PRIVATE WOJTEK OF THE POLISH ARMY is "on the strength" of the 21st Artillery Supply Corps. He does not really require of this "setting down" but at least this shows him a part of the war since they adopted him as a gift to Russia by allowing them to raise certain Dyakos, the men of the Polish troops through North Africa, Sicily and Italy and in Normandy. His favourite position is wrestling with his friends.

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

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GENERAL VON MACKENSEN, charged with the responsibility for the sequence of 208 Italian prisoners in March 1944, was sentenced to be shot by a British War Crimes Court in Rome on Dec. 1, 1944. He is seated at the back of the court, behind defence counsel at the left of the table.

H.M.S. PUFFIN (at left), her bows damaged after ramming a German U-boat in the North Sea, was tied up for repairs at Mersin, near Turkey, where three hundred Italian prisoners of war were casualties on board that vessel. She was one of the很重要 naval vessels.

MODEL OF ROOSEVELT STATUE, by Mr. William Reid Dick. The famous sculpture will be ready for unveiling on April 12, 1949, the third anniversary of Mr. Franklin Roosevelt's death, by Lord Winne, page 570. The project was suggested by the late Sir Selwyn Lloyd, who wrote: 'It is in the memory of his services in this country, where he was made familiar to the touch of Western heroes.'

METAL PARTS OF MULBERRY HARBOUR are being cut up at Southampton for scrap. Each of these sections weighed 1,000 to 1,500 tons. The sections included much iron, steel, and concrete and formed the basis of the dockland-creating operation.

AT NASSAU, BAHAMAS, this memorial (right) to Allied crews reported missing from Rising operations in the Bahamas-Nassa being the westernmost Allied cutting point on the northern Atlantic. The marker was unveiled in 1949. The site was chosen because it was the site of a British War Graves Cemetery in the Bahamas.
Great Stories of the War Retold

The First Attack by British Parachutists

By A. J. Wilson

On February 10, 1941, a small band of determined men dropped by parachute from an R.A.F. aircraft through a stiletto sky in southern Italy. Their mission was to demolish an important airfield not too far away. It was a foray into the lonely border country between the provinces of Campagna and Apulia, in the light of the great Allied airborne operations which were to follow, this small raid had already been forgotten. But on this cold, clear winter's night, amid snow-capped mountains, these men rode history—they were the first British airborne troops to go into action in the Second Great War.

The operation was only partly successful. The damage done to the aerodrome had a negligible effect on the course of the war in the Mediterranean, and the gallant parachutists finished up in prisoner camps. They did not, however, lose their liberty in vain. This first practical experiment in the employment of British parachute troops showed the extent to which the joint work of the Army and R.A.F. had developed within a few months, and it laid the foundations for that co-operation between the two Services which led to such epic events as the hop over the West Wall on D-Day, the Arnhem operation and the airborne landings on the east bank of the Rhine.

Only eight months before, on June 12, 1940, the Prime Minister, Mr. Churchill, had given instructions to his Chief of Staff for the training of a "corps of at least 5,000 parachute troops." Major J. F. Rock, Royal Engineers, was given charge of the military organization; and shortly afterwards the Central Landing Establishment, cradle of British airborne forces, was formed under the command of a R.A.F. officer, Group Captain L. S. E. Tyrrell, D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C., and Wing-Commander Sir Nigel Gresley, G.B.E., C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C.

What the Target Meant to Italy

All through the summer and autumn rigorous training went on. It was the R.A.F., more than any other service, that gave the equipment, to evolve the methods of dropping, and to develop the necessary technique. Meanwhile, the Army studied the equipment necessary for fighting on the ground and the weapons and tactical training of the parachute troops. Special training for commandos and a sufficient number of troops had been trained to high marks of accuracy to make a successful operation possible. Targets were considered, and it was decided that the blow should be against the Italian aerodrome near Monte Vulture—1,800 miles from Britain.

The strategic importance of the aerodrome to the Italians was considerable. A landing by the British paratroops and provided important relevant data. The destruction was obviously too big for ground forces, as precision bombing had not then been sufficiently developed to give a reasonable chance of hitting it at its vital points. Spanning a small stream, the Tragino, the aerodrome carried the main water supply for the whole of the province of Apulia, with its thousands of industrial, dockyard and armament factories workers in Taranto, Brindisi, Foggia and Bari.

It must be remembered that at this time Mussolini was making his biggest military effort in North Africa and in Alabans. From the operation behind the enemy's lines were successful, the people in the heel of Italy might well be deprived of their regular water supply for a month, and their work and production be seriously disrupted. It was also calculated to have a considerable effect on the morale of the Italian, who at that time never dreamed that the war would involve any fighting on their soil.

Such was the enthusiasm of the men of the Central Landing Establishment, when they heard that the first "real show" was being planned that they rushed to volunteer. Seven officers and 37 other ranks were selected. Major T. A. C. Pritchard was given command of the force, which was divided into two parties, one of engineers under the command of Captain G. F. K. Dalby to carry out the actual demolition, and the other a covering party under Lieutenant A. J. Deane-Drummond, M.C. Malta was the obvious choice for a base, and on February 1, the night before the second flight to the island in a Sunderland flying boat to make preparations, taking with him the equipment and maintenance staff.

Men "Spilled Out" at 400 Feet

Meanwhile, there were three weeks of rehearsals in England under the supervision of Major Rock and Wing-Commander Nigel Norman. Six Whitley aircraft were prepared for the transportation of the troops, and two were more detailed for a bombarding diversion on the railway yards at Foggia. A large-scale landscape model of the area was built, and airmen and troops familiarized themselves with every feature.

To the parachutists the operation seemed from the start to be a "one-way trip," but the plan did include provision for their re-embarkation. Demolition completed, the men were to endeavour to make their way on foot across country to the Gulf of Salerno, on the west coast where, at the mouth of the River Sele, H. M. Submarine Triumph would await live nights later to pick them up. So, as daylight began to fade on February 7, the parachute crew set out. The parachute troopers filed into their places in the Whitleys, and the aircraft took off for the 1,400 miles flight to Malta. The R.A.F. pilots and crews did their job with characteristic accuracy and efficiency. Their route took them over hostile territory, and long periods they flew in bad weather, navigating in low plutonium, but they ran to schedule. And early next morning the party had landed safely in Malta.

Here, Lieutenant Deane-Drummond had his work cut out. Bad weather prevented air photographs of the target being taken, but the day after the arrival of the main force Flying-OFFICER A. W. Warburton, D.S.O., D.F.C., flew over the area in a Glen Martin and secured some good pictures. This was considered to make a successful operation possible. On the morrow, the Italian, who at that time never dreamed that the war would involve any fighting on their soil.

OVER THE TRAGINO, this was the expected, kill; with reinforced concrete air was demolished the water-supply of the heel of Italy.
who was to have a rigde side view of the operation he had helped to plan. It was a glorious night, with a full moon and stars above patches of white cloud. The sea was clear of mist, and as the Italian coast was approached the snow-capped ridges of the Apennines could be seen in the distance. As the Whites were in the pilots and navigators could pick out every feature and landmark, looking exactly like the landscape model they had used in their training.

