



THE STARS AND STRIPES

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in the European Theater of Operations



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Paris Stab May Set New Trap; Allies 8 Miles Inland in South

Philippines Blow Next, Japs Say

Report Calls Islands 'Focal Point' of U.S. Activities; Claim Bonins Raided

The Japanese News Agency, taking cognizance of mounting Allied air activity in the north Pacific area, yesterday said that the Philippines appeared to be "the focal point of operations" and at the same time reported further raids upon the Bonin Island group by American planes.

New American operations, the Jap report said, are "believed to have turned southwestward with the Philippines as the immediate objective."

In Honolulu, War Information Director Elmer Davis declared that more Tokyo governments will have to fall before the Japanese yield to unconditional surrender, which, he said, "we shall demand."

He said American objectives meant "that all conquests of Japan for half a century past be disgorged and that the power of Japan to commit aggression be broken utterly." He added that "it will be a long time before the Japs are ready for that."

Davis accompanied President Roosevelt on his trip to Hawaii and later left the presidential party to tour Saipan, Guam and other Pacific battle areas.

Gen. Douglas MacArthur reported that Allied bombers had again plastered Halmahera, setting fire to Jap warehouses on the island which lies between New Guinea and the Philippines.

The War Today

France—German High Command admits American forces are about 43 miles from Paris, in Chartres-Dreux area, to develop new trap for German forces west of the Seine. Falaise gap is closed to six miles as Canadians reach the town. Berlin reports St. Malo captured by American troops.

Allied troops seize Vassy in drive on Falaise. Allies in southern France capture two islands and small mainland peninsula, establish three bridgeheads solidly and push several miles inland. Germans admit port of St. Tropez taken.

Ground operations proceed "according to plan" and buildup of men and equipment continues in fine weather.

Pacific—Japs say Philippines "focal point" of American operations in Pacific and report raid on Bonin islands.

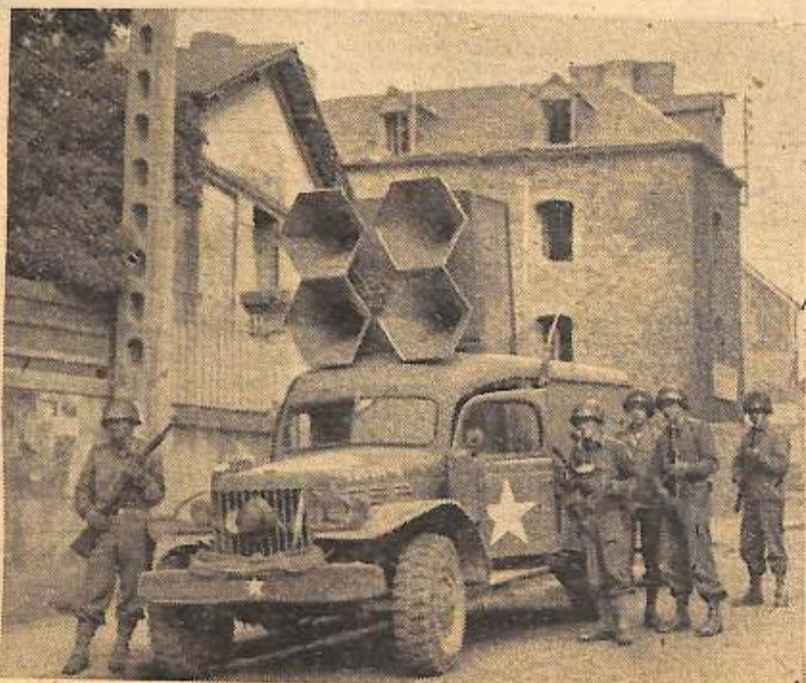
OWI Director Davis warns that more Tokyo governments will have to fall before Japs are ready for unconditional surrender.

Russia—Russians attacking with strong air support gain several miles east of East Prussian border, along Kaunas-Konigsberg railway. Germans report new attack from Vistula bridgehead 35 miles south of Warsaw and heavy battles 70 miles east-southeast of Cracow.

Italy—Little change reported on fighting front. German and Swiss sources hint at possible Allied landing on Ligurian coast near Genoa to by-pass Kesselring's Gothic line and make single front of southern France and Italy.

Asia—Tokyo Radio reports Chinese battling to recapture Hengyang with reinforcements from Chungking. Allied troops continue advancing southeast of Taungni. Progress on Tiddim Road reported as Allied forces clear hill and move southward.

Soft-Soap Opera With Some M1 Static



"Come out, come out wherever you are" is the general idea this Army broadcasting company is trying to put across to German snipers in St. Malo. GIs hold rifles ready just in case.

Planes Again Smash at France; Forts Hit In Central Germany

Allied airmen yesterday took another devastating toll of Nazi armor and communications in France and at the same time penetrated deep into the Reich to pound aircraft factories, engine plants, synthetic oil refineries and an airdrome.

Reuter estimated the damage wrought by Allied air forces in a 48-hour period ended Tuesday night included 1,000 German tanks and vehicles. Ninth Air Force fighter-bombers during the period destroyed 38 enemy tanks and 147 motor transports, apart from preliminary returns which showed eight tanks probably destroyed, 16 damaged; 62 transports probably destroyed, 62 damaged, and 30 guns silenced.

Eighth Air Force heavies, striking into central Germany, encountered four of the Luftwaffe's rocket-propelled fighters southeast of Leipzig. Two of them were reported shot down by Mustang pilots, Lt. Col. John B. Murphy, of Darlington, S.C., and Lt. Cyril W. Jones Jr., of Glen Springs, Tenn., a third was damaged.

The Forts and Libs hit the Delitzsch air equipment depot, one of the most important in the Reich; the Schkuditz and Halle bomber assembly plants; aircraft engine plants at Magdeburg, Dessau and Kothen; synthetic oil plants at Zeitz, Bohlern and Magdeburg; a carbonization and oil refinery plant at Rositz, and the Luftwaffe station at Halberstadt.

It was second attack upon the engine plant at Magdeburg and the airdrome at Halberstadt, both heavily damaged in earlier attacks this month. The synthetic oil plants were raided two months ago but resumed production on a reduced scale. Yesterday's losses were 23 bombers and three fighters. Eighth fighters destroyed 32 German planes in the air.

In a 20-minute battle south of Hanover, which sprawled from 17,000 feet to treetop level, Mustangs of the Eighth Fighter Command group of Col. William J. Cummings Jr. bagged 11 Me109s.

Large stores of Nazi ammunition—believed earmarked for front-line delivery—in the Forêt de Roumare, five miles south of Rouen, were pounded by Havocs, escorted by RAF Spitfires. No opposition was encountered.

Coast Guard Veteran 15, So He's Being Sent Home

Jerry the Kid is being sent back to the U.S. by the Coast Guard, which discovered its Gerald W. Haddon, of Chicago, a veteran of 13 Normandy invasion-coast landings on an LST, was only 15 years old.

The Kid, caught up in a routine interrogation after failing to answer a morning muster—"I was just too tired to get up"—enlisted when he was 14 by changing his birth certificate.

U.S. Envoy Arrives in Iran
TEHERAN, Aug. 16 (AP)—The first U.S. ambassador to Iran, Leland B. Morris, arrived to-day by air.

Yanks Strike 44 Miles From Capital; Falaise Reached; Gap 6 Miles

Enemy reports yesterday told of U.S. troops driving to within some 43 miles of Paris to poise a new trap for German forces west of the Seine River and of Allied armies in southern France gaining a foothold at a number of coastal points, including the port of St. Tropez.

While the Allied commands confronted Hitler with a cloud of secrecy as well as thunderheads of marching men and war machines, the situation by official reports stood thus:

Northwestern France: Allied troops captured Vassy and launched a crucial assault on the town of Falaise. The gap between northern and southern armies there narrowed to six miles.

Southern France: Two islands, a small mainland peninsula and at least three substantial bridgeheads were gained, troops pushed eight miles inland at points between Cannes and Toulon, and the buildup proceeded.

Riviera Port Reported Seized

Allied troops now are firmly established between Cannes and Toulon, and all initial objectives on the south coast of France have been taken, Allied advanced headquarters in Italy announced last night as reinforcements of men and equipment poured into the area steadily day and night.

has reached a depth of eight miles in places, the communique disclosed.

