

Vol 10 *The War Illustrated* N° 244

SIXPENCE

OCTOBER 25, 1946

WAYS TO THE FLEET



INTERESTING THE RISING GENERATION, a member of the Royal Army Service Corps with the aid of a model cargo-ship explains the wide activities of his Corps in the Army of today. The occasion was the visit to Hounslow, Middlesex, on September 17, 1946, of the Army Mechanical Demonstration Column on a three-week tour of the London district. The Column formed part of a nation-wide campaign to secure 100,000 recruits for the new Army by the end of March 1947. *Photo, Fox*

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

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Our Roving Camera on the Waterfronts



IN LINE AHEAD formation these minesweepers (left) were en route to Sheerness, Kent, after recently leaving Lowestoft, Suffolk, one of our wartime East Coast Naval bases, now in the process of being closed down. The base, known as H.M.S. Martello, was established early in the war.

PRESENTATION of the Ensign from H.M. aircraft carrier Indefatigable to the London Borough of Holborn took place on Sept. 19, 1946, ship's officers and men marching with the Ensign (below) to the Town Hall by way of Lincoln's Inn Fields. The Borough "adopted" the Indefatigable during the War—hence this valued gift.



INVASION CRAFT are broken up (above) at a Thameside salvage yard at Mortlake, Surrey, the sound timber to be used in house construction.



LANDING SHIP TANK the Empire Baltic (left) was at Rotterdam, Holland, on Sept. 12, 1946, after completing successful trials on the proposed ferry route between Tilbury and the Dutch port.

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WRECK DISPOSAL FLEET, responsible for the destruction of wrecks when they become dangerous to shipping takes soundings (above) in the Thames Estuary near a partly sunk U.S. merchant ship.

Photos, Planet News, Associated Press, Fox, Topical

The Amazing Facts about Pearl Harbour

By A. D. DIVINE, D.S.M.
Author of
'Dunkirk'; 'Destroyers' War'

As the preparatory signal for the ceremony of "Colours" was being hoisted at 8 a.m. on the Sunday morning of December 7, 1941, Japanese dive-bombers broke through the scattered cloud above the main base of the American Pacific Fleet at Pearl Harbour, on Oahu Island, Hawaii, to begin one of the greatest acts of treachery in the history of war. Five seconds later a telegraph boy fell off his bicycle on the road between Honolulu and Fort Shafter with, in his pocket, a warning telegram that might have made just that fractional difference between disaster and victory. Between these two things lies a chain of circumstance and mishap, of prevision and ill-judgement, probably unparalleled in modern history.

The report of the Joint Congressional Committee on the investigation of the Pearl Harbour attack, which has recently been made available, enables for the first time the full story of Pearl Harbour to be told. Starting points are always interesting. There are several for Pearl Harbour. My own, for choice, would be the morning early in January of 1941 when Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto, Commander-in-Chief of the combined Japanese Navy, ordered Admiral Onishi, Chief of Staff of the Eleventh Air Fleet, to prepare plans for an attack on Pearl Harbour. Admiral Yamamoto stated then, "If we have war with the United States we will have no hope of winning unless the United States Fleet in Hawaiian waters can be destroyed."

Jap Top Secret Operation Order

In the latter part of August matters moved a considerable step further when all Japanese Fleet commanders and key staff members were ordered to Tokyo for war games prior to the formulation of final operation plans against Pearl Harbour. On September 13 the outline of basic operation orders was issued, and by November 5 the detailed plans were complete and promulgated. On November 7 Admiral Yamamoto issued a top secret operation order which contained the words, "First preparations for war. Y-day will be December 8" (December 7, Honolulu time). On November 14 units of the Pearl Harbour attack force began to assemble in Hitokappu Bay in the Kurile Islands.

At 9 a.m. on November 26 the Fleet left Hitokappu Bay under absolute wireless silence, while the Japanese ambassadors talked and talked with a suave tortuousness

in Washington. On December 2 Admiral Yamamoto sent from his flagship, the Yamato, the message "Niita Kayama Nobore," which, translated, means "Climb Mount Niitaka," the code phrase which stood for "proceed with attack."

It is interesting to examine the state of the American Service mind during this period. For dates there we must go back as far as January 24, 1941, when the Secretary of the Navy addressed a communication to the Secretary of War (with copies to the Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific Fleet and the Commandant of the Fourteenth Naval District) stating, amongst other things, "If war eventuates with Japan, it is believed easily possible that hostilities would be initiated by a surprise attack upon the Fleet or the Naval Base at Pearl Harbour." The communication ordered the taking of all necessary steps to prepare for, and to guard against, such a possibility. Those steps were taken. From the end of January there was a progressive increase in the preparations for the attack, in the training of the forces for the attack, and in the assembly of matériel to enable such an attack to be held.

The most amazing feature of the whole American side of the preliminary period is beyond all question what is known as the Martin-Bellinger report. Admiral Bellinger, Commander of the Naval Base Defence Air Force, and General Martin, commanding the Hawaiian Air Force, prepared a joint estimate covering army and navy air action in the event of a sudden attack. Recognizing that relations were strained, the report said that Japan in the past "has never preceded hostile actions by a declaration of war." From that it went on to say that a fast raiding force might arrive in Hawaiian waters without prior warning from Intelligence.

THAT attack, it suggested, would take place at dawn from one or more carriers which would probably approach inside of 300 miles. It might be preceded by a surprise submarine attack, and a single submarine might well indicate the presence of an enemy surface force. In further discussion General Martin estimated that the Japanese could probably employ a maximum of six carriers against Pearl Harbour; that the enemy would be

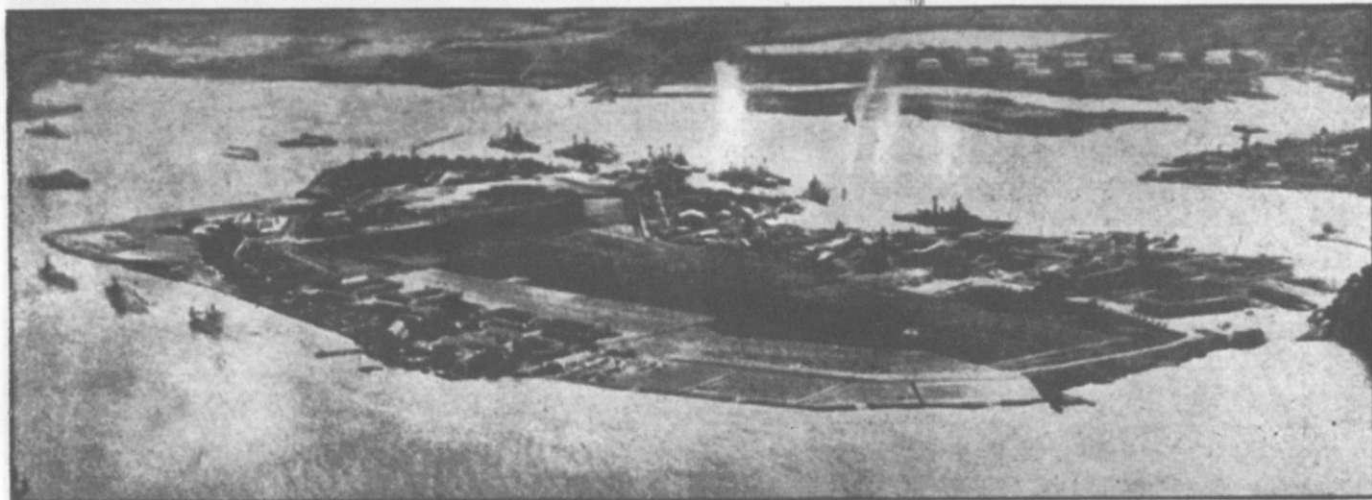
more concerned with delivering a successful attack than with escaping and would be willing to accept considerable losses. It worked out in detail the probable points from which the attack would be launched. The Martin-Bellinger report is a masterpiece of clear thinking and proper appreciation of the mind of the enemy. In almost every single particular it was justified on the day of the attack. On the basis of the report, exercises were carried out and all preparations for the defence of the area were made. On November 27, following a long succession of messages, signals and letters giving the course of negotiations with Japan and events in general—which included a warning that the Axis powers moved for choice on Saturdays, Sundays and public holidays—a dispatch was sent to Admiral Kimmel which began with the words, "This dispatch is to be considered a war warning."

Organization 'Magic' at Work

It is not possible here to examine in detail the flow of events in Washington. American information to responsible officers, and in some degree American policy, was conditioned by the existence of a crypto-analytic organization which was able to "break" all Japanese codes in use, and which kept a very small group of responsible officers, politicians and the President, informed of all messages sent by Japanese diplomatic and consular officials, and a good deal of the material transmitted to the Fleet. The organization was known as "Magic."

Through Magic it was learnt on November 16 that, after various hesitations, the deadline time for negotiations was set for November 29. From then on the hints at an operation, secret, vital, urgent, were numerous. The American system for the checking of units of the Japanese Fleet had lost touch with the First and Second Japanese Aircraft carrier Divisions. The tension mounted intolerably as days and then hours went by.

By Saturday, December 6, it was almost at fever-heat in Washington, and on that day the first of a series of vital messages began. This, known as the "Pilot message," informed the ambassadors that a message of fourteen points, outlining the Japanese case, was arriving. At this stage of the proceedings it seemed possible that this was a virtual ultimatum. The first thirteen points, which came as one message, in a measure confirmed this. President Roosevelt, on reading them, said, "This means war!" The "Pilot



AS VIEWED FROM AN ENEMY AIRCRAFT—Japan's attack at Pearl Harbour on Dec. 7, 1941, when "dive bombers broke through the scattered cloud to begin one of the greatest acts of treachery in the history of war." As the bombs dropped, columns of water rose high above some of the 86 U.S. warships moored off Ford Island in the harbour. The military dictators of Japan committed this act, said President Roosevelt in a broadcast, "under the very shadow of the flag of peace borne by their special envoys in our midst."

Great Stories of the War Retold

message," however, also stated that the document was not to be presented until a time fixed by Tokyo. The fourteenth paragraph arrived without containing any actual declaration of war, and the tension concentrated on the hour of delivery. There were mishaps this night in Washington. The army chiefs were at a dinner party. Admiral Stark was at the opera. But these things were of small importance—the time was not yet fixed.

At 4.37 a.m. (Washington time) on December 7 a message was picked up by a naval monitoring station which was decrypted and available in the Navy Department at 7 a.m. (It is important here to remember the difference in times—7 a.m. in Washington would be 1.30 a.m. in Honolulu.) And here begins the first of the final fantastic series of mishaps. There was no Japanese interpreter on duty in the Navy Department at that hour and it had to be sent to the army for translation. This was not available until approximately nine o'clock.

Chain of Tragic Misadventures

It was not seen by a responsible officer until Captain Kramer of the Translation Division returned to his office at 10.30. It was delivered by him to the Chief of Naval Operations and within ten minutes to Secretary Hull, and ten minutes later to the White House. The message stated that the fourteen points were to be delivered to the Secretary of State by the Japanese ambassadors at precisely one o'clock. In the course of the deliveries someone said that 1 a.m. Washington was "about dawn at Honolulu." This was the Navy Department side.

Within the Army Department the message was delivered rather earlier, but General George Marshall, the Chief of Staff, was riding in the country and could not be contacted for some hours. At 11.30 he eventually saw the fourteen-part memorandum and finally the "One o'clock message." He immediately assumed that there was a definite significance attached to this time and wrote at once the draft of a warning message to the Philippines, Hawaii, Panama and the Western Defence Commands. So impressed was he with the urgency of the situation that he asked how long it would take to dispatch the message. He was informed that it would be in the hands of the recipients within thirty minutes. But...

The army was out of touch by radio with Honolulu, owing to atmospheric conditions. Owing to the general lack of co-operation between the Services, which manifested itself at many points in the Hawaiian affair, the army was not prepared to use the more powerful naval transmitters. It therefore decided to send the message by commercial

means. There was teletype connexion between Washington and Western Union in San Francisco, and the army was informed that San Francisco was in touch with Honolulu. San Francisco had the message by 12.17 p.m. Perhaps it would be easier here to switch to Hawaiian time, for in Pearl Harbour the last of the grains of sand were running out; 12.17 p.m. would be almost a quarter to seven in the morning at Hawaii. It took three-quarters of an hour to get the message to Honolulu from San Francisco (7.33 a.m. Hawaiian time).

Normally there was a teleprinter between the office in Honolulu and the military headquarters at Fort Shafter, but this was early on a Sunday morning and the teleprinters were not in operation. The message was given to a telegraph boy and, as has been said, he fell off his bicycle as the first bombs fell.

For, even as the Martin-Bellinger report had prophesied, the Japanese Fleet had come in to the point of the compass that the experts had expected, to the distance they had prognosticated and in the strength they had estimated. Even the submarine attack had taken place "according to plan." And in a whirl of dive-bombers and torpedo planes, high-level bombing and ground strafing, the American Pacific Fleet was destroyed in 50 minutes; and with it the air defence of the island and, for all practical purposes, the possibility of immediate retaliation.

FOUR battleships were sunk, one heavily damaged, three others damaged. Two cruisers were heavily damaged and one damaged, four destroyers, a repair ship, a minelayer, a seaplane tender and an auxiliary ship were all out of action; 188 planes had been destroyed, and the U.S. forces lost 2,280 killed and more than 1,000 wounded. The Japanese lost five midget submarines, no ships, 29 aircraft and less than 100 men.

How had these things happened? In its findings the Committee states that the Hawaiian commanders had failed to discharge their responsibilities in the light of warnings and information, had failed to co-ordinate and integrate their facilities for defence, to effect proper liaison between the Services, to maintain effective reconnaissance and to employ the facilities, matériel and personnel at their command. But considering all the evidence, it had decided that "errors made by the Hawaiian commands were errors of judgement and not of omissions of duty."

Broadly speaking, these errors of judgement can be put down to one thing. Despite the Martin-Bellinger estimate and the consequent thinking and planning in connexion with the defence of Hawaii, despite the "disappearance" of the Japanese carriers

and the belief that a surprise attack of some sort was imminent, Admiral Kimmel and General Short, naval and military commander respectively, were convinced that the attack would be either against the Philippines or southward towards the Kra Peninsula and Malaya. They believed that the greatest danger Hawaii had to face was that of sabotage from Japanese sympathizers amongst Honolulu's large Japanese population.

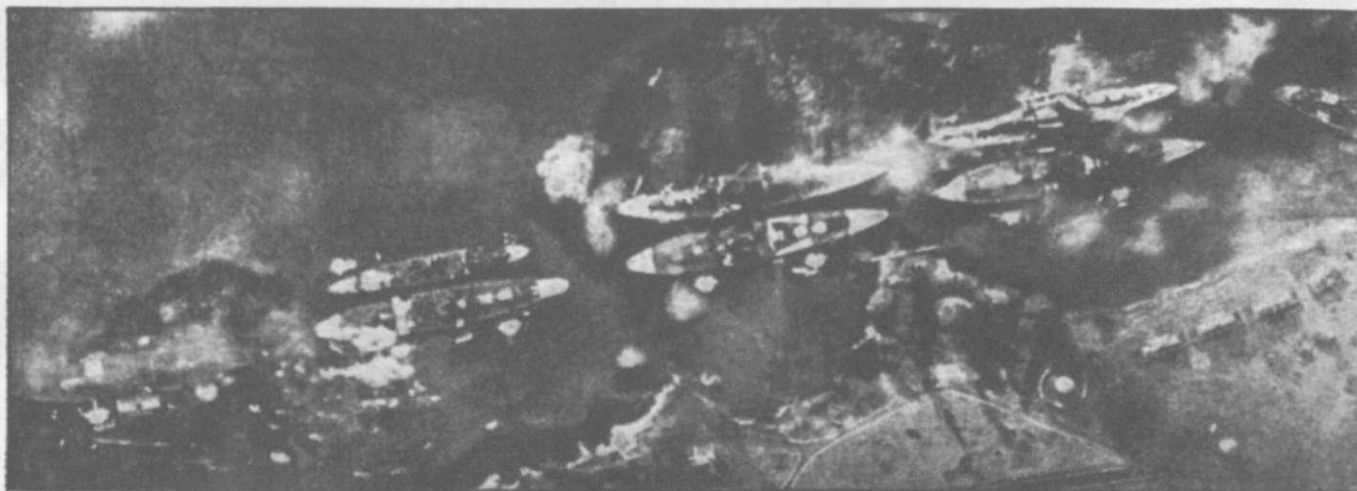
To that basic error can be added the accumulation of small errors that were due to the lack of co-operation between the U.S. Army and the Navy that showed itself in war for the first time on this grim December morning. The Japanese in their planning had allowed for the loss of at least two carriers and a number of surface vessels. That they lost nothing was primarily due to precisely this circumstance of non-co-operation.

