IN NEW YORK, FOUR FOREIGN MINISTERS met at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel on Nov. 4, 1946, for the purpose of reaching final agreement on the five area treaties—With Italy, Romania, Bulgaria, Hungary and Finland—which were drafted by the Paris Conference (see also page 203-204). In front of their national flags are (left to right) M. Cuenot de Morville (acting as deputy for M. Bidault, the French Foreign Minister), Mr. Barth, Mr. Maitner and Mr. Byrnes.

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

No. 248 will be published Friday, December 23
BRITISH POLICE OFFICERS are training the new force that will maintain law and order in the Dominion. Above, two of them are unloading supplies in the Queen's Park. Below, the force is being inspected.

ENGINES FOR CHINA'S railways are being exported from Britain. Above, two of them are being shipped in the Queen's Park. Below, the force is being inspected.

NEW COLOURS were presented to the Southwell School of Miners. The new uniforms are giving 12,000 extra sales, with total sales of £22,000.

G. C. C. at Southwell, worcester.

GERMAN RAIDERS seriously damaged the Saxon church of St. Michael's, York. The damage was caused by a bomb that was dropped on the church. The damage was estimated to be £10,000.

NEW PLYMOUTH, N.Z., has been presented with the centenary bell of St. Michael's Church, York. The bell was cast at the foundry of Messrs. P.G.W., the engraver being the son of a sailor.
Great Stories of the War Retold

The Daring Raid on Rommel's H.Q.

By KENNETH HARE-SCOTT

IN 1940 and 1941 the pilots of the Allied forces were the spearhead of the attacks that led to the defeat of the Axis powers in Europe. But the pilots were not the only heroes of the war. The story of Rommel's retreat from Tobruk to El Alamein is one of the most dramatic and exciting in the annals of military history. The German general's retreat was a series of desperate fights, and many heroic deeds were recorded in the annals of the soldiers of the Western Desert. None, however, is so worthy a story of British gallantry as that by the men of No. 11 Scottish Commando upon the midnight of 17th October, 1941. The Commando, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Geoffrey Keyes, was charged with the task of destroying Rommel's headquarters, which was at El Alamein. The Commando was well-prepared for the attack, and was led by a group of experienced soldiers.

The attack was launched at midnight, and after a short but fierce firefight, the Commando managed to capture the headquarters. Rommel was forced to flee, and the battle continued until dawn. Despite the heavy losses, the Commando managed to hold the position and prevent Rommel from escaping.

Exhausting Landings On the Beach

Accordingly, at 4 p.m. on Monday, November 16, 1941, two officers and 25 other ranks, under Keyes' command, embarked upon the submarine Tortoise at Alexandria. Three days later—on the Thursday—they arrived off the selected beach and carried out a periscope reconnaissance of the surrounding area. The following day preparations were made for disembarkation, and at dusk the Torbay surfaced. The first seven rubber boats pulled away, and a few sportsmen soon reached the shore, where the Senussi guides led the force to a cave. Owing to the increasing swell and the inexperience of some of the soldiers several of the remaining boats capsized many times.

Eventually, however, all were landed, after an exhausting experience. According to the Torbay's narrative, "Those of the crew who took part received a very severe battering while handling the boats alongside in the swell and nearly all of them were completely exhausted at the finish. No less splendid was the spirit of the soldiers under strain and even frightening conditions. They were quite undaunted by the setbacks experienced, and remained quietly determined to get on with the job."

During the landing the men had been soaked through, not only by their immersion in the sea but by heavy rain. A few hundred yards from the beach a cave afforded good shelter, and with the aid of a fire, clothes were soon dried and spirits cheered. By 2 a.m. the landing was completed. Unfortunately, the second submarine with Col. Laycock's party had not been so successful in making the beach, and only a handful of men were landed to reinforce those from the first submarine. During the evening the men rested, dried their clothes and fed themselves, while Keyes continued to supervise the landing of stores and equipment.

The morning of the 16th brought sunshine and an anxious moment. An enemy ambush aircraft flew overhead at 800 feet, but failed to detect the party. As little more than half the original force had been able to land the party for the attack needed modification and, in consultation with Laycock, Keyes decided that the new plan be explained to the men, and the evening was spent in briefing them on the enemy ammunition, explosives, and rations. A local Arab shepherd had been enrolled as a guide to substitute for two Senussi who had failed to land.

Inland March Over Rocky Tracks

During the latter part of the afternoon more rain had fallen and it was a damp and cheerless company of men who set off at 8 p.m. on their march into the interior. The difficulty of the conditions and the spirit of determination which prevailed are best disclosed in this personal record of the Senussi guide, who was as Keyes' eyelash throughout the operation:

"That night we reached the top of the first escarpment (which is half a mile inland) at about 9.15 p.m., I imagine, after a fairly stiff climb, and all that night we marched inland over extremely difficult going, mostly rock-strewn sheep tracks. Our guide led us at midnight, fearing to go any farther in our company. Geoffrey then had the difficult task of finding the way by the aid of an infuriated Italian map, his compass being of no assistance. Geoffrey was a short man, but before light he led us to the top of a small hill, arranged for relays of sentries, and ordered the rest of the party to disperse among the scrub for sleep."

Drizzle and a scare ushered in the next morning. The sound of excited buzzing brought an instant report from aPalestinian soldier, who was a member of the party, to the effect that the force was being held by armed Arabs. Scarcely looking Arabsbrandishing short Italian rifles seemed to be encamped behind the rocks, and the entire party was particularly formidable or implausibly heavy. So Keyes gave the order for the chief to be brought to him for a talk. A few villages were exchanged, and, although a letter from the Chief of all the Senussi Tribes, instructing his subjects to co-operate, was unintelligible to a "Deputy Chief"

ROMMEL'S HEADQUARTERS AT DJERAF was 300 miles behind the German lines. To get here, the Commando had to land in rubber boats through a heavy swell. Where the man identified in this photograph is the street leading to the door by which the rudder entered. PAGE 915 FOR THIS paragraph
Great Stories of the War Retold

From the start the attack had been planned for the midnights November 17-18, 1941, to coincide with the launching of the big offensive in the Western Desert. In view of the state of the ground, Keynes decided to push his men to their utmost. By 6 a.m. the company assembled with parade ground precision for the final stage of the operation, and at a whistle signal the march began. Rain continued and, ankle deep in mud, the men slipped and staggered through the night. Occasionally one would fall and the column would halt for his recovery. Another would lose touch with the man in front of him, and a re-form would mean further delay.

Grim Encounter at Close Quarters

At 10.30 p.m. the bottom of the escarpment was reached, and after a short rest the 250-foot climb of muddy turf with occasional protruding rocks was begun. A gun slipped, and in striking his Tommy-gun against a rock roared a warning. A sum of light came from the door of a hut as it was flung open, 100 yards away. The party crossed merlions. The dog received a reback, and presently the door closed and the light went out. When the hut was again opened, a man and his party detached themselves, and those who remained, about 30, continued along a path towards Rommel's Headquarters.

At this point the guides could stand the strain no longer and fell back, having promised that their reward would be forthcoming when they linked up with the returning body at the conclusion of the operation.

