

Vol 10 *The War Illustrated* N° 239

SIXPENCE

AUGUST 16, 1946

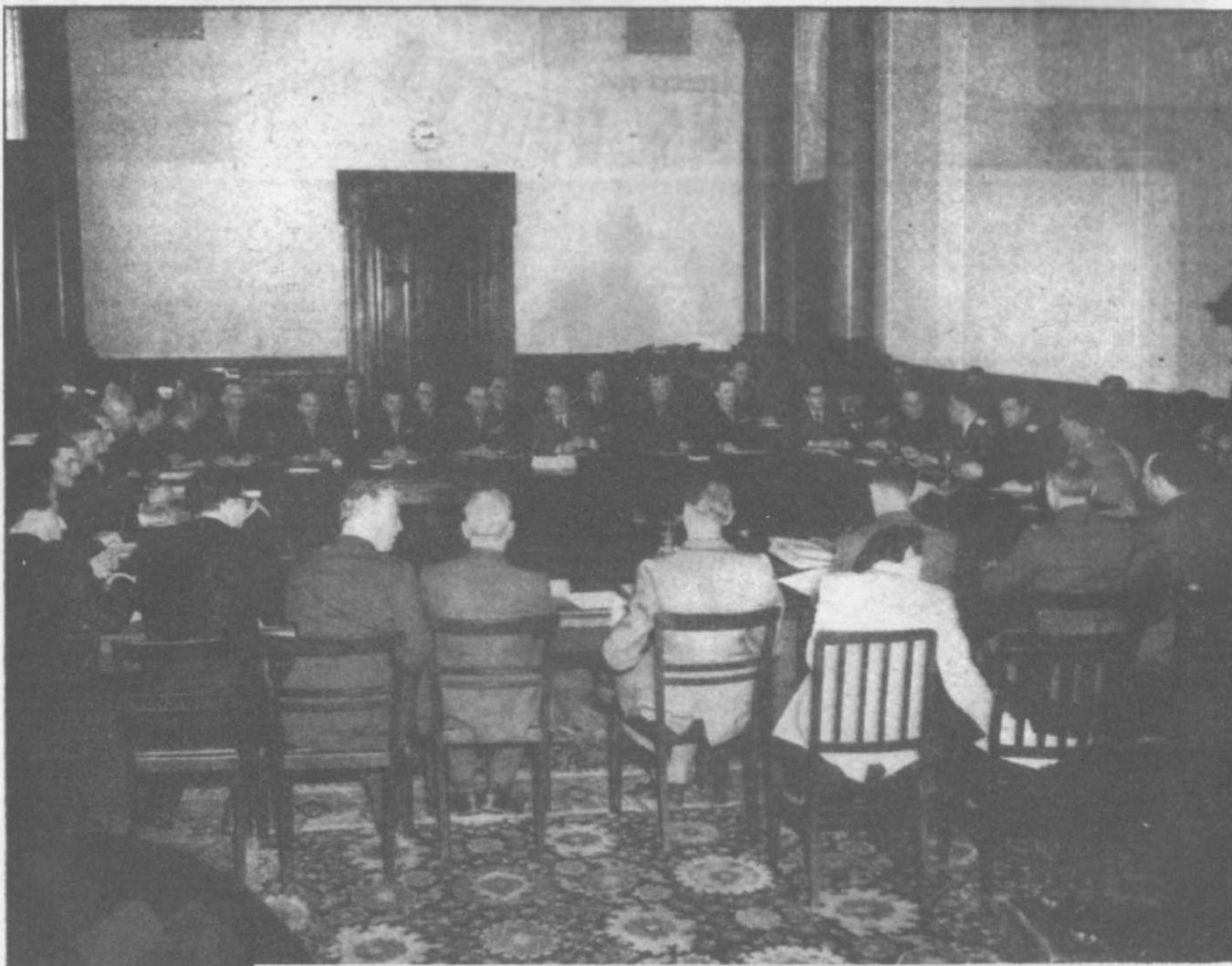


ONE OF BRITAIN'S WARTIME SECRETS was this device for bridging tank obstacles with the aid of rocket propulsion. Called the Great Eastern Tank Ramp it consists of a Churchill tank to the front of which is hinged a ramp, itself centrally hinged. When propelled from the rear by rockets the ramp rested as an inverted "V" over the obstacle to be crossed; the Churchill could then be detached, or retained as additional support. Twelve were constructed for the invasion of Europe. *Photo, G.P.U.*

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

No. 240 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, AUGUST 30

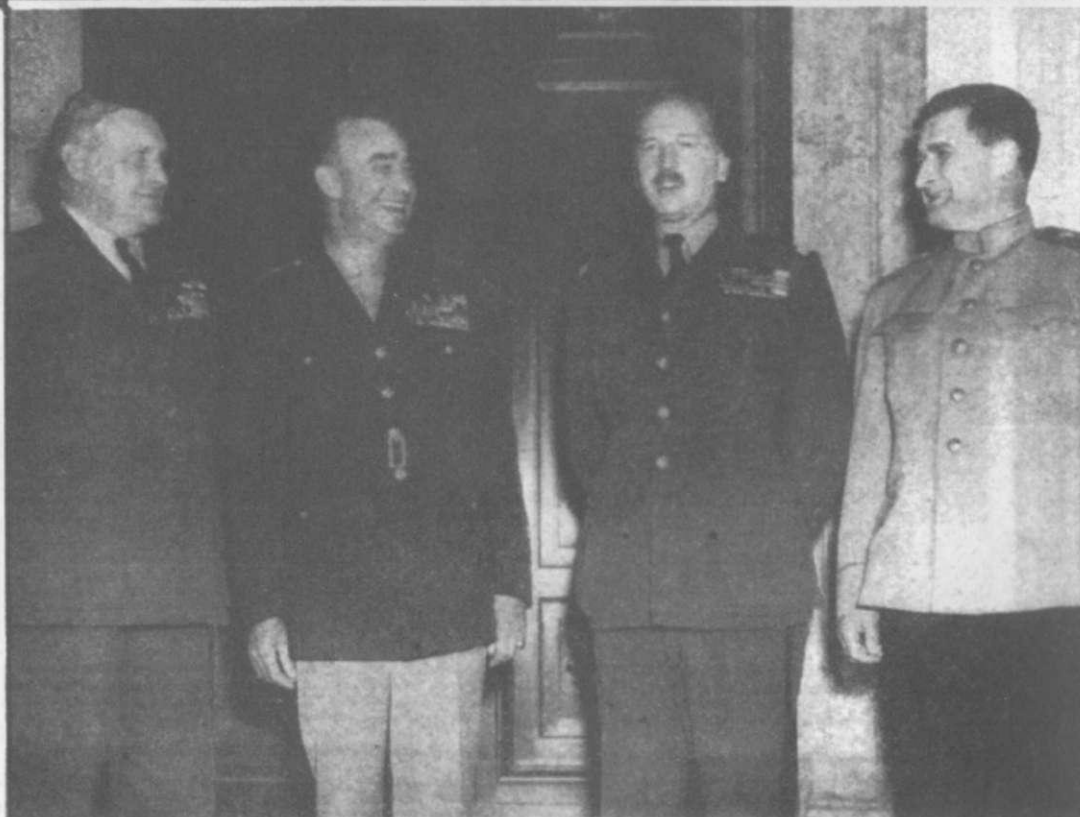
Four-Power Allied Control Council in Germany



MEETING IN BERLIN on July 10, 1946, for the bi-monthly conference, delegates to the Four-Power Allied Control Council are seen in session (above). Facing camera is the delegation of the United States, with those of Great Britain on the left, U.S.S.R. on the right, and France in the foreground. Heading their respective delegations were the four Allied military governors of Germany: bottom, left to right, Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Sholto Douglas, General Joseph T. McNarney (U.S.A.), General Joseph Koenig (France), General Vasily Sokolovsky (U.S.S.R.).

FORMING PART of the machinery of control in Germany, after her unconditional surrender on May 8, 1945, the Allied Control Council assumed supreme authority on June 5, 1945. Its function is, mainly, to ensure uniformity of action in the four Allied Zones of Occupation, and Germany's compliance with the surrender terms. Headed by the Commanders-in-Chief of the four zones, the Council has as its advisors a coordinating committee and a Control staff. The duties of these sub-sections entail the putting into effect of the Council's decisions, transmitting them to the appropriate German organizations and controlling the activities of the latter.

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Why the "Cease Fire!" Sounded at Singapore

By PETER HUME

FINALLY, the defenders of Malaya realized that they were stranded and doomed," wrote Chin Kee On, in his book *Malaya Upside Down*. "There was no fighting chance to retrieve what was lost, once they were bottled up in Singapore. The Japanese bombed the city just as they liked. They conducted land operations from observation planes and, towards the end, it mattered little whether air-raid sirens sounded or not. There was no meaning in sacrificing more lives both of the military and the civilian population. There was no meaning in seeing the besieged city of Singapore battered and reduced to ashes. That was why Singapore surrendered unconditionally. It was a military necessity. It was a humane necessity."

The author of those words is a Chinese who lived through the invasion, subjugation, occupation and reconquest of Singapore. Bitter about many things in the Malayan campaign of 1941-42 which preceded the surrender, he represents the feeling of a million civilians who had the same experience.

In his acceptance of the inevitability of total defeat in Malaya once the Japanese had reached Singapore island he only echoes Mr. Churchill, who on January 27, 1942—nearly a fortnight before the first enemy soldier set foot on the island—warned the House of Commons to expect "worse news" from that theatre of war. The statement was taken by all of Singapore's cosmopolitan population who heard and understood it to foreshadow their doom.

Admiral Phillips's Three Choices

As France's fall in 1940 enabled the Japanese to advance their bases to the borders of Siam and within 300 miles of the north-eastern shores of Malaya the needs of Singapore became greater, as well as more urgent, than was dreamed of by the original planners of the naval base and its chain of guardian airfields. Garrisons had always been maintained in Malaya and the possibility of attack from the North had been considered. But hitherto it had always been a question of a seaborne invasion from bases 1,500 miles away. Now new measures and new facilities were called for. They had to be demanded from a Government engaged in desperate war for survival on its own doorstep by a colony whose entry into the fighting line was problematical.

Britain did, though, spare 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 7, 1941, and in defiance of all normal wartime rules of security their arrival was publicized as heralding the stationing of a British Fleet in Eastern waters. But *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* were last hopes. The announcement of their presence gives the key to that. They came as part of the propaganda drive directed against Japan—the idea of Singapore's invincibility which should have deterred the Japanese from ever attacking.

But the enemy were not deceived, and when they did attack they were lucky to sink the two ships at one stroke on December 10. Even had they not done so it is hard to see what useful role *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* could have played in the campaign. After his much-heralded arrival, Admiral Phillips had the three choices: of running away again, of remaining off Singapore inactive under constant threat of enemy bombing, or of making a desperate bid to strike at least one blow at the Japanese. He chose the third.

who was in Singapore in 1942 as Assistant to The Director of News, Malaya Broadcasting Corporation, established a reserve radio service from Batavia, and returned to Singapore 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 so-called citadel.

It was a delaying action, no more, that British troops had to fight from December 8, when their advance units went forward from the border only to find already well-organized opposition until, exhausted, they streamed back across the Johore Causeway in the last days of January. The enemy had airfields at Singora and Patani 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 "tourists" in Siam and, in Malaya, suborned agents, experts who under free British rule had been surveying the tracks and jungle paths for years past. He had tanks which he could land on the friendly shore of Siam. Especially 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, not a great fleet. But they were enough, and they were the best Japan could put out. All her other campaigns held their major fire while this great objective was reached. So all 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 pulling back, here we had surrendered. Why?

The answer lies in the situation at the time of the first Japanese attack—in Britain's global strategic stringency, in Japan's concentrated determination. To look in detail at the campaign is to discover only whether the deployment and use of the scanty British forces available was such as to win the maximum of what was the Allies' dearest commodity—time.

The brunt of the first month's fighting was born by a single Division, the 11th Indian, which from the first sorties of its forward units into Siam, on December 8, fought a series of rearguard actions over something like 15,000 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 safely and had found labour to unload their cargoes of defence unterrorized and unhampered by bombing. So it was in unjustifiably good heart that Singapore's people finally bore the news of the end of this first phase, of the establishment of a new front little over 100 miles north of the island itself.

Desperate News of 45th Brigade

I think there was no doubt in any mind then, in mid-January 1942, that the battle about to begin was the battle of Singapore. It was joined by our fresh forces—Major-General Gordon-Bennett's tough-trained Australian Brigades—on January 15, near Gemas, a railway junction in the centre of our forward line. And it opened with a local victory. At last we were hitting back.

But the Japanese still had cards up their sleeves, and we had weaknesses. The day after the Australians' success, trouble struck at the western end of the British line. This sector, the lower reaches of the Muar River, was held by 45th Indian Brigade which, after partial training in desert country at home, had been destined for the Middle East. The troops were raw in combat; they were strange to the humid swamp and jungle in which they found themselves; the 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 Indians were bewildered, some wandering aimlessly, some throwing away their lives in suicidally gallant and unco-ordinated attempts to get at the usually unseen enemy. That enemy, landed from the sea and launched across the river, was the Imperial Guards Division, a name which means as much for discipline and training in the Japanese Army as the Guards in Britain.

The breaking of the 45th Brigade was desperate news. From Muar, where they had been engaged—the town fell on January 19—a road ran south and inland to the main trunk road. A Japanese force coming down here could cut off the communications



IN THE LAST DAYS in Singapore civilians sought safety from the crumbling ruins and Japanese bombing which preceded the invasion. PAGE 259 Photo, Keystone

Great Stories of the War Retold

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 reached the positions which it was vital to defend. In the words of The Times correspondent, "The bleak fact remained that the Johore line had gone. In the minds of many observers (including myself) there was now nothing on earth that could save Singapore" (Ian Morrison: Malayan Postscript). It was in such an atmosphere that on January 31 the Causeway was blown up (in so far as a massively solid concrete structure can be blown up) and we in Singapore were told:

"The battle of Malaya has come to an end and the battle of Singapore has started. For nearly two months our troops have fought an enemy on the mainland who has had the advantage of great air superiority and considerable freedom of movement by sea. Our task has been to impose losses on the enemy and gain time 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 only sixteen days later:

"It has become necessary to give up the struggle. . . . The forward troops continue to hold their ground, but the essentials of war have run short. In a few days we shall have neither food nor petrol, and many types of ammunition are short, and the water supply upon which the vast civilian population and many of the fighting forces are dependent, threatens to fail. . . . Without the necessities of war we cannot carry on. I thank all ranks for their efforts throughout."

And in those intervening sixteen days, in the battle for Singapore which had in fact been lost before the battle was joined, there was much for which to offer thanks—at least as much as there was to blame. The important thing, impossible to realize at the time, is that praise and blame alike relate to no great strategic issue, but to a particular local engagement which might have been carried on for a few days longer, or abandoned a few days earlier. The fall of Singapore, on the most optimistic analysis, might have been prevented had Germany not defeated France and continued in action against Britain; it might have been delayed for a month or two longer than it was by a wiser disposition of forces (both by the planners in London and the Commanders on the spot) before Japan attacked; it might have been delayed for a week or two by a different strategy in the peninsula fighting. But once the enemy reached those narrow Johore Straits the counting had to be in days.

YET there were more than 70,000 British, Indian and Australian troops on the island. At least the enemy could not bring up that number; he hardly had so many in Malaya. There were massed artillery, ammunition, transport. There was food, there was water, though the main supply had had to be sacrificed when the pipes which brought it down from Johore to the island went up with the Causeway.

But who were those 70,000 troops, spread along 40 miles of immediately-vulnerable coastline with provision, too, for the sea side to the south? There were two sorts of soldier, apart from the top-heavy jumble of staffs and camp-followers jammed up in Singapore by the compression of our Forces.

There were the men who had hardly slept for two months while they held off the steady Japanese advance. And there were the men who had just stepped out of troopships, men to whom the noises of the tropics at night were themselves strange and fearsome. For all this they had eight days—in which their little remaining air support was finally driven away by shelling of three Singapore airfields and continuous bombing of the fourth, eight days in which they themselves were with growing intensity shelled and mortared across those narrow Straits—

into this maelstrom where even the climate was a positive enemy, could not stand the pace. Cut off from effective command they became stragglers.

The Japanese Divisions pushed across the northern sector of the island, taking in flank the units which were still watching the uninvaded beaches. They secured the southern end of the Causeway, threw bridging material across the gaps and brought over a third Division with tanks. Worst of all, they converged on Singapore's main dumps of food, fuel and ammunition, placed around Bukit Timan, the commanding hill in the centre of the island. Two days after the enemy landing General Sir Archibald Wavell, then in supreme command in the South-West Pacific, visited the battlefield and before returning to his Headquarters in Java issued an Order recalling Russian, Chinese and American feats of arms and saying, "It will be disgraceful if we yield our boasted fortress of Singapore to inferior enemy forces. There must be no thought of sparing the troops or civilian population and no mercy must be shown to weakness in any shape or form." In circulating this Order to the units under his command, General Percival, who remained on the island, added the rider: "There must be no further withdrawals without orders."

