste on May 3, 1946, to commemorate the first anniversary of two notable events—the surrender of the German army in Italy to Field Marshal Montgomery, and the recognition of Italy by the United Nations. The ceremony was attended by the Governor General of India, Lord Louis Mountbatten, and the Italian Prime Minister, on the occasion of the Italian National Day. A parade of approximately 20,000 people, including members of the Allied Forces, marched through the streets of Trieste, accompanied by military music and color parties. The citizens of the town who participated as successors to their liberators were veterans who had fought their way from Alamein through Sicily and Italy.
Our War Leaders in Peacetime

HARRIS

The "Bomber" Harris who tickles with a car or plays light-heartedly with his six-year-old daughter Jacqueline seems a very different person from Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Arthur Harris, G.C.B., O.M., who controlled R.A.F. bomber fleets in Europe for three years. In uniform he was known as a strict disciplinarian.

The one-time Chief of Bomber Command (he retired early in 1940) enjoys a natural all-round life with a job for his hands as well as his head. He likes getting into the sun, preferably by the seaside or on a farm, for he has never forgotten the days when, as a tobacco planter in Rhodesia, he took both hot sun and hard work for granted. His tobacco plantation was a successful venture, and he says he would not have given it up but for the outbreak of war in 1914.

His main interest in engines dates from those days. In August 1914 he drove to an enlistment centre as one of the first cars to reach Rhodesia, and after a year in the 1st Rhodesian Regiment flew one of the earliest types of R.F.C. fighters. His interest in the internal combustion engine does not extend to motor-boats. The latter he considers "abominations," but of sailing he is very fond. The trouble is, he says, he has never been able to afford to buy a sailing boat large enough to house his family.

Born in 1892, Harris has been twice married, the first time in 1916. Twenty-two years later, with one son and two daughters, he married Thebea Heurne. Their child, Jacqueline, is the image of her mother, and by all accounts when Jacqueline was a baby the man who invented "saturation bombing" handled her as adeptly as would any woman.

Today the family is in Rhodesia again, where Harris would like to settle. He now wants time for hobbies the war denied him. Big-game shooting was one of his pre-war sports. When in London, he was a member of the International Sportsmen's Club. Nowadays, at 54 years of age, he prefers watching animals to shooting them, although he says he could make a bit out of a gun as he did in the past, and that would help towards the boats he would like to acquire.

His interests are not restricted to outdoor sports. He likes reading, mainly on practical matters: before the war these included shooting, sailing, motoring and, of course, aeronautics. He is a stout champion of the cause of British Civil Aviation and wants to see Britain and South Africa linked by a first-class air service. He is not particularly interested in politics. But "Bomber" Harris helped to knock the world down, and now he wants to know how it is to be rebuilt, for which purpose he has extended his reading to social subjects.
Seventy days out from New York and about 600 miles south of the Grand Banks, we ran into really bad weather, and all the small boats and rafts were lost. A 135-ton invasion barge we were carrying on deck was split to pieces. On November 29, 1942, the captain decided to turn back. A couple of hours after we had left the convey a torpedo struck us.

I ran below and sang the alarm. On deck again, I happened to glance towards the stern—and there was a U-boat. I could see a man in the conning tower, and he saw me clearly. But it was too late for our gunners to take a shot at her; for there was no doubt about it, we were going down.

I started to help lower one of the life-boats, but there was a kink in the rope and it seemed we were going to be swamped for the last time on this earth. I crawled back to the davit and managed to cut the rope, and as the boat was lowered, with its fifteen occupants, dropped clear, I was swept into the Barber's well-deck by an enormous wave. The next I knew was staggering in the water, thanking God for my life. As I struggled to the surface, I saw the U-boat, about eighteen feet long. I struggled to it and hung on. Then the U-boat's gun, part of our smashed-up invasion barge, and decided to abandon the log for the remainder. I channelled safety of that piece of wreckage.

The wind was with me and as I reached the barge a big cabbage floated by. Almost unconsciousness I grabbed it and held on, and then clambered after it up the five-foot side. Now I was able to call and I looked around for my comrades. Fifteen of them were in that lifeboat all right, and I was mighty glad that by cutting the rope as I had done I had given them a chance of being saved. I shouted, but they did not hear me. Then I heard the noise of machine-guns fire and, quickly I hid low. I thought it was the U-boat peppering away.

