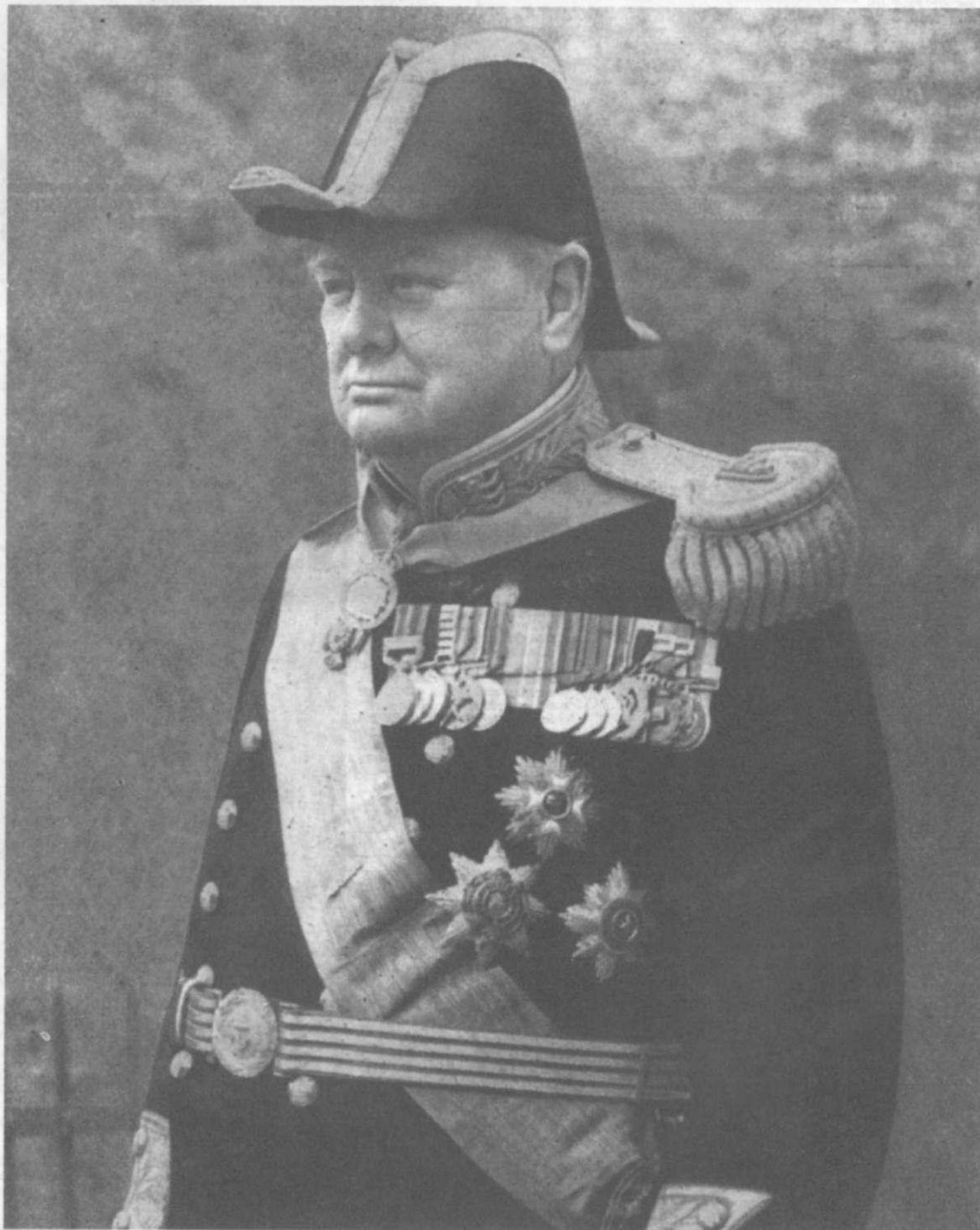


# Vol 10 The War Illustrated N° 241

SIXPENCE

SEPTEMBER 13, 1946



AS LORD WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS, MR. CHURCHILL was formally installed in office, at Dover, on August 14, 1946. He had accepted the honour of this post—which has endured for nearly 1,000 years and of which he is the 158th 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 illus. page 328. *Photo, Keystone.*

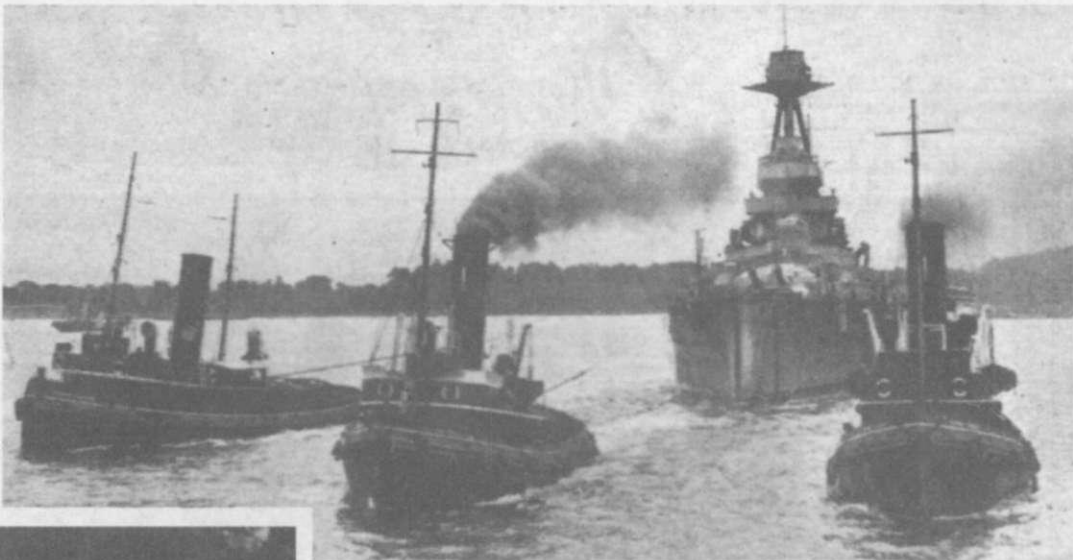
*Edited by Sir John Hammerton*

NO. 242 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27

# Our Roving Camera Greet's Battle-Famed Iron Duke

H.M.S. IRON DUKE, 34-year-old British battleship (right), was towed through the Firth of Clyde, Scotland, on August 19, 1946, en route to be broken up. Famous flagship of Admiral Jellicoe at the battle of Jutland in 1916, the Iron Duke was later used for training purposes and was bombed in an air raid on Scapa in October 1939. See also illus. page 298.

GERMAN POLICE on duty at the entrance to an Aldershot, Hants, internment camp (below) for German P.O.W. Themselves prisoners of war, they speak English fluently, and wear British battle-dress, but retain their Wehrmacht caps. Their duty is to keep a watchful eye on those leaving and entering the camp.

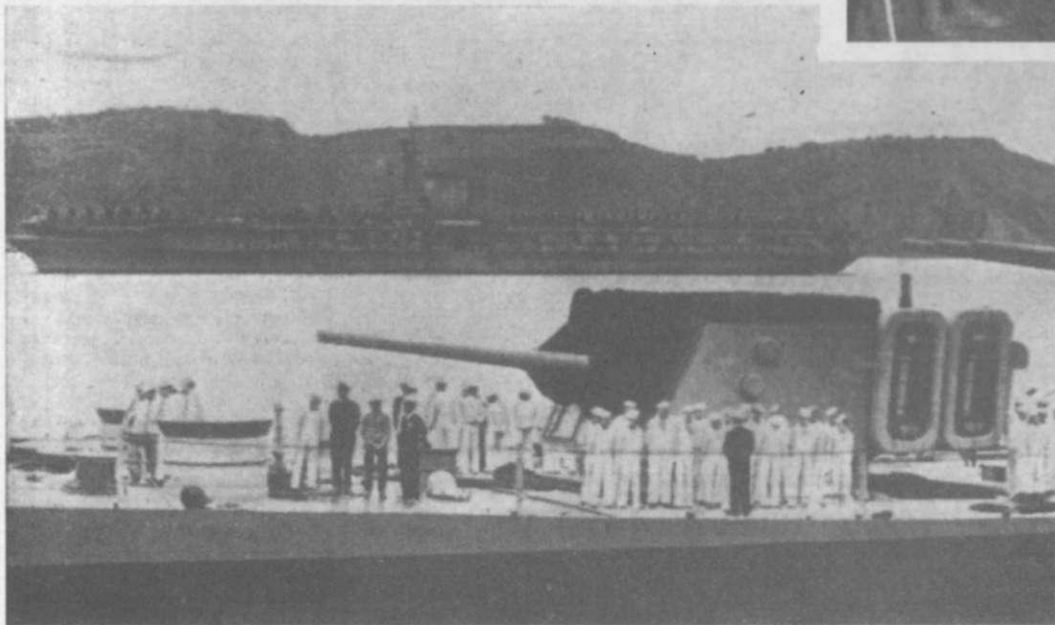


PLASTIC COINS in denominations of one penny and a halfpenny are now issued to the British Occupation forces in Germany, cashable only at military stores and canteens. A War Office idea, the coins supplement the ordinary currency of low denominations, and overcome the shortage of metal. Made not by the Royal Mint but by a private firm in England, they are stamped out in semi-liquid brown plastic material, hardened, and sent to Germany—to implement the two-fold purpose "emergency" currency.

Photos, P.A.-Reuter, R. Worth, Sport & General, Planet News, G.P.U.



MAGNETIC MINE, the first to be laid by the Germans in our home waters, was included in an exhibition of mines held at the South Kensington, London, Science Museum in August 1946. It was recovered in dramatic circumstances from the Thames Estuary in November 1939. See story in page 124, Vol. 7.



U.S. AIRCRAFT CARRIER Franklin Delano Roosevelt (left, background), on its first visit to European waters after arriving at Lisbon, Portugal, in August 1946. En route for the Mediterranean, the 45,000-ton ship formed part of the 12th U.S. Navy Squadron, under orders of Admiral H. K. Hewitt, Commander-in-Chief U.S. Naval Forces in Europe.

## The Airborne Crossing of the Rhine

ARNHEM is deservedly extolled as the finest exploit of British airborne troops, but I doubt whether the men of the 1st Airborne Division felt any more excited, tense and apprehensive than we who waited behind barbed wire for an unspecified operation in March 1945. We glider types were held *incommunicado* at a camp known as Mushroom Farm—a small town of Nissen huts somewhere near Braintree in Essex.

Merely to mention the name of that camp revives in me the sense of sickening foreboding I felt as, wearing a new red beret conferred by the courtesy of Major-General Eric Bols, the Divisional Commander, I passed through the gates to what I felt convinced was certain doom. Even the magnificent bearing and camaraderie of the trained sky-troops could not entirely banish my depression.

All that we knew about the coming operation, at that time, was that it would be the biggest of the war, with two complete divisions taking part—one British and one American—in close co-ordination. There were rumours that we were going to Denmark; even that we were going to beat the Russians to it by seizing Berlin itself. On the whole, however, it seemed most probable that we were destined to establish a Rhine bridgehead to open the way for the 2nd Army into the heart of Germany.

### General Bols Unfolds His Plan

The men of the 6th Airborne, many of them heroes of D-Day drops, spent their time in preparation and occasional revelry. On these social occasions they liked to roar out their swashbuckling, blood-freezing choruses. One which ran to the tune of John Brown's Body had as its theme:

"Glory, glory, what a helluva 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 them beneath a nonchalant, good-humoured, bantering manner.

We were each served out with equipment which seemed to anticipate every possible form of violent or lingering death. First, a Mae West lifejacket in case we fell in the sea. Then a little red light (with battery) to insure against falling in at night, and a great slab of stuff to colour the sea yellow lest we should fall in in daylight. We were given emergency rations and shell-dressings, domed steel helmets, vests like fishing nets, and camouflage jackets. The one thing we were not given was parachutes, for the theory was that in gliders either you all landed together or you did not land at all. We war correspondents, of whom there were six with the 6th Airborne, took an increasingly dim view of it all.

One morning General Bols, slim, fair, debonair, supremely confident, unfolded his plans to us. We hardly knew whether to feel relieved or disappointed when he said that, after all, the operation—known by the code name of Varsity—might not come off if the weather did not suit. Sure enough, it was to be the Rhine crossing. But the airborne show, comprising ourselves and the 17th U.S. Division, under Major-General

By L. MARSLAND GANDER

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 merely a "bonus" to the land attack.

Applying the hard-learned lessons of Arnhem it was intended that our landing, north of Wesel, should be supported 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 Wesel 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.

before we arrived. The only omission on the enemy's part was that, probably through lack of time, he had not studded 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 aerial photo of the field, on the fringes of Diersfordter Wald, where my particular glider was supposed to land. Noticing some white marks in the ditches I asked, innocently, what they were supposed to be. "Oh don't worry about that!" said my cheerful adviser. "Those are German machine guns, but the R.A.F. will take care of them." Though I am the last to disparage the R.A.F. I am bound to say that on this occasion all the rosy optimism at Mushroom Farm was unjustified. Somehow the flak batteries eluded the scouring Typhoons, and when on the morning of March 24 our air armada arrived it was greeted with such a torrent of fire that only 88 out of 416 gliders landed undamaged. But I am racing somewhat ahead of my story.



AT THE POINT OF A STEN GUN a German prisoner is marched away by a British air-trooper who, jumping with the Allied airborne forces across the Rhine in March 1945, landed in the American dropping zone. To the right (near his helmet and rifle) lies a wounded German. Photo, Keystone

This was a wise plan. The airborne boys were being used to widen and deepen a hole already made in German resistance. They were not to be left isolated for days or weeks in an island attacked by an ever-increasing weight of heavy weapons that could not be brought by air. So far so good. But the Germans, it seemed, were extremely well informed of our plans. Despite continuous defeat and collapsing morale they showed every intention of giving us a warm reception. This knowledge, plus the fact that the London newspapers, a day or two before our operation was due, began to discuss its possibilities openly, made farcical the elaborate pretence of a security black-out.

We knew that the enemy had packed the probable dropping zone with small combat groups of parachute and S.S. troops trained to tackle glider troops and parachutists before these had had time to organize. He had also massed light flak for our reception. We were reassured, however, by intelligence officers, who said that the R.A.F. were putting on "the biggest blitz ever, a terrific stonk" which would wipe out every flak gun long

I had been assigned to a Horsa glider carrying men of the Divisional Headquarters defence company. The weather held good, and on a calm, sunny, Saturday morning I climbed into the glider at Shepherd's Grove airfield with 18 stalwart infantrymen, a Colonel of the Royal Engineers, and the Senior Chaplain as fellow passengers. We sat opposite each other on benches, trussed-up with equipment and strapped in. You could not see much through the small port-holes. Somebody likened it to travelling in a tube. Half-sick and taut with nervous excitement which each hoped was not apparent to his neighbours, we felt ourselves, after an eternity of waiting, pulled off into the air. I was able to move from time to time into the pilot's cockpit, from where I could see the blue bowl of sky swarming with the silver "flying fish." High above sparkled the shoals of fighter minnows, paradoxically protecting the bigger fish below; just ahead of our glider wallowed the whale of our bomber tug, a long sagging cable in between.

The eye could hardly take in the spectacle. Tugs, gliders, parachute aircraft everywhere; the landscape rolling sluggishly below. We



## Great Stories of the War Retold

Passed over the field of Waterloo. Then, at 10.20, 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, joining us. More than 3,000 aircraft, carrying about 16,000 airborne troops, filled the sky while Allied troops below (whom we could not see) waved their hats, thrilled 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 straining 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 "unneutralized" flak bursting all around. Mercifully hidden was the sight of Wellington tugs and gliders dissolving 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 those 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. parachutists of 513 Parachute Regiment, dropped by mistake, were already beginning to do our job of cleaning-up and capturing Kipenlof Farm as Divisional Headquarters. Most of the gliders, lost in the unexpected fog—apparently caused by our smoke-screen and gunfire—landed far from their intended place. But we were not 100 yards from the right spot, and the only casualties were two or three men in the tail with broken bones.

No individual sees 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 whining over. Then, flat on my belly, I saw dozens of submissive prisoners lining the distant hedge, hands above their heads. Frankly, in this dangerous, foggy world, peopled by wild spectres, I had no idea which way to turn for safety. But, 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 Diersfordter 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 Ridgway 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 mad, confused mêlée 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 Issel bridges and the key village of Haminkeln was a modern Balaclava. 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 terrified submission, the 6th Air Landing Brigade made good its objectives but at the expense of heavy losses.

