ON THE FIRST EMPIRE DAY SINCE THE DEFEAT OF JAPAN, Tokyo witnessed a ceremonial march past of British Commonwealth Naval, Military and Air Force personnel in the square in front of the Imperial Palace, several regiments of the Women's Territorial Army taking part. May 31, 1946, was further celebrated by a public performance given in the Roppongi Hills Park by Royal Navy and Royal Indian Air Force bands, at which this regiments drum-major was present. See also illus. page 107.

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

NO. 238 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, AUGUST 2
Fire Hastens the Doom of the Admiral Hipper

HEAVILY ARMED, the Admiral Hipper (U.S.), one of the renowned German Navy's capital ships, moved through the English Channel for a prolonged stay from the time of her service in 1937 until her destruction in June 1940.

Although she frequently fired her 210 mm guns in the English Channel and from Allied positions, the Admiral Hipper was never effectively engaged in Allied shipping. She was engaged by the destroyers HMS Foresight, HMS Foresight, and HMS North Sea, on April 6, 1940, an action in which the Destroyer's Captain, Lieutenant-C. K. M., made the many-storeyed cruiser sink. He had the ship burn for V.C. (see page 26, Vol. 7).

STRANDED AT BREST, the Admiral Hipper ran aground on the sands of the Oise on the occasion of the part in May 1940. From that time forward her battered superstructure (so, in the months of E.A.G. would have been a heavy camouflage razing west, uneventfully, to his service with the ambulance of the armed forces of an unknown nation. This demolition was being affected on board her. The fire broke out aid swept the ship from bow to stern (I).

Photo: Sound News, New York

Page 194
Great Stories of the War Retold

How Australia Was Saved from the Japs

By ROY MACARTNEY
Major, A.F.F.

Allies could fight yet another battle for time to allow Allied forces to bring their slow, but ponderous superiority to bear.

Unfortunately, the Japanese provided a heaven-sent breathing space. Through the remainder of February, through March and April, the enemy concentrated on the conquest of Burma and the consolidation of their already impregnable bag of rich prizes down through the Indies. At the same time, in New Guinea and the Solomons, the Japs pushed advanced bases for resupply of their southern march. In early March they occupied Finschhafen, Lae and Salamaua, and then in the Solomons, established bases on Tulagi, Buka, Bougainville and Guadalcanal.

The first Australian division to return from the Middle East—the 7th—arrived in Australia in early March after a confused and dangerous voyage. Their ultimate destination had been the subject of lengthy and sometimes rather bitter communications between the United Kingdom and Australian governments.

As the returning troops should be diverted to the Middle East, the British authorities had thought they might play an important part in helping the enemy drive into India. Apparently it was the view of the British that American and Australian military would be enough to shield the country from invasion.

The Australian government held firm in their insistence that the Middle East forces must return to defend their homelands without them, they believed, the task might be beyond the united Militia and what forces the United States could space for the South Pacific theatre. Subsequent events vindicated the judgment of the Australian government. Only troops with the esprit de corps of men of the 16th Canadian Brigade, who had fought through the siege of Tobruk, could have adapted themselves so quickly to the jungle and outfought the Japanese in the latter's first bloody defeat at the savage battle of Milne Bay.

Throughout the two months' breathing-space, General MacArthur and Blamey dispensed their meagre forces to meet the invader. Most of their troops were concentrated along the eastern seaboard, for it was obvious that was where the Japanese would try to establish their first foothold. Darwin and Western Australia, each garnished by a tiny force of only two brigades related at the end of inadequate lines of communication across two thousand miles of desert, would have been easy prey for the enemy, but too far removed to be of much value in the conquest of Australia.

The first Allied move was to dispatch the 7th Australian Division to reinforce the vital base of Port Moresby and a Militia Brigade to garrison Milne Bay. Australian and American engineers ripped airfields out of the Lefeat Range, Horn Island, Port Moresby and Milne Bay. Australian aircraft struck forward in a mounting but still inadequate wave, quickly refined, manned by both American and Australian airmen— Kittyhawks and Airacobras mainly to Port Moresby and Milne Bay, Fortresses and Liberatorst along the north-east Australian coast.

Enemy Headed for Port Moresby

In the South Pacific, Admiral Halsey, commanding most of the still-accumulating units of the United States Fleet, based his carriers on Noumea, in New Caledonia. The Admiral was engaged in a grim race to produce these bases and build up sufficient strength to forestall the enemy drive down through the Solomons, which threatened to become the lifeline between the States and Australia. In early May the Japanese were ready to resume their southward drive. A large force of transports under heavy naval escort moved south into the Coral Sea, with Port Moresby very close behind, and by the 4th, an Allied United States task force closed with the enemy in a battle which was to establish the pattern for subsequent naval engagements in the Pacific. In a series of engagements extending over four days and covering a wide area, the opposing fleets met on the 4th, the 7th, the 8th, the 9th, and the 10th. Each force brought to the battle its best equipment—Shinkoku, destroyer Sims, and tanker Nenosha.

Shaken by their defeat, the Japanese High Command did not, however, abandon plans for an invasion of Australia, but instead, initially decided to withdraw from South Pacific waters for a knock-out blow to be struck at Midway Island at the beginning of June. But the Americans knew they were coming, and northern waters from the Coral Sea races the aircraft carriers of the Enterprise and Hornet, the major part in the second naval defeat to be inflicted upon the enemy within a month.
Great Stories of the War Retold

One must think back to those early days of the Pacific war when the Jap, on the crest of his amazing wave of success, was regarded as a super-jungle fighter, to appreciate the task which confronted the men of the 10th Brigade as they entered battle. It was their first jungle engagement—they entered the unknown with confidence born of months of_interfaceyal resistance in Borneo, with familiarity in their weapons and discipline steeped in the most intimate jungle... For days a savage battle raged in the forested, ill-defined surroundings of the rubber plantations. No quarter was asked; none given. Jap casualties were heavy; none offered. It was with no brazenado that each man ensured

Australians had little trouble in gaining the enemy away from their precarious hold on Morotai Ridge. Its small forces in the... It was in the... Aided by American air support, eventually solved the problem. C47s transported daily... Finally on the morning of... The town was one of Allied supply arrangements, but the airmen's air strength eventually solved the problem, C47s transported daily food reserves and medicines from Buna to Gona, their bases in the... The Allied air strength eventually solved the problem... Great Stories of the War Retold

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With the B.A.O.R. in Our Zones in Germany

In a place of honour at the entering base in Cuxhaven, the German art treasures (1) handed to the B.A.O.R. at Stettin, a Hindenburg castle, which replaced in the museum and churches from which they were extracted, on June 10, 1944. At Heiligenstadt, near Berlin, the German art treasures (2) handed to the B.A.O.R. at Stettin, a Hindenburg castle, which replaced in the museum and churches from which they were extracted, on June 10, 1944. At Heiligenstadt, near Berlin, the German art treasures (3) handed to the B.A.O.R. at Stettin, a Hindenburg castle, which replaced in the museum and churches from which they were extracted, on June 10, 1944. At Heiligenstadt, near Berlin, the German art treasures (4) handed to the B.A.O.R. at Stettin, a Hindenburg castle, which replaced in the museum and churches from which they were extracted, on June 10, 1944.
ATHENS

By RHONA CHURCHILL

The best way to go to Athens today is by sea. Many of the very few important persons, drop into the large luxury liner that sails daily to the city, be picked up by a relatively inexpensive private launch. Occasionally, a slow-boat ride from Athens which was the way I went early this year, is sometimes possible. You could jump into the port, which was a matter of hours, with her flag floating gently in the breeze.

