

# S & S Reporter, a PW, Tells of Escape to Russians

By Tom Hoge  
Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

AT AN ADVANCED RUSSIAN COMMAND POST, March 1 (Delayed).—Herded across Germany by a fleeing Nazi garrison, 300 American prisoners of war and this correspondent took advantage of a Russian ambush to escape through Allied lines.

Many of them cut down by Russian tank guns and the machine pistols of their German guards, the battered group—part of more than 2,000 evacuating American PWs—finally managed to identify themselves to the Red forces and trekked through knee-deep snow to the rear of the Russian lines.

Thus was climaxed a weary five-month odyssey through Holland, Belgium and Germany during which the Americans were strafed by American planes, raked by British artillery and virtually starved by their disorganized German warders.

First intimation that the Russians were near came one evening when Stalag III C (near Kustrin, in northern Germany) began to shake with the rumble of artillery fire.

Late that night Von Shlereth, the German captain, sent word down to the prisoners—prepare to evacuate. At 4 AM, Becker, the waspish German sergeant in charge of our

Sgt. Thomas Hoge, 32, of Bayville, L. I., veteran Stars and Stripes correspondent who has been a prisoner of the Germans since the Holland airborne operation last September, has been freed by the Russians and is in Italy endeavoring to rejoin the paper, The Stars and Stripes learned yesterday.

With this news, brought by one of several hundred prisoners who escaped with Hoge, came four articles by Hoge describing his escape and his subsequent observations of the Russian Army as he made his way to U.S. authorities. The four—some of whom present a rare GI-view of the Russians and their remarkable war effort—will be published, beginning today.

Hoge covered Third Army for S & S up to the Moselle front, then went on the Arnhem airborne invasion Sept. 17 in a plane which was shot down. A former newspaperman, he was a 29th Inf. Div. rifleman and clerk before joining S & S 13 months ago.

compound, told us to prepare to move. Four hours later, after two dry runs, the first four companies were ordered to move out.

Down the grapevine came a counter-command. Sit tight, unless the Germans took drastic action. Hold out and

perhaps the camp would be cut off. The order went through. Despite Becker's threats and entreaties, 90 per cent of the men refused to budge from their barracks.

The holdout lasted for nearly an hour. Then action was taken. Striding into the compound came the camp commandant and his gaudily uniformed staff. In their wake were several dozen guards armed with burp guns.

The colonel called for an interpreter and rapped out an ultimatum. If the men didn't move out in five minutes he'd give orders to shoot.

"Better do as they say, men," said I/Sgt. Sam Denny, of Marshall, Texas, American camp leader. "The bastards are armed and we're not. No use getting shot up at this stage of the game."

At 10 AM we were lined up, wrapped in blankets and overcoats, our meager belongings bundled in towels. Marched off to the main gate, now guarded by a pair of scared-looking civilians, we stood while the colonel and his staff piled into a sedan. A few minutes later the caravan trudged through the gate behind the car.

Walking through knee-deep snow is difficult at best. But doing a forced march, laden down with blankets and unwieldy equipment, is well-nigh impossible. After an

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## Man Spricht Deutsch

Sind irgendwo Minen gelegt?  
Zind eergend-vo Meenen gelegt?  
Are there any mines?

# THE STARS AND STRIPES

Daily Newspaper of U.S. Armed Forces

in the European Theater of Operations

## Ici On Parle Français

Mon copain.  
Mone cup-an.  
My buddy.

Vol. 1—No. 269

1 Fr.

1 Fr.

Sunday, April 22, 1945

# Reds Shell Berlin's Heart

## Yanks Gain; U.S. - Soviet Link Nears

A link-up between American and Russian forces somewhere between Leipzig and Dresden appeared imminent today as Allied forces intensified their attacks.

Unofficial reports of a link-up were not confirmed, but it was evident that a junction would take place within a few hours.

On the West Front central sector, troops of Lt. Gen. George S. Patton's U.S. Third Army captured the Czechoslovak city of Asch, 60 miles northwest of Pilsen and just inside the old German-Czech frontier.

### Status of Czechoslovakia

Czechoslovakia, it was officially disclosed, will have the status of a liberated country. Rules of conduct in Germany for American troops do not apply there.

Other Third Army forces reached points five miles north of Asch and closed up to the frontier. They entered Arzberg, ten miles south of Asch on the German side of the border, and Feindenfels, 23 miles south of Asch.

With Halle and Leipzig firmly held, troops of Lt. Gen. Courtney H. Hodges drove on Dessau, 25 miles northeast of Halle. The Third Army Div. entered the city's western outskirts.

### Drive Through Forest

Two divisions—the Fifth Arm. and 84th Inf.—of Lt. Gen. William H. Simpson's U.S. Ninth Army drove halfway through the Gartower Forest, west of Wittenberge, to clear the southern banks of the Elbe River between the Ninth and British Second Army sectors.

The counter-attack behind Ninth Army lines had been smashed by today. Simpson's men recaptured two villages overrun by the Ger-

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## Nazi CG Captured in Ruhr

WITH U.S. NINTH ARMY, April 21 (Reuter).—Col. Gen. Joseph Harte, commander of the German Fifth Panzer Army, has been captured in the Ruhr while trying to slip through American lines.

## The Marine Corps Clears a Barrier on Okinawa



Marine Corps photo from ANS via U.S. Army Signal Corps radiotelephoto  
Marines run across a stone wall on the island in the Ryukyus. (Okinawa story appears on page 2.)

## Bologna Falls; Po Route Open

ROME, April 21.—Bologna, historic city on the great highway from Rimini to Milan, was liberated today by Allied troops of the Fifth and Eighth Armies who drove into it from three sides.

With Bologna gone, the Germans' major defenses south of the Po River were crumbling and Nazi Col. Gen. Heinrich von Vietinghoff's divisions were again on the move northward.

Brazilian AF pilots late today reported they had seen American armor fanning out on the Po flatlands far ahead of last officially reported positions.

The city of 269,000, which had stood as a barrier to the Po Valley for seven months, was entered from the southeast by Polish troops of the Eighth Army and from the south and southwest by the U.S. 91st and 34th Divs.

American troops late yesterday had slashed the main route to Milan. Earlier, Eighth Army troops had driven north of Bologna toward Ferrara.

Today's victory was hailed by Gen. Mark W. Clark, 15th AG commander, as the "beginning of total victory in Italy."

"American troops of the Fifth Army and British troops of the

(Continued on Page 8)

## No Hope Seen by Gen. Smith For Immediate ETO War End

There is no hope for an immediate end of the war in Europe and bitter fighting still confronts the Allies in Germany, Lt. Gen. Walter B. Smith, Gen. Eisenhower's chief of staff, told a Paris press conference yesterday.

He pointed out that large areas remain to be conquered. Reviewing Allied operations, Smith described the Ruhr campaign as the largest double envelopment in history.

### Never Anything Like This

He said commanders who had studied double envelopment from Cannae to Tannenberg never had seen anything like this before.

"It is the ideal of every military commander to execute a double envelopment of this kind," Smith declared. "Nobody ever expected to do it. And now it has been done."

The chief of staff disclosed that two schools of thought had existed on the method of attacking Germany, across the Rhine.

Eisenhower believed the soundest

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## CMH Asked for Ernie Pyle

WASHINGTON, April 21 (ANS).—A posthumous award of the Congressional Medal of Honor to Ernie Pyle, columnist killed on Ie Island, was proposed in a resolution introduced in the Senate yesterday.

## Russ Army Two Miles From City

Shells ripped into the heart of Berlin yesterday for the first time in two world wars as Red Army forces smashed to within two miles of the capital, German sources reported. Soviet troops were about 40 miles from a link-up with American forces on the West Front.

The German radio said that spearheads of 16 Soviet armies moving on Berlin were approaching the autobahn encircling the city. Other Russian drives reached Berlin's suburbs at five main points, a German News Agency dispatch said.

Fifty-five miles south of the besieged capital, the Russians captured Finsterwalde, only 40 miles from American positions on the Mulde River, said a Reuter dispatch quoting reports by "U.S. First Army forces."

### Reds 20 Miles From Elbe

According to reports at least 24 hours old, the Russians, in Finsterwalde, had about 20 miles to go to reach the Elbe. The American First and Third Armies were 15 to 20 miles from the Elbe along the Mulde River, where they had bridgeheads.

Moscow made no mention of the fall of Finsterwalde, but said that a Soviet thrust southeast of Berlin was approaching Kamenz, about 12 miles northeast of Dresden, where the Germans have predicted an American-Soviet linkup.

Radio Moscow said that the two Allied armies would join forces in

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## Lend-Lease Agreement With Russia Renewed

WASHINGTON, April 21 (INS).—The U.S., Great Britain and Canada have signed a fourth lend-lease agreement with Russia, the State Department announced today.

The agreement, signed April 17 at Ottawa, covers military aid to the U.S.S.R., but makes no provision for assistance after the war.

## 11-Ton Bomb Sinks Lutzow

LONDON, April 21 (UP).—Germany's last pocket battleship, the 12,000-ton Lutzow, was sunk in an RAF attack on the Baltic port of Swinemunde last Monday, the Air Ministry announced last night.

Now lying in shallow water at Swinemunde with her stern on the bottom, the vessel was sunk by a Lancaster's 11-ton bomb, which fell about 60 feet from her hull.