First aircraft over the target arrived at 9.42 a.m., and from 400 feet the first British skyman made his jumps, the containers, with the explosives and other equipment, floating down with them. The drop was a good one, the men landing from 50 to 250 yards from their objective. Four other Whites followed, setting their load of men and containers in the area. Their aim was a little less accurate than the first, some of the men landing in a dry river bed, but the farthest was not more than three-quarters of a mile away, and very soon they had all made contact with Major Pritchard. Of the sixth Whitley there was no sign. This was a serious blow, for the missing aircraft contained Captain Daly and his party of skilled engineers who were to set the explosives.

Torrents of Water in the Ravine

Pritchard, meanwhile, gave the order for collecting the containers. They were fairly widely scattered and the lights on some of them had gone out. Pritchard decided that his men should have some assistance in their search, and the parachutists, auspiciously knocked up a nearby farmhouse and ordered its 12 inhabitants to help. Obviously these Italian peasants conformed to the English under the weather conditions, and the containers of explosives were missing, and it was thought that they had been sent forward to the enemy. The aircraft drifted down to the searing torrents, and Pritchard ordered Second-Lieutenant C. W. Patterson, another engineer, and Captain Capon to prepare for the demonstration of the second batch of explosives.

Great Storms of the World Retold

Paterson decided to concentrate all his explosive against the western pier and its abutment. Six hundred and forty pounds were stacked against the pier and 160 pounds against the abutment. The charges were put into place by Lance-Corporal Watson, the Italian peasants being hounded into some nearby farm buildings, and shortly after midnight all was ready. At 12.30 a.m. the main charge was fired. A great explosion shattered the countryside and reverberated through the mountains. A moment later the bridge over the stream also went up, large pieces being tossed on to the roof of the neighbouring farmhouse.

A few minutes later Pritchard and Paterson set out to inspect the damage. They found that the pier had collapsed and the waterway it supported broken in two. Already the water was pouring over the debris and beginning to flood the ravine.

Ironically, the roar of the explosion reached the ears of Daly and his engineers in the next valley. Their aircraft had lost its way...and eventually arrived, three-quarters of an hour late and slightly off course. On hearing the explosion there was nothing for it but to start their trek for the front—and the expected submarine.

Pritchard and his men now set about clearing the faces westwards towards the rendezvous. First they threw away their heavy equipment. In three parties they made their way up a mountain, skirting the snow-line in a wooded valley, where they had all next day. Night they reached the River Site and climbed one of its bridges submerged. They had planned to spend the daylight in what their maps showed to be a small wood on the summit of the Cesna d’Gallo—"The Cock’s Comb. Higher and higher they climbed up the mountain in search of the wood, until they found themselves trudging through the snow which capped the peaks. They failed to find the wood, and at dawn they went to earth near the summit, some lying down to rest in the shelter of a cave, others huddling as best they could behind boulders and tree stumps.

Surely the terrors of the snow did not stop them from their job. On the other hand, the engineers, over a rough bridge to the ingenuity, and here they had their starting point. The path was one of mossy, as they had been to believe, but of reinforced concrete, presenting a much more difficult proposition, particularly with two containers of explosives short.

A We’re a Surprise for the Duce!

By a piece of craft, one of the two Whitleys which had been detailed to bomb Naples—not the one carrying Wing-Commander Nigel Norman—developed serious engine trouble. The pilot, who knew nothing about Tumbra’s intended part in the operation, sent out a wireless message saying that he was about to make a forced landing and asked permission to land. It was obvious that his signal would be picked up by the enemy, and as a result the mission was not. The High Command decided that the risk was too great in view of the very close possibility of a successful re-embarkation, and the submarine was withdrawn.

The Italians managed to repair their aerobatic before its damage had any appreciable effect on the town’s supply. The damage to Milan was moderate, much greater. Alarm spread throughout the town, and panic. The troops which were penned at strategic points, aerial raid precautions were tightened up, and the whole area was cleared of civilians.

Wing-Commander Nigel Norman, whose aircraft made a successful attack on the Veglia railway yards, paid a great tribute to the courage of the paratroopers. When he arrived back in England, “I shall always remember those soldiers. Their efficiency and wonderful spirit of the men we dropped and the way they put into their aircraft singing a song with rather special words, the refrain of which was “Oh, we’re a surprise for the Duce, the Duce!”...They certainly were—and by no means the last.”
IN THE RUINS OF COVENTRY CATHEDRAL, on the evening of Nov. 14, 1946, representatives of all denominations attended a service commemorating the sixth anniversary of its destruction by German bombs. The service closed with an act of rededication in the Chapel of St. Michael, in which the Bishop placed the famous silver cross of charred timber taken from the Cathedral on the night of Nov. 14/15, 1940. Gifts to the fund for the reconstruction of the Cathedral have risen to £2,093,000.
Hirohito is Now a ‘Mixer’ in the New Japan

HE RULED JAPAN AS THE SON OF HEAVEN, but since the Allied Occupation of his native country had two years ago the Emperor Hirohito abdicated his throne, the people of Japan have been seeing more of their former ‘Mixer’ than ever before. Formerly the royal couple rarely appeared in public and in mourning used a closed vehicle. In November 1945 he visited a grain-producing centre and was received by a local band. The Emperor and Empress have also shown considerable interest in an exhibit at the Chubuken Agricultural Experimental Station, and watched farm workers cultivating the paddy fields. PAGE 350
Homes and Activities in Our Zone in Germany

LIVING CONDITIONS of the civilian population of Steinsfelde were inspected, in October 1946, by Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir Henry Douglas (centre), Commander of the British Forces. Cold War between the Marshal and a woman who for three years has lived in a former warehouse, now a bomb shelter, is appreciated by RAF and civilian alike. The Marshal is shown in conversation with a girl whose father is in charge with a German boy looking against the shadow of concrete (the latter a necessary precaution against bombings).

The body of a heavy lover (i) solves the country problem for a number of local girls, who are sent for instruction in a geography lesson (i) given by a local chaplain (i). The former are members of the Coastal and Fishing Services Reel, part of which can be seen (i) in the background. The Marshal (i), on 17 July 1946, to Air Vice-Marshal Hugh Widdicombe, Commandant, the Military Governor of Esternburg, Hamburg.

