INDIA'S DETACHMENT IN THE VICTORY PARADE (seen nearest the camera) is following the Dominions troops along the Mall to the Scobing Bag. Viewed from the top of Admiralty Arch, the impressive marching column presents a striking contrast to the then when the Empire was slowly gathering its might for the bitter struggle whose triumphant ending the celebrations of June 8, 1919, so fittingly marked. Flags of Britain, the Empire, the Allies and the Services flutter symbolically along the proclaimed route.

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

NO. 237 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, JULY 10
Our Royal Family: The Salute to Victory

AWAITING THE CLIMAX OF THE PARADE. THIS MARCH PAST, Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, the King's cousin, exchanges a word with G. E. Wren, the present Duke of Wellington, who is the heir apparent, with the Prince of Wales and the Princess Elizabeth, standing op a static horse, accompanied by a Cavalry Escort of the Household Cavalry with Standard, pass through Parliament Square (1) on their way to the Mall.
Naval Contribution to the Mechanized Column

APPROACHING ITS RENDEZVOUS WITH THE MARCHING COLUMN in the Victory Parade, the mechanized division of the Royal Navy is seen passing through Parliament Square. Outstanding among London's decorations for the occasion was the multi-coloured arch (right foreground) opposite the entrance to the House of Commons. Flanking the steps of the £1 United Nations, it displayed on each side a gleaming white "Tower of Liberation" whose names were illuminated all night. See also this page 116.
Allied Commanders and British Chiefs of Staff

General Joseph Ronsig (left), French General at the siege of Bir Hacheim in the Western Desert, June 1942.

Admiral M. H. Hewitt (centre) and General Joseph T. McNarney (right), with General George A. Bart, U.S. Marine Corps (left), representing the U.S.A.

British Chiefs of the Three Services travelled together to the saluting base in the Mall, in the Chiefs of Staff procession which preceded the mechanical column. Left to right, riding in the chariots owned by Admiral Sir John Cunningham, former First Sea Lord and Prime Minister, are: Air Chief Marshal Sir Harry Broadhurst, Chief of the Imperial Defence Committee; Air Chief Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham, Chief of the Imperial General Staff; and Admiral Sir P. T. Ffoulkes, Chief of the Imperial Naval Staff.
Great British Commanders Riding the V-Route

Field-Marshal Viscount Alexander of Tunis, wartime Allied Supreme Commander Mediterranean, with Admiral Mountbatten, Allied Supreme Commander A.E.F.

Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, appointed Chief of the Imperial General Staff in June 1944.

General Sir William Slim, Commander 14th Army, Burma (right), and General Sir Richard O'Connor, VIII Corps Commander. Note corps and divisional signs on cars.

Lt.-Gen. Sir Miles Dempsey, 14th Army Commander (left) and Lt.-Gen. Sir Richard McCreery, last commander 8th Army

BRITISH COMMANDERS WHO LED US TO VICTORY followed immediately behind the Allied Commanders with whom they headed the enthusiastic welcome in the Parade. At the head of the senior Service, Admiral Sir John Casemate (see left on right hand photograph) was accompanied by Admiral Sir Geoffrey Layton, followed by the Army Commanders and those of the R.A.F., the latter led by Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Tedder, and a car of the Air Staff (unidentified photograph).
After the Armour Marched the Allied Forces

In the Order of March, following the mechanized forces, went the Allied forces, the troops of honour at the head fulfilling the role of the King. As the Royal Standard was being passed, the Royal salute was given. The units marched in the order: Dusseldorf, after midday; unfamiliar countries like the Netherlands, followed by the British Commonwealth. They were followed by China, France, Belgium, Brazil, Canada, Denmark, Egypt, Ethiopia, and Italy. Groups, with two or more countries, passed through the ceremony. The days were marked by various events, including the opening of the British Commonwealth, entrance into the Greek city of Heraklion, the arrival of the French troops, and the Netherlands. Then, across the Norwegian, Dutch, and English Channel, the Allied forces marched to the Midway and on to the King, followed by the Troops.
Royal Armoured Corps in Beflagged Whitehall

In their familiar black berets, the R.A.C. contingent, in foreground, have passed the Horse Guards Parade (right) and are nearing the end of their march up Whitehall. The guardsmen are being saluted as they pass along the route. Centre background is the Victoria Tower of the House of Lords; left, Big Ben Clock Tower.
Proud Civilians Had Their Hour of Triumph

CIVIL DEFENCE SERVICES, led by two of the rescue dogs employed after air raids to locate casualties, pass the placing base (1). The Albertian was above is 'Jim'. (See How Peace and Figures, page 185.) In the industrial workers控制, containing that essential office march strictly to form second line. The band playing 'Whistle While You Work', railways, tramways, buses, roads, harbours, docks and canals, were headed by the band of the National Fire Service.

Photo: The Daily Mirror, Typoth Press
CARE OF THE ROYAL ARMORED CORPS passing the Tower of London (1) were followed by latest types of motor tanks. Much of this armour was designed specially for European operations and came into the front line with the Allied forces— namely, the armored “C” Company of the 8th Tank Brigade, which was formed to fight alongside the British Army in France. The vehicles of the Volunteer Ammunition Field Service were included in the parade (2). Crossing over London Bridge and following the Police at the head (3), the two sections of the Fire Brigade were included in the parade (4). Airborne troops of the R.A.F. were on board the aircraft transporters (5). The number of tanks and vehicles would have confounded onlookers had not identification cards been displayed.

