

# Vol 10 *The War Illustrated* N° 251

SIXPENCE

JANUARY 31, 1947



PIPE MAJOR OF THE 5th BATTALION THE 1st PUNJAB REGIMENT led his pipers and drummers in the grounds of the Imperial Palace, Tokyo, in December 1946, when Punjabis and a company of the 27th Regiment of the U.S. Army mounted a joint Palace guard. Several Indian and Gurkha regiments have a similar band, of which they are immensely proud. The Indian units with the British Commonwealth Occupation Force have created an excellent impression in Japan. (See also page 646.)

*Edited by Sir John Hammerton*

NO. 252 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 14

## Sicilian Adventure: Prelude to Italy's Fall



**PART OF THE VAST INVASION FLEET** that transported Allied forces to Sicily in July 1943 is seen (top) anchored offshore to land troops, tanks, guns, ammunition, food and all stores required by an army in the field. Tactical loading ensured that what would have to be unloaded first was loaded last and that each unit was accompanied by its equipment. New types of invasion craft were used. Prisoners marching along the beach (bottom) gazed in amazement. See story in facing page, also page 601.

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*Photos, British Official*

## How the Marines Went In at Sicily

By Major  
W. R. SENDALL, R.M.

AT dawn one day in the last weeks of June 1943 a powerful military force landed on the beaches between Troon and Irvine on the west coast of Scotland, advanced a little distance inland and then turned around, marched back to the harbour, re-embarked and disappeared.

I have often wondered if the good citizens of Troon, who watched those troops—men of the 1st Canadian Division and of the Royal Marine Commandos—march singing through the rain back to their ships realized that this brief incursion was the last rehearsal of one piece of the invasion of Sicily, the landing of the left-flank division of the 8th Army. The beaches between Troon and Irvine had been selected for their similarity to another beach on the west of the Pachino peninsula, at that time being anxiously patrolled by disillusioned soldiers of an Italian coast defence division, who little realized the nature of the thunderbolt being prepared so far away for their annihilation.

CERTAINLY we ourselves knew little enough of our destination. But we did know that we were training to attack coast defences somewhere on that long coastline from Narvik to Salonika, that our part involved landing before the main force, scaling a cliff to take the defences in the rear, and clearing the way for a dawn landing by the Canadians. Every move in this action, which needed speed and perfect timing for success, had been worked out precisely. Each Troop knew the distance from the landing point to its objective, the order in which attacks were to be made, and the relationship of their task to that of other Troops of the Commando. Where the blow would fall, however, we had no idea.

The Troon exercise was the last "dummy" run. The whole complex machinery of an amphibious assault was tried out between midnight and first light, the staff watching the dress rehearsal anxiously to apply the last drops of oil that would ensure a smooth performance on the day.

The veil was lifted a few days later when we were at sea in our fine transport, the Durban Castle. The great ships of the convoy ploughed zealously forward, constantly altering course and station, weaving in and out like grand ladies in some intricate, progressive dance that was not to end till they dropped anchor again after more than 2,000 miles. After 36 hours of this, the ships' companies were told to assemble near the loudspeakers, and with mounting excitement they heard the secret revealed by Admiral Vian. Well I remember his words: "We are sailing to take part in the greatest combined operation in history, the invasion of Italy through Sicily."

### Through Waters Rich in History

Following this announcement the sealed parcels of maps and air photographs were torn open and the final stage of battle-briefing began. Our Marines were shown on map, air photograph and scale model just where the manoeuvres they had practised so sedulously would fit on the actual ground, just who were the enemy against whose imaginary presence they had fired thousands of rounds of ammunition during the past months of training. After a general outline of the plan by our commander, Lieut.-Col. "Bertie" Lumsden, R.M., each Troop Commander went over it in the minutest detail with each man individually. So painstaking was this briefing that one Troop Commander made a scale model of a building it was his task to capture, basing it on air photos, indicating to each man the point for which he would make

We were attacking the defences on and west of a narrow promontory, the Punta di Castellazzo; after scaling the cliffs we would reach a footpath running between the cliff-top and a shallow salt lake inland. This path gave us direction to reach the various strongpoints, which included a fortified villa—the Casa della Marza—that commanded the only exit from the beach where the Seaforth Highlanders of Canada were landing. Having destroyed these strongpoints we would move inland to help hold the left flank of the beach perimeter while the Canadians landed their heavy weapons.

So the time passed, and Gibraltar slipped by in the night. On July 9 we were sailing between Cap Bon and Sicily, through waters richer in history than the North Sea with herring. Quite suddenly one of those startling Mediterranean gales blew up, one of those outbreaks of ill-tempered violence such as plagued Odysseus and St. Paul. We were all alarmed lest the plan which had been nourished so carefully should have to be changed or abandoned. The Hilary, Admiral Vian's headquarters ship, butted her way through the waves, and from her yard-

arm hung a black ball. In the late afternoon every eye in the convoy was directed at that ball, which would be dropped to give us a time signal whereby to synchronize watches. If the ball dropped we should know that the show was on.

It fell at 17.00 hours precisely. Tomorrow was D-Day. One might have said, like Caesar at the Rubicon, "The die is cast." But personally I said nothing of the kind. Like most of the Marines, I went to bed.

I woke at nine, had a shower and went down to supper. Then back to dress for the show, a really elaborate process. First a good pair of socks—a pair once washed and without darns; then one's best boots, well broken-in by long marches across the Scottish hills and dubbed till they were soft as gloves. We knew well that a soldier in battle is just as good as his feet. Long drill slacks would give protection against mosquitoes; short puttees and a bush shirt completed the rig. Then we climbed, amid great hilarity, into our bulky equipment, loaded with ammunition, grenades, rations, with ropes and climbing irons for the leaders. Personal possessions—photographs of wives and sweethearts, watches, fountain pens—were waterproofed by any and every kind of ingenious, improvised means.



CAPTAIN OF A LANDING CRAFT addresses his company and the soldiers who will help storm the beaches, prior to the invasion of Sicily on July 10, 1943. The success of this amphibious operation largely depended on the skill and courage of the commanders of these little vessels, who had to beach their craft at the right spot at the correct moment. PAGE 643 Photo, British Official





**WADING ASHORE FROM LANDING CRAFT.** British troops found the opposition unexpectedly light: the Sicilian shore defences collapsing under the initial assault. Months of training and planning down to the smallest detail preceded the operation, in which Britons, Canadians and Americans participated, Royal Marine Commandos forming our spearhead. *Photo, British Official*

Then the last touch: to wipe the oil from rifles, Bren guns and pistols, for oil would pick up sand and clog the action. We had just finished when we were aware that the vibration of the ship's engines, continuous accompaniment of every moment, day and night, since we left the Clyde, had stopped. It was midnight. A sudden quietness fell. Then the ship's loudspeakers crackled, and the voice of the Senior Naval Officer controlling the landing was heard.

"CAN you hear me? Can you hear me? Control calling all Naval personnel and Royal Marine Commando. To operation stations—to operation stations." The Marines hitched up their heavy packs and tramped quietly along the dim-lit corridors and up the brass-bound ladders to the boat-deck. The gale had dropped as suddenly as it arose. The stars were brilliant, but they were dimmed by the long line of flares with which the R.A.F. illuminated the coastline of Sicily. An endless roar of bombers and the distant, shuddering thump of bombs filled the night air.

Instructed by the voice over the loud-speaker we packed ourselves in our assault craft, swinging from the davits. I quenched an irresistible desire for a smoke by sucking a boiled sweet. After a tense few minutes, Control ordered: "Davits numbers 1—3—5—7—9, lower away." The falls whined

and the little craft swung down the cliff-side of the ship, till we were heaving and tossing on a sea still disturbed by the recent storm.

We cruised around for what seemed endless time while blue signal lamps flashed, then fell into formation and set off at top speed for the coast. Soon, but for the loom of a protecting flakship, the little flotilla was alone. The dim mass of Sicily lay on the starboard bow as we ran diagonally inshore. The swell was heavy, crashing on the blunt ramps of our craft. Presently I noticed a trickle of cold sea-water running round my boots. In a few moments it rose above my ankles, then half-way to my knees. We were shipping an uncomfortable amount of water and called for the pump, but so tightly were we packed that there was not enough room to work the hand-pump. I heaved myself out of the well-deck and lay flat on the coconut matting of the flat top of the engine-room aft. Others followed, lying beside me and on the flat gunwales, leaving room for the rest to pump and bale with their steel helmets. But the water still rose and we were forced to reduce speed, dropping out of place in the formation.

The land was close now. Startlingly, a searchlight stabbed a bright finger out to sea and swept the tumbled surface. Just as we thought it must illuminate us, it snapped off.

In another minute a gun fired close at hand. I flattened on the deck instinctively, but it was an anti-aircraft gun engaging bombers overhead. The whole flotilla then altered course directly inshore and changed formation into line abreast for the run-in. The engines revved up, and we raced into the shadowy arms of a cove.

From the left a machine-gun opened fire, stuttering a few bursts. The bullets shrieked overhead. The beach was narrower than we expected, with long, rocky shelves running out, between which the craft had to feel their way slowly. Our craft grounded quietly, the ramps went down and we leapt from the cold water of the well-deck into the lukewarm surf, ploughing in to the beach.

#### The Machine-Guns Fired No More

We were surprised to find there was no cliff, only a long shelf of limestone, across which it was not difficult to scramble, but it was several minutes before we realized it was the wrong beach. The machine-guns were mercifully silent, but as we crossed this shelf they opened up again, catching some of our men in their deadly swathe. We took shelter to reorganize in a shallow depression in the sand-hills, where the bullets kicked up the sand on the banks around us and whined harmlessly overhead. It took a little time to pick up landmarks in the darkness, but scouts reconnoitring forward located the footpath, and after that the Troops moved off confidently for their objectives.

As I moved forward, crouching low over the rough grass of the sand-dunes, to join headquarters, I heard shrieks and shouts in Italian from the left, the burst of a grenade, followed by silence. Then a stream of red tracer shot out towards the little headland whence the machine-gun post had been firing. The machine-guns fired no more. Further bursts of red tracer marked for us at headquarters the progress of other Troops as they made their way along the cliffs from strong-point to strongpoint, towards the Punta di Castellazzo and the Casa.

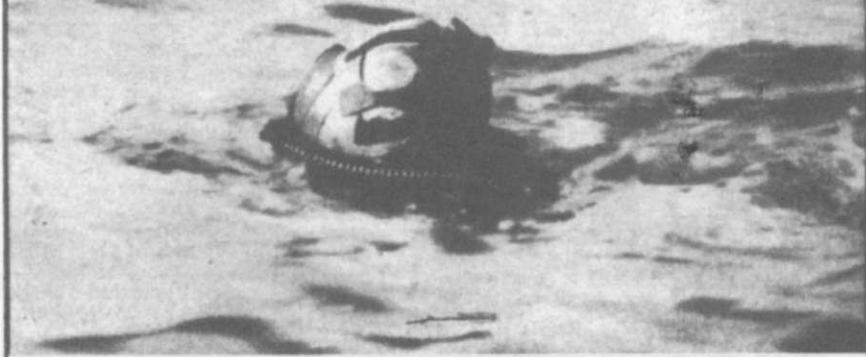
QUITE quickly, it seemed, the sun came up and flooded the scene with brilliant light. As I made my way up the cliff path to find out the position on the Punta I saw a large batch of Italians with their hands above their heads making their way back to the beach, escorted by a single Marine. On the edge of the cliff I passed a machine-gun nest, its defenders dead at their guns, surrounded by thousands of rounds of unfired ammunition. The rising sun illuminated the white Casa in its dominating position, and a stream of tracer rose high towards one of its upper windows as the Marines put paid to a sniper.

When I reached the top of the headland the battle was ended. I looked down over the main beaches, and in the great bay the big ships lay close inshore, while streams of small craft and DUKWS, like water-beetles, plied busily to and fro. The Canadians were ashore and already pushing up the dusty road to meet us. A big monitor pumped its shells regularly at some target far inland, and three Spitfires were the sole tenants of the intensely blue immensity of the sky. There seemed no sign of opposition anywhere, though a few shots could be heard from the left where our men were rounding up stragglers and snipers.

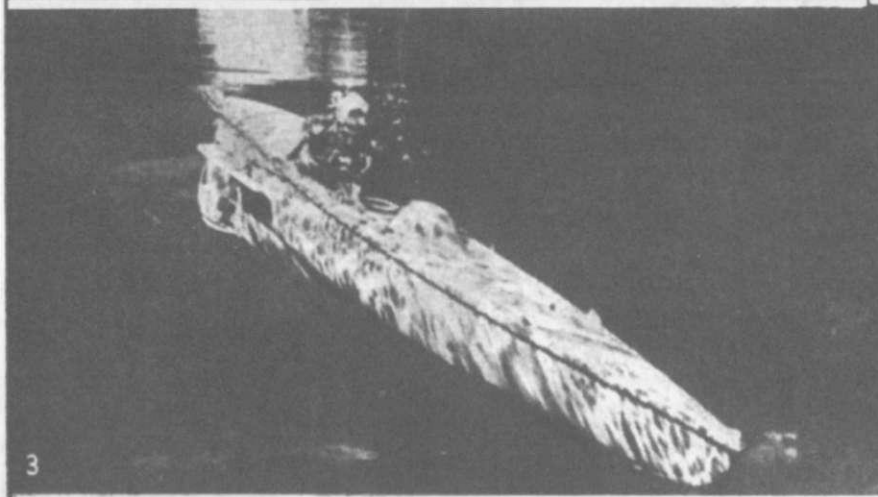
At the Casa della Marza I found a dilapidated bicycle, which I commandeered and rode down the rough, narrow road to meet the Canadians coming up. The men I spoke to told me they had only one casualty. It seemed almost an anti-climax, after our months of planning and training, to succeed with such ease, but it was because of that meticulous care that the operation had indeed gone "according to plan."



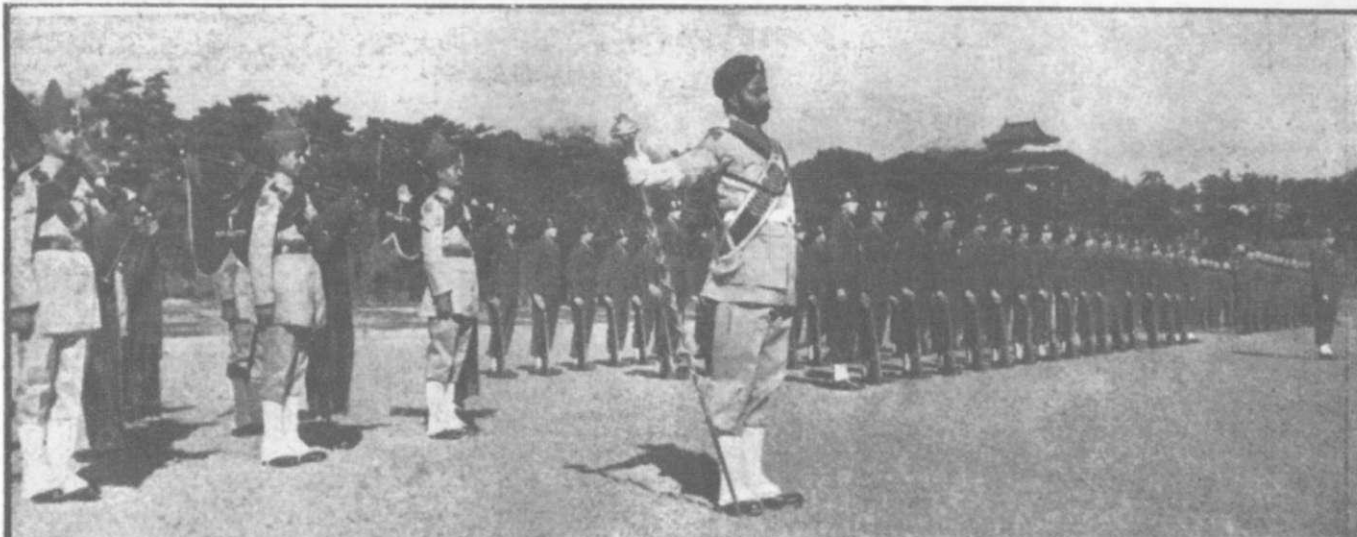
## Secrets of our Motorized Submersible Canoes



**A** ONE-MAN CRAFT for use in enemy waters at night was one of Britain's closely-guarded war secrets. Twelve feet eight inches in length, with a beam of 27 inches, it can be carried on the deck of a torpedo motor-boat or in a submarine. The flooding of the canoe is controlled by valves and, if necessary, it can loop-the-loop in 50 feet of water. Moving at full speed and ready to dive (1), it submerges until only the pilot's head is visible (2), and the run-up to the target is made under water (3). Alongside an enemy vessel (4) he is in position to fix an explosive charge to the hull; this canoe, with a cruising range of 30-40 miles at three-and-a-half knots, powered by electric motors, is camouflaged for service in the Mediterranean. The pilot (5) wears a water-tight rubbersuit and oxygen breathing apparatus. **PAGE 645** *Photos, G.P.U.*



## Indian Troops Share Tokyo Guard with Americans



UNITED at a joint guard-mounting parade at Tokyo in December 1946, with the band of the 5th Battalion The 1st Punjab Regiment on the left and the Indian guard on the right (1), the American contingent being in the centre, troops were drawn up for inspection by Brig.-Gen. R. E. Starr of the U.S. Army (3). Owing to their uncut hair being coiled on the tops of their heads, Sikhs of the Punjab Regiment are unable to wear steel helmets. Indian regiments delight in "spit-and-polish," so it seemed quite natural to the buglers that they should dust one another's boots at the last moment (2). At the parade were Jemadar Singh and Capt. Dale, both of the 5th Battalion, and Technical-Sgt. E. Lacouture of the 27th Regiment U.S. Army (4). See also illus. page 641.

