AS LORD WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTE, MR. CHURCHILL was formally installed in office at Dover, on August 16, 1940. We pay special homage to the honour of this page—which has endured for nearly 1,000 years and of which he is the 38th holder. In September 1941, Dr. Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury, alluded to Mr. Churchill as “one who in the years of our greatest peril and need kept watch and ward over England, over the Empire, and over freedom.” See also this, page 258.
Our Roving Camera Greets Battle-Famed Iron Duke

H.M.S. IRON DUKE, 16-pounder British battleship, built at the William Denny & Brothers Yard on the Forth of Clyde, Scotland, on August 17, 1944, is shown here in her former glory as the famous flagship of Admiral John J.istos, a son of the ship's namesake. The Iron Duke was later used for training purposes and was bombarded in an air raid on Sweden. (US Navy Photo 10d 45-8964)

GERMAN POLICE on duty at the entrance to an Arbeitsamt. Harm, concentration camp on the outskirts of Berlin. All the German P.O.W. Theresienstadt prisoners of war, they speak English fluently. The men are dressed in brown Wehrmacht caps. The women are in brown and gray uniforms, each wearing a number and entering the camp.

PLASTIC COINS in denominations of one penny and a halfpenny are now being issued by the German War Office to keep the ordinary currency of low denominations in circulation. They are being made in a variety of colors and are not accepted by the Royal Mint, but by a German firm in Berlin. The coins are produced by a semi-dry-process plastic material, hardened, and then placed in a holder. Each coin is stamped "Emergency." (US Navy Photo 10d 45-8965)

MAGNETIC MINE, the first to be laid by the Germans in our home waters, was submerged in a mathematics of a British submarine off the coast of Cornwall, England, thirteen days ago. It is seen here after being recovered by the Royal Navy. The mine was exploded by the submarine off the coast of Cornwall, England, thirteen days ago. It is seen here after being recovered by the Royal Navy. The mine was exploded by the submarine off the coast of Cornwall, England, thirteen days ago. It is seen here after being recovered by the Royal Navy. The mine was exploded by the submarine off the coast of Cornwall, England, thirteen days ago. It is seen here after being recovered by the Royal Navy. The mine was exploded by the submarine off the coast of Cornwall, England, thirteen days ago. It is seen here after being recovered by the Royal Navy. The mine was exploded by the submarine off the coast of Cornwall, England, thirteen days ago. It is seen here after being recovered by the Royal Navy. 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Roosevelt, grandfather of the Iron Duke, anchored in the River Thames and then steamed for the Mediterranean. The 4,000-ton ship formed part of the 50th U.S. Navy Air Armada off England. Rear Admiral Frank B. Kellogg, Commander-in-Chief U.S. Naval Forces in Europe.
The Airborne Crossing of the Rhine

By L. MARSLAND GANDEY

who, as The Daily Telegraph War Correspondent, on March 24, 1945, glided across the Rhine with the 6th (British) Airborne Division.

M. B. Ridgway, commanding 18th U.S. Corps (Airborne), was mainly a "bonnet" to the land attack.

Applying the hard-earned lessons of Arnhem, it was intended that our landing, north of Wood, should be separated from the start by the medium artillery of 21st Army Group. This meant that we should drop only a mile or two ahead of the land forces, which should be able to make a junction in a matter of hours, instead of days or weeks. If all went well, overnight a Commando brigade would have stormed into Wood in the van of XXX Corps which was to cross the Rhine on a wide front. Then, with any kind of luck, we should be linking up with 15th Scottish Division shortly after landing.

Great Stories of the War Told

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**The Airborne Crossing of the Rhine**

The men of the 6th Airborne, many of them heroes of D-Day drops, spent their time in preparation and operational readiness. On these social occasions they liked to roost over their swabbing, blood-freezing chores. One which ran to the taste of John Brown’s Body had its theme:

"Glory, glory, what a helter-skelter way to die
Cause we ain’t going to live no more!"

Another, sung to Red River Valley, concluded with:

"So come stand by your glasses so ready
Here’s a toast to the men of the sky.
Let us drink to the men dead already,
And here’s to the next man to die!"

Despite this fatalism the air-troopers were in fine fettle, and if they had any fears they concealed this behind a nonchalant, good-humoured, bantering manner.

We were each served out with equipment which seemed to anticipate every possible form of variant or lingering death. First, a Mae West (lifejacket) in case we fell in the sea. Then a little red light (with battery) to signal against the dark. Falling in at night, and a petrol and oxygen set, two hours supply. And if we should fall in daylight, we were given emergency rations and sheet-drawings, deodorised helmets, vests like fishing nets, and camouflage jackets. The one thing we were not given was parachutes, for the theory was that in gliders neither did they land, nor you did not land at all. We correspondents, of whom there were six with the 6th Airborne, took an increasingly distant interest in them all.

One morning General Bols, slim, fair, debonair, supernaturally confident, unfolded his plans to us. We hardly knew whether to be frightened or disparaged what he said. That, after all, the operation—known by the code-name of Varsity—was one off, if the weather did not suit. Sure enough, it was in the Rhine could only cross the Rhine.

The air-born show, comprising ourselves and the 17th U.S. Division, under Major-General before we arrived. The only omission on the enemy’s part was that, probably through lack of time, he had not sited the fields with anti-glider poles and wires or put down minefields in the likely dropping zones.

**Greeted With a Torrent of Fire**

I was invited to study an ariel photo of the field, on the fringes of Dattenforter Wald, where my particular glider was supposed to land. Noticing some white marks in the ditch I asked, interrogatingly, what they were supposed to be. "Oh, don’t worry about that," said my cheerful captain, "those are German machine guns, but the R.A.F. will take care of them." Even if I am the least to disapprove the R.A.F. I am bound to say on this occasion all the enemy opposition at Mushroom Farm was unimportant. Somewhere the flak batteries played the scowling Typhoons, and when on the morning of March 24 our air units arrived it was greeted with such a torrent of fire that only 88 of 416 gliders landed undamaged. But I am racing somewhat ahead of my story.
Passed over the field of Weichsel. Then, as 10.30, fifteen minutes before we were due to land, I saw a wonderful, exhilarating spectacle—the stream of American tugs, with gliders towed two by two, entering the sky while Allied troops below (whom we could not see) waved their hats, shrilled with awe and pride. It was the crowning achievement of the war, the aerial transport fleet of two nations stretching 75 miles from van to tail.

**Foggy World Peopled by Spectres**

I expected to see the Rhine, but training over the pilot’s shoulder I discerned instead a drifting black cloud of smoke obscuring everything beneath. The pilot shouted back: “Casting off. Strap yourselves in!” Then for a few hectic minutes we were banking, twisting and plunging, the “unrefined” flak burning all around. Mercifully hidden was the sight of Wellington tugs and gliders diving in flames and rocketing to earth.

Then, with a bump we hit the earth. Our landing flaps did not work, and the shock broke off our tail. We prayed that these German machine-guns had been “dealt with,” little knowing that on this field where gliders were crashing, gambolling and bursting into flames, some gallant U.S. paratroopers of 513 Parachute Regiment, dropped by parachute, were already beginning to do our job of clearing-up and capturing Kippenhof Farm as Divisional Headquarters. Most of the gliders, but in the unexpected flak—apparently caused by our smoke-screen and gunfire—landed far from their intended place or we must have been hit. The head of the right spot, and the only casualties were two or three men in the tail with broken bones.

**Great Stories of the War Retold**

No individual was much of a modern battle, least of all the kind of diffused affair of small parties that follows an air drop. I saw men running about with Tommy-guns and heard a few bullets whizzing over. Then, flat on my belly, I saw dozens of submissive prisoners lining the dented hedge, hands above their heads. Frankly, in this dangerous, foggy world, peopled by wild spectres, I had no idea what way to turn for safety. Not, guided by the Colonel, I at last found my cautious way to the farm.

Contrary to the reports published at the time there was no effective link-up between 6th Airborne and the 15th Scottish for at least 24 hours, during which time the situation was extremely mixed and hazardous. Snipers were busy all round us in the Diersdorf Wald; a German company almost stumbled into our headquarters by mistake during the night and I was rushed into a trench, unarmed non-combatant though I was, to help repel them. General Ridgeway himself, who visited our headquarters during the night on his way back to his command post, drove into a party of Germans moving east. In the mid, confuseduddle which ensued he was slightly wounded in the shoulder, but he shot one German dead.

