

Vol 10 *The War Illustrated* N° 252

SIXPENCE

FEBRUARY 14, 1947

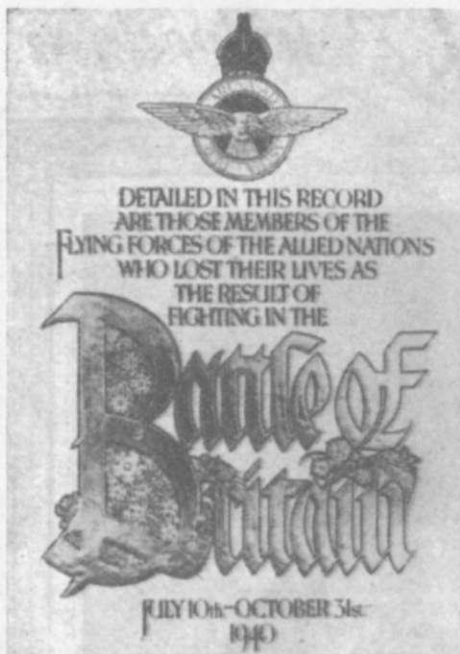


COLOURS OF THE 1st BATTALION THE LONDON SCOTTISH were handed over for safe-keeping to Dr. R. F. V. Scott, of St. Columba's Church of Scotland, on Jan. 12, 1947. The Battalion will remain in a state of "suspended animation" until recruiting for the new Territorial Army commences on April 1, 1947, when the London Scottish will form a part of the 44th (Home Counties) Division. St. Columba's, Pont Street, Chelsea, London, is the Regiment's place of worship. *Photo, G.P.U.*

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

NO. 253 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28

War Leaders Caught by Our Roving Camera



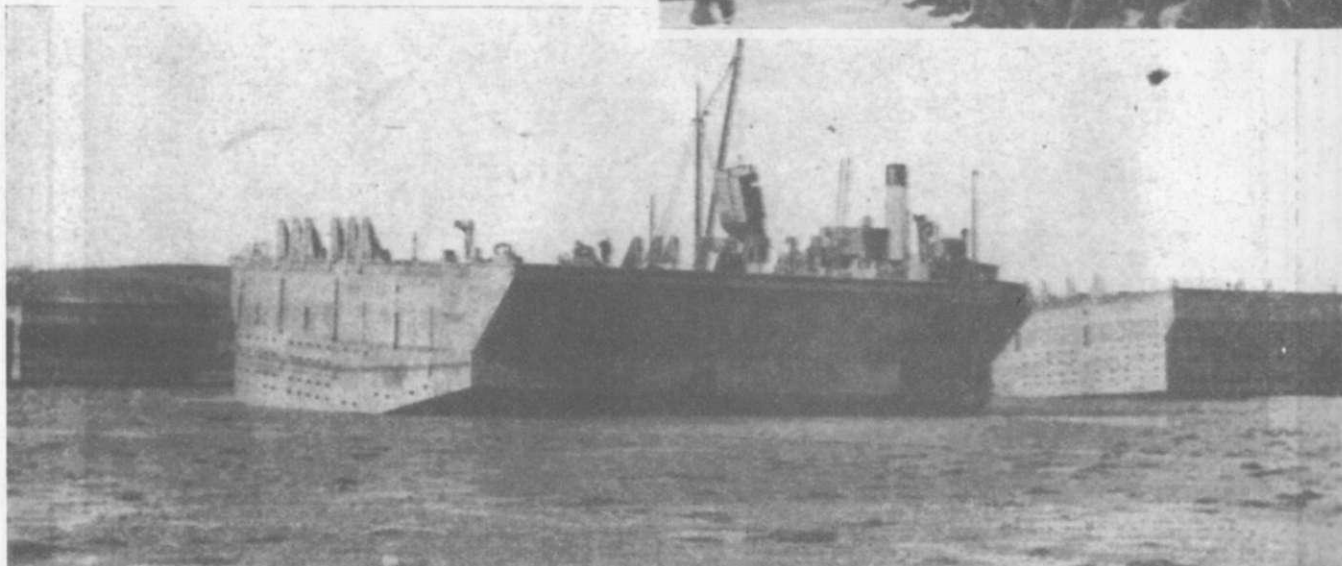
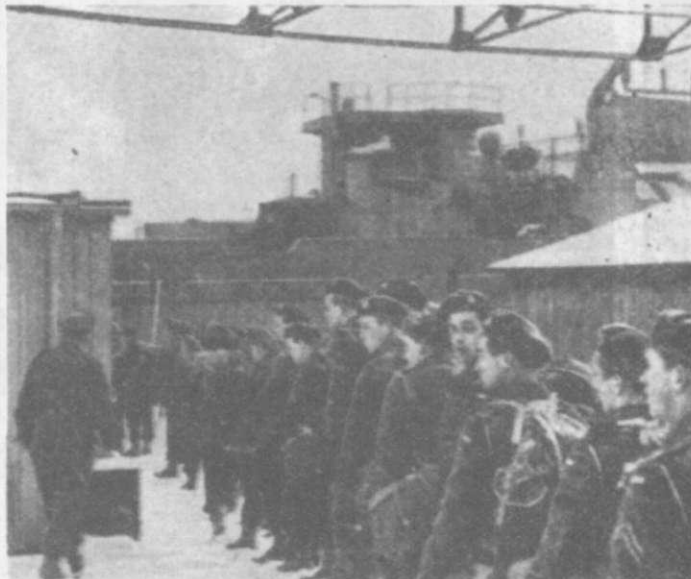
TITLE PAGE (left) of the Roll of Honour to be deposited in Westminster Abbey in memory of the fallen in the Battle of Britain.

BRITISH SERVICE CHIEFS were decorated by the French Ambassador at an investiture held in London on January 15, 1947.



MARSHAL STALIN (right) received Field-Marshal Montgomery at a reception at the Kremlin, Moscow, on Jan. 10, 1947. Lord Montgomery afterwards described his conversation with the Soviet leader as "great."

NORWEGIAN TROOPS (right) embarked for Germany in January 1947. This was the first time in history that Norway had sent occupation troops abroad. The force, wearing British uniforms, went to the British Zone.



SEA-MINE-DETONATING CRAFT, known as "egg-crates," brought to Mumbles, Swansea Bay, to await demolition, were constructed in America for the Royal Navy in order to detonate a special type of sea-mine used by the Germans during the latter part of the war. Fitted with water-tight bulkheads for buoyancy and open compartments to, allow free access to the sea, they created a tremendous disturbance under water over a wide area as they were towed by powerful tugs. They measure 120 feet by 60 feet, with 22 feet draught, but when afloat only two feet of their cumbersome hulls appeared above water.

The Dramatic Liberation of Amsterdam

By
L. MARSLAND GANDER

who, as The Daily Telegraph War Correspondent, entered Amsterdam with the first British troops of the 1st Canadian Army on May 7, 1945.

ALTHOUGH the surrender of General Blaskowitz's 21st German Army in Holland seemed a secondary affair in the great collapse of May 1945 it brought in train surprises, joy turning to terror, and exciting, strenuous days for the war correspondents attached to the 1st Canadian Army. The war was over. Yet on that fateful May 7, when all Amsterdam was wild with hysterical relief, war broke out again in its cruellest form. I became involved in one of the most dangerous situations I had experienced in four years' reporting of five campaigns.

The surrender conference was held at the battered little village of Wageningen, between Arnhem and Utrecht. Here the opposing battle-lines had frozen, and for some days before the final surrender food lorries had been passed through to succour the starving civilians of western Holland. We had our first surprise when the massive, grunting Blaskowitz acknowledged that he had 110,000 men under command. Our Intelligence had not expected more than 60,000 or 80,000. This great army had been contained and pressed back by an Anglo-Canadian force greatly inferior in numbers, while the main offensive tide flowed northwards and north-west into Germany.

Into the Last German Strongholds

We had two divisions only on this section of front, and were therefore outnumbered by about four to one. Our moral and material superiority had been equal to the task up to the standstill, when Germany's armies on all other fronts were melting away fast. The only question was whether this comparatively small force could effectively control the situation and preserve order in an area which contained so many armed Germans, sur-

rounded by a starving, persecuted population who hated their oppressors with cold, concentrated fury.

My own concern was to get into Amsterdam at the earliest possible moment. I was teamed with John Redfern, of The Daily Express. We scouted around and found that at dawn on May 7 the tape barriers at Wageningen—which were all that separated us from the defeated enemy—would be removed and armoured cars of the 49th (West Riding) Reconnaissance Regiment, leading the 49th Division, would advance into the last German strongholds of western Holland. "B" squadron, commanded by Major Hamish Taite, of Lutterworth, near Rugby, would be in the van.

It must be confessed that there was a certain amount of good-natured rivalry between the British and Canadian elements in the 1st Canadian Army; the British felt that it was not generally realized that they were fighting in the Canadian Army. These reconnaissance boys had achieved many daring feats during the advance into Holland, and they sensed that at last here was a deserved "piece of cake," a fitting climax to their war record. When two tame war reporters came along anxious to be taken into Amsterdam, or as near to it as we could get, the troops were hugely delighted.

Major Taite agreed to attach us to a troop consisting of 30 men in four armoured cars

and six carriers, under the command of Lieut. George Bowman, of Scarborough, and Lieut. John Rafferty, of Cardiff. Most of these troops had landed in France soon after D-Day. In the early hours of May 7, Redfern and I piled into our jeep, with our French-Canadian conducting officer and driver, and slung our bed-rolls and typewriters into the trailer. We wedged our vehicle, by arrangement, between two armoured cars and waited in the traffic jam at the Wageningen tape. There was no official "starter," no ceremony. Suddenly we began to roll forward—and we were in the midst of the German army.

New Dutch Flags Were Everywhere

The first German I saw was walking sulkily along the road with a stick grenade in his hand. He took no notice of us, and we swept on. Then a couple more passed, on bicycles, rifles slung across their backs. But the Germans were only slinking back into their camps, barracks, and concentration areas. Soon we hardly noticed them, for the population went wild with delight, their welcome mounting in enthusiasm with every yard we progressed. They shouted, danced, and ran—anything to let off steam. I saw girls leaping into the air clapping their hands above their heads as if they were doing Swedish drill. New Dutch flags floated everywhere from the houses.

My scarcely legible notes are eloquent. They read: "lilac, tulips, people cycling like mad, comic hats, statuesque figures in topers, orange dresses, flags, streamers, Japanese lanterns, people shouting 'good-bye,' 'welcome,' 'hullo.'" In Utrecht and Hilversum the police managed to keep a road free through the dense throngs. As we passed the old ramparts of Naarde people



IN THE DAM SQUARE, AMSTERDAM, many people were killed and wounded when German Marines opened fire without warning shortly before Canadian troops occupied the city early in May 1945. The author of this story was mobbed there by a wildly excited crowd just before the tragedy occurred. The Royal Palace, originally used as the Town Hall, overlooks the Dam. Beside it is the new Church, where lie some of the Netherlands' most illustrious dead, including the famous Admiral de Ruyter.

Great Stories of the War Retold

with tears streaming down their cheeks bombarded us with flowers and illuminated addresses. At last, after one or two hold-ups at blown bridges, we were running between flooded fields into the outskirts of Amsterdam. What we had already experienced should have prepared us; but we were hardly ready for the tumultuous reception in the Dam Square, the heart of the old city.

Excited Crowds in Dangerous Mood

The jubilant people simply engulfed us. There were a dozen laughing, half-hysterical girls on the bonnet of our jeep, and a score of demonstrative youths and boys on the trailer. They thought the whole British Army had arrived—instead of which it was only 30 men, while the main liberating force of Canadians was 40 or 50 miles away.

A few score German troops who had apparently been on street duty and were fully armed, made a sheepish, half-hearted attempt to push the milling mob back with their rifles before they, too, were overwhelmed. So far the crowd, intoxicated with joy, was in carnival mood. But it was an inflammable situation. We were completely stuck. I felt most uneasy, not only because one shot would have caused a massacre, but also because our force was far too small to control the town which we knew contained at least 3,500 regular German troops, unknown numbers of the hated Grünpolizei, and thousands of the brave Dutch Resistance forces, who were now pouring out into the open with their Sten guns.

Another point was that it was my professional duty to get a dispatch rider away with the story of the Liberation. I talked earnestly to Lieutenants Bowman and Rafferty,

counselling a withdrawal in the hope that our departure would calm the excited crowds. They agreed, but we could not move. So with persuasion and expostulation, having autographed hundreds of identity cards and distributed scores of cigarettes, we removed most of our would-be passengers and began slowly to bulldoze our way out. At first only two of the armoured cars and our jeep got away from the square. It was fatal to stop again and wait—as we did on the Amstel Dijk beside the river—for we were immediately surrounded again by cigarette beggars and hero worshippers.

Killed in Panic Act of Terrorism

The other cars and jeeps struggled out to join us at a farmhouse on the outskirts. There Bowman wirelessed back to headquarters while Redfern and I wrote our stories and sent them off by dispatch rider. We did not know that terrible events had occurred immediately we withdrew. Exactly how it all started must remain a mystery, but as I pieced it together later it appeared something like this. German officers were hustled in the crowd, whose mood changed from minute to minute, ranging from the heights of hilarity to raging anger. Some Dutch Resistance men—acting contrary to the armistice terms—attempted to disarm a German, who resisted. Somebody fired a shot—whether Dutchman or German I do not know. Thereupon German marines, who were holding the De Groote Club building, overlooking the Dam, in some strength, opened fire.

Between 20 and 30 people, including old women and tiny children, were killed outright in this ruthless, panic act of terrorism.

I saw some of their bodies with terrible wounds, later. How typical of the Germans to fire into the crowd instead of firing warning shots overhead! Shooting also broke out near the railway station. Immediately, the Dutch Resistance forces, their only uniforms blue overalls, encircled the Germans in the De Groote Club and the railway station.

That was the situation when we received radio orders at the farmhouse to return into Amsterdam. This time I went in an armoured car, but as there was no room inside I had to cling precariously to the outside, feeling most unpleasantly conspicuous. We nosed cautiously through the maze of narrow streets and waterways round the Dam Square. Bullets were flying, but it was not easy to decide who was shooting at whom or what. Blue overalled men crouched in doorways with weapons at the ready.

People shouted at me, "Keep your head down, sir!" and I felt most unhappy. For the war was over, and to be killed now. . . ! Rafferty and Bowman held a conference. Should we turn our 37-mm. guns on the murderers in the De Groote Club? It was a great temptation. Yet we felt that it would not check the useless slaughter and might easily develop into a minor battle. We decided to retire again and ask for further instructions. After all, what could a handful of men in four light Humber reconnaissance cars do but aggravate matters?

Period of Troubled Truce

It so happened that while we deliberated, the gallant commander of the Dutch Resistance forces, Major Overhoff, president of the Amsterdam Stock Exchange, was taking dramatic steps to stop the bloodshed. Under a flag of truce he drove in a motor-car into the Dam for a parley. Unhappily, his driver was shot dead, but Overhoff was spared and induced the Germans to cease fire pending the arrival of the British. The trouble was that while the Germans were prepared to surrender to the British they would not do so to the Dutch Resistance forces.

Meanwhile, outside the city, we were joined by Major Taite and the rest of "B" Squadron, making, if memory serves, ten armoured cars altogether. So for the third time that momentous day I found myself being whisked into Amsterdam. Through darkening, deserted streets, where fearful faces peered from the doorways, we drove straight to the Burgomaster's office in the Prinsenhof Stadhuis. Major Taite took Redfern and me into a room where we met Major Overhoff, the Burgomaster, Mr. de Boer, and several other Dutch Resistance leaders. It was heavily furnished and dimly lighted by an oil lamp. The atmosphere was tense, and outside an unnatural quiet brooded over the city that had lately been so boisterously happy.