Presently I took stock of my surroundings. My bit of barge was no more than 15 feet by 10, and I found it difficult to stand upright because of the slope. The sides were lockers, and its darkness was falling I tore open one of the lids and removed some cases of stuff so that I could get some sort of shelter for the night. There was just enough room for me in that locker; but I had no sleep, for with the rolling of the barge cases were constantly bumping about.

The crew were painted away on the outside, but the insides were unpainted. The motion came to me to break up about thirty of them and spread the unpainted insides over the deck. I figured they might be spotted by a chance R.A.F. plane, and there would be possibilities of rescue.

But most of the pieces as I laid them down were washed overhead, and for a couple of hours I reckoned I would be a mere wreck from the inside locker. But it was impossible for me to stay there long.

It rained and snowed and was freezing cold. I was insanely hungry—and suddenly remembered the cabbages. It had been washed overhead, but was still freezing alongside. I found it and took a couple of Blues. I don't think much of raw cabbage for a starving man, but it was better than nothing. I wondered if there might be anything edible in the other lockers, and crossed another open. No, there was nothing to eat, but there were several torches, plenty of kerosene, and some lubricating oil. The latter was a real find, and I stripped and rubbed it all over my body.

I guessed the end was about due. Further locker-searching revealed two one-gallon jars of fresh water, and a pair of binoculars. But no food. As the interminable days and nights passed I became very weak. I had chewed all my buttons, even, and I guessed the end was about due. I tried to occupy myself at something, moving up and down my piece of barge, holding on to a bit of rope for safety. To counter the effects of snow and hail, which was constantly falling I continued to rub salt water on my body, and as best I could, every day I tried to cheer myself up by looking at my wife's photograph, whenever there was enough light to see by, and imagining she was telling me to keep my chin up and I'd be rescued presently.

On December 13, a Sunday, I got tired of seeing and hearing bits of wood banging and floating about on the deck. Anger I tossed one of them overboard, and in the early morning it seemed to me that it remained sticking up in the water. Frustrated, I threw in another piece. That too remained sticking-up. And then I realized I was beginning to "see things." It was certainly a crazy job!

A few minutes later I thought I saw a cross-opener, and then a submarine. I took a quick look through the binoculars. Nothing but a blue. But as I continued to look the blue came slowly nearer, and I realized it was a Polish destroyer. It turned out to be the Garland. A year seemed to pass before they threw me a rope. With difficulty I made it fast around myself and gave them the signal to haul away.

I was nearly all-in when they dragged me aboard, but I had just enough breath left to ask my rescuers to present the binoculars which, somewhat to my own surprise, I found myself still clutching to their captain. At first I was mistaken for a nigger, I was so smothered in oil. They took me to the ship's hospital and stripped me and put me to bed. I kept craving for something to eat. But the ship's doctor gave me only beef-tea.
On that same day (Sunday the 13th) the doctor came to me, at about two minutes after midnight, and asked me where my left foot was. I could see there was something wrong with the submarine, but I didn't want to think about it. The submarine was under attack, the lifeboat might be blown up, and the lifebelt might be nowhere. The night was pitch black and the U-boat was surfaced, but it did not see the Polish diver, which had to reverse suddenly to avoid collision with it. Our crew let fly with one-pounder shells and a 4.7-in. gun, then unloaded some depth-charges. And that was the end of the submarine. I like to think it was the same U-boat that had sent the old Barberry down.

The following Sunday we arrived at a north-Scotland port, where the shipwrecked crew was gathered in the harbor. I had been at sea for five weeks, and I had been in surgery for seven. I was at home in Eton, hoping I should arrive home before the telegram I had sent. I did not die for more than seven minutes. I still marvel how I survived to spend that Christmas at home.

Our Last Weeks in Jap-Held Manila

In the concentration camp at Santo Tomas, Manila, were 3700 civilians interned suffering under the oppression of the Japanese. The long ordeal, ween and after in that miserable place, ended in the last weeks before the Philippine invasion, when the British mission with whose children spent these three years. See also story of the mission's escape in page 66, Vol. 8.

Things are certainly becoming grim, and if we don't all get out of this month it will be too late for most of us. We can't last much longer on 600 calories a day, and our stomachs are beginning to revolt against this ever-increasing ration. It is a sickening experience, without sugar or fat for a month or two. This day and a half one can stand, but what can you save from breakfast—-and, if you are in hospital, sometimes they do not want you to have table soup to help it go down.