*Photos, Planet News*

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## Jap-Held Drum of Royal Scots Coming Home



FOUND IN THE MILITARY MUSEUM, TOKYO, this drum of the 2nd Battalion The Royal Scots was handed over to Lieut.-Col. G. Figgess (left), of the U.K. Liaison Mission in Japan, by Lieut.-Col. F. R. Sibbert, of the U.S. Army, in Tokyo in November 1945, for transmission to its original owners. When the Japanese overran Hongkong in December 1941 they captured also the Regimental Colour; this was recovered in Singapore and is now at The Royal Scots Depot, Glencorse, Midlothian.

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Photo, Planet News

# Stern Toil for Berliners in Winter's Keen Grip

**DAILY TASK OF THOUSANDS** in Germany's capital is sorting millions of useable bricks recovered from bomb-shattered buildings. Well-wrapped against the biting cold—in January 1947 the thermometer recorded 24 degrees of frost—a woman (right) chips mortar from salvaged bricks while others at the dump are securing another load. Only materials readily available for the immense work of reconstruction are those retrieved from the ruins.

**COMMUNICATIONS** are slowly being restored: overhead cables of the tramway along the Kurfuerstendamm receive attention (below). Debris has been cleared from the main thoroughfares and shops are reopening along this street which was formerly a fashionable shopping centre. With their few possessions on a handcart a woman and her husband (lower right) set out for another dwelling. The centre of the city is a vast waste, though streets have been cleared and the ruins tidied-up. Conditions are better in the little-damaged suburbs, notably Frohnau and Zeylandorf, to the north-west and south-west of the city.

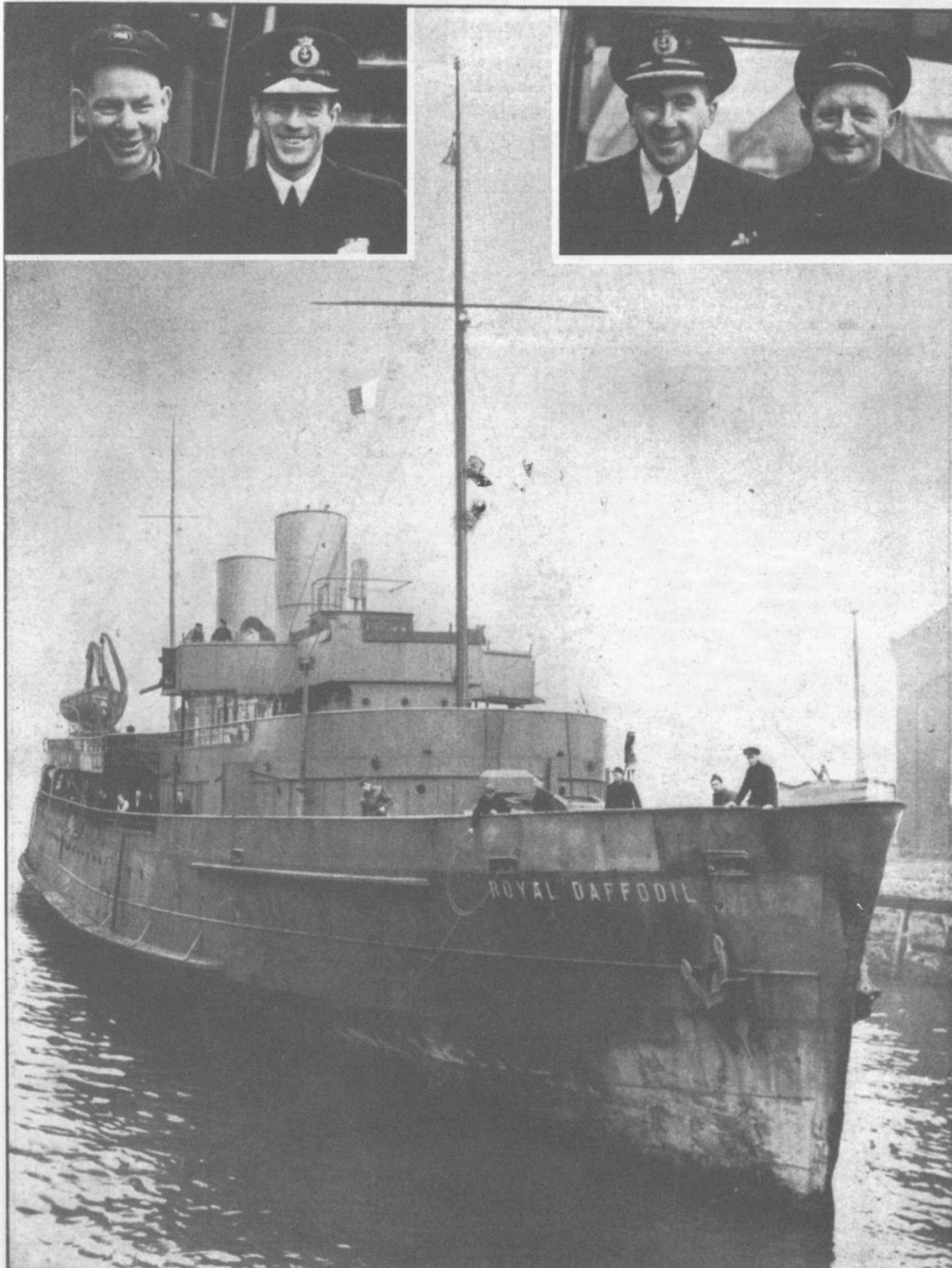
*Photos, Associated Press*

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## Royal Daffodil of Great Renown is 'Demobbed'



PLEASURE STEAMER KNOWN TO THOUSANDS of cross-Channel passengers before the war, Royal Daffodil was released by the Royal Navy in January 1947 and returned to her berth at Deptford, London, to refit. Requisitioned at the beginning of the war, she carried 2½ million troops. Now she will "work" the London-Ostend route. Members of her crew before and during the war: J. Benham and S. Bell (top left); Capt. A. Patterson, D.S.O., and G. Smith (top right). See also pages 458-459, Vol. 9.

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Photos, John Topham

## HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS H.M.S. Nelson

Motto: "Let him bear the palm who has deserved it."

**A**T the outbreak of war in 1939 H.M.S. Nelson was one of our two most modern battleships, though it is now over 19 years since she was completed. A ship of 33,950 tons, she mounts nine of the heaviest guns in the Royal Navy, of 16-in. calibre.

In December 1939 she was mined in a Scottish loch, and with great difficulty and hazard was brought south to Portsmouth for dry docking and refit. During the first half of 1941 she was engaged in escorting convoys bound for the Cape. In the summer she joined Admiral Sir James Somerville's Force H in the Western Mediterranean, and in September was hit forward by a torpedo from an enemy aircraft while escorting a convoy to Malta. She went to Gibraltar for temporary repairs, and in December sailed for Rosyth with survivors of the aircraft carrier Ark Royal. Back in the Mediterranean, she was again engaged in a fierce convoy action there in August 1942. She was one of the fleet supporting the landings in North Africa in Nov. 1942, and in July 1943 helped to cover the invasion of Sicily. The conference between General Eisenhower and Marshal Badoglio, resulting in the Italian surrender, took place on board her in September 1943.

She received damage from a mine during the Normandy landings in June 1944, and was sent to Philadelphia for modernization and repairs. Returning in January 1945 she proceeded to the East Indies, where she wore the flag of Vice-Admiral H. T. C. Walker. The Japanese surrender at Penang was signed on board her in September 1945. She is now flagship of the Training Battleship Squadron, Home Fleet.





THE national tradition of producing too small and ill-prepared an army for its initial task results in hard knocks for those early in the field. So, early in the Second Great War, the 1st Battalion (like others) had to stand up to the Wehrmacht in its prime and overwhelming superiority in tanks and aircraft. In Belgium in 1940 the 1st was attacked by a Panzer Regiment which it repulsed with skill and courage. Lieut.-Colonel J. D. Russell and others were decorated for their fine work; but withdrawal to Dunkirk was inevitable, and au revoir was said to Europe till 1944. It then joined in the defeat of the Germans in Normandy, and won high praise for many successes in the Low Countries.

The 2nd Battalion joined with an Indian Force in chasing the Italian troops out of the Sudan and Eritrea in the spring of 1941, from Abu Hamed and Barentu, and also in the epic battle of Keren. During one of the actions, the company of Captain Mark Hollis was ordered to take an important hill. It came under heavy machine-gun fire from a flank. But Hollis pressed on, and reached the top of the hill with some 13 men. Meanwhile, he had been wounded. Once on the hill the small band came under heavy gun and mortar fire.

The attack on his left had failed, and it was useless to hold on. He ordered a P.S.M. to withdraw the men, but refused to let them take him away because he would have been an encumbrance and would have prevented them getting clear in time. He knew that as soon as the enemy reoccupied the hill the British Artillery would come down on it. It did, and Mark Hollis was killed; but he set a magnificent example of self-sacrifice and heroism. Some time later the Italian general concerned was captured.

## The Highland Light Infantry

By Major-General Sir Andrew McCulloch, K.B.E.

THE Regiment was formed by the union of the 71st Highland Light Infantry and 74th Highlanders in 1881. These regiments were raised after the Jacobite Rising of 1745, and contained many sons of the Jacobite Highlanders. Discounting the memories of the harsh treatment meted out to their fathers after Culloden, they went to fight alongside their old foes the Sassanachs. The Regiment has taken part in Britain's most memorable battles from Vimiero in 1808 until the final defeat of the Nazis in 1945.

He asked to see the Commanding Officer and told him he had been astounded at the bravery of the Highlanders at Barentu.

In the Western Desert campaigns the 2nd Battalion earned fame in that ferocious ding-dong struggle. On June 5, 1942, after taking Bir-el-Tamar it was counter-attacked by tanks and infantry from lorries. One company was overrun, but the rest held up the enemy. Casualties were severe and the Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Col. Thorburn, was wounded. An independent witness tells of a fine example of devotion to duty by the hard-pressed troops at this juncture. A battery of 25-pounders escorted by a Bren gun and six men of the Highland Light Infantry was



ordered to cover a gap in a minefield till some of our columns had passed. Desperately assailed, the guns fired over open sights against the attacking Germans, and after one had been knocked out the Captain gave the order to withdraw. There was a sudden lull in the firing, and in the dusk

of the evening six ghostly figures advanced calmly and deliberately against overwhelming odds — moving and firing steadily as though on the parade ground. Taken by surprise,

possibly by the sheer boldness of the Highlanders' action, the Germans halted—long enough for the guns to get away.

In the fighting retreat to El Alamein the 2nd Battalion was so roughly handled that it was withdrawn to reorganize, and took no further part until Tunisia was won. At the landing in Sicily Lieut.-Col. Thorburn was killed by a sniper—a sad loss. Thereafter the Battalion fought in Italy and on the Dalmatian coast islands. Later on it was given the unenviable task of repressing the E.L.A.S. faction in Athens.

During the first year of the war the 12th (Home Defence) Battalion was raised from men who were too old or unfit for general service abroad. Many men were veterans of the First Great War, and some of the war in South Africa. This Battalion did much useful work in watching the coast and guarding factories and docks in Scotland.

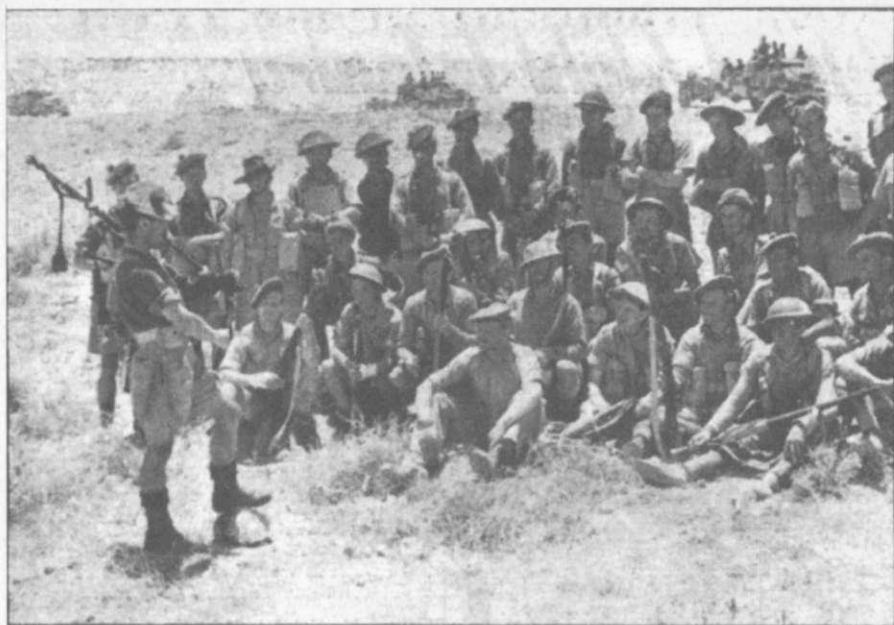
THREE Territorial Battalions, the 5th, 6th and 1st Glasgow Highlanders, H.L.I., went to France in 1940 and were used in a fruitless attempt to support the French Army. From a variety of causes the French Divisions no longer had the intention of fighting. By the skin of their teeth, and after losses in men and transport, the Battalions made good their withdrawal to Cherbourg and re-embarkation. They did not see Europe again until 1944, when the 5th and 1st Glasgow Highlanders Battalions, H.L.I., took a leading part in freeing Antwerp and the mouth of the Scheldt.

As a preparation for the capture of Walcheren Island, which was essential for the command of the Scheldt, the 5th Battalion had to seize the village of Molenberg. Thereafter, it had a difficult task in landing on the Island. But this it carried out in spite of muddy shores and enemy shelling.



H.L.I. BATTALIONS WERE IN BOTH FRANCE AND NORTH AFRICA in 1940. The stretcher bearers (left) at Conges, on the Seine front, in June 1940, were members of the Band and, as such, entitled to wear kilts. Three Territorial battalions went to France with the 52nd (Lowland) Division to support the disintegrating French army, but had to re-embark at Cherbourg. The 2nd Battalion helped to strengthen the defences of Mersa Matruh (right) in the same year, and later distinguished itself in the North African campaign.

## Records of the Regiments: 1939—1945



**SKIRL OF THE PIPES** in the Libyan Desert heartened comrades who had been living and fighting there for two years. In June 1942 the 2nd Battalion H.L.I. suffered in contact with enemy armour and had severe casualties during the withdrawal to Alamein.

The final assault on Walcheren was to take place with 155 Brigade landing and capturing the Port of Flushing, while the 157 (H.L.I.) Brigade was to cross the narrow causeway between South Beveland and the Island—an embankment some 1,200 yards long and 40 yards wide. A Canadian regiment (The Regiment Maisson Neuve) had gained most of the crossing but were unable to advance beyond the west end thereof.

**T**HE 1st Glasgow Highlanders (H.L.I.) were ordered to relieve the Canadians, but did not get more than two-thirds of the way across. However, this enabled the Canadians to withdraw. A forward movement was well-nigh impossible. The Germans realized the importance of the causeway, and the place was under heavy fire from Spandau, mortars and artillery. A, B and D Companies lay all day in this stricken area, warding off

a series of counter-attacks at dusk and during the night. Under cover of darkness C Company brought up food and ammunition, carrying back the wounded to the medical post which had been established at the east end of the causeway.