Last Concerted Attempt

On the day after the Supreme Commander left Singapore for the last time, the final concerted attempt was made. Every available unit was mustered along the island's Central North-South road with orders to push west towards the original Japanese landing area, to split the enemy from his bridge-head on the Singapore side of the Causeway. In some cases these troops did reach their first objectives. But Japanese tanks were careering down the road in their rear, and in one case the Japs were optimistically mistaken by an anti-tank unit for "some of our own." As before, the counter-attackers were swallowed up in the Japanese flood.

The Japanese were closing in on the million civilians in the city. The last big battle was fought around the reservoirs on its northern outskirts. It was largely an academic battle, since the shortage of water which on February 15 finally determined the Command to surrender was caused not by enemy withholding at source, but by shells and bombs breaking so many mains that the supply from the reservoirs was running away faster than it could be pumped under Japanese or any other auspices.

ON Feb. 13, according to General Gordon-Bennett (the only person in authority who has yet been able to give a public account) he attended a conference of commanders at which "we agreed unanimously that the situation was completely hopeless." Two days more, and General Gordon-Bennett was hazardously taking back to Australia the news of Japanese power and skill; General Percival was arranging details of capitulation with General Yamashita. The troops who had fought the battles were stacking their arms. A million Asiatic civilians were hoping that the noise had stopped for good and that the thousand-odd of their number daily sacrificed in the past fortnight was sacrifice enough.



JAPANESE REPAIRING THE JOHORE CAUSEWAY connecting the Malayan mainland to Singapore, after the latter's surrender. The Causeway was blown up by our Forces in a vain attempt to stem the Japanese advance and invasion of the island.

eight days in which to dig themselves some sort of shelter in the waterlogged ground.

The first shock came against the Australians guarding the mangrove swamps of the western coast. For a night and a day they huddled in their shallow, wet, slit-trenches while a barrage from every sort of gun poured on their positions. Then in the late evening of February 8 the Japanese began to come across. In rubber boats, in iron barges, in every sort of craft the mass assault was launched under cover of the guns. Sir Keith Murdoch, an Australian newspaper editor 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 day's fighting."

That is not to say there was not some gallant action after that first day. But the Japanese, on one narrow sector, had put ashore two determined divisions. They had shot out our beach defences; their aircraft controlled the battlefield. Counter-attacks mounted by British units often made good progress but were swallowed up in the advancing mass. And some troops, thrown

Rendezvous at Metz : Churchill Meets Giraud



ON THE ANNIVERSARY of Bastille Day, July 14, 1946, Mr. Churchill visited Metz, to receive the freedom of this French town and keep an appointment made at the time of the Allied landings in North Africa, November 1942, with General Giraud, then C.-in-C. French Forces. The General's telegraphed invitation to Britain's wartime Prime Minister to lunch with him in his native town as soon after the war as possible received the laconic reply, "Rendezvous at Metz," where Mr. Churchill is seen (1), with General Giraud (second from left), acknowledging the crowds.

At a banquet at the Town Hall (2) Mr. Churchill urged Anglo-French unity; M. Schuman, French Minister (seated) represented his Government and earlier accompanied Mr. Churchill at an inspection of French troops (3). On the airfield girls in national costume welcomed their guest with flowers (4). The following day Mr. Churchill was made an Honorary Citizen of the City of Luxemburg, where in Hamme cemetery (5), with his daughter Mary (right), he laid a wreath on the grave of General George S. Patton, late commander of the U.S. 3rd Army, who died on December 9, 1945.

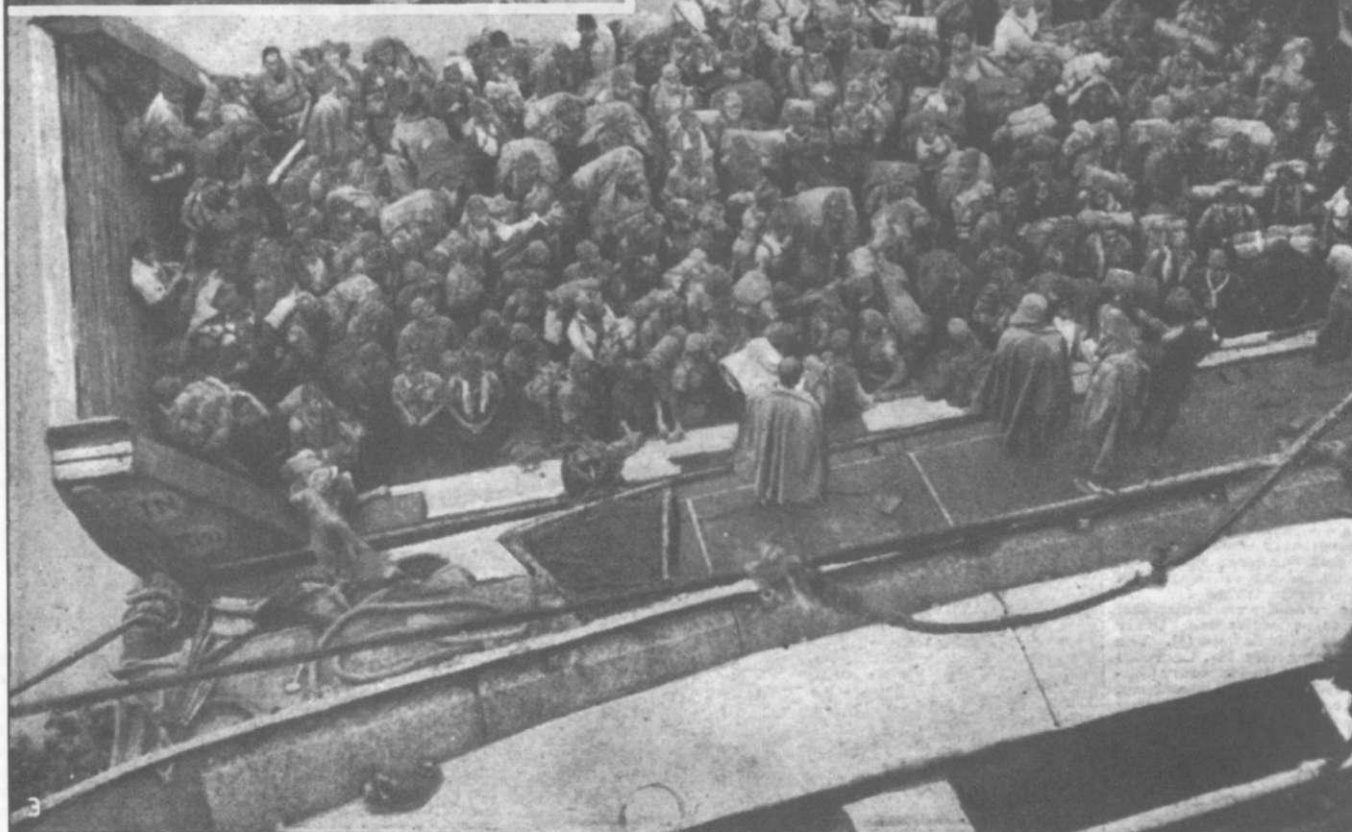
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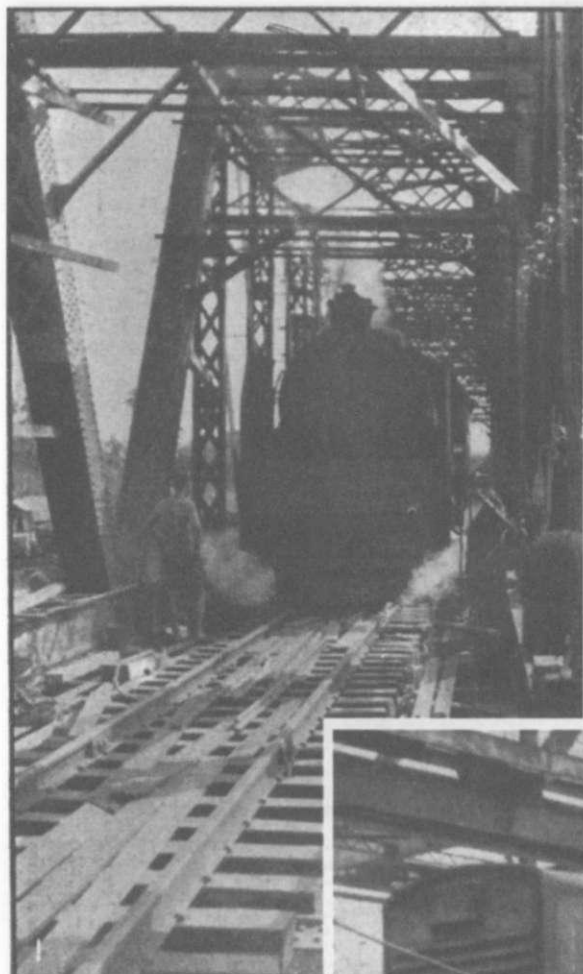
'Operation Nipoff' Sends Japs Home from Burma

REPATRIATION of 35,000 Japanese prisoners of war, interned in Rangoon, is being effected by S.E.A.C. Headquarters. Under the direction of Allied H.Q., Burma, "Operation Nipoff" is administered by the Japanese themselves, who have reformed their old Army H.Q. in Burma for the purpose. The prisoners, some of whom are housed in this transit camp (1), leave for Japan in Liberty ships specially detailed by General MacArthur.

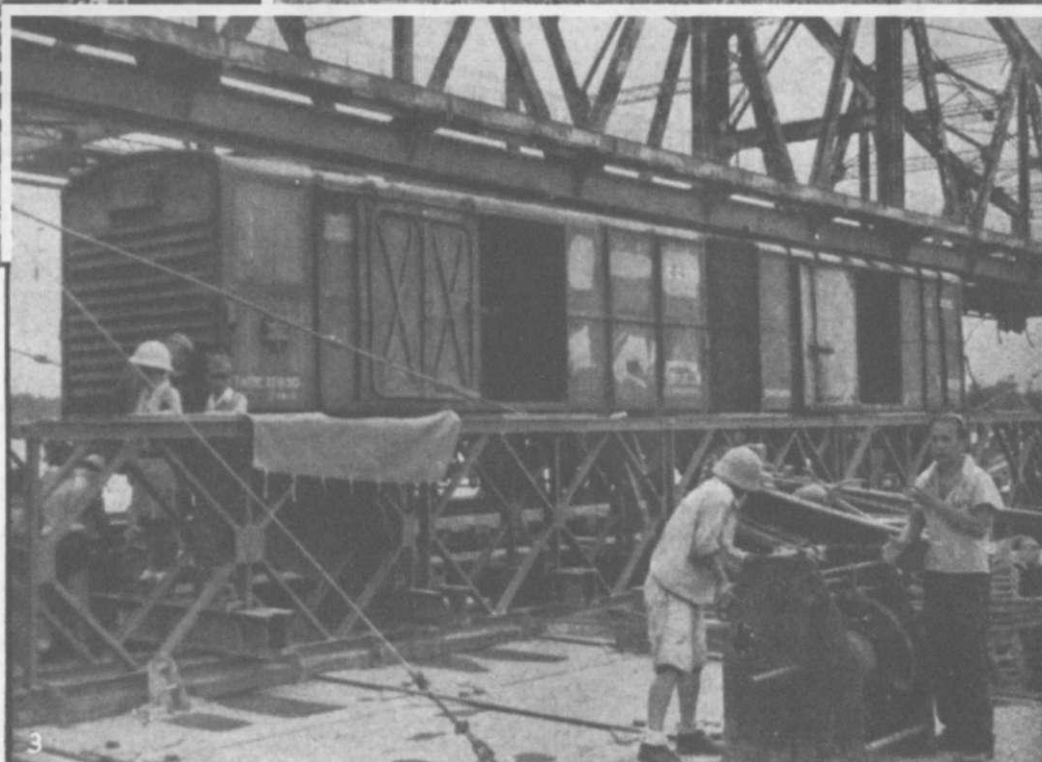
BEFORE EMBARKING prisoners take a bath (2) in petrol drums filled with water treated with disinfectant. The first of the Liberty ships, each with accommodation for 3,700, arrived at Rangoon on June 1, 1946. Repatriates are ferried out to the transport in landing craft (3). Of the total of 72,000 Jap prisoners in Burma 37,000 are to be retained for reconstruction work in the country. See illus. in page 271. PAGE 262



Triumphs of Royal Engineers in Malaya and Siam



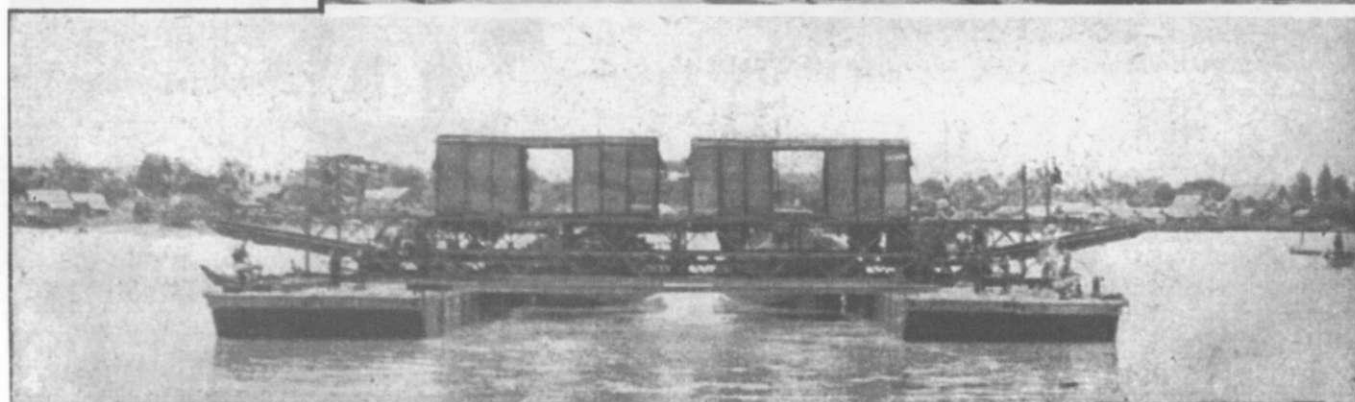
THE KLANG BRIDGE, standing the test of a heavy locomotive (1) on June 24, 1946, restored the last link in the railway connecting Kuala Lumpur and Port Swettenham in Malaya. Starting work on the bombed structure in the previous September, the Royal Engineers, with skilled Japanese labour, raised the two centre spans from the river bed, overcoming lack of tools by the exercise of ingenuity and the shortage of steel by repairing the damaged girders. Side-view, completed (2).



At Bangkok, British and Indian Engineers replaced, temporarily, the wrecked bridge over the River Menan by a wagon ferry and piers. Accommodating two wagons, the ferry made fast at the pier (3). Crossing the fast-flowing river (4), it is used for transporting rice to the famine-threatened area in South-East Asia, between 30 and 40 wagons crossing daily.