Last February I was on a Greek Consul in an American mainland that I proposed travelling over to his home town. He shook his head gently, saying, "But, Madamesselle," is that a thing after, after, after impossible? Oh, yes, the trains run...sometimes...sometimes they do not travel on them unless one must. Maybe it takes you three days to Salamina, maybe three weeks, who knows. But after that there are no trains at all. The alternative was to fly via Cairo on an air service checked with promises, or to board the once-frightening Russian-controlled Russian steam that passes between Smyrna and the port of Athens.

I have not been to the Consul much as soon as I get into my car, looking for a first sight of the Greek capital, and finding me to join her and to me still I reach the marble baths of Athens. I am at first to be a fellow-traveller, and had a special train before the war you railcar waiting for him at the station. He invited me to occupy his car and with him we go on this thirteen-hour drive to Salamina, I gained a vivid impression of life in the Greek countryside as opposed to life in Athens.

Inflation and the Black Market

Inflation is a big problem, and its railways are strong over thousands of bridges. Literally hundreds of new bridges, some only six feet long, join the single track line from the Turkish border. Hundreds more to Salamina, Salamina. The remaining Germanically ran tracks of the entire railway network on the railcar. They are also covered with all road transport. This is why, though in the rest of the Greek railway system, while the people grow fat, in Greece the passengers are often in a constant state of unease. The inhabitants of Athens are often on the road during the day.

Thanks to the thoroughness of German occupation of World War and the black market the Greeks' own civil war, Greece has, during the past year, had to experience the shortage of foodstuffs in her national diet, the chief exception being olive oil, which still grows in abundance, but which her farmers consider and sell on the black market, if at all. It doesn't really pay you to sell anything in Greece today, but that price you put one day is only half of what you might get if you waited another week.

In Athens, "Greece starving?" or "is the newly arrived British soldier?" "Why, she's better off than the folks at home!

It is no crime to sell your U.N.R.R.A. rations, for a government in Greece, even U.N.R.R.A. doesn't mind, to the visiting British soldier, if he sold the trottlers off his back garden pig, for example, your U.N.R.R.A. foodstuffs are distributed fairly equally at nominal prices. Rationed Greeks, numbers whom sono terms of the population, don't like imported items, while they persuade their wives liked span, so they sell for what they do-like, or, or, or, or, or, the British soldiers, or the private board of their own. Their official diet now is meat, eggs, milk, and tea, in which there is sold for cash by poorer Greeks, who use them, their U.N.R.R.A. rations a welcome source of income.

Do not blame U.N.R.R.A. for what may seem to British eyes an unstimulating state of affairs. The Greek Government, of which there have been new in fifteen months, is responsible for what happens to U.N.R.R.A. goods. They are very few, but Greek authorities, U.N.R.R.A. can do no more than advise after their Greek Government could enforce a law compelling the Greeks to consume, not sell their rations.

The Athenians, because they can often eat the essentials that cannot be transported to the remote villages, and because they are both producing enough and sufficiently to meet them in the town and in the village, and many children are down in the past from under fertilizer, and now there is also the cost of production, and the Athenians have their own lovely city far better than over the German cliffs.

Inflation has also hit the British service. The British servicemen are well aware of the British war. The British have window-shops are decorated with clothes that compare favorably with those of Germany, though prices are proportionate to the means of payment. Greek women are more in line with the young and the middle-aged making money on the local marts and rights. Their new green-uniformed gentlemens keep order in the streets of the city the national flag flies happily over the King's Palace, where in the picturesque and in the killed troops stand guard.

Another thing that astonishes the visitor to Athens is the abundance of lucious and expensive cakes and cream cakes in the patisseries, stacks of rich and fancy chocolates in the confectioners, and pyramids of U.N.R.R.A.'s corned beef and tinned salmon everywhere. Every day!
Outward Peace of Athens Flatters to Deceive

Emerging from years of occupation and months of civil strife, the Greek capital still retains its architectural grandeur. In Constitution Square (1) and in the narrow streets of the old quarters (2), apparently normal Athenians go about their daily tasks. But the outward serenity of the capital, viewed from Aegina Hill (3), does not reflect the true mood of the country based on widespread black market, inflation, restrictions and bitter divergent political views. See article in facing page.
ITALY'S MONARCHY DIES AND A REPUBLIC IS BORN

OF THE ITALIAN PEOPLES OWN CHOOSING, the Monarchy was dissolved in favour of a Republic by a majority of two million votes in the crucial Parliamentary elections and referendum on the Monarchy held throughout Italy, June 2-3, 1946. Proceeding the referendum, King Victor Emmanuel's Declaration of Abdication (above), dated on May 14th, brought his three-year reign to an end. King Humbert II, Italy's last Monarch, assumed the title of Prince Umberto as successor. Questioning the legality of the referendum, King Humbert II threatened to create a Constitutional crisis, but he departed for Portugal on June 13. Disorderly crowds poured outside a polling station in Rome, June 3, where Premier Giuseppe Bottai, Minister of Interior, early broadcast the referendum results. En King Umberto Iii returned from his plane at a Rome airfield (3).
France Remembers De Gaulle’s Call to Fight On

SIX YEARS AFTER the surrender of France to Germany, ceremonies were held in Paris on June 18, 1944, to commemorate the anniversary of De Gaulle’s spirited broadcast from London on June 18, 1940, calling on Frenchmen not to give away their native land. The ceremony was held at the Place de la Concorde, where the French Resistance movement was named. The ceremony was attended by many dignitaries, including the President of the Republic, the Prime Minister, and the Chairman of the Committee of Liberation. In recognition of De Gaulle’s efforts, a statue was erected in his honor in the Place de la Concorde. The ceremony was a fitting tribute to the leader who had rallied the nation in its darkest hour.

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HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS

H.M.S. Renown

Motto: "Guardian of Ancient Realm"

A SHIP of 32,000 tons, launched on the Clyde in 1918, the Renown is the only remaining battleship from the Great War. She has a proud tradition of the German Navy's battleships, and her visits to various countries have always been followed with much interest. In 1929, she visited the United States, Australia, New Zealand, India and Japan. She later paid visits to the present King and Queen, the Duke and Duchess of York, and to other members of the Royal Family. In 1934, she visited the United States and Hawaii, and in 1936, she visited the United Kingdom and the Far East.

In 1939-40 she was completely rebuilt and re-engined at a cost of over £3,000,000, equal to the original price of construction. Her first action after recommissioning was with the River Class destroyers in the Mediterranean. She has since been involved in many operations, including the Battle of Jutland and the Battle of the Atlantic. After the Battle of the Atlantic, she was transferred to the Mediterranean, where she remained for the duration of the war.

In the spring of 1945, she returned to the United States, where she was placed in reserve. She was later transferred to the United Kingdom, where she remained until 1952, when she was decommissioned.

The Renown is a symbol of the pride and tradition of the Royal Navy, and her visits to various countries have always been followed with much interest. She has been involved in many operations, and her story is one of骄傲和荣誉.
Records of the Regiments: 1939–1945
The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry

By L. S. SNELL

RAISED in 1794, the Regimental Colour of the D.C.L.I. bears a long list of Battle Honours and several Protestant Wyts, Waterloo, Indian Mutiny, Egyptian War of 1882, and the South African War. The style of "Light Infantry" was granted to the Regiment in 1798 by Queen Charlotte in recognition of the gallantry displayed in the defense of Lussana. During the 1914-1918 war the regiment was ten of which are displayed on the King's Colour.

