ONE OF BRITAIN'S WARTIME SECRETS was this device for bridging tank obstacles with the aid of rocket propulsion. Called the Heavy Eastern Tank Bridge, it consists of a Churchill tank to the front of which is hinged a ramp, itself propelled forward. When the ramp has reached the other side of the obstacle it can then be detached, or retained as additional support. Twelve were constructed for the invasion of Europe.

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

No. 240 will be published Friday, August 30
Four-Power Allied Control Council in Germany

MEETING IN BERLIN on July 13, 1949, for the last time, the four powers in the Four-Power Allied Control Council met to consider a draft of the revised agreements between the four governments. They are, from left to right, rear: Sir Archibald Sinclair, High Commissioner for the United Kingdom; Major General George S. Patton, Jr., U.S.A.; Paul H. Hoffman, General Justice of the German Republic (West); Chief of the United States Mission to the Mitte Republic (East). Two other Allied missions and the Soviet mission, represented by Marshal Stalin, are present.

FORMING PART of the machinery of control in Germany, after her unconditional surrender to the four Allied powers, the Allied Control Council assumed authority on June 19, 1948, mainly to ensure uniformity of action in the four Allied Zones of Occupation, which were then administered by different national authorities. Headed by the U.S. High Commissioner, the Council has as its advisers a co-ordinating, supervisory and control body of experts nominated by the governments of these subsections and representing the military, financial and economic interests of the respective occupation zones. The experts carry executive powers to measure and transmit them to the appropriate German government and controlling the activities of the latter.
Great Stories of the War Reltoed

"Why the 'Cease Fire!' Sounded at Singapore"

BY PETER HUME

who was in Singapore in 1941 as Assistant to The Director of News, Malaya Broadcasting Corporation, established a reserve radio service from Batavia, and returned to Singa-

pore in 1945 on the Staff of S.E.A.C.

So Singapore was a great naval base without the ships to use it. Equally, the chain of airfields built up for counter-attack were without the aircraft for which they were provided. It is a major tragedy of the Malayan campaign that the troops originally placed to guard these airfields so that they could be used for our bombers to move against the enemy had in the event to fight for them solely in order that the Japanese should not use them for attacks on Singapore and on Allied shipping bringing reinforcements and supplies to the un-called citadel.

It was a delaying action, no more, that the British troops had to fight from December 8, when their advance units went forward from the border only to find already well organized opposition units, exhausted, they streamed back across the Johore Causeway in the last days of January. The enemy had airfields at Singapore and Port in Southern Siam ready and waiting, with petrol stocks available from the moment his troops moved forward. He had landing barges all ready to be transported across country and launched in the Malacca Straits. He had thousands of "troops" in Siam and, in Malaya, unbeknown experts, agents who under false British rule had been surveying the tracks and jungle paths for years past. He had tanks which he could land on the friendly shoe of Siam. Evenly he had aircraft, good aircraft, which could be flown in to back up his troops and smash the puny British air power before it could even go into action.

Not many Japanese troops were used in Malaya, not many aircraft by modern standards. But they were enough, and they were the best Japan could put out. All her other campaigns held their major force while this great objective was chalked. So attention for two months was on Malaya and on Singapore. That, as much as anything, is why the British defeat there seemed monstrous. Elsewhere the Chinese, the Americans, the Dutch were holding. Here we were falling back, here we had surrendered. Why?

The answer lies in the situation of the time of the first Japanese attack — on Britain's flimsy eastern strings. On December 8, fought a series of rear-guard actions over something like 13,000 square miles of country. Faced with tanks, air mastery and enemy ability to land almost at will on the coast behind its lines, that single division at the cost of its own near-destruction and complete exhaustion kept an enemy force at least three times its own strength off Singapore's immediate approaches for a month.

During the greater part of the battle not only Singapore itself but its dangerous sea approaches had been mainly free from air attack; for nearly a month the lightly protected convoys had sailed in safety and had found labour to unload their cargoes of defence untarnished and unharmed by bombing. So it was in unaccustomed good heart that Singapore's people finally kept the peace of the city and the establishment of a new found little over 100 miles north of the island itself.

Desperate News of 45th Brigade

I think there was no doubt in any mind in the 19th had about to begin was the battle of Singapore. It consisted of our fresh Western General Gordon-Bennett's tough-trained Brigade — on January 13, sent by General to the junction of the centre of our lines. They had the sea all around them. Their training they had received had been for a wholly different type of warfare.

By a particular stroke of misfortune almost all their senior officers were killed in the first two days of fighting. The Indies were reoccupied, so far as could be made by the enemy, some throwing away their lives in suicidally efficient and unco-ordinated attempts to get at the usually unseen enemy. Some of the enemy, who had been attacked on the coast road north and inland and had made the main road south. A Japanese force coming down here could cut off the communications

IN THE LAST DAYS in Singapore civilians sit in the shade of trees that sheltering the British. PAGE 258 Photo. Reuters

Britain did, though, have two great ships, H.M.S. Prince of Wales and Repulse. They came to Singapore less than a week before the Japanese, attacked in Malaya on December 8. That was the moment to hit the flanks with all naval warlike rules of warfare on their way; the first hint of the stationing of a British Fleet in Eastern waters. But Prince of Wales and Repulse were last hopes. The announcement of their presence gave the key to that. They came as part of the propaganda drive directed against Japan — the slogan of Singapore's invasion which should have detected the Japanese Fleet over attacking. But the enemy were not deceived, and when they did attack they were lucky to get shots at them at one stroke on December 10. Even then they did not accomplish it hard to think how he could have played in the campaign. After his much heralded arrival, Admiral Halsey had the three choices: of running away under constant threat of enemy aircraft at the campaign. After his much heralded arrival, Admiral Halsey had the three choices: of running away under constant threat of enemy aircraft at the campaign. After his much heralded arrival, Admiral Halsey had the three choices: of running away under constant threat of enemy aircraft at the campaign. After his much heralded arrival, Admiral Halsey had the three choices: of running away under constant threat of enemy aircraft at the campaign. After his much heralded arrival, Admiral Halsey had the three choices: of running away under constant threat of enemy aircraft at the campaign. After his much heralded arrival, Admiral Halsey had the three choices: of running away under constant threat of enemy aircraft at the campaign. After his much heralded arrival, Admiral Halsey had the three choices: of running away under constant threat of enemy aircraft at the campaign. 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of our forward troops in the centre. Two Australian battalions were hurried west, but it was too late. The Japanese were all around them almost before they had crossed the position which it was vital to defend. On the night of September 21 and 22, the Japanese were actually within 160 yards of our line. The Black Watch remained until the following night and then was itself attacked. It fought and retreated. (Ian Morrison: Malayan Postscript). It was almost a miracle that by January 31 the Causeway was blown up (in so far as it was a military route) and the enemy could not be blown up and we in Singapore were told.

The battle of Malaya has come to an end and the battle for Singapore has started. For nearly two months we have fought an enemy on the mainland who has had the advantage of great air superiority and of the sea. Our task has been to support our forces on the mainland and all the strains and stress that are inevitable in a campaign like this. Our task has been to make it difficult for the enemy and for as long as possible to enable the forces of the Allies to be concentrated for this struggle in the Far East.

