

# Vol 10 *The War Illustrated* N° 242

SIXPENCE

SEPTEMBER 27, 1946



LANCASTER BOMBERS OF No. 35 SQUADRON OVER ST. PAUL'S, London, on August 29, 1946, were returning to Gravelly, Huntingdonshire, from a good will mission to the United States, where they had carried out a 15,000-mile tour. Welcoming the airmen at their base Sir Norman Bottomley, A.O.C.-in-C. Bomber Command, paid tribute to their discipline and flying, to the success of their mission, and to the efficiency of British equipment and heavy aircraft industry. See also illus. page 265.

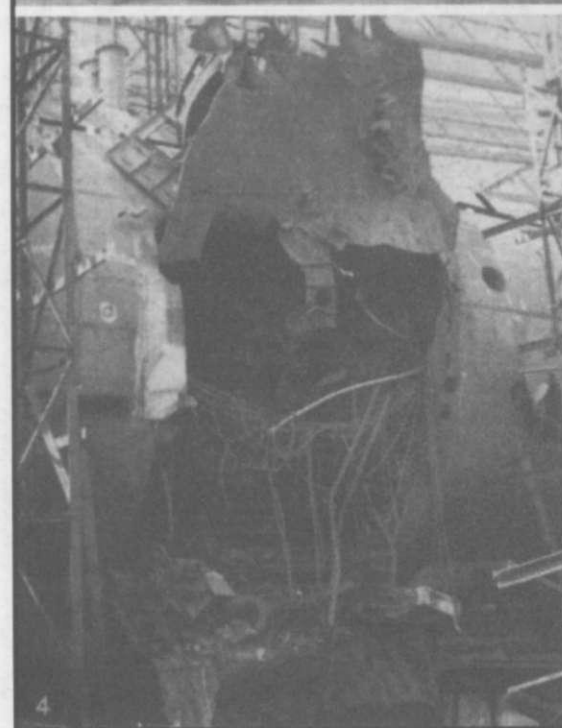
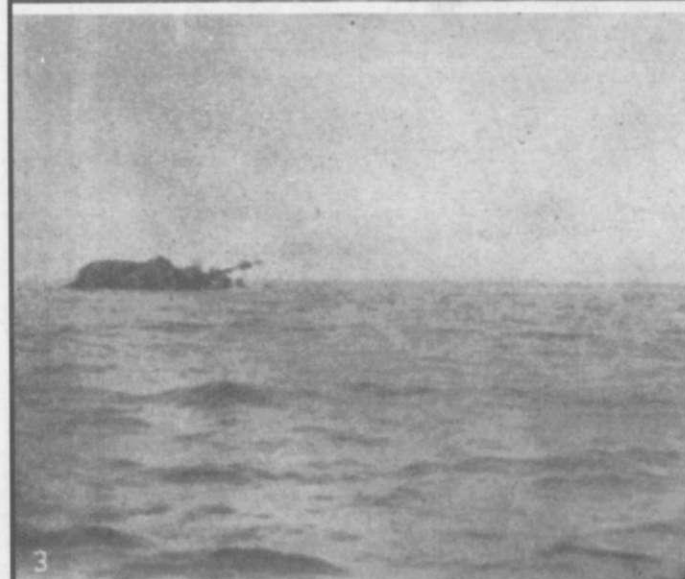
*Edited by Sir John Hammerton*

NO. 243 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11

# Farewell to Remnants of the Late German Navy



UNSERVICEABLE SHIPS remaining after the usable units of the German Fleet had been divided among Britain, Russia and America were scuttled by the Allies in accordance with the decision of the Berlin Conference held in July 1945. The 6,000-ton cruiser Leipzig (1) is seen at sea for the last time. She foundered within four minutes of being blasted by explosions (2) in the North Sea, off Wilhelmshaven, in July 1946. In the previous April destroyers were dealt with in similar manner; one of the Narvik class settles on her side before going down (3). See also page 73, Vol. 9.



UNCOMPLETED U-BOATS in the Blohm and Voss shipyards at Hamburg were included in the Allied elimination plan. One is seen (4) after Royal Navy demolition parties had commenced to reduce the hull to scrap. A German landing craft (5) has been converted into a floating cinema for British naval personnel stationed at Kiel. See also pages 552, 584, Vol. 9.

## Great Stories of the War Retold

ONCE a sizeable, peaceful Czech village in Bohemia, Lidice belongs now to history. It is not a village any more—nothing but a flat, sightless memorial to a nation's shame. Never, so long as written record endures, will the darkness associated with its name be forgotten. On May 26, 1942, the Deputy Reich Protector, S.S. Obergruppenführer, Reinhard Heydrich, "Butcher Heydrich," as he was more deservedly known because of his regime of murder, was waylaid by Czech patriots. Theirs was a long-premeditated plot to rid their country of this evil man. As they fired at him Heydrich slumped forward in his car, struck by a revolver bullet in the chest; a grenade splinter also hit him. Mortally wounded, he died eight days later.

Immediately following this assassination of one of their Party leaders, the Nazis launched a great cry for vengeance. Hitler, in a personal telephone call to Dr. Karl Hermann Frank, State Secretary to the Reich, Protector of Bohemia and Moravia, demanded at once the execution of 30,000 to 40,000 Czech citizens; and since they were to be disposed of through the "Standgerichte," law courts only in name, Hitler's order was tantamount to condemning them to death without trial.

### How Lidice Caught the Nazis' Eye

Frank, since executed by a Czech war crimes court, testified that he, by a personal interview with Hitler, had this order withdrawn. But other measures, scarcely less horrifying, were introduced and pursued with Nazi thoroughness. Ordinances were published condemning to death not simply the patriots responsible but all who might shelter them, might harbour knowledge of their whereabouts or hold any clue whatsoever to their identity or existence. Moreover, the entire families of such "accomplices" would, it was ordered, suffer a like punishment. Immense rewards were offered to informers.

But, thanks to Czech loyalty and the common hatred of their oppressors, no trace of the perpetrators was disclosed; not the tiniest clue, though very many people, especially in Prague, knew their secrets.

Fanatically, the Gestapo hunted for evidence, finally for scapegoats. Then, fortuitously, its agents intercepted a postcard in the Czech civil post, in which the writer suggested that perhaps in Lidice was a man who could tell a thing or two about the Heydrich case. Not more than that. A mere "perhaps." And, as later evidence showed, this suggestion was utterly unfounded, a remark put down in innocence and without any malice. But Lidice thus caught the Nazis' eye.

One further reason added to this unwelcome prominence. The Nazis, according

# The Truth About Lidice

By JOHN FORTINBRAS

who obtained from the Czech delegation at the Nuremberg trial information which enabled him to record the full account of this terrible Nazi crime of 1942.

to their secret lists of Czech resistance members, knew that three members of a family in Lidice had escaped to England, and were serving, in our country, with the Czech Armoured Brigade. It was enough. Through the direction of Dr. K. H. Frank a fearful retaliation was ordered. Lidice was to be razed to the ground and its male inhabitants exterminated. That was the order. And swiftly was it executed ruthlessly and in appalling manner.

ON June 9, 1942, six days after Heydrich's death, the reprisal plan was launched. S.S. men, filling ten large Wehrmacht lorries, arrived from Slany. At once they threw a cordon round the village. All inhabitants had to stand fast in their homes. No one must leave the village. Peasants with work to do there were passed through the cordon, and their return prevented.

Rumours, terrible rumours, passed from mouth to mouth inside the village. They merged quickly enough into realities. A woman tried to break the cordon. As she ran, an S.S. man hit her with a bullet in her back. Some weeks later, during harvest time, neighbouring villagers found her body in a cornfield. A 12-year-old boy also bolted. He too was shot dead as he fled.

Then, with the cordon secure, and all means of communication with the outer world denied, the Gestapo acted. They locked the women and children in the village school. They locked and guarded the male inhabitants in the cellars, barns and stables of the Horak farm. They searched every house, but found

not even a scrap of incriminating evidence. In the Horak farm, a remarkable atmosphere of spiritual calm prevailed. Each man, some of them

boys, knew he was going to die. And perhaps not die easily. In their midst moved a patriarchal figure, the 73-year-old Priest Sternbeck. All night he prayed for the souls of these humble and innocent villagers. They knelt with him, a doomed defenceless company. Morning came—the morning of June 10, 1942—the last day in the life of Lidice. A firing squad, 30 strong, of Ordnungspolizei reported from Prague at 03.30 hours. Shortly after it was daybreak they began their foul task. S.S. Hauptsturmführer Weismann first addressed them. "It is the will of the Fuehrer which you are about to execute," he said. They were warned under peril of death not to disclose the fate of any human being at Lidice, not to disclose that they themselves had ever heard of the village. Among these executioners may have been some who felt a spark of pity, but they gave no sign of it.

In tens the men of the village were led out from the Horak farm to the garden behind the barn. Here, their executioners waited for them. The killings went on intermittently until 4 p.m. At one period Dr. K. H. Frank arrived in full uniform, just to see how smoothly his orders were being carried out. According to evidence given at his trial four years later, he expressed the desire that "corn should grow where Lidice stood."

### Photographed Beside the Bodies

As the light was clear—it was a serene June afternoon—and several Germans had cameras, the executioners let themselves be photographed in groups beside the bodies of their victims. Some, but not all, were proud to be snapped in these circumstances. From these prints, some of which have passed into the possession of the Czech Government, two facts emerge. One, the extreme youth of several members of the execution squad. One or two could not have been over 16 years. Secondly, the pictures testify to careful preliminary arrangements, such as the stacking

ARRAIGNED before the People's Court at Prague, Czechoslovakia, Dr. Karl Hermann Frank (centre) stood trial in 1946 accused of the Lidice massacre in which thousands of Czechs were involved. Found guilty, he was hanged before 5,000 people on May 22, 1946. Photo, Keystone

PAGE 355



## Great Stories of the War Retold

of large piles of straw against the barn wall to prevent bullets rebounding or ricocheting.

Next day Jewish slave labourers from Terezin came to bury the massacred. They dug a large communal pit near the execution scene, piled the bodies into it, some indiscriminately, others head to toe, poured quicklime over them, and finally covered the pit with boarding. Altogether this grave, designed to be unknown and unrecorded, all Christian rites being deliberately denied it, received 172 men and boys aged 16 and upwards.

Those inhabitants with the seeming good luck to be working outside Lidice on these terrible days did not escape. From the collieries at Kladno, an adjacent mining village, the Gestapo seized another 19 male members of Lidice families, drove them to Prague, and there executed them. Seven Lidice women perished with them.

### Germans Filmed the Obliteration

A fate different, though in some respects more horrible, befell the remaining women and children of Lidice. The 195 women and girls herded into the schoolroom were deported to Ravensbruck Concentration Camp, a Vernichtungslager or death camp. There, 42 of them died from ill treatment and misuse; seven others were gassed and three declared missing. Four of these women, being expectant mothers, were first sent to a maternity home at Prague. It is believed that their

children were murdered. The mothers, later removed to Ravensbruck, never saw them after birth. Two or three other Lidice women bore children in Ravensbruck KL (Konzentrationslager). Those children, it is certain, were murdered almost immediately after their birth.

Then the children proper of Lidice were all torn from their mothers—90 to go to Lodz in Poland, after which they were transferred to Gneisenau KL in Wartheland. Other Lidice children, the very youngest of those shut up in the schoolroom, were sent for special examination by "racial physicians" to the German children's hospital in Prague. Their blood was evidently deemed good, of "Herrenvolk" quality. They were then deported to Germany, renamed with German names. Only the merest handful of these children have been traced since the end of the war.

It was not enough, for Nazi conceptions of vengeance, to kill and scatter the people. The village itself had to be erased. Already, whilst the massacre was continuing, Lidice began burning. Systematically, beginning with the home of the family Hlim, situated on the road to Hestoun, the Nazis placed canisters of oil and other inflammable materials, straw in the case of farm-houses, inside shops and simple peasant dwellings, and fired them, until the whole main street was ablaze.

As Lidice blazed and smoked, a German film unit, commanded by Dr. Franz Tremel,

photographed each phase of the obliteration. I saw his film, a testament in itself of crime, at the Nuremberg Courthouse, when the Russian Prosecution presented it as evidence of Nazi mass destruction of villages. It is a vivid documentary, and in contrast to burning village shops, with black oil-smoke sprouting from their windows, crumbling and erupting walls, destroyed implements and dead animals one sees groups of smartly dressed S.S. officers, studying the ruins with their field glasses, and joking together, as the village collapses in smoke and flame.

### Pitiful Field of Hidden Skulls

Still the destruction went on. On June 12, explosive charges were sunk beside the foundations of St. Martin's, the village's ancient little church. Once again the Gestapo drove in from Kladno to observe their policy of obliteration in action. Under their eyes the church was shattered. The whole village lay mute, shattered, a single heap of rubble. Todt labour squads, nearly all their personnel conscripted natives, carted away the rubble for road making. The village became a waste, a field of hidden skulls.

Although many other villages in Eastern Europe, including hundreds of Soviet villages, shared the scorched earth fate of Lidice, their inhabitants in some cases being submitted to worse penalties, there is only one Lidice, only one name in Europe to symbolize mass murder of an entire community.



BESIDE THE COMMUNAL GRAVE AT LIDICE crowds gathered on June 9, 1946, to pay homage and to witness a moving ceremony on the fourth anniversary of the massacre of 1942. The grave and the cross, erected by the Russians, are all that remain to mark the scene where the mining village once stood; many of its houses straddled the hill in the background. Whilst the male population were executed, women and children were deported to concentration camps, where many succumbed. See also illus. page 184, Vol. 9.

## Airmen Heroes at Honoured Peace in Denmark



AT SHARRILD IN WEST JUTLAND, on August 27, 1946, a memorial stone was unveiled to seven R.A.F. men—members of the crew of a Lancaster bomber shot down by German fighters on August 27, 1944. Near to one of the aircrews (top) of the crashed Lancaster, the memorial stone set in the wall (bottom) is inscribed in English "To seven British Fliers who gave their lives for their country and for us. May they rest in Peace." Among those attending the ceremony were relatives from Great Britain and Canada.

PAGE 357

Photos, Keystone.

## British Schoolchildren at Scene of Arnhem Epic



**VISITING HOLLAND** for a two-weeks' stay, under the auspices of the World Friendship Association, 250 schoolchildren from London were officially welcomed by the Mayor of Arnhem on July 29, 1946, and attended a ceremony in the airborne troops' cemetery the following day. A wreath bearing the inscription "For those who died for Freedom" was laid by a boy and girl at the foot of the flagstaff (1). A tour of the battlefield, still bearing traces of the Allied airborne forces' struggle in September 1944, included a visit to Wolfheze, where a dump of wrecked gliders was inspected (2). Overlooking the Rhine, the children were shown where remnants of the airborne troops succeeded in withdrawing across the river (3).

On September 17, 1946, second anniversary of the landings, relatives of British troops who fell in the battle and officers and men who fought in it made the first official pilgrimage to the town and cemetery. See also pages 461-466, Vol. 9.

*Photos, Associated Press*

PAGE 358



## World Food Conference Staged at Copenhagen



IN THE CHRISTIANBORG PALACE, Copenhagen, seat of the Danish Government, on September 2, 1946, the World Food Conference of the United Nations' Food and Agriculture Organization (F.A.O.) was opened in the presence of members of the Danish Royal family and 700 delegates of the 42 member-nations of the F.A.O., the flags of which draped the hall in which the Conference is seen in session (1). To assist delegates to follow the discussions, carried out in multiple languages, interpreters were employed, each wearing a flower of a predetermined colour to denote a particular language: this interpreter (2) speaks French, English and Danish. Sir John Boyd Orr, Director-General of the F.A.O. (3, left), was received by King Christian of Denmark (seated) on whose right is Queen Alexandrine; on King Christian's left is Prince Knud, their second son. This Conference, the second session of the F.A.O. (the first was at its inauguration in Quebec, in October 1945), is not concerned with the present world food situation, but mainly with proposals put forward by Sir John

Boyd Orr for a World Food Board designed to overcome existing difficulties, universally encountered, between food producers and consumers. The acceptance of the proposals will be tantamount to internationalizing finance for equitable supply of world agricultural produce; the disposal of surpluses to the countries in special need; the retaining of sufficient stocks to overcome crop failures; and the stabilizing of agriculture prices.

At the first plenary session Herr Henrik Kauffmann, Danish Minister to Washington, was elected Chairman of the Conference. Of the non-member States applying for admission to the Organization, Portugal, Eire, Switzerland and Italy were elected, Spain being refused on technical grounds. Russia was not represented; but, although a non-member, she can exercise right to admission without formal application by virtue of having taken an active part in the preliminary discussions at Hot Springs, U.S.A., in 1943.

PAGE 359

Photos, Associated Press, *Wyston*

## De Gaulle at Ile de Seine to Keep a Promise



**V**ISITING the Ile de Seine, off the Brittany coast, on August 31, 1946, General de Gaulle kept a promise, made in 1945 while touring Brittany, to a group of men from the island who had seen service with the Royal Navy during the Battle of the Atlantic. This gesture by the General was also an appreciation of the fortitude shown by the islanders during the German occupation from 1940 until 1945.

Receiving an enthusiastic welcome the General chatted with the children (1). A word or two with the sailors (2), all of whom had seen service in the Free French Navy, recalled that 130 able-bodied male inhabitants of the island rallied to the General's call to the French Nation to fight on—made from London after the surrender of France in 1940 (see illus. page 201). Sailing to England in fishing craft these men were absorbed into the Royal and Free French Navies. Touring the island General de Gaulle, led by the Mayor, M. Marzin (3, left), and followed by Mme. de Gaulle (right) passed under an arch of lobster pots and tackle.

