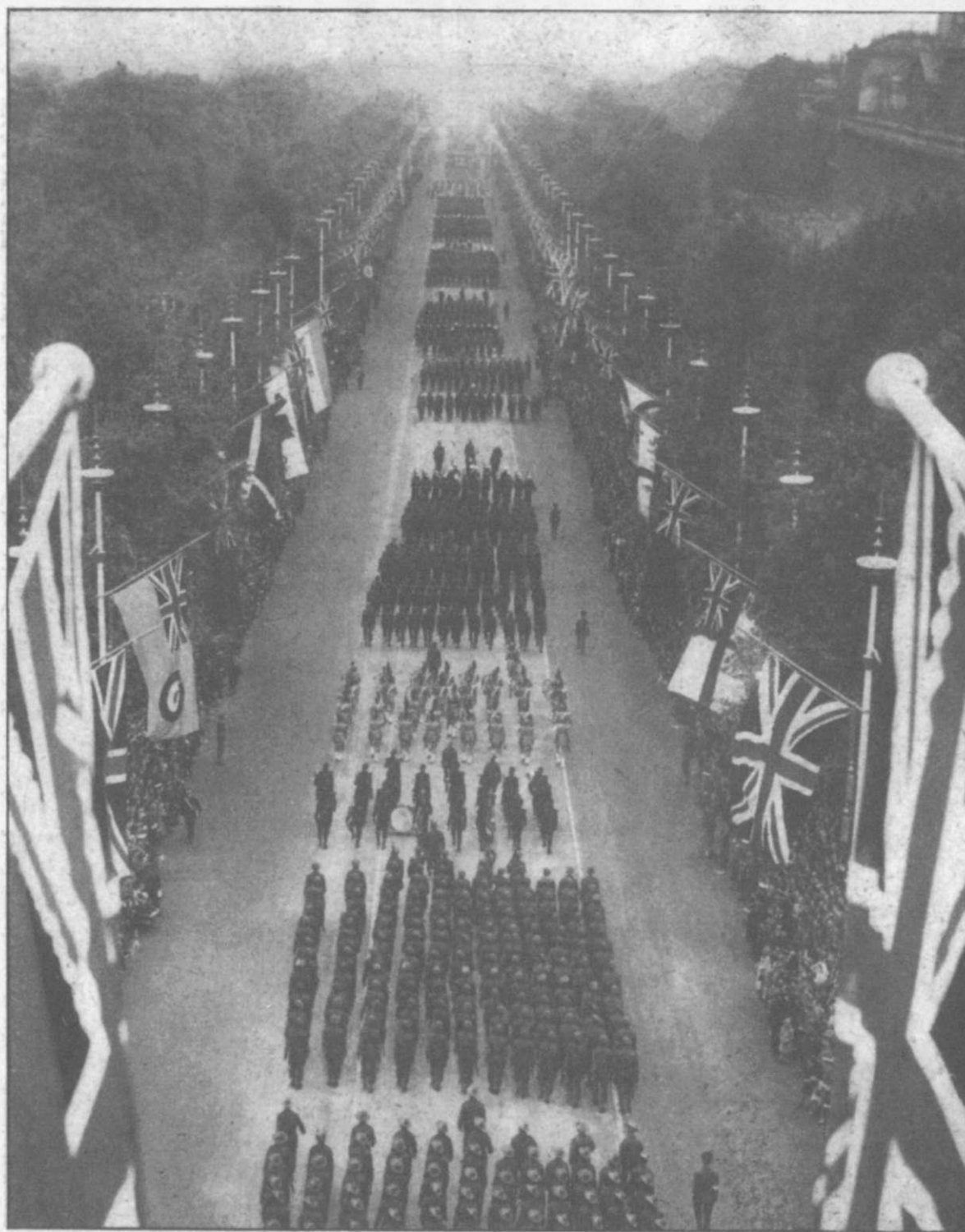


Vol 10 *The War Illustrated* N° 236

SIXPENCE

JULY 5, 1946



INDIA'S DETACHMENT IN THE VICTORY PARADE (seen nearest the camera) is following the Dominions troops along the Mall to the Saluting Base. Viewed from the top of Admiralty Arch, the impressive marching column presents a striking contrast to the days when the Empire was slowly gathering its might for the bitter struggle whose triumphant ending the celebrations of June 8, 1946, so fittingly marked. Flags of Britain, the Empire, the Allies and the Services flutter symbolically along this processional route.

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

NO. 237 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, JULY 19

Our Royal Family: The Salute to Victory



AWAITING THE CLIMAX OF THE PARADE, THE MARCH PAST, Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, the King's cousin, exchanges a word with Queen Mary (1) at the Saluting Base in the Mall, where H.M. the King, between the Queen and his mother, Queen Mary, is seen taking the salute (2) of his victorious troops and Allies. Their Majesties, with the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret, driving in a State landau, accompanied by a Captain's Escort of the Household Cavalry with Standard, pass through Parliament Square (3) 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. Bearing the flags of the 51 United Nations, it displayed on each side a sixteen-foot "Sword of Liberation" whose flames were illuminated at night. See also illus. page 192.

PAGE 163

Photo, Sport & General

Allied Commanders and British Chiefs of Staff



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



Admiral H. K. Hewitt (centre) and General Joseph T. McNarney (right), with Brigadier General Franklin A. Hart, 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 mechanized column. Left to right, smiling at the cheering crowds, Admiral of the Fleet Viscount Cunningham of Hyndhope, former First Sea Lord and C.-in-C. Mediterranean Fleet; Field-Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke, until June 1945 Chief of the Imperial General Staff; and Marshal of the R.A.F. Viscount Portal of Hungerford, Chief of the Air Staff from 1940 to Dec. 31, 1945.

Great British Commanders Riding the V-Route



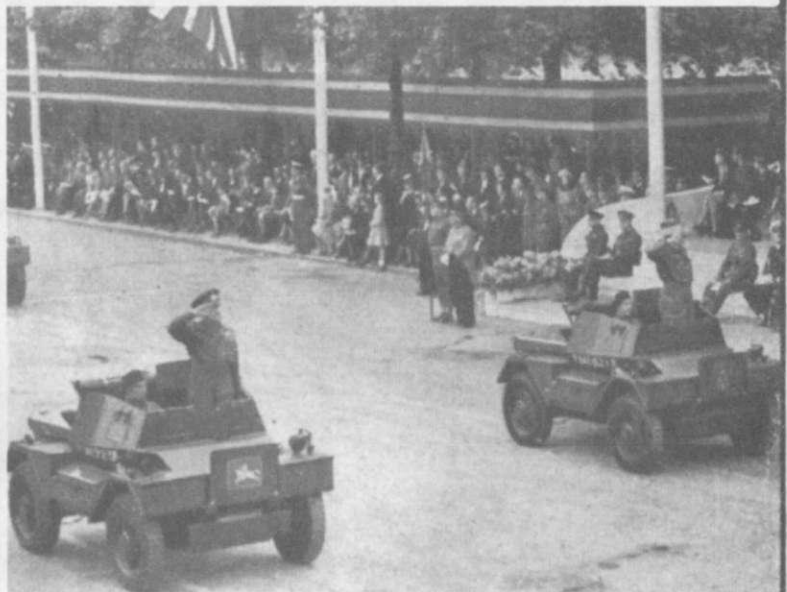
Field-Marshal Viscount Alexander of Tunis, wartime Allied Supreme Commander Mediterranean, with Admiral Mountbatten, Allied Supreme Commander S.E.A.C.



Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, appointed Chief of the Imperial General Staff in June 1946.



Lt.-Gen. Sir Miles Dempsey, 2nd Army Commander (left) and Lt.-Gen. Sir Richard McCreehy, last commander 8th Army



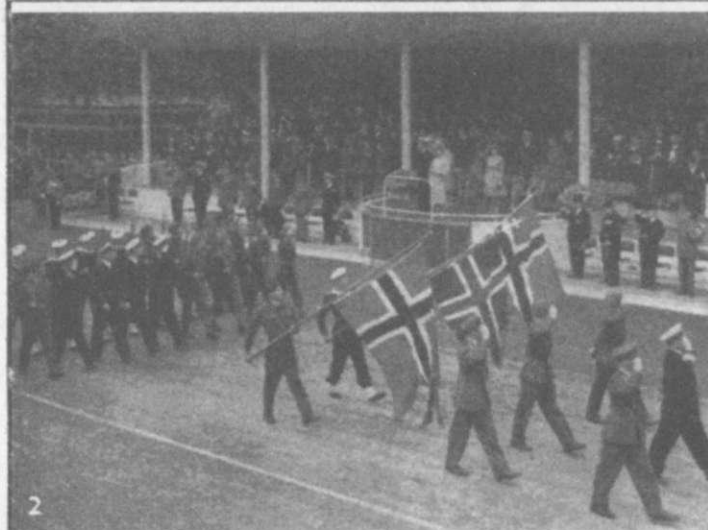
General Sir William Slim, Commander 14th Army, Burma (right), and General Sir Richard O'Connor, VIII Corps Commander. Note corps and divisional signs on cars.



BRITISH COMMANDERS WHO LED US TO VICTORY followed immediately behind the Allied Commanders with whom they headed the mechanized column in the Parade. At the head of the Senior Service, Admiral Sir John Cunningham (on left in 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, now Chief of Air Staff (left-hand photograph).



After the Armour Marched the Allied Forces

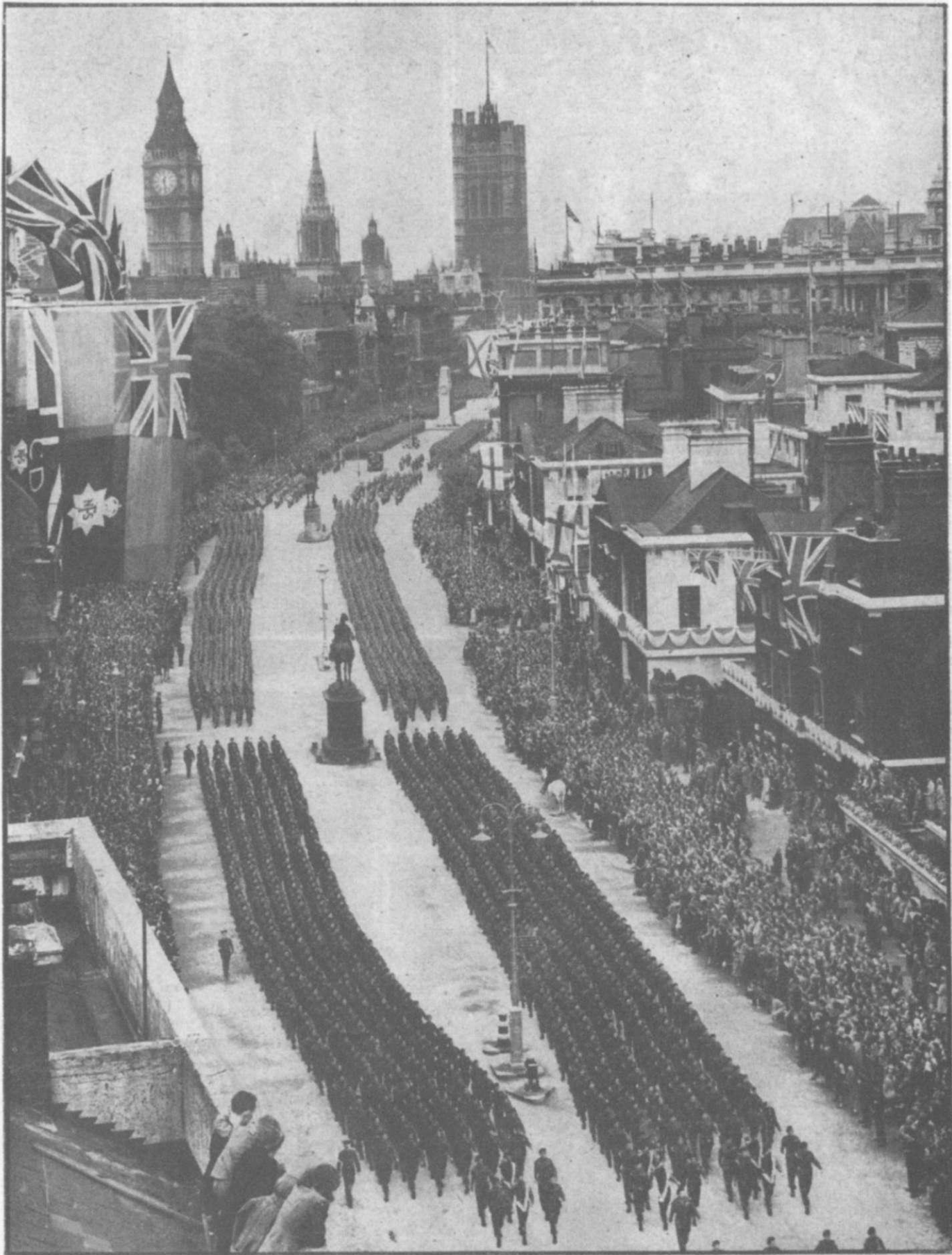


IN THE ORDER OF MARCH, following the mechanized column, precedence was given to the Allied Forces, the place of honour at the head falling to the U.S.A., here (4) passing the Royal dais at the appointed time—approximately one minute after midday; unfamiliar American uniforms included that of the Marine Corps.

They were followed by China, France, Belgium, Brazil, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Egypt, Ethiopia, and (1) Greece, with two Evzones romantically garbed in their traditional clogs, white kilts and braided waistcoats, escorting the Greek colours. Iran followed, and Iraq, Luxemburg, Mexico, Nepal and (3) the Netherlands. Then came the Norwegians (2), dipping their country's flag in salute to His Majesty the King, followed by Transjordan.