Sinking of the Lutzow, which reduces the Nazi fleet to two heavy cruisers and lighter vessels, including some 30 destroyers, came only a week after the pocket battleship Adm. Scheer was sunk at Kiel by the RAF. The Germans now have only two major vessels—the Prinz Eugen and the Nuremberg.

Early in the war, the Lutzow was used for commerce raiding.



**Bust Me, But Quick!**

Regarding demobilization. We think every one will agree that winning the war comes first. Therefore men best qualified for this task should be retained regardless of any other factor. Advancement of EM is based on merit—ability to do the job. Men who still remain privates after more than a year of service have shown they are the least fit to carry on the war. Therefore if a surplus of men exists after Germany falls all discharges should come from this group.—Pvt. G. E. Svolev, AAA (AW) Bn.

**My Foot**

Capt. Holnberg's B-Bag suggestion that we tack up signs on German ruins and barbed wire barricades reading "Don't blame us, Blame Hitler," seems a poor one.

It is seldom that one comes across a German civilian who does not tell you he is either a Jew or a Catholic (My Foot! Dept.) and that he has always been against Nazism and Hitler.

The captain's signs would encourage the people to absolve themselves of blame and pin it all on Hitler and gang. Anybody with a grain of sense knows that without the German people there would have been (1) no Nazi party, (2) no war, (3) no 20,000,000 dead.

Any such signs should read, "Don't blame us, blame yourselves."—Lt. Ira Richards, USNR.

**Tough**

The MPs can take all foreign pistols and keep them. That's right, they walk right up and take a swill pistol away from a guy and keep it.—Lt. Engr. Combat Gp.

Recently I was a transient soldier, stopping for the night in Rheims, on the return trip to the front lines. I had a borrowed pistol prized by my friend as a souvenir. The MPs took it. Next morning I held up a convoy while two captains and lieutenants attempted to get my pistol from the provost marshal, without success.—Pfc W. S., AAA AW Bn.

I acquired a pistol of Belgian make for 3,000 francs, strictly as a souvenir, securing a bill of sale for it. In Paris it was taken from me by the MPs. Why am I relieved of personal property? Why won't they return same to me?—Pvt. D. F. E., GFRG.

The carrying of weapons of any kind while on leave, pass or furlough, except where the tactical situation necessitates it, is expressly prohibited. Weapons illegally carried are turned over to ordnance by the provost marshal branch, in accordance with current Army regulations. No provision is made for storing such weapons and later returning them to the soldier from whom they were taken.—Ed.

**Postwar Soldier**

Let's make the postwar Army an attractive career to American youth by: (1) Keeping the pay scale at what it is, or higher, so the average soldier can at least support his family on his pay; (2) Having advancements on a competitive basis (same as the Navy); (3) Putting the Army on an equal standard with any other government or civil service job.

Professional soldiering should be a career for men to look forward to with pride, the same as any other job or profession.—Pvt. A. Brochin, 538 Ord Co.

**THE STARS AND STRIPES Paris Edition**

Printed at the New York Herald Tribune Plant, 21 rue de Berri, Paris, for the U.S. armed forces under auspices of the Information and Education Division. Special and Information services. ETOUSA. Tel.: ELYsé. 40-58, 41-49

Other editions: London; Nice; Pfungstadt, Germany. New York Office: 205 E. 42nd St.

Contents passed by the U.S. Army and Navy censors. Entered as second-class matter, March 15, 1943, at the Post Office, New York, N.Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Vol. 1, No. 269

**Red Ambush Frees Seized S & S Writer**

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hour on the road our guards were puffing for breath and a break was called.

Then all hell broke loose. At the first volley of machine-gun fire, this writer thought the Germans were firing at an escaping PW and flattened out in the snow to avoid any stray lead.

Seconds later came the crashing roar of a 75. Before the echo had died away, 1,000 GIs had flung aside their bundles and were sprinting up the road.

"They think we're Germans," sobbed a wounded boy. "If we don't find cover they'll kill us all."

**Wounded GI Sobs: They Think We're Germans**

Meanwhile, the tank gunner who had been firing at us had apparently divined our intention of making for the fields and began to lob shells in front of us.

"That's done it," someone said wearily. "They'll get us one way or another. Might just as well lie here."

"Hey, you guys," a man about a hundred yards ahead of us suddenly shouted. "The Russians recognize us. What the hell are we waiting for!"

Grabbing a white handkerchief out of his pocket, he began to wave it. No sooner had he raised it over his head, than a German guard reared up out of the snow and fired a burst with his machine-gun. The man with the white handkerchief pitched forward.

Immediately a rattle of fire from the tank blew the German off his feet. The next minute everyone up forward began shouting and waving handkerchiefs.

At the bend of the road loomed three Sherman tanks. In front of the lead vehicle stood a huge, be-grimed Russian tanker, a sub-machine-gun in his ponderous hands. Hedy Lamar couldn't have been a more welcome sight.

"Me Americansky," we said. "Victory," he rumbled with a grim nod and motioned us on by.

**'Victory,' The Russian Tanker Says Grimly**

Several minutes later a group of nearly 300 GIs trooped by. The remaining 1,700 had apparently been corralled by the guards and were being herded back to the stalag. (The following day the entire camp was liberated by the Russians.)

For the next four hours the weary group plodded along the snow-clogged road past one of the most colorful advance columns this writer has ever seen. Mile after mile of Cossack horsemen and horse-drawn artillery passed us, headed for the Oder River. And, as they passed, they hailed us boisterously and plied us with cigarettes and a thick, heady wine that they carried in their flasks.

Every type of vehicle imaginable was passing up that road. Captured German staff cars and American six-by-six trucks were mingled with dog teams and horse-drawn sleighs. We even saw two camels in the caravan.

**Six-by-Sixes, Captured Cars, Dog Teams—And Camels**

In nearly every vehicle was a Russian, playing rollicking folk songs on an accordion. It was the most enthusiastic spearhead we had ever encountered.

We reached the shelter none too soon. Commencing early the next morning and continuing for four days, the highway in front of us was subjected to a grueling strafing and dive-bombing by Luftwaffe formations that tried desperately to stop the Red onslaught.

Three times the house was hit by incendiary bullets, and the hayloft in the courtyard was burned to the ground. They even used rockets in an attempt to level the place. It was nerve-racking, but the 300 GIs remained in high spirits.

As one man put it: "We may be taking a little stuff now, but what the hell. For the first time in five months we're on the right side of the road."

**Her Heart Belongs to 1,000 Daddies**



Wide World Photo

Pauline Sands, 13-year-old Miami Beach high school freshman, was informed that she had been adopted as Daughter of the Regiment by 1,000 American soldiers fighting in Germany, after her picture was published in The Stars and Stripes. So the big little girl put on her bathing suit, set up a typewriter, which was provided by a thoughtful press agent, on the beach and began writing thank-you letters to her fans.

**Luftwaffe Doctor Asks U.S. Aid To Continue 'Scientific' Crime**

By James Cannon  
Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

WITH THE SIXTH ARMD. DIV. IN SAXONY, Germany, April 19 (Delayed).—The monocol Luftwaffe colonel, who was an internationally-known doctor at Germany's famed Robert Koch Institute before the war, came through our lines under a white flag with a proposition to make the American Army an accomplice in a crime against human beings in the name of science.

**Ickes Assails Mine Strikers**

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., April 21 (ANS).—Solid Fuels Administrator Harold L. Ickes said yesterday that the failure of some Alabama soft coal miners to return to their jobs "can cost American fighting men their lives and may very possibly lengthen the war."

In a statement made public by the SFA officer here, Ickes said that he had been informed that a few disgruntled men were dissuading miners from returning to work. This, he asserted, "is plain disloyalty and gives aid and comfort to the nation's enemies."

**3 Iwo Flag-Raising Survivors Give Truman War Loan Poster**

WASHINGTON, April 21 (ANS).—Three survivors of the famous group of Marines who raised the U.S. flag atop Mount Suribachi, on Iwo Jima, went to see President Truman yesterday. They handed him the first copy of the Seventh War Loan poster made from Associated Press photographer Joe Rosenthal's photo of the flag-raising.

The three men told how they hoisted The Stars and Stripes into place on a section of Japanese pipe they found on top of the mountain. The three survivors are: Pfc Ira H. Hayes, 22, of Bachele, Ariz., a member of the Pima Tribe of Indians; Pfc Rene A. Gagnon, 20, of Manchester, N.H., and Pharmacist's Mate Second Class John H. Bradley, 22, of Appleton, Wis., still on crutches from shrapnel wounds in both legs.

**Yanks Slash Into Okinawa Jap Defenses**

GUAM, April 21 (ANS).—Three Army divisions, advancing behind tanks, flamethrowers and aided by carrier planes, have cut nearly a mile through deep Japanese defenses guarding Naha, Okinawa's capital, Adm. Nimitz announced today.

Naval guns and Marine and Army artillery continued to back Tenth Army doughboys in the three-day-old offensive, called the greatest ever launched in a single Pacific sector.

Nimitz disclosed that 15 U.S. ships, ranging from destroyers to landing craft, had been sunk from March 18 to April 18 in the Battle of Okinawa and associated operations.

Desperate counter-moves, Nimitz said, cost the Japanese more than 100 ships, including the super-dreadnought Yamato, and 2,569 airplanes.

**Nine Forces of Superforts Hammer Air Bases in Japan**

GUAM, April 21 (Reuter).—Between 200 and 300 Superforts from the Marianas today raked Kyushu, Japan's southernmost home island, in the third of a series of attacks aimed at wiping out bases from which Japanese planes attack U.S. forces on Okinawa.