Surely something must happen soon. But we've been promised for weeks that it is a matter of weeks. It is December 9, 1941, when we left Shanghai as "enroute with the Army," the official evacuation ship bound for Australia. Evacuation traffic had been always quite respectable, and this last exodus lived up to that reputation. However, the Consul thought it better to send as many women and children out of Shanghai, for many reasons. The Yangtze had been blocked for our entry, the Japanese were already occupying the outside roads, food was expensive, and meat, excepting beef, was most hard to obtain; unpleasant "incidents" were increasing, and the dollar was rapidly depreciating in value.

Our ship was just one day outside of Yokahama when the Captain called us together for an important announcement. "Since last night we have been at war with Japan," he informed us. "Pearl Harbour was bombarded by the Japanese. We were at sea, outside of range of God's curse, Carronade. Today we shall carry a lifebelt, and there will be no smoking on deck. Other orders will be given later." A few days passed, and our ship put into Manila Bay. Then came the dreadful occasion when the Japs burned the ship that was our only chance of air. The ships all around us were on fire, and many bombs fell near so that we were thrown off our feet by the concussion. At that night we watched ships burning. The next day the Captain decided that we could not proceed farther with so many women and children on board, and gave orders that we should disembark at Pier 7, taking only our hand luggage.

So we arrived in Manila—450 passengers, dependent for food and shelter on the Red Cross of that city. And there we lived until the fall of January 1942, when Manila having been declared an open city the Japanese came in through Paranaque. On January 5 the military police started collecting British and Americans for "two days' questioning." That was three years ago, and we are still here in the camp at Santo Tomas. Things are certainly grim. Our rations are growing grim, too; we do not joke, and that is something the Japs can never understand. Our favourite "joke," at the moment, is that if the Americans don't come soon they will be in time to bury the last internee.

As a Skeleton to Another

Dr. Smith comes along, more gaunt than ever. I smile, for he approaches, for I think he looks like rows of cotton reefs strung together with ApiResponse

Upon arrival of the American forces on April 2, 1945, the sad history of Santo Tomas came to an end. The 450 British and American civilians, who had been interned in the camp since December 9, 1941, were eventually evacuated to Australia. The camp was later destroyed by German aircraft. The experiences of the internees in Santo Tomas were documented by Dr. Smith, who later shared his story in his book "Life in a Japanese Concentration Camp."
Life in Manila’s Notorious Santo Tomas Camp

CIVILIAN INTERNEES were shifted to the Santo Tomasinternment camp in Manila, as told in the facing page. Here, in this most critical period of the country's history, they were subjected to unspeakable conditions.

The camp was a jagged reminder of the suffering and struggle endured by those interned. Inmates were packed into overcrowded barracks, subjected to harsh living conditions, and denied adequate food and medical care. The camp was a symbol of the brutality and inhumanity of the Japanese occupation.
I Was There!

Mrs. Wholey's Son, photographed at the site of this scene, inside a smoke-filled shell—sign of which many interments lived in Flanders.

takes one-third of the meat and the skin in payment. He won't get much more business, as there is only one cat left in the camp and she is intelligent enough to elude capture.

A great blow has fallen upon us. Four of our crimson men, for some time detained in the Jap gun, have now been taken out, and, for fear to that address house Fort Santiago. Truly it can be said of that place, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." We have seen men and women back from the Fort shattered in mind and body. They dare not speak of their experiences; their lips are sealed. One woman, a missionary, brought into hospital from Fort Santiago, told something of her experiences. The next night she was collected by armed guards. Even the walls have ears!

Forbidden to Look Up at the Sky

One thing gives us great satisfaction—the manifest intention of the Japs. Ever since the Allied bombing started they have been growing more and more uneasy. Of course, they take it off of us in divers ways. Rules have been tightened up. Women are no longer allowed to read or kneel during Roll Call, and all except the sick must stand. The bowing, also—our way of bowing does not meet the approval of the Japanese military authorities. We are not allowed to stretch our hands straight by the sides, feet together, face the Jap officer, and bow from the waist. It is worse now that people are so weak, especially as we must bow to every Jap.

Every time there is an announcement we know there is something disagreeable, though Don Kelly, our radio announcer, has done his best to keep them from sounding too heavy. How I wish Heaven was shown when the first Allied bomb dropped on Manila. Smoke Gym in Your Eyes was played when cooking in shanties was forbidden, and Better Lave Than Never, though made in connection with a consignment of rice, told us when the Allies landed on Leyte. (October 20, 1944.)