MINEFIELD-CLEARANCE AND REDUCING TANKS, seen passing over London Bridge, were striking examples of Britain's ingenuity in armament as displayed in the Victory Parade. The flail tanks (leading) did excellent work in clearing the minefields in the forward path of our advancing troops, the flanking chains rotating and breaking the ground-throws resulting buried mines (see Illus. pages 179, 271, 466, Vol. 6). These tanks and hinging prods were floated in the river, and on landing, the tanks were towed on to the beach, where the tank was driven over the sand to clear a path for the land forces. The prods were then used to clear the mined areas.
The scenes were vivid and stirring. As columns of troops left the Mall—ranked with 102 days of Britain, the Empire, the Allies and the Services—and swung round the Queen Victoria Memorial in front of Buckingham Palace (right foreground). In this photograph, taken from one of the S.A.P. aircraft which flew past in M., the King (see pages 179 and 180), the thistles in St. James's Park can be seen in the left background. At night the Park and the fountains were one of the major spectacles in London's illuminations. At the feet of the Memorial reserved seats were allotted to orphans of the War.
After-Dark Magic of Lavish Floodlighting

POWERFUL ILLUMINATION OF BUILDINGS AND FAMOUS SITES gave many a familiar scene a transforming touch by night during Victory Week (pans 8-11). In Trafalgar Square (1) the fountain's huge jets of coloured water, in Plymouth, stars��亮 the landmark St. Andrew's Church, within whose enclosing framework is seen a quiet Garden of Remembrance (see Issue, page 89) were enhanced by the light show (2). An imposing grey mass of Windsor Castle's ancient Moated Tower was turned to nearly white (3).
On the Night Before and the Morning After

Determined to secure good vantage points from which to view the Parade, thousands of visitors lined the roads overnight. With the crescentalization for which the Royal Navy is remarkable, two salal sail on the left. In Trafalgar Square (1), where the fountain basin provided early-morning sunbathing facilities. (2) Before the mouth of the well (3),Southerners join in Trafalgar Square (4). Meanwhile, and not uncommon along the Mall. See also page 102.
The Victory Parade

WHATSOEVER difference of opinion may have characterized the country during the enemy's attack on British soil, the final and decisive attack on Britain's honor by the forces of democracy will, in the vast audience of humanity and in the vast audience of humanity, be known as the final and decisive battle on British soil. The British army, the British navy, the British air force, and the British people have fought as a whole and have won.

Triumphal Day

England has seen many victories, but for brilliancy, variety and majesty none has equaled the magnificent triumphal parade which marched past our streets. It was a day of popular enthusiasm triumphant over the weather. It was especially significant for the impressive robust of affection and respect paid to the King.

With the King by his side and accompanied by the two Princesses and Queen Mary, he stood for nearly two hours at the reviewing stand in the Mall, grandly and purposefully acknowledging on behalf of his people the prowess of the army, navy and air force. Women and the male of the nation were also acknowledged.

The parade was a triumph of pageantry and revelry in its pageantry. Londoners and visitors from all over Britain watched the spectacle of a hundred thousand vehicles from every corner of the kingdom, including the Air Force, Navy and Army.

Disregarding the rain, which started at 11.30 and continued unabated, they cheered till they were hoarse and then gazed downwardly at the annual review of the troops. It was a triumph of pageantry and revelry.

Past the King, the leaders of the nation and other dignitaries who appeared in the parade, the flags of victory were borne by the army, which rode through the streets almost at noon.

The only disappointment was the weather, as heavy as the official forecast was inaccurate. Instead of the fine white and blue weather promised there was a heavy downpour, so that as soon as the procession had passed, the crowds turned to the nearest Suitable fields.

The Daily Telegraph

And it was also "characteristic of Britain to be reminded of its past by the watching of its present. Our self-reliant democracy may be sure of itself in danger but we can be sure of its future. The victory parade has played its part in the making of this island race, who, in pursuit of the cause, in which we believe, the clouds are the sun still shining."

V. D. Day was a congratulatory letter that the sun of Britain is still shining: that the clouds will lift again. The spirit of our race is the surest sign of the end of war and of the surest sign of a new era.

The Editor

London millions massed along 16 miles of route showed some of those qualities which helped win the war—discipline, patience and endurance. Thus as the parade passed, restraint gave way to sustained demonstrations of thankfulness and affection that touched every man and woman taking part.

The mechanized column cleverly resembled those processes in which we correspondents used to find ourselves jammed day after day behind the fighting fronts. But this time the enormous engines of war were covered with varnish instead of dust and mud, and were labelled so that we did not have to argue among ourselves as to their various purposes. Even as an education in reality that such things as an air transportable boat the British crown could be in mid-war in mid-war.

It was Highway Six, leading to Caversham, through Reading and from the motorway to London. And from the crowded pavements the hundreds of Redcoats may only be said to have come.

Peopled for forgetting their reserve and all ages were cheering, clapping, shouting words of encouragement and refreshment. As we passed Moorfields Eye Hospital I noticed a line of flags on the windows of the viewing gallery. We savored round three tanks that had been shelled in the air and we marvelled at the sight.

