



THE STARS AND STRIPES

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Japs Scent Invasion in Truk Attack

126 Planes KO'd in 2nd Big U.S. Assault; Enemy Fleet Still Hiding

PEARL HARBOR, May 3—A formidable U.S. sea-air task force has delivered a devastating two-day attack on the big Japanese naval base of Truk in the Carolines in an operation which Tokyo fearfully described today as a prelude to invasion.

The same huge fleet of everything from battleships to submarines which covered Gen. MacArthur's latest landings on New Guinea carried out the Truk assault and again the Jap fleet remained in hiding. As was the case in the Guinea landings, the Truk attack went unchallenged from the sea. Not a U.S. ship was even damaged. And as in the February attack on Truk, the raiders found no heavy units of the Jap fleet in the area.

All day Saturday and Sunday, bombers from a flotilla of aircraft-carriers pulverized installations and defenses of the Japanese Pearl Harbor 2,000 miles south of Tokyo with 800 tons of explosives. The first day, 60 enemy planes were destroyed in combat, 60 more on the ground, and five by flak.

One Plane Up Second Day

The second day, only one lone plane offered resistance—and it was knocked down—strongly suggesting that Truk's air defenses had been completely neutralized. U.S. plane losses were officially described as "slight," with 30 aircraft personnel missing.

While the bulk of the planes smashed Truk, the warships themselves pounded two supporting island bases, along with other aircraft. The battlewagons, commanded by Vice Adm. W. A. Lee, gave Ponape Island, about 380 miles east of Truk, its first naval bombardment of the war, although it has been raided by Solomons bombers about 40 times this year. Cruisers under Rear Adm. J. B. Oldendorf shelled Satawan in the Nomoi Islands, 189 miles south of Truk.

It was the second major assault on the volcanic circle of wooded islands which comprise Truk. The first, in February, cost the Japs more than 200 planes and 23 enemy merchant ships were caught and sunk as they tried to flee.

Fleet Still in Area?

Japanese communications indicated today that the big U.S. fleet was still in the Caroline Islands area; one Tokyo broadcast said U.S. forces were "waiting for a chance to invade."

While the Truk attack was in progress, Liberators carried out another raid on Japanese-held Wake Island, dropping 95 tons of bombs without losing a plane.

On New Guinea, meanwhile, Australian troops pushed five miles beyond the Alexishafen air base without meeting opposition. Allied planes strafed the Japanese inland escape routes in the Wewak and Aitape sectors, and planes and PT boats smashed 20 evacuation barges at Wewak.

A special statement from Gen. MacArthur's headquarters said that Japanese efforts to supply, reinforce or evacuate their armies cut off in the Southwest Pacific islands had been paralyzed by the destruction of coastal shipping. It estimated that in the last year the Allies had sunk 1,727 of these vessels and damaged 3,548.

Allies Gain in Burma

While Lt. Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell's troops wiped out more enemy strong-points in northern Burma yesterday, British tank forces north of Kohima captured several Japanese outposts, inflicted several hundred enemy casualties and apparently recaptured the Kohima water supply.

The War Today

Air War

Spokesman of the British Ministry of Economic Warfare declares German rail system has been battered beyond ability to carry transport necessary to repel invasion; U.S. fleets continue pounding of enemy rail targets in 19th day of pre-invasion blitz; Libs hit Pas de Calais.

Pacific

Big U.S. sea-air task force destroys 126 Jap planes in two-day hammering of Truk; enemy fleet again shuns fight; Tokyo calls attack prelude to invasion.

Russia

German report large-scale Soviet attack with 350 tanks west of Jassy; Red bombers burn troop trains at Lwow; artillery pounding of Sebastopol continues.

Bullets or Bites—Nazis Choose the Mosquito

ALLIED HQ, Italy, May 3 (Reuter)—German forces, apparently apprehensive of a new Allied offensive from the Anzio beachhead, have opened the floodgates inundating large areas of the Pontine marshes.

Vast patches of fertile land reclaimed by Mussolini are under water, and what was once one of the world's worst malarial plague spots is again breeding mosquitoes. Prisoners reported a high percentage of malaria among some German units.

Senate Group To Open Probe Of 'Monty' Grab

Chicago Judge Promises Ruling Monday on U.S. Plea for Injunction

WASHINGTON, May 3—Declaring that the Montgomery Ward and Co. seizure had caused "widespread consternation" throughout the U.S., Chairman Pat McCarran (D., Nev.) of the Senate Judiciary Committee announced today that his group would open an investigation next week and that Attorney General Francis Biddle and Sewell Avery, company president, would be called to testify.

"The uneasiness of business as a result of this act," McCarran said, "warrants very definite acts of Congress to fix an alignment as to what may or may not be done to private business, private enterprise and to the private individual in his pursuits."

"The Judiciary Committee is going into this investigation to determine whether any individual or agency of government has set himself or itself up as superior to the law."

Meanwhile, arguments were concluded in Federal Court in Chicago over President Roosevelt's authority to order the seizure. Judge William H. Holly announced he would issue a decision Monday on the government's petition for an injunction to restrain the company from interfering with federal operation of the seized Chicago plant.

NLRB, announcing that a collective-bargaining election would be held within seven days among the workers whose dispute with the company led to the seizure, divided the employees into two units for the vote, one comprising those in the warehouse and retail store and the other those on the administrative payroll.

The United Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Employees (CIO) wanted all lumped into one unit and the company had asked for four.

Allies Raid Again in Italy; Nazis Wait a Fresh Drive

While Allied bombers continued hammering German communications in northern and central Italy, attacking the naval base at Spezia and raiding Genoa for the fifth night in a row, German sources reported yesterday that the Fifth and Eighth Armies had completed large-scale regrouping and soon may begin a new offensive.

Safe in Reich After P51 Crash With a Nazi, Martin Gets DSC

Col. Kenneth R. Martin, Mustang group commander, who has been missing since his plane crashed head-on with an Me410 over Germany Feb. 11, has been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross, Ninth Air Force announced yesterday.

Martin was leading his group in escorting heavy bombers deep into Germany when he was engaged simultaneously by eight Me410s. He destroyed one and, while regaining altitude, engaged another frontally. The two aircraft collided, the Me410 blew up and Martin's Mustang was last seen going down into the overcast in a fluttering dive.

(A German broadcast has announced that Martin parachuted to safety and was now in a hospital in Germany, only slightly injured.)

The citation pointed out that Martin's Mustang, equipped with the new blister-type canopy, was easily distinguished from the other planes and "attracted concentrated attacks."

Martin had been credited officially with 41 enemy aircraft shot down.

Martin's group, first in the Ninth to fly Mustangs and known as the Pioneer Group, was placed under command of Col. James H. Howard, of St. Louis, former Flying Tiger, and later Lt. Col. Charles R. Bickell, of Nutley, N.J.

Nazi Rail Lines Now Can't Meet Invasion Load, Briton Asserts; Planes Batter Transport Anew

April Showers

100,000 Tons of Bombs Rained On Hitler's Fortress in a Month

More than 100,000 tons of bombs were heaped on German targets in Europe last month in the greatest aerial offensive in history, a recapitulation of all the air forces' records for April showed last night.

Loads of explosives cascaded on German-held Europe from Allied aircraft based in Britain and Italy at a rate exceeding two tons a minute.

Operating on 23 days, the USSTAF alone dropped more than 43,500 tons in raids in which 1,282 enemy planes were destroyed in aerial battles.

RAF bombers, in assaults from Britain, battered Hitler's Europe with 37,000 tons as Bomber Command dispatched more aircraft than ever before.

In addition, 8,800 tons were dropped by the Ninth Air Force and 11,000 by the Mediterranean Allied Air Forces exclusive of the 15th Air Force. The U.S. 12th Air Force and elements of the RAF compose the MAAF in addition to the 15th.

Of the 43,500 USSTAF tons, the British-based Eighth Air Force carried 24,000. The remainder was dropped by the Italian-based 15th Air Force.

Reds Attacking Pepper and Hill In Jassy Sector

Driving for Rumanian Oil, Nazis Say; Troop Trains Bombed at Lwow

Strong Red Army forces, opening what German commentators saw as an attempt to break through toward Rumania's oil fields, have begun a large-scale attack along both banks of the middle Sereth River 27 miles west of Jassy, German radio said last night.

The Russians attacked with numerous infantry divisions and about 350 tanks, Col. Ernst von Hammer, German News Agency commentator, declared.

The enemy said the attack was launched Tuesday morning under cover of dense fog, after artillery preparation "like drum fire," but claimed that in the first day's fighting 161 of the 350 attacking tanks were disabled or destroyed.

Nevertheless, the Russians resumed their attacks yesterday morning, Von Hammer said.

Southwest of Kovel, guarding the northern approaches to the German rail base at Lwow in Poland, the Russians attacked with large tank forces, according to the Germans, who added the customary claim that they were repelled.

Long-range Soviet bombers meanwhile carried out a mass raid on enemy troop trains at Lwow Monday night, firing "at least six trains carrying troops and ammunition," according to a Soviet communique.

Continued artillery pounding of Sebastopol suggested to Moscow correspondents that Gen. Feodor Tolbukhin had decided against a frontal assault in favor of starving out the German garrison.

Pepper and Hill Lead in South

Floridian's Renomination Still in Doubt, However; Gurney Wins in Dakota

WASHINGTON, May 3—Sens. Claude Pepper of Florida and Lister Hill of Alabama, Administration stalwarts seeking renomination, were leading today in their states' Democratic primaries.

Meanwhile, an official canvass of the Apr. 11 primaries in Illinois showed that Republicans outpolled Democrats there for the first time in 16 years. GOP voters outnumbered Democrats by 157,711, whereas in the 1940 presidential primary the Democratic margin was 359,945. The total vote, 1,428,685, was the smallest of recent years.

In the South, there was a possibility that Pepper might have failed to poll the necessary majority over his four opponents and thus be forced into a runoff primary two weeks hence with the next-highest candidate, Judge J. Ollie Edmunds. Reuter said that "with slightly over 50 per cent of the votes counted, Pepper is 8,000 votes ahead of the combined vote of his opponents."

The same dispatch reported flatly that "Hill won renomination" in his two-man race. Returns from two-thirds of the precincts gave Hill 95,862 votes and James A. Simpson 74,970.

