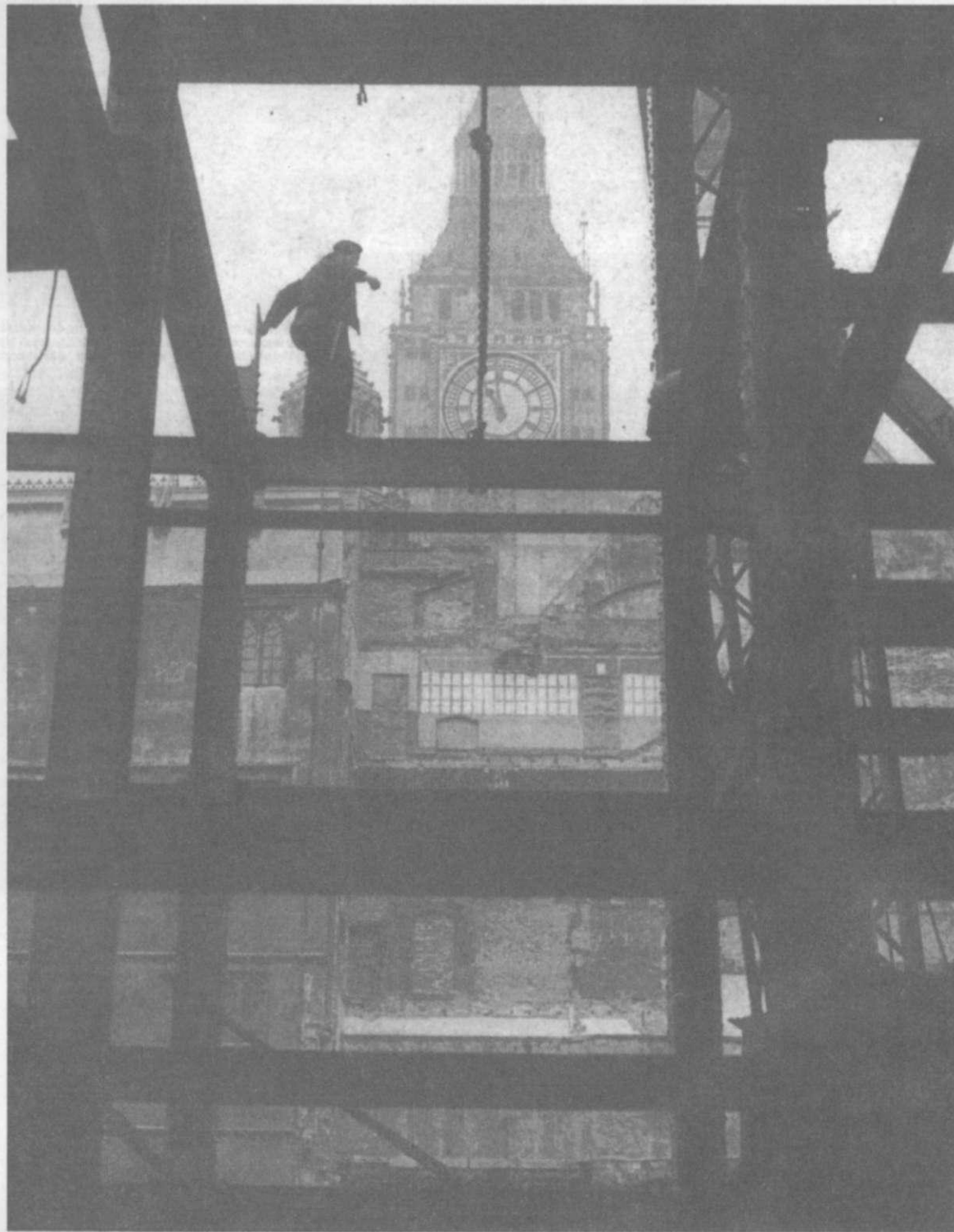


# Vol 10 *The War Illustrated* N° 255

SIXPENCE

APRIL 11, 1947

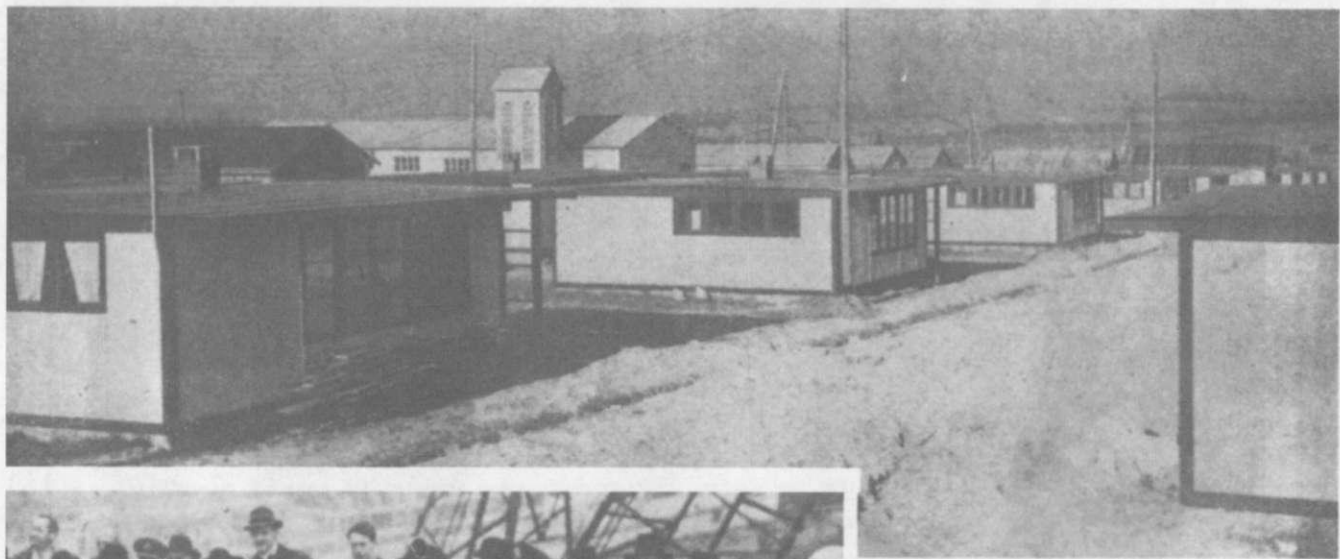


DAWN OF A NEW ERA is marked by these early stages in the creation of a modernized House of Commons, to replace the building destroyed by enemy action over London on the night of May 10, 1941. By April 1947 steelwork had been erected on the cleared site (see also illus. page 759, Vol. 9), completion date being tentatively fixed for 1950. Meanwhile, the Mother of Parliaments, which since 1941 has had to hold its sittings in the House of Lords, will have to continue its sessions with the Commons as the guests of the Lords for perhaps another three years.

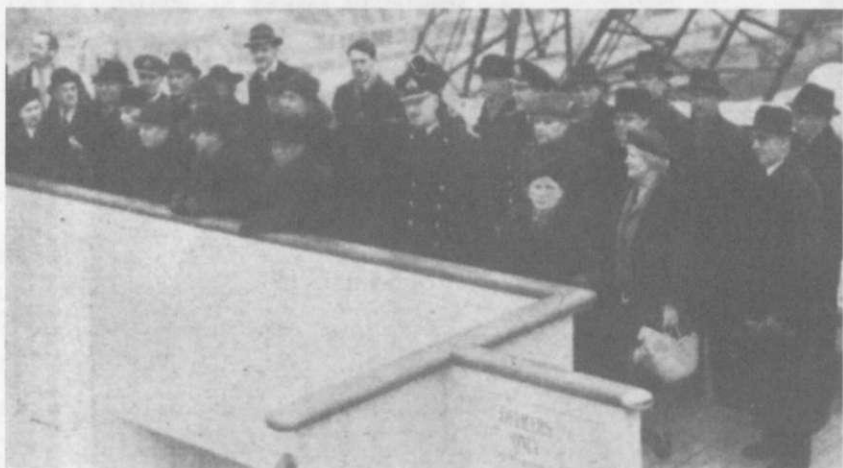
*Photo, Planet News*

*Edited by Sir John Hammerton*

# Our Roving Camera Sees Von Rundstedt in London



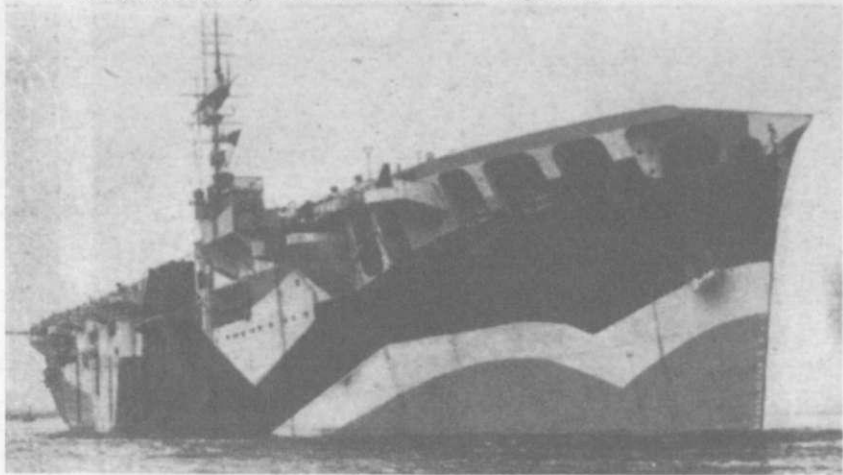
PRE-FABRICATED TOWN IN NORMANDY was completed early in 1947 at a site close by Aunay-sur-Odon, which was completely destroyed during the fierce fighting of August 1944.



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. M. Ford, pointed out items of interest; the two women delegates (on right) were most impressed by the interior decorations, which were stored away during the ship's wartime service.

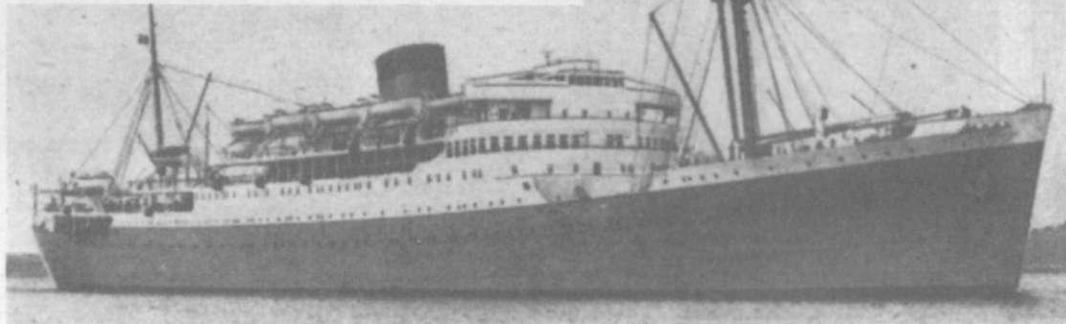


VON RUNDSTEDT, former C.-in-C. of the German Armies in the West, passed through London on March 17, 1947, on his way under guard from Bridgend, Glamorgan, to Nuremberg, Germany, to give evidence there at the trial of a minor war criminal.



LINER AT WAR in various guises sums up the story of the Union Castle liner Warwick Castle (right) which sailed for South Africa on March 13, 1947. Completed as the Pretoria Castle in 1939 she became an armed merchant cruiser at the outbreak of war and was bought by the Admiralty for conversion to an aircraft carrier (above, camouflaged) in 1942. Repurchased from the Admiralty she has been reconditioned for peacetime service, and renamed.

PAGE 770



## The Building of Mulberry Harbour

VITAL build-up in reinforcements and supplies of the successful landings in France in June 1944 was made possible by the unique construction methods employed to produce two complete harbours in the British Isles, and to transport them in sections across the English Channel to the French coast. The harbours were designed to be established at Vierville-sur-Mer and at Arromanches, on the coast of Normandy. That for the former, known as Mulberry A, was intended for American use but had to be abandoned after the very severe storm on D-Day + 13 in favour of the French port of Cherbourg which became available earlier than had been expected. The British harbour, Mulberry B, which was in a more sheltered position, was used right through the autumn and winter and into 1945.

At Arromanches, the site chosen for Mulberry B, the sea bed was shallow and sandy, and a small reef—the Calvados Reef—offshore partially sheltered the area. At one time French engineers had proposed a permanent harbour here, but the difficulties were considered insurmountable. The actual planning of Mulberry B was based on French charts, though the final siting was dependent on soundings taken on D-Day.