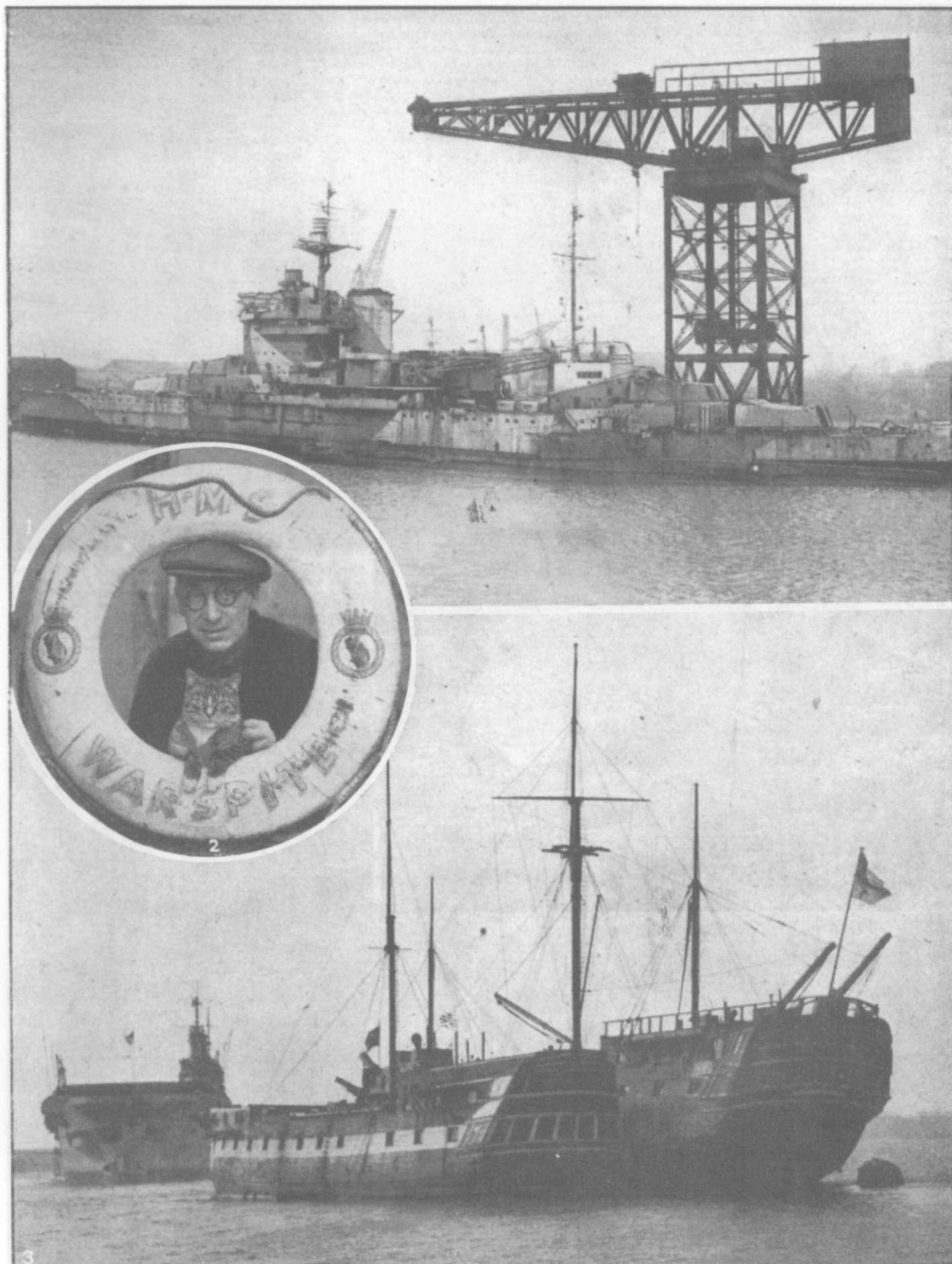
MAJOR TAITE took command of the situation in a calm and confident manner. He telephoned for the German commander, Lieut.-Colonel Schroeder, who came in five minutes. Schroeder offered his hand, which the Major refused. Then, looking sheepish and uncomfortable, the German sat mute, making pencil notes of Major Taite's orders, which were that after curfew his men were to proceed to certain concentration areas. They were no longer to be scattered in "penny packets" all over Amsterdam.

So ended the tragic battle of Amsterdam, though for days the electrical situation lasted while the Germans remained in their barracks heavily guarded by their own armed sentries, and Dutch Resistance forces roamed the streets arresting Fifth Columnists and openly displaying their arms, which they had kept hidden for months or years. At night, we frequently heard outbursts of firing, and the atmosphere did not become easy until the arrival of the Canadians in force two or three days later.



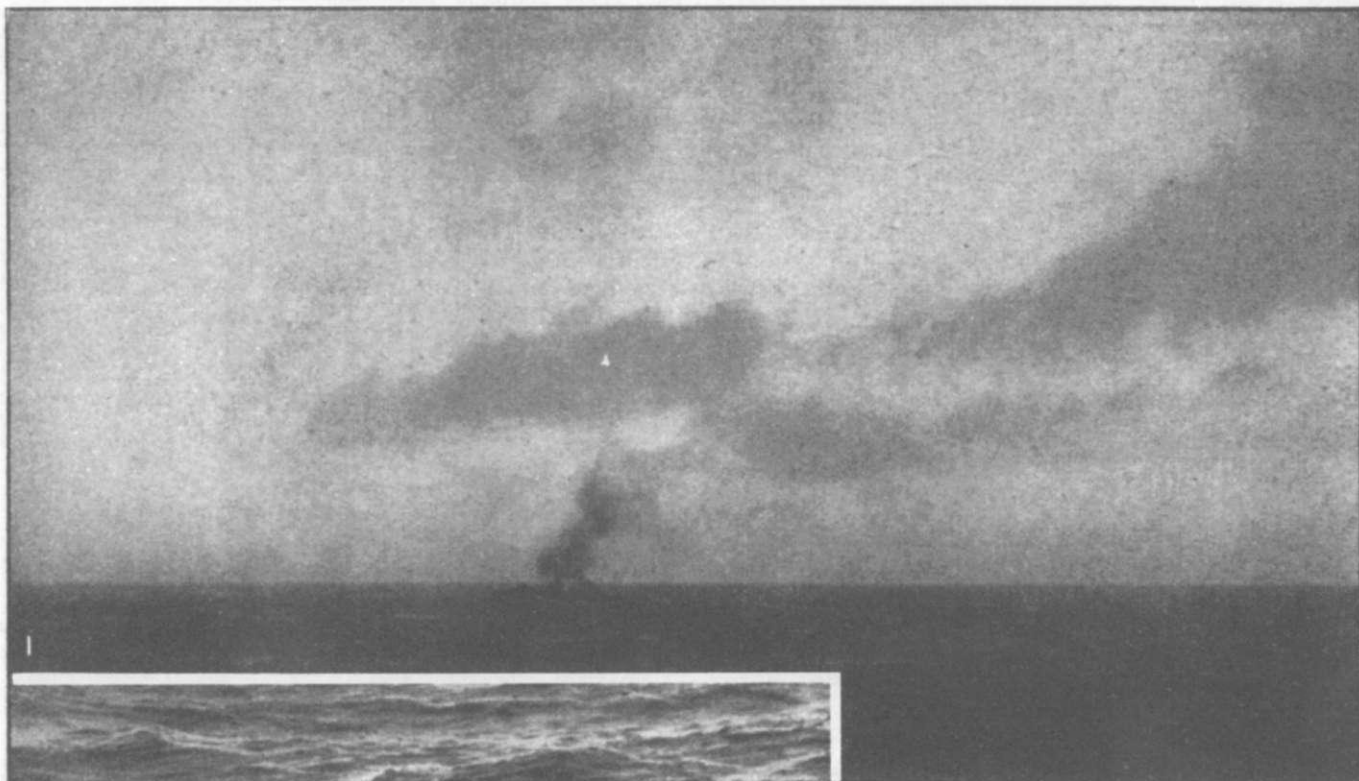
DRIVING TO THE ZUIDER ZEE, Bren carriers of the 49th Division's Reconnaissance Regiment halted outside Kampen, near the mouth of the River IJssel, on April 19, 1945. Tumultuous welcome was accorded the British and Canadians by the jubilant population. The area was practically free of German troops, and the historic old town was unharmed. PAGE 676 War Office photo

We Bid Farewell to Two Famous Ships of Battle



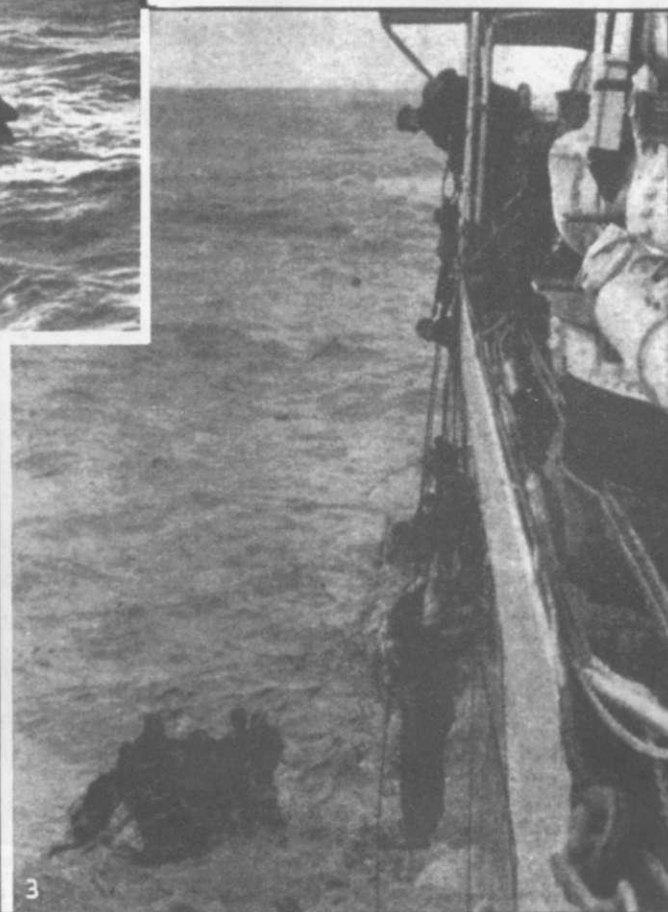
AFTER THIRTY YEARS SERVICE H.M.S. WARSPITE, "Grand Old Lady of the Royal Navy," is being scrapped. In January 1947 she was in Portsmouth Dockyard (1), where her gun mountings and other installations were removed (see also page 6). The ship's cat, "Stripey" (2), has served in her for 8 years. The Implacable (3, right), formerly the Duguay-Trouin, captured from the French on Nov. 4, 1805, and for years used as a training ship, lowered her colours for the last time on Jan. 14, 1947, also at Portsmouth. PAGE 677 Photos, Topical, Central Press, Keystone

How the Glowworm's Light Went Out at Last



GERMAN PHOTOGRAPHS JUST COME TO HAND revive interest in a North Sea action of seven years ago—when the British destroyer H.M.S. Glowworm, on April 8, 1940, was sunk in an encounter with the German cruiser Admiral Hipper and two destroyers (see pages 236-237, Vol. 9). Taken from the deck of the Hipper, these photographs show how fires broke out aboard the Glowworm (1) after she had been hit by eight-inch shells. Survivors (2 and 3) were picked up by the Germans, many too exhausted to walk (4).

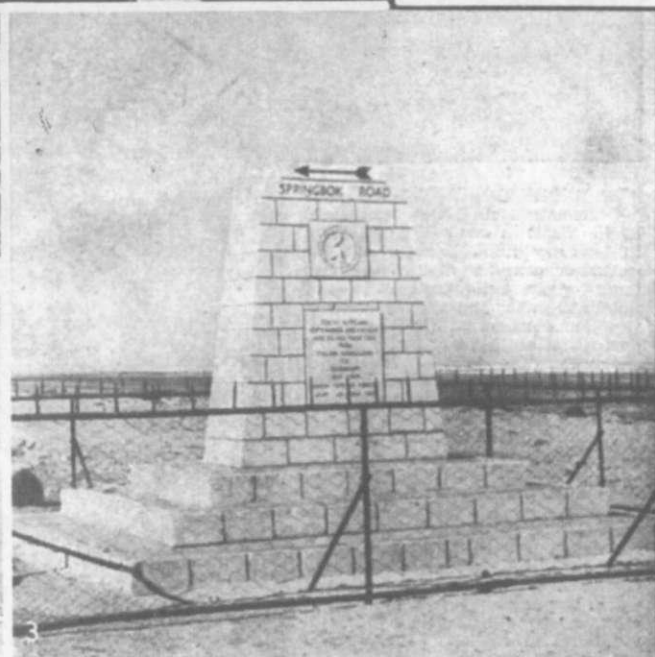
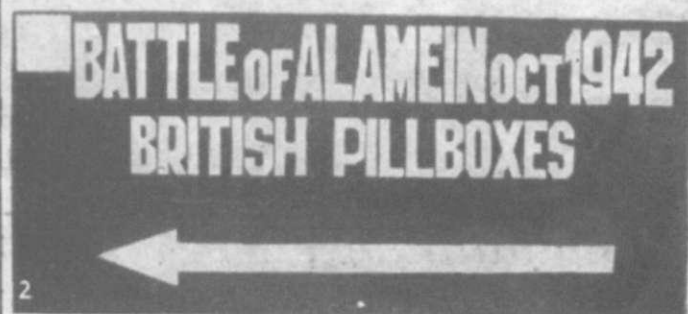
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Field of Alamein is Now a Place of Pilgrimage



WHERE BATTLE RAGED in the late autumn of 1942 visitors from Alexandria and even more distant parts of Egypt now come in hundreds. Coaches take them out into the desert in about three hours, and guides are provided who give a detailed description of the historic actions which led up to the downfall of Rommel in North Africa. Mounted on a wrecked tank (1), one of these guides describes the tank battle at Alamein, where the Axis armour was lured into a trap. Signpost (2) mark the route. Near the railway station at Alamein is a memorial (3) to the South African forces who fought here on their long trek from Italian Somaliland to Northern Italy. The cemetery (4) is visited by many seeking the graves of friends or relatives who fought and died with the 8th Army. See also illus. page 486.
Photo. Sport & General
PAGE 679



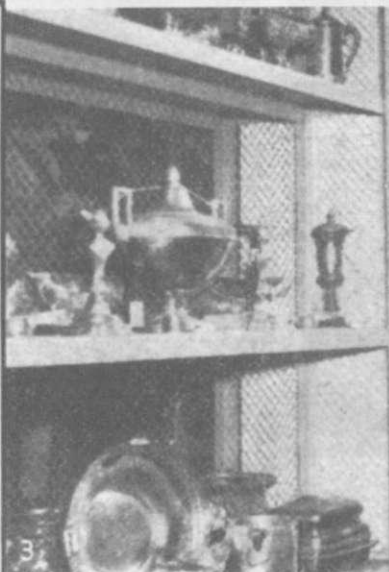
This is What Happens to Discovered Nazi Loot



ON UNPRECEDENTED SCALE systematic looting was carried out by the Nazis in occupied Europe and in Germany itself. Inmates of concentration camps were even bereft of purses, glass buttons, alarm clocks, imitation jewelry and watches; these were found mixed with a quantity of precious stones, jewelry and gold and silverware. The task of sorting and making an inventory of the hoard was undertaken by the American Foreign Exchange Depository, housed in the former Reichsbank (1) at Frankfurt.

Each item of jewelry is examined by an expert (2). One storeroom contains over 300 gold and silver articles (3). Roughly packed in wooden boxes are hundreds of clocks (4). Even more important are vast deposits of gold and silver bullion of all countries which were discovered by the Americans in 1945 at Marker's Mine, to the north of Kassel. Counting and valuing banknotes (5).

Exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED
PAGE 680



R.A.F. Regiment Patrols Keep the Peace in Berlin



AT THE GATOW R.A.F. STATION, BERLIN, is a detachment of No. 2777 Squadron of the R.A.F. Regiment, which maintains a constant patrol in the environs of the aerodrome. Humber armoured cars, manned by a crew of three, leave by the main gate (1) to patrol the streets of Gatow (2) for an hour, the area including the shores of the Havel (3), a lake that was formerly one of the Berliners' playgrounds. The unceasing vigilance of the crews, their turnout and the smartness of their vehicles, has earned them the respect of the German civilians. Before proceeding on patrol the crews and cars are inspected (4). During the winter months the men wear windproof tank suits. Hardly a day passes without some minor incident, the most common crime being the stealing of food or fuel from military camps. PAGE 681 *Exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED*



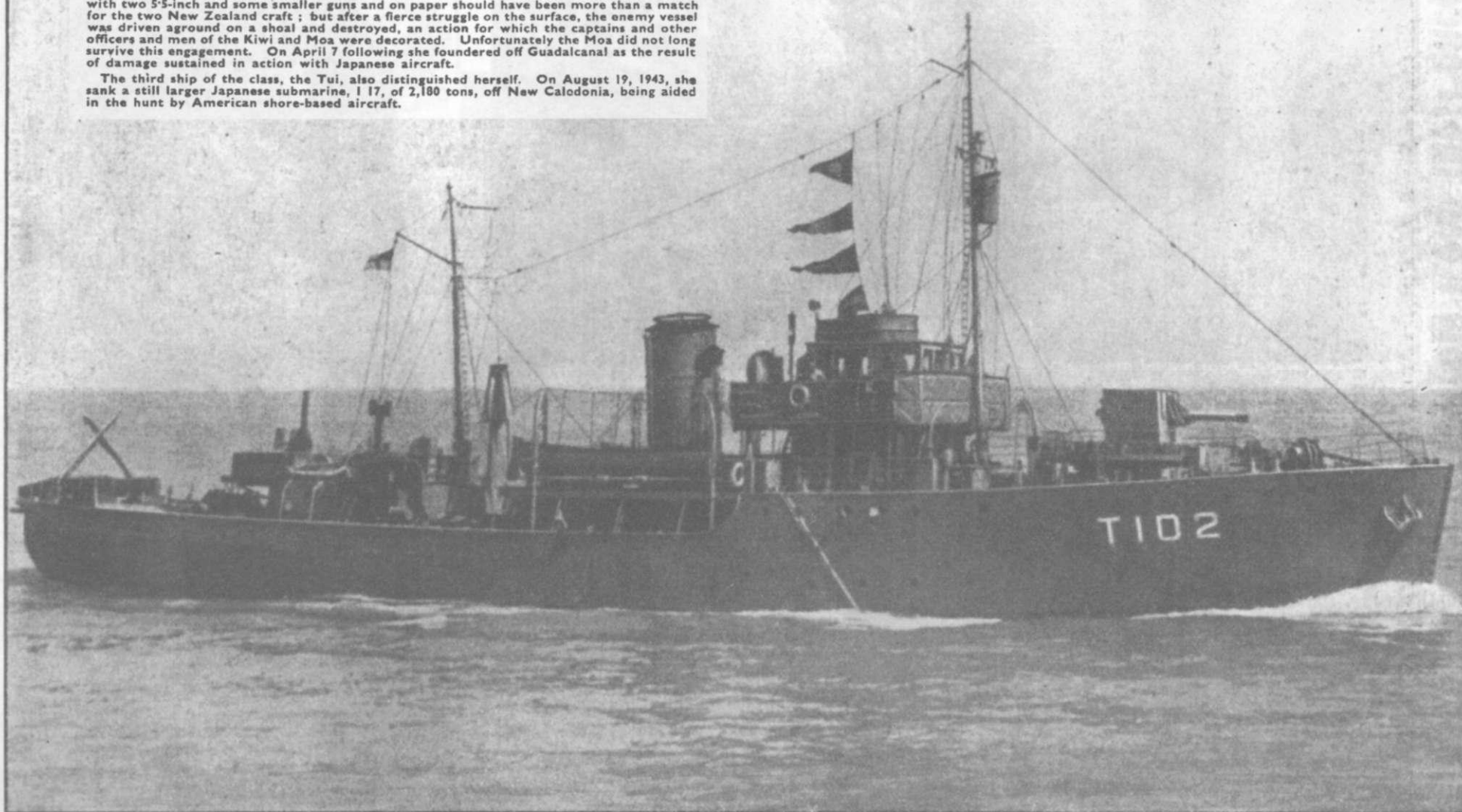
HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS

H.M.N.Z.S. Kiwi

THE Kiwi was one of three large trawlers of special design built at Leith for the Royal New Zealand Navy at the beginning of the war, the other two being named Moa and Tui. Of 600 tons displacement, armed with one 4-inch, several smaller guns and depth-charge equipment, they were originally rated as corvettes. They were launched in 1941 and delivered in the Pacific the following year—in good time to take part with other Allied naval forces under American command in the struggle to drive the Japanese out of the Solomon Islands and adjacent territories.