The most heroic exploit of that memorable day was accomplished by 6th Air Landing Brigade, whose headlong assault on the four bridges and the key village of Hamiskeldi was a modern Balaklava. While their comrades of the 3rd and 5th Parachute Brigades, rallied by hunting horns, were clearing the flanks, and in some cases dropping among the German batteries and receiving terrific and substantial, the 6th Air Landing Brigade made good its objectives but at the expense of heavy losses.

**Glider Carrying Crew of Main Parties of the Royal Ulster Rifles and the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry landed near enough to their objective to secure them within an hour. But a number of gliders carrying the Oxfordshire and Bucks men were set in flames by light flak, the funeral pyres burning throughout the action. That night we had a message that a German counter-attack had been launched against the 6th Air Landing Brigade, headed by a Tiger tank which was “beating-up” gliders on the ground. The counter-attack, though it necessitated blowing up one of the captured bridges, petted out. In 24 hours the link-up with 15th Scottish was firm and the 3rd Devil had begun to swing towards Bodehuth.

**German Flak Exacted High Price**

Battle casualties in the 6th Airborne Division on that first day totaled 148 officers and 1,300 men killed, wounded, and missing out of a divisional strength of 5,000, and although some of the missing have since turned up, it was a high price. The Germans, admittedly, were not fighting with the discipline and fanatical resolution of 1940-41. Nevertheless they urged terrible execrations with their flak, and in places resisted with the courage of despair.

As Montgomery’s armour flooded through the hole torn in Germany’s last defences, on the victory ride, the British public tended to forget the part played by our airborne boys. A picture comes to my mind of a figure lying dead, his half-unrestr; parachute lying beside him where he fell. His body was complete, apparently unbruised, yet every bone must have been broken; the red on the hard earth was an exact impression, two inches deep, of a human form.
Demonstration Drop from Latest Air Transport

DEVELOPMENT IN TROOP-CARRYING AIR CRAFT—Designed originally for military purposes, the Fieschi G-82, powered by a pair of 900-hp engines, is now being developed as a cargo carrier on U.S. commercial routes. Three parachute packers are dropped from the Fieschi. A typical drop is shown on page 323.
Paris Peace Delegates Take Their Brief Ease

AT THE OPERA HOUSE, PARIS, on August 1, 1919, for a special performance of "La Bohème," M. Dantzig, U.S.A., (left), and M. G. James Rowell, U.S.A., also seated on their side of the stage, with Mr. George Bush (U.S.A.) and his wife (right), Mr. Georges Frégilier (France), Mr. M. J. Olympio (Italy), Mr. Maurice Darquier (France), and Mr. A. V. Alexander, Britain.

At M. Ribot's reception for the Peace delegates, Maj.-Gen. Franchet d'Esperey, France (right), Maj.-Gen. J. J. Foch, France (left), President Wilson, U.S.A. (left), Mr. James Rowell, U.S.A. (right), M. Dantzig, U.S.A. (left), and Mr. Alexander, Britain (right), with Mr. and Mrs. Alexander (center), in conversation. Mrs. Wilson (center, left), Mrs. Col. D. W. H. McIlvaine, U.S.A. (right), and Mrs. D. W. H. McIlvaine (left), respectively. PAGE 356.
Ex-Enemy Countries Present Peace Treaty Pleas

VOICING THEIR OBJECTIONS to the draft Peace Treaties, delegates of the ex-enemy countries—Italy, Romania, Hungary, Bulgaria, and Finland—presented their views at the Peace Conference in Paris. Premier Ministro of Italy, on Aug. 14, 1943, condemned the proposed fortified French Line dividing Italy and the new Free Territory of Veneto Guinea as a "line of political absurdity," and warned that "a partition of the city of Turin may well lead to at international conflict." Urging the Conference "not to fall into an im- proviso mindset," he advised that the Trieste election be postponed. Having to meet all reparations claims against Germany, he said, Italy was not in a position to pay Allied Occupations expenses after October 1943, when the issue would come to an Allied co-inhabiting together with Italy's own reparations payments. "In their full and crude meaning," he would be "beyond her capacity to fulfill." M. Takacs (Romania speaking on Aug. 14) considered the economic questions to be of utmost importance, and warned that the Czecho-Slovakia would press Hungary to meet the obligations and avoid complete economic collapse.

On the same day M. Kulischer (Bul- garia) expressed the views of his government in favor of the Czecho-Slovakia plan to integrate Bulgaria into the Magyar State; this was opposed by M. Tukj, Prime Ministro, Transylvania. He also stated that the economic clauses of the treaty would worsen the precarious state of Bulgaria's finances, and concluded by asking support for his request to enter the United Nations. M. Karl Ecker on Aug. 15, 1943, voiced Finland's opinion, asking for alleviations of the territorial concessions and the economic clauses in the treaty.
Hell-Fire Corner Acclaims Winston Churchill

VISITING BRITAIN'S OLDEST SEAPORT on August 14, 1941, for official ceremonies attending his installation as Lord Warden and Admiral of the Cinque Ports, Mr. Churchill drove through Dover's streets (top) in a special Transparent in the grounds of St. Martin's Priory (Inner Court), where he addressed (bottom) the meeting of the Grand Jury of Dover—Mayors and officials of the Cinque Ports (Manteo, Edmunds, Simon, New Romney and Hythe) and other towns. See also Illus. page 321.
Honouring Canadians Who Fell at Pourville

MEMORIES OF THE ALLIED RAID ON DIEPPE in 1942 were stirred afresh when on its fourth anniversary, August 19, 1946, Mr. Mackenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada, unveiled a memorial to the men of Canada's 1st Division who were killed in Pourville during those operations (see August 19, 1942, Vol. 1). In a three-day pilgrimage Mr. MacKenzie King visited neighbouring areas associated with the raid, and viewed the graves of Canadians in Dieppe cemetery, and entered the Freedom of the town.
HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS

H.M.S. Moonstone

though crawlers are a class of naval vessel which seldom becomes prominent, owing to so many of them being assigned to unimportant duties, the Moonstone was distinctly remarkable in its career.

An Italian submarine of 500 tons, with a surface speed of 18 knots, the Gallino Galilei (named after the astronomer), was operating in the Red Sea when Italy entered the war. On her first cruise after hostilities began she was sighted by a British destroyer, which shadowed her at a safe distance, and the cruiser H.M.S. Moonstone, which was in the vicinity, was signalled to come up. The Moonstone, a gunboat of 3,000 tons, carried guns of high velocity and a speed of 28 knots. When the cruiser arrived on the scene the submarine was forced to break surface at frequent intervals. On one of these occasions she was spotted by aircraft, and the Moonstone, as a corvetteship, was ordered to close. The Moonstone fired a salvo of torpedoes and hit the submarine. Her captain killed, the Gallino Galilei surrendered, and was brought prudently into Aden with the White Ensign flying over the Italian colours. This was the first enemy submarine captured.

Not only was the submarine a bigger and faster ship, but she mounted two modern 3-inch guns against the cruiser's single 5.5 inch. Mr. Frouge was awarded the D.S.O. and ordered to take a course to qualify for commissioned rank. The Moonstone is here seen in Aden harbour. In May 1940 the Moonstone took part in the operations around Crete.
The Royal Signals

By Col. T. B. GRAVELEY, O.B.E.

During the period 1939–1945 there was no spot on the Earth’s surface containing more than 10,000 Royal Signals, from Paris to the British colonies, from India to the African Signals, and from Egypt to the United States. The Corps was formed in 1939 from the Royal Engineers’ Signal Service, and its very appropriate motto is “Swift and Sure.”

Unfortunately, military wireless sets are subject to the same troubles as civilian ones. Communication is liable to be lost through atmospherics or fading, the latter being particularly bad at night in certain parts of the world. This is also the big problem of battery charging, which often presents considerable difficulties, particularly in forward areas.

A noteworthy example of the risk of fading occurred in the Western Desert in February 1942, when 24th Armoured Corps suddenly lost all communications with one of its divisions. The reason was “night fading,” and although the division was only 30 miles away, nothing could be done. Luckily, the signals travelled 1,300 miles to Whitchurch, where they were picked up and relayed back on another frequency, thereby saving what might have been a critical situation.

Cables Often Cut by Shell Fire

In spite of all technical improvements the greatest drawback to wireless as a means of communication—its lack of secrecy—never fully overcome, and it was often necessary for troops to move in “wireless silence.”

A unique instance of this was at El Alamein, where it was of the utmost importance that the movements of our armour should not be prematurely disclosed to the enemy. At the same time, it was necessary to co-ordinate the movements of the armoured striking force to concentration areas beyond the enemy front lines. This was achieved by Royal Signals detachments moving forward with the Royal Engineers, whose job was to lay cables in the front lines; the detachments laid cable as they went, and manned the telephones on the ends.