Emphasis of welcome seemed exhausted, but London's greeting was something different—eager, enduring and typically English, even to the weather. In Rome it was wine and flowers; in Athens torchlights and feet de joie; in Amsterdam hysterical relief breaking through Dutch discipline. All left holding memorials of franciscan enthusiasm and gratitude.

We choose from The Daily Telegraph of June 13th a number of extracts which appear in this page to give an idea of the various aspects of the Victory Parade which were recorded by that newspaper, thus preserving something of the emotional reactions on the part of brilliant journalists who represented, on that uniquely grand occasion, the great newspaper, which, since the days of G. A. Sala, bathed in the waters of Edward, Sir Edwin Arnold, and Dr. E. J. Dillon, has been famed for its vivid descriptions of historic events.

Londoners enabled the 16 miles of route to have passed as free as the traffic on the busy streets. There were curious variations in the density of the crowds. In some places people were packed almost to suffocation; in others, such as Aldgate, there was only a thin line. Clashing
At the Victory Parade Saluting Base in the Mall

The Southern Rhodesian contingent in the Victory Celebrations, June 8, 1946, is passing the Royal dal where, on the right of Their Majesties, the Princes and Queen Mary, are (l. to r.) Lord Balfoord, Viscount, Lord Louis Mountbatten, Lord Midleton Wilson, Lord Alexander, Lord Portal, Lord Alanbrooke, Lord Cunningham; on the left, M. Attlee, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Macmillan, King, Field-Marshall Smuts. In the second row, on the right of Their Majesties, are H.R.H. the Princess Royal, King George of Greece, the Crown Prince and Princess of Norway; on the left, H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, Princess Alexandra, King Faisal of Iraq, the Regent of Iraq, the Princess Juliana of the Netherlands.
London's Memorable Day of Gay Pageantry

On the way to the saluting base a Royal Marines band is about to pass through Admiralty Arch and along the Mall towards Buckingham Palace in the distance. In this section of the marching column, Naval Forces were represented by scowen, engine-room department, band, miscellaneous branches and marines, Royal Marines, followed by Queen Alexandra’s R.N. Nursing Service and R.A.A.F., and Women’s R.N. Service. Cheers echoed from dense crowds in Trafalgar Square.

Imposing Columns of 21,000 Men and Women

Unique in the history of the world was the triumphal procession of two spectacular columns, nine miles long, mechanized and on foot, comprising 21,000 representatives of our fighting, auxiliary and civilian services, with Allied and Empire contingents. At the saluting base flew the same Royal Standard which His Majesty the King had raised on the Normandy beaches ten days after D-Day. Above it, through heavy rain, streaked more than 300 R.A.F. aircraft in impressive fly-past.
Night Blaze of Fireworks Over London's River

The glare of 80 searchlights and the thundering of muskets saluted Their Majesties aboard the Royal Yacht which carried them to Westminster. From then on the Victoria night sky was alive with colour, rockets beyond covering soaring and flaring - the "cascade" was seen from the roof of Shell Mex House. In the immediate foreground is Charing Cross Railway Bridge, with a temporary wartime bridge beyond. On the right, the Houses of Parliament with Big Ben lighted-up.
of approach evidently prevented people from reaching less crowded vantage points.

In Parliament Square, where the mechanised and marching columns united, the first heavy raindrops did not abate the enthusiasm of the dense masses, tired with long waiting. Ambulances were busy and along the main procession route I saw eight flaming women carried off. At last we were bowling at a smart pace down the Mall, well spaced. Then, in accordance with instructions, we turned to attention or saluted or, if the vehicle did not permit, turned eyes left on passing the King — L. Marshal Gough. Hours of Thrills

The first big thrill came when mixed pipes of Highland regiments, in lists of manhood, played their way triumphantly from Buckingham Palace to the Duke of York’s window. After that we welcomed the Chief of Staff. Then came the Dominion Premiers or their representatives. There was a tremendous cheer when the crowd saw the landau in which Mr. Asquith and Mr. Churchill were riding together.

The arrival of Queen Mary with her brother, the Earl of Athlone, brought more cheers, and then another prolonged cheer heralded the State landau bearing the King and Queen and the two Princesses. Near them in the Royal stand were seated Queen Mary and the Duke of Kent, and, in the Duchess of Kent, in W.R.N.S. uniform, with her daughter, Princess Alexandra, who was next to the boy King Faisal of Iraq, Princess Juliana of the Netherlands with her husband, Prince Bernhard, in khaki, and the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Norway.

Periodically at noon the head of the mechanised columns reached the starting base. Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, who led the Army Commanders in the van of this procession, riding in a small Army car, was easily recognised and loudly cheered. Only a short break followed the immense parade of mechanised power. Then the “foot” procession came into view, the sentries ranks

were special cheers for the “Desert Rat,” the Airborne Troops, the Commandos, the Scots, the, Fish, the Merchant Navy group and many others. Nor were the people sparing in their welcome for all those men and women of the civilian defence forces and of industry who served in the fight for victory. When the last section was passing, there came the roar of more than 500 British aircraft. The Fly-past Men

Vigilancy over London at mid-day was so bad that pilots taking part in the fly-past over the Victory Parade could hardly see the buildings below them. Sodium rays on the ground were of unprotected value in masking the runways. Led by a single Hurricane, 500 aircraft streamed across the capital.