VERY simple in composition, the harbours comprised only three parts, (1) the pierheads and quays, (2) the floating roadways, (3) the breakwaters. The initial decision to construct them was taken at the Quebec Conference in 1942, when instructions for the design of the pierheads and floating roadways were given. At the 1943 conference, also at Quebec, it was decided to proceed with the design and construction of the concrete caissons which formed the breakwaters.

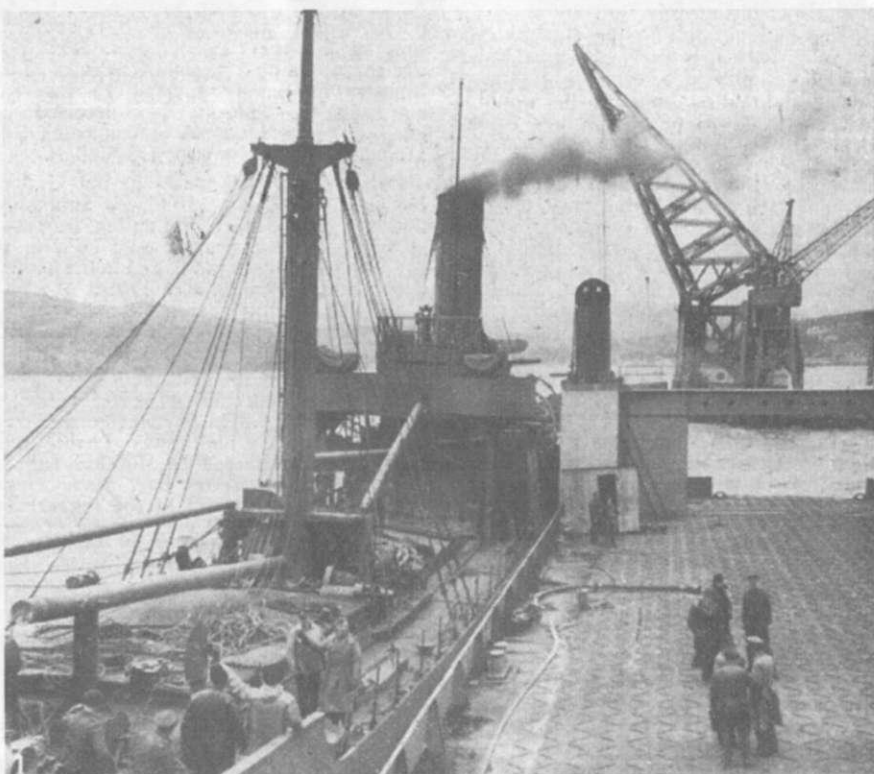
The design and main research work on the pierheads or landing pontoons was undertaken by Messrs. Lobnitz & Co., Ltd., of Renfrew. This firm's association with the

By MICHAEL F. KENNARD

scheme came about through the intervention of Brigadier Sir Bruce White, K.B.E., R.E. (director of the scheme for the Quarter-master-General), who had knowledge of a dipper dredger of Lobnitz construction having safely ridden a severe storm in the West Indies several years previously. The problem confronting the designers was summed up by Mr. Winston Churchill thus: "Piers for use on beaches:—They must float up and down with the tide. The anchor problem must be mastered—let me have the best solution worked out. Don't argue the matter. The difficulties will argue for themselves." The Churchillian manner!

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 pontoon 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 by ships bumping against them (above), the movement noted being 6 inches. Mr. Lobnitz (left, in mufti), whose firm was responsible for the design of the pontoons, inspected a prototype in the Gareloch area, Scotland, in April 1943. See also page 733. Photos, British Official



After completion of the tests, approval was given to about 200 firms throughout the country for the large-scale manufacture of the piers and pierheads. A waste 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. Jos. Parkes & Son, of Northwich, and at the Military Port No. 1 at Cairnryan (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



## Great Stories of the War Retold

tons. They were so flexible, that the roadway 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 or reinforced concrete; these were known by the code name of Beetles. Those Beetles, which were always to remain afloat, even at low tide, were constructed of precast concrete panels 1½ ins. thick, and were joined by concrete ribs cast *in situ*. Other Beetles were built of steel sheeting. Roadway lengths of 500 feet could be towed in one section; that is in six spans made up of five spans and the shore ramp float.

CONSTRUCTION was undertaken with that of the pierheads, contracts for the two schemes combined—known as Whale—being placed in June 1943, through the normal channels of the Ministry of Supply under the Director General, Mechanical Equipment, Sir 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 be sunk as block-ships. This line of block-ships was known by the code name Gooseberry. The ships used were old Merchant Navy and Royal Navy vessels, still seaworthy and in some cases still in use. They were to be the first to arrive, and were 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 provided very valuable initial shelter.

### Sole Failure in Vast Programme

A further outer floating breakwater was to be established to give shelter to ships larger than those of the Liberty type, which were the biggest that the port could accommodate. This floating breakwater, the design and production of which was undertaken by the Admiralty, was the only failure in the whole ambitious programme. Its component units, referred to as bombardons, were destroyed in the storm.

The concrete caissons, known under the code name of Phoenix, were designed like ships, 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 box-like as the conditions would permit, but to obtain the lowest towing resistance they were provided with swim 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 1, 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 5½ miles. Under a subsequent programme a further 66 units were constructed.

### Blitz Rubble Played a Part, Too

The project was undertaken by 24 leading public works contractors, at 14 different sites around the English coast. This task was controlled by a special department of the Ministry of Supply directed by the late Sir John W. Gibson, who received his knighthood for his work in connexion with Mulberry (portrait in page 430, Vol. 8).

Construction took place in the Graving Docks at Middlesbrough, Goole, Southampton, and of the Port of London Authority at Tilbury. Several units were built in an entrance lock at Plymouth, and in the floating dock there. Two London Docks, the East India and South Dock, were de-watered after precast concrete block dams had been constructed in the entrance locks, and 18 units were built on these two sites, where hundreds of thousands of cubic yards of blitz 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 Langston Harbours in the Portsmouth and Southampton areas. Here the caissons were constructed to about 60 per cent of completion and were then towed to jetties where the remainder of the construction was carried out.

At the suggestion of the Ministry of Supply, shallow basins were excavated in open land alongside the River Thames. But 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. Sufficient of these basins were dug to enable 40 units to be constructed at a time. Altogether, 98 were commenced in these 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 bombardons.

THIS vast programme of construction was an outstanding example of co-operation between various Government departments and the British Public Works Contractors. The contractors provided the site organization, key men and supervision, while the Government provided the materials and labour. Men were directed 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. Guesses, which were numerous, included: "A causeway across the English Channel," "A floating aeroplane base," and "Blockades for docks and canals."

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 is further shown by the following quantities of materials involved: 545,000 cubic yards of reinforced concrete; 66,000 tons of reinforcing steel; 9,000 standards of timber; 440,000 square yards of plywood; and 97 miles of steel wire rope.

### Grand Tribute to Our Engineering

Maximum number of men employed was about 20,000; this total included 10,500 labourers, 1,000 scaffolders, 5,000 carpenters, and 770 steel fixers. The War Office issued more than 130,000 prints of working drawings dealing with the construction of the caissons.

That Mulberry—code name used to embrace all the details of the great scheme—was constructed and assembled in the British Isles in such a short space of time in the fifth year of the Second Great War was an astonishing performance. That such an operation as the Normandy landings was successful was a glowing tribute not only to thoroughness of the military planning but also to the British engineering industry.



BOMBARDONS FORMED A FLOATING BREAKWATER outside the main harbour to give shelter to large vessels. These hollow steel structures, unfortunately, did not stand up to the severe gale that raged for several days during the middle of June 1944: this worst June storm for 40 years enforced the abandonment of the Mulberry Harbour for the Normandy beaches used by the invading Americans (see page 430, Vol. 8). The Admiralty were responsible for production of the bombardons, constructed in the King George V Dock at Southampton. PAGE 772 Photo, Admiralty Official



## 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, 1947. Mr. Molotov (1, second from right) at a reception attended by Mr. Bevin (2, right). The Council of Ministers in session (3) with advisers. Gen. Marshall (4, centre) chatted with M. and Mme. Bidault. U.S. Deputy for Austria, Gen. Clark (5, extreme right), and Russian Deputy for Austria, Mr. Gusev, with Marshal Koniev.

## Martial Law for Sake of Peace in Palestine



FINDING A SOLUTION to Palestine's problems sorely tried the powers of the British Government, and on Feb. 18, 1947, Mr. Ernest Bevin announced that conferences with Arab representatives and consultations with the Zionist Organization having failed it had been decided to ask the United Nations to suggest a settlement. Following Jewish attacks on March 1 (see illus. page 756) martial law was imposed in some of the principal Jewish areas of the country.

A Bren gun post (1) covered a barrier on the Jaffa road at Tel Aviv. No motor vehicles, except for essential workers, were allowed on the streets; queer vehicles appeared (2), and the few buses were stormed (3). A military cordon was flung round Tel Aviv on March 2, and citizens lined up (4) for permission to return to their homes. Martial law ended at noon on March 17, when thousands flocked to the barbed wire in Jerusalem to greet their friends (5).

PAGE 774

## Communal Conflict Sets the Punjab in Tumult



INDIA'S DEEP-ROOTED religious and political differences were emphasized at the beginning of March 1947 by the situation in the Punjab, where the Moslem League's theory of Pakistan—a separate State for a combination of all the Provinces having a Moslem majority—was put to the test amid bloodshed and communal conflict.

Rioting began in Lahore on March 4, following the refusal of the Hindu and Sikh leaders to support the Moslem League ministry in the Legislative Assembly; there, Moslems attacked Hindus and Sikhs, many being killed and hundreds injured (1). At Mandra the Hindu quarter was sacked; survivors piled their remaining possessions in the street (2). Amritsar suffered more severely than Lahore; refugees, including Afghan traders (3), streamed out of the city. Bhim Sen Sachar (4, under the flag), Finance Minister in the Punjab Government, addressed a meeting. Streets in Amritsar were guarded (5) to prevent looting.

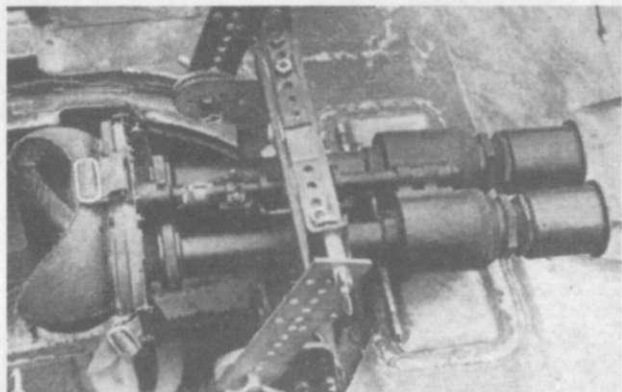


## China's Young Sailors Schooled by Royal Navy



VETERAN BATTLE-CRUISER H.M.S. RENOWN became a school in February 1947, when 600 Chinese sailors arrived at Plymouth to undergo a course with the Royal Navy. Physical training (1) starts their day's work. Signallers receive instruction in semaphore (2) from a British Petty Officer. In the engine room stokers are shown how to feed and maintain boilers (3). Ratings learn to read the compass and use English text books (4), and to handle small boats (5). Parade on the Renown's quarter-deck (6) under a Chinese officer. See also page 202. PAGE 776