Photo: Roberts, P.C. / Official General
From Active Service to Imperial War Museum

RELICS NOW DISPLAYED in the well-known building in the Limehouse Road, London—first of a display of relics from the war in the air. On Nov. 31, 1940, after having been visualised in the Oct. 1, 1940, issue, the following was printed: 'A fighter plane, footage of a Lancaster bomber, and a picture of the fighter plane that was flown to the defence of Boudoir during the attack of the German bomber fighters and the other three enemy raiders. On part of the bombarding, ready to be released for the raid, is the following: 1. German new-class submarine, the German new-class submarine, now in the possession of the Royal Navy, as a result of which counter-attack, more German human has been disabled. 2. The picture of the fighter plane that was flown to the Boudoir to attack the German bombers. 3. The picture of the Lancaster bomber, now in the possession of the Royal Air Force. 4. The picture of the German new-class submarine, now in the possession of the Royal Navy.'
Under Repair in Australia's Captain Cook Dock

H.M.A.S. SHROPSHIRE, presented by the Royal Navy to the Royal Australian Navy in 1940 to replace the lost Canberra, was the first cruiser to enter the Captain Cook Dock. She left the dock on 9th June, 1941, bound for Sydney. The first phase of the work was the removal of the ship's machinery. The deck was cleared of deckhouse, and the machinery was removed, and the machinery was then to be replaced by a new one. The second phase was the installation of the new machinery. The third phase was the refitting of the ship. The work was completed on 9th June, 1941.
HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS

H.M.S. Manxman


Records of the Regiments: 1939–1945

The Buffs

By Authority of the Colonel of the Buffs, Major-General the Honourable P. G. Scarlett, C.B., C.M.G.

In 1939, the 1st Battalion returned to Palestine at the end of 1939. The 2nd was at Pembroke Dock and had been temporarily turned into a Pioneer Battalion. The one Territorial Battalion, the 4th/5th, had been expanded into two, the 4th and the 5th Battalions. The Territorial Battalions had been mobilized for the period 1939–40 first, the 2nd Battalion was one of the first to disembark in France landing about the middle of September 1939. It was employed as Corps Troops with the 1st Corps to April 1940, when it resumed its role as a Battalion of the Line and joined the 31st Infantry Brigade of the 4th Division.

The 4th Battalion left for France in November 1939 and was split up into separate companies employed on duties in connection with the lines of communication. The 5th Battalion was sent to France in April 1940 with the object of help in the new defensive systems being formed part of the wider sector to hold and with practically no antitank weapons to support it, the 5th was over-run and a large number of officers, including the C.O., and Other Ranks became casualties—killed, wounded or prisoners.

The 4th was hastily collected together from its lines of communication duties and moved up to assist the French in their efforts to stem the German break-through in its last stages. The Battalion fought gallantly, but suffered from lack of sufficient artillery support and from practically no air support. It found itself on the left of the 51st Division and narrowly escaped that Division's fate. It did, in fact, lose the best part of two of its Companies, but the remainder of the Battalion managed to withdraw to Chворот and was then evacuated to England. During its spell of active operations it had managed to collect the Quartermaster and 30 Other Ranks of the 5th Battalion who had escaped when over-run.

In 1941 the 1st Battalion had its first experience of active service during the Second Great War. Forming part of a Guards Brigade it took part in the attempt to relieve Leeborg in June 1941, and captured Capetown. Its C.O. was killed; otherwise it suffered few casualties and had the satisfaction of taking a number of prisoners. Later on in the year it joined the 5th Brigade of the 4th Indian Infantry and took part in General Auchinleck's offensive of November–December 1941.

After some successful actions, on December 14 the 1st Battalion was told to hold on at all costs to the position known as Point 294. The Germans, attacking heavily on that day, were held off, with the aid of magnificent support from the 6th Field Gun, R.A. and 12 tanks, but they attacked in greater strength, with considerable armoured forces and with support from dive-bombers, on the following day. The Gunners fought to the last round and the Regiment was proud in their praise, but they were unable to prevent the advance of the German armoured forces, and the 1st
The battalion was insufficiently equipped to do more than knock out some of the German tanks; but the enemy infantry suffered very heavy casualties. Although the battalion and its supporting Gunners were overrun and driven out of their positions, they were unable to pursue their object of a breakthrough on account of their casualties.

The C.O. of the Regiment was wounded and taken prisoner, and of the 550 of all ranks who had started the battle only the Quarter-master and 38 Other Ranks answered Roll Call that evening; but leave parties, officers and men temporarily attached to other units, and wounded who had been evacuated during the early stages of the fighting, made up the number to over 100. The battalion was in action for 23 hours during the siege, and in 1942 became a Support Battalion of an Armoured Brigade.

The only other battalion to see service during 1941 was the 4th, which was in Malta throughout the siege. The 7th Battalion, during 1941, was selected for conversion into a unit of the R.A.C., but kept its connexion with the Regiment until the end of the war.

In 1942 the 2nd Battalion sailed with the 44th Division and landed in Egypt shortly after the retreat to El Alamein. It took part in the battle of Brette Ridge, when Rommel attacked; the C.O. was wounded and there were other casualties. The 1st Battalion, in pursuit of conversion to its new role as a support Battalion, had sent up some of its anti-tank guns to help in the initial withdrawal to El Alamein, and if fought with the 18th Armoured Division when we took the offensive.

After El Alamein had become a definite success the 1st Battalion followed up and were well to the fore throughout, first in one Division then in another. They were among the first to re-enter Mesa Mairu, served later in the 1st Armoured Division, and then again in the 7th Armoured Division. The 4th Division was withdrawn and subsequently disbanded, so the 2nd Battalion found itself out of the line and moved back into Egypt and later into Iraq and Persia.

The 5th Battalion again went on active service. It formed part of the 36th Infantry Brigade of the 7th Division which took part in the original landing in North Africa in November 1941, and together with one other Infantry Brigade and an Armoured Brigade constituted what was then known as the 1st Army, in reality hardly a Division, engaged in the race for Tunis. The 5th Battalion with the 7th Division, and the 1st Battalion in the 1st and later the 7th Armoured Division, were thus fighting towards each other, the one in the 1st Army, the other in the 8th.
The Buffs: Feared in Italy, Admired in Malta

Along the road to Florence in July 1944 the 5th Battalion pursued the enemy, not always with progress as swiftly as in this (top) official photograph, for heavy demolitions and sticky mines were frequently encountered. The 5th Battalion was welcomed in Malta throughout the week, in many localities the streets were lined with residents waving from windows and balconies. Returning from the Italian front, the Battalion arrived at the home-front to public welcome at "Marching Orders."
continued to see much hard fighting in the advance of the 8th Army to El Alamein, and were part of the force attached to the New Zealanders under General Freyberg, which carried out its famous turning movement of the Mareth position at El Hamma. The 5th was the battle responsible for the first capture of Longstop Hill in the 1st Army's memorable campaign.

A new phase of the war had arrived with the clearing of North Africa. Malta was relieved and the task of the 4th Battalion came to an end. The 5th Battalion with the 78th Division did not take part in the initial landing in Sicily, but were landed later during that campaign and saw much hard and successful fighting, particularly at Centuripe. As part of the 78th Division they subsequently landed on the east coast of Italy and fought their way up to the River Sangro. The 1st Battalion saw no further action during 1943, but were withdrawn for training and re-equipment and became part of a Levied Infantry Brigade.

The 4th were sent on the ill-fated expedition to Corsica in the late autumn of 1943, but on the voyage suffered grievous casualties. Many of the men on board were lost when the German merchantmen they were transporting were sunk by U-boats. The voyage was not yet over and the only survivors were killed when the ship was then found. The 4th Battalion was awarded the Distinguished Service Order for its part in the operations.

