

# 1st Army Links Up With Reds



**COMRADES IN ARMS:** In these U.S. Signal Corps photos, first to reach London, the dramatic, historic juncture of U.S. and Soviet troops is shown. Left, Russian and 1st Army representatives, carrying their respective country's flags, advance together following their link-up. Maj. Gen. E. F. Reinhardt, CG of the 69th Division (arrow) chats with the Russian commander. Right, 1/Lt. William D. Robertson, of Los Angeles, the first American officially to greet Soviet troops, embraces Lt. Alexander Sylvashko.

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## THE STARS AND STRIPES

Daily Newspaper of U.S. Armed Forces in the European Theater of Operations

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### 3rd Captures Regensburg, Enters Austria

Driving into Hitler's national redoubt on a wide front, American troops have entered Austria, captured Regensburg and advanced to within six miles of Augsburg and 25 miles of Munich, dispatches reported yesterday.

At 6:00 PM Thursday, 11th Armored Division tanks, spearheading Gen. Patton's 3rd Army thrust southeast toward a link-up with Soviet forces reported pushing along the Danube Valley from Vienna, crossed the frontier into Austria, sixth European country to be the scene of Allied operations under Gen. Eisenhower's command.

The entry was made at a point two miles south of the juncture of the German, Czech and Austrian borders, following a nine-mile advance which brought the Americans to within 85 miles of Marshal Tolbukhin's troops, last officially reported to be 55 miles from Austria's industrial city of Linz. Patton's troops are about 30 miles from Linz.

Virtually no ground opposition met the tanks on the way to Austria, but enemy planes were reported to have struck at the U.S. columns, whose guns beat off the attacks.

#### Sweeps Forward 12 Miles

Another 11th Armored unit entered Gegenbach, four miles south of the spot where Austria's frontier was crossed, after a 12-mile gain.

Regensburg, long a target for Allied planes because it housed great German plane plants and was a main rail junction, fell yesterday to 3rd Army forces, which now control 80 miles of the Danube from Ingolstadt to Deggendorf. Once known as Ratisbon and a battlefield in the Napoleonic wars, Regensburg was a stronghold on the road to Munich, in the center of the southern redoubt.

Infantrymen captured Ingolstadt, crossed the Danube there and pressed on southeast to within 40 miles from Munich. Farther west and south, U.S. 7th Army troops were only 25 miles from Munich after what was described as an 18-mile breakthrough at one point. Augsburg, northwest of Munich, was six miles from some American units.

Augsburg is the site of a factory said to turn out about half of the Reich's U-boat Diesel engines.

French troops have split the German forces in the Black Forest pocket.

3rd Army troops, scooping up 14,300 prisoners, also captured a 15-coach private train said to be for use of Field Marshal Albert Kesselring, German commander in the West, or what used to be the Western Front.

9th Army forces on the Elbe River took 4,461 prisoners Thursday. The Americans didn't have to work to do it, either—the Germans, anxious to escape the Russians, streamed into the U.S. positions and gave themselves up.

British troops in Bremen were advancing for the first time against practically no opposition.

#### Nazi PWs for Belgian Mines

BRUSSELS, Apr. 27 (Reuter)—The Allied military authorities have agreed to hand over to the Belgian government a number of German prisoners of war to be used in Belgian coal mines, it was officially announced here today.

### Just Like Us

## Reds Are Screwballs, Too

By a Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

WITH KONIEV'S UKRAINIAN ARMY, Apr. 26 (delayed)—There was a mad scene of jubilant celebration on the east and west banks of the Elbe at Torgau today as infantrymen of Gen. Courtney H. Hodges' 1st Army swapped K-rations for vodka with soldiers of Marshal Koniev's 1st Ukrainian Army and congratulated each other, despite the language barrier, on the link-up which means the defeat of the German Army as a fighting unit.

Men of the 69th Inf. Div. sat on the banks of the Elbe in the warm sunshine today with no enemy in front or behind them and drank wine, cognac and vodka while they listened to their new Russian friends play accordions and sing Russian songs.

Russian soldiers, strong and young looking, built a little heavier and shorter than most Americans, inspected American equipment as Americans fired the Russian automatic rifle. When the day was over many a U.S. soldier walked back to his jeep in Russian boots, while the Russian soldier he traded with fought with the straps on his newly-acquired GI shoes.

The Russian uniform consists of high, fitted leather boots, not unlike those the German officer wears. His pants are like riding breeches of a light cotton material. His blouse is a tunic that buttons to the neck. His cap is an overseas cap spread farther apart at the top than the American one. Many Russian soldiers wear



**TOVARICH!** Wasting no time getting acquainted is Lt. H. Leo Pearlman, of Brooklyn, N.Y., who chats with a Russian WAC, soon after the historic U.S.-Soviet link-up near Torgau.

medals of various descriptions. They seem to wear the medals themselves and not ribbons.

If today was not an extraordinary day, (Continued on page 2)

## U.S. 5th Army Takes Genoa; Patriots Rule Liberated North

ALLIED HQ, Italy, Apr. 27—U.S. 5th Army troops tonight entered Genoa, important naval base and second largest Mediterranean port, while on the eastern flank of the Italian battlefield, both the 5th and British 8th Army crossed the Adige River, 25 miles north of the Po, at many points.

As town after town north of the advancing 15th Army Group fell to partisan forces, the Italian government announced that, by agreement with the Allied command, governing responsibility in those areas had been turned over to the Northern Italian Liberation Com-

### Report Musso Arrested At Swiss Frontier

Benito Mussolini and two leading Fascist officials, Alessandro Pavolini and Roberto Farinacci, were arrested by customs guards at Nesso, on the Swiss-Italian frontier, according to a Milan broadcast quoting La Libertà, newspaper of the Milan National Liberation Committee.

Pavolini is secretary general of the present Fascist party, while Farinacci, a former Fascist party secretary, is Mussolini's delegate to the German military HQ in Italy.

mittee pending the arrival of Allied troops.

The presence of 5th Army troops at Genoa, 50 miles north of Spezia where they were last reported on the Ligurian coast, was announced in a special communique which said that "on the whole, resistance has been slight."

There was no official confirmation of

broadcasts by the Free Milan Radio which placed Allied troops as far north as the big industrial center of Brescia, midway between Milan and Verona. It was announced, however, that troops in the Po Valley in the center of the line "continued to make rapid progress" and had captured Piacenza, key crossing 35 miles southeast of Milan.

Milan Radio, demanding the unconditional surrender of all German troops in Italy, said the entire Italo-Swiss frontier from Como to Domodossola was in the hands of the patriots.

In a message to partisan groups in the north, Gen. Mark Clark, 15th Army Group commander, declared: "In a few more days, the Germans will be thrown out of your territory." Pointing out that it might be some time before Allied forces reached their areas, Clark called on the patriots to maintain law and order in their respective territories.

Fighters and fighter-bombers of the MAAF yesterday continued their attack on retreating enemy units north of the Po.

#### 8th Remains Idle

The 8th Air Force was inactive for the second straight day yesterday.

## Historic Juncture At Torgau; Berlin Fight Still Rages

The long-awaited link-up between American and Soviet forces, which occurred in the area of Torgau, 30 miles northeast of Leipzig on the Elbe River, and severed the heart of Germany, was officially announced last night in a joint communique issued simultaneously in Washington, London and Moscow, and proclaimed to the world in special messages by President Truman, Prime Minister Churchill and Marshal Stalin.

