

Tanks Closer to Czech Border

Vienna Ring Tightened By Soviets

German resistance appeared to be stiffening on the approaches to Vienna last night but, according to front-line reports, Russian troops were nearing the city on three sides with one spearhead of Marshal Tolbukhin's force inside the southern outskirts, near the district in which the Austrian capital's power and gas works are located.

There were indications that the German command had issued orders that the Red Army be held as long as possible even though it meant the destruction of Vienna, reputedly the most beautiful city in Europe.

On the Berlin front there were confused but persistent reports that the Russians had launched a large-scale offensive from the Oder and Neisse River lines, east and southeast of Hitler's Third Reich capital.

Nazi commentator Von Olberg disregarded earlier German statements that the expected onslaught east of the capital had started and said the Russians had completed preparations for a Berlin drive.

A United Press correspondent in Moscow, however, declared the battle already had started and said good progress was being made, although operations on this front were covered by a strict security silence and no details could be given.

Putting Up Resistance
The Germans were putting up stiff resistance on the approaches to their capital, UP dispatches said.

On the southern sector of the Eastern Front, Tolbukhin's troops were reported to have driven a wedge into the southeastern corner of the Vienna area, while, at the same time, another tank column was said to be striking west to encircle the city.

These troops have cut the Vienna-Linz road. Berlin admitted Russian advances on the important road in a sector some 30 miles west of the capital.

To the northeast, Marshal Malinovsky's columns were moving across country toward the city to cut the major highways leading to Brunn, Prague and Pilsen.

On his left flank, Tolbukhin registered gains in the area where the frontiers of Austria, Hungary and Yugoslavia meet. Between this front and Vienna, the Germans indicated that the Russians were in the neighborhood of Feldbach, 23 miles southeast of Graz.

Two hundred miles southeast of Tolbukhin's left flank, Marshal Tito's Yugoslav troops were reported to have captured Sarajevo, the city in which World War I started, and Gospich.

New P47 Can Carry Bombs for 1000 Miles

WASHINGTON, Apr. 6 (ANS)—Development of a new model P47 with a combat radius of more than 1,000 miles and a speed above 450 miles was announced by the War Department today.

The new type is so versatile it can serve as a fighter-bomber or as an escort plane on long-range bombing missions. It is still a single seater. Armed with eight .50-caliber machine-guns, it also carries ten five-inch high velocity rockets and two 500-pound bombs.

Its internal fuel capacity for use as a long range escort fighter is nearly double that of the old model.

Taking the Sting out of the Stinkers



U.S. 3rd Armored Division troops didn't know what a prize they had when they shot up the engine and halted a train heading east near Bromskirchen. It was found to be hauling one of the prize secret weapons of the war—jet-propelled, radio-controlled V2s. As shown here, the rockets were intact though unassembled. The warheads were attached just before firing.

A Time to Fight—A Time to Rest



U.S. Army Signal Corps Photos
Four battle-weary 3rd Army infantrymen of the 26th (Yankee) Division relax for a few welcome moments on the debris-littered streets of Fulda, Germany. A few minutes later these unglorified foot-sloggers continued their pursuit of the fleeing Nazis. They are, left to right, Pfc Sam Girardi, Williamstown, W. Va.; Pfc Ralph Harper, Newport, Pa.; Sgt. Fred Bickham, Center, Tex.; and Pfc Carl Johnson, Gleason, Wis.

Flag Goes Up In Germany

The war is not yet over but Allied victory is assured, and "this time we must leave the German people with no illusions about who won the war, no less than who lost the war," Gen. Omar N. Bradley, 12th Army Group commander, declared yesterday at an Army Day ceremony on the Western Front in which the Stars and Stripes was formally raised over German soil for the first time in this war.

Speaking to troops of the four armies under his command, Bradley said: "While victory is in view ahead, let us strike the German Army and strike the German people with the enormity of their crimes, because unless German pride and conquest are mangled beneath our tanks, we shall not find peace."

The ceremony, broadcast over an American Army front transmitter, took place at Fort Ehrenbreitstein, across the Rhine from Coblenz, and was attended by Lt. Gens. Courtney H. Hodges, George S. Patton Jr., William H. Simpson and Leonard T. Gerow, commanders, respectively, of the 1st, 3rd, 9th and 15th armies, all under Bradley's group.

The garrison flag, flown to Germany from Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson's office for the occasion, was raised by a special honor guard of the 69th Infantry Division, captors of Fort Ehrenbreitstein, which was occupied by the Americans after World War I.

5th Army Gains 2 Mi. Toward Spezia Port

ALLIED HQ, Italy, Apr. 6 (Reuter)—Following a drumfire barrage by Allied guns, U.S. 5th Army troops went over to the offensive today, sweeping the Germans out of positions south of the naval port of Spezia and gaining two miles.

Jap Resistance Stiffens, Slows Advance on Okinawa

The heaviest assault on the American invasion fleet off Okinawa since the initial landings Easter morning, and a Japanese counter-attack which slowed down progress on the island itself, were reported from the Pacific battlefront yesterday.

However, both of the newly-appointed joint Pacific commanders—Adm. Chester A. Nimitz and Gen. Douglas MacArthur—announced gains on all fronts in communiqués covering Thursday's operations.

The U.S. advance in the western and central sectors of Okinawa has been virtually brought to a standstill by the biggest counter-attack the Japs have yet been able to muster, United Press reported. At the same time, an Associated Press dispatch from the invasion fleet off the island said the tempo of Japanese air attacks, which continued from early morning to late afternoon, indicated that the enemy might be making a major effort to cripple the U.S. fleet.