Photos, New York Times Photos, Associated Press, P.A.-Reuter

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 flag-decked Whitehall on either side of which spectators cluster fourteen deep. White and stately in the distance is the Cenotaph—joint symbol of remembrance for the dead of two wars, and one of the two points along the processional route at which "compliments" were paid: the other being the saluting base in the Mall. Centre background is the Victoria Tower of the House of Lords; left, Big Ben Clock Tower. PAGE 167

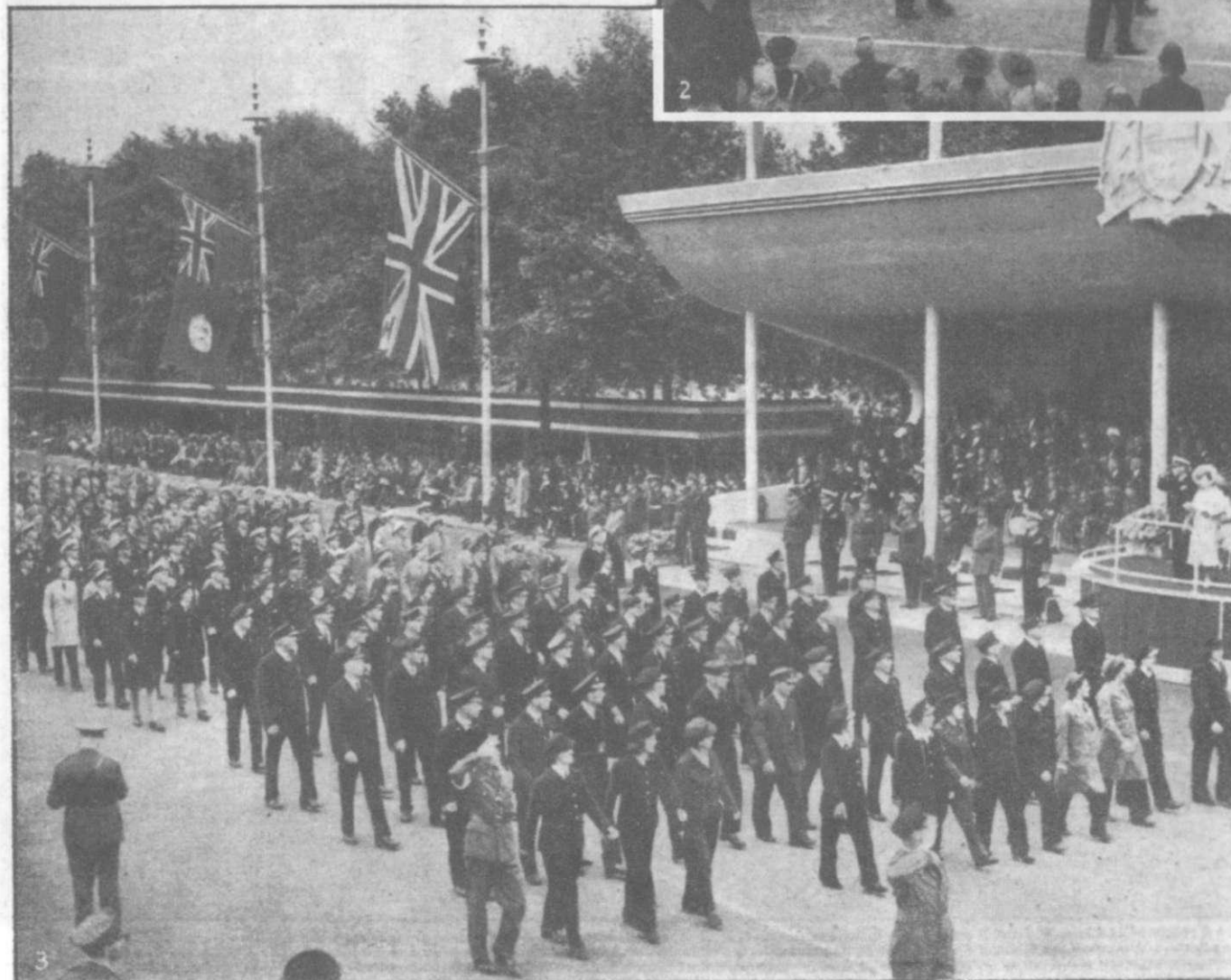
Proud Civilians Had Their Hour of Triumph



CIVIL DEFENCE SERVICES, led by two of the rescue dogs employed after air raids to locate casualties, pass the saluting base (1). The Alsatian seen above is "Jet." (See New Facts and Figures, in page 190.) In the industrial workers section, coal-miners, their cap-lamps aglow, march stolidly past the Cenotaph (2). Workers of the transport services (3), representing railways, tramways, buses, road haulage, docks and canals, were headed by the band of the National Fire Service.

PAGE 168

Photos, The Daily Mirror, Topical Press



Vehicles of the Armed and Auxiliary Forces



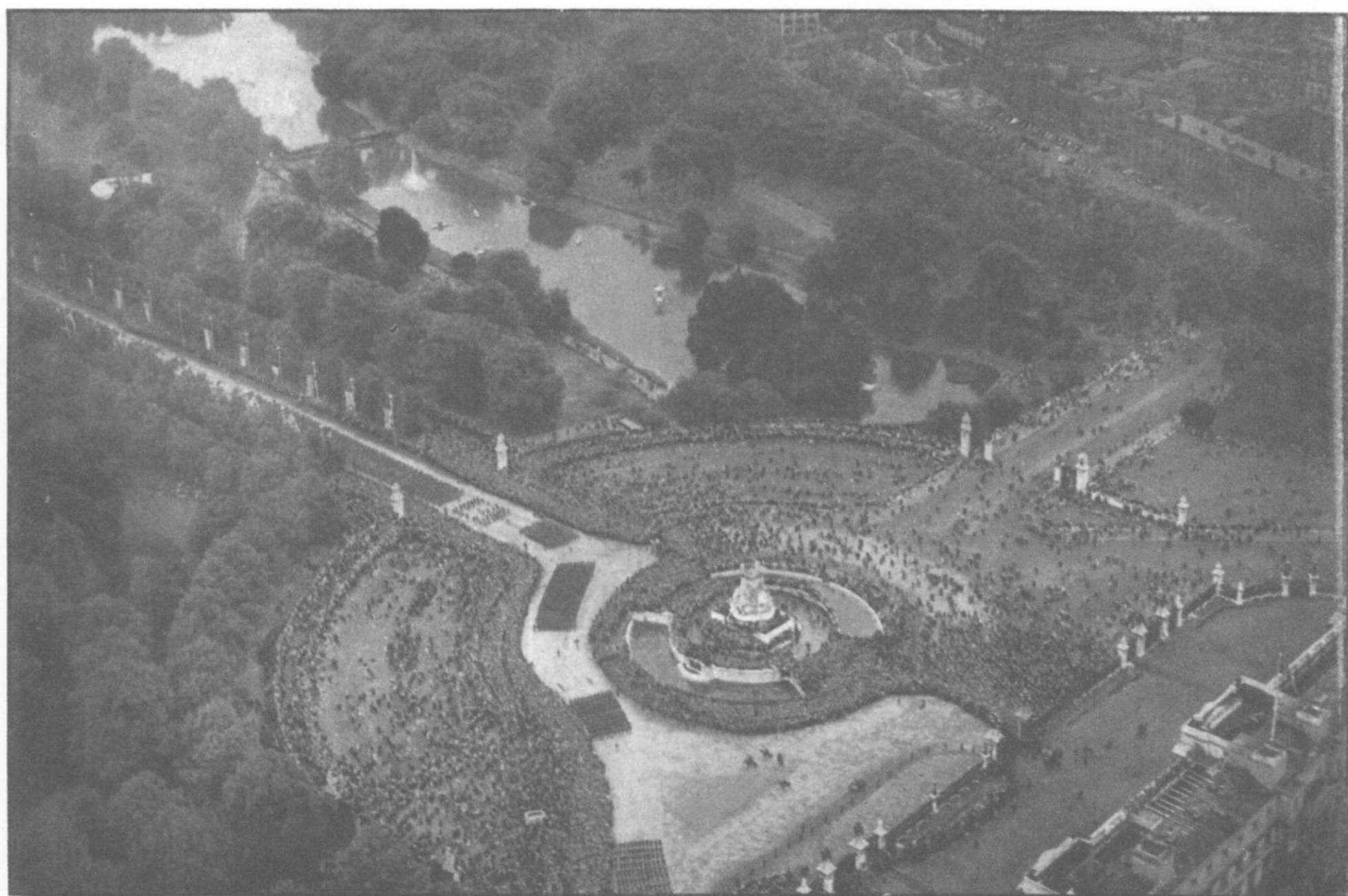
CARS OF THE ROYAL ARMOURD CORPS passing the Tower of London (1) were followed by latest types of cruiser tanks. Much of this armour was designed specially for European operations and came into use for the first time after the D-Day landings. In appreciation of their great services to the Indian troops and the 14th Army in Burma, two ambulances of the Volunteer American Field Service were included in the parade (2). Passing over London Bridge and following the Police in the Civilian Services section of the mechanized column came National Fire Services equipment (3). Airborne dinghies of the R.A.F. were on 60-foot-long aircraft transporters (4). The medley of equipment and vehicles would have confused onlookers had not identification cards been displayed. PAGE 169 *Photos, Sport & General, Barratt's, Topical*





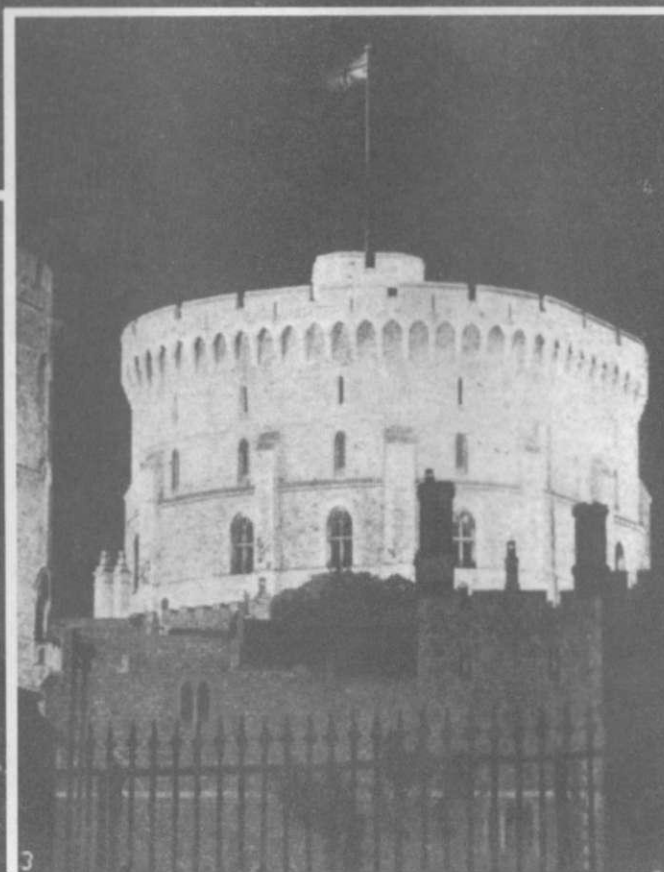
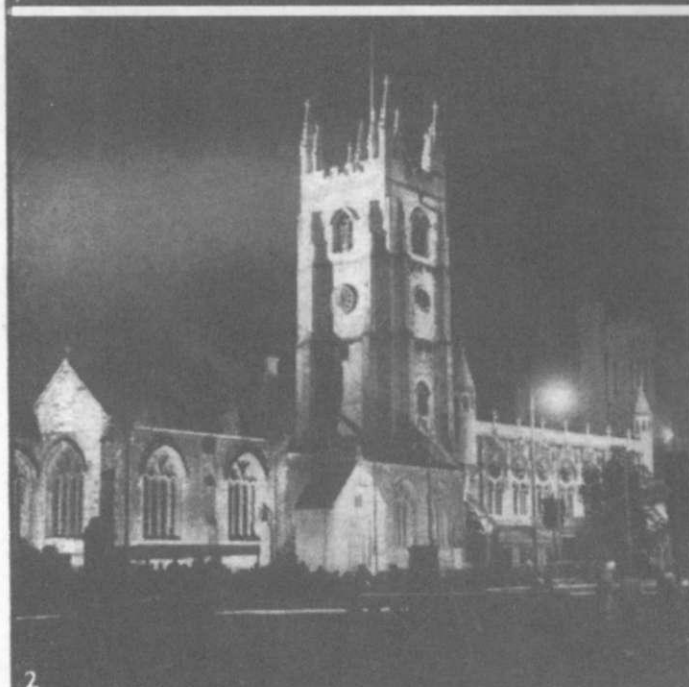
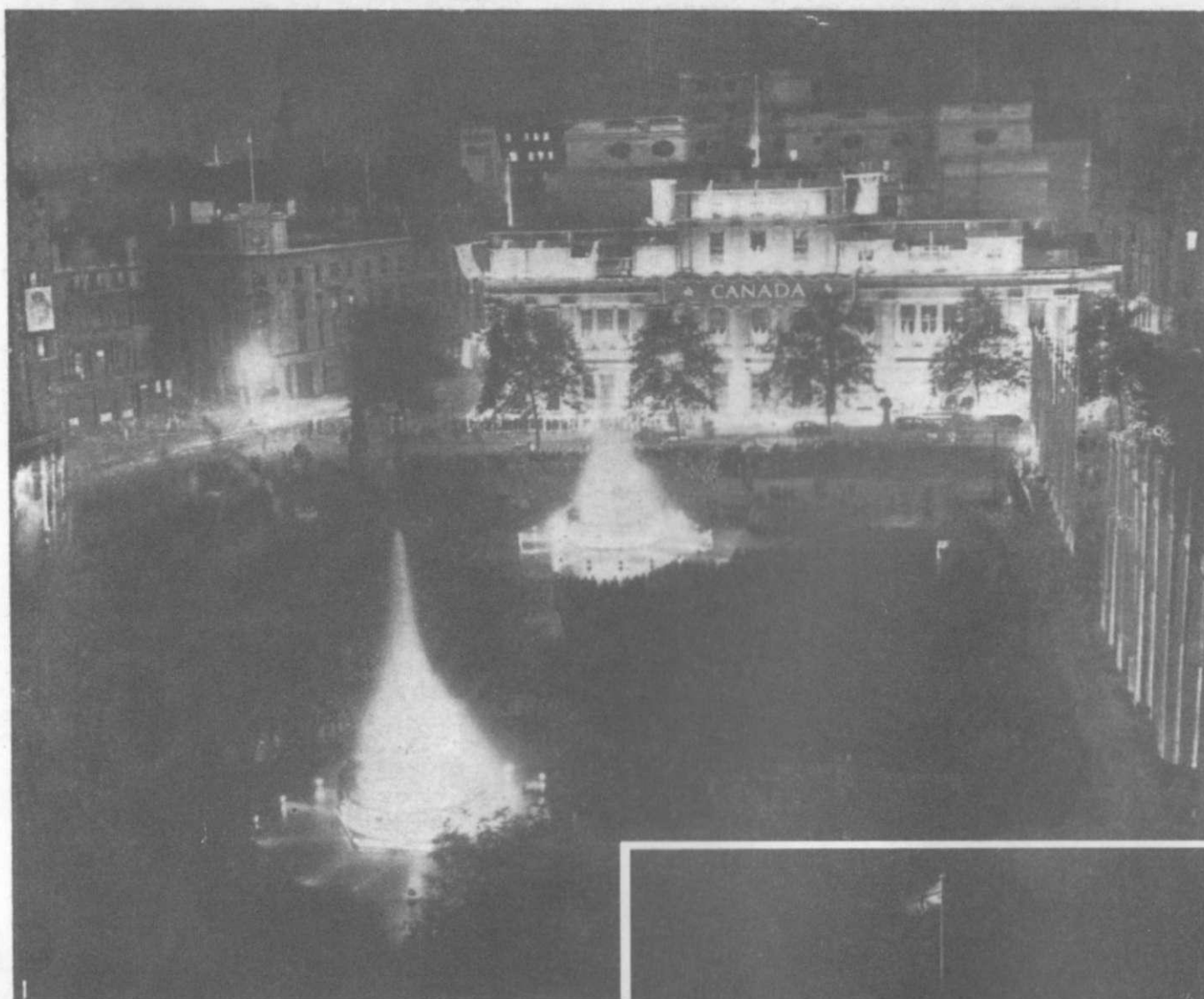
MINEFIELD-CLEARANCE AND BRIDGING TANKS, seen passing over London Bridge, were striking examples of Britain's ingenuity in armour as displayed in the Victory Parade. The flail tanks (leading) did invaluable work in clearing enemy minefields in the forward path of our advancing troops, the hanging chains rotating and beating the ground—thus exploding buried mines (see illus. pages 139, 273, 466, Vol. 8). Bridging tanks (here following the flails) provided Allied armour in Germany and Burma with a right-of-way over watercourses, shell-craters and similar obstacles. They could be transported in landing craft: to where beach-landings were to be made, going into action immediately, if necessary, with the assault troops. See also pages 229, 237, Vol. 9.