The B29 armada split up into nine task forces and bombed nine airfields.

**Central Philippines Campaign Virtually Over—MacArthur**

MANILA, April 21 (ANS).—Gen. MacArthur, reporting the death of 5,000 Japanese on Cebu Island, has announced the "virtual conclusion" of the central Philippines campaign.

Conquest of Cebu, he said, left the "only remaining enemy organized resistance in Mindanao on the south and upper Luzon on the north."

On Mindanao, MacArthur said, 24th Div. troops widened their beachheads at Malabang and Parang and thrust 16 miles inland along the Cotabato-Davao road to the town of Manuanga.

In northern Luzon, U.S. troops battling toward Baguio from the northwest reached the village of Calot.

**Congressmen, Editors Invited to See Atrocities**

General Eisenhower yesterday sent Chief of Staff Gen. George C. Marshall a request to invite 12 Congressmen and 12 U.S. newspaper editors to visit the scenes of German atrocities at concentration camps overrun by Allied forces.

British Prime Minister Churchill has made a similar offer to the House of Commons, and the offer was accepted.

**Britain's Anger Rises Over German Atrocities**

LONDON, April 21 (AP).—Indignation over mounting evidence of wholesale German atrocities spread today as the German mass torturers became the main editorial theme in the British press.

Typical was the Manchester Guardian editorial, which said: "Not since the dark ages has there been inhumanity on such a scale." The editorial said "there can be no last-minute repentance; our whole attitude of treatment of war criminals will and must become stiffer."

## Two-Faced Germans Meet Allies..

*In Daytime they are Friendly  
Becoming Watchful At Night -  
Silently Hating the Intruders*

By Ed Wilcox  
Warweek Staff Writer

THE highway leading into the little town of Helmstedt, Germany, is one of those superb roads Hitler built for war. Speeding along on a beautiful summer day it's difficult to realize that there is fighting in progress less than 30 miles farther along this road to Berlin.

Well-tended farms stretch for miles on either side of the broad road, windmills turn lazily in the breeze, and in the afternoon, as the sun begins to drop in the west, the little figures working in the fields seem part of a scene that you once saw on a picture postcard or in a geography book when you were a child.

### Contrasting Scenes

In Helmstedt, the narrow streets are lined on either side by tiny spic-and-span stores and shops and there is no rubble, no disorder, no war. The young girls in colorful summer dresses stare curiously and interestedly, the little blonde tots of three or four summers wave happily, and the old folks smile benignly.

It might be any town in Indiana or Wisconsin while the sun is up, but you hate to see that evening sun go down in Germany. The welcome, the activity, and the smiles that go with the afternoon, can't be found in Helmstedt after sundown. Instead, you find deserted streets, slamming doors, and curtains pulled quickly as you drive by.

There was an atmosphere of

sheer hatred, an atmosphere of waiting—for another chance. You realized, suddenly, that these people who looked so simple, so harmless, just like people in the small towns at home, had something the matter with them.

They weren't sorry for anything the Nazis had done, they were only sorry for one thing—that they had lost the war. They weren't a bit sorry they had started it.

The swift advance had swept beyond Helmstedt toward Magdeburg, on the Elbe—so fast that there was no military government in the town, no American GIs in sight, merely General Eisenhower's proclamation to the German people pasted on the sides of the town buildings.

### Unwelcomed Guests

There were six of us and we were going to spend the night in Helmstedt. It was such a lovely little town when we drove in that afternoon. We didn't realize the feeling we were to get after sundown.

One of the men in our group said that he had been told of a German army hospital in the town

and that there were five Americans there—it might be worth seeing.

Four of us piled into a jeep and drove through the town, looking for the hospital. A small child playing on the front steps of a house was snatched indoors by a woman who slammed the door loudly as we drove by. There was no one else outside—Helmstedt had self-imposed an early curfew to welcome us.

Helmstedt, after sundown, is a little city of thousands of watchful eyes. You can feel the stares as you go through the streets and, if you are quick enough, you can see a face dart back from an open window, a curtain fall back into place, or a front door, slightly ajar, close softly.

We took a wrong turn on a side-street and decided to ask our way. We saw a pretty blonde girl looking out of the opened windows of a house. We stopped quickly and backed up. The windows were closed and the curtains drawn before we could ask our question. Two blasts on the horn echoed in the deserted streets, but no one came to the window. One of the Americans called "Fraulein!" In a moment, a man appeared and we asked the direction to the hospital. He told us curtly and closed his window abruptly.

### Eight Unclaimed Uniforms

We entered the hospital and a Nazi medical officer took us to the ward where we found the five Americans, thin and pale, but smiling. The advancing troops had provided them with cigarets and rations to supplement the meager fare in the hospital. They had been treated like kings for three days, they said—before that they weren't treated very well.

They would be evacuated in a few days. The German medical officer asked us what he should do about eight American uniforms which had been left behind when eight patients were moved several weeks before American troops captured the place. We told him to hold them for the American authorities who would come to evacuate the five in the hospital. We asked what had happened to the eight Americans who had been moved without their uniforms and equipment. The Nazi medico shrugged and shook his head. All of us looked at each other and wondered the same thing.

It was dusk as we drove back to the house where we were to sleep for the night. Again we ran the gamut of stares and the only person in the streets was a green-uniformed policeman who merely glanced at us as we drove past.

The six of us stayed up until midnight, listening to the radio. We weren't welcome and we knew it.

If we had ever had any ideas that there was some basic difference between the German Army



"The sad expressions gradually faded from their faces..."

and the German people; well, that evening in Helmstedt was a lesson in how wrong we were.

A guard was posted and the other five Americans went to sleep. All of us were up with the sun in the morning. Daylight made us feel much better.

As we drove out of town that morning the girls were again in the streets. Two of them waved to us as we went by. A little boy stood on the curb and held his hand up in the victory sign and his mother

watched approvingly. The old people of the town smiled benignly.

In front of us stretched a broad, well-paved highway, glinting like a ribbon in the sunlight. On either side were the farms, as well-kept as golf courses in America. There was no rubble, no disorder, and no war. Only the wonderful balmy weather, the picture-postcard Germany, and the smiling, friendly people.

Only the smiling, friendly enemy people.

### The Defeated Krauts Say:

## 'We Don't Like All Foreigners'

A Russian, one of the thousands of displaced persons trying to find their way home along the highways in Germany, lay face down, bleeding by the roadside. He had been struck by a truck as he walked on the shoulder of the road.

A little knot of German civilians and American soldiers stood around him. He hadn't long to live. He was bleeding from the mouth and breathing sporadically, laboriously, and his legs were broken. Another Russian told us tearfully that the dying man had been a slave laborer in Germany for four years—they had been free again for three days and were trying to go home.

The German civilians stood by with sad expressions, as though they, who had kept these laborers enslaved for years, were actually sorry to see the man dying by the roadside. One of the GIs turned to an MP sergeant and said, "Too bad it couldn't have been one of these damned Nazis."

The ambulance came and the Russian was put on a stretcher and taken back to the aid station. The little knot of people broke up, the GIs leaving in their vehicles. The German civilians stood by silently and watched the trucks out of sight, the "sad" and "tragic" expression gradually fading from their faces.

ONE of the American soldiers said he had indigestion and couldn't go the C-rations again that night, so one of the others started out to find some fresh eggs. He drove down through the town and out into the countryside until he saw a farm with chickens in the yard.

He went up to the door and knocked. An old man appeared and the soldier said he wanted some eggs. The old man spat out a stream of German, explaining he was only "a little man" and had no eggs to give away. Besides, he had given eggs to the Americans yesterday. Just then a woman came to the door and asked in English what the trouble was. The soldier explained he wanted eggs. The woman asked if he was an American. The soldier answered that he was.

"That's good," the woman said, "Because we don't like all foreigners."

"I don't like all Germans either," the soldier said.

The woman left and came back in a moment with a half dozen eggs and handed them to the GI.

"If you come back tomorrow I will have some more for you," she said, "but be sure and come yourself—don't send someone else because we don't like all foreigners here."

IN most of the towns taken in our drive into the heart of Germany there are white signs painted in German on the sides of the buildings—things like "What Are You Doing for Germany?" or "With the Führer to Victory," and "One Country, One People, One Leader."

The signs were supposed to remind the super-people of their obligations as Germans—keep the war in the front of their minds and make them work harder with better morale and unity.

One GI remarked that Hitler, an ex-house painter and paper-hanger, must have painted the signs himself by moonlight.

All the people laughed loudly and said, "Ja, Ja—das ist richtig." Yes, yes—that's right.



"...but at night it becomes a city of thousands of watchful eyes."



Associated Press Photos



# Prison Camp Diary

### STARK horror, starvation and cruel mistreatment, that is the story of Hitler's Prison Camps; the Hell-Pens of the Nazi Reich. Here it is told by an American Soldier who saw it happen. As you read it remember—it could have been you.

Based on a Diary  
By Edward Uzemack

(Not to be quoted or reprinted without the permission of the author.)

EDWARD UZEMACK, of 4019 S. Rockwell St., Chicago, was a Pfc in B Company of the 110th Inf., 28th Div., last Dec. 15. The outfit was in position near the town of Clervaux, Luxembourg, holding a sector and looking forward to Christmas. Maybe, the men thought, they'd get some long-delayed packages. Maybe, even, some men would be lucky enough to get passes to Paris.