The communique said that "firm contact" had been established between Allied forces from the West and the East at 4 PM on Apr. 26, and that commanders of the U.S. 69th Division of Gen. Courtney H. Hodges' 1st Army and the Soviet 58th Guards Division of Marshal Koniev's 1st Ukrainian Army had met to discuss the mutual exchange of Allied prisoners of war.

First contact between patrols took place at 4:40 PM on Apr. 25, the communique reported, when a first lieutenant and three men of an I and R platoon of the 69th Div. met forward elements of the Soviet troops.

Coincidental with the announcement of the historic juncture, which divides the whole of Germany into two great siege pockets, Gen. Omar N. Bradley, commander of the 12th Army Group, and Marshal Stalin, making a rare personal proclamation over Moscow Radio, issued Orders of the Day addressed to all troops under their commands. Stalin, as head of state, included American and British armies in his congratulatory Order.

In his message to the U.S. 1st, 3rd, 9th and 15th Armies, Bradley, hailing the

Statements by President Truman, Premier Churchill and Marshal Stalin on Page 2.

1,400-mile march of Soviet troops "from the ruins of Stalingrad and Sebastopol, across the devastated towns of the Ukraine" to the Elbe River, said, "their achievements, and they have given immortality to a people who would not be conquered, are made more meaningful by your own deeds."

Reviewing American successes from D-Day, across France and into Germany, Bradley told his men:

"In ten months you have advanced 940 miles from the invasion beaches. All this has been attained thanks to your courage, your spirit and initiative, and thanks to your comrades who died in order to (Continued on back page)

### House Unit Agrees To 18-Year-Old Ban

WASHINGTON, Apr. 27 (ANS)—The House Military Affairs Committee agreed today to the senate ban on sending 18-year-old draftees into combat without at least six months' training. The action was taken in an executive session but some members said the vote to concur with the amendment to legislation extending the Selective Service Act was unanimous.



Three important bastions surrounding Berlin—Potsdam, Spandau and Rathenow, 35 miles northwest of the capital—yesterday fell to the Red Army, now fighting in practically every part of the city.

## Drive to West Takes Potsdam

Potsdam, Spandau and Rathenow—important German defense points west of Berlin—fell to the Red Army yesterday as Russian assault teams, now fighting in practically every part of Hitler's capital, concentrated their attacks against the inner core of Nazi resistance in the city's center.

The capture of these three cities, all described as "important road junctions and powerful bases of German defense in central Germany," was announced by Marshal Stalin in an Order of the Day addressed to Marshal Zhukov, commander of the 1st White Russian Army Group. These troops swung around Berlin from the north to link up with Marshal Koniev's forces and complete the encirclement of the Third Reich's capital.

Spandau and Potsdam are about five miles from the city, while Rathenow is approximately 35 miles northwest of the capital and 20 miles due east of Teltow, on the opposite side of the Elbe River, now held by the U.S. 9th Army.

In a later Order, Stalin also announced that Marshal Koniev's troops had captured Wittenberg, on the Elbe River 18 miles east of Dessau held by the American 1st Army.

Inside the city Zhukov's troops in the northwest sector, after breaking into the Moabit district on the fringe of the Tiergarten, tightened their vice around the vital area of the capital and leveled their guns against the Tiergarten, the Wilhelm-

(Continued on page 3)

THE STARS AND STRIPES

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THE B BAG



BLOW IT OUT HERE

NOTE: B-Bag is receiving many unsigned letters. We require your signature as evidence of good faith only.

Secretary of Peace

Apr. 26, 1945

To the B-Bag:

We have a Secretary of War. Why don't we have a Secretary of Peace?

We just don't believe peace is important. It's a part-time job for every Tom, Dick and Harry who has an extra pair of striped pants.

"They" are "us!" You and me. And all the rest of the guys and gals who are sweating this one out right now.

I'd like to see a Department of Peace with an equal place in the cabinet with the Secretary of War.

What do you think?—Pfc W. Carlton Davie, Eng.

A Nation With Gall

Apr. 26, 1945

To the B-Bag:

Do we come as conquerors? The German people have read our posters, but they still don't think so.

Analyze this. Were they waiting for us to come when they followed their leaders across Europe in their blitzes?

It's almost impossible to imagine a nation with so much gall.—S/Sgt. Ed. Stone, Inf.

Make Army Attractive

Apr. 26, 1945

To the B-Bag:

Let's make the post-war 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;

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, Ord.

Are You Kidding?

Apr. 26, 1945

To the B-Bag:

Things are getting warm. V-E Day is just around the corner. Now is the time for definite post-war planning.

I think the Army of Occupation should be composed of men who have been in the ETO two or more years.

I've been over here only four months and I know what I'm missing.—Cpl. P. J. Steffen, AAA Bn.

Re-educating Germany

Apr. 26, 1945

To the B-Bag:

B-Bag recently carried a letter from Dorothy Thompson suggesting that the American government employ German refugees and exiles in setting up administrative bureaus in occupied Germany.

If our purpose is to re-educate Germany, especially its youth, and attempt to inculcate in them democratic ideals, it would be best that we use people with democratic background—not people who by their very circumstances are essentially German in training, education and outlook.—Pvt. T. A. G., AAF.

Hash Marks

Recent dispatches from the Battle of Berlin tell about a gigantic struggle in the subway. Sounds like the 5:15 rush.

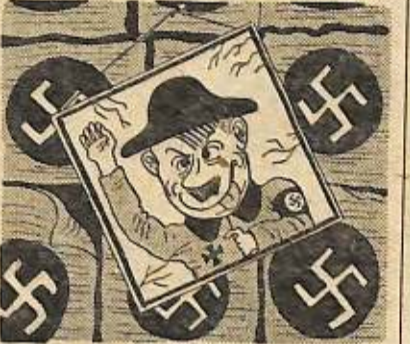
Capt. Terry Nicholson reminds us that there is one song that guys in the ETO definitely don't like to hear—"Let's Take the Long Way Home."

Our spy on the home front sez the government could get some good ideas on synthetic rubber by testing his wife's pancakes.

Silly conversation in the Park. Joe: "Did that kiss I just gave you make you long for another?"

Gal: "It sure did—but he's out of town."

Bob Hope sez he's tired of hearing that rumor about Hitler going crazy—the



comedian quips that's like saying Betty Grable is getting good looking.

Signs of the Times. Tired of saying, "No meat today," a butcher hung a cow's tail with a ribbon around it in his shop window with this note: "That's all that's left!"

Quip of the Week. Lt. H. A. recently warned a "smart" Joe: "Remember, I can get chicken—if you run a fowl of me."

One of G. K. Hodenfield's favorite stories. The Oklahoma School of Accountancy recently ran a newspaper ad headed, "Short Course in Accounting for Women."

Note from JCB. A local theater just announced a double-feature which reminds me of a GI's homecoming.

"Let's not ask the sergeant to go out with us tonight," said a GI. "Why?" asked his pal. "Well, I've been out with him. There were three of us. I stood the first round of drinks. The other Joe was glad to stand a round. But when it was the sarge's turn, he just stood around."

Cautioning her eager-beaver boy friend, the young girl said, "You musn't, Bill,



you're an officer and a gentleman!" To which the eager lad replied, "But it's only a temporary appointment."