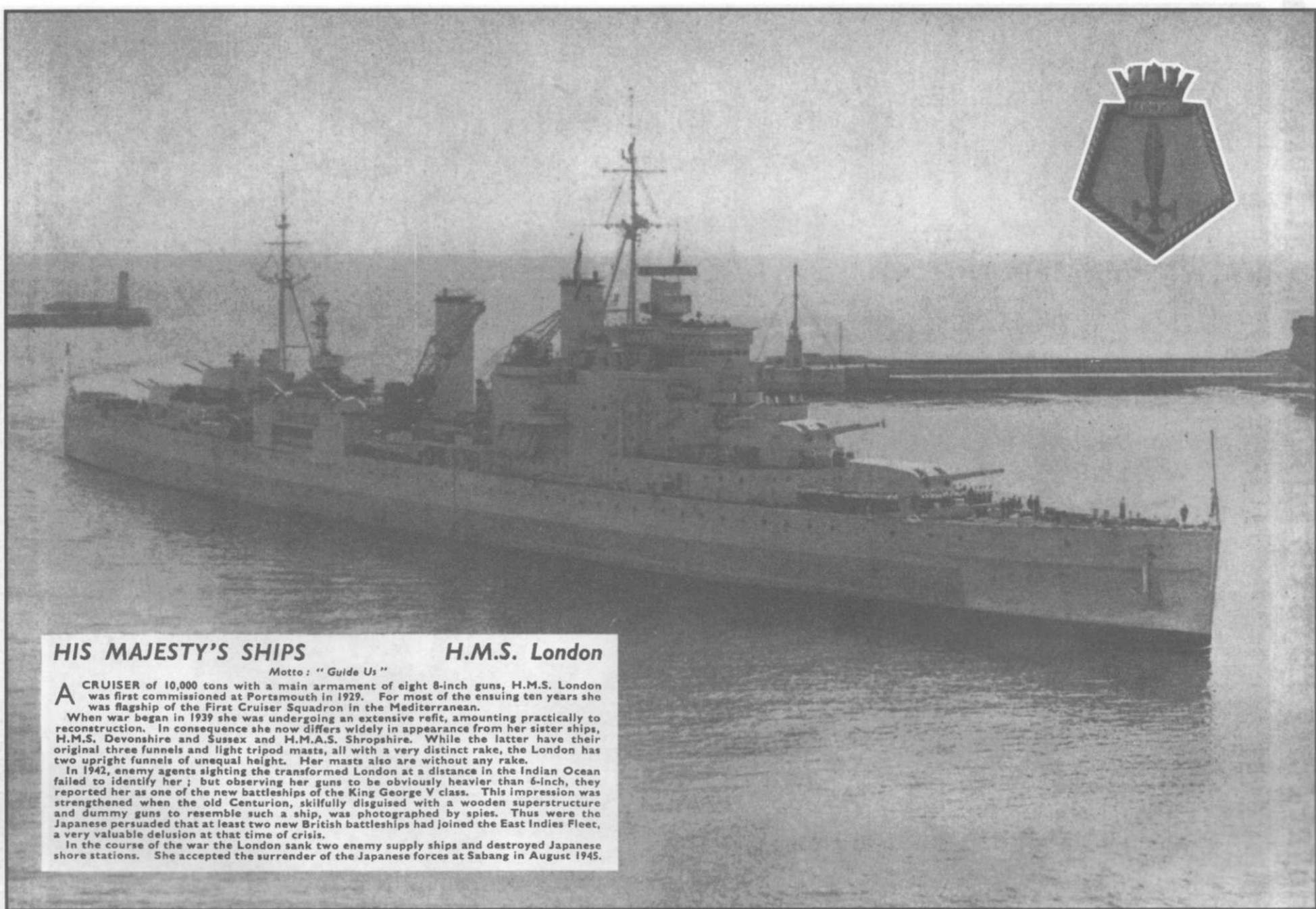
Almost devoid of vegetation and mainly consisting of flat rock surface, the Ile de Seine is inhabited by Breton-speaking people whose sole industry is fishing. The island's telephone communication was severed by the Germans, who also destroyed the power-house, the only source of lighting, and of gas, as reprisal for the non-collaborationist attitude adopted by the people.

Photos, I.N.P., Associated Press

## Royal Navy Lays Up Historic Flags at Portsmouth



**FLOWN AT TWO FAMOUS SURRENDERS**, a white ensign and a Vice-Admiral's flag were ceremoniously laid up by Vice-Admiral L. V. Morgan, at St. Ann's Church, Portsmouth, on September 1, 1946. The white ensign was flown at St. Germain-en-Laye, headquarters of Admiral Sir Harold Burrough, Allied Naval Commander, when the German forces surrendered on May 7, 1945. The flag of Vice-Admiral (now Admiral) Sir A. Willis was flown at the surrender of the Italian Fleet in September 1943, and again at the signing of Armistice terms at Malta. PAGE 361 Photo, G.P.U.



## HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS

## H.M.S. London

Motto: "Guide Us"

**A** CRUISER of 10,000 tons with a main armament of eight 8-inch guns, H.M.S. London was first commissioned at Portsmouth in 1929. For most of the ensuing ten years she was flagship of the First Cruiser Squadron in the Mediterranean.

When war began in 1939 she was undergoing an extensive refit, amounting practically to reconstruction. In consequence she now differs widely in appearance from her sister ships, H.M.S. Devonshire and Sussex and H.M.A.S. Shropshire. While the latter have their original three funnels and light tripod masts, all with a very distinct rake, the London has two upright funnels of unequal height. Her masts also are without any rake.

In 1942, enemy agents sighting the transformed London at a distance in the Indian Ocean failed to identify her; but observing her guns to be obviously heavier than 6-inch, they reported her as one of the new battleships of the King George V class. This impression was strengthened when the old Centurion, skillfully disguised with a wooden superstructure and dummy guns to resemble such a ship, was photographed by spies. Thus were the Japanese persuaded that at least two new British battleships had joined the East Indies Fleet, a very valuable delusion at that time of crisis.

In the course of the war the London sank two enemy supply ships and destroyed Japanese shore stations. She accepted the surrender of the Japanese forces at Sabang in August 1945.

## Records of the Regiments: 1939-1945

IN September 1939 His Majesty's Fourth Regiment of Irish Footguards—the "Micks"—consisted of two Battalions, the 1st, which had not long returned from service in Egypt and Palestine, and the 2nd, which had only just been re-formed. The 2nd Battalion had been raised during the First Great War, and then disbanded after a short, glorious and bloody career. All ranks were, of course, volunteers, the great majority of them Irishmen, with a valuable leavening of Englishmen. Volunteers from Eire continued to flow in steadily; but as the war years and the casualty lists grew longer more and more Englishmen were drafted into the Regiment. These men, who came mainly from London, Liverpool and Lancashire, made fine fighting Irish Guardsmen.

On April 9, 1940, the Germans invaded Norway. Within a week the 1st Battalion, equipped for an Arctic campaign, landed in Northern Norway. The Norwegian Expedition was doomed from the start. The Germans had overwhelming superiority in troops, guns and tanks. Most important of all they had complete air supremacy, which, as there was no real darkness, they were able to exploit all



twenty-four hours of the day. The Battalion slowly closed in on the Germans in Narvik, trudging through the snow, or sailing from fjord to fjord in fishing boats—always being bombed. The Allied evacuation of Southern Norway left the road to the North unguarded, so the Battalion embarked on the liner H. M. T. Chobry to take up a defensive position 200 miles south.

At midnight on May 14-15, 1940, the Chobry was bombed. Direct hits killed or wounded all the senior officers and set the ship on fire. The Companies filed up from the troop decks and paraded on the promenade deck. On a sinking ship, loaded with tons of ammunition, burning in the Arctic Ocean, they waited quietly for the escort vessels, H.M.S. Wolverine and H.M.S. Stork. "There has been nothing like it since the Birkenhead," said the naval Commodore. The Battalion refitted as best they could and were again shipped south, to fight a delaying action against a German mountain division. At the beginning of June they were evacuated from Norway to England.

MEANWHILE, the 2nd Battalion had made two week-end trips on the Continent. The first was to the Hook of Holland, where they covered the evacuation of Queen Wilhelmina and the Netherlands Government. The second was in the last stages of the Battle of France, when the Germans were closing in on the Channel ports. The 2nd Battalion, with the 2nd Battalion Welsh Guards, was shipped to Boulogne, to hold the town as long as possible. The Battalion marched up through a sorry stream of stragglers and dug in round the outskirts of Boulogne. The German tanks could have driven straight on to the quays. The Battalion had no anti-tank mines, and the bullets from the anti-tank rifles bounced off the armour, but they shot any unwary tank commanders.

The Germans hesitated and then brought up their infantry to clear the town. During the night and following day the Battalion beat off a series of attacks. The perimeter, however, was gradually tightening, as first one company and another was ordered to close on the harbour. Finally, when the docks had been destroyed and every possible man evacuated, the Battalion itself embarked. In the following years the 2nd Battalion

# The Irish Guards

By Major

D. J. L. FITZGERALD, M.C.

RAISED in 1900 to commemorate the bravery shown by the Irish Regiments in the South African War, Irish Guards Mounted Infantry fought in the last years of that campaign, 1901 and 1902. The Irish Guards stood as a battalion for the first time in the line of battle on August 23, 1914, occupying trenches between Mons and Binche; two days later they were street-fighting at Landrecies. The Regiment continued to distinguish itself throughout the First Great War.

changed over to armour and a 3rd Battalion was raised. Both these were in the Guards Armoured Division, the 2nd in the Armoured and the 3rd in the Infantry Brigade.



FIELD-MARSHAL THE EARL OF CAVAN, late Colonel of the Regiment (died August 28, 1946), talked to a sergeant of the 2nd Armoured Battalion, at Fonthill Gifford, Wiltshire, on May 12, 1942. Photo, British Official

The 1st Battalion remained in the 24th Guards Brigade, and landed in North Africa early in March 1943. They went straight into the line by Medjez-el-Bab. After a month of fighting and small advances from hill to hill all was ready for the final blow. The Djebel Bou Aoukas—the "Bou"—dominated the approaches to Tunis. It was essential that this feature should be taken and held, so that the massed Armoured Divisions could break through to the sea. The 1st Battalion attacked Points 212 and 214 on the Bou. The Divisional Commander wrote, "The relentless courage, the cheerful sacrifices and the great tenacity of the 24th Guards Brigade was outstanding, and indeed without it the victory of the 1st Army would never have been achieved. I think that the story of the Irish Guards on Hill 212 will always stand in red letters on the pages of that glorious Regiment's history."

The Battalion had to move up to the start line in broad daylight in full view of the enemy. They crossed a flat plain in open order, waist-deep in grass and wild flowers. Every German gun and mortar for miles around opened fire. All over the plain new sinister plants sprang up—rifles stuck in the ground with helmets on them, to mark the dead or wounded. The Battalion pressed on steadily. "We did not think anyone could cross that plain alive," said a German prisoner. "Thank God for drill!" said a

Guardsman. By nightfall the hill was taken, and on it were gathered the remnants of four companies, 120 men. Next day came the inevitable counter-attack. The Battalion halted it and

finished it off by a charge. They sprang from their shallow holes in the rocks and, shouting "Up the Micks!" swept the Germans back down the hill. For three days the rapidly decreasing handful of men held the hill, beating off five major counter-attacks supported by tanks and armoured cars. They were isolated and often surrounded. Short of food, short of ammunition, very short of water, deprived of sleep, continually shelled and mortared, machine-gunned and sniped from all sides, with no aid for the wounded and no burial for the dead, these Irish Guardsmen showed a fixed determination to hold their position, for ever if need be. It is an honour to have served with such men.

ON this hill L/Cpl. J. P. Keneally won the V.C. for breaking up an enemy attack single-handed (portrait in page 286, Vol. 7). Lieut. Kennard won the D.S.O., and Sgt. Lynch, Sgt. Ashton and Guardsman Nicholson the D.C.M. "Your magnificent fight," wrote General Alexander, "has not only added fresh laurels to the name of the Regiment but has been of the utmost importance to our whole battle. I am immensely proud of you all."

In January 1944 the 1st Battalion landed at Anzio. The Germans reacted promptly; they massed divisions and every gun they could lay their hands on. Guns of every kind, age and nationality concentrated on the forward Battalions at Carroceto. In one day the 1st Battalion had 90 casualties by shelling alone. In a night attack up the main Anzio-Albano road the Battalion fought their way through massed machine-guns and formed a narrow salient beyond the "Factory." They found their objective occupied by German tanks. Lieut. Bartlett played hide-and-seek with a Tiger tank beneath a railway bridge, sliding Hawkins grenades beneath its tracks almost as if he were dealing cards.

### Fighting Strength Fell to 150

During the night of February 3-4, 1944, the Germans counter-attacked; they flung three battalions against the company on the left flank. Brens and machine-guns caught the enemy silhouetted against burning farms and shot them down in swathes, but the Germans pressed on. By dawn the left flank company no longer existed and the two forward companies and Battalion H.Q. were cut off. The reserve company attacked forward and extricated its comrades. Part of Battalion H.Q. was actually captured, but, led by Capt. S. Combe, M.C., killed their captors and fought their way back. L/Cpl. Cross, usually a peaceful orderly room clerk, won the M.M. for his gallant and ferocious conduct. The Battalion was then plunged into a welter of bitter hand-to-hand fighting. The Germans continually shovelled in fresh troops to maintain the pressure on the beach-head.

For weeks the Battalion fought in caves, in open muddy fields and in waterlogged gullies. It was a savage, primitive, troglodyte existence. Exhausted men were crippled by exposure; asleep in their slit trenches they did not notice the water seeping in. The fighting strength of the Battalion fell to about 150. Just as it was about to be relieved the Battalion was ordered to take over from a full-strength American battalion. They held a network of gullies in an open plain, isolated by day and dependent for supplies on fatigue parties by night. Every evening the message came up, "You must hold on." And not only did the Guards hold on, but they went over to the offensive.

## Records of the Regiments: 1939—1945

They turned the gullies into a murderous maze in which men like Major Kennedy, M.C., Sgt. Gundel, D.C.M., Guardsman Montgomery, D.C.M., and Guardsman Adamson, D.C.M., hunted down Germans. The Battalion was eventually withdrawn from the beach-head, its fighting strength reduced to 80. Unlucky shells during the final hand-over killed two of the Regiment's finest soldiers, Sgt. Wylie, D.C.M., and L/Cpl. Moriarity, D.C.M. The 1st Battalion returned to England and, as a battalion, saw no more action, but most of the individual members went out as reinforcements to the 3rd Battalion in France and Holland.

### Tank Warfare in the Choking Dust

The 2nd and 3rd Battalions landed in Normandy with the Guards Armoured Division. With two other Armoured Divisions they made the first attempt to break out of the bridge-head. Instead of the German ordnance workshops and mobile bath units they had been told to expect, they ran into a strong defensive screen supported by heavy tank battalions. It was a day of confused tank warfare, fought in the choking dust and waving corn round Cagny. Well-concealed 88s "brewed up" the Shermans as they came over the crest.

Lieut. Gorman, M.C., trundling up a lane, rounded a corner and found four German tanks having a conference. The leader, a Tiger, slowly traversed its massive gun. "Lead on!" shouted Lieut. Gorman to his driver, L/Cpl. Baron, M.M., and they rammed the Tiger. Both crews baled out,

shaking their fists at each other. Lieut. Gorman went back for a 17-pounder. He found one, its commander headless, its crew stunned, and with it finished off the Tiger.

The Guards Armoured Division then moved to Caumont and attacked south to intercept the Germans moving westward. The two Battalions fought their way separately through the "Bocage"—a country of small fields, banks, high hedges, sunken lanes and marshy streams. The Germans switched their best Panzer forces and struck savagely at the exposed flanks of the Division. They cut in behind the 2nd Battalion at La Marvinière, so that for days the trucks bringing up petrol and ammunition and evacuating the wounded had to run the gauntlet. At Sourdevalles the 3rd Battalion attacked down an exposed forward slope to cut the German's main lateral road. Spandaus on both flanks decimated the leading companies; mortar bombs turned the fields of ripe corn into a swirl of flame and smoke; but the Battalion pressed forward.

AFTER the rout of the Germans in Normandy the Battalions crossed the Seine and began their spectacular advance. Through cheering French crowds they raced to Brussels, which they entered just after dark. Deliriously happy Belgians crowded the streets to welcome their liberators. Men and women, old and young, showered flowers and fruit and kisses on the Guardsmen; swarms of them clambered on to the tanks, laughing and crying at once, and pouring champagne, brandy and ice cream all together into the outstretched mess-tins. The



Colours: White on Pale Blue with Black Border.

### 52nd (LOWLAND) DIVISION

RECRUITED from the Lowlands of Scotland, the 52nd Division, a Territorial Army formation, retained the White Cross of St. Andrew in a modified version of the sign worn by the Division in the First Great War; the word "Mountain" was adopted after the Division had been assigned this special role. Drafted to France in June 1940, after Dunkirk, the Division provided a covering force for the remnants of the B.E.F., most of it returning from Cherbourg on June 18. After long training in Scotland for mountain warfare—earmarked for the prospective Allied re-entry into Norway—much of the Division's active service was, ironically, confined to the flat lands of the Low Countries.