The 5th Battalion was sent to Italy as part of the 2nd Armoured Division, and saw much hard and successful fighting. It was involved in the fighting at Ancerni, and was part of the 2nd Armoured Division, which was involved in the heavy fighting at Castelforte. The 5th Battalion landed at Naples and was sent on to take part in the landing at Anzio and was there throughout the occupation of the bridgehead. Later, the 1st Battalion took part in the advance up central Italy and were among the first to cross the River Arno in the vicinity of Florence. The 78th Division was withdrawn from the Line for a short period of training in Syria and returned to the battle later in the year. The 1st Battalion was also withdrawn when the 1st Armoured Division was withdrawn to the Adriatic coast. It then belonged, was disbanded.

At the end of 1944 and the beginning of 1945 the 1st Battalion returned to active operations once more. The 5th Battalion was still with the 78th Division, and both Battalions took part in the hard and successful fighting which finished the Italian campaign.

After the army group facing Field Marshal Alexander had surrendered, the 5th Battalion, as part of the 78th Division, was moved into Austria and spent a hectic period trying to sort things out, and then moved to France and the Trieste area, and later moved to Greece.

In 1944 the 2nd Battalion moved from Persia and Iran to India, where it underwent intensive training in preparation for Burma. Early in 1945 the 2nd moved into Burma along the Ledo route and after a period of much hard marching in extremely difficult conditions faced the enemy fighting against the Japanese in the River Chindwin area and eventually succeeded in crossing the river and establishing a bridge-head, but it was not practicable to support the bridge-head properly and to expand it, and the troops who had crossed over were withdrawn after suffering heavy casualties. Later they succeeded successfully, and then followed the enemy southwards coming out on the plains of Makki. Subsequently the 2nd was withdrawn to India, and trained for the projected invasion of Malaya. The Japanese surrendered before this took place, and the Battalion was moved to Malaya and then to Java.

So ended the war as far as the Regiment was concerned. Two battalions in Italy and Austria, one in Malaya, but (unlike the First Great War) none in France or Flanders—except the 141 R.A.C. (formerly the 5th Buffs) which formed part of the 79th Armoured Division and, equipped with flame-throwing tanks, fought in separate squadrons with considerable success. The 8th Battalion was sent into medium artillery in 1942, and 1943, and spent most of the war in the Middle East. Unfortunately it lost its identity as a battalion of Buffs during this period. The 11th became a Light Anti-Aircraft Regiment, fought on the Continent and managed to retain its connexion. So, although none of the battalions proper of the Regiment were represented in France, Flanders, or Germany, the original 7th, 8th and 11th were all there. The 9th and 11th became Training Battalions and did not see active service.
Main landing beach of British forces on June 6, 1944, Annemanches (1) has been renamed Port Winston, and the village (background) is on the way to resuming its status as a holiday resort. Eastwards, at Rumieres, the shell-damaged church steeple (2) is under repair, the main street is now known as Rue de Royal Berkshire Regiment, and beside a German gun villagers have erected a temporary memorial (3) to Gen. Paul Mathew, U.S.A., who led Canadians in the assault.
In the Footsteps of the Invasion Army

With memories of the dead harvest of yester-year, German P.O.W. (1) plough rich Normandy land that their countrymen oversaw near Villers le Sec. As war left it in June 1944 remains, Hill 135, near Epoisy (2) - smashed tanks of the Royal Scots Greys stand rusting. A still living link (3) with the invasion is the Bayeux T.M.C.A., where locally stationed troops are yet served with tea by Hilda Wellman (right) of Norwich, who supplied the D-Day soldiers.

—Where Time has Stood Still in Normandy

Hinge of the great break-through, Caen (4) shows scant sign of recovery. Few shops are open and a little business is transacted in the ghostly streets (see also this page 160). A few miles from the beaches is a statue of Envo (5). Envoled by No. 179 Special Field Guy., R.E., on April 23, 1944, at the junction of the roads to Bayeux, Verneville and Caen, it remains to mark a spot which most troops passed while fighting in the bridge-head.
The Peace that Came at Last When Battle Passed

Eighteen miles from Caen, with Normandy’s Bayeux Cathedral as background (1), white crosses are spaced in simple dignity. Here, on All Saints’ Day (Nov. 1), comes to reverent homage a procession from the town, to place flowers—on the last occasion to the value of over 62,000. Even the children “remember” the great sacrifice (2). Within sound of the sea which the Germans dared them to cross is the cemetery at Bernaveille (3), where every grave has been adopted by a French citizen.
Our Empire's Proud Share in Victory

SOLOMONS AND OTHER PACIFIC ISLANDS

By HARLEY V. USILL

It was in the Solomon Islands that so much of the crucial fighting against the Japanese took place. In fact, the largest Solomon Island of all, Guadalcanal, was the scene of the turning point in the Pacific War. The British Solomon Islands Protectorate consists of a double row of mountainous islands, extending from Bougainville Straits to More Island in the Santa Cruz Group, and north and south from the Ontong Java Group to Kennedy Island, which was leased to the United States in 1923 to be 94,000. Before 1914, it was virtually unknown to the Solomon, although there was an armed Naval Constabulary about 1898.

When Japanese invasion was threatened, the Resident Commissioner was told to evacuate all Government officers except such members of the District Administration as might be necessary to staff the coast-watching and intelligence service, and for the control of the native population. The officers who remained, with the few native police under them, performed a service out of all proportion to their small numbers, and their work provided one of the outstanding epics of the war.

Each Administrative Officer was given a commissioned rank in the Defence Force, and together they proceeded to organize a virtual resistance movement. The plans for coast-watching had been worked out before the war, but owing to the lack of wireless apparatus they were not until early 1942, when a medium-powered station was set up in Malaita, that station then operated by a small party of radio operators, operating small transmitters in the various islands of the Group.

The Japanese started to move into the Solomons at the beginning of May 1942, but in spite of the occupation of the more important parts of the Islands the coast watchers kept up administration. They stimulated morale and taught the Islanders the technique of non-co-operation; they made every effort to frustrate the Japanese by establishing food dumps and routes for sending messages, and to slow, and in some cases stop, their advance. High Command American landed at Guadalcanal, in August, they were able to give them accurate information of the movements of the Japanese ships and aircraft. Wherever the Americans moved they felt they were among friends, whereas the Japanese were constantly first in the heat of the enemy.

Coast-Watching Radio Station

These Administrative Officers—Berg theon on Malaita, Foreman on San Cristobal, Williams on Yanukets, Clinton on Guadalcanal and Kennedy in the Western Solomons—and the subsequent success of the campaign must be credited. When all did so well it is perhaps in part to the determined, in particular, but the work of Kennedy and Clinton will serve as example of the tasks performed by these District Officers and the loyal Solomon Islanders.