It was damp and cold in the snowy, fir-covered hillsides. The villages were pretty well shelled-up and most of the houses offered little, if any, protection from the weather. The men were living on K-rations and the new shoe-pac boots—the magic protection against frostbite and trench foot—formed the most popular topic of discussion. Conversations were short and pointed. Mostly, they ran something like this:

Soldiers to supply sergeant: "Say Sarge, whena we gonna get them new boots?"  
Supply Sgt.: "Lissen! How many times have I gotta tell you guys. I got requisitions in for them boots, but regiment says no soap. They only got enough for headquarters anyway."

That was Dec. 15. On the 16th, Ed Uzemack's outfit was fighting off a swarm of Kraut infantry. The pressure eased up at dark and B Company figured things were OK. Then, at dawn on the 17th, picked assault troops—the best Von Rundstedt had—slammed into the 110th and scooped in Ed Uzemack and his buddies as PWs.

Three and a half months later, Ed was liberated by American troops who stormed and took the town of Bad Orb, inside Germany. In between his capture, Dec. 17, and his liberation, April 2, Ed Uzemack kept a diary. Scribbled with the stub of a pencil on a cheaply-made, fattened school exercise book, the diary forms a documented history of brutality—a tale of cruelty on the part of his German captors. It was brutality of neglect and starvation—which changed to an almost fawning solicitude under the thunder of American guns, the crash of mortar shells and the rocking impact of bombs from American planes.

When they thought the war was far away, the Nazi guards were harsh and overbearing. Men were robbed of their dearest personal belongings, cherished pictures of their wives and children. They were forced to march without food or water. They slept without blankets.

They had neither soap nor water for washing. Their diet was at starvation level.

Then, when liberation was near, messkits, cigars and better food appeared. Apparently the Germans thought that some gestures toward better treatment would soften the hearts of the men of Stamlager IX, at Bad Orb. They were wrong, of course, because what Ed Uzemack remembers and will always remember is the sight of American soldiers reduced to rag-clad skeletons, fighting and snarling like dogs over a few rotten potatoes thrown on a garbage heap.

Ed was forced to travel nine days on one loaf of sour bread, or how he watched 980 Americans trying to divide 20 loaves of bread fairly.

"The morning of our capture," Ed wrote, "was a beautiful Sunday morning. We were forced to march several kilometers back of the German lines to a hillside air-raid shelter.

"Here, we went through our first real shakedown as POWs. The German guards stripped us of every grain of tobacco and every ounce of food we carried.

"Many of the guards took from the GIs watches, pens, billfolds, personal letters and other items they deemed of souvenir value. A good many of our men lost pictures of their loved ones—a loss which, several days later, proved to be one of the most serious any of us underwent."

Following the shakedown, Uzemack said, he and nearly 400 other captured Americans were forced into the damp, unlighted and badly ventilated shelter originally designed as a refuge for not more than 200 persons. As the men shuffled into the entrance, an English-speaking Kraut soldier told Uzemack:

"Take a good, deep breath, Yankee—it will be the last fresh air you'll get for some time."

An excerpt from Uzemack's diary shows just how true the German's sizeup of the situation was:

"The shelter, a pitch-black, damp, foul cave in the side of a hill, was to be our home until Tuesday morning, Dec. 19. We

slept on wood slats—two and three men to a bunk built for one. We lay in this dungeon all that time with no food and little water. The air grew foul, the cave smelly and the men extremely irritable and hungry. Every time I closed my eyes, visions of food floated past me."

Those visions of food were to haunt Ed Uzemack and the men with whom he was captured, every day and every night throughout their captivity.

They used to amuse, or torture, themselves by thinking up weird combinations—prison-dream recipes which would stagger a refugee, which would stagerant. Ed noted one of them, in his diary, with the comment that it was "suggested seriously."

"Take one Milky Way bar, slice in two, sandwich a weiner between the two halves and roll in biscuit dough. Sprinkle with C-ration cracker crumbs and bake in an oven."

When the men stumbled out of their refuge-prison, on the third day of their captivity, they were weak and dizzy from lack of food and lack of air. Their eyes were temporarily blinded by the sunlight. Despite that, Ed Uzemack noted with the professional eye of the trained soldier, details of a Nazi column, moving past them to the front.

The Nazi column was still rolling down the road as we began our march into Germany," he wrote. "Their equipment looked like something out of a junkyard. Vehicles that had to be towed, horse-drawn vehicles and other decrepit pieces of equipment rolled past us all day. Our captors marched us with no pause for food or water."

Again and again, in Ed Uzemack's prison camp diary, you'll find that same reference to the lack of food. That was the one thing that he and the others always wanted—something to eat.

The diary continues:

"I did something I hope never to have to do again so long as I live. Some Heimie tossed a small, partly-eaten apple into the muddy road. I grabbed the damn thing and gulped it down before the full realization of what I was doing had dawned on me."

"Our guards marched us very slowly, but even so the hike was tough on the men. That evening we reached a German village 30 kilometers from our starting point.

The next entry, dated "20, 21, 22 Dec," reads:

"These three days proved to be a never-to-be-forgotten nightmare. Our march continued at its shambling pace, the guards as weary as the starved prisoners. By the time our march ended, at Gerolstein, we had covered a distance of about 100 kilometers.

"The night of the 20th, we spent in another village church, where we received a mouthful of synthetic coffee per man as our entire food ration. The only other food we had during the whole day was one thin slice of bread about 1/8 of an inch thick and 1/2 an inch wide. This bread had been given us for our noon meal—after a 20-kilometer hike. When we stopped in a muddy field for the 'meal' we learned that 980 men were to share 20 loaves of bread and four buckets of marmalade."

This convoy of sick, starved and exhausted men was under command of a German officer whom Uzemack describes, in blunt dough-boy language, as "a monaced son-of-a-bitch." He was quite a figure, Ed says, "with his natty breeches,

swager stick and boots." When the convoy started again, on the morning of the 21st, the officer halted the column after a mile or two and sent a detail of 20 men back to police up, with their hands, the improvised latrine which had been the only place available for the prisoners during the night.

"As we waited about two hours in the cold for this detail to finish the work and rejoin us," Uzemack wrote, "we were compelled to turn

over the rest of our money to the Nazi officer. A blanket full of American, French and Belgian money was collected. The collection amounted to several thousand dollars."

No receipts of any kind were given, Uzemack says, "and the money undoubtedly went to the officer's pleasure."

Finally the night of 22 Dec, the prisoners reached Gerolstein and were herded into sheds at the railway siding. Again they were given a scrap of bread each. After a false start, the next morning, the men were eventually packed into freight cars, so crowded they could not lie down and with no food, no water and practically no light or air. The last occupants of the cars had been horses and the straw which covered the floors of the cars was in exactly the same condition as the straw in a horse stall after several days. Whenever they could manage to do it, the men tried to catch a few minutes' sleep, stretched out in the foul-smelling mess.

The yards where the men had boarded the train showed signs of American bomb damage. They were to realize very soon just what those bomb-twisted tracks and blasted buildings mean to the Krauts.

The American prisoners had been riding, packed in the filthy freight cars, since early morning of the 23rd, when the train stopped outside a town. Air-raid sirens were sounding.

"Then," Uzemack relates, "we heard the roar of airplane engines. One plane, identified as an American attack bomber, swept low over the train, zoomed up—and then came back.

"This time he meant business and we could hear machine-gun fire as he strafed an objective.

"The motor roar was louder and a series of explosions confirmed our worst fears. Our train was under attack!"

This attack by one of their own planes was more than some of the wearied, half-starved men could stand. In sudden panic, they fought to escape from their wooden box-car traps. Men dug at the walls and floors with bare fingers, oblivious to the pain of bleeding hands.

Men pounded on the walls of the cars, screaming to be let out. Somehow a few men in the car behind me managed to get out.

They waved their red cross helmets at the planes overhead and managed to open the doors of a few of the cars. Men streamed out in droves.

"Then the most amazing thing happened.

"Despite their fright, pain and weakness, most of them headed for a vegetable patch some distance away from the train, fell on their knees in the furrows and began grubbing out the carrots and turnips and jamming them into their hungry mouths.

"As soon as the planes passed over, the Nazi guards emerged from hiding and ordered the prisoners back to the train. Some didn't move fast enough to suit the guards who fired over their heads. Stumbling and falling, the terrified men fled back to the cars. One GI had been shot in the back. He died before the journey was over—from lack of medical care, from exposure and from the effects of the hard ships he had undergone before being wounded."

The next day, Christmas Eve, was spent by the prisoners in their moving box-car prisons. Again the elemental phase of life was the most important thing. There was no food.

Again the all-purpose steel helmets were pressed into service as emergency toilet facilities.

Uzemack records that "men who had to answer the calls of nature used their steel helmets and the straw on which we slept. The helmets were passed down the line and dumped overboard. Once or twice during the day the group in my car tried to sing Christmas carols, but the effort failed miserably. No one seemed to have the will to carry on.

"On Christmas Day, we entered Frankfurt and the grapevine soon had it that we would be fed. This, like all other food rumors, proved

to be phoney. That night we entered Bad Orb and lay over on a sidetrack. We learned that we would spend the night there and disembark in the morning.

"A few minutes before midnight, the Nazis relented and decided to feed us. In our car of 57 men, they dumped eight loaves of bread and seven cans of meat. Somebody took advantage of the darkness and stole one can immediately. Despite the darkness, we managed to divide the food.

