FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY OF ALAMEIN GREATED BY GENERAL EISENHOWER at the Nation's Capital. Montgomery was accompanied by his son, Lieutenant Colonel, and by his son, Dr. Montgomery. Eisenhower was accompanied by his wife, Mamie, and by his son, Robert. The two generals met at the White House, where they discussed the situation in Europe and the prospects for the future. Eisenhower was presented with a copy of the book "Montgomery's Victory," which he had written himself. The two generals then went to the Field Marshall's office, where they signed the guest book. After the meeting, Eisenhower and Montgomery walked out together, arm in arm, to the cheers of the crowd. The two generals shook hands and exchanged pleasantries as they walked towards the limousine that was waiting for them. As they got into the car, Eisenhower turned to Montgomery and said, "Thank you, Montgomery. You have done a great service to your country and to the world."

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 on the ground control of airliners during their final approach to land. This makes development of this device possible. The Instrument, shown here, is at an R.A.F. station. Photographed at Heathrow, Sept. 11, 1946, by John H. D.N.E., London conference of the F.I.C.A.D.

METEOR JET PLANE (below) was on show at Heathrow Airport, London, on Sept. 11, 1946. The type was developed by the R.A.F. The Meteor, which is the world's fastest fighter plane, recently set up a new world's air-speed record of 837 m.p.h. at a reported cost of £70,000. Photographed at Farnborough, Sept. 10, 1946, by John H. D.N.E.

S.O.A.C. SALMORAL, new Constellation airliner, arrived at Prestwick, Ayrshire, Sept. 11, 1946, a recently marking the枕死 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 most modern transport aircraft, was christened at the Royal Air Force Station, Prestwick, Sept. 13, 1946. The ceremony was performed by the Duke of Edinburgh. Photographed by M. W. Parry

Planes, Inns, Ports, Rivers, Streets, Plant Stuns, E. E. Drew, F. H. P.
Great Stories of the War Retold

By LEN BARKER

Australien Commando Raids on Singapore

Some details of a secret raid carried out by Australian and British commandos on Japanese-held Singapore harbor did not become available until August 1943—three years after the event. The commandos travelled more than 150 miles by canoe, and their magnificent daring during their attack resulted in the sinking of seven vessels containing 37,000 tons of Japanese shipping to the South-West Pacific was essential to Allied strategy. On September 3 of that year, 14 British and Australian commandos, disguised as Japanese fighting ships, drove into Singapore harbor. With a speed of 10 knots and a boil of 11 feet, she was powered by diesel engines, was capable of a speed of 41 knots and had a range of 8,000 miles. Tucked away in the Krait were two-man rubber canoes which contained space for torpedoes, mines, and one month's supply of food and water.

Under the command of the late Lieut.-Col. (then Major) Ivan Lyon, M.B.E., D.S.O., of the Gordon Highlanders, a son of Brig.-Gen. Lyon, were Lieut. D. N. Davidson, D.S.O, R.N.V.R. (later killed); Lieut. H. E. Carter, R.A.N.V.R. (navigator); Lieut. R. Page, D.S.O., A.I.F. (flying officer); Lieut. C. W. Cockburn, R.N. (flying officer); Lieut. G. G. Sillars, R.N. (flying officer); Lieut. R. J. Mackay, R.N. (fishing officer); Lieut. R. M. Rose, R.N. (fishing officer); Lieut. R. M. Rose, R.N. (fishing officer); Lieut. R. M. Rose, R.N. (fishing officer); Lieut. R. M. Rose, R.N. (fishing officer); Lieut. R. M. Rose, R.N. (fishing officer).

On September 5, when the Krait was approaching Lombok Strait, due to the Java Sea, hill was only 11 miles to port and was only 500 yards to port. The commandos had hoped to negotiate this dangerous five-mile passage under cover, but a strong current was running and four nautical miles had passed before the Krait had reached open water. At this stage the vessel had not met any Japanese seaplanes or air patrols, but as such a meeting was inevitable the men scamped their skin 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 enabled Major Lyon to decide that they should sail quite openly for the rest of the night. For seven days the Krait threaded her way around the numerous islands which border the Java Sea. Several times she was scamped by Japanese patrols, which always shone off, apparently satisfied that she was just another fishing boat.

When the Krait approached Durian Island, which had been chosen as the commandos' base, a party of natives was sent 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 the coast they spotted a Japanese observation tower. Unchallenged, they cautiously charged onward, giving the impression that the vessel had come from Sumatra and was proceeding to Singapore. To maintain this illusion she was kept to her new course, which eventually took her along the western side of Penang Island.

As Penang 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 cargo of mines, torpedoes, and food for one month, had been loaded. Leaving Major Lyon, Lieut. Davidson, Lieut. Page, and A.B. Hinson, Falls and Jones to man the canoes, the Krait sailed for Boron with instructions to rendezvous at Penang Island between dusk and dawn on the night of October 1. That dawn broke on Penang Island the raiders found that they were only a quarter mile from a native village. However, there were no tracks indicating that the natives used this particular beach, so a camp was made beside a waterhole in the jungle a few yards from the village. 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 Balun Strait leading to the target, Singapore.

The raiders ensemble 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 Straits. For several days 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 Sungai Island, which Major Lyon found an excellent site for forward operation base. The high ground on the south side of Sungai Island afforded 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 nightfall 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 Donggo at 9 a.m. To use the tide to advantage, the raiders decided to move that night to Sebar, a small, broken-over town on Singapore's east coast. A suitably anchored base. The following afternoon targets were set up to be attacked the night before.

The night of September 25 the attack was launched, with Major Lyon and A.B. Hinson in one canoe, Lieut. Davidson and A.B. Jones in the second, and A.B. Hinson, Falls and Jones in the third. As they moved silently towards the boom, they got stunning and ships of the evening, which followed the leading vessel, and continued on their way. Near the boom...
Meanwhile, Lyon and Huxton selected a canoe as the object of their attack. While Major Lyon was charging his mines to the engine room and the propeller shaft of the tanker, Huxton 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 show his gain until they paddled away, when he withdrew his head and lit a lamp. Lyon and Huxton then set off for Dongas, 12 miles away. Page and Foe, in the third canoe, went to the Pulau Bukum wharves, where they saw two 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, totaling 23,000 tons, probably sunk; and one 10,000-ton tanker, damaged and burning. Names of ships attacked were Tanpop Maru, Yamashitu Maru (ex-Japan), Tsurun Maru, Sanyama Maru, Yamagata Maru and Nagano Maru (freighters), and Sanka 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 entrance. 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 10, 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 Morag Island in the Rho group, south of Singapore. Included in the expedition were the six original raiders and Lieut. H. R. Russ (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 encountered an island to island, fighting Japanese all the way. Colonel Lyon was killed on Sel Island in the Rho 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 ill in Singapore. He was the only prisoner of war. The remaining ten were captured by the Japanese and beheaded after four months of captivity. These included Ingleton, Russ, and Page.

Shortly after the executions, which were carried out in July 1945, a Japanese major-general lecturing in 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!
Prelude to Destruction in Singapore Harbour

MOTHERSHIP for six British and Australian instructors. The two small boats (3), built by the Japanese for use in their submarine warfare, are being ferried off by a Jap seaplane to the entrance of Singapore harbour. In the background is a Jap cruiser and another Jap plane is in the air, searching for escapees. 

Two of the raiding party carry a false flag which was hoisted from the harbour during the raid. The seaplane which was ferrying to Jap aircraft (1) was taken by the British during the raid. 

A group of Borneo natives were swimming at Balu island when sending shots were heard. The British soldiers and police rushed to their aid and were able to rescue two of the refugees before they were killed after a second raid. 

(Pages 382-383)
ARNHEM GALLANTRY OF THE BRITISH 1st AIRBORNE DIVISION was com-
mmemorated on September 17, 1944, at the site of the landing in Holland.
But this ceremony was by no means the final occasion. With the landing the
German resistance was hard to contain in the Netherlands, and the hun-
ter would soon begin his operations. In the nearby Arnhem Cemetery the
Arnhem survivors held a massed funeral service, and the Dutch people
gathered in thousands to pay their respects to the dead. The ceremony
also took place in the Netherlands. Simultaneously with the Dutch ceremony.
Arnhem veterans paid their respects at the Cemetery in Wiesbaden, London (1).

PAGE 280
Honour Those Who Died in Arnhem Battle

PEOPLE OF GÖSTERSEE RAISED £2,000 to erect this impressive memorial to the heroes from Britain. Of yellow brick, it is more than 50 feet high and borne is surmounted by a symbolic figure, probably the Faunsal symbol of the Arnhem Division. Four more panels at the base were unveiled by the well-known Dutch sculptor, Jacob Maris. In front of the memorial stand, Major-General H. J. Eady, M.C., O.B.E., B.E. (who was present), the wreath was placed there by Major Whitaker of the North Staffs on Sept. 17, 1946.
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 17, 1940, in London. The new King's Company of the regiment was led by the pipe band, and the Rev. W. McLean M.B.E., conducted a short service of consecration. The Colour was then formally presented to the new King's Company by Lieut.-Col. R.B.K., D.S.O., M.C., C.B., C.M.G., Middlesex Light Infantry, who later shook hands with Regimental Sergeant-Major Greenwell F.B., who, with the help of Colour Sgt., exchanged Colours (3). The King's Company then paraded.
Physical Jerks on Training Ship H.M.S. Howe

NEW DEVELOPMENT IN TRAINING METHODS FOR H.M. RECRUITS is instituted by the Training Battleship Squadron based at Portland, Dorset, the squadron consisting of H.M.S. Howe (above), Aurora and Nelson. During the arduous, arduous period, armed and at the same time keeping these modern ships in commission without having to use all available personnel, elementary instruction is given in marksmanship, gunnery and targetting for Special Service ratings. Each Battlecruiser has about 40 recruits during each 16-week cruise.
HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS

H.M.S. Onslow

A DESTROYER of 1,300 tons, completed on the Clyde in October 1918, H.M.S. Onslow in December 1919, commanded by Captain H.G. V. Stephen, forms part of the British squadron that took part in the successful raid on New Year's Eve, in support of American destroyers in the Biscay area. On the two following nights, the two British destroyers, the Onslow and the Macclesfield, as well as the American destroyers, made three attacks along the north coast of Norway, without success. The Onslow was again engaged on New Year's Eve, when the three ships engaged with a German destroyer, the Cap San Diego. The Onslow, after several attacks on the German destroyer, was able to reach the rendezvous with the Macclesfield, and the enemy withdrew.

The raid was then continued, and the Onslow, under the command of the Commodore, Capt. D.G. Burt, took part in the raid against the German cruiser, the Cap San Diego, and other German ships in the Biscay area. The Onslow was again engaged on New Year's Eve, when the three ships engaged with a German destroyer, the Cap San Diego. The Onslow, after several attacks on the German destroyer, was able to reach the rendezvous with the Macclesfield, and the enemy withdrew.

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The Honourable Artillery Company

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 E, D and F Batteries constituting the 12th (H.A.C.) Regiment, R.H.A. Later in the year another regiment was formed—the 15th (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—335 (H.A.C.) H.A.A. Battery, R.A., and 446 (H.A.C.) H.A.A. Battery, R.A.

At the outbreak of war, in 1939, the Home Defence units were called to active service on the battlefields of France and Flanders. The French army was not equipped for modern warfare and it was up to the British to save them.

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

The H.A.C.'s role can be traced back to the 17th century when Henry VIII gave a charter to an existing body of Artillery to assist the Prince of Wales to the throne, and to defend the fortress of London in the event of a foreign invasion. The Royal Artillery dates from this period, and the Honourable Artillery Company is a part of this great tradition.

The H.A.C.'s role is to provide a rapid and effective response to any threat to national security. They are trained to operate in a variety of environments, from urban to rural, and are capable of deploying quickly to any part of the country. They are also responsible for training new recruits and providing support to other units.

The H.A.C. is a proud and historic regiment, with a long and illustrious history. They have played a crucial role in many conflicts, and their reputation for excellence and professionalism is well-deserved.

The H.A.C. is a part of the wider Royal Artillery, which is one of the largest and most effective fighting units in the world. They are a vital part of the defence of the United Kingdom, and their role in protecting our country cannot be overstated.

The H.A.C. is proud to be a part of this great tradition, and to continue to serve our country with pride and distinction.
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 attacks 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
eridge of Point 137 near San Martino, the
Bays encountered stiff resistance and lost
24 tanks. The Forward Observation Officer of the
11th and all his detachment being
killed. The 11th Armoured Division was
disbursed, 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
River, the Costra Canal and the Senio river,
and in the capture of Sturla and
Ferrara. After a relatively quiet period
passed in the 11th Cannone Brigade with the
6th Indian Division, the Palantine Brigade
and the Corps Group of Italian troops
the Regiment was attached to the 7th
Division. They were in action at the crossing of
the Senio and Sammarco rivers, and their
brigades fought the Agena 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 Teboursou and Mateur in
the December. They helped to "plug the
line" at Bou Arada and Robas 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 repelled
several German tank attacks; three M.C.s,
one D.C.M. and two M.M.I.s were awarded.
They stopped the rot in the Fendebach Pass in April
and then advanced towards Fiume. 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 line of
Hummen, left, which completed 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, on the
Liri Valley, through the CentOS and Agnano
lines, and then on to Perugia. In July and
August 1944 they were in action round
Anzio and Florence. September and
October saw the 12th in difficult
mountain fighting. The line became static.

Passing through Palazzolo on July 13, 1945, two days after landing in Sicily, these
self-propelled guns of the 11th H.A.C. were the first Allied guns to land in Europe during
this campaign stage of the war. The Palantine Artillery landed at Pantelleria Battery
as the Regimental Support Battery.

33rd (WELSH) DIVISION

Consists of Territorial battalions of the Welsh Regiments, the
K.S.L.I., and Territorial regiments of the Monmouthshires and Herefords, the
Division was formed in 1939. Its badge is reputed to be the symbol of the
effort, the horizontal being the line of attack, the tip of the dagger stand for
forward movements, the "W" standing for Wales.

Moved to N. Ireland in 1940, it returned to England in 1942, and
then to France. The Division saw much action during the invasion of Europe, 1944.
Crossed northwest of Brussels, after landing with the British 2nd Army on
the Normandy beach-head on June 27, 1944, the Division, in the words of its Army Commander,
"went straight into the tough and difficult fighting on the Ocean against
amazed German troops." Hard
struggles ensued at Lecey, Le Calder and Hill 112. Heavy destruction was
sustained by the Division, which was
once a part of the 19th Corps, in the Falaise Gap operations.