Photo, G.P.U.



THE MARCH PAST SEEN FROM THE FLY PAST, as columns of troops left the Mall—flanked with 103 flags 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 R.A.F. aircraft which flew past H.M. the King (see pages 179 and 180), the fountains 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 foot of the Memorial reserved stands were allotted to orphans of the War. *Photo, Barratt's*

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 (June 8-15). In Trafalgar Square (1) the fountains flung great jets of coloured water. In Plymouth, stark ruins of blitzed St. Andrew's Church, within whose roofless framework is now a quiet Garden of Remembrance (see illus. page 105) were softened by the light-glow (2). And the sombre greyness of Windsor Castle's ancient Round Tower was turned to stately white (3).

PAGE 172

Photos, G.P.U., Central Press, Topical Press

1

2

3

4

DETERMINED TO SECURE GOOD WAREHOUSE

DETERMINED TO SECURE GOOD VANTAGE POINTS from which to view the Parade thousands of visitors lined the route overnight. With the resourcefulness for which the Royal Navy is remarkable, two sailors slung their hammocks in the Mall (1). Improvised beds in Trafalgar Square (2), where the fountain basins provided early-morning toilet facilities (3). When the jostling tumult and the shouting died, overturned litter-baskets, duckboards and mud were prominent along the Mall. See also page 185. PAGE 173

Photos, Topical Press, P.A.-Reuter, The Daily Mirror, Kystone



The Victory Parade



WHATEVER difference of opinion may have existed concerning the expediency of celebrating Victory Day in the fullest measure and at the very heart of the main target of Germany's attack on civilization, there can be nothing but joy and thankfulness that this historic event passed off "without a hitch" as the B.B.C. recorded.

Above all, it was a superb example of the genius for organization which the British people possess almost beyond their own belief. It was that same genius that made the final and decisive assault on Hitler's "Fortress of Europe" possible and brought the vast edifice of Nazidom down to dust, with the obliteration of the evil men who had reared it. The same genius that built the British Empire and Commonwealth of Peoples, the might and resources of which were so admirably symbolized in the V-Day Parade of June 8, a day that the British people had lived for and suffered for.

And it was also characteristic of Britain to be reminded at the very height of its rejoicing that while our self-reliant democracy may be sure of itself it can never be sure of its climate. But that very climate has played its part in the making of this island race whose faith in themselves assures them that "behind the clouds is the sun still shining."

V-Day 1946 is a splendid reminder that the Sun of Britain is still shining; that the clouds will lift again. The spirit of our race, which in these six years of War proved itself the spearhead of World Freedom, is the same that breathed in the heroic days of Elizabeth; and it was a happy augury that two Royal Elizabeths were present at the saluting base when King George VI paid tribute to his people's prowess for their share in saving all free peoples of the world from the greatest menace to the democratic way of life that has ever arisen since the fall of Ancient Rome.

THE EDITOR

Triumphal Day

ENGLAND has seen many pageants and the nation has celebrated many victories, but for brilliance, variety and majesty none has equalled the magnificent triumphal parade which marched nine miles long through the streets of London on Saturday morning to celebrate the final victory won after six weary years of sacrifice and courage.

It was a day in which popular enthusiasm triumphed over the weather. It was especially significant for the impressive tribute of affection and respect paid to the King.

With the Queen by his side and accompanied by the two Princesses and Queen Mary, he stood for nearly two hours at the saluting base in the Mall, gravely and proudly acknowledging on behalf of his people the serried lines of marching men and women and the cavalcade of tanks and engines of war which poured past him to represent the British nation, the Empire and Allies.

In the exactitude of its marshalling, in its timing and in the perfection of the turn-out, the parade was a triumphant success. And, revelling in its pageantry, Londoners and visitors from all over the country forgot the hardships of overnight camping, of crowded restaurants and of congested travel.

Disregarding the rain, which started at 11.30 and continued till late afternoon, they cheered till they were hoarse and then gazed skywards, spellbound by the armada of battle aircraft which roared through the leaden skies almost at roof-top height.

Past the King, the leaders of the nation and representatives of Empire and Allied nations marched the manhood of the Alliance, men and women from nearly all parts of the world, with uniforms of every type, their chests bearing medals won on innumerable battlefields.

THE only disappointment was the weather, as fickle as the official forecast was inaccurate. Instead of the light winds and fine weather promised there was a heavy down-pour which, as soon as the procession had passed, drove the crowds to any shelter they could find. Some, more optimistic than others, went to St. James's Park and Green Park, hoping that the elaborate programme of open-air dancing and band concerts might still take place. But those arrangements had to be cancelled. It was not until early evening that, their enthusiasm revived by more favourable conditions, the crowd started to surge back to the West End in high spirits for the big evening carnival programme. Traffic in the streets became jammed, and they soon became solid from pavement to pavement with vast throngs

making their way to the river. Others gathered at Marble Arch and Trafalgar Square to dance to music from loudspeakers.

Many at Saturday's parade recalled a similar day of rain on July 20, 27 years ago, when the heroes of the 1914-1918 war, led by Foch and Pershing, Haig and Beatty, were similarly honoured. Other leaders, equally brave, equally resourceful and equally determined, appeared in this second war to take their place.

Of them and of the gallant sailors, soldiers and airmen who so nobly served their country

EISENHOWER'S MESSAGE

"TODAY we commemorate the British people's magnificent achievements in the long and desperate struggle against the Axis attempt to enslave the world," said General Eisenhower, in New York, on June 7. "Though long exposed to the full fury of attack, the Empire, both when alone and when fighting alongside her allies, refused to flinch from danger or modify her defiance."

The British contribution to the final victory will always command the admiration, respect, and gratitude of all peoples devoted to the cause of freedom. I salute the British fighting forces and join them in reverent remembrance of their fallen comrades."

in an hour of crisis it may be truly said: "They have forced every sea and land to be the highway of their daring and everywhere they have left immortal monuments behind them."—Douglas Williams

I Rode With Them

DURING the War there were many spontaneous Victory parades as our advanced troops liberated European cities. As a writing, and not a fighting, man I involuntarily took a bow at three of the most memorable—in Rome, Athens, Amsterdam.

Emotional experience of welcomes seemed exhausted, but London's greeting was something different—endearing, enduring and typically English, even to the weather. In Rome it was wine and flowers; in Athens torchlights and feux de joie; in Amsterdam hysterical relief breaking through Dutch

phlegm. All left lasting memories of frantic enthusiasm and gratitude.

London millions massed along 18 miles of route showed some of those qualities which helped win the war—discipline, patience and endurance. Then as the parade passed restraint gave way to a sustained demonstration of thankfulness and affection that touched every man and woman taking part.

The mechanized column closely resembled those processions in which we correspondents used to find ourselves jammed day-after-day behind the fighting fronts. But this time the monstrous 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 to us it was an education to realize that such things as an air transportable boot repair plant play their part in modern war.

It was Highway Six, leading to Cassino, choked with guns, tanks and pontoon carriers that I thought of chiefly as we moved out of Regent's Park for the start of the parade. But the troops were now spruce and stiff to attention, not grim and yellow with dust, as they often were on the deadly road to Rome. In my jeep were two other correspondents, as in the war days. We passed into Euston Road and from the packed pavements and the hundreds of crowded windows above had our foretaste of London's welcome.

People had forgotten their reserve and all ages were cheering, clapping, shouting words of encouragement and flag-waving. As we passed Moorfields Eye Hospital I noticed the pathetic sight of a nurse at the open window describing the passing parade to a small patient, who was listening seriously. We swerved round three tanks that had to be abandoned as casualties. In Whitechapel I was reminded of the Italian woman who in her exuberance threw Chianti over us in Siena. This time it was a woman with a bottle of beer, restrained by a smiling policeman.

Enthusiasm reached an early peak in Kennington, where the schoolchildren had secured the finest display of Union Jacks up to that point, including curious composite flags comprising the Union Jack, the Stars and Stripes and the Hammer and Sickle. When we stopped by the Oval for 20 minutes a local resident, out of his small supplies, spared us cups of tea and talked about "his bomb." Children swarmed over the jeeps; spectators told us they had easily recognized "Good old Monty." There were curious variations in the density of the crowd. In some places people were packed almost to suffocation; in others, such as Aldgate, there was only a thin line. Closing

Continued in page 179

The Daily Telegraph

LONDON, THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1946

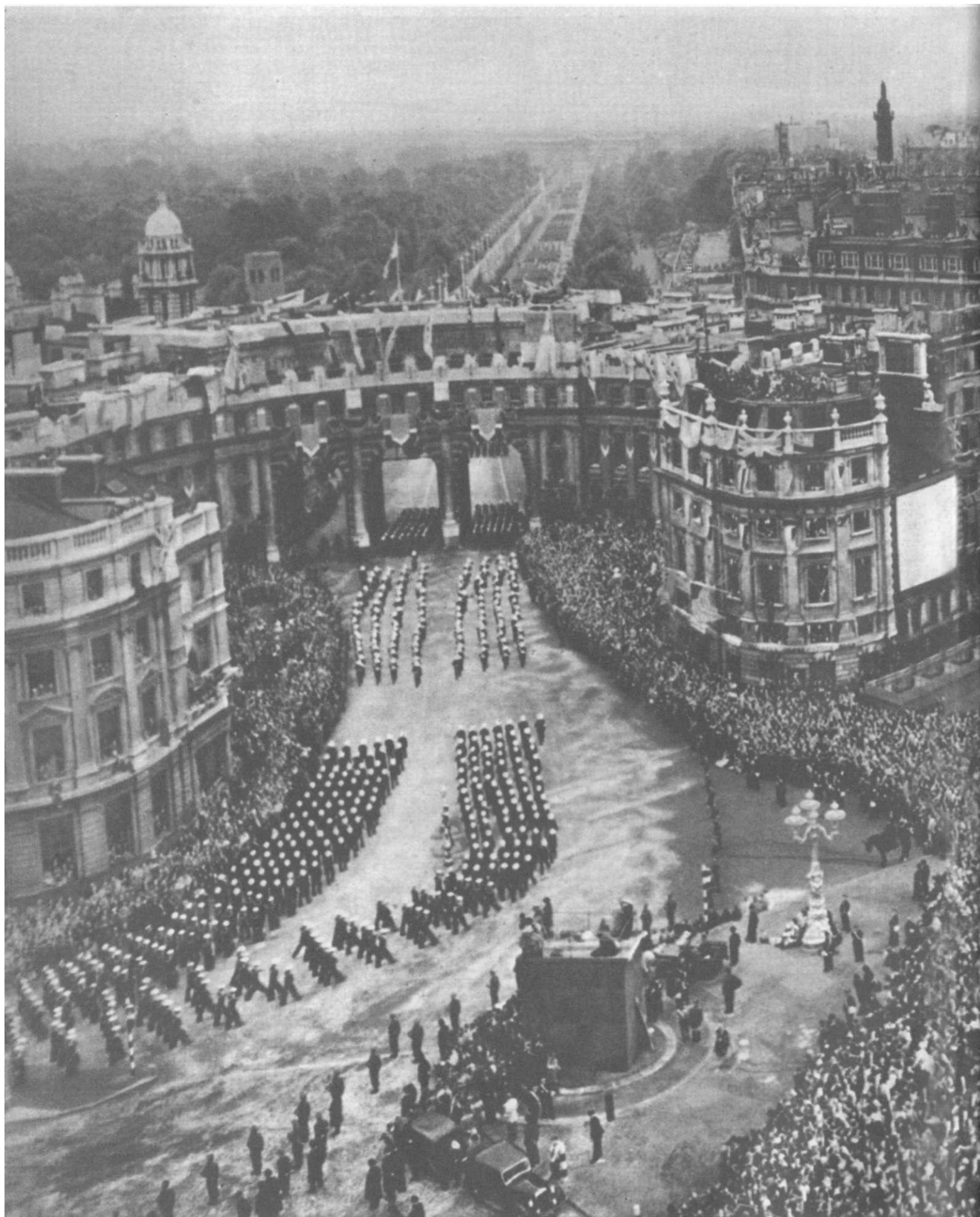
WE have chosen from The Daily Telegraph of June 10 the series of extracts which appear in these pages to present the various aspects of the Victory Parade as these were recorded by that newspaper, thus preserving something of the emotional reactions on the part of brilliant journalists who represented, on that uniquely grand occasion, the great newspaper, which, since the days of G. A. Sala, Sutherland Edwards, Sir Edwin Arnold, and Dr. E. J. Dillon, has been famed for its vivid descriptions of historic events.