So spoke General Percival in an Order of the Day, though he must himself have known already that this was but the prelude to the Order he would have to issue, probably, only during eight days later:

"It has become necessary to give up the struggle. The forward troops continue to hold their ground, but we have no hope of support. A few days hence we shall have neither food nor water, and many men of our forces have already been sent away because they are no longer fit to carry on. I shall either retire to the hills or fight to the death."

In those intervening sixteen days the battle for Singapore, which had in fact begun before the battle was joined, there was much for which to offer thanks. At least as much there was to blame. The important thing was to make the enemy understand the time, and that praise and blame alike rest on our shoulders. There was no question of a strategic issue, but a local engagement which might have been carried on for a week or two, or abandoned after a few days fighting. The fall of Singapore, on the other hand, was a moral and psychological blow, which might have been avoided had Germany not occupied France and continued in action against Britain. It might have been delayed for a month or two, and then the lines held by the Allies in the north and south of the island could have been strengthened.

Fighting continued for an estimated 100,000 British, Indian and Australian troops on the island. As long as the enemy could not bring up that number, he had practically no military value. The fighting continued until the last troops were blown up with the Causeway. But eight days in which to dig themselves some sort of shelter in the waterlogged ground.

The first shock came when the Australian guards the mangoes at the west of the enemy. For a night and a day they held their position in the shallow water, while the British garrison on the north and south of the island came across. In rubber boats, in which the water was up to the neck, there was a battle of guns. The surrender of the British garrison was launched under cover of the guns. The British and Japanese, in an impressive battle, with access to the facts, writes: "We were overwhelmed in our forward positions, particularly where the 19th Australian battalion with its 60 per cent of new reinforcements stood. . . . Singapore was lost in the first days of fighting."

That is not to say there was not a gallant action after that first day. But the Japanese, on one narrow sector, had put some two divisions. And the rest of our troops fought their battles in the hills and the mountains. A million Allied civilians were being left in the mountains, where the Japanese power was too strong for the Allies."

The last two troops were blown up in Singapore by the Japanese. The troops were thrown into the mass which was sent on to the Japanese. Eight days later the last troops were blown up in Singapore by the Japanese. Eight days later the last troops were blown up in Singapore by the Japanese. Eight days later the last troops were blown up in Singapore by the Japanese. Eight days later the last troops were blown up in Singapore by the Japanese.
ON THE ANNIVERSARY of Bastille Day, July 14, 1949, Sir Churchill visited Metz to receive the Freedom of the City, which is a mark of honor to the veterans of the Allied landings in North Africa. He also dedicated the Lion Gate of the Alma Barracks as a memorial to former Prime Minister A. J. B. C. Giraud, who was Prime Minister of France from 1940 to 1942 and was instrumental in restoring French honor after the defeat of 1940. Sir Churchill is seen below with former Prime Minister Giraud, who died in 1956.

At a banquet at the Town Hall, Sir Churchill paid a moving tribute to the forces of liberation in the Far East. His speech was heard by French and British officers and civilians, who were seated at the same table as the speeches of the past. The banquet was attended by representatives of the City of Luxembourg, who were seated on the right side of the banquet table. The speech of Sir Churchill was made on November 11, 1945, the 50th anniversary of the birth of General George S. Patton, who was born on November 11, 1885, and died on December 29, 1945.
‘Operation Nipoff’ Sends Japs Home from Burma

Repatriation of 30,000 Japanese prisoners of war, serving in Burma, is being effected by S.E.A.C. Headquarters. Under the
wings of the Burmese Army and Air Force, the prisoners are
being flown to Rangoon, where they will then be shipped to
Japan. The first day's flight totalled 353 prisoners, of
whom 210 were from the B.N.I. occupation. The flight
included 38 ex-Burma Army officers.

Before embarking, prisoners take a bath in a bath
in petrol drums filled with water trapped in a
crew of Marlin Liberty ships, each with
accommodation for 3,000
officers. The ex-Burma
41547 Air Force natives the
in a transport in landing craft
of the total of 30,000
prisoners repatriated, 14,000
are to be retained for
repatriation at a later date.

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Triumphs of Royal Engineers in Malaya and Siam

The Klang Bridge, standing the test of a heavy locomotive (1), was built by the Royal Engineers. The railway connecting Kuala Lumpur and Port Swettenham in Malaya. Starting work on site, the Engineers, with skilled Japanese laborers, raised the great concrete piers. To prevent upper Maurer's lack of tools by the exercise of ingenuity and the courage of the girders. Side-view, completed (2).

At Bangkok, British and Indian troops, aided by a wagon ferry, crossed the river (3). The Accommodating two wagons, the gondola bridge (4). Crossing the fast-flowing river (4), it is used for transporting supplies to points in South-East Asia, between 30 and 40 wagons crossing daily. Photo, British Official
RETURNING TO THE EGYPTIANS THE CAIRO CITADEL

The Citadel at Cairo has been continuously occupied by British Forces since 1882. Its return to the Egyptians marked the first stage in the withdrawal of our troops from Egypt—a decision announced by H.M. Government on May 7, 1946. Accompanying the ceremonies on July 4, 1946, the Governor of the City of Cairo (Mr. N. H. E. El-Awadi) the Commander of the Egypt 1st Division (General Alatik, Chief of Staff, Egyptian Army [7]), the British military governors honored the United Nations [2]. Also at the ceremony, [2] were groups of the Highland Light Infantry (right) and the 1st Egyptian-Garrison Battalion (left). The British Government, recognizing Egypt's sovereignty and announcing that with the transitional period over, the British soldiers would return to their homes. A little after Egyptian Peace and Partition were marked in the United Kingdom. The ceremonies concluded with a display of Egyptian troops and a British band.
Lancasters on Good Will Mission to America

No. 35 Bomber Squadron Lancasters stationed at Gosberton, Huntingdonshire, took off from St. Margaret's airfield, Newpagan, Cornwall, on a goodwill mission to the United States on July 8-9, 1946. Aircraft and crews were inspected by the Lord Mayor of London. Col. John Hope, D.S.O., D.S.O. Commanding Officer, and Wing Commander A. J. L. Craig, D.F.C., D.F.C., took off in two groups, the second group consisting of Lancasters flown by the No. 35 Squadron crew. They landed at Callum Airfield, New York, on July 11, where they were met by Mr. John Winkler, former U.S. Ambassador to the United Kingdom, who presided over the reception at Mitchell Field, New York. The aircraft then flew over the East River, landing on July 12. At the U.S. Army base, General G. H. Stratemeyer, commanding general of the 1st Army Air Forces, welcomed the crew. Later, the squadron made a goodwill tour of the U.S.A.A.F.P. Tour, traveling to Los Angeles on August 1. No. 35 Squadron received this message: "These officers are the representatives of the loyal and interpreted air force who stand between the United States and any threat that may come before the United States of America. We are deeply impressed with the importance of that heroic defense of Britain. So bats off to those few in whom the many were so much."
ONE of four destroyers built on the Tyne by Henry, Victoria-Armstrong for the Royal Canadian Navy, the Iroquois belongs to the "Tribal" type, built with increased displacement but with the same armament and machinery. She was named after Mrs. Vincent Massey, wife of the High Commissioner for Canada, on September 21, 1940, and commissioned in December 1940. Her principal area of operations was in the North Atlantic.