On the night of January 29, 1943, the Kiwi and Moa were on patrol in the Solomons when they intercepted a large Japanese submarine, the I 1, of nearly 2,000 tons. She was armed with two 5.5-inch and some smaller guns and on paper should have been more than a match for the two New Zealand craft; but after a fierce struggle on the surface, the enemy vessel was driven aground on a shoal and destroyed, an action for which the captains and other officers and men of the Kiwi and Moa were decorated. Unfortunately the Moa did not long survive this engagement. On April 7 following she foundered off Guadalcanal as the result of damage sustained in action with Japanese aircraft.

The third ship of the class, the Tui, also distinguished herself. On August 19, 1943, she sank a still larger Japanese submarine, I 17, of 2,100 tons, off New Caledonia, being aided in the hunt by American shore-based aircraft.



The Worcestershire Regiment

IN August 1939 the Worcestershire Regiment was composed of two Regular and two Territorial battalions: the 1st stationed in Palestine, the 2nd at Sialkhot, India. The 7th and 8th Territorial battalions were at their annual camp and in the process of "doubling," which resulted in the formation of the 9th and 10th Battalions. (The 3rd and 4th, Regular Battalions, raised in 1900, were disbanded after the 1914-1918 war. The 5th and 6th represented the old Militia and had ceased to exist.)



Such was the set up of the Regiment when the Second Great War broke out. In 1940 two new battalions, the 11th and 12th, were raised. The 1st Battalion moved to the Sudan just before war was declared and formed part of the 5th Indian Division patrolling the border between the Sudan and the Italian possessions in East Africa; the mortar detachment was mounted on camels to facilitate patrolling with the Sudan Defence Force. At the end of 1940 the Italians invaded the Sudan, and the fight was on. With the 29th Brigade of the 5th Indian Division the Battalion began the long battle into Eritrea. At Gogni and Barentu the Italians were routed, retreating to the mountain fortress of Keren that barred the way to Eritrea. The 4th and 5th Indian Divisions laboriously seized the lower spurs as a start line for an assault on the high peaks, with the object of working along the summits until they could dominate Keren Gorge, the only passage through this formidable barrier.

Guard of Honour at Amba Alagi

More than once the Regiment won to the key heights, only to leave their dead there when fierce counter-attacks hurled the assailants back down the slopes. The objective of the 1st Battalion was Falestoh—one of the towering peaks. B and C Companies reached the crest on the left of Falestoh and a fierce bomb fight ensued. The rest of the Battalion, forsaking caution, rushed across the open in support and arrived in time to stem a counter-attack by an Alpini battalion. The Battalion had achieved its objective but was precariously established, with enemy posts all around. The enemy realized this and concentrated their fire on the salient, and our ammunition began to run out. Attempts to drop supplies by air went astray.

As the Battalion had been out of touch with Brigade all day, owing to the fire that signals attracted to Brigade H.Q., the commanding officer went back to report on the situation. When he returned it was with orders to retire—casualties had been heavy, and in the Battalion's present condition there could be no hope of maintaining the position won, unless supports could be brought up; success and Keren were so near, yet there was not a fresh unit in the whole force. The 29th Brigade had been the last throw. That night the 1st Battalion was withdrawn, after evacuating the wounded. They then held a line of hills behind the fort from which they could watch the final forcing of the pass a week later by the other two brigades of the Division. Their advance so surprised the Italians that when the Battalion's turn came to capture Zeban, on the third day after the attack, the enemy had withdrawn. The advance was continued on to Amba Alagi, where the Italian Viceroy finally surrendered

By Major H. P. E. Pereira

THE 250th anniversary of the raising of the Regiment by Colonel Farrington was celebrated in February 1944 by the 1st Battalion (29th Foot); the 2nd Battalion (36th Foot) was raised eight years later—in 1702. In 1794, detachments of the 29th (Worcestershire) Regiment of Foot served as Marines on board Earl Howe's fleet at the battle of the Glorious First of June, and for this action the Regiment was later granted the honour of bearing a Naval crown upon its Colours. Its many battle-honours were added to during the 1914-18 war, when the Regiment increased to 22 battalions and served on four fronts and in Egypt and Persia.

on May 19, 1941. The 1st Battalion formed part of the guard of honour when the garrison, led by the Viceroy, the Duke of Aosta, marched out with the due honours of war.



LIEUT.-COL. J. PARKES, M.C., D.C.M. (right), commanded the 7th Battalion in France during the 1939-40 campaign. He had served as a private with the Regiment in the First Great War.



WORCESTERS AND CAMERONS who broke out of Tobruk before the surrender of the port in June 1942, and escaped in a captured truck. After the Battle of Knightsbridge the 1st Battalion The Worcestershire Regiment was withdrawn into the fortress, and received orders to cease fighting; but some fought their way back to the British lines. PAGE 683 War Office photographs

Meanwhile, Rommel's panzers were sweeping on and the 5th Indian Division was moved to the Western Desert. In the Knightsbridge fighting of May 1942 the 1st Battalion held a "box" at Point 187, holding up and destroying the German armour until overrun by sheer weight of numbers. The attack was made by 60 panzers supported by infantry in lorries. From the beginning the Germans concentrated their fire on the guns inside the box while the infantry tried to work around the flanks. At four o'clock the Germans broke through the forward positions and the Battalion went for them with Bren guns, bombs and bayonets. When they were nearly surrounded, the survivors, 500 of the 700 who had commenced the action, were ordered to fight their way out. This they eventually succeeded in doing, leaving 20 German tanks knocked out.

Unexplained Tragedy of Tobruk

The Battalion was then withdrawn into Tobruk. When the Germans' onslaught fell on that fortress in June it was the Worcestershires and the Coldstream Guards who bore the brunt of the first attack. What happened afterwards has never been officially explained, but, in the words of their commanding officer, "in good heart and with their tails well up" the Battalion were ordered to destroy their guns and stores and cease fighting. The majority of the Battalion were made prisoners, though a small party under the adjutant managed to escape in transport. From the survivors of this tragedy, and reinforcements already at the base, it was proposed to re-form the 1st Battalion, but higher authority decreed otherwise, and a small cadre returned to England to re-form.

On January 1, 1943, the Battalion was re-formed on this cadre by disbanding the 11th Battalion and drafting the personnel to the 1st Battalion. On January 5, their colours, which had gone with the Battalion to Palestine and were brought back by the cadre, were laid up in Worcester Cathedral for safe keeping until Victory. The reconstituted Battalion carried on with the training

Records of the Regiments, 1939—1945

that the 11th Battalion had been doing with the 1st and the 9th Armoured Divisions and then the 24th and 33rd Guards Independent Brigade Groups. Shortly afterwards the Battalion was posted to the 43rd (Wessex) Division. Training went on until D-Day, and the Battalion crossed to France about 10 days after the first wave. One of their first actions, which resulted in the capture of Mouen, in the region of Caen, was described by the divisional commander as "one of the slickest attacks of the war."

Every Man Went Into Battle

After the breakout came the spectacular drive to the Seine with the 43rd Division in the lead—100 miles in three-and-a-half days. At dawn on August 26 part of the Battalion crossed the river and held a firm bridge-head after severe fighting. In the evening more assault troops crossed under smoke and strong machine-gun support. They were met with intense fire and for several hours the situation was critical. At first light the next morning a second attempt succeeded. The Battalion established itself on the wooded heights overlooking the river and stood firm to prevent enemy interference with the bridging. Next day the Battalion was ordered to extend the bridge-head by working along towards Tilly, which involved a clash with Tiger tanks.

To stem the counter-attacks that the Germans mounted all day every man in the Battalion went into battle—drivers, clerks, orderlies and signallers. This fierce fighting gave cover to the armoured drive into Belgium and Holland. After a spell of comparative quiet the Battalion set out again, driving up into Holland to try to relieve the gallant men of Arnhem. The fighting to keep the supply corridor open was some of the fiercest the Battalion had experienced. Three company commanders were killed in action around the Neder Rijn. The month of

October 1944 was spent "resting" in Holland in precarious discomfort.

The next move came in November, towards the Siegfried Line, and the Division took on left-flank protection to the Americans breaking out towards Julich and Duren. After capturing Tripsrath, the Battalion felt the full weight of the heavy guns in the Siegfried Line, and eventually was relieved—too tired almost to care. When the Germans tried their last desperate throw in the Ardennes the Battalion was in reserve and was able to celebrate a very passable imitation of Christmas. January 1945 saw some fighting in the Tripsrath area, and early in February the Battalion moved up into the Eindhoven area. Preparations were on foot for rolling up the Siegfried Line, and the 1st put up a very fine show in their battle to capture the Goch escarpment. After the battle, the Corps Commander, General Horrocks, sent to the Regiment a special message of praise.

The Triumphal End in Germany

The Battalion was not in the first crossing of the Rhine but followed up in the area of the Highland Division. Trying to break out from the bridge-head they came across fanatical paratroopers entrenched on an unfinished autobahn. The battle was costly, but was won. The breakout proper found the Battalion in the van of the Brigade and the vanguard company, mounted on tanks, made a fruitless dash to try to prevent a bridge over the Twete canal being blown. One tank was actually on the bridge when the latter was destroyed. The advance continued, and as victory drew near the Battalion prepared to clear up Bremen, then moved on—and VE Day found them in an area north of Lüneburg. So ended the progress of the 1st Battalion from Normandy to Germany. It had won five D.S.O.s, seven M.C.s, two D.C.M.s, 20 M.M.s, one B.E.M., one Croix de Guerre, 19 C-in-C's Certificates for



AT A CEREMONY OF INCORPORATION at Harrow School, Middlesex, on Jan. 1, 1943, the 11th Battalion was merged in the 1st Battalion, the main body of the latter having been captured at Tobruk. The reborn unit, as the 1st Battalion, was inspected by the Colonel of the Regiment, Brig.-Gen. G. W. St. G. Grogan, V.C., C.B., C.M.G., L.S.O. PAGE 684 War Office photograph



Colours: Yellow Arrow on Black Circle
7TH (INDIAN) DIVISION

MOBILIZED in the spring of 1942, this Division in 1943 received special training in jungle warfare. Major-General F. W. Messervy assuming command in July of that year. Later in 1943 it was operating in the Arakan with the 5th Indian Division. In February 1944 the 7th was surrounded in the region of the Ngakyedauk Pass, where it put up a magnificent fight until relieved by the 5th Division on February 23.

In the following month the 7th assumed the offensive, capturing Buthidaung, and took part in the repulse of the Japanese attacks at Kohima and Imphal. In December it began a march of 400 miles to the south, the leading troops crossing the Irrawaddy at Nyaungu on February 14, 1945. Pagan was seized two days later; and there was heavy fighting during the Japanese attempts to eliminate the bridge-head.

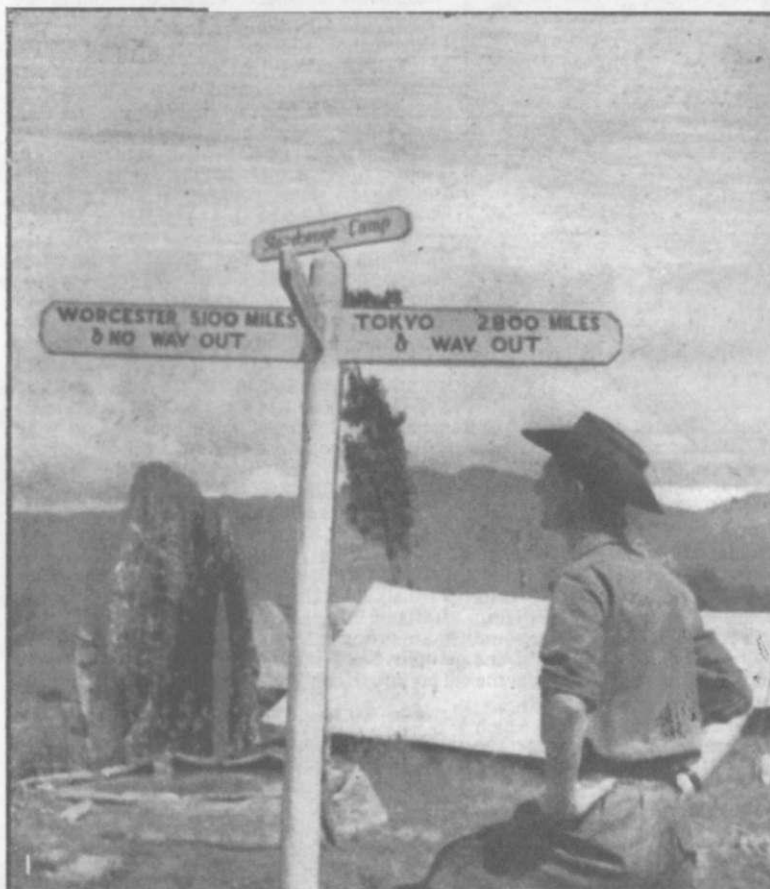
Its next task was the recapture of the oilfields in the Chauk and Yenangyaung areas, successfully accomplished during April. It was then engaged in intercepting parties of the enemy endeavouring to escape across the Irrawaddy. After the surrender of the Japanese the 7th was flown into Siam, where it disarmed and concentrated 113,000 Japanese troops. It rescued and evacuated some 20,000 British and Australian prisoners of war and took charge of 25,000 coolies brought from Malaya by the Japanese.

From December 1944 to February 1946 Major-General G. C. Evans commanded the Division, whose composition was continually changing; but the infantry brigades were the 33rd, the 89th and 114th. The infantry, between August 1943 and December 1945, was made up at one period or another by battalions of the Queen's, King's Own Scottish Borderers, Somerset Light Infantry, South Lancashire Regt., Punjab Regt., Sikhs, Jats, Gurkhas and the 1st Burma Regiment.

Gallantry, and 20 officers and men were mentioned in dispatches.

Throughout this period the Battalion was supported in great style by a battery of the 179 Field Regiment, R.A.—which was raised in 1942 from the 12th Battalion The Worcestershire Regiment. The 12th had been raised in June 1940, and when trained did duty on the beaches in South Wales, and in the early summer, 1941, went to Iceland and took over the defences of the North-West Sector. Returning to England towards the end of the year they were stationed at Gravesend and had an anti-invasion role. At this time it became necessary to convert several infantry battalions to various types of gunners, and the 12th was one of the two battalions specially selected for conversion to a field regiment. And so on March 1, 1942, the 12th Battalion ceased to exist and was transformed into the 179 Field Regiment, Royal Artillery.

Through Burma with The 2nd and 7th Worcesters



FIGHT AND ADVANCE—that was the watchword of the 2nd and 7th Battalions The Worcestershire Regiment in Burma. They entered the campaign early in 1944 and endured its horrors and hardships until its victorious conclusion in August 1945. Humour helped them along the road, which in those days appeared to stretch so far into the distant future. At Stonehenge Camp, between Imphal and Kohima, the Worcesters erected a signpost (1) to mark a staging point on the road to Tokyo. One of the ancient stones from which the camp took its name can be seen on the left of this photograph.

Major F. G. Burrell, of the 7th Battalion, received the Military Cross from Lt.-Gen. Sir Oliver Leese, Bt., K.C.B., D.S.O., C-in-C. Allied Land Forces South-East Asia, at an investiture at Calcutta on April 26, 1945 (2).

The 7th Battalion performed a wonderful feat of endurance in marching 120 miles in 20 days across central Burma. Assembled on Mount Popa, an extinct volcano to the west of Meiktila, a little crowd gathered round the wireless set (3) to hear news of the "other war," in which in April 1945 the Allies were poised ready for the kill.