The 5th Battalion fought a major action on August 22, 1944, when it took part in the assault crossing of the Seine with other West Country units. They extended their bridge-heads after severe fighting, and so weakened enemy opposition that by 4.00 a.m. on August 26 it was possible to bridge the river. Then the Cornishmen fought their way into Percy, and afterwards cleared some woods of the enemy to give safe passage to the British armour now beginning to drive into Belgium and Holland. In September 1944 it was necessary to send infantry to the relief of the 1st Airborne Division which was cut off at Arnhem, and the 5th D.C.L.I. were selected for the task.

Relief Column's Thrilling Dash

Riding on Sherman tanks they made a dash at 30 miles an hour through miles of enemy occupied territory. The tanks became separated from the first carriers which accompanied them, and found themselves followed by six German Tiger tanks. The officer in charge of the relief column placed PIAT guns in the ditches and set booty traps, and managed to knock out four of the Tigers. The advance went on, and the river was reached, but it was found to be impossible to send stores across to the troops in the division as the "ducks" slipped from the dyke road into the ditch. Though they did not get through, the D.C.L.I. had made as thrilling and spectacular a dash as is possible for the British infantry. During the Anglo-American offensive of November 15, 1944, the 5th battalion captured D.C.L.I. GUARDS OF HONOUR AT ALLIED H.Q., ALGERS, was inspected on February 1, 1944, by General Girard and General Fieremans van Cleeb, General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, who was then C.O.-C. Mediterranean, and the Corps Commander, General Montgomery. The whole of the Allied forces in Tunisia were represented at the inspection. By permission of the War Office
D.C.L.I. in the 1944 Advance Through Italy

THROUGH SHATTERED AND DESERTED MONTEVARCHI, north of Rome, while it was still being shelled by the Germans, scouted a patrol of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, the town was cleared by July 16, 1944. Continuing their advance on Florence, one of the Regiment waited in the trenches (1) before moving up in their Bren carriers to take the isolated Monastery which, as shown by No. 2 of these Brenners unmasked photograph, was reached by a truck bearing a warning sign. The monastery was captured on August 8.
In the Sudan and at a Crossroads in Normandy

THE 10th BATTALION DUKE OF CORNWALL'S LIGHT INFANTRY, when it returned to France with the Allied Armies in June 1944, usually averaged the full equipment prescribed by Ottawa for the British infantry, but this was not the case on a crossroads in Normandy 1. Unarmed and unprepared: Moving forward to the Ormamentines sector 2, during the first British advance on Caen, on the 26th November 1944. An officer of a B.C.L.I. platoon in the background 3, previously unphotographed, checks the route with a dynamite clip.
the village of Hochfeld, cut the main east-west route of the Germans in Gelenkirchen and pushed two-battles of the way through the thick wood stretching north-east from Hochfeld. The Battalion held on there for four days, shielded incessantly by heavy guns, fighting and living under the most appalling conditions, in trenches half-full of water. At the extreme tip of this wood, on rising ground, lay the village of Hoven, which was strongly held by the enemy; and across the narrow valley, and overlooked from Hoven, stood Worms, a vital objective for the Americans attacking from the south-west.

The British Commander saw that the task of the Americans in attacking Worms would be made much easier if Hoven could be captured first, so he gave orders for the D.C.L.I. to attack the village.

The 5th Battalion’s attack upon Hoven started at 2 o’clock on November 22, in pouring rain. The supply of ammunition and other stores was a major problem, as all had to be man-hauled through the woods and wounded had to be brought in on the backs of the stretcher-bearers. The first company to advance came under fire from snipers, mortars and 8ins from both flanks and was practically wiped out. The next company managed to fight its way forward to a position from which it was possible to fire down on the enemy line with P.D.A.S., mortars and Brens.

At 3 o’clock another part of the Battalion worked round the flank and fought its way forward until nightfall. During the night some food and a number of boxes of ammunition were brought up, but all commanders were exhausted.

At daylight the Germans threw everything they had into the attack but were driven off, until finally the garrison had no more ammunition. At 12 noon they surrendered to the British headquarters for all available artillery to be brought to bear on the village in the hopes of killing the Germans who were in the open, the D.C.L.I. having taken shelter in the trenches and cellars. When the artillery fire ceased, seven of the D.C.L.I.—all that remained—crept back to the Battalion lines. The 5th had endured the heaviest shelling from the Siegfried line for 24 hours, and had thus enabled the Americans to push forward.

When the Cease Fire Order Came

When the Corps Commander visited the Battalion on the following day he thanked the officers and men for their gallantry. He said that he had almost every type of regiment in the Army under his command, including Guards, but he had never, in all his service met such a magnificent fighting Battalion as that of the Duke of Cornwall’s Light Infantry.

The 5th Battalion, with the 43rd (Wessex) Division, took part in the capture of Cleve in February 1945, and a few weeks later in the capture of Aachen, vital hinge of the Weil defense line, which Hitler had ordered to be defended at all costs. The Battalion’s last real fight against the Germans took place on the night of April 13-14, near the important town of Kloppenburg, when the D.C.L.I., crossing the river by a bridge which the enemy had failed to destroy, broke up German attempts to re-form their organization in the clearing of Bremen on April 20-27, 1945, and of the difficult, briny country on the road to Bremen and Cuxhaven on April 20-30. When the order to cease fire came, on the morning of May 4, the 5th was within the village of Badenbusch, some 15 miles north-west of the port of Bremen.

Brief mention must be made of the two military bands of the Regular Army Battalion. At the beginning of the War, the Band of the 1st Battalion D.C.L.I. was stationed in India, and in 1941 in Iraq. In 1942 this band proceeded on an extensive tour which took them through Kurdistan and Persia, Egypt, Palestine, Lebanon, Africa, Trans-Jordan and the Sinai Desert. In April 1943 they embarked for Tripoli, where they had the honour of playing for His Majesty King George VI, General Alexander and General Auchinleck. After two months in Tripoli the band returned to Egypt, where, in February 1944, they played for the review of the 100th Armoured Division by General General Montgomery, and then returned to England to refit. This band was also chosen to accompany the British forces sent to the Channel Islands in May 1945 to receive the German submission. The Band of the 2nd Battalion proceeded to join the British Liberation Army in the summer of 1944, playing to troops in forward areas in France, Belgium, Holland and Germany.
Empire Forces Celebrate Empire Day in Tokyo

Recruitment and information center for British troops in Tokyo was officially opened on May 24, 1946, when Lieut.-Gen. John Northcott, G.C.M.G., the British Commonwealth Occupation Force, cut a ribbon across the door (1). Featured also was a B.C.O.F. Empire Day parade; the reviewing stand (2), with Gen. Northcott at the microphone. On May 8 troops paraded (2) to mark the arrival of units of the 66th and 67th Infantry of the Australian Occupation Force.
Our Largest and Fastest Carrier Comes Home

The last of the Fleet aircraft carriers of the British Pacific Fleet to return from service in the Far East, H.M.S. Implacable (1), one biggest and speediest, arrived at Devonport on June 1, 1946, from Australia, bringing 10000 gift-cases of food from the Dominion. In just over a year she had covered 90,000 miles. Our latest carrier, H.M.S. Triumph (2) reached Southampton the same month; a mile of Mulberry Harbour on the foreshore there is doing excellent peacetime service.