After the occupation of Tulagi and Guadalcanal by Japanese forces, Kennedy stationed himself behind the enemy lines in Vangunu Island, in the New Georgia Group, and set out his coast-watching tele-radio station. When the Americans arrived in both these places he was able to give them regular warnings of the approach of enemy aircraft. He organized, and led personally, offensive patrols equipped with captured Japanese weapons at a time when it was impossible for him to obtain arms from Allied sources. It was Kennedy's information, in October 1942, that enabled the Americans to drive off a large Japanese force at a time when it was impossible for him to obtain arms from Allied sources.

LOYAL SOLOMON ISLANDERS under Capt. Clemen, Administrative Officer on Guadalcanal, during the Japanese Occupation carried out an effective patrols and did invaluable intelligence work in preparation for U.S. landings. Their services were out of all proportion to their numbers.

Bombing the Japanese positions at Guila, making them give behind 92,000 guards of aviation spirit. In December, information from the American destroyers and three cargo vessels arrived in Guadalcanal from Solomon Islands. He and his men particularly distinguished themselves in jungle fighting, and many parties of Japanese were ambushed and killed through their efforts.

In a similar manner Clemen was operating on Guadalcanal. When the Americans landed, in August 1942, he organized a Services Battalion, and in New Georgia a Labour Corps was also formed and was involved in the landings. He also had in charge the landings and discharge of cargo vessels, construction and maintenance of sluices, docks, and bridges, erection of telephone lines and the operation of small auxiliary vessels carrying supplies to outlying areas.

Six natives of the Treasury Islands in the Bougainville Group, serving in the Solomon Islands Defence Force, went ashore with the first wave of New Zealanders when the Japanese attack was repulsed. The story of the battle of November 6-10, 1942, will be told in detail in a later issue of the Times. It is the story of the New Zealanders' division, which held its line against the Japanese, and the New Hebrides Defence Force which was moved to Manoora Island, and the New Hebrides Defence Force was moved to Manoora Island, which was the scene of the battle of November 6-10, 1942.

Outposts on the Farthest Fringe

Another valuable contribution of the Solomon Islanders was the use they made of the native canoe—longer of the banana plant—of the small traps and native weapons which the enemy used to attack native villages. When the Japanese were driven off, the Islanders were able to return to their homes and to resume their normal way of life.

Still another important contribution of the Islanders was the use they made of the native canoe—longer of the banana plant—of the small traps and native weapons which the enemy used to attack native villages. When the Japanese were driven off, the Islanders were able to return to their homes and to resume their normal way of life.

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In Europe's Wartime Capitals in 1946

BELGRADE

By PAUL TABORI

Maintained that the Tito regime was still worried about hostile elements. The first seemed to be nearer to the truth, as the regime is certainly firmly established and its enemies, if not annihilated, are largely driven underground.

The other special feature of Belgrade at the time of the visit was the incredible number of processions and parades taking place throughout the day. Many were for the Saints, the processions could be heard from a distance. The Saint's and Tito's proclivities were a-dozzen such processions weaved their way through narrow streets, became entangled and had much difficulty in extricating themselves. However, the Saint's and Tito's processions did not disturb them, nor lack of food and shelter.

Shops Surprisingly Well Stocked

As regards food, Belgrade is well provided — at least for the foreigner who can afford to pay. Since April 1945 U.N.R.R.A. help has been pouring into the country; 600,000 tons of wheat alone were brought in between April and November of that year, and 10,000 trucks and cars — about 5,000 more than Yugoslavia ever possessed. But U.N.R.R.A. undertook to help only in certain provinces: in Croatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro and Dalmatia. The Vojvodina, with its rich black soil and comparatively undamaged towns, did not need food, though clothes and footwear were problems even there. So the Vojvodina supplied Belgrade with food.

In the famous restaurant Dva Ribika (The Two Fishermen) I enjoyed a plate of meat in a rich, thick red wine sauce and a bottle of the famous Serbian rakia, for only 7 dinares. The local fish, too, was cheap, and a battle of the famous tailor, the Serbian pirate, cost only about 12 dinares.

For the local inhabitants, however, such a price was far too high. But the poor earned very little. Some of the lowest-paid workers earn no more than a few lira a day, while the monthly salary of only 6,000 dinares is very common. So their food was not only cheap, but also fresh. As for restaurants, they are usually quite right.

There were only a couple of newspapers in Belgrade and a handful of magazines when I was last there. The books were mostly Russian books, expensive-looking sets of the works of Stalin and Lenin. I saw no English or French books anywhere, and the only place where I saw portraits other than Stalin's and Tito's was the Park Hotel, displayed in Mr. Churchill and President Truman. Books and magazines were not exactly popular in Belgrade, as in one or two cases from caricatures and cartoons in the papers and even some posters in the streets. The only other book I saw was a book about Yugoslavia, and Russia was seen as their only true friend. In spite of all the help the Allies gave the partisans, very few books were written about Yugoslavia.

This city is a jumble of houses, many of them in ruins. The old town is a maze of narrow streets, the alleys and courtyards narrow and crooked. The houses are mostly small and narrow, with few windows. The streets are usually narrow, with little space for cars.

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Gaunt Prospect Today in Yugoslavia's Capital

MARSHAL TITO, the virtual ruler of the Yugoslav Republic, has a huge audience when he addresses the people (1) in the Square of the Revolution, Belgrade, in April 1945. The ruins of an engine shed at the station (2) and a shattered bridge over the River Savo (3) are reminders of the German onslaught in April 1941. Wreaths in Belgrade, and in the country itself, are symbols of the people's thankfulness for the sacrifice of the heroes who fell in the struggle to drive the invaders out of the part of the USSR occupied by the Germans. (4) is a picture of some of the people being fed at a makeshift kitchen. There are also falling ruins.
IN THE GRAND AMPHITHEATRE OF THE SORBONNE, PARIS, the first general conference of the United Nations Education, Scientific, and Cultural Organization was opened on Apr. 15, 1946. Delegations of 56 member countries were greeted by Dr. Bidault, President of the French Republic, who spoke a French welcome on behalf of the French Government. The conference, which is expected to last about four months, will discuss the adoption of a constitution for the new organization. The Headquarters of U.N.E.S.C.O. are three international buildings in the Place de l’Etoile. It has offices at Unesco House in the Avenue Kléber, formerly the Hotel Majestic and the headquarters of General Sidi-Bel-Abbès when the latter was Viceroy Governor of Paris. A 4-franc silver stamp (shown on left), issued in 1945 to mark the meeting of the conference, was presented to conference presidents. In the photo above, the French President and his wife, Dr. Claude, are seated amid the audience of delegates. The President of the General Assembly, Dr. Julian Huxley, has been elected first director-general of U.N.E.S.C.O. for a two-year term. Dr. Huxley had been executive secretary of the preparatory commission since March, 1946.
Last Words on the 'Invasion' of 1940

In July 1940 Hitler had eroded his immediate plans and was faced with the first of his many unexpected shocks. In the event, he directed his attacks towards the United Kingdom in a move that was interpreted as the opening of a new phase. The German high command had decided to try to knock the United Kingdom out of the war and to present the attack as a massive invasion. This was accomplished by an overwhelming show of force, which included the full strength of the German military and naval forces. The operation was codenamed "Operation Sealion".

