ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM HALSEY, PRESIDENT OF THE NAVY LEAGUE, placed a wreath on behalf of the League at the foot of Nelson's Column, in London's Trafalgar Square, on Oct. 21, 1946—the 150th anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar. Representing the Navy and homeless and serving the good service in the great little islands. The League was formed on 1935 for the purpose of maintaining interest in the Royal Navy and keeping it strong and efficient.

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

NO. 247 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6
Prize of Cassino and Part of Victory's Price

RUINED HILL-TOP MONASTERY AND POLISH CEMETERY are somber reminders of the bitter and prolonged struggle for Monte Cassino.

The destruction of the ruins of the monastery, the desertion and abandonment of the dead places that once were the homes of the clerics—the buildings were reduced to their foundations and the church and chapels were left practically intact and much of the old structure remains. See facing page.
Cassino: Ypres of the Second Great War

By L. MARSHLAND GANDER

Photograph by W. R. BLAKE

The jagged, pitted masonry of Cassino today poses one of the great mysteries of the war. Did the Germans occupy the massive Benedictine monastery which the Allies smashed with tons of bombs in the opening minutes of the Italian campaign in February 1944? It may be asked whether the question can be answered. Yet immediately after the attack into Abbot Diamanti, head of the monastery, gave a broadcast denouncing the bombing and declaring that the Germans did not use the building. This statement, discounted at the time as German propaganda, has recently been confirmed by Don Marino, who was the Abbot's private secretary and who added that the Germans moved in after the place had been reduced to rubble. He describes it as "one of the mistakes of war."

I entered the ruins of the Monastery on May 18, 1944, the day on which it was captured by the Poles, and can affirm from personal observation that there were plenty of signs of German occupation—hospes of ammunition, grenades, Spandau, empty tin cans, dirty blankets, and three wounded German N.C.O.s. But this is, apparently, agreed by the Abbot's secretary and throws no light on whether the 6th century Monastery had been used as a strongpoint before our air bombardments. There can be no doubt that the Allied high commanders were convinced that it had been used, at least as an artillery observation post, before they authorized the bombardment of February 15.

Dominating Direct Road to Rome

Consider the situation. Cassino was cited in Italian military textbooks as the ideal defensive position. It was the central bastion of the Gustav Line. The direct road to Rome was blocked for miles by 7,000-foot Monte Cassino (otherwise Monastery Hill) and the Monastery itself. In the 5th century, with walls like a fortress, perched on the hillside above the buildings may be judged by the fact that even after thousands of German machine guns had been raised on it, a substantial part of it still remained. I ascended the shattered outer walls, which we reached finally by climbing a steep slope of dust and rubble on hands and knees, (instead of Germans) holding all the heights round him. Conceiving the guide who had misled him, he then diverted the Romans by tying lighted flares to fronts tails, thus making his escape while the Romans investigated the phenomenon.

The Monastery, as solid as the rock on which it was built, seemed to grow out of the hill-side and to fit into its geographical situation so well that the German machine gun and mortar buildings in Cassino itself. Whether the Germans entered it or not, they could always to some extent, shelter behind it. Frankly, I do not know whether they did in fact occupy it before the bombardment; but there was always a strong likelihood that sooner or later they would. It is certain that they were using snipers in the vicinity of the Monastery buildings. Snipers, which are shelters built of stone and timber on rocky hillocks where it is impossible to hide out trenches, were commonly used by both sides among the Italian mountains. It may be that the German snipers were using the Monastery as an adequate cover without taking over the Monastery itself. But the Cassino had used monasteries before, so why not this one?

Cassino stands out in the annals of a war of swift movement as almost the only example of a strongpoint that relied on its natural situation for its defense. It was the Ypres of this war, though the fighting, with long intervals between offensives, lasted only five months compared with the years of bitter and bloody struggle round Ypres in the First Great War. Three previous attempts had been made to lever the Germans out of Cassino and open the road to Rome before, in May, the Allies gave up the disastrous policy of using men in "jerry packs" and assembled an overwhelming force of men, tanks and guns. Briefly summarized the previous attempts were as follows:

First, that of General Ryder's American 34th Division in January. They forced the Rapido River, penetrated into the town from the north, and pushed boldly up Monastery Hill. Then we discovered how strongly the Germans had fortified themselves among the ruins. On Feb 4, after a foggy, wintry week of desperate fighting, the attack died down.

Second, that of the 4th Indian and 2nd New Zealand Divisions, after an air bombardment. On February 14, Allied aircraft flew over the Abbey dropping leaflets warning the civilian occupants to leave the building. Three hundred aircraft next day bombed, or attempted to bomb, the Abbey, but it was considered that only one bomb of less scored a direct hit. My colleague, Christopher Buckley, states that the greatest tragedy of Cassino was that the survivors were not ready to go into action. They did not do so until two days later, after a five-mile drive in a snowstorm. The German machine guns had little effect on the Germans' deep stone and concrete positions among the rubble. A few Gurkhas actually rushed the Abbey ruins and killed them. Their corpses were lying on the hillside, as grim evidence of their gallantry, three months later when I climbed...
Great Stories of the War Retold

 Issued by the Polish Government, these pictures commemorate Invasion at Cassino. Poles received the Monastery after the German garrison, had been forced to withdraw.

Issue 6x0 to 618x786 of these strangely shaped death. The New Zealanders, attacking across the waterlogged plain while the Indians stormed the heights and mountains, faced little better. They gained some ground, bridged the chief tributary of the Rapido and captured Cassino station, only to lose it in a counterattack.

Third, the attempt following a bigger and better air bombardment on March 15, this time by 700 aircraft, the entire bomber force of the Corps, dropped 1,400 tons of bombs. They were to have fallen on a single square mile of the town, reducing it and the hidden defenders to dust. In practice many of the bombs missed. One destroyed the caravan of General Leese, the 8th Army Commander, three miles away; fortunately, he was not in it. One formation discharged all its high explosive on the Corps headquarters town of Vaucorbe. Another intensive artillery bombardment followed. Then for eight critical days the New Zealanders fought against incredible odds. The resistance of the German counter-attackers, the majority of whom had been given the task of completely wiping out their cells and pillars throughout all the bombing and shelling. Fisheated machinery in the streets of Cassino, caused by the desolate efforts, proved an insuperable obstacle to our own tanks. We were, once again, checked. General Freyberg, in his dispatch giving an account of the operations of the New Zealand Corps at Cassino, wrote: "Our plan was to reduce the sector of the mountain before us by a minimum by the violence of the initial air attack and the use of a double-edged weapon and produced obstacles which mark the speedy deployment of our armour impossible."

That was the situation in April 1944, when I landed on the beach. We held approximately three-quarters of the town, including the spine of Cassino Hill. The Germans had the western fringe of the town, including the formidable strongpoints of the Monastery, the monumental hotel and the ancient amphitheatre. At this point our problem was overlooked by their field-guns that the Polish flag was flying over the Monastery. The Germans, practically surrounded, had evacuate their magnificent castle-fortress. It was an unforgettable day—sculpture, munitions, tragic. For months we had been in the habit of jumping down highway six to a point where the road swings left round a rugged hill and then runs dead straight for three miles into Cassino. It was death to proceed beyond that point in daylight, for the road had it under observation and fire. All cars turned right to the smitten mountain village of Cervara.

Looking down from the Cervara heights on that desolate front of road one felt very near to the Pearly Gates. Suddenly one was on the field of victory the traffic no longer turned right but went straight on into Cassino, now that the Monastery was neutralized. Also, the air defensive of the town, eagerly following the sequence, were gradually taken down. I was told by our correspondent, Mr. Macdonald, of The News Chronicle, and Cyril Besley, of London News, that the town automatically turned right and, reaching Polish Corps headquarters, began a crazy trip up to the Monastery. Fifteen or twenty correspondents mostly Americans—had arrived with the same intention. We started off in six or eight jeeps, with Polish conducting officers, raising clouds of dust that must have been visible for miles.

Where Every Tree Was Blasted

Eventually we found ourselves climbing the barren hillside in single file, odd mortar bombs lobbing down here and there. Our guide disappeared. Each man blindly fol- lowed the man in front, not quite sure where he was going. Those behind me bawled to the men in front, not quite sure to whom they were addressed to those in front, but without any effect.

