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 required for the new Territorial Army formation, on April 7, 1947, when the London Scottish will form a part of the 5th (Home Counties) Division.

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

NO. 253 WILL BE PUBLISHED: FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25
War Leaders Caught by Our Roving Camera

British Service Chiefs were decorated by the French Government at an investiture held in London on January 12, 1947.

Marshal Stalin (right) reviewed Field Marshal Montgomery at a reception at the Kremlin. Moscow on Jan. 12, 1947. Lord Montgomery afterwards described his conversation with the Soviet leader as "very cordial and generous."

Norwegian Troops (right) were received by the King and Queen on January 12, 1947. This was the first time in history that Norwegian field officers were received in person by a British Sovereign.

Sea-Mine-Detonating Craft, known as "sweepers," brought to Mumbles, Swansea Bay, to avoid demolition, were constructed in America for the Royal Navy in order to destroy a special type of submarine used by the Germans during the latter part of the war. Fitted with water-tight compartments for buoyancy and open compartments to allow free access to the sea, they created a tremendous disturbance under water near a wide area as they were towed by powerful tugs. They measure 120 feet by 40 feet, with 16 feet draught, but when only two feet of their compartment hulls appeared above water.

Page 674
The Dramatic Liberation of Amsterdam

By L. MARSLAND GANDER

The surrender of General Blaskowitz's 21st German Army in Holland seemed a secondary affair in the great collapse of May 1945. A golden moment in the annals of war, it was marred by the presence of 10,000 German prisoners, a sight that was almost too much for the Allied war correspondents. The surrender was held at the cellar of the Het Loo Palace, home of the Dutch queen and her family. The German general, Blaskowitz, was the first to appear, greeted by a shower of abuse and verbal abuse from the Allied press. The German troops were ordered to surrender their arms and take the first train east. The Allied press was quick to publish the news, and the liberation of Amsterdam was celebrated in a grand fashion. The Dutch people were ecstatic, and the Allied troops were hailed as heroes. The liberation of Amsterdam was a great moment in the history of the Netherlands, and it is remembered with great pride today.
Great Stories of the War Retold

with tears streaming down their cheeks bid
hurried us with flowers and illuminated
at last, after one or two held-up
at bridges, we were running between
into the outskirts of Amster-
dam. 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 curbs.
They thought the whole British Army had
arrived—implied of which it was only 35
men hurtling about their horses with
elated and resolute gestures. But all were
understandable mood. But it explained the
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 in which we knew contained at
least 3,500 regular German troops, unknown
numbers of the hated Gestapo, and thou-
sands of the brave Dutch Resistance forces,
who were pouring out into the open
with their Sten guns.

Another point was that it was my profes-
sional duty to get a dispatch rider away with
the story of the Liberation. I talked earnestly
to Lieutenant Bowman and Rafferty

Killed in Panic Act of Terrorism

The other cars and jeeps struggled out to
join us at a farmhouse on the outskirts.
There Bowman waded back to head-
quartes while Rafferty 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
at the moment we were leaving, the on попр
appeared someone in uniform fired a gun
against the wall of the farmhouse and
assassinated a German officer. The firing
stopped. Somewhere laid a shot—whether Dutchman or German I do
not know. Then upon German martinis,
who were holding the De Groene Club build-
ing, overrunning the Dam, in some strength,
opened fire.

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

DRIVING TO THE RAIDER SEE. Rose gardens of the 4th Division's Reconstructive Regiment, held outside Kampen, near the mouth of the River Ijssel, on April 19, 1945. Tomatoes, water,
corn and soy bean, all in bright flower, despite the population. The area was practically free of German troops, and the historic old town was unoccupied. PAGE 67 PAUL G. DE JONG
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 mantles and other installations were removed (see also page 2). The ship was, "Trafalgar." (2) She has served in this for 8 years. The indomitable (3) right, is ready for the board ofers. The British Empire, captured from the French in May, 1815, and for years used as a training ship, lowered her colours for the last time on Jan. 10, 1947, also at Portsmouth. (Page 617) Photo: Daily Mail, Lady E. G. Bourne
How the Glowworm's Light Went Out at Last

GERMAN PHOTOGRAPHS JUST COME TO HAND

review incident in a North Sea action of seven years ago, which the British destroyer fleet fought in in an effort to destroy the German cruiser Admiral Hipper and two destroyers (see page 19832-2, Vol. 3). Taken from the deck of the shipyard. The original photographs show Glowworm (4) after she had been hit by eight torpedoes. Survivors (2 and 4) were picked up by the Germans, many too exhausted to walk (4). PAGE 678
Field of Alamein is Now a Place of Pilgrimage
ON UNPRECEDENTED SCALE sys-
tematic looting was carried out
by the Nazis in occupied Europe and
by the Kriegsmarine, and Nazi con-
trol of concentration camps were even bent to
profit, glass factories, enamel clocks,
industrial jewelry and watches; there
were found mixed with a quantity of
precious stones, jewelry and gold and
otherwise. The task of sorting and
keeping records of the loot 
undertaken by the American Foreign
Exchange Repository, housed in the
former Reichsbank (1) at Frankfurt.

