

He Who Dances Must Pay the Piper

THE STARS AND STRIPES

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THE B BAG

BLOW IT OUT HERE

Publicity Costs Lives

Oct. 15, 1944

Dear Stars and Stripes, Having just read some of the plans for post-war Germany, we find ourselves highly browed off.

Instead of causing the Germans to surrender, they are causing them to fight to the last ditch.

The fighting troops would appreciate it if the officials who sit behind large desks and enjoy all the comforts of life would keep their plans to themselves until the right time.

Three Paratroop Sgts. in Holland.

Repl. GI Has Mail Gripe

Oct. 10, 1944

I have read about practically everything in B-Bag but one particular thing—the ETO mail situation, and I think every Repl. GI will agree with me on this.

The people back home think we are getting our mail, but as a rule it's only after waiting six or eight weeks. They stick columns and a lot of crap in magazines and papers.

So let's try and concentrate on it for a few seconds instead of wasting our time deciding who should wear the ETO ribbon.

Incidental information: A newspaper has been started at a Denver station where men are inducted into the Army and Navy.

Laundry's Got His Buttons

Oct. 18, 1944

Dear Stars and Stripes, A small item perhaps in this war effort of us Joes in the ETO, but an item which has caused me considerable discomfort and a source of no little irritation for quite some time is the laundry service afforded in this theater.

What shall I do? I don't claim to be as busy as the proverbial one-armed paperhanger, but even so I do not like to look forward to a session with needle and thread every time my laundry is returned.

Advice to Chemical Co. Oct. 13, 1944

Dear Stars and Stripes, In regards to the gripe in Oct. 12 edition about a chemical co. bitching because they didn't receive the Bronze Star.

So wise up and concentrate on the war a little more and quit the bitching.

New Fatigues for POW's Oct. 17, 1944

Dear Stars and Stripes, We think we have a genuine "bitch." We are one of several Auto Maintenance outfits in the UK.

Like many other units here, we can use the time-worn expression, "We are only on this side because the powers have willed it so."

Wingert

Hash Marks

We like the philosophy of this little jingle: A furlough is such crazy stuff Of which you never get enough.

A Major over here who has a small daughter still in the diaper stage affectionately calls her his "Safety-Pin-Up Girl."

Some of the guys who think it would be sort of nice to go home within the next year or so are studying the mustering-out plan and have created a new rank. It's PFO—Private First Out.

Daffynition. Old-fashioned girl: One who stays home when she has nothing to wear.

Merci bien (which our French dept. says means Thanks, old bean) to Capt. Vernon H. Hunt for this excerpt from an article by Edgar Snow in the Saturday Evening Post.

"Certain discrepancies are noticed in the accounts of major events, and particularly of the battle roles of the various Allies as presented by the local press.

"One day recently a small Iranian selling the British paper outside the windows of (American) headquarters in Amirabad was heard shouting, 'Getcha British propaganda-sheet here! Getcha British propaganda!' There was embarrassed silence inside, where a British colonel, liaison officer from local headquarters, happened to be visiting.

"The next week an American officer was paying a return call on the British. Through the open window he heard another newsboy selling American papers. 'Getcha Yank bull sheet here!' he intoned. 'Getcha Yank bull sheet!'

"Thereafter the incident was considered closed."

Hermann Goering is still at odds with the rest of the German High Command. The German High Command is still, physically speaking, cut right in half.

A brasserie—writes in a lieutenant in the Signal Corps, where they notice such things—picks up where nature left off.

Maybe one reader hasn't heard that theme song of GIs in the South Pacific jungles—"It all comes Black to me now."

In Scotland, those haunting cries of "Any gum, chum?" can be cut short by "Not handy, Sandy."

J. C. W.

HUBERT by SGT. DICK WINGERT



"If monsieur would care to wait we will not be long."



This is the obituary of an ecstatic little jig which Hitler danced in the forest of Compiègne when France capitulated in 1940 (inset). His Chaplinesque dance represented an ironic triumph, for in the same railroad car in which the French signed away their freedom, the Armistice of 1918 was drawn.

Notes from the Air Force

TWO stained-glass windows, made by a British firm, have been installed in the chapel at the Fortress base commanded by Col. H. W. Bowman and dedicated "to the memory of our comrades."

The idea was suggested by S/Sgt. George Snodgrass, of Pittsburgh, a gunner who has completed a tour of operations and is now on furlough in the U.S.

In 366 hours of combat flying amassed in 91 sorties, Maj. William J. Hoyde, fighter pilot from Crookston, Minn., has not once aborted. S/Sgt. Perry A. Nebergall, of Roodhouse, Ill., is crew chief.

CREW members of the Fortress Stage Door Canteen were guests of the Stage Door Canteen in London recently. The Fort, christened last April by Mary Churchill, has flown 72 consecutive missions without an abort.

Guinea Pigs Bear a Big Litter Weary Yanks 'Come Back' In New 24-Hour Rest Camp

By Jules B. Grad Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

WITH THE THIRD ARMY, Oct. 20—Near a tiny crossroads village, a rifle company of weary, unshaven men stumbled through the door of a sprawling four-story country house.

These were the guinea pigs of a bold experiment originated by Lt. Col. William M. Breckenridge, of Lexington, Ky., and Maj. Alva O. Dawson, of Chicago, who organized one of the first 24-hour rest camps for infantry companies in France.

Breckenridge, the regimental executive officer, and Dawson, his supply officer, figured the doughboy deserved the best the Army could give him. But when he rested three miles from the front and there wasn't much time until he'd be needed back in his foxhole again to hold a line, the possibilities were naturally limited.

Accommodating slightly more than a company at a time, the Inn is no pleasure palace. Its four walls merely keep out the rain and cold of French autumn days.

Every morning a new company enters the Inn, just as exhausted as Kodjer and the other doughboys were. While they are relaxing, the CO checks their personal records, counts up the casualties and the Red Cross takes care of any personal problems they have.

American Forces Network

- On Your Dial 1375 kc. 1402 kc. 1411 kc. 1420 kc. 1447 kc. 218.1m. 213.9m. 212.6m. 211.3m. 207.3m. Saturday, Oct. 21 0755—Sign On—Program Resume.

Sunday, Oct. 22 0755—Sign On—Program Resume.