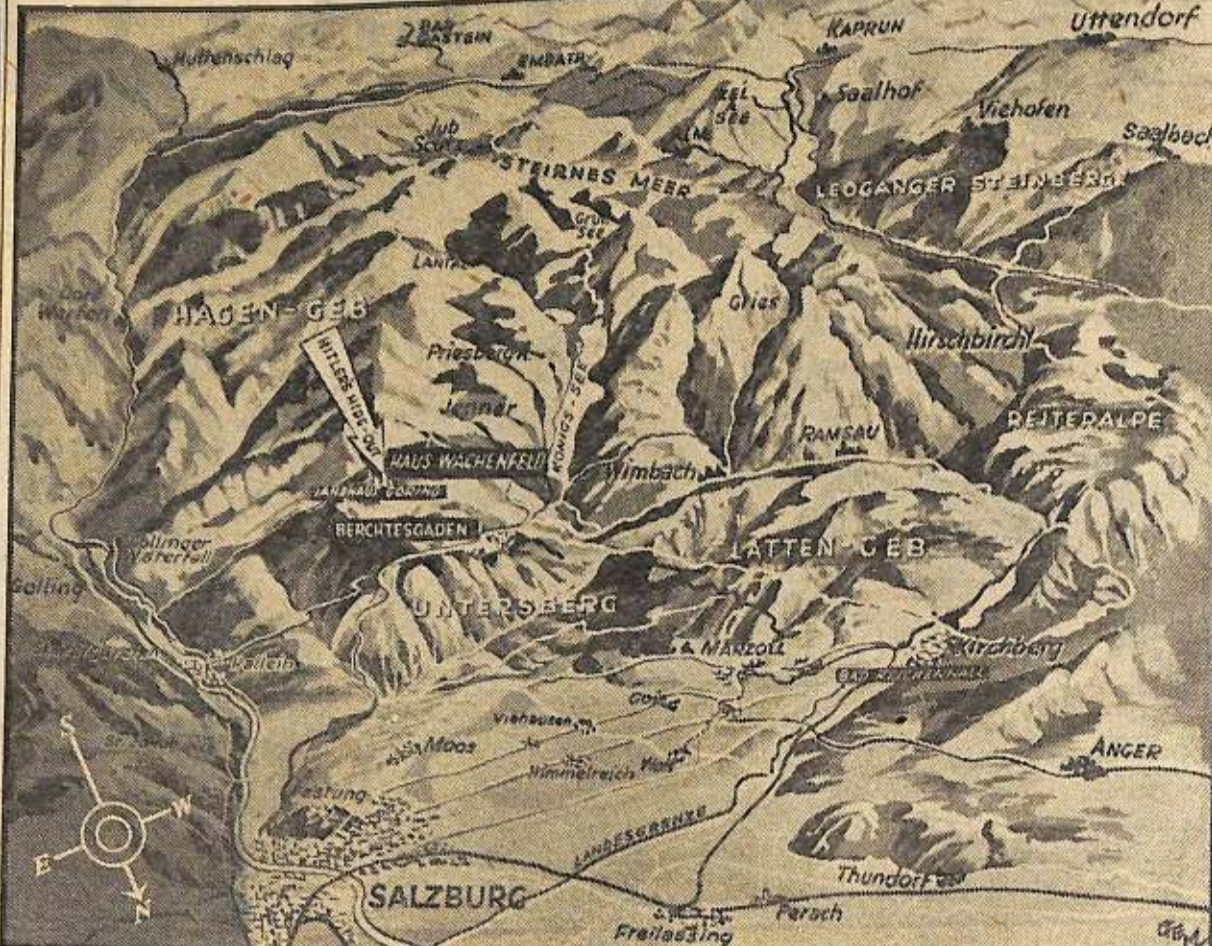
Who said that?—Most fems can beat the hell out of Santa Claus when it comes to filling stockings.

J. C. W.

PRIVATE BREGER



"I never lived on a farm, but I still think you are wrong about gettin' milk!"



Daily Sketch Map

A REDOUBTABLE POSSE PROWLs HERE: The land barrier posed by Hitler's southern redoubt to Allied armies driving south to Munich and Salzburg is graphically illustrated here.

"Last Desperate Hope of Hitler Extinguished"

These were the statements issued by Big 3 leaders upon announcement of the link-up in Germany of Allied forces from the East and West.

President Truman

The Anglo-American Armies under the command of General Eisenhower have met the Soviet forces where they intended to meet, in the heart of Nazi Germany.

This is not the hour of final victory in Europe, but the hour draws near, the hour for which all the American people, all the British peoples and all the Soviet people have toiled and prayed so long.

The union of our arms in the heart of Germany has a meaning for the world which the world will not miss. It means, first, that the last faint, desperate hope of Hitler and his gangster Government

has been extinguished. The common front and the common cause of the Powers allied in this war against tyranny and inhumanity have been demonstrated in fact as they have long been demonstrated in determination.

Second, the junction of our forces at this moment signals to ourselves and to the world that the collaboration of our nations in the cause of peace and freedom is an effective collaboration which can surmount the greatest difficulties of the most extensive campaign in military history and succeed.

Finally, this great triumph of Allied arms and Allied strategy is such a tribute to the courage and determination of Franklin Roosevelt as no words could even speak, and that could be accomplished only by the persistence and the courage of the fighting soldiers and sailors of the Allied nations.

But, until our enemies are finally subdued in Europe and in the Pacific, there must be no relaxation of effort on the home front in support of our heroic soldiers and sailors as we all know there will be no pause on the battle fronts.

Prime Minister Churchill

After long journeys, toils and victories across the land and oceans, across so many deadly battlefields, the Armies of the great Allies have traversed Germany and have joined hands together.

Marshal Stalin

In the name of the Soviet Government, I address you, commanders and men of the Red Army, and of the armies of our Allies.

The victorious armies of the Allied Powers waging a war of liberation in Europe, have routed the German troops and linked up on the territory of Germany.

to force him to lay down his arms and surrender unconditionally.

The Red Army will fulfill to the end this task and this duty to our people and to all freedom loving peoples.

I greet the valorous troops of our Allies who are now standing on the territory of Germany shoulder to shoulder with the Soviet troops and who are full of determination to carry out their duty to the end.

Reds Screwy—Just Like Us

(Continued from page 1)

then Russian soldiers are the most carefree bunch of screwballs that ever came together in an army.

If you know what a German soldier is like, the Russian soldier seems to be his direct opposite. It is impossible to imagine a regimented, goose-stepping Russian. They sing and laugh and cut patterns with their tommy-guns against brick walls.

The road into Torgau was a strange scene. Russian laborers who had been working German farms were streaming down the highway to contact their Army which at last had come to liberate them.

German soldiers made their way toward the American lines along with civilians. While some of them still carried guns, none offered to shoot, giving strength to the rumor that Germans in the area had been ordered not to fire another shot to the west, where the Americans were coming from.

When the caravans reached the river edge where Russian troops were mingling with Americans, the Russian soldiers went to talk and sing and make love with young Russian girls that had come in wagons.

AAF Band Musical To Be Shown at Scala

A two-reel film of the official AAF Band's recent tour in England, produced by the 3rd Combat Camera Unit, will be shown as part of the regular Scala Theater program in London for three days starting Sunday, Apr. 29.

AFN RADIO PROGRAM

American Forces Network—With the AEF on the Road to Berlin

1375 kc. 1402 kc. 1411 kc. 1420 kc. 1447 kc. 218.1m. 213.9m. 212.6m. 211.3m. 207.3m.

