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Air Supremacy

TIME and time again in this war, the Allies have beaten the Nazis at their own game, surpassed them in fields heretofore accepted by some as spheres in which the Germanic mind and skill were supreme. And in no case has there been greater proof of this than in radio broadcasting.

Quick to see the potentialities in short-wave propaganda broadcasts, Germany took an early lead by flooding Europe, Africa, the Middle East and South America with messages patterned on the Nazi mould. Nazi supremacy in the airwaves was strengthened with subsequent military victories on the Continent, and eventually the BBC stood as the lone voice of truth in Europe speaking to the peoples of occupied countries.

The BBC, which plugged away at its difficult task, constantly gaining strength, now has a strong ally, the ABSIE. Between the two systems the stranglehold of the Nazi network has been broken and the Allies enjoy a new and vital type of air superiority.

Each day through ABSIE, urgent instructions from Gen. Eisenhower are transmitted to the people of Europe. Broadcasts are made in the languages of the occupied countries, and the people have been told to familiarize themselves with "The Voice" that will give them D-Day instructions. In a situation which has no parallel in history, the commander of a liberating force can give instructions freely and directly to a vast underground army—an army supposedly subjugated to the will of a conqueror and cut off from the outside world.

The situation is a far cry from the days when German networks were virtually unchallenged and Hitler was a leading radio personality. The turning of the tables is best summed up by a contributor to the British press, who refers to the Fuehrer thusly:

Time was when he could hawl at will:
 The world tuned-in at each appearance.
 But now that raucous voice is still—
 There's too much outside interference.

Tito Strikes

MARSHAL Tito, the Yugoslav partisan leader, is on the march with his fierce soldiers against the enemy. In a call to all units of the National Liberation Army and partisan detachments throughout Yugoslavia Tito ordered them "to strike immediately and with all their might against the German garrisons and strongholds."

Tito, whom the Germans laughed at in the beginning of his campaign, has gained fighting strength to the point where the Germans have thrown in the best of their troops against him, including airborne infantry.

This stern-faced and violent enemy of the Nazis with his youthful guerrilla fighters has awaited this day for many weary months and has been unwavering in his intention to carry out a pledge he has given:

"The National Liberation Army of Yugoslavia will wage common war with the Allies until the total annihilation of the German and other conquerors."

And now, news dispatches indicate, Tito is throwing his entire weight into the battle, the grand coordinated push against the foe.

The World's Money

THE world monetary conference to be held in the United States July 1 will be one of the most concrete post-war plans for restoring the world's war-ravaged economic structure.

President Roosevelt called the conference, which will be attended by virtually all of the Allied nations with Britain, the British Commonwealth and the United States taking leading parts.

The hard core of the discussion is expected to be formation of a gigantic \$8,000,000,000 stabilization fund made up by nations participating in the plan on the basis of gold production, foreign trade and other such factors. Gold and the currency of each nation will be the "cash in hand" of the fund.

Men operating the fund would be selected from the nations having the largest stake in the plan. It is not intended that the fund be used to manipulate international trade but to facilitate the movement of goods and services between nations so that rehabilitation will be more rapid.

Exactly how the fund would operate, and how far-reaching its influence would be, probably will be of prime interest to the coming conference. Details will change.

This is not the first time such proposals have been made. Both British and American financial experts have proposed somewhat similar plans before, and both have disagreed roundly.

But the present idea comes from some 100 specialists representing 34 nations. That in itself is proof that cooperative planning for the post-war world is working, and it shows that those who are allied in war can also be allied in peace.

Hash Marks

Shed a few more tears in your beer. If omens mean anything peace is still a long way off. Someone has stolen the 16 doves from the Washington Zoo.

* * *

Latest Flash on the Soldier Vote: We



understand a GI in the ETO just received a ballot for the McKinley Election.

* * *

A colonel inspecting a platoon yanked out a corporal's dog-tags, looked at them and asked, "What are the letters 'M-B' doing under your blood type?" "Sorry, sir," replied the Cpl. without a smile, "they gave the test after I'd been over here several months. That's mild and bitter."