Speculation about Pearl Harbour has been endless and will so continue, but to my mind there are two channels that are more than ordinarily filled with fascination. How would the Pacific war have developed if the Pearl Harbour attack had been followed immediately with a landing to exploit the temporary destruction of American sea power and the establishment of Japanese air domination in the Hawaiian region? I found few people in the Pacific who did not think that such an attack should have succeeded. How would the Pacific war have been fought with America shorn of Pearl Harbour?

U.S. Fleet Inferior to the Jap

My second channel of speculation is as to what would have happened if Pearl Harbour had *not* been attacked. In the opinion of the Admirals the American Fleet in the Pacific in December was inferior to the Japanese Fleet to a degree that precluded all possibility of major hostile operations. But if the Japanese had contented themselves with attacking the Philippines, and if General MacArthur had, by his defence, sufficiently inflamed American public opinion, is there not a possibility that political expediency might have forced the over-ruling of the Service chiefs and sent the Fleet with reinforcements for Bataan?

What would have happened then? It may be that Japan, with the apparent victory of Pearl Harbour, the victory that more than any other thing served to unite the immeasurable force of the American nation in war, denied herself the possibility of defeating the American Fleet at sea, where it could not have been salvaged, and destroying an army of reinforcement. A sea battle with odds utterly in favour of Japan in the deep waters off the Philippines might have changed the whole outcome of the Pacific war.



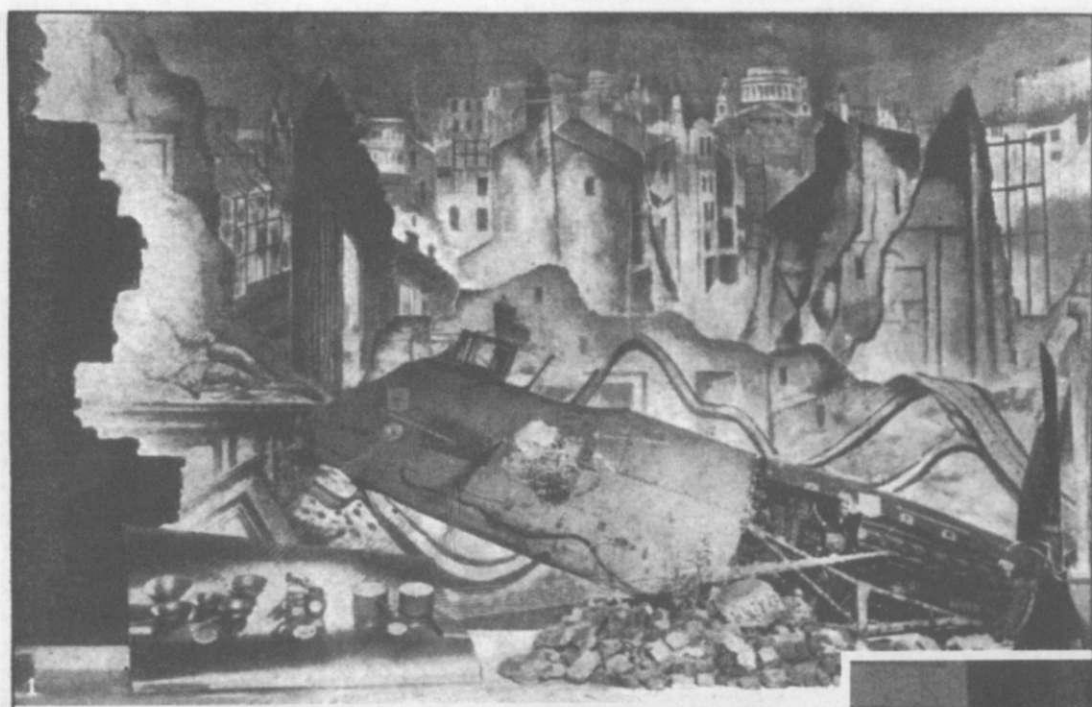
AT THE HEIGHT OF THE ATTACK by the Japanese on Pearl Harbour sticks of bombs straddled the stricken warships, and oil storage tanks ashore burned furiously. In a whirl of dive-bombers and torpedo-carrying aircraft, high-level bombing and ground strafing, the American Pacific Fleet was destroyed in 50 minutes. American planes to the total of 188 had been destroyed and the U.S. forces lost 2,280 killed and more than 1,000 wounded. The Japanese lost no ships, 29 aircraft and less than 100 men.

Tribute to Warrior Birds Who Gave Their Lives



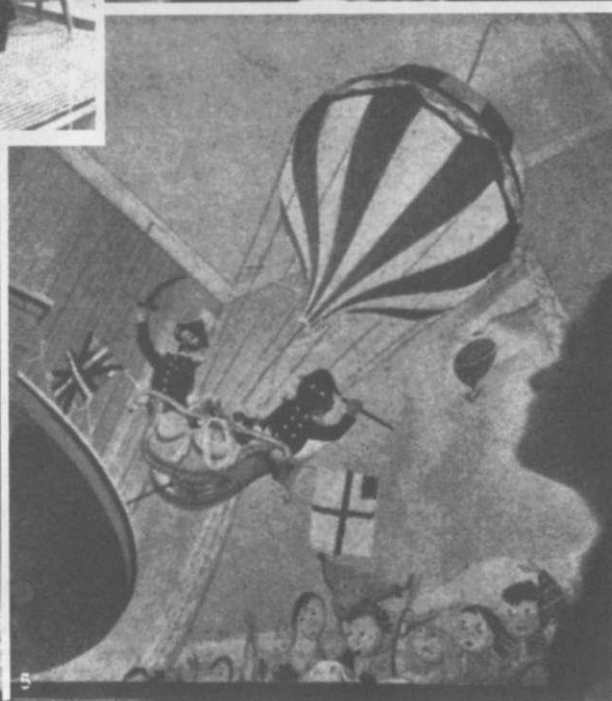
IN THE GARDEN OF ALL HALLOWS-BY-THE-TOWER, London, this memorial to carrier-pigeons who died on active service, 1939-1945, was unveiled on Oct. 4, 1946, by Miss Nancy Price, who had collected funds for its erection, and a short service of dedication was conducted by the vicar of All Hallows. On the rowan tree branches, set in two pools of water in the stone base, are troughs for crumbs, and birds carved in wood by the Sussex craftsman, George Mann, seen above.

Ingeniously Switching War Efforts to Peace—

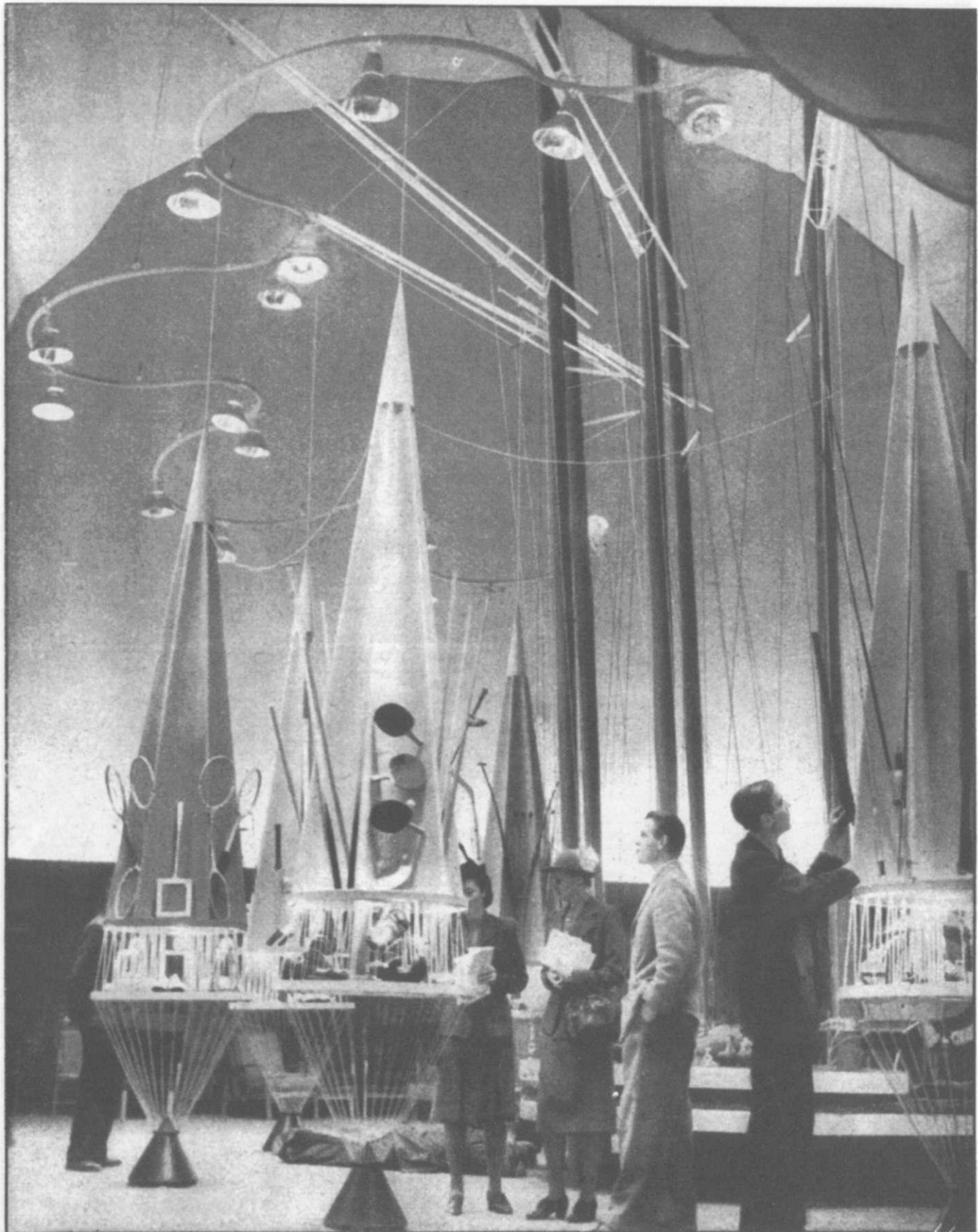


ACHIEVEMENTS in our industrial sphere so soon after the cessation of hostilities were brilliantly displayed at the Britain Can Make It Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, sponsored by the Council of Industrial Design and opened by H.M. The King on Sept. 24, 1946. "Let us today set out," he said, "to make British design a hall-mark of pre-eminence in the eyes of the world, as British materials and workmanship have long been." A crashed aircraft staged against a background of bombed London indicates (1) how salvaged material is used in the production of household articles. Development in house planning includes the all-electric kitchen (2) adjacent to the dining-room. Ultra-modern are the enclosed electric sewing-machine (3) and the air-conditioned bed (4) the temperature of which is automatically controlled. Originality is the keynote of new toys (5).

Photos, G.P.U., P.A.-Reuter,
The News Chronicle
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—We Show the World that Britain Can Make It



THE ART OF SHOWMANSHIP finds full expression in this display of equipment in the Sports Room of the Exhibition: first-class goods presented attractively to catch the eye and fire the imagination of buyers for the Overseas and Home markets. So remote from the atmosphere of war, this section contributed fully to (as H.M. the King expressed it) "evidence of our power of recovery in the face of all difficulties, and of our continued leadership in the arts of peace." His Majesty was amused to note that the two golf balls on view were firmly fixed in their places! The exhibition as a whole contained nearly 6,000 exhibits, coming from more than 1,300 firms, and chosen from 18,000 items put up for the consideration of the Council of Industrial Design. Of the goods shown, 36 per cent were reported by their makers as already available for the Home market (though not necessarily in quantities adequate to meet the demand). A further 14½ per cent would be ready by the end of the year, so that just over half the goods displayed would be available, to some extent, by 1947.

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Photo, The News Chronicle

Berlin Remembrance Day for Victims of Nazism



CROWDED IN THE LUSTGARTEN on September 25, 1946, Berliners watched the Mayor place a wreath at the flag-draped former museum (1), now a memorial to victims of Nazism. At Weezen, near Hanover, voters did their duty (2) in the Municipal elections on September 15, 1946. B.A.O.R. family goes shopping in a N.A.A.F.I. canteen at Hamburg (3). Another memorial to Nazi victims (4) at Itzehoe in the British zone. Inset: new German stamp for use in the British U.S. and Soviet zones. PAGE 424 Photos: Planet News, New York Times Photos, Topical Press, Associated Press.

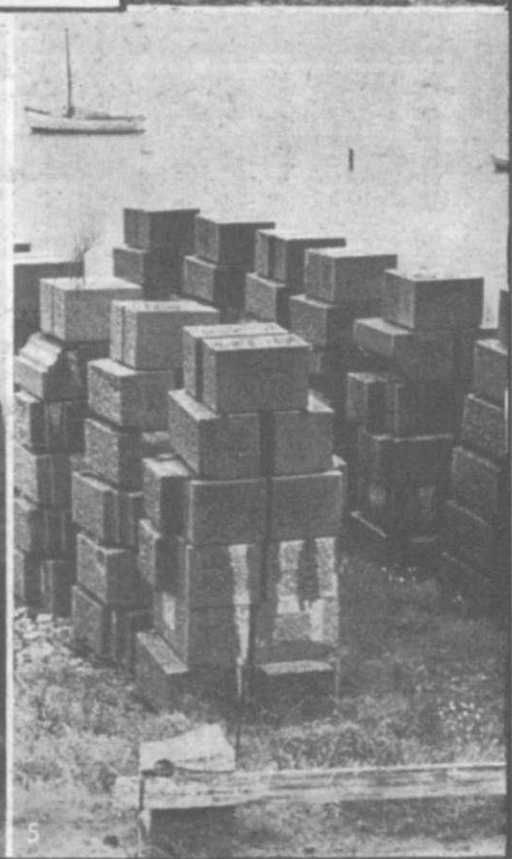
New Memorials and One That Will Not be Built



SYMBOLIC OF THE CO-OPERATION between British armed forces in the war, and dedicated to all ranks of the Commandos, the submarine section of the Royal Navy, the Airborne Forces and the Special Air Service, a group of three sculptures by Mr. Gilbert Loward, R.A., is to be erected in the cloister of Westminster Abbey, London. Clay models of two of the figures have been completed: the Commando (1) and the Parachutist (2). The third will be that of a submarine sailor. The group, in bronze, will be backed by panels each bearing a typical feature of the Service; behind the Parachutist will appear a winged horse, emblem of the Airborne Forces.

At Le Havre, France, a memorial was unveiled (3) to commemorate 3,675,000 U.S. military personnel who passed through the port between September 1944 and August 1946. At Narvik, in Norway, King Haakon, in naval uniform (4), gazes at a memorial dedicated to the French who fell there in 1940. One never to be erected is that planned by Hitler for Berlin to commemorate victory after the fall of France in 1940: its granite blocks (5) remain at Bovallsand, Sweden.