One detachment, in its jeep, went clean over an uncharted minefield and was only stopped by coming up against a tank, which was hastily engaged in fighting a battle. At that stage, the officer in charge of the party thought it better to drop the end of the cable and wait for Brigade Headquarters to come up. The cable subsequently proved to be of the utmost value. The cables through the gaps in the minefield were repeatedly cut by shell fire and picked up by the tracks of advancing tanks, but as often as they were cut they were repaired—it was dangerous and costly work, nevertheless the wireless went on regardless.

Royal Signals are responsible for security, and for the composition and issue of codes and ciphers, also for operating the ciphers at the headquarters where they were used. “Policing” the air, in order to detect and correct breaches of security, was a never-ending task. Special units were employed on this, and others on gathering all possible information from camps on the part of the enemy. The distribution of ciphers was responsible for some amusing moments, as when...
Records of the Regiments: 1939-1945

51st (Highland) Division

Contribution of Territorial battalions to the Highland Regiments, the 51st Division retained the badge worn by its predecessors in the First World War. It joined the R.E.F. in France in 1940, and in June of that year two battalions, 1/6th Black Watch at Calais, fought through Belgium, and 1/6th Gordon Highlanders at Dunkirk. Re-formed in the U.K., the Division was sent to the Middle East in 1942, where it built up a great reputation in desert warfare from Alamein to Tunisia. Commonwealth battalions of the Division were through Cyrenaica, Tripolitania and to Tunis, where the screening of the Wadi Akarit, on April 6, 1943, was one of the finest achievements of the War. After taking part in the invasion of Sicily in July, and Italy in September, the Division landed in England for the invasion of France.

Landing in Normandy with 31 Arm Group, on June 6, 1944, the Division gained all its objectives in Operation Tidal, the Allied breakthrough west of Caen, on June 7. The Division then crossed the Orne, and after bitter hand-to-hand fighting, the strong point was captured at Blaye on the same work, and the 51st advanced to capture St Vaast-Caux, September 2 (see also page 24).

When the 49th Division it attacked Le Havre, on September 18. By October 21 the shadow of invasion had passed over St. Michel, Courcy, Baube and Heric.

As the German forces retreated, the 51st Division entered the Rhine area the 51st, under command of Major General Lord Netley, moved forward to help plug the enemy's Allied offensive in January 1945. In February the Division continued to clear enemy troops in the Rechwald Forest, and a fierce engagement was fought at Güns, opened on Feb 13. The Division reached the Rhine on March 19, and the advance continued to Fross, where lines were again high. A hard battle ensued at Gardsweiler, April 12-13. Crossing the Weser, south of Bremen, the 51st fought towards Cuxhaven, where a battle was fought against the German forces on May 5.

Reconditioning demolishes routes was a big task on all fronts, and it was a great day when they were found to be in good enough condition to be workable. After the landing at Salerno, in September 1943, it was found that the lines to Naples were still intact. After putting in some twelve days repair work on a dismantled wheelchair it was possible to test a 10 mile stretch of the line, and the Italian admiral, commanding the port and asked for the latest information regarding the German troops. The admiral gave information every four hours for the next three days, but he then became suspicious.

In common with the other methods communications by line has its limitations, chief among which are the fact that once lines are constructed the head offices they serve must remain somewhere after them, and there is

Laying cable in the U.S. Army in Italy whilst the Germans were in action was accomplished by the Royal Signals as part of their recognised duties. During our military operations we used to say, "Tell me where you are, and where your enemy is, and I will_Build the line somewere, presented within the shortest possible time."
Royal Signals' Devices in the Western Desert

In a camouflaged catacomb (1) used as a Signals post in North Africa in May 1941, signalmen ascended narrow adits, and reached their masts at the end of a rope. Dispatching messages by carrier pigeons was standard (2) when other systems were unsuitable. Speeding wires were pulled by hand down a shaft (3), then winched up to the adit. Telephone cables had sometimes to be buried in hard clay, and led by the end of a tractor-driven auger (4), blue electrical pipes being laid. Dirt and rubble were pushed into the adit and trench.
Records of the Regiments: 1939–1945

WITH THE PORTABLE WIRELESS SET this officer was engaged with the Royal Artillery forces at Arnhem in September 1944. Although at the beginning of the war as a secondary means of communication wireless was used largely for military purposes, it has since developed into an ever greater part in the British Army's campaign.

Special Units for R.A.F. and R.N.

Visual signalling, or "flag waving" as it is popularly called, is now seldom employed except in unusual circumstances, or in special operations, such as a beach landing. Lamp signalling is sometimes used in forward areas or for communicating with aircraft. Pigeons, which are one of the oldest means of communication and have been used for centuries, are used in certain cases, particularly in the occupation of the island of Britain, with airborne troops, and in the Far East. The great merit of pigeons is that they can traverse short distances over ground which may be impassable to any form of transport at a speed which is rather better than that of a dispatch rider travelling on good roads. Their chief drawback is their inability to fly with any certainty at night, and the difficulty of obtaining two-way communication.

Each formation, and certain units in the Royal Armoured Corps and Royal Artillery, have their own Signal unit specially designed to meet their particular needs. To satisfy the requirements of the Royal Air Force special units called Air Formation Signals, each one of which is able to provide line communication for about 15 squadrons. The problem of providing communications on the lines of communication and in base areas, not to mention the links from the head- quarters of each theatre back to the War Office, and the requirements of the Royal Navy called for a number of special units, operating elaborate equipment over long distances.

considerable risk of damage to the routes. Lines suffer more damage from our own vehicles than from enemy action. One enter prisimg officer serving in Italy took the trouble to analyse the cause of failures in his area and found that only 16 per cent were due to enemy action alone.

The motor-cycle dispatch rider who has for so long been a feature of the Army communication system is still a most important link, particularly for carrying such things as marked maps and documents the transmission of which by other means would be both difficult and slow. But he is liable to become a casualty, either by enemy action or by mechanical breakdown, and there is, therefore, uncertainty as to whether he has delivered his package or not, when he is in, then, his period of arrival and departure cannot be reported by telegram or telephone. The motor-cycle has often been replaced by a jeep, light aeroplane or motor-boat.

Long-range wireless links, some of them capable of high-speeded work, had to be main tained between the War Office and the Headquarters of all overseas commands. Many of these links carried all types of continuous telegrams in addition to official traffic. A big problem was provided by communications across the English Channel, particularly as the Army was responsible for meeting a great many of the needs of the Royal Navy and Royal Air Force. During the period before the Tactical Air Force crossed over, instant communication had to be available for passing calls for air support.

The original submarine cables which had linked England with France and Belgium had been cut in 1940, and it was decided that it would be quicker to lay new ones to meet immediate requirements. As laying cables would take time, all traffic would have to be handled by wireless during the early stages of the Normandy invasion. The wireless problem was dealt with in two sections: 1. Rear links required by the Royal Navy, Army, and Royal Air Force, and 2. the links of lower power from submarine stations.

A total of 67 transmitters was allotted to cover the needs of all three Services, these being distributed in huts at three sites along the South Coast. For working in the assault beaches smaller and more mobile sets were used, which for security reasons could not be in position until the night before the land ing took place. Five mobile sets were landed on the beaches, and four came into action. The first submarine cable was laid on D-Day + 5, but ended in an unplanned and mishandled. It was not through until D + 16. A second cable was laid on D + 16, but the ship was damaged, and the end of the cable was dropped ten miles from the Far East. It was laid down again, but the ship was sunk, and the ship with the new cable was also sunk. The ships with the next two telegraphers circuits were working, using both cables, but a north-easterly gale sprang up and both cables were damaged by drifting vessels a few miles off the French shore. Despite this, a cable ship put out and repaired one cable on D + 17, but repairs to both were not completed until D + 22. In all, ten Channel cables were laid and seven repaired.

Signals Became Motor-Minded

At this stage the longest technical invention, the Wireless Set No.10, came into its own. This apparatus was originally designed for bridging a gap in a telephone route, and was capable of providing eight telephone channels working simultaneously. Some of these sets were used to supply extra links across the Channel, and subsequently to keep Field Marshal Montgomery's Tactical Headquarters in touch with the base and the War Office, during rapid moves when there was no time to lay new telephone lines. B.B.C. broadcasts issued by so many important stations via the trans-Atlantic circuits provided by the Royal Signals.

The problems of different theatres, particularly those of the Far East, called for new appliances and the introduction of new techniques and change in basic training. The main points of interest were the installation of a new type of equipment, which was sometimes armoured, had become highly developed, and the Royal Signals had become motor-minded.

