INTERESTING THE RISING GENERATION, a member of the Royal Army Service Corps with the aid of a model carpenters' workshop explains the work of the Corps to the boys of the Army of today. The occasion was the visit to Hounslow, Middlesex, on September 25, by a recruiting party of the new Army of Occupation of the Hounslow district. The Corps formed part of a nation-wide campaign to secure 150,000 recruits for the new Army by the end of March 1945.
Our Roving Camera on the Waterfronts

IN LINE AHEAD formation these minesweepers (left) were on route to Sheerness, bound for the Trimmerswell Navy Yard, later on to Leasowe. S.S. "Millwall" was under way for Helsby, Norfolk, the Naval base, now in the Channel. The town, after the destruction wrought by German bombs, was established early in the war.

PRESENTATION at the London Town Hall, Harwich, of 1000 receipts for War bonds, in the sum of £417,000, were presented by the Mayor, Dr. J. A. D. Green, to Mr. John Biddle, the Managing Director of the London Electric Tramway Company, on behalf of the Corporation of London. The bondholder was Mr. J. A. D. Green, the Managing Director of the London Electric Tramway Company, on behalf of the Corporation of London. The bondholder was Mr. J. A. D. Green, the Managing Director of the London Electric Tramway Company, on behalf of the Corporation of London. The bondholder was Mr. J. A. D. Green, the Managing Director of the London Electric Tramway Company, on behalf of the Corporation of London.

INVASION CRAFT are broken up to be used as a temporary shelter for the Seamen who go to Sheerness. The second ship to be used in house construction.

LANDING SHIP TANK, the Empire Rival (left), was at Rotterdam, Holland, on Sept. 17, 1940, after completing a successful trial on the proposed ferry route between Tilbury and the Dutch port. WRECK DISPOSAL FLEET, responsible for the destruction of wrecks when they become dangerous to navigation (above) in the Thames Estuary near a partly sunk U.S. merchant ship.
Great Stories of the War Retold

The Amazing Facts about Pearl Harbour

By A. D. DIVINE, D.S.M.

The Amazing Facts about Pearl Harbour

in Washington. On December 2 Admiral Yamamoto sent from his flagship, the Yamato, the message "Nita Kaya Nohoro," 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 days 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 copy to the Com- mander-in-Chief of the Pacific Fleet and the Commandant of the Fourteenth Naval Dis- trict) stating, amongst other things, "If war ever comes 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 communica- tion ordered the taking of all necessary steps to prepare for, and to guard against, such a possibility. These steps were taken. From the end of January there was a progressive increase in the protecting cover for the attack, in anticipation of a possible surprise attack, if in the assembly of the fleet 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 esti- mate in November, 1941, and presented the event of a sudden attack. Recognising that solutions were created, the report said that Japan in the past "has never preceded hostilities 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 by two 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 succeed in 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, the enemy would be more concerned with delivering a successful attack rather 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 master- piece of clear thinking and proper apprecia- tion 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 were made for the defence of the area were made. On November 27, following a long succession of preparations, an agreement was reached on 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 con- sidered 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 condi- tioned 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 consider 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 14th that, after various hesitations, the deadline for negotiations was set for November 29. From then on the hours at six operations, secret, vital, urgent, were numerous. The American system for the checking of units of the Japanese Fleet led to no touch with the First and Second Japanese Aircraft Carrier Divisions. The tension mounted immenslier as days and hours went by.

By Saturday, December 6, it was almost at its height in Washington, and on that day the first of a series of vital messages began to come in. "Pilot message," it was said, informed the ambassadors that a message of importance was about to be sent to the Japanese. The President was commanding atmosphere of war was being. At this stage of the proceedings, everything was at a virtual deadlock. At this stage, the thirteenth point, which estimated that the Japanese could probably employ a maximum of six carriers against Pearl Harbour, noted that the enemy would be more concerned about 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 apprecia- tion 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 were made for the defence of the area were made. On November 27, following a long succession of preparations, an agreement was reached on 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 con- sidered a war warning."

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Great Stories of the War Retold

The attack was not to be preplanned until a telegraph 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 chases 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 note that when the Japanese attacked Honolulu they knew that the Americans were aware of their plans. (The Japanese radio station at Tokyo was received in Honolulu at 9:30 a.m. in Honolulu.)

