

SPECIAL EDITION

**EASTERN
ITALY
EDITION**

UNION JACK

**BRITISH
FORCES
DAILY**

NO. 436

Monday, May 7, 1945

TWO LIRE

GERMANY: THE END

Churchill is about to make announcement



EISENHOWER



TRUMAN



CHURCHILL



STALIN



ALEXANDER

VICTORS

GERMANY HAS SURRENDERED UNCONDITIONALLY.
A REUTER DISPATCH FROM RHEIMS, HQ OF GENERAL EISENHOWER, SAID THAT AT 0241 HOURS TODAY (FRENCH TIME) GERMAN GENERAL GUSTAV JODL, THE NEW GERMAN ARMY CHIEF OF STAFF, SIGNED THE INSTRUMENT OF SURRENDER.

NEW YORK RADIO DESCRIBING THE SIGNING OF THE ARMISTICE, SAID THAT GEN. BEDELL SMITH, GEN. EISENHOWER'S CHIEF OF STAFF, SIGNED FOR THE SUPREME ALLIED COMMANDER. GEN. IVAN SUSLOTAROFF FOR THE RUSSIANS AND GEN. FRANCOIS SEVEZ FOR FRANCE.

First news of the total surrender came in the early afternoon today when the German Foreign Minister, Count Schwerin von Kroesig, broadcasting from Flensburg, announced: "German men and women, the High Command of the Armed Forces, on the orders of Admiral Doenitz, has declared the unconditional surrender of all German armed troops. Germany has succumbed to the overwhelming power of her enemies and further resistance would mean useless bloodshed and destruction."

Mr. Churchill held a full Cabinet meeting in London this morning.

One of the last messages heard from Grand Admiral Doenitz, the German Fuehrer, was a special message broadcast over the German radio asking the crews of all German ships—and this included U-boats—to abstain "from any acts of war."

Crews were forbidden to scuttle their ships or render them unserviceable.

Before this message came over the air, reports from Copenhagen said that 100 Nazi ships which the Germans were not able to get out of the harbour before their capitulation fell into Danish hands.

The surrender means that Norway will not be a battlefield and that the Channel Islands will be delivered without a fight.

The American Third Army yesterday cleared Pilsen, 50 miles southwest of Prague and home of the great Skoda armament works, and pushed on to within 23 miles of the Czech capital.

In Prague itself, where patriots have risen against the Germans, the situation is confused.

In the south the Eighth Army is advancing from Italy on Villach in Southern Austria. The Fifth Army is also in Austria in this area. Last night a Soviet communique, while reporting the capture of more towns and prisoners did not specifically say fighting was in progress.

VICTORY

THIS momentous announcement is the climax to a cave-in of Hitlerism all over Europe.

The first large-scale collapse was the unconditional surrender of all German and pro-Fascist forces in Italy following the devastating defeat inflicted upon them by the Fifth and Eighth Armies.

Unfortunately, Hitler and Mussolini did not live to see the day.

The next Germans to admit defeat were those facing Field-Marshal Montgomery in Northwest Germany. This surrender included all of Holland, Denmark, the Frisian Islands and Heligoland.

Then came the collapse of what remained of Austria, the freeing of Prague by forces within Czechoslovakia, and rumblings in Norway.

Of what Hitler had so ruthlessly seized, nothing remained. Even Berlin, centre of the Reich itself, was a heap of ruins in the hands of the gallant Russians Hitler had thought to destroy.

The greatest war that has ever ravaged Europe is over. The Allies, united in times of stress, stand united today beneath the banner of victory at last unfurled.

PEACE IN EUROPE

FOUR WORDS

GERMANY has been defeated. In those four words are contained the accomplishment of our principal war aim.

It has cost us much in time and in toil, in suffering and in sacrifice, to be able to speak those words to-day.

And we have travelled a long way down the road of the years since that September Sunday morning when we accepted this premise as essential to the security and betterment of our nation and of the world.

Ours has been a hard and bitterly contested passage. We have suffered great defeats to win great victories. We have seen much that we loved destroyed to create much that will be finer.

We have lost comrades and found comradeship, not only among our own kind, but among the peoples of other great nations who fought with us in a common cause.

Because we understood why we must fight, we have reached an understanding with those whose ways of life were once strange to us.

We know that we could not have won this war alone, nor could any one nation. But we also knew that when three great peoples fight as one, they cannot fail.

We have not failed. We must now ensure that we shall continue as one so that we can win the peace as well.

OUR TASK

The long night of Europe is over and a new sun shines on the desolate lands.

If those lands are to become fertile and to produce a rich harvest, all men must work together, each shouldering his burden and sharing the common task.

For the present our task is still with the Services. Victory cannot mean for us the home-coming which awaits the dispossessed of the Continent.

Having defeated Germany on the battlefield, we must ensure that she is never in the position to inflict another great war upon the world.

This means that the forces of the United Nations must now become the policemen of the Reich. For many of us it means that we must exchange the battlefield for the former barrack rooms of the Wehrmacht.

It means garrison duties in vital areas, the disarmament of an army, the closing down of war factories and the prevention of sabotage.

If we accept these things as essential to the future security of Europe, it will be easier for us to accept the remaining time during which we must still be separated from our families.

At least we know that they are safe now. Sirens will no longer scream over darkened cities and the drone of bombers overhead will not again bring fear into the eyes of our children.

OUR PLEDGE

Let us be thankful for that, and let us be thankful too, that we have been spared to see the end of this war with Germany. In the hot sands of the Western Desert, among the lonely hills of Tunisia, throughout Sicily and Italy, France, Belgium and Holland, Greece and Crete, within the borders of the Reich itself, and beneath the oceans of the world, lie those who died for the cause whose victory we celebrate to-day.

We must not forget them. This time we will not break faith.

* * *

The battlefields of Europe are silent, but there is still war in the East.

We have pledged ourselves to take a full share in the struggle against Japan.

Victory in the Pacific is as important for our future as victory over Germany. It is proving as hard to accomplish, because the Mikado's forces are fighting with as much desperate determination as the armies of Adolf Hitler.

But it will be accomplished—and by three mighty peoples fighting as one. The United States, China and Great Britain will inflict upon Japan a defeat which will free the Pacific from despotism for as long as men care to fight for liberty.

An era has ended in Europe to-day; a dark age of tyrants, of murder, of concentration camps, of torture, of oppression.

It is to destroy a similar era that we carry on the war in the East.

*Our generation will never
forget these*

HISTORIC DAYS

SEPTEMBER 1, 1939, was the first day. It was then that we learnt of Hitler's invasion of Poland.

Nearly all of us were civilians at that time, but before the fateful Friday was out a great many Territorials had been embodied in His Majesty's Army.

Two days later, on a glorious summer's morning, we heard Mr. Chamberlain announce that Great Britain was at war with Germany.

