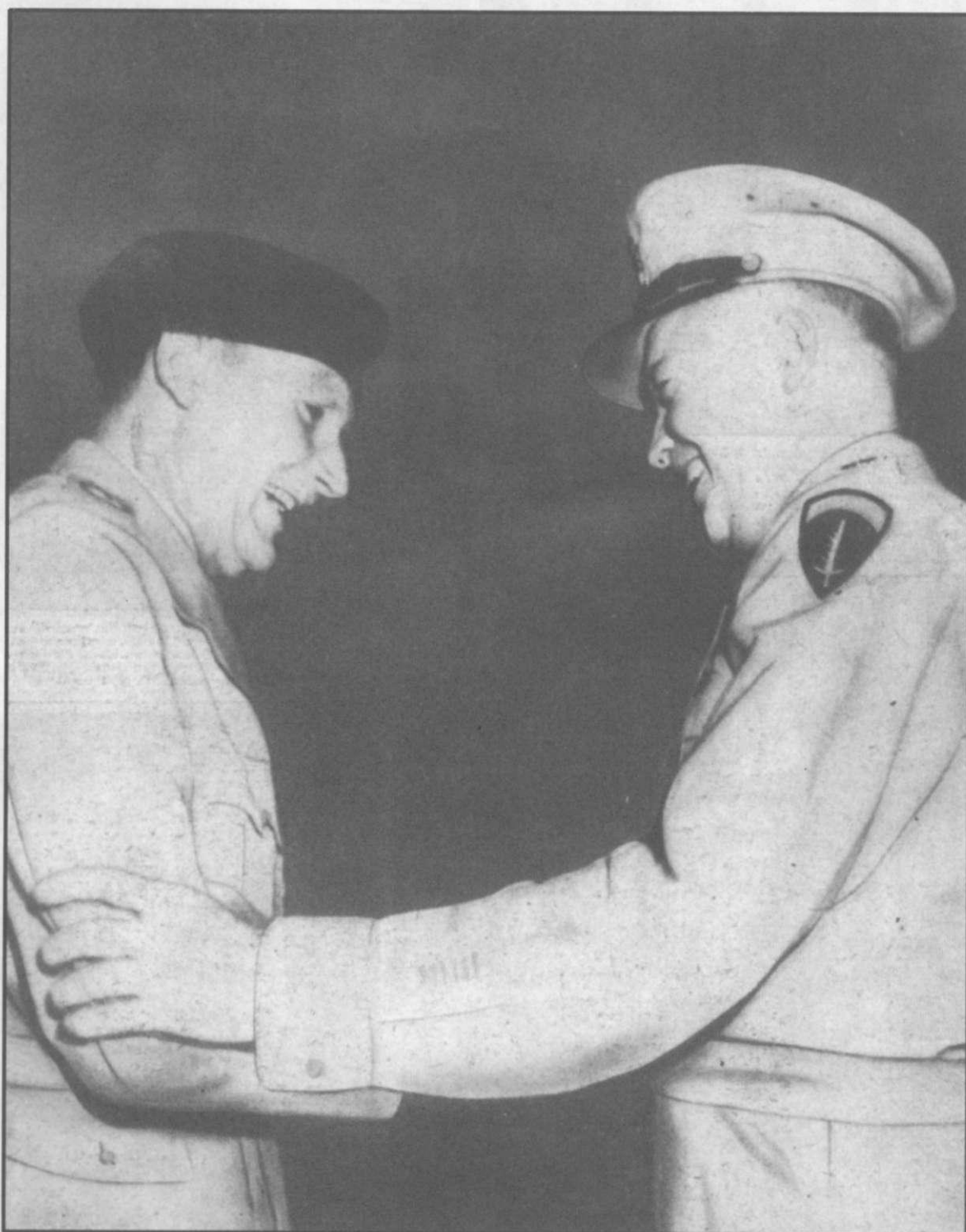


Vol 10 *The War Illustrated* N° 243

SIXPENCE

OCTOBER 11, 1946



FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY OF ALAMEIN GREETED BY GENERAL EISENHOWER at the National airport, Washington, when he arrived by air from Quebec on Sept. 10, 1946. Others meeting our Chief of the Imperial General Staff were General Omar Bradley and Field-Marshal Baron Wilson of Libya. Viscount Montgomery's nine-day visit to the U.S., primarily to inspect Army installations, included a call on President Truman. He reviewed cadets at the Military Academy, West Point, and placed a wreath on the grave of the Unknown Soldier in the Arlington National Cemetery.

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

NO. 244 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25

Our Roving Camera Sees New Air Developments

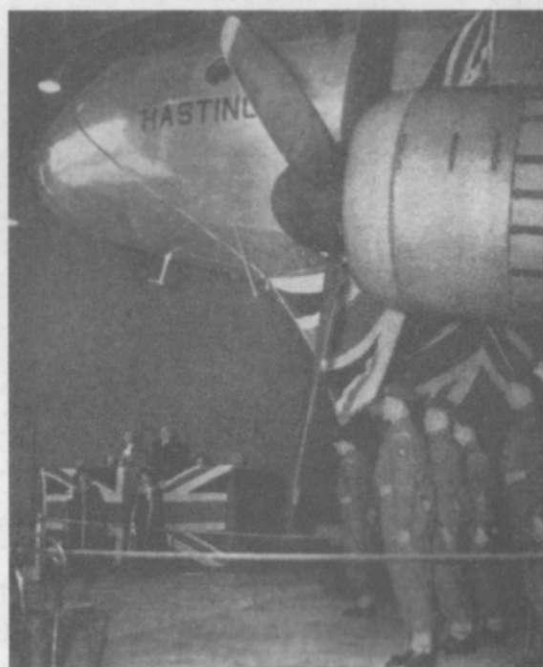
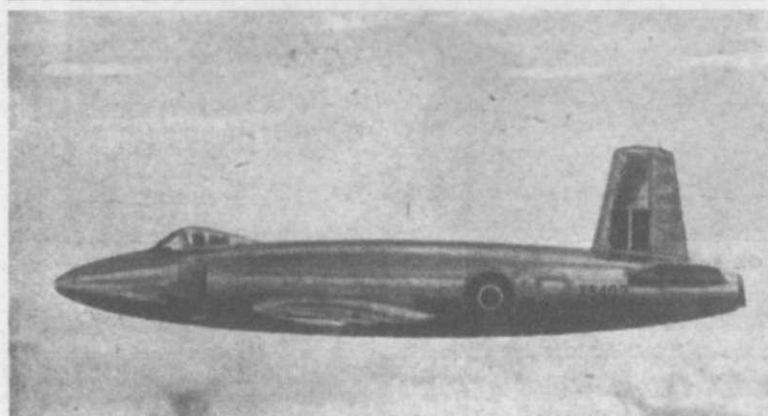


THE ORBIT METER'S function is the ground control of air-liners in their final approach to land. This modern development of radio equipment was demonstrated at the R.A.F. station, Bassingbourne, Herts, on Sept. 13, 1946, to delegates of 50 nations attending the London conference of the P.I.C.A.O.

METEOR JET PLANE (below) was on show on Horse Guards Parade, London, on Sept. 11, 1946. The type is similar to that in which Group Capt. E. M. Donaldson, R.A.F., set up a new world's air speed record of 616 m.p.h. on a measured course between Worthing and Littlehampton, Sussex, on September 8.



B.O.A.C. BALMORAL, new Constellation air-liner, arrived at Prestwick, Ayrshire, Sept. 11, 1946, a ceremony marking this inauguration of first direct commercial air service between Scotland and U.S.A. Passengers were played off the aircraft by a Scottish pipe band.



LIKE A FLYING BULLET, THE HASTINGS, R.A.F.'s Britain's latest jet plane (left) most modern transport aircraft, was christened at the Public saw it for first time Handley Page works at Radlett, Herts., Sept. 13, 1946. Mayor of Hastings (on dais with Sir F. Handley Page).

Photos, Assoc. Press, News Chronicle, Planet News, C. E. Brown, I.N.P.

Great Stories of the War Retold

Australian Commando Raids on Singapore

By LEN BARKER

THESE details of a secret raid carried out by Australian and British commandos on Japanese shipping in Singapore harbour did not become available until August 1946—three years after the event. The commandos travelled more than 150 miles by canoe, and their magnificently daring attack resulted in the sinking of seven vessels totalling 37,000 tons.

By the middle of 1943 the Australian and American campaign to recapture Lae, Salamaua and Finschafen in New Guinea had commenced. Disorganization of Japanese shipping to the South-West Pacific was essential to Allied strategy. On September 3 of that year 14 British and Australian Servicemen set sail from Exmouth Gulf, Western Australia, in the motor vessel Krait, a former Japanese fishing ship. With a length of 70 feet and a beam of 11 feet, she was powered by diesel engines, was capable of a speed of 6½ knots and had a range of 8,000 miles. Tucked away in the Krait were two-man rubber canoes which contained space for limpet mines, and one month's supply of food and water.

Under the command of the late Lieut.-Colonel (then Major) Ivor Lyon, M.B.E., D.S.O., of the Gordon Highlanders, and a son of Brig.-Gen. Lyon, were Lieut. D. N. Davidson, D.S.O., R.N.V.R. (later killed), Lieut. H. E. Carse, R.A.N.V.R. (navigator), Lieut. R. Page, D.S.O., A.I.F. (later killed), Ldg. Seaman K. P. Cain, R.A.N., Ldg. Stoker P. McDowell, R.N., Ldg. Telegraphist H. Young, R.A.N., Cpl. R. G. Morris, M.M., R.A.M.C., Cpl. A. Crilly, M.M., A.I.F., A.B. B. A. Falls, D.S.M., R.N. (later killed), A.B. A. W. Jones, D.S.M., R.A.N. (later killed), A.B. A. W. Huston, D.S.M., R.A.N. (later killed), A.B. F. W. Marsh, M.I.D., R.A.N. (later killed), and A.B. M. Berryman, R.A.N. Their destination was Durian Island, some 30 miles distant from Singapore.

Scrutinized by Japanese Patrols

On September 9, when the Krait was approaching Lombok Strait into the Java Sea, Bali was only 11 miles to port and Lombok seven miles to starboard. The commandos had hoped to negotiate this hazardous five-miles passage within an hour, but a strong current was running and four nerve-racking hours had passed before the Krait had reached open water. At this stage the vessel had not met any Japanese sea or air patrols, but as such a meeting was inevitable the men stained their skins brown and wore cotton sarongs to give themselves the appearance of native fishermen. In addition, the Krait was flying the flag of a Japanese merchant vessel.

After drifting during the night the men of the Krait were startled at dawn to find they were surrounded by native fishing boats of all kinds. However, none of these displayed any interest in the Krait—a testimony to the effectiveness of her disguise—which led Major Lyon to decide that they should sail quite openly for the rest of their journey. For seven days the Krait threaded her way around the numerous islands which stud the Java Sea. Several times she was scrutinized by Japanese patrols, which always sheered off, apparently satisfied that she was just another fishing boat.

When the Krait approached Durian Island, which had been chosen as the canoeists'

base, a party of natives was seen ashore, so the commandos were forced to put back to sea. To kill time, Major Lyon's party sailed north until they approached Galang Island. When two miles from shore the crew spotted a Japanese observation tower. Unchallenged, they cautiously changed course to give the impression that the vessel had come from Sumatra and was proceeding to Singapore. To maintain this illusion she was

were no tracks indicating that the natives used this particular beach so a camp was made beside a water-hole in the jungle a few yards from the cove. After resting for two days, during which many enemy planes passed low overhead, they set out in the three canoes for another island 10 miles away at the entrance to the Bulan Strait leading to the target, Singapore.

The raiders rested for a day at this island which, while being secluded enough to allow them to swim, also gave them a full view of shipping moving in and out of the Strait. For several nights they jumped from one island to another, each one a stepping stone to Singapore. At times detection seemed inevitable. The spot where they landed and camped on one island turned out to be only 300 yards from a village.

In the early hours of September 23 the raiders went ashore at Dongas Island, which Major Lyon had chosen as their forward operation base. The high ground on the north side of Dongas provided an excellent view of Singapore, which was eight miles away. For some time the raiders watched shipping activity in Singapore, jubilant at the fact that there was not less than 100,000 tons of shipping in the roads and port.

At eight o'clock on the night of September 24 the six raiders set off to attack. They paddled hard for five hours to make way against a heavy tide, but were forced to put back at Dongas at 1 a.m. To use the tide to advantage the raiders decided to move that night to Subar, a small, bracken-covered island overlooking Singapore's examination anchorage. The following afternoon targets were chosen and allotted.

On the night of September 26 the attack was launched, with Major Lyon and A.B. Huston in one canoe, Lieut. Davidson and A.B. Falls in another, and Lieut. Page and A.B. Jones in the third. As they moved silently towards the boom defence guarding Singapore, searchlights from the shore sprang into life and swept across the water near the canoes. However, the men managed to avoid the beams of the lights and continued on their way. Near the boom



MAJOR IVOR LYON, commanding officer of the six commandos, viewed Jap shipping in Singapore roads and harbour from his hide-out on Dongas Island, some eight miles distant. A piece of cord secured his telescope to a sapling. Photo, Australian Official

kept to her new course, which eventually took her along the western side of Panjang Island.

As Panjang appeared to be uninhabited, Major Lyon decided to use it as a base rather than risk returning to Durian. A suitable anchorage was found, and by 5 a.m. on September 17 the canoes, with their cargoes of limpet mines, and food and water for one month, had been landed. Leaving Major Lyon, Lieut. Davidson, Lieut. Page, and A.B.s Huston, Falls and Jones to man the canoes, the Krait sailed for Borneo with instructions to rendezvous at Pompong Island between dusk and dawn on the night of October 1.

When dawn broke on Panjang Island the raiders found that they were only a quarter-mile from a native village. However, there



OTTER BAY, PANJANG ISLAND, where the Krait dropped the six commandos for their attack on shipping at Singapore, 21 miles distant. They landed on the beach at night, and when daylight came they discovered there was a native village only a quarter-mile away; but they escaped detection and resumed their journey by canoe. PAGE 387 Photo, Australian Official

Great Stories of the War Retold

the canoes parted company. Davidson and Falls entered the harbour in search of their targets and casually drifted along the well-lighted wharves, past armed sentries. On inspection they found the vessels to be unworthy of attack, so they paddled over the boom again into the roads where they selected three large freighters and on them placed limpet mines.

MEANWHILE, Lyon and Huston selected a tanker as the object of their attack. While Major Lyon was attaching his mines to the engine room and the propeller shaft of the tanker, Huston drew Lyon's attention to a man who was intently watching them from a porthole about 10 feet above. They decided to ignore him and continued with their

work. The watcher did not shift his gaze until they paddled away, when he withdrew his head and lit a lamp. Lyon and Huston then set off for Dongas, 12 miles away.

Page and Jones, in the third canoe, went to the Palau Bukum wharves, where they calmly watched men working. After attaching mines to three freighters, they headed for Dongas, which they reached half an hour before the first explosion.

Seven explosions in all were heard by the raiders and, shortly after, sea and air patrols were seen searching for the attackers. Ships attacked in Singapore by the six Commandos included one 4,000-ton freighter (either the Yamagata Maru or Nagano Maru) sunk; five freighters, totalling 23,000



IN THE HIDE-OUT ON DONGAS ISLAND one of the commandos prepares a meal. A rubber canoe is drawn up. Australian Official

tons, probably sunk; and one 10,000-ton tanker, damaged and burning. Names of ships attacked were Taisyo Maru, Nasusan Maru, Tone Maru, Samarang Maru, Yamagata Maru and Nagano Maru (freighters), and Sinkoku Maru (tanker).

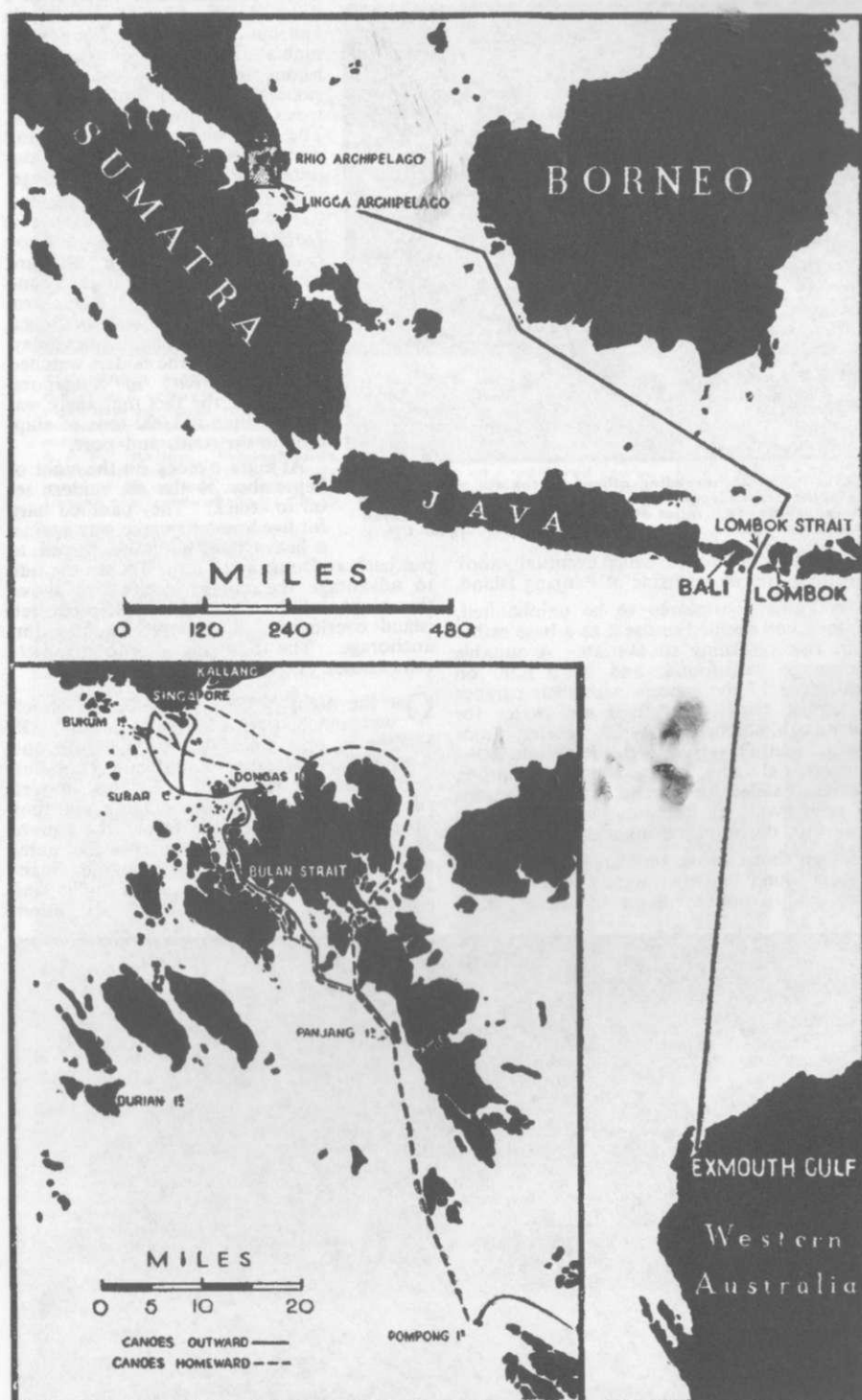
The three canoes set out separately for the rendezvous with the Krait at Pompong 50 miles away. They were seen several times on the journey by native boats, but reached Pompong safely on October 1; next day they contacted the mother vessel, which immediately set sail south for home. When they made Lombok Strait they found a Japanese patrol vessel guarding the narrows. It was too late to turn back, so they kept going. Strangely enough the patrol boat let them pass, and the reached their home port, Exmouth Gulf, on October 19, with the grand total of 37,000 tons of vital Japanese shipping to their credit.

