DELIVERED BY DONKEY POST are the letters and parcels sent to men of a heavy bombardment group of the 15th U.S.A.A.F. in Italy. Commanded by Lt.-Gen. Nathan Twining, who is responsible for strategic bombing operations, the 15th U.S.A.A.F. is one of the units of the Mediterranean Allied Air Force, whose formation, replacing the Mediterranean Air Command and the N.W. African Air Forces, was announced on Jan. 27, 1944, by Gen. Sir H. Maitland Wilson, Supreme Commander in the Mediterranean.
New War-Angles Seen by Our Roving Camera

**N.F.S. MOTOR CYCLE SECTION** (above) is part of one of the Overseas Columns which will support the Army Fire Services when the Western assault commences; all the men are voluntary, and must be over 19 and not 31 by the end of 1946. The stock motorises of (left), part of an exhibition held in the heart of London by The Daily Telegraph, with the help of the Red Cross and St. John War Organisation. Thousands learned from it how Allied prisoners really live whilst behind the enemy’s barbed wire.

**RE-FABRICATED CONCRETE BARGES** to help the transport of our vital war supplies are being mass-produced at a British shipyard, as shown above. The barges are 84 ft long, with a deck-width of 22 ft 6 ins. and their dead-weight capacity is 200 tons. There are 174 free-cast concrete units in each barge assembly, and construction is quite simple.

**DRILLING FOR COAL** in the Welsh mountains is the entire from the Philippines (above), whose home island; the Japanese at present occupy. It is one of many regions where coal is being worked. This picture shows some of the various parts of the world; working for the Government on behalf of a Canadian drilling company, they are making a grand contribution to the war effort.

**FLY-SWATTERING** the mechanical way is now the method of dealing with insect pests which rob our country of food. Above, a ‘pomp’ (left) equipped with a multi-spray 40 air-pump, throwing a liquid which is toxic death to the pests. It is driven through an orchard, doing the work of many men using the old bucket and sprayer, and in half the time.

Photo: Imperial Photo, RAF, Keppel, Bassett
THE BATTLE FRONTS


The offensive which opened in Italy on the night of May 11-12 had obviously a different object from that of previous operations there. It was generally believed that the landing at Salerno was undertaken with a view to a rapid advance up the peninsula in order to secure air bases from which Central and Eastern Germany could be attacked. The German forces in Italy were at the time not strong and it was probably assumed that they would be used to defend the Po plains and the Alpine passes, leaving it mainly to the troops that had evacuated Sicily to delay our advance.

If that was the original German intention, we have now achieved a rapid exploitation of the Salerno landing by the difficulties we encountered in winter weather, clearly induced them to reinforce their Southern forces. Yet they still remained on the west, formed a large part of their army in the north—probably, to consider the possibility of an attack from the east might undertake a landing in rear of their Southern group. By that time it had become evident that our advance up the peninsula would prove more difficult than was expected, and the Anzio landing would have to be undertaken with the more limited objective of manoeuvring the Germans out of their positions opposite the 5th and 8th Armies and creating the possibility for an advance on Rome, which became the immediate objective.

It doubt if it was expected that the Germans would move practically the whole of their army in Italy to the South to counter the Anzio landing, and only an early capture of the Anzio beachhead by the comparatively small reserve force in the Rome area appears to have been anticipated. When, however, the German defence changed, the whole of their army in the Southern area not only to reinforce their front opposite the 5th and 8th Armies, but also to mount a formidable defensive counter-attack against the Anzio beach-head, the whole aspect of the situation had changed.

The Anzio beach-head after some an operations of great intensity, but had lost much of its original meaning. It had failed to manoeuvre the Germans out of their main defences, and with the Anzio force deprived temporarily of offensive power, the project for capturing Rome had little chance of quick success.

One must admit that the original plans of the Allied had been successfully countered, but that it may be questioned whether in doing so the Germans have not been carried into an attempt to fight on as a defensive position. They are apparently not strong enough to take the offensive, but are committed to fighting defensively with long lines of communications, vulnerable to air attack, in their rear, and with indiff erent lateral communications between them. An army on the defensive has always the possibility of having to withdraw, and plenty of room for retreat is normally an advantage; but space offers few advantages within it is restricted. It may be a disadvantage, increasing the difficulty of attacking and supplying the defence if it stands and making a rapid withdrawal difficult and costly.

Should a withdrawal become necessary it would probably have to be conducted as a slow retreat involving frequent and heavy rearguard actions. This would seem to be the position the German are in now, and the Allied offensive makes it difficult for them to extricate themselves from it. They have elected to stand up, and, General Alexander's object is evidently to destroy them where they stand or force them into a difficult fighting retreat. The capture of Rome has, for the time being at least, ceased to be a military objective.

The Germans have on many occasions their reserves in the north for a resumption of the counter offensive in greater force. Possibly, unceasing uncertainty about the Italian front and to the base at the time they found fewer troops, would lead them to the reason why they fell back on the defensive. In the circumstances a defensive may have been justified, since it could be successfully carried out by a comparatively small force. The Anzio landing, however, forced Von Kesselring's hand. He had either to retire or employ practically the whole of his army. One certainly cannot quarrell with his decision to take the latter course so long as he used it offensively in his attempt to destroy the Anzio force. When that attempt failed, and when the developments of the war elsewhere made it clear that he could expect no reinforcements which would enable him to renew his offensive in greater strength, it became more than questionable whether he was right in committing practically the whole of his forces to a defensive so far south. It must have been realized that the approach of summer would be an approach of the defensive. The development of the general air war, it has been suggested that the drain on German resources in men and material should be reduced more quickly in Italy; and that, it would seem, could be achieved by delaying action rather than by accepting decisive battle. If this is yielded, it is the retaining of ground of no great strategic importance, in the widest sense the German may well have to exceed, and the situation when they would ill be spared.

It seems probable that the best Von Kesselring can now hope for is that he should be able to stage a some cut back a delayed and difficult retreat and disengagement and retreat such as Rommel carried out in Libya must be out of the question in view of Italian topography, the size of the length which range of fighter aircraft. A slow fighting retreat, however, the model might be more practicable, but the size of his army would be a serious matter and it would tax his ability to draw engagements and to draw off his infantry.

Kesselring has shown a desire—like the majority of German commanders—to sacrifice his troops in order to maintain his executive qualities; but, as on many other occasions, German higher strategic direction, perhaps influenced by Hitler himself, seems likely to prove faulty. Again and again it has overlooked itself and has been drawn by initial success into weak strategic situations and belated decisions which have either led to complete disaster or have imposed immediately difficult tasks on subordinating commanders. Von Kesselring provides most the most recent example, but we have good reason to hope that with the other—disappearing as our campaign there has for so long been. If we can achieve a success there it will obviously have a much more great importance strategic effect than had any of our previous failures or partial successes.

Although our offensive in Italy may be considered as the formation of the impending offensives in the West and East it probably has no exact chronological consequence with the approach of the summer, however, ensured that Kesselring will need greater time to prepare a new offensive, or perhaps to permit himself the luxury of breaking away from any of his reserves for transfer to more decisive theatres.
5th and 8th Armies Break the Gustav Line—

IN THE OPENING STAGES of the great new offensive in Italy by the 5th and 8th Armies, which began on May 11, 1944, anti-tank gunners wait to move up into battle (above). The preliminary artillery barrage of great violence lights the night sky (circled). Medium tanks of a combined French and U.S. force approach the shell-blazed village of Cerme O’Giumano (below). The Gustav Line was the first Allied objective; it was breached by French troops on May 14, and three days later it was officially announced as having ceased to exist.

PAGE 36
-in Terrific New Push to Smash Kesselring

DOUGHTY WARRIORS FROM INDIA man roadside slit-brenches during the advance (above), while a camouflaged Sherman tank (circle) moves up to the Liri River, and the crew of a Bren-carrier pause for observation in the same sector (below). Near shellbursts in the distance. All were engaged in piercing the Gustav Line, which is reported to have derived its name from an aged pro-Hitler Berlin driver of a horse cab who, to show how strong he still was, drove to Paris and back and became known as "Iron Gustav."
THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

As the day draws nearer the Germans are making increasing anxiety concerning the coming invasion of Europe by the Allies. In an effort to conceal their nervousness they have lately adopted a more boastful tone, asserting that they will meet the attack on the beaches and there repel it; whereas previously they had suggested that they were prepared to suffer an Allied penetration of sixty miles or more.