It was a slow war for many months until Hitler unleashed his blitzkrieg through Belgium and Holland and into France. Outgunned and overwhelmed, the British Expeditionary Force reeled back to the beaches of Dunkirk.

There it faced destruction. But through the courage and daring of the Royal Navy, the Royal Air Force and a "fleet" of amateur yachtsmen and British fishermen, 300,000 soldiers were brought back to Britain to fight again. Because of this, the days between May 29 and June 3, 1940, will be ever remembered.

Reinforced by the newly-raised and untrained Home Guard, the Army stood on the coastline of Britain awaiting a German invasion throughout the summer of 1940.

But the few fighter-pilots of the R.A.F. came to the rescue again and shot Göring's Luftwaffe out of the skies. And without that vital air supremacy, Hitler could not take the

chance to launch his armies against us.

September 15 is the remembered date. On this day, R.A.F. planes and Army gunners destroyed 183 Nazis.

These were tough times, but they were not without their glory. There was a splendour, too, about our defeat in Crete, when a small but gallant force from Britain and the Dominions fought desperately and unsuccessfully against the mightiest airborne force the world had yet seen.

It ended on June 1, 1941.

June 22, 1941, is a date which will never be forgotten by us, the Russians, or the Germans. On that day, Hitler made the big mistake of invading the Soviet Union.

On December 7, 1941, Japan bombed Pearl Harbour and the United States were in the war. Within a few days, Germany and Italy had ranged themselves at the side of the Son of Heaven.

There were still dark days ahead for us—February 15, 1942, when the Japs took our great naval base at Singapore, and August 19, the date of the costly raid on Dieppe.

But the tide was soon to turn. On November 4 it was officially announced that the Axis forces in the Western Desert were in full retreat before Montgomery's men. And on November 8, the large-scale Anglo-American landings were made in North Africa.

On January 23, 1943, Eighth Army troops entered Tripoli. On February 2, the Russian victory at Stalingrad, one of the most significant of the war, was complete.

On May 7, Tunis and Bizerta were occupied. On May 13, the last remnants of Axis forces in Tunisia surrendered and the African campaign was over.

July 10 brought the invasion of Sicily, and by August 17, all enemy resistance there was at an end.

On September 3, Allied forces landed on the mainland of Italy, and on September 8, the Italian Government surrendered unconditionally.

The Germans fought hard for every inch in Italy and it was not until June 4, 1944, that the Allies entered Rome.

On June 6, this outstanding event was eclipsed by the invasion of Normandy; the most mammoth undertaking in the history of war, and one which led to the liberation of France and Belgium, and the retreat of the German armies back to the Fatherland.

January 12, 1945, is an unforgettable date. On this day the Russian armies started the mighty offensives which swept across Poland and East Prussia into Germany.

Then, on March 24, British, Canadian and American armies, across the Rhine in great force, began the last battle against Germany.

The years between

THE Germans have the dubious distinction of being a nation that celebrates internal political upheavals by declaring war on her neighbours.

They did it to mark the occasion of their unification under Bismarck in 1870 by declaring war on France. They did it in 1939 to mark their complete conversion to National Socialism by attacking Poland and challenging most of the rest of the world.

The declaration of war by Germany in 1914 was the result of a policy as steadfast and as determined as that which sent the panzers rolling across the frontiers in 1939. In both cases war had been diligently sought, and the timing had been carefully co-ordinated to the requirements of the German High Command. In both cases, the short, swift war was the first objective, but plans had been made for a long war in case the swift victory proved impossible. German war policy contained a careful plan of provocation that, when switched on full blast, left war as the only salutation for the victims. In the years that preceded this war, the strength of the German war machine was such that half Europe collapsed and agreed to her most outrageous requests without even the pretence of partial mobilisation. The events that led up to Munich marked how far the British Empire was forced to pocket its principles at the behest of the German dictator.

OUR RELUCTANCE

Herr Ribbentrop, inspired by the notable dividends of international blackmail, presented his master with two situations, both of which could be exploited to the aggrandisement of the Reich.

The first solution was based on the assumption that the decadent British Empire would not go to war. This belief was based largely on Ribbentrop's own personal study of the British character during the years when he was German Ambassador in London. This reluctance to go to war seemed to offer the possibility that a notable proportion of the property of the British Empire could be transferred to the Reich without the necessity of actually using up the strength of the German Armies in battle. They would thus remain intact and at their highest efficiency to protect the loot once it had changed hands.

If this bet failed then Ribbentrop was ready to encourage the Führer to prove the virility of the National Socialist peoples by the purifying test of battle. Both prospects were attractive to Hitler and he expressed his pleasure by describing Ribbentrop as the greatest Foreign Minister since Bismarck. Later on, when the second alternative of war was inevitable, the Führer, in a rather unguarded moment that will not be forgotten by history, said that it was his wish to have a war while he was in the prime of life rather than five years hence when presumably he would be the approach of old age might affect his genius.

After the close of the last war, the victors were too exhausted to take the necessary steps to

ensure the one thing worth while procuring from victory—the prevention of another German war. Indeed, the Allies made it one of their first tasks to put Germany on her feet again by pouring capital into the Reich and re-equipping German industry with the most modern plant. The result was that the Nazi armament industry quickly became the most formidable in Europe.

Under the guise of civil aviation, the Luftwaffe was fashioned out of the Lufthansa.

The motor industry was planned to be able to switch to full panzer production at the shortest possible notice.

Strength-through-Joy holiday ships, advertised to give workers sea cruises, were in reality troop transports whose first military assignment was the conveyance of the Condor Legion to Spain.

Germany plotted, planned and worked without ceasing for this war for at least 15 years before its outbreak. Italy, duped, outwitted and outsmarted at every political turn, was the willing accomplice in this grandiose crime to enslave the world.

Once again Germany, at a cost of rivers of blood and untold treasure, has been stopped in her mighty smash and grab against mankind. Victory, however, will be a mockery unless we put the power to incite war finally beyond the Teuton who considers the end of one war to be the beginning of the next.

WILLIAM CONNOR

The day it all began

On the morning of Sunday, September 3, 1939, I was doing my first guard in the Army outside the company headquarters of a Territorial battalion billeted in Eaton Square, London.

My mind could hardly accept the fact that we were on the verge of war. Something would avert the disaster at the eleventh hour.

But as I thought this, the sirens screamed out the first warning.

This is how it begins, I thought, no declaration of war, just an air raid to set things going. Instinctively I looked in the direction of St. Paul's, expecting to see the sky blacken with hundreds of German bombers.

But none appeared.