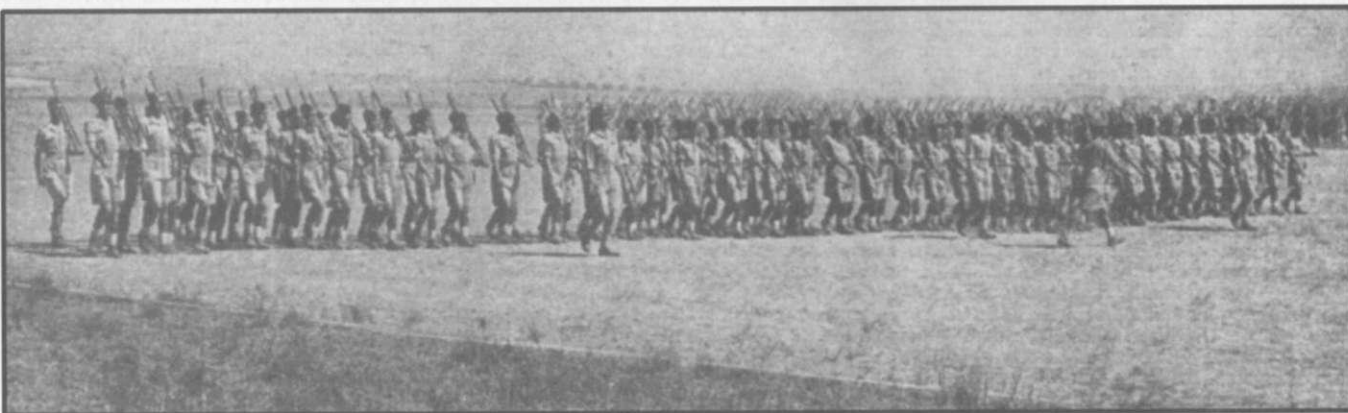
On October 26, 1944, under command of the 1st Canadian Army, the 52nd landed at South Beveland, Holland, for Allied operations on Walcheren Island to clear the Scheldt Estuary and the approaches to Antwerp. Baarland was captured the same day, and Eleewoutsdijk on October 28. Oostelde, Litt, and St. Georges fell to the Division in its advance on Flushing, assaulted, with the 4 Commando, on November 1 and, after severe street fighting, captured on November 3.

RIDING on Buffaloes of the Royal Tank Regiment, men of the 52nd assisted in the capture of Middelburg, November 7. In January 1945 the Division's advance east of the Maas brought further successes: Honen was taken on January 18. Waldeucht on January 21, Leffeld on January 22 and Heinsberg two days later. At this juncture the 52nd had penetrated farther east than any other British unit and was the first British Division to set up a H.Q. on German soil.

In late February the Division was engaged in clearing the area between the Maas and the Rhine. Crossing the latter after the major Allied assault on March 23, a heavy engagement was fought north-east of the Dortmund-Ems Canal, and in early April the defences at Ibbenburen were penetrated. Bremen was the final objective of the Division, now in the British 2nd Army. By April 27 most of the city had fallen, and all resistance had ceased on April 28. After the German surrender, on May 5, the 52nd became an Occupational Force.



CAPTURED BY THE 1st BATTALION of The Irish Guards on Hill 212, in North Africa, German prisoners (above) are led from the British First Army's Medjez sector, April 29, 1943. In a hitherto unpublished photo (below) the same Battalion is parading with the British First Infantry Division at Hammamet, Tunisia, before marching past General Eisenhower on September 4, 1943.



Photos, British Official

## The 'Micks' in Germany near their Journey's End



ENTRENCHED along the Hamburg-Bremen autobahn in April 1945 an Irish Guardsman (1, left), made full use of the natural facilities to effect a good camouflage; almost equally well concealed is one of the battalion's tanks (right background). A short time later the Regiment reached the Baltic coast, whence across the narrow waters lay Norway—scene of the 1st Battalion's landing five years earlier, to take part in the Allies' abortive campaign of 1940.

FREED on April 4, 1945, in Germany, men of the 2nd Battalion The Irish Guards who had been captured by the Germans exchanged handshakes with their liberators—bereted members of the 1st Battalion The Coldstream Guards (2). The 2nd Battalion of "the Micks" covered the evacuation of Queen Wilhelmina from the Hook of Holland in 1940, and took part in the defence of Boulogne. With the Guards Armoured Division it landed in Normandy, June 1944. Troops of the same Battalion in this hitherto unpublished photograph (3) enjoy a cigarette while brewing tea during a halt in their advance into Germany, April 8, 1945.

Photos, British Official  
PAGE 365

Records of the Regiments: 1939—1945



**BAND OF THE IRISH GUARDS** playing at Piedmonte, Italy, on April 29, 1944, celebrated its 150th performance given to Allied units while on tour of the 5th Army front. On this occasion the band, conducted by its leader Captain G. H. Wilcocks, M.B.E., entertained an appreciative audience of U.S. infantry and A.A. personnel.

Photo, British Official

Germans made desperate efforts to establish a new line along one of the great water barriers. The two Battalions now working together as one "battle group" led the advance. They found the Escaut Canal strongly held but with one bridge still standing. Lieut. Lampard's troop and Lieut. Stanley-Clarke's platoon rushed the bridge, and in one wild gallop secured the bridgehead. From now on the bridge was known as "Joe's Bridge," after the C.O. of the 3rd Battalion, Lieut.-Col. J. O. E. Vandeleur.

**Flat-Out up the Road to the Rhine**

The Division lined up for "the greatest break-out in the history of warfare"—the Armoured Drive to link up with the airborne landings at Nijmegen and Arnhem. The country was flat, wooded and marshy, impossible going for tanks but ideal for defence. The Irish Guards Group led the break-out. Preceded by a rolling barrage and supported by rocket-firing Typhoons, they drove flat-out up the straight concrete road. "The enemy was in considerably greater strength than had been anticipated," says the official report, "and but for the magnificent fighting qualities of the breaking-out troops the junction with the airborne troops might well have been delayed for a number of days."

The first nine tanks were "brewed up" one after the other, but the 3rd Battalion infantry, riding on the following tanks, dismounted and eliminated the 88s. With the Irish and Grenadiers leading alternately, the Division reached the Lower Rhine opposite Arnhem. Their lifeline, the one road, was continually cut by German counter-attacks. For days they lived on rations drawn from a German dump as they fought to the front, both flanks and the rear. "That's right. Have a nice rest!" shouted an airborne soldier from the truck carrying him back to safety. An Irish Guardsman looked up from a ditch at the man who was being evacuated down the road that Guardsmen had captured and were keeping open. "Get out of it," he replied. "We've been fighting since D-Day, not since last Friday!"

The Irish Guards went on fighting till V Day. It was a wet, cold, dreary winter, with hard fighting at Hommersum, Goch and Cleves. In the spring they crossed the Rhine and battered their way through Hanover to cut off Bremen and Hamburg. (In this last advance Guardsman E. Charlton of the 2nd Battalion won another V.C. for the Regiment.) When an Irish Guardsman stood on the shores of the Baltic the Regiment had made a full circle: across the narrow sea lay Norway.



**PURSUING THE ENEMY FROM THE CAEN SECTOR**, on the Western Front, in July 1944, Irish Guards in this hitherto unpublished photograph (left) protected their eyes with goggles and their mouths with handkerchiefs against blinding and choking clouds of dust raised by the columns of vehicles. Advancing south of Caumont with the Guards Armoured Division, a "Mick" prepares to engage enemy tanks with his Piat (right) near St. Martin-des-Besaces, August 1, 1944.

PAGE 366

Photos, British Official

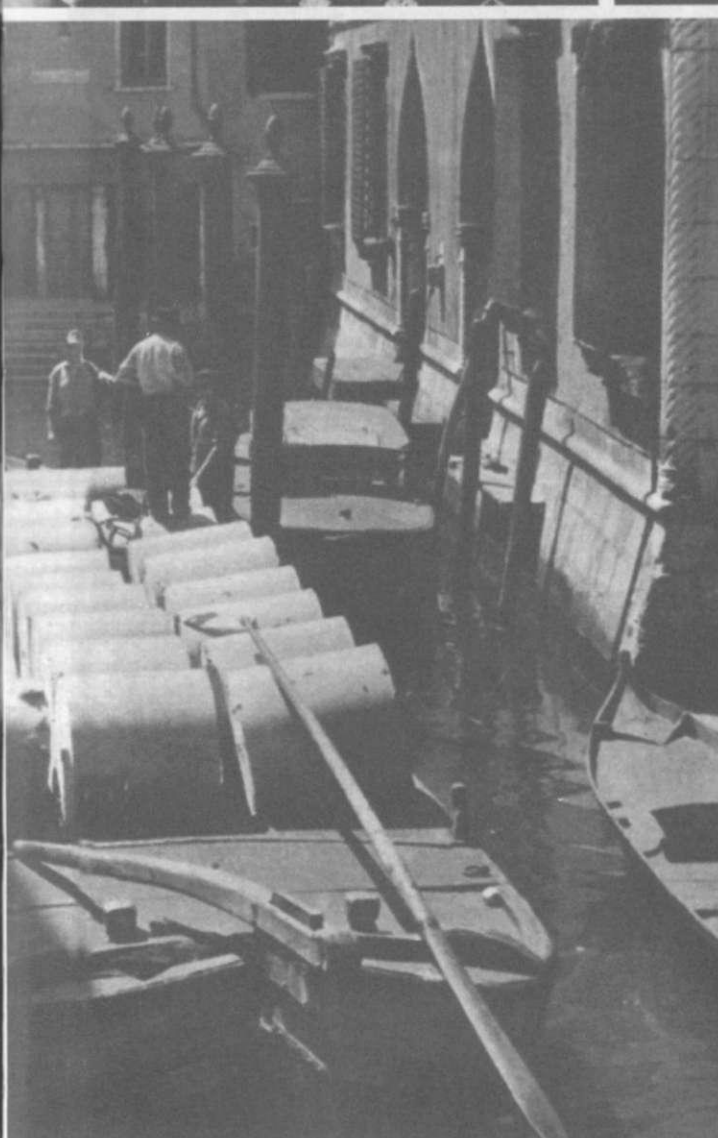
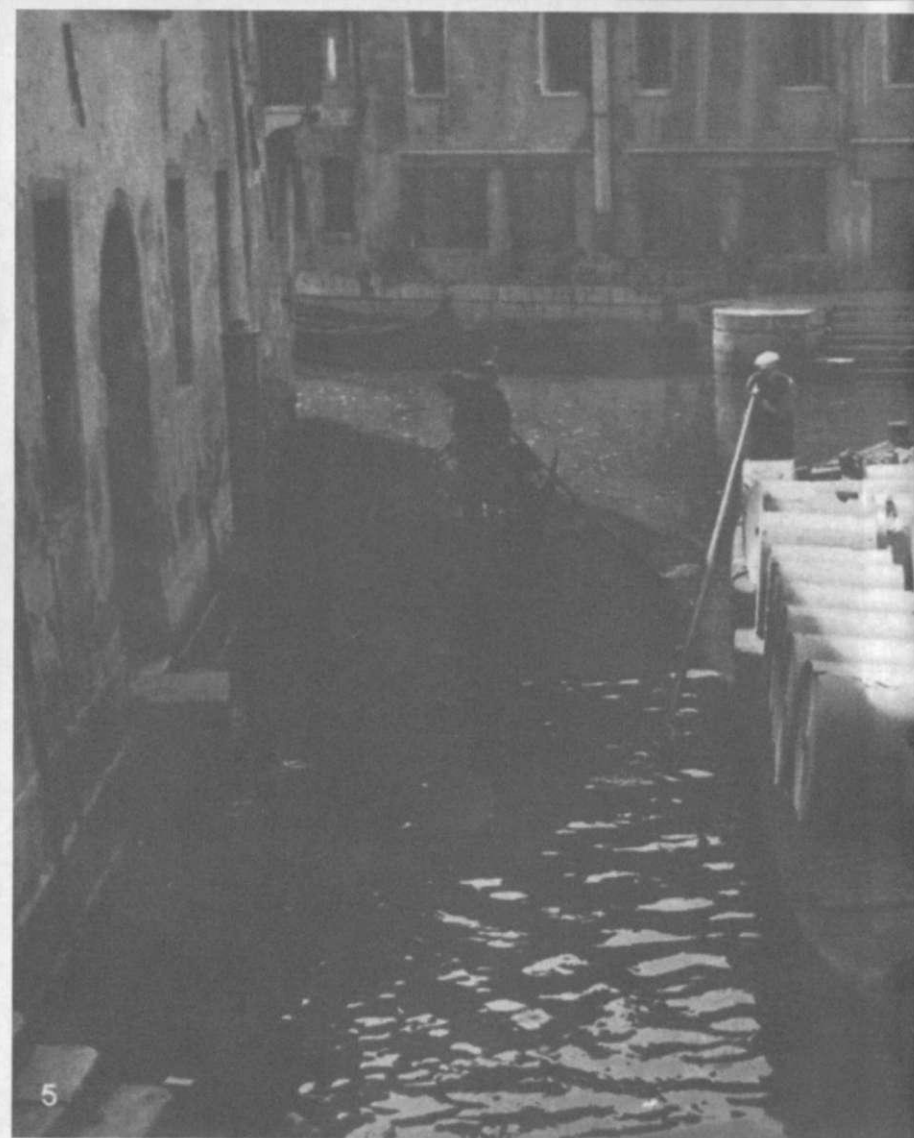
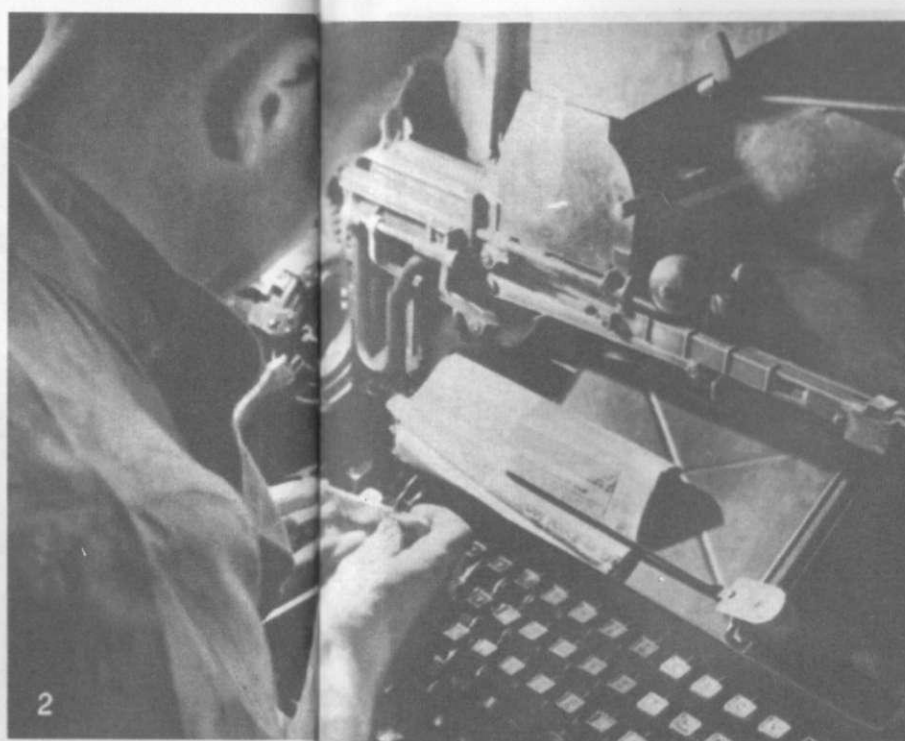
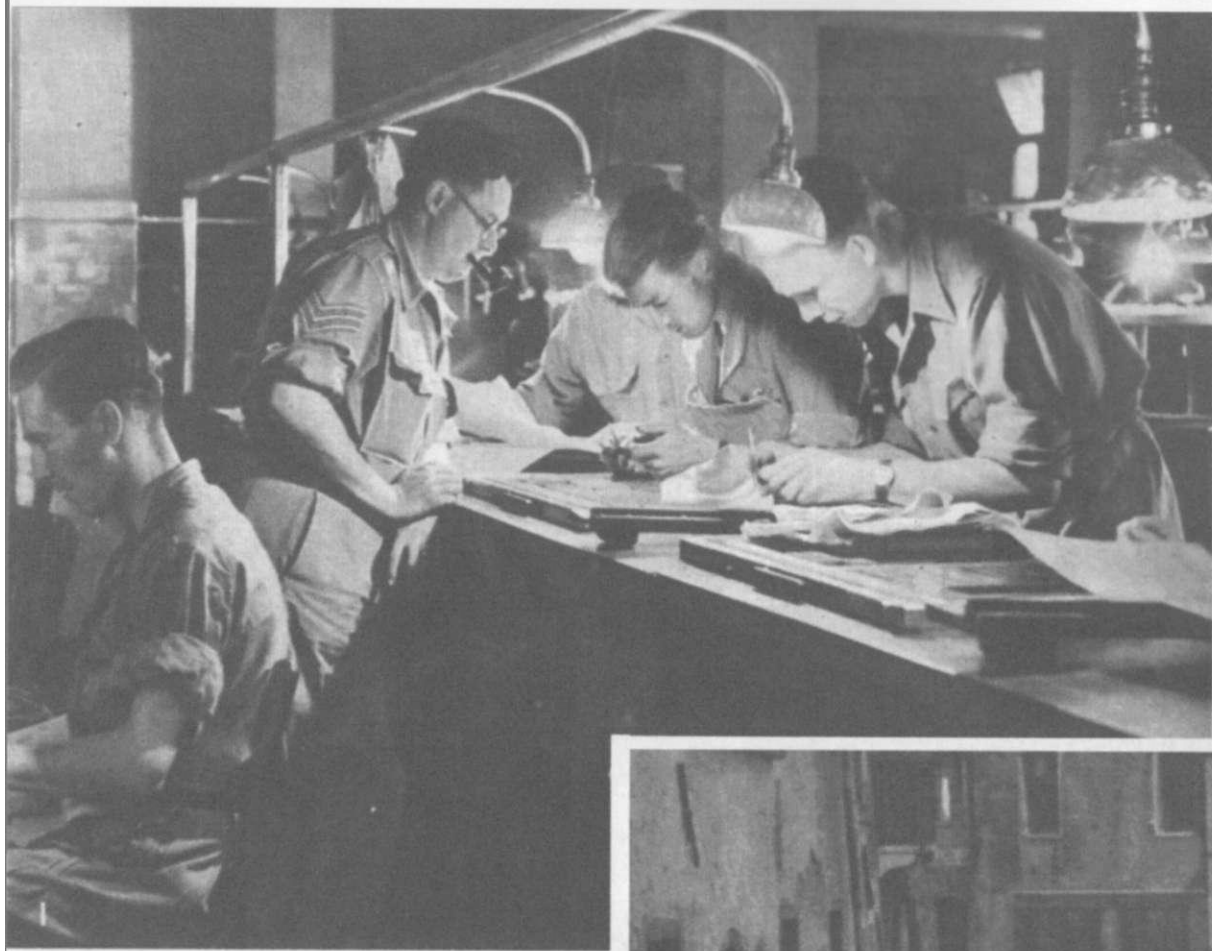
## Venice as a News Centre for Our Troops



Exclusive to  
THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

### News-Hungry Servicemen Kept Abreast of Events

Staffed by various Servicemen whose jobs in civil life fitted them for the responsibility, Union Jack became the official First Army newspaper in March 1943. The Editor (1) at work in his office in Venice, where the paper is now produced for circulation to all the remaining troops in Italy, North Africa and Austria, is assisted by the Sports Editor (2) and Chief Sub-Editor (3). The Army signalman (4) displays one day's batch of news "tapes" in the radio room.