The buildup of the invasion army was described officially as "proceeding smoothly" and ground operations were "going ahead according to plan," aided by continuing fine weather for the landing of fresh troops and transport.

The communique came a few hours after the Allies announced the first successes of the operation—capture of two islands east of Toulon and a tiny mainland peninsula jutting out into the sea behind them. Newsmen with the assault forces at the same time reported Allied troops held three substantial bridgeheads.

Allied advanced headquarters announced that the buildup of the invasion army was "proceeding smoothly" and that ground operations were "going ahead according to plan." Continuing fine weather facilitated the landing of troops and transport.

Fighting French Radio at Algiers broadcast an unconfirmed report that Cannes harbor already was in use by the Allies, but German Overseas News Agency reported that harbor installations at Cannes, Nice and St. Tropez had been destroyed. The report suggested that all three ports might be abandoned to the Allies.

The German communique conceded that the Allies had "succeeded in gaining a foothold at a number of points on the south coast." Enemy-controlled Scandinavian Telegraph Agency, elaborating, said flatly the assault troops had won a

(Continued on page 4)

Signs of the Times
PITTSBURGH, Aug. 16 (ANS)—In the display window of Jeweler John M. Roberts is a sign reading: "Service star pins one-half price." Roberts explained: "I feel the war is nearly over. It's time to get rid of them."

Triple U.S. Thrust At Chartres—Berlin

A new and bigger threat to encircle all German forces in northern France west of the Seine River was reported by Berlin yesterday to be developing from a secret American drive eastward, with U.S. troops fighting about 43 miles from Paris.

Hitler's forces pushing east from the area of Alencon are engaged in heavy fighting against the German defenses in the Chartres-Dreux area. These two towns are 44 miles southwest and 42 miles west of the French capital respectively.

The Falaise gap was narrowed at the same time to six miles when Canadian troops reached Falaise, and American and British forces pressed forward in a final attempt to trap whatever portion of the German Seventh Army had not been able to escape.

Vassy Is Captured
Allied troops moving down from the north captured Vassy and launched a crucial assault on the Nazi citadel at Falaise.

"The battle of France may be decided in a matter of days," said an optimistic Associated Press dispatch from the U.S. front.

"American forces are well on the way" (Continued on page 4)

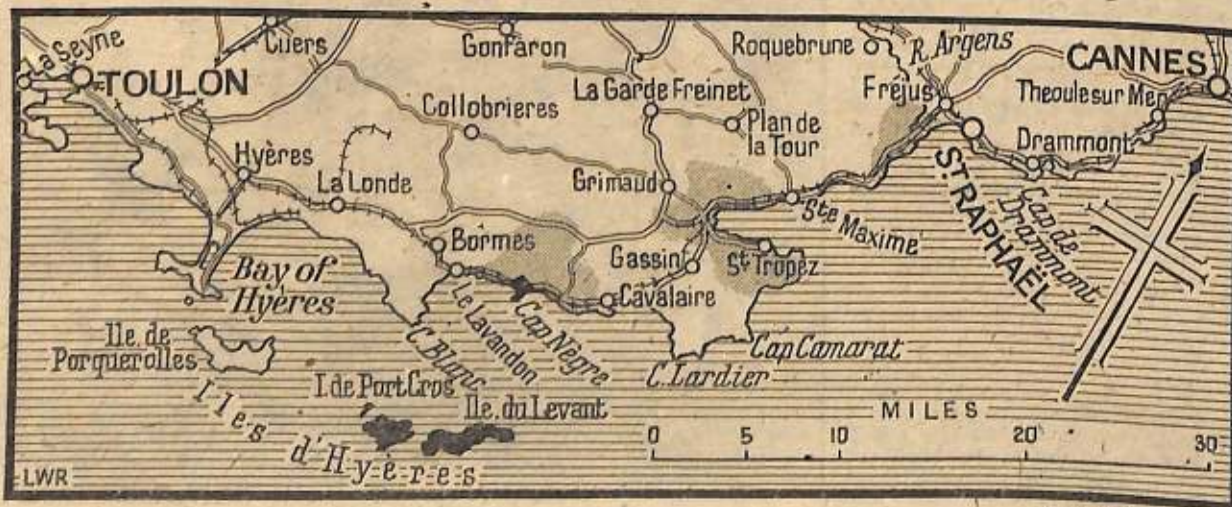
Monty Still No. 2 To Ike—SHAEF

Gen. Sir Bernard L. Montgomery is still commander of all Allied ground forces in France under Gen. Eisenhower, including the new 12th Army Group which Lt. Gen. Omar N. Bradley leads, it was announced officially yesterday.

Following press service dispatches which said erroneously that Gen. Bradley had been placed on an equal status with Gen. Montgomery, SHAEF issued the following press release:

"It is officially stated at SHAEF that the announcement of Gen. Bradley's command of the 12th Army Group in no way affects the position of Gen. Montgomery as over-all commander of all Allied Ground Forces in France under Gen. Eisenhower."

And Back the Nazis Go Some More



Stars and Stripes Map

THE STARS AND STRIPES

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Brilliant Strategy

ONE of the smoothest and most successful operations of its kind ever planned, is the enthusiastic description a Reuter correspondent gives the invasion of Southern France...

As the great events shape up in France the Philadelphia Inquirer tells the Home Front, "It is more necessary than ever that all of us here at home keep our feet on the ground and stay on the job..."

The Washington Post says, "It is evident that tremendous developments are in prospect. There can be no doubt that every man will respond with courage and enthusiasm to General Eisenhower's plea..."

Viewing the new turn of the war, the Detroit News foresees an increasing rush to the colors by organized French fighting forces, which already have emerged in great numbers...

As the world watches the two great operations in France the fact becomes obvious that the Germans, for some mysterious reason, are putting up little opposition in the Riviera...

Meanwhile, the operation goes forward with the reported paratroop landings in the estuary of the River Argens; the capture of two of the D'Hyeres islands and the capture of Cap Negre...

The severance of the peninsula will give the Allied forces control of the Gulf of St. Tropez, obviously a well-sheltered harbor for all types of Allied ships...

All of which smacks of the type of brilliant strategy employed in launching the Normandy invasion—which insures a certainty of success.

Tribute To Londoners

WHILE cheerful headlines blare forth the good news from the war fronts, another front—almost overlooked in the exhilaration of the moment—is brought into focus in all its trying aspects by an American speaking from Britain to the folks at home...

Mr. Henry Morgenthau, Secretary of the Treasury, has given in a radio address his impressions of the fortitude of thousands of Londoners forced to seek refuge from flying bombs. After a careful first-hand survey of conditions observed on a tour with Mrs. Winston Churchill and Lady Mounthatten he reports that the people who heroically withstood the full fury of the blitz have answered the new threat of buzz bombs with the same proud defiance: "Londoners can take it!"

Visiting the deep shelters under London Mr. Morgenthau observed the type of quiet courage and patience and dignity which characterizes the British people and which the Nazis can never break. "I do not think," he said, "that any American can look into a London shelter without feeling a deep respect for these good people who have endured so much. And with that feeling is a strengthened determination that this must never happen again."

"We must never forget," Mr. Morgenthau told America. "It is not enough for us to say, 'We will disarm Germany and Japan and hope that they will learn to behave themselves as decent people.' Hoping is not enough. To gain an enduring peace we must be ready to continue the spirit of sacrifice and mutual aid. We must continue to show the same courage, the same powers of endurance in the peace that we have shown in the war."

"Germany and Japan must be kept disarmed—and let us not forget that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." In conclusion the Secretary declared, "I believe that all the people of the United Nations demand this in the shaping of the peace. I know that we of the United States demand it. We will stand with our Allies in peace as we have in war."

Hash Marks

"Does mother still love me?" This question popped into the mind of a soldier taking cover in a foxhole in France and reading a letter from his mother saying, "Son, I know it's tough—but keep your head up regardless."

Signs of the Times. Posted in a medical ward in France was a notice reading, "Don't go to the latrine unless you have shoes. If you haven't got shoes, use bedpans."



Are they issuing bedpans in sizes 5AAA and 17 EEE now?

Something to Think About. Sign in a Pub: "If there were no 'mornings' after, there would be no 'nights' before."