Photo, Central Press

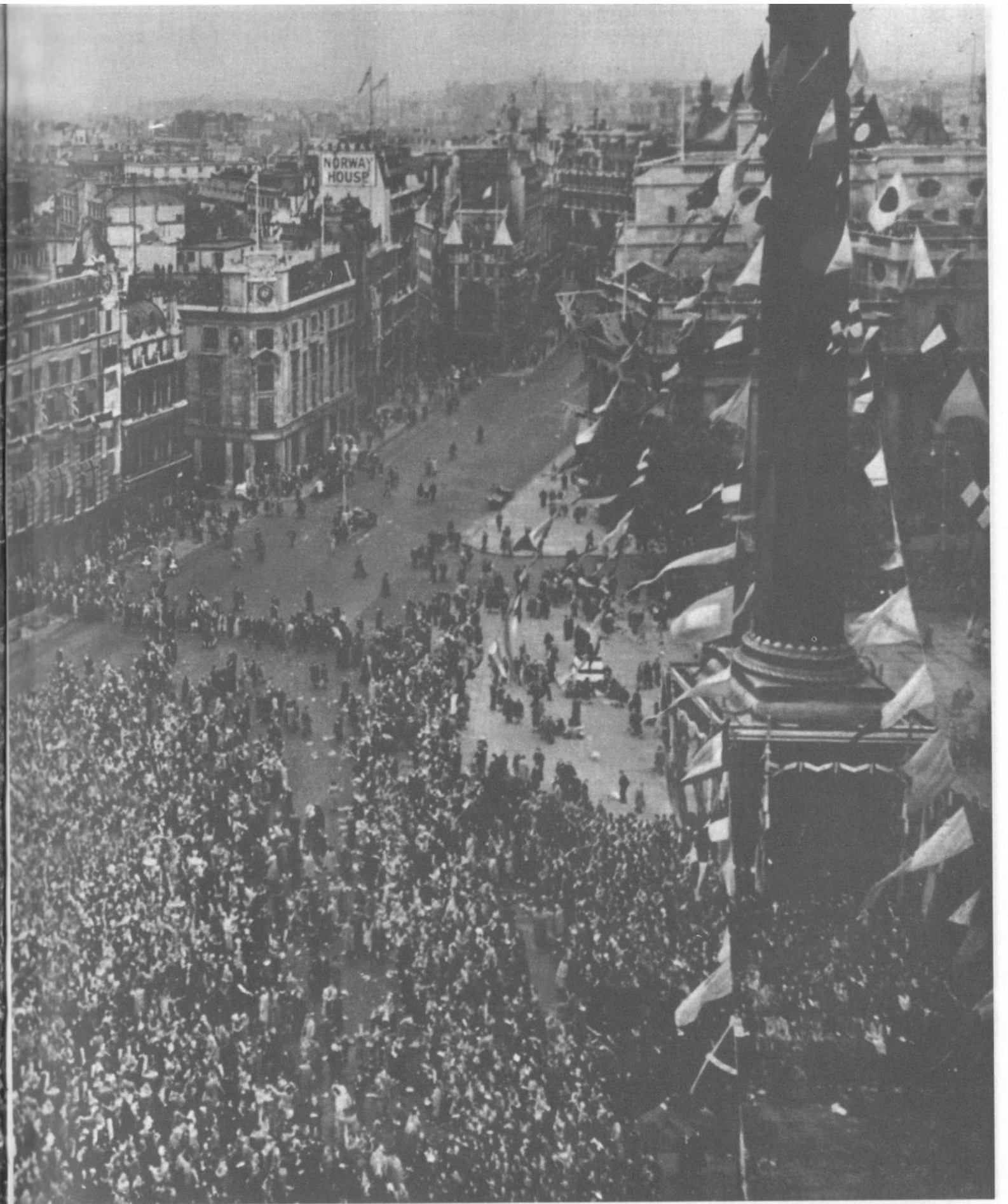
At the Victory Parade Saluting Base in the Mall

The Southern Rhodesian Contingent in the Victory Celebrations, June 8, 1946, is passing the Royal dais where, on the right of Their Majesties, the Princesses and Queen Mary, are (l. to r. front row) Sir Hastings Ismay, Lord Louis Mountbatten, Lord Maitland Wilson, Lord Alexander, Lord Portal, Lord Alanbrooke, Lord Cunningham; on the left, Mr. Attlee, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Mackenzie King, Field-Marshal 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 Feisal 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 seamen, engine-room department, band, miscellaneous branches and reserves, Royal Marines, followed by Queen Alexandra's R.N. Nursing Service and V.A.D.s, 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

Photo, P.A.-i

The glare of 80 searchlights and the thundering of maroons saluted Their Majesties aboard the Royal Barge which carried them to Westminster. From then on the Victory Night sky was alive with colour, rockets beyond counting soaring and flaring: this "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.

The Victory Parade



350 PIPERS AND DRUMMERS OF SCOTTISH AND IRISH REGIMENTS marching and counter-marching in the Mall provided a stirring and colourful prelude to the arrival of the Parade. During this interlude H.M. the King chatted with his Service Chiefs: he is seen (left) with Field-Marshal Viscount Alexander of Tunis. On the dais are (left) Their Majesties the Queen and Queen Mary, and (right) the two Princesses. The Duchess of Kent in W.R.N.S. uniform, is seated on the extreme right, with her daughter Princess Alexandra. Photo, Fox

Continued from page 174

of approaches evidently prevented people from reaching less crowded vantage points.

In Parliament Square, where the mechanized 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 processional route I saw eight fainting women carried off. At last we were bowling at a smart pace down the Mall, well spaced. Then, in accordance with instructions, we rose to attention or saluted or, if the vehicle did not permit, turned eyes left on passing the King.—L. Marsland Gander

Hours of Thrills

THE first big thrill came when massed pipers of Highland regiments, in kilts of many tartans, played their way, triumphantly, from Buckingham Palace to the Duke of York's steps. After that we welcomed the Chiefs of Staff. Then came the Dominions' Premiers or their representatives. There was a tremendous roar when the crowd saw the landau in which Mr. Attlee 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, the Princess Royal, in A.T.S. khaki, the Duchess of Kent, in W.R.N.S. uniform, with her daughter, Princess Alexandra, who was next to the boy King Feisal of Iraq, Princess Juliana of the Netherlands with her husband, Prince Bernhard, in khaki, and the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Norway.

Punctually at noon the head of the mechanized column reached the saluting 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 recognized and loudly cheered. Only a short break followed the immense parade of mechanized power. Then the "foot" procession came into view, the serried ranks

interspersed by bands playing lively tunes. There were special cheers for the "Desert Rats," the Airborne Troops, the Commandos, the Scots Regiments, the men of the Fleet, 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 300 British aircraft.

The Fly-Past Men

VISIBILITY 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 flares on the ground were of unexpected value in marking the run-in. Led by a single Hurricane, 307 aircraft streamed across the capital.

I flew from Graveley R.A.F. airfield, Huntingdonshire, in a Lancaster of No. 35 Squadron Bomber Command, part of the noted wartime Pathfinder Force. We took off at 30-second intervals and flew in the unaccustomed tight-packed formation which the bomber pilots have been practising for several weeks. Our course to join the converging stream of aircraft took us across Cambridge and round to the mouth of the Blackwater before we made for Fairlop, Essex, the beginning of the straight run-in. Slipstream from our compact formation

The Price of Victory

TOTAL casualties suffered during the war by the Armed Forces, Auxiliary Services and the civilian population of the U.K. were 950,794. Of these 357,116 were killed; 369,267 wounded; 178,332 prisoners of war or internees; 46,079 missing. Those killed in the Services were—Royal Navy, 50,758; Army, 144,079; R.A.F., 69,606. Navy wounded, 14,663; Army 239,575; R.A.F., 22,839. Civilians killed, 60,595; wounded, 86,182; Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleets, killed, 30,248; wounded, 4,707; Women's Services, killed, 624; wounded, 744; Home Guard, killed, 1,206; wounded, 557.

PAGE 179

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 bad weather forced us down to 1,300 feet. Even from that height London appeared shrouded in grey mist. St. Paul's loomed on our port side as I crouched at the bomb-aimer's window in a Lancaster.

Then in 20 seconds we flashed, 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 die the nations turn their thoughts to the future. There, victory has still to be won. The end of war has been celebrated before a background of world unrest. Absence from the processions of contingents from Russia, Poland and Yugoslavia, comrade nations with ourselves in the years that are past, is evidence enough that all is not yet well, and that the problems that war has left have still to be solved. Whether we look to Europe or to the East there is unrest and perplexity.

Not alone in the field of statesmanship have we to regain the unity of purpose that made possible the spectacles of Saturday last. To rescue the world from the ravaging famine, to restore the devastation that war caused, to bring back prosperity—all these call for a resolution and an endurance scarce less than was demanded in the six years of which we have just marked the end. Failure 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 Editorial

R.A.F. and Naval Aircraft Skim Swiftly By

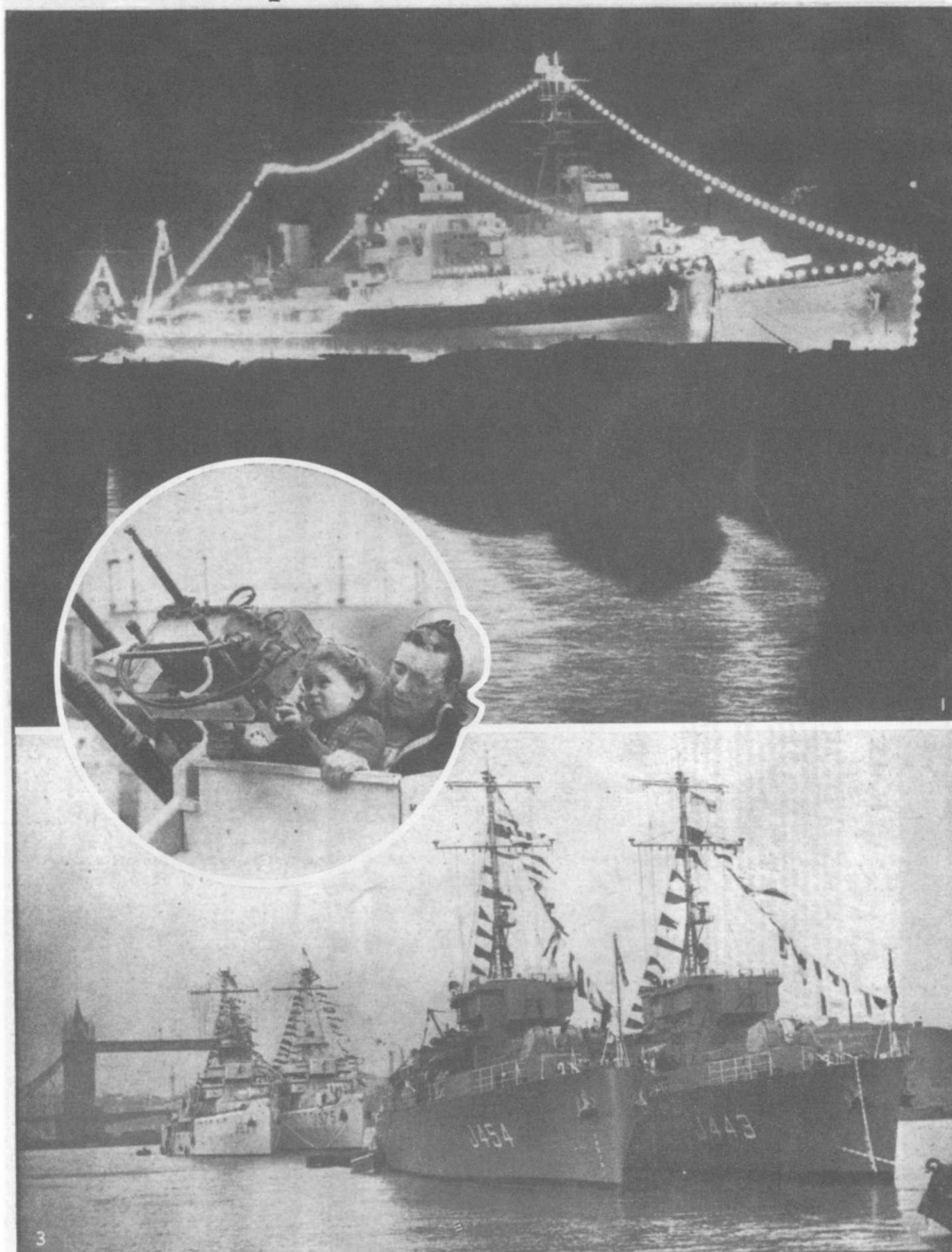


LED BY AN ANONYMOUS BATTLE OF BRITAIN PILOT in a Hurricane, R.A.F. and Naval Air Arm squadrons roaring through a rain-filled sky, and dipping in salute to the King, followed the conclusion of the March Past. In the Fly Past were Lancasters, our greatest bombers (1), Spitfires, passing over the Duke of York's column (2), Coastal Command Sunderland flying boats (3) and other famous aircraft. Meteor and Vampire jet-propelled fighters brought up the rear. See also pages 171 and 179.

