Vol 10 The War Illustrated N° 237

SIXPENCE JULY 19, 1946

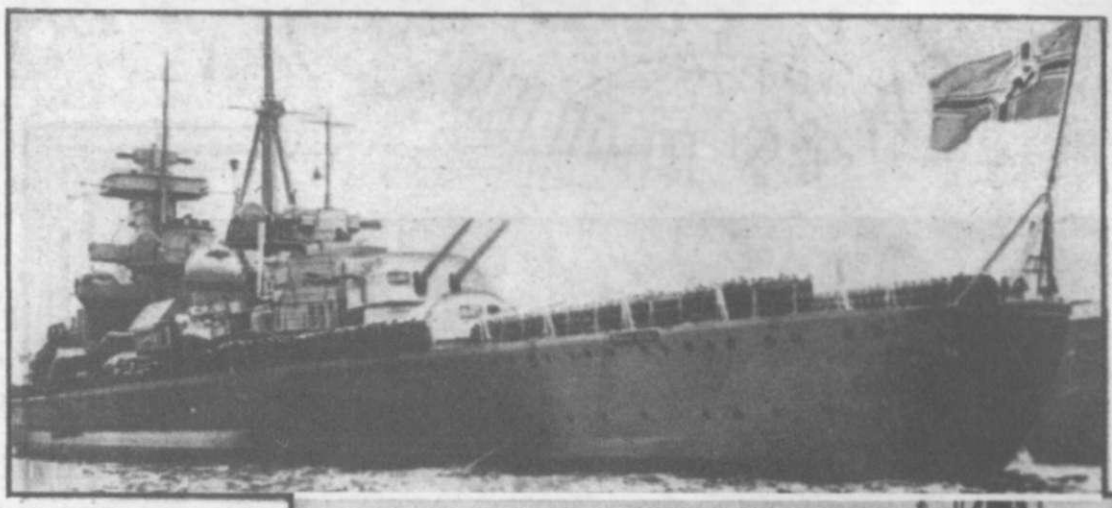
I WAS THERE

ON THE FIRST EMPIRE DAY SINCE THE DEFEAT OF JAPAN, Tokyo witnessed a ceremonial march past of British Commonwealth Naval, Military and Air Force contingents in the square in front of the Imperial Palace, twenty representatives of the Women's Services also taking part. May 24, 1946, was further enlivened by a public performance given in the floodlit Hibiya Park by Royal Navy and Royal Indian Air Force bands, at which this resplendent drum-major was present. See also illus. page 207.

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

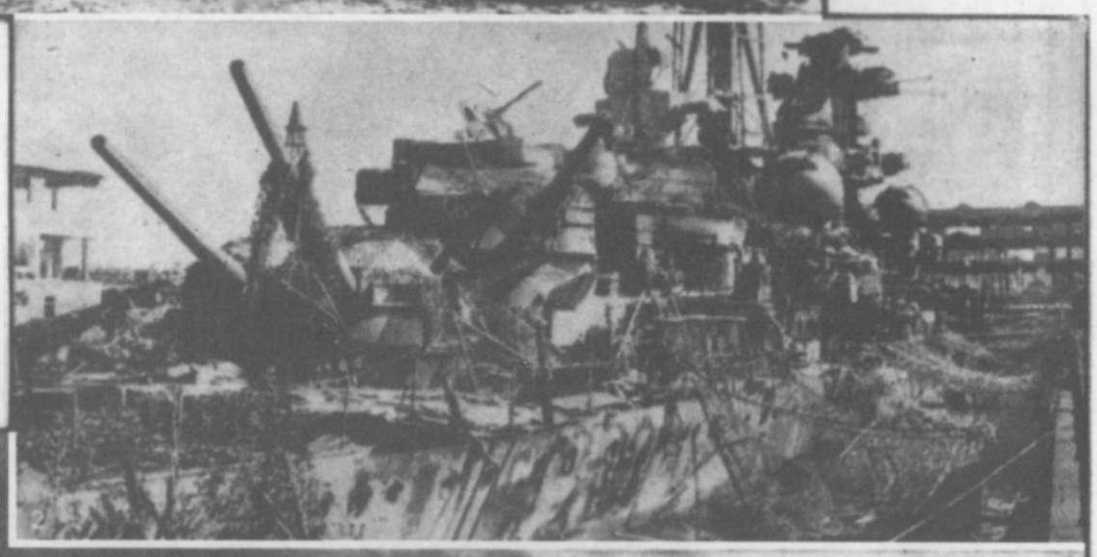
NO. 238 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, AUGUST 2

Fire Hastens the Doom of the Admiral Hipper



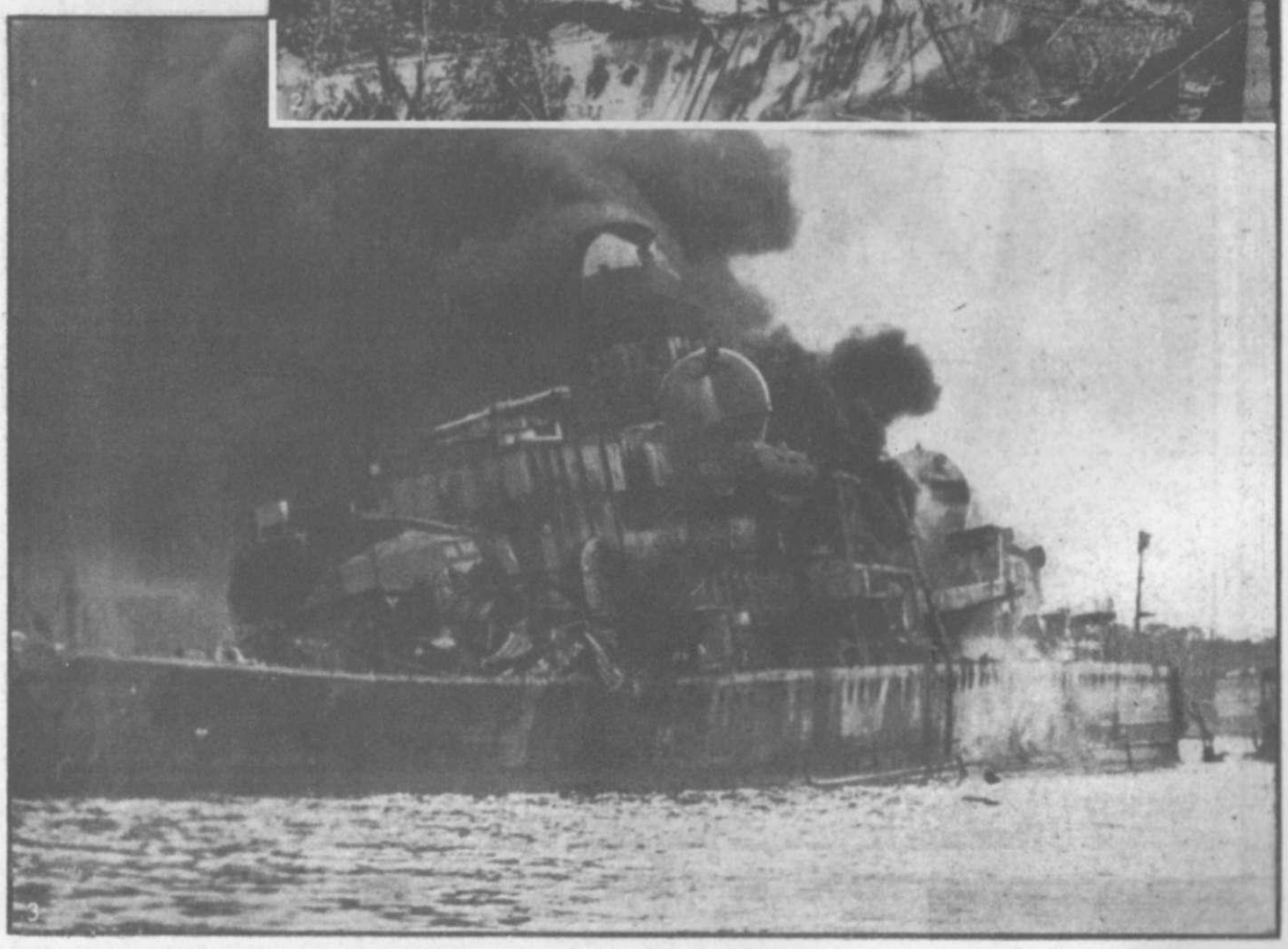
HEAVILY ARMED, the Admiral Hipper (1), one of the former German Navy's 10,000-ton cruisers, mounting eight 8-in., twelve 4·1-in. A.A. guns, and twelve torpedo tubes, had an undistinguished career from the time of her launching in 1937 until her destruction in June 1946.

Although she frequently had to seek refuge in the Channel and Baltic ports from Allied attentions, the Admiral Hipper was regarded as a potential danger to Allied shipping. She was engaged by the destroyer H.M.S. Glowworm in the North Sea, on April 8, 1940, an action for which the Glowworm's Captain, Lieut.-Cmdr. G. B. Roope, R.N., was posthumously awarded the V.C. (see page 236, Vol. 9).



STRANDED AT KIEL, the Admiral Hipper was found to be a complete loss by the Allies on the occupation of the port in May 1945. From her ripped deck-plates and battered superstructure (2), the result of R.A.F. bombing, hang strips of camouflage netting used, unsuccessfully, to harmonize with the environments of the port and render her unrecognizable from the air. While demolitions were being effected on board by the Royal Navy, in June 1946, fire broke out and swept the ship from bow to stern (3).

Photos, Planet News, New York Times Photos, Central Press



How Australia Was Saved from the Japs

By ROY MACARTNEY
Major, A.I.F.

It is now clear that many interlocking factors were jointly responsible for the failure of the Japanese invaders to violate Australian shores. Consider the position in Australia at mid-February 1942, when with the conquest of Koepang on Timor nearly every link in the island chain north of Australia lay in Japanese hands. The only Australian garrisons intact outside the mainland were in New Guinea, at Milne Bay and Port Moresby, each pitifully inadequate. The path to Australia lay wide open.

The best Australian troops were still in the Middle East or in transit on their way home. There were four Militia divisions in Australia, ill-trained and ill-equipped. Their ranks had been constantly denuded by enlistments in the overseas forces of the A.I.F. Much of what equipment had been in the country at the outbreak of war had been dispatched either to the Middle East or to the United Kingdom, following Dunkirk.

Although tens of thousands of airmen had been dispatched overseas, the Royal Australian Air Force did not possess a single modern fighter. Bombing strength was confined to a few squadrons of obsolete Ansons and Lockheed Hudsons. Four munition factories in the whole of Australia at the outbreak of war in September 1939 had increased only to eight by the time Japan entered the conflict. The aircraft industry was still in its blueprint stage, still waiting for jigs and dies ordered nearly two years before from the United Kingdom, which, so hard-pressed in Europe, had not yet been able to supply them.

Time the All-Important Factor

The Australian war effort had thus far been modelled on that of the 1914–18 war—she had played her part in the Empire defence scheme by supplying vast quantities of food and wool and by dispatching troops for service in the European and Middle East theatres. To do this she had had to rely on the Empire arsenal—the United Kingdom—for their equipment and armament. But Japan was no longer a benign ally as she had been in the last war. And in this conflict, war threatened in the Pacific. It was a dangerous policy for Australia to pursue, as was demonstrated when the attack on Pearl Harbour came with shattering suddenness. Not only were her troops dissipated all over the world, but she was also reliant upon the already desperately pressed United Kingdom for supplies of arms, not forthcoming at that crucial stage.

Australia's "phoney" war came to an abrupt end when her people were faced with invasion, just as did the United Kingdom's following Dunkirk. The Australian government, stung to desperate measures, threw the nation's whole strength into the struggle. They called for the return of the A.I.F. from the Middle East, mobilized the country's man and woman power, opened up hitherto unknown heavy industries in a drive for munitions, and prepared to build up the land, sea and air forces which would be required to repel the Japanese invader.

But while rifles and Bren guns, bullets and grenades could be expected in quick time, fighters and bombers would not be running off the assembly lines for many months to come. To America, Australia had to turn for aircraft for the coming struggle. In mid-February 1942 time was the all-important factor to Australia; time to get her troops home from the Middle East; time for the United States to ship across the vital supplies of aircraft, so that in the islands to the north of the continent the Allies could fight yet another battle for time to allow Allied factories to bring their slow but ponderous superiority to bear.

Unexpectedly, 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 imposing bag of rich prizes down through the Indies. At the same time, in New Guinea and the Solomons, the Japs prepared advanced bases for resumption of their southern march. In early March they occupied Finschafen, 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. The former had requested that the returning troops should be diverted to Burma, where it was thought they might play an important part in halting the enemy drive into India. Apparently it was the view of the British that American protection and Australian militia 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 homeland; without them, they believed, the task might be beyond the untried Militia and what forces the United States could spare for the South Pacific theatre. Subsequent events vindicated the judgement of the Australian government. Only troops with the esprit de corps of men of the 18th Australian 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 in the savage battle of Milne Bay.

ONE OF MANY GRAVES at Darwin, Australia, in which unknown Japanese airmen were interred after a raid on the port, on April 4, 1942. All bear a similar inscription. *Photo, Keystone*

Through the two months' breathing-space, Generals MacArthur and Blamey disposed 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 garrisoned by a tiny force of only two brigades isolated at the end of inadequate lines of communication across two thousand miles of desert, would have been easy prizes for the enemy, but too far removed to be of much value in the conquest of the whole country.

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 airstrips out of the bush and jungle at Townsville, Iron Range, Horn Island, Port Moresby and Milne Bay. American aircraft coming forward in a mounting but still inadequate stream were quickly ferried forward, manned by both American and Australian airmen—Kittyhawks and Airacobras mainly to Port Moresby and Milne Bay, Fortresses and Liberators along the north-east Australian coast.

Enemy Headed for Port Moresby

In the South Pacific, Admiral Halsey, commanding most of the still seaworthy units of the United States Fleet, based his headquarters on Noumea, in New Caledonia. The Admiral was engaged in a grim race to prepare bases and build up sufficient strength to forestall the enemy drive down through the Solomons, which threatened to cut the lifeline between the States and Australia.

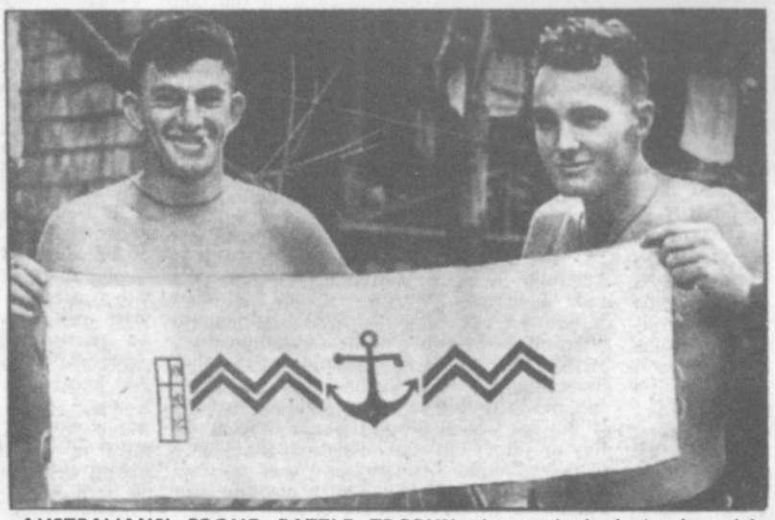
By early May the Japanese were ready to resume their southward drive. A large force of transports under heavy naval escort moved south into the Coral Sea, with Port Moresby their immediate goal. On May 4 a United States task force closed with the enemy in a battle which was to establish the pattern for subsequent naval engagements in the Pacific. In a series of engagements extending over four days and covering a wide area, few vessels of the opposing fleets sighted their opposite numbers. Instead, bombers and torpedo-carrying aircraft dominated the engagement, while from the mainland MacArthur's heavy and medium bombers also joined issue. At the end of the fourth day the enemy had had enough. Mauled and bleeding he turned and scurried back into less inhospitable waters, weaker for the loss of fifteen ships, including the aircraft carrier Ryukaku and three heavy cruisers. The American force had lost aircraft carrier Lexington, destroyer Sims, and tanker Neosho.

Shaken by their defeat, the Japanese High Command did not, however, abandon plans for their drive to the south but pigeon-holed them for the time being. The bulk of Japanese naval strength was temporarily withdrawn 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 northward from the Coral Sea raced the aircraft carriers Yorktown, Enterprise and Hornet to play a major part in the second naval defeat to be inflicted upon the enemy within a month.

Back in the South Seas the enemy sought to prepare the air bases to lend support to the Imperial Navy when it returned to resume the southward drive. Japanese troops landed at Gona in north-east New Guinea on July 23, and swiftly drove inland over the Kokoda trail, heading for the coveted base of Port Moresby. In the Solomons the Japanese had nearly completed an airfield on Guadalcanal. Consolidation of Guadalcanal as a base would have menaced the whole flimsy structure of defence which the United States Navy had prepared in the region. New Caledonia and New Hebrides would have become untenable, the way opened to New Zealand, thus severing the United States-Australia lifeline.

On August 7 Admiral Halsey struck with all the available force he could muster in a desperate gamble. Covered by American and Australian warships, an American Marine division stormed ashore on Guadalcanal to seize the nearly completed airfield. The enemy were quick to react, and soon the struggle for the island developed into the major engagement in the South Pacific, with the Marines fighting desperately with their backs to the sea to retain their slender foothold.