## How We Fought by Night With Invisible Rays



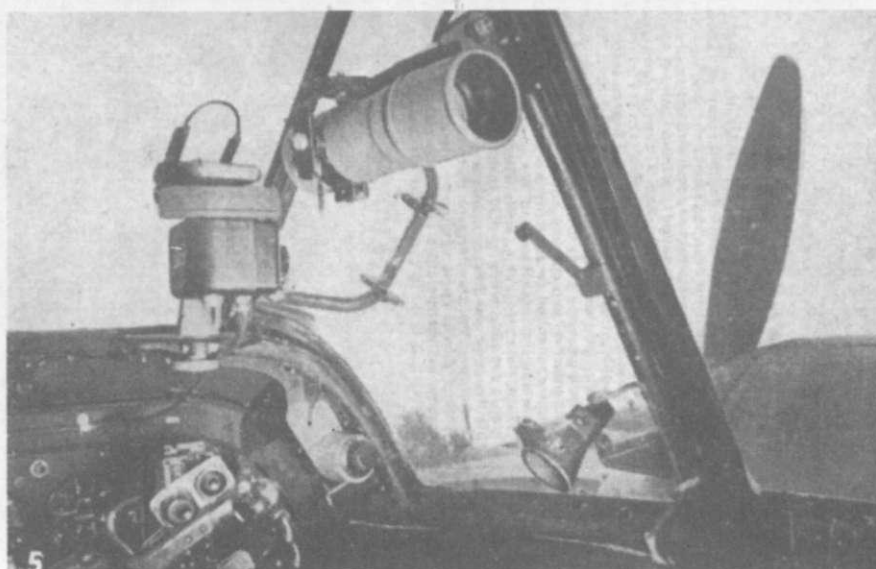
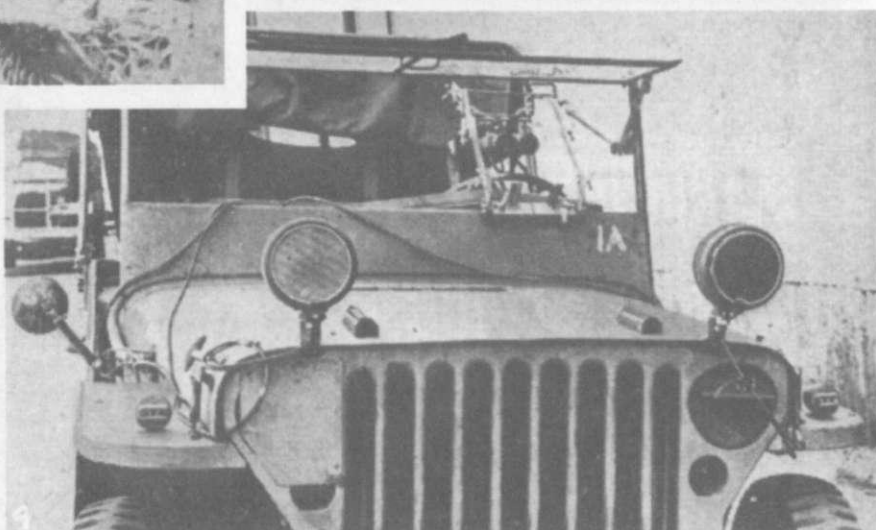
**A**NOTHER BIG SECRET of the war was disclosed early in 1947 when the operational use of infra-red rays was made known to the public. Scientists who had been studying these rays since the First Great War were, in 1939, given the task of developing and applying for Britain's war use all available knowledge. One problem in connexion with generating the rays was the supply of 3-4,000 volts; but a suitable battery, made of small discs of paper coated on one side with manganese dioxide and on the other with tinfoil, was perfected early in 1941. Britain now had a potent weapon in this light that was invisible to the naked eye.

The infra-red ray 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.

**F**IRST operational use of the new weapon was in the Mediterranean in 1941, when Commandos, equipped with infra-red signalling sets, maintained contact with parent ships offshore. Infra-red binoculars (1) and headlamps (2) were fitted to tanks and transport vehicles (4) to enable them to move freely at night, unobserved by the enemy. As a navigational aid during the Rhine crossing in March 1945 the transport of the British 79th Armoured Division was fitted with this equipment.

An infra-red sight for automatic weapons (3) was also developed, enabling an enemy to be picked off in complete darkness at a range of 30 yards. Night-fighters and bombers of the R.A.F. (5) were equipped with infra-red sets, and the tails of friendly fighters carried infra-red identity lights. Midget submarines, which attacked the German battleship Tirpitz in September 1943, used infra-red rays, and again when they cut the submarine cables at Hongkong and Saigon.

A simple instrument was produced to detect the use of infra-red equipment by the enemy, and extensive reconnaissance was carried out from the air over enemy-occupied territory. Infra-red devices, however, were 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

**B**UILT by Messrs. Harland & Wolff in the city after which she is named, H.M.S. Belfast of 10,000 tons, with main armament of twelve 6-inch guns and speed of 32 knots, was the most modern cruiser afloat when completed in August 1939. Quite early in the war she had the misfortune to be heavily damaged by a magnetic mine. Only the soundness of her construction saved her from sinking, and she had to be practically rebuilt.

In 1943 she hoisted the flag of Vice-Admiral (now Sir Robert) Burnett for duty in escorting convoys bound to North Russia. On the morning of Dec. 26, 1943, the Belfast, together with the cruisers Norfolk and Sheffield, was stationed on the starboard bow of a large convoy about 150 miles to the northward of North Cape when the German battleship Scharnhorst (flagship of Rear-Admiral Bey) was sighted. Without hesitation Vice-Admiral Burnett steered a course towards the enemy, which so disconcerted the German Admiral that the Scharnhorst turned away and disappeared in the semi-darkness. Later the enemy battleship approached the convoy from another direction, only to find the British cruisers again between the attacker and his prey.

Contriving to keep touch with the elusive enemy, Vice-Admiral Burnett must have felt highly satisfied when at 4.30 that afternoon the battleship Duke of York (flagship of Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser), accompanied by the cruiser Jamaica, arrived and engaged the Scharnhorst. It then became the Belfast's duty to illuminate the German ship by star-shell for the benefit of the Duke of York's gunners. After temporarily drawing away, the enemy was re-engaged and sunk. At the close of the war the Belfast was again operating under Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, this time in the Pacific Fleet against Japan.

*Photo, Wright and Logan*





## 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 Razmak. 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 Territorials 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 first-line 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 with the original expeditionary force as a part of Montgomery's 3rd Division, "the Iron Division," with which it served throughout the war. The 2nd Battalion was in India, first at Razmak, then on "Internal Security," and finally in Burma. The four

# The Suffolk Regiment

By Colonel  
W. N. NICHOLSON,  
C.M.G., D.S.O.

FORMERLY the 12th Foot, the Regiment originated in a company established to garrison Windsor Castle in 1660, this company being formed into a regiment in 1685. It served under William III in Ireland and Flanders and was at Dettingen in 1743. The 12th was one of the six British regiments at Minden, took part in the last siege of Gibraltar, 1779-83, and shared in the storming of Seringapatam, 1799. Further battle honours were gained in the Kafir War, 1851-53, the New Zealand War, 1863, and the Afghan War, 1878-80. The Regiment served in the South African War and had a large number of battalions engaged in the First Great War.

Territorial Battalions were in the ill-fated 18th Division, engulfed at Singapore. The 7th became a tank unit and fought as such with the 1st Army in Tunisia and later in Italy. Thus the Regiment was fully represented in all the principal theatres of operation.



The Suffolk Regiment has rarely, if ever, had a greater battalion than the 1st. Good fortune is of paramount importance in war, where ill-luck may blight the most promising career; and good fortune favoured the 1st Battalion. It formed part of a great Division, and it had the best possible commanding officers, sometimes Suffolk, sometimes "foreign"; above all, it was a great team. The retreat to Dunkirk blooded the men. They came back to England convinced they were better than the Germans. They trained

unceasingly. 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, being the first on the Normandy 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 hardest fighting of all was in Holland, in the five-days' battle for the village of Overloon, in October 1944, where 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," 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 learned that good as 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 those 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. The great majority of officers and men were East Anglian, and their Regimental enthusiasm was very high. The Cambridgeshire, in



AT THE MARCH PAST OF THE 7th BATTALION at Sandbanks, near Bournemouth, in November 1941, Lieut.-General Sir E. C. A. Schreiber, K.C.B., D.S.O., then commanding V Corps, took the salute. This was the Battalion's last ceremonial parade as infantry before being transferred to the Royal Armoured Corps. Equipped with Churchill tanks, they landed in North Africa with the British 1st Army 12 months later and gained a magnificent reputation both there and in the Italian campaign.

Records of the Regiments: 1939—1945



particular, had had a glorious history in the 1914-1918 war and were determined to add more pages to it.

But those 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 converted from Infantry they were fit to take the field and were sent with their Churchill tanks to North Africa.

There they went straight into battle, helping the 78th Division and the sorely-pressed American and French to hold on to what they had gained during the first onrush. 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 to Tunis. During this fighting the few Churchills 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 Adolf 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 for the future paint on their tanks a maple leaf emblem in remembrance of the assistance the Suffolks had been to the Canadians.

And the Commander of the French forces, who had watched the fighting from high



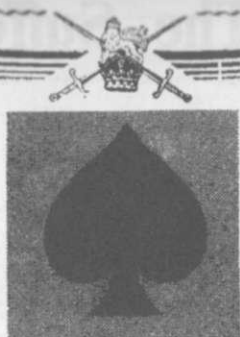
REGIMENTAL TELEPHONE EXCHANGE of the 1st Battalion The Suffolk Regiment was in a private house (1) at Bouvines, France, in February 1940, and the men were billeted in barns (2). The 7th Battalion, in England during 1941, engaged as infantry in anti-invasion exercises (3) at Sandbanks, near Bournemouth: by 1943 they had become familiar with the intricacies of wireless telephony (4) and were operating their tanks in the Medjez-el-Bab area, Tunisia. Men of the 1st Battalion waiting to go forward (5) at Overloon, Holland, in October 1944. PAGE 780 Photos, British Official

## 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 converted a crater (1) outside Trarn into a platoon H.Q. In the following October the Battalion moved up (2) to attack Venray, Holland. At Gibraltar, in June 1945, a detachment of the 31st Battalion formed part of the escort (3) at the funeral of Lieut.-Gen. Hawkesworth, C.B., D.S.O., former commander of X Corps in Italy. Duties (4) for the 1st Battalion on the Maas in November 1944. Returned from patrol to a smoke and rest (5). PAGE 781 Photos, British Official





Colours: Black on Green

### 25TH (INDIAN) DIVISION

FORMED at Salem, Madras, in August 1942, at a time when a Japanese invasion on the Madras coastline was considered highly probable, the 25th (Indian) Division moved to the Arakan in February 1944, under the command of Major-General H. L. Davies, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., and took over from the 36th (Indian) Division in the area of Buthidaung-Maungdaw, being allotted the task of guarding the XV Corps' southern flank.

As soon as the monsoon ended, the 25th, now commanded by Major-General G. N. Wood, O.B.E., M.C., assumed the offensive, the Mayu Peninsula being cleared by the end of December. The Division was now to undertake a series of amphibious operations. On Jan. 3, 1945, it landed unopposed at Akyab and began a long advance southwards. Five days later it took part in landings on the Myebon Peninsula. Advancing inland it was engaged in the protracted struggle for Kangaw.

FIGHTING continued from Jan. 22 to Feb. 18, the Japanese realizing that Kangaw, lying as it did on the direct supply route and line of retreat of their forces operating farther north, had to be held at all costs. Tanks of the 19th Lancers—the first Indian tanks to take part in a sea landing—did some magnificent work in this area, where the main Japanese escape route from the Arakan was cut.

On Feb. 16, units of the Division landed at Ruywa, which was speedily captured. In March came the seizure of Tamandu, which made a valuable supply base. There was extremely heavy fighting here, and when the mopping-up had been completed the 25th was transferred to India, where it was remustered in the newly-formed XXXIV Corps for the invasion of Malaya. It landed at Port Swettenham, 25 miles S.W. of Kuala Lumpur, after the unconditional surrender of Japan and took part in the rounding-up and disarming of the Japanese forces.

ground beyond the Liri, sent this message, "I send my greeting and congratulations to your magnificent fighting men, your fearless tank crews and your admirable infantry."

These Suffolk men, like their comrades in North-West Europe, made friends with the country people. One writer said of the Italians, "Notwithstanding their grievous poverty they made generous hosts, even when the home was but a one-roomed hovel with only a few sticks of furniture, the most treasured possession a sewing machine. The visitor was always pressed 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, later, time and circumstances permitted. The fair signorinas were strictly chaperoned, not merely by mother or an aged



DRUMS OF THE SUFFOLK REGIMENT were played again at Maecht, 16 miles north-east of Brussels, in February 1945, after having been left in Roubaix in May 1940. They were hidden there by French civilians during the German occupation, and three (in the front rank above) were restored to the 1st Battalion shortly before Christmas 1944.

Photos, British Official

aunt but by several generations of the family. 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 trek of Italian 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.



ON MINDEN DAY, Aug. 1, 1945, a party of the 1st Suffolks, which is one of the "Minden" regiments, visited the monument in Germany erected to commemorate that great battle. Each wore the traditional rose in his cap, and Lieut.-Col F. A. Milnes, the commanding officer, standing on the steps of the memorial, related the history of the battle.

PAGE 782

# FAMILY ROLL OF HONOUR



**T**HIS 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 decided to insert it in one of the Volumes, say No. 1 or No. 10, both sides can be used to paste photos on—snapshots, or studio portraits.

**I**T 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.

**I**F 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 by using the oblong or reverse side.

**M**UCH 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 heirloom of a very pleasing kind.

**O**WING to the present paper shortage it will not be possible to supply separate duplicates of this plate; but a small extra supply of this final issue of *THE WAR ILLUSTRATED* has been printed, and any reader anxious to secure an extra copy is advised to apply to his newsagent *immediately* as reprints of the issue are not likely to be available.



# FAMILY ROLL OF HONOUR





# 'In Darkest Germany'

HAMILTON FYFE reviews a notable book of THE AFTERMATH

ONE of the most popular features of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED was the long series of reviews of vital War Books contributed by Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, but in asking him to review "In Darkest Germany" for our final number we have not done so because of the literary interest of the book, which has no literary merit, but because of its immediate importance to the proper study of world affairs. Mr. Gollancz is a loyal, earnest, and distinguished member of British Jewry, and his personal examination of social conditions in the British Zone of Germany has attracted wide and deserved attention.

What the reviewer says is not to be assumed as representing the opinion of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, whose Editor has never encouraged any denigration of the British officials who are placed there in the discharge of a most difficult task and are entitled to have not less than "the

comforts of home," and perhaps more than these count up to at the present time. Above all, we consider it would be foolish of them to carry out their duties without making it clear to the German people that Germany lost the appalling war which she forced upon the peace-loving nations.

We should like to see a similar criticism by a Russian Jew of the conditions obtaining in the Russian Zone of Germany, where we have the best of reasons for believing that every effort is being put forth to sweep the Germans there into the sphere of Communism. But that is a book which there is no free Russian Jew alive to write. One would also like to see more evidence from our loyal British Jews of their sympathy with Britain in the shameful machinations of America's anti-British Zionists, which have made Palestine the plague spot of the world nearly two years after the destruction of Nazi power.—EDITOR

LET us suppose that someone wrote a book during the war predicting what the Germans would do if they defeated us and occupied our country. This book would have shown how they would keep us on semi-starvation rations with the result that we should suffer from various painful and enfeebling diseases, how they would destroy our industry, make some of our finest ports useless, dismantle factories, take away essential machinery and machine-tools, force us to send coal out of the country while millions of us were shivering with cold.

The book would also have warned us that the officers of the German Army of Occupation and the civilians who shared the job of keeping us down would behave in a haughty, unfriendly way towards us. Many of us would be turned out of our homes to make room for these "master-folk" and in many cases be compelled to leave our furniture, even our beds, for them. They would build spacious, well-appointed clubs for themselves while numbers of us had to herd together in cellars or ruins. They would eat well, while we were always hungry.

Had you read such a book you would have said, "Yes, that's how they would treat us, the brutes! Thank God we aren't like that! We are democrats, we believe in Christianity even if we don't go to church. It is unimaginable that we could ever set deliberately to work to ruin a nation in such a callous, devilish manner."

## Soothing Assurances Examined

Now, in one respect that complacency would have been justified. We should not act "deliberately" in that way. We should not "callously" aim at wrecking the lives of millions of our fellow human beings. But if you will read my friend Victor Gollancz's book recently published, titled *In Darkest Germany*, the Record of a Visit (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.), you will discover that we are doing just that, through muddling, dunderheaded disregard of human values, unimaginative blindness to human suffering.

You will probably say, having read so far, that Gollancz must be exaggerating. You cannot believe men of British stock would lay themselves open to such charges. Soothing assurances given in the House of Commons have convinced you of the humanity with which Germans are treated. Well, Gollancz deals with some of those.

For example, we have been told that the re-housing of Germans bombed out of their homes goes on "as quickly as possible." How does this square with the figures of building workers employed on repairs in Hamburg, which fall very far short of the many thousands forced to construct "a sort

of garden city" for members of the Control Commission and their families in a part of the city almost undamaged by bombing? The German families who lived there have been turned out.

There is also in Hamburg a very large and in appearance magnificent Victory Club; its photograph is included in the collection of 143 pictures which illustrate and corroborate the text. Here are restaurants, lounges, ballrooms, rest-rooms, bath-rooms, and so on—for the "master-folk" only. Care is taken to keep British and Germans as far as possible apart. The difference between British and German conditions is "far greater than it need be."

## Costing us £100,000,000 a Year

Many will reply that there ought to be this difference between the way our people live and the German way (though a good many Germans are not at all badly off in the matter of dwellings and food, Gollancz says). The Germans provoked war twice, and they well deserve to be made to suffer for it. Yes, retorts Gollancz:

I am never likely to forget the unspeakable wickedness of which the Nazis were guilty; but when I see the swollen bodies and living skeletons in hospitals; when I look at the miserable "shoes" of boys and girls in the schools, and find they have come to their lessons without even a dry piece of bread for breakfast; when I go down into a one-roomed cellar where a mother is struggling, and struggling very bravely, to do her best for a husband and four or five children—then I think not of Germans but of men and women.

Then he longs to see our "inefficient totalitarianism" dropped and in its place "a little liberalism or Christianity" given a trial. "Inefficient" will seem to the readers of his book an under-statement. Between them the Governments of Britain, the United States and Russia have made a complete mess of the "liberation" of Germany. We have made the Germans hate us all. We have taken the heart out of them. "The uncertainty of life—no one knows what may happen to him next week or month or year—grows increasingly desperate." We have made young men and women "bitter, cynical, hostile to us and all our works." "For God's sake don't make us Nazis," a student at Hamburg said to Gollancz. Yet that is what we shall certainly do if our methods are not changed.

Gollancz is a Labour adherent, but he says angrily that the British Government have no policy. A dozen, a hundred different policies are being clumsily carried out. We blow up shipbuilding yards. We "dynamite into masses of shapeless metal"

very fine overhead cranes and electric motors, 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 mania for destruction" is making the confusion worse confounded, "filling the German people with despair rather than with hope."

That is the substance of Gollancz's indictment, and he supports it with an appalling array of evidence gathered by himself. He 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 such lassitude." He cites also the plight of a university professor who sold some law books for butter, to nourish his ailing wife. "He had no further use for the volumes anyhow, he said, as he was too feeble to read."

## Eyewash—or Mere Silliness?

Even those who have strength and spirit enough to read are able to get very few books. There is a ridiculous censorship, applied to public libraries as well as publishers. There is a famine of paper. Our talk about "re-educating" the Germans and making them "good Democrats" was either eyewash (that is the German view) or mere silliness, which is the more likely.

If men are to have the chance of becoming democrats, they must breathe the spacious air of personal freedom and intellectual responsibility. If you censor a man's reading, you make him a slave and therefore excellent raw-material for the first shoddy fanatic that may be out to manipulate him. If you forbid a man any decent employment and deprive him of his pension (because he was a Nazi Party member), it isn't likely he will become a useful and contented member of society.

STOP the process known as de-Nazification, urges Gollancz. It does more harm than good. The same criticism applies to a great many other of the methods we have fumbled with in Germany. The book shows plainly which these are, and makes suggestions for altering them. These are supported by many Conservative M.P.s. One, who has also visited Germany, wrote in the Daily Mail that Gollancz's "record of tragedy and horror, of missed opportunities, of terrible and perhaps irretrievable mistakes"—this was Major Guy Lloyd's own phrase—is "every word of it true."





# The Roll of Honour

1939-1946

**Gdsmn. J. K. ALVEY**  
Grenadier Guards.  
Action: Holland. 31.3.45.  
Age 25. (Duckmanton)

Portraits totalling 1,028, submitted by readers, have now been displayed in our Roll of Honour. Our parting gift to subscribers is the specially designed Family Roll of Honour presented with this final issue of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED.