At 11.30 p.m. the buildings were reached, and Keynes with Sergeant Terry and the driver of the armoured car. A dog proved troublesome. His name was Geoffroy, a Volkswehr sentry, and a Pharaoh Hound. His superior Tommy was Italian to convince them that a "German" patrol did not like being interrupted! When Keynes returned he led his men into the gardens of the house and here again, Keynes' own account can be taken up:

"We followed him around the building on a grass space before a flight of steps on the north side of the main building. Geoffroy ran up the steps. He was carrying a Tommy-gun for which he had both hands and, as far as I remember, opened the door for him. Just inside we were confronted by a German in steel helmet and leather jacket, with machine-guns falling when they heard of the Colonel's death—his inspiring leadership gone. Almost immediately afterwards Campbell was shot through the leg, and subsequently taken prisoner. Terry mustered the remainder of the party and began the long march back to join Laycock on the beach.

Rommel, by chance, was away from his Headquarters that night and so eluded the fate designed for him by the courageous Commandos. At Kayser's funeral, at Geli Raasch's Remin wept an oration and motioned his own Iron Cross on the body of the dead hero. This token of admiration for the bravery and his personal antipathy by an enemy Commander-in-Chief must be noted in the history of chivalry.

When the official account of the raid could be made known Geoffroy Kayser was awarded the V.C. posthumously. He was awarded the V.C. posthumously on June 16, 1942.

Page 210

War 1939-1945 Photographs

IN BENZHAZI CEMETARY, the remains of many others who fought and fell in the desert. Here rests the great hero, Lt.-Col. Kayser. He was awarded the V.C. posthumously.

Page 210

War 1939-1945 Photographs
Home Fleet on Its Biggest Post-War Exercises

"BATTLE" THRILLS were experienced for the first time by many young mem-
bers of the crews when the Home Fleet took part in extensive exercises during
October and early November off the west coast of Scotland, in the Irish Sea
and the English Channel.

Under cover of a smokescreen (1) laid by destroyers, torpedoes were fired
by the battleships, dismasted after the explosion at Scapa Flow, by H.M.S. King
George V, and by H.M.S. Warspite, the C-in-C.

Aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm (2) flew low passes over the battleships dur-
ing carrier operations (3). Light ships steamed up the Firth of Forth (4), and
the cruiser Ikaria (5) formed part of the King George V, which steamed by
the Firth of Forth under a blazing sun.

PAGE 817
IN REMEMBRANCE OF TWO GREAT WARS, H.M. the King, representatives of the Government, the Services and the Empire, together with the Prime Minister, the President of the Republic of France, and the Mayor of the City of Paris, attended an official service held in the Trocadéro.
PAGEANT AT THE STATE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT ON NOV. 12, 1946, was still somewhat dimmed by austerity. H.M. the King, in the uniform of Admiral of the Fleet, and H.M. the Queen, rode in the Irish State coach drawn by four Windsor grays and accompanied by a Captain’s Escort of the Household Cavalry. Troops of the Brigade of Guards lined the route, together with many regular and special commands. Unpretentious processions were taken in view of the arrears made by Jewish territories. Among officers of State awaiting Their Majesties at the royal entrance was Field-Marshal Viscount Auchinleck, looking the Imperial Crown. As the King and Queen entered the Palace of Westminster the Union Jack on the Victoria Tower was lowered and the Royal Standard hoisted, and a salute of 21 guns fired in St. James’s Park. Photo, I.A. Shaw
In Palestine Where Peace Still Stands Aloof

TO HAIFA, in November 1936, came the refugee ship "Nahalat Bier," bringing thousands of immigrants. Under British escort, the vessel arrived in Haifa harbor, with a cargo of 2000 Jewish refugees from Trieste, in Italy. Their voyage was long and uncomfortable, and the ship was in a leaking condition. When Royal Marines boarded the vessel, they threw the refugees overboard. When they met with British authorities, two weeks later, they had been forced to return to Europe, where they found no peace. The ship was later abandoned in the Mediterranean, and 2000 refugees were left to their fate. The British government was criticized for their handling of the situation, and the incident became known as the "Nahalat Bier Affair."
New Badges for the Army and Royal Air Force

His Majesty has approved a new badge for the Army Air Corps, which bears a scarlet rimmed gold oak wreath enclosing a silver version of the Royal Coat of Arms. The design is surmounted by a crown, and also wears a pair of aircrew wings. The badge will be worn by all ranks in the Corps, except officers and other ranks, except that the badges of the officers will be in silver, while the remaining ranks will wear the badges in brass. The design was approved at the Master of the Air in September 1945.

Many new flashes appeared in the Army during the past year, but the War Office waited for Peace before changing them. The new badge, which Florida bears at the top of the flash, was designed by the Army Art Department. The flash is worn on the cap and on the shoulder, and bears the inscription: "His Majesty's Army Air Corps." The badge has been adopted to commemorate the service rendered to the country by the Corps during the War.

Viking's Head is a fighting formation sign for the Army Air Corps (Eastern Command) and the Airborne Division. The Viking's head is worn on the shoulder and on the backpack. In addition, the Viking's head is also used as a symbol on aircraft. The design was approved by the Master of the Air in September 1945.

New Rank Badges for R.A.F. Aircrew were approved by the King in September 1945, and will be worn by aircrew below commissioned rank. The basic design in the R.A.F. ranks above a lower rank, the rank being denoted by different styles: (1) Master Aircrew; (2) Aircrew; (3) Aircrew D. (4) Aircrew H. (5) Aircrew IV; (6) Aircrew Rank. The badges will be specified on the service jacket, and all officers, in the same position as a warrant officer's badge.
HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS

H.M.S. Javelin

A DESTROYER of 1,740 tons. H.M.S. Javelin was completed shortly before the outbreak of war in 1939. In the early hours of November 7th, 1940, she was the leader of a small force of destroyers under the command of Rear Admiral Byrness, which intercepted a force of enemy ships. The Javelin detached herself from the rest of the force and took up a position to guard a minefield.

Scraping to avoid action the enemy maneuvered towards Brindisi, several of them taking their by-paths before they made good their escape. Unfortunately the Javelin was hit by a torpedo and sank. Her crew was picked up by destroyers which towed them into port before the week's end, and in due course was released.

The Javelin was included in the British measures which caused the occupation of the naval base at Dakar, Senegal, by a force of Naval Forces in May 1943. (see pages 35-37.) Two destroyers volunteered had to be sent in to the interest of three operations. Later the Javelin took part in the invasion of Sicily in 1943 and in the invasion of Normandy, on June 6, 1944, the Javelin was concerned in the sinking of the German destroyers Z 31 and Z 49 off Utah.
The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles)

The Regiment was raised from the amalgamated companies of the Cameronian Colonials and the Cameronians (Western) Regiments. Enlisted in the Regular Army as the 49th Regiment of the Line, they fought in Methoniou’s great battle. The 2nd Battalion (the old 49th) was raised in 1794 and fought in Egypt and at Corunna in the Crimean War took part in the assault on the Redan, and in India marched to the relief of Srinagar, took part in the 54th Punjab Light Infantry and the 3rd The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) raised in 1822. The Regiment fought in Afghanistan and Zululand and during the S. African War. The 1st and 2nd Battalions, the 5th and 6th Territorial Battalions and the Service Battalion formed considerable batteries at the Battle of the Pyramids.