In the Far East wheeled traffic was often limited to the jeep, and man or pack animal became the principal means of transport in forward areas. This meant that equipment had to be redesigned for pack transport and that officers and men had to learn how to load and handle pack animals and look after them. One of the biggest factors in the Far East was air transport. All equipment had to be redesigned, if necessary, to make it "air-portable" and units had to be ready to operate from air columns. Many of the Air Columns and airfields were supplied by air, the cable being made up in specially designed containers.

In the words of Field-Marshal Montgomery, "Much of Signals work was of the spectacular, slogging variety which the provision of a vast network of communications involves. The constant air signals on the Far East were the most typical of a forward job as possible, to provide reliable jumping-off places for communications in the battle area. Although the Field-Marshal was referring to operations in North-Western Europe, the same holds true of all theatres of war. Signals' part in every operation was issued of the build-up before the battle, using every means of communication available, immense activity to maintain essential links during the actual operation, and another build-up during the period of reorganisation, so as to make sure that no failure of communications should delay the prompt arrival of reinforcements and supplies. Other troops might rest after their labours, but the work of Royal Signals went on continuously."
Where Eisenhower Watched On D-Day

In the Naval Room in H.M.S. Royal, at Southwick Park, Fareham, Hants, hangs a wall-map of transatlantic movements. On it, as the main tactical "plot," were shown all Naval movements before, during and after the launching of the assault on the Normandy beaches—and progress of events on D-Day, thus shown, were watched by the Supreme Commander, General Dwight D. Eisenhower. The unrolling of the map (above) in its original position, and a commemorative plaque, on August 7, 1946, was accompanied by a thanksgiving ceremony for the success of those gigantic operations which commenced on June 6, 1944, and led to the liberation of Europe from German domination.

**Amazing Demonstration of Disruptive Genius**

The first post-war atomic bomb was dropped (1) from an aircraft on June 30, 1946 (B.S.T.), over Bikini atoll lagoon (see pages 23/23). The following month the same weapon was violently expelled from below, for the benefit of observers of the U.S. Navy. For this second test, on July 24 (B.S.T.), a bomb suspended, at an unbroken depth, from a landing craft was detonated, in the middle of a target fleet, by radio impulses from a distance of 11 miles.

**World's First Underwater Atomic Bomb Explosion**

When the sea burst open (2), thousands of tons of water rushed up to 2,000 feet (3), a moment later (4) extending to 3,000 feet and coming to rest 4,000 feet above the blast. Dense smoke rose to 5,000 feet and, suffering varying degrees of damage, target ships which still remained afloat floated in the tumultuous waters disclosed for miles around by the disintegration of the lagoon's coral bed. The shoreline of Bikini atoll is seen in the foreground.
**Dunkirk Port Reopened to Navigation at Last**

First ship to enter Europe's most historic port since June 1940—when Dunkirk was a last point of resistance for British troops, and for the German five years later—the 3,000-ton Swedish coaster Jupiter (top), derailed with bunting from stern to stern, was towed by tug past war-torn wharves and ruined quays. Bombed frequently by Allied aircraft, the reopening to sea-traffic on August 7, 1946, followed the completion of lock repairs and an all-clear announcement regarding mines.
MORT people can recall the spate of criticism, even abuse, of the conduct of the British army and administration in Malaya when in 1942 public opinion was whipped up by the battle of the Malayan Peninsula. Cooler reflection shows that this criticism was of trifling importance to our soldiers, civilians and officials. The truth is that they played their part in difficult circumstances, victory was theirs if they had been properly supported. In the meantime, the peoples of Malaya have been charged with universal treachery, and the corollary has been drawn that we had failed to gain their loyalty and goodwill. That is misleading.

To present the true facts about Malaya in their right perspective, it is necessary to give a fairly full picture of the country and its people. For more than 500 years prior to the entry of the first white man into Malaya, the peninsula was occupied by the Malay savages, who were succeeded by the Sea-Parangs. In 1511 the Portuguese conquered Malacca and persecuted the system of monopoly in eastern waters, only to be ousted by the Dutch in 1641. Britain acquired Malacca by treaty from the Dutch in 1654, and meanwhile had leased the island of Penang from the Sultan of Kedah in 1671. By the simple expedient of free trade this almost uninhabited island was turned into a flourishing port. By the same initiative, in 1811, Sir Stamford Raffles acquired a mango grove swamp from the Sultan of Johore, and from this unprofitable beginning Singapore was developed into one of the world's largest ports. Penang, Malacca and Singapore made up the coat of arms of the British Settlements.

Neither Trained nor Armed for War

British had no desire to extend her responsibilities further, but following urgent requisitions, in 1874 Britain appointed advisors to help the Malay chiefs to administer Perak, part of Negri Sembilan and Selangor. In 1888 Pahang was opened to British President, and these five territories formed the Federated Malay States. By a treaty with Siam in 1900 that country transferred to Britain control over Kelantan, Trengganu and Perlis, and in 1914 the Sultan of Johore applied for a British Consular Advisor and British civil servants. These five states formed the Unfederated Malay States. During British administration, slavery, torture and forced labour were abolished, civil and political rights were eliminated, and a system of social services introduced which were not alone in any other colonial territory in the world.

The two main races in Malaya are the 2,169,000 Malays, 2,114,000 Chinese and 705,000 Indians. The Malay is, typically, a small peasant, and although a few a few to Government departments the majority are easy-going, preferring to leave to others the worries of business and wage-earning tool on estates and mines. In the past the Chinese are energetic and easily adaptable and have played an important part in the life of Malaya: the Indians, of whom half a million are Tamils from Southern India and Ceylon, worked mainly for rubber plantations, but some became Government servants, railwaymen, schoolmasters and lawyers. These peoples, together with a small minority of Eurasians and British, are the descendants of Colombo. In 1939 a report to the League of Nations by the Governor-General of the Government of Malaya has been able to describe the economy and education in a nutshell unsatisfactory in the East. . . .

If the foregoing is true, why it may be asked, did the peoples of Malaya not put up a better show when the Japanese invaded?

MALAYA and SINGAPORE

By HARLEY Y. USILL

This disaster which befell our Far Eastern Colonies of the Straits Settlements and Malaya States in 1942 prevented their completing the part in the war effort which they had begun prior to the Japanese invasion. Credit is due paid to the behaviour of their peoples in the tragic circumstances which were beyond their control.

The answer is simple—they were neither trained nor armed for war. At a distance of African territories in 1919, in Paris, British and Americans agreed that there was no moral justification for imposing military training on native populations. Britain extended this principle to the whole of her Colonial Empire, including Malaya.

The defence scheme was based on the assumption that Siam and Indo-China would remain in friendly hands; that Singapore was impregnable to attack from the sea; and that the U.S. Pacific Fleet would be available representing two-thirds of the total contributon of the whole Colonial Empire.

At the beginning of the war the locally-raised forces consisted of one battalion of the Malaya Regiment, the small Johore military forces, and a number of volunteer units in the Straits Settlements, Federated Malaya States, and Johore, Kedah and Kelantan. At the time of the invasion the total strength of the volunteers was 10,500. Some of the volunteer units fought and retreated with the rest of our armies down the peninsula into Singapore, and about 3,000 were captured, many showing great bravery.

Help and Sympathy for Our Troops

What of the attitude of the civilian population? The extremely rapid advance of Japanese troops was incredible. Penang was evacuated without a shot being fired. Singapore fell without a battle. The Japanese were met with an unexpected enemy breakthrough on the nearby island causing a badly-secured evacuation. But against this must be set innumerable examples of men and women
Our War Leaders in Peacetime

SMUTS

The career of Jan Christian Smuts is among the most colourful of those of the Empire’s war leaders. Even commander of a Boer commando1 he became, on May 24, 1941, a Field-Marshal of the British Army; from a bitter enemy of Britain he became a staunch supporter of the Empire and, as Prime Minister of South Africa, and Minister of Defence, one of its main pillars.

In his 79th year he can look back on a life as statesman, scholar, soldier, scientist, lawyer, philosopher and explorer. Yet Field-Marshal Smuts remains a man of simple tastes, living in an unpretentious house on the outskirts of Pretoria.

Borne on May 24, 1870, in a village near Malmesbury, in Cape Province, his father was a prosperous Dutch farmer and his mother of French Huguenot stock. At school he met his two main political ideals—Herring and Malan—and at Stellenbosch University College he met Sybelia Kriek, the girl he was to marry in 1897. Today he calls her “Puc,” and their home is noisy with grandchildren when the family, two sons and four daughters, comes home.