In neutral countries these symptoms of enemy apprehension are becoming more and more prominent. For the third time a consignment of military maps of Sweden has been discovered in German postal bags in transit through that country to Norway. Naturally this has caused indignation and disgust in Stockholm, feelings which were starkly alleviated by the curious explanation offered by the German Minister. He declared that it was necessary for the German troops in Norway to be provided with maps of the frontier between the two countries "in view of what might happen in the event of an Allied invasion of Norway."

British naval operations on the Norwegian coast during May have certainly shaken Nazi nerves. Early on May 6, Barneaud aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm, protected by fighters, carried out a successful attack on enemy shipping off Kristiansand. This port is about 80 miles from Trondheim, and should not be confused with Kristiania, on the Skagerrak, much farther to the southward. Ships carrying Swedish iron ore from Sweden must pass Kristianpud on their passage to Germany. The aircraft were flown off from carriers forming part of a force detached from the Home Fleet, under the command of Captain N. V. Grace, R.N., in H.M.S. Berwick, a 10,000-ton cruiser. (See map above.)

In the course of the attack two supply ships were sunk, a large tanker was torpedoed and bombed, and an escort vessel and another ship were damaged. Two enemy planes were shot down; we lost a couple of aircraft. This exploit followed ten days after a similar attack by our carrier-borne aircraft on a German convoy off Bodo, in the north of Norway. Hits were scored on four supply ships and an escort vessel, three of the former being set on fire and the largest one grounding. In addition, a large supply ship in Bodo harbour was left blazing. Five of our aircraft were lost. Our submarines in northern waters have also been busy of late: during April one or two tankers and a supply ship were sunk by them and six other vessels more or less severely damaged by torpedoes. The blockade of Schleswig-Holstein was so intense that she had to be beached to prevent her sinking.

LABORATORY PRECAUTIONS AGAINST Sudden Descent by the Allies

With all these blows falling one after the other it can well be understood that the enemy are kept in a constant state of alarm for it only in Norway that such uneasiness is prevalent. A little farther south, in the Jutland peninsula of Denmark, elaborate precautions are being taken to guard against a sudden descent by the Allied forces. It is believed that the Germans have been studying the plans propounded by Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fisher in 1914. These aimed at utilizing British preponderance at sea to strike a blow at the heart of Germany.

Lord Fisher advocated the landing of British troops on the North Frisian Islands and the coast of Schleswig-Holstein (the southern part of Denmark, which the Prussians fled in 1864); they still continued to retain the greater part of it after 1918, thanks to a cleverly manipulated plebiscite. This sudden invasion under the protection of the British Fleet was to be merely a diversion, intended to withdraw attention from the real attack, which was to be made in the Baltic. By transporting several Russian divisions from Riga to the Pomeranian coast, at a point less than 100 miles from Berlin, the enemy would, it was argued, have been thrown into complete confusion. When Frederick the Great was confronted with a similar peril from Russia at a critical period of the Seven Years' War, he was so upset that he contemplated taking poison. Had not the Russian Empress died at this juncture, it cannot be said that he might not have done so, and the history of Prussia would have been changed. (See map above.)

When the country was invaded many of these ships fell into Italian hands, though one destroyer, the Zagreb, was blown up by her officers and men to avoid that fate. A submarine, the British-built Nebosa, and a motor-torpedo-boat, an aircraft tender, four ex-Austrian torpedo-boats built during the last war, and an ancient cruiser used as a training ship, besides some auxiliaries.

New ships which Lord Fisher had ordered for use in the project were ultimately expended elsewhere, and the whole scheme was pigeon-holed; but the subsequent knowledge that he had deeply impressed the Germans deeply. When their withdrawal from the shores of the Gulf of Finland starts, the dread of a landing in the teeth of the remaining armies will be accentuated by the recollection of the Fisher proposals.

Marshal Tito is recently reported to have appealed for the transfer to his control of the ships of the Yugoslav Navy which he declares are at present playing a more or less inactive part in the Mediterranean. With their aid he has hopes of gradually expelling the Germans from the many islands that fringe the Dalmatian coast on the eastern side of the Adriatic. As originally constituted, the Royal Yugoslav Navy comprised four modern destroyers, four submarines, six small minesweepers, ten motor-torpedo-boats, an aircraft tender, four ex-Austrian torpedo-boats built during the last war, and an ancient cruiser used as a training ship, besides some auxiliaries.

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Royal Indian Navy Backs the Burma Battles

STRIKING POWER OF THE INDIAN NAVY is indicated in this photograph of an alert and well-armed escort vessel bringing up the rear of a flotilla of landing-craft heading for another surprise attack on the Pegu Peninsula in the Arakan region. The Royal Indian Navy is composed of large forces of sloops, minesweepers, trawlers and coastal craft; its size has increased enormously since war began and recruits from all over India are constantly swelling its personnel strength.
Seaborne Raiders Strike at Arakan Japanese

HARRI NGEN EF Y POSTS esta-

blished in the Malay Peninsula of

the Burmese seaborne division of

Arakan—in concert with our land

operations—seaborne raids have

recently been successfully carried

out with the aid of the Arakan

Divisional Artillery, the Royal

Indian Navy, who have bombard the

Japanese positions as well as

covering the advance of Allied

divisionaries (see p. 31).

Approaching hostile waters off

the Malay Peninsula is this launch

of the Royal Indian Navy (1), which

with others, escorted a fleet of

landing craft (2). The convoy was

watched by Captain C. Nyland,

R.N., who is in command of the

Arakan Coastal Forces (3). Havi-

ing achieved its object in one

more daring raid, a landing craft

full of heavily armed British

soldiers (4) prepare to unload

aside one of the escort ships (5).

Preparing to go into a similar

sortie, Gurkha units place their

equipment in landing craft (6). West

African troops also have

taken part in the Arakan raids.

Photo, Indian Official
Our Colonies in the War: No. 9—The Bahamas

Consisting of 700 islands, with a total area of 4,275 square miles, the Bahamas have as their capital Nassau (4), key port on sea routes between Florida, New York, Cuba, Haiti and Jamaica, besides vital inter-island communications (see map). The Bahamas are almost self-supporting and, industrially, the islands are striving to aid the United Nations with the production of a new and superior fibre called sawgrass—a project of great value in view of the loss of Manila hemp. Another revolutionary war effort lies in the agreement between Britain and the U.S., instituted in the spring of 1943, by which native labourers of the Bahama work on Florida bean and sugar plantations (2). Thousands have been engaged and the results have been invaluable. Facilities for the establishment of naval and air bases in the Bahamas were granted to America by Britain in 1946.

H.R.H. The Duke of Windsor, the Governor, takes the salute at an R.A.F. parade at Nassau (1). A meeting of the Legislative Council of the Bahamas (2) which, under the Governor, administers the islands.

Photo, British Official; West Indian Committee, Pictorial Press; Stanley Toppled
Ships and Men of the Convoy Rescue Service

Ships and Men of the Convoy Rescue Service

Manned by Merchant Navy and Royal Navy personnel, steamers that once plied a quiet trade around the coasts of Britain now patrol the broad Atlantic on life-saving duties, as outlined here by KEITH COOPER.

Much rescue work, carried out valiantly and in perilous circumstances, Thousands of survivors plucked from death's jaws call them blessed.

When the U-boat offensive was at its height in 1941, and losses among crews of the Merchant Navy were high, the Admiralty, in conjunction with the Ministry of War Transport, decided upon a scheme to aid those seamen unfortunate enough to be snatched from the sea men in distress. Life aboard these rescue ships is hard indeed, with quarters often swamped with water, yet the crews, proud of their calling, continue to perform their duties. In normal times, about thirty men would form the crew of a rescue ship; today, because of the important work, the vessel has seventy men aboard her.