I flew from Gravesley R.A.F. airfield, Hunsforth, in a Lancaster of No. 33 Squadron Bomber Command, part of the noted wartime Pathfinder Force. We took off at 10.30 seconds and flew in the unaccompanied illuminated formation which the bomber pilots have been training for several weeks. Our course to join the converging stream of aircraft took us across Cambridge and round to the mouth of the Thames between Farnborough and Finglesham, Essex, the beginning of the straight run. A Spendthrift from our compact formation The Price of Victory

would have had such a powerful effect on following planes that we were ordered to fly at 1,500 feet, 500 feet above all others, but had weather forced us down to 1,300 feet. Even from that height London appeared shrouded in grey mist. St. Paul’s seemed on our port side as I crouched at the bombaimer’s window in a Lancaster.

Then 30 seconds we rushed, at 180 miles an hour, down the length of the Mall, keeping 400 yards to its northern side to be seen easily from the saluting stand. We were over the stand a minute after Big Ben had chimed one o’clock and within five seconds of our appointed time. Over Buckingham Palace, and for a mile beyond, we kept our course, then swung to starboard for a circuit of London. Except that a squadron of Tempests was ordered slightly out of line, to avoid danger from jet-propelled Meteors coming up astern in low visibility, the “fly-over” was exactly as planned. . . . and the Future?

As the last echoes of the rejoicing died the nations turn their thoughts to the future. These, victory has still to be won. The end of war has been celebrated before a background of world unrest. Abuses from the processions of contingents from Russia, Poland and Yugoslavia, contrasted with our national enthusiasm. These nations with the rest have not yet been proved. Whether we look to Europe or to the East there is unrest and perplexity.

Not alone in the field of international affairs have we to regain the unity of purpose that made possible the spectacles of Saturday last. To recon the world from its evil example, to bring back prosperity — these call for a readjustment and an endurance rarely seen in the six years of which we have just marked the end. Failures in these fields would be treason to the memory of those who fell and to the whole purpose for which the Allied nations entered battle. — The Daily Telegraph, 19 June 1945.
LED BY AN ANONYMOUS BATTLE OF BRITAIN PILOT in a Hurricane, R.A.F. and Naval Air Arm squadrons roaring through a hail-filled sky, and dipping in salute to the King, followed the corteges of the March Past. In the Fly Past were Lancasters, our greatest bombers (1); Swifts, paying near the Duke of York’s columns (2); Coastal Command Sunderland flying boats (3) and other famous aircraft. Maccles and Vickers. See also pages 171 and 172.
Our Warships Ride at Anchor in the Thames

ILLUMINATED AT NIGHT AND REFLAGGED BY DAY, representative craft of the Royal Navy were on show in London’s waters during Victory Week. For our of Greenwich is the cruiser H.M.S. Defiant and Bellona after dark (1). A young lookout looks up at signal gun on the Bellona (2). Four steamers were in the Upper Pool (3), below Tower Bridge. Four destroyers were at West India, a cruiser and a corvette at Deptford, and two submarines at Sheerness New Basin.
HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS

H.M.S. Kite

A WAR-BUILT ship of 1,875 tons, H.M.S. Kite was under officer's ship of the celebrated Second Scapa Group, commanded by Captain W. B. S. M. Walkinshaw, C.A.C., R.N., during part of 1942 and early 1943. In June 1942 the Kite, in company with three other destroyers, sank two enemy submarines. During August the group, acting in conjunction with aircraft, damaged four U-boats in the North Sea, and sunk the submarine 'U-144'. It was during one of these operations that Captain Walker made the ship under his command the first appearance at 'General chase'. See Sim., in page 223, Vol. 17. Two more enemy submarines were sunk by the Kite and her consort of the Azores in December; and on January 29, 1943, the Kite and her consorts scored on two more U-boats in the North Sea. See Sim., in page 710, Vol. 17. This brought the group's total bag to 7.

Captain Walker died on July 10, 1944 see Sim., in page 177, Vol. 18; and his ship did not long survive him, being mined and sunk on March 7, 1945, on a convoy to Murmansk, though it is unfortunatley to know that with other ships of the escort she was.common in the sinking of three more U-boats.
Our Empire's Proud Share in Victory

HOW GIBRALTAR and MALTA WENT to WAR

By HARLEY V. USILL

The strategic value of the British Colonies and Dependencies in the Mediterranean has always been recognized, and the capture of any of those strategic points was likely to have a serious effect upon British interests, particularly in the Mediterranean theatre of war. Since the outbreak of the war, the activities of the German and Italian navies and air forces, especially in the Mediterranean, have been of paramount importance. The Mediterranean Colonies provide a base of operations for the British navy and are vital to the prosecution of the war effort. As a whole, there was a clear war experience, except actual invasion, in which the one or other was not subjected.

There is a well-known legend that when the Barbary pirates leave the Rock of Gibraltar the British will follow and their prey in the Mediterranean be broken. Well, the Barbary pirates are still there, but in an urgent war measure nearly 15,000 Gibraltarians were transported from their homes and sent away to strange lands. The men were left behind to carry on essential work in the docks, so that there was the double sacrifice of life and honor and the severe burden of families.

When it is remembered that Gibraltar, at its widest point, is only three-quarters of a mile across and its whole area covers just under two square miles, it is clear that there was no room for its normal population of about 20,000 plus the enormous influx of military personnel which the defence of the Rock demanded. This, then, was the major contribution of the people of Gibraltar to the war effort.