Warweek

Rumors Are Killing Doughboys
Air-Ground Team Flailing Fritz
Armistice AWOL a Sucker Play

Saturday, Oct. 21, 1944

CASUALTIES ARE CAUSED BY

RUMORS!

Wild Reports at Front Prove Just as Deadly as German Guns; Cool Heads Needed in Hot Spots

By Paul V. Connors

Warweek Combat Correspondent

INSIDE GERMANY, Oct. 20—I was with a division up here at the front when a rumor killed one hundred doughboys.

It happened on a dank night when two men from supply waited on a ridge overlooking the battlefield below—waited for runners from one of the fighting companies to come up and get some badly needed ammunition.

The runners were late. The supply boys were growing nervous. They wanted to smoke, but were afraid of the glow in the darkness. And then all hell broke loose. The Germans, from a superb observation point on a distant hill, spotted a slight movement by the supply men as they tinkered with the ammo boxes. A three-gun battery of 88s whammed away, and the earth shook.

There was more movement—this time down below where a battle was starting. A flame-throwing tank, with swastika markings, rumbled into the fray—and the supply men could hear screams of agony as the flames ate their way into foxholes.

Two Doughboys, one with a bullet gash in his right arm and the other with singed clothing, clambered up the hill and past the supply men.

"Get the hell out of here," said a Doughboy. "The Germans have counter-attacked with tanks. They're heading this way. The company has been wiped out down there!"

Rumor Started It

It was a rumor—started by someone who thought he could dope out situations—someone who was playing the "smart" guy. Sure the Krauts had counter-attacked, but they do that when things get desperate. It didn't mean, however, that the company was wiped out—the same company that was waiting for the ammunition.

If the supply men had realized that the report was a rumor, they would have stayed on the spot. Instead they jumped into a jeep, wheeled about and roared off in the darkness—in the other direction. It never occurred to them that now—as they raced back of the lines—two sweaty infantry runners were standing on the hill, searching for boxes of ammunition which were needed by their company below.

They never got the ammunition. And one hundred American kids died out there in their foxholes with empty guns.

They died because of a rumor—a rumor that began in a foxhole and spread over the entire area.

Rumors have plagued the American armies from Africa to Aachen.

They Sweep Through Outfit

You've heard the kind of rumors which sweep a squad, a platoon, a company, a battalion, a regiment, a division, even a corps or an army. You heard your first rumors the day you were inducted. You heard them again at the reception center. You heard them at camp during basic. You heard them on maneuvers. You heard them on the boat coming over. Now you're hearing them in combat.

Before the rough stuff started rumors never really hurt anybody. Sometimes they supplied a laugh. Sometimes they were a pain in the neck—but they never did any real damage. Now they're killing our guys just as dead as German bullets, shells and mines.

"Rumors were more of a menace than Germans in France," said a division commander recently.

"If the men in the line would put some stock in the old adage about believing half of what they see and none of what they hear they'd save lives and get this war over sooner.

"A tight spot is a fertile field for rumor planters. I've seen usually reliable men unnerved in the heat of battle, use their imagination, mentally create a situation which didn't exist, then blurt it out to the man next to them. Damage and death followed.

"Rumors, half-truths and outright lies spread like fire along a string in battle. One man creates a rumor. He tells it to two of his buddies. Each of them tells two or three more men. In no time at all the false report has spread from squad to platoon to company and on up through the whole division. If men would only consider how dangerous rumors are they

wouldn't even think about them, let alone pass them along. The smart man is the one who keeps all information under his hat—truth, untruth or rumor. Information passed from foxhole to foxhole in the heat of battle is too often distorted."

Pyle Noted Them

Ernie Pyle has seen his share of combat, doughboys and rumors. He first noted the speed with which a rumor travels while he was en route to Africa with the first Yanks to go into Oran. Says Pyle in his best seller, *Here Is Your War*:

"An officer made up a rumor that we were going to Casablanca and timed it to see how long it would take to encircle the ship. It came back to him, as cold fact from the bridge, in just half an hour."

German propagandists are probably the best in the business when it comes to putting out rumors. They toss in just enough known truths with the rumors to confuse and befuddle. Favorite trick is to wheeze Americans with lies about our allies. Few of the doughboys up here are fooled, however.

The armistice rumor is undoubtedly the oldest and the one which has cropped up the most to annoy, harry and unnerve Doughboys. Your old man was victimized by it in the last war. You've probably heard it a dozen times in this war. If it hasn't lowered your guard it has probably led to some wishful thinking—and temporarily low morale when hours later you realized that there was no foundation to the report.

"The Belgian radio, when it announced



"Yeh, and there ought to be court-martials for the weak-livered guys who go bubbling about with rumors of the artillery pulling out, company so-and-so being annihilated and our left flank being wide open," chipped in Lt. Max Short, Brookline, Mass., one of McHolland's assistants.

"Every time the tempo of enemy fire

pass on a rumor. Guys have been killed because they gave the wrong pass word.

Road rumors are nasty, have resulted in deaths. Men driving vehicles have asked directions, inquired about the safety of proceeding along certain roads. Men who didn't know, but had heard rumors that roads were open have passed incorrect information along. American vehicles have, not often but enough times to hurt, been knocked out by Nazi guns parked on roads that were rumored to be open.

Ignore all of Them

If the American infantry division which held off the powerful German attack at Mortain, just before the Krauts turned to run in France in August, had taken any stock in rumors started by panicky people in a tight spot it wouldn't have fought the great defensive fight it did.

The Germans might have succeeded with their plan to split the American armies in Normandy and Brittany. Such success would have slowed the speed of the Yank drive through France, might have throttled it completely. The sea-saw battle went on for five rugged, bloody days before the enemy decided he had enough and turned to run.

On more than one occasion inter-division communications were cut by artillery and mortar fire. Rumors were rife. They ranged from big to small, from the Division CP being overrun and the commanding general slain to Hitler being in command of the Wehrmacht.

The Division CP rumor is a case in point. On the first day of the German attack it appeared that the Krauts might get through. CP personnel were ordered to be ready to burn secret documents. They didn't have to—yet four days later guys in the line were hearing that Division headquarters had been annihilated. Actually one battalion headquarters was overrun—and later rescued.

Lt. Robert Spiker, Morgantown, West Va. and his rifle company are part of the division. The company was caught with its guard down—by a rumor.