Gliders carrying *coup de main* parties of the Royal Ulster Rifles and the Oxfordshire and Bucks Light Infantry landed near enough to their objectives 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 "brewing-up" gliders on the ground. The counter-attack, though it necessitated blowing up one of the captured bridges, petered out. In 24 hours the link-up with 15th Scottish was firm and the Red Devils had begun to swan towards Bocholt.

### German Flak Exacted High Price

Battle casualties in the 6th Airborne Division on that first day totalled 108 officers and 1,300 men killed, wounded, and missing out of a divisional strength of 8,000, 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 1940-44. Nevertheless they wrought terrible execution with their flak, and in places resisted with the courage of despair.

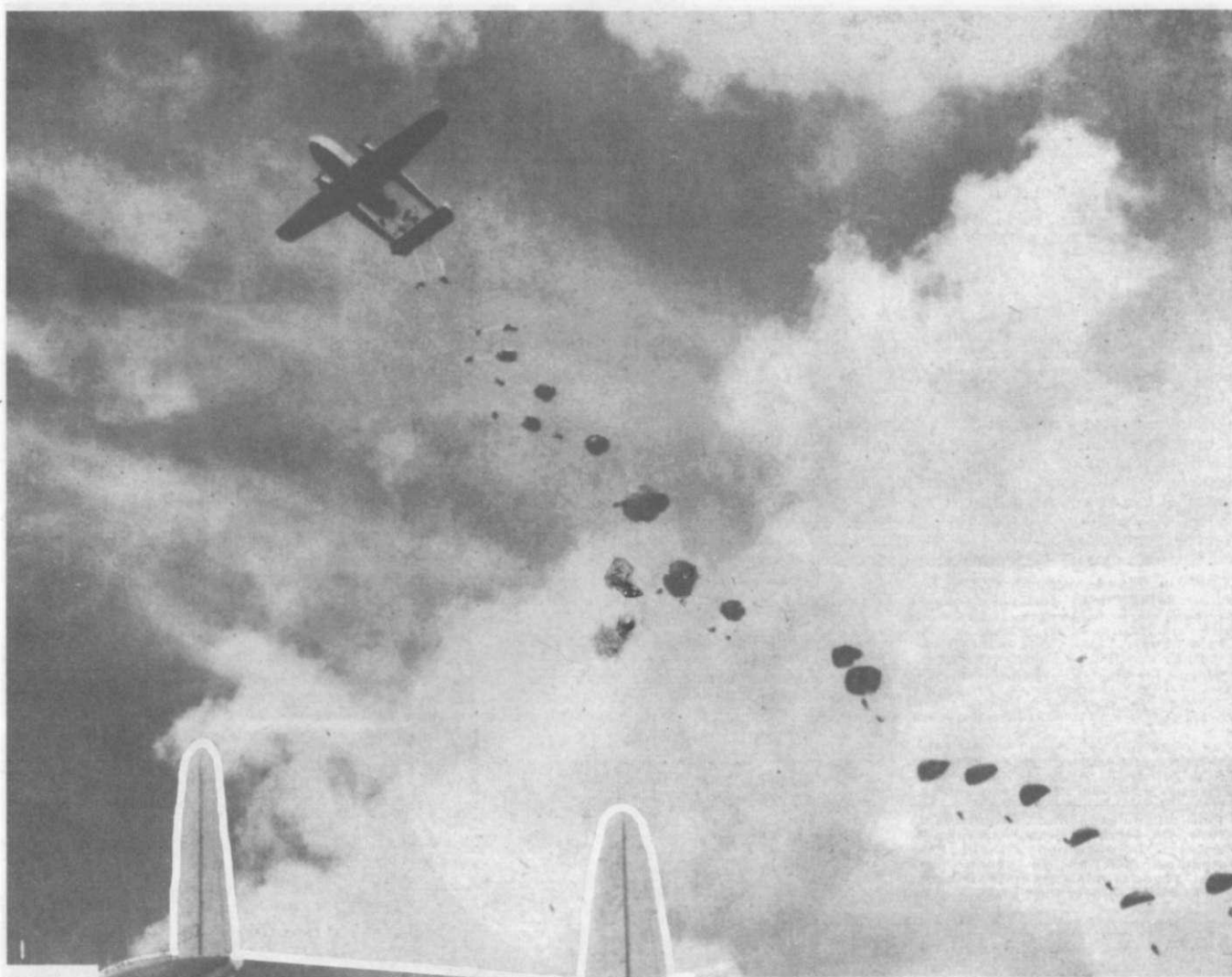
As Montgomery's armour flooded through the hole torn in Germany's last defences, on the victory tide, the British public tended to forget the part played by our airborne boys. A picture comes to my mind of a figure lying dead, his half-opened parachute lying beside him where he fell. His body was complete,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



STIRLING BOMBERS AND Horsa GLIDERS crossing the Rhine, just before the gliders' tow-ropes were cast off. These were among the 3,000 aircraft taking part in the greatest of all airborne operations: the combined landing, behind the east bank of the Rhine and in advance of our land forces, of the 6th British and the 17th U.S. Airborne Divisions on March 24, 1945. All flew from 26 British and Continental bases. See also illus. pages 776-777 and 786, Vol. 8.



## Demonstration Drop from Latest Air Transport



**DEVELOPMENT IN TROOP-CARRYING AIRCRAFT** has as its latest example the twin-engine and twin-boom Fairchild C-82, or Packet, now a standard transport in the U.S.A.A.F. From it, parachute troops can be discharged in almost half the time customary during the War, as demonstrated at Beaulieu, in Hampshire, on August 9, 1946, when British and U.S. troops descended together (1). A 25-pounder gun, with tractor, is seen (2) emerging from the aircraft. Seating arrangement is shown at (3), a feature of the Packet being that troops can jump from both sides of the box-shaped fuselage.

Designed originally for military purposes, the Fairchild C-82, powered by a pair of 18-cylinder 2,100 h.p. engines, is now being developed as a cargo carrier on U.S. commercial air routes; it can carry a 9-ton payload at 200 m.p.h. In contrast, the famous Dakota was designed for commercial purposes and adopted by the Allies as a troop-carrying aircraft. *Photos, Central Press*



## Paris Peace Delegates Take Their Brief Ease



AT THE OPERA HOUSE, PARIS, on August 1, 1946, for a special performance of ballet were M. Molotov, U.S.S.R. (1, left) and his daughter, joined by Mr. James Byrnes, U.S.A., also seen (4) with his wife (left) in their box; M. Georges Bidault, French Premier, and his wife (3); Admiral Lemonnier, France (6, left); Mr. Mackenzie King, Canada (centre), and Mr. A. V. Alexander, Britain.



At M. Bidault's reception for the Peace delegates, Maj.-Gen. François Theron, South Africa (2, right) conversed with M. Edouard Kardelj, Yugoslavia (centre), through an interpreter (left). On the Political and Economic Committees on Italy, Dr. Herbert Evatt, Australia (5, right) is in discussion with M. Sava Kosanovic (left) and Dr. Leontic (centre), Yugoslav ministers to Washington and London respectively. PAGE 326





# Ex-Enemy Countries Present Peace Treaty Pleas



Signor de GASPERI  
Prime Minister of Italy



M. TATARESCU  
Rumanian Foreign Minister



M. GYONGYOSSI  
Hungarian Foreign Minister



M. KULICHEV  
Bulgarian Foreign Minister



M. Karl ENCKELL  
Finnish Foreign Minister

VOICING THEIR OBJECTIONS to the draft Peace Treaties, delegates of the ex-enemy countries—Italy, Rumania, Hungary, Bulgaria, and Finland—presented their cases at the Paris Peace Conference. Signor de Gasperi, Prime Minister of Italy, on August 10, 1946, condemned the proposed modified French Line dividing Italy and the new Free Territory of Venezia Giulia as a "line of political expediency," and warned that "a clash between ethnic groups within the city of Trieste may well lead to an international conflict." Urging the Conference "not to fall into an irreparable mistake," he asked that the Trieste decision be postponed. Having to renounce all reparation claims against Germany, and at the same time to pay Allied Occupational expenses after October 1943 (when she became an Allied co-belligerent) together with Italy's own reparation payments "in their full and crude meaning" would be "beyond her capacity to fulfil."

M. Tatarescu (Rumania) speaking on August 13, considered the economic demands of his country's peace terms likely to jeopardize the restoration of her economy. He asserted that claims against Hungary and Germany should have been permitted, and appealed for the retention of arms by Rumania's military forces.

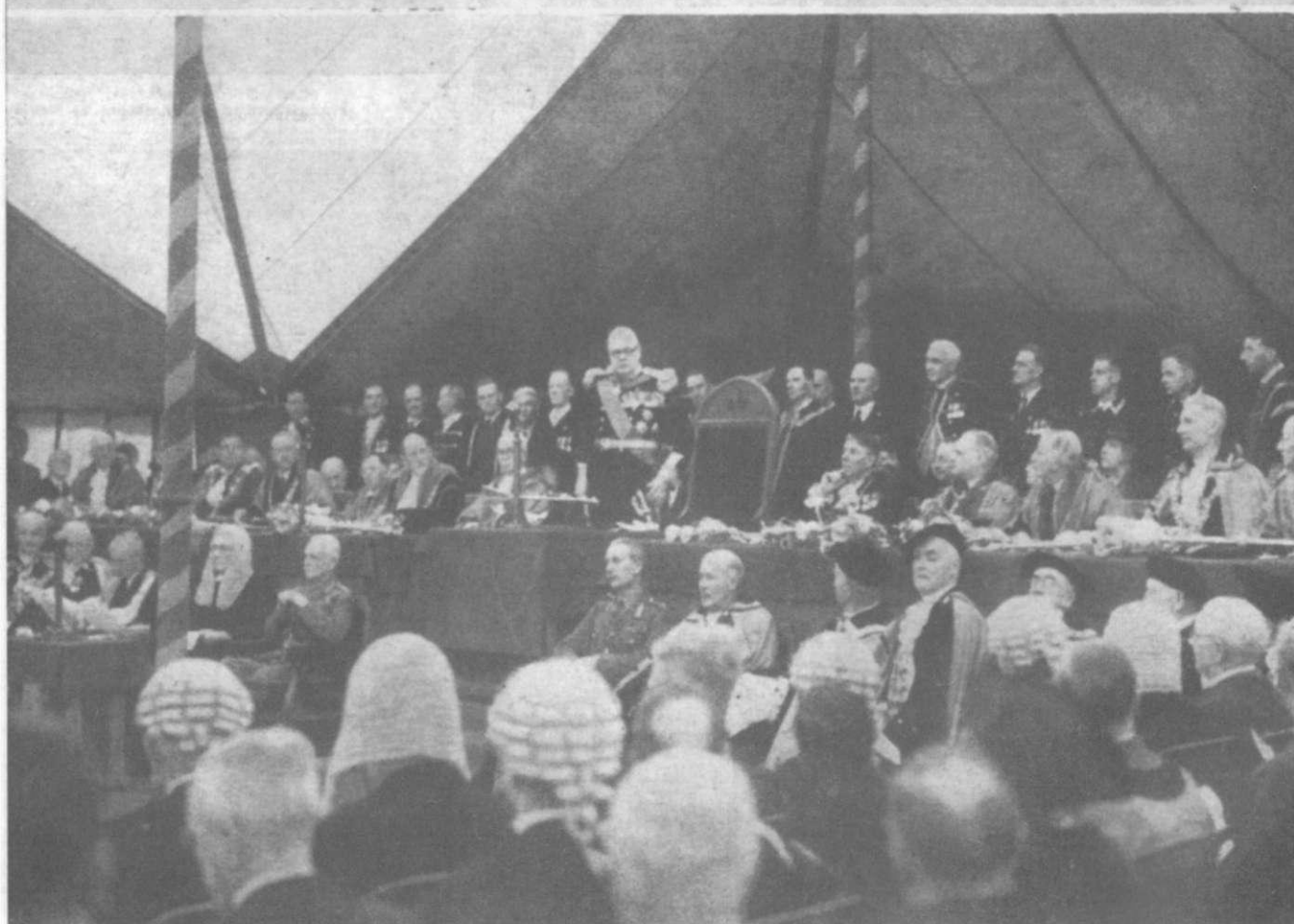
M. Gyongyossi, Hungarian Foreign Minister, on August 14 made "certain modest claims" including the return of part of Transylvania and hoped that the Conference would permit Hungary to meet her obligations and avoid complete economic collapse.

On the same day M. Kulichev (Bulgaria), requested the cession to his country of Western Thrace as an outlet to the Aegean Sea; this was opposed by M. Isaldaris, Greek Premier. 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 country's request to enter the United Nations.

M. Karl Enckell on August 15 put forward Finland's case, asking for alleviations of the territorial concessions and the economic clauses in the treaty.

Photos: Keytons, Associated Press, Planc

## 28 Hell-Fire Corner Acclaims Winston Churchill



VISITING BRITAIN'S OLDEST SEAPORT on August 14, 1946, for ancient ceremonies attending his installation as Lord Warden and Admiral of the Cinque Ports, Mr. Churchill drove through Dover's streets (top) to a spacious marquee in the grounds of St. Martin's Priory (Dover College), where he addressed (bottom) the meeting of the Grand Court of Shcpway—Mayors and officials of the Cinque Ports (Hastings, Sandwich, Dover, New Romney and Hythe) and other towns. See also illus. page 321.

PAGE 328

Photos, Topical, P.A.-Reuter



## 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, 1945, Mr. Mackenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada, unveiled a memorial to the men of Canada's 2nd Division who were killed at Pourville during these operations (see pages 196-197, Vol 6). In a three-day pilgrimage Mr. Mackenzie King visited neighbouring areas associated with the raid, and graves of Canadians in Dieppe cemetery, and received the Freedom of the town.

PAGE 329

Photo, Canadian Official

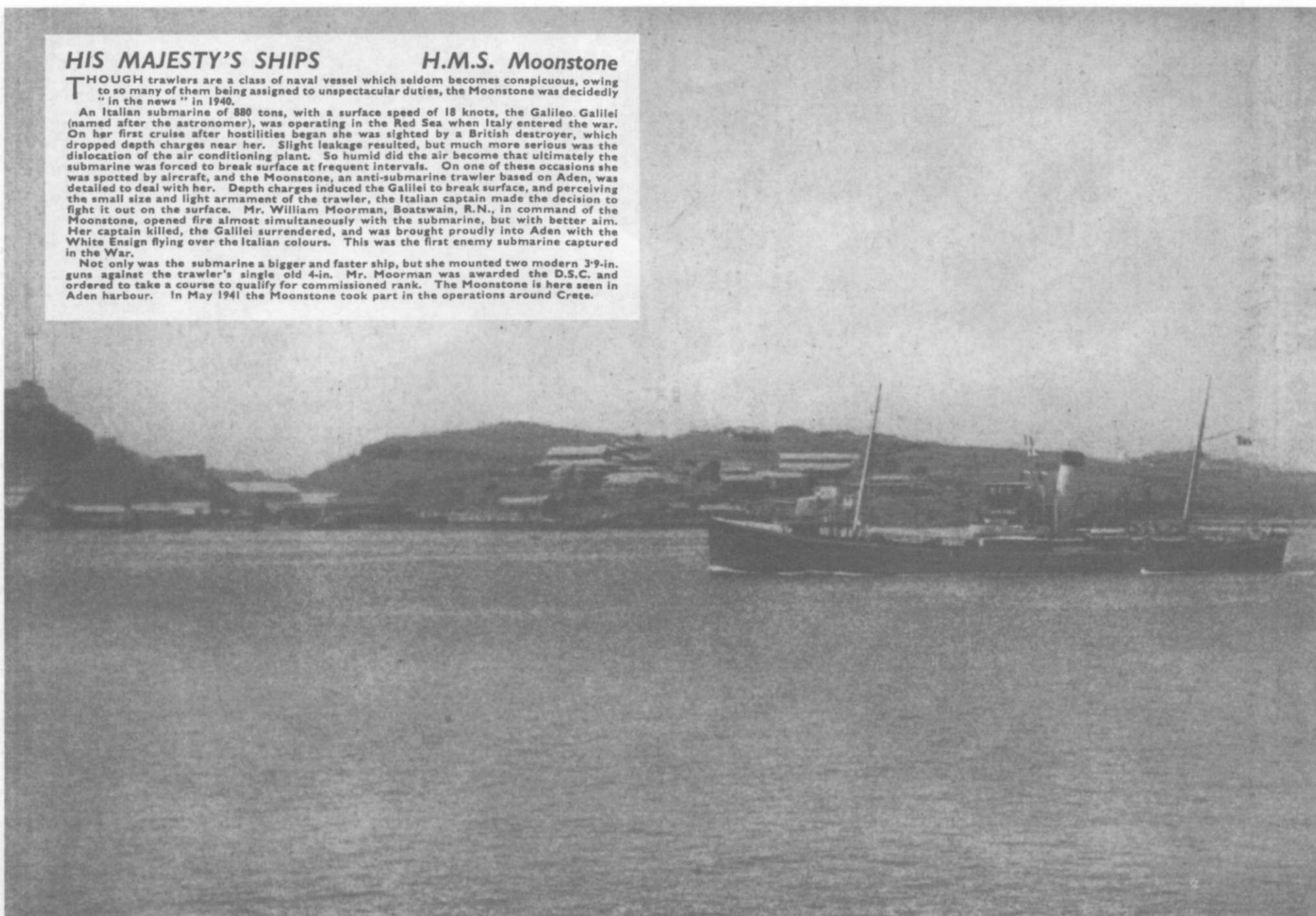
## HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS

## H.M.S. Moonstone

**T**HOUGH trawlers are a class of naval vessel which seldom becomes conspicuous, owing to so many of them being assigned to unspectacular duties, the Moonstone was decidedly "in the news" in 1940.