The British and French forces were caught off guard and the German forces quickly overran much of the coastline and captured a large number of coastal cities. The rapid advance of the German forces led to the evacuation of the British and French forces from the Channel ports. The evacuation was a remarkable success, with over 338,000 men being rescued. The German forces then moved inland and began to consolidate their hold on the region.

The evacuation of the British and French forces from the Channel ports was a major blow to the German forces, who were not prepared for such a rapid retreat. The German forces then turned their attention to the Channel threat and began to prepare for a major invasion of the United Kingdom.

The German forces were not able to launch a full-scale invasion of the United Kingdom, but they continued to make attempts to do so. These attempts were ultimately unsuccessful, and the German forces were forced to retreat. The German forces were eventually forced to retreat and the operation was called off.

The operation was codenamed "Operation Sealion" and was a major blow to the German forces. The operation was a success for the British and French forces, who were able to evacuate a large number of troops from the Channel ports. The operation was a major setback for the German forces, who were not prepared for such a rapid retreat. The German forces were eventually forced to retreat and the operation was called off.
At a Place They Call El Alamein

Known first as the spot where Auchinleck's Eighth Army landed Rommel's drive on Alexandria in June 1942, El Alamein was revered here as the point whence the same army - exhausted, re-equipped and under new leadership - set out on October 23 on the triumphant march which ended only at Tunis.

John Kerr, of the Royal Artillery, tells the dramatic personal story of the opening of the great assault.

There is a queer feeling in the air, and if you walk around the camp at night you will see and hear little groups of soldiers discussing the coming attack. We have been engaged on a night training scheme for the past three weeks, but from the C.O. down to the sanitary man none of us knows just where or when it will come off. Word goes round that all senior N.C.O.s have to report to the Brigade's lecture, and off we go, saying "Well, here it is at last 1."

Picture a little group of men listening to the "Big Shot" telling them how they are going to throw the Hun out of Egypt. It is to be the night of October 23, and the place is the line out of which we have just come. And now we of the 31st (Highland) Division will have our revenge for Dunkirk and St. Valere! We have good company on our right flank. Next to the sea will be the New Zealand Division, on our left flank the Aussies. Monty says it will be the finest fighting combination in the world. We are to be supported by eight hundred 25-pounder guns and they will fire 500 rounds per gun. Zero hour will be 10.00 p.m., but counter-battery tasks will begin at 9.40 p.m.

On the day of the attack we move into positions dug behind our main line. Orders are that we shall keep as much underground as possible, the reason being that our whole division is confined in a battalion area and if the gunners of enemy aircraft spot us we'll be in a hot spot. Time is wasting on, and everyone becomes fidgety — with a queer sort of feeling inside. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the 1st Battalion the Black Watch has its first casualties. One of the Pioneers and an R.F. are blown up while fitting a Bangalore torpedo (used for blowing gaps in the enemy wire entanglements). They were only 20 yards away from my detachment at the time.

The moon is rising, and it's getting on for 9 o'clock. Now we get a lot of rum, timber up the guns, shake hands all round, and off we go — what? Frustration? At 9.40 a colossal barrage starts, and as far as the eye can see is one sheet of flickering flame. Twenty minutes past, and now it's zero hour. For three long years we have waited and trained for this. "Can we do it?" is the thought foremost in every mind. Nobody laughs now.

The signal is given, "Advance the Jocks!" Over the start-line dated on time. The guns are battering the first enemy defence positions. Some shells are making 50-yard gaps, a task on my left flank makes me feel dead? Can't wait to see. Through our own minefield now, and on to the first enemy minefield. At 10.20 B Company takes the first objective — and no prisoners. D Company advance through B and go into the trenches. The guns move on, each drawn by a four-gun carrier loaded with reserve ammunition, and at 10.40 through the gap in the first enemy minefield they go in a long column. The Germans have spotted the gun and shells are tearing into our men. The stretchers-bearers
are already coming back in an endless stream with wounded. Strange, but the jokes have started again and most of the tensions has disappeared. A man by the edge of the gap in flogging his legs blown off. He is going, and he knows it, but he shouts for us to “squash it up” for him.

The column stops, and the Second-in-Command comes back shouting for a jeep as the one he had has been knocked out. I light a cigarette and am pleased to note that my hands are quite steady, but I keep wondering, “If I get hit how will I behave?” The nominees have got the range to a yard or two again, but at slower pace, the way, being in the middle of the road, it is a yard and a half yards on, and a couple of shells register direct hits on a jeep and a carrier; confusion reigns for a second or two and when the smoke clears I get up and check that all is well with my crew. My carrier is second in line now. More of our wounded are coming back, but very few prisoners.

We are passing through A Company; they’re lucky; they are digging in. Now about 200 Jerries come over, with their hands in the air. Barney Shaw comes along with his arms full of Luger and grenades, and I surrender some of our. A chap starts to tell me a commentary on the battle to date as it has affected him. I remember one of his remarks: it was “It makes you laugh!” Whatever else I was doing, I wasn’t laughing.

**'Twixt Riven Holes of a Flaming Shell**

On patrol against 8-hours seeking to ascertain the Axis story, the destroyer H.M.S. Grenville had two faces of twenty occasions: as on a night in March 1944, when there came this almost order “Stand by to ram!”

Lieut. J. Herbert, R.N.V.R., recalls the sudden rush of dramatic events.

O n a night patrols were arranged to give the gunners a chance to get the ladders, cowlings up, clear of the shell. Most nights passed without any special diversions except the investigation of some radar contact or other, which usually resulted in nothing more than one of our own small pair of craft which had strayed off the “bus” assigned to her. There were times when, when were rewarded by a real contact in the form of an E-boat trying to sneak through our guard and attack the anchorage. So it is in the night March 24, 1944.

I turned in early that night, and the light had gone off the berth of the propeller shaft began to increase and the shaker was up. The lights were up. We were investigating something suspicious. Within five minutes the alarm bells were ringing, followed by the clatter of the watch below tumbling out of their hammocks and, grabbing scarves, ladders and duffels, we climbed up the ladders, ploughing up the ladders, and into the three-inch ribbon of tracer suddenly shot down the side of the ship and I wondered what was going to happen next.

On reaching the bridge, I found that we saw a man and another group of three men were hanging in the sky and casting brilliant firelight on to the waves. The third man had illuminated perfectly, as we were still on the quarter, and I was, in the middle of the triad, engaging in an effort to escape us and hide herself in the darkness. Orders were passed quickly—the fire bell—then came a crash as all guns opened fire together. With only short pause, necessary for reloading and corrections to be made to the instruments, the fire bell rang every five seconds, the air filling again after each interval with acoustic smoke and blast from the guns. Every now and then the E-boat emerged from rigging clear of the star shell’s bright glow, but we could still see her through our glasses, surrounded by shell bursts and fountains of water.