### Here the Latest News Becomes the Printed Word—

Where the Germans once produced their services newspaper Nord Front, by the banks of the Grand Canal, Union Jack's offices hum with activity. The Chief Sub-Editor (1, left) watches work on a set-up page, to form part of the printing-cylinder seen at (3), whilst a soldier linotype operator taps away in the bottom left corner. Machine-setting type (2) is another soldier. The printing-cylinder (3) is given finishing touches by an Italian under the supervision of a soldier machine-minder.

### —On Paper Barge-Borne Down the Grand Canal

The rotary presses, capable of turning out 30,000 copies an hour, are throbbing. The minder checks Union Jacks as they come off the machine (4), his Italian assistant removing them for bundling and packing. Loaded with newsprint for the next edition, a barge is poled down the Grand Canal (5) to the offices, where Italians are waiting to roll the huge reels (6) into the warehouse in the building which Union Jack shares with the Venetian newspaper Il Gazzettino.

Inclusive to  
THE V.I. ILLUSTRATED



### ***Over an Italy-Wide Network 'U.J.' Starts Out***

Exclusive to  
THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

Bundles of Union Jacks are passed out to a barge (1). The circulation officer (2) casts an appraising eye over the editorial and production department's efforts. In charge of distribution, a soldier (3) accompanies a consignment up the Grand Canal; the young Italian will sell copies, at four lire each, in Venice. Obviously it's good tidings today (4). Eighth Army News, which the boys have received with their Union Jacks, ceased publication in June 1946 after a run of nearly five years.

# Montgomery's Strategy of Victory

THE Field-Marshal writes his report as a subordinate commander in an Allied team. In consequence, he studiously refrains from any expression of personal views which might be at variance with those already expressed by his Supreme Commander (see page 211). Properly, he limits himself to a bald and factual account. During the period June 6 to September 1, 1944, while he was overall land force commander, his account deals with the Anglo-United States operation as a whole. After Sept. 1 he limits himself almost wholly to the doings of 21 Army Group. Certain passages stand out as of absorbing interest. For instance, if further proof were needed of the complete success with which Field-Marshal Montgomery discharged his responsibilities as overall land force commander in the beach-head, we should find that proof here:

"Once ashore and firmly established, my plan was to threaten to break out on the eastern flank—that is, in the Caen sector; by this threat to draw the main enemy reserves into that sector, to fight them there and keep them there, using the British and Canadian armies for the purpose. Having got the main enemy reserves committed on the eastern flank, my plan was to make the break-out on the western flank, using for this task the American armies under Gen. Bradley, and pivoting on Caen; this attack was to be delivered southwards down to the Loire and then to proceed eastwards in a wide sweep up to the Seine about Paris.

### Operations Developed as Planned

"This general plan was given out by me to the general officers of the field armies in London on April 7, 1944. The operations developed in June, July and August, exactly as planned; I had given D+90 as a target date for being lined up on the Seine; actually the first crossing of the river was made on D+75. While I had in my mind the necessity to reach the Seine and the Loire by D+90, the interim estimates of progress could not, I felt, have any degree of reality. The predictions were particularly complicated by two major divergent requirements. On the one hand the general strategic plan was to make the break-out on the western flank, pivoting the front on to the Caen area, where the bulk of enemy reserves were to be engaged; on the other hand, the Air Force insisted on the importance of capturing quickly the good airfield country south-east of Caen.

"Though I have never failed in my operations to exert my utmost endeavour to meet the requirements of the Air Forces in planning these operations, the overriding requirement was to gain territory in the west. In planning to break out from the bridge-head on the western flank, a prerequisite was the retention of the main enemy strength on the eastern flank. The extent to which this was achieved is well illustrated in the following table, which shows the estimated enemy strength opposing us in the eastern and western areas of our front during June and July."

Estimated Enemy Strength Opposite Caumont-Cotentin Sectors.				Estimated Enemy Strength Opposite Caumont-Caen Sectors.			
	Panzer Divisions.	Tanks.	Infantry Battalions.		Panzer Divisions.	Tanks.	Infantry Battalions.
June 15 ...	—	70	63	June 15 ...	4	520	43
June 25 ...	1	190	87	June 25 ...	5	530	49
June 30 ...	1	140	63	June 30 ...	7½	725	64
July 5 ...	1	215	63	July 5 ...	7½	690	64
July 10 ...	2	190	72	July 10 ...	6	610	65
July 15 ...	2	190	78	July 15 ...	6	630	68
July 20 ...	3	190	82	July 20 ...	5	560	71
July 25 ...	2	190	85	July 25 ...	6	645	92

Again, we have a complete answer to the criticism that, during Rundstedt's Ardennes offensive, 21 Army Group stood by when they should have played an active part. On Dec.

FIELD-MARSHAL Viscount Montgomery's official account of the operations in North-West Europe from the Normandy landings to the unconditional surrender of Germany was published on September 4, 1946, as a supplement to the London Gazette. His record covers the period from June 6, 1944, to May 5, 1945. Lieut.-Gen. H. G. Martin, Military Correspondent of The Daily Telegraph (from which this condensation is given), comments on outstanding passages in the Report.

20, 1944, Gen. Eisenhower, the Supreme Commander, had put Field-Marshal Montgomery in command of the United States First and Ninth Armies north of the German salient. Field-Marshal Montgomery explains:

"On the 19th I ordered Gen. Dempsey to move XXX Corps west of the Meuse to a general line from Liège to Louvain, with patrols forward along the western bank of the river between Liège itself and Dinant. This corps was thus suitably placed to prevent the enemy crossing the river, and could cover the routes from the south-east leading into Brussels.

"It subsequently became necessary in connexion with the regrouping of American First Army to send some British divisions east of the Meuse. But throughout the battle I was anxious to avoid committing British forces more than was necessary. Had they become involved in large numbers an acute administrative problem would have resulted from their lines of communication crossing the axis of the two American armies. The battle of the Ardennes was won primarily by the staunch fighting qualities of the American soldier."

The dispatch serves also to rebut those who decry Field-Marshal Montgomery's carefully-staged crossing of the Rhine on the ground that this ponderous operation had already been preceded by improvised crossings on the United States First and Third Army fronts. Field-Marshal Montgomery had to cross that sector of the Rhine which gave direct access to Germany's vitals. Therefore he had to be prepared for maximal resistance. So he had started to plan his crossing six months before and had begun his actual preparations as early as December 1944. In consequence, on March 23:

"Twenty-first Army Group launched the operation for crossing the Rhine a fortnight after completion of the battle of the Rhineland." The crossing succeeded. "We were now in a position to drive into the plains of Northern Germany. It was a matter of great satisfaction to see how plans which had been maturing back on the Seine were reaching their fulfilment."

That the Americans had been able to establish crossings on less vital fronts some days earlier was due to their dash and initiative in exploiting gross German errors.

It is the "Review and Comments" with which Field-Marshal Montgomery concludes his dispatch that is perhaps its most individual feature. Justly, he gives pride of place to administration, which is ever the foundation of our military success. Of the Normandy landing he

Birmingham. Over 287,000 men and 37,600 vehicles were pre-loaded into ships and landing craft prior to the assault, and in the first 30 days 1,100,000 British and American troops were put ashore."

Next, he describes the administrative problem presented by the break-out across the Seine, which stretched his lines of communication 400 miles from Bayeux to Antwerp:

"This meant eating into the reserves built up in the Rear Maintenance Area, and it became a matter of urgency to get bases farther forward and shorten the lines of communication."

There were engineer tanks that could place or project charges to blow up sea walls; there were other tanks that could launch bridges for the crossing of anti-tank ditches; there were mat-laying tanks, amphibious tanks to lead the assault, flail tanks for mine-clearing, flame-throwing tanks, which were "outstandingly successful," and "saved us many lives." There were amphibious assault craft, too, for carrying infantry and light vehicles; these made operations practicable over the flooded areas between Maas and Rhine. There were also armoured infantry carriers, "Kangaroos," which "enabled infantry to be transported across bullet-swept zones to arrive fresh at the vital part of the battlefield." Of more normal combat tanks Field-Marshal Montgomery has this to say:

"The capital tank must be a weapon of universal application, suitable not only for working with the infantry in the attack and in the dog-fight battle, but also capable of operating in the spearheads of the armoured division in pursuit. I am convinced, as a result of experience from Alamein to the Baltic, that it is fundamentally unsound to aim at producing one type of tank for co-operation with the infantry and another for the armoured division. We require one tank which will do both jobs."

### Great Burden Borne by Infantry

That Field-Marshal Montgomery has here propounded an admirable ideal none will question. But there will be few users ready to agree that this ideal was attained by our "capital" tanks, Shermans and Cromwells, of the late war. Of the gunners Field-Marshal Montgomery has this to say:

"I doubt if the artillery has ever been so efficient as it is today. It has been found that a large number of small shells over a given time produces a greater effect on the enemy than the same weight of larger shells." Of the infantry, the Field-Marshal tells us:

"... Although the infantryman may motor into battle, his training must keep him hard and tough, a point which must never be overlooked in these days of troop-carrying transport. It has again been the infantry who suffered the heaviest casualties. I cannot praise too highly the stamina and persistence displayed in the campaign."

The doctors, we learn, were ready to lay 15 to 1 against the death of any man who had got into their hands, no matter what his injury might be. Only one man died out of every three wounded in the stomach, as opposed to two out of three in 1914-18. Field-Marshal Montgomery concludes with this remark on morale:

"Without high morale no success can be achieved. ... And the surest way to obtain it [morale] is by success in battle." In other words, morale spells success; success spells morale.

Let us thank Providence, then, for a Montgomery who knew so well how to achieve morale and how to win success. But let us also pay a tribute to those whose high morale preserved us in the days before success had yet alighted on the Allied banners.

# Europe's Wartime Capitals in 1946

## LUXEMBURG

By HENRY BAERLEIN

AFTER traversing the Belgian Ardennes, with their pine-clad heights, their rivers winding through the greenest of pastures and the ruins of Rundstedt's final offensive—now in course of repair—your train crosses the frontier into the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. It stops for ten minutes at Kleinbettingen, not in order to trouble passengers with an examination of their luggage and passports—in my case this was performed by a smiling official who hurriedly walked through the train—but so that one may visit the refreshment room and drink a few glasses of corn brandy or of the more potent *queich*, the national concoction of prunes and alcohol.

Before you have lost the feeling of exhilaration thus engendered you are in Luxembourg city, the Grand Duchy's capital. Walking from the station up the broad, tree-lined boulevard towards the centre of the town you may be overtaken by one of the two "toy" trains that, with a good deal of smoke and ringing of bells, go on their way to Echternach and to the spa of Mondorf. These little trains are known as Jeangly and Charley—the names of the Heir-Apparent and of his younger brother being Jean and Charles respectively. Prince Jean, by the way, was educated at Ampleforth College, Yorkshire, and served in the ranks of the Irish Guards before he obtained his commission.

### Complete Destruction Was Averted

You would be fascinated by the shop windows of Luxembourg, with their wonderful displays at quite reasonable prices. The numerous confectioners have a variety of cakes to offer, the establishments dealing in leather goods are most attractive, and those which specialize in female adornment would soon be depleted by British women. Most lavish, too, are the grocers' windows. And the people in the streets have a very comfortable appearance.

"But," you will ask, "are there no signs of war in the city? This little country was for more than four years in German hands!" Well, we have reached the viaduct which, at a great height, crosses the abyss separating the newer from the more ancient parts of the city which crown the rocks and the formidable ramparts of the fortress that was demilitarized by international agreement in 1867. This viaduct, whose main arch of stone is the largest in Europe, was spared by the Nazis, but not because it is known as the Adolph Bridge (in honour of the Grand Duke who reigned from 1897 to 1905).

If Rundstedt's troops could have regained the capital from which they had—temporarily, as they thought—retired, it would no doubt have been as thoroughly destroyed as many of the other towns and villages of the Grand Duchy. But General Patton ordered the cooks and other non-combatants of his American 3rd Army to hold out at Echternach, some twenty miles away, and thus the capital was saved. Whereas Echternach's famous old church of St. Willibrord (who arrived there from Britain twelve centuries ago) is now so utterly ruined that the dancing procession of Whitsuntide will not, alas, be celebrated again for many years.

With two exceptions, no building in the capital was demolished by the Germans, because the Gauleiter, after promising to respect the State's independence, proclaimed its annexation to Germany. "You have the honour," he announced, "to defend this part of Germany's western border." The two exceptions were the synagogue, a beautiful building of which all Luxemburgers were proud, and the monument to those young

men who in the First Great War fought in the Allied (mostly the French and the Belgian) armies. Nothing remains of this monument but a pile of stones, and there they will stay as an example of German "kultur."

The cheerfulness that one sees on the faces of the Luxemburgers does not mean that they are altogether happy. Of a total population of 300,000, one man in every ten was deported to labour in the mines or on the farms of Silesia, some to serve in the German army; and if anyone deserted from the Wehrmacht his entire family would be deported. Many a man was concealed by the farmers at great risk to themselves, many slept for months in the forests or the vineyards of the Moselle. The windows of a corner house in the city are covered with photographs, each attached to a form with details of the man's life. These are the young men whose fate is not known, unlike that of the steel-workers of the south (Luxemburg is the seventh most important steel-producing country in the world), for on the day following the annexation these men went on strike, and many were shot.

The Society which endeavours to trace the young men who have disappeared is called Ons Jongen, which in the Luxembourg dialect means "Our Young Men." Before the war the two official languages were French and German; now they are French and the dialect, which is the same as that spoken in Lorraine and the south-east of Belgium. One newspaper is printed exclusively in French, the others in a mixture of the two languages. They print the speeches in the Chamber as they are delivered, a deputy perhaps putting a question in the dialect and the Minister replying in French, or vice versa. (The tendency nowadays is to spell the name of the country Luxembourg, the form without the "o" having a German flavour.)

Before the war the Luxemburgers had, so to speak, their hearts turned to France and their reasoning to Belgium, because of the economic union. The war made them vividly conscious of their own individuality. This is personified by them in the dynasty. No house, no shop, no café is without a portrait of the Grand Duchess, of Prince Felix, her Consort, and of the Heir-Apparent. All the political parties, including the Communists, are equally attached to the royal

family. The story is told of a German who derisively pointed, during the Occupation, to a portrait of the Grand Duchess on the wall of a certain café. "That woman has fled to England," he said. "She is here," retorted the Luxemburger. "What nonsense you talk!" scoffed the Nazi. "Will you bet?" asked the Luxemburger. "A million to one," laughed the German. "You have lost," said the Luxemburger. "She is here, in all our hearts!"

When she and her family returned with the victorious Allies she visited every town and village of the Grand Duchy. Everywhere she was received with the wildest enthusiasm. The B.B.C. had given her the opportunity to speak to her people from London, where she inaugurated the programme in the Luxembourg dialect; and if an important speech was expected from her or from one of the five ministers who were with her in exile, the Germans would cut off the electric current so that only people with battery sets could listen-in. To counter this, the B.B.C. would change the time of the broadcast.

### Luxury of Two Eggs for Breakfast

Two sentries in British battle-dress were to be seen in front of the Grand Ducal Palace, a not very beautiful building in 16th-century Spanish style, with many balconies and oriel windows. It stands right on the street, and on one of its walls is an ordinary name-plate which tells you that this is the Street of the Vegetable Market. What could be more democratic? As a rule the Grand Duchess is driven about the country by one of her daughters in a simple two-seater, with no other car in attendance. Such is the democracy of Luxembourg that when it was arranged that every man should be entitled to 200 cigarettes a month and every woman to half as many, no exception was made where the nuns were concerned. If they, as is probable, are non-smokers, they are at liberty to dispose of their cigarettes as they may wish.

It would be difficult to find any other town of comparable size with such dignity as Luxembourg. Everything is done in the best of taste—as at the cathedral, where a modern choir was audaciously and successfully added to the Gothic nave. The confessionals in that church do not resound with stories of smuggling, as this industry is left to foreigners. Prices of textiles are higher in France than in the Grand Duchy, but the Luxemburgers do not possess the smuggling spirit. They are preoccupied in rebuilding their country.

A PART from the capital, hotels in the country have suffered greatly; but everything is done to attract the tourist. A foreigner has merely to sign a paper and give his passport number; then he can have two eggs for his breakfast and meat at every meal.

In Rundstedt's 1944 offensive a third of the Grand Duchy was destroyed; and Mr. Bech, the Foreign Minister, told me that his Government has put in a claim for the cession of a strip of Germany, not because this small strip, inhabited by only 10,000 persons, belonged to Luxembourg before it was ceded to Prussia by the Congress of Vienna in 1815, but as reparation. It will cause the rivers on Luxembourg's eastern frontier to be in her hands instead of being partly German.