Saturday, Apr. 28

- 1200—News: Duffie Bag
1300—World News
1310—American Sports
1315—Great Music
1330—Globe Theater
1400—News: Army Radio Orchestra
1430—Miss Parade
1500—World News
1510—Harry James
1530—On the Record
1630—Strike up the Band
1700—News: Dance Band
1730—Nat. Barn Dance
1755—Mark up the Map
1800—World News
1810—Interlude in Blue

- 1100—News: U.S.
1106—Morning After
1135—Concert Hall
1200—News: Sammy Kaye
1230—Clear L'u'r D'ks.
1300—World News
1310—American Sports
1315—WAC's Works
1330—Inf'rmat'n, Please
1400—News: C'mb't Quiz
1415—Atlantic Spotlight
1445—Around Times Sq
1500—World News
1510—Grand Old Opry
1530—Fred. Martin
1600—News: U.S. Army Band
1615—Music Parade
1700—Raymond Scott
1715—AEF Special
1755—Mark up the Map
1800—World News
1815—Swingtime
1900—News: Sports
1905—Jack Benny
1915—Intermezzo
2000—News: Mail Call
2030—Adrieh Family
2100—World News
2105—Your War Today
2115—American Album
2145—At Ease
2200—News: U.S. News
2205—Fiesta
2230—Guy Lombardo
2300—World News
2305—One Night Stand
2330—Suspense
0000—World News

Sunday, Apr. 29

- 0800—News: C'mb't Diary
0825—Family Hour
1000—News: S'nd'y Music
0826—Sunday Serenade
0900—World News
0910—Spotlight on Jan Garber
0925—Family Hour
1000—News: S'nd'y Music
1015—Radio Chapel
1045—Light Music

Monday, Apr. 30

- 0800—News: Cmbt Dry Album with Ginny Simms
0830—Music by Charlie Barnet
0900—World News
0910—Spotlight on Harry James
0925—James Melton Show
1000—News: Morning After (Mail Call)
1030—Strike up Band
1100—News: U.S. News
1105—Duffie Bag

# Warweek

German Civilians Do a Turnabout  
Yank's Prison Camp Diary  
A Frenchman Looks at Our TDs

Saturday, April 28, 1945

## Two-Faced Nazis 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

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



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

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.

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 cigarettes 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 medic 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.

They looked upon us as intruders, strangers. They couldn't be more than the enemy to us—it was brought home with a sudden, stinging impact then.

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.

But you had to spend a night in Helmstedt to really get to know them.



"... In the daytime people stare curiously and interestedly . . ."

you were a child.

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.

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.

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



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

### 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 expression, 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 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."

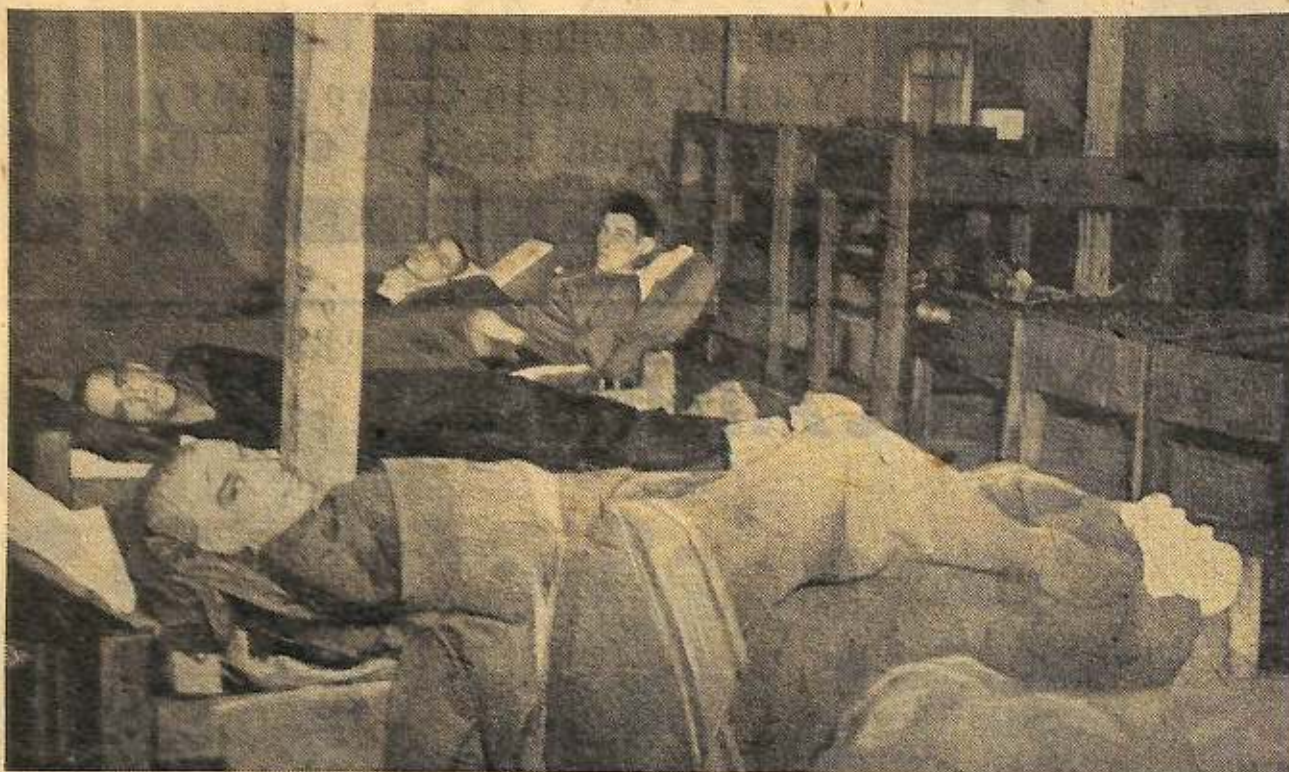
IN most of the towns taken in our drive into the heart of Germany there are white signs painted in German on the sides of the buildings—things like "What Are You Doing for Germany?" or "With the Führer to Victory," and "One Country, One People, One Leader."

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.

You can inquire from Aachen all the way to the recently-taken towns and villages along the Elbe and you won't find out who painted those slogans on the walls, or how long ago. When you ask, the townspeople shrug and say, "Ich weiss nicht"—I don't know. "Wir sind kleine Leute"—We are just little people.

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.



Associated Press Photos

**S**TARK horror, starvation and cruel mistreatment, that is the story of Hitler's Prison Camps; the Hell-Pens of the 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

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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, Luxemburg, 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 hillside. 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, whenna 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, Apr. 2, Ed Uzemack kept a diary. Scribbled with the stub of a pencil on a cheaply-made, tattered 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 solicitousness under 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, cigarettes and better food appeared. Apparently the Germans thought that some gestures toward better treatment would soften the hearts of the men of Stammlager 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. He will remember how he 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

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 Heinie 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

*Cruelty..*

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, in 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 reefer-smoking mess sergeant. 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

*Hunger..*

on the men. That evening we reached a German village 30 kilometers from our starting point. We were assembled in a large field on the outskirts."

In the field the prisoners were searched again, but Uzemack had hidden the thing he wanted to keep most—a wrist-watch his wife had given him—inside his legging.

"They never did get the watch, more precious to me than all the gold in the world," he noted.