PAGE 425 Photos, Topical, Keystone, Associated Press



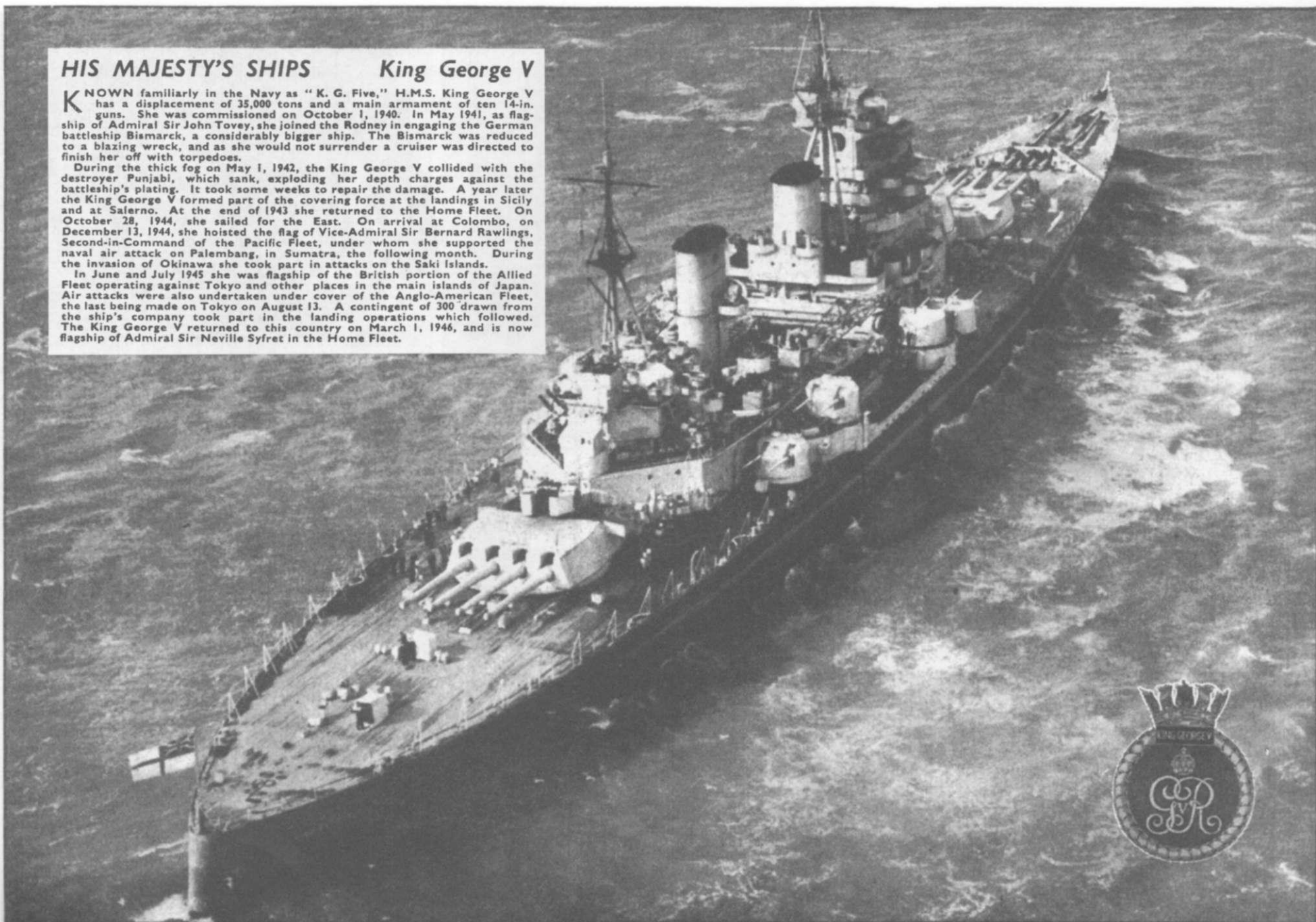
HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS

King George V

KNOwn familiarly in the Navy as "K. G. Five," H.M.S. King George V has a displacement of 35,000 tons and a main armament of ten 14-in. guns. She was commissioned on October 1, 1940. In May 1941, as flagship of Admiral Sir John Tovey, she joined the Rodney in engaging the German battleship Bismarck, a considerably bigger ship. The Bismarck was reduced to a blazing wreck, and as she would not surrender a cruiser was directed to finish her off with torpedoes.

During the thick fog on May 1, 1942, the King George V collided with the destroyer Punjabi, which sank, exploding her depth charges against the battleship's plating. It took some weeks to repair the damage. A year later the King George V formed part of the covering force at the landings in Sicily and at Salerno. At the end of 1943 she returned to the Home Fleet. On October 28, 1944, she sailed for the East. On arrival at Colombo, on December 13, 1944, she hoisted the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir Bernard Rawlings, Second-in-Command of the Pacific Fleet, under whom she supported the naval air attack on Palembang, in Sumatra, the following month. During the invasion of Okinawa she took part in attacks on the Saki Islands.

In June and July 1945 she was flagship of the British portion of the Allied Fleet operating against Tokyo and other places in the main islands of Japan. Air attacks were also undertaken under cover of the Anglo-American Fleet, the last being made on Tokyo on August 13. A contingent of 300 drawn from the ship's company took part in the landing operations which followed. The King George V returned to this country on March 1, 1946, and is now flagship of Admiral Sir Neville Syfret in the Home Fleet.



Records of the Regiments: 1939-1945

THE many battalions of the D.L.I. which fought in the Second Great War added to the Regiment's heritage a wealth of valour and gallantry and proved once more its claim to the title "Faithful" which it gained over 150 years ago. Three weeks after the declaration of war, in 1939, the 2nd Battalion (one of the two regular battalions) arrived in France, twenty-five years after the same battalion had landed to fight in the First Great War.

In January 1940 they were followed by the 6th, 8th and 9th Battalions—three Territorial Battalions which formed the 151st (Durham) Brigade in the 50th (Northumbrian) Division—and then by the 10th and 11th, two second-line Territorial Battalions. There were thus six battalions of the Regiment in France before the storm broke in May 1940. During the waiting period between September and May it was feared that the enemy would attack through Belgium rather than make a frontal attack on the Maginot defences. Accordingly, most of this period was spent in strenuous preparation of defences along the Belgian frontier. Plan "D" adopted by the High Command was for the Allied forces to move into Belgium as soon as the attack started and take up positions along the River Dyle, which lay behind the Belgian positions along the German frontier. The B.E.F. were to occupy the line from Louvain to Wavre.

On May 10, 1940, the enemy started his attack, aided by good weather. By May 12 the Dyle defence had been manned exactly as planned. The 2nd Battalion reached its position around La Tombe in about 10 hours. The 9th Battalion undertook part of the Movement Control work during the move into Belgium. It was near La Tombe, on the River Dyle, that Second-Lieutenant R. W. Annand gained the first V.C. to be awarded to a member of the Regiment in the Second Great War (portrait in page 250, Vol. 3). His platoon was astride a blown bridge. During the night of May 15-16 they beat off a strong attack. Next morning the enemy had pushed forward a bridging party along the sunken bed of the river.

Enemy Headed for Channel Ports

Lieut. Annand attacked the party, ran over open ground himself and, reaching the top of the bridge, drove out the enemy with hand grenades. After having his wounds dressed he carried on in command. In the evening another attack was launched. Lieut. Annand again went forward and attacked with hand grenades. He withdrew his platoon when the order to do so was received, but on the way back he learned that his batman was wounded and was left behind. He returned at once to the forward position and carried him back in a wheelbarrow, before himself losing consciousness as a result of his wounds.

By this time news was received that the enemy had broken through the French lines on the right and ten Armoured Divisions were pouring through France towards the Channel Ports. This movement seriously endangered our right flank, and Lord Gort realized that he must establish a defensive position to the south of the B.E.F. The 50th Division was sent to take up a position along the canal running north-west from Douai. It was obvious that if the Armies in the north were to be saved an attack must be made towards the south to cut off the

The Durham Light Infantry

By Captain E. W. SHORT

THOUGH not all are borne on the King's Colour and the Regimental Colour of The Durham Light Infantry, the Regiment had 76 Battle Honours to its credit up to the outbreak of the Second Great War, these ranging from "Salamanca, 1812" to "Archangel, 1918-19." Its record, dating from 1756, was enhanced when the call came in 1914 and no fewer than 37 battalions of the D.L.I. fought and were sustained from the County. Its outstanding achievements in the greatest of all wars are now outlined.



LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR M. E. FRANKLYN, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., in 1940 commanded the British 50th Division, of which three battalions of the D.L.I. formed a part. Photo, British Official

enemy streaming towards the Channel. Accordingly, the 5th and 50th Divisions under Major-General Franklyn made one of the few successful attacks in the battle of Flanders in the Vimy area. The 151st Brigade took an outstanding part in this attack. But support promised by the French on the left was, unfortunately, not forth-

coming and the force had to be withdrawn. By May 30 the whole B.E.F. was withdrawn to the Dunkirk perimeter. After three weeks of constant rearguard fighting with a disintegrating ally on either flank nobody lost heart. The remnants of the D.L.I. battalions reached Dunkirk with the rest, returning considerably depleted but not knocked out. The 2nd Battalion, less than 150 strong, came back under Captain and Quartermaster O. H. Pearson, one of the best-known figures in the Regiment. The following months were spent in reorganization, re-equipment and the raising of new battalions—among them a Young Soldiers' Battalion.

The summer and autumn of 1940 were anxious days for England. The threat of invasion hung like a dark cloud on the horizon. The Government decided to raise armed hands throughout the land, as they had done in Napoleon's days. In May 1940 the L.D.V. was formed throughout the county, and Durham men drilled and trained and stood on guard in hastily improvised defences with the barest minimum of equipment and weapons. The spirit of the Old Armed Legions was alive again. At first the L.D.V. had no connexion with the Regiment except that many of its members were old Durham Light Infantry members.

From China to the Middle East

Later in the year, however, as the movement developed, it came under the control of the County T.A. Association, and in August 1940 the volunteers started to wear the badge of The Durham Light Infantry. The name was changed to Home Guard, new units were formed, and a definite organization began to evolve. The County force became over a score of battalions strong, all well-trained and well-equipped and proud to wear the badge of the Regiment.

The 1st Battalion (the other regular battalion) had returned from China to the Middle East at the outbreak of war and saw much fighting in the areas of Fort Capuzzo and Halfaya Pass in the early months of 1941. On one occasion the Battalion captured Fort Capuzzo but had to withdraw, with heavy casualties, because of lack



ANTI-TANK RIFLE INSTRUCTION given to men of the 2nd Battalion Durham Light Infantry during the lull on the Western Front in February 1940. One of the two regular battalions of the Regiment (the other being the 1st), it arrived in France within three weeks of war being declared in September 1939. PAGE 427 Photo, British Official



MEALTIME IN CYPRUS was an alfresco affair for the 9th Battalion D.L.I. men in this photograph (hitherto unpublished) taken in August 1941. They went on, with the 151st Brigade, to take part in much of the most bitter fighting in Egypt and North Africa, including the battles of El Alamein and the Mareth Line. War Office Photograph

of reinforcements. In June the Battalion was sent to Syria, where the supporters of the Vichy regime were resisting the Allied occupation of the country.

Eventually they arrived at Aleppo and did garrison duties until August 1941, when they were sent to relieve the Australians at Tobruk. For five months the Battalion endured constant bombing and shelling by the German and Italian forces outside the perimeter. Most of the time was spent in patrolling and outpost duty. By January of 1942 they were in Malta, where they spent the greater part of the year, helping in the

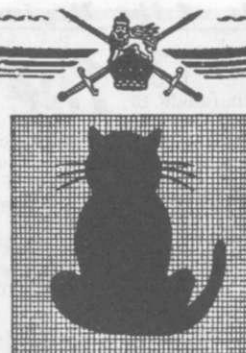
defence of the island bastion against almost incessant attack from the air. Most of the supplies had to come in by air or submarine, and for some months food was very scarce.

Meanwhile, the 151st Brigade had reached the Middle East, in April 1941. These battalions after a period in Cyprus and Iraq took part in much of the most bitter fighting in the desert, including the break-through at Gazala and the assaults at El Alamein and the Mareth Line. One great deed must be mentioned. On June 27, 1942, one of our two-pounder guns at Mersa Matruh had a short-range duel with an enemy light gun. All the crew of the two-pounder became casualties. One, however, Private A. H. Wakenshaw, who belonged to the 9th Battalion, crawled back to the gun although his left arm was blown off.

He managed to load it and fired five more rounds, which damaged the enemy gun and fired its tractor. A near miss then killed the gun aimer and blew Wakenshaw away from the gun. In spite of further severe wounds he dragged himself back, and was preparing to fire again when a direct hit killed him. He was posthumously awarded the V.C. (portrait in page 284, Vol. 6). The two-pounder now occupies an honoured place at the Depot at Brancepeth, Durham.



SHAVING TIME was any time for this member of the D.L.I., whose battalion was covering the withdrawal of Allied units from the Tobruk area in June 1942. A patrol of the 6th Battalion in the photograph on the right (published for the first time) was skirmishing on the outskirts of the Mareth Line in March 1943. War Office Photograph



Colours: Black Cat on Red

56TH (LONDON) DIVISION

FORMERLY the 1st City of London Territorial Division, the 56th Division's associations with London were embodied in its Divisional sign "Dick Whittington's Cat." Sent overseas in 1942, after a spell in the Home Forces, the Division was employed on garrison duties in Palestine, Syria, and Iraq, before being committed to its first action, at Enfidaville, in 1943, during the Tunisian campaign.

The 56th took part in the Italian invasion, landing at Salerno on September 9. Heavy casualties were sustained at Battipaglia, finally taken on September 18. Baronissi was captured on September 27, and Nola early in October. At the Salerno landings the Division's first V.C. was awarded to C.S.M. Peter Wright, Coldstream Guards (portrait in page 478, Vol. 8). The Division was across the Volturno by mid-October. In January 1944, fierce battles were fought along the Garigliano river and on Monte Damiano; at the latter the second V.C. was awarded, posthumously, to Pte. G. A. Mitchell, London Scottish, on January 24-25 (portrait in page 376, Vol. 8).

SWITCHED to the Anzio beach-head in February the Division extricated a beleaguered Allied force. Following a comparatively quiet period, the 56th faced the task of penetrating the enemy's Adriatic defences, including the Gothic Line, and within two weeks of starting operations, on September 1, had crossed the Morano river, taken Montifiore, and reached the Croce area, where in an epic struggle the Gemmano feature was captured.

Assisting in the clearance of the approaches to the Senio river, early in January 1945, the Division seized positions over the river on February 23. An amphibious assault was undertaken on Lake Comacchio, in April, and File was captured on April 16. Ten days later the Po was reached. By April 30 the Division had advanced beyond Venice, at which juncture the Italian campaign was brought to a close.

Distinguished Actions of The D.L.I. in Sicily



THIS STEPPED WALL (1) formed a convenient observation post for a major of the 8th Battalion Durham Light Infantry in the course of a three days' battle on the Gornalunga river in July 1943. In Acireale on the German escape route to Messina, in August, troops of the 9th Battalion are seen, in this hitherto unpublished photograph (2), clearing the town of the enemy. Destruction of the bridge across the Simeto river did not hinder the advance on Catania; crossing by boat (3) these were among the first Allied troops to enter the town. Catania, in fact, fell to an officer of the D.L.I., and the documents of surrender are now in the Regimental Museum.

War Office photographs

Records of the Regiments: 1939—1945



AS LIBERATORS the D.L.I. were among the first Allied troops to land in Normandy, on June 6, 1944. These previously unpublished photographs show (top) a D.L.I. sergeant, a week later, at Lingevres, lighting up after his head wound had been dressed at the Regimental Aid Post, and (bottom) men of the Regiment making good use of a captured German officer's horse. War Office Photographs

Before the North African campaign had ended the 16th Battalion—one of the new battalions formed after Dunkirk—had landed with the 1st Army in Tunisia and played a costly part in achieving the final victory on the southern shore of the Mediterranean. On June 16, 1943, the 151st Brigade made its assault on the Sicilian coast, near Avola. In the conquest of the island the Brigade distinguished itself by capturing the Primo Sole Bridge before Catania and establishing the bridge-head which made the capture of the city possible. The city of Catania was actually surrendered to Lieutenant Gardiner, an officer of the Regiment. The documents of the surrender are now in the Regimental Museum. By October the three battalions

had embarked at Syracuse for the United Kingdom, where they started their six months' arduous training for the final mighty assault on Hitler's European fortress. The 16th Battalion continued to fight its way north with the armies in Italy.

Fighting in the Cos Island Hills

In September 1943 the 1st Battalion, which by this time was back in Syria, was sent to the Island of Cos, off the coast of Turkey. They spent a few weeks in the construction of air-fields, but on October 2 the Germans made sea and air landings on the salt flats of the island. The defenders withdrew to the hills and from then on received no supplies, living off the land. Eventually, after a fortnight's bitter fighting without air support, about 100 men from the Battalion escaped to Egypt, via Turkey and Cyprus, where they were re-formed. In March 1944 they sailed for Italy and joined the 10th Indian Division near Ortona.

The 2nd Battalion by April 1942 had embarked for the Far East. At the end of February 1943 they were in the line in the Arakan Peninsula and remained there until the end of May. In the early months of 1944 the Japs had attacked at Imphal and the Battalion was sent to Kohima, where it suffered severe casualties. Kohima was captured, and the Battalion was leading the column which met the troops who had broken out of Imphal. Later, after resting for some time, the 2nd Battalion was again in action south of Mandalay.

