



THE STARS AND STRIPES

Daily Newspaper of U.S. Armed Forces

in the European Theater of Operations



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Thursday, June 8, 1944

Beaches Clear of Enemy



Allied Craft Keep Skies Free of Foe

Allied aircraft, maintaining their 200-to-one air superiority over invasion beachheads, dominated the skies over France again yesterday as they hammered German troop concentrations and smashed enemy lines of communication almost without challenge from the Luftwaffe.

After a record day in which the Allied air forces, flying the staggering total of 13,000 sorties, rocked the French coast with 22,500 tons of explosives at a cost of but 31 aircraft, U.S. planes roared out from their bases at dawn and on through the day to blast everything German.

Although enemy aerial activity picked up slightly yesterday, at 5 PM the Allies had lost only 70 planes since the first landings in Europe, most of them presumably to flak.

Heavies Bomb Near Caen

Eighth Air Force heavy bombers continued their support of ground troops yesterday afternoon by attacking a number of road intersections near towns south of Caen in an effort to block off possible German reinforcements.

In addition to escort duty, Eighth fighters strafed and bombed over a 40-50-mile arc in advance of Allied ground forces.

Up to early afternoon only two formations of 12 enemy aircraft approached the beaches and had no chance to attack Allied troops. A total of 20 German fighters were destroyed for the loss of five Allied craft.

Every type of aircraft in the Ninth Air Force—mediums, light and fighter bombers—gave close support to ground troops, strafing German forces and pounding enemy supply and communication lines in a belt 30 miles inland from the French coast.

Fighter-bombers shuttled between Britain and France throughout the day. By noon more than 500 P47 fighter-bombers had flown more than 17 separate missions over the Cherbourg Peninsula. In the only reported engagement with the enemy, one Me410 was shot down by a P47 12 feet above the ground. By late afternoon only 12 fighter-bombers had been lost, all of them to ack ack fire.

Concentrating mainly on the Cherbourg Peninsula, the tactical aircraft struck to the rear of the battle line, hitting troop concentrations and all German targets sighted.

Marauders, flying as low as 1,000 feet, for the first time strafed German troops, vehicles and supply convoys. Havocs hit a German headquarters behind the line on one of the beachheads.

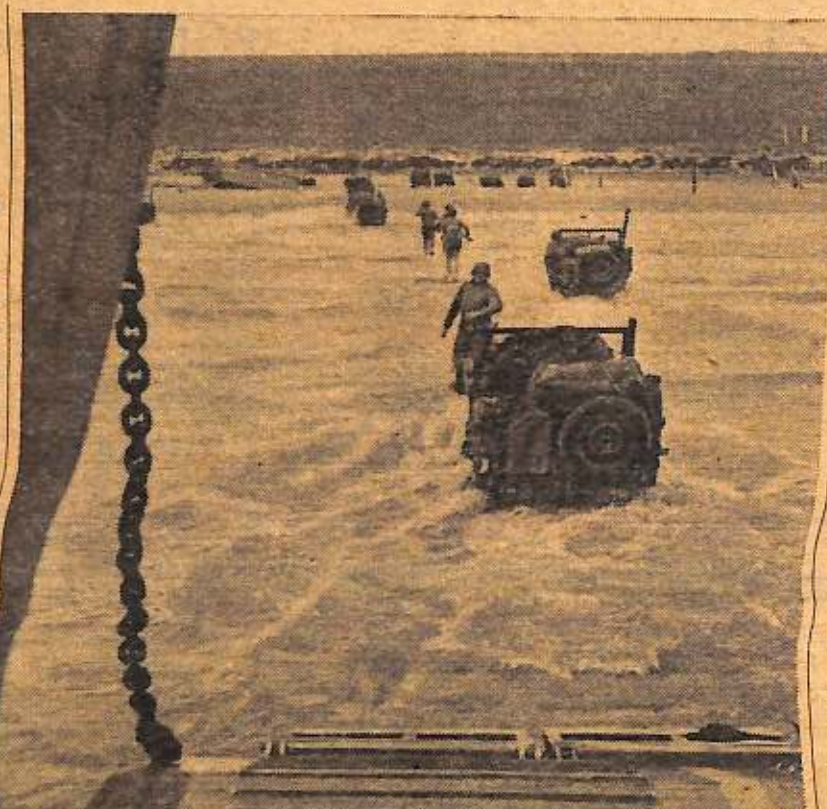
Planes of the RAF's Second Tactical Air Force flew from dawn to early evening over the beaches and deep in France. Twenty-three enemy planes were destroyed in missions on which the RAF also lost 23.

Preceding the assault by Forts and Liberators, medium bombers hit Rennes, Le Mans and Laval, three main railway centers on the east-west railroad line leading into the Brest peninsula, just west of the Cherbourg peninsula.

Rounding out the greatest day of air activity of the war, the RAF on Tuesday night struck another 5,000-ton blow, battering roads and railways from 15 to 40 miles behind the bridgeheads. Thirteen aircraft were lost.

It was announced yesterday that the Allied air forces, hammering rail centers before D-Day, flew the stupendous total of 71,000 sorties in the first six days of June.

So effective was the offensive, SHAEF said, that before the landings 25 railroad bridges and nine highway bridges across the Seine were destroyed.



Here are the first pictures of the landings in France. At top, American infantrymen wade through the surf to the shore, while to the right are the transports from which they disembarked. Directly above, a view from a troop transport as jeeps and men land. In the background, left, is a Higgins boat which has been damaged on the coast defenses.