The night the tired, hungry men slept in the village church—after intervention by American officers who objected when they learned that the Germans originally planned to keep the prisoners in the open field all night. This was in midwinter, with snow on the ground, and most of the men had neither blankets nor overcoats. When they reached the church another surprise awaited them.

"There," Uzemack wrote, "we got our first food since our capture—a half loaf of sour bread per man, plus some marmalade and a small piece of cheese.

# Prison Camp Diary

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."

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



Uzemack from starvation, emaciated before hospitalized immediately upon liberation, examines patient. "No

*Starvation*

German officer whom Uzemack describes, in blunt doughboy language, as "a monocled son-of-a-bitch." He was quite a figure, Ed says, "with his natty breeches, swagger 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



nd belief, many prisoners had to be n. Photos upper left show GIs in "od" policy. Above, Army Medic osis: "Malnutrition."

ding, packed in the filthy freight cars, nce early morning of the 23rd, when e train stopped outside a town. Air- id sirens were sounding.

"Then," Uzemack relates, "we heard e roar of airplane engines. One e, identified as an American attack mber, swept low over the train, omed 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 medics 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 hardships 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 Frankfort 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 con-

sumed 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 Stammlager 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 my grimy 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 cigarettes—a price equivalent to \$400 a pack. By Jan. 20 the market eased off a little and cigarettes brought only 400 francs, although there were some reported sales at 500 to 600 francs each for single cigarettes of a favored brand. The men learned that "coffee" and "tea" they were given was 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. The

guard who investigated was slugged with a meat cleaver. . . . We were assembled out in the snow and told the details. We were also told that we would have no food or fuel until the guilty ones were found. . . ."

The next entry, headed "Later," says: "The incident is closed. This afternoon Barracks 42A turned over the two men responsible for slugging the guard. One was a cook who had been fired the previous day. We got our bread and soup ration tonight."

On Jan. 29 Ed Uzemack found two other Chicago men and founded the "Chicago Club of Stalag IX B." On the 31st of the month the men had an unexpected windfall—Red Cross packages containing two chocolate bars, five packs of cigarettes, meat, fish, crackers, butter, raisins, sugar, coffee, powdered milk, vitamin pills and soap.

"It was explained to us," Uzemack wrote, "that the boxes came to us as a loan from Serbian (Yugoslav) prisoners—God bless them—who had a surplus. We got one box for each four men. Even so, it was enough." The men went almost mad with joy, stuffing themselves with the food and then engaging in an orgy of trading with what they did not eat.

Chocolate rations went for as high as a package of cigarettes (\$400 at prison camp prices). Despite their high value, Ed smoked a cigarette and recorded in his diary that it was "the first whole cigarette I had smoked in 45 days." He noted that "it made me giddy."

Afterwards they held an impromptu Thanksgiving service, singing hymns and Christmas carols and 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.

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. Firewood 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, 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 tremend-

ous 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.

"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

# 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. Uzemack, with Dunn and Murry, did the editing. Uzemack, with his pencil, constituted the mechanical staff.

A few days later, on Mar. 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 ten 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: Cigarettes fast disappearing, now hard to get at 100 francs each. A pack of Prince Albert brings \$40."

French and German cigarettes brought 100 francs each a few days later, and American cigarettes 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:

"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,

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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.



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 huts, 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

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 handsome—and he had blue eyes.

"Sergeant," I asked, "do you have black hair?"

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

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'Amerique! Vive les Americains!"

### Wanted to Become Guide

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



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. Everyone was talking at once, and there were



Jean Pontonier

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.

### Officially Adopted

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 which, 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.

### After-Battle Scene

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.

"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."

### 'Only the Good Die'

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 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

... 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.

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. . . .

### Jobs Are Good Soldiers

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 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 temerity. 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.

### Tigers—Monstrous

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.

### More About

## Prison Camp Diary



A 7th Army Medic attending to three bed-ridden Allied patients in the hospital.

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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 3rd Army. The prisoners learned the 3rd 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. Bets 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!"



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

Off the Global Wire

Sees Germany's Food Exhausted Within 60 Days

WASHINGTON, Apr. 27 (ANS)—German food stocks now being used to feed the people in captured Reich areas will be exhausted within two months, and "the pipeline that is going to feed them" from then on "is not apparent."

"The problem of food, fuel and cover plagues all of Europe," McCloy said. U.S. forces are using local food supplies to feed German civilians, drawing on Army supplies only in emergencies, he said.

Impressed by the "complete destruction that runs through Germany," McCloy said the immediate problem was to get the German people back to work so they can produce for their own needs.

Pétain Imprisoned

PARIS, Apr. 27—Marshal Henri Philippe Pétain, who surrendered himself for trial on treason charges by the French High Court of Justice, was arrested on the Franco-Swiss border last night and was imprisoned today in Montrouge Fort, south of Paris.



MARSHAL PÉTAÏN

The 89-year-old Vichy leader was put in a barely furnished room in the fort, which is a school for policemen. One report said his first request was for a picture of Gen. Charles de Gaulle to hang in the room.

Charges against him were read by French officials before Pétain crossed the border last night. Gen. Joseph Pierre Koenig, Military Governor of Paris, was present, but was reported to have refused to shake the hand Pétain extended in greeting.

Cushion Berlin's Fall

MONTEVIDEO, Uruguay, Apr. 27 (Reuter)—The expression "fall of Berlin" is not to be used in Argentina by government order, according to reports received here yesterday.

Argentine broadcasting stations have received instructions that news of the conquest of Berlin must be made in such a way as not to emphasize it, and use of the word "fall" is prohibited.

Police will take all necessary measures to deal with popular demonstrations, using arms if necessary.

In spite of these measures, the people are described as eagerly awaiting news of the conquest of the German capital and calling newspapers to ask the forbidden phrase: "Has Berlin fallen?"

Favor Leopold Yield to Son

BRUSSELS, Apr. 27 (AP)—Many members of the Belgian Parliament were reported today to have advocated that King Leopold abdicate in favor of his son Prince Baudouin, with Prince Charles, Leopold's brother, continuing in his present role as Regent.

East Fronts -

(Continued from page 1)

strasse and Unter den Linden, where the heart of Nazi resistance was located.

The Soviet night communique announced that the Tempelhof airdrome had been captured.

Hitler, according to reports, had his headquarters inside this "Fortress Berlin," in a series of specially-prepared underground caverns stocked and fortified to withstand a siege of two weeks or even months.

The closest points Soviet spearheads have driven to the center of the city was to the southeast where the Russians have taken the Goerlitz railway station, a little over a mile from Unter den Linden.

In a second Order last night, Stalin announced that Marshal Rokossovsky's troops, driving across northern Germany for a possible junction with British and Canadian troops, had captured Prenzlau, 60 miles north of Berlin, and Angermuende, 37 miles northeast of the capital.

Angermuende is nine miles west of the Oder on the main line railway linking Berlin and Stettin. Prenzlau is the hub of five main railways.



CONGRATS: Cub Manager Charley Grimm grasps Bill Nicholson's hand as the hard-hitting Bruin outfielder turns third on his way home after circuiting against the Cards at Wrigley Field. Redbirds lost, 4-1.

Sen. Chandler May Ask ODT To Restore All-Star Contest

WASHINGTON, Apr. 27—Senator Albert "Happy" Chandler, baseball's new high commissioner, intimated at his press conference yesterday that one of his first moves as the head of organized baseball may be to request the Office of Defense Transportation to restore the inter-league All-Star game which is usually played in July and was scheduled for Fenway Park in Boston this year.