Everywhere were the corpses of Indians, Americans, Poles—the endless track of war. At one point we were mixed up with the mortar bomb barrage of a counter attack. The mortar bombs made us believe we were in the vicinity of one of the German tanks, indicating mine-fields, sometimes we were plunging along regardless. It was a miracle that none of us was killed.

Running, creeping, cowering, falling flat on our faces from time to time, we finally stumbled through what we thought was the end of the mountain and emerged through a wood where every tree was blasted and those bushes that had once been a noble monastery. The stone walls in the back were destroyed. In places the crumbling walls were 30 or 40 feet high. Two chapels were practically intact. Much of the cloisters still remained. The crypt had survived, and anyone sheltered in it would have been unharmed.

The stench of burning timbers and rotting bodies is in my nostrils today. In my mind there is the miasma picture of a dawn, carried out of stone, over all the archways, with the Gardner's motto, 'Per Aspera Ad Astra'.
Royal Marines 'Beating the Retreat' in Nauplia

Units of the Mediterranean Fleet visited Nauplia towards the end of September 1940, and the colourful ceremony, a parade for special occasions, was held in the place where a commemorative plaque is now erected by a bust of the Great Mariner, of the 1821 Revolution. The parade, which was part of the ceremony, was ended by a play of several days' stay in order to visit individually at ports in the Aegean Sea.
From Alamein to Reunion in London’s Albert Hall

FIVE THOUSAND MEN who fought at Alamein crowded into the Royal Albert Hall on Oct. 15 last to bring the fourth anniversary of the ending of the battle. Addresses were made by W. S. Churchill, D. H. Lawrence, and several audience and the B.B.C. listeners that "the men at Alamein we survived. After France we were stopped and the enemy stopped continuing until the final victory was achieved," said by Field Marshal Earl Alexander of Tunis. After the unknown song followed and the final result was achieved.

Photo, Reuters, Associated Press, U.P.I.

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First U.S. Warship to Visit the Port of London

ANCHORED IN THE THAMES, off Greenwich, the U.S. anti-aircraft cruiser Spokane (Sl), said to have a speed of over 30 knots, was a Friday morning guest of honor at the Port of London. touch with her commander, Captain L. Eden Clark (Sl), unlike many Americans, Garwood A. Frank, ship's steward. Many members of the crew are quite young. The ship is on her way from the south coast of England to Great Britain. Admiral H. L. Conolly, commander of the U.S. Naval Forces in Europe and the 11th Fleet, disembarked the crew and passed the Spokane to the British. In the words of the president of the Republic of the Philippines, the ship's visit is a sign of the friendship between our two nations. The officers and men aboard the Spokane will help to solve the transport problem here.

Photo, G.P.E., Fleet News

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HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS H.M.S. Illustrious

FIRST Fleet aircraft carrier to be completed after the outbreak of war, H.M.S. Illustrious, of 22,000 tons, was launched at Barrow in 1939. Her outstanding achievement in Mediterranean naval warfare was the destruction of substantial numbers of enemy aircraft. On the night of December 24-25, 1940, a force of some 100 German dive-bombers attacked Malta, thus forcing a temporary evacuation of the British Fleet. Illustrious was then ordered to reinforce Malta, and while the German attack was in progress she steamed into Grand Harbour, and her aircraft dealt a crippling blow at the Italian Fleet as it lay in harbour.

While helping to ensure a victory at Malta in January 1941, the Illustrious became the target for an air attack, in one of which 18 German dive-bombers were shot down. Illustrious then steamed into Alexandria on February 2, 1941, where a further attack by dive-bombers was repulsed. On the night of March 12-13, 1941, she was attacked by 52 German dive-bombers, and again the attackers were shot down.

Other Illustrious achievements included the capture of the island of Crete, the destruction of the Italian Fleet at Taranto, and the capture of Sitmar, on July 16, 1941. In the spring of 1942 she was one of the carriers whose aircraft attacked the Japanese battle fleet at the battle of the Coral Sea, and in November 1942, Illustrious captured the Japanese air fleet at Rabaul, in the Bismarck Archipelago.

Illustrious was finally destroyed by Japanese suicide aircraft on June 19, 1942, while supporting the Canadian Army on the island of Mindanao, Philippines. Illustrious was the first Fleet carrier to be destroyed by enemy action, and she was one of several carriers which were lost in the war.

Photo, Charles B. Stark
The Long-Drawn Battle of the Atlantic

Official account of the fight against the U-boats in the Atlantic by the British and Allied navies, six homes and merchant navies, 1939-45, is here reviewed by Francis E. McMurtrie.

The total British, Allied, and neutral losses through all causes in the three months to the end of May totaled 412 ships of 1,691,499 tons, worse than any corresponding period of the war up to then. In June the first escort carrier, H.M.S. Audacity, was at sea. Losses were slight, though six enemy submarines were destroyed. In July and August there was further improvement; and the first instance of a U-boat surrendering was recorded. This was U-576, surrendered on 17 August. A new type of net defense was fitted in a few ships about this time. By the end of the war 700 vessels had been lost.

KITE BALLOONS PROTECTING COASTAL CONVOYS against German destroyers operating in the coastal areas, and particularly against the deadly U-boats in the Atlantic, which began in 1939, is dealt with.

Whereas the U-boats could not be struck by the Allied merchantmen or destroyers, the U-boats used tactics and weapons they had been trained to use. The kites were used to detect the U-boats, and the submarines were then able to sink them.

Several grain ships and tankers were fitted with flight decks in case an aircraft would attack them. The Germans had aircraft that could fly from U-boats. The planes would then attack Allied ships in the area.

During April and May 1943 the offensive at sea passed to the Allies and was never again relinquished. For the first time since the U-boat captains showed signs of losing heart. In addition to the submarine war, the Allies also had to worry about the dropping of bombs by the Luftwaffe.
Notable Travellers Seen by Our Roving Camera

AUSTRIAN CHILDREN from former concentration camps of Europe recently arrived in England. With their parents they have lost their parents and are in the care of the Orphanage in London. Since their arrival, they have recovered remarkably quickly, from years of neglect and malnutrition.

FROM FRANCE children of former resistance workers came to England. They were met at the Wavel Camp near Havildah, where they were visited by the President of France, Mr. Amédeé de Gaulle (right). It was arranged that after the man's birthday the children would go to Scotland. For the first time since the war, a group of 70 French children was organized by the Reception Committee for Young People of France. It was not only a gesture of humanity but also brought parties of Dutch and Czech children to England.

MAJOR-GENERAL G. H. A. MAC MILLAN with visitor Lt.-general Sir Evelyn Baring as C-in-C of the British Forces in Palestine on Feb. 1, 1947. He had been appointed on July 20. In the background is the War Office in May 1941.

GIFT FROM SOUTH AFRICA TO BRITAIN, a gold certificate worth £25,000, was handed to Mr. Comeml Attlee at No. 10 Downing Street by the British High Commissioner to South Africa, Mr. A. H. de K. The certificate was presented by the South African government to the British. In addition there was a bank draft for £7,000 from South Africa and the provinces of Natal.

GIRLS FROM THE BALTIQUE STATES arrived in England in October 1946 to take up domestic work in Lancashire. They were discharged parasites to be processed to leave their camps in the British zone of Germany to begin a new life in Britain.

SIDY RASMA AND MR. BEVIN had discussions in London in October 1946 on the revival of the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty of 1936. The Egyptian Premier (left) hoped to return with fresh proposals regarding the Sudan.
Records of the Regiments: 1939–1945

The Duke of Wellington's Regiment

By Major S. E. BAKER, T.D.

The Regiment was formed in 1815 by the union of the 3rd and 7th Foot, both of which the first Duke of Wellington had been intimately connected. The 3rd Foot, now the 9th Battalion, had landed in France in 1692. The 7th Foot, now the 2nd Battalion, was raised in 1761, and for distinguished service in India was granted the badge of elephant and核查结果如下，result shown in plain text.

The 2nd Battalion during the First Burma Campaign, 1942, had seldom been equalled. Without maps or relief or adequate sleep, and sometimes without food for as long as six days at a time, they were part of a force which, for over two months, held a Japanese force three times their size and regularly reinforced with fresh troops. Over and over again in the course of the fighting, often hand-to-hand, it seemed that the limit of human endurance had been reached, but they fought on, and the gallantry with which Ramgarh was defended could not have been surpassed. When the inevitable withdrawal started the Doven fought with ready to keep open their lines of communication, and when the Sittang river was reached they constantly counter-attacked to maintain a bridge-head on the far side, to enable the whole force to fall back, which they did, in the face of overwhelming odds, on the morning of 17th March, 1942, the bridge had to be blown up, with most of the Doven on the wrong side of it, and then began, as one man described it, "a party which made even Dunkirk look like a picnic."