And here begins the first of the final fantasy 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 sent 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 four points were to be delivered to the Secretary of State by the Japanese diplomats at precisely one o'clock. In the course of the deliverer someone said that 1 a.m. Washington was "about dawn in 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 rushing about. He was ready to send it as soon as it came. At 11:30 he was sworn to secrecy by the Ambassador, and immediately prohibited from giving any information. 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 Defense Commands. So impressed was he by the urgency of the moment 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 twenty minutes.

The army was out of touch by radio with the important points of the chain of command. Owing to the general lack of co-operation between the various services, and an attempt on the part of many points in the Hawaiian affair, the army radio system, in trying to use the more powerful naval transmitters, it therefore decided to send the message by commercial

message," however, also stated that the document was not to be presented until a time fixed by Tokyo. The fourth 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 chases were at a dinner party. Admiral Stark was at the opera. But these things were of small importance—the time was not yet fixed.

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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 in service, 1914-1918, was unveiled on Oct. 21, 1936, at High Holborn. Pigeons were released after the unveiling, and a short service of dedication was conducted by the vicar of All Hallows. On the stone base, set in two pools of water in the stone base, are brought for crumbs, and birds carved on wood by the Sussex stonemason, George Mann, from above.

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Ingeniously Switching War Efforts to Peace—

ACHIEVEMENTS in our industrial plants at once after the cessation of hostilities were brilliantly illustrated at the British War Exhibitions at the Natural History Museum, London, sponsored by the Council of the Royal Society. The exhibitions were opened by HM The King on Feb. 20, 1919, and a lot of new inventions and products were revealed that would make British design a hallmark of post-war industry. The exhibition was a testament to Britain's economy and war-time resourcefulness.

A crushed aircraft staged against a background of war-time damage shows the ingenuity with which materials were salvaged for war production. One of the most interesting developments in modern planning includes the use of helicopters for transport to distant areas. Utilities-makers are now experimenting with enclosed electric charging stations, and one of the new inventions is a temperature of which is automatically controlled. It is a device for the display of new crops (5).

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—We Show the World that Britain Can Make It
Berlin Remembrance Day for Victims of Nazism

CROWDED IN THE LUSTGARTEN on September 22, 1944, Berliners watched the Mayor place a wreath at the freestanding former museum (1), now a memorial to victims of Nazism. At Wannsee, near Herrnhut, nurses did their duty (2) in the Municipal hospital on September 18, 1944. R.A.F.A. families go shopping in a R.A.F.A. cantina at Mannheim (3). A memorial to dead victims of an epidemic in the British zone (4) : three more German victims for one in the British, U.S., and Soviet zones.

New Memorials and One That Will Not be Built

SYMBOLS OF THE CO-OPERATION between British armed forces in the war, including to all ranks of the Commandos, the submarine crews of the Royal Navy, the Airborne Forces and the Special Air Service, a group of three sculptures by Mr. Gilbert Bayes, R.A., is to be erected in the center of Westminster Abbey, London. Clay models of two of the figures have been completed: the Commando (left) and the merchant seaman (right). The third, that of the Royal Navy submariner, has not yet been sculpted. The group, in bronze, will be backed by panels each bearing a typical feature of the Service—behind the Parachute will appear a wingsed horse, emblem of the Airborne Forces.

At Le Havre, France, a memorial was unveiled (1) to commemorate 5,973,000 U.S. military personnel who passed through the port between September 1944 and August 1945. The memorial stands on the site of a railway station which was used as a transit camp. It will later be added to a memorial dedicated to the French who fell there in 1944. 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 (2) remain at Berehovo, Sweden.

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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 34,000 tons and a main armament of ten 16-inch guns. She was named after the late King George V. The ship was laid down in 1934 and was commissioned in 1938.

Under the command of Rear Admiral Sir John Tovey, she joined the Rodney in engaging the German battleship Scharnhorst, a considerably larger ship. The Scharnhorst was reduced to a blazing wreck, and as she would not surrender a cruiser was directed to finish her off.

On the night of March 1, 1942, the King George V collided with the cruiser Liverpool, which caught fire and had to be abandoned. In spite of this mishap, the ship continued to fight with the enemy. In the months that followed, she played a vital role in the Battle of the Atlantic, helping to sink numerous enemy ships.