A brilliant scholar, at Cambridge he commenced a two-years’ law course into one, became a Barchor of the Middle Temple and, when only 25, was Attorney-General for the South African Republic. The Boer War interrupted his political career, but it proved his ability as a strategist, and with its termination he once again plunged into politics—the Field-Marshal’s first interest. At the other extreme he has a great love of Nature. He still tells his friends about the days when, as a child, he spent hours with a domestic shepherd on his father’s farm, learning the tales of the veld.

Now he keeps a variety of animals in his private grounds, among them a pet crane, and a year or so ago he had a lion cub. Another of his interests is botany; that, and the study of prehistoric implements and settlements, Smuts says, gives a purpose to the long walks he loves. When in London in 1943 he went for a ten-mile walk every week-end. But during the week his secretaries were at their desks at 7.30 a.m.—so was Smuts. He still rises at seven a.m. and, in a study lined with books on philosophy, strategy, politics, physics and photography, he works until midnight with only short breaks for meals. Those who handle his documents have no easy task: the Field-Marshal’s handwriting is remarkably illegible, and the secretary who typed his book “Holism and Evolution” had constantly to refer to him.

The Smutses continue little, but the Field-Marshal’s friends know him as a brilliant and witty after-dinner speaker. He is a deep thinker, and above all a lover of Nature, which he admires in his Cape Town study.

FIELD-MARSHAL J. C. SMUTS, Prime Minister of South Africa and Minister of Defence, and a great lover of nature, among the flowers in the gardens of Bruma Schoor (a) official residence of South Africa’s Prime Ministers, at Cape Town, 1945. (P. B., Daily Mail)
Scope for Reconstruction in Hamburg on the Elbe

Once a Great City and Seaport. Hamburg, in the British zone in Germany, faces a great task of reconstruction. A war casualty surveys mounds of rubble with the aid of a walking stick. The once bustling marketplace is a scene of desolation. Warehouses and docks have been destroyed; chimneys are covered by parts; demolishing the remnants of a bombed building. From R.A.F. bombers alone the city received 22,440 tons of bombs in July and August 1943. In three devastating attacks during those two months, Hamburg was destroyed.
THE capital of Finland, Helsinki, like most of the other capitals of Europe lives a feverish life today. When in November 1939 Finland found herself at war with Soviet Russia she had just been through a period of political quietness and the Finns made peace, the truce being signed in Moscow in March 1940. By way of indemnity large areas of the country were handed over to Soviet Russia, and there followed months of distress. In the summer of 1941 there came a swift and surprising turn—the Finnish Army was again mobilized, this time on the soil of Nazi Germany, though no sympathy was felt by the people for the Nazi philosophy.

Armistice with the U.S.S.R. and Great Britain was signed on September 13, 1944, and the German troops left in northern Finland devastated the country in their retreat to Norway. There was barely a building left untouched after the Nazis had been thrown out by the small remnants of the Finnish army. Finland had sacrificed 80,000 men killed and hundreds of thousands wounded in Hitler’s war.

New Factories Offer Employment

The fighting over, the nation of barely 4,000,000 was faced with manifold problems. There were big areas over which the war had swept, leaving only ruins. New homes had to be found for the inhabitants of the areas given to the Soviet Union; the majority of these homeless—more than 400,000—had flocked to the towns in order to earn a living. To Helsinki also came thousands of Karelians (see, in page 185, Vol. 8) and people who had been evacuated from the Porkkala district, thus increasing the serious shortage of dwelling spaces.

Each new accommodation the home- less persons took up their abode in schools and public air raids shelters, and day after day more swarmed into the city. The officials were powerless to face this shortage and the situation became so desperate that from the quarries, where the authorities receive strations for the public and the authorities received and distributed the stones used for the new buildings.

But new building is in progress in Helsinki. In the city there is a new hospital for children which is approaching completion. The heavy war indemnity—300,000,000 dollars (about $75,000,000) payable in com- modities over a period of six years to the U.S.S.R.—has been the cause of much trouble, but, paradoxically, it is one of the chief reasons for the absence of unemployment in Finland today. Many new factories have been set up, new businesses have started, all hands are eagerly at work, though strikes have caused the general effort to fall short of full productivity.

Perhaps the most difficult problem has been the question of raw materials for the Finnish industries, which work under high pressure in order to supply Soviet Russia with ships and machines according to the terms of the armistice. Finland was never rich in metals, and so the people looked to the western countries for help. And the hoped-for materials came: first from Sweden, then from England and the U.S.A. But Finland had to produce more than the amount to be sent to Soviet Russia. The goods imported had to be paid for, and there was,” she said, “good usage was made as possible to get more products out of the forests of Finland than were needed to meet the indemnity.

The working tempo had to be speeded up. The social conditions of the forest-workers and their drudgery in the factories improved as wages raised, the result being that the productionrose. The price of goods in the shops began to increase, and now it seems that the “green gold” of Finland—the almost boundless forests, source of veneer and other products manufactured from wood—will lead the country out of its difficulties.

Lack of teenage has been an obstacle to obtaining raw materials from abroad. The Finnish merchant navy was never very large, though before the war it was almost large enough to carry all the imports needed from overseas. At the outbreak of the war most of the Finnish merchant were at sea or in foreign parts, while they were interned or sunk. Deep, therefore, was the joy when the “goliath” of the British and the U.S.A. persuaded their willingness to give Finnish ships back to their original owners and hand over to Soviet Russia many of its most up-to-date ships as war indemnity. The generosity shown by the British and American government is very greatly appreciated. American and British ships have brought to Finnish ports gifts-presents, cars, agricultural tractors, machinery, medicine, sugar and tobacco. Cars from the U.S.A. have proved of very great value, as also the tractors. Almost every vehicle had been sent by the American government to aid the Finnish war effort in all branches. And besides, there was the arrival of ships from the western world the wheels are turning again. The railway situation is still very bad, but new locomotives and wagons are being made with the utmost speed to take the place of thousands handed over to Soviet Russia.

Route of the First Coffee Ship

The “common” Finns, less concerned than others with political tribulation, accustomed as they are to a simple life anyway, are, of course, worried about how to get sufficient money to buy food and clothes, for prices have soared. Though the food situation is far from easy there is no actual starvation in sight. The staple food of the Finnish is bread, which costs about 1 lb. 2d. a cob, 7/6 a dozen. butter 1 lb; meat 7 oz.; fish 2 lb.; and 120 cigarettes (American). The milk ration is one-third pint per day. Potatoes, vegetables and fruit are rationed, but are very expensive. But the black market is legal, as in Soviet Russia, so that the rich are able to buy and eat more and better food than the poor. Textile goods are of very bad quality and difficult to obtain. Woolen cloth has not been seen in the shops of Helsinki since 1941. Housewives have to do a good deal of sewing, with the exception of expectant mothers who can obtain a special exemption card. While mothers shop, children can be left in the care of a nurse in one of the city’s nursery parks.

When after six long years there came the ship which before to Finland—U.S. S. Herakles, carrying more than 3,000 tons of cargo—there was a great national feast. Many of the leading newspapers in the big shops displayed maps showing the route of the Herakles bringing the goods. The Finns, even the thrifty Finnish people. Every day the situation of the ship gave Finnish shudders back to their original owners and hand over to Soviet Russia many of its most up-to-date ships as war indemnity. The generosity shown by the British and American government is very greatly appreciated. American and British ships have brought to Finnish ports gifts-presents, cars, agricultural tractors, machinery, medicine, sugar and tobacco. Cars from the U.S.A. have proved of very great value, as also the tractors. Almost every vehicle had been sent by the American government to aid the Finnish war effort in all branches. And besides, there was the arrival of ships from the western world the wheels are turning again. The railway situation is still very bad, but new locomotives and wagons are being made with the utmost speed to take the place of thousands handed over to Soviet Russia.

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Helsinki Sets the Pace for Finland's Recovery

ONE OF THE EARLIEST VICTIMS OF THE AIR WAR, Finland's capital, first bombed on November 30, 1939, struggles vigorously along the hard path to new prosperity. One of the most remarkable of Helsinki's many buildings is the University Hospital in the background and others, including the Finnish Radio Broadcasting Center in Helsinki (top), open to the public after the war. See facing page.
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<td>1st Field Artillery Brigade</td>
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<td>Lt. H. G. PREVETT</td>
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<td>Sgn. T. D. FERRY</td>
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<td>Sgn. A. GAMES</td>
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<td>Capt. E. W. HODSON</td>
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<td>Maj. W. HOWARD</td>
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I Was a Slave on a Japanese Railway

"You will go where on white men have ever been before, and you will work as white men have never worked before," said the Japs to their prisoners earmarked for labour on the Burma-Siam railway being constructed in 1942. J. A. McCull, Telegraphist, R.N., telling the story here, endured the horrors of that prolonged toll. See also page 409, Vol. 5.