Ten Were Captured and Beheaded

In 1944 a second expedition left Australia in a submarine. It landed 23 men on Mera-pas Island in the Rhio group, south of Singapore. Included in the expedition were the six original raiders and Lieut. H. R. Ross (U.K. Army) and Major R. N. Ingleton, Royal Marines. Information recently gained from Japanese records reveals that the 23 men captured a junk. While they were approaching Singapore a Japanese patrol boat opened fire on them.

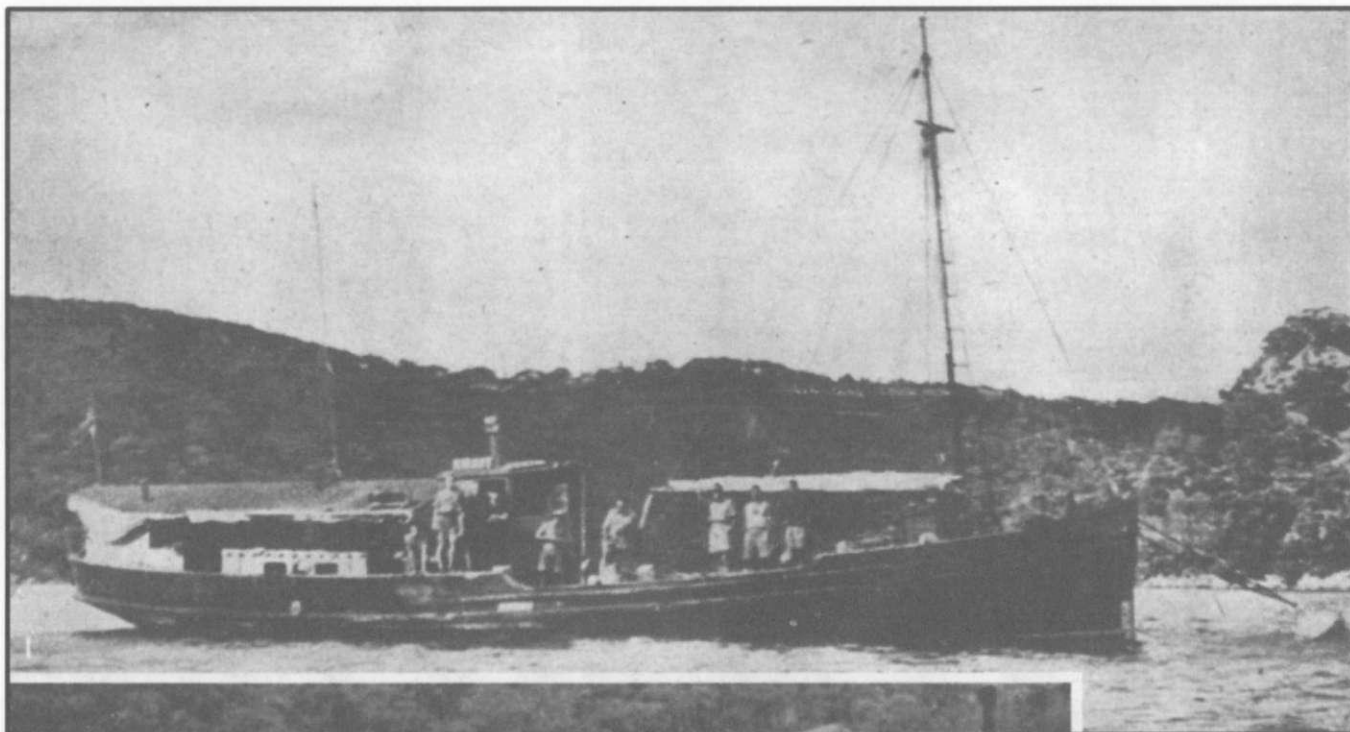
In the ensuing fight the raiders killed the patrol's crew of five and then blew up their junk after taking to rubber canoes. They retreated from island to island, fighting Japanese all the way. Colonel Lyon was killed on Sole Island in the Rhio archipelago after killing single-handed a Japanese officer and seriously wounding several men. Ten other members of the party were killed during similar fighting, the last of them on Timor. A.B. Marsh died of illness while a prisoner of war. The remaining ten were captured by the Japanese and beheaded after four months of captivity. These included Ingleton, Falls and Page.

Shortly after the executions, which were carried out in July 1945, a Japanese major-general lecturing to the Japanese General Staff in Singapore declared that unless the Japanese Army could emulate the courage and patriotism of these British and Australian enemies they could not hope to win the war!



COURSE OF THE KRAIT is shown from Exmouth Gulf, Western Australia, to Panjang Island, in the Rhio Archipelago. There she dropped the canoes in which the British and Australian commandos sailed for the attack in Singapore Harbour. Their route is inset, on larger scale. The Krait returned to her home port on October 19, 1943. PAGE 388 Australian Official

Prelude to Destruction in Singapore Harbour



MOTHER-SHIP for six British and Australian commandos who, from canoes, destroyed 37,000 tons of Jap shipping in Singapore harbour in 1943 (see facing page), the 70-foot Krait (1), former fishing vessel, was seized from its Japanese owner at Singapore in February 1942, and later rescued more than 1,100 refugees off Sumatra. Two of the raiding party carry one of the canoes (2) used in the harbour attack. Five of the commandos (3) swimming at Bulat Island were keeping under observation Jap shipping in the Bulat Strait; all of these men were killed after a second raid in 1944. *Photos, Australian Official.* PAGE 389



The Dutch in Their Pride of Our Skymen—

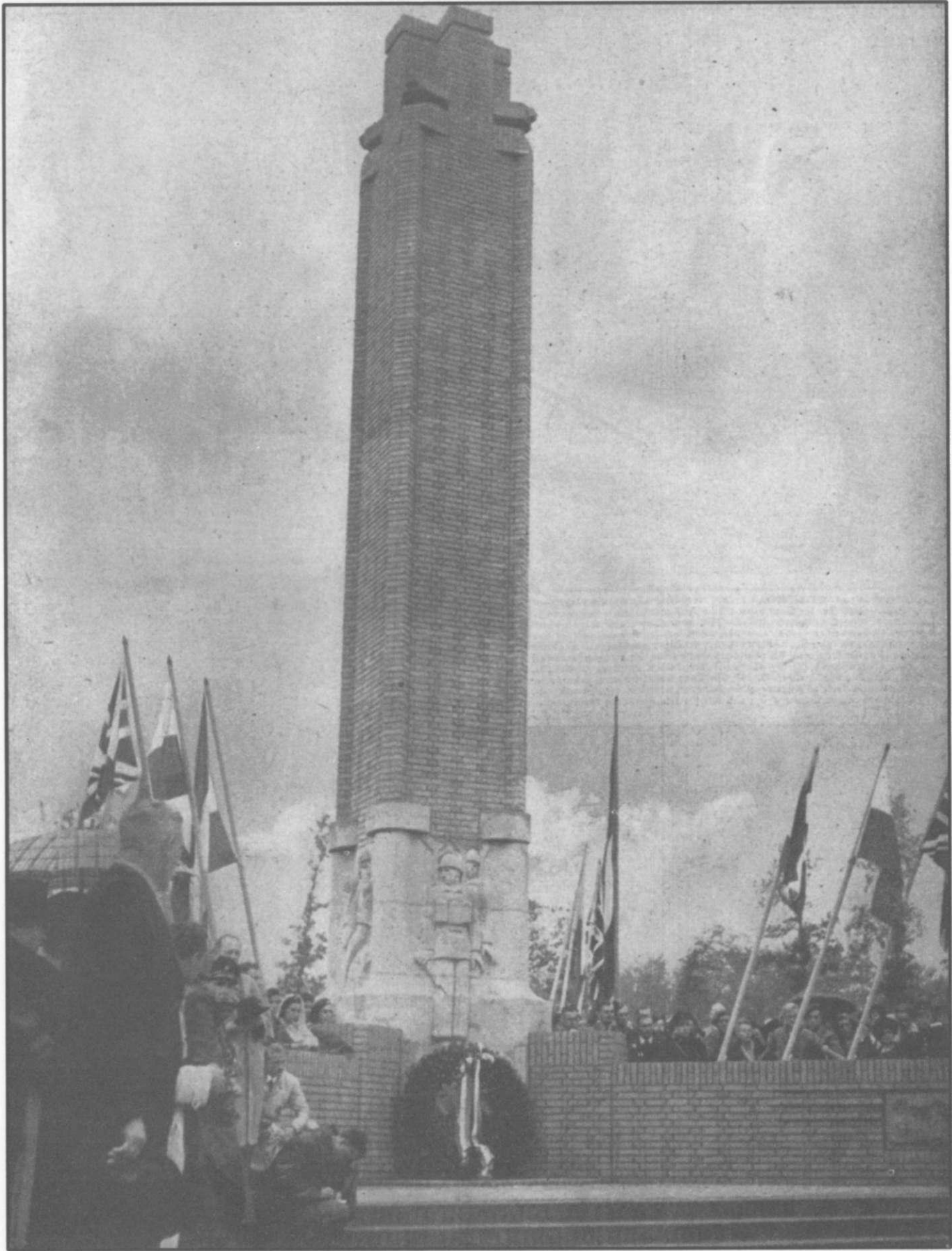


ARNHEM GALLANTRY OF THE BRITISH 1st AIRBORNE DIVISION was commemorated on September 17, 1946, at the scene of the landings in Holland. Built from relics of the battle, a memorial (1) is inscribed "On the 17th September 1944, about 1 o'clock in the afternoon, the First Airborne Division landed on the heath around this point and began from here its grand operations." In the nearby Airborne Cemetery (3) schoolchildren of Oosterbeek stood with flowers beside some of the white crosses marking 1,600 graves of Allied parachute troops (see also illus. page 358). Simultaneously with the Dutch ceremonies Arnhem veterans paid their tribute at the Cenotaph in Whitehall, London (2).

PAGE 390

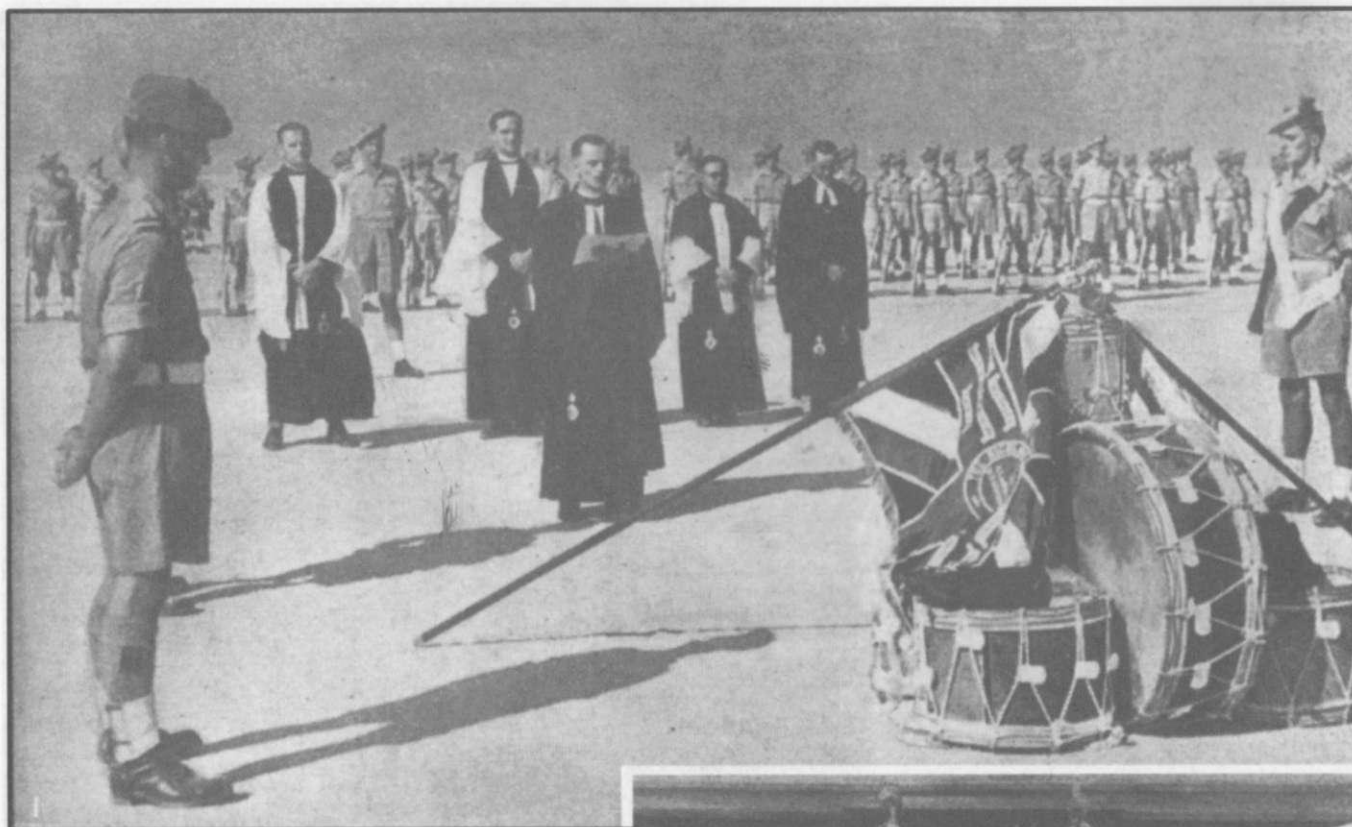


—Honour Those Who Died in Arnhem Battle



PEOPLE OF OOSTERBEEK RAISED £2,500 to erect this impressive memorial to the skymen from Britain. Of yellow brick, it is more than 50 feet high and later will be surmounted by a symbolic figure, probably the Pegasus symbol of the Airborne Divisions. Four stone panels at its base were carved by the well-known Dutch sculptor, Jacob Maris. It stands in front of the Hertestein Hotel, Major-General R. E. Urquhart's H.Q. after the landings; the wreath was placed there by Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands on Sept. 17, 1946. PAGE 391 Photo. Plant News

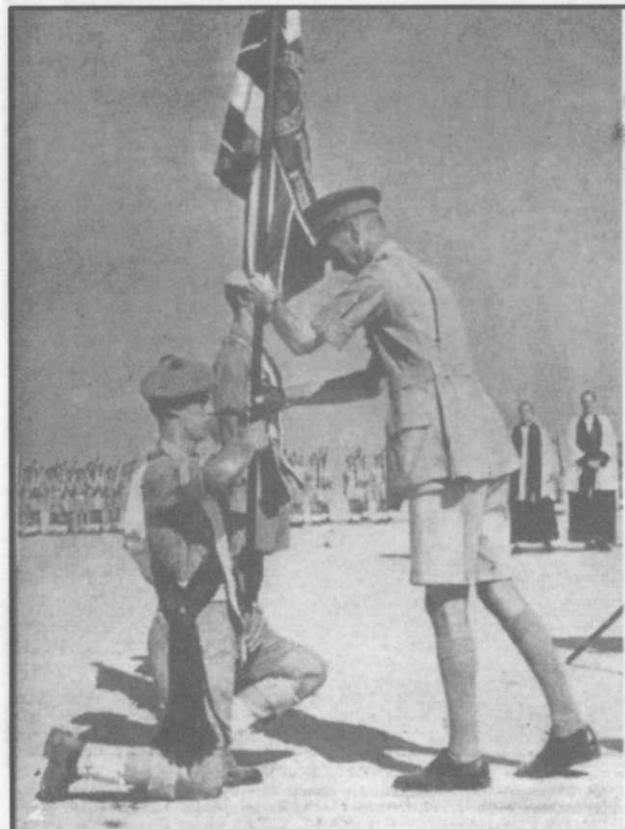
New Colours Presented to 1st Battalion H.L.I.



CEREMONY of CONSECRATION AND PRESENTATION of new Colours to the 1st Battalion The Highland Light Infantry took place on August 27, 1946, at Suez. The new King's and Regimental Colours were uncovered and placed over the drums (1) of the pipe band, and the Rev. N. McLean M.B.E., conducted a short service of consecration. The Colours were then formally presented to two lieutenants (2) by General Sir Miles Dempsey, K.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., C-in-C. Middle East Land Forces, who later shook hands with Regimental Sergeant-Major Greenwell (4). Close-up of the Colours (3); the King's Colour is on the left.