"You will have the privilege to be Germans for evermore!" said the Gauleiter in 1942. "We want to stay what we are," say the words of an old Luxembourg song. "You have the honour to defend this part of Germany's western border." The wheel has turned full circle, for now the enlarged Luxembourg army is participating in the Occupation of Germany.



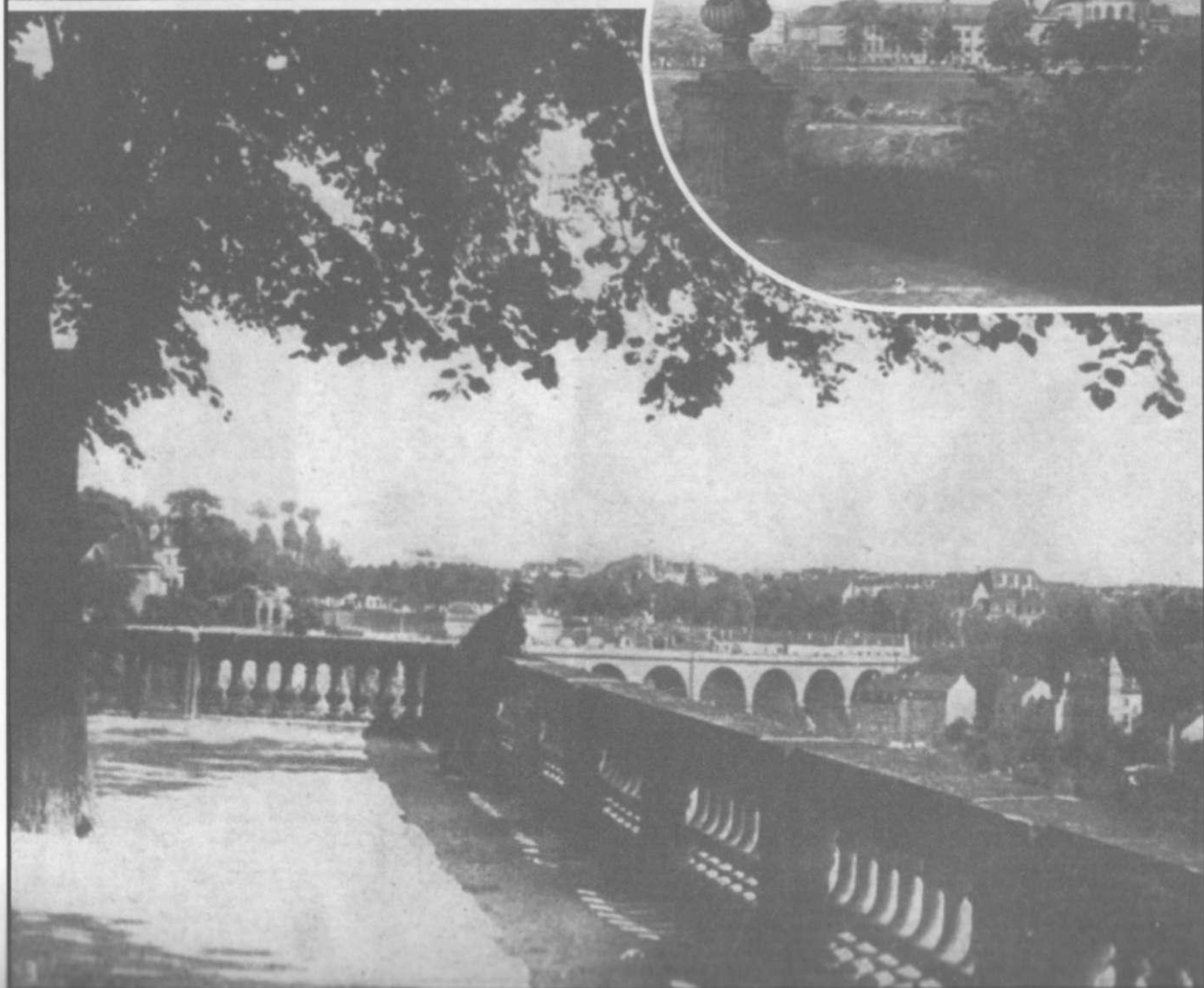
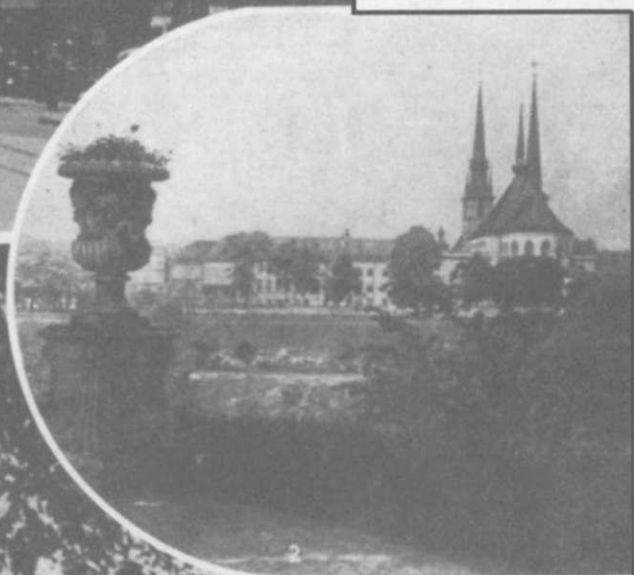
FIRST POST-WAR GRAPE HARVEST is loaded alongside a Luxembourg vineyard, one of many in which citizens concealed themselves to escape deportation to Germany. By courtesy of the Luxembourg Government

## Luxemburg Recovering from Long Nazi Occupation

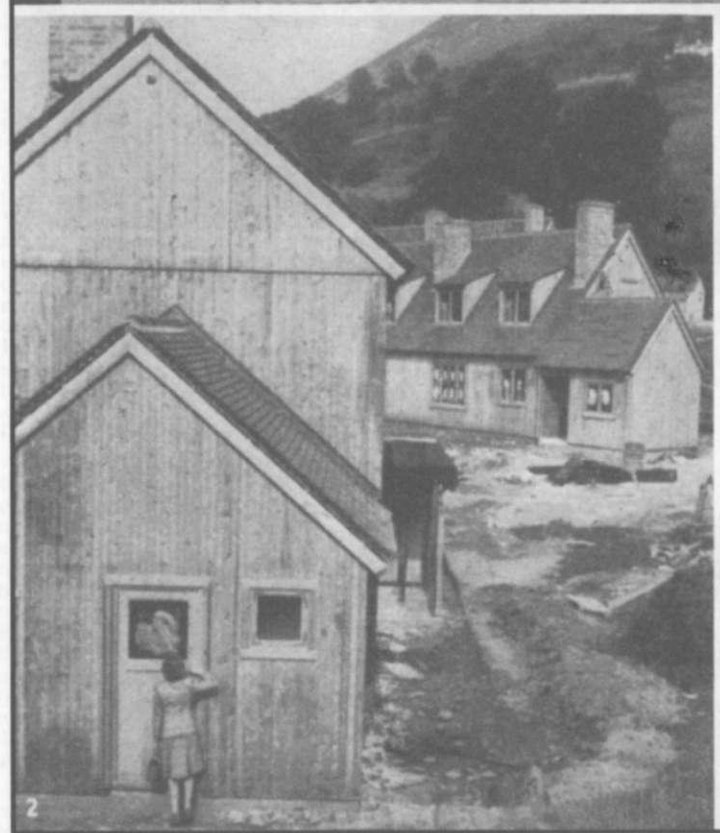


OLD AND NEW TOWNS built on the sides of two valleys form the city of Luxembourg, capital of the Grand Duchy and home of the Grand Duchess. Looking along the main street (1) leading to the Grand Ducal Palace, in the old town, the absence of war damage belies the ravages of war which swept a third of the country into devastation during Rundstedt's Ardennes offensive in December 1944. Luxembourg Cathedral (2, right), dedicated to the patron saint St. Consolatrix, is viewed from the new town across the Petrisse valley; one of its twin towers damaged in the War is now repaired. Spanning the Alzette valley is Adolph Bridge, as it appears from the public gardens in the old town (3). The bridge is named in honour of the Grand Duke who reigned 1897 to 1905. See facing page.

*Photos by courtesy of the  
Luxemburg Government*  
PAGE 373

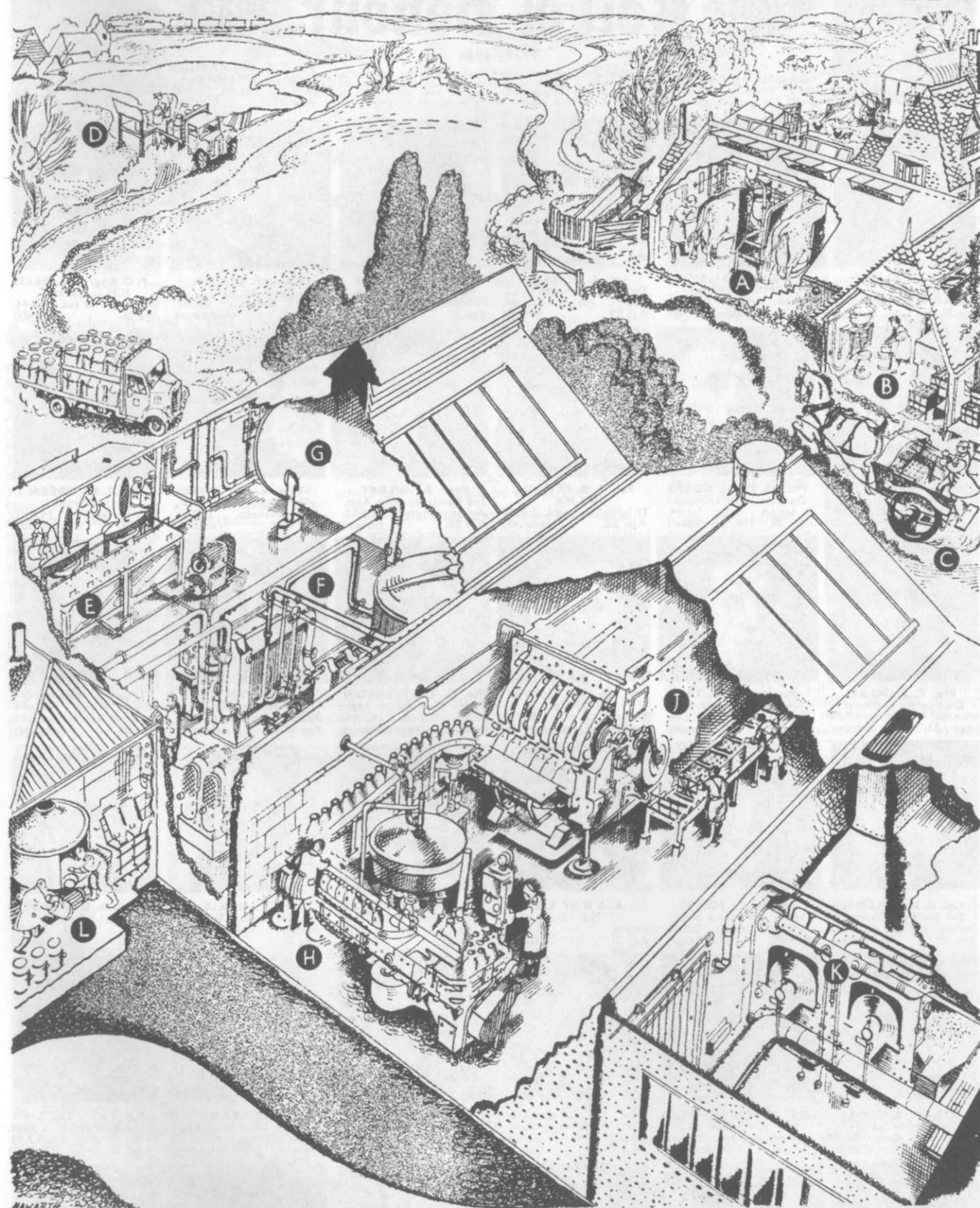


# Housing the Homeless: New Types for the U.K.



ADOPTING THE "MONOLITHIC CONCRETE SYSTEM" on the London County Council Minerva estate, Bethnal Green, will mean completion of 233 flats in eight four-storied blocks by April 1947, eight months sooner than if orthodox methods had been used: an unfinished balcony side of one of the blocks (1). Imported from Sweden, wooden houses (2) erected at Clydach, Breconshire, incorporate latest developments in labour-saving devices. Aluminium prefabricated houses, made at a converted aircraft factory, are transported in four sections to an estate at Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, where a kitchen section (3) is seen arriving; one of these houses was assembled in half an hour. PAGE 374 Photos, Topical Press, Fox

## Britain's Food: Securing Our Vital Milk Supply



THE FLOW OF MILK FROM COW TO CONSUMER is shown in this drawing prepared by our artist Haworth with the assistance of the Milk Marketing Board. On up-to-date dairy farms the cows are milked by machinery (A), the yield from each animal being automatically recorded; data thus gained enables the farmer to select the best cows for breeding. The milk passes to the farm dairy (B) for cooling; if the farmer is one of the 60,000 producer-retailers he will bottle it and call on his customers (C). Otherwise it is taken in churns to the main road to await the Milk Marketing Board lorry which calls at the churn stand (D) to collect it for delivery to the creamery. On arrival at the modern creamery, which may be owned by the Board or by one of the distributing companies, the milk is

tested for condition and weighed (E), then pumped to the pasteurization machine (F), where the temperature is raised to 162 degrees F. and maintained so for 15 seconds to eliminate bacteria and assist keeping-qualities. If not required immediately the milk is stored in a stainless steel insulated tank (G). The bottling machine (H) can fill and cap 1,500 bottles an hour, these being supplied to it automatically by the washing machine (J), which cleanses them thoroughly then discharges them on to the conveyor. Dried milk powder is made by "feeding" milk on to steam-heated rollers (K) moving in opposite directions; a fixed knife cuts the dried powder, which is then conveyed to a sifter and packed. Milk churns are sterilized by inversion over jets of steam (L).



**Pte. F. ADAMS**  
Royal Marines Band.  
H.M.S. Hood. 24.5.41.  
Age 23. (Gillingham)

## The Roll of Honour

1939—1946

*No 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.*

**Pte. J. A. ALEXANDER**  
Cameron Highlanders.  
Action: Tunisia. 6.4.43.  
Age 23. (Liverpool)



**A/B R. E. ALLEN**  
Royal Navy.  
Action: S.W. Burma. 13.7.45.  
Age 20. (Cardiff)



**A/B P. BAILEY**  
H.M.S. Lapwing.  
Action: Arctic. 20.3.45.  
Age 22. (Londonderry)



**Sgt. A. F. DAVIS**  
Duke of Cornwall's L.I.  
Action: Arakan. 11.2.44.  
Age 29. (Bristol)



**Cpl. H. N. DAVIS**  
Reconnaissance Corps.  
In action: Caen. 28.7.44.  
Age 20. (Darwen)



**A.C.I. F. DIXON**  
Royal Air Force.  
H.M.S. Glorious. 8.6.40.  
Age 19. (Middleton)



**P/O Eng. J. B. ELLIS**  
H.M.S. Gairsay.  
In action: at sea. 3.8.44.  
Age 26. (Mirfield)



**Marine J. P. FARGHER**  
46th R.M. Commando  
Action: Normandy. 25.8.44  
Age 23. (Dalton-in-Furness)



**Pte. H. FLOUNDERS**  
Durham Light Infantry.  
In action: Italy. 5.1.44.  
Age 28. (W. Hartlepool)



**Pte. J. E. FENNER**  
R.E.M.E.  
D. w'ds: Sumatra. 1.3.42.  
Age 22. (Chelmsford)



**Pte. S. GILBEY**  
2nd Cambridgeshire Regt.  
Action: Malaya. 19.1.42.  
Age 28. (Soham)



**Mus. E. GOYMER**  
R.N. School of Music.  
Mediterranean. 31.3.41.  
Age 19. (Gosport)



**Spr. I. W. GREEN**  
Bomb Disposal.  
Nottingham. 14.7.41.  
Age 26. (Keswick)



**Pte. T. J. GREEN**  
Dorsetshire Regiment.  
Action: Normandy. 4.7.44  
Age 33. (London)



**Pte. J. R. GUNTRIP**  
Queen's Royal Regiment.  
Action: Berlicum. 22.10.44.  
Age 19. (London)



**Flt/Sgt. E. A. HAWES**  
R.A.F.V.R.  
S. Rhodesia. 9.6.45.  
Age 21. (Southend-on-Sea)



**Pte. C. HUTCHISON**  
King's Own Royal Regt.  
Action: Burma. 14.5.44.  
Age 24. (Herstmonceux)



**Sgt. J. W. HYDE**  
Royal Air Force.  
Action: Rutland. 4.12.42.  
Age 20. (London)



**L/Cpl. F. IRELAND**  
Royal Welch Fusiliers  
Action: Kohima. 6.5.44  
Age 24. (Haresfield)



**L/Cpl. E. R. N. KENNY**  
3rd Bn. Irish Guards.  
Action: Holland. Oct. '44.  
Age 19. (Clonsilla)



**Pte. R. D. JONES**  
South Lancashire Regt.  
Action: Holland. 2.1.45.  
Age 18. (Manchester)



**A. A. B. W. LAX**  
H.M.S. Blean.  
At sea. 11.12.42.  
Age 31. (Leeds)



**Ppr. W. MACDONALD**  
5th Bn. Seaforth Hghlrs.  
Action: Tripoli. 21.1.43.  
Age 28. (Thurso)



**Pte. T. ODELL**  
1st Bn. London Scottish.  
Action: Italy. 5.9.44.  
Age 21. (Hanwell)



**Spr. D. OLDHAM**  
Royal Engineers.  
Action: Tripoli. 2.3.43.  
Age 23. (Long Eaton)



**Gdsmn. A. SCOTT**  
Grenadier Guards.  
In action: Caen. 5.8.44.  
Age 32. (Oldham)



**Dvr. F. H. RUSHTON**  
686 A.W. Coy. R.E.  
Action: N. Africa. 25.2.44.  
Age 32. (Bucknall)



**Pte. G. SAINSBURY**  
N. Staffordshire Regt.  
Action: Anzio. 22.1.44.  
Age 30. (London)



**A/B W. SEDDON**  
H.M.S. Orchis.  
Off France. 21.8.44.  
Age 20. (Liverpool)



**Pte. R. C. STANDING**  
2nd Bn. Devonshire Regt.  
West Europe. 25.1.45.  
Age 21. (Horsham)



**Pte. P. H. TAYLOR**  
Royal Warwickshire Regt.  
Action: Normandy. 18.7.44.  
Age 22. (Stockton)



**Cpl. J. H. A. WHEELER**  
2nd Special Air Service.  
Bulford. 15.2.46.  
Age 21. (London)



**Pte. W. J. WHEELDON**  
7/9 The Royal Scots.  
Action: Holland. 3.11.44.  
Age 21. (Coventry)



**Tpr. A. W. WRIGHT**  
Royal Armoured Corps.  
Action: W. Des. 28.11.41.  
Age 28. (Trowbridge)



**Pte. A. WHITE**  
Pioneer Corps.  
Action: Dunkirk. June '40.  
Age 35. (Kettering)



**Sgt. J. C. WOODCOCK**  
59 Squadron, R.A.F.  
Action: Lorient. 23.11.40.  
Age 20. (W. Ealing)



**Cpl. J. WILSON**  
Argyll & S. Highlanders.  
Action: Egypt. 10.12.40.  
Age 24. (Barnard Castle)



## We Travelled to Malta by Submarine

For a short time when the siege of Malta was at its peak in 1941, surface craft were unable to reach the George Cross island with vital supplies. On what was believed to be the first occasion that a body of British soldiers was transported by submarine, H.M.S. Rorqual carried about 20 men to the island from Alexandria. Here George Arkell, formerly of the Royal Artillery, gives his impressions of this strange voyage.