Some Gain 3,000 Yards
Nimitz announced advances of up to 3,000 yards against stiffening resistance in the southern part of the island, where the Japs have presumably concentrated their forces for a final stand. Marines at the northern end of the line moved ahead 8,000 to 9,000 yards.

The communiqué announced the destruction of 65 Japanese aircraft during the first five days of the campaign. Up to midnight, Wednesday, 175 U.S. soldiers and Marines had been killed and 798 wounded in the operation.

At Manila, MacArthur, now officially in command of all Pacific land operations, announced the second successive air strike at Hongkong across the China Sea from the Philippines, which sank or damaged 11 merchant ships and a destroyer.

Giant strides along the road to Tokyo led to the reassignment of Pacific commands Thursday, it was announced in Washington. Heretofore, the commands of Nimitz and MacArthur had been separated geographically into the Pacific and Southwest Pacific respectively, with all of the sea forces in MacArthur's section coming under his command and all the land elements in Nimitz's ocean areas taking orders from the Admiral.

8th Smashes At Rail Targets

Attacking through an overcast, approximately 650 8th Air Force Fortresses and Liberators yesterday bombed railroad marshalling yards at Halle and Leipzig and other targets in central Germany.

The Libs struck at Halle, which lies on one of the main lines from Berlin to southern Germany and includes large repair facilities. The Leipzig yards, hit by B17s, constitute one of the most important railway traffic centers in the Reich.

Six hundred escorting fighters reported no enemy air opposition.

The 15th Air Force, flying more than 3,000 sorties, attacked railway yards and other communications targets in northern Italy for the second straight day.

Thursday's attack on south German ordnance depots by the 8th Air Force was termed "very successful" after examination of the first photographs of the damage.

The P51 pilot who shared in the destruction of eight German planes on the ground while returning from Thursday's mission was Capt. Gordon B. Compton, of Dallas, Tex., not Capt. Gordon B. Tomblin, as reported in yesterday's account.

Pacific Troop Movement Plan Will Work on Hour's Notice

WASHINGTON, Apr. 6 (Reuter)—Re-deployment of American forces from Europe to the Pacific ready to go into action "literally on an hour's notice" was disclosed in a plan made public tonight by Chief of Staff Gen. George C. Marshall.

"For over a year the War Department has been working on plans for this transfer which constitutes, I believe, the greatest problem in administration and logistics in history," Marshall said.

"At the moment hostilities cease in Europe it is imperative that we start a movement through the Suez and Panama Canals of units needed in the highest priority for the acceleration of the campaign in the Pacific.

"Any loss of momentum in that campaign means an unnecessary loss of more young Americans. It is not a question of how long would be the delay in terms of days, but rather one of how much reorganization for renewed resistance the Japanese would be able to effect by reason of that delay.

"The task will be one of great difficulties, but I am confident that it will be carried out in a thoroughly workmanlike manner.

"During this period of re-deployment the attitude of the people at home will be of the utmost importance to the morale of the Army. They must be persuaded to support us in a last great effort to hasten the end of this war."

S & S Must Be Free, Ike Says, Hailing Frankfurt Edition

By Jules B. Grad
Stars and Stripes Staff Writer
ALLIED FORWARD COMMAND POST, Apr. 6—The Stars and Stripes, the U.S. Army's daily newspaper, "must remain completely free as long as it lives," Gen. Eisenhower said today in a message of congratulation to the staff of the paper's new Frankfurt edition.

Gen. Eisenhower's message said: "The publication places of The Stars and Stripes, founded in London almost three years ago, are mileposts marking Allied progress in the European war.

"From London one offspring went to Casablanca, Algiers, Naples and still further on into Italy. Then, last June, the brother of the Mediterranean son left London for Cherbourg, Rennes, Paris,

Liege and Strasbourg. After landings in southern France, many other editions were published.

"And now across the Rhine in Frankfurt. Everywhere the soldier's own paper, with his favorite cartoons, the B-Bag, comics and the latest news, has been brought promptly to his camp or bivouac.

"I join every GI in Europe in expressions of appreciation to the paper's staff, and in the earnest hope that before long The Stars and Stripes will be published in the heart of a completely defeated Germany.

"And so long as it lives, the paper must remain completely free, published by American soldiers for their comrades in this theater."

Warweek

Airborne Operation: Mission Completed
A Yank Born in Germany Speaks on Nazis
The Glider Pilots Fought Like Doughs

Saturday, April 7, 1945

They Blew the Reich's Northern Gate Off Its Hinges With a Smashing Allied—

AIRBORNE ATTACK!

Paratroops, Glider-borne Doughs,
Pilots, Commandos—They Formed
The Unbeatable Assault Teams

By Hamilton Whitman

Warweek Staff Writer



THE northern, or left, flank of last week's attack across the Rhine hinged on the capture of the German town of Wesel. Wesel is on the eastern shore at a point where the river narrows and swings in a 90-degree arc from almost due north and south to east and west. Field Marshal Bernard L. Montgomery's Second British Army—with its massed armor—was coiled on the west bank, ready to slice into the crumbling defenses across the river.

It is easier to bridge a narrow stream than it is a broad one, so the crossing point was chosen with the width of the river in mind. The water crossing was allotted to the hard-bitten British Commandos. But the paralyzing surprise rabbit punch—the blow intended to make the bridge-head good—was to be an airborne operation. Three times before in the ETO Allied commanders have counted on the devastating effect of paratroopers and glider-borne infantry plummeting down out of the sky. In Normandy and Southern France their guess was good and the boys with knives in their boots did all that was hoped or expected of them. In Holland the Arnhem operation was less successful because of the difficulty the ground troops had in making contact with one airborne division.

At Wesel two airborne divisions were used—the comparatively untried 17th American, based in France, and the 6th British, who flew in from their home fields across the English Channel.

