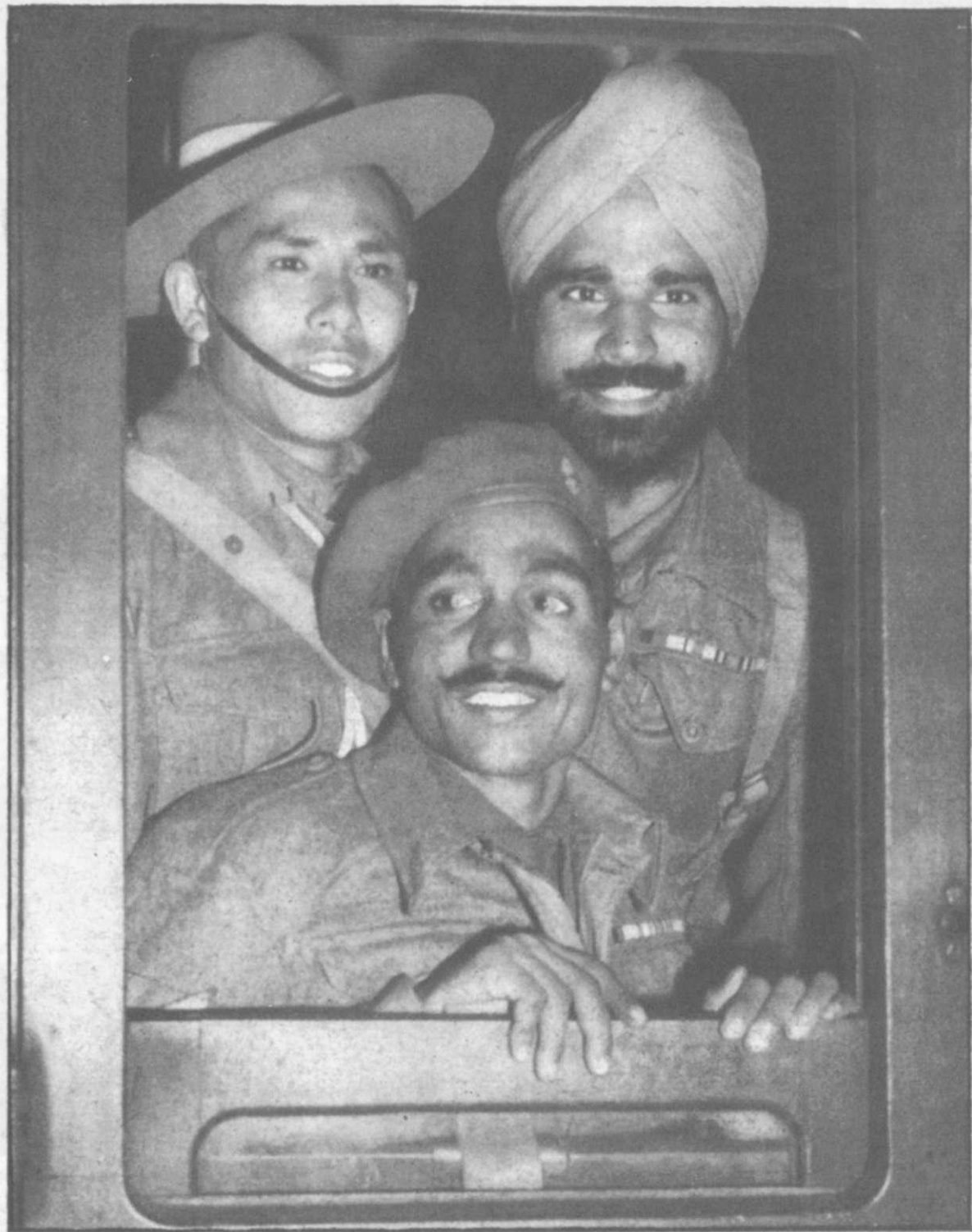


# Vol 10 *The War Illustrated* N° 235

SIXPENCE

JUNE 21, 1946



INDIA'S COLOURFUL CONTINGENT to London's Victory Parade on June 8, 1946, included nine detachments drawn from the Royal Indian Navy, Army and Air Force, and the band of the Royal Garhwal Rifles. Among them was Havildar Umrao Singh, V.C., of the Indian Artillery, seen smiling (centre) from the window of a railway carriage as he arrived at Euston Station. With him are a bearded Sikh (right) and one of the famous Gurkha Rifles (left). See also portrait in page 216, Vol. 9. Photo P.A.-Reuter

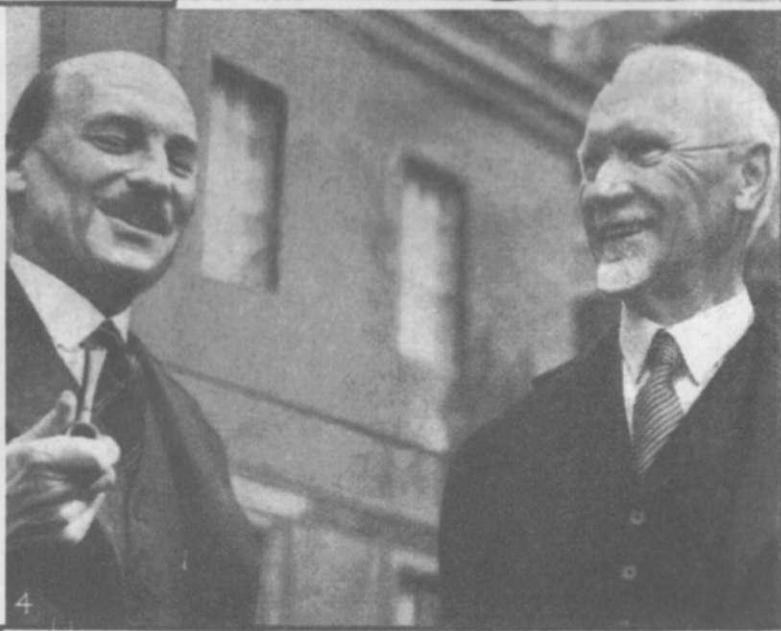
Edited by Sir John Hammerton

NO. 236 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, JULY 5

## Commonwealth Prime Ministers Meet in London



IN THE GARDEN OF No. 10 DOWNING STREET, residence of Britain's Prime Minister, during a recess in one of the sessions of the Commonwealth Conference the Rt. Hon. Ernest Bevin, Foreign Minister (1, left) chatted with Dr. H. V. Evatt, Australia's Minister of External Affairs, and (2) with the Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada. The Rt. Hon. Walter Nash (3, left), Deputy Prime Minister of New Zealand, with the Rt. Hon. J. B. Chifley, Prime Minister of Australia. The Rt. Hon. Clement R. Attlee (4, left) with Field-Marshal the Rt. Hon. J. C. Smuts, South Africa.



THE COMMONWEALTH PRIME MINISTERS' CONFERENCE which opened in London on April 23, 1946, concluded on May 23. The discussions afforded opportunities for consultations between representatives of all the Dominions on matters of mutual interest, and included separate discussions between individual United Kingdom and Dominion Ministers on matters affecting one particular Dominion only. Under consideration were the draft peace treaties with Italy, the Balkan States and Finland; the future of Germany; security responsibilities and arrangements between the Commonwealth Governments on military affairs; economic and welfare co-operation in the South Pacific and South-East Asia; the British Government's proposal to withdraw forces from Egypt; the Palestine Report; and the future distribution of political influence in the eastern Mediterranean. Because of the informal nature of the talks "Agreements" and "Decisions" were purposely omitted from publicized reports. Existing methods of consultation between the Dominions were approved as being preferable to any rigid centralized machinery. The Dominion Prime Ministers attending are seen above.

## Why 'Scharnhorst' and 'Gneisenau' Escaped

by  
**FRANCIS E. McMURTRIE**  
Specially Illustrated by C. Haworth

TOWARDS the end of March 1941 the German battleships *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* entered the port of Brest, France. Dispatched into the Atlantic on a commerce-raiding expedition, they narrowly escaped falling into a trap when the Admiralty took the precaution of adding battleships to the escorts of the more important convoys. Whether their retirement to Brest was due to damage, shortage of fuel or fear of encirclement, has never been made clear, but all three causes may have operated. Some two months later the heavy cruiser *Prinz Eugen*, which had parted company with her consort, the battleship *Bismarck*, after the latter's speed had been reduced by a torpedo hit, also took refuge in Brest. She was first sighted there, in dry-dock, during an air reconnaissance on June 4.

The *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* were sister ships with an actual standard displacement of nearly 32,000 tons, though it had been given officially by the Germans as 26,000 tons. Similarly, their speed appears to have been a knot or two in excess of the nominal figure of 27 knots. Each mounted nine 11-in. guns in triple turrets. Together the two ships had been responsible for the destruction of the armed merchant cruiser *Rawalpindi* in October 1939, and had destroyed *H.M.S. Glorious* at the close of the Norwegian campaign in the following year.

Nominally a 10,000-ton cruiser, armed with eight 8-in. guns, the *Prinz Eugen* actually displaced considerably more. According to a recent report the correct figure is 19,550 tons, but this is probably the deep load displacement. Her speed appears to have been in excess of 32 knots, and she subsequently enjoyed the distinction of being the largest German warship to fall into the hands of the Allies intact.

### 'Operation Fuller' in Readiness

For month after month a series of bombing raids by the R.A.F. kept the enemy ships fully occupied in adding to their anti-aircraft defence and in devising fresh methods of camouflage, with an occasional shift of berth. On one occasion the *Scharnhorst* slipped out under cover of darkness and was located next day (July 23) at La Pallice, but that port proved a more uncomfortable haven under air attack than Brest, to which she soon returned. From that date until the middle of December all three ships remained in dock, and thenceforward at least one of them was usually in dock. But at the beginning of February 1942 all three were out of dock, apparently in seaworthy condition.

From the fact that a flotilla comprising two destroyers, five large torpedo boats and eight minesweepers, had appeared in Brest towards the end of January it seemed evident that a sortie was contemplated. The sudden arrival at Trondheim, in Norway, on January 23, of the big new battleship *Tirpitz*, sister of the *Bismarck*, suggested that the enemy were trying to divert attention from the group of ships lying at Brest.

THOUGH it was possible that the three ships might return to commerce raiding into the Atlantic, or make for a Mediterranean port such as Genoa, it seemed far more likely that their destination was Wilhelmshaven or some other German base. In that event they would hardly take the hazardous route north-about the British Isles, where there was more chance of their being intercepted. This caused the Admiralty to forecast on February 2 that the ships would most probably proceed up Channel and through the Straits of Dover. This view was supported by recent enemy concentrations of light craft at various points

along the coast from Le Havre to the Hook of Holland. A plan which had already been concerted between the Admiralty and the Air Ministry in April 1941 was therefore prepared for execution.

Under this plan, known as "Operation Fuller," the Commander-in-Chief at the Nore was ordered to arrange for six destroyers to be ready at six hours' notice in the Thames estuary. Six motor torpedo boats were to be in readiness for operations under the Vice-Admiral, Dover; and six Swordfish aircraft were ordered to move from Lee-on-Solent to Manston, in Kent, where they would come under the same command. The submarine *Sealion* was ordered to join two old submarines patrolling a line to the west of Brest.

Three night air patrols were organized by Coastal Command, these being the "Stopper" patrol, off the entrance to Brest; the "Line S.E." patrol, between Ushant and the Ile de Brehat; and the "Habo" patrol, between Havre and Boulogne. All these patrols were composed of Hudson aircraft fitted with A.S.V. radar gear of an elementary type compared with that now in use. A squadron-and-a-half of Beaufort torpedo-bombers was stationed at Thorney Island as a striking force,

and a further one-and-a-half squadrons were held ready at St. Eval, in Cornwall.

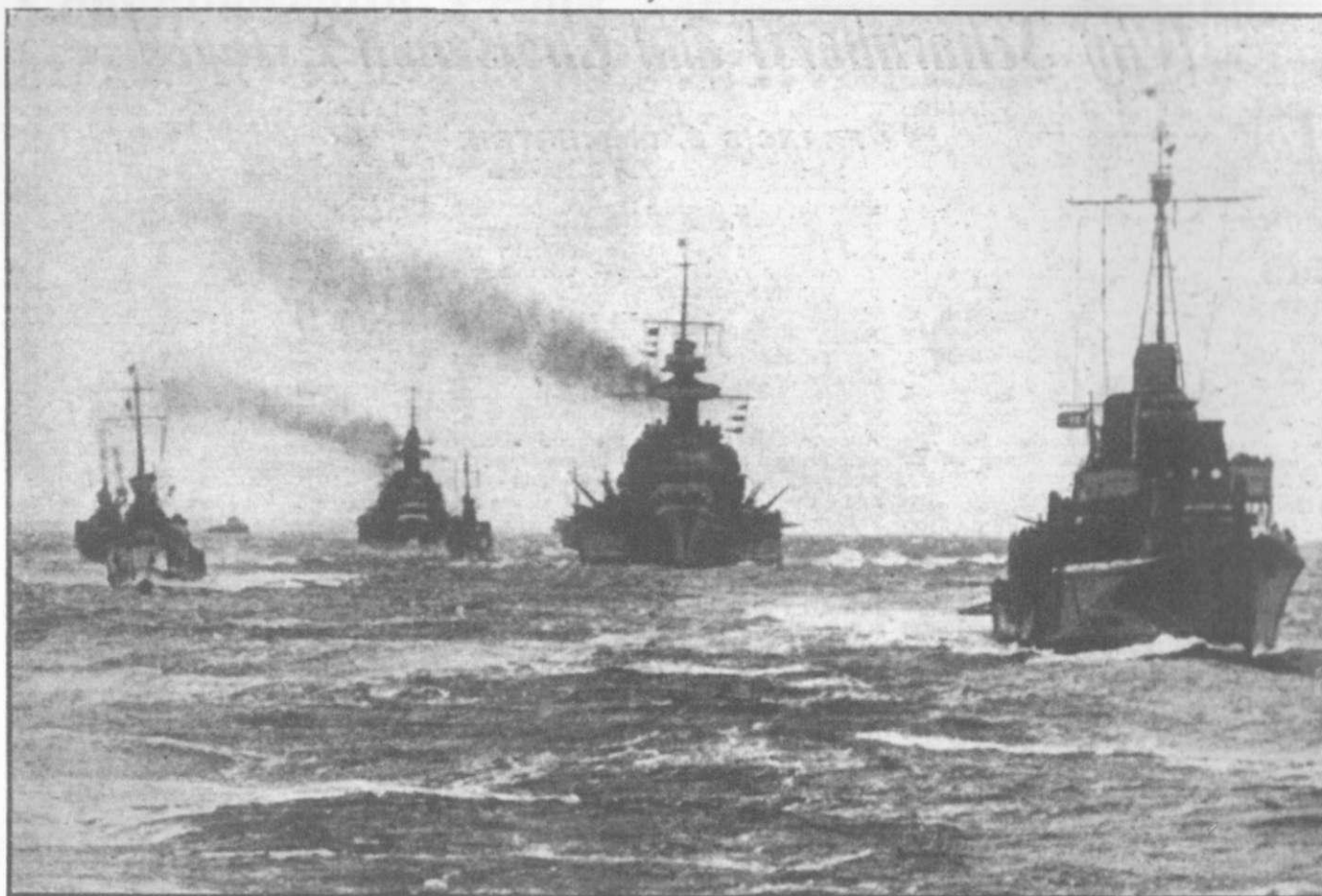
Between February 3 and 9, *H.M.S. Manxman* and *H.M.S. Welshman* laid 1,000 mines of both contact and magnetic types in six fields between Ushant and Boulogne, while Bomber Command laid 98 magnetic mines in five specified areas off the Frisian Islands. On February 8 the Commander-in-Chief, Coastal Command, ordered a squadron of torpedo-bombers, which had been stationed at Leuchars in Scotland, to proceed south as a reinforcement in view of the probability of the enemy ships coming up Channel. This had been increased by the arrival in Brest of two more German destroyers. On February 11 it was observed that still another pair of destroyers had appeared.

CLEARLY the critical moment was at hand. The submarine *Sealion*, exercising the discretion given to her captain by his orders, crept into Brest with the tide on the afternoon of the 11th, remaining there until the evening without seeing anything of the enemy ships. Undoubtedly the enemy chose this time for emergence on the basis of weather reports obtained by special flights made from Bergen and Brest westwards into the Atlantic. He knew that it was going to be cloudy, with poor visibility. Fortune now proceeded to play into his hands in more than one respect. "Stopper" patrol was undertaken by



ONE OF THE ILL-FATED SWORDFISH AIRCRAFT, piloted by Sub-Lieut. (A) W. B. Rose, R.N.V.R., releasing its torpedo in the desperate attempt on the German battleships *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* in the English Channel, February 12, 1942. With reckless abandon Sub-Lieut. (A) E. Lee, standing, directs the attack as tracer bullets from Focke-Wulf 190s, with flaps and undercarriages down to retard speed, flash past the Swordfish.





**RUNNING THE CHANNEL GAUNTLET**, the German battleships Scharnhorst and Gneisenau (centre) as seen from one of their escorting warships, after steaming out from Brest on the evening of February 11, 1942. At the time the most sought-after enemy naval prize, and the most bombed, the "S and G," as they had become known, defied British air and sea attacks of some months' planning, by the Air Ministry and the Admiralty, the efficiency of which had been impaired by defective equipment on the specially detailed night air patrols.

three aircraft, which relieved each other at intervals. The first of the three, en route to the patrol area, found its A.S.V. equipment had become unserviceable, and as the fault could not be detected, returned to its base, where the crew transferred to another aircraft. This left a gap of three hours during which the entrance to Brest was unwatched. Still worse, the "Line S.E." patrol aircraft had a failure of its A.S.V. gear which caused it to return nearly two hours after leaving; during this time there was no effective reconnaissance, and a relief aircraft was not sent. Thus for practical purposes this patrol might as well have been non-existent. "Habo" patrol was carried out without incident, but the enemy vessels did not reach this zone until after it had been withdrawn. Had they been operating with full efficiency, there is no doubt the "Stopper" and "Line S.E." patrols would have had every chance of picking up the German squadron when it left Brest.

From about 9.20 a.m. on February 12 the enemy tried hard to jam our radio direction-finding screen. Significance of this deliberate interference does not seem to have been appreciated for about two hours. By that time an order had already been issued by Fighter Command for a reconnaissance to be made over the Channel. The two Spitfires constituting this reconnaissance sighted what appeared to be a convoy of 20 to 30 vessels off Le Touquet. Landing at Hawkinge about 10.50, this was reported, a sergeant adding the useful note that he had spotted a ship with a tripod mast and heavy superstructure.

By the time this fact was elicited other aircraft had sighted and definitely identified the German ships, information reported shortly after 11. This news, together with instructions to attack, was received at 11.30

by Lieut.-Commander E. Esmonde, D.S.O., in command of the six Swordfish aircraft at Manston. Fighter protection for these was hurriedly arranged, but it was not until nearly an hour later that a single squadron of fighters arrived at Manston from Biggin Hill. Esmonde thereupon decided to carry out his attack without further delay.

By this time the enemy squadron was about 10 miles north of Calais. It was well protected by fighters, which attacked the Swordfish before they reached their target. Torpedoes were dropped by some of the six before all were brought down into the sea, but there is no evidence that they scored a hit. There were few survivors, Esmonde himself, who had won great distinction in the pursuit of the Bismarck in May 1941, losing his life. He received the posthumous award of the V.C. (portrait in page 567, Vol. 5).

#### 16 of 39 Attacking Bombers Lost

Almost at the same time five motor torpedo boats from Dover sighted the enemy and discharged their torpedoes at ranges of from 3,000 to 5,000 yards. Again there is no reason to suppose that any hits were scored. In spite of the risks they were taking none of the m.t.b.s was sunk, their retreat being covered by some motor gunboats which arrived on the scene a little later. Three m.t.b.s from Ramsgate sighted some of the German small craft between 1 and 2 p.m., but were not able to get near enough to attack the large ships.