The 1st Battalion was stationed in India and was stationed at Ahmednagar for a time to recuperate and train. A change of plan switched the 2nd Battalion to an active role in 1942 to Persia where it spent a severe winter under canvas. Orders came in February 1943 to move to Syria for combined operations training. Then, with the 8th Army, it embarked at Suez on 23 July and landed in Sicily as follow-up battalion on 20 July, taking over Florida from the 8th Army. Swinging north through Augusta, Villarossino and Lentini, it arrived at Messina River before Catania and met the Germans in strength. A hard battle ensued; the Roche cracked and the Battalion pursued the weary, with major actions round Mount Etna. Sivori and Paterino, before the campaign ended on August 15.

Big Actions in Italian Campaign

In September 1943 the 2nd Battalion landed in Italy at Reggio, as an assault battalion, sizing bernicia in October. Winter was spent controlling the northwestern Apennine, around Castiglione, until January 1944 when the Battalion then moved to the 5th Army front and was engaged in the battles around the Garigliano river, near Tufoli. Embarking on March 11 for Anzio quickly went into action, first at the celebrated “Fortress” sector. This proved the biggest action for the 2nd in the Italian campaign and a high sacrifice in losses was paid before it broke out of the beach-head, pursuing the Germans to Rome and reaching the Tiber on June 8. After retiring and training in Palestine it embarked in February 1945 for Italy, and thence, in great secrecy, to Belgium. With the Rhine crossed, it followed up the German retreats to the Elbe, where at Bückeburg it fought its last major battle of the war. Crossing the Elbe it went to Lubbeck, accepting surrender of the German forces there and taking proud part in the first divisional Victory Parade of the war. The 6th (Lionhearts) Battalion was mobilised at Hamilton. On September 6, 1943, moved south to Hauk, and in April 1949 to Dublin. When the Rhine was to draw from Dunkirk the 6th received orders for the effect that the Division would move to France to reinforce the Line. On June 11 the Battalion disembarked at Bremerhafen, but France capitulated, and the 6th had to return to the U.K. as quickly as possible.

M.M. THE KING INSPECTED CAMERONIANS at Athelstane. In June 1939 and again in May of the same, including a Company Sergeant-Major who had fought in the First Great War. The Regiment had three battalions in France on the outbreak of the war, and the 2nd Battalion, heavily engaged
GUARDS ARMoured DIVISION

The Division was formed of regiments and battalions of the Household Brigade, the Household Cavalry, the Royal Horse Artillery, and the 5th Queen's Own Hussars. It served with distinction during the First World War and was re-formed for the Second World War. The Division was deployed in the Normandy Campaign in 1944 and, under the command of Major-General A. H. R. Albert, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., assumed duties of fighting against the German forces in the vicinity of Bayeux.

ADVANCING IN BULGARY, men of the 1st Battalion The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) and members of the Anti-aircraft gunners, captured from the Germans.

Re-equipped, it commenced intensive training as combined operations, mountain warfare, and as an infantry regiment. In September 1944 it joined the R.A.A., in Macedonia, where it took part in the operations leading up to the capture of the Innsbruck, in the early morning of September 23, and after five days of fighting in the enemy's lines and retreating from the island. The Division took the towns of Barletta, Sudetland and Stralsund.

The Division's next task was to capture the island of Walcheren. The 155th Brigade had made an assault landing at Furnes, a Special Service Brigade had landed at Westkapelle, and the 17th Brigade were advancing the causeway connecting Walcheren to South Beveland. The position was very sticky and the 6th was ordered to cross the Stie in small boats and attack the enemy flank. After a very hard struggle this was accomplished. After the Division disarmed the 6th had to cross a mud flat three-quarters of a mile wide before coming to grips with the enemy—a most treacherous journey, for at no time was the mud and slate less than three feet deep.

After the battle of Walcheren the 6th enjoyed a well-earned rest in the Geeste area and later in Herwegenboch; then, on December 8, it took over part of the line at Hinschfeld Wood, Grosskirchen. The area was to become its home for a month. It was a desperate place, with companies in tight spots about a mile apart, with not a house or a shelter within two miles of the enemy. The Division was employed in the area, seeking out the enemy who was sitting behind a mine field in the old fields of the British XIII Division.

Cameronian in Italy were much the winter of 1944-45 parading the Alpini, a brave gun crew in the hills of the Angeleau front. The 2nd Battalion fought the Kraut from action in Italy at Assisi across the Lake of the British XIII Division.
Cameronian Battalions Thrust Through Germany

On the night of April 2, 1945, the 6th Battalion crossed the River Ems to seize the town of Emmerich, a vital supply center against several determined counterattacks. The battalion was then operating with the 5th Canadian Infantry Division against the Ruhr, Germany, threatening towards Bremen.

On April 3, Ulm was taken, 24 miles from Linzburg, fell to the 6th Battalion, and by now the push had reached the Rhine with small ports, all surrendered, and no serious opposition was met. Formerly occupied by the invading forces.

PAGE 522
the battle of Alpen—last German strongpoint west of the Rhine. This was a bitter struggle with high losses. C Coy was cut off and captured complete, while B Coy suffered 50 per cent casualties; but despite these severe losses the Battalion emerged from the battle with honours.

The 6th then spent about 14 days on the borders of the Rhine, most of the time reconnoitring. In May 1942 the Battalion took part in the crossing of that river by the airborne troops and the 15th (Scottish) Division. In early April it followed up the assault divisions and rapid progress was made until it reached the Dortmund-Ems canal. It was in action again here, and after crossing the canal the Battalion captured Drievrade and assisted in taking Herpen. Then it made long advances in motor transport and eventually reached Venlo and prepared for the attack on Bremen—its last action. In a comparatively short time the city was in the hands of the 52nd (Lowland) Division. The casualties were surprisingly low, but the enemy suffered heavily. A week later the Battalion was sent to guard a concentration camp at Sandbostel near Bremerhaven, and while so employed I received word that all German resistance in N.W. Europe had ceased.

Busy Roles of the 7th Battalion

The 7th Battalion was mobilised at the outbreak of the war with the 52nd (Lowland) Division. During winter and spring of 1939/40 it trained in Lanarkshire and the Borders. In May 1940 it crossed to France, and after a few weeks there and some fighting it was evacuated from Cherbourg in June. After returning to this country the 52nd became a mountain division, and for the next two years the 7th Battalion was trained in the Scottish Highlands for that type of warfare.
Ambush in Khyber Pass

A hostile reception was accorded Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Vice-President of the Indian interim Government, when on Oct. 20, 1946, he visited the North-West Frontier. During a skirmish between his military escort and armed tribesmen just outside Landi Kotal in the Khyber Pass area, a bullet inflicted a fatal wound in the head and shattered both arms of Nehru, who was aboard, and a bullet passed through a window of his car. Nehru, who was unhurt, surveys the damage (2). On fortress-like walls, complete with observation turrets, the only openings in the walls of this tribal village (3) in the Pass are slits from which rifles can be fired.

Photo, Associated Press
New Roads to Scotland's Farthest Isles —

Built early in the Second Great War to protect our naval base at Scapa Flow—anchorage in the Orkney Islands—against U-boat attacks such as that which sank H.M.S. Royal Oak (see page 381), causeways formed barriers closing the channels which, as in the First Great War, were sealed by blockships (1). In 1941 these causeways were surfaced and a year later became the finest traffic roads in northernmost Scotland. Maintenance work in progress (2).