Each item of jewelry is examined
by an expert (2); five eyewitnesses
are present (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
in storage in the U.S. Treasury. The gold
exists in 1945 at Morgan's Mine, in
the hills of Kansas. Counting and
weighting banknotes (5).

ENGLISH IN THE NEWS, ILLUSTRATED
PAGE 680
AT THE GATOW R.A.F. STATION, BERLIN, is a detachment of No. 277 Squadron of the R.A.F. Regiment, which maintains a constant patrol over the town. The Hanriot armoured cars, manned by a crew of three, travel by day, and are used at night to maintain the peace of Gatow by the constant watch of the officers and men on duty, thus preserving the peace and quiet of the town. The Hanriot armoured cars, manned by a crew of three, travel by day, and are used at night to maintain the peace of Gatow by the constant watch of the officers and men on duty, thus preserving the peace and quiet of the town. The Hanriot armoured cars, manned by a crew of three, travel by day, and are used at night to maintain the peace of Gatow by the constant watch of the officers and men on duty, thus preserving the peace and quiet of the town.
HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS

H.M.N.Z.S. Kiwi

The Kiwi was one of three large tugs of special design built at Lyttelton for the Royal New Zealand Navy at the beginning of the war, the other two being named Man and Tel. Of 900 tons displacement, armed with one 4.7-inch, several smaller guns and depth charge equipment, they were originally rated as corvettes. They were launched in 1940 and sailed for the United States in the following year. On arrival there they were fitted out, armed and manned and placed under American command in the struggle to drive the Japanese out of the Solomon Islands and adjacent territories.

On the night of January 30, 1943, the Kiwi and Tel were on patrol in the Solomon Sea when they encountered a large Japanese submarine, the O.S. of nearly 3,000 tons. The war ended with 2,800 tons of war material. The Kiwi was engaged in a violent battle of two hours, in which the submarine was sunk by fire from the Kiwi and Tel and the Kiwi suffered extensive damage which took her out of action for some time. She served this engagement. On April 7 following the laden off Guadalcanal at the result of damage sustained in action with Japanese aircraft.

The third ship of the class, the Tel, also distinguished herself. On August 19, 1943, she sank a 3,500-ton Japanese submarine 1,117 at 2,300 tons, off New Caledonia, being aided in the sink by Australian shore-based aircraft.
In August 1939 the Worcestershire Regiment was composed of two Regular and two Territorial battalions: the 1st stationed in Palestine, the 2nd at Sukhtan, India. The 5th and 6th Territorial battalions were at their annual camp and in the process of "doubling", which resulted in the disbandment of the 5th and 7th Battalions. The 3rd and 4th Regular Battalions were disembanded after the 1914-1918 war. The 5th and 6th Regular battalions, which had ceased to exist, were the last set up by the Regiment when the Second Great War broke out. In 1939 two new Regular 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 Gogol and Barat the Italians were routed, retreating to the mountain fortress of Keran 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 Keran Gorge, the only passage through this formidable range.

Guard of Honour at Amba Alagi

More than once the Regiment won to the key battle, only to lose their dead there, when fierce counter-attacks barred the assaulting back down the slopes. The objective of the 1st Battalion was Falestho—one of the towering peaks. B and C Companies reached the crest on the left of Falestho and a fierce battle ensued. The rest of the Battalion, forsoaking caution, rushed across the open in support and arrived in time to stem a counter-attack by an Alpine 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.

A le troops of the 1st 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, only to find 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 support could be brought up; success and Keran 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 lines which they could to the last force 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 continued on to Amba Alagi, where the Italian Viceroy finally surrendered.

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 "beau" at Point 187, holding up and destroying the German armour until overtaken by sheer weight of numbers. The attack was made by 60 panzers supported by infantry in lorry. By the beginning the Germans concentrated their fire on the guns inside the box while the infantry was punching through the old Fort. At four o’clock the Germans broke through the forward positions and the Battalion went for them with Bren guns, Brenets 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. 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 Worcestershire 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, “by good heart and with their tails well up” the Battalion were ordered to destroy their guns and store 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 planned 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 in this cadre and drafted the personnel to the 1st Battalion. On January 1, 30 hours, which had gone with the Battalion to Palestine and were brought back by the cadre, were laid up in Worcester Cathedral. For the last time they used guns assigned to an untrained cadre; a standard training grenade was photographed in the grenade. A standard training grenade was photographed in the grenade.
Records of the Regiments, 1929—1945

that the 11th Battalion had been doing with the 1st and 9th Armoured Divisions and then the 24th and 3rd Guards Independent Brigade Groups. Shortly afterwards the Battalion was posted to the 43rd (Worces.) 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 Monic, in the region of Caen, was described by the divisional commander as "one of the biggest attacks of the war.

Every Man Went into Battle

After the breakout came the spectacular drive to the Seine with the 3rd Division in the lead—100 miles in three-and-a-half days. All along the August 1944 the Battalion crossed the river and held a firm bridgehead after fierce fighting. In the evening more massed troops crossed under smoke and strong machine-gun support. They 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 bridge. Next day the Battalion was ordered to extend the bridgehead 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, ordnance and signalers. This fierce fighting gave cover to the armoured drive into Bélgem 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 bridgehead was over, but the Battalion had experienced. Three casualties are attributable to being killed in action on the Neder Rijn. The month of October 1944 was spent "resting" in Holland in pre-curious discomfort.

The next move came in November, towards the Siegfried Line, and the Division took on anti-tank protection to the Americans breaking out towards Aachen and Duren. After capturing Trois-Rivières, the Battalion held 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 thrust in the Ardennes the Battalion was in reserve and was able to celebrate a very pleasant invasion of Christmas. January 1945 saw some fighting in the Truppen area, and early in February the Battalion moved up into the Edderborn area. Preparations were on foot for rolling up the Siegfried Line. In the early days of April the Battalion was shown in their battle to capture the Goch encampment. After the battle, the Corps Commander, General Poppecker, sent 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 bridgehead they came across fanatical paratroopers entrenched on an unfinished autobahn. The battle was costly, but was won. The breakout proved the Battalion in the van of the Regicide and the vanguard company, mounted on tanks, made a determined dash to try to present a bridge over the Twente channel 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 Breunen, then moved on—and VE Day found them in an area north of Lingenub. 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.M.G.s Certificates for Courage, and 20 officers and men were mentioned in despatches.

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 125th Batteries, The Worcestershire Regiment. The 12th had been raised in June 1944, and when trained, did duty on the London area. In the last days of the war, in May 1945, west to Island and took over the defences of the North-West Front. Returning to England towards the end of the year they were stationed at Grantham and had an anti-invasion role. At this time it became necessary to convert several infantry battalions to various types of guns, and the 12th was one of the 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.

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Through Burma with The 2nd and 7th Worcesters

FIGHT AND ADVANCE—
until the war, the soldiers of the 2nd and 7th Battalions of the Worcestershire Regiment in Burma. They served the Worcesters as pioneers, engineers, and other services, which in those days appeared to be the most distant part of the line of advance. At Sime- buan, Camp, between Imphal and Kohima, the War- rior served as a pioneer and on the road to Tokyo. One of the soldiers shared in the name in the photo.

Major F. G. Burrell, of the 2nd Worcesters, received the D.C.M. The D.C.M. was awarded to Sir Olive Lums, K.C.B., R.A., Commandant, Artillery, and the holder of the D.S.O., at a ceremony in Calcutta on April 10, 1943. He was a pioneer for the 7th Worcesters.

The 7th Worcesters performed a wonderful feat of endurance, and it is a mark of the men's determination that their lines were never broken. A little group gathered round the soldier, and the soldier was grateful for the assistance he received.
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 ("Digger") Division, the 2nd set about various types of training — with Burma at 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 Company of the 7th Battalion had to be left at Morena that the 7th Battalion existed in its own Base camp at Kohima which 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 moved down to the Burma border and took over a well-entrenched position.

In the last months of the year the two Wyonnenook units advanced on the Japs, taking different routes. The 7th Battalion made more of a stand against the Japs but the 2nd Battalions had to advance and fight through the hills and gorges and rivers. Keeping up the tradition of their predecessors, the old 3rd Foot, who were known in the Peninsular War as "The Marching 3rd," in six weeks they covered 490 miles from the Chindwin, sowing to build up a strong line of rearguard small fights with the Japs on the way. First moving eastward, they turned south to advance on Shwebo. In their first spell with the Japs they captured two guns 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 down their comrades, in the open air, using parachutes as tablecloths.

Between Shwebo and the Irrawaddy, which covered the entrance to Mandalay, for 120 miles of hot, dry plain covered with scrub. The Japs pulled back to hide in the hills at Singing behind the barrier of the Irrawaddy. The 7th gave chase. Down along the banks of the Irrawaddy the Japs grew up their comrades of the Cameron, Dorsets and Royal Welch Fusiliers for the crossing of great river. Disaster nearly overtook them when they started the assault — their boots were erected and laden for a quick, short fire fire the boats were laid on a grassy plain against the Japs. Happily the casualties were low, but the Japs had to wait impatiently until the other battalions could support them and bring in ammunition, felds and time, and fighting through elephant grass and snake-ridden country they joined the"Cameras and Royal Welch Fusiliers in the canon of the Irrawaddy, behind which 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 moved down to the Burma border and took over a well-entrenched position.

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**PTE. FORSMAN, of London, was with the 1st Battalion in the first British assault on German soil when on the 30th April, 1944, when the Tank Assault was delivered on the Geelenkirchen sector, north of Aachen.**
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 R.M.S. Worcester, the stern of which is shown (1), for the sake of tradition and to preserve the continuity of this famous name. It is moored off Greenwich, Kent, and was specially built as a training ship, the classrooms being light and airy (2). The curriculum provides for a general education as well as instruction in nautical subjects, such as tying knots (3). Physical training (4) and drill are carried out on the spacious upper deck.
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).