In South Dakota, which also voted yesterday, GOP Sen. Chan Gurney appeared to have won renomination; early returns gave him 4,943 votes to 2,448 for Lt. Gov. A. C. Miller. With incomplete reports on presidential-preference voting there, Gov. Thomas E. Dewey, of New York, had 2,818 votes to 1,354 for Lt. Cmdr. Harold E. Stassen, former Minnesota governor.

The day's other political news included: Lt. Gov. Eugene Keyes, of Michigan, frequent dissenter from State Administration policies, provisionally announced his candidacy for the Republican gubernatorial nomination in case Gov. Harry Kelly attempted to "purge" him.

Invasion Troops Boarded Craft in Feint, Nazis Say

STOCKHOLM, May 3 (UP)—Concentrations of invasion vessels on the English Channel coast are assuming even more gigantic proportions than the other signs of the forthcoming invasion which are reported daily, the Berlin correspondent of the Stockholm Aftonbladet said today, quoting German reports.

Reconnaissance pilots were said to have observed troops boarding invasion vessels ready to leave port on several occasions but later disembarking.

The correspondent said the Germans believed this a feint intended to lure them into taking premature counter-measures.

Nazi Officers Doomed

Moscow Radio said yesterday that three German officers had been sentenced to death for circulating a letter Marshal Fritz von Manstein wrote Adolf Hitler refusing to take responsibility for "incompetency and carelessness in directing operations" on the southern front.

Libs Paste Calais; Fighter-Bomber Fleets Out

Two months of bombardment of western Europe by combined U.S. and British bombers have thrown the railroads of northern France and Belgium into such chaos that they could not bear the peak load necessary to repel invasion, a spokesman of the British Ministry of Economic Warfare said in London yesterday.

Not a single freightyard between Cologne and the Bay of Biscay, in an area 100 miles deep, is capable of forming trains, and only military and coal traffic is being run, he said. Fourteen-year-old boys, women and one-armed ex-soldiers are being used to run the trains, he added.

For reasons of military security he declined an answer on whether the Germans have sufficient motor transport to make up for rail deficiencies—an important part of the equation in attempting to figure the time the Allies have

Court-Martial Facing Too-Talkative Raiders

A U.S. BOMBER BASE, May 3 (AP)—Two members of the crew of an American bomber, who reportedly talked too much before the last Berlin raid, have been grounded and probably will be court-martialed.

Their names were not disclosed, but it was reported that shortly before take-off time they were overheard to mention Berlin as the target in a place where the conversation might have been picked up by the wrong people.

Civilian laborers are still employed at some bases, but that is only one reason for the extreme security precautions. Not even the ground crews who service the planes are supposed to know where they went until they are back.

after the attack before the enemy can rush reinforcements into any given area.

He explained that the success in disrupting the rail system resulted not only from the recent intensification of air attack but also from the accumulation of sabotage, bombings and the long drain of war on equipment and personnel.

Even as he spoke, Allied planes were continuing the offensive on railway targets which had struck approximately 30 different points in the previous 24 hours.

600 Fighter-Bombers Out

More than 600 Mustang, Thunderbolt and Lightning fighter-bombers of the Ninth Air Force swept across the Channel in 13 separate waves and hit six railway junctions in France and Belgium and two airfields in France and Holland. Simultaneously, RAF Mitchells and Mosquitos attacked undisclosed military objectives in northern France.

As the fighter-bombers kept up the pounding of the transport system, a small force of Liberators—numbering up to 250—attacked military installations in the Pas de Calais area.

Not one enemy fighter was sighted by any of the bombers or fighter-bombers and all returned safely, as did the P51s and P47s escorting the heavies. The escort pilots saw some enemy fighters in the distance, but the Nazi planes shunned combat. Moderate flak was encountered over Pas de Calais.

The Ministry of Economic Warfare spokesman said that the Allies' success in knocking out marshalling yards in the

(Continued on page 4)

Home Front Now May Lick Rationless Chops

WASHINGTON, May 3 (Reuter)—Beefsteaks and roast beef will be the only meats rationed in America after midnight tonight, OPA announced today.

Chester Bowles, OPA chief, said the step had been taken because lend-lease buying had been halted for the time being and the demand of the armed forces had declined.



Col. Kenneth R. Martin

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Yankee Doodle on the Air

Discussing the value of the new American radio station now broadcasting to the people of Europe, the New York Times comments: "Robert E. Sherwood did not give away any secrets when he opened his A.B.S.I.E. program on Sunday with the warning that the continent will be attacked from the south as well as the east and west. The Italian campaign, already underway, is an attack from the south. But the opening of the A.B.S.I.E. station, American Broadcasting station in Europe, is an event worth noticing. A.B.S.I.E.'s headquarters just now seem to be in London. The title implies that they may be elsewhere after a while. We shall be able to speak to our continental cousins more directly and easily than has been possible till now.

"The American voice will carry weight. We have no political designs in Europe. Our Government has no desire to dictate the forms of government that are to prevail there and our people would not support a government that did have such a desire. We want only what the populations of Nazi-occupied and Nazi-dominated countries want—the end of Nazism and a peace that will stick.

"The sooner the peoples of Norway, France, the Low Countries and the Balkans can take over and administer their own affairs in their own way the better pleased we shall be. We come as friends not as conquerors. We have not motives that cannot be fully explained over the radio. In place of the sickening hypocrisy of Berlin we can offer complete frankness."

And may the station's new theme song "Yankee Doodle," with its gay, bantering melody, bring hope and cheer wherever it is heard, for the American Army will soon follow its beam into Western Europe.

Uniforms vs. Gowns

Woman, always a puzzle to man, has presented the male of the species with another paradox. At least, that's what we interpret from two news items of the day concerning the servicewomen of the United Kingdom and the United States.

Fifty white wedding dresses, given by women in America, have just reached Britain, complete with veils, shoes, stockings and cosmetics. The finery, displayed to officers of the ATS, the WRNS, the WAAF, the nursing service and the land army, will be available to brides-to-be among Britain's girls-in-uniform.

The idea of sending wedding dresses from the States to lend to women in the services over here originated last year when the president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs of America visited Britain and learned that clothes rationing made it almost impossible for many servicewomen to have a white wedding dress. The scheme appears to have been well received by Britain's girls-in-uniform, who still cherish the thought of marrying in traditional costume.

On the other hand, we have a report from across the Atlantic that, although the WACS are entitled to be married in the traditional white satin and tulle, most of them prefer to take the vows in uniform.

Chances are, fellows, that the WAC trend is quite harmless; but, as a masculine bystander, to us it provokes a wide field of speculation. Just how far will this martial spirit prevail into the home life of tomorrow? If the uniform so easily can replace the wedding gown, will we live to see the day when the bazooka gun replaces the rolling pin as the symbol of domestic authority?

The New Frontier

The month of April showed greatly increased Allied air assaults directed at forward aerodromes of the Luftwaffe.

More than 40 such dromes in Belgium and Northern France were bombed last month, and heavy bombers have now begun to take a hand in attacking airfield targets.

A typical day finds hundreds of Fortresses, Lightnings, Thunderbolts and Marauders out in strikes against German airdromes in western Europe. These attacks are pushing the Luftwaffe back against home base. This in turn gives Allied bombers freedom to strike at factories and communication lines with little or no fighter interference.

Before the forced withdrawal of the Luftwaffe fighters, enemy air territory started at the coast line. It would be truer today to say that it now starts on the frontiers of the Reich.

Hash Marks

Too many GIs were taking advantage of early chow at a Mustang station so the first two-graders held a "secret session." The "Master" and other minds retired to a pilot's room to hold the exclusive pow-wow. What they didn't know was this—listening merrily through the intra-communications system were the mechanics and other Joes not invited to the meeting.

A Pfc who thought he had all the answers for the "Any gum, chum?" kids, was stopped cold in his tracks the other



day. A bunch of youngsters surrounded him, shouting their war chant. He told them he didn't have any stuff. "When will you have it?" they asked. "Oh, I'll have some Wednesday, I guess," he replied. One of the kids looked at him and frowned. "Better make it Monday, chum—we've got to go back to school Wednesday and we won't be out here."

A little verse we really like comes from the pen of Capt. Loyd P. Humphries, of the ETO: The fog is cold and chilling, Clouds and rain are nearly killing. But here I avow I believe as of now The same weather at home would be thrilling.

Trivial Chatter: A paragraph we turned out the other day should have read like this: "After two years on foreign soil we are definitely, 'Sold, American!'"

According to the GI who told us this story, WAC Pvt. Joan Van Emden, now of the ETO, must have taken her basic training from a tough sergeant. Though momentarily stunned at meeting her brother, T/4 A. Van Emden, on the same troopship bound for foreign shores, she did not let sisterly affection crack up her newly instilled military poise. "Why, Art, your ears are dirty! When's the last time you washed them?" were her now-famous first words of greeting. By morning the story had made the rounds of the ship and the Cpl's ears were really red!

The ETO-Mind at Work. Riding along on the subway we passed the time away reading a newspaper over a Pvt.'s



shoulder. The headlines blared, "Spain Yields To Allies." The Pvt. finished the paper, assumed a very worried look for a minute, took out a pencil and did a little doodling. He discarded the sheet as he left the subway. We picked it up to find the word "Spain" neatly penciled to read "Spam."

Revised Quotes: Some people throw paper around as if it were money. J. C. W.

Giving the Lie to the Nazi Lies

'Flying Newsboys' Hit With Truth Till It Hurts

By Bud Hutton, Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

It took ten years of fumbling before the rest of the world found a propaganda weapon equal to the Nazis' boasted plan of telling, re-telling and amplifying a lie until it became accepted fact.

Today the United Nations finally have the answer—the truth; and every 24 hours that planes can fly finds the Allied air forces risking millions of dollars in equipment and the lives of trained crews in bombarding continental Europe with paper bombs telling the true story of the war.

The need for an Allied counter-weapon to the lie as an accepted instrument of international policy became obvious midway in the Spanish Civil War. The Fascist phrase, "There are four columns approaching the city (Madrid) and a fifth within," was caught up and came to epitomize the policy of sending agents into an area and by whispering and/or shouting panic-inducing phrases to demoralize the enemy's behind-the-lines areas.