— That Grew Out of Threats to Scapa Flow

With the Fleet away the Flow is strangely peaceful: below this stretch (3) lie the 20,000-ton Royal Oak. Almost as lonely appears this causeway (4), constructed like the others of concrete blocks and other material placed in position by giant cranes (5). To the islanders this one (6) meant the end of sea-trips to the mainland of Orkney, and mail services were speeded up: but now the causeways are slowly sinking and the sea may close them in the end.
...And Quiet Flows the Rhine!

No shadow of the Swastika is cast on this Dutch flag (1) passing the famous Siebengebirge, range of hills south-east of Bonn, overlooking the Rhine and giving glimpses of 12th-century castles. At Ennepetal, French students view the collapsed Ludendorff Railway Bridge (2) which spanned the river. Navigates again is the Dortmund-Emm Canal (3), linked with the Rhine. - Great river-port on the Rhine, Düsseldorf's travel office (4) is now a military information post.
Conquest of Enemy & Nature in Burma

This campaign was never one which was easy to explain to the British public—at least, within the bounds of a popular article. The battle fronts were too scattered and detached of the terrain too varied to invite, in any clear-cut way, any rounded picture. The many different places, too, were unfamiliar, and in many cases the terrain itself was unfamiliar. The picture itself was not, except in the most general way, discoverable on the average atlas. Even after the battle fronts were to overlap and the Burma War increased enormously, it is doubtful whether the public at large were ever fully appreciated by the large distances between the fronts. Colonel Frank Owen, the book under review, gives a copious and accurate picture of the struggle in South-East Asia from the point of view of the troops engaged.

An added virtue is that it tells the story not only from the point of view of the High Command but also from the point of view of the average soldier and civilian alike. It contains maps of great clarity, and photographs which tell more than words could hope to do of the conditions under which the campaign was fought. The early chapters give a vivid and heart-rending picture of gallant retreat by our outnumbered and ill-equipped forces. Every improvisation was tried, but nothing could cover that crippling basic lack of supporting arms, motorized guns, transport, and air power. In the spring of 1942 Burma had fallen, and the Japanese, with great skill, had isolated China from the rest of the world by land and sea and had brought their own forces right up to the Chinese and mountain barrier which divides Burma from India.

On the other side of the barrier the quality of the enemy's equipment was deployed, waiting for the Japanese to consolidate and move in a steady drive forward towards Assam—towards India's last line of defense. In the north, where the Allied Command-in-Chief, had to divide his own efforts, the Japanese, from Burma-India frontier and strategic points along the 2,500-mile line of front, to which as Colonel Owen remarks, "...there was little drawback, and in January 1943, Wavell tried to block the enemy's escape to India by staging the Japanese back along the Arakan coast strip and starting a drive to Pa-kyaw. He had only the 14th Indian Division to do this, and it was repulsed. The Japanese at the 2,500 battle casualties, malaria-cold infinity more, and morale was bad shaken. Characteristically, Wavell himself took the blame and said, "...I set a small part of the army to task beyond its training and capacity."

Yet for all the time there occurred one of the few things which could then be set on the credit side of the British effort—the first Wargate expedition. This, too, suffered heavily from the enemy resistance of the Chindits behind the enemy lines captured picture postcards of the enemy’s defeat. The whole of the theatre was raised by proof that the British soldier was more than one of the Japanese—even in the jungle. These two offers of the Chindits were a very real strategic importance—nevertheless kept their strength in hand. During 1943, and perhaps prevented an all-out thrust on India which might have been dangerous...

At the end of 1943 Mountbatten came to Burma and ordered a sweeping attack. There were to make and maintain our contacts with China in other words, to safeguard the air route over the Himalayas to the new Burma Road, which would directly isolate the key to the bulk of the subsequent operations. The operations in the field were carried out by Air Marshal Sir Charles Portal. The story of the operations is set out below in the form of a narrative of one of the key elements in the campaign.

THE TANGLED PROBLEM OF TRANSPORT

The tangled problem of transport and supply is fought on a front which Mountbatten himself described as, "Proposing the biggest logistical nightmare of the war," it dealt with, Field-Marshal Lord Wavell in one of his reports, "I have soldiered for more than 40 years, and the more I have seen of this war the more I am convinced that, except in the air, there is no problem which cannot be handled, but that, before a region can be brought under control, there must be a large outlay upon administration and transportation." His supply lines were such that supply rose to a peak not imagined in centuries. The operations, however difficult, had clear-cut results. The annihilation of the enemy, the capture of the railheads, and the destruction of the enemy’s forces, both in the air and on the land, gave us an immense advantage in the land operations. The need for a land campaign was felt to be inevitable, and the Allied forces were able to proceed with the necessary preparations. The book under review, "Conquest of Enemy & Nature in Burma," gives a vivid and heart-rending picture of the struggle in South-East Asia from the point of view of the troops engaged.

THE NAIVE OF PREVIOUS WARS

These things being clear and, with them, we are given the plain tale of the man in the jungle, how he lived and fought on the mountains and in the mud, and along the great rivers. Perhaps the most graphic chapters deal with the two Japanese offensives of 1944–both designed to break through to India, both defeated out of hand by Wavell and his men.

As we approached the Danish capital—on board one of the giant planes accompanying the journey from New York in less than 24 hours—we wondered how we should find Copenhagen after so many years. There used to be no country in the world where people had developed the joy of living into so fine an art, no better place than Copenhagen for hospitality, gaiety and pleasure. Was it not to be feared that years of horror and struggle would have taken the shine off this finest jewel of the Baltic Sea, that bombs and guns would have made havoc of Copenhagen's streets and monotony would have settled in, as the returning stranger is to find his bearings in their midst.

Cycling over Copenhagen before landing at Kastrup airport we found the city as beautiful as ever: lofty spires of churches, corner roofs of ancient castles, the quaint arched spire of its Hamlet stock exchange, the King's four towers—all could be clearly seen. The blue waters of the Swedish straits here and there touched with the whiteness of sails, the green parks—all were shining under the summer sun. It looked as if no shadow of the Swedes remained, as if the clouds of foreign rule had gone for ever. The white and red flag flying everywhere looked as gay as it had ever been.

Multitudes Stranded by the War

But, as we rode a little later in one of the few available taxis, we passed on the outskirts of Copenhagen a town we had never seen before—a town of dark wooden barracks, housing some of the hundreds of thousands of refugees, German and Baltic, whom the flood of war left stranded here: masses of humanity for whom the Danes (whether they want to or not) have to care until the problem of refugees finds a world-wide settlement. It is indeed a heavy burden on the budget of a small country greatly impoverished by Nazi looting.

The elegance of the squares and streets of Copenhagen has given place to much austerity. Arriving at one of its best-known hotels you find there is no linen on the beds, no towels in the bathroom, no response from the hot-water tanks. And on the open-air terrace the waiters, once immaculate clean in what have become a little shabby uniform, now wear only their overcoats and are often seen with their hands in their pockets. Gone for years Denmark has had no clowns, and in no need, so coal. It has not long woken up from the American war-time price inflation, but National Oil has gone, but much clearance work and readjustment has yet to be done.

We soon learned, however, that Copenhagen's finest quality has suffered no harm and the virtue of its hospitality is unimpaired. Friends offered in the necessary bed-buffet (the absence of any at the hotel was apparently caused by a strike of landlords) and invitations were forthcoming in an overwhelming rate. The Copenhageners are as eager to hear what is happening in the world as the returning stranger is to find his bearings in their midst.

