Our Roving Camera: Poppies for Remembrance Day

FINISHING TOUCHES TO A CROSS OF POPPIES being added to an effigy in preparation for Remembrance Day, Nov. 11, 1946. Since 1915 at this time of year Flanders Poppies have been sold in aid of Lord Nuffield's British Legion Appeal Fund. See also News Facts and Figures page 497.

BLACK BILLY, 11-YEAR-OLD PIT PONY, walked down a Lancashire road mime for over a quarter-century, until the National Equine (and Smaller Animal) Defence League obtained his release. Black Billy is now in retirement at Blackpool Zoo. He is 11 years old, and is needed for his services in war and peace. He was just one of the 12,000 ponies in work in British coal mines when he was bought a pension, receiving 10,000 signatures, was recently presented to Parliament by the League. A pension for Black Billy, and others who were needed for war work, was not only long overdue, but a welcome gesture to the League, as he had been bought up to ground-level and cared for—but it was too late.

GERMAN P.O.W. AS BOMBS DISPOSERS are seen marvelling at a R.A.F. squad with equipment for neutralising a 2,000-lb. bomb. They were brought from N. Italy and Belgium, will, after training, replace de-mobilised Royal Engineers in this work.

CAMPAIGN STARS awarded for service in the Second World War are still being knitted by the Royal Navy, in co-operation with Women's Auxiliary Services. The symbols, in sheepwool, commemorate service in German, Italian, Mediterranean, Atlantic, and Air Forces. Three stars for the fleet, each star representing a four-year period, it will take about two years to complete the 10,000,000 required.

N.H. THE KING'S DUTCH HORSES, magnificent black pressed by Queen Wilhelmina, were once owned by Lord Nuffield. They are now in the care of the R.A.F., who have made repeated offers to purchase them. Song of the South Press, Air Ministry, Central Press.

PHOTO: By courtesy of the 'Kentish Star'.
Great Stories of the War Retold

'The Bismarck has been Sunk!

By FRANCIS E. McMURTRIE

On May 27, 1941, the German battleship Bismarck was sunk in a great sea battle. The Bismarck had been built in 1939 as part of Germany's naval expansion during World War II. The British Royal Navy, under the command of Admiral Sir John Tovey, launched an operation to destroy the Bismarck. This operation was conducted from May 23 to May 27, 1941, in the North Atlantic Ocean.

Located by the Catalina Aircraft

The Catalina aircraft, also known as the Martin PBM Mariner, was used extensively by the Royal Navy during World War II for antisubmarine warfare. The Catalinas were equipped with sonar and carried depth charges to target submarines.

SPLINTER-HOLE caused by a shell fired from the Bismarck stern joined up with a port shell hole caused by 14-in. shell of British cruiser

Early on the 26th the weather became thicker, and touch with the enemy was momentarily lost - she was then in a position about 35 miles S.S.W. of Cape Farewell, on the north-western extremity of Greenland. A most anxious period of suspense followed. Not until 10.30 a.m. on May 26, nearly 32 hours later, was the Bismarck located by a Catalina aircraft from Coastal Command, about 550 miles west of Land's End. She was steaming at 22 knots and had opened cookship with the Prince of Wales, which was ultimately found to have taken refuge in Brest.

Although driven off and damaged by the Bismarck's well-directed anti-aircraft fire, the Catalina got her report through, enabling the German warship to be attacked by the British destroyers, which scored hits with their 4.7-in. main armament. The Bismarck carried a total of 41 vessels, including troopships and merchant ships. She was last seen by the British on May 27, 1941, when she was believed to be sinking.

Bright Flame Showed in Bismarck

On the morning of May 27 the sun rose on a heavy sea with the north-western gale continuing. At times visibility was very poor, about 14 miles, until reduced to three or four miles as heavy rain squalls swept across the water. In the British ships the hands had been at action stations all night, taking it in turns to done off at their posts. In view of the speed with which situations develop in modern warfare it would not have been wise to allow them to go below for breakfast, so cocoa, soup, sandwiches, cake and ship's biscuits were issued.

At eight minutes past 6 the Norfolk reported that she was again in touch with the enemy. The necessary alterations of course were ordered by the Commander-in-Chief, and at 6.45 the Bismarck was spotted 15 miles away, some 500 miles west of Brest. In the flagship King George V (Captain W. R. Patterson) the following message was given to officers and men by Sir John Tovey: "The sinking of the Bismarck may have an effect on the war, as a whole, of little proportion to the loss to the enemy of our battleship. May God and Methuselah bless you with you and grant you victory."
Great Stories of the War Retold

The loss of an officer and 35 ratings. This might well have been for the better, with the energy which the Tartar set about to work of rescue. One other fellow, a range-taker in the Mashobra, took over a control-control post in the Tartar and continued at it for some time, and when relieved he apologised for being (sic) and said he had been bombarded, wore to safety and withstood further attacks during the day. From German accounts it was learned that the Bismarck wore the flag of Vice-Admiral Lütjens, who perished with her. His last signal is said to have repeated the ship to be incapable of manoeuvring and assumed that the battle was over. Thus with the destruction of this fine ship, with an exception-fully completed others are said to have been nearly 2,000 on board must have been a bitter blow to the Germans, to whom she had been lauded as "untouchable."

What was the object of sending the Bismarck out into the Atlantic with nothing but the Prince Eugene to support her? It was certainly not a sound move from the strategic standpoint. Everything points to the fact that Hitler, impressed at the failure of his U-boats to maintain the rate of destruction achieved in the second half of 1940, sought to supplement it by surface raiding, even though in earlier effort with the "rocket battleship" Admiral Graf Spahd had to his delay by three British cruisers in the Battle of the River Plate. Her sister ship, the Schlesien, when operating in the Atlantic between October, 1943 and April, 1944, had been fortunate in encountering nothing more formidable than the German Jervis Bay, and in the first months that she was at sea had sunk some 1,700 enemy ships. This landed further to depreciate the value of the "rocket battleship" for raiding purposes, so recourse was had to the faster and more powerful Schnellboote and Geschuetzboote. These being immured in Brest