The Nazis tried out that technique in Spain—along with their Messerschmitts and Heinkels, their Panzerwaggons and their Stukas—and when they rolled through the rest of Europe in 1940, the technique was as nearly perfect as Goebbels could make it. It had complementary forms: If you can't get your agents behind the lines, send the phrase or the disturbing word by radio; or spot it in an apparently innocent and neutral newspaper. And basic of all policy in propaganda was the declaration of der Fuehrer himself that a lie, if repeated often enough and surrounded with apparently genuine circumstances, eventually would be accepted as fact.

Truth Their Only Weapon

It is almost fantastic that, human nature being what it is, there never at any time was any propaganda weapon being considered by the newly growing American Office of War Information except the truth. But that weapon was no good until there was something worth being truthful about. Finally, the industrial colossus of America stirred itself.

Germans and conquered Frenchmen, Poles, Liths, Belgians and all the rest could see American and British bombers come over by night and day. Citizens of the Third Reich could whisper to one another that they had met not a single soul come home from the Sixth Army group which held Stalingrad. The families of the Afrika Korps' swaggering ranks began to get letters from prisoner-of-war camps.

To a back room in an OWI office came picked newspapermen, picked interpreters, picked airmen. They set up the biggest newspaper chain in history, with papers in the languages of the nations Hitler held.

A task force of Flying Fortresses and their crews began, under conditions of utmost secrecy, to build a flying technique and a method of "attack" to distribute the products of this biggest newspaper chain in the world.

Some of the airmen frankly didn't like the job. "We're trained and our planes are built to carry bombs. . . . Nuts on that, they shot down Tommy and his crew last week; how the hell can we get even playing paper boy to Europe?"

But it was a job that had to be done. Early in the autumn of 1943 the first B17, carrying in its belly no TNT but baled bundles of L'Amérique en Guerre, the OWI newspaper for occupied France, took off from a regular operational drome and headed for the continent.

It was a fine commentary on the world's morality that for seven months there was



enjoined the strictest security and silence about the work of "The Newsboys' Air Force," because, among other reasons, it was far from certain that the truth would be as effective a propaganda weapon as, for instance, a lie.

Through that long time the Forts and their crews went out an average of 13 times a month to continental Europe. They fought flak and fighters, but with amazing thoroughness of preparation and a share of luck they didn't lose a single aircraft. And they did it all anonymously; members of the most publicized air force in the world, they flew and came home with never an official word to Harold Fox, their PRO captain from Easton, Pa.

The first success came with a Nazi reaction typical of Goebbels' propaganda. L'Amérique en Guerre was beginning to drive home some shrewd truths to the people of France. The Gestapo got hold of a number of copies and a couple of weeks later swastikaed planes flew over France dropping Nazi-printed copies of L'Amérique en Guerre. The ruse flopped, however, because Goebbels had not yet learned the value of truth, and he filled the fake paper with obvious and easily detected lies.

But in mid-March the leaflet folks knew their efforts really were successful, and the boards of strategy could sit back with a relieved sigh. The Forts and the Libs went to Berlin. With them went planes carrying "Sternenbanner," and the story of Roosevelt's "security for all" message and news stories about Allied preparations for the coming invasion. Overnight, the Nazi leaders went into a typical rug-chewing act. By radio and in their own papers, they denounced "Sternenbanner." Himmler decreed imprisonment for reading the leaflets, a couple of days later decreed death.

Proof That It Hurt

That was what the leaflet people had been waiting for. Unless they had been hurt, the Nazis would not have struck back. The truth, apparently, would be believed even by the people of Germany, and now it was all right to remove the cloak of secrecy on the affairs of "The Newsboys' Air Force" and the cloak-and-dagger-guys.

At an operations room on an Eighth Air Force Fortress base from which nearly 100 leaflet-bombing missions have been launched the aircrews for the first time began to feel that maybe dropping paper bombs was more fun and at least as much use as dropping high explosive and incendiaries. . . . "Paris," the flight plan says, and the crews go to briefing. 1/Lt. Eugene P. Andes, of Pittsburgh, talks to the crews: The Vichy French authorities have come forth with a blast against the leaflets—there is explosive in the bomb bays of "The Newsboys' Air Force" after all.

Andes reads off the contents of the haul for the night. L'Amérique en Guerre, of an issue with which the crews already are familiar; a leaflet describing the war on the eastern front. Larry Duff, the Brookings, S.D., first lieutenant who is operations officer after finishing a tour, tells the crews about flying conditions and the plan of bombing.

The crew we're flying with on this haul is about like any bomber crew: 1/Lt. Carl Clover, the pilot, is from Monroe, La., and thinks Flak Alley Lil is the best B17 flying, at least this haul he thinks so, and that's not unusual. Co-pilot is 2/Lt. Robert Callahan Jr., of Memphis, Tenn., and because of some secret items about more than most bomber co-pilots do; he does it.

Navigator is 2/Lt. H. R. Graham, of Long Beach, Cal., who will team with the bombardier, T/Sgt. Alan Johannes, of Valley, Neb. (finishing his tour), to get the leaflets out of the bomb bays so that

the wind will carry them into Parisians' hands. Radioman is T/Sgt. Joe Seaburg, of Tacoma, Wash.; top turret engineer, M/Sgt. Floyd Kieschnick, Harlingen, Tex.; ball turret, S/Sgt. Charlie Boone, Wedowee, Ala.; tail gunner, S/Sgt. D. A. Lupton, Springfield, S.D., and the waist gunners, S/Sgts. Jim MacDonald, of Chicago, and Mike Linnan, of Laurens, Iowa.

On the way to Paris—or that point to the west at which leaflets, dropped a censored number of feet up in the air, will drift to Montmartre and les Champs d'Elysees and l'Arc de Triomphe—there is the usual flak from the usual places the Nazis are guarding. We go around it and Graham begins to bring us on to the bombing run. Flak Alley Lil leaps as the leaflets chunk out, and we swing homeward.

A Channel Battle

Visibility is next to nothing at all as we head towards the coast of France and the Channel. Suddenly there is a blurred shape racing past the 9 o'clock side. In the tail, Dave Lupton gets in a quick burst. "Fighter," he grunts over the interphone. He starts to say something more, breaks off and you hear, or rather feel, the hammering of his guns again.

There is a vivid flash of flame, and a Nazi fighter which had come up from 6 o'clock low, plunges down to the mouth of the Seine, off Le Havre. Flak Alley Lil goes home.

Mostly, it seemed just another haul to the crew, but as the ship taxied into its hardstand there was a car waiting, and brass abounded as the engines died away. After ten minutes of explanations, the 11 men of Flak Alley Lil report to operations that any entries of "missing in action" on the log there are gross overstatements. It seems we have been reported down by some RAF fighter people who saw the Jerry burning after the fray off Le Havre.

You get eggs, you sleep and you get up again to go to the other side of France, over towards Germany, with more leaflets. Skipper of Dinah-Mite is Capt. Dan Butler, from Tucson, Ariz., whose father (you find out) is a major general in the Air Force, but who leads the flight section because Dan Butler—not the general—knows more about the job than the next man.

Making up the crew are 2/Lt. Seymour Schechner, Brooklyn, co-pilot; 1/Lt. Brian S. Gunderson, Omaha, Neb., navigator and transferee from the RCAF; S/Sgt. Chandler Dooley, Flint, Mich., bombardier; T/Sgt. Jim O'Malley, Jersey City, radio gunner; T/Sgt. Harold R. Hinkle, San Juan, Tex., top turret engineer; S/Sgt. Frank R. Opiela Jr., West Allis, Wis., ball turret; S/Sgt. William R. Hartson, Honey Grove, Tex., tail gunner, and S/Sgts. Carl Dierks, Worland, Wyo., and Ted Perna, Hammononton, N.J., waist gunners.

The trip out is quiet enough, the leaflets go down with a hope that some Nazi galleiter will chew rugs because of what they carry, and we go home. On the way, far to the east, smoke and flame rise up with the flak from Aulnoye, railroad junction vital to Nazi invasion defenses, which is taking a pounding.

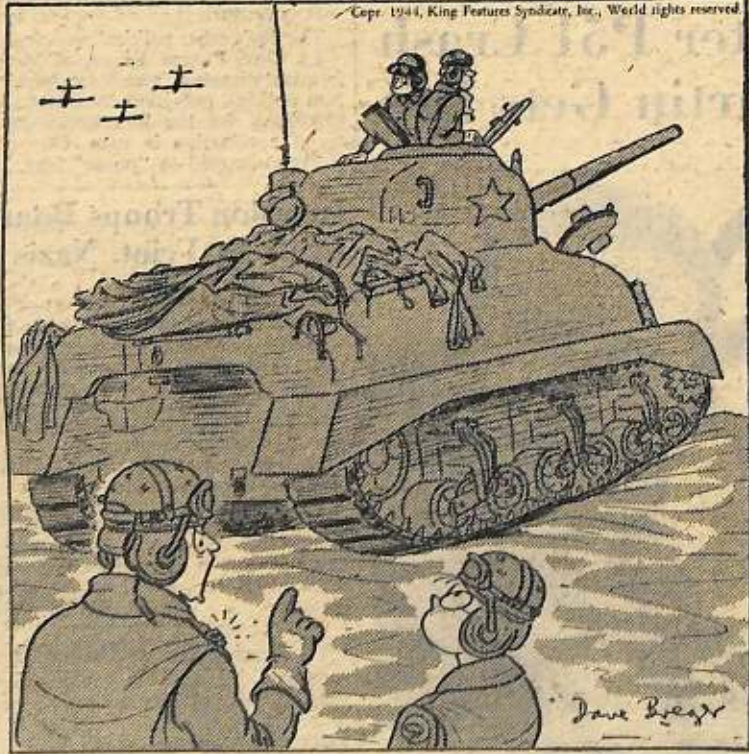
Butler, veteran of raids in which he helped carry explosives and incendiaries to Boulogne, Hanover, Mannheim and Frankfurt, jerks a thumb towards the destruction going on over there.

"This stuff we haul is having an effect, and we're all for it on that basis," he says. "But there's a hell of a desire in most of us to carry something that will make Nazi headaches a little tougher to bear.

"You can't take a photographic reconnaissance picture of a leaflet or a newspaper destroying Germany."

The OWI, however, and the people who staked Allied propaganda's whole being on the truth, know that the leaflets are doing just that.

PRIVATE BREGER



"Go tell those men from Virginia to stop calling a 'General Sherman' tank a 'General Lee'!"

Warweek

Hitler's Soldier - Slave No Pushover.
Two Pages of Simplified War Maps.
Brush Up on Your German in 10 Lessons.