During the years that this branch of the convoy system has been at work, much has been learnt from hard experience. At first survivors picked up from the sea were offered little beyond shelter. Today, first-class hospitals and operating theatres, and comfortable bunks for at least a hundred men, are standard. As soon as survivors are taken aboard, their clothing is removed and they are given a rub-down by experts. They are then put to bed with hot-water bottles and the medical men give them an overhaul. If a man is suffering from any hurt or illness, these doctors give prompt treatment.

One of the most difficult tasks, at the best of times, is to get survivors aboard the rescue ships. At first, the men on the vessel engaged upon life-saving duties had to introduce novel methods, and rely upon their strength; but science has now been called on to play a part. Now, rescue officers and men of this Service are drawn from the Merchant Navy, but the medical officers, sick bay attendants, gunners, and signalmen are from the Royal Navy.

There isn't a risk that the rescue ships will not take. A Canadian tanker was blasted to pieces when a U-boat's torpedo crashed into her. The forepart, with no one aboard, drifted away in the blizzard that was raging. Fifty men, who had clung to remnants of the ship, thought they were doomed. But a rescue ship got quickly to work. In spite of the weather, U-boats and torpedoes, the rescued every man who had been aboard the tanker, though it took her forty hours to complete the task.

On another occasion, when a tanker was sunk in the Atlantic, the rescue ship Perth picked up the crew. One man had a smashed skull, and an immediate operation was necessary. While this was being performed a U-boat surfaced a few hundred yards away, and every gun aboard the Perth opened fire. And still the operation went on, to a successful conclusion. The man with the smashed skull is now serving aboard a rescue ship.

Crews of these little-known but very important ships get many a thrill. To chase tiny lights in a storm—lights aboard rafts or lifeboats—is no child's play. But hardships are counterbalanced by the satisfaction of saving aboard grateful and often badly wounded men. As they all say: 'There is no greater work than saving the life of another man.' This motto of the rescue ships is one reason why our Merchant Navy puts to sea with so much confidence; they know, if fortune is against them, that a Convoy Rescue ship will be not far away.
Pre-War Cargo Boats Perform a Mercy Task Now

SAVED FROM THE SEA, a mariner receives artificial respiration on the rescue vessel's deck from a medical orderly; meantime his companion, washed from the same fate, is brought aboard in a sling (1). The rescue ship's doctor attends to a stretcher case, while other survivors look on (2); in the operating theatre of the ship's hospital an injured seaman receives prompt and highly skilled attention (3). Nothing is overlooked; a resuscitated seaman is fitted out with a new set of clothing (4). See also facing page.
Allied Flyers Cross the 'Roof of the World'—

1. An aircraft from the India-China wing of the U.S. Air Transport Command flies over the Himalayas.

2. A Buddhist Monastery stands 16,000 ft. above Lake Taib in the Himalayas, as seen from a supply plane flying at 15,000 ft.

3. The "Himalayas," as the mighty mountain chain is called, looks like this.

**ONLY DIRECT SUPPLY ROUTE BETWEEN CHINA AND HER ALLIES** is the airway over the Himalayas, over the N. India and Yunnan in China, a distance of some 700 to 1,000 miles, here (1) being followed by an aircraft of the India-China wing of the U.S. Air Transport Command. The Buddhist Monastery which stands 16,000 ft. above Lake Taib in the Himalayas is seen (2) from a supply plane flying at 15,000 ft. The "Himalaya" as the mighty mountain chain is called looks like this (3).
—Carrying Supplies for China’s Fighting Men

AT THE EASTERN END OF THE CHINA AIR ROUTE a transport plane comes in over a village to its airfield (1). Vast stocks of oil for the aircraft are stored near the take-off point in fields in caves such as this (2) being constructed by Indian engineers. Besides supplies, the planes carry over the hazardous airway military officials, technicians and diplomats, who must wear oxygen masks at such altitudes (3). Our capture of Hpakara airfield in Burma (announced May 16, 1944) may eventually relieve pressure on the air-way by reopening of land routes.
This Will Be a Task as Big as the War Itself

Before this war we knew that patriotism is not enough. We now know that charity also is not enough. The rebuilding of the world—and our immediate problem is Europe—calls for more than charity. It involves the recruitment of the finest organizing brains, plus the mobilization of every kind of necessity from iron ore and coal to medical stores and seed.

U.N.R.R.A. (United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration) is, therefore, primarily a job for thinkers and not for sentimentalists. The root principle which has been decided to apply to this mammoth problem may be simply stated as putting first things first. In other words: Who has first claim on relief, and what material things are most needed for immediate post-war service?

Already U.N.R.R.A. has made up its mind about these points, and a vast skeleton plan has been articulated for the application of relief throughout free Europe. To get some notion of the magnitude of this undertaking it is necessary to bear in mind the central truth—that U.N.R.R.A.'s job is precisely as big as the war itself.

Surely that is an impressive thought. Everything the war has destroyed is to be rebuilt, remade, set going, rendered fruitful again. Already the United States has voted £50,000,000 as an initial installment, and Britain has contributed £80,000,000.

A newly-formed branch of the Army, known as the Civil Affairs Division, will deal with the host of administrative problems that will arise when the Allied troops first land in Europe. A new staff—G.S.—is attached to General Eisenhower's headquarters for the direction of this Division, which is commanded by Lieut.-General A. E. Griswold. On the heels of the invading troops Civil Affairs detachments, equally composed of British and American personnel. Their most immediate concern will be with such things as feeding and finding shelter for civilians and restoring damaged public services. In general, their task is to see that civilian problems do not interfere with military operations. The long-term policy of restoring life to the liberated territories will be taken over by U.N.R.R.A. in collaboration with the governments concerned, as soon as conditions permit.

U.N.R.R.A.'s first consideration after the war, then, will be to help the liberated people to help themselves. As soon as an area is liberated, U.N.R.R.A. will supply the peoples with all that is necessary to get agriculture going—that means temporary housing, agricultural machinery, seeds. For Europe, once so fecund, has been mainly a battlefield, and its restoration to maximum crop yield is the surest and sanest way to end the semi-starvation which has been for millions the condition ever since these dark years.

But individual enterprise, whether urban, such as cities, factories, or rural, such as wheat growing, can function only under law and order and proper public administration. U.N.R.R.A. here will have to assist in shaping the civic governments of these lands, and it will do this by assisting the proper people of each nation to get their public life going again. How? By the loan of technicians, by money grants, by the supply of materials.

Consider some of the items. The war has destroyed electric lighting towns, hydro-electric enterprises, sewage and drainage systems. All these, for rehabilitation, call for machinery, engines, dynamos, thousands of miles of wires and cables, to mention but a few items. In this great work there will be no such thing as a colour bar or racial discrimination, and need will be the yardstick alone. We in England have been so fortunate in the matter of food that we are apt to forget, or not to realize, that under the Nazi heel Europe starves. The need of food is Number One on the U.N.R.R.A. list. It is proposed to mobilize shipping at once to get this raw material to the people of Europe.

Some notion of the tragic state of Europe's gleaned people may be inferred from a recent statement by the Belgian Prime Minister. He said that the dietary of Belgium was now so low that very few women were having children. Which brings into view another aspect of U.N.R.R.A.'s task—the prevention of epidemics and diseases which may result from the long period of privation, decline in hygiene, and destruction of public works. This medical help, both by way of personnel and supplies, is to be on a lavish scale. And this not alone for the benefit of the

Clothing the Nazis' Victims will be the task of Mr. L. I. Allan, G.S.O., O.B.E., President of the Jewish and Russian Group, which in London, in June 1944 showed a model of the approval of representatives from nine Allied Nations garments designed for the liberation of Europe. People will be without

There is another aspect of this work—the repatriation of displaced people, 20,000,000 in Europe alone, and in Asia even more. Many of these people are weakened by hunger and disease, many are sick in mind and body. When ever possible U.N.R.R.A. will return people to the homes from which they were ejected by the invading Germans. The Red Cross has prepared lists of such people, with details concerning their former homes. It has a card index that contains 15,000,000 names.