LIST OF DECORATIONS

Honours and awards to those concerned in the hunting down and destruction of the Bismarck included: Admiral Sir John Tovey (now Admiral of the Fleet Lord Tovey), the K.B.E.; Captain (now Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Dunsford-Hamilton of the Rodney and Captain (now Vice-Admiral) Patrick of the King George V, the C.B.; Rear-Admiral (the late Admiral Sir Frederick) Wokes-Walker; Commodore (now Vice-Admiral Sir Patrick) Brind; Admiral Tovey's Chief of Staff; Captain (now Rear-Admiral) Boswell of the Vincennes; Rear-Admiral (the late Rear-Admiral) Maud of the Ark Royal with the C.B.E. Six officers received the O.B.E., and a petty officer in the Ark Royal was given the British Empire Medal. Captain (now Vice-Admiral Sir Philip) Vian obtained a second bar to his D.S.O., while those who were awarded the D.S.O. included Commodore Rotheham of H.M.S. Sheffield, Lieut.-Commander (A) Espenlaub of the Courageous, Lieut.-Commander T. P. Brooke of the Triumph, and Lieut. R. H. Riddell of the Defiants. The officers of the Bismarck included: Captain (now Rear-Admiral) Maude of the Ark Royal with the C.B.E. Six officers received the O.B.E., and a petty officer in the Ark Royal was given the British Empire Medal. Captain (now Vice-Admiral Sir Philip) Vian obtained a second bar to his D.S.O., while those who were awarded the D.S.O. included Commodore Rotheham of H.M.S. Sheffield, Lieut.-Commander (A) Espenlaub of the Courageous, Lieut.-Commander T. P. Brooke of the Triumph, and Lieut. R. H. Riddell of the Defiants. The officers of the Bismarck included: Captain (now Rear-Admiral) Maude of the Ark Royal with the C.B.E. Six officers received the O.B.E., and a petty officer in the Ark Royal was given the British Empire Medal. Captain (now Vice-Admiral Sir Philip) Vian obtained a second bar to his D.S.O., while those who were awarded the D.S.O. included Commodore Rotheham of H.M.S. Sheffield, Lieut.-Commander (A) Espenlaub of the Courageous, Lieut.-Commander T. P. Brooke of the Triumph, and Lieut. R. H. Riddell of the Defiants. The officers of the Bismarck included: Captain (now Rear-Admiral) Maude of the Ark Royal with the C.B.E. Six officers received the O.B.E., and a petty officer in the Ark Royal was given the British Empire Medal. Captain (now Vice-Admiral Sir Philip) Vian obtained a second bar to his D.S.O., while those who were awarded the D.S.O.
Royal Navy Destroyers Handed Over to Norway

FULFILLING PART OF THE ANGLO-NORWEGIAN NAVAL AGREEMENT signed in June 1940, two British destroyers, H.M.S. Creole and H.M.S. Crystal, renamed the Trondheims and Stavanger respectively, were handed over to representatives of the Royal Norwegian Navy at Chatham, Kent, on October 25. The new names were assigned by H.R.H. Princess Alice, wife of the Norwegian Sovereign, and, in centre, inspected the Norwegian crews. The destroyers, with crew 50.
Hamburgers Angered by Nuremberg Acquittals

Dissentient German voices were raised when the Nuremberg judgment (see page 311-437) became known. Leaders of a Hamburg demonstration (1) carried banners which left their message regarding the three Menin no doubt. Reproduced from Britain, German P.O.Ws recently arrived in England present a British military salute with the sign: "We salute you, we thank you."
Last Milestone in The Desert Rats’ Long Trek

IN THE HEART OF THE ENEMY’S CAPITAL, this stone memorial marks the termination of the 2,700 miles route from beginning to end of which the British 7th Armoured Division, a famous Desert Rats—fought and defeated their Axis opponents. Engaged and unveiled without ceremony on June 6th 1944, it stands as a battle memento and testament of British victory over Nazi Germany. The two vagrants, all in "The Memoirs of General de Guingand," were last seen at Waffenez, near Limoges. The picture page 236.
Death Brazenly Defied at Arms-Train Explosions

At Saverneke, Wiltshire, on January 9, 1948, during the loading of an ammunition train an explosion occurred and fire rapidly spread to another ammunition train alongside. There were further explosions and extensive fire, causing destruction of 17 railway wagons and two locomotives containing shells, mines and other explosives, out of a total of 42 loaded waggons in the sidings. Major K. A. Biggs, R.A.O.C., the officer in charge, arrived at the site soon after the first explosion and began to direct operations to prevent a bigger disaster. His efforts were so successful that further damage was not being very real. With complete disregard for their own safety, he and another officer unoccupied and pushed a burning wagon loaded with shells away from the fire and helped to extinguish it. He organized fire-breaks and continued his efforts until the end. His work in the midst of this inferno, in the face of threats that a new blast of explosives detonated, was largely instrumental in minimizing the disaster.

A ferryman, second officer, at about 4.30 p.m. when he was bunched down by Major Biggs, Major Biggs being at a point some distance from the blaze, urging him to proceed immediately to attend here. Having decided that further loss of life might occur if the fire-fighting was continued he ordered the evacuation of the railhead, himself remaining the last to leave. Major Biggs had the situation fully under control and had kept everything under control. He was put out of the line of fire and returned to the R.A.O.C., took command at the siding where the tanks were blazing furiously and further explosions were momentarily expected. On his own initiative he organized fire parties and commenced unloading ammunition from wagons threatened by the fire. He rescued injured men from under blazing wagons and helped organize the removal of wounded from the danger area. For his total disregard of the situation before the arrival of a superior officer he was awarded the George Cross. Sergeant D. A. Kay, R.A.O.C., also displayed complete disregard for his safety in the disposal of one of the burning trains at Saverneke and in rescuing injured men. With other soldiers he partially emptied a wagon loaded with mines until he was driven away by the fire. He was awarded the George Medal.

Sergeant J. H. Matthews, Pioneer Corps, arrived on the siding with his ladder and fire-fighting crew immediately after the first explosion. He organized the removal of an unthreatened wagon to a place of safety and personally unoccupied three, although the rest one was blazing, retaining his efforts only when the water supply had been exhausted and he was ordered to withdraw. By was awarded the George Cross. Sergeant Regan, R.A.O.C., displayed great bravery and initiative, removing several of the injured, and was awarded the British Empire Medal. Driver A. J. Baker, R.A.O.C., drove away four three-ton lorries which were in close proximity to the fire, using his lorry as a water wagon. His action cleared a way for the fire-fighters. He was awarded the British Empire Medal. Private F. Barrett and D. Gallagher, of the R.A.O.C., ran to the engine driver and the driver of another train in a subsidiary siding and, with them, endeavored to cross sixty-two loaded wagons to save the lives of the injured. For their services these two privates went along the track releasing the brakes, regardless of their exposing themselves. Both were awarded the British Empire Medal. Sub-Constable F. W. Coleman and Pte. J. W. Prendergast, R.A.O.C., were respectively awarded the M.B.E. and the B.E.M. for rescuing an injured man in great danger.
More Victoria Cross Awards to Empire Heroes

Lt.-Col. R. H. GRAY, D.S.C.
Flying off the aircraft carrier H.M.S. Formidable, on August 5, 1943, Lt.-Col. Gray, Royal Canadian Naval Air Force, attacked an enemy destroyer. His dive was not successful, and he was killed, especially by his own ship. He must have known that he was taking his victim.