Thursday, May 4, 1944

German Soldier Takes a Lot of Beating



Arrogant, proud, he is well-trained, well-equipped and thoroughly experienced—Our best are better

The current issue of Warweek, *The Enemy and You*, deals with the background, training and equipment of the German soldier. The man who reads this page carefully will be prepared to take an intelligent part in the discussion of *The Enemy and You*.

By Hamilton Whitman

FROM what we have seen of him in combat so far, it is perfectly plain that Hitler's 1944-Model soldier is plenty tough, plenty smart and takes a whale of a beating before he throws in his hand. When he is out-fought, out-smarted and outnumbered he does one of three things: He dies, he surrenders—or he runs. He doesn't run very often. Mostly he fights, stubbornly, then desperately, until he's literally blasted out of his cover. That makes him sound like a pretty tough and dangerous customer. It is intended to do just that.

Only by realizing just how tough and how dangerous this fellow is will American troops who are soon to meet him be able to knock him over without getting hurt themselves.

Pictures on this page give a chronological account of the various steps which lead from a German schoolroom to a grave or an Allied Prisoner of War camp.

Here is some inside dope, culled from U.S. and British Government official records, which explains just how it is that Hitler has been able to produce the Army which took most of Poland in a few short weeks, defeated the French Army in approximately 45 days and occupied Yugoslavia in a 12-day blitz campaign.

Two Big Differences

Two things mark a big difference between the German soldier and a man in the American, British or other Allied armies. One is the length of time the German has been trained—it probably averages about 12 years per man—and the other is the German's ingrained and fanatical faith in Hitler.

The same medicine cures both diseases.

Plenty of air and land preparation, Bangalore torpedoes for the wire, flame throwers, Bazooka rockets and demolition charges for his pillboxes—machine-gun fire and mortar shells for his open emplacements—those form the mechanical side of the formula. Add to them, brains, guts and training; the pictures along the bottom of this page show the result the combination gives.

These Nazi tough-guys are the result of a set of conditions which do not exist in any other country in the world today—with the possible exception of Japan.

Germans Think Alike

For about 200 years—ever since the time of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia—most Germans have tended to believe the same kind of thing. That means that for six or eight generations back, Germans have believed in regimentation, war and the theory that they were, somehow, better than anybody else in the world. That idea, of course, led to aggressive war—which means highjacking your neighbor's property.

That's why it was pretty easy for Hitler to build the kind of an army he has in the kind of a country Germany is—although he had less than 20 years in which to do it.

But he didn't take any chances with his raw material. He started 'em young and he kept 'em hard at it so that while most American or English or French kids



HITLER'S little Nazis start their heiling and hiking early. Here they are, eyes shining as they glimpse their Führer at one of Germany's big pre-war meetings of the Hitler Youth. A few years later they're in the army, already half-trained before they even become rookies. Untried as yet, they march confidently toward the front. Battle strain tells, even on a Nazi "superman," however, and this slit trench occupant shows it. He's plenty dangerous, plenty smart—look out for him. He's armed with a Schmeisser machine pistol, originally designed for paratroops but now widely used by other branches of the Wehrmacht.

were occupied with school, sports and their first jobs, Hitler's boys were drilling and training—getting ready to be soldiers.

Very few people in Germany had any doubt at all but what army service and, if need be, death on the field of battle, were the highest forms of personal accomplishment. Some Germans, of course, realized that this was dangerous nonsense, but they couldn't do anything about it—any more than an American who might not believe in freedom could do anything about it.

They Really Are Different

That's the thing which is hard for non-Germans to understand—that the Germans believe in war just as strongly as we believe in peace. The German kids, shown in the picture on this page, look very much the way any of us might have looked at a Boy Scout Camp a few years ago. The picture doesn't show the inside of their heads, however, and that's where the difference is.



Associated Press Photos

the new troops went into camp for three months each summer. There the various branches, infantry, artillery, armor, etc., worked together as combat teams. Every two years, large-scale maneuvers were held in September and October.

That, in outline form, was the peacetime training program of the men who now form the backbone of Hitler's army. The important thing to remember about it is that it came after the recruits had all had about 12 years of pre-army military training.

Machine-Gun Key Arm

German infantry weapons center around the light machine-gun—the MG34 and its variations—a shortened version of the standard Mauser infantry rifle known as the "Karbiner 98K," the Luger, or "Parabellum" pistol and the familiar stick, or "potato-masher," hand grenade. The MG34, like the 98K rifle, is Cal. .312 inches, slightly larger than the Springfield or M1 bore which measures .308.

Roughly, it is in the class of our Browning Automatic Rifle, with one exception. The gun is so designed that it may be fired as either clip or belt-fed.

Squad Built on Gun

The Germans rely on it for the bulk of their infantry fire and each infantry squad is built around the crew of the gun. Riflemen, who become gunners if needed, are posted on the flanks and to the rear of the gun. Their job is to provide defensive covering fire if the gun is attacked. The machine gun is the offensive part of the squad.

This theory—that the machine-gun does the work while the riflemen stand by to help—has a weakness. The weakness is that it tends to put marksmanship training with the rifle into second place. Don't get the idea that the Germans neglect musketry training. They don't. But their standards of what is "good shooting" by the individual soldier are considerably below ours.



IN THE BAG are these German snipers, rounded up on Italian soil by three equally tough U.S. Paratroopers. One Nazi wore Red Cross arm-band, carried a freshly fired rifle, when captured.



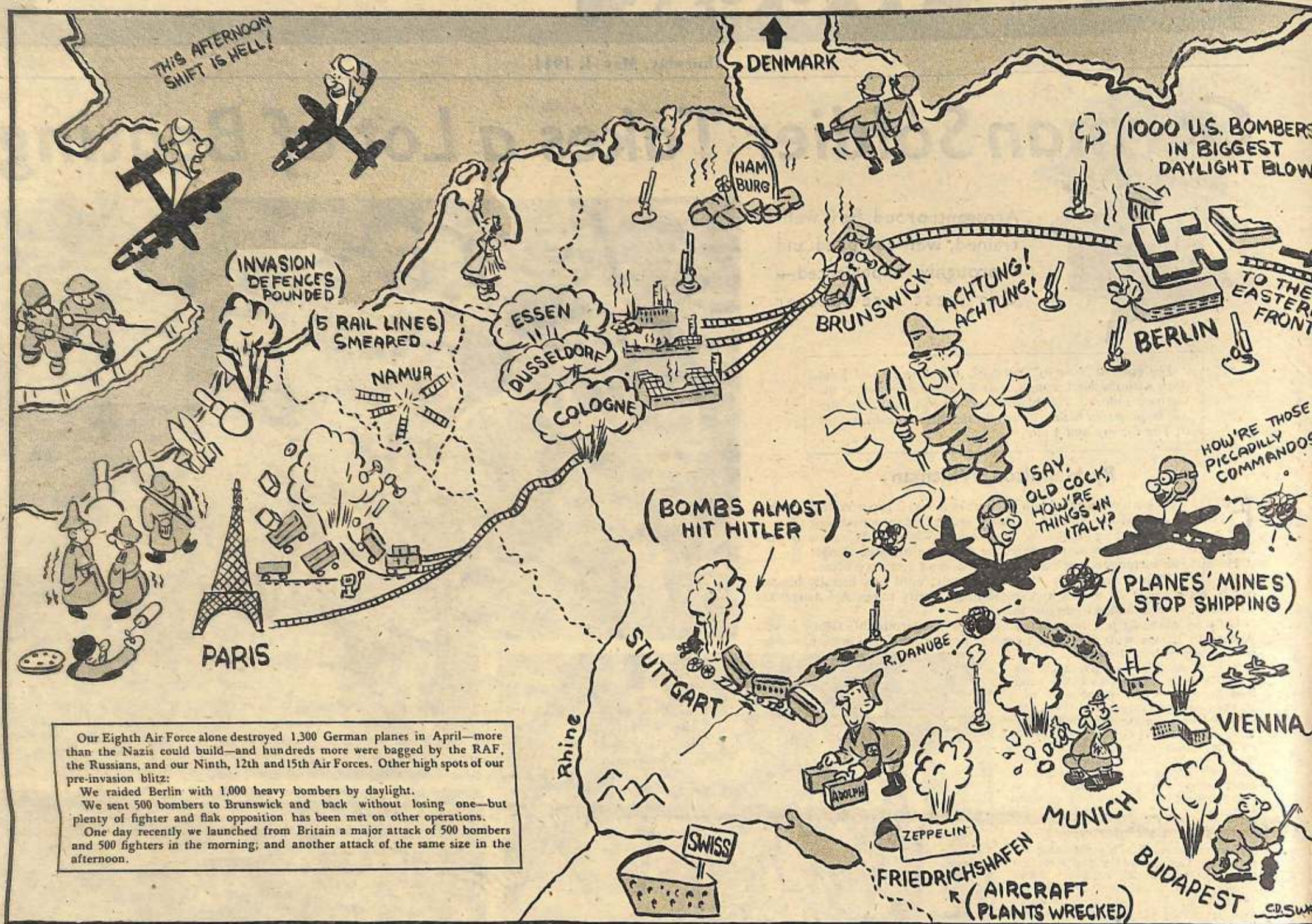
FEAR SHOWS in every line of this German soldier's face. He's had enough, is ready to crack.



TRAIL'S END—a field in Sicily. Dead Nazi lies where he fell, south of Enna, as United Nations troops push on to occupy island. There are more fields, more Nazis, more objectives to take.