On the night of August 24, 1940, the Iroquois was one of four destroyers which, led by the cruiser Biltonia, faced a German attempt to evacuate a number of U-boat personnel from the Lofoten islands. Northeast of the port an area covered by seven ships was sighted by the British. At a distance of 15 miles, the Iroquois was the first to open fire, killing or wounding 32 of the U-boats. The German convoy attempted to escape, but was at one point stopped by the Iroquois and 34 other Allied warships. The Iroquois was hit by some 60 German shells, but nevertheless kept up a steady rate of fire, which stopped into St. Nazaire with considerable damage.

In August 1943 the Admiralty reported that the Iroquois, in company with the cruiser Ajax, sank a French transport which had put to sea on August 10 from the French coast between St. Malo and St. Brieux. She was set on fire and driven ashore near St. Malo.

In February 1943 the Iroquois returned to her home port in Canada, but she was back on the high seas in time to take part in the final phase of the war with Germany. At one point, she was sent to convoy a large convoy of four supply ships and three escort vessels off the Norwegian coast, hitting one and damaging three.

Photo, Canadian War Dept.
By Lieut.-Col. R. M. GRAZEBROOK

The Gloucestershire Regiment

In the early days of the war, therefore, there remained only the 1st Battalion, serving at Rangoon in Burma, and the 2nd Battalion in Plymouth and the 5th T.A. Battalion with its headquarters in Exeter. The 3rd Battalion was not formed until January 1941. It was therefore left to those two battalions to continue the gallantry and traditions of The Gloucestershire Regiment of other days.

The 2nd Battalion (the old 61st Foot) were the first to proceed overseas—in the 3rd Division. They formed part of the original BEF, and were employed in North-West Europe during the first winter of the war. In the Ligne de Contact in the Saar they gained invaluable experience in trench warfare and, also their first Divisional commander, General Sir John French, appointed them to the newly formed 2nd Battalion of the 3rd Division (the old 1st Division). On 1st March 1940 the 5th Battalion, in the 4th Division (the old 78th Division), was transferred to the 4th Division. From then on the story of the two battalions was, therefore, much the same. The 5th Battalion were selected to represent their division in the Mosaic Line.

28.29, but the dispatch rider carrying the orders of orders was unable to find his way and arrived too late. A withdrawal onwards was therefore planned for the following night, and after holding all attacks during the day companies and platoons began to pull out at about 10 o'clock in the evening. Other troops were, of course, also retreating in the vicinity and it soon became clear that neither by fighting nor by making use of the limited cover was it possible to get clear of the enemy. Eventually the 2nd Battalion were encircled, and only one colour and nine men succeeded in reaching Dunkirk.

Bayonet Attack in Main Street

The 5th Battalion were fortunate. They also were strongly attacked, and made a brave stand at Lethbridge, and again counter-attacking with the bayonet drove the main street. At about midnight on 28/29 they surrendered in extracting themselves and reached Dunkirk where, on the 30th, they evacuated two-thirds of the unit back to England.

The cadres of both battalions formed in Herefordshire and, slowly, new fighting units were built up. But in November 1941 the 5th Battalion was reorganized as the 43rd Battalion Reconnaissance Corps and became part of the R.A. They eventually took part in the Normandy landing, but their ship struck a mine after the severe storm of June 24.

474, and some 300 men became casualties. They were, however, the first British unit to reach the Seine, and after the dash through Belgium were engaged in the Nijmegen area and remained in action until the European War ended.

The 2nd Battalion were eventually posted to the 56th Independent Brigade and took part in the D-Day offensive, operating with the Canadian Army in the vicinity of Bayeux. After heavy fighting at Villers-Bocage, Thury-Harcourt and Epinette, they were largely responsible for the capture of Le Havre in August, and took as their prisoners the German Commander, 5th C.I.A., and also the Naval Commander. The Canadian Army had recently landed on the Jordan near the flooded Nijmegen area, spending an extremely uncomfortable winter there. Typical scenes of British troops' experiences in this district are illustrated in pages 339 and 467, Vol. III.

First British Troops Into Arnhem

Early on April 13, 1945, crossing the Rhine in buses and an assortment of landing craft, the 61st had the honour of being the first British troops to enter Arnhem. The Battalion was now in the 49th Division and for the rest of the war were occupied with the Canadians in North-West Holland. They eventually had the task of damping the 346th German Infantry Division who had been opposite them since the early days in Normandy and more lately in Arnhem. In May the Battalion entered Germany near Osnabruck, and commenced their roles in occupying troops with their usual tact, efficiency and courtesy.

We now turn to the 1st Battalion, the old 29th Foot. When war broke out the Battalion was at Mipalingad, near Rangoon. They were kept there by the only British Infantry unit in Southern Burma on security duties until Japan declared war in December 1941. Needless to say they had not been idle; training and duties had been made difficult by a large number of the more experienced officers and men of the Battalion being drafted home as instructors and as aids for the new recruits. Nevertheless, the remainder of them were fighting fit and in good heart when the testing-time came.
COVERING THE EVACUATION OF RANGOON and the withdrawal of the HQ of the Army in Burma, in March 1942, under cover of darkness, the 1st Battalion The Cheshire Regiment fired into enemy positions in the Toungoo area (left). Others of the Battalion were deployed across the track to defend the railway (above). Photo, British Government News

The first Japanese air raid on Rangoon took place on December 23, 1941, and after that date the whole city was kept in almost constant fear of nightly attacks. The British and Indian troops who had escaped from the earlier battle on the Sittang front to the east,

The first engagement of the 29th was therefore at Taikkyan. Unfortunately only head-quarters and one company were available, so the remaining companies were still detached covering the evacuation and destruction of the Seikon oil refinery and the Rangoon docks. After several gallant attempts, with considerable casualties they finally succeeded in reaching the Burma Road, but on the following morning the road was cleared and for the next 24 days the Battalion was engaged in fighting one of the most desperate and valiant rearguard actions of their long history.

Almost unaided they were responsible for covering the rear of the withdrawing Burma Army up the 140-mile road to Prome. Thanks to their fighting commanding officer, the Battalion had, during the latter months in Rangoon, equipped themselves by one means or another with a fleet of motor vehicles and with additional weapons. They had also carried out strenuous spells of intensive training. At Liptapau, after a couple of days of fighting in the town, the 29th surprised and very roughly handled the Japanese advance troops following up the Prome road. For this the C-in-C congratulated the unit. It was, in fact, the first real success the British had scored in the campaign.
On the Western Front with the Gloucester Boys

LENDING A HAND to the local farmers in France was a popular pastime for the Gloucester Regiment. In addition to training and discipline, the battalion spent much of its time working on the Western Front. In 1918, they were gathering in flanders for the last time in the war. The photographs were taken which show the Regiment was the training of the first of Britain's motorized infantry. The 5th Battalion, now part of the Gloucestershire Regiment, later went to the End. By the end of the war, the 5th Battalion had fought in France, Belgium, and Germany. The battalion was later awarded the Croix de Guerre, the highest honor awarded to soldiers from the United Kingdom. The 5th Battalion was also awarded the Victory Medal.

