AT STIRLING CASTLE men of the 3rd Battalion The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders paraded in a snowstorm on Feb. 5, 1947, for words the service of the 74th in Scotland. The officers marched the guns of the 74th along—formerly carried by the 3rd Battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. The Argyle Party, headed by the Pipes and Drums (above), placed the Colours in the Castle, there to remain until the 3rd Battalion is restored to the active list in 18 or 12 years' time. In the meantime the men will be drafted to other Highland regiments. Photo: W.F.T.
Personalities Smile for Our Roving Camera

SOUTH AFRICAN WAR VETERANS were greeted by General Sir A. M. H. Froude (left center), when members of the Defence of Ladysmith Association attended a reception given by Sir George White at Kensington Palace, London, on March 8, 1947.

BELGIAN MINISTER OF NATIONAL DEFENCE, Col. de Fonteau (left), arrived at Victoria, B.C., February 2, 1947, and was greeted by Mr. H. Vanderpauw-Lombard and A. V. Alexander, Britain's Minister of Defence.

APPOINTED U.S. AMBASSADOR IN LONDON on Feb. 24, 1947, Mr. Lewis Williams Douglas, aged 59, e President of the English-Speaking Union of the United States. He was a member of Congress from 1927 to 1933, representing Arizona State.


Great Stories of the War Retold

How Germany Came to Grief at Sea

T

he reasons that led to the ultimate defeat of Germany at sea are explained in three documents of enemy origin released by the Admiralty at the end of January 1945. One is a summary of reports on German U-boat warfare prepared by Rear-Admiral Raeder as Commander-in-Chief of the German Navy by his subordinate, Karl Doenitz, in January 1943; a second is a review by Doenitz of the whole course of the naval war; the third a somewhat acid commentary on the general conduct of the war at sea, produced by two anonymous writers of the German Naval Staff.

All three are in general agreement that the causes of German failure to accomplish more in the naval sphere were mainly political. It was apparently the genuine belief of Hitler and his chief advisers that Britain would not go to war when Poland was invaded in September 1939. This was typical recklessness on Hitler's part, for the strength of his fleet was admitted inadequately for such a conflict. Though submarine construction had been resumed, the number of U-boats available at the outbreak of war was wholly insufficient. Doenitz estimated that to give the submarine campaign real assurance of success, 1,000 U-boats should have been at his disposal in 1939. Actually he had about 50, with 20 more nearing completion.

Naval War Staff Advice Unheeded

Throughout the struggle the co-operation of the Luftwaffe with the navy was no more than half-hearted. "It could not achieve the right conception of naval warfare, and thought primarily on a military basis. Its ideas were superficial, and the navy's advice on the finer points of naval tactics, etc., was largely ignored," according to the anonymous writers. "An experienced leader of sound judgment" with the supreme head of the Luftwaffe, Goering, who is stigmatized as "a narrow-minded, narrow-minded man of limited views who should be reached by arbitration when their views disagreed, owing to lack of specialized knowledge on the part of the Commander-in-Chief of the Wehrmacht, the only authority who could decide between them.

At every crisis the opinion and advice of the Naval War Staff were unheeded by the Supreme Command. Though Raeder was an extremely able man from the professional aspect and highly esteemed by Hitler in that capacity, his personal characteristics put him at a disadvantage when presenting to the Supreme Command the unpopular viewpoints of the Naval War Staff. He was not gifted with a persuasive manner, nor with the tenacity to force his opinions on his inmates.

Assumed Britain Would Be Neutral

Not only did this have a deleterious effect on co-operation between the navy and the Luftwaffe, but it severely limited Raeder's influence over Hitler. It is true that when alone with the Fuehrer, Raeder would occasionally succeed in convincing his chief of the wisdom of the naval arguments; but as soon as he had left, other influential persons, such as Goering, would very quickly bring Hitler round to the opposite view. This actually occurred when the question of the conduct of the war in the Mediterranean was in question, and again over the possibility of French collaboration.

Doenitz was off much better terms with Hitler, and his appointment as Raeder's successor caused no surprise. Not only did he enjoy the full support of the younger officers, especially those in the U-boat service, but he possessed the qualities of ruthlessness and perserverance that Raeder lacked. Though, he was his inferior as a naval strategist, he was much more determined in his decisions. Doenitz himself declares that the German Navy was inadequate from the outset, the proportions of the armed forces having been planned for a purely Continental war, an assumption that Britain would remain neutral. This was partly due to the fact that the navy was but weakly represented in Germany's highest councils.

After Dunkirk, the possibility of ending the war quickly by an early invasion of France would have been considerably greater, just as the unexpectedly rapid development of the war in the Low Countries and France, the need of preparation for such an operation had been made. It was not possible to produce suitable landing-craft in large numbers in time to participate in the invasion of 1940, not became necessary to utilize the available bags and barges of the coastal and inland water transport systems. A considerable number of these craft were modified for landing purposes, but their seaworthiness was limited and few were self-propelled, involving the necessity of relying upon towage for the passage across Channel. Detailed reports on landing conditions in the south of England and on currents and weather in the Channel were prepared, and troops were trained in landing operations. It was clear that the German navy was far too weak to protect the landing forces against the British fleet, the full weight of which would have to be encountered. This protection must be furnished by the Luftwaffe. But first the Luftwaffe would require to wipe out all air opposition, and render untenable any ports near the projected landing places which might serve as bases for British naval forces.

Invasion Prospects Became Dim

Ordered in July 1940 to prepare his forces for an invasion while good weather could be expected, Raeder informed Hitler that the navy would be ready to do its part by September. Later, however, the weather was bad and the air defence was not achieved, the prospects of success became dim, and the invasion was first deferred and then abandoned. It was regarded as the Naval Staff that the invasion assembled for invasion purposes should be devoted to securing control of the Mediterran-
Great Stories of the War Retold

is attributed to the "sur fortunate decision" of Captain Langsdorp to make a raid on shipping in the Fute estuary, which led him into the encounter with Commodore Hot-
wood's squadron.

At the end of 1941 it was decided to withdraw the Scharnhorst, Gneisenau and Prinz Eugen from Brest and to employ them in conjunction with the Tirpitz and other battleships in operations off North Russia. Though the Gneisenau received such serious damage that she never operated at sea again, the other two ships daily appeared in Norwegian waters and added materially to the perils of the Arctic convoy route.

Deneice, while commanding the submarine service, appears to have expressed dis-
satisfaction at the demand made by the large surface warships upon destroyers, on which he considered the country's nourishment and which, according to the observers of the Naval Staff Board, were unable to accomplish what was asked of them.

"I have to acknowledge the tactical and strategic significance of the battleships, particularly

rewarded by the V.C., beat off every enemy attack (see page 144, Vol. 6). Not only did he partially disable the heavy cruiser Admiral Hipper, but a large German destroyer, the Friedrich Eckoldt, was sunk.

"His fury was not easily quenched. After violently abusing the naval personnel concerned for coming off shore with their British opponents, he proclaimed that the whole thing spoiled the end of the High Seas Fleet." Raeder was sent for and told peremptorily that, apart from such shows as might be required for training, the whole German submarine fleet would have to put out of commission.

Though Raeder commented that the ships might just as well be scuttled, the Führer overruled his objections and refused any reprieve. The resignation of Raeder was the immediate sequel.