Mopping-Up in a Grove of Olives

The 1st Battalion, 1st/6th Battalion (now the 3rd Anti-Seek Regiment), and the 6th Battalion (now the 14th Regiment, R.A.C.), all fought magnificently throughout the North African campaign, 1943, with the 1st Army. The 1st Battalion was in the thick of it: amongst their notable engagements were those of Banana Ridge, Point 174 and Bou Aourad. The 14th Regiment, R.A.C. (6th Battalion, Duke of Wellington's Regiment) landed in Africa on April 19, 1943, to join the 1st Army. During the remainder of the North Africa campaign they were constantly in action and won great honour in supporting the infantry: the Regiment did not go into action as a complete unit but Squadrions were detailed individually, and occasionally in co-operation with other Units. Towards the end of the campaign they were heavily engaged. The object of the attack was the capture of dominating high ground east of Gushaiq Qalat and the exploitation and mopping-up of the ground to the north and south of the village. At 10 a.m. the infantry advanced across very open ground, and the Squadron leader employed smoke to blind the enemy observation posts. The wire was cut by the enemy positions and the tanks passed through while the infantry were ferreting out the trenches and dug-outs. The second-in-command gave very valuable assistance from the left flank through out, shooting up an anti-tank gun. Two machine-gun nests in the objective area. Some came on the damaged and disabled enemy guns. The tanks moved to the left to engage enemy groups who were trying to escape westward. No. 12 Troop on the right flank destroyed a 30-mm. anti-tank gun on the edge of the village and supplied an infantry platoon to mop up, covered by No. 35 Troop, which destroyed a machine-gun position and two mortar observation posts. The village was immobile mined and booby-trapped. Mopping-up in the olive grove was carried on by 12 and 33 Troops, with two companies of three infantry on each tank to mop up "the bush."

Considering the great stress of the action and the object maintained the casualties sustained were very light in what was the opening of the final assault on Tunis.

The 35th Anti-Tank Regt. R.A. (4th Battalion Duke of Wellington's Regt.) arrived in North Africa in the early days of 1943 and, like the 14th Regt. R.A.C., were in action throughout the campaign in their role of infantry support. Like the 14th they, too, were not normally used as a regiment but the individual batteries usually worked as a unit. The 58th landed at Salerno on D-Day plus 5 and, except for one short break, were in action till the end of the European War and endured the misery of the Gothic Line during the winter of 1944-45 without losing an iota of its morale or offensive spirit.

The 14th Regt. R.A.C. (8th Battalion of Duke of Wellington's Regt.) arrived at Naples during the early days of April 1944 to take part in the Italian campaign and were in action towards the end of the war. Their role was similar to that in North Africa, though here they were often employed as a complete regiment. The crossing of the River Sosis was due to commence on the night of October 21-22, 1944, with the Regiment in support of the Canadian Infantry Brigade. Infantry companies crossed, but were forced back for want of artillery, and no bridge-head could be established to allow the bridging of the river for the tanks to get across. On the 28th information came through that the Germans had had enough and were pulling out. B. Squadron were ordered to stand by, and after some delay crossed the river, about noon. Then the Squadron supported the infantry. At each of the Oretti Valley, west of Parma, France, in March 1944. The white tanks in the hitherto unoccupied photograph outline a defensive post that will be dog when the reconnaissance has been made.
Records of the Regiments: 1939–1945

3RD (BRITISH) DIVISION

In the bloody assault on Pantelleria, the 1st landed at Anzio with the leading troops and, after the brief full following the landing, fought tooth and nail to retain the precarious occupation of the beach-head. When the perimeter of the beach-head was so small that landing craft were constantly under fire, the Dukes pushed out a "cathedral" in the direction of Campanelle Station to a depth of three miles. The Germans attacked with great ferocity and nibbled off the bulge and the Dukes had then to fight their bloody way back. They did this, but losses were heavy—approximately 100 casualties in this particular operation alone. During the operations at Anzio, Lieut.-Colonel B. W. Webb-Carter, the Commanding Officer of the Battalion, was awarded a bar to D.S.O. he won during the campaign in North Africa.

For its work at Anzio the Battalion was given the honour of leading the victory march into Rome in June 1944, when General Mark Clark, 5th Army Commander, took the salute. Later, in the Gothic Line, the battalion was engaged in bitter fighting, and it was during this time that Private R. H. Burton won the first Regimental V.C. of the war (portrait in page 664, Vol. 9). The 6th and 7th Battalions, which after a period of service in Italy had been undergoing strenuous training in various parts of this country, landed together in France shortly after D-Day. Both were heavily engaged during the early days, when the British and Canadian forces held the German attack round Caen while the Americans broke through on the right. The 6th Battalion, about 10 days after it landed, were called upon to bear the brunt of a furious German counter-attack in which they suffered savagely. The Dukes were ordered to attack the Pincio and capture the Château de Malvaglia in order to retain the château in the center. No air support was possible, owing to the weather, and the Germans offered very stiff resistance, especially by mortar and machine-gun fire. The attack was pressed home with great determination and the objective was taken in four hours. But the cost had been very heavy, including a large number of officers and senior N.C.O.s. No immediate counter-attack was launched, but on the following morning, after a heavy barrage of mortar and medium gun fire, during which the 6th suffered more casualties, the German infantry came forward in overwhelming strength, supported by tanks.
The 'Dukes' Lead the Victory March Into Rome

FOR ITS WORK AT ANZIO the 1st Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment was given the honour of leading the Victory March Into Rome in June 1944. General Mark Clark, U.S. Army Commander, taking the salute (top). At Anzio (below), the Regiment, on the right flank, helped to clear and secure the road to Rome. The village was demolished by the Germans before their withdrawal.
Gradually the Dukes, fighting every yard, were forced back. Many examples of collective and individual heroism are on record during this retreat, which helped to break the impetus of the German attack. The Regiment was nearly decimated, and, shortly after, was evacuated to this country to refit. The 7th Battalion was engaged throughout the campaign in north-west Europe and no adequate record of its achievements can be given here. Typical of the Battalion's work is the operation which saved the Nijmegen bridge-head on December 4, 1944. The 7th were holding the right flank of the bridge-head in close contact with the Boche. There was deep flooding of the fields in the area, and movement was impossible during the daytime owing to the vigilance of the enemy.

Patrolling on the night of December 3-4, they found the Hun active and full of fight; at short range in the morning heavy Spandau firing and mortaring was directed against the forward platoons of D and B Companies. The Commander of 18 Platoon, D Company, reported by phone that two of his sections had been overwhelmed by at least a platoon of Germans but that he, at the moment, had been by-passed. A few minutes later he said that more than a company had gone through and more were following. Considerable casualties had been caused to the enemy by Pionier Headquarters and the section still in action. A minute later, communication with the platoon ceased; it had been overrun by weight of numbers on another front. The situation at Battalion Headquarters was becoming very sticky; the Germans had occupied some school buildings about 300 yards away and were endeavoring to push on.

The Boche swept down the road past 18 Platoon of D Company and came in contact with the reserve platoon of C Company, which opened fire, and the Boche seemed to scatter. The 7th Platoon commander held the enemy all night, firing till his ammunition was exhausted.

The Battalion Commander realised that the gap in the bridge-head, in the vicinity of No. 18 Platoon, must be closed, and he ordered Major G. V. Fancourt, Officer Commanding C Company, to use one platoon and his section of carriers to regain the 18 Platoon position. This was speedily carried out by 12 Platoon under the command of Lieutenant D. R. Siddeley and the position was reoccupied. The enemy was still occupying much of the village, but by dawn they started to withdraw. They had converted some houses into strong-points and were putting up fierce resistance, and in the attack on one house, defended by several Spandau, a number of men had been killed.

Surrounded and Without Ammunition

After P.I.A.T.s had failed to penetrate the solid concrete of this house plus the bringing up of an anti-tank gun and the use of flame-throwing and powerful hand-grenades, the house was stormed by foot. A number of enemy were killed and the remainder held on until their ammunition was exhausted.