Chandler told sports scribes that if V-E Day comes before July, cancellation of the All-Star game should at least be subject to review. "It all depends on the circumstances," he said.

Settling the status of Leslie J. O'Connor, secretary to the late Judge Landis throughout his 24 years as baseball czar, Chandler said he would remain indefinitely. As for moving the commissioner's office from Chicago to another city, there was no comment, although many baseball men think he will move it to Washington.

The new commissioner issued a direct statement to servicemen in all theaters, promising that "Baseball will carry on because you want it that way. Because of the great victory you are winning over our enemies we shall give you when you return the greatest era of sport in the history of the world. And you will contribute and play a part in it."

Bob Feller Makes Debut With 2 Hits in 4 Innings

EVANSTON, Ill., Apr. 27—Chief Specialist Bob Feller made his bow as pitcher and coach of the Great Lakes Naval baseball team yesterday, fanning seven while allowing two hits in four innings as the sailors defeated Northwestern University, 12-2.

Northwestern scored its two runs off Johnny Gorsica in the third inning, and Feller went to work in the fourth, hurling four frames before turning the mound duties over to Johnny Meketi, former Giant. Paced by Ken Keltner, former teammate of Feller on the Cleveland Indians, Great Lakes blasted out 14 hits.

Chicago Glover Bared as Pro

CHICAGO, Apr. 27—Cpl. Adolfo Quijano, of the Muroc (Cal.) Army Air Base, yesterday admitted that he was a professional boxer before winning the National Golden Gloves light heavy championship here this year, thus erasing an 8-8 tie in recent inter-city bouts and giving the team title to the New York Golden Glove team.

Arch Ward, sports editor of the Chicago Tribune, sponsor of the Golden Gloves tourney, said Quijano's victory over Roland Lastarza, of New York, was voided, giving the New Yorker's a 9-7 triumph. Ward added that Quijano's kayo over Cpl. Tom Attra, of Texas, in the Chicago finals would be ruled out, giving Attra the light heavy crown.

Quijano's professional career was disclosed by Leonard Carlton, Texas boxing commissioner, who revealed that Quijano had boxed as a pro in Texas in '41.

Stimulus, Who Sired 454 Winners, Destroyed

LEXINGTON, Ky., Apr. 27—Stimulus, one of the outstanding sires of thoroughbred winners, has been humanely destroyed because of illness and advanced years. The 23-year-old son of Ultimous Hurakan was in excellent health until recently. At the end of the 1944 racing season he had sired 454 winners which won \$2,294,039. He raced only as a two-year-old, winning nine of 14 starts.

Minor League Results

Table with columns for League, Team, W, L, Pct.

Table with columns for League, Team, W, L, Pct.

Brownies Clip Tribe, 4-3, To End Losing Streak

NEW YORK, Apr. 27—The St. Louis Browns broke a five-game losing streak yesterday to nose out Cleveland, 4-3, in the first game of a scheduled double-header which saw the second battle postponed because of rain.

Nelson Potter won his own game for the Brownies with a single in the ninth to score Len Schulte. Potter held the Indians to seven hits, three of which came in the fourth when the Indians scored two runs, and his only other trouble came in the fifth, when the Indians pushed over their other run.

Memphis Seen Threat to Vols In So. Assoc.

ATLANTA, Ga., Apr. 27 (AP)—The Southern Association swings into its fourth war-time season under clear skies today with the Memphis Chicks labeled "most likely to succeed" in a poll of sports writers, but because of the presence of one Larry Gilbert on the bench of the Nashville Vols it is considered anybody's race by the fans—quite possibly Nashville's.

Ancient Larry's club has taken it on the chin, due to the fact that he had a very healthy crop of players on his hands when the war broke out, but he made the best of things to walk off with the league championship in '43, and last year, with a new face in practically every position, he repeated.



LARRY GILBERT

Now in his 22nd year in the Southern loop, Larry is the only manager in the circuit to have served 20 or more years. Gilbert-managed teams have won the most pennants—eight—and they've won four split-season playoffs without losing any.

However, only four of 15 sports scribes who expressed themselves in a poll think Gilbert's club has the stuff for the '45 race. Eight writers named Memphis as the logical successor to the loop's high chair and think that it will be more or less a four-team fight between the Chicks, Nashville, New Orleans and Atlanta.

The opening day's horsehide menu lists Atlanta at Chattanooga, Nashville at Birmingham, Memphis at Little Rock and New Orleans at Mobile—the last three being night games. All opening day pitchers are back from last year except Birmingham's John Hetki, who is just out of the Army, but, as is the case with every other circuit in the country, the Southern Association has been hit hard by Uncle Sam in the other departments.

Ted Payseur Picked To Succeed Wilson

CHICAGO, Apr. 27—Theodore "Ted" Payseur, a member of Northwestern University's athletic staff since 1926, has been appointed athletic director of the Wildcats.

Payseur's appointment fills the post vacated by Kenneth "Tug" Wilson, who resigned to become Big Ten athletic commissioner.

Bad Legs Force Danning To Quit Baseball

NEW YORK, Apr. 27—Harry Danning, former New York Giant catcher now in the AAF stationed in California, has retired from baseball, the New York Daily News said yesterday. Danning has informed the Giants that he wants to be placed on the voluntarily retired list.

According to the News, Danning's legs are in bad condition and he was recommended for a physical discharge by the medics. But the War Department overruled the physicians, keeping in line with the dictum to keep professional athletes in the service.



Table for American League standings

Table for National League standings

Table for American League leading hitters

Table for National League leading hitters

Table for American League home run hitters

Table for National League home run hitters

Dick Tracy



Li'l Abner



By Chester Gould



By Al Capp



By Al Capp



Help Wanted - AND GIVEN

Write your question or problem to Help Wanted, The Stars and Stripes, 20, Cavalry Sq., London, W1, or APO 413, U.S. Army. Telephone U.K. Base HQ, Ext. 2131.

When requesting an APO include last known unit, APO, ASN and home town of the person you want, as well as your complete address. This edition is only circulated in the United Kingdom and so that names of men believed to be on the Continent should be sent to The Stars and Stripes, Continent should be sent to The Stars and Stripes, Help Wanted Dept., APO 887.

APOs Wanted S/SGT. Cornelius AYON, Azusa, Cal.; Lt. Col. John A. BELL, MC 9-323556; Lt. Edward A. BLATTNES, Chicago; Pvt. Mary Adeline CRAIN; Miss Maxine COUCH, Gunterville, Ala.; Pvt. Timothy F. CURTIN, 11008870, Springfield, Mass. S/SGT. Gaston L. DARGIS; Cpl. Ava Prevatte HIRN, Rocky Mount, N.C.; Lloyd HEFFEL-FINGER, Essington, Pa.; Lt. Elizabeth K. JEN-SEN, Perryburg, Ohio; James G. LAW, Wheeling, W.Va.; James William LANGFORD (B17 pilot); Sgt. William L. LEVET, Rocky River, Ohio. Personal WILL the S/Sgt. who inquired at Falmouth Library recently for a family named "Jose," contact this department as this information is now available. Found ALFRED PERRY, 31299410.—Your identification bracelet has been found.