PAGE 180

Photos, G.P.U., The News Chronicle, Burrall's

Our Warships Ride at Anchor in the Thames



ILLUMINATED BY NIGHT AND BEFLAGGED BY DAY, representative craft of the Royal Navy were on show to London's visitors during Victory Week. Moored off Greenwich, the cruisers H.M.S. Diadem and Bellona after dark (1). A young sightseer inspects an Oerlikon gun on the Bellona (2). Four minesweepers were in the Upper Pool (3), below Tower Bridge. Four destroyers were at Woolwich, a sloop and a corvette at Deptford, and two submarines at Shadwell New Basin.

PAGE 181

Photos, P.A.-Reuter, Planet News, G.P.U.

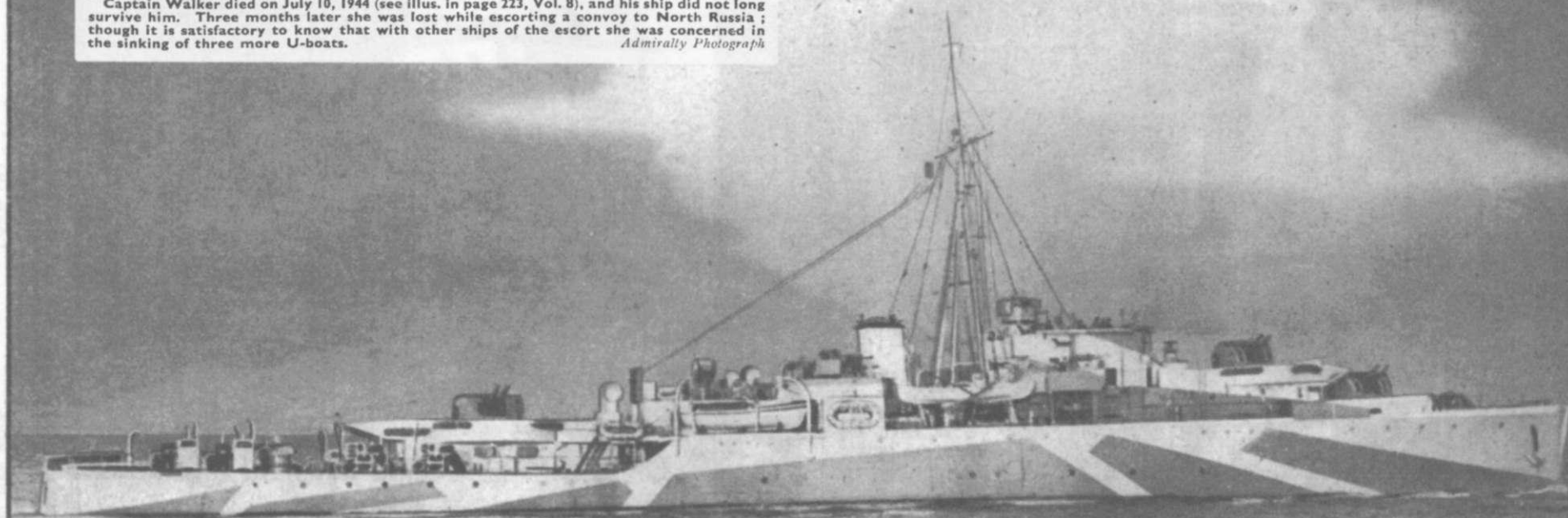
HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS

H.M.S. Kite

Motto: "Kite Flies to the Stars"

A WAR-BUILT sloop of 1,375 tons, H.M.S. Kite was senior officer's ship of the celebrated Second Escort Group, commanded by Captain F. J. Walker, C.B., D.S.O., R.N., during part of 1943 and early 1944. In June 1943 the Kite, in company with four other sloops, sank two enemy submarines. During August the group, acting in conjunction with aircraft, was responsible for the destruction of seven U-boats in the Bay of Biscay. It was in the course of these operations that Captain Walker made to the ships under his command the time-honoured signal "General Chase." (See illus. in page 263, Vol. 7.) Two more enemy submarines were sunk by the Kite and her consorts off the Azores in December; and on March 19, 1944, it was announced that in operations covering twenty days the Second Escort Group had accounted for six U-boats in the Atlantic, 300 miles south-west of Ireland. (See pages 710-711, Vol. 7.) This brought the group's total bag up to 17. Captain Walker died on July 10, 1944 (see illus. in page 223, Vol. 8), and his ship did not long survive him. Three months later she was lost while escorting a convoy to North Russia; though it is satisfactory to know that with other ships of the escort she was concerned in the sinking of three more U-boats.

Admiralty Photograph



Our Empire's Proud Share in Victory

HOW GIBRALTAR and MALTA WENT to WAR

By HARLEY V. USILL

IN the waging of total war individuals were called upon to play many different parts, and it is only by assessing the effort as a whole that the relative value of each contribution can be placed in its proper perspective. Each had a part to play in ensuring final victory. The same thing applies to the Colonies; one was asked to contribute fighting manpower while another was required to increase food and raw materials, and one was subject to enemy invasion or intensive bombing while another suffered the inconvenience of an evacuation of its women and children to distant lands. The Mediterranean Colonies provide a picture in miniature of the Colonial war effort as a whole, as there was scarcely a war experience, except actual invasion, to which one or the other was not subjected.

There is a well-known legend that when the Barbary apes leave the Rock of Gibraltar the British will follow and their power in the Mediterranean be broken. Well, the Barbary apes are still there, but as an urgent war measure nearly 15,000 Gibraltarians were uprooted 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 loss of home and the severing of family relations.

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 cleared of the non-essential population, the colossal task began of ensuring its impregnability as a fortress. Expert Canadian and British tunnelling sections arrived and commenced the task of burrowing, like an army of ants. With modern mining and drilling equipment, miners, tunnellers and quarry workers from South Wales, the Midlands and Yorkshire, drilled and blasted new gun sites and emplacements, and drove intersecting defence tunnels and galleries to command every aspect of the Rock. They hewed out new reservoirs and food stores, and constructed underground dumps immune from bombing. 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 lines of traffic and petrol stations by the roadside, a big hospital, troop quarters with equipment stores, sleeping and feeding accommodation for infantry battalions, and exit roads leading to various places on the outer face of the Rock.

The Admiralty harbour is 440 acres in extent, and there are three graving docks and one small dock besides equipment and fuel. Within the dock area, Gibraltarians, descendants of Italian and Spanish settlers, worked day and night to service the ships of the Royal Navy. The loyalty of the people of this British Colony, which was ceded to Britain in the Peace of Utrecht in 1713, is further exemplified by the fact that they contributed more than £35,000 in gifts or free-of-interest loans, a sum which exceeds thirty shillings per head of the population.

The George Cross Island Fortress

"To Great Britain, still unsubdued, these Islands are entrusted by the Powers of Europe at the wish of the Maltese themselves." Those words, in Latin, appear over the Main Guard at Palace Square, Valetta,

THE strategic value of the British Colonies having been made clear, and a general picture presented of their wartime productive effort, the author now begins to deal with their individual contributions to victory. In the front line of battle were Gibraltar and Malta, which fittingly form the subject of the first of two articles on the Mediterranean colonies at war.

recording the freedom of choice which led this ancient people to become a part of the British Commonwealth and Empire. In 1798 Napoleon, on his way to Egypt, invaded Malta and occupied the island, but the Maltese revolted and drove the French troops within the fortified towns where, with the help of the British Fleet under Nelson, they held them closely blockaded for two years. In 1800 the French surrendered, and by popular consent the government of Malta passed to Great Britain under the Treaty of Paris in 1814.

Isolated by Air and Sea Blockade

The Colony of Malta consists of the two main islands of Malta and Gozo, separated by the Strait of Fleighi, the small island of Comino and a few islets, the whole occupying an area of 122 square miles, or about half that of the Isle of Man. For more than 40,000 years these islands have been part of the history of the Mediterranean, since they contain remains of both palaeolithic and neolithic ages. Invaded by successive conquerors, in 1530 Emperor Charles V of Aragon gave Malta to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, who held it until 1798. It was under the Knights that Malta was first called upon to play a vital part in the saving of civilization when, during the great siege of 1565, the Order of St. John resisted the attacks of the land and sea forces of Suliman the Magnificent, and saved Europe from the Turks.

In 1939 the total population of the Colony was estimated at 268,668. Italian propaganda tried to claim the Maltese as Italian by race, tradition and language, whereas they are of Semitic origin, and their language, although retaining some of the influence of the 9th-century Arab occupation, is believed to be probably the purest survival of the language of Phoenicia and Carthage. Miss Mabel Strickland, editor of *The Times* of Malta, a paper which never missed publication throughout the whole period of the siege, says of them:

"The island lies under perpetual sun, but the Maltese are strikingly different from their Latin neighbours. They possess the fine qualities of a seafaring race, in a degree only equalled by their Cornish brethren. They are traders rather than fighters, high-spirited but docile, and possessed of stubborn and dogged perseverance, which has kept their race distinct and famous." They are good colonizers, and large communities of Maltese are to be found in Australia, the United States and North Africa, among other parts of the world.

At the beginning of the war the locally-raised forces in Malta consisted of the Royal Malta Artillery and the King's Own Malta Regiment, and later other new units were raised—the Malta Army Service Corps, Army Ordnance Corps and Army Pay Corps. Under siege conditions the Royal Malta Artillery was called upon to play the most active part, and its gunners manned both heavy and light anti-aircraft batteries. As British troops who had been sent to reinforce the defences of the island withdrew, however,

the King's Own Malta Regiment formed an increasingly large proportion of the infantry component of the garrison.

We have already dealt with the strategic value of Malta (see page 54), and now a few words about the actual siege. It began on June 11, 1940, with an attack from ten Italian bombers within less than seven hours of Italy's entry into the war. From then, until the lifting of the siege in November 1942, the island was under continual air attack by both Italian and German air forces, and was isolated by air and sea blockade. During this period the people of Malta, short of food, short of fuel, and often homeless, endured 3,215 air raids. Over 14,000 tons of bombs were dropped, 1,468 civilians were killed or died of injuries, and over 27,000 buildings were destroyed or damaged, many of them of priceless historical and sentimental value.

Malta is not and cannot be self-supporting in regard to food, and when it is remembered that during the last fourteen months of the siege only eleven ships reached the island, and two of these were sunk in harbour before they could be unloaded, some idea is gained of the sufferings of the people. Even the famous Malta goats had to be sacrificed, and in announcing this decision in July 1942 Lord Gort, the Governor, said:

"... Well, people always talk about Malta's goats and goat milk, but, unfortunately, the goats had to walk so far in trying to find anything to eat that the milk went very shy indeed, and that complicated my problem a bit, and I decided in the end that all we could do was to leave 20 per cent of the goat population behind. Then came the problem of eating the goats. They were remarkably tough, having walked so far... and people... complained that they could not get their teeth into it. Then our people who were handling it suddenly formed the idea of mincing it up and making a thing called 'veal loaf,' so the goat was issued out as veal loaf, and in that way it was consumed fairly easily; short of that you could do nothing at all. That was the end of our dear friends the goats."

Deliverance by the Royal Navy

By October 1942 Malta was within two months of starvation, and then, on November 20, after running the gauntlet of the Mediterranean, the British Navy once again "delivered the goods," this time in the form of a convoy of four ships which entered the Grand Harbour. The blockade was raised. How did the people of Malta react to all this? The reply is, in the same way as the people of Britain. Perhaps the best description was given in a broadcast in April 1942 by Commander Anthony Kimmins. He said:

"Never before in history have human beings endured or survived such an attack. Yet life goes on—schools are open, bands play amidst the rubble, and people listen in the sun; make-shift shops appear from the ruins. The daily papers make their regular appearance—they may be small, but nowadays there's little gossip or difference of opinion to swell the columns—the people are too united in one thought. And through it all, no sign of panic disfigures the dignity of Malta."

As was the case in Britain in similar danger, a Home Guard was formed and within three days 3,000 volunteers had registered; similar response was accorded to the various Civil Defence services. On April 15, 1942, Malta was awarded the George Cross, the first time a decoration had been conferred on a part of the British Commonwealth. In making the award the King's message read: "To honour her brave people I award the George Cross to the island fortress of Malta to bear witness to a heroism and devotion that will long be famous in history." Thus for the second time in her history Malta had played a noble part in the saving of civilization; indeed a worthy prelude to self-government.