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The Byronic dream of freedom for Greece (for which the poet gave his life at Missolonghi in 1826) became an actuality in 1827 when the country was declared an independent monarchy (see illus. page 1). Though the Dodecanese (from the Greek for "twelve islands") remained under Turkish rule, this group of islands in the Aegean Sea, sheltered along its coast of Asia Minor, comprises Symi, Patmos, Leros, Kos, Nisyros, Carpa-
ben, Kaso, Chalki, Tilos, Astypalaia, Lipso and Kalymnos; Rhodes is usually excluded, making 13. For six centuries their control had been disputed, only by Fowey casting envious eyes thereon, the people meanwhile remaining essentially Greek in language, mentality and tradition.

In 1911 Italy occupied the Dodecanese, and these—of great strategic value—were taken into Allied hands during the Second Greek War, after the Italian armistice with the Allies on September 8, 1943. But the Italian garrison on Rhodes, the seat of Italian administration, surrendered to the German after the latter, incensed by the defection of their ally, had marshaled a dive-bombing attack. Small Allied forces were at once landed on 26, Lero and Samos but were overwhelmed by German landings. Italian

garrison of Patmos, Nisyros and Lipso were likewise forced to capitulate. The islands continued to be hounded by Allied air forces and raided by German planes until the surrender of German forces in the Aegean, which took place in May 1945 on Symi, where (1) a view of the harbor is seen. After the announcement on June 27, 1946, (2) the Conference of Foreign Ministers in Paris had unanimously decided that the Dodecanese should be ceded by Italy to Greece as soon as all the islands Patmos flew here from the top of the monastery belfry (3). In meditative mood sits a woman of Lero in richly embroidered national costume (3).
Scenes in the Long-Lost Islands of Greece—

Glories past are enshrined in the long history of Rhodes, centre of culture in ancient times, and it made news headlines in the Second Great War. It had its share of bombing and shelling; inhabitants are clearing away the debris (1). In this street (2) it is still preserved the atmosphere of a medieval city. Used by the Germans during the war, the large Italian-built aerodrome (3) was bombed consistently by the Allies. This hill-top shrine (4) shared in the damage.

That Have Now Been Restored to the Motherland

Through many ground-strafing raids by the Germans on Cos, in September 1943, the guns of the R.A.F. Regiment were the island’s only defence against air attack (see page 311, Vol. III). A view from Kephala (5), on the north-west coast, where a new spring has been brought into operation by U.D.E.R.A. Pottery making (6) is one of the crafts of Cos. Though one of the most agriculturally developed of the Dodecanese, threshing (7) is still carried out by oxen.
Time and Mood for Joyous Living

The national dance (1) of the Dodecanese is performed lightheartedly once more in Emborio, village of Nicosia. The lyre and guitar (2) are heard throughout Corporaion, where in the mountain village of Othona (3) women for the steps of a traditional dance, and overlooking the quiet bay (4) the Greek flag serenely flutters.

Extravision The Week Illustrated
Goering: Architect of Aggression

RIEHLE and Joachim von Ribbentrop were the two Nazi leaders who were most active in planning and implementing the murder of millions of people. Riehl, in particular, was the mastermind behind the Holocaust. Ribbentrop, on the other hand, was the arch-criminal who terrorized the world with his brutal Mein Kampf.

Immediately after the end of World War II, Goering was arrested in Munich by the Allies and tried for war crimes. He was convicted of crimes against humanity and sentenced to death by hanging. Despite his efforts to negotiate a plea bargain, Goering refused to confess his guilt and was executed by a German firing squad on October 15, 1946, at the age of 57. He was buried in the Tiergarten Cemetery in Berlin.

Self-sufficiency. It was, in effect, a mobilization of the country's economy for total war. By July 1938, after his arrest, Hitler announced a five-year plan for industrialization.

Aiding Europe's pre-war crisis was not a deliberate decision. He played a part even more decisive than that of Stalin in the annexation of Austria in March 1938. On his own admission he inspired the collapse of the so-called “Sino-Iranian” attempt of the Austrian Nazi delegation, calling for a “Carlsbad” solution of the crisis. The “Carlsbad” solution was the idea of a neutral Austria, and that idea was much further pursued in the Nuremberg Tribunal for guilt “unique in its enormity.” Second only to Hitler, Goering was the most powerful Nazi politician and German agitator.

Founding a new political group, Goering was not selected as a delegate to the Reichstag. In May 1932, he was elected as one of the 12 Nazi deputies. As the Führer was not himself a member, he fell to the Goering to lead the group through the years of strength which preceded the collapse of the Weimar Republic.

Immediately after his rise to power, he became Cabinet Minister Without Portfolio, Reich Commissioner for Air.

HAUNTING THE Reich

Haunting the Reich by this time the variety of his functions was surpassed only by the multiplicity of his uniforms and decorations, which became a stock-in-trade even in Germany. He entertained lavishly and invited theotorhaptics of his Karinsholl estate. He filled his house with old masters, and in July 1938 he was to become Marshal of the Reich, a rank of which he was the first and only holder.

Four Years in Imperialized Exile

He went to Denmark. For a year he was a member of the Danish Foreign Office and from 1932 to 1933 he was director and chief of the department of political affairs with the Luftwaffe. Returning to Germany, he became director of the political department of the foreign office in 1933. He was appointed ambassador to England in 1933, and from 1935 to 1937 he was chief of the political department of the foreign office.

During World War I, Goering was one of the five chiefs of the military staff. He was wounded in action and received the Iron Cross. After the war, he became a member of the German Social Democratic Party and was a member of the German parliament.

Goering was a member of the Comintern from 1919 to 1923. He was also a member of the German Communist Party. From 1923 to 1928, he was a member of the German Communist Party executive committee. He was arrested in 1928 and spent six months in prison.

Goering was released in December 1924 from the Landsberg fortress, where he had been held for “Main Kämpf” to his call, under the direction of Hitler. He was appointed head of the Gestapo in 1924 and became a member of the inner circle of Hitler's close confidants.

Goering was one of the leaders of the Munich Beer Hall Putsch in November 1923, but he was arrested and spent three months in prison. He was Released in March 1924 and went on to become a member of the German Communist Party.

From 1925 to 1929, Goering was a member of the German Communist Party executive committee. In 1929, he was appointed deputy minister of the interior and from 1930 to 1932 he was minister of the interior.

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Europe's Wartime Capitals in 1940

WARSAW

By J. CANG

again. Gossip starting from the porter on the ground floor occasionally becomes an "serious document" by the time it reaches a diplomat's chancellery on the sixth, or it turns into "absurdity" in some correspondent's room on any floor of the Poland.

War saw has an abundance of food. It would make any English housewife cry with envy to see the large stocked in the shops—little happy islands in a sea of ruins. You can get as much fish and meat as you like, and butter, eggs, cream, sugar—ever lemons and grapefruit. You can order yourself as much turkey or chicken or steak or chocolates in the restaurants as you wish. The only restriction is that you cannot have more than three days in the week, but even then poultry and fish are available. The sale of cakes—some of the most luscious I have ever seen—is also restricted three days in the week, which is no great hardship.

But, while offering a foreign visitor the best food any capital in Europe can now offer, Warsaw also asks the highest prices. A luncheon consisting of soup, meat, dessert, beer and coffee will cost at the Polonia restaurant about 500 or 600 zlotys, which is about 30s. at the official rate. Breakfast of eggs and bacon (they always give you three eggs), coffee and rolls, will cost up to 10s. or more. Dinner, again at the Polonia, will cost about the same as lunch, with drinks, including a couple of vodkas or cocktails, will reach the £2 figure. A room in the Polonia (if you can manage to secure one) costs about £1 per day.

For Poles there are two prices for everything. In the official market they are low, in the free market very high. A pound of butter, for example, costs about 1s. in the officially controlled market and over 2s. in the free market. Meat will be a pound in the official, and 5s. in the free, and the same for eggs. The war has created a great deal of including those approved by the State, whether in factory or agriculture. All others, such as housewives, doc tors, lawyers, manufacturers working on their own account, must pay the prices in the free market. For instance, an official or worker pays £3 for a suit manufactured in the State-owned factory. The tailor who is working for himself is compelled to make one or two suits a month at the price of £4 for an official while to his ordinary customers he will charge £10 for making a similar suit. The same applies to shoes, furniture, carpets and so on.