While the fate of Guadalcanal was in the balance, so, too, it was touch-and-go in New Guinea. The Japanese driving on Port Moresby encountered Australian troops astride their path at Kokoda. First elements of the veteran 21st Brigade A.I.F. arrived just in time to reinforce an untried green Militia battalion holding the airfield and the Gap. By August 12 Kokoda was in enemy hands. The Militia battalion broke in the first attack and the enemy were soon behind forward elements of the 21st Brigade, cutting it to shreds. In the long retreat over the heart-breaking 12,000-feet Owen Stanley mountain range which ensued, the Brigade was decimated and forced to fall back to Iorabaiwa Ridge, only thirty miles from Port Moresby, before its remnants, with the aid of their sister Brigade —the 25th—were able to halt the enemy.



AUSTRALIANS' PROUD BATTLE TROPHY, the standard of the Imperial Japanese Marines, captured during the enemy's assault on Milne Bay, New Guinea, August-September 1942. In this decisive battle the Japanese were "slashed to ribbons" by the Australian 18th Brigade, who exploded the myth of the enemy's invincibility as jungle fighters. *Photo, Sport & General*

Turning Point in the Jungle War

Meantime, between the fall of Kokoda and the halting of exhausted enemy patrols at Iorabaiwa, the climactic engagement of the holding battle in the South and South-West Pacific had been fought at Milne Bay. Precious months' respite afforded first by enemy dilatoriness and then by his defeat in the Coral Sea battle enabled MacArthur and Blamey to strengthen considerably the defences of Milne Bay. Kittyhawk and Airacobra fighters were moved in to cover the Militia brigade already there. Anticipating an early enemy move following the Coral Sea battle, the Allied Commanders slipped another brigade—the 18th, veterans of the siege of Tobruk—round to Milne Bay by sea. The last man to arrive disembarked less than a week before the enemy struck on August 26.

Picked Japanese Marines stormed ashore on the north of the bay and, despite incessant strafing from the Kittyhawks and stubborn resistance on the part of a Militia battalion which took the initial shock, succeeded in penetrating to the edge of the first airfield. The situation was precarious ; guarded communiqués, preparing the public for yet another Allied reverse, were issued from General MacArthur's headquarters.

And then the 18th Brigade, previously held in reserve, was thrown in to counter-attack. 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 18th Brigade as they entered battle. It was their first jungle encounter—they entered the unknown with confidence born of months of successful resistance in Tobruk, with familiarity in their weapons and discipline steeled by protracted desert patrolling.

For days a savage battle raged in the gloom of coconut groves and the oppressive jungle. No quarter was asked ; none given. No prisoner was taken ; none offered. It was with no bravado that each man ensured he was never without at least one grenade, in case he were wounded and perforce abandoned by his comrades in the jungle. Slowly the enemy were rolled back through the tangled undergrowth. On the night of August 30 a Japanese cruiser and eight destroyers landed substantial reinforcements. But they were not enough to hold the advance of the 18th Brigade. By September 2 the Japs' foothold was gone, their ranks slashed to ribbons and enemy warships were trying to evacuate the handful of survivors. It was a signal victory—the turning point in the jungle war. In that one action the 18th Brigade exploded the myth that the Jap was an invincible jungle fighter. Their success gave new heart to the American Marines struggling on Guadalcanal and encouraged General Blamey to prepare a full-scale push across the forbidding Kokoda trail.

It was still touch-and-go on Guadalcanal, which the Japanese were making a decisive trial of strength. Naval clashes were frequent, and had involved the near-disastrous loss to the Allies, on the night of August 8, of four heavy cruisers including H.M.A.S. Canberra, in the battle of Savo Island. Overhead, the air war approached its fortissimo. Merchant ships supplying the Marine division—there were barely sufficient for the job—were forced to run the gauntlet of heavy enemy bombing. Hellcats and Corsairs took a mounting toll of enemy aircraft, their successes soon reaching the amazing ratio of five to one. Fresh Japanese troops ferried down through the Solomons were thrown in, in ceaseless attacks ; but the Marines held. The scales were slowly tipping in American favour when, towards the end of September, the Australians launched their offensive in New Guinea over the mountain trail from Port Moresby.

Spearheaded by the 16th Brigade, just back from the Middle East and Ceylon, the Australians had little trouble in prising the enemy away from his precarious hold on Iorabaiwa Ridge. His small forces at the end of an incredibly difficult supply line were in no shape to fight a long holding battle. But the real test for the advancing troops was the most arduous crossing of the 12,000-feet Owen Stanley mountain range, toiling along in frequent tropical downpours and through inches of mud but ever alert for the next enemy ambush or small rearguard. It was also a test of Allied supply arrangements, but mounting Allied air strength eventually solved the problem, C47 transports daily dropping to the forces their meagre rations of bully and biscuits, also ammunition.

With the recapture of Myola and Kokoda, with their landing strips, supply problems were greatly reduced. Thereafter the tempo of advance quickened until the remnants of the Jap force were hemmed in around Buna and Gona, their backs to the sea, by early November. The American 32nd and 41st Divisions were brought round by sea to aid in the extermination of the last 8,000 Japs. But so well were their positions prepared with timbered bunkers bristling with machine-guns sweeping the swamps that not until early January 1943 was the last one prised from his foxhole on the point of a bayonet.

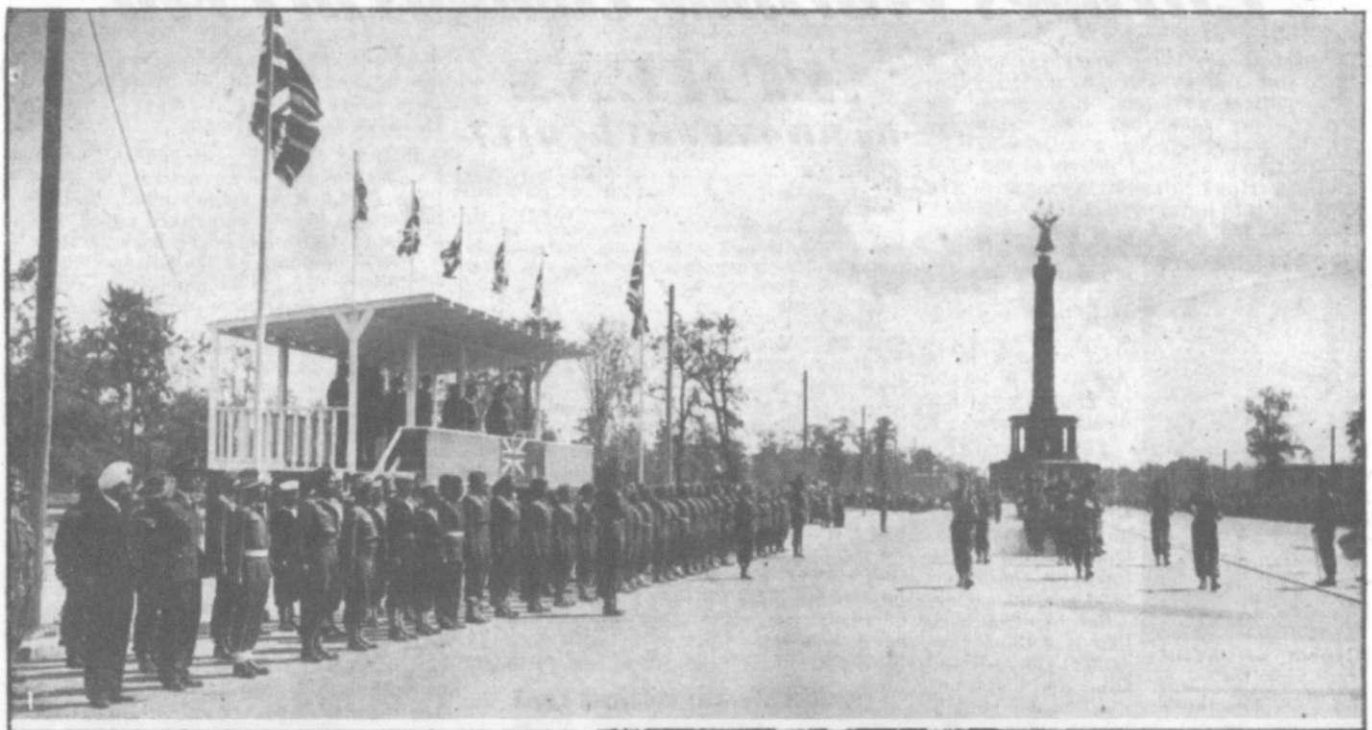
The Allies now had sufficient command of the air over New Guinea to fly in, complete, the 17th Australian Infantry Brigade, when the Japanese threatened Wau later in January. The Japs approached to within a few hundred yards of the airfield before the weight of the arriving Australian reinforcements told. It was the Jap's last offensive fling in New Guinea. Thereafter he was ever on the defensive.

The fierce battle for Guadalcanal swayed back and forth until the end of 1942. In October Japanese heavy units bombarded American positions on the island and landed further reinforcements which temporarily pierced the Marines' lines, but the breaches were soon sealed. Six important naval engagements were fought around the Solomons in four months. Evidence of their intensity was given in the most crucial engagement—the battle of Guadalcanal—fought November 13-15, when an American task force commanded by Rear Admiral Lee, including some of the latest recently arrived battleships, closed with the enemy. The battle cost the Japanese two battleships, eight cruisers, six destroyers and eight troop transports.

Again and again the Jap came back for punishment, and on the night of Nov. 30 he made what proved to be his last effort to land reinforcements. In a sharp action—the Battle of Lunga Point—six enemy destroyers were sunk. By the end of January 1943 the last Jap on Guadalcanal had been wiped out. In six months Guadalcanal cost the enemy nearly 800 aircraft shot out of the sky—in all, something like 50,000 troops. Figures of enemy aerial losses over New Guinea ran into hundreds, and 15,000 troops was the total thus far sacrificed there.

By the end of January 1943 the holding war was at an end. The Australian and American servicemen had won their battle for time. Allied air, land and sea power in the South Pacific was thenceforth to be in the ascendancy and all threat to Australia of Japanese invasion was removed.

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



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IN A PLACE OF HONOUR, at the saluting base in Charlottenburger Chaussee, Berlin, representatives of India's fighting services, participants in London's Victory parade (1) attended a ceremonial march-past of the Guards, at which Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Sholto Douglas, C.-in-C. B.A.O.R., took the salute, on June 22, 1946. At Hagen, Westphalia, a massive air-raid shelter is now a departmental store (2). German art treasures (3) housed in Schloss Dyck, a Rhineland castle, await reinstatement in the museums and churches from which they were evacuated. At Haenigsen, near Hanover (4), 5,000 tons of ammunition, stored in a salt mine, exploded killing 103 people, on June 19, 1946.

Europe's Wartime Capitals in 1946

ATHENS

By RHONA CHURCHILL

FOREIGN correspondent for a National daily newspaper, Rhona Churchill was in Greece for three weeks prior to the elections (March 31, 1946),and after interviewing leading political figures and ordinary citizens in the capital she drove extensively through the country with her own interpreter in an army jeep.

THE best way to go to Athens today is to travel by air with the Very Important Persons, drop into the large airport some ten miles from the city, be picked up by a relatively inexpensive Greek taxi and driven to the once luxurious Hotel Grande Bretagne. The worst way is to travel overland from Istanbul, which was the way I went early this year.

RHONA CHURCHILL
Photo, Fayer

Before the war you could jump into the fast Orient Express at Istanbul and after a cosy night in a clean *wagonlit* be in Athens in a matter of hours, with hot meals en route.

Last February when I told the Greek Consul in Istanbul that I proposed travelling overland to his home town he shook his head gravely, saying, "But, Mademoiselle, that is a thing altogether impossible! Oh, yes, the trains run . . . sometimes . . . but one simply does not travel on them unless one must. Maybe it takes you three days to Salonika, 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 choked with priorities, or to board the once-fortnightly Russian-controlled Rumanian steamer that plies between Smyrna and the port of Athens.

I knew what that Greek Consul meant as soon as I got into my *wagonlit* for the first stage of the journey, and was assailed from all sides by a highly aggressive collection of crawling creatures who lingered with me till I reached the marble baths of Athens. I was lucky, for the Chief of the Greek Railways happened to be a fellow-traveller and had a special six-seater petrol-driven railcar waiting for him at the frontier. He invited me to occupy the vacant seat, and on this thirteen-hour drive to Salonika I gained a vivid impression of life in the Greek countryside as opposed to life in Athens.

Inflation and the Black Market

Greece is a hilly, rocky, barren land, and its railways are strung over thousands of bridges. Literally hundreds of small bridges, some only six feet long, link the single track line from the Turkish border to Salonika. Hundreds more link Salonika with Athens. The retreating Germans systematically ran every movable engine and wagon over the Bulgarian border, then blew every bridge, leaving Greece with only one-third of her railway track intact and virtually no rolling stock. They also removed or wrecked all road transport. That is why, though in the rest of Europe city dwellers starve while peasants grow fat, in Greece the peasants are often sick from malnutrition while the inhabitants of Athens and Salonika for the most part find enough to eat.

Thanks to the thoroughness of German requisitioning of livestock and seed, and to the Greeks' own civil war, Greece has, during the past year, had to import nearly every item of foodstuff in her national diet, the chief exception being olives, which she still grows in abundance, but which her farmers conceal and sell on the black market, if at all. It doesn't really pay you to sell anything in Greece today, for inflation is such that the price you get one day is only half of what you might get if you waited another week.

Bank of England experts have done their best to stabilize the drachma, and last February were patting themselves on the back after pegging it at its current black market rates of 20,000 to the pound sterling and 138,000 to the gold pound. "She seems to have stuck this time, old man," you could overhear the financiers congratulate each other over the Grande Bretagne bar. But only they believed the drachma had "stuck for good." For whose good? As the financiers repeg the drachma, so the shopkeepers reprice their goods, so the farmers ask more for their olives, so the cost of living rises, so wages are raised—but never together. Cost of living is now 85 times pre-war level, but wages only 55 times.

Strikes Were at Epidemic Level

The man who owns a house or flat in Athens is in the best position. Rentals are demanded in terms of gold pounds and the gold pound rate is always sky-high, rocketing and bouncing in the clouds at from six to sixty times the rate of the pound sterling. Dissatisfaction over pay packets and indecision over prices play havoc with the country's industrial life. Factory owners, who must base their quotations on current and anticipated costs plus government controls, frequently waste months arguing. Workers' strikes were at epidemic level when I was there, neither side achieving anything, and the whole hard-hit country suffering greatly from these extra self-inflicted blows.

This is what impresses the visitor to Greece most forcibly today. While in other countries, notably Czechoslovakia and Belgium, you find a strong collective will to rebuild and recover, in Greece you find the reverse. Reconstruction, except where achieved by British pressure, is almost non-existent. Industrial capacity is 64 per cent of pre-war, but industrial output is only 28 per cent.

In Athens the Greek spends his working day either doing the minimum of work needed to draw his pay, or lounging in his dingy café arguing politics. He capitalizes on a German-introduced law which prohibits his employer from dismissing him, no matter how bad his work or how serious his absenteeism. He would rather knife the man next door, who is of another political faith, than join hands with him in rebuilding the bridge by the railway yard or tiling the roof of a nearby cotton factory. He would rather let the U.N.R.R.A. blankets rot in the warehouses, as they have done, than go to the children of old Economidus who talks a different brand of politics all day in another café. During winter I saw scores of rheumaticky Greek children lying on chilly mud floors without a single blanket solely because their fathers belonged to a different political party from that of the chairman of the local U.N.R.R.A. distribution committee.

Another thing that astonishes the visitor to Athens is the abundance of luscious chocolate éclairs 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. "Greece starving?" scoffs the newly-arrived British soldier. "Why, she's better off than the folks at home!" He soon learns differently.

It is no crime to sell your U.N.R.R.A. rations on the open market in Greece. Even U.N.R.R.A. doesn't mind, though to the visiting Briton, who risked police trouble if he sold the trotters off his back-garden pig; it seems immoral. U.N.R.R.A. foodstuffs are distributed fairly equitably at nominal prices. Rural Greeks, who number nine-tenths of the population, don't like tinned salmon any more than British housewives liked spam, so they sell it for what they do like, which is more bread to eat with their private hoard of olives. Their official diet now is the starvation level of 900 calories.

Income From U.N.R.R.A. Rations

Yet here you have the incongruous spectacle of Greek "white marketeers" following the U.N.R.R.A. food lorries round the rough-roaded countryside, watching the unloading, and offering immediate exchange of unwanted tinned meat and fish for the more welcome wheat and rye flour, and bringing the tins back a hundred and more miles to Athens, to sell openly in the street markets and shops at ten times the price quoted by U.N.R.R.A. The sugar finds its way into cream cakes and sweets, only generally it is sold for cash by poorer Greeks, who find their U.N.R.R.A. rations a welcome source of income.