On Friday, February 13, 1942, I was drafted from the Royal Naval Wireless Station at Singapore to H.M.S. Kama, which was to evacuate Red Cross nurses and civilians to Batavia. Next morning we discovered by Japanese bombers and were sunk, near the small island of Pfile-Pom-Pom. About half the people aboard us must have been killed or wounded. The remainder of us managed to reach the island, and found there was very little water there and no fruit of any kind.

Our rationed out at one biscuit per person per day and one tin of sardines between sixteen. After eight days we managed to get away, in three Chinese junk, to Sumatra; the women and nurses were given first transport to Palembang, on the west coast, and most of them were then taken on to Colombo by British warships. The remainder of us, with other Naval ratings, arrived there twenty-four hours after the last ship had sailed. We waited in the hope that another ship would come, but nothing did, and on March 16 the Dutch told us that the Japanese were to enter the town the following morning. And there, in Palembang, I was taken prisoner along with about 900 other Britishers who had managed to get away from Singapore, or whose ships had sunk off Sumatra.

About six weeks later 500 of us were sent to Mergui, Burma. There we were engaged in repairing an airfield, and though conditions were bad enough they were nothing to what we were to experience later on. Our next move was farther north, to a town called Tavoy, and again we were put to reparing an airfield. In both those towns the natives helped us as they could, especially the few Chinese, by giving us money and food. One woman was beaten to death by the Japs, as an example to the rest.

Pouring Rain and Scorching Heat

Again we were moved, round about September 1942—crammed into a small coastal vessel in which there was so little room for us all that we were made to sit with our knees touching our chins. Two days and nights that awful journey lasted, and when we reached Moulmein we were put into the civil goul for the night. The following morning we were packed, worse than cattle, into railway trucks and taken to the railway, at a small town called Thabyingyunt. Here we learned that we were to build a railway connecting Moumein and Burmese.

ROUTE OF THE RAILWAY had drawn to Siam, on which our work lasted for the Japanese, as narrated in these pages. PAGE 345

"Your lives have been spared," we were told, "through the generosity of the Emperor. You will go where no white men have ever been before, and you will work as white men have never worked before." For our labour we were to receive ten cents a day. Later this was increased to twenty-five cents, as prices soared from ten to fifty times pre-war rates. Other prisoners had been told that the railway would be built even if it had to be over their dead bodies. In the end over 16,000 prisoners died totaling at once.

We were to work on the Burma side, together with 10,000 Australian, American and Dutch prisoners, and drive forward and join up with other men just over the Burma border at a place called Niki. Arrived at the camp, we were told our labours would include jungle clearing, cutting embankments, bridges and roads. We started at dawn and finished at dusk, working through pouring rain in the monsoon season or scorching heat in the dry season. As regards digging, the task started at one cubic metre per man per day, this gradually increasing until it reached two cubic metres. In the jungle we had to cut our way to the trees, fell them and load them to the clearings where bullock wagons waited. Bridge building was considered the easiest job of all, though there were many casualties.

After a couple of months the bad food and the jungle began to take its toll of us. Our diet consisted mainly of rice, which was always full of maggots, worms and dirt; during the day we could get no water with which to wash it. We had very little vegetables or meat, often just dry rice with a pinch of salt. Every day we gathered leaves from the trees, made into a bitter-sweet dish and boiled them in dirty water. They were the only thing we ate. As a result we fell victims to diseases, primarily everything known in the East, malaria, dysentery, cholera, beri-beri, ulcers and sores; and the Japs gave us very few medical supplies.

As men fell sick so the rationers were cut, the Jap idea being that if a man is too sick to work he is too sick to eat. Inspection of the sick would usually be carried out by a Jap or Korean who knew little about medicine as I knew about flying to the moon. Unless a man could show a gaping ulcer or was sick and bone and couldn't stand he was considered fit for work. At times I worked in the rain at night with nothing to wear except a tunic, and once with a temperature of 103 degrees.

On this occasion I told the Jap engineer I had malaria, and he felt my forehead and told me to lie down on a pile of sleepers. I did so, but when a sentry came and asked what was wrong with me and I told him he promptly kicked me into a ditch. I crawled...
I was there...

out, and received more blows on the face, and I had to go on working.

None of us had any clothing worth mentioning—just a few rags. Only one or two had footwear. Walking barefoot over stone ballast when you are laying rails is sheer torment. The buns we lived in were made of bamboo with a thatched roof, and we slept on bamboo raised about two feet from the ground. Many of us had collected old rice sacks, bits of canvass and cloth and odds and ends that would cover us at night. One day the Jap airstrip took the kid, saying it all belonged to the Jap Army, so we went with out bedding until we could steal more. We sometimes managed to light fires at night and at midday because it was so cold. We had no blankets—only cloths. The blankets were swarming with lice and the buns with bugs, so that if we fell down we were in peril of being eaten alive.

Almost Everyone Had An Allment

I saw two Americans punished for stealing some shorts from the Jap store. For those days and nights they had to stand inattentive, without food. Only when one collapsed and the other was on the verge of it were they released. A Dutchman, for some small offense, had to kneel, with a stick behind his knees, and lean back facing the sun. This was kept up all day. If he moved only slightly one of the guards would kick or hit him. When released he had to be carried away; he just couldn’t walk. If we didn’t bow or salute correctly we would be slapped and kicked, or made to hold a pick or shovel above our heads for an hour or two.

Work continued unceasingly although the number of prisoners was steadily decreasing. Men were dying every day. At each camp such events were kept secret. There was a graveyard, sometimes containing six graves, sometimes none, but not for long. Frequently, everyone had some ailment but still had to work, sometimes for 30-hour stretches, with a break of only four or five hours.

We lacked a great deal of things of better food, conditions, clothing, pay, anything to get us up on our feet; we had not learned to eat properly. Indeed, conditions steadily became worse. The Japs were rushing the construction of the railway; the telegraph line on the India-Burma border, and we knew there was no end in sight.

But often we heard R.A.F. planes passing overhead on their way to Bangkok. At last, after a year of slavery and misery, the troubles started. But for several more months we were making railway sidings, cutting trees for engine fuel, and repairing roads. When the labour was at an end we were given two days’ rest. One was to be in mourning for the dead and the other for memorializing. We held a service for the dead all right, but there was some doubt about the memorializing. For the purpose of our “party” the Japs brought along six pigs, a bag of sugar, and some sweet potatoes—and informed us we were to pay for them. They didn’t know the meaning of generosity. For example, this was our menu for Christmas 1943: breakfast, watery rice, with salt; dinner, steamed rice with fish and salt; supper, steamed rice with fish and salt; lunch, rice and vegetable soup, with fish. It was on account of fish and rice, of liquid sugar. The soup consisted of forty parts of fish and one part of rice; the rice, and the fish tops left from dinner—this to be shared between 500 of us.

In March 1944 I left Burma for Siam and I was never so glad to leave anywhere in my life. We carried on through to Saigon, in French Indo-China, from where we were to go to Japan. But we stayed in Saigon. There I had dysentery, which remained with me for six months. The French people smuggled things into the camp, and altogether conditions were not so bad as in Burma. We even had a few blankets and some clothing. Also we were in fairly decent tents, with electric lights, but we were still tormented by lice and bugs. It was here that we received the first Red Cross parcels and got our first mail from home, after nearly three years. Each parcel was shared between six men. A few months before the war was over we were issued with boots and were told the Japs had had to buy them; but they were British boots from the Red Cross.

Our prison camp was in the middle of a military target area, but though there were often raids on the town the camp itself was not touched. We didn’t celebrate much when the war was over. We were too weary of the original 300 men who had started out 147 had died.

We had the biggest air raid on Saigon on Jan. 12, 1945. It was carried out by dive-bombers from aircraft carriers, and considerable damage was done to enemy aircraft and shipping. When later that we had raids by four-engined air raider, escorted by Lock- head Lightnings. In March, the French people were interring. This gave us much food, much light, much to be done to their boots and the Japanese. We heard something that really startled us. We were marching through the streets when a passing Frenchman said, “Rusia is it the war! ‘I will soon be over now, lads!” When we returned to camp that night we learned that other working parties had the same remark. Two days later we learned that Japan had asked for peace. That seemed too good to be true. But next day there were no working parties ordered out; and soon piles of boots, clothing, blankets, soup and tobacco came into the camp and food improved. There was an air of mystery over the camp. A few weeks later the Japanese air force opened fire on us. The leaders, of which a French copy is reproduced above, read as follows:

The war is over. Surrendering to the terrible tides at the Allied land, sea and air forces, Japan realizes that she is conquered and has lost all friendship. The Japanese people are well aware of the path of life that the country has been, and they are resolved to go on the path of peace.