Events of the Week in a Word and Picture

Bombers Deliver the Goods to Hitler's Occupied Europe



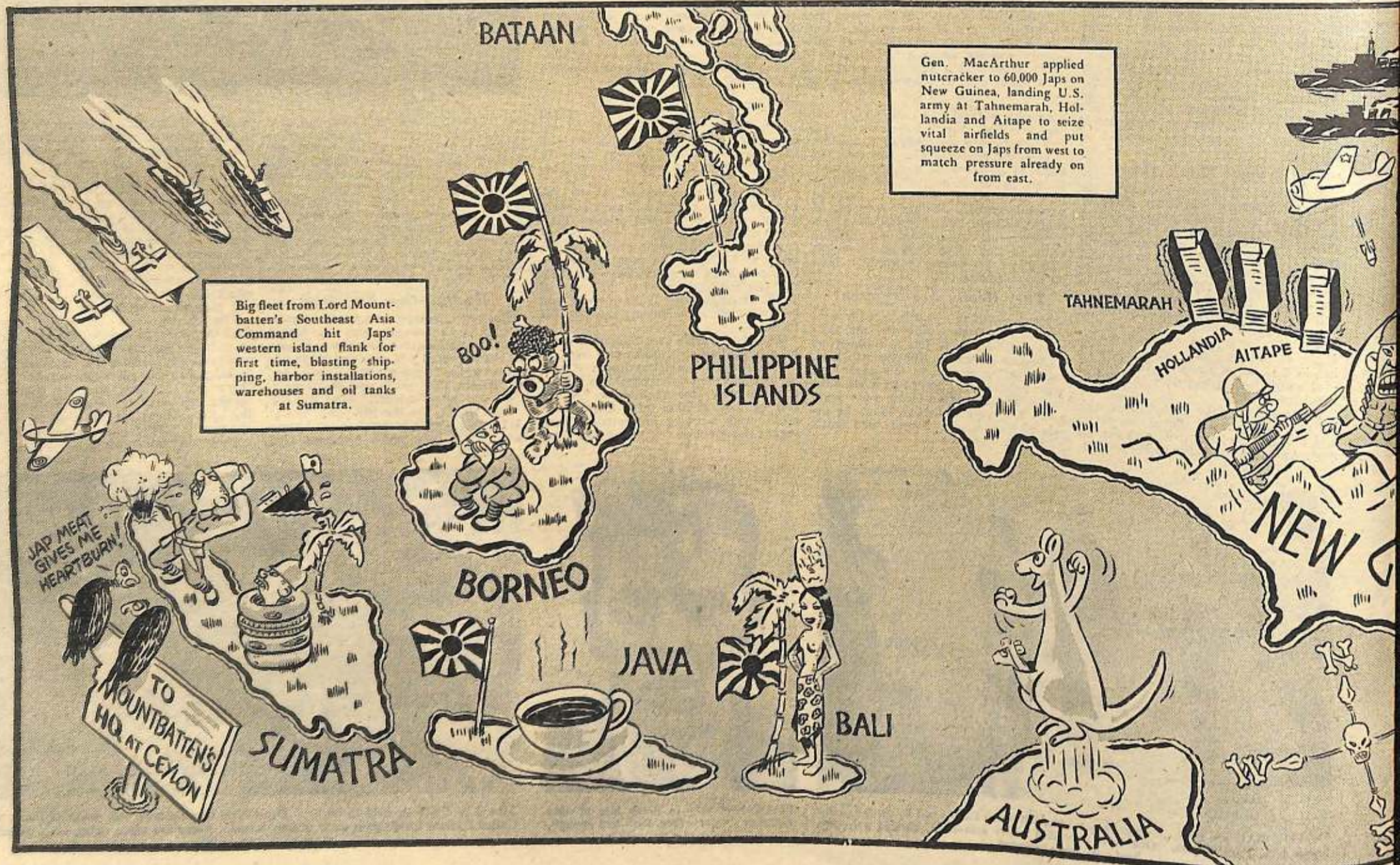
Our Eighth Air Force alone destroyed 1,300 German planes in April—more than the Nazis could build—and hundreds more were bagged by the RAF, the Russians, and our Ninth, 12th and 15th Air Forces. Other high spots of our pre-invasion blitz:

We raided Berlin with 1,000 heavy bombers by daylight.

We sent 500 bombers to Brunswick and back without losing one—but plenty of fighter and flak opposition has been met on other operations.

One day recently we launched from Britain a major attack of 500 bombers and 500 fighters in the morning; and another attack of the same size in the afternoon.

Where the Seams of Jap Conquest are Beginning to Rip



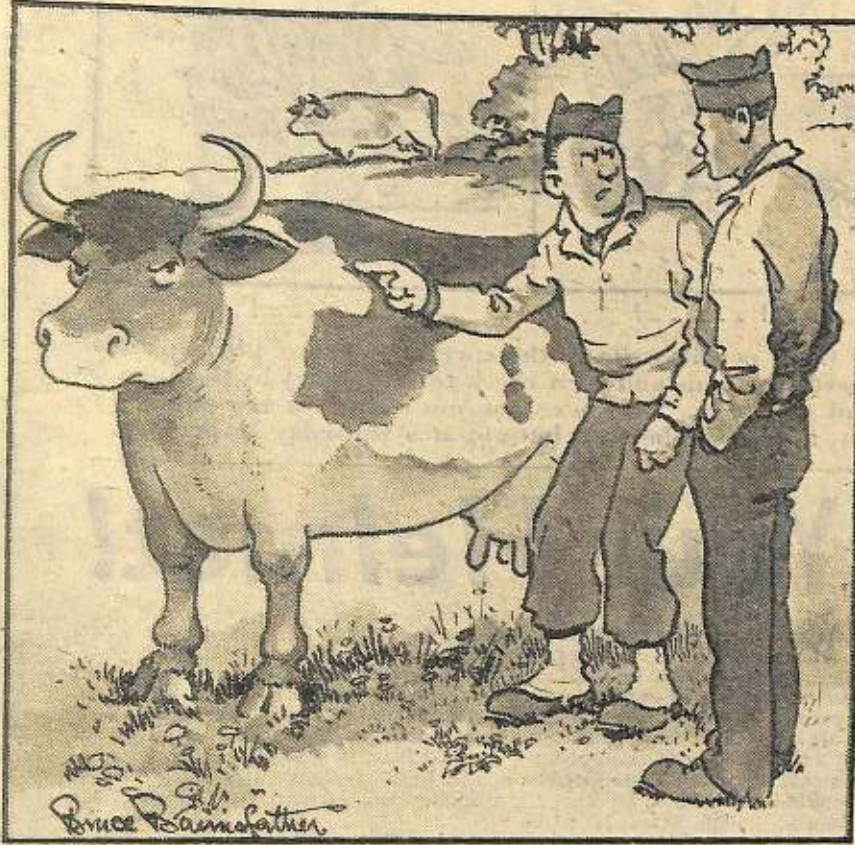
Big fleet from Lord Mountbatten's Southeast Asia Command hit Japs' western island flank for first time, blasting shipping, harbor installations, warehouses and oil tanks at Sumatra.

Gen. MacArthur applied nutcracker to 60,000 Japs on New Guinea, landing U.S. army at Tahnemarah, Hollandia and Aitape to seize vital airfields and put squeeze on Japs from west to match pressure already on from east.

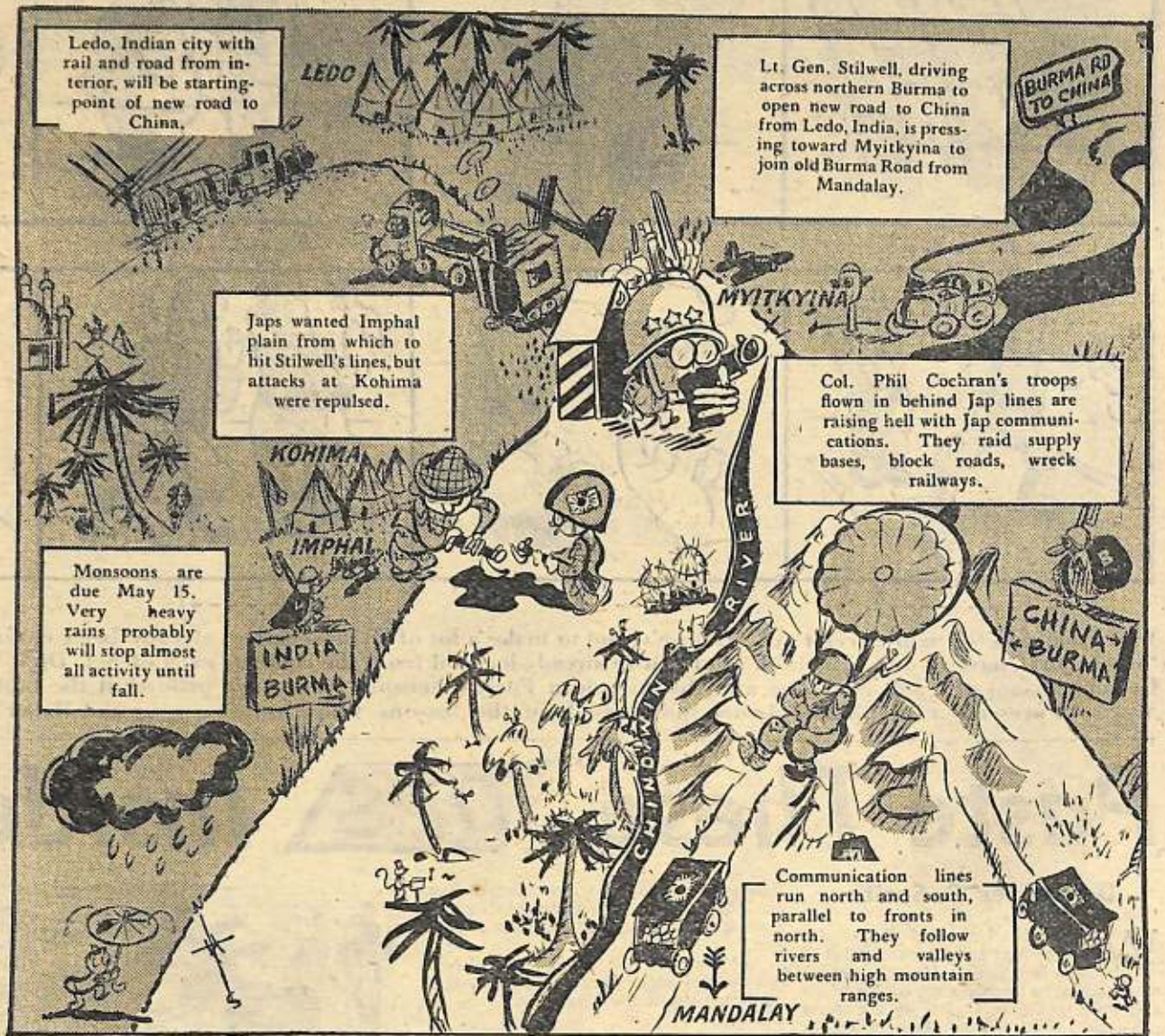
Picture Presentation Designed for Busy GIs