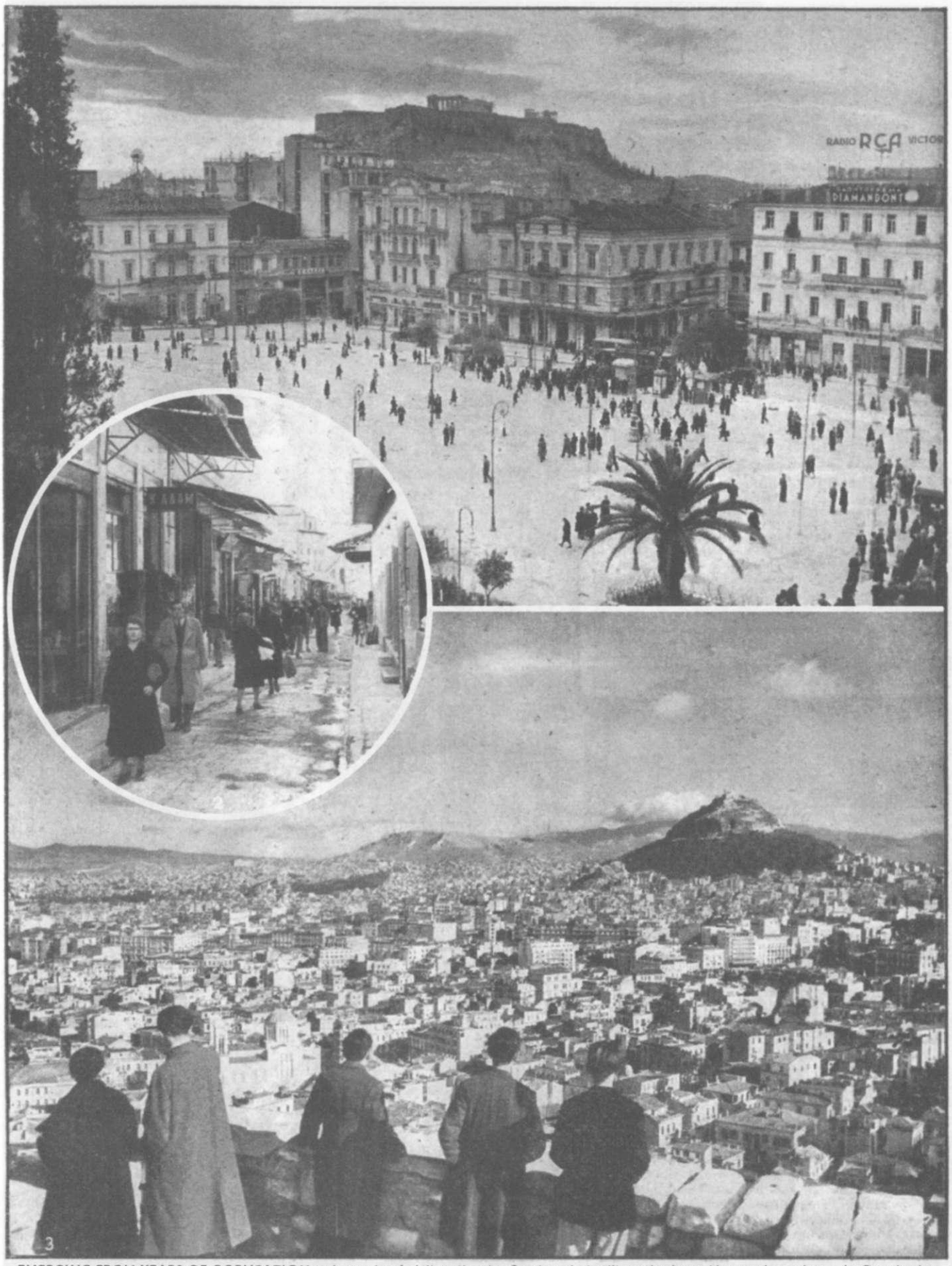
Do not blame U.N.R.R.A. for what may seem to British eyes an unsatisfactory state of affairs. The Greek Government, of which there have been nine in fifteen months, is responsible for what happens to U.N.R.R.A. goods after they reach Greek ports. U.N.R.R.A. can do no more than advise after that. And no Greek Government could enforce a law compelling the Greeks to consume, not sell their rations.

The Athenians, because they often eat the rations that cannot be transported to the remoter villages, and because they are both prosperous enough and sufficiently cosmopolitan to eat tinned beef and salmon, look comparatively healthy and well fed. They will tell you mournfully that they are suffering severely, that poor Athens suffered terribly under the Germans. This is no doubt true. Tuberculosis is rampant among adults, and many children are dwarfed from past undernourishment. But it is also true that structurally, during their civil war, the Athenians hit their own lovely city far harder than ever the Germans hit her.

THE civil war has left much bitterness behind it. There is still isolated vendetta warfare. The eleven Athens newspapers, each representing a different trend of thought, scream abuse at each other. But if you do not read them and do not visit the prisons, you get the impression that Athens is carefree. Her shop-windows are decked with clothes that compare favourably with those in Britain, though prices are beyond the means of most Greeks. Her *tavernas* are filled with the young and the middle-aged making merry on the local ouzo and rizina. Her new grey-uniformed gendarmes keep order in the streets. In the heart of the city the national flag flies happily over the King's Palace, outside which the picturesque white-kilted troops stand guard.

And beyond all this, high up on the Acropolis Hill, still proudly stands the massive marble Parthenon. To this monument each sunrise and sunset come British soldiers, seeking and finding the peace, inspiration and stability that are utterly lacking in the city streets below.

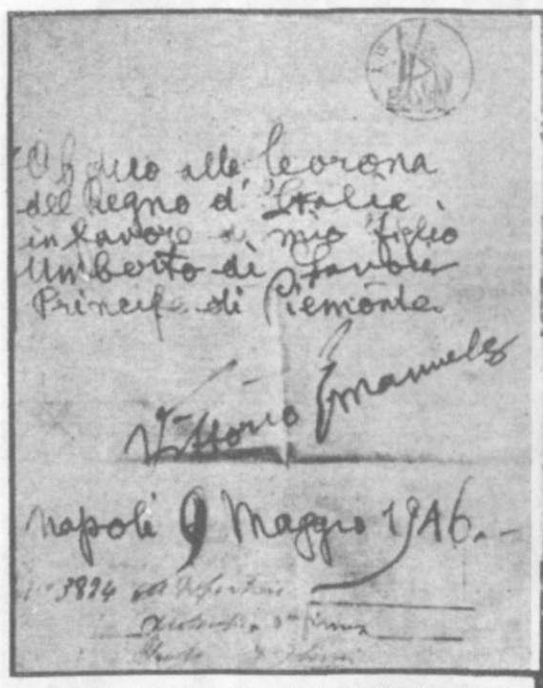
Outward Peace of Athens Flatters to Deceive



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 carefree Athenians go about their daily tasks. But the outward serenity of the capital, viewed from Acropolis Hill (3), does not reflect the true mood of the country beset with problems of black market, industrial malpractices and bitterly divergent political views. See article in facing page.

Photos, Associated Press

Italy's Monarchy Dies and a Republic is Born


Atto alla Corona
del Regno d'Italia
in favore di mio figlio
Umberto di Savoia
Principe di Piemonte.

Vittorio Emanuele

Napoli 9 Maggio 1946.-

OF THE ITALIAN PEOPLE'S OWN CHOOSING, the Monarchy was dissolved in favour of a Republic by a majority of two million votes in the combined Parliamentary elections and referendum on the Monarchy held throughout Italy, June 2–3, 1946. Preceding the referendum, King Victor Emmanuel's Declaration of Abdication (above), signed on May 9, 1946, brought his forty-six years' reign to a close and nominated his son Prince Umberto as successor. Questioning the legality of the referendum, King Umberto II threatened to create a Constitutional crisis, but he departed for Portugal on June 13. Orderly crowds queued outside a polling station in Rome (1) in the first free election for 25 years. Giuseppe Romita, Minister of Interior (2, centre) broadcast the referendum results. Ex-King Umberto waved farewell from his plane at a Rome airfield (3). PAGE 200

2

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, 1946, commemorating General de Gaulle's spirited broadcast from London in 1940, calling on Frenchmen not to lay down their arms. The military parade passes M. Felix Gouin (l—right foreground) at the Invalides. Another ceremony was held the same day at Mont Valérien, on the outskirts of Paris, by members of the Order of Liberation; here the flame of remembrance was lit by General de Gaulle (3) at the grave of former Resistance leaders. In background are Gen. de Lattre de Tassigny, Gen. Catroux and—on right—Adm. d'Argenlieu.

Refusing the Government's invitation to attend the first Victory anniversary celebrations in Paris, on May 12, 1946 (see illus. page 101), General de Gaulle visited the grave of Georges Clemenceau at Mauchamps, Vendée (2). In Bayeux on June 16, for the unveiling of a monument marking his arrival in the Normandy beach-head, the General was warmly welcomed (4).

Photos, A.F.P., Franc.

HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS — H.M.S. Renown

Motto: "Guardian of Ancient Renown"

A SHIP of 32,000 tons, launched on the Clyde in 1916, the Renown is the only remaining battle cruiser in the Royal Navy. She has a main armament of six 15-inch guns. From 1920 to 1922 the Renown was employed on special service, taking the Prince of Wales on official visits to the United States, Australia, New Zealand, India and Japan. Five years later our present King and Queen, then Duke and Duchess of York, went to Australia in her.

In 1936-39 the ship was completely rebuilt and re-engined at a cost of over £3,000,000, equal to the original expense of construction. Her first action after recommissioning was with the German battleship Scharnhorst and cruiser Admiral Hipper, off Northern Norway, in April 1940. After the Scharnhorst had been hit the enemy vessels managed to break off the engagement under cover of heavy weather. Not long afterwards the Renown became the flagship of Sir James Somerville in the Western Mediterranean. After engaging two Italian battleships at long range off Sardinia, she took part in the bombardment of Genoa. (See pages 219 and 309, Vol. 4.) In May 1941 she was one of the ships engaged in rounding up the German battleship Bismarck.

It was in the Renown that Mr. Churchill returned from the United States in 1943. A little later she joined the Eastern Fleet, but was back in home waters in 1945. The first meeting with German naval representatives to arrange for the surrender of enemy forces in Norway was held in the Renown at Rosyth on May 7, 1945; and on August 2 following, the King received President Truman on board her at Plymouth. (See page 267, Vol. 9.) Few ships have had so many associations with distinguished personages.

Photo, P. A. Vicary

The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry

By L. S. SNELL

WHEN war broke out in 1939 the 1st Battalion D.C.L.I. was stationed in India, where it remained until 1941, when it moved to Libya by way of Iraq to take part in the defence of Egypt. The Battalion arrived in the firing line at a time when the British forces were reeling back under one of Rommel's attacks, and the story of the disaster which overtook them can best be told by a quotation from the official pamphlet entitled The Tiger Kills: "The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry was given the task of blocking lanes through the minefields which came out near Bir el Harmat. The Battalion arrived piecemeal during the afternoon of June 5, company by company, with newly issued anti-tank guns. As the Cornishmen arrived at Bir el Harmat they were attacked by strong formations from the south and destroyed in detail after a hopeless and gallant resistance. It was a sad end to a very fine Battalion which was only then completing its long march from Baghdad." This Battalion was replaced in 1942 by absorbing the small band of survivors from the action into the existing 6th Battalion and changing that Battalion's designation to the 1st.

Struggle for Cassino Stronghold

One of the first units to go abroad in 1939 was the 2nd Battalion, which proceeded to France in October and served with the British Expeditionary Force in the Maginot Line and in Belgium until the evacuation from Dunkirk in 1940. After a period of very hard training in England this Battalion proceeded to Tunisia, in March 1943, and within a few weeks of landing was fully engaged in fighting. It also served in Italy, with both the 5th and 8th Armies.

It played a conspicuous part in General Alexander's offensive against the Gustav Line which opened on May 12, 1944, and, in particular, was mentioned for its gallant all-day attack upon Point 63, a piece of high ground which occupied a commanding position overlooking the river Rapido. As a result of its capture of this fortified feature the British bridge-head across the river was finally consolidated and the success of the whole operation ensured. The Battalion also took part in the struggle for the famous stronghold of Cassino.

In June 1944 the 2nd Battalion saw heavy fighting in the region of Cassamaggiore, and on July 1 it occupied Petrignano. Despite counter-attacks by strong enemy armoured forces it pushed ahead and cleared Montevarchi, on July 18, and afterwards continued its attack northwards against stubborn opposition. On August 8, 1944, the Battalion made a successful attack upon the Incontro Monastery, south-east of Florence. It is at the present time stationed in Greece.

AMONG the regiments named on March 26, 1945, as taking part in the great Rhine offensive was the D.C.L.I. The honour of sharing in this last attack upon the German homeland fell to the 5th Battalion, one of the Territorial Army Battalions of the Regiment. The 5th landed in Normandy with the 43rd (Wessex) Division on June 23, 1944, and four days later was engaged in a sharp action south of Cheux which helped to push the British salient beyond Grainville. The Battalion remained in action in this salient, which cut the road from Caen to Villers Bocage, and captured the villages of Verson and Fontaine Etoupefour on July 4, and recaptured them four days later after the enemy had temporarily re-occupied the positions. A military observer said :

"Throughout the campaign the men of the D.C.L.I. fought with great distinction. No regiment of the British Liberation Army has fought with more dash and courage. Between the bitter struggle on Hill 112, when the D.C.L.I. did so much to break the cream of the German Army, and the Seine crossing, they fought a brilliant surprise action at Le Plessis Grimault on August 7, and were constantly in the forefront pinning and mauling the Germans while the famous American outflanking movement was in course of preparation."

RAISED in 1702, the Regimental Colour of the D.C.L.I. bears a long list of Battle Honours, such as the capture of Gibraltar in 1704, First and Second Peninsular Wars, Waterloo, Indian Mutiny, Egyptian War of 1882, and the South African War. The style of "Light Infantry" was granted to the Regiment in 1858 by Queen Victoria "in consideration of the enduring gallantry displayed in the defence of Lucknow." During the 1914-18 war 57 honours were won, ten of which are displayed on the King's Colour.

Gen. Sir WALTER K. VENNING, G.C.B., C.M.G., M.C., Colonel Commandant of the D.C.L.I. since June 1935. He was commissioned in the Regiment in 1901. *Photo, G.P.U.*

The 5th Battalion fought a major action on August 25, 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 p.m. on August 26 it was possible to bridge the river. Then the Cornishmen fought their way into Pressagny 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 with stores 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 ten miles of enemy occupied territory. The tanks became separated from the Bren 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 booby 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 Airborne 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 has ever been undertaken by British infantry. During the Anglo-American offensive of November 18, 1944, the 5th battalion captured

D.C.L.I. GUARD OF HONOUR AT ALLIED H.Q., ALGIERS, was inspected on February 1, 1944, by General Giraud and (behind him) General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, who was then C.-in-C. Mediterranean. In the North African campaigns battalions of the Regiment participated in early disasters in Libya and in the final Allied triumph in Tunisia. PAGE 203 *Photo, British Official*

D.C.L.I. in the 1944 Advance Through Italy

THROUGH SHATTERED AND DESERTED MONTEVARCHI, north of Siena, whilst it was still being shelled by the Germans, passed a patrol (1) of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry; the town was cleared by July 18, 1944. Continuing their advance on Florence, men of the Regiment waited in slit trenches (3) before moving up in their Bren carriers to take the Incontro Monastery which, as shown by No. 2 of these hitherto unpublished photographs, was reached by a track bearing a warning sign. The monastery was captured on August 8. PAGE 204 *Photos, British Official*

In the Sudan and at a Crossroads in Normandy

THE 5th BATTALION DUKE OF CORNWALL'S LIGHT INFANTRY, when it returned to France with the Allied Armies in June 1944, amply avenged the 2nd Battalion's retreat to Dunkirk four years previously. An anti-tank detachment manning a six-pounder gun at a crossroads in Normandy (3, hitherto unpublished). Moving forward in the Geilenkirchen sector (2) during the first British offensive on German soil, November 1944. An officer of a D.C.L.I. patrol in the Sudan (1, previously unpublished) checks the route with a dispatch rider.

Photos, British Official

the village of Hochheid, cut the main escape route of the Germans in Geilenkirchen and pushed two-thirds of the way through the thick wood stretching north-east from Hochheid. The Battalion held on there for four days, shelled 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 Wurms, a vital objective for the Americans attacking from the south-west. The British Commander saw that the task of the Americans in attacking Wurms 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-handled 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 spandaus, mortars and 88s 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 neutralize the enemy fire with PIATS, mortars and Brens.

At 3 o'clock another part of the Battalion worked round the flank and fought its way into the village of Hoven at the point of the bayonet. Darkness descended, and orders were received that the village must be held until 12 noon on the following day. During the night some food and a number of boxes of ammunition were brought up, but all attempts at reinforcement failed.

At daybreak the Germans threw everything they could muster into the attack but were driven off, until finally the garrison had no more ammunition. At 12 noon they wirelessed 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 Xanten, vital hinge of the Wesel defence 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 scattered forces. It took part in the clearing of Bremen on April 26-27, 1945, and of the difficult, boggy country on the road to Bremerhaven and Cuxhaven on April 29-30. When the order to Cease Fire came, on the evening of May 4, the 5th was holding the village of Badenstedt, some 15 miles north-east of the port of Bremen.

Brief mention must be made of the two military bands of the Regular Army Battalions. 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, Generals Alexander and Montgomery, and the famous 8th Army. After two months in Tripoli the band returned to Egypt, where, in February 1944, they played for a review of the 10th Armoured Division by General Maitland-Wilson, 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.