"We relieved an outfit which had been in the sector a couple of days," said Spiker. "They told us things had been quiet—told us the Krauts were pulling out. My men naturally loosened up. Two hours later the Germans threw everything at us, tanks, self-propelled guns, the best of the Wehrmacht, even some of the Luftwaffe. We had a helluva time pulling ourselves together—because we were caught flatfooted. Rumors are dangerous. Ignore all of them, you'll live that way."

Common Sense Best Protection Against Rumors

Rumors are something you can't see, can't shoot at, can't take prisoner. That doesn't mean that they are any less an enemy than some Kraut sniper named Franz Maier. In every war, rumor has been a weapon used to throw already-jittery men into panic. There's only one good, sure defense against this stealthy killer. It is just plain, common sense—and it is just as good a defense against rumor as a good, well-dug foxhole is against machine-gun fire. Just remember that the next time some excited guy tells you about something terrible which has just happened to the outfit on your flank or in your rear or out between you and Germany. Rumors can kill—common sense will protect you.

that Germany had capitulated, then denied it a half-hour later, during the first week of September did more damage to my men than a 1,000 Germans armed to the teeth," says Lt. Robert B. McHolland, Hurley, Mo., a tough, bearded young man grown old who commands a crack rifle company.

"The men got the phony news from some people in a town through which we were moving unopposed. The people were celebrating the end of the war. The men didn't know what to think. Of course, we kept right on going. Most paid no attention but the report affected some of the dreamers in the company.

"That afternoon we ran into a bunch of Jerries. They proved to our regrets that the war wasn't over. We lost men—mostly men who let the rumors turn over too many times in their minds. Those guys weren't at their best. They didn't have all their wits about them. They got killed.

"I've been hearing peace rumors since D-1 when I came into France in June—and here I am still getting shot at in October. I penalize any of my men I find spreading rumors. That stuff just doesn't go in this racket. A man needs to concentrate on fighting if he expects to come out alive. It's tough enough to fight the war without having your mind disturbed and distorted by rumors—damn them."

increases some guys start to sweat, then begin to imagine things, then start spouting off about the likelihood of disaster," added Short.

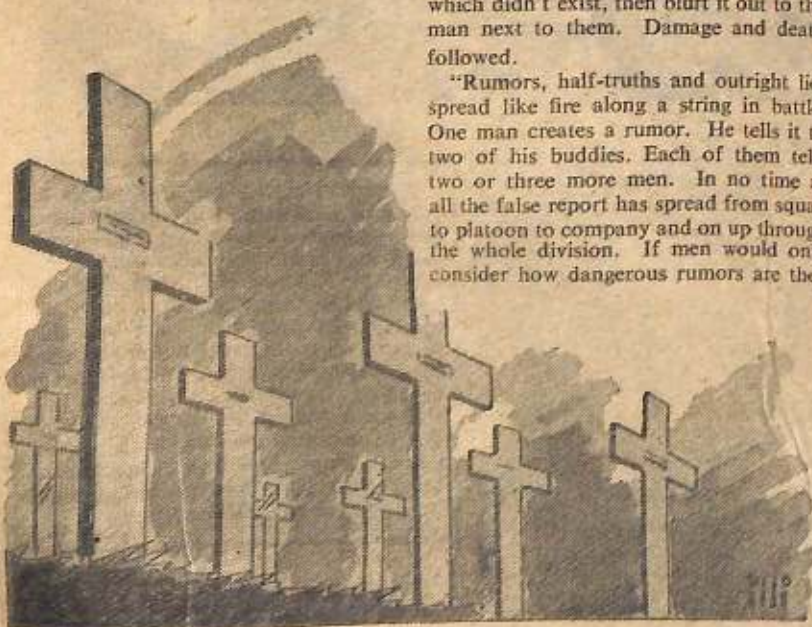
"You find them in every company. We had 'em in this one until we cooled them off with appropriate action. If the men who have to blow off steam use their heads, curb their imaginations, and refuse to spread rumors we will have a better chance to concentrate on Jerry. He's a tough cookie—but we're taking him seven days a week and twice on Sundays.

"Fact of the matter is most of our guys don't pay any attention to rumors. But the few who do spread them are a menace. What the hell, if the enemy has you surrounded there is no point talking about it. Fight the bastard."

Annoying and Dangerous

Rumors that German parachutists were coming in have been circulating nightly on the continent since D-Day. The rumors have caused casualties. Guys who have taken stock in them and at the same time have had itchy trigger fingers have fired on their own men in the darkness thinking them to be enemy jumpers. This was particularly true in the early going.

Most annoying and at the same time dangerous of rumors is the "pass-word" rumor. Often times men who aren't sure of the pass word, when asked what it is





The Krauts Can't Stand This

Two-Way Punch

By France Herron
Warweek Staff Writer

AN American fighter-bomber twisted and spun out of the clouds like an angry eagle and shot straight for a German strongpoint somewhere south of Aachen. Black dots—500 pounders—were seen tumbling from the plane's wings. The enemy ack-ack exploded in small dark puffs—but the plane got away in time.

The 500 pounders hit home and a series of loud booms rocked the Nazi artillery pieces and gun crews. Debris was flung into the air to mingle with mushrooming grey smoke—then it was all quiet.

Later—brief seconds later—Allied tanks rumbled toward the stricken Germans. With the tanks came Doughboys, and the German strongpoint was wiped out.

It was another crack in the iron fence that hugs Hitler's border line—a crack that was possible by some quick-thinking teamwork.

This Is Teamwork

This teamwork—the kind that floored the Hun south of Aachen—is called co-operation, and it's no different than a five-man basketball team working a ball down the floor with smooth trick play. There can be no mistake; no bad timing. It has got to be perfect all the way. That's how games—and wars—are won.

That is how it was below Aachen, where they took Fritz with a one-two punch. The air and ground teams flashed signals. The fighter-bomber caught them with a couple of bombs, and then before the stunned Kraut mind could recuperate tanks and Doughboys polished them off. It worked swell.

It used to be different. There was a time when the ground and air sneered at each other and frowned upon the attempts made by each other to do something worth while. But now the infantryman knows what a good bomb shellacking of the enemy will do for him, and the air crews know that all the bombing on earth can't take or hold a town.