Air Train 200 Mi. Long Takes Troops to France

On an aerial train, nine planes wide and 200 miles long, that zipped across the Channel at 300 feet, thousands of dirty-faced Yankee paratroopers and airborne infantrymen rode to France at H-hour.

And yesterday—after the initial airborne operations, the most massive ever conceived, had gone successfully—three more waves of C47 Skytrains and gliders continued the cross-Channel shuttle in the clouds, flying in many more troops and equipment of all kinds—artillery, ammunition, food, medical supplies, jeeps, gasoline.

'Strike Now,' French Told By Algiers Commissioner

A call to French patriots to "strike now with full force and all the resources at your disposal" was broadcast over Algiers radio yesterday by M. Emmanuel d'Astier, French National Liberation commissioner for the interior.

"Here are your instructions for the decisive hour which has now struck," d'Astier said, calling for a campaign to immobilize German communications and harass the enemy "so that every single German in France feels himself personally in peril."

The whole Cherbourg peninsula was mantled in the white and colored silks of the dropped and discarded parachutes, returning pilots reported.

There were more than 900 C47 transports and gliders from a score of bases in the opening blow by the U.S. Ninth Air Force alone—the British and Canadians added others.

In command of the lead plane was Lt. Col. John M. Donaldson, of Birmingham, Ala.—he dumped the first paratroopers. All the 81 planes of his group, which actually launched the invasion, really in peril.

Brandt said: "It was hotter than hell over there. I was at Anzio, but Anzio was nothing like this. The Germans laid down an intense pattern of fire on the beaches with 88s and raked them with cross-fire from machine-gun emplacements. American casualties were spotty—heavy on some beaches, light on others. "On one beach, German machine-guns wiped out some of the first men to land as soon as the doors of their landing craft were opened. Because of opposition met by the demolition parties which went in first, later boatloads with heavy equipment were delayed getting ashore. But by the time I left the beachhead at 3 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, the troops were firmly ashore and beginning to advance. "I doubt whether the German defenders

Troops and Supplies Pour Onto Continent; Battle Rages at Caen

The Allied Expeditionary Forces, battling stubbornly to wedge open a gateway to Hitler's Europe through the Normandy coast of France, made considerable progress along the whole front yesterday in spite of bad weather and stiffening German resistance, Supreme Headquarters reported last night. It was also revealed that Gen. Eisenhower had visited the beachheads.

There were these developments:

- 1—All beaches are now clear of the enemy, although it is presumed that some of them are still under enemy artillery fire. Some of the beaches have been linked together.
- 2—The landing of additional troops and supplies is going on continuously.
- 3—For the second consecutive day airborne forces have been landed in France and have carried out "all tasks allotted" to them and more.
- 4—Allied troops have repulsed a counter-attack near Caen, ten miles in from the sea between Cherbourg and Le Havre, an important rail and road junction between Paris and the two ports.
- 5—Although reports of Allied progress early in the morning were "disappointing," by midday they had showed a "decided improvement."
- 6—Resistance from German air forces continued to be surprisingly light, only two formations of 12 aircraft approaching the beaches up to early afternoon and these failing to inflict casualties on Allied ground forces.
- 7—Rangers and Commandos, which were revealed yesterday to have played an important part in the initial assaults, have functioned as special task forces linking regular formations which otherwise might have been uncoordinated.
- 8—Allied aircraft were giving close support in great strength to both land and sea forces. For the first time, Allied fighter pilots reported attacking tanks in direct support of ground troops, and pilots were answering radioed requests from infantry units to attack specific objectives.
- 9—Enemy coastal batteries still in action yesterday were finally silenced by Allied naval forces. Aircraft were used to direct the fire of the U.S. battleship Texas and the British cruiser Glasgow, which, with other ships, have been bombarding inland targets behind the beaches.

Most furious fighting of the entire front was raging in the vicinity of Caen, according to reports from Berlin and other enemy radio stations.

Caen, center of a bridgehead which the Germans say is now 20 miles wide and at least six miles deep, was bombed by Fortresses and Liberators as Allied infantry and armor advanced to the immediate vicinity of the town. The Germans said more than 100 American and British tanks were being hurled into the battle there.

The British Sixth Parachute Division has taken bridges north of the city, Allied headquarters revealed.

At Bayeux, in the same general vicinity.

(Continued on page 4)

Riflemen, Navy Teamed to Win In Beach Duel

By Jack Foster

Stars and Stripes Navy Writer
ABOARD THE USS HENRICO OFF THE FRENCH COAST, June 6 (delayed)

Naval guns and army rifles combined today to win one of the toughest beachheads the Allied forces have established on the Normandy coast during the past 12 hours.

U.S. infantrymen, who left this assault transport before dawn this morning, met determined resistance by German defenders. Pillboxes and landing obstacles guarded the landing area despite a drenching rain of bombs and naval shells.

The Americans crossed the sandy beach. However, by late this afternoon they gained the top of the coastal rise and were advancing inland. Going ashore in an LCVP a few hours ago, I could see long lines of doughboys climbing the slopes and only occasional long-range shells dropped along the beach.

Nazis Hold Fire

A landing was almost impossible at two of the three chosen points in our sector. When the first of our LCVPs ground ashore at 6.35 this morning it was H hour exactly. German gunners in concealed positions held their fire. At the third point landing obstacles jutted from the water. Barbed wire was enclosed in the visible V-shape. Mines dangