DAWN OF A NEW ERA is marked by these early stages in the creation of a modernized House of Commons, to replace the building destroyed by enemy action over London on the night of May 10, 1940. By April 1947, hopeful signs had been created in the west wing of the Palace of Westminster, which since 1940 has had to hold its sittings in the House of Lords, will have to continue in session with the Commons in the same hall for perhaps another three years.

Edited by Sir John Hammerton
Our Roving Camera Sees Von Rundstedt in London

Pre-fabricated town in Normandy was completed while it rained. It is a model of Amer- siefan-Dalen, which was completely destroyed during the fierce fighting of August 1944.

Members of the Supreme Soviet, Russia's Parliament, visited Britain in March 1947 to study social conditions. On March 15 they were at Southampton, where they inspected the liner Queen Elizabeth. From the bridge the commander, Captain C. H. Ford, pointed out some of interest: the two women delegates (in white) were most impressed by the interior decorations, which were stored away during the ship's wartime service.

Von Rundstedt, former C-in-C of the German forces in the West, arrived for talks on March 14, to discuss surrender terms. He has since been to Kiel, Dusseldorf, to Nuremberg, Germany, to give evidence there at the trial of a minor war criminal.

Lincoln at War is a new picture book of the story of the Union Castle liner, Waverley Castle, which arrived at Simon's Town, South Africa on March 13, 1947. Completed at the Portsmouth Castle in 1910, she was in the 1934 break of war and was bought by the Admiralty for service, as a guest carrier. She was also manned by the Royal Navy. As a war ship she has been in service and has been recommissioned for service in the Navy.

Page 270
The Building of Mulberry Harbour

By MICHAEL F. KENNARD

That was in the autumn of 1942. The prototype was in the Solway Firth by April 1943. This original pierhead, which required over 1,000 tons of steel, was there thoroughly tested for many months, and was found to be entirely satisfactory—an amazing achievement considering the magnitude of the undertaking and the short time available.

The pierheads consisted of a steel pontoon with four steel legs or spuds which were power-operated and when driven hard against the sea bed caused the pontoons to rise. Hence the pierheads could be adjusted to maintain a fairly constant height above sea-level; alternatively, they could float with the tide, sliding up or down the legs.

SPUD PONTOONS, the pierheads of Mulberry Harbour, were tested early in 1943 to ensure harmony against them (above) the movements noted being 1 inch. Mr. Liberals (left), the armchair men, on whom the most sanguine predictions were placed, were represented by the Right Hon. A. E. V. in the Guardsmen area, Scotland, in April 1941. [See also page 772.]

After completion of the tests, approval was given to about 200 firms throughout the country for the large-scale manufacture of the pontons and pierheads. A wide stretch of ground at Leith was very soon transformed into erection berths where the majority of the construction took place.

Other sites were at Conway, North Wales, managed by Messrs. Jon. Parkes & Son; of Northwich, and at the Military Port No. 1 at Carnarvon (see page 173, Vol. 9), where the Army entirely undertook the erection.

The roadways were designed so that they could be towed for about 100 miles and be able to stand up to such weather as is common in the English Channel in the summer months. They comprised 80-foot bridge spans, supported on floats. Each span consisted of two 30-foot girders and a 10-foot wide road, and weighed about 30
tions. They were so flexible that the road-way could twist vertically until one end was at an angle of 40 degrees to the other, and yet still carry the heaviest equipment at a speed of 25 m.p.h. It was composed of separate panels loosely bolted to the cross-members. The supports for the spans consisted of pontoons of steel plate and reinforced concrete; these were known by the code name of Beeltes. These Beeltes, which were always to remain on shore, even at low tide, were constructed of prestressed concrete panels 11.5 in. thick, and were joined by concrete ribs cast in site. Other Beeltes, built of steel sheeting. Roadway lengths of 300 feet could be towed in one go, that is in six spans, made up of five spans and the shore ramp fasteners.

**Construction was undertaken with that of the piers, contracts for the two schemes combined—known as Whitley—being placed in June 1943, through the normal channels of the Ministry of Supply, under the Director General, Mechanical Equipment, for Geoffrey Burton.**

It had been decided at the Quebec Conference in 1943 that the main breakwaters should be composed of reinforced concrete caissons, and that immediate shelter would be provided by means of breakwaters formed by several old ships that would serve as block-ships. This line of block-ships was known by the code name Gorseberry. The ships used were old Merchant Navy and Royal Navy vessels, still seaworthy and in service in the blockade. They were to be used for shore strengthening, to offer a first line of defence, and to be sunk by explosive charges by their Naval and Merchant Navy crews, who were then to return to Britain. This operation was successfully completed in the first five days after D-Day, and the River Thames was thereby better protected.

**Solo Failure in Vast Programme**

A further outer floating breakwater was to be built. This would extend the shelter to ships larger than those of the Liberty type, which were the biggest that the Normandy landings could accommodate. This floating breakwater, the designation of which was under the Admiralty, was the only failure in the whole scheme. Its component units, referred to as bombardments, were built of reinforced concrete.

The concrete caissons, known under the code name of Mulberry, were designed in accordance with the number of shipping to be sheltered, because they would be subjected to similar wave action and would require the same stability as ships in calm or stormy seas. Design was as near bow-like as the conditions would permit, but to obtain the lowest towing resistance they were provided with swan ends, not unlike Thames barges. Lack of time precluded prototypes of the caissons being built, but models were made and tested at the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington for towing and sinking, and for the effect of wave action. As a result of these tests no alteration of the design was found to be necessary. Although the design of the caissons was not commenced until October 1st, 1943, construction was actually put in hand on many sites before the end of the month. One hundred and forty-seven units were to be built in six different sizes, with displacements ranging from 6,044 tons to 1,672 tons. Total length of the caissons added up to approximately 51 miles. Under a subsequent programme a further 66 units were constructed.

**Blitz Rubble Played a Part, Too**

The project was undertaken by 24 landing public works contractors, at 14 different sites around the English coast. This contract was let by the Ministry of Supply to the contractors under the direction of the architect, with the help of members of the Ministry of Supply directed to the late Sir John W. Gilsen, who received his appointment for his work in connexion with Mulberry (portrait in page 483, Vol. 8).

Construction took place in the Graving Docks at Middlesex, Goole, Southamp- ton, and at the Port of London Authority at Tilbury to the east of London. Caissons were sunk at 14 permanent sites; some were sunk at temporary sites, and not all the entrances were completed. The entrance lock at Plymouth, and at the floating dock there, two London Docks, the East India and South Dock, were de-watered and concrete block dam had been constructed in the entrance locks, and 18 were built on two of these sites, where hundreds of thousands of cubic yards of rubble were used to make construction beds on the dock bottoms. Twenty-three units were constructed on slipways built on the foreshore at Stokes Bay, Stone Point, and Langstone Harbours in the Portsea and Southampton areas. Here the caissons were constructed to about 60 per cent of completion and were thus towed to jetties where the remainder of the construction was carried out.

At the suggestion of the Ministry of Supply, shallow bays were excavated in open land alongside the River Thames. Here the depth of excavation was limited by the ground water-level, and the units could only be constructed up to a certain height, after which they were floated out and completed. Suffice it say, these basins were dug to enable 48 units to be constructed at a time. Altogether, 99 were constructed in three basins, some being completed in other sites. The most suitable dock—the King George V Dry Dock at Southampton—at which many batches of caissons could have been built, was not available as the Admiralty were using it for construction of torpedobottards.

This vast programme of construction was an outstanding example of cooperation between various Government departments and the British Public Works Contractors. The contractors provided the site organisation, key men and supervision, while the Government provided the materials and labour. Men were drawn from all parts of the country to the London area and other sites, where they toiled on objects about which they knew nothing; nor could they find out anything in regard to the ultimate use of what they were working on. Cones, which were numerous, included "A glimpse into English Channel, floating aeroplane base," and "Blockaden in the Channel," in all, 212 caissons were built, of which 147 were ready before D-Day. The remainder, which were used as additional breakwaters and as replacements, were completed before August 1944. This was indeed a remarkable accomplishment, as it is further shown by the following quantities of materials used:

- 2,333,000 cubic yards of reinforced concrete: 60,000 tons of reinforcing steel; 6,000 tons of timber; 440,000 square yards of plywood; and 97 miles of steel wire rope.

**Grand Tribe to Our Engineering**

Maximum number of men employed was about 62,000. Total cost in all, 10,500 labourers, 1,000 scaffolders, 3,000 carpenters, and 700 electricians. The War Office issued more than 130,000 prints of working drawings dealing with the construction of the caissons.

This Mulberry—code name used to describe the details of the scheme—was constructed and assembled in the British Isles in such a short space of time. In the fifth year of the Second World War was an astonishing performance. That such an operation as the Normandy landings was successfully accomplished is due to thoroughness of the military planning but also to the British engineering industry.
Moscow Deliberations on Germany and Austria

TO COMMENCE FRAMING THE GERMAN AND AUSTRIAN PEACE TREATIES the "Big Four" Foreign Ministers—Mr. Bevin (Britain), Mr. Molotov (Soviet Union), Gen. Marshall (U.S.A.), M. Bidault (France)—met in Moscow on March 10, 1945. Mr. Bevin (far right), the Council of Ministers in session, is accompanied by Mr. P. Hayes, Mr. U.S. Deputy for Austria; Gen. Clark (in background), and Russian Deputy for Austria, Mr. Golovin, with Minister Kalinin.
Martial Law for Sake of Peace in Palestine

FINDING A SOLUTION to Palestine’s problems, Prime Minister Ben-Gurion, on Feb. 12, 1948, declared that he had ceased to see the United Nations proposal to create a Jewish state and a Palestinian state. He added, however, that the United States had failed to support his government in the United Nations, and that the U.S. was not a friend of the country.

A ban on gas was announced on March 7. Under this ban, all men, women, and children were ordered to stay indoors. However, essential workers, such as doctors, nurses, and teachers, were allowed to continue working. The ban was lifted on March 15, when the situation improved and it was deemed safe for people to return to their homes.

The ban was lifted on March 15, when the situation improved and it was deemed safe for people to return to their homes.
Communal Conflict Sets the Punjab in Tumult

INDIA'S DEEP-ROOTED religious and political differences were first sharpened at the beginning of March 1947 by the situation in the Punjab, where the Muslim League's theory of Pakistan in effect broke down. A Muslim minority was established and a Hindu majority was left with the Muslims as a minority. Rivalry began in Lahore this month as Sikhs and Muslims leaders joined in support. The Sikhs, who had been attacked as well as Hindus and Sikhs, were increasingly killed and hundreds of people were wounded. A large area of the city was visited; survivors piled their remaining possessions on the street. Amritsar suffered more than the others; Lahore was given more attention. A police station was burned out of the site. First of the Sikhs to suffer was the Sikh. Police Minister was a meeting. Streets in Amritsar were guarded to prevent looting.
China's Young Sailors Schooled by Royal Navy

VETERAN BATTLE-CRUISER H.M.S. RENOWN became a school in February 1917, when 400 Chinese sailors arrived at Plymouth to undergo a course with the Royal Navy. Physical training (1) marks their daily work. Hungarian bandsmen are seen in the distance, and a British rear guard (2) is in line (3). One Chinese (4) and the British (5) are seen together in the scene. Parade on the Rensown's quarter-deck (6) under a Chinese officer. See also page 265.
Another big secret of the war was disclosed early in 1942 when the operational use of infra-red rays was made known to the public. The use of infra-red rays dates back to the first Great War, when they were used to assist in the navigation of ships. Infra-red rays have been developed since then and are now widely used in various fields, including military applications.

The infra-red eye detector resembles an ordinary telescope except that inside, between the lenses, is a special device which converts the infra-red rays into green light, which is visible to the user of the detector. The infra-red image converter thus enables an object illuminated by the invisible rays to be seen by the human eye.

First operational use of the new weapon was in the Mediterranean in 1942, when Commandos equipped with infra-red signalling sets, made contact with parent ships of force. Infra-red homing devices (1) and headlamps (2) were fitted to tanks and transport vehicles (a) to enable them to move freely at night, undetected by the enemy. As a modification of this, during the Burma campaign in 1943, a special infra-red equipped Armoured Division was fitted with this equipment.

An infra-red night for automatic weapons (3) was also developed, enabling an enemy to be shot at silently and at a distance of over 50 yards. Night-fighters and bombers of the R.A.F. (4) were equipped with infra-red sets, and the tails of friendly fighters carried infra-red identity lights. Minotaurus submarines, which attacked the German battleship Tirpitz in September 1942, used infra-red rays, and again when they cut the A/S nets of the British forces.

A simple instrument was produced to detect the use of infra-red equipment by the enemy, and extensive reconnaissance was carried out on the use of infra-red by the enemy. The equipment used by the enemy, however, was not used by the Germans on the Western Front, although their limited employment was reported against the Russians.
HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS

H.M.S. Belfast

BUILT by Messrs. Harland & Wolff in the city after which it is named, H.M.S. Belfast of 14,000 tons, with main armament of twelve six-inch guns and speed of 32 knots, was commissioned into the service on 9th November, 1918. Her name was bestowed on her for the war when commissioned in August 1921. Quite early in the war she was used as a heavy cruiser, and in September, 1923, when the Germans surrendered, the country was able to send this ship under German auspices to London to receive her commission. In 1939 she entered the Royal Navy and was fitted out as a battleship, the first of her class to be so fitted. In the morning of Oct. 30, 1939, the Belfast, together with the destroyers and the cruiser Liverpool, was sent out to search for the German battleship Scharnhorst. At 10:45 the German ship was sighted, and it was ordered to alter course. After a three hours' action, during which the Scharnhorst turned away and disappeared in the antarctic waters. Later the enemy battleship approached the enemy from another direction, only to find the British cruisers again in position. The German battleship, however, was eventually destroyed by the British fleet.

Concerning her battle with the enemy, Vice-Admiral Ramsay must have felt highly satisfied when he afterwards stated that the British fleet had performed its duty with the utmost diligence and efficiency.

However, the war did not end until the end of October, 1918, when the German battleship was finally destroyed by the British fleet.

At the close of the war the Belfast was again operating under Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, this time in the Pacific Fleet against Japan.
Records of the Regiments: 1939–1945

In September 1939 there were two Regular Battalions of The Suffolk Regiment. The 1st had recently returned to England from Malta and the 2nd was stationed on the Indian North West Frontier, at Rawalpindi. The two Territorial Battalions, the 4th Suffolk and the 1st Cambridgeshire, had each formed a second battalion earlier in that year, these being the 5th Suffolk and the 2nd Cambridgeshire respectively. It speaks well for the strong Regimental feeling in these East Anglian Territories that they were the first in England to recruit their quota of men for two additional units.

These six battalions all saw active service. One other, the 7th Suffolk, became a Territorial unit. The 8th Suffolk was in due course a Home Defence unit and later, when the urgency of Home Defence faded, a reinforcement battalion, supplementing holding battalions in the training of recruits. The only other Suffolk battalion, the 9th, expanded in due course into the 30th and 31st Battalions, composed largely of old soldiers employed on garrison duties, and the 70th (Young Soldiers') Battalion, consisting of boys too young to be conscripted, but a first-class contingent. Behind the Regiment stood the Home Guard, its battalions filled with a great many old soldiers, recruiting their strength from Suffolk, Cambridgeshire and the Isle of Ely.

In the following brief account of the Regiment's history during the Second Great War only the fighting battalions can be mentioned. The 1st Battalion was used as an armoured reconnaissance force as a part of Montgomery's 3rd Division, “the finest infantry in the world” and served throughout the war. The 2nd Battalion was in India, first in a three-battalion, then a divisional, and finally in Burma. The four

uncannily. The 3rd Division was one of the assault divisions on D-Day, and the 8th Infantry Brigade, with the 1st Battalion The Suffolk Regiment, was the assault Brigade for the landing. The 9th Battalion was responsible for the maimed beaches. In the strenuous fighting that followed the 1st Battalion did all that was expected of it—and much had been expected. But perhaps the fiercest fighting of all was in Holland, in the five-day battle for the village of Overloon, in October 1944, against the stiffest possible resistance and in the most difficult country their tenacity eventually won victory.

Flown Over the Jungle to Imphal

Luck, which favoured the 1st Battalion, was not so kind to the 2nd Battalion in India. The 2nd won a fine reputation on the North-West Frontier, taking part in two punitive expeditions; but for months afterwards it was scattered on "Internal Security" duties, during which time many of the best officers, N.C.O.s and men were drafted off on duties from which they never returned to the Battalion. Then, at short notice, the 2nd left for the Arakan, in Burma, where all speedily learnt that good in the Japanese were at jungle fighting the British soldier could be even better.

From the Arakan they were flown over the jungle to Imphal, and took part in the fighting there and at Kohima. In Burma they fought as part of the fine 5th Indian Division. But sickness and disease took a big toll. Reinforcements were not forthcoming, and after the defeat of the Japanese before these two towns the 2nd Battalion returned to India.

The fluctuating fortunes of the 2nd Battalion were as nothing compared with the disastrous fate of the 4th and 5th Suffolk and the 1st and 2nd Cambridgeshire. These battalions had shown the finest promise during training in England and Scotland, and their Regimental enthusiasm was very high. The Cambridgeshire,
particular, had a glorious history in the 1914-1918 war and were determined to add more pages to it.

But these four battalions were dispatched along with the rest of the 18th Division to Singapore, where they were involved in the surrender. Many months followed in Japanese captivity, under the most dreadful conditions. Almost all the prisoners of war were employed on the construction of the Burma-Siam railway and suffered the most callous and brutal treatment. There was a disastrous death roll from cholera, malaria, starvation and exhaustion. Though these battalions won no battle honours, the display of heroism, fortitude, self-sacrifice and above all, the good humour so typical of the British soldier, had no equal in any other Army in any campaign during 1939-1945. They proved themselves the finest type of British soldier.

The history of the remaining first-line unit, the 7th Suffolk, is happier. During the earlier months of the war after the evacuation from Dunkirk, like other battalions of the Regiment it was employed on coast defence. Then as the production of tanks increased it was converted into a tank regiment, becoming the 142nd Regiment, R.A.C. But the men were Suffolk soldiers, and they never forgot it. They painted the names of Suffolk battle honours on some of their tanks, and on others the names of distinguished officers of the Regiment. A year after they had been conscripted from infantry they were fit to take the field and were sent with their Churchill tanks to North Africa.

These they went straight into battle, helping the 7th Division and the heavily-armed American and French to hold on to what they had gained during the first months. At first the Regiment was split up into squadrons but later fought as a unit in the desperate battles round Medjez-el-Bab, which ended in the victorious advance in Tunis. During the fighting the few Churchill tanks had proved of the greatest moral value. Tanks were comparatively rare in the early stages of this campaign and the Churchill was the most powerful British tank in the field.

The 142nd Regiment, R.A.C., the old 7th Suffolk, sailed for Italy in time to take part in the assault on the Adoldi Hitler line and the advance to Rome. There they were in support of the 1st Canadian Division, which proved a great partnership. After the successful assault of the German lines the Commander of the Canadian Division wrote that he hoped the Regiment would keep for the future on their tanks a maple leaf emblem in remembrance of the assistance the Suffolk had been to the Canadians.

And the Commander of the French forces, who had watched the fighting from high
From Normandy to Gibraltar with The Suffolks

AFTER THE ATTACK NEAR CAEN on July 18, 1944, a party of the 1st Battalion The Suffolk Regiment conveyed a crater (1) outside Trunac into a ditch H.B. In the following October the Battalion moved on (2) to attack Vegas, Holland. At Gibraltar, in June 1945, a detachment of the 3rd Battalion formed part of the invasion (3) of the funeral of Lt.-Gen. Hawkenworth, C.B., D.S.O., former commander of X Corps in Italy. Demount (4) for the 1st Battalion on the Plaza in November 1944. Returned from active to a welcome rest (5). PAGE 761

[Photos: Illus.:109.]
Records of the Regiments: 1939–1945

25TH (INDIAN) DIVISION

Formed at Salonika, Madras, in August 1942, at a time when a Japanese invasion of the Malay peninsula was considered possible. In April 1942, as the 25th (Indian) Division occupied Kota Bharu, the 7th (Indian) Division occupied Penang under the command of Major-General H. T. Davis, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., and took over from the 3rd (Indian) Division in the Malayan Peninsula in the early part of December. The Division was next to undertake a series of amphibious operations. On Jan. 3, 1943, it landed unopposed at Akyab and began a long advance southwards. Five days later, a lack of transport had reduced the Division to a primitive state. The island was engaged in the protracted struggle for Kagawas.

The chief attraction of the dance, if organized by the soldiers, was the food — no sooner had the buffet been opened when it was cleared, and no sooner cleared when a homeward ted of Indian guests would begin!

The Second Great War proved once again how invaluable to the Army are the traditions of a great regiment. "Minden, the greatest battle honour of The Suffolk Regiment, was celebrated on every First of August, wherever any unit of the Regiment was serving; and every detached officer or soldier proudly wore a rose in his head-dress on that day, no matter what other regimental badge he might, temporarily, be wearing."

DUNES OF THE SUFFOLK REGIMENT were piled up again at Mersa, 16 miles northeast of Rosetta, in February 1942, after having been left in Bursa in May 1915. The men were used to dig cisterns for the French in Jounieh during the German occupation, and scenes in the boys' camp are shown in the last picture. Photographs, British Official.

ON MINDEN DAY, Aug. 1, 1942, a party of the 1st Suffolk, which is one of the "Minden" regiments, visited the memorial in Germany again to commemorate that great battle. The music was traditional in one camp, and Lieut.-Col. F. A. Milnes, the commanding officer, standing on the steps of the memorial, related the history of the battle.

PAGES 788

Ground beyond the List, sent this message:

"I send my greeting and congratulations to your magnificent fighting men, your famous tank crews and your admirable infantry."

These Suffolk men, like their comrades in North-West Europe, made friends with the country people.

Notwithstanding their gruelling labour, the men were generous hosts, and the horse but a overflowed bowl with only a few sticks of furniture, the most treasured possession a sewing machine. The visitor was always pleased to share the family meal of oily batter, spaghetti, or some other unusual dish, and neither refusal nor payment was accepted.

Dancing was a favourite pastime for the troops when, after, time and circumstances permitted. The fair signatories were strictly chaperoned, not merely by mothers or an a...