An Italian submarine of 880 tons, with a surface speed of 18 knots, the Galileo 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 dropped depth charges near her. Slight leakage resulted, but much more serious was the dislocation of the air conditioning plant. So humid did the air become that ultimately the submarine was forced to break surface at frequent intervals. On one of these occasions she was spotted by aircraft, and the Moonstone, an anti-submarine trawler based on Aden, was detailed to deal with her. Depth charges induced the Galilei to break surface, and perceiving the small size and light armament of the trawler, the Italian captain made the decision to fight it out on the surface. Mr. William Moorman, Boatswain, R.N., in command of the Moonstone, opened fire almost simultaneously with the submarine, but with better aim. Her captain killed, the Galilei surrendered, and was brought proudly into Aden with the White Ensign flying over the Italian colours. This was the first enemy submarine captured in the War.

Not only was the submarine a bigger and faster ship, but she mounted two modern 3.9-in. guns against the trawler's single old 4-in. Mr. Moorman was awarded the D.S.C. and ordered to take a course to qualify for commissioned rank. The Moonstone is here seen in Aden harbour. In May 1941 the Moonstone took part in the operations around Crete.





WHEN the Second Great War started the importance of communications as a vital factor in winning battles was not realized as fully as it was later, after experience gained in campaigns in the Western Desert. From then onwards, demands for men and equipment became so great that it was difficult to keep pace with them. In 1939 the proportion of Signals to the rest of the B.E.F. was 3.22 per cent. By the autumn of 1942 the proportion in the Middle East had risen to 6.22 per cent, and in 1945 the figure for India and Burma was 6.99 per cent. At the opening of the battle of El Alamein for every 1,000 men of the Royal Armoured Corps, Royal Artillery or Infantry engaged, there were about 130 men of the Royal Signals.



Concurrently with this expansion in numbers went a big change in technical design, and anyone who was acquainted with the normal equipment and scales of issue in 1939 would hardly have recognized the same units in 1945. Great improvements were made in performance and reliability and, wherever possible, in size and weight.

At the beginning of the war, wireless was regarded by commanders and staffs with a certain amount of suspicion and it was looked upon as a secondary means of communication. In the mobile conditions of warfare in the Western Desert the chief characteristic of wireless—its flexibility—made it indispensable to officers who needed to talk together without knowing each others' exact whereabouts, and the demand for wireless increased by leaps and bounds; everybody wanted to be able to talk to everybody else. The extent of the increase is shown by the fact that the number of sets in an Infantry Division rose from approximately 75 to just under 1,000.

During the battle of Cassino, and the crossing of the Rapido in July 1944, wireless sets to the number of 4,000 were in use in the area. The fighting lasted for six days, and the fact that little trouble was experienced in the way of mutual interference speaks well for the standard of training and the quality of the equipment then in use.



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL, their Colonel-in-Chief, inspected a guard of honour of Royal Signals during her visit to a Northern Command depot in September 1943. Photo, Photopress

# The Royal Signals

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

DURING the period 1939-1945 there was no spot on the Earth's surface containing members of the Navy, Army or Air Force which did not also contain its quota of men of the Royal Signals: for these have work to do for all three Services. Some worked in mixed units of the Indian and African Signal Corps, others alongside Signal units from all over the British Empire and from the United States. The Corps was formed in 1920 from the Royal Engineers Signal Services, 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 atmospheric or fading, the latter being particularly bad at night in certain parts of the world. There 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 H.Q. XIII Corps suddenly lost all communication 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 1,200 miles to Whitehall, 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—was never fully overcome, and it was often necessary for troops to move in "wireless silence." An early instance of this was at the battle of 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 minefields. The problem was solved by Royal Signals detachments moving forward with the Royal Engineers, whose job it was to clear gaps in the minefields; 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 busily 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 advance went on according to plan.

Royal Signals are responsible for signal security, and for the composition and issue of codes and ciphers, also for operating the ciphers at the headquarters where they are 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 gleaning all possible information from lapses on the part of the enemy. The distribution of ciphers was responsible for some anxious moments, as when

an aircraft crashed in the Burma jungle with ciphers on board, and ships carrying reserve copies failed to arrive at their distant ports.

Everybody is familiar with the telegraph and telephone lines running beside roads and railways, and many will have seen linemen of Royal Signals or other arms laying field cables, but few realize what an important part line communications play in war, or the high-lights of achievement or depths of anxiety of those who are responsible for them.

An example of achievement in the face of great difficulties occurred during the rapid advance of the 8th Army after the battle of El Alamein. Owing to the difficulty of digging in the hard ground the obvious thing was to repair the existing enemy overhead route, particularly as the advance was so rapid that it was almost impossible to keep up. The enemy had cut down telegraph poles and laid mines round the stumps. Where lines were still standing maintenance had been poor, and some hundred joints had to be found, cut out, rejoined and soldered, in every mile.

NEARLY 600 tons of copper wire, 4,000 lb. of solder and 1,500 telegraph poles had to be brought up by road or by sea. But in spite of all these difficulties, on December 12, 1942, eleven days after 8th Army H.Q. had been established at Benghazi, the H.Q. was through to Cairo by telegraph and telephone. On January 30, 1943, the Chief Signal Officer, 8th Army, was able to telephone from Tripoli to Baghdad—more than 2,500 miles.

At the other end of the scale may be counted the experience of an officer of a Canadian Brigade Signals who toiled for three hours clambering across the twisted metal of a demolished railway bridge, 400 yards long, which spanned the Rhine, towing a cable behind him and followed by three line men making the cable safe. Just as he reached the east bank a shell blew a wide gap in the cable in the centre of the crossing!

It was the aim of Signals to build up line communications, by means of cable and overhead routes, as far forward as possible. Thus, for the crossing of the Rhine by XII Corps on March 24, 1945, 200 miles of cable were buried in an elaborate network up to the river bank, to provide a jumping-off point.

After the actual crossing of the Rhine the further advance by VIII Corps was so rapid



LINE MEN WITH THE B.E.F. in France in October 1939 utilized existing poles to lay Army telephone wires at Berneville, this communication system then taking priority over wireless.



Colours: Red on Blue.

### 51ST (HIGHLAND) DIVISION

COMPOSED of Territorial battalions of all the Highland Regiments, the 51st Division retained the badge worn by its predecessors in the First Great War. It joined the B.E.F. in France in 1940, and in June of that year two battalions, cut off at St. Valery-en-Caux, fought heroically until forced to capitulate. 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, in October, it fought with the 8th Army through Cyrenaica, Tripolitania and in Tunisia, where the storming 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 51st was withdrawn to England for the invasion of France.

Landing in Normandy with 21 Army Group, on June 6, 1944, the Division gained all its objectives in "Operation Totalize," the Allied breakthrough south of Caen, on August 7. Lisieux was entered on August 22, after bitter hand-to-hand fighting. The Seine was crossed at Elbeuf the same week, and the 51st advanced to capture St. Valery-en-Caux, September 2 (see illus. page 248).

WITH the 49th Division it attacked Le Havre, on September 10. By October 23 the clearance of southwest Holland brought the Division to St. Michelgestel, Bostel and Hertogenbosch. After a short period in the Nijmegen salient in November-December, the 51st, under command of XXX Corps, took over the Hotton sector to help check the enemy's Ardennes offensive in January 1945. In February the Division sustained severe losses in the Reichswald Forest battle, and a fierce engagement was fought at Goch, entered on Feb. 15.

As an assault Division it crossed the Rhine on March 23, and the advance continued to Rees, where losses were again high. A hard battle ensued at Ganderkessee, April 21-22. Crossing the Weser, south of Bremen, the 51st fought towards Bremerhaven until the surrender of the German forces on May 5.

that all communications had to be by wireless, supplemented by such civilian telephone routes as could be repaired in the time available. The Corps covered the 250 miles from the Rhine to the Elbe in 26 days, March 27—April 21, 1945, and Corps H.Q. made 13 moves, over an average distance of 20 miles each. Owing to the speed of movement, and difficulty of getting up materials, no building of lines was possible on the axis of advance, and lateral routes were impossible as the country on either flank was seldom clear of the enemy.

At each move, Corps Signals usually reached a new site only a few hours after it had been in the hands of the enemy. Brushes with the enemy were frequent, the largest bag of prisoners, numbering 32, being made by a Line Squadron reconnaissance party moving into a new Corps H.Q.

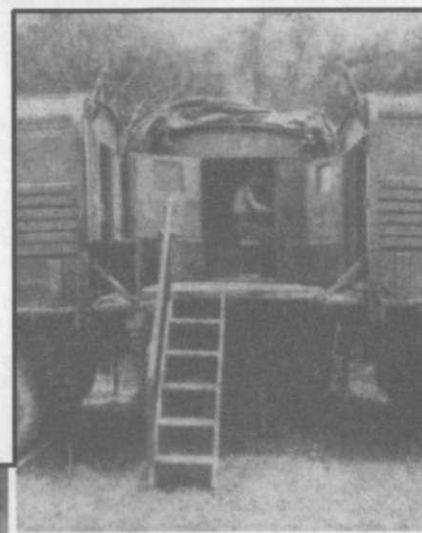


LAYING CABLE TO THE GUNS on the 8th Army front in Italy whilst the gunners were in action was accomplished by the Royal Signals as part of their recognized duties. Devising and maintaining intercommunication systems, here as elsewhere, presented endless problems for those whose motto was (and is) "Swift and Sure."

Photo, British Official

Reconditioning demolished 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 feverish repair work on a dismantled switchboard it was possible to ring up Naples; and a British Intelligence officer, who spoke perfect Italian, called up 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 headquarters they serve must remain somewhere near them, and there is



ARMY SIGNALS OFFICE IN BURMA was set up in an old building quickly adapted to the purpose. Owing to the nature of the country over which the Allies fought, communication was effected mainly by radio. Mobile wireless trucks (centre photograph) backed on to one another formed a compact Signal centre.

PAGE 332

Photos, British Official



# Royal Signals' Devices in the Western Desert

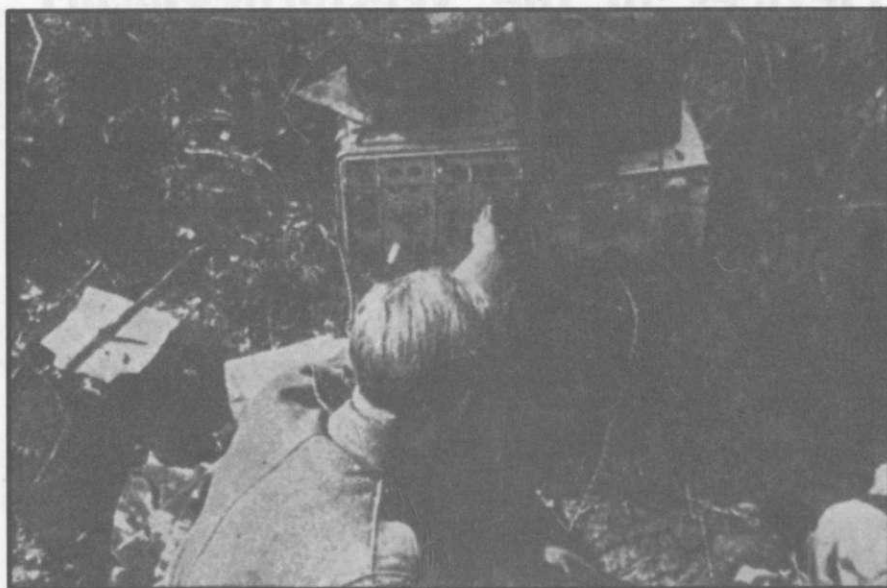


IN A CAMOUFLAGED CATACOMB (1) used as a Signals post in North Africa in May 1941 signalmen escaped enemy attentions, and received their meals at the end of a rope. Dispatching messages by carrier pigeon was adopted (2) when other systems of communication were ruled out by the prevailing circumstances. Telephone cables had sometimes to be buried in hard desert sand by the use of a tractor-drawn plough (3), line men following with a reel of cable and laying it in the shallow trench.

PAGE 333

Photos, British Official





WITH HIS PORTABLE WIRELESS SET this signalman was dropped with the Allied airborne forces at Arnhem in September 1944. Regarded at the beginning of the war as a secondary means of communication, wireless made great strides and with improved equipment and technique played an ever greater part in the British Army's campaigns. Photo, British Official

considerable risk of damage to the routes. Lines suffer more damage from our own vehicles than from enemy action. One enterprising officer serving in Italy took the trouble to analyse the cause of faults 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 through enemy action or mechanical breakdown, and there is, therefore, uncertainty as to whether he has delivered his package or not, when his times of arrival and departure cannot be reported by telegraph or telephone. The motor-cycle has often been replaced by a jeep, light aeroplane or motor-boat.

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

Visual signalling, or "flag wagging" 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 known to man, were extensively used for certain purposes, particularly in the organization of the Defence 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 drawbacks are 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 exist called Air Formation Signals, each one of which is able to provide line communications 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 headquarters 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.

Long-range wireless links, some of them capable of high-speed work, had to be maintained between the War Office and the Headquarters of all overseas commands. Many of these links carried all types of concession 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 all 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 portions: (a) Rear links required by the Royal Navy, Army, and Royal Air Force; (b) rear links of lower power from the assault beaches.

A total of 65 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 to the assault beaches smaller and more mobile sets were used, which for security reasons could not be in position until the night before the landing took place. Five mobile sets were landed on the beaches, and four came into action.

The first submarine cable was laid on D-Day + 3, but ended in an uncleared land minefield. It was not through until D + 5. A second cable was laid on D + 6, but the ship was damaged, and the end of the cable was dropped ten miles from the far shore. It was picked up and finished on D + 11. By D + 13, six telephone and up to 14 teleprinter circuits were working, using both cables, but a north-easterly gale sprang up and both cables were damaged by drifting wrecks a few miles off the French shore. Despite the gale, 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 latest 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 lines (see page 556, Vol. 9). The B.B.C. broadcasts, heard by so many listeners, were relayed over the cross-Channel circuits provided by the Royal Signals.