In June and July 1942, she was flagship of the British carrier task force during the Battle of Midway. Air attacks were also undertaken under cover of the Anglo-American Fleet, and the ship continued to play a vital role in the war against Japan.

The King George V returned to this country on March 1, 1946, and is now flagship of Admiral Sir Neville SYRVE in the Home Fleet.
By Captain E. W. SHORT

THE Durham Light Infantry

The Durham Light Infantry was a regiment of the British Army, known for its role in various conflicts from the Boer War to World War II. This passage describes the regiment's participation in the First World War, particularly their role in the Battle of the Somme and the Somme Offensive. The text also mentions the regiment's use of the trench assault tactics, which were developed during the war.

Records of the Regiments: 1939—1945

From China to the Middle East

The text then moves on to discuss the regiment's role in the Middle East, specifically mentioning its presence in the Middle East campaign during World War II. The text highlights the regiment's bravery and the challenges they faced in this region.

The passage concludes with a brief mention of the regiment's participation in the Second World War, noting their role in various campaigns and battles.

The text is a rich source of historical information about the Durham Light Infantry and their role in the major conflicts of the early 20th century.
of reinforcements. In June the Battalion was sent to Syria, where the supporters of the Vehry regime were resisting the Alliluy 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 Tofrut. For five months the Battalion conducted 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 basin 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 15th Brigade had reached the Middle East, in April 1941. These battalions after a period in Cyprus and Iraq took part in much of the bitter fighting in the desert, including the break-through at Gazala and the assaults at El Alamein and the March Line. One gun crew 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, Privat A; E. Wakeman, who belonged to the 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 forced its tractor. A near miss then killed the gun crew and New Zealand gun 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 Military Medal. See page 283, Vol. 6. The two-pounder now occupies a honoured place at the Depot at Brancepeth, Durham.

SWITCHING to the African beach-head in February the Division succeeded to a beleaguered Allied force, following the annihilation of the Eighth Army, and repulsing the enemy's Axis defences, including the Cisterna Line, and within two weeks of starting operations, on September 1st, had taken the whole of the Cisterna Line and the Cisterna Line and the Cisterna Line, and reached the Cisterna Line, where in an epic struggle the Geramano was captured. Proceeding to the German line in the approaches to the Sasso river, early in January 1945, the Division attacked the German lines west of the town on January 23. An amphibious assault was undertaken on Lake Cornacchiara on April 10, and Fille was captured on April 16. Ten days later the Po was reached. By April 30 the Division had advanced beyond the Po and, after a period of comparatively quiet fighting, the campaign was brought to a close.
Distinguished Actions of The D.L.I. in Sicily

This stepped wall served as a convenient observation post for a soldier of the 1st Battalion, D.L.I. Infantry, in the course of a three days' battle on the northern coast of Sicily. In the photograph, a member of the 2nd Battalion, D.L.I., prepares to advance in the German sector roads in Messina. In August, troops of the 5th Battalion, D.L.I., captured the town of Acireale (photograph), clearing the town of the enemy. Determined as they were, the D.L.I. did not hinder the advance on Catania, crossing the river to allow the first Allied troops to enter the town. Catania, in turn, was occupied by the insulation D.L.I., and the documents of surrender are now in the Regimental Museum.
had embarked at Syracuse for the United Kingdom, where they stayed their six
weeks at sea before they could fight the final mighty
assault on Hitler's European frontier. The 16th Battalion continued to
fight its way north with the armies in Italy.

**Fighting in the Cassino Hills**

In September 1943, the 1st Battalion, which
by this time was back in Syria, was sent to
the island of Crete, off the south coast of Greece. They spent a few weeks in the construction of airfields, but on October 2 the Germans
made sea and air landings on the south
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 Orsenna.

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
Aegean Peninsula and continued 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.

**Casualties**

Preparations for the European campaign 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. By the time the war was over, they
were 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.
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 (l. to r.) Lielu-, Col. Volkov 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. Domendieu de Valence (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 $1,000 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. In one case, that of ‘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.

—Hear the Verdicts the World Has Awaited

In the dock, front row left to right: Goering, Hess, Ribbentrop, Keitel, Kaltenbrunner, Rosenberg, Frank, Frick, Streicher, Funk, Schacht. Behind them, left to right: Doenitz, Raeder, Schirach, Sauckel, Jodl, Fippen, Seyss-Inquart, Speer, Neurath, Frickenhoe.