Across the Seine by the end of August the Division was one of the
1st to break through and by September was
in close action with the retreating
German Army, in the Falaise口袋, and
then fighting through the Seine.

but in a pursuing last six months the
Regiment had covered 500 miles, fighting
as the way. After a winter spent in training,
with frequent moves, the 12th H.A.C.
got back onto the offensive.CASCADES
CHRISTMAS GREETING

On March 28, 1945, the Regiment crossed the Rhine and again took part in the forward rush of 11th Armoured which crossed the Rhine at Balingen and fought a heavy engagement at Tuckeburg and jigged the Aler bridgehead. They reached the Elbe on April 18 and their last engagement was fought near Lubeck against German naval contingents, in which the Regiment captured many hundreds of prisoners, including the commander and entire crew of a U-boat.

The 86th (H.A.C.) H.A.A. Regiment, R.A., after sharing prominently in the defence of London during the aerial bombings of 1940 and 1941, assumed a mobile role. After prolonged training 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 role to suffer the barrage, and on the German retreat they took part in the capture of Bayeux, in which capacity they shot down 78 flying bombs. Since 1941 the 86th had consisted of three batteries, 273, 274 and 283 (H.A.C.), H.A.A. Batteries, R.A.

**Magnificent Output of Officers**

Of 275 (H.A.C.) H.A.A. Batteries, R.A. (one of the original Regiments), 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 German retreat, was stationed in the Nijmegen corridor, where its guns fought as infantry when surrounded by the German counter-attack.

466 (H.A.C.) H.A.A. Battery, R.A., was permanently engaged in a home defence role and was stationed 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 cadets and former members. They were to be found in almost every unit of the Army and in every front. Many of them rose to the command of units, including regular batteries of R.H.A. and infantry battalions. The role of members at the end of the war included five Brigadiers, eight Colonels and 152 Lieutenant- 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 Train of London, and sent over the years 275 of its members to comrades in the war of 1914-18, has been fully maintained.

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In commemoration of the sixth anniversary of the Battle of Britain there took place over London on September 14, 1946, massed formations 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 overhead sky, and in five minutes had raced away, bowing for their several diaphanous points.

Because the clouds were low and gray 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 was no more than approximated to that of the force which on this day paid tribute on Britain's behalf to "The Few."

Photo, P.A.-Renier, 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. Repeated 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.

—'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 Savoy, Walworth Street, London, was attended by (4, left to right) Air Chief Marshal Sir Keith Park, Air Chief Marshal Lord Dodington, Air Marshal Sir John Robb and Group Captain Douglas Bader.
To the Honour and Glory of Our Air Forces

Marches of the R.A.F. Lord Trenchard (left) and Lord Tizard arriving for the unveiling of a new inscription on the R.A.F. Memorial on the Victoria Embankment, London, on September 17, 1955. It reads, "This inscription is added in remembrance of these men and women of the Air Forces who gave their lives 1939-45." Lord Trenchard taking the salute (2) as W.A.A.F. march past. Sounding the Last Post (3).
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 estimate of the number of fighter squadrons required for the defense of the country was 25. This was, he said, the equivalent of 34. He wanted 12 new squadrons which would have raised the total to the equivalent of 46. But he had no means of forming 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 and communications. His proposals were not approved and he said he was prepared to resign. The situation was presumably unavoidable, but the result was that the organization and development of the defense 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 organization 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 32 squadrons was first made. Many of these squadrons were 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 15, 1940, 101 Hurricanes had been destroyed.

"Hitler," he said, "had succeeded generally in blowing up our fighter forces. I worked out the Continental fighting. When the Dunkirk evacuation was in progress I had to maintain this policy, and the Spitfires had to take their share in the fighting. I was responsible for the air defence of Great Britain. I had no fighter force. I had no pilots. I had no fuel. I had no guns. I had no equipment. I had no airfields. I had no facilities. I was reduced to a state in which I was working with the maximum of efficiency, with the minimum of facilities."

The Germans were a formidable enemy. They were ruthless and inexorable. In the latter part of May 1940 I fought 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 awarded a courtesey and sympathetic hearing, and, to my inexpressible joy, my arguments prevailed and it was decided to send no more fighter reinforcements to France, except to cover the final evacuations. I knew what it meant and I had the Cabinet 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 three phases: The attack on our convoys and our merchant ships; and the operations of coastal airfields and radio stations. The attack on inland fighter airfields. The attack on London. The fighter-bomber stage, when the target was of industrial 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 13 the Germans delivered their maximum effort, when our 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 speaks of 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."
Europe's Wartime Capital in 1946