Squadron-Leader R. E. K. SCARP
On a mission to bomb an aerodrome destroyed by enemy bombs, Squadron-Leader Scarp, Royal Canadian Air Force, was wounded. He continued the flight, and eventually landed his crippled plane in the jungle near Siggy, Thailand. Completing his mission, he then proceeded to unraveling enemy supply lines, and to reduce the number of supplies available to the enemy, without losing his cool.

Flt.-Officer G. C. MYNARSKI
In a Lancaster bomber, over German-occupied France, on June 17, 1944, the pilot of the aircraft, although alone, made heroic efforts to save the crew. He attacked two enemy aircraft before descending with blazing parachute into France, where he died of his injuries.

Pilot Officer J. W. FROST
On December 19, 1942, as a member of the Royal Canadian Air Force, he flew over enemy ground, and his aircraft was shot down. After a valiant struggle, he escaped the blazing remains, and managed to land his glider in the cover of the jungle.

Squadron-Leader E. S. CHALTON
Engaged in a battle with the U.S. Forces, he was wounded in action, and died of his wounds in the jungle.
HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS

H.M.S. Aurora

Launched in 1927, H.M.S. Aurora, a cruiser of 6,750 tons, measured 201,488 miles and fired 7,183 rounds of 16-inch shell from her main armament during the War.

She was one of the vessels that covered the evacuation of Dunkirk in 1940. The following year, she was one of the ships engaged in the chase of the Bismarck and sank her expiring. In one month alone, November 1941, she and her consort intercepted and destroyed three enemy destroyers proceeding to Libya. During this period she commenced operations in the Mediterranean, during which she was hit by an aerial torpedo. Ordered to leave Malta during the internment of all units in 1942, the Aurora supported Allied landings in Greece in November of that year, engaging the French naval forces based at Salonika. During Operation Pedestal, the US cruiser was attacked by four aircraft and all of her magazines exploded. The damage she received was too severe for her to be repaired and was docked for the remainder of the war.

Operations in which the Aurora took part were the invasion of Sicily, the fighting at Salerno, the reduction of enemy positions in the Aegean Islands, and the liberation of Crete. In 1942 she was present at the surrender of Crete.
The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers

Under the leadership of Major J. R. C. Crosslé, the unit took part in the operations on the Eastern Front, including the defense of the town of Inniskillen, in County Fermanagh, Northern Ireland, against the Irish and French troops of the defeated King Zog's forces. It also played a crucial role in the battles of Dunkirk, where it was involved in the famous "Dunkirk Dunk.

In April 1943, the Jeps took part in the capture of the key points of the French coast, including the town of Inniskillen, which was occupied by German troops. They faced heavy resistance, but managed to secure the area without suffering significant losses.

The unit continued to serve in various campaigns, including the Italian campaign, where it played a key role in the capture of the city of Rome. It was involved in the capture of the key points of the French coast, including the town of Inniskillen, which was occupied by German troops. They faced heavy resistance, but managed to secure the area without suffering significant losses.

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RETURNING FROM THE BATTLE FOR TWO TREE HILL in Tuscany, in January 1944, these men of the 4th Battalion, 2nd Parachute Brigade, had not gone very far before they were evacuated. The fighting was so intense that their positions were continuously fought for by both sides, and the 2nd Parachute Brigade was a frequent target for German artillery. By the time the men of the 4th Battalion returned to Tuscany, they had been in action for six months, during which time they had been in action against one Italian and nine different German divisions. They joined the 5th Army, and in mid-January and early February, they helped to cut the battles of the Garigliano, which involved the 3rd and 5th Italian and most tactically glorious battles.

In February came the sinister Monte Diamante, and on March 13 the 2nd landed in Arno. It was the break-out from Anzio, the Battalion marched in the Division, in which it had served so long, returning to Egypt, where it was joined by the personnel of the 6th Battalion, which had come back from Italy, and which was disbanded. The Battalion now joined the 2nd Parachute Brigade, taking the place which had previously been held by the 6th Battalion. By way of Taranto, M. Spadaro, Senio, the Arenina Gap and the Po, it still fighting all the way, it passed the winning post in May 1943, at Villach in Austria. A hard road and a long, long trek.

The 6th Battalion was formed at Holywood, C. Co, Down, on October 9, 1940, and was disbanded in Egypt in July 1944. During its short life it saw a tremendous amount of hard fighting, and suffered very heavy casualties, during its triumphant sweep through North Africa, Sicily and Italy. After its formation it was stationed, in various places in Ireland, including Belfast during the Blitz. In January 1942, it crossed to the Middle East and, as 5th Parachute Brigade, it moved to Shanks Wood in Norfolk.
Taking part in the Battle of Monte Cassino during World War II, the 2nd and 6th Inniskillings Campaign in Sicily saw the regiment play a significant role in the liberation of Italy. The Battalion, along with the British 7th Division, fought heroically to push the German forces back from the town of Cassino.

The Battalion had seen service in many countries. With their bravery and dedication, they contributed to the eventual liberation of Europe.

[Photograph of soldiers marching through a town]
with which it served until its disembarkment. The Irish Brigade soon moved to Scotland, where it sailed in November 1942 for North Africa as part of the 1st Army. Algiers was reached on November 22, after an uneventful trip. The Battalion moved immediately up to the Godetba area, where it had its first clashes with the Germans.

"A Triumph for the Inniskillings"

After a slight pause, in which both sides were sparring for an opening, the 6th Battalion was engaged in the most ferocious fighting in Godetba Plain and Ghurab sand, in January and February 1943. During these actions very heavy casualties were inflicted and received. At this time the enemy were mainly from the 1st German Parachute Regiment, a tough crew who added to their prestige no quarter. At the end of March the Brigade left the 6th Armoured Division in which it had served since leaving Scotland, and came under the command of an Infantry Division. Quickly these followed the storming of Djebel Mahdi and Tanganoua, in which actions the Irish Brigade particularly distinguished itself.