H.M.S. Theseus With Her Seafires Visits Norway

In Bergen Harbour recently, the light Fleet carrier H.M.S. Theseus, with a long line of Seafires on her flight deck (3), quickly established cordial relations with the Norwegians. An innovation warmly acclaimed by the rank and file of the Theseus is her try-out: an electric scrubber (4), which may soon be a standard part of all Naval ships' cleaning equipment. One of her Seafires made an unhappy deck-landing (5), but the pilot escaped injury. See also illus., page 204.
In Remembrance of Our Fallen at Narvik

At the tomb of British troops in Narvik Cemetery, Norway, on May 28, 1940, Gen. Béthouart of the French Army saluted the dead. At these ceremonies, marking the sixth anniversary of the battle, he was guest of Admiral Sir William Whitworth aboard H.M.S. Helena (I). The Admiral (4, seated from left) at the grave of Capt. B. A. W. Warburton-Lee, V.C. The French cruiser Terrible (I) attended the observances. See also pages 496, 488-496, 660/664, Vol. 3.

Photo. Associated Press
General Eisenhower Sum Up

QUESTION 1.—Generally, did Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, as the Allied Expeditionary Force Commander in the Battle of Normandy, in the Battle of Normandy, successfully implement the plan as it had been originally drawn up? Yes. The original plan for an airborne attack, as revised by Montgomery and Gen. Eisenhower, involved a D-Day assault on a five-division front from Ouistreham and Yvonneville, with the intention of quickly establishing beachheads to accommodate the follow-up troops. The invasion force of the attack included the capture of Caen, Bayeux, Juno and Omaha Beaches, and the essential port of Cherbourg. The operation was designed to exploit the air superiority of the Allies to neutralise German units on the beaches and in the area of the port of Cherbourg.

Because it was ultimately intended to supply the United States forces engaged in Europe directly from American ports, American troops were to take Cherbourg and the British ports as supply bases, while the British, driving east and north along the coast, were to seize the Cherbourg ports, as far north as Antwerp, through which they were to be supplied directly from England.

From the beginning, therefore, it was clearly Eisenhower’s intention, no less than Montgomery’s, that the American First Army should make the initial break-out from the beach-head on the Allied right. Moreover, the British and French would advance from the Normandy ports D Day 7, or 17 days ahead of schedule.

QUESTION 2.—Importantly, was 21st Army Group the answer to fighting superiority show? Yes. The 21st Army Group, as the main Allied force in the area, was able to capture the port of Cherbourg in order to provide supplies for the troops.

"Here the enemy concentrated the bulk of his forces, which made the United States First Army fight their way up the beachhead on which it was located, in preparation for what was to prove the decisive breakthrough of the end of July."

"... Our strategy, in the light of the German defeat, was to fix hard in the east in order to contain the main enemy strength there while consolidating our position in the west. The resulting struggle, a struggle which was to cost much blood for each small territorial gain, was thus an essential factor in ensuring our ultimate success. As I told the Press correspondents at the end of August, two feet of ground of the enemy lost at Caen was like having 10 feet anywhere else..."

Montgomery’s tactical handling of the situation was not to be missed. Falaise was finally occupied. From our last account, that resistance in this sector had existed more as an act of resistance than in any part of the campaign. Without the possession of Falaise, the German divisions in the beachhead battles, first for Caen and then for Falaise, the spectacular advance made elsewhere by the Allied forces could never have come about.

QUESTION 3.—What were the basic causes of the German failure in the Battle of Normandy?

The primary cause was the loss of the leadership of the West. Without the overwhelming majority in the west which we had enjoyed on D-Day our advance against the Continent would have been a mere hazardous if not impossible undertaking. The communications which had produced a fatal effect upon the enemy’s attempts at reinforcement, of the threatened areas after our landing.

Nest I should put tactical surprise:...

The enemy had concluded that any cross-channel expedition was impossible while the sea was not high, and that the installations rendered insufficient as the result of our air attacks. His consequent unpreparedness at our arrival was more than the difficulty which we experienced... In point of fact, we attacked shortly after low tide when the moon was full; we landed away from large harbours and at some points below shore cliffs, and the waters through which we approached the shore were so strewn with reef and subjected to strong currents that the German naval staff had declared it would be impossible for landing craft... We achieved a degree of tactical surprise for which we later hardly dared to hope.

QUESTION 4.—During the advance of the United States Army into the Rhine, American casualties were 70,000 and 4,000 of these, the 21st Army Group’s thrust to the northeast at the expense of the Third U.S. Army thrust eastward...

"... It was our plan to attack north of the Seine in the greatest possible strength. This direction had been chosen for a variety of reasons. First, the bulk of the German Army was located there. Secondly, this gave a great opportunity to attack the flying bomb area. A third reason for the northward attack was our imperative need for the large part of the U.S. Army to the east of the Rhine and the U.S. forces in Belgium. Finally, and most important, I felt that the turning of the late summer and early autumn months the lower Rhine offered the best opportunity for an advance into Germany, and it seemed probable that, through rapidity of exploitation, both the Siegfried Line and the Rhine River might be crossed and strong bridges established before the enemy recovered sufficiently to make a definitive stand in the Ardennes area.

QUESTION 5.—Were 21st Army Group operations to clear the Scheldt Estuary unduly delayed and unduly protracted contrary to the Supreme Commander’s wishes?

A few months after the sea front was established on the beach-head, the German 3rd Army, under the command of Gen. Fedor von Bock, broke through our lines and advanced to the Scheldt Estuary. Eisenhower gave the facts:... His decision to concentrate our efforts on this attack (the Scholten operation) is thrust in the heart of Germany before the enemy could consolidate his defences along the Rhine had resulted in a delay in opening Antwerp and in making the port available to the American forces. I believe that the possible political reasons were the primary factor for not returning this responsibility to this, and I believe that the possible political reasons were not the actual events which hindered the calculated risk involved.

QUESTION 6.—Did Gen. Eisenhower and his staff have any new views about the 1943 campaign plan or framework? Yes. The British lack of staff work, the time of the campaign, would have preferred a single, powerful single ground commander for the whole front north of Lübeck to be appointed, under me, operational control and co-ordination of all ground forces involved in the Rhine offensive.

"This suggestion was based on the assumption that all the combination of the front would remain on the defensive, contrary to my plan. I pointed out that, under these plans, the Rhine marked the logical division of Command zones and that Field-Marshal Montgomery would be in charge of all the forces there—the Canadian Army, British Army and United States North Army.

QUESTION 7.—Was the encouragement of the British to the Rhine Bridgehead by the initiative of the Commanders of the United States First and Ninth Armies going beyond, or contrary to, Eisenhower and Montgomery’s intentions? Yes. During the advance decided to put the full weight of our forces against the 21st Army Group’s thrust to the northeast at the expense of the Third U.S. Army thrust eastward...

"... It was our plan to attack north of the Seine in the greatest possible strength. This direction had been chosen for a variety of reasons. First, the bulk of the German Army was located there. Secondly, this gave a great opportunity to attack the flying bomb area. A third reason for the northward attack was our imperative need for the large part of the U.S. Army to the east of the Rhine and the U.S. forces in Belgium. Finally, and most important, I felt that the turning of the late summer and early autumn months the lower Rhine offered the best opportunity for an advance into Germany, and it seemed probable that, through rapidity of exploitation, both the Siegfried Line and the Rhine River might be crossed and strong bridges established before the enemy recovered sufficiently to make a definitive stand in the Ardennes area.

QUESTION 8.—Did the British Chiefs of Staff agree with the American views on the plan of operation to follow the Rhine突破?

"The decision to concentrate first upon a major operation to clear the Scheldt Estuary and not to be given up to arms is that the United States would be given up to arms is that the United States would be given up to arms. The decision to concentrate first upon a major operation to clear the Scheldt Estuary...

"Our reply pointed out that we had not foreseen that a major operation to clear the Scheldt Estuary might be given up to arms is that the United States would be given up to arms. The decision to concentrate first upon a major operation to clear the Scheldt Estuary...

"The decision to concentrate first upon a major operation to clear the Scheldt Estuary..."
Our War Leaders in Peacetime

WAVERLEY

A Vicere of India, Field-Marshal Viscount Wavell, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., has little time for home life, and the loss to him must be a considerable one. But family anniversaries are duly observed in turn—the births of Archibald Percival Wavell, born 1915; the birthdays of Caroline, aged 26, and married four years ago; of Felicity, aged 23; Joan, 21; and John, 30 years old and a major in the Black Watch, which was also his father's original regiment.

Shy and reserved, Wavell does not shine in glittering company. It is said to be a devastating experience for a lady to sit next to him at official dinners, for he "just sits." But friends who enter his home circle in New Delhi know him as a charming man and excellent company; in them he is "Archie."

The son of a soldier (Major-General A. G. Wavell, C.B., whose father was also a Major-General), educated at Winchester and Sandhurst, he is more interested in soldiering than anything else; and after-dinner conversation as often as not finds him talking about military topics. The study of strategy and tactics being one of the Vicere's hobbies. Another is the study of languages, of which he speaks several, including Russian which he learned in 1939. This year, he is spending a year with a Russian family in Moscow. Today he is polishing up his Indian language.

Even with the pressing problems of India on his shoulders he still finds time to settle down with Gibson and the Sins, and occasionally to attend to his own considerable literary output. He frequently quotes from the Classics and, a religious man, from the Bible. His wife shares his views and outdoor interests: married for 31 years now, the Wavells are inseparable.

A fine horseman at 63 he can still give any younger man a good run, and he takes a particular delight in jumping. A judge of horses, he goes to race meetings less to bet than to see the horses in the paddock. The Italians were caught napping when, as C-in-C, Middle East, Wavell launched his first attack into Cyrenaica, in December 1941, for on the very afternoon of the attack Italian secret agents saw him enjoying himself at the Cairo races! Wavell's temperament is of that kind: calm and unperturbed.

A survivor he expresses by slowly removing his eyepatch and replacing it in his blind eye—he lost the sight of his right eye in the First World War. But poor sight does not interfere with his shooting—he has a prized his golf, which he improved during his Command in North Africa, when skiing—another of his favourite sports—was denied him. Now Wavell is playing his part in shaping the future of his 350 million Indians.
Our Empire's Proud Share in Victory

CYPRUS, PALESTINE AND TRANS-JORDAN

By HARLEY V. USILL

In this second article on the Mediterranean area (see page 231), the island of Cyprus east of British influence is brought before the reader. The island contains areas of Christian and Muslim faith, and is thus a testing-ground of the Catholic and Protestant faiths. The great majority of the island are of Greek and Turkish origin, and are mostly farmers and fishers.

Though the island is situated in the Mediterranean, it has been occupied and colonized by successive waves of conquerors. It is now divided by Christianity and Islam, as well as by a number of different Christian sects, and by the British, French and Turkish influences. The island itself is divided into two main parts: the coasts of the Mediterranean and the interior.

The island of Cyprus has been part of the British Empire since 1914, and is now administered by the British government. The island is divided into three main regions: the coast, the interior, and the mountains.

The coast is the most populated area, and is characterized by its beautiful beaches and its rich flora and fauna. The interior is sparsely populated, and is characterized by its natural beauty and its rich agriculture.

The mountains are the most rugged and the most beautiful area of the island, and are characterized by their magnificent scenery and their rich natural resources.

In 1945, the British army occupied the island and established a military government. The island was declared a self-governing territory in 1946, and achieved independence in 1960.

In 1955, the British army withdrew from the island, and the island became a republic. The republic of Cyprus is a member of the Commonwealth, and is a democratic republic.

The island of Cyprus has a rich history, and has been the site of many important events. It was the birthplace of the Phoenician civilization, and was the center of the Hellenistic world. It was also the site of the Crusades, and was the center of the Ottoman Empire.

The island of Cyprus is now a member of the European Union, and is a member of the United Nations. It is a democratic republic, and is a member of the Commonwealth.

In conclusion, the island of Cyprus is a fascinating and unique place, with a rich history and a rich culture. It is a place of beauty and of history, and is a place where the past and the present come together.
Calm and Unrest in Middle Eastern Neighbours

**IN TROUBLED PALESTINE** Terrorist attacks led the authorities to take drastic action against theBaghaz (Greater Hebron Area) and Petahko, the northern frontier. In Tel Aviv the 8th Parachute Regt. (1) man obstacles in Allenby Road. Boarding a barge of the Palestine Police Company (2) in search of arms.

**ENTHRONEMENT OF KING ABDULLAH I OF TRANS-JORDAN at Amman, capital of the State, on May 30, 1921, marked the emergence of Transjordan as a fully independent Hashemite kingdom after being administered under British Mandate since 1918. After the ceremony the new King (3, 4th) accompanied by Salah Ud-Din, King of Iraq, drove to a R.A.F. airfield near Amman to inspect all branches of the Arab Legion.**

Heating the parade was the Guard of the Camel Corps (4).
I Saw the Mighty Thrust for Arnhem

On September 17, 1944, I was in Brussels on the position of Personal Assistant to the Senior Officer of the Reconnaissance Group. We had just arrived from England. Our establishment was one jeep, two examinations and two radio operators. Our mission was to visit the Reconnaissance Regiments then in action on this front.

Sunday the 17th was a notable date in the history of the war. A fortnight had gone by since the fall of the Belgian capital. Our forward troops had for some days been engaged at the canal crossings to the north. It had become apparent that the use of Amtracs, vital to the Allied success, was to be denied as strenuously as the Channel ports. For lack of petrol, rationing and ammunition, the momentum of our broad advance had already begun to slow down against the gathering German defense.

Attempt to End the War by Winter

How would the Allied High Command deal with this situation? Sunday the 17th provided the answer. On that day rose from the airfields of England an armada of transport planes, many towing gliders, packed with men and equipment for a military gamble to end the war in winter. The terms of the gamble were these: If the Allies could secure from the air the three bridges in Holland over the Maas and the Rhine, at Grave, Nijmegen and Arnhem; reach the airborne spearhead with a strong armored shaft; push to the high ground above Arnhem and launch a drive east to fill out on the Rhine, Allied forces might be a chance of victory in a matter of weeks.

Most of the forward ground troops were on the move. We set our jeep among them, and within thirty-six hours we were abreast of all the RECONNAISSANCE Regiments. The guards at the Dutch frontier were still dutifully scrutinizing the papers of a civilian expedition; by the time we reached the road into Holland—straight, flat, deserted. Behind us in the air a big formation of fighters at Buerigen. Somewhere in front were the Guards Armoured Division. It was the afternoon of Tuesday, September 19. There was nothing to notice on this highway that tomorrow would be the most talked-of road in the world. The countryside lay still on either hand, and the road quite empty before us. Of war there was no sign.

We came to Ede. It fell to Ede to provide Holland's official welcome to the Army of Liberation. It is a small town south of Eindhoven, and no one who was there on that day is likely to forget it. When we arrived, the swelling stream of national costumes, flowers, fruit and flags had swamped in the street the tail-end of the convey we had been speeding to catch. Thither to Eindhoven the way was thick transport of the Guards Armoured Division. In Eindhoven, greeting against the traffic, appeared a Press jeep bearing Mr. Frank Gifford with his drain—still far from a F.B.I. microphone, but he ever got back in one is his own secret.