By O.F. Knudsen

OSLO

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 more, made the months following liberation a time of continuous gaiety. Allied troops in Oslo—including the famous 1st Arkansas Division—found themselves amongst a people far different from the soldiers, goody-good folk they had imagined. Indeed, Allied troops were inclined to criticize them occasionally for their over-easiness. But now people are working hard. The registered number of unemployed is the lowest ever recorded; indeed, actual unemployment is practically non-existent. It is claimed by everyone that peace is not a bed of roses, but its general prosperity means more and more production. Industry after industry is reporting a rise in output, often attaining the pre-war level. As this might lead to a boom and slump later for the fact that everywhere, including prices and wages, is kept well under control by the authorities. Then the rising production consequently enjoys a pre-war standard of living. This 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. As well as meat, the shortage of sugar and other products, but this is no alternative. Last year a picture of a loaf of bread 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, and the government has assured its citizens in the winter that they will have to do without electric heating during the winter. Overcrowding, and lack of warmth and clothing during the war, naturally affected the health of people, particularly the children. Fortunately, the liberation came just in time to help. The Swedes, and similarly those in other countries, have supplied most of the food and the clothes. The Swedes also supplied the German prisoners of war in the German army. The Swedes, and similarly those in other countries, have supplied most of the food and the clothes. The Swedes also supplied the German prisoners of war in the German army.
Oslo's Revival After Five Years of Oppression
New Milestones of Victory Through France

FIRST OF THE COMMEMORATIVE STONES erected along the U.S. 3rd Army's "Liberation Route" from Arras to Metz was unveiled at St. Symphorien, France, on August 26, 1944. Attending the ceremony (1) were American troops (left), and French armored forces (right). A young French girl unveiled the stone (2). One of the main sights of the U.S. First Infantry Division along the same route was unveiled on September 1, 1944, at Fleury, on the France-Belgium frontier, where the first U.S. soldier was killed on August 21st in the Second Great War. - PHOTO U.S.
Pluto Comes Back from the Sea-bed as Salvage
At Action Stations off Salerno

To be in a lower magazine with all hatchways firmly dumped down, with the ship moving violently to avoid torpedoes and bombs, is unpleasant, to say the least. Such was the opinion of M. C. Hyde (portrait on page 178), 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 Strait of Messina to land on the beaches of Reggio we knew our turn for action was near. From our mooring at Bizerta, in North Africa, our Mediterranean operational area, a few days later, on September 8, 1943, that the Fleet was going to cover another landing further 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'ven here there! D’ve be 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 closing of minesfields 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 sealing important military objectives. For some time before the actual landings took place we had been chosen at our stations on the Illustrious, standing by to take any sort of action should the Germans have landed in the night.

Seamen and Royal Marines had to man the heavy dual-purpose 45-mm. guns, the smaller orbitrons and multi-barrelled pompons ('Chicago Pibes') as well as maintain look-out and direction positions. Seabees, apart from their usual duties in the boat yard, were detailed to maintain the damage control and aircraft sailing parties. Telephone, signals, cookers and radar operators had their own specialist duties to perform, whilst writers, supply assistants, cooks and stewards composed—as decreed by custom—the first-aid parties and worked in the magazines, booms and ammunition conveyer belt flats.

Waves of Enemy Aircraft Swept In

As a writer, I had my battle station in a lower magazine aft, two deck 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 beaches, giving it air 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 Arezzo, 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.

Not until that night did the enemy switch a part of their attack to us. Sporadic aircraft had been over earlier in the day, but with nightfall waves of bombers and torpedo-bombers came in to attack, and until the next day we were subjected to this heavy concentration of 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 36 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-flush from the guns entering the magazine by way of the ventilation tube, temperature soon rose to nearly 110 degrees. Working in that...
I Was There!

RIGHT ATTACK AT SALERNO, where the British aircraft carriers Illustrious and Formidable, operating Allied landings, were primarily target of determined but vain efforts by German bombers. A mid-upper gunner fires out a warning burst, en route to his battle station. En route to this photograph, these carriers passed through a mine field. 

awful heat and not much fresh air, by the time the first major hit 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 long; we stretched what little fresh air we could get to the limit. By way of refreshment we had some vile lime-juice and ship’s biscuits, plus our action rations 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 chances of getting even a nod of shade. 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 thrown about the deck every time the ship maneuvered to avoid bombs and torpedoes, hamstringing our hard-pressed efforts. At times the ship leapt 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 somewhat indistinct voice pipe, and occasionally we received reports from the bridge, by way of Commander E. L. Totterdam, O.B.E., R.N., as to the progress of the action. The ship seemed to be eternally twisting and turning and the toxic injonctions of Commander Totterdam as to the many seasides did nothing to relieve our weariness.