"Like many others, I decided that this was the best Christmas dinner of my life.

"The total amount of food consumed by each man in the nine days since our capture amounted to one loaf of bread."

On the day after Christmas, Ed Uzemack noted the arrival of his convoy at Stamlager IX B with this entry in his diary:

"Got our first hot meal at the Russian kitchen—it was carrot, turnip-top and grass soup. Ate it from my helmet, the only mess gear available for two months. Used



DEATH was frequent visitor to the Stalags. Funerals, like that shown above, were common during last few weeks before our troops liberated the prisoners. Sometimes the Germans provided a "guard of honor"—a grim joke, considering their treatment of helpless men.

my grimey fingers as eating utensils. Most men immediately became sick and vomited."

Ed and his fellow prisoners began settling into the prison camp routine. Food was still their first concern.

On Jan. 13, he recorded: "We got GI cooks in our kitchen. . . . The damned rookies left and the food improved immediately."

Trading between the prisoners flourished. . . . a \$65 watch bringing a loaf of bread, and men giving as much as 2,000 francs for two cigars—a price equivalent to \$400 a pack. By Jan. 20, the market eased off a little and cigars brought only 400 francs, although there were some reported sales at 500 to 600 francs each for single cigars of a favored brand.

The men learned that "coffee" and "tea" they were given were more useful as hot water for washing than it was for drinking.

On Jan. 26, Uzemack was moved to another barracks. He recorded gratefully that "it has bunks." Until then he had been sleeping on the floor.

The 28th was "Black Sunday," Ed recorded, because "a couple of GIs raided the kitchen last night.

Finally, early in February, they began to get what Ed describes as "a trickle of Jerry mess gear—mostly rusty tin cans."

Their bedding consisted of moldy excelsior spread over wood-slat bunks. For many weeks, they had no covering of any sort. Later, one old, thin blanket was issued to some but not all of the men. Fir-wood was strictly limited so that the barracks stoves could only be kept alight a few hours each day, although the weather was cold and raw, snow covered the ground and the barracks buildings leaked cold air from many crannies.

In spite of its unsavory smell and appearance, the excelsior on which they slept served many uses. One was to clean the helmets after their use as eating utensils. There was no toilet paper available—in fact paper of any sort was scarce. Men suffering from diarrhea, which their diet brought about, finally received a few small scraps of paper from their guards. The supply was never sufficient and was eked out with straw and excelsior.

It is a tribute to the original physical condition of the men that, despite greatly lowered resistance and the very bad conditions in which they lived, only three of the nearly 4,000 men in the camp died up to Feb. 1.

Uzemack believes that this low death rate was largely due to the efforts of Lt. Joshua P. Sutherland, Haysi, Va., an American medical officer in charge of the prisoners' dispensary. Of him, Ed said simply: "He really deserves the DSC."

All this, while American forces were getting closer and closer to the Stalag area. The prisoners were starved for news, wild rumors swept the camp daily. Uzemack,

ending with "God Bless America" and "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Most men stayed up all night, cooking their food over the two stoves in the barracks. As was always the case after a windfall of food, many men became ill when their shrunken stomachs rejected the food.

The prisoners had not been issued any sort of mess gear. Those who still had their helmets used them for everything for which a receptacle of any kind was indicated. They had practically no opportunity to wash them, so that each meal, eaten from a helmet, carried its own reminder of the last purpose to which the equipment had been put.

By the time they received their January Red Cross windfall, most of the men had managed to find scraps of glass or tin in the refuse of the camp and had used these crude tools to whittle wooden spoons out of pieces of board torn from the walls or floors of the barracks or stolen from the kitchen kindling-wood pile.

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(Continued on Page 6)

## Cruelty.

## Squalor!

## Starvation

## Death..

## Hunger.

small piece of cheese. What the Nazi bastards failed to tell us was that these rations would have to last us for more than one meal. The result was that most of us gulped down what was given us and had to do without anything to eat next morning.

There were, of course, no sanitary facilities in the church and the men, Uzemack said, "used their helmets as stools and left them in the church vestibule simply because no one was permitted to go outside to relieve himself.

In the morning, the church vestibule was almost ankle deep in vomit and other excreta. A great many of the men had become ill from the food they had eaten."

WEAK from starvation, emaciated beyond belief, many prisoners had to be hospitalized immediately upon liberation. Photos, upper left, show GIs in hospital ward. Patient, Diagnosis: "Malnutrition." Above, Army Medie examines

CEMETERY at Bad Orb was pine-covered hillside near barbed-wire which ringed the camp. Here, men who couldn't survive starvation diet, brutal hikes and filth, crowding and neglect of their prison lives, received rude graves. Ed Uzemack's best friend at Bad Orb lies here.

# "They Use Their Heads"

A small Frenchman in GIs paused in the doorway of Warweek's editorial room. He seemed embarrassed and uncertain. Slowly he removed his hat and approached the man sitting at the nearest typewriter. He explained in halting English he had something to say—a story to tell, a story which, in many ways, would express the sentiment of the French and the deep love they hold in their hearts for the Americans who fought so courageously so France might live again. This is his story.

IT was August 27, 1944—two days after Paris was liberated. People were still wild with joy. I was in a Paris suburb, Aulnay-sous-Bois, sitting at a bar and sipping with gusto my *aperitif*. I felt like a man who had just awakened from a dreadful nightmare—and suddenly realized that it had been only a bad dream. It was a wonderful feeling to be a free man again.

The *bistro* was full of people—happy people, still stunned by the wonderful events of the preceding days. Every one was talking at once, and there were laughter and singing. Then, an attractive young woman stood up and said she wanted to kiss "an American soldier with blue eyes and dark hair."

I had finished my drink and stepped outside. Just then an American sergeant walked by. He was young—and he had blue eyes.

"Sergeant," I asked. "Do you have black hair?"

He seemed startled by my question, but answered: "Sure. Why?"

"OK—You're In"

I explained, and he grinned with pleasure. "I like that, Frenchie," he said. "I like that. Is the dame good-looking?"

The young woman kissed Sgt. Damfort Webster (that was his name) and all the people in the *bistro* cheered: "Vive l'Amérique! Vive les Américains!"

I then told Sgt. Webster that, for a long time, I had wanted to join the American Army. I can speak fair English and figured I could be used as an interpreter and guide. After all, I had been a soldier, too—in the French Army. But our Army was destroyed by the Boches. And now, they won't take me back because of my age. I'm 35.

Webster just stared, then handed me his pistol with the remark: "OK, if you can handle that you're in."

I kissed my wife and off we went. From that moment, I was part of the 893rd TD, to stay with them up to the time when we broke through the Siegfried Line and into Germany. With that, my inter-



Jean Pontonier

preter's job ended, and I returned home—but I wish I could be with them now.

But, that's ahead of my story. After being accepted by Webster as an "honorary" member of his outfit, he introduced me to his CO, Capt. Marion C. Pugh, and to his platoon leader—a splendid young officer—who was later killed in the battle of the Ardennes.

I was then officially adopted by the 3rd platoon, Company C, of the 893rd TD. I did all sorts of odd jobs for them—reconnaissance, interpreter and member of a security unit which swept roads of mines. I received no pay—couldn't, since I was only an "adopted" soldier. But the men of the 893rd, who had gotten to like me almost as much as I liked them, learned that my

aged mother was ill and in financial distress. They insisted on giving me money collected among themselves. "It's for your Mom," they would say.

The 893rd is quite a fighting outfit. In Normandy, "Vicar"—that's the 893rd's code name—was with the 4th Infantry Division. It was later switched to the 22nd Division. Now it's part of the 78th Lightning Division, and as such "Vicar" was among the first to cross the Roer River, and to pierce the Siegfried Line.

It was the 78th Division who, by the capture of the Schwammenauel Dam, helped make the great drive to the Rhine possible. It was at Monschau, that "ces braves garçons" of the 893rd helped stem Von Rundstedt's drive.

For three days, they were completely surrounded—but Von Rundstedt's armor later recoiled as a wounded serpent. Scores of twisted Mark IV, V and VI lay still after the battle, gaping holes grim witnesses to the deadly accuracy of the American tank destroyers.

My best friend in the 893rd was Sgt. Webster. He came from Philadelphia, and all the boys called him the "Whip." I don't know why, whether it was because he always managed to whip the Germans so badly, or because he whipped up the morale of his crew. But he certainly was popular with the men. He would give any one the shirt off his back and was always first in the face of danger.

My heart ached when I had to leave them.

Recently, I went to spend a few days with my old friends of the 893rd in Germany. I wanted to stay with them very badly, but "Whip" told me it was impossible.

...The Good Ones Die

"We aren't allowed to have civilians with us any more," he told me very kindly. "And in a way I'm glad you can't stay with us because you're too nice a guy to get killed when it isn't necessary. This is no place for you with such a nice wife at home crying her heart out every night you are away."

I had to turn my head away not to show the tears in my eyes, when Webster said: "You know, Jean, only the good ones die. That's the reason I'll pull out of the war all right."

He was the truest and finest boy I have ever met. May God keep an eye on him, and on all the others, whose friendship I will carry

...That's the theme of this story of the TDs as told by JEAN PONTONIER. He served with the French Army, later was an "unofficial" member of an American TD outfit and now is employed by the United States Army in Paris.

with me as the most precious gift a man can receive.