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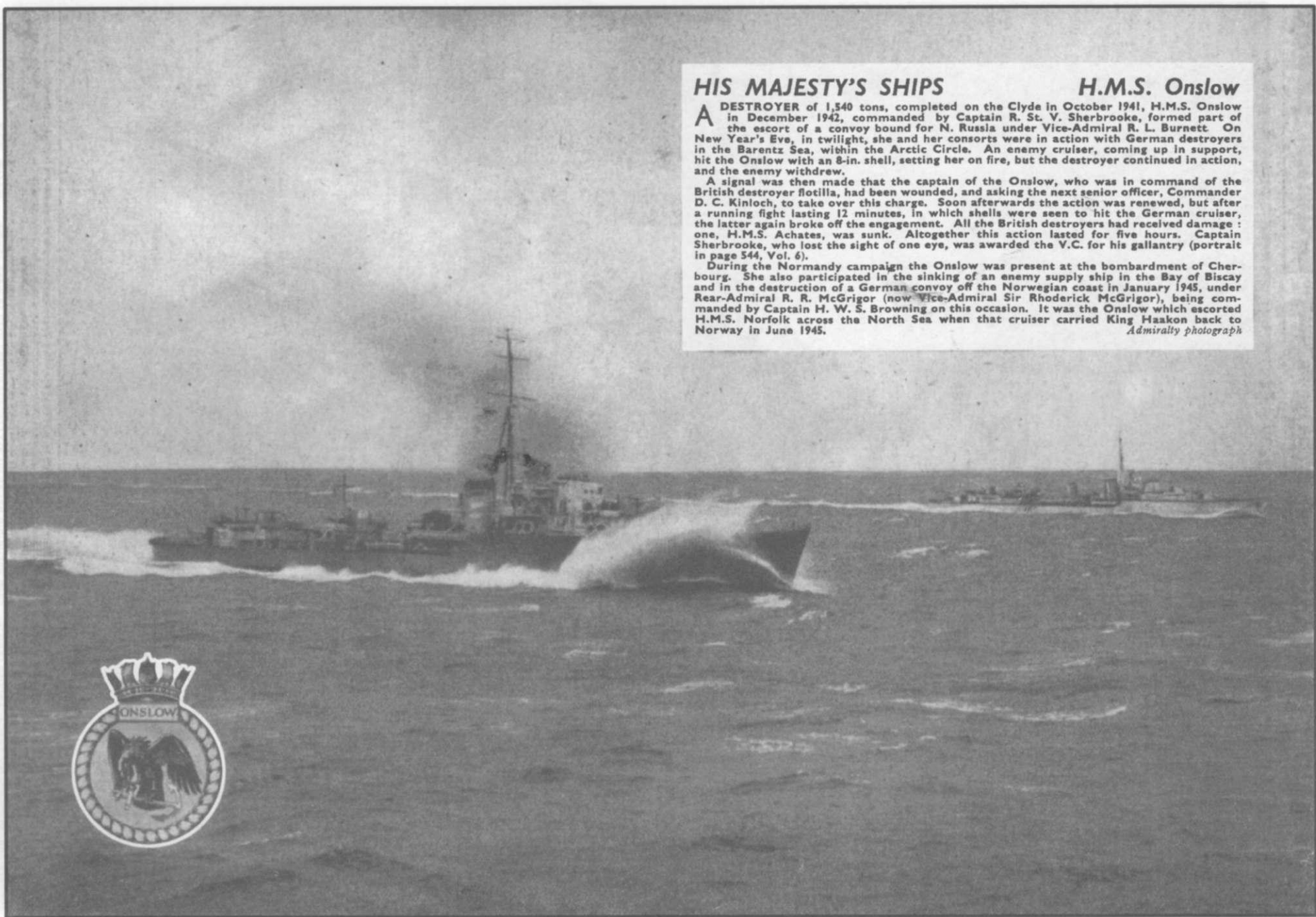
Photos, British Official



Physical Jerks on Training Ship H.M.S. Howe



NEW DEVELOPMENT IN TRAINING METHODS FOR R.N. RECRUITS is instituted by the Training Battleship Squadron based at Portland, Dorset, the squadron consisting of H.M.S. Howe (above), Anson and Nelson. Easing the accommodation position ashore and at the same time keeping these modern ships in commission without having to use full complements of trained personnel, elementary instruction is given in seamanship, gunnery and torpedoes for Special Service ratings. Each battleship has about 450 recruits during each 16 week course. PAGE 393 Photo, Keystone



HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS

H.M.S. Onslow

A DESTROYER of 1,540 tons, completed on the Clyde in October 1941, H.M.S. Onslow in December 1942, commanded by Captain R. St. V. Sherbrooke, formed part of the escort of a convoy bound for N. Russia under Vice-Admiral R. L. Burnett. On New Year's Eve, in twilight, she and her consorts were in action with German destroyers in the Barentz Sea, within the Arctic Circle. An enemy cruiser, coming up in support, hit the Onslow with an 8-in. shell, setting her on fire, but the destroyer continued in action, and the enemy withdrew.

A signal was then made that the captain of the Onslow, who was in command of the British destroyer flotilla, had been wounded, and asking the next senior officer, Commander D. C. Kinloch, to take over this charge. Soon afterwards the action was renewed, but after a running fight lasting 12 minutes, in which shells were seen to hit the German cruiser, the latter again broke off the engagement. All the British destroyers had received damage: one, H.M.S. Achates, was sunk. Altogether this action lasted for five hours. Captain Sherbrooke, who lost the sight of one eye, was awarded the V.C. for his gallantry (portrait in page 544, Vol. 6).

During the Normandy campaign the Onslow was present at the bombardment of Cherbourg. She also participated in the sinking of an enemy supply ship in the Bay of Biscay and in the destruction of a German convoy off the Norwegian coast in January 1945, under Rear-Admiral R. R. McGrigor (now Vice-Admiral Sir Rhoderick McGrigor), being commanded by Captain H. W. S. Browning on this occasion. It was the Onslow which escorted H.M.S. Norfolk across the North Sea when that cruiser carried King Haakon back to Norway in June 1945.

Admiralty photograph

The Honourable Artillery Company

By Major
G. GOULD WALKER, D.S.O., M.C.

AT the outbreak of war, in 1939, the Honourable Artillery Company consisted of four batteries of R.H.A., a regiment of Heavy Anti-Aircraft Artillery and the Infantry Battalion. There were also two Home Defence Companies (Infantry). The R.H.A. batteries immediately went into training. Early in 1940 they threw off two new batteries, A, B and E forming the 11th (H.A.C.) Regiment, R.H.A. and C, D and F Batteries constituting the 12th (H.A.C.) Regiment, R.H.A. Later in the year another regiment was formed—the 13th (H.A.C.) Regiment, R.H.A., consisting of G, H and I Batteries. The 86th (H.A.C.) H.A.A. Regiment, R.A., went at once into battle stations in or near London, and in the next year threw off two new batteries—383 (H.A.C.) H.A.A. Battery, R.A., and 446 (H.A.C.) H.A.A. Battery, R.A.

The Infantry Battalion had undertaken an officer-producing role and formed 162 (H.A.C.) O.C.T.U. at Bulford, Wiltshire, from which practically all its pre-war personnel passed out as officers, and which then continued its officer-producing role until absorbed into the R.A.C. O.C.T.U. at Sandhurst in 1942. The two Home Defence companies were attached to the 13th Battalion The Royal Fusiliers and took over guard duties at vulnerable points in London. During the whole of the blitz they were stationed at the London Docks, and also provided the Bank of England Guard. This unit was finally disbanded towards the end of 1942.

After sending away almost all their original members for commissions, the 11th H.A.C. went overseas in September 1941, landing in Egypt as part of the 1st Armoured Division. They were at once sent forward into the fighting line and were heavily engaged near El Agheila, in January 1942, when Rommel staged an unexpected advance. All batteries suffered casualties in men and guns and were several times surrounded but managed to make a fighting withdrawal. On several occasions guns were fought to the last man, and two officers were killed and others wounded while acting as gunners.

THE H.A.C.'s origin can be traced back to some time prior to 1537, in which year Henry VIII gave a Charter to an existing body of citizen archers, directing them to maintain the science of shooting for the better defence of the Realm, under the title of "Fraternite or Guyde of Artillery of Longbowes, Crosbowes and Handgonnes." This became shortened to "The Artillery Company," but the word "artillery" was used in its original sense, meaning any missile weapon; artillery in the modern sense was not added to the original infantry unit until 1781. The Company has been in possession of its present ground since 1641. Prior to 1914 the H.A.C. consisted of two batteries of Horse Artillery and a battalion of infantry, but in the First Great War five batteries and two battalions served in France, Egypt, Palestine and Italy.

After refitting, the Regiment was split up and attached to various "Jock" columns—small mobile parties of all arms used as raiding detachments, so named after Brigadier Jock Campbell, V.C. (a member of the H.A.C. in the First Great War), who initiated the system (portrait in page 512, Vol. 5). A troop of E Battery attached to the Free French was overrun by the German tanks near Bir Hacheim, but all ranks fought to the last, one gunner being afterwards found dead with a rifle in his hand and expended cartridges beside him.

The 11th H.A.C. were again heavily engaged at Knightsbridge, covered the retreat of the 50th and South African Divisions, and finally retreated down the precipitous Acroma Ridge with enemy tanks at their heels. They were again surrounded near Mersa Matruh, but broke out with heavy losses. Their casualties at Knightsbridge and in the subsequent retreat were 9 officers and 70 O.R.s dead, 7 officers and 158 other ranks wounded, 10 officers and 201 other ranks prisoners and 31 other ranks missing. Over 40 of these men were later drowned as prisoners of war while crossing to Italy.

The remnants of the Regiment fought as a composite battery in the six-day engagement which stopped Rommel's army at El Alamein.

They were then withdrawn to refit and were selected as the first R.H.A. unit to be armed with the new Priest self-propelled guns. After training with these they went into the battle of El Alamein, where their brigade (which included the Queen's Bays, 9th Lancers and 10th Hussars) eventually broke the line and followed up the retreating Germans after ten days of fierce fighting. The Regiment's losses at Alamein were one officer and 12 men killed, 8 officers and 87 other ranks wounded. The comparatively light losses compared to those suffered in previous actions were due to the great protection afforded by the armoured Priests.

Their next important action was when their brigade (2nd Armoured) made the



FIRST OF THE TERRITORIALS to be accorded the honour of mounting guard at Buckingham Palace, the H.A.C. sentry take over from a Regular, on July 6, 1938.
Photo, Topical

famous moonlight attack at El Hammah, which turned the Mareth Line. After following up the German retreat, the 11th were passed over to the 1st Army and took part with the 6th Armoured Division in the capture of Tunis, the storming of the lines of Hamman Lif and the subsequent German collapse. An officer of the 11th was the first man of the 1st Army to make contact with the 8th Army near Enfidaville.

Fierce Fighting on Gothic Line

Immediately afterwards they were attached to the 51st Highland Division to prepare for the landing in Sicily. They were the first guns to land in the invasion of Europe, on July 10, 1943, at Pachino, on the southern tip of Sicily. After fighting throughout the Sicilian campaign and adding the actions of Palazzolo, Vizzini, Catania, Gerbini, Catenuovo, Centuripe, Adrano, Bronte, and Maletto to their list of battle honours, the 11th, suffering heavily from malaria, were withdrawn to rest in Algeria where they rejoined their Division.

After prolonged training they moved to Italy in May 1944, and took part in the fierce fighting on the Gothic Line in September. The 1st Armoured Division was ordered to pass through a gap broken by the Infantry and advance northward. Arriving at the starting point somewhat tired by a week of



FLYING A COMPANY'S FLAG at Tmimi, in the Western Desert, where the 11th H.A.C. with the British First Armoured Division spent much of the winter of 1942-43, after fighting at El Alamein. Leaving here in February 1943 the Regiment travelled 1,000 miles in two weeks, going direct into the battle for the Mareth Line near Medine.

Records of the Regiments: 1939-1945

forced marches, the 2nd Armoured Brigade carried out an all-night march along tortuous hill tracks, crossed the Conca river and attacked. The German line, however, was far from broken and the tanks could only penetrate the outer defences and were then held up by concentrated artillery fire. The Division fought its way slowly forward through San Clemente, San Savino and Croce.

THEN, in an attack on the commanding ridge of Point 153 near San Marino, The Bays encountered stiff resistance and lost 24 tanks, the Forward Observation Officer of the 11th and all his detachment being killed. The 1st Armoured Division was later disbanded, but the 2nd Armoured remained together as an independent armoured brigade.

The 11th were again heavily engaged at the crossing of the Ronco and Montone rivers, the Cosina Canal and the Senio river, and in the capture of Merzeno, Pideura, Celle and Faenza. After a relatively quiet period attached to the 1st Canadian Division, the 8th Indian Division, the Palestine Brigade and the Cremona Group of Italian troops, the Regiment was attached to the 78th Division. They were in action at the crossing of the Senio and Santerno rivers, and their brigade forced the Argenta Gap, an action which brought about the general retreat of the German armies across the Po and led to the final surrender on April 29, 1945.

The 12th (H.A.C.) Regiment, R.H.A., landed in North Africa in November 1942, as part of the 6th Armoured Division, and were in action at Tebourba and Mateur in the December. They helped to "plug the line" at Bou Arada and Robaa early in 1943, and F Battery fought a particularly gallant action at Thala, where for a night and a day they were part of the front line and repulsed several German tank attacks; three M.C.s, one D.C.M. and two M.M.s were awarded to the Battery for this action. The 12th also stopped the rot in the Fondouk Pass in April and then advanced towards Tunis. In the final battle for that town, fighting side by side with the 11th H.A.C., they attacked with the 6th Armoured Division and, after the capture of the town, helped to force the fortified lines of Hamman Lif, which compelled the final surrender. The losses of the 12th in North Africa had included three officers and 34 other ranks killed.

500 Miles' Fighting in Six Months

After a period of rest and training, the 12th went with their division to Italy and were heavily engaged near Cassino, up the Liri Valley, through the Gustav and Aquino lines, and then on to Perugia. In July and August 1944 they were in action round Arezzo and Florence. September and October saw the 12th engaged in difficult mountain fighting. The line became static;



PASSING THROUGH PALAZZO on July 12, 1943, two days after landing in Sicily, these self-propelled Priests of the 11th H.A.C. were the first Allied guns to land in Europe during this preliminary stage of the invasion. The Palazzo action added yet another battle honour to the Regiment's impressive record.

PAGE 396

Photo, British Official



Colours: Red on Khaki

53RD (WELSH) DIVISION

COMPOSED of Territorial battalions of the Welsh Regiment, the Royal Welch Fusiliers, the K.S.I.L., and Territorial regiments of Monmouthshire and Herefordshire, the Division was formed in 1939. Its badge is reputed to be symbolic of the offensive: the horizontal being the base of attack, the peak of the "W" the spearhead, and the side-members flanking movements, the "W" standing for Wales.

Moved to N. Ireland in 1940, it returned to England in 1942, and later joined 21 Army Group for the invasion of Europe, 1944. Concentrated south-west of Bayeux, after landing with the British 2nd Army in the Normandy beach-head on June 27, 1944, the Division, in the words of its Army Commander, Lieut.-General Sir Miles Dempsey, "Went straight into the tough and difficult fighting on the Odon against seasoned German troops." Hard struggles ensued at Evrecy, Le Caheir and Hill 112. Heavy destruction was wrought near Nacey on August 17, in the Falaise Gap operations.

ACROSS the Seine by the end of August the Division was one of the first units to enter Antwerp after the Liberation. In September, the 53rd successfully defended the left flank of the Allied Airborne troops at Arnhem. A brief spell on the "island" in the Nijmegen salient was a prelude to the capture of Hertogenbosch, in November. Against the German Ardennes offensive, in December, the 53rd defended Brussels.

From the start of the Reichswald Forest battle, February 8, 1945, the Division encountered bitter fighting, but without respite advanced 40 miles, to near Apleon and within four miles of the Rhine. Its last battles were fought over the Rhine at Rethem and Verden, and its unopposed occupation of Hamburg completed a record in which, to quote the XII Corps Commander, Lieut.-General Ritchie, the troops had "never failed . . . to carry through . . . any task which has fallen to their lot."

but in a pursuit lasting six months the Regiment had covered 500 miles, fighting all the way. After a winter spent in training, with frequent moves, the 12th H.A.C. again went into action, in April 1945, and took part in the crossing of the Senio, Santerno and Sillaro rivers, the capture of Traghetto and onwards towards Ferrara in the hard fighting which forced the Germans over the Po.

The 13th (H.A.C.) Regiment, R.H.A., after a prolonged period of training in England, landed in Normandy on June 15, 1944, as part of the 11th Armoured Division and was almost continuously in action from the crossing of the Odon until the closing of the Falaise Gap. After crossing the Seine, their Division formed part of the tremendous armoured thrust which broke through to Amiens, seizing the crossings of the Somme, and then on to Antwerp, which they entered,

11th H.A.C. Regiment in N. Africa with 8th Army



AFTER HELPING TO HALT ROMMEL'S FORCES AT ALAMEIN, in July 1942, the 11th H.A.C. Regiment (R.H.A.) was equipped with Priest self-propelled 105-mm. howitzers (1). One of the Regiment's 25-pdr. field guns which received a direct hit (2) was left derelict at Knightsbridge, where the 11th covered the withdrawal of the British 50th and South African Divisions in face of Rommel's June offensive. As 8th Army Commander, General Sir Claude Auchinleck spoke to officers of the Regiment from the roof of his car (3). The remnants of the 11th Regiment were then formed into one composite battery and went straight back into battle.

PAGE 397



Records of the Regiments: 1939—1945



CHRISTMAS GREETINGS (left) were received by the author of this article in 1943 at the Regimental H.Q. at Armoury House, London. The airgraph was sent by the 12th H.A.C. Regiment from N. Africa.

role to stiffen the barrages, and on the German retreat they took part in the capture of Havre. The 86th was then sent to protect Antwerp, in which capacity they shot down 78 flying bombs. Since 1941 the 86th had consisted of three batteries, 273, 274 and 383 (H.A.C.). H.A.A. Batteries, R.A.