Photos, British Official

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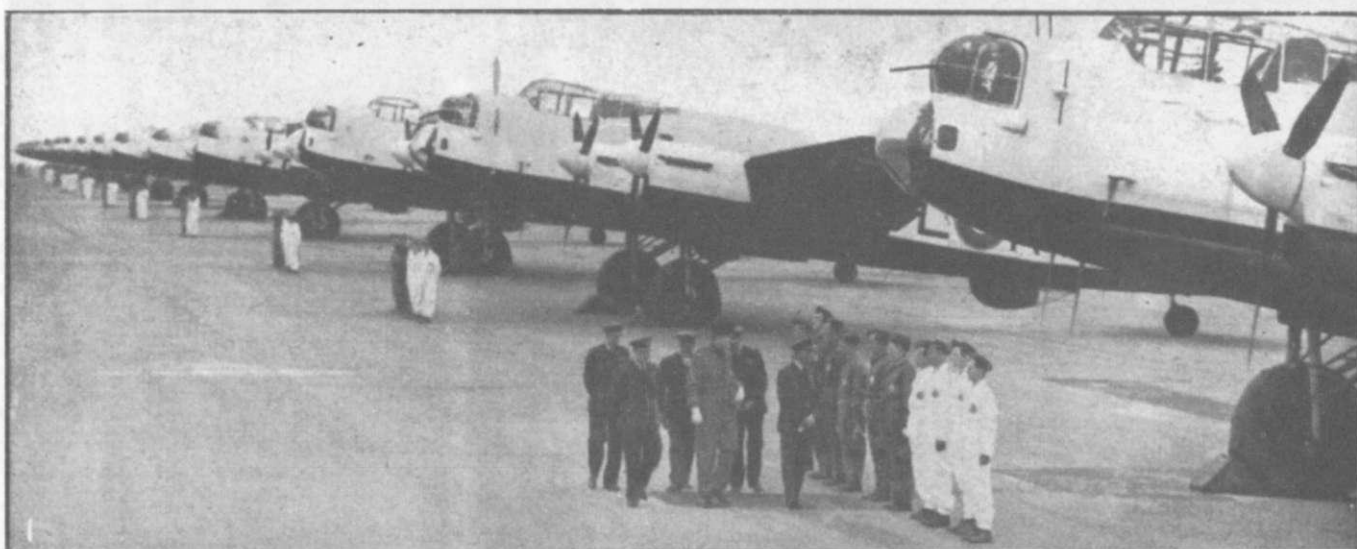
Returning to the Egyptians the Cairo Citadel



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. Attending the ceremony on July 4, 1946, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Charles Allfrey, G.-O.-C. British troops in Egypt, handed a symbolic key to the Citadel to General Atallah, Chief of Staff, Egyptian Army (1). British military policemen lowered the Union Jack (2). Also at the ceremony (3) were troops of the Highland Light Infantry (right) and the 1st Egyptian Garrison Battalion (left). The British Government, recognizing Egypt's sovereignty and common interests, are negotiating for a revision of the 1936 Anglo-Egyptian Treaty and for mutual assistance in a Middle East regional defence scheme. PAGE 264 Photos. Keystone, Central Press



Lancasters on Good Will Mission to America



NO. 35 BOMBER SQUADRON Lancasters stationed at Graveley, Huntingdonshire, took off from St. Mawgan airfield, Newquay, Cornwall, on a good will mission to the United States on July 8-9, 1946. Aircraft and crews were inspected on July 3 by Air Marshal Sir Norman Bottomley, K.C.B. (1), accompanied by the squadron commander, Wing Commander, A. J. L. Craig, D.S.O., D.F.C. Taking off in two groups, the sixteen Lancasters crossed the Atlantic via the Azores, arriving at Gander Airfield, Newfoundland, on July 11, where they were met by Mr. John Winant, former U.S. Ambassador in London. Continuing the flight to Mitchel Field, New York City, the aircraft passed over the East River, landing on July 17, (2). Lieut.-General G. E. Stratemyer, commanding U.S. Air Defence Command (3—second from right), greeted Wing Commander Craig on arrival. Later, the squadron made a mock attack on New York. At St. Louis, on their way to take part in the U.S.A.A.F. Day celebrations at Los Angeles on August 1, No. 35 Squadron received this greeting: "These aviators are the representatives of the loyal and intrepid band which stood between the West and the Nazi hordes before the weight of Russia and the U.S.A. was cast into the balance. It is difficult to over-estimate the importance of that heroic defence of Britain. So hats off to those few to whom the many owe so much." **PAGE 265**



HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS

H.M.C.S. Iroquois

Motto: "Be Like the Eagles"

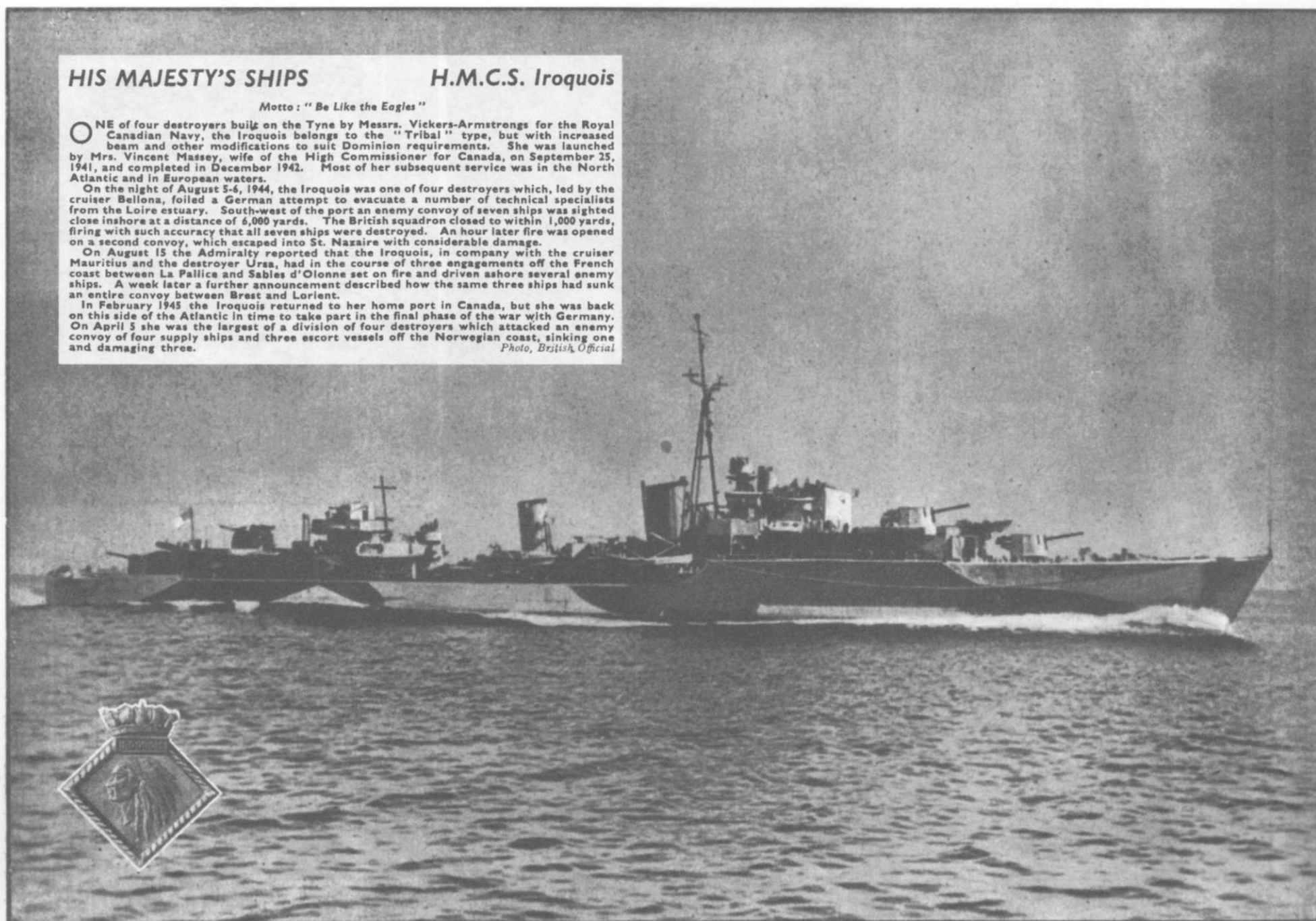
ONE of four destroyers built on the Tyne by Messrs. Vickers-Armstrongs for the Royal Canadian Navy, the Iroquois belongs to the "Tribal" type, but with increased beam and other modifications to suit Dominion requirements. She was launched by Mrs. Vincent Massey, wife of the High Commissioner for Canada, on September 25, 1941, and completed in December 1942. Most of her subsequent service was in the North Atlantic and in European waters.

On the night of August 5-6, 1944, the Iroquois was one of four destroyers which, led by the cruiser Bellona, foiled a German attempt to evacuate a number of technical specialists from the Loire estuary. South-west of the port an enemy convoy of seven ships was sighted close inshore at a distance of 6,000 yards. The British squadron closed to within 1,000 yards, firing with such accuracy that all seven ships were destroyed. An hour later fire was opened on a second convoy, which escaped into St. Nazaire with considerable damage.

On August 15 the Admiralty reported that the Iroquois, in company with the cruiser Mauritius and the destroyer Ursa, had in the course of three engagements off the French coast between La Pallice and Sables d'Olonne set on fire and driven ashore several enemy ships. A week later a further announcement described how the same three ships had sunk an entire convoy between Brest and Lorient.

In February 1945 the Iroquois returned to her home port in Canada, but she was back on this side of the Atlantic in time to take part in the final phase of the war with Germany. On April 5 she was the largest of a division of four destroyers which attacked an enemy convoy of four supply ships and three escort vessels off the Norwegian coast, sinking one and damaging three.

Photo, British Official



THE Gloucestershire Regiment was unfortunate in losing in 1938 two of its three territorial battalions, the 4th City of Bristol Battalion having become the 66th Searchlight Regiment R.A., and the 6th Battalion the 44th Battalion R.T.C. On the outbreak of the war, therefore, there remained only the 1st Battalion, serving at Rangoon in Burma, the 2nd Battalion at Plymouth and the 5th T.A. Battalion with its headquarters at Gloucester. Five other battalions were formed during the War but the majority of these remained training units. Actually only the above-mentioned three battalions and the 10th Battalion saw active service, and of these the 5th Battalion became the 43rd Battalion Reconnaissance Corps in 1941. It was therefore left to these few 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 B.E.F. 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 touch with the enemy, and also their first Military Cross. In January 1940 the 5th Battalion, in the 48th Division (the first T.A. Division to go overseas), crossed over to France, and soon after, on a reorganization of divisions the 2nd Battalion were transferred to the 48th 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 Maginot Line.

Completely Cut Off at Zutphen

On May 10, 1940, when the British Army was rushed northwards across Belgium to help stem the sudden German assault on the Low Countries, the 48th Division was held in reserve and it was not until May 14 that they were on the move. Reaching the vicinity of Brussels, the two battalions were in position on the British right near the field of Waterloo. Neither was really engaged, however, before the withdrawal began on the 17th. Then followed days of marching, the territorial battalion during one spell covering 80 miles on foot in 72 hours. Rearguard actions took place at the river crossings, notably at Jollain Merlin and Bruyelle on the Escaut Canal. From here the division fell back to Cassel at the south-east corner of the Dunkirk salient, and was ordered to take up defensive positions facing south to help cover the withdrawal of the other units farther to the north.

On May 25 the 2nd Battalion were allotted the defence of the western portion of the town of Cassel, whilst the 5th Battalion after sundry moves occupied the villages of Ledringhem and Arneke a little to the north-west. Two days later the German assault commenced, first from the south-west. One company of the 2nd Battalion was completely cut off at Zutphen, at the foot of Cassel Hill, and after a most gallant stand at company headquarters the handful of survivors were forced to surrender. Cassel itself was from then onwards under heavy mortar and artillery fire from the enemy and was soon in flames.

On the 29th a fresh enemy attack developed and German columns were seen crossing the Cassel-Dunkirk road to the north. It had been ordered by Division to withdraw the gallant defenders during the night of May

The Gloucestershire Regiment

By Lieut.-Col.
R. M. GRAZEBROOK

IN 1831 the old 28th and 61st Regiments of Foot were formed into the Gloucestershire Regiment. It was the 28th who won the well-known "Back Badge" of the Gloucesters by their gallantry at the Battle of Alexandria in 1801, when they repulsed the French attacks on the front and rear of their key position. The Regiment prior to the Second Great War bore more battle honours on their Colours than any other regiment in the British Army. In the First Great War they had 24 battalions serving and were engaged in almost every campaign from Mons to the final defeat of the enemy.

28-29, but the dispatch rider carrying the orders unfortunately lost his way and arrived too late. A withdrawal eastwards 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 retiring 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 officer and nine men succeeded in reaching Dunkirk.

Bayonet Attack in Main Street

The 5th Battalion were more fortunate. They also were strongly attacked, and made a most valiant stand at Ledringhem, time and again counter-attacking with the bayonet down the main street. At about midnight on May 28/29 they succeeded in extracting themselves and reached Dunkirk where, on the 30th, they evacuated some two-thirds of the unit back to England.

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

1944, 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 Epaigne, they were largely responsible for the capture of Le Havre in August, and took as their prisoners the German Commander, his C.R.A. and also the Naval Commander. After the bridge-head fighting on the Turnhout-Antwerp Canal they were, in November, in the flooded Nijmegen area, spending an extremely uncomfortable winter there. [Typical scenes of British troops' experiences in this district are illustrated in pages 559 and 697, Vol 8.]

First British Troops Into Arnhem

Early on April 13, 1945, crossing the Issel in buffaloes 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 disarming the 346th German Infantry Division who had been opposite them since the early days in Normandy and more lately at Arnhem. In May the Battalion entered Germany near Osnabrück, and commenced their roles as occupying troops with their usual tact, firmness, and sense of humour.

We now turn to the 1st Battalion, the old 28th Foot. When war broke out the Battalion was at Mingaladon, near Rangoon. They were kept there as 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, but 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 nuclei for new units. Nevertheless, the remainder of them were fighting fit and in good heart when the testing-time came.



COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE REGIMENT, H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, now Governor-General of Australia, during a tour of Northern Ireland in 1941 visited the Gloucestershire Regiment at Victoria Park, Belfast, and chatted to a junior N.C.O. during the inspection. Accompanying the Duke is Brigadier (now Maj.-Gen.) G. F. Watson, D.S.O. PAGE 267



COVERING THE EVACUATION OF RANGOON and the withdrawal of the H.Q. of the Army in Burma, in March 1942, mobile mortar detachments of the 1st Battalion The Gloucestershire Regiment fired into enemy positions in the Youngoo area (top). Others of the Battalion were deployed across the track to defend the railway (above). Photos, British Paramount News

The first Japanese air raid on Rangoon took place on December 23, 1941, and after that date the 28th were called upon to carry out almost every conceivable duty in the city. Besides keeping law and order amongst the demoralized population they were dealing with refugees and looters, running trains, milking cows, burying the dead, and by example and discipline reducing something of the panic in the threatened city, for by this time the enemy were overrunning all southern Burma and were approaching the capital itself from the south-east.

On March 7, 1942, orders were received to evacuate Rangoon, and the Battalion were soon called upon to help open the Prome road at a point some 21 miles north of the city, where the Japanese had

established a road block and were holding up the withdrawal of the H.Q. of the Army in Burma and of the British and Indian troops who had escaped from the earlier battle on the Sittang front to the east.

The first engagement of the 28th was therefore at Taukkyan. Unfortunately only headquarters and one company were available, as the remaining companies were still detached covering the evacuation and destruction of the Syriam oil refineries and the Rangoon docks. After several gallant attempts and with considerable casualties they were unable to force a way through that evening, 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 far-seeing 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 Letpadan, after a couple of days of lying in wait, the 28th surprised and very roughly handled the Japanese advanced 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.



Colours: White on Black

49TH (WEST RIDING) DIVISION

RECRUITED in the East and West Ridings of Yorkshire, the Division first saw action with the North-West Expeditionary Force in Norway, April - May 1940. After the Allied withdrawal from that theatre the "Fighting 49th" returned to England en route for Iceland, where it formed the main part of the garrison. It was there that the original Divisional sign, the white rose of Yorkshire, carried during the First Great War and after, was replaced by the Polar Bear.

Back in the U.K. again, in 1943, the Division trained for the Normandy invasion and was one of the formations to land early on the beach-head, June 1944. Its first success was the capture of Rauray. Not until after being heavily engaged in the Bocage country did the Division launch its first major assault—against Fontenay-le-Pesnil, which secured the road to Tilly and Juvigny, the former being captured on June 19.

THRUSTING east from the Falaise Gap, in August, the 49th crossed the Seine and rapidly covered the last fifty miles to take a prominent part in the assault on Le Havre, captured on September 12. Moving into Holland, Roosendal was taken, and on September 29 Cpl. J. W. Harper, of the Hallamshire Battalion of the York and Lancaster Regiment, was awarded a posthumous V.C. (see illus. in page 24, Vol. 9). Transferred to the Venlo sector, the Division cleared the enemy from the west bank of the river Maas. From November until March 1945, the 49th defended the "island" in the Nijmegen salient, the sole Allied bridge-head over the Rhine at the time. Here at Zetten, in January, a five-day battle was fought in floods and snowstorms.

After weeks of patrolling this flooded area in amphibious craft the Division took part in the Allied break-out and fought in the battle for Arnhem, captured on April 15. North of the town the Division continued to clean up isolated pockets of resistance until VE Day, May 8.

On the Western Front with the Gloucester Boys



LENDING A HAND to the local farmers in France was a welcome diversion (1) for men of the Gloucestershire Regiment in interludes of training and Front-Line duties during the quiet spell on the Western Front in 1939; they are gathering in the beet crop. Important task which fell to the Regiment was the training of the first of Britain's conscripted youths to become an active Field Force unit; attached to the 5th Battalion, these underwent field training (2) at Thumeries, France, in January 1940. Salvaging the contents of a wine merchant's van, which skidded off a road near Péronne, in the Lille area, in October 1939, was well rewarded (3). The 5th Battalion was later evacuated from Dunkirk, but the 2nd—the other Battalion in France—was encircled before reaching the coast.