Around the 48 Yesterday

Geneva Convention Stays Army Rule for Nazi PWs

WASHINGTON (ANS)—The Army's treatment of German prisoners of war in the U.S. is a "question of law, not a question of Army policy," Brig. Gen. R. W. Berry, deputy assistant chief of staff for personnel, told the House Military Affairs Committee as it opened a study of the war prisoner situation.

The Army "has no other choice," Berry said, than to adhere to the Geneva Convention, despite "plenty of instances" of German violations. Nor does the Army intend to make any changes, Berry said, when asked if the War Department might tighten up in the wake of Axis abuses of American prisoners.

Army Has No Intention of Tightening Up

Re-stressing what War Department officials have said in the past, Berry declared that the handling of the estimated 2,000,000 German prisoners here and overseas was "firm." The policy toward recalcitrant prisoners, he added, was "no work, no eat."

Berry admitted there were isolated cases of too lenient treatment and too many privileges for Nazi PWs. But, in general, he said, "there was no coddling."

The general said that if the U.S. deviated from the Geneva provisions the country might face difficulty in sending relief supplies to American prisoners in Germany since such supplies are handled through Convention procedure. He estimated that at least 70,000 Americans still were held prisoner in Germany and that 15,000 had been liberated to date by Allied armies.

Because of the recent collapse in Germany's administrative set-up and the lack of records, Berry said the Army didn't know how many American prisoners had been killed or had died in German hands.

Berry said there were fewer than 6,000 Japanese PWs and 18,000 Italian PWs in addition to 32,000 Italians in service units in the U.S. and 70,000 abroad.

War Production Cut Begins

WASHINGTON (ANS)—Cutbacks in war production were started this month along with adjustments for the conversion of military procurement from a two- to a one-front war, the War Production Board announced, and at the same time revealed that March's munitions output had exceeded schedules for the first time.

The cutbacks began with a reduced turnout of ammunition, tanks and planes and "will accelerate from now on," Hiland G. Batcheller, WPB chief of operations, said. He cautioned, however, that \$48,000,000,000 worth of munitions still would have to be turned out in the first year after V-E Day.

"By the time fighting in Europe ends we may have taken so many successive bites out of the two-front war schedules there will be little change remaining to be made," Batcheller said.

Batcheller added that the U.S. had more than enough productive capacity to

meet the needs of the Pacific war and the "substantial" amount of new civilian production plus some help in rehabilitating Europe. Last month's critical programs showed an average increase of almost 17 per cent over the February report, he said.

CAPITAL RAMBLINGS: Rep. J. Parnell Thomas (R.-N.J.) told the Army that Americans would be "much put out when they hear you're bringing in 75,000 Germans (prisoners) a month when there isn't space enough to bring back American soldiers on rotation" . . . Bess Truman, the nation's new First Lady, announced she would not hold any press conferences.

With a tripled staff of investigators, Price Administrator Chester A. Bowles opened a new offensive against the meat black market with the warning that heavy fines and jail sentences awaited operators who are caught.

Hard Coal Miners Vote Strike

HAZLETON (ANS)—Pennsylvania's hard coal miners voted 6-1 to strike when their present contract with the anthracite operators expires next Monday, the regional National Labor Board announced. It was the largest poll held in the State under the provisions of the Smith-Connelly Act. A formal strike notice was given 30 days ago by John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers.

NEW YORK (ANS)—William G. Chandler, Scripps-Howard executive, was elected president of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association. David W. Howe, publisher of The Burlington, Vt., Free Press, was elected vice-president.

COLUMBUS, Ga. (ANS)—Plans for the biggest polio hospital in the world at Warm Springs as a permanent memorial to the late President Roosevelt were proposed by Maynard R. Ashworth, of The Columbus Ledger and Enquirer. To start the ball rolling, Ashworth's paper contributed \$10,000.

More Mummies In St. Louis

ST. LOUIS (ANS)—The mummy situation is growing worse around here. Two more unburied bodies of persons dead at least 25 years have been discovered during the last 24 hours—bringing to four the number of such cases in the area within a week.

One of the bodies was that of a Negro identified as "Jim Fields," who died 25 years ago. They found his remains propped up in the cob-webbed corner of a deserted building.

Located almost simultaneously was

the body of Bill Lee, a fisherman, who died in 1915. Since then his body had lain in an Alton, Ill., funeral home waiting for relatives to claim it.

The new disclosures came on the heels of the burial of a woman known only as "Maud" whose shrunken body had lain 40 years in a local funeral parlor and the finding of the body of Francis Schlatter in another funeral home. Schlatter, described as a chemist and lecturer, died in 1922.

Bobby-Soxers Wear PW Signs

NEW YORK—The Army had a new bobby-sox craze with which to contend. The teen-agers now are dashing about with the letters PW plastered all over the backs of their clothing.

Their actions had reached such proportions in New York, Boston, Columbus, St. Louis and other cities that the Army has issued a stern warning pointing out that people wearing clothing marked PW are liable to get shot if mistaken for escaped prisoners of war.

Officials doubt that the prank has any significance, calling it just one of the silly things the kids are doing these days.

1st Army Links Up With Reds

(Continued from page 1) achieve this. You have played a part in the liberation of four nations. . . . The American people, who armed you, had great confidence in you. You have proved yourself worthy of this confidence and you will show yourself worthy in the battles to come."

Paying tribute to the armies of the Allied powers, Stalin said, "Our task and duty are to finish off the enemy and force him to lay down arms and surrender unconditionally."

"This task and this duty toward our people and toward all freedom-loving peoples the Red Army will fulfil to the end."

"I greet the gallant troops of our Allies now standing on German territory face to face with Soviet troops, filled with determination to perform their duty to the end."

Stalin said the link-up would be hailed with 24 artillery salvos from 324 guns, reserved only for victories of the first order.

For some days indications that the link-up was imminent or had taken place were variously hinted at in front-line dispatches. 1st Army troops had been reported listening on field radio receivers to Soviet commands and Russian-speaking American troops had been standing by in armored scout cars awaiting the signal to make the juncture.

The juncture at Torgau cuts Germany completely in half, with the ports and

naval bases to the north and Hitler's southern redoubt south of the line. Even as the announcement was made, Allies from the east and west were hurling their full force against the Nazi pockets of resistance formed by the link-up.

Torgau, whose capture was announced in Thursday night's Soviet communique, will become a historic name in the war. It has a fittingly historical background as the site of Frederick the Great's triumph over the Austrians in 1760. Its 15th century castle is now used as a barracks. With a pre-war population of 13,500, it manufactured gloves, glass and pottery.

The link-up came 106 days after the start of the Soviet offensive from the Vistula bridgeheads south of Warsaw which launched the Red Army on the shortest road to Berlin, and 51 days after the first Allied troops crossed the Rhine. On Jan. 14 the two Allied forces were about 700 miles apart—Red Army troops roughly 400 miles from Torgau, the Americans, near Trier, about 300 miles from it.

Reuter's military correspondent observed that the immediate problem which arises for the Allied commanders is mainly administrative—to prevent confusion arising from the coming together of so many friendly armies. For this purpose it is believed demarcation lines have been decided upon, but they are not hard and fast and need not be adhered to by armies actually engaged in battle or pursuit.