I will never forget them. Bill Kannell, always so grave and serious, who used to ask me all the time to cook him some French dishes. Dick Sheridan, who refused to accept the Silver Star, and made the general wait all day long in the rain to decorate him when he went into hiding because he "hadn't done anything that any of the boys wouldn't do."

"Dog Face" Williams, who captured a cringing and weeping German captain who begged for his life because he had a wife and children, but didn't say that just the day before he had ordered the burning and pillaging of a French village. Sgt. "Big Noise" Wilson, who's now a lieutenant. . . and others, like Ray Faulx, Kincaid, Turcott, Rex Scott.

There were many others who have died—their names will always be alive in my heart. Whoever says Americans are not as good soldiers as the Germans should have been at Monschau. He would have changed his mind.

These American boys could die just as fearlessly as any German, but the only difference is that an American never dies stupidly while Nazis often do.

Americans do their duty bravely, simply, silently. But they use their heads. That's what makes



These American boys could die just as fearlessly as any German, but the only difference is that an American never dies stupidly while Nazis often do.

Americans do their duty bravely, simply, silently. But they use their heads. That's what makes

them different from us Frenchmen.

Perhaps their courage is not as spontaneous as that of our *poilus*, but the American doughboys do not believe in tedium. He won't have himself killed just for bravado as a Frenchman might, or for the mere sake of obeying an order, as the Germans do. If a big issue is at stake, or if it is to save a comrade, the American will do his bit or die. But he's still fond enough of life not to try any stupid tricks.

There is also another thing I have noticed. Americans have plenty of initiative. As tank warriors, I don't think there are any better soldiers. To me, each one is a "little Patton." They are all expert technicians and they know their trade well—deadly well.

Out-foxes the Nazis

The Germans may have bigger and heavier tanks than yours, and they may have more firepower. But the Americans move faster and maneuver much better.

With equal numbers, and in the open, the German heavy tanks could lick the American tank destroyers. We had no gun to match the 88s mounted on the monstrous Tigers.

But I never saw one instance when the Boches were able to use this advantage. The boys of the 893rd Tank Destroyer Bn. never let that happen. They overcame the superior German firepower with their greater mobility and agility. They chose their positions and camouflaged their positions so expertly that they caught the Germans in traps time and again.

Perhaps our greatest difficulty was mines, which the Germans placed everywhere in their retreat. But our security platoon, of which I was a member under Webster, took care of that.

The spirit of these Americans is one thing—the Germans could never match, and never will. These Americans are free men, fighting for an ideal. I wish France—the whole world—could fully appreciate and understand that.

These Americans can fight like demons. They can be merciless in battle with the men of the Wehrmacht. But they don't fight for lust of conquest, for traditional hatreds or for vengeance. They sacrifice their lives because they earnestly believe in this simplest of all truths—freedom of man.

They are conquerors—strong, determined conquerors—but they are not and won't be oppressors.

## Horror of Bad Orb PW Camp

(Continued from Page 5)

with fellow-prisoners Jack Dunn, formerly of the Federated Press, and Denny Murry, an ex-Chicago Tribune man, tried to keep them informed via a pencil-printed news bulletin based on German war communiques.

The first February entry in Ed Uzemack's diary tells of a tragic incident which affected him more than almost any single happening of his captivity.

"This past week," he wrote, "has been full of so much excitement and trading that time flew by. At this very moment, our barracks is rocking with tremendous explosions of block-busters hitting a few miles away. This seems to be the closest (American) raid so far. The men are both happy and scared—our bombers are really raising hell.

Death Strikes

"One Hour Later. Something has just happened which I shall never forget. Yank planes, chasing the Heinies, shot over the camp and accidentally strafed our barracks.

"Val Casados, my last buddy here, was killed. He was standing beside our bunk, talking to me, when bullets sprayed all around us. How those 50 cal. slugs missed me, I'll never know. One hit my bed post a few inches from my head.

"Two other men were killed and

12 more wounded in this strafing."

Ed worried about Casados' death and, on Feb. 13, made this entry in his diary:

"This past week has been gloomy. I can't get Val off my mind. He sure was a swell guy. How will his wife take the news? He was so proud of her and their four children. Wonder if I'll ever get home to my own wife and son? I guess even a PW can't be sure of coming out of this alive.

"Damn these Nazi bastards!" Ed describes the burial of Casados this way:

"We buried Val during the week. . . maybe that's the reason he keeps cropping up in my mind. Two other men were buried with him. They died of malnutrition—I wonder if these Heinies intend to let us all die of starvation? Wrote a letter and a card home today.

On Feb. 21, the first edition of the camp newspaper was "published" and posted on an improvised bulletin board. Jzemack, with Dunn and Murry, did the editing. Uzemack, with his pencil, constituted the mechanical staff.

A few days later, on March 1, Ed mentions that the month "came in like a lion." He also says that during the days previous some 2,000 new British and American prisoners also came into Stammlager IX B.

"The Yanks marched from Limburg, and the British, with a few Americans, from Sagan. The hike from Sagan was terrible—325 miles in 10 days. During that time the men had only seven loaves of bread and four liters of soup, with a few other small items, as their entire ration. Many died on the way."

Ed makes a small entry at this point under the heading "observation: Cigaretts fast disappearing, now hard to get at 100 francs each. A pack of Prince Albert brings \$40."

Pocket Cartoon by AKOV



"He would like to know how long it takes to become a citizen..."

French and German cigarets brought 100 francs each a few days later, and American cigarets were up to 200 francs each. There was another burial on Wednesday, Mar. 8—a man who died of pneumonia. Sunday, Mar. 11, saw the burial of three more men. They were from the new arrivals, and Uzemack comments:

Hour of Liberation

"Poor guys. They are dying fast—they are so weakened by their march and the starvation diet. Was a witness of the improvised ceremony. It seemed all day. The funeral procession was preceded by a German guard of honor, then came the chaplain and two German officers. The pall bearers carried the plain coffins one kilometer to the burial plot. Twenty Yanks formed a Guard of Honor. The men were buried in a common grave. Saw Val's grave. Sight left me depressed all day."

On the 9th of March, the camp was quarantined because of an outbreak of spinal meningitis. Uzemack reports that Lt. Sutherland, the medical officer, was "worried" over lack of medical supplies for treatment.

By the 13th of March, the sound of American artillery fire could be heard in Stammlager IX B. Liberation fever was mounting.

On the 27th, Ed noted that "men have been dying from malnutrition and pneumonia at the rate of one or two daily. The God-damned Nazis murdered them just as surely

as if they had shot them. It's the enforced march on the starvation diet that is killing most of them."

Even inside the barbed wire of Stalag IX B, men learned of the approach of the American Third Army. The prisoners learned the Third had entered Frankfurt and was reported getting near the camp. Because of the quarantine, the Germans made no effort to move the prisoners to another camp. Beds were freely made that the men would be free by Easter Sunday.

Uzemack's entry for that day reads:

"Beautiful Easter Sunday—I have inside information that we have been cut off and surrounded for the past three days and that a battle is raging inside Bad Orb. Our boys may come up tonight. The men are all excited now—they are tearing the wire off the windows. We are sure to be liberated tomorrow—Happy Easter!"

The next morning he "got up at 2 AM to work in the kitchen so I wouldn't miss the liberation news. The MPs were all excited—one of them had already put up a white flag on the clock tower!

"We learned that Bad Orb surrendered at 11 PM last night. Everybody has gone down to the courtyard to meet the first Yanks who get here.

"7:30 AM—Everything quiet. Word goes around they'll soon be here."

"8:12 AM—The first American recon car rolls into the camp. "Holy Smokes!"

This Happened in America Yesterday:

Interest in Conference Mounts As Opening Day Draws Near

By Richard Wilbur

The Stars and Stripes U.S. Bureau

NEW YORK, April 21.—As diplomats from 44 nations arrived day by day in America en route to the United Nations conference at San Francisco, newspapers, radio and the magazines throughout the country discussed the gathering aimed at creating a world security organization.

Everywhere, Americans, realizing the gravity of the world's plight, are thinking and talking about the proposed world peace league. The State Department is receiving some 1,500 letters weekly from individuals and groups asking about American foreign policy and particularly Dumbarton Oaks.

Mrs. Anna Lord Strauss, president of the National League of Women Voters, said that "people seem to be hungry for information and don't know where to turn for it in terms that they can understand."

Why We Fight—Not How—Emphasized

TO meet the changing needs of the armed services, the New York City high schools announced that they plan to modify their war training courses. The Commando program will be made less strenuous.

Frederic Ernst, associate superintendent of schools, said, and there will be an increased emphasis on the causes and aims of the war. "According to the War Department and officers of the armed services, the most important contribution that the schools can make is to give the pupils a thorough understanding of whom we are fighting," Ernst said.

Out in Adel, Ga., Mrs. Alverna Babbs, who has been legless since a street car accident 13 months ago, is planning a flight to California.

She obtained a pilot's license, and has fitted her plane with special controls adapted for hand operation. Atlanta's Western Union office praised its 87 messengers—57 of whom are between 50 and 65 years old.



Mrs. Alverna Babbs in her plane

"We wonder what we ever did without them," the manager said. One messenger, H. A. Shields, 57, delivered a telegram to an apartment, and hearing no answer to his ring or knock, walked inside and sat down at a piano. He played, "Don't You Hear Me Calling, Caroline?" and a woman then appeared and took the telegram.

'Carousel' Called Hit on Broadway

IN the legitimate theater, the new opening was "Carousel" a musical play based on Ferenc Molnar's "Lilliom," with music by Richard Rodgers and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II.