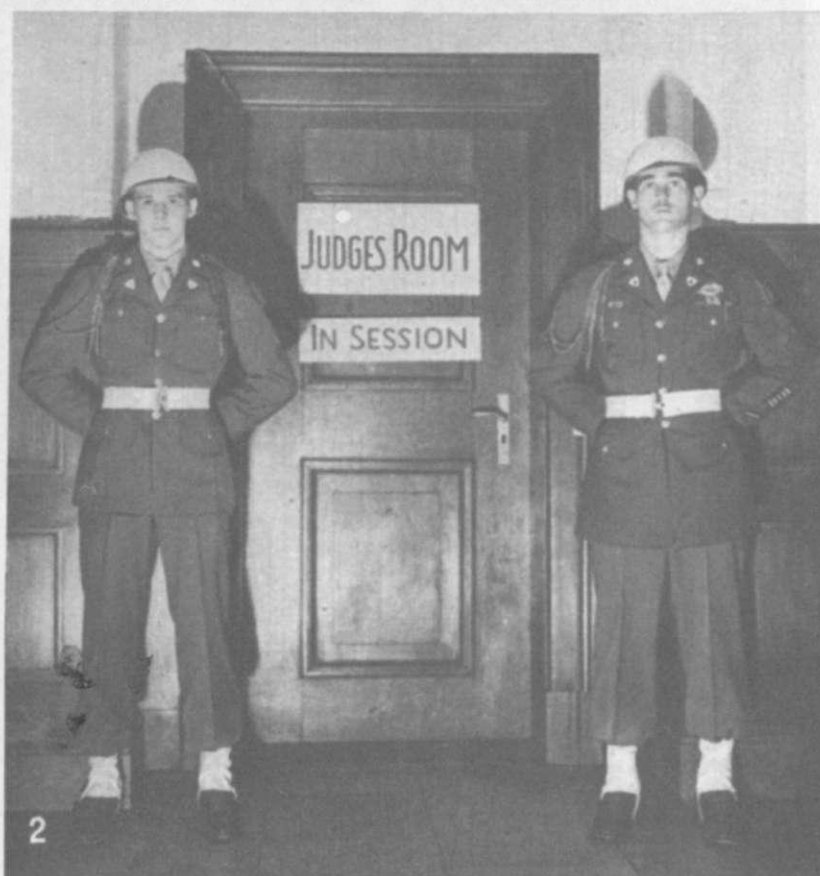
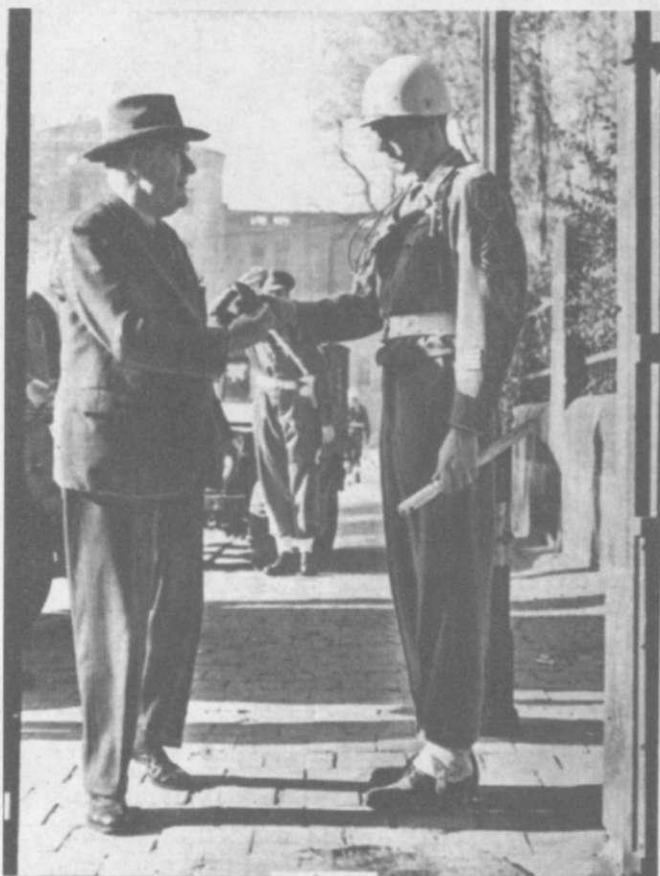
MEANWHILE, preparations for the European invasion were proceeding, and on June 6, 1944, the great attack was launched. The regiment was represented by the 6th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th Battalions. These fought their way from the Normandy beaches and by the end of 1944 were back in Belgium, from which they had been driven four years earlier. Deep into the heart of Germany they went, playing their part in achieving the final and unconditional surrender of the German armed forces on May 8, 1945.

The 9th Battalion formed part of the Occupation Force in Berlin for a time, and the 16th Battalion in Vienna. Another battalion also served with the British Forces in Greece. It is also gratifying to know that the 2nd Battalion took an outstanding part in the Burma campaign, which was an important factor in forcing Japanese surrender only three months after the German collapse.



TROOPS OF THE 9th BATTALION in a Kangaroo at Weseke, Holland, on March 31, 1945, prepare to advance on a town near Stadlohn not far from the Dutch-German frontier. With the British Seventh Armoured Division (the Desert Rats) this Battalion during the same month had advanced seventy miles beyond the Rhine in the Westphalian operations. PAGE 430 War Office Photograph

Justice Overtakes the Nazi Leaders



photos, G.P.U., Keystone

As the climax of the greatest trial in history drew near even Lord Justice Lawrence, President of the International Military Tribunal at Nuremberg, was requested to show his pass (1) before entering the courthouse and taking his place in the closely-guarded Judges' Room (2). Seated round the table in this room and considering their judgement (3) are (r. to l.) Lieut.-Col. Volchkov and Maj.-Gen. Nikitchenko (Russia), Mr. Justice Birkett, Lord Justice Lawrence (Gt. Britain), Mr. Francis Biddle and Judge J. J. Parker (U.S.A.), and Prof. Donnedieu de Vabres (France).



Hitler's 'Old Guard' on Trial for Their Lives —

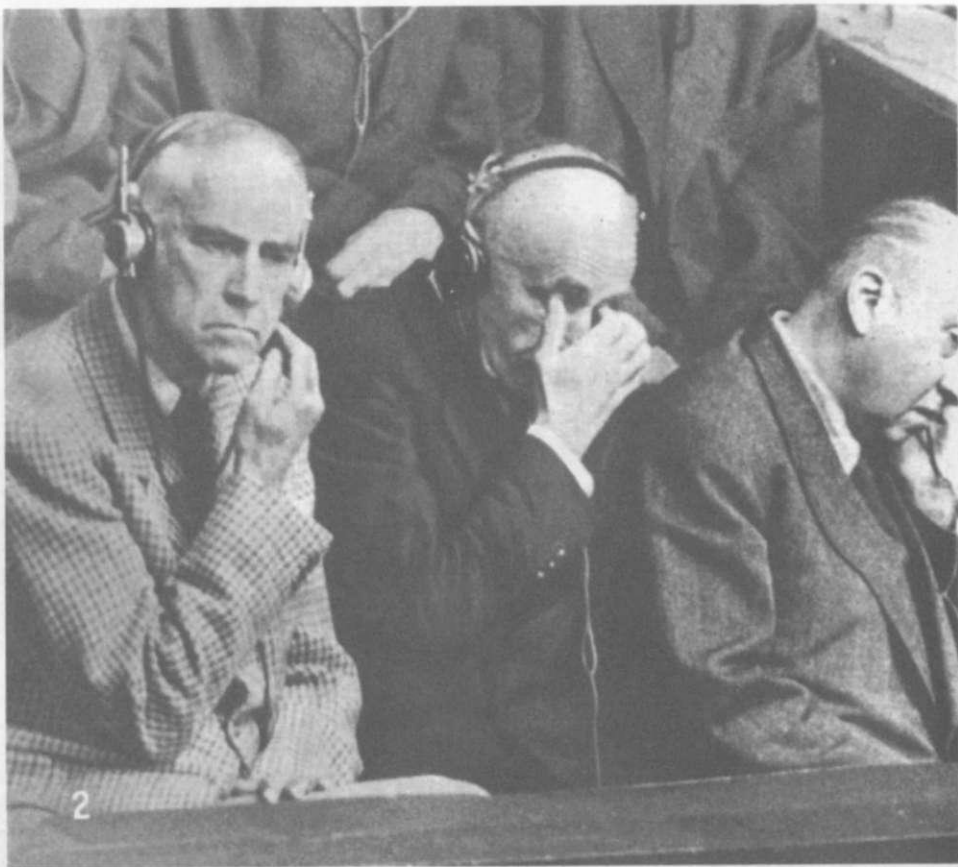
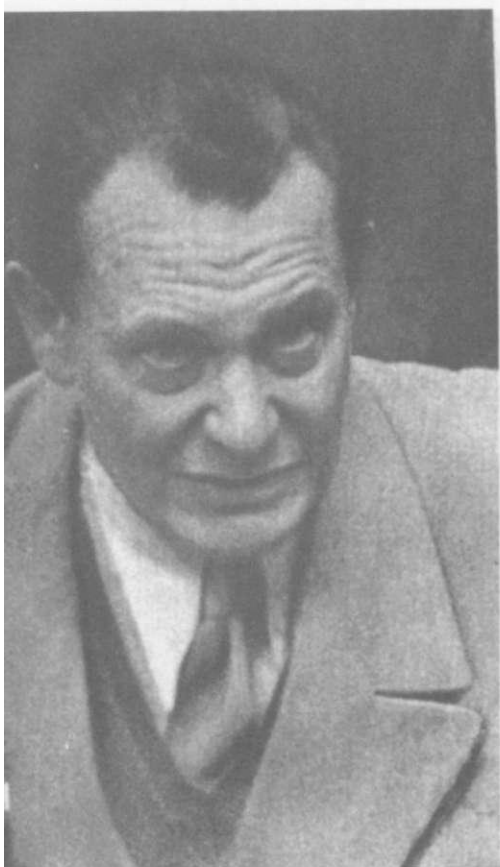
On the afternoon of October 1, 1946, after a trial lasting 217 days and costing \$5,000 a week and involving 300,000 affidavits, 200 witnesses and more than three million documents, sentences were pronounced on the 21 Nazi defendants in the dock at Nuremberg and on one other: Hitler's deputy, Martin Bormann, who, in his absence, was condemned to death. Of the 21 present, the hangman claims 11; seven face imprisonment for varying terms, three are freed.

Photo, Associated Press



— Hear the Verdicts the World Has Awaited

In the dock, front row l. to r., Goering, Hess, Ribbentrop, Keitel, Kaltenbrunner, Rosenberg, Frank, Frick, Streicher, Funk, Schacht. Behind them, l. to r., Doenitz, Raeder, Schirach, Sauckel, Jodl, Papen, Seyss-Inquart, Speer, Neurath, Fritzsche. The condemned were allowed four days in which to lodge appeals against the hanging to be carried out at Nuremberg on October 16, 1946. Those sentenced to imprisonment would go to a Berlin prison to be chosen by the four Allied Powers.



Surprises for Some on the Day of Reckoning

Photos, Associated Press, G.P.

"His guilt is unique in its enormity," said Lord Justice Lawrence of Goering (1), who listened hunched forward in his seat in the dock—guilty on all four counts. Streicher (2, centre) and Frick (left), to hang with Goering, could have had no feelings of astonishment: unlike Funk (right) who, expecting the death sentence, is to be imprisoned for life. Judged not guilty, surprise perhaps came in full measure to Fritzsche, Papen and Schacht (3, left to right, after their acquittal).

Judgement at Nuremberg

MANACLED and heavily guarded to prevent any attempts at suicide, the 11 Nazi war criminals sentenced to death by the International Military Tribunal were today (October 2, 1946) moved to the condemned cells in a special isolated block of the Nuremberg prison. . . . Some of them may ask to be shot instead of hanged," reported The Daily Telegraph. "In another part of the prison, unattended and with their cell doors open, were Papen, Schacht and Fritzsche, who were acquitted; with most of Germany demanding their retrial, the Allies did not consider it safe to free them completely until arrangements can be made to send them to their destinations." The seven who were sentenced to terms of imprisonment ranging from ten years to life awaited notification of the prison to which they would be transferred.

From the time when the first defendant, Goering, entered the dock on the afternoon of Oct. 1, 1946, it took only 42 minutes for the Tribunal to pass sentence on the 19 men found guilty. Goering listened to the level tones of Lord Justice Lawrence: "The evidence shows that after Hitler he was the most prominent man in the Nazi regime. . . . He developed the Gestapo and created the first concentration camps. . . . Goering persecuted the Jews not only in Germany but in the conquered territories as well. There is nothing to be said in mitigation. . . . his own admissions are more than sufficient to be conclusive proof of his guilt."

Called for Guns Instead of Butter

Then it was the turn of Hess, of whom the Russian Judge said: "He became Hitler's closest friend and confidant, a relationship which lasted until Hess's flight to the British Isles. In September 1939 Hess was officially announced as successor-designate to the Fuehrer after Goering. . . . He urged the people to sacrifice for armaments. He repeated the phrase, 'Guns instead of butter'. . . . He blamed Britain and France for the war."

Delivering the Tribunal's verdict on Ribbentrop, Lord Justice Lawrence stated: "He played a particularly significant role in diplomatic activity which led up to the attack on Poland. . . . participated in a meeting on June 6, 1944, in which it was agreed to start a programme under which Allied aviators carrying out machine-gun attacks on the civilian population should be lynched." Of Schacht, it was announced "He was active in organizing Germany's economy for war. . . . The case against Schacht depends on the inference that he did, in fact, know of the Nazi aggressive plan. . . . The Tribunal comes to the conclusion that this necessary inference has not been established beyond a reasonable doubt."

KEITEL had his plea that "he was a soldier and acted under superior orders" rejected on the ground that "Superior orders even given to a soldier cannot be considered in mitigation where crimes so extensive have been committed casually, ruthlessly, and without any military excuse or justification." Of Papen it was declared he could "be held guilty only if he was a party to the fostering of aggressive war. . . . it is not established beyond reasonable doubt. . . ." The third acquitted man, Fritzsche, was described as "best known as a radio commentator" who "sometimes made strong statements of a propagandist nature in his broadcasts, but one cannot hold they were intended to incite the people to commit atrocities on conquered peoples."

Kaltenbrunner as leader of the S.S. in Austria was active in the Nazi intrigue

against that country, was aware of conditions in concentration camps and ordered the execution of prisoners therein. Head of an organization whose agents engaged in Nazi intrigues all over the world, Rosenberg knew of the brutal treatment meted out to Eastern Europeans. Responsibility for the ghettos in Poland and the systematic extermination of Jews were among points brought home against Frank. Largely responsible for bringing the German nation under complete control of the National Socialist party, Frick was also in large part responsible for legislation to suppress the trade unions, the Press and the Jews.

Five Million Doomed to Slavery

Streicher's rabid anti-Semitism—incitement to murder and extermination—"constitutes a crime against humanity." Funk took part in the economic planning which preceded the attack on Russia and in the printing of roubles in Germany before the attack. U-boat crimes were proven against Doenitz. Against Raeder, who urged attack on Norway, the most serious charge was that "he carried out unrestricted naval warfare, including warfare on neutrals. Raeder admits that he passed the order to shoot Allied prisoners of war down through his chain of command and did not object to Hitler about it." Schirach, corruptor of German youth, although not the originator of "the policy of deporting Jews from Vienna, participated in this deportation, though he knew that the best they could hope for was a miserable existence in the ghettos of the East." Of Sauckel it was said the evidence showed he "was in charge of a programme which involved deportation for slave labour of some 5,000,000 human beings, many of them under terrible conditions of cruelty and suffering."

Arch-planner of the war, Jodl "took part in all the conferences preceding the invasion of Russia, and signed the order to shoot commandos and prisoners of war." Seyss-Inquart's cruelties in three countries were established. Of Speer, it was recognized in mitigation that in the closing stages of the war "he was one of the few men who had the courage to tell Hitler that the war was lost." Neurath escaped the death sentence in that he "intervened with the security police and secret service for the release of many of the Czechoslovaks who had been arrested on September 1, 1939, and for the release of students arrested later in the autumn. In 1941 Von Neurath was summoned before Hitler, who complained that his regime had not been harsh enough." Bormann, tried in his absence, "was extremely active in the persecution of Jews. . . . If Bormann is not dead and is later apprehended, the Control Council for Germany may consider any facts in mitigation and alter or review his sentence if deemed proper."

When Lord Justice Lawrence and Mr. Justice Birkett returned to England, they commented on the bearing of the

HOW THEY FARED was the cause of this wild rush on newspaper sellers in the Nuremberg streets.

Photo, Planet News

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THE VERDICTS AND SENTENCES

DEATH BY HANGING

Hermann Wilhelm Goering, 52, former Luftwaffe chief and successor-designate to Hitler. Guilty on all four counts, which were: 1. Common plan or conspiracy to wage aggressive war; 2. Crimes against peace; 3. War crimes; 4. Crimes against humanity. **Joachim Ribbentrop**, 53, Hitler's Foreign Minister and at one time Ambassador in London. Guilty on all counts.

Wilhelm Keitel, 63, former chief of the German High Command. Guilty on all counts.

Ernst Kaltenbrunner, 43, Himmler's Deputy and former chief of the security police and S.D. (Security Service.) Guilty on counts three and four.