Photos (previously unpublished), British Official

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Records of the Regiments: 1939—1945



ON RECONNAISSANCE in the Nijmegen area, Holland, during the winter of 1944-45, a patrol of the 2nd Battalion The Gloucestershire Regiment found the going very heavy. Lieut.-Col. R. A. Biddle of this Battalion received the D.S.O. from Field-Marshal (then General) Montgomery (left) on July 17, 1944, for gallantry shortly after the D-Day landings in Normandy. *Photos, British Official*

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 enclosed country so suitable to the Japanese methods of infiltration and encirclement. At Paungde and at Shwedaung on the Irrawaddy 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. Fierce 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 Yennangyaung. They then withdrew via Mandalay to Shwebo. Later they were called upon to help check the Jap



MANNING A BREN GUN CARRIER AT NISPER, Holland, on October 27, 1944, these men of the Regiment, positioned by the corner of a wrecked house, acted as observers. At the time, this town near the Dutch-Belgian frontier, entered during the Allied advance north of Antwerp, was under heavy mortar fire. *Photo, British Official*

advance 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 Monywa and Budalin before they fell back to Ye-u, whence began the 100-mile trek across country to the Chindwin once again. Crossing at Kalewa, the Battalion entered India by way of the Tamu Pass on May 11.

Regimental Treasures Were Looted

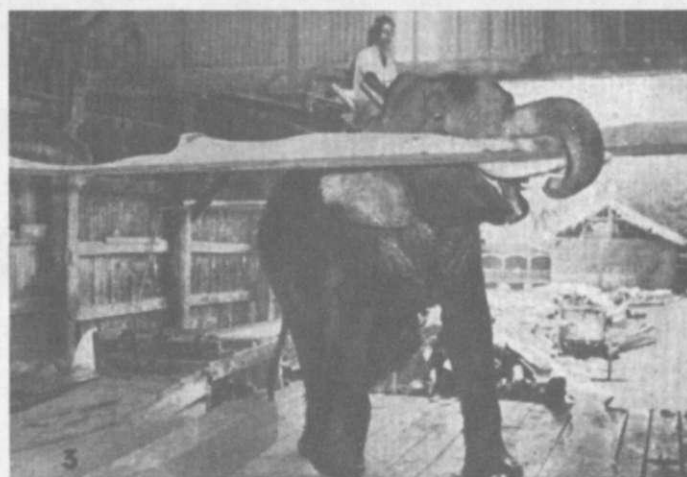
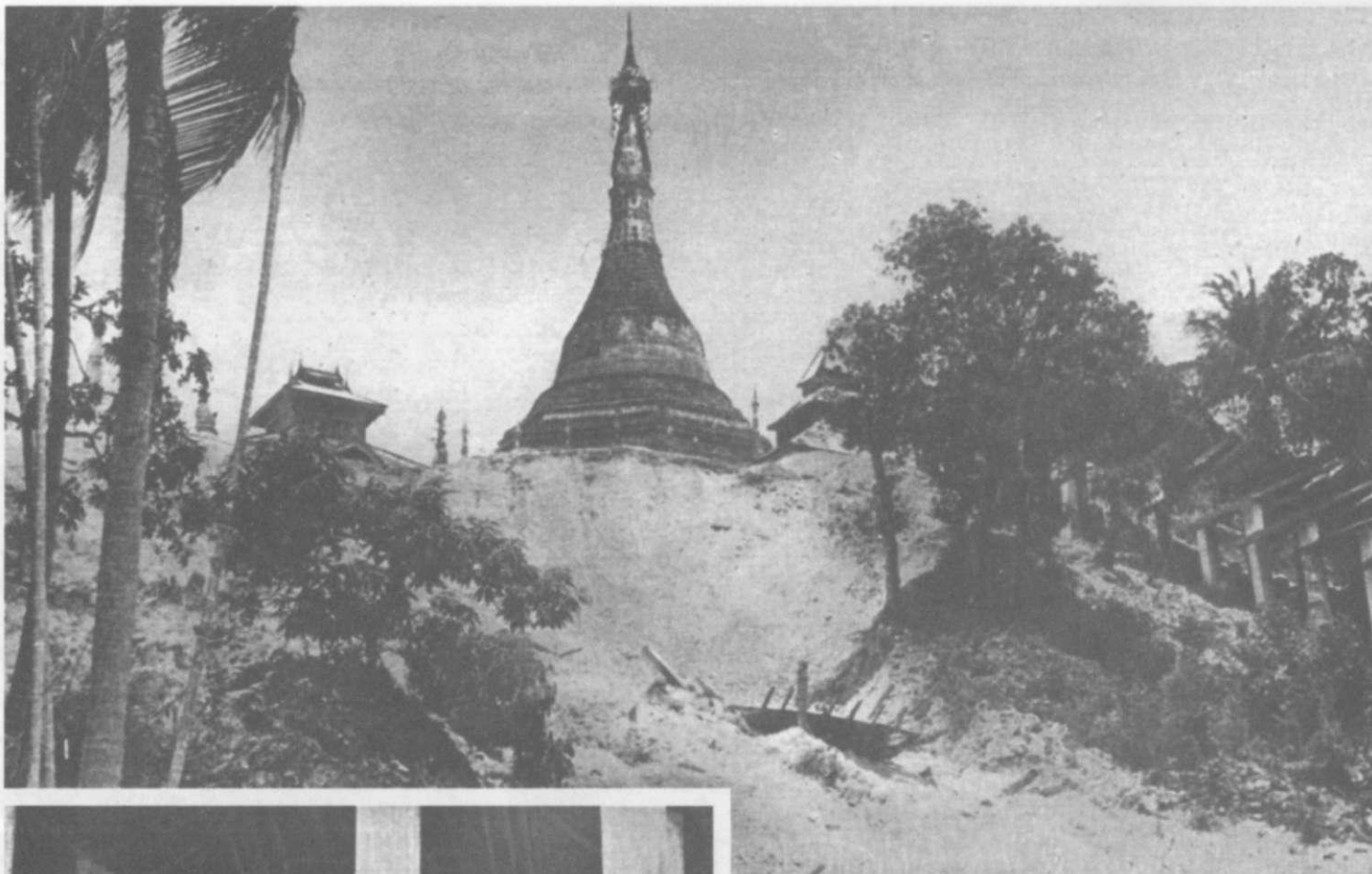
After resting and being slowly re-equipped in Assam the Battalion spent eighteen months on the frontier, when they were sent to Calcutta and given an Internal Security role, always an unpleasant one in India. Here they remained until 1945, when they started jungle warfare training once more with a view to getting their own back with the Japanese. However, the war was won before they received their chance. One big disaster suffered by the 28th 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 to have been looted 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 proceeded 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 very considerably to break up the stalemate situation thereabouts. In May they were withdrawn and after a short rest near Shillong in Assam moved to Ledo, 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 (the Northern Combat Area Command). They landed on the Myitkyina airfield, still unpleasantly near to the Japanese, and with their division pressed south-west along the railway through appalling 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 Mogaung, after capturing Taungi, the 10th pushed on to Pinbaw. Against Japanese "suicide" posts 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 Gobyin Chaung (stream), and after a battle which swayed wildly to and fro 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 Shweli River to Myitson, whence they pushed up the difficult and mountainous country to Mongmit and Mogok, the latter being the site of the world's largest ruby mines. After months of living in uninhabited jungles, being supplied entirely from the air and with practically no transport, the division linked up with the Chinese troops on the old Burma Road near Kyaukse. Then followed the final stages of the war in Burma in the vicinity of Maymyo. When the enemy finally surrendered, the Battalion had completed over ten months in continuous contact with the Japanese, fighting and marching over 1,000 miles in indescribable country largely in the monsoon season. No mean effort!

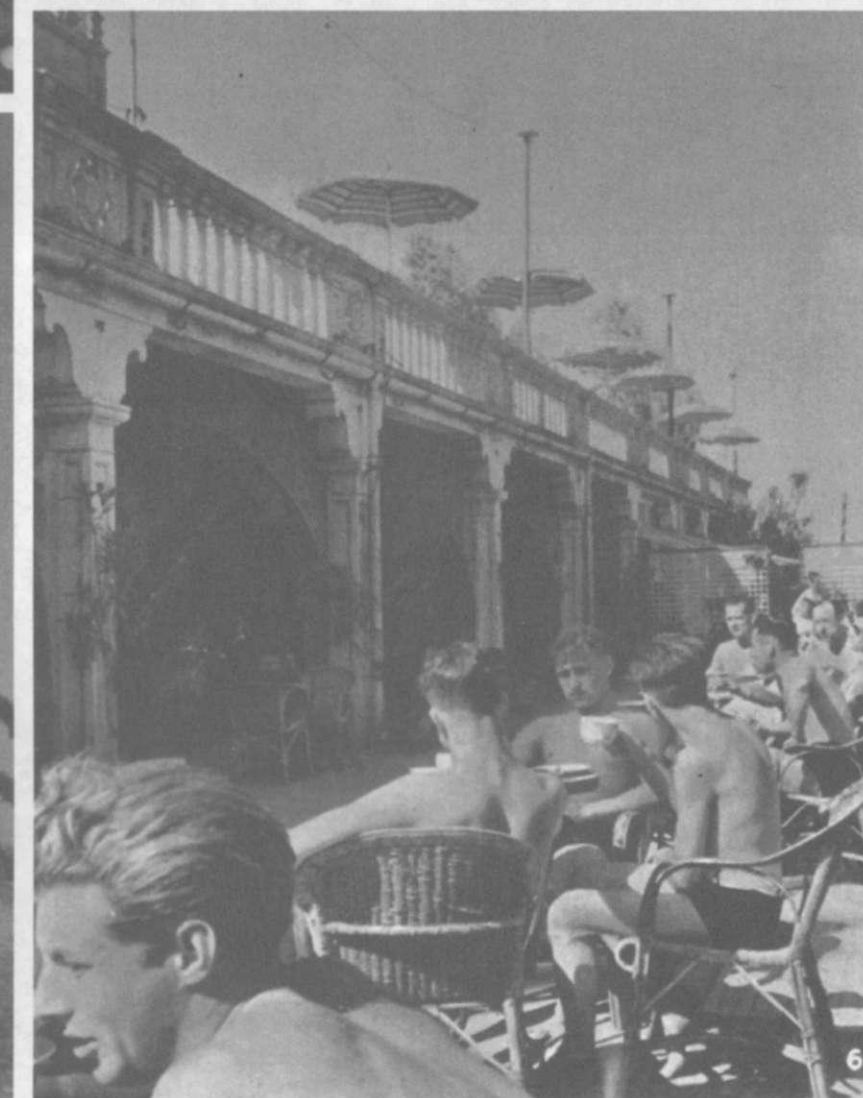
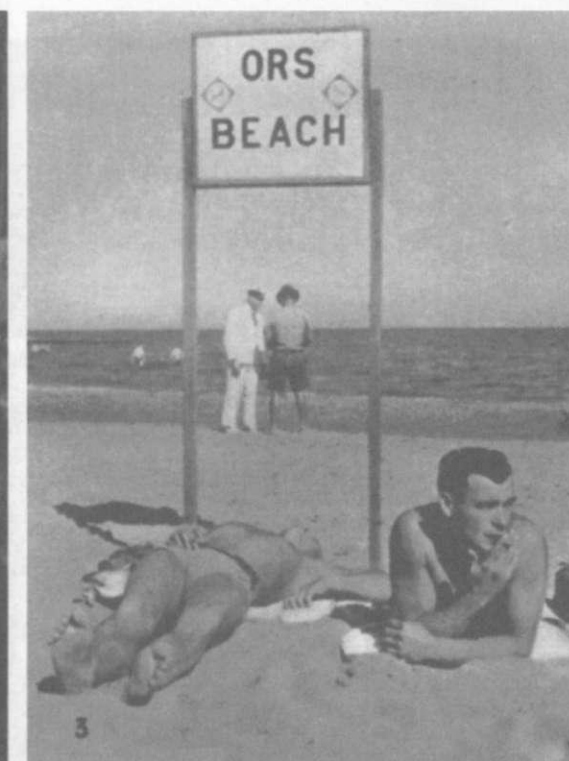


Moulmein's Pagoda is Moving Downhill

Bombed by the Japanese before they entered on January 20, 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 100 miles from Rangoon across the Gulf of Martaban, and near the mouth of the Salween River, this second seaport of Burma is familiar to readers of Kipling in the line "By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking lazy at the sea." 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 too hurriedly (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.

Photos, British Official





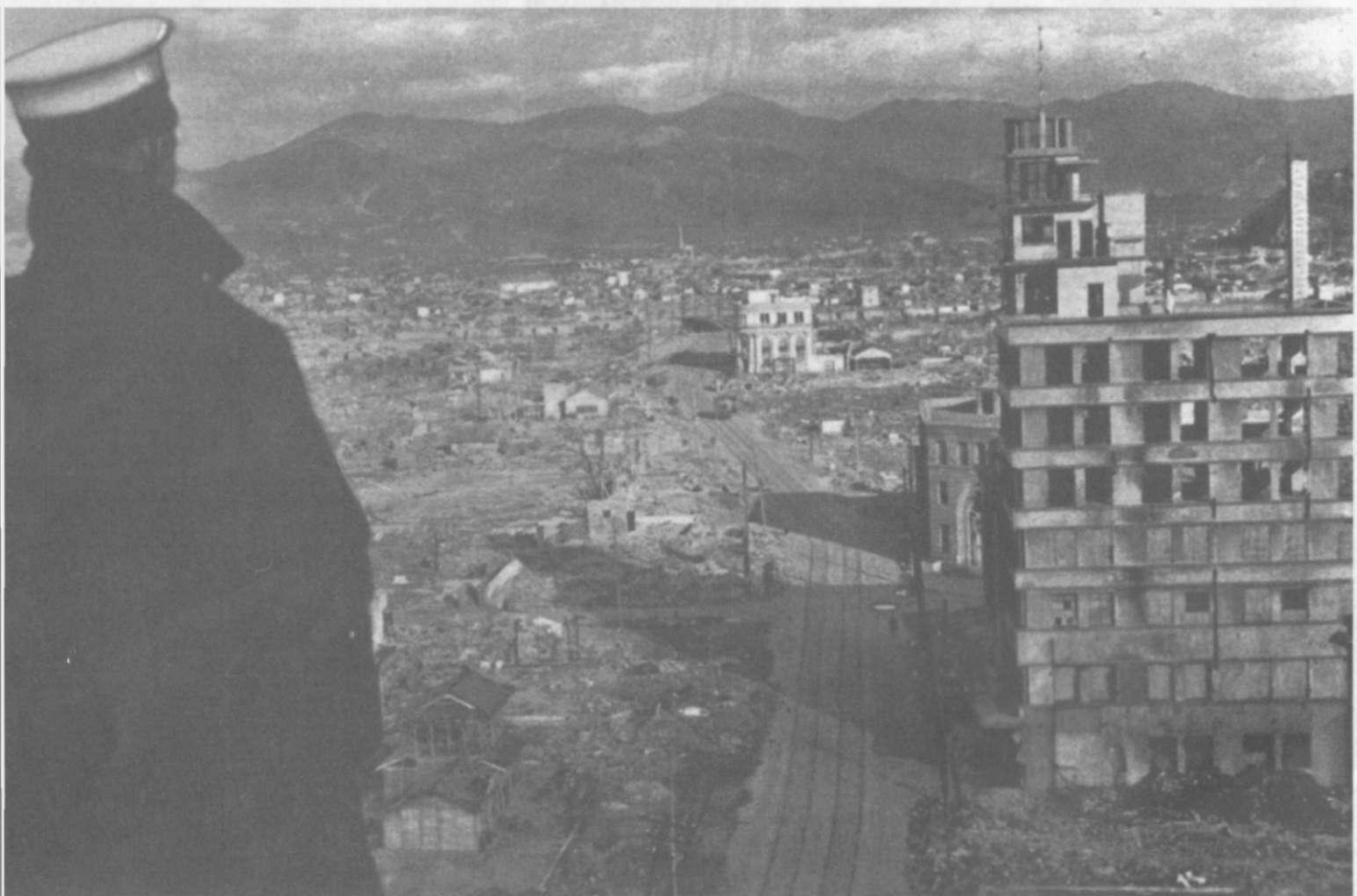
'Millionaires' Beach' on an Adriatic Shore—

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 seafront, 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.

Ex. 151 to
THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

—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 ornate 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 Chiefs 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 burnt out. Light, single-storey concrete buildings were wrecked 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 sailor of H.M.I.S. Sutlej surveys the Hiroshima scene (above), including (right foreground) the gutted ruin 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 BATTLES OF THE EAST AFRICANS

THE spirit which dominated the war efforts of Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika, Northern Rhodesia, Zanzibar and British Somaliland can be summed up in the motto of the Northern Rhodesia Regiment, "Diversi Genere Fide Pares" (Different in Race, Equal in Fidelity). It is this comradeship of different races fighting a common battle against a common foe which permeates the story of East Africa at war.