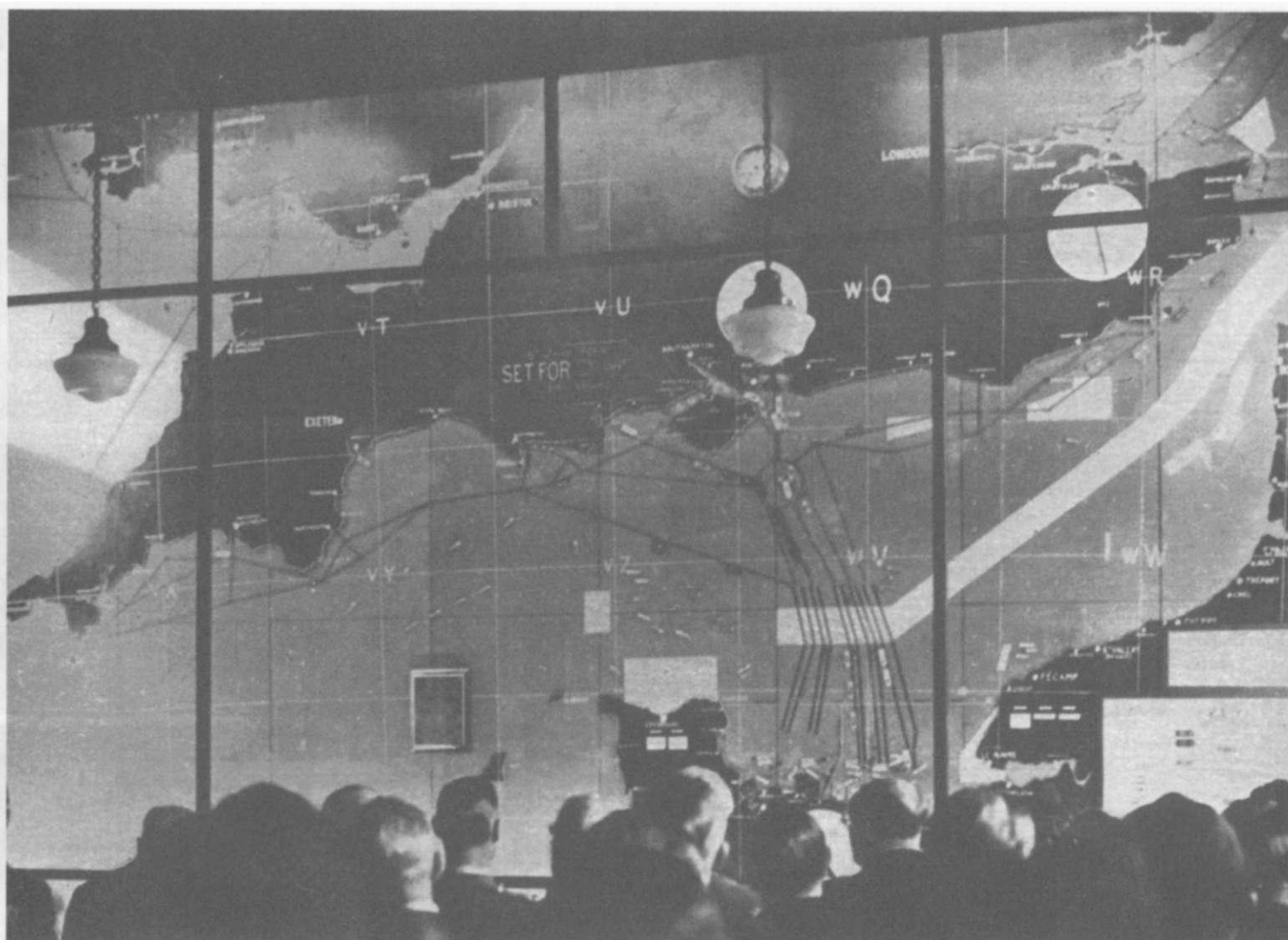
The problems of different theatres, particularly those of the Far East, called for special treatment though not for any radical change in basic training. The main point of difference between the Far East and other theatres arose from different methods of transport. In the period of highly mobile warfare in the Middle East, the system of staff officers and their Royal Signals operators working together as a team inside a special command vehicle, which was sometimes armoured, had become highly developed, and 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 be "lifted" by air at short notice. Cable and batteries were supplied by air, the cable being made up in specially designed coils.

In the words of Field-Marshal Montgomery, "Much of Signals work was of the unspectacular slogging variety which the provision of a vast network of communications involves. The constant aim of Signals was to build up the solid cable head as far forward 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 consisted of the build-up before the battle, using every means of communication available, intense activity to maintain essential links during the actual operation, and another build-up during the period of reorganization, 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.



SIGNALS DISPATCH RIDER confronted with a churned-up road must make the passage as though potholes and mud were non-existent. PAGE 334 Photo, British Official



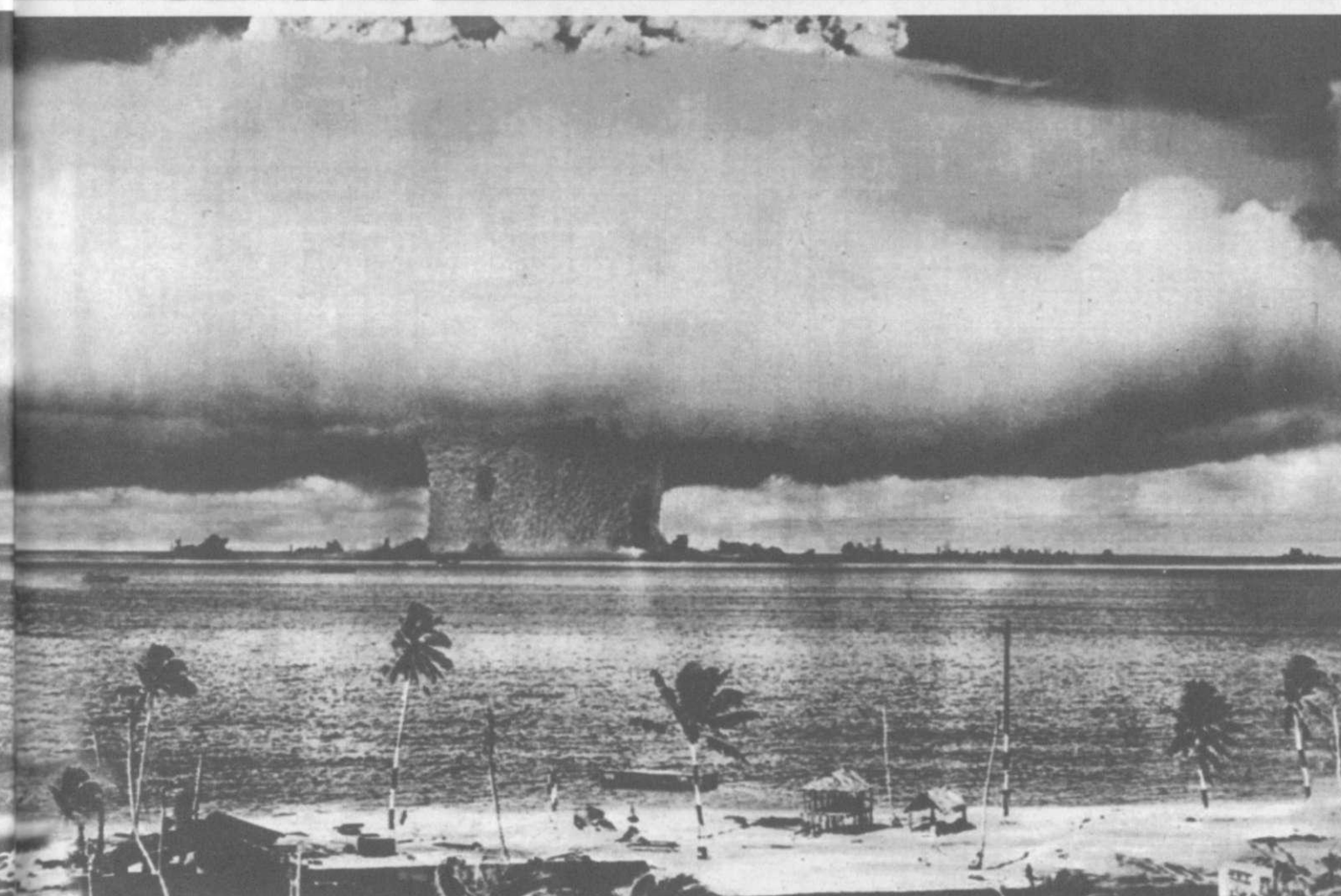
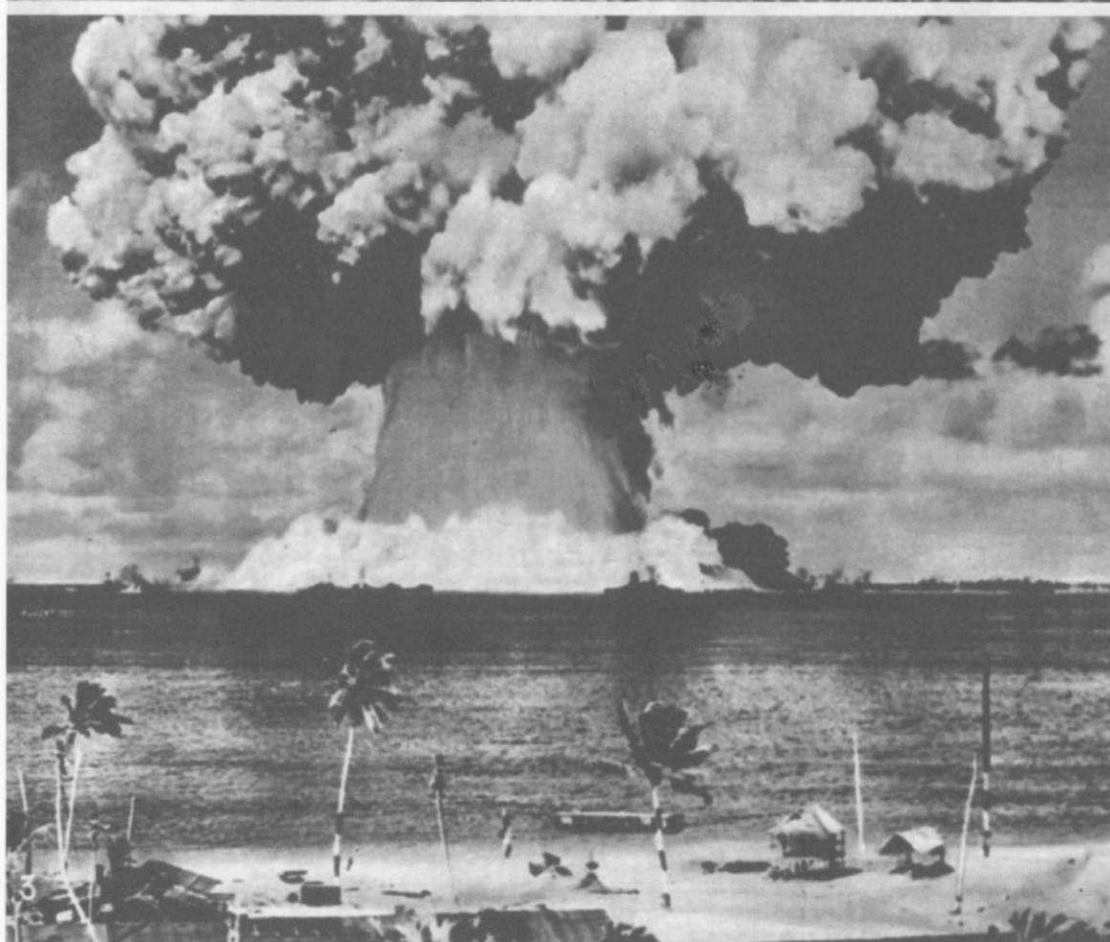
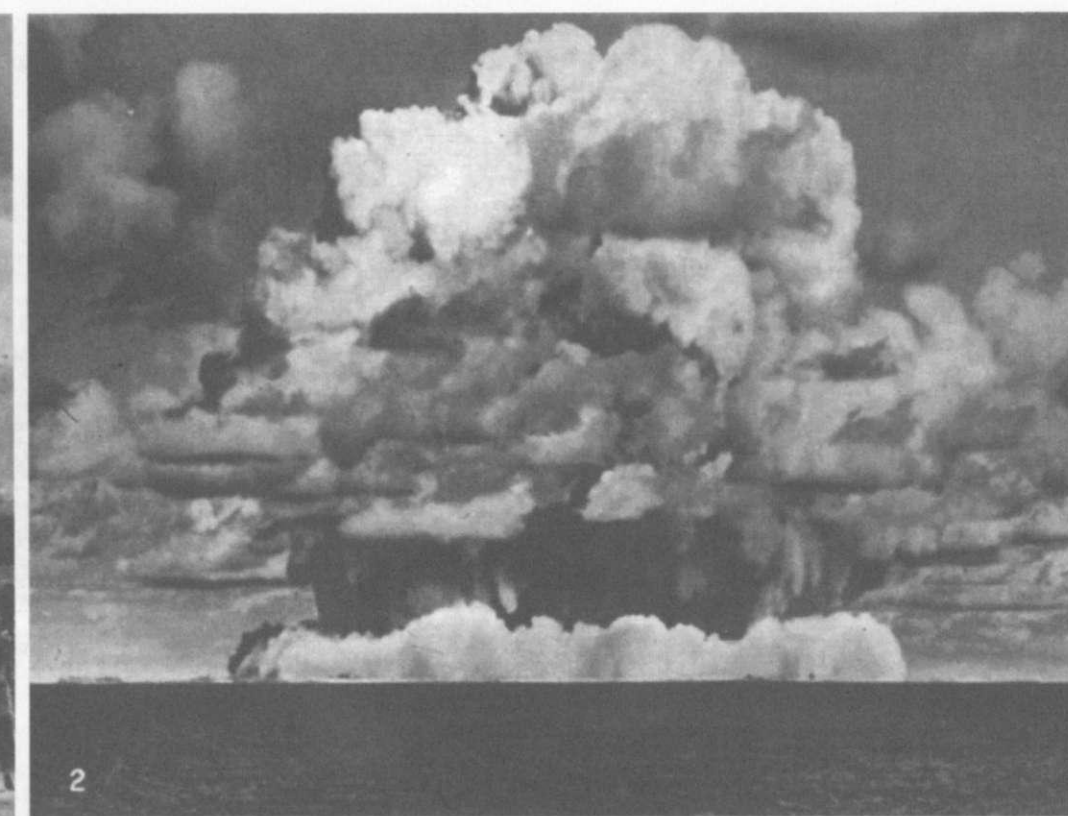
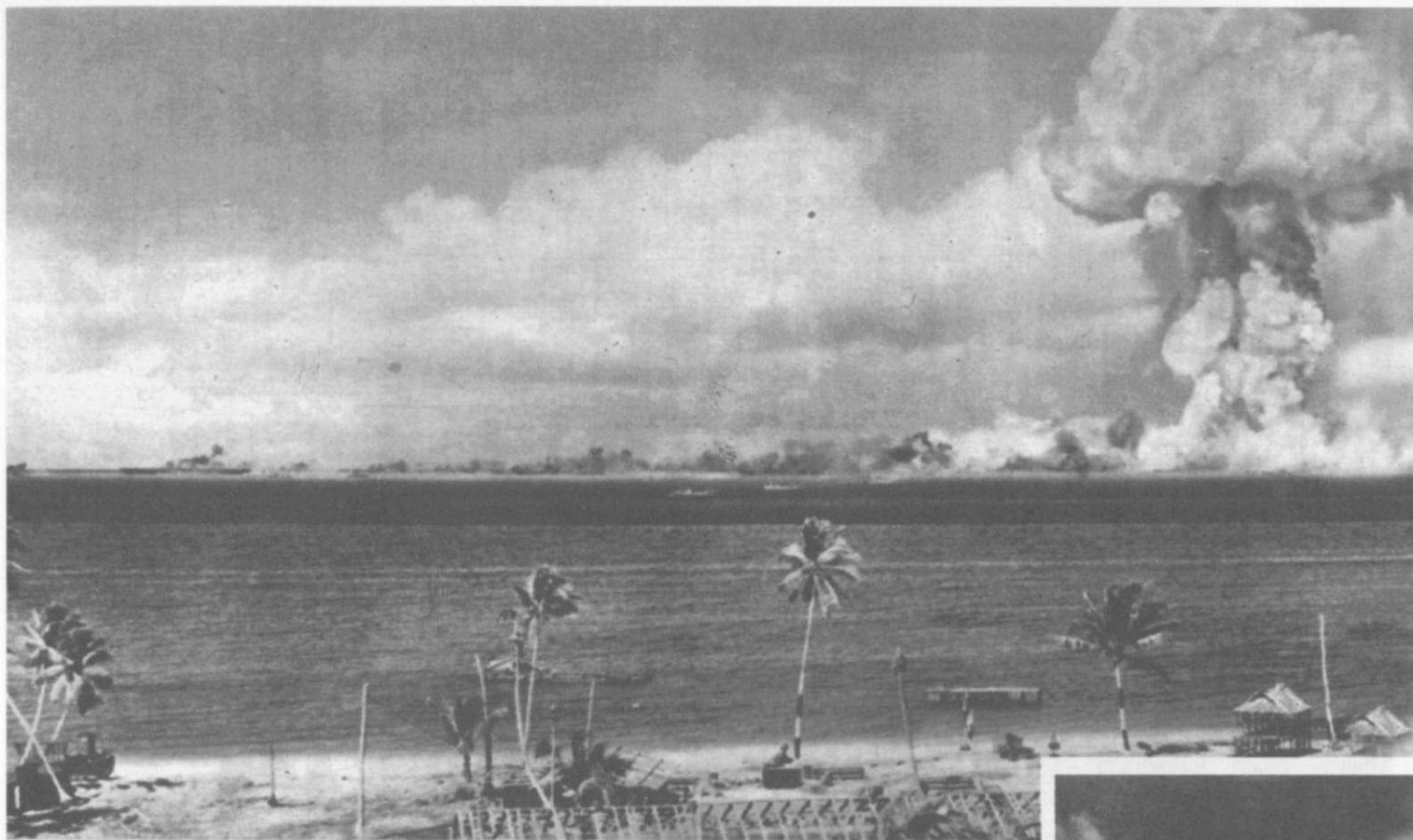
### ***Where Eisenhower Watched On D-Day***

In the Naval Room in H.M.S. Dryad, at Southwick Park, Fareham, Hants, hangs a wall-map of tremendous memories. 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 unveiling 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.