**O**N the following day (November 3, 1944) the Air Force came to help, and the Highlanders were encouraged by Typhoon attacks on the enemy defences. Then a landing to the south by the 156th Brigade distracted the German defenders, and after dusk the men were able to gain a small bridge-head west of the causeway. C Company further widened the bridge-head on November 4 by seizing Gronenberg. Owing to the large number of German wounded there Arne-muiden was evacuated by the enemy and occupied by us on November 5. By the 9th, Walcheren was in Allied hands. During the operation the 1st Glasgow Highlanders had captured about nine hundred prisoners. It was a hard task, courageously carried out.

The winter in Holland was enlivened by raids, and at 6 a.m. on December 30, 1944, the enemy launched an attack on the village of Tripsrath held by the 2nd Glasgow Highlanders (H.L.I.). Desperate hand-to-hand



**TO AID TITO'S PARTISANS** the 2nd Battalion went to the Dalmatian island of Vis in August 1944. Here they became mountaineers, negotiating rocky tracks and scaling cliffs. The sister battalions in the 52nd (Lowland) Division had months of training in mountain warfare before assaulting Walcheren Island, one of the lowest ports of Europe. **PAGE 652 Photos, British Official**

**WINSTON CHURCHILL** was cheered by the 10th Battalion H.L.I. near Otley, Yorks, in March 1944. The Battalion was with VIII Corps, which was to be the British striking force at the invasion of Normandy. It was a period of intensive training and careful preparation, rigours of the exercises being at times only too realistic.

struggles went on all morning, Captain J. W. Brown and C.S.M. J. Boyd ably defending Company H.Q. by using every type of weapon and grenade available, while the anti-tank detachments fired at the buildings holding the enemy. The Germans in an ultimatum to Captain Brown threatened to shoot prisoners, who included our Carrier and Signals Officer. The answer he returned was that if any British prisoner was shot, German prisoners would be similarly dealt with. Just then the tide of battle turned. No. 8 Platoon of A Coy., led by Lieut. J. Renwick, along with a troop of the Sherwood Rangers, counter-attacked. The enemy were driven back and all our prisoners released. Meanwhile, on the other side of the road down which the enemy was trying to drive towards Geilenkirchen, a company and a half were overrun. Our company, however, gallantly held firm until A Company of the 6th Highland Light Infantry came up and relieved it.

The 6th Battalion arrived independently of the rest of the 157 H.L.I. Brigade and fought in the Nijmegen salient, the Leopold Canal, and in the Sittard offensive, where it

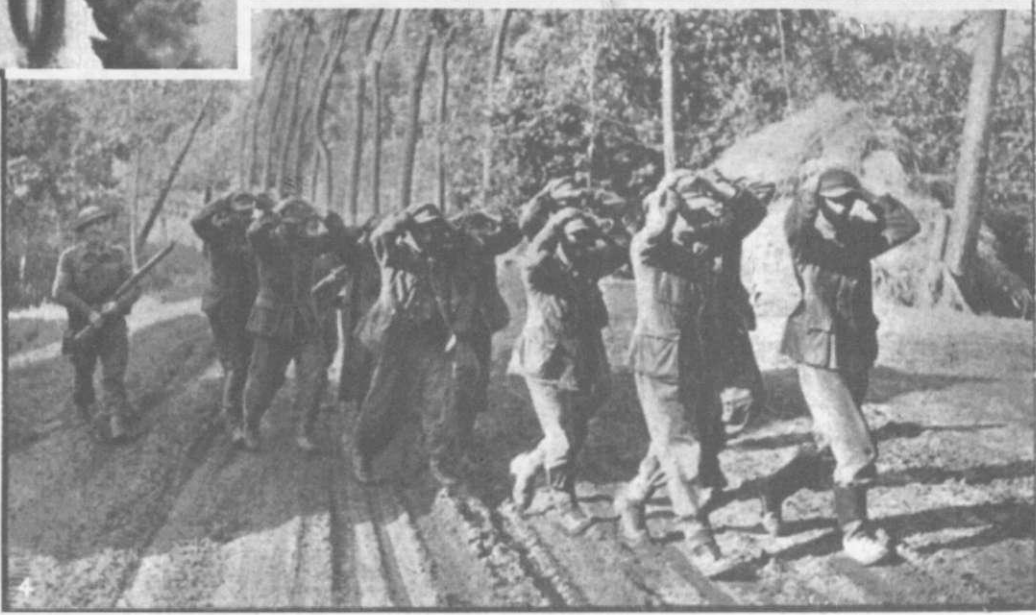


# Maintaining Proud Traditions of the H.L.I.



ARMOUR AND INFANTRY, which included the H.L.I., advanced together east of Echt (1), in the Southern Netherlands, during the battle to clear the Germans from the west bank of the Maas in November and December 1944. Snow covered the battlefront in January 1945, and patrols of the 1st Battalion Glasgow Highlanders—a Territorial battalion of the Highland Light Infantry—were issued with white camouflage cloaks (2). Sten guns also had white covers. In April 1945, while a patrol from the 5th H.L.I. was reconnoitring on the east bank of the Dortmund-Ems canal near Rheine, Germany, several members were injured by booby traps; as the nearby bridge had been destroyed, wounded were ferried across in a rowing boat (3). The 10th Battalion assaulted Best, near Eindhoven, on Sept. 22, 1944, and took a number of prisoners (4) after Typhoons and the artillery had bombarded enemy positions in a wood.

*Photos, British Official*



On September 22, 1944, when, despite the falling of anti-aircraft bombs, the negotiations ceased to function.

## Records of the Regiments: 1939—1945

brought off two well-planned and successful attacks on the towns of Bocket and Aphoven.

The 10th H.L.I., 13 days after the landing on the Normandy coast, were in the battle which won the crossings on the River Odon. The attack was furiously opposed by the enemy, who knew it was essential for us to enlarge our bridge-head on the coast. Rundstedt later admitted that their chance of ultimate Nazi victory went as soon as our grip on Normandy was unshakeable. They counter-attacked with tanks, and four infiltrated into a farm close to Battalion H.Q. Captain Scott, without thought of his personal safety, brought two of his anti-tank guns into action at 100 yards range and knocked out all four tanks. For this he won the Military Cross and Lance-Sergeant Oldale the Military Medal.

The 2nd Glasgow Highlanders, H.L.I., were in the same division, the famous 15th, and took a notable part in the battle. Both Battalions were in the operations leading to the crossing of the Seine. Later, the 2nd Glasgow Highlanders had severe struggles in the Ghent area. On September 10, 1944, a platoon made a memorable assault on a

factory and captured two officers and 198 other ranks. Another platoon was vigorously counter-attacked. Private Albert Evans was ordered to cover two roads with his Bren gun while the platoon withdrew. Evans was wounded by Spandau fire, but declined to be removed. He kept his gun in action and died at his post. He had covered the escape of his comrades, killed ten Germans and wounded others.

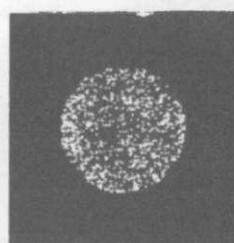
THE 10th Battalion had a "front seat" at the crossing of the Rhine north of Wesel with 21st Army Group on March 23, 1945. They crossed in Buffaloes and landed without difficulty, but shortly afterwards became involved with a complete Parachute Battalion in fierce and close fighting. Even Battalion H.Q. was partly surrounded, for the Germans were struggling fanatically. But the Jocks, fighting like demons in close work, with grenades and Sten guns, were not to be denied. After three hours, and as it was getting light, they mastered the Nazis and were able to advance again. Casualties in this action were severe—eight officers and 45 other ranks.

The 10th Battalion also took part along with Scots Guards' tanks in the capture of Uelzen in April, defeating a German plan to hinge their defence of the Lower Elbe on this town. Our advance had been continually held up by German rearguards, which cratered the roads on our direct line of advance. So a bold plan was adopted. The H.L.I. and Scots Guards were directed to make a detour and find an alternative route through a forest in the dark. With men of the H.L.I. mounted on Scots Guards' tanks



FROM A BEACH IN SOUTHERN ITALY (lower) the 2nd Battalion H.L.I. entered upon the long campaign which opened with the breaching of Germany's European fortress on Sept. 3, 1943. The landing was virtually unopposed. Signallers operating a wireless set (upper) at Cudolo in March 1945 are Privates W. Gallagher of Glasgow (right), and J. Gee of Derby.

PAGE 654



Colours: Red on Black Background

### 5TH (INDIAN) DIVISION

THE Division was formed in 1939 by Major-General L. Heath, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., who commanded it until April 10, 1941. It left India in September 1940, its first action being against the Italians on the Sudan frontier at Gallabat. It assisted in the capture of Kassala, and at Keren, and received the surrender of the Duke of Aosta at Amba Alagi on May 15, 1941.

From Abyssinia the 5th moved to Iraq and Cyprus, joining the 8th Army in the Western Desert in March 1942. When Rommel attacked in May 1942 the Division fought a rearguard action eastwards from the Gazala line. It suffered heavy losses at Knightsbridge and during the retreat to Mersa Matruh, but gained a notable victory at Ruweisat Ridge on July 16, 1942.

It then moved to Iraq and Persia, returning to India in June 1943. By the following November it was in action against the Japanese in the Arakan, and relieved the encircled 7th (Indian) Division in February 1944. The 5th took part in the defence of Imphal and Kohima and the reoccupation of Tiddim. After a period of rest in Assam it returned to Burma in March 1945 to participate in the final operations of the 14th Army, fighting its way southwards towards Rangoon.

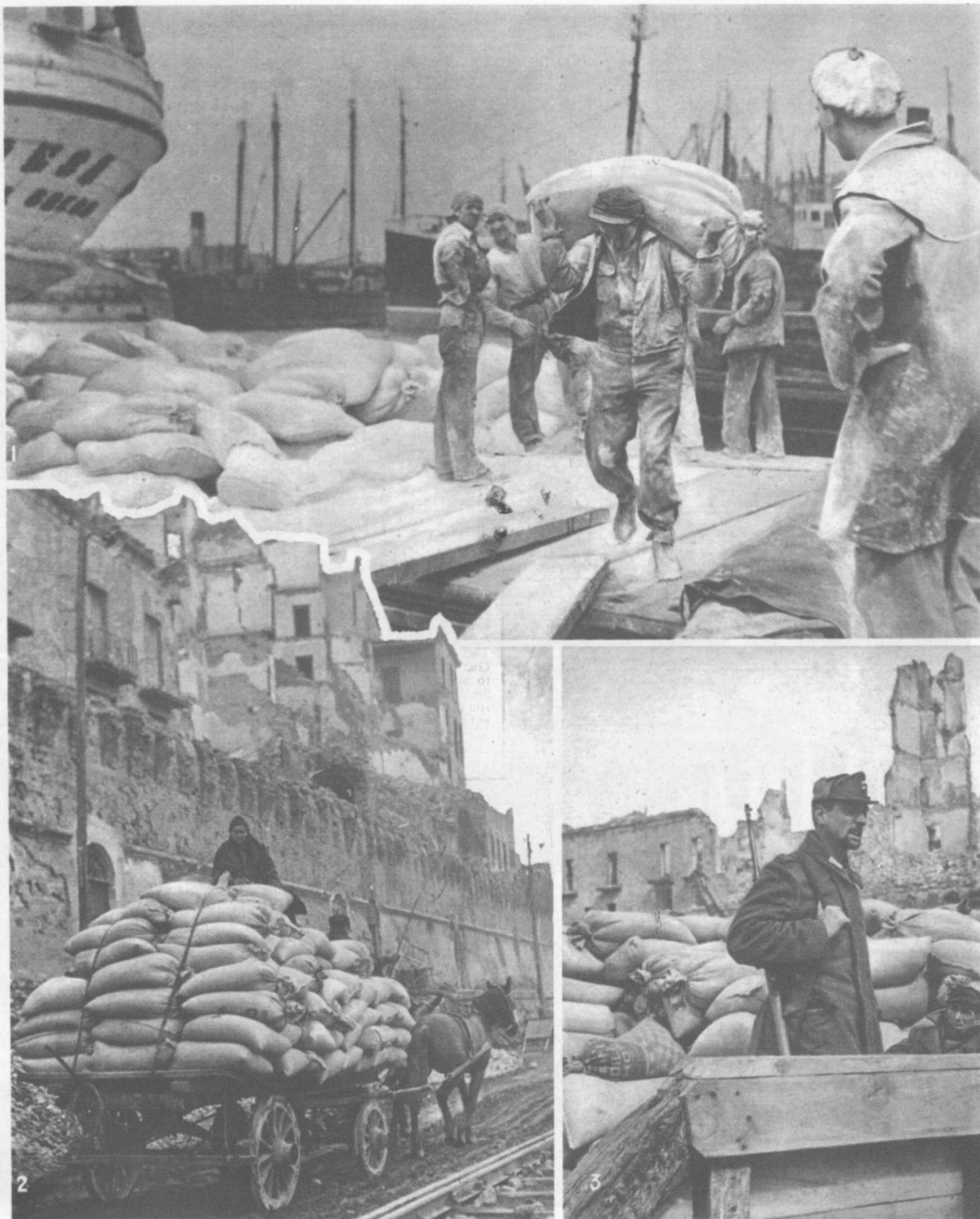
It held the line of the Sittang River against a stream of Japanese, who probed for lightly-held crossings and endeavoured to make a way across the river to relative safety in the east and south-east. After landing at Singapore on Sept. 5, 1945, the Division was transferred to Java to disarm the Japanese garrison and rescue prisoners of war and internees. There it was engaged in many minor actions against the Indonesian Republican forces. One of the most important was the clearing of Surabaya in November 1945. The city was occupied by a force of 15,000 to 18,000 Indonesians, supported by guns and tanks. The fighting lasted 19 days, the extremists offering fanatical resistance.

the column rumbled on through the night, past villages where German soldiers were sleeping.

Turning a-corner as Uelzen was reached, the tanks found themselves "double-banking" a German column, with bewildered Nazis caught on their way to breakfast. Alarm flares set the German garrison of the place in motion and a spirited action took place. The timely arrival of a reinforcing squadron of tanks swung the combat in our favour, but most of our tanks were down to their last round before success was assured.

When the war drew to its close in the dying struggles of the Nazi, all seven battalions of the Regiment which were abroad were well to the fore. At Hamburg, at Bremen and in Italy, they were in at the death when the hour of German doom struck. One may claim that our men in this great struggle maintained the proud tradition of their Regiment. They paid to posterity the debt they owed to the past.



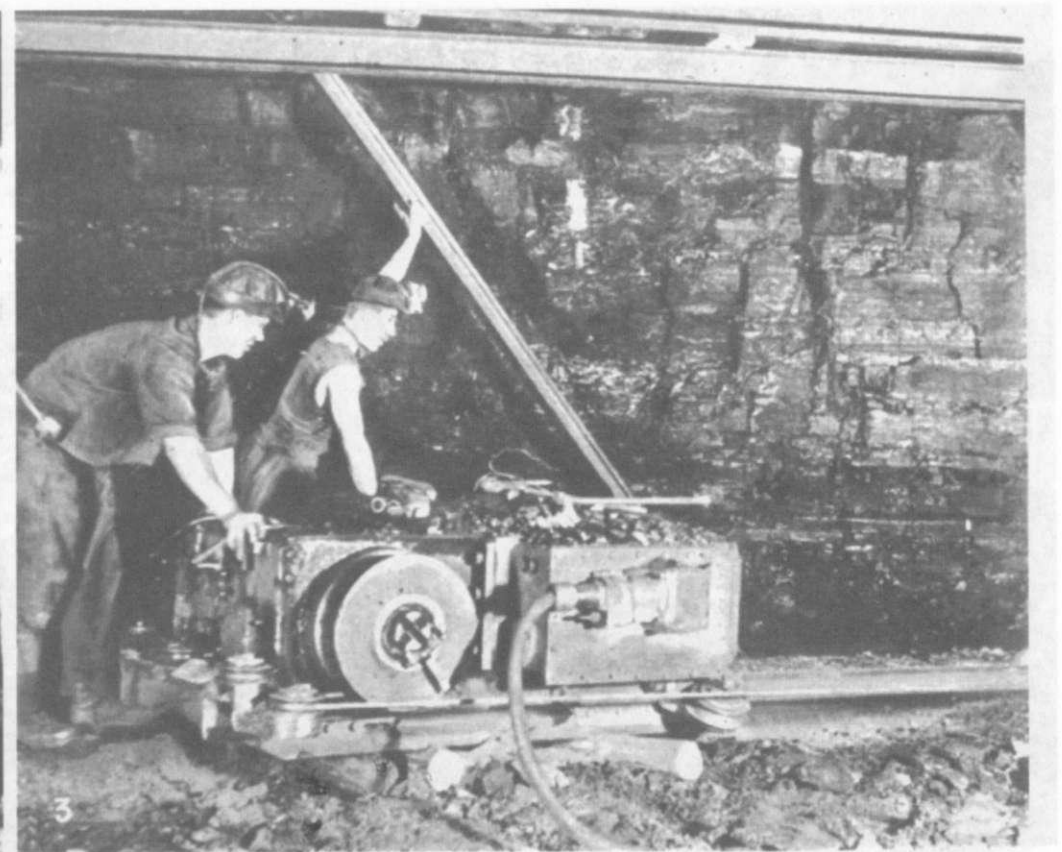


Photos, Keystone

### ***Relieving the Bread Line in Hungry Italy***

Shipments of flour are unloaded at bomb-shattered Civitavecchia (1), port of Rome. Sacks of grain are taken by horse-drawn drays (2) to the railway sidings. Armed watch is kept (3) by day and night at the docks; earlier shipments were pilfered, to appear on the black market at extortionate prices. Italy had received 1,844,000 tons of food through U.N.R.R.A. up to December 31, 1946, when, except for the fulfilling of outstanding contracts, that organization ceased to function.