Unlike West Africa, which is essentially the black man's country with only a handful of white officials and traders, East Africa has attracted white settlers, and other emigrant races, such as Indians, in considerable numbers. With few exceptions, the East Africans have not developed such highly organized tribal government as in West Africa. Thus the white administrator and settler play a much more varied part in affairs.

For centuries Arabs were visiting the coast in search of slaves, but the interior was totally unexplored. The Portuguese had been early in the field, but it was not until the early part of the 19th century that British explorers and missionaries took a serious 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 during the 1880's and 1890's that the British Government could be persuaded to consolidate the work of these men by establishing Protectorates.

All the Demands of War Were Met

When war came to East Africa for a second time within living memory, the upsurge of loyalty speaks well for the work of British administration, even with its defects, during the past fifty or sixty years. The task which the advent of war thrust upon British officials and settlers has been described by the Governor of Northern Rhodesia in regard to his Colony, but what he says is equally applicable to all the rest:

"The Civil Service of Northern Rhodesia released proportionately more men for the fighting services than any other African Colony. Most of our outstations had to be manned by one European alone. The war effort of these officers, in terms of loneliness and overwork, was as great as that of any other community in the Territory, although less spectacular. They were the men who were largely responsible for recruiting an army many times the size of the country's peacetime establishment, besides a Labour Corps, and many labour gangs to work on aerodromes, military roads and camps, and other war works. The multitudinous domestic affairs of the soldiers away at the front, the leave drafts with their pay, ration and transport arrangements, the administration of the many control measures, all fell largely on the shoulders of a seriously depleted staff of District Officers.

Big schemes were undertaken by an almost skeleton staff, but the war made them necessary. . . . It is little realized what a strain the war put upon the country's food resources and how great were the efforts needed to boost production, to buy food and to control distribution. . . . There are few officials whose duties were not doubled. In spite of all this, all the demands of war were met."

Again, typical of the rest, the Governor of Kenya says of the women of that Colony:

"The figures of European woman-power make triumphant reading. Out of a total of 5,838 registered European women, 58 per cent have been in full-time employment during the years of the war; 31 per cent have been tied to their homes on account of young families, and practically all of these have undertaken some form of voluntary war work in their spare time. . . . A word of praise must be given to the woman farmer, the wife of the young soldier-settler, the over-age or physically handicapped man. They may run not only their own farm but those of their fighting neighbours as well."

The British civilian population in East Africa may well feel proud of their part in the victory, for without their devotion to duty

By HARLEY V. USILL

AFTER covering the withdrawal of our troops from British Somaliland in the dark days of 1940, the East Africans shared the triumphs of West and South Africans in Italian Somaliland and Abyssinia. Then, taking part in the occupation of Madagascar, they helped to remove the last threat to the security of their shores.

much of the effort which we are now surveying would have been impossible.

In his foreword to the book, The Infantry of the East Africa Command, General Sir William Platt, General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, East Africa Command, says:

"To the infantry in East Africa have come men from every county in the United Kingdom and from every territory between the Gulf of Aden and Limpopo. . . . In comradeship they have mastered the novelty and complexity of the weapons with which the infantry soldier is now equipped. . . . Let us not forget that the tens of thousands of African infantry soldiers serving in this War came with only the haziest knowledge of the issues at stake and that, in all cases they came as volunteers. For the past five years these men have marched and stood sentinel over vast distances of the African continent and, in two campaigns where the major part of the East Africa forces were involved were infantry, they won notable successes."

In addition to the King's African Rifles (which comprised battalions from Kenya, Uganda, Somaliland, Nyasaland and Tanganyika Territory), and the Northern Rhodesia Regiment, there was a large number of other units such as the E.A. Corps of Signals and E.A. Army Medical Corps. The Kenya Regiment was established in June 1937, its primary role to provide a reservoir of trained European leaders to cope with the anticipated expansion of the King's African Rifles and ancillary services in time of war. Out of over 2,900 men enlisted into the Regiment over 1,100 have been commissioned. The East African Scouts came into being in April 1942, and were recruited mainly from Southern Tanganyika and Kenya tribes, to whom bushcraft is second nature.

Held the Gap for Six Vital Days

The Northern Rhodesia Regiment was one of the first East African units to go into action. The entry of Italy into the war exposed the undefended border of British Somaliland to attack from Abyssinia. Heavily committed elsewhere in those dark days of 1940, and with few trained troops to spare, Britain decided on an orderly evacuation of British Somaliland. The total British forces available to effect this withdrawal to the port of Berbera consisted of the 1st Battalion of the Northern Rhodesia Regiment, the 2nd King's African Rifles, the Somaliland Camel Corps, two companies of Punjabis, the 1st East African Light Battery and a battalion of the Black Watch held in reserve to cover the final embarkation on August 17-18.

Tug Argan Gap, main gateway from the interior to Berbera, was the vital spot, and the 1st Northern Rhodesia Regiment with the East Africa Light Battery and a Machine-gun Company of the Camel Corps were given the task of delaying the Italians long enough to enable the main evacuation to take place. The official account of the action states:

"The enemy attacked on Sunday, August 11, 1940. Outnumbered ten to one, practically without air support, out-gunned by six to one, facing 100 armoured fighting vehicles. . . . the men of Northern Rhodesia stood firm and fought viciously back. Under severe bombardment, heavy shelling and frequent massed infantry attacks, the Africans of Northern Rhodesia, under their leaders from the mines, the farms, the Government service and the towns of this Territory, held the gap for six vital days before receiving the order to withdraw during the night. . . ."

To Africans, five Distinguished Conduct Medals and 20 East Africa Force Badges were awarded for this action; to Europeans, two Military Crosses, a Distinguished Conduct Medal, a British Empire Medal and an East Africa Force Badge.

After their success in British Somaliland it is difficult to understand subsequent Italian strategy. They had driven a King's African Rifle Company out of Moyale and advanced on Buna, but made no further progress into Kenya. It is true, of course, that the vast stretches of desert country between the Kenya Northern Frontier and the settled parts of the country proved a natural obstacle, but even so their overwhelming numbers might have enabled them to make dangerous inroads into Kenya.

The Breaking of the Juba Line

The major offensive against the Italians was originally timed for June 1941, after the rains, but the success of the El Wak operation (Dec. 16, 1940) had shown the superior morale and fighting qualities of the British. It was decided then to attack earlier, and in January the offensive began, with the 22nd East African Brigade leading the 12th Division to its first objective, Kismayu. The breaking of the Juba Line was a magnificent performance, and the most 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 last of the great natural obstacles.

By the time that the King's African Rifles arrived the Italians had destroyed the steel railway bridge at the point where the river runs through a deep gorge. Nothing daunted, the Africans flung themselves into the river, crossed it at two points and then charged the Italians on the opposite bank. The way was now open to Addis Ababa. With the capture of the capital on April 5, 1941, the fighting, however, was not yet over—the Battle of the Lakes had still to be fought. The 22nd Brigade and the 21st King's African Rifles Brigade played a prominent part in these very difficult operations, culminating in the fall of Gondar, last Italian stronghold, on November 27.

With the defeat of the Italians in Abyssinia the main danger to the security of East Africa had been removed, but there was still uncertainty while Madagascar remained under the control of Vichy France. The Abyssinian campaign had to be launched, but that against Madagascar had to be landed and launched. The 22nd East African Brigade landed at Majunga on September 10, 1942, and after the town had been cleared by British troops advanced rapidly to reach Antananarivo. Since the fall of the capital did not end resistance the East Africans continued to advance south, and when the Vichy Governor obtained an armistice, in November 1942, they had reached Ambalavao. In his booklet, Into Madagascar, the late Gandar Dower gives this description of the African Askari:

"During this period it was a pleasant sight to see the broad white grins, the broad black boots, and the newly acquired tin hats of the Askaris as they moved about Majunga. . . . They had learned a lot of strange things recently: that great hotels can suddenly put to sea, that ships do not run on rails, that sea-water is good to bathe in but not to drink, that this queer uneasy lake ran all the way to England, that improbable Paradise where white men live in their thousands and thousands, presumably kept alive by the unsung local equivalents of the Kikuyu and the Wakamba."

Both the East Africans and their brothers in West Africa had still many strange wartime experiences before them, but these must form the subject of another article.

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 Prince Consort 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 Glenguin, Stirlingshire, 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 Rosalinde Maclardy. And already he was beginning to be recognized for his military as well as his academic qualities; his first book, *The Navy and the Restoration*, 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 unspectacular, 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 contentment 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-amused but scrutinizing and sometimes baffling expression.

TEDDER has a penetrating mind. From it sprang the "Tedder carpet" pattern bombing that helped to blast the Axis out of North Africa. As Deputy Supreme Allied Commander 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-openers."

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 near Cairo. He has a second son still at school, and a daughter who served in the W.A.A.F. In October 1943 Tedder married Mrs. Marie De Seton 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, Kingston Hill, Surrey, near to where he had his official residence as Deputy to Eisenhower.

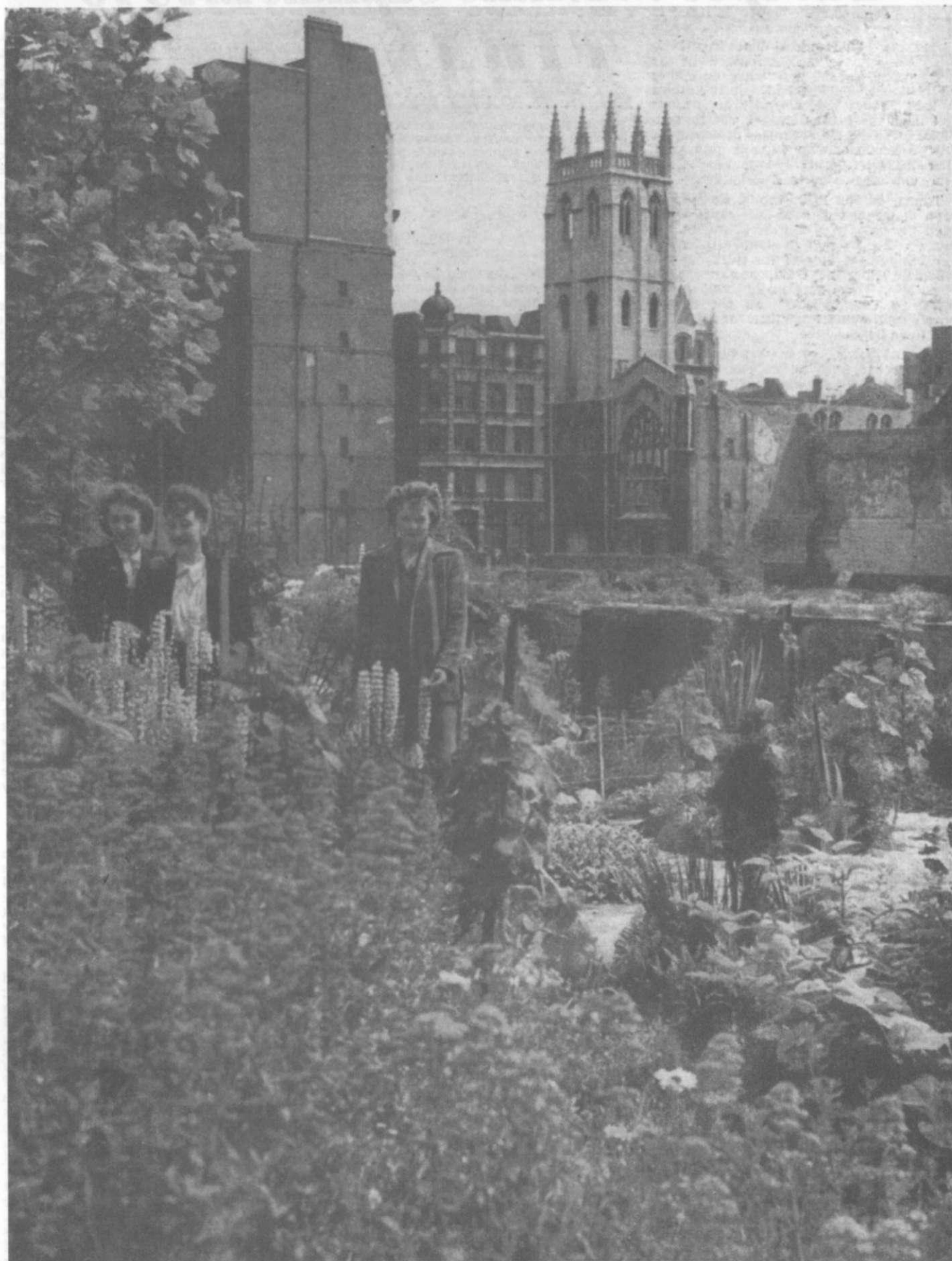


THE MAN WHO CONCEIVED THE CARPET PATTERN BOMBING which so mightily disconcerted the Axis forces in North Africa watched with keen enjoyment the final in the shooting for the King's Cup on the Surrey rifle range at Bisley (1) in June 1946. His second wife, Lady Tedder, in their Surrey home at Kingston Hill (2). Thinking maybe of his own professional football days, he kicked off (3) at a match in North Africa, Christmas 1944. At his office (4) in the Air Ministry, London.

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Photos, Keystone, British Official, G.P.U.

Glory of the Garden in a London Blitzed Street



PLANTED BY FIRE-WATCHERS during interludes of duties in the blitz days, lupins and other garden plants have prospered among the rubble at this flattened corner of Gresham Street and Foster Lane in the City of London. In the background is the tower of the gutted St. Alban's Church in Wood Street. Nature herself has covered with a prodigality of wild flowers much of the trail of the Luftwaffe over England—through the agency of seeds wind-borne or dropped by birds. See also page 286, Vol. 8.

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Photo, Keystone

Europe's Wartime Capitals in 1946

ALBANIA'S independence dates from 1912, but Tirana was established as the capital of the new State only after the National Congress had met at Lushnja in 1920. There were several historic towns that might have been chosen, but by their choice of Tirana the Albanians demonstrated their determination to make a new start, after the interruption of the First Great War, unhampered by local jealousies.

Tirana, before 1920, was a sleepy little town at the end of a 25-mile carriage-way from the seaport of Durres (Durazzo). It was a village by western standards, basking in a basin at the foot of the stark 5,000-ft. mountain ridge of Daiti, and ringed by green hills. There were ample gently-sloping fields for development. So the seat of government was set up there and building of a town began.

The old bazaar, or market quarter, was left untouched, a maze of cobbled alleys lined with single-storeyed stalls and workshops. There was Blacksmiths' Street, with the copper beaters at one end, an alley, which rang from dawn to dusk, six days a week, with the creative music of hammering, and where you could buy a horseshoe, a ploughshare, brass bells for your sheep, an iron gate wrought to your own design, or a copper tray with exquisite Oriental tracery. There were Cobblers' Street, Quilt-makers' Street, Grain Square, and Cooks' (or Eating-House) Street where the merchants and craftsmen, who never slept at their place of work, could get a mid-day meal or order for themselves and their customers the indispensable small cups of Turkish coffee. All this is still there; the same life goes on. But round it has grown up a new city.

Relics of Italian Empire's Day

Between 1920 and 1939 development was rapid; those were harvest days for the local merchant and landowner. Officials poured into the capital, and houses had to be run up as fast as possible. With the houses came the shops to cater for growing and changing needs; men who had been to foreign universities wanted other things than homespun wool and copper pans. So arose the Tirana of today. Streets of modern houses and shops grew out of the fields; there were no rules, the style depending on the pocket and the imagination, or the background, of the builder. The shopping streets looked ragged because the new shops were all of different height and style. Dwelling-houses were of every kind. Some were on the simplest plan; Albanians would jokingly remark of some friend, "He has a magnificent house, two rooms below and two above!" No bathroom, no plumbing, yet a home; a home for yourself, your wife, perhaps two or three parents, a maiden aunt, and several children; your castle, unless you gave a friend or stranger a pass into its privacy, and an Albanian loves nothing better than to ask either to share all he has.

Other houses were more elaborate, built on modern lines by architects who had learnt their trade in Vienna or Milan; complete with baths and taps, waiting for the day, now come, when water should run instead of being laboriously drawn from wells. The new civic centre, Skanderbeg Square, was a sunken garden surrounded by the two-storeyed offices of the Government Departments and the City Council, their austerity relieved by the beautiful minaret and dome of the old mosque, mercifully not sacrificed to modernity. Two boulevards, with a centre walk between flowering trees, made the evening saunter pleasant. They were named after Zog, the King, and

TIRANA

By D. R. OAKLEY-HILL

INSPECTOR of the Albanian Gendarmerie from 1929 to 1938, Major Oakley-Hill started Albanian resistance to the Axis in 1941 as Liaison Officer. In 1945 he returned to Albania as chief of U.N.R.R.A.'s mission to help with the country's restoration.