Photo previously unpublished.

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Records of the Regiments: 1939–1945

ON RECONNAISSANCE in the Ninemile area, Holland, during the winter of 1943–44, a platoon of the 4th Battalion, 5th Rajputana Lancers, under the command of Maj. L. C. H. Bingley, was ambushed by the Japanese. Although the Japanese were in strength, the Rajputs put up a good fight, but were eventually driven off. The next morning the regiment moved on to the area of the drive south of Arnhem, where it remained until the end of the war. The Battalion was later known as the 5th Rajputana Lancers.

With companies covering enormous frontages, the Battalion continued to keep the Japanese some 30 miles south of the Army, and this in spite of the difficult and encircled country so suitable to the Japanese methods of infiltration and encirclement. At Paagdel and at Shwegu the Jowai road they had another enemy column to deal with, one which had crossed the river from the west and had not as yet learnt their lesson at the hands of the Gloucesters. Force fighting ensued and the casualties were heavy, but the main column was enabled to slip away without undue interference.

The Battalion was now reduced to two companies but was employed protecting the demolition parties at work in the Burman oilfields about Yenangyaung. They then withdrew via Mandalay to Shwebo. Later they were called upon to help check the Japs advancing up the Chindwin River, which was threatening the left flank of the Army as it withdrew over the mountains into India. Sharp but successful actions were fought at Myaung Mo and Badalin before they fell back to Yeo, whence began the 100-mile trek across country to the Chindwin once again. Crossing at Kalewa, the Battalion entered India by way of the Tattu Pass on 11 May.

Regimental Treasures Were Looted

After resting and being slowly re-equipped in Assam the Battalion spent eighteen months on the frontier, when they were sent to Calcatta and given an Internal Security role, always an unpleasant one in India. Here they remained until 1945, when they started jungle warfare training once more with a view to getting their own back with the Japanese. However, the war was won before they received their chance. One big disaster suffered by the 20th during this first campaign in Burma was the loss of all their regimental and private possessions. The regimental plate, though carried almost to the River Chindwin, had to be buried in the jungle as a last resource, and later was found in have been hoisted and all the priceless old treasures are no more.

The only other Battalion to see active service, the 10th, also served in Burma. Raised at Bristol in 1940, after a spell of coast defence duty the Battalion, in 1942, was converted into a tank unit and as such conceded to India. On January 1, 1943, they reverted to the infantry role and with the British 36th Division embarked for Calcutta. In February 1944, for the Arakan front. Here they were soon in action and helped in the advance to the Arakan coast and the early situation thereabouts. In May they were withdrawn and after a short rest near Shillong in Assam moved to Leda, the Indian terminus of the new Burma Road.

From there, in July, the Battalion was flown to Myitkyina in northern Burma to take part in the operations with the American trained Chinese troops of the Northeast Combat Area Command. They landed on the 26th July and were employed in the pursuit of the Japanese and with their division pressed southwards to the railway through upland country, under water on either side of the line, with elephant grass six feet high, and infested with mosquitoes and leeches.

Passing through the Chinese at Myitkyina, after capturing Taung, the 20th pushed on to Pindaya. Against Japanese "incredible" points the advance was continued some five to seven miles a day, and with the monsoon conditions the going was of the hardest. After a pause the Battalion were in action, in October, against an exceptionally strong position astride the Gubyin Chauk (stream), and after a battle which smashed willow to mud and fire for five days the enemy were finally driven out with heavy losses. Casualties in the Battalion were also severe.

The railway town of Katha was reached on Christmas Day, and in January 1945 the Battalion, crossing to the east bank of the Irrawaddy, advanced up the Shweib River to Myitkyina, whence they pushed up the difficult and mountainous country to Mangmit and Mogok, the latter being the site of the world's largest ruby mines. After months of living in uninhabited jungles, being supplied critically from the air and with practically no transport, the division linked up with the Chinese troops on the old Burma Road near Kyaukme. Then followed the final stages of the war in Burma in the vicinity of Yemon. When the enemy finally surrendered, the Battalion was in continuous contact with the Japanese, fighting and marching over 1,500 miles in indefatigable country largely in the monsoon season. No steam effort.

MANNING A BRENN GUN CARRIER AT HIPPEL, Holland, on October 27, 1944, these men of the Regiment, positioned by the corner of a wrecked house, acted as skirmishers. At the time, the town was the Dutch-Belgian frontier, opened during the Allied advance north of Antwerp, was under heavy mortar fire.
Moulmein's Pagoda in Moving Downhill

Bombed by the Japanese before they entered on January 30, 1942, and subsequently by the British, Moulmein was still beyond the farthest advance of our troops from Rangoon when the war in Burma ended, in August 1945. About 160 miles from Rangoon across the Gulf of Martaban, and near the mouth of the Salween River, this second largest Burma town is destined to renews its footing in the line. "By the old Moulmein road, a mere stone-throw from the town." Now, affected by frequent landslides, the old pagoda is gradually slipping from its eminence (1), causing damage to nearby houses in its path. Japanese are working, not to hasten (2), to save it. Acting as patient builders' mates, elephants move great planks wherever required (3). There is no lack of timber; Moulmein in pre-war days was noted for its exports of teak, and the industry is getting under way again, felled trees being floated down-river from the jungle to the mills. Effects of Moulmein bombing (4) will not soon be erased.

Photo, British Official
"Millionaires' Beach' on an Adriatic Shore—

The famous bathing resort of Lido, claimed by Italians to be the best in the world, and in pre-war days exclusive to the very wealthy, is now thronged by British troops on leave. The Churchill Roosevelt Club (1), formerly the Municipal Casino, a few yards from the seawall, is at their disposal. Its spacious lounge, once the baccarat room, has become a dining hall. Italian waitresses are seen serving light refreshments (2). On the sunny sands (3) relaxation is the order of the day.

--Now for the Relaxation of Our 'Other Ranks'

A splash in the sea just here (4) is for men only. Service girls have their own beach a little farther along. Leave accommodation is provided at the sumptuous Hotel Excelsior, in whose omaté entrance hall (5) sailors are checking-in. Afternoon tea, taken in bathing costumes, is an irresistible attraction (6). Eventually this pleasant site will be handed back to the Italian authorities; but whilst British forces have still to be maintained in the area it will remain theirs exclusively.
Atom Bomb Aftermath in Hiroshima

Under the direction of the Chief of Staff, a British Mission visited Hiroshima and Nagasaki to study the damage done by the two atomic bombs which were dropped on August 6 and 9, 1945. In their report, published on June 30, 1946, it is revealed that in Hiroshima the bomb destroyed over four square miles of wooden houses, first by blast, then by fire. Buildings of reinforced concrete mostly resisted the blast but were burned out. Light, single-story buildings were shattered by blast at about a mile from the centre of damage. When the bomb fell, approximately 80,000 were killed of the 320,000 in this Japanese city which was wiped out to end a war. A team of U.S. experts surveys the Hiroshima scene (above), including (right foreground) the gutted ruins of what was an important newspaper office. The road which once led to the great Mitsubishi chemical works now trails away to nothing in the rubble. But signs of life are returning: here and there a rough shack has been built (left), and a few young shoots push up from the base of shattered trees.