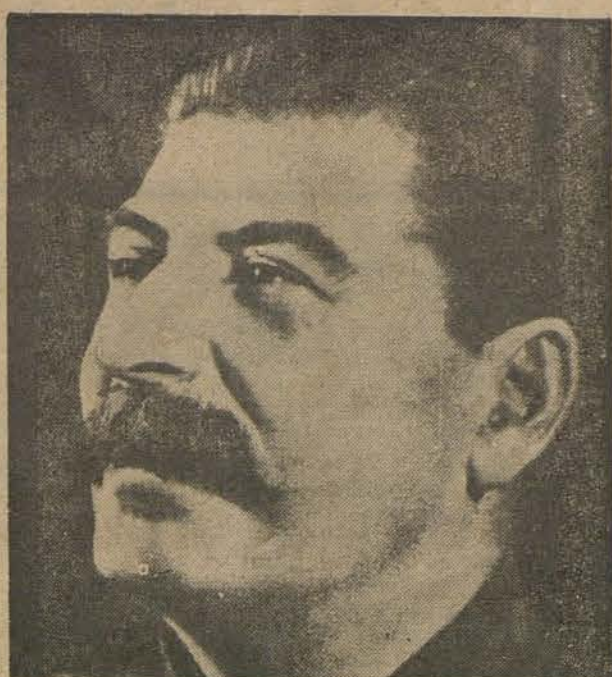
Within a few minutes I was withdrawn into the building and the door was locked. It was then that I learnt that Chamberlain had declared war twenty minutes before the sirens sounded.

After the tension of weeks of waiting the actual event seemed a flop.

One could only look ahead and try to encompass the long years of toil and suffering we must endure before this thing was ended.

Looking back on them now, they haven't been so very long.—B.M.

They laid the foundations of a new world. One is dead, but his work is his greatest memorial



The Great Alliance

WHEN the war of 1914-18 ended—at the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month—the victorious Allies declared an era of eternal peace, and then started to wrangle among themselves as to who had won the war.

Now after the greatest struggle which convulsed war-torn Europe, we have by the grace of God proved victorious again. But let the similarity end there.

Do not let this great triumph, which we have purchased with our blood and our toil, our tears and our sweat, be reduced to the sordid atmosphere of the auction room in which each winning nation presses its own bids as being the ones which really tipped the scale.

We won this war in Europe because Englishmen from London and the shires, Scots from Glasgow and the Highlands, confident, sturdy men from the mining districts of Wales, and Irishmen from every part of the Emerald Isle were willing to go to Egypt and Africa, to sweat by day in the desert and freeze at night, and to slog their way through Sicily and up the jack-boot of Italy.

They were strengthened and reinforced by comrades-in-arms from every Dominion and Colony of our mighty Empire, the measure of whose sacrifice can never be weighed.

We won this war in Europe because brave men from the 48 States sailed from America to fight and die with their British Allies in Africa, Italy and France.

From the great cities of New York, Chicago and San Francisco they came, in their millions to leap from the springboard of Britain into the cauldron of enslaved Europe.

We won this war in Europe because the mighty Russians, the bulk of whom do not even live in Europe, came from the vast steppes, the frozen plains and the great rivers, and gave up their way of life to roll like a remorseless steam-roller, into the heart of Germany itself.

We won this war in Europe because the French, refusing to admit defeat when it seemed as though even honour had been lost, rose again and helped to hurl the invader from their fair land.

We won this war in Europe because nations, great and small, produced men and women who were willing to sink their differences in rallying to the common cause of Liberty.

The battle of El Alamein—perhaps the first great turning point of the war—was won by soldiers of Britain and the Empire who could never have achieved their resounding victory without the weapons and supplies which came pouring from the factories of America and were delivered at the right place at the right time.

We could never have cleared Africa without the Allied Armada, escorted largely by ships of the Royal Navy, composed of British and American troops. And who can forget the way that France, short of every kind of equipment, rebuilt an Army from nothing.

The Americans bore the brunt of the fighting when the long-awaited "Second Front" cascaded into Normandy, but once more it was the Royal Navy which ensured that this mightiest of all invasions should arrive triumphantly, its losses reduced to an unbelievable minimum.

And on the frozen fields of Western Europe Britons and Americans fought and died, side by side, in the same way as the Fifth and Eighth Armies had fought and died, side by side, in the snowy mountains of Italy, so that the Four Freedoms might come to the darkened Continent.

Nor let it be forgotten that the war would still be going on were it not for the epic advances of the Russian Army this year.

No words can possibly pay sufficient tribute to the valour of the Soviet warriors.

Their armed forces, and the men, women and child-

ren who were classed as civilians but fought like heroes have all put the world in debt to them.

Yet the Russians themselves have been the first to state that they could not have brought off their matchless advance had it not been for the pressure exerted elsewhere by their Allies and without the mass of equipment which the workers of Britain slaved to produce for them.

Thus the story unfolds. British sailors, American airmen, Russian soldiers—together they have won the war in Europe.

It has been fought on three Continents—in Asiatic Russia, in Africa, and finally in Europe itself.

Civilians have had to endure the terror of death from the skies, and in many countries have found themselves actually in the front line. It has been a pageant of whole-hearted co-operation.

Yet, though the war in Europe is won, we shall have lost—and worse, we shall have broken faith with those who made the supreme sacrifice—if we let it rest at that.

First, there is the war against Japan to prosecute with remorselessness and speed so that peace may return to the uttermost parts of the world. And in that struggle we join with the patient, brave Chinese who have already been fighting the Japanese for over seven years. But even when Japanese Fascism remains only

as a foul memory of deceit, treachery and bestial cruelty, our task as Allies will be by no means completed.

For the men of the five Continents who have battled in harness together, so that the world may be a fairer place for their sons, would have battled in vain if they were not to strive together to win the peace as valiantly as they strove and won the war.

Dissensions and difficulties there are bound to be. Each nation has its own customs and traits which, at first, appear strange to its neighbour.

But deep down, like an undying fire, is the belief in the eternal justices. The right of every man to have free speech, to be free to worship where and how he will; to be free from want; to be free from fear—of other wars or of lack of reasonable security.

For those things we fought, and because we believed in those things, we conquered.

Let us now, united in peace as in war, crusade so that those things shall endure and not perish from off the face of the earth, but flourish in the good years which we can fashion in the future.

No one of the Allies could have won the war in Europe alone, as we did together. No one nation can win the Peace. But the Great Alliance, if it remains steadfast, cannot lose it.

PETER WILSON.

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME



REMEMBRANCE

This long, hard path to victory is lined with the wooden crosses which mark the graves of our comrades who did not live to see their goal attained.

They are of all colours, all races, all creeds.

To-day, when our hearts flow over with pride and gladness, let us find some moment in which we may remember them.

They marched with us, they fought by our sides, they are dead while we live on.

What are the Two Types saying? You tell us. The writer of the best remark gets the original of this cartoon. Send your entry to JON, HQ, British Army Newspaper Unit, CMF, and mark the envelope "CAPTION." Don't forget to give your number, rank, name and unit address.

"A TRULY GALLANT ARMY"

- WINSTON CHURCHILL

PRAISE . . .

From our own leaders

FROM FIELD-MARSHAL ALEXANDER:

After nearly two years of hard and continuous fighting which started in Sicily in the summer of 1943, you stand today as the victors of the Italian campaign.