Mussolini, the rich neighbour who lent the money with an eye to the future.

From 10,000 the population grew to 30,000, and the mayor bewailed the difficulty of bringing roads and services to all the houses that arose under the scattered and capricious system of development. In the long run this haphazard tendency has increased the city's charm. It is an airy, spacious town. You never feel shut in by the streets and there is everywhere a width of sky. Today, standing on a hill to the south, you see the whole place straggling across its green basin, the roof-lines cut by the minarets of some twelve mosques and the traditional clock-tower; half veiled in summer by a wealth of trees, and sheltered by the great mountain barrier stretching away, past historic Kruya, to the north. No capital in Europe could present a more pleasing prospect.

Flying over Tirana, you notice first the white minarets, then the long straight arteries of the boulevards cutting through the acres of brown-tiled roofs, and then the group of big white buildings which are the relics of the Italian Empire's brief day. After the Italians invaded Albania, in April 1939, they concentrated on the Fascist façade. Great structures faced with white marble rose quickly along a new and very wide boulevard which slopes away to the south of Skanderbeg Square. This avenue, named then the Boulevard of Empire, is now the Boulevard of the National Martyrs. At the foot, and set against a hill, was built the Fascist Party's centre; today this is the home of Brash, the Union of Anti-Fascist Albanian Youth (see facing page).

NEARBY, the Stadium, with its attendant snowy buildings, where blackshirted youths once gave their mass demonstrations of the new *dynamisme*, is now the scene of the physical exploits of the boys and girls of another dispensation. Opposite is the long, classical-looking Congress House, the home also of the Praesidium or Supreme Council. Beyond are the offices of the Prime Minister and State Police; and farther up the hill is Tirana's finest hotel, the Daiti. It is State-owned, a building of airy and spacious marble halls and bedrooms as modern as could be desired. Each room facing the boulevard on all three upper floors has its own private balcony, separated from its neighbours by straight walls, so that the whole façade looks like a gigantic white mouth-organ. To the west of this avenue lies New Tirana, an area of private houses of the best type, the capital's Garden City.

This great boulevard has fallen naturally into use as a parade-ground. Military parades, State funerals, demonstrations of victory and of national pleasure or indignation, confident columns of children with model tanks and rifles, move along its wide, paved roadway. But it is the things unseen that really matter, and only the elected rulers of the new Republic can decide whether they have chosen the path really leading to the happiness of the people.

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For this is an era of youth in Albania. The leaders of the State are largely young, and they have concentrated on the youth. In Albanian the words for new and young are the same, so that New Albania is Young Albania. The enthusiasm of the rising generation is obvious. Boys and girls claim and take an equal share in the new-found self-confidence of youth. The old people are a little bewildered. Parental discipline and family ties have always been strong, but now the colts have broken loose. However, they are working. They have their serious meetings and discussions, their music and their art, and in the holidays they go out in lorry-loads to camp in the mountains and dig new roads.

THE Italians brought water to Tirana. The Tirana river was dammed where it leaves the gorge beside Daiti mountain, and now almost the whole town has its supply. Main drainage, electric light and telephones date from pre-Italian days. But the war has swelled the population to about 80,000 and accommodation and services are strained. Many villages and towns in the south were destroyed either by the Germans or in the course of the Greek-Italian war. Refugees swarmed northwards, and Tirana received the lion's share; all are being cared for by the authorities.

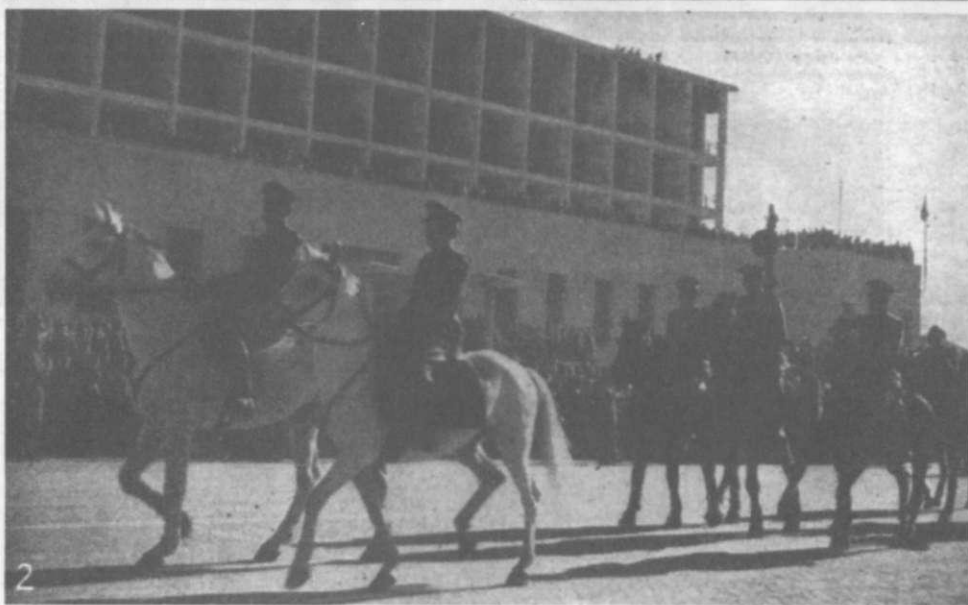
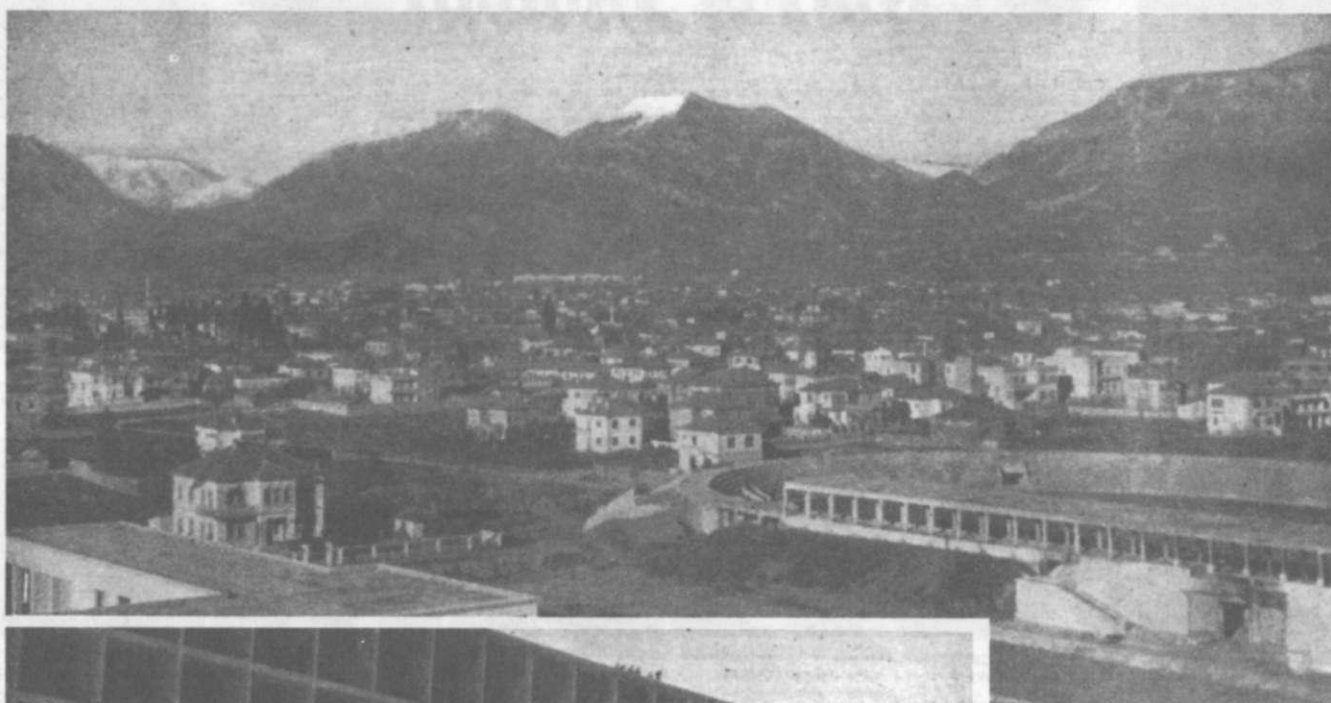
Everything in Albania is organized by the State. The food problem would have been acute but for the supplies brought in by U.N.R.R.A. Bread, both maize and wheat, is the principal item in the Albanian's diet; it is rationed, and an efficient coupon system operates for both townsman and peasant. Bread queues, even in crowded Tirana, are normally unnecessary because each baker has his registered customers; others bake for those on the free list, which comprises the aged and families without a breadwinner. Work is found for almost all manual workers, who are organized in trade unions, but there is some unemployment amongst ex-officials. Orphans, especially those left by men killed in the war, are cared for in a State orphanage, and they were recently delighted to receive toys sent by the people of a London parish.

No Disorder and Hardly Any Crime

On the whole Tirana escaped from the war lightly, except for the airport buildings which were thoroughly razed by Allied bombing. But a number of shops in the centre of the town were destroyed in the last fighting with the retreating Nazis in November 1944, including the interesting old mosque of Suleyman Pasha.

The atmosphere of the place has changed since before the War. It is more crowded; too many small shops and stalls have been allowed to clutter up some of the central streets. The people are not well clothed, though Tirana is better off than other parts of the country and there are still goods of many kinds in the shops, the remains of stocks imported in Italian days. There is no disorder and hardly any crime; Albanians are traditionally honest, and sanctions are severe. To the horse-drawn carriages, which ply the streets for hire, have now been added bus services. Bicycles are legion. The uniformed police are polite but firm, and direct the traffic adequately from pedestals. There are all the trappings of a European city. There is more bustle than before, and less serenity. Perhaps that could be equally said of London and many another capital; the War has left its inevitable restlessness. All that the people want is peace and security. Let us pray that these may be granted them.

New Era of Youth in Albania's Young Capital



TIRANA ESCAPED SEVERE DAMAGE during the war, and some of its many fine buildings of modern design were erected during the Italian Occupation. Looking across the town (1) the Stadium (right) once resounded to Mussolini's marching Fascist legions; in the left foreground is Congress House, seat of the Supreme Council. A military parade (2) passing the saluting base in front of the state-owned Daiti Hotel, named after the mountain ridge which dominates the town. With the revival of the Republic on January 11, 1946, after eighteen years sovereign rule by King Zog I, stress has been laid on the development of the Nation's youth. A physical culture demonstration staged in the Stadium (3), members of the Brash, the Union of Anti-Fascist Albanian Youth, taking part. The Headquarters of the Union occupy the former Italian Fascist Party centre, in the Boulevard of National Martyrs; during the second Youth Congress, the H.Q. was floodlit and a portrait of General Enver Hoxha, head of the Constituent Assembly, was prominently displayed (4).

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The Roll of Honour

1939-1946

Cpl. L. R. ALLAN
K.O. Scottish Borderers.
Caen. 1.7.44.
Age 36.
(Perth)

So great has been the response of readers to our invitation to submit portraits for our Roll of Honour that no more can now be accepted. But we have every hope of being able to publish all those so far received.

Air Mech. E. C. ALTON
Royal Air Force.
Action: Notts. 28.7.42.
Age 20.
(Brentwood)



Sig. R. BROWN
H.M.S. Rawalpindi.
Off Iceland. 23.11.39.
Age 19.
(Acton)



Sig. G. CARTLEDGE
Royal Signals.
In action: Goch. 7.3.45.
Age 23.
(Skeffling)



L/Cpl. D. H. CREASEY
Q.O.R. West Kent Regt.
Action: Termoli. 4.10.43.
Age 21.
(Oxted)



Pte. W. J. FRASER
Royal Norfolk Regiment.
Action: Sangro. 18.5.43.
Age 29.
(London)



Pte. G. T. GARMAN
2nd Royal Sussex Regt.
Action: Alamein. 28.10.42.
Age 22.
(Newhaven)



L/Cpl. W. GOURLEY
K.O. Scottish Borderers
Died of wounds. 16.7.44.
Age 27.
(Edinburgh)



Sergeant R. C. HALL
Royal Air Force.
Action: Berlin. Feb., 44.
Age 22.
(Handsworth)



Coder A. JACKSON
Royal Navy.
In action. 29.4.45.
Age 20.
(Wakefield)



Pte. C. J. JOHN
2nd Border Regiment.
South France. 3.12.45.
Age 21.
(Cardiff)



L/Cpl. J. JOHNSON
K.O. Scottish Borderers.
St. Odenrode. 27.9.44.
Age 24.
(Willington)



Sgt. W. KILLIN
Royal Scots Greys.
Action: Belgium. 6.9.44.
Age 26.
(Lanarkshire)



Pte. L. S. KNIGHT
2nd East Yorks Regiment.
Action: Holland. 16.10.44.
Age 20.
(Plaistow)



L/Cpl. L. LANG
Royal Engineers.
Action: France. 12.8.44.
Age 29.
(Cardiff)



Pte. E. W. LANGFORD
1st Suffolk Regiment.
Action: France. 14.8.44.
Age 19.
(Reading)



Pte. R. MCCALLUM
2nd Gordon Highlanders.
Action: Caen. 26.6.44.
Age 23.
(Kilwinning)



Sgt. Plt. B. J. MCGINN
Bomber Command, R.A.F.
Action: Cologne. Apr., 42.
Age 21.
(Machynlleth)



Gnr. D. MACKENZIE
251 84th Med. Regt. R.A.
Action: Nijmegen. 28.9.44.
Age 24.
(Glasgow)



A/B G. P. MCKINLAY
Royal Navy
Off Tobruk. 24.6.41
Age 23.
(Prestonpans)



Marine C. H. NIBLETT
Royal Marines.
H.M.S. Royal Oak, 1939.
Age 21.
(Portsmouth)



Bdr. L. J. NUNN
11 Regt. Hon. Artillery Coy.
Knightsbridge. 13.6.42.
Age 27.
(Halstead)



Sgt./Obs. J. T. PARK
Royal Air Force.
Mediterranean. 20.1.42.
Age 26.
(Leeds)



A/B J. A. PRITCHARD
H.M.S. Gallant.
Died of wounds. 12.1.41.
Age 26.
(Birmingham)



L/Sgt. E. W. PYE
27th Queen's Royal Regt.
Action: Italy. 6.10.44.
Age 35.
(Buckhurst Hill)



Pte. A. ROBINSON
2nd Lincolnshire Regt.
Action: Normandy. 20.7.44.
Age 20.
(Helpringham)



Gunner D. ROSIE
Royal Artillery.
Died of wounds. 26.10.42.
Age 41.
(Glasgow)



Guardsman A. RULE
4th Bn. Grenadier Guards.
In action: Goch. 27.2.45.
Age 19.
(Farnworth)



Pte. P. RUNCIEMAN
Gordon Highlanders.
Action: Rhine. 26.3.45.
Age 21.
(S. Perrott)



Private J. RYAN
Worcestershire Regt.
Action: Burma. 8.3.45.
Age 28.
(Manchester)



Tpr. G. A. SAMPSON
2nd Lothian Border Horse.
Died of wounds. 9.5.43.
Age 25.
(Leith)



Pte. J. SHANKS
Royal Artillery.
Action: Salerno. 27.9.43.
Age 25.
(Alva)



L/Cpl. P. SINFIELD
4th Bn. Welch Regiment.
Action: Germany. 12.2.45.
Age 21.
(Northampton)



Stc. P/O. W. B. STREET
H.M.S. Naiad.
Mediterranean. 11.3.42.
Age 29.
(Edinburgh)



L/Sig. SUTHERLAND
H.M.S. Somali.
At sea. 24.9.42.
Age 21.
(Forfar)



Pte. J. H. TILSON
Royal Irish Fusiliers.
Action: N. Africa. 25.4.43.
Age 22.
(Nuneaton)



Sergeant J. WADE
Royal Air Force.
Action: N. Sea. 29.1.43.
Age 22.
(London)



S.P.O. G. WEBB
H.M.S. Duchess.
Action: N. Sea. 13.12.39.
Age 33.
(Carterham)



Eight Hundred Drowned This Night

The first British capital ship to be lost in the War, H.M.S. Royal Oak was torpedoed in Home waters in October 1939. The experiences of one of the 380 survivors are vividly conveyed by Surgeon Lieut.-Commander E. D. Caldwell, R.N. (portrait in page 728, Vol. 9). See also page 646, Vol. 9.

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—if such a term can be used to describe the wide, bleak waters of Scapa Flow—after a not unadventurous spell at sea, and with no thoughts 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 locked 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 could have occurred. (One must remember the vast number of compartments and storing places in a ship of this size.)