No Line Between Them

Therefore many air-ground men and officers refuse to draw a line between the two operations. Their claim is that the ground forces and air forces are hitting the Germans with a combined punch—not two individual punches. They work as a team all the way—and it is the best team that any coach ever ran on any field.

These fellows—the air-ground boys—are closer to both factors than any other man. They sweat it out with the infantry; they undergo the same rigors of field soldiering; they appreciate the tremendous hardships which face a front-line soldier. Also, they understand and appreciate the punch from the skies. Here is how they feel: here is how they sum up the team play that is molding a black future for the guys who started this fight.

Capt. Oliver G. Kelly, San Jose, Cal., is an air-ground officer with the Fifth Armored Division. He's the signal flasher—the gent who lets the bombers know where to hit, when to hit and why.

Captain Kelly has been through it with the Doughboys—and the last that Warweek heard, he was still with them. He says:

"This whole operation depends on the air support officer having the point of view of the ground troops. He must eat, work and live with them. He might like his sleeping—as do any of us—but he



can't afford to do it out here. He's got to work the clock around.

Take Infantry Punishment

"We air boys must be willing and able to take the punishment the infantry does, and the next airman I meet who says the infantry has a monopoly on the combat stuff is going to have his ears pinned back. It's that kind of thinking that keeps the air force and the ground force apart."

Captain Kelly makes reference to an action which occurred near Le Mans to illustrate his point further.

"The colonel of a combat unit asked us for air help, and we radioed some fighter-bombers. The pilots located our CP, and we directed them on to where the Germans were concentrated. The planes went in—and Tiger tanks were ripped wide open. They handed the Germans a big wallop. Then the colonel's unit went in and cleaned up.

"The time it took? Well, in five minutes we located and directed the fighter-bombers. In all it took 15 minutes for the planes to hammer the Germans and for the infantry to clean them up. It was teamwork and timing that did it."

Simple, Fast, Effective

In most cases of air-ground co-operation—such as described by Captain Kelly—the procedure is a simple and speedy one. A ground unit runs into unexpected opposition. The outfit's CO figures that it will be a waste of lives to attempt to take that particular spot by sheer manpower.

So he makes quick contact with his air-ground crew. The officer in charge of this crew immediately contacts, by radio, the nearest known bomber or fighter bomb group. He issues brief instructions and direction—keeping in mind

that the plan must work in a way so that our own men don't get bombed.

Then the bomber pilots take off—and they are literally on a radio beam when they do so. But in this case their beam is that of the air-ground officer, who maintains steady contact with them. He directs them over outstanding landmarks—right up to where Fritz can get conked on the noggin with some made-in-U.S. bombs.

Right Up in Front

This is the way one of the crew members put it:

"You can't work this stuff from back in HQ. You's got to be right up in front where you can see the target and lead the planes right to it. The way we have done it is to have the air-ground officer right up at the pin point of the attack.

"You must be able to explain, guide and control—otherwise the pilot goes down the road, sees a town, says to himself: 'this must be what they mean,' and boom—up go our own men."

Capt. E. M. Howison, air support officer with the 90th Division, says: "In more than a year on battlefields I have never seen better, closer and more effective co-operation between air and ground than I've seen over here in the past few weeks.

"These fighter-bombers are one of the most lethal weapons I've ever seen. They really help the Doughboys—we've done it numerous times.

It's Close Co-operation

"We can do it because we work directly with the ground men. They won't call for help unless it is damned important. So when they call—we pitch in for all we're worth. You can't stress this teamwork—this co-operation—too much. Every man in every outfit should understand and believe in it.

"Once they get to feeling that way, they work lots better. I know it. Oh, yes, and before I forget it—you'd better add this:

"When we had squadrons covering our area for us, we found that it was very important to let the pilots have all the available information. Such stuff as what the opposition is like—how many tanks there are—how many gun crews—the various types of opposition—exact locations—clear routes—and so forth. You'd be surprised how important that information is to the pilot. Show those boys what to hit, tell them what they're after—and they'll do the work for you."

Many members of combat units agree with Capt. Howison. They say that the pilots will hit the targets, once they know just what they are after. They also say



Fliers, Footsloggers and Tankers— Dealing Large Death Doses to Huns; Smooth Team Play Paying Dividends

that the pilots have flown through veritable walls of flak in order to knock out an objective.

Pilots have pitched in with recon jobs, too. They've scouted out the Kraut on numerous occasions, and they have done some fine work on routine reconnaissance patrols.

Said Capt. Howison:

"Periodically I'd see some of these P51 recon ships come over in pairs. I'd listen in until I heard their call sign, then I'd call them and they'd gladly make a reconnaissance mission for me on the spot. But don't expect them to help unless you can authenticate yourself. They are not eager to work for Hitler."

Krauts Don't Like It

German prisoners, after having been subjected to the old one-two punch until they were hammered silly, made this remark about our teamwork:

"It is difficult enough to fight your ground forces alone, but when the planes work with them, the situation is hopeless for us."

They should know all about that. It was the Germans who thought it was a pretty good idea to flatten Europe with the Luftwaffe so that their troops could walk in and take over.

And here is how some front-line Yanks have summed up the over-all situation on team play, as they have seen it work in the past:

T/Sgt. Sheldon L. Faler, Clinton, Neb.:

"Working together is the only way to get any place. Tanks, planes and infantry can go to town when they operate to-

gether. But individually they can't do one-third as well."

Team Play the Secret

Pvt. Richard J. Reedy, Aurora, Ill.:

It's just like playing a sports game back home. The best team will win—and the best team is decided by the group of guys who play together—or fight together—as one unit."