Actually the course followed by Dönitz on taking over the chief command on January 30, 1943, was less drastic than the Führer had originally ordered, for both the Tirpitz and Scharnhorst remained in com-
misison in the waters of North Norway until their ultimate destruction. Otherwise the admiral continued to devote his energies to the energetic prosecution of the U-boat campaign, ordering new submarines of greatly improved design for which he was awarded a special prize:

Deneice attributes the sinking of the Schar-
horst in December 1943 to "a reorganization of the local situation," and observes that "the superiority of British naval aviation was too evident." To radar-equipped airc-

The implication, according to Dönitz, was that the handling of the French Black Sea Fleet was also criticized. It is pointed out that it possessed an overwhelm-
ingly superior force of the two fleets of the Rumanian navy, which were poorly trained and without sea experience. German reinforcements amounted to only half-a-dozen U-boats of the 250-ton type and a number of landing-craft, tugs, and small auxiliaries.

The defeat of the Crimea and the advance into the Caucasus in 1942 forced the Russian fleet into the extreme southeast corner of the Black Sea, where it was almost isolated. When the tide turned in 1943-44 the Soviet navy was given a good chance to fall upon the German sea communications with subma-

In December 1942 the climax came with news that a German surface squadron was in action against a British convoy off the North Cape. For over 48 hours no further reports were received, driving the Führer into a state of frenzy. Raeder nightly called to agree to ships being asked to break their wireless silence,.BLUEHITA the third U-boat that surface ship had been sunk in the North Atlantic, though investigators now admit that the battle was fought in the Bay of Biscay, and that the convoy was not sunk.

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TREATY OF DUNKIRK, binding France and Great Britain in a 50-year military and economic alliance, was signed on March 4, 1947, by Mr. Bevin, British Foreign Minister (far right), and M. Schuman, French Foreign Minister (far left), in the hallempore, which was the only public building in Dunkirk left undamaged by the war. Afterwards the two Ministers visited the seashore (lower) where, nearly seven years earlier, the B.E.F. had made its magnificent stand against overwhelming German onslaughts and experienced the "miracle of deliverance."
The 'Skins' Return Home to Omagh in Tyrone

LED BY SAFFRON-KILTED PIPERS the centre of the 2nd Battalion The Ulster Defence Regiment ("Skins") came home to Omagh, Co. Tyrone, Northern Ireland II, on Feb. 11, 1947. Under the scheme for the "temporary suspension of animation," the Ulster Defence Regimental Band, in whose early days the inspiration visited by it during the war, and which later found its way into the hands of the Ulster Defence Regimental Band, was a great source of pleasure at homecoming. Lieut-Col. T. T. McManus, R.E. (I.), over the Colours, handed over the Colours, while an order from the Regimental Depot in Omagh. The Regimental Band, formerly with the Royal Ulster Rifles, now serves in the 2nd Battalion, N.I.A.R. See also page 693-695.

Photo, International News Photos
From Monty's H.Q. to Ancient Village Church

UNION JACK WHICH FLEW ON LUNESBURG HEATH, at the H.Q. of Field-Marshal Montgomery, after the German surrender in May 1945, now hangs in the church of Bookham, near Leatherhead. The Field-Marshal presented it to the church in 1945. It is suspended by the Mayor of Bookham, who made it known that in the old church were hanging three war-revered flags—those of the Royal Navy, R.A.F. and Merchant Navy; the Army was not represented. And now has arrived this honoured banner. See also Plate 79, Vol. V.
Our Fight to Mitigate Hardship and Peril of

DISRUPTING Britain's industrial and home affairs as never before, snow and heavy rail and road transport of vital war materials in the north of England has assumed vast proportions. How about the railway between Preston and Newcastle? The R.A.F. dropped bombs on essoners (1) to prevent civilians from moving troops to London (2), while in Edinburgh (3) a factory produced beef for the troops. (4) kept watch on ice floes in the North Sea stripping them. (5) is a community of German prisoners of war who used a house for living quarters from the home group. (6) German prisoners at the Bergefort Bridge and (7) Bergefort Bridge Road. (8) The incendiary and destruction of the coal mine, and the explosion over the whole of Britain, were caused by the last 36 hours.


PAGE 744.
—Fuel Crisis and Prolonged Freeze-Up Combined

BLIZZARDS and tremendous snow had to be faced by colliers from northwest coal ports to bring coal here. This coal was then carried into barges and towed (1) to London's power-stations. Some colliers were wintered away at Riverside Colliery, Chesterfield, the first colliery noticing winter left the pithead (2) on February 17. Coal was also removed from barges at Sitwell, Telford (3). Westmoreland (4). Area Committee, and the Corporation of Birmingham (5) found means of working their coal. The snow made it difficult to have effective lighting in offices and other industrial endeavours. During the winter, 10,000 lamps were registered on the gas in the area. V. E. M. Press, G.P.U., Federation Press.
HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS

H.M.I.S. Bengal

A FLEET icebreaker of 645 tons, with a speed of 15 knots and a 4.7-inch gun, H.M.I.S. Bengal was built in 1931 to assist in the relief of the cruiser 400 miles distant in the Indian Ocean. On August 17, 1918, the Bengal, under the command of Captain W. J. Williams, R.N., R.I.B., was steaming northward along the eastern coast of Australia. She was on a mission to relieve the cruiser 400 miles distant in the Indian Ocean. On August 17, 1918, the Bengal, under the command of Captain W. J. Williams, R.N., R.I.B., was steaming northward along the eastern coast of Australia. She was on a mission to relieve the cruiser 400 miles distant in the Indian Ocean.
The Welsh Guards
By Authority of the
Officer Commanding, Col. Sir
ALEXANDER B. G. STANIER,
Bart., D.S.O., M.C.

Raised during the First Great War on February 20, 1915, the 1st Battalion Welsh Guards was in action atLens, in France, in the following September. It fought in the battle of the Somme and then went to service at Gueudecourt, Fromelles, and Messines. It lost its colours at the battle of Ypres, Aug.-Sept. 1917; it was engaged in Censors. In 1918 the Welsh Guards fought in the critical battles of March and April and in the final Allied victory, including the battle of Messines, the crossing of the Canal du Nord and the attack on Messines Ridge. Before the Armistice the Battalion had returned to Germany and returned to England in March 1918. There was also a Reserve Battalion which was absorbed into the 1st Battalion in March 1918. The 2nd Battalion was formed on May 8, 1919.

G.H.Q., on which the enemy were advancing. The 1st held out in the town, against air and ground attacks. On May 24, when they were ordered to withdraw to join G.H.Q. in a new location. One road only was open, and along this the Battalion moved. During the withdrawal the columns came under fire near St. Nicholas, a suburb of Arras. The curate placated the enemy, and by their action the further successful withdrawal of the Forces was made possible. For his leadership and gallantry in this action, Lieutenant the Hon. Christopher Furness was posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross (portrait on page 101). From Arras the 1st Battalion moved to Douai, Pas-de-Calais, then to Cassel. On May 28 it was ordered to move to Xaverne to an enemy threat south of Bergues. Positions were taken up and the Battalion, with elements of the 48th Division, was the last rearguard of this sector south of the canal. It had a severe task. The position was unfortified, and after a short engagement the Battalion withdrew to Menin, where it was ordered to fight its way out of a counter at West Cappel, the Battalion withdrew to the beaches at Brey Dunes and embarked for England.