A Military Town Inside the Rock

The Rock cleaned of its non-essential personnel and buildings, its workshops and arsenals, its hospitals and schools, its docks and warehouses, its shops and stores, its restaurants and hotels, its theatres and cinemas, its schools and colleges, its churches and synagogues, and its army and navy garrisons, to carry every aspect of the Rock into a war-time town, with a road wide enough to take two buses, and in April and May 1939 it saw the increased traffic of nearly 40,000 people a day, including the activities of the allies, and to which was added and crowded into the limited accommodations for air-raid shelters and air-raid shelters and air-raid shelters and air-raid shelters.

In a very short time the inside of the Rock was transformed into a self-contained military town, with a road wide enough to take two buses, and in April and May 1939 it saw the increased traffic of nearly 40,000 people a day, including the activities of the allies, and to which was added and crowded into the limited accommodations for air-raid shelters and air-raid shelters and air-raid shelters and air-raid shelters.

The Admiralty harbour is 440 feet in extent and there are three graving docks and one small dock for repairs and handling

Within the dock area, Gibraltarians, descendants of Spanish and other continental stock, worked day and night to service the ships of the Royal Navy. The loyalty of the people of this British Colony, which was added to the British Empire as the result of the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, is further exemplified by the fact that they contributed to the Royal Navy's equipment an extra 100 tons of naval stores, to an amount exceeding the size of the population of the Rock.

The George Cross Island Fortress

"To Great Britain, still unsung, these things we do remember," the Messengers of East and West at the wish of the Maltese them selves, with the feeling that the King and Queen were members of the Main Guard at Prince Square, Valletta.
The Mall was the scene of a parade attended by all ranks—skydancers, bands, and processions sheding ever. The pilots in the fly-past no doubt could see the whole scene—the main streets, swarming, bed- deep, in crowds, the side streets drained dry of life, and the procession still moving on its way along the route, the motor-cyclists first, and then the solid column of total war—civilians as well as soldiers, rescue cars and tanks, ambulances and commandos. And now the last of the pageant was here and not on the ground but airborne.

Far away, all up Constitution Hill, Hyde Park Corner, and Park Lane, the crowds were still cheering, voices beat against the drumming of the aeroplanes. Over the firm lines of the Marble Arch flew tiny Hurricanes, heavy barge the Staghounds, Lancastrians, Spitfires, Messerschmitts, Tempors, bringing a fearful horror of the imminent dangers. As the fightings crashed upwards, like flies on a window pane, as the burning exists of a room, the jagged guns of a smashed window.

London bulged with people 24 hours before the day began. The normal was the abnormal. Life in a great city, as people sucked into boxes and then regurgitated at stated points, with the last drinkers being tipped out of pubs, a few hustling theatregoers, and finally exhaustion, rest, sleep—these familiar things were either swamped by the millions of visitors or touched by the mad irresponsibility of night-time.

There was no sleep in the way, a solitary light burnt at three in the morning, and people crowded round coffee stalls, steps to benches, squatted themselves in doorways. The impression was of a city fighting of war, not instantly inviting it. The Mall was lined with people lying on groundsheets on the set ground. "This is the BBC Home service..." The watchers stretched themselves out, cooling their feet, and the prim voice scattered away in the darkness under the trees. A little rain fell, the trees drooped with water. The crowds were awake just before dawn. So, too, were the soldiers in Hyde Park; one imagined them sweating in their tents, hunting for the next move, the slight British rag, entangled in still marching blankets. The watchers in the Mall stretched themselves out, cooling their feet, and the prim voice scattered away when they stood up. The day had begun.

**How We Paid Tribute**

By Hugh Massingham

Humanity hatched out of the side streets. Women armed against all wasters, carrying machetes and blue parrots. Men walking delicately on new squeaking shoes, swagging men, happy in the comfort of their small, grey trousers. Mother and father with the children.

"I tell you," a man said to me, "I stood eight hours in the train, I took six hours looking at the sights. I've been up all night. How's that? "You think you're doing well, mister?"

Approaching Climax to Long Vigil

The day revealed the crowds scattered about the pavements. Fantastic incongruity of the early morning—matinee cockneys being conducted by a negro band playing in white trousers at the same time. Pensions entered under Union Jacks or grey blankets amidst the persistent coughing of gas rationies. A husband holding up a mirror for his wife—rough amenity of pavement life. A child, dead with sleep, wearing a huge red, white and blue rouste.

A man perched on a refrigerator, holding up his flag to catch the first light. Between their ranks was the empty road; the familiar mounted policemen pranced along on his horse. A motor-cyclist or two reared away—people with a purpose, they made even the haggard, slug-faced figures seem important. In Trafalgar Square thousands of carriages were being used, thousands of voices chieft on the ground, so that the birds seemed to be reflecting sound rather than making it.

As the grounds in the Mall were very neatly respectable—gentlemen appeared in top hats, grey waistcoats, sold in pointed shoes. Flags waved, and looking over the tops of the stands one had the illusion of country—enchanted glimpses of light and dark green. Well-known figures wandered about, as tall as ever but failure white, thin and nervous; Mr. Firth Bovis, to his beard, the headstrong cloth and collar; Mr. Morrison with his cock's comb of hair; Sir Archibald Sinclair, sculptured among flowers. The great and glorious arrived—Alamein, Portal, Cunningham, Alexander, Montgomery, Wilson, Mountbatten.