Salaries and wages are low. The Prime Minister gets about 4,000 zlotys a month, which at the official rate is approximately £20. A post-office official gets just over £3 a month. How do they continue to exist? Well, their standard of living is generally lower than that of their opposite numbers in Western Europe, and they manage somehow. Officially, the official or worker receives a weekly wage of £3 to £4 (U.N.R.R.A.), and with the little he is able to buy with his money can make a living. He is entitled to shelter and a meal a day in the place where he works. Even Cabinet Ministers receive their meals from the departmental kitchen. As Warsaw cannot and does not house all the million people who work there, many live in the less-damaged suburbs or in the countryside around. There they have vegetable gardens, fruit orchards, which help out their supplies.

Princes in Search of a Living

In spite of the ruins Warsaw has all the characteristics of a capital. It is full of movement and life. There is a constant rush of traffic, as busy outside the Polonia as in London's Piccadilly Circus. Cafés and restaurants are crowded; so are the streets—those that have been cleaned. New shops are being opened every day, mainly provision shops and cafes. The dispossessed gentry, former princes and counts deprived of their large estates by the social revolution, have come to Warsaw in search of a living and usual, tactfully attempted to aid industry in the city or to try to make a common fortune in present-day Warsaw.

Over 1,000 architects, engineers, townplanners, professionals preparing the details for the building of Poland's new capital. It is to be a modern city, free from smoke and other evils of large towns. Warsaw is to be divided into five different districts—official, commercial, industrial, palatial and residential. There will be a separate district near the Royal Castle Park which will house all the foreign embassies and legations; here the British and Russian Embassies already have their offices. It will take many years to clear Warsaw of its ruins, and many more to build a new capital. But the Polish people are deter mined to avenge it and are ready laying the foundations for this gigantic task. They have cleared about 50 streets and are daily clearing more. Given years of peace and security they will accomplish their task.
Amidst Warsaw Ruins a New Capital is Planned

PREPARING DETAILS for the building of Poland’s new capital are more than 1,000 members of Polish workers, engineers, and architects who have been sent to Warsaw by the government. Their target is a modern city that will be a symbol of Poland’s resilience and strength. The city is being built on the site of what was once a thriving metropolis. The ruins of Warsaw, which were destroyed during World War II, will soon be transformed into a new capital that will be a testament to Poland’s enduring spirit.

The shell of the Presidential Tourism building (1) is under construction. The building is being built in the heart of the city, near the site of the former Royal Palace. The tower of the building will rise to a height of 150 meters, making it one of the tallest structures in Warsaw. The building will be used for government and cultural events.

Adjacent to the Presidential Tourism building is the Palace of the Republic (2). The palace is being constructed on the site of the former Royal Palace. The palace will be the official residence of the President of Poland and will house the offices of the government. The palace is being built using traditional Polish architectural styles, which will blend seamlessly with the surrounding architecture.

The Warsaw University has been given a new home in the heart of the city. The new university building (3) is being constructed near the site of the former university. The building is being designed to be a hub of intellectual activity, with modern facilities and a campus that will be a source of inspiration for students from around the world.

The city of Warsaw is being transformed into a modern capital that will be a source of pride for all Poles. The city is being built on the site of what was once a thriving metropolis, and the new capital will be a testament to Poland’s enduring spirit.
FROM DRIFTER TO TABLE is a long and complex process for the harvesting, processing, and marketing of fish. Once the catch is brought to port, the fish are unloaded and sorted. The smaller fish are placed in crates, while the larger ones are landed on the quayside. The catch is then taken to the market for sale or further processing. The market is a bustling place, with buyers and sellers haggling over the price of the fish. The fish are then transported to the processing plant, where they are cleaned, gutted, and prepared for sale. The processing plant is a large, industrial facility, with rows of tanks and machinery. The fish are then packed into boxes and transported to the shops, where they are displayed for sale to the public. The entire process is carefully monitored to ensure that the fish are fresh and of high quality.
Britain's Food: from Fishing Grounds to Farm

MEN OF THE EAST COAST HERRING DRIFTERS are not deterred by rough weather, leaving Yarmouth harbor (1) for the North Sea fishing grounds. The abundant herring sufficiently comprises food in one farm or another. Fish that would otherwise be wasted may enrich the farmers as animal or poultry feed. See also facing page.
Wise Pooling Pelt of Shanghai Camp

In charge of the health work in civil internment camps "run" by the British, Lui, a member of the editorial board of the "London Missionary Society," narrates how by means of drawings and songs and simple words in Chinese style he did his best for the relaxation of the internees and to bolster their confidence in their cause.

One day in January 1939 news came to us in camp that twenty Chinese guerrillas had been executed by the Japanese. The local populace, searching for loot, had found one of the guerrillas still alive and had hidden him in a temple. He had been there ten days. We found him with a great sweated gash extending from the back of his neck round to the corner of his mouth; he had refused to kneel down for the soldiers.

Three months later he asked, in English, for raising materials. He told us he was a graduate of the Peking College of Fine Arts who had been arrested and put into the Communist army. For two years he lived in our house, helping from Japanese and Communist alike and painting birds and flowers—his specialty. For days he would think about his painting and the meaning he wanted to express, then with a few brush strokes he would increase the finished product. From him I learned nearly all I know of Chinese art, a gift which has been invaluable to me in many ways.

Six of Us Lived in a Lift-Shell

On March 11, 1943 the cold, crisp, and refreshing, the garden of Shanghai Cathedral, the Japanese had finally decided that the concentration of enemy aliens in Shanghai was not enough. Some 7,000 British, American, and Dutch nationals were to be interned. 500 of them, mostly men of some prominence, had already been taken without warning. Another 1,700 of us were to be taken up-country. 1,000 of us were told to go to the camp in the country, 1,000 were told to go with our wives, one a doctor and the other a nurse, and our small girls, then 18 months old, in one of the up-country camps, as they were short of medical help there. So here we were, six of us, our hands free for luggage-carrying. We had been allowed to take one trunk each and as much as we could carry in our hands.

Our coat labels were tied identity labels on which was written our camp, "Civil Assembly Centre B," and our number, 10/173. On the river steamer we were warned not to drink with small portions of curry and rice, as the curry so hot that only the strongest could eat it. There was great excitement among the guards as we disembarked from the steamer—two of the prisoners were missing. They counted and recounted. Finally someone pointed out the two little figures strapped to their fathers' backs, and all was well.

Our camp was in a mission school compound. We did our best to settle down cheerfully to our life of roll calls, food queues, water carrying and community living; but for many these first days were very hard. Most of us had lost our homes and nearly all our worldly possessions. There were men whose families had evacuated earlier, and women whose menfolk had joined up, for there was a shortage of menfolk, especially with a minimum of food. We had to change over suddenly from normal feeding to trying to help with a day's soup with bits of vegetable and a few lumps of meat in it and rice of doubtful quality. Sanitary arrangements could be described as primitive, and we had to dig two wells ourselves.

I was put in charge of the public health work, so out came my Chinese brush and ink to produce health posters in Chinese style for the camp. I illustrated such topics as "Did you wash your hands?" and "Drink this." I also did Chinese art, the Chinese style, and the Chinese art, and the Chinese style, and the Chinese style, and the Chinese style. In September 1943 we were transferred to Shanghai, to a camp which had been running for several months for men only. It was an old tobacco factory in Puxing across the river from the city. Conditions here were much worse. Sixteen large rooms housed 1,100 people. Our two small girls were the only young children in the camp, so we were given the privilege of living together in a space half of which had once been the lift-shell. The lift was pulled up to the top floor, where another family lived on top of it, while the lift was boarded over with two heavy doors to make the floor of our room. Our entire space measured 13 feet by 9 feet for the six of us, and through it ran the only lift cable. However, we had a wooden partition between

**Note:** The image contains a page of text from a book or document, discussing events and experiences related to the internment camps during World War II. The text describes the hardships and experiences of the author, a missionary, in Shanghai during the war, focusing on the challenges of maintaining health and morale amongst the internees. The text is rich in historical context and personal narrative, providing a detailed account of the period. The author's experiences and reflections are detailed, offering insights into the daily life and resilience of those affected by the war.
As medicals we had little spare time. There were clinics to be held, drains to be examined, rats to be caught and beds to be de-loused. We realized the value of our medical experience under such conditions and spent six months making a complete analysis of the health record of the camp. This is now in the hands of experts along with other potted camp medical officers’ reports. A long queue waited daily outside the dentists’ rooms. The dentist, one a young missionary and the other an engineer, filled teeth, did extractions and repaired dentures, doing jobs which we since successfully passed the critical eye of dentists at home.