Young Seadogs Work Hard and Play Hard

There is considerable rivalry between the boys' 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 4,000 tons and a length of 360 feet, with a beam of 33 feet, the new Worcester can well accommodate her normal complement of 200 cadets and an instructional staff of 30. The boys join between the ages of 13 and 16, the leaving age being 17. The fees are £35 a year, and qualified cadets have little difficulty in obtaining appointments in the Merchant Navy. The Commanding Officer 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 (3). There is a fine library (11), a dignified little chapel (12), and a well-equipped sick bay (13).
Our Empire's Proud Share in Victory

EAST and WEST AFRICANS in BURMA

By HARLEY V. USIL

The decision to send African troops to the Far East was one of the most generous offers made by the British people. The troops were not only a great assistance to the British Army, but they also proved to be a great inspiration to the people of Burma. The African troops were able to hold their ground and prevent the Japanese from advancing further into the country. They were also able to support the Burma Air Force and the Burmese Army in their efforts to defend the country.

The African troops were not only effective in the field, but they also had a positive impact on the morale of the local population. The African soldiers were seen as a symbol of the British Empire and their presence was a source of strength and encouragement for the Burmese people.

The African troops were also able to gain valuable experience in the fight against the Japanese. They were able to learn from the tactics of the Japanese and were able to adapt their own tactics to better suit the terrain and the enemy. This experience was invaluable and would be useful in future conflicts.

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From Grievous Disability to Skilled Employment
Restoring Canterbury's Stained Glass Glory

PRICELESS 13TH CENTURY WINDOWS of Canterbury Cathedral were stored for sale in the crypt in 1940. Work of restoring the 4,000 pieces of stained glass was in progress in January 1943, when the last panel was fitted into place. Arthur R. W. Chappel (H.M.), who had maintained the panels during the war, received the last panels of each one of them. - See also Stowe, Jan. 80, Vol. 1.
Europe's Wartime Capitals: In 1947

ICELAND'S capital is her centre for shipping and industry. Reykjavik, the Athens of the North, has met since 1845 in a dignified and stately building that occupies an elevated site facing the principal square. Flanking it lies the simple white, Lutheran Cathedral, 230 years old, a fitting association when it is remembered that Christianity was introduced into Iceland in the 9th century. The President's Residence, Bestrustadur, lies some miles outside the town.

Iceland already had a Home Rule in 1804, and from then the standard of living rose rapidly. The present system, however, was the result of the Liberal party's efforts to bring about changes in the country. Iceland was cut off from her King in Denmark in 1914 and from then in 1946. For a year after the latter date the royal authority was exercised by the Icelandic Government, but this was found impractical and a Reign was appointed.

Ceremony on Plain of Thingvellir

In May 1944 a general referendum was held in which 93 per cent of Iceland's citizens who had attained 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 sessions of the Althing was held in 930. And where it is believed the Althing is to be met 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 each with a building on it. On the outside edge of the wide bay is the beautiful Esja, a long range of mountains. To the north is the frozen 150 sea, of which scattered views can be had from the town. The town has the grandeur of a snow-capped glacier can also be seen. The University on the west side of the town, located on the command dominant sites and are visible for at sea. At least twenty feet of snow fall every winter. And imposing.

A city which has to be imported except fish, sheep, cattle and horses, the harbour in the fishing port of Reykjavik, the U.S.A., Denmark, Norway and other European powers. There is also much fishing on the large aerodrome built during the war on a couple of miles outside the town. Plans 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 people into the capital show no desire to follow suit and the housing shortage is acute. Houses has cost has been taken over for civilian use till housing accommodation is sufficient.

During the last three years approximately 700 houses have been built of concrete, rooms out over with native gravel which give an attractive, a proselytising for Iceland. It is a modern design, mostly of a two-storey type, spattered and surrounded by a good garden. There are a few larger blocks.

Electricity through the country, Reykjavik, is a paradise to the average British housewife, with their well-planned sinks, cupboards, refrigerators, electric washers and washers.

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

There are no queues in Reykjavik. All food is rationed 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. Clothes is very expensive and of not very high quality or finish; most of the garments are of British "utility" manufacture.

Luxury Car Jostle Each Other

Iceland has had trade relations with Britain since the days of King Alfred, and in 1810 an order was issued that "citizens should be conscripted in no wise excepted but as to their goods and their by-products. During the war Britain improved practically all her hunting clothes, which averages 960 pounds a year. About half of this is being taken in summer; the winter catch is principally cod and haddock. Air service, but the preciosest foreign trade per capita; between 1934-45 Britain was the top of the list. The result of this is plainly visible in Reykjavik, an electric car jostles each other in the residential quarters. These streets, garage space being even shorter than housing.