On one occasion twelve German torpedobombers made a concentrated attack on Illustrious, but as the Captain (Capt. E. L. B. Cunliffe) cheerfully remarked, we comb’d our way through them. We knew that if the ship had been hit all there would probably have been no way of escape. Fire in the 1st floor above us would have meant our fences would have peeled clamped down; no one could have got back to a magazine exposing 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 bad and the following morning we were given permission to sleep near the magazine during holes, which was a great comfort to a camp bed and cleaner air. But we hardly 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 mid ship to get down into the magazine, and an even madder rush to maintain a constant flow of shells up to the gun room. But these attacks never once more to our camp bed. During some of the falls I wanted the head of my magazine in producing Beacon, the ship’s weekly humour paper. We managed to incantate 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 Cassino airfield brightly 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 anti-aircraft ammunition in the Salerno operations. On an average our magazine had used some shells and before the final attack was launched we had been sent to another magazine as our ammunition had been expended. We had fixed up to our position of “double on one shell,” much to the consternation of the chaps on the receiving end of our boat, how 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想象ing that on our return to Malta I would have the opportunity to make up for my 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. While on duty I was surprised when a signal came through 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 Fleet was surrendering and we saw large formations of them in and around Malta.

I Was King of an Island in the Aegean

German gunboats menacing the Aegean Islands in 1943 and 1944 were kept very much on the alert by cruising patrols of British and Greek warships.

A tier 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 A R.A.S.C. from Alamein to Cape Bon, and previously had gained some sea experience sailing in small craft during short leave, which suited me in good measure when I applied for transfer. From Cape Bon I was sent to Malta in Palestine. From Malta I was
On Symi Island with Commandos of Force 133

LANDING IN SEPTEMBER 1944 on Symi, an island of 12 square miles in the Aegean southwest of Crete, Force 133 Commandos were joyfully welcomed by the inhabitants of the island. As the Commandos swept inland to take Symi, 3,000 enemy soldiers fled to the Santa Clara, leaving behind Gen. Sorge and Mayor Roberts (see listing page). It was on Symi that all the German forces in the Dodecanese and Aegean, totalling over 60,000 men, surrendered to Brig. J. Maffei in May 1945.
given passage in an Arab schooner to Cyprus. There I was interviewed by Major Chapman, in command of the Fantuzihaa base, who gave me a chance to back out without any of the stigma which attaches to an elephant's hour withdrawal.

"Force 133 was entirely a voluntary service," he emphasised. "It is, in fact, to tell you that if you go through with this you will be engaged on highly secret and dangerous work." There was no need, to "think it over," as he advised.

My mind was made up. I had been hundreds of miles in search of something new and exciting and had no intention of going back to the R.A.F.C.E. with my tail hanging 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 Clayson, a young, bearded, bachelor who might have been a direct descendant of Sir Francis Drake. Clayton was a member of the Greek crew called the Greek crew of the "Ivan Nikolaus," which had just arrived in the eastern Mediterranean. On her arrival at Smyrna (Izmir) on September 26, 1944, Greeks were taken aboard for interrogation and then shipped to the British base at Smyrna.

The destination was Andros, an island in the Aegean Sea. This was no healthy spot, being near the mainland of Greece, in less than 50 miles from Athens as the crow flies. Our job was to land the 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, warship and Greek fishermen who might have contrived the German, and learn whatever we could of enemy defences, shipping movements and so forth.

Before ammunition for our guns we took "homo"—another variety—stacks of gold sovereigns and galleons of a native drink called murse 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 forested and garrisoned by the Germans. Our little ship had navigation through the narrow channel between Rhodes and Telendos, the darkens of night. All seamen were on edge during this tricky passage. But though we steered well, there was no escape for the Germans who had sent us on this perilous journey.

The three expeditions in which I took part were each different kinds. Our destination was Methos, and the order was to land the German garrison and, if possible, cage the Commandant of the island. We arrived in darkness, shortly after midnight, and anchored in a small cove on what appeared to be a likely part of the coast. We went ashore with the landing 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 heard the movement and reported to his headquarters by telephone, for within a few minutes a fire was directed on the cove by quick-firing 88-mm. guns.

No recall signal was made from the Navos Class, and we pushed on island for half an hour. The danger that the Germans might descend from their stronghold and cut off our retreat to the cove had to be accepted—we became used to living dangerously in Force 133. For a time we strained forward, machine guns from scattered positions, and hoped thereby to give the impression that we were a much larger force than we actually were. The bold policy, aided by luck, paid handsome dividends. We reached a wide track and, hearing a motor vehicle coming our way, halted. The Greeks said it was a German Staff car and drew sharply to a halt on our first burst of fire. The three occupants were the Commandant and two sides who had been hurrying across the island to discover what all the "bungalow" was about. But this was no Commandant we had come to collect; this was a new man recently arrived in Methos, and we discovered subsequently a dyed-in-the-wool member of the Nazi Party.

The trio alighted, and our Greek officer asked him to render his instant surrender. Response came in a burst of fire from the Staff car, and we and the two others began blazing away. Bullets whistled 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 started from our Tommy-guns, and the three Germans dropped 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-storm night, taking with us the valuable military papers we had secured. We encountered no German patrols, but we got to the Santa Claus to sea beyond, and from there we proceeded to the short of a miracle. The cove itself was in the shadow of a mountain and no communications.