A newspaper account at that time said, "The taking of Tangoula was a triumph for the Inniskillings. The capture took them three days. They were driven back twice, but refused to go from the hill. The Germans hosed gendarmes down at them, enveloped them with deadly machine-gun shell and mortar fire, but the Inniskillings just went down on the enemy's resistance until he finally surrendered." About the same time for Staff Captains, creeping in Belfort, said, "The Irish Brigade fought hard and had the longest stay of all the First Army. Then came the triumphant entry into Tunis and the end of the enemy in North Africa.

"Now the story reaches out across the sea, and the landing in Sicily in July 1943. The outstanding achievement of the 6th Battalion in Sicily was the storming of Centuripe, on August 2—that town perched like an eagle's nest on the top of a precipice. For this action the Battalion received a D.S.O., three M.C.s, and a M.M. The account of the action, issued by the Ministry of Information, declared, "The taking of Centuripe, which forced the Germans to reconquer their entire line, was primarily a triumph for 'The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.' The Brigade, wrote, "Centuripe was the 'Skin's battle.' And the Anzy Commander, General Sir Bernard Montgomery, said, "The taking of Centuripe is a great feat, which will live in the annals of British arms."

The Irish Brigade reached Randazzo on Friday, August 13, the last of the fighting in Sicily. There followed five weeks rest, a sea voyage to Taranto in Italy, then Barletta and another sea voyage to Termoli, where the Brigade had a very sharp clash with the Germans. It was then early October 1943. Now came a series of staff engagements with the enemy, who was fighting as hard as he knew how to hold up the advance for as long as possible before withdrawing to a fresh prepared position. Such were the crossing of the River Tugra, the battle for San Giorgio di Schio, the capture of an O.R.S. rest camp, and the capture of San Vito, which the Germans had decided to hold as their "Winter Line."

"Motoring Along the Road to Rome"

By December 4 the 6th Battalion was on the line of the Mara River, having broken through the "Winter Line." The Irish Brigade was now relieved, the casualties since landing in Italy having been 36 officers and 823 O.R.s. In this last stage it had been in continuous action for seven days and nights without respite.

At Christmas 1943 the 6th Battalion moved up to Capaccotta, a famous winter sports centre in peacetime. Snow fell heavily, and rations were short. Owing to snowdrifts on the roads a flight of Douglas Transports had to come to the rescue, and rations fell from the sky attached to grey-coloured parachutes. In March and April 1944 a burning month was spent among the rocky high up in the mountains just north of Centone. May found the Battalion crossing the Appenines, in the Garfagnana, and June 8 saw it motoring along Highway 9— the high road to Rome. On July 12 a sensational party was received by the Pope in the Vatican, and the Irish Pipes played in front of St. Peter's.

Action came again near Lake Trasimeno, after the chase of a somewhat demoralized German unit by the 6th Battalion in a fight for a bottle in which the 6th Battalion took part. The official reason given for the disbandment of the 6th, at the height of its fame, was the lack of Irish reinforcements. The Battalion travelled south to Taranto, and as to Egypt, to be greeted on its return to Alexandria by the pipes of the 2nd Battalion.

A short time was spent in amalgamating the 6th Battalion with the 5th—and the 6th Battalion The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers had ceased to exist. The Regiment as a whole consoles itself with the thought that its distinguished career was brought to a close while it was still at the very pinnacle of its success.

The Inniskillings who stormed the heights of St. Lucia in 1796, and who withstood the onslaughts of Napoleon's Armies at Waterloo in 1815, had every reason to welcome into Valhalla the young generation of Inniskillings who fought and died so bravely in Africa, Sicily, and Italy. Great traditions of the Regiment had indeed been faithfully maintained.
Britain's Swift Change-Over to Peace Production

This scene at the Sheffield works of the English Steel Corporation, showing rear-axle casings for heavy mud vehicles—so urgently needed in our trade—being removed from the drop-forging department, typifies the rapid reconversion of our factories to post-war needs. During battle days the drop-hammer here was the only one which could forge crankshafts for Spitfires; it was worked 16 hours a day and produced ten crankshafts an hour.
Our Machines of War Now Hum to the Tune of —

Opening the "Britain Can Make It!" Exhibition in London on Sept. 24, 1936—the first exhibition of Industrial Design to be organized after the greatest crisis in our history, see page 342—345—L.M. the King reminded the world that "no country was more completely given over to war than ours." In the nation-wide change-over are included workers in a factory where containers for service rations were made: now they stamp out 11,000 holds for tobacco, and other tins.

—a Mighty Drive to Bring Back Prosperity

Machinery which pressed out parts for bomb racks deliver components of electric chassis (3). At a textile machinery factory, 3,000,000 spindles (1) handle the many things to brighten the youth's heart. The plastics industry was at great account in war: now telephone instruments are molded (3). Wellington bombers engender the attention of workers who now assemble washing machine cabinets (6).
Little Things That Mean So Much to All of Us

Glue instantly hardens with the production of tennis balls (1) at this factory which turned out Halifax bombers; there, too, bicycle valves (3) are vulcanized. Where brass fuse-caps come into being collar studs (2) are now processed.

Emphasis is placed on new design and methods not only for the home market but, in the words of Sir, the King, "the Overseas markets, upon which our prosperity, our stability, and our standard of life must depend in years to come."
Our Empire's Proud Share in Victory

HONGKONG, BORNEO, FIJI AND TONGA

By HARLEY V. USILK

LICE Malay and Singapore, the colonies of Borneo and Brunei, situated on the seas of the Pacific were the focus of attention for the Japanese early in the war. Although the British Commonwealth's possessions in the Far East were more fortunate, among them the Fiji and Tonga islands, which contributed in no small measure to the final Allied victory in the Pacific.

Japanese propagandists attempted to present the war in the Pacific as a struggle of the white man against the coloured races trying to free themselves from the yoke of the white oppressors. 

In the case of the British islands, from the friendly group of British Imperialists. In the Pacific islands we find the lie directly given to the Japanese. 

The circumstances in which the war was fought in these areas were such as to enable aggression warfare to be waged against the Japanese by Colonial peoples. They played a great part, for instance, in the Guadalcanal campaign, which was in the highest degree successful.

The Japanese propaganda suggested that these areas were to be a part of a vast Japanese empire, but the truth was that the Japanese forces were to be used for the defense of their own country. 

The islands of the Pacific were to be used as a base for the Japanese military operations, and the inhabitants were to be used as a source of food and labor.