O.S.E.L. ALLWOOD
H.M.S. Jaguar.
Action : at sea. 26.3.42.
Age 19. (Reading)

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.



Tpr. H. A. AMBROSE
Queen's Bays.
D. of wds. : Tripoli. 4.2.42.
Age 31. (Cambridge)



Fus. W. F. BARRON
Royal Scots Fusiliers.
In action : Goch. 22.2.45.
Age 31. (Bridlington)



Gnr. J. W. BALDWIN
40/14th L.A.A. Regt.
Action : Tobruk. 14.9.41.
Age 22. (Kettering)



L. Cpl. A. BERRY
13th Bn. King's Regt.
Action : Burma. 28.3.43.
Age 33. (Liverpool)



Sgt. J. A. BOWEN
Pathfinder Force, R.A.F.V.R.
Over Kiel. Aug. 44.
Age 26. (Tipton)



A/B P. D. BRANSDEN
H.M.S. Hood.
In action : 24.5.41.
Age 18. (Brighton)



L/Sig. J. A. BURNETT
Royal Navy.
Home waters. 1.6.43.
Age 23. (Ruthin)



Cpl. J. CROUDY
Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Action : Germany. 4.4.45.
Age 30. (Kingsbury)



Pte. G. FOWKES
2/5 Leicestershire Regt.
Action : Tunisia. 9.4.43.
Age 27. (Leicester)



Gdsm. W. GOLLIDGE
Welsh Guards.
Action : Brussels. 8.9.44.
Age 24. (Ton Pentre)



Pte. A. HAHNER
West Yorks. Regt.
Action : El Alamein. 5.6.42.
Age 27. (Kingsbury)



Stoker L. HEAD
Royal Navy.
In action. 9.3.42.
Age 29. (Battersea)



A/B R. W. KELLETT
H.M.S. Loyalty.
Action : at sea. 22.8.44.
Age 19. (Leeds)



Gnr. J. H. LANE
Royal Artillery.
D. of wounds : Italy 18.4.44.
Age 29. (London)



Cpl. C. W. McASSEY
4th Hussars R.A.C.
Action : Sollum. 11.6.42.
Age 21. (Dagenham)



Sgt. K. M. MCGREGOR
Bomber Comd. R.A.F.V.R.
Over Bremen. July 42.
Age 21. (Worthing)



L/Sgt. J. MCTIGHE
2nd Northamptonshire R.
In action : Anzio. 3.5.44.
Age 30. (Chesterfield)



Sgt. J. C. MAYS
35 Sqn. Pathfinder Force.
Action : Cologne. 23.12.44.
Age 22. (Kenton)



Sgt. R. MANSBRIDGE
Pathfinder Force R.A.F.
Action : France. 4.5.44.
Age 19. (Harrow)



Pte. R. F. MILL
Royal Army Service Corps.
Action : Naples. 21.10.43.
Age 26. (Croydon)



Pte. R. MOODY
1st East Riding Yeomanry.
Action : Normandy. 21.6.44.
Age 31. (Hull)



Sgt. W. MORGAN
Royal Army Service Corps.
Died P.O.W. Siam. 27.10.43.
Age 23. (Auchtermuchty)



A/B J. P. REID
Royal Navy (Minesweeper).
Action : Dunkirk. 31.5.40.
Age 20. (Avoch)



L.A.C. R. RICHARDS
78 Sqn. R.A.F.
Action : Marseilles. 5.9.44.
Age 23. (Mansfield)



Driver J. A. ROWETT
Royal Engineers.
Action : Pannorden. 18.6.45.
Age 24. (Boston)



Pte. R. SEABRIGHT
5th Hampshire Regt.
Action : Salerno. 17.9.43.
Age 24. (Ringwood)



Sgt. S. B. SHAW
150 Sqn. R.A.F.
Market Rasen. 30.5.42.
Age 26. (London)



Sgt. C. E. SMITH
Royal Air Force.
Action : Magdeburg. 21.1.44.
Age 33. (Wolverhampton)



Sgt. A. G. J. C. SMITH
Royal Air Force.
Over Germany. 29.1.44.
Age 25. (London)



Driver H. SOWTER
Royal Signals.
El Alamein. 9.7.42.
Age 22. (Lewes)



Stoker W. G. STOKES
H.M.S. Daring.
Action : North Sea. 18.2.40.
Age 34. (Portsmouth)



Pte. A. E. TEASDALE
York and Lancaster Regt.
Action : Khartoum. 20.5.40.
Age 27. (Malton)



Pte. G. WALKER
King's Shropshire L.I.
Action : Germany. 10.4.45.
Age 19. (Rugby)



Flt. Sgt. A. J. WALLIS
Royal Air Force.
In action : India. 28.1.44.
Age 21. (Portlade)



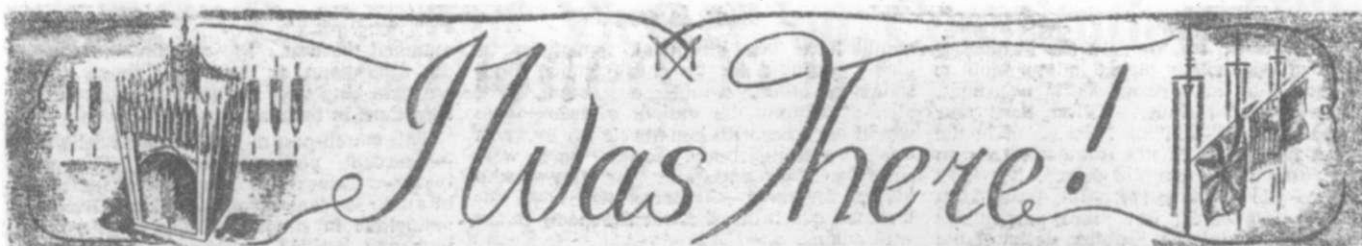
Pte. E. A. WILGROVE
9th Durham Lgt. Infantry.
N.W. Europe. 17.7.44.
Age 21. (Rayleigh)



Flt. Sgt. J. H. ASPDEN
Bomber Command R.A.F.
Over Germany. 16.4.43.
Age 28. (Pantnogydd)



Sgt. A. J. B. S. G. BUGG
Bomber Comd. R.A.F.V.R.
Action : Frankfurt. 10.4.43.
Age 20. (Tottenham)



HOW WE PAID TRIBUTE

By Hugh Massingham

IN the Mall the Parade ended with all heads turned skywards, hands and programmes shading eyes. The pilots in the fly-past no doubt could see the whole scene—the main streets, swarming, bee-deep, in crowds, the side streets drained dry of life, and the procession still nosing its way along the route, the motor-cyclists first, and then the odd jumble of total war—civilians as well as soldiers, rescue cars and tanks, coal-miners and commandos. And now the last of the pageant was here: 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 bus-like Sunderlands, Lancasters, Spitfires, Meteors, Tempests, bringing a fearful heave of the stomach as one remembered long August days in 1940 with the fighters crawling upwards, like flies on a window pane, or the burning entrails of a room, the jagged grin of a smashed window.

London bulged with people 24 hours before the day began. The normal was suspended, the mechanical life of a great city, with its people sucked into holes and then regurgitated at stated points, with the last drinkers being tipped out of pubs, a few hastening theatre-goers, and finally exhaustion, rest, sleep—these familiar things were either swamped by the millions of visitors or touched by the mad irresponsibility of sightseeing.

There was no sleep in the old way; solitary lights burnt at three in the morning, and people crowded round coffee stalls, slept on benches, squeezed themselves into corners. The impression was of a city fighting off sleep, not patiently inviting it. The Mall was lined with people lying on ground-sheets or the wet ground. "This is the B.B.C. Home service..." The watchers stretched themselves out, cooling their feet, and the prim voice chattered away in the darkness under the trees. A little rain fell, the trees dripped water.

The crowds were awake just before dawn. So, too, were the soldiers in Hyde Park; one imagined them swearing in their tents, hunting for the Silvo, the slimy button rag, entangled in stiff brown blankets. The watchers in the Mall stretched themselves and were still half asleep when they stood up. The day had begun.

Humanity hatched out of the side streets. Women armed against all weathers, carrying mackintoshes and blue parasols. Men walking delicately on new squeaking shoes. Swaggering men, happy in the comfort of tennis shoes, open cricket shirt, grey trousers. Mother and father with the children.

"I'll 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 like processions then?" "What, me! With my feet? No, no. I just felt I was owed a holiday." It was the prevailing mood—no illusions, no wild hopes about the future, but a carefree gesture to the moment.

Approaching Climax to Long Vigil

The day revealed the crowds scattered about the pavements. Fantastic incongruities of the early morning—mussels, cockles, winkles, and ice-cream being sold at 3 a.m. A negro band playing in white trousers at the same hour. Families asleep under Union Jacks or grey blankets amidst the persistent coughing of gas rattles. 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 rosette. A

man perched on a pillar-box, holding up a book to catch the first light. Between their ranks ran the empty, wet road; the familiar mounted policeman pranced along on his horse. A motor-cyclist or two roared away—people with a purpose, they made even the haggard, sluggish morning seem important. In Trafalgar Square thousands of starlings were singing; thousands of voices chirped on the ground, so that the birds seemed to be reflecting sound rather than making it.

At the grandstand in the Mall we were very nearly respectable—gentlemen appeared in top hats, grey waistcoats, shod in pointed shoes. Flags waved, and looking over the tops of the stands one had the illusion of country—enchancing glimpses of light and dark greens. Well-known figures wandered in—Mr. Greenwood, as tall as ever but frailer, whiter, than one remembers; Mr. Ernest Bevin, in black hat, a flash of white from the handkerchief and collar; Mr. Morrison with his cock's-comb of hair; Sir Archibald Sinclair, gesticulating among friends. The great and glorious arrive—Alanbrooke, Portal, Cunningham, Alexander, Maitland Wilson, Mountbatten.

Again the cheering begins, and through Admiralty Arch comes an open Royal carriage, and there at the back is Mr. Attlee, unveiling the bald head, a conjurer performing expertly 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." How his words to Parliament in the summer of 1940 come back; the announcer's introduction, "The Prime Minister, the Right Hon. Winston Churchill," and then the familiar blurred voice. . . . "We shall defend every village, every town, and every city. The vast mass of London itself, fought street by street, could easily devour an entire hostile army." . . . "The brutal Narzy power . . . the hated Jastapo. . . ." odd phrases, amusing intonations of voice. The chubby fingers mutely proclaiming victory—all these are a part of everybody's personal history, part of the war, of the fear, the tiredness, the All-Clears, the dawns, and sudden exhilarations. Their Majesties the King and Queen, too, are a part



GIVING THE "V" SIGN, the Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill, together with his successor as Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. Clement R. Attlee, rode from Downing Street in an open royal carriage driven by a scarlet-coated coachman through mightily cheering crowds to take up position at the saluting base. PAGE 185 Photo, New York Times Photos

I Was There!

of the history; so, too, are the Princesses, who had obstinately stayed in my mind as children, and now seen, as if overnight, grown-up and serious. "God Save Our Gracious King," and the hats go off in the crowd, the people in the grandstand are on their feet. Are these the faces... This hundred-odd people in the stand, drawn from all over the world, but more particularly from Britain and the Empire, declared the war, organized and won it. One picks out the faces seen countless times at the movies or in the newspapers—faces which now have the familiarity of portraits in a family album.

On the King's right, Cunningham, with bright ribbons against the dark naval uniform; Alanbrooke, embarrassed behind the glasses; Portal, free of the strain at last and relaxed and happy; Maitland Wilson, making Mountbatten look even slimmer than usual. On the other side of the dais Attlee and Churchill, both wearing a row of medals, and next to them Mackenzie King and the astonishing Smuts. Behind—turning the pages of the album—the little King Feisal, still a boy; the Duchess of Kent in Wren's uniform, Prince Bernhard, and the politicians, the Ambassadors, even the Generals of other wars.

"THEY'RE coming..." Buzzing cyclists squeeze themselves through the Arch, roar and spread out into the gravel-stained road. Familiar faces again—Monty, by himself in an open car, rising repeatedly to the greatest cheer of the day, and after him each commander perched aloft in a scout car—one recognizes Slim's full features under a broad hat; Vian of the Cossack and ignoble Altmark; tough little Somerville; Hugh Lloyd, one of the great defenders of Malta; Saundby, able, charming Porthos of Bomber Command, complete to a black moustache.

The instruments of war followed; for half an hour the fascinating mechanical monstrosities went by—the waddling amphibious jeeps, 10-ton tenders towing an aircraft refueller, troop carriers, with the men sitting on parade inside, a 22,000-lb. bomb, and interspersed among them homely robots—a trailer with eight shining sewing machines, mobile canteens, even a farm tractor or two.

The crowd had its own peculiar favourites—the air-sea rescue launch (a special cheer); coach filled with Waafs (loud whistles); the new fire engines and their silver ladders (enthusiasm); C.D. rescue service (more clapping); the land drainage excavator and land girls (pandemonium). The noise of the tanks swamped the cheering—the mouths moved but there was no sound. Ex-soldiers made these things human; they talked of Knightsbridge and the fighting at Caen. Somewhere behind me a man began a careful and minute story of a friend who was trapped in a burning tank. The voice went on and on; one caught odd phrases in between the clashing and roaring. "Well, they towed away the tank, of course. Funny how a tank becomes more important than a man." He might have been reflecting over a quiet game of golf, the putt on the 18th green.