Alfred Rosenberg, 53, head of the Nazi ideology department and former Minister for Occupied Eastern Territories. Guilty on all counts.

Hans Frank, 46, former Governor-General of Occupied Poland. Guilty on counts three and four.

Wilhelm Frick, 69, former Protector of Bohemia-Moravia and ex-Minister of the Interior. Guilty on counts two, three and four.

Julius Streicher, 61, owner and publisher of the anti-Jewish newspaper Der Stuermer and Gauleiter of Franconia. Guilty on count four.

Fritz Sauckel, 48, Director of Man-power under the Nazis. Guilty on counts three and four.

Alfred Jodl, 56, Chief of Staff 1942-45. Guilty on all counts.

Arthur Seyss-Inquart, 54, Governor of Austria after the anchluss and Commissioner for Occupied Holland 1940-45. Guilty on counts two, three and four.

Martin Bormann, 45, Hitler's former Deputy. Guilty on counts three and four.

IMPRISONMENT

Rudolf Hess, 52, Hitler's former Deputy. He flew to Scotland during the War to propose peace terms. Guilty on counts one and two. Life imprisonment.

Walter Funk, 56, Reichsbank President, 1939-45. Guilty on counts two, three and four. Life.

Erich Raeder, 70, C-in-C. German Navy, 1928-43. Guilty on counts one, two and three. Life.

Baldur Schirach, 39, Hitler Youth leader and one-time Governor of Austria. Guilty on count four. Twenty years.

Albert Speer, 40, former Armaments Minister. Guilty on counts three and four. Twenty years.

Constantin Neurath, 72, Protector of Bohemia-Moravia, 1939-41, and former Ambassador in London. Guilty on all counts. Fifteen years.

Karl Doenitz, 55, C-in-C. U-boats until 1943, when he succeeded Raeder as C-in-C. German Navy, and Fuehrer from Hitler's death until Germany's surrender. Guilty on counts two and three. Ten years.

DISCHARGED

Hjalmar Schacht, 69, former Reichsbank President and Minister of Economics. Charged on counts one and two. Not guilty on both.

Franz von Papen, 66, diplomat and former Ambassador to Austria and Turkey. Charged on counts one and two. Not guilty.

Hans Fritzsche, 46, Goebbels' assistant at the Propaganda Ministry. Charged on counts one, three and four. Not guilty.

Nazis. Said Lord Justice Lawrence, "They behaved with great dignity and propriety throughout the whole trial." Mr. Justice Birkett adding, "Their behaviour in court was a model of dignity, and most impressive." . . . The first words of approval spoken for quite a long time—and almost certain to be the last.



Europe's Wartime Capitals in 1946

We should never forget that Belgium has suffered two invasions and two occupations during the last thirty years. A casual observer is apt to overlook the bitterness caused among the older generation by the catastrophe which struck the country when it had only just begun to recover from the economic and financial crises which followed the First Great War. I have vivid memories of the triumphal entry into Brussels of King Albert, at the head of his troops, on November 22, 1918. Owing to the presence of the ministers of neutral Powers the Belgian capital had been spared the wholesale destruction which had been inflicted upon some neighbouring towns; but the city, so clean and cheerful in former days, had nevertheless a dismal look. Neither the street-decorations, nor the music of the bands, nor the cheering of the crowds could prevent a careful observer from noticing the marks of suffering on the people's faces and the dilapidated look of the streets, where grass grew between the cobblestones.

But correspondents who accompany the triumphal march of armies do not always look below the surface. They were over-optimistic in November 1918—and they showed even greater optimism in September 1944 when, for the second time, the people of Brussels greeted their liberators. Newspapers then were filled with glowing accounts of the glorious reception given to the British troops, how their tanks were covered with flowers, how soldiers enjoyed the lavish hospitality of the citizens; and the impression spread abroad that Brussels, and Belgium as a whole, had not suffered severely from the German occupation, that accounts of disease and starvation given during the previous years had been grossly exaggerated. It was some weeks before the British public realized that this first impression was entirely misleading and that the Belgians, in their reckless enthusiasm, had expended in a few days of celebration with their liberators whatever small stores of food they had managed so carefully to set aside.

Dangers of Inflation Avoided

The situation was, in fact, far worse than it had been 26 years earlier. This time the Belgians had not received any relief from abroad, because of the British blockade, during four and a half years of occupation, and they had been subjected to a material and moral oppression far more severe than on the previous occasion. Almost every family had suffered the loss of a relative through disease, execution, deportation or service in the army.

The wild enthusiasm of the autumn of 1944 was followed by a sad reaction as soon as it was realized that the war was going on, and that the needs of the Allied Armies had priority over stocks of food and all means of communication when these could be restored. The expulsion of the enemy from the greater part of the country did not mean that sufferings were over. People lacked fuel, clothes and adequate rations. In fact, the food situation became worse in the winter months of 1944-45 than it had ever been during the previous years of war.

The northern provinces were not cleared of the enemy until November 1944, and no sooner had plans been made by the Allies and the Belgian authorities to ensure better distribution of food and fuel, when Rundstedt launched his counter-offensive of December-January, bringing German tanks once more within sight of the Meuse. For a few days the country was on the verge of panic, which was avoided only through the prompt check imposed on the German advance by British

BRUSSELS

By EMILE CAMMAERTS

intervention and the timely arrival of American reinforcements.

During the period which followed, work of reconstruction which had been impeded by military operations could start in earnest. Within a year the daily production of coal rose from 23,000 tons to 80,000 tons. Activity was resumed not only in the metal industry but in the glass and textile industries where it had been brought to a standstill. The situation on the railways and in the port of Antwerp improved monthly. Unemployment practically disappeared, and food prices remained under control. Financial measures taken by the Pierlot Government bore fruit under M. Van Acker, the danger of inflation was avoided, and it is now generally agreed that Belgium occupies a privileged position among the liberated nations. The food and coal ration is as adequate in Brussels as in London, but the cost of living remains much higher compared with pre-war standards.

An English visitor wandering through Brussels gazing at crowded shops and restaurants would no doubt gather the impression that life has become easier in Belgium than in England. But every home hides its own problems connected with the calamities of the past and the uncertainty of the future. Brussels is certainly alive, and in certain of its aspects this life may even appear cheerful; but it lives from hand to mouth. In most cases reserves are exhausted and the country remains vulnerable to diplomatic and financial accidents. Inflation has been prevented only by drastic measures, and if these measures were to be relaxed, in order to satisfy a misguided public opinion, Belgium would once more be at the mercy of soaring prices and rising wages.

Many remember the bitter experiences of 1923 and 1929 and realize that even the wisest home policy would not preserve them from the consequences of an international depression. From this point of view, as from that of security, the future of Belgium, as of all smaller countries in Europe, really depends on the wisdom of the Big Powers who control the resources of the world and can either maintain order or provoke disorder.

Belgian patriots draw some comfort from the thought that economic improvement is beginning to exert a calming influence on the political struggle. For behind this super-

ficial aspect of contentment Brussels has passed, since the liberation, through a severe crisis which may be revived at any moment. The two parties which played a

most important part in the resistance movement—Socialists and Communists on the one hand, Christian Democrats on the other—broke the close alliance they had maintained against the common enemy, as soon as the danger was removed. Divisions were embittered by privation and by vindictiveness felt towards those who had been guilty or suspected of collaboration.

The aftermath of war is made up not only of economic disorder but also of moral disintegration, and it is extremely difficult to persuade people who have made a virtue of hatred for many years to unite in a common effort of co-operation. Political tolerance is not fostered by oppression, and conflicts of opinion become dangerous when an opponent can be accused of disloyalty. This is what happened in every liberated country, and Belgium did not escape the contagion.

In order to understand future events it is necessary to remember that last year's economic progress was accomplished amidst a political tension of unprecedented violence, and that this tension was increased by the dynastic crisis which divided the country into two rival factions. Had King Leopold been in Brussels in September 1944 he would no doubt have resumed his constitutional power, in accordance with the declarations made by the members of the Pierlot Government when they were in London. His removal and imprisonment in Germany, on the morrow of D-Day, and the delay which preceded his liberation in May 1945, gave time to his opponents to marshal their strength.

The controversy which raged for three months through the country threatened the success of reconstruction. It was finally understood that the people themselves should decide the issue. If the Socialists and Communists who supported the Government were to win the election the King would be asked to abdicate; if the Social Christians won the day they would proceed to settle the question by way of a referendum.

ELECTIONS which took place on Feb. 17, 1946, however, gave no single party an overall majority in the Chamber. Administration since then has been in the hands of a Socialist-Liberal-Communist coalition headed first by M. Van Acker and then by the veteran statesman M. Camille Huysmans. The future is still uncertain, but such uncertainty should not blind us to the fact that the progress realized surpasses all expectations and prospects are far brighter than could have been expected a year ago. A certain sense of security has been restored and is reflected in the external aspect of the capital.

All the familiar landmarks and monuments escaped destruction during the war. The Gothic town hall still stands in the ancient market place. The classical "Quartier du Parc" has been preserved. The famous Renaissance glass windows of Saint Gudule's Church have been put back into place. There is one exception; the modern Palace of Justice, which stands at the end of the Rue Royale, has suffered some damage. The Germans set fire to it before leaving the town, in order to destroy some of their archives, and one looks in vain for the familiar dome which crowned the temple erected in the last century to Law and Justice. Some gloomy prophets take this as a bad omen and declare that Justice herself has left the land. But Justice does not depend on stones, however venerable, or on the fear of criminals, however reckless.



ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS and magazines are displayed, together with Continental ones, on this kiosk in a street in Brussels.
PAGE 436 Photo, New York Times Photos

Forgetting the Occupation in Post-War Brussels



FOOD SITUATION in the capital of Belgium—which occupies a privileged position among the liberated nations—is on a level with that in London: the shopping situation (1) appears to be easier. In the Old Market (2) a vendor plays an accordion to draw attention to his wares. Transport difficulties (3) have still to be eased. A British soldier on leave assists with a toy boat (4) on the pond before the Palais de la Nation. Businessmen outside the Bourse (5) throng the Boulevard Anspach. See facing page.

Photos, New York Times Photos



Our War Leaders in Peacetime BEVIN

THE RT. HON. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P., P.C., became a Minister without graduating through the House of Commons. At the age of 59 he went straight from the polls into the key position of Minister of Labour and National Service, with a seat in Churchill's Cabinet and the job of gearing labour to the war effort. Today, as Foreign Secretary, he has a small flat near the Foreign Office in Whitehall, London, where he lives with his wife and their daughter.

His friends say that Mr. Bevin would not have achieved such eminence but for his wife. He has not always been as robust as he looks, and she has superintended his diet, persuaded him to go to bed early (he has always been an early riser) and in a dozen-and-one other ways looked after "Ernie" (her own name for him). She has travelled hundreds of thousands of miles with him, from Scotland to the United States. During the blitz Mrs. Bevin remained by her husband's side—in a hotel in Whitehall. The Bevin family find no pleasure in social life. Their circle of friends is small and closely selected. He himself likes after-supper arguments, but

his overriding interest is the Trade Union Movement, and particularly the Transport and General Workers Union, which he played a large part in forming.

Born in 1881 at the Somersetshire village of Winsford, his interest in politics began when, a lad of ten working on a Devon farm for 3s. 6d. a week, his job included reading the daily papers to a nearly blind employer. His parents died when he was a child, and his sister, who brought him up in Devon, wanted him to work on the land. But what he read fired his thoughts, and in his early teens he left for Bristol and worked in turn as an errand boy, page boy, seller of ginger beer and as a tram driver.

Remains a 'Working-Class' Man

It was in the latter capacity that he met his wife, a Bristol girl, thirty-odd years ago. Since then she has actively supported his fight for better conditions for labour. She

remembers the day when Bevin joined the Trade Union movement and developed, in street-corner oratory, the booming voice heard at international conferences today: "Better wages!" and "Better conditions!" He quoted Burns, whose works he read by gaslight in his room: "The real tragedy of the working-class is the poverty of our views." In 1922, aged 40, Bevin became General Secretary of the Amalgamated Transport and General Workers Union. People who remember him in those days say he has altered little. He has, indeed, remained a "working-class" man and never seems to tire of pointing out this fact.

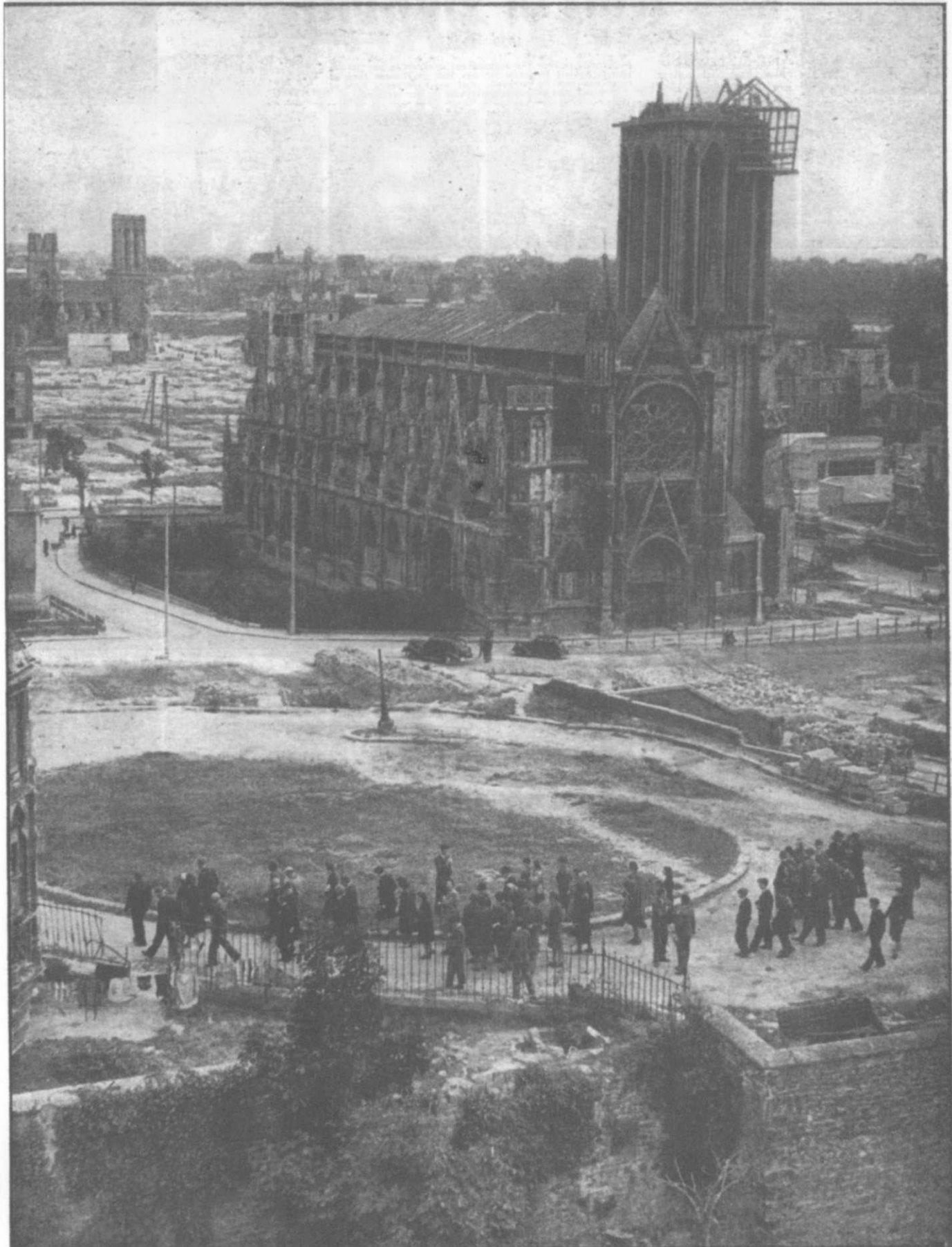
He had been General Secretary of the Transport and General Workers Union for 18 years when, in 1940, returned for Labour at Central Wandsworth, he entered the Cabinet as Minister of Labour. He did not cut adrift from his Trade Union work when appointed Foreign Secretary in 1945. He and his wife continue to work in the Labour movement. Given to ready, robust laughter, Bevin abhors class distinction: "If a boy can fly a Hurricane, he can also help to build the new world!" He likes reading, largely on social topics, and Burns' works (partly because Burns, like himself, was a working man). And he likes writing, though less for pleasure than as a means of setting down his findings. In 1942 he published *A Job to be Done*. Now he is helping to direct the country's footsteps into the New World.