Between 3 and 5 p.m., seven Beauforts of Coastal Command from Thorney Island did their best to locate the enemy, and got near enough to drop torpedoes, but no results could be observed. One of the Beauforts was destroyed. Shortly after 4, nine Beauforts from Leuchars attacked, seven torpedoes

being released; again heavy anti-aircraft fire prevented observation of results. Meanwhile, 12 more Beauforts had reached Thorney Island from St. Eval and followed the others over the North Sea. Four German minesweepers were seen, but the rest of the squadron could not be found. Two of these aircraft were lost.

FIVE destroyers exercising off Harwich were luckier. These were H.M.S. Campbell, Mackay, Vivacious, Whitshed and Worcester, which proceeded in the reported direction of the enemy at their utmost speed. In order to make certain of gaining contact, Captain C. T. M. Pizey, commanding the flotilla, took the risk of crossing a minefield off the Maas. Shortly after 3.15 the enemy ships were sighted at a distance of 9½ miles. Regardless of the heavy fire that was opened upon him, Captain Pizey pressed to within 3,000 yards before three of his destroyers fired their torpedoes; one destroyer, the Worcester, got as close as 2,400 yards, though the Mackay was obliged to turn at about 5,000. The Worcester was the only ship hit, but managed to struggle into port with severe damage. Again there is no record of torpedo hits.

The final attack was made by 242 bombers, the majority of which were unable to locate the German squadron owing to low cloud and failing visibility. Only 39 contrived to carry out attacks, and 16 were lost. Fighter Command also sent out aircraft to the number of nearly 400. Of these, 102 made attacks on various enemy vessels; one small merchantman and a German coastal craft were sunk and at least 16 enemy aircraft brought down. Seventeen of our own fighters were lost. Mines laid by Bomber Command in concert with the Admiralty Torpedo and Mining Department caused damage to both the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau; the latter



## Great Stories of the War Retold

ship, indeed, received such serious injuries that she never proceeded to sea again.

It was considered by the Board of Inquiry into the whole circumstances (whose report was published recently) that, in view of the failure of two of the night patrols to function efficiently, a daylight reconnaissance down Channel to the westward should have been flown. Failure to send another aircraft to replace the one which had an A.S.V. failure on the "S.E. Line" patrol was criticized. No. 11 Fighter Group, it is suggested, "were not sufficiently alive to the fact that the German ships might be coming out at about this time" when reports of numerous enemy aircraft circling about to the northward of Le Havre appeared on their radio direction-finder plots. If the significance of the persistent radio interference by the enemy had been appreciated earlier, these plots might have been investigated and the ships detected sooner.

On the question of co-ordination between the Admiralty and Air Force, it is considered that all reasonable plans were made. Those in command of the various striking forces were naturally more concerned to delay the enemy in any way possible by immediate attacks than to risk losing the opportunity in the effort to arrange co-ordinated attacks. On February 4, when the "Fuller" scheme became operative, bomber forces were put in a state of two hours' readiness. Unfortunately, some days later, in spite of the Admiralty pointing out that with more



**M.T.Bs MADE GREAT EFFORT** to penetrate the powerful escort of enemy vessels shepherding the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau through the Straits of Dover. The action of these five small craft, which attacked with torpedoes at ranges of from 3,000 to 5,000 yards, was approved by the subsequent Admiralty Board of Inquiry.

favourable tides there was more rather than less danger of the ships coming out, this was altered to four hours' readiness. The Board of Inquiry thought Bomber Command should have informed the Admiralty of this.

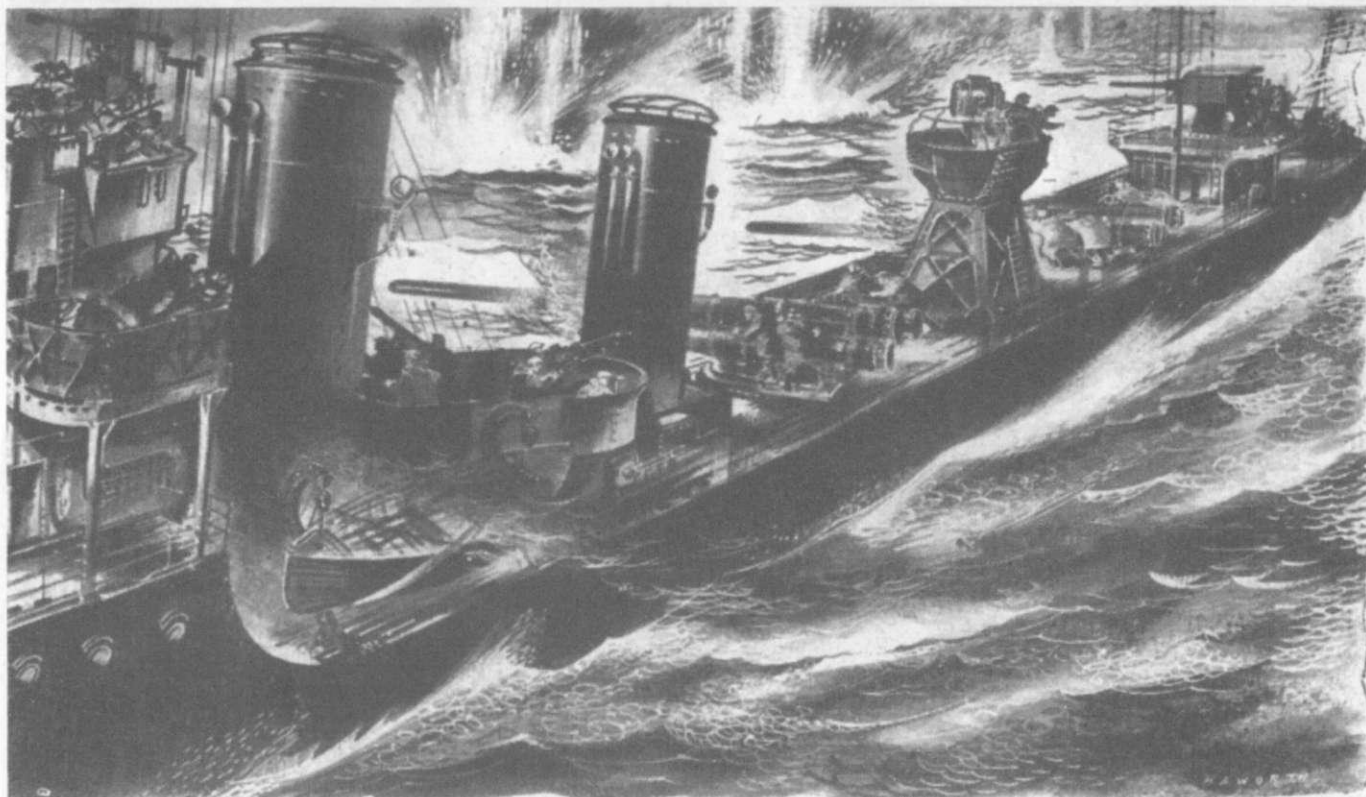
Lieut.-Commander Esmonde's decision to deliver his Swordfish attack as soon as possible, without waiting for the arrival of a

larger fighting escort, was approved by the Board. That the torpedo bomber force of Beauforts was not used with maximum effect was a result of the failure to know in good time what the German ships were doing. The action of the motor torpedo boats and of Captain Pizey's destroyer flotilla received full approval. As regards mines, it is observed that "the work appears to have been skilfully done by the two Services in co-operation."

It is considered doubtful whether the forces employed to attack were sufficient to cripple the German ships, even if their movement out of Brest had been known at once. As the attack had to be made by day, the best prospect of disabling the ships lay with the bombers and torpedo-bombers.

Having been continuously employed on other duties, some of the crews of the Beaufort torpedo-bombers had not had sufficient training and experience for such an operation.

Owing to the low cloud, the bombers played a comparatively ineffective part in the battle. Evidence indicated that the training of the greater part of Bomber Command was not designed for effective attack on fast-moving warships by day. Bad visibility aided the motor torpedo boats, which could not otherwise have been expected to carry out their attack in broad daylight without loss. To sum up, the main reason for the failure to do more damage to the enemy was that he was not detected earlier.



**H.M.S. WORCESTER** was one of five British destroyers hurriedly dispatched from exercises off Harwich to intercept the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau on February 12, 1942. After manoeuvring through a minefield off the Maas the destroyer flotilla sighted the enemy, and the Worcester closed to within 2,400 yards—nearer than any other surface craft—to release her torpedoes. In this gallant but unsuccessful action heavy enemy fire caused severe damage to the Worcester, but she managed to struggle into port.

## Overseas Units in the Great March-Past



ASSEMBLED IN LONDON for the June 8 procession in which Their Majesties The King and Queen and the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret drove in a State landau were (1) men of the Arab Legion from Transjordan and a member of the Sudanese Defence Force, seen in the Kensington Gardens camp. There were men from Iraq (2), and this sergeant (3) from the Gibraltar Defence Force. From Ceylon came this sailor and A.T.S. (4). An inspector of the Malayan Police Force (5, left). Troops from Malaya, Borneo, Sarawak and Hongkong queued up for meals (6). PAGE 134

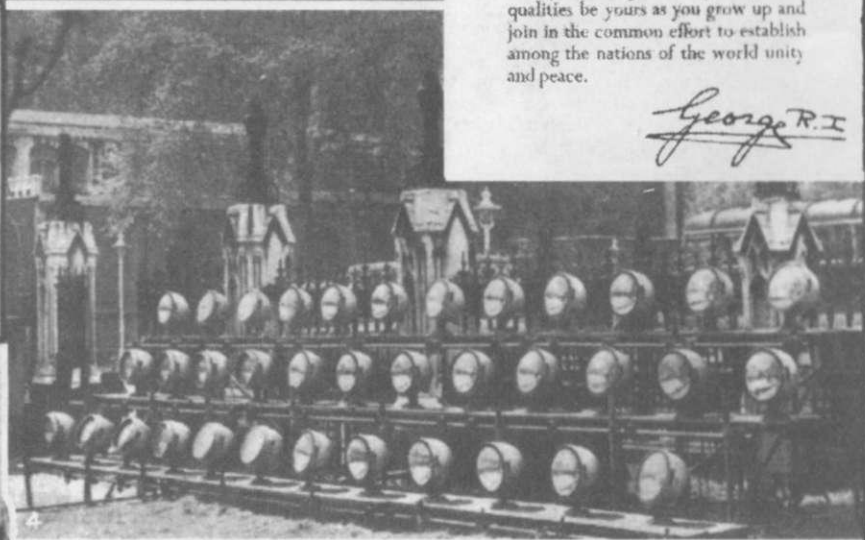
## Camping in Kensington Gardens



CHOSEN TO TAKE PART IN THE VICTORY CELEBRATIONS were proud natives of Sierra Leone (1), who provided their own music: the sergeant is playing a belangie. A havildar-major of the Indian Army (2), with D.C.M., M.M. and Bar. Members of the East African Forces (3), and of the Seychelles Pioneer Corps (4). A bandsman of the King's African Rifles (5), and Ethiopians (6) detraining for the Kensington Gardens camp.



# How London Prepared for the Victory Parade



8th June, 1946

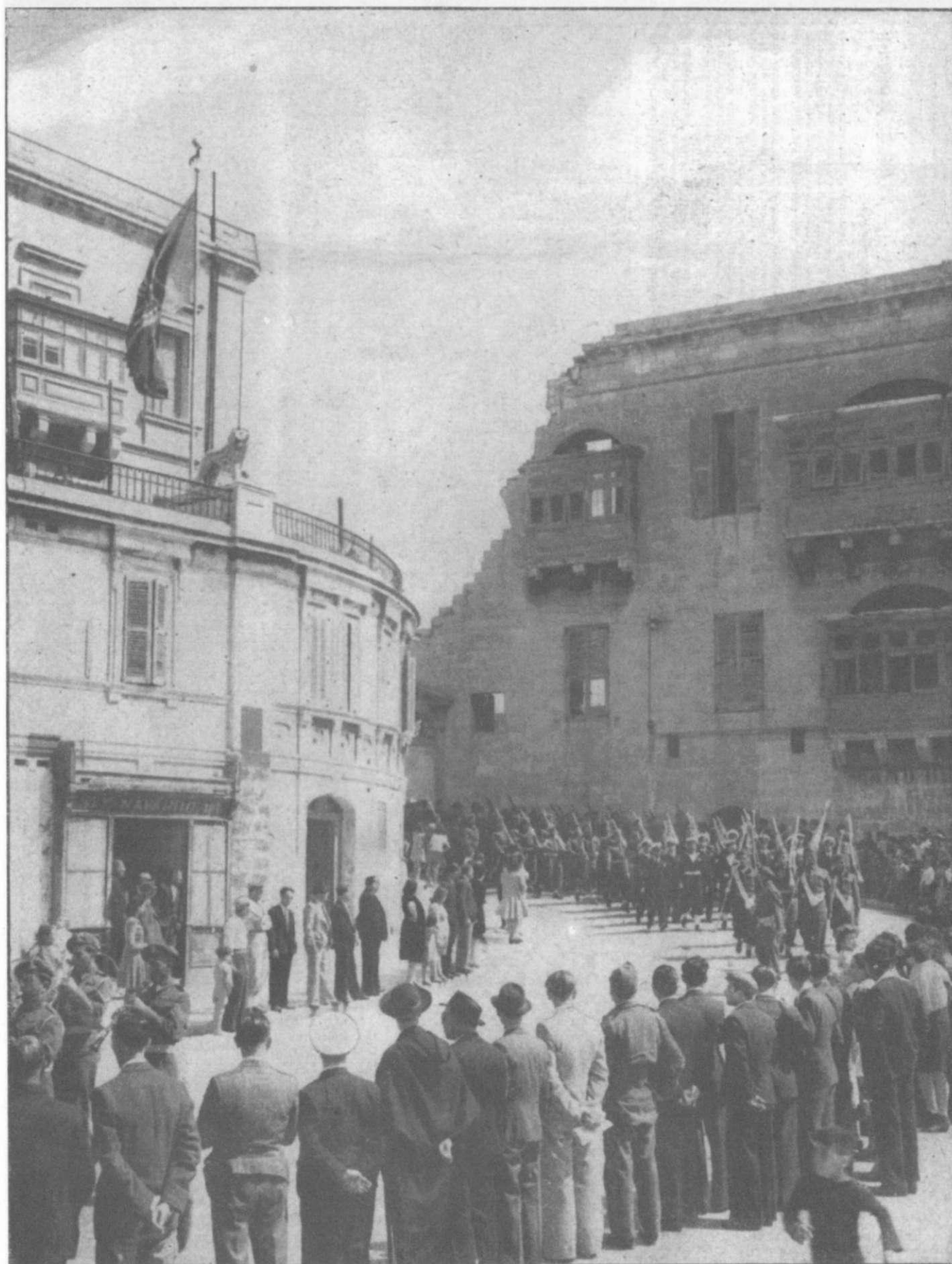
**T**O-DAY AS WE CELEBRATE VICTORY, I send this personal message to you and all other boys and girls at school. For you have shared in the hardships and dangers of a total war and you have shared no less in the triumph of the Allied Nations.

I know you will always feel proud to belong to a country which was capable of such supreme effort; proud, too, of parents and elder brothers and sisters who by their courage, endurance and enterprise brought victory. May these qualities be yours as you grow up and join in the common effort to establish among the nations of the world unity and peace.

*George R.I*

TO REGULATE THE TRAFFIC during Victory Week, June 8-15, 1946, crush gates were erected at points along the parade route, as at Duncannon Street, Charing Cross (1). Printed in six colours, 6,875,000 commemorative cards (2) bearing H.M. The King's special message to schoolchildren were distributed. Signs in Kensington Gardens (3) where Empire troops were accommodated. Floodlighting equipment at the Houses of Parliament (4) and on barges on the Thames (5). Rush orders for flags were executed (6). PAGE 136

## Malta's Contingent Bids Au Revoir to Valetta



**MARCHING THROUGH THE BOMB-SCARRED CAPITAL**, some of the George Cross Island's defenders are seen on their way to Valetta's Palace Square, where they were reviewed before embarking for London to take part in the June Victory Parade. Comprising detachments of the fighting and civilian services, including three George Medallists, the contingent, totalling 134, was headed by Lieut.-Col. A. J. Dunkerley, O.B.E., who commanded one of the Royal Malta Artillery regiments during some of the most critical days of the siege.

PAGE 137

Photo. Topical Press

## HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS

## H.M.S. Rorqual

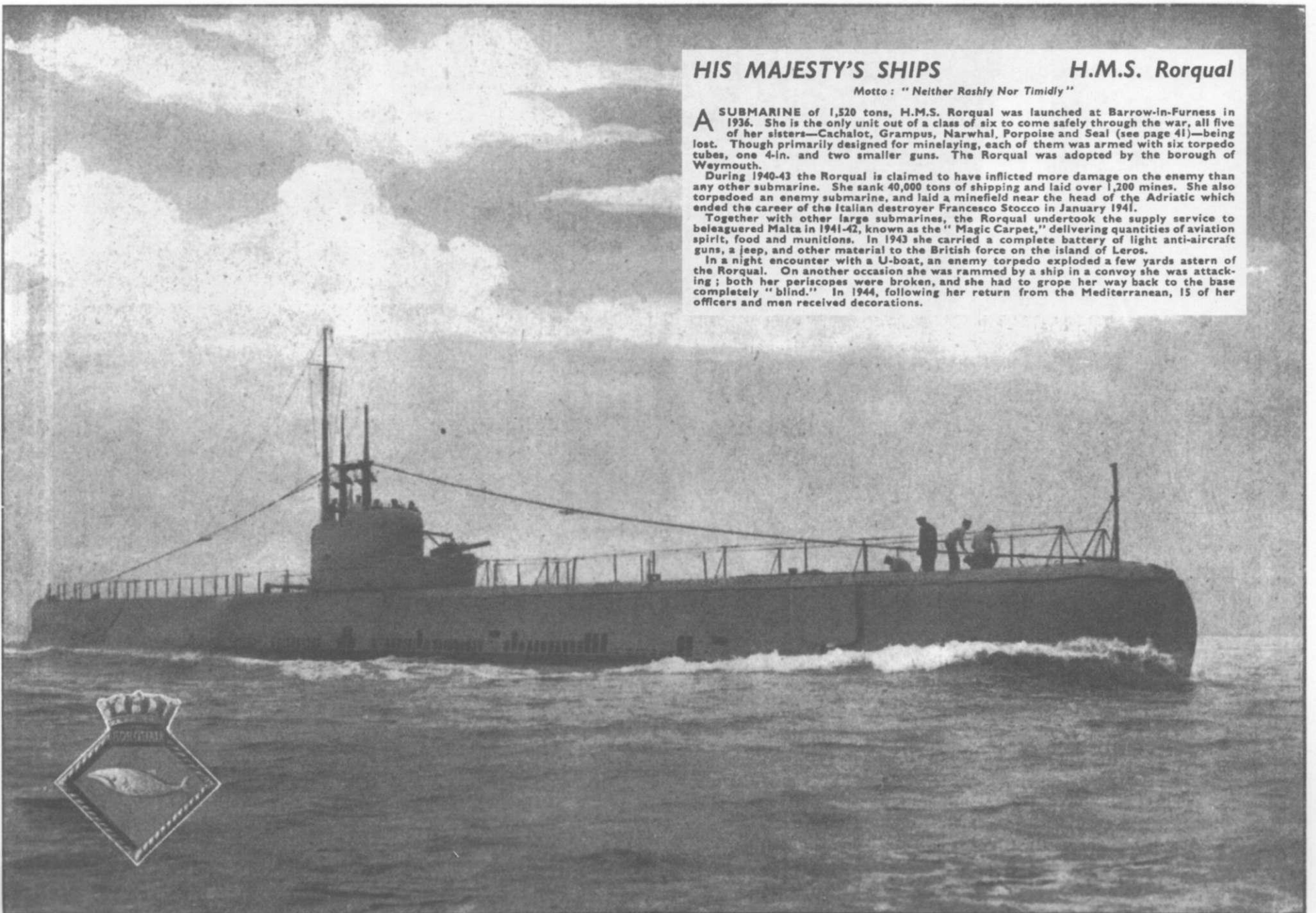
Motto: "Neither Rashly Nor Timidly"

**A** SUBMARINE of 1,520 tons, H.M.S. Rorqual was launched at Barrow-in-Furness in 1936. She is the only unit out of a class of six to come safely through the war, all five of her sisters—Cachalot, Grampus, Narwhal, Porpoise and Seal (see page 41)—being lost. Though primarily designed for minelaying, each of them was armed with six torpedo tubes, one 4-in. and two smaller guns. The Rorqual was adopted by the borough of Weymouth.