* * *

In today's paper we saw a picture of a dejected looking Nazi prisoner eating "C" rations. No wonder the Krauts fight so hard sometimes to prevent being taken alive.

* * *

Today's verse comes from columnist Carl Hogendorn of Iowa:

Life is so sweet,
 But oh, how bitter—
 To love a girl
 And then not gitter.

* * *

Life is Like That. Millions of people in the U.S.A. have been unsuccessfully battling the queues for months trying to see that smash stage hit, "Oklahoma." But one of our own ETO residents got to see the play without any trouble at all. Lt. Julia Burgess, Troop Carrier Flying Nurse, made a trip to the States and took with her a letter from Lt. Joshua Logan to his old Broadway friend, Dick Rogers, the play's composer. That did the trick.

* * *

This Week's Fable (or maybe it's the heat). An officer charged with the responsibility of making the officers'



club at his base look attractive ordered one of his men to get some brown paint and go to work on the place. He came back several hours later expecting to see his decorative scheme carried out and found the GI happily slapping a hideous purple shade around. "Say," he screamed, "I told you to use brown paint!" "Well," muttered the soldier, "it says 'brown' on the can!" The officer was overwhelmed. "But surely you can tell by looking at it that it's not brown." "No, sir," replied the painter, happily resuming his work, "I'm color-blind."

J. C. W.

A Spy Job on Plan That Clicked

Nazis Caught Asleep On the By-Passing Of Velletri

By James Cooper
 (Reprinted from London Daily Express)

BEFORE VELLETRI, June 2—As dawn broke over the Italian battlefield a quiet-spoken American general stayed inside what should have been the enemy lines, waiting to learn if his hunch had proved correct.

As he squatted on the trestle bridge over the railway he was oblivious of the rifle shots that told of the rouding up of snipers about him.

Something more important than sniping was at stake, something more than his own reputation as a tactician. Security prevents me from giving his name.

Let us call him Parker, and what he waited to hear was if the Parker Plan had succeeded in piercing Kesselring's defence line up in the Alban Hills.

He strained his ears, and peered through the valley mists at the hills above, but heard no sound of large-scale action and saw nothing to indicate that the Parker plan had failed. So that he knew long before the message came on the walkie-talkie set that the plan had probably worked.

But he was hardly prepared for the good news that it had worked so well that we had cut clean behind the enemy and taken the 3,000-foot Hill 931, one of the highest points on the Colli Laziali mountain mass, northeast of Velletri.

Bypassed Velletri

That meant that we had bypassed the fortress town of Velletri, keypoint in the Rome line, and that instead of fighting uphill across the deep natural moat in a frontal assault on the town we were behind it, looking down on it, almost encircling it, and threatening to make it untenable.

It meant that we had prevented Velletri from ever becoming another Cassino, because in Hill 931 we had captured the equivalent of Cassino's Monastery Hill.

Said a staff officer: "It looks as if Kesselring's caught napping."

The general just sighed a sigh of satisfaction, and went to breakfast. For the Parker Plan was approved only the previous afternoon.

For three days our troops have been mortared as they faced the formidable town of Velletri, snugly ensconced in the shoulder of the hills. It looked as if the taking of the town must be a tough business.

But the planes circling the front-line and beyond were not wasting time, though they dropped no bombs. They were "dicing" positions beyond, taking close-up photographs that could be pieced together into a relief map of the hills.

Meantime patrols were probing into the foothills, testing the enemy's strength, and getting information from civilians escaping the terror of the Germans.

The general pieced the picture together, and decided that Kesselring, feeling secure in the protection of the foothill towns of Velletri, Lanuvio and

Genzano, held the hills only lightly, but probably strongly enough to rush troops to meet any obvious daylight attacks.

And Velletri overlooked our lines. From the roof of the four-storeyed monastery, or the castellated turrets of its castle, look-outs could see any big-scale movements.