Life in Force 133 was a series of strange, nerve-tingling adventures often under circumstances of great risk and danger and allowing a brief period of "high life" in the only luxurious hotel in Famagusta. We even landed on Rhodes, attacked a German convoy of ships on our way out, and ran for cover to Assolhika 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 identities. Luckily for us we had the German code, and we were able to reply symmetrically. But it was some time before our hearts-settled to normal tempo.

We discovered by reconnaissance that the Germans had left Symi temporarily, and the supplies we encountered on approaching the place was from Greek patriots who had lost their craft and were living some of them back. Having landed there, we hailed...
I Was There!

Some years ago I toured the ruins of ancient Samos, and then the remains of many ancient cities and Greek temples, most of them destroyed in the earthquake. I was then in the service of the Greek government, and my task was to oversee the preservation of ancient ruins. I was able to see firsthand the beauty of the ruins and the history they represented.

One day, while I was walking through the ruins, I came across a group of archaeologists who were working on excavating a temple. I asked them if they needed any help, and they agreed. I spent the rest of the day digging and cleaning the ruins, and I was able to see the building up close. It was an amazing experience, and I felt privileged to be able to contribute to the preservation of such an important historical site.

The archaeologists were working very carefully, and I was impressed by their dedication to their work. They were also very knowledgeable about the history of the site, and I learned a lot from them.

Overall, it was a wonderful experience, and I feel grateful to have had the opportunity to work on preserving such an important part of history. I hope that my work will help future generations to appreciate and learn from the past.
I was There!

S.S. TAINOA, 800-ton coal-hauling cargo-ship of the South Africa Steamship Line, was on her run from South Africa when she encountered the Graf Spee on December 3, 1939, with 12- and 37-mm shells, and the subsequent adventure of her survivors.

...brought instructions that we were to follow their ship. But we had sustained too much damage that this was far from being possible. I saw survivors being sent aboard the Graf Spee...while the boarding parties placed mines on the Tainoa's holds and engine-rooms. Most of us were a bit dazed by now, and it was not until we were actually on our way in a motor-boat that we realized exactly what this fateful encounter meant to us.

The German sloops-repulsed over the Graf Spee's side so that we could climb aboard, and there on the quarter-deck of the picket-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 in the Isle of Wight before the war, and his English wife and daughter 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, as far as I can remember it:

"I am very sorry to see you, but we are at war. Of all the officers I have caught, I have not found any men of bad character. I have always fished them out, and when conversing, I will give you my supply ship. You will be considered an oil tanker. While you are there, you can have a fair share of what ration I have to allot.

While the captain of the Graf Spee was talking, our wounded shipsmates 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 grizzly with cold-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 Tainoa, and so spared the dear 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 night's sleep I joined some of my mates and was given tea with plenty of milk and sugar, which I ate with relish. There was, it seemed, plenty of tea on board because the radio operators were sipping it out of the Huntsman, another of their victors.

Men of the Doric Star were on board with us to follow their ship. A refrigerated meat-carrier of 10,000 tons, bound from New Zealand, she had a full cargo when encountered, and her master, Captain Supply, flooded the engine-room and refrigerated chambers when he knew himself to be trapped, and thus denied the Graf Spee a useful load 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 Arient was in high spirits, especially the young seamen in the crew—then they didn't know what was coming to them off the coast of South America!

Cigarette-end for Admiral Hitler

We prisoners paced up and down and speculated vainly on what the future might hold for us. While doing so, we were astonished to see three of the German crew come along the deck carrying a 5-in. gun and camouflage camouflage. But what seemed a Herculanum feat proved not so very remarkable when we realized that the crew of "armament" consisted only of auxiliary wood and metal. The two officers and the bosun ferocious appearance were positioned several yards behind the guns.

Another thing that took our attention and caused comment was the presence of an air-raid lookout on the forecastle with a camera. This did not look very genuine, although we were not allowed near enough for any careful examination.

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 weather held a few wet days, and the ship was speeded up to pass through a mess-deck of the German crew, and indeed the photographs of Admiral Hitler in various poses were stuck liberally over the bulkheads. On returning through this portrait gallery we fixated a cigarette with Hitler's mouth on a prominent picture. Directly the "decoration" was discovered the Nazi leader came tumbling round us, gesticulating with his fists and giving tongue vociferously; but they were highly disciplined company and the incident passed with nothing worse than threats.

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Dover's Orders In the 19th Month

In the week ending Frank Stilgenbaur highlights the highlights of the last month, hound of Dover by Calais and Boulogne long-range guns. In these ten thousand days and six hours, the Germans have sent the French one gun off the cliffs of Dover—just as they could before the first day of the First World War.

The clatter of fire was young London newspapers hinted that the Calais might well have fired their last rounds, and Computer Officer George Claude flung himself on his job at the Fire Station and said to me, "Perhaps we can get some sleep," barely had we spoken when one of our radio operators and most spectacular nights began. Dover had been shelled and bombed more or less once; and we knew what it was like to be bombed and cannon-gunned simultaneously; this night was to see us attacked by Flying Fortresses and long-range artillery.