Tempo of Burmese War Rises

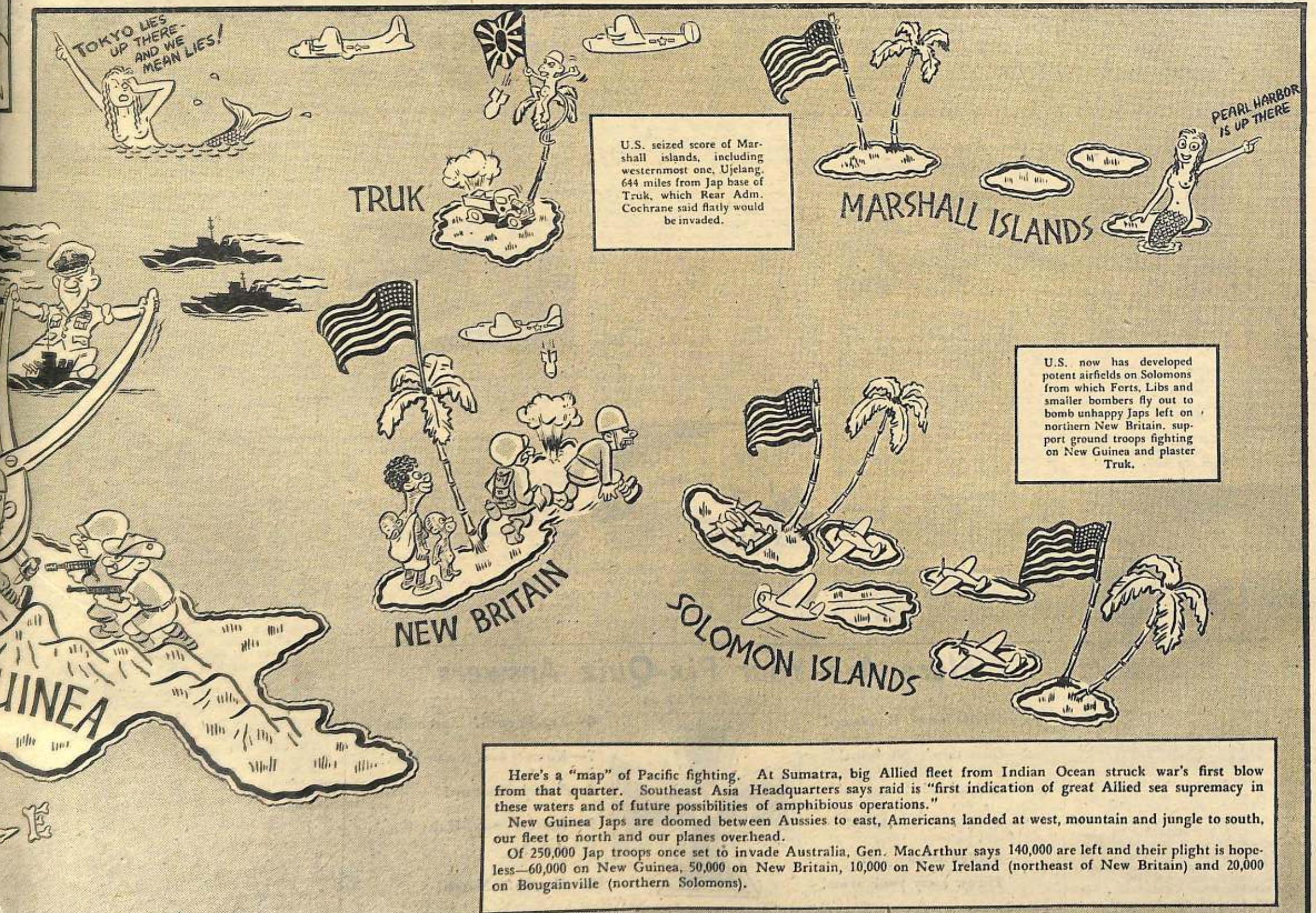
Does it get you down to read about "Imphal," "Hollandia," and "Pas de Calais"? Here are maps that show simply the significance of the Pacific activities, the meaning of the Burma fighting, and the high spots of the pre-invasion air attacks from Britain.



'No he aint! That's where Eisenhower's goin' to land! Right there!'



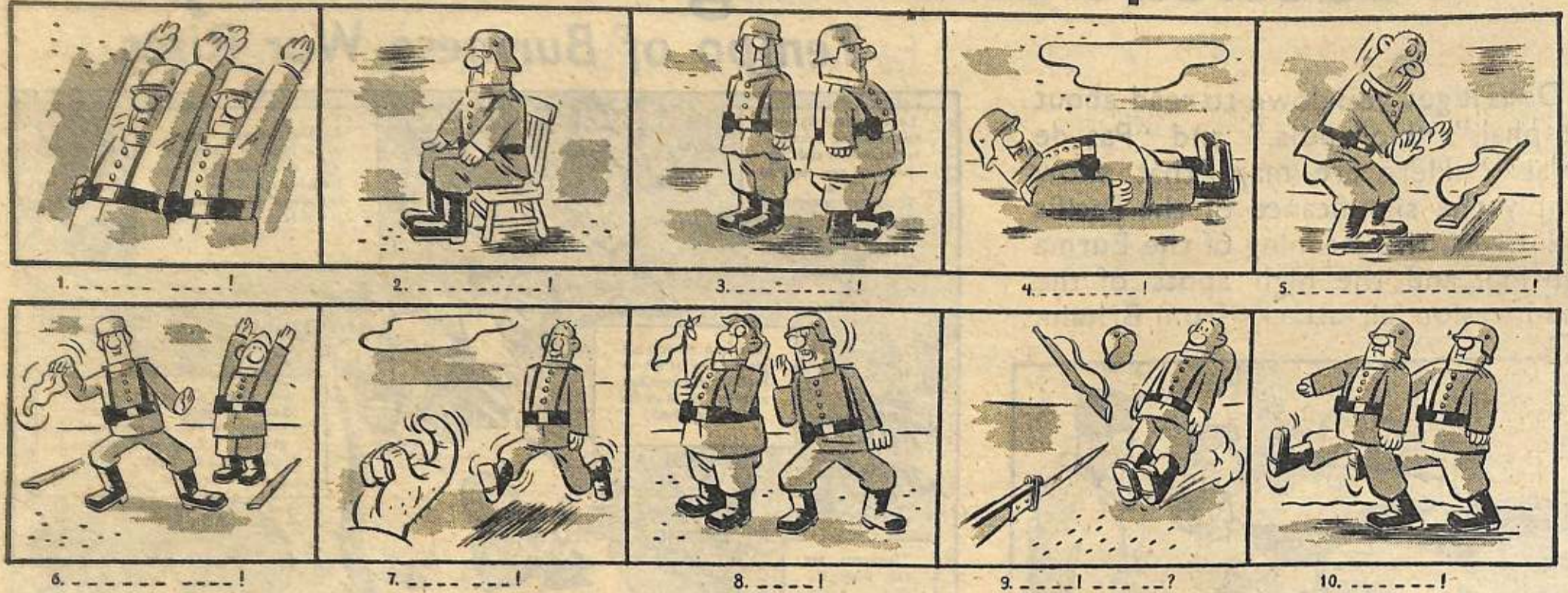
In N. Burma, U.S. and Chinese troops under Gen. Stilwell fight to punch new road to China from Ledo, India. Engineers are building road as front moves toward Myitkyina and old Burma Road. To understand operations of our airborne troops in Burma and Jap campaign at Imphal remember that communication lines run not at right angles but parallel to northern fronts through mountain ranges running north and south.



Here's a "map" of Pacific fighting. At Sumatra, big Allied fleet from Indian Ocean struck war's first blow from that quarter. Southeast Asia Headquarters says raid is "first indication of great Allied sea supremacy in these waters and of future possibilities of amphibious operations."
New Guinea Japs are doomed between Aussies to east, Americans landed at west, mountain and jungle to south, our fleet to north and our planes overhead.
Of 250,000 Jap troops once set to invade Australia, Gen. MacArthur says 140,000 are left and their plight is hopeless—60,000 on New Guinea, 50,000 on New Britain, 10,000 on New Ireland (northeast of New Britain) and 20,000 on Bougainville (northern Solomons).

CD SWAN

Believe It or Not, the Germans Speak German



We're going to Germany, aren't we? But we've got to make a lot of Heinies holler "uncle" first, haven't we? To check what you've already learned from the combat German lessons of Yank Magazine and the American Forces Network program, Warweek presents a ten-phrase picture quiz, based on the lessons which have already been covered. Get a pencil, write in the correct German phrase under each of Sgt. Dick Wingert's cartoons and then check your memory by the answers printed at the bottom of this page. If you're got 'em right you are entitled to wear the Paper Cross, first class (below), but not at a Saturday inspection.

Paste These **TIPS** Inside Your Helmet!

By Walter B. Smith

WHILE the U.S. and Royal Air Forces hurl an unbroken mass of bombs against Hitler's reeling war machine, a mighty army of American and Allied soldiers is staging the dress rehearsal for the biggest show in history—invasion of the Nazis' Fortress Europe.

Every soldier in the ETO will be playing his role—great or small, obvious or secret. Every man today is going through the final training stages before Quartermaster Eisenhower calls signals for the big razzle-dazzle play.

Massed in the United Kingdom, toeing the line and awaiting the starting gun is the most gigantic array of force the world has ever seen. When D-Day dawns the full fury of angry United Nations will smash Hitler's empire with every resource of the free world.

It will be a battle of mighty assault flotillas.

It will be a battle of devastating aerial bombardment and withering artillery barrages.

It will be a battle of fierce infantry charges, roaring tank attacks.

The invasion will also be a series of personal scraps—rough, tough, hurly-burly back-alley stuff. The following briefs are tips on a few of the things you can expect to find when you cross the Channel.

Read them carefully, then remember their lessons. After you have read them, paste the whole works in your helmet—it'll be good padding, if nothing else.

STEER clear of pretty little cottages when you hit the continent for the Big Show, soldier. If you go poking around looking for the farmer's daughter you may wind up full of machine-gun slugs.

In Sicily the Jerries took small houses and reinforced them with concrete, leaving weapon slits just above the level of the ground. When our boys got into range—well, ten thousand bucks ain't funny money.

In fact, the Germans were tricky as hell about their pillboxes and block-houses all through the Sicily campaign.