How they did it, how they came roaring down out of a smokey sky to land their egg-crate craft literally on the muzzles of the spitting flak guns—and then organized in time to repel two vicious counter-attacks—is the answer to anyone who doubts the value of the airborne arm.

Sudden, surprising and paralyzing in their effect, the gliders came down in the farm fields and orchards, slewing into their landings from every

angle and packing into the 200-yard-long fields almost wing-tip to wing-tip.

Some, set afire by tracer flak, burned as they came in. Some cracked up amid the trees or ploughed fields. But for every landing casualty there were many more men who tumbled out with their weapons blazing to chop down the enemy as they stood, open-mouthed in astonishment at the suddenness of the attack.

The new 17th Division learned many things, things which will mean a faster, slicker, more workmanlike job the next time they drop or glide into action. They learned that the M3 knife—the knife the paratroopers wear strapped to their right leg—is a good fighting weapon as issued, but a slow and cumbersome tool for cutting the lashings of glider cargoes unless it has been stoned to almost razor sharpness.

One glider crew will never forget the sweating they did, coming in to land, because the jeep they carried in their craft had worked loose during the three-hour flight from the field to the Landing Zone. New line had been used to lash it, instead of used rope, having the stretch taken out.

Airborne Artillery Pays Off

Nobody who made that mission—and stood in a fire-swept field fiddling with a map and a compass trying to orient himself under fire—will ever slight a lecture in map-reading again. But not one of the men who came down that sunny Saturday morning

behind the Kraut lines and across the Rhine will ever forget the lift he got when he saw the first six-pounder anti-tank guns and 75 mm. howitzers being towed into their positions behind the bouncing, airborne jeeps.

The big brass which plans operations like the Wesel landing may wonder whether airborne artillery is worth the glider space it takes up. Any airborne infantryman can answer the question from the bottom of his

These airborne attack photos by Signal Corps combat photogs Maj. A. K. McCleery and T/4 Clyde M. Pletcher were taken in the same enemy sector in which Warweek's staff writer, Hamilton Whitman, landed with glider troops. They show paratroopers, gliders in the air and one on the ground.

heart. When you're down, in a mission like that, there's just one thing you want to know:

"If they attack with tanks, can we hold 'em until the armor breaks through for contact?" When you see your own guns going by on the dusty country roads, you have your own answer. The sight is as welcome as Betty Grable in a bubble bath.

As far as the 17th Airborne was concerned, the operation started at 0430 when tow-ship and glider pilots, along with the flying doughs themselves, were awakened at 26 flying fields in as many parts of France. Takeoff times were staggered, depending upon the required flying time to the air rendezvous points. Squadron after squadron of group after group fell into line as the columns of C47 tow-ships, each towing two gliders, streamed across the map toward the soil of Hitler's "sacred Reich."

It was the first double-tow combat mission, and the longest of the war.

Sweating it Out

The air was "bumpy" on the way to the Rhine, and as the glider trains crossed the river the first flak started coming up. The bomber crews of the Eighth Air Force have a saying:

"Target time is sweating time."

The glider pilots, who can see out of their gliders, and the airborne infantrymen, huddled in behind them with only a few tiny ports to look from, know just what the bomber crews mean. They can add a few words of their own because, unlike the bombers, they have to circle on down, through the bursting flak, for what is almost sure to be a crash landing.

The air was thick with smoke from a British-laid screen along the river as the gliders came in over the Landing Zone. It was thick with flak, too, which reached a crescendo a few seconds after the glider pilots cut their tow lines and took it on their own. Maybe the Germans held their fire

until the gliders cut loose. Maybe they were so surprised that they were only able to start firing then. Opinions in the 17th and among the glider and tow pilots vary on the point. All are agreed, however, that the stuff was thicker than the candles on Grandma's birthday cake.

Talking to the pilots on the ground after the landings revealed one thing. The men who banked away from other ships, avoiding flak bursts whenever they saw another glider get hit, were the ones who got on the ground with only a hole or two in their craft. The pilots who just headed in for a field, ignoring the flak, were the ones who, by and large, took the worst beating.

Get Those Doors Open!

The first job, when a glider gets on the ground, is to unload the cargo or get the men it carries into action.

That part of the job calls for coolness under fire and an ability to decide what is important and what must be done first. In the case of one glider in the Wesel mission the cargo was a medical jeep, the complement—four medics, the pilot, the co-pilot and this correspondent.

The pilot, 2/Lt. John I. Love, of Youngstown, O., gave his first order while the glider was still in the air diving through the flak.

"Get those god-damned doors open," he shouted over his shoulder.

Medics kicked out the escape panels and unlatched the swinging doors. Lt. Love, coming in at about 70 miles an hour, dragged his landing gear through the tops of a row of small trees to slow him down and then hit the field at about 60 mph. The wheels touched down, the glider rolled a few yards and then, as the weight settled,