PAGES 788
Thus art plate is designed so that it may be used either for insertion into a bound volume of *The War Illustrated* or for separate framing. If it is wished to frame any of the Volumes, say No. 1 or No. 10, both sides can be used to paste photos on—snapshot, or studio portraits.

It will be seen that a goodly number of photographs can be mounted on both sides of the plate, so that it is almost certain no family need fail to find space for photos of all its members with a claim to a place on the Family Roll of Honour. But even if there should not be more than one member of the family who had served in the War, an effective use of his or her portrait could be made in the upright panel.

If the reader prefers to frame the plate when the photographs have been affixed and suitably inscribed, only one side of it could carry photographs. The upright panel would accommodate four or more different photographs, while as many as eight or a dozen smaller sized snapshots could be effectively displayed using the edging or reverse side.

Much will depend on the artistic taste and skill of the subscriber in putting this Family Roll of Honour to good use, but, either as an insert in the bound volume or framed for wall display, the reader has here an opportunity of providing the home with an inexpensive handsom of a very pleasing kind.

On to the present paper shortage it will not be possible to supply separate duplicates of this plate, but a limited supply of authentic reproductions of this issue of *The War Illustrated* has been printed, and any reader anxious to secure an extra copy is advised to apply to his regular agent immediately as reprints of the issue are not likely to be available.
FAMILY ROLL OF HONOUR
HAMILTON FYFE reviews a notable book of THE AFTERMATH

O f the most popular features of THE WAR ILLUSTRATEER Books contributed by Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, but in asking him to review for our final number we have not done so because of the literacy popularities, etc., but because of his immediate importance to the proper study of the British Army and its personal examination of social conditions in the British Zone of Germany. This is a book which must be bought by all who have an interest in the study of the British Army and its history.

What the reviewer says is not to be assumed as representing the opinion of THE War ILLUSTRATEER, which Editor has never encouraged any designation of the British official. It is not at present possible to say more than an objective account of most difficult terms and events to have appeared not less than "the comforts of home," and perhaps more than these occur to us at the present time. We should like to be thanked for their efforts without making them thefriend of our peace-loving nation.

We should like to be thanked for our loyal British Jews, first among whom is the late Mr. Fyfe, who has made Palestine a hope of the future. If I may say so, the latter stages of the Nazi war have not been turned out.

There is also in Hamburg a very large and attractive "apparatusOLLANCE Club," its photographs in the collection of 143 pictures which illustrate and corroborate the latter. Here are restaurants, lounges, ballrooms, tas-o-mat, bathrooms, and so on for the "master-folk" only. Care is taken to keep British and German as far as possible apart. The difference between British and German conditions is "for greater than it need be.

Costing us £100,000,000 a Year

Mars will reply that there ought to be this difference between the way we feel and the German way (though a good many German Jews are not at all badly off in the matter of dwellings and food, Goellanc says). The Germans provided our twice, Germany for one, a disease to be made to suffer for it. Yes, returns Goellanc:

"I am more likely to forget the expensive workship of which the Nazis were gull; I see the prisoners in the local hospitals, in those days of tears and girls in the British hospitals of the 19th century, without even a dry nose of bread to eat. The food was a mixture of discord which a mother is straggling, and a father of paper. We have taken the heart out of them. The uncertainty of life—no one knew what may happen to him next week or month or next year—grows increasing.

We have made young men and women "bitter, cynical, hostile to us and all our works." For God’s sake don’t make such a change, says Goellanc. Yet that is what we shall certainly have to do, and, the methods are not changed.

Goellanc is a Labour adherent, but he says angrily that the British Government has no policy. "They are in charge of the peace-loving nations."

We blow up shipbuilding yards. We dynamite into masses of scrap-metal, very few marked cases and electric tongs, which could have been used to great advantage in Britain. If they could not be left where they were. Military authorities give absurd or contradictory orders, making it impossible to reconstruct industry, which we proclaim to be our idea. Our occupation of Germany is costing us one hundred million pounds a year, and all we obtain for this enormous expenditure, this war indemnity which we are paying to the enemy we brought low, is the knowledge that “a man for destruction” is in making the confusion worse confused, "filling the German people with despair rather than with hope."

That is the substance of Goellanc’s indictment, and he supports it with an appalling array of evidence gathered by his homely touches on all aspects of German life—if it can be called life. He mentions as a proof of the general weakness and weariness due to under-feeding that, “if you are in a car you are always in danger of running them down, they drift about with their eyes shut, and the一點 of a university professor who told some law students in a book you would be an angry wife. “He had no further use for the volumes he had received, because he had no time to read.”

Eyesore— or Mere Silliness?

Perhaps black is still black enough to mean are able to get very few books. Book dedications, for example, are applied to public libraries as well as bookshops. "A boy is a boy," says the head of a family of men. "For God’s sake don’t make such a change, says Goellanc. Yet that is what we shall certainly have to do, and, the methods are not changed."

If men are to have the chance of becoming honest, they will have to be educated. The improvement in the sphere of personal freedom and intellectual responsibility. It not only takes a little more to make a man out of a man, but a little more to make a man out of a man.

"If I had a man any decent employment and deprived him of his work, I am sure he would be a better man."

The process known as de-Nazification, is an eyesore. It does more harm than good. The same criticism applies to a great many times of the mass media we have fumbled with in Germany. The book shows plainly and impressed national consciousness for altering them. These are supported by many Conservative M.P.s. One, who has also visited Germany, wrote in the Daily Mail: "It is a record of tragedy and horror, of missed opportunities; of terrible and perhaps inexplicable mistakes."

—this was Major Grey Lloyd’s own phrase—"it’s every word of it true."

Page 193
Rome was unattacked by the weather because even to the Nazis its name was somehow more powerful than anything else which war had done to Italy. The capital had been burned by the Roman legions, but it remained Rome. In the city, Rome strikes the visitor as an oasis of beauty, butchers, bakers, and industry. The castles, palaces, and gardens are a reminder of the grandeur of the Roman past. The people of Rome are not aware of the vast wealth of art and culture that is their heritage. They take it for granted as much as they do the trains and subways that crisscross the city.

The weather in Rome is usually pleasant, with temperatures ranging from a low of 14°C (57°F) in January to a high of 32°C (90°F) in July. The city is known for its long, hot summers and mild, wet winters. The best time to visit Rome is from September to November when the weather is cooler and the crowds are fewer. However, if you're interested in attending the Roma Show, it's best to visit during the summer months when the weather is warm and sunny.

The streets of Rome are narrow and winding, with many one-way streets. The best way to explore the city is on foot or by bicycle. The city has a good public transportation system, including buses and trams. The Colosseum is one of the most popular tourist attractions in Rome, and you should plan to spend at least half a day exploring it. Other must-see sights include the Roman Forum, the Vatican, and the Pantheon.

Rome is a vibrant city with a rich history and culture. It is a great place to visit for anyone interested in ancient history, art, or architecture. However, it's important to plan your trip in advance and be aware of the city's crowded streets and busy airports.
SMARTLY-DRESSED ROMAN CITIZENS crowd on an privately-owned lorries and trucks (1) which augment the city's scanty transport services. Distribution given to homeless beggars (2) from Italy's war-damaged regions, a common sight on the streets. Olive oil (3), foodstuffs of Italian variety, is severely rationed, and is eagerly sought on the "free" or black market. Biscuits from R.O.W. and concentration camps are fed and brewed (4). A brisk trade in provisions flour at the black market in Piazzo Vittoria (5). See facing page.
War-Buildings are Being Blown Up in Berlin

DEMOLITION of concrete air-raid shelters in the British sector of Berlin is now carried out by the Royal Engineers. In the background, the international governing body, as part of the plan for the destruction of the German military organization and buildings erected for war purposes. This is being undertaken by the Royal Engineers.