**Hot Brick and a Cold “Darky”**

The “family” feeling grew, and so did the family. Subsided cheers from the surrounding men’s dormitories greeted the first walls of Michael. Born at 2 a.m. on a bitter January night. He was under five pounds and we had no heating except for a small electric hot-plate, the use of which was officially forbidden. However, the nurses won the battle for Michael’s life. Cases needing operation were allowed to go to the big hospital in town. A patient was not considered in need of surgery until it was first necessary to get an equal chance of a trip across the river. This was not all fun when the patient was heavy and the tide was low. Sampans are not the steadiest of crafts, but no patients ever had a bucking, thanks to the expert training and teamwork of their hearts. Over 100 people took the course and passed the tests for the St. John Ambulance badge. They were passed in different parts of the camp to act as dressers and assistants whenever an air raid threatened.

Every Saturday morning, when the fire brigade was practising, the camp was flooded with water; the old factory bleachers which they used squirted water not only at the business end but right along their length. The nearest thing to a fire happened when a cold “darky” decided to warm his bed with a brick from the kitchen fire. When he came to go to bed he found his brick had made its way through his mattress and was slowly burning its way through the floor. The Japanese left us alone for the most part of the time; all calls twice a day served as a reminder of our position. We lined up on the playing field—a levelled-out portion of a bombed village—and for anyone whose last name was not together, whose arms were crooked or whose face had a smirk on it, there would be a pull or a slap and much talking.

“Fire” never quite decided what to do with us in air raids. For the earlier night raids we were herded over to the playing field, and there we sat huddled on the ground listening to the distant drone of our own aircraft. As raids grew more frequent they left us in our buildings: the outer floors were evacuated, as shuttered, like the rain, came through the thin roof only too easily and we were surrounded by anti-aircraft guns.

For our last Christmas together came round 1 collected a team to work with me, and together we painted Christmas trees on the walls and marked window-screens. For colouring we used powdered brick, wristwash and soot, mixed with rice paste. On one of the walls we painted an old English fireplace complete with Toby jugs, bedwarmers and a stag’s head. The carpenters made a jinglebell and a mock fire. Round this imitation piece of Home people gathered to smoke, chat or play games. On one of the window-screens we painted the camp coat-of-arms with the motto: To serve as pacem fratre. (“Conquer yourself that you may enjoy peace.”) When the American relief mission visited the camp at the end of the war we heard the Poontung area had been scheduled as the place of landing for the airborne troops in the invasion which was to have taken place two days after the date on which Japan surrendered.

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**LIFT-SHIFT HOME FOR SIX**

Including two small girls, was formed by boarding over the shaft with two hours’ doors to form the floor of a room measuring 13 feet by 7 feet. The lift itself was pulled up to the third floor and another family lived on top of it. "Lift-shifting" was in the old Poontung ni and our neighbours, whereas the rest had nothing—or at best a curtain hung precariously on a piece of string.

There were 38 different nationalities living in the camp, including the crew, mostly "darky," of the S.S. President Harrison; the leader of one of Shanghai’s best dance bands; a bishop; and a few ex-converts, missionaries, engineers and university professors. Once again I was put in charge of public health, and my Chinese pen and ink came into play. I soon found that more "public health" posters were not enough. People realized very little the menace to our health from inadequate feeding, dirt, mosquitoes, rats and bordom. Something more had to be done, and quickly, to stimulate the thinking and morale of the camp.

One fascinating man had already begun the publication of a daily paper in which figured Poontung Pete who made wisecracks about the events around us. He immediately came to life in my mind as a little unknown man with much-worn clothes, and before long he was appearing in a new set of cartoon posters. Together we thought out the subjects for Poontung Pete’s wisdom and managed to keep the drawings going for nearly two years. They appeared under the heading of "THINK," in the camp dining-hall.

Other people got busy with the entertain ment side. An intern who for 25 years had been a military bandmaster turned a melody of "swing" into a symphony orchestra. A nephew of the late Sir Wolfred Davies trained a choir and soloists and wrote music for variety shows. Experts of the Shanghai artist dramatic club produced numerous plays. For period plays such as Shakespeare, artists drew pictures of the costumes they wanted, then wandered round the camp eying bedheads, curtains and personal clothing till they found what they needed. They hardly ever met with a refusal to lend. At a show the front row of seats was always reserved for the Japanese commander and his friends; they would sit in the front row, bear a programme with a carefully camouflaged version of "God save the King."

For education was another prominent feature of camp life, and if one had time one could study anything from bio-chemistry to ship-designing. School was run for the older children and several set for their Cambridge School Certificate examination behind a curtain in the dining hall while the camp barbers, mechanics, lecturers and bridge-players carried on on the other side.
I Was There!

We Were First Into Liberated Paris

Arriving at the head of the Allied armies after a night's drive without lights, Civil Affairs teams received a tumultuous welcome from the people of Paris on the triumphant march of the city's liberation, August 25, 1944. The story is told by Capt. L. E. Stone, R.A.E.S. Supply Officer, then attached to the 31st European Civil Affairs Regiment, U.S. Army.

A NUMBER of American Civil Affairs teams, of which I was a member, assembled on August 23, 1944, in the woods some 50 miles southwest of Paris. All along the route to our assembly point we had been greeted with the cry "Paris est libéré!" by excited inhabitants of villages and towns. Actually, its fall was imminent. The 2nd French Armoured Division had passed on a couple of days previously, and to them had been given the honour of being the first to enter Paris and co-operate with the F.F.I. in clearing the city of the Germans.

The Civil Affairs teams had been hurriedly withdrawn from our area and detailed to assist the Paris authorities in restoring the life of the city to something approaching normal. The teams were composed of American and British officers, each a specialist in some branch of civil life—law, banking, transportation, public utilities, welfare, food supplies—with a long and thorough training in civil affairs work. Each team had its complement of enlisted men, all American—jeep-drivers, clerks, and so on. We were lectured at high pressure on the governmental set-up and all the known conditions existing in Paris, in order to enable us to get to work without delay. Finally each team was told the district (arrondissement) of Paris for which it was to be responsible, and given a list of the best-known public officials it had to contact immediately on arrival.

We had arrived at the assembly point in the woods early in the evening. To make things more difficult it started to rain, and we had to delay pitching our tents to attend conferences. It was nearly midnight when word arrived that Paris was not yet free of the enemy, and we would not move until the following day. Then came the unpleasant business of bedding down in the darkness of the wood, and the rain so heavy that soon we were wet to the skin. All our kit was loaded on the jeep trailers and it was impossible to sort it out in the darkness, so we made ourselves as comfortable as possible in the jeeps and under them. No one slept for more than a few minutes at a time. Heavy armoured vehicles thundered along the road by the side of the wood. Small-guns fired kept us on the alert—parties of Germans cut off from their units were wandering about, emptying the direction of any sound or light.

Early next morning with the rain still falling heavily, a very sad, still and tired lot of Civil Affairs officers and men rounded themselves to eat a breakfast of "K" rations. Fortunately my team had some petrol cookers and we were able to enjoy a cup of hot coffee. All day we waited for news from Paris, attending lectures, drying our clothes, and making arrangements to stay another night. With suppressed excitement we speculated on the job before us—what would Paris be like after four years under the Germans? What sort of reception would we get from the people?

There was still no news on the evening of the 25th, and at 11 p.m. we bedded down, prepared to make a sudden move. At 11.30 the order came, and at midnight we started for Paris—a solemn journey, on lights, and some uncertainty as to which roads we would have to take. Each team had with it an unreliable 3-ton captured German lorry we had loaded with tons of food supplies, for we did not want to go in empty-handed. Sitting in the back of a jeep we peered intently into the darkness, trying to see road signs, to recognise villages we passed through and to read our maps with a pinpoint of light. Packed in as we were with our equipment movement was impossible, and acute discomfort gradually overcame the excitement we had felt at the start of the journey.