Eight minutes had passed. No alarms had been sounded and the general opinion seemed to be that whatever it was it was something inside the ship—it was later learned that many were not even awakened by this first torpedo. 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 list to starboard. I heard the tinkling of glass falling from shelves and pictures in what seemed to be the awe-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 settled 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 Fleet 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 herring boat) which was tied up alongside us, we were all alone in the Flow, a huge sitting target for the U-boat.

"This Can't Be Happening to Me!"

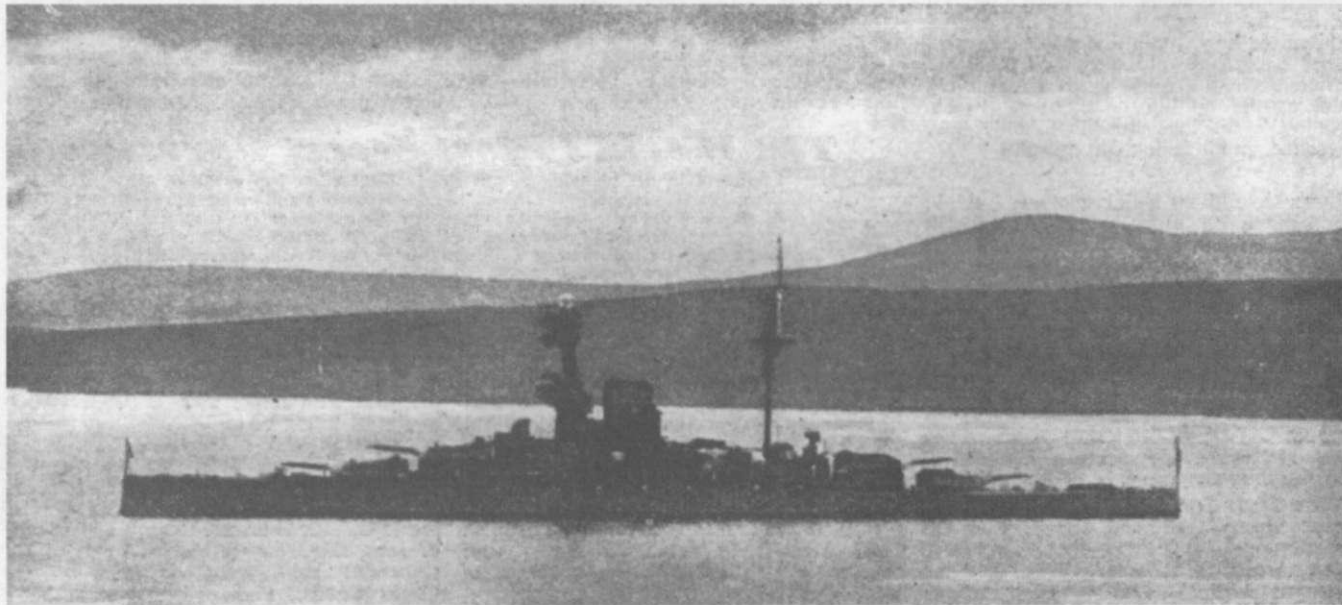
I was certainly shocked, but, curiously, not frightened, as we stood on the sloping deck in the darkness, wisps of smoke eddying round us. One heard shouts of reassurance, even of humour; and sudden splashes as men clambered over the guard rails and dived twenty or thirty feet into the water below. The speed with which the Royal Oak was sinking, the list of the ship, and the intense darkness excluded the possibility of our boats being lowered. One was got into the water but was swamped by weight of numbers and sank. The drifter had to make feverish 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 plan. My mind was curiously blank with regard to my personal safety, although I can most vividly recall every thought and impression that passed through my brain—my new and rather expensive tennis racket, a book I had borrowed and promised to return, three pounds in the bottom of my drawer. A ship of this size 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 flicks, but it *can't* be happening to me!" During this weird period I bumped into and talked to one or two people, but can'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!"

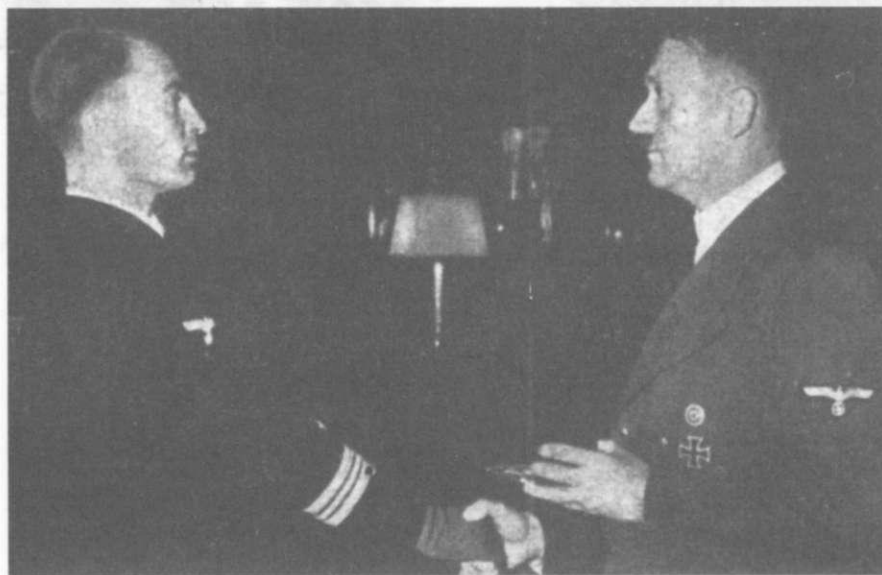
THE ship increased her list more and more rapidly. We were now on the ship's side and as she slid over, turning turtle, I lost my footing, fell, tried frantically to scramble up and dive clear, and was thrown headlong into the sea. ("I'll be sucked down—that's what they say happens—what a fool I was not to jump sooner!") I seemed to go down and down, and started fighting for breath. As I came to the surface, the stern and propeller soared above me then slipped 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 retched at the filthy taste. My eyes smarted with it.

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



H.M.S. ROYAL OAK in the wide, bleak waters of Scapa Flow, the land-locked anchorage in the Orkney Islands, shortly before she was sunk by the enemy on October 14, 1939. Apparently immune from attack, the 29,000-ton battleship succumbed to torpedoes from a U-boat which defied the vigilance of patrol craft and penetrated the defences of nets, booms and block-ships. Announcing the loss, in the House of Commons, Mr. Churchill described Royal Oak as "a ship which, although very old, was of undoubted military value."

I Was There!



HANDSHAKE FROM HITLER and First-and Second-Class Iron Crosses rewarded Lieut.-Commander Prien (above, left) of the U-boat which sent Royal Oak to the bottom. Anxious relatives (right) of the men who had been serving with the battleship scanned the lists of survivors posted up outside a Naval Station; more than 800 names were sought in vain.

Photos, E.N.A., New York Times Photos

peacetime, lifebelts are never even thought of in warships, and we had not yet been issued with them. I heard cries around me, saw black heads bobbing, and I swam frenziedly again. I tried to wriggle out of my jacket, but found it heavy and slimy with oil. I repeatedly went under, until quite suddenly I gave it up and thought, quite dispassionately, "I'm going to drown. I'm going to drown now." Then, suddenly, I saw a group of heads not far off and tried to thresh my way towards them.

Somebody swam strongly past me and I caught his leg and tried to hold it. He kicked me clear. I saw an upturned boat ahead. How far was it? Or how near? Then I touched the freeboard—touched it and held on. I thought it was a pity one couldn't thank inanimate things, I was so grateful for that support.

I tried to wipe the oil out of my eyes with my free hand, and then with my sleeve, and realized how stupid that was. My mind flashed back to an old silent film of Buster Keaton as a diver drying his hands on a towel at the bottom of the sea. I said "Hallo!" to the indistinguishable face beside me, and it said, "Oh, this oil!"

THERE were about a dozen of us, I think, hanging on around a boat which kept steady as long as we did; but every now and then someone would try to improve his position or make himself more secure by clambering on to the upturned keel. Then, slowly but inevitably, our support would begin to roll over and back we would slip into the water, clawing frantically for a finger-hold on the smooth surface, shouting at each other till the movement ceased and we were supported once more. This happened many, many times, and every time meant a mouthful of oil and a thumping heart.

Time dragged on with no sign of our being picked up. We strained our eyes in the darkness for some glimmer of light, but none came. We sang "Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer do!" Daisy was the name of the drifter attached to the Royal Oak. At last we saw a mast-head light which grew brighter, and then the blacker darkness of a boat moving slowly towards us. We shouted again and again.

But I have no recollection whatever of finally succeeding . . . I found myself sitting on a hot grating in the engine-room, shivering uncontrollably from the cold, which I had not previously noticed. I stood up and vomited 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 380 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 south I retain vivid memories. The air raids, the shattering noise, a German pilot lazily parachuting 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 marvellous kindness shown to



When she was within twenty yards of us we left our upturned boat and struck out in her direction. She had ropes hanging down, up which we tried to climb. I remember falling back into the sea twice. My hands were numb. I thought, "Mustn't lose now! Come on, mustn't lose now!"

us by the Thurso folk; the sense of relief we felt in the train taking us south (a relief broken almost comically by a train collision); the gradual acquisition of strange clothing, of odd meals and drinks, and so on, until at last—London, to find normality almost unreal after our chaotic experiences.

The World's Most Secret Garrison

Important in the planning of an Allied offensive on Jap positions, the Cocos Islands—remote in the Indian Ocean—were to form the most advanced of all S.E.A.C. bases. How the occupation was carried out, in 1945, and a fighter strip established is narrated by Flight-Lieut. Sydney Moorhouse who, as Public Relations Officer with No. 222 Group of the R.A.F., was responsible for reporting R.A.F. coastal warfare in the East.

TOWARDS the end of March 1945 I boarded a ship in Colombo Harbour to travel to the Cocos 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 Spitfire 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

an airstrip. There might be slight enemy resistance." Why, one might ask, build an airstrip on a place so remote as the Cocos? A glance at a map of the Indian Ocean shows the strategical importance of these islands in the planning of an offensive on the Jap positions in the Netherlands East Indies. The Cocos Islands were the farthest east 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 Cocos Islands. Perhaps it may seem that a little group of islands growing only coconut trees and housing but 250 Indonesians 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' HUSTLE BY BRITISH AND INDIAN FORCES transformed Cocos Islands jungle-ground into the nucleus of a formidable air base for use against the Japs, in April 1945. Published for the first time, these photographs show Indian Army engineers making a roadway (1), members of a R.A.F. maintenance squad beside a partly stripped Spitfire (2), one of the first aircraft to land, and R.A.F. personnel who helped to lay metal landing-strips preparing their quarters (3) for the night. See accompanying story.

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Photos, British Official

I Was There!

sufficient to keep the place 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 1942 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 naval ratings and several natives, but fortunately the raids ceased as suddenly as they had begun.

For nearly three years the Cocos 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 put down in the lagoon on its way to or from Australia. From time to time some ship anchored off the group to land or take up some mysterious personage. In the early weeks of 1945 the number of mysterious personages visiting the Cocos increased, and so the islands were surveyed and all plans for the occupation by a larger body of troops made under a cloak of secrecy. 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-Crabs and Rats for Company

On April 3, 1945, the fifth day out of Colombo, my attention 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 Cocos 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. Shoals of sharks gathered around us made the prospect of an attack even less alluring.

UNTIL dusk a constant procession of barges plied between the ships and the shore. Wide-eyed natives gathered in their queer canoes. The presence of so many men must have filled them with bewilderment. However, even if there had been quislings among them—and I never heard of a Cocos islander being otherwise than loyal to the Empire—they had no means of getting messages away.

If the invasion was bloodless it was also comfortless. When I stepped out of the barge and went on to the island I wondered how the Cocos could ever be turned into an air base. There was hardly a tent space without some coconut tree, and the scrub was as thick as any Burmese jungle. Huge land-crabs scuttled about, and there was an abundance of rats.

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 biting insects. All night long one heard rats and crabs scuttling 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

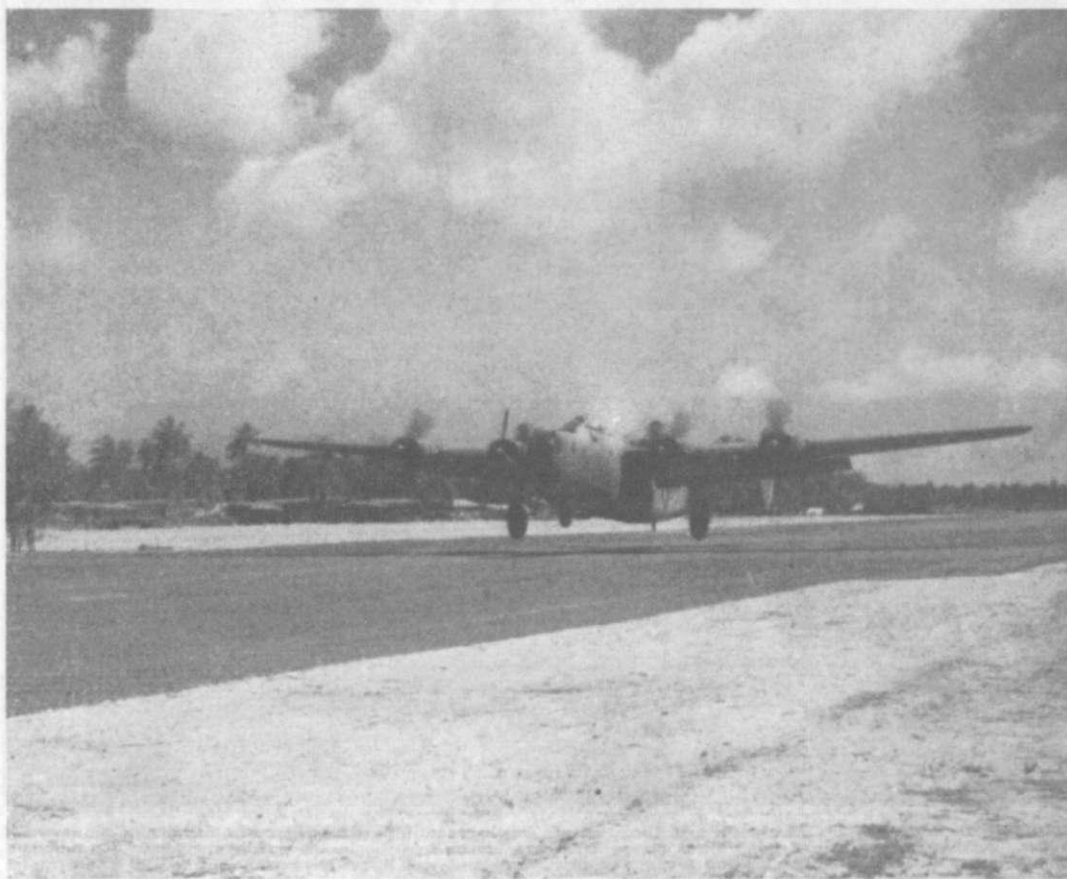
Next day and succeeding days offered no chance of making living conditions any more comfortable. Ever-present was the threat of a Japanese raid. Anti-aircraft pits were made and guns, manned by Indian gunners and the R.A.F. Regiment, were mounted at strategic positions. A radar station quickly came into 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 crashing through the undergrowth and coconut trees were toppling down like ninepins. When at length sufficient space had been cleared, a landing strip of powdered coral and metal plates was laid, and within ten days of the landing of our expedition, some of the first Spitfires were flying overhead. The fighter strip was but the prelude to greater things. More trees were felled and scrub cleared away until at last a strip long enough to take a bomb-loaded Liberator was ready. The Liberators came, and 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 capitulation was announced. The bombs 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.



Flight-Lieut.
S. MOORHOUSE



TOUCHING DOWN
on the metal landing-strip laid in the Cocos Islands, the bomb-loaded Liberator in this hitherto unpublished photograph landed with one engine "dead." From here air raids were carried out on Jap ships off Java and, after the Japanese capitulation, supplies were flown to Allied P.O.W.
Photo, British Official

I Was There!
My Escape Bid in German Uniform

From Stalag 383, during the summer of 1943, L/Sgt. H. V. Suggit, 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoons, together with Sgt. Beeson, R.A.O.C., made a well-planned and lively break. With somewhat grim humour is presented here the story (illustrated with the author's own vivid sketches) of incidents which caused it to become a circular tour.

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. Beeson, R.A.O.C., and myself nearer to freedom. Such was the lack of accommodation that we had had to squeeze 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 baggage.

Beeson had slithered 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. Scrutinizing these in the light of the first-class compartment, he plied us with questions. We answered that we were from Breslau and were going to Stuttgart, to work in an aircraft factory, and would live with friends who were going to meet us. And so on. He was not satisfied, however, and pulling out a gun frisked us for arms and marched us down the corridor to the police compartment. Thus ended the most hectic twenty-four hours of freedom I had in nearly five years of escape activities in Germany.