Magnificent Output of Officers

275 (H.A.C.) H.A.A. Battery, R.A. (one of the original Regiment) left the 86th in 1941 to act as an instructional battery and was later attached to another regiment. It landed in Normandy, took part in many actions there in a field role and, after the advance into Holland, was heavily engaged in the Nijmegen corridor, where its gunners fought as infantry when surrounded by the German counter-attack.

446 (H.A.C.) H.A.A. Battery, R.A., was permanently engaged in a home defence role and was in action in or near London up to the spring of 1944, when it was sent to the Orkneys and was later disbanded.

Perhaps the most important contribution of the Honourable Artillery Company to the war effort was the provision of some 4,000 commissioned officers to all arms and services. Almost all the Company's pre-war members received commissions, as did many of its reservists and former members. They were to be found in almost every unit of the Army and on every front. Many of them rose to the command of units, including regular batteries of R.H.A. and infantry battalions. The roll of members at the end of the war included five Brigadiers, eight Colonels and 152 Lieut.-Colonels, all of whom had originally served in the ranks of the Company.

Thus the ancient role of the Honourable Artillery Company, which for centuries provided and trained officers for the Trained Bands of London, and sent over 4,000 of its members to commissions in the war of 1914-18, has been fully maintained.

among the foremost troops, on September 4. Later they fought on the Albert Canal and in Holland, and then endured the rigours of the winter in that water-logged country.

they landed in Normandy on D-Day and for the first few weeks protected the beach-heads, shooting down a number of enemy bombers. Their guns then went into action in a field



KIEL CELEBRATIONS ON THE KING'S OFFICIAL BIRTHDAY, June 2, 1945, included a parade and march past of British armed forces. Hitherto unpublished, this photograph shows self-propelled guns of the 13th H.A.C. Regiment R.H.A. passing the saluting base at the head of the 11th Armoured Division. Taking the salute was Lieut.-General E. A. Barker, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., G.O.C. VIII Corps, accompanied by Vice-Admiral M. T. Baillie-Croghan, C.B., D.S.O., O.B.E., R.N., Flag Officer-in-C. of this German port.

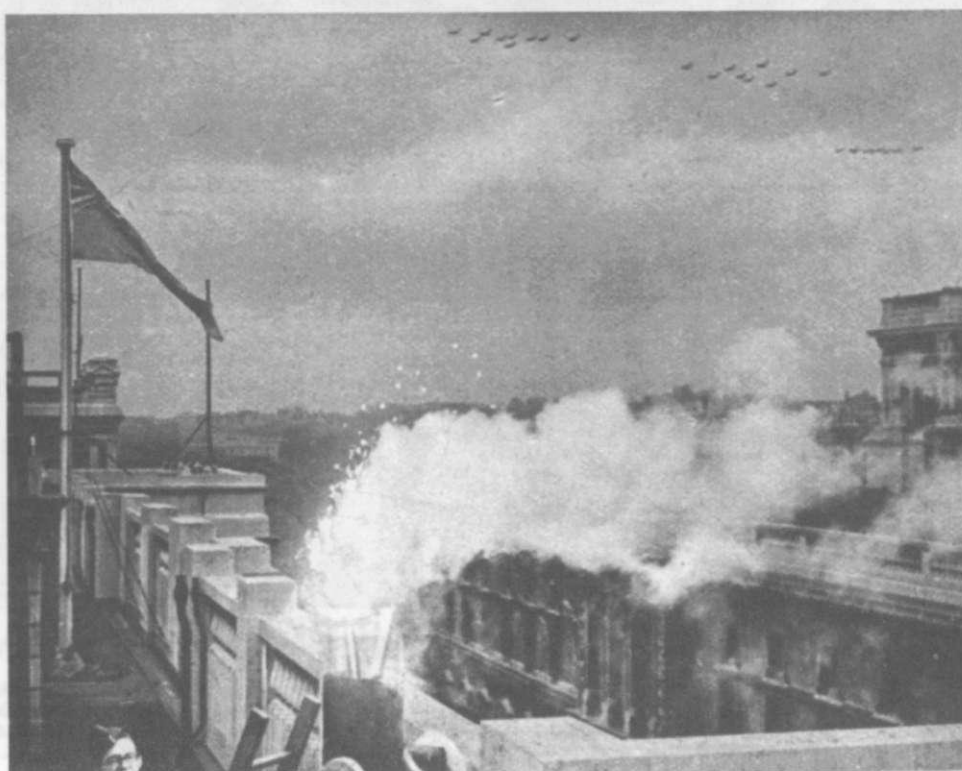
Britain Pays Tribute to 'The Few'



IN COMMEMORATION of the sixth anniversary of the Battle of Britain there took place over London on September 14, 1946, massed formation flights of more than 30 squadrons from the R.A.F., one squadron of the Fleet Air Arm, seven squadrons of Polish aircraft serving with the R.A.F., and three fighter squadrons of the U.S. Army Air Force from Germany. It had been planned to make this the first occasion on which the Battle had been commemorated by massed flights over the whole of the area in which it was fought, but bad weather caused the cancellation of this arrangement over some parts of Southern England. Twelve Lancaster bombers were the first of the many to pass over, at 2,000 feet, in salute to "The Few" who won the Battle fought in 1940. Then, massed fighters came in from the east over St. Paul's Cathedral (above). In two great columns a mile apart 300 aircraft patterned the overcast sky, and in five minutes had roared away, bound for their several dispersal points.

Because the clouds were low and grey over London, a yellow guide-flare burned (right) on the roof of the Air Ministry in King Charles Street, where a group of Air Marshals gathered to watch the modern types which have supplanted those of earlier fame—whose total number for combat duty six years ago no more than approximated to that of the force which on this day paid tribute on Britain's behalf to "The Few."

Photos, P.A.—Reuter, G.P.U.





Remembering the Fallen in the Battle of Britain—

Lord Portal (1), with Lady Tedder, arriving for the Thanksgiving Service at Westminster Abbey, London, on September 15, 1946. Reopened with a special commemoration service on the same day, St. George's Memorial Chapel at Biggin Hill (Kent) now contains, behind the altar, six panels on which are inscribed in gold leaf names of pilots of the Biggin Hill Sector who were killed; prayers were conducted (2) by S./Ldr. the Rev. Cecil King, padre of No. 11 Group, Fighter Command.

Photos, Topical Press, P.A.-Reuter, Keystone, G.P.U.

—'Hinge on Which Our Lives and Future Turned'

Pilots who participated in the air battles six years ago relived their poignant memories when mock battles took place over Biggin Hill aerodrome: rushing for their aircraft (3), this time for the benefit of television audiences. An anniversary dinner held at the Belfry, West Halkin Street, London, was attended by (4, left to right) Air Chief Marshal Sir Keith Park, Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding, Air Marshal Sir John Robb and Group Captain Douglas Bader.



To the Honour and Glory of Our Air Forces

Photos, Associated Press, New York Times Photos, Keystone

Marshals of the R.A.F. Lord Trenchard (1, left) and Lord Tedder arriving for the unveiling of a new inscription on the R.A.F. Memorial on the Victoria Embankment, London, on September 15, 1946. It reads, "This inscription is added in remembrance of those men and women of the Air Forces of every part of the British Commonwealth and Empire who gave their lives 1939-45." Lord Trenchard taking the salute (2) as W.A.A.F. march past. Sounding the Last Post (3).

Dowding's Air Defence of Britain

LONG before the Battle of Britain began Lord Dowding was anxious about the forces likely to be available. On September 16, 1939, he wrote to the Air Ministry pointing out that the Air Staff's estimate of the number of fighter squadrons required for the defence of the country was 52; although on the outbreak of war he had only the equivalent of 34. He wanted 12 new squadrons and asked that eight should be raised immediately. The Air Ministry regretted that the most they could do was to form two new squadrons and two operational training units. After further correspondence they reconsidered their policy and ordered the formation of 10 new fighter squadrons, four of which were for Coastal Command.

On February 2 and 4, 1940, Lord Dowding wrote asking for an extension of airfield facilities, intelligence cover and communications. His proposals were not approved until May. He writes: "This delay was presumably unavoidable, but the result was that the organization and development of the defences of the South and West of England were incomplete when they were called upon to withstand the attacks which the German occupation of France made possible."

In July 1940 Lord Dowding had 59 squadrons "in various stages of efficiency." But Germany's occupation of airfields in France, Norway and the Low Countries enabled her to launch a far more formidable attack than any envisaged when the original Air Staff estimate of 52 squadrons was first made. Many of these squadrons "were still suffering from the effects of fighting in Holland and Flanders, at Dunkirk, and during the subsequent operations in France."

He was apprehensive about the wastage of Hurricanes in France, where, between May 8 and 18, 1940, 250 were lost. He writes:

"Hitherto, I had succeeded generally in keeping the Spitfire squadrons out of the Continental fighting. When the Dunkirk fighting began, however, I could no longer maintain this policy, and the Spitfires had to take their share in the fighting. I was responsible for the air defence of Great Britain, and I saw my resources slipping away like sand in an hour glass. The pressure for more and more assistance for France was relentless and inexorable. In the latter part of May 1940 I sought and obtained permission to appear in person before the War Cabinet and to state my case.

A Great Turning Point of the War

"I was accorded a courteous and sympathetic hearing, and, to my inexpressible relief, my arguments prevailed and it was decided to send no more fighter reinforcements to France, except to cover the final evacuation. I know what it must have cost the Cabinet to reach this decision, but I am profoundly convinced that this was one of the great turning points in the war."

After the Dunkirk evacuation the pressure on Fighter Command became less intense. But the Battle of Britain followed on without any appreciable opportunity to re-form the squadrons which had borne the brunt.

The battle, according to Lord Dowding, may be said to have divided itself into four phases: The attack on our convoys and coastal objectives, such as ports, coastal airfields and radiolocation stations. The attack on inland fighter airfields. The attack on London. The fighter-bomber stage, when the target was of subsidiary importance to the main objective of drawing our fighters into the air and engaging them in circumstances as disadvantageous as possible.

The most critical stage was the third phase. On September 15 the Germans delivered their maximum effort, when our

THE first R.A.F. wartime dispatch to be made public, that of Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding (now Lord Dowding), Air Officer C-in-C, Fighter Command R.A.F., dated Aug. 20, 1941, was published on Sept. 10, 1946 (as a supplement to the London Gazette). It thus became available in a week which marked the sixth anniversary of the critical stage of the Battle of Britain. The period covered is July 10, 1940, until Nov. 1940, when Lord Dowding relinquished his command. We give here a condensation from the commentary by Air Commodore L. G. S. Payne, The Daily Telegraph Air Correspondent.



THE LAST OF THE FEW

ONE episode should have a place in our history books for as long as we remain a nation. When the long-drawn-out battle still hung in the balance, Mr. Churchill went to Air Vice-Marshal Park's headquarters. On the radar screen he watched the advance of the German bombers.

As each wave approached, Air Vice-Marshal Park gave his orders to put in the British fighter squadrons. The Air Vice-Marshal was calm and businesslike. Mr. Churchill's nerves were taut, but underneath, his emotions were surging.

Each attack was successfully repelled, but to the waves of German bombers there seemed to be no end. At last, unable to control himself, Mr. Churchill turned to Park, "How many more have you got?" he asked abruptly. "I am putting in my last," Air Vice-Marshal replied.

Their eyes fixed on the screen, the two men waited for the next German wave. It never came. The Germans, too, had put in their last. With tears in his eyes, Mr. Churchill got into his car. It was on his way back to London that he composed the immortal phrase of the debt that so many owed to so few.

—The Sunday Times

guns and fighters together accounted for 185 aircraft. By the end of the month it became apparent that the Germans could no longer face the bomber wastage and the operations entered upon their fourth phase. Lord Dowding says: "Serious as were our difficulties, those of the enemy were worse and, by the end of October, the Germans abandoned their attempt to wear down Fighter Command, and the country was delivered from the threat of invasion."

He singles out Air Vice-Marshal (now Air Chief Marshal) Sir Keith Park, A.O.C., No. 11 Group, defenders of London and the Home Counties, for praise "for the way in which he adjusted his tactics and interception methods to meet each new development as it occurred."

Lord Dowding takes exception to two statements in the Air Ministry's published account entitled "The Battle of Britain," although he says there is very little in it he would have wished to alter if circumstances had allowed him to see it before it was published—he was in America at the time. First, he considers the speed of the Hurricane is seriously overrated at 335 m.p.h. The speed of the Hurricane was, he says, 305 m.p.h.

Situation Was Extremely Critical

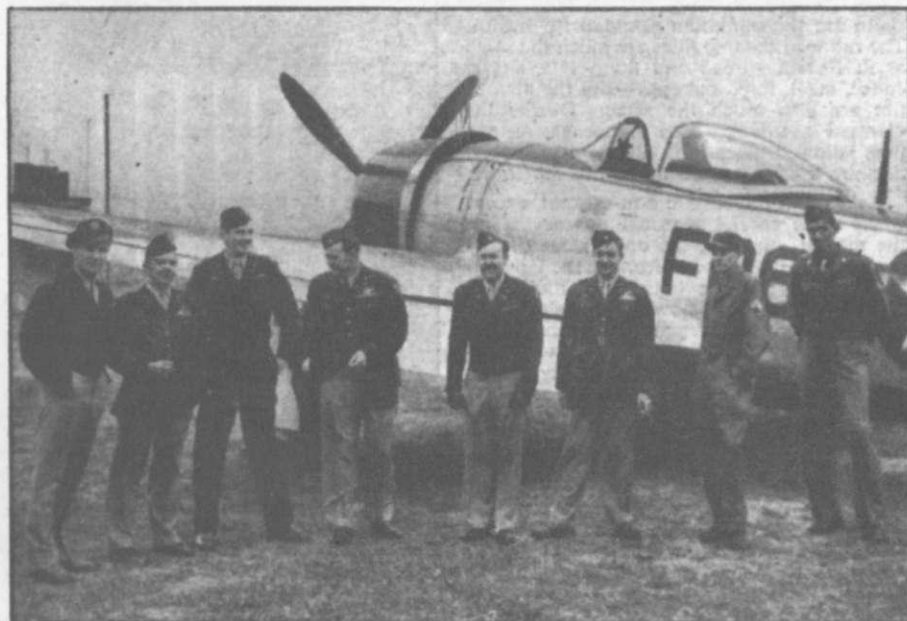
Secondly, and he considers this of greater importance, he objects to the paragraph on page 33 which reads, "What the Luftwaffe failed to do was to destroy the fighter squadrons of the Royal Air Force, which were, indeed, stronger at the end of the battle than at the beginning." He says:

"This statement, even if intended only for popular consumption, tends to lead to an attitude of complacency which may be very dangerous in future. Whatever the study of paper returns may have shown, the fact is that the situation was critical in the extreme. Pilots had to be withdrawn from the Bomber and Coastal Commands and from the Fleet Air Arm and flung into the battle after hasty preparation. The majority of the squadrons had been reduced to the status of training units, and were fit only for operations against unescorted bombers. The remainder were battling against heavy odds."

At a later stage in his dispatch he mentions how Mr. Churchill "spoke with affectionate raillery of me and my 'Chicks.'" He adds, "He could have said nothing to make me more proud; every Chick was needed before the end."

He gives high praise to the Royal Observer Corps, and states that "their work throughout was quite invaluable." Writing of the barrage balloons, he says:

"It is true that their material results, in terms of enemy aircraft destroyed, were not impressive; they suffered staggering casualties in electric storms, and had brought down a number of our aircraft. On the other hand, they exercised a very salutary effect upon the Germans and, to a great extent, protected vital objectives against low altitude attacks and dive-bombing."



FORMER EAGLE SQUADRON PILOTS RETURNED for the Battle of Britain's sixth anniversary. Composed of U.S. volunteers the "Eagle" operated as a R.A.F. squadron in 1940. Here the pilots are seen at Odiham airfield, whence they took off for the great fly-past on September 14, 1946. See also pages 399-402. PAGE 403 Photo, Planet News

Europe's Wartime Capitals in 1946

OSLO

By O. F. KNUDSEN

NORWAY'S capital is her principal centre of trade and industry and shipping, the seat of the King, the Government, Parliament and the University. The population of the city, with its suburbs, now numbers about 400,000. Geographically, Oslo is unique. It is the most northerly city of its size in the world. It lies on the same parallel of latitude as Greenland, but thanks to the mildness of the Gulf Stream it enjoys an ideal climate, warm in summer and invigorating in winter. Situated at the head of the Oslo Fjord, the city is surrounded by wooded hills with magnificent views of mountain and forest. It has some imposing buildings, including the National Theatre, the Royal Palace, and the University Buildings, which all centre around the main boulevard Karl Johan—the "Piccadilly" of Oslo—and more modern structures such as the new Broadcasting House and the magnificent Town Hall which dominates the harbour scene. As few bombs fell on Oslo all these features of the city remain.

A visit to Oslo today is a heartening experience to anyone who knew the city some eighteen months ago. The progress made since the liberation in May 1945 is evident in every direction. As Oslo is the principal port of Scandinavia, the dock-area is perhaps the best place to go for a picture of the changed fortunes of the Norwegian capital. At the beginning of 1945 the harbour was a dead place, with only a few troopships departing for Germany. Now the available quays—some were destroyed as a result of the war—are bustling with activity. Warehouses are crammed with many goods that Norwegians never saw throughout the war.

Food Queues are Non-Existent

The shipyards are equally busy. Not only is every slipway occupied with new ships being built for the Norwegian merchant marine, but older ships are literally lining-up to be overhauled and repaired after five years' neglect and war service. Ships that were sabotaged and sunk during the war are being salvaged, quays and warehouses that were blown up are being rebuilt.

The food position, too, has greatly improved. At the beginning of 1945 the citizens of Oslo were subsisting on about 1,400 calories a day. Now, thanks to large shipments from abroad, their rations give them at least the 2,400 calories which dieticians claim are the minimum essential for health. The rationed commodities are much the same as in Britain—bread and flour, fats, sugar, coffee, meat, milk and eggs—and the quantities are also much the same. During the German occupation even the meagre rations then allowed were not always obtainable, but now everyone is assured of his fair share.