There were so many little houses and stone walls on the island that camouflage was pretty simple.

In the Pachino area they thatched-covered their pillboxes, making them look like huts. Around Palazzolo a batch of pillboxes was built near limestone outcroppings; they were roofed with straw and even had straw "blinds" over the embrasures. It took a mighty sharp eye to distinguish between the harmless limestone and the wicked concrete.

The Germans think camouflage is mighty important—and they are good at it. They are still improving their methods and they readily adapt their basic principles to new terrain conditions. They take advantage of every scrap of natural cover afforded by the countryside.

For example, near Grammichele, in Sicily, an anti-tank gun was sited in a

field where cornstalks had recently been cut and stacked. The Germans threw up a stack of stalks around the shield of their gun.

Another time the Nazis constructed a pillbox beside a stone wall, painting a continuation of the stone pattern on the pillbox.

Weapons and forts were not the only things the Germans camouflaged. At least two different types of jazzy jackets were issued to snipers. One, which had a matching helmet cover, had a disruptive pattern with green background on one side and brown background on the other. The second type was like an ordinary fatigue jacket dyed a mottled green and brown.

If you drive a jeep, keep on your toes when the invasion starts. Jerry likes the little buggy as much as you do, and never misses a chance to pop off the driver and scoot off behind the wheel. Watch out for "jeep traps"—even if you spot them without falling in. There will probably be German machine-guns nearby.

One of Jerry's favorite tricks involves use of two skilfully camouflaged vehicle



traps (see diagram) extending halfway across a road from opposite sides, with just enough space between for a single car to pass. Machine-guns, sighted for crossfire in this space, are hidden on each side of the road.

If you don't detect the traps, the waiting gunners will plug you when you scramble out of the pit. Even if you do see the snares, the enemy's purpose is served because your jeep will have to slow down to twist its way between the two holes. You make a beautiful target for the machine-guns, trained on the center area.

The pits themselves are covered with tightly stretched canvas and sprinkled with dirt the same color as the road. Jeep traps of this type have even been dug on asphalt highways.

DON'T laugh at those foxholes and slit trenches which make your camps and airfields look like a street repair project these days. They are part of your final training before the big push.



Ask any soldier who has been under fire; he'll tell you just how important it is to dig in. You will be pushing forward all the time, of course, steadily driving the enemy back. But as you worm your way from foxhole to foxhole, keep digging—deep.

You will get the idea from the following extract, taken from the diary of a British junior officer:

"During 6 April, shelling of my platoon was only fairly frequent. In the course of half an hour we counted 16 shells in the immediate vicinity of the post. We counted 80 to 100 shells in, or near, this small area alone before the end of the day. The only casualties were one killed, two wounded and half our breakfast missing. We were dug in the usual way."

HANG on to that gas mask buddy—but TIGHT! You have been carrying it around a long time now, without using it against anything more dangerous than tear gas.

For months you have been sweating out the nuisance of wearing it one or two mornings a week, wishing to hell you could take it off and smoke a cigarette.

But no matter how useless the respirator may seem to you today, it may save your life when you land on the other side of the Channel. Your unit gas officer isn't just beating his gums when he calls the gas mask your "best friend."

Jerry hasn't used gas against us—yet. But we haven't pushed him smack against the wall yet, either. The mere fact that



he didn't use gas in North Africa or Sicily or Italy doesn't mean he won't use it when we smash into his sweatshop. When cornered he might do anything. One thing is certain. Germany could

throw gas any time she got ready. Numerous enemy documents, captured by our Intelligence, clearly show that various "smoke units," ostensibly organized for the sole purpose of laying down smoke screens, are actually chemical troops, efficiently trained and well equipped to use poison gas the minute the German High Command says "when."

Don't worry, though. Gas is tricky stuff and is apt to turn on the attacking forces at any time. Furthermore, the anti-gas equipment issued you is the best in the world. Just follow the instructions, use your head and you will be okay.

HERE'S a plug for the fightin' Field Artillery—the guys who keep those caissons rolling. In Tunisia first, then in Sicily, now in Italy, our cannoners are kicking the shinola out of Jerry's drawers.

Read this letter, found in an abandoned German gun position near Troina, Sicily:

"I want to send you a report about these past few days, so that in case I never come home you will know what we are putting up with down here in Sicily.

"On July 14 . . . we took up our new position, which the Americans promptly covered with artillery fire, costing us our first victims. From this position we re-



treated again. . . . Right after we had left our position such a terrific barrage started that an infantry sergeant swore he had never experienced anything like it, even in Russia.

"Many were killed. . . . It is impossible to describe the terror of that experience. We pressed our faces to the ground and waited for a direct hit, or flying fragments, to take our lives. . . ."

"A little town, which by now had been occupied by Americans, was shelled by our artillery," the letter continued. "In return, the American artillery fired on our positions. . . . It became a miserable hell, and we had to abandon it that evening. . . ."

The letter went on for pages, describing the thrashing the Nazis were taking from what the writer called "magic fire . . . the name that we give to the insane

artillery barrages that the enemy places upon us."

A lot of German soldiers in Sicily felt the same way as the writer of that letter. When Uncle Sam and his Allies throw their knockout punch, the number of terrified Nazis will skyrocket.

An order from Gen. Conrat, commanding general of the Hermann Goer-



ing Division, testifies eloquently to the fact that the British-American onslaught in Sicily dealt a sledgehammer blow to the morale of a unit which formerly had been the pride of Hitler's army.

The order read: "During the past few days I have had the bitter experience of watching scenes which are not worthy of a German soldier. . . ."

"Men came running to the rear, hysterically crying because they had heard the detonation of a single shot fired somewhere in the distance. . . . Not only the younger soldiers, but also noncoms and warrant officers were guilty of panic-stricken behaviour.

"Panic, 'Panzer fear,' and the spreading of rumors are to be eliminated by the strongest possible measures. Cowardice and withdrawal without orders are to be punished on the spot and, if necessary, by the use of weapons. . . ."

There's your Nazi superman. Give him enough of his own medicine and he starts squealing "uncle!"

THE men in the Infantry are spending a lot of time these days taking care of their rifles and perfecting their marksmanship. Everyone—even if he's in the QMs or an Air Force ground crew—should be doing the same.

American rifle training has always stressed the importance of individual sharpshooters—experts who can plug an embrasure or knock out a machine-gunner with one perfectly placed shot. In battle this theory has paid off.

The Germans realize that their dispersal fire just doesn't stand up to our sharpshooting tactics, with the result that greater emphasis is being placed on individual marksmanship in Nazi training programs.

You can never tell where you will find yourself once the invasion starts. Better put in all the time you can on dry runs and learning to sight, so you can use the old shooting iron when the time comes.

Although he was referring specifically to foot sloggers, the commander of a British Infantry brigade (roughly equivalent to our Infantry regiment) was speaking to all soldiers when he said:

"No matter how highly trained in fieldcraft and other essentials men may be, it is all a waste of time if, when they get near enough to the enemy, they cannot use their personal weapons to kill him. If a man has no confidence in his ability to do this, he is usually a very second-rate soldier.

"I am quite sure that one must keep on and on at weapon training and practise with weapons under active service conditions until every single man in the battalion is really confident of his ability to kill Germans with his personal weapon."

Here Are Your Pix-Quiz Answers

Cut out and pin on

- 1—Hände hoch! Hands up!
- 2—Hinsetzen! Sit down!
- 3—Aufstehen! Stand up!
- 4—Hinlegen! Lie down!
- 5—Waffen wegwerfen! Throw away your arms!



- 6—Ergebt euch! Surrender!
- 7—Komme her! Come here!
- 8—Ruhe! Shut up!
- 9—Halt! Wer da? Halt! Who's there?
- 10—Marsch! March!

Tribute to an Officer—Example Of Why Pyle Won the Pulitzer

Poignant Tale of Reaction of Men in Italy to Death Of Beloved Captain Helped Earn Writer His Monicker as 'GI Joe of Correspondents'

The Stars and Stripes yesterday reported the award of a Pulitzer Prize to Ernie Pyle, whose day-to-day stories on the soldiers at the war fronts have attracted nationwide attention in the States and earned him the monicker of "the GI Joe of correspondents." Here is the story—one of hundreds he filed from the Mediterranean theater—which the Pulitzer Prize Committee singled out as an example of his "distinguished correspondence."

By Ernie Pyle

AT THE FRONT LINES IN ITALY (by radio)—In this war I have known a lot of officers who were loved and respected by the soldiers under them.

But never have I crossed the trail of any man as beloved as Capt. Henry T. Waskow, of Belton, Texas.

Capt. Waskow was a company commander in the 36th Division. He had been in this company since long before he left the States. He was very young, only in his middle twenties, but he carried in him a sincerity and gentleness that made people want to be guided by him.

"After my own father, he comes next," a sergeant told me.

"He always looked after us," a soldier said. "He'd go to bat for us every time."

"I've never known him to do anything unkind," another one said.

I was at the foot of the mule trail the night they brought Capt. Waskow down. The moon was nearly full, and you could see far up the trail, and even part way across the valley. Soldiers made shadows as they walked.

Dead men had been coming down the mountain all evening, lashed on to the backs of mules.

The Italian mule drivers were afraid to walk beside dead men, so Americans had to lead the mules down that night. Even the Americans were reluctant to unlash and lift off the bodies, when they got to the bottom, so an officer had to do it himself and ask others to help.

The first one came early in the morning. They slid him down from the mule, and stood him on his feet for a moment. In the half-light he might have been merely a sick man standing there leaning on the other. Then they laid him on the ground in the shadow of the stone wall alongside the road.

We left him there beside the road, that first one, and we all went back into the cowshed and sat on water-cans or lay on the straw, waiting for the next batch of mules.

Then a soldier came into the cowshed and said there were some more bodies outside. We went out into the road. Four mules stood there in the moonlight, in the road where the trail came down off the mountain. The soldiers who led them stood there waiting.

"This one is Captain Waskow," one of them said quickly.

Two men unslashed his body from the mule and lifted it off and laid it in the shadow beside the stone wall. Other men took the other bodies off. Finally, there were five lying end to end in a long row.

The uncertain mules moved off to their olive groves. The men in the road seemed reluctant to leave. They stood around, and gradually I could sense them moving, one by one, close to Capt. Waskow's body. Not so much to look, I think, as to say something in finality to him and to themselves.