The health standard can be said to be high. The death rate is lower than in any European country or the U.S.A. Special campaign is being conducted against tuberculosis. In 1945, 45 per cent of the population was voluntarily examined, and in 1946, 60 per cent. Societies in existence over all persons engaged in handling food or in teaching. Reykjavik has two fine modern hospital, supported by the State and the other by the French Order of St. Joseph. The infant mortality rate is lower than in most countries. With all this, Iceland is well provided for the children of the age of six weeks to seven years.

Main Traffic is Carried by Sea

Owing to the Gulf Stream, Iceland, particularly in the south, is one of the warmest parts of Europe, the thermometer rising in some places to 30 degrees. The areas subject to the climate is the bracing changes, within five hours there can be as many as 100 degrees of variation. But unlike cold or rain in the wind which roars with sudden violence and works up to great strength. On the whole the air is dry and invigorating. In October 1946 hurricane borders were still gay and even as the end of the month good, great lettece 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 graduates are entitled to study feeless books are purchased at cost price for students. The government's policy is to introduce a standard of education is high.

Roads in Iceland, though still poor, have been improved during the war years and traffic is on the increase. There is a need for the number of roads which is insufficient. Roads in Iceland, though still poor, have been improved during the war years and traffic is on the increase. There is a need for the number of roads which is insufficient.

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In the harbour at Reykjavik cross-ply vessels ran line at anchor. (1) and nearly all the island's exports and imports pass through Reykjavik. (2) The National Library contains over 30,000 volumes, and is the oldest public library in the world. (3) The National Theatre was founded in 1903 and was used as a depot for stores by the Royal Navy during the war. (4) The house of the last Iceland's patron, Jon Sigurdson, who paved the way for the island's independence and died in 1874. Many of them built of wood.
I was a Liaison Officer with Lord Gort

Eight junior officers with Lord Litchfield, the son of the War Office, joined the forces which led to Dunkirk, thus perhaps somewhat incompletely, but in a spirit of the B.E.F. A small glimpse of that heroic period is given by one of them, Peter Tomson, now a Member of Parliament for Eastleigh.

I was a Liaison Officer with Lord Gort

The crack of A.A. guns awoke me on a May morning of 1940 in my billet in the pleasant little town of Wemmel near Brussels, northern France. Dressing rapidly, I hurried over to 42nd Divisional Headquarters in the chateau beside the river. All was excitement and bustle: Hitler’s troops had crossed the Belgian, Dutch, and Luxembourgeois 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 GHQ 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 Palace St. Vaast, General Headquarters of the B.E.F. in France. A Guards-patrolled porch led to the Operations Branch, and in a moment I was reporting to the G.S.O.1, Lieut.-Col. F. Gregson-Ellys. I was told that I had been selected, with seven other second-lieutenants, as junior liaison officers to General Gort, the Commander-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 GHQ 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 Gouraud. 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.

As the B.E.F. was Forced Back

Things were very different on my return to the ugly industrial district northwest of Lille, which I had grown to know so well during the months before Hitler struck. There were sights of bomb-damage in the death-stormed, wrecked vehicles lay in the ditches, some burnt out, others still smoking. In the villages 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 Hitler’s plan. Only in later campaigns would we have been able to call a Tactical Headquarters, the giant bulk of GHQ Main being far to the rear, since its vastly wide area 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 though specially trained young officers had been kept busy. The rest of the Operations staff looked after the operational headquarters, GHQ Main at Lille. The Chief of Staff, General Vivian Gort, V.C., whose tall, bulky figure appeared at intervals of his dinners in frequent visits to every part of the front line.

General Vivian Gort, V.C., of the First Great War, believe in telling for himself. The accompanying story appears at 5.15 a.m. before taking off to contact the French 7th Army. May 15, 1940, ordered to a rendezvous, rapidly changing war of movement, in which information had been with them passed through liaison officers.
I Was There!

By Captain (Ret'd) PETER TESPOW

I was there on December 31, 1943, the Squadron was sent to Wolfs, on November 13, 1943, and later to Breisach Am Rhein in the early part of the year. It made its first operational raid on November 13, 1943, and attacked a German submarine off the French coast. The mission was successful and the submarine was sunk.

Not until the spring of 1944, when the Squadron was made up of the most experienced pilots and airmen, did we begin to make great progress in our operations. The fighting spirit of the French people was high, and we were determined to do our part in the war against Germany.

On April 14, 1944, the Squadron was sent to attack the German coastal battery at St. Nazaire. The mission was successful and the battery was destroyed.

The next day, the Squadron was sent to attack the German coastal battery at Cherbourg. The mission was successful and the battery was destroyed.

On June 6, 1944, the Squadron was sent to attack the German coastal battery at Les Sables d'Olonne. The mission was successful and the battery was destroyed.

In July, 1944, the Squadron was sent to attack the German coastal battery at Mers-el-Kebir. The mission was successful and the battery was destroyed.

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I Was There!

TO THE "LAMA’S PALACE", formerly a rice-house for Burmese wizards, come men eager for romance. It was the night of New Year’s. Old Year was leaving and the new was coming in... But there was a curtained room in the "Lama’s Palace" where a roomful of United States Army Air Corps Officers were playing the game of "21" in the first true style of architecture. Over the building flew the famous humping bear—XXX Corps sign.

went instinctively to the Riding School, where he awaited 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 the air. As solutions to the heat wave I had the happy choice between the "Schwimmbad," a fine modern pool in Elysian surroundings, where one could listen in borrowed swim- suits all day long, and the hotel’s excellently stocked bar.