T/Sgt. Walter L. Grey, Fairfield, Iowa:

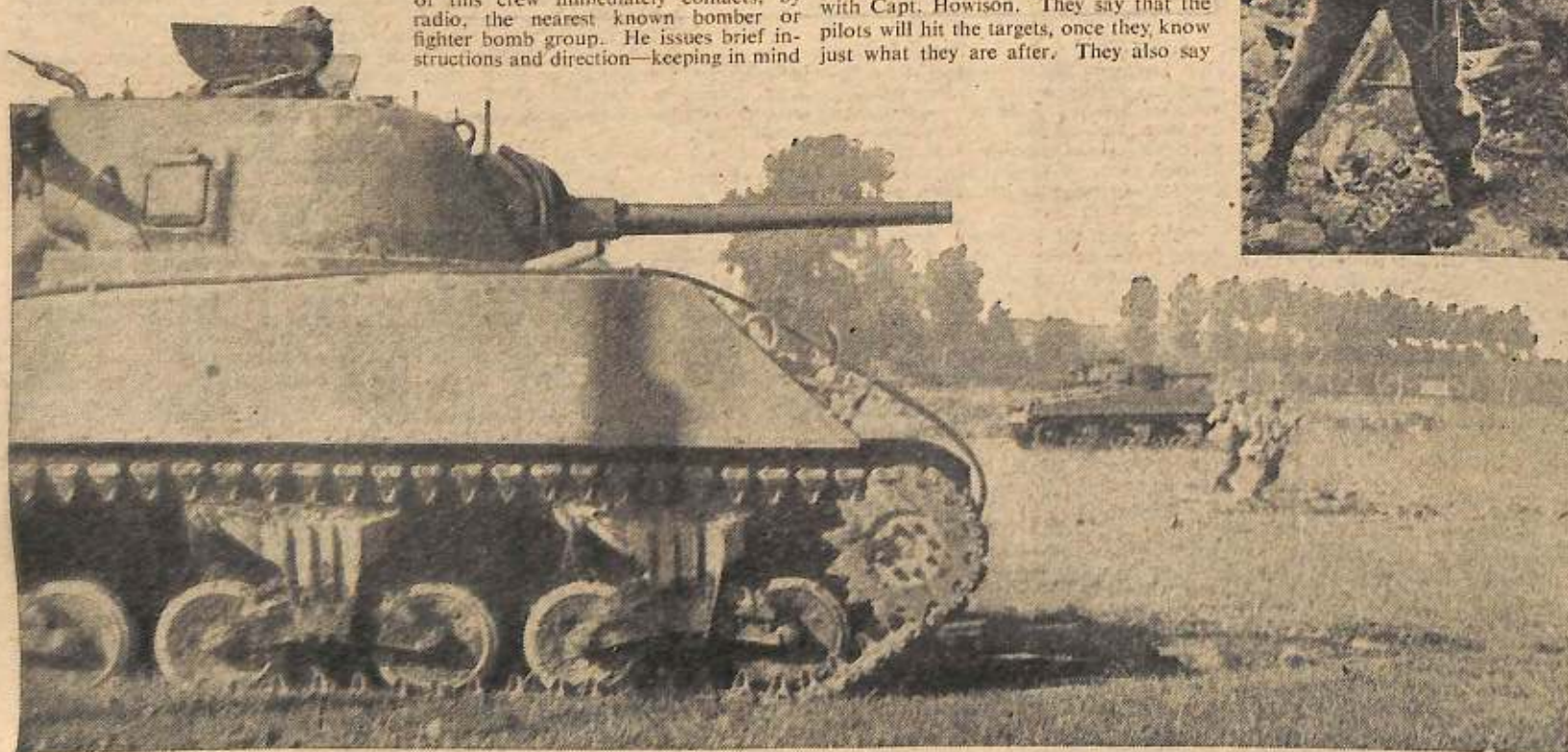
"I've seen plenty of this team play in France. Naturally, there has been a spot or two where signals got crossed—and it didn't work perfectly. Still, however, I'd say that good team play has been the reason for our success. The planes and ground forces make the best fighting unit there is."

Capt. F. B. Adams, Newark, Ark.:

"I notice that team play starts way down the line. Take a tank, for instance. Five men in a tank working as a unit can't be beaten. That's how it goes on up the line. Tank units operate as one team—then they side in with the infantry and the air forces, and still they work as a bunch of fellows all striving for the same thing—and they work together. We can't miss when we do it that way."

Maj. Ben O. Roscow, Sioux Falls, S.D.:

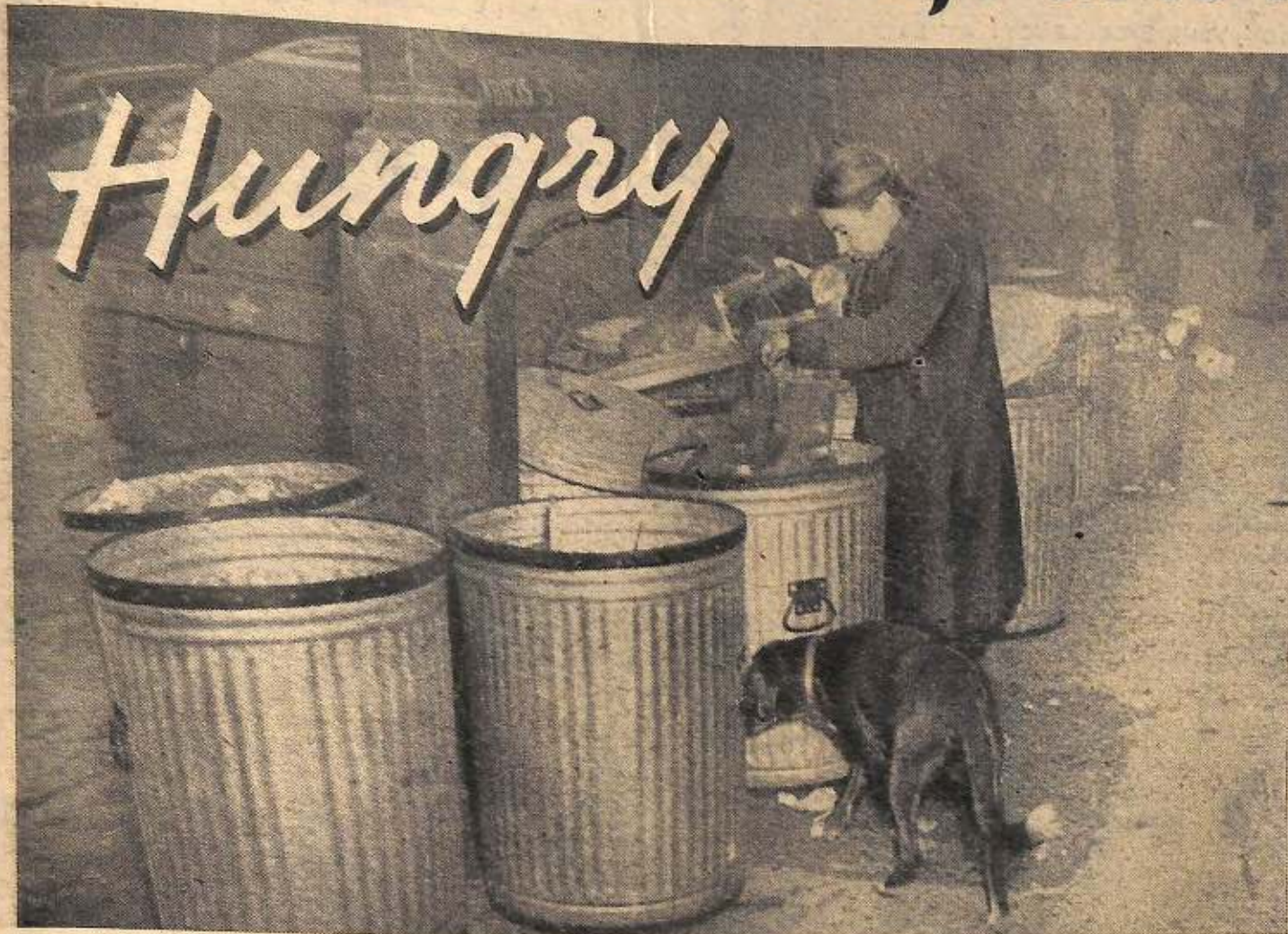
"The rifle companies keep contact by means of radio with the tank outfits. The COs of both units discuss mutual headaches and problems, and then tip off the air forces. The air forces blam away with the bombs; the tanks roll in with sheer weight and fire power, and the infantry cleans up. A great combination, I'd say—and it works like a charm."