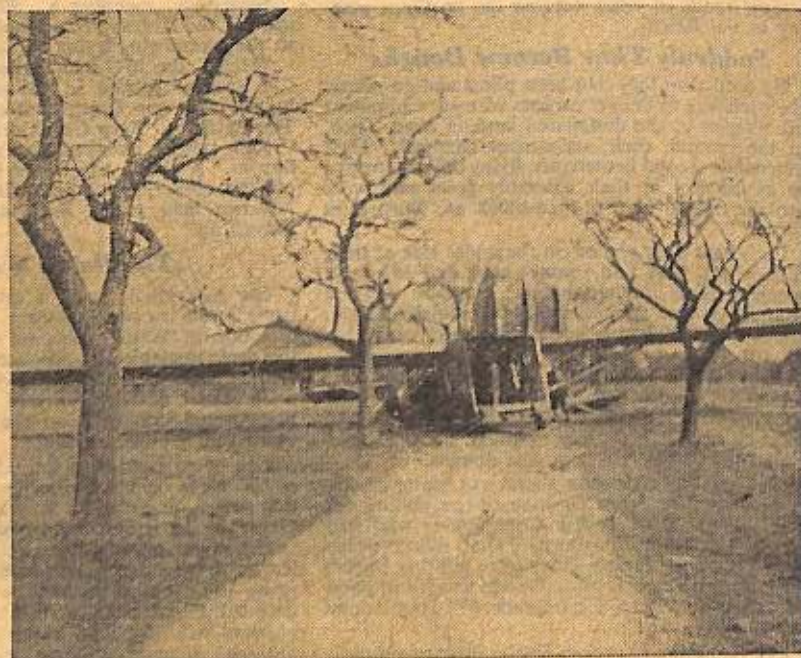
tipped up on its nose. For a breathless second it hung there.

This correspondent caught a glimpse of two wrecked gliders in the next field, was conscious that the jeep on which he was sitting might be sitting on him in the wink of an eyelash. Then the ship fell back and came to rest with its wheels and tail skid on the ground.

Lt. Love, his co-pilot, 2/Lt. Ray Niblo, of Dallas, Tex., the medics and the Warweek writer tumbled head first through the doors and escape hatches.

There was some fire on the field from a German machine-gun in the woods, to the left rear of the glider. You could see the bullets cutting the grass ahead of the glider and a small plank which flipped into the air as the beaten zone moved across.

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"They Saw Hitler as . . .



As the war nears its end you begin to hear more about the "good Germans" who never wanted Hitler anyway. These pictures, from an illustrated biography of the Fuehrer, are a healthy thing to look at—and remember. They show how cheering crowds (top) greeted Adolf.

A German Born Yank
Tells Why He Fights...
**HIS OLD
COUNTRYMEN**



Old and young alike fell into line in the days when the Nazis were riding high. Now these people claim they always hated Hitler, insisting they only played ball for self-protection. These pictures give a good idea of just how "anti-Nazi" the Germans really were. The soldier who trusts smiling faces behind our lines is just asking for trouble. The smart thing is to ignore them.

The Battle of 'Burp Gun Corner'

A GOOD, smart Pfc poring through the records of Troop Carrier Command, could spend many hours and many days without finding the name of one squadron of a group which just came back from Germany. He'd find the official designation all right—the 77 bis Squadron, 435th TC Group—but he wouldn't find the name the men earned for themselves on a country cross-roads five miles north and a little east of Wesel, at about 2400 hours on March 24.

There were 144 men in the squadron when they took off from their home field in Central France a few minutes after 0800 hours on March 24. By 1130 they were down with their gliders in the patches of woods, the cultivated fields and the dirt-covered roads of what became the northern gateway to the Reich.

Suddenly They Became Doughs

Up until then they had been pilots and co-pilots. Their job was to deliver cargoes of men, equipment and supplies at the designated landing zone. Then, on the ground, their assignment changed. First lieutenants, second lieutenants, flying officers formed up as infantry at their assembly point and went into the line to hold a road-block at "Burp Gun Corner."

Their bars were pinned on the under side of their shirt collars, they had tommy guns and M1s and trenching tools in their hands; grenades dangled from the breast pockets of their combat jackets. And every man had a knife, M3, strapped to his leg.

Veterans like John Love, of Youngstown, O., making his third combat landing, teamed up with recently-converted power pilots like tall, rangy, Texas-born (Dallas) Ray Niblo, both second lieutenants, to dig and fight like doughs.

Through the afternoon there was scattered fire on their position from German troops pulling out of Wesel ahead of British Commandos who had crossed the Rhine at dawn. That didn't worry the glider pilots though—they were hunting Lugers and P38s in the small brick houses which bordered the roads at "Burp Gun Corner." They found them, too.

They ate their K-rations in the dusk of an early

spring evening and then settled down in foxholes to sleep and watch by turns.

At midnight all hell broke loose at the cross-roads. A force of Germans, estimated at about battalion strength, came up the road from Wesel. The Krauts had two 20-mm. dual-purpose guns, a tank, a dozen or more light machine-guns and the courage of desperation on their side.

Another thing they were damned glad they had was the infantry training back in the States. Many of them had never expected to fire a rifle in combat—they were pilots. But there at "Burp Gun Corner" they had a choice to make—to fight like infantrymen, or to die. None of them died.

Somebody, manning a .30 cal. machine-gun, spotted the Krauts first. Slipping shadows moved in the moonlight, trying to infiltrate the position. "Halt," the MG-man yelled.

A shadow moved in the darker shadow of a house. The gun flamed and chattered into action. The Battle of "Burp Gun Corner" had opened.

Red tracers streaked the darkness beside the houses. A glider, which had landed in a field just off the corner, burst into flames. The German advance men pulled back and the Kraut tank moved up.

The Battle Was On

The cross-roads itself is on the top of a ridge from which wooded country slopes away in the direction of Wesel. Because of the reverse slope the tank was able to approach almost to the edge of the glider pilots' foxhole line without coming under fire from the AT gun to the rear. As it maneuvered into position the Germans started a weird yelling and cheering.

You could head it, plainly, from foxholes as far as 200 yards behind the corner defense line. Then they came in with an attack like the Japanese "Banzai" charges reported from the Pacific.

The glider pilots poured it to them. One lieutenant, firing a bazooka in combat for the first time in his life, stopped the tank. Dragging one track, it churned around and pulled back. The machine-guns tried to light it up with tracers for the anti-tank gunners, but were unable to do so. Before

it backed away the tank knocked out one of the .50-cal. guns, wounding two men.