Eindhoven, too, had an atmosphere of carnival. A few hours later the town of Reckling was bombed. At dusk German tanks cut the road to Nijmegen. Nijmegen lies low on the south bank of the Waal. In 1916 its fine road bridge over the river had been opened by Queen Wilhelmmina. On May 10, 1940, the Dutch Army, retreating through Nijmegen, blew the bridge in face of the oncoming Germans. The latter rebuilt it, and now it stood again as a military objective, with dynamite charges once more underneath. The position on the morning of September 20, when we caught up with the headquarters of the Guards Armoured Division temporarily established in a field just across the Grave bridge, was that fighting was still in progress to Nijmegen, and the bridge was intact.

At mid-day we moved with Divisional Headquarters outwards along a side road which brought us out on the main highway which runs due south of Nijmegen into Germany. A new Battle H.Q. was established in a patch of scrub beyond the few cultivated fields to the east of the road, by the village of Midden. A mile or so to the north was proceeding the struggle for possession of the town and the bridge. At a less distance to the south, a small party of the 82nd American Airborne Division, weary and brinded in their fourth day of fighting, were engaged in the village of Moos.

The sound of war cracked and thundered about the little carvan town of command vehicles, armoured cars, 5-tonners, parked on the sandy grass among bushes and trees. Here quiet English voices gave instructions over the air, current m cloudy at someone's impatience, arranged administrative details and, in a spare moment, speculated on the turn of events. The betting was heavily on the side of Berlin by Christmas. For those
able to come in from supervision of a battle which held the breathless attention of the world, for that afternoon the mess tent was served as usual.

After tea, down the road in Nijmegen, culminated the struggle for the bridge. The Germans, when they came to blow it, found that the bridge was an easy target for the artillery, which was up in the first instance of their disadvantage in fighting in a country long tuned to underground resistance. They had, nevertheless, established a strong position on the roundabout where five roads meet a hundred yards from the south end of the bridge.

Against this strong point the Guards' tasks, supported by American airborne infantry, had been beaten in vain and at cost in casualties. Finally the Americans put across the railway bridge, a few hundred yards downstream. Their wireless signal of success was interpreted as relating to the road bridge. In a last charge, which reached no denial, the Guards broke through the roundabout position and over the bridge, leaving corpses scattered along its length. The way was open, so it seemed, to Arnhem and the next stage of the plan.

At the outset of the four days which followed, feeling as we caught it in the Nijmegen salient still sounded the exhilarated note of the start of the adventure.

It was understandable that the Arnhem garrison should not be relieved, now Nijmegen bridge was intact in our hands. So certain was authority on this point, and on the successful conclusion of the next stage of the gamble, that troops were unable to change Belgium for Dutch money on the ruling that they would not be likely to stay sufficiently long in Holland to need it.

The vital area of operations was now that stretch of country ten miles across from Nijmegen to Arnhem, which later was to become known as "The Island" and was to preserve its sinister reputation to the end of the war, since only then did we altogether turn the Germans out. It lay so low that the roads have to be supported on dykes. There are two main roads to Arnhem, which join just south of it and also become a single road at Nijmegen bridge. Otherwise, the roads on the map are lines—
continuous and slippery and not the tank driver's dream.

Very quickly Nijmegen bridge was regained, and one rarely crossed it without the accompaniment of an ominous whistle as a shell went by on one side or the other. One landed on the town end of the bridge and made a hole the size of a jeep. But this could be negotiated. The Hapones made
reason for more than one stream of traffic, by blowing the roadblock at the north end. On the "island" the main roads were well covered by the enemy as to be impassable. Off the main roads going was extremely difficult in the bad weather which began to add to Allied troubles.

The Household Cavalry reconnoitered to the west for the Guards and, when the 43rd Division came up to take over on September 22, they fought to link up with the Polish Parachute Brigade which had by now dropped down at Duin, on the south bank of the Neder Rijn to the west of Arnhem. The Poles, originally, had been intended for the south end of Arnhem bridge; their zone was now moved to where they would be in a better position to contact and aid the larger part of the airborne force pinned in the suburb of Oosterbeek. Intelligence from the 21st Air Trio sector became confused. One factor which must have influenced operations at this crucial time was the uncertainty of the supply route back to Eindhoven. On the way up we had seen a precision night attack made by the First Polish Army, which had been cut off from the rest of the Polish forces. On the road from Eindhoven had been first cut by German tanks. Later, we had stood on the road at Malden and seen the soft supply vehicles arrive with jagged tears in their heads, smashed windscreen and other signs of having run the gauntlet. So serious had been the threat then that a force of Guards tanks had been sent to go back and clear the road. On the way back had come Hitler's personal prediction that all troops cut off at the tip of the corridor were about to be thrown into the river.

Food Dump Marked by Dense Smoke

A shortage of rations was at this time more serious than in the "island" and lasted as far as we were concerned, to one incident typical of the whole situation. A German military food dump of fabulous size had been sighted at Oo, some few miles away to the west. With an hour to spare, and with a disposition to verify the source of slimy and tubers of cheese, we set off down the road. Well in the road we overtook a troop of tanks and learned that the German airfields were of a force detailed to meet several hundred German infusion from the south. As we withdrew the battle started and the food dump was engulfed by billows of smoke.

In those days our stuff was not over the area from which we was being launched the rescue attempt that had started as an effort to reinforce the garrison for victory. We felt the atmosphere in the Nijmegen pocket change from a mood of exhilaration, that saw Berlin in our hands by Christmas, to a grim determination that the men of Arnhem must get help quickly.

The men of the 43rd Division were in possession of River-cruising equipment rolled through the streets of Nijmegen and its purpose was clear. The list of the rescue teams, pursued by Tigers along the treacherous lines of the island, trying desperately to get into the water down the many banks of the Neder Rijn against the current. As the failure of the Bridge meant the creation of the wave of determination that did at last break the great gallantry and perseverance principali, of the Dutchmen, succeed in the rescue of the airborne troops. Arnhem was being pinpointed by the Blenheim bomber, who, flying up from the southwest, from the airfields of Eindhoven, dropped parachute loads away to the north, it was difficult to say whether this was their life-blood of food and ammunition. Some of these loads were examples of the greatest gallantry, making fine contribution to the morale and

WARTING TO COLLECT THEIR LIFE-BLOOD OF FOOD AND AMMUNITION, a hard-pressed airborne trooper in Holland displayed extended parachutes to guide pilots of the Bleriot-type planes flying through Eindhoven A.A. fire. At Dutch, in the dressing-down, paratroopers are seen depending (background) away to the north.

My Charmed Life in H.M. Submarines

Ward at being blown out of the water, being depth-charged to pens or being damaged by torpedoes, or by fellow submarines. The term punishment of the worst or these communications by F.L.S. (see Case A).

I was called to the Cœlour on July 31, 1939, as a Reserve, and was detailed to Submarine H 49, which proceeded on exercises until the outbreak of the War, and was sent to Portland on Aids to Torpedo training for destroyers and other ships. One destroyer which trained with us was the Kelly, at that time commanded by Lord Louis Mountbatten.

In the summer of 1940 we were detailed to patrol near Fashings, Holland, which was on an E 9 sub. One night we were about to surface to charge batteries when the captain, at the periscope, saw that we were surrounded by E-boats escorting. We were elated, and lay on the sea bed, and were then the E-boats returned to pursue us. We could not imagine our horror when we found we were led by the D. As we lay still the shingle had been gradually washing us, by causing us. Carelessly we went ahead on the motors, then astern, and so, until, at last, after about two hours of careful manoeuvring, we were able to free ourselves.

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After this patrol we were detailed (during the "invasion scare") to proceed to Dover, where we left it at 1 a.m. for Calais looking for enemy transports, returning to Dover at 7 a.m. the following morning. We did this for some time, and then I was taken sick with typhoid, and when we reached Dover I was transferred to Chatham Hospital. That was the last I saw of H 49, for she was passed missing shortly afterwards.