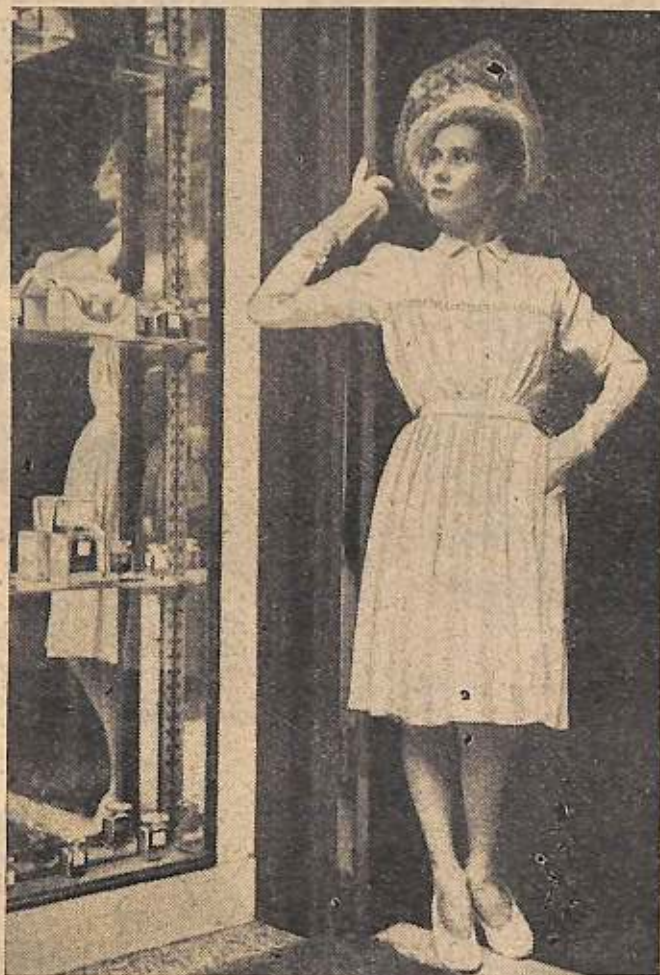
A CONVINCING ARGUMENT is a good air-ground wallop. In old days Hitler had it; today we have it. At top of page are some of best fighter planes afloat. (Left to right) P-47 Thunderbolt, P-51 Mustang and P-38 Lightning. Lone plane in second column is Mustang in graceful—and destructive—dive. Bottom left shows Doughboys, supported by tanks, driving forward to attack enemy strongpoint after our planes have bombed and strafed objective. The infantrymen rode into battle on the tanks. Above, American officer inspects knocked-out Nazi fortress and captured Kraut artillery piece.

Photos by 9th Air Force, U.S. Army Signal Corps and Planet.

Boche Has Gone, Paris is Free, But—



PARIS isn't all beautiful women, beautiful buildings and beautiful high prices. Twenty years ago this old woman lived comfortably; now she picks over GI messhall garbage for food. Dog is at disadvantage, he can't reach top of cans.



Associated Press Photo
DESPITE HARDSHIPS Parisians show best front they can. Here's professional model at door of exclusive shop. She ate skimpy meals during occupation; is doing better now.

By Hamilton Whitman

Warweek Staff Writer

AMERICAN troops, who have been hearing for four years about the hardships of Paris and other French cities under the German occupation, have been amazed at what they interpreted as the gaiety and appearance of well-being of the French civilians they see.

It is hard for some battle-weary Joe to understand how these well-dressed and apparently happy people could have been the victims of Nazi oppression. If he seeks an answer at all it probably is something along this line:

"Aw, I guess that stuff was just a lotta propaganda."

He's wrong—but unless he lived in France before the war he'll probably never know it. The truth of the matter is that Paris—and other French cities—show unmistakable signs of suffering to the man who knows what they were like before the Germans came.

"But look at all the well-dressed women in the streets," somebody is sure to say. "How do you explain that?"

The answer to that is easy:

French women always looked better than the women of any other country, including the United States. The proof of that lies in the fact that American manufacturers of women's clothes at home either maintained resident buyers in Paris, before the war, or sent some executive to Paris every year to buy the newest models as they came from the designers' workshops.

Even the hardships of war have been unable to dampen the French woman's knack for making the most of herself.

In addition to their natural gift for wearing smart clothes—or for making old and shabby clothes look smart—every Parisienne regarded it as a patriotic duty to do whatever she could to annoy the Germans.

One of the things the Germans tried to do during the occupation was to impose their own brand of heavy-handed severity on the clothes and make-up of the women of the conquered country. The result was that the French dug down into the chests of old clothes and inherited heirlooms to find disused bits of silk or linen which could be contrived to look like new and original garments.

It was all part of the gigantic passive resistance to the will of the invader.