You have won a victory which has ended in the complete and utter rout of the German armed forces in the Mediterranean. By clearing Italy of the last Nazi aggressor, you have liberated a country of over 40,000,000 people.

Today the remnants of a once-proud army have laid down their arms to you—close on a million men with all their arms, equipment and impedimenta.

You may well be proud of this great and victorious campaign which will long live in history as one of the greatest and most successful ever waged.

No praise is high enough for you sailors, soldiers, airmen and workers of the United Forces in Italy for your magnificent triumph.

My gratitude to you and my admiration is unbounded and only equalled by the pride which is mine in being your Commander-in-Chief.

FROM LT. GEN. J. P. MACNARNEY:

This hour is the glorious climax of one of the greatest triumphs in the long hard-fought war in Africa and in Europe. Your part will live always in the hearts and minds of our peoples.

The attack against the enemy's so-called "inner fortress" began in the Mediterranean. You have come from Alamein and from Casablanca to the Alps. After the successes in North Africa, you smashed the enemy in Tunisia.

You drove him from Sicily. You invaded Italy and, despite ferocious resistance and incredibly difficult terrain and weather, you drove him back, always back.

You have destroyed the best troops he possessed. At this moment of surrender, he is against the Alps helpless, under your blows, any longer to defend himself.

The victory is yours—you of the land, sea and air forces of many nationalities who have fought here as a single combat team. The surrender today is to you.

Now, with final and over-all victory in sight, let us go forward until the last foe, Japan, is crushed. Then, and not until then, will freedom-loving men and women be able to enjoy lasting peace.

FROM GENERAL MARK CLARK:

With a full and grateful heart I hail and congratulate you in this hour of complete victory over the German enemy, and join with you in thanks to Almighty God.

Yours has been a long, hard fight—the longest in the war of any Allied troops fighting on the Continent of Europe. You men of the Fifth and Eighth Armies have brought that fight to a successful conclusion by your recent brilliant offensive operations which shattered the German forces opposing you.

Their surrender was the inevitable course left to them, they had nothing more to fight with in Italy.

You have demonstrated something new and remarkable in the annals of organized warfare. You have shown that a huge fighting force, composed of units from many countries, with diverse languages and customs, inspired, as you have always been, with a devotion to the cause of freedom, can become an effective and harmonious fighting team.

This teamwork, which has carried us to victory, has included in full measure the supporting arms which have worked with us throughout the campaign.

The services that have supplied us have overcome unbelievable obstacles and have kept us constantly armed, equipped and fed. The magnificent support which we have always had from the Allied air and naval forces in this theatre has written a new page in the history of cooperative combat action.

Our exultation in this moment is blended with sorrow as we pay tribute to the heroic Allied soldiers who have fallen in battle in order that this victory might be achieved. The entire world will forever honour their memory.



"In addition to the British and Indians, we had Poles who fought with the greatest loyalty."



"There has been a great force from the United States, second only in numbers to our own."



"A Negro division of United States troops, which has also distinguished itself."



"Japanese of American birth who entered Turin."



"Here in Field-Marshal Sir Harold Alexander's own words are the highlights of

OUR OWN GREAT CAMPAIGN

"I HAVE a nice, sneaking feeling that when the history of this comes to be written, the Italian campaign will be judged as one of the most brilliant and successful fought in this war, and bearing comparison with any others fought in this country."

"Luck plays a great part in these matters, and up to date I have been lucky."

The words are those of Field-Marshal Alexander; the time, last November.

Here are some of the highlights of the Italian campaign recalled in the Field-Marshal's own words.

The long-term plan

"I must ask you to carry your minds back as far as April and May, 1943, when we were still fighting the battle of Tunisia."

"Even then, in the midst of that struggle to free the North African coast, we were planning the invasion of Sicily."

"The invasion of Sicily was not to be an end in itself, but a stepping stone towards bigger things—namely, to put Italy out of the war, and the Germans out of Italy."

Italy invaded

"In August the Eighth Army landed on the toe of Italy and as I expected drew down some three or four divisions against it. On September 10 the American Fifth Army, consisting of one British corps and one American corps, landed against one German division at Salerno and established its bridgehead."

"Immediately the Germans reacted by withdrawing all but one division from the Eighth Army front and throwing all they had against the Fifth Army at Salerno."

"The situation for a time was critical, but this is where the double-handed punch came in. I ordered the Eighth Army, who now had little opposition, to advance with all speed to Potenza, to come in behind the Germans attacking our landing at Salerno."

"I also produced a third punch by landing the British Para-

chute Division in destroyers at Taranto.

"You know the results. The enemy fell back to cover his lines of communication to the north and we advanced to seize two vitally important objectives, the port of Naples in the west and the Foggia airfields in the east, as well as the ports of Bari, Brindisi and Taranto in the heel of Italy."

Fall of Rome and the Second Front

"The aim of the 1944 summer campaign was twofold:

- A. To destroy as much of the enemy forces as possible;
- B. To produce a first class victory over the Germans just before the Second Front was launched."

"Very careful calculation with regard to timings had to be made for this. Rome must be taken a few days before the Western invasion."

"The plan was to group the whole of the Eighth Army opposite the Liri Valley unbeknown to the enemy: To make the enemy fear a break-out from Anzio. By a sudden surprise attack to break through the winter line and draw off strength from the Anzio bridgehead, so that they in turn could break out."

"If successful this pincer movement would destroy the German right wing and, of course, Rome would fall automatically into the bag."

"Well, you know the result."

Running it fine

"I do not wish to blow my own trumpet: Luck plays a great part in these matters—and up to date I have been lucky."

"Rome fell on June 4, 48 hours before the Western invasion was launched. We made a slight miscalculation there; it was running it a bit fine, but it worked out all right, because as you will remember the Second Front was postponed 24 hours owing to bad weather—luck again."



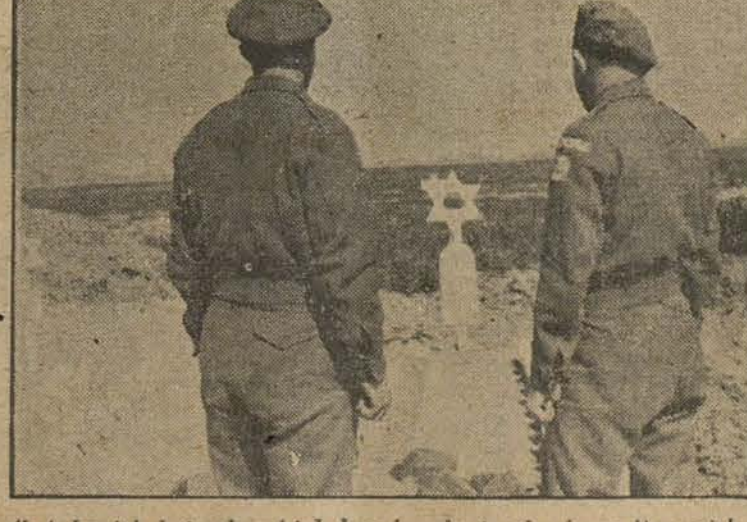
"New Zealanders who have marched all the way from the beginning right up to the very spearhead of the advance."