In the view of those directing the work of U.N.R.R.A., this handling of the displaced millions constitutes one of the most terrible and dreadful of the aftermaths of war problems. "The world," said Mr. F. B. Sayre, Assistant to the U.S. Secretary of War, has faced any problem of human woe comparable to it. Whatever the brain, it may be asked, can orchestrate this vast, world-wide scheme for creative effort? The man who recently accepted this burden is Mr. Herbert H. Lehman, former Governor of New York State.

Lehman is a rich banker, and the son of a rich banker. Relief work comes as no novelty to him. In the last war he directed the raising of £15,000,000 for the relief of war suffering, and distributed it on equal lines that revealed those qualities which have resulted in the present appointment. Stout, silver-haired, with fine dark eyes, Mr. Lehman is quiet-voiced and imperceptible. His strength lies in his capacity to achieve a synthesis, and no man ever needed more that faculty than he who has the co-ordination of this terrible task.

"We must feed these people!" is the cry. Yes, but where is the food? And if it exists, in the Argentine, where are the ships to bring it across the ocean? Where are the railway engines and the rolling stock to transport it throughout Europe?

That is how it is. But the central control of the food-producing fact in this. This time we are not following post-war social and economic and political problems to sew into another brooch of hate and ultimate war.

G.S. HEADQUARTERS TEAMs such as this are training at centers in America and Britain. The work is in cooperation with the Allies. These field units are equipped for all possible emergencies. G.S. as explained in this issue, is the military liaison with U.N.R.R.A. Photo: Keystone
Canada Helps to Win Battle of Atlantic

Allied crushing of the Atlantic U-boat menace, now all but total, has been in large measure due to the vigorous part played by the Royal Canadian Navy. Consisting of 16 ships and 1,700 men in 1939, it now numbers 700 ships and over 80,000 men, ranking third in naval might among the United Nations.

Here H.M.C.S. "Prince Robert," Canada’s first anti-aircraft cruiser, is depth-charging a U-boat.
**Attack is the Royal Navy’s Watchword—**

Stealthily mounting strength of the Allied Navies makes it unlikely that Japanese shipping, already heavily damaged in the Pacific, will continue to flourish under the shadow of attack. British submarines in increasing numbers are refitting for action in Far Eastern waters; alongside the depot-ship there is activity in the coming hour (4), while other vessels arrive (3). New aircraft and carriers rapidly augment the power of the Fleet Air Arm; in the escort carrier H.M.S. "Sacker" (4), a Wildcat fighter is brought to the flight deck by H.H.

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**From Cruiser to Sloop It’s the Same**

Among the Royal Navy’s host of warships, youth and age team up together to confound the enemy. H.M.S. "Jamaica"—6,000-ton Mauritius class cruiser—is but two years old; her two-year-old sister, H.M.S. "Surnor" (3), is far more advanced in its work (4). In contrast is H.M.S. "Enderby," one of our oldest ships, whose battle-hardened crew (5) proudly boasts of having "the finest set of beards that have gone to sea in this war."
Eastern Fleet
Guns Prepare

Since 1943, units of the Allied Navies operating under Admiral Sir James Somerville in the Indian Ocean have constituted our Eastern Fleet, whose sudden salvo against enemy-held Sumatra on April 19th, 1944, foreshadowed the trouble to come for the Japanese. Ships of the Eastern Fleet are constantly preparing for a trial of strength with the enemy, and here a cruiser’s 6-in. guns are being calibrated, or tested for accuracy. An Ordnance Artificer lowers the weight down the barrel (top) prior to sponging out before the shot, and later (left) a Gunner’s Mate sets the “tackles”—used to measure the spread of shots—according to the angles given him by the Staff Gunnery Officer.

Photo, British Official
The Triumph of The Tank

by Hamilton Fyle

One might suppose that such men—they are always men; women for some reason have never taken much interest in the future—would be encouraged to elaborate their suggestions. One might fancy that experiments would be made along the lines of their idea. What happens? Exactly the opposite to this. Their sketches are deemed as fantastic. Their warnings go unheeded; we pay no large and powerful organizations which make every possible effort to persuade us that the developments outlined are quite impossible and that, even if they come to be realized, we should be better without them.

One such organization is the War Office. It is now fully acknowledged that we are reading a romance in which H. G. Wells predicted that men would use monsters of steel which could roam on land as battleships and cruisers did at sea, which would be untethered, and that the shells at that time unknown, and would make any army possessing them easily victorious. Here is a hint which might have seemed to the War Office at any rate worth considering.

The tank, regarded itself as a bulwark against innovations—being paid, as it supposed, to keep warfare static—saw no need whatever. This was all the more stupid for the reason that in the South African War at that time going on effective action had been made of armoured trains. Probably that put the idea of "land ironclads" into Wells’s receptive imagination. If these things were useful on rails, how much more valuable their deadly work could be if they were used on land without rails! But no one at the War Office saw anything in it. That was in 1913; no one in authority, that is—had any imagination at all. The hint passed unheeded.

A new prophecy of Wells’s was war in the air. When he made it, no flying machine existed. In a few years private inventors began to construct these machines, and, although they obtained no help from any official source, had brought the aeroplane to a stage at which it could at any rate rise up a few hundred feet and remain in the air for as much as an hour at a time. Not even then, not even when the submarine—foreseen by Jules Verne long before Wells was writing—had been developed and adopted by the world’s navies, did the War Office learn the lesson that "these written fables sometimes hit on an idea worth following up." After the Land Law of 1912 a plan for land ships to be used in war was put into the War Office and turned down.

You might have thought that with the situation, or any army, such a weapon as this would have appealed strongly to the military chiefs. It was then the practice of German armaments to give battle to all formation. "Shoulder to shoulder" was still their motto. What a chance for these ironclads on land to plunge, through their tanks, not only mowing down vast numbers, but spreading such terror and dismay among the rest as the soldiers of the ancient world felt when they first saw elephants brought into the fighting line. But no, the generals and the bureaucrats shook their sapient heads and let the opportunity go by.

It was not even to the credit of the War Office that the Tank (as it came to be called in order to hide what we were making from the enemy) was adopted in the First Great War. It was due to the Admiralty’s experiments, undertaken by order of Winston Churchill, then First Lord. Kitchener called them "toys." Scarcely any of the generals taking active part in the war had any use for them—until they proved at Cambrai in 1917 that the Tank had been right all along. Before the Second Great War opened, a certain number of Tanks, though nothing like as many as the Germans, and nothing like as good, if we can trust Mr. David Masters, who tells us in With Pennins Frying (Fyfe & Spottiswoode, 9s. 6d.) that they did not get to France in sufficient force, or in time, or with strong enough fire-power, to keep back the torrent of German invasion when it poured over the Low Countries and France.

Of the First Armoured Division, which did not land on the Continent until May 25, 1915, by which time it was too late to hold up the German advance, "only an odd Tank or two" were left by May 30. The light Tanks were already obsolete. The heavier ones were more or less capable of standing up to the enemy Tanks, but there were not more than twelve in the long-decommissioned Armoured Division "was doomed before it started." It is comfortingly described in British manhood, trained to the highest degree of technical efficiency," and they "rove cheerfully into battle," but they had not "the remost chance of success." After that the construction of Tanks was taken out of the hands of the War Office, though the organization of them had to be left in its hands. The spirit in which it carried this out is shown by their being ordered in "squadrums" and troop, the men in them being known as "troopers," and by their being long ago given the pugnacious and having "pennants flying." You can tell at once that caviory officers made that arrangement. Pray note they are cavalry! If we must change our beautiful prancing chargers for these days by Rammer’s guns, with their hideous din, let us keep the same old name, to remind us of the good old days! !