Again the cheering began, and through Admiralty Arch came an open Royal carriage, and there in the back is the Prince, unveiling the bold head, a continuous performing expert with a top hat; and at his side the beaming old warrior himself, blessing the people with the "V" sign and episcopal gesture.

"We shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing-grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills, we shall never surrender." And his words rang out solemnly across the summer of 1940 come back; the announcement, "The Prime Minister, the Right Hon. Winston Churchill," and then the familiar blue voices... "We shall defend every village, every man, and every city. The vast mass of London itself, fraught street by street, could easily despire an entire hostile army."

"The royal Navy..." said phrases, amusing intentions of victory. The chubby fingers proudly proclaiming victory. Their all these are a part of everybody's personal history, part of the war, of the end. The bullet holes, the blood that seeped into the dawns, and sudden exhilaration..."

GIVING THE "V" RUSH, the Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill, together with his attendant as Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. Clement A. Attlee, rode from Downing Street in an open royal carriage driven by a chestnut-brown stallion through nightly cheering crowds to take his position at the saluting base.
I was there!

of the history: so, too, are the Pricecours, who had undoubtedly stayed in my mind as children, and now born, as oftentimes as an extra, grown-up and wilder. Our God Save the Cunnaul King and the lion go far in the crowd, and that the grandstand are on their best. Are these the faces this? Handkerchiefed people in the stands, drawn from the villages; glasses; portrait, face of the strain in that, or happy: - Maitland Wilson, making Mounthornton look even shiner than usual. On the other side of the dais Attlee and Churchill, both wearing a wide of medals, and seated to them Mackenzie King and the astonishing Smiths. Behind them, the pages of the stands — the little King Faisal, still a boy; the Duke of Kent or Winston's uniform; Prince Bernhard, and the politicians, the Ambassadors, even the Greeks of other ways.

"They're coming..." Bucying cyclists squeeze themselves through the Arch: and spread out into the gravel-stained road. Familiar faces again - Money, by himself in an open car, rising resolutely to the greatest cheer of the day, and after him each commander promised skills in a scout car — one recognizes film's full features under a broad hat; Van of the Cunnauck and ignoble Almark; tough little Somerville; Hugh Lloyd, one of the great stars of Soundly, able, charming Forties of Bombay Eton. The instruments of war were followed; for half the parade was outside — aircraft, the famous Panzer division, that momentary went by - the wadding amphibious craft, and a little engin-man of the Marines, perhaps this first steady contingent of the British Army, marching with Red Army, the last troops, the submarine, the lifeboats, with a Marine nurse with a Marine and a Marine lifeboat, and men from the Merchant Navy and fishing fleets, some in jerseys and civilian clothes. One was reminded that, with 90,000 men in the British Navy, and 90,000 men in the Royal Air Force, and 90,000 men in the Red Army, it was possible to land an invasion of Europe from Russia, the ruffiness of lightnesses. It is £100 and one heaven up one's pockeck face. For each of us this parade means something different — for some pure paganism, for others an exaltation of memory. I found myself picking out units whose names I proudly remembered — the 11th Hussars who went through the Western Desert campaigns and were part of the 7th Armoured Division which entered Tunis, then into Berlin. The Germans, I remember, were invited to see them and cheer them, too. The Rye regiments, the descendants of the old吸收 Guards — Dunkirk, Bсуже, one of the first - the Black Aces, 157 Hill. The Royal Norfolk Regiment, and a voice in the crowd talking of Burma. "There were floes in the sea as lobsters..." The Queen, who, like the 11th Hussars, were part of the 7th Armoured Division, and the Commanders in their gowns being marching brilliantly and for the last time.

Across the Air Force - Bomber Command, Fighter Command, Coastal Command, Lancasters flying in formation, and marching by, and the war years returned again with their song — "A piece of cake..." A wizard prong." Down the dink -" the word charming and phrases which bring back, unexpectedly clearly, bombers flying out in the mid-winter, snow-blinded from, and to, ammunition, with. The Observer.
A.T.S. Pattern of Victory on Constitution Hill

Auxiliary Territorial Service representatives, following the Horse Guard, Queen Alexandra's Imperial Nursing Service and V.A.D. divided into a symmetrical 'Y' at the foot of Constitution Hill, the marching column being too wide to pass through the Green Park Arch. Having passed the Arch the two divisions joined again, the same manoeuvre being successively adopted by other units. Adjoining for their turn passing the Arch. This being A.T.S. deservedly featured in snobbers' discussions as to 'which of the contingents marched best' (see facing page).
The Night of Our Year-Old Victory

At 9 o’clock in the evening of Victory Day we wait at a window above the terrace of the House of Commons. It will be dark, everywhere the moon is shrouded, and the barge comes down from Cudington Pier at Chiswick, and the King and Queen pass by on London’s oldest and noblest road, the ceremonial way of the River Thames.

Meanwhile, the crowds are massing. Barges and fire-boats, in mid-stream, immortalize the bicentenary of the Royal Barge. The tobacco factory, to the north, the fireboats on the River, are those of the river, the barges and the cannon on the river. They shoot water from the river, and are greeted by the barge of the Commander-in-Chief at the front and by other attendant launches. Then shoot Westminster Bridge and stray down river to the turning point by H.M.S. Chrysalis.