BRITAIN'S FOREIGN SECRETARY, the Rt. Hon. Ernest Bevin, and Mrs. Bevin, chatted to Mr. Byrnes, U.S. Secretary of State, at a reception (1) at the British Embassy in Paris in May, 1946. His official London residence (2) is in Carlton House Terrace. Arriving (3) at the Quai d'Orsay, Paris. After opening a Rest Home (4) at Tunbridge Wells. At his office desk (5). PAGE 43R



Here Battle Flowed Fiercely Three Summers Ago



TOURING BATTLEFIELDS OF NORMANDY in September 1946, a party of pupils from British Public Schools viewed the devastation at Caen, captured by British and Canadian troops on July 9, 1944; the cathedral stands out in striking contrast. Arranged by the Franco-British Society and led by its Chairman, the Earl of Bessborough, the tour included a visit to Falaise, scene of the "pocket" trap of the German Armies in the West in July-August 1944. See also illus. page 145.

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Photo, G.P.U.

<div>  <div> Pte. G. ALLWOOD Northamptonshire Regt. Died of wounds. 4.5.44. Age 31. (Nottingham) </div> </div>					
<div> <div>  <div> Pte. G. ALLWOOD Northamptonshire Regt. Died of wounds. 4.5.44. Age 31. (Nottingham) </div> </div> <div>  </div> <div>  <div> Sgt. D. APLEYARD R.A.F.V.R. Action: Holland. 29.12.43. Age 20. (Romford) </div> </div> </div> <div> <i>No great has been the response of readers to our invitation to submit portraits for our Roll of Honour that no more can now be accepted. But we have every hope of being able to publish all those so far received.</i> </div>					
 <div> Gnr. H. J. ARCHER 4th Med. Light R.A. Action: Italy. 17.12.44. Age 32. (Epping) </div>	 <div> Sgt. J. L. ARTHUR Royal Air Force. Action: Swaffham. 11.11.41. Age 27. (South Shields) </div>	 <div> Sgt. H. BERRY 45 Squadron, R.A.F. Action: Antwerp. 14.5.43. Age 18. (Birmingham) </div>	 <div> Gnr. A. E. BLUNDEN Royal Marines. In action: Crete. 1.6.41. Age 23. (Fareham) </div>	 <div> Sgt. J. BOOKER Royal Air Force. Action: Holland. 17.6.44. Age 21. (Sidcup) </div>	 <div> O/S. L. BOWERS H.M.S. Hood. Action: at sea. 1941. Age 18. (Fareham) </div>
 <div> A.C.I. A. C. BROGAN 57 Squadron R.A.F. On operations. May. 43. Age 18. (Dagenham) </div>	 <div> Marine W. J. CANHAM Royal Marines. Action: at sea. 23.7.42. Age 43. (Southall) </div>	 <div> Sgt. H. CHARLTON Royal Air Force. Died of wounds. 9.10.43. Age 22. (South Godstone) </div>	 <div> L/Cpl. E. W. G. COCKLE R. Army Service Corps. Died: Romney. 16.9.45. Age 33. (Bishop's Waltham) </div>	 <div> Sgt. H. W. COLLINS No. 9 Pathfinder, R.A.F. In action: Laon, April '44. Age 19. (Maidenhead) </div>	 <div> A.B.R. K. COLLINS Royal Navy. Action: Anzio. 18.2.44. Age 43. (Lynton) </div>
 <div> Sgt. N. P. COOK 422 Squadron, R.C.A.F. In action. 20.11.43. Age 27. (Burnham) </div>	 <div> W/T.O. W. G. COOPER H.M.S. Audacity. Action: at sea. 22.12.41. Age 27. (Portsmouth) </div>	 <div> A.B.D. DOGGETT Royal Navy D.E.M.S. Action: at sea. 26.11.42. Age 21. (St. Margarets) </div>	 <div> Stkr. P. EAMES Royal Navy. Action: at sea. 12.2.42. Age 27. (London) </div>	 <div> Cpl. G. A. ELLIOTT R. Army Service Corps. Died of wounds. 27.3.43. Age 25. (Arnold) </div>	 <div> Dvr. G. FRY R. Army Service Corps. Action: Dunkirk. 29.5.40. Age 39. (Stockton/Tees) </div>
 <div> L/Cpl. T. GAME 3rd Bn. Irish Guards Action: Buhren. 12.4.45. Age 19. (Hertford) </div>	 <div> Cpl. F. W. GIBBINS 9th Bn. Durham L.I. Temple Mars. 3.9.44. Age 24. (South Norton) </div>	 <div> Pte. A. GROOME Queen's Bays. Mediterranean. 5.10.43. Age 23. (Eastbourne) </div>	 <div> Offs. Std. T. HAINES H.M.S. Welshman. Action: at sea. 1.2.43. Age 26. (Loughborough) </div>	 <div> Pte. R. HALL York & Lancaster Regt. Action: Burma. 12.4.45. Age 21. (Balby) </div>	 <div> Gnr. H. KYLE Royal Artillery. P.O.W. Osaka. 14.3.44. Age 29. (Clogher) </div>
 <div> Stkr. J. MCCOY S.S. Amsterdam. Action: Normandy. 6.6.44. Age 21. (Bury) </div>	 <div> Sgt. A. D. PENNYCORD Royal Air Force. Missing. 8.4.43. Age 22. (Selsey) </div>	 <div> Cpl. O. J. POUND Worcestershire Regt. In action: Caen. 4.8.44. Age 31. (Malvern) </div>	 <div> Flt/Sgt. H. C. RATTRAY Bomber Command, R.A.F. Over Nesle-Hodeng. 1.7.44. Age 35. (Ickenham) </div>	 <div> A.B.R. J. SMITH Royal Navy. Action: Anzio. 18.2.44. Age 20. (Bzaconsfield) </div>	 <div> Sgt. D. H. STEVENSON 48 R. Marine Commando D. wnds. P'tmouth. 11.6.44. Age 23. (Barnehurst) </div>
 <div> Tpr. S. E. THORNE 3rd County of London Yeo. Middle East. 14.6.42. Age 26. (Bedford) </div>	 <div> C.P.O. C. WILKINSON Royal Navy. North Sea. 13.2.44. Age 27. (Southend/Sea) </div>	 <div> Pte. S. E. WOOLLSEY Queen Victoria Rifles. Died of wounds. 25.5.43. Age 21. (Knapton) </div>	 <div> Tpr. R. WRIGHT R. Gloucestershire Hussars Action: El Alamein. 15.7.42. Age 21. (Crosby) </div>	 <div> L/Cpl. G. A. YAXLEY 2nd Bn. R. Norfolk Regt. Action: France. 27.5.40. Age 35. (Ipswich) </div>	 <div> Cpl. H. W. YAXLEY 2nd Bn. R. Norfolk Regt. Action: France. 23.5.40. Age 29. (Ipswich) </div>



In Burma with 19th Indian Division

One of the major headaches of the Staff of the famous "Dagger" Division concerned rations. Many were the ingenious ways of dealing with this, as explained by Capt. R. R. G. Blackmore, 115th Field Regiment, R.A., who tells also of Burmese guerillas and their brilliant British organizers. See also portrait and story in page 58.

DURING Christmas 1944 I and my O.P. party of twelve men were supporting a battalion of the Frontier Force Rifles which had been sent off on a special job by itself somewhere between the Chindwin and the Irrawaddy. On Christmas Eve the track we were following suddenly ended in the middle of a teak forest and it was impossible to proceed any farther with jeeps. So we started to retrace our steps, and spent the night on a small rise of ground.

The job we were doing had been expected to end on the day before Christmas Eve, and we were short of rations. On Christmas morning we went back and took another track, which was not marked on the maps. At about 11 o'clock we bumped into some Japs who were evidently withdrawing, and a running battle commenced.

By three in the afternoon we were still advancing slowly, but we were of the opinion that the Jap force numbered not more than about twelve men, sniping, then withdrawing into the jungle to snipe again 100 yards farther on. At this time we found ourselves on a strategical rise, and, the C.O. calling a halt and ordering an all-round defensive position to be prepared, we dug ourselves in.

At about 4.30 the C.O. sent for me and told me that it was Christmas Day. I was sadly aware of the fact. He then said that as we were out of range of our guns and the enemy force was so small, he would like my men to be his guests for dinner. He called the Subadar Major and, explaining the situation to him, asked him to take command of the battalion while we kept the feast. There was in the battalion area a small nullah or dried-up river bed, in which a fire was prepared for cooking, and at about 6.30, after "stand-down," we made our way there.

The C.O. Worked a Jungle Miracle

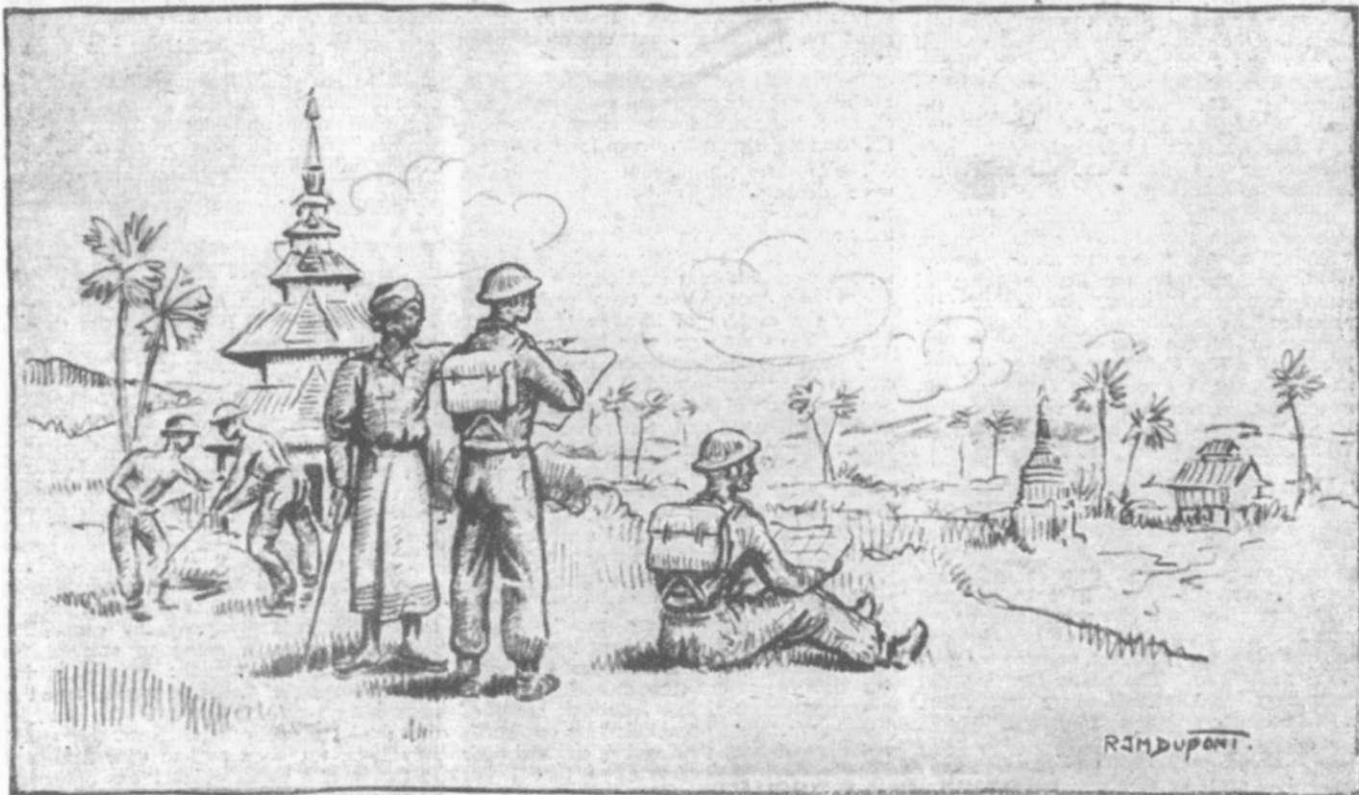
The officers of the battalion, twelve in all, about half of them British, the others Indian, proceeded to serve Christmas dinner to my men. First came tinned soup, then a side of sheep and vegetables, then tinned fruit and condensed milk, followed by sweets and cigarettes. After which, the C.O. became the complete worker of miracles and produced a Christmas cake. The body of it was rich, like a wedding cake, with a thick layer of marzipan, the whole covered with real icing of intricate design and across the

top "A Merry Christmas." I had seen nothing like it since the war started.

Think of it, in the middle of the jungle, away from our own unit, surrounded by about 700 Indians, none of whom were Christians, keeping a Christian feast which was provided by the officers of the battalion, and all around the odd rifle shot and grenade. When the men had been given the cake the C.O. sent them back to their holes with a bottle of rum, and I sat down with the officers of the battalion to the same meal, including another cake, similar to the first. I asked the C.O. how he came to have such food.

"It's simple," he explained. "The cook acquired the sheep this morning, the soup and vegetables and fruit came out of tins." That seemed simple enough, but, "The cakes?" I asked. "Oh, the cakes," he smiled. "I was in Bangalore last January and saw the cakes and had them sealed up in airtight tins. I think Christmas without a proper cake is very dull." Fortunately the battalion suffered no casualties that night, and the next morning we had a real Boxing Day shooting party, attacking the Japs with overwhelming success; I doubt if any lived to get away.

In the 19th Indian Division there were three British battalions and one British Field Regiment, one British A.T. Regiment, and the rest of the operational troops were Indian or Gurkha. The Gurkhas are not Indians. They come from Nepal, an independent State into which only a very few



INDICATING JAPANESE GUN POSITIONS to the British, this loyal Burman was following the example of many of his fellows. Their knowledge of local conditions and enemy movements frequently proved invaluable. Appreciation of the natives, and an account of some of the difficulties of campaigning in this country by Capt. Blackmore, appear in these pages. PAGE 441 From a sketch by Capt. R. J. M. Dupont, Official S.E.A.C. artist

I Was There!



THE DAGGER ARMS, the 19th Division's club at Maymyo, Burma—where these refreshed members are seen leaving (left)—was organized by Anglo-Burmese and attained tremendous popularity.

Photo, British Official

Gurkhas, but I have told it to show that it takes a lot to shake their faith in anything that their officer might ask them to do even though to them it seems impossible.

The Indian troops of the Division consisted of Punjabi, Mussulmans, Pathans and Cuttacks, Sikhs, Jats, Dogras, Madrassis, and many other races. I have supported all these and have never been happier in battle than with them, but one of the difficulties the Staff had to face was rations. In any Army, rations are quite a problem; in the Indian Army it was a headache. When it comes to necessity the Indian troops will eat

whatever there is, but prefer to stick to their religious observances. Thus a Mahomedan will not eat bacon or pig in any form. Neither Hindu nor Mahomedan will touch sheep, unless it has been killed according to the manner of their own beliefs. And goats and chickens are killed in a different manner for the adherents of each religion.

We Bartered Old Clothes for Food

Again, some Indians are rice-eaters and some are atta-eaters—atta being a coarse flour from which chapattis are made. Consequently, the R.I.A.S.C. tried to deliver goats on the hoof, and chickens, when available, alive, to the Indian troops. Others of them would not eat any meat or fish at all, but lived entirely on inned peas, beans, and cheese; they all drink tea, but with more milk and sugar than is normal for Britishers.

The rations throughout the campaign were delivered daily by American and R.A.F. Dakotas, which flew over and dropped the stuff along with ammunition and supplies by parachute. As was only to be expected, the rations were not very exciting, but we were short only once, for a brief period, just before the capture of Shwebo (January 7, 1945). Then we were very hungry indeed, and we received permission to barter old clothes for local produce, if any. After about two days of living on a kind of porridge made from atta and water we found a village where eggs and chickens were plentiful and most people were able to acquire a good meal. After that, rations were satisfactory if monotonous; but we nearly always got bread (except in O.P. parties) and plenty of "M and V" and bully-beef and bacon.

When we entered Fort Dufferin, in Mandalay (March 20, 1945), there were a number of internees there, mostly Anglo-Burmese. They had been kept there by the Japs while we bombarded the fort with guns and air strikes, and they must have had a most unpleasant time. Although some of their number had been killed by our shells they did not hold that against us, and their welcome was so heartrending that I felt that all the sweat and toil involved in getting to Mandalay had been worth while. To

them, our arrival meant more than freedom and peace. It meant the end of humiliation, and the justification of their faith.

I was not at Maymyo when it was captured, on March 13, 1945, but I went there shortly after the fall of Mandalay. Maymyo, a lovely town in the hills, laid out with a beautiful cantonment and parkland and a lake (in peacetime it must have been very gay and romantic) had been the H.Q. of the Japanese Army in Burma. The Anglo-Burmese gave us a wonderful welcome and organized the running of our Divisional Club, "The Dagger Arms."