The unveiling ceremony was performed by (right, pointing) Rear-Admiral G. E. Greasy, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., R.N. On the extreme right is Capt. John Ide, U.S. Navy (Asst. Naval Attache, U.S. Embassy, London). Centre officer, holding white paper, is Commodore Robinson, U.S. Navy, Air Naval Attache at the U.S. Embassy.





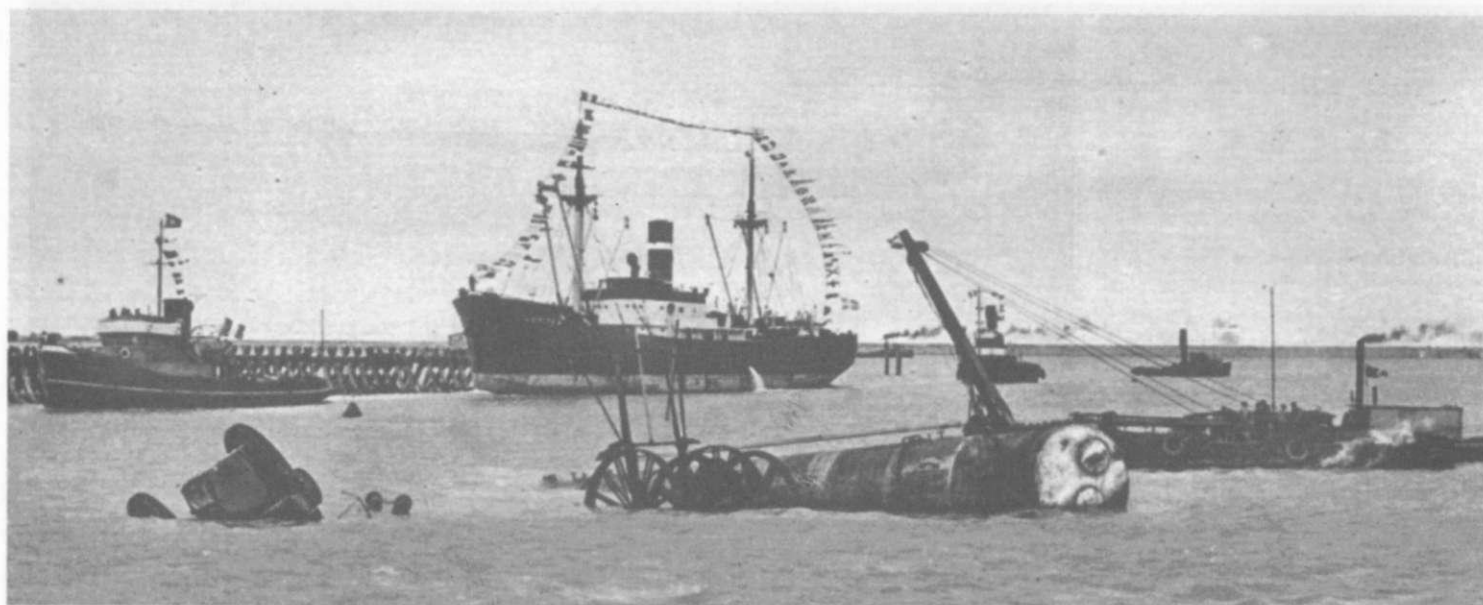


### **Amazing Demonstration of Disruptive Genius—**

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 232-233). The following month the same waters were violently erupted 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 undisclosed depth, from a landing craft was detonated, in the midst of a target fleet, by radio impulses from a distance of 15 miles.

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

When the sea burst open (2), thousands of tons of water roared up to 2,000 feet (3), a moment later (4) extending to 5,000 feet and measuring more than 2,000 feet across at the base. Dense smoke surged to 8,000 feet and, suffering varying degrees of damage, target ships which still remained afloat tossed in the tumultuous waters discoloured 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***

*Photos, G.P.*

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 Germans five years later—the 3,000-ton Swedish coaster Jupiter (top), dressed with bunting from stem to stern, was towed by tugs past rusty wrecks 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.



## Our Empire's Proud Share in Victory

# MALAYA AND SINGAPORE SUMMING-UP

By HARLEY V. USILL

**M**OST people can recall the spate of criticism, even abuse, of the conduct of British arms and administration in Malaya when in 1942 public opinion was shocked by the disasters in the Far East. Cooler reflection shows that this criticism was unfair to our soldiers, civilians and officials. The truth is that they played their part in difficult circumstances, victims of a catastrophe beyond their control. 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 also is untrue.

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, there was a big Buddhist Malay Kingdom in Sumatra with colonies in northern Malaya that levied tax and toll on trade. In 1511 the Portuguese conquered Malacca and perpetuated 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 1824, and meanwhile had leased the island of Penang from the Sultan of Kedah in 1786. 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 mangrove swamp from the Sultan of Johore, and from this unpromising beginning Singapore was developed into one of the world's largest ports. Penang, Malacca and Singapore made up the colony of the Straits Settlements.

### Neither Trained Nor Armed for War

Britain had no desire to extend her responsibilities further but, following urgent requests, in 1874 Britain appointed advisers to help the Malay chiefs to administer Perak, part of Negri Sembilan and Selangor. In 1888 Pahang accepted a British President, and these four territories formed the Federated Malay States. By a treaty with Siam in 1909 that country transferred to Britain control over Kelantan, Trengganu and Perlis, and in 1914 the Sultan of Johore applied for a British General Adviser and British civil servants. These five states formed the Unfederated Malay States. During British administration slavery, torture and forced labour were abolished, civil wars and tropical diseases eliminated, and a system of social services introduced which were second to none in any other Colonial territory in the world.

The three main races in Malaya are the 2,169,000 Malays, 2,114,000 Chinese and 755,000 Indians. The Malay is, typically, a small peasant, and although a few aspire to Government employment the majority are easy-going, preferring to leave to others the worries of business and wage-earning toil on estates and mines. In contrast the Chinese are energetic and easily adaptable and have played an important part in the life of Malaya; while the Indians, of whom half a million are Tamils from Southern India and Ceylon, worked mainly on the rubber plantations, but some became Government servants, railwaymen, schoolmasters and lawyers. These peoples, together with a small minority of Eurasians and British, made up the "five faces of Malaya," and in 1938 a report to the League of Nations stated that "Having an adequate revenue, the Government of Malaya has been able to develop health and education to a point unattained elsewhere 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?

**T**HE disaster which befell our Far Eastern Colonies of the Straits Settlements and Malay States in 1942 prevented their completing the part in the war effort which they had begun prior to the Japanese invasion. Credit is here 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 warfare. At a discussion 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 contribution of the whole Colonial Empire.

At the beginning of the war the locally-raised forces consisted of one battalion of the Malay Regiment, the small Johore military forces, and a number of volunteer units in the Straits Settlements, Federated Malay 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 after the invasion? In the extreme rapidity of Japanese advance some confusion was inevitable, and Penang was a story of an unexpected enemy break-through on the nearby mainland causing a badly-executed evacuation. But against this must be set innumerable examples of men and women



**MALAY PEOPLE'S ANTI-JAPANESE ARMY**, formed in January 1942 as an "underground" movement to fight the Japanese during their occupation of the Peninsula, was disbanded on December 1, 1945. The army's 4th Regiment of Guerillas marched past Brigadier J. J. Cully, British 2nd Division, at Johore Bahru, during the disbandment ceremony. Photo, British Official

in a vital emergency involving Japanese aggression. In the event, the attack on Singapore came from the land, and a large part of the U.S. Fleet was at the bottom of Pearl Harbour. Added to all this, Great Britain was herself fighting on many fronts for her very existence and was thereby rendered incapable of affording effective assistance. The peoples of Malaya were responsible neither for the defensive scheme nor for the disaster which ensued.

**T**HE test of loyalty can first be made by reference to the attitude of Malaya prior to the Japanese invasion. Malaya fulfilled its prescribed production function by producing record quantities of rubber and tin. In a country like Malaya every European in time of war is a keyman and accordingly they were forbidden to come home to join up, as many wanted, but were retained to maintain the efficiency of Malaya's economy and government under the extra strain thrown on it by the war. There was hardly a woman who was not engaged in medical or other war work, and these Europeans formed the nucleus round which gathered thousands of Asiatics, men and women, who manned the various defence services. All classes and races of the population voluntarily gave £20,000,000 to the war effort—an amount

of all races staying obstinately at their posts until cleared out by the military; while in Singapore the passive defence services functioned well until the eve of surrender. Bewildered and stunned though they were by events which belied our propaganda that the Japanese could not conquer Malaya, the bulk of the Asiatic population behaved remarkably well. The average Chinese was enthusiastically on our side.

Was there a Fifth Column? Quite frankly, there was, but on nothing like the scale suggested in some quarters. Most of the stories arose from the inability of British troops to distinguish Malays and Chinese from Japanese, a difficulty which was increased by the trick used by the Japanese troops of disguising themselves in native clothing. Then there was the natural silence of the Malays which was interpreted as antipathy by those unaccustomed to their habits.

Such Fifth Column as existed was almost entirely confined to Northern Malaya where there was a considerable mixture of Malays with Siamese, whose pro-Japanese sentiments had hitherto not been fully appreciated. It is significant to note, however, that there is no single recorded instance of our troops, when cut off by the enemy or seeking to escape capture, failing to receive help and sympathy from the local people.





## Our War Leaders in Peacetime SMUTS

**T**HE career of Jan Christiaan Smuts is among the most colourful of those of the Empire's war leaders. From commander of a Boer "commando" 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 77th 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.

Born 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 rivals—Hertzog and Malan—and at Stellenbosch Victoria College he met Sybilla Krige, the girl he was to marry in 1897. Today he calls her "Isie," and their house is noisy with grandchildren when the family, two sons and four daughters, comes home.

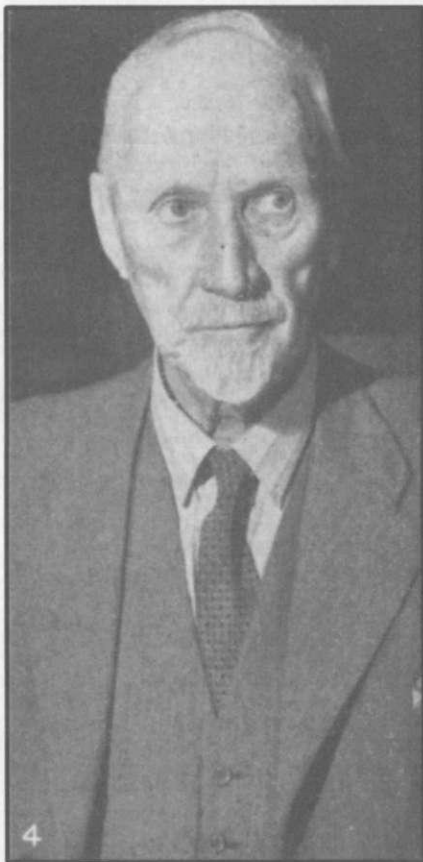
A brilliant scholar, at Cambridge he compressed a two-years' law course into one, became a Bencher of the Middle Temple and, when only 28, State Attorney for the South African Republic. The Boer War interrupted his political career; but it proved his ability as a strategist, and with its termination 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 Hottentot shepherd on his father's farm, listening to tales of the veld.

**N**ow 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.

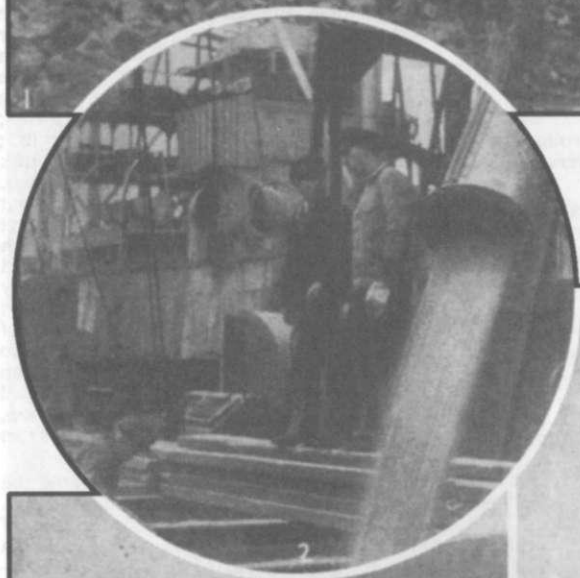
The Smuts entertain little, but the Field-Marshal's friends know him as a brilliant and witty after-dinner speaker. He is a deep thinker, and photography, he declares, clears his mind for another of his hobbies—the study of philosophy.



**FIELD-MARSHAL J. C. SMUTS**, Prime Minister of South Africa and Minister of Defence, and a great lover of nature, enjoys the flowers in the gardens of Groote Schuur (1), official residence of South Africa's Prime Ministers, at Cape Town. Mrs. Smuts (2) busy knitting in the grounds of their country home at Irene, near Pretoria. Arriving at Le Bourget airfield, France (3), on August 19, 1946, to lead the Dominion's delegation at the Peace Conference; with him is the daughter of Major-General Francois Theron, acting leader of the Delegation in the Field-Marshal's absence. In his Cape Town study (4).

Photos, Topical, Associated Press, Illustrated  
PAGE 340

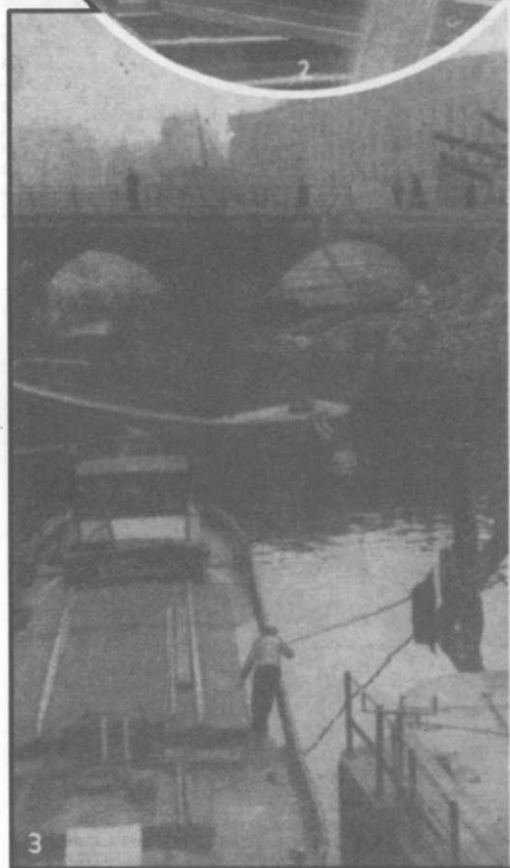
# Scope for Reconstruction in Hamburg on the Elbe



ONCE A GREAT CITY AND SEAPORT, Hamburg, in the British zone in Germany, faces a gigantic task of reconstruction. A war casualty surveys mounds of rubble still covering acres of the city (1). In the badly damaged docks Canadian wheat is discharged from a Liberty ship into a grain barge (2). Wharves and quays have been almost obliterated; barges are moored to posts (3). Demolishing the remains of a bombed building (4). From R.A.F. bombers alone the city received 22,580 tons of bombs between May 1940 and April 1945, the most devastating attacks being those of July and August 1943.