BAND OF THE D.C.L.I. accompanied the musical chairs event at the 33rd Armoured Brigade Victory Gymkhana, held near Lüneburg, Germany, on Aug. 30, 1945. The bands of the 1st and 2nd Battalions travelled widely—from India throughout the Middle East, to the Channel Islands (see illus. in page 77, Vol. 9), and with the B.L.A. on the Continent. PAGE 206 *Photo, British Officia'*

Colours : Yellow Dragon on Dark Blue

43RD (WESSEX) DIVISION

RE-FORMED before the war, the Division opened its fighting record within a few days of landing in the Normandy beach-head, on June 26, 1944, accounting for five enemy tanks south of Cheux. During July, after crossing the river Odon, the 43rd engaged the enemy in some of the bitterest fighting. Between August 5-8 the assault on Mont Pinçon was successfully carried out, an action notable for the gallantry of the C.O. of the Wiltshire Regiment, who was killed urging his men on by flourishing a walking-stick.

The Division continued to harry the enemy until the Falaise Gap was closed, August 14. By August 25, having covered 120 miles in two days, the 43rd forced the first British crossing of the Seine, at Vernon, and a month later, September 22, it was attempting a similar, but unsuccessful, feat across the river Lek, in Holland, in support of the Airborne forces at Arnhem. Here 250 men of the Division were ferried across the river ; 161 officers and men failed to return.

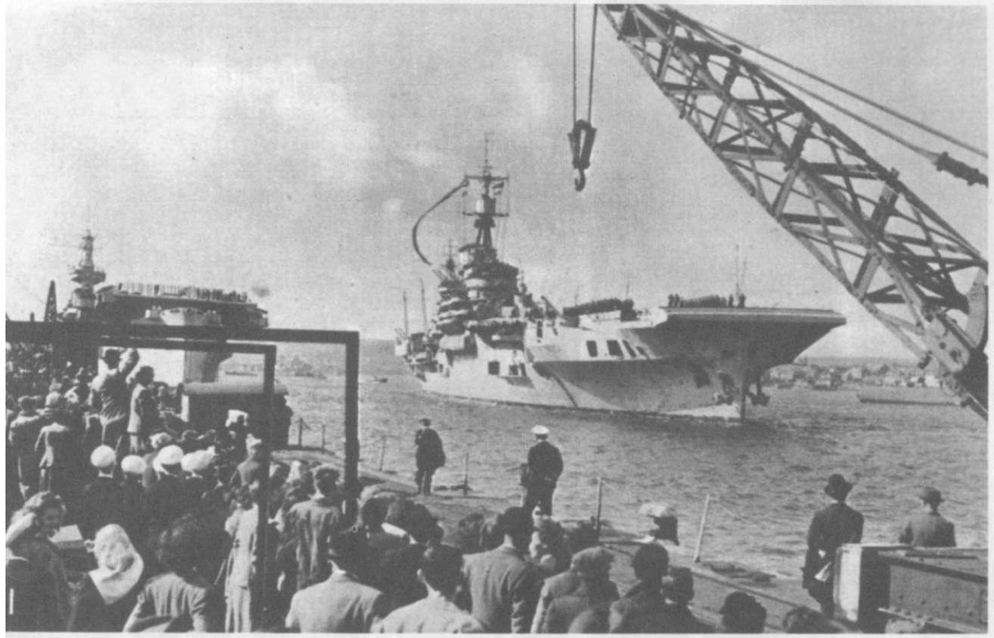
ON November 18 the 43rd cut the enemy escape routes out of Geilenkirchen, for the Americans to take the town the next day. In the offensive towards the Rhine, Cleve was entered on February 9, 1945, and the escarpment flanking the Cleve-Goch road was successfully attacked. Brought into the battle of the Rhine bridge head at Rees, the Division captured Mechelen (March 28) and Millengen, after crossing the rivers Ijssel and Aa. This re-entry into Holland brought further successes ; Hengelo and Borne were taken (April 3), Haselunne (April 9), and Loningen (April 11).

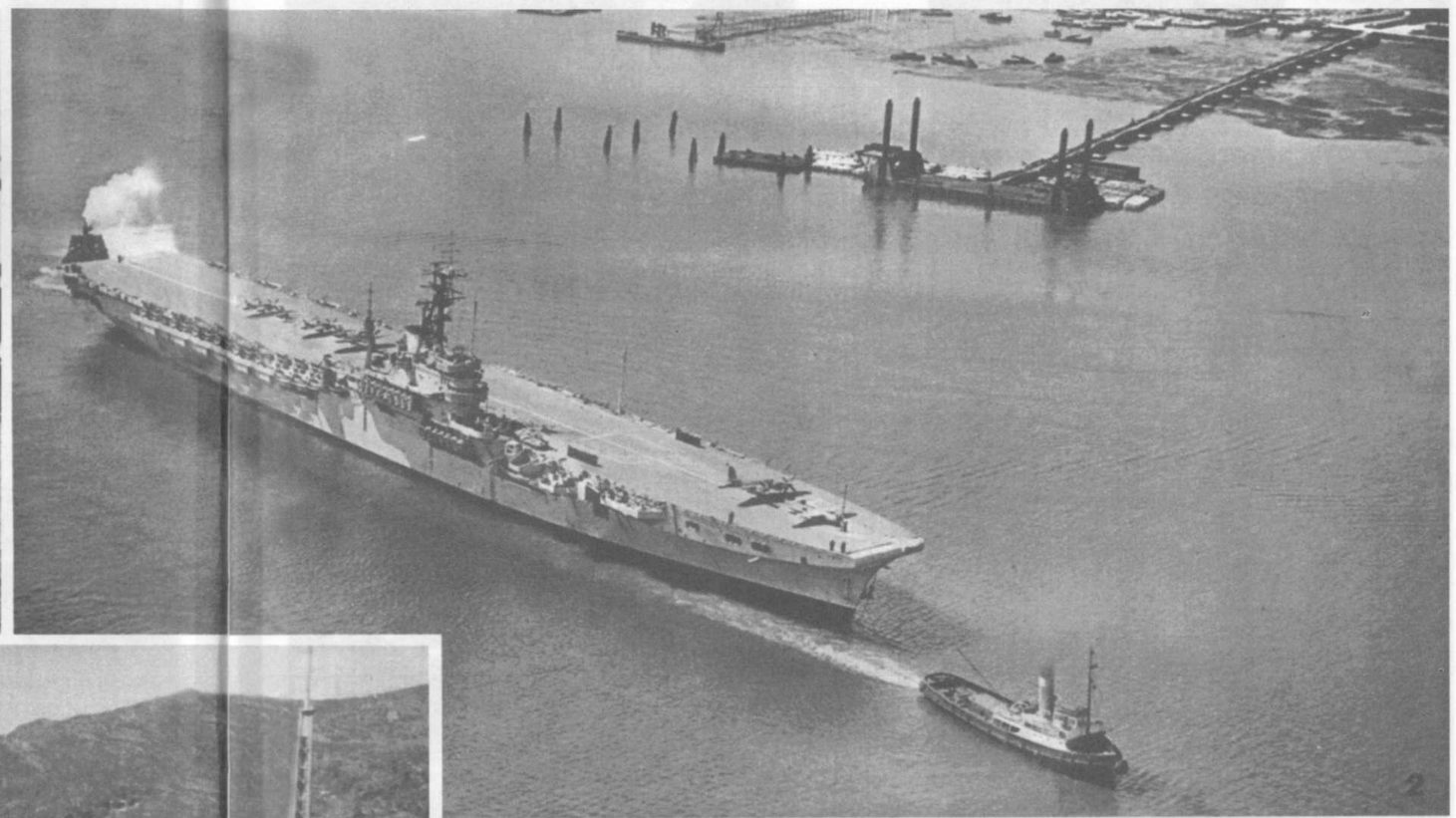
The capture of Hengelo severed one of the main V2 supply routes. Later, Bremen was reached, and by April 27 the city's area commander, Gen. Silber, and Lieut.-Gen. Becker were taken prisoner. At the time of the German surrender in the West (May 5) the Division had reached Cuxhaven Peninsula, and in the words of Lieut.-Gen. Horrocks, XXX Corps Commander, the men " had done more than their share of the fighting."

Photos, Associated Press, Keystone

Empire Forces Celebrate Empire Day in Tokyo

Recreation and information centre for British troops in Tokyo was officially opened on May 24, 1946, when Lieut.-Gen. John Northcott, C.-in-C. the British Commonwealth Occupation Force, cut a ribbon strung across the door (1). Featured also was a B.C.O.F. Empire Day parade; the reviewing stand (3), 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.





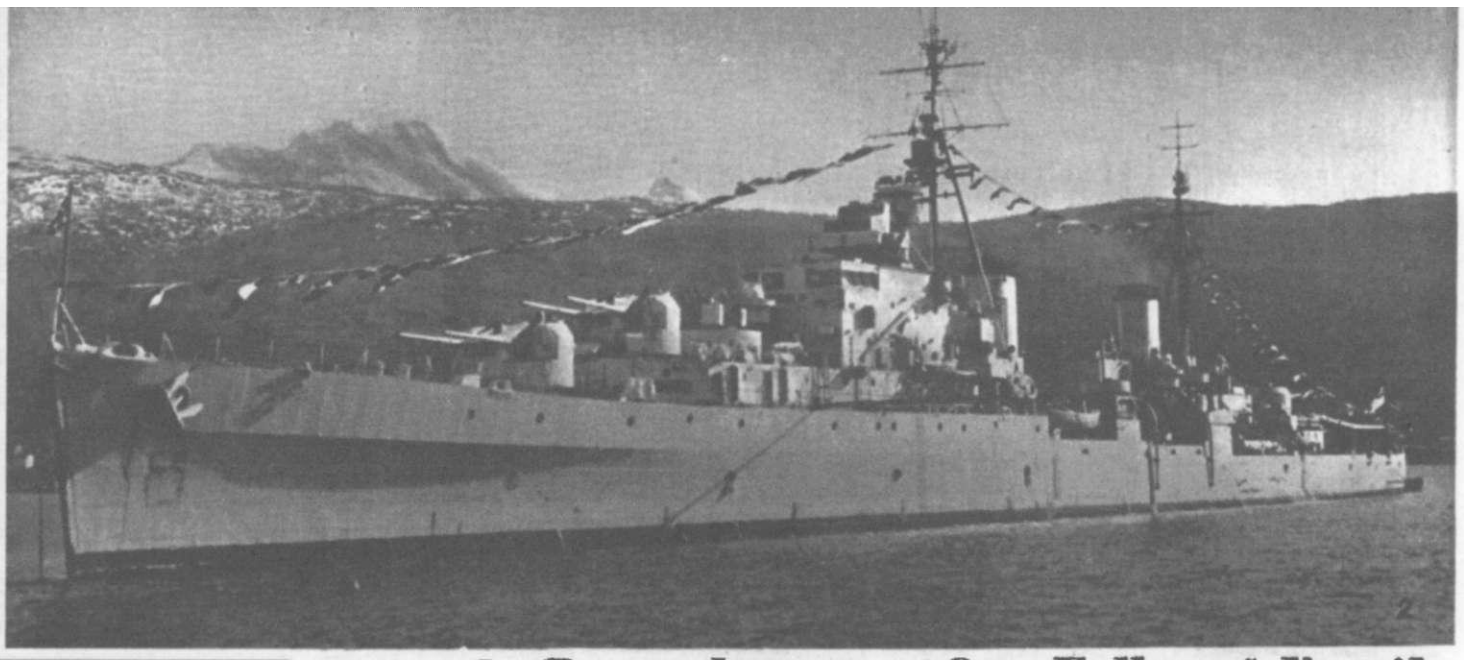
Our Largest and Fastest Carrier Comes Home

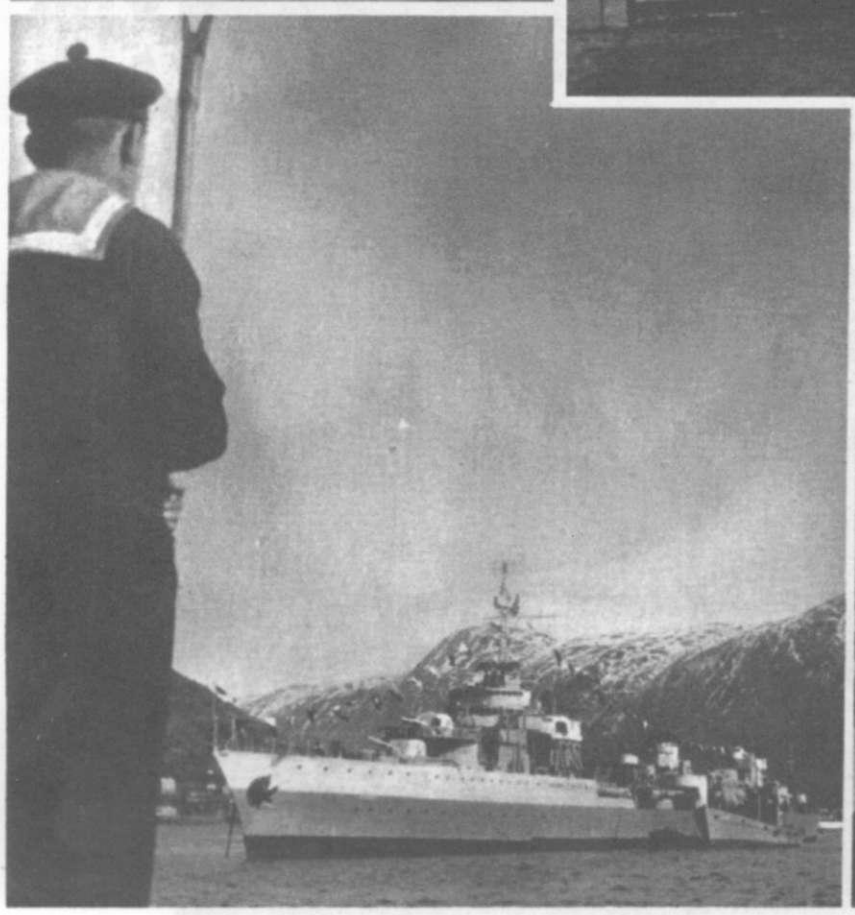
The last of the Fleet aircraft carriers of the British Pacific Fleet to return from service in the Far East, H.M.S. Implacable (1), our biggest and speediest, arrived at Devonport on June 3, 1946, from Australia, bringing 10,000 gift-cases of food from the Dominion. In just over a year she had covered 90,000 miles. Our latest carrier, H.M.S. Triumph (2) reached Southampton the same month; a relic of Mulberry Harbour on the foreshore there is doing excellent peacetime service.

B

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 had its 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 224.





In Remembrance of Our Fallen at Narvik

At the tomb of British troops in Narvik Cemetery, Norway, on May 28, 1946, Gen. Béthouart of the French Army (1) saluted our dead. At these ceremonies, marking the sixth anniversary of the battle, he was guest of Admiral Sir William Whitworth aboard H.M.S. Bellona (2). The Admiral (4, second from left) at the grave of Capt. B. A. W. Warburton-Lee, V.C. The French cruiser Terrible (3) attended the observances. See also pages 466, 498-499, 640-641, Vol. 2. *Photos, Associated Press*

General Eisenhower Sums Up

THE Supreme Commander's report to the Combined Chiefs of Staff on the operations in Europe of the Allied Expeditionary Force from June 6, 1944, to May 8, 1945, published (H.M. Stationery Office, 2s. 6d.) in June 1946, runs to 149 pages. Lieut.-Gen. H. G. Martin, The Daily Telegraph Military Correspondent, has selected certain controversial questions of outstanding interest, appending thereto Gen. Eisenhower's answers extracted from the Report: a condensation from The Daily Telegraph is given here.

QUESTION 1.—*Generally, did Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, as Gen. Eisenhower's "Battle-Line Commander" in the Battle of Normandy, successfully implement the operational plan as it had been originally drawn up?*

Yes. The original "Cossac" plan of attack, as revised by Montgomery and finally approved by Eisenhower himself " . . . involved a D-Day assault on a five-divisional front on the beach-head between Ouistreham and Varreville, with the immediate purpose of establishing beach-heads to accommodate the follow-up troops. The initial objectives of the attack included the capture of Caen, Bayeux, Isigny and Carentan, with the airfields in their vicinity, and the essential port of Cherbourg. Thereafter our forces were to advance on Brittany with the object of capturing the ports southwards to Nantes. Our next and main aim was to drive east on the line of the Loire in the general direction of Paris, and north across the Seine, with the purpose of destroying as many as possible of the German forces in this area of the west.

"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 Brittany ports as supply bases, while the British, driving east and north along the coast, were to seize the Channel 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 Allies had made their first crossing of the Seine by D plus 75—that is, 15 days ahead of schedule.

QUESTION 2.—*In particular, was 21st Army Group's progress in the Caen-Falaise fighting unjustifiably slow?*

No. During the days following D-Day " . . . exploiting the success achieved on D-Day, they (the British 3rd and Canadian 3rd Divisions) pushed southward, and despite heavy casualties, succeeded in reaching points some two or three miles north and north-west of the city (Caen). . . . . The struggle which took place during this period of the establishment of the lodgement area took the form of a hard slugging match on the British sector, with Caen as its focal point.

"Here the enemy concentrated the bulk of his strength, while the men of the United States First Army fought their way up the Cherbourg Peninsula to capture the port in preparation for what was to prove the decisive breakthrough at the end of July.