As a result queues are non-existent, except when some special seasonal delicacy is on the market. Indeed, the only queue of any permanence is the one in front of the Government Liquor Stores; both spirits and cigarettes are off the ration now, a concession much appreciated by Norwegians. The absence of any black market on a large scale is a remarkable feature. In an occupied city, black market dealings are almost indispensable if the inhabitants are to live at all; and Oslo was no exception. The people are proud of the fact that peace has ended their particular black market and a fair distribution of goods to rich and poor has been assured.

Another respect in which the attitude of Oslo people has changed is in regard to work. During the German occupation it was patriotic to do as little work as possible and to do it as badly as possible. For example, in the Oslo shipyards the construction of a vessel ordered by the Germans would be

delayed year after year, tools would be lost, machinery would break down, materials would fail to turn up. Inevitably, this kind of slacking and deliberate inefficiency left an impression on the workers which could not be eradicated in a day or two. There were, also, so many occasions and pretexts for celebration after the liberation.

THE return of King, Crown Prince, and Government; Independence Day and Allied Forces' Day; the King's birthday and the end of the war with Japan; all these, and many more, made the months following liberation a time of continuous gaiety. Allied troops in Oslo—including the famous 1st Airborne Division—found themselves amongst a people far different from the stolid, stodgy folk they had imagined. Indeed, Allied troops were inclined to criticize them occasionally for their over-exuberance. But now the people are working hard. The registered number of unemployed is the lowest ever recorded; indeed, actual unemployment is practically non-existent. It is realized by everyone that peace is not a bed of roses, and that a return to pre-war prosperity means more and more production. Industry after industry is reporting a rise in output, often attaining the pre-war level.

All this might lead to a boom and slump but for the fact that everything, including prices and wages, is kept well under control by the authorities. But the rising production does not mean that Oslo citizens are yet enjoying a pre-war standard of living. It has to be remembered that, as in Britain, much has to be exported. For example, although enough paper is being produced to enable Oslo newspapers to print as many pages as they like, the number of pages is still restricted—so that paper can be exported. Also, as in Britain, the neglect and deprivation of the war years have to be made good.

Clothes are an example. It will be some considerable time before Oslo's depleted

wardrobes can be renewed, for during the war practically no clothes could be bought. Clothing and footwear are, far more than food, a problem for Oslo people today. At present the clothes in the shops are, on the whole, of poor quality and high priced. Stocks have to be built up, and materials, labour and manufacturing facilities are short. It is not possible to import ready-made clothes or materials on a large scale; foreign currency stringencies just will not allow it.

A Thousand Flats are Going Up

Even more serious is the acute lack of houses. About 20,000 people were on the waiting-list for houses in Oslo in May 1946. In relation to population, this would correspond to about 400,000 persons in a city such as London. When Oslo folk talk of "houses" they usually mean flats, for the majority of them live in blocks of apartments, many municipally owned. Before the war about 3,000 new homes were built in Oslo each year. As building was at a standstill during the war, there was a deficit of 15,000 homes when peace came. But in spite of shortage of labour and materials a good deal of building is in progress. Under the direction of the Oslo housing authority construction has started on over 1,000 flats which it is hoped to finish during the year, and in 1947 the output of homes will be back to the peace level. Nearly all flats now being built or planned are of the family type. When ready, large families, now overcrowded, will move in, thus making small flats available for single persons and childless couples.

Heating, a very serious problem, threatens to be no easier this winter than last. Except up in Spitsbergen, where the mining plant was destroyed during the war, Norway produces no coal of her own. The coal imported is all reserved for industrial purposes, and as far as domestic heating is concerned the capital is obliged to rely on wood. This is not really satisfactory, as the wood is needed for the manufacture of pulp and paper and other products, but there is no alternative. Last winter huge stacks of logs could be seen in Oslo, and the citizens are now being warned that this winter, too, they must build up their stocks of timber. Although Norway produces great quantities of electricity it is expected that this also will have to be rationed to domestic consumers during the winter.

OVERCROWDING, and lack of warmth, food and clothing during the war, naturally affected the health of people, particularly the children. Fortunately, the liberation came before really widespread and permanent deterioration of health could occur. The Swedes helped by supplying a great many of the children with so-called "Swedish soup" every day. Now they are to carry on the good work by building a special children's hospital in Oslo; it will be one of the finest of its kind in the world. It is a sign of the times that it has been possible for the school authorities to restore the free daily service of the world-famous "Oslo breakfast" consisting of rye-bread, butter, fresh vegetables, fruit and milk.

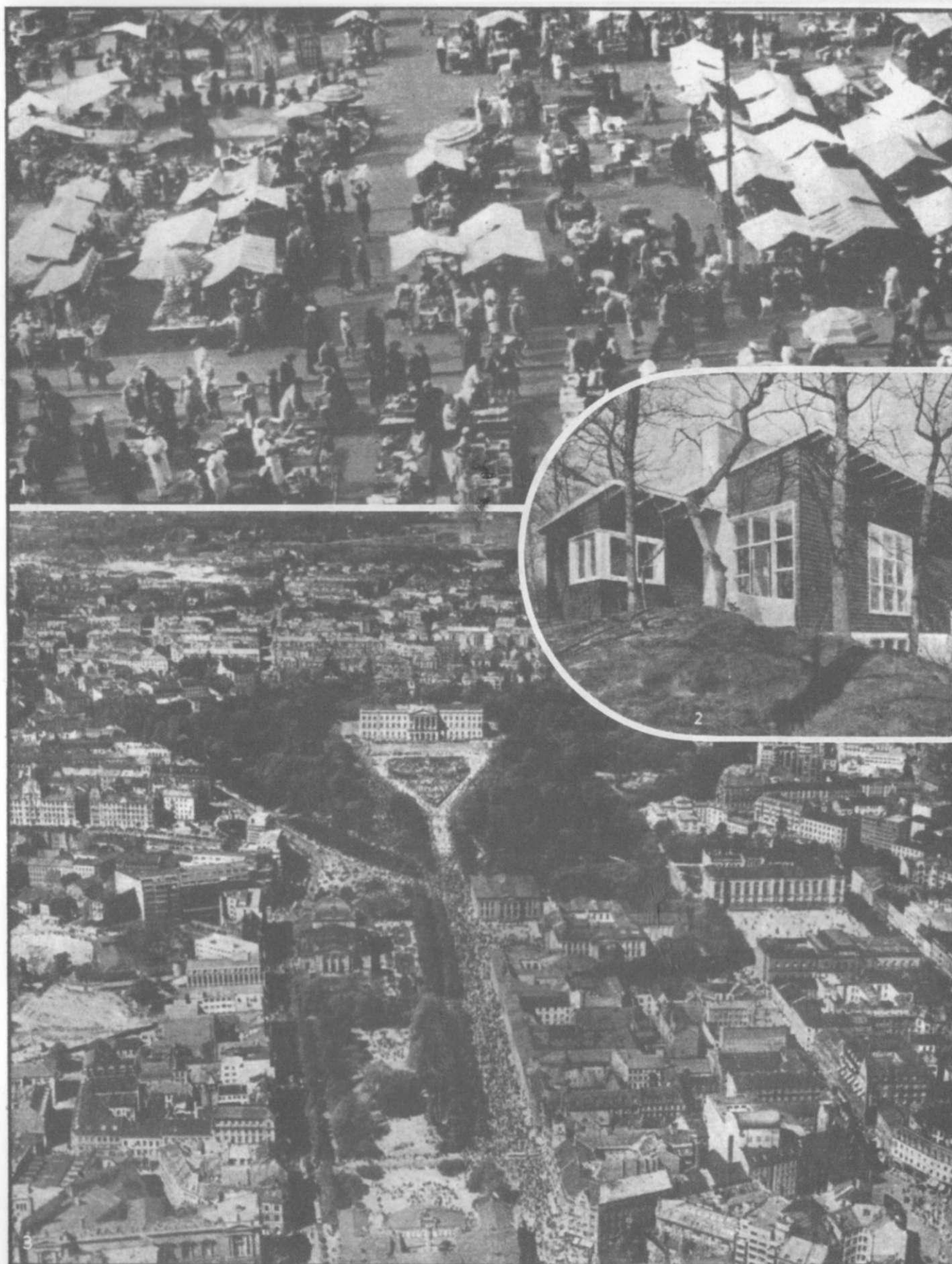
Perhaps Oslo has been more fortunate than most of the occupied capitals of Europe. It appears a little grey and worn after five years of occupation, but as the two-month resistance against the Germans in 1940 was fought out elsewhere in Norway, the capital was not reduced to rubble and ashes like Warsaw, Rotterdam or Belgrade. There were occasional air raids, and a great deal of sabotage, but the marks which these left are rapidly being erased. Though the citizens lack many of the things which they enjoyed before the war they know that many other people are faring far worse.



PEOPLE'S HOUSE AND THEATRE, one of many imposing buildings in Norway's capital, is also the centre of most of the Labour organizations.

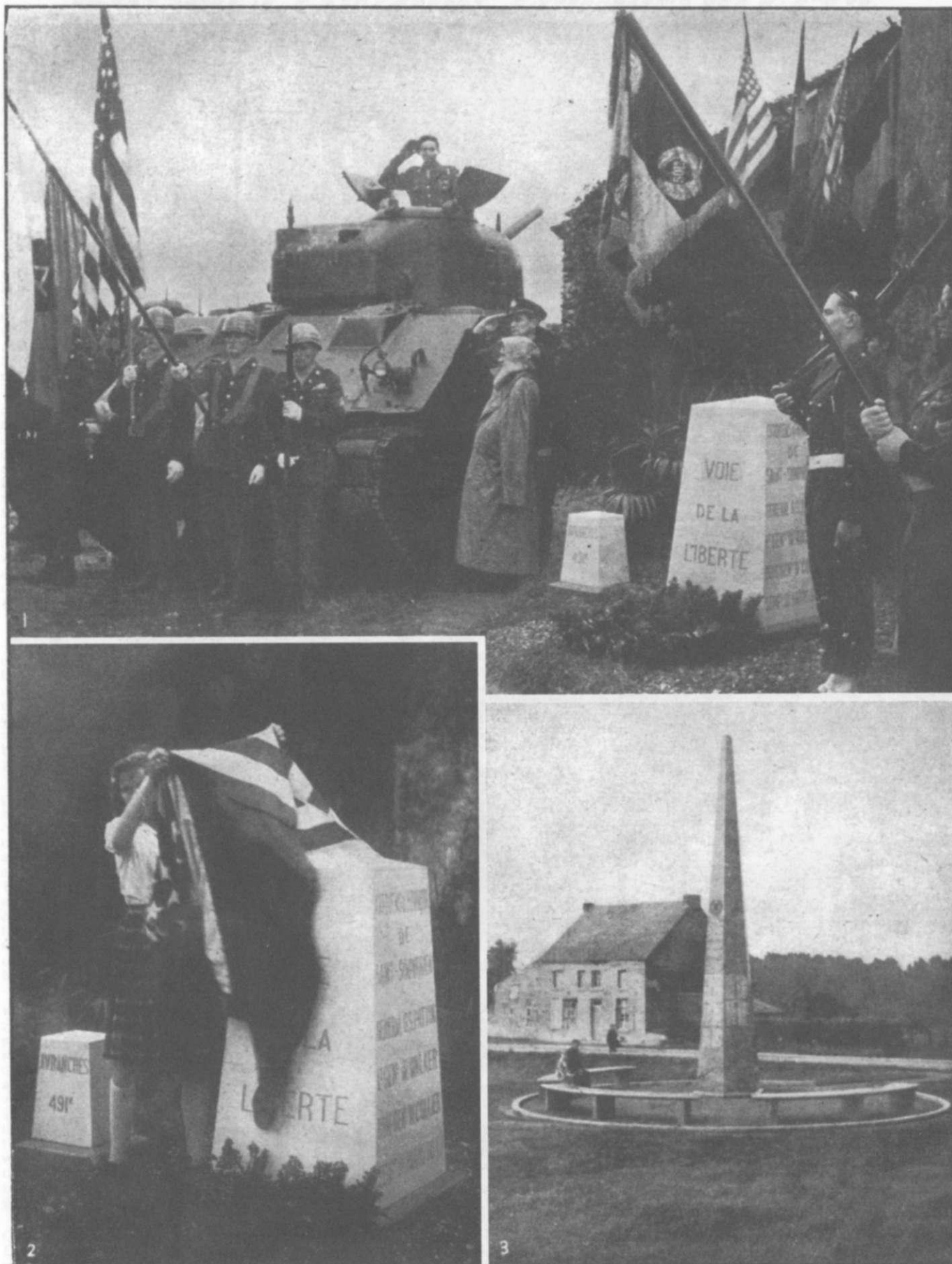
Photo, Royal Norwegian Government

Oslo's Revival After Five Years of Oppression



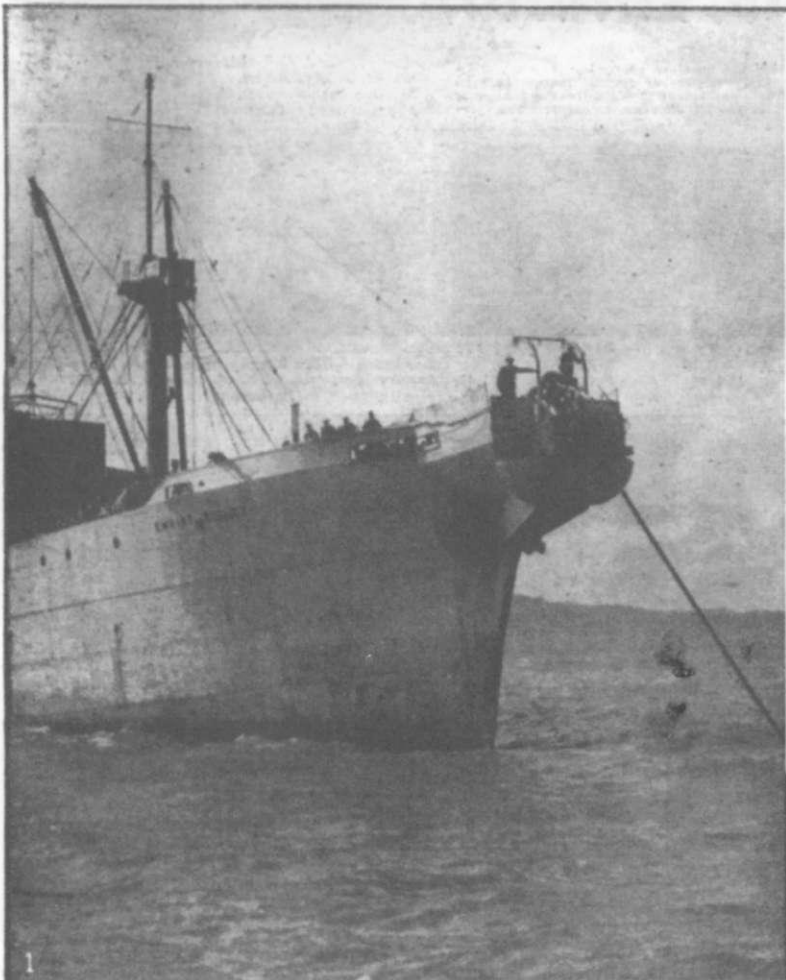
IN THE CAPITAL OF NORWAY AND PRINCIPAL PORT OF SCANDINAVIA there are today no food queues : people shop comfortably and at leisure in the open-air market (1). Boulevard Karl Johan, leading to the Royal Palace (3, centre), was on May 17, 1946, thronged with citizens celebrating National Day, revived after the five years' Occupation. Few bombs fell on Oslo, but 20,000 people were on the waiting list for houses on National Day : many flats are being built, and in the suburbs wooden villas (2) are easing the situation. PAGE 405 Photos, Royal Norwegian Government

New Milestones of Victory Through France

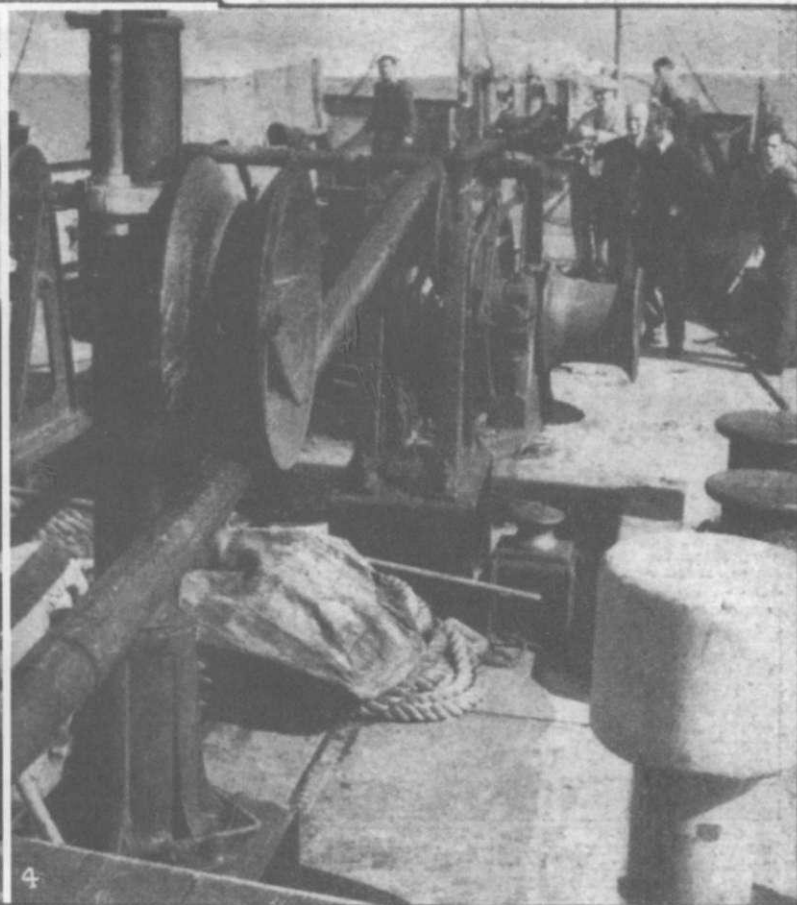


FIRST OF THE COMMEMORATIVE STONES erected along the U.S. 3rd Army's "Liberation Route" from Avranches to Metz was unveiled at St. Symphorien, France, on August 26, 1946. Attending the ceremony (1) were American troops (left), and French armoured forces (right). A young French girl unveiled the stone (2). One of ten memorials (3) to the U.S. First Infantry Division, along the same route, was unveiled on September 2, 1946, at Havay, on the Franco-Belgian Frontier, where the first U.S. soldier was killed on Belgian soil in the Second Great War. PAGE 406