Saddest Remark of the Week. A second lieutenant who has been in grade about 18 months said, "If this were the Hundred Years war maybe I'd eke out a promotion!"

T/5 Joe D. Hartgrove took his own poll of song hits in Normandy and says the Hit Parade tunes over there are significantly enough—I Couldn't Sleep a Wink Last Night; No Love—No Nothin'; and Rain.

Some guys at a Lib station vouch for this one. Lt. Carl F. Tuke, intelligence officer, insisted on a second helping of rabbit stew at a wayside inn. When the waitress refused, Tuke said, "Well, let me have more rabbit instead of dessert. The waitress wheeled around and returned with a large, covered chafing dish. When Tuke opened it—a live bunny jumped into his lap."

Smart Reply: Capt. Almon S. Farrar, who has spent the last 35 years in the Army, was filling out a biographical form

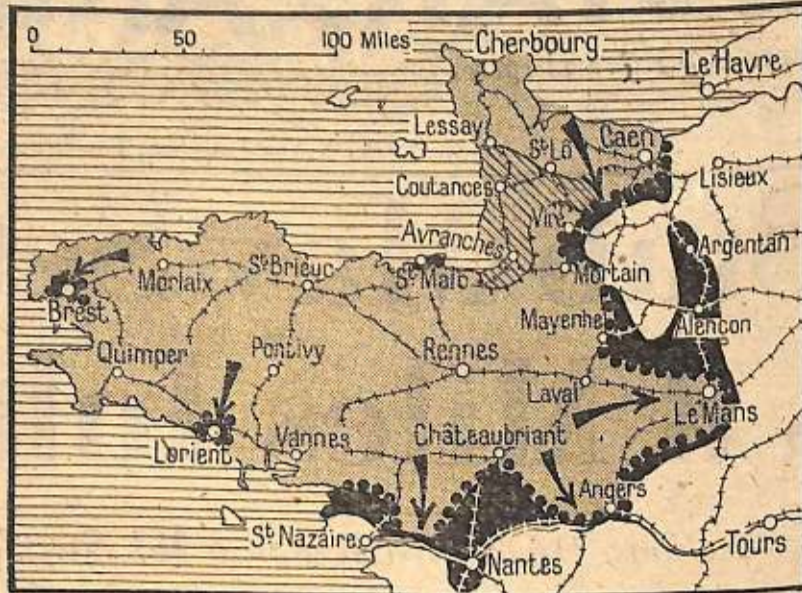


when he came upon the question: "Civilian Occupation." He thought for a minute, then wrote: "Child."

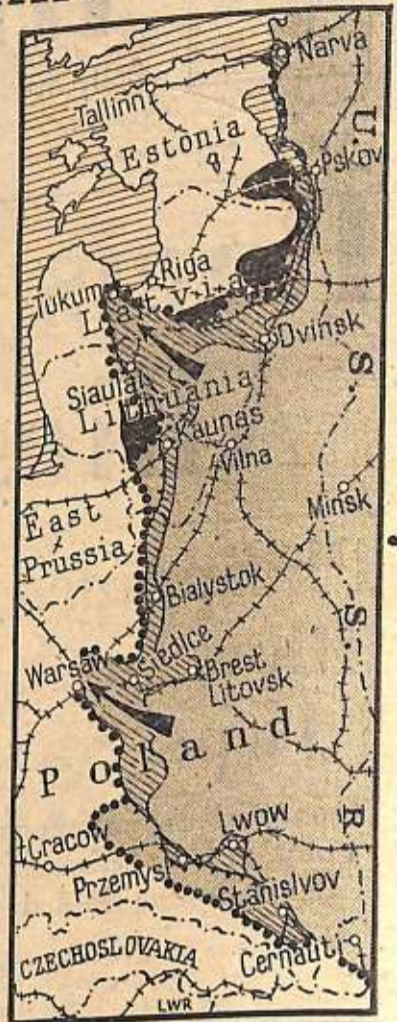
There's a supply officer over here who is screaming, "Oh, for a man's army!" A chief nurse asked him for a brown blanket instead of the grey one usually issued because the brown one would match her room drapes and color scheme.

J. C. W.

Allied Tide 'Keeps Rollin' Along'



Here are the week-by-week gains in northwest France and on the Russian front. Cross-hatched area indicates territory taken July 26-Aug. 2; area up to the black dots, Aug. 2-9; black area, Aug. 9 to yesterday. The week's gains in Italy were insignificant territorially.



Straight From the Front

By Ernie Pyle

NORMANDY—The afternoon was tense and full of caution and dire little might-have-beens. I was wandering up a dirt lane where infantrymen were squatting alongside in a ditch, waiting their turn to advance.

They always squat like that when they're close to the front. Suddenly, German shells started banging around us. I jumped into a ditch between a couple of soldiers and squatted. Shells were clipping hedge tops right over our heads and crashing into the next pasture. Then suddenly one exploded, not with a crash, but with a ring as though you had struck a high-tone bell.

Debris of burned wadding and dirt came showering down over us. My head rang and my right ear couldn't hear anything. A shell had struck behind us 20 feet away. We had been saved by an earthen bank of hedgerow. It was the next day before my ear returned to normal.

A minute later a soldier crouching next in line a couple of feet away turned to me and asked, "Are you a war correspondent?" I said I was and he said, "I want to shake your hand," and he reached around the bush and we shook hands. That's all either of us said. It didn't occur to me until later that it was a sort of unusual experience and I was so addled by close explosions that I forgot to put down his name.

C. P. Shelled

A few minutes later a friend of mine, Lt. Col. Oma Bates, of Gloster, Miss., came past and said he was hunting our new battalion command post. It was supposed to be in a farmhouse about 100

yards from us. So I got up and went with him. We couldn't find it at first. We lost about five minutes walking around in orchards looking for it. That was a blessed five minutes. For when we got within 50 yards of the house it got a direct hit which killed one officer and wounded several men.

Germans now rained shells around our little area. You couldn't walk ten feet without hitting ground. They came past our heads so quickly you didn't take time to fall forward. I found the quickest way down was to flop back and sideways.

In a little while the seat of my pants was plastered thick with wet red clay and my hands were scratched from hitting rocks and briars to break quick falls. Nobody ever fastens the chin strap on his helmet in the front lines, for blasts from near-by bursts have been known to catch helmets and break necks. Consequently, when you squat quickly you descend faster than your helmet and you leave it in mid-air above you.

Squats in Ditch

Of course, in a fraction of a second it follows you down and hits you on the head and settles sideways over your ear and down over your eyes. It makes you feel silly. Once more shells drove me into a roadside ditch. I squatted there, just a bewildered guy in part of a thin line of other bewildered guys as far up and down the ditch as you could see.

It was really frightening. Our own shells were whanging overhead and hitting just beyond. German shells tore through orchards around us. There was machine-gunning all around and bullets zipped through trees above us.

I could tell from their shoulder patches that soldiers near me were from the division to our right, and I wondered what they were doing there. Then I heard one of them say, "This is one fine foulup for you. I knew that lieutenant was getting lost. Hell, we're service troops and here we are right in the front lines." Grim as the moment was, I had to laugh to myself at their pitiful plight.

I left the command post in the farmhouse and started to another about 10 minutes away. When I got there they said the one I had just left had been hit while I was on the way. A solid armor-piercing shell had gone through the window and a man I knew had his leg cut off. That evening other officers took a big steel slug over to the hospital so he would have a souvenir.

A Clean One

When I got to another battalion command post later in the day they were just ready to move. A sergeant had been just ward about half a mile in a jeep and the cleanest, nicest one he had been in for a long time.

So we piled into several jeeps and drove up there. It had been only 20 minutes since the sergeant had left, but when we got to the new house, it was not there. A shell had hit it in the last 20 minutes and set it afire and it had burned to the ground. So we drove up the road a little farther and picked out another one. We shell struck in the orchard 50 yards in front of us.

In a few minutes our litter bearers came past, carrying a captain. He was the surgeon of our adjoining battalion and he had been looking in the orchard for a likely place to move his first-aid station. A shell hit right beside him. That's the way it was on an afternoon that was tense and full of might-have-beens for some of us and awful realities for others.

It just depends on what your number is. I don't believe in that number business at all, but in war you sort of let your belief hover around it, for it's about all you have left.