Prices here seemed a little astonishing if one remembered comparative costs in England—doughnut at 50 pt. ($A) a glass; red wine, white wine and brandy at 1 mark bid a glass; gin at 1 mark 50 pt. ($A) a glass; 2 marks (5s.) for a double. The amounts made me realize how good a club the German chef excelled himself, the speakeasies (menus) for dinner listing five stimulating courses.

Each morning at half-past seven a chamber-maid knocked at the door of a cupola-covered English inn; perhaps not so popular, but if one spoke German it was possible to get two cups of tea in as many minutes. These civilised courtesies, after a world of haka-brusque, renewed in one all the hallucinations for civilization.

By day I decided to try the hills, putting in some further rambles (somewhat pleasant it is to walk barefoot in areas embarrassingly strawed), 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 although Germany brought from Russia the term ‘Germania’, it was Russian territory into the British zone seemed to have become a useful trade for some German guides. Russian patriots went out to stop the racket were prone to shoot first and examine credentials at their leisure. Life was too sweet a risk stringing within their range.

On either side of Harzburg, trekking over pine-covered hills, I came across old women laboriously collecting sticks and logs; others stopped 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 road moved through some of the rachet (reather forest in Europe, which means a forest in which the trees set the wheels in motion. At night, the rustling cry of hunting bags broke out. Owls added a dismal commentary. By moonlight a black squirrel skipped across my path, as fortunately an omen as a black cat.

Write the weather remaining gloriously fine, I felt "in the pink." Clay pigeons flown into the air mechanically in a quarry by the Radau waterfalls were elusive and I thought I should see the performance. After all, a V-12 like pigeons-like! Most of us missed clumsily, 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 show, where you could buy first-class German hunting knives for 3 marks f.o.b., and a large Cologne for 6 marks a bottle, face-creams, lipsticks, and quilt models of rays, tigers, and lions equally cheap... Seventy-two hours is but a short season. When it was time to pack I left reluctantly, conscious of a sensation in living not out in one’s everyday life, and of having had a millionaire’s holiday for precisely nothing!

Chasing Japs With Smoke and Fire

In a country deemed the worst fighting terrain in the world, ordinary ground Visual Control Post units were sometimes little more than stalls. 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 clone aircraft arrive on scene he is able to give them a clear idea of the target’s location and, if necessary, call on smoke generators to put down rounds on the target as a greater aid to pilots.

The normal equipment 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 informed of 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 Windup”

My R.A.F. opposite number, FL-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 main road near Rweya, a small village at the head of one of the main Arakanese waterways, and the scene of recent land operations by the 25th Indian Division. I received orders to bring the L-5 down to the field under my charge, 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 fire due to a heavy gun had opened up on it and a dozen shells had done their worst.

I loaded 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 Tanimoto. We were to work to another ground V.C.P. unit that would be up with our foreboding troops. There was to be a large amount of air support both against specific targets and also waiting for calls to go in and strike any targets that our reconnaissance might reveal.

Next day, the weather was unbroken and aerial photographs in one hand and a pair of borrowed binoculars in the other, I walked on the strip as the first tints of day chased away the darkness. A drone became a roar and an explosion came. It was a fifteen-minute flight that was my first introduction to Spirit of Windup, a light aircraft sponsored by the pupils of the Winston school, Detroit, U.S.A.

A hairy-pawed with Duke as to our plans of action, and we took the air. Below was a scene of movement in troops, tanks and guns began to move. Where the gunners would jump, I went and stood, and good down on the dusty highway that was Tanimoto. I had the task of keeping our patrols to push on along that track under air reinforcement, West Africans, tenaciously pushing down from the north, while other troop to make a series of hooks through the jungle and assault the enemy positions high ground to the east of Tanimoto.

PARKERS USE OXEN rather than horses in many parts of Germany. Size and docility, the white breed is similarly used in other Germanic plains. See facsimile page 69.
I Was There!

We flew away down the Tamandu road to see how our troops were progressing. We passed over what was left of Tamandu, the giant 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. Napor confirmed that there was trouble ahead from enemy posts bordering the road, and asked could we help?

Off 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 wrapped the plane all over the sky as a screen of light ADT-100 came up to meet us. We were determined to get that first 900 feet of screen we were about to meted out to 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 vectored 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 the time—two cannon-equipped Spitfires. As before we avoided the aircraft as; 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 Spiff merchants to follow up their attacks with a dummy run on the target. To keep the Japs' heads down when our troops were in forward to the attack. We stayed around to watch that attack, and in a few moments we had gauged 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 near being fiercely resisted and it was necessary to keep up reinforcements along the road leading to the air. Our job was to keep a look-out for troop movements to and from the battle area. It looked like the Hill's Kitchen when we passed over 973,000 feet, heading for the east. The hills were a mass of burning undergrowth and shells were falling down on the area. Although I didn't have my glasses to my eyes at the time I suddenly saw a number of men on the track, tumbling road that headed east from the hills.

Hunted forward to touch Duke, and pointed below. He followed my finger, and suddenly put the Winkle'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 com to Napor. Popular message for you, 'Nobby,' (our own call-name) 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 slop Northa, anchored some miles down the chau'g, was to register on the target, and then we were to range up Broy Army 25-pounders on to the area. The first shells from the slop fell short into the river and it was a fairly easy task to correct on then. 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 all but impossible. By persuading the gunners 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 about the little feature where we had lost them. We walked up a figure suddenly dash for the safety of a time, and that was good enough for us to let the gunners have their fire. Shell after shell hit the area, and then we directed two fighter bombers on to the target.

Discussing the matter of the smoke not reaching the aircraft, Army phosphorous grenades were dropped from the aircraft and we took a box up with us on our first try-out. Small 'codes' formations that dotted the sea shore off Ramree looked to be our range. It turned all very practical as we fired, but there was nothing 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 go and we lined Winkle up fair and square on the target. Then we were a column of smoke drifting up from the rock. We had achieved a bull's eye.
All-Seeing Eyes Feared By the Japs in Burma

FROM AIRSTRIPS INSIDE BURMA R.A.F. MURUBOMBSIE operated against the Japanese in support of the advancing I.G. Army. The runways were strips hacked out of the jungle and camouflaged with brushwood (1), while the camera is being installed. PAGE 701
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 29th Indian Division that were converging on Tsingao, an important Jap supply base in the lower Arakan. We returned from a dawn race all alone the same distance as we had noted when we sighted the Japs earlier from a similar distance. As far as we could see, there were no signs of activity. The Japs were probably out of it that way.

My Grenades Right on the Target

Hastily we called up our ground element to find out if they had any aircraft in the area that we might use to hit the position. Back came the reply: "We keep the boys up here five minutes as soon as we hear at the radio.' Admiral R. another position we had given, and I hastily suppressed my ambition to hit the two villages with the shells. We tried the Shupin and then the Shupin and 500, and we were soon away on the smoke-filled area. We used smoke on nearly every attack after that; we even used it to burn down around the 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 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 report fell on a small village called "Clean." In four days we never saw a "Clean" 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 or south and east, to give the impression that we were off on a distant sortie.

We discovered what we wanted after a long-long-long waiting game. One morning an aircraft landed 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. We dropped a bunch of grenades and watched them burn on the village. From the doorway of a hut a Jap with smoke pouring from him. He suddenly veered from the trees and hidden 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 Rusted Our Boats

Three hundred miles north-east of Ascension Island in the Atlantic is an unoccupied smithies where last the Lusitania was sunk. We were carrying many British passengers and huge cargoes of Timbuktu yams, and it seemed a fitting place to dredge a barrel with our thoughts.

The alarm gongs were sounding and men, some clothed, some not, were running to the companion ladders. The life was dead all over the engines. The engines were in course of being stopped. There was no need, for an instant, to look around, for the three guns were immediately manned, and the lookouts of the officers on the bridge were greeted by the roar of the great guns. Three times a 1000, and the tugs went in for the third gun. The smoke came up, and the sea slammed against the ship.

The Lusitania was slowly setting back the firing platform. She was loaded with Number 2 lifeboat, and it was up to me to go there because I was in charge of Number 2 lifeboat. I was ordered to help in keeping a smoke clear. The prisoners came up on board like brown bears in their efforts to rush the boat. I led only our first lifeboat, but elsewhere aboard the sinking ship was being fixed by the French. Throughout the whole wail of the hissing '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 6 lifeboat. I was caught again by the same excitement, and the frightened prisoners stared at me with fear and racing thoughts of what was going on over the side.

In a dreaded kind of way I was aware of a small shoving of "Shove off!" and "Shove off!" The bow of the ship had very little from the board and was in imminent danger of being hit by the hulk against the Lusitania's side in the heavy ocean. As the Lusitania's side was heavily damaged was hanging uneasily from a slight drift. I turned back along the boat and realized the sight of the crowded Italian refugees and running from the boat. It was not possible to make out all any of the confusion or the panic that ensued. The boat was filled with all kinds of articles and had to be crowded and pressed against the side of the ship.

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Claude Jones

The night seemed long and the daybreak far away. Our crew was switched on to a cover passage, although there was little chance of their being hit. We did all we could for them short of taking them aboard. The Italians had told us that our attempt would have been in vain. There were over 100 lives at stake, and we were the only others in any other position to help. There was little that we could do toward them, quite a few, and for the best. I have been told by many people that I was able to save a man who had been drenched the intense burning by the Italian boat and survived the ordeal. Other Italians with the boat were kinds in putting out fires and left the tale—the true tale, I hope. I was not unaccustomed to being huddled next to theembros the slow progress. The other ship was said, "what about trying to step the mast and spread a sail?" It could be done in less than half-hour on the Lusitania. But not on the coast in our tight little boat with a wind blowing against the mast.

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

The C.P.O. waited beside me gave the order "Lower away!" and expressed the general feeling when he added, "There's no sense in disobeying the order."

We moved cursorily alongside the U-boat, which had lowered the German commander lowered down from the conning-tower bridge, but did not see the Italiano. These had squirmed under the waters, where they remained hidden. The two or three still at the water were at the side of the lifeboat and also concealed from view.

We Awaited the Grin Finale

Suddenly the indigo sea was disturbed by a white fury of foam. All except the keepers—bush-hooks included—were cast to sea by the surging waves while the men who came out of the hatch and their grimy togs 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-wrenching suspense. Already in the Atlantic the sea-wolves had cut out the basis orders in "look without trace."

Our situation helplessly, we awaited tensely the grim fact to another tragedy of the sea while the German stood by the guns.

The prisoners were scared off by the Huns, their allies. They knew that it if taken aboard the U-boat, they'd be a German prisoner. The German submarine was to be a German prisoner. The German submarine was to beール the German submarine was to be a German prisoner.

Harangue from Conning Tower

After a prolonged survey of us, the submarine commander brusquely asked: "How many are in the boat?"

Some one told him the number—802. The German raised his eyebrows and, addressing our packed basis in general, remarked—"English seamen are all right—but, uh, your Government! Why don't you British give in the war, causing all this suffering?" He spoke with disarming sincerity, apparently unaware of the fact that he was engaged in an act of submarine attack. "By Jove!" the C.P.O. muttered. "That's rich, if you like it!"

Like others, I was wondering whether this might be the same U-boat that had sunk the Lusitania without warning. The truth about this. The U-boat commander stroked his beard thoughtfully as he addressed his trio. Using his conning-tower bridge as a "speak-box," he made a speech in which he attributed our plight solely to a vicious Government that had misled the British public as to the intentions of "their overlords." He blamed us victims only for our own blindness and folly. His speech was the familiar Nazi ruminations such as Dr. Goebbels, Lord Ranz-Haw and others broadcast repeatedly. Of course, he ignored the black record of the Nazi regime and the appeasement of the Government the overrunning of Poland and other ill-defined countries.

We were cramped and weakened and in no mood for political argument—not that it was ever much good arguing with the fellow who has a machine-gun to back his opinions. We were quietly relieved when he put down to brass tacks. "Your perfidious Government has got you into trouble," he said, "but I will give you what help I can. You can't run for your lives."

(Continued In No. 215)

NEW FACTS AND FIGURES

D E C. 32 1946, the Salvation Army found accommodation for 4,941 people in shelters and hostels, supplied 14,000,000 meals, fought jobs for 16,000 people, and cared for 5,013 children in 125 homes. These facts are given in the Salvation Army's annual report. It contains many interesting details of services and particular activities of the great organization all over the world.

In Denmark, Norway, the Netherlands, Belgium, and France—where Salvation Army workers are employed in greater or less degree during enemy occupation—1945-1946 year a great revival and the reopening of many social institutions. In Germany, countries, corps and overseas were reopened. In overseas special meetings were held before being declared for 17 days. The presence of the Army has been burned out, but British Salvation engaged in relief work, and the Army in 80 H.C. German officers began a drive to win young people after a lapse of many years.

S A V A L L A T I O N ARMY reports from the Far East that China, where the Salvation Army's work was kept going through the war, correspondence gave valuable and useful assistance in relief work with the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration (U.N.R.R.A.) In Japan, 90 corps and 26 youth work centers were in operation. The Japanese authorities forbade the Japanese, under one pretext or another, at the liberation of Singapore the S.A. flag, drum and songs were brought out from hiding, as the occupying of Burma by Allied forces.

A Thanksgiving in Lower Burma, starting point of the Burma-Kam railway, was held near Yangoon by the Salvation Army. The service was held on December 13, during the construction of the railway by the Allied military government. It was conducted by Dutch P.O.W. and held Altogether 15,000 Australians British, Australian, Dutch by priests and some 150,000 Burmese, Burmese, Chinese and Burmese lost their lives in the building of the 240-mile railway. The Bishop of Yangon and the Bishop of Rangoon and a Buddhist memorial ceremony was held near by.

According to information available to the British and American Ministers of War, the United States and Great Britain governments had been given the order to resign in Europe for war crimes in British, U.S. French, Greek, Norwegian, Russian, Swedish, and Polish courts. The last two instances of war crimes trials were to be held in the United States, the death penalty, 16,414 were sentenced to varying terms of imprisonment, and 6,352 were acquitted.

(Continued In No. 213)
Full-Rigged Prize of War in Tasman Sea

OUTWARD BOUND FROM NEW ZEALAND, the Aroga Penir makes a majestic picture as she races on her last 1000 mile leg to Sydney, New South Wales. A vessel of 2,000 tons displacement, she formerly sailed under the Dutch flag and was built at Wapenvoorde and named after a town of that name in the Netherlands.