War Office photographs
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IN SHATTERED HOUSES OF BENNEVILLE, Normandy, a section of the 1st Battalion searched for snipers during the advance of the 43rd (Wessex) Division towards Aunay-sur-Odon at the beginning of August 1944. The man kneeling at the window is covering the entry of comrades, and is protected by the man behind him. War Office photograph

Two battalions of the Regiment fought in South-East Asia with the 14th Army. The 2nd was in India at the start of the war and after a spell on the North-West Frontier was employed on internal security. Joining the 19th Indian ("Dagger") Division, the 2nd set about various types of training—with Burma as the end in view. The 7th Battalion had already seen fighting in France, with the 2nd Division, and were evacuated from Dunkirk; they then re-formed and went to India with the rest of the division.

Two Battalions Advanced on the Japs

The story of the Regiment in Burma began in 1944. Throughout it was a tale of fight and advance—never once was either the 2nd or the 7th Battalion forced back. At the time, IV Corps was cut off in Imphal from the rest of India by the Japs who held, among other places, Kohima, the mountain stronghold. To open the only road between Imphal and India, Kohima had to be captured; and the task was given to the 2nd Division. One action among many is memorable—it was at Merema that the 7th Battalion evicted in 36 hours a Jap force that had been ordered to hold on for ten days. With the fall of Kohima the road from India to Burma was opened, and the 2nd Division flooded down to the Burma border before taking a well-earned rest.

In the last months of the year the two Worcestershire Battalions advanced on the Japs, taking different routes. The 7th, without hindrance from the enemy, reached and crossed the Chindwin River at Kalewa. From there they marched across the sandy plain of Central Burma towards Shwebo, covering the last 120 miles in 20 days which included some fighting. Shwebo is a famous name now in the Regiment; in the Regimental Museum is a lacquered bowl presented by the inhabitants to the 7th in gratitude for their deliverance from the Japs.

Meantime the 2nd had performed one of the greatest of Burma forced marches through forests, jungles and valleys, over hills, gorges and rivers. Keeping up the tradition of their predecessors, the old 36th Foot, who were known in the Peninsular War as "The Marching 36th," in six weeks they covered 400 miles from the Chindwin, stopping to build an airstrip and have two small fights with the Japs on the

way. First moving eastwards, they turned south to advance on Shwebo. In their first scrap with the Japs they captured two swords which are now in the Regimental Museum. The two Battalions met in Shwebo in the village square; the 7th, first to arrive on the scene, laid dinner for their comrades, in the open air, using parachutes as tablecloths.

Between Shwebo and the Irrawaddy, which covered the entrance to Mandalay, lay 120 miles of hot, dry plain covered with scrub. The Japs pulled back to hide in the hills at Sagaing or behind the barrier of the Irrawaddy. The 7th gave chase. Down along the banks of the Irrawaddy the 7th grouped with their comrades of the Camerons, Dorsets and Royal Welch Fusiliers for the crossing of that great river. Disaster nearly overtook them when they started the assault—their boats were rotten and leaked furiously. Under a heavy fire the boats sank and their occupants swam or waded ashore. Happily the casualties were few; but the 7th had to wait impatiently until the other battalions could spare their boats. The bridge-head was made in short time, and fighting through elephant grass and sniper-ridden country they joined the

Camerons and Royal Welch Fusiliers in the Nagazun bridge-head, enlarged it and broke out towards Mandalay.

Meanwhile, the 2nd fought their battle for Mandalay. They had turned east with the 19th Division, made towards Kyaukmy-mayaung, and helped to establish the first 14th Army bridge-head across the Irrawaddy, at Singhu, against fanatical Jap resistance. Gradually this bridge-head, a vital one held only by a small force, was secured and widened, thus allowing the 14th Army's advance on Mandalay to continue. At Mandalay the 2nd Battalion helped to encircle Fort Dufferin while the Air Forces tried to blast holes in the massive walls. On March 19 our troops were astonished to see an Anglo-Burman come out of one of the gates carrying a white flag. The Japs had fled! Advanced troops of the 19th Indian Division and the 2nd Division met in the Fort, and the Union Jack and the flag of the 19th Division were hoisted. The 2nd Division claimed to have wiped up more than half the escaping garrison, and the 7th Battalion included several cars in their bag. The 7th saw no further serious fighting, but the 2nd Battalion had the task of clearing up the Japs who were scurrying back to what they thought was safety. After VJ Day the 7th Battalion was depleted by drafts of homegoing men for release, but they were brought up to strength again and are employed on internal security duties in India. The 2nd Battalion is at Maymyo, in Burma.

The 10th in "Exercise Big Bobs"

The 8th Battalion went to France early in 1940 with the 48th Division, which was composed of Midland Territorials, and for a short time occupied outposts in front of the Maginot Line. Then came the advance into Belgium and the subsequent withdrawal to Dunkirk; on June 1, 1940, a party from the 8th Battalion was taken off the beaches by H.M.S. Worcester, and that day these men were among those who manned the A.A. guns and helped to bring down several Heinkels. After Dunkirk the Battalion re-formed and carried out an anti-invasion role and later became a training battalion drafting to other battalions. Late in 1945 the 8th entered into "suspended animation."

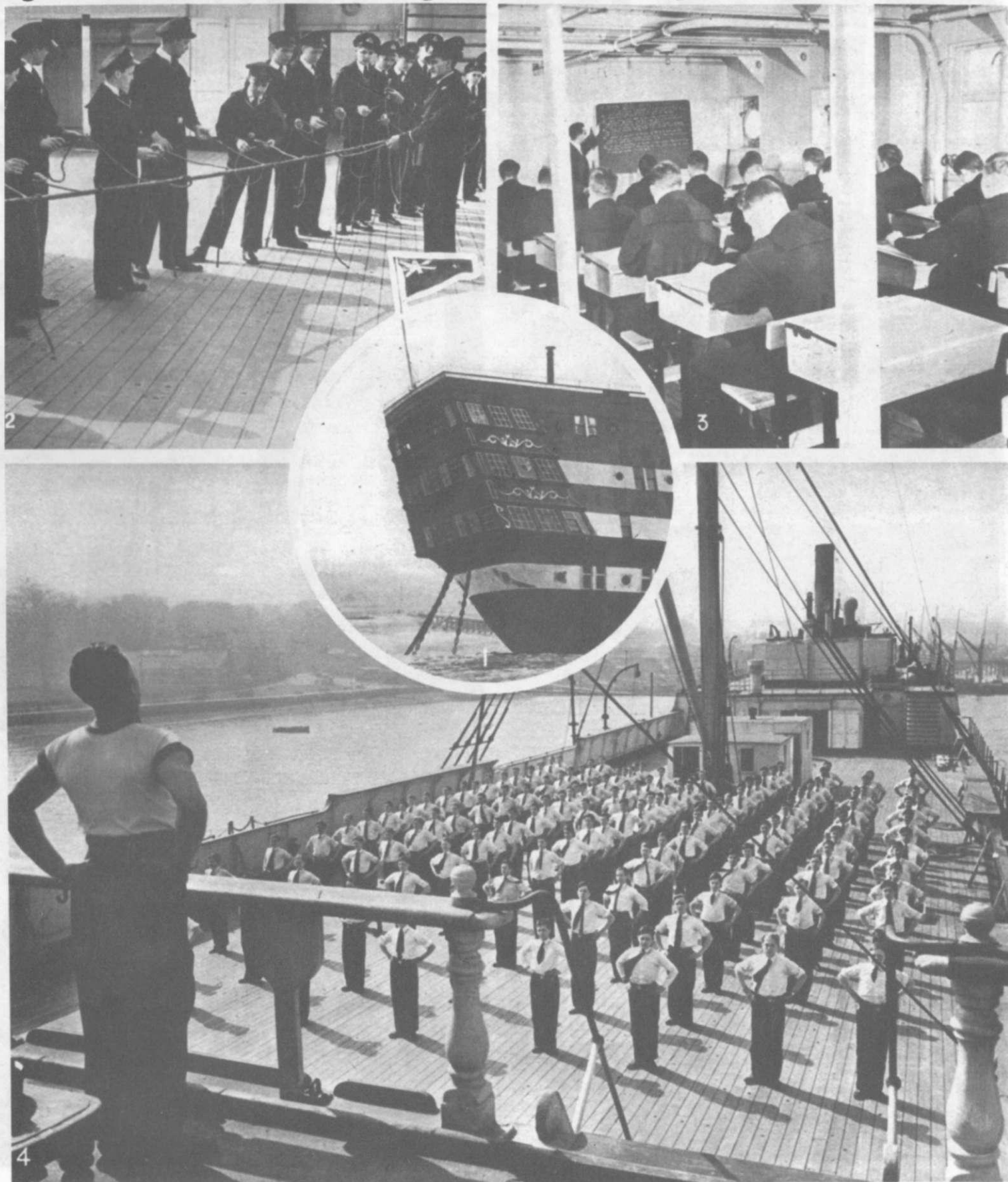
The 9th and 10th Battalions, offshoots from the 7th and 8th, were in the 61st Division and trained in Northern Ireland, preparing for the assault on Europe. This, however, was not to be, and the 9th and 10th had to find drafts to make good the wastage in battle of other battalions, as well as rehabilitating wounded and returned prisoners of war. The 10th took on recruit training for a while, and before and after D-day played an important role with exercise "Big Bobs"—which consisted in assembling and maintaining a fleet of dummy landing craft at Dover, Folkestone and on the Orwell near Ipswich. This deception played a large part in keeping the German army in the Pas de Calais when they would have been invaluable to the army-fighting in Normandy.



PTE. FORMAN, of London, was with the 1st Battalion in the first British offensive on German soil. It started on Nov. 18, 1944, when the 2nd Army attacked in the Geilenkirchen sector, north of Aachen. War Office photograph

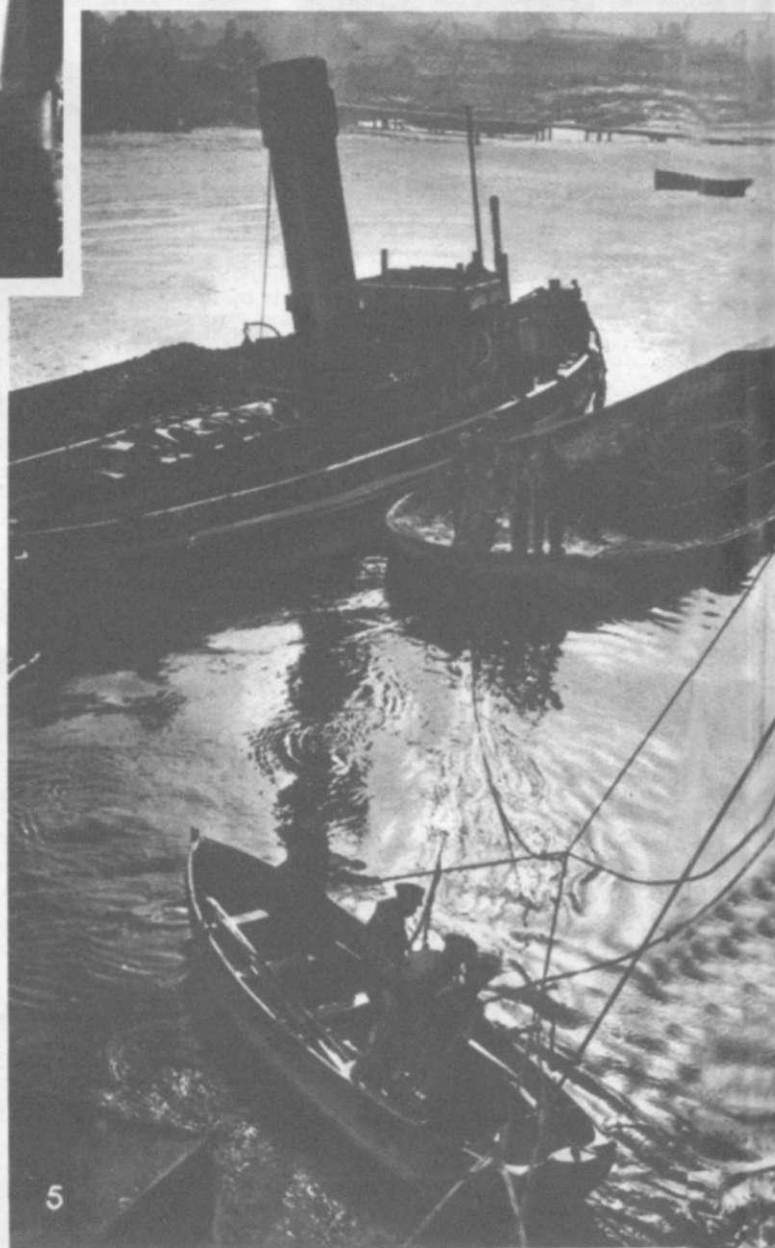
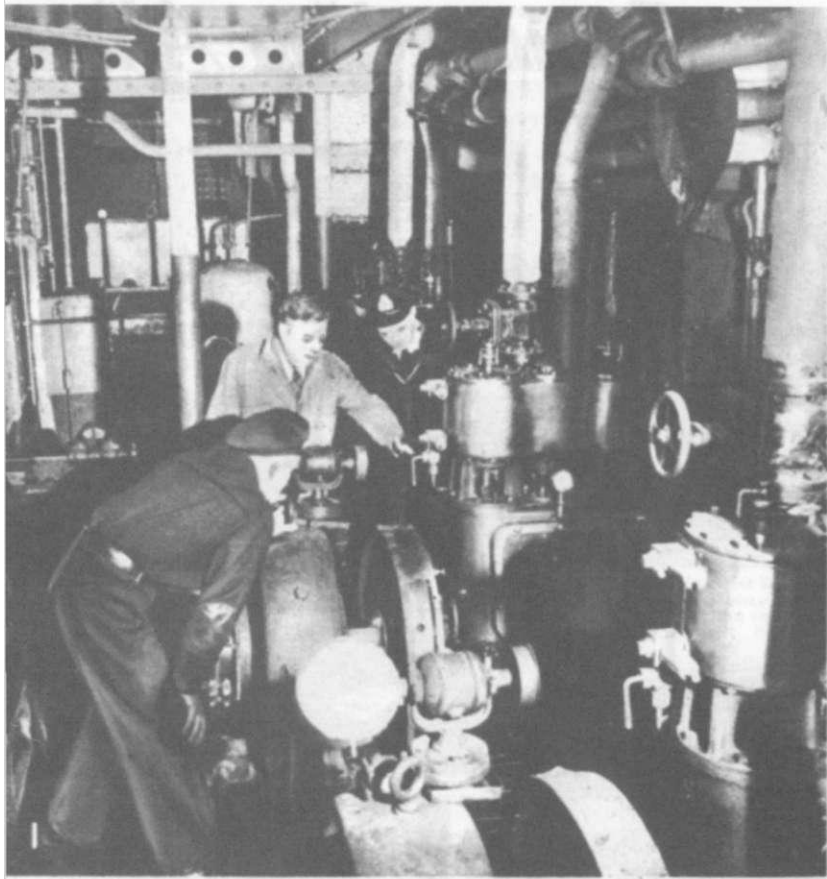
THE 10th found itself going into "suspended animation," while the 9th were once again a combatant battalion training for a special role in the Far East. The collapse of the Japs put an end to this, and the 9th, too, went into "suspended animation." The fortunes of the 11th and 12th have already been recounted; one became the nucleus of the 1st Battalion, after Tobruk, and the other Battalion a Field Regiment of the Royal Artillery.

Life in Britain's Largest Training Ship Afloat



Built for the L.C.C., the former Exmouth, new training ship of the Thames Nautical Training College, has now been renamed H.M.S. Worcester, the stern of which is shown (1), for the sake of tradition and to preserve the continuity of this famous name. She is moored off Greenhithe, Kent, and was specially built as a training ship, the classrooms being light and airy (3). The curriculum provides for a general education as well as instruction in nautical subjects, such as tying knots (2). Physical training (4) and drill are carried out on the spacious upper deck.

Exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED



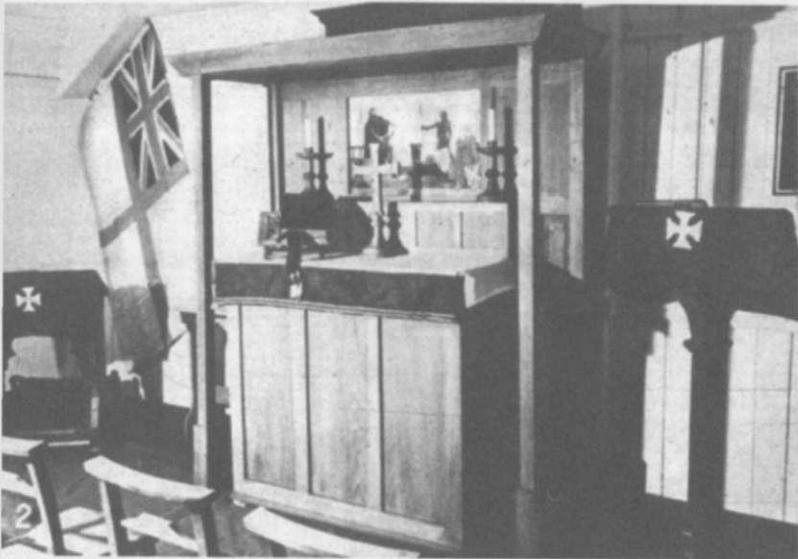
Cadets Trained in the Ways of the Sea

Below decks the boys are shown how to handle marine engines (1). Every ship's officer must be something of an engineer, as a modern ship is a mass of complex machinery. All vessels speak an international language with flags, and the cadets must learn to make and read signals (2). The ability to remain alert during a lonely watch is acquired (4); while a not too pleasant duty of which the technique must be mastered is that of coaling ship (5).