Notes from the Air Force

SEVEN hours after they landed their flak-riddled B24 behind British lines on a fighter strip in Normandy the crew were back at its base in England.

Capt. Hubert E. Sargent Jr. of Montpelier, Vt., command pilot; 1/Lt. Roy F. Hurst Jr. of Evansville, Ind., pilot, and 1/Lt. William J. Morrin, of Columbus, Ohio, co-pilot, took turns flying the plane while preparing to bail out after No. 3 engine was knocked out and set ablaze over the target at Stuttgart, Germany.

However, they succeeded in putting the fire out and brought the heavy bomber down on the tiny fighter strip in France.

Maj. William P. McBride, of Realitos, Tex., was leading a flight of Thunderbolts in support of an armored division. While looking for enemy tanks McBride found himself running low on gas and decided to throttle back his engine. As he did, the plane lost altitude and he found himself in a valley with hills on two sides.

"All of a sudden German ack-ack guns started blasting from those hill-tops," recounted McBride, who is a veteran of North Africa, Sicily and Normandy. "They were shooting down at me. I've been fired at from below over a good part of the world, but getting it from above is a new one on me."

AFTER being separated from the rest of his Mustang group on a mission over Germany, Lt. Richard J. Dempsey, of Borgar, Tex., was tickled pink when he spotted eight other planes going his way. But he saw red—when they turned out to be two flights of Nazi Me109s, silver-painted like his own P51. Dempsey ducked into the overcast and made a beeline for home.

This Is The Army

A GERMAN artillery barrage helped reunite Sgt. Michael J. Rendine, of the Bronx, N.Y., with his brother, Pfc Frank Rendine, in Normandy recently. Frank's unit of combat engineers was shelled out of its bivouac area and some of the men found overnight refuge with AFSC to which Michael is assigned as platoon leader.

An American armored unit was mixing it with the Germans near Avranches. Fierce battles were raging everywhere. But one of the stories that came out of the fighting was that of an ordnance outfit, moving along with the armor, bringing up some half-tracks mounting 50-cal. machine-guns.

Night had fallen and the ordnance men proceeded through a town which they thought had been cleared, but was Nazi-occupied. There was a German column in position along the main road and there were Jerries in the houses on either side of the road who opened fire and threw hand grenades as the GIs ran the gantlet.

The ordnance men turned their 50-cal. guns on the houses and Nazi vehicles and fought hand-to-hand in the darkness. At one point an American half-track crew ran right into a German self-propelled 88-gun. Before action, the Yanks sprayed them with lead, killing the gunners. The Americans moved on and assembled at an orchard beyond the town.



Joan Rides Again.

Warweek

Replacements Turn Into Veterans
Don't You be a "Jerry-Greeter"
GI Guide To La Belle France

Thursday, Aug. 17, 1944

They Never Had An Outfit!

But these GI Orphans, the Replacements, Learned Fast in Combat and Now They're Old Soldiers Too—With Advice to Give

By Ed. Wilcox
Warweek Staff Writer

ST. LO, Aug. 16—They don't call them "replacements" or "casuals" over here anymore. Those boys who went into combat as replacements—as strangers in strange outfits—are now veterans who have proved their worth in battle, and have been accepted warmly as members of these GI families they call companies, regiments or divisions.

These men, most of whom joined their units just in time to grab the LST for the Channel trip, didn't just become veterans the moment they hit the beach; the French soil underfoot didn't make them polished fighting men. There was plenty of blood, sweat and tears along the road before the replacement could grin as the old sergeant slapped his back and said, "Hi ya soldier."

The casual's army education is in the toughest school in the world. He is kicked around, harassed and stepped on in replacement pools on both sides of the Atlantic before he finally emerges wearing a patch on his shoulder as a bona fide member of a unit.

Two months of tough fighting in France have shown that these Joes who never found a home in the army, sweated out the weary life of the casual for those long weeks, have been the new set of piston rings our war-machine needed.

Orchids—from an Officer

1/Lt. Harry C. Jordan, an infantry officer serving in France, tossed a few orchids to the lads who fill in those empty seats just before the curtain rises on the biggest show on earth.

"Believe me," Lt. Jordan says, "the casual is the forgotten man in this Army. He finishes basic training in the States and is shipped to an AGFRD, where he is treated like an item of replacement, much the same as a piece of ordnance.

"He is kicked around all along the route to the unit with which he will eventually see combat. No one takes an interest in him; rather, it seems they all are trying their damndest to hurry him coldly on his way.

"When he arrives at his destination in combat, he looks around him and sees nothing but unfamiliar faces. Because of the machine-like treatment up to that point his morale isn't worth a damn. That organizational pride, esprit de corps, that means so much to the individual soldier, is something about which he knows very little. He feels like just exactly what he has been—a casual, a substitute, a stranger."

The Army's Toughest Trial

"In my experience in the Army," Lt. Jordan says, "I have come across one trial after another which was supposed to separate the men from the boys, but never have I seen a test more severe than the casual's. If he can pass it, he is a man and a damned good one."

Taint pretty, and the old story of man's inhumanity to man gets another kick in the pants, but supporting Lt. Jordan's statement that the graduate of the casual camp is a damned good man, is a whole stack of combat reports which paint the casual as a potent and efficient Kraut-killer, once he gets to a unit and into the fight. These lads have picked up plenty of savvy in a short time . . . two ways. First, they have gone into veteran outfits who have the know-how and that is a big point in the casual's



COMBAT is the acid test where a man shows what he's got—not where he came from or how long he has been with the outfit. Replacements take their places in tanks (top) with the infantry (above) or behind a 57mm anti-tank gun (right)



U.S. Army Signal Corps. Planet and Keystone Photos.

favor. They'll be his biggest asset. And, secondly, he gets plenty of first-hand knowledge when he comes to grips with Jerry, trading punches over a hedgerow.

One ex-casual, now a veteran of two months of infantry fighting on the other side, has this to pass on to his buddies who are filling in with units for their chance to chase Jerry:

'I Wanna BAR for Hedges'

"Give me a Thompson or a BAR in this hedgerow fighting. Get them up front and spray the hedges and trees while you're advancing. Be sure to protect your flanks, and remember, if you want to keep those Krauts jumping, let them have plenty of 60mm. fire."

"Forget all those old letters, the stack of photos of the love of your life, and all that other junk you've been carting around since you left the States. The QM will keep an eye on it for you, and you'll need every bit of pack space you've got for necessities. You travel light, buddy, and stock up on plenty of grenades and ammo. An extra grenade can be a prettier sight to you than a picture of Betty Grable when the going gets tough."

Does that sound like the stuff some beat-up and homeless Joe, just fresh out of a Replacement Center, would have on his chest? Or does it sound like a good tip from a tough and battle-trying combat soldier? The answer is that it came from a real soldier—who was in a Replacement Center provisional com-

pany until just before June 6—also known as D-Day.

A word on snipers from an ex-replacement who talks from experience: "Snipers over here are mainly just Germans who've been detached from their units and are trying to fight their way back to their own lines. Don't let those

How 16th Infantry Feels

To the units who get the replacements, a word from a sergeant of the 16th Infantry:

"Today's replacement is the guy you'll be depending on tomorrow, so welcome him with open arms and tell him everything you know. Don't razz or heckle him; help him. What he knows may save your life and his life too. Remember, these replacements are plasma in your blood stream. They're an extra round in your clip. They are an earlier dating on that ticket home."

birds hold you up. Send a couple of men to hunt them out and forget about them. All the snipers in the Nazi army couldn't cause as much damage as they cause by pinning down a unit until the artillery ranges in."

FAMOUS last words: "I think it's a Spitfire!" Replacements sometimes make fool mistakes like these plane-gazers (left)—they also turn into wary, skilled hedge fighters like men shown below.

A clue to what made the lightning American advance through the Brittany Peninsula possible, is offered by a sergeant from a crack armored unit: "It's a matter of co-operation and teamwork. The engineers move in and sweep the mines from our path of advance. Then we move in, supported by the infantry, which cleans up the snipers who are sweating it out in spider holes, itching for a chance to knock out a tank with a grenade.

"At the same time, we make that part of the world safe for riflemen by knocking hell out of the automatic weapon emplacements in the corners of the fields. When you talk about 'fast-moving American armor,' don't sell the rest of the team short. A backfield looks flashy, but only when there's a good line opening up the holes."