"A South African armoured division very forward in the fray."



"Brazilian forces which have made very steady advances."



"A Jewish brigade which has fought in the front line with courage."

PRAISE . . .

From our statesmen

FROM MR. CHURCHILL:

This army in Italy, American and British, commanded by our trusted General (Field-Marshal Alexander) and having under him General Mark Clark, who is an efficient and daring American soldier, has had a marvellous record since it first landed in the peninsula—the landing at Salerno and the tremendous fighting at Anzio when we tried a turning movement to Rome.

Driving the enemy northwards has placed an enormous effort upon our troops and has been attended by very heavy losses in stubborn fighting.

What has made it particularly difficult and depressing to this army are the tremendous inroads that have been made on it in order to help forward operations elsewhere . . .

Moreover, this force was of so many different nations that only some personality of commanding qualities could have held them all and woven them together.

Look over the whole list of these men who fought. Taking our own contribution first, which was the largest—British and British-Indian divisions of the highest quality.

In addition to British and Indian divisions, we had Poles who have fought with the greatest loyalty, New Zealanders who have marched all the way from the beginning right up to the very spearhead of the advance, and a South African armoured division very forward in the fray.

There has been a great force from the United States, second only in numbers to our own.

There have been Brazilian forces which have made very steady advances, a Negro division of United States troops, which has also distinguished itself, a Jewish brigade which we formed and which has fought in the front line with courage, Japanese of American birth who entered Turin, and finally the free Italians who have played their part in clearing their country from the German-Fascist yoke.

All these forces, weakened as they had been, were not discouraged.

Divided as they were by racial differences, they were united and resolved upon their purpose, and now their reward is come and I am very glad it has come at a time when it can be singled out and stands out as bringing to a conclusion the work of as gallant an army as ever marched and brings to the pitch of fame and military reputation a commander who had always, I may say, enjoyed the fullest confidence of the House of Commons.

FROM PRESIDENT TRUMAN:

On the occasion of the final brilliant victory of the Allied armies in Italy in imposing unconditional surrender upon the enemy, I wish to convey to the American forces under your command and to you personally, the appreciation and gratitude of the President and people of the United States. No praise is adequate for the heroic achievements and magnificent courage of every individual under your command during this long and trying campaign. America is proud of the essential contribution made by your American armies to the final Allied victory in Italy. Our thanks for your gallant leadership and the deathless valour of your men.



FIVE-AND-A-HALF years! Five-and-a-half years to redeem the follies of the men who misgoverned us in the years before the war. Five-and-a-half years, in which time we have been on the brink of disaster and have looked into the chaotic flames of that Commonwealth of Nations, that sense of justice and that freedom of the individual laboriously built up by our forefathers through the centuries, which were so nearly destroyed.

Five-and-a-half years, in which we saw the whole fabric of our defences crumble, so that we stood alone and seemingly almost defenceless against the armed might of the greatest army the world had then seen.

A BEACON

Five-and-a-half years, in which we toiled and fought and put forth our most desperate energies until at last the tide turned.

FIVE-AND-A-HALF YEARS—TO WRITE A CHAPTER IN THE PAGES OF HISTORY THAT WILL STAND AS A BEACON FOR THE GREATNESS OF OUR PEOPLE LONG AFTER WE, WHO HAVE SURVIVED, ARE DEAD.

In the beginning, the story of these five-and-a-half years does not make pretty reading.

We were a travesty of a nation at war. It was the curtain to 10 years of wishful thinking symbolised by such songs as *We'll Hang Out Our Washing on the Siegfried Line* and *Run, Rabbit, Run*.

We had found a new way to make war—war without casualties. That, at any rate, was what we were told. We had nearly a million unemployed. It was indeed a "phony" war. It is a thing to shudder at, looking back at it over the rivers of blood that have been spilled across the face of Europe in the intervening years.

The day of reckoning dawned on April 9, 1940, when the Wehrmacht started its Spring offensive with an attack on Denmark and Norway.

On May 10, Winston Churchill took over the direction of the affairs of State.

It was the eve of Dunkirk.

On May 10, the Wehrmacht marched into Holland. Far faster than in 1914, Hitler's mechanised divisions thundered through Belgium. Rotterdam was shattered from the air. Brussels was taken. Rundstedt's armour rolled forward through the Sedan Gap, and, by May 20, the British Expeditionary Force, under its Commander, Lord Gort, was isolated and the evacuation from the beaches of Dunkirk began.

By the grace of God and the courage of thousands of men in small boats most of the British Expeditionary Force got back. But their arms were left in France.

DESPERATE

NEVER WAS THE SITUATION IN BRITAIN MORE DESPERATE. ALL THAT STOOD BETWEEN US AND UTTER DEFEAT WAS A 20-MILE STRETCH OF WATER, THE ROYAL NAVY AND A HANDFUL OF MEN IN R.A.F. BLUE

It was not until a year later, when Lord Gort's dispatches were

published, that the utter futility of our effort in France was fully realised.

In October, 1938, Sir Thomas Inskip, Minister for the Co-ordination of Defence, and now Lord Caldecote, had said:

"There is in almost everything—I think I may say everything—a stream which might fairly be called a flood of these armaments and equipment which we need to complete our defences."

This was but one of many speeches made by various members of the Chamberlain Government in the pre-war rearmament period designed to lull the country into a belief that an all-out war effort was being made.

Yet Lord Gort, in his dispatches, shows that in May, 1940, there was not only a shortage of guns, but anti-tank units were without the armour-piercing shells necessary to make them even moderately effective against the tanks that Hitler was going to throw against our forces.

When Hitler struck, he struck with upwards of 5,000 tanks, many of them of the heavy variety. What did we have after three years of rearmament? Apart from light tanks, we had just over two dozen tanks of a calibre capable of giving battle to the enemy.

And that was how we went to war in the days before Dunkirk.

I met the men of two squadrons that came into Croydon at that desperate time. One was an Army co-operation squadron. These boys had been bombed and shelled and driven from airstrip to airstrip back from Belgium into the heart of France. From their machines they had seen the might of the Wehrmacht rolling up the ill-equipped French and British forces. And they came back with a desperate picture imprinted indelibly on their minds. They said we'd had it. They said we could never hope to oppose the shattering forces that Germany was throwing into the battle.

UNDISMAYED

The other squadron came in only a few hours later. It was a Hurricane squadron. Those boys were like a dose of health salts to all of us. They were undismayed. More, they were literally cock-a-hoop. I forget the figures now, but they had downed something like 77 German aircraft for the loss of 11 of their own. They said the Jerries were like sitting birds. They said, in fact, give us planes—plenty of planes—and we'll knock the Luftwaffe out of the sky.