I stood close by and I could hear. One soldier came and looked down, and he said out loud: "God damn it!"

Another one came, and he said: "God damn it to hell anyway!" He looked down for a few last moments and then turned and left.

Another man came. I think he was an officer. It was hard to tell officers from men in the dim light, for everybody was grimy and dirty. The man looked down into the dead captain's face and then spoke directly to him, as though he were alive: "I'm sorry, old man."

Then a soldier came and stood beside the officer and bent over, and he, too, spoke to his dead captain, not in a whisper, but awfully tender, and he said: "I sure am sorry, sir."

Then the first man squatted down, and he reached down and took the captain's hand, and he sat there for a full five minutes holding the dead hand in his own and looking intently into the dead face.

Finally he put the hand down. He reached up and gently straightened the points of the captain's shirt collar, and then he sort of rearranged the tattered edges of his uniform around the wound, and then he got up and walked away down the road in the moonlight all alone.

The rest of us went back into the cowshed, leaving the five dead men lying in a line, end to end, in the shadow of the low stone wall. We lay down on the straw in the cowshed, and pretty soon we were all asleep.

ARC Assigns Its 'Gypsies' Tough Job With Air Infantry



Girls Specially Trained To Run Clubmobiles In Rough Going

AN AIRBORNE INFANTRY OUTFIT, May 3—A clubmobile unit manned by girls hand-picked for the toughest Red Cross job of the war has been turned over to this outfit.

Called "airborne gypsies," the girls were selected from hundreds of volunteers for the rigorous task of following airborne troops on exercises over rough terrain at all hours of the day and night.

Like all clubmobile units, the gypsies have behind them the usual routine of orientation, first aid and general Red Cross training. In addition, they are able to make minor repairs on their vehicles, read maps and adapt themselves to particularly rough conditions.

The unit, which can go anywhere under almost any conditions, and maintain itself while serving the men, includes clubmobiles and trailers, together with auxiliary wheeled equipment.

Each clubmobile is able to pull a trailer; two pull generators, one a field range, one a water tank and four pull quarter-ton supply trailers. There are also four 24-ton trucks, each of which pulls a quarter-ton supply trailer.

Official presentation of the Gypsy unit was made to this outfit by Don Momand of New York, who will direct ARC field operations on the Continent. The girls were introduced by Mrs. Hope Simpson of London, general clubmobile supervisor, and Gretchen Schuyler of Egypt, Mass., leader of the unit.

Although they operate outdoors in mud and rain, the mobile canteens and equipment are kept spotlessly clean inside and out. The battleship-gray clubmobiles are washed daily. Coffee urns, stoves, sinks and interior metal equipment shine like an Army cookhouse for Saturday morning.

And the girls, attractive in field gray uniforms, shine as if for Saturday night.



Part of the crew of a clubmobile unit attached to an airborne unit, three girls (top photo) prepare coffee and doughnuts for waiting GIs. They are (left to right) Ora Hamilton, of Rogers City, Mich., and Barbara Stowe and Alicia Reynolds, of Deferiet, N.Y. In lower photo, Pvt. David W. Bernay, of Berlin, N.H., gets a light from Pauline Tompkins of Greenwich, Conn.

NEWS FROM HOME New U.S. Tax Brings Gloom To Night Clubs

Closing by the Hundreds On Broadway; Rest of Street Is Booming

NEW YORK, May 3 (Reuter)—Hundreds of Broadway night clubs shut up shop last night after trying for a month to operate under the new federal 30 per cent luxury tax on cabaret shows.

Gloom shrouds every club on the "richest street in the world."

The head waiter at the fashionable Versailles Club said, "We are having the worst time in three years." The owner of the Martinique moaned, "Our business is ruined."

Some persons estimated that half of New York's night clubs would close within two weeks.

Other show business on Broadway is rolling in money, however. Movie lines are hundreds of yards long and legitimate-theater seats are being reserved three months ahead. It is difficult to obtain seats for the opera and impossible for the ballet.

Wants Recognition of Italy

WASHINGTON, May 3—Rep. Vito Marcantonio (D-N.Y.) said today he would introduce a resolution in the House calling upon the State Department to "grant full recognition of Italy as an equal ally" and to extend lend-lease aid to "convince the Italian people that this is a war of liberation."

It's Still the Best Policy

ST. LOUIS, Mo., May 3—Pfc William Malone is home on his second furlough in a month, granted because of his honesty. Shortly after returning to camp in Pennsylvania, Malone found two wallets containing \$130. He returned them to their owners and received another furlough, plus \$10 apiece from the wallet owners.

Asks Millions for Flood Relief

WASHINGTON, May 3—Rep. Clarence Cannon (D., Mo.), chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, announced that he would introduce a \$10,000,000 flood-relief bill, based on reports of the worst flood conditions in 100 years in Missouri and elsewhere in the Midwest.

Posthumous Award

CALLAWAY, Neb., May 3—The posthumous award of the Congressional Medal of Honor was made here to Pvt. Bob Booker, 22-year-old farmer who was killed in Tunisia after carrying a light machine-gun and a box of ammunition over more than 200 yards of open ground under concerted enemy fire.

Mother Gets Hero's Cash

PITTSBURGH, May 3—A \$15,000 fund has been set aside by T/Sgt. Charles E. Kelly for his widowed mother and his 11-year-old brother. Kelly, who won the Congressional Medal of Honor for heroism at Salerno, received the \$15,000 for magazine rights to his life story.

Can't Even Talk About It

SAN FRANCISCO, May 3—Joseph Sheffield, 20, of Pensacola, Fla., fell five floors from his hotel window. His injuries: A fractured jaw.

Raids - - -

(Continued from page 1)

100-mile-deep coastal zone gave the Germans the alternative of stationing reserves farther back from the coast or bringing up more reserves to the fortified areas themselves.

The first would mean considerable delay in getting troops and supplies to any given spot, he said, and also would give the Allies the added chance to bomb trains. The second would mean concentrating troops in the dangerous area of the constantly bombed coast, risking heavy casualties.

Yesterday's operations, though held to a minimum by unfavorable weather over the Continent, represented the 19th straight day of the American pre-invasion offensive.

The daylight attacks followed a night in which RAF Mosquitoes attacked the Nazi chemical center of Leverkusen and smashed at the rail junction of Archeres, near Paris, in still another blow at Hitler's anti-invasion supply lines.

By Milton Caniff

Terry and the Pirates



Jim Stewart Gets The DFC for Raid Leadership Feb. 20

A LIBERATOR BASE, May 3—In a dirty, half-painted, unused hangar they presented the DFC to Maj. Jimmy Stewart today. It was not a Hollywood setting.

"I guess I'd best send it home," Stewart said, looking at his medal after the ceremony. "I'm mighty proud of it."

Stewart's mother and father are living in Indiana, Pa., where he was born and raised.

The slim, slow-talking film star, now group operations officer, was awarded the DFC for his leadership in the raid on the aircraft plant at Brunswick, Germany, Feb. 20.

"Despite aggressive fighter attacks," the citation said, "in heavy anti-aircraft fire he was able to hold the formation together and direct a bombing run over the target in such a manner that the planes following him were able to bomb with great accuracy."

In the same ceremony three other fliers received the DFC, 110 the Air Medal, seven the Purple Heart and two the Silver Medal from the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. All were presented by the group commander, Lt. Col. Ramsay D. Potts.

Navy Reopens Its Rolls To Americans in Britain

Enlistment in the Navy was reopened here yesterday for American citizens when Wilfred H. Beswick, of Manchester, was sworn in as an apprentice seaman by Rear Adm. George B. Wilson, chief of staff.

Americans working in the U.K. for government agencies, in British civilian occupations or in the British armed forces are eligible for enlistment.

Beswick, a native of Somerville, Mass., came to England ten years ago. His father was an officer in the Royal Navy in the last war, and a brother, Roland, a second engineer in the British merchant navy, has survived four torpedoings in this war.

Two More U.S. Airmen Are Buried in Switzerland

BERNE, Switzerland, May 3 (AP)—Two more American aviators were buried in the American cemetery at Munsigen today with military honors.

They were Lt. Jessel Greenbaum, ASN 0-688525, and Sgt. Richard S. Sendelbeck, of Buffalo, N.Y., ASN 12131654.

4Fs and Discharged Vets Facing Reclassification

WASHINGTON, May 3—Selective Service headquarters instructed draft boards today to begin reclassifying men previously deferred as physically unfit—including men discharged from the armed services—with a view to inducting them.

AFN Radio Program

- On Your Dial
- 1375 kc. 1402 kc. 1411 kc. 1420 kc. 1447 kc.
- 218.1m. 213.9m. 212.6m. 211.3m. 207.3m.
- Thursday, May 4
- 1100—Spotlight on Jan Savitt.
- 1115—Personal Album—Marilyn Hare.
- 1130—Band of Royal Military School of Music (BBC).
- 1150—German Lessons—Number Four.
- 1200—Noon Edition.
- 1205—Barracks Bag.
- 1300—World News (BBC).
- 1310—Melody Roundup.
- 1330—Jubilee (Repeat Performance).
- 1400—News Headlines—20th Century Serenaders (BBC).
- 1430—Visiting Hour—Hospital Theater.
- 1500—Music While You Work (BBC).
- 1530—Off the Record.
- 1630—Music We Love—Richard Crooks and Alfred Wolfenstein's Orchestra.
- 1700—London Column.
- 1715—The Miss Parade and Program Resume.
- 1730—Tribute to Canada.
- 1745—Glen Gray and his Orchestra.
- 1755—Quiet Moment.
- 1800—World News (BBC).
- 1810—GI Supper Club.
- 1900—Seven O'Clock Sports—Latest sports news by Corporal Johnny Vrotsos.
- 1905—Symphony Hall—Boston Symphony Orchestra.
- 2000—News from Home—Nightly roundup of news from the U.S.A.
- 2010—Fred Waring Program.
- 2025—Calling APOs—Your GI friends found.
- 2030—Bing Crosby Music Hall.
- 2100—World News (BBC).
- 2115—Mail Call.
- 2145—USO in the ETO—Cliff Hall, Sid Marion and Marion Page of the "Bobbing Over" unit.
- 2200—Truth or Consequences.
- 2215—One Night Stand—Paul Martin.
- 2255—Final Edition.
- 2300—Sign off until 1100 hours Friday, May 5