"Mustard Pots" are Dangerous

"Watch out for the mustard pots and the ointment box mines . . . both are nasty gadgets," an Infantry lieutenant fresh from the casual depot said. "The mustard pot is a small pot made of sheet steel. It is usually concealed under a thin square steel plate. It doesn't take much to set it off, sending out dozens of small slivers of metal. It's less than two inches high and three inches across. The ointment box looks just as the name implies. The Nazis love to leave them in conspicuous places for the unwary GI. Don't fall for that gag. That thing can blast an arm or a leg off. Don't be a jerk, Yank. Use your head!"

Another lad, wounded twice through the chest by machine-gun fire, said that

he made his mistake in going through an opening which the Germans had been kind enough to arrange in a hedgerow. It looked like a swell idea, except that there were about five machine-guns trained on the hole. "Never go through an opening the Germans have made. Make your own opening."

Keep Canteen Full

A communications sergeant, wounded by 88 fire near St. Lo, said, "Keep your canteen filled with water if possible. When I got hit I couldn't take my wound tablets because my canteen was dry. It was more than an hour before I reached the aid station and the doctor told me I should have taken the tablets. Fill your canteen whenever you get the chance and keep the wound pills in one of your front jacket pockets where you can reach them with either hand. Bandage yourself as best you can, sprinkling on the wound powder, keep cool, and wait for help. Those medics are all around and they'll locate you and take care of you."

The rest is up to you, Joe. You can heed the advice of those boys who've been through the same routine you have had for several months, or you can just laugh it off. But they're old hands now . . . they've got the G-2 on this thing called combat and they want to see you be the kind of newcomer who watches, listens and learns. It hasn't been pleasant being a casual; it's probably as tough a job as there is in the Army, but you are joining an outfit soon . . . your new outfit. They need you, Joe, to help do a job. Don't let them down and they won't ever let you down.



Glad-Handing Captured Krauts

SUCKER

They're Harmless-Looking Guys When You See Them as Prisoners, But Their Form 20 Say "Killer," Their Record Is Criminal

By Hamilton Whitman
Warweek Staff Writer



BEAT-UP, played out but still potentially dangerous. These Krauts look harmless, now, but they're still enemies. Leave them alone.

ANY Joe who has seen them at close range has a healthy respect for the discipline of Hitler's Nazi gunmen. In that outfit when the sergeant yells "Ach-TUNG," it means "attention"—and no monkey business about it. The "supermen" move so fast they look like a run-away movie. It's been drilled into them for years that instantaneous and absolutely unquestioning obedience to the orders of a superior is the only possible reaction a German soldier can have.

Captured Krauts have told our guys that they held on to hopeless positions "because the Herr Hauptmann ordered it." That was all there was to it—as far as those babies were concerned. The captain ordered them to hold on—they held on. They may not have had any food for a couple of days. They may have been surrounded, out of ammunition and with a heavy percent-

age of wounded men. That didn't mean anything to those drill-happy Krauts. What the Hauptmann said, they did.

On the way back to the first enclosure, and after they reached it, the habit of instantaneous obedience persisted. They did everything they were told, but fast.

These Krauts had been told by their officers that they'd be shot or scalped or prodded with ice-picks if they were captured by American troops. They didn't really believe it—lots of them admitted that later—but on the other hand, there was a chance that it might be true. The Hitler boys figured they couldn't lose by doing what they were told to do. Any way, it was second nature to them as a result of their own training and discipline.

Some Changes Made

Men who had burned down Russian villages—after nailing up the doors of houses with their inhabitants still inside—weren't likely to question any order which was delivered firmly by a man with plenty of self-assurance, backed up by a gun. The Krauts knew—or thought they knew—what always happened to an unarmed man who disobeyed the words of the guy with a gun. They had been holding the gun themselves often enough, and they weren't taking any chances.

That lasted for a few hours—or a couple of days.

Then the Krauts' manner changed. They didn't snap to it when the sergeant yelled "attention." They slouched and sneered—or crawled and boot-licked, trying to curry favor by protesting that they were anti-Nazis who only fired on our troops, including Medics, because they "had to."

Why did they change? Why did they think they could get away with stuff as prisoners which they would never dare try as soldiers in their own outfits?

They Scorn Fair Play

The answer goes far back into the makeup of Americans—and what the Nazis have done to a whole generation of Germans. One of the criticisms of the way our troops conduct themselves in action—made by captured German officers—is that they fight as if they were playing in a Rose Bowl tilt. They fight hard and well until the whistle blows for the end of the last quarter—then they're all friendly and ready to be palsy-walsy with the men who were knocking them over from hidden machine-gun nests a few minutes before.

This is no virtue—in the eyes of the Nazis. They are playing for keeps, with world domination as the prize if they win and, they believe, slavery and death if they lose. They do just what you'd think they'd do under the circumstances. They bite in the clinches, use their knee if you give 'em a chance and have nothing but scornful contempt for the Joe who gives them an even break.

Their own officers and non-coms have no sympathy for the man who gets played out on a long, hard road march. They can't understand how an enemy—and that's us—can have any mercy either. When some kindly Joe sees a beat-up Kraut, like those pictured on this page, feels sorry for him and hands him a package of cigarettes or the chocolate bar from his field ration these Krauts think he's a sucker.

There's nothing new about this about the way our fellows react, about the way the Germans take

A Debate

Many American soldiers speak a few words of English. Yank uses his head and isn't led then his knowledge of their language.

But if he does try to find out the idea of pointing out to them the selves by following Hitler—then he people do not reason logically. Trying to argue with them is not of time and effort.

Here are the kind of statements the facts which prove them to be show what Goebbels has accomplished generation into thinking black is cross-section of the German population doubting American soldier that it Krauts out of their Nazi nonsense an attempt is bound to be.

Goebbels: "Germany did not Fact: Germany declared war on five days after Japan attacked Britain and France declared war it vaded Poland, a country with which Russia was invaded by German troops aggression signed by both countries"

Goebbels: "Even if it were the German people as a whole"

Fact: The Germans wanted peace own terms—world domination with generation the German people as mitted to a policy of aggressive war

Goebbels: "Why shouldn't Aren't there hundreds of the descent and aren't they good o"

Fact: The Germans who emigrated loved freedom and hated tyranny. United States began after the un Germans who came to the United of ever seeing a free, democratic chances in a new country rather t

Goebbels: "The people real munist, Jews, international ba"

Fact: Hitler said that if you te often enough, people will believe it is, the easier it is to make ordin they only tell little lies.

Goebbels: "It was the cruel Treaty, after the last war, whic"

Fact: Compared with the terms treaty of Brest-Litovsk in 1917, th more than generous compared to the countries she defeated in this war.

Goebbels: "Americans fighti fighting, not for the interests o imperialism and Russian Com"

Fact: That's the oldest Germat tended for our British Allies is tha for American imperialism. The tr war as Americans, fighting for ou threatened by Japan and Germany fighting men of other countries wh for world domination. We saw wh to defend themselves—Austria, Crec gium, France and Holland.

Those few points summarize th ment. That is the argument you'd —with chocolate, cigarettes and c side.

It is well to remember that Hitle to power in Germany, long after there wasn't the slightest doubt th what his plans were.



K-RATIONS for killers. Prisoners get the same grub as you do.



MORE friendly grins—meaning danger. Whole German nation got away with this stuff last time. Present war was result. Have we learned better?



CONTRAST between tough SS and Luftwaffe men (above) and grinning Krauts in other pictures is more apparent than real. They all belong to same army, had same training, did same things.

...s a ...ER ...PLAY!



Here are some observations by a major who commanded American troops in the Rhineland after the armistice of the last war:

"Things have not changed a bit. Back in 1918 it didn't take long before the Germans charmed our men out of their money, their rations and their morale. We weren't in Germany very long before we figured they were all right. Both the men of the Kaiser's defeated army and the folks we met in the little German towns seemed like pleasant, easy-going people—as harmless as babies.

...u Can't Win

erman, lots of Nazi prisoners can this is both good and bad. If the trying to convert enemy soldiers, may have a definite military value. makes the Nazis tick—with some er they have brought on them—er serious disillusionment. These y have ready-made, pat answers. y contrary to orders—it is a waste

erman soldiers make, together with hing but propaganda lies. They id in the way of needling a whole ie. Warweek, in presenting this da line, hopes it will convince any st plain silly to try to talk captured any rate it shows how futile such

ri this war."