We held the boot-leadership of the people and the Japanese people, and we are now in the path of peace.

Our guard’s troops, who for several months occupied the territory of the nation in the centre of Indo-China, have now crossed, and we are now on the path of peace. In the path of peace the Japanese people will not retreat from their own people. The leaders have been called upon to take their own path, and to lead the people of Indo-China to the path of peace.

We hold the boot-leadership of the people, and the Japanese people are now on the path of peace. We hold the boot-leadership of the people, and the Japanese people are now on the path of peace. We hold the boot-leadership of the people, and the Japanese people are now on the path of peace. We hold the boot-leadership of the people, and the Japanese people are now on the path of peace. We hold the boot-leadership of the people, and the Japanese people are now on the path of peace.
ONE OF MORE THAN 1,000 BRIDGES (1) which, spanning rivers and ravines, carry the 298 miles of railway joining Bangkok in Siam with Moulmein in British-Burma. The railway was designed to bring Burma and its mineral wealth within range of British power and influence, by crossing the mountains and hills, through winding valleys and previously unexplored jungles. Allied staffs gauge and more than 100,000 Allied and Chinese natives clambering day by day completed the link with the Bay of Benma, as described in the accompanying story. See also item, page 346, Vol. II.

PHOTOGRAPH BY R.C.S. ELMSLEY

SIXTH HUTS, flooded by monsoon rain and im- personed by mosquitoes, housed the captured laborers in temporary camps along the line so where the railway was being pushed out across a natural watercourse. One step in page 346. Typical of a station scene (2), women and general were alike. One minus of the campaign was the constant need for large quantities. The shub- ur between the two armies started to boom in 1942, and during 1944-45 the railway was in full use for the movement of troops and supplies to their forces in Burma. Along several streams to- day the jungle is reclaiming its occupation to the extent of which for many thousands of miles the derelict, rusting bridges remain in ill-repair.

PAGE 347
When the Doodle-Bugs Came to London

I Was There!

Bilder's secret weapon, the V-1, the flying bomb or doodle-bug—was first used against his country on June 13, 1944. The starting advent of these piloted planes and the damage they caused is recalled by Chief Warden A. H. Guok, D.C.M., M.M., B.E.M., of His Majesty's Tower of London. The portrait and story is on page 9.

We at the Tower heard nothing much during the alerts on that first day, but two days later we realized that something very unusual was happening. The alert sounded at 11.30 p.m., and then commenced what to us was a night of mystery and guesswork. There were brief spells of lightness—of rocket-guns, A.A. fire and very low flying aircraft—followed by long intervals of silence. At times it seemed impossible for some of the planes to clear the Tower. We thought our fighters were doing a grand piece of work, as each time we saw something with a trail of flame behind it we concluded it was a piloted German plane in distress. The mysteries of the night were cleared up when Mr. Herbert Morrison stated on the wireless that piloted planes were being used by the enemy on this country.

Amidst Awesome Flash and Roar

The din of the first four nights was terrific. It was impossible to make oneself heard above it. Under the shelter of the archways which the builders of seven centuries ago had provided we were able to look on, feeling safer than we really were. Shell cases from the rocket guns showered down. One unexploded rocket shell hit the ramparts and then burst, causing damage there and to the adjoining St. John and Wall Turrets. The shell and fragments were shot into the moat and we rushed from one side of the archway to the other—following with due eyes the path of the flying bombs which were covered by scores of searchlights.

A few minutes after 11 o'clock on Sunday morning, June 15, we were at parade service in St. Peter's-in-Vincula, when to our surprise there had been no alarm the guns suddenly opened up on an approaching flying bomb which missed past the Tower, uncomfortably close; it fell, with calamitous result, on the Guards' Chapel in Wellington Barracks. That night the guns were silent and not another was fired in anger in the vicinity of the Tower during the remainder of the War. There were, I presume, good reasons for this; civilian casualties were mounting daily from falling splinters and unexploded shells.

We had another narrow escape at 3.45 a.m. on June 26, when a flying bomb just scraped over the Tower and burst in Lower Thames Street, near the Customs House, damaging the western portions of the Tower and adjacent areas. On the following day General Eisenhower and his son were being conducted around the Tower by the Resident Governor (Law—Col. Fawell, D.R.O.) at about 11 a.m. I had just unlocked the door leading into St. John's Chapel when a flying bomb fell near, slamming the door with a terrific bang. The General merely smiled, and continued his tour of inspection.

At 3.30 p.m. on July 3, I heard the approach of another and, foolishly, poked my head out of the window. It was met by a terrific blast which had beaten the sound of the explosion. This one fell in Billingsgate, and did us quite a lot of damage. Our nearest, up to this time, fell at 9 a.m. on July 12. The alert had sounded a quarter-hour previously, but nothing seemed to be happening, and I was leisurely putting on my collar and tie and going out towards Tower Bridge. Suddenly came a terrific blast of air, followed immediately by a frightening explosion. The one had glanced off the river, sending up sparks, thus giving no warning of its approach.

I just missed the Bridge and fell on some barges. All buildings on the south side of the Tower suffered. Windows were out and most of the clothing brought out by the women was dried on the window-sills with their missing buttons and locks which faced the river were forced open and fractured. A large piece of one of the barges fell in the River near the Social Room, and other portions were scattered around. All temporary windows and some of the original ones in St. Peter's were blown out. We suffered no casualties, but it was reported that several men on the barges had been killed.
the dungeon through the arrow slits and forced the wall outwards towards the bomb. To do this the blast had to come up from the beach, cross the wheat and moat, over the outer wall, and cross a road into the base of this Tower. This damage was all the more remarkable because the walls of the Wakefield Tower are about ten feet thick.

Fortunately there were no sentries on the wall at the time. The storerooms under Tower Bridge Road had all their doors blown off, and the Well Tower, Cradle Tower and St. Thomas’s Tower took the full blast but escaped complete destruction. Though from the outside they appeared unmarked, the interiors were in a frightful mess. Fire engines, police, rescue squads, ambulances, A.R.P. and C.O. cars were on the scene in minutes, but once again we had squad casualties, only a few minor injuries having to be treated.

The night of August 3 was one of great activity. During the night I lay down on the bed. Suddenly I heard a bomb approaching, and I covered my head with a pillow. There was an awful crack, and the south side of the Tower had got it again. Dublin was everywhere; fresh scabs were visible in all directions. The bomb had struck the gilded cross on top of the North Tower of Tower Bridge, removing about six feet of it, and then burst with a terrific roar in mid-air.

These were our nearest, but there were many others in the vicinity. From our windows we could often judge the nature of an approaching bomb by watching the soldiers outside. Like traffic policemen they would wave the thing on, and as long as they waved we knew all was well. When they dived for cover we knew things were not so well. September saw the raising up of the flying bombs. Then came the V2 rockets. A direct hit from one of these might have proved disastrous in the Tower’s weak and battered state. But fortunately for us our nearest ones, on October 30 and November 10, both fell about 1,000 yards away.

**Hat Trick in German P.O.W. Camp**

A prisoner of war in German hands from May 1940 until April 1945.

Charles J. T-good, Royal Signals, greatly learned his way about while being interned. He relates how he acquired and developed a keen business capacity under the very nose of his watchful guards.

The first words I learned of the German language were "aarbucks" and "eetees." Often by dint of the first I learned the second. But as a prisoner I found that whereas the "aarbucks" increased with the years the "eetees" became less and less. I soon realized that to guarantee myself the right amount of calories for reasonable living I must increase my vocabulary. I then learned that "aarbucks" meant to buy, "aarbucks" to sell and "aarbucks" to buy at the expense change. Armed with these three verbs, and an almost native knowledge of German grammar, I proceeded to take steps to augment my vocabulary.

One of the first things I had to take account of was the language of negotiation. Without his hand over the average German would draw you a picture of what he wanted and gesture as much as by speech the things he had to sell and what he wanted in return. To say "boo" if I was in need of bread was not enough; I had to show by sign language the extent of my requirements.