The dreaded 20mm. guns, which had chopped up gliders in the air that morning, were duck soup when the Krauts moved them up to the corner. One struck by a bazooka shell was reduced to a mass of twisted wreckage. A machine-gun burst killed the crew of the other without damaging the gun. The gun was captured and incorporated into the glider pilot defense line.

The reception they got at "Burp Gun Corner" was more than the Krauts could take. They pulled back, those who could make it, to surrender later in the day when the whole area was cleaned out and secured. When it was light enough to see, the glider pilots took score. They counted 13 dead Germans at or near the corner. They took 45 wounded prisoners, and one little German medic who did his best to care for his dying countrymen. Unwounded prisoners were well over 80.

On their side, the glider pilots had one man with an eye injury caused when a tile, blown off the roof of a house, hit him in the face. Another had his scalp "creased" by a burp-gun bullet.

The glider pilots were taken out of the line at dusk the next night. They marched nine miles back through Germany, crossing the Rhine in British-manned assault boats, to a bivouac area in a shelled-up town on the west bank. As they moved along the road past the massed armor of Montgomery's 2nd British Army, which was moving up to exploit the bridgehead they had helped establish, they passed two men standing by the road.

One, short and stocky, with his cigar tilted at a rakish angle, was an Englishman. His name was Winston Churchill. The man with him was an American. His name was Dwight D. Eisenhower.

Only one man recognized the British Prime Minister and the Supreme Commander. Excitedly he told the men he marched with:

"Do you know who those guys are? That's Churchill and Eisenhower!"

A slow, Southern drawl replied: "Ah reckon they doan know who we are—the 77th Glider and anti-tank squadron—the only one in the whole god-damned Army. That's us." He was right—that's them.

First came the greetings from the President and then came the physical examination. When I was through with the physical, and was found all right, the psychiatrist had a word with me. He was a busy man the psychiatrist at the Grand Central Palace, New York. Rather in a hurry, he seemed to be. He asked me only one question:

"You're of German origin, aren't you? Well then, do you really feel capable of fighting Germans?"

I said, "Yes, Sir, I do!" And I am afraid that I grinned a little while saying it. The question struck me as funny.

Why We Fight Nazism

But in the course of my life in the Army I was asked the same question repeatedly: "How do men like yourself of German birth and, until recently, of German citizenship, feel fighting against former countrymen?"

Maybe the question isn't so very funny, after all. It is not quite easy, perhaps, for any non-German person to understand why those most familiar with Germany are most eager and most determined to fight Nazism and to help wipe out that obnoxious plague. I am sure that I speak also for the thousands of other former German citizens now active in the various armies of the United Nations in saying that our militant resolution has a two-fold psychological and moral source: first, our natural loyalty to a new homeland to which we are deeply indebted; and second, our intimate, first-hand knowledge of the mortal danger which Hitlerism means to civilization.

It Was Only Natural

To me, as to most of the other German fugitives from Nazi terrorism, it was a matter of course to contribute our humble bit to the war effort of the democracies. In fact, I hardly felt that I was changing my status or the essential purpose of my life when I became an American soldier. Rather, it seemed to me that my new job was to continue doing with new weapons and under new conditions what I had been doing all along for the past ten years. To fight Hitler and everything he stands for was indeed my main occupation ever since the Nazi dictatorship was established in 1933.

My family and I left the Reich voluntarily, as did many other Ger-

mans, as soon as we had the power. We left the Jews and not being a political party—was acceptable to the left because we were taken over by the impossible place where the very poisonous. We realized that Hitler lead the German grace and to disa-

The German

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By doing so, what had been pre-Hitler Germ we made a desp The German that is, those ar politically consc the double mis the world and men against Na ploring the G Hitler! He is

... Their Messiah"



Kids of Boy Scout age, enrolled in the Pimpfen, begged Hitler's autograph. ... Factory workers, supposed to have been "anti-Nazi," fought to shake his hand.

HERE'S an honest, convincing statement by a German who never bowed to Nazi might. Contrast it with what you hear now from people like those who are pictured on these two pages.



By Klaus Mann

Hitler came to ruin you! But the Germans were deaf—most of them believed in Hitler as the Messiah—sent by God to increase the greatness and glory of the Fatherland. So we cried out to the world: Beware of Hitler and of the German people who follow him! Hitler means war. Get rid of him, lest you have war on a world-wide scale! ... But the world was not able, or not willing, to accept or even to consider any advice or warning from those who had no illusions about the dead seriousness of the Hitler challenge. The world wanted peace at any price—even at the price of

play a certain role in American liberal circles—came out with a public statement to the effect that he, for one, could never bring himself to shoot at German troops for—the prince argued—by doing so he would risk killing some upright German anti-Nazi and meritorious member of the Underground.

Not to fight Nazism, out of fear of killing anti-Nazis! What a preposterous paradox!

Few Anti-Nazis

To begin with, there are, alas, few upright anti-Nazi or meritorious members of the Underground in the German Army—or, for that matter, anywhere in Germany. But if there are any, they will certainly be the first to disapprove sharply of such an hypocritical, unrealistic and illogical view. Those among my, and the prince's, former countrymen who have maintained any common sense and are still capable of thinking honestly and independently cannot but realize that whatever we do to lick Hitler and to break, once and for all, the evil power of German militarism, is also done in the interest of all sincere German anti-Nazis.

The complete defeat and extinction of the Hitler regime is a vital necessity, not only for my new homeland, the United States of America, but also for the whole world and, in particular, for my former country, Germany. The Germans who still fail to see this will have to be taught a terrible, lasting lesson.