Marching Infantry Steal the Show

The monster Cromwells, the light Chaffees, the Churchills (enthusiasm again), the humped Shermans had gone; the 3.7 A.A. guns were being towed by, muzzles demurely pointing down, and one had a glimpse of one's own past—the morning dash through foot-high mist, the first uniform, puttees which wouldn't do up, awkward squad days of 1939. Important little jeeps, motor graders, aerial lighthouses, radar cars—what do these vital things mean to the civilian, ore wonders. And yet even the smallest, most unaggressive had played an essential part. Without the snowploughs the squadrons

would have been grounded, sometimes for days; without the fire crash tenders thousands of pilots would have been burnt alive; without the mobile canteens there would have been no hot treacle tea to warm one's suffering body. And there were surprises and sensations for those who looked for them—the secret flail tank, for instance, which thrashes out the enemy mines with chains.

After the weapons the men, the marching infantry who invariably steal the show. The day had been uncertain since the early morning, and a few drops of rain fell as the Americans went by, leading the procession. There was to be a lot of discussion all the morning as to which of the contingents

marched the best. My own favourites were the Ethiopians, or the little Chinese taking an extra-long step for good measure or the Egyptians in their red fezes.

This march-past of the Allies was delightful—bearded poilus, burnt-up Mexicans, bleached Danes and Norwegians, the ranks of khaki suddenly broken by Greek Evzones, irresistible in canoe-like clogs, white ballet kilts and braided waistcoats. Later, when the Empire was passing, I found each contingent invoked the name of a battle. Canada—Falaise. Australia—Alamein. New Zealand—Greece, Crete, Italy. They contributed more men and had heavier losses for their size than any other Dominion, and incidentally have the only double V.C.

With Fixed Bayonets the Navy Came

The fascinating variety of the Empire marched by—white faces, brown faces, black faces, bursting chests showing the ribbons of the Battle of Britain, Burma, and the Pacific. They had come from everywhere and gone everywhere—one was extraordinarily touched by these faces, so deadly serious, each man alone in his mind representing his country before the eyes of the world. They all had some of the warmest cheers of the day, but the crowd rightly picked out the Gurkhas, in white spats and blue turbans, the ferocious little men with the kukri knives, who won more V.C.s than anybody else and fought through Burma and the Western Desert and were with Wingate's Chindits.

Half-past twelve, and "Heart of Oak"—one had forgotten how well the Navy can march, remembering only the rolling walk which turns even a pavement into the bucking deck of a ship. Headed by three vice-admirals and a little major-general of Marines, perhaps this first sturdy contingent of the Navy, marching with fixed bayonets, had the loudest applause of the morning. They were drawn from ordinary seamen, leading seamen, chief and petty-officers of the R.N.V.R. After them came representatives of every arm of the Service—the engine-room, the submarines, the Wrens, the nurses—with a Marine band and a Marine contingent, and men from the Merchant Navy and fishing fleets, some in jerseys and civilian clothes. One was reminded suddenly of the vast anonymity of war, the men sweating below decks, the frozen convoys to Russia, the loneliness of lighthouses.

It is 12.40 and one heaves up one's pancaked feet. For each of us this parade means something different—for some pure pageant, for others an evocation of memory. I found myself picking out units whose names I particularly remembered—the 11th Hussars who went through the Western Desert campaigns and were part of the 7th Armoured Division—first into Tripoli, first into Tunis, first into Berlin. The Germans, I remembered, stood in the Berlin rain to watch them—and cheer them, too. The Recce regiments, modern equivalent of the old scouts. The Guards—Dunkirk, Boulogne, one of the first V.C.s, Bou Akouz, 187 Hill. The Royal Norfolk Regiment, and a voice in the crowd talking of Burma. "There were flies as big as lobsters..." The Queens, who, like the 11th Hussars, were part of the 7th Armoured Division, and the Commandos in their green berets, marching brilliantly and for the last time.

And so to the Air Force—Bomber Command, Fighter Command, Coastal Command. Lancasters were flying in formation as they marched by, and the war years returned again with their slang—"A piece of cake," "A wizard prang," "Down in the drink"—worn words and phrases which bring back, unbearably clearly, bombers flying out in the evening.—Reprinted from, and by arrangement with, *The Observer*



Colours: White and Red Rings interlinked on Black Background

BRITISH 36TH DIVISION

INCLUDING units experienced in the Madagascar campaign, the Division was formed in India, in December 1942, under the command of Maj.-Gen. F. E. Festing, D.S.O. It remained in general reserve, attached to XXXIII Indian Corps, Indian Expeditionary Force, until its first action in the later stages of the Arakan operations in Burma, in February-April 1944. Operating with Maj.-Gen. Wingate's Chindits the Division prevented the Japanese from cutting the Bawli-Razabil road, main communication of the 5th and 7th Indian Divisions. Successful assaults were carried out on the slopes of Maungnama Pass, Hill 701, and Point 1301.

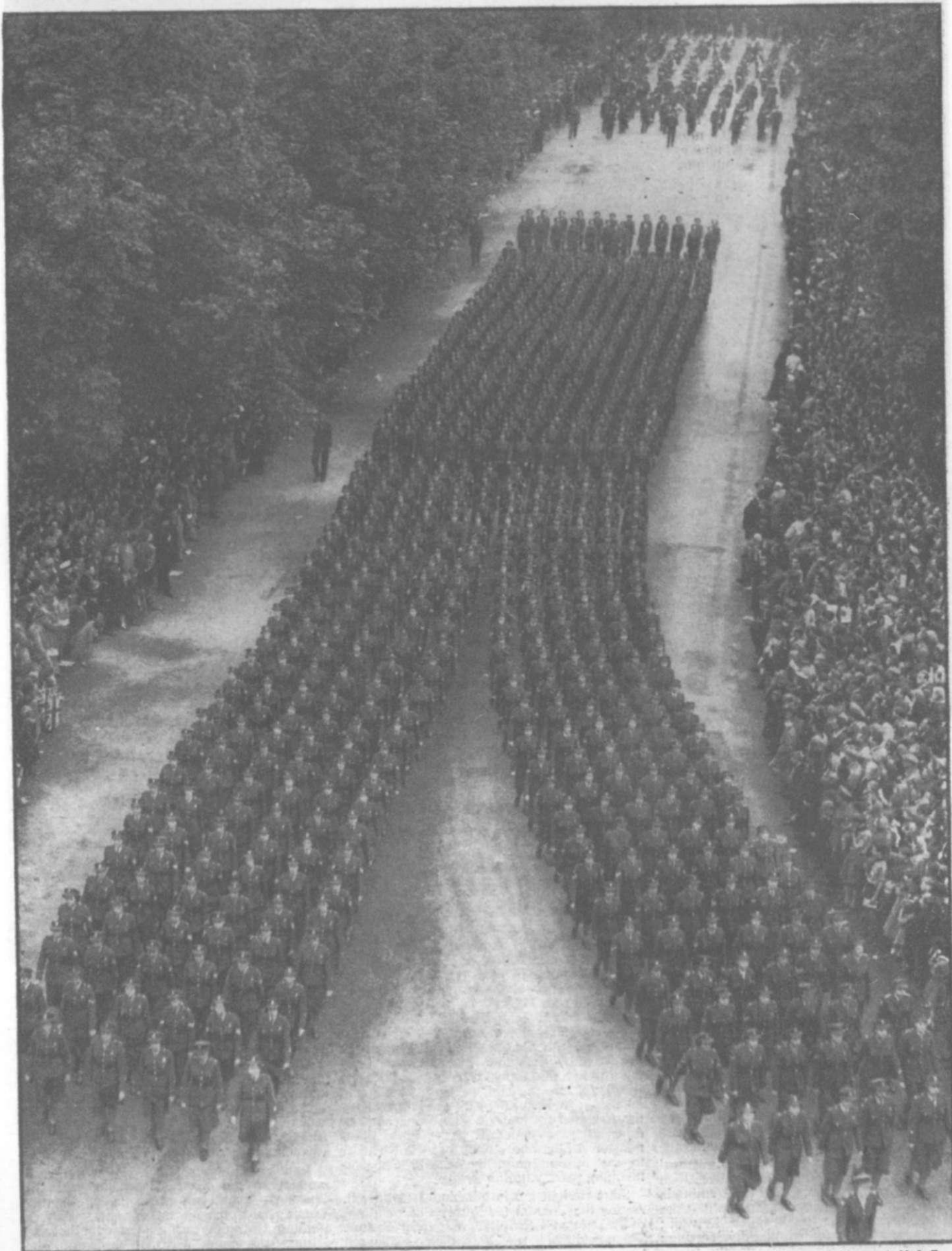
THE entire Division was flown from Ledo to Myitkyina in June 1944, and became the first British Division under U.S. orders in Northern Combat Area Command. In the battle of the Railway Corridor, early August 1944, the Division met sporadic enemy resistance, but Hill 60, Pinbaw (captured August 18), Hopin (captured November 2), Pinwe and Gyobin Chaung will be ever memorable to its men. The capture of Katha (December 10), and Indaw brought the Division to the west bank of the Irrawaddy, which it was the first British formation to cross.

Reaching the river Shweli, at Myitson, in February 1945, the 36th Division fought the fiercest battle of the campaign, overcoming flame-throwers and the heaviest artillery barrage yet experienced, and suffering severe casualties in making the crossing. Attaining its next objectives, Mongmit, capital of the Shan States, and Mogok (captured March 19), the Division reached the Lashio-Mandalay road, and striking for Maymyo linked up with the 14th Army. In the final stages of the Burma campaign the Division cleared the Japs from the jungle Coverhill country, north-east of Meiktila.

IN ten months the Division had marched more than 1,000 miles, through monsoon and heat, jungle and over mountain tracks, across desert scrub and plains. More than 6,600 feet of bridging had been built, including the Mountbatten Bridge over the Shweli river at Myitson, all from local material. In addition, over 6,000 miles of cable had been laid, in a campaign that was fought without the support of carriers, armoured cars, tanks or medium guns.

For nearly the whole time the Division was maintained by airborne supplies, and was a shining example of what British and Indian infantry can achieve with the support of field artillery only. The 36th Division was absorbed in the 2nd British Division in May 1946.

A.T.S. Pattern of Victory on Constitution Hill



AUXILIARY TERRITORIAL SERVICE representatives, following the Home Guard, Queen Alexandra's Imperial Nursing Service and V.A.D., divided into a symbolic "V" 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 necessarily adopted by other units. Admired for their smart bearing the A.T.S. deservedly featured in onlookers' discussions as to "which of the contingents marched best" (see facing page). PAGE 187 Photo, P.A.-Reuter



FIREWORK AND SEARCHLIGHT AND WATER DISPLAY was watched at close range by spectators packed solidly along the length of Westminster Bridge (foreground), whilst Their Majesties shared the view from the terrace of the House of Commons (right). On Victory Night alone 20,000,000 gallons of water were flung into the air, as coloured fountains in controlled designs, from barges and N.F.S. boats during the Ministry of Works' "Operation Squirr," carried out between Westminster and Lambeth Bridges.

Photo, New York Times Photos

The Night of Our Year-Old Victory

As darkness closed in came the final event in London's giant programme of celebrations arranged for June 8, 1946. J. C. Trewin of The Observer tells the story of the Royal ceremony and the fireworks and floodlighting and searchlights that transformed the staid old Thames to something unreal yet thrillingly impressive to massed crowds along its banks.

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 25 minutes yet before the Royal barge comes down from Cadogan Pier at Chelsea, and the King and Queen pass by on London's oldest and noblest road, the processional way of the River Thames.

Meanwhile, the crowds are massing. Barges and fire-floats in mid-stream, moored opposite the Houses of Parliament and the Victoria Tower Gardens, hide from us some of the Albert Embankment, but we can see that it is lined by a dark, shifting frieze of spectators—a frieze repeated along those high grandstands, the bridges of Westminster and Lambeth, above the river's dull flood.

It is half-past nine: everywhere the crowd has grown, though on the Terrace itself there is room for many more. This is an umbrella and mackintosh-crowd. Cheerfully it defies the weather. Music has beguiled the wait; there are spurts of community singing; and always there is plenty to watch—evolutions on this fire-float or that, the first trial jets, the flowering of lighted windows across

the water, the burdening of roof-top and balcony, the scampering of a launch.

What is this? A cheering mass along the river bank. Away, up river, we can see the swift-moving lights of launches that precede the Royal barge. Then the barge itself threshes down in mid-stream, its Royal standard flying from the bow and its white ensign from the stern. We cannot see the King, the Queen, and the Princesses; but we know that they are there, and cheering rolls like surf along the river banks. Then the barge has sped by us, foam frothing in its wake; it is followed by the barge of the Commander-in-Chief at the Nore and by other attendant launches. They shoot Westminster Bridge and streak away down river to the turning point by H.M.S. Chrysanthemum, past Waterloo Bridge.

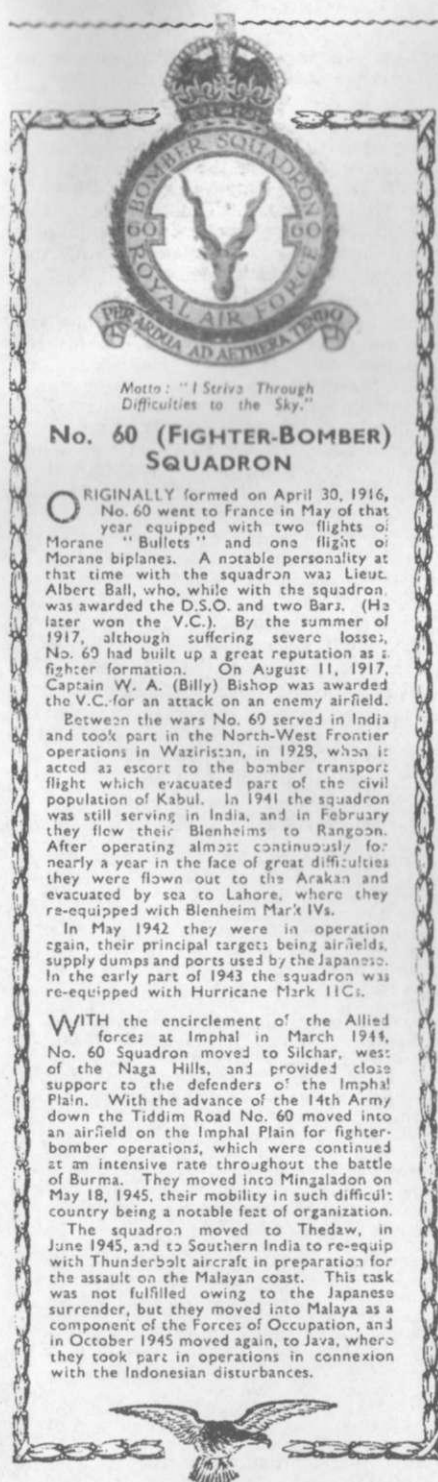
Stars tonight are lost behind a cloud-veil. Across the Thames the Surrey-side buildings of St. Thomas's Hospital are in deep shadow. Then, suddenly, the searchlights strike out their shafts. The Royal barge is coming towards the landing stage. Eighty search-

lights now thrust their fingers skywards, groping into the gloom. Inevitably they remind us of the stern years gone, of lights that raked the sky for another purpose.