So the order was given to the front-liners to withdraw on foot. There were no trucks to make tell-tale clouds of dust, and each man in his fighting kit tramped back to the base, and there rested till dusk.

Then they were told the secret of their night mission.

An officer present told me: "You should have seen the men's spirits rise. They were tired of the stalemate facing the town. They had an old score to wipe out from Cassino days and they were just raring to go."

No Grumbling

That is why there was no grumbling when the men set out for what proved to be a six-hour march. There was no talking at all. The watchword was silence, as the men marched in the light of the half-moon, resting often so as to conserve their energies for any fighting.

The distance was only six miles, as bullets whistle, but the men walked many times that distance as they climbed the hill, more than half a mile high.

It was not a small patrol, but a force

of men able to take and hold such a key position.

They had to cross the road linking Highway Six with Highway Seven, between Velletri and Valmontone, where patrols might be expected, had to cross gullies where one dislodged stone might give the alarm, had to cross crests where they might be silhouetted against the moonlight.

Veterans Make It

But most of the men are veterans of mountain fighting, and they hugged the mountainside, and managed to reach the top by dawn, undetected.

Even in daylight they met little opposition—mainly snipers, who were silenced before they could impede progress.

By then our men were entrenched firmly enough for the bulldozers to be brought up, and combat engineers—frontline sappers who can fight as well as dig—began the work of carving a road back down the mountainside for additional forces to be brought up.

So that today, while the units are closing in on Velletri below, the men on the top are looking towards Rome.

But perhaps the best comment on the Parker Plan came today from a man who fought in Cassino.

He looked down the hill, and said: "It's nice to have the Huns below us for a change."

Tank-Infantry Teamwork Stressed in U.S. Planning

By Tom Hoge
 Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

A U.S. TANK BATTALION, England, June 2—A tank that goes into combat buttoned up and unsupported is a blind, lumbering thing at the mercy of enemy rifle and bazooka fire.

Both the Allies and the Axis learned that at the outset of this war and began feverishly training infantry as tank support. As a result the tank has come into its own—a mobile menace able to break through enemy lines and smash up rear installations.

But the favors have not all been one way.

"In working with the infantry," said Lt. Frederick D. Barker, of Cleveland, Ohio, one of the tank corps instructors, "we've found that we can do them a few good turns as well. Most important, it's been found that the 75 gun carried on our Shermans is excellent mobile

artillery support to cover advancing line troops."

So strong has the interdependence between tank and foot soldier become that it is now usual for the infantry to go into combat with an attached tank unit.

"The battalion is sometimes broken up with the combat teams," said Lt. Barker, "but usually it accompanies the regiment slated to spearhead the attack. And that means a hell of an addition in fire power."

To be specific, it means increasing the fire complement by 75s, 37s (carried on the light tanks) and 105mm howitzers mounted on half-tracks.

The modern tank corps is a young man's profession. He must have cool nerves and the build of a football player to withstand the jouncing around he has to take every day.

As a veteran tanker put it: "You climb into an ash can, see? Then you let somebody roll the can down a rocky hill. When you get to the bottom you know you've been places. Well, buddy, that's the same as riding around in a tank."

Yanks Use German Guns, Shoot Way Out of Trap

By James Earl Roper
 United Press Correspondent

WITH FIFTH ARMY APPROACHING ALBANO, June 2—A company of U.S. soldiers out of ammunition and surrounded on three sides gathered up abandoned German guns and ammunition, used them to burst out of the trap and then advanced half a mile farther along the road to Albano.

The company, which had advanced farther than other units, was without food and water for 36 hours and was threatened with annihilation if the Germans counter-attacked.

However, a captured Pole volunteered to help assemble the German weapons, which were lying around along with plenty of ammunition.

The U.S. troops put together 11 Ger-

man machine guns, two mortars, 50 automatic pistols and many rifles. Then they attacked.

The battle raged for two hours; 67 Germans being killed and 40 taken prisoner.