**A. P. O. B. APPLEBY**  
H.M.S. Aldenham.  
Missing at sea. 14.12.44.  
Age 24. (Wembley)



**L. Bdr. M. BAIGENT**  
Royal Artillery.  
P.O.W. Saigon. 30.4.42.  
Age 22. (Newbury)



**Pte. L. BARKER**  
13th Parachute Regt.  
D/Wounds. 28.6.44.  
Age 20. (Luton)



**Pte. J. BENNETT**  
1st Airborne Division.  
Shot P.O.W. Ger. 13.10.44.  
Age 20. (Hayes)



**A.B.R. BONSIK**  
H.M.S. Fidelity.  
Act.: Atlantic. 1.1.43.  
Age 25. (Hinckley)



**W.O.C.E. BOWDEN**  
Merchant Navy.  
Act. Atlantic. 18.2.42.  
Age 51. (Cardiff)



**Fus. A. BROADHEAD**  
Royal Fusiliers.  
Action: Italy. 15.12.43.  
Age 26. (London)



**Sgt. C. A. BRYANT**  
Royal Air Force.  
Honnington. 30.10.39.  
Age 24. (Thetford)



**Gdsmn. R. CATERALL**  
Grenadier Guards.  
D/W: Brussels. 4.9.44.  
Age 19. (Orrell)



**Tpr. T. COLLETT**  
Reconnaissance Regt.  
Action: Italy. 6.2.45.  
Age 19. (Isleworth)



**Pte. G. J. COPE**  
N. Staffs Regt.  
Act.: Tunisia. 23.4.43.  
Age 20. (Stone)



**A.C.2. M. DAVIDSON**  
R.A.F.V.R.  
Died: London. 19.2.45.  
Age 42. (London)



**Mne. C. DEWBERRY**  
Royal Marine Commando.  
D/W: Normandy. 2.2.45.  
Age 20. (Clapton)



**Gdsmn. B. DEARDEN**  
Coldstream Guards.  
Action: Italy. 20.3.45.  
Age 29. (Bolton)



**Pte. J. ELLIS**  
King's Own Regiment.  
Action: Burma. 15.10.43.  
Age 34. (Trawsfynydd)



**A.C.2. A. H. FELLOWS**  
Royal Air Force.  
Act.: E. Anglia. 16.5.41.  
Age 27. (Birmingham)



**Gnr. D. H. FIELD**  
8th Division, A.I.F.  
P.O.W.: Siam. 28.7.43.  
Age 25. (Mackay, Qnsld.)



**Gnr. P. FLETCHER**  
Royal Artillery.  
Action: Bayrus. 19.7.44.  
Age 19. (Halifax)



**Sgt. A. J. E. FROST**  
Essex Regiment.  
Action: Italy. 2.11.43.  
Age 28. (Southend-on-Sea)



**A.B. J. O. GRIFFITHS**  
Royal Navy.  
Act.: Adriatic. 21.8.44.  
Age 20. (Bl. Festiniog)



**Sgt. H. F. GULLERY**  
Royal Air Force.  
Nr. Scunthorpe. 4.2.43.  
Age 33. (Blackpool)



**Pte. D. HARBONE**  
R. Warwickshire Regt.  
Act.: W. E'pe. 10.7.44.  
Age 19. (Birmingham)



**Pte. W. HARBONE**  
S. Wales Borderers.  
D/W: W. E'pe. 30.8.44.  
Age 22. (Birmingham)



**Sgt. W. HARRIS**  
R.A.F. Coastal Command.  
Act.: N. Ireland. 27.8.43.  
Age 28. (W. Norwood)



**Sgt. F. HASLEMORE**  
Royal Air Force.  
Action: Kiel. 27.6.41.  
Age 21. (Riverton, N.Z.)



**Pte. W. HATCH**  
Lorne Scots (Can.).  
Act.: France. 25.11.44.  
Age 23. (Oshawa, Ont.)



**Sto. J. HENDERSON**  
H.M.S. Dorsetshire.  
Act.: Ind. Ocean. 5.4.42.  
Age 21. (Gateshead)



**Sgt. D. M. HERBERT**  
R.A.F.V.R.  
Over Austria. 20.8.44.  
Age 20. (Hastings)



**L/Cpl. W. HILL**  
E. Lancs. Regt.  
Act.: W. E'pe. 14.4.45.  
Age 19. (Warrington)



**G. E. HUGGINS**  
Cf. Can. Man. N.A.A.F.I.  
Act.: Portland. 8.7.40.  
Age 36. (Portsmouth)



**Pte. C. HUMPHREYS**  
K.O.Y.L.I.  
Act.: N.W. E'pe. 3.9.44.  
Age 21. (Yorks)



**L/ACW. HUTCHISON**  
W.A.A.F.  
Act.: Scotland. 16.4.45.  
Age 24. (Gateshead)



**Bugler J. INGALL**  
Royal Marines.  
Act.: At sea. 25.11.41.  
Age 19. (Rushden)



**Sgt. E. F. JARRETT**  
Royal Air Force.  
Act.: N. Africa. 22.8.43.  
Age 21. (Wimborne)



**Gnr. Sig. D. JONES**  
Royal Artillery.  
Act.: Malaya. 1.3.42.  
Age 27. (Uanharan)



**Sgt. A. LANGTON**  
Royal Air Force.  
Act.: Kiel. 13.10.42.  
Age 21. (Gt. Yarmouth)



**Tpr. F. J. LINDSAY**  
Border Regiment.  
D/W: India. March '44.  
Age 31. (Liverpool)



**Sgt. W. LOCKLEY**  
Royal Lincolnshire Regt.  
Action: Burma. 24.4.43.  
Age 36. (Birmingham)

**Pte. O. LOMAS**  
East Lancs. Regt.  
Action: Belgium. 7.1.45.  
Age 32. (Barnsley)



**L/Cpl. W. MCKELVEY**  
Glasgow Highl. (H.L.I.).  
Act.: N.W. E'pe. 2.11.44.  
Age 20. (Laurencetown)

**Cpl. D. McLEOD**  
Long Range Desert Group.  
Action: Rimini. 6.10.44.  
Age 25. (Helensville, N.Z.)



**Gnr. R. MAPLEY**  
Royal Artillery.  
D/W: Italy. 29.7.44.  
Age 22. (Doncaster)



**Fus. A. MARKLAND**  
Royal Welch Fusiliers.  
Act.: Madagascar. May '42.  
Age 32. (Swindon)



**Pte. A. MOCHAR**  
Argyll & Sutherland H.  
Act.: N. Africa. April '43.  
Age 33. (Falkirk)



**Cpl. F. W. P. MOTT**  
Royal Tank Regiment.  
Action: Tunisia. 7.4.43.  
Age 26. (Hurst Green)



**Spr. G. W. MOUZER**  
Royal Engineers.  
P.O.W.: Germ'y. 11.4.45.  
Age 25. (Woolwich)



**Gnr. H. P. NASH**  
Royal Artillery.  
Act.: Tobruk. 26.11.41.  
Age 26. (North Weald)



**F.Sgt. J. L. OAKLEY**  
R.A.F. Coastal Command.  
Action: Medit. 11.5.43.  
Age 29. (Huddersfield)



**L.Bdr. E. OCKENDEN**  
Royal Artillery.  
P.O.W.: Siam. 23.9.43.  
Age 24. (Worthing)



**Dvr. P. PAUL**  
Royal Signals.  
Nr. Hanover. 14.4.46.  
Age 25. (Banchory-Devenick)



**Gnr. W. PAYNE**  
Royal Artillery.  
D/W: Italy. 27.9.44.  
Age 39. (Farnworth)



**Pte. T. E. PEARSON**  
South Lancs. Regt.  
Pres. K. Burma. 25.5.44.  
Age 27. (London)



**Dvr. H. J. PLUMMER**  
Royal Army Service Corps.  
D/W: Italy. 11.9.44.  
Age 26. (S. Wales)



**A.B.D. PULLIN**  
Royal Navy.  
Died: Sydney. 30.11.45.  
Age 20. (Loughton)



**Rfln. L. READ**  
King's Royal Rifle Corps.  
Act.: A'amein. 27.10.42.  
Age 28. (Enfield)



**Sgt. R. J. RENYARD**  
Royal Air Force.  
Off Scotland. 22.8.42.  
Age 20. (Lewisham)



**Tpr. A. ROBERTS**  
Reconnaissance Regt.  
Action: France. 23.7.44.  
Age 31. (Bury)



**Gdsmn. T. ROBERTS**  
Grenadier Guards.  
Action: Anzio. 26.1.44.  
Age 27. (Meir, S.O.T.)



**Pte. R. RUNDLE**  
6th Australian Div.  
Action: Libya. 21.3.41.  
Age 27. (Burnie, Tasmania)



**L/Cpl. C. SCRIVEN**  
Queen's Royal Regt.  
Act.: Normandy. 18.6.44.  
Age 28. (Troedyrhiw)



**Cpl. R. SWAINSTON**  
R.A.O.C.  
Died: Egypt. 26.7.44.  
Age 25. (Thornaby-on-Tees)



**F.Sgt. S. SWIFT**  
Royal Air Force.  
Over Marseilles. 24.3.44.  
Age 23. (Penge)



**Sgt. E. SLATER**  
R.A.F.V.R.  
Over Germany. 25.8.44.  
Age 21. (Oldham)



**Pte. J. W. TAYLOR**  
Manchester Regt.  
Died Burma. 26.5.45.  
Age 31. (Oldham)



**Pte. C. THOMPSON**  
25 Inf. Bn. A.I.F.  
Act.: New Guinea. 6.6.45.  
Age 33. (Preston, Australia)



**Pte. W. THOMPSON**  
Northamptonshire Regt.  
Act.: Tunisia. 17.2.43.  
Age 23. (Kettering)



**Sgt. M. A. TOWERS**  
Royal Leicestershire Regt.  
Act.: Belgium. 21.10.44.  
Age 32. (Leicester)



**A.C.2. R. UMNEY**  
Royal Air Force.  
Nr. Cirencester. 16.8.42.  
Age 19. (Hanslope)



**F/Sgt. W. B. WARR**  
Royal Air Force.  
Over Dortmund. 2.2.45.  
Age 22. (Gillingham)



**Pte. D. W. WATKINS**  
212 Field Ambulance.  
Act.: Amboina. 20.2.42.  
Age 29. (Stroud Rd., N.S.W.)



**L/Sto. W. WEBBER**  
H.M.S. Glorious.  
Action: At sea. 9.6.40.  
Age 22. (Exeter)



**H. WHEATCROFT**  
Merchant Navy.  
Act.: At sea. 25.8.40.  
Age 55. (Hull)



**Spr. WHITTINGHAM**  
Royal Engineers.  
Act.: Germany. 22.4.45.  
Age 25. (Derby)



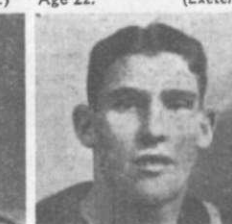
**Sgt. F. H. WILLIAM**  
R.A.F.V.R.  
Act.: Mulheim. 23.6.43.  
Age 22. (Malvern)



**E.R.A. R. WILLIAMS**  
H.M. sub. Stratagem.  
Act.: Malacca St. 22.11.44.  
Age 23. (Warwick)



**Gnr. C. C. YEOMAN**  
S. African Artillery.  
Act.: Sarsano. 28.6.44.  
Age 20. (Durban, S.A.)



**Sto. D. W. ZANDER**  
H.M.N.Z.S. Leander.  
Act.: Alexandria. 7.6.41.  
Age 21. (Hamilton, N.Z.)



# Europe's Wartime Capitals in 1947

## ROME

By F. L. SHEPLEY

ROME was untouched by the war because even to the Nazis its name was somehow more powerful than tactics; and war went around Italy's capital. The traveller today often has not the time to go and look for the two or three isolated areas where bombs fell, towards the outskirts of the city. Thus, Rome strikes the visitor as an oasis of standing houses, untouched palaces, undisturbed roads amidst a desolation of stricken towns and villages.

Trajan's column in his Forum may still be surrounded by a wartime protection of bricks, certain other treasures may still be walled up, but that is not because there is a priority on masons for the reconstruction of dwelling houses. It is rather because no one has yet thought of taking down those baffle-walls. And one cannot, in Rome, escape the impression that there is indeed no hurry, that time is not only measured in years but in centuries.

This may explain why a dictatorship which lasted a mere generation seems, on the surface at least, to have left no visible trace. The Rome of speeches from balconies, of multi-colonnaded edifices in the new "imperial" style, of stadia and swimming pools all groaning with fasces—the triumph of Rome "resurgent" and often of bad taste: where is it now? These things still stand out in other Italian towns. But Rome seems to have rid herself in a few months of all those spurious excrescences.

### Mussolini's Palace Now a Museum

Some things have remained, but without the significance they were meant to have. Since the Mussolini Forum lost its name it has become just another forum. It is now a harmonious part of the hill on which it is built, and it blends with the widespread umbrella pine trees surrounding it. The Palazzo Venezia, Mussolini's own palace, the one with the famous balcony, is no longer a forbidding stronghold defended by black-uniformed guards. Once more it is a museum, and if small crowds sometimes gather in the piazza it is to listen to an Allied military band.

In the busy crowded streets there is much quick-moving traffic. Though most of the Allied military vehicles have gone and the official civilian petrol ration is niggardly, the roads are streaming with cars. Black petrol is just a question of money; you can fill your tank at any garage at an average price of 1,000 lire a gallon (the official rate of exchange is 900 lire to a £). One in every six cars you see has a bogus log-book and its ownership has not got a very clear pedigree. It was recently calculated that over 50,000 cars had officially "disappeared" since Italy's collapse. After dark cars may not always be stolen—but they are nearly sure to lose some or all of their tires. A second-hand tire is worth 50,000 lire.

BUT the average Roman never had a car and has always had to cover the big distances in Rome by bus and trolley bus and tram. The German army took most of the buses. Some were recovered minus their tires. And trolley buses need tires, too. Today the infrequent buses and trolley buses groan away up the hills with scores of people hanging on to the outside—the young and healthy people who managed to prevail in the free-for-all fight at the last stop. Fortunately a host of enterprising individualists took the problem of transport into their own hands.

Three-wheeled delivery vans, light lorries, transformed cars, anything with an engine on wheels, however small, however rickety and unsafe went into service, on routes self-appointed but somehow rationally distrib-

uted. They had no permit, no licence, and of course were not entitled to petrol. Allied Military Police stepped in. The Italian Police took parallel action. They were stopped; and the town was completely paralysed. So the police took no more notice. Those who consider these ramshackle vehicles unsafe go by bicycle—you can buy one for 20,000 lire.

Twenty thousand lire is a very good salary for a bank manager. It is double the monthly wage of a clerk or a good shorthand typist, or of a skilled worker in a factory. You can obtain this sum by changing 12 pounds. With this sum you can buy 40 lb. of sugar or 35 lb. of butter, or three pairs of average shoes, or a bad suit of clothes, or 20 very good meals in a restaurant. Black market, of course. They call it the "free" market and the terminology is perhaps more exact, for there is nothing secret or underground about its transactions. You can buy all these things in the shops, over the counter,



WEeping MEN AND WOMEN gathered at the tomb of Italy's Unknown Warrior in Rome when the Italian Peace Treaty was signed in Paris on Feb. 10, 1947. Demonstrations took place throughout the country. Photo, Keystone

or in one of the big open market-places, such as the famous and colourful Campo dei Fiori in the centre of the town.

At times the police prosecute the "free" merchants and confiscate their goods. The most important immediate result when that happened on a large scale quite recently was a steep increase in the "free" prices. And the consumers complained bitterly. The reason? Rations are insufficient and the black market is, in fact, at least as important a medium of food distribution as the official channels.

The main topic of conversation of the average man or woman is the day's price of bread or spaghetti or olive oil. For them, insecurity literally means not knowing how much they will be able to afford to eat the next day. Invitations to dinner, once the normal thing for these most hospitable people, now form a subject avoided with studious care only too painfully transparent. The problem of living is further made difficult by

the rationing of electricity (two days per district in turn each week without power during the hours of daylight) and of gas (just over two hours daily at subnormal pressure). As most Romans live in blocks of six or seven floors, the rationing of electricity means non-working lifts and many a weary climb.

Without a doubt the clerks and civil servants who constitute the majority of Rome's workers are the worst off—they do not join in the ring of black marketeering and they have no subsidiary activity like many workmen. You can see some of them, having lost their jobs, standing at street corners among the numerous vendors of cigarettes, with the frayed collars of their once smart coats turned up against the cold. And you will sometimes see a timid, elderly woman, a typical middle-class mother, holding out her furtive hand to beg. That means she has already sold the clothes she is not wearing, her few jewels and her mattresses.

More likely than not she will be standing in front of one of the smart restaurants, or in Rome's "Bond Street," Via Condotti, waiting for the new-rich customers as they step into their cars. Past her brush elegant women, and young men studiously dressed in the latest Hollywood fashion. They pause and gaze in at the windows where are displayed with great taste every article which you could possibly wish for, produced by the artist-craftsmen of Italy's artisan industries. Some shops, of course, are being redecorated, many glittering American Bars are temporarily closed to acquire the latest pastel tint and the last word in daylight illumination. But the destitute bourgeois is not shocked at these contrasts which appear fantastic to the English visitor. The idea of fair distribution is Utopia—"it is nowhere"—as they disbelievably listen to your own account.