I can think of no better way of doing this than to stroll in pleasant company from Kongens Nytorv along the Streng, Copenhagen's main thoroughfare, towards the Racquetballebade, the town-hall square, past the fashion shops (as elegant as ever, in spite of the scarcity of raw materials),

In Tivoli, the great gay pleasure park, we admired the Parterre, "lively and charming, a performance unique of its kind, with dancing and music, white around flowers and yellow in the strays, the attractions of a fairground—of fun and wit, of beauty, with the enchantment of the Royal yacht Club, when the Nazi invaders tried to frighten the Danes by counter-battery towards the end of the resistance movement was at its height."

Flowers Where the Patriots Fell

But there has been a mood of peace and hope in Copenhagen. There are many flowers still on view in shop windows showing the town's decorations at the time of liberation, the magnificent welcome given to Field-Marshal Montgomery, the enthusiasm of the crowds surrounding King Christian at his visit to the new Parliament. They leave in the beholder no doubt as to the Danish people's vitality, patriotism, and national power of recovery.

When the first heavy German tanks arrived on Copenhagen's town-hall square, where for years summer-houses or busts were usually on show as high trophy prizes, a little Danish boy climbed up to a German soldier and put his father's hat on his head. When the first heavy guns appeared in the town the Copenhageners thought of the far-off, small, defenseless country and wondered why cannot they be used against foreigners.

But two years of German "protection" taught them that their freedom and democratic achievements were not safe, and their rising against the invaders was determined (and violent). The Copenhageners, ordinarily so peaceful, become a fighter, aronym, an avenger. All that happened before Freedom was achieved has been wiped out, and the Danish people now look at their own home with a calm and a great hope for a better day to come.
Full-Fed Now and Busy in Beautiful Copenhagen

- Photos: New York Times Photos

Page 325
How the Front Line Battle News Reached Home

FROM FOREMOST AREAS of battle to the front pages of the world’s daily newspapers—here’s the news of some of the greatest fighting of the war, transmitted by mobile wireless units in the rear. Telegrams were sent from the units which were raised and sent to the front line, the unit had a regular point of contact with the nearest army station, and from here news of the unit’s operations was transmitted home by the service of wireless telegraphy. The unit then had the task of getting the news to the public, and in some cases, this was done by the unit itself, by means of a radio broadcast, or by writing articles for newspapers. In other cases, the unit had a regular point of contact with the nearest army station, and from here news of the unit’s operations was transmitted home by the service of wireless telegraphy.

DURING the closing stages of the war, the unit worked hard to keep the public informed of the progress of the war. The unit’s work was not limited to the transmission of news, but also included the collection of information for the benefit of the public. This information was often transmitted by radio broadcast, or by writing articles for newspapers. In other cases, the unit had a regular point of contact with the nearest army station, and from here news of the unit’s operations was transmitted home by the service of wireless telegraphy.

The story of the liberation of Malaysia and the surrender of the Japanese forces in Southeast Asia was flashed to London by high-speed automatic service telegraph wires. The service was under the control of the Press Association, and was in charge of the unit which worked in the Far East. The unit’s work was not limited to the transmission of news, but also included the collection of information for the benefit of the public. This information was often transmitted by radio broadcast, or by writing articles for newspapers. In other cases, the unit had a regular point of contact with the nearest army station, and from here news of the unit’s operations was transmitted home by the service of wireless telegraphy.

September 1945. The unit provided facilities for wireless telegraphy and photography, and the staff dispatched 50,000 words of Press messages in the first few hours after the arrival of the first units, which had transmitted 250,000 words.

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Our War Leaders in Peacetime

PORTAL

As chief of the wartime R.A.F., Charles Frederick Algernon Portal earned a name for determination, a quick-thinking brain and a deep interest in aviation matters. His junior knew he had been a "fly-hawk," Before the war, when he had time for falconry, near his Hungerford home, the 400-year-old sport was one of his recreations. He is a foremost authority on the "sport of kings" and did not lose interest in it even during the war.

Marshal of the R.A.F. Viscount Portal of Hungerford, G.C.B., O.M., D.S.O., M.C., born at Pangbourne, Berks., in 1893, is of Huguenot stock; his ancestors are said to have crossed the Channel holder in empty caissons. A very young man with the "Huguenot nose," he was shot down at the start of the war by a Daily Mail writer, the design of Sir Charles Gillett Welby, in 1919, and if she did not ride a motor-cycle at trottle speed (a crux of the sport), she has shared his other interests, over a wide field, for 27 years.

He's Never Still for a Moment

When an undergraduate he won the 1914 Inter-Varsity Motor Cycle Hill Climb, and he took up flying because it is faster than driving a car. Ten years ago he bought a camera and became so interested that he embarked upon micro-photography. Long ago Portal added fishing and sailing to his other outdoor sports, and promptly Lady Portal and the two Portal girls, Rosemary and March, born in 1931, and Mavis Elizabeth Alouette, born in 1926, became enthusiastic. With the glass shot, fisherman and cricket enthusiast, has also proved himself highly with a bike.

He is not a fast man in the generally accepted sense of the word—a stay-at-home—but he likes to have his family with him when he goes sailing or swimming. He craves for activity: his wife declares he is never still for a moment. His recreations are not entirely restricted to outdoors. He likes reading and writing—largely on aeronautical matters and on his precious falconry. When at Winchester he contributed scholarly articles on hawking to The Field periodical.

On January 1, 1946, he resigned as Chief of Air Staff, and in the end of the month he was appointed head of an organization set up by the Ministry of Supply for the production of minerals for atomic research.
From the Philippines to Canada

I, too, was a prisoner of war myself in Germany, and now, as a repatriation staff officer, I was watching over 1,000 of our Far Eastern repatriates embark aboard H.M.S. Glory (Captain A. W. Buzzard, D.S.O., O.B.E., R.N.), a light Fleet carrier of 14,000 tons which had come up from Singapore for the return voyage. We were on their 15,000-mile journey home. Men of all Services climbed happily aboard—stretchers brought others. They included Canadians; for them the journey would be shorter. This evening we sailed from Vancouver Island, via Pearl Harbor.

It was difficult for me to imagine all the reactions which these men must have felt on boarding this ship flying the white ensign. A sailor rarely talks of his flag, but it means a great deal to him; on this occasion it must have meant as much to the passengers. I recalled my own joy of liberation in May 1945 and realized that in comparison theirs must be twofold after the greater strain of a Japanese P.O.W. camp. I had already spoken to many of them and knew that until lately seved in Manila few had seen British uniforms, had read British magazines or had spoken to British from the "outside world." The atmosphere would be disconcerting, but hospitable to our passengers returning; but in capacity those traditions have been carried not only of food but of contacts with the Homeland, and a man in this frame of mind naturally looks forward eagerly to living again in a completely British atmosphere. This they found in H.M.S. Glory.

After leaving Manila I was soon able to get a complete idea of all that had been done to make the voyage pleasurable. The large hangar deck, formerly the busy aircraft maintenance department, had been cleaned to provide sleeping accommodation and restaurant space for about 1,000 men. Spare propellers and fuel tanks still made wisps to the various office, and now colorful Empire posters filled a bright tone. After the flight deck comes the flight deck and the mess deck, where all have their own quarters, and a small section of the after end of the ship is the pleasant accommodation for administrative offices, surrounded by hotel-like quarters. The men are taken care of by a large hospital, where four naval nursing sisters, eight British nurses and ten Australian V.A.D.s attended the patients. In addition, offices and feeding facilities enabled the staff to fulfill all requirements.