ON Wednesday, June 4, 1941, I was at a Transit Camp at Amiraya, Egypt, when orders came through that we were on the move once again; twenty of us had been picked for this and we were told that we were going to Malta by destroyer. After a roll-call parade and the usual handshakes to the boys who we believed would follow on, we boarded the wagons and headed for Alexandria, where we were taken by motor launch to a ship surrounded by five or six submarines. This was H.M.S. Medway (see page 221), parent ship to British submarines operating from Alexandria. From the sailors aboard we soon learned to our horror that we were to travel to Malta by submarine, and the craft—H.M.S. Rorqual—was pointed out to us. Looking at her, I felt thankful for one thing, anyway—seen beside the other submarines, the Rorqual loomed up like the Queen Mary does against a medium-sized merchant ship! Thank goodness we weren't going in one of those small subs, I thought; going in the Rorqual seemed bad enough. We had plenty of questions to fire at the under-water heroes, and after getting all the answers from the men of the Rorqual we finally settled down feeling a bit

easier about the whole business. They told us pig-iron had been taken aboard for ballast, and the Rorqual had been out on a trial run.

After sleeping as well as we could that night—there was an air raid part of the time—we rose next morning to do a spot of work. More pig-iron was being loaded on board the Rorqual, as on her trial run out it was found that she could not dive quickly enough. We had the job of loading the pig-iron down the conning tower and laying it around wherever room could be found for it.

### We Dive Into the Deep-Sea World

It was around 5 p.m. on the Thursday that hatches were closed, and we sailed out of the port of Alexandria. Unfortunately, from where I was below deck, I did not see Egypt from the after end of a ship, a sight many a Serviceman has enjoyed! Excitement ran too high to think about that, and an officer of the ship came and gave us the gen of the trip. First of all we had to change our night into day, which meant that while we were submerged during the hours of daylight we had to sleep. This was, I imagined, to save as much oxygen as possible. We weren't to move to any part of the ship together in large

groups, for reasons which we soon guessed. We were to make ourselves as comfortable as possible and sleep where we could. This most of us did in the torpedo-room with four torpedoes to keep us company and to use for pillows if we wanted.

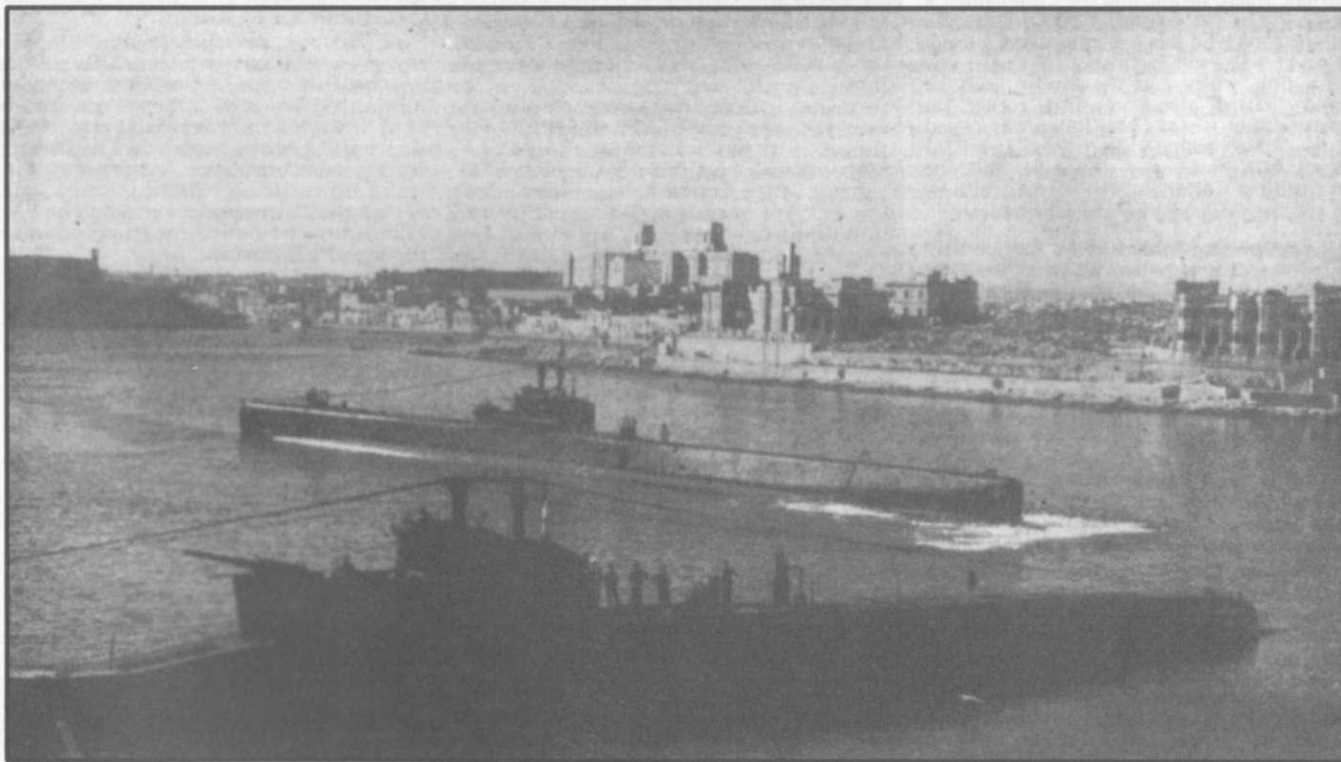
It wasn't long after leaving port that I had my first scare. We were sitting around chat-

ting among ourselves when suddenly a klaxon horn wailed, and across a speaker came the words, "Diving stations—Diving stations." Sailors were soon hopping to it, and we soldiers waited breathlessly to submerge into the deep-sea world.

In the torpedo-room was a large depth meter, and my eyes watched it fixedly, while I wondered how deep we could go down. Slowly the indicator made its way down—5 feet, 10 feet—until it reached 30 feet, and there it stayed. When the dive was over, the first thing that struck me was how easy going it was. There were no vibrations or rolling, and it was hard to realize we were moving. We were, but at only three knots. If this was how it felt to be submerged it wasn't so bad.



GEORGE ARKELL



H.M. SUBMARINE RORQUAL RETURNS TO HER MALTA BASE, where she is seen (centre) entering the harbour at Sliema Creek after carrying out patrol duties. As told here, the Rorqual was used for shipping men and materials to Malta during the siege of the island in 1941. Now to be scrapped, the Rorqual is the only survivor of a minelaying class of submarine whose war losses included Porpoise and Seal. Launched in 1936, she had a displacement of 1,520 tons and a complement of 55. See also page 133.

## I Was There!



**COMMANDER OF THE RORQUAL** since 1941, Lieut.-Commander L. W. Napier, D.S.C., R.N. (centre), in his quarters aboard the submarine, attends to formalities with a Customs officer (left) on arrival at Portsmouth after eighteen months' service in the Mediterranean, in December 1943. On the right is Lieut. I. M. Stoops, R.N., the commander's first lieutenant. Photo, British Official

When night fell we surfaced again, and then the steadiness and quiet were broken by slight rolling and the noise of the engines. Everything seemed to come to life as we broke surface, and when the conning tower hatch opened we all felt a ping in our ears which—we were told—always happens on surfacing.

Now was the time to explore our good ship Rorqual. Everything was compact and looked to me just a mass of levers, and clock or meter dials. Walking along the narrow passage-way I passed the storeroom, the P.O. quarters, where we ate, and the Commander's quarters. In the passage I had to squeeze past the cook who was busy preparing a meal. To me he was a miracle man after what I saw of his little galley and the lovely meals he served. Farther along, in a little corner, sat a petty officer whom I later found was named Johnny. We became great friends and I sat talking with him many an hour, while he described the working of the submarine, how she submerged, and how she laid mines.

**A**FTER passing Johnny at his job I came to the control-room, which is what they call the part of the submarine directly below the conning tower. Here there was a little more room than elsewhere in the ship, but even so the available space was well packed. In one corner sat a sailor, in front of him a big clock, and in his hands what I called the steering wheel. At correct intervals, this chap said through a microphone: "Five minutes, Sir," which I gathered had some bearing on the business of altering course. Behind him and to his right in a little recess, an officer was plotting a chart by means of which we followed our progress towards Malta.

Eventually I came to the engine-room. Walking along the narrow railed gangway, on either side of which there were rows of big pistons turning, the noise was deafening. Through another narrow passage, past more cabins, I reached the crew's quarters. Throughout my tour of the ship I found everything spotlessly clean, and nearly every other sailor appeared to carry an oily rag ready to wipe away any dirt that he saw.

That was my first look over the Rorqual before settling down for an eight-day passage. On this trip there were packed on the upper

casing, where the mines are usually stored, gallons of aviation spirit, and I noticed that we were also carrying mail for the troops at Malta. The petrol, of course, was for the Hurricanes operating from Malta. We certainly seemed well and truly stocked.

In the torpedo-room, which for the journey remained our billets, I noticed above my head the crest and motto of the Rorqual, "Nec Temere, Nec Timide," meaning "Neither Rashly, nor Timidly"—a most appropriate motto for such a grand ship. Hanging proudly near the motto were several objects shaped like horseshoes on which were stamped names. It appeared that these were a kind of safety device which is taken from a torpedo before it is fired, and the ones hanging by the submarine's bridge were stamped with the names of enemy ships which had fallen to the Rorqual. The idea was similar to that of a soldier notching his rifle for every enemy life he took. I tried to secure one of them for a souvenir, but to those torpedo men they were worth their weight in gold. They would have given me a torpedo gladly, but not one of

those proud treasures! I wonder how many more there are hanging up there now?

As the days went by we pestered the crew with questions, but they were a grand set of chaps and answered us willingly. We learned much about the Rorqual, especially the tricky business of getting those massive torpedoes down into their places below and how they were moved into position and into the torpedo tubes. Although the time passed slowly it wasn't for lack of interest.

At nights, after we had surfaced, it was our routine to walk along to the conning tower and stand beneath it for a good breath of fresh air. This was grand; until then I had never realized just how lovely pure, clean air really is. Looking up, I could see that the sky was full of stars with a bright moon shining. Indeed, the nights we had on that journey were the kind that submarine crews do not like, as they were as bright as daylight.

### Valetta's Grand Harbour in Sight

Most of our trip was very smooth, with but little rolling, until the last night just off Malta, where I thought we were boring a spiral course towards the island. It seemed as if we were turning somersaults. Cups, plates, and tins of rations crashed to the floor and rolled around crazily. But this bothered the lads of the Rorqual not at all. They were far too busy preparing themselves for a spot of shore leave at Malta; dazzling white uniforms came out as if by magic, and from their scanty work clothes they soon emerged looking spick and span. I felt in the same mind myself, but all I wanted was to see some daylight for a change and to put my feet on firm ground and go for a nice long walk.

At daybreak on Thursday, June 12, we saw from the chart that we were heading for the Grand Harbour at Valetta. Orders came for all us soldiers to go up and stand on the upper deck. Sailors dashed around preparing to make fast. Passing H.M.S. St. Angelo there were the usual formalities of the Naval Salute. Down below all hatches separating each compartment of the submarine were closed tight, and we were told that this was a precaution against mines which Jerry had been making a practice of dropping into the Grand Harbour by aircraft.

At last our submarine pulled alongside the quay and was soon secured, and the operation of unloading our kits was begun forthwith. We bade a hearty goodbye to H.M.S. Rorqual and her grand crew, feeling that we had learned much and had had an unforgettable experience. At the same time, we all felt remarkably relieved to be back on dry land and congratulated ourselves on being in the Army and not having to go down to the sea in a submarine.

## The Beacon That Went to Battle

From Margate and back again by way of North Africa, Italy and the Dalmatian Islands the Belisha Beacon went, marvelled at, admired and given great honour, the outstanding milestones in its three-year wanderings being duly inscribed on its globe. The astonishing story of this much-travelled veteran of the Second Great War is specially told for "The War Illustrated" by Capt. C. B. Turner, 567 (Indep) Field S/L Battery, R.A.

**O**N Xmas Eve 1942—the fourth wartime Christmas—I, with my usual luck, was Duty Officer, doing the routine rounds of billets, cook-houses, and so on. Somehow there seemed an extra festive air about this particular occasion. Our training during the last summer in the deserted seaside town of Margate was well behind us, and it was common knowledge that we should shortly be pushing off somewhere. Perhaps it was because of the need at such a time to cloak one's personal feelings that every officer, N.C.O. and man in the Battery was determined to make this a Christmas-de-luxe.

As I continued on my rounds the conversation was of nothing but parties—Troop A was entertaining Troop B, Troops C and D

were entertaining certain officers and sergeants: in fact, everybody was party-minded, and with the latitude allowed in the Army at Christmas time I found that in the course of my duties I had joined in several of the gatherings before Xmas Day finally dawned.

Xmas Day itself had a not too happy beginning. The entire unit was to muster, and march to a Church parade in the centre of the town, and it was apparent that many of the personnel would have been happier in bed. Nevertheless, the training of years coming to our aid, we marched off. As the column approached a part of the front where stands a statue of a lifeboatman gazing out to sea, a titter started to run through the ranks; and no wonder, for the familiar figure was wearing the most unfamiliar garb

## I Was There!

of denims, anti-gas cape and a tin helmet! As attention was focused on this fantastic and amusing sight, the absence of the orange globe on a Belisha beacon opposite the statue went unnoticed. Church parade over, the unit settled down to the celebrations.

A few days afterwards the equipment and transport left Margate and the unit entrained for the North and thence to a destination (then) unknown. It is not necessary here to go into the details or the rigours of troop transportation and troopships; they are only too well known to all who campaigned abroad. Let it suffice to say that it was with great relief we crept at dusk, about a fortnight later, into our most forward held port of Bône in Algeria, North Africa. We disembarked, and marched what seemed an interminable distance to the transit camp. Here we awaited news regarding the arrival of our equipment and for further orders. Eventually we learned that the greater part of our equipment had been sunk, and we were to await replacements.

### Unsolved Mystery of the Borrower

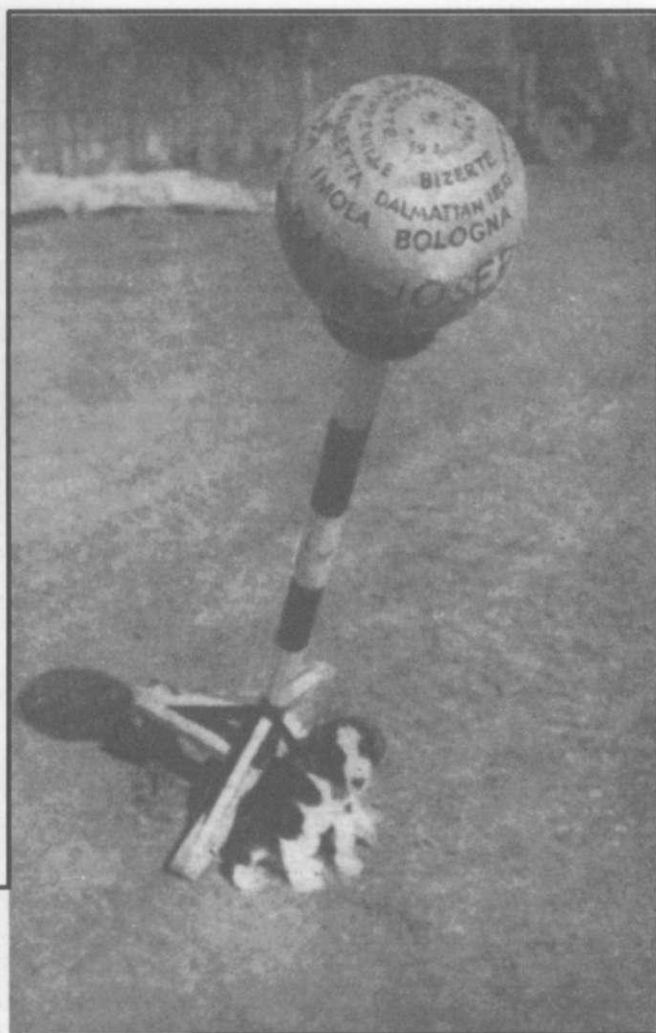
Of our original transport all that survived were four S-L lorries, the jeeps and motor cycles. With these the unit was to move to the neighbouring port of Philippeville, and I went off in advance with the C.O. to the little Italian-peopled fishing village of Stora to see if I could successfully employ my one or two words of schoolboy French to assist in requisitioning billets for our Battery H.Q.

We were received with great ceremony by the Mayor of the village, and the C.O. quickly decided on his layout for the H.Q. offices, stores, etc. There was no

**VETERAN** of campaigns, the beacon is erected in a prominent position on the Monfalcone-Trieste road where one of the Battery's numerous mascots mounts guard over it.

garage space available, and our workshops were to be set up in the centre of the village square. Moving in started next day, and whilst I was struggling with the intricacies of requisition forms—and the Mayor—in two languages, he politely interrupted me to ask the significance, "s'il vous plait," of the Regimental standard.

Puzzled, I followed him on to the balcony—and was amazed to see the familiar insignia of a Belisha beacon being placed at the entrance to the workshops. Here, then, was another piece of "equipment" that had survived! The beacon remained outside the workshops, daily surprising newcomers as the Battery



DISPLAYED BY THE MAYOR OF MARGATE, Alderman F. J. Cornford, the beacon that went to battle has been mounted and placed in a prominent position in the local library. Its silver plate bears the inscription: "A bit of old England. Mascot of 567 Searchlight Battery, R.A., from 1943 to 1946. Borrowed from Margate."

PAGE 379

Photo, Fox

mustered to full strength. Our efforts to trace how the beacon came to leave Margate and the U.K. at first met with no success, but as its fame and importance grew many were the claimants to the honour of being its keeper. Actually, the identity of the original "borrower" remained a mystery to the end.

The rest of our equipment arrived, we returned to Bône, and our Belisha beacon, in pride of position outside the workshops near the airfield, became almost as familiar a sign as the landing beacon. It seemed that it had become the special standard of the workshops, and the Battery painter took upon himself the task of recording on it the names of the places where the Battery had been established since leaving England.

OUR next move was to Bizerta, and as this was a Yank garrison town our beacon did not have its usual number of surprised admirers, apart from the Wogs. As is the way in the Army, we were not at Bizerta for long. We were to return in convoy to Bône and embark for a new theatre of war. The beacon was constantly on view during the journey, as it was fixed to the bonnet of the Battery repair truck which patrolled up and down the convoy.

Back to the transit camp at Bône once more, the place where we entered and left the North African theatre. Again we parted company with the equipment, which went on slow ships, whilst the personnel enjoyed a short but pleasant voyage in faster craft to Naples, and then across Southern Italy by train to Bari on the East Coast. Here we learned that our next destination was to be the Dalmatian Islands, and after hurried refitting and assembling of emergency stores

## I Was There!



MEMBERS OF THE BATTERY AND THEIR BEACON MASCOT, photographed in Italy shortly before the beacon was dispatched to England. Seated extreme right is the author who with the C.O. of the battery, Major W. W. Thom, seated, centre, decided that their mascot be returned to its native town, Margate, whence it was taken mysteriously overseas in 1943.

the advance party set off for the island of Otok Vis, the H.Q. at that time of Tito. The island turned out to be a rockbound, waterless, barren stronghold with only one road, and the Recce groups were hard put to it to find accommodation and sites. But these difficulties were quickly overcome, and all was in readiness for the main part of the Battery which joined us a few days later.

The island was just off the mainland of Yugoslavia, then in enemy hands, and the Germans' frequent aerial visits necessitated careful camouflage of our equipment. You can imagine my amusement when, on entering B.H.Q. one day, I observed a personal camouflage net—which had obviously been considered part of the emergency stores—being draped with great care over our beacon, the ceremony being closely watched by a large crowd of heavily armed Partisans, who were obviously puzzled as to the function of this particular piece of our equipment. At this stage nobody's knowledge of the complicated Yugoslav language was adequate to furnishing the lengthy explanation of the significance which the beacon held for us.

It soon became a familiar sight to the Commandos and Royal Marines and other units on the Island; and I am told that it was once saved in the nick of time from being reborrowed to be used as a good-luck mascot on one of the many raids these troops carried out from Otok Vis. Fortunately it was saved, the would-be borrowers taking a jeep in its place. After a few months' sojourn on Vis and other islands, Tito entered Yugoslavia and, at the head of his Partisan armies, continued the campaign, so our work was over and we returned once more to Bari, there to refit, receiving orders eventually to proceed to the 8th Army front.

The beacon's first resting-place in the forward areas was outside Forlì—then the most forward held town, where it was greatly appreciated by our troops and the Canadians and Kiwis, but it quite mystified the Poles. When Faenza fell, in December 1944, our Battery went in support of the Second Polish

Corps, and during that ghastly winter in the hills outside Faenza our beacon had many narrow escapes but, fortunately, survived the most intensive "stonkings."

### One of the Toasts of V Night

In April 1945 the 8th Army, held up during the winter at the river Senio, launched its final offensive and our beacon started its hectic journey with the spearhead of the assault. It was cheered by uncomprehending but welcoming Italians as it made triumphant entry into Castel Bolognese—to Imola—on to Castel San Pietro and finally to Bologna. Here the Battery went into reserve to enjoy a well-earned rest, and a few days afterwards came the long-awaited news. The Italian campaign was over—the Germans had surrendered unconditionally, and that night our beacon, lit by the rosy glare of bonfires and fireworks, was one of the toasts of that never-to-be-forgotten V Night.

However, our rest was not of long duration. We were ordered to join XIII Corps and the Kiwis in the Trieste area where differences were being smoothed out, and our beacon, in its usual place on the repair truck, safely shepherd the Battery convoy through Ferrara, over the Po—Mestre—the outskirts of Trieste—to end up at Monfalcone. After Field-Marshal Alexander's conference with the Yugoslavs the trouble was smoothed out. The workshops found most palatial billets, and our beacon was given an elegant black-and-white post and established in pride of place on the main Monfalcone-Trieste road (see illus. in page 379). The battle over, the unit settled down to police duties, searchlight tattoos, L.I.A.P., etc.

Demobilization gradually reduced the unit and we started training Italians, to whom our equipment was eventually to be handed over. Finally, only three officers and a few senior N.C.O.s remained to wind up the unit's disbandment, but the C.O. (Major W. W. Thom, R.A.) and I decided that our beacon could not be handed over with the

equipment. It should journey back to its home town, Margate, in the charge of a gunner from the unit—two returning war-scarred veterans together. He was instructed to hand back the beacon to the Mayor of Margate, with this letter from the C.O.

567 (Indep.) Field S/Light Bty., R.A.,  
C.M.F.

My Dear Lord Mayor, February 20, 1946.

In the autumn of 1942 my Unit enjoyed the amenities and hospitality of Margate and made many friendships which endured throughout the course of the War. In North Africa, the Dalmatian Islands, Italy and for a short period in Austria we often recalled the glorious days of mobilization and our experiences of parties at Dreamland, the Ruby Lounge, and, of course, "Uncles"—to mention only a few. But all this is beside the point and merely by way of mitigation for the "crime" to which I am about to confess.

Early in February 1943 we arrived at Bône, in N. Africa, and in due course moved to Philippeville, where, on a bright and sunny morning, there appeared in front of the Unit Workshops a Belisha Beacon. The familiar yellow globe and black-and-white post contrasted strangely with the assorted garments of the local "Wogs," who were gazing upon the latest piece of equipment with awe and respect.

A few discreet inquiries established the fact that at Christmastime this Belisha Beacon had supported a member of the Sergeants' Mess—it might have been the B.S.M. himself—and the N.C.O. concerned was adamant that the Beacon had expressed a wish to travel abroad. In any event, the Beacon arrived in North Africa, and commenced its overseas service. It was displayed at Philippeville, Bône, and Bizerta, and in 1944 appeared on the Dalmatian Islands at Otok Vis, where Tito's Partisans assisted in the unveiling ceremony, once again outside the unit workshops.

Throughout the length and breadth of Italy the Belisha Beacon was carefully tended, and after each move the placename of its recent abode was inscribed on the globe. It was commented upon at Bari, came under shellfire at Faenza, and with Polish support appeared in Imola in the drive for Bologna. Since hostilities ceased it has been prominent on the main Monfalcone-Trieste road, and after a gallant and distinguished career is being returned to you by a member of this Unit.

I wish to apologise sincerely to you, my Lord Mayor, and at the same time thank you and the Aldermen of Margate for the facilities granted to my Unit in 1942.—Yours very sincerely,

W. W. Thom, Major

Before its return to the U.K. the beacon was photographed with the remaining members of the unit. It arrived safely in the U.K. and was duly demobbed, and the C.O. received the following letter from the Mayor of Margate.

Dear Major Thom, March 7, 1946.

I have received with much interest and appreciation your letter dated February 20, and in thanking you for writing to me I should like to say also how much I am looking forward to the return of the trophy, which has had such a glorious career during the late War.

I think it will have to be exalted, when it is returned, to a prominent position in our local collection at the Library, as I think its intelligence in expressing such a strong desire to travel to the particular member of your Sergeants' Mess makes it highly desirable that such enterprise on the part of a mere Belisha Beacon should deserve something more than to be replaced at an ordinary street crossing.

I can assure you that when the member of your unit arrives with this most delectable trophy he will receive a warm welcome; in fact if either yourself or any members of your unit are visiting Margate during the coming season I should very much like to have the pleasure of meeting them here.

I am happy to note that when you were here in the autumn of 1942 you established friendships which have lasted, but although we were badly hit in Margate by war conditions it was always our endeavour to extend whatever hospitality we could to those gallant men who were occupying the town in place of the usual holiday visitors.