Lights now theatre of the sun, lights that rake the sky for another purpose. This evening they dip in salute, a Royal salute, for the King (the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet) and the Queen (in pale blue) have landed beside the Houses of Parliament and are now leaving the barge to walk towards the Terrace. As they do so, followed by Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, cannons are bursting overhead, each with a crackling, bursting roar.

Thus trumpets sound, the National Anthem plays from the loudspeakers, the Royal Standard—afloat in the light—bars from the Palace of Westminster, and everywhere people take up the words of the Anthem. They are singing it on the river, on the embankments, and in the Gardens, and away back from the river where people can see nothing of the Thames, though they do see the fireworks that trace their fantasies across the dark.

For now, when Their Majesties—welcomed by the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker—have taken their places, the fireworks have begun in earnest. With a rending, swooping rush they soar up between Hungerford and Vauxhall bridges, and shower their cascading stars, gold and silver, red and violet, torched reds, and helium blues. From the Terrace windows the colours
I Was There!

As London was prepping to celebrate with a spectacular Victory Month, a war correspondent who landed on the beaches on D-Day June 6, 1944—Richard McIlvan of The Evening Standard—was paying a return visit and hearing from Frenchmen two stories of this “first sight any man ever saw in his life.” See also these pages 245-246.

I Went Back to the Normandy Beaches

When we went to bed the bay was a dewy wake of emptiness, with the Wehrmacht on guard. When we awoke the sky was filled with a vast Armda. The British were ashore and the Wehrmacht were in flight—on the first lap back to Berlin and destruction.

They had told us of the recollection, Mayor Henry Jaque, of the little village of Veuvres, who claimed he welcomed the first of Britain’s D-Day men on the Normandy beaches, stood before his patch-up pharmacy facing the sea. On the wooden table was a gauze bandage in blue paint:

“Duck rip up deep—keep wet.”

“The Navy did that,” said M. Jaque, “and it’s going to stay for ever as a memory.” His body heaved with mirth. “We have other reminiscences. That hole in the rear—

the Navy did that, too. Only we had to repair that to keep out the rain. Do you know there are some people living in the invasion area who sleep with umbrellas up at night to shatter from the wind? They have not been able to get repairs done yet.”

Between the pharmacy and the two men were working. “That’s my son,” said the Mayor, “He’s back from a P.O.W. camp in Germany. The man with him is a German P.O.W., picking up more Rommel field. Peitsche! Joke!”

With the Mayor I walked along the beaches. One thing is certain—men of the D-Day Armda who come back to try to identify the place where they landed will find it difficult. Tremendous gates during last winter washed out landmarks. At the point where I landed with the Desert Rat Joaquin Red I found the road running parallel with the sea had worn to be flame and citron and rose, and a fresh madrigal goss, all reflected and repeated in the foaming Thames. Each barrier burns on the water like a phosphorescent flame. Wherever we look we see coloured cacti of a new world, and through the noise of the falling water, the humming and the whispering, drift the sound of Haddad’s organ. The Demi-Tasse is written for the first Georges of the royal line.

It is 10.30, time for the sustained rocket-light. All at once they break into the air with the feline sound, and are darted with ribbons of light. All the while the crowd is shining. After each flash or echo of rockets there is a deep increasing of the breath. This is a strange, cruel world; the Thames is serene, the sky is calm. The buildings of the Palace of Westminster around us shine in the wild witch-light. By now it is 10.45, and there are more searchlights, here fading and flashing, then shining up to form a vast aurora. At the same time the fireworks are springing out a radiance of fire foam. A bonfire is flying overhead. It is coursing in the sky of searchlights. And when it has passed over—more clocks will come later—the barges opposite the Terrace and the Victoria Tower Gardens into a series of set-pieces, beginning with portraits in colour of the King and Queen and Princess Elizabeth. Other fireworks spring from the temporary bridges beyond Westminster and Lambeth. Everywhere you look is a phosphorescent cloud and spray. It is now past 11.30. The last scenes are coming. Under the hottest sky, among the rainbowing cascades and the rockets that break in showers of red, 30 magenta shells fill the sky with light of 40,000 candles. Again the National Anthem sounds through the speakers. It is nearly midnight. While smoke still mists the Thames, the Royal party drives away. The Terrace empties, crowds press towards the stations and homes, and a last searchlight still veils London’s new peaceful sky.

COMMORATING THE ALLIED LANDINGS in Normandy two years ago, beachhead services were held on June 6, 1946, in the presence of British and American forces. At Caen (above), where the Canadian-American advance on the D-Day, the French Minister at the Seine, Mr. Le Franc, is seen here; after observation at the site, PAGE 195 Photo Air Premier
I Was There!

The Lancashire Parachute Battalion Returned to Rannville, First French Village to be Liberated on D-Day, June 6, 1944, to Celebrate the Second Anniversary of the Invasion. The Battalion was the First to Reach the Seaside Town and was Greeted by the Women and Children of the Village. They were Presented with Flowers by a Young Village Girl in Native Costume.

Disappeared. Telegraph poles stuck up through the sands of the airstrip.

"The Germans were in a feverish hurry to try to complete their so-called Atlantic Wall," said Mayor Jaquet. "But they did not succeed. They had four pill-boxes about a kilometre apart between Ver and Mournac. Look, you can see them now, smashed by our guns and now turned topsy-turvy by the storms.