## Mechanical Working of Britain's Coal Fields—

On January 1, 1947, our 1,500 British coal mines, acquired by the State, were vested in the National Coal Board (see page 664). Immediate aim is to increase output and improve working conditions by bringing backward mines into line with such as Whitehill Colliery, in Scotland, whose methods are here seen in operation. Unlocking his canister, the shot-firer (1) will extract an explosive "shot" to be placed in a machine-bored hole (2), and 30 tons of coal will be brought down.

Exclusive to  
THE WAR ILLUSTRATE

## —To Meet the Urgent Needs of Vital Industry

An electrically operated cutter (3) penetrates to a depth of about six feet, saving considerable pick work. Loaded into a rubber-tired shuttle-car (4) powered by electric batteries and driven by a Bevin boy, the coal is transferred to a conveyor belt (5) which moves it to trucks on the main pit road. At the mid-shift break (6) the miners, thanks to the mechanical aids, are still comparatively clean—and in good heart to renew efforts to speed the flow of "black diamonds."





### ***They Upheld Name & Fame of Denmark***

Four hundred Danish sailors who lost their lives in the war are commemorated at Nyhavn, in the harbour district of Copenhagen, by a wooden cross (above). It was erected on Dec. 22, 1946, the ceremony including the lighting of 400 symbolic torches. More than 800,000 tons of Danish shipping with some 5,000 men were enlisted in the Allied cause, many of the crews volunteering to take part in the invasion of France.

Danish police (left) honour their comrades who died during the German Occupation: some fell to bullets, some perished in concentration camps. On September 19, 1944, sabotage and strikes by protesting Danes reached such proportions that a state of emergency in the country was proclaimed by the Germans and all powers were withdrawn from the Danish police; about half of the force of 12,000 were arrested, and 1,680, mainly from Copenhagen, were sent to Germany (see illus. page 408, Vol. 8).

*Photos, Keystone*

## New Light On Hitler's Dark Career

SINCE the dust subsided in Germany and the darkness has receded, many secrets have come to light. We have learned much of the origins of the war and many details of its course; what have we learned of the personality of its author? He was a genius, of course; a revolutionary genius—it is useless to deny that, for no ordinary man could have achieved such a masterpiece of destruction.

But wherein did his genius lie? In what respects was he outside human categories, in what within them? Some people have suggested that he was himself an unimportant man, a mere symptom, a pawn, moved by big business, heavy industry, the army, the Junkers. This is an impossible doctrine. For a time all these interests thought they could manage Hitler. They helped him to power. In the end he ruled and ruined all.

It was in his last days that his absolute personal power was exhibited most clearly. Then he had no army, no Gestapo, no propaganda. Failure of his mission was obvious. He had ruined Germany. Yet such was the compelling power of his personality that his orders were still implicitly obeyed. Deputy Fuehrer Martin Bormann and many others wished to escape from Berlin before it was surrounded. But Hitler refused to move, and they stayed. They even stayed for more than twenty-four hours after his death in order to carry out his orders and burn his body. In consequence their escape was impossible and most of them perished in Berlin. Only one man tried to make a secret escape in those days—Hitler's own brother-in-law. Hitler ordered him to be found and shot, and again he was obeyed.

How can we explain this extraordinary power? The habit of obedience no doubt confirmed it, but what caused it? Apart from political reasons, Hitler certainly had an extraordinary personal magnetism. His eyes had hypnotic effect, a dim intensity which subdued the beholder. One of the ablest of his court admitted that Hitler's mere presence left him exhausted and void. Hitler was a sorcerer who convinced a nation that he alone understood the mystery of politics. He even convinced himself, believing to the end that he was a German messiah who alone had the will-power to carry Germany through to victory; and it was partly for this reason that he lived in fear of assassination, hiding night and day in deep underground bunkers. In other respects, too, he can be compared with a sorcerer. Both he and Himmler kept astrologers and consulted their horoscopes on important occasions.

### One of the Scourges of Mankind

But Hitler was never a constructive genius. At the bottom of his heart, behind the meaningless phrases of peaceful intentions and the defence of Western civilization, he wished only to destroy. When he thought of himself as a great historical figure, it wasn't as any of the great builders of civilization; it was as one of the scourges of mankind—Alaric, Attila, Genghis Khan. In his early philosophy this nihilism was obvious to all who examined it. In his middle years it was obscured by the vested interests which rode on the Nazi tide. At the end Nazism resumed its original character. The appeal to the Werewolves was an appeal for universal destruction; Germany was to go down in a Wagnerian twilight of the gods.

Though Hitler was physically afraid of blood, the thought of it excited and intoxicated him. Nor did he mind whose blood it was that he shed. An officer once began to explain apologetically that German losses had been severe. Hitler cut him short.

THE mystery that surrounded Hitler in death as in life has been partly dispelled by captured records and the testimony of some of his associates, and it is now possible to draw a more detailed portrait of him. This psychological study is by Maj. H. R. TREVOR-ROPER, British Intelligence Officer in charge of investigations into Hitler's last hours in Berlin. See also pages 522-523, Vol. 9.

"Losses can never be too high," he exclaimed eagerly, "they sow the seed of future greatness!"

Hitler always thought of himself as an artist and of politics as a form of art. Before the war he lived an "artistic life." He kept irregular hours (his working day was from noon till 4.30 in the morning), worked erratically, played truant from his office, went picnicking in the hills, and surrounded himself with people from the screen and studio. Both Eva Braun and his physician, Dr. Morell, entered his circle in this way.

He came from the lower middle class; and though in his politics and his ideas he was a demonic figure, in taste and in his private life he always remained the petty bourgeois. In some ways it was useful to him to do so; for the German workman, the German common soldier and the German black-coated worker never felt estranged from Hitler. He was always one of them. He lived simply and had his meals regularly, when Eva Braun was away, with his secretaries and his vegetarian cook. Nevertheless, there is a somewhat macabre contrast between the revolutionary nihilism of his doctrines, with his unlimited plans of conquest and the background of cosiness and triviality from which they proceeded: tea-cups and cream-buns, cuckoo clocks and Bavarian bric-à-brac.

THE most significant evidence of these petty-bourgeois standards is to be found in his relations with Eva Braun. She was not a conventional tyrant's mistress. Though attractive, she was not glamorous. She had no exotic tastes, no love of power. A photographer's assistant, she came from the same class as himself; and for that reason Hitler preferred her above all the blowzy

Nordic actresses whom Goebbels introduced to the chancellery. She never interfered in politics, but attended quietly to the details of bourgeois life. She kept the politicians away when he wanted rest, saw that his social receptions (at 2.30 a.m.) were not disturbed by business, and supplied him with a private world. When everyone else seemed to be deserting him, he retained his complete confidence in her.

The exact position of Eva Braun in Hitler's household will probably always be an enigma. Hitler described it as "true friendship," and so that base considerations of cash should not disturb it he made her independent. For about fifteen years she was neither wife nor acknowledged mistress. Even her existence was a secret outside the court. Since Hitler certainly loved her, his unwillingness to give her any definite status for so long requires explanation. The easiest explanation is that their relations were platonic or at least were so represented. The status of either wife or mistress would have been inconsistent with such relations. Ultimately her status had to be established if she was to share in the ritual death of the Fuehrer. Hence the last-minute symbolic marriage.

### His Physical and Mental Collapse

But no character remains static, especially in such a giddy position. In Hitler's last year the failure of hope and the corruption of power emphasized other characteristics. His Cabinet had become a despotic court of toadies and flatterers in which he heard only the echo of his own megalomania. Under the pressure of defeat he gave up all relaxations, all "artistic" activity and irregularity and became a weary hack. Quite suddenly, from looking younger than his age, he became an old man. His hands trembled, his body stooped; he was obstinate and morose. Two causes hastened his physical and mental collapse: his physician and the generals' plot.

His relations with his physician are as extraordinary as anything in that extraordinary history. Dr. Morell was a mere quack. As court physician he used his position to obtain lucrative monopolies for his own proprietary medicines, and in nine years he made a large fortune. All this time he was treating Hitler with an endless series of drugs and injections upon which, in the end, his patient became dependent. Three other doctors discovered the facts and warned Hitler that he was being slowly poisoned. For their reward they were all dismissed and one of them later sentenced to death. For the last six months of his life Hitler's health was in the sole charge of Dr. Morell. By this time, though he suffered no organic complaint and had a very strong constitution, he was a physical wreck.

MEANWHILE, the generals' plot of July 20, 1944, also had its influence. From the physical effects of that attack Hitler soon recovered; from the mental effects, never. Thenceforth the fear of treachery obsessed him; he saw it everywhere and especially in the army. "Everyone has lied to me!" he would scream. "The armed forces have deceived me; even the S.S. has left me in the lurch!" As defeat followed defeat, he became more hysterical in his denunciations, and Martin Bormann, eager to eliminate all rivals for the succession, fanned his suspicions into flame.

The last news from the outside world informed him of Himmler's treachery. That was the end. It was "a shattering blow." The faithful Heinrich had betrayed him. He decided to postpone his death no longer. Like Caesar, Hitler died with an "Et tu, Brute!" (You too, Brutus) on his lips.



EVA BRAUN (upper) shared death with Hitler the day after their marriage. He had a fondness for being photographed with children (lower). PAGE 659 Photo, Planet News



# Europe's Wartime Capitals in 1947

**T**HE visitor landing on Czechoslovakia's only international airfield, at Ruzyn, is given a hearty welcome by the passport and Customs officials, and a similar friendly atmosphere prevails throughout his stay in the country. In Prague, the capital, your first impression is of being in a city of young people. In the trams (so crowded that, especially at peak hours, passengers need the energy of youth to manage to cling to the platform!) you see many young men carrying attaché cases with an important air.

It would appear from this that the entire population is either studying at the University—in fact, there are some 53,000 students—or employed in Government offices on negotiations in which the fate of the country will be decided for the next thousand years. Later you learn that attaché cases are, so to speak, a part of the national costume: they contain mostly a substantial snack or a good lunch.

## In Comparison London is Quiet

Even in the offices of Government departments youth prevails. The average age in important positions in the State administration is about 40. This administration naturally has its own little defects. For instance, in Parliament one day the Minister of Industry declared that he could not do much in the way of increasing production because of the 106 holidays the country had been enjoying since its liberation. Half of these were Sundays, the others mostly celebrations of the country's release from six years of German rule. Of the eight days following October 27, 1946, four were public holidays. At last Parliament had to intervene, and now a Government order has reduced the number of annual holidays to ten.

Two more early impressions of Prague are the noise in the streets and the great fatigue felt after a period of walking. The cause of the noise is that the roadways are paved with great cobblestones and the wheels of vehicles are not provided with rubber tires (due to wartime economy). These, and the very heavy tram-cars, make a rumble in comparison with which the City of London is quiet. Add to all this the constant hooting and shouting—chauffeurs use their horns with utmost freedom and coachmen their mouths to overcome the difficulties of traffic—and the result is indescribable. The fatigue of the visitor is increased by the small stones with which the pavements of Prague are paved and which make one immensely tired unless one wears shoes with soles about an inch thick.

**P**RAQUE suffered very little from the war in comparison with London. In the city you see only about a dozen houses demolished—by English and American bombers in the last phases of the war, or by the Germans in the last four days when they vented the last of their spleen upon the Czechs. In the country districts the situation is worse. Moravia especially suffered—its capital city, Brno, has more ruins than buildings—but the people are making the greatest efforts to restore their industries and raise the country's trade to its pre-war level. Many obstacles have yet to be overcome; factories must be rebuilt, skilled workers replaced by a process of slow training.

The country has resolved to achieve industrial rehabilitation in a Two Years' Plan. Everyone is speaking enthusiastically of the Plan and the particular task his own factory, office, shop or field has to contribute to it. Officially, the Two Years' Plan was to have been put in operation on January 1, 1947, but the ambitious Czechs and Slovaks started it on October 29, 1946. If things turn out in accordance with the Government

## PRAGUE

By EUGENE ERDELY

scheme, in 1949 Czechoslovakia will have not only as much of everything as there was before 1938 but even more.

This desire to restore things to as they were before the Germans arrived, and to improve upon them, is characteristic of Czechoslovakia. Every relaxation of food rationing is hailed by the population as an important step towards this aim, and today the food situation is nearly back to normal, although ration cards are needed for a meal in a restaurant. Milk and cheese are among unrationed items.

Sugar is an important export commodity—Czechoslovakia buys fats in exchange for it—but the Czechs are allotted three pounds of it every month, and four and a half pounds of beef, pork or veal. Mutton, poultry and game are unrationed, and jam has recently been placed on the "free" list. A good middle-class lunch or dinner costs twenty to thirty crowns in the restaurants (from two to three shillings) and consists of soup, meat, vegetables, a sweet, and a glass of good beer, service included.

## Better Dressed Than in England

This winter Czechs are eating goose with sauerkraut, the "old times" will be fully restored when the goose is replaced generally by pork, because pork with sauerkraut is the national dish and nowadays only the richer people can buy it. More than half the pigs in Czechoslovakia in 1937 were removed by the Germans, and even before the war fat pigs were imported for the production of the ham which made Prague world-famous.

Prague is a city of ancient monuments and modern suburbs. The foreigner naturally stays in the centre of the city, and is fascinated by the busy life, of the Václavské Náměstí, where the monument of the famous "Good King Wenceslas" stands before the National Museum, another pride of Prague. Such magnificent buildings as Prasná Brána next to the Obecní Dům (the City Hall) and the St. Nicolas Church in the Malá Strana on the other side of the river Vltava are enchanting. Looking down from the Hrad-

sanin, the castle hill where the President's palace is situated, together with the embassies of foreign powers and the ministries, you have a marvellous view.

Descending to the streets of Prague, to the many crowded market-places with their tents crammed with everything that can be bought without coupons, you are again in the midst of the daily life of this town of a million inhabitants. Here, curiously enough, there are no evening papers, newsvendors continuing to sell the morning newspapers until late at night. It is reported, however, that one Government evening newspaper will be permitted to appear.

**P**EOPLE in the streets are better dressed than their counterparts in England, although the materials to be obtained by the general public are of very poor quality. Perhaps the garments one sees date from before the war, though Czechs began eagerly to buy new clothes when the Russians freed Stalin-grad; or they may be from the black market. Clothing is the only field in which black marketeers (who are faced with severe penalties) are operating with success.

In Prague cinemas the visitor may now see English and American films which were shown in London four or five years ago. During the war the Czechs had to rely upon their own, German-controlled films, or Berlin films. In one recent week there were shown eight Soviet, seven American, 25 British, nine French, 21 Czech and two Swedish pictures. There is an excellent film studio at Barrandov, near Prague—the largest in Europe, and the Germans finished building it just before they left Prague for ever; its facilities are available to anyone who can pay for them, and some British companies may go to Prague to try them out. The Czechs themselves are producing high quality puppet films and cartoons; their other films are rather sentimental and patriotic, as is understandable in a nation which suffered so much during the Occupation.

## Every Opportunity for Amusement

A recent exhibition on loan from the Tate Gallery (London) of war pictures and scenes from daily life in Britain was studied with interest. But to the younger Czech painters English art does not particularly appeal. For generations they have studied in Paris, regarding French art as leading the world. Now, however, they are inclined to turn towards Russian art and forms of expression.

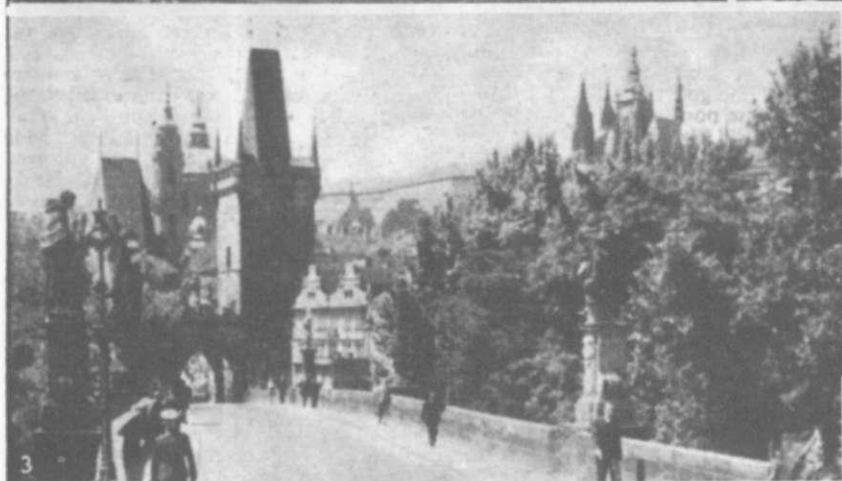
An English theatrical company recently visited Prague. Posters announcing performances of *Candida*, *They Came to a City*, and *Macbeth*, were seen everywhere in the town and all seats were sold in advance. The 15 theatres are at this time showing, among other foreign writers, Bernard Shaw, Eugene O'Neill, Terence Rattigan and J. B. Priestley. The National Theatre has presented a fine new production of Tchaikovsky's opera *Eugen Onegin*, and *Faust*, and the concert-halls are packed.

After the day's toil the people of the capital still have time to amuse themselves. There is a place called *U Fleků* where you may find representatives of middle-class Prague in the evening. It is a brewery, producing one of the finest local beers; and because it is not suited to transport or bottling, the beer (much too sweet for the English palate) is served only on the premises of *U Fleků*. There are night clubs where you may be admitted without being a member and where you may pay up to 300 crowns for a bottle of wine—which is a high price in Prague, but in pounds sterling does not amount to more than 30 shillings.



TRAFFIC POLICE in Prague are smart, well trained, and carry arms—and the great noise of traffic in the cobbled streets is one of the visitor's first impressions. Photo, Keystone

## Czechoslovakia's Capital Almost Untouched by War



GROCERS' SHOPS are well-stocked (1) and there are no queues, the food situation being far better than in Britain. There is only one bomb-damaged building in St. Wenceslas Square (2), and scarcely more than a dozen throughout the city. Charles's Bridge (3), spanning the Vltava River, is overlooked, in the distance, by the President's palace. Václavské Náměstí, or St. Wenceslas Square (4), is the "Piccadilly Circus" of Prague; in it stands the statue of the "Good King" of the Christmas carol. Photos, New York Times Photos, Keystone, March of Time PAGE 661







**Pte. G. AISBITT**  
The Black Watch.  
Action: N. Africa. 6.4.43.  
Age 24. (W. Hartlepool)

# The Roll of Honour

1939-1946

From its inception on page 88 of this volume up to page 568, our ROLL OF HONOUR appeared regularly as a single page. In order to accommodate the large number of portraits accepted, this space has now been increased to two pages in alternate issues.

**Pte. D. H. ARCHIBALD**  
Lothian and Border Yeomanry.  
Action: N. Africa. 21.2.43.  
Age 26. (Edinburgh)



**L/Cpl. T. H. ALLEN**  
Essex Regiment.  
Action: Sfax. 6.5.43.  
Age 26. (Highams Park)



**Dvr. C. W. BAILEY**  
Royal Army Service Corps.  
N.W. Europe. 25.11.44.  
Age 25. (London)



**Sgt. A. E. BARNETT**  
Royal Artillery.  
Action: N. Africa. 16.11.42.  
Age 23. (Fulham)



**P/O. J. R. G. BARRITT**  
H.M.S. Prince of Wales.  
Off Malaya. 10.12.41.  
Age 21. (N. Shields)



**F/Eng. J. E. BEAUMONT**  
R.A.F. Bomber Command.  
Action: Oxfordshire. 28.12.42.  
Age 20. (Fulham)



**Marine J. BERRY**  
Royal Marines.  
H.M.S. Barham. 25.11.41.  
Age 22. (Gifford)



**Sto. J. H. BLACKWELL**  
H.M.S. Glowworm.  
Action: Norway. 8.4.40.  
Age 22. (Bilfingerham)



**A/B W. BRINDLE**  
Royal Navy.  
Action: Messina. 8.9.43.  
Age 20. (Preston)



**Sig. C. BROSTER**  
Royal Navy.  
Action: At Sea. 5.2.42.  
Age 30. (Derby)



**Mne. A. BREMNER**  
Royal Marines.  
Action: Italy. 11.4.45.  
Age 22. (Erith)



**Pte. R. BUTLER**  
Rifle Brigade.  
Action: Anzio. 10.5.44.  
Age 20. (Ipswich)



**Sapper S. COWEN**  
Royal Engineers.  
Tobruk. 28.6.41.  
Age 21. (Sheffield)



**Pte. J. DAVAGE**  
Monmouthshire Regt.  
Action: Caen. 19.7.44.  
Age 20. (Portyway)



**Pte. C. DUNN**  
South Staffs Regt.  
Action: Burma. 17.3.44.  
Age 27. (Sneyd Green)



**L.A.C. J. T. DYSON**  
Royal Air Force.  
P.O.W.: Far East 29.9.44.  
Age 34. (Sheffield)



**O/S A. H. ELLIOTT**  
H.M.S. Janus.  
Action: Nettuno. 23.1.44.  
Age 19. (Dagenham)



**Cpl. P. EVINS**  
Royal Sussex Regiment.  
Action: Italy. 12.7.44.  
Age 20. (Dorney Common)



**Pte. H. EVANS**  
Seaforth Highlanders.  
Action: Havre. 11.9.44.  
Age 26. (Armada)



**Sgt. J. FINCH**  
Royal Air Force.  
Action: Magdeburg. 20.1.44.  
Age 19. (Barnet)



**Sgt. E. C. FOX**  
Royal Air Force.  
Action: Hamburg. 29.7.43.  
Age 19. (Plumstead)



**L/Sgt. J. FOXLEY**  
Grenadier Guards.  
Action: N. Africa. 18.3.43.  
Age 35. (Liverpool)



**Pte. B. FRANKLIN**  
Queen's Royal Regiment.  
Action: Italy. 12.8.44.  
Age 19. (W. Bromwich)



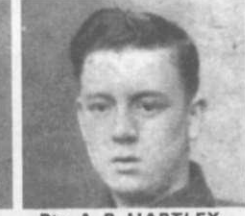
**Sgt. T. E. GIBBS**  
Royal Artillery.  
Action: Tunisia. 9.5.43.  
Age 34. (Eltham)



**P/O W. GORDON**  
Royal Navy.  
Action: Atlantic. 15.11.42.  
Age 26. (Glasgow)



**Pte. V. HALLETT**  
Reconnaissance Regt.  
Action: Italy. 28.7.43.  
Age 23. (Treharris)



**Pte. A. B. HARTLEY**  
Seaforth Highlanders.  
Action: Holland. 31.10.44.  
Age 19. (Manchester)



**Gnr. C. L. HOLT**  
Royal Artillery.  
D/wnds.: Athens. 16.12.44.  
Age 31. (Yeovil)



**F/Sgt. F. HUMAN**  
R.A.F.V.R.  
Action: Wiesbaden. 3.2.45.  
Age 21. (Keighley)



**Sgt. W. IDDON**  
Royal Air Force.  
In action. 15.2.44.  
Age 20. (Banks)



**L/Sgt. H. JARMAN**  
Coldstream Guards.  
Action: Salerno. 9.9.43.  
Age 23. (Leeds)



**Pte. J. JARVIS**  
West Yorkshire Regt.  
Action: Burma. 12.3.44.  
Age 32. (Nottingham)



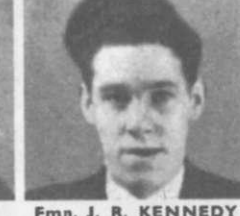
**Dvr. E. JONES**  
Royal Artillery.  
D/wnds.: 6.11.42.  
Age 26. (Birmingham)



**Sgt. H. JONES**  
No. 1 Commando.  
Action: Burma. 31.1.45.  
Age 25. (Swansea)



**Sgt. W. KENNEDY**  
Royal Air Force.  
Accident: Glos. 17.12.44.  
Age 23. (Newcastle)



**Fmn. J. R. KENNEDY**  
Merchant Navy.  
Action: Channel. 20.8.44.  
Age 19. (Newcastle)



**F/Sgt. R. KENNEDY**  
Royal Air Force.  
Accident: Glos. 19.5.44.  
Age 21. (Newcastle)



**Pte. L. LENNARD**  
3rd Parachute Bde.  
Action: Rhine. 24.3.45.  
Age 34. (Radcliffe)

# The Roll of Honour

1939-1946

So great has been the response of readers to our invitation to submit portraits for our Roll of Honour that no more can now be accepted. But readers may rest assured that all those so far received will be published.

**Gnr. L. LINDSEY**  
315 S.L. Battery.  
P.O.W.: Siam. 3.9.43.  
Age 35. (Birmingham)



**Sgt. E. LUMLEY**  
Royal Engineers.  
D. wds. Egypt. 7.2.45.  
Age 37. (Selby)



**Pte. R. McDUELL**  
Royal Fusiliers.  
Action: Italy. 28.11.43.  
Age 26. (London)



**A/B T. P. MURTAGH**  
H.M.S. Dorsetshire.  
Action: Indian O. 5.4.42.  
Age 19. (Manchester)



**Pte. F. C. PARKINSON**  
Loyal Regiment.  
P.O.W.: Far East. 21.9.44.  
Age 21. (Preston)



**Sgt. E. J. POOLE**  
Middlesex Regiment.  
Action: Caen. 15.6.44.  
Age 27. (Plumstead)



**Sgt. R. W. PAYZE**  
Royal Artillery.  
Action: Bremen. 25.6.42.  
Age 22. (Liskeston)



**Pte. A. G. POTTER**  
Royal Berkshire Regt.  
Action: Burma. 2.4.43.  
Age 24. (Willesden)



**Pte. S. A. PRONGER**  
Oxford & Bucks L.I.  
Action: Germany. 13.4.45.  
Age 18. (Godmanchester)



**Mechn. W. RADFORD**  
H.M.S. Dorsetshire.  
Action: Indian O. 5.4.42.  
Age 29. (Colston)



**Sgt. W. G. REED**  
R.A.F.V.R.  
Action: Germany. 14.6.43.  
Age 20. (Putney)



**Fus. G. ROBERTS**  
Royal Welch Fusiliers.  
Drowned off India. 19.11.43.  
Age 24. (Holyhead)



**Dvr. S. J. RADLEY**  
Royal Horse Artillery.  
Action: Mid. East. 29.6.42.  
Age 21. (Witham)



**Cpl. J. ROBINSON**  
No. 3 Commando.  
Action: France. 13.8.44.  
Age 28. (Sidcup)



**A/B G. H. SCOTT**  
H.M.S. Fraddon.  
Action: off N'dy. 18.8.44.  
Age 29. (Haywards Heath)



**L/Sto. H. C. SHORT**  
Royal Navy.  
Action: Medit. 8.1.43.  
Age 23. (Albourne)



**Gnr. W. STOKES**  
Royal Artillery.  
Action: Alamein. 27.6.42.  
Age 27. (Beeston)



**F/Sgt. J. T. SIMPSON**  
Royal Air Force.  
Action: Hanover. 27.9.43.  
Age 26. (Horden)



**F/Sgt. L. SLATER**  
Royal Air Force.  
Died of wounds. 25.11.43.  
Age 30. (Acton)



**Gdsm. R. G. TAYLOR**  
Grenadier Guards.  
Action: Overloon. 13.10.44.  
Age 26. (Woodbridge)



**F/Sgt. D. TAYLOR**  
R.A.F. Bomber Command.  
Action: Pforzheim. 23.2.45.  
Age 22. (Methley, Leeds)



**L/Cpl. L. TAYLOR**  
Royal Engineers.  
At sea: 17.6.43.  
Age 35. (Darlington)



**Sapper. A. THOMAS**  
Royal Engineers.  
Action: Alamein. 23.10.42.  
Age 27. (Windhill)



**Smn. G. THOMSON**  
Royal Navy.  
Action: Atlantic. 24.2.41.  
Age 21. (Dundee)



**Asst/Std. A. K. TODD**  
Hospital Ship St. David.  
Action: off Anzio. 24.1.44.  
Age 32. (Rosslyn Hbr.)



**L/Cpl. W. VIRGO**  
Royal Marines.  
Action: Burma. 24.4.42.  
Age 21. (Waldridge Fell)



**F/Sgt. T. WADDELL**  
Royal Air Force.  
Action: England. 6.5.44.  
Age 22. (Dunoon)



**Pte. G. H. WALTON**  
Durham Light Infantry.  
P.O.W. Tobruk. 7.7.42.  
Age 29. (Leeds)



**Sgt. S. J. WEBSTER**  
Royal Air Force.  
Action: Bremen. 24.6.42.  
Age 26. (London)



**Sgt. WESTMORLAND**  
Royal Tank Regiment.  
Action: Italy. 19.4.45.  
Age 29. (Hull)



**A/B W. WILLIAMS**  
H.M.S. Acasta.  
Action: Narvik. 8.6.40.  
Age 40. (Portland)



**Sgt. C. G. WILSON**  
Royal Air Force.  
Action: Trondheim. 20.6.40.  
Age 24. (Egton)



**Pte. F. S. WILTSHIRE**  
Wiltshire Regiment.  
Action: Caen. 22.7.44.  
Age 23. (Chippenham)



**Sapper H. K. WOOD**  
Royal Engineers.  
Action: N'dy. 11.6.44.  
Age 22. (Wimslow)



**Sgt. A. WOODALL**  
Royal Artillery.  
Action: Mid. East. 6.6.42.  
Age 25. (Wigan)



**Cpl. N. WRAITH**  
Royal Army Service Corps.  
Died: Egypt. 4.10.41.  
Age 39. (Leeds)



**Pte. F. W. YARDLEY**  
Highland L.I.  
Action: W. Europe. 5.4.45.  
Age 22. (Methrick)

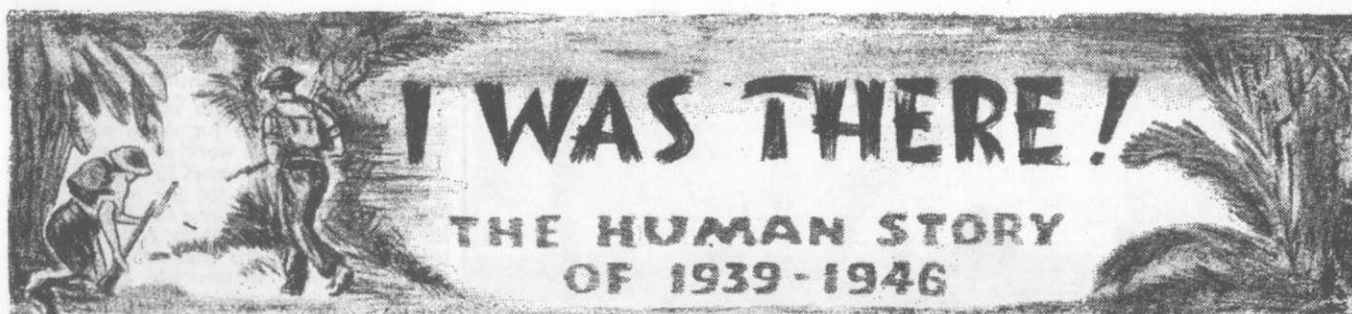


## N.C.B. Unfurls Its Flag Over Britain's Mines



**NATIONAL COAL BOARD** celebrating the taking over by the State of all British coal mines, formerly belonging to 800 separate companies, had its white-initialled blue flag flown on Jan. 1, 1947; as at Williamthorpe Colliery, Derbyshire (1). At Garngoch Colliery, near Swansea, miners held a meeting on New Year's morning beneath the notice announcing the change of ownership (2). Uniform of the Board's messengers is dark blue, with patch pockets, white metal buttons and "NCB" on the lapels (3). At the informal vesting ceremony (4) in London, Mr. Shinwell, Minister of Fuel and Power, addressed his colleagues. Mr. Attlee is seated on Mr. Shinwell's left; other Cabinet ministers are seen. See also illus. pages 656-657.





## On the Road From Assam to Rangoon

Vital factors in the 14th Army's final push towards Mandalay and Rangoon were the Ordnance Field Parks. The arduous southward journey of one of these "ordnance depots on wheels" is described by Major L. L. Bearman, R.A.O.C., who commanded an ordnance sub-park of the 19th Indian Division.

WE were at Golaghat, in Assam, for rest and refitting, and having a really grand time among the tea plantations, when orders came to move to Dimapur as quickly as possible, first filling up with as many stores as we could carry. As to the function of an Ordnance Field Park, it is a unit peculiar to war, some 60



Major L. L. BEARMAN

vehicles carrying stores comprising M.T., wireless and signals, artillery, engineering, small-arms—the complete equipments and spares for them. It amounts, in fact, to an Ordnance Depot on wheels. It can go anywhere at very short notice with an army, corps, division; or a small section can go with a brigade. The job is to issue stores on the spot to replace those lost in battle. Some of the transport is fitted with steel bins divided by shelves and small partitions for carrying the smaller items; the others are General Service lorries used for carrying bulk. Then there are jeeps for delivery service, a battery charger, battery carrier and a breakdown. The number of spare parts carried would often be near the 8,000 mark, so it was a most important matter that everything should be kept in its proper place.

### Awful Yellow Dust Three Feet Deep

We were off on December 19, 1944. The big push was on. The stretch from Golaghat to Dimapur was covered not without mishap; in the 50 odd miles along a flat road we had three vehicle casualties, one of them serious, overturned into the rice fields, and the other two with broken radiators. Our unit workshops, therefore, arrived many hours after the main body. We received a message saying we were required much more urgently than was at first anticipated, and we were to go to Moreh, which is just inside Burma, close to Tamu. After two days in Dimapur, collecting many tons of stores, which were to be needed so badly in the weeks to come, we took the road again.

Leaving early in the morning of December 21 we started the long climb back to where we had come from two months previously—up 8,000 feet to Kohima first. It was bitterly cold when, at about 7 p.m., the first half of us arrived at Konglatongby, where we were to stage for the night. My chief clerk stayed with me on the road to guide the remainder in to the site: and were we frozen! This cold was a completely new thing to us. By morning there were still ten vehicles missing, and it was decided that a day on

maintenance, and a search for the remainder, would be the best course to adopt.

It proved a good plan, enabling us, next morning, to pull out all together, every vehicle in perfect running order. So it was good-bye to Imphal, on to Palel, then another climb to Moreh. The dust was awful—two to three feet deep, and yellow. It clung to us from head to foot and filled every eye, ear, nose and throat. It was impossible to see more than one yard in front of the lorries, and a mistake meant a "drop" of thousands of feet. Any unfortunates did go down that precipice, but none of our lads came to harm. It was 6 p.m. when we started to pull in, and what with the darkness and the dust we couldn't see a thing.

Moreh was the first place for us to open up shop, and I cannot think of a worse spot

in the world—barren, devoid of all life. But we settled in, our workshops section arriving some 24 hours later. What a sorry sight our vehicles were: battered and broken, some needing new springs, or centre bolts, or grills, or radiators. It seemed that another ten miles would finish them off completely. But a few days (including Christmas) in Moreh, altered all that, and once again the vehicles were in tip-top condition. This was a magnificent feat by the drivers, who worked hard with never a grumble.

NEXT stop was Taukian, no great distance, but with a big hill to negotiate. It was night when we started, and when, after covering about ten miles, I pulled up, to my amazement I discovered there were only five other vehicles with me. I turned and raced back, and found that one driver had missed the road and had turned off, the remainder of the convoy following him. He could not be blamed; the dust was the cause of it. We managed to stop about four lorries from going the wrong way, and then raced after the rest of them. After going about four miles



BURMESE GIRLS AT TOUNGOO welcomed a little assistance with their work from the Indian soldiers when the latter had any time to spare. In the race to Rangoon the Ordnance Field Park (story above) was well to the fore—and was greeted with machine-gun fire when it arrived at Toungoo on April 26, 1945, four days after our leading troops.



## I Was There!



**BRITISH CONVOY HALTED AT PYAWBWE**, with smoke from demolitions carried out by the retreating Japanese rising in the distance. A road and rail junction about 300 miles north of Rangoon, Pyawbwe was reluctantly evacuated by the Japanese in April 1945.

the "road" became a mere bullock-cart track, and I could neither pass the tail of the convoy nor turn around. Another officer with me got out of the jeep and ran to catch up with the leading vehicle. He managed it, and also found a dry field to turn in.

**T**HEN they started coming back, and as they came I could see more trouble. How were they to pass the oncoming vehicles? It took us three hours to get out of that mess. I shall never know to whom most thanks should have gone, the Unit Transport Officer or my excellent Jemadar Sahib. To cap it all, one vehicle towing a 25-pounder gun ran into a bad patch, covered with steel wire which wrapped itself around the wheels and hubs—which meant a long job with hacksaws. Eventually the convoy joined up once more and we were on our way.

We arrived at Taukian on January 5, 1945. There I went out shooting duck one evening, and in a village found all the natives very drunk on rice wine. An old Indian told me the celebrations were because the Japs had been driven out of the village, and they—the villagers—were so glad to see the British back once more. Twelve days later we left for Kan. It was a good trip, and our vehicles behaved extremely well. Though we had to drive through many rivers, fast running and up to the axles, there were no casualties, and we arrived at 6 p.m. Now the distance from base was too great for us to be supplied by road, so it had to be air supply, the first

arriving on January 18, when we had been on the march about a month.

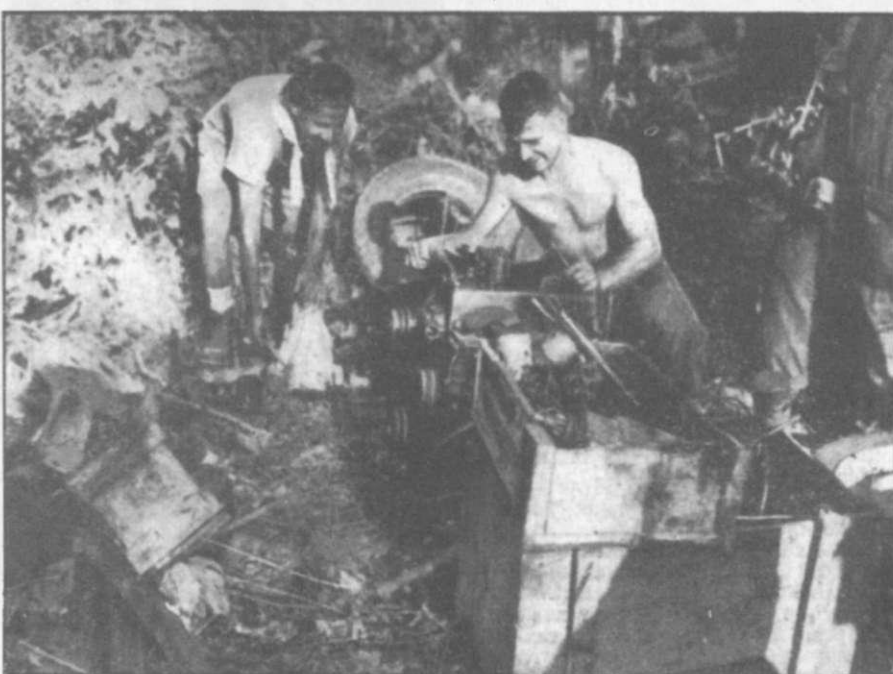
In the early afternoon of February 1 a frantic message came for us to move that night. A lot of hard work was done: there were tents to strike, messes to be packed up, food to be prepared for the journey. By 9 p.m. all the vehicles were lined up, and we left an hour later. Looking back on it, the trials and tribulations encountered on that trip were enough to turn one grey. Dust, hills, shocking gradients, rivers, chaungs (dried-up river beds, all sand), crashes, and Japs all hindered us. We had to stage at a place called Tillin: it was dark when we arrived, and our biggest job was to get the Sepoys, dead-tired and just about all-in, to put up their mosquito nets. Next day we learned that there were 200 Japs only half a mile from us, and we decided to move off at once and keep going until our destination was reached.

### Our Overflowing Cup of Woe!

So we came to Sinthe on February 3, by which time our vehicles were just about fit for the breakdown park—or so it seemed. Each one had at least three or four things wrong with it. Our cup of woe was filled to overflowing by a message from Corps H.Q.—"Urgent! Send 20 three-tonners back to Kan. Pick up XXX Brigade and take to Pakokku. Operational."

We had only 28 vehicles in, so far, and 14 of these were off the road for major repairs. The others needed considerable attention before they could be used again. Another eight came in during the day, and by taking out the steel bins from 10 of them we were able to have 18 ready by nightfall to send back along that treacherous road. The Brigade was put into action over the Irrawaddy, and there was secured another bridge-head opening up the way into Central Burma. After more than a week our 18 three-tonners came back to the unit lines. They were battered and broken, and it looked like the very end, yet within three weeks all but one were ready again, and that one needed a new engine—in fact, it practically needed remaking.

On March 4, I went on a recce to Myitche, our new site by the bridge-head, found a good spot, and sent an advance party off in



**"KEEP THE WHEELS TURNING,"** was a constant cry once the British drive into Burma had begun; and here Corporal W. H. Carpenter, of Battersea, London, is repairing a jeep engine in the Pinwe area, northern Burma. Indian Electrical and Mechanical Engineers worked night and day to keep vehicles under their care on the road.



## I Was There!

quick time to "sit" on it. More trouble was encountered, this time burned-out clutch plates; there were so many chaungs to cross, some over half a mile wide. Most of the vehicles had to be winched over them. But all came in safe to Myitche on the 6th. From now on, once over the river, there would be proper roads right down to Rangoon. At least, so we were told, and we were foolish enough to believe it.

The next blow came when we were told to move to Meiktila, 80 miles south of Mandalay. Just at that time an East African Brigade had been flown out and had handed all their vehicles into our R.V.P. (Returned Vehicle Park). All of these we had to move with our own on the next hop. The establishment for the R.V.P. was 12 drivers, and now there were over 120 vehicles to move! Well, there was only one way. Havaldar clerks to drive, all officers, W.O.s and sergeants to drive, even the sweepers if only we could train them in time. A lot of new drivers were born in the next few days! So on to Meiktila.

### Burying Japs All One Afternoon

Leaving on April 2 we covered that 100-odd miles of desert waste, staging the night at Taungtha: not because we wanted to stage but because there were large numbers of Japs about, cutting the road and in other places shelling it. Convoys were split up into blocks of about 200, sub-divided into 50s and again into sixes, each six to be self-maintained in the case of trouble. We had eight heavy armoured cars from the R.V.P. with us, and these we spread out through the convoy, and our destination was reached with only minor incidents.

Another nightmare came upon us. The men had driven thousands of miles on that long and arduous trek and were accustomed to the gradients, the bends, the dust, sand and mud. They were not used to good roads! So broken grills and radiators were the order of the day. Getting into the site at 2.30 p.m., it took us all the rest of the day burying Japs. Snipers were still busy, hiding in bombed buildings and pagodas.

From then onwards it was rather different, racing down to Rangoon and with everybody's tail well up. Leaving Meiktila on April 25, we halted for the night at Lewa, 15



STEAM FRIGATE H.M.S. BICKERTON was torpedoed by a German submarine off the coast of Norway on Aug. 22, 1944, when she was with a force escorting two aircraft carriers (story below). Of 1,500 tons, she had a main armament of three 3-inch guns and a designed speed of 23 knots.

miles south of Pyinmina: next day we arrived at Toungoo, at 1 a.m., amid lots of small arms and machine-gun fire. On May 8 we left for Pegu. At milestone 91 on the Rangoon-Mandalay road a bridge was down, but our vehicles managed to cross at intervals throughout the night and we arrived in Pegu with the first part of the convoy at 3 a.m. Sad to say, we were just beaten on the post. We were only 50 miles from Rangoon when we heard that the town had fallen to seaborne and airborne forces.

We felt it rather keenly; but drivers of my unit had the satisfaction of having covered all those thousands of miles over mountain tracks with their four-by-twos: and not a vehicle lost. With the fall of Rangoon, and nearly all of Burma back in our hands, the end soon came, as also did the end of our trek. To the Indian "other ranks," to every officer, warrant officer and sergeant who served under me in the Ordnance Field Park, my sincere thanks for the splendid job they all did—the best bunch of boys ever collected together.

inkling of what was happening outside. The Petty Officer in charge was doing his best to deal with the large inflow of messages in his usual competent way.

It must have been about five o'clock when shouts came from the upper deck, sounding to me like "Carrier Nabob has been hit astern of us!" In a matter of seconds "action stations" was sounded, orders were barked, the radio telephone crackled as emergency orders were passed to the rest of our screening force. I heard the Captain telling the quarterdeck crew to set "depth charge pattern D for Dog." We turned violently and then came a thud and we shuddered from stem to stern. Books, chairs and tables cascaded about, cordite smoke poured in through the vents and we became aware of the stark fact that we were torpedoed. Speedily we dragged ourselves out of the wireless office.

We had been hit in the after-part of the ship and were slowly listing to starboard; a fire was burning and a pall of smoke hung over us. In a few seconds I was in the water, striking out through the oil to a Carley float. I clawed desperately to get in, helped by two others. The Fleet had retired across the horizon, leaving in its wake a battered carrier two or three miles astern of us and our little ship in a doomed condition. A few frigates patrolled in the distance.

Bickerton remained afloat, stern under water, and all that could be heard were men's voices. It was bitterly cold, and we hastened to scramble back aboard the ship, to await the arrival of our rescuers. The wounded were cared for, and cigarettes were passed around. Patiently we sat on the forecastle, whilst the list grew and our bows were poised perilously in the air. It all seemed so utterly unreal, sitting there idly, and I am convinced that a number of us were temporarily beyond caring what might or might not happen next.

After a while it became safe for one of the patrolling frigates to relax vigilance, and she steamed in amongst the wreckage to within a half-mile of us. Hastily, monkey nets and ladders were slung over the sides, improvised



P. H. MARTIN

### A Frigate in Search of the Tirpitz

Participating in one of the Fleet Air Arm attacks on the notorious German battleship Tirpitz, in August 1944, the escort carrier Nabob and the frigate Bickerton were torpedoed off the North Cape, Norway. The story is told by P. H. Martin, a survivor from the Bickerton, who served for four years in the Royal Navy as a telegraphist. See also page 218, Vol. 9.

THE dawn of August 16, 1944, saw us in company with a great array of ships of the Home Fleet raising steam in that windswept expanse known as Scapa Flow. By 10 a.m., at the head of our frigate group, we were hurrying to station ourselves around our charges—two aircraft carriers. Sealed orders were opened and it was revealed that our mission was to screen the two carriers forming part of our forces meant to deliver a crippling attack on the Tirpitz in its lair in Alten Fjord, Norway (see illus. page 477, Vol. 8).

On we steamed through foul weather. Away to the north of us lay the main force of carriers, cruisers and destroyers led by the mighty Duke of York. August 22 dawned—a fine day. The rocky Norwegian coast lay to our west, stretching away in a white haze as far as the eye could see. By twelve o'clock my busy morning was over—away for a little while from the perpetual buzzing of monotonous wireless signals, the humdrum of the Bickerton's radio room. I joined my friends on the torpedo deck and we clustered around the guard rails eager with expectation. Signal lamps were wink-

ing, orders were being flashed to the Fleet and as one ship the destroyers manoeuvred into stations astern while the aircraft carriers turned into the wind.

Hulls down to our east, the big carriers of the main force sent up their aircraft: Corsairs, Seafires and Barracudas; and in squadrons these bore in over the enemy's coast and in a moment were lost to view. A lull followed, with everyone keyed up, waiting for results. Winking lamps recalled destroyers and restationing began.

#### Steaming Amongst the Wreckage

The afternoon dragged on, the weather began to deteriorate, and we were wallowing in a murky sea when the air armada returned in groups of twos and threes. It became evident that a second strike was in the offing. The next few hours I remember as though it were yesterday. Tea-time came and passed and I left, armed with my lifebelt, for the little wireless office, ready for what I thought would be another two hours of strained listening. I became very busy, phones over my head, pencil-pushing, having not an

## I Was There!

stretchers were made from rafts and floats for the wounded, and they were lifted down from the torpedo deck to the starboard side ready for the painful process of being lowered into the approaching boat. Then, with the best discipline possible in such circumstances, we queued to take our turn for final abandonment of our ship. The Captain stood in a wrecked gun position, calmly directing the operation. The whaler came alongside, heaving awkwardly in the heavy swell, handled in an expert manner by a sub-lieutenant of the R.N.V.R.

My turn came at last, and I slithered over the side and down the net; hands grabbed me, and they pushed off, hampered by a

boat crowded to capacity. The gulf between us and our rescuing ship H.M.S. Kempthorne narrowed slowly and soon we were heaving alongside her and climbing her nets. How grand it was to feel the deck beneath our feet! A tot of rum from "Jack Dusty's" store, and I stood with most of our survivors to watch the final proceedings which were to end the career of my ship. Signal lamps were busy, and while the frigates maintained their vigil a twin-stack destroyer dashed by astern of us and, closing the Bickerton, unleashed a torpedo. With a muffled explosion the Bickerton reared, then slowly slid below the surface. Bubbles and more wreckage appeared—and she was gone.

ance movement were sent to German concentration camps, where two died and two others barely survived.) A great strain for me, too, was the enforced crowding of camp-life . . . never alone even for a few minutes, whether sleeping, waking, dressing, washing, eating or working. Small wonder some of us lost our reason. But as the days went by we recovered our spirits to some extent and organized our life. Lectures were arranged and, later, courses in all kinds of subjects. One man set up as a teacher of Chinese, and not until his pupils had had three lessons did they discover that he knew not a word of the language!

## We Sang the Marseillaise in Prison

Captain in an infantry regiment of the French 8th Army, Raymond Bôrie was captured during confused fighting in the Vosges in June 1940. He relates incidents of his five years' incarceration in German prison-camps, ending in his release by the British in May 1945.

**A**FTER eight months of digging trenches, planting nets of barbed wire, felling trees, constructing dug-outs and strong-points of concrete, we received the order, on June 13, 1940, to quit the Line. Leaving a minimum of soldiers there we moved back some eight miles to a forest.

A nerve-racking period followed, with alternating rumours of good and bad news. At last we entrained, but the line had been blocked and we did not go far. Our destination was changed three times in two days. Eventually we were ordered to a point near a pass in the Vosges, which we were to defend against great odds and in almost impossible conditions.

Our Government had already asked for an armistice, and everyone knew it. Apparently Alsace had been abandoned without fighting—and two-thirds of my men were Alsations. A hundred-odd, we had now to defend a front of about a mile, steep and hilly, and covered with trees which prevented us from seeing more than two or three yards in front. Nevertheless, we held the ground for three days. And then, on June 22, running short of ammunition, entirely surrounded by the enemy, who occupied heights from which he could fire at us, we had to surrender.

Then came a two-days' march to Strasbourg. The Germans gave us nothing to eat, but happily for us we were in Alsace. In spite of strict orders, and of our captors'

threats and blows and inevitable reprisals (I saw an elderly woman struck because she had put out for us a pail of fresh water) the people flocked to give us food and shout encouragement. As we entered Strasbourg someone in our ranks began to sing a well-known French song, affirming the loyalty to France of Alsace and Lorraine. We drew ourselves up, marched like soldiers again, throwing that song defiantly in our captors' faces; and the onlookers sang it, too, in spite of all German efforts to silence them.

### Devising Ways to "Go on a Trip"

My first prison camp was at Edelbach, in Austria. It had a picturesque background of fir woods, mountain ranges and splendid sunsets. But inside the camp there was no tree whatsoever—no shade. Grass withered under our tramping feet. There was dust in summer, snow in winter and spring, mud in autumn, wind all the time—and the eternal barbed wire around us. No news came through to us at the beginning. Food was bad and very scarce. Most of us were still mentally stunned, unable to grasp the situation, now hoping for a quick release and the resurgence of our country, now dreading years of separation and captivity.

My own chief anxiety while a prisoner was for my family in France; and, as I learned later, my concern as to their fate was not unfounded. (Five close relations, two of them women, for their part in the Resist-

**A**T my next camp, Colditz, I met British, Belgian, Dutch, Polish and even four Serbian officers. The atmosphere there was lively; the prisoners dreamed of nothing but escaping, of devising ways to "go on a trip" as they called it. Our place of confinement, an old castle perched on a hill overlooking a river, looked picturesque from outside. Inside it was a real prison, with heavy doors, thick walls, and a very small yard for exercise. The number of escape-tunnels begun here by prisoners was amazing, considering the thickness of the walls and the rocky nature of the ground.

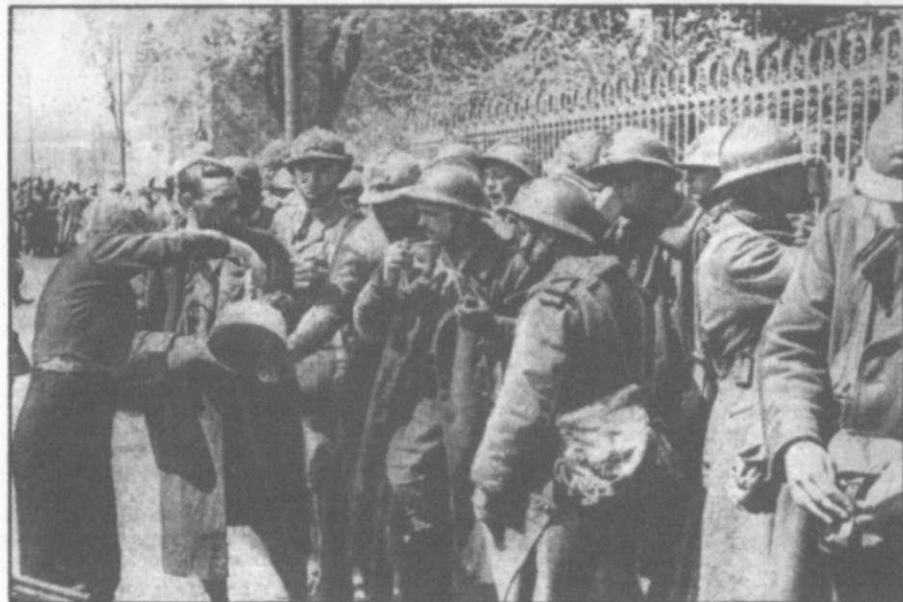
On New Year's Eve 1941 the beginning of the Russian victorious winter offensive shattered German hopes and sent ours soaring. At midnight we French officers left our rooms to wish one another a Happy New Year. Other prisoners joined in, and soon the yard, white with snow, was filled with shouting figures. The German officer on duty asked us to return to our rooms. When he gave the order to a prisoner, the latter had to move towards his quarters; but after a few steps, when the German was trying to persuade someone else, the first man stopped, turned back and went to another part of the yard. The German naturally became angry.

Suddenly an enthusiastic Marseillaise broke out, taken up by prisoners of all nationalities in the yard and at the windows. The ancient walls vibrated to the sound. The German officer wavered, stopped, and froze to attention. The Marseillaise ended. The German hurried forward; but God Save the King began, and he stopped again. The Belgian, the Dutch, the Polish and Serbian national anthems were sung before we returned to our quarters.

### Savage Threats Were Implemented

Towards the end of May 1942 I was sent to Lübeck, where I was to remain for three years. The officer commanding the camp "welcomed" us in a speech in which he denounced us as Communists, Jews, freemasons, capitalists, and believers in the victory of England (the last accusation at least was true). He threatened us with all manner of dire penalties, and warned us not to expect a quick release after victory (a German victory, of course). His threats of rigorous treatment were not idle: a few days later a Polish officer was wounded because he closed his shutters a few seconds after the signal; another was shot dead because he went out of his hut before the signal—he was in pyjamas and it was obvious he had no intention of escaping; a Frenchman lost an eye from a shot because he stood on the threshold of his hut during an air-raid alarm; and many of us only escaped death thanks to the unskilful shooting of the old soldiers who guarded us.

Attempts at escape were numerous in this camp. One tunnel was discovered at night just as two officers who had been working in it were about to go back to their room. Asked by the guard whether anybody else was below, they said no, although another officer was still crouching at the far end of the hole. The German, doubtful, sent in his dog. The Frenchman saw the beast coming,



FRENCH P.O.W. IN MAUBEUGE, north-east France, close to the Belgian frontier, in the summer of 1940, eagerly accepted a drink from a countrywoman. Weary and disheartened, they received as little consideration from the Germans as prisoners elsewhere. At Colditz, as this story tells, prisoners chanted their defiance on New Year's Eve 1941. PAGE 668 Photo, Associated Press





**COMMANDER OF THE 7th ARMoured DIVISION, Major-General G. L. Verney** received a great reception when he entered Ghent in his Stag-hound armoured car on Sept. 8, 1944. British troops reached the southern outskirts of the town on Sept. 5, but the Germans were still resisting strongly in the northern section on Sept. 9; the last enemy opposition was overcome the following day, though positions along the Zeebrugge-Ghent canal were not taken until two days later. The part of an R.A.S.C. Troop Carrying Company in the confused fighting is told below.

called to it softly in German "Here, boy!" patted it, and sent it back! Its master, reassured, thereupon left the way clear for the officer in the tunnel to regain his quarters.

Everything was done to daunt us and prevent us from trying to escape, and everything failed until in 1944 all escaped prisoners, when recaptured, were handed over to the Gestapo. Some were killed, and only their ashes were returned to the camp; others disappeared without trace. The chance of being killed became a certainty, and our friends had to desist from their endeavours. But what daring they had shown! Three had passed the gate disguised as a fatigue party led by a "German" N.C.O. Another got out as a member of the Gestapo, hundreds of whom had come to search the camp. Three successful tunnels had been dug. One of these was in the parade ground: all work on this had to be done during roll-call. Sometimes prisoners entered the tunnel during morning roll-call and remained there until the evening one. Escapes were made through that tunnel on four different

occasions, and although we were counted twice a day we always succeeded in preventing the Germans from ascertaining—sometimes for a considerable period—that prisoners were missing.

In May 1945 came the blessed day of release. The Germans were still in their watch-towers round the camp. From time to time we heard shots in Lübeck. On the motor-road that ran beside the camp nothing moved for hours. Dressed in our Sunday best we crowded into strategic spots from which to see the fighting, if any. We had to wait a very long time. Far away we heard a few guns, and we saw the smoke of a few scattered fires. Then silence again, and waiting. At last, in the distance, some armoured cars appeared on the road. We still were not sure whose they were. Then came a wild, deafening shout, a savage rush, pandemonium. We yelled and hugged one another, and climbed the barbed wire to get closer to the English cars as they passed. We were no longer prisoners. The long nightmare was over.

### **In Ghent With R.A.S.C. Troop-Carriers**

Liberated by the British 2nd Army in a record dash north from the Seine in September 1944, the city of Ghent lies on the Scheldt midway between Brussels and Ostend. Scenes in the final mopping-up of the German defenders are recalled by ex-Sergeant Sidney W. Sharp, R.A.S.C.

VISITORS to the cathedral of Ghent, in Belgium, will find in it a plaque to the memory of the officers and men of 131 Brigade, 7th Armoured Division (The Desert Rats), who fell during the liberation of the city. It was placed there by the appreciative townspeople as a mark of their gratitude and respect.

Ghent was the Divisional objective in the 2nd Army's race to capture the port of Antwerp, and we reached it in the early days of September 1944. No. 507 Company, R.A.S.C., performed troop-carrying duties for the Queen's Infantry Brigade, B Platoon, of which I was transport sergeant, being assigned to the 1/6th Battalion "for all purposes." During the preliminary operations in the city this battalion had the task of clearing the Germans from the factory area where, strongly ensconced in a chemical

works, they were making themselves a general nuisance with mortar and artillery fire.

As was the custom, the Platoon's vehicles and drivers, six to a rifle company, were retained with their sub-units in the fire zone, whilst our Platoon H.Q., with its officer and myself, gratefully retired to Battalion H.Q. A2 Echelon, located in the comparative quiet of Frère Orban, a magnificent boulevard.

At eleven o'clock on the night following the entry, the Germans put down an annoying stonk which ranged all over the town, but with only superficial damage. One o'clock was signalized by a thunderous explosion as a battalion truck loaded with ammunition detonated under a direct hit, bringing down the house against which it stood but injuring no one. The front axle travelled over four streets before finally landing!

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Near dawn the shelling suddenly stopped, arousing suspicion that this might have been a self-propelled gun trying out its armament. Breakfast, consumed under the hungry gaze of the civilians, was scarcely finished when a messenger arrived to say that two of our trucks had been knocked out during the night and replacements were required at once. Having detailed reserves, the Platoon Commander and I sped off to Battalion Tactical Headquarters—a Bren carrier standing on a bridge spanning the canal close to the factory area and in radio contact with all the sub-units.

#### **In the Beaten Zone of Shells**

We were informed that in addition to the shelling, which made it difficult to move along the water-front, there was also the risk of being sniped at. If the infantry were under fire, so were our drivers. Besides, we had the latest mail delivery with us. Deciding that the risk was justifiable we dashed along the deserted quayside in the 15 cwt. truck, expecting each moment to hear the crack of a rifle and feeling that the eyes of the whole German army were on us. But nothing happened. Apparently we were considered too insignificant for the enemy to worry about.

The German guns were lobbing their stuff from about 700 yards, the majority of it crashing into the open between the factory buildings occupied by the infantry. Beyond splinter danger it seemed quite ineffective. Inside the building the foot-sloggers were resting or sleeping; the drivers were "brewing up." Everything was O.K. now, though it had been a bit lively during the night. The two trucks were a write-off as they had both received direct hits: and at the moment they were not available for inspection—they were in the beaten zone of the shells, and no one dreamed of trespassing there.

Suddenly loud cries of "Fire!" were raised. Looking through the open doors we saw one of the parked troop-carriers well alight. Hastily formed fire-parties dashed sand and sacks over the flames and pumped extinguishers frantically. Fragments of shell-casing whistled through the air as successive rounds crumpled down near by. The conflagration out, we returned to the shelter of





SOON after the end of the First Great War this squadron was disbanded in Baghdad, and reformed at Tangmere, Sussex, in February 1937. It was equipped with Gloster Gladiators, but was converted to a Spitfire squadron at the outbreak of the Second Great War. The first few months were spent in assisting in the defence of the Humber estuary and the Firth of Forth, and early in 1940 it was protecting north-east England. It helped to cover the evacuation at Dunkirk, was engaged in the Battle of Britain, and later made many sorties on defence patrols and convoy protection. No. 72 went to North Africa with the British 1st Army in November 1942 and gained 53 combat victories in less than six months. It participated in the Sicilian campaign, being based on Malta, and helped with air cover for the Salerno landings.

TRANSFERRED to Italy, the squadron moved up the west coast in the wake of the Allied armies, and by Sept. 16, 1943, its score had mounted to 200. Bomber escorts, fighter sweeps and the shooting-up of enemy transport were amongst its tasks. From Corsica, No. 72 patrolled the Allied beach-head in the south of France on Aug. 15, 1944, moving into France five days later. In the following October it returned to Italy, going to Rimini in November to be equipped with Spitbombers. Until the end of the war it was engaged in bombing and strafing close-support targets, cutting roads and railways, and attacking transport, many congratulatory messages being received from the 8th Army. The squadron is one of the R.A.F.'s named units and, generous contributions to the Empire's war effort having linked it with the people of Basutoland, it has the title of No. 72 (Basutoland) Squadron.

the factory building. The whole place shook when "strays" crashed against the walls, which were, however, too thick to be much damaged by those missiles.

Word came that the replacement lorries were now running the gauntlet of the canal bank. This should be interesting, was the general thought. They could be seen trundling down the approach road and had almost reached the main gate when a burst on the pavé halted them. One came on again, but the other was obviously in trouble. Nobody was keen, but there was a driver in the cab. Volunteers ran to the derelict and hauled him down—he was our smallest chap, incidentally—whilst the first vehicle, appraised of the situation, backed down on to the damaged one, hooked up and drew it into the factory yard. The one burst had been enough. Both vehicles' tires were riddled, and driver was a casualty with shrapnel in

## I Was There!

the stomach, and the deficiency position was as before. A dispatch rider was sent back to Company Headquarters to draw a reserve from the "pool," whilst I and the Platoon Officer made another frantic dash along the quayside, again unmolested.

At about two o'clock Typhoons, called by radio, commenced softening-up the German gun positions. Enthusiastic crowds, unmindful of stray shells, cheered frantically as the "Tiffies" peeled off and swept low over the enemy sites. The thunder of impacting rockets went on for nearly ten minutes. Then the Typhoons circled lazily over the area, blanketed with oily smoke. Thanks to them the guns were silent.

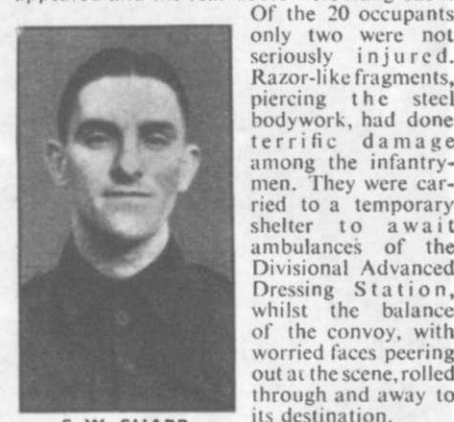
### Road Erupted in Smoke and Flame

Back at Frère Orban we were thrown into another flap at three o'clock by Brigade, who had given instructions for the Battalion to unload all our vehicles and return them to the Platoon, as they would be required to pick up a Brigade of the 15th (Scottish) Division, delegated to assist the Queens'. Just as the complete convoy was assembled we were given the map reference, quite near to the city, and were away. The loading-up was completed in good time.

Standing in the main square by the Cathedral I waited for the vehicles to pass. As the first lorries arrived the road erupted in smoke and flame. The respite was over; shelling had recommenced. It was a strange coincidence that the target should have been this very spot at this very moment. Overhead cables collapsed. Civilians fell to the pavement. The air was thick with choking dust, through which the trucks

plodded steadily on . . . twelve, thirteen, fourteen I counted. Then a terrific crash caused me to duck momentarily.

As the murk cleared truck number fifteen could be seen weaving about the road, but still under control. It pulled into the side and stopped, the driver springing from the cab. He was all right, anyhow. Helpers appeared and the rear doors were flung back.



S. W. SHARP

Of the 20 occupants only two were not seriously injured. Razor-like fragments, piercing the steel bodywork, had done terrific damage among the infantrymen. They were carried to a temporary shelter to await ambulances of the Divisional Advanced Dressing Station, whilst the balance of the convoy, with worried faces peering out at the scene, rolled through and away to its destination.

As the sun slowly sank, the vehicles streamed to location, the "lift" completed. That night Ghent's canal glowed with another radiance, the reflection of the burning chemical factory quivering in its still waters. In the holocaust the remnants of the defenders were being mopped up by the combined team of infantry. On September 11 a Polish armoured brigade relieved the Division, which moved back to Malines for rest.

## They Made Me Wield a Pick in Germany

Realization that he had been "had" came to Sgt. Charles Sadgrove, of the Royal Signals, after he had laboured as a prisoner of war in German hands: as he explains in this glimpse of arduous days of picking and shovelling prior to the publication of the Geneva Convention. See portrait in page 477.

I was fond of my fountain-pen, and was most reluctant to part with it. Not that it was much use to me in the early period of prisoner-of-war life. At the first big search on entering Germany an English-speaking (and strangely polite) German officer had emptied it of ink. All the same, it was a link with the old days and I liked to carry it with me.

In the end it went up in smoke. A D.C.I.I. sergeant with whom I had become friendly in hospital bartered his precious penknife

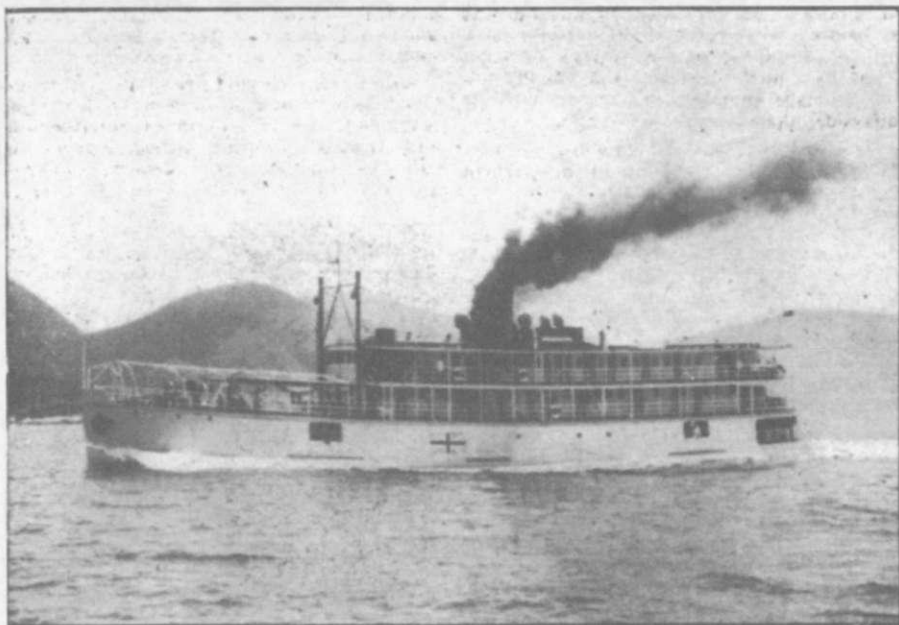
for four cheap, tongue-biting Polish cigarettes and offered me a half-share. Such generosity in time of sheer want called for some response. My watch, ring or pen—which should it be? The pen lost the day—and we smoked.

Well, a pick and a shovel soon took its place. It came as something of a shock when I was sent out on my first working-party, because I had been doing a "reserved" job as typist at Stalag XXA and at the same time acting second-in-command of a



BRITISH P.O.W. AT KLEIN BARTELSEE, near Bromberg, stripped for work in the German gravel pits: the author of the story is the single figure at the back. He was in this "luxury" camp for over two years and, choosing the lesser of two evils, elected to be a labourer—until the arrival of a document "saved his bacon."

## I Was There!



H.M.S. LI WO, the gallant little patrol vessel whose valiant commander, Lieut. Thomas Wilkinson, was posthumously awarded the V.C., as described in page 631. In normal times, this 1,000-ton steamer plied as a passenger vessel between Ichang and Chungking on the Upper Yangtse River in China. Under the White Ensign, on February 14, 1942, she fought to the last with a Japanese convoy. Photo by courtesy of Indo-China Steam Navigation Co.

company of British prisoners. But there was my number, one of 40 on a list, and so I had to undergo the fitting-out, delousing, searching, counting, and all the other preliminaries of a move out from camp to the larger world of working-parties.

We travelled in the cattle-trucks by which we had made our entry into the "greater German Reich." Where we were going nobody really knew, but in the end we landed a road-making job in East Prussia. And from 40 of our countrymen who were there before us we soon learned the ropes—where the cookhouse was (most important), what the rations were like, when to expect the next issue of "Junaks" (Polish cigarettes, of which we now received a small allocation) and the type of work which we would be required to do.

After a few hours' rest on louse-infested pallets, reveille came all too soon with the dreaded word "Aufstehen!" In the darkness of early dawn we were paraded, marshalled into lorries, and driven some miles out of the town to one of the many sections of the Danzig road at that time undergoing widening and improvements at the hands of British prisoners of war. I remarked upon the number of senior N.C.O.s in the party, but everyone had to work, even the sergeant-major in charge. At that time we had not been allowed to discover the clause in the Geneva Convention which excused senior ranks anything but supervisory duties.

### Daily My Blistered Hands Bled

We were each given a pick and shovel, and an officious German civilian measured out for each man a certain stretch of road from which the top surface had to be removed to a depth of six to eight inches. This completed, we moved to another measured stretch, and so on until dusk, the day's toil being relieved with two breaks of half an hour in which we were permitted to light fires around which to sit and eat our rations.

That job brought me nearer to tears than anything experienced before or since. My back used to ache continuously and my blistered hands bled before the day was half through. The road surface was made granite-like by the severe frosts of early winter, so that our picks bounced as we wielded them. In fact, a staff smithy, a civilian, was kept permanently employed

with the task of sharpening the points of our picks as we blunted them.

Today I can find amusement in recalling how we spent our evenings in that camp. The first thing was a mad rush to the cookhouse to collect our soup in a bowl that was later used as a drinking vessel for coffee (ersatz) and then as a wash-basin. Someone would then produce an old pack of cards, and with these we would play in the dim light of a paraffin lamp until first one and then another started scratching. A shirt would be removed for closer inspection, and then another—until, finally, the game of cards would deteriorate into a general bout of delousing.

By November winter had set in with a vengeance, and it was decided that 80 men was too many for the work available. Our employer selected those who were to stay (presumably the best workers) and those who were to go. I am proud to relate that I was considered among the slackers. The next day found us marshalled into the cattle-trucks once again, and soon we were back among the hordes at the stalag.

Within a fortnight I was out again—this time one of a party of 500 en route to Klein Bartelsee, near Bromberg, where we were the first to occupy a specially-built camp. After the last place, it was a veritable "Butlin's," with well-appointed kitchen, lavatories, wash-places, and even showers. The beds were well-constructed two-tier bunks, mostly with spring mattresses and white sheets and blue check blanket covers and pillow cases.

### A Surprise From the Red Cross

The camp was alongside a huge pine wood, and I was lucky enough to stay there for over two years. There were tradesmen and labourers in that camp and I chose to be a labourer, which meant anything from trench digging to pipe laying. I did both at different times, but the best job was in the gravel pits. We changed shifts each week—from five till twelve and twelve to seven—and a lorry took us from the camp to the working site and back again. In the summer we stripped down to shorts and boots, and in the intervals between the filling of skips and the shunting of the next lot into position we had ample time for sun-bathing. We teamed up, two and sometimes three men to a skip, with generally ten skips to a train-load.

At last, thanks to the Red Cross, copies of the Geneva Convention began to circulate among the camps. One came to us at Klein Bartelsee—with disastrous results for the Germans. The compulsory labour among senior N.C.O.s was found to be contrary to international law. Those who wished could volunteer for further work; otherwise nothing but supervision was obligatory. I need hardly say that I did not volunteer!

## NEW FACTS AND FIGURES

**A**FTER more than 18 months of "standing down" the Royal Observer Corps was from January 1, 1947, completely re-organized on a peacetime basis. A nucleus of permanent officers is provided, and 28,500 spare-time volunteers are being enrolled, drawn initially from men and women with wartime experience of identifying and plotting aircraft in the Royal Observer Corps.

**"MULBERRY harbour"** at Arromanches is to be preserved as a war memorial to the British by the French Government. Through this small Normandy resort (see illus. page 559) poured 600,000 British troops on their way to the Rhine and Germany. Tanks, guns, and blockhouses will remain in place.

**FOUR** Normandy battlefields are to be turned into State-owned sites by the French Tourist office. They are Utah and Omaha beaches, where the Americans first landed, Arromanches and Courseulles, where Montgomery and De Gaulle landed. People will not be allowed to acquire property there, and removal of abandoned war material is forbidden. Hitler's Atlantic Wall will also be preserved.

**STRENGTH** of the Polish Army and Re-settlement Corps in November 1946 was as follows: in the United Kingdom, 108,958; in Germany, 20,479; in Italy, 18,662; in the Middle East, 6,369; in France, 5,229. Of the total of 159,697, women and child dependents made up 6,834. To November 1946 some 55,000 Poles had been repatriated, 3,749 had emigrated to countries other than Poland, and 3,834 were on leave for relegation to reserve for civilian

employment. It was stated that the British Army was prepared to take up to 10,000 Polish troops under 30 years of age.

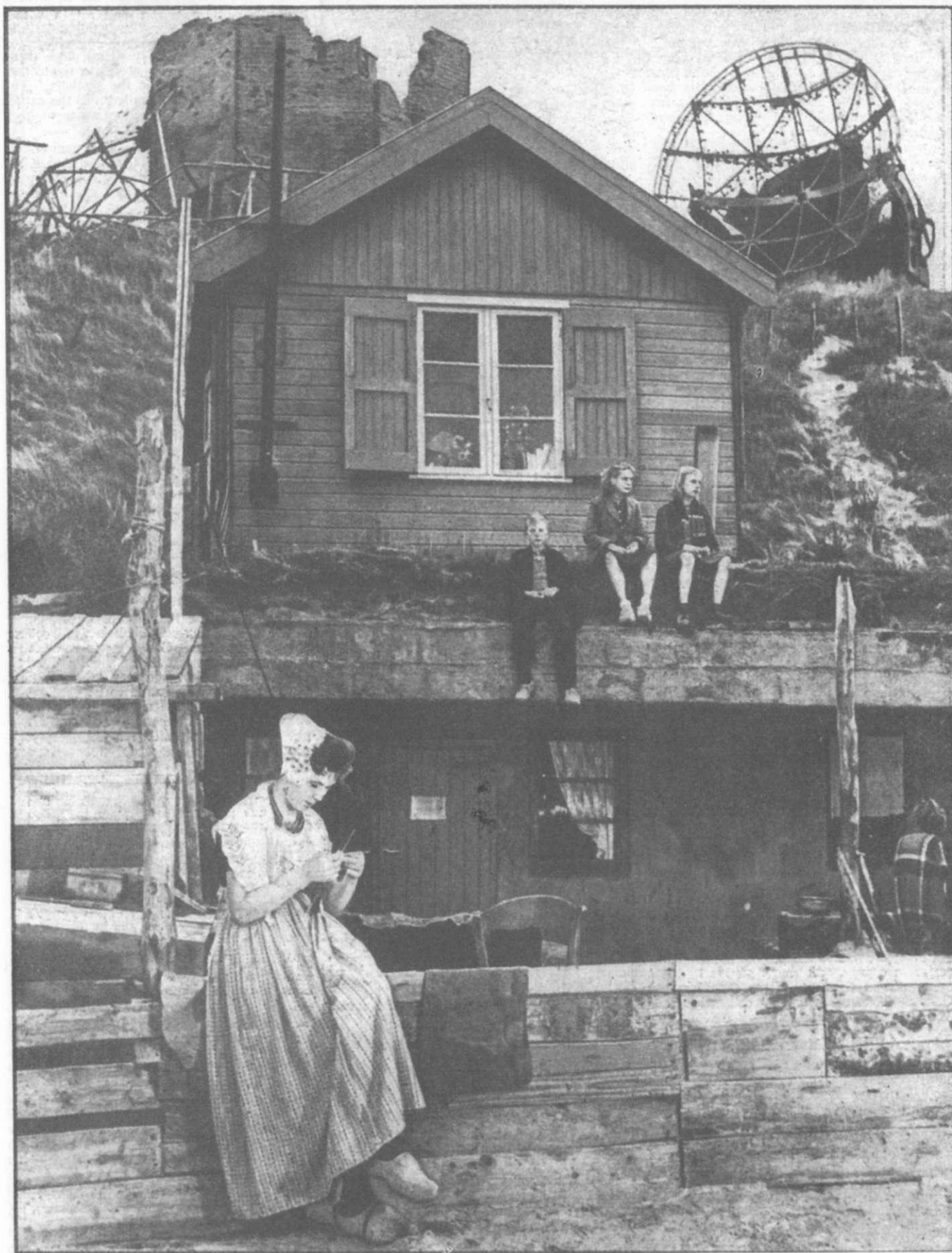
**THE** British Zone of Germany is crowded with homeless Germans from the East and displaced persons. Into an area which before the war had a population of 19,750,000, some 22,750,000 persons have been crammed. As 49 per cent of dwellings were destroyed by the war, men, women and children are accommodated in every available farmhouse, disused office and cellar. Living space is eight square metres per person, compared with 11 to 12 square metres in the Russian Zone, and 12 to 13 in the French.

**THE** 13th and 14th Dickin Medals (Animals' V.C.) to be awarded to dogs (other recipients being pigeons) have been won by Punch and Judy, Boxer dogs belonging to two officers of Army H.Q., Palestine. In Jerusalem on August 5, 1946, they raised the alarm when a terrorist armed with a sub-machine gun approached the house and in attacking him both sustained injuries, Punch having four bullet wounds. Their action prevented what might have been a tragic incident. The dogs were treated at the Jerusalem hospital of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals, which has continued to function throughout the war and subsequent civil disturbances, treating sick animals of Jew and Arab alike.

**FORMER** gun factories in the U.S.S.R. in 1946 manufactured goods for civilian use to the value of more than 1,500,000,000 roubles, two and a half times more than in 1945. The Soviet Armaments Minister stated that about 15 per cent of production consisted of consumer goods.



## German Strongpoint Becomes Dutch Home



**PILL-BOX AT WESTKAPELLE**, Walcheren Island, serves as a temporary home for this girl who, wishing to get married and impatient of delay in obtaining a house, decided with her fiancé to appropriate the former German strongpoint on the sand dunes. Friends, inspired by their example, erected a wooden hut for themselves on the concrete roof, and now both families are waiting for more conventional premises to become available. Much of the island's inundated land has now been reclaimed. See also page 542. *Photo, New York Times Photos*

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