Defend Supreme Values

I do not hate my former countrymen. I agree—as, I suppose, most Americans do—with the generous statement President Roosevelt made in his speech of October 22, 1944:

"We bring no charge against the German race as such, for we cannot believe that God has eternally condemned any race of humanity; for we know in our land how many good men and women with German ancestry have proved loyal, freedom-loving, peace-loving citizens."

But if we Americans of German stock cherish freedom and peace, we have to help in defending those supreme values—even if the aggressors happen to be our former countrymen.

... which originally appeared in the Rome Stars and Stripes, was written by a sergeant in the U.S. Army in Italy, son of Thomas Mann, German writer and novelist. It is reprinted because of its down-to-the-earth discussion and file within the Reich—the same people living these days as they drive on to Berlin.

appealing the arch-enemy of peace, Adolf Hitler.

The arch-enemy, meanwhile, became stronger and stronger. In the end he was so powerful that he could no longer be appeased. The great showdown had become inevitable.

Could people of our kind stay aloof under such circumstances? Could we waver? Could we hesitate?

... Could We Hesitate?

We had failed twice in our historical duty. We had not succeeded in preventing Nazism in Germany, and our voices had been too weak to arouse world public opinion to the imminence of the Nazi danger. Now we had the opportunity to make good, to a certain extent, our previous failures. Now we had the chance to prove the sincerity of our convictions by participating in the fight against Nazi barbarism—the fight which the Germans themselves failed to wage in 1933.

I find it difficult to understand those German refugees who objected to taking up arms "against former countrymen"—in other words, who excluded themselves from the fight against Nazism. One—Prince Humbertus Zu Loewenstein, a German politician and lecturer who used to

Semi-military construction crews drilled with shovels — when they weren't digging gun pits or flying bomb sites. When the Big Guy came they fell in for a review. Playing soldier has been the trouble with Germany for years. Hitler played on war fever.



These kids may not have known better—but their older sisters certainly should have. Note the expressions of hero-worship as they reach to touch the Fuehrer's hand. Their older sisters joined the Wehrmacht uniformed groups—helped Nazis raid all of Europe.

More About

Airborne Attack!

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"Get that jeep out," Lt. Love ordered.

The nose of the glider had been damaged in the landing and the cable device by which the nose lifts as the jeep moves forward would not work. Men raised the tail of the glider by hand, put the tail props into position and then fisted open the damaged nose by sheer beef and back straining. The much-needed medical jeep rolled free.

Up to the moment that the jeep rolled out, with the blankets and litters, the morphine and bandages and blood plasma, the seven men of glider No. 41 had worked more like an engineer construction squad than seven field soldiers in the middle of a bullet-swept battlefield.

Then the training of the medics asserted itself and without another command they took off for the wrecked gliders in the next field where at least two badly wounded men could be seen in the splintered plywood, torn fabric and twisted duralumin tubing.

Spaced out, staggered—no man directly behind or directly beside any other—they moved across the field. The jeep made for the corner of the field, seeking an exit to the road.

The jeep bogged down in the ditch, where it churned hopelessly for 20 endless minutes until one medic came back with an infantryman guarding half a dozen Krauts. They lifted the jeep on to firm ground from where it made the road without further trouble.

A stone farmhouse on the road was a temporary CP for the glider regiment, and the men assembled there for orders. Then, they moved into their assigned positions, digging in their machine-guns at the corner of a woods and building their foxholes for the night. With the first organization complete, the headquarters moved a couple of miles down the road, wire crews went to work and before dark the whole area, roughly three by six miles in size, was linked up, coordinated and defended. The anti-tank guns and the airborne 75mm. howitzers were in place.

It was midnight before the Germans were able to counter-attack—a try which was beaten back by the glider pilots, fighting as infantrymen. Four hours later the Krauts tried it again, from the other side of the area. Again they were beaten back.

Then, in the morning sunlight, a cool, unruffled youngster in the uniform of a British captain, strolled up the road.

One British enlisted man, a sergeant, accompanied him.

He passed through our forward positions from the direction of Wesel, asking the way to regimental headquarters. The men who gave him the directions had a question to ask and no officer-enlisted man barrier was going to prevent them from asking it. This is how they put it:

"Say, are you fellows airborne or commandos?"

The young captain understood what the question meant. He grinned back

his answer in perfect Park Lane Londonese.

"Oh I say, Commandos, you know, from Wesel."

That was it. That was the linkup. That meant the airborne men were no longer an island of Americans in a sea of armed Krauts. That meant that the tanks were coming—that meant we had won.

That meant that the greatest airborne operation of the war was a success and that the tense 20 hours of being cut off was over.

Even the tattered Volkssturm, going down the road with the rest of the 3,500 prisoners we took, looked a little better after that. The K-rations, helped out by preserved fruit "liberated" from the empty houses, tasted better.

Then the tanks came and the convoys of jeeps and the reinforcements. Montgomery's Army started moving across the Rhine. There were miles of tanks and men and guns behind them and they were all coming our way.

The northern gate to the Reich was open, blasted off its hinges, by two-way teamwork—ground-air, British-American. And on the far side of the Rhine, Winston Churchill, British Prime Minister, and Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, American Supreme Commander of the Allied Armies, shook hands.

The avenging arrow, steel-tipped and deadly, was aimed straight at the German heartland. Not even a Hitler miracle could turn it aside.

Allied Armies Point Toward Isolating Foes on All Fronts



Leader Down Where They Fight Killing of Rose Costs U.S. One of Top 3 Tankers

By Andy Rooney
Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

WITH 3RD ARMD. DIV., Apr. 6—Maurice Rose, the 3rd Armd. Div. major general whom the German tanker killed with a machine pistol Saturday night, was a leader down where they fight.