The sky flickered and reverberated with fire, the roar of locomotives (Royal Marine Service Regiment) guns on the cliff-tops,
and the explosion of German shells and flying-bombs. The telephone was still ringing 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 Conflagration bell recorded his words: "Shower of shrapnel shells over Dover Road. . . . Shells -one at Dore Street, one at Towre Hambelton, one in the Tarpit." Then the A.A. gun opened up, and through the disarray I heard the buzz of a doodle-bug. Tracers rippled across the sky. Then a second gun opened fire. It was the old inn and from the Castle look-out came the new, "Flying-boat detected over the Harbour . . . . Flying-boat 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 full of the doodle-bug and, sweeping across the town, pointed out its route until a shell found its mark and the din and dust disinterred in mid-air, George muttered. "First bomb, 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 telephone lettered them into the Station log-book: "Shells near Lord Warden Hotel, seafront, Clarence Lines . . . Three shells at St. Margarets, Eastbrook Place blocked by fallen house . . . Shells in fire service garden . . . Union Road . . . Odo Road.

Fire Was Getting the Upper Hand

There was a flash-back to the Odo Road incident. A bewildered messenger turned empty clouds of shells were raining on his head, and Chilse was buried under debris there. Then the telephone reported, "Percy's Brewery-get cracking!" Bellows clanged as shells leap-frogged across Albert Avenue and a second gun opened fire. The Priory bells rang out their call from the Prince of Wales' Pier. There were reports that S.S. Lune had been hit, and Company-Corporal Crawford ordered me to take a crew on to the dangerous, cratered roads.

The hansom was now quartering. Brick dust served over Woodworth, over the Railway stations and near Clarence Lines. Back at the Fire Station there was another "Call." An old couple at Clarence Lines were trapped in a house reported to be burning. Send a crew, the "courageous" proved to be a column of brick dust following for a fire that was no more to extinguish there was the old couple to rescue. At 4.31 a.m. another German battery at Cobh joined those already in action; and the first fire fighter to arrive on the scene was a crew who took to the road, this time towards Christy's Flour Mill. A crew had been hit by a shell and set on fire at first. We thought one fire fighter 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 shells crashed into the town.

This part of the town suffered badly during the 49th month. When the front of her shop was blown out George Muddle arrived at the scene to find Mrs. Gore still standing in front of her shop, "washing" plates and dishes in a pudding like mass of water and plaster. Typical of the fire incidents during this month, when German guns between Grays Ness and Cress were "getting rid of their ammo," was this from the Castle. Columns of flame rose through the town, then many one second of excitement was witnessed when a flickering red glow behind the Castle; as the crowd gathered around the fire he ordered George Muddle to investigate.

"I was There"

DOVER'S CAVES GAVE SHELTER to many inhabitants of the town during bombardment from long-range guns in September 1944. This fireplace much under shells, of which were typical night-life scenes. A few of the last remaining long-range guns at Cabot has fallen.

I plied 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. Dark, Reverend, George turned down Fifth Street, rounded up Waterworks Hill towards the line, and a five-man smashed into a house on Castle Hill as I helped him ease the car around a corner in the middle of the road. On rounding the German guns on the left of I found the German troops at the 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-cans. But at last we could try, and George climbed into a lorry as a bantering clash crashed in front of it. Meanwhile, our coal gun had taken up the German challenge. The rear of artillery mingled with the pops of bursting tires and exploding petrol tanks. Time and again we equal in subsequent groups— the reason why so many of my families, with higher priorities are those of older Servicemen.

Pains are being made (according to a War Office statement of September 1945) to provide accommodation in Japan for women and children of British Commonwealth Forces Troops—British, Australian, New Zealand—control some of the largest inter-Allied sectors, including the naval base at the open seas and the vital Bismarck. This is also in the British occupation zone.

"The desensitization programme of the United States Navy was completed on August 31, 1946. Since the Japanese surrender (September 2, 1945) 3,500 oily sailors have been discharged.

Street scenes have been selected for the British Commonwealth Occupation Force in Japan. The War Office has announced the War Office Press Branch will begin plans for the New York Press Association (N.Y.P.A,) in America and Australia. The Yukon, Thursday, November 9th. Monday; Korea (April 25); The King's Birthday (June 10); August Bank Holiday; VJ Day (August 14); Trafalgar Day (October 21); Emancipation (December 1); Christmas Day (December 25) and a day in commemoration of the Battle of Britain. Indian and Jewish troops will also celebrate special religious festivities.
Forces Canteen at Waterloo Keeps a Birthday

SHARING A SEVEN-CANDLES BIRTHDAY CAKE WITH THE ROYAL NAVY on September 18, 1946, was a ceremony conducted by Lady Blisse, G.R.E. and the lady volunteers who have voluntarily staffed the W.F.A. Forces Canteen at Waterloo Station, London, since its inception seven years ago. Millions of serving men and women passing through the station 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 Blisse's husband was killed at the Battle of Jutland in the First Great War.