This evening they dip in salute, a Royal salute, for the King (in 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, maroons are bursting overhead, each with a crackling, thrusting roar.

Then trumpets sound, the National Anthem peals from the loudspeakers, the Royal Standard—caught in the lights—flutters from the Palace of Westminster, and everywhere people take up the words of the Anthem. They are singing it on the bridges and 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 sparks, gold and cerise and violet, torrid reds, and helium blues. From the Terrace windows the colours



seem to be flame and citron and rose, and a fresh madrigal-green, all reflected and repeated in the frothing Thames. Each barge burns on the water like a burnished throne. Wherever we look are coloured cataracts of a new water-world, and through the noise of the falling water, the hissing and the swirling and the seething, drifts the sound of Handel's Water and Firework music, written for the first Georges of the royal line.

It is 10.30, time for the sustained rocket-salvo. All at once they streak into the air, and the sky is showered with stars, looped and trailed with ribbons of light. All the while the crowd is cheering. After each flight or salvo of rockets there is a deep indrawing of the breath. This is a strange, unreal world; the Thames is aflame, the sky is aflame. 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 search-

I Was There!

lights, here twisting and flashing, there shooting up to form a vast aurora. At the same time the fire-floats are spraying out a radiance of fire foam. A bomber is flying overhead. It is coned in the web of search-lights. And when it has passed over—more aircraft will come later—the barges opposite the Terrace and the Victoria Tower Gardens fire 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 one

looks is a polychrome of colour and spray. It is now past 11.30. The last scenes are coming. Under the lustrous sky, and among the rainbowing cascades and the rockets that break in filaments of fire, 50 magnesium shells fill the sky with light of 40,000 candles. Again the National Anthem sounds through the amplifiers. It is nearly midnight. Whilst smoke still mists the Thames, the Royal party drives away, the Terrace empties, crowds press towards the stations and home, and a last searchlight still sweeps London's now peaceful sky.

I Went Back to the Normandy Beaches

Whilst London was preparing to celebrate with a spectacular Victory March, a war correspondent who landed on the beaches on D-Day (June 6, 1944)—Richard McMillan of The Evening Standard—was paying a return visit and hearing from Frenchmen their own stories of the "finest show any man ever saw in his life." See also illus. pages 143-146.

"WHEN we went to bed the bay was a dreary waste of emptiness, with the Wehrmacht on guard. When we awoke the sea was filled with a vast Armada. The British were ashore and the Wehrmacht were in flight—on the first lap back to Berlin and destruction."

Shaking with glee at the recollection, Mayor Henry Jaquot, of the little village of Ver-sur-Mer, who claims he welcomed the first of Britain's D-Day men on the Normandy beaches, stood before his patched-up pharmacy facing the sea. On the wooden door to his garden is a slogan in blue paint: "Duck repair depot—keep out."

"The Navy did that," said M. Jaquot, "and it's going to stay for ever as a memento." His body heaved with mirth. "We have other mementoes. That hole up in the roof—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 shelter from the wet? They have not been able to get repairs done yet."

Between the pharmacy and the sea 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 mines Rommel laid. Poetic justice, eh?"

With the Mayor I walked along the beaches. One thing is certain—men of the D-Day Armada who come back to try to identify the place where they landed will find it difficult. Tremendous gales during last winter wiped out landmarks. At the point where I landed with the Desert Rats—on Jig Red, adjoining King Red—I found the road running parallel with the sea had



COMMEMORATING THE ALLIED LANDINGS in Normandy two years ago, beach-head services were held on June 6, 1946, in the presence of British and U.S. airborne forces. At Courbeilles (above), where the Canadians stormed ashore on D-Day, the French Minister of the Interior, M. Le Troquer, is speaking after unveiling the plaque on the right. PAGE 189 Photo Keystone

I Was There!



13th LANCASHIRE PARACHUTE BATTALION RETURNED TO RANVILLE, first French village to be liberated on D-Day (June 6, 1944), to celebrate the second anniversary of its freedom. Before a commemorative plaque—the inhabitants' tribute to them—members of the battalion were presented with flowers by a young villager in native costume. Photo, Keystone

disappeared. Telegraph poles stuck up through the sands of the seashore.

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

"Between Ver and Courseulles, 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 strutting and boasting you would never land. We could see their morale wilt as the end drew near."

DESCRIBING how the German forts opened out when the British Armada began to appear in the first light of dawn, Monsieur Jaquot said: "It would be just before 5 a.m. All the Nazi cannon burst to life like demon tongues shooting from the hillsides. They were firing at 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 tornado of shell fell upon the German batteries. The big Nazi guns at Mare Fontaine were silenced. The accuracy of the British fire was astounding. Many of the vast minefields sown under Rommel's orders went up, too."

Like everyone else under the fire of the British barrage, Monsieur Jaquot and his family took refuge in the trenches. "We could hear the machine-gun rat-tat-tat grow closer. Then up out of the fog of the battle on the beaches came a captain of the Commandos. 'A Frenchman!' he cried to me. 'Here we are at last on the soil of France!'"

Mayor Jaquot 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—tanks and guns and ducks and artillery and cars and jeeps, and all kinds of tractored machines, rolling through our little village, which was already half in ruins from Allied and enemy shelling. It rolled on and on. Up over the hills

toward Bayeux 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 afterwards. And another boy we welcomed was Bernard Gregory of Manchester, who is now with the R.E. in Scotland. He has kept up correspondence

with my daughter—a romance begun under the bursting shells of the invasion."

After leaving Ver-sur-Mer, with its board extolling the names of all the units which took part in the landing here, I passed along to Courseulles. Here the Canadians, with British elements, disembarked. Offshore, some sunken ships. "Those vessels were sunk to form a breakwater for the landing craft," a native of Courseulles told me. "We call it our 'little Mulberry.'"

A fisherman was idly repairing his net in his boat in the harbour. "Were you here when we landed?" I asked him. His sunburned face wrinkled. He nodded his head. "The Germans, in a panic, came to me about two a.m. and ordered me 'Open the floodgates and sink the British.' They thought if we opened the locks we could inundate the countryside. We looked at them—and went out to watch the finest show any man ever saw in his life."

In the Town Hall of Courseulles I spoke to Monsieur Louis Meriel, one of the leading citizens. "What interested me about the invasion?" he said. "The amazing accuracy of the British fire, the exactness of British intelligence and—this above all—the lighthearted coolness of the fighting men."

"Yes," said a buxom Norman woman. "I saw an admiral come ashore with his men. He asked me: 'Where can I get a nice juicy steak and fried potatoes?'—that's English phlegm for you!"

NEW FACTS AND FIGURES

THOUSANDS of animals and birds who played their part in the War were represented in London's Victory March, on June 8, 1946, by the Alsations Jet and Irma. (See illus. in page 168). These two Civil Defence Rescue Dogs, who wear the Dickin Medal—the Animals V.C.—for rescue work in air raids, are members of the Allied Forces Mascot Club of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals. This club was formed to obtain lasting recognition for all the animals who, besides actual war work, contributed so much in maintaining morale and giving companionship to men and women of the Allied Forces.

THE Allied Forces Mascot Club, as well as compiling records for the Imperial War Museum of the wartime work of transport animals, guard and rescue dogs and homing pigeons, wishes to commemorate in a practical manner those who lost their lives. An Animals' War Memorial is to take the form of Caravan Dispensaries to bring relief to sick and suffering animals. Used throughout the War as rescue vehicles for thousands of animal raid victims, many such caravans were damaged or worn out, and the P.D.S.A. hopes to replace them by means of the Memorial funds which are now being raised by public subscription.

OF the 996 commissioned U-boats (German, Italian and Japanese) destroyed by the Allies throughout all the oceans of the world (said Mr. A. V. Alexander on March 7, 1946) over 300, or nearly one-third, were within 500 miles of the U.K.—this showing the intensity of the U-boats' concentration against the British Isles.

THE two outstanding months of the war against the U-boat were May 1943, when 46 U-boats were sunk, and April 1945, when the Germans were evacuating

the Baltic ports and 65 U-boats were sent down. The month of May proved the turning-point of the war at sea: losses of Allied and neutral shipping, which averaged well over 20,000 tons daily in 1942 and over 14,000 tons daily in March-May 1943, fell by June-August to under 7,000 tons, and subsequently even lower.

IN the whole course of the war (it was stated on March 7, 1946) nearly 51,000 officers and men of the Royal Navy, including the Navies of the Dominions, and of the Royal Marines, were killed or were still missing. This number exceeded by over 20,000 the numbers killed between 1914-1918. Up to the end of 1945 nearly 15,000 awards had been made to officers and men of the Royal Navy, including the Dominion Navies, Royal Marines and Reserves; these included 23 V.C.s and 29 G.C.s.

FROM the beginning of the war to August 31, 1945, H.M. ships and craft lost amounted to 3,282. The figure included three battleships and two battle cruisers, or one-third of our capital ship strength at the outbreak of the war; five fleet carriers; 23 cruisers; 134 destroyers; 77 submarines.

PEACE stamps, to commemorate the Victory celebrations, were on sale at British post-offices on June 11, 1946, when it was expected that the special issue of 264,000,000 would be exhausted in about two months. The total cash value of £2,800,000 is made up of 240,000,000 of the 2½d. denomination and 24,000,000 of the 3d. They are not available in book form, their size being double that of the ordinary stamp. The 2½d. one is blue, its design emphasizing peace through victory and reconstruction at home. The 3d. stamp, deep violet, symbolizes peace abroad. His Majesty the King made the final selection of the designs. See illus. below.



Our War Leaders in Peacetime

CHURCHILL

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, O.M., 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 tactics he adopted when a fencing champion at 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 vestry at St. Margaret's, Westminster, after his marriage in 1908 to Clementine Hozier, daughter of a Guards colonel. For 38 years she has been his constant companion, 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, "Winnie" had reigned as Prime Minister, First Lord of the Treasury and Minister of Defence.

THEIR 35-years-old son, Randolph, is a major and former M.P. Diana, the eldest daughter, aged 36, is the wife of Duncan Sandys, Minister of Works under Churchill during 1944-45. Sarah, aged 31, is an actress. The youngest of the family, 23-year-old Mary, was recently (April 1946) demobilized from the A.T.S., in which she was a Junior Commander. Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill have four grandchildren.

As a young man polo, shooting, cricket, fencing and travelling were his favourite pastimes, and he admits he finds pleasure in public speaking. When, in February 1946, he made his ninth trip to the United States, New York newspapers recalled that Mark Twain presided at his first lecture there. He shares the practised actor's ability to memorize his "lines" easily. But into the preparation of every major speech goes hours of work, preferably in the quiet of the night,

constantly polishing and altering until he is completely satisfied with the phraseology.

Churchill thinks the spoken word should be no less well chosen than the written word; and for fifty years, since he earned his first five guineas as a free-lance war correspondent in Cuba, writing has been among his hobbies. Also, he reads at an amazing pace, assimilating a book from cover to cover, his reading ranging from war strategy and parliamentary history to the Classics.

Although an amazingly energetic man, Winston Churchill has a great capacity for complete relaxation—so long as he has a cigar. Painting, he says, takes away his tiredness in a very short time. No mean artist, he paints purely for pleasure and refuses to admit his canvases are worth hanging in his home; all but the best are bundled away in a boxroom. Indeed, he is much more proud of the garden wall he built at Chartwell (with a Bricklayers' Union card in his pocket!) than he is of many of the products of his brush.



OUR WARTIME PREMIER received warm greetings on the occasion of his 71st birthday (November 30, 1945) from notabilities all over the world, but none was more welcome than those of his grandson, Winston junior, son of Mr. Randolph Churchill. Grandparents and grandson were photographed together (1) on the great occasion, before the Leader of the Opposition left for the House of Commons.

Taking a rest from politics, accompanied by Mrs. Churchill he travelled to the United States early in 1946 to enjoy a three months holiday, the first in six years; staying at Miami, Florida, he is seen in his studio there (2) indulging in one of his favourite hobbies, the painting of seascape and landscape subjects. In the study at his home at Westerham (3),

Photos, Keystone, Topical Press, Associated Press. PAGE 191

Navy 'Ducks' Invade London's East End



TWO ABREAST ALONG THE HACKNEY ROAD, their crews standing stiffly to attention, rumbled famous invasion craft of D-Day and earlier campaigns—the Royal Navy DUKWs, a loudly cheered feature of the Victory Day parade. The word DUKW ("Duck" for convenience) is made up of the factory serial letters: D for the boat, U the lorry body, KW the lorry chassis. The Navy sent also amphibious jeeps, weasels, mobile wireless telegraphy units, aircraft refuellers and mobile sick bays. See illus. page 163.

Photo P.A. Renter

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