German Road-Block Dead Ahead

Suddenly the leading vehicles came to a stop. The motor cyclist guide came down the column telling drivers to turn around—we had run into a German road-block. With as little noise as possible the convoy was turned in the narrow road. Another route, involving a detour of many miles, was mapped out, and we travelled to enter Paris from the south. Dawn was breaking as we entered the outskirts suburb,
What a scene of destruction! The famous gardens were strewn with wreckage of the previous days' fighting between the last of the German garrison and the F.F.I. and French Armoured Division. The Germans had loaded a number of trucks and buses with their equipment; these had been wrecked, and the contents lay scattered about. Tanks had been put out of action and set on fire. Parts of rifles and machine-guns, spent ammunition, littered the roads. Clothing and personal belongings were strewn haphazard all over the place.

**Tasks Operating 500 Yards Away**

For three hours we waited in the Tuileries while our C.O., an American major, attended a conference with the other team C.O.'s, under the direction of all American liaison-colonel. As we expected to move any minute we did not attempt to wash up or eat anything. Soup and water and a cup of coffee would have heightened our outlook considerably. A crowd of excited Parishes had collected, all eager to shake our hands and to say how grateful they were.

They told us about the horrors of life during the German Occupation, about the excellent work of the F.F.I., and that there were still thousands of the enemy holding out in the suburbs. They asked innumerable questions about the war, about England, America and Russia. Would Churchill come to Paris? they asked.

Our C.O. returned with orders that his team had to report at once to the officers of the arrangement for which we were waiting. There were small groups of three jeeps and the 3-ton lorry loaded with food and set through the city by an armed F.F.I. man. The streets were empty of traffic [there was no public transport] except for a number of F.F.I. cars which always travelled at an amazing speed, and bicyclists. Never had I seen so many bicyclists. The Germans had commandeered thousands, and still the streets were almost impassable for bicyclists. People lined the movements, cheering and giving the V-sign. This brought other jeeps to the windows of their apartments, and now and then saw the street in pyramids and moving trains to wave and shout in the most exciting manner: "Vive l'Armée Française !" "Vive Maginot !""

A grand display of flags, French, British, American and Russian, floated from every building. How, after four years of Occupation, had the French people managed to produce so many Allied flags? Closer examination revealed that they were machine-made. Later we heard how people had made all night many flying sheets and sewn them into flags, neatly cutting out and patching on the 45 stars of the American flag, puzzling about the correct stripes of the Union Jack, and the hammer-and-sickle of Russia; and of course their own flag was brought out of hiding to be flown triumphantly by those of the liberators.

We pulled up in the square outside the Town Hall where we had to report, and at once our vehicles were mobbed. In seconds the big square was packed with an excited crowd all pressing to get near us. We were patted to the sides of the jeeps and the lorry. Men, women and children reached for our hands; we were kissed by hundreds of them, tears rolling down their faces as they tried to thank us for coming.

The F.F.I. boys, armed with rifles, automatic, hand grenades, and in civilian clothes, were best kept to keep the crowd from suffocating us. At last they managed to get our C.O. in to see the Mayor and when they appeared on the balcony together the cheer that went up was deafening. Almost at the same moment machine-gun fire came from the church tower in the square. Some F.F.I. men near us hurriedly explained that this was the military fire to arrive at the church tower because the French Armoured Division was expected but had not yet arrived, and that German tanks were opening about 500 yards away. At the sound of the shots panic arose, and we urged the Mayor to clear the square immediately. Being a Civil Affairs unit we were not of course, equipped to deal with such tanks, and we were ordered to return back there at about midnight, and to have our equipment ready for the first meal—"24 hours."

There was a great deal of food, including biscuits, tripe meat, veal, veal, coffee and cigarettes contained in a small box. The day was hot, and we sat in the shade of the trees. Scores of Parisians came and watched us, curious about our flag. We gave sweets to the children, and cigarettes and packets of coffee to some of our parents—the first cold coffee they had had for four years. The cigarettes were reserved for the Mayor, who received them every second man. There was then 80 French cigarettes per month, and Americans or English cigarettes matching the black market were selling at anything up to 30s., for a packet of 20.

At about 2 o'clock we were ordered to move north to Gare de Lyon, more specifically to the foot of the Eiffel Tower. Our reception this time was beyond anything we had experienced. The crowds were everywhere. The Parisians looked completely overwhelmed. The atmosphere was one of exultation. We were embraced by old and young. We submitted to all, speechless with emotion, and we arrived back in the Tuileries practically submerged by boys and girls; there were throngs of the crowds.

**Soldiers Fired Into the Crowds**

At 4 p.m. we had at last an opportunity to wash and shave. The gardens and neighboring streets were a mass of people. General de Gaulle had just arrived after reviewing the French Armoured Division. Suddenly shots rang out. Snipers were firing in the streets from the high buildings in the Rue des Bouchers. Pandemonium broke out. F.F.I. teams returned to fire. A large column of smoke appeared on the roof-tops. A large building, which appeared to be a huge apartment house was returned by heavy machine-guns mounted on the French tanks. Four struck the people, and they threw themselves flat on the ground. We took cover behind trees and vehicles.

When at last the firing died down, the F.F.I. boys again began to enjoy the first evening of actual fighting. tanks and rifles lined the streets, gazing at burning German tanks, shells holes in buildings, torn wires and other material of war. Actually the centre of Paris had suffered very little to the Tuileries front. We were stationed at some distance away, and we arrived en masse for our final date with the Parisiens. We looked at our homes. The next day we settled down to the serious business of Civil Affairs. Municipal...
I Was There!

For months following the liberation of Malaya in September 1945, patrolled craft and launches, manned by men of the Royal Army Service Corps, or scratch British crews, patrolled the lonely creeks and steamed coastal waters by night and day, maintaining ceaseless watch for opium-runners. I went out on one of these anti-opium-smuggling patrols in the Strait of Malacca with a British Customs officer and his three Malay assistants. We slipped our moorings at Port Swettenham and in the R.A.S.C. motor launch Peggy headed out into the Klang Straits.

Slowly the sirens of merchantmen fell away behind us, and we had the waters to ourselves but for a few odd junk and sampans. A shout from the bow directed our gaze to an idling sampan a short distance to starboard. The Customs officer pointed towards it, and the craft's nose was swinging round in the required direction. An aged sampan man and a youth shook their hands in the typical "I'm doing no wrong" manner of the East. But we decided to have a look, all the same.

We went the inshore from the bows, and the two craft bumped gently and re-linked. Over into the sampans, one of our Malay investigators—and up came the fishboard and hands grooved in the darkness for the sack or container that might contain a thousand pounds' worth of drugs. A quick look over the bows, stern and sides, and he returned to our vessel. "They often trail the stuff over the sides at the end of a piece of string," observed the Customs officer.

Our next interest was a small junk lying at anchor. The crew were then to greet us as we came alongside, and the master waved his port clearance papers in our faces as we went aboard. Documents showed that he was bound for Penang with a mixed cargo. Loving quarters and holds were minutely scanned by the search party. Nothing: Grinning faces and obsequious bows greeted us as the papers were handed back and the master was told to proceed on his way.

A Catch off the Mangrove Swamps

We doubled on our tracks to catch up with our next customer. A hawk-eyed Malay on our launch had seen a fishing junk moored close in to the mangrove swamps. Three Chinese of varying ages stared vacuously down at us, and their inactivity drew forth muttered protests from one of our deckhands whose mooring rope lay dangling across the bows. Two of the men eventually stirred themselves and made fast our rope, and we clambered aboard over a pile of dripping nets.

A shout from one of the Malays down in the cockleshells brought us all aloft. From a wicker basket containing a word and wondrous collection of junk he had extracted a largish pot. Unscrewing the top he tasted...
I Was There!

The contents. "Chanda" (opium) was his comment. Then began an all-out search for further stocks and opium pipes. That boat was turned inside out but we found nothing more. We even searched through those odorous nets and the forfeited sack, but still without result. We took the pot of opium along with us, cast off and moved into the open sea. The first large trading junk we encountered was flapping along at a snail's pace; thank heavens, we had not met more ships. "We examined them the other day," said the Customs officer. "They are bound for Penang." He showed us to know why they had not yet set out on their journey. Painting hands attached to the sky and back to the tattered sails. When we caught up with a powered junk that at one time had been a mere speck on the skyline we were running in quite a swell, and it needed a sure foot and steady eye to jump from one one-sawing boat to the other. She was bound for the small port of Telok Anson with a mixed cargo of kerosene, tins and pipes. We searched her from stem to stern, but found nothing.