United States in December, 1941, ships at Pearl Harbor. Great umber, 1939, after Germany had in- had treaties of mutual protection. June, 1941, despite a pact of non-re that date.

hat the Nazi Party wanted war, ed peace."

right—if they could have it on their ving to fight for it. Twice in this le have supported governments com- openly contemptuous of democracy.

any be unfriendly to Germans? ds of Americans of German y and good people?"

o America were the Germans who flood of German emigration to the usal revolution there in 1848. The ere men and women who despaired ay and were willing to take their e under tyranny in the old.

ponsible for this war are Com- . Catholics and Freemasons."

le that is big enough, and repeat it e bigger it is, the more preposterous ople swallow it because, themselves,

inhuman terms of the Versailles ide this war inevitable."

ed by the Germans on Russia, at the Versailles Treaty was generous. It was aties imposed by Germany on the

this war are suckers. They are eir own country but for British ay."

nganda line of all. The version in- ay are the suckers who are fighting of the matter is that we are in this country because our freedom was ur side we have brave and skilful ere also threatened by the Nazi plot appened to those not strong enough vaskia and Poland, Norway, Bel-

ain features of the German argu- if you tried to convince a German sion—that he was on the wrong

of the Nazi Party were ELECTED ublished Mein Kampf and when very adult German knew exactly

"Not one of us dreamed—in 1918 and '19—that we would be back in 1944, doing the same thing all over again and dealing with the same old enemy.

"I hate to see our kids falling for the same stuff as we did. This fraternizing business looks like the writing on the wall for World War Three."

Maybe the major exaggerates a little, but he's got something there at that.

Twice within the memory of living men, these same Germans have started out on a program of military aggression with "Deutschland uber Alles"—Germany over all—as their goal. The last time they tried it the "forgive and forget" boys moved in on the deal when the Army bowed out. So what happened? Take a look around you and figure it out for yourself.

Defeating Our Purpose

This may seem like pretty high-flown argument. Maybe you think it is reaching out into left field to see any connection between a few cigarettes or a hunk of chocolate and the outbreak of a war in 25 years or so. Maybe it is. But it is a pretty good bet that treating these captured Krauts exactly the way the Geneva Convention says they should be treated is not going to give 'em any ideas about a postponed revenge for the shellacking they are getting now.

The Geneva Convention is the international agreement, signed by the United States, Germany, France, England and every other civilized country, at Geneva, Switzerland, on July 27, 1929. It established the rules for the treatment of prisoners of war. The interpretation of those rules is, of course, up to the government which holds the prisoners. Just in case you are inclined to be too sympathetic—representatives of the International Red Cross will tell you, off the record, that never, in any country or in any war have prisoners been treated as well as we are treating the captured Krauts.

Germans Well Treated

Here are a few of the provisions of the agreement and the way they are being interpreted in American-run prisoner-of-war camps.

"The food ration of prisoners of war shall be equal in quantity and quality to that of troops at base camps. Prisoners shall receive facilities for preparing themselves additional food which they might have. The use of tobacco shall be permitted. All collective disciplinary measures affecting the food are prohibited."

Think that one over. What it means is this: German prisoners are getting better food than a lot of Joes in the line. They don't need your chocolate and your cigarettes—they get their own. They get PX facilities, too, and Class A clothing and blankets.

The full text of the Geneva Convention, a 66-page pamphlet, is for sale by the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D.C. The price is 10 cents.

The sorriest-looking Kraut in the least comfortable pen in France is doing all right. Here's the point, he's doing all right, officially and by order. The treatment he gets is part of the plan for rehabilitation. But the whole deal can be upset by individual American soldiers, who do not know much about this matter of handling enemy prisoners.

They see a dejected, sorry-looking guy in a German uniform. He looks harmless and miserable. They want to make a friendly gesture. Maybe he's the first real live Nazi they've ever seen. They're curious about him. They'd like to talk to him, ask him questions, try to find out about him. Instinctively they break the ice by handing him something they figure they'd want badly if they were in his place—something like cigarettes or candy.

What's the result? When these Krauts—the same guys who wiped out Polish and Czechoslovakian and Russian and French towns—reach a POW enclosure they are often smoking American cigarettes or munching Hershey bars.

One American officer, watching such a scene, spoke to the MP Sergeant in charge of the bunch.

"Tell me," he said, "did these Germans capture one of our PX trucks before they were taken themselves?"

Krauts Rival 'Sad Sack'

"Hell, no—I mean, No, Sir," the Sergeant answered.

"This is just a bunch of Germans who are suffering from our special brand of GI torture. Those Joes either kill 'em with carbines—or kindness! It sure has me beat.

"They're a funny bunch, these prisoners. They seem kinda timid, simple and helpless. I can't figure out how they got the reputation for fighters they are supposed to have. They sure don't look it when you've got 'em in the bag. It's hard to keep on an even keel with 'em. If you're not careful, you'll find yourself being sucked in and getting all sorry for them."

The MP's commanding officer had a few words to add:

"We treat these birds firmly and fairly. We don't pal up with them. We spend a lot of time studying their background and we know what gets results. Befriend these guys and they take advantage of you. If you're friendly, well, they figure that Goebbels is right, that a lot of us are, really sympathetic to their side and this whole war is nothing but an act. They simply are unable to understand anything but a kick in the pants from a man who really believes in something opposed to their Nazi idea. That's the only thing they have for an enemy—if an enemy does anything else, it just proves he



THE RECORD of Wehrmacht is one of ruthless massacre of civilians at slightest pretext. Composite photo shows:—(top) murdered Ukrainian villagers; (center) body of French resister; (bottom) charred bodies of women, children, at Oradour Normandy. SS slaughtered 693 civilians there on June 10, 1944. Seven escaped holocaust to tell story of Nazi brutality as liberators closed in.

isn't an enemy at all, by their way of thinking."

This is the Army's view on captured Nazis, as explained by Maj. F. A. Moulton, of the Prisoner of War Division of the Provost Marshalls office.

Prisoners of war are defeated enemy troops. They should be treated as prescribed by the Geneva Convention.

"Many PWs are Poles, Czechs or citizens of some other German-occupied country. They claim they were forced to fight as members of the Wehrmacht.

"Some of our men are led to an attitude of over-friendliness by the fact that these prisoners are not of German extraction.

"Americans, with an inborn sense of fair play and sportsmanship, are letting this spirit get the better of them. There's not much place for that sort of thing in this war.

It's The Same Enemy

"These men are killers. They are the same men who ravaged Russia and Poland, who pillaged the low Countries. They belong to the Army which shot civilian hostages as a matter of regular policy in France. They are the people who mad: a civilian shambles out of the Normandy town of Oradour. A leopard doesn't change his spots.

"Learn to recognize an enemy as an enemy—even if he seems to be harmless, for the moment. He is still dangerous, if you give him a chance or if he thinks he can get away with it.

"From the mail the prisoners write it is evident that they are astounded at the good treatment they get—and that they regard it as an evidence of weakness on our part. They've found a home in the Army, all right—in our Army."

Not every American soldier who gives some Hienie a bum steer by being

palsy-walsy when he ought to ignore him is doing it because he is curious or sympathetic. Some Joes have the idea that handing out cigarettes or Hershey bars is carrying out the Bible injunction to "forgive our enemies."

Warweek asked the ETO Theater Chaplain, Col. L. Curtis Tiernan, to clear that matter up in a thumbnail sermon on "Does Forgiving our Enemies Mean Being Friendly With Prisoners of War?"

This is what Chaplain Tiernan said on the subject:

Forget Your Curiosity

"Coddling prisoners of war is damaging to discipline both among the PWs and among our own troops. It breeds a false aura of friendliness which does not really exist at all. The Geneva Convention, was set up as a pattern for the fair and just treatment of war prisoners.

"If we exceed the provisions of the Convention we are defeating its purpose just as much as we would if we did not live up to it fully. A man is a prisoner or else he is free. There is no in-between category. These men are not to be treated as curiosities—or as weekend guests. They are still enemies.