The 20th Guards Brigade in England, under command of Brigade W. A. F. E. Fox Pitt, D.S.O., M.C., a past Commanding Officer of the 1st Battalion, was ordered to Boulogne to hold up the German advance along the coast. The 2nd Battalion took part in the German attacks on Boulogne and Calais, the first night they held the Germans at bay, until orders to withdraw were received. A last stand was made on the docks before the final evacuation took place. Remnants of Number 3 Company held out until May 25, when owing to shortage of food and ammunition, they were eventually overrun.

The 1st and 2nd Battalions both back in England, the great task of reorganization and training began. The Guards Armoured Division was formed, and the 1st Battalion became the first tank-borne battalion in the Division. The 2nd Battalion was converted into an Armoured Battalion in September 1941, and training began on Salisbury Plain.

In February 1942 the 3rd Battalion was training outside London, with the 33rd Guards Brigade. This training continued for nearly a year when on January 5, 1943, orders were received to mobilize. And on February 26th the Battalion sailed for the Mediterranean, to join the 1st Guards Brigade, commanded by Brigadier E. A. V. Capland

Marching through Paris on the route of their drive and filé band on Nov. 17, 1939, the 1st Battalion Welsh Guards were awarded a very warm welcome by the French. Arrived in Paris the 1st went to Boulogne, 17 miles W.S.W. of Arras; and the latter town was defended by them in action with the Germans. In the 2nd Battalion, 1914 also two parts of the Welsh Guards were engaged, the 1st Battalion, a part of the Guards Armoured Division and the 2nd Battalion, part of the tank-borne infantry of that formation.
The 3rd moved up towards Tunis, and in April had its first major battle at Fondouk, in the final effort to break Rommel’s forces who were retreating up the coast in front of the 8th Army.

The Battalion, in the 6th Armoured Division, took part in the final attack on Tunis, and a few days later carried out a highly successful attack on Hamman Lif, thus sealing off the German forces in the Cape Bon peninsula—which resulted in their ultimate annihilation and capitulation. After the capitulation of the German forces, in Africa in May 1943, the 3rd Battalion settled down to a long period of waiting, until on February 4, 1944, they were ordered to two days’ notice to embark for Italy.

They were soon in action in the mountains north and west of the Garigliano, south of Cassino, and later in Cassino itself in a defensive role, occupying the town for over a month, and the hill top about 300 yards away. There were few casualties and no actual brushes with the enemy. On May 18 the Germans abandoned the town, and the 3rd Battalion were able to move out of their positions and follow the sweep up the Liri valley.

On May 26 the 3rd Battalion attacked Monte Pecorile, Number 2 Company, on the left met a large number of casualties, including all officers. But the hill was taken, the way to Rome lay open—and this important city fell on June 4. Seven days later the 3rd Battalion carried out another series of attacks, near Pescia, and on July 15 were in a successful Brigade battle for the heights guarding Anzio, the town falling the next day. Although well below strength, the 3rd continued on and took up positions opposite the Gothic Line.

From October 2 to November 19, the 3rd Battalion was holding positions on Monte Battaglia feature, 2,000 feet above the sea. The cold was intense, the mud thick, the positions were exposed, and considerable hardship was experienced. These operations were continued until February 1945, when the 1st Guards Brigade were withdrawn into reserve prior to the final offensive. On April 9 this offensive began; the 3rd Battalion taking a prominent part in it, crossing the River Po, following up the enemy and capturing many prisoners. May found the Battalion in Calabria after the German forces had surrendered, and in June the Battalion was ordered home to England. The 3rd was later disbanded.

While the North African and Italian campaigns were taking place, the 1st and 3rd Battalions were training in England with the Guards Armoured Division, the 2nd Battalion being in the role of an Armoured Racer Battalion. About two weeks after D-Day, both Battalions landed in Normandy and were soon in action, first in operation “Goodwood,” the armoured drive north and east of Caen, fighting in the Bocage country, the attack on Montchamp, and in August on the village of Le Bas Perrier. All these actions were carried out successfully, although at Montchamp the enemy put in a strong counter-attack with the 3rd’s 18-pounder Battery.
Welsh Guards 3rd Battalion Triumphant in Italy

FROM TUNISIA THE 3rd BATTALION arrived in Italy in February 1943. Before going into action all weapons, including Vickers machine-guns (1), were overhauled. In the Arctic (4-5 July) the unit carried out a grand cycle war hike (2). After the capture of Cassino on May 17, 1944, the 3rd Battalion under the command of the Gorgias, a hill, river to Aire, some of the men riding in Sherman tanks (3). The seizure of Monte Piana on May 3 by the 3rd Battalion opened the way to Rome.

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Photo, British Official
The 1st and 2nd Battalions were formed into one group, tanks and heavy-borne infantry working as one. The Group were the first to liberate Arras, the 1st Battalion having been the last troops to leave the town in 1940; they were first into Brussels, where a tremendous reception was given to them by the populace of the liberated capital. The advance continued on into Holland. Heavy fighting took place at Heerol, where the 1st Battalion launched a series of attacks supported by tanks of the 2nd Battalion. The village was finally captured on September 15.

Four days later the 2nd Battalion resumed their advance. They crossed the Nijmegen bridge on September 21, the day of its capture by the Grenadier Guards Group, but failed, owing to the waterlogged country, to reach Arnhem and to relieve the 1st Airborne Division. After a series of engagements in "The Island" between Nijmegen and Arnhem, the Guards Division moved to Sint Andries, a quiet sector, but on Christmas Day 1944 both Battalions were ordered to move down to Norman to hold the bridge there against Rendere's last great counter-offensive, but this offensive failed and the Battalions were not committed.

In February 1945 the Division returned to the Nijmegen area to take part in operations "Veritable" planned to drive the Germans back beyond the Rhine. The Regimental Group fought actions at Hassum and Boomweerde, both highly successful. On March 23 the 1st Battalion was relieved by the 2nd Battalion the Scots Guards and returned to England. The 2nd Battalion at the end of March took part in operation "Plunder", the last great advance of the war.

The 2nd Battalion crossed the Rhine and led the Division through Germany, moving via Liége and Monsal for Cappelen, then across the main junction between Bremen and Hamburg. At Venedshoven, a counter-attack by German armoured troops was launched against the Squadron and Battalion H.Q.; this involved a two-hour ordeal of close combat, and hand-to-hand fighting. The counter-attack was eventually beaten off and the advance was continued. The 2nd Battalion was in Cuxhaven, on the North Sea, on VE Day.

So ended the war in Europe. The 2nd Battalion remained in Germany, and is now stationed at Lübeck on the Baltic. The 1st Battalion embarked for Palestine on October 6, 1945, and are still there as part of the 1st Guards Brigade. A brief mention should be made of the Medium Battalion, which was formed on October 1, 1939, and for most of the war was stationed at Sundown Park, Essex. It was responsible for training men before they went to a Service battalion. The admirable way in which this was carried out was praised by the great achievements in battle of the three Service Battalions of the Regiment.
Morris of difficult preparatory work came to fruition in February 1919 with the signing of peace treaties between 31 Allied Nations and ex-enemy States (see also Blue pages 302-306 and 511). At the Foreign Office, London, on February 6, Mr. Eberhard Donitz, our Foreign Secretary, placed his signature to the treaties with Italy, Finland, Romania, Hungary and Bulgaria. On the one he is signing above is seen also the signature of Mr. James F. Byrnes, for the U.S.A.