During 1940-43 the Rorqual is claimed to have inflicted more damage on the enemy than any other submarine. She sank 40,000 tons of shipping and laid over 1,200 mines. She also torpedoed an enemy submarine, and laid a minefield near the head of the Adriatic which ended the career of the Italian destroyer Francesco Stocco in January 1941.

Together with other large submarines, the Rorqual undertook the supply service to beleaguered Malta in 1941-42, known as the "Magic Carpet," delivering quantities of aviation spirit, food and munitions. In 1943 she carried a complete battery of light anti-aircraft guns, a jeep, and other material to the British force on the island of Leros.

In a night encounter with a U-boat, an enemy torpedo exploded a few yards astern of the Rorqual. On another occasion she was rammed by a ship in a convoy she was attacking; both her periscopes were broken, and she had to grope her way back to the base completely "blind." In 1944, following her return from the Mediterranean, 15 of her officers and men received decorations.





# The East Lancashire Regiment

by Major-General  
H. T. MACMULLEN,  
C.B., C.B.E., M.C.

THE first clash between autocracy and democracy came for the East Lancashire Regiment in the Second Great War when an over-bold member of a German patrol called out across the River Escaut, at Tournai, "Heil Hitler, you democratic swine!" The prompt reply from B Company was, "Go away, you square-headed So-and-so!" The order was not obeyed. Two Bren guns saw to that. This incident in Belgium took place on May 20, 1940.



Ten days later, when the situation had become critical on the famous retreat to Dunkirk, a battalion of the Regiment stood and fought on the Bergues Canal for three days, bereft of all transport save three carriers, supplied with only the ammunition that each man carried, and provisioned with only the rations that each happened to have in his haversack. During this battle Captain H. M. Irvine-Andrews won the first V.C. awarded to the Army in the Second Great War (portrait in page 139, Vol. 3).

With his company he held a blazing Belgian barn in the teeth of a critical flank attack which threatened to overrun the whole position. There can be no doubt that this defence saved the day on this sector of the line. On the same battleground Lance-Corporal Paddy O'Neill and his section refused to share an open Flanders field with anyone, and killed 40 of the 100 foemen who tried to fight their way in.

## They Captured 'Boiled Halibut'

Back at home, three new battalions had been raised, but none of these was destined to fight the enemy under Regimental Colours. One was dubbed "Home Defence Only," another was converted to light anti-aircraft, the third changed its carriers for Churchill tanks and is now an honoured member of the Royal Tank Regiment. These changes did not take place until 1942, when the major threat of invasion had passed and it was possible to put into effect the General Staff's plans for bigger and brighter things.

FORMED in 1881 when the 30th Foot (raised in 1702) and the 59th Foot (raised in 1755) were linked to become respectively the 1st and 2nd Battalions East Lancashire Regiment. A 3rd (Special Reserve) Battalion and two Territorial Battalions were added in later years. The oldest Battle Honour is Gibraltar, 1704-5, gained by the 30th when still Marines; and Canton, 1857, is a unique possession awarded only to the 59th. During the 1914-18 war the East Lancashires were expanded to seventeen battalions and fought with distinction in all the main theatres.

In 1942 another battalion of the Regiment sailed from a north-western port. Its destination was the big French naval base of Diego Suarez, situated on the northern tip of the Vichy-controlled island of Madagascar, and the battalion formed part of a special task force which had been ordered to seize it. This ticklish operation opened before dawn on May 5, 1942, when B Company was landed with No. 5 Commando and completely surprised a heavy battery on a commanding promontory guarding the entrance to the bay in which the assault convoy was to anchor. The remainder of the Battalion took part in the main landing and subsequent land attack on the key town of Antsirana. For his brilliant handling of the Battalion carriers in this action Captain F. J. H. Arnold was awarded the M.C. It was the Regiment's first experience of offensive action in the War.

When the British Army re-entered France in 1944 the Regiment was again represented, as at Dunkirk, by two battalions. One was soon to gain fame for itself. "Send my congratulations to Colonel Burden and the East Lancashires," wrote the Divisional General, "for their magnificent work in the capture of Bois Halbout." This small Norman town, by the way, received the nickname of "Boiled Halibut." When the attack was at its height Sergeant J. French wheeled his 6-pounder anti-tank gun up a street in full view of the enemy and blasted a German machine-gun nest out of the town hall at sixty yards' range. During a counter-attack Sergeant C. Hutton dashed up another street in a hail of Spandau fire, engaging a tank with his Piat gun and forcing it to retire.

The other battalion was not so fortunate. The attack to which it was committed on July 16, 1944, from Fontenay was doomed to failure from the start. In the heart of the dense Bocage country effective support from artillery and tanks was out of the question, and only one company, under the command of Major C. C. S. Genese, succeeded in reaching the final objective. July 16 had indeed been a black Sunday. Grappling with a determined foe in this tortured and twisted country had cost the Battalion over 250 casualties in killed and wounded. And that was not the end of its mortification.

On July 30 General Montgomery, as he was then, wrote to the Commanding Officer with characteristic straightforwardness, "I am afraid I have bad news for you, and so prefer to break it myself." There were not enough men to feed all infantry units in the Field, and it had therefore been decided, with regret, that the hammer of disbandment must fall on the anvil of Regimental pride, and as fine a Battalion as ever fought was not summoned again to answer roll call. So only one battalion was left to take part in the drive to Antwerp. It rode on tanks, guns, tractors and lorries, as well as on its own vehicles.

## A Dash in Flame-throwing Tanks

Arrived in the Low Countries, fresh laurels awaited the Battalion. There was the storming and capture of Bladel, a small Dutch town over the Belgian border, on September 22, 1944, two intrepid company commanders, Majors C. W. Griffin and J. F. Lake, sweeping forward to an objective which the Germans had a particular reason for wanting to keep. This was followed on November 24 by Hertogenbosch, where a daring dash in armoured lorries and flame-throwing tanks failed to get through, but a quick appreciation by Lieut.-Colonel G. W. Burden produced an alternative plan which included a hazardous night advance across country intersected with dykes about 15 feet wide and whose muddy banks were lined with barbed wire. This dramatic change from armour to foot won another Battalion objective.

On December 17, 1944, the Battalion was suddenly summoned to the Ardennes. Its route to the threatened area took it through places steeped in the history of the Waterloo



THROUGH BURMESE SWAMPS, JUNGLE AND DESERT SCRUB, 2nd East Lancashires, of the 36th British Division, fought and pursued the retreating 53rd Japanese Division. A new era was opened in the Regiment's history when on August 6, 1944, the whole battalion was lifted by air from Ledo in Assam over the Patkai Hills to Myittha in N. Burma. Taking part in the advance from there towards Mandalay, men placed logs to form a stream-crossing (left). Advancing through sun-scorched scrub (right).

Records of the Regiments: 1939—1945



IN THE STREETS OF HERTENBOSCH, in Holland, men of the 1st Battalion the East Lancashire Regiment sought out the enemy tenaciously holding on to the town. The first assault, on November 24, 1944, had failed; but the following day, where armour had failed these men succeeded and another objective was won by the Battalion.

Photo, British Official

campaign. One of them was Quatre Bras, and as the troop-carrying vehicles rattled over the famous cross-roads they passed the very spot where the Regiment had fought in square nearly 130 years before and had caused Sir Thomas Picton to cry out that he would make the highest report of the Commanding Officer and the Regiment.

Now the inheritors of that report were on their way to a different battlefield and where it was to be proved that the same spirit still pervaded all ranks. In this Ardennes battle for six whole days everyone, from Rifle Section to Battalion H.Q., was exposed to the rigours of what has been described as the coldest spell for fifty years. There was not a vestige of protection against the weather, and

it can truthfully be said that exposure and exhaustion in this battle were even deadlier enemies than guns and machine-guns. The final objective was the village of Grimblemont. It had a special tactical significance because it dominated all escape for the enemy along the road from Marche to Laroche. It was stormed and captured by exhausted troops on January 7, 1945, despite as unpropitious a start as could well be imagined.

A 88-mm. shell landed on Battalion H.Q. as it was forming up for the advance, and killed the Adjutant, Intelligence Sergeant and Provost Corporal. The Arctic conditions, too, proved insuperable to the supporting tanks. When the time came, not one could cross the start-line and the assault companies

had to double out of the woods without the tanks to gain the smoke-screen laid to conceal them from enemy view. Yet these men, worn out by exposure and fatigue, plunged forward in the ever-deepening snow. When the two leading companies staggered into Grimblemont they could not muster fifty officers and men between them. At one time it seemed that they would never get there, until Lieutenant K. Tufnell and a Piat team gave fresh impetus to the attack by routing three Tiger tanks that barred the way.

WITH Von Rundstedt's diversion successfully frustrated the Battalion was hastily re-equipped for the Rhineland invasion, which had been postponed to February 8. A large force had been detailed for the capture of the Reichswald Forest redoubt, covering an area of forty square miles of closely planted firs. Of the Battalion's share in this battle it was written in the Liverpool Daily Post:

"They fought and plodded their way through nine miles of deep mud and black forest. I have not seen anything approaching these terrible conditions anywhere. My journey to these Lancashire men was a nightmare. Nothing could get forward that night that depended on wheels and tracks, but the men went on. The tracks vanished underfoot and they went on by compass. They had barely consolidated when the orders came through again, 'Push on!' All the time the orders were 'Push on!'"

In Regimental memories the Reichswald leaves three prominent landmarks. The brilliant leadership of a young C.O.—Lieut.-Colonel F. E. E. Allen—who was awarded a bar to the D.S.O. he had just gained in the Ardennes; the capture of a "captured" battery of four Russian 12.2cm. guns; an old-fashioned bayonet charge by C Company, led by Major E. M. Morrison, M.C.



"SHALL WE HAVE TO FIGHT FOR HAMBURG?" was on the lips of the East Lancashires, in this hitherto unpublished photograph, when, having reached the Valley of the Elbe, the Battalion moved along the highway leading to Germany's great seaport. But Hamburg fell without a fight, and at 6 a.m. on May 4, 1945, the companies started arriving to make secure the surrender of the city—the Hamburg Constabulary directing the various convoys to their destinations.

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Photo, British Official



## East Lancashires at Antwerp and Villers Bocage



ONLY ONE BATTALION OF THE REGIMENT WAS LEFT to take part in the drive to Antwerp : with a six-pounder anti-tank gun the 1st covered the approaches to Antwerp docks (top) after the port had fallen to the Allies, September 4, 1944. In the lower of these previously unpublished photographs men of East Lancashires are carrying ammunition through a village near Villers Bocage at the beginning of August 1944. In this region the "Black Sunday" of July 16 cost the 5th Battalion over 250 casualties.

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Photo: British Official



## Records of the Regiments: 1939-1945

Emerging from the forest the Battalion took part in the southerly advance to link up with the American 9th Army. It had the distinction of being the first unit of General Crerar's Army to do so. This historic event took place at Geldern, and there was a momentary mêlée of great excitement during which the representatives of Britain, America and Germany had some difficulty in recognizing each other's "club colours." When its turn came to cross the Rhine the Battalion did so in the wake of the assaulting Divisions. Its final goal was the great port of Hamburg.

When, eventually, the Valley of the Elbe was reached the question on everyone's lips was, "Shall we have to fight for Hamburg?" As things turned out the answer was "No," and at 6 a.m. on May 4, 1945, the companies started arriving to make secure the surrender of the city. There was no "grand entry" about it. Dressed in white, the Hamburg Constabulary directed the traffic of the various convoys to their different destinations with the efficiency of the London Metropolitan Police. B Company's area included the broadcasting station, and its one regret, at the close of the hostilities, was that Lord "Haw-Haw" had only just vacated. His capture would have been just retribution for the message broadcast to the company across the banks of the Escaut five years before.

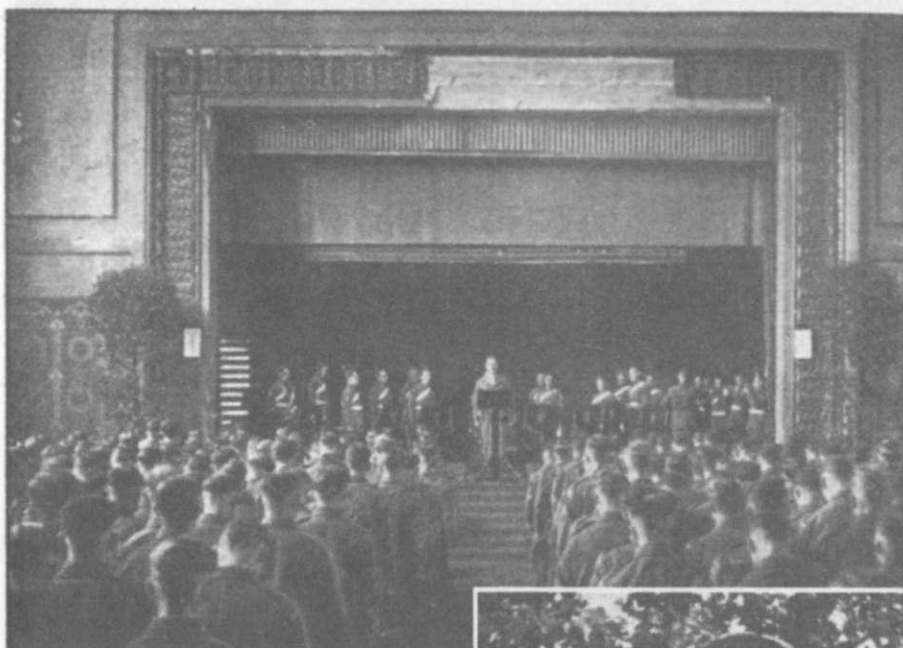
The war against Germany ended before the war against Japan, and the same sequence will be observed in this article. So we must recall

running south to Mandalay, and down it the 36th Division, to which the Battalion belonged, set off in pursuit of the retreating 53rd Japanese Division. The story of the pursuit is chiefly one of sharp small-scale engagements and battle patrols ranging deep into the heart of the jungle. But a big action was fought from November 9 to 12, 1944, when the Brigade was allotted the task of capturing Naba junction.

### Mopping-Up in the Shan States

In the plan of attack the Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Colonel T. A. Eccles, was given the special mission of advancing down the axis of the Auktan-Indaw Road to capture the village of Okshitkon. The object was to draw off the enemy from his main position on the railway corridor, and to harass his left flank. The enemy had also been inspired with a similar idea and had assembled a considerable force in the Auktan area with the intention of attacking Mawlu, 13 miles up the corridor from Naba. The capture of Okshitkon was thus not achieved until the remainder of the Battalion, after bitter fighting, had succeeded in joining up with A Company, which had penetrated 1,500 yards behind the Japanese position after a most daring manoeuvre round his flank.

The task had been rendered doubly difficult by the unexpected Japanese concentration, but there were double laurels as well. Not only had the objective been captured but an



**CELEBRATING "SOMME DAY"** on July 1, 1945, the 1st Battalion of the East Lancshires remembered those of the Regiment who fell in the famous battle in 1916. These previously unpublished photographs show the sounding of "Last Post" (above) and (right) the C.O., Lieut.-Col. F. E. Allen, D.S.O. and Bar, with Brigadier E. Dominic-Browne, O.B.E., who took the salute at the march-past.

*Photos, British Official*

the victorious battalion left behind in Madagascar. It did not return to the United Kingdom, but was moved on to India and from there to Burma, where it distinguished itself by a dogged and Lancashire-like resistance on the Arakan front. Then a new era was opened in Regimental history when the whole Battalion was lifted by air from Ledo in Assam to Myitkyina in North Burma.

This event took place on August 6, 1944, a few days after Myitkyina had fallen to an international army, composed mostly of Chinese, under command of the American General "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell. Its fall opened up the terminus of a railway corridor



Colours: Red Lion on Yellow Circle surrounded by White Ring on Black Background

### 15TH (SCOTTISH) DIVISION

**S**UCCESSORS to the "Ladies of Hell" of the First Great War, the new 15th Division, the "Crossing Sweepers," so nicknamed for its part in "leaping" rivers, was formed mostly of Scottish Territorial troops, in Scotland in 1939, but did not see action until after D-Day, June 1944. Landing in Normandy on June 13 the Division, commanded by Maj.-Gen. G. H. A. Macmillan, took part in the "Battle of the Scottish Corridor," June 26, and elements advanced to secure two bridge-heads over the river Odon, capturing the town of Tourville on June 27.

Moved to Caumont on July 23 the Division swept through Sept Vents and Hervieux, to take the Bois de l'Homme early in August, "vital to the success of the whole Second Army plan," in the words of the Corps Commander. Heavy losses were sustained outside Estry, where Maj.-Gen. Macmillan was wounded; he was succeeded by Maj.-Gen. C. M. Barber. The Division when withdrawn evoked the tribute of the Army Commander, Gen. Sir Miles Dempsey: "You have set the very highest standard from the day you landed in Normandy."

**O**N the move again in "Operation Gallop," the Division reached the Seine where, on August 28, it embarked on one of its many river crossings to continue the advance in Northern France to enter Belgium. At Gheel, in mid-September, it hung on for a few days to a small bridge-head on the canal, where further praise was paid to it, this time by the German High Command, in an order to its own troops to "eliminate the bridge-head at all costs. You are fighting the crack 15th Division."

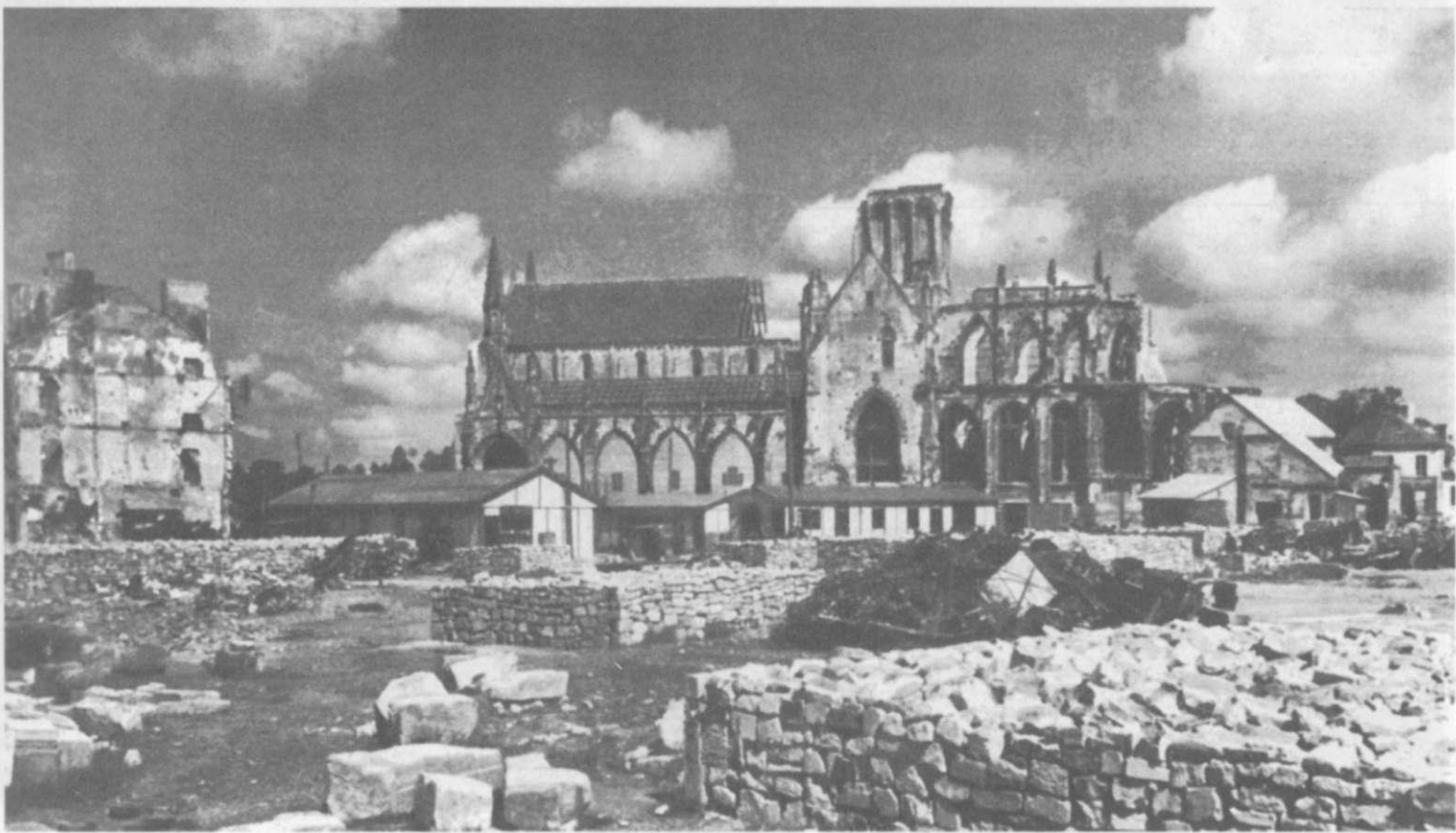
Entering Holland on September 20, it was heavily engaged around Best and Schijndel. In a whirlwind advance Tilburg was captured, on October 1, and from there the Division went to the support of the Americans in the Nijmegen salient, and helped to push the Germans back across the Peel marshes. Reaching the river Maas on November 26, Blerick was stormed and captured.