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Only sixty years ago Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria, was a village of less than 2,000 inhabitants. When the Russians liberated Bulgaria in 1878 and Sofia was exannounced, three houses which had more than three rooms for the guests of the diplomats, foreign correspondents, members of the Allied Mission and members of the few rich Bulgarians of average commonness, loving going out to the so-called coffee houses, where for the equivalent of 1d. you can have an ice-cream, or for the equivalent of ld. a Turkish coffee. These houses are the meeting-place of politicians, journalists, actors, officers, and so on. Many people will sit for hours quarrelling and-generated over a cup of coffee. You are usually offered this beverage even when you go to visit a civil servant in his office. One newspaperman told me that he drinks on the average about 40 coffees a day. In no capital in the world does one receive more hospitality and warmth of welcome. All Sofia looks forward earnestly to the closest contact and friendship with Great Britain.

Cultural Life is Flourishing

Bulgaria is the only country in Eastern Europe which has not fallen into the wild yells of communist infusion. Prisons are, on the average, four or five times larger than those in the other countries. The number of prisoners increased only twice, and this past all white-collar employees and workers into a disadvantageous position. The treasury has been obliged to vote huge credits for supplementary remuneration for the civil servants, but no substantial increases of the basic salaries will be made, I was told, until there are more goods on the market and the economic position is stabilized.

Reconstruction in the capital is very slow because of the general lack of building materials. Most of the new houses and shops now being erected are small wooden houses. Only a very few large Government buildings have been started. Roads and railway constructions and the building-up of bridges, however, appears to have made good progress. Though machines and tools are very scarce, there is no unemployment, as the small Bulgarian industry is now able to work at full capacity; indeed, there is lack of workers, doctors, technicians and competent and well-trained civil servants.

One of the more extraordinary things concerning life in Sofia is the theatre. It is a National theatre, and all Bulgarian actors and directors are civil servants and so far as remuneration is concerned. There are left

National theatres in several of the towns, whilst touring companies visit the remotest parts of the country. Sofia alone has three National theatres performing what the Bulgarians call "drama", two theatres for opera and ballet and three for comedy and variety. In addition, there are four symphonic orchestras and give ten repertory theatres run by the State Drama Schools.

The stage can well compare with the very best in Europe. It is under the strong influence of the world-famous Moscow Arts Theatre, and Russian producers and actors are very popular. All theatres and concert-halls are absolutely packed, the most expensive ticket costing only a shilling or two.

The whole theatre world is under the general guidance of the Ministry of Information and Arts. I had a long talk with the Minister himself, Mr. Kazazov, a jovial and highly cultured little fellow with a white beard, by profession a journalist and playwright. He is backed by a "dramatic council" elected by the Association of Artists.

Incidentally, this Trade Union is one of the most influential in the country, and the Minister of Arts appoints the directors of the Sofia and provincial theatres only on the recommendation of the Union. When I was there they played Shakespeare, Shaw, Eugene O'Neill, Chekhov, Gorki and several Bulgarian authors, and it was said that the Minister Kazazov told me: "We are the writers, the actors and the producers. Some of them are real national figures, much more popular and influential than many politicians.""
Sofia's Citizens Welcome Their New Republic

Celebrations in the capital followed the proclamation of a Bulgarian People's Republic on September 15, 1944. By an overwhelming majority the plebiscite held on September 9 rejected the monarchy which had twice led the country into disastrous war. Popular feeling is expressed in the various songs of King Ferdinand and Boris and the latter's son, the child Radoslav (see Story page 336, Vol. 7), whose Regina had recently disinherited the monarchy.

Above, young Bulgarians in national costume parade through Sofia's joyous streets.
Housing the Homeless: Aluminium and Concrete

TURNING THEIR BACKS ON TRADITIONAL METHODS, builders at the Devonshire Home near Wellington, Somerset, are using a new 11-month method of construction which reduces the time taken to build the homes. The method involves the use of pre-fabricated aluminium and concrete sections. Each section is fitted with a frame and then covered with a layer of concrete. The frames are then removed after the concrete has set, leaving a solid and durable structure.
Tremendous Task of Clearing the Corinth Canal

BLOCKED BY THE GERMANS
when they were evacuating the
Peloponnesos in the spring of
1941, the famous channel
between the Isthmus and Nafplion
was choked with 11 armed ships
and several lighter craft, and
vessels here now to be removed;
several are stranded in the
entrance (1) and another is
being inspected, for underwater
damage, by a diver (2). A bridge
is being removed to clear the
canal (3). The total cost is
estimated at £20,000 and by
it were thousands of tons of
dynamite and ordnance. The
waters are

The great task of clearance and
repair of the canal is enormous
and involves the efforts of
800 workmen, working on
whale. The entrance channel
which, partly shipping, lying
between the Ionian coast and
the Peloponnesus. (4) See also
page 988. G. F. V.

PAGE 491


**I WILL LEAD YOU AGAIN**

"I will lead you again," said Monty

With the last of our battalions trained to leave the Dunkirk beaches in June 1940, General Sir John D. L. Montgomery (then Major-General Montgomery) was happy to be able to turn his thoughts to the possibility of an invasion. Theateurs had predicted that the Allies would be able to land on the Normandy beaches by the middle of the year, and Montgomery was confident that the Allies would be able to overcome the German defenses.

The Allied plan was to land at high tide, allowing the DD tanks to land and then advance inland. The beaches were heavily defended, but Montgomery was confident that his troops could overcome the defenses.

The invasion began on June 6, 1944, and Montgomery was on the beaches as the troops landed. He was able to direct the attack and ensure that the Allies were able to advance inland and seize the key objectives.

ABANDONED BRITISH GORES GUNS on the Dunkirk beaches (above) still pointed defiantly up to the sky where the last of the R.E.P. had been evacuated in June 1940. Some of the captured weapons were to be used in the defense of the beaches for weeks to come in the south ernmost front of the Normandy beaches. PAGE 479

**THE HUMAN STORY OF 1939-1946**

With the turn of the tide the big ships would be in position to provide fire support for the advance inland. The troops would be able to advance and take the key objectives.

The Allies were able to advance inland and take the key objectives, and the invasion was a success. Montgomery was proud of his troops and of the Allied victory.