Yes, the Japs are desperate indeed. They have made themselves burrows in the earth, completely either finished, and to the best of my knowledge they have taken all their valuable documents, chiefy, one would imagine, complaints about food, and suggestions that they shall follow international law, since Judge Dris Witty properly notified the Jap of our presence at this subject, unless, of his importance, he was hurried to Live Boxes.

Evidently the fashole no come up to the requirements, for visitors tell us that the Japs are taking out the papers and making a bottle of them. For a long time they have been bringing trucks full of crates into the camp, and we have seen them bringing barrels of petrol around the walls. Now they are driving outside, and yelling.

Interests are being punished for receiving food unilaterally. The guards are full of offenders—most of them offenders against the food regulations. One internee, a Chinese American, is there for refusing to sign the oath. He is the only man who didn't sign, and he has been in for a good three months. It is now a crime to look up at the sky, and internees if seen doing so are made to stand at the gate for a few minutes as a punishment. The place is full of rumour, chiefly of kits, maybe, because we need them so badly. (Further Allied landings took place on January 29, 1945.)

MacArthur's is a woman who has come in with the first tanks. How we hug and kiss those boys of the First U.S. Cavalry Division! But our difficulties are not yet over. There is constant rattle of gunfire, for the Japs have planted machine gun nests in the rooms in the Education Building, where there are 220 young children and other internees. Our boys cannot fire into them without endangering the children. At last, in order to avoid less of life, we have come to terms with our enemies—they are to be conducted out, with arms ammuni
tion, into the Jap lines, and under our own guard and under their guard. How happy we are to see these jolly young boys of the First Cavalry, to hear something of what is happening in the outside world and to have food in abundance.

The Battle of Manila rages night and day outside the camp. Chaffing dark shadows are blowing into the ward, and we are afraid of food—almost the only food we have in one of our powsions, and killed, none are injured. We are permitted to move into the church, for a few minutes, to see the tree, which is the last thing in the scene of the last enemy organized resistance, has fallen, the Japs have retreated across the Pasig River. And Manila, that pearl of the Orient, is left broken and broken down by the enemy.

Beggary for Mercy but Down

For twenty-one days the battle has raged with an intensity almost unbelievable stories of savagery as victims of these murderers are brought to the care of army nurses and doctors. Young girls, rolled together, covered with petrol and burst, were stabbed and mutilated, they ran from homes wounded set on fire; bodies stuck on the head, and mothers moved down as they begged for mercy; Swans, Spanish, German, Filipino, all slaughtered without discrimination; whole families wiped out in this incredible orgy of blood.

During the battle a shell struck the Quzon Institution, but no one was injured. Now reports say that Intramuros, the scene of the last enemy organized resistance, has fallen, the Japs have retreated across the Pasig River. And Manila, that pearl of the Orient, is left broken and broken down by the enemy.

When I stood was the scene of Hitler's so-called invulnerable V1 and V2 weapons factory. To the north of Nordhausen, in Germany, this workshop (in a belly of rockets and doodle-das) designed for our destruction.

\[\text{Derelict Workshop Under the Harz} \]

Major A. Forrest, 31st R.A. RA, Dept. R.A., describes visit in 1916 to a central V1 and V2 weapons factory. To the north of Nordhausen, in Germany, this workshop (in a belly of rockets and doodle-das) designed for our destruction.

A scene you know was sketched of Hitler's so-called invulnerable V1 and V2 weapon factory. To the north of Nordhausen, in Germany, this workshop (in a belly of rockets and doodle-das) designed for our destruction.

I stood, this June, inside the slumber of a mountain, a sole Englishman surrounded by vast hulks filled with decadent industrial machinery; my feet on a camel's path; my head above me an impassable hump of roof of rock 600 feet thick. I was in a catastrophe created by modern war con
ditions where thousands of men and women had laboured to keep footfall on earth, and the impact of Nazism's outcome added to my extreme discomfiture within.

There, under a blue sky devoid of clouds, and spreading over 90 square kilometres of magnificent forest scenery, lie the Harz mountains, a bountiful district of quiet valleys, lakes, and small villages, places which because of their seclusion and peace had been safe as refuges for the northern peoples during the centuries. For Werbs and Littau wounded.

Major A. Forrest

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of great pulverising power, plunging into the midst of London or Manchester or Edin- 
burgh or Liverpool, with our A.A. and Fighter Defences (so brilliantly deployed against the V1). powerless to divert or destroy them!