PAGE 341

Photos, Topical Press



# Europe's Wartime Capitals in 1946

**T**HE 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 there was hard fighting for 100 days, and Helsinki especially suffered much damage in the general bombing. Defeat was inevitable, and the Finns made peace, the treaty 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 side 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 19, 1944, and the German troops left in northern Finland devastated the country in their retreat to Norway. There was hardly a building left unburned 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 illus. in page 165, Vol. 8) and people who had been evacuated from the Porkkala district, thus increasing the serious shortage of dwelling places.

Lacking other accommodation the homeless persons took up their abode in schools and public air-raid shelters, and day after day more swarmed into the city. The officials were powerless to alleviate this shortage and in consequence were unpopular. Demonstrations are frequent, the authorities receiving resolutions and protests almost incessantly. But now building is in progress in Helsinki, including a vast new hospital for children which is approaching completion.

The heavy war-indemnity—300,000,000 dollars (about £75,000,000) payable in com-

## HELSINKI

by REINO KOIVULA

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 been 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 only one way to cover all this—to work as hard 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 those labouring in the factories were improved and wages raised, the result being that production showed a remarkable 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.

**L**ACK of tonnage 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 merchantmen were at sea or in foreign ports, where they were interned or sunk. Deep, therefore, was the joy when the governments of Great Britain and the U.S.A. proclaimed their willingness to give Finnish ships back to their original owners. As Finland had to hand over to Soviet Russia many of its most up-to-date

ships as war indemnity the generosity shown by the British and American governments is very greatly appreciated. American and British ships have brought to Finnish ports gift-parcels, 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 worn out and the situation was desperate. With 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 strife, accustomed as they are to a simple life 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 Finland. Food has been rationed since 1941, the monthly rates per person now being approximately: bread 19 lb.; sugar 9 oz.; 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 not 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. Woollen cloth has not been seen in the shops of Helsinki since 1941. Housewives have to do a good deal of queueing, 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 numerous parks.

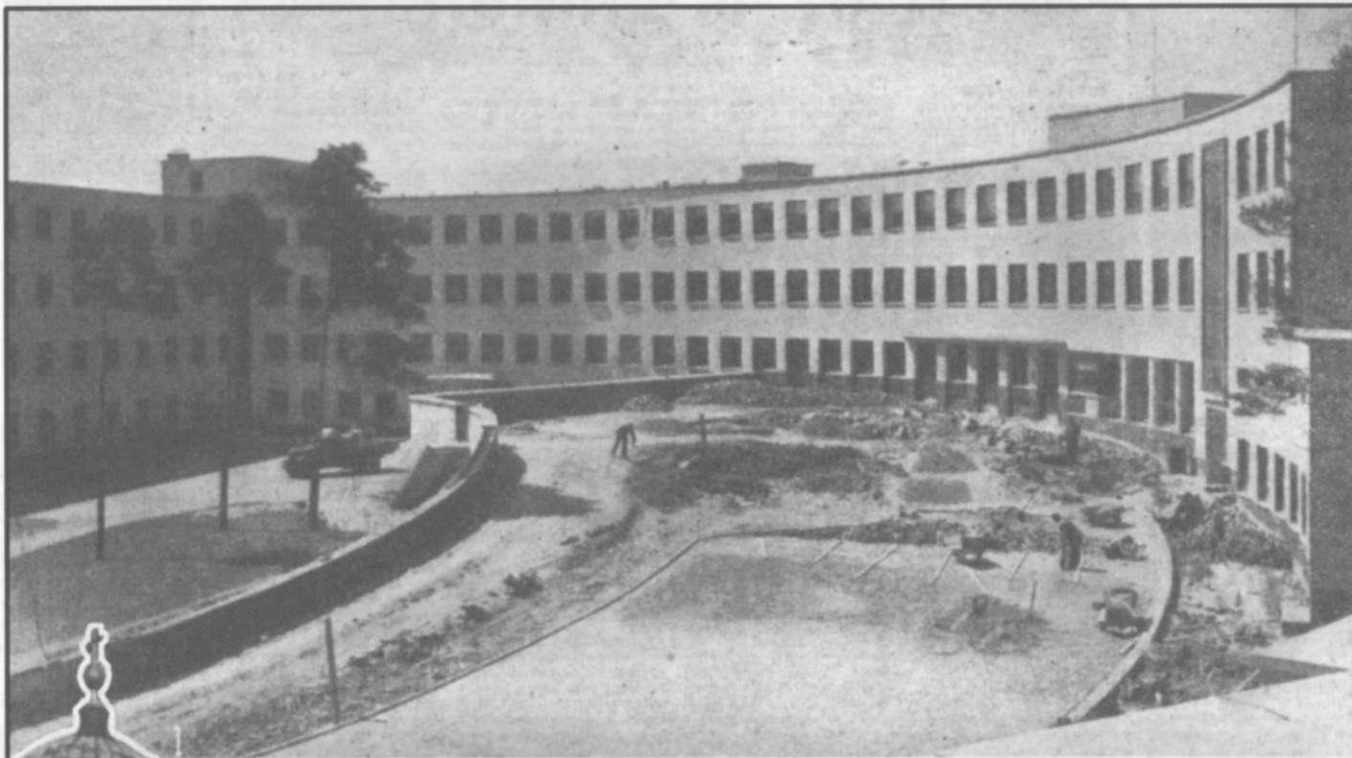
When after six long years there came the first ship with coffee to Finland—the S.S. Herakles, carrying more than 3,000 tons of coffee from Brazil—there was almost a national feast. Many of the leading newspapers and the big shops displayed maps showing the route of the Herakles bringing the "golden drink" to the thirsty Finnish people. Every day the situation of the ship on the Atlantic was marked on the maps so that all could see how their favourite drink drew nearer to the Finnish coast.



**IN THE STRUGGLE FOR POST-WAR EXISTENCE** in Helsinki less vital needs are not forgotten; cut flowers (left) are obtainable but costly. Agricultural tractors from Britain and America shipped to Finland are replacing those worn out through constant use and lack of maintenance during the war years: a consignment from Britain unloading at Helsinki (right). Export of products from the country's vast forests is booming, and helping to pay for these and other essential imports.



## 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. In the rebuilding programme is included a vast hospital for children (1). City workers relax on the steps of the Suurkirrko Church (2). From the House of the National Diet (3, background) and other buildings in Helsinki flags flew on June 4, 1946, in honour of the 79th birthday of Field-Marshal Mannerheim, former President, and of Finnish Army Day. Coffee is on sale (4) in Helsinki's shops for the first time since 1941. See facing page.

PAGE 343 Exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED



**Fus. T. ALFORD**  
R. Inniskilling Fusiliers.  
In action: Italy. 19.1.44.  
Age 24. (Desertone)

## The Roll of Honour

1939—1946

*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.*

**Sgt. T. H. BAXTER**  
223 Coy. R.A.S.C.  
Action: Arnhem. 23.9.44.  
Age 36. (Clipstone)



**Cpl. H. BEECHING**  
4th Hussars.  
Action: W. Desert. 1.6.42.  
Age 35. (Middle Stoke)



**Cpl. S. W. BULL**  
Reconnaissance Corps.  
Died of wounds. 25.5.44.  
Age 23. (Hackney)



**Sgt. E. W. COX**  
51 Bomber Sqn., R.A.F.  
Action: Hadamer. Apl. 43.  
Age 22. (Canterbury)



**Spr. E. DARWENT**  
Royal Engineers.  
Action: France. 11.6.44.  
Age 26. (Sheffield)



**Rfn. W. EDGE**  
6th Airborne Division.  
Died of wounds. 2.4.45.  
Age 33. (Nantwich)



**Gdn. R. B. EDWARDS**  
Irish Guards.  
Action: Tunisia. 30.4.43.  
Age 28. (Whitchurch)



**Pte. S. FERDINANDO**  
Dorsetshire Regiment.  
Died of wounds. 11.6.44.  
Age 23. (London)



**Gr. W. FAIRBROTHER**  
422 S.L., Bty. R.A.  
Died of wounds. 7.3.45.  
Age 38. (London)



**Pte. T. D. FERRY**  
Argyll & Suth. Highlanders  
Far East.  
Age 26. (Sunderland)



**Pte. A. GAMBLE**  
2nd Bn. West Yorks Regt.  
Action: Burma. 14.1.44.  
Age 22. (Mansfield)



**Chf. P.O. J. H. GREEN**  
H.M.S. Boadicea.  
Action: At sea. 13.6.44.  
Age 28. (nr. Newmarket)



**A/B W. GASKELL**  
Royal Navy.  
Action: at sea. 2.2.43.  
Age 21. (Earlestown)



**Spr. J. E. GUDGER**  
59th Field Coy., R. Engrs.  
Action: Dixmude. 23.5.40.  
Age 19. (Atherstone)



**Gnr. H. HARDSTAFF**  
1st Survey Regt., R.A.  
D. of wounds: India. 13.2.45.  
Age 30. (Hucknall)



**Pte. A. HEAL**  
Duke of Cornwall's L.I.  
Action: Cassino. 12.5.44.  
Age 28. (E. Chinnock)



**O/S H. D. HENWOOD**  
H.M.S. Galatea.  
Mediterranean. 15.12.41.  
Age 18. (Newquay)



**Bmdr. L. HURRELL**  
Royal Artillery.  
In action: Java. 29.11.43.  
Age 23. (Dagenham)



**Sgt. A. G. S. JARVIS**  
Royal Air Force.  
Action: Antwerp. 22.5.44.  
Age 19. (Walthamstow)



**Tpr. A. KENT**  
Royal Tank Regiment.  
Action: Tobruk. 13.6.42.  
Age 22. (Liverpool)



**L/Cpl. F. MAPLESTONE**  
Suffolk Regiment.  
Jap. P.O.W. 20.9.43.  
Age 40. (Gloucester)



**L/Bmdr. J. MARTIN**  
Royal Artillery.  
In action: Caen. 25.8.44.  
Age 29. (Coseley)



**L/A C.C. J. F. MORGAN**  
Royal Air Force.  
India. 17.5.43.  
Age 39. (Salisbury)



**Stoker. C. MORT**  
H.M.S. Galatea.  
Mediterranean. 15.12.41.  
Age 27. (Ellesmere Port)



**Y/Sig. A. G. NICHOLLS**  
H.M.S. Galatea.  
Mediterranean. 15.12.41.  
Age 28. (Birmingham)



**L/S. J. ROBERTSON**  
H.M.S. Charybdis.  
Action: at sea. 23.10.43.  
Age 30. (Edinburgh)



**Pte. H. G. PREVETT**  
Middlesex Regiment.  
Action: at sea. 27.2.44.  
Age 20. (Ramsgate)



**Sgt. Plt. W. RAINE**  
610 Squadron, R.A.F.  
Action: St. Omer. 21.8.41.  
Age 22. (Carlisle)



**Lg/Str. A. RICHARDS**  
Royal Navy.  
Mediterranean. May, 40.  
Age 22. (Eastbourne)



**Flt/Sgt. E. RIGBY**  
209 Squadron, R.A.F.  
D/wds: Seychelles. 8.7.44.  
Age 21. (St. Helens)



**A/B R. SHARP**  
H.M.S. Royal Oak.  
Scapa Flow. 14.10.39.  
Age 17. (Grimston)



**Sgt/Plt. L. G. SMITH**  
Bomber Command, R.A.F.  
Action: Atlantic. 17.4.43.  
Age 29. (Taunton)



**Gnr. T. R. SOWERBY**  
Royal Horse Artillery.  
Action: Tobruk. Nov. 41.  
Age 21. (Sedburgh)



**Gnr. R. TAYLOR**  
Royal Artillery.  
Action: Greece. 21.4.41.  
Age 26. (Wakefield)



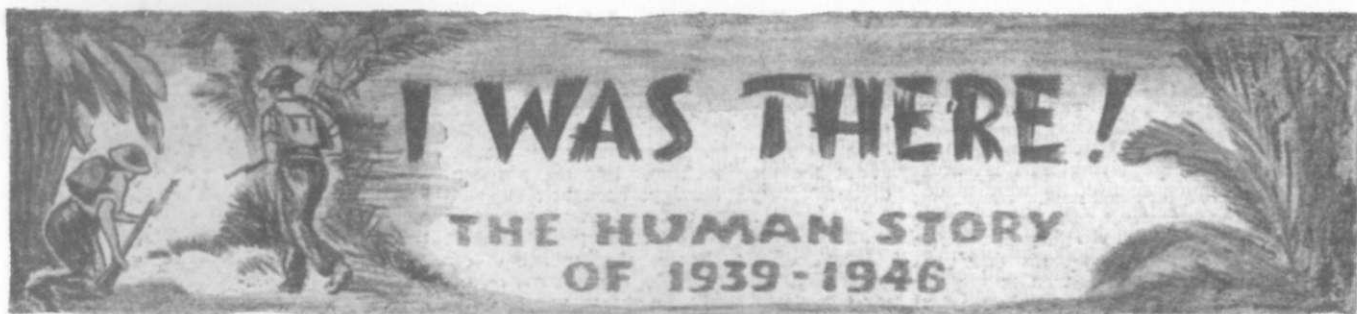
**Dvr. A. H. STRONG**  
Royal Army Service Corps.  
Action: Tobruk. 15.5.41.  
Age 21. (Ascot)



**Flt/Sgt. A. THOMPSON**  
Royal Air Force.  
Action: Berlin. 3.4.43.  
Age 21. (Middlesbrough)



**Cpl. K. W. TOMPKINS**  
4th Bn. Somerset L.I.  
D. of wds: Nor'dy. 11.7.44.  
Age 28. (Minehead)



I Was a Slave on a Japanese Railway

"You will go where no 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. M'Call, Telegraphist, R.N., telling the story here, endured the horrors of that prolonged toil. See also page 409, Vol. 9.

ON Friday, February 13, 1942, I was drafted from the Royal Naval Wireless Station at Singapore to H.M.S. Kuala, which was to evacuate Red Cross nurses and civilians to Batavia. Next morning we were discovered by Japanese bombers and were sunk, near the small island of Pulla-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 rations worked 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 junks, to Sumatra; the women and nurses were given first transport to Padang, on the west coast, and most of them were then taken on to Colombo by British warships.

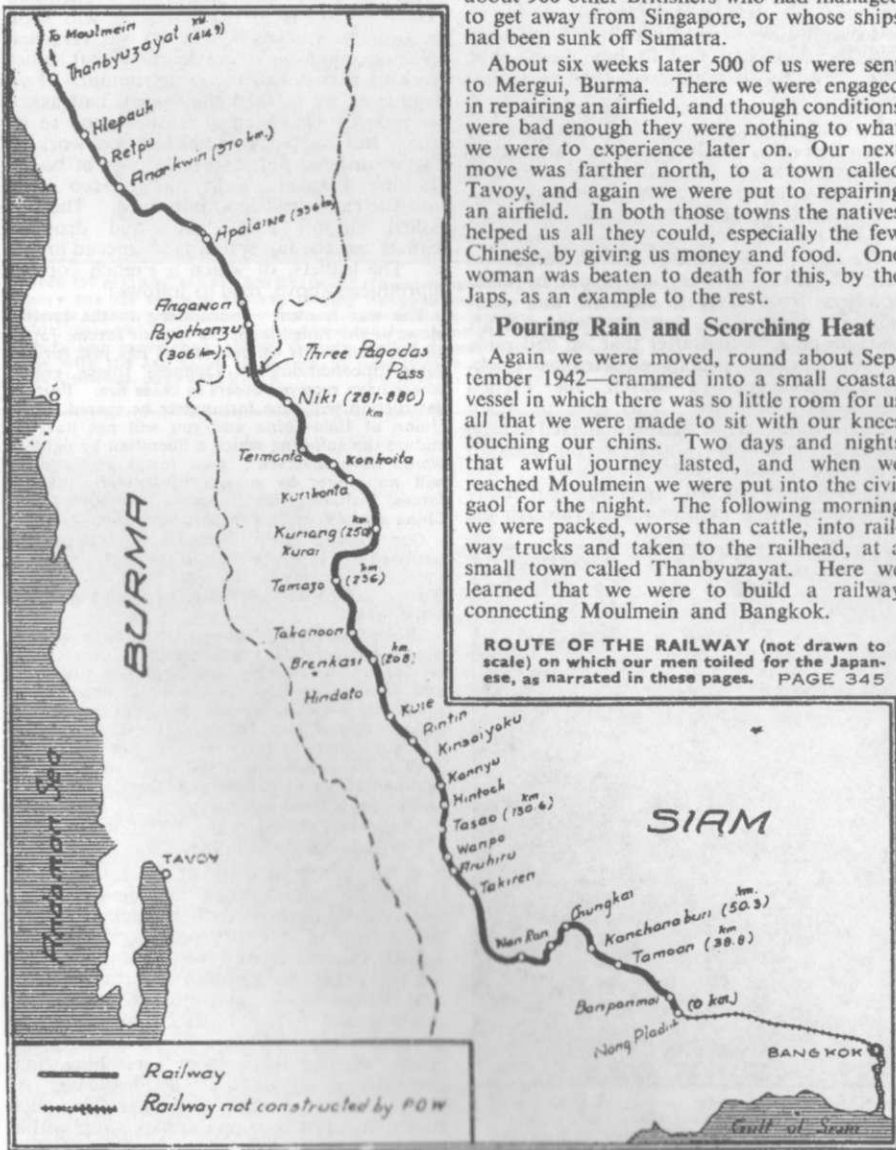
The remainder of us, with other Naval ratings, arrived there twenty-four hours after the last ship had sailed. We waited in the hope that another ship would come, but nothing did, and on March 16 the Dutch told us that the Japanese were to enter the town the following morning. And there, in Padang, I was taken prisoner along with about 900 other Britishers who had managed to get away from Singapore, or whose ships had been 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 repairing an airfield. In both those towns the natives helped us all they could, especially the few Chinese, by giving us money and food. One woman was beaten to death for this, by the Japs, as an example to the rest.