**PHOTO: F. H. Brinsin, Associated Press**
I was there!

GRENADIER GUARDIANS RETURNING FROM DUNKIRK in June 1940 had not failed to realize the magnificent tradition of their Regiment. Seen here and nearby, but still bearing some of their purple-dyed uniforms, they are dispersing at Dunkirk town. The 1st Battalion of the 1st Grenadiers was the effective driving force behind the evacuation. Photo, The Times

exploded before they reached the water. The planes stepped off, and the evacuation continued. The British had small ships — 800 to 2,000 tons — and, most important, and reassuring to the soldiers of all arms of service. When we reached our destination, after a hot meal the order of the day was, "Sleep!" The ordnance of the huts allotted to us was instructed "Let them sleep it out. Don't wake them." When I finally awoke I discovered that I had slept for 24 hours. There were men in the same hut still deep in Sleep.

A Chief Steward in Battle Malta-Bound

When the S.S. Pampus was running the gauntlet in convoy to Malta in March, and the scenes of a carrier and a destroyer was accidentally called away and the fully laden merchant ships were left to fend for themselves. The story is told by Chief Steward Harold Goodall, D.S.M., M.M., B.E.M. (See also portrait and story in page 27.)

I was at Mosne in Russia in December 1940 when the German pocket-battleship Admiral Scheer was running the gauntlet in convoy to Malta in March, and the scenes of a carrier and a destructor was accidentally called away and the fully laden merchant ships were left to fend for themselves. The story is told by Chief Steward Harold Goodall, D.S.M., M.M., B.E.M. (See also portrait and story in page 27.)

On reaching England I was transferred to another ship, which happened to be in dock at Liverpool during the German bombing raids that lasted for three nights. Two nights of the Mite were enough for our Negro cook, who departed down the gangway after extolling to me, "Ah, hell! I ain't a-goin' to stay here, boss!" He took train for Manchester, where, by the irony of fate, his arrival coincided with the worst air raid on that city. So he came back next day to the ship at Liverpool, and on getting a cool reception from me, returned warmly, "Ah, hell! I ain't a-goin' to stay there, boss!"

About the time when the 8th Army was pushing Rommel's alleged "invincibles" out of Libya I was again Chief Steward in the Pampus, which was a really fast cargo carrier, although we had previously convoyed

My battalion returned to Sharjah in March, several days later. Here Major Goodall was called to the CO's office, and was excused from routine duties. The 1st Grenadier Guards upon its splendid showing throughout the three weeks of the campaign, Incidentally Major General Montgomery (as he was then) had commanded the 3rd Division in Belgium and France, of which our Brigade formed a part. He made this prophecy:

"We will return to France one day, you and I. We will rout the Hun—smash him and his belief. I will lead you again, and you will follow me. And next time (God grant it) we won't be equipped with the very best: the very best weapons for the very best troops." How magnificently that prophecy was fulfilled the world now knows.

and other devices for the approach of hostile submarines or aircraft. All ships maintained dodged look-outs to scan sea and sky: for this voyage was undertaken at the price before the British battles in Tunisia and Sicily had been fought and won, and no one but a blind optimist expected a Malta-bound convoy to go through without a rough fight. We proceeded warily on a zig-zag course, thereby increasing the journey of 750 miles—a four-day's voyage at the convoy's speed—and approached the first zone of peak danger in the 150-mile-wide stretch of sea between Derna on the North Africa coast and the island of Crete.

Towards the close of the second day urgent warning was given and "Action Stations" sounded. Soon a wave of German bombers swept in at a great height toward the convoy like vultures to a feast, and the warships put up a terrific barrage. A few bombs raked columns of foam in the sea, then the Huns hurriedly took the sky-road for home. It was plain they had no stomach for in-fighting against the punching power of the Royal Navy. Our watchful—thick-combating ships—after the Huns had been off, I turned to the deck,

"Wall, Charlie," I said, "we're as safe as houses on this trip. He relighted his pipe. "I hope you're right, Homer." He dropped his pipe, but I who had been in battle four years before I knew he would get through safely. Hopes of avoiding serious trouble, however, were dashed by signals flashed from the cruiser flying the flag of the Senior Naval Officer.

"The Italian fleet is out!" That was the dramatic message which had been received in code over the radio by the S.O.N.O.'s ship and passed to all vessels in the convoy. Some came orders from the Commander-in-Chief, and these in turn were communicated to the warships and four merchantmen. The next thing we saw was our escort throwing up to full speed on a northerly course on another hunt for Munn's phantom-like raucy, and so we were left to fend entirely for ourselves. We had become mere pawns in a greater game, and whereas the Italians proved elusive as usual, it was noteworthy that only a few days later—on March 28—the Battle Fleet under Admiral Cunningham emerged
Rough Journey's End at Beleaguered Malta

TROOPS GARRISONING THE GEORGE CROSS ISLAND had a hearty welcome for every friendly vessel coming in 1941. A scene of the crew of the leading ship (l. h.), a convoy car. The 5.5-in. gun batteries on the island are ready to fire at any moment. The S.S. Penelope (r.), caught in a net of limbs dropped on the waterfront. See story on facing page.
When smoke of the enemy's shells fell on the horizon, the Pampas and the other two cargo-carriers held a westward course. With every turn of the propellers they distanced to Valletta—the port of Malta—and to Sicily, with bases of the enemy air forces. There was no surprise when the enemy's bombers appeared, and at the first threat our four merchant ships scattered wide and made zigzagging courses at the best speed possible. No longer able to resist an intense naval barrage, they would have presented an easier target for attack. As a result, thecombined armament of all four cargo-carriers made up the convoy less than that of a single destroyer of the Royal Navy.

The Pampas went into action in self-defense directly the first two or three German bombs appeared. We had one gun of medium caliber, and a few Oerlikons and light guns—enough, anyway, to put the Hess off a bit. The other three ships of our small convoy, one a Norwegian, made a brave show with their light armament while manœuvring in the general direction of Malta and keeping in sight of one another. The first bombs that came screaming down did harm to nothing except the fish. But attacks developed apace. The Luftwaffe ran a shuttle service from Sicily, bent on pre- venting the ships and cargoes from slipping through. Bombers came over two or three at a time, and presently by the dozen. They hit with great accuracy. We sent a few bombs to sea, and occasionally Skua came bursting down in, to destroy the neat sentries, 

**Meals Were Served Amid the Battle**

For hours that day the entire crews of the merchant ships were dealing with attack after attack until the light defensive guns became red hot. The Pampas had her fair share of attention, and there was no time for officers or men to have their places to take meals in the ordinary way. One of my tasks—the most important perhaps—was to keep the crew fed well, as opportunity served, and thereby help maintain their strength and morale throughout the ordeal. My staff worked with a will, and I cannot speak too highly of the way they carried on with normal domestic duties amidst the battle.