Pluto Comes Back from the Sea-bed as Salvage



PIPE LINE UNDER THE OCEAN—Pluto for short—which conveyed petrol across the bed of the English Channel to Allied Armies on the Continent, is now providing valuable materials, notably lead, required for (among other purposes) the construction of British houses. A length of the pipe line is being wound in (1) by the S.S. Empire Ridley, and one of the marker buoys (2) is taken aboard. Operations are watched by Mr. A. C. Hartley (3), who developed cable used in the laying. Pipe line on board the Empire Ridley (4), temporarily renamed H.M.S. Latimer when she assisted in the laying operations. See also pages 120 and 533, Vol. 9. PAGE 407





Pte. D. J. ADAMS
East Lancashire Regt.
Action: Eystrup. 14.4.45.
Age 19. (Cranborne)

The Roll of Honour

1939—1946

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



Cpl. F. G. AVERALL
Gordon Highlanders.
Action: Italy. 29.9.44.
Age 29. (Sutton Coldfield)



Cpl. A. L. BLOCK
Rifle Brigade.
Action: Cassino. 17.5.44.
Age 27. (London)



Gnr. H. BONFIELD
K.O. Scottish Borderers.
Act'n: Nijmegen. 23.10.44.
Age 23. (Twickenham)



S.B.A. H. J. COLLEY
R.N.V.R.
Indian Ocean. 12.2.44.
Age 20. (Bristol)



Sgt./Pit. R. CURNOW
R.A.F.V.R.
Action: Wales. 17.11.43.
Age 21. (Redruth)



Sgt./Nav. S. CRACKNELL
Air/Sea Rescue R.A.F.
Fresian Isles. 8.10.44.
Age 21. (Tottenham)



Chf./Yeo. CONSTANT
H.M.S. Harvester.
North Atlantic. 11.3.43
Age 29. (London)



Sgt. C. H. CURTIS
Royal Engineers.
Action: C.M.F. 9.9.44.
Age 25. (Oxford)



Pte. G. DODDS
16th Durham L.I.
Died of wounds. 12.6.43.
Age 32. (Newbiggin, Sea)



Flt./Sgt. A. DOBSON
Royal Air Force.
Over Kiel Canal. 27.8.44.
Age 21. (Alnwick)



Sgt. K. W. EDWARDS
Highland Light Infantry.
Siegfried Line. 25.2.45.
Age 26. (Shirley)



Dvr. R. E. HATHERLY
12th Royal Signals.
D'wds. W. Europe. 2.5.45.
Age 23. (Colyton)



Sgt. Flt./Eng. JEFFERIES
640 Sqn. R.A.F.V.R.
Action: E. Yorks. 2.2.45.
Age 19. (Bedford)



Rfn. W. JOHNSTON
R. Ulster R., Airborne.
Action: N'mandy. 19.6.44.
Age 22. (Newtownards)



Sgt./Gnr. C. C. KINVIG
Royal Air Force.
Over Normandy. 2.7.44.
Age 21. (Douglas)



Sgt. R. LEWIS
49 A.P.C. Regt. R.A.C.
Action: Goch. 18.2.45.
Age 34. (Battersea)



Rfn. C. LINSEY
5th Commandos.
Action: Burma. 23.3.44.
Age 19. (Whetstone)



Sgt. G. S. LOVE
Royal Air Force.
Act'n: Middelfart. 10.3.43.
Age 22. (Norbury)



Sgt. R. NORMAN
Royal Air Force.
Market Harboro. 11.3.44.
Age 22. (Wellingborough)



C.S.M. S. OAKLEY
1st Green Howards.
Action: Anzio. 11.3.44.
Age 36. (Bedlington)



Tpr. C. C. OLDING
142 Regiment R.A.C.
D'wds.: Tunisia. 23.4.43.
Age 29. (Eastleigh)



Sgt./Pit. G. F. PECK
10 Bomber Sqn. R.A.F.
Yorkshire. 10.3.43.
Age 21. (Isleworth)



Marine M. F. PINN
H.M.S. Southampton.
Mediterranean. 10.1.41.
Age 32. (Faversham)



Pte. T. E. C. PICK
Lincolnshire Regiment.
Action: Venray. 3.11.44.
Age 20. (Boston)



Flt./Sgt. C. PLATT
R.A.F.V.R.
Over Aegean. 30.9.43.
Age 32. (Springhead)



L'Smn. W. POPHAM
H.M. Submarine Sterlet.
Action: at sea. April, '40.
Age 24. (Andover)



Pte. F. RESTELL
Devonshire Regiment.
Action: W. Europe. 3.9.44
Age 26. (Dagenham)



L/Sgt. J. SMITH
2nd Battn. The Buffs.
Action: Burma. Feb. '45.
Age 25. (Oxted)



Pte. D. STEELE
K.O. Scottish Borderers.
Action: Goch. 27.2.45.
Age 20. (Shepherd's Bush)



L/Cpl. A. J. STEGGLES
R. Army Service Corps.
North Africa. 14.3.44.
Age 30. (Thornton Heath)



Flt./Sgt. J. THOMPSON
57 Bomber Sqn. R.A.F.
Over Harburg. Mar., '45.
Age 22. (Chester)



Sgt. C. TAYLOR
139 (B) Squadron R.A.F.
Action: Belgium. 12.5.40.
Age 23. (Birmingham)



Sgt. H. TRUSCOTT
Royal Air Force.
Action: Berlin. 22.11.43.
Age 21. (Chatham)



Spr. L. WALKER
Royal Engineers.
Act'n: St. Nazaire. 22.6.43
Age 23. (Burnham)



Elec. Artif. J. WATKIN
H.M. Submarine Grampus
At sea. 29.6.40.
Age 31. (Illogan)



L/Cpl. S. S. WOODLEY
Grenadier Guards.
Action: Belgium. 30.5.40.
Age 29. (Winchester)



Pte. W. R. YATES
R. Army Ordnance Corps.
Died of wounds. 2.4.43.
Age 23. (Hednesford)



At Action Stations off Salerno

To be in a lower magazine with all hatches firmly clamped down, with the ship turning violently to avoid torpedoes and bombs, is unpleasant, to say the least. Such was the opinion of M. C. Hyde (portrait in page 158), who describes his experiences on the aircraft carrier *Illustrious* at the battle of the Salerno beaches, in September 1943.

WHEN news came through that the 8th Army had forced its way across the Straits of Messina to land on the beaches of Reggio we knew our turn for action would come soon—and we put to sea from Malta, our Mediterranean operational base, a few days later, on September 8, 1943. That the Fleet was going to cover another landing farther up the Italian coast most of us had correctly surmised, but the announcement of our Captain that same night came as a surprise.

After the familiar "D'ye hear there! D'ye hear there!" This is the Captain speaking," had come over the ship's broadcasting system, we were told the Italians had formally surrendered earlier in the day, but the landings were to proceed, as arranged, on Salerno beaches, south of Naples, and our vigil was not to be relaxed on account of this last-minute surrender, as the Germans were expected to put up a stiff opposition. Salerno being not only the most suitable but also the most obvious place for an Allied landing, it was apparent the enemy would have it well protected.

After the clearing of minefields the first destroyers touched down on the landing beaches at 4 a.m. on the morning of September 9. Concurrently with this main landing at Salerno two other landings took place to the west with the object of seizing

important military objectives. For some time before the actual landings took place we had been closed up at our various action stations on the *Illustrious*, standing by to ward off any surprise attack should the Germans have located us in the night.

Seamen and Royal Marines had to man the heavy dual-purpose 4.5-in. guns, the smaller oerlikons and multi-barrelled pom-poms ("Chicago Planos") as well as maintaining look-out and gun direction positions. Stokers, apart from their normal duties in the engine, boiler and dynamo rooms, made up the damage control and aircraft fuelling parties. Telegraphists, signalmen, coders and radar operators had their own specialized duties to perform, whilst writers, supply assistants, cooks and stewards composed—as decreed by custom—the first-aid parties and worked in the magazines, hoists and ammunition conveyor-belt flats.

Waves of Enemy Aircraft Swept In

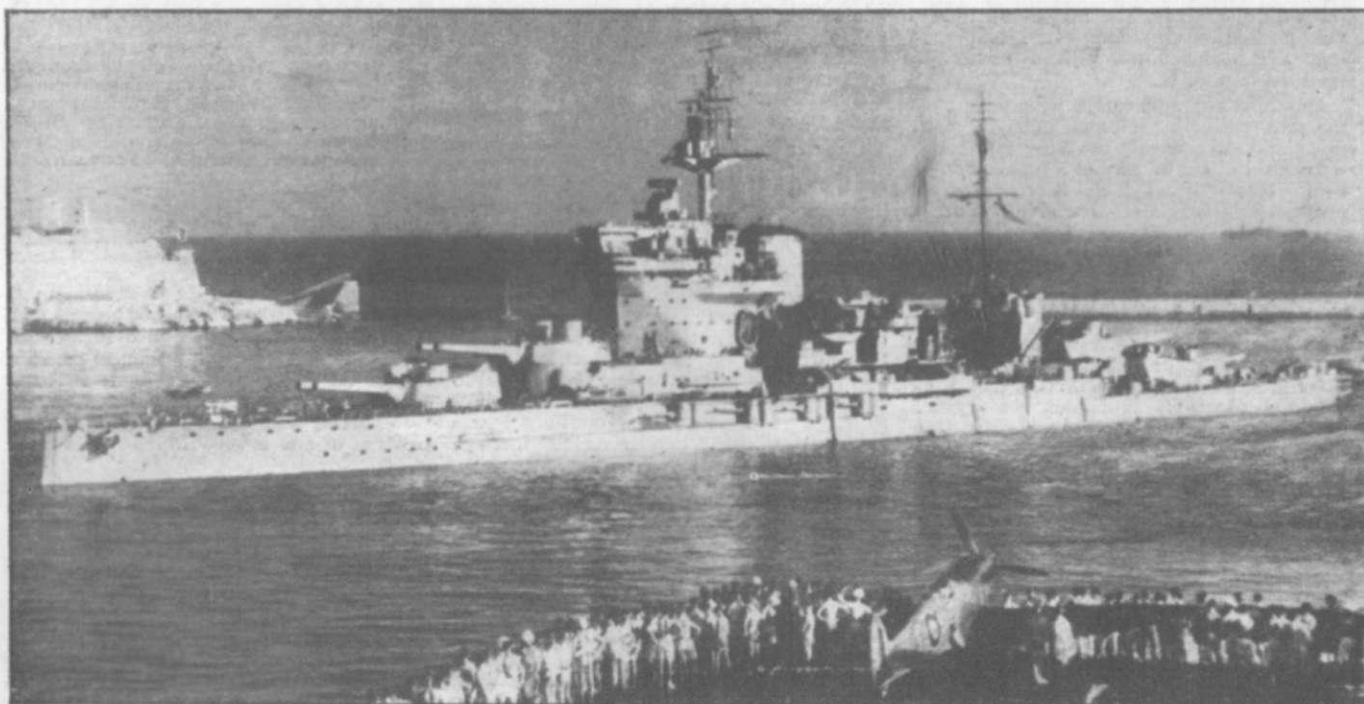
As a writer, I had my battle station in a lower magazine aft, two decks below the wardroom, and reached through two narrow hatchways which, in action, were kept firmly screwed down. In one corner of the magazine was the hoist, consisting of buckets attached to a continually moving belt, and our job was to supply a shell for at least every two buckets, but our motto was "one bucket,

one shell," which meant we had to work at what seemed lightning speed.

We lay off the actual landing beach, giving it sea and air protection with the battleships *Nelson*, *Rodney*, *Warspite*, *Valiant*, *King George V* and our sister carrier *Formidable*. Together with these ships, and the cruisers *Aurora*, *Penelope*, *Sirius* and *Dido*, we formed Force "H," under the command of Vice-Admiral Sir A. U. Willis. *Warspite*, *Valiant*, *King George V* and the four cruisers left us a few days later to pick up the various units of the surrendered Italian Fleet.

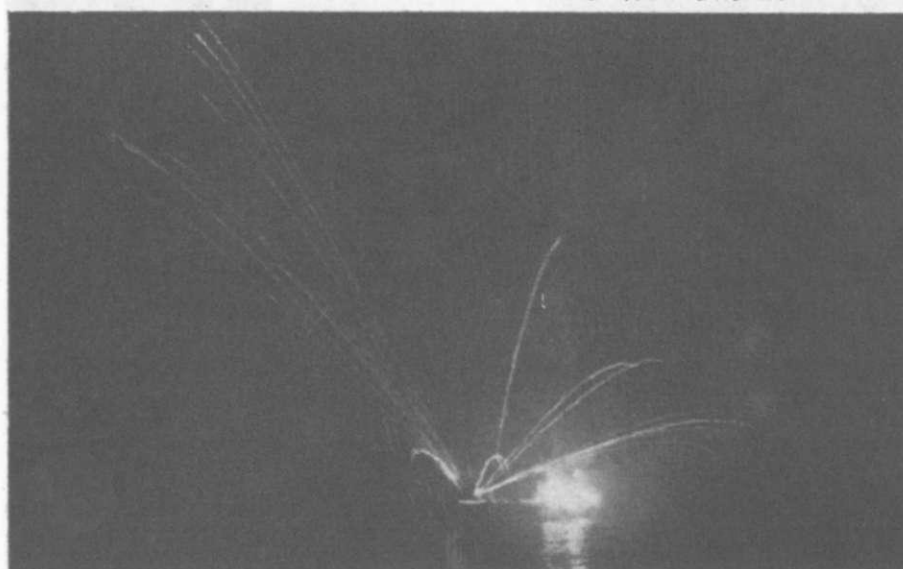
Nor until that night did the enemy switch part of their attack to us. Spotting aircraft had been over earlier in the day, but with nightfall waves of bombers and torpedo-bombers came in to attack, and until the moon set our guns were continually in action. The enemy swept in wave after wave, their principal targets being, of course, the aircraft carriers, for could they sink or badly cripple them our aircraft would not have been able to give their vital support to the landing forces.

Down in the magazine we worked hard to supply all the ammunition our guns needed. Our crew supplied the heavy 4.5-in. guns, for which the shells weigh 56 lb. The main racks were soon emptied and the auxiliary magazines had to be drawn upon. Because of the heat we wore shorts only, and these had to be taken off and wrung out during any short lull in the firing. With the air supply disconnected to prevent back-flash from the guns entering the magazine by way of the ventilation tubes, temperature soon rose to nearly 110 degrees. Working in that



AFTER THE SALERNO OPERATION the aircraft carrier *Illustrious* (foreground) returned to her Mediterranean operational base at Malta—where this photograph was taken from her bows, showing H.M.S. *Warspite* (background) also returning to base. Besides giving protection to the landings with her fighter aircraft (a Seafire is visible on the flight deck), *Illustrious* had expended 4.5-in. shells to the total of 1,475 and 16,500 rounds of pom-pom ammunition off Salerno, and although the target of heavy German air attack came through unscathed. PAGE 409 Photo, British Official

I Was There!



NIGHT ATTACK AT SALERNO, where the British aircraft carriers *Illustrious* and *Formidable*, covering Allied landings, were priority targets of determined but vain efforts by German bombers. A.A. tracer shells from one of the carriers illumine the dark sky in this photograph taken from H.M.S. *Warspite*, whose rigging is dimly visible (bottom right). Photo, British Official

awful heat and with no fresh air, by the time the first major lull came most of us were ready to faint. But because of the likelihood of further attacks no one was allowed out of the magazine for sleep; we snatched what we could on the steel deck, with shells as pillows. By way of refreshment we had some vile lime-juice and ship's biscuits, plus our action ration packs, containing vitamin tablets, chewing gum and sweets.

Throughout the following morning and afternoon we were allowed out of the magazine only for brief spells and had to take our meals in shifts, but even five minutes on a weather deck was a great tonic after the previous night's ordeal. During the day we replenished the empty shell racks and laid a good supply on the deck ready for instant use, but with nightfall came further heavy attacks and these shells were tossed about the deck every time the ship manoeuvred to avoid bombs and torpedoes, hampering our hard-pressed efforts. At times the ship lurched so violently that some of us were thrown right across the magazine; once I was pitched off my feet whilst holding a shell and came down with a resounding thud on top of it.

Our only communication with the rest of the ship was by a somewhat indistinct voice pipe, and occasionally we received reports from the bridge, by way of Commander (S) E. L. Tottenham, O.B.E., R.N., as to the progress of the action. The ship seemed to be eternally twisting and turning and the laconic injunctions of Commander Tottenham as to the many near misses did nothing to relieve our peace of mind.

ON one occasion twelve German torpedo-bombers made a concentrated attack on *Illustrious*, but as the Captain (Capt. R. L. B. Cunliffe) cheerfully remarked, we combed our way through them. We knew that if the ship had been hit aft there would probably have been no way of escape. Fire in the flat above us would have meant our hatches would have stayed clamped down; no chances could be taken with a magazine exploding on a crippled ship.

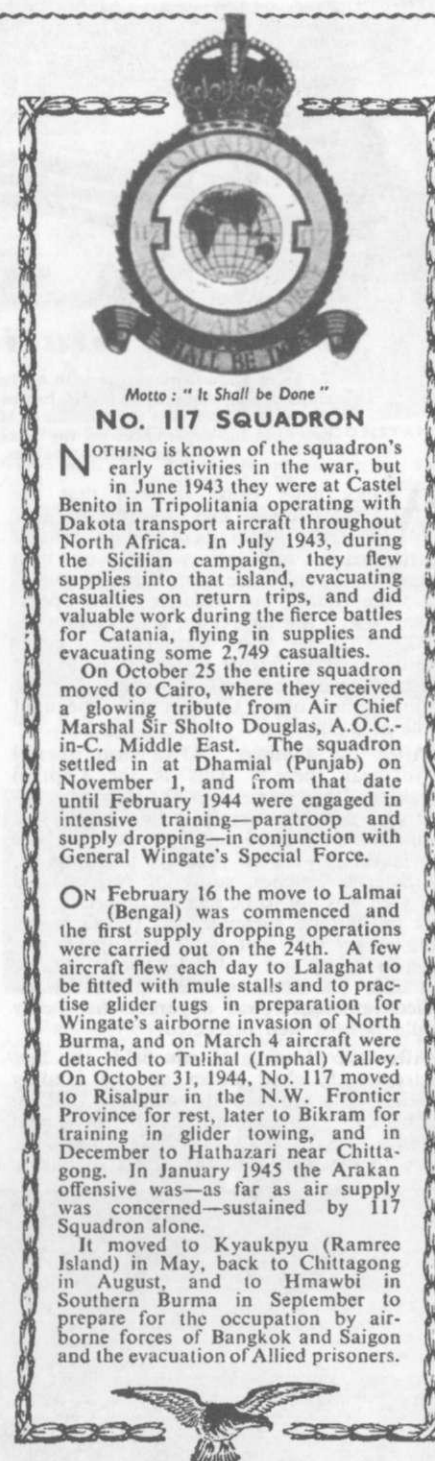
The following day, with the shell racks replenished, we were allowed on deck again for a few minutes at a time. The third night of action saw the enemy attacks not quite so intense, and towards early morning we were given permission to sleep near the magazine during lulls, which meant at least a camp bed and cleaner air. But we barely managed to get to sleep before the call to

battle stations would blare over the loud speakers, and a frantic quarter of an hour ensued: a mad rush to get down into the magazine, and an even madder rush to maintain a constant flow of shells up to the guns before we wearily made our way once more to our camp beds. During some of the lulls I assisted the leader of our magazine in producing *Beacon*, the ship's weekly humour-paper. How we managed to inculcate any humour into its pages I don't know, but at least we were successful in getting it out on time.

Middle Watch in Cipher Office

With Monte Corvino airfield firmly in our hands and the carriers' fighter protection no longer needed we returned to Malta. In all, *Illustrious* used 1,495 4.5-in. shells and 16,500 rounds of pom-pom ammunition in the Salerno operations. On an average our magazine had used most shells and before the final attack was launched we had been sent to another magazine as our ammunition had been expended. We had lived up to our motto of "one bucket, one shell," much to the consternation of the chaps on the receiving end of our hoist, who, of course, had to work at top pressure to avoid the shells jamming. Our only damage was shrapnel and machine-gun bullets on the flight deck, no casualties being suffered apart from the few fellows who had gone down with battle fatigue. Considering the number of very heavy attacks made by the Germans it was amazing the *Illustrious* had come through unscathed.

I was wrong in imagining that on our return to Malta I would have the opportunity to make up for lost sleep. That same night I found I had the middle watch (midnight to 4 a.m.) in the cipher office, where I had to assist in deciphering and typing the various messages received. Whilst on duty I was surprised when a signal came through



Motto: "It Shall be Done"

No. 117 SQUADRON

NOTHING is known of the squadron's early activities in the war, but in June 1943 they were at Castel Benito in Tripolitania operating with Dakota transport aircraft throughout North Africa. In July 1943, during the Sicilian campaign, they flew supplies into that island, evacuating casualties on return trips, and did valuable work during the fierce battles for Catania, flying in supplies and evacuating some 2,749 casualties.

On October 25 the entire squadron moved to Cairo, where they received a glowing tribute from Air Chief Marshal Sir Sholto Douglas, A.O.C.-in-C. Middle East. The squadron settled in at Dhamial (Punjab) on November 1, and from that date until February 1944 were engaged in intensive training—paratroop and supply dropping—in conjunction with General Wingate's Special Force.

ON February 16 the move to Lalmai (Bengal) was commenced and the first supply dropping operations were carried out on the 24th. A few aircraft flew each day to Lalaghat to be fitted with mule stalls and to practise glider tugs in preparation for Wingate's airborne invasion of North Burma, and on March 4 aircraft were detached to Tulihal (Imphal) Valley. On October 31, 1944, No. 117 moved to Risalpur in the N.W. Frontier Province for rest, later to Bikram for training in glider towing, and in December to Hathazari near Chittagong. In January 1945 the Arakan offensive was—as far as air supply was concerned—sustained by 117 Squadron alone.

It moved to Kyaukpyu (Ramree Island) in May, back to Chittagong in August, and to Hmawbi in Southern Burma in September to prepare for the occupation by airborne forces of Bangkok and Saigon and the evacuation of Allied prisoners.

recalling the battleships and escorts to the assault area as things were not going so well and the landing forces needed further support. But the recall did not affect us, so we carried on to Malta with a destroyer escort. At this time the Italian Battle Fleet was surrendering and we saw large formations of them in and around Malta.

I Was King of an Island in the Aegean

German garrisons manning the Aegean islands in 1943 and 1944 were kept very much on the alert by raiding parties of British and Greek Commandos. On Symi, north-west of Rhodes, the British occupying force consisted for some months of one man—Coy. Sgt.-Major G. J. Roberts—who tells how, as "Lord High Everything," he administered that island.

AFTER the Germans and Italians had been driven out of North Africa in the summer of 1943 volunteers were wanted for the special intelligence service known as Force 133. I had served in the

R.A.S.C. from Alamein to Cape Bon, and previously had gained some sea experience sailing in small craft during short leaves, which stood me in good stead when I applied for transfer. From Cape Bon I was sent to Haifa in Palestine. From Haifa I was

On Symi Island With Commandos of Force 133



LANDING IN SEPTEMBER 1944 on Symi, an island of 22 square miles in the Aegean north-west of Rhodes, Force 133 Commandos were joyfully welcomed by the inhabitants (1). After setting up a radio station (2) to maintain contact with their H.Q., the British raiders (3) returned to the Santa Claus, leaving behind Coy. Sergeant-Major Roberts (see facing page). It was on Symi that all the German forces in the Dodecanese and Aegean, totalling over 20,000 men, surrendered to Brig. J. Moffat in May 1945. PAGE 411



I Was There!



SANTA CLAUS, as the British members of her crew called the Greek caïque Los Nicolas, was the small but well-armed vessel in which "Force 133" raided enemy-occupied islands in the Eastern Mediterranean. On her arrival at Symi (above) on September 26, 1944, Greeks were taken aboard for interrogation; most of them co-operated wholeheartedly with the British "invaders."

given passage in an Arab schooner to Cyprus. There I was interviewed by Major Chapman, in command of the Famagusta base, who gave me a chance to back out without any of the stigma which attaches to an eleventh hour withdrawal.

"Force 133 is an entirely voluntary service," he emphasized. "It is fair to tell you that if you go through with this you will be engaged on highly secret and dangerous work."



Company Sgt.-Major G. J. ROBERTS

There was no need to "think it over," as he advised. My mind was made up. I had come hundreds of miles in search of something novel and exciting and had no intention of going back to the R.A.S.C. with my tail indignominously down. The decision was made then and there, for good or ill. Major Chapman took me down to the docks and introduced me to Regimental Sergeant-Major John Clayton, a young bearded buccaneer who might have been a direct descendant of Sir Francis Drake. Clayton was skipper of a Greek caïque Los Nicolas, which in English means Santa Claus, and I was appointed as mate. The Santa Claus became my floating home. She had a length of only 32 feet, but was 13 feet of beam and could accommodate a crew of seven in one cabin amidships and another forward. She was well-armed for her job of roaming and raiding in the enemy-occupied area of the Eastern Mediterranean.

For two days we were busy taking aboard stores and ammunition and making everything shipshape for a voyage. Then we sailed under sealed orders, and that excursion over blue sparkling sea into the Unknown thrilled me more than any of the former exploits in the dusty African desert. Beside the crew—six of us British and one Greek patriot—we had two passengers, both Greek agents in the pay of the British Intelligence Service. To all outward appearance the Santa Claus was a harmless caïque manned by Greek fishermen, for Army uniforms had been replaced by attire in keeping with our role.

According to instructions our skipper Clayton opened the sealed orders when we were clear of Cyprus, and we learnt that our

destination was Andros, an island in the Aegean Sea. This was no healthy spot, being near the mainland of Greece; in fact, less than 50 miles from Athens as the crow flies. Our job was to land the two Greek agents there, and take off two others who, presumably, would have military information to impart to our Staff at Famagusta. Further instructions were to obtain photographs, if possible, waylay any Greek fishermen who might have contacted the Germans, and learn whatever we could of enemy defences, ship movements and so forth. Beside ammunition for our guns we took "ammo" of another variety—stacks of gold sovereigns and gallons of a native drink called mastica for the purpose of "sweetening" Greeks who might prove useful to the Allied cause.

To Collect the German Commandant

Thus began a three months' voyage through the maze of Aegean islands, some of them heavily fortified and garrisoned by the Germans. One ticklish bit of navigation was through the mined channel between Rhodes and the Turkish coast in the darkness of night. All nerves were on edge during this tricky passage. But though we steered well clear of Rhodes, the caïque was seen and the German shore batteries gave us a bad quarter-hour as we ran under harassing shell-fire. In spite of German vigilance in the Aegean we accomplished the mission to Andros successfully, and afterwards made another more-or-less uneventful voyage.

The third exploit in which I took part was of a different kind. Our destination was Melos, and the order was to raid the strong German garrison and, if possible, capture the Commandant of the island. We arrived in darkness, shortly after midnight, and anchored in a small cove on what appeared to be a lonely part of the coast. I went ashore with the raiding party, consisting of four Englishmen and several Greeks, commanded by a Greek officer specially appointed to lead the attack. We crept ashore among the rocks, each man armed with a tommy-gun, automatic pistol and several hand-grenades. Unluckily, an alert German sentry must have seen movement and reported to headquarters by telephone, for within a few minutes a hot fire was directed on the cove by quick-firing 88-mm. guns.

No recall signal was made from the Santa Claus, and we pushed on inland for half-a-mile. The danger that the Germans might descend from their strongholds and cut off our retreat to the caïque had to be

accepted—we became used to living dangerously in Force 133. For a time we returned the fire from scattered positions, and hoped thereby to give the impression that we were a really formidable raiding company.

The bold policy, aided by luck, paid handsome dividends. We reached a wide track and, hearing a motor vehicle coming our way, lay in ambush among the rocks and scrub. A German Staff car came along and drew sharply to a halt on our first burst of fire. The three occupants were the Commandant and two aides who had been hurrying across the island to discover what all the "liveliness" was about. But this was not the Commandant we had come to collect; this was a new man recently arrived at Melos, and (as we discovered subsequently) a dyed-in-the-wool member of the Nazi Party.

The trio alighted, and our Greek officer called in German to demand their instant surrender. Response came in a burst of fire from the Commandant's automatic, and the two others began blazing away. Bullets whanged and ricocheted around us, and small-arms' fire from the hills was directed toward the track. There was only one thing to do, and we did it. An answering stream of bullets spat from our tommy-guns, and the three Germans slumped to the ground.

A hurried search was made of their bodies and the car; then we wrecked the vehicle with hand-grenades and scurried back to the cove through the fire-torn night, taking with



REG. SGT.-MAJOR JOHN CLAYTON, skipper of the Los Nicolas, "a young bearded buccaneer who might have been a direct descendant of Sir Francis Drake."

us the valuable military papers we had secured. We encountered no German patrols, but how we got the Santa Claus to sea under shell-fire without casualties was little short of a miracle. The caïque herself was spattered with steel fragments from near-misses.

Life in Force 133 was a series of strange, nerve-testing adventures often under circumstances of acute discomfort, alternating with brief periods of "high life" in the only luxury hotel in Famagusta. We even landed on Rhodes, attacked a German convoy of ships on our way out, and ran for cover to Aplothika in Turkey. Then, en route to the small island of Symi, we were intercepted by heavily-armed R-boats which flashed signals to discover our identity. Luckily for us we had the German code, and were able to reply satisfactorily. But it was some time before our heart-beats settled to normal tempo.

We discovered by reconnaissance that the Germans had left Symi temporarily, and the shell-fire we encountered on approaching the place was from Greek patriots who imagined our craft was bringing some of them back. Having landed there, we hauled

I Was There!

down the swastika flag still over the Government Building and hoisted a Blue Ensign.

"You must stay here in charge, Roberts," our skipper ordered. "I'll come back for you in a fortnight." But he did not return for three months, being busy with the capture of Santorin, which was garrisoned by no fewer than 90 Germans. So, for that period, I was sole British representative and administrator of Symi, virtually the king of the island. I heard later that Clayton requested the Royal Navy to send a detachment to occupy the place, but this was turned down. The reason given was that it was too near the island of Rhodes, strongly-held by the enemy, and that one man on Symi could be "as useful as a hundred."

By this time—September 1944—I could speak Greek fairly well. Another advantage was the co-operation of a large majority of Greeks who were overjoyed at their liberation. They acclaimed me wholeheartedly as their ruler, which meant that when I got cracking on the job I found myself enacting the role of Pooh Bah. At twenty-seven years of age, with no previous training for the multiple posts I had to fill (I was a commercial traveller before joining the Army), reliance had to be placed mainly on commonsense combined with an impressively authoritative manner.

My first concern was to organize a protective military force for the island and arm the Greeks enrolled with rifles discovered in a German armoury. About 3,500 islanders had to be fed, and it became necessary to train fishermen in the art of raiding. By intercepting and attacking German-manned caiques the food problem was prevented from becoming a serious menace, though this method of securing rations was risky in the extreme.

I appointed myself Chief Constable and formed a police force, opened a hospital and placed Symi's only doctor in charge. Then I restarted the schools, in my capacity as Superintendent of Education. As Clerk of the Peace I inaugurated licensing hours for the sale of liquor, based on the British system, with "Time, gentlemen!" at 10 p.m. sharp. And as Lord High Chancellor I confiscated certain surplus local funds, and distributed largess among the poor to enable them to buy the necessities of life. Later I sent the town crier round to collect money from the better-off inhabitants to buy food from Turkey. A rare collection was obtained for this purpose, consisting mainly of gold sovereigns, American ten-dollar pieces and Turkish gold pounds.

But life on Symi was rather like living on the brink of a volcano where a fatal eruption

might occur at any time. Sentries were posted day and night, and twice I was hauled out of bed to lead in repelling German raiders who arrived in armed caiques under cover of darkness. On each occasion we beat them off, and I learnt later than the Jerries believed a strong British force had taken possession of the place. There is no reason to suppose that, until the end of the war, they had any idea that our occupying force consisted only of one British soldier!

As Lord Chief Justice, I had some cases to adjudicate that would have tested the ingenuity of Solomon himself. One was a complicated dispute among the shepherds with regard to certain grazing rights, which matter I contrived to settle harmoniously by holding a public auction—and distributing most of the proceeds afterwards to the unsuccessful bidders.

Another not-so-easy case related to a band of young zealots who were so incensed at the behaviour of thirteen Greek girls, who were alleged to have fraternized with the Germans, that they shaved the unfortunate girls' heads. In that undignified condition—

shorn completely of their locks—they trooped angrily into court, unitedly shrilling their complaint at me.

The occurrence was not without humour, and it was difficult to restrain a smile at their quaint appearance. But it was a headache for me, right enough, and I was puzzled at the right step to take. At last, in view of the evidence submitted by the equally angry defenders, I imposed moderate fines, which the young zealots duly but grudgingly paid. I was careful enough to take measures to prevent a recurrence of any such regrettable display of patriotic indignation.

When at last Skipper Clayton and his buccancers returned in the Santa Claus, the Greeks pressed gifts on me and urged that I might be appointed as permanent Governor of their island. This was out of the question, of course, and after a great celebration I took an affectionate leave of them. My hope is that one day I may return to that quaint island in the Eastern Mediterranean where, for a brief spell in wartime, I reigned as Lord-High-Everything.

Captured by the Admiral Graf Spee

The 8,000-ton Tairoa, a coal-burning cargo-carrier of the Shaw, Savill and Albion Line, under the command of Capt. W. B. S. Starr, sailed from Durban, homeward bound, on November 27, 1939, and ran foul of the notorious German pocket-battleship and raider, Admiral Graf Spee. The adventures of her survivors, taken aboard the enemy ship, are narrated by James Keating, a fireman of the S.S. Tairoa.

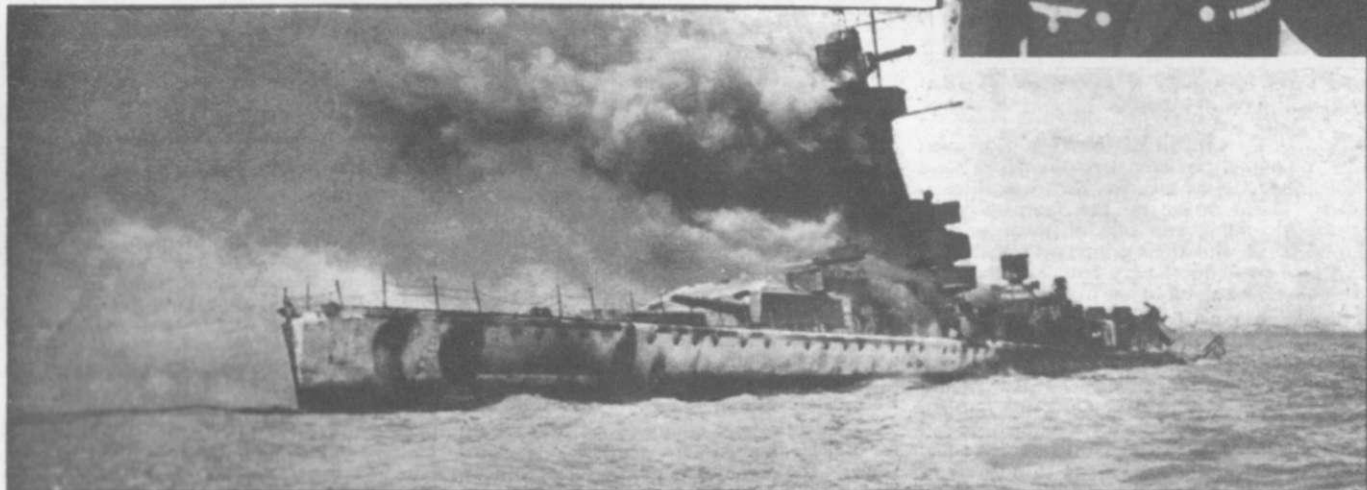
WE heard the S O S sent out by the Blue Star liner Doric Star when, on December 2, 1939, she was being attacked by the Graf Spee. At once the old Tairoa altered course to get to safer quarters, and nothing befell us till the following morning, when we were sighted by the raider. Then things happened swiftly.