Exclusive
THE WAR ILLUSTRATION

Young Seadogs Work Hard and Play Hard

There is considerable rivalry between the boats' crews (3) and to be the winners of the annual boat race is accounted a signal honour. Taught to pull an oar and handle a small boat in all weathers, the cadets will be able to do these things better than the men they command when they become officers of the Merchant Navy. H.M.S. Worcester is a floating replica of a modern school; and the lengthy decks take the place of the customary grounds (6).



Home of 200 Cadets

Having a gross displacement of 6,000 tons and a length of 346 feet, with a beam of 53 feet, the new Worcester can well accommodate her normal complement of 200 cadets and an instructional staff of 50. The boys join between the ages of 13½ and 16, the leaving age being 17. The fees are £150 a year, and qualified cadets have little difficulty in obtaining appointments in the Merchant Navy. The Commander is Captain Gordon Steele, V.C., R.N. (Retired), an old Worcester boy. After the passing out examinations of the Senior Term, the top cadet is chaired by his term mates (4). There is a fine library (1); a dignified little chapel (2); and a well-equipped sick bay (3).

Our Empire's Proud Share in Victory

EAST and WEST AFRICANS in BURMA

By HARLEY V. USILL

THE decision to send African troops to the Far East demanded the most careful consideration. Both East and West Africans had performed magnificently against the Italians in the Abyssinian campaign (see pages 243 and 275), but how would they react to the Japanese? Then there were the questions of health and the effect of separation from their native land. Early in 1942 it was decided to take the risk, and a Brigade of East Africans sailed for Ceylon. The West Africans were then still needed to protect West Africa from attacks which might develop through Vichy-controlled territory.

The East African Brigade arrived too late to be employed in the defence of Burma, and for many months they helped to defend Ceylon, undergoing hard jungle training. In 1943 this Brigade was increased to a Division; later, two independent Brigades were sent to the Far East over and above this Force. This decision meant that East Africa Command assumed a new responsibility in the provision of fighting men and services against the Japanese. Commenting on this task Lieut.-General Sir Kenneth A.N. Anderson, General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, East Africa Command, said:

"Training was the keynote. The Askari, thousands of whom answered the recruiting calls of the Government, had to be trained along new lines. Fighting in the jungles of the Far East demanded a specialized type of warfare; tactics which proved their value in North African deserts and Tunisian mountains, the fast-moving, mechanized warfare which brought Nazi Germany to her knees, were impossible over Burmese jungle terrain. So officers who had fought in Burma, and were therefore conversant with jungle warfare, were brought to the East Africa Command to give battalions the benefit of their experiences.

"Complete Japanese bunker positions and Burmese villages were built in the African bush; Askari sweated on the slopes of Kilimanjaro and Mount Kenya, or in dense country miles from the nearest town and its prying eyes, as they learnt the kill-or-be-killed tactics of the jungle. . . . And in due course the East African forces went overseas to battle once again."

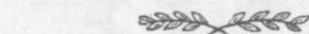
Meanwhile, in West Africa, the danger from Vichy having gone, preparations were in train for sending two complete Divisions to fight in the Far East. The 81st Division was completed in April 1943, and the 82nd Division in the following October. On its arrival in India the 81st West African Division went into training for a short period, and by the end of the year it was on the Burma frontier, deployed ready to strike.

West Africans Go Into Action

In December 1943 the main body of West Africans started out from "Christmas Camp," in the little Bengal town of Chiringa, in an attempt to reach the valley of the Kaladan River—cutting a track, later called the "West African Way," through the jungle. The job was done in six weeks, and by January 17, 1944, about 80 miles of the road had been driven through to the upper waters of the Kaladan, across some of the worst country in Burma. By January 24 the Division reached and occupied Paletwa, and by-passing Kaladan village advanced to their main objective, the road and river centre of Kyauktaw. Here the Gold Coast Brigade struck off to the west to come down the Pi Chaung River which joins the Kaladan just in front of Kyauktaw.

Everything now appeared to be ready for a further advance across the Kaladan. This had actually commenced when the whole situation changed. A strong force of Japanese attacked the few troops which had been left behind, and on March 2 reoccupied

Kyauktaw. Instructions were received to get back on to the Kaladan River and destroy the Japanese forces which had reoccupied Kaladan village and were using "West African Way" for their advance. Kaladan village was retaken on April 3, contact was made with an Indian battalion garrisoning Paletwa, and the road to the north was at last cleared. The columns reached India with the loss of only one lorry. Commenting on this first campaign of the West Africans, Brigadier C. M. Findly of the Army Medical Corps said, "No other troops, European or



escape, and with the capture of Mandalay the battle of Central Burma was won.

Before dealing with the final phases of the Burma campaign, special mention must be made of the West African Reconnaissance Regiment which, on the Maungdaw coast in March 1944, landed in sampans to give valuable support to the British and Indian troops operating to the west of the Mayu range. Sailing at night in river steamers and small boats they made more than 150 patrols and commando-like landings on enemy-held beaches to destroy stores and communications, and returned with valuable information. Then there was the Nigerian Brigade with the famous Chindits. This, the Third Brigade of the 81st West African Division, had been specially chosen as part of the long-range penetration group operating with General Wingate in Central Burma. In the campaign for the capture of Rangoon both West and East Africans were prominent. Once again the 81st West African Division

started from Chiringa, and in September 1944 made their way over the high ridge into the Kaladan, reaching Kyauktaw at the beginning of January 1945, running into some heavy fighting. By the end of the month they captured Nyohaung, and there were relieved by the 82nd West African Division which had recently arrived in India. This advance, by the latter Division, of 150 miles had an important effect on the operations to the west, which were designed to cause the fall of Akyab in the Arakan.

Before the final advance on Rangoon could take place, the Arakan had to be cleared of the Japanese, in order that its airfields could be utilized by the Allies. The campaign began on December 10, 1944, with the 25th Indian Division advancing astride the Mayu Mountains. On its left the 82nd West African Division reoccupied Buthidaung and moved down the east bank of the Mayu River, while the 81st West African Division was marching southward again in its old familiar tracks. The pressure on the Japanese was intense, and their attempt to escape along the coast was harassed by the West Africans who were pushing eastwards, and by seizing the ferry at Kyauktaw across the Kaladan they compelled the Japanese to carry out long flanking marches in an attempt to avoid destruction, and reach the important strategic position at the village of An.

Proud Record in the Far East

If Rangoon were to be taken before the monsoon broke, the Japanese had to be prevented from reaching this objective. It was then that the decision was taken to launch an amphibious operation against Ramree Island. In these operations one of the East African Brigades took part, and by February 22, 1945, Ramree Island was cleared.

With the plains of Mandalay cleared of the enemy and the Arakan firmly held, General Slim received orders to press on to Rangoon. The East and West Africans took no prominent part in these later stages of the Burma campaign, but their record in the Far East is one of which they can be proud. There were no spectacular advances of a thousand miles in a month as in the Abyssinian campaign, but in Burma they were up against a far more formidable enemy than the Italians, and were fighting in conditions totally unlike anything which they had encountered in the African continent. They had fully justified the decision to send them to the Far East, and rewarded the British officers and N.C.O.s, who turned these unsophisticated men into fine fighting units of a mechanised army.



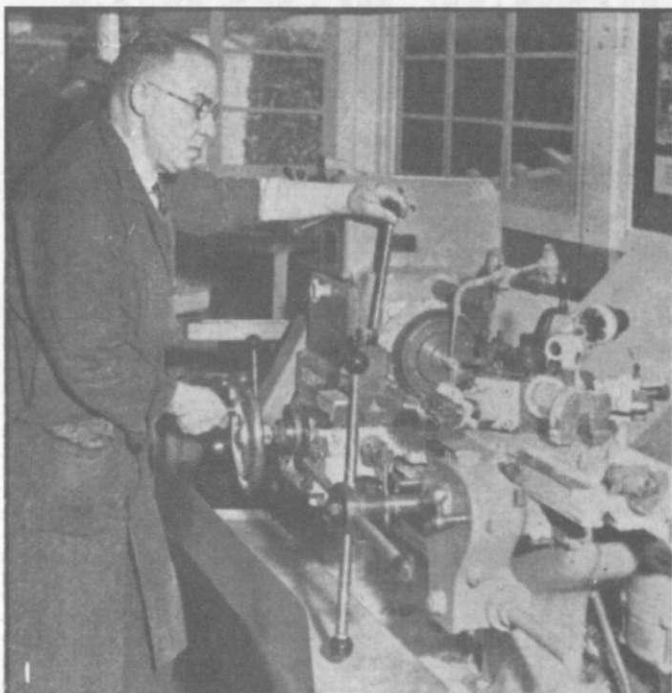
WOUNDED FROM BURMA arrived at Accra, Gold Coast Colony, in August 1945. The 81st West African Division built up a magnificent reputation fighting the Japanese.
British Official photograph

Indian, could possibly have undergone the same physical exertions as the Africans and come out of the Kaladan still smiling."

While the West Africans were fighting in the Kaladan, the 11th East African Division had completed training in Ceylon. It moved to Burma in August 1944 to become part of the 14th Army under General Slim and to join in the advance which was driving the Japanese down from Imphal into north-west Burma. Through the mud and rain of the monsoon it fought its way down the Kabaw Valley, the "Valley of Death," taking Kalembo and Kalewa, and establishing a bridge-head over the River Chindwin opposite Kalewa before being relieved by the 20th Indian Division. "The 11th East African Division," said General Slim, "had with the 5th Indian Division the honour of achieving what had up to then been considered impossible. It was thought that no major formation could move or fight in the worst jungle country through the monsoon. They did it."

GENERAL SLIM's next objective was Mandalay and in this the 28th East African Brigade played an important role. The East African Brigade led the secret march of the IV Corps to the Irrawaddy. It was this Corps which established such a grip on Meiktila that the XXXIII Corps was able to break from its bridge-head below Mandalay and storm southwards. For the Japanese, caught in an encircling movement, there was no

From Grievous Disability to Skilled Employment

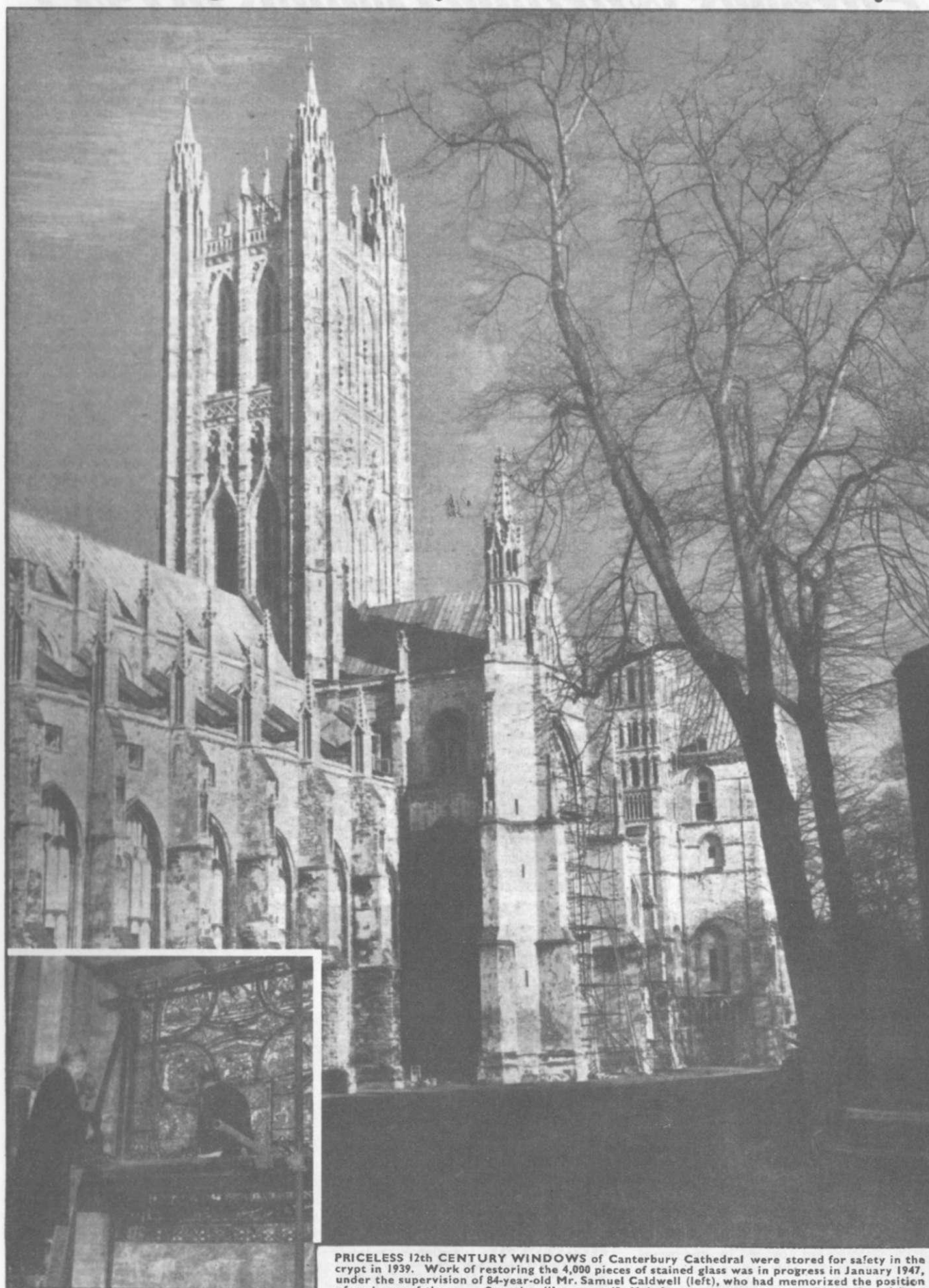


"AND SO TO WORK" was the title of an exhibition opened on Jan. 8, 1947, at a site in Oxford Street, London. Organized by the Ministries of Labour and National Service, Health and Pensions, it showed the process of rehabilitation and resettlement from hospital to training centre—and so to work. Loss of a limb no longer carries the threat of unemployment. One disabled man operated a lathe (1). Another worked at a loom (2) for treatment of shoulder and spine injuries. A brick fireplace (3) was built by men from a Government centre. Two ex-Servicemen (4) made nursery furniture and perambulators. Articles of wrought iron (5) showed a high standard of training. See also illus. pages 496-498, Vol. 9.

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Restoring Canterbury's Stained Glass Glory



PRICELESS 12th CENTURY WINDOWS of Canterbury Cathedral were stored for safety in the crypt in 1939. Work of restoring the 4,000 pieces of stained glass was in progress in January 1947, under the supervision of 84-year-old Mr. Samuel Caldwell (left), who had memorized the position of each one of them. See also illus. page 43, Vol. 6. PAGE 693 *Photos, Central Press*

Europe's Wartime Capitals in 1947

ICELAND's capital is her centre for shipping and industry. Here the Althing (Parliament) has met since 1845 in a dignified

grey stone building backed by a garden and facing the principal square. Flanking it lies the simple, white, Lutheran Cathedral, 150 years old, a fitting association when it is remembered that Christianity was adopted by an act of the Althing for the whole country in A.D. 1000. The Presidential Residence Bessastadir lies some miles outside the town.

Iceland already had Home Rule in 1904, and from then the standard of living rose rapidly. There was, however, a strong feeling that the ruler of the State should be an Iclander, and this increased when the country was cut off from her King in Denmark in 1914 and again in 1940. For a year after the latter date the regal authority was exercised by the Icelandic Government, but this was found impractical and a Regent was appointed.

Ceremony on Plain of Thingvellir

In May 1944 a general referendum was held 95 per cent of Icelandic citizens who had attained their majority voting for a revival of the Republic of Iceland. The Hon. Sveinn Björnsson, who had already acted as Regent, was returned unopposed as President, and on June 17 the Republic of Iceland was formally proclaimed. The ceremony took place on the Plain of Thingvellir, on the spot where the first session of the Althing was held in A.D. 930 and where it continued to meet till Reykjavik was found to be more convenient. The separation from Denmark was carried out amicably and the King sent his former subjects a message of good wishes. Sveinn Björnsson, a loved and respected President, is rendering his country great services.

The town of Reykjavik has grown up round the harbour flanked by two hills over which it has spread. On the opposite side of the wide bay is the beautiful Esja, a long mountain range sloping nearly sheer into the sea, of which splendid views can be had from almost every street. The snow-capped Snaefell glacier can also be seen. The University and the Roman Catholic Cathedral both command dominant sites and are visible far out at sea. Architecturally they are simple and imposing.

As everything has to be imported except fish, sheep, cattle and horses, the harbour is busy with big ships from Great Britain, the U.S.A., Denmark, Norway and other European countries. There is also much lively traffic at the large aerodrome built during the war a couple of miles outside the town. Planes for Scotland, Denmark, Sweden, and the U.S.A. leave several times a week.

The population of Iceland is 130,000 and of Reykjavik 50,000. Here the numbers have risen tremendously during the war years owing to the huge demand for even unskilled labour made by the Allied troops. Although these have now left, the people drawn to the capital show no desire to follow suit and the housing shortage is acute. Nissen hut camps have been taken over for civilian use till housing accommodation is sufficient. During the last three years approximately 700 houses have been built of concrete, roughcast over with native gravel which gives an attractive, soft broken-grey finish. The houses are of modern design, mostly of a two-storey type, semi-detached and surrounded by a good garden. There are a few larger blocks.

All lighting and cooking is done by water-generated electricity, and the greater number of the factories are powered by this means. It is estimated that four million horse-power is available, and it is planned to carry

REYKJAVIK

By NORAH GOURLIE

electricity throughout the country. Reykjavik kitchens would be a paradise to the average British housewife, with their well-planned sinks, cupboards, refrigerators, electric wringers and washers.

One of the first things to strike a foreigner is the absence of smoke and the resultant cleanliness; 96 per cent of the houses have heating and hot water laid on from the natural hot springs 12 miles outside Reykjavik. The town today easily claims to be the best and most cheaply warmed city in Europe. In many places where there are hot springs they have been utilized to heat glasshouses, where flowers, tomatoes, cucumbers, grapes, and even bananas are grown. The fruit, however, is not very successful.

There are no queues in Reykjavik. All food is unrationed with the exception of sugar and butter. There is plenty of everything, except fruit and green vegetables in winter, but the cost is high, although prices are nominally controlled. There is a fixed tariff in restaurants and in some of them monthly terms can be made for one meal a day or full board at a reduced price. Clothing is very expensive and of not very high quality or finish; most of the garments are of British "utility" manufacture.

Luxury Cars Jostle Each Other

Iceland has had trade relations with Britain since the days of King Alfred, and in 1810 an order was issued that "Icelanders should be considered in no case alien enemies but as stranger friends." The chief exports are fish and their by-products. During the war Britain imported practically all the Icelandic catch, which averages 900 billion pounds a year. About half of this is herring, taken in summer; the winter catch is principally cod. Iceland is one of the countries with the greatest foreign trade per capita; between 1939-45 she rose to the top of the list. The result of this is plainly visible in Reykjavik, where luxury cars jostle each other and in the residential quarters litter the streets, garage space being even shorter than housing.

The health standard can be said to be high and the death rate is lower than in any European country or the U.S.A. A special

campaign is being conducted against tuberculosis. In 1945, 45 per cent of the population was voluntarily examined, and in 1946, 98.8 per cent.

Strict control is exercised over all persons engaged in handling food or in teaching. Reykjavik has two fine modern hospitals, one supported by the State and the other by the Catholic Order of St. Joseph. The infant mortality rate is lower than in most countries. There are three efficient day nurseries in the capital which cater for children from the age of two weeks to seven years.

Main Traffic is Carried by Sea

Owing to the Gulf Stream, Iceland, particularly in the south, is not really cold. In Reykjavik, January is the coldest month with a mean temperature of about 33 degrees Fahrenheit. The summers are, on the whole, cool, the thermometer rarely rising to more than 70 degrees. The worst aspect of the climate is the brusque changes, for within five hours there can be nearly as many variations of weather. But worse than cold or rain is the wind which rises with sudden violence and works up to great strength. On the whole the air is dry and invigorating. In October 1946 herbaceous borders were still gay and even at the end of the month good, green lettuce was growing.

The Reykjavik University is a fine modern building with a good library. A beautifully equipped School of Domestic Science is housed in the basement. The University has a roll of about 400 students. The State is generous in awarding scholarships to students of subjects beneficial to the development of Icelandic interests. The faculties are theology, law and economics, philosophy and philology, medicine, engineering. All school and University education is free and books are published at cost price for students. The general standard of education is high.

Roads in Iceland, though still poor, have been greatly improved during the war years and bus traffic is on the increase. There is a local air service, but the principal traffic is still carried by sea. An efficient State Tourist Bureau supplies free information and arranges delightful group tours. It is absolutely necessary for persons who wish to visit Reykjavik or tour the country to book in advance owing to the shortage of hotel accommodation.

THERE is no unemployment in Iceland but rather a shortage of labour of every sort. The influx of people to the capital has had the serious effect of depleting the farms of labour and as, apart from fishing, agriculture is the main support of the country, the cost of living is bound to go on increasing unless the situation balances in the near future. The Icelandic people are tough and hardy, not afraid of hard work and are at present enjoying a prosperity hitherto unknown in the history of Iceland. This is the only country which can be said to have profited from the war by entirely fair means; and in spite of being under Allied protection the Icelandic Red Cross observed strict neutrality and carried on, proportionately to its size, as big a programme of humanitarian help as any of the other countries.

During and since the end of the war Iceland has contributed in money, food and clothing the equivalent of almost half a million pounds for relief in Denmark, Finland, Norway, Poland, Germany, Holland, France and Belgium, including regular payments to U.N.R.R.A., of which Iceland was a member from the outset. This is an enormous sum in proportion to the population, amounting to almost £4 per head.



REYKJAVIK'S PARK is famous for its trees, which are very scarce on the island owing to lack of soil and the terrific storms that blow nearly all the year round. PAGE 694

Iceland's Capital Far in the Northern Seas



IN THE HARBOUR AT REYKJAVIK ocean-going vessels can lie at anchor (1), and nearly all the island's exports and imports are handled at the port. The inner harbour is protected by sea walls against the violent gales that rage so frequently. The National Library (2, left) contains some 40,000 volumes and has also a valuable archaeological collection. Next to it is the National Theatre which was begun in 1928 and used as a depot for stores by the Royal Navy during the war. The whitewashed Lutheran cathedral (3) is close to the Senate House, and beside it is a statue of the Icelandic patriot, Jon Sigurdsson, who paved the way for the island's independence and died in 1879. Main thoroughfare is the Austurstraeti (4), with unpretentious shops, many of them built of wood.

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The Roll of Honour

1939—1946

A/B W. H. E. BROWN
Royal Navy.
Act: N. Atlantic. 15.11.42.
Age 23. (London)

Pte. J. ADAMS
No. 11 (Scot.) Commando.
Action: Syria. 9.6.41.
Age 22. (Perth)

No 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 senders may rest assured that all those so far received will be published.

<p>Spr. W. J. BULL Royal Engineers. Act: N. Africa. 25.4.43. Age 24. (Ascot)</p>	<p>Cpl. C. BATCHELER Queen's Royal Regt. Action: Burma. 13.6.45. Age 31. (Peasmarsh)</p>	<p>L/Cpl. G. BEAUMONT R.A.S.C. Action: At Sea. 27.3.43. Age 26. (Chatham)</p>	<p>Dvr. C. BOWLING Royal Signals. D/W: St. Valery. 1941. Age 27. (Willesden)</p>	<p>Rfn. G. W. BARKER Cameronians. Act: Caumont. 30.7.44. Age 26. (Leeds)</p>	<p>Gdn. A. CARPENTER Grenadier Guards. Action: Anzio. 31.1.44. Age 20. (Cinderford)</p>
<p>A/B D. CLARIDGE H.M.S. Barham. Action: Medit. 25.11.41. Age 18. (Thornton Heath)</p>	<p>Pte. A. CHERRY King's Own Royal Regt. Action: Anzio. 26.2.44. Age 28. (Lancaster)</p>	<p>Spr. F. COHOON Royal Engineers. Action: Italy. 31.10.43. Age 32. (Newhey)</p>	<p>Sgt. C. COLBOURN Royal Air Force. Action: France. 18.5.40. Age 26. (London)</p>	<p>Gdn. R. G. CROWE Coldstream Guards. Action: Dunkirk. 30.5.40. Age 24. (Wellington)</p>	<p>Sgt. F. DANIELS Royal Artillery. Action: Burma. 22.5.44. Age 24. (Halifax)</p>
<p>Pte. E. R. DAINTON Royal Welch Fusiliers. Died of wounds. 22.10.44. Age 22. (Bradford-on-Avon)</p>	<p>Pte. A. L. DEWBERRY Black Watch. Action: Tunisia. 15.4.43. Age 32. (London)</p>	<p>Pte. R. DOVEY Royal Warwickshire Regt. M'n'vres. Warwick. 12.6.45. Age 18. (near, Dudley)</p>	<p>Pte. T. H. ECCLES R.A.S.C. Act: Flanders. 29.5.40. Age 21. (Birmingham)</p>	<p>A/B A. GILMOUR H.M.S. Firedrake. Act: Atlantic. 17.12.42. Age 22. (Linlithgow)</p>	<p>Cpl. W. E. GREEN D. of Wellington's Regt. Died of wounds. 9.4.44. Age 37. (Hazelbury Bryan)</p>
<p>Pte. J. T. GREEN Gordon Highlanders. Died of wounds. 18.8.44. Age 23. (Sheffield)</p>	<p>Pte. D. A. L. HALL Royal Norfolk Regt. Action: Caen. 8.7.44. Age 24. (Salisbury)</p>	<p>C/Rad/O. HUMPHREYS S.S. Halfpenny. Action: At Sea. 31.10.43. Age 23. (Bridgend)</p>	<p>Mne. R. J. KEOUGH Royal Marine Commando. Act: Osnabruck. 4.4.45. Age 21. (Coventry)</p>	<p>Pte. G. W. LAYTON Parachute Regiment. Act: Arnhem. Sept. '44. Age 25. (Grantham)</p>	<p>Pte. A. LIGHTFOOT Royal Pioneer Corps. Action: France. 3.11.44. Age 44. (Hanley)</p>
<p>Mne. F. D. LITTLE H.M.S. Repulse. Action: At Sea. 10.12.41. Age 23. (Ilford)</p>	<p>L/Bdr. G. McDONALD Royal Artillery. Action: Libya. 16.4.43. Age 21. (Faringdon)</p>	<p>Pte. G. MOTT Suffolk Regiment. P.O.W.: Siam. 23.7.43. Age 29. (Bury St. Edmunds)</p>	<p>Cpl. E. OSBOURNE Lancashire Fusiliers. Action: Italy. 16.5.44. Age 21. (Portsmouth)</p>	<p>L/Cpl. D. QUINN Royal West Kent Regt. Action: Italy. 13.4.45. Age 25. (Croydon)</p>	<p>Pte. H. ROBINSON Green Howards. Action: Sicily. 21.7.43. Age 23. (Barnsley)</p>
<p>Tpr. F. SHARPE Reconnaissance Corps. D/Wds.: Anzio. 19.5.44. Age 27. (Manchester)</p>	<p>Tpr. K. RUSSELL Reconnaissance Corps. Action: Caen. 11.8.44. Age 20. (Bradford)</p>	<p>Pte. W. H. SLATER Royal Inniskilling Fus. Act: N. Africa. 18.1.43. Age 25. (Cropwell Bishop)</p>	<p>A/B J. J. STEVENS S.S. Empire Amethyst. Action: At Sea. 14.4.42. Age 22. (Paddock Wood)</p>	<p>L/Cpl. B. STOKES Royal Engineers. Action: Tunisia. 25.1.42. Age 28. (Sheffield)</p>	<p>Pte. W. J. TURNER R.A.S.C. Died: B'ham. 9.3.43. Age 30. (Birmingham)</p>



I was a Liaison Officer with Lord Gort

Eight junior officers with Lord Gort in 1940 saw more of the fast-moving, confused battle, and the factors which led to Dunkirk, than perhaps any other subalterns in the B.E.F. A swift glimpse of that hectic period is given by one of them—Peter Tewson, late The Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment and General Staff.

THE crack of A.A. guns awoke me on a May morning of 1940 in my billet in the pleasant little town of Wambrechies, Northern France. Dressing rapidly, I hurried over to 42nd Divisional Headquarters in the château beside the river. All was excitement and bustle: Hitler's troops had crossed the Belgian, Dutch, and Luxembourg frontiers early that morning, and the British Expeditionary Force was preparing to carry out "Plan D"—the advance to the River Dyle in Belgium.

But I was not to remain with the Division, to which I had been attached as liaison officer. I was to report back immediately to G.H.Q. in Arras. My little open Austin made good speed down the magnificent straight Route Nationale, through Lille and Lens to Arras. Parking the car near the Cathedral I ran into the Palais St. Vaast, General Headquarters of the B.E.F. in France. A Guards sentry pointed out the rooms occupied by General Staff Operations Branch, and in a moment I was reporting to the G.S.O.1, Lieut.-Col. P. Gregson-Ellis.

I was told that I had been selected, with seven other second-lieutenants, as junior liaison officer to General Gort, the Com-

mander-in-Chief. My first task was to begin at once. I was to take a wireless detachment to the French 7th Army on the left flank of the B.E.F. for liaison duties with G.H.Q. Command Post. I have no space to describe in detail the events of the next ten days with the 7th Army, commanded by the famous General Giraud. The threat to the First Group of Armies round Sedan robbed the 7th Army of their commander and most of their infantry. Belgian troops were progressively taking over the sector in face of the reduced German threat. My task was finished, and I was ordered back to join the Command Post at Wahagnies, south of Lille, to which it had withdrawn from its most forward position at Renaix in Belgium.

As the B.E.F. was Forced Back

Things were very different on my return to the ugly industrial district north-east of Lille, which I had grown to know so well during the months before Hitler struck. There were signs of bomb-damage in the drab streets, wrecked vehicles lay in the ditches, some riddled with machine-gun bullets. In one village a French Army convoy of horse-drawn vehicles had been caught in the street.

Dead horses, burnt-out limbers, and scarcely recognizable fragments of humanity lay in a ghastly chaos; all that had been done was the clearing of a passage for vehicles through the wreckage.

I found the Command Post established in a red-brick house in the little town of Wahagnies. Here was the nerve-centre of the B.E.F., from which the Commander-in-Chief and a small staff endeavoured to control the fast-moving and confused battle as the British Army was forced back in conformity with its Allies. The Command Post was, in fact, what in later campaigns would have been called a Tactical Headquarters, the great bulk of G.H.Q. Main being far to the rear, since its unwieldy size rendered it difficult to move at short notice.

THE other junior liaison officers all had tales to tell of their adventures on every sector of the British front. The crumbling communications meant that urgent operational orders and appreciations had to be taken by hand, and these specially trained young officers had been kept busy. The rest of the Operations staff looked tired but unperturbed, taking their cue from the C.-in-C., whose tall, bulky figure appeared fitfully in the intervals of his almost incessant visits to every part of the front line.

General Viscount Gort, V.C. of the First Great War, believed in seeing for himself, and a major concern of his staff was to keep him out of the danger to which daily he exposed himself. One of our tasks, when not



GENERAL HEADQUARTERS IN FRANCE during the winter of 1939-40 was at the Palais St. Vaast, Arras, and here Lord Gort (leading figure on right) the C.-in-C. of the B.E.F., is seen in the grounds with General Pownall, the Chief of General Staff to the B.E.F., on his right. The author of the accompanying story reported at G.H.Q. before setting out to contact the French 7th Army. May 10, 1940, ushered in a confused, rapidly changing war of movement, in which commanders lost contact with their troops except through liaison officers. PAGE 697 War Office photograph



Motto: "Nobody Unprepared"

No. 78 SQUADRON

DISBANDED on December 31, 1919, the Squadron was re-formed at Boscombe Down, Wilts., on November 1, 1936, and was equipped with Whitley aircraft in the following year. It made its first operational sortie in July 1940, carrying out 46 raids in that year. Targets were in Germany, Italy, France and the Netherlands, and included marshalling yards, aerodromes, oil refineries, railways and naval bases. Attacks were also made on the German battleship Scharnhorst at Kiel and on the French "invasion" coast.

On April 14, 1941, the Squadron flew from Middleton St. George, Yorks., to bomb the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau, at Brest. In 1942 the unit was re-equipped with Halifax aircraft and, besides taking part in an attack on St. Nazaire and in the 1,000-bomber raid on Cologne, it was engaged in many hazardous mine-laying sorties.

It fought in the great battle of the Ruhr during 1943 and attacked the German experimental station at Peenemünde from a height of only 7,000 feet. It was at Peenemünde that the pick of Germany's scientists developed the V-weapons, and the bombing considerably delayed the introduction of these missiles into the war. In the early part of 1944 the Squadron was principally engaged in wrecking communications in Germany, France, Belgium and the Netherlands, and later in the year Caen, Falaise, St. Lo, coastal guns and flying-bomb sites were attacked.

The beginning of 1945 witnessed a successful attack on Ludwigshafen, and daylight raids on the Ruhr and in Central Germany. During the course of the war the Squadron flew 6,337 sorties, dropped 17,000 tons of bombs and lost 182 aircraft. Total number of operational flying hours was 35,000.



employed on liaison duties, was to assist in the marking-up of the operational maps; frequently, as one put back the red china-graph lines on the table, and filled in the ever-lengthening blue arrows indicating German thrusts, one would find the C.-in-C. at one's side, silently taking in the details of changes in the general situation which had occurred since his last leaving his headquarters. Then he would disappear into a small room with his Chief of Staff and other officers, and shortly afterwards some of us liaison officers would be sent for to take urgent instructions to this or that Corps or Division, or to find out the exact situation in some remote part of the fighting line.

On the afternoon that I arrived the Command Post was visited by General Ironside, C.I.G.S., and by Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, special liaison officer with the King of the Belgians. After a conference, the three men

I Was There!

came out on to the lawn, and slept in the bright spring sunshine, the slight Admiral dwarfed by the colossal figure of General Ironside and the only slightly smaller form of the C.-in-C.

Shortly afterwards, the rapidly deteriorating situation made further withdrawal of the Command Post necessary, and we moved to a small country house in its own grounds at Premesques, between Lille and Armentieres. Now we junior liaison officers entered into the most hectic period of our existence. Normal times for food and sleep were forgotten; we snatched a handful of bully and biscuits and a cup of coffee when we could, and flopped down to sleep as soon as a task was completed, only to be awakened a little later and dispatched on yet another urgent errand. More than anything in the world at that time I longed for sleep, and it was only by taking turns with my driver at the wheel that we were able to keep going. Attacks by enemy aircraft became more frequent, and we developed a lightning drill for stopping the car, leaping out and diving for the ditch as Stukas roared down or Messerschmitts sped along the straight roads only a few feet above the ground.

Another difficulty was caused by shortage of maps, and it was this that reduced our numbers from eight to seven. Gordon Elms, Royal Sussex, was sent to the map depot at Doullens in order to replenish our stock. We did not see him again, and it was many months later that we learned he had found Doullens in the hands of the enemy, and after several days spent in hiding had been captured while trying to make his way back to the British lines. The result was that a map became a treasure, and the majority of ours were taken for the use of senior officers. Fortunately we



PETER TEWSON

had received special training in the art of route recognition and prided ourselves on our ability to remember roads once covered. In any case, one travelled in those days largely by guess-work.

When sent out on a job, we studied the operations map closely so as to be able to answer the questions of the worried divisional or brigade commander whom we were to visit; at the same time we discovered the last recorded location of the headquarters concerned and any details of recent enemy moves in the area. Frequently we found that not only had the headquarters disappeared into the blue but that enemy tanks had established themselves in towns and villages en route, necessitating long detours and heart-breaking searches before we reached our goal.

On the Last Lap to the Coast

But by now it was obvious even to a junior second-lieutenant that the French campaign was on the point of collapse. General Gort was as taciturn and unruffled as ever, and even found time to make personal inquiries as to when the most junior members of his staff—ourselves—had last eaten or slept. But the faces of the General Staff officers were set and serious, and a jumpy atmosphere prevailed whenever the C.-in-C. disappeared on one of his long absences from his headquarters. At last came the day when I was sent on what was to prove my last task as a liaison officer in France. This was to find out the situation with Frankforce, the composite Division which had fought so gallantly on the Arras Canal.

On my return to Premesques, after a long and fruitless journey, I found a scene of desolation. During my absence the Command Post had removed itself on the last lap to the coast, where it was established at La Panne, east of Dunkirk, and from where General Gort, on the insistence of the British Government, reluctantly left his Army and sailed for England.

I never found the Command Post again; naturally enough they did not advertise their whereabouts. Three days later, after the harrowing experiences of the Dunkirk beaches, I was on a Fleet minelayer homeward bound.

Seventy-Two Hours' Blissful Leave

Readers' memories of similar spells of "freedom" will be stirred by John Fortinbras' fleeting stay, in the summer of 1945, at the most popular of the rest camps in the British Occupied Zone in Germany: the XXX Corps Centre at Bad Harzburg in the Harz Mountains.

THE bad Reich side roads, pitted here and cobbled there, didn't worry us. As our jeep passed through Hildesheim, a bomb-shattered industrial city, and along the avenues fringed with oak and apple trees to Goslar, our interest was excited by harnessed teams of red-spotted oxen, called "Rotschecken" by their teamsters. Absurdly docile beasts they seemed. Some drew carts and wagons piled with wood fuel; others, often with a horse as consort, hauled ploughs and harrows over the flat North German loams. These novelties heightened our sense of freedom—from night patrols in search of curfew-breakers and raids to check looting Poles and other Displaced Persons.

Then, at the foot of a ridge of fir-covered mountains, nestling between two hills, we saw the red-roofed, timbered town of Bad Harzburg. So peaceful it looked—not a vestige of debris, not a tile displaced, not a sign of war damage anywhere—it seemed like a dream-world far remote from present-day Germany. Authority received from the Commander of XXX Corps allowed troops whilst on leave in this town (banned to all other non-duty personnel) to suspend the usual courtesies between ranks.

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A placard displaying this no saluting concession met us outside the Reception Office. Here we were allotted our rooms: my driver billeted at a former sanatorium, myself at the Harzburger Hof, a virtual Lama's palace in wood used during the war as a nursing home for wounded Wehrmacht officers. As I drew up at the entrance, a civilian valet grasped my belongings. A German porter bowed me courteously into the hall, where I booked in, then conducted me to a first-class bedroom suite, with bathroom adjoining.

Sport of All Kinds—and Free

As the Reception Clerk advised, I went early to the Information Room to see what was on the cards. What did I wish to do? Go Riding? Lively hunters awaited in the Camp's Riding School. Go fishing? There was trout fishing in the Oker, rods, tackle, transport and luncheon provided. Play tennis? Rackets and balls were available, and the hard courts were said to be in good trim. Or pot at clay pigeons? Guns and cartridges were at call. Not a pfennig to pay for anything. And to everyone, from Colonel to Sanitary Duties man, the same facilities. My driver, a New Forest boy, whose father kept pony stables down Lyndhurst way,

I Was There!



TO THE "LAMA'S PALACE," formerly a nursing-home for German wounded, come men on short leave from XXX Corps in the British Occupied Zone of Germany. The sanatorium is at Bad Harzburg, a lovely little town in the Harz Mountains, and it owes its nickname to its peculiar style of architecture. Over the building flies the famous leaping boar—XXX Corps sign.

went instinctively to the Riding School, where he assisted the German manager, a much worried man at the time, to recover several of his best mounts which had vanished after leaving their riders kicking in thin air.

As sedatives to the heat wave I had the happy choice between the "Schwimmbade," a fine modern pool in Elysian surroundings, where one could loiter in borrowed swimsuit all day long, and the hotel's excellently stocked bar.

Prices here seemed a little astonishing if one remembered comparative costs in England—draught beer at 50 pf. (3d.) a glass; red wine, white wine and brandy at 1 mark (6d.) a glass; gins 1 mark 50 pf. (9d.) a glass; 2 marks (1s.) for a double whisky, and white Rheinwein or Graves at 10 marks (5s.) the bottle. In the kitchen the German chef excelled himself, the speisekarte (menu) for dinner listing five stimulating courses.

Each morning at half-past seven a chambermaid knocked at the door with a cup of German-brewed English tea; perhaps not so sweet as Army char, but good. And if one spoke German it was possible to get two cups in as many minutes. These civilian courtesies, after a world of khaki brusqueness, renewed in one all the hankerings for civilization.

By day I decided to try the hills, putting in some bare footslogging (astonishing how pleasant it is to walk barefoot in areas reasonably stoneless), ignoring the prescribed tourists' tracks. I avoided the Brocken, the Harz's highest and most tempting hill, for good reasons. It lay in the Russian sector, and since smuggling human beings from Russian territory into the British zone seemed to have become a useful trade for some Ger-

man guides, Russian patrols sent out to stop the racket were prone to shoot first and examine credentials at their leisure. Life was too sweet risk straying within their range.

On either side of Harzburg, trekking over pine-covered hills, I came across old women laboriously collecting sticks and logs; others stooped over the ground in search of wood mushrooms, and I passed one small gang of tree-fellers. In the main, I found the hills silent and deserted. The wind moved through some of the richest timber forests in Europe, a vast paper supply, if someone would but set the wheels in motion. At night, the rutting cry of battling stags broke out. Owls added a dismal commentary. By moonlight a black squirrel skipped across my path, as fortunate an omen as a black cat.

WITH the weather remaining gloriously fine, I felt "in the pink." Clay pigeons tossed into the air mechanically in a quarry by the Radau waterfall were elusive and I thought disappointing "birds." Their velocity seemed more V2-like than pigeon-like! Most of us missed, dismally. But there was an R.A.F. pilot who downed five birds out of 6 shots; actually he blew them to pieces.

There was a shopping arcade open to all ranks, highlights of which were a gift shop where you could buy first-class German hunting knives for 3 marks 50 pf., eau-de-Cologne for 6 marks a bottle, face-creams, lipsticks, and scale models of jeeps, tanks and lorries equally cheap. . . . Seventy-two hours is but a short sojourn. When it was time to pack I left reluctantly, conscious of a spaciousness in living not met in one's everyday life, and of having had a millionaire's holiday for precisely nothing!

Chasing Japs With Smoke and Fire

In the Burma campaigns light aircraft earned many tributes for operations in varying fields, not least being their use as Flying Visual Control Posts. Their work in the Arakan in 1945 is typified by the "Spirit of Winship," as described by Bernard T. Ridgway (portrait in page 510).

IN a country deemed the worst fighting terrain in the world, ordinary ground Visual Control Post units were sometimes little more than useless. Like the Forward Observation Officer of the gun battery, the V.C.P. officer must be as far forward as possible and have a commanding view of the target, so that when the close support aircraft arrive on the scene he is able to give them a clear idea of the target's

location and, if necessary, call on smoke mortars to put down rounds on the target as a greater aid to pilots.

The normal constitution of a V.C.P. was one R.A.F. officer and several operators who contacted all aircraft through a V.H.F. (Very High Frequency) set, either portable or mounted in a jeep, and one Army captain and staff who kept the R.A.F. component

in the picture by means of radio contact with battalion or brigade H.Q. The decision to make the V.C.P. airborne for Arakan operations was taken in February 1945, when units of XV Corps were successfully keeping the Japs on the hop by a series of brilliantly executed amphibious operations against their coastal supply routes.

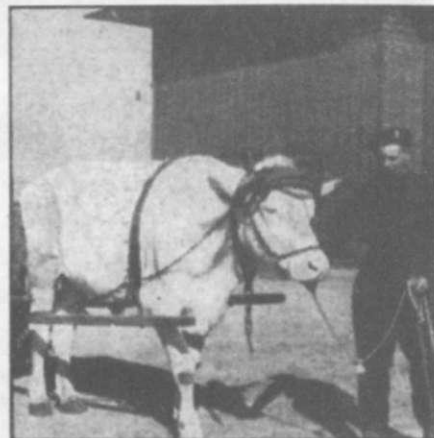
I Meet the "Spirit of Winship"

My R.A.F. opposite number, Flt.-Lieut. R. W. E. Duke (subsequently killed in action in Java), picked up a L-5 (U.S. light aircraft) from Akyab, then the base for operations, and flew it down to the mainland near Ruwya, a small village at the head of one of the many Arakanese waterways, and the scene of recent landing operations by the 25th Indian Division. I received orders to bring along the rest of the unit in landing craft and rendezvous with him at a newly constructed light plane strip adjacent to the bridge-head. I had my first big shock on arrival at the strip. The plane was there, all right—or rather what was left of it. A bystander told me that not five minutes after Duke had landed it two days earlier a lone Jap heavy gun had opened up on it and a dozen shells had done their worst.

I SPED up the dust-strewn track to Divisional H.Q. for further orders, and was told to rendezvous with Duke at first light next morning and render as much aid as possible to an Indian brigade that was to put in a big attack against strong Jap positions in the hills beyond Tamandu. We were to work to another ground V.C.P. unit that would be up with our forward troops. There was to be any amount of air support both against specific targets and also waiting ready for our calls to go in and strike any targets that our reconnaissance might reveal.

Next morning, clutching a map and aerial photos in one hand and a pair of borrowed binoculars in the other, I waited on the strip as the first tints of day chased away the darkness. A drone became a roar and an L-5 clattered down on the strip beside me. That was my first introduction to Spirit of Winship, a light aircraft sponsored by the pupils of the Winship school, Detroit, U.S.A.

A hasty pow-wow with Duke as to our plan of action, and we took the air. Below us was a scene of movement as troops, tanks and guns began to move. Where the green-clad columns ended I got out my binoculars and gazed down on the dusty highway that led to Tamandu. It was the task of some of our battalions to push on along that track and link-up with West African troops pushing down from the north, while other units were to make a series of hooks through the jungle and assault the enemy positions on high ground to the east of Tamandu.



FARMERS USE OXEN rather than horses in many parts of Germany. Slow and docile, the white breed is usually to be seen in the north German plain. See facing page.

I Was There!



FLIGHT-LIEUT. DUKE (left), who was subsequently killed in Java, and Bernard T. Ridgway, the author of the accompanying story, beside the "Spirit of Winship."
Photo, S.E.A.C.

I had already made contact with our ground element when Duke called me up on the inter-com to tell me that he was going down to scout around the Jap fortifications on a position known to our people as "Strong." With the glasses glued to my eyes I searched the hilltops, spotting a faint, irregular streak that snaked its way through the thick undergrowth—slit trenches. We had four aircraft available at the time and we hastily called up Napier, our ground station, and gave instructions for the four aircraft (Hurri-bombers) to follow us in to attack.

As we manoeuvred for position I saw the Hurribombers getting into the circuit with us and gave Duke the tip-off. Down we went over the target, waggled our wings and climbed away. Looking back I saw the attacking aircraft go down and the bombs detach themselves as the planes pulled out of their dive. Flames enveloped the whole feature and a column of black smoke rose high into the air. Our first strike looked successful, but you could never be too sure in that thick jungle that the Japanese positions were right underneath your bombs.

We flew away down the Tamandu road to see how our troops were progressing. We passed over what was left of Tamandu, the gaunt outlines of burned-down huts, and a few miles to the south came across our most forward elements. Troops were pinned down on the roadside and tanks were lobbing shells over into the jungle some distance up the road. Napier confirmed that there was trouble ahead from enemy posts bordering the road, and asked could we help?

Our came the binoculars again, and I searched for the tell-tale marks of Jap trenches and foxholes. We had to go down really low to find them, so low, in fact, that Duke suddenly whipped the plane all over the sky as a stream of light Ack-Ack came up to meet us. We were determined to get that bunch below, if we had to go down to nought feet to do it. This time we tried an approach from the rear, and suddenly I saw what we had been looking for—a series of foxholes along the forward slope of a small hill. Position was hurriedly pinpointed on my map and wireless down to the ground. A few minutes later a hail of gun and mortar shells began to fall around the position.

We decided to follow this up with what air support we had around at the time—two cannon-equipped Spitfires. As before we guided the aircraft in; but this time we had the mortars put down the necessary smoke shells on the target for the Spitfire boys. Via the ground we asked the Spit merchants to follow up their attacks with a dummy run on the target, to keep the Japs' heads down when our troops went forward to the attack. We stayed around to watch that attack, and in a few minutes our troops had gained the position and were swallowed up in the thick jungle.

A Mass of Burning Undergrowth

Later that afternoon news came to us that the attacks on "Strong" and other hill features were being fiercely resisted and it was believed that the enemy was rushing up reinforcements along the road leading from An. Our job was to keep a look-out for troop movements to and from the battle area. It looked like a real Hell's Kitchen when we passed over at 1,000 feet, heading for the east. The hills were a mass of burning undergrowth and shells were raining down on the area. Although I did not have my glasses to my eyes at the time I suddenly

saw a number of men on the twisting, turning road that headed east from the hills.

I leaned forward to touch Duke, and pointed below. He followed my finger, and suddenly put the Winship's nose right down. I had no time to get my glasses up, but I recognized that the men were Japs and that they were moving away from the hills. The air was alive for the next few minutes as we gave all the gen to Napier. "Important message for you, Nobby" (our own call-sign) came through to us just as the Japs we had been following reached cover. Brigade had decided to hit the party with everything they had and we were to control the fire. First, the Naval sloop Narbada, anchored some miles down the chaung, was to register on the target, and then we were to range some Army 25-pounders on to the area. The first shells from the sloop fell short into the river and it was a fairly easy task to correct on those. Then it was the turn of the 25-pounders, and that was not so easy.

Let the Gunners Have Their Fling

For miles the jungle was a mass of fire and smoke and to pick out individual shell-bursts was wellnigh impossible. By persuading the guns to increase the range we managed to put a shell into the river and after that it was not too difficult to get in corrections. We were asked to go in and see if the enemy was still milling around the little feature where we had last seen them. As we orbited I saw a figure suddenly dash for the safety of a tree, and that was good enough for us to let the gunners have their fling. Shell after shell hit the area, and then we directed two fighter bombers on to the target.

Discussing the matter of smoke indication with Duke a few days later, we hit on the idea of carrying our own smoke markers in the aircraft. Army phosphorous grenades we decided were ideal for the task, and we took a box up with us on our first try-out. Small rock formations that dotted the seashore off Ramree Island were to be our range. It seemed all very primitive as I opened the back hatch and waited for Duke to give me the word to drop the grenade. Presently, away it went, twisting and turning in its fall. We waited for what seemed minutes, then decided that we must have been miles off the target. Duke said we would have another shot, and he lined Winship up fair and square on the target. Then we saw a column of smoke drifting up from the rock. We had achieved a bull's-eye.



VISUAL CONTROL POSTS were vital links in the chain of communication between troops in the front line and the aircraft giving them close support. Beside a burned out Indonesian tank a V.C.P. is in a state of readiness (left) to contact troops of the 5th Indian Division in Surabaya, Java, in January 1946. At the request of the assaulting units Mosquitoes and Thunderbolts have been called up, and their attacks on the designated targets are being watched by the post (right).
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Air Ministry photographs

All-Seeing Eyes Feared By the Japs in Burma



FROM AIRSTRIPS INSIDE BURMA R.A.F. HURRIBOMBERS operated against the Japanese in support of the advancing 14th Army. The runways were strips hacked out of the jungle and roughly levelled, the aircraft being dispersed around the perimeter and camouflaged with branches (1). Flt.-Lieut. J. T. Taylor (wearing a bush hat in 2), of Ruislip, Middlesex, was in command of a visual control post such as is described in the accompanying story, on the Sittang River in the summer of 1945. His direction of the air support for a battalion of Gurkhas was so effective that, though surrounded, they escaped. Before a reconnaissance flight armourers load new belts for the cannon (3), while the camera is being installed.