Photos, Indian Official, Illustrated
Our Empire's Proud Share in Victory

FIRST REPORT OF THE EASTERN BATTLES

By HARLEY V. USILL

After observing the withdrawal of our troops from the Eastern Front in the early days of 1940, the East Africans started the triumphs that they have achieved in the past few months. This is a record of the battles in which the African soldiers have played a significant role. The battles were fought in different parts of the African continent, and the results of these battles have had a significant impact on the course of the war.

Unlike the British, who are essentially the black man's country with only a handful of white officials and traders, East Africans have developed a highly organized and efficient government. This government, under the white administrator and separator, has played a major role in all affairs.

For centuries Arabs have been visiting the coast as merchants and the interior was totally unknown. The Portuguese had been there in the fall, but it was not until the early part of the 19th century that British explorers and missionaries saw a great interest in the area. Names such as Livingstone, Mackenzie, Speke, Grant and Baker, and Cecil Rhodes appear among the early pioneers, but it was only after the World War I and 1900s that the British Government could be persuaded to consolidate the work of these men by establishing Protectorates.

The Demand of War Were Met

When war came to East Africa for a second time within living memory, the upsurge of loyalty spoke well for the work of British administration, even with its defects, during the past fifty or sixty years. The task which the invaders set themselves upon British officials and Government of Northern Rhodesia in regard to this region, which they were to say is equally applicable to all the rest.

"The British colonial official's first duty is to be a good neighbor, to the non-white, the non-British, the native African. If he fails in this, he is not only a failure as a human being, but as a British colonial official."

The British official was the first to understand the African's needs.

The African's Attitude

The African's attitude was one of hostility toward the invaders. The British official was the first to understand the African's needs. He worked tirelessly to improve the conditions of the African, but his efforts were not always successful.

To Africans, five Distinctly Conduct Medals and 20 East Africa Force Badges were awarded for this action; 37 Africans, 16 Military Crosses, 1 Distinctly Conduct Medal, a British Empire Medal, and an East Africa Force Badge. After his success, British Somaliland is difficult to understand subsequent Italian situation. They had driven a King's African Rifles Company out of Mogadishu and advanced in these varied operations, capturing a number of times of the town by the army, and the result is that they were not yet a battleship in Italy. The British African was a magnificent performance, and the next decisive action fought by East African forces in the whole campaign. In the final advance on Addis Ababa, the channel of the Awash provided the best of the great obstacles.
Our War Leaders in Peacetime

TEDDER

Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Tedder, G.C.B., showed no symptoms of military genius as a young man. At Whitgift School he excelled at drawing; and from Cambridge, where he won the Blue Corsair Prize, he entered professional football, before going to Fiji in the Civil Service, in 1914.

Tedder has the build of a Rugby "outside," being on the small side and lean. With a fondness for good literature and art, he looks more like a scholar than a dynamic war leader; and whenever possible he discards his uniform for "civvies," preferably a blazer in summer.

Born at Johannesburg, Steilingshire, in 1890, the son of Sir Arthur John Tedder, his military career began in 1914 when he joined the Dorset Regiment, serving in France. Two years later he was seconded to the Royal Flying Corps, and in 1919, transferred to the R.A.F., he laid the foundations of his career.

By then, Tedder had been married four years to the Australian girl he met in Fiji, Miss Rosemary Macdonald. And already he was beginning to be recognized for his military as well as his academic qualities; his first book, The Navy and the Restorations, confirmed his University reputation. And within five years of his transfer to the R.A.F. he was given command of No. 2 Flying Training School.

His Bird-Pets at the London Zoo

Tedder's advancement was steady but unexpected, until he succeeded to the Middle East Command in 1941. He has no time for orthodoxy, and once snapped: "To hell with history—what's your problem?" But he is not normally given to sudden outbursts. A softly-spoken, taciturn Scot, he likes the quiet things of life—among them, wild birds. The London Zoo has on exhibition several of the pets he brought home from Africa and Europe.

At 56 he likes cricket more than football. And, a good crayon artist, seldom without a sketching pad in his pocket, he finds amusement in sketching. At the Athenaeum and Royal Air Force Clubs Lord Tedder is known for his lightning head-and-shoulder sketches, for a fondness for argument, and a quick—and sometimes biting—wit. He has a habit of slouching in an easy chair with a pipe and a half-smoked but scrutinizing and sometimes baffling expression.

Tedder has a penetrating mind. From it sprang the "Tedder carpet" pattern bombarding which helped to blast the Axis out of North Africa. As Air Vice-Marshal in command of Bomber Command he was responsible for the Anglo-American air operations against Germany; and it was he who conceived the tank-busting Hurricanes which he named "can-opener.

The war brought its share of sorrow to Tedder. In it he lost a son (a bomber pilot), and his first wife was killed in an air crash. He has two sons: one in the lifeboat service and one in the R.A.F. In October 1943 Tedder married Mrs. Maria De Soto Black, and a son was born on May 23, 1946. The man who started life as a professional footballer and became Chief of Air Staff and Senior Member of the Air Council now lives at Corner Croft, Kengenham Hill, Surrey, near to where he had his official residence as Deputy to Eisenhower.

THE MAN WHO CONCEIVED THE CARPET PATTERN BOMBING which so mightily disconcerted the Axis forces in North Africa watched from his house near Farnborough. Tedder (left) is well-known for his head-and-shoulder sketches and for the "can-opener" Hurricanes which he used in the war.

Glory of the Garden in a London Blitzed Street

PLANTED BY FIRE-WATCHERS during intervals of duty in the blitz days, tomatoes and other garden plants have sprouted among the rubble at the bombed corner of Grantham Street and Foster Lane in the City of London. In the background is the tower of the parish church of St. Alber's Church in Wood Street. Nature herself has covered with a profusion of wild flowers much of the trail of the Luftwaffe over England—through the agency of wind-borne or dropped by birds. See also page 186, Vol. 6.
To be completed
New Era of Youth in Albania's Young Capital

TIRANA ESCAPED SEVERE DAMAGE
Estimated to be worth 300 lives were saved due to the timely evacuation by the police. The attack on the Stadium was repelled by the Albanian police. The city, which had been destroyed during World War II, is now being rebuilt under the Allied Forces. The pictures show the city and the surrounding area.

1. TIRANA ESCAPED SEVERE DAMAGE
2. The Stadium
3. The city
4. The Allied Forces
5. The police

The Allied Forces have declared TIRANA a free city.

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Eight Hundred Drowned This Night

The night it happened I had been listening to gramophone records with two fellows I was never to see again. At half-past twelve I picked my way carefully along the darkened quarter-deck to the hatchway leading to my cabin, undressed, and climbed on to my bunk.