American newspapers may not know him but professional soldiers, men in the business, and the men in his spearhead division, know the U.S. Army has lost one of its three most capable armored commanders. Eisenhower knew him, Bradley knew him, and Hodges knew him. They gave Rose and his division three of the toughest jobs of the war. They gave him St. Lo, the Ardennes and Paderborn.

"I like working with the corps commander," Gen. Rose said two nights before he was killed near Paderborn. "He just tells me where he wants the 3rd Arm. to go. He doesn't tell us how to get there."

The corps commander knew Rose would always find a way.

Two nights before his death Gen. Rose asked four correspondents traveling with the division into the room he had fixed as his overnight headquarters in a German house.

The general had a fine taste for CPs. He always located a comfortable house or mansion and somewhere in it there was a good-sized room he used as his office. In the center of the room he put his desk, always facing the door, and on the desk he laid his maps. Across the room where he could see it easily was a large situation map. Things looked that way the night he gave his last interview to the four men who came into his CP to talk informally about the drive which was taking the 3rd Arm. out on a strong steel limb to Paderborn.

The general stood when the men came in. He stood as straight as the sketched soldiers in the field manuals. At 45 he looked eight years younger and he was a handsome man.

"Sit down," he said. And he sat himself, as erect as he stood.

"When do you hope to reach your objective, General," someone asked.

"Tomorrow," he replied with a smile.

"You think you'll be there tomorrow—better than 100 miles?"

"You said 'hope.' I can hope, can't I?"

"Yeomans will probably be the first man on the objective the way things look now," Gen. Rose continued. "He'll get there and then radio me some caustic note like 'The first team is here, when is the division coming?'"

"I sent Yeomans a message today. It was sent in the clear so the Germans must have picked it up. I told him I'd give him a case of Scotch if he captured von Rundstedt, Kesselring or Guderian and one bottle of Scotch for Hitler dead or alive. The message was garbled and someone put Goering in for Guderian. Suppose if he brings Goering in here I'll have to give him a case of Scotch."

The general got along with his men that way. When he closed himself in his office with his maps and finally came out with a plan in grease pencil on the map, his task force command knew it would work that way.

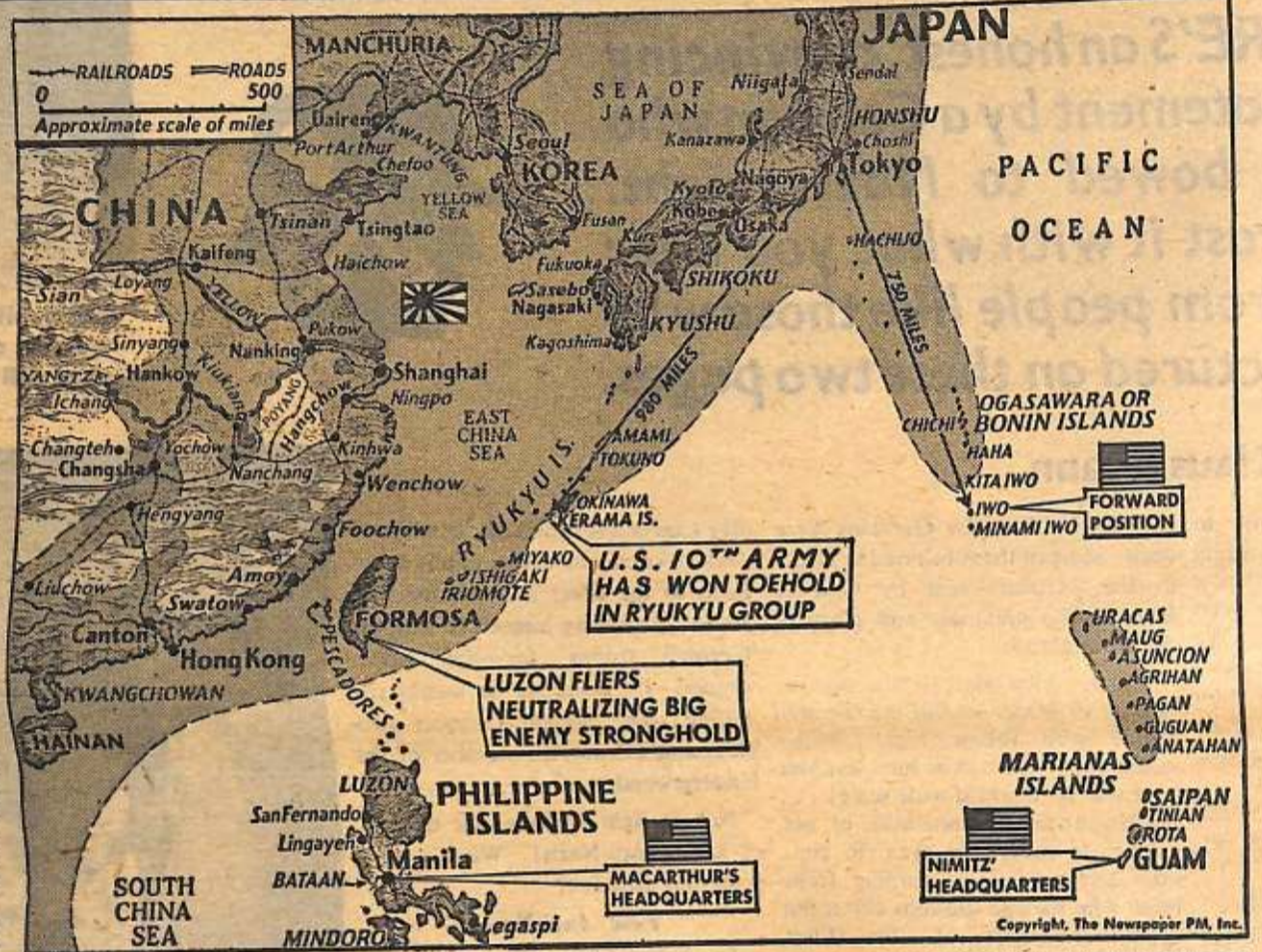
Gen. Rose took command of the 3rd Arm. in the middle of the breakthrough action at St. Lo, where he started as chief of the 2nd Arm. Div.'s CCB. He was the close friend and star pupil of Maj. Gen. Ernest N. (Old Gravel Voice) Harmon. As colonel in North Africa he was Harmon's chief of staff with the 1st Arm. Div. On one occasion in the Tunisian campaign, Rose was well forward in the middle of a tank attack in his jeep. The jeep was hit by an 88 and Rose miraculously escaped unhurt.