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

"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 (right), 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

MANACED and hardly guarded to any scrutiny at all, the 11 Nazi war criminals sentenced to death by the International Military Tribunal were today (October 2, 1946) moved to the gallows. None of them, as they filed out of the courtroom, could be watched, would have been suspected, except by the few who saw them for the last time. Some of them may ask to be shot instead of hanged in the manner of the Law of 1919. "In another part of the prison, unattended and with their cell doors open, were Papen, Schacht and Fritzche, who were acquired; with more of Germany's leading traitors in their clutches, the Allies did not consider it safe to free them until final arrangements could 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 prisons 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 least tortuous 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 the attempts at suicide, the British Isles. In September 1939 Hess was officially announced as successor-designate to the Fuehrer after Goering... He urged the move to war for armament. He repeated the phrase, 'Guns instead of butter... He became Germany and France for the war."

The present of the tribunal's verdict on Ribbentrop, Lord Justice Lawrence stated: "He proved himself a traitor, a traitor in a most grave and injurious way. In a speech on June 6, 1944, in which it was agreed to start a new war, which was carried on, of which the nations carrying on morning and night had the advantage. The law is clear in organizing Germany's economy for war... The only form of the evidence that he did, in fact, know of the Nazi aggressive plans... The Tribunal comes to the conclusion that this necessary evidence has not been established beyond a reasonable doubt."

Ketteler, with his plea that "he was a soldier and acted under superior orders," repeated on the ground that "Superior orders even give 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 foregoing plan... in no way... he was beyond reasonable doubt..." The third accused, Franz Neurath, Fritzche, was described as "best known as a radio commentator... who sometimes made strong statements of a propagandist nature in his broadcasts... They had decided 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 all organizations whose agents engaged in Nazi intrigues all over the world, Rosenberg knew of the brutal treatment meted out to Eastern Jews. He was accused of numerous crimes in Poland and the systematic extermination of Jews in the Third Reich. He was held responsible for violation of the Geneva Convention to an extent."

Frick was also held responsible for violation of the Geneva Convention to an extent."

Death by Hanging

Hans Frank, Bormann, Roland Freisler, Julius Streicher, Karl Brandt, Alfred Rosenberg, Hess, Fritzche, Goering, Hess, Papen, and Hess, of whom the Russian Judge said: "They behaved with great dignity and propriety throughout the long trial... Mr. Justice Birkett adding, "Their behaviour in court was a model of dignity and most impressive."

The first words of approval spoke a long time—and almost certain to be the last."

THE VERDICTS AND SENTENCES

DEATH BY HANGING

Hermann Wilhelm Goering, 32, former Luftwaffe Chief of the Air Force, sentence of death. He was found guilty of the following crimes: Participation in the Crime of War, War Crimes and Crimes Against Humanity.

Rudolf Hess, 33, former Deputy of the German Posse, sentence of death. He was found guilty of the following crimes: Participation in the Crime of War, War Crimes and Crimes Against Humanity.

Martin Bormann, 33, former Propaganda Minister, sentence of death. He was found guilty of the following crimes: Participation in the Crime of War, War Crimes and Crimes Against Humanity.

Wilhelm Keitel, 63, former chief of the German Army Staff, sentence of death. He was found guilty of the following crimes: Participation in the Crime of War, War Crimes and Crimes Against Humanity.

The death sentence was pronounced by the United States, which was present. Goering, Hess, Bormann, and Keitel are to be executed by hanging at 7:00 a.m. on Friday morning. The execution will be witnessed by representatives of the United States, Great Britain, the Soviet Union, and Italy. The United States will execute Goering and Hess; the Soviet Union will execute Bormann and Keitel.

Erich von dem Bach-Zelewski, 51, former chief of the German Air Force Staff, sentence of death. He was found guilty of the following crimes: Participation in the Crime of War, War Crimes and Crimes Against Humanity.

Hans Frank, 51, former Deputy of the German Posse, sentence of death. He was found guilty of the following crimes: Participation in the Crime of War, War Crimes and Crimes Against Humanity.

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Europe's Wartime Capitals in 1946

BRUSSELS

By EMILE MAEMERT

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 its ascent. 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 Belgian Government bore fruit under M. Van Acker, the inflexion of inflation was avoided, and it is now generally agreed that Belgium occupies a privileged position among the liberated nations. The food and fuel situation in Brussels and in the other large cities is stable, and the cost of living remains much higher compared with pre-war standards.