Spearhead of the offensive against the Siegfried Line, on February 8, 1945, the Division experienced bitter fighting but had taken Cleves and Goch before the end of the month. On March 24 it was one of the two Divisions to lead the assault across the Rhine—"a difficult task magnificently performed," wrote the Corps Commander to Maj.-Gen. Barber. After securing a crossing over the Yssel, Celle fell to the Division and Uelzen was captured on April 18. In a final assault the Elbe was crossed on April 29. The Division was disbanded on April 10, 1946.

enemy plan had been frustrated, a plan that might have had serious consequences for the rest of the Brigade fighting in the corridor. The sword of a Japanese officer, killed in this battle, is now a treasured Regimental trophy.

After entering Twinng, on February 8, 1945, the 36th Division was switched eastwards for mopping-up operations in the Shan States. On March 20 the Battalion entered Mogok, the centre of the famous ruby mines, and after that it saw no more fighting with S.E.A.C. In its ranks were too many officers and men due for repatriation under the "Python" scheme and it was ordered back to India. On arrival, the Colours and Mess Plate were withdrawn from store in Bombay, and so the symbols of Peace came back once more to their proper resting-place.

## *Historic Normandy Two Years after D-Day*

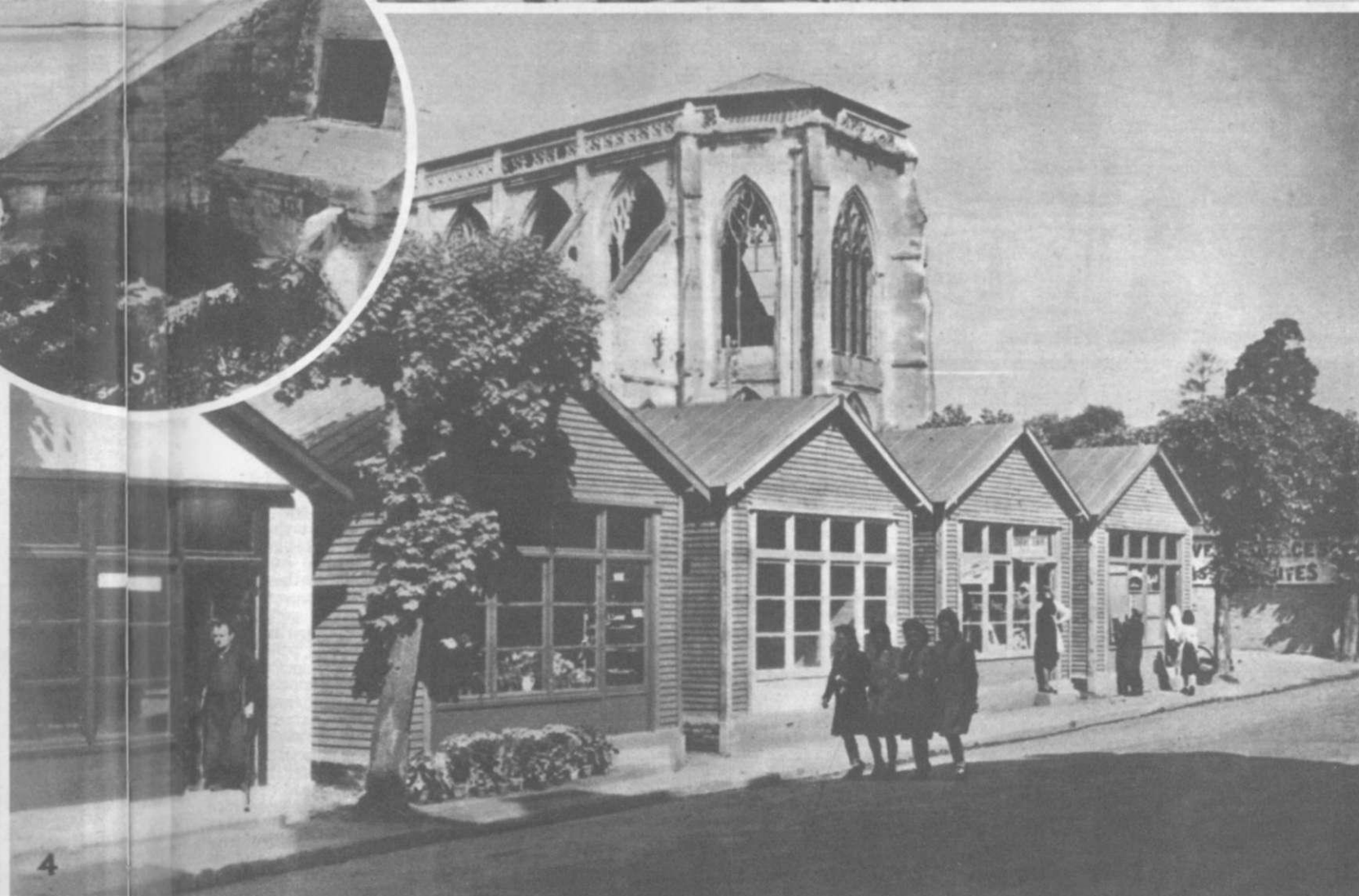
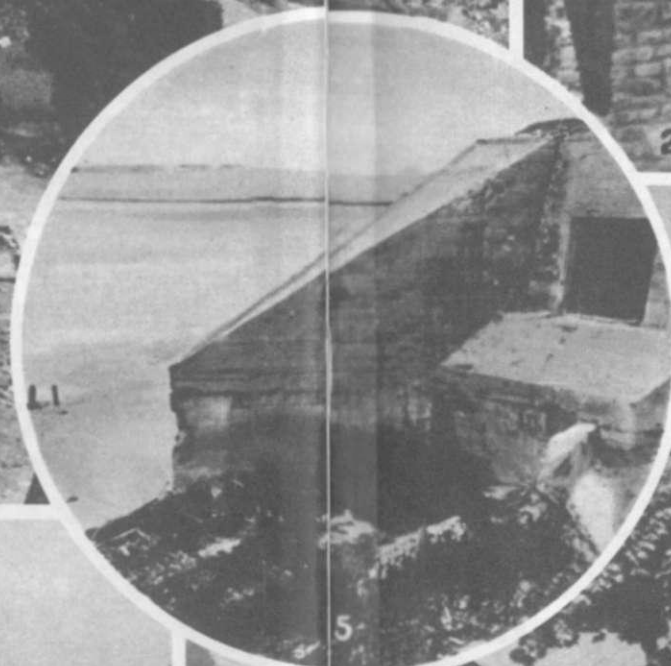
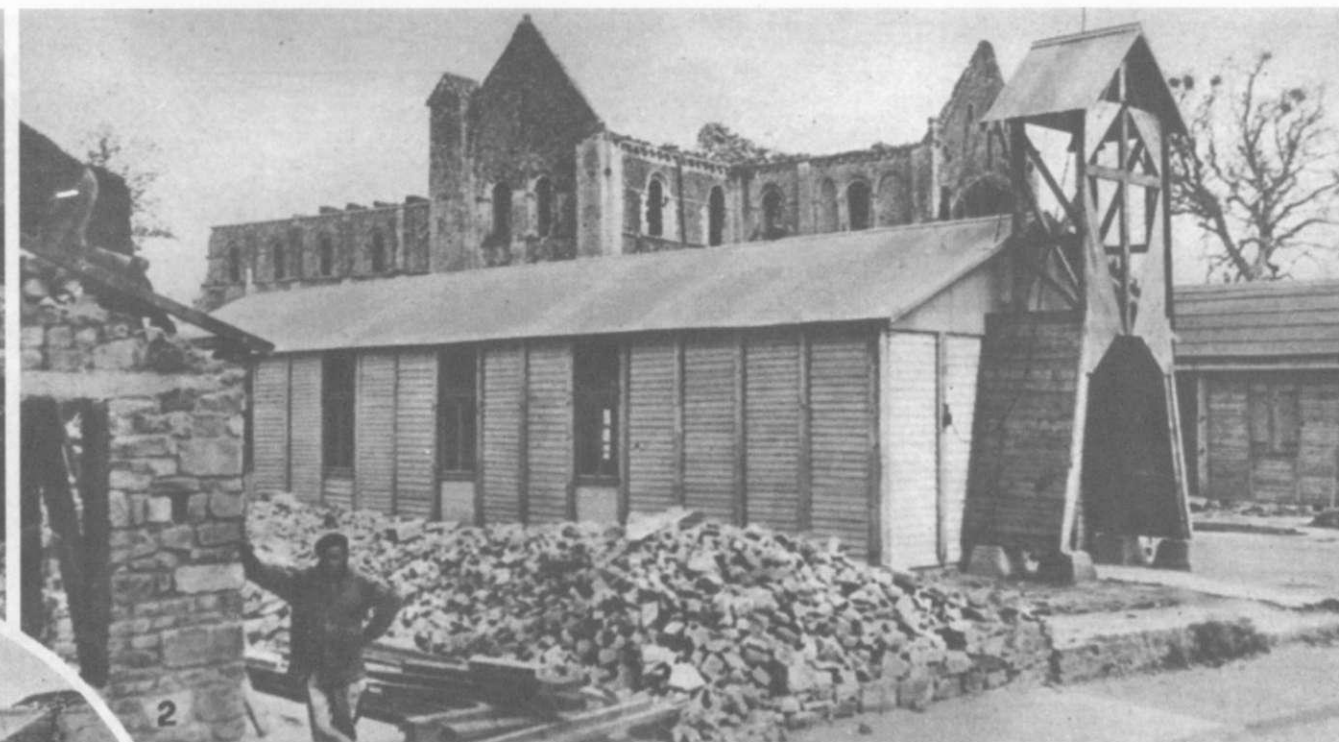


Exclusive to  
THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

### ***William the Conqueror Still Mounted in Falaise***

In the last stages of the Battle of the Falaise Gap—one of the bloodiest conflicts on the Western Front—ancient Falaise fell to Canadian troops on August 17, 1944. Still intact amidst debris in the Place de la Trinité is the bronze equestrian statue (top) of William the Conqueror, who was born in the castle whose ruins overlook the town—capital of his dukedom of Normandy. Almost totally destroyed was St. Gervais Church (bottom). Rubble has been sorted for use in reconstruction.





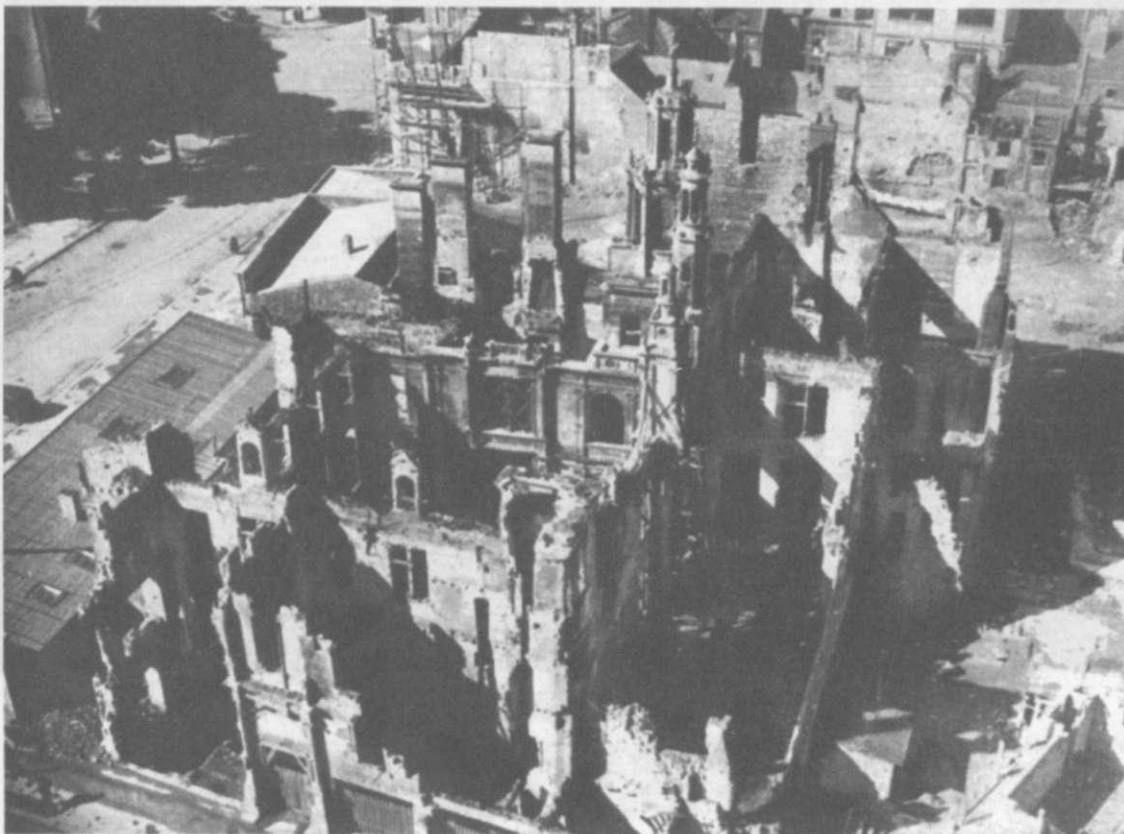
### ***Utilitarian New Replaces Picturesque Old—***

Once-important road centre on the right bank of the River Vire, St. Lo was already in ruins (1) when the U.S. 1st Army captured it on July 18, 1944. Now, two years after the Normandy beach landings (June 6), usable wreckage awaits incorporation in a new St. Lo. Captured on July 27, half the town of Lessay was destroyed: in the shadow of the bombed church a wooden chapel (2) serves the people, for whom temporary accommodation has been erected (3).

### ***—Where the Battle-tide Flowed in Normandy***

Medieval houses which made the streets of Lisieux picturesque were destroyed largely by fires started by the retreating Germans; the 15th-century St. Jacques Church (4) was gutted, and around it now are temporary shops. Thirty miles east of Caen, the town was cleared by August 25. Ironically, whilst beauty spots of Normandy have been reduced to rubble, German fortifications still stand on Utah Beach (5), one of the D-Day landing-places, on the Cotentin Peninsula.





### ***Calm in the Sunshine Now Lies Caen***

Some of the fiercest fighting following the D-Day landings raged round this most important road junction in Normandy. Eastern bastion of the German positions and desperately defended, Caen was captured by British and Canadian troops on July 9, 1944, after artillery and air bombardment had made it almost unrecognizable. Before they were driven out the Germans added to the destruction by wanton damage as well as military demolition. Eight thousand houses were destroyed or badly damaged; of the medieval wooden houses which gave it character and beauty only two remained. In orderly mounds (top) the stones of its old buildings await the bricklayers of the New Age; in the background is the Church of St. Jean. The 16th-century Hôtel d'Escoville (bottom) is but a jagged shell of memories.

*Exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED*

## WAR STORES of the BRITISH COLONIES

By HARLEY V. USILL

**I**N a number of respects the great industrial and production effort of the British colonies was a vital contribution to the victory of the United Nations. It took three main forms: in the first place, each Colonial territory had to become as near as possible self-supporting as regards their own food supplies in order to minimize the use of shipping space for imports; then they had to meet ever-increasing demands for certain foods and raw materials required for the total war effort; and they had to supply foodstuffs and other commodities for armies operating in the various Colonial regions.

To perform this threefold task meant that a careful balance had to be struck between the utilization of land and labour, and between internal and external needs. Owing, however, to the general lack of industrial machinery in most Colonial territories, the main contribution consisted in the supply of food and raw materials rather than in the finished products of industry: Palestine, and for a time, Hongkong, provided exceptions.

### Palestine's Magnificent Record

By remarkable development of a large number of small industries Palestine was able to meet many of the military requirements of the Middle East. Between 1939 and 1942 the number of industrial establishments in Palestine increased from 1,217 to 3,470, the gross output from a value of £8,842,000 to £36,828,000, and the persons engaged from 20,414 to 49,977. Manufactured goods supplied direct to the military authorities in 1942 were valued at £7,200,000.

Orders were placed for hundreds of thousands, and sometimes millions, of such articles as bottles, mess tins, stoves, pumps, electric cable, glass insulators, khaki drill uniforms, camouflage nets, tarpaulin tents, boots, bolts and nuts, and many other items. Another valuable contribution was the production of concentrated citrus juices essential to the health of troops in the Middle East. In addition to a variety of scientific and engineering articles, textiles and medical stores, production also included valuable chemicals. Sulphuric acid was produced to meet the requirements not only of Palestine but also Syria, Cyprus and Iraq. Palestine also manufactured superphosphate fertilizers and the important drug D.D.T.

**H**AD it not been for the intervention of the Japanese, Hongkong might well have competed successfully with Palestine for first place as an industrial colony. Her ship-building yards might have been of great value to the war effort, since in 1941 plans were in being for using them for the Royal Navy. The same year a mission from the Ministry of Supply were satisfied that Hongkong could manufacture heavy presses, minesweepers, Diesel truck engines, scientific instruments, hospital equipment, wireless and telephone apparatus, and chemicals. This project, however, was not to be realized.

### Difficulties in the West Indies

The disasters of 1941-42 in the Far East cut the West Indies off from their chief sources for the supply of rice; and the activities of enemy submarines in the Caribbean, combined with demands for shipping for the war fronts, led to a serious shrinkage in the amount of food reaching them. Throughout the West Indies, then, the main contribution on the production front developed into the most intensive drive for more food. The importance of this is seen by reference to Malta, where much shipping, at considerable risk, had to be employed to get food convoys through at all costs.

In making this drive many difficulties had to be overcome, and the final result was not

**L**EAVING his study of the strategic importance of the British Colonial Empire the author turns to the mighty industrial and production effort which the Colonies put forth during the War. More food for their own use and for armies operating in their territory, and more raw materials, were their chief objectives. How successfully these were attained is shown in the all-over picture presented here.



brought about without much personal sacrifice. In Barbados an extension of the area under food crops meant a reduction in the acreage under sugar and cotton; while in Grenada, St. Lucia and St. Vincent (Windward Islands) the demand for labour for the construction of the American bases affected the numbers available for agriculture. In British Guiana and Jamaica a shortage of petrol, spare parts and transport provided a constant difficulty in marketing. In spite of all, the production drive was a very real success. One example of achievement must suffice: the acreage registered under food in Jamaica increased from 80,000 acres in 1940 to more than 200,000 acres in 1943, with the result that the island was able to dispense with imports of rice.