With demonstrations, thus, and where possible the actual display of the goods in question, we prisoners developed commercial relations that were probably unparalleled in history. Our best customers for deals were the Poles, who spoke the German language by force rather than choice. By fair means or foul they produced goods quite outside the reach of most Germans, but to every honest Pole there were a dozen whose sharp practices were brought to our notice.

We sold and exchanged things at a rate that depended on the district and the business acumen of those responsible for the negotiations. For instance, if one of us received ten eggs in exchange for twenty cigarettes and the word got round that somebody else had taken only eight for the same size packet of fags, eight would be the price from then onwards. That was in the days when parcels were coming through to us. Earlier—and again later—we were as anxious for a smoke as anything, and many were the treasured possessions sacrificed to that end. Watches, sign-rings, fountain-pens, and articles of clothing when many could least afford them, all were in demand and bought somewhat of return either in food or cigarettes.

**Searched by the Dreaded Gestapo**

Of course, this trading with civilians, as with those in uniform, always entailed risks. Social contacts were strictly forbidden, as was the exchanging of articles, and penalties up to death were threatened.

As trading increased, searches became the order of the day. Workers purposing returning to camp would be halted in front of the guard-room and subjected to systematic scrutiny. Self-made poacher’s pockets, slits in the linings of our greatcoats and such subterfuges were soon revealed, and we had to find new and better places of concealment. As we matched our wits with the Germans, it often became necessary for us to strip before they discovered the loot distributed in sacks about our person, the four in bags under our armpits, or the eggs suspended in a bag between our legs!

Periodically we were submitted to barrack-room searching, sometimes by the dreaded Gestapo, who would descend on us without warning. When these searches took place...
I Was There!

TOP-HATTED GERMAN CHIMNEY-SWEEPER
Charles Hodges, author of the accompanying story, in which he pays tribute to the ingenious gimmicks, is at the left of the back row.

Cupboards were turned out and their contents crowed about the room, pullusses opened and their straw flung around, floorboards prised up and walls taxed for sliding panels and secret recesses. And they would miss the secret map rolled up in the black-out blind and the new-laid eggs secreted in the hollowed-out base of the stove!

The people with whom we dealt were a mixed crowd, including our guards—and their officers for whom they acted as agents. We sometimes had things which they valued and which they had not seen for years, such as real coffee, cocoa and tea, and English cigarettes of which there is no equal in the German's eyes. A business arrangement with someone in uniform within the camp saved a lot of complications and risks, and I have known even clusters of chimneys who were pacemasters in illegal dealing with prisoners of war. One in particular comes to mind.

An expert at his trade, he wore the top-hat that signified this position in contrast to the junior, or apprentice, swept whose headgear was a mere skull-cap. Indoors as well as out he wore that hat, but it was more than a sign of his calling—it was the receptacle in which he brought us the goods he had for sale, and in which he put those things we gave him in exchange. No complete flat ever held a wider selection, and I stared unbelievably the first time I saw it. Each chest was labelled and replaced almost in the one movement.

This swap was a Pole by birth, but his German was so fluent that he passed for the real article. If we were challenged his identity papers would have given him away, but for a gift of inexpensive personality got him through many otherwise locked doors. After a friendly chat with our guards he would come into our part of the camp ostensibly to clean the chimneys, but really to have a cup of tea and a smoke with us and execute his business. When he left he would be the richer for English cigarettes and chocolate perhaps, and we for eggs, toothpaste, or blacking.

Crowning Piece of Efficiency

We bought our camp amplifier from this man, and later considered a high-ranking German officer that it had been sent out by the Red Cross to help gramophone re-production. We bought watches from that adroit sweep, an alarm clock, a loud-speaker, and much else. His crowning piece of efficiency was committed on the day he smuggled a camera into the camp and persuaded a guard to be photographed in a group with us under the eyes of a particularly obnoxious S.S. officer who lived in the house adjoining our billet.

He was sharp, this sweep, but fair and honest. If in a deal he offered fifteen eggs for a packet of coffee and had no more than a dozen in his hat, the balance would not be forgotten. It might be a week or more before he could get to us again, but when he did arrive his first business would be the payment of outstanding debts.

LAST ACTION OF H.M.S. HEReward, sunk on May 20, 1941, during the evacuation from Crete, is depicted here. Two months earlier (March 31) this destroyer, on escort duty between Crete and Alexandria, picked up survivors of H.M.S. Renown on the facing page. When last seen, Hersward was making slowly for Crete—every gun in action.
I had just been called for the morning watch, and was casually putting on my socks, when suddenly, Seven seconds later came another crash, and the ship took a list of 45 degrees to starboard. I grabbed my lifebelt, and proceeded cautiously to the upper deck—cautiously, because the second torpedo had put all lights out. I heard many voices in the water, some shouting “Come on, you up there, she’s going!” and “Jump, if you don’t want to go down with her.”

Reclining the ship would soon be gone from under my feet, unless I went first. I took one deep breath and slid down over the side, which took quite a few seconds owing to the list the Bonaventure now had. By the time I had soon well clear she had blown up and sunk, seven minutes after the first hit. I was in the water almost an hour, though it seemed all night. It suddenly occurred to me that I was due for pension in a few months, and all other considerations apart I was determined not to be cheated out of that. Uppermost in my mind was the thought of my wife and son, and I decided that if I were to see them again—and draw my pension—I must keep calm and reserve my strength.

The Scrambling Net Was Cut

The water did not seem in the least cold, at first, and as the accompanying destroyers had thrown overhead all the wood they could find—anything that would float, sugar boxes, tea chests, oars, bathroom grabbage, and so on—practically every man in the water had something solid under his feet. Our boy bugler, Roy Marshall, aged 15 and unable to swim, was as plucky as any. On being awakened by the first torpedo, he declared no, if he were going down, he would use the gunny bag: boots properly laced, tunic correctly buttoned, and with bugle along. Over the side he went. Three or four of his mates took care of him and managed to get him safely on to a raft.

When I arrived alongside the Hereward she had the scrambling net hung and was picking up survivors. Attempting to clamber up the oily net I was yanked off by someone behind, and it seemed to me I should stand a better chance if I lay off for a while and make another attempt a bit later. This I did, and on turning away from the Hereward I met a horridly wet and terrified fellow—with his hands gripping a couple of feet below the water—the bodies of men who, not having strength left to scramble up the net, had been drowned. However, my turn came, and some hours later I arrived safely in Alexandria. Thank God, and thank you, Hereward!

H.M.S. Bonaventure was one of Britain’s latest warships of her class at the time of her sinking in 1917. When the Admiralty ordered the ship to Scapa Flow in early 1917 for repairs after a collision with another ship, Bonaventure was one of the ships that was scuttled to prevent German attempts to capture British ships. The sinking of Bonaventure resulted in a significant loss of life, with over 400 crew members being killed or listed as missing.

NEW FACTS AND FIGURES

In the Aachen district teachers are feeling the effects of the conflict and are unable to provide instruction every day. Many school buildings and of furniture, as well as transport difficulties, prevent the education of children in the North-Rhine region from obtaining any schooling whatsoever. Despite the many difficulties, the soldiers are providing full-time or part-time education to the youngsters in Aachen, where 11,000 students should have been enrolled. A further 1,118 attend intermediate and secondary schools.

Over 2,000,000 Germans have been exchanged between the British and Russian Zones under the Exchange Treaty since October 1915. During the war, a large number of people, mostly soldiers, were evacuated from Hamilton and the Ruhr, and were stationed in country districts of the British Zone. The majority of these evacuees in their own districts by special trains, and a total of 50,000 were moved to the Ruhr from the British Zone, and approximately 1,000,000 from the Rhine to our area.

Many people were evacuated from the Ruhr that same year, as it was the most heavily bombed in Germany. The only reason for this was the need to ensure that the Ruhr returned to the states and that they were able to return to the Ruhr—so many people were evacuated from the Ruhr that same year, as it was the most heavily bombed in Germany. The only reason for this was the need to ensure that the Ruhr returned to the states and that they were able to return to the Ruhr—so many people were evacuated from the Ruhr that same year, as it was the most heavily bombed in Germany. The only reason for this was the need to ensure that the Ruhr returned to the states and that they were able to return to the Ruhr—so many people were evacuated from the Ruhr that same year, as it was the most heavily bombed in Germany. 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Extracting Death from Dorset’s Studland Bay

MINE DETECTING AND CLEARANCE at Studland Bay is being carried out by men from H.M.S. Portland, with the assistance of 10 Polish naval officers. In the foreground are pictured some of the men working in this dangerous area, with the help of trained dogs. The operation is expected to be completed by the spring of 1941.