As his last official act as U.S. Secretary of State, before he resigned that office for health reasons, Mr. Byrnes (right) signed, in Washington, four of the five treaties—the U.S.A. had not been at war with Finland. They were then taken by air to Moscow where M. Molotov, Soviet Minister of Foreign Affairs, signed all four. After Mr. Byrnes, in Washington, had signed the fifth—Mr. Mackenzie King, for Great Britain, and Mr. Jan Smuts, for the Union of South Africa—three signing in the once responsible on behalf of their respective governments for negotiating the treaties the documents were removed to Paris for the official ceremony on February 10.
Ceremony in Paris Seals Solemn Pact With—

At the Foreign Office on the Quai d'Orsay in Paris on February 10, 1947, the peace treaties were signed by accredited representatives of the Allied Nations, including Mr. Duff Cooper (1), the British Ambassador there; Mr. Bogomolov (2) for U.S.S.R.; Mr. Molotov (3), Czechoslovakian Foreign Minister. A welcoming address had been delivered by M. Bidault, French Foreign Minister, to delegations assembled in the Salon de l'Histoire (4), the famous Clock Room.

States That Waged War as Hitler's Satellites

Italian Ambassador in Paris, the Marchese di Saraga (5) signed for his country; Karl Erckell (6) for Finland; M. Oblon (7) for Bulgaria; Mr. Gyongyosi (8) for Hungary; Mr. Tulamuck (9) for Romania. Thus one more important stage in the post-war settlement was reached. Just one month ahead was the Moscow conference, opening on March 10, 1947, for the framing by the Big Four Foreign Ministers of the German and Austrian peace treaties.
Japanese Nightmare

Australian artist Murray Griffin (4) in a P.O.W. camp in Malaya set down in nearly 100 paintings and drawings some of the gross brutalities of the Japanese and the sufferings of his fellow prisoners during the war. Most of these works have been exhibited in Melbourne, Victoria, their repellent quality is exemplified in reproductions in this page. To safeguard his pictures he adopted ingenious ruses—his portrayal of captives labouring on a railway bridge (1) was concealed from his guards between sheets of tin used to patch the leaky roof of his hut.

A working party returns to Changi camp (2) carrying oddments of wood for a fire to cook up their meagre rice rations. Ghauntly scene in a camp hospital ward (3).
Our Empire's Pround Share in Victory

BRITISH WEST INDIES AND BERMUDA

L

no association with Great Britain has developed a loyalty in the West Indies (see page 104) which is in many respects more intense and personal than that found in many other Colonies, and when war broke out, the whole of the Caribbean rallied to their full resources. As stated in a previous article (page 1), one of the major problems was the feeding of the widely scattered population. The West Indies are predominantly agricultural communities, and with the exception of Trinidad and British Guiana, they have not developed mineral resources. Their pre-war economy was based on growing for overseas markets, sugar, bananas and other primary products and importing in exchange foodstuffs, clothing and machinery. By the date of outbreak, the whole balance of this economy was changed, and by an immense reduction in demand of all existing markets. In the middle of 1944 the British West Indies had contributed over £750,000 to the United Kingdom for war purposes, nearly £600,000 for war charities, and had given over £625,000 for the purchase of aircraft for the Royal Air Force. Their Governments and peoples had lost over £1,400,000 of interest.

Maris cassava provided by the West Indies served in London and other towns during the Blitz. The potatoes contributed to the family of the "Queen's Messengers", the mobile food convoys which helped to feed people in bombed towns. Gifts were on an equally generous scale - lime juice and honey from the Bahamas, 80,000 lbs. of cocoa for R.A.F. Forces in Grenada, hospital supplies and clothing comforts from little St. Kitts, and so on. In a number of the islands clubs and estates were maintained for men of the Royal Navy and Merchant Navy. The Government and people of Bermuda, by September 1944 had given over £235,000 for general war purposes and had lost over £1,000,000 of interest.

In all of this, the West Indians were highly motivated, and what they did was to contribute to war charities, and over £235,000 to buy aircraft. In spite of all this effort, however, the British soldiers felt a very serious sense of their inability to do anything to help, and this sense of helplessness led to a feeling of helplessness, and to a desire to help, which led to a desire to do something.

The Regiment left the West Indies for the United States, where it entered on training, and first British unit to train on American soil since the War of Independence. In July 1944 the Regiment landed safely in Italy. The Battalion still required some months of training before being fit to go into battle, and in the autumn, as the weather had become too cold, they were sent to Corsica in the Middle East. In the spring of 1945 the Regiment was ready to move back into Italy, but before this could be effected General Eisenhower had collapsed and the West Indies after had all had opportunity of fighting, as much as possible.

Back in the West Indies the situation had to a great extent deteriorated. The building of the American bases in the West Indies and Boeing of communication considerables labour forces. In addition to Bermuda, the other Colonies affected were the Bahama, Jamaica, Antigua, St. Lucia, Trinidad and British Guiana, and much energy which had previously been spent in an outlet for the economic life of the people was now directed to the building of this network of offensive and defensive bases. Initially at first, building troubles arose owing to varying rates of wages and the tendency of the Americans to apply the colour bar in British territories, these difficulties were eventually ironed out and the work proceeded without serious trouble.

One of the outstanding features of the West Indian war effort was the determination of the men and women to break through redoubles and by hook or by crook, even as their own expense, to get into the fighting zone. More than 4,000 men and women harvest in America. In 1944 the number from Jamaica was nearly doubled, in addition 3,000 went from Barbados.

And so we could go on, but enough has been written to indicate the unfailing loyalty of the British West Indies and Bermuda to Great Britain in particular and to the Allied cause in general. Although the training in their main endeavours to get to grips with the enemy as a Caribbean Force, West Indians, both men and women, played their part nobly in every task which they were called upon to perform.

PHYSICAL TRAINING WITH LOGS engaged these West Indians exer-

By HARLEY V. USILL

A QUIET survey at the war centres of the Caribbean area, with which this series dealing with our Colonies’ war effort concludes, indi-

Bermuda to Great Britain in particular and to the Allied cause in general. Although the training in their main endeavours to get to grips with the enemy as a Caribbean Force, West Indians, both men and women, played their part nobly in every task which they were called upon to perform.

We have now come to the end of the story of the war efforts of the British Colonies in the Empire. Taken as a whole it is a record of which all concerned may be justly proud, and although there is no justification for the indiscriminate use of such terms as "loyalty" and "united action" in this context, no other Metropolitan Power succeeded in bringing the West African who wrote the following to a Gold Coast newspaper summed up the feelings of many people of the Colonies:

"To show that we are fit to lead a better life, higher life, we are con-
tinuing the fight and the war which is our cause too, to ensure victory. We are not called upon to contribute to an aircraft purchasing fund because we are a subject people. The contribution is voluntary and we have undertaken it as an obligation to our mother country and to His Majesty the King and the British and all that is connected with it."