We were in harbour—safeguarded against any word that could be used to describe the wide, blank waters of Scapa Flow—after a not adventureful spell at sea, and with no thought of impending disaster in any one’s mind, when at ten past one a muffled explosion shook the ship.

"Lord!" I exclaimed to myself, and as I jumped down from my bunk I found my heart thumping more than a little. I leaped into the next cabin and saw my neighbour pulling on a pair of trousers, and out in the cabin flat five or six officers were already discussing how and where the explosion had occurred. (One must remember the silence that was suddenly broken by the assiduous clicking and shifting places in a ship of this size.)

Eight minutes had passed. No alarm had been sounded and the general opinion seemed to be that whatever it was it was not something inside the ship—it was later learned that many were not even awakened by this first explosion. It was cold, and one or two men drifted back to their cabins. Just as I decided to do the same, another explosion occurred and the ship took a lot to portboard. I heard the clicking of glass falling from the shelves, the rustling of sails as the wind shifted, the low-stricken silence that followed; a

silence that was suddenly shattered by a third explosion. All lights went out, the list increased, and it was obvious we were for it.

I reached deck in my pyjamas, monkey jacket and one bedroom slipper I dropped the other and remember deciding not to retrieve it. A fourth torpedo struck us, and the mighty bulk of the battleship shuddered again and arched deeper into the water.

These last three blows had occurred in three minutes—and it was now every man for himself in a sinking ship with the cold, black water all around us. The rest of the ship was out at sea on this particular night, and apart from a tender some distance away and the Royal Oak’s own drifter (a pre-war barge boat) which was tied up alongside, we were all alone in the Flow, a huge sitting target for the U-boats.

"This Can’t Be Happening to Me!" I was certainly shocked, but, curiously, not frightened, as we stood on the sloping deck in the darkness, wings of smoke edging round us. One heard shouts of nausea—"even of humour"—and sudden splashes as men clambered over the guard rails and dived twenty or thirty feet into the water below. The speed with which the Royal Oak was sinking, the list of the ship, and the general darkness excluded the possibility of our boats being lowered. The only boat in sight was the ship’s drifter and she had to make forier efforts to cut herself adrift, and immediately

she was clear she did magnificent work, picking up a full load of those who had jumped into the sea.

I had no plans. My mind was curiously blank with regard to my personal safety, although I am must vividly recollect every thought and impression that passed through my brain—my now and then espousal of tennis racket, a book I had borrowed and promised to return, three pounds in the bottom of my drawer. A ship of this sort must surely take a long time to sink. I thought (six minutes later it was out of sight). Above all, the surprising thought: "This can’t be happening to me: you read about it in books; you see it on the news, but it can’t be happening to me!" I was during this peril period I burrowed into and talked to one or two people, but couldn’t remember much what we said to each other, except a remark, "We’ll take hours to sink. Stop the men from jumping into the drink!"

But ship increased her list more and more. A rapidly. We were now on the ship’s side and in the sky over, turning turtle, I lost my footing, fell, tripped frantically to scramble up and dive clear, and was thrown breasting into the sea. I’ll fithe sucked down—that’s what they say happens—what a fool I was not to jump sooner! I seemed to go down end down, and started fighting for breath. The water was cold, and the wind was howling. I felt I was above me then flipped slowly into the water and disappeared. A rush of water swept me head over heels, it seemed, and I went under again and came up in thick, black oil. I gulped it and reached at the filthy taste. My eyessmarted with it.

I swam and fumbled about, hoping to find some form of support in the darkness. None of us had lifebelts. Normally, in
I Was There!

By Helen B. Merriam

When I was a young girl, I learned to swim in the ocean. It was a beautiful experience. I remember the feeling of the water on my skin and the sound of the waves crashing against the shore. It was a moment of pure joy and contentment. I was there, and I will never forget it.

But I have no recollection whatever of finally succeeding. I found myself sitting on a hot stinging in the engine-room, shivering uncontrollably from the cold, which I had not previously noticed. I stood up and varnished oil and salt water all over somebody sitting at my feet. I did this three times and apologized each time. He didn't appear to worry much, anyway.

We were taken to the Pegasus and given hot drinks and helped into hot baths, and splashed and scrubbed. They were very grand to us, and we began to talk and recognize people and shake hands and try not to notice that friends were missing. About 300 of us had been very lucky. Over 800 had been drowned that night.

Of the happenings during the following days before we disembarked and were sent north I retain vivid memories. The air raids, the shattering noise, a German pilot lazily punching down silhouetted against a bright blue sky, while his plane, broken up by gunfire, crashed in flames on the hillside; the sinister whistle of bombs from the raiders; the marvelous kindness shown to

The World's Most Secret Garrison

In the planning of an Allied offensive on the Tunisian front, the Allies had to form the most secret of all S.E.A.C. bases. How the occupation was carried out, it is not certain. But there was a feeling that a number of odd meals and drinks, and so on, until at last, in London, to find normally almost unreal after our chaotic experiences.

Towards the end of March 1945 I boarded a ship in Colombo Harbour to travel to the Cocon Islands, a little group of coral atolls midway between Ceylon and Australia and some 700 miles south-west of the Japanese-occupied island of Java. On board were men of the R.A.F. Regiment, part of No. 136 Services squadron, which had fought with distinction on both the Arakan and Imphal fronts, Royal Engineers, and men of the Indian Engineers and R.I.A.S.C. Only a few knew that in a few days' time they would be forming the most forward of all S.E.A.C. bases.

On the second day out the Air Officer in charge, Air Commodore A. W. Hunt, told us the destination for which we were bound. "We are going there," he said, "to build us by the Thunus folk; the sense of relief we felt in the train taking us south a relief broken almost comically by a train collision; the search for a place to eat and drink; the exercise of odd meals and drinks, and so on, until at last, in London, to find normally almost unreal after our chaotic experiences.

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On the second day out the Air Officer in charge, Air Commodore A. W. Hunt, told us the destination for which we were bound. "We are going there," he said, "to build an airstrip. There might be slight enemy resistance." Why, one might ask, build an airstrip on a place so remote as the Cocon? A glance at a map of the Indian Ocean shows the strategic importance of these islands in the planning of an offensive on the Axis positions in the Netherlands East Indies. The Cocon Islands were the footfall of any land then remaining in Allied hands, for although they had taken possession of lonely Christmas Island, 100 miles or so west of Java, the Japanese had only carried out somewhat half-hearted air raids on the Cocon Islands. Perhaps it may seem that a little group of islands growing only coconut trees and housing but 200 Indo-Burmese and Malays was hardly worth the trouble of occupying, and the enemy thought that regular reconnaissance flights would be quite
How Cocos Islands Became an Allied Air Base

TEN DAYS' MUSCLE BY BRITISH AND INDIAN FORCES transformed Cocos Islands for the first time in its history, four months after the Japs' surrender. The British first arrived on April 19, 1945, to assist in the construction of a new airfield. The 7th Indian Army, under General S. S. Menon, was responsible for the construction of the airfield. The airfield was completed in 10 days, and the first aircraft landed on May 9, 1945. The island was then turned over to the Royal Air Force, who used it as a staging area for the air campaign against the Japs. The island is now a strategic military base and is used for training and exercises.
sufficient to keep the island under observation. In any event, it would seem that the Japanese never appreciated just what was happening there; for long before the War a cable and wireless station had been set up on one of the outlying islands, and although the wireless station closed down in 1943 the cable link remained open throughout the whole war and maintained the only link of its kind between Australia and the rest of the world.