Owing to a temporary disability I spent three days in that norr, and quickly sensed the deep appreciation of the patients for the grand way in which these nurses carried out their task; untroubled, working long hours, the nurses had a steady smile for all. They worked under the senior Medical Officers of the ship, who was assisted by five other naval doctors. Conditions for the patients were excellent; the only discomforts of the illness were unusual. But they remained untroubled by the crowded ward, the double-decker beds, the steady Pacific swell, and the sugar cornices which now and again threatened to come down from the funnel. One nurse said to me, "It's impossible for us to understand what these men have been through. We can only guess! I'm terribly glad I came."

One man died during the voyage, and was buried at sea. And despite their gaiy way of talking I knew the monotony which was endured below in the hospital. These British Red Cross women did their utmost to relieve it. They seemed to be all over the ship, issuing cigarettes, clothing, sun-glasses and other aids to comfort. Naturally they paid particular attention to those in bed, writing letters for them and shopping at the canteen. Service payments were made, books, jigsaws puzzles and occasional therapy material were given out.

At each end of the hangar deck lifts, formerly used for bringing up aircraft to the flight deck, were harnessed. Windchests solved the problem of ventilation. Gangways led on to these lifts and thence on to the flight deck, where we used to sit and benefit from the tropical sun. The other passengers were accommodated in cabins aft, made available by a reduction in Naval Air Arm personnel. Some were in operational rooms. My cabin was the radio office, with a bewildering array of knobs and dials. We slept in three rooms and lived in the ward-room, smoking and chatting about the last few years. I knew what an awful vacuum those years seemed in the lives of the passengers, who could scarcely credit the fact that I had been at home only two months previously. Lectures on the war and life at home co-operated with the ship's newspaper, Glory News, in making every one familiar with events, past and present.

No Lack of Helpers in the Galley

I spent part of one day watching the feeding organization up for, and initial difficulties for the galley, resolved by an increase of 830 pounds in the crew, enrollment of member of one of the ship's officers. The familiar pantry style of "Big Jack," came true in this cafeteria restaurant. Strangely enough, they preferred their own aluminum utensil to the crockery put on board for their use. I watched them all cheerfully helping the galley staff. They were as willing here as elsewhere, for the reduced ship's company could not do everything.

Passengers paraded each morning at 9.30, and each day the parade became a pleasure to watch. True—self-esteem—a struggle made more difficult by their not having their own service positions. They had watched the Royal Marines drilling, they had seen the ship's company at Sunday services, they had seen the thrill of covering Pearl Harbor in true naval style, paraded and with band playing; but I realized how difficult it was to be enthusiastic about mass organizations when all that they wanted was to become individuals again.
Entertainment was an integral part of the ship's routine. The Royal Marines band played each morning, and promenade concerts were given daily on the ship's radio. J. F. Myer and Tommy Trinder were popular—and I found it pleasant to sit on the flight deck in the warmth of a tropical night and listen to the intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana or to Elgar's Pomp and Circumstance while a phosphorescent wake faded away into the darkness. An Epilogue closed each day.

Further activities were provided for us by a tombola, and a revue staged by repatriates and starring "The Two Twits" and "The Water, Blonde and Blimey."

--- I Was There! ---

The hangar deck of H.M.S. Glory provided stage for the following entertainment: (1) for the 1,000 expectants, and the life well lived as an amateur stage. These suffering from the effects of navioseparation were cared for in the ship's hospital.

The bridge was a grand point of vantage for me to view the sporting activities on board, and I was amused at the vigour displayed and the determination shown to get fit before arriving home. A wide choice lay open to the passengers: I watched them engaged in various P.T., boxing, tennis, deck hockey, and various kinds of shooting.

We berthed at Pearl Harbour on October 20. The sky was of short duration, and liberty was confined to the dockyard. But the view of the beautiful countryside, the joy of seeing a fully-fledged Again, and the great attraction of a Hula dance on the flight deck all added to the pleasure of the call at this big American naval base. A wooden stage was erected, and early that evening we watched a genuine Hula production, until the island was lost in the mystery of the exotic dance.

Consolation for Ship's Company

Many were the interested of this peaceful voyage. The dentist was responsible for 206 tooth extractions, 12 scalings and one fractured jaw reduced and immobilized. The other responsible for the ladies might have been called the "Laundry Lieutenant," but he happened to be a poor, so we called him the "Dhobi Duke." It was strange to realize it was only three months since this ship was ploughing the ocean with the invention of war in the Pacific. Men who had been keeping watch on the bridge, searching the seas for enemy ships, torpedo tracks and periscopes, or scanning the sky for hostile aircraft, were now bent on avoiding rain squalls so that their guests could enjoy the fresh air of the flight deck.

One of the ship's officers gave me perhaps the best description of the feelings of the ship's company. He explained how H.M.S. Glory had come out here to join the Pacific Fleet. They had worked up for war and the war had ended, leaving them feeling flat and demoralized, though naturally not disappointed at the cessation of hostilities... and this repatriation trip, he said, was the finest consolation prize they could have had. They particularly relished the presentation of three silver bugles and a plaque by the Brigade to the ship. I have rarely witnessed such hospitality or seen such ready appreciation of it.
We Found Himmler's Buried Secrets

In the end the Gestapo chief died the victim to recover his most precious secrets. A slip, and the search party, a Czechoslovakian mountain patrol, would have blown it. L. S. B. Shapira, European Correspondent of Michan's Magazine, would have been blown to bits.

There were two components of the Gestapo: The diminutive southern private who drove the command car which held our little convoy through snow-covered Czech mountain passes, didn't like—did not like—me. He kept mumbling: "Helu dam—thirteen—'Yanis good." I smiled sarcastically at his superstition and looked for reassurance in the faces of my companions in the command car. Lieut. S. of the French Army's Dossier Bureau looked completely serious. Lieut. O. of the American Army Intelligence shrugged his shoulders and continued to peer over the muls of southern Bohemia.

Yet, there were thirteen of us. I figured it again as we lumbered and skidded over frozen roads. With Lieut. Wainman, Sr., a Signal Corps photographer, there were six of us in the command car. Two trucks and an air-compressor vehicle behind us each had a driver. That made eight. In the engineer car, which brought up the rear of the convoy, there were three engineers—Capt. Stephen Richards of Decorur, Georgia; Lieut. Taylor Fall of Kinosha, Wisc., and Lt. Philip Uphon of Chicago. That made eleven, and in the step of one of the trucks there were two more—Sgt. Vital of the French Army, guarding his prisoner, former Gestapo chief, and some, shcked Nazi. On a deserted stretch of road the convoy halted and Capt. Richards summoned us into a huddle.

"I can't tell you what this is all about, men," he said quietly. "All I can say is that it's a secret mission and it may be dangerous. Don't talk to the crew of this car, Lt. S. B. Shapira and I will come out of it. We'll be stopping in Prague. You all come tomorrow morning we'll tackle the job."

All Concerned Sworn to Secrecy

That night, in the snowdarkness and Czechoslovakia was an eminently friendly country. But was the war really over? No, quite. We were still struggling to win, the peace. In the Security Council of the United Nations, the nations with peace and eloquence. In Nuremberg the Allies sit in judgment on the Nazi. This, too, was an integral part of the struggle for peace. If light was shed on the horrible past we might be able to see ways of wisdom for the future.

Our little band was on a mission to shed light on the past. Somewhere in the snow Czech hills Heinrich Himmler, the Gestapo chief, had buried his most precious secrets so deep and protected them so lavishly that even in death he defied the victor to recover them and come away alive. Our job was to dig them out. The key lay in the hands of a S.S. prisoner whom none of us could trust.

As the convoy got under way again I climbed into the cab with Achenbach and heard from his lips the story that had disenchanted him on the mysterious journey. In early April 1945 Hitler's Reich was crumbling fast. From Lisbon to the Brenner the Nazi war machine was in chains. But there was still discipline in the ranks of the engineer regiment of Das Reich S.S. Division on duty south of Prague. Achenbach's command was ordered to find an obscure place far from the prying eyes of the Czech population and there to construct a deep shaft which could be covered over and hidden—if need be, forever. For three days and three nights work proceeded feverishly, and in the darkness of early morning of the fourth day two S.S. trucks accompanied by a squad of Gestapo agents rolled into the area.

Thirty-two heavy cases were deposited in the shaft, each being separately boundup with jute rope. Then the S.S. engineers wired the entrance doors of the shaft with the most powerful dynamite...and covered it as small an area. Fourteen hundred pounds of dynamite and half-dozen flyers were attached to detonators so designed that movement of a quarter of an inch would explode and blow the contents of the shaft. Only two diagrams of the shaft were drawn. One went to Reichskommissar Karl Hermann Frank, the Nazi overlord in Prague, the other to Himmler himself. All the men who worked on the job were sworn to secrecy. S.S. officers guaranteed Himmler that his documents were safe forever from unauthorized eyes. Together with the remnants of his division, Achenbach fled westward to the oncoming Russians. In May 1945 General Leclerc's French Army, advancing along the line of the Swiss frontier, picked him up an exhausted stuggler.

For months Achenbach lay in the wretched prison for S.S. officers and non-coms. near Munich. The French were severs with their prisoners. Remembering vividly the millions of starving Frenchmen in German prison camps, he vowed to the minute laid down by the Geneva Convention. For the hated S.S. their standards of treatment fell even lower. The French program was designed to break the spirit of these degraded Nazis. Ahrn fell sick on Achenbach. It was decided he should be allowed to return to his home in Germany. The months he held firm—and then he broke. In November he asked to speak to the camp commandant. The latter heard his story and summoned the Dossier Bureau, the newly formed French Intelligence service. After some weeks of intense question, Achenbach was brought to American Intelligence Headquarters at Frankfurt, accompanied by his guard, Sgt. Vital, and Lieut. O. of the Dossier Bureau.

Final arrangements were then made to send a secret mission into Czechoslovakia. Not even the Czechs were taken into the confidence of the French and Americans. It was felt that a tick of the finger by a loose Nazi or an undisclosed Czech collaboration might destroy forever Himmler's last secrets. True, a technical violation of Czech sovereignty was involved, but diplomatic embarrassment had to be risked in order to ensure success of the mission. It was more important to bring light into the dark history of Nazi methods than to make obeisance to international protocol. Thus it was that the expedition set out from Nuremberg on February 10 with the highest degree of secrecy.

He Moved Like a Man in a Traverse

Dawn was just breaking over Prague when our convoy rolled out of the sleeping city on February 11. We sped through the suburbs and along a magnificent highway hewn from the base of mountains on the west bank of the Moldau. A few farmers on the way to market eyed us curiously. Foreign military vehicles had been a strange sight in Czechoslovakia since December, when both the Russians and Americans withdrew their forces. Fifteen miles south of Prague we halted on the outskirts of a small resort town called Stechowice. Achenbach was transferred from a truck to the front seat of the command car. He was to be our guide. He bit his lips excitedly and directed the convoy across the Moldau bridge at Stechowice. We churned along country roads for five miles, then turned off onto a muddy cowpath. Luckily snow hadn't fallen here, and our rear wheels left a path across the bare fields. For two miles we penetrated into the heart of the city, a narrow space in thick fog. Suddenly the track began to widen and then fork. Here, Lieut. S. B. Shapira, Lieut. S. and O., three engineers, clambered out, and myself pushed through the thick fog. For one hundred yards we made our way through undergrowth so thick our faces and hands were scratched. Then we came upon a fast-running brook. We splashed up to our booted feet for another fifty yards. Here Achenbach stopped and surveyed the side of the ravine.
I Was There!

We went to Capt. Richards' cabin to change out of our torn clothes and to have something to eat. Captain Richards then took us down to the airplane and had the pilot take us back to the ship."I think it's here," Achenbach said, spreading his arms to encompass a six-foot area on the side of the ravine. "That's where his shovel was." The pilot landed the plane over the area and began to dig. After a few minutes of digging, he found a small metal box, approximately eight inches long and four inches wide, which contained a map, several documents, and a small notebook. The documents included a map of the area and a list of names and dates. The notebook contained a detailed account of the events leading up to the crash, including the names of the occupants and the circumstances of the crash. The pilot brought the items to the ship, where they were examined by the crew and the craft was later salvaged and brought back to the ship for study.

The next three hours were the most tense and probably most dangerous of any we had known, even in war. A snowstorm blew up and swept along the ravine. Achenbach stood by, red-eyed and pale, as Richards, Fothergill, and Urquhart propped the top of the shaft with mine detectors. The rest of us were helpless to do anything but watch.

Finally Richards made up his mind. "It's my birthday today," he said. "I've got to be lucky." How he divided that third board on the top of the shaft would be safe to remove. I'll never know. When I looked over his head, he was part instant, part luck and part knowledge of German booby triggering methods. In any case, he stepped up briskly, and while we watched breathlessly, he wedged up the third board and made an opening just wide enough for his hand to reach into the darkness behind the entrance doors. As it opened, the board was the only one which could have been removed without blowing up the whole mountain.

But that was only the beginning of perilous job. Richards now stretched
Cracking Himmler's Secret Cache in the Hills

AFTER 17 CORPS THAT WOULD HAVE DETONATED
explosives charges had been cut by Capt. Richard, a long section
striped was removed to the shaft shows 17 as wreaths blown off
by the sight of men removing the first of the 17 Corps. 12 is
scored in a number of places, but that shows and in
front of page 128.
Through Fire and Flood in Walcheren

Mrs. Margaret Hamersen, her Dutch husband and two children, were in the midst of the events that unfolded in Walcheren Island, a strategic location in the Netherlands. In her account, she provides an intimate look at life during World War II, detailing the resilience and courage of the Dutch people as they navigated through the chaos of war.

The first shock came at four o'clock in the morning of May 10, 1940, when the German planes started bombing the coast. The family was woken by the sound of engines. Herman (my husband) and I hurried to the window. In the gray light of the moon, we could see the ships and the coast covered with smoke and flames. Shells and bullets ripped through our basement and into our house. We looked mutely at each other, aware that our own little corner of the world was being shattered in this new Nazi treachery.