A visit to Brussels elicits impressions which one does not expect to share with other capitals. The city where the great battle of Waterloo was fought never lost its joie de vivre, its liveliness, its embroidery, its fabric, never lost its old spirit of sobriety, its old tradition of a city that never sleeps. In this city one feels at once that one is in the heart of Belgium, and one stretches one's arms out to the whole country and to the world. Brussels is the capital of a nation, but it is also the capital of a people. Brussels is the capital of a people who have always beenburghers, who have always been merchants, who have always been traders. Brussels is the capital of a people who have always been thinkers, who have always been poets, who have always been artists. Brussels is the capital of a people who have always been free, who have always been brave, who have always been just. Brussels is the capital of a people who have always been happy, who have always been united, who have always been strong.

The city is divided into two parts, the old town and the new town. The old town is characterized by its narrow streets, its cobblestones, its old houses, its old churches, its old monuments. The new town is characterized by its wide streets, its new houses, its new churches, its new monuments. The old town is the home of the people, the home of the workers, the home of the craftsmen. The new town is the home of the merchants, the home of the nobles, the home of the aristocrats.

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Forgetting the Occupation in Post-War Brussels

1. A woman buys vegetables from a vendor.
2. A man and a boy look at a small boat on the canal.
3. A crowd gathers in front of a building.
4. Busy street scene with cars and people.

FOOD SITUATION: In the capital of Belgium—which has a population of over 9 million the food situation is not yet up to pre-war standards. In a small market a vendor plys his wares, in a street a man and boy look at boats in a canal.

PHOTO: New York Times Photo
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 getting 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 prominence but for his wife. He has not always been as robust as he looks, and she has experimented 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 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 in 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, he worked 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 employers wanted him to work on the land. But when he read 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-three 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 rooms. The real tragedy of the working-class is in the poverty of our towns."

He had been General Secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union for 14 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 1942. He and his wife continue to work in the Labour movement. Grown up kindly, robust daughter, with the same easy manner, of whom it is said that when the fam can fly a Hurricane, he can also help to build the new world! He likes reading, largely on social topics, and Bevin's works (nearly because Burns, like himself, was a working man). And he likes writing, though less for pleasure than as a means of settling 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.
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, supported 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 Rochford, the tour included a visit to Falaise, scene of the "pocket" trap of the German forces in the West. In August 1946. See also text, page 101.
In Burma with 19th Indian Division

One of the major headaches of the staff of the famous “Dagger” Division concerned rationing. Many were the ingenuity ways of dealing with this, as explained by Capt. R. R. G. Blackmore, 15th Field Regiment, R.A., who holds also at Buitrepat-garrison and their brilliant British organizers. See also a photograph in this story in page 28.

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 to itself somewhere between the Chinlone and the Mawlamyine. On Christmas Eve the whole of the battalion was ordered to move forward to a position in the middle of a dense forest and we were instructed to encamp there for the night and keep a sharp lookout.

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, and at about 11 o'clock we bumped into some Japs who were evidently withdrawing, and a running battle commenced.

By this time the afternoon we were still advancing slowly, but we were on the opinion that the Jap force numbered not more than about twelve men. So we continued on our way and came into a small village. Here we found several Japanese planes which had been hunting previous to this and we captured them and destroyed the planes.

At about 4.30 the C.O. sent for me and told me that it was Christmas Day. I was surprised to hear of this, as I thought we were the only ones who had heard of it. He then said that his men had decided to have a Christmas Day and we should all have a good time.

The C.O. made a little speech and then ordered dinner to be prepared. The cooks did a splendid job and we all enjoyed a good meal. After dinner we all went to bed and slept soundly.

The C.O. was in a happy mood and told us that he was going to have another Christmas Day party. We all laughed and agreed to go.

The C.O. worked a magic with the men and made a big surprise for the enemy. He sent us all to different parts of the area and we attacked the Japs with overwhelming success. I doubt if any Jap lived to get away.