Throughout the War, too, we kept a small garrison here so that in the event of a Japanese attempt at invasion the signals station could be destroyed swiftly. Once or twice it looked as though the Japs had some idea of what was going on, and in the autumn of 1943 they raided the place, killing some of our garrison and capturing some of our naval ratings and several natives, but fortunately the raiders ceased as suddenly as they had begun.

For nearly three years the Cocoons Islands remained the 'top secret islands of the East.' They were never referred to by name in official communications; they were even deleted from all maps and charts showing the disposition of Allied troops. Occasionally a Catalina would fly down in the lagoon on its way to or from Australia. From time to time some ship anchored off the group to load coconuts and the like. In the early weeks of 1945 the number of neutral vessels visiting the Cocoons began to increase, and all plans for the occupation by a larger force were shelved for the time being. It seems incredible that we should be able to sail, unescorted, right through the Indian Ocean without the slightest interference. I can only say that either Japanese intelligence was not so good as many imagined, or that the enemy was too fully occupied elsewhere to be able to divert either aircraft or shipping to interfere with a project that he knew must inevitably bring disaster to his forces in the Netherlands East Indies.

Land-Crab and Rats for Company

On April 3, 1945, the fifth day out of Cebu, I was drawn to a slice of flat land on the horizon. Alongside me was the Civil Affairs Officer, who informed me that this was North Keeling Island, off which lay the remains of the German raider Emden sunk by the cruiser Sydney in the 1914-18 conflict. Soon the Cocoons themselves were in sight, and at noon we were offshore. A Malay came on board and proceeded to pilot a way through the submerged coral reefs into the placid waters of the lagoon. Two other ships were there already, one laden with equipment, the other with more drafts of personnel.

Disembarkation began almost immediately. Although we had been unmolested throughout the voyage there was always the danger of Jap aircraft coming over the horizon. Landing barges came alongside and soon we were on the five-mile journey to the shore. The ships were a sitting target for any aircraft that turned up, and there was no protection for the barges. Showers of shrapnel gathered around us made the prospect of an attack even less alluring.

The road was a constant procession of barges piled between the ships and the shore. Wire was stretched across the canoes. The presence of so many men must have filled them with bewilderment. However, the main point of interest to me was and still is the aspect of islanders — I never heard of a Cocoons Islander being shot down or shot to death — they had no means of getting messaging away.

Under such conditions the invaders settled down for the first night on shore. Black-out regulations were of the strictest and there was neither tent nor hut available for the majority. Some stretched out hammocks, others slept on the ground, covered with mosquito nets which offered no protection against the crawling and bitting insects. Almost long after the last light out the runners and rats scurrying about. And in the morning I listened to various hair-raising stories of men having their toes nibbled while they tried to sleep.

Bulldozers in the Undergrowth

Next day and succeeding days offered no chance of making living conditions any more comfortable. Ever-present was the threat of a Japanese raid. Anti-aircraft guns were made and guns, manned by Indian gunners and the R.A.F. Regiment, were mounted at strategic positions. A radar station quickly came into operation and searched the skies far beyond the range of the visible horizon; but the cathode-ray tube which would have given warning of any aircraft's approach remained clear.

Meanwhile, the barges were still crossing that blue lagoon and men were unloading and assembling plant. Soon bulldozers were crossing through the undergrowth and coconut trees were toppled down like noodles. The ground kept clearing and we began to discern a string of powdered coral sand. As the day of the landing of our expedition, some of the first Stirlings were flying overhead, and I knew that this was but the prelude to greater things. More bees were felled and we were cleared away until it was a site long enough to hold a Liberty and large enough for the Liberator was ready. The Liberators came with personnel of a Dutch squadron, carried out initial raids on Jap ships off Java. Then plans were made to extend the range to cover Batavia and Singapore — and at the same time the Jap capital. Specialists were parachuted in to land, and the bombers were unloaded and Red Cross and medical supplies took their place.

Thousands of Allied prisoners made their first real contact with their countrymen through aircraft flying from what a few months earlier had been a few coral atolls, a cable station, and the home of the world's most secret garrison.
I Was There!

John Smith  

My Escape Bid in German Uniform

From a magazine article, the story of a young man who escaped from a German camp during World War I. The account describes his experiences and the challenges he faced in trying to return home.

The Nürnberg-Stuttgart Express was roaring through the night packed with German and Austrian troops, possibly on their way to Italy—and bearing my companion, Sgt. Benson, R.A.O.C., and myself to freedom. Such was the lack of accommodation that we had to squelch ourselves into the junction between two carriages, one of which was first-class and for officers only, the other filled to overflowing with men, arms and luggage.

Benson had hidden to the floor and I was leaning against the metal trellis of the connecting link, congratulating ourselves on our good luck so far, when a figure appeared and demanded our papers. Scanning these in the light of the first-class compartment, he peered at us with questions. We answered that we were from Breisachu and were going to Stuttgart, to work in an aircraft factory, and would live with friends who were going to meet us. And so out came the battered old gun that I was carrying and marched off with the guard to the compartment. Thus ended the most hectic twenty-four hours of freedom I had in nearly five years of escape activity in Germany.

Complete With Campaign Ribbons

About a fortnight previously I had been approached by Sgt. Benson to forge him some "papers" for a $200 fee. He had planned to make a pot, using home-made German uniforms as a means of exit from the camp. Although I had previously given up the idea of helping others escape I agreed to make him the necessary "papers"—two United States Passes and two Civilian Identity Cards. The former were copied from obelisks loaned by a friendly Alsatian guard, and the civilian cards were made on the pattern of the best specimens in the camp Escape Committee’s hands at the time. Several days later, when the papers were ready, Benson confided to me that his escape plans were entirely clear and asked me if I would care to go with him. My reply was an emphatic "yes," and I promised to assist in any way.

On August 26, 1918, we made a none too successful attempt to escape, which was thwarted by a friendly Alsatian guard. Our garments were made of the best specimens in the camp Escape Committee’s hands at the time. Several days later, when the papers were ready, Benson confided to me that his escape plans were entirely clear and asked me if I would care to go with him. My reply was an emphatic "yes," and I promised to assist in any way.

Searchlights Blazed on Our Road

We were just on the point of leaving when I noticed that the friend I had "tipped off" appeared with his camera and snapped us. Immediately I turned off the light and, taking advantage of the refraction of the globe of light, I made us look as if we were moving towards our objective. When we finally reached the town, we parted company and I continued with my plan, which was to reach the coast and embark on a vessel bound for England.

Our escape was successful and we reached the sea in safety, but our journey was not over. The authorities were on our trail and we had to continue our journey on foot, making our way through the countryside. We finally reached the safety of the Allied lines and rejoined the A.I.F.