I shall always remember that squadron—they were a breath of hope in a world of despair.

Two phrases from the lips of the new Prime Minister marked the turning of this page of history. They were a clarion call to our people, a gauntlet thrown defiantly in the face of our enemies.

They were:

"I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat."

And: "We shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills; we shall never surrender."

Withdrawn behind our island defences, our Empire threatened, Wavell guarding the road to India

with a handful against Graziani's huge forces, and our Navy deployed for the defence of our country's lifelines, the people girded up their loins for the long, dark struggle ahead.

The workers and the managements of our factories worked with desperate haste to fulfil the demands that poured in upon them from the War Office, from the Air Ministry and from the Admiralty.

The soldiers trained for the day when they would receive the new equipment that was being manu-

factured, and at the same time stood guard upon our naked beaches with what arms they had.

Those were the days when, we manufactured Molotov cock-tails and rumours ran riot of large numbers of German bodies washed up on our coast and massed invasion fleets turned back or utterly destroyed.

Then came the blitz. And the boys who flew those same Hurricanes that came back from France and the new Spitfires decisively defeated the much-vaunted Luftwaffe.

Those were the days when you could see a whole aerodrome defended by no more than a couple of dummy Lewis guns—when pilots went up the same day they had been shot down, in planes that had been flown in, untested, straight from the factories, or took their kites riddled with bullets and practically un-airworthy, up again and again to give battle to the enemy in defence of their country.

The Battle of Britain was the sublime test that proved the country to be something greater than it had seemed to the world for over 10 years. In the fire of 1940 we tempered the steel of our resolve to return to the beaches of Dunkirk and liberate our friends.

shot down, in planes that had been flown in, untested, straight from the factories, or took their kites riddled with bullets and practically un-airworthy, up again and again to give battle to the enemy in defence of their country.

FLOOD OF ARMS

FOUR YEARS OF WEARY, DEADLY AND OFTEN MONOTONOUS WORK FOLLOWED. FROM OUR FACTORIES MORE THAN 100,000

TANKS AND ARMoured CARS AND MORE THAN THAT NUMBER OF PLANES, NEARLY 1,500,000 UN-ARMoured VEHICLES AND A VAST QUANTITY OF ARMS AND EQUIPMENT OF ALL KINDS WAS FLUNG INTO THE MAW OF THE WAR MACHINE. AND DESPITE OUR OWN NEEDS, RUSSIA, WHEN HER NEED WAS GREATEST, GOT SOME 5,000 TANKS AND MORE THAN 7,000 AIRCRAFT.

As our equipment grew, swelling with the ever-growing flood of arms poured out to us from America's factories, the resolve that we had taken in the dark hour after Dunkirk took shape and form. From the defensive we went over to the offensive.

At great cost we learned in 1942, at Dieppe, about the difficulties of invading France.

STRIKING FORCE

It was the first of a long series of amphibious operations—the only one to prove unsuccessful. There was North Africa, and then Sicily, Italy, Salerno and Anzio—Corsica, Elba—northern France and southern France.

What Germany achieved in the years 1936-40, she achieved by rolling forward huge land forces under a cover of complete air domination, rolling them forward from a central point.

What we did between 1940 and 1944, we did by moulding our sea, air and land forces into a perfectly balanced striking force.

For four years the Germans have been retreating from territory they had won at little cost.

For four years we and our Allies have been attacking and have thrust them out of one defensive line after another.

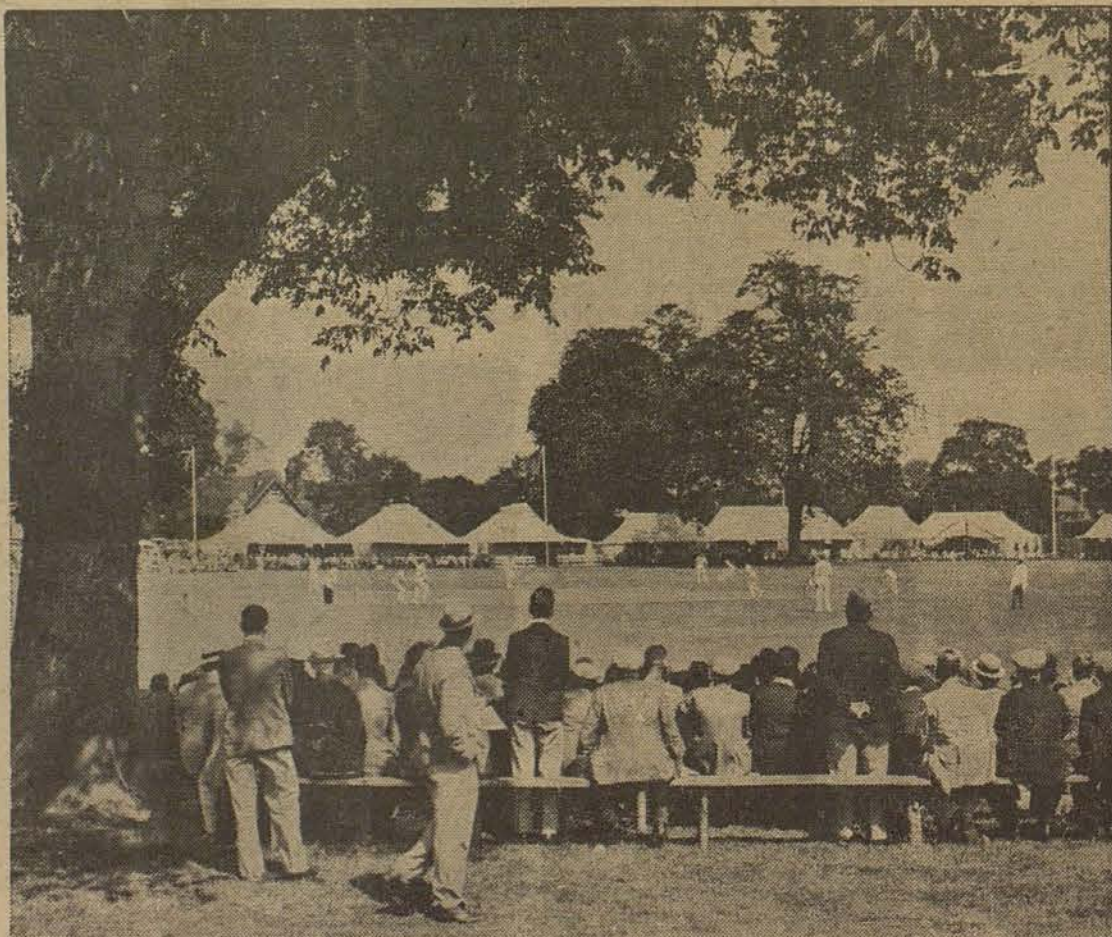
At least we can say that we have kept faith and that we have achieved all that we set out to achieve.