Complete With Campaign Ribbons

About a fortnight previously I had been approached by Sgt. Beeson to forge him some "papers" for a "break" he had planned to make with a pal, using home-made German uniforms as a means of exit from the camp. Although I had previously given up the idea of further attempts at escape I agreed to make him the necessary "papers"—two Unteroffiziers' Passes and two Civilian Identity Cards. The former were copied from originals 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, Beeson confided to me that his partner-to-be had changed his mind and asked me if I would care to go with him; to which proposition I readily agreed, forgetting my resolution.

To make the uniforms we obtained, through the Escape Committee, two Australian tunics and two pairs of battle-dress slacks which we altered and dyed green in the cookhouse with dyes procured from the camp theatre. Whilst they were drying on

the grass at the back of my companion's hut one of the camp Unteroffiziers came hanging around, so we took him in and entertained him to a cup of coffee!

From an old khaki shirt, and with the aid of a bit of cardboard and some wire, I made a peaked cap which I painted grey-green with water-colours. The peak was polished with boot polish, as was also the chin-strap, and silver paper-covered pieces of cardboard in the shape of badges at the front and buttons at the side completed the effect. Belts and holsters were made in the same way; a touch of Indian ink on the buckles supplied the "emblem" and "Gott mit uns." White paper wrapped around tin and coloured with red and black ink served as campaign ribbons. Our genuine tunic buttons were supplied by our friend the Alsatian.

We had fixed the date at August 26, 1943, when we got wind of an attempt at the wire timed for the previous day. We immediately advanced the date to the 25th and redoubled our efforts to be ready in time. It was necessary to try to get away before the other escapees made their effort, otherwise, of course, we would be confronted by greatly increased difficulty.

At last our uniforms were complete, and at about 7.45 p.m. we started dressing up. We donned the camp-made civvy suits and tied string around parts that were liable to bulge. On top of these we put our "uniforms," which were still damp from the dyeing. Our belts and holsters, lacking real buckles, had to be sewn on. Friends were keeping watch outside the hut in case of intruders, English or German. Our pockets were filled with chocolate, New Zealand iron rations, cleaning kit, and maps and money. Sandwiches we carefully packed away in the holsters.

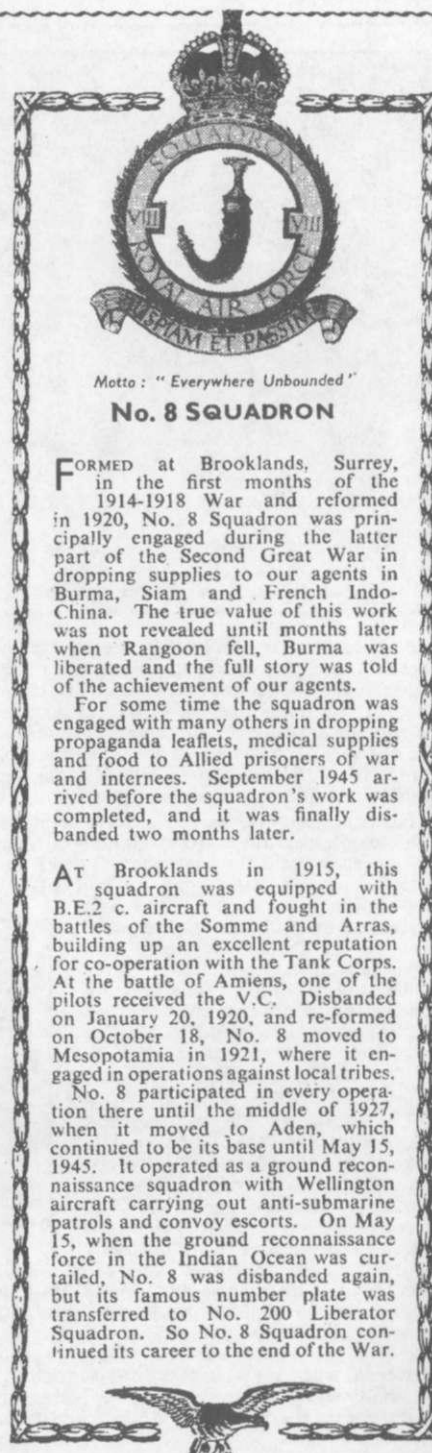
Searchlights Blazed On Our Road

We were just on the point of leaving when a friend I had "tipped off" appeared with his camera and snapped us. Immediately after this we left the hut and, taking advantage of the half-light—the time by now being about 9.30 p.m.—we walked leisurely towards the first gate, a distance of about 400 yards. To lend effect to our disguises, my companion called out "verdunkeln" (black-outs) once or twice.

At the first gate, so effective was our get-

up in the poor light that the guard, after inspecting our passes, let us through without any bother and we continued our walk past the cookhouse and the German Camp Office to the main gate—where were brilliant lights and sharp eyes of the perimeter guards. But we made it!

We were no sooner out of the main gate when the lights surrounding the camp were put out and searchlights immediately came into operation, covering the wire and the road up which we had to walk in the direction of the



Motto: "Everywhere Unbounded"

No. 8 SQUADRON

FORMED at Brooklands, Surrey, in the first months of the 1914-1918 War and reformed in 1920, No. 8 Squadron was principally engaged during the latter part of the Second Great War in dropping supplies to our agents in Burma, Siam and French Indo-China. The true value of this work was not revealed until months later when Rangoon fell, Burma was liberated and the full story was told of the achievement of our agents.

For some time the squadron was engaged with many others in dropping propaganda leaflets, medical supplies and food to Allied prisoners of war and internees. September 1945 arrived before the squadron's work was completed, and it was finally disbanded two months later.

AT Brooklands in 1915, this squadron was equipped with B.E.2 c. aircraft and fought in the battles of the Somme and Arras, building up an excellent reputation for co-operation with the Tank Corps. At the battle of Amiens, one of the pilots received the V.C. Disbanded on January 20, 1920, and re-formed on October 18, No. 8 moved to Mesopotamia in 1921, where it engaged in operations against local tribes.

No. 8 participated in every operation there until the middle of 1927, when it moved to Aden, which continued to be its base until May 15, 1945. It operated as a ground reconnaissance squadron with Wellington aircraft carrying out anti-submarine patrols and convoy escorts. On May 15, when the ground reconnaissance force in the Indian Ocean was curtailed, No. 8 was disbanded again, but its famous number plate was transferred to No. 200 Liberator Squadron. So No. 8 Squadron continued its career to the end of the War.

German barracks and guards' quarters. We carried on speaking to each other in German and gesticulating in the German manner. Passing these buildings, we saw the guards hurrying out, buckling on equipment as they ran to fall-in by the road. In spite of our own precarious position we could not help thinking of our friends who were at that moment making strenuous efforts to get out through the wire, and every shot we heard set us praying that it had not found its mark. (On our eventual return to the camp the Germans, thinking we had escaped in that way, showed us two bullet-ridden dummies which had been used in the attempt, the latter being unsuccessful although no one was either injured or caught.)

Another minute or so and we should have been caught at the gate by the Camp Security Section. But here we now were, free and on the main road from Hohenfels to Parsberg. Our camp, Stalag 383, was on high ground in



LOOKING THE PART In their home-made German uniforms, the author (left) and his companion, Sgt. Beeson, paused to be "snapped" by a friend before making their escape from Stalag 383. PAGE 285

I Was There!



very hilly country (Hohenfels 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 canteen 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 transferred the contents of our holsters to our pockets and destroyed the holsters, 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 rested 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 whilst on the station my companion spotted a Gestapo agent who had previously been thrown out of his hut 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 boarded the Nürnberg train after a short wait. 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

Parsberg all would be O.K., but here we were, one stop still short of Parsberg.

To explain how we came to have tickets from a station we had not yet reached was the problem, but somehow my companion managed it. (He never really knew how.) At Parsberg the conductress checked up on our tickets at the booking office and then left us alone. We arrived in Nürnberg at 9 a.m. and Beeson went to buy tickets for Crailsheim whilst I dodged about the station trying to look inconspicuous. When he

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 or 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!

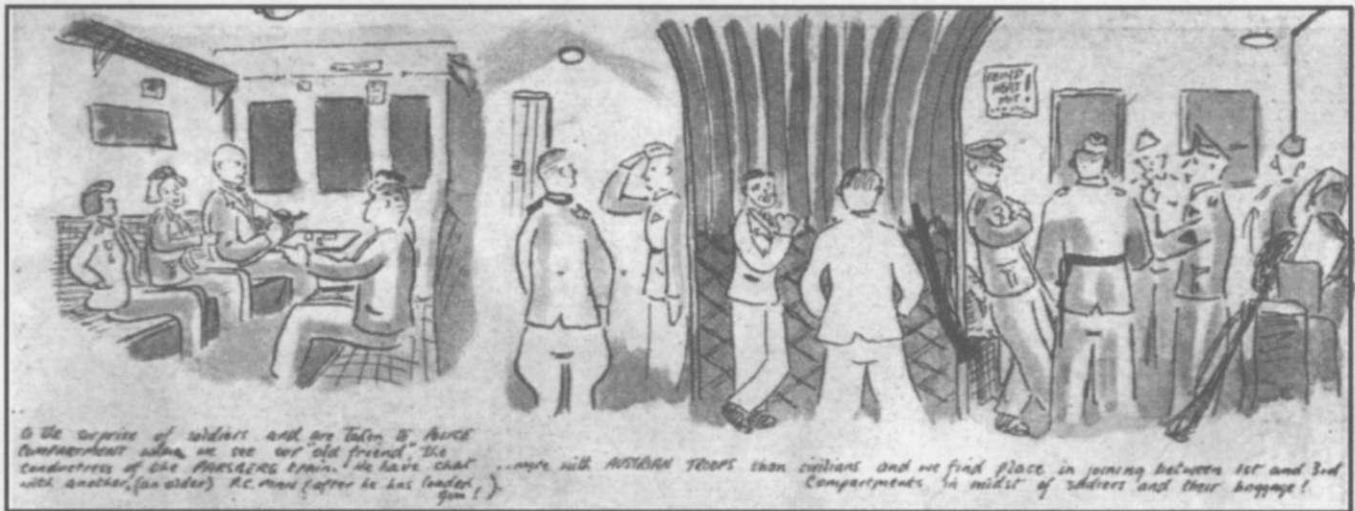
We boarded our train, and because of the congestion and to keep away from prying eyes we rode on the veranda. All went well for about half an hour, when the train pulled into a little country station called Heilsbronn. A look at our tickets showed us that this was the place we had booked for; but something was wrong, for the town we wanted was near Stuttgart and several hours' journey from Nürnberg! There was nothing we could do but get off. Surrendering our tickets, we inquired of the collector the time of the next train for Stuttgart. "You've just got off it," was his reply, to which we



returned with the tickets did we go hot and cold! They were the wrong ones! The similarity of some of the place names and my companion's accent were to blame, I suppose. Reference to the wall time-tables and maps decided us to change our plans and go via Heilsbronn, to 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.



I Was There!



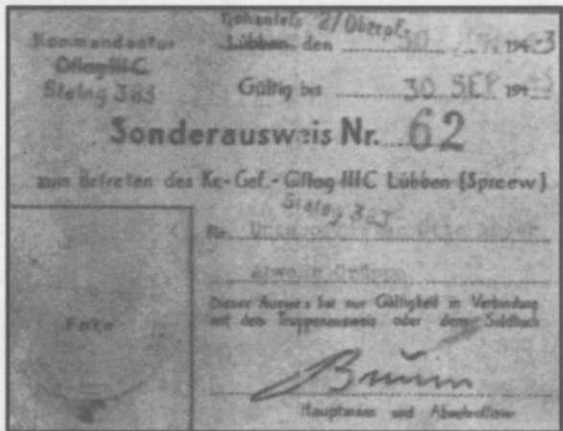
said, "We've made a mistake. Will you give us tickets for Stuttgart?" There wasn't time, however, as the train was just about to leave, and so, not risking further trouble, we made ourselves scarce. Making our way along roads and cart-tracks close to the line, we arrived at Wicklesgreuth, in a hot and grimy state, after two hours' walk in the sun. At the rear of the station we found a pump and put it to good use,

tickets. At Nordlingen she took us to the station-master, who delayed the train while we were questioned. We were Belgian volunteer workers and quite unused to German railways, we explained. In due course we were issued with tickets for the return journey to Dombühl, 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 (ours were made out for only one person, which we didn't know until the fact was pointed out to us!) 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 "wheeled 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 gaol, and after being searched, questioned and finger-printed, 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 to them like the rest of the prisoners, we were transferred to a prisoner of war camp at Ludwigsburg.

There, at Stalag VA, we were in very mixed company, mostly Dutch Marines. On 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 Zealander escapee from Lamsdorf, Stalag VIII B. A few days later we were back in Stalag 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 200 others, when Jerry cleared the camps that were in the line of the Allied Armies.



ONE OF THE PASSES (left) identical to those used by the camp staff, forged by the author of this story.

after which we entered the station and studied the wall-maps. Our error was explained by the discovery that there were two places called Heilbronn and Heilsbronn, with only the letter "s" to mark the difference between them. The former was a town near Stuttgart, while Heilsbronn was a village 20 or 30 kilometres from Nürnberg.

FINDING there was a train to Stuttgart due at 4.30 we bought tickets, which were of the hand-written type, and went for a drink in the little café. It was empty except for a couple of girl attendants, so we settled down to read the papers we had bought in Nürnberg and listen to the wireless. My companion amused me with his remarks of "schön" (nice) to the Italian singer who was doing his best for the Fuehrer and Duce over the radio. The entrance of a couple of railway policemen induced us to hurry out, 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 Dombühl we had to get off, as this 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 Nordlingen and, naturally, the conductress was puzzled with our excuses for having no

NEW FACTS AND FIGURES

THE bill for the Victory celebrations of June 8, 1946, which was presented to Parliament on June 28, amounted to £289,000. The saluting base and various works in the Royal parks and on the route of the parade cost £70,000; decorations and floodlighting, £50,000; river and fireworks displays, £27,000; children's entertainments, including transport costs, £18,000.

TRANSPORT and accommodation of home and overseas civilian contingents to the Victory celebrations cost £22,000; hospitality and entertainment of official guests and Dominion, Colonial, Indian and Allied contingents, £80,000; miscellaneous expenses amounted to £22,000. A sum of £6,500 was recovered from the sale of official programmes and from other sources.

RADAR, according to evidence given by Admiral Dönitz at Nuremberg, was, next to the atom bomb, the most decisive weapon of the war. It was radar which brought about the collapse of U-boat warfare. U-boats had to stay under water, as the aircraft with radar could see them so many miles off; there were even difficulties about surfacing for the purpose of re-charging batteries. It takes at least 60 seconds for a submarine crew to descend through the conning-tower; in that 60 seconds a plane could swoop in from about 20,000 feet to attack.

IN Poland war has left one million orphans, 800,000 invalids, one million people affected in health by incarceration in German concentration camps, and about four million unemployed. These figures were announced in July 1946 by M. Jan Stanczyk, Polish Minister of Labour and Public Assistance.

FROM August 1, 1946, cruiser squadrons and destroyer flotillas of the Royal Navy are reverting as nearly as possible to their pre-war numbering. This is being done in order to preserve the long-standing associations which individual squadrons and flotillas have formed with local British communities in various parts of the world, and also because the large majority of Fleet trophies and mementoes are inscribed with these numbers.

THUS, in the Home Fleet, 10th cruiser squadron becomes 2nd cruiser squadron; 2nd destroyer flotilla becomes 4th destroyer flotilla; 17th destroyer flotilla becomes 5th. In the Mediterranean Fleet, 15th cruiser squadron becomes 1st cruiser squadron; 14th destroyer flotilla becomes 1st destroyer flotilla. In the East Indies Fleet, 5th cruiser squadron becomes 4th cruiser squadron. In the British Pacific Fleet 2nd and 4th cruiser squadrons become 5th cruiser squadron. On the South Atlantic Station cruisers become 6th cruiser squadron; on the America and West Indies Station cruisers become 8th cruiser squadron.

Red Caps in Venice Patrol the Grand Canal



POLICING THE WATERWAYS of Venice constitutes a novelty not to be found elsewhere by the British Military Policeman, whose duties are so often carried out on foot. In this Italian Adriatic city of some 150 waterways, patrols of one officer and four or five men proceed in motor launches, one of which is seen on the Grand Canal. Two major tasks of these Red Caps are maintenance of the many warning signs and the control of military and civilian craft. See also illus. pages 272-273.

Photo, Keystone

Printed in England and published every alternate Friday by the Proprietors, THE AMALGAMATED PRESS, LTD., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.
 Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.—August 16, 1946. S.S. Editorial Address: JOHN CARPENTER HOUSE, WHITEFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.4.