In the West Indies and Bermuda the main difficulty was to utilize to the full the desire of so many to enter the fighting forces. It is doubtful if there would be no more important questions of Colonial administration. Those Colonies occupied by the Japanese raise one of the most important questions of Colonial policy. Would they be permitted to conduct the lives of their people as they see fit, or would there be any interference with the ability of Great Britain to provide defence for Colonies, whose people are not temperamentally fit for soldiering? Cyrus West eos has every reason to consider her part in the war worthy of national recognition, and even during the war conversations were proceeding in an attempt to formulate a new constitution which would maintain Imperial safeguards, and would give her control of her own defence, and yet meet the twofold problem of reuniting the appalling devastation occasioned by constant bombardment at the same time as being considered for new constitutions. Cyprus, under the Cyprus movement, experience some little material damage, but she is in the threat of political revolution, and the development of what is called the "Balkan" (union with Greece) movement. Gibraltar, nearer to Europe than the Colonies, has the task of housing her population and developing her colonial resources.

T this war, then, had the effect of accentuating political and social problems and making it clear that the situation is one of the most serious the Empire has to face, and that much still lies in the future. In the future, there will be 80 million people in Europe, and a world population of 3 billion. In the future, there will be a need for the kind of economic policy that can help to preserve the Empire and the Colonies, and to make them strong enough to meet the challenges of the future.
Terrorists Strike Again in Uneasy Jerusalem

In this most daring attack, near the King David Hotel explosion two days ago, page 12, terrorists blew up the British Officers' Club, Jerusalem, on March 1 (Berlin, 1945) and yesterday in. This was one of a series of attacks designed to enforce the establishment of an independent Jewish state. Explosives were taken to the site in an Army van. In the Jewish State Nature will compensate for such acts, and the S.A.P. Regiment armed a post (1) overlooking the Palestinian wall.
Union Jack Flutters Down at Mustapha Barracks

AT ALEXANDRIA THE MUSTAPHA BARRACKS were handed over to Egyptian troops on Feb. 1, 1947, in furtherance of our policy of transferring control of Egyptian forces from British to Egyptian hands. Carried by Egyptian troops across the parade ground of the closed barracks were the Union Jack and the Egyptian flag. As the ceremony concluded, the Egyptian flag was hoisted on the tower of the barracks.
Great Italian Naval Base Passes to Yugoslavia

Under the terms of the Italian Peace Treaty, Pola, beside the Adriatic, 80 miles by rail south of Trieste, was awarded to Yugoslavia, and by the end of February, 1954, about 1,500 Italian officers were leaving the city (population 35,000) away three or four days. For hours they queued at the railway station and near the on-shore port, where they were accompanied, with the usual offers of drugs, cigarettes, wine, and food that we purchased for the journey (above). Packing the luggage (below).
Welsh Industries Shine in London's Limelight

FIRST SHOW of Welsh manu-
facture was held on Jan 11, 1927, in the
Royal Horticultural Hall, West-
minster. It was organized by the
Council of Wales and Mon-
mouthshire to demonstrate that
the number of Welsh manufacturers
is growing. "Stand of some of the 39
exhibitors are shown (1). The
products, which include textiles
are the only ones of their kind
made in Britain. Members of the
Welsh Ladies' Choir gave an
indelible concert, and they were
very popular with the visitors.
A wide range of Welsh art and
trading estate. Artistic metal
furniture (2) was displayed, and
the Welsh Ladies' Choir was
very popular with the visitors.
A wide range of welsh art and
trading estate.

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Knocking Around in the Indian Ocean

An Ordinary Seaman in the cruiser Caledon, lately transferred to the aircraft carrier Illustrious, M. C. Blake looks back on his tour and serious months in 1942. In both the first and second expeditions to Madagascar, in May and September of that year, the Illustrious was prominent.

I left England in January 1942, in the destroyer Embleton, with 500 other very raw Naval recruits intended to join the cruiser Caledon at a point from which the French had taken over the naval base. We arrived in March, and were promptly dispatched to the naval barracks at the converted St. Joseph’s College, which was full of survivors from Singapore and the many ships sunk since the war of Japanese aggression had swept across the East Indies. Two weeks later I joined the cruiser Caledon, and the following day we were visited by the C-in-C of the Eastern Fleet, Admiral Sir James Somerville, who told us what was going to happen to the Japs should we get at them. Unfortunately the Japs turned up shortly afterwards with a much stronger fleet.

After sailing the cruisers Dorsetshire and Cornwall and the carrier Hermes, and delivering to Caledon her first air attack, they looked around for the rest of the Fleet. But having refuelled at a remote spot south of Ceylon and having picked up survivors from the two cruisers, we were making a strategic withdrawal in the direction of East Africa. It was obvious that Ceylon was too near the Japs and too short of effective aircraft to defend it, or provide any reasonable sanctuary for us.

Malagasy was to be our new base, and it soon took on the air of an old-established naval port. Customs appeared, and most of the best hotels and restaurants were put out of business by ratings, and Fleet exercises and manoeuvres became regular features of our lives. By the time of April 1, 1942, it became apparent that some operations were pending. Rumours were rife and generally fantastic. Singapore, Rangoon and the Andaman Islands were included in a list of destinations. It was clear that the Japanese were pursuing a course of attack, but speculation was not until the Fleet had put to sea was it made known that our objective was Madagascar. This was to be our first offensive move in the Far Eastern war; even though we were not going to attack the Japs themselves. Japanese military and naval missions had been in Madagascar negotiating with the Vichy French for the use of the island—and we were going to forestall them.

Mad With Relief at Being Spotted

On leaving Mombasa the Fleet split up. The aircraft carrier Illustrious and other units joined the carrier Illustrious and the large convoy of troops that had set out from England. The Caledon, with the carriers Formidable and other ships, was to patrol the north Malagasy coast to ward off any surprise Japanese counter-attacks, while the other units were to cover the actual landing operations. I was serving as an Ordinary Seaman in the shell room—unconvivial position, as on those old cruisers armour-plating left much to be desired. The presence of oil tanks and magazines in adjacent compartments did not add to my sense of security, and the magazine officer, knowing I was raw, delighted in telling me of magazine crews who had gone to the bottom with their ships.

Whilst we were closed up at action stations in the early hours of May 5, the Commanders were storming the beaches of Courier Bay, which lies about 8 miles west of the port of Diego Suarez. They reached Diego Suarez 12 hours later, without having met much opposition. The main objectives of Antsiranana and the harbour were captured after 48 hours. An ultimatum from Rear-Admiral Syfrett, leader of the expedition, on May 2 had been immediately rejected. Shortly after the Com.-in-C. landing at Courier Bay, helicopters from the Illustrious and Indomitable attacked the airfield, shipping and harbour installations. The auxiliary cruiser Bougainville and a submarine were sunk and a destroyer damaged. In a land attack the sub- marinist Lt. Heron was killed. Surrendering French took over the island, and by the end of the month the object of the attack and calling on the French to surrender. Dummy paratroopers were also dropped, to give the impression of an assault by paratroopers. During these operations we were maintaining our patrol north of Madagascar and near to our objective.

Following the capture of Diego Suarez, though not equipped with anti-submarine devices we spent another week on submarine patrol with two other old cruisers, the Dragon and Diana, for Jap submarines were very active on the Cape Town, Durban and Mombasa run. One night in June 1942, whilst watching the bridge during the first watch (8 p.m. to midnight), I heard shouts, apparently from the sea on the port bow. I reported, and the Caledon slowed down to half-speed ahead, and the water was swept by the ship’s searchlight. Presently, about 100 yards distant, we saw three men clinging to what appeared to be a spar or broken mast. They shouted and waved to us, obviously mad with relief at being spotted. We moved closer to pick them up, but before we had completed a half-circle the most frightful and nerve-racking cries proved the silent night. In the beam of our searchlight was just a broken mast. Death had come suddenly to them. A moment later we saw two bodies in the water, and while we searched under slight exposure they had been washed from their handhold for our weeks. Later it was learned that the victims of this tragedy were from a torpedoed Greek merchant vessel.

Shortly after that we were transferred to the carrier Illustrious, and on the same day, July 7, we left for Madagascar. I had known nearly everyone of the Caledon’s small company and the comradely feeling of over 1,400, seemed more like a war as a natural part of life. Life, in harbour and at sea, as member of an informal landing party on the island (the bridge), but because of an injury to my right foot I was transferred to the
I Was There!

by the retiring French; supporting aircraft from the Illustrious helped clear French pockets of resistance holding up our troops. With the capture of Majunga we sailed for Diego Suarez, where we lay for a few days, with opportunity for shore leave. The magnificent harbour is one of the largest and deepest in the world. It has a narrow entrance, surrounded by thick jungle and verdant hills, and as the water is always rough the journey ashore in a small ship's motor launch is hazardous. I was drenched to the skin before stepping on to the jetty, but soon dried under the blazing sun. The main street, Rue Cobbert, possesses many cafés and drinking houses, proved to be the sole attraction. Not knowing its potential, I drank two glasses of absinthe.... Many sailors who drank too much of it passed out without warning.

We left Diego Suarez to cover further landings at Tamatave, a large port on the east coast, on September 18. Our enemy, under the white flag, were fired upon and their demands rejected. After a further time limit had expired British warships fired a few shells on the town. The echo of their explosions had scarce died away when the white flag of surrender was hoisted.

Warms the occupation of Tulua on the south-west coast on September 29 hastily brought to an end, and an armistice was signed on November 5. Immediately after the capture of Tamatave we left the landing forces, and to our great joy made our way to Dufresne for a short refit period—the first civilised port I had visited for nearly a year.

In January 1943 the Illustrious left for England. It was a comfortable feeling when passing through the Mozambique Straits in a hurricane to know that Madagascar on our port side was not a haven of ice submarines.

Wartime Life in the Lonely Falklands

The local inhabitants of the most southerly of our Crown Colonies gave warm hospitality to the members of the crew. Life at this outpost, where roads and railways are non-existent, is described by Kenneth J. Buckley, who was stationed there from 1943 to 1945.

By July 1943 I had finished my training as a Codor and was patiently waiting at the Royal Naval Signal School, Devonport, for my first draft. At last my name was called, with most others I had been detailed for H.M.S. Pursuit, which we later discovered was not the name of a ship but the R.N. Shore Station at Port Stanley, Falkland Islands, South America.

We sailed from Liverpool and travelled via Freemantle to Montevideo. The luxuries and pleasures of this great South American city were unbelievable after wartime Britain, and we were fortunate enough to stay there for two weeks before continuing our voyage to Port Stanley in a 500-horsepower steamer. This last stage of the journey was very bad indeed. The little ship tossed and rolled, and each day, as we approached Cape Horn, became stormier and colder.

On November 11 we sighted the bleak brown cliffs of the Falkland Islands, passed the Pembroke Lighthouse—the most southerly in the world—and entered Port Stanley Harbour. Although it was spring in that half of the hemisphere the day was bitterly cold. We were billeted in private houses, some of which were farms, but soon afterwards in a large barrack building. We were allowed and were taken to our comfortable naval quarters, which were to be our home for the next two years. The first few days were spent in learning more about the islands, and we were pleased to find that life in Port Stanley was not unlike village life in England.

The Falkland group, most southerly outpost of the Empire, consists of several islands of which the East and West Falklands are the biggest. These two are each approximately 100 miles in length and 50 miles wide, and the population of the whole area is only...
R.N. Shore Station in the Wartime Falklands

AT PORT STANLEY (I) center of the Falkland Islands, was the Royal Naval Shore Station known as R.N. Port Stanley, so while the author of the story in facing page was dictated in 1941. Close to the shore of a Foreign War commenced in 1914. The story in the other photos is that of the British naval commander who bombarded a German force under Von Sack, then sank it, retreating to the Falkland Islands. Cape Pembroke Lighthouse (II) is about seven miles from Port Stanley and is exposed by the winter's wind. The lighthouse is surrounded for existing supplies above.

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I Was There!

2,003. The inhabitants are mainly descendents of the original British settlers; there is no native population. Half of them live in Port Stanley, which is the only town. The Falklands occupy a strategic position in the South Atlantic, and the Navy has a large wireless station there for many years, which has been invaluable for navigation. In 1914 (see page 104), and an enemy attack was feared during the Second Great War.

The inhabitants therefore took every precaution to guard their town and beaches, but with so small a population it was a matter of almost constant alarm that the enemy would not attack. The appearance of a strange vessel on the horizon was a signal for the alarm. There were no harbingers of the "alarms" during the war but, as with the earlier British war, the 1914 battle was still vividly remembered by the older inhabitants, and on two occasions children were hurriedly evacuated from Port Stanley and taken by boat to lonely farms. After the entry of Japan into the war the position became so serious that troops from Britain were poured in, until 1943, and although the main islands, they occupied time by training on the beaches for the D-Day invasion of Europe.

The naval ratings, when their duties for the day were over, there was little to do. There are no roads or railways in the Falklands, and the continual wind and rain made sports almost impossible. During summer, however, the weather did improve sufficiently for us to play football. Our favourite pastime was the shooting of wild geese, which were very plentiful. Not only did this sport provide us with excellent meals, but the Government paid us one pence for every goose we shot. The reason for this reward is that twelve geese ear as much as one sheep, and as sheep-farming is the main industry of the Islands the geese were quite a menace. Visits to the penguin colonies and the seal-fished islands also occupied our time, but the weather was too cloudy, for seals and sea-lions can be dangerous when disturbed.

Food was not scarce, but there was little variety. Nothing, even tea, could be grown locally on account of the winds, and we had to import it. Our only link with the outside world was one little packet steamer, and when this was delayed certain foods had to be temporarily rationed. Mutton at £4 pound was always plentiful, and oil could be obtained free from the slaughter-house. In fact, mutton was often used as manure.

Mail was received at intervals of approximately two months, but sometimes to wait much longer for news from home. There were no newspapers, except a weekly typewritten account of local events, and had it not been for the wireless we would have been in complete ignorance of world affairs. Many island farms on small islands, there was no means of communication with each other, but by lighting flares to signify distress. On one occasion such a fire went unnoticed for a long time, and when assistance finally reached the farm it was found that a young lad had died of appendicitis—had been dead for five weeks.

But in spite of the loneliness of our task, constant bad weather and the infrequency of our mails, life in the Falkland Islands was quite enjoyable. The inhabitants—who have a very warm spot in their hearts for the Mother Country and always refer to Great Britain as "Home"—were exceptionally kind to us, and local dances and cinema shows were arranged every week. Our pleasures were hampered very much by the loss of the cinema, which was completely destroyed by fire in April 1944. The cinema equipment had been donated by the public offices of the Colony, the Naval offices, the public library and a dance hall.

Berlin's Black Market As I Knew It

In the gory aftermath of war the previous black market features despite rules and regulations. Holding the community to ransom, those who explored the Schwarzmarkt in Berlin reported a show of what they were able to purchase. John Forlithon presents this picture as he saw it in Berlin in 1945.

Sporadically before the week-end, though most week-days would do, something from Berlin's British to the Russian sector, could be found in the markets (no need to go further) of those now historically infamous ruins—Hitler's Chancellery—and the Black Market in which occupation. If you looked at the least degree affluently, as if you might own cigarettes, a hungry-eyed crowd would jostle about you. In the crowd would be Russian soldiers, officers included, and German civilians (with appealing-looking blondes, all of them vying for your favour. Several would be flustering, quite openly, Reichsmark notes in their hands. Assuming you were there to sell (I am believing you for the moment) there would be no need to quibble about prices. The rate was a fixed one—everybody knew it—100 marks for 20 cigarettes—enough to half-a-crown a cigarette. And Berlin's beggars, the really professional ones, scavenged the streets all day for Allied butts. It was their cheapest way of keeping body and flesh together, and some looked pretty healthy on it. The fact that the Russians received only a meagre distribution of cigarettes from their own sources, though of course their allowances were heavenly in comparison, German civilians supplied maintained the Schwarzmarkt.

By virtue of explaining this disgraceful business many men were coming back of the market. Official interference stopped slightly. Only in the Brandenburg Gate vicinity, just across the line.
a newcomer from England drew me on one side, said he had something precious in his bag, and wanted to know where he could sell it. He was a good 2 lb. of ground coffee of a well-known brand. He was a little taken aback, when I said it would make a very acceptable gift for our men! This coffee "black rain" sold between 400 and 600 marks a lb.

A member of a Belgian Frontier Battalion, on leave in Germany, by using his head and some coffee clinched one of the cleverest deals in black marketing history. When he returned from short leave in Belgium he brought back with him a hatful of paper and some cigarettes; he disposed of the coffee to a German Schwarzmark for 600 marks; then, adding his cigarettes to this sum, he purchased from a Hungarian feather dresser some strips of well-camouflaged camouflage. Back in Brussels, on his next visit to Germany, he went to the local Marché Noir for a total of 10,000 francs and thus helped himself to a hope of money in his native currency by means of a simple transaction.

It must be said that frontier guards took every precaution to stop such scheming. In many instances they succeeded in catching letters, packages, small bags, cigarettes, etc., and putting them back to their owners.

Displaced persons, too, have been known to try their hand at this illicit game. The really bad ones among them did not hesitate to slaughter a German farmer's stock and then sell the meat to civilians in the vicinity.

We Hunted Bandits on the Ledo Road

"I saw a lot of "em," the lorry driver said, "black hats and bamboo, murderous-looking black guns and bullets. I'd better not talk about it."

We went down the road, running through Assam to Kunming, China—an endless series of bends and straightaways. We were on a control post at the foot of the Ledo Road. That was the most hazardous pass on the entire road. Above us the Peguah Hill climbed and trampled for seven miles.

"Did you notice what was in the boxes?" the officer queried. And then, being told it was "clay, mostly," he added, "I suppose you probably got them a few minutes ago."

"No sir. My engine sputtered up on the last hill and I was forced to wait for a flame."

An hour! By now they would be picking up that song along some secret path high up in the Pagaal hills. They were heavily loaded, however, and the noise would be enough to roundabout that it would take them some hours to much Fangana.

Sincerely speaking, it wasn't an Intelligence job. But we decided to join the American M.P. for a short while. We formed two parties; we disposed of five trucks loaded with ammunition and a lot of other things, and were there. The rest of us was to be back. Our quarry escaped us and got to the road, we could give chase in the truck. We split up into several bands, each containing a few Gurkhas who could follow along the mountain paths. It was a steep climb, and the undergrowth was wet after recent rain. Our boots became covered with Assam mud—and leeches were plentiful.

Each pair took up its post on a pathway, Dussel was setting in, and the civilians, who had, thousand other jungle noises, provided us background to our vigil. We lay down for half an hour without seeing a thing. "Dekine, sabi!" I cried to the little Gurkha at my side. He pointed to a flight of scared birds, scattering down into the valley. "Come, sabi!" he said in the vernacular. He saw in the flight the panic that is created by the presence of Man.

We began to climb, and presently my companion climbed my arm and pointed. "There, sabi!" he whispered.

Some distance off, among the trees, a troop of monkeys leaped screaming as though something had frightened them. Then I heard sounds. Chinese voices were raised. I saw two figures, loaded down with heavy boxes. We crept behind a tree. The Gurkhas gave a call, a sharp-sounding alarm. A few of them were calling Guns-nyu, so we were prepared. They sent off rapidly—in the general direction of China. There they gave us a quarter-hour before the others reached us. Then we clambered back to the post and reported. The war office was informed of the affair and we were allowed to take back the finds."

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I Was There!

NO. 250 SQUADRON

For the Patrons of April 1, 1944, and equipped with the new plan, the first action of No. 250 Squadron was recorded on the morning of the 1st of April. They were the only ones at the moment of the attack, 23 miles from Alexandria, to be able to reach the spot. Later, on short approach, the Squadron turned back to Alexandria, but by one, and was not back to Alexandria the first flight had already been completed. The aircraft, however, was stayed for a moment, and the aircraft was seen to return in the form of a bomber. Before the return, the Squadron was at a certain altitude and was seen to be at the lower end of the island. This was the first time that the Squadron was seen at a certain altitude and was seen to be at the lower end of the island.

I moved to Jaffa on Sept. 16 after supporting the landings, and moved up the Adriatic coast through Beirut and to Enfit, where I joined the Squadron. Close support of the Squadron for the bombardment was given in a good deal of support to Marshal Tito's partisans. It made sorties for the Yugoslavs and the Italian S.P. in June 1944 attacked the Italian naval base.

As a result the Allied air forces were making it a matter of some importance. The battle continued for the bombardment of the bomb site, and in the following April it was reported that the Germans were in the Po Valley; they were ending.

I saw Jap Suicide Pilots in Action

Dawn was just breaking as the British Pacific Fleet weighed anchor and steamed slowly into the fine drizzling rain. On our port hand American L.S.E.A.

I have driven with American refugees who got gas-happy and died nervous when moving at less than 50 miles an hour. I have driven in police paddy after a party. Never in my life had I had such a wilderness ride as this. We swung out at curvets, until it seemed we must be hurled over the roadside to end hundreds of feet down the slope and break our necks in the valley below. We moved up a hill and skipped over the crown, to lunch sickeningly downhill and swivel around another of those figure-eight corners for which the Leda Road was famed.

At last we stopped the tail of the lorry disappearing around a bend. We began to catch up on-to, but we let fly at the last. But that sort of shooting isn't easy, and every shot was called after it had passed through a hill. Our driver forced a fantastic pace, and the flagpole lorry in front was snipping perilously from side to side. We fined again.

The Chinese lorry was slowing down now. The fellow, next to me opened up with his automatic and went a rear tire to shred. We saw the mangled rubber slash at the mudguard—and the lorry swerved into the ditch.

Just by way of encouragement we fired a few more shots into the air. When we reached the fugitives they were swirling, very frightened and confused, in a debris of shells, scarves, toilet soap and what-not from burst packing-cases. The Gurkhas shouted hopefully, and brandished their kukris. But the bandits had had enough for one day. They ignored their Tommy-guns and allowed themselves to be disarmed, searched, and bundled back into the lorry for transport to headquarters.

But a letter from home in the hope that their own aircraft and ships were close at hand and endanger these with a stream of tracer. It was, therefore, with unusual excitement that I left the island of Ushui and went to see.

The object of the operation was to seize the island of Okinawa, some ten to the south of Japan. Heeded by the indistinguishable Marines, the landings were going to be made by the Americans, while the Royal Navy were engaged in attaching a group of turned on the Okinawan叫al called

For several days before the landings, strikes were flown off the aircraft carriers Indomitable, Indestructible and Illustrious, to bomb the airfields on the various islands.

Coral Sea in 1942, and this I think was what every officer and man in the Fleet felt—for us it was to be a new war, and each one of us had to adopt himself to the new situation.

The war in the Pacific was fought at such a remote distance from a rear base that the Fleet Train, comprising tankers, provision ships and other auxiliaries, was absolutely essential. The Fleet Train had to accommodate themselves to remaining at sea for several weeks at a time. Battle and screening formations were different: the close-range weapons had to be trained daily so that they could put up the foremost and most accurate barrage fire discipline had to be improved in under that gunners in the heat of an action would

When Officer of the Watch in my destroyer, which was one of 24 stationed in a circular formation around the "big ships." I always had a very good view of what went on. As a rule the watch below were just being told to rise and show when the first strike of the day was flown off.

With the oncoming of a calm sea I would watch the first of the clumsy Avengers waddle up the flight deck, as it reached the end of the runway there was always a sickening moment when it went over the edge and dropped low in front of the sharp bow of the carrier, as though the armament had overloaded it with bombs. But somehow the pilots always managed to gain height and then take up formation. Next the flying Corsairs, the fighters, and last the Fireflies,

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armored with rockets and cannon, would take off, circle the Fleet once, then turn towards the islands and the enemy.

The first attacks which our aircraft made were highly successful, and although they encountered heavy flak zone was lost. After a few days of this kind of work, which was beginning to prove boring for all but the carrier boys, the smaller ships were running down fast, and the Fleet retired to rendezvous with the carriers. During the next 36 hours every ship replenished her supplies with the little that was available and received some welcome mail. The efficiency of the Fleet Mail service was one of the high points of the Fleet reorganization. Interpostal in England took only a fortnight to reach me in mid-Pacific after a round trip of 17,000 miles.

On Easter Sunday, April 1, 1945, the American Marines landed on Okinawa, and we renewed our attacks on the Japanese islands. I remember morning well because I was wakened by the alarm bells ringing, and as I was bounding up the ladder to the gun I remembered that on the first of every month during the war we had to wear a white ribbon on our wrist. The "Rabbits" are getting out of bed—so I quickly did it. As we reached our action stations the 4.7 opened fire and the fun started. This was the first attack from the Kamikaze's suicide Corin that we had experienced and was therefore a little more alarming than usual; but it was short and sharp, and after one agile dodging we resumed our flight to the Indefatigable, and another had damaged a destroyer, the rest of them flew off pursued hotly by a number of Seabees.

In a desperate effect to effect losses which would prove crippling to the Allies, the Japanese had recruited these suicide squadrons of pilots who pledged themselves to drive their aircraft on to Allied ships. This form of attack was naturally very difficult to counter when met for the first time, and the Americans had suffered some losses as a result of the attentions of these marauders. It appears to be an authenticated fact that the Kamikaze pilots had their funeral service read over them before they took their places in their Zeros, and each one was assured that he would win everlasting life by dying for the Emperor. The ceremonies themselves were further enhanced by the inhuming being made to wear a white ribbon and to carry with their Samurai swords between their knees.

In flights of five and six they would approach the Fleet and fly about waiting for a convenient moment to strike. Very often they tried to attack when our aircraft were either trying to land or take off. The usual sequence of events would follow this. Everyone is at action stations when suddenly the armament broadcast blares out "Bomb has been reported ten miles away!". We all begin looking up, after putting on flak suits and adjusting bandoliers. Once more the broadcast blares out! "Bomb sighted at 10,000 feet—five miles away flying towards the Fleet!". These of us who had stopped looking up owing to the crick in our necks or the skew in cants begin looking up. A lookout reports one of the Combat Air Patrol as on the make for a man in a boat, "the action officer of the watch. Again the voice breaks the silence and in bored tones declares, "Begins four miles away, three, two, one—they should be overhead now...". Every officer and man looks about him and then, suddenly, before any but those in the ships nearest the target have time to see it, an aircraft has dived straight from 10,000 feet. The pilot is aiming for one of the carriers—always the Number One target of the Kamikazes. But he is spotted in time, and the huge vessel is manoeuvring under full helm with her 52-inch guns coughing away.

When one of the suicide planes hit a carrier it was a horrible and awe-inspiring sight. Aircraft ready for the take-off were exploded in a rolling wave of flame which enveloped the whole ship and left a column of smoke several hundred feet high. A successful attack often slowed a carrier, but not once was a big ship put out of action. Within half an hour the debris of the plane and the grisly funeral pyre of the Jap pilot who had been cleaned away and aircraft were landing on once more. At other times the enemy came in low from astern.

I remember one evening when, as the last night was coming to an end, the escort destroyer opened fire for an aircraft which was just skimming in our path from astern. Without calling the gun to its path firing every gun from 5.25 to 20-mm. Denckla's the Jap flyer straight into the Fleet, head-hopped over the King George V, over two cruisers, and made for the nearest carrier. Every few seconds it disappeared in a cluster of shell-bursts, but still it came on. Just before it rocked to its destruction I saw that its one engine was on fire. In most cases the Kamikazes were either avoided successfully or blown to bits by the heavy quick-firing guns of the carriers. Other Jap pilots plumped into a watery grave, having accomplished nothing for their Emperor save to give a British gunner a looking. They never really looked like being anything more than a frightening menace to our aircraft carriers, for the armoured decks of these ships, unlike those of any of the American " flattops," were able to withstand the suicide aircraft and prevent them punching through to the hangar beneath. If it had not been for their construction the British Pacific Fleet would have found it difficult to fulfill all the tasks set by Admiral Nimitz.

PAE 767 0
Troopship Queen Mary is Being Demobbed

Huge anchor chains of the Liner - Late - Troopship Queen Mary receive close attention as she goes through the process of being returned to civilian service. As mentioned in February, 1946, the chains were straightened out on her deck and prepared for the removal of rust before preparation and repainting of the links. Each of her anchors weighs 14 tons and has 716 feet of the chain attached. Her fastest transatlantic passage made in 1936, took 3 days, 18 hours, 42 minutes. See also page 108, July 9. Photo, Koehne.


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