Heavy explosive charges have to be skillfully placed in the shelters, so that the maximum effect on the defenders is achieved. With a single blast, the shelters are brought down, creating a tremendous volume of dust and smoke. Some refuges have been blown out of the ground, and in the background is the huge East "bunker," which had shelters underground and anti-aircraft guns. Several thousand people died for days on end in the shelters.

Photos, Associated Press, Paul Rest
Flying Mercy Missions Over Sumatra

Immediately after VJ Day, Liberators aircraft based on Ceylon took off for the Netherlands East Indies to parachute supplies to Allied prisoners. Flight-Lieut. Sydney Marshman (portrait in page 38), then Police Bureau Officer with No. 32 Group, R.A.F., describes one of those long flights.

While Ceylon had greeted the news of the Japanese capitulation with de
timent, Sumatra—especially like Ceylon who had but few months to wait for the expiration of overseas duties. The suddenness of the collapse, however, caught us in an awkward position, as we lost touch with the ground to give the Japs a good kick with an invasion of Malaya. Part of the expedition was already afoot. At Minneriya, an airfield carved out of thick Ceylon jungle, aircrews and ground staffs of a couple of Liberators squadrons had been working day and night supplying the secret Malaya guerrilla army with arms and ammunition across 1,500 miles of the Bay of Bengal. In no other theatre of war had guerrillas been supplied at such a long range.

Now the aircraft which had been breaking records for long-distance flying were to be switched to a new task—the taking of Red Cross parcels and medical supplies to thousands of Allied prisoners of war and civilian internees, in camps throughout Malaya and the Netherlands East Indies.

A few days after VJ Day I drove through the thick Ceylon jungle to Minneriya. Darkness falls early in the tropics, and it was nearly midnight when I got to the camp, but there were fires on the runways and dark figures were still working on the phantom-like Liberators which were to take off in a few hours' time with the first parcels for Sumatra. It would be the first time for nearly four years that R.A.F. aircraft had carried out a peaceful mission over the Netherlands East Indies.

Shortly before five a.m. I climbed into the aircraft. Huge containers had been loaded into the bomb bay, and near the beam gunners' ports were other packages. There was even the supply of copies of S.F.A.C.—the Forces' own newspaper in the East—and periodicals from Home which had been gathered together by airmen in all parts of the camp. Dawn was just breaking as we climbed above the jungle airfield. It was not the first time I had left Ceylon at such an early hour and seen the sun mount the sky above the chain of serrated peaks which forms the interior of the island.

Hewing Indian Ocean Lay Below

On other occasions I had been in an aircraft loaded with depth-charges and carrying ammunition as it set out to hunt for enemy submarines or keep guard over some vital convoy. This time there were Red Cross parcels instead of depth-charges, and the beam gunner, looking at the empty ammunition racks, remarked, "I hope the Japs know the war is over and don't send up any Zeens after us!" The crew I was flying with had been mainly concerned with dropping arms to the guerrilla armies in Malaya and only the skipper, Flight-Lieut. F. R. F. R. Cholton, had been on a mission to Sumatra before.

For five hours we flew through low cloud and occasional rain-showers. A thousand feet below us was the grey, heaving mass of the Indian Ocean. "The times we faced

FROM THIS AIRSTRIKE AT MINNERIYA, Ceylon, few R.A.F. Liberators to supply the guerrilla forces of Malaya. The plane, after a regular trip from the Far East, flew on to Malaya with Red Cross parcels to P.O.W.s in the Netherlands East Indies. The picture was taken near the points of the flight described in this story. (Photo: A. S. 7023)

Another hour passed. Some of us slept, others read. There was no need for the vigilant look-out now. Suddenly interest was aroused by sight of the conical-shaped hills of Sumatra Ahead. Fifteen months earlier the enemy naval base there had been raided by carrier-borne aircraft of the then Eastern Fleet. Eighteen months before that it had been bombed by Catalinas operating from the Far East. Now the VJ aircraft was to join the Eastern Fleet in one of the most daring operations of the war. Not until many months afterwards was the identity of the raiding aircraft disclosed: the Japs were led to believe that we still had a carrier at large in Eastern waters. Today as we flew over Sumatra we saw British warships of the East Indies Fleet anchored in the harbour and the White Ensigns fluttering in the breeze.

Over, then, at low altitude across the narrow straits and over Sumatra itself. From the air it looked as green as Ceylon. We paid over jungle-clad hills, over fields of paddy, and over dismal stretches of mangrove swamp. "What a spot for a forced landing!" one of the crew remarked. For a couple of hours we were flying over the island. Villagers and farmers came out and looked up at us, some waving, and a couple of men in a sampan flavoured their paddles as we passed.

Soon, Flying Officer d'Alpuget announced that we were approaching the target. Paddles
and packages were arranged for the "drop-
ning." I reminded me of the day—twelve
months before—when I went out in a Dakota
to drop supplies to the 14th Army, fighting
its way to the Chindwin, but then, of course,
we had to keep our eyes open for enemy
fighters. There were enemy fighters to be
seen today—50 or 60 of them, arranged on
either side of the roadway of Medan airfield.
The rear gunner was looking at his empty
cartridge cases again. "Yes, it looks as
though the war is over now," he
remarked thoughtfully.

The spot for the dropping was a large
open space easily distinguishable by an
ornamental fountain at one end. Close by
was a village and a large number of the
prisoners were believed to be housed. As soon as the Liberators began circling the
inhabitants of the town rushed out, and
before long we were flying over roads crammed
with people. Tobackhoes, paratroopers and
flags were waved in wild delirium. Whatev-
er the later reactions of the Indonesians,
there is no doubt that they were overjoyed
at the idea of liberation from the Japanese.

The pilot pressed a button, which was a
signal for dropping to begin, and we pushed
the packages out through the exit in the floor
behind the beam gunner. Each had a para-
drake cool attached to a stronger steel
running across the opening; as they entered
the cisterns the cords reached breaking
point and the parachutes opened to send the
goods selling to earth. As the first batch
landed the ground I saw people running
across the open space to collect them.

It was great fun sending down those
packages. We had a sense of satisfaction
that never came with the dropping of bombs
or the shooting of transport. We made
three runs over the target, and each time
I knew that a little more of the enemy was
destroyed than ever. As we pulled out
again I was glad to see that every package had
landed safely in the prescribed area and all
were being loaded into a car. Evidently,
the "agents" who had been busy organizing

and I was there in the impact of the
bombs and had seen things well lined-up with the 24s.
We flew back to Ceylon through rain-
storms and low cloud. As we put down at
Meysey the ground crew, who had been
working throughout the previous night,
were there to see us come back. "How's
it gone, sir?" I heard one of them ask.

How We Broached the Atlantic Wall

The night before D-Day was the longest
night I have ever known. Our little L.C.L.
hearing half the H.Q. of the 4th
Commando Brigade, heard and rolled on
her slow progress across the Channel to
the intense discomfort of all on board.
Dawn of the great day revealed a leaderboard
overcharging grey sea whipped into a sullen
sway by the wind.

Overhead I heard the roar of hidden
bombers, and saw on the skyline a low
cloud from which, at intervals, church spires
needed up through a bank of smoke. The
bombardment was in full swing, but we
could see little of it. We struggled about in
the swell for an interminable time till we
saw a long line of little saucety craft, bearing
The North Shore Regiment of Canada,
pitching and tossing as they passed us.
Someone waved from one of the packed
craft at us and we quickened and the saucetyness was
forgotten. In the wake of The North Shore our craft
turned in towards the distant beach.