" . . . Our strategy, in the light of the German reactions, was to hit hard in the east in order to contain the main enemy strength there while consolidating our position in the west. The resulting struggle around Caen, which seemed to cost so much blood for such small territorial gains, was thus an essential factor in ensuring our ultimate success. As I told the Press correspondents at the end of August, every foot of ground the enemy lost at Caen was like losing 10 miles anywhere else. . . .

"Montgomery's tactical handling of this situation was masterly. . . . On August 17 Falaise was finally occupied. From our landings in June until that day the enemy's resistance in this sector had exacted more Allied bloodshed for the ground yielded than in any part of the campaign. Without the great sacrifices made here by the Anglo-Canadian armies in the brutal slugging battles, first for Caen and then for Falaise, the spectacular advances 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 losing by the Luftwaffe of the Battle of the Air. " . . . Without the overwhelming mastery in the air which we attained by D-Day our assault against the Continent would have been a most hazardous if not impossible undertaking. . . . The communications chaos thus produced had a fatal effect upon the enemy's attempts at reinforcement of the threatened areas after our landing."

Next I should put tactical surprise:

" . . . The enemy had concluded that any cross-Channel expedition was impossible while the seas ran so high and, with his radar installations rendered ineffective as the result of our air attacks, his consequent unpreparedness at our arrival more than offset the difficulties 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 sheer cliffs; and the waters through which we approached the shore were so strewn with reef and subjected to strong currents that the German naval experts had declared it would be impossible for landing craft. . . . We achieved a degree of tactical surprise for which we had hardly dared to hope."

QUESTION 4.—*During the advance from the Seine why did Eisenhower decide to put the full weight of his blow behind 21st Army Group's thrust to the north-east at the expense of the Third U.S. Army thrust eastward?*

" . . . It was our plan to attack north-eastward in the greatest possible strength. This direction had been chosen for a variety of reasons. First, the great bulk of the German Army was located there. Secondly, there was the great desirability of capturing the flying bomb area. A third reason for the north-eastward attack was our imperative need for the large port of Antwerp. Fourthly, we wanted the airfields in Belgium.

"Finally, and most important, I felt that during the late summer and early autumn months the lower Rhine offered the best avenue 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 bridge-heads established before the enemy recovered sufficiently to make a definite stand in the Arnhem 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?*

Certainly not. To make the earliest possible use of the Port of Antwerp was a fundamental feature of Montgomery's original plan. Gen. Eisenhower gives the facts:

"My decision to concentrate our efforts on this attempt (the Arnhem operation) to thrust into 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 as our main supply base. I took the full responsibility for this, and I believe that the possible and actual results warranted the calculated risk involved."

QUESTION 6.—*Did Gen. Eisenhower and the Combined Chiefs of Staff hold a divergent view about the 1945 plan of campaign?*

Yes. The British Chiefs of Staff, certainly, would have preferred a single, powerful thrust into North Germany to any dissipation of effort. Gen. Eisenhower's views are:

" . . . When the Combined Chiefs of Staff expressed doubts as to our ability to maintain two thrusts—north of the Ruhr and in the Mainz-Frankfort areas—with the forces at my disposal, it was pointed out that such, indeed, would be the case if we did not clear to the Rhine before embarking on a major offensive to the east of that river. . . . Together with their suggestion that I should concentrate on a single heavy drive in the north, the Combined Chiefs of Staff submitted for my consideration a proposal by the British Chiefs of Staff that a single ground commander for the whole front north of Luxemburg be appointed to exercise, 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 remainder of the front would remain on the defensive, contrary to my plans. I pointed out that, under these plans, the Ruhr 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 Ninth Army."

QUESTION 7.—*Was the envelopment of the Ruhr brought about by the initiative of the Commanders of the United States First and Ninth Armies going beyond, or contrary to, Eisenhower's and Montgomery's intention?*

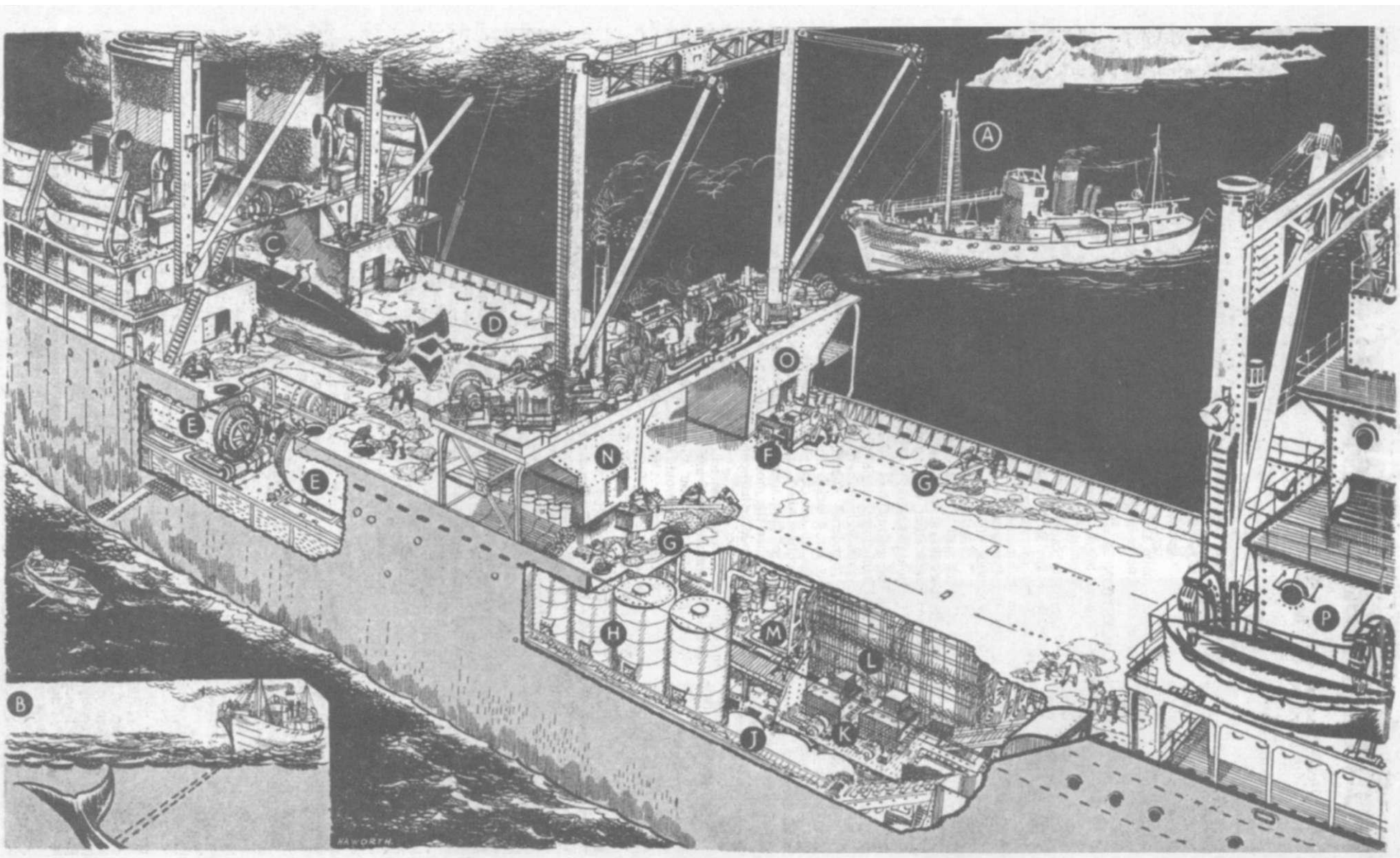
Certainly not. Gen. Eisenhower states:

" . . . Before operations deep into the German interior could safely be undertaken, the Allies had, following the Rhine crossings, to complete the encirclement of the Ruhr. . . . With this vast armoury in Allied hands and the Russians in control of its Silesian counterpart, Germany's power of continuing to wage war would be destroyed even were her armies to be preserved intact. . . . . I determined, therefore, to carry out the policy originally envisaged by converging thrusts from Wesel and Frankfort."

QUESTION 8.—*Did the British Chiefs of Staff and Gen. Eisenhower hold divergent views on the plan of operation to follow the envelopment of the Ruhr?*

"The decision to concentrate first upon a major thrust in the centre nevertheless gave rise to some misgivings," says Gen. Eisenhower. "The desirability of bringing the U-boat war to an end, of opening supply lines through the north German ports, of acquiring the use of Swedish shipping, of relieving the Dutch and of occupying Denmark and Norway, and the political and psychological effects of an early entry into Berlin were all advanced in favour of an operation in the 21st Army Group sector.

"Our reply pointed out that we had not forgotten the important advantages to be gained by the conquest of North Germany. It was merely a question of timing that was at issue. It was vital that we should concentrate for each effort in turn rather than allow our power to be dispersed by attempting too many projects at once. . . . Berlin, I was now certain, no longer represented a military objective of major importance."



PRODUCTION OF WHALE OIL, vitally important now to help maintain our margarine and cooking fats ration, fell (by reason of adverse weather conditions) during the last whaling season, the catch figures being: Britain 37,000 tons; Norway 80,000 tons; Argentina 17,000 tons. Allocation of whale oil to the U.K. for 1946 by the Combined Food Board at Washington is 62,400 tons. This drawing shows the 21,000-tons Southern Venturer, one of Britain's new whaling-factory ships, back in port after operations in the Antarctic lasting from December 1945 to March 1946. By courtesy of her owners, Chr. Salvasen and Co. of Leith, our artist, Haworth, made his sketches aboard the vessel—here presenting the general idea of whale oil production.

A modern whale-catcher (A), 8 or 10 of which are attached to every factory-ship, is bringing in its catch; after refuelling it will resume its hunt. Devices such as Asdic detectors (B) enable the harpoon gunner to judge in which direction the whale has turned after "blowing." The harpooned whale is dragged (C) by 40-ton winches up a slipway at the stern of the factory-ship to the flensing deck (D), where the blubber, rich in oil, is cut away and put into eight Kvaerners (E), which revolve slowly whilst extracting the oil, which runs into settling tanks. The liver is minced (F), and its oil, containing Vitamins A and D, is extracted below decks. Mechanical saws (G) cut up the bones, which are cooked in pressure kettles (H) and the oil extracted. The residue is carried away on a conveyor belt (J).

The whale meat is cut up by electrically driven machines (K), and later turned into meat meal (L), which is packed into 14-stone bags in the hold. Separators (M), remove water and other impurities from the oil before storage; this vessel has a capacity of nearly 20,000 tons. In the blacksmith's shop (N) harpoons and flensing knives are fashioned and repaired. The ship's carpenter (O) is fully employed. The Captain's and officers' quarters and the navigating bridge (P). Specialized equipment includes radar for guiding the catchers back through fog to the factory-ship, locating "flagged" whales and avoiding icebergs.

Our War Leaders in Peacetime

WAVELL

As Viceroy 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 honoured in turn—the day Archibald Percival Wavell married Eugenie Marie Quirk, in 1915; the birthdays of Pamela, 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.

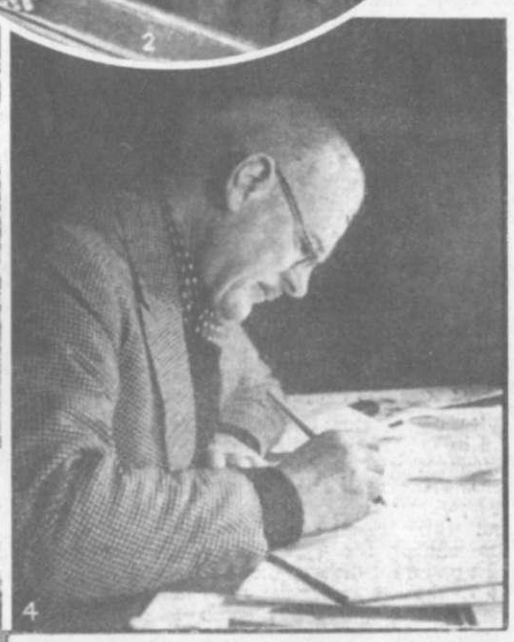
Shy and reserved, Wavell does not shine in glittering company. It is said to be a devastating experience for a lady to sit next to him at official dinners, for he "just sits." But friends who enter his home circle in New Delhi know him as a charming man and excellent company; to them he is "Archie."

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 a level in military topics, the study of strategy and tactics being one of the Viceroy's hobbies. Another is the study of languages, of which he speaks several, including Russian, which he learned in 1910 when he applied for special leave to spend a year with a Russian family in Moscow. Today he is polishing up his Indian languages.

Even with the pressing problems of India on his shoulders he still finds time to settle down with Gibbon and the Stoics, and occasionally to add to his own already 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 many a younger man a good run, and he takes a particular delight in jumping. A judge of horseflesh, 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 1940; 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.

ANNOYANCE he expresses by slowly removing his eyeglass and replacing it in his blind eye—he lost the sight of his right eye in the First Great War. But poor sight does not interfere with his shooting, neither has it spoiled his golf, which he improved during his Command in North Africa, when ski-ing — another of his favourite sports—was denied him. Now Wavell is playing his part in designing the future of 350 million Indians.



FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT WAVELL'S daughter Hon. Felicity, in the gardens at Viceregal House, New Delhi (1). Accompanied by Lady Wavell and Felicity (2) he sets out from England to take up his duties as India's Viceroy in October 1943. In the ornate and luxuriant Mogul gardens, Wavell, with his wife (3), finds relaxation from work, much of which confines him to his desk in the study (4).

Photos, British Official, P.N.A., Illustrated

CYPRUS, PALESTINE AND TRANS-JORDAN

By HARLEY V. USILL

IN this second article on the Mediterranean colonies' war effort the author deals with the island of Cyprus—first British colony to send troops for service overseas—and with the mandated territories of Palestine and Trans-Jordan, whence Arabs and Jews were recruited to serve with the Allied armies on many fronts.

THE island of Cyprus lies in the Eastern Mediterranean, some 240 miles north of Egypt, 60 miles west of Syria and 40 miles south of Turkey. Its area is 3,584 square miles, slightly more than Norfolk and Suffolk together, and its population of approximately 410,000 consists of about one-fifth Moslems, almost all of them Ottoman Turks, while the remaining four-fifths are Orthodox Greek Christian, with a sprinkling of Armenians, Latin Catholics and Maronites. The great majority of the people live in the rural areas, and are most of them farmers and agricultural workers.

Throughout the long history of the Mediterranean, Cyprus has been occupied and colonized by successive waves of conquerors of the area. In A.D. 45 the island was converted to Christianity by Paul and Barnabas, the latter himself a Cypriot. In 1191 Richard Coeur de Lion conquered Cyprus, and there he married Berengaria of Navarre and crowned her Queen of the English, but within a year had sold the island to the Knights Templars. In 1571 it was conquered by the Turks, and although it was subsequently occupied by the British by virtue of a Convention signed with the Turks in 1878 it remained technically Ottoman territory until it was annexed in 1914, on the entry of Turkey into war against Britain. In 1925 it was made a British Crown Colony.

Cypriots' Great Work at Cassino

Cyprus has the distinction of being the first British Colony to send troops for service overseas. In the early months of 1939 it was decided to raise Cypriot units of Royal Engineers, Royal Army Service Corps, and other services, and when war broke out nearly 500 Cypriots were straightway enlisted into Cypriot R.A.S.C. Mule Transport Companies. The Cypriot Muleteers arrived in France in January 1940, and immediately proved their value. These men, about 700 of them, were successfully evacuated from Dunkirk, having destroyed their mules under protest. Throughout 1940 General Transport and Pioneer Companies were drafted to Egypt, and by the end of the year ten Pioneer Companies and one General Transport Company were in training.

Cypriot troops next saw action in the Middle East, where a number of Cypriot companies were the only Colonial troops in the hard fighting early in 1941 around Keren in Eritrea. Cypriot units were also sent to Greece, and when that country was overrun by the Germans, in April 1941, they were evacuated to Crete. In these two operations they lost nearly 3,000 men, mainly as prisoners. By the end of 1944 there were over 10,000 Cypriots in the Army, of whom 8,500 were in the Cyprus Regiment and 1,800 in the Cyprus Volunteer Force. Although this latter force was primarily a Home Guard, volunteers were accepted for overseas service, and some 300 of them served with the Cyprus Regiment in Italy.

It was at Cassino that the Cyprus Regiment did its most spectacular work. Five Cyprus Regiment Pack Transport Companies were serving with the Poles at Cassino in May 1944, three having been moved from Syria and two from Iraq. General Anders, commanding two Polish Corps, gave them high praise for the way they brought supplies up to the line under fire from the German positions around the Cassino Monastery. After the Monastery's capture, the Cypriots were employed in the Gothic Line fighting and remained in action until the end of the year. Without the Cypriot Pack Transport Group many of the operations of the 8th Army would have been impossible in the North Italy mountains; the Cypriots and their mules reached places which were unapproachable by normal means. Cypriots also served in the United Kingdom, and by July 1941 some 2,500 had volunteered; a very worthy record of military service.