Pouring Rain and Scorching Heat

Again we were moved, round about September 1942—cramped 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 gaol for the night. The following morning we were packed, worse than cattle, into railway trucks and taken to the railhead, at a small town called Thanbyuzayat. Here we learned that we were to build a railway connecting Moulmein and Bangkok.

ROUTE OF THE RAILWAY (not drawn to scale) on which our men toiled 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 toiling on it.

We were to work on the Burma side, together with 10,000 Australian, American and Dutch prisoners, and drive forward and join up with the Siam side just over the Burma border at a place called Niki. Arrived at the camp, we were told our labours would include jungle clearing, making 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 haul 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, weevils and dirt; during the dry season we could get no water with which to wash it. We had very little vegetable or meat, often just dry rice with a pinch of salt. Every day we gathered leaves from the trees and bushes, and boiled them to try to make soup. It was a case of trying anything. As a result we fell victims to diseases—practically 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 rations 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 as little about medicine as I knew about flying to the moon. Unless a man could show a gaping ulcer or was skin 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 loincloth, 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



Naval Telegraphist J. A. M'CALL



## 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 huts 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 canvas and odds and ends that would cover us at night. One day the Jap storeman took the lot, saying it all belonged to the Jap Army, so we went without bedding until we could steal more. We sometimes managed to light fires at night and sit round them because it was so cold and we had nothing to wear. The very few blankets were swarming with lice and the huts with bugs, so that if we did lie down we were in peril of being eaten alive.

### Almost Everyone Had An Ailment

I saw two Americans punished for stealing some shorts from the Jap store. For three days and nights they had to stand to attention, without food. Only when one collapsed and the other was on the verge of it were they released. A Dutchman, for some small offence, 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 along the railway line there was a graveyard, sometimes containing six graves, sometimes over a hundred. Practically everyone had some ailment but still had to work, sometimes for 36-hour stretches, with a break of only four or five hours.

We had plenty of promises of better food, conditions, clothing, pay, anything to get more work out of us; but the promises never materialized. Indeed, conditions steadily became worse. The Japs were rushing the railway through to get supplies to their front line on the India-Burma border, and we knew things weren't going well with our Forces. But often we heard R.A.F. planes passing overhead at night, on their way to Bangkok.

At last, after over a year of slavery and misery, the line was finished. 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 merrymaking. We held a service for the dead all right, but there was some doubt about the merrymaking. 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 radish water; supper, steamed rice, one tin of soup, a square inch of rice-cake, and a spoonful of liquid sugar. The soup consisted of forty pounds of lentils, forty pounds of meat, and the radish tops left from dinner—this to be shared between 600 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 huts, 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 very 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 never touched. We didn't celebrate much when the war was over. We were too weary. Out of the original 500 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. Often after that we had raids by four-engined aircraft escorted by Lockheed Lightnings. In March, the French people were interned. This gave us much food for thought, but we still managed to keep in touch with them and they continued to give us news and money as before.

In August we heard something that really startled us. We were marching through the

## FRANÇAIS! INDOCHINOIS!

LA guerre est terminée. Succombant sous les coups terribles qui lui ont été portés par les forces alliées terrestres, navales et aériennes, le JAPON s'avoue vaincu et vient de se rendre sans condition. Partout les troupes japonaises ont reçu l'ordre de cesser le feu. De nouvelles destructions seront ainsi, par bonheur, épargnées à l'Union Indochinoise et vous n'aurez pas à endurer les souffrances qu'aurait entraînées une libération par les armes; vos villes et vos villages n'auront plus à subir de bombardement. Les forces alliées, comprenant des troupes françaises entourées de l'INDOCHINE, d'Indonésie, de Malaisie, de Philippines, d'Australie, de Nouvelle-Gélande, de Nouvelle-Zélande.

Nos groupes d'action qui, depuis plusieurs mois, travaillent les Japonais au camp même de l'INDOCHINE, sont déjà sur place. Mais l'entrée en INDOCHINE des forces françaises et alliées pourra prendre quelque temps encore.

En attendant, les troupes japonaises ont reçu ordre de faciliter le fonctionnement des services essentiels du pays et de protéger vos vies et vos biens. Évitez avec eux toute querelle qui risquerait mettre inutilement en péril votre sécurité et celle de vos familles.

Venez en aide aux prisonniers alliés par tous les moyens en votre pouvoir.

Attendez les ordres qui vous seront donnés par les représentants du Gouvernement Français qui arriveront incessamment.

VIVE LA FRANCE,  
VIVE L'UNION INDOCHINOISE!

LEAFLETS DROPPED BY ALLIED PLANES, printed in two languages, conveyed news of the end of the war to prisoners at Saigon, French Indo-China. See translation below.

streets to work when a passing Frenchman said, "Russia is in the war! It will soon be over now, lads!" When we returned to camp that night we learned that other working parties had the same rumour. Two days later we learned that Japan had asked for peace. That seemed far too good to be true. But next day there were no working parties ordered out, and soon piles of boots, clothing, blankets, soap and tobacco came into the camp and food improved. Then an Allied aircraft came over and dropped leaflets and the Jap anti-aircraft opened fire on it. The leaflets, of which a French copy is reproduced above, read as follows:

The war is over. Succumbing to the terrible blows of the Allied land, sea and air forces, Japan admits that she is conquered and has just surrendered unconditionally. Japanese troops everywhere have received orders to cease fire. Further destruction will thus fortunately be spared to the Union of Indo-China and you will not have to endure the suffering which a liberation by fighting would have involved; your towns and villages will no longer be subject to bombing. Allied forces, including French troops, surround Indo-China already, other French units are on the way.

Our guerilla troops, who for several months harassed the Japanese even in the centre of Indo-China, are already on the spot. But the entry of French and Allied forces into Indo-China will take some time.

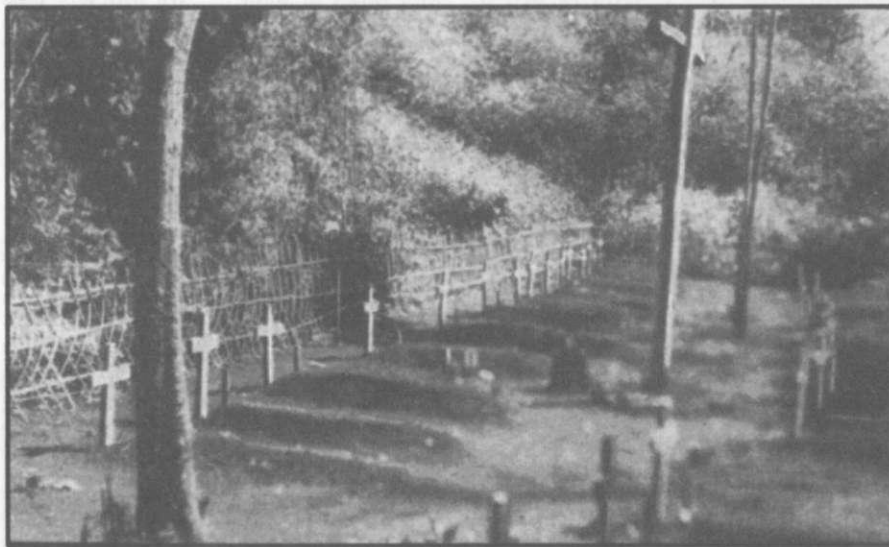
While waiting the Japanese troops have received orders to facilitate the functioning of essential services in the country, and to protect your lives and your belongings. Avoid all argument with them, which will unnecessarily imperil the security of yourself and your families. Go to the help of Allied prisoners in every way you can.

Wait for orders which will be given to you by representatives of the French Government who will arrive without delay.

Long live France!

Long live the Union of Indo-China!

A few hours later one of the sentries told us that an armistice had been signed and we were moved to the French barracks to await the arrival of our own people. When two British officers arrived we began to believe the war really was going to end at last! We sent letters home, and aircraft dropped us clothing and food. Finally aircraft came to take us away. We were flown to Rangoon, where we had the best of everything, and presently we left on the S.S. Ormonde. At Southampton arrangements were so slick that some of us were on our way home within two hours of landing.



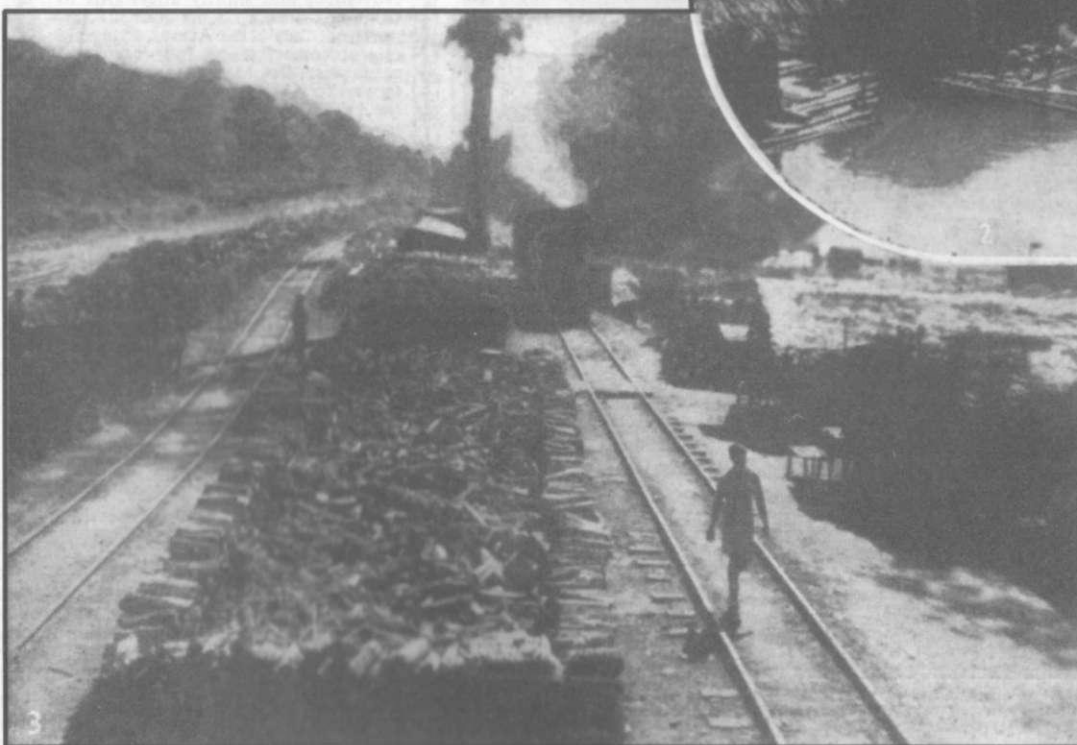
GRAVES OF SOME OF THE 16,000 ALLIED PRISONERS who perished during the building of the Burma-Siam railway. This jungle clearing is at Kannyu. At each camp along the line these graves were dotted, in groups varying between six and 100. Of the original 500 men who started out with the author of this story 147 died.

## The Bangkok-Moulmein Railway of Evil Memory



ONE OF MORE THAN 1,000 BRIDGES (1) which, spanning rivers and ravines, carry the 250 miles of railway joining Bangkok in Siam with Moulmein in Burma, constructed under merciless Japanese task-masters. Over towering hills, through winding valleys and previously unexplored jungle, Allied slave-gangs and more than 150,000 Asiatics toiled despairingly to complete this link with the Jap bases in Burma, as described in the accompanying story. See also illus. page 695, Vol. 9.

Photographs by Rev. J. A. E. Rutherford



BAMBOO HUTS, flooded by monsoon rains and infested by mosquitoes, housed the exhausted labourers in their short periods of rest—as where the railway was being pushed out across a river (2) at Kanchanaburi (see map in page 345). Typical of a station scene (3), weapons and general stores for the Jap armies were dumped for removal in large quantities. The link-up between the two termini was completed by September 1943, and during 1944-45 the railway was in full use as the main Japanese supply line to their forces in Burma. Along unused stretches today the jungle is reclaiming its own, slowly but surely smothering the tracks in the laying of which so many thousands died through starvation, disease and deliberate ill-treatment.



I Was There!

## When the Doodle-Bugs Came to London

Hitler's secret weapon, the V1—the flying bomb or doodle-bug—was first used against this country on June 13, 1944. The startling advent of these pilotless planes and some of the damage they caused is recalled by Chief Warden A. H. Cook, D.C.M., M.M., B.E.M., of His Majesty's Tower of London. See portrait and story in page 93.

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 11.38 p.m., and then commenced what to us was a night of mystery and guess-work. There were brief spells of liveliness—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 pilotless 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 Salt and Well Towers. The flash and roar of these guns was awesome, and we rushed from one side of an archway to the other following with our 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 18, we were at parade service in St. Peter-ad-Vincula, when to our surprise (there had been no alert) the guns suddenly opened up on an approaching flying bomb which roared past over the Tower, uncomfortably close; it fell, with calamitous results, on the Guards' Chapel at 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 (Lieut.-Col. Faviell, D.S.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. I 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 gazing out towards Tower Bridge. Suddenly came a terrific blast of air, followed immediately by a deafening explosion. This one had glided in with its engine shut-off, thus giving no warning of its approach.

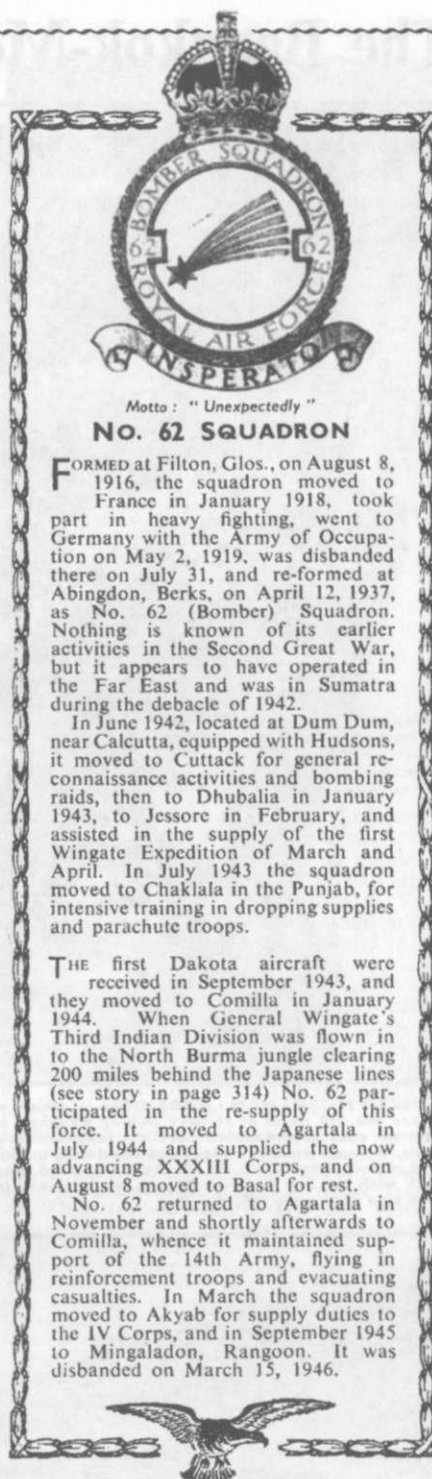
It just missed the Bridge and fell on some barges. All buildings on the south side of the Tower suffered. Windows were out and most of the ceilings down. Our large double doors with their massive bars and locks which face the river were forced open and fractured. A large piece of one of the barges fell in the Tower near the Social Room, and other portions were scattered around. All temporary windows and some of the original ones in St. Peter's Chapel were blown out. We suffered no casualties, but it was reported that several men on the barges had been killed.