I went below to collect up my maps, and
by the time I returned to the deck the yellow
beach of St. Aubin was just ahead—and the
sea-wall, festooned with barbed wire. Beyond
the smoke and the guns and the smoke
bright orange of the flames glaring through the
black smoke puffs. Fully rigged, we lay
down on deck, making for the beach at full
speed. What happened to the left and right
during the following minutes I never knew.

As we turned, we could see some sort
of yellow beach, a piece of sea-wall with its
barbed wire frond, red-tiled villas and the
bright orange fire rushing towards us.

The craft grounded. Long narrow ramps
shot out, and the first men sprang up from
the deck to go over. I heard no bullets in
the confusion of noise, only the surge of
the sea and a sharp crackling that
might have been the fire, but the leading
man collapsed at the head of the ramp and
two or three of his comrades flattened out
beside him. I ran forward crouching, but
men rose in front of me, pulling the wounded
from the head of the ramp. Then over we
went, staggering heavily-laden into the
point-deep surge that was bearing great heaps of
loam like matchsticks to and fro.

My sudden boom sunk into the soft wet
sand as I struggled into the shelter of
the sea-wall. Both our craft were beached and the
men were struggling to get bulky signals
equipment down the ramps that were
swaying wildly in the waves. We rushed
back to hold them steady, and saw mortar
bombs appearing in the sea just astern of
the craft, and the Naval ratings, firing
blasting the enemy in the row of villas.
In a few minutes we were all ashore, dashing
along under the sea-wall to a gap in the
mushrooms and through this on to a road.

Pushing forward through a dense blanket

PAGE 790
Commandos Surge Ashore Under Fire at St. Aubin

ROYAL MARINES 43: COMMANDO BRIGADE headquarters landed at St. Aubin, Normandy (upper), on June 6, 1944, and met with determined resistance from the German defenders who remained out of sight in prepared positions. (Author of the story is facing page in the third figure from left. He carried a motorcycle and met enemy resistance with it.)

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PAGE 791

Photo: British Official
I Was There!

Motto: “Strike and Return”

NO. 469 SQUADRON

A
t least a dozen times, No. 469 began training at Brighouse, Yorks., in January 1942, equipped with Wellington aircraft. Bombing raids were carried out on targets in Germany, Norway, Belgium, and against London. In May it took part in the 1,000-bomber raid on Cologne, and undertook many mine-laying missions. In August 1942 it was reequipped with Lancastrians and stationed in Norfolk. Scapa and Stenness were among targets attacked during February 1943. In the following months the Squadron moved to Bodmin, Cornwall. The Lancastrians were in the Battle of Britain and later in the North-West Europe campaigns at Cologne and Tarne. The experimental action at Merseburg was attacked in August, and Berlin eight times in November and December.

Of nine major attacks made in January 1944 six were on the German capital. Fortifications on the French coast and communication networks were targets during the weeks immediately preceding D-Day. The Squadron was engaged in these attacks, having completed 90 trips, was presented with the War Merit Cross by Chesty, Australia. The Squadron gave close support to the British 2nd Army in Normandy during July and August to right and left of the Cotentin Peninsula. In February 1945 the German town of Osnabrück was almost totally destroyed in a night attack that returned the way for the advancing British and Canadian troops. Commandos in the Arnhem region, by the end of March, assisted the Russian advance. In July, the town had carried out 5,000 sorties, dropped nearly 24,000 tons of bombs, and flew 4,000,000 miles. At the end of the war was assigned the mission of thinning out the German forces on the eastern front.

A few pungent smoke we reached the farmhouse marked down on our maps as a rendezvous. Sheltering her heavier equipment here, I made contact with the H.Q. of No. 48 Royal Marine Commandos, which had landed on our left.

The Commandos had been exposed to the full fire of the St. Asaph strongpoint and were being attacked by a German strongpoint at the mouth of the river, hammering, and had suffered heavily. Many of them had suffered almost considerable distances, though the strong underfire had swept even powerful missiles a few. Nevertheless, the leading troop had already set out down the coast road for the next village, Langrune, which was their objective.

I followed cautiously but saw no sign of the enemy in the shattered streets, though an occasional bullet wailed overhead. I reached the big church in Langrune without incident and, as there was little resistance, returned to Brigade in St. Asaph, looking in on the way at the Canadians who were still battering at the tough stronghold, smashing their way through a huge barricade of logs with which the enemy had blocked the narrow street.

It was not until late in the evening that we heard of the sharp contact the Commandos had encountered when attempting to force their way through the narrow defiles of the mined and barricaded streets to attack the stronghold on the Langrune seawall. The attack could not be renewed that night, as information came of an expected enemy counter-attack. As we were the only troops between the enemy in Douvres La Délivrande and the crowded beaches, and were very thin on the ground, every available man was ordered into the line.

I spent most of the night scratching for myself a waggon in a farmyard on the outskirts of St. Asaph, using as an evergreen tool with a rough improvised handle that quickly raised blisters, occasionally straightening my aching back to watch the quick streams of coloured tracer that flamed up from the beach to heat off enemy snipers coming in low overhead. The anticipated counter-attack never came, and in the morning I went back to Langrune, where the assault on the stronghold was being renewed.

The only approach to this hedgerow was by way of low narrow strips, both criticized by the Commandos for the absence of reinfused houses on the front. One of their houses was completely blocked by mines and wire and swept by machine-gun fire, so the attack had to be directed down the other street. This terminated in a cross-roads in the centre of which was a concrete machine-gun post and, beyond, a thick, heavily reinforced concrete anti-tank wall. On the previous day the Commandos had penetrated as far as the cross-roads and knocked out the machine gun, but the wall barred all further progress. As it came up, the leading troop was clearing the houses up to the cross-roads once more, operating through back gardens where they had some cover from the German riflemen. As I stood in a gap between those houses, beside an officer of the Army Film

ADVANCE OF THE ROYAL MARINE COMMANDOS and The 1st Battalion The North Shore Regiment of Cape Town, both helmed by a German strongpoint and an anti-tank wall. But the Commandos had gained a footing and occupied the house, and were meeting with steady resistance, returned to Brigade in St. Asaph, looking in on the way at the Canadians who gardens as our men pressed forward. For 30 minutes the S.P. gun battered the wall. By the time its ammunition was exhausted a breach had been made barely practicable for a storming party. A Sherman from the Royal Marine Armoured Support Group then moved up to carry on with the work. When the upper part of the wall was demolished, the assault troop of the Commandos, waiting concealed in the gardens, was ordered in. They dashed across the bullet-swept road to seize possession of the two reinforced houses on each side of the wall. This jump forward was executed in a few minutes and was a first lodgement within the defences. The Marines discovered beyond the wall a deep ditch that prohibited the introduction of a tank, so another troop formed this time with picks and shovels and high explosives, dashed across to lay charges in the captured houses.

In pursuit of the eschewing, lying flat in the road beside the Sherman. With a roar, half a house went up and a shower of bricks hurtled down upon us through the thick dust cloud, and I pressed myself hard against the ground, trying to elude as much of my body as I could under my steel helmet. The Marines then proceeded to shovel the debris from the demolished houses.
into the trench, to form a casement across which the tank could make its way.