AT home, Cyprus did not suffer to anything like the same extent as Malta, although at one stage of the war it appeared that the island would become a main objective of enemy attack. Cyprus's first air-raid alarm came in June 1940, shortly after Italy had entered the war, but the first serious raid did not take place until June 1941; this was followed by haphazard attacks during July and August, and by the middle of the latter month there had been twenty-seven raids. Hostilities in Russia, and the British occupation of Syria, stabilized the situation in the Mediterranean, and the immediate threat to Cyprus lessened.

In 1942, however, the Middle East was again threatened, and Cyprus became important as a forward base against the enemy forces in Greece, Crete and Rhodes. The reinforcement of the small pre-war garrison of British troops, new fortifications, building of airfields and improvements to Famagusta harbour, increased Cyprus's strength considerably, and its defences were further augmented by the fact that R.A.F. fighter aircraft stationed in Syria, about 150 miles away, could operate over the island.

In common with the other British Colonies, Cyprus played her part in the supply of essential materials for the war machine. Since Cyprus is mainly agricultural, and in view of the extreme difficulties in regard to transport, this effort was on a relatively small scale; but, even so, there were a number of items which are of especial interest. Nearly 500,000 cubic feet of sawn and 86,000 cubic feet of round timber were exported for military use in the Middle East and for the manufacture of matches on the mainland. To the end of 1944 nearly 4,000 mules were exported for military purposes and 2,000 for agricultural and transport work.

The people of Cyprus gave about £30,000 to various war funds and subscribed over £1,500,000 to public loans.

Successes of the Arab Legion

By the Treaty of Peace signed at Lausanne on July 24, 1923, Turkey renounced all rights over Palestine and Trans-Jordan, and the Principal Allied Powers had previously selected His Britannic Majesty as Mandatory at San Remo on April 25, 1920. The terms of the Mandate were approved by the Council of the League of Nations on July 24, 1922, and the Mandate came into operation on September 29, 1923. A treaty between His Majesty's Government and the Government of Trans-Jordan, signed in London on March 22, 1946, marked the end of the mandatory regime and the emergence of Trans-Jordan as a sovereign independent state.

At the beginning of the Second Great War the full-time military forces in Palestine and Trans-Jordan were the Trans-Jordan Frontier Force and the Arab Legion. The former of these forces was recruited more or less equally from Palestine and Trans-Jordan; the latter practically from Trans-Jordan alone.

Both were, and are, almost entirely Arab. When war came it was agreed by the Amir of Trans-Jordan that the Arab Legion should be brought up to full military strength and made available to the British Government for the duration. The personality of its Commander, Brigadier Glubb, a second Lawrence, undoubtedly contributed to the success of the Legion.

Its first major operation was in early 1941, when it was given the task of guiding a British mechanized column 500 miles through desert country to the Euphrates. This being successfully accomplished, the Legion then led a detachment from the main body to the north to cut the Mosul Road and then descend along the Tigris to Baghdad. A little later, in June 1941, the Legion was again used to guide British troops across desert country; this time the task was to lead a column to attack Palmyra in the Syria operations. The Legionaries again accomplished their work successfully and had a victorious action of their own with a Vichy French mechanized unit en route.

Palestinian Pioneers and Infantry

In addition to enlistment into United Kingdom units a number of locally raised forces were recruited in Palestine, the most important of which were companies of the Auxiliary Military Pioneer Corps and the Palestine Infantry Companies attached to the Buffs. The first company of the Pioneer Corps went to France in February 1940, shortly after the Cypriot troops had already arrived, and were therefore among the first Colonial troops to play an active part in the war. After the Dunkirk evacuation they were sent to Egypt, and in 1941 were part of the British forces which went to Greece, where over 1,000 of them were taken prisoner. At the beginning of August 1941 the strength was about 2,800 Jews and 1,200 Arabs.

Following our reverses in North Africa in 1942, it was decided that a Palestine Regiment of the British Army should be created, consisting of the separate Jewish infantry battalions and comprising the Palestinian (Jewish and Arab) Companies of the Buffs. The role of this new Regiment was to defend vulnerable points and to act as a mobile reserve, and by 1944 it had been spread widely over the Middle East. The infantry consisted at that time of three Jewish and an Arab battalion; of these, the first Jewish battalion was on prisoner-of-war guard duty in Egypt, the second Jewish battalion on internal security work in Cyrenaica, and the third Jewish battalion, like the Arab battalion, in Palestine itself. The transport units were also doing useful work, especially those in Italy, where transport was short because many such units had been sent to the United Kingdom for the Normandy landings.

The final development was the creation of a Jewish Brigade Group to take part in active operations. The Infantry Brigade was to be based on the Jewish battalions of the Palestine Regiment, and further recruitment was limited to the United Kingdom, Palestine and Mauritius where there were a number of Jewish refugees. The Brigade was engaged in active operations in the Italian campaign from March to May 1945, having gone in to the line in the area south of Alfonsine under the command of the 8th Indian Division. On April 10 it was employed in an attack across the Senio River and helped to secure a bridge-head one mile east of Riolo, from which it made advances on the following days. During its time in the line the Brigade had about 200 casualties.

Calm and Unrest in Middle Eastern Neighbours

IN TROUBLED PALESTINE Terrorist attacks led the authorities to take drastic action against the Hagana (Jewish National Army) and Palmach, its mobilized nucleus. In Tel Aviv the 4th Parachute Regt. (1) man obstacles in Allenby Road. Boarding a barge of the Palestine Potash Company (2) in search of arms.

ENTHRONEMENT OF KING ABDULLAH I OF TRANS-JORDAN at 'Amman, capital of the State, on May 26, 1946, marked the emergence of Trans-Jordan as a fully independent Hashimite kingdom after being administered under British Mandate since 1923. After the ceremony the new King (3, left), accompanied by Abdul Illah, Regent of Iraq, drove to a R.A.F. airfield near 'Amman to inspect all branches of the Arab Legion. Heading the parade was the Guard of the Camel Corps (4).

Photos, Associated Press, New York Times Photos

The Roll of Honour

NCO's & MEN

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.*

Cpl. R. AINSWORTH
8001 A.M.E.S. R.A.F.
Action : Corsica. 30.9.43.
Age 22. (Norwich)

Sgt. F. V. G. ALLOWAY
Royal Air Force
Dortmund. 24.5.43.
Age 21. (Ross-on-Wye)

L/Cpl. A. R. ASHTON
Royal Tank Regiment.
El Alamein. 29.10.42.
Age 23. (Liverpool)

Cpl. R. BICKERTON
R. Signals (Airborne).
Normandy. 6.6.44.
Age 22. (Croydon)

Cpl. T. E. BIRCH
Royal Army Medical Corps.
Died of wounds. 13.9.44.
Age 24. (Walsall)

Stkr. W. A. BOWDEN
Royal Navy.
In action : at sea. 12.2.44.
Age 20. (Harefield)

Pte. W. BRANSON
6th Airborne Division.
Caen. 10.6.44.
Age 31. (Brentford)

Pte. W. BROWN
Worcestershire Regt.
Action : Burma. 28.2.45.
Age 29. (Halesowen)

Sgt. F. W. BURTON
Royal Air Force.
Mailly. 3.5.44.
Age 22. (Dagenham)

Stkr. J. E. BUTTERY
H.M.S. Minster.
Off Normandy. 8.6.44.
Age 40. (Leicester)

L/Bdr. V. H. CATTLE
57th Lt. A.A. Regt. R.A.
Action : Libya. 6.6.42.
Age 27. (Parkstone)

Pte. T. J. COLES
31st Suffolk Regiment.
Died of wounds. 8.2.44.
Age 19. (Northampton)

Ord. Sig. J. COOKSON
H.M.S. Achates.
Convoy to Russia. 31.12.42.
Age 20. (Leeds)

L/S R. COWTAN
Royal Navy.
Action: on Li Wo. Feb. 42.
Age 28. (Sutton, Surrey)

Pte. T. CROSS
K.O.Y.L.I.
Action : Burma. 2.5.42.
Age 22. (Huddersfield)

Pte. R. J. DALLOW
South Lancs. Regiment.
Normandy. 6.6.44.
Age 21. (Liverpool)

Pte. R. P. DARVILL
Cameron Highlanders
Ardennes. 11.1.45.
Age 24. (Willesden)

Cpl. W. R. DAY
R.A.O.C.
Action : Crete. 20.4.41.
Age 41. (Gt. Yarmouth)

L/Sgt. F. DENT
88th Field Regt. R.A.
Died P.O.W.: Siam. 28.11.43.
Age 23. (Preston)

S/Sgt. B. DRUREY
Glider Pilot Regiment.
Arnhem. 24.9.44.
Age 21. (Wakefield)

Sgt. J. G. DURHAM
625 Sqn. R.A.F.
Over Essen. 23.10.44.
Age 22. (Seahouses)

Pte. J. F. EASON
Queen's Royal Regiment.
Action : Italy. 15.10.43.
Age 20. (Northampton)

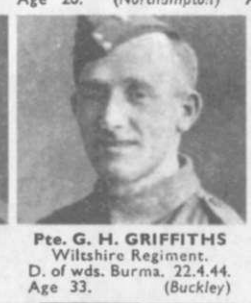
Sgt. F. J. EDWARDS
106 Sqn. R.A.F.V.R.
Over Essen. 13.1.43.
Age 20. (W. Molesey)

L/Cpl. E. FINCH
Grenadier Guards.
Pont-a-Marcq. 3.9.44.
Age 19. (Hornchurch)

Pte. G. A. FRASER
Border Regt. (Airborne).
Sicily. 9.7.43.
Age 20. (Darlington)

Pte. R. GOOCH
Northamptonshire Regt.
Action : Burma. 25.2.45.
Age 20. (Bacton)

Spr. A. H. GREGG
Royal Engineers.
D. wds. Normandy. 8.7.44.
Age 22. (Brynmawr)



Pte. G. H. GRIFFITHS
Wiltshire Regiment.
D. of wds. Burma. 22.4.44.
Age 33. (Buckley)

Sgt. A G W. J. JARVIS
Pathfinder Force, R.A.F.
Over Hamburg. 10.11.42.
Age 21. (Cirencester)

Sgt. J. H. JEFFERIES
Royal Air Force.
Mediterranean. 28.11.40.
Age 20. (Downend)

L/Cpl. D. JONES
Parachute Regiment.
Southern France. 17.8.44.
Age 21. (Llangammarch)

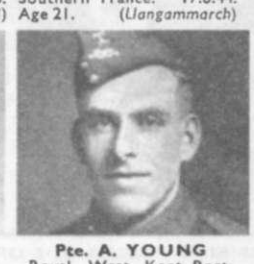
Tpr. S. LUCAS
1st Reconnaissance Regt.
Action : Anzio. 3.6.44.
Age 23. (Felling)

Sgt. A. A. MIDDLETON
Coastal Command R.A.F.
Action: N. Ireland. 18.2.42.
Age 23. (Camberwell)

Sgt. R. MORLEY
218 (Gold Coast) Sqn. R.A.F.
Germany. 31.12.44.
Age 19. (Dagenham)

Seaman D. PENMAN
H.M.S. Fiji.
Action : Crete. 22.5.41.
Age 17. (Murton Colliery)

J. J. RIMMER
Ldg. W/M Royal Navy.
Off Normandy. 25.6.44.
Age 20. (Liverpool)



Pte. A. YOUNG
Royal West Kent Regt.
Action : France. 12.5.40.
Age 28. (London)

Pte. A. G. YOUNG
Hampshire Regt.
D. of wds. Italy. 3.11.44.
Age 29. (London)

THE HUMAN STORY OF 1939-1946

I Was There!

I Saw the Mighty Thrust for Arnhem

The desperate gamble of our airborne landings in Holland was witnessed, from the point of view of the ground troops, by Lieut. J. L. Taylor. He relates how they struggled against impossible odds during the fateful week Sept. 17-24, 1944, first to reinforce and then to rescue the airborne men.

ON September 17, 1944, I was in Brussels in the position of Personal Assistant to the Senior Officer of the Reconnaissance Corps R.A.C. We had just arrived from England. Our establishment was one jeep, two Sten guns and two revolvers. Our mission was to visit the Reconnaissance Regiments then in action on this front.

Lieut. J. L. TAYLOR

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 Antwerp, vital to the Quartermaster General, was to be denied as strenuously as the Channel ports. For lack of petrol, rations and ammunition, the momentum of our broad advance had already begun to slow down against the gathering German defence.

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 by winter. The terms of the gamble were these. If the Allies could seize 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 armoured shaft; push to the high ground above Arnhem and launch quickly a drive due east to outflank the Ruhr—then there was 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 ahead of all the Reconnaissance Regiments. The guards at the Dutch frontier were still dutifully examining the papers of a civilian cyclist. Beyond the customs house stretched the road into Holland—straight, flat, deserted. Behind us there was a big hold-up of traffic at Beeringen. 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 Elst. It fell to Elst 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 swirling stream of national costumes, flowers, fruit and flags had swamped in the street the tail-end of the convoy we had been speeding to catch. Thereafter to Eindhoven the way was thick with transport of the Guards Armoured Division. In Eindhoven, heading against the traffic, appeared a Press jeep bearing Mr. Frank Gillard with his dispatch—still far from a B.B.C. microphone: how he ever got back to one is his own secret.

Eindhoven, too, had an atmosphere of carnival. A few hours later the town of rejoicing was bombed. At dusk German tanks cut the road to Nijmegen.

Nijmegen lies low on the south bank of the Waal. In 1936 its fine road bridge over the river had been opened by Queen Wilhelmina. 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 for Nijmegen, and the bridge was intact.

At mid-day we moved with Divisional Headquarters eastward 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 Malden. 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 bearded in their fourth day of fighting, were engaged in the village of Mook.

THE sound of war cracked and thundered about the little caravan town of command vehicles, armoured cars, 3-tonners, parked on the sandy grass among bushes and trees. Here quiet English voices gave instructions over the air, cursed mildly at someone's ineptitude, 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

SPEEDING THROUGH GRAVE, ten miles south of Nijmegen, the Guards Armoured Division on its way to consolidate the Netherlands river crossings during the Arnhem operations, September 17-24, 1943, received an enthusiastic welcome from the inhabitants. Here, for a time, was the Division's H.Q., and dropping area for the U.S. 82nd and 101st Airborne Divisions.

ACROSS THE GREAT NIJMEGEN ROAD-BRIDGE streamed tanks of the British 2nd Army in an endeavour to reinforce our airborne troops cut off at Arnhem. Capture of this bridge, intact, by the Guards Armoured Division and the U.S. 82nd Airborne Division, in one of the fiercest actions of the war, gave rise to optimism—it was thought then that the Arnhem operation would indeed be successful. But efforts were defeated by impassable roads and bad weather on the "island" beyond Nijmegen. *Photo, British Newspaper Pool*

able to come in from supervision of a battle which held the breathless attention of the world, tea that afternoon in 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 the charges removed, which was not 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.

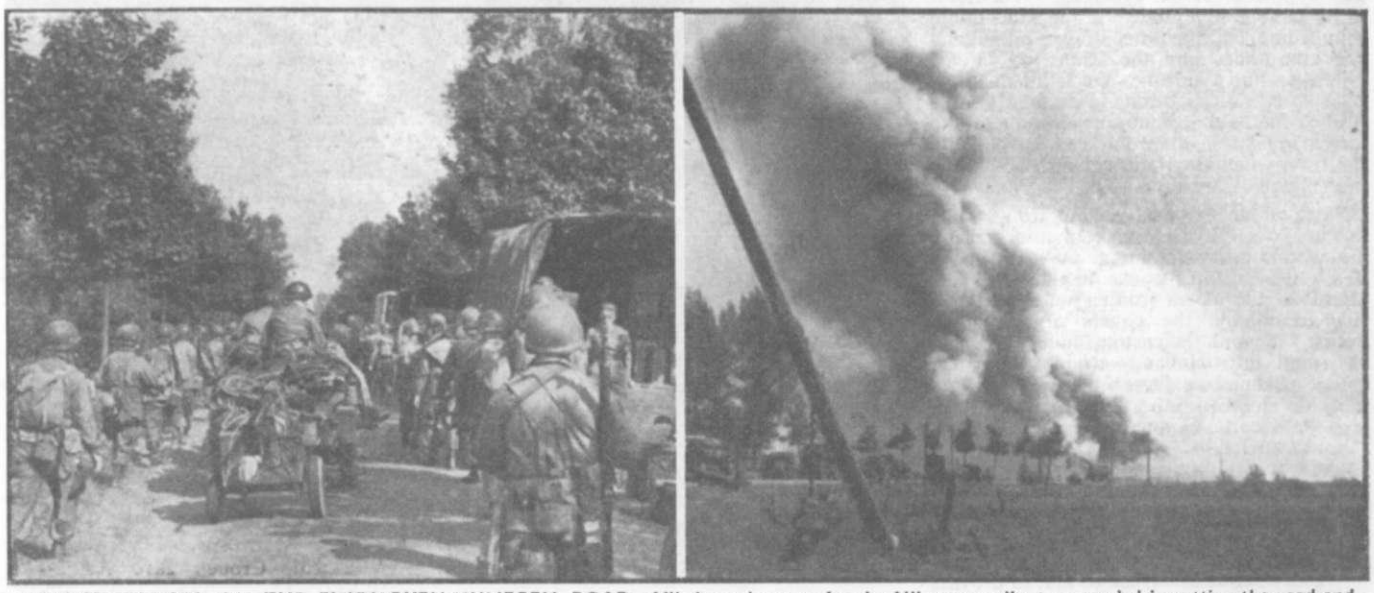
Against this strong point the Guards' tanks, supported by American airborne infantry, had been butting in vain and at cost in casualties. Finally the Americans got across the railway bridge, a few hundred yards downstream. Their wireless signal of success was interpreted as relating to the road bridge. In a last charge, which brooked no denial, the Guards broke through the roundabout position and over the bridge, leaving corpses scattered along its length. The way was open, or 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 unthinkable 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 Belgian 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 lies 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 lanes—tortuous and slippery and not the tank driver's dream.