"They should be treated as a landmine which has been removed from a minefield and rendered temporarily harmless by the insertion of a lock-pin in the firing mechanism.

"It is still a very dangerous thing to tamper with—a package of potential destruction which is not to be used as a toy."

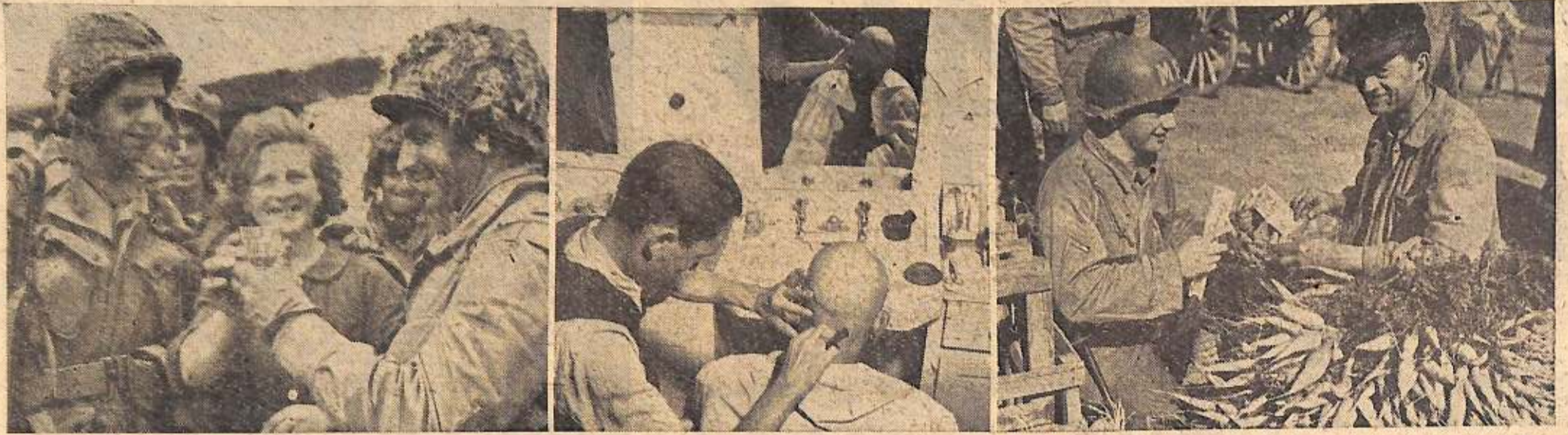
That's a pretty good thing to remember—and some pretty honest, straight talk from a man whose part in this war is not killing, but saving lives; not destruction but construction; not vindictiveness but forgiveness.

Does any Joe in the audience think he's got a better idea?



FIRST GLIMPSE of prisoners is often like this. Here's starting point of events. Treat 'em fairly, firmly and impersonally. Coddle 'em and you start trouble again. (Photos by Keystone, AP, Signal Corps, Planet.)

Don't Miss This—GI Guide to France



A FEW WORDS of French plus common friendliness—and a glass of the famous Normandy cider—is all these Paratroopers needed to make a hit with one version of the Mademoiselle from Armentieres. Center picture shows brave GI taking a chance in a French barber shop. Neat piece of work for any clip-joint, eh? No shopping bag, but Pfc (right) is fixing to help out C-ration with a few fresh carrots, onions. French call vegetables "legumes" pronounced "lay-goom." (Below) Norman Church Towers are famous. "Buvette" (Bou-vett) means "Bar."

Here's French Without a Struggle,
Here's a Shopping Guide for Joes.
Here are Answers to your Questions
By a Guy Who Really Knows . . .

By Arthur Goodwin
Warweek Staff Writer



THIS WEEK'S Army Talk

A FAR away place with leggy gals, bubbling champagne and some murky mystery stories by Poe is what most places in France meant to you some three years back. Or maybe you wondered if the girl friend copied that green Easter hat after a Parisian fashion ad, or if the Eiffel Tower stuck up higher than the Empire State Building. (Eiffel Tower 984 feet, Empire State 1,248.)

In any event you dreamed and thought of everything but entering France via the main Cherbourg-Rennes highway with an M-1 in your hands and a blouse full of pineapple grenades. Therefore, when Mom and Dad suggested you take up French lessons in school you laughed it off and tried for the varsity instead.

But now you're GIs—and that's different.

Either you're already in France or you'll be there shortly. And you won't be paying out hard-earned francs for a suave interpreter's services—and you probably won't be touring the back streets in an open-air cab with a nice blonde guide, just before parking in some swank club bar swigging cool Martinis.

You will, however, want to speak the lingo of the natives so that you can find

the nearest Gent's Room, or get a shirt laundered—or grab the French version of a hotdog. And you don't want to go back to dear old school days and start sweating out Book No. 1 of the French grammar.

So here are some tips—some handy ones—taken directly from WARWEEK'S rambling reporter in Normandy, just about as he set them down. He's no more of an expert in France than you are, but what he learned about *Parlez-vous Français* and *mon Cheri*, he learned the hard way (which is probably the way you will, too).

In the first place, remember that Nor-

mandy is just one section of France. There are 86 departments in all, and conditions vary in each of them. Normandy, for instance, is a relatively rich cattle, orchard and truck garden country, and so the Normans have had more and better food than people in the industrial regions you'll reach later on. The stuff that follows is based on Normandy. Expect some changes as you move along. Some things, however, are common to all of France: Every French town, for example, has a church—*eglise*—ay-gleez.

The church usually is an architectural masterpiece. Before the war the Americans used to pay \$450 for a round trip on the French line to look at French churches. They raved about them ever after. So give the village church the once over, inside and out, if you have the chance—that is, if it's still standing. The Germans like to set up their OPs in the steeples. OPs draw fire, which results in damage. But France is full of handsome churches. Most of them are Gothic in design, with wonderful fluted columns, fanned ceilings, stained glass windows and flying buttresses—stone supports that hold up the walls on the outside of the church. Near the church is a cemetery—*cimetière*—see-met-yair.

Another feature is the Hotel de Ville—*otel duh veal*—or town hall. It is sometimes called the *Mairie*—*Mayree*—and is where the mayor hangs his hat. It usually is near the main street, in or near the center of all the goings-on, if any.

Here is a sample list of the signs you see over French shops in any town where you happen to be, with a note or two on what you're apt to find in each.

Epicerie *ay-pees-eree* grocery (It used to sell flour, salt, sugar, coffee and stuff like that—but these things are practically all rationed and very, very scarce, so pass the grocery by.)

Boulangerie *boo-lange-eree* bakery (The greatest shortage hereabouts is bread. Reason: a serious lack of flour. The average ration is 100 grams of dark brown bread a day per person (100 grams is about a quarter of a pound). So stick to your GI bread and biscuits, Buddy, until flour starts-coming in.)

Patisserie *pat-ees-eree* cake shop (Maybe once a week there are cakes for sale. But they're rationed too. Satisfy your sweet tooth with gum, chum.)

Boucherie *boosh-eree* butcher (Meat is rationed, but Normandy occasionally has a surplus, since it's a cattle country. With luck, you may be able to pick up a steak now and then.)

Charcuterie *shar-coot-eree* pork store (Pork products are rationed. Maybe there's an extra sausage around, but if so, it's the exception, not the rule.)

Débit de tabac *day-bee duh tab-ack* tobacco shop (The French cigarettes are mostly leaves and sawdust.)

Pharmacie *far-macee* drug-store (Aspirin, made in Germany, aplenty—not much else—and no soda fountains.)

Coiffeur *cwoif-fur* barber (A haircut, French style, with shampoo in hot water, costs about 20 francs—with beaucoup conversation. If you want your hair short, say coort, if long, say long—and don't hesitate to use sign language.)

Laiterie *Jay-tee* dairy

(Plenty of milk and butter and rather poor cheese—but the medics warn you to lay off it. Cows are not tuberculin tested, which means you may pick up anything from undulant fever on down the list if you take advantage of the local surplus. The natives pay about 30-50 francs for a pound of butter. Eggs are scarce.)

Legumes *lay-gume* vegetables (You can sometimes get spuds, carrots, beets and other vegetables here—in season. Buy 'em, don't pick 'em. French fries are called *pommes frites*—pom freet.)