To add to the inferno, the close-range weapons opened fire, sending red ribbons of tracer arcing towards the target; they were too far away, ending their flight in splashes of phosphorescence. The Detinsen gunners were firing in long bursts, allowing a few seconds for smoke to clear away before they recommenced their staccato barking. With the telegraphs showing “Fall ahead together” the ship bounded through the water, and what with the wind and the noise of the guns we were well worked-up.

**They Sat on the Safety Valves**

Down below in the engine-room the Chief and his stokers were watching their gauges. The throttles had been opened wide and two hands instructed them to open wide to prevent them blowing off! Here below the waterline they were unwary of what exactly was taking place, but they were fully aware that a torpedo might suddenly shatter the ship’s side and transform below-decks into a nightmare of moaning steam and rushing water. In the magazines and shell rooms the supply parties were sending up...
It was the infantry, not the tanks, that broke through the Axis defenses at Alamein. There was little water in the desert against the Italians would have given some measure of protection. Light transport, carrying reserves essential to its advance, owed much to the earlier work of the tanks. Rommel's troops after a ten days' grim struggle. See story in facing page.
I Was There!

TWIN BORDERS ON J.M.S. GRENVILLE, firing streams of tracer, helped to disable the German E-boat before the destroyer rammed. These dual-purpose guns are also part of the anti-aircraft armament, and here are shown in action as they opened fire on the bridge, which was hit and burned by the two 6-pounder guns.

the shells and ordnance as fast as they could. On the bridge the noise was terrific and each officer had to bawl his orders at the top of his voice down his own particular phone to make himself heard above the roar.

It was in the midst of this frenzied scene that the wire runner on "A" gun, a three-badged named Able-Seaman Walker, the eldest hand in the ship and one of those men on whom the Royal Navy could rely in an emergency, was hit. Urging his crew to redouble their efforts, he stood beside them, led by hand, they speedily disabled the stricken turrets in the darkness, thus enabling the gun to be loaded again in the correct manner.

Up on the bridge the gunnery officer and the officer in charge of the close-range weapons found themselves shouting their respective orders right down the other’s throat; the language became unrecognizable, and for a moment glanced at each other in baffled fury. Then each buried the unwanted set of phones at the other and gathered at his own, the exchange being effected to an accompaniment of much hostile language.

After the chaser had been going on for half an hour we saw that the enemy was slowing down, till eventually she lay stopped, her rudder in the sheet well, her small train leaning drunkenly to one side. Some of her crew began to wear their arms—and it was at this stage that our captives gave the order: "Shout by to Roe!" and directed the ship straight for the enemy. When our intention became clear to those on the E-boat some of the crew began to dive overboard, others simply stood there paralysed with fear, watching our sharp beaks rushing towards them.

When we hit there was scarcely a bump. We might have been cutting through a pot of butter. There was an extremely intense moment down in the magazine, where the news of the captain’s intention had not yet been received; unaware of what was happening the men stood expectantly with a hand on the ring of the ladder—ready to move quickly. As we rammed the E-boat, petrol tanks blew up, and for a few seconds we kept silhouetted between the riven halves of her flaming hull, with great tongues of fire curling up our sides.

Mixed Bag of Broken Survivors

Next moment we were through, and she lay astern of us, a huge and stern-looking skyscraper, a little from end to end. By some miraculous chance one of her crew had managed to keep his feet when he hit and he now stood right out on the bows, his face a perfect triumph of regained German glory. We cracked to close behind him. By the time we had turned round the flames were dying down and we picked up a mixed bag of survivors—German and Italian, all very shaken and the worse for wear. When that had been completed we returned to our patrol line filled with the satisfaction of a job thoroughly well done.

We of the Army Served in D.E.M.S.

After four months’ drill as a private in the Duke of Wellington’s Regiment, at the barracks at Halifax, and two months’ guarding a tunnel at Diggle on the frozen Yorkshire moors, a batch of about 30 of us were detailed for special service and sent to Hull. On March 9, 1941, we were billeted in St. Augustine’s convent, and a few days later we were detailed for anti-aircraft work. We were all in the Navy now, and we knew that the work would have to be hard to find. It was not without some misgiving that we learned we were to help defend merchant ships against air attacks.

The next day we marched to the docks, and in the D.E.M.S. Naval School, Hull, received instruction on Lewis and Hotchkiss machine-guns from a Royal Marines sargent. The following morning we were divided into pairs, as twins. Each team received a gun, a thousand rounds of belt and tracer, and spare parts, plus ammunition and oilskins.

...End of Part 2

Henry "I Change My Body But Not My Spirit"

NO. 57 SQUADRON

During the formation of the First Great War, the squadron was formed at Hotspur and assigned to No. 37 (Bomber) Squadron, and it served in France during the Second World War. In addition, it operated until May 1940, when it moved to Bayeux and then to England. During the following week, it was sent to Lochnagar, East Riding of Yorkshire. During the remainder of 1940 and 1941, the squadron was involved in daylight sorties over the North Sea, taking part in the attack on希斯拉。In May 1942, it was re-equipped with Wellingtons, and among its targets was Duisburg, Germany.

In 1942, the squadron joined in the attacks on the German warships in the Baltic Sea, which was the start of the offensive against Germany. From May 1944 onwards, it was active against Axis shipping, with losses suffered during the Dortmund-Ems and Midsland raids, and helped to sink a number of ships. In the spring of 1945, the squadron was among the first to attack the German warships on the Rhine at dawn on March 23, 1945. The defenses were successfully targeted, and the Combined operations were only a success thanks to the help of the 2nd Army Group.

P.S. 572
I was There

About four o'clock in the afternoon I was watching our air escort—a solitary Sunderland—when suddenly there appeared two planes in line astern of it. More air support, I thought. But the Captain knew better. "They're German fighters," he said, and as he spoke the two planes racing in towards the Sunderland, I kept my finger on the trigger of my Browning, my heart in my mouth. I saw the bombs go down and pieces of water-space up. They missed their target, fortunately, and managed to get away although the ships had opened fire on them. Our guns had a maximum range of only 400 yards.

The Captain told us right would be the worst, as German E-boats would be waiting for the convoy at Sherburnham Burn; they even lie up there while awaiting convoy. I thought he was exaggerating—and he may have been about the lying-up—but at about 130 p.m. a terrific explosion shook me awake. I dived out of the cabin and on to the deck, and saw flares coming slowly down and lighting up the ship. Some of the latter were shooting at flares and others firing dangerously across each other; a ship astern of us had been hit by a torpedo and was drifting. Between land and the convoy, and from seaward, E-boats replied for a while to the fire of the convoy.

Ninety Bullets Just Bounced Off

I raced to the bridge—my mate was on the surface and I manned the port one. The other two Army gunners went aft with the Navy on the 12-pounder. There was a sudden roar of aircraft engines, and the Navy signalier, who was standing outside the wheelhouse—which was situated between the two bridge guns—replied, "It's one of ours—he has her lights on!" The next moment he had dived into the water at the bow. I could hear the noise of fire as the air behind him engulfed his signal gun and myself.