A new edition of "Democracy in America," by Alexis de Tocqueville and first published in 1835, is considered "amazingly fresh reading in 1945" by the Herald Tribune, while Benjamin F. Wright, chairman of the department of government at Harvard University, said that it is "one of two or three of the greatest commentaries ever written on American government and society."

Marshall Field, financier and owner of PM in New York and the Chicago Sun, has written "Freedom, More Than a Word," which reviewers admired moderately for its earnestness but not much for logic.

Li'l Abner

By Courtesy of United Features



Yanks Stop Griffis, 6-3, for 4th Win; Bucs' Rip Sewell Hurls 100th Victory

NEW YORK, April 21.—Rip Sewell's tantalizing "eephus ball" set down the Cubs, 5-4, at Pittsburgh yesterday as the veteran Pirate hurler registered his 100th victory since joining the National Leaguers in 1938.

The Giants spanked the Dodgers, 10-6, and the Braves outlasted the Phillies, 6-5, in other games. The Cardinals and Reds were not scheduled.

After getting off to a slow start, Sewell settled down and completely baffled the Bruins during the last five innings. Bob Elliott's homerun in the fifth tied the score at 4-4 and Frank Gustine walloped a double, his fourth hit of the game, in the eighth for the winning marker.



Rip Sewell

Five drives cleared the short Polo Grounds fences as the Giants launched their home season against Lippy Durocher's Bums. Phil Weintraub set the pace against Tom Seats, Clyde King and Bill Hathaway with two four-baggers, while Harry Feldman, who chucked the distance for the Giants, also swatted a homer.

Little Butch Nieman rapped a homerun in the ninth to untie a 5-5 deadlock and drop the Phillies into the cellar. Charley Cozart, who relieved Johnny Hutchings in the seventh, was the victor over Charley Schanz. Vince DiMaggio homered for the Phils in the third.

Jake Lamotta Drubs Dellicurti in Ten

NEW YORK, April 21.—Jake Lamotta, squatly Bronx middleweight contender, whirled his way to a unanimous ten-round verdict over Vic Dellicurti at St. Nicholas arena here last night.

Dellicurti made a fight of it for the first six rounds, but Lamotta's savage punches to the body wore him down.

Ripley Leaves Columbia To Take Irish Cage Post

SOUTH BEND, Ind., April 21.—Elmer Ripley, cage mentor at Columbia, has signed a contract to coach the Notre Dame basketball team as successor to Clem Crowe, who left the Irish campus to become head football coach at Iowa.

Ripley began coaching at Georgetown in 1928 after a long career as a professional player. Later he moved to Yale, then went back to Georgetown and finally reached Columbia when Georgetown dropped athletics for the duration.

Engineers Win GI Title

CAIRO, April 21.—The Engineer Bulldozers, representing Italy, romped through Camp Huckstep, entry from Cairo, 61-31, here last night to annex the GI basketball championship for Italy, South Africa and the Persian Gulf command.



American League

Table with columns for team names (Cleveland, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston) and statistics (W, L, Pct).

National League

Table with columns for team names (Pittsburgh, New York, Boston, St. Louis) and statistics (W, L, Pct).

Table with columns for team names (New York, Cincinnati, Brooklyn, Pittsburgh) and statistics (W, L, Pct).

Boston at Philadelphia, Brooklyn at New York, Chicago at Pittsburgh, Cincinnati at St. Louis

Matricianni Cops UK Heavy Crown

LONDON, April 21.—Cpl. Leo Matricianni, rugged puncher from Baltimore and Billy Conn's ETO sparring partner, captured the UK heavyweight boxing title by outpointing Cpl. Willard Reed, Indianapolis, Ind., here last night in the finals before 4,000 fans at Albert Hall.

Pfc Herb Williams, dusky glover from New Orleans, put Cpl. Trinidad Marques, El Paso, Texas, to sleep in 30 seconds of the opening round to win the lightweight crown.

In other bouts: FLYWEIGHT: Pfc Howard Mareno, Santa Barbara, Cal., outpointed Cpl. Babe Labutea, Uniontown, Pa.; FEATHERWEIGHT: Sgt. Ray Wyzkiewicz, Buffalo, N.Y., outpointed Pfc Vincent Padilla, San Bernardino, Cal.; WELTERWEIGHT: S/Zc Lee Walker, St. Louis, outpointed Sgt. Al Deacon, Providence, R.I.; MIDDLEWEIGHT: S/1c Roy Chambers, Cambridge, Mass., outpointed Cpl. Tommy Carbonaro, Brooklyn; LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT: Sgt. Aaron Kahn, Brooklyn, outpointed Sgt. James Wade, Birmingham, Mich.

Gray Not Benched For Failure to Hit

ST. LOUIS, April 21.—Manager Luke Sewell, of the Browns, said today he had not benched Pete Gray, one-armed outfielder, for failure to hit safely but rather because the rookie had injured his shoulder diving for a fly ball Thursday.

"I'm sold on Pete and he'll be back in the lineup as soon as his shoulder heals. If he's ready tomorrow, he'll play," Sewell said.

NEW YORK, April 21.—Joe McCarthy's athletes continued to flash signs of resembling the fearsome Yankees of prewar vintage when they defeated the Senators, 6-3, yesterday for their fourth straight American League victory. The game, which helped the Griffis inaugurate their home season, was dedicated to the memory of President Roosevelt.

In other tilts on yesterday's AL docket, the White Sox remained unbeaten by shading the Browns, 3-2, in ten innings; the Indians registered their first victory by stopping the Tigers, 4-1, and the Athletics inflicted setback No. 4 on the Red Sox, 5-3.

Speaker Sam Rayburn (D-Texas) threw out the first ball, and then the Yankees went to work on Mickey Haefner, collecting three runs in the fourth and sending him to the showers with a two-run blast in the fifth. Floyd Bevens earned credit for the victory, although he needed help from Allen Gettel in the sixth. Wally Holborow and Santiago Ullrich followed Haefner to the mound for the Nats.

With the score tied 2-2 after nine frames, Oris Hockett punched out his third single, moved to second on a sacrifice and raced home on Leroy Schalk's long hit to win for the Chisox. Ed Lopat, Chicago southpaw, held the Brownies to nine hits and contributed a homerun in the third to his own cause, while Al Hollingsworth went the route for the champions.

Sieve Gromek paraded the Indians to their first 1945 triumph and marred the Tigers' homecoming with a six-hit performance. Gromek drove in one run, Carnett chased in another and Pat Seerey's single produced the other two. Stubby Overmire, departing in favor of Walt Wilson in the third, was the loser.

A homer in the first by Catcher Frankie Hayes started the A's on the road to victory and pinned the reversal on Joe Bowman. Don Black stifled the Sox with nine hits, while his mates continued to pummel Emmett O'Neill and Red Barrett, successors to Bowman.

Cub Holdouts Sign

CHICAGO, April 21.—The Cub roster was completed today when Pitchers Hy Vandenberg and Paul Erickson inked their contracts. Vandenberg said he would join the club immediately, but Erickson said he will be available only for home games.

Minor League Results

Table listing results for International League, American Association, and Pacific Coast League, including team names and win-loss records.



# Churchill Calls For 'New Leap' To Beat Japan

BRISTOL, April 21 (AP).—Prime Minister Churchill told the people of Britain today that the defeat of Japan would require a "new leap forward—a new lifting of the body and soul."

Here to present University of Bristol honors to two members of his war cabinet, the Prime Minister declared that "we have no intention of encouraging any festivities of thanksgiving until we are assured by our military commanders that the task is so far completed that everyone may cheer."

(Churchill indicated that V-E Day will be announced only after all pockets of resistance have been wiped out, the United Press said. He said that he did not think "it need be long delayed.")

"We have Japan to finish," he said, "and we stand absolutely with our great American ally to pay off at the other end of the world debts as heavy as ever were inflicted on us."

"I shall have to ask you—or whoever stands in my place, and whoever it may be I shall support him—we shall have to ask you for a new leap forward, a new lifting of the soul and body so that this second war shall also be brought to a conclusion altogether free from any doubt."

The two Cabinet members honored were First Lord of the Admiralty H. V. Alexander and Labor Minister Ernest Bevin, who received degrees of doctor of law.

## Gen. Smith . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

course was to close up along the river's entire length and then cross it in the Frankfurt area as well as in the north, where the main effort was planned, to envelop the Ruhr from two directions.

Other Army chiefs felt that the Allies should mount a defense of the Rhine while the Ruhr was being invested directly.

The Supreme Commander's plan was accepted at a meeting of the combined chiefs of staff at Malta, Smith said.

"Of all the campaigns I have ever known, this one has followed most exactly the pattern of the commander who planned it," he said. "With but one small exception, it proceeded exactly as Gen. Eisenhower originally planned it."

### Four Divisions Saved

The exception was caused by the failure of the Nazis to put up a stiffer defense of Cologne. Rapid progress across the Cologne plain and the Eifel River enabled the Allies to save four divisions, he said.

Smith also disclosed that the unexpected capture of the Remagen bridge had caused a quick change in plan.

Gen. Eisenhower, he said, was informed in the middle of the night of the bridge's capture. He immediately called Field Marshal Sir Bernard L. Montgomery, 21st Army Gp. commander, who agreed the bridge should be exploited as rapidly as possible with at least five divisions.