"Between Ver and Courcoulles, to the east, they had six more, also about a kilometre apart. A mile back they had bigger forts, but not enough of them, and some of them were not even ready. There is no doubt about it—your general staff had marvellous intelligence. They could not have picked a finer spot to invade. That's brains for you. And, all the time, the Wehrmacht officers and men were fleeing and running as you would never land. We could see their morale as we come up from the waves.

Discussing how the German forts opened out when the British Armada began to appear in the first light of dawn, Monsieur Jaquet said: "It would be just before 5 a.m. All the Nazi cannon burst to life like demon torments shaking from the hillsides. They were firing on the big ships—the Nelson, the Rodney, Warspite and Orion. The British ships were silent. Then they replied. "The whole coastline shook under the blast of their broadsides. A torrent of shell fell like a river of rain on the fort. The big Nazi guns at Maren Fontaine were silenced. The German ships were repulsed. The British fort was astounding. Many of the vast minefields sown under Rommel's orders went up, too.

Like everyone else under the fire of the British and Allied forces, Monsieur Jaquet and his family took refuge in the trenches. "We could hear the machine-gun rattling. It was closer. Then up out of the fog of the battle on the beach came a captain of the Commandos. 'A Frenchman!' he cried to me. 'Here we are at last on the soil of France!'"

Mayor Jaquet continued: "The captain of Commandos was like a — how you say it — 'school kid.' So joyous. He told me: 'You wondered why we were so long. Well, we wanted to make sure. Now go down to the beaches and you will see. Later, I understood what he meant. We had never believed such a mighty force could be assembled. It was miraculous to see it coming ashore—tank and guns and tanks and artillery and cars and jeeps, and all kinds of tractive machinery, rolling through our little village, which was already half in ruins from Allied bomb shelling. It rolled on and on. Up over the hills toward Buenos Aires and to the battlefields of Caen and Tilly and Villers Bocage. The captain of Commandos? He went on to fight in the battle of Caen. But he came back to visit us in afterwards.

The village was welcomed by Bernard Gregory of the British Legion and with the R.E. in Scotland. He has kept up correspondence with my daughter—a romance begun under the brothering shells of the invasion."

AND FIGURES

Thousands of animals and birds who perished their part in the War were represented in London's Victory March on June 9, 1946, by the Aldamites and Field of Memory. The parade of Civil Defence Rescue Dogs, who performed an infinite variety of tasks in the war, was the most moving part of the spectacle. The animals were represented by miniature models, many of which were made by children. The parade was organized by the Aldamites, a national organization of animal lovers, and was sponsored by the Ministry of Agriculture. The parade was accompanied by a marching band and a choir, and was viewed by thousands of spectators along the route.

From the beginning of the war to August 31, 1945, 8,628 ships and craft were lost. The losses amounted to 3,220. The figure included three battleships and two battleships cruisers, as well as five of our capital ships on the strength at the outbreak of the war. The losses were caused by enemy action, including air attacks and submarine attacks.

The parade, which was accompanied by the Aldamites, was viewed by thousands of spectators along the route. The parade was accompanied by a marching band and a choir, and was viewed by thousands of spectators along the route.
Born at Blenheim Palace, Woodstock, Oxfordshire, in 1874, the eldest son of Lord Randolph Churchill (third son of the 7th Duke of Marlborough, the Rt. Hon. Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill, G.C.M.G., C.H., Leader of the Opposition in His Majesty's Government, has spent a lifetime in politics. Only four days after entering Parliament for Oldham in 1901 he made his first speech in the House. Since then he has consistently followed the Socialist vote, but in 1912 he joined the Conservatives, and he was the Conservative candidate in 1918, Harrow, and as Home Secretary at the siege of Sidney Street January 3, 1911—careful defence and direct attack.

He started talking politics to Lloyd George in the years at St. Margaret's, Westminster, after his marriage in 1908 to Clementine Hozier, daughter of a Guards colonel. For three years the young couple were a team, accompanying him on many of his travels. With their youngest daughter, Mary, they returned to Chartwell, their Westerham home in the heart of the Kent hop country, in July 1945, from No. 10 Downing Street, where, for five years, Winston 'had reigned as Prime Minister, First Lord of the Treasury and Minister of Defence.

Their 55-year-old son, Randolph, is a major and former M.P., Diana, the eldest daughter, and John and Randolph, and Sarah, his sister, work at the Admiralty. Winston Churchill has four grandchildren.

As a young man, polo, shooting, cricket, fencing and travelling, were his favorite recreations, not to mention public speaking. When, in February 1906, he made his stand for the United States, New York newspapers recalled that Mark Twain promised his first lecture there. Two years later, he was delivering his famous "autobiographical" orations, before the Leaders of the Opposition left for the House of Commons.

Taking a rest from politics, this year the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill has travelled in the United States early in 1943 to enjoy a three months holiday, and later to lecture on his "autobiography" before the Leaders of the Opposition left for the House of Commons.
Navy 'Ducks' Invade London's East End

TWO ABREAST ALONG THE HACKNEY ROAD, their crews standing stilly to attention, ramshackle invasion craft of D-Day and earlier armamentments Royal Navy R.A.N.A.D., a belated unusual feature of the Victory Day parade. The word DUCKS is for want of a better. The Navy sent also amphibious jeeps, wading, motorised amphibious tractors, aircraft and other armoured vehicles and mobile anti-aircraft guns. This demonstration also included many other exhibits. The crowd was estimated at 500,000, and London traffic was paralysed.