Dropped With a Wireless Operator

Throughout Burma there were many men of particular note, including Major Britten, who was killed about an hour after I last saw him. The men I have in mind—like Major Britten—were dropped, together with a wireless operator, by night into Jap-occupied territory. Britten spoke no Burmese, but he and his operator set about organizing the villagers under the very noses of the Japs. They found out who were loyal and who would help. They wirelessly back information and news to Calcutta, and later arms and ammunition were dropped to them. For months they lived alone, organizing groups of guerillas; Britten's group numbered nearly 3,000 men and boys, so that no Jap could move or enter a village in his area without Calcutta knowing, within an hour if necessary. The Japs knew, roughly, where such men were operating but not exactly where to look for them. A price was on their heads, but the Karens of the Hills and the Burmese of the Plains valued the hope these men brought more than all the rewards of Nippon.

To get some idea of the magnitude of their work, place yourself in their position. Your orders are: "You will be dropped in Japanese-occupied Burma by night. You cannot expect the British Army to reach you for six months. You are to organize a group of 2,000 villagers to bring you accurate information of Japanese movements and arms. You will have no authority over these villagers except that which your own personality commands. How you do the job is left to you. If you are captured you will probably be treated as a spy. You will receive no rations and only the barest medical supplies. You will take a radio set for passing on information." These teams, normally a major and a sergeant, were some of the greatest unsung heroes of the war.

THE first orders I heard Major Britten give to a patrol of ten who were to search a swamp for some Japs were, "If you find more than a hundred Japs, come back and tell me. If you find less than a hundred, kill them, and then come back and tell me. Any questions?" There were no questions; his men would do anything for him. His "Adjutant" was, I believe, a porter on the railway in peacetime, and could speak and read a little English. Britten was one of those gallant souls who cannot keep out of scrapping for long—a bullet found its resting place in a vital spot and he lies buried in Toungoo.

Their underground movement covered every village. No Jap could show himself without our knowing. The news travelled by bullock cart, by pony, by canoe, by runner, by women going to market, by children going to school; many and ingenious were the means employed, and the news always arrived hot and accurate. In the final "Battle of the Break-through," July 1945, the guerillas had their field-day. In the small area in which I was operating more than 1,000 Japs fell to the assorted small arms of the guerillas—some of them children of ten, armed with Sten guns.

British go, and then only at the express invitation of the Maharajah of Nepal. So all recruiting of Gurkhas is done by Gurkhas. They are born soldiers, generally short of stature and with Mongolian features.

There is a story told about some of them who were training to be a parachute battalion. There was not available for training purposes the elaborate paraphernalia used for training parachute troops in the U.K., but they had practised jumping off moving lorries and off high walls and were ready for their first leap from an aircraft. The Company Commander called them together and told them that he would jump first, who would go next, and so on, the Subadar (the Gurkha second-in-command of the company) to jump last. He ended by saying that the jump would be in three days' time and that it would be from 1,000 feet. After this, parachutes were issued and the men were told how to fold them.

In the evening the Subadar asked for an interview with the Company Commander. "Sahib," he said, "this new training is very good. We shall be the first Gurkhas to jump from an aeroplane. We are all very proud to have this honour. We shall do our utmost to be the best company in the Division." The Company Commander replied, "Sahib, I know this Company will be the best. The men are all very keen; but I don't think you came here to tell me that. What is worrying you? What's wrong?"

"**W**ELL, Sahib, the men are not keen to make their first jump from 1,000 feet. They would like it to be a jump from 500 feet," was the reply. The Company Commander thought for a moment, then said, "I am sorry, Sahib, but it will have to be from 1,000 feet. That will give more time for the parachutes to open. When we have jumped successfully from 1,000 feet, perhaps we shall try from 500 feet. The whole Division will jump from 1,000 feet and so we should lose no face by starting at a safe height."

"Oh, Sahib, we are to use parachutes? Well, that's all right then, Sahib! We will jump from 1,000 feet—or 2,000 feet if you wish, Sahib!" This story may sound absurd to anyone who does not know

I Was There!

They Snatched Us From a Hell-Ship

James Keating, a fireman in the S.S. Tairoa, told in the story which began in page 413 how the crew were captured by the Admiral Graf Spee in Dec. 1939, and warned by the latter's commander, Capt. Langsdorff, of the treatment they could expect in the notorious German tanker Altmark to which they were to be transferred. He concludes his narrative here.

AFTER Captain Langsdorff had made his farewell remarks to us we were ordered into motor-boats and taken across to the tanker. Armed guards of the tanker's crew took charge of us from the German marines, who returned to the Graf Spee, and during a short wait on deck we caught a glimpse of the man into whose hands we had been delivered. Captain Dau, master of the Altmark, was thick-set, weather-beaten and adorned with trim moustaches and beard that had earned him the nickname of Old Natty-Whiskers among British Merchant Navy men already in the prison holds aboard. He wore a blue square-cut rig with gold braid on his cap and sleeves, and looked a tough sea-dog—as indeed he was. That he was a first-class navigator was proved by events; that he was a born bully of the Prussian type was indicated when he glared balefully at us and ordered the guards to take us below.

Forty-seven of us were stowed in a compartment forward, and other compartments on different decks were crowded with the rest of the merchant seamen to a total of roughly 300. It was close on noon by this time, and those of us newly-arrived from the Graf Spee were getting hungry. No dinner was brought to us and protests were ignored, but shortly before five o'clock in the afternoon one of the German guards who could speak broken English told four of my shipmates to "come and get it." What they got for us was a dixie of strong black tea, some black bread and ship's biscuits of the kind known as "hard tack." At eight o'clock next morning a similar meal was provided, and this fare became only too familiar on the ensuing voyage of two months and more.

Three Days on Bread and Water

That night we were kept below, cramped in our stuffy quarters with a steel watertight door securely fastened while the tanker remained hove-to with the pumps going to refuel the Graf Spee. The stifling heat affected several of my mates, who complained of illness when a young German doctor visited us next day. He seemed a decent sort, but his efforts to be helpful were strictly limited owing to Captain Dau's supervision and, as he himself explained, because there were no medical stores on board. However, he ordered the watertight door to be left open so that we might have more air, and advised us to drink a cup of seawater each day in lieu of medicine.

On the second day, after the tanker had parted company from the Graf Spee, Captain Dau came to inspect the prison decks with the doctor and the Master-at-Arms, whom he called the "prisoner-officer." This gave him the opportunity to deliver a lecture in English to those of us newly placed in his charge. Apparently, after initial successes in running the British blockade in the First Great War, he had been caught and interned at Donington Hall. His allegation was that he had been badly treated, and he said bluntly that he was going to treat us in like manner. If he were intercepted by the British Navy this time, on his way to Germany, he would drown us like rats. If he succeeded in getting us to Hamburg, he would march us from the docks with hands above our heads and then make us scrub the streets like the Jews.

"While you are aboard my ship," he concluded, "all you have to do is to behave yourselves and cause no trouble. But I do not forget that in the last war—" Here

one of our deck-boys interrupted impatiently, "What's the good of talking to us about the last war?" That touched Natty-Whiskers on the raw. "Lie down, you English dog!" he roared. "You listen here!" the lad retorted. "If you were a prisoner of war in England you were well looked after—and you know it!"

This second interruption sent the Nazi captain into a violent rage—the first of the many we were to experience while in his hell-ship. What he said in German I couldn't understand, but it sounded none too good, and then he vented his spite by sentencing the boy to three days' solitary confinement on bread and water. Immediately, some of us volunteered to do it for him, as the lad was none too strong, but he took his punishment, although it left him sick and weak.

EACH day we were allowed out for half-an-hour's exercise, and one day a member of the German crew told us we were off the Georgia whaling station. Many of the Altmark's crew were youngsters of from eighteen to twenty-one years of age; these were the fanatical Nazis, and some of the older Germans told us they hated the sight of them. Possibly this was true; anyway, it was the older men who surreptitiously performed small acts of kindness. They had no chance of giving us the extra food we needed, but now and again they slipped us a few cigarettes and matches.

It is true that the Altmark had no heavy armament, but she was by no means the unarmed vessel that German propaganda tried to make the world believe. Pom-poms and machine-guns were concealed under the bridge, and there appeared to be a goodly supply of light firearms for the crew of 50 officers and men.

When the Graf Spee fell foul of the three British cruisers, Exeter, Achilles and Ajax, off

the South American coast, the news that she was in battle became known aboard the prison-ship. "Then it's good-bye to your blinkin' pocket-battleship!" one of our chaps told the German guards. How right he was! But it was long before we knew definitely of the fate of the Graf Spee and her commander, Captain Hans Langsdorff.

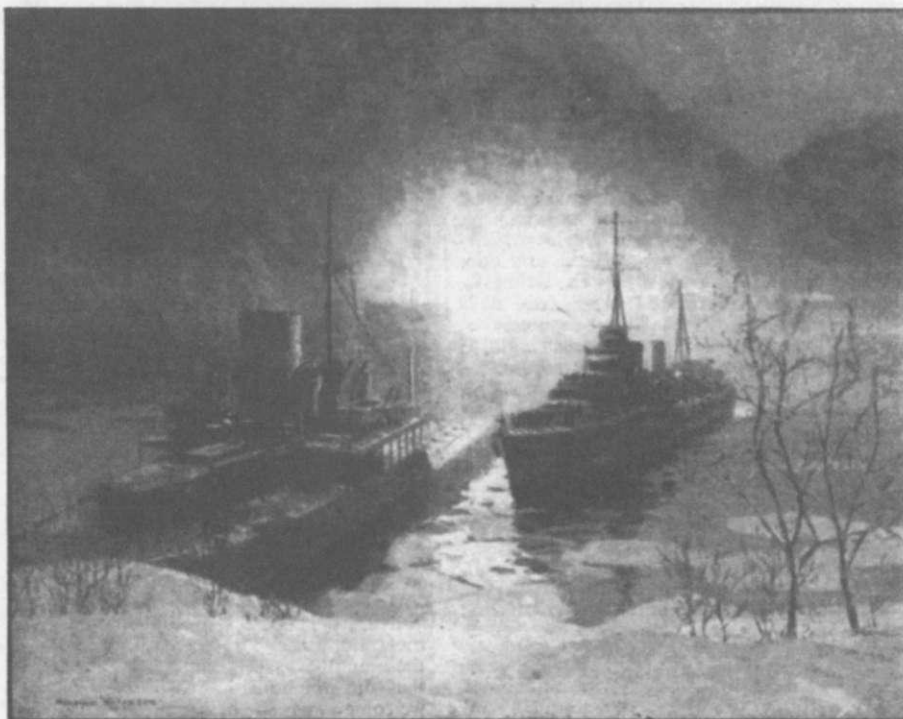
After the first fortnight, Natty-Whiskers reduced our time in the open air to a quarter-hour each day. We gasped and sweated in close confinement in the tropics, and when the long voyage took us far to the north of Scotland we shivered and ached with cold. During all the time aboard we were given only one treat. That was at Christmas, and our celebration was made possible by the gift of some tins of cherries. One tin duly arrived in the cramped quarters of the Tairoa's seamen and firemen, and when the contents were shared we received the large helping of two cherries apiece.

Carpets From the Trapped Huntsman

Our hopes of rescue faded as time went on. The tanker had been repainted and her name altered six times, and we were inclined to bet long odds that she would run the gauntlet of the British naval patrols and bring up triumphantly in a German port.

Water from a leaking hydrant seeped down to some of the prison-decks, which were illuminated day and night by electricity, and numbers of us suffered from rheumatism and internal chills due to sitting and lying in the wet. Our complaints resulted in the Germans giving us carpets, of which they had a good stock, part of the pirated cargo of the Huntsman, which had been trapped by the Graf Spee while on route from Calcutta and Bombay. These carpets became wet through, but we hung up some of them to form partitions in our wretched quarters.

There was very little to do except sit around and talk during the daytime, but the chaps who had been weeks in the Altmark before our crew arrived were more than a little tired of talk. In desperate need of recreation some of them wrenched one or two iron plates from the ammunition racks and managed to chip them to form a pattern



IN JOESSING FJORD, NORWAY, in the cold darkness of a February night in 1940, H.M.S. Cossack (right) edged through the ice-floes towards the Altmark picked out in a searchlight's glare. With the rescue of about 300 merchant seamen there was about to be completed "one of the outstanding feats of the war." PAGE 443 From the painting by Norman Wilkinson, O.B.E., P.R.I.

of squares, and by using small nuts and bolts acquired here and there we were able to play draughts, the only game we had during the miserable voyage.

One day a boy from my ship got a notion, and asked the middle-aged German carpenter for a bit of solder. The German thought it was for a boat the lad was trying to make, and gave it to him. He had a penknife, and obtained some scraps of wood, and he had saved part of his ration of "butter," a rank concoction that looked and tasted like axle-grease. He used this "butter," with a wick made of soft string, to heat the solder and seal a quarter-lb. tobacco tin. Inside the tin was a note he had written: "We were caught by the Graf Spee and are in a German oil-tanker. Will you come to our help?" Next, by various ruses, he got hold of some paint, and coloured a rag in fair imitation of a Union Jack. This he fixed to the sealed tobacco tin, and slipped his handiwork into a bucket of refuse which he had to empty.

The Carpenter Went to the Cells

Whenever a prisoner had to throw refuse over the side an armed German guard stood watchfully by. However, the boy dumped the stuff in the sea without being detected, the tin with its little flag floating away on the surface and into the wake. By the worst of luck someone on the bridge happened to look over the side-screen and saw it, and reported to the Officer of the Watch, who instantly rang down on the engine-room telegraph for the ship to be stopped.

After that, Natty-Whiskers created more violently than ever, while the vessel put about and a search was made until the tin and flag were located and hauled aboard in a bucket attached to a rope. Meanwhile, the youngster had gone below and mixed-in with the crew of the Doric Star on the lowest deck. His hope of avoiding recognition, though, was doomed to disappointment, for eventually the German guard identified him and he was taken to face the angry captain, who demanded: "Where did you get the solder from?"

The lad prevaricated, unwilling to involve the ship's carpenter in trouble; and finally he was sentenced to six days' close confinement on bread and water. When the German carpenter heard of this he went straight to the captain to plead for the boy and to explain that he himself thought the solder was for a model boat. The upshot of it all was that Natty-Whiskers remitted the lad's sentence and sent the carpenter to the cells in his stead.

At last the tanker, the name Altmark painted in letters a foot high on her quarter, drew in unmolested towards the Norwegian coast. All lights were extinguished, and our state was even less enviable in the darkness. Hopes of rescue revived when one day the Second Officer of the Doric Star and the Fourth Officer of the Tairoa passed the word that they had seen Norwegian destroyers.

"We're all right now, boys," one of them assured us. "A Norwegian destroyer is coming alongside!" Norway was neutral, and the Altmark had steamed within the three-mile limit, so we expected to be taken out of the German ship and interned. That we should not fail to be discovered, one of our officers told us to shout as if we were at a football match when he gave the signal. In growing excitement we crowded round the companion ladders to be near the hatches, and when the signal was given we yelled, kicked and hammered on the bulkheads, blew the SOS on whistles, and generally raised pandemonium.

Natty-Whiskers immediately got the steam winches going to drown the noise, and then some of the German crew turned the hoses on us through the hatches and drenched us

to the skin. Norwegian naval officers came on board, and as they stayed half an hour they must have known there were prisoners in the ship (we shouted continuously), and that they were acting contrary to international law when they left without making any examination below decks. To say we felt dispirited when thus left to our fate is to put it very mildly.

This affair, as I know now, occurred off Bergen, and Captain Dau issued a typed notice in English, dated February 15, 1940, stating that on account of our behaviour all prisoners would get only bread and water next day and the "prisoner-officer" and doctor would no longer make their regular rounds, and "any severe case of sickness can be reported on the occasion of handing down the food. . . ." Incidentally, full diet often consisted only of bowls of boiled

maize. A day or two later, three aircraft, wearing the roundels of the R.A.F., appeared, diving and zooming over the ship before vanishing again.

Our rescue was one of the outstanding feats of the war. Those R.A.F. scouts had reported what they had seen; moreover, they had given Captain Dau warning of what to expect, and he took the ship two-and-a-half miles up the Joessing Fjord on the small chance of lying doggo till conditions favoured a run down the coast to Germany.

THE prison-ship had been intercepted and identified by destroyers of Captain P. L. Vian's flotilla, we learnt, but no action was taken owing to the Altmark being within Norway's territorial waters. When Admiralty orders were received, Captain Vian's ship, H.M.S. Cossack, entered the fjord twice, the second time after dark when no satisfaction could be obtained from the Norwegian gunboats anchored there.