Well, it isn’t what they are called, but what they do that matters, and the Royal Armoured Corps have done magnificent job in many war areas. Mr. Masters tells of numberless acts of the most daring courage and the most ingenious initiative performed by the crews of our Tanks. They have a nerve and spirit ten times equal to that of the cavalry. There is only just enough room inside for the crew, and they have to use both their wits and shells and the wireless set. The men must be cramped at all times, and when the Tank gets very hot during an engagement and they cannot open anything they suffer badly for want of air. They have to hold their breath until they settle down marvellously soon to a life of the utmost discomfort and frequent danger.

They have conquered a great deal since it was supposed that they might be able to win battles by themselves. They are useful only when they work with infantry and with aircraft, and whereas it was thought not very long ago that a Tank must clear the way for the infantry, now the infantry more often clears the way for the Tank. They have been of most value when they had only scattered resistance to meet; as in France and Belgium. Against fixed defences and stubborn opposition they have always been able to break through.

They were immensely useful in the wide spaces of the desert, but it was due to heavy losses among them that Wavell had to retreat before the Germans. After he had pushed the Italians out of Cyrenaica in an advance of 250 miles, Wavell was told by the armoured was so crippled that "his advanced units were forced to fall back on their worn-out Tanks" and learn to use the ones they captured from the Italians. We did not lose the Tanks which might. Later, however, some have been able to start a sudden blow, as Mr. Churchill told the House of Commons, relying on incorrect information: "They were whirled away day after day by Rommel’s guns. Montgomery’s greater success in Africa was due to his understand- ing of Tank warfare and the care he took not to let his "armour be "whirled away."

What will be the future of the Tank? No one can say. At present the one thing all feel sure of is that the scientists who improved it, the factory workers who made it, and the men who took it into the field are entitled to unqualified praise, while the army chiefs, both military and civil, who stood in its way, are entitled to the care that the reason can’t think of any punishment bad enough for them.
Britain's Battle Padres are Front Line Men

IN THE SPIRIT OF CRUSADERS, Britain's Royal Army Chaplains are preparing to face field dangers when the Allied assault from the West commences by going through a "toughening" course at a country headquarters in the Midlands (known locally as the "Padre's Battle School") where they learn the art of self-preservation. The padre knows how to use camouflage (1), with his comrade, and his kit (2). On another page, Captain the Rev. L. Davies (1) has served in India, Iraq, Persia, Syria, Egypt and Sicily; now he is at Anzio in Italy, where he is seen (4) leaving his dugout - victory. This padre (5) trains to go with our airborne forces.

PAGE 52

Photos, British Official; Topical Press
These Whip the Cream of the German Armies

WAITING FOR THE COVER OF DARKNESS before pushing on in the great new drive in Italy (see pp. 36 and 37), men of the 8th Army rest by the side of a wrecked railway track. After months of torturing battles in restricted areas they and our American, French, and Polish Allies, together with American, Indian, and Indian troops, are at last engaged in a full-scale offensive against the enemy in more open country and are proving once more that the German boast is not their super.

PAGE 53

Photo: NIMCO indust. Credits elsewhere
Indomitable Spirit of the Red Air Force

Alexei Khlobystov is typical of the pilots of valiant Russia skilled in aerial warfare: gambling almost light-heartedly with the Angel of Death in the Valley of the Shadow, enjoying to the full the exhilaration of his triumphant shot and his amazing escape. The hero of the World War's aeroplane sketch is by KONSTANTIN SIROTINOV, playwright and official Red Army correspondent.

Sitting in the cockpit of his fighter plane, preparing to take off, Alexei Khlobystov looked around him. Glancing at a nearby machine he suddenly recalled the first plane he had ever seen close at hand. It was near Moscow. A U-2, Jagd andNachtpilot, turned and dived into the courtyard of the plant where he then worked. It was another, battered machine and yet he was a boy at the time; but he did not think much of it. He marvelled that it was not doing what it was supposed to be doing.

In autumn, after destroying his fourth plane, he plumped it into earth, shearing off tree-tops as he fell. Later, as he lay in hospital with several ribs broken, it sometimes seemed to him that breathing was difficult, not on account of his injuries but because of the hospital air—because he could not climb into a plane, go up and take a deep breath high in the sky. And when he was asked, "Khlobystov, do you want to fly a new type of plane?" he only nodded, and closed his eyes, because he was afraid to answer even loud. He was afraid of the thought of another plane, and he would like to remain in bed. Finally, with an effort, he said, "I do!"

He had found himself in the hospital bandaged all over, without helmet and flying suit. Now, as he was going out, his flying suit was brought to him and a parachute passed through him; and it was as if he were back to the old U-2. A month later he was flying this new machine, with short, sturdy wings and a sharp, shark-like nose. His period of duty came to an end, and he walked back to a dugout with his comrades. In the dug-out talk turned to the day when his picture was printed in all the papers.

The day was a restless one and he was very tired. Of course he was tired. First he flew on reconnaissance patrol with Captain Poudnyakov, then went up to attack ground objectives, then had his planes refuelled. He stood by while the ground crew worked, and thought how fine it would be to get an hour's rest. But he had been ordered to take off again in half an hour. He heard petrol bubbling as it flowed into the tank. By the sound he could judge just how much had been poured in. Another five minutes and he would be ready to take off. And they did take off—Poudnyakov, and he and four other lads, still young and with hardly any combat experience.

He remembers well his first feeling when 28 enemy planes were sighted. The feeling was that of Murmansk was in danger. The fact that there were 28 of them he realized later. It was best frightening, but serious and very serious. "Take a look—how many we have against us!" he said to Poudnyakov over the wireless, and in the earphones heard the voice of the man at the back of the plane: "Look after the youngsters. I am going to attack!" A minute later they were fighting. One Messerschmitt fell. A thought flashed through his head: "Is Khlobystov on duty tonight?" The Messerschmitt fell, and saw three more enemy planes coming up., He didn't think of himself. Because the German was so near, and he could distinctly see the tail of his plane. He flew his black cross on it, Khlobystov thought clearly and calmly that in a moment he would find himself slightly to the left and behind the Messerschmitt, would raise his right wing and strike it against the enemy's tail... The blow was short and hard. The Messerschmitt hit the hill, and Khlobystov zoomed up. It seemed strange that his right wing was shorter than the left, that its tip had been sliced off. At that moment he heard Poudnyakov's voice, for the last time: "I have shot down one!" the captain announced triumphantly.

Khlobystov's plane was no longer as manageable as it used to be. It no longer seemed to be a part of his own body. The Soviet planes formed a circle while the Germans, who had regained their self-possession after the running, resumed frontal attacks. Poudnyakov was seen to drive straight at a German plane.

Later, when he was back on the ground, Khlobystov realized that the captain had made up his mind to bring down the enemy leader at the cost of his own life, if need be, in order to force the Germans to break formation. The two fighters collided at tremendous speed; the German had refused to swerve and the two fell down together. A second later Khlobystov realized that now he was the commander. Poudnyakov was no more, and on him rested full responsibility for the combat... "I am assuming command," he said over the radio. "I am going to attack. Protect my tail!" He saw two German fighters coming straight at him. His fuel tanks were practically empty, the enemy was still numerous, and behind his back were four young pilots for whom he had now become the only commander. When he made up his mind to ram the enemy he no longer believed that he would escape alive. His only thought was that if he did ram, the Germans would scatter and his comrades would break out of the ring. He calculated for a fraction of a second. As the German on the right turned away, Khlobystov shot his own plane left with his damaged wing. The blow was heavy. He lost control, and felt himself being drawn down again, spinning German. But he believed, somehow, that his machine would stand the strain.

When he rose from the ground and realized that he had kept the enemy leader on his tail, he flashed the words which he later said at Poudnyakov's funeral: "A score of vengeance!" And now people came running up, the commander was embracing him—everything began to whirl around, and he was overcome with fatigue... . . . . One Polar night we were leaving the north. "Is Khlobystov on duty tonight?" we asked. "No, he is not," replied the commanding officer. "He is in the hospital. Yesterday he rammed his third German plane and baled out. He suffered a little, but he had been wounded in the arm and leg at the outset of the combat, and realizing that he would not be able to fight for long he baled out. The enemy. It's just like him: he can't bear to see a German escape alive.