The "black market," which flourished under the very noses of the Germans, was another version of the same thing.

Before Paris was liberated, the monthly meat ration for a grown man or woman equalled one slice about the size and thickness of the palm of a man's hand. Now the residents of Paris get about the same amount of meat once a week.

The very strict rationing, under the Germans, created a demand for goods and food products of all kinds in which prices skyrocketed. A small percentage of French people, who had large sums of money to spend, were able to live quite well by doing their shopping on the illegal black market. But it was only a tiny fraction of the people as a whole.

In the industrial suburbs and in the lower-bracket sections of the city there are, for instance, children who have not tasted an orange for four years.

Paris looks gay, on the surface, but Paris and the other cities of France are the saddest sight the author of this story has ever seen. He knows what he's talking about. He lived in Paris for eight years before the war.



OWI Photo
MANY FRENCH MEN and women resisted Germans and aided neighbors during confusion of liberation. Here citizens of Laval get water from well of fortunate friend.



Planet Photo

THESE WOMEN waiting in food line at municipal soup kitchen don't parade in latest "creations." They weren't collaborators. Most of them have sons in German prisons.



U.S. Army Signal Corps Photo

"FAMILY SOUP" is translation of sign at this food station, only place where refugees, mostly from Paris, were able to eat in Dreux. They're en route back to the capital

GI JERRY

by Lt. Dave Breger

Nazi Guide-Book Part XVI



Lt. Dave Breger France



"One could give me continents and I would rather remain the poorest citizen of the German people." ADOLF HITLER, MAY 1, 1936

NOW, HOW ABOUT A NICE, COZY LITTLE ISLAND CALLED ST. HELENA?

LOOK, LOOK, YOUR EXCELLENCY! AT LAST! AFTER YEARS OF INTERBREEDING WE HAVE PRODUCED THE GERMAN SOLDIER OF THE NEXT WAR!



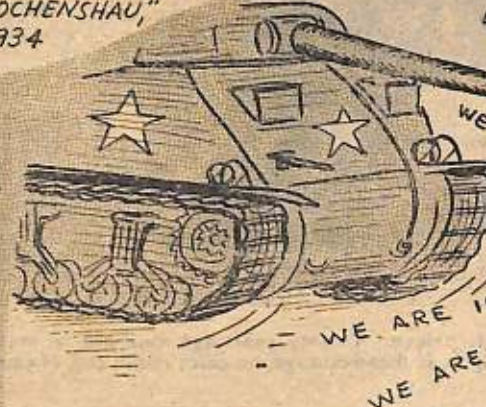
"A calf with the swastika on the forehead... has been born Oct. 22, 1933 in Holstein. Perhaps other contemporaries will take this opportunity to breed a cattle race showing the swastika between the horns." "DEUTSCHE WOCHENSCHAU," MAR. 10, 1934

PRIVATE LUDWIG KOCKENHÄUSEN, ON THE EVENING OF 8 OCTOBER, 1944 AT 1846 HOURS, UPON READING A LETTER FROM YOUR WIFE THAT SHE HAD GIVEN BIRTH TO A BABY BOY WEIGHING NINE AND ONE HALF POUNDS, YOU WERE HEARD TO EXCLAIM "HURRAH!" THUS CONCLUSIVELY PROVING YOU TO BE NEGLIGENT IN YOUR WAR EFFORT, FOR WHICH YOU ARE HEREBY SENTENCED TO THREE YEARS AT HARD LABOR. HEIL HITLER! NEXT CASE!



"We have never been accustomed to conducting politics with regard to the German people do not at any time of the day shout 'Hurrah!' this only proves that they work and have no time for shouting 'Hurrah!'"

DR. GOEBBELS, MAR. 3, 1934



WE ARE INVINCIBLE! WE ARE INVINCIBLE! WE ARE INVINCIBLE! WE ARE INVINCIBLE! WE ARE INVINCIBLE! WE ARE INVINCIBLE! WE ARE INVINCIBLE! WE ARE INVINCIBLE!

I DON'T KNOW, LUDWIG, BUT SOMETHING IS WRONG SOMEWHERE!



"Good propoganda is repetition. People don't know what one talks about if one doesn't repeat the same story, again and again. But when one always repeats the same thing they are convinced." ADOLF HITLER, "MEIN KAMPF"

Over The Hill is The Long Way Home!

'Cease Fire' Not The Signal For Sandlot Show By World Champs; Doughboys of 1918 Know This Fact

By Ed. Wilcox
Warweek Staff Writer

WHEN they blew the whistle at 11 AM, 11 Nov., 1918, practically every soldier in "Black Jack" Pershing's Army, who could do so, took off like a big-backed bird. They were combing AWOLs out of haystacks all over France for months.

It was all a long time ago and now, if you talk to some guy wearing 1918 ribbons on his Class A blouse, the chances are his story will be one of two kinds. Either he went over the hill on Armistice Day, had a hell of a time, and now figures it was well worth whatever rap he took, or:

He stuck with his outfit, did a lot of drill and fatigue and has been wishing for more than 20 years that he had gone sight-seeing instead.

Question Coming Up Again

For the benefit of those guys who will be faced with that same decision, any month now, Warweek has made a little study of this whole post-hostilities AWOL question. The answer sums up in three words:

"Don't Do It."

Here's the reason, the one reason which will make sense to a man who has been taking it the hard way.

You'll get home a lot faster if you stay with your outfit.

In 1918 outfits went home the way they came here—as units. This time they're going to use the much-discussed "point system." That means that men are to be sent home on the basis of their individual service records—probably in some kind of casual or "discharge" companies. Anything that fouls up a man's records just means that much more trouble in getting him headed for home.

Men Won't Like This

This isn't going to be a popular idea with front-line combat soldiers. Those men have been taking their lumps from everything the enemy has got to toss at them, and it isn't an easy thing to tell them to pass up a chance for a trip to Paris or the nearest big town when the shooting is over.

As a matter of fact, Warweek isn't going to do so.

What this Warweek writer is going to do, however, is to point out, through the words of the man who is an authority on

the subject, just what it will cost in lost time to take a one-man furlough.

The authority is Maj. Paul Hitler, Deputy Provost Marshal for the Seine Base Section—which means Paris. This is what he had to say on the matter:

"The biggest bad feature of going AWOL is, of course, that the man concerned won't get home as quickly as he would have otherwise.