Captain Starr ordered our radio officer to send out S O S calls, whereupon shells came screaming over. No less than 50 of them hit the Tairoa in the vicinity of the bridge. In the oily heat below, we firemen of the duty watch just slogged away at our job of keeping the ship moving—hoping there would be no hit below the water-line to release high-pressure steam that could kill us as easily as shells or bullets.

Courage is a fine virtue when you have at least a dog's chance of pulling through, but live men may still be an asset to their country in the long run. That, I suppose, is how Captain Starr figured it when he hove-to and surrendered. Engineers and firemen were ordered on deck. We of the Black Squad climbed the warm ladders, sweat mingled

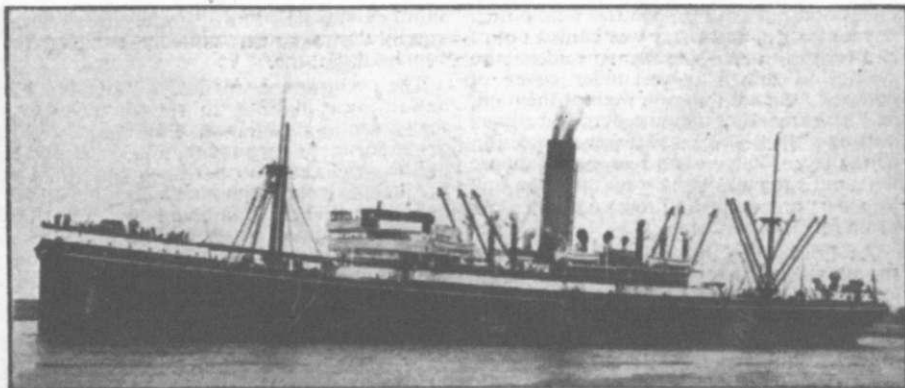
with coal-dust on our faces and arms. We saw the awful damage done by the Graf Spee's shells, and saw the Captain calmly dump the Tairoa's log and secret papers overboard in a weighted bag.

The raider moved in and we were boarded by a German officer and marines, who



SCUTTLED ON HITLER'S ORDERS, the battleship Admiral Graf Spee was blown up off Montevideo on December 17, 1939, four days after her defeat in the Battle of the River Plate (see pages 505 and 526, Vol. I). The lives of some 1,000 of her crew were saved; they were taken to Buenos Aires and interned. On December 26 her commander, Captain Hans Langsdorff (top), described in the accompanying story as a chivalrous foe, was found dead, in the naval arsenal at Buenos Aires, shot by his own hand.

I Was There!



S.S. TAIROA, 8,000-ton coal-burning cargo-carrier of the Shaw, Savill and Albion Line, was on the homeward run from South Africa when she encountered the Admiral Graf Spee on December 3, 1939. The accompanying story tells of her sinking, with time-bombs and gunfire, and the subsequent adventures of her survivors.
Photo, Nautical Photo Agency

brought instructions that we were to follow their ship. But we had sustained so much damage that this was found to be impossible, so we survivors were sent aboard the Graf Spee—whilst the boarding-parties placed time-bombs in the Tairoa's holds and engine-room. Most of us were a bit dazed by now, and it was not until we were actually on our way in motor-boats that we realized exactly what this fateful encounter meant to us.

The Germans slung rope-ladders over the Graf Spee's side so that we could climb aboard, and there on the quarter-deck of the pocket-battleship we saw the man whose name was destined to make world news.

Captain Hans Langsdorff was a fine-looking figure in his naval uniform of white with black-and-gold shoulder-straps and many decorations; and he addressed us in excellent English. We heard later that he had lived



J. KEATING

in the Isle of Wight before the war, and his English wife and daughters were still there; but he had been recalled to Germany as he was on the German Naval Reserve. Here is what he said to us, so far as I can remember:

"I am very sorry to have to do this, but we are at war. Of all the ships I have caught, I have not left any members of the crews stranded. I have always fetched them on board and, when convenient, turned many of them over to my supply ship. You will be transferred to an oil-tanker. While you are here, you can have a fair share of what rations I have in my ship."

While the captain of the Graf Spee was talking, our wounded shipmates were being taken to the sick bay for surgical treatment. Then some of the German crew gathered round, and one of them said to those of us who were grimy with coal-dust, "Come down and have a bath, and then you can have something to eat if you want it."

I was below decks when explosions tore the plates out of the Tairoa, and so was spared the sight of her final destruction. Because the bombs they had planted aboard her did not sink her at once, the Germans finished her off with gunfire, then the Graf Spee got under way. After a hot bath I joined some of my mates and was given tea with plenty of milk and sugar, white bread and cake. There was, it seemed, plenty of tea on board because the raider had taken 500 cases out of the Huntsman, another of her victims.

Men of the Doric Star were on board with us. A refrigerated meat-carrier of 10,000 tons, bound from New Zealand, she had a full cargo when encountered, and her master, Captain Stubbs, flooded the engine-room and refrigerated chambers when he knew himself to be trapped, and thus denied the Graf Spee a useful haul of supplies.

The Germans had not allowed us to bring extra gear away, and all I now owned was an old flannel vest, a pair of dungaree trousers and a well-worn pair of boots, but I was lucky to have a few cigarettes in my pocket. During the day, as the Graf Spee steamed westward at high speed, we were allowed on deck, although constantly under guard. The weather was perfect and the Jerries were in high spirits, especially the many youngsters in the crew—but then they didn't know what was coming to them off the coast of South America!

Cigarette-end for Adolf Hitler

We prisoners paced up and down and speculated vainly on what the future might hold for us. While so doing, we were astonished to see three of the Germans come along the deck carrying a 4-in. gun and casemate complete. But what seemed a Herculean feat proved not so very remarkable when we realized that this chunk of "armament" consisted only of grey-painted wood and canvas. To give the Graf Spee a more ferocious appearance they positioned several of these fakes in prominent places.

Another thing that took our attention and caused comment was the presence of an aircraft on board with equipment for catapulting. This was a monoplane and looked genuine, although we were not allowed near enough for any careful examination. The

Dover's Ordeal in the 49th Month

In this vivid sketch Frank Illingworth remembers the high-lights of the last month of bombardment of Dover by Calais and Boulogne long-range guns. In those tremendous days and nights the Germans were getting rid of as much ammunition—including 14-in. armour-piercing and shrapnel shells—as they could before the 1st Canadian Army overran Gris Nez.

DAY after day, night after night, from the week-end of September 1, 1944, to September 28, when the German radio said, "The last remaining long-range gun at Calais has fallen," my home-town shuddered to the roar of enemy artillery fire, with the Hun using contact shells first, then shrapnel, and finally, as from the cliff tops I watched the smoke of the Canadian advance surging across Cap Gris Nez, armour-piercing shells tore into the foundations of Dover's buildings.

The streets were empty of civilians except for police and wardens sheltering in doorways. The military were in their shelters. The whiplash crack of German shells and the deeper roar of our "Boche Busters" on the cliffs flanking Dover mingled with the

cause of most speculation about this machine was the curious fact that painted on the wings were the red, white and blue roundels of the Royal Air Force.

Later in the day we were issued with hammocks and shown where to sling them. To reach our sleeping flat forward we had to pass through a mess-deck of the German crew, and noticed that photographs of Adolf Hitler in various poses were stuck liberally over the bulkheads. On returning through this portrait gallery we fixed a cigarette stub to Hitler's mouth on a prominent picture. Directly the "decoration" was discovered the Nazi seamen came surging round us, gesticulating with their fists and giving tongue vociferously, but they were a highly disciplined company and the incident passed with nothing worse than threats.

OUR treatment as prisoners in the Graf Spee was very tolerant, and the food and accommodation beyond reproach. A typical dinner was roast pork, vegetables and currant pudding. The warship held a westerly course at speed, avoiding the normal trade routes, obviously to meet the oil-tanker to which Captain Langsdorff had referred.

After four days aboard we were ordered to assemble on the quarter-deck. The Graf Spee hove-to, and we saw another ship on the starboard beam. This was a sizeable tanker with single funnel aft and painted grey overall—and most of us were destined to know her only too well in due course as the notorious prison-ship Altmark.

Some of the more seriously wounded among us were kept on board the raider and later landed in the River Plate. Two masters, Captain Starr and Captain Brown, being over sixty years of age, were to be transferred with us seamen and firemen to the German supply ship. On December 7, 1939, Captain Langsdorff made a pointed reference to Captain Dau of the Altmark. Telling us we were to be transferred, he added:

"I warn you that your treatment in future may not be as good as you have received so far. The master of that ship was interned in the last war and he has no use for British people. Although he is one of my countrymen, I tell you plainly he is no good. All I can do is to wish you the best of luck."

Well, Captain Hans Langsdorff is dead and his grave is in the soil of a foreign land. In my opinion he was a "white man," and I base that opinion on his treatment of us chaps in the Graf Spee, and the fact that when he sought refuge in a neutral harbour he conformed to international law by releasing the British officers who were still on board.

(Continued in No. 244.)

clang of fire bells. The night of September 1, 1944, was typical of those of the forty-ninth month of shellfire.

On that evening London newspapers hinted that the Calais guns might well have fired their last rounds; and Company-Officer George Muddle flung himself on his bed at the Fire Station and said to me, "Perhaps we can get some sleep." Barely had he spoken when one of our noisiest and most spectacular nights began. Dover had been shelled and bombed more or less at once; and we knew what it was like to be bombed and cannon-gunned simultaneously; but this night was to see us attacked by flying-bombs and long-range artillery.

The sky flickered and reverberated with A.A. fire, the roar of long-range (Royal Marine Siege Regiment) guns on the cliff-tops,

I Was There!

and the explosion of German shells and flying-bombs. The telephone was shrilling when we entered the Fire Station Control Room. It carried news that a shell had killed Fireman Dowell, and of yet more destruction. For several hours the "Castle Look-out Wallah" was to be kept busy.

From 2 a.m. the Control log book recorded his words: "Shower of shrapnel shells over Dour Street. . . . Three shells—one at Dour Street, one at Tower Hamlets, one at the Tanyard." Then the A.A. guns opened up, and through the barrage I heard the buzz of a doodle-bug. Tracers ripped the night, and then the roar of a VI shook the old town and from the Castle look-out came the news, "Flying-bomb destroyed over the Harbour. . . . Two shells in the Harbour. . . . Flying-bomb approaching. . . ."

Once again A.A. guns mingled with the crack of German artillery fire. A cone of green and red tracer converged on the red tail of the doodle-bug and, sweeping across the town, pointed out its route until a shell found its mark and the flying-bomb disintegrated in mid-air. George muttered, "First bombs, then shells, then shells and bombs: now shells and doodle-bugs. What next, I wonder?" The answer was, "More shells—by the salvo." Carefully the telephonist jotted them into the Station log-book: "Shells near Lord Warden Hotel, seafront, Clarence Lawn. . . . Three shells at St. Margarets. . . . Eastbrook Place blocked by fallen house. . . . Shells in fire station garden. . . . Union Road. . . . Odo Road."

Fire Was Getting the Upper Hand

There was a flash-back to the Odo Road incident. A begrimed messenger tumbled into Central with news that Leading-Fireman Ghilks was buried by debris there. Then the phones shrilled again. Fire—Lency's Brewery—get cracking! Bells clanged as shells crashed into nearby Astor Avenue and the fire engines head for Lency's. Next came calls from the Prince of Wales' Pier. The 200-ton minesweeper H.M.S. Loise had been hit, and Company-Officer Crawshaw was ordered to take a crew on to the dangerous, cratered roads.

The heavens were reverberating. Brick-dust soared over Woolworths, over the Docks, the seafront, and over Clarence Lawn. Back at the Fire Station there was another "Call." An old couple at Clarence Lawn were trapped in a house reported to be burning. Send a crew! The "smoke" proved to be a column of brick-dust following a direct hit, but if there was no fire to extinguish there was the old couple to rescue.

At 4.21 a.m. another German battery at Calais joined those already in action; and fire bells clanged again as another fire crew took to the road, this time towards Chitty's Flour Mill. A lorry in the yard had been hit by a shell and set on fire. At first we thought that one fire-pump would be sufficient for the job of putting out the flames. But shortly a messenger hastened back to Central with news that the fire was getting the upper hand. More crews turned out as further German salvos crashed into the town.

This part of the town suffered badly during the 49th month. When the front of butcher Gore's shop was torn out George Muddle arrived at the scene to find Mrs. Gore still standing in front of her sink, "washing" plates and dishes in a pudding-like mixture of water and plaster. Typical of the fire incidents during this month, when German gunners between Boulogne and Gris Nez were "getting rid of their ammo.," was that behind the Castle. Column-Officer Percy Baynton, in control at Central, tried to get through to the Castle look-out when, from the entrance to the Station, I reported a flickering red glow behind the Castle; as the telephone lines had been cut by shells he ordered George Muddle to investigate.



DOVER'S CAVES GAVE SHELTER to many inhabitants of the town during bombardment from long-range guns in September 1944. This 49th month under shellfire, of which one typical night is described in these pages, ended with the welcome announcement from the German radio that "the last remaining long-range gun at Calais has fallen." Photo, Planet News

I piled into the car with George. Shells exploding directly in front of us among the trees and houses in Park Avenue brought a tree down across the road, and we almost crashed into it in the dark. Reversing, George turned down Frith Street, raced up Waterworks Hill towards the blaze, and a salvo smacked into a house on Castle Hill as I helped him ease the car around a crater in the middle of the road. On rounding the bend we saw flames licking a military motor depot which had suffered a near miss.

A soldier rushed up, shouting, "I can't drive—you'll have to get the vehicles out!" A tall order, for several vehicles were a mass of flames and the burning roof was sagging over petrol-carriers. But at least we could try, and George clambered into a lorry as a burning rafter crashed in front of it. Meanwhile, our coastal guns had taken up the German challenge. The roar of artillery mingled with the pops of bursting tires and exploding petrol tanks. Time and again we

emerged from the fire at the wheel of a lorry. Particularly did we appreciate that the burning lorries had to be got out when a soldier shouted: "It's not what's *in* the garage that worries us but what's *under* it—petrol stores!"

By the time Percy Baynton arrived with a fire engine we had driven or shoved some twenty cars and lorries into the open. Then jets of water were thrown into the cabins of vehicles which were too hot to touch, and these were hauled into the open by an officer in a Bren-gun carrier. In subsequent Orders issued by the South-Eastern Command the Fire Brigade was congratulated for its efficiency, and an army corporal and a civilian who helped to get the vehicles from the flames were commended.

When the night's bombardment came to an end I have no idea. . . . And so it went on, until the 28th when, during a spell of silence, I watched folk emerging uncertainly from their shelters. They did not know it at the time, but their ordeal was over.

NEW FACTS AND FIGURES

WHEN the Nuremberg War Crimes Tribunal adjourned on August 31, 1946, the longest trial in history came to an end. The court had sat on 217 days, held 403 open sessions, totalling approximately 2,400 hours. Five million words had been spoken in four languages, the transcript making a pile 30 feet high. Filed in the prosecution's library were over three million documents—as well as 4,000 double-sided discs of sound recordings made in court and 80,000 feet of film used as evidence.

WORK of the Red Army service and ordnance corps, communications and engineering troops and medical units, was commemorated in August 1946 by an Order of the Day to these "rear establishments." During the War more than 43,750 miles of railway track and over 10,000 bridges were restored in areas of the Soviet Union from which the enemy had been expelled. Some 6,250 miles of log road and 3,000 miles of gravel road were laid. Railway trucks transported a daily average of 400,000 tons of freight. On four occasions the entire Red Army was equipped with new outfits of summer or winter clothing.

ABOUT 7,000 British Servicemen in Germany have sought permission for wives and children to join them. They are distributed in the Services as follows: Army 4,000; Control Commission 2,100; R.A.F. over 500; Navy over 100. The proportion of children to wives is about two to one in groups receiving early passages, and about

equal in subsequent groups—the reason being that most of the families with higher priorities are those of older Servicemen.

PLANS are being made (according to a War Office statement of September 3, 1946) to provide accommodation in Japan for wives and children of British Commonwealth Servicemen. In southern Japan 38,000 troops—British, Indian, Australian and New Zealand—control some of the largest industrial centres, including the naval base at Kure. The atom-bombed city of Hiroshima is also in the British occupation zone.

THE demobilization programme of the United States Navy was completed on August 31, 1946. Since the Japanese surrender (September 2, 1945) 3,070,581 officers and men have been discharged, leaving 644,857 on the strength.

SIXTEEN public holidays have been selected for the British Commonwealth Occupation Force in Japan, announced the War Office on September 2, 1946. These will be New Year's Day; Australia Day (January 26); Good Friday; Easter Saturday; Easter Monday; Anzac Day (April 25); VE Day (May 8); Empire Day (May 24); the King's Birthday (June 10); August Bank Holiday; VJ Day (August 14); Trafalgar Day (October 21); Armistice Day (November 11); Christmas Day; Boxing Day; and a day to commemorate the Battle of Britain. Indian and Jewish troops will also celebrate their special religious festivals.

Forces Canteen at Waterloo Keeps a Birthday



SHARING A SEVEN-CANDLES BIRTHDAY CAKE WITH THE ROYAL NAVY on September 10, 1946, was a ceremony conducted by Lady Blane, O.B.E., and the lady helpers who have voluntarily staffed the Y.M.C.A. Forces Canteen on Waterloo Station, London, since its inception seven years ago. Millions of serving men and women passing through the Capital have had a snack at the canteen, and many still find it a congenial spot for rest and refreshment to help them on their way. Lady Blane's husband was killed at the Battle of Jutland in the First Great War.

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