We could hardly breathe with excitement when a searchlight was focused on the Altmark and a destroyer drew alongside. An officer and some bluejackets leaped aboard and Captain Dau was roughly handled when he tried to give orders to the engine-room to go astern, apparently with the object of driving the warship aground.

The German crew were being rounded-up when one of the Nazis fired a shot—which was most unlucky for him and a few others. Some of the Altmark's crew jumped overboard and crossed the ice to the shore; one or two fell in the sea and were rescued by British officers. Those who reached land opened fire with rifles, the bluejackets replying with tommy-guns and dispersing them with casualties. But we unfortunate prisoners of course saw little of all this.

We Helped Ourselves to Vengeance

Hatches were presently opened and a voice shouted: "Are you all British seamen down there?" Even then we could hardly realize the turn events had taken, and someone replied: "Aye! Who are you?" The answer convinced us that our imprisonment in the German hell-ship was over: "All right, boys! The Navy is here!" And out we came, a dishevelled, scraggy crew, cheering ourselves hoarse.

"You need some decent rig-outs, lads," one of our officers exclaimed. "Go and help yourselves!" And we did! The Germans had done nothing to outfit us after our capture, and many of our clothes and other personal possessions were at the bottom of the Atlantic. Therefore we had no qualms about "borrowing" a few useful articles of attire and comfort from them. I was lucky to lay hands on a new civvy suit belonging to the Altmark's Chief Officer, plus two white blankets, two pairs of shoes, six pairs of socks and four silk shirts. After the weeks in the prison-ship, from December 7, 1939, to February 16, 1940, I had some hot feelings to work off. So I parked my "winnings" in a safe place and helped to smash up the wireless operator's room.

In the cold darkness of the February night, H.M.S. Cossack slid out of Joessing Fjord, homeward-bound with nearly 300 happy merchant seamen. We landed next day at Leith, where we had a rousing reception and washed some of the sea-salt out of our throats with British beer. Some of us, too, were lucky in travelling down to King's Cross in company with Elsie and Doris Waters, better known as Gert and Daisy, who treated us royally.

Two years later I was recuperating from the Huns' savagery when a bomb fell in a Rotherhithe street and postponed my recovery. But, praise be! I still have strength to raise a tankard in congenial company at the Merchant Navy Club.

I Was There!



NO. 230 SQUADRON

FORMED at Felixstowe in Sept. 1918, No. 230 Squadron remained there until May 1922, then moved to Calshot. In the following year it was disbanded and re-formed at Pembroke Dock in Dec. 1934 as a flying boat squadron. In 1935 it went to Alexandria, and to Singapore in 1936. It seems that the squadron remained in the Far East until after the commencement of the Second Great War, when it moved back to Egypt.

It was based at Aboukir until Jan. 1943, when it moved to Dar-Es-Salaam in East Africa to participate in the coastal war in the Indian Ocean. Sunderland IIIs constituted the equipment. During 1943 it was engaged on anti-U-boat patrols, air-sea rescue patrols and transit flights; and in Feb. 1944 it moved to Ceylon.

IN June 1944 two of its Sunderlands were sent to an anchorage on the upper reaches of the Brahmaputra, whence by day and night they flew to Indawgyi Lake in North Burma to evacuate 500 casualties which otherwise would have been left to the mercy of the Japanese. These flights were extremely hazardous, since hills up to 10,000 feet had to be surmounted, and one of the Sunderlands was lost in a hurricane whilst at anchor. In July 1944 its aircraft were instrumental in the rescue of 230 survivors of a torpedoed ship.

During Jan. and Feb. 1945 the squadron re-equipped with Sunderland Vs and commenced training in anticipation of anti-shipping operations in the Bay of Bengal; meanwhile, its aircraft transported stores from Calcutta to Kalewa on the Chindwin river in Central Burma. In April it moved to Akyab, to Rangoon in Sept. and later to Singapore. No. 230 was the first Sunderland squadron to operate in South-East Asia.



'Altmark Overpowered by British Sea Pirates'



RESCUED BY THE ROYAL NAVY from the German hell-ship Altmark, nearly 300 joyous merchant seamen were landed (1) at Leith, Scotland, from H.M.S. Cossack in February 1940. Erected by the outwitted Germans, near the scene of this stirring rescue, the sign (2) is inscribed "On February 16, 1940, the Altmark was here overpowered by British Sea Pirates." In Joessing Fjord, the Altmark's flag at half-mast (3). Story in facing page. PAGE 445 Photos, G.P.U., Associated Press

I Was There! I Was a 'Guest' of the Japs in Tokyo

Together with about 70,000 other Imperial troops, Gunner H. W. Berry, 5th Field Regiment R.A., 9th Indian Division, was captured at Singapore, on February 15, 1942. After a spell in Changi P.O.W. Camp (see page 90) he found himself again on the move, heading for further adventure.

ELEVEN hundred of us, mainly Artillery, were told we were being sent away from Singapore, and without delay we were carried in lorries, with such kit as we had, to the docks. We presumed we were going to Japan, and although we did not fancy the idea of moving farther East and away from the Allied forces we did think that, physically, we should be better off. "We will be better fed—probably European



H. W. BERRY

food," we told each other, "and we shall receive better medical attention." We knew also that Japan's climate was healthier than that of tropical Singapore. A shock came when we saw our "liner." It couldn't have been more than a 4,000-tonner—an old tramp steamer which the Japs had renamed "England Maru." We did not think it possible they could crowd us all on that small vessel, but they did—plus 1,100 Japs who were going home. Conditions were hellish. There were three holds, each with wooden partitions built in around the sides. The prisoners occupied the bottom of each hold and the Japs the upper "berths." We had been wise enough to bring along some of the Red Cross food which had reached us in Singapore a few days previously, otherwise we should have starved. There was a small amount of rice, and some greasy stew made with unfresh meat, issued three times a day. This diet naturally made us all very thirsty, and it was difficult to get water for drinking purposes; what we did get was salty.

It was not long before many of us became ill with dysentery. For ten days I had nothing except Japanese tea (no sugar or milk). Four men were buried at sea, and one of the senior British officers was tied to the mast and whipped because he objected to the terrible conditions. Finally the Japs began to get worried in case their own troops became infected, and wireless for advice. They were told to put in at Formosa, and were highly pleased about it.

"You have nothing more to worry about," they told the sick. "Directly you dock you will be taken away in ambulances to a nice hospital." The ambulances proved to be one Army lorry, and the "hospital" was our prison

CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME, 1944, in the temporarily transformed bathhouse at Omori, organized, run and thoroughly enjoyed by the P.O.W.—the majority of whom were astonishingly fit, largely because, working in railway yards and at docksides, "they managed to steal enough food to keep them going."

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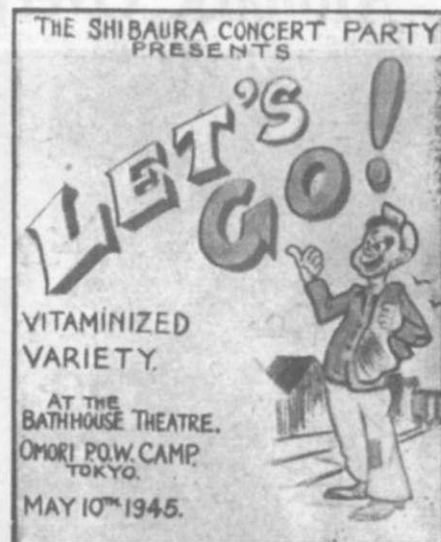
camp. It was situated just outside Taihoku, the Formosan capital, and consisted of seven bamboo huts. Geography books tell us that Formosa has a mild climate, but none of us was ever so cold before as we were during that first winter of captivity. We were not allowed fires, and rations were just sufficient to keep us alive. At one time an epidemic of diphtheria struck the camp, and two or three prisoners were dying every week.

After three months in "hospital" (on reduced rations, because I was not earning my keep by working) I joined my fellow prisoners in making some kind of a park immediately outside the camp—digging holes, putting the soil in a bamboo basket and then dumping it about a hundred yards away. It was extremely monotonous and tiring, and we worked from seven in the morning to five or six in the evening. We all lost three or four stone in weight (I weighed 7 st. 12 lb.) and our ribs showed plainly.

He'd Get Us Safely to Japan!

However, with the approach of summer and the warmer weather we began to feel almost normal, and after our day's work was finished we set about organizing pastimes. A concert party began to function and despite the interference of the Japs morale began to soar. After a year of this existence they decided it was time to start splitting us up and interchanging us with prisoners in some of the other camps on the island. One day three of us were told to report to the Japanese Camp Commandant.

"You have been selected," he told us, "for a very special purpose. I cannot tell you what it is now, but you are going to the finest camp in the Japanese Empire. You have nothing more to worry about. You will be well treated and will receive a Red Cross parcel every day." We had heard similar promises before so we were not impressed, and I wondered what it was the



ANNOUNCEMENT OF VARIETY SHOW
produced by the author of this story is evidence of the high morale maintained by prisoners in Tokyo's Omori Camp in May 1945.

Japs had up their confounded sleeves. However, on the following day, November 4, 1943, we started on our journey. Before we left Formosa we picked up fifteen other P.O.W. from the half-dozen camps, and were then divided into two groups, one of ten and one of eight. The larger group, we were informed, were to be known as the technicians and the remainder as the "cultural group." We were put aboard a convoy (which had just arrived at Takao from Java), already full of Dutch prisoners going to Japan. Conditions were a little better than on the England Maru, although we were only allowed on deck for 15 minutes' exercise each day.

Before we set sail the Commandant said he would endeavour to get us safely to Japan, but if we disobeyed orders we would be severely punished. We reached the port of Moji, on November 14. Saying good-bye to the technicians we "culturals" embarked on a train for Tokyo. We understood now



I Was There!



FIRST P.O.W. CAMP IN JAPAN TO BE FREED was this at Omori, Tokyo, over the roofs of which an aircraft is skimming low. "It was a tremendous thrill when the Flying Fortresses made their appearance"—and a greater thrill still when on August 29, 1945, U.S. Marines came ashore on the beach from the landing barges. Photo, U.S. Navy

that we were included in this group because of the activity we had taken in camp entertainments. After a thirty-hour journey we reached Omori P.O.W. Camp, Tokyo. At first we were called "special prisoners" and were excused all work and fatigues, but this lasted for only three weeks. We were then interviewed by an English-speaking Jap officer who informed us that they wished to send us to a special propaganda camp where we could study Japanese culture. When I was asked, "What do you know about politics and economics?" I answered, "Nothing!" Thus I lost my chance of a Red Cross parcel every day.

On December 7 I started work again. I was amazed at the fitness of the majority of the prisoners in Omori Camp as compared with the comrades I had left in Formosa. They were strong, strapping fellows and full of life. This was because, working in railway yards and at docksides, they managed to steal enough food—even if it was sometimes only rice—to keep them going.

At first I was in no condition to do heavy work. I couldn't carry 70 lb. of rice, and when I saw men with 200-lb. sacks of beans on their backs, walking up and down planks in warehouses, I was in despair. Again the winter for me was a nightmare. I hadn't the strength to lift an empty shovel at times, and I couldn't sleep at night because of the cold. But the climate was far healthier than that of either Formosa or Singapore, and after I learned the art of stealing from the Japs I found things a little easier.

On some days quite a variety of foodstuffs was shunted into the railway yard, and despite the vigilance of the guards the vans were often looted by the prisoners. At times it became a battle of wits between the British and the Japs. A luxury such as sugar came in only on rare occasions, and knowing that the prisoners would make every effort to obtain some a special watch was kept. At the end of the day the Japs would be congratulating themselves on their successful vigilance,

whilst prisoners would be secreting socks stuffed with sugar beneath their working clothes. The same thing happened with rice, beans, fish and various tinned foods.

In order to fox the few Japs who knew a little English, slang words were used for different commodities. Sugar was "Tate

and Lyle," rice was "white mice," fish was "tiddlers," and so on. Sometimes it was possible to bribe a Japanese foreman for a percentage of the "loot." They were usually quite willing. Despite a search before the ride back to camp it was seldom anyone was caught, and in spite of repeated warnings of "severe punishment" hardly a day went by without something being smuggled back.

Tokyo's Wooden Buildings Blazed

The expert looters lived almost as luxuriously as they would have done in wartime England. They were known as Barons, and could even afford to employ someone to make their beds of an evening and wash their dishes in exchange for a share of their surplus food. Once again I began to take a share in the camp entertainments. The Japs finally allowed me three days off from work in order to write, produce and rehearse a show—after I had convinced them that it couldn't possibly be done in a few minutes.

It was a tremendous thrill, of course, when the Flying Fortresses made their appearance. But also rather frightening. We weren't allowed to stop work during the day raids, and at night chaos was caused when thousands of Tokyo's little wooden buildings were set aflame. It was possible to read a book in the middle of the night by the light of those fires. Never believing in rumours it was a long while before I was really convinced that the Japanese had surrendered, on August 15, 1945. About a fortnight after this date the Jap Commandant paraded us and announced the end of hostilities. I took down his speech in shorthand. He had the cheek to say he hoped we would bear no malice, as he had always tried to do his best for us. He has now, I believe—and hope—been shot.

On August 29, at four o'clock in the afternoon, American Marines landed on the beach outside our camp, from three landing barges, and by four o'clock the next morning we had all been taken to a hospital ship. We lucky ones at Omori were the first prisoners to be released from a camp in Japan itself.

NEW FACTS AND FIGURES

THE last Tiger Moth had left the de Havilland factory (Hatfield, Herts), by September 1946. Now superseded, this trainer aircraft—on which nearly every R.A.F. pilot did his first solo flight—first flew in 1931, and was one of the only machines to fly throughout the Second Great War. The total number built was 8,962, in factories at Hatfield, Sydney, Toronto and Wellington, N.Z. Of these, 630 were Queen Bee pilotless aircraft, used for A.A. practice.

DURING the Battle of Britain Sir Geoffrey de Havilland designed a tiny bomb-rack to carry eight 20-lb. bombs under the wings of the Tiger Moth. Of these racks 1,500 were made, for use in case of invasion, but no Tiger Moth ever dropped a bomb. If they had been used the second seat would have had to be empty, for the little aircraft could not lift two passengers and 160 lb. of bombs.

WHITE Russia, according to Mr. Richard Scandrett, head of a U.N.R.R.A. mission, is the most devastated country in the world. A conservative estimate gives over 2,000,000 people killed by the Germans in the Vitebsk area, where there was a well-organized partisan movement. During their three-years' occupation the Germans removed all equipment from hospitals, wrecked factory machinery and destroyed nearly all the livestock.

THE U.N.R.R.A. relief programme allotted to White Russia was 61,000,000 dollars (about £15,250,000), half of which was represented by food, all of which has been received or shipped. The work of reconstruction is immense. Minsk, for

example, might take as long as 15 years to rebuild. White Russia's war orphans, who number 300,000, have priority in everything.

BY August 1946 (states Soviet News) the repatriation of people from White Russia who had been driven into German slavery had been virtually completed, over 300,000 having returned home. The Soviet Government assigned funds totalling over 3,500,000 roubles for financial assistance and resettlement of the repatriates. Clothing and footwear were provided and in the towns 9,000 flats were put at their disposal, and in rural regions 10,000 houses.

A FIVE-YEAR Plan for Japanese national rehabilitation was published in Tokyo on September 2, 1946, by the National Land Bureau of the Ministry of the Interior. A population estimated to reach 80,000,000 by 1950 is to be redistributed within the country's reduced territory. Of the estimated working population of 38,000,000, some 16,500,000 are to be engaged in agriculture and forestry; 600,000 in fishery; 6,300,000 in industry (a reduction of 3,000,000 compared with the war years); 7,100,000 on building and road making; and 5,000,000 in commerce. Japan's urban population is not to exceed 30,000,000; the remaining 50,000,000 are to be restricted to the farming, fishing and mining villages.

MORE than 50,000 German prisoners of war released from captivity in the Soviet Union had reached Frankfurt-on-Oder by August 1946. Beginning to arrive in July, they came at first at the rate of about 1,200 a day, the number rising to between 3,000 and 5,000 a day.

Preparing for Our Third Post-War Harvest



CHAMPIONS OF THE PLOUGH, eight-year-old Welsh Shire horses Jill and Judy, with ploughman Jack Uzzell, plodded a winning furrow at the Chertsey (Surrey) Agricultural Association's Show on Sept. 19, 1946, adding another first prize to a previous 30. On four occasions they have gained championships, and the trio—valiantly holding out against the increasingly persistent call for complete farm mechanization—here demonstrate the perfect team-work which will help the good earth to produce more food for Britain again next year.

Photo, Planet News

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