THE STORY OF BRITAIN AT WAR

by
Hammond Innes

THE PEOPLE—NOT CONTENT ONLY TO WORK LONG, DEADLY HOURS ON THE PRODUCTION OF ALL THOSE THINGS THAT WERE SO DESPERATELY NEEDED—FLOCKED TO JOIN THE LOCAL DEFENCE VOLUNTEERS, UNITS OF WHICH WERE BEING FORMED ALL OVER THE COUNTRY AS THEY HAD BEEN IN THOSE FAR-DISTANT DAYS WHEN THE ARMADA SAILED UP THE CHANNEL AND WHEN NAPOLEON THREATENED INVASION.

America, sensing the desperate urgency of the hour, collected to-



"HEARTS AT PEACE, UNDER AN ENGLISH HEAVEN"

SO WHAT — NEXT?

NATIONS, WELDED TOGETHER BY COMMON NEED AND COMMON FAITH, BY THE COURAGE THAT IS BORN OF LOVE OF LIBERTY, HAVE ONCE AGAIN DEFEATED AN ATTEMPT AT WORLD DOMINATION.

The night of Nazi terror is ended and a new day dawns for the peoples of the world—at least, so we are told.

Japan has still to be defeated. We still have a war on our hands. But future historians will probably recognise the end of the war in Europe as the beginning of the time of Great Opportunity.

What will be made of it? I wish I knew. I wish I knew how determined we are all going to be in our insistence on a decent world.

It won't be easy. The great temptation will be to say, "I've done my bit. Now let the Government get on with it."

If that is the attitude of many people we might as well start digging now for World War Three

* * *

AND yet the tasks are enormous. First of all, the peace terms and the reconciling of differences that must exist even between friends. Then the rehabilitation of Europe, the return of the countless millions taken from their

homes as slave labour for German factories, the provision of food, the rebuilding, the balancing of financial debits and credits. The Allied nations must help Europe in all these things, or else deny the responsibilities of to-day's victory and turn it into to-morrow's defeat.

Parallel with these will be the foundation of a new international security organisation to replace the miserable failure that was the League of Nations. Here it will have to be decided how much sovereignty the nations are willing to cede to international authority. I hope the answer will not be too little.

What does that mean to the returning Serviceman? It means that the transformation from war to peace conditions, as we have known them, will take longer than many might have expected.

It means that food and clothing rationing will remain for some time, that direct taxation must still be high, that indirect taxation will be such as to keep up the prices of things like beer and cigarettes. In short, sacrifices will still be needed.

As big as these, will be the problem of building our new Britain.

We know that the Serviceman and the factory worker want a comprehensive State system of Social Security, that they want work and food and decent homes with a reasonable prospect of these things enduring.

They can and must be provided. There will be people to say that we can no longer afford to spend large sums on social services. I say we cannot afford not to.

* * *

I FIRMLY believe that the political apathy that blanketed the years between the wars had its roots in the disillusion which followed 1918.

The promises of the last war

—the Land fit for Heroes to Live in—were soon nothing but a bitter joke, partly because too many people were too busy enjoying the boom that disgraced our return to peace.

Let the same thing happen this time, invite the same disillusion, and I am convinced we shall see an era of such self-interest as will kill the possibility of any kind of lasting peace and undermine the entire economic structure of our country.

Unless the laws of the jungle are to prevail, we must have faith in the future of ourselves, our country, our world. That faith was badly cracked in the miserable pre-war days of political pretence. It has fused again in the fires of disaster and eventual triumph, but it must not be assailed once more by the shattering blows of promises forgotten.

We must not allow ourselves the attitude of mind that says somebody has promised us something—Where is it?

We have promised ourselves these things. You have promised the man who marched beside you through the length of Italy. The people back home, your wives, your families, have thought of you as fighting for a better world. You may not have said a word, but your very silence was a promise.

The insistent voice of people who fought and worked and suffered through five weary years must be loud and clear.

We have invited ourselves to share in a decent future. We are the hosts as well as the guests.

Responsibilities remain. Japan has still to be beaten. Germany must be occupied. We must always be prepared to fulfil our obligations under international authority. These must be done. Social security will be useless if the bombs begin to fall again.

* * *

THE next ten years can, if we try, see the building of a peace and a way of life that will, at least, stand a chance of being permanent.

**DON'T
PULL
DOWN
THE
NAAFI**

**You'll
need it**

tomorrow

Kamerad!



By William Philpin

I'M NOT GOING MAFFICKING

THAT is one thing I know for certain. To-night I shall not go mafficking.

It is not a priggish decision. For me it will be a quiet night of talk, a night of memories.

I remember a conversation. Three soldiers told me of the time they were resting behind an out-jutting rock on the ruined road to Cassino and Rome. They were talking, as we all talked, of the end of the war.

I suppose they'll just go crazy again, said one. More bashing in of policemen's helmets, and girls going wild, and just a few people very sad and just a bit ashamed.

The same as Mafeking, he said, and he quoted: "Mother, may I go out and maffik; tear about and stop the traffic?"

The second bloke said that a deep sleep would be his first luxury, and if he went mafficking at all, it would be a sort of delayed-action mafficking. "The real mafficking will begin when we get back," said the third, "and it won't be policemen's helmets we'll be thinking about, either."

Celebrations will begin when we're back, but not mafficking. This overwhelming news of to-day is for most of us, I rather think, the beginning of long, deep thoughts, excursions into the period between the two wars, speculation on the future of England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland, and if I go in for a little quiet drinking with the boys in the course of this speculation, call it quiet drinking, but don't call it mafficking.

PLEASANT LAND

JUST now I'll tell you what I'm thinking of. I'm certainly thinking of our own green and

pleasant land freed from flying bombs and rockets and sirens and black-out. I can see thousands of fathers and mothers and wives and sweethearts breaking down into the relief of tears that the danger is over in Europe.

A bloke has just said to me: "I'll wager everyone in Wales is writing a letter at this very moment to the lads out here. Tell him we can hardly write for thinking of him, the old mother will say, and the men will go down to the pub when they've finished writing, and talk it all over long after closing time."

And all over Europe they'll be turning on the lights again, said someone.

A FLASHBACK

We were quiet for a bit, and I don't know what we were all thinking of, because to-day people haven't been as talkative as you might have expected, but I know a picture flashed into my mind of a crocodile of 300 children getting off from school to the station with teachers like NCOs with them. Each child had an outside luggage label in its buttonhole; all were on their way to safe areas, and this was on the 1st or 2nd of September, '39.

I was thinking of the general stike and the long lock-out of the miners, the long hunger march from Jarrow, and the first crushing of Vienna and Spain.

All those things, from the first day to the last, it is impossible to forget, from Dunkirk to Crete, from Tobruk to El Alamein, from the Medjerda and Longstop to

Sicily and Italy, the Volturno, the Garigliano, the Terno, from Anzio to Rome, and so to the great landings in France.