### Problems of Swollen Population

There is a terrible shortage of houses. It does not pay to build dwelling houses, as rents are pegged; and there are many ways for the business man to double his capital in a few weeks by shrewd buying of commodities. By acquiring a third interest in a heavy lorry plying twice a week between Milan and Rome, a man can keep his family in comparative luxury. With all this, Rome still has a population which is about one million greater than it was pre-war. They came from all over the peninsula—"The Pope is the best A.A. defence," they used to say. There was a regular invasion of people who fled before the German retreat; and when the fighting line went north of Rome, a steady trickle of refugees went through the lines.

TODAY, many cannot go back because their homes have been destroyed. Others have settled down profitably in Rome and will not leave. And there are thousands of mysterious foreigners, mostly displaced persons from Yugoslavia and Poland, with more than a sprinkling of racial refugees, ex-P.O.W., Allied deserters. If you loiter around the column in Piazza Colonna, a voice may ask in bad Italian, "Pounds, Swiss Francs?" You are now in the "free" stock exchange.

All the while Romans pass by, many shabby, some undernourished, a few haughty "signori," seemingly supercilious and indifferent, but all of them giving an impression of vitality and energy. Most of it is expended on the task of living. But this is important: the Romans are not passive. And when, leaving the busy streets behind, you look over the capital from the Pincio, you will perhaps decide that Rome is eternal indeed and that its sores will soon be healed.



## Rome By-passed by War Feels the Pinch of Peace



SMARTLY-DRESSED ROMAN CITIZENS crowd on to privately-owned lorries and trucks (1) which augment the city's scanty transport services. Distributing alms to homeless beggars (2) from Italy's war-damaged regions, a common sight on the streets. Olive oil (3), basis of Italian cookery, is severely rationed, and is eagerly sought on the "free" or black market. Repatriates from P.O.W. and concentration camps are fed and housed (4). A brisk trade in top-price flour at the black market in Piazza Vittoria (5). See facing page. PAGE 787 Photos, New York Times Photos, Keystone

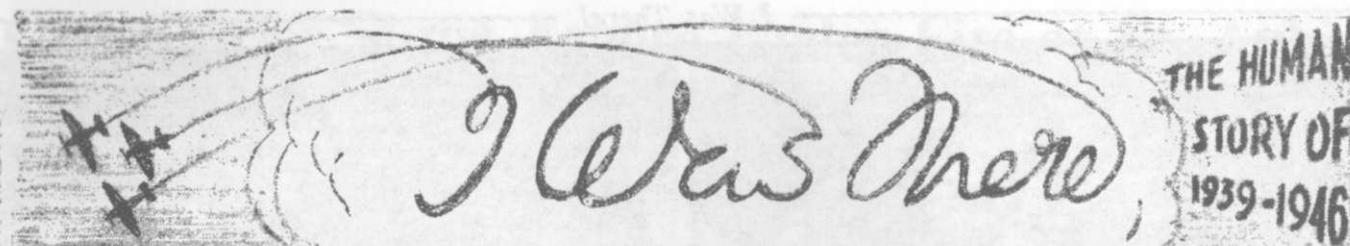
## War-Buildings are Being Blown Up in Berlin



DEMOLITION of concrete air-raid shelters in the British sector of Berlin is being carried out by order of the Allied Kommandatura, the international governing body, as part of the plan for the destruction of German fortifications 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 (1) to secure maximum effect. One in the Tiergarten area goes up in a tremendous column of dust and smoke (2). Some refuges (3 and 4) were immensely strong, but the huge slabs of concrete did not give the Berliners immunity from our block-buster bombs. In the background (4) is the huge Zoo "bunker," which had shelters underground and anti-aircraft guns mounted on the roof. During the Battle of Berlin thousands of people lived for days on end in the shelters.

Photos, Associated Press, Planet News



## Flying Mercy Missions Over Sumatra

Immediately after VJ Day, Liberator aircraft based on Ceylon took off for the Netherlands East Indies to parachute supplies to Allied prisoners. Flight-Lieut. Sydney Moorhouse (portrait in page 284), then Public Relations Officer with No. 222 Group, R.A.F., describes one of these long flights.

WE in Ceylon had greeted the news of the Japanese capitulation with delight—especially those, like myself, 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, with one foot well off the ground to give the Japs a good kick with an invasion of Malaya. Part of the expedition was already at sea. At Minneriya, an airfield carved out of thick Ceylon jungles, aircrews and ground staffs of a couple of Liberator squadrons had been working day and night supplying the secret Malayan guerilla army with arms and ammunition across 1,500 miles of the Bay of Bengal. In no other theatre of war had guerillas been supplied at so long a 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 jungles to Minneriya. Darkness falls early in the tropics, and it was nearly midnight when I got to the camp, but there were flares on the runway 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' posts were other packages. There was even a supply of copies of SEAC—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 long line of serrated peaks which forms the interior of the island.

### Heaving 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 Zeros after us!" The crew I was flying with had been mainly concerned with dropping arms to the guerilla armies in Malaya and only the skipper, Flight-Lieut. F. F. R. Charlton, 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 've gazed

into that blooming mass and thought I saw a periscope!" one of the crew remarked. "Now when it's all over I suppose we shall be told the Japs never had any perishing submarines here—or something silly."

I thought of the hectic days of August 1944—only a year before—when every time I looked in at the operations room at Group Headquarters the sea around the Maldiv Islands seemed full of lifeboats being plotted. Catalinas of 222 Group, R.A.F., were responsible for detecting over 150 survivors from torpedoed ships at that time. And that had been the Japs' final fling as regards submarine warfare in the Indian Ocean.

Soon after nine o'clock the wireless operator, Flying-Officer G. L. Bakes, announced that we were passing the extremity of the Nicobars. I looked out of the beam gunner's opening but could see nothing of the islands through the mist. However, the radar "eye" had spotted them all right and enabled the navigator, Flying-Officer J. A. d'Alpuget, to set his course for Sabang, the little fortified island which lies off the northern tip of Sumatra.

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 Sabang 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 Koggala, Ceylon's flying-boat station, 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 Sabang we saw British warships of the East Indies Fleet anchored in the harbour and the White Ensign fluttering in the breeze.

ON, then, at low height across the narrow straits and over Sumatra itself. From the air it looked as green as Ceylon. We passed 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 flourished their paddles as we passed.

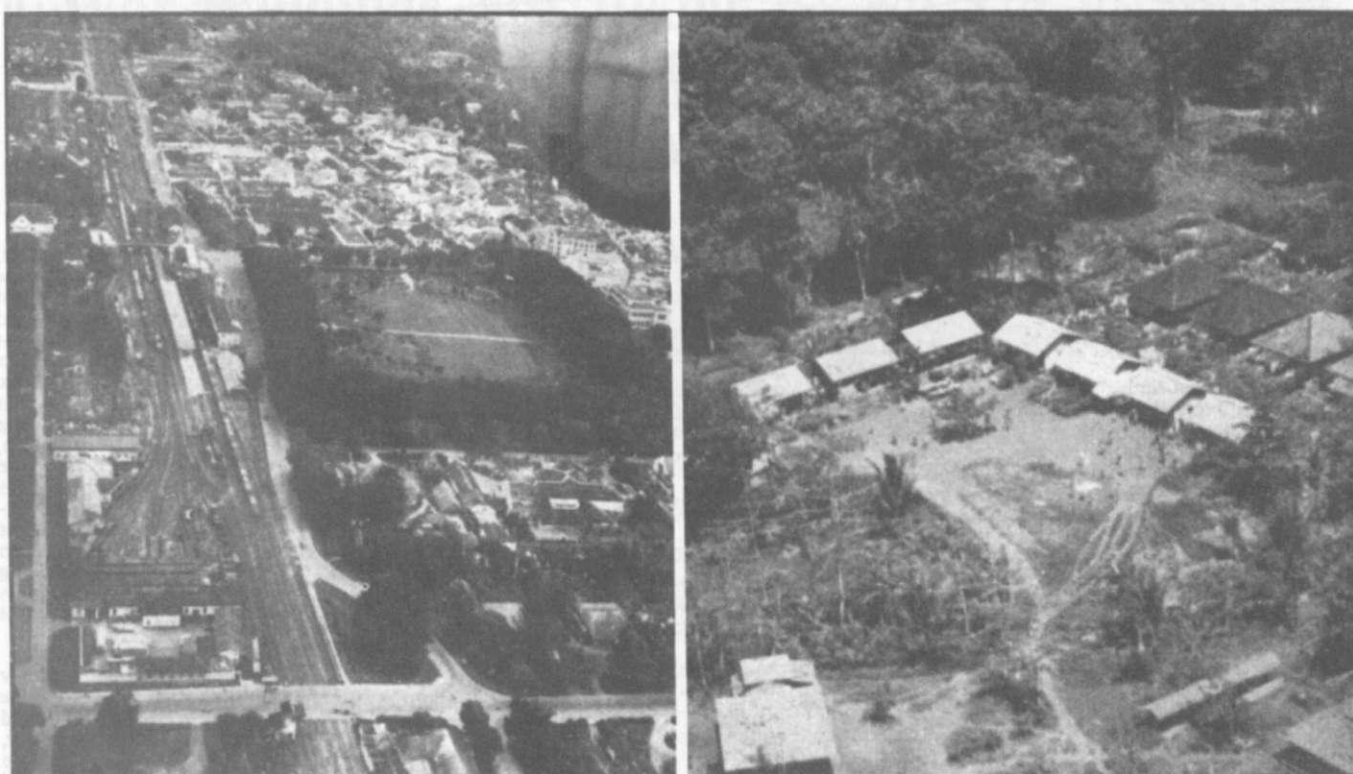
Soon, Flying-Officer d'Alpuget announced that we were approaching the target. Parcels



FROM THIS AIRSTRIP AT MINNERIYA, Ceylon, flew R.A.F. Liberators to supply the guerilla armies of Malaya. After VJ Day aircraft regularly travelled between 2,500 and 3,000 miles to drop Red Cross supplies to P.O.W. camps in the Netherlands East Indies. Minneriya was the starting point of the flight described in this story.



## I Was There!



**AT MEDAN IN SUMATRA** were many P.O.W., and aircraft from Ceylon flew over there (left) soon after the Japanese capitulation. Streets were thronged with waving, cheering crowds, and in the P.O.W. camp (right) the occupants gesticulated wildly as the aeroplane circled round to identify the dropping zone for supplies so sorely needed by the half-starved men, women and children. Unfortunately, the prisoners had still to undergo the horrors and trials of the Indonesian uprising against the Netherlands Government.

*Photos, R.A.F. Official*

and packages were arranged for the "dropping." It 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 runway of Medan airfield. The rear gunner was looking at his empty cartridge racks again. "Yes, it looks as though they know the war is over now," he remarked, thoughtfully.

**T**HE spot for the dropping was a large open space easily distinguishable by an ornamental fountain at one end. Close by was the Roman Catholic College in which the prisoners were believed to be housed. As soon as the Liberator began circling the inhabitants of the town rushed out, and before long we were flying over roads crammed with people. Tablecloths, garments and flags were waved in wild delirium. Whatever 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 buzzer, 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 parachute cord attached to a stronger cord running across the opening; as they entered the slipstream the cords reached breaking point and the parachutes opened to send the goods sailing to earth. As the first batch touched the ground I saw people running across the open space to collect them.

**I**T was great fun sending down those packages. We had a sense of satisfaction that never came with the dropping of bombs or the shooting-up of transport. We made three runs over the target, and each time we passed over the town the crowds seemed denser 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

a guerilla force only a few days before) had got things well tied-up with the Japs.

We flew back to Ceylon through rainstorms and low cloud. As we put down at Minneriya the ground crews, 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 the

skipper. "Grand!" was the reply. The ground staffs hurried off to bed. Tomorrow they would be loading more parcels into the Liberators. For this operation continued for several weeks, and not until plans were well under way for the prisoners and internees to be repatriated did those R.A.F. lads get the respite they so richly deserved.

## How We Breached the Atlantic Wall

With grenades and bayonet and tommy-gun Royal Marine Commandos went in from the sea and attacked on D-Day . . . Here is a close-up of swift-moving battle against Germans entrenched behind "impregnable" defences. The vivid recollection is by Major W. R. Sendall, R.M.

**T**HE night before D-Day was the longest I have ever known. Our little L.C.I., bearing half the H.Q. of the 4th Commando Brigade, heaved and rolled on her slow progress across the Channel to the intense discomfort of all on board. Dawn of the great day revealed a leaden sky overhanging grey sea whipped into a sullen swell by the wind.