VICTIMS OF A FLYING BOMB which, gliding in with engine shut-off, just missed the Tower Bridge and fell amidst craft on the Thames (story above), on July 12, 1944, included a tug (its bow just visible above water on the right) which was salvaged by Port of London Authority repair lighters. See also page 788, Vol 9.

PAGE 348

Photo, Sport & General



FORMED at Filton, Glos., on August 8, 1916, the squadron moved to France in January 1918, took part in heavy fighting, went to Germany with the Army of Occupation on May 2, 1919, was disbanded there on July 31, and re-formed at Abingdon, Berks, on April 12, 1937, as No. 62 (Bomber) Squadron. Nothing is known of its earlier activities in the Second Great War, but it appears to have operated in the Far East and was in Sumatra during the debacle of 1942.

In June 1942, located at Dum Dum, near Calcutta, equipped with Hudsons, it moved to Cuttack for general reconnaissance activities and bombing raids, then to Dhubalia in January 1943, to Jessore in February, and assisted in the supply of the first Wingate Expedition of March and April. In July 1943 the squadron moved to Chaklala in the Punjab, for intensive training in dropping supplies and parachute troops.

THE first Dakota aircraft were received in September 1943, and they moved to Comilla in January 1944. When General Wingate's Third Indian Division was flown in to the North Burma jungle clearing 200 miles behind the Japanese lines (see story in page 314) No. 62 participated in the re-supply of this force. It moved to Agartala in July 1944 and supplied the now advancing XXXIII Corps, and on August 8 moved to Basal for rest.

No. 62 returned to Agartala in November and shortly afterwards to Comilla, whence it maintained support of the 14th Army, flying in reinforcement troops and evacuating casualties. In March the squadron moved to Akyab for supply duties to the IV Corps, and in September 1945 to Mingaladon, Rangoon. It was disbanded on March 15, 1946.

The next arrived on Sunday, July 30. It suddenly appeared over the top of Tower Bridge, and I could see it was diving to earth. I shouted to my wife and another warden having dinner with us, "Look out!" then hurriedly withdrew to the centre of the room away from the window—and hoped for the best. Our only protection was a Tudor wall of plaster, four inches thick, but our luck held. My wife had crouched under the window, and although smothered with glass she escaped injury.

That one fell on the Children's Beach a few yards east of Traitor's Gate. A car on the wharf near-by was reduced to scrap-iron. Being Sunday all gates leading on to the wharf were closed and secured, and these ended up as matchwood. All crops in the warders' gardens were laid flat, and the dungeon walls of the Wakefield Tower were damaged. It appears the blast had got inside





**DURING THE ASSAULT BY FLYING BOMBS** smoke towering above London's roof tops was a common sight, each cloud marking a scene of damage and, not infrequently, heavy casualties. The above incident occurred in the York Road, near Waterloo Station. In the distance are Big Ben, Westminster Abbey, and the dome of Central Hall, Westminster; and, in the right centre, the new Waterloo Bridge. Adding new horrors to this indiscriminate aerial assault was the arrival of the first V2 (rocket bomb) in September 1944. See also page 715, Vol. 9. Photo, The Star

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 wharf 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 wharf at the time. The storehouses 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 undamaged, the interiors were in a frightful mess. Fire engines, police, rescue squads, ambulances, A.R.P. and C.D. cars were on the scene in minutes, but once again we had been spared casualties, only a few minor injuries having to be treated.

The night of August 3 was one of great activity. During a lull 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. Debris was everywhere; fresh scars 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 nearness 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 easing 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. Sadgrove, Royal Signals, speedily learned his way about when foraging was indicated. He relates how he acquired and developed a keen business capacity under the very noses of his watchful captors.

**I** SUPPOSE the first words I learned of the German language were "arbeit" and "essen." Often by doing the first ("work"), one could get the second ("food"). But as a prisoner I found that whereas the "arbeit" increased with the years the "essen" 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 "kaufen" meant to buy, "verkaufen" to sell and "umtauschen"—blessed word!—to exchange. Armed with these three verbs, and an almost negative knowledge of German grammar, I proceeded to take steps to augment my larder.

Of one thing I had failed to take account—the language of gesticulation. Without his hands and arms the average German would be dumb. And so I had to learn to show by gesture as much as by speech the thing I had to sell and that which I wanted in return. To say "brot" if I was in need of bread was not enough; I had to show by sign language the extent of my requirements.

With demonstrations, then, 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, signet-rings, fountain-pens, and articles of clothing when many could least afford them, all were in demand and brought some kind 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. Working parties returning to camp would be halted in front of the guard-room and submitted to systematic scrutiny. Self-made poachers' 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 loaf distributed in slices about our person, the flour in bags under our armpits, or the eggs suspended in a bag between our legs!

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

## I Was There!



**TOP-HATTED GERMAN CHIMNEY-SWEEP**, at the right of the back row, smuggled into the camp the camera with which this photograph of himself and British prisoners of war was taken. Charles Sadgrove, author of the accompanying story, in which he pays tribute to the ingenious go-between, is at the left of the back row.

cupboards were turned out and their contents strewn about the room, palliasses opened and their straw flung around, floorboards prised up and walls tested 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 cleaners of chimneys who were past-masters in illegal trading 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 with the junior, or apprentice, sweep 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

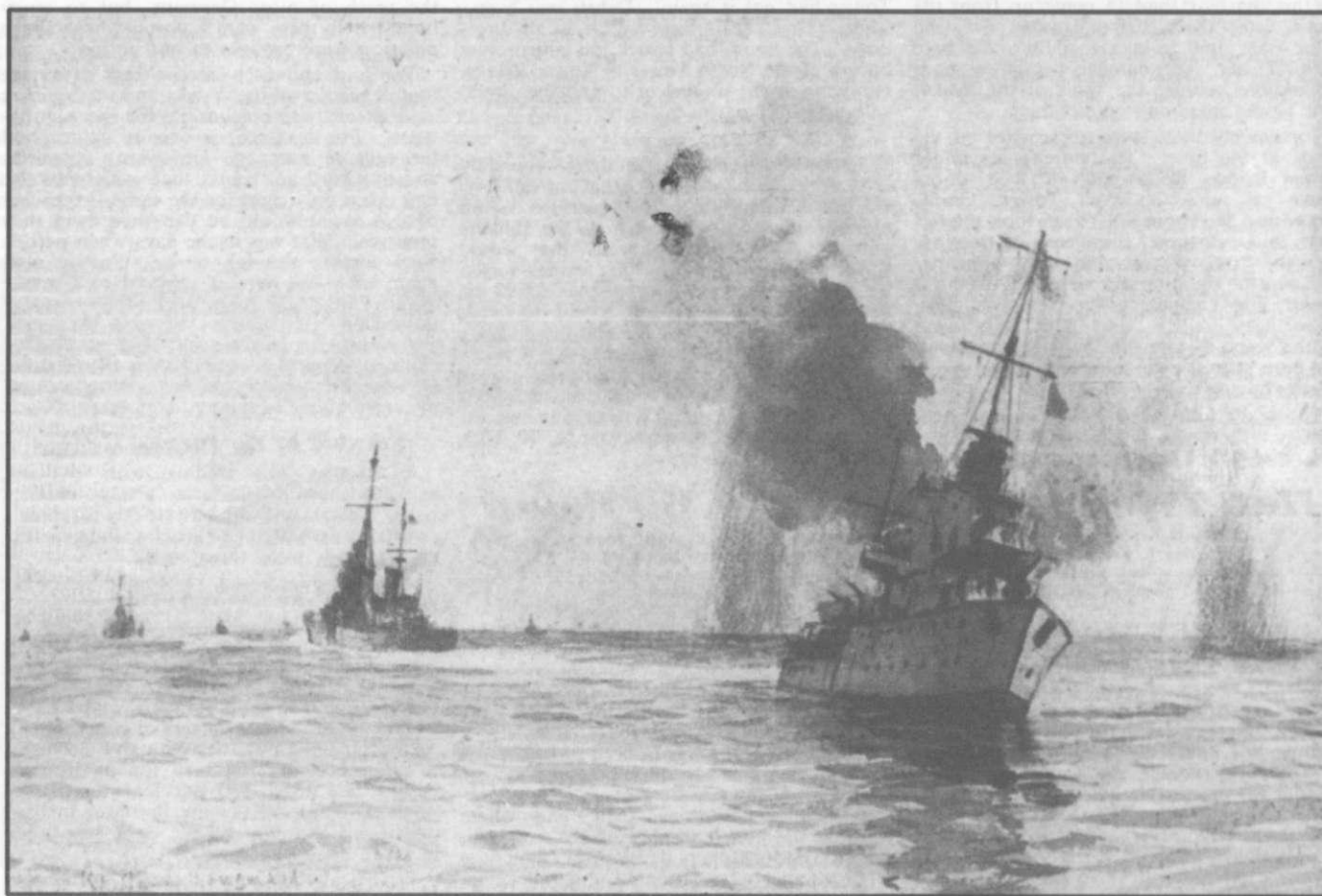
he had for sale, and in which he put those things we gave him in exchange. No conjurer's hat ever held a wider selection, and I stared unbelievably the first time I saw it doffed for a deal and replaced almost in the one movement.

This sweep was a Pole by birth, but his German was so fluent that he passed for the genuine article. Had he been challenged his identity papers would have given him away, but his glib tongue and pleasing 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, tooth-paste, or blacking.

### Crowning Piece of Effrontery

We bought our camp amplifier from this man, and later convinced a high-ranking German officer that it had been sent out by the Red Cross to help gramophone reproduction. We bought watches from that adroit sweep, an alarm clock, a loud-speaker, and much else. His crowning piece of effrontery 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 29, 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. Bonaventure as narrated in the facing page. When last seen, Hereward was making slowly for Crete—every gun in action. **PAGE 350** From the water-colour by Lt.-Com. R. Langmaid, R.N., Official Fleet Artist



I Was There!

How I Said Good-bye to Bonaventure

Early in the morning of March 31, 1941, H.M.S. Bonaventure, accompanied by the destroyer Hereward, was escorting two troopships from Crete to Alexandria, when she received two torpedoes in the starboard side aft. Royal Marine Musician H. T. Thompson took a hasty plunge overboard—and this is the mental picture he eventually brought ashore.

I HAD just been called for the morning watch, and was casually putting on my socks, when *wallop*. 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!”

Realizing 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 swum well clear she had blown up and sank, 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 Out

The water did not seem in the least cold, at first, and as the accompanying destroyers had thrown overboard all the wood they could find—anything that would float, sugar boxes, tea chests, oars, bathroom grating boards, and so on—practically every man in the water had something to hang on to. Our boy bugler, Roy Marshall, aged 15½ and unable to swim, was as plucky as any. On being awakened by the first torpedo, he dressed just as if he were going on the parade ground: boots properly laced, tunic correctly buttoned, and with bugle slung. Over the side he went. Three or four of his

messmates 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 made another attempt a bit later. This I did, and on turning away from Hereward was horrified to feel—with my hands groping 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 1941. A 5,500-ton cruiser, she blew up and vanished beneath the Mediterranean waters seven minutes after the first torpedo struck her. Survivors were picked up by H.M.S. Hereward, depicted in facing page during her last action. Photo, British Official

NEW FACTS AND FIGURES

IN the Aachen district teachers are cycling from village school to village school to counteract the shortage of teachers. The most that one teacher can cover is three schools, which means children cannot receive instruction every day. Moreover, lack of school buildings and of footwear, as well as transport difficulties, prevent 8,792 children of school age in the North Rhine region from obtaining any schooling whatever. Despite the many difficulties, however, 76,310 children are receiving either full-time or part-time education in the Aachen district, where 391 elementary schools have been opened. A further 1,118 attend intermediate schools and 3,505 the secondary.

OVER 2,000,000 Germans have been exchanged between the British and Russian Zones under “Operation Honeybee” since October 1945. During the war hundreds of thousands of people were evacuated from Hamburg and the Ruhr eastwards, and others fled from Berlin to country districts of the British Zone. The voluntary return of these evacuees to their own districts by special trains has resulted in a little over 500,000 moving into the Russian from the British Zone, and approximately 1,700,000 from the Russian to ours.

MORE people were evacuated from the Ruhr than from any other area, as it was the most heavily bombed in Germany. They have been settled as near to their old homes as possible, but unless they are miners few can return to the towns and houses they left in the Ruhr—they are no longer there.

“PACIFIC packs,” designed originally as food supplies for British and Indian fighting troops in the Pacific theatre, have provided 1,638,000 meals for German children in the North Rhine Province since February 1946. Five hundred thousand packs were originally authorized for children

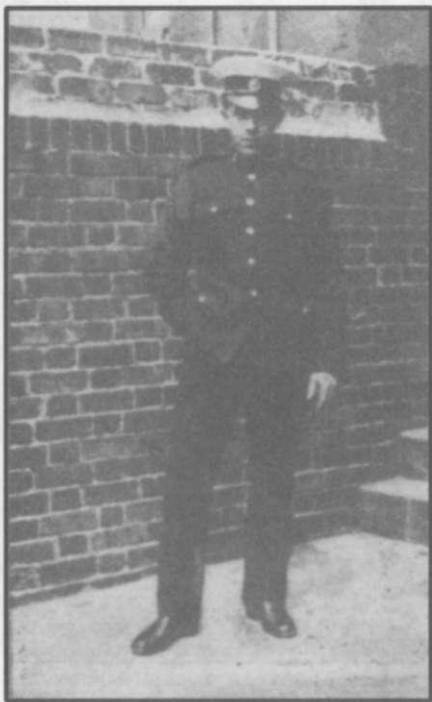
between three and six years; later the number was increased to 620,000 and the upper age limit raised to 17 years.

AMONG the contents of a typical pack are (in compressed form) meat and beef, ham and eggs, four oatmeal blocks, nine biscuits, meat biscuit, two cheese blocks, sugar, salt, three packets of boiled sweets, two chocolate bars and two sweet bars. The wooden cases containing the packs are made into children’s furniture and the metal inner packing into feeding bowls.

VERY few British war orphans will emigrate to Australia. The Australian Minister for Immigration stated in July 1946 that it had been originally proposed to bring 50,000 British children to Australia. Happily, it had been found that only 3,000 to 4,000 children were orphaned by the London blitz or by submarine warfare, and these the United Kingdom Government wishes to keep in their own country.

THE Australian war memorial at Villers-Bretonneux, near Amiens, which commemorates the deeds of the Australian Imperial Force in the First Great War, was extensively damaged during the Second Great War. Towards the cost of reconstruction of the memorial (which covers ten acres and was unveiled on August 8, 1938) the Australian Government is to provide £15,000, the remainder of the cost being borne by the Imperial War Graves Commission.

URGENT need for labour to carry out reconstruction tasks in Vienna prompted Austrian authorities to take drastic measures in July 1946. The latest regulation makes it necessary for all able-bodied males between the ages of 16 and 60 to produce evidence of employment before they are issued with ration cards. In the case of students a certificate must be obtained from the academic authorities.



MUSICIAN H. T. THOMPSON, Royal Marines, who was in the water for an hour after Bonaventure went down.

## Extracting Death from Dorset's Studland Bay



**MINE DETECTING AND CLEARANCE** at Studland Bay is being carried out by men from H.M.S. Purbeck, with the assistance of 100 Polish naval ratings. In the foreground are remains of two projectiles. In this former wartime training area and, in 1942, scene of a full-scale rehearsal of the Normandy invasion, 22,000 unexploded missiles have so far been accounted for in the 24 square miles. It is expected that operations will have rendered these beaches safe by the spring of 1947.

*Photo, P.A.-Reuter*

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 & Gatch, Ltd.; and for South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.—September 13, 1946. S.S. Editorial Address: JOHN CARPENTER HOUSE WHITEFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.4.