In the 19th Indian Division there were three British bataillons and one British Field Regiment, one British A.T. Regiment, and the rest of the operational troops were Indian or Gurkhas. The Gurkhas are not to be underestimated. They come from Nepal, an independent State in which only a very few
British go, and then only at the express invitation of the Maharan of Nepal. So all recruiting of Gurkhas is done by Gurkhas. They are born soldiers, generally short of stature and with Mongoloid 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 prised jumping off moving biers and off high walls and were anxious 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 this would be the first time that the Indian Army had jumped, and it would be from 1,000 feet. After this, instructions were issued and the men were told how to fold them.

In the evening the Subadar asked for an interview with the Company Commander. "Sirah," he said, "I am not quite sure what training is good for. But I shall be the first Gurkhas to jump by parachute. I am proud to have this honour. We shall do our utmost to be the best company in the Division." The Company Commander replied, "Sirah, I know that 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?"

"Well, Sirah, 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. It was the reply. The Company Commander thought for a moment, then said, "I am sorry, Sirah, 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 as a safe height."

"Oh, Sirah, we are so used to parachutes? Well, that's all right then, Sirah! We will jump from 1,000 feet—or 2,000 feet if you wish, Sirah." This story was not unusual to anyone who does not know 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 British masthead and parkland and a lake (in peace-time it must have been very pretty) and it had been held by the Japanese Army in Burma. The Anglo-Burmese Army had a wonderful welcome and organised the running of our Divisional Church. "The Daggar Army.""
They Snatched Us From a Hell-Ship

James Coates

In paragraph 4 (how the crew were captured) by the Admiral Graf Spee in the Battle of the River Plate, it is mentioned that the treatment they could expect in the notorious German tanker Alm  above the battle’s commander, Capt. Langsdorff, of the treatment they could expect in the notorious German tanker Alm. He concludes his narrative here.

After Captain Langsdorff had made his farewell remarks to us we were taken across to the tanker. Armed guards of the tanker’s crew took charge of us. The German marines, who returned us to our ship, said that we were being taken in a ship, and that we would not be transferred. Captain Dau, master of the Graf Spee, was wrecked and beaten and adorned with torn moustaches and beard. He had attained 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 head 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 soon on this time, and those of us newly-arrived from the Graf Spee were getting hungry. No dinner was brought to us and prayers 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 their instant was any chance of a decent meal was provided, and this time because only our not only of the voyage by 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 directly opposite the lantern while the tanker remained how-to-wash with the pumps going to refit the Graf Spee. The steel doors affected some of us, who complained of illness when a young German doctor visited us next day. He seemed a decent sort, but his efforts to helpful were strictly limited owing to Captain Langsdorff’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 World War, he had been caught and interned at Dusseldorf. His allegation was that he had been badly treated, and he said bluntly that he was going to treat us in like manner. If we were intercepted by the British Navy this time, on his way to Germany, he would tell the British they were going to intern us. After we had been getting us to Hamburg, he would march us on the decks with hands above our heads and then make us scrub the decks like the Jews.

"While you are aboard my ship," he concluded, "if you want to make friends with me and cause no trouble, I will do my best to make you comfortable. But I do not forget that in the last war— Here

one of our deck-boys interrupted impum- pily, "What the good of talking to us about the last war? That touched Natty-Whiskers’ tender English ego!" he roared. "You listen here, lad that had travelled. "If you were 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 many. We were about to experience while in his ship. If we were to get away in the Graf Spee I couldn’t understand, but it sounded more too good, and then he vented his spleen 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 Alm’s crew were younger of from eighteen to twenty-one years of age; these were the fanatic 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 supremely 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. These cigarettes became a wet, but we hung on some of them to form partitions in one of our quarters.

There was very little to do except to wash ourselves in the daytime, but the chaps who had been weeks in the Alm when before we had arrived were more than a little tired of talk. In desperate need of their lads who wrestled out two iron plates from the ammunition racks and managed to chop them to form a pattern...
of seconds, and before small guns had acquired bore and there we were able to play duels on the gally with our own guns during the miserable voyage.

On one day a boy from the admiralty obtained some scraps of wood, and he had savored vigorously, as he loved relish, a rank concoction that looked and tasted like axle grease. He was wearing a miniature oil-tanker. Will you come to help us?" Next, by various signs, 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 alighted his handwriting into a bucket of refuse which he had to empty.

The Carpenter Went to the Cells

Whenever a prisoner had to throw away the soap on the staves and German clothes with a will. For instance, the boy damped the stuff in the sea without being detected, the tin with its little flag flapping away on the surface and into the wake. By the way of luck someone on the bridge happened to look over the forecastle and saw it, and a signal was immediately given. At the instant it was instantly raised on the engine-room telegraph for the ship to be stopped.