My next submarine was the Thunderbolt, formerly Thetis, commanded by Lieut. Crouch, and then lying in dock at Cammel Laird's yard. When she was ready we did our trials, and were ordered to proceed to Dunoon, Scotland, where the parent ship Firth was lying. On our first patrol, we were sent to search for submarines in the Grand Rion in France, to interrupt and sink Italian submarines. We eventually saw one, escort by three armed French tugs. The depth of water here was only 60 feet. Lieut. Crouch gave the order "Blow up six fish" (give air to torpedoes), and when he got his bearing, the speed of the U-boat, and other details, we fired all
The reply came back, "Nothing, sir." Lieut. Crouch gave the order "Up periscope!" and then, almost in the same breath, "Take her down—we're being rammed!"

We went down like a stone, shut off everything, and there was silence in the boat; but not outside, for we heard a ship's screws passing. After that there were explosions and it seemed hell had attacked us. Nobody knew what was happening; after about five minutes all was quiet, again. We eventually swam up and found that our stern half was missing and that the ship was not damaged. We found that the upper deck was missing, and that the jumping wire was hanged over on the side as though it had been cut with a hatchet. But at least we were clear of the enemy and we proceeded back to harbour at Dunkun.

When we were going alongside, the boat was being cheered by the ship's company, and Captain of Midway came from Fort to congratulate us. When he stepped off the gangway into the water more than one laugh went up. But he took everything in good part and came aboard us and congratulated Lieut. Crouch. Crouch.

We Hit the Big Ship in the Stern

Soon after this we proceeded to Halifa, Nova Scotia, and on one occasion we received orders to leave everything and at 2 a.m. what is known as the "his boat-large dangerous". As he looked in the silhouette of the bridge, he could not see a ship resembling her. "I believe she's a warden," he said, "I believe there are three torpedoes. Stand by guns, crew!" When we were within range he told the gunner to give her the challenge, which he did—and her ship, with a loud yell, exploded. We could hear the explosion following on our ship's side. We quickly dived, and dived, Crouch said, "I'll give her five minutes to send out a signal."

But she did, and Crouch said: "Admirably."

Engaged enemy submarine, believing it (Torpedo P & Q). That was certainly a near one for us!

The Thunderbolt at Halifa and was detailed to the submarine Tasma in 1941. While on patrol with her we were sent to "get a 1.000-ton transport."

We saw her after about four days, escorted by six destroyers. We prepared six torpedoes. Lieut. Wintosh, the captain, got his attack all ready and gave the orders, "Up Periscope!" and "Fire! Take her down!"

We heard one of the escorting destroyers go over the top of it. As soon as she had passed over the periscope said: "Torpedo 1, 2, 3. Down periscope. Shift off for depth-charge"

We hit the big ship in the stern, and this was later reported by Italy. We dived deep, then about every quarter-hour we came dropping charges and would not leave us. Lieut. Wintosh told the first Lieutenant to tell the crew here we stood. "Well, sir," he said, "we have just enough in the batteries to allow us to surface, and if that's all right, I'll go up and blow up the sub!" We surfaced, and on our joy, the Italian machines had left us alone, having dropped in 84 depth-charges, damaging no damage but giving us a very nasty shaking.

We waited until we had four periscopes, 16, 18, and 20. The reply came back, "Nothing, sir." Lieut. Crouch gave the order "Up periscope!" and then, almost in the same breath, "Take her down—we're being rammed!"

We went down like a stone, shut off everything, and there was silence in the boat; but not outside, for we heard a ship's screws passing. After that there were explosions and it seemed hell had attacked us. Nobody knew what was happening; after about five minutes all was quiet, again. We eventually swam up and found that our stern half was missing and that the ship was not damaged. We found that the upper deck was missing, and that the jumping wire was hanged over on the side as though it had been cut with a hatchet. But at least we were clear of the enemy and we proceeded back to harbour at Dunkun. When we were going alongside, the boat was being cheered by the ship's company, and Captain of Midway came from Fort to congratulate us. When he stepped off the gangway into the water more than one laugh went up. But he took everything in good part and came aboard us and congratulated Lieut. Crouch. Crouch.

The King Shocks Hands With Me

I seem to have had a charmed life. At Waymouth, in September 1936, I was detailed whilst on H 49 to proceed to the aircraft carrier Courageous for inspection by the King, myself representing the boat. All hands filled in on the flight deck, and the King inspected us. With him was Admiral Max Horton, then in charge of all submarines, and he recognized me as serving with the boat A 94, presented with the Distinguished Service Medal and the King was pleased and asked me if I was being well looked after in the Service. The Commandant was sunk by the enemy near the coast, and the boat I left that went down was H 49, then Taken to the Thunderbolt. My sister was the navigator, and she was in cloth of Mother to...
"ABANDON SHIP, everybody" was the
dread order given by the
commander of the small
British destroyer Medway
after the ship was hit and
heeled over by a single
shell at 10.45 am, 14th
August 1942. There was no
time to lower the boats.
The ship had already sunk
minutes after losing her
way in the Mediterranean
Battle.

Listing heavily, with ropes
dangling down the sides,
the Medway was almost
Wade for the water from the
reef. With a last and a
fatal plunge (1), her
immense weight overwhelmed
the reef and her wooden
hulls and iron-bottomed
hulls of iron swimming
fragments of steel, the
wrecked ship sank in a
swirl of splashing destroyer
HMS Zulu and there.
See story in facing page.
We Navigated the African Bush

Although the Battle of the Atlantic was raging, the War seemed a long way from us.

One of us was secretary, and the others were in the ship's boat.

Our ship was the "Viking Star," a small steamer which had become a second "home" to us.

We had left Buenos Aires with a full cargo of frozen beef, and some of us were sneaking on deck in the first dawn's light and talking about "fish"—torpedoes—their construction and method of firing them. Two or three were in bathing costumes, one was the donkeyman in overalls and a hat, and another was wearing only a pair of rope-soled shoes and green shorts hitched with a kinesny belt. The lamp-rammer on his birthday suit was splashing itself in a canvas bath on the after-deck.

I had just opened my mouth to say something when there came the muffled sound of an explosion. A couple of seconds later a louder explosion came from somewhere deep under the gutty, near to which some of us were sitting. It was a real case of "1/10 of a dollar." Two torpedoes shot across the ship's deck. The Marx fuses were visible in the wake, and the ship was a burning, but no bubbles of the "fish" had given warning of the attack.

At that second the Viking Star launched violently to starboard till the side-rails were almost awash.

Two engineers, five foremen and a naval gunner were killed instantly. Two men on deck were blown into the air, and one of them, the third engineer, was never seen again; the other, an A.B. crashed down on a plate-glass hatch and broke his leg. The lamp-rammer leapt out of his bath and went to the emergency and when the ship listed took a remarkable dive over the starboard rail into the sea. The whole collection of the event is of lying in the swimmers looking dimly into a smoke-filled sky, and finding myself with a sprained ankle on attempting to scramble up.

We took to the lifeboats, on the captain's orders, and bellowed about when a U-boat appeared a cable's length away and smashed a third torpedoes into the sinking ship. The seventy-third voyage of the old Viking Star was ending in the deep Atlantic, and by some freakish conjunction she rose in two halves with the bow pointing at one angle and the stern with stopped propellers at another. It looked like a gigantic V, symbol of Victory, as if, in her dying, the British veteran had made a last majestic gesture of defiance.