It was not part of my regular job to carry trays about, but extra help was needed. Taking food and beverages over the exposed benches on the bridge, gun positions, engine-room, and storerooms, was not without danger as the Pampas shuddered and lurched from the effect of near-misses, and from the impact of bombs scaring the hull. The job of Chief Steward tends to become very tiresome, or at least to provide a veneer of this quality. When things go very well the ?

The Norwegian was still in strength within easy striking distance of the island, but within a week or two the Norwegian, after having been hit by a number of German ships, had to return to her home port. The Norwegian was ablaze from stem to stern, in that grim battle on the Malta route. The swaying, Grimly laden with the gutted bodies of those who had served her, the Swedish steamer sank. When the Norwegian was hit, a bomb fell through the funnel and exploded in the engine-room and caused her to sink. This was the first ship to fall victim to the battle.

The Pampas survived only a little longer. Humbled beyond hope of salvation, she lay out to sea, and finally she sank. The enemy started a fire on her, and the escorting ships joined in. Just as we left the destroyers, the Pampas was ablaze from stern to stem. We heard the tremendous explosion in the engine-room, and a huge black column of smoke rose into the air.
I Was There!

STALAG XXB, Marienburg, viewed from the main gate. Here the author of this story spent much of his time. 

We were soldiers only because they had to be and who tried to be helpful to us.

There was a field (room for rank) who had charge of us for a time in our camp in East Prussia. "Loc Chaney" we called him, because of the wounds that scared and twisted his face. We had reason to know that his heart was in its proper place, for no man, of whatever nationality, could have argued more for prisoners' rights. We men wanted time off for Sunday work—he saw that we got it. The bill for decorating—he arranged for it to be done. Swimming facilities were asked for in the near-by river—he saw that we got them. Canteen stocks were low—he arrange regular shopping expeditions. Every day we ticked off on a list the various things we had done for us.

Our Rights as Prisoners of War

With him as a guard was a younger from Saxony, whom we knew as Harry. A front-line soldier (he was wounded in Russia) he was never too tired to do us a kindness—it might be the arranging of a football match or it might be the distribution of tobacco and cigarettes into Stalag XXB Marienburg, a local shopping expedition, or even a trip to the post-office for parcels. Most ex-prisoners of war remember a Front or a Willy or a Fritz who "forgot" to lock the billet at night, or who did something else equally priceless in their eyes. But all of us were those men who stuck by their "Inglandis" on the march, fed for food for them when they were hungry and in the same cases with them on their own dwindling smoke rations.

Although under acute military discipline, those of us out on working parties contacted not a few civilians. Many of these were well earned the title "Swine" with which they freely chose to label us. But there were good as well as bad civilians; among the best was the old carver who was often accused of sabotage for abstaining from work in order to collect for us Red Cross food parcels. Contact with womanfolk was especially forbidden. But circumstances made it impossible to avoid breaches of this regulation. Prisoners were made to work in the fields and factories alongside women and girls, some of them old, but many remarkably attractive. As leader of a working party, I came in daily contact with them.

First to my mind comes one whom we found in charge of the kitchen at our billet, and who watched our interests among the shopkeepers of the town. Her name I was never able to discover; she would be told in our shop, perhaps, that it was a 'new scarce', because there were none or that it would have to go short until the civilians had been supplied. But we didn't go short. The shopkeeper was reminded emphatically that we were prisoners of war, not criminals; that we had certain rights which had to be upheld; that if we sent short of ration we would not work, and that in these circumstances, the shopkeeper, would face a charge of sabotage against the German Reich. It was the same with the baker who tried to supply us with stale bread, the butcher who said that bone-fish was good enough for us because we were prisoners of war, and the hotel keeper who thought he could pass on to us jam of an inferior quality, and all those who attempted in any way to side-track their obligations towards us.

My companions did not always see eye-to-eye with this woman. Their usual suspicion of the 'Quarter-Mp's' were now directed at her. She was "in the racket," they said. If by that they meant that she was frequently to be seen smoking an English cigarette, they forgot her good works on our behalf, the number of eggs, white rolls, butter, free-quality jam and other commodities she risked her freedom to bring into the camp on an exchange basis.

It was the same with the woman in charge of the works' kitchen, to which, normally, we had no right of entry. The men suspected her of tampering with their rations. They forgot the times she left the vegetable cutter unlocked so that our cooks might help themselves, of the odds and ends with which she supplied us from time to time to improve our "Mitbier," by which name we came to know our midday soup. A neighbour who not only was a woman of whom we endeared was the wife of the chef of our billet. Her poultry were fed on most of our kitchen scraps, and in return she made us a good cup of tea with milk in her husband's workshop that was not ours for the asking. She even lent us her precious electric iron with which to put a crease in our Sunday suits.

We Bought "Under the Counter"

There was a girl of about twenty in the works' kitchen who bore no resemblance, despite the fact that her family had been killed and her home destroyed in an air raid. Very friendly, too, were the sisters whose demaking business in Berlin had been closed to them for ever; many were the times we joined them in exchange for a little chocolate or a smoke. Generally speaking, the shopkeepers were very helpful, selling us everything that was in their power to sell, even at the risk of offending their civilian customers. One greengrocer always gave us pleasure, as did the woman in the local chemist's shop, while the managers of a music shop in a nearby town had the good sense to be open as far as we were concerned. One staunch supporter was the proprietress of a local distillery where we bought lemonade for the canteen. A competitive bodged a complaint with the police regarding her excessive sales to us. She, in reply, she telephoned the authorities at Marienburg in protest. Their protection was granted, and authorization given for continued sales to us.

The enforced march gave us little opportunity to contact civilians, men or women,
but I remember the help given to me by the exiled daughter of the burgomaster of a little town in the province of Maastricht. She was a kind of fairy godmother, and she introduced me to the underground. By interesting with her father she got for us extra things, such as potatoes and fish for our soup, and fuel for our kitchen fires. For me she collected delicious the like of which I had not seen for many a day. When I went to say good-by there were tears in her eyes.

A final memory is coupled with sadness at the loss of a comrade. His death occurred a few days before the Americans arrived to liberate us, in April 1945. The provisions had proved too much for him, and we buried him in a grave alongside others of our party who had succumbed to months of suffering and hardship. We were without the usual guard; the commandant had not thought one necessary, in view of the rapid approach of the Allied forces, and the womenfolk had been impressed by some of our simple ceremonies of sufficient courage to come and talk with us.