All this while, slowly but surely, the assault trench had been driving the Germans from one house after another, forcing them back on to their seaward defences. When the casement was complete 3rd platoon charged through the open end and was sitting up in the middle of the cross-roads. I had just recovered the shelter of the houses when a bullet from ex-vigilant snipers clipped a piece of brickwork from the corner I had just rounded. The maddening thing about this harassing fire was that we could never see the enemy. They had tunneled from cellar to cellar of the houses and could put unseen from one to another, so that by the time we could open fire on one position the German riflemen had moved elsewhere. The first sure sight of a German I had was when they were driven out and surrendered.

**I Was There!**

The Sherman slowly lumbered forward over the rubble that filled the ditch to which we had been driven from the sea-front. At this point one truck stopped into a slit trench, and the armoured men surged forward over at an awkward angle. But it was still possible to bring the Brens to bear, and with this I blasted the promenade.

BEHIND its spray of bullets the Marines went in with a cheer to drive the enemy from his last refuge, the hallowed trenches and ditches overlooking the beach. With grenade, bayonet and tommy-gun our men went forward; and the Germans had no stomach for such close-quarters stuff with some of the best bayonet fighters in the British forces. They streamed up with their hands above their heads. And so the Marine Commandos made an end to one of the bastions of the Atlantic Wall.

**Brisk Battle of Wits in Stalag XXB**

During the two years that he was British Camp Leader in Stalag XXB, Lieutenant J. D. S. Goodall, of the Royal Signals, accumulated so many stories about his experiences, that he has written a book on the subject. It is called, "British Camp Commandos in Stalag XXB" and is now available in bookstores.

It was in April 1943 that I became a camp leader among British P.O.W. For two and a half years prior to that I had been a first worker, then (with the discovery of the Geneva Convention under which our senior N.C.O.s are excused anything but supervisory work) one of a number of junior leaders in a large camp at Klein Buntinent near Bremen.

The work we had been doing had seemed innocent enough at first—trench digging, pipe laying, and so on, for a big new factory in the area. The developed machinery was introduced and camouflage of the houses was undertaken on a large scale. Our suspicions were aroused. War time had been long on us, and the thought that we had seemed it so far was not. Gunpowder and other explosives were all being discarded in the factory.

Questions were asked by the sergeant-major in charge of the machine shop, and committees were sent to our Chief Man of Confidence in Thorn, and daily we were told it was a big transfer, involving our own camp of about 500 men and at least three others of similar size. The move was effected in cattle-trucks, and some 2,000 men of Stalag XXB found themselves on the lists of Stalag XXB, with its H.Q. in Marbourg.

We did not all travel to the same place—the men distributed groups over a wide area. My party of 38 arrived in the little town of Neudorf, near Garmisch. Eight were chosen to work in a dairy, and the main body (later doubled in number) moved on across the town, over the river on the bank of which a huge chimney was pointed out to us as denoting the sash-mill where the men were to be employed. Our bills were stored house on the outskirts and within the premises was the factory. The place was filthy, the bed sheets were covered with bugs. I sought out our commandant, the German control officer and a director of the firm.

"We can’t sleep here!" I told them in my best post-Dunkirk German. "The place is full of bugs for you." They picked their way gingerly through the dirt and rubbish that littered the floor. "Oh, a few little bugs—that’s nothing," said the director, naturally anxious to insert the matter lightly. "I will some disinfector boy, then—poof, they are all gone! Yes? But at the front our soldiers have many of these things, and you too must suffer discomfort sometimes. Is it the war, yes?"

"Herr Direktor," I replied bluntly, "when we were fighting we expected to rough it. But when we were captured we were told that for us the war was over. You want the men to work for you. They have no chocks about that. But they’ll make up their beds in the room before they sleep in here!"
party. One camp which interested us more than most was that with eight or nine miles away, and we had to march there and back. Why? As far as I could see, there was nothing to correlate the two. It simply suggested. We thought he was joking. But the day of the proposed match would be a holiday, so the ferry would be free, and we had our own drivers, so no visiting grant would be involved. Chancing to meet the control officer at the ferry, I asked him if I could hire him for the day. He was the ferryman whom I had met on the previous day and, suitably impressed, I tackling him on the subject.

He laughed, but said yes; but we got the ferry. It involved several interviews with the ferryman's assistant, and considerable persistence, but at last we were told that all the men weren't working as hard as they might, and that such kindness as we were receiving didn't come the way of German prisoners. But we were quite happy to such propaganda, and listened cattle-like to anything that brought in our point in our favour.

I found that artillery chases up at me a few days later, following a complaint I had made to the French Commandant of Confidence regarding work some of my men were expected to do. My report reached the local control officer by a devious route, and one day he arrived at the camp almost foaming at the mouth.

"When it's a favour you want—a ferry to go to a football match—you stop in the street to speak to me!" he shouted. "When it's a complaint you have to make, you go behind my back and report it to him. What sort of a fool have you made me look in the eyes of the authorities?" I sought to explain my action, but he ordered the commandant and me to accompany him to the factory. In the carpeted office of the commandant I stated my case, which concerned not me but some German prisoners of war who were working in the vaneer wood which we knew that I was unable to prove was being used in the production of aeroplane propellers.

For Propellers and Block-Houses

The firm's ring was that the final destination of the wood was unknown to them; and that, even if it were being used for propellers as I suggested, the prisoners were not making them, and were therefore not being directly employed on the production of equipment for war. And so victory on that occasion went to the other side, but we levied the score a few weeks later. This time our complaint concerned wood which German soldiers were bringing to the mill in the form of tree-trunks, and which our men were expected to cut up into planks by means of a block-and-tack saw. Naturally, our men chipped at having to work with the German grinders, but within a day or two they had blurred what they wanted: the wood was being cut into the type of planks needed for the block-houses.

I complained to our commandant, a fatherly old man who seemed at no harm, but he was too fearful of his position to argue our case. So I went direct to the head of the firm, told him that the work the men were doing was a direct breach of the Geneva Convention and that I would have to make a further report to Sydney. It was largely bluff, but it worked. After that, when uniformed Germans brought wood into the mill, our men stood by while the Germans cut it.

I Saw the Terror That Came to Darwin

Directly threatened by the Japanese, Darwin southward drive, the northern Australian city was later captured by the air attack which wrecked its harbour and airfield on February 19, 1942. The story of the town's fall was told by Terry Marshall, a radio specialist who was one of the last out of Darwin.

New York, New York. With similar short-sightedness the R.A.A.F. had constructed a $2,000,000 airport just outside Darwin, with airman's billets standing high on piles in snail ranks. The planes defended the enemy white ant but presented the two-legged enemy from the north with a bumble bee's target of a target.

Darwin was practically dependent on sea lines of communication, there being little more than an army track across the thousand-mile stretch of desert between the northern port and Alice Springs in the middle of the continent. During the first two years of war, while Australia was control on her overseas expeditionary forces, little was done to prepare Darwin for war beyond the commencement of the construction of an all-weather highway from Alice Springs (see map in page 448, Vol. 5). Looking at last to her defence in the Pacific, Australia dispatched her 8th Division to Malaya late in 1941. It was considerably weakened by the loss of the 3rd Brigade which was detached to Darwin. It in turn was ordered to Singapore for defence of that island and the remainder of the brigade sound by, not for the defence of Darwin but to be dissipated over an even greater area.

Their role, on the outbreak of war in the Pacific, was to move in and safeguard vital Dutch and Portuguese bases on essential lines of communication to Singapore.

The Pearl Harbour disaster was their signal to move, one battalion proceeding to Keppel, in Dutch Timor, another to Ambon; simultaneously, a company of Australian infantry was sent to Java. Timor and took over the undamaged airfield and used it for field reconnaissance from neutral Portugal which dispatched troops to take over from the Australians—but before they had completed the lengthy sea voyage from Portugal to Timor the Japs were in occupation. Dili soon became a busy air base for Japanese bombers hammering Darwin.