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Air Ministry photographs



I Was There!

We had the opportunity of trying out our new method of attack a few days later as we flew ahead of battalions of the 26th Indian Division that were converging on Taungup, an important Jap supply base in the lower Arakan. We were returning from a dawn recce along the only semblance of road in the area when we spotted a well-prepared road block of trees in a part that had recently been identified as a probable enemy strongpoint. As my glasses came down on the scene I picked out a couple of Japs making a blind bolt for cover.

My Grenades Right on the Target

Hastily we called up our ground element to find if there were any aircraft in the area that we might use to hit the position. Back came the reply to hang around for a few minutes as some fighters were being whipped up. Four Hurricanes were soon orbiting the position we had given, and I hastily opened the window and held the two grenades ready. Duke took Winship down to 500 ft. before giving the signal to release. The two grenades went down together and we waited anxiously for the smoke. It did not seem so long this time, and when we saw it we gave a whoop of joy. It was right on the target.

We gave the Hurris the signal to go in, and leaned back with satisfaction as we saw the cannon shells bursting all around the smoke-filled area. We used smoke on nearly every attack after that; we even used it to burn down the undergrowth around Jap positions if we could not be too certain

that they were occupied or not. Many times we saw Japs scuttling out when the fire began to warm up. But only on one occasion did we ever see a Jap on fire. It came about in the following manner.

A Jap P.O.W. had given Intelligence the rough location of his Brigade H.Q. We were to keep watch over the area at first and last light each day, to try to get definite confirmation that there were Japs in the district. Our suspicion fell on a small village in a clearing; in four days we never saw a sign of life there to show that it was inhabited. That in itself was suspicious. We felt certain there were Japs hiding in the huts and nearby jungle. So as not to frighten them away we had to play a game of hide and seek, passing directly over the village on a journey to the south at dusk and dawn, to give the impression that we were off on a distant recce.

We discovered what we wanted after a long waiting game. One morning my binoculars rested on a Jap racing from one hut to another. That afternoon we headed back to the area, this time with two squadrons of Hurricanes as our companions. I dropped a clutch of grenades and watched them burst on the village. From the doorway of a hut dived a Jap with smoke pouring from him. He suddenly veered from the trees and headed for a small stream, then disappeared from view. Subsequently we learned that the Hurricanes had done their work well and in that bomb-wrecked village the Jap brigade commander and his staff had joined their honourable ancestors.

Frenzied Italians Rushed Our Boats

Three hundred miles north-east of Ascension Island, in the Atlantic, an unseen submarine sank the liner *Laconia* on Sept. 12, 1942. Homeward bound from India, she was carrying many British passengers—and a large number of Italian prisoners who promptly panicked. The thrilling events are recalled by Purser Claude Jones.

THE alarm gongs were sounding and men, women and children were hurrying to the companion ladders. The life was dying out of the ship, for the engines were in course of being stopped. There was no indication of her sinking quickly, although no one could be sure that the unseen submarine would not slam another torpedo into her. I was in no rig suitable for a voyage in an open boat, even in the tropics, and that was the prospect conveyed by the signal to abandon ship. So instead of joining the throng swarming up the companion ladders I went back to my quarters, donned a reefer coat and life-jacket, pulled on a pair of shoes and grabbed an electric torch.

Milling Mob of Crazy Prisoners

The *Laconia* was slowly settling by the head. My emergency station was Number 2 lifeboat, and it was up to me to go there by the shortest route and assist with whatever had to be done. A babel of voices and shuffling of feet suggested what is most dreaded in a crowded, sinking ship—panic. The moment I gained the open deck I was caught in a milling mob of frenzied, shouting Italians. I had to fight to avoid being knocked down and trampled on. By violent effort I broke clear, only to discover that Number 2 lifeboat, badly damaged, was hanging uselessly from a single davit. I turned back along the darkened deck, evading crazed Italians and refraining from using my torch lest it should be snatched from my hand.

The task of abandoning ship was becoming increasingly difficult. The confusion among the prisoners was serious, and another adverse factor was that the *Laconia* was not only settling deeper but taking a gradual list to starboard. Struggling Italians jammed the ladders, and I took a chance by climbing

a stanchion to gain the boat-deck near Number 8 lifeboat; it was necessary to hold them at bay whilst the women and children were placed in the boats. I was ordered to help in keeping a space clear. The prisoners came at us like howling dervishes in their efforts to rush the boat. We used only our fists and feet, but elsewhere aboard the sinking ship shots were being fired by the Polish guards. Throughout the whole nerve-racking ordeal the British women and children made no fuss and obeyed all commands in an orderly manner.

An officer urged us to "get going," and I slid down the falls of Number 8 lifeboat, burning my hands red-raw and bruising body and legs against the ship's hull. I alighted between the thwarts in the boat, and was hammered flat on the floorboards by one of the Italians crashing on top of me. It was meant to hold 75. More than 100 were piled in it, and the frenzied prisoners started scrapping among themselves again, with the result that a number went over the side.

In a dazed kind of way I was aware of someone shouting "Shove off! Shove off!" The overcrowded boat had very little freeboard and was in imminent danger of being holed by bumping against the *Laconia*'s side in the heavy ocean swell. I scrambled up, helped to unhook the falls and fend off, and the boat was rowed clear with 14 Italians in the water clinging to the sides. It was then discovered that our rudder was missing. Four seamen plied a pair of oars, and elbow room had somehow to be made for them.

When the boat rose high the *Laconia* showed as a dark silhouette against the night sky—until her boilers burst and she disappeared below the waves. Lamps and torches denoted the position of other boats

and the rafts, and one area of the dark waters was spread with tiny red lights like gleaming rubies. Modern life-jackets have a small red lamp attached to enable the position of the wearers to be seen in the darkness of night. The coloured lights we saw marked the men who had failed to find a place in one of the undamaged boats or on the rafts. A jacket of kapok and canvas was their one link between life and death. Our Number 8 boat was now riding so low in the water that we had only four inches of freeboard.

Schoolgirls Took Turn in Baling

The night seemed unending and daybreak found only two other boats in sight; we drew within hailing distance and all set a course eastward for the African coast. A count was made of the number in our boat—102 survivors, including many women, several children between the ages of eight and fifteen, and two babies in arms. Our breakfast consisted of a biscuit, a small cube of chocolate, a Horlick's tablet and an egg-cupful of water. Two or three Italians still alongside were hitched to the boat with grab-lines under their seats, and fed with similar fare in the same quantity.

The sea rose under a freshening wind. We were all drenched to the skin, and the boat had to be baled out constantly. Even the schoolgirls with us took turn with the baling cans, and their youthful spirits transformed a grim ordeal into a semblance of gay adventure. Slow progress was made, and anxiety became acute the following night owing to a slightly heavier sea. Work at the oars took severe toll of our strength owing to the meagre rations; and those Italians hitched alongside had a grim passage, although the sea was warm. We did all we could for them short of taking them aboard, for any such attempt would have been madness, with over 100 lives at stake; nor were the other boats in any better position to help. There was no callousness toward them, quite the reverse; and happily I am able to say that they endured the intense discomfort manfully and survived the ordeal. Other Italians with us in the boat were well treated and lived to tell the tale—the true tale, I hope.

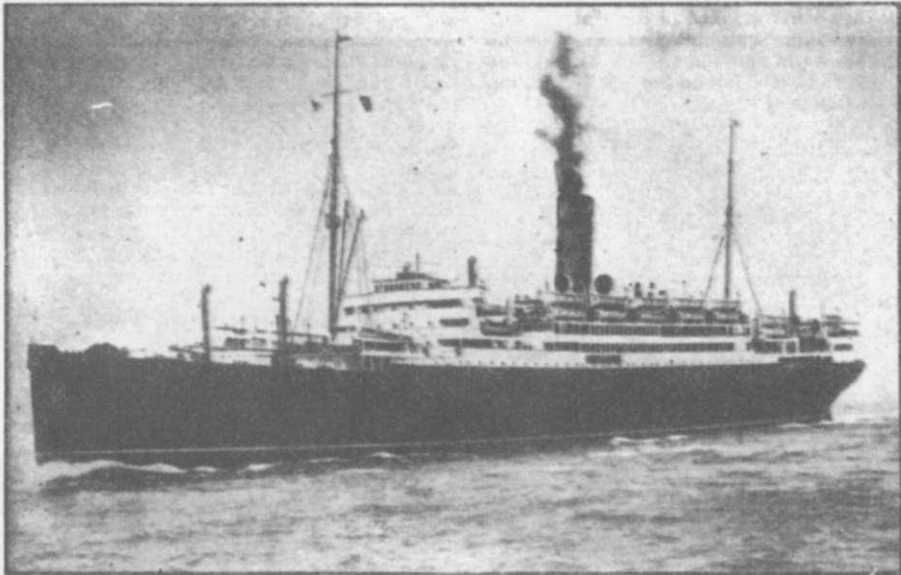
Early next morning a naval rating huddled next to me bemoaned the slow progress. "The breeze is favourable," he said, "what about trying to step the mast and spread a sail?" The job could be done in less than half-an-hour in harbour. But out on the ocean in our tightly-packed boat with a bare four inches of freeboard it took the entire day. The mast was under the thwarts, and slow, systematic reshuffling of many people was needed to get it out without upsetting the lifeboat. Then, with extreme care, one end had to be lifted and the mast dragged back inch by inch. Finally, at even greater peril, it had to be raised while the boat was kept head-on and rode its switchback course over the Atlantic rollers.

The mainsail was eventually clewed to the mast and gradually hoisted, while those taking no active part in rigging the boat sat tensely in expectation of being flung into the sea at any moment. Sail was set without mishap, and a seaman remained by the halliards ready to let go instantly should a squall



CLAUDE JONES

I Was There!



TORPEDOED BY A GERMAN U-BOAT in the Atlantic on Sept. 12, 1942, the Cunard liner Laconia was the scene of a ghastly panic when terrified Italian prisoners fought to seize the lifeboats. The author of the story in these pages escaped in an overcrowded boat and had the unusual experience of seeing both Italian and German submarines succour the survivors.

threaten or the improvised steering with an oar fail to keep the boat on a safe course. We parted company from the other boats. Good progress was made in fair weather during the night, and hopes ran high of reaching the African coast. But our boat never made a landfall.

Once again an issue of rations was made. I sat in the stern squeezed between a R.A.F. officer and a Chief Petty Officer of the Royal Navy, and received my fair whack like the rest of the tightly packed mob. That breakfast of a biscuit, small cube of chocolate, a Horlick's tablet and eggcupful of water was not my idea of a meal to start the day. My mind's eye conjured a vision of ham and eggs with buttered rolls and fragrant coffee. The remarkable thing was how the women and children who had endured the ocean ordeal for so long remained outwardly cheerful in spite of ever-present danger. No one knew how long the voyage must continue, or how soon the weather would break with disastrous result to all.

We Awaited the Grim Finale

Suddenly the indigo sea was disturbed by a white flurry of foam. All except the sleeping babes-in-arms stared wide-eyed as a grey-green object thrust itself above the surface like the snout of some prehistoric monster. It was the conning-tower of a submarine, and within a matter of seconds part of the hull loomed into view with the sea rolling from it in hissing cascades. The markings on it were unrecognizable; at least, no one was able to identify the nationality of the craft. We gazed, hypnotized, as it surfaced a couple of cables' lengths away on the port beam. One or two seamen of the Laconia's crew were first to recover the use of their tongues; but one guess was as good as another.

The submarine cruised along slowly on a parallel course to our own. No ensign was flown, but the general appearance of the men who came out of the hatches and their guttural tones suggested that the vessel was German.

I looked at the R.A.F. officer next to me and read my own thoughts reflected in his eyes. We expected our lifeboat to be machine-gunned. There was a period of heart-searing suspense. Already in the Atlantic the sea-wolves had carried out the Nazi orders to "sink without trace." Cramped and helpless, we awaited tensely the grim finale to another tragedy of the sea while the Germans stood by the guns.

No further threatening move was made, however, and we began to breathe more freely. The submarine drew ahead, then slowed down and manoeuvred nearer. The commander could be seen plainly—a young man with a downy beard, wearing dark-blue battle-dress and armed with a Mauser pistol. After scrutinizing us in silence for a time, he hailed our boat in fluent English: "I am going to stop. Take down your sail and come alongside!"

The C.P.O. seated beside me gave the order "Lower away!" and expressed the general feeling when he added, "There's no sense in disobeying the swab." We moved cumbrously alongside the U-boat, which had hove-to. The German commander looked down from the conning-tower bridge, but did not see the Italians. These had squirmed under the thwarts, where they remained hidden; the two or three still in the water were at the far side of the lifeboat and also concealed from view.

Those prisoners were scared stiff of the Huns, their allies. They knew that if taken aboard the U-boat the German captain would endeavour to repatriate them—and they wanted no more active soldiering after their experience in the Western Desert. So they kept out of sight, fearing rescue by their Hun "friends" more than anything else that might befall them.

Harangue from Conning Tower

After a prolonged survey of us, the submarine commander brusquely asked: "How many are in the boat?" Someone told him the number—102. The German raised his eyebrows and, addressing our packed boat-load in general, remarked: "English seamen are all right—but ah, your Government! Why don't you British give up the war, causing all this suffering?" He spoke with disarming sincerity, apparently unaware of the irony conveyed to us victims of ruthless submarine attack. "By hokey!" the C.P.O. muttered. "That's rich, if you like!"

Like others, I was wondering whether this might be the same U-boat which had sunk the Laconia without warning. The truth about this, however, was never discovered. The U-boat commander stroked his beard and expressed his sympathy. Using his conning-tower bridge as a "soap-box," he made a speech in which he attributed our plight solely to a vicious Government who had misled the British public at the instigation of "their overlords." He blamed us victims only for our own blindness and folly. His speech was the familiar Nazi rigmarole such as Dr. Goebbels, Lord Haw-Haw and others broadcast repeatedly. Of course, he ignored the black record of the Nazi regime and the acquiescence of the German public in the overrunning of Poland and other ill-defended countries.

We were wet, cramped and weakened and in no mood for political argument—not that it is ever much good arguing with the fellow who has a machine-gun to back his opinions. We were mightily relieved when he got down to brass tacks. "Your perfidious Government has got you into trouble," he said, "but I will give you what help I can. You will come on board a few at a time. And I will give you good food."

(Continued in No. 253)

NEW FACTS AND FIGURES

DURING 1946 the Salvation Army found accommodation for 41,941 people in shelters and hostels, supplied 34,000,000 meals, found jobs for over 68,000 people and cared for 5,012 children in 123 homes. These facts are given in the Salvation Army Year Book (1947) which contains many interesting details of wartime and post-war activities of this great organization all over the world.

IN Denmark, Norway, the Netherlands, Belgium and France—where Salvation Army operations had been suspended to a greater or less degree during enemy occupation—1946 saw a great revival and the reopening of many social institutions. In ex-enemy countries, corps and outposts were reopened. In Vienna open-air meetings were resumed after being banned for 12 years. In Germany, where many corps had been bombed out, British Salvationists engaged in relief work, and the Army's 305 German officers began a drive to win young people after a lapse of many years.

SALVATION ARMY reports from the Far East relate that in China, where Children's Homes were kept going throughout the war, ex-internees gave valuable aid in relief work with U.N.R.R.A. In Japan, 60 corps and 20 social work centres were in action in 1946. In Malaya, after work was forbidden by the Japanese, underground activities continued, and at the liberation of Singapore the S.A. flag, drum and song-

books were brought out from hiding. During the occupation of Burma a native officer, Adjutant Saw Kee Doe, when all his uniform had gone, had the Salvation Army crest tattooed on his arm so that he might continue to testify to his beliefs.

AT Thanbyuzayat in Lower Burma, starting point of the Burma-Siam railway, ceremonies were held on December 18, 1946, to commemorate the men who died during the construction of the railway by the Japanese. In an Allied military cemetery 1,728 British, 1,103 Australian and 691 Dutch P.O.W. are buried. Altogether nearly 15,000 British, Australian and Dutch prisoners and some 150,000 Burmese, Indians, Chinese and Siamese lost their lives in the building of the 240-mile railway. The Bishop of Rangoon and the Bishop of Singapore conducted the Christian service, and a Buddhist memorial ceremony was held near by.

ACCORDING to information available to the United Nations War Crimes Commission at the beginning of December 1946, persons to the number of 24,365 had been tried in Europe for war crimes in British, U.S., French, Greek, Norwegian, Czechoslovak and Polish courts. The last two included also persons accused of collaboration and treachery. Of this total, 1,432 received the death penalty, 16,413 were sentenced to varying terms of imprisonment, and 6,520 were acquitted.

Full-Rigged Prize of War in Tasman Sea



OUTWARD BOUND FROM NEW ZEALAND, the barque Pamir made a majestic picture as she raced on the last 200 miles to Sydney, New South Wales. A vessel of 2,500 tons displacement, she formerly sailed under the Finnish flag and was seized by the New Zealand authorities at the outbreak of war with Finland on Dec. 6, 1941. She rendered valuable service at a time when there was grave shortage of shipping and was still being operated by the New Zealand Government in 1947. *Photo, Central Press*

Printed in England and published every alternate Friday by the Proprietors, THE AMALGAMATED PRESS, LTD., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4; Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. February 14, 1947. S.S. Editorial Address: JOHN CARPENTER HOUSE, WHITEFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.4.