I recalled Khlobystov's face with the light, audacious, boyish eyes and the shock of uncut hair. And I realized that was one of those people who, through the fight, sometimes make mistakes and take needless risk, but just as they are gay and indomitable heart that never admits defeat or considers a venture to be too great.
Soviet Might Wins Back the 'City of Glory'

FALL OF SEBASTOPOL—whose name means "City of Glory"—was another great Soviet triumph in which all arms shared. Last German stronghold in the Crimea, it was retaken after three days of intensive fighting in which Ukrainian Army and Soviet air and sea forces co-operated in the greatest combined operation yet undertaken by Russian forces. Sebastopol had been in German hands since July 3, 1941.

Great damage has been done to the city by the enemy occupants; Lenin Street, the main thoroughfare, lies in ruins (1). Soviet sailors, who played such a gallant part in the defence of Sebastopol in 1942, return again at command of the Red Army to liberate the city through shattered archway (2). Russian flags are hoisted over Lenin Square (3). German soldiers, hands raised in surrender, emerge from hiding-place (4).
Training for further strength, men of the Durham Light Infantry batallion regimental badge (left) march in a five-pounder crew of a field gun (top left) and a three-inch howitzer (top and bottom). Learning to use a camera is a sideline for some members of the regiment, including a sergeant (centre) and a private (right). The Durham Light Infantry, formed in 1794, have a regimental nickname which they have proved to be well-deserved. The 'Faithful Durhams,' in the war, they have been with great distinction in France, and in the North African, Sicilian and Italian campaigns.

Photos: British Official
I WAS THERE!

Eye Witness
Stories of the War

In the Jungles of Assam Where Wild Battles Sway

Dispatched on April 11, 1944—thirteen days before the British garrison of Kohima had been relieved by troops of the 12th Army—this story had to be taken 500 miles by Graham Stanford of The Daily Mail before he could cable it to London.

For the past four days I have been chasing the Japanese attack over 50,000 square miles of the wildest country in the world—a battlefield which broadens every day as the enemy ploughs deeper into the jungle and climbs higher into the mountains in daring attempts to cut the lines of communication which the Allies have carved out of this fantastic country in the past two years.

From out of the besieged garrison at Imphal, main British base, where the Maharajah stays with his people, I climbed by plane to 10,000 ft. to clear cloud-shrouded mountains and trace the winding, precipitous Manipur road down to the hillside township of Kohima. There, a few days ago, a small party of British convalescent soldiers played a brave part in repulsing suicidal Japanese attacks.

Then I went down to an airfield hidden in the heart of the jungle, and, on by truck, jeep, and on foot to follow trails of war through the once peaceful, still-green, Dhanarsi valley, where many a tea planter’s luxurious bungalow is now a dormitory for the troops.

When I took off from Imphal in a plane loaded with supplies there was a strange, almost uncanny quiet in this plain, which is the granary of Assam. From dawn to dusk every day these transport pilots drive their planes over this scattered battlefield, carrying thousands of pounds of supplies. Yet week after week goes by with no losses, and pilots continue oblivious to flying strain. Techniques of air supply are being revolutionized in this theatre of war. Pilots from other theatres say they would never have believed air supply could be carried out on such a scale as it has reached, and with so few casualties.

As we made our way over 8,000-ft. mountains and down the Manipur road we passed a squadron of Vengeance dive-bombers which had just returned from an attack near Kohima, scene of the present bitter fighting.

They are flying hundreds of sorties in support of our ground troops.

When I last flew over the Manipur road you could follow the trail of dust churned up by columns of our motor transport climbing the road from Dimapur to Imphal and then onwards to the Burma border and the River Chindwin. Now the road was just a ribbon of red, and there was no movement. The Japanese have cut the highway twice between Imphal and Kohima and they have a road block 39 miles from Dimapur. But—fearful of our continual air attacks—they are apparently making little use of the road. They cling to the jungle-flanked tracks that lead down in the road, keep up their ambushes and establish blocks so that the road may be denied to us.

There were no signs of war until we neared Kohima and then you could see great pillars of smoke rising more than a thousand feet into the air. Kohima—reputed to be the healthiest spot in Assam, and site of a convalescent hospital—is divided into two distinct parts. There is a native village, and one mile northwards the so-called residential quarter, where the convalescent home is situated. It was the village that was blazing, fired by our artillery shelling Japanese who had established a foothold in the native bazaar. For days and nights a mad battle raged in Kohima. Defending the resort were a handful of garrison troops and 35 British troops convalescing from typhus.

After the first Japanese charges had been held, the little band were shelled over open sights at 800 yards range. An order to withdraw was given—and never received. At last strong reinforcements arrived and the garrison had a well-deserved rest. After Kohima we flew on over miles of more mountainous country until we had passed over the last razor-edged range and had touched down at an airfield in the heart of the tea-growing country.

We found a cottage in an old village hall and were served by the middle-aged wife of the local district commissioner who apparently played fairy godmother to all British troops. From here we began to trek by truck, jeep, and on foot until we reached the railroad of Dimapur, where there was no excitement but only confidence on all sides in the ability of British and Indian troops to drive the Japanese from Assam. Troops, armoured vehicles and guns were already 'trundling up the road to meet the enemy.'

I Walked in Odessa's Guerilla Army Catacombs

Impregnable stronghold of 15,000 Russian guerrillas who by night dominated the city for the last fortnight of the German occupation, the vast system of winding and complicated passages beneath the streets and buildings of the famous Black Sea port was recently visited by Paul Winsten, The News Chronicle special correspondent.

The city of Odessa is built on a yellowish limestone so that it can be cut with a saw or shaped with an axe. Ever since 1794, when Odessa was built, the inhabitants have been quarrying this stone for their houses. That is why there is now a complicated labyrinth of shafts and tunnels twisting haphazardly below the city.

The depth of the passages, the recent home of a real "underground movement," varies from about four yards to forty yards below the surface. In some you have to crawl on your belly or crouch down. In others you can walk erect for tens of miles along passages six feet wide and ten feet high. Naturally, by the old days, the catacombs were used by smugglers since they linked with the port. Criminal elements used to make them their headquarters.
I Was There!

THE RED FLAG FLIES AGAIN IN ODESSA, Soviet city which was recaptured from the enemy on April 10, 1944. Red Army officers are here displaying it from the balcony of the Lunacharsky Theater when the Red Army theater was saved from destruction by the underground guerrilla army, whose story is given here.

During the enemy occupation of Odessa the catacombs served three purposes. When the Romanians were attacking in 1941 and Luftwaffe bombers were raining down on the city, many thousands of women and children took shelter in the caves. In the last few weeks of the occupation they provided a safe hiding-place for innumerable thousands of men who would otherwise have been driven away to serve the enemy. Finally they were an impregnable base for the partisans.

I met the commander-in-chief of the guerrillas yesterday in a small upper room in the workers' quarter of Odessa. His name, which deserves to become famous, is Anatol Leschenko. During the occupation he used the name of "Volgin" and was addressed by the guerrillas as "Comrade Major." Though, in fact, he had no military rank. Leschenko, a chemical engineer, was the ideal type to lead a movement which, in addition to waging a desperate, stealthy war with the enemy, also had thousands of civilians on its hands below ground.

He is thirty-eight, with a calm, kindly face, bright, determined blue eyes, very strong, white teeth and black hair brushed straight back. He is proud of his Thracian, particolored qualities of a natural leader. Largely through his efforts and personality an organization was built up in Odessa strong enough to break the enemy's grip. Leschenko told me:

It was in January 1943, when the great German retreat began, that we started our preparations. We collected a little capital, bought provisions, set up a small flour mill and sausage factory, and stored food in the catacombs. Because there are no natural springs, we sank deep artesian wells and sometimes collected water from wells and reefs. We had a radio station and a printing press, and we set up an underground hospital with cots and sheets and all medical equipment.

We went out on night sorties. One night we had pitched battles with the Romanian police and brought forty prisoners back into the catacombs, where we kept them with many others until we could hand them over to the Red Army. When the Germans began to blow up the city before leaving we did everything possible to hamper them. We caught groups of soldiers in the act of setting buildings on fire and rushed them back into the caves. We saved the theater by cutting wires leading to a charge of dynamite which the Germans had laid.