Overhead I heard the roar of hidden bombers, and saw on the skyline a low coast from which, at intervals, church spires needled up through a bank of smoke. The bombardment was in full swing, but we could see little of it. We stooged about in the swell for an interminable time till we saw a long line of little assault craft, bearing The North Shore Regiment of Canada, pitching and tossing as they passed us. Someone waved from one of the packed craft and we waved back. Excitement quickened and the seasickness was forgotten. In the wake of The North Shores 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 was a row of villas, one blazing furiously, bright orange of the flames glaring through the black smoke pall. 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 if in blinkers, all I could see was a section of yellow beach, a piece of sea-wall with its barbed wire frieze, 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 and crash 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 heavy-laden into the waist-deep surge that was heaving great baulks of timber like matchsticks to and fro.

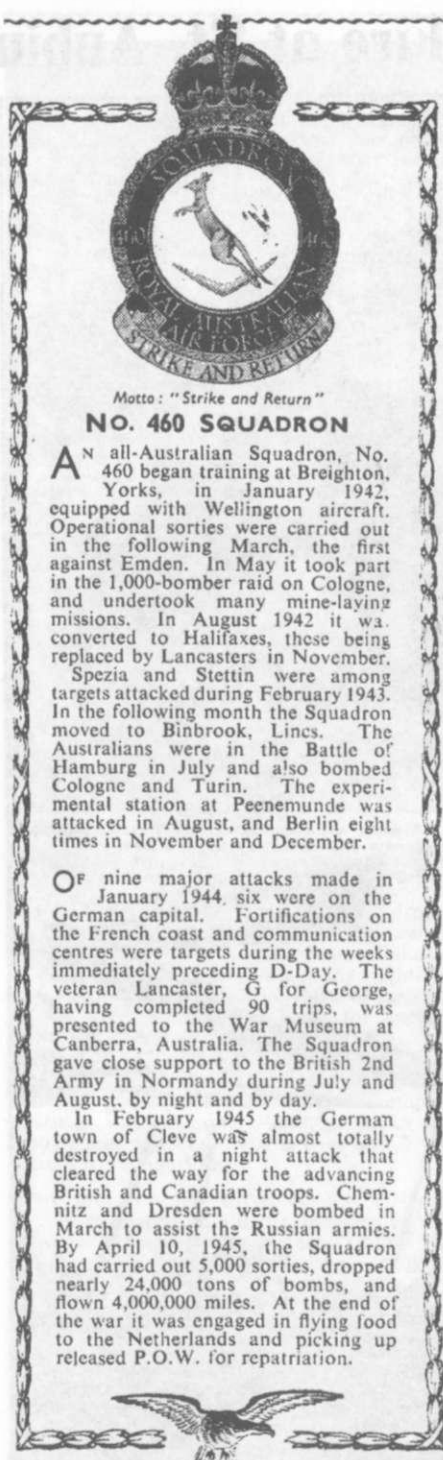
**M**y sodden boots sank into the soft wet sand as I struggled into the shelter of the sea-wall. Both our craft were beached and the men were struggling to get bulky signals equipment down the ramps that were swinging wildly in the waves. We rushed back to hold them steady, and saw mortar bursts appearing in the sea just astern of the craft; and the Naval ratings, firing heavy Oerlikons over our heads, were blasting the enemy in the row of villas. In a few minutes we were all ashore, filing along under the sea-wall to a gap in the minefields and through this on to a road. Pushing forward through a dense blanket

## Commandos Surge Ashore Under Fire at St. Aubin



ROYAL MARINES 4th COMMANDO BRIGADE headquarters landed at St. Aubin, Normandy (upper), on June 6, 1944, and met with desperate resistance from the German defenders who remained out of sight in prepared positions. Author of the story in facing page is the third figure from the right (upper), assisting with motor-cycle. As assault troops the Commandos had no heavy transport with them, but jeeps, hand-carts and light and heavy motor-cycles had to be manhandled ashore for the advance inland (lower).





Motto: "Strike and Return"

#### NO. 460 SQUADRON

**A**n all-Australian Squadron, No. 460 began training at Brighton, Yorks, in January 1942, equipped with Wellington aircraft. Operational sorties were carried out in the following March, the first against Emden. In May it took part in the 1,000-bomber raid on Cologne, and undertook many mine-laying missions. In August 1942 it was converted to Halifaxes, these being replaced by Lancasters in November. Spezia and Stettin were among targets attacked during February 1943. In the following month the Squadron moved to Binbrook, Lincs. The Australians were in the Battle of Hamburg in July and also bombed Cologne and Turin. The experimental station at Peenemunde was attacked in August, and Berlin eight times in November and December.

**O**f nine major attacks made in January 1944, six were on the German capital. Fortifications on the French coast and communication centres were targets during the weeks immediately preceding D-Day. The veteran Lancaster, G for George, having completed 90 trips, was presented to the War Museum at Canberra, Australia. The Squadron gave close support to the British 2nd Army in Normandy during July and August, by night and by day.

In February 1945 the German town of Cleve was almost totally destroyed in a night attack that cleared the way for the advancing British and Canadian troops. Chemnitz and Dresden were bombed in March to assist the Russian armies. By April 10, 1945, the Squadron had carried out 5,000 sorties, dropped nearly 24,000 tons of bombs, and flown 4,000,000 miles. At the end of the war it was engaged in flying food to the Netherlands and picking up released P.O.W. for repatriation.

of pungent smoke we reached the farmhouse marked down on our maps as a rendezvous.

Shedding my heavier equipment here, I made contact with the H.Q. of 48 Royal Marine Commando, which had landed on our left. The Commando had been exposed to the full fire of the St. Aubin strongpoint, against which the North Shores were still hammering, and had suffered heavily. Many of them had swum ashore considerable distances, though the strong undertow had swept even powerful swimmers away. 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 seemed to be little resistance, returned to Brigade in St. Aubin, looking in on the way at the Canadians who

#### I Was There!

were still battering at the tough strongpoint, smashing their way through a huge barricade of logs with which the enemy had blocked the narrow street.

**I**t was not until late in the evening that I heard of the sharp check the Commando had encountered when attempting to force their way through the narrow defiles of the mined and barricaded streets to attack the strongpoint on the Langrune seafront. 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 Delivrande 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 weapon-pit under the church wall on the outskirts of St. Aubin, using an entrenching tool with a rough improvised

Unit, one of those riflemen put a bullet through the "bellows" of the camera slung around my companion's neck. We dived into cover with some promptness, and with my rifle I put three bullets through the hole in the roof-top indicated to me as the sniper's hide-out, with what success I never discovered—for an armoured M.10 self-propelled gun, just then moving cautiously down the street, swung round to bear upon the house and demolished it with a couple of 75-mm. shells.

**T**hat gun, loaned by the Canadians, was our battering ram. The Marines cleared a path for it by exploding some of the mines, and it sat down near the cross-roads to hammer at point-blank range at the wall, huge chips flying off in all directions as each shell smashed into the concrete. Meanwhile, the Germans were dropping a continual rain of mortar shells into the back



**ADVANCE OF THE ROYAL MARINE COMMANDOS and The 1st Battalion The North Shore Regiment of Canada was held up at Langrune by a German strongpoint and an anti-tank wall. But our tanks (above) and a self-propelled gun cleared the way. The field beyond the low hedge was thickly strewn with mines.**  
Photo, British Official

handle that quickly raised blisters, occasionally straightening my aching back to watch the quick streams of coloured tracer that flamed up from the beaches to beat off enemy sneak raiders coming in low overhead. The anticipated counter-attack never came, and in the morning I went back to Langrune, where the assault on the strongpoint was being renewed.

**T**he only approach to this hedgehog was by way of two narrow streets, both enfiladed by German snipers firing from the roofs of reinforced houses on the front. One of these was hopelessly 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 cupola and, beyond, a thick, heavily reinforced concrete anti-tank wall. On the previous day the Marines had penetrated as far as the cross-roads and knocked out the machine-gun, but the wall barred all further progress.

As I 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 these houses, beside an officer of the Army Film

gardens as our men probed forward. For 90 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 Commando, waiting crouched 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, armed this time with picks and shovels and high explosive, dashed across to lay charges in the captured houses.

**I** WAITED for the explosion, lying flat in the road beside the Sherman. With a roar, half a house went up and a shower of brick-bats hurtled down upon us through the thick dust cloud, and I pressed myself hard against the ground, trying to squeeze as much of my body as I could under my steel helmet. The Marines then proceeded to shovel the debris from the demolished houses



## I Was There!

into the trench, to form a causeway across which the tank could make its way.

All this while, slowly but surely, the assault troop had been driving the Germans from one house after another, forcing them back on to their seaward defences. When the causeway was complete I nipped out of shelter to signal forward the Sherman that was sitting closed up in the middle of the cross-roads. I had just recovered the shelter of the houses when a bullet from ever-vigilant snipers chipped 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 tunnelled from cellar to cellar of the houses and could pass unseen from one to another, so that by the time we could open fire on one position the German rifleman had moved elsewhere. The first sure sight of a German I had was when they were driven out and surrendered.

The Sherman slowly lumbered forward over the rubble that filled the ditch, to debouch on to the wide promenade of the sea-front. At this point one track slipped into a slit trench, and the armoured monster lurched over at an awkward angle. But it was still possible to bring its Browning machine-gun to bear, and with this it blasted the promenade.

BEHIND its spray of bullets the Marines went in with a cheer to drive the enemy from his last refuges, the honeycomb of trenches and dug-outs 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.

buy, then—poof, they are all gone! Yes? At the front our soldiers have many of these things, and you too must suffer discomfort sometimes. It is the war, yes?"

"Herr Directeur," 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 choice about that. But they'll make up their beds in the road before they sleep in here!"

## Brisk Battle of Wits in Stalag XXB

During the two years that he was British Camp Leader in Stalag XXB the narrator of these experiences, Sgt. C. J. Sadgrove, of the Royal Signals, participated in notable victories over domineering and tricky Huns in such matters as conditions of labour and personal comfort. See also page 670.

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 first a worker, then (with the discovery of the Geneva Convention under which senior N.C.O.s are excused anything but supervisory work) one of a number of party leaders in a large camp at Klein Bartelsee, near Bromberg.

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 woods. As the plans developed, machinery was introduced and camouflaging of the buildings was undertaken on a large scale. Our suspicions were aroused. Was this job of ours as innocent as it had seemed? It was not. Gunpowder and other explosives were to be produced in the factory.

QUESTIONS were asked by the sergeant-major in charge of us, confidential reports were sent to our Chief Man of Confidence in Thorn, and finally we were moved. 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 XXA found themselves on the lists of Stalag XXB, with its H.Q. in Marienburg.

We did not all travel to the same place; the train distributed groups over a wide area. My party of 58 arrived in the little town of Deutsch Eylau, in East Prussia. 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 sawmill where the men were to be employed. Our billet was a two-storeyed house on the waterside and within a minute's walk of the factory. The place was filthy, the beds swarmed 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 alive. Come and see for yourselves." 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 treat the matter lightly. "I will some disinfectant



P.O.W. CAMP COMMANDER at Deutsch Eylau, in East Prussia, was this burly feldwebel (sergeant)—his job no sinecure. He had to be ever on his guard against efforts of his British charges to outwit him.

That did it! Commandant, control officer, and director were all trying to speak at once. We were to be sent back to Stalag for punishment, we were to be shot for our impudence, everything was to happen to us. In the end we moved out for a fortnight while wooden partitions were taken down and burned, floorboards prised up and replaced, ceilings and walls stripped and renewed, beds and blankets cleaned, and the whole building redecorated and disinfected throughout.

I WON'T pretend we saw no more bugs. Their demise was to come nearly two years later, when the Russians shelled the place. But we felt we had gained our first victory in Deutsch Eylau. We had, but the director tried to get me returned to Stalag for refusing to work. My interpretation of the Geneva Convention was not enough for him. He had to hear it from the authorities before I was allowed to stay.

We had many victories on that working party. One concerned the breakfast break of 20 minutes. This left our men insufficient time to return to the billet for a snack (which included the brewing of Red Cross tea—when we had any), and so an application for a further ten minutes was made—and granted.

The new arrangement was to operate from the following Monday, I told the fellows when we were assembled for roll-call that week-end. They passed on the information to the civilians with whom they worked, and were laughed at. They, the civilians, had been at the factory for 25 years and in all that time had never had more than 20 minutes for breakfast, and it wasn't likely the change would be made for prisoners of war. How wrong they were!