Their condolences for the dead quickly turned to practical consideration of the end, and they wanted to know if we had anything to eat. I handed them some cheese, they brought us the one bread and cakes, another soup and some small cheese and figs. I should like to call these Germans typical of their race, but—well, as a land where extortions and cruelty were commonplace it was indeed refreshing to find those in whom some spark of decency remained.

I waited six years to collect it

A step-up from Central Germany to the Belgian coast and a train journey to London through Eastern England brought up the background of these reminiscences to the end of the war. Few of the readers of "The War Illustrated" memories of their own Home-coming.

...You in Civvy Street!" were my final words to those I left on service. Fellow B.A.O.R. officers, with their release groups recently frozen, looked worried and shrugged their shoulders. But I was too elated with my own freedom to pay much attention. I travelled to the sea in the early hours. I left the ruins of Hanover, bound for the port of Oostende. I judged the rail journey, primarily because of affection for my jeep—i.e. it was saving me a leg, for many hazards, I had travelled without mishap 19,030 miles to date, and the urge to knock up the 20,000th mile was irresistible.

We passed over wet, slippery roads, via Minden, thence by the Reichswachtshöhe to the borders of Hanom railway (or is it Bumber Command?) farm, and thereafter by 262, over the Rhine at Kamen, into Holland, through Venlo and Roermond alongside the Mass and into Belgium by Maasburg. It fell quite to travel through places like the village close to Venlo which, as an artilleryman, I had staked down line and night. I gazed at a church, once surrounded except for O.P., which we had blown with heavy guts from 1,200 yards, and noted the rent we had torn in it.

We overrode our 20,000th mile at a spot between Diest and Louvain, recalling former narrow squeaks and humiliations there, including confinement for some crucial minutes, during the previous winter, in Dutch snow, from which we had been rescued by two big-hearted heroes, and half a dozen Dutch yokels who showed as hard as the horses pulled.

I stayed the night with friends—a Belgian notary and his wife at Braine le Comte, receiving wonderful hospitality, and my driver was similarly treated. My hosts deplored the heavy prices in the black market for a pound of butter, 90 francs for a pound of milk, and (most terrifying of all) 5,000 francs for a pair of thin-soled shoes for her non-war-old daughter. At 175 Belgian francs ran to the pound sterling, that last item put the price of a child's shoes at no less than £15 a pair.

Next day we travelled on via Seigie, the market centre for Belgium's great cart-horses with a draft of gendarmes, and to Ghent. I reached No. I Embarkation Release Camp at 1.30 p.m—what 30 minutes too late: for 10 p.m. was zero hour for sailing arrangements. Instead, therefore, of sailing the next day I would have to wait until the day after. The lift in the Hotel Metropole in the Rue d'Esquif, where I was billeted, was placated!

"Warning—Mines and BomboTraps—Read the Notice in your Bedroom." I did, and refrained from nosing too closely into rooms. But the notice was there, and I had no option but to go through it. Without adequate training, self-confidence was needed. It was a difficult theme, to go through the dunes; in any event, there was no time to do so! I spent my spare day wandering through Bruges, the so-called Venice of the North, but I was unappreciated. The city was dirty, smoky, the canals humourless and the people were more often than not suspiciously dressed, and I disliked the sight of too many dog-cropped carriages, although the dogs in most instances looked finkly enough in their harness. At last came the day of sailing. It opened with two pleasures, first a little cured with Mummy's signature on it, which I found on my breakfast plate, being a message of thanks and Goodspeed, and second, the changing of foreign currency into sterling. English silver which never existed before did so now—it symbolized the passage Home.

The Couldn't Care Less League

I now imagined myself far out all further military responsibility. But no. My name was coming out over the ship's loud-hailer as the officer commanding the Oxford draft. This involved, I quickly discovered, some responsibility for personal documents and—far heavier task—organization of a fatigues party to brush decks after the trip. By loud-hailer I called for two officers, who in turn called for two O.C.s and eventually by resort to some lackeys gunners and peasant women, I equipped a party of 20.

As already mentioned, some members belonged to the C.C.L. (Couldn't Care Less) League, but the job was done. Our boat, the Prince Charles, manned by a Flemish crew, reached Dover at 9 p.m., and after a short delay we stood behind our kil and hooted with the Customs ships. A ticklish moment. Especially for one officer with his horse-hoofed for landing his高效。但，由一个毫米级的尺寸误差，至少可以把它延长来使用在喷油嘴的单个点上零.-对于喷油嘴的单个点的额外的零。他们是说，‘你有 speculate a cutout of a mere £3 of his pocket money, and if it was demanded, we should be ready to levy charges. They didn't demand, "Have you any wine or cigars?' They said, "You haven't a cigar, have you?" and I said, yes, and so on.

At Dover a hot meal was served up—most characteristic of the officers. It tallied, as all at our Overseas standards. First
EXCHANGING LOCAL CURRENCY FOR ENGLISH MONEY at No. 112 Transit Camp, Tavresal (left), brings demobilization a step nearer, as our soldiers change the money of the combat zone. As the clothes depot at Olmstede, London, the camp, which we are naming the great come-back (right) has deemed the thoroughly modern, and men will be on the last day of their week from the 7th to the 12th. The camp is the only one in the United Kingdom with a full range of facilities, including a fully equipped dental clinic, a hospital, and a recreation center. New facts about the camp include the introduction of a newiber of women workers, the first female teachers, and the opening of a new gymnasium. And the figures show that the camp has been a success, with over 10,000 men and women now stationed here.
U.S. 100-ton Tank That Never Went to War

DESIGNED TO BATTLE THROUGH HULLETS WEST WALL, this 100-ton tank, the U.S. Army's heaviest, was shown for the first time on the scene, the scene where it is to be used. The first step in the U.S. Army's defense against the Allied landings, it will be used in addition to the T-34 tank and the M-26 tank to form a strong line of defense. The T-34 never fired a shot in the Second Great War, but it is said to be a fearsome weapon. The T-34 will be used to counter the Allied invasion and will be a formidable opponent. The M-26, on the other hand, is a much lighter tank, but it is still a formidable weapon. It is designed to be used in conjunction with the T-34 to form a strong line of defense. The M-26 is said to be a more effective weapon than the T-34, and it will be used to counter the Allied invasion. The U.S. Army is confident that its defenses will be able to withstand the Allied invasion, and it is ready to fight.