PIPE MAJOR OF THE 1st BATTALION THE 12th PUNJAB REGIMENT led his pipers and drummers in the grounds of the Imperial Palace, Tokyo, in December 1945, when Punjabis and a company of the 12th Regiment of the U.S. Army mounted a联合十分努力, with British Indian and American units. Both units have been in frequent practice in Japan. (See also page 985.)

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 here anchored offshore to land troops, tanks, and their gear, and all sorts equipped by an army in the field. Tactical landing assured that what would have to be unloaded first was loaded last and was accomplished by the equipment. New types of invasion craft were used. Prisoners marching along the beach (bottom) gazed in amazement. See story in facing page, nine page 46.
How the Marines Went In at Sicily

By Major W. R. Sendall, R.M.

We were attacking the defences and west of a narrow promontory, the Punta di Castelluzzo; after scaling the cliffs we would reach a foothold running between the cliffs and a shallow salt lake inland. This path gave us direction to reach the various strong-points, which included a fortified villa—the Casa della Marta—that commanded the only exit from the beach where the Seaforth Highlanders of Canada were landing. Having destroyed these strong-points 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 gusts blew up, one of those outbreaks of ill-tempered violence such as plagued Odysseus and St. Paul. We were all alarmed lest the ship which had been nourished so carefully should have to be changed or abandoned. The Hilary, Admiral Van's headquarters ship, buried her way through the waves and from her yardarm hung a black ball. In the last 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 more 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 mosquitos; short puttees and a bush shirt completed the rig. Then we climbed, amid great hilarity, into our bulky equipment, loaded with ammunition, grenades, rationts, with ropes and climbing irons for the leaders. Personal possessions—photographs of wives and sweethearts, watches, fourteen 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 alight the beaches, prior to the invasion of Sicily on July 9, 1943. The capture of this amphibious operation largely depended on the skill and courage of this command. PAGE 643
Then the last touch to wipe the oil from their guns. Then the machine-guns were fired, and the oil would pick up and dlog the action. We had not finished when we were aware that the sound was accompanied by the accompaniment of every moment, day and night, since we left the Clyde, had stopped. It was midnight. A sudden quiet fell. Then the master, the skipper, cracked the whip, 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 Commandos. To operations stations to operation stations." The Marines backed up their heavy packs and tramped quietly along the dimly-lit corridors and up the brass-bound ladders to the boat-deck. The gate had dropped as suddenly as it arose. The stairs were brilliant, but they were dimmed by the long line of flares with which the N.A.F. illuminated the coastline, an endless row of bombers and the brilliant, shimmering thirst of bombs that lit the night.

Instructed by the voice over the loud-speaker we packed ourselves in our assault craft, swinging from the dories. I quenched all irresistible desire for a smoke by sucking a betel sweet. After a terse few minutes, Control ordered: "Davie numbers 1-3, 7-11, tow away." The tails 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 ten speed for the coast. Soon, but for the loom of a protecting flakship, the little craft was alone. The dim masts of Sicily lay on the starboard bow as we ran diagonally astern. The swell was heavy, crashing on the shanty rams 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 unfortunatable amount of water and called for the pump, but so tightly were we packed that there was not enough space for two to use it. I pulled 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 sand-belt. 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 starlight stretched 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 flinched on the deck instinctively, but it was an anti-aircraft gun engaging bombers which were coming down from the coast, and therefore directly inshore and causing confusion into the lines ahead for the task. The engines revved up, and we raced into the shadowy arms of a cave.

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 tangle was over and we kept from the cold wall of the well-deck into the icy, warm surf, plunging in to the beach.

The Machine-Guns Fired No More

We were surprised to find there was no cliff, only a long shelf of limonite, 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 crested this shelf they opened up again, catching some of our men in their deadly swoops. We took shelter in mangrove in a shallow depression in the sand-hill, where the bullets kicked up the black and white sand, and we heard the last faint applause of the land troops. It took a little time to pick up landmarks in the darkness, but scouts reconnoitering 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 light headland and kicked up the black sand of the beach. The machine-gun fired no more. Further troops of red tracers marked for us at headquarters the progress of other Troops as they made their way along the cliffs from point to point, towards the Punta di Castellaccio and the Casa.

Quickly it seemed, the sun came up and flooded the scene with brilliant light. As I made my way up the cliff path, I found 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 paused a machine-gun nest, with 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 shot up towards one of its upper windows as the Marines put pay to a sniper. When I reached the top of the headland the battle was ended. I looked down over the main beach, and in the great bay the big ships lay close inshore, while streams of small craft and DUKW's, like water-birds, flew busily to and fro. The Canadians were ashore and already pushing up the dusty road to meet us. A big mortar pumped its shells regularly at some target far inland, and three Spitfires were the sole tenants of the immense 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 prisoners and prisoners.

At the Casa della Murra I found a dilapidated blockhouse which I commanded 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 four 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 CRAGT 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 37 inches, it can be carried on the deck of a torpedo motor-boat or in a submarine. The floatation is such that, in an emergency, it can keep the crew 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 re-entry to the target is made under water (3). Alternatively an enemy vessel (4) he is in position to fire an explosive charge to the hull; this does, with the tremendous pressures generated, sink the vessel. The two kites, powered by electric motors, are camouflaged for service in the Mediterranean. The pilot (5) wears a water-tight rubber suit and oxygen breathing apparatus.

PAGE 458
Photo, G.P.C.
Indian Troops Share Tokyo Guard with Americans

UNITED at a joint guard-mounting parade at Tokyo in September 1945, with the American troops, are the 7th Punahui Regiment. The Punahui Regiment, on the left and the Indian Troops, on the right, forming the American contingent, lining up in the courtyard of the Imperial Palace, were dressed up for parade, with the 1st American Division in the foreground. The Indian Troops, under the command of Major K. B. S. M. Singh, were the only foreign troops to participate in the ceremony. The parade was a symbol of peace and friendship between the United Nations and Japan.

In this moment, the Indian and American troops stand side by side, sharing the responsibility of guarding the Imperial Palace. The Punahui Regiment, with their traditional uniforms, add a touch of color and culture to the ceremony, while the American troops, with their modern attire, represent the military might of the United Nations. This joint parade was a significant event in the history of Japan, marking the end of World War II and the beginning of a new era of peace.

As the parade ends, the Indian and American troops continue to stand together, symbolizing the bond of friendship and cooperation that was forged during the war. The Punahui Regiment, with their distinctive uniforms, become a permanent part of the history of the Imperial Palace, serving as a reminder of the unity and strength of the United Nations.
Jap-Held Drum of Royal Scots Coming Home

FOUND IN THE MILITARY MUSEUM, TOKYO, this drum of the 3rd Battalion The Royal Scots was handed over to Lieut.-Col. G. Fegan (left) of the U.K. Liaison Mission in Japan, by Lieut.-Col. W. R. Robey, of the U.S. Army, in Tokyo in September 1945, for identification of the original owners. When the Japanese were rapidly forced out of Singapore in December 1941 they captured also the Regimental Colours; this was recovered in Singapore and is now at The Royal Scots Depot, Glasgow, Scotland.
Stern Toil for Berliners in Winter’s Keen Grip

DAILY TASK OF THOUSANDS in Germany’s capital is sorting millions of service bricks recovered from bomb-shattered buildings. Well-nourished against the biting cold, a woman (right) chips mortar from salvaged bricks while others of the group are engaged in similar tasks. The laborers are available for the immense work of reconstruction are those restored from the ruins.

COMMUNICATIONS are slowly being restored. Overhead cables of the tramway along the Kurfürstendamm receive attention. Drivers have been trained from the service schools. After months of vacancy, Berliners will cross this street which was formerly a fashionable shopping centre. With their hands wrapped for warmth, a man and woman (right) set out for another dwelling. The scene of the city is a vast waste, though strong beams and a framework of a former building remain. A stream of people are seeking homes. Small frames are in the northwest quarter; suburbs inhabited formerly by Protestants and Episcopalians, to the northwest and northeast of the city.

From Anon.
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 1918 and returned to her berth at Deptford, London. (top left) Replenished at the beginning of the war she carried 24 million stamps. Now she will work the London-Oslo sea. Members of her crew before and during the war: J. Beekham and S. Bell (top left), Capt. J. Patterson, R.N.D., and S. Smith (fourth right). See also pages 48-49, Vol. II.
HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS  H.M.S. Nelson

Notes: "Let him hear the pain who has deserved it."

At the outbreak of war in 1939 H.M.S. Nelson was one of our two cruiser battleships. In the same year she took part in the Battle of the Medway, 27 June 1940, in which she led the battle line. Nelson was then serving as a capital ship, one of the heaviest guns in the Royal Navy, of 13-in. calibre.

In December 1939 she was raised in a Saxon buff, and with great difficulty and speed she was repaired and dry-docked and one of the first half of 1940 she was engaged in the Battle of the Coral Sea, the Battle of the North Atlantic, and the Battle of the Medway. In November 1940 she joined Admiral Sir Charles Forbes' Force in the Western Mediterranean, and in September 1943 she was engaged in the battles of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway. In September 1943 she was engaged in the Battle of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway. She was again engaged in the Battle of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway. In July 1944 she engaged in the Battle of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway. In July 1944 she engaged in the Battle of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway. In July 1944 she engaged in the Battle of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway. In July 1944 she engaged in the Battle of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway. In July 1944 she engaged in the Battle of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway. In July 1944 she engaged in the Battle of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway. In July 1944 she engaged in the Battle of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway. In July 1944 she engaged in the Battle of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway. In July 1944 she engaged in the Battle of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway. In July 1944 she engaged in the Battle of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway. In July 1944 she engaged in the Battle of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway. In July 1944 she engaged in the Battle of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway. In July 1944 she engaged in the Battle of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway. In July 1944 she engaged in the Battle of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway. In July 1944 she engaged in the Battle of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway. In July 1944 she engaged in the Battle of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway. In July 1944 she engaged in the Battle of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway. In July 1944 she engaged in the Battle of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway. In July 1944 she engaged in the Battle of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway. In July 1944 she engaged in the Battle of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway. In July 1944 she engaged in the Battle of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway. In July 1944 she engaged in the Battle of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway. In July 1944 she engaged in the Battle of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway. In July 1944 she engaged in the Battle of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway. In July 1944 she engaged in the Battle of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway. In July 1944 she engaged in the Battle of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway. In July 1944 she engaged in the Battle of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway. In July 1944 she engaged in the Battle of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway. In July 1944 she engaged in the Battle of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway. In July 1944 she engaged in the Battle of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway. In July 1944 she engaged in the Battle of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway. In July 1944 she engaged in the Battle of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway. In July 1944 she engaged in the Battle of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway. In July 1944 she engaged in the Battle of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway. In July 1944 she engaged in the Battle of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway. In July 1944 she engaged in the Battle of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway. In July 1944 she engaged in the Battle of the Medway, the Battle of the Medway, and the Battle of the Medway.
The Highland Light Infantry

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

The Regiment was formed by the union of the 1st and 2nd Highland Light Infantry and 97th Highlanders in 1881. These regiments were raised after the Jacobite Rising of 1745, and although the Highland Light Infantry, with the exception of a company of the 97th, was disbanded, the memory of the Jacobite Rebellion was not forgotten. The Regiment has taken part in Britain's most memorable battles from Trafalgar in 1805 until the final defeat of the Axis in 1945.

He asked to see the Commanding Officer and told him he had been aunted as the bravest of the Highlanders at Bature.

In the Western Desert campaign the 2nd Battalion earned fame in that fighting-dog struggle. On June 5, 1942, after taking Bir el-Tamer, it was counter-attacked by tanks and infantry from Barra. One company was overrun, but the rest held up the enemy. Casualties were severe, and the Commanding Officer was wounded. An independent company, with a few brave men, held their ground with a few examples of devotion to duty by the hard-pressed troops at this junction. A battery of 25-pounders closed by a Bren gun and six men of the Highland Light Infantry was ordered to cover a gap in a minefield, to hold up the enemy until a column could pass. The gunners were engaged in this work for some time, and after losses in men and comrades, the Battalion made their withdrawal to Cherbourg and re-embarkation. They did not re-embark until 1944, when the 5th and 1st Glasgow Highlanders battalions joined the 1st.
a series of counter-attacks at dusk and during the night. Under cover of darkness C Company brought up food and ammunition, company commanders actually went into the medical party which had been established at the east end of the causeway.

On the following day (November 3, 1940) 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 136th 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 Greenerweg. Owing to the large number of German wounded there, Arse-
middens was evacuated by the enemy and occupied by us on November 5. By the 8th, 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 Triaworth held by the 2nd Glasgow High-
landers (H.L.I.). Desperate hand-to-hand

The final assault on Walcheren was to take place with 155 Brigade landing and covering the Post of Flushing, while the 157th H.L.I. landed on the Glenderdon Peninsula between Marston and the Island—en-
compassing some 300 yards long and 40 yards wide. A Canadian regiment (The Regiment Munster Fusiliers) had gained most of the crossing but were unable to advance beyond the west end thereof.

The 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, wading off

TO AID TITO'S PARTIZANS the 2nd Battalion went to the Delmestos island of Wil in August 1944. Here they learned infiltration, unexpected entry points, and landing sites. The latest installations in the 2nd (L因terni) Division had months of training in mountain warfare before assembling Walcheren island, one of the forest 'rocks' near. Naufrage 29th Photos, Army Official

Winston Churchill was cheered by the 2nd Battalion (H.L.I. near Gitten, Turkey, April 1945) and other Allied Commanders in the Italian Campaign, which was to be the British striking force in the area of Neurath. It was a period of intensive training and careful preparation, largely done in complete secrecy. The South African troops were stripped of their uniforms to Captain Brown threatened to shoot prisoners, who included our Driver and Signaller Officer. The answer he received 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. Kenward, along with a troop of the Sherwood Rangers, counter-attacked. The enemy were driven back and all our prisoners released. Mean-
while, on the other side of the road down which the enemy was trying to drive towards Gelskirkchen, a company and a half were overrun. Our company, however, gallantly held firm until A Company of the 6th High-
land Light Infantry came up and relieved it.

The 6th Battalion arrived independently of the rest of the 157th H.L.I. Brigade and fought in the Ninemilet salient, the Leopold Canal, and in the sector offensive, where it
Maintaining Proud Traditions of the H.L.I.

Armour and Infantry, which included the H.L.I., advanced together east of Elsleit in the Arnhem sector. The H.L.I. had been granted a short休憩 period from the west bank of the Rhine in November and December 1944 and had formed up at Lambrecht on the front in January 1945, and patrols of the 1st Battalion Glasgow Highlanders' Territorial Battalion at the upgrade to airdrop supplies to the 1st Battalion the H.L.I. was advancing to the east bank of the Rhine in January 1945. The H.L.I. was responsible for clearing the area of enemy troops and had already taken the high ground in the area. Meanwhile, the 7th Battalion the H.L.I. was moving north to join the 1st Battalion the H.L.I. The 3rd Battalion the H.L.I. was moving north to join the 1st Battalion the H.L.I. on Sept. 12, 1944, and after a number of attacks the battalion had been ordered into reserve positions in a wood.
brought off two well-planned and successful attacks on the towns of Bocket and Aphenhoen.

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. Rommel later admitted that their chance of ultimate Nazi victory went as soon as our grip on Normandy was unbroken. They counter-attacked with tanks, and four infantry Groups close to Battalion H.L.I. 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 Ohale the Military Medal.

The 2nd Glasgow Highlanders, H.L.I. were in the same division, the famous 13th, 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 on the Ghent area. On September 13, 1944, a platoon made the memorable assault on a factory and captured two officers and 191 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 Weerd, with 21st Army Group on March 23, 1945. They crossed in Bofors and landed without difficulty, but shortly afterwards became involved with a complete Parachute Battalion in fierce and close fighting. Even Battalion HQ was partly surrendered, for the Germans were struggling fantastically. But the Jocks, fighting line duemons in close work, with green coats, blue trousers, and red caps, were unrelenting. After three hours, and as it was getting light, they mastered the Nazis and were able to advance again. Casualties in this action were seven—eight officers and 43 other ranks. The 10th Battalion also took part along with Scots Guards in the capture of Vix in April, defense of German plan to dispose their defence of the Lower Elbe on the town. Our advance had been continually held up by German minenards, which crossed 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: Soon after the 2nd Battalion H.L.I. landed upon the long campaign which opened with the breaching of German's European frontiers on Sept. 3, 1943. The Column moved to Casalguidi and ended in the major actions in which it was engaged in the campaign for the liberation of Italy and Germany.
Relieving the Bread Line in Hungry Italy

Shipment 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 siding. Armed watch is kept (3) by day and night at the docks. Earlier shipments were pilfered, to appear on the black market at exorbitant prices. Italy had received 1,664,000 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 665). Immediate aim is to increase output and improve working conditions by bringing backward mines into line with such as Whipwell Colliery, in Scotland, whose methods are here seen in operation. Unloading the carriageway, the shot-foss (3) will extract an explosive "shot" to be placed in a machine-bored hole (1), and 50 tons of coal will be brought down.

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 Berlin boy, the coal is transferred to a conveyor belt (3) which moves it to tracks on the main pit road. At the mid-shift break (3) the mines, 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 fell 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. 23, 1946, the anniversary of the US landing in the area, and the ceremony included the lighting of 400 symbolic torches. More than 300,000 tons of Danish shipping with some 1,000 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 1,000, mostly from Copenhagen, were sent to Germany (see illus. page 406, Vol. 8).
New Light on Hitler's Dark Career

Since the dust had settled in Germany and the darkness had melted, many secrets have come to light. We have learned much of the origin of the war and many details of its course; what we have learned of the personality of its author? He was a genius, of course; a refined, witty, and urbane man; he could make any ordinary man have achieved such a masterpiece in his own estimation.

But wherein did his genius lie? In what respects was he the outside category?Sure, some people have said that he was dull, a mere extension, a mere symptom, a pawn, moved by a master's mind, the puppeteer, the puppet and the Jokery. This is an impossible doctrine. For a single hint of the interest that one could manage Hitler. They helped him to come; in the end he ruled and rumbled 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 run Germany. Yet such was the compelling power of his personality that his orders were still implicitly obeyed. Deputy Farber 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. The consequence was that they escaped. Hitler had tried to prevent escape in these 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 personality? His habit of obedience can be explained. The failure of his mission was obvious. He had run Germany. Yet such was the compelling power of his personality that his orders were still implicitly obeyed. Deputy Farber 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. The consequence was that they escaped. Hitler had tried to prevent escape in these days—Hitler's own brother-in-law, Hitler ordered him to be found and shot, and again he was obeyed.

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 statics, no love of power. She was a photographer's assistant, she came from the same class as himself; and for that reason Hitler preferred her above all the bourgeoisie.

EVA BRAUN (center) shared death with Hitler (seated at left in suit), in a bomb shelter at Berchtesgaden, where they were photographed with children (below). PAGE 739; 708; photo, Frank E. Smith.

Nordic actress whom Goebbels introduced to the Führer. She was interested in politics, but attended quietly to the details of his business. When he wanted rest, she saw that his social engagements were arranged 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 would probably always be of interest. Hitler described her as "a friend" and "my friend," but he was always careful not to disturb her if he made his 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 an long time required explanation. The easiest explanation is that their relations were platonic or at least were 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 Führer. Hence the last-minute simulated 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 depoisprated court of sinisters and parasites in which he had no control. Under the strain of his responsibilities, his moral and mental collapse: his physician and the general's plots.

His relations with his physician are as extraordinary as any in that extra-

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 was destined to postpone his death no longer. Like Courbet, Hitler died with an "Eva, Bruno!" (You too, Brunhilde on his lip.)
Eurpope's Wartime Capitals in 1947

PRAGUE

By EUGENE ERIE

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 to impose upon them is characteristic of the whole of Europe. Rationing is halted 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 entailed items.

Sugar is in an important export commodity—Czechoslovakia buys fat 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. Matron, poultry and game are scarce, and jam has been recently placed on the "free" list. A good middle-class lunch or dinner consists 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 the Czehs 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 Czechs were told to save the pork and stretch the killing of the hams which made Prague world-famous.

Prague is a city of ancient monuments and modern churches. The foreigner naturally stays in the centre of the city, and is fascinated by the busy life of the Vladislav Square, the main thoroughfare, and by the "Good King Wenceslas" stands before the National Museum another pride of Prague. Such magnificent buildings as Praha Brana (from the Object Dam the City Halls and the St. Nicholas Church in the Mali Strana and other places are enchanted.

Looking down from the Hrad-
Czechoslovakia's Capital Almost Untouched by War

Grocery shops are well-stocked \( 1 \) and there are no queues, the food situation being far better than in France. There is only one bomb-damaged building downtown. The Charles Bridge (2), spanning the Vltava River, is preserved, as is the distantly visible castle, facing Prague Castle, and Wenceslas Square (3), is the "Friendship Circle" of Prague, in 3 display the statues of the "Good King." of the Christmas revels.

Photo, New York
N.C.B. Unfurls Its Flag Over Britain's Mines

NATIONAL COAL BOARD celebrating the taking over by the Board of all the coal interests of the British coal industry, Jan. 1, 1947; as at William Atherton, Calverley, near Wakefield, where, beside the taking over of the mines, the miners held a meeting to express their solidarity with the miners of Great Britain in their demand for better conditions.

Uniform of the Board's officers: (1) After a press conference in London, Mr. Skidmore, Minister of Fuel and Power, is seen here with Mr. Arthur, his deputy. Cabinet ministers are seen at the meeting, with Mr. Skidmore's left side, March 2, 1947.
On the Road From Assam to Rangoon

We were at Golaghat, in Assam, for rest and refitting, and having a preliminary inspection, the plan was to start towards the north on the 22nd December, to Dinapur in quick time, 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 us, some 50 vehicles carrying stores comprising M.T.s, wireless and signal equipment, artillery, engineering, small arms—tiny 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 up a trackless road, or a small section up a trackless road. The job is to move swiftly on the spot to replace these lost in battle. Some of the transport is fitted with steel rims divided by Shafts and small sections of the wheels, the others are General Service Wheels used for carrying bells. Then there are jars for delivery services, a battery charger, battery car, and a breakdown. The number of stores 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 Dinapur was covered not without mishap; in the 50 odd miles along a flat road we had three vehicle casualties, one of them serious, encountered into the seas fields, and the other two with broken radiators. Our unit work-shops, therefore, arrived many hours after the main body. We received a message saying we were required much more urgently that was at first anticipated, and we were to go to Moreh, which is just inside Burma, close to Tamu. After two days in Dinapur, 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 5,000 feet to Kohima first. It was bitterly cold when, at about 7 p.m., the first half of us arrived at Kohima, 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 froze. This cold was a completely new thing to us. By morning there were still ten vehicles running, and it was decided that a day on the road—barely, devoid of all life. But we scouted in, our workshops sections 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 top condition. This was a magnificent feat by the drivers, who worked hard with never a grumble.

Next stop was Taikain, no great distance, but with a big hill we negotiated it. 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 hours from going the wrong way, and then raced after the rest of them. After going about four miles...
I Was There!

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, chimneys (rusted-up river beds, all sand), crashes, and Japs all hindered us. We had to stage at a place called Tifin: 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 Wax!

So we came to Sittwe 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 wax was filled to overflowing by a message from Corps H.Q.:

"Oregon! Send 20 three-tonners back to Kale. Pick up XXX Brigade and take to Pakokku. Operational!"

We had only 28 vehicles in, so for, 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 Inwa road, 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 Myitkyina, our new base by the bridge-head, found a good spot, and sent an advance party off in

the "road" became a mere bullock-cart track, and I could neither pass the toll 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.

Then they started coming back and as they came I could see more trouble. How were they to pass the incoming 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 Femmalor 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 hack saws. Eventually the convoy joined up once more and we were on our way.

We arrived at Taunkin on January 5, 1945. There I went out shooting star 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, the oil, petrol, and Dyke troubles from base was too great for us to be supplied by road, so it had to be air supply, the first

"KEEP THE WHEELS TURNING!" was a constant cry we saw the British drive into Burma had begun. and here Corporal W. H. Carpenter, of Battersea, London, 1, repairing a jeep engine in the Foyne area, northern Burma. Indian Electrical and Mechanical Engineers worked night and day to keep vehicles under their care on the read.
I Was There!

quick time to “Nij” on it. More trouble was encountered this time. The turn-out to them, there was a snow shower, and we couldn’t see very well. But all came in sight to Mandra on the 4th. From now on, once over the river, there would be proper roads right down to Rangoon. At least, we were told, and we foolish enough to believe it.

The next day, when we were told to move to Meiktila, 80 miles south of Mandalay. Just after that time, the pickup had to move to Rangoon, 40 miles south of Pyinuma. We were at the junction of the road and in other places sheltering. We had split up into blocks of about 500, sub-divided into 50s and again into sites, each site to be self-maintained in the case of trouble. We had eight heavy armoured cars from the R.V.P. with us, and these spread out through the convoy, and our destination was reached without serious incidents.

Another nightmare came upon us. The road had to be crossed at one point, a long and tortuous track and was accompanied by the gradient, the bends, the dust, and mud. They were not used to good roads! So broken spells and ruts weber were the order of the day. Getting into the site at 2.30 p.m., it took us the rest of the day to clear the road. Snipers were still busy, hiding in buildings and in buildings and barges.

From then onwards it was rather different, moving to Rangoon at the rest of the day and with everybody’s tail well up. Leaving Meiktila on April 23rd, we halted at night at Lisee.

A Frigate in Search of the Tirpitz

Participating in one of the Fleet Air Arm's attacks on the notorious German battleship Tirpitz, in August 1944, the author nearly ran aground before being rescued by the Royal Navy as a telegraphist.

The dawn of August 16, 1944, saw us in company with a pair of ships of the Home Fleet, raising steam and making their way as Scapa Flow. By 10 a.m., at the head of our forces, we were nearing to station ourselves around our charges—two aircraft carriers. Sealed orders were received and it was revealed that our mission was to screen the two carriers far out to sea, to deliver a critical attack on the Tirpitz in its lair in Alten Fjord, Norway (see also page 218, Vol. 9).

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 grey and overcast. That morning—indeed, stretching away in a white haze as far as the eye could see. By mayfly down from one of the torpedo deck and so disturbed around the guard rails eager with expectation. Signal lamps were working, orders were being flashed to the Flot and as one ship the destroyers manoeuvred into station astern while the aircraft carriers turned into the wind. Half hour down to our east, the big carrier of the main force sent up their aircraft: Corum, Scapa and Barritubia; and its squadrons (the two in over the enemy’s coast and in a moment were lost to view. A half followed, with everyone keyed up, waiting for results. Working lamps recalled destroyers and reformation began. Steaming Amongst the Wreckage

The afternoon dropped on the, the weather began to deteriorate, and we were wallowing in a murky sea where the air-armada returned in groups of two and three. It became evident that a second time was in the offing. The next few hours I remember as though they were hours. I was not there, I was there, with my life on the line, ready for what I thought would be another two hours of strained listening. I became very busy, plans over my head, pencil-pushing, having not an

ling 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 commandable.

It must have been about 5 o’clock when 4 shouts came from the upper deck—calling to me, ‘“Corncr No. 1 has hit astern of us!” In a matter of seconds “radios stations” was sounded, orders were barked, the radio telephone crackled with emergency orders were passed to the rest of our screening force. I heard the Captain telling the quarterdeck crew to set “depth charges patrolled on ‘Dog.” We turned violently and then came a thud and we shuddered from stem to stern. Books, chairs and tables cascaded about, cor- diate smoke poured in through the vents and we became aware of the stark fact that we were torpedoed. Specifically 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; her fire was burning and a puff of smoke hung over us. In a few seconds I was in the water, but already thousands of feet of sea bed was between me and the aircraft carrier. I do not pretend to get to her 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 aboard, stereo under water, and all that could be heard were man’s voices, which were faintly, and we hastened to scramble back aboard the ship to assist in the work that was done. The gunners were cured, and cigarettes were passed around. Fortunately we saw the forecastle, whilst the list grew and our bows were pointed seriously in the air. It all seemed so unreal, sitting there idle, and I am convinced that a number of us even temporally beyond caring what might or might not happen next.

After a while it became safe for one of the patrolling frigates to take sight, and the commandant ordered the aircraft carrier to lie half-mile of us. Hastily, monkey rays and ladders were slung over the sides, important
We Sang the Marsillaise in Prison

Captain in an artillery regiment of the French 4th Army, Raymond Baudry, who was captured during continued fighting in the Vosges in June 1940. His relations involving his five years' imprisonment in German prison-camps, ending in his release by the British in May 1945.

After eight months of digging trenches, planting nets of barbed wire, felling the wood, constructing an impregnable system of ditches and strongpoints 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 rumors 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 Alençon had been abandoned without fighting—and two-thirds of my men were Alençonnais. A Headquarters order came in, but we had 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. Now, carters, 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.

Ten carts a 'round watch' march to Strasbourg. The Germans gave us nothing to eat, but hardly for us we were in Alençon. In spite of strict orders, and of our captors' threats and threats and inevitable reprisals it saw an elderly woman struck because she had not got for us a pot of fresh water the people flocked to give us food and show encouragement. As we entered Brabourg someone in our ranks began to sing a well-known French song, affirming the loyalty to France of Aloue and Lorraine. We drew ourselves up, marched like soldiers again, throwing that song defiantly in our captors' faces; and the sentence 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 Edebach, in Austria. It had a picturesque background of woods, mountains and splendid sunsets. But inside the camp there was no tree whatsoever—no shade. Grass whitened under our trampling feet. There was dust and dirt, snow in winter and mud in spring, smoke all the time—and the internal barbed wire around us. No news came through us at the beginning. Food was bad and very scarce. Most of us were still mentally stunned, unable to grasp the situation. The German officer waved his sword, stepped forward, and spoke in German. We were only a small yard for exercise. The number of escape-hatches began 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 winter offensive offensive shattered German hopes and sent us scurrying. As midnight we French officers left our rooms to wish one another a Happy New Year. Other prisoners joined in, and soon the yard, while white snow, was filled with fighting figures. The German officer on duty asked us to return to our rooms. When he gave the order no prisoners, the latter had to return towards his quarters; but after a few steps, the German was trying to persuade someone else, the first man stopped, turned back, and went to another part of the yard. The Germans naturally became angry.

The Marsillaise broke out, taken up by prisoners of all nationalities, singing in tune as a way to get the Germans' attention. The ancient walls vibrated to the sound. The German, covering himself with his hands, knew it was obvious. But God save the King began, and he ran back at once. The Belgian, the Dutch, the Polish and Serbian national anthems were sung in unison.

Savage Threats Were Implemented

Towards the end of May 1942, I was sent to Liebich, where I was to remain for those few months. In this camp I was given a badge: "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 to Germany, 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—the he was in pajamas 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 to escape were numerous in this camp. One turned was discovered at night just as two officers who had been working in it were about to go back to their rooms. Asked by the guards whether anybody else was below, they said no, although another officer was still crawling at the far end of the hole. The German, doubtless, went in his dog. The Frenchman saw the beast coming,
called it so safely in German "Here, boy!" pointed it, and went to look! Its master, surprised, then spun off 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 excepted prisoners, when recaptured, were tortured over the Gestapo. Some were killed, and only their heads were brought to where they disappeared without trace. The chance of being killed became a certainty, and our friends had to decide from their experiences. But as they went by the way 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 patrol 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. Excavations 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 something in the considerable period—that prisoners were going.

In May 1945 came the blessed day of release. The Germans were still in their watch-towers and raccoon coats. It was like we heard shots in Ljubljana. On the road between the camp nothing moved for hours. Dressed in our Sunday best we crowded into strange 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 flames. 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, screaming shout, a savage rush, pandemonium. We yelled and bugged one another, and climbed the barred wires to get closer to the English carsas they passed. We were no longer prisoners. The long nightmare was over.

Near dawn the shelling suddenly stopped, arousing suspicion that this might have been a self-propelled gun trying out its armament. Luckily, 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 was 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 post-deployment with us. Deciding that the tank was justifiable we dashed along the deserted quayside in the 13 cwt. track, 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 30 yards, the majority of it crashing into the open between the factory buildings occupied by the infantry. Beyond splinter damage it seemed quite inoffensive. Inside the building the factory workers were getting on with their work without much fussing up. Everything was O.K. now, though it had been a bit lively during the night. The two tracks were worked off as they had both received direct hits—and as the moment they were not available for inspection—they were in the junk zone of the shells, and no one dreamed of tramping there.

Suddenly loud cries of "Fire!" were raised. Looking through the open doors we saw one of the patroon-troop carriers well alight. Hastily formed fireparties dashed and sucked over the flames and pumped extinguishers furiously. Fragments of shell casing whistled through the air as successive rounds crumped down near by. The configuration out, we returned to the shelter of
I Was There!

NO. 72 SQUADRON

S

ommatt at the end of the First World War the squadron was reformed at Tangmere, Sussex, in January 1918. It was equipped with Gloster Gladiators, but was involved in a Battle squadron at Salonika until the end of the War. The first few months were spent in training in the defence of the Thracian isthmus and the Firth of Forth, and early in 1919 it was protecting north-east England.

It was to cover the evacuation of the British Dunkirk force in the Battle of Britain, and later made many sorties on defence missions and convoy protection. No. 22 went in North Africa with the British 1st Army and later took part in the Sicily operations. It remained in Italy until six months. It participated in the Mediterranean, being based on Malta, and helped with air cover for the Sardinian landings.

TRANSFERRED to Italy, the squadron moved up the west coast in the wake of the Allied armies, and by Sept. 26, 1943, its score had mounted to 200 Bomber escorts, fighter sweeps and the shooting down of enemy aircraft. In the battle of France on 23 and 24, Nov. 1943, 10 paratroops the Allies made in the south of France on Aug. 13, 1944, moving into France a few days later. In the following October it returned to Italy, going to Rimini in November 1945.

Until the end of the war it was engaged in providing and attacking close-support targets, cutting roads, destroying railways, and attacking transport. Many congratulatory messages were received from the squadron's old units and generous contributions to the Empire's war effort had raised it with the people of the Mediterranean.

The squadron numbered No. 72 (Tramuntana) 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.

Wood came that the replacement busses were now running the gauntlet of the curfew. 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 pavements 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—while the first vehicle, apprised of the situation, backed down to the damaged one, hoisted up and drove into the area. The road was not wide enough. Both vehicles' tires were rubbed, but driver was a casualty with stripped in 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 Planet Officer made another frantic dash along the quayside, again unmolested.

At about 2 o'clock Typhoon, called by radio, commenced searching-up the German pocket. It had caught the enemy unawares, and the mindless of stray shells, cheered frantically as the "Tiffies" passed off and swung low over the enemy lines. The thunders of impacting rockets went on for nearly ten minutes. Then the Typhoons circled loudly over the area. Blanketed with oily smoke. Thanks to them the guns were silent.

Road Erupted in Smoke and Flame

Back at Freez Urban we were thrown into another flak at three o'clock by Brigade, who had given instructions for the Battalion to unload all our vehicles and return them to the Motor Transport Company. Fortunately, we were able to pick up a Brigade of the 15th (Scottish) Division. Unfortunately, the Queen's Own just as the complete convoy was assembled we were given the map references, quite near to the city, and were away. The loading-up was completed in good time.

Standing in the square by the Cathedral I waited for the vehicles to pass. As the first turns arrived the road erupted in smoke, shrapnel flying in all directions. The vehicle was running at the steering had reasserted. It was strange coincidence that the target should have been this very spot at this very moment. Overhead cables collided. 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. Of the 20 occupants only two were not seriously injured. Rain from the fragments, piercing the steel bodywork, had done terrific damage among the infantrymen. They were car-

They Made Me Wield a Pick in Germany

I was fond of my fountainpens, and was most reluctant to part with it. Not that it was much use to me in the early period of prisoners'-of-war life. At the first big search on entering Germany an English-speaking and strong-voiced German officer had confiscated both. 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. sergeant with whom I had become friendly in hospital bartered his precious penknife for four cheap, tawdry-looking Polish cigarrette and offered me a half-half. Such generosity in time of their worst 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 out for its place. It came as something of a shock when I was sent out on my first work-party, because I had been doing a "reserved" job as typist at Stalag XX A and at the same time acting second-in-command of a
company of British prisoners. But there was no number, one of 40 a hit, and so I had to undergo the fitting-out, defusing, 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-tracks 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 cowhouse was (most important), what the ration was like, what to expect in the next issue of "Junkie" (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 house-infested pulltows, reveille came all too soon with the hoisted sound of "Dahinden." In the darkness of early dawn we were paraded, marshalled into lines, and driven some miles (marvel at this) to the Dzung river at that time undergoing training and improvements at the hands of British prisoners of war. I returned upon the number of senior NCOs 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 ranks anything but supervisory duties.

Daily My Blistered Hands Bleed

We were each given a pick and shovel, and an offensive 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 not 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 frost of early winter, so that our picks bounced as we washed them. In fact, a staff crane, a 10-lift, 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 canteen to collect our soup in a bowl that was later used as a drinking vessel for coffee terrace) and then as a washbasin. Someone would then produce an old sack of cards, and with these we would play in the dim light of a paraffin lamp until first and then another started scraping. A shirt would be removed for closer inspection, and then—another—until, finally, the game of cards would deteriorate into a general bout of defacing.

**NEW FACTS**

After more than 18 months of "standing Army," the Royal Observer Corps was organized on a permanent basis. A network of permanent officers is provided, and an efficient team of part-time volunteers are being enrolled drawn initially, from men and women with wartime experience of identifying and plotting aircraft in the Royal Observer Corps.

**NEW FACTS**

As a result of the peace negotiations, the British and German signs are to be restored at the Berlin and Cologne railway stations. The signs, guards and blackboards will remain in place.

**NEW FACTS**

From Munich to Berlin by air, a journey of 250 miles, takes only 40 minutes, by the American-built Linde-Commer and a British-designed Douglas. People will be allowed to acquire property there, and removal of obstructions is now permitted. Under Article 14 of the Treaty of Versailles, pensions are to be paid to the wives of the British and German army officers, and children dependents made up £1,000. By November 1948, the figures for the value of more than 1.500,000,000 marks, two and a half times more than in international law. Those who wished could work for a further 10 years. In the summer we stripped down to shirts and boots, and in the intervals between the filling of skis and the shuffling of the next lot into position we had ample time for sunbathing. 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 official news were sent to us, and a little later, towards seven o'clock, a lorry took us from the camp back to the working site and back again. In the summer we stripped down to shirts and boots, and in the intervals between the filling of skis and the shuffling 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.

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German Strongpoint Becomes Dutch Home

PILL BOX AT WESTKAPPELLE. Watchers' Island, serves as a temporary home for this girl who, wishing to get married and establish a Dutch homestead, has been occupied by a German field-guns battery for four months. The house was blown up by their own men. Much of the island's inundated land has now been reclaimed. See also page 51.

Photo, New York Times Photo.