FORWARD LOOKING

M AFFICKING is backward-looking, a spree that pretends the past will come again, and I do not want the past to come again, for these men I knew did not die for the past to come again. The hop fields of Kent will be whole again, and the vineyards of Cassino fruitful again, and that is a past I want again.

Coventry and Plymouth, London and Bristol and Hull and all the rest will be built again, and that is a past I want. Lublin and Warsaw, Kiev and Stalingrad, Lidice and Amsterdam, Bizerta and Cassino, Cologne and Hamburg will rise again, and that is a past I want, and mafficking will not be in my mind until all the waste lands are green again. It will not be in my mind until all the wasted years between the two wars are cured of the ills that made men die without living to the full.

Certainly it will not be in my mind until the Japanese war is won. I remember as much as anything an American who was going home after North Africa and Italy. I expect after a month's leave I'm for the Japs, he said, and the expression on his face was certainly no Jap's business.

Bernard

Brett

THE EYES OF THE WORLD TURN NOW TO THE PACIFIC

THE other half of the one war has still to be won.

Perhaps it has had less attention than it deserves, amid all the excitement of recent weeks over events nearer home.

But there has never been any real excuse for forgetting that this is part of the same war.

For one thing, throughout the years when there were still two major enemies in the field, the Allies were constantly faced with one problem which influenced all their decisions.

The ever-recurring question was, how could they best dispose their forces between East and West?

Britain and the United States have been fully committed to this double campaign ever since December 7, 1941.

There was never any doubt about Britain's position in the Far Eastern war, for the British Commonwealth had suffered the most heavily of all by Japanese aggression.

Britain, with another enemy just across the Channel, had to save herself first.

And both the great Western Allies needed time to rebuild their shattered naval strength. But Japan had to be stopped somehow.

* * *

It became a question of deciding priorities at every stage of the war effort, from shipbuilding to infantry training.

The needs of the two theatres were vastly different, yet they both made the same sort of claim upon manpower—in the Forces and in the factories—and upon shipping.

At one time it was said, and accepted, that Germany must come first, and that we could not hope to bring anything like full pressure against Japan until the victory in Europe had been won.

But in the past year or so that situation has radically changed so that now, in the hour of Germany's defeat, we have already gone some way along the road to Tokyo.

Two things have made this change possible—the Allies' vast combined war production, and the release of naval and merchant shipping from other tasks in Western waters.

With the Mediterranean freed, the Allies had a shorter route to India and the Far East, and their leaders were able to modify their plans accordingly.

As the battle went on in Europe they made other changes, trying always to build up strength in the Far East without weakening their forces in Europe.

All the time shipping was the critical problem, because of the vast distances to be covered in bringing the war to the other enemy, Japan.

* * *

Distance has dominated the Far Eastern war from the start. The theatre of operations is inconceivably vast, even in comparison with the Russian battlefields of the past four years.

It is also remote from Allied centres of production, and most of the outposts which had served as Allied bases were lost in the first flood-tide of Japanese conquest.

In turning from West to East, then, we shall need to think in very different terms.

There are two main campaigns to consider—the battle of the Pacific islands and the battle on the mainland of Southeast Asia, embracing operations in Burma and China.

It is more than possible that the two campaigns may be made one by the Americans striking out from the Philippines to the China coast, making China the base for the final assault in Japan.

The whole Far Eastern war is, in fact, a gigantic pincer movement, starting from India and Australia, and based upon combinations of sea, air and land power which are different from any we have seen in the west.

* * *

Combined sea and air power gave Japan her swift success in the Pacific, and by the same instrument her conquests are being steadily wrested from her.

The beginning of Japan's failure dates from the time, nearly three years ago, when her advance was



halted on the doorstep of Australia.

She settled down to exploit her conquests, rich as they were in the raw materials needed for her war machine.

But she could not prevent the Allies from building up their strength in Australia, for her submarine campaign against the Allies' long supply lines had remarkably little success.

There is no doubt that Japan's greatest mistake was in underestimating the productive capacity of the Allies arrayed against her.

The United States fleet, crippled at Pearl Harbour, was able to make good its losses with remarkable speed and then to multiply its strength many times.

By the end of last year, the Americans alone had 100 aircraft carriers in Far Eastern waters; Britain had two fleets there, and aircraft were being produced in great quantities in Australia as well as in the United States.

* * *

Restored command of the air and the sea has enabled the Allies to cover more than half the ocean road to Tokyo. They have done this not by the laborious process of island hopping, but by neutralising enemy bases and then striking

ahead to make new bases, if need be, somewhere else.

That is another aspect of Allied resource which has surprised the Japanese.

This is an engineer's war, and nowhere has it been better demonstrated than in the construction of airfields on the Pacific islands.

The war draws nearer to Japan's home waters, yet the main Japanese Fleet still contrives to evade a full-scale battle.

Britain alone has furnished a fleet capable of taking on Japan's fleet single-handed, and against the combined Allied naval strength, the enemy is hopelessly outnumbered.

Preservation of "a fleet in being" has become the only naval policy for Japan.

But it means that Japan can make no serious effort to protect the supply lines between the home islands and the East Indies, now dominated by the Americans' hold on the Philippines.

And so Japan risks losing much of the motive power of her war machine—oil, rubber and metals from the conquered territories.

* * *

Nevertheless, it is to the mainland of Asia that we must look

for decisive factors in judging Japan's strength.

She cannot overtake the Allies in naval or air power.

But the strength of her land forces has not yet been appreciably reduced, and her war economy draws heavily upon the occupied territories nearest home—China and Manchuria.

It has taken the Allies three years to win back a land route into Free China, and the main strength of the Japanese armies there has still to be engaged.

American air bases in Southwest China have had to be given up in face of the Japanese drive to establish a land route for themselves into Indo-China, and this same drive threatens China's lifeline afresh.

China's armies need weapons and training if they are to meet the enemy on anything like equal terms.

China as a whole needs material aid of every kind to make good the ravages of seven years' war.

But most of all, China needs unity.

There is a political problem here no less urgent than those of the Western World.

The armies of Chiang Kai-Shek and the Communist armies of the North need to combine their

efforts with those of their Western Allies to throw the invader out.

* * *

There can be no sort of doubt about Japan's ultimate defeat, or about the Allies' determination that it shall be as complete and final as that inflicted on Germany. The question now is—when, and how?

Economic resources, manpower and the will to fight, make up the strength of a nation at war.

If we were to rely on a war of attrition, Japan might be able to hold out for a long time, in spite of what she has lost, for her manpower situation is not yet critical and there is no sign of her people's fanaticism being broken.

She will no doubt try to play the waiting, wearing game, seeking to drive the Allies into disunity or disillusionment.

The answer will be to carry the war to the enemy with ever-increasing vigour until the job is finished.

That we are pledged to do in concert with the British Dominions and our great Allies, the United States and China.

And the greater the strength we are able to bring to the task, the sooner will the world be rid of the other enemy to its peace and security.