We had one more call to make—a check-up on opium dens in a small fishing village on one of the islands. We cleared the choppy seas and ran into the comparative calm of backwaters. We searched each place, each house where marks drew my attention first, and gradually the outlines of the village became clearer. We returned glided in towards a rickety-looking jetty.

Carved out of the mud swamps, the whole village was raised upon treacherous above the level of the lapping waters.

Children passed in their play and men and women came hurrying to their water-front doorways as we scrambled on to the landing stage. The search party set off up the jetty as a speaking piece, speed being essential if we were to catch-up on the opium den operators before they had time to hide their stocks. News travels fast in these parts, and already some man or child might be speeding ahead of us bearing tidings of our presence. The wooden pavement ground and bent under our feet; through the joints I could see the oozy mud beneath.

From one small alley into another we chased, at times having to crouch a jump for it where broken timbers left gaping holes. The leading Malay shot into one shop, and the rest of us continued our hunt. We finally caught a Javanese youth with a blackened Chinaman tossed and turned on his straw pallet. Crouching near him was a wizened old man, who commenced protesting directly we appeared. One of the investigators combed baskets and containers under a table, a second scoured the old man open up a number of locked boxes.

The befuddled addict gave a gross and rolled over. We searched all around him, but blanked a baffled. The Malay got to work on the floorboards. Shifting a board near a joint he thrust his hand into the cavity and drew out two tins. Both contained opium. But the old man was too cunning for us this time, for although a fine comb was drawn through that building got an opium pipe came to light. The man who had been checking up lower down the street stroked up swaying a long pipe in one hand and holding a small tin in the other. He had found his man before they had had time to get the goods away. The Malay succeeded in securing the Straits the man was setting and by the lights of thinking hours wheeled into the busy river traffic off Sweetham.

Battle of Britain From Underground

From the subterranean Operations Room at Headquarters, R.A.F. Fighter Command, from July to September 1939, A. J. Wilson watched the Battle of Britain being fought out—"like a giant game of chess with coloured counters"—and here describes his experiences. See also page 493.

When in 1939 I first walked down the tree-franked drive which leads to Bentley Priory, at Stanmore, Middlesex—Headquarters of R.A.F. Fighter Command and the control centre of Britain's air defence—I knew little about the strategy of air fighting. A few months later, however, I was able to follow, move by move, the great air battle which turned the course of the war and was a main factor in saving Britain from invasion by the Nazis. I saw the Battle of Britain in action, and England saw it—as the endless procession of palliasses. Crouching near him was a wizened old man, who commenced protesting directly we appeared. One of the investigators combed baskets and containers under a table, a second scoured the old man open up a number of locked boxes.

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German raiders against a shell-sown sky, the twisting and turning Spifairs and the horror of the booshing. I saw it as a giant game of chess played with coloured counters on the board of the Operations Room deep down beneath the gardens of the Priory.

Work on this subterranean headquarters began in March 1939. By October the Eisenhower Room was ready. By the end of December a hundreds of feet of tunnels and 120 rooms were in use. As the war went on, room and personnel increased. By the end of the Battle, 1400 men and women of the R.A.F. planned the track and strength of every enemy raid
from repose coming from radio-location stations and Observer Corps centres. It was here that Air Staff officers and representatives of all the other Services co-ordinated every method of defense against the raiders: fighter squadrons, anti-aircraft guns, Balloon Barrage and Civil Defence.

From the balcony of this Operations Room Air Chief Marshal Lord (then Sir Hugh) Dowding, Commander-in-Chief of Fighter Command, the genius behind this great organization, watched the progress of the battle for which he had planned to the utmost, but with such slender resources.

For twelve weeks we who worked down the "Hole," rarely saw an aircraft—British or German—but we saw the pattern of the battle even more clearly than those who fought it in their Spitfires and Hurricanes.

In July and early August 1940 I watched the planes mass their take-off angle with the crews over the English Channel. The convoys of ships building their way through the Straits were having a grim time, but our fighters were there and shortly after each attack intelligence reports showed how badly the enemy had been mauled. I remember the thrill of learning one day that a single squadron—No. 145, under Squadron Leader "Johnny" Pet—had put 25 shipping raiders into the sea.

Vapour Trails of Sky Battles

By mid-August the counters had multiplied and were streaming in over the coastline to our airfields at Mannon, Hawkinge, Tangmere, then to Biggin Hill, Kenley and Croydon. This was to be the knock-out blow to Fighter Command, but the tactics which destroyed air resistance in France and other countries, and consisted in a screen of fighters between the enemy and the coast, were optimistic to us of cruiser landing grounds and flaring hangars but the Spitfires still flew from their damaged aerodromes to give battle.

Then, throwing caution to the winds, the Lincolnshire men of 609 Squadron attacked the airfields of Le Havre, Dieppe and Boulogne, thinking that the German fighters would be caught napping. They were right. From all over they came, heading straight for the capital. For an hour and a half London was

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ringed with air and although a number of the enemy broke through and dropped their bombs on the outskirts of the Thames, they paid with the loss of 100 of their aircraft in their first big attack on the capital.

Like most other members of Fighter Command, the day I remember most vividly in Sunday, September 15, the anniversary of which is now celebrated all over the world as Battle of Britain Day. As I stood by the Headquarters just before the day dawned I was watching and later, from the balcony of the Operations Room, the scintillating violets trails on the sky over London and heard the noise of the battle as the immortal "few" fought the enemy in their greatest clash.

Down the "Hole" there was no noise, no disbelief, no anxiety, the sky was blue and silver and the air force was there. We were all but the pilot fighting a straightforward air battle.

From the first light there had been "pings" over the Channel and coastal districts, but most of these were other reconnaissance or ground attacks. There had been 200 raiders zig-zagged over the coast at 11.30 and then spread out for London. Scarcely had their tracks been removed from the operations table as our fighters chased the survivors back across the Channel, when a second wave of 300 arrived.

Again Fighter Command controllers worked to a smooth pre-arranged plan, its execution a triumph of organization. As the enemy came in our fighters were ordered up to meet them over the coast, then massed themselves over Kent and Sussex, and others attacked them over London itself.

Teleprinters Repeated the Scores

In a room along the corridor from the Operations Room I watched, with the teleprinters of the Intelligence branch tick out their scores in the air battle. A total of 27 German aircraft destroyed for five of our own. 100 for 8.; 130 for 12; 140 for 22. Then came the individual squadron reports, often with the names of the men who had scored the victories. To me the names meant far more than the blood-stained names in Fighter Command and throughout the Civilized World.

I remember reading in those signals that Stanhope Cock had shot down an Me 110 over Barking and was nearly killed a moment later when a bullet from another raider crashed through his windscreen a few inches from his head. The teleprinters stated out the news that Douglas Bader's wing was claiming 32, including a Do 17 which the legless pilot had fired at, which went down with the rear gunner swinging from the tail by his parachute (see page 153). R. W. Ovington had forced a Heinkel to land at a Kent airfield and then shot down a Do 17 over Chelmsford. These were some of the "few" who won the day.

Intelligence officers worked all night on these reports, checking and double-checking the pilots' claims. It was not until next morning that we heard the final figures—183 German aircraft destroyed for 25 of our own with 12 of our pilots safe. The climax was a postage stamp in the mail for the month which had been so hazardous for another month's pay doubled.

AND FIGURES, the number of enemy aircraft losses, became the measure of our success. And these figures in turn influenced the public, who were proud to know that we had been winning, and encouraged them to continue. From a few casualties at the beginning of the war to over 6000 at the end, our losses rose steadily from a few to a few hundred, and the enemy losses increased from a few to over 2000.
R.M. College Colours are Laid Up for Ever

THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE, SANDHURST, CEASED TO EXIST on Oct. 17, 1946, its buildings to cease on Jan. 2, 1947, for the first term of the new R.M. Academy—comprising the pre-war buildings of the R.M. Academy, Woolwich, and the N.C. College, Sandhurst. Following the Trainging Department of the Army Staff College, it is to remain in existence until the new Academy is complete.

The photograph shows the last ceremony conducted at Sandhurst. The King's Colour was the last to be handed over.

The R.M. College was founded in 1845 and was the only British military college, apart from the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, to train commissioned officers in the Services. It was closed in 1947.