Apart from this essential food drive, there was an intensification of the output of petroleum from Trinidad and bauxite from British Guiana. Sea Island cotton, used as a substitute for silk in barrage balloons and for war clothing and equipment, came from the Windward and Leeward Islands, while wild rubber was tapped in British Honduras, British Guiana and Trinidad.

### Industries Developed in Ceylon

Ceylon is another example of an island Colony which had to turn to its own resources for the bulk of its food supplies, especially after the Japanese invasion of Burma cut her off from the main source of rice. By August 1943 more than 450,000 acres of land were brought under cultivation, principally with rice—an expansion which involved irrigation works on a large scale; and by 1944 there were three Government rice mills, the largest of which produced about 25,000 bushels a month.

Supplementary foodstuffs production included yams, cereals, beans, fruits, sugar, ginger, chillies, onions and turmeric. Local fisheries were also developed. One of the difficulties involved in food drives in tropical countries is to persuade the people to change from one diet to another. After many centuries of a one-diet menu the stomach reacts violently against a sudden change.

Ceylon also possesses raw materials which were essential to the war effort. Before the war coconuts were, after tea, the most important of Ceylon's agricultural products, and on this industry several other industries are dependent, the main production being copra, coconut oil, desiccated coconut, coir, toddy and arrack. The needs of war called for a step-up in the by-products of the coconut, and new factories were established to cope with the increased demand. The presence of a large army in Ceylon led to the development of many other industries previously unknown to the country.

A steel-rolling mill was erected in 1941 to turn scrap metal into hoop iron, steel bars, nuts, bolts and rivets. A plywood factory, using locally-made glue, was opened in 1941, and textile mills to produce war materials from yarn imported from India followed in 1942, and later a bleaching and dyeing works was opened at Colombo. In connexion with the last the people of Ceylon

found plants from which to produce dyes previously imported from Germany. The fall of Malaya placed another burden upon Ceylon. There was at once an urgent demand to produce more rubber, and every effort was made to meet this, even to the extent of slaughter-tapping—that is, tapping the rubber trees so intensively as to exhaust the trees within two years. As a result, records in rubber production were reached during the critical years of 1941 and 1942.

Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika in East Africa and Nigeria, the Gold Coast, Sierra Leone and the Gambia in West Africa, in addition to ensuring by local production the maximum of food, produced many essential commodities for the war effort. They provided nearly all the United Nations' requirements of pyrethrum (insecticide) and many thousands of tons of sisal, rubber, wheat, maize, tea, sugar, cotton, coffee, wool, flax, copra, minerals, timber, paper, quinine, oil seeds and hides.

### Triumphant in E. and W. Africa

Our supplies of margarine, soap, lubricants and glycerine came very largely from an intensification of production of palm oil, palm kernels and ground nuts in West Africa; iron ore came from Sierra Leone, manganese and peroxide from the Gold Coast and tin from Nigeria. In order to meet our copper requirements, Northern Rhodesia worked a twenty-four-hour day.

The African war effort was so completely all-out that it is invidious to make distinctions, and by choosing a few examples it is not intended to emphasize the contribution of one Colony as against another. One example of the way in which East and West Africa made the Allied victory possible was the setting-up of dehydration plants at Kerugoya and Karatine in Kenya. By May 1944 these factories were buying vegetables for dehydration from nearly 10,000 African farmers.

The factories were kept going twenty-four hours a day, and the task of training completely unskilled Africans to handle complicated machinery had to go on all the time. In addition, the African farmers were taught to raise seedlings in nurseries, to deal with pests and to lay out irrigation areas.

**W**ITH campaigns being fought in malarial regions, the war against the mosquito was as important as against human enemies, and for that war an insecticide made from pyrethrum, a flower which looks like a daisy, is essential. Japan and the Caucasus were the normal sources of supply, but with these areas in the hands of the enemy Kenya was called upon to fill the gap. She also supplied consignments of seed to a number of Allied countries, including 20,000 lb. to Russia.

In addition to the export to Kenya for civil and military needs of nearly 100,000 head of livestock between 1939 and 1943, Uganda turned one of her main products, cotton, to several uses. New uses were found for cotton seed as a fertilizer, as a cattle feed and as fuel to replace coal. In 1942 25,000 tons of cotton seed were supplied to the United Kingdom to make vegetable oils.

One more example comes from West Africa. The Gold Coast, in addition to being called upon to produce 1,000,000 tons of manganese in 1944, was looked to as an alternative source for bauxite from which aluminium is made. Production commenced in 1941, when a total of 14,000 tons was mined; but when a projected production of 70,000 tons for 1942 was altered to a projected production of 400,000 tons planned for 1944, the great task of working another deposit had to be undertaken.



# Europe's Wartime Capitals in 1946

FOREIGNERS generally call The Hague the capital of the Netherlands. Dutchmen call The Hague "de residentie," the residence; for the Queen "resides" in The Hague. The commercial capital of the Netherlands is Amsterdam. The Hague is not only the residence of the Queen. There you find the seat of the Government, the Houses of Parliament. Many political people and civil servants have to reside there. It is the residence for ambassadors and ministers. It is a town in which many retired officials from all parts of the Kingdom of the Netherlands (which includes the Netherlands East Indies and the Netherlands, West Indies) have found a home.



Dr. P. S. GERBRANDY  
from the portrait by  
Cornelis Visser.

Those facts determine to a large extent the character of The Hague. In the centre you find the beautiful, old, historical part, where the political life of the Netherlands from the time of the foundation of the Republic of the Seven Provinces has been centred. Near to this small centre with its Houses of Parliament and other typical old buildings and the attractive "Hofvijver," are charming squares and avenues. The rest of the town lacks distinction—some parts remind one more of a village than of a town, many parts are ugly. But among all that ugliness there was formerly one great attractiveness: the verdure of woods. The Hague is the town of "Het Haagsche Bosch" (The Wood of The Hague) of "de Scheveningsche Boschjes" (the little woods of Scheveningen), of old country seats, of small parks and thickets spread all over the town. It is the town of dunes, beach and sea.

## Sites and Dumps of V1s and V2s

During the years of Occupation it was the seat of the German Administration, the German Civil (and partly military) Service. The scars it bears are hideous, for the War as well as the Occupation has maimed this town in a horrible way. The Germans transformed The Hague into a hedgehog-position. It was made a formidable fortress in the West Wall defence belt; safe, they thought, against every attack from the sea or over land. All through the large town from the dunes in the west to the suburbs of the north-east was dug a tank-ditch many miles long, partly interrupted by a heavy tank-wall of ferro-concrete. Large quarters with thousands of houses were completely broken down in order to offer to the defenders a free field of fire; the centuries-old "Haagsche Bosch" was cut down.

The pleasant beach of Scheveningen was planted with piles and stakes to make it unapproachable for aircraft, the boulevard was covered all over its length with a wall of concrete, heaps of heavy bunkers were spread along the defence line. In short, the Germans showed that they could and would ruin this town, so dear to all Dutchmen. They carried out this catastrophic act, indeed, with the expressed idea that they would teach the proud Dutch how the Germans had the right and the intention to reshape the fine country (admiration for which they could not hide) into a barracks and a wilderness. The greater part of what

## THE HAGUE

by P. S. GERBRANDY

PROFESSOR of Law in the Free University of Amsterdam, 1930-1939, and Minister of Justice in Jonkheer de Geer's Government at the time of the German invasion of the Low Countries, Dr. Gerbrandy was Prime Minister of the Netherlands Government in London from September 1940 to May 1945.

was charming disappeared, the greater part of what was ugly remained.

The Allied bombardment of March 3, 1945, aimed at the sites and dumps of the V1s and V2s, demolished a large quarter in the north, reducing an area of 150 acres to a heap of rubble. The inhabitants of The Hague themselves took away from the "Scheveningsche Boschjes" all the trees left by the Germans, and removed wood from ruined houses, in order to have warmth and means of cooking the small rations in the winter of 1944-1945, when cold, hunger and starvation reigned everywhere (see facing page). Ninety per cent of the historical part of The Hague was spared; otherwise it would have been unrecognizable to one who left it in 1940 and returned in 1945.

## Sacrificed to the Fortress-Plan

Some figures will demonstrate the physical changes The Hague has suffered. Five hundred acres of woods, plantations and parks have been destroyed. The people of The Hague took and burnt 60,000 trees, among them 20,000 from plantations and streets. More than 20,000 houses have been demolished or damaged, among them more than 8,000 of which no trace has been left. The Hague had a population of about 500,000.

Nearly all the transport, indispensable in this town that is the size of Paris, was requisitioned or stolen by the Germans. Many bridges were sacrificed to the fortress-plan. Twelve million bricks and paving stones were taken out of the streets to be used for the building of aerodromes, many public buildings were destroyed or severely damaged; fine manor houses were ruined. Moreover, the Germans requisitioned or stole furniture, clothing, and valuables. When in May 1945 I saw The Hague and Scheveningen again for the first time after the war, I received the impression of a dead town.

The suffering of the population has been in proportion to the material destruction. Nearly 100,000 (about one-fifth) of the inhabitants, who could find no refuge in the crowded remaining buildings, had to move to neighbouring towns and villages, often to the east of the Netherlands. People of The Hague were amongst the tens of thousands of townsmen who daily passed the cross-roads in the Wieringermeer, about 80 miles north of The Hague, in order to find food in the countryside for their families.

In the first half of 1945, according to official statistics, 2,135 people in The Hague died from hunger, and that figure does not include those who died from disease and could not recover because of weakness. The death-rate grew and grew. Diphtheria and tuberculosis rose threateningly. Months after the liberation the consequences of this suffering were visible. Naturally, after the liberation, on May 5, 1945, normal life in The Hague did not return automatically. But the food situation improved immediately. The unforgettable dropping of food by aircraft and the splendidly prepared supply of food and medicines sent in by the Allies

and the Netherlands military government was a complete success. But exhaustion had gone too far; disorganization had become too complete. For months after liberation the people looked listless and weary.

Notwithstanding all this, progress was made. Already during the Occupation leading men in the local administration had prepared plans for as speedy a restoration as possible. Although the means available were poor, work started immediately after May 5, 1945. Within a few months the dirt had gone; many streets had been repaired (since September 1945 about 1,000 houses a month, beginning with those least damaged, have been restored), the desert of sand dunes, once the fine "Scheveningsche Boschjes," had been planted with young trees. Even the horrible wall of concrete and the tank-ditch had been tackled. A new design of the whole town is in the making.

BEHIND this activity lies a social fact of great importance. The work that had to be done needed skilled and unskilled labourers. It proved possible to adapt the execution of the work to the physical condition of the workers. You should not blame people who have been living for a long time under a reign of terror, who have gone through a horrible famine, if they show deviations from normal life, shortcomings in energy. The lead given by the local administration has contributed largely to paving the way back to normal life. There is hardly any unemployment.

The actual standard of living is difficult to define. The officials have received a general increase in salary of 15 per cent at least. In private firms there is a tendency towards paying high wages for skilled labour; the same shows itself in some branches of the civil service. The food situation is not bad. There is a shortage of fat, meat, sometimes of vegetables; the quantity of calories for one individual is 1,900. In the long run that must be insufficient; but now the people are satisfied—after a time of privation.

The rationed foodstuffs, cigars, cigarettes, tobacco and furniture, also rationed, and obtainable because of its scarcity by very few, are almost the only things you can buy. Textiles are out of the question. A woman expressed the situation in the following words: "I applied for a skirt and got an allocation, I walked for one hour and a half from my home to the shop, and waited for four hours in a large queue, where my coat was torn, only to find that I could get nothing." Except for their windows, most of the shops are nearly empty.

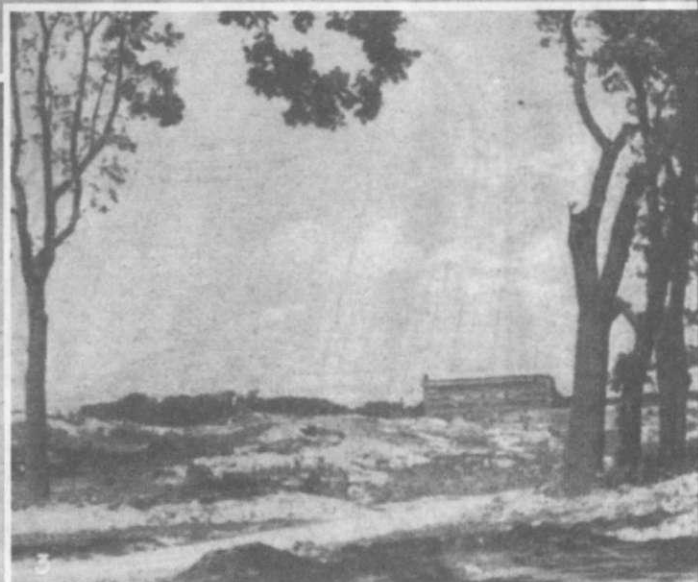
## Very Slowly the Scars are Healing

The result is that every family first of all provides itself with all the rationed articles, the sweets (more than in England) included. A worker's family earning not more than £3 10s. a week can buy all these things and have a small surplus. What to do with that surplus? The problem of economic and social family life in The Hague, as in the whole Netherlands, will not be solved until sufficient goods are available. It will take time before The Hague gets back to the life of 1940.

Nevertheless, on the way it certainly is. The faces of the people have lost the weariness they showed. Clubs, hotels, restaurants have restarted on a moderate scale, the ministries are working full-swing in well-furnished offices. The Queen is back in her country house in the dunes, the States-General meet in the Houses of Parliament, Ministers and Ambassadors give their receptions, the new Permanent Court of International Justice has been inaugurated. But in our century the scars will not disappear.



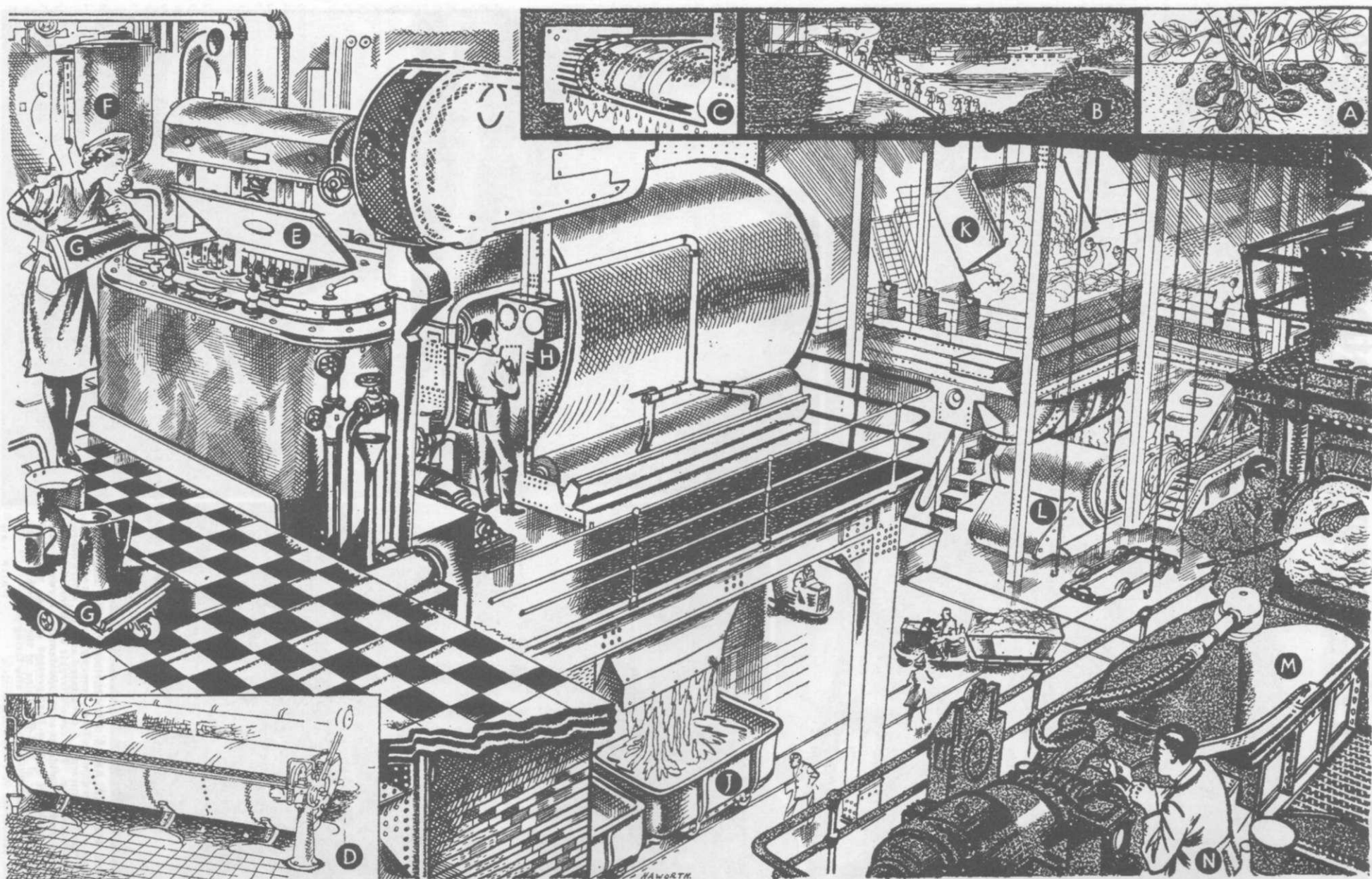
## After Years of German Occupation : The Hague



SEAT OF THE NETHERLANDS GOVERNMENT, The Hague, 14 miles north-west of Rotterdam, suffered severely at the hands of the Germans from May 1940 onwards. A devastated area (1), where debris has been piled for future use. The town's largest departmental store (2), one of the few modern buildings to escape damage. A recent view of Scheveningen woods (3), whence hard-pressed citizens took fuel for their fires in the winter of 1944-45. Ruins of the English Church, St. John and St. Philip (4). See also facing page.

Photos, Keystone, Jansen, Hague Tourist Organization

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HOW WE GET OUR MARGARINE, which as an article of food during the War assumed tremendous importance and now in the present state of rationing is absolutely indispensable, is shown by our artist Haworth in this drawing executed through facilities provided by one of the largest makers of margarine in Britain.

Nutritious oils and milk form the chief ingredients, the ground-nut or monkey-nut (A) from British West Africa and India figuring largely in present-day production. The nuts are dug up, dried in the sun, and loaded at the port (B). Having been shelled and heated, the nuts are put through a machine to expel the oil (C).

Meanwhile, the milk is pasteurized and prepared (D) in great tanks. Both ingredients are then passed to the churns (E), where brine solution (F) is added, also vitamins A and D (G). After churning, the resulting emulsion is cooled on the revolving drum (H) and flaked off by a knife into containers below (J).

Next, it is tipped into hoppers (K) which feed the rollers (L) through which the margarine passes to even out its consistency. After a period in the maturing room the margarine goes into a blender (M), where it receives its finished smooth texture, the machine-hand (N) timing this operation.



# Our War Leaders in Peacetime

## SLIM

**F**AMOUS leader of the 14th Army, General Sir William Slim, K.C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., was the last of the war-generals to make the headlines. He abhors personal publicity. The latter fact is illustrated by his refusal to divulge the pen-name under which he writes, by way of recreation, in the newspapers and magazines.

On returning from India in December 1945, he found his family a house in Trevor Street, Knightsbridge, where he lives with his wife and their 15-year-old daughter Una. Knightsbridge is the fashionable quarter of London, but the Slims have no leaning towards a "fashionable" life. They like the theatres, "Because we've been starved of plays for so long."