After that, Nafty-Whiskers created more violent than ever, while the vessel put about and a search was made for the tin and flag and were located and hurled aboard in a hundred and forty-five feet. Nafty-Whiskers was awarded with the crew of the Doris Star on the honour. His boat was an excellent recognition, though, was doomed to disappointment, for the German crew had identified him and he was taken to face the angry carriers, who demanded: "What did you get the soldier from?"

On the quarterdeck unrolling to involve the ship's carpenter in trouble; and finally he told the truth and was put in irons. He was kept there and given a monthly loan on bread and water. When the German carpenter was free, he was moved, when during a stopover in the port, he went to the captain and told him of the German and the soldier from the world. The captain punished him and sent him to the carpenter to the cells in his stead.

A last, the tank, the name Almacht painted in letters a foot high on her quarter, drew in uncontrolled towards the Norwegian coast. All lights were extinguished, and our state was even even more excited than the Norwegian. Hopes of rescue revived when one day the Second Officer of the Doris Star and the Fourth Officer of the Tartos 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 tanker had steamed within 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 about it if we were at a football match when he gave the signal. In the end, the tank was broken and we could not do anything about it, and when the signal was given we yelled, "Help the Norwegian fleet!" The crew blew the S.O.S. on whistles, and generally raised the hell.

Nafty-Whiskers immediately got the steam whistle and the oarsmen jumped into some of the German crew turned the boats on us through the hatch and drenched us with water. 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 our examination below decks. To say we felt deserted when thus left to our fate is to put it very mildly.

This affair, as I know now, occurred off Cape Caleta, and Doris Star issued a typewritten notice in English, dated February 15, 1940, stating that no account of our treatment all prisoners would get only bread and water next day and the "rescuer-officer" and doctor would no longer insist on their regular rations, and "severe case of sickness" can be reported on the occasion of handing down food. Unfortunately, full details were often consisted only of bowls of boiled water 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 our examination below decks. To say we felt deserted when thus left to our fate is to put it very mildly.

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We had a ship on one of the outstanding feats of the war. These R.A.F. scouts had reported what they had seen, but the authorities had given Captain Duran warning of what to reckon the two miles up the Joesting Fjord on the small damaged Fjord. The small damaged Fjord was tricked twice, the second time dark when no satisfaction could be obtained from the Norwegian gunboats anchored there. We could hardly breathe with excitement when a seaplane was spotted on the island.

Our rescue was one of the outstanding feats of the war. These R.A.F. scouts had reported what they had seen, but the authorities had given Captain Duran warning of what to reckon the two miles up the Joesting Fjord on the small damaged Fjord. The small damaged Fjord was tricked twice, the second time dark when no satisfaction could be obtained from the Norwegian gunboats anchored there. We could hardly breathe with excitement when a seaplane was spotted on the island.

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'Altmark Overpowered by British Sea Pirates'

Rescued by the Royal Navy from the German battle-ship 'Altmark', nearly 200 upper merchant seamen were landed at Leith, Scotland, from H.M.S. Fisgard in February 1940. Ejected by the German crew who considered them as 'no men', the ship which had been captured near Narvik in May 1940, the Altmark was here overpowered by British Sea-Pirates.

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Photo, H.M.S., American Press
I Was a ‘Guest’ of the Japs in Tokyo

Theodore Patrick (Capt. 1st Imp. Horse Guards, Imperial Horse Guards, H. M. S. Berry), 56th Field Regiment, R.A., 5th Indian Division, was captured at Singapore in 1942. A spell in Changi P.O.W. Camp (see page 91) has found him again on the move, heading for further adventure.

NEVER before had we, mainly Australian, been so appalled at the prospect of our prisoners being sent away. We had been told that we were carried in boxes, with such kit as we had, to the docks. We presumed we were going to Java, and although we did not fancy the idea of moving farther East away from the Allied forces we did think that physically we should be better off. ‘We will be better fed—probably European food,’ we told each other, and we shall receive better medical attention.’ We knew also that Java’s climate was healthier than that of tropical Singapore.