Fortunately, the factory never came within appreciable measure of full production. An opened shop late in 1944, after 16 months of frenzied, slave-sweat hewing, during which 10,000,000 tons of rock must have been shunted and huge power plants, air-conditioning apparatus, and several thousand machines, many on the S.S. Prioritybanana list, were installed. From then on, until its seizure—which was a most dramatic surprise to directors caught eating their luncheon noodle-broth—by the common people, of the American 9th Army in April 1945, the ex-currents booked out an abysmal rate of production. The factory, which in the same period several hundred zero-engines for the aircraft and 5,000 more for the same firm had been manufactured in the third and least important sector of the factory.

Rockets With 3,000 Miles Range

As the outcome of one month's investiga-
tion into the machinery assembled here, an American scientific advisor, Major W. Bromley, declared in his belief that within six months after VE Day this factory would have been producing rocket weapons with new, as at the time, a 220-mile horizontal range and with a "carry" of 3,000 miles. Revere weapons, that is, capable of scouring New York's skyscrapers!

As I walked in the grayrooms and glooms, with the American G.I. as a guide through these corridors, offices, workshops and factory lines, all new occupied, I became obsessed by the awful power of science when it is organized for death. I discovered, though of course I did not cover the entire story, that in the telling, capacity of the factory to deliver or supply lines, intercepts by means of separate walls, doors, each with its own voice of alarm, and special fire stations, was the result of a special study, performed under special orders, to the extent of every inch of every yard of every store, the special duties of the factory.

Lightness of Metal Amazed Me

Incidentally, each V2 when assembled contained two of these huge tanks, one contain-
ing alcohol as described, and the other liquid oxygen, a fuel load which, when combined, weighed eight tons, or three-quarters of the weight of the entire rocket. I was amazed to feel the lightness of the metal used for construction. One picked up a heavy-looking piece, such as a projectile's nose cup, and it almost floated in one's hand. Also astonish-
ingly lightweight, in ratio to their size, were the sheet steel skins which encased these giant rocket-driven shells. These pans, enclosing the combustion unit and venturi, the two fuel tanks and part of the war-head, I estimated to be about 50 feet long and quite six feet in diameter. In one Halle I found four huge plants each of which automatically withdrew a V2 skin at speed.

Forced labourers in another workshop, tunnel used to do nothing but assemble V2 tail units. In the more westerly of the two main shafts I stumbled on presses and tool room. During my excursion they said, "Don't touch it, sir," with a guarded air.

Halle 29 was impressive not only in size but in the design of its interior. Here I found inside a whole series of V2 steam turbines and combustion chambers and the equipment houses in a steel framework which assisted formation of the separate units; overhead electrically-driven pulleys had operated, carrying the engines to their assembly lines. I counted 53 steel cages in this girdered engine-room, then abandoned cage. "The "firework founder," commented the G.I. laconically.

Close to this lies the Halle in which the V2's cylindrical fuel tanks were stored, and at the time of my first visit many were still there; though emptied of their fuel—the "liberated" displaced workers saw to it. They knew that each V2 was equipped, like the V1, with an alcohol fuel tank; in the case of the V2, a 500-gallon container with a 40 per cent alcohol content. And on this so-called "buzz-bomb juice" they made whoopee, to their own detriment. The stuff, literally threw water, soon had its victims raging.
In curiously I turned over a number of Arbeitsbuche for Ausland (work books for foreigners), in each of these identity books (one issued to each displaced national) was a foreword signed by the General Plenipotentiary for Work Production. Its English version runs as follows: "Like the German so does the foreign worker by brain and mind serve through his production in Greater Germany the New Order of Europe and the struggle that assures the welfare and happy future of peoples on the European Continent. The foreign worker must always be conscious of his task and his distinction. On these premises rest his position, his achievements and his personal integrity."

It was a happy relief when at the end of a main gallery I came out beneath the canopy of dark camouflage netting into sunlight and sweet air. I took several deep breaths - and thought of the R.A.F.'s intalled program of strategic bombing, executed day and night, versus the German secret weapon programme bolstered up day and night by ever-increasing numbers of slave labourers. Of the master-stroke from the air that is a single raid scattered the 500,000,000 experimental station at Peenemunde, claiming 750 specialists among its victims and setting the V bomb plans back by at least six months.