German baracks and guards’ quarters. We had avoided the wire and the machine gun, a task which was no easy one. But we were successful and reached the safety of Allied lines.

The adventure ended with a glorious victory for the Allies and a triumphant return home.

Motto: "Everywhere Unobstructed"
very hilly country (Hohenfeld means "high rocks"), and our course lay along the main road to Parsberg, the nearest small town and on the main line from Regensburg to Nürnberg, a distance of about 14 miles. On our way we had to pass the large military camp, from the cannon of which came the sounds of a piano and tinkling glasses.

Farther along we passed troops laying a field telephone, but beyond shining a light on us they paid no attention. After an hour's walk we traversed the entrenchments of our hovels to our pockets and destroyed the hovels, as we were now out of the military area and obviously off duty and hardly likely to be carrying arms. Parsberg we reached at about 2 a.m., when we rained in a near-by wood to wait for our train due to arrive at 6.30. Before setting out for the station we took off and buried our uniforms.

The walk to the station was uneventful, as was the purchase of two tickets to Nürnberg. But while on the train my companion spotted a Gestapo agent who had previously been thrown out of his last in the camp, and so we hurriedly boarded the first train that came in, though it was going in the reverse direction. Half an hour later we alighted at Regensburg and were thrown out of the express by two Gestapo officers. All went well until we had nearly reached Parsberg, when we were asked for our tickets. We had tickets from Parsberg to Nürnberg and were on the Regensburg-Nürnberg train, having to pass through Parsberg on the way. If we were asked for tickets after returning with the tickets did we go hot and cold! They were the wrong ones! The similarity of some of the place names and the time of the train were a matter of half the time. Reference to the train timetables and maps checked us to charge our place and go via Heilbronn, in which place there was a train at 2.15 p.m. Realizing the danger of waiting in the station, we went to fill up the time at a cinema in the city.

After passing several picture-houses and seeing the queues, with police about, we thought better of it and went for a walk. We arrived back in the station just after one o'clock and went into the restaurant to while away more time. Here we had a drink—food required ration cards. An old man in uniform came along and sold us tickets in the National Lottery, but we weren't lucky, he said, after tearing them open; it was all the same to us.

At our table were a German soldier and a civilian, the former writing a letter and the latter shelling a hard-boiled egg (he must have been in the black market). We dare not eat our sandwiches in full view of suspicions would have been aroused. They were of 'bully' and bread, enclosed in lettuce leaves and wrapped in paper. The normal German snack was a hunk of bread eaten with a pocket-knife.

We boarded our train, and because of the congestion and to keep away from prying eyes we rode on the veranda. All went well for about half an hour, when the train pulled into a little country station called Heilbronn. A look at our tickets showed us that this was the place we had booked for; but something was wrong, for the town we wanted was near Stuttgart and several hours' journey away. Immediately we realized the danger of missing the train and went to fill up the time at a cinema in the city.
said, "We've made a mistake. Will you give us tickets for Stuttgart?"

There wasn't time, however, as the train was just about to leave, and so, not risking further trouble, we made ourselves scarce. Making our way along roads and cut-tracks close to the line, we arrived at Wicksteingeuth, in a box and craggy state, after two hours' walk in the sun. At the rear of the station we found a pump and put it to good use.

after which we entered the station and studied the wall-maps. Our error was explained by the fact that we had not seen the signpost called Heilbronn and Heilshaim, with only the letter "-" to mark the difference between them. The former was a town near Stuttgart, while Heilshaim was a village 20 or 30 kilometers from Nuremberg.

There was a train to Stuttgart due at 4.30, so we bought tickets, which were of the hand-written type, and went for a drink in the little cafe. It was empty except for a couple of girl attendants, so we settled down to read the papers we had bought in Nuremberg and listen to the wireless. My companion entertained me with his remarks of "schweine" to the Italian singer who was doing his best for the Fascists and Duce near the radio. The entrance of a couple of railway policemen induced us to hurry on, to spend the rest of our wait on the platform bench. In due course the train arrived and we boarded it, to find seats in a compartment among several women. At Heilbronn we had to get off, as it appeared to be the terminus, but the sight of so many police and officials panicked us into boarding the very next train we saw. That led us into more trouble.

We were now on a branch line on the way to Nuremberg and, naturally, the conductress was puzzled with our excuses for having no tickets. At Nuremberg she took us to the station-master, who delayed the train while she was questioned. We were Belgian volunteer workers and quite armed, German railways, we explained. In due course we were issued with tickets for the return journey to Dornburg, fined for our offence, put on the right train and handed over to the conductress of it. So we arrived back at the scene of our panic and were taken to the station office, there to be given a Stuttgart ticket team were made out for only one person, which we didn't know until the fact was pointed out to us 0 to go with the odd one we had, and told the time of arrival of that train.

After a while the night express arrived and we scrambled aboard to find it was full of troops, and the only vacant space seemed to be one of the connecting links between coaches. Close on midnight, when we were only a few miles from Stuttgart, we had our trouble with the Gestapo and, as already mentioned, we were "shot" in. On the way down the corridor, realizing the game was up, we announced our identity for the special benefit of the troops who were taking quite an interest in our bit of bother. From the station we were conveyed to the goods, and after being searched, questioned and fingerprinted, we were slung into separate cells already full, for the most part, of French conscript labourers who wouldn't labour. After two or three days, during which time there was trouble with the guards because we would not stand to attention like the rest of the prisoners, we were transferred to a prisoner of war camp at Ludwigsburg.

There, at Stuttgart, we were in a very mixed company, mostly Dutch Marines. Queen Wilhelmina's birthday a party was held, our share in the concert being a stirring rendering of the National Anthem, in which we were assisted by a New Zealand escape from Lustenau, Stagla V VIII B. A few days later we were back in Stagla 383, and after another thirty days were free to try again, my pal to reach Paris a year later, myself to beat the Hun by a matter of days, by hiding and evading the march, along with 300 others, when Jerry cleaned the camps that were in the line of the Allied Armies.

**NEW FACTS**

True to Pontif's celebration, the feast day of St. John the Baptist, was marked with a large procession of the clergy and populace engaged in the pious exercise of religious observance. The Archbishops of the Roman Catholic Church, along with the clergy of the See of Rome, participated in the solemn procession, accompanied by the nave of the Cathedral and the colored banners of the various religious societies.

**AND FIGURES**

800,000 people, including the Pope and the Queen of Innsbruck, attended the festival. The Queen, who had been accompanied by her husband, the King of Italy, and her son, the Crown Prince of Savoy, was received with enthusiastic applause.

**ADDENDUM**

The Stagla V VIII B, a transport of the Italian Army, was encamped in a field near the railway station. The men were engaged in repairing the damage caused by the recent bombardment of the town.

**THE END**

**PAGE 207**
Red Caps in Venice Patrol the Grand Canal

POLICING THE WATERWAYS of Venice constitutes a novelty not to be found anywhere by the British Military Police, whose duties are so often carried out on foot. In this lovely Adriatic city of canals (or waterways, patrol of one officer and four or five men, armed with motor-launchers, are not infrequent. The regular tasks of the Red Caps are maintenance of the many waterways and the control of navigation.