DITTMAR SURRENDERS: Lt. Gen. Kurt Dittmar, whose weekly radio "commentaries" handed down the Wehrmacht line to the German people, surrendered himself on Wednesday to the U.S. 30th Division rather than be taken by the Russians. Crossing the Elbe River ostensibly to intercede for civilian wounded, the High Command spokesman is shown walking between his son, Berend, 15, carrying a white flag, and two U.S. Army officers. He was given a half-hour in which to decide whether to give himself up. With the Russians closing in, he decided quickly. Keystone Photo

Japs Using Piloted Rockets; Yanks Wedge Okinawa Line

GUAM, Apr. 27 (ANS)—The Japs have been using pilot-guided rocket bombs in limited numbers against U.S. ships off Okinawa, where American troops are hammering a wedge into the secondary positions of the enemy-held southern sector, Adm. Chester W. Nimitz, Supreme Naval Chief in the Pacific, announced today.

Launched from the underside of bombers the suicide planes, each 16 feet long and with an explosive warhead in the nose, are not maneuverable and ships can dodge them by evasive action. The limited numbers used so far have given the Americans little opportunity for observing effectiveness of the enemy weapon, Nimitz said. Built of light metal and wood, the planes have a wingspread of 16 feet and the tail planes are eight feet wide.

Six bases on Kyushu, southernmost mainland island whence the Japs launch air attacks against Okinawa, 325 miles away, were attacked today for the second successive day by 100 to 150 Superforts. No B29s were lost in yesterday's attacks on 21 targets on Kyushu and Shikoku, it was announced.

Lt. Frederick A. Dimit, 200-pound bombardier from Bartlesville, Okla., found one of his 500-pound bombs stuck in the shackle during yesterday's raid. He managed to lift the bomb free and drop it through the open bomb bay to the Jap mainland 14,000 feet below.

Infantry of the 96th Division pressed into the Jap Okinawa defenses, closely supported by warship shelling, and gained a 400-foot height dominating the outer rim of the thick belt of fortifications, defending Naha, the island capital. The Japs withdrew under heavy artillery fire.

Report Japs Leave Rangoon

CALCUTTA, Apr. 27 (AP)—Air observation indicates the Japanese are evacuating Rangoon by land and sea.

Allied reconnaissance planes report no new fortifications are being thrown up round the outskirts of the city. Pilots report anti-aircraft fire in the Rangoon area is only a fraction of what it used to be.

The pilots could find no large concentration of Japanese troops around the military installations near Rangoon. Coastal ships have been seen leaving Rangoon for Malaya.

Streicher Cell Made 'Shrine' in Nuremberg

NUREMBERG, Apr. 27 (Reuter)—The cell in Nuremberg's city prison where the notorious anti-Jewish publisher Julius Streicher had been imprisoned before the Nazis came to power was converted into a "shrine" and no one was allowed to enter it—prior to the city's capture by the Americans.

Preceded by a Snafu, Natchery

Link-Up Formalities Brief But Gay

By Andy Rooney

Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

TORGAU, ON THE ELBE RIVER, Apr. 26 (Delayed by Censor)—The meeting between the Russian and American Armies reads like a comic opera which needed another rehearsal.

A week ago, when it became obvious that the 1st Army was going to meet the Russians, divisions which had moved on after clearing Leipzig were given a line beyond which they were not supposed to advance.

If G2 or G3 knew where the Russians were or what "the big picture" was, they didn't tell anyone. Division infantry officers had no idea where or when to expect the Russians—or exactly how contact would be made.

Leads Patrol to River

Yesterday afternoon at 1.32 1/Lt. Albert L. Kotzebue, of Houston, Tex., led a 69th Div. patrol to the Elbe and met Russians.

At 69th Div. Hq no one seemed to know whether Kotzebue was a hero or a heel. Had he fouled up higher headquarters' plans by meeting the Russians before the set time and at a wrong place? It was too late to do anything about it, so 1/Lt. William Robertson, of Los Angeles, went up to the Elbe and made arrangements for an official meeting of division commanders today.

With Robertson were Cpl. James McDonald, of Peabody, Mass., Pvt.

Frank Huff, of Washington, Va., and Pvt. Paul Staub, of New York.

The meeting place was on the east bank of the Elbe across from Torgau. All bridges had been blown and not rebuilt because the Russians had orders to wait on their side of the Elbe for the Americans, just as the Americans had orders to wait on their side of the Mulde for the Russians.

Crosses in a Scull

When Maj. Gen. E. F. Reinhardt, CG of the 69th, got there, the only way he could cross was in one of three racing sculls, similar to those used in the Poughkeepsie Regatta. The Elbe is 175 yards wide here and it flows fast. The five-man shells ride at most three inches above the water and the oars were manned by happy Russian soldiers, who clutched an oar in each hand and a bottle between their knees.

Along the banks, Russian refugees, waiting to cross, sat idly in the sun. Girls were crowded around Russian soldiers, most of whom were playing accordions they had found in an accordion factory in Torgau. Older Russian women were washing their feet in the cool Elbe waters. Downstream, three Yanks were watching a Russian soldier demonstrate his automatic rifle by firing bursts across the water. Lolling around half a dozen jeeps in the background, Americans and Russians were trading insignia, canned rations and drinks.

It was 4.20 when Reinhardt started

Molotov Argues Chairmanship Of Conference

SAN FRANCISCO, Apr. 27—The United Nations world security conference moved into its third day today with the chief delegates of the Big Four meeting to thrash out a new and unexpected problem—the selection of a permanent chairman for the parley.

This latest difference broke out of the first meeting of the steering committee yesterday when Anthony Eden, Foreign Minister of Great Britain, proposed that Secretary of State Edward R. Stettinius Jr., as head of the host country's delegation, be named permanent chairman and chairman of the executive and steering committees.

Soviet Foreign Commissar Vyacheslav Molotov astonished the chief delegates by objecting and suggesting that four permanent chairmen, chosen from the U.S., British, Russian and Chinese delegations, be selected, with the chairmanship rotating throughout the conference.

Eden quickly effected a compromise by agreeing with rotation of chairmanship for the conference itself but nominating Stettinius for permanent chairman of the steering and executive committees. The measure was approved unanimously—with Molotov not voting—and after a conference between the four top representatives, Molotov again startled everyone by calling for adjournment because "no agreement had been reached on points under discussion." The meeting adjourned in a cloud of confusion and excited chatter.

The disagreement overshadowed the two other contentious issues blocking the start of the conference—the questions of Polish representation and of the multiple vote for the Soviet Union. The petition for votes for the Ukrainian and White Russian Republics were given to the steering committee, along with specific reasons, but the meeting closed with no action being taken on the request.

Molotov, chuckling and fencing with reporters at a press conference yesterday and showing little indication of worry over these early conflicts, told newsmen "we shall do all in our power to solve the Polish question without unnecessary delay and on the basis of the Yalta agreement."

"But it is not an easy question," he said, adding that "the present conference does not discuss the Polish government, but I am most anxious to have representation of the Polish government at San Francisco."

Above all the confusion and jockeying between the major powers hung the words of Eden, who last night hopefully told the delegates the work at hand could be accomplished within a month.

"If we work to the utmost of our strength," he said, "it may be possible to agree on a charter within four weeks from now."

Report Berchtesgaden Casualties

NEW YORK, Apr. 27 (AP)—Wednesday's raid on the Berchtesgaden area killed about 500 persons, including leading Nazis, the Stockholm newspaper Tidningen reported today in a dispatch picked up by OWI.

Terry and the Pirates

By Courtesy of News Syndicate

By Milton Caniff