When the battle started, the Germans thought they were being attacked by their own men.

The sudden bursts of fire were clearly distinguished by them as being from their own weapons.

When they discovered that our troops were behind the weapons, however, they started replying with, ironically enough, U.S. Browning machine guns.

The Pole who had helped assemble the weapons explained the use of them, sitting in the grass, and asked permission to shoot at a bush where, he claimed, a German was hiding.

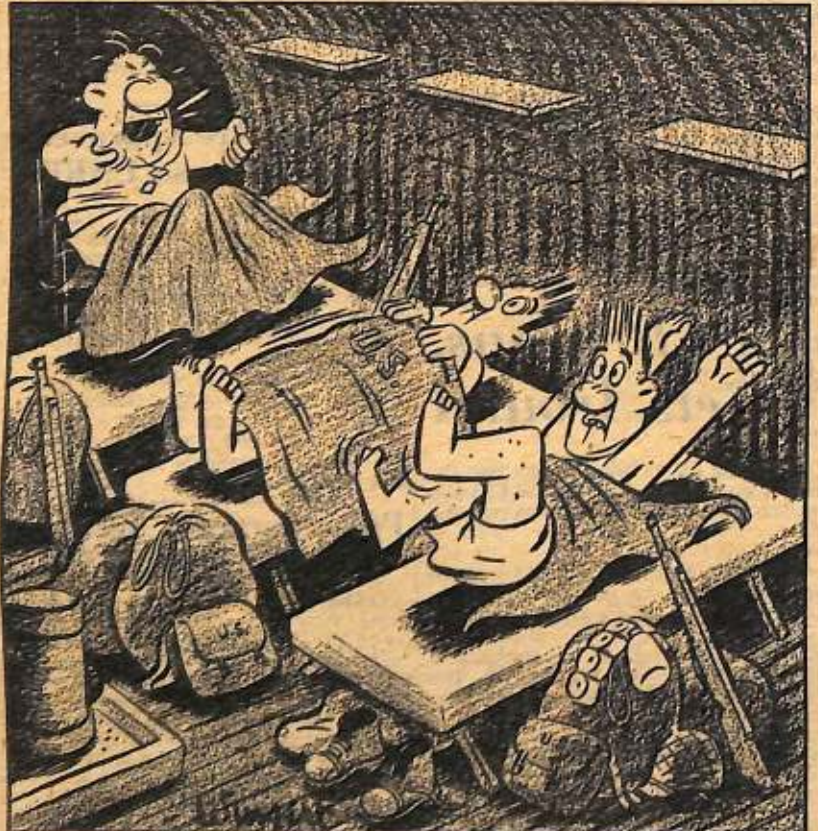
He was told he could and he got to work, with our troops keeping a careful watch to prevent any tricks.

Later, when the troops were advancing, they found the dead German.

The Pole explained that he had only joined the German Army when the Nazis had threatened to kill his family.

After the fight he grinned broadly and said he was ready to go to the prisoners' cage now.

HUBERT by SGT. DICK WINGERT



"We're surrounded—BANG-BANG!"

ARMY POETS

Hands. . . .

This is a hand! Once, long ago,
 It stroked the fragile splendor of a flower;
 Broke the even pattern of fresh fallen snow;
 Felt the first clear drops of coming shower.

This is a hand! Tapered and lean,
 That pressed sweet melody from responsive keys;
 That turned a page of novel's fiery scene;
 That beat out measures of many symphonies.

This is a hand! Its deep-lined palm
 Parted the brush of summer trails;
 It led the singing of ballad and of psalm,
 And painted the beauty of wind-spread sails.

This is a hand! Not one to beguile;
 That caressed soft hair and cupped a face,
 And lingered on a shoulder, stayed awhile,
 And trembled on the wonder of its grace.

And this is a rifle, steely bright;
 And this is a knee to kneel upon;
 And this is the target that enters the "sight"—
 And this the hand that speeds the bullet on.

Pfc Jack Saltzman.