We continually cleaned mines from areas in the port and succeeded in saving part of it. Night after night German preparations for demolition were rendered useless. We prevented part of the Telephone Exchange from being destroyed. The Germans and Romanians began to get panic-stricken. At night the streets were ours. Their worst trouble was that they could never find our hiding place. Our mines were underground—some thousand or ten thousand!

On April 8 they issued an order that no one must appear in the streets after 3 p.m., and that all windows must be closed and all doors left open. Armies were brought to us by our women, as mindless and not on the streets at all in the last week. A thousand rifles and revolvers could have been bought from Romanian and German soldiers for cash. A rifle cost from 50 to 120 occupation marks, a tommy-gun 250, a revolver 130 to 200, with ammunition, of course. We exchanged bread for hard grenades. We also raided enemy dumps.

Our biggest windfall was when several hundred Slovaks deserted from the German Army and joined us, with arms and food. They brought French mortars and automatic rifles. In the red 5,000 of us were armed—50 per cent. If the other half had been armed, too, we could have seized the city. As it was, we came out into the open when the Red Army drew near and fought the Germans in the streets in daylight, killing many hundreds of them. We guarded the entrances to the catacombs very well. The Germans knew where some of them were, but not all, for there are so many all over the city. Anyone coming into the catacombs was disarmed. We always let everybody go, but not everybody out. We had passwords which were changed every day. It was a constant battle of vigilance and wits.

One day a girl came and said she was a paratrooper dropped with instructions to help the Red Army for us to suspend operations for a time. But when we had given her wine she confided that she had been sent by the Gestapo under a threat of death for her family. We kept a list of traitors. Sometimes men whom we regarded as traitors were persuaded to come over to our side with valuable secrets. We maintained direct contact with the approaching Red Army by means of scouts and radio.

That was Loschenko's story. Then he led us down into the catacombs to see for ourselves just how the guerrillas had lived and worked. The entrance was half hidden among the rubble of a demolished building. By the light of flaming wicks stuck into bottles of petrol we squeezed through a two-foot wide hole and half slid, half scrambled, down a narrow flung until we were thirty yards below the surface.

There were traces of German attempts to blow up the opening with grenades, but it soon became obvious why they had made no attempt to break into the catacombs and drive out the guerrillas. In these winding and complicated passages one man could hold up a battalion. No German ever dared to go in—no German was ever sent in. It was the guerrillas' impregnable stronghold.

We walked about 400 yards in an eerie semidarkness. It was very hot and stuffy, and Leschenko said that when the atmosphere got too bad the civilian residents were moved to different sectors of the caves, which were all divided up into districts. Here and there water trickled down the yellow walls. The guerrilla headquarters was a large chamber divided into a number of "rooms" by low coral walls. Each room in its own special function—one of them was labeled "Command Point for Forming Guerrilla Bands, No. 1." There was another smaller chamber for making anti-tank petrol bottles.

When we left the workers' district hundreds of people gathered round us near the entrance to the caves and waved good-bye. They had all lived down below—they all knew and loved and trusted the guerrilla leader Loschenko and his assistants. They were certain of their catacombs.

I Saw the Tricolor Flying Over Mount Majo

In the Allied offensive in Italy which opened on May 12, French troops under General Alphonse Juin made a spectacular advance through-country border, and found the lovely Garigliano Valley now free from the German invaders.

To reach the village of S. Andrea from a former front-line position I motored for two and a half hours, on roads that were wide and found the lovely Garigliano Valley now free from the German invaders.

Across the river lay the heights the French had captured, piled one behind the other, rugged, scrub-covered, and sometimes thickly wooded.

To climb on foot to the 2,600-ft. summit of Mt. Faito, unhampered by wire and mines, takes the ordinary hiker three and a half hours, French Spahis, Chasseurs, Senegalese and Moroccans overran this and a score of other heights in three days against stiff opposition and under shell- and mortar-fire.

In the gently shelving fields bordering the river, red with poppies which gleamed among the rank grass, there was grim evidence of battle. We passed two hastily dug graves, an American medium tank damaged and overturned, two lorries upside down off the

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In the best of times. When we had halted in one of our old-timer trucks a passel of posts grinned delightedly at us and said: "Eighth Army!"

French sailor: gunners of a battery which I had visited previously came clattering past over the very road which they had shelled so often with 6-in. guns. I remembered as they held us the painstaking way in which they had been improving their camp and emplace- ments as if they were there for the rest of the war.

Passing lorries and jeeps were all named according to their owners' fancy. I noticed "9th Army" mounted on a Peugeot, "9th Army" mounted on a Daf, and "11th Army" among many others. One lorry carried an ornate sign of General de Gaulle on the windscreen.

At last we were climbing by a tortuous road in a slow procession of jeeps of Jean Dieu, which clinked among the hills, every house a medieval fortress in itself.

As usual the solid stone houses of this little village had stood the bombardment well. A public school, made up of about a dozen women, children and old men stood outside a house they had converted into a shelter by plugging the loose stones outside the walls and windows.

As much in relief at the end of their torment as in joy at the safety of their liberators, these people of a sorrow-ploughed country were in an almost ecstatic frame of spirit. Waving their smiles, they cordially welcomed me into their temporary communal dwelling, where a French school-teacher sat cross-legged on his bunk.

French 105-mm. guns firing in the valley revealed shattering echoes that turned every shot into a cannonade. But here there was no enemy retaliation.

The village was still beset with booby traps. Two gallant French soldiers had that morning, in the moment of victory been killed by a mine.

**OUR DIARY OF THE WAR**

**Gustav Line. Allied bombers attacked railway yards in Po Valley. U.S. naval forces bombed enemy positions round Genoa and Savona.**

**Italian air force.**

**June 15, Wednesday**

**Air-Rome.**

West 1770 B.U. bomber attacked four synthons all around near Turin and one in Cuneo, Italy. Railway yards in Berlin bombed by R.A.F. **Italian air force.**

**June 16, Thursday**

**Air—Rome.**

1770 B.U. bomber attacked four synthons all around near Turin and one in Cuneo, Italy. Railway yards in Berlin bombed by R.A.F. **Italian air force.**

**June 17, Thursday**

**Air—Rome.**

2170 B.U. bomber attacked four synthons all around near Turin and one in Cuneo, Italy. Railway yards in Berlin bombed by R.A.F. **Italian air force.**

**June 18, Friday**

**Air—Rome.**

780 B.U. bomber attacked four synthons all around near Turin and one in Cuneo, Italy. Railway yards in Berlin bombed by R.A.F. **Italian air force.**

**June 19, Saturday**

**Air—Rome.**

2170 B.U. bomber attacked four synthons all around near Turin and one in Cuneo, Italy. Railway yards in Berlin bombed by R.A.F. **Italian air force.**

**June 20, Sunday**

**Air—Rome.**

1770 B.U. bomber attacked four synthons all around near Turin and one in Cuneo, Italy. Railway yards in Berlin bombed by R.A.F. **Italian air force.**

**ONE OF MANY SHATTERED NAZI TANKS which lay on the outskirts of the Italian village of Castelforte, as the southern end of the Gustav Line—which is being battered by U.S. forces—began to fall. It was taken by French forces, two of whom are seen passing through the village. For months Castelforte has been one of the main bastions of the enemy line. French troops engaged include Maroccos, 8th Army.**

A Piper Cub flying overhead to pick up French wounded was a demonstration of how far and fast the advance had gone through this difficult country, where the Germans, like ourselves, had been forced to depend on congested mountain trails.

In the steep central square, sitting among the rubble at a trestle table, was a placid and corpulent town major. He told me S. Andrea was taken by Senegalese, who stormed the surrounding heights, forcing the garrison to capitulate.

Just what was involved in this feat was apparent when one looked at the mountains. Through glasses I could see the Tricolour flying on Mt. Majo.
THE WAR IN THE AIR
by Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.