Events moved swiftly. Next day, many Dutch planes rose into the air from a cleared runway and moved up through Walcheren. And within a week of that first unprovoked German attack on our pleasant island, hundreds of German troops poured in from other parts of Holland. My husband spent energetic days in flushing out arrangements for getting us away. But it was hopeless. All the ships and boats had gone and we were trapped.

There was fierce fighting in some parts of the island. In dreadful apprehension we saw the French in disorderly retreat, leaving tanks, guns, equipment and hundreds of broken boats which they cut loose from their limbers and transporters. All Holland came under German occupation. As the days went by, our island was transformed into a grim fortress. The Germans constructed bunkers, emplacements, and the like, and the ruined windmills and windmills, covering them with concrete for their gun emplacements. The whole place stank with the smell of gas and the screams of the prisoners.

Our children were anxious to communicate with a German commander issued to all Dutch residents with their radio sets to be given up. If the Nazis caught you with a radio after that, you would be sent to a concentration camp.

January 1944 we were uncommonly lucky in having no German billeted on us, but then came the demand for a friend of my husband to come to the house. He was a civil servant, a member of the underground movement, and had received warning that he was on the German’s black list and about to be arrested. He would only turn up if his friend would come to the house and stay there from one night to five or six, to protect him from our scanty rationing. The fact that various friends were frequently visiting us helped to keep him from being found.

Calm Terror Behind Locked Doors

However, all went well enough until a day in June, which lingered like a nightmare in my memory. Hilbertradt was in the bathroom, the children playing about the house, and I was at work in the kitchen when, without ceremony, the back door was flung open and three Gestapo stools in. It was a great shock, but I managed to ask politely what they wanted. "Where is your husband?" one demanded. I said I was at the office of the Executive Bureau at Middelburg. "You know where he is," they said. I answered that I did not know where he was. It was his own business. "The Gestapo is looking for a German commander who issued to all Dutch residents with his radio set to be given up. If you have one, you will be arrested.

The Gestapo locked the doors and sat about the room. They searched the house. They pulled everything out of drawers and cupboards and, generally, turned the place upside-down. From room to room they went, sweeping the walls and stripping the furniture, just in case someplace they came to know there was too well.

For one short period they kept me in a room where they believed I could do nothing to interfere, but this happened to give me a chance. We had a next-door neighbour and friend, Myntje Mul, who helped me to send messages to our local underground movement. Our friend’s wife was in the back of her house and by peepoing through the window in the direction of Middelburg, I conveyed a hint she had already alarmed the Gestapo men, was quick to appreciate. She told her husband that something was wrong, and he set off on a bicycle mission to warn Herman.

Naturally I thought that Hilbertradt would be able to break the situation and would rescue one of the recusers; in either of the hideouts under the attic floor he might have been safe. When these were closed there was no indication of them, and the Gestapo never discovered them nor the hidden radio set, otherwise events would have taken an even more tragic turn. And so I had no qualms when the Germans flung open the
bathroom door, but a moment later, guttural voices announced the capture of the fugitive. Hillemarts had staved them, fearful of being caught by making a move up the attic. That brought the search to an end, and so far as we knew, the family and documents were kept.

The young Dutchman was taken direct to goal, first stage of a career that was destined to end in an early death through maltreatment in a German concentration camp. When the prisoner of the Gestapo was picked up by car in the Eevacuation Rua in Hilverdoren where they arrested others out of the bicycle, and before our neighbour could give our husband a good goodbye and their visit to our home. Means
time, I was left with the task of putting the house straight, and worried as to what reprisals the Germans would most probably adopt toward us.

I learned later what happened at the office. My husband was quite in the dark about it all when the Gestapo came for him, and preserved our secrets in spite of being stroke repeatedly in the face during a long grilling. The only definite charge they could make against him was that a Dutch fugitive had been found in the house, but they could not prove that he knew the young man was on the German’s wanted list. That evening a priest who saw Herman in the Middelburg jail smuggled out a note which informed our family that the Gestapo was looking for us as well as for the Janssens. We were anti-Nazi and had suggested the search.

I did not know until long afterwards that Herman was kept at the notorious concentration camp at Amersfoort, from which many hundreds of Dutch people were sent to death camps in Germany. They all believed he would be taken out and shot. I was under the impression that the Gestapo wanted him to resume the usual grim camp routine.

We were too busy to pay any attention to the children, yet the German never broke his promise. When they began to use a small radio set which they believed we were anti-Nazi, Herman secretly put in a wire order and listened to B.B.C. broadcasts to cheer his fellow prisoners. He read summary execution, but was not discovered because after each secret use of the set he dismantled it and left it in a seemingly useless wreck on the rubbish dump.

The Allied forces on the European continent, after the departure of the British, started advancing rapidly across Europe. On October 3, American and British armies entered the town of Wincham, and dropped leaflets warning the Dutch populace to expect the Americans. The bombers were over the coast dropping delayed action bombs for a week. Westkapelle.

The sea poured through and many Germans were drowned, and the price that had to be paid for liberation. A week after the B.A.F. came again. The

enjoyed and began shelling the island. The end of fire and flood ended interminable fires. Sunday until the following Thursday morning. Time and again shells came screaming over our roof, and even one house after another collapsed under direct hits.

All the windows of my house were broken by blast, the upholstery under the stairs was flooded, so that I could not put the children inside; I only turned the gun into action I sat with them on a lounge, and each time a shell screamed over, made them both their hands under the stairs. Some former neighbours came from a house they occupied in a safer area and urged me to leave my house and join them, I agreed, but after making preparations I dared not retreat but owing to renewed shelling. But later, that night, during a loud barrage, I returned home. Ronse and Linsa on the top, well protected against the cold. I removed and wearing my long, fur coat, I set off along the road pushing the pram. A strong tide brought the sea rushing through the front door in the Nolse Dike, and the cold water swept round my ankles. On lower ground the sea went wild high, and to the top of the pram, so that only the blankets and the children were above water. I had to get Ronse and Linsa to that distant dwelling where my Dutch friends were sheltering. There were times when I despised. My fur coat became saturated, and in dragging weight added to my distress. Presumably, the water reached an hour or two afterwards my own house reached a two-story building.

Liberation came at the end of November. Tank landing craft came through the Nolse Dike on the tide, and the Germans were cleared from the sand dunes after desperate shelling. British tanks rumbled over the island at low water, and as the only English-born woman there I welcomed the first troops on behalf of the Dutch side. I was the liberated in May 1945, and we had a joyful reunion with the Allies.

NEW FACTS

The battle for Wincham Island, in the early days of November 1944, involving the breaching of dikes and flooding, was the scene of a dramatic battle for the possession of a million and a half tons of grain. When two trains of the Royal Navy, Government for the reformation of the Royal Navy (two), etc. The German Army of children, the prisoners of war, including the capture of Wincham. See story above.

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FIGURES
From Ceylon to Learn Our Farming Craft

BRITAIN'S FOOD-RAISING ACHIEVEMENTS DURING THE WAR have attracted Empire students to the Institute of Agriculture at Uxbridge, in Buckinghamshire, where these girls from Ceylon are gaining experience that will fit them to become interpreters when they return home of the services of women in the fields. It is believed that the farm work will of course give the girls the practical training needed to take advantage of any opportunities of employment already brought within their reach, and that the girls will be none the worse for the change. How they will adapt themselves when they return to Ceylon will be an interesting test of their training and of the efficiencies with which Federation leaders believe that women can be trained for farm work.