A shock came when we saw our ‘dinner’. It couldn’t have been more than a 4,000-tonner— an old cramp steamer which the Japs had called the Japan Racehorse and Mare. We did not think it possible that it could crowd us all on that small vessel, but they did—plus 1,000 Japs who were going home. Conditions were horrible. There were three holds, each with wooden partitions built in around the sides. The prisoners occupied the bottom of each hold to the deck above the water. We had been warned 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 gruel made with enough meat, issued three times a day. This diet naturally made it extremely 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. They were told to put in at a ‘Fornosan’ and were highly pleased about it.

‘If you have nothing more to worry about,’ they told us, ‘we shall look after you. You will be taken away in small batches to a nice hospital.’ The ambulances proved to be one Army lorry, and the ‘hospital’ was our prison camp. It was situated just outside Takao, the Fornosan capital, and consisted of seven small workshops. Geography books tell us that Fornosan had a mild climate, but none of us believed this. It was summer time and we were experiencing that first winter of captivity. We were not allowed fires, and rainwater just collected in the hold to keep us alive. At one time an epidemic of dysentery struck the camp, and two or three prisoners were dying every week.

After three months in ‘hospital’ (as reduced rations, because Japs were not earning any keep by working), I joined my fellow prisoners in making kind of a party immediately outside the camp—digging holes, putting the soil in a bamboo basket and then dumpers 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 fear almost normal, and after our day’s work was finished we set about organizing parades. A concert party began to function and despite the interference of the Japs morale began to rise. 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 Japs had up their sleeve.

However, on the following day, November 4, 1943, we started on our journey. Before we left Fornosan we picked up fifteen other P.O.W.s 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 Mare, 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. Saving good-bye to the technicians we ‘cultural’ embarked on a train for Tokyo. We understood now
FIRST P.O.W. CAMP IN JAPAN TO BE FED was this at Omori, Tokyo, over the radio 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, 1942, U.S. P.O.W.s were shown on the beach from the landing barges.

that we were included in this group because of the activity we had taken in camp entertainments. After a thirty-hour tour we reached Omori P.O.W. Camp, Tokyo. At first we were called "special prisoners" and were excused all work and fagging, 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, "Not a great deal," which, I suppose, was the chance of a Red Cross parcel every day.

On December 1 I started work again. I was amazed at the fineness of the majority of the prisoners and my luck in being put with the comrades I had left in Fumoto. We were strong, capable fellows full of life. We became, working in railway yards and as dockeys, associated in steel food— even if it was sometimes only rice—so to keep 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 300-lb. packs of beans on their backs, walking in and down points in warehouses, I was in despair. Again the Red Cross arrived, and for the first time in the strength to lift an empty shovelful at a time, and I couldn't eat at night because of the cold. But the climate was far healthier than that of either Fumoto or Singapore, and after I learned the art of steaming 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 we soon often bribed 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, while prisoners would be securing socks stuffed with sugar beneath their working clothes. The same thing happened with rice, beans, fish and various canned foods.

In order to feed the few Japs who knew a little English, slang words were used for different commodities. Sugar was "Tun and Lye," rice was "white mice," fish was "fiddlers," 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 side back to camp it was seldom anyone was caught, and in spite of repeated warnings of "There's punishment" hardly a day went by without something being smuggled back.

Tokyo's Wooden Buildings Blazed

The expert looters breed almost as luxuriously as they would have done in wartime England. They were known as Ruses, 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 shine to the camp entertainments. The Japs finally allowed me the 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 soap work during the day raids, and at night the comms were caused when thousands of Tokyo's little wooden buildings were set alight. It was possible to card a deck of cards on the mattress; in the airlight of the blow. Never bullying in numbers, we went out in groups of four, one to get fresh -white paper, one to get fresh -white paper, one to get fresh food, one to get fresh food, and one to get fresh food.

At last I saw, as four o'clock in the afternoon, American Marines landed on the beach outside our camp, from shore 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.
Preventing for Our Third Post-War Harvest

CHAMPIONS OF THE FLOUGH, eighty-year-old Welsh Stire horses Jill and Judy, with ploughman Jack Laxell, ploughed a winning furrow at the Chertsey (Surrey) Agricultural Association's Show on Sept. 19, 1946, adding another first prize to a previous one. On four occasions they have gained the highest marks for the best historical team, and have now added another straw field to their record. These old ploughhorses, showing the perfect team-work which will help the good earth to produce more food for Britain again next year.