This war has been the forcing-house of aeronautical development for military purposes that the First Great War also was; it has at the same time, like the earlier conflict, left its mark on the transport side of aviation. Most of the projected transport aircraft of 1939 were necessarily shelved in Great Britain because scarcity of military aircraft was so great that neither factory space nor tools, and hands to operate them, could be spared to carry on an aircraft-building programme that did not seem to lead to a definite military end.

Indeed, it is extraordinary, now in 1944, to look back at the British military air outlook in 1939, and realize that no preparations had then been made for parachute troops, or gliderborne soldiers, or dive- or fighter-bombers; the largest force we could put forth when Norway was invaded numbered 92 aircraft. But for the efficiency of our fighter-aircraft and of the pilots who flew them in the Battle of Britain—and for the somewhat late-in-the-day decision to give priority to fighter aircraft construction because we could not build enough aircraft to satisfy all our requirements—we might never have had the opportunity to gain time to catch up on the wily enemy we faced alone and (as we have done before) outmatch him technically and numerically.

The position that existed then in the military sphere of aviation may even now exist in the transport sphere of aviation. This does not mean that we are not capable technically of producing the finest transport aircraft in the world. Undoubtedly, we can produce the equal of the world’s best, and may even say without seeming to be immodest that some such aircraft of ours might excel those produced elsewhere in some particular class or characteristic.

It is now generally known that a number of British aircraft firms are engaged on the research and construction of special aircraft for post-war transport. But the fact still remains that the needs of the military situation dominate the aircraft industry, and for that reason they dominate the minds of men.

We did not suddenly produce a perfect Lancaster bomber or Barracuda torpedo-bomber. The Spitfire has not reached its present stage of super-performance without the passage of time necessary for the accumulation of experience which can be gained only by practical methods. And so, in the same way, it is scarcely to be expected that transport aircraft can reach their full development until they have been put into service and passed through the mill of usage. And most of the air transports of today are employed for military purposes, not for civil. Thus it is impossible not to give a mental bent, and a practical one, to the somewhat specialised requirements of the war in regard to the design, construction, and employment of these aircraft.

AIRCRAFT Design Dictated by Special Circumstances
Take a few of the factors which condition the design of aircraft. First, there are the types of engine available. Engines today are designed for military purposes first and foremost. Does it follow that they are equally suitable for transport use? Airstrip constructional methods, and wing construction also, are related to the carriage and employment of warlike armament and stores. Shape and size of aircraft are dictated by the type of engine.

No doubt it is for these good and sufficient reasons that experienced military designers—like Mr. Chadwick, of A. V. Roe & Co., and Mr. Friese, of the Bristol Aeroplane Co.—are continually looking for any great departure from accepted aeroplane practice in the construction of transport aircraft for some ten years after the war.

Now it is generally accepted that the current type of military aircrafts were shrewdly justified by civil types of aircraft. The low-wing, retractable undercarriage, single-engined fighter sprang from such types as the aircraft as the Supermarine Schneider Trophy racers of 1927-31, and the Lockheed Oriole six-passenger transport of 1931. The original medium bombers which we possessed at the beginning of this war were the offspring of aircraft like the Northrop Delta and the Britain First; aircraft such as these were like civil prototypes of the Battle and the Blenheim. The four-motored bomber class was preceded by aircraft like the Ensign and Albatross, and the Sunderland flying boat was a direct conversion from the Empire-class commercial flying boat.

When the war began the commercial air routes and the aircraft and personnel that operated them passed directly under Government control, and all air services devoted to military purposes served of the State in much the same manner as the Merchant Navy. Then the Air Ministry and the Ministry of Aircraft passed out of the control of the Air Ministry, when the Air Ministry had control of the aircraft from outside Britain to the United Kingdom, and to the United States absorbed the overseas transport company of Pan-American Airways within its rapidly growing organisation.

British Overseas Airways and a few intermediately operated airlines in the United Kingdom now have almost the same situation as the large foreign civil transport aircraft operating concerns plying in a quasi-civil transport manner in and almost without the United Kingdom. Meanwhile, air transport as such has grown to dimensions of power and function, but has been little affected by war, and is employed almost exclusively for war transport purposes, as indeed it must be while the war continues.

NEW DEPARTURES Regrettably
It seems, therefore, that the past and present situation is one wherein the orthodox views of Mr. Chadwick and Mr. Friese, that an aircraft because military necessity cannot afford to the unorthodox design with its too-frequent attendant delay, may be destined for the accepted types of aircraft for immediate production, while planning new departures for the future when there will be more time to devote to the development of such special kinds of aircraft as the flying-wing—which dispenses with tail and body and presents the perfection of aerodynamic efficiency to the minimum. And we stick to the re-inventing of engines and transport, not because it is today the most efficient for the purpose, relegating jet propulsion and gas turbine to an uncertain future date.

But the great contribution which the war in the air is making towards the future of transport flying is in the ground organisation—the air routes, aerodromes, transport methods of operating through all the most difficult sections of the atmosphere. Here the forcing house of war is producing great growth, and we have still to learn what the air invasion fleets that may descend upon Europe will change to us. Europe will change to us. We are only at the beginning of the demonstration of the use of air transport in war strategy.

In connection with air transport developments, reference should be made to articles in pages 44-45, and out to the present state of the aircraft in Volumes 7, 8, and 9. 717-718
8th U.S.A.A.F. is Germany's Daylight Scourge

BERLIN, Frankfurt, Munich, Schweinfurt, Augsburg, Friedricksbann—these are some of the centres of enemy war production that have received shattering blows since the 8th U.S.A.A.F. first attacked in Europe on Aug. 17, 1942.

High altitude flying demands warm clothing. Man of the Negro's team, electrically-heated socks while, plug into the power cable, can be switched on or off. The Franz covers ammunition belt. Hit in England after another successful raid, one of the boys "wrecks" the home ground (4) while his comrades rage (3). Hit by the flak of the V-1, Fortress flew off and embedded itself in the wing (2); how the bomber reached base safely.

Photo: 1 by a pilot to Tec. War Illustrated
Ulster Makes Dress-Lengths for Our Planes

**VITAL MUNITION OF WAR** is the linen made in Northern Ireland from homegrown flax, and which in peacetime brought beauty to everyday life in the form of fine damask; now it helps R.A.F. wings to spread ever farther over the enemy. Used in the construction of every operational aircraft made for the R.A.F. in Britain, linen is found in many "key" points in the framework of a plane, including wings, fuselage, joints and seams generally. Flax production in Ulster has increased four-fold since the war began (see pp. 609 and 651, Vol. 7), and today there are some 240,000 acres under cultivation in an industry in which approximately 68,000 workers are engaged. Flax is used for many other war purposes besides the main one of aircraft construction; in the manufacture of parachute harness webbing alone, at the end of 1943 some 35,000 yards were being supplied weekly to the R.A.F.

Stage one in the preparation of flax for spinning is the roughing and picking of the fibre (1), which is then machine-forked, emerging from the front of the machinery in a continuous ribbon (2). After four or five stages it arrives at the reeling frame (3), then goes to the loom for weaving (4). It took more than 1,000 yards of linen to "climb" this civil version of the Vickers Warwick plane (5).

Photos, Togical Press, Charles F. Brown
I

The earlier days of the War, when I was on the staff of The War Illustrated, were more abundant. I often came across letters that were sent to me from our men in the field, and I was able to share my experiences with them. These letters were very informative, and I was able to share my experiences with them. These letters were very informative, and I was able to share my experiences with them.

The letters from the field gave me a sense of the reality of war, and I was able to share my experiences with them. These letters were very informative, and I was able to share my experiences with them. These letters were very informative, and I was able to share my experiences with them.

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Whilst Death Rains Down from China's Sky

SHELTERING FROM JAPANESE BOMBS, war-experienced refugee Chinese women crouch with their children in a slit-trench while snarfy planes are overhead. On April 8, 1944, Japanese forces launched big attacks in the Honan Province—which is known as the granary of China—but their hold on the key Peking-Hankow railway was broken by the Chinese capture of Suiping on May 13.

Photo, Keystone