Climbing back through the main eastern gallery I was hemmed in by railway trucks, ammunition-air-conditioning tubes running in parallel lines on opposite sides of the road, and by electric cables housed in a wooden duct under the road surface, conveying power to a series of large plants in another factory. I noticed areas along the shaft where the drilling of new tunnels in right angles to its axis had begun. Actually, Mittel Werk's directors had schemed to drill two more main galleries, parallel with the two existing shafts, and link them by shafts and bays, so trenching the factory's working space. Suddenly I sighted a place, its text underlined by a skull and cross-bones of the black pattern typical of German minefield notices. It announced "SICHERUNGEN ENTHERDEN E S BESCHNITZT" (to withdraw safety devices is sabotage)

Towards the southern entrance I stumbled on another astonishing spectacle. Filling one side of the main gallery were the V1 assembly lines, it was bewildering to see mounted on wooden cradles, in all phases of advancement, scores of "doodle-bugs." Some were minus tail assemblies; others deficient of compressed-air bottles or gyroscopic controls; others had no nose-caps for protection of their warheads. Not one had wings. The stay-put wings of metal or wood fabric (wooden wings were adopted only in the later stages of the weapon's development) finished and working they were ready to be lashed onto the V1 and an order would be sent to the launching zone.

With no great effort I recalled the blazing jet trails of doodle-bugs at night. When we battled against them 24 hours a day, in defence of Antwerp, I pictured no scene such as this: a procession of newly-born doodles warming out of their wombs on wooden cradles from inside a mountain!

Outside, beneath the friendly sky again, I saw concrete roads, railway lines, a big miscellaneous collection of V1 and V2 parts, and the workers' squad encampments. "No one slept in the factory. Work inside was continuous. The only sleep they allowed you was the one from which you don't get up," said a foreman standing idly in the electric-temp accessory department.

Twelve thousand workers (I have confirmed this figure from other sources), she asserted, worked here daily. Their wages averaged half a Reichsmark a day. Late or missing was unanswerable.

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Winning the First George Medals

Serving with the Auxiliary Fire Service at the time, Frank Dinsmore graphically tells how the First George Medals to be awarded were won in action by the Aircraft Fire Brigade during German dive-bombing attacks on H.M. ships Sandhurst, Guitar and Crefnogon in July 1940.

Fly Junkers 88 dive-bombers round out of the clear morning sky into a hail of A.A. fire. The "booms" of Bofors mingled with the roar of the "heaven," and the chatter of machine-guns with A.A. mountings. Packed with hundreds of shell bursts, the sky was alive with flying metal, and one after another German wingspans plunged to earth. Then the bands of the Auxiliary Fire Service on H.M. ships Sandhurst, Guitar and Crefnogon were on their way.

Before I could struggle into fire-fighting kit clouds of smoke soared from burning warships, from oil storage tanks and the hangars and workshops on the sea itself. It was 7.35 a.m. on July 27, 1940.

For some time we had anticipated a hit on H.M.S. Sandhurst and the destroyer destructor of a Junkers hit by two shells simultaneously. The Junkers exploded, and fell in the form of steel rain. On either morning attack the Luftwaffe had been over in force. The R.A.F. had had no opportunity to interfere: defence rested with the shore batteries and guns of ships in the harbour. And if the barrage was such that the enemy lost most of his bombing accuracy at least one bomb had exploded sufficiently near the Crednogon to break her back. And it is suspected that the Junkers had survived the attack in the air.

The enemy crossed the coast at about 2,000 feet, wheeled behind Dover Castle and attacked out of the sun in steep dives. In a twirling ball was let loose. As I peleded to the fire station, heads popped from bedroom windows to cheer the destruction of a Junkers hit by two shells simultaneously. The Junkers exploded, and fell in the form of steel rain. On either
Three atomic bombs dropped on Hiroshima, August 6, 1945, resulted in 153,942 deaths. Japanese killed, 123,942 missing, 9,420 etc., 234,083 were estimated to be dead. A few were rendered homeless or suffered sickness from radioactive poisoning. Total number: 120,000. People of this heavy-bombed city didn’t move.

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V-Day Parade Clear-up in Trafalgar Square

AIR RAID SHELTERS AROUND NELSON'S COLUMN were removed in preparation for the great parade on June 8, 1945. "Their purpose served, they might have performed a final function as greenstands for a hundred farr on the Day," but their removal was essential to make space for the thousands of thousands of people who are now to pour into the Square for the great parade. (See also illus. in page 62.)

Photo: Press News