With every good wish, I am,  
Yours very sincerely,  
F. J. Cornford, Mayor

~~~~~I Was There!~~~~~

## I Was Rounded-Up by Gestapo Gunmen

The day after she learned that she had been awarded the George Cross for her courage in remaining silent under torture by the Gestapo (August 21, 1946), Mrs. O. M. C. Sansom told her story to The Daily Express staff reporter John Murphy. She was betrayed to the Germans when she was working as a British secret agent in Occupied France.

I was given the name of Lise when the War Office sent me to a school for training agents. That became my war name and my contact name. That was the name they sent to the French underground movement. I had to get used to it. They used to wake me in the middle of the night at the training school outside London and take me to a classroom. There would be M.I.5 men and police officers dressed as German army officers and Gestapo men. They would interrogate me, using the name Lise—the way the Germans would if ever they caught me.

I would be asked what I had done the day before. I was supposed to think quickly and give them a full account—but it had to be different from what I had really been doing. At the school they taught me the usual things—how to carry messages, how to bluff my way, how to carry dangerous parcels under the noses of the Germans, how to read maps. Sometimes we had to trail M.I.5 men themselves, and put in a full report of what they had done.

Some of the people at the school were given the job of visiting places like Bristol or the rail works at Swindon. They had to snoop around and ask as many questions as they could about the war work that was going on. Perhaps the people in those places who had strangers arrested for snooping and asking questions will understand now why they never came before a court. Each of us carried an envelope explaining who we were. But our instructions were never to produce it unless we got into very serious trouble.

Sometimes at the school I thought I would fail. I was torn between the desire to help win the war and to remain a mother. My colonel, Colonel Maurice Buckmaster, used to put my mind at rest. He would tell me what was already in my own mind, of the thousands of other children who had no parents, because they had either been killed in the war, or been sent to concentration camps, or were away in Germany working for the Germans.

### The German Colonel Was a Fool

I told myself that my family were only three children among so many affected by the war, that they were being looked after in a safe place and in a comfortable home. During my training I made up my mind I was doing the right thing. But, even then, when my training was over, I went to my C.O. and told him frankly I did not think I was clever enough to go through with it. He looked at me and said: "You will succeed. I am counting on you."

I was taken to Gibraltar and went aboard a fishing vessel. I was wearing slacks and tried to disguise myself as a fisherman. Before I reached Marseilles I really did look like a fisherman. Up to then I had not met the man who was to be my C.O. in France. We had a rendezvous in Cannes, in what was known as "a safe house." I travelled all over France, by train and by car. I would

sleep in "safe houses," in farms, in hotels. Once I was taking some reports in a car and they were needed urgently in London. A French gendarme stopped me and asked me what I was doing out after curfew. I pretended to cry and said I had a son in Cannes. I had suddenly heard he was ill, and I had to get to him quickly. I looked at him and said: "You understand a mother's feelings." He let me go.



AWARDED THE GEORGE CROSS, the third woman to be thus decorated, Mrs. Odette Sansom displayed "courage, endurance and self-sacrifice of the highest possible order" during her two years in enemy hands. French-born wife of an Englishman, she is seen here with her daughters Marianne, Lilli and Françoise.

Another time I was taking a suitcase containing a radio transmitting set from Marseilles to Toulouse. When I got to the station I decided to travel first class because I was wearing very smart clothes. High-ranking German officers used to travel first-class. I got into one of their compartments. The suitcase was too heavy for me to lift up to the luggage rack, so I left it at my feet. A German colonel—he was about 60—offered to put it on the rack for me. I thought it was all up then, because only a fool would not have been suspicious of a young, well-dressed woman carrying such a small case which was so heavy. He was a fool, and he put it on the rack for me. I smiled and thanked him.

## How They Surrendered in S.E. Asia

For some time after VJ Day it was in the balance whether the Japanese in South-East Asia would comply with their Emperor's surrender order of August 14, 1945, or would oppose our long-planned Malaya landings. Coder S. D. Harper describes the Royal Navy's operations in September off Malaya as seen from the destroyer Petard.

My ship, the Petard, lay for hours in the blistering heat of Trinkat Chomplong Bay, in Japanese occupied Great Nicobar Island, slipping out at intervals on some lone anti-submarine patrol or to relieve another destroyer escorting the heavier ships which had to stay at sea.

At night in the bay sentries patrolled the upper deck and smoking was not allowed, as a precaution against the local inhabitants, who were said to be enthusiastic head-hunters and expert marksmen with poisoned

I was kept very busy all the time, but during any free moments I had I lived just like an ordinary Frenchwoman (I was born in the Somme). I used to queue up at the shops, go to the cinema, visit a dressmaker. But my C.O. was working night and day and would not give anybody very much rest.

In April 1943 I was "sold" by a Frenchman. He was a double agent and was working for both sides. It was in my hotel, at night. The Gestapo came into my room when I was packing. That was a rule of ours—always to pack and leave everything ready. There were four of them. One stuck a revolver in my back. Another asked me where my commanding officer was. I said: "He is not here," but I knew it was no use pretending any more.

One of them held out his hand to me. He said: "Lise, you have played your cards very well. It is no fault of yours if you have lost." I did not take his hand. I took them to my C.O.'s room. I had two reasons. I knew he had a lot of papers and I wanted to help to get rid of them; and I wanted to get together with him so that we could prepare our stories.

The Gestapo searched him and the room. I managed to get hold of his wallet. I slipped it up my sleeve. They took us to a car. As we were getting in, I pretended my dress was caught in the seat. That gave me a chance to push the wallet under the seat unnoticed.

I did not know what would happen to it. I was thinking that perhaps it would be some hours before it would be found, and by that time everybody mentioned in the documents would have heard of our arrest and would have managed to make their escape.

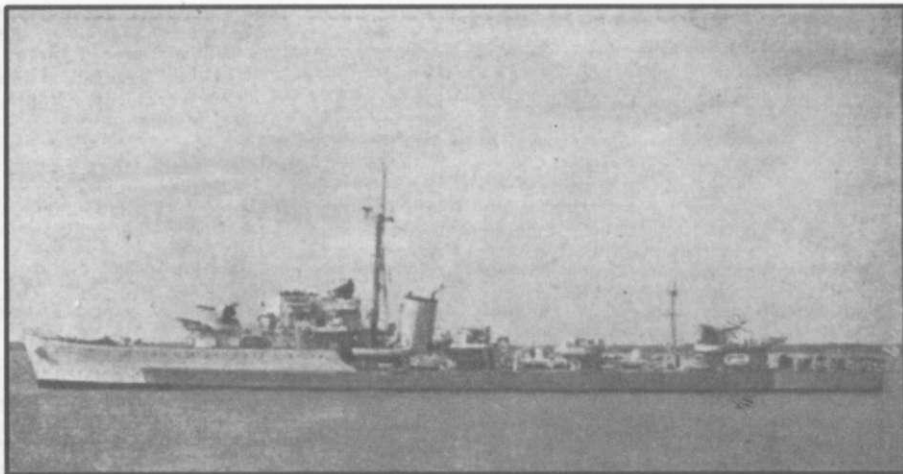
And I was thinking that perhaps someone might need the large sum of money in the wallet and keep quiet about it. That was what happened. By posing as man and wife, my C.O. [Capt. Peter Morland Churchill, D.S.O., M.C.] and I travelled together when we were being taken from prison to prison. It gave us a chance to make up our story. We both stuck to it to the end.

They starved me in prison. They kept me in solitary confinement for almost two years. But what I did was nothing—I feel this honour is too much for what I have done. I have never been very strong, nor very brave. I am just an ordinary sort of woman who is very pleased to be back with her children.

darts. By day the only movement visible ashore was the surf on the untrodden beach and steam for ever rising from the dense green of the jungle.

The crews of the numerous ships of the Royal Navy, lying in the bay, ranging in size from minelayers to destroyers, had just finished their mid-day meal of "dog" and dehydrated potatoes when the yellow warning was received for the second time that day. Quickly the "buzz" passed from the wireless office to the mess decks, and hardly had it made the rounds when the bells clanged out

## I Was There!



H.M.S. PETARD, the destroyer on which Coder S. D. Harper served and from which he witnessed the reactions of the enemy in the Nicobar Islands region after the unconditional surrender of Japan in August 1945. Petard's displacement is 1,540 tons.

action stations. All was activity in a moment. On each ship there was the orderly rush to stations. Pom-poms, oerlikons, and the four-inch guns of the destroyers pointed skywards. A minelayer was under way with turret elevated and pendants flying . . . VJ Day (August 15, 1945) had been celebrated exactly a week before.

At their action stations the crews awaited anything that might come. The East Indies Fleet had been at sea in the area of the Nicobars for several days. It seemed that the Japs in South-East Asia might not obey their Emperor's order to surrender. Singapore radio still declared the Japanese Army to be supreme, and threatened attacks on the

British Fleet in the Nicobars area. Two hundred miles from that quiet bay lay the bases of the Japanese "kamikaze" (suicide) aircraft and speedboats guarding the entrance to the Malacca Straits.

### Rendezvous With Minesweepers

The "raiders passed" was signalled after twenty minutes, and the crews relaxed. It was only a Jap reconnaissance plane which raced homewards when Fleet Air Arm aircraft took off from the carrier force patrolling nearby. So the days passed, and it was a relief when eventually we left our hospitable bay and headed for the Malacca Straits at the head of a small detached force. Within an

hour of entering the Straits we sank a drifting mine with rifle fire as it was carried by the heavy swell across our bows.

For another two days we lay among splendid island scenery, near Penang, before moving to a rendezvous with the minesweeping force which was to clear a channel through the minefields to

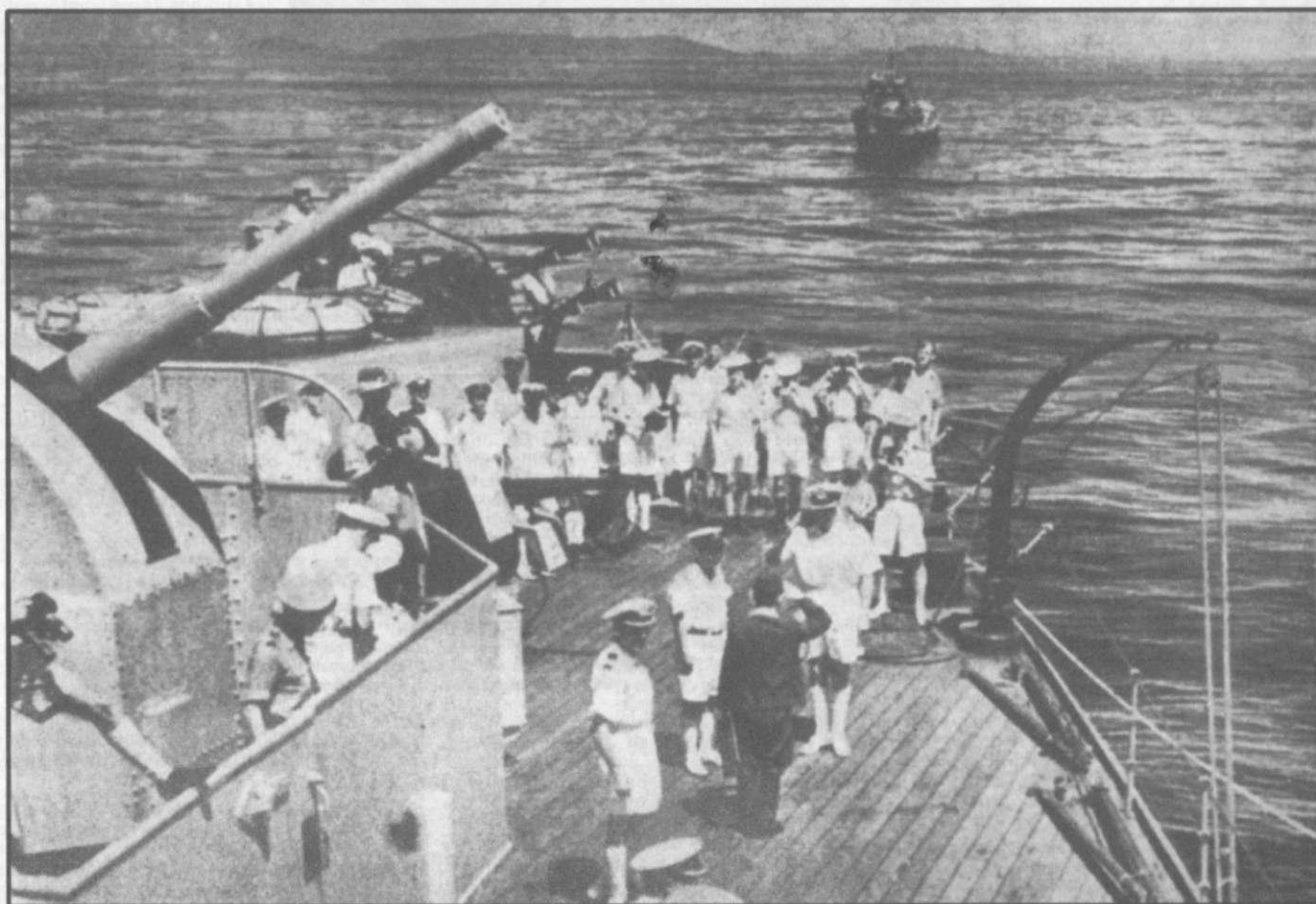
Singapore. The sweep began at 09.00 on September 2, 1945. The sweepers were fanned out ahead of us and we proceeded slowly through a marked channel with the cruiser Cleopatra, the flagship of the C-in-C. East Indies. Everything was in readiness in case we hit a mine. Scuttles, hatches and some of the water-tight doors were closed, boats were swung out-

board on the davits, the whole of the ship's company (with the exception of engine room and wireless staff watch-keepers) were on the upper deck and all wore inflated lifebelts.

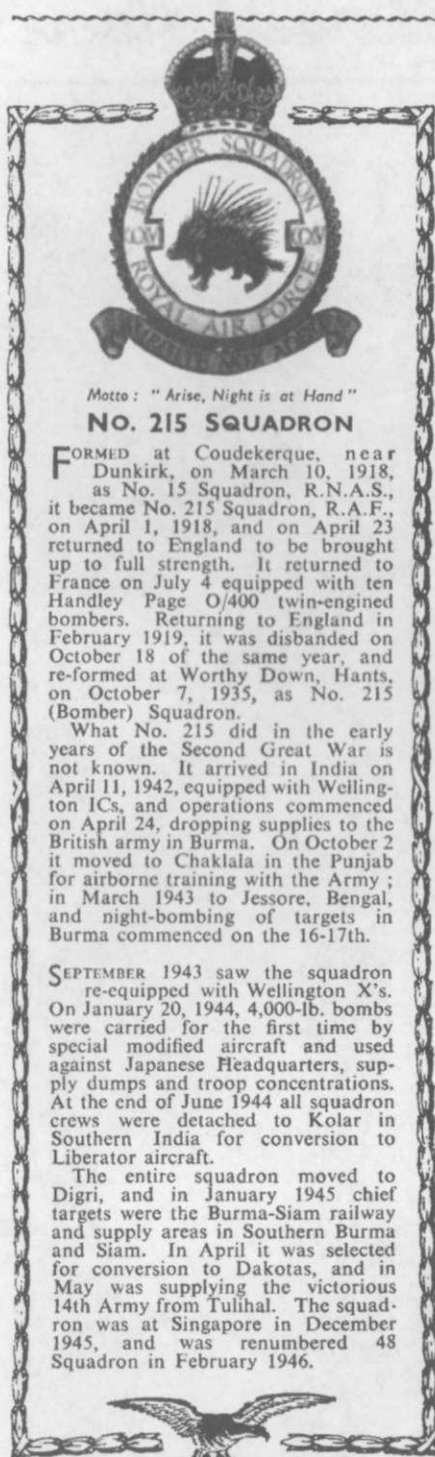
It was a weary day, and the crackling rifle fire directed at drifting mines bobbing in the sea added to the monotony. Then, in the middle of the afternoon, a smudge of smoke was spotted far ahead. This smoke presently took the form of a strange-looking vessel of war. Excitement gripped our ship when, under orders from the Cleopatra, she left the swept channel and raced to overhaul the enemy. As we approached we saw a large



S. D. HARPER



JAPANESE ENVOY ABOARD H.M.S. NELSON, the British battleship, operating with the East Indies Fleet off Penang, salutes the ship's commander on arrival for preliminary surrender talks, August 29, 1945. Following arrangements made at this meeting, a British minesweeping force, as related here, cleared a channel for the safe passage of "a vast armada of shipping of all types and sizes" through the Malacca Straits. On September 10 the Fleet made its victorious entry into Singapore Harbour.



Motto: "Arise, Night is at Hand"

### NO. 215 SQUADRON

FORMED at Coudekerque, near Dunkirk, on March 10, 1918, as No. 15 Squadron, R.N.A.S., it became No. 215 Squadron, R.A.F., on April 1, 1918, and on April 23 returned to England to be brought up to full strength. It returned to France on July 4 equipped with ten Handley Page O/400 twin-engined bombers. Returning to England in February 1919, it was disbanded on October 18 of the same year, and re-formed at Worthy Down, Hants, on October 7, 1935, as No. 215 (Bomber) Squadron.

What No. 215 did in the early years of the Second Great War is not known. It arrived in India on April 11, 1942, equipped with Wellington ICs, and operations commenced on April 24, dropping supplies to the British army in Burma. On October 2 it moved to Chaklala in the Punjab for airborne training with the Army; in March 1943 to Jessore, Bengal, and night-bombing of targets in Burma commenced on the 16-17th.

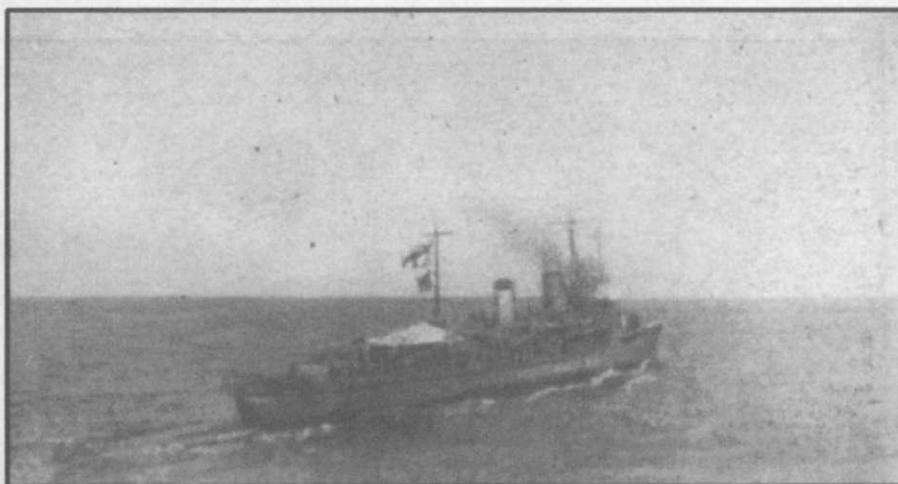
SEPTEMBER 1943 saw the squadron re-equipped with Wellington X's. On January 20, 1944, 4,000-lb. bombs were carried for the first time by special modified aircraft and used against Japanese Headquarters, supply dumps and troop concentrations. At the end of June 1944 all squadron crews were detached to Kolar in Southern India for conversion to Liberator aircraft.

The entire squadron moved to Digri, and in January 1945 chief targets were the Burma-Siam railway and supply areas in Southern Burma and Siam. In April it was selected for conversion to Dakotas, and in May was supplying the victorious 14th Army from Tuliha. The squadron was at Singapore in December 1945, and was renumbered 48 Squadron in February 1946.



white ensign above a small rising sun ensign. The enemy was the Japanese destroyer Kamikaze, and a more ineffective looking man-o'-war we had never seen.

Its decks seemed deserted, save for an officer in spotless whites making his way for'ard to the bridge and carrying a leather dispatch-case. As the Jap destroyer hove to scores of little men in green uniforms, with soft peaked caps, appeared on the fo'c'sle. They panicked for a few moments at the report when we fired a heaving line across her bows, and afterwards stood holding the heaving line, looking at it blankly. The fo'c'sles of the two ships were crowded, and as victor glared at vanquished a murmur began from the British ranks but was quickly silenced by the captain on the bridge. A laugh broke out as the upturned faces on the Petard saw the grin of sheer happiness on Jimmy the One's face as he stood and surveyed the surrendered enemy ship.



JAPANESE DESTROYER KAMIKAZE as viewed by the author of this story from H.M.S. Petard, which accompanied H.M.S. Cleopatra to investigate a "strange looking vessel of war" which appeared during minesweeping operations near Penang on September 2, 1945. The 1,270-ton Kamikaze flew a large white ensign above a small rising sun ensign.

On the Jap bridge the officer in whites lifted a megaphone to his lips and said in perfect English that he was sending over charts and two envelopes, one containing a receipt which he wished to be signed and returned. He got no receipt. The charts and envelopes were transferred to the Cleopatra, and we took up our position as before.

At the end of the minefield we anchored for the night while the Cleopatra and the sweepers proceeded to Singapore. Next day we retraced our way through the swept channel and anchored at the outer end of it. So we remained for five days and nights, a floating buoy, watching the convoys pass through, and scrounging what food we could from bigger ships to help out our depleted larder.

On the evening of September 8 we took the hook up and proceeded to a new rendezvous. During the night our searchlights picked out a narrow swept channel, through which we led a vast armada of shipping of all types and sizes. The lights stretched as far as we could see—one long file of ships. It was good to see the bright lights, for up to a few days earlier

operations were strictly on a war footing.

September 9 would have seen an Allied invasion force in these waters even if the atomic bombs had not blasted the Japs into surrender. It was the long-planned D-Day for the Malaya Invasion, and the plan "Operation Zipper" was still going ahead. At first it was thought there might be some small opposition, but at dawn the ships were all in position off the beaches just above Port Swettenham, with the crews at action stations as the assault craft went in, fighter aircraft circling above them. The landings were unopposed and troops quickly moved inland, taking over airfields and imprisoning Japs.

TOWARDS evening that day we sailed past the impressive fleet, which stretched for miles, to join a force, including the Nelson and Richelieu, and we sailed into the harbour of Singapore next day. Longingly we gazed at the buildings, looking forward to a good run ashore. But orders came for sailing, and at dusk we returned up the Straits, on our way back to Trincomalee.

### NEW FACTS AND FIGURES

IN addition to the many thousands of bottles of whole blood and plasma which went to the Fighting Services in 1945, and the large quantities used for civilian patients at home, about 4,000 bottles of dried plasma were sent to Holland after its liberation for the medical treatment of people suffering from the effects of starvation. There were over 400,000 blood donors on panels in England and Wales in 1945 (states the Ministry of Health) and the total number of blood donations was 393,677, of which 230,149 were taken by mobile teams.

UNDER an agreement signed in London on June 27, 1946, the Norwegian Government will purchase equipment in Britain for the Norwegian fighting forces, including 18 vessels for the Norwegian Navy, most of them ships which were on loan from Britain during the War. The agreement also confirms a previous contract for the purchase of aircraft sufficient for three fighter wings and two Mosquito wings.

OF the 140,000 civilian non-enemy foreigners in Norway on May 8, 1945, only 1,130 were left by July 1946, according to a statement by the Norwegian Ministry of Social Affairs. Of these, 970 were Poles who did not wish to return to Poland. But Norway also has her own displaced persons—Norwegians who were deported by the Germans from the northern province of Finnmark. It was hoped to send 12,000-15,000 of them back to Finnmark during the summer of 1946, but about 10,000 will have to stay in southern Norway for another winter, owing to lack of accommodation.

TO teach Germans the way in which democracy works, teams of experts from England are to hold three-day courses of lectures and discussions in towns and centres throughout the British zone. Germans, both men and women, taking the course will include district councillors, representatives of the main political parties, trade union officials and students. Subjects to be dealt with are the relationship between salaried officials and elected representatives, committee and council procedure, and co-operation of political parties in local government. The students will be allowed free discussion of all subjects.

OF the 600,000 men and women in the Australian services in August 1945, approximately 500,000 had been demobilized by July 1946. In announcing this, the Australian Minister for Post-War Reconstruction added that of a total of 900,000 men and women who served in the fighting services during the war 800,000 had been demobilized—a result which had not been equalled in any Allied country.

THE Royal Naval Dockyard at Chatham, where fighting ships have been built for more than 300 years, is to make dustbins, water-tanks, wheelbarrows, pillar-boxes and street-lamps, meat safes, prefabricated house carcasses, greenhouses and garden furniture. To prevent mass unemployment, the Admiralty decided in August 1946 to make the Royal naval dockyards available for manufacturing articles for civilian use. Other places affected are Sheerness, Portsmouth, Devonport and Rosyth.

## German Prisoners Assist Our Harvest Home



**AT THEIR OWN REQUEST**, former high-ranking German officers at Island Farm Camp, Bridgend, Glamorganshire, assisted local farmers with the 1946 wheat harvest. Providing this welcome supplement to our shortage of field labour and relieving their own boredom engendered by idleness are, left to right, General Eisenbeck, Admiral Brauning and General von Boltenstern. Under the terms of the Geneva Convention officer P.O.W. cannot be compelled to do work other than daily routine tasks in connexion with the maintenance of their camp quarters. *Photo, G.P.U.*

Printed in England and published every alternate Friday by the Proprietors, THE AMALGAMATED PRESS, LTD., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.  
Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post      Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; and for the South Africa:  
Central News Agency, Ltd.—September 27, 1946.      S.S.      Editorial Address: JOHN CARPENTER HOUSE, WHITEFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.4.