With the myth of the impregnability of the Singapore fortress exploded, these isolated Australian garrisons—in hundreds where thousands would have been inadequate—were enveloped in the mighty flood of the Japanese advance. Raffles was engulfed even before Singapore fell, and Ambon seized under the guise General Perrottet was forced to surrender. Timor was nest on the list of Japanese invasion.

On the morning of February 15, 1942, a convoy of Australian and American ships slipped out of Darwin harbour carrying reinforcements to bolster up the Keppel garrison to meet a Japanese advance. Raffles was engulfed even before Singapore fell, and Ambon seized under the guise General Perrottet was forced to surrender. Timor was next on the list of Japanese invasion.

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On the eve of the Great Deacle

Two days later, with Darwin in sight, after beating off heavy enemy air attacks the convoy received orders from General Wavell's headquarters in Java to about-turn and return to Darwin. Just after noon on February 18 the convoy moved its way into the confused and disorganized movement. That was the confused situation prevailing on Darwin. There was no radar in the area, no fighters based on Darwin. The solitary R.A.A., anti-
I Was There!

WRECKAGE OF A JAPANESE ZEKFIGHTER shot down during the attack on Port Darwin. Just missed the barrel-sight which also had been damaged by bomb. The buildings are set on piles to protect them from the water. Photographed from the Australian port, as described in these pages, left it without minus of definition.

Aircraft battery defending the harbour had done only one shoot with full-calibre ammunition. The town had practically no A.A.P. slit trenches, and shelters were few. February 19 was D-Day for the Japanese at Keeng and Dilli. To cover these operations Darwin had to be neutralized.

Early that morning, nine American Kittyhawks took off from Darwin for Keeng. They had arrived the previous night from Sydney on their way north to help stem the Japanese tide. The Americans were not for ever out across the Arafura Sea when Keeng signaled that the weather was too bad to land. R.A.A.F. operations room accordingly called the Americans back. Not long afterwards, a message was received by pencil wireless from Father McGrath, Roman Catholic Missionary on Bathurst Island, advising that a large force of aircraft had been sighted overhead flying towards Darwin. It was again the story of Pearl Harbour. R.A.A.F. operations room for nearly half an hour took no action on the warning, believing the priest had sighted the American fighters returning.

With Little Fuel and No Height

Seven of the nine Kittyhawks had landed when the enemy force bore in sight. It consisted of 17 heavy bombers in formation, 54 dive-bombers and 14 Zero fighters. The Zeros made quick work of the two still airborne Kittyhawks, caught with little fuel and no height. The formation of heavy bombers was mostly over the town when the alarm was given, and the 3.5-inch anti-aircraft guns rang out killing 14 of their favourite victims. The dive-bombers targeted the shore, scoring a direct hit on the jetty, killing 20 labourers and isolating two shipping lying at the end.

Meanwhile, the Zeros had dealt with the other seven American fighters which all struggled gamely to take the air. With the enemy waiting to pounce with their advantage of height, not one of the Americans gained a thousand feet. Although the buildings along the harbour had been reduced to rubble among them, the anti-aircraft batteries were nowhere to be seen. In the docks, 200 yards away, a 20-ton cargo of "green" crescents got off hundreds of rounds in the crowded 50 minutes of the first raid. Dive-bombers picked off all the ships in the harbour, one by one. As Australians and America's fought back with light automatic machine-guns, the Brevity and Neptune, caught tied to the jetty, were soon in flames.

Order to Disperse to the Bush

Following this second raid which the inured, unobstructed civilians had helplessly witnessed, many panicked. They thought invasion imminent, and, to escape capture, most headed south on the 1,000-mile trek to Alice Springs (see page 50). Vol. 31. On the R.A.A.F. station, men had been caught at meals by the second raid. An order was given to disperse to the bush, where they would be fled safe from the danger of again being caught in mass queues. Communications had broken down, however, and the order had to be passed from mouth to mouth. In the prevailing excitement it soon grew to: 'Take to the bush. Every man for himself.' Nightfall found Darwin in a terrible state. Wounded were still coming up lying on the harbour in the billet fronts of hoses. German troops stood fast to their posts, but with all for cover gone, no surely lines on which to depend, Darwin was ripe for the picking. Hence the enemy was not then ready to może to the field on the Australian mainland, and among a storm of American and enemy's charges, with Australian assistance, had ripped new air- strip lanes of search, covey and homesteaded the area with A.A. batteries.

Armies of Australian Servicemen and German civilians set to complete the 1,000 mile all-weather road across the desert and sweep Darwin force was led by a grand supply line. Within two months the Australian troops and the enemy retreating almost any invasion attempt. In the same period, American fighters scored aerial supremacy over Darwin from the energy still trying to batter the post in submission.

This work is now complete

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End of a Long Story

The Editor Says Good-Bye to His Readers

convicted to do through all those dreadful years of war. The ten volumes which we have now completed are unique in the world today. Those of our readers who have collected and bound the whole series may congratulate themselves on possessing a pictorial and literary record of a kind which can never be rivalled and could only have been brought into existence by a method of publishing that had stood the test of time, under the same editorship, throughout the First World War. Our ample indexes to each of the volumes enable the reader to trace down almost every incident from Hitler’s attack on Poland, Sept. 1, 1939, to the Nazi surrender at Rheims on May 7, 1945, and the end of Japanese resistance on August 14, 1945.

Beyond these years of actual hostilities there were the long-drawn-out proceedings at Nuremberg—the reader may compare the shrivelled figure of the sinister Ribbentrop there awaiting his doom with the smiling Ribbentrop shown on page 39 of our first volume, shaking hands with Stalin on concluding the Nazi-Soviet pact which was the signal for the war to begin. In our thousands of actual photographs the reader has the richest wartime collection of war photographs that could ever be gathered within the compass of ten volumes, and endless instruction may be obtained by contrasting those of one year with those of another.

Every aspect of the war can be studied in our picture pages, from the first air raid on Great Britain (Firth of Forth, Oct. 16, 1939) seen in an exclusive photograph published on page 297, Vol. 1, to the havoc of one of the last V-2s that fell on London’s Farringdon Market (page 61, Vol. 9); the whole course of the U-boat war; Montgomery’s epic advance, first with the 8th Army from El Alamein to Tunis and on into Italy, then with 21st Army Group from Normandy to the Baltic; but these are only details of the whole immense and complicated story as it may be traced here in picture and prose. And that story for the largest part of the time was the continuous concern of Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Crayston, K.C.B., D.S.O., who mainly confined himself to elucidating the ever-changing movements of the armies, while Mr. F. E. McMurtrie, A.I.N.A., the naval expert, told in each successive number the story of the war at sea, and Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C., wrote so interestingly and expertly on the development of the aerial war. To all these, and many others too numerous to mention, I am deeply indebted for their highly skilled collaboration and the authority which their expert contributions brought to our pages.

Correspondents innumerable throughout the British Empire and Commonwealth have written letters of congratulation and encouragement during those laborious and exciting years. To the hundreds of thousands of faithful readers who have stayed the long and trying course I now say “Good-bye,” and give thanks for such loyal support, while expressing the hope that there may be no future occasion for such a recording of comparable events in the lifetime of the youngest amongst us. As I write there are many ominous clouds still overhanging a world disturbed, but

“My own hope is, a sea will rise
The thickest cloud earth that stretches.”

J. A. Hammerton