MEIN KAMPF

By Mitchell Wright



"Didn't I tell you to always knock three times?"



As the Nazis Give Up Lots of Them Go Quietly

By Wade Jones
Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

WITH U.S. 9TH ARMY, Apr. 6—The guard sergeant in the artillery OP saw a train speeding past full of soldiers, but he didn't go into action until he saw a flak gun mounted on the last car. The soldiers manning it were German.

The sergeant guessed right—that the train was loaded with Krauts trying to escape from the Allied pincers east of the Ruhr—so he called one of his batteries set up near the track down which the train was heading and gave a fire order. The second round exploded the locomotive.

Typical of the Fluid

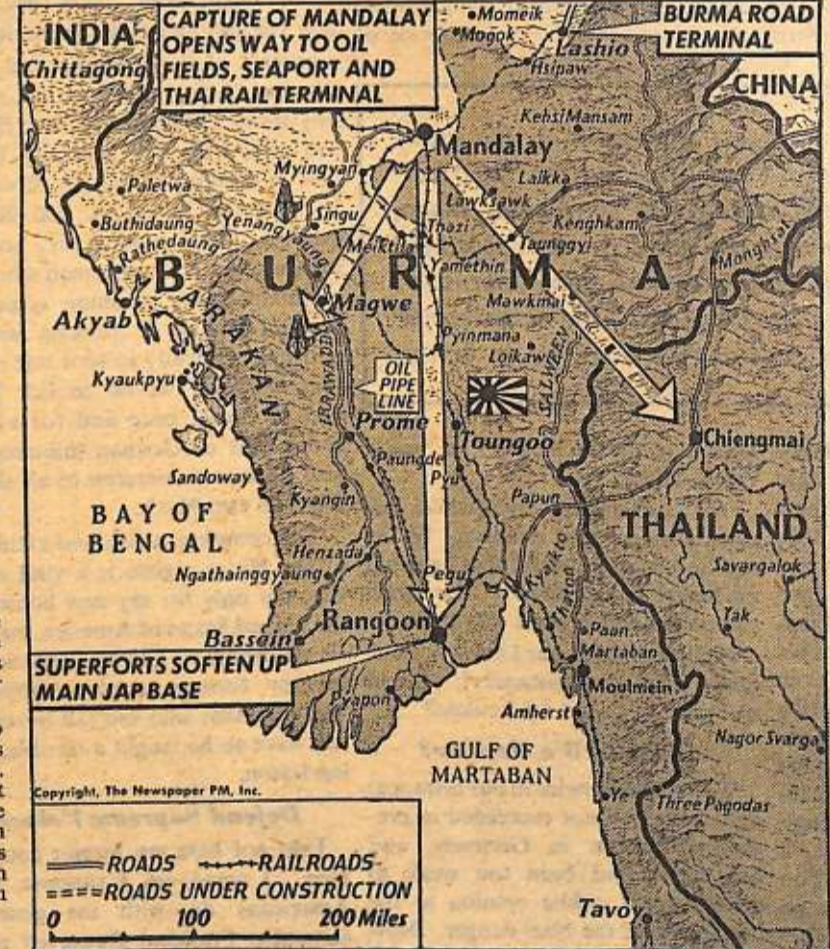
Stories like that—typical of the fluid, fast-moving war on this front—are a dime a dozen, but bread and butter to the correspondents who spend their days gathering and writing them and their nights telling each other about them.

There was the flak-wounded Piper Cub which crash-landed in a tree-top 50 yards from a German machine-gun position. By the time the dazed but unhurt pilot and observer could scramble to the ground the entire crew of the enemy gun was lined up at the foot of the tree, hands in the air. The airmen marched them off, after the Jerries had told them which way our lines were.

Skids Around Corner

The Yank motorcycle courier skidded around a corner in a town to find himself in the middle of two companies of enemy infantry. Taken prisoner, he told his captors they were crazy to resist because we had them surrounded with armor. The German commander didn't believe him, so the American made a deal.

"If I can produce three of our tanks in ten minutes will you surrender your men to them?" he asked the German commander. The reply was "Yes." In eight minutes the courier was back with the three tanks and the enemy, apparently having heard them coming, were already standing in formation at attention. The German commander was so thoroughly convinced that he didn't even hold out for an American officer to surrender to but handed his weapon to the courier.



These maps summarize Allied progress in the global war embracing the ETO, the Pacific and China-Burma combat zones. The coordinated aim of Soviet and Allied forces to link up and narrow the neck of Nazi resistance would help to frustrate Germany's reported intentions of fighting last-ditch guerrilla battle in the Bavarian Alps. In the Pacific, the American foothold in the Ryukyus, occupation of Iwo Jima, the Marianas and Guam, and the land-based heavies of Gen. MacArthur's command combine, together with Allied fleet action, to harass and eventually to cut off Jap-held bases in the Dutch East Indies from the Japanese homeland. In Burma, while Allied troops push southward from Mandalay, Superforts maintain their softening-up action against the important enemy base at Rangoon.