Above all, Slim's interests are in his children. Una is still at school and is "Insisting on becoming a vet.—she loves animals, you know." John, aged 18, entered the Army a few months ago, and "The lad is already an inch taller than I am!" John's father did not start life in the Army. General Slim, now 55, left King Edward's Grammar School, Birmingham, to be a junior clerk—"In other words," he says, "an office boy." Then he became an elementary schoolmaster, and next, before he joined up in 1914, foreman of a testing gang in an engineering works and a junior N.C.O. in the Territorials.

**F**ROM those early days Slim has developed three main hobbies—soldiering, tinkering with machinery, and literature. And he likes writing. In fact, he has always wanted to be a journalist, and his magazine articles show a decided flair for that profession. But he does not always find it easy to say what he wants to say in the forceful way he wants to say it, without first roughing out a draft; and he has been known to tell his friends that in his experience it is easier to be a good general than a good journalist.

His articles are not the only things Slim signs anonymously—the 14th Army's famous "flash" came from his pencil. He submitted the drawing anonymously in a competition open to all ranks, and won the £5 prize offered for the winning design.

**B**OTH Sir William and Lady Slim like the peace and quiet of the country, and on returning from India one of the first things they did was to leave London for a district where, as Lady Slim said, "We can just sit." Slim himself likes to punctuate his "sitting" with sharp walks, and possibly a little shooting: he is reputed to be a good shot. Sometimes they take Una to see William Slim's 94-year-old mother in Birmingham. She has seen little of her granddaughter during the last seven or so years, and less of her son.

Such is the home life of the man who drove the Japs out of Burma. When he is in uniform you know at once that here is a leader among men. But when he sits in his study writing, with thin-framed spectacles halfway down his nose, his appearance is more that of a kindly schoolmaster than a soldier whose name has gained world renown.



**BURMA MEMENTO**, a Japanese hara-kiri knife, is shown by the General to his daughter Una (top), who handles it with the respect it deserves. The 14th Army, under Sir William's astute leadership, popularized the use of this weapon, by the enemy, in the age-old art of self-killing.

**POLISHING SILVER** in his London home at Knightsbridge (centre) should be second nature to the General, whose early training in the Army no doubt held him in good stead for the job here happily shared by his wife and daughter. An adept with the pen, Sir William settles down to write (left) while Lady Slim industriously gets on with her knitting, and Una, comfortably curled up on the settee, pores over a book.

Photos, Associated Press





**Dvr. A. ANDERSON**  
Royal Army Service Corps.  
Action: St. Valery. 12.6.40.  
Age 24. (Perth)

## The Roll of Honour

1939—1946

Readers of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED who wish to submit photographs for inclusion in our Roll of Honour must fill in the coupon which appeared in No. 230. No portraits can be considered that are not accompanied by this coupon.



**Stwd. N. A. BROWN**  
Royal Navy.  
North Atlantic. 26.9.42.  
Age 22. (Stockton-on-Tees)



**Gnr. A. C. BAXTER**  
Royal Artillery.  
In action: Libya. 8.5.43.  
Age 22. (Forest Gate)



**Cpl. C. J. BEER**  
Rifle Brigade.  
In action: Barum. 17.4.45.  
Age 31. (Ewell)



**Pte. R. BELL**  
Gordon Highlanders.  
D. of wounds: Italy. 1.9.44.  
Age 20. (Tynemouth)



**Sgt. L. BARRACLOUGH**  
78th Field Regt. R.A.  
Action: R. Sangro. 27.11.43.  
Age 25. (Stockbridge)



**Pte. G. BUCKINGHAM**  
Royal Fusiliers.  
Died of wounds. 31.10.43.  
Age 28. (London)



**Sgt. M. COHEN**  
R.A.F.V.R.  
Action: Finningley. 3.10.43.  
Age 21. (Bolton)



**Tpr. S. COOK**  
Royal Armoured Corps.  
In action: Italy. 18.6.44.  
Age 24. (Muswell Hill)



**Pte. D. A. CRUMP**  
Oxford & Bucks L.I.  
Died of wounds. 6.3.45.  
Age 20. (London)



**Sgt. J. A. DARAGON**  
Royal Air Force.  
Düsseldorf. Jan. 1943.  
Age 19. (Streatham)



**Pte. N. J. DODMAN**  
Essex Regiment.  
Died of wounds. 25.3.45.  
Age 19. (Hutton)



**Sgt. R. DOUCH**  
B 73 Anti-Tank Regt., R.A.  
Sidi-Rezegh. 7.12.41.  
Age 27. (Finchley)



**Sgt. T. J. EVANS**  
Royal Air Force.  
East Kirchen. 24.3.44.  
Age 20. (Lampeter)



**L. Sgt. W. FREEMAN**  
York and Lancaster Regt.  
N.W. Europe. 20.8.44.  
Age 24. (Sheffield)



**L/Cpl. D. GASCOYNE**  
7th Cameronians.  
Action: Rheine. 4.4.45.  
Age 20. (Leamington Spa)



**Sgt. J. HALEY**  
460 Sqdn. R.A.F.  
Action: Cologne. 31.10.44.  
Age 24. (Bradford)



**Pte. W. S. HANSFORD**  
Worcestershire Regt.  
D. of wds.: France. 1.8.44.  
Age 19. (Portsmouth)



**Pte. W. HARLAND**  
1st Bn. London Scottish.  
In action: Italy. 12.1.44.  
Age 25. (Manchester)



**Pte. T. HOGGARD**  
7th Bn. Green Howards.  
In action: Nijmegen.  
Age 23. (Bridlington)



**Sgt. D. HOPKINS**  
Royal Air Force.  
Over Germany. 4.9.43.  
Age 25. (Porth)



**Flt. Sgt. R. J. HUDSON**  
Pathfinder, R.A.F.  
In action: Berlin. 2.1.44.  
Age 20. (Seaton Burn)



**Cpl. A. G. LAND**  
12th Royal Tank Regt.  
In action: Italy. 2.9.44.  
Age 20. (Bradford)



**Flt. Sgt. S. MASON**  
356 Sqdn. R.A.F.  
Action: Burma. 16.9.44.  
Age 23. (Wingate)



**Pte. H. PARKINSON**  
York and Lancaster Regt.  
N.W. Europe. 23.8.44.  
Age 26. (Gomersal)



**Sgt. N. R. PIKE**  
Bomber Command R.A.F.  
Action: Germany. 23.5.44.  
Age 27. (Pontypridd)



**Flt. Sgt. H. J. A. ROGERS**  
70 Sqdn. R.A.F.  
Over Rumania. Aug. 44.  
Age 22. (Birmingham)



**Pte. P. R. RUMMING**  
7th Somerset L.I.  
In action: Goch. 17.2.45.  
Age 19. (Devizes)



**Sgt. J. RYAN**  
2nd Border Regt.  
Action: Burma. 18.3.44.  
Age 24. (Birkenhead)



**L. Smn. B. SULLIVAN**  
Royal Navy.  
Action: Java Sea. 8.3.42.  
Age 21. (Scilly Isles)



**L. Cpl. H. SWINDALL**  
Royal Ulster Rifles.  
Action: Bremen. 13.4.45.  
Age 19. (Woodville)



**Pte. S. THOMAS**  
Royal Engineers.  
Action: Dunkirk. 1.6.40.  
Age 22. (Clevedon)



**Sapper G. F. TURNER**  
Royal Engineers.  
On the Lancastria. 17.6.40.  
Age 23. (Birmingham)



**Flt. Sgt. K. H. TURNER**  
Bomber Command R.A.F.  
Action: Homburg. 20.11.44.  
Age 22. (Little Sutton)



**Sgt. K. V. TURNER**  
Bomber Command R.A.F.  
Action: Denmark. 13.8.40.  
Age 20. (Birmingham)



**Pte. G. F. WEBB**  
Essex Regiment.  
In action: Tunisia. 6.5.43.  
Age 18. (Woodford)



**A. Cpl. E. S. WHITE**  
R.A.F. Regiment.  
In action: Burma. 15.5.45.  
Age 23. (Rotherham)



**Pte. R. L. WILLIAMS**  
6th Bn. N. Staff. Regt.  
In action: Csen. 9.7.44.  
Age 25. (Birmingham)



# I Was There

THE HUMAN  
STORY OF  
1939-1946

I HAVE been asked to write about September 15, 1940, which I regret to admit—although I am sure most of the Battle of Britain pilots will agree with me—does not stick in my memory more clearly than any of the other days. I must qualify that remark quickly before the reader snorts, "He's shooting a line." On September 16 we read in the newspapers (while we were sitting at "dispersal" at readiness) that the previous day's score was the all-time best.

That was how we received the news—the same way as everyone else, from the B.B.C. and from the daily newspapers. We knew only what the squadrons operating from the same aerodrome had done; occasionally when one of us had had to land at another aerodrome for refuelling and rearming we would hear early unconfirmed news.

Unless a pilot were foolish in those September days he would land and be replenished with everything at any of the southern aerodromes. Flying about England between the South Coast and London might often prove interesting and nothing was more irritating than to find a Hun—perhaps staggering back after being smartened up by someone else a quarter of an hour previously—fly up to him to collect an absolute sitter, press your gun-button and hear the mocking hiss of compressed air instead of the satisfying crackle of eight Brownings accompanied by the smell of burnt cordite which was music to the nose of the fighter pilot.

## A Hell of a Bang in the Cockpit

Worse still to be dreaming along at about 5,000 feet, conscious of having no ammunition and not much petrol; thinking it had been a good party; wondering whether it would be worth while finishing your interrupted lunch or sending for an early tea; reflecting that the lunch coffee would be cold and you craved a hot drink; deciding that it did not matter anyhow, because just as the tea came you would be off again after some more of these cursed Huns; anyhow, what the hell! One seemed to be doomed to a life of half-eaten, interrupted meals and cold drinks that should be hot.

Then—suddenly you see the tracer coming past the side of the cockpit and automatically you jerk the stick back and to the right, a flick of rudder, into a violent right-hand climbing turn just as there's a hell of a bang in the cockpit and you nearly die of fright. As you come round in your turn and start diving you look up and see two or more Me 109s climbing away, having caught you literally napping; you think unprintable things about those lousy Huns, at the same time thanking your lucky stars that they were such bad shots.

When you land back at your aerodrome, your ground-crew find some holes in your Hurricane, one or two fairly near the cockpit from behind, three in the cockpit that struck parts of the dashboard and several rolling about inside your self-sealing tanks. Casually you mention that it was a good party, and ask how many are back already; you say nothing of being caught like a clot on the way home. The Southern English sky was not all-English, by any means.

## THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN

By Group-Captain Douglas Bader, D.S.O., D.F.C.



That was what it was like during those August and September days of 1940—from dawn until dusk the fighters were ready; long hours, boring hours, exciting hours, absolute hell on the digestion.

SEPTEMBER 15 was memorable chiefly for the fact that the Germans lost the largest official total in any one day of 1940. So far as the fighter pilots themselves were concerned it was not necessarily the most tiring, mainly because the majority of us were experienced in this type of fighting—i.e. against fighter-escorted bombers; second, because it was divided into two distinct attacks against London, one in the late morning about 11.30 hours and the second at about 14.30 hours; third, because no new aircraft or tactics were employed by the Hun, and the tactics to which we were accustomed were particularly easy to counter although, as is known, we were considerably outnumbered; last, and most important of all, the Hun morale was by this time most noticeably on the ebb.

True the strain was becoming increasingly apparent among the weary pilots in Fighter Command, but at the same time we were becoming more and more savage at the sight of the Hun bombing indiscriminately. At the beginning there was no great personal feeling about it because the Hun was—so far as we could see—attempts to hit specific targets out of cloudless skies, or bombing from below cloud.

Several times, however, before September 15, the Hun formations had been bombing when they could not see the ground because of cloud-layers between them and the ground,

so that they were throwing out bombs indiscriminately over London. This had been particularly noticeable on September 9, when they flew over London in force, about 18.00 hours, at 21,000 feet. London was covered with broken cloud at 3,000 feet, and thick haze up to 9,000 feet, so that it was not visible except through occasional small gaps from 21,000 feet. One or two attacks like this had made us very bloodthirsty, so that one got one's sights on a Hun and did not let up until the flames appeared; we were not keen for crews to bale out.

## Hit the Ground from 19,000 Feet

On September 15 a broken cloud-layer at 5,000 feet almost completely obscured London and the South, and the Hun formations flew in around 20,000 feet. I remember in the morning shambles seeing a Dornier 17 on fire and one of the crew bale out with his parachute alight, and as it opened the whole canopy went up in a sheet of flame. I recall my reaction, which was, "Good show! You rat, now you've got a little time to think about it, and there's no answer." They say you don't lose consciousness until you hit the ground, and he went down from 19,000 feet, because I looked at my altimeter!

I can imagine the reader saying, "How horrible; what an un-Christian thought!" Well, I thought it, and when I landed back I found three other pilots had also seen it and were highly delighted. Later on, I saw a German rear-gunner in a Dornier bale out and get his parachute entangled in the tail-plane, so that from 17,000 feet it crashed to the ground in a series of dives and zooms which took quite a long time.

I hoped that both those Huns had taken part in the bombing of Warsaw, or the barbarous destruction of the virtually unprotected city of Rotterdam, because they died an unpleasant death with no chance of doing anything about it, like the women and children they had wantonly destroyed.

## Each Squadron Did Its Stuff

Such was the temper of the fighter pilots around September 15, 1940. I doubt if any squadron was in action more than twice on that now memorable day, because the Huns made two large and distinct attacks on London and two smaller attacks in the Portland-Southampton area. There were no big bags by individual squadrons, which was as it should be; everyone had a smack and each squadron did its stuff. No one thought it had been a special day, until we heard it on the news.

It was the day that a Dornier minus its tailplane crashed on top of a tobacconist's shop just outside Victoria Station. I remember seeing a remarkable photograph in one of the newspapers of this Dornier about 100 feet from the ground. We all speculated as to how that photograph was taken, and came to the conclusion that it was some chap who had been standing-by for weeks with his camera at the ready and finally had his reward.

Well, we were not to know it at the time, but the end of that day was to herald an easier time for the fighters, and although



## I Was There!

German formations continued to make desultory attacks on our island they were easily repulsed with very heavy casualties. No mass attacks of a similar nature to those during the first two weeks of September were made against England subsequently.

Never again during the War was the Luftwaffe to be in such a dominating position against a Royal Air Force weakened and neglected below the danger mark by a succession of British Governments who utterly refused to see what every man in the street could see, and who, when the darkest hour arrived after Dunkirk, could think of one answer only—a negotiated peace with Hitler—until one man—God bless him!—literally kicked them into a determination to resist and spoke the will of the people in his memorable broadcast to the world after the French capitulation.

That was the spirit of the people which was so gloriously displayed firstly by the Londoners during August–September 1940, and subsequently by the inhabitants of every bombed English town.

### Kaleidoscopic Pictures in My Mind

I cannot end without voicing the fighter pilots' admiration and appreciation of the chaps on the ground, the civilians, without whose courage and resistance nothing we did would have been any good. We could not stop them being bombed, previous politicians had seen to that, there were too few of us. We could only go on shooting down the Hun until we wore him out or he wore us out, and the chaps on the ground had the sticky time, not us. We were up in the air doing something about it, while they were having to "take it" on the ground, unable to have a go at the enemy 20,000 feet away.

September 15 for us is not the memory of a special day, but a day made important subsequently by its result. I must look in my flying log-book and read my own short account of the day's battles and then I recall the incidents of that day.

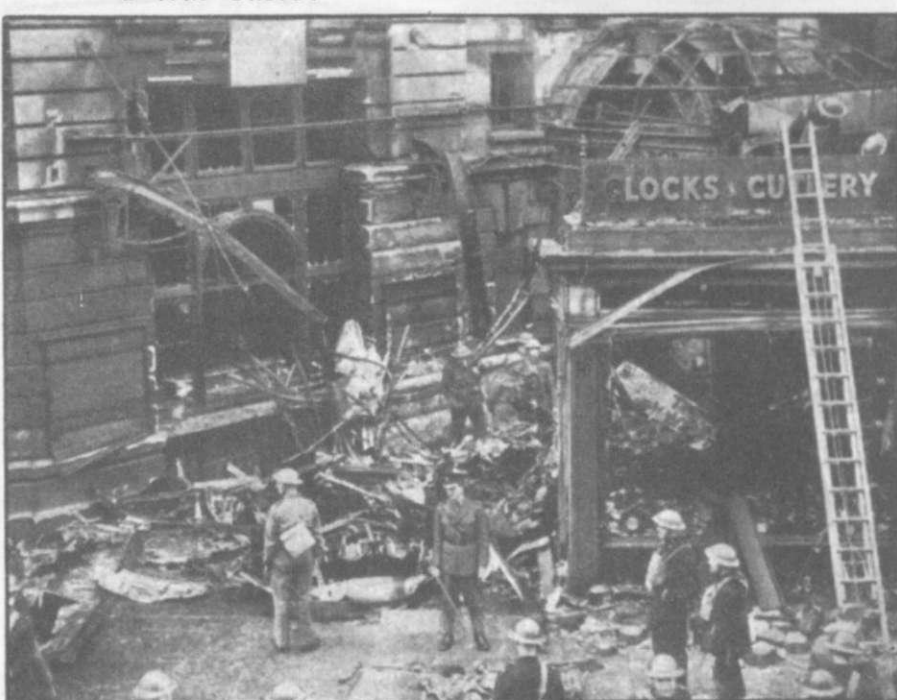
Rather does it mark a milestone between being permanently tired and starting to get normal again: a curtain behind which certain kaleidoscopic pictures will always stay in my mind. . . . The heavy oil smoke from burning tanks at Thameshaven into which dives a yellow-nosed Messerschmitt 109 in flames with the pilot dead in the cockpit. . . . Two of my Hurricanes converging on the same Ju 88—"Look out, chaps, you're going to collide!"—too late, one wing

### We of the Signals Helped at Dunkirk

Colonel T. B. Gravely, O.B.E., late Royal Signals, relates the story of the Dunkirk evacuation in 1940 from a new angle. His is the tale of one small but vitally important part of the general effort: the provision of the necessary Army communications. At the time the author was a Senior Staff Officer to the Deputy Director of Staff Duties (Signals). See also pages 2-4.

FROM the Signals point of view, the trouble began some time before the evacuation took place. It started with a message to the War Office from the Signal Officer-in-Chief, B.E.F., informing the Deputy Director of Staff Duties (Signals), as he was then called, that all was not well with the wireless set which had been used as a rear-link to the War Office. While they were attempting to move it by rail, the enemy had most inconsiderately dropped two bombs on the line, one in front and one behind the truck which was carrying it.

To make matters worse, the spot where the truck was marooned was three miles from the nearest metalled road, across fields reported to be impassable to heavy motor traffic, and the equipment weighed several tons. As one of the two senior staff officers to the D.D. Signals, I was instructed to find another wireless set and detachment, and to get them over to G.H.Q. with all speed.



184 PLUS THIS ONE made up the recorded total of German aircraft destroyed over southern England on that memorable day in the Battle of Britain, September 15, 1940. A Dornier, minus its tailplane, crashed on a tobacconist's shop just outside Victoria Station London, where troops, N.F.S. and police are seen inspecting and guarding the wreckage. Photo, Fox

drifts away in the air and a tailplane: just for a second in the mêlée I watch, and think "Thank God, no flames!" Someone may bale out, one did. . . . Starting to close in behind a Ju 88, I happen to look up and see a Spitfire coming down vertically, watch it dive straight into the 88 and both go down in a burning twisted mass—no parachutes. Wondered if it was deliberate on the part of the Spit pilot or didn't he see the 88? Pilots sometimes went haywire. . . .

A 109 zooms up out of the haze over North Weald aerodrome; I close to 150 yards and am just about to fire when a Hurricane zooms out of the haze on his tail, the 109 goes up in smoke and the pilot bales out—right in front of my nose! I pull up alongside the Hurricane and recognize "Butch" in spite of his oxygen-mask—good old "Butch," it would be him!