The Viking Star went down at 17.45 G.M.T., her position at the time of the attack being latitude 6 degrees North, and longitude 14 degrees West.

We were on tenderloins but the U-boat should start machine-gunning us, but it sheered off and we set course for the distant coast of West Africa. We felt fairly confident that a naval or air patrol from Freetown would find us, but it did not work out that way, and some of the raids never reached land. Circumstances made it necessary for lifeboats and rafts to pull company, and I will not dwell unduly on a voyage in an open boat crowded with sixty-six men in a space meant for twenty-six.

Savaric Chief With Pearly Spats

At first light, a solitary figure was seen, motionless as a bronze statue, near a palm tree. He proved to be a negro, wearing a loin-cloth and armed with a spear. When he saw us looking at him, he vanished, and presently returned with a score of full-dressed negroes with clubs, spears, and knives, and led by their chieftain and a non-descript native of palm who had been educated at a mission school and could "talk de English very good, you must," and kept on saying so.

They gathered in half-circle round our improved tent over which the spindletops of the Atlantic surf. The first man had slept less than any of us in the boat, and was wearing up with some of it when he was awakened to deal with these visitors. None of us had ever seen anything quite like these natives, particularly the chief, who looked as if he might have stopped straight out of a Hollywood film. His face was decorated with scars in spiral design, his parted lips revealed a white half-moon of teeth in a fixed grin. Barter had provided him with fish, rum and tobacco, and he gave us a pair of spats and a collar, which he said were ornaments of red, blue, green and yellow—with a couple of broken pendants from the result.

They reminded me of all I had read about cannibals. But that night the spasms and gamp were reassuring; and they had brought bamboo litter, which suggested the dream

Last Voyage of a Merchantman, which, according to the German description running through these photographs, was torpedoed and sunk by a U-boat in tropical waters. The story of the unawakened merchantman is still visible (left). Members of the crew who managed to survive with a life-preserver at the moment when the submarine was witnessed one of the earliest signs that someone was safe—and, if the face was the real face, it was a greater sign of relief. The last voyage of the merchantman which had become in a second "homa" to them.
I Was There!

The Viking Star at London Bridge Wharf, unloading in 1929. Several years later, on her transatlantic voyage, this fine steamer was to have her first kiss the hands of the Germans on a sunny afternoon in the broad Atlantic, as told here by her deck boy.

To be helpful, the first mate held patrons with the mission-educated natives, and discovered that we had made a landing on French Guiana, which was territory under Vichy control at the time and therefore hostile to the Allies. We had landed, it appeared, a full 100 miles north of Fortuna, Sierra Leone. It also appeared that these natives had heard something about a war being in progress, but had only the foggiest notion as to when it was between and what it was all about.

The negroes, standing watch in us silent curiosity, but presently some of them went to the cultivated patches near their village and returned with something to gladden the heart and stomach—green cocoyams, bananas, oranges, limes and mangos. This was just what the doctor would have ordered after our heat voyage on scant rations, during which I had taken in my left to the last Dutch. In return for the hospitality, the first mate told the chief that he could have the liefbeet, which was no longer use to us anyway. This further warmed the cockles of the chief's heart and we were taken to the village, some of the chaps carried on stages, and evaded in flannel suits, when we slept soundly.

Mysterious Code of the Wilds

Our portable radio set had been lost when the lifeboat had overcast, but these natives had their own broadcasting system—the signal drums which, from time immemorial, had relayed messages from tribe to tribe over vast stretches of African bush and sea. So the restraints had us on the ropes of our rescue in the mysterious code of the wide and distant whistling drumbeats from the distance brought a resuscitation. Incidentally, what shall I tell of the lifeboat, note to these simple savages can be judged by the fact that they celebrated by song and dance for hours until the strongest of us were exhausted.

When food and rest had refreshed us, the lucky chief suggested through the mission-school interpreter that we should go to another village nearer an outpost where two French missionaries were established. This was agreed to, and the chief arranged his himself in all glory and announced he would act as our guide. No less to our surprise, the whole tribe— with the exception of a few old crones, and mothers with babies—volunteered for escort and brought out the buffalo hides in case any of us carded wolves could fall by the wayside during our journey through the bush.

A strange procession set off on the trail. The chief in his Hollywood regal went ahead, using his fiery golfing gaff for a walking-stick. The buffaloknights followed, chattering wildly, and we of the lost Viking Star marched among them in our oddities of attire of bickering costumers. I pedaled along in the rear, busy sun-flowered and half-embarrassed because I had lost my shoes in the surf, my personal escort a bunch of pot-bellied, naked picarens who were obviously enjoying the adventure in full.

We arrived at the African bush. The air was humid, the heat stifling. Strange birds and gaily-colored butterflies winged among the trees, shimmering in the shafts of sunlight that pierced the forest gloom. Myriad of mosquitoes swarmed over our sweating parade, and tormented those of us not used to such desultory attack. Thorns and ticks seared off all who were barefooted, and the poor blackened some of the sailors began to looph and stagger.

A FEAST was prepared and I dream of it now. Chicken was the main dish. The bed of each food was removed and the feathered body plastered thickly with mud and laid over a broadleaf wood. With fine judgment the native cook removed it when done to a turn, scraped off the mud and feathers, placed the bird and curled it in satisfying chunks. There was enough to return, for the village seemed to be positively overrun by food.

One night, after the Hollywood chief and his tribe had departed, with the crew, we set the fire and watched a dance by the village belles, whose face-decorated faces shone as if with black boot-polish. The high spot of this pagan dance came when the girls went leaping gracefully into the bush, caught fireflies in their hands and came whirling back with their jet-black hair sparkling with living sparks. Several days later the French missionaries came in an ancient motor-launch and took us to a trading post down-river. A message brought in the usual vessel of the Royal Navy into the estuary, and soon we were taken in fair to Forteaux, Sierra Leone.

NEW FACTS

Among 4,500 goods wagons, more than 343 passenger cars, and 350 engines, 20,000 tons of freight were unloaded at the coast of Germany during April 1946. In the same month, 2,500 trucks loaded with railway supplies were shipped.

Our thousand or more people are believed to have been killed in Hamburg. How many more will be killed in other cities? We know that already 8,000,000 people are, still standing. The Russian experts have estimated that only about 1,000,000 people were killed by air bombardment on account of the damage sustained in the first few days. A little knowledge is dangerous, for millions, perhaps only 100 lost their lives.

In the first major R.A.F. attack on the Hamburg famous railway centre in the Ruhr— it required eight days to get the smashing runs working— by the end of the week France had its first rail service through Germany. Under the 8,000-year-old stonework of the Knoell Lake, the Luftwaffe workers worked to repair the heavy damage. It was estimated that 2,500 tons of I.E. and 1,000 locomotives were dropped on the flanks of the peninsula. R.A.F. and 31,473 goods wagons, 2,000 passenger coaches were lightened of 2,000,000. Of its 50 Germans on 12 men of the Russians only 10 lost their lives.

In the above case, however, it was also not always true that the Allied experts thought. The latest reports from the Soviet Far Eastern Front indicates that the Allies only 10 lost their lives. For instance, less than 1,000 were killed by air bombardment on account of the damage sustained in the first few days. A little knowledge is dangerous.
Good Companions Aboard Our Carrier Theseus

A GREAT ADVENTURE CAME INTO THE LIVES of these two young representatives of Southern Norway when the light fleet carrier H.M.S. Theseus put into Bergen Harbor for a short and friendly visit. Given the great privilege of going aboard, they were received with open arms by one of the ship's company and dressed in the uniform of a petty officer. Two crewmen were "snapped" against the background of the carrier's deck.

Photo, Reuters


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