I heard our Captain, a real tough nut, reply, "Not yet. Not yet." Our place was the tail of the aircraft. The pilot of the aircraft, in my mind's eye, expected the convoy to be wiped out quickly, and he had turned up, but I got just a fleeting glimpse of it as it sped away. My mate had fired without missing rounds at it, and the bullets simply bounced off its undercarriage. The end of the convoy was now receiving attention, and soon we were back in station, shaken up but thankful to be about. After standing by for half an hour, the usual signals were resumed. That was the worst part of life at sea; in those days, you may have just finished a four-hour watch, then up to action stations when the alarm bells rang, and by then you had already been bounced on by a German fighter. An hour or so later the convoy had been knocked silly and you were back for another fly.

Nearly Run Down by a Big Convoy

The Captain told us that the Yorkshire coast and the Pentland Firth were the worst spots. However, we reached Methil on March 18, for coaling. I noticed as we came up the coast that there were plenty of green buoys, plunging wrecks, also that the course at night inside our own minefields was dotted by buoys with varied flashes per minute. In bad weather the ships' officers spent many anxious moments trying to pick out the position of these buoys.

Our Captain came back from conference aboard and the next day we left Methil for Belfast. The weather worsened as we crossed the Moray Firth and entered the Pentland Firth. We were now in submarine waters and had still to be on our toes. On March 22 our ship left the convoy and headed out towards the Sherronrool lighthouse. We entered Belfast Lough two days later, and tried to get some pay, but, for various reasons—no Army unit would earn us. This matter regarding both pay and gear wasn't settled for a long time—not until we of the Army went on a special mission to Scotland. The Commander and the Royal Artillery and had depots established in many parts of the world.

Crossing the Irish Sea in a bad fog we were nearly run down by a convoy of big ships. Once we met two destroyers, and as we passed, one ordered the other to stop its engine. The other ship turned up, but I got just a fleeting glimpse of it as it sped away. My mate had fired without missing rounds at it, and the bullets simply bounced off its undercarriage. The end of the convoy was now receiving attention, and soon we were back in station, shaken up but thankful to be about. After standing by for half an hour, the usual signals were resumed. That was the worst part of life at sea; in those days, you may have just finished a four-hour watch, then up to action stations when the alarm bells rang, and by then you had already been bounced on by a German fighter. An hour or so later the convoy had been knocked silly and you were back for another fly.

Having had no time since being called up, my mate and I were granted six days

A. W. WILLCOCKS, author of this story, on board the Eddyvore, gunner.

The Eddyvore was made commodore, and as there were plenty of signals coming in we had good quarters. We left Southampton on the morning of March 11 and I had my first glimpse of the forest of masts of tankers that marked that once-dreaded run known as Esnault Alley. Owing to dense fog we had to return, and the Commodore himself transferred to the S.S. Royal Funster; he left one of his signaliers on board the Eddyvore and made us vice-commodore.

On the evening of March 16 we witnessed a big raid on the London area, then left on April 9 for the Pentland Firth. We did four hours on duty and then four hours off, alternately, on the bridge when the guns were fixed, and from there I realized how confused one could feel in such circumstances. I could look back for miles and see the two lines of ships following us. There were plenty of signal flags going up and down, and in later years I got to know some of those signals very well indeed. There were some minutes flying around, and the destructor ahead signalled to warn the Commodore of their purpose; passage was then passed down the ships, the escort dispersing of the mines by firing at them.

ROYAL NAVY AND ARMY PERSONNEL manned many of the guns of the Merchant Navy, and were mixed squad in receiving instruction in the Baltic. The gunner is braced against a gantry over a manhole opening on the forecastle, and the peep sight is flanked by a field telephone and a compass on which the gun is aimed.
I was there!

I went home to Plymouth, which had been badly hit, and on returning to Hull I was not at the station and detailed to help clear the rails of the Shell Mix building, which had been shelled by a land-mine. Then my mate and I joined the S.S. City of Singapore and went to Alexandria. But to return to E-boat Alley; I did several more periods of service up and down and it from May 5, 1942, until July 23, on the collider David. The escort was now more numerous and the air cover was very good indeed, although Jerry was still busy. But still we had no Zeppelins, though we met-up with the 1942-1943 American aircraft machine-gun, the Martin. If anything went wrong with the Maclaughlin had to notify the porters to sort out that you don’t "find it."

When France Fell—My Luck Went With It

Beryl Desmond, who has been working as a pow for the past five years, writes of the events of November 1938, when she became friendly with a lady who claimed to be of Swedish nationality.

Ruth, as she called herself, was the wife of a wealthy man whom I knew by the name of Johnson. The man and his wife had been prominent in the city and he was a man of many interests. He was a great lover of art and literature and had a great deal of money. He was also a great friend of mine and I often went to his house to stay with them. He was a very kind man and always looked after me well.

I first met Ruth when she came to stay with us in November 1938. She was a very pleasant woman and I enjoyed her company. We talked about many things and we became good friends.

On the day of November 10, 1938, when we had an Army Ant activity in the city, I accompanied Ruth to the army camp where the event was taking place. We arrived in the camp at about 9:00 in the morning and were greeted by the army commander. We were taken inside the camp and we saw many soldiers and officers. We talked to many of them and we had a great time.

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CAPTAIN HANS LANGSOFRED, commander of the German battleship Admiral Graf Spee, is seen (left) with Dr. Martineau Thoby, the Uruguayan minister, in Montevideo, on Oct. 28, 1939, after his ship had been scuttled in the River Plate on Hitler’s order.

On the day after the sinking of the Graf Spee, I, along with other correspondents, motored to Montevideo to get the story out of Thoby, who had been a passenger on the ship. He later told me that Thoby had refused to sign the order to scuttle the ship.

In the evening I went out to Montevideo to see the city and its harbor, which was completely empty. The only thing that was left was the sound of the waves and the distant sound of a gun. I spent the night in the hotel and the next day I went to the harbor to see the ship. It was a sight to behold. The ship was lying in the water, looking like a giant skeleton. The only thing that was left was the sound of the waves and the distant sound of a gun. I spent the night in the hotel and the next day I went to the harbor to see the ship. It was a sight to behold. The ship was lying in the water, looking like a giant skeleton.

The weather was fine. I walked through the streets of Montevideo and bought a cigar and a glass of wine. I then went to the harbor to see the ship. It was a sight to behold. The ship was lying in the water, looking like a giant skeleton.

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Tribute to 'A Man Who Loved the People'

DONATIONS FOR THE FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL poured in so quickly at a collecting office in London's Trafalgar Square (above), and the response from all parts of Great Britain and Northern Ireland was so magnificent, that the appeal was closed on November 24, 1946. In two months, 17,432 people contributed to the fund, which was received by Mrs. H. W. Sothern, 30, Park Road, N.W. 8, in the garden of Grosvenor Square, London, which has long associations with the U.S.A. See the China in page 346.