That's what September 15, 1940, means to me.

a Corps Signals which had recently been mobilized, including some Light Wireless Sections equipped with sets with a reputed range of about 40 miles. One detachment was ordered to get into action at Aldershot and act as base, while another was to be sent across the Channel to try to join up with the Military Attaché. Just as these arrangements had been completed, the corporal in charge of the detachment for G.H.Q. rang up from Dover to say he was stuck there and nothing seemed to be going across.

"Movements" promised to do their best, and as a precaution diverted the Military Attaché's set via Cherbourg. How the N.C.O. in charge of it managed to drive his truck right up through France and find the Military Attaché amidst the general confusion of a great retreat is one of the mysteries which will never be solved. As an example of guts and determination it was outstanding. He came "on the air" in a remarkably short time, and remained in contact with Aldershot, for at least a few hours in the day, until the party had nearly reached Bordeaux, when the set was transmitting over several times its stated range.



Col. T. B. GRAVELY

The other detachment seemed to be dogged by ill-luck. I was assured by "Movements" that they had actually left Dover, and I breathed a sigh of relief, but a few hours later the voice of the corporal came again over the telephone:

"Corporal Shale speaking, sir. We're back in Dover."

"What on earth's happened?" I gasped.

"We got to the other side, sir, and I went ashore, but they wouldn't let me land the equipment or the men."

Frantic telephoning resulted in another, and no more successful, effort.



## When the Luftwaffe Was Smashed Over England

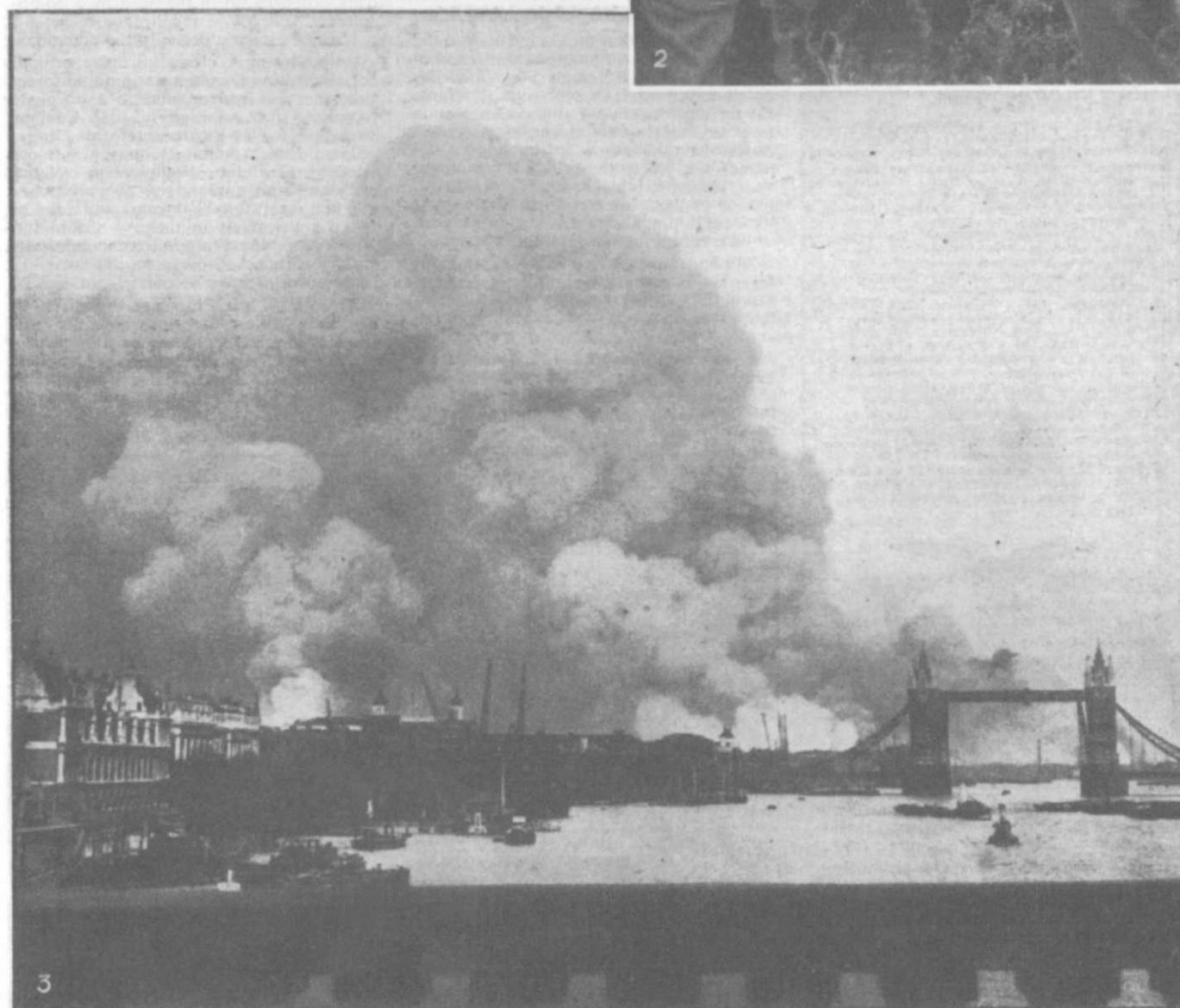


THREE OF 'THE FEW' who helped to shatter the might of the German raiders over Britain exchanged experiences (1) after an operational flight in London skies, in September 1940. A wounded Nazi pilot (2), shot down over Kent, was carried away after receiving First Aid attention. The Tower Bridge and the Pool of London (3) swathed in swirling smoke and flames during the first mass daylight attack on the Capital. This photograph was not released for publication until the end of the War.

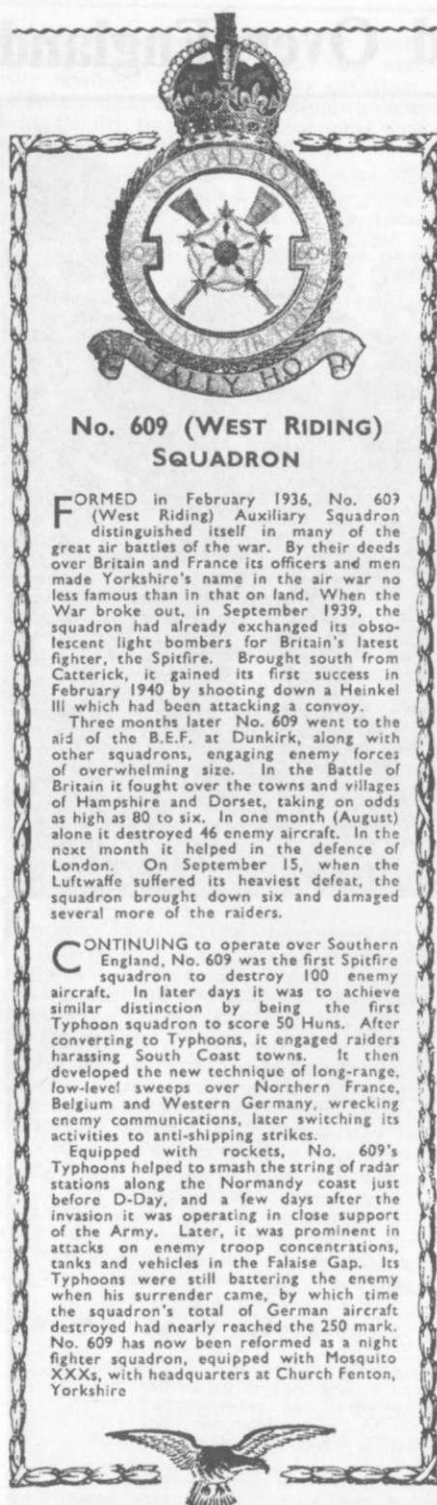
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2



3



### No. 609 (WEST RIDING) SQUADRON

**F**ORMED in February 1936, No. 609 (West Riding) Auxiliary Squadron distinguished itself in many of the great air battles of the war. By their deeds over Britain and France its officers and men made Yorkshire's name in the air war no less famous than in that on land. When the War broke out, in September 1939, the squadron had already exchanged its obsolescent light bombers for Britain's latest fighter, the Spitfire. Brought south from Catterick, it gained its first success in February 1940 by shooting down a Heinkel III which had been attacking a convoy.

Three months later No. 609 went to the aid of the B.E.F. at Dunkirk, along with other squadrons, engaging enemy forces of overwhelming size. In the Battle of Britain it fought over the towns and villages of Hampshire and Dorset, taking on odds as high as 80 to six. In one month (August) alone it destroyed 46 enemy aircraft. In the next month it helped in the defence of London. On September 15, when the Luftwaffe suffered its heaviest defeat, the squadron brought down six and damaged several more of the raiders.

**C**ONTINUING to operate over Southern England, No. 609 was the first Spitfire squadron to destroy 100 enemy aircraft. In later days it was to achieve similar distinction by being the first Typhoon squadron to score 50 Huns. After converting to Typhoons, it engaged raiders harassing South Coast towns. It then developed the new technique of long-range, low-level sweeps over Northern France, Belgium and Western Germany, wrecking enemy communications, later switching its activities to anti-shipping strikes.

Equipped with rockets, No. 609's Typhoons helped to smash the string of radar stations along the Normandy coast just before D-Day, and a few days after the invasion it was operating in close support of the Army. Later, it was prominent in attacks on enemy troop concentrations, tanks and vehicles in the Falaise Gap. Its Typhoons were still battering the enemy when his surrender came, by which time the squadron's total of German aircraft destroyed had nearly reached the 250 mark. No. 609 has now been reformed as a night fighter squadron, equipped with Mosquito XXXs, with headquarters at Church Fenton, Yorkshire.



It was clear that nobody on the other side was taking much interest in him, so I ordered him to get a meal for himself and his men and stand by for further orders. A little later, after an anxious conference with "Movements," the attempt was abandoned, and he was sent back to the place he had started from. So far we still clung to the hope that something might be done to stem the German advance. But we were soon jolted out of our wishful thinking.

In company with another officer I was detailed to attend a very special conference which was, in fact, the start of "Operation Dynamo." It was held with great secrecy in a room in the basement of the War Office. The Chairman stated that we had to prepare a plan to evacuate the B.E.F.

A representative from the Admiralty told us about the projected fleet of "Little Ships,"

### I Was There!

and gave the ports from which they would operate. It was the Army's chief task to clear these ports as quickly as possible, to prevent congestion and reduce the risk of casualties from the expected bombing. The crux of the plan was a main control at Redhill, Surrey, to which all trains would report, and whence they would be directed to dispersal centres in each of the Army Commands. The driver of a train leaving, say, Dover would not have the faintest idea where he would finish his journey.

If bombing were heavy, there might be a breakdown in communications between Dover and Redhill. Could I help to prevent this? I could. I could provide a mobile wireless set at each place. What about telephone communications at the outer end of the network? That was the province of my colleague, who assured the meeting that the necessary telephones would be available at all military centres. When the time came it was possible, on peak days, for a train to leave Dover for an unknown destination every fifteen minutes from 6 a.m. to noon.

The Navy asked for some mobile wireless links between various points on the French coast and the base at Dover, and it was decided to loan them one complete Light Wireless Section, of four detachments—one to remain at Dover, three to go over via Calais, which was still holding out. One detachment was to stay at Calais, while the others tried to reach Dunkirk and Ostend.

#### Links Engulfed by Advancing Huns

The Calais station came on the air and did valuable work, but nothing was ever heard of the other two, and it was presumed that they had failed to reach their objectives. Towards the end, the operators at the Dover station reported that the Calais set was being manned by Lieutenant Morrow (which is not his real name), the officer commanding the Section; they recognized his touch on the key. It looked as though the rest of the detachment were casualties, and that it was only a matter of time before the station went off the air.

At about four o'clock in the afternoon our fears were realized, and nothing more was heard of the little party until about a fortnight later, when a messenger came into my office and said Morrow had arrived to report.

I recovered from my astonishment sufficiently to welcome him as he deserved and to listen to his story. While they were being marched away as prisoners from Calais, he and another officer chose a suitable

moment and dived through a hedge into a patch of swampy ground where they hid. When the way was clear they moved off in a south-westerly direction towards Boulogne, cutting any German field cables they found on the way. In the middle of the night they nearly walked into a German mobile wireless station. Luckily, the sound warned Morrow.

They went on down the coast until they met some French officers who were trying to repair an old motor-boat. Between them they got it going and it took them halfway across the Channel, when they were picked up by a British destroyer.

As I mentioned before, there were two senior staff officers to the D.D.Signals. I had the wireless, while my colleague dealt with the submarine cables. We each carried a piece of millboard to which was clipped a diagram showing how our own bit of the communications stood. The diagrams had to be redrawn several times a day, for we crossed off the links, one by one, as they were engulfed by the advancing Germans.

**A**s the means of communication grew less and less, we of the Signals Staff found ourselves acting as telephone orderlies and passing messages from the Chief of the Imperial General Staff to the Commander-in-Chief. The last message which I personally passed over the one remaining cable was taken down by another Signal officer, who was lying on the floor of a villa in La Panne, having just been hit in the head by a bomb-splinter. It fell to my colleague to get off the actual message ordering the evacuation.

At about one o'clock in the morning, before Operation Dynamo was put into force, I received a visit from an officer of the Signals Division of the Admiralty. He brought with him the Flag-Lieutenant from Dover, who said that Admiral Ramsay was most concerned at the possibility that isolated bodies of troops might arrive at the beaches and find no craft to take them off and nobody to take any interest in them. Could the Army do anything to provide communication with the beaches, now that the original scheme—of Morrow's Section—had failed?

After our previous experience it was obviously useless to try to send any more wireless sets across, so the only thing to do was to reinforce the surviving detachment of Morrow's Section, which was still at Dover, and try to get a message to the Signal Officer-in-Chief, B.E.F., giving him the frequencies and call-signs, so that any troops



**BRITISH WIRELESS TRUCK AT CHERBOURG**, housing an operator listening for messages which may have been vital to the success of "Operation Dynamo"—a hitherto unpublished photograph. How efforts were made to establish mobile wireless links between various parts of the French coast and the base at Dover in May 1940 is explained above.



## I Was There!

coming down to the beaches could call up the stations in England, which were to be strung out along the cliffs.

We carefully wrote down all the details in the form of a Signal Instruction—and then we struck a snag. Fighting was still in progress, and the final order for evacuation had not yet been given, though it was expected at any moment. The whole operation was being handled with the utmost secrecy, to avoid premature disclosure, and I was hardly in a position to act ahead of the Chief of the Imperial General Staff and the War Cabinet.

On the other hand, we knew that if our scheme was to work at all it was vital that details should be in the hands of the B.E.F. Signals staff with the least possible delay. Finally, I went to an empty clerks' office, locked myself in, and in eerie solitude typed out the instructions. I then went in search of the Director of Military Operations, who had been on duty for many hours and looked tired and anxious. He immediately agreed to sign the Signal Instruction and thus relieve me of responsibility.

I think I can claim that that document is unique in Signal history. The next problem was how to get the instruction over to the

other side of the Channel. Luckily, an officer from the War Office was going over in a motor-boat, and the precious papers were entrusted to him. We did not know, then, that orders would be issued for the destruction of all wireless equipment before it got to the beaches, but a few sets did remain in action, so our efforts were not wasted.

THERE was still work to be done, and it was not long before we received a demand for a rear-link wireless set for the forces holding out south of the Somme. The obvious answer was to send Corporal Shale, who was still standing by. This time he had to travel via Southampton and Cherbourg, and "Movements" gave him quite a big ship all to himself. He got half-way across—then was sent back by the Royal Navy!

Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery has said that good communications are essential to the success of any military operation, and that much of the work of Signals in the War was of the slogging, unspectacular variety. The Field-Marshal was speaking of the War as a whole, but he might have been thinking of Dunkirk; he was one of those who came back.

guessing on my part, however; I had been there in the dark days of 1942.

We formed part of the 1st Battle Squadron. With us were the battle-cruiser Renown, the Valiant, of Matapan fame, the Queen Elizabeth and the carrier Unicorn. The Illustrious was the only unit that had seen previous war service with the Eastern Fleet. She had now returned to finish the job she began at Madagascar in 1942.

Trincomalee in 1944 was a far cry from Trincomalee in 1942. Then the Fleet had fallen back from Singapore, capable only of defensive measures. Now it was at Trinco to carry the war to the Japs' back-door, the East Indies. The initiative was to be ours. The time had come to prepare for the final blow, and the Fleet's job now was to strike the enemy where and whenever possible, to ascertain their strength and carry out decoy attacks to divert their attention from major operations in the Pacific.

### Preparing for Battle at Sabang

As soon as we were moored in Trinco the Fleet Air Arm squadrons were disembarked. Lighters came alongside to take the ground crews, kit and equipment to the Naval Air Station at China Bay. Then came the announcement that shore leave would be granted, for the first time since leaving the Clyde on December 30, 1943. The first liberty boats off from the ship were packed. We all had the same idea, to use our two beer tickets as soon as possible and then to have a good look around. Those two beer tickets were to last a week! The two cinemas were very crude affairs, and I came out of one after seeing a three-year-old film, with a firm resolve never to go again: palm-frond and bamboo seats are far from comfortable! I turned my attention to the native village and was staggered by the nauseating smells.

After a lot of shore practice the Air Arm squadrons re-embarked and rumours ("buzzes") went round the ship like wild-fire. But we were out of luck; this was to

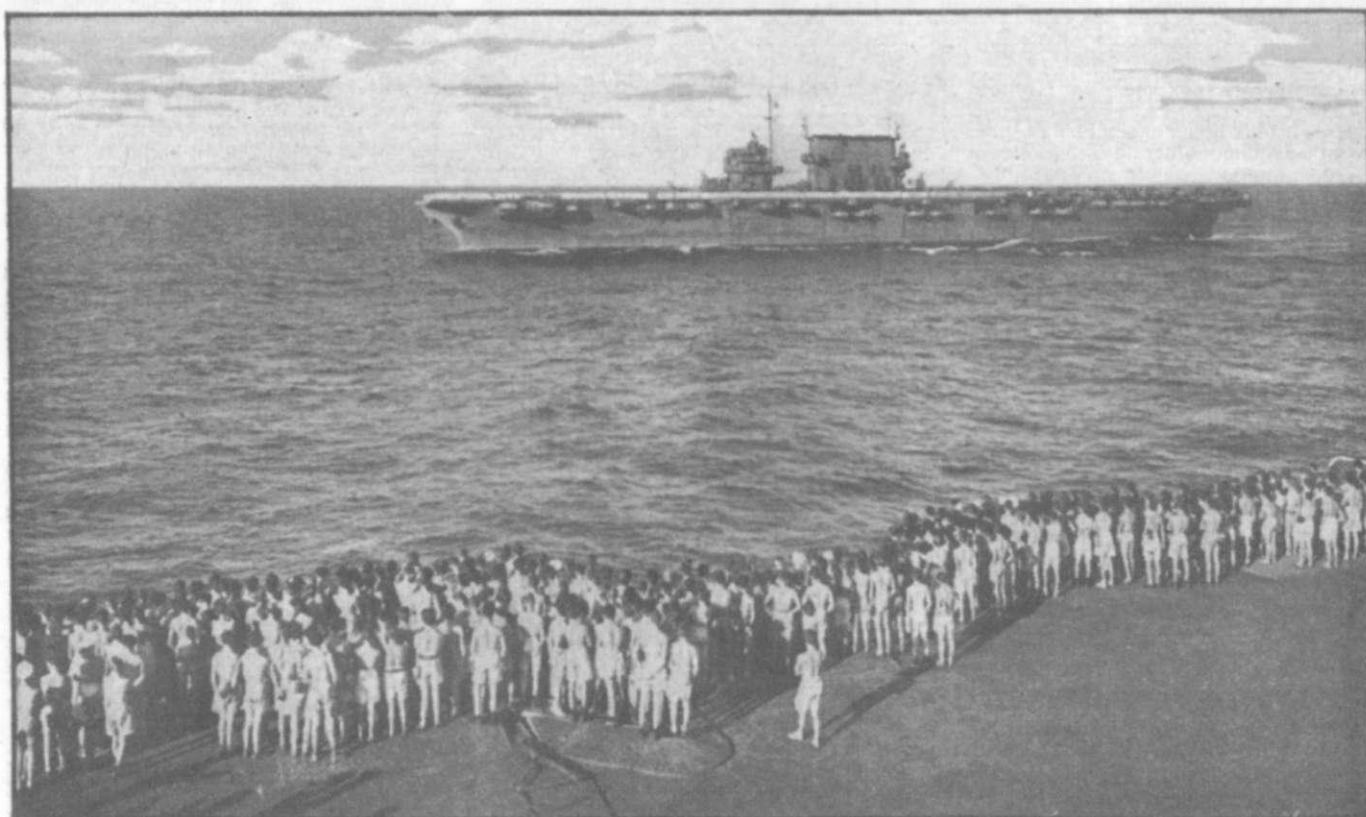
## I Sailed With the Carrier Illustrious

M. C. Hyde, then a Leading Writer in the pay office of the Illustrious, watched the take-off from her flight deck of Corsair fighters and Avenger torpedo-bombers to blast Jap targets. He tells of operations of the Eastern Fleet in the Indian Ocean in 1944, prior to formation of the British Pacific Fleet.