Another victory came about through football. Seldom a week-end passed without a match against a neighbouring working



SEATED WITH THE MEN HE LED as a working party when a prisoner at Stalag XXB, Marienburg, West Prussia, Sgt. C. J. Sadgrove is in the centre of the front row. The photograph was taken in 1943, and the healthy appearance of the men is due rather to the Red Cross parcels they received than to the German rations.

## I Was There!

party. One camp which interested us more than most was eight or nine miles away, and we had to march there and back. "Why not get one of the firm's lorries?" someone suggested. We thought he was joking. But the day of the proposed match would be a holiday, so the lorry would be free, and we had our own drivers, so no civilians need be involved. Chancing to meet the control officer at the station after a trip into stalag, I tackled him on the subject.

He laughed, too, at first; but we got the lorry. It involved several interviews with the firm's director, interviews in which I was 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 hardened to such propaganda, and listened calf-like to anything that brought results in our favour.

I HAD that lorry thrown up at me a few weeks later, following a complaint I had made to the Chief British Man 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 lorry to go to a football match—you stop in the street to speak to me!" he stormed. "When it's a complaint you have to make, you go behind my back and report it to stalag. 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 director I stated my case, which concerned the cutting and packing by prisoners of veneer wood which we knew (but were unable to prove) was being used in the production of aeroplane propellers.

### For Propellers and Block-Houses

The firm's reply 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 levelled 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-band saw. Naturally, our men cribbed at having to work with the German soldiers, but within a day or two they had learned what they wanted: the wood was being used in the construction of block-houses. I complained to our commandant, a fatherly old man who wished us 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 stalag. 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.

construction of an all-weather highway from Alice Springs (see map in page 486, Vol. 5).

Looking at last to her defences in the Pacific, Australia dispatched her 8th Division to Malaya late in 1941. It was considerably weakened by the loss of the 23rd Brigade which was detached to Darwin. It in turn detached one battalion to Rabaul in New Britain and the remainder of the brigade stood 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 Koepang, in Dutch Timor, another to Amboina; simultaneously, a company of Commandos landed at Dilli in Portuguese Timor and took over the undefended airfield despite loud protestations 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. Dilli 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. Rabaul was engulfed even before Singapore fell, and Amboina seized about the time General Percival was forced to surrender. Timor was next 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 of men and material in an attempt to bolster up the Koepang garrison to meet the threatening blow. There was one regiment of United States artillery which had not been able to reach the Philippines, an odd battalion of Australian pioneers and a few other bits and pieces.

### On the Eve of the Great Debacle

Two days later, with Timor 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 nosed its way into the crowded harbour. Troops disembarked immediately, but their equipment was left on board pending orders regarding future movement. That was the confused situation on the eve of the Darwin debacle. There was no radar in the area, no fighters based on Darwin. The solitary 3.7-in. anti-

## I Saw the Terror That Came to Darwin

Directly threatened by the Japanese southward drive, the northern Australian port of Darwin was lamentably unprepared for the air attack which wrecked its harbour and airfield on February 19, 1942. The story of the disaster is told by Roy Macartney, Major A.I.F., who investigated the incident for the Military History Section of the Australian Army.

DARWIN harbour was a shipping graveyard when our Sunderland flying-boat touched down on its waters in early May 1942. Mast-tops just showing above the water and rusting hulks littering the shores bore silent witness to the first shattering Japanese air raid of February 19. Security had drawn a veil across the Japanese success scored the first time bombs fell on Australian soil. For a time I, like every other man in the area, was so busy preparing to repel invasion should it come that I learned only a few details of what happened during that first sensational surprise raid.

Then the Military History Section of the Australian Army contacted me and asked me to investigate the raid and narrate as accurately as possible, for historical purposes, exactly what happened. From my investigations emerged a story of a disaster which in many ways resembled that of Pearl Harbour. Ill-prepared as were the Darwin defences, what forces there were on February 19, 1942, had been caught napping. Despite half an hour's warning that Japanese bombers were approaching, these were over the town before the alarm was given and when the skies cleared of enemy aircraft the crowded Darwin harbour had been practically cleared of shipping—a dozen merchantmen had been lost and hundreds of American and Australian sailors killed in the terrible holocaust which swept the harbour.

HERE is the story of the debacle as I was able to piece it together. Before the war Australia maintained a small garrison manning six-inch coastal batteries guarding the Darwin harbour, and there were a few hundred infantry and ancillary troops. They were housed in the commodious modern Larrakia Barracks, standing on a headland overlooking the harbour and about as easy to camouflage as the Empire State Building,

New York. With similar short-sightedness the R.A.A.F. had constructed a £2,000,000 airport just outside Darwin, with airmen's billets standing high on piles in serried ranks. The piles defeated the enemy white ant but presented the two-legged enemy from the north with a bombardier's dream of a target.

Darwin was practically dependent on sea lines of communication, there being little more than an embryo 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 concentrating on her overseas expeditionary forces, little was done to prepare Darwin for war beyond the commencement of the

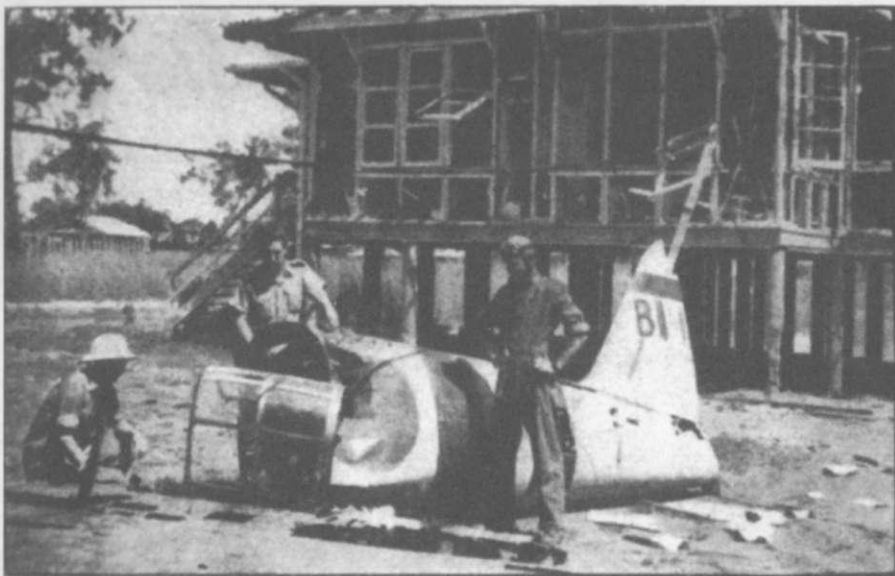


CAPSIZED AFTER A DIRECT HIT by a Japanese bomb, this cargo vessel lay beside the twisted jetty, which was also severely damaged during Japanese attacks on Port Darwin, Northern Australia, on Feb. 19, 1942. The scanty and unprepared defences could do little to protect the town or the mass of shipping then in the harbour.

PAGE 794

Photo, Placet News





WRECKAGE OF A JAPANESE ZERO FIGHTER shot down during the attack on Port Darwin just missed the barracks, which also had been damaged by bombs. The buildings are set on piles to escape the ravages of white ants. Two attacks on the Australian port, as described in these pages, left it without means of defence.

Photo, Planet News

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

Early that morning, nine American Kittyhawks took off from Darwin for Koepang. They had arrived the previous night from Sydney on their way north to help stem the Japanese tide. The Americans were not far out across the Arafura Sea when Koepang signalled 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 pedal 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 hove in sight. It consisted of 17 heavy bombers in formation, 54 dive-bombers and 18 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 nearly over the town when the alarm was given, and the 3.7-in. anti-aircraft guns opened fire. Flying in their favourite shallow V-formation the enemy planes pattern-bombed the foreshore, scoring a direct hit on the jetty, killing 20 labourers and isolating two ships 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 foreshore had been reduced to rubble around them, the anti-aircraft gunners stuck to their guns and the "green" crews 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 Americans fought back with light automatic machine-guns. The Barossa and Neptuna, caught tied to the jetty, were soon in flames.

PAGE 795

Oil from a punctured oil-line drained into the sea. Soon it caught fire and the water around the wharf blazed fiercely. The British Monarch, an oil tanker, was another early hit and set alight. Burning oil from her tanks spread over the waters of the harbour. Men drowned in the heavy oil, or burned where the flames held sway. Dive-bombers methodically, almost leisurely, added Zeelandia, Meigs, Mauna Loa, and Port Mar to their list of victims. The American destroyer Peary, fighting furiously, could not slip her rear moorings before she received a direct hit which disabled her. Drifting helplessly she fought to the last, two-thirds of her complement going down with the ship.

For 50 minutes the slaughter continued, while dive-bombers also concentrated on the R.A.A.F. airfield. Hangars went up in flames while Zero fighters raced back and forth at only 50 feet, machine-gunning the station. Men lay helplessly in slit trenches, longing for just one Bofors; but there wasn't a single one in the area. A wing commander, standing in the open with a Lewis gun to his shoulder, was killed by a cannon shell.

At last the skies cleared, hungry flames still licking the sheet of oil covering the waters of the harbour. The townsfolk emerged from

where they had sheltered, and numbed, bewildered, set to work to get their casualties and the burned survivors from the harbour to hospital. There was apprehension throughout the town, but no panic. Men wanted arms to fight, but none were available. They wanted direction, and strong leadership at this stage might have prevented the terror which later in the day gripped the populace. Shortly after noon Japanese bombers launched a second heavy attack, 54 high-level bombers this time destroying what was left of the R.A.A.F. station. Again the A.A. gunners toiled manfully, increasing their bag to two bombers and three fighters, plus five probables.

#### Ordered to Disperse to the Bush

Following this second raid which the unarmed, unsheltered 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 701, Vol. 5). On the R.A.A.F. station, men had been caught at mess by the second raid. An order was issued that they should disperse to the bush, where they would be fed safe from the danger of again being caught in mess 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 limping up from the harbour lit by the fitful glow of fires. Garrison troops stood fast to their posts, but with all air cover gone, no supply lines on which to depend, Darwin was ripe for the picking. However, the enemy was not then ready to seize the foothold on the Australian mainland. During the ensuing days battle-ried veterans from the Middle East returned to Australia and were rushed to the north. American equipment and planes poured into the country and soon their engineers, with Australian assistance, had ripped new airstrips out of the bush, erected radar equipment and honeycombed the area with A.A. guns of all calibres.

Armies of Australian Servicemen and civilians sweated to complete the 1,000-mile all-weather road across the desert and soon the Darwin force was fed by a grand supply line. Within two months the Australians were ready to repel almost any invasion attempt. In the same period, American fighter pilots wrested aerial supremacy over Darwin from the enemy still trying to batter the port into submission.

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Photo, Howard Coster

## End of a Long Story

### The Editor Says Good-Bye to His Readers

contrived 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 shrunken figure of the sinister Ribbentrop there awaiting his doom with the smiling Ribbentrop shown on page 29 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.

WITH this number THE WAR ILLUSTRATED is brought to an end, not from any lack of interesting pictorial and literary matter where-with it might have been continued through several more volumes, but simply because, having arrived at the conclusion of its tenth volume, we may claim to have covered every happening of any importance in the whole course of the Second World War, and for almost two years of the strangely uneasy Peace. In closing down the publication it is impossible to say, with any pretence to foreknowledge, whither the world is heading: towards a new era of true peace and reconstruction, or towards the incalculable catastrophe of a third and final world war.

One thing seems clear: the threat, almost the certainty of wars in the Far East. On these matters of fearful importance we may each have our own opinions, and one man's guess is as good as another, but although nearly sixteen years of my editorial life have been devoted to chronicling the events of the two greatest wars with which innumerable historians of a future day will have to concern themselves, universal bewilderment, in which the aftermath of the second has left all the nations and their elected or imposed leaders, has left this editor at least with no confidence to offer any opinion or to attempt a forecast.

BACK in 1920, I was less reticent in both respects, when producing the *Universal Encyclopedia*. Accused by a stupid critic of being unfair to "our late enemies," I retorted in my editorial notes of July 27, 1920: "I am fully persuaded that 'our late enemies' are also our present potential enemies, and that they will be our inevitable future enemies," which almost put me amongst the prophets!

But it was not part of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED'S function to anticipate, far less to prophesy: our business has been from week to week and later on when paper restrictions limited us to fortnightly issues, to record and to illustrate the war news after it had been verified and censored. And this, despite unforeseen and unprecedented difficulties, we have

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 V2s 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 Gwynn, 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 three, 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 distressed, but

"My own hope is, a sun will pierce  
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched."

J. A. Hammerton