Very quickly Nijmegen bridge was ranged, 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 Sappers made



ENEMY ATTACKS ON THE EINDHOVEN-NIJMEGEN ROAD, Allied supply route for the Nijmegen salient, succeeded in cutting the road and causing serious shortage in the salient on more than one occasion. American infantry (left) move forward past halted British lorries. Under heavy shelling by German self-propelled guns another British supply column on the road was temporarily stopped (right), two ammunition trucks being hit, whilst our tanks and Typhoons broke up the attack and cleared the way. *Photos, British Official, British Newspaper Pool*

room for more than one stream of traffic by blowing the roadblock at the north end. On the "island" the main roads were so 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 reconnoitred 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 at Driel, 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 penned in the suburb of Oosterbeek. Intelligence from the vital 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 spent a precarious night isolated in a house at Zeeland, when 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 hoods, smashed windscreens and other signs of having run the gauntlet. So serious had been the threat then that a force of Guards' tanks had to be spared to go back and clear the road. On the wireless 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.

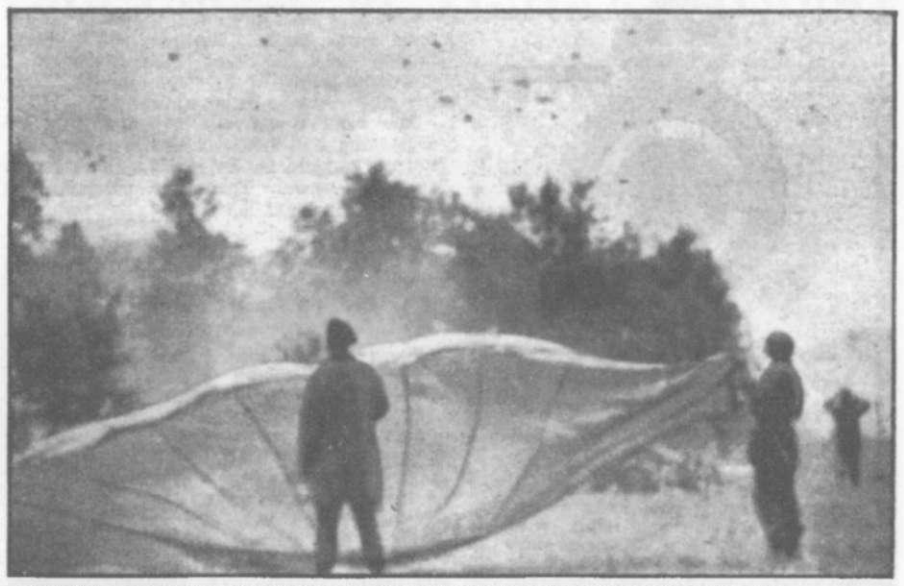
Food Dump Marked by Dense Smoke

A shortage of rations was at this time manifest in the Nijmegen salient and led, so far as we were concerned, to one incident typical of the shifting security of that district. A German military food dump of fabulous size had been captured at Oss, some few miles away to the west. With an hour to spare, and with a disposition to verify the source of tins of honey and tubes of cheese, we set off in that direction. Well on the road we overtook a troop of tanks and learned that our jeep was the vanguard of a force detailed to meet several hundred German infantry approaching Oss from the south. As we withdrew the battle started and the food dump was marked by billows of smoke.

In those days our duty took us over most of the area from which 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 inspired with their mission. River-crossing equipment rolled through the streets of Nijmegen and its purpose was clear. The fate of the rescue teams, pursued by Tigers along the treacherous lanes of the island, trying desperately to get into the water down the steep bank of the Neder Rijn against the German harassing fire, was known, and created the wave of determination that did at last, through the great gallantry and perseverance principally of the Dorsets, succeed in the rescue of the airborne troops.

Arnhem was being pinpointed by the fleets of supply planes and gliders coming up from the south-west, from the airfields of England. As they sowed their coloured parachutes away to the north, it was not difficult to imagine the besieged garrison waiting for its life-blood of food and ammunition. Among the pilots of these planes were examples of the greatest gallantry, making fine contribution to the morale and



WAITING TO COLLECT THEIR LIFE-BLOOD OF FOOD AND AMMUNITION, our hard-pressed airborne troops in Holland displayed extended parachutes to guide pilots of the fleets of supply planes, flying through intense A.A. fire, from England, to the dropping zones. Coloured parachutes are seen descending (background) away to the north. *Photo, British Official*

sense of urgency in the salient. They flew over, slow and ponderous, with fighter cover. Sometimes the Luftwaffe came up, notably on the afternoon of the 21st, when the sky might have been that over Kent in the days of the Battle of Britain. But most generally it was Ack Ack and even small arms fire that brought down the huge, vulnerable targets as their pilots aimed stubbornly on for the stricken area of Arnhem.

Because of the extent to which the thrust for Arnhem was an airborne operation, the battlefield had a romantic and colourful appearance. Along the Corridor, the dropping zones still showed the gliders, settled crazily in their first positions of arrival. And, going on all the time, were the drops and the supply drops. American reinforcements were promised and we went to see them come in at the dropping zone south-west of Grave. Most of the planes and gliders landed safely on the flat area of fields intersected by small ditches and dominated by a windmill—a picture which might have been designed to welcome the newcomers straight to the conventional Holland of their imagination. Some machines tipped on their noses. In a matter of minutes the lane skirting the dropping zone was alive with a marching column of superbly equipped American Airborne troops. We sat on a gate and watched them go by. It was a tonic to see them.

But they were too late to make any difference. That was the Sunday, September 24. By the evening we heard that the rescue of the battered garrison at Oosterbeek had begun. It was a heartbreaking end to the high hopes launched exactly a week before from the departure airfields in England and from the Belgian start-line of the Guards Armoured Division. What history will say about that week history has still to decide. The impression of one who saw the Nijmegen side of the battle remains that the gamble failed nowhere through the tenacity and courage of those asked to accomplish the task in the air and on the ground. The odds, some of them necessarily unknown at the outset, in the end were too heavy.

My Charmed Life in H.M. Submarines

Risks of being blown out of the water, being depth-charged to pieces, or becoming stuck in the sea-bed are among the accepted hazards of undersea warfare. The tense excitement of that life of constant uncertainty is conveyed in these reminiscences by H. F. Piggott, Stoker 1st Class, R.N

I WAS called to the Colours on July 31, 1939, as a Reservist, and was detailed to Submarine H 49, which proceeded on exercises until the outbreak of the War, and then was sent to Portland on Asdic 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 Flushing, Holland, which was an E-boat base. One night we were about to surface to charge batteries when the captain, at the periscope, saw that we were surrounded by E-boats exercising. We dived at once, and lay on the sea bed, and were silent until the E-boats returned to harbour; then we prepared to surface. You can imagine our horror when we found we were held fast by shingle! As we lay still the shingle had been gradually washing over us, so burying us. Cautiously we went ahead on the motors, then astern, and so on, until at last, after about two hours of careful manoeuvring, we were able to free ourselves.

After this patrol we were detailed (during the "invasion scare") to proceed to Dover, where we left 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 lumbago, and when we reached Dover I was transferred to Chatham Hospital. That was the last I saw of H 49, for she was posted missing shortly afterwards.

My next submarine was the Thunderbolt, formerly Thetis, commanded by Lieut. Crouch, and then lying in dock at Cammel Lairds' yard. When she was ready we did our trials, and were ordered to proceed to Dunoon, Scotland, where the parent ship Forth was lying. On our first patrol, December 15, 1940, we were ordered to the Gironde River in France, to intercept and sink Italian submarines. We eventually saw one, escorted by three armed French trawlers. 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

Motto: "Guardian of the Sea and Air."

No. 240 (G.R.) SQUADRON

FEW squadrons during the six years of war fulfilled more roles or operated over more territory than No. 240. Formed in 1918, at Calshot, Hampshire, from seaplane and flying boat units, it was disbanded in 1919 and reformed at Calshot as a General Reconnaissance squadron in March 1937. In the early days of the war it operated from Scotland over northern waters, and later, equipped with Catalinas, took part in the Battle of the Atlantic from Loch Erne, Ireland, and helped to maintain communications with Russia.

The squadron moved to Gibraltar, and was employed on anti-submarine operations in the Mediterranean until July 1942, when it went on to Madras. Where it remained until the end of the war with the Japanese. For the first two years of its service in India the squadron flew normal patrols and convoy escorts over the Bay of Bengal and, operating from a forward base at Addu Atoll (see page 268, Vol. 9), patrolled our sea lanes south of the Equator.

THEN, with the threat of Japanese seaborne operations in the Bay of Bengal and adjacent waters decreasing, No. 240 was detailed to carry out the first special duty operation involving a moonlight landing on the sea off the Isthmus of Kra.

In the months that followed, a special duties flight of three aircraft carried out an intensive programme of operations which included the parachuting of men and supplies into Jap-held territory. By August 1945 the flight had flown 85 sorties, of which 93 per cent were successful.

During the last months of the war No. 240 squadron (except the S.D. Flight) and No. 212 Air/Sea Rescue Squadron were merged in a new 240 squadron re-equipped with Sunderland V aircraft. During the war No. 240 flew a total of 35,340 hours, of which 28,180 were operational.

six torpedoes fanwise. There was a terrific explosion, and we knew we had scored. The captain took a quick look and saw a cloud of smoke : the U-boat was missing, and must have been blown to pieces.

We waited for the escorting trawlers to drop depth-charges, and they weren't long about it. They were, however, some distance from us, as the "fish" had been fired from the extreme range of about two miles, and they thought we were nearer. They dropped about 15 depth-charges, which didn't worry us, and then returned to harbour. We went up-river, and at night surfaced in order to charge our batteries.

We dived again at dawn, and Lieut. Crouch told us we were to proceed to the spot where we had sunk the U-boat. I'm afraid we did not exactly relish the prospect. We were doing about three knots submerged when Lieut. Crouch said to the Asdic rating, "Can you hear anything, Asdics?" 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 overhead. Then there were explosions and it seemed hell had broken loose. Nobody knew what was happening, and after about five minutes all was quiet again. We eventually went slow ahead, and at night surfaced, when an inspection was made of damage. We found plenty. Half the upper deck casing was missing, and the jumping wire was hanging over the side as though it had been cut with a hacksaw. But at least we were clear of the enemy and we proceeded back to harbour at Dunoon.

Stkr. H. F. PIGGOTT

When we were going alongside Forth there was cheering coming from the ship's company, and Captain of Medway came from Forth to congratulate us. When he slipped 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.

We Hit the Big Ship in the Stern

Soon after this we proceeded to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and on one occasion were returning from an Atlantic convoy when Lieut. Crouch saw a big liner approaching us. He at once looked in the silhouette book, but could not see a ship resembling her. "I believe she's a raider," he said. "Prepare three torpedoes. Stand by, guns' crew!" When we were within lamp range he told the signalman to give her the challenge, which he did—and she replied with a salvo of shells. We could hear the shrapnel falling on our ship's side. We quickly dived, and Lieut. Crouch said, "I'll give her five minutes to send out a signal." She did so, and this was it : "Admiralty emergency. Have engaged enemy submarine, believe sunk. Canton P. & O." That was certainly a near one for us!

I left Thunderbolt at Halifax and was detailed to the submarine Talisman in August 1941. While on patrol with her we were sent to "get" a 15,000-ton supply ship, or transport. We saw her after about four days out, escorted by six destroyers, and we prepared six torpedoes. Lieut. Wilmott, 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 us. As soon as she had passed over the captain said, "Up periscope, fire 1, 2, 3. Down periscope. Shut off for depth-charge attack!"

We hit the big ship in the stern, and this was later reported by Italy. We dived deep, then about every quarter-hour they came dropping charges and would not leave us. Lieut. Wilmott told the First Lieutenant to tell the crew how we stood. "Well, men," he said, "we have just enough in the batteries to allow us to surface, and if the Italians are still up there we will abandon ship and blow up the sub!" We surfaced and, to our joy, the Italians destoyers had left us, having dropped in all 84 depth-charges, doing us no damage but giving us a very nasty shaking.

I left Talisman and went to the 64th Hospital, and after getting well was detailed to Medway, the submarine parent ship. On June 30, 1942, Medway left Alexandria for Haifa, Palestine, to open a submarine base, as Rommel was then getting too close. We left at about 8 p.m., escorted by destroyers and cruisers, and also, for a time, by aircraft. We had ideal weather, and Commander "Tiger" Marsh was on the bridge when hands fell in for work the following day. I was on the upper deck, wearing nothing but shoes and shorts, when "Tiger" saw me, and sang out, "That man there—put your lifebelt on!" I hurried below, put on my lifebelt, and was just getting some cigarettes and matches from my locker when there were terrific explosions. I was thrown on my back by the concussion, and lockers and everything movable toppled over around me. I at once blew up my lifebelt and proceeded to the upper deck.

BY this time, only about three minutes after being hit on the starboard side, Medway had a bad list, and I felt in my pockets for anything I could throw away to lighten myself. It sounds silly now, but it didn't seem so then—I threw away my cigarettes and matches! Also I kicked off my shoes and waited for the order to abandon ship. Then someone gave the order for everything that would float to be thrown over the side, and presently rafts, Carley floats, spars, doors and stools were floating past us. The Commander gave the order "Abandon ship, every man for himself!"

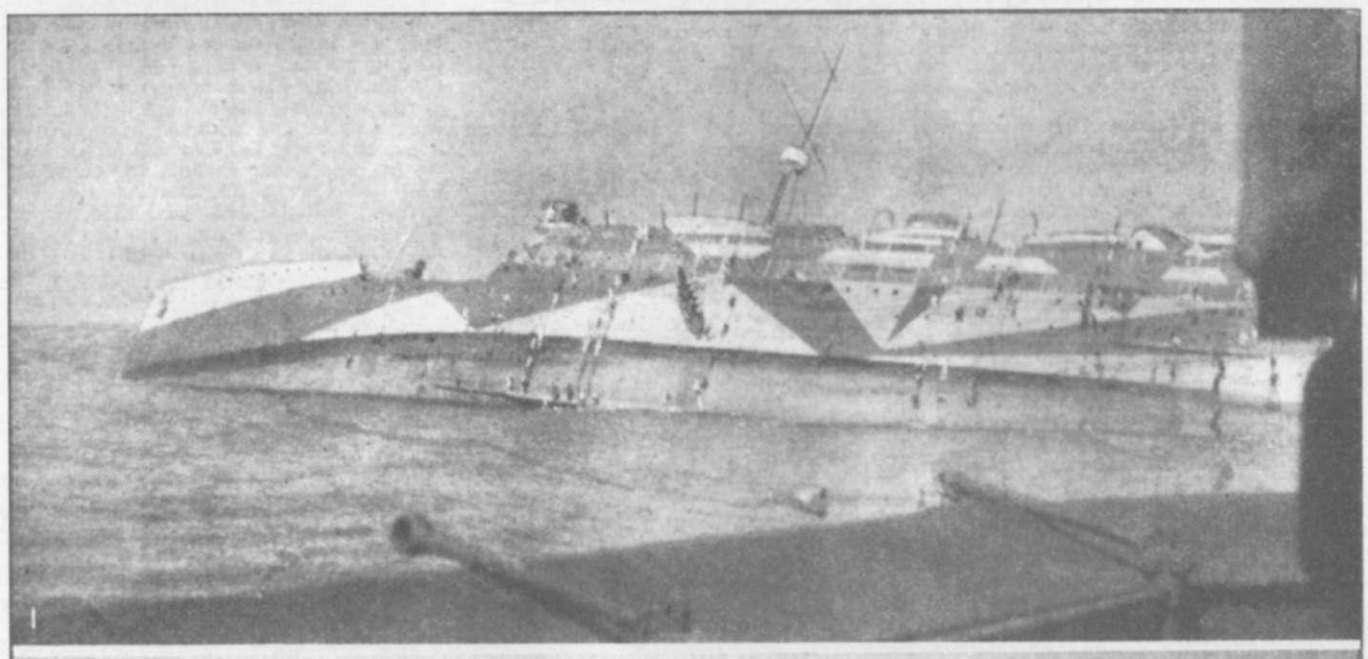
The deck on the starboard side was now under water. I found a rope and slid down, cutting myself badly on barnacles on the ship's bottom. As soon as I was in the water I started swimming towards H.M.S. Hero, but seeing so many doing the same I went in the direction of another escorting destroyer, the Zulu. I was swimming for hours, it seemed, before I came to Zulu, and I was all-in when I was hoisted to her deck, but a cup of tea soon revived me. There were no boats lowered, as Medway went down too quickly—twelve minutes only from the time of being hit by four torpedoes to disappearing. (See facing page.)