I SHALL never forget the tension on board as on January 10, 1944, we passed through the area where exactly three years previously the Illustrious had been so terribly mauled by the Luftwaffe. Although the Mediterranean was no longer Mussolini's "Mare Nostrum," sailors are superstitious and we all breathed sighs of relief when January 11 came and we were still afloat.

For most of us the passage down the Suez was a novel and exciting experience. For the

ship's Quartermaster it was a nightmare. Steering a 750-foot carrier, with a beam of 95 feet, through the narrow twists and turns of the Canal was no picnic, and he fully earned the bottle of beer conferred on him by the Captain. After the Red Sea and Aden came the trip across the Indian Ocean to our new base, Trincomalee. The majority of the ship's company had never been there before, so there was much speculation as to what it would be like. There was no need for



FAREWELL TO THE U.S.S. SARATOGA, as with her four attendant destroyers she left the Eastern Fleet and returned to the Pacific, after the Surabaya operation in March 1944, was a memorable occasion. The British Fleet steamed in line ahead, the decks of every ship—including the Illustrious (foreground), in which the author of this story was serving—packed with cheering matelots as the American aircraft carrier passed within 75 yards, her decks similarly crammed.

## I Was There!



H.M. BATTLESHIP QUEEN ELIZABETH, some of whose company are sunning themselves on one of her 15-in. guns, was in 1944 attached to the 1st Battle Squadron of the Eastern Fleet, of which the aircraft carrier Illustrious also formed a part. Carrying the war to the Jap's back door in the East Indies, as related here, these two ships played a successful role in the opening of the final Allied naval offensive in the Pacific. Photo, British Official

be only a patrol job. The monotony was relieved by a Crossing-the-Line ceremony on February 24. Everyone was roped in, even those who had already been initiated into the mysteries of Neptune's Court. There were the usual bears, policemen and Officers of the Court, and, of course, a very slimy pool of water; it took hours of scrubbing to restore me to anything bordering on cleanliness.

After another sojourn in Trinco the ship left again, together with the rest of the Fleet. This time it was to be the real thing. Not until we had been at sea some time did the awaited "D'ye hear there! D'ye hear there!" come over the ship's broadcasting system, followed by the announcement that Sabang, at the northern tip of Sumatra, was the destination. The heat and boredom were soon forgotten in preparations for battle. Even though the actual combatants were to be limited to the aircrews, we all considered that this was also our show—the real beginning of our long-awaited sea offensive against the Japs.

THE principal targets, we were told, were harbour installations and oil dumps—and perhaps units of the Jap Fleet based on Singapore would accept the challenge. That they did not was a great disappointment to us. We had to be content with the achievements of our fighter and bomber squadrons, who did a grand job of work. More surprising than the absence of sea opposition was the absence of enemy aircraft.

During the "strike" I was closed-up at my Action Station in the lower magazine aft, with the most disgusted members of the ship's company. We stood-to for the best part of twelve hours with practically nothing to do: completely shut off from the rest of the ship, sweltering in a temperature of about 110 degrees, and nothing to vent our feelings on!

Even ventilation is disconnected when guns are firing. We managed to amuse ourselves at the expense of the newcomers to the magazine by knocking the electric shell fuses with a mallet. This was a harmless pastime, but not for these who did not know the fuses could not be detonated in that manner. The return to harbour was uneventful, and after the reading of accumulated mail the ship settled down to normal routine once more. The fuss of disembarking the squadrons was experienced all over again; whilst in harbour they had to go ashore to maintain their high standard of efficiency. The Marines were bundled off to the jungle for a spot of combat training to equip themselves for



Ldg. Wtr. M. C. HYDE

the possibility of a landing sortie.

I ranked as a Leading Writer aboard ship. Apart from my normal office work I had to close up in the magazine whenever the ship was in action, and also had to keep regular four-hourly watches in the cipher office. My workplace, the pay office, was a hive of industry. There were only a few of us to look after the pay of 1,700 matelots, and looking after the pay of only one sailor is a job in itself. All sailors have the idea that they are being "seen off" and ours were quite resigned to the fact that we made a personal rake-off on their pay accounts. I consider my pay of seven shillings per day

well and truly earned; I worked twelve to sixteen hours a day, and for quite a long time was unable to sit down owing to prickly heat in a very tender spot—a common complaint on board. The heat between decks on an aircraft carrier in the tropics is terrific. We were sandwiched between the heat coming up from the boiler rooms and that given off from the sun blazing down on the steel flight deck. The mess-decks, wardrooms, offices, storerooms and workshops were like furnaces all through the day.

### Target Areas Nicely Plastered

Before long the ship was at sea again, due for further operations. The target this time was the Nicobar Islands, to the north of Sabang and in the entrance of the Malacca Straits. Again we were disappointed by the absence of any sea opposition. Air opposition was negligible and the target areas were thoroughly plastered; in fact, the whole show was more like a practice than an important operation. We steamed peacefully back to Trinco, chuckling at Hirohito's disciples who had been caught with honourable kimonos well and truly below their knees.

The ensuing weeks passed with the usual deck landing practices and exercises. This time, however, a treat was in store for us. The buzzes that had been circulating for some months were about to materialize. We were going round to Colombo to pick up certain stores and to give us a change from the monotony that was Trincomalee. Colombo, though quite an unpretentious place, was a paradise to the whole of the Fleet. Colombo was civilized, it had modern streets, cinemas, hotels, canteens and so on. The first day ashore I spent in an orgy of eating. I just had time to buy some reasonably cheap jewelry and silk before the U.S. Carrier Saratoga arrived with four destroyers—and



## I Was There!

the same day prices soared as much as fifty per cent. My meagre pay having long since disappeared into the palms of a few very wily wogs, I decided to grace the manager of the Hongkong-Shanghai Bank with my financially embarrassed presence. I must have looked honest, for he honoured my cheque for a tenner without the slightest demur. I have never spent ten quid so quickly in the whole of my life.

A few days later we put to sea with the *Saratoga*, rendezvoused with the Fleet twenty-four hours later and headed for Australia. Not until we had refuelled at a lonely spot on the coast of Western Australia some twelve days later was our destination made known. The target was Surabaya, on the far side of the Javanese coast, the Japs' principal naval base in the East Indies area. The attack meant a flight of approximately 300 miles over enemy occupied territory, and it was known that the Japanese had several large airfields in the area.

### Off Over the Javanese Mountains

About 4 a.m. on May 19, 1944, we were called to our Action Stations. Having already completed the middle watch (from midnight to 4 a.m.) in the cipher office I was braced-off at the prospect of several more hours of alertness. But a little later I had the good fortune to go up to the island (the bridge structure) just in time to see the aircraft take off for the attack. Against the red of the rising tropic sun the Avengers and Corsairs circled over the Fleet, formed up and flew out over the snow-capped Javanese mountains on their mission. Before the take-off the aircraft were tightly ranged on the flight deck—the Corsair fighters aft and the Avenger torpedo-bombers forward. Because of their heavy bomb loads and the shortness of their run (due to being ranged forward) some of the Avengers were boosted off by the concealed catapult.

Thanks to the strafing of the neighbouring airfields and the complete surprise of the attack the operation was successfully completed. Several merchant ships and enemy naval units were destroyed or damaged, two floating dry-docks and port installations received heavy damage also. A nearby oil refinery and its power house were completely demolished. To round off the day, Corsair pilots strafed dispersed aircraft at Malang airfield, one of the largest in the East Indies, and destroyed most of them.

On the way back to our God-forsaken spot on the Australian coast to refuel, the *Saratoga* and her four attendant destroyers left the Fleet and returned to the Pacific. The parting was a memorable occasion. The British Fleet steamed in line ahead, with the decks of every ship packed with cheering matelots as the *Saratoga* passed within 75 yards, her decks similarly crammed.

WE were all pleased to get back to Trinco. For the last few days of the trip we had lived on corned beef and rice. Most of us ended up existing on tinned fruit from the N.A.A.F.I. canteen. After the squadrons had disembarked and the ship re-stored some of us were packed off to a jungle rest camp, which had just been opened for the benefit of the Fleet at Nilaveli, about three miles out of Trincomalee. Our stay lasted three days—three days of blissful freedom from Naval routine and tradition.

A beach of pure golden sand ran for many miles in either direction. A mass of tall, graceful palms leant over to the azure blue of the Indian Ocean. The dense jungle revealed only an occasional cluster of bamboo huts. It was near here, in the officers' mess of an isolated company of the King's African Rifles, that I heard of the Normandy landings. The only way we had of celebrating that tremendous occasion was by a midnight

bathing party in a complete state of undress. It was an exhilarating experience under the starry tropic sky—until one was bitten by some of the thousands of small crabs that abounded on the shore.

By Army lorry and landing craft we returned on June 7 to the daily grind. It was about this time that a large floating dock was sent down from Bombay, in three parts. Knowing the ship was due for minor repairs the advent of this dock was viewed with great disgust. It was doubtful if it would have taken us, but everyone had been hoping for a trip down to Durban. We later heard that when the *Valiant* docked there she managed partially to sink the floating dock and herself into the bargain.

Before this was to take place, however, the Fleet again had sailing orders. We were returning to Sabang, but this time it was to be a far bigger show. Accompanied by the *Renown*, *Valiant*, *Queen Elizabeth*, the French battleship *Richelieu* and the carrier *Victorious* we were to subject Sabang to a heavy bombardment. The call to Action Stations came soon after sunrise on July 25. The bombardment, supported by fighter aircraft, lasted 35 minutes. The harbour installations were almost completely destroyed, workshops, wharves and sheds were hit by at least 16 salvos of heavy shells and were left in flame and smoke.

THE barracks received 10 salvos, half the area being devastated and the remaining buildings almost totally destroyed. At the wireless station all buildings were destroyed or heavily damaged. Prior to the bombardment neighbouring airstrips were strafed, causing damage to hangars, buildings and a radar station. Four aircraft were destroyed on the ground and two other Jap aircraft which attempted to approach the Fleet were shot down. Later in the day when the Fleet was returning to Trinco a formation of enemy aircraft attempted to attack us. Three were shot down, two damaged and the remainder driven off by our A.A. guns.

Soon after our return to Trincomalee we sailed for Durban, regarded with affection by all sailors in the East. Calling at Addu Atoll in the Maldivian group of islands, south-east of Ceylon, I saw an old shipmate of mine on a landing craft. Addu Atoll is one of the most desolate islands in the world. Disease

and filth are so rampant that men stationed there are allowed no contact whatever with the natives. Facilities for amusement are non-existent. This old shipmate was exceeding "chokker" (fed up) and when he heard our destination was Durban he nearly cried. He had another 18 months to do at Addu before returning to England!

The Maldives behind us, our next port of call was Diego Suarez, Madagascar, scene of bloodshed two years earlier. One of the most perfect and beautiful harbours in the world, it was here that the battleship *Ramillies* was torpedoed by a Japanese submarine in 1942. An unexpected alteration of plans was announced after leaving Madagascar. We were to go to Cape Town to disembark our squadrons before proceeding to Durban.

### Most Beloved Dog in the World

One thing I missed in Cape Town, as did others who had been there previously, was Able Seaman Just Nuisance. A.B. Nuisance was not a seaman but a Great Dane. Nuisance used to be a habitué of the Cape Town-Simonstown railway line. Simonstown is a Naval base and every morning on the early trains hundreds of sailors used to stream back there. At the station before Simonstown, Nuisance used to walk right through the train and awaken all the sleeping sailors. Soldiers, airmen and civilians he treated with contempt, but he would never leave a matelot until he had thoroughly roused him. A.B. Just Nuisance was the most beloved dog in the world, and when he died—in a Royal Naval hospital after weeks of treatment—he was the most mourned dog ever. He was wrapped in a White Ensign and buried with full naval honours; a volley was fired over his grave by a detachment of the Royal Marines. After his death many ships' Commanders had much cause to complain at the numbers of sailors adrift from leave!

After Cape Town, Durban, with its wide sweeping streets and glistening white buildings, its skyscrapers, Yankee cars and modern hotels making it look more like an American holiday resort than one of South Africa's main ports. Here in Durban I left the *Illustrious*, for a long sojourn in hospital, and then came the trek back to England, leaving me memories of plenty of hard times and privations but also happy occasions.

## NEW FACTS AND FIGURES

APPROXIMATELY 1,050 Axis warships and merchant ships were sunk as a result of British minelaying during the War, and a further 540 damaged, the Admiralty announced in May 1946, with additional casualties in Eastern waters still to be analysed. British mines laid totalled 263,088, the majority in the large defensive mine-barrage; in offensive fields, about 76,700. Of this total some 56,300 were laid by aircraft of all types.

ADMIRAL DÖNITZ, on trial at Nuremberg, testified on May 9, 1946, on the methods of the German submarine campaign. Quoting an Allied figure of 2,472 ships sunk by German U-boats, he estimated that in the course of the War between 5,000 and 6,000 submarine actions had taken place. Out of a total U-boat force of 40,000 men, 30,000 had not returned. Only 5,000 of these were captured. German losses in submarines were nearly 700.

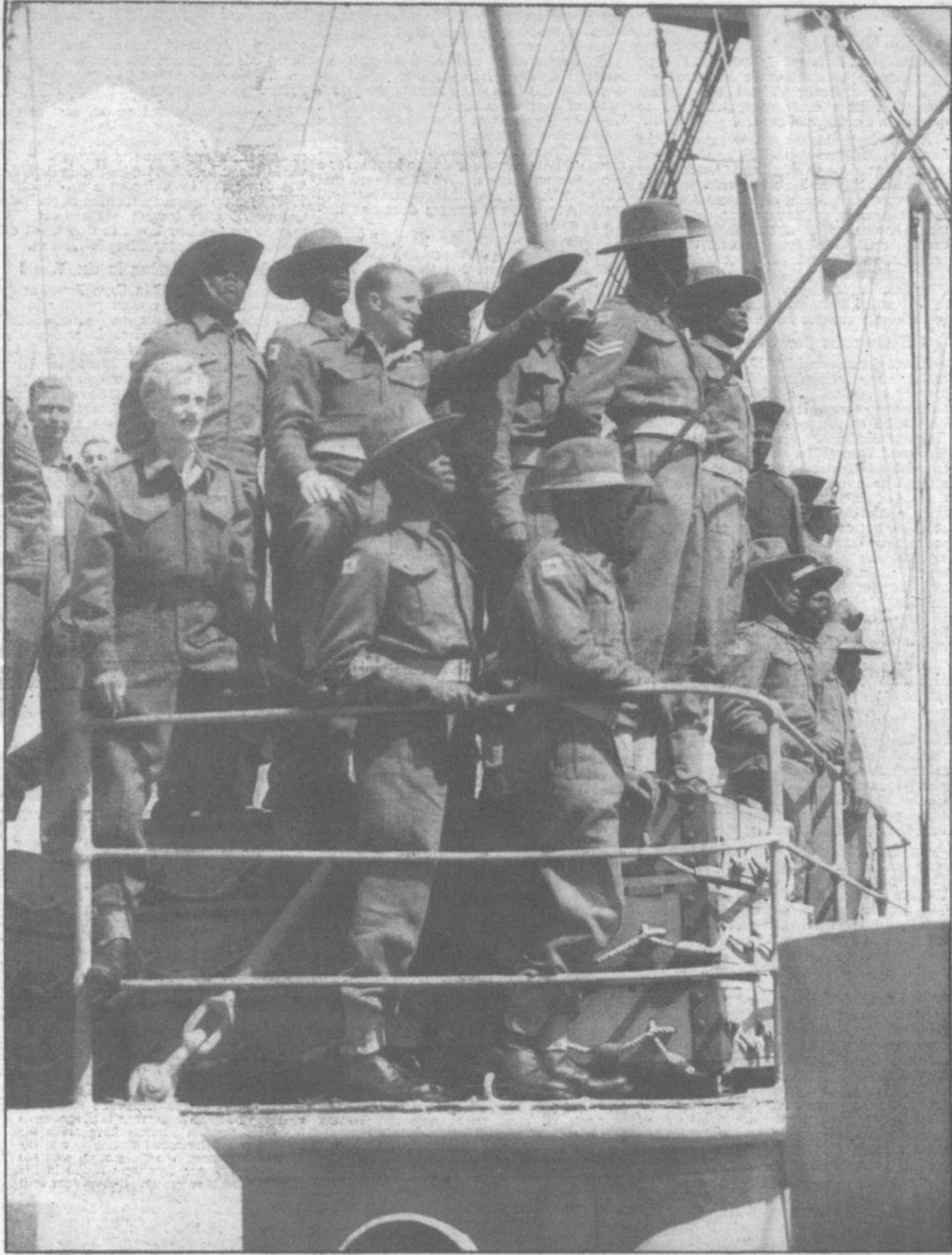
DURING the first half of the War (up to 1942) German decoy sites and dummy factories were very effective against bombing. A decoy of the Krupp works at Essen proved to be exceptionally successful. It consisted (according to the International Committee for the Study of European Questions) of a system of lights, some of which were stationary and represented streets and workshops, whilst moving lights, varying in colour and intensity, simulated

processes such as tapping, rolling and welding. A lorry with trailer moved continually about the site of this dummy factory. By the end of 1943 the trick had been discovered by the Allies; but until January 1943, of bombs dropped by Allied aircraft about 64 per cent of the high explosive and 74 per cent of the incendiaries fell on the dummy and not the real works.

IN convoying weapons and materials to Russia (Mr. A. V. Alexander revealed on March 13, 1946) 19 British warships were sunk and 19 damaged; of merchant ships, 30 were sunk and eight damaged; about 2,055 naval officers and ratings were killed and 87 wounded; and about 525 Merchant Navy personnel were killed.

AUTHORITIES dealing with quislings and traitors in the Drammen district of southern Norway (comments the Norwegian State Information Service) have made the interesting experiment of classifying a cross-section of traitors into six groups, with the result that 25 per cent were found in the mentally defective group. Sixteen per cent were politically indifferent; 13 per cent were opportunists; 33 per cent had been misled into joining the Quisling Party; 25 per cent were political illiterates and defectives who had not the ability to assess the political situation; 6 per cent were idealists; 7 per cent were "forced" into the Nazi Party or joined it in order to keep their jobs.

## *From West Africa for London's V-Day March*



**REPRESENTING THE 81st and 82nd WEST AFRICAN DIVISIONS** were troops who had fought the Japs in the Burma campaign : historic landmarks were pointed out to them as their ship docked at Tilbury. Marching at the head of the Colonial Empire in the column which took nearly two hours to pass H.M. the King in the Mall, on June 8, 1946, they typified thousands of warriors of Nigeria, the Gold Coast, Sierra Leone and the Gambia. Also in the Victory Parade were detachments from East and Central Africa.

*Photo, Central Press*

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