Cafe *caf-fay* pub (Cafe means coffee—but the French serve only *Cafe Nationale*—a ground acorn drink you'll gag on. Besides, a cafe is the place for wine or cider. Wine is scarce. Cider flows freely in the Normandy orchard country. Ordinary price is 4 francs per liter of cider. Don't overpay and spoil things for everybody.)

That about finishes the most common shops. In addition you see signs that say "Hotel," which means the same in French as in English. But generally there's a tag line that says "confort moderne"—modern comfort. Take that with a grain of salt.

Two other signs you run into wherever you go in France—on the monuments, buildings and everywhere else—are "R F" and "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité." R F stands for *République Française*—France became a republic in 1792, and, with our own new little Republic, gave the rest of the world proof that the democratic idea of government really works.

Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité mean what they sound like—liberty, equality, fraternity. Four years of German occupation failed to dim the power of these proud words. Even if they had been effaced from the buildings, they'd still be engraved in most Frenchmen's hearts.

Most French towns look shabby. They

weren't like that before the war—French shopkeepers took pride in shining up the brass and repainting the premises. But there's been no paint or polish for a long time, and windows broken by blast and bullets can't be fixed except by planking and catch-as-catch-can repairs.

Here and there, on walls of buildings and on fences, are signs left behind from the German occupation. These fascinate most Yanks. The posters printed in black on white usually deal with special sales of cattle, or regulations having to do with the land, agriculture and taxes. But if you see a big sign printed both in German and French it's orders from the local German commander telling the French what to do about such matters as the blackout, travel, aid to the allies, curfew and other verbotens. The last regulation generally reads: "The troops have been ordered to shoot anyone who disobeys these orders."

One handsome poster—with a big head of a soldier in a German helmet posed against the flag of France reads: "Under the folds of the flag the Voluntary French Legion fights for Europe." Another LVP (Legion Volontaire Française) poster shows a volunteer in a white snow suit. It reads: "For three winters the French Legion has covered itself with glory for France and for Europe." Not for the Nazis, notice, but for Europe.

You've seen pictures in the papers showing French mayors kissing the first Allied soldiers to enter their town, and the local pippins showering them with daisies, and the red carpet rolled out in front of the Mairie. Well, don't expect anything like that to happen to you. A royal reception is the exception, not the rule, in most French towns.

The French by and large seem glad to see us. But usually they're a little dazed by it all. They don't know how we're going to behave. They're still afraid of German counter-attacks and bombard-



break your heart. On top of all that, over a million of their friends and relatives are prisoners of war in Germany, and more than a million more have been exported to work in German factories.

If you have a Don Juan attitude towards French women, don't be a fool. You've already been told—and you'll be told again—that French women are respectable, and that young unmarried women are kept at home and closely chaperoned. Believe that—it's true. But there are whores in France, just as there are in most places—only in France they've gotten one of the biggest build-ups in the world. Whores look like whores—they're over-dressed, over-powdered and over-perfumed. They smoke in public, and they don't hide their intentions. They're on the streets—and they're in houses known as "bordels." Smart soldiers will leave them alone. The others had better remember that these easy women have been consorting with the Germans for four years. They're V.D. cesspools, so don't be a fool.

THE OLD SERGEANT'S CORNER



EVER since D-Day there has been a flood of stories coming back from Normandy about wooden bullets which the Krauts are using. There's no doubt at all about the existence of wooden bullets—the Old Sergeant has three clips of 'em on his desk as he writes this.

But there is a big difference of opinion, among the men at the front, as to just how the enemy uses them. The first dope was that they were intended as a sort of guard ammunition, for use at very close range. Another theory is that they are used for launching rifle grenades—and that the red or purple-stained wood "bullet" is really nothing but a plug to hold the powder in the cartridge and to enable it to feed through the rifle from the magazine to the chamber.

Now comes a copy of *Le Tomahawk*, mimeographed news sheet published by an outfit in France, in which Roy D. (Two-gun) Craft, the Editor, tells of some wooden bullet experiments he and an associate carried out recently.

"Another thing," says Editor Craft, "nobody is being shot with wooden bullets. With the help of Tom Crystal, of G-2, we obtained a couple of copies of the wooden bullets and fired the first one at ten yards against a canvas latrine screen. The bullet disintegrated and did not pierce the canvas.

"We fired the second at five yards. It didn't dent the canvas either.

Members of the Mobile Intelligence Training Unit fired five rounds of the wooden ammo in a similar test. Shot from a distance of ten yards at a cardboard one-sixteenth of an inch thick, the first bullet made a hole about an inch long. Then the cardboard was moved back to 30 yards. The next four rounds never did find their ways to the target, disintegrating in mid-air.

This creaking second grader assigned a sort of beat-up corporal who hangs around the office to call up the Medics and get their slant on the splinter pellets.

"Find out if they've got any actual reports on wooden bullet casualties," the Cpl. was instructed. This is what he was told at the Office of the Chief Surgeon, ETO:

"Neither we nor the British have any

absolute surgical proof of men having been hit by wooden bullets in France. We do have records of wood splinters being found in wounds—which may have been fragments of this type of projectile but which are much more likely to have been blown into the wound from some other source."

Ordnance experts say that a wooden bullet is so light that it would lose velocity rapidly, would be exceedingly inaccurate and might, as the Normandy experimenter believes, disintegrate as soon as it was driven out of the muzzle of a rifle.

But an airborne G-2 man was hit by a wooden bullet in the early days of the campaign in Normandy—this on the authority of his commanding officer.

"The bullet was made of wood—no question about it," says the authority. "There were too many splinters in the man's side to have been caused by a log or a piece of wood splintering. The wound was a nasty one. It could not have been caused by a metal bullet."

The Japanese are known to have used wooden bullets in the close confines of the Pacific jungles—and Jap sniper instructors have been taken prisoners in France.

Large quantities of wooden bullets which have been captured in Normandy very possibly could have been brought in at the suggestion of the Japs, who use their wooden bullets when the fighting is close and when sniping at short range.

So there you have it:

Field experimenters say they're no good, the Medics say no men have been hit by them and the small arms sharks say they might work—but probably wouldn't. On the other hand, one officer at least is positive one of his men was hit by one.

If anybody has any additional dope on these broom-stick slugs, this department would like to know about it. Write to Old Sergeant, care WARWEEK, The Stars and Stripes, APO 887, U.S. Army.

weren't like that before the war—French shopkeepers took pride in shining up the brass and repainting the premises. But there's been no paint or polish for a long time, and windows broken by blast and bullets can't be fixed except by planking and catch-as-catch-can repairs.

Here and there, on walls of buildings and on fences, are signs left behind from the German occupation. These fascinate most Yanks. The posters printed in black on white usually deal with special sales of cattle, or regulations having to do with the land, agriculture and taxes. But if you see a big sign printed both in German and French it's orders from the local German commander telling the French what to do about such matters as the blackout, travel, aid to the allies, curfew and other verbotens. The last regulation generally reads: "The troops have been ordered to shoot anyone who disobeys these orders."

One handsome poster—with a big head of a soldier in a German helmet posed against the flag of France reads: "Under the folds of the flag the Voluntary French Legion fights for Europe." Another LVP (Legion Volontaire Française) poster shows a volunteer in a white snow suit. It reads: "For three winters the French Legion has covered itself with glory for France and for Europe." Not for the Nazis, notice, but for Europe.

You've seen pictures in the papers showing French mayors kissing the first Allied soldiers to enter their town, and the local pippins showering them with daisies, and the red carpet rolled out in front of the Mairie. Well, don't expect anything like that to happen to you. A royal reception is the exception, not the rule, in most French towns.

The French by and large seem glad to see us. But usually they're a little dazed by it all. They don't know how we're going to behave. They're still afraid of German counter-attacks and bombard-



One to Twenty in French

un	unn	one
deux	duh	two
trois	trwah	three
quatre	catruh	four
cinq	sank	five
six	sees	six
sept	set	seven
huit	weet	eight
neuf	nuff	nine
dix	dees	ten
onze	unz	eleven
douze	dooz	twelve
treize	trays	thirteen
quatorze	catorz	fourteen
quinze	canz	fifteen
seize	says	sixteen
dix sept	dees set	seventeen
dix huit	dees weet	eighteen
dix neuf	des nuff	nineteen
vingt	vangt	twenty