Another critical point of the campaign, Smith disclosed, developed when Lt. Gen. George S. Patton's U.S. Third Army swept through the Eifel to reach the Rhine.

The enemy probably expected that Patton would go into the bridgehead. It was decided, instead, he said, to have the Third Army attack across the Mosel River and reduce the Saar.

Smith declared that questioning of Franz von Papen had revealed that the former German chancellor was not a peace emissary.

## Himmler Makes Up List for Last Stand

LONDON, April 21 (Reuter).—Himmler and his assistants have completed their "guest list" for their last stand behind the wall of the Alps, according to the Basle correspondent of the Daily Telegraph. Uninvited political personages will either be disposed of or set adrift according to their affiliations, he reported.

## The Linkup Nears—To Cut Reich in Half



As American and Russian forces approach a junction between Leipzig and Dresden, Red Army forces are reported little more than two miles from Berlin and less than 40 miles from the U.S. armies.

## Senate Hears 2 S.F. Delegates Pledge Utmost in Peace Effort

WASHINGTON, April 21 (ANS).—Chairman Tom Connally (D-Tex.) of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and Sen. Arthur H. Vandenberg (R-Mich.) told the Senate yesterday that they would do their utmost to help frame machinery for lasting peace at the San Francisco conference. The conference will begin Wednesday.

Connally promised that the American delegation, of which he and Vandenberg are members, would act as a unit without party prejudices and would settle differences privately.

He also declared that delegates would not be bound by "slavish devotion to every clause and every line" of the Dumbarton Oaks plan. Instead, the delegates will have

### Truman on Radio

WASHINGTON, April 21 (AP).—President Truman will deliver a nation-wide radio speech opening the San Francisco conference from the White House on Wednesday between 7:30 PM and 8 PM Eastern War Time (1:30 AM and 2 AM Thursday, Paris time).

full opportunity to suggest changes. He said, amidst applause, that he would keep constantly in mind the part the Senate would play in whatever agreement is reached.

Vandenberg said: "I have no illusions that San Francisco can chart the millennium . . . but I have faith that we may perfect a charter of peace and justice to a degree that all doubts and disagreements will dissolve in its favor."

Connally, who had paid a pre-conference visit to President Truman, said that the delegation carried his full confidence and support.

Meanwhile, the capital awaited the arrival of Soviet Foreign Commissar Vyacheslav Molotov and his talks with Secretary of State Edward R. Stettinius Jr. and British Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden. Heading the agenda for the Big Three ministers was the ticklish problem of which group of Poles, if any, would represent Poland at the conference.

Jurists of 44 United Nations signed final recommendations for revision of the old World Court, which will be part of the proposed world security machinery. They recommended that The Hague be kept as the seat of the court, but suggested the court be empowered to sit in other cities when circumstances demand it.

Diplomats expect the Big Four—U.S., Russia, Britain and China—to keep firm control over amendments to Dumbarton Oaks, but they also expect many changes to be made with the agreement of the Big Four.

## Report on Slaying Of Maj. Gen. Rose Asked by Stimson

WASHINGTON, April 21.—Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson has asked for a full report on the death of Maj. Gen. Maurice Rose, who was killed reportedly after he had surrendered.

Stimson, meanwhile, in a letter to Senators Edwin C. Johnson (D-Col.) and Eugene D. Millikan (R-Col.), said that Rose was killed while holding his hands above his head, as far as the War Department knows.

Rose's jeep met a Nazi tank. Rose and his party left the jeep with their hands in the air, Stimson said.

The general and his group, not understanding the tank commander, thought they were being asked to surrender their weapons, Stimson said.

When Gen. Rose's aide disposed of his pistol, the turret gunner opened fire and Gen. Rose fell forward, Stimson declared. "His aide jumped into a ditch on the side of the road and escaped. The driver escaped by another route."

## Troops of Tito Land On Isle South of Fiume

ROME, April 21 (Reuter).—Marshal Tito's Yugoslav forces have landed on Cherso Island, 15 miles south of Fiume, which is already threatened by mainland Partisan forces four miles to the southeast, AFHQ announced today.

Cherso is Italian territory lying next to the Yugoslav island of Irak, on which Tito's forces previously landed.

## Truman Meets Ambassadors

WASHINGTON, April 21 (ANS).—President Truman held his first official reception for the diplomatic corps yesterday, shaking hands with 59 ambassadors, ministers and lesser officials in less than five minutes.

The reception was held at Blair House, the temporary home of the President. He was dressed in striped trousers and a dark blue double-breasted coat.

"It is my very great pleasure to meet you and I am very glad to make the acquaintance of all you gentlemen," the President said. "I met many of you when I was Vice-President and our relationship was very good. I hope our relationship will continue to be on the same cordial plane nationally and with all the world as it is between you and me."

Earlier, President Truman held his first business session with the Cabinet, and talked with Col. James Roosevelt, the late President's eldest son, and Dr. Stephen S. Wise, chairman of the American-Zionist Emergency Council.

## Russians Shell Heart of Berlin

(Continued from Page 1) a short time. Unofficial dispatches reaching the Russian capital suggested that Yank and Red patrols

### Mystery: Where Are Russians?

S and S Correspondent Andy Rooney reported that the mystery on the First Army front yesterday was the whereabouts of the Russians.

"Guesses were made that the Russians were anywhere from 20 to 50 miles from First Army lines," Rooney said, "and anxious Americans were wondering if Red soldiers knew the American password."

might already have established contact.

Fighting was said to be raging at five suburbs of Berlin—Bernau, just outside the autobahn; Straus-

berg, eight miles northeast of the autobahn; Fuerstenwalde, 12 miles southeast on the Frankfurt railway; Koenigs-Wusterhausen, five miles southeast of the city's boundary, and Zossen, about ten miles south on the main railway into Saxony.

Yesterday's Soviet communique, while reporting the capture of about 25 miles from Berlin's boundary, apparently was considerably behind enemy accounts.

Unconfirmed reports said that Marshal Stalin might have taken over command of all Russian forces on the Berlin front.

### Frau Klink Reported Suicide

BAYREUTH, Germany, April 21 (INS).—Frau Scholtze Klink, leader of Nazi womanhood, is reported to have committed suicide recently in despair over Hitler's plight.

## Allies Advance; Junction With Russians Near

man forces which had made deep penetrations into American lines.

Southeast of Magdeburg, German swimming saboteurs tried to blow up the bridge leading to the 83rd Inf. Div.'s bridgehead over the Elbe. Some of them were captured.

The Harz Mountains pocket, formed by the rapid advance of the First and Ninth Armies, was closed out. A force estimated at up to 30,000 had been trapped in the hills.

In the north, troops of Lt. Gen. Sir Miles Dempsey's British Second Army drove northeast of Bremen. Tanks of the Sixth Guards Arm'd. Brig. drove into Zeven-Zeven, 20 miles north of Bremen, leaving the only escape route from the city by sea.

British forces pressed toward the outskirts of Hamburg and widened their hold on the Elbe River to 20 miles southeast of the port.

### Tighten Stuttgart Trap

At the opposite end of the front, the Tenth Arm'd. Div. of Lt. Gen. Alexander M. Patch's U.S. Seventh Army and troops of Gen. Jean de Lattre de Tassigny's French First Army tightened the ring around Stuttgart, narrowing the gap between them to ten miles.

French troops were six miles southwest of the southern outskirts of Stuttgart while Patch's tanks reached Kirschheim, 15 miles southeast of the city.

De Lattre's troops plunged down the east side of the Rhine to points within 19 miles northeast of Colmar in their drive to flank the Nazi Black Forest positions. They were 5 miles from the Swiss border and 17 miles from the upper Danube River.

The Fourth Inf. Div. captured Crailsheim, 20 miles south of Wurzburg, after fighter-bombers and artillery pounded the town. Elements of the Tenth Arm'd. Div. had driven a corridor to the town earlier, but had been forced to withdraw.

The German defense of Nuremberg, which fell late yesterday to the Third and 45th Inf. Divs., cost the enemy 5,000 men in killed and wounded and 5,000 prisoners.

### Reich Transportation, Airfields Attacked

Approximately 350 B17s of the Eighth AF bombed rail yards and facilities at Munich and Ingolstadt and an airfield at Landsberg, 30 miles west of Munich. They were escorted by 400 P47s and P51s. Six bombers were missing.

The First TAF flew 420 sorties, and destroyed 165 motor transports and damaged 62 others in the Nuremberg, Augsburg, Regensburg triangle. The day's operations were hampered by bad weather.

In 9th AF operations, 120 Invaders hit the railway yard at Attnang-Puchem, 35 miles northeast of Salzburg. Fighter-bombers destroyed 25 enemy planes and damaged five in attacks on two airfields near Dessau.

## Bologna . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

Eighth Army now stand inside the gateway to the great Po plain, poised to destroy the Germans in northern Italy," he said.

To troops of both armies, Bologna's fall meant the end of months of heart-breaking mountain fighting and the opportunity to use armor in open country. The Allies are now in position to race to the Po River and eventual junction with the Russians and Jugoslavs.

An Allied drive toward the lower Po would threaten to cut off German troops in the northwestern Italian cities of Milan, Turin and Genoa and along the Franco-Italian frontier. French troops are already attacking along the border.

### Dewey for Italy as Ally

NEW YORK, April 21 (INS).—In a letter to Judge Juvenal Machisio, Gov. Thomas E. Dewey of New York today reiterated his belief that Italy should be accepted among the Allies as an equal nation.