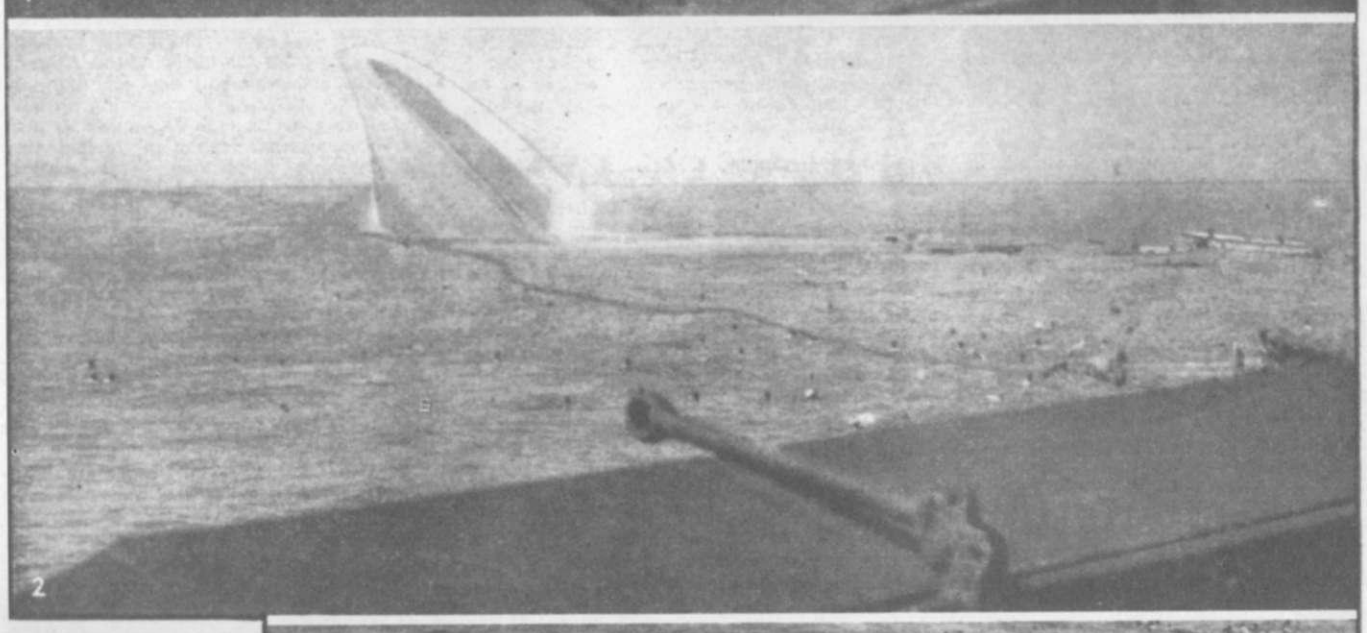
We carried with us, taking passage, besides ratings and officers, three Wren officers evacuating Alexandria ; one of these was picked up by Zulu and was later decorated for giving her lifebelt to a drowning sailor. When all survivors were picked up Hero proceeded to Port Said and Zulu to Haifa. Depth-charges were dropped now and again when enemy submarines were detected, but the U-boat that sank Medway got away—no depth-charges then being dropped because of so many men swimming in the sea. On arrival at Haifa we were transported to an army camp in Palestine, where we stayed before being drafted.

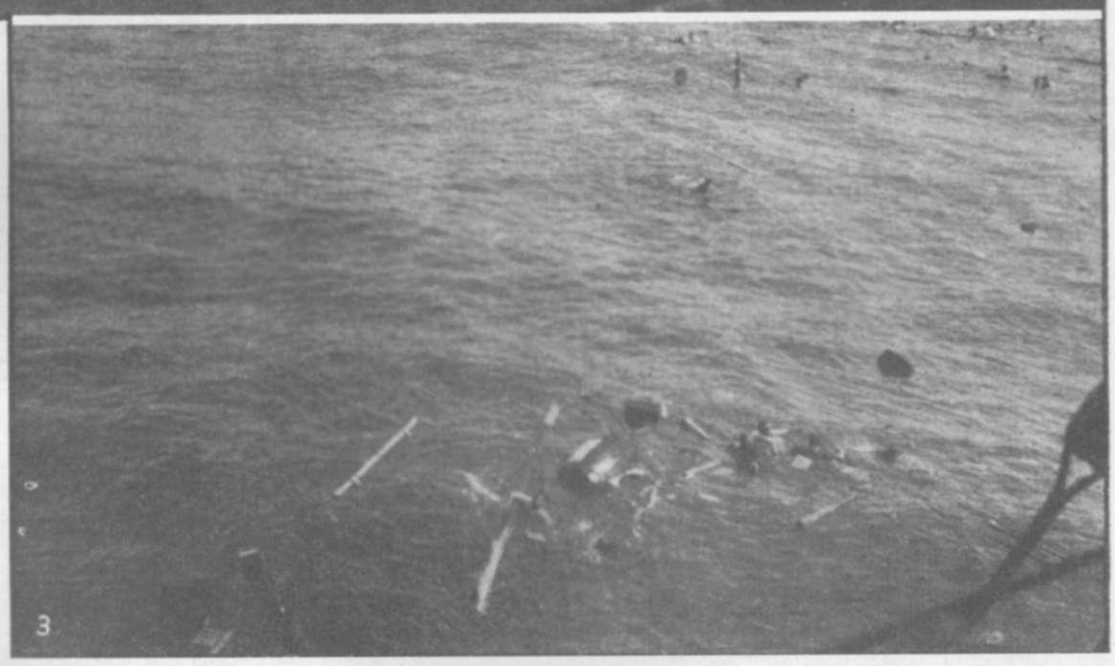
The King Shook Hands With Me

I seem to have had a charmed life. At Weymouth, in September 1939, 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 fell 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 him in K-boats (submarines with funnels and boilers). He asked my name, and passed it on to the King, who shook hands with me and asked how I liked being back in the Service. The Courageous was sunk by enemy action a few days later. The second boat I left that went down was H 49, then Talisman, Thunderbolt and Medway. My sixth was the minelayer, H.M.S. Abdiel, in which I took passage from Malta to Gibraltar, on January 26, 1943, and which was sunk in October of the same year.

Mediterranean Death-Plunge of H.M.S. Medway







"ABANDON SHIP, every man for himself," was the dread order given by the commander of the submarine depot ship Medway after she had been struck by four torpedoes when she was on her way to Haifa to open a submarine base, in the summer of 1942. There was no time to lower the boats, and in a matter of twelve minutes after being hit the Medway had vanished below the surface.

Listing heavily, with ropes dangling down the side (1), she gave little hope of life to her crew—seen scrambling for the water from the ropes. With a hiss and a roar, Medway takes the final plunge (2), her immediate neighbourhood dotted with the bobbing heads of men swimming amidst fragments of wreckage (3) in the direction of escorting destroyers H.M.S. Zulu and Hero. 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 the 6,000-ton oil-burning meat ship Viking Star on that sunny afternoon of August 25, 1942. What happened after the first "fish" smacked home is told by Clifford Maw then her 16-year-old deck-boy.

We had left Buenos Aires with a full cargo of frozen beef, and some of us were sunning ourselves on deck in the first dog-watch and talking about "fish"—torpedoes—their construction and method of firing them. Two or three were in bathing costumes; there was Kelly the donkeyman in overalls and a beret, and myself wearing only a pair of rope-soled shoes and grey shorts hitched by a sixpenny belt. The lamp-trimmer in his birthday suit was splashing happily in a canvas bath on the after well-deck.

CLIFFORD MAW

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 galley, near to which some of us were sitting. It was a real case of "talk of the devil." Two torpedoes had struck the ship like thunderbolts out of the blue; no periscope was visible in the wide circle of ocean and no bubbling tracks of the "fish" had given warning of the attack. At that second blow the Viking Star lurched violently to starboard till the side-rails were almost awash.

Two engineers, five firemen and a naval gunlayer 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 splintered hatch with a broken leg. The lamp-trimmer leaped out of his canvas bath on hearing the explosions and when the ship listed took a remarkable dive over the starboard rail into the sea. My recollection of the event is of lying in the scuppers looking dazedly 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 abuse when a U-boat appeared a cable's length away and smashed a third torpedo into the sinking ship. The seventy-third voyage of the old Viking Star was ending in the deep Atlantic, and by some freakish convulsion 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. So 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 tenterhooks lest 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 rafts never reached land. Circumstances made it necessary for lifeboats and rafts to part company, and I will not dwell unduly on a voyage in an open boat crowded with thirty-six men in a space meant for twenty-six.

Short commons, seasickness, work, dangerous moments, spells of boredom, hopes raised only to be shattered—such formed our lot over four days and nights on the ocean. Time and again someone jumped up to point out "a sail" that proved to be no more than a wisp of cloud on the horizon or a shadow on the sea. So when Kelly yelled out one drizzly night, "Look! There's land, fellows!" he was told brusquely to "Pipe down and stop rocking the boat!"

But he was right, and we raised a hoarse cheer when doubts were dispelled. None of us was feeling too strong and I had taken my belt in to the last notch. But we kept rowing against the ebb-tide until caught by the heel in a breaking crest of sea. The first mate ordered "Ship the oars!" and the boat rushed forward amid surf with foam creaming over the stern and gunwales.

Another giant roller struck us and our boat was hurled up and over, flinging us all into the sea. It looked like "curtains" for me. My kapok life-jacket had been soaked frequently and had lost its buoyancy. Instead of keeping me afloat it dragged me down, and I was lucky to find myself lying on the beach and Chippy, the carpenter, who had rescued me, bending over and applying first-aid with ham-fisted vigour. The other chaps were ashore and had hitched the sea-anchor to a thorny bush to hold the overturned lifeboat fast, then rigged a sail for a windbreak, and we all waited in this rough shelter for the dawn.

Savage 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-blooded negroes armed with spears and knives, and led by their chieftain and a nondescript native of paler hue who had been educated at a mission school and could "speak de Inglees bery good, yes mistah," and kept on saying so.

They gathered in a half-circle round our improvised tent over which the spindrift was blowing from the crests of the Atlantic surf. The first mate had slept less than any of us in the boat, and was catching 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 stepped straight out of a Hollywood film. His ebony 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 fine raiment and doubtless much prestige, for not every savage chieftain could sport, as he did, an Arab burnous, a grey topper of the kind once popular at Ascot, a pair of spats with pearl buttons, and a golf umbrella of red, blue, green and yellow—with a couple of broken ribs to give it a quainter look.

They reminded me of all I had read about cannibals. But that topper, the spats and gamp were reassuring; and they had brought bamboo litters, which suggested the desire

LAST VOYAGE OF A MERCHANTMAN which, according to the German description accompanying these photographs (received in London through a neutral source), was torpedoed and sunk by a U-boat in tropical waters. The stern of the unnamed merchantman is still visible (left). Members of the crew who managed to get away in a lifeboat (right) witnessed one of the saddest sights that seamen can endure—the last moments of a gallant craft which had become as a second "home" to them. *Photos, Associated Press*

I Was There!

THE VIKING STAR AT LONDON BRIDGE WHARF, unloading in 1935. Seven years later, on her seventy-third voyage, this big meat ship was to meet her fate at the hands of the Germans on a sunny afternoon in the broad Atlantic, as told here by her deck boy. *Photo, Associated Press*

to be helpful. The first mate held palaver with the mission-educated native, and discovered that we had made a landfall in French Guinea, 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 Freetown, 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 whom it was between and what it was all about.

The negroes stood watching us in 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 coconuts, bananas, oranges, limes and mangoes. This was just what the doctor would have ordered after our boat voyage on scant rations, during which I had taken in my belt to the last notch. In return for the hospitality, the first mate told the chief that he could have the lifeboat, which was no longer of use to us anyway. This further warmed the cockles of the chieftain's heart and we were taken to the village, some of the chaps carried on litters, and installed in thatched kraals, where we slept soundly.

Mysterious Code of the Wilds

Our portable radio set had been lost when the lifeboat had overturned, 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 swamp. So the tom-toms beat out the news of our rescue in the mysterious code of the wilds and, later on, throbbing drum-beats from the distance brought a response. Incidentally, what that gift of the lifeboat meant to these simple savages can be judged by the fact that they celebrated by song and dance for hours until even the strongest of them were exhausted.

When food and rest had refreshed us, the dusky chief suggested through the mission-schooled interpreter that we should go to another village nearer an outpost where two French missionaries were established. This was agreed to, and the chief arrayed himself in all his glory and announced he would act as our guide. Not to be outdone in courtesy, the whole tribe—with the exception of a few old crones, and mothers with babies—volunteered for escort and brought out the bamboo litters in case any of us castaways should fall by the wayside during our journey through the bush. A strange procession set off on the trail. The chief in his Hollywood rig-out went ahead, using his furled golfing gamp for a walking-stick. The half-naked negroes followed, chanting weirdly, and we of the lost Viking Star marched among them in our odds-and-ends of attire or bathing costumes. I padded along in the rear, badly sun-blistered, and barefooted because I had lost my shoes in the surf, my personal escort a bunch of pot-bellied, naked piccaninnies who were obviously enjoying the adventure to the full.

We snaked into the African bush. The air was humid, the heat stifling. Strange birds and gaily-coloured butterflies winged among the trees, shimmering in the shafts of sunlight that pierced the forest gloom. Myriads of mosquitoes swarmed over our sweating parade, and tormented those of us not used to such devilish attack. Thorns and ticks seared all who were bare-legged, and the pace slackened as some of the sailors began to limp and straggle.

What looked like a tarred path crossed a game-trail farther on. The chief uttered a warning shout, patted his grey topper firmly over his crinkly hair and made a ponderous leap. The other natives jabbered and gestured excitedly. That "path," which was moving like a sluggish stream of pitch, consisted of millions of stinging black ants. The agile negroes leaped clear, but many of us had to seize tough strands of creeper that dangled from the trees and swing over that formidable army of ants.

Worse going lay ahead. Beyond the bush was a swamp through which the grown-ups waded above the knees and the piccaninnies wallowed happily. A big snake slithered from under a mass of fetid vegetation, and so startled one of our chaps that he lost his balance and squelched full-length in the mire. This made everyone (with one exception) more cheery. Without serious mishap we arrived at a village on a broad, muddy river, a place much larger than the one we had left. Here we were treated by another tribe with equal hospitality, and a runner departed at top speed to tell the missionaries of our arrival.

A FEAST was prepared—and I dream of it now. Chicken was the main dish. The head of each fowl was removed and the feathered body plastered thickly with mud and laid over a brushwood fire. With fine judgement the native cook removed it when done to a turn, scraped off the mud and feathers, gutted the bird and carved it in satisfying chunks. There was enough and to spare, for the village seemed to be positively overrun by fowls.

One night, after the Hollywood chief and his tribe had departed with due ceremony, we sat round the fires and watched a dance by the village belles, whose scar-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 spangled 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 a patrol vessel of the Royal Navy into the estuary, and soon we were taken in fair comfort to Freetown, Sierra Leone.

NEW FACTS AND FIGURES

ABOUT 4,700 goods wagons, more than 425 passenger cars, and 200 engines were repaired in the British zone of Germany during April 1946. During the same month nine material collecting trains recovered 500 tons of scrap-iron and 400 tons of spare parts from more than 100 completely destroyed wagons and other debris. This result was achieved by a special department of the Hamburg Reichsbahn direction which has a staff of 2,800, mostly experienced engineers, artisans and railway workers. Thirty repair and material collecting trains, equipped with special workshops and sleeping-quarters, are employed by this department which assists the ten railway repair centres in the British zone. In the Hamburg area more than 3,500 damaged goods wagons are still in need of repair, and there are about 500 beyond repair, from which valuable spare parts can be collected.

AFTER the first major R.A.F. attack on Hamm—famous railway centre in the Ruhr—it required eight days to get the marshalling yards working. By the end of the War trains were moving again after 24 hours. Under the 60-year-old station-master, Herr Lohe, 1,000 Wehrmacht men and slave labourers worked to repair the damage. It is estimated (says the British Zone Review) that 2,500 tons of H.E. and 10,000 incendiaries were dropped on Hamm, damaging 100 locomotives, 144 passenger coaches and 3,473 goods wagons.

ONE thousand or more people are believed to have been killed in the Hamm raids. The death roll would have been higher if the town had not had one of the best air raid shelter systems in Germany. Nine of these, with walls six to nine feet thick, each capable of accommodating 5,000 to 6,000 people, are still standing. The shelters are divided into hundreds of separate rooms, which now provide sleeping accommodation for persons passing through the ruined town.

RAID casualties among German factory workers were much lower than Allied experts had thought. The International Committee for the Study of European Questions estimates that only about two in 1,000 were killed by air bombardment, on account of the discipline maintained in the excellent shelters. Of 160,000 employees at the Krupp Works in Essen, for instance, only 170 lost their lives.

THE above low casualty figure, however, does not imply failure of the Allied bombing policy. Towards the end of 1944, or early in 1945, most of the 50 German cities on the "priority list" had been crippled from an industrial point of view. Essen had lost 60 per cent of its production, Hanover 70 per cent, Kassel 75 per cent, and Düsseldorf 79 per cent. In Berlin not less than 326 big factories had come to a standstill as the result of air bombardment.

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 Harbour for a short and friendly visit. Given the proud privilege of going aboard, they were received with open arms by one of the ship's company and, dressed for the occasion in their Sunday-best, were "snapped" against the background of the carrier's aircraft. Theseus returned to British waters on June 14, 1946. See also illus. pages 208-209.

Photo, Keystone

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