AWOL—Trouble

This is what happens to an AWOL: The MPs pick him up, they send a message to his outfit which tells the man's CO where he is. Then, if the outfit is still around, he's sent back, under arrest. If he has already been dropped from the company roster he goes to a replacement center to sweat out reassignment.

In addition there are the court martial charges he is almost sure to face. It all adds up to one thing: delay, red tape and trouble—just when he wants to move fastest towards home.

"Many men can be appealed to by telling them simply that they are expected to be good soldiers, even after the 'Cease fire.' Others can't understand that kind of logic—but they do understand it when it is put into terms of delay in getting into civvies again.

"Aside from the pay they lose and the sentences they get—they can be pretty stiff, AWOL in time of war is a serious matter—it seems a little silly to me that a man would look like a ball player who played World Series ball for eight in-

nings—and then chose to turn in a sandlot performance in the last half of the ninth.

"After the last war," the Major said, "there were hundreds of men who didn't get home for months, even years, because their records had been lost, their outfits had sailed and they were left here and forgotten. They were a pretty sad bunch, I'll tell you."

How About it Major?

The Major was asked what he thought the Army policy would be after the fighting was over, with respect to leaves, furloughs and passes.

"I think," he answered, "that the Army will give every consideration to the men who fought to take these cities. I think they will be allowed privileges and passes in that period between the end of the war with Germany and the beginning of their trip back home.

"In the campaign on the Continent so far," he continued, "AWOLs have been fairly low. There have been some men who decided they had to see Paris, or some other city, and took off. As a rule, these men have been quickly picked up by the Military Police and sent to a replacement pool for disposition. They probably never will get back to their original units.

There's a Reason For It

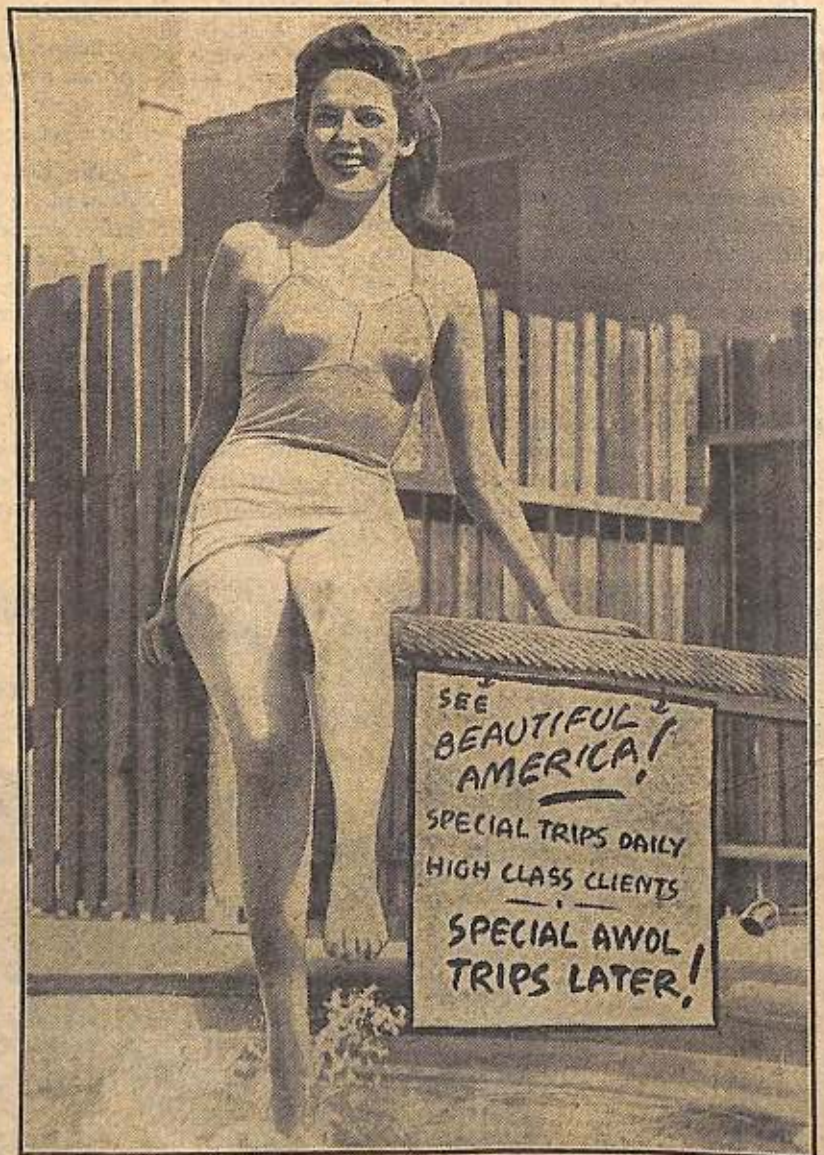
"When the Army says that men not authorized to be in Paris should not be here, that ruling is made because of military necessity and not because somebody wants to be tough or hard-hearted. Only so many troops can be accommodated in Paris because of the food and housing problems. When the war ends, Paris will probably be open to men on pass."

That just about tells the story—except for one anecdote from the last war.

Through the latter part of November and during December and January of 1918, the AWOL figure for the first AEF mounted steadily. Morning reports carried more and more men as over the hill. In a way, the Army wasn't too displeased.

The AWOL figure was providing the answer to a problem which had been worrying Gen. Pershing and his staff. They realized that there was a big-time policing job left to be done—the trouble was, what outfits were to be assigned to labor service duties for months after the fighting had ended and while other units were headed for home?

There were political angles to the question, too, since officers and men who thought they were being unfairly treated were almost sure to complain bitterly to their folks at home who would, in turn, write to every Congressman in Washing-



The growing AWOL figure was the answer. It was decided that men picked up without passes would be transferred into casual companies and given the labor jobs to do.

The old Stars and Stripes discovered this, ran a story on the plan and advised every soldier on the loose to turn himself in at once if he wanted to avoid a lot of pick and shovel work in France while

his buddies were being paid off at home. The day the story appeared, the Provost Marshal's office in Paris looked like a rush-hour in the New York subway. By the end of the week there was hardly an AWOL left on the loose.

This is another war, another Stars and Stripes. It's another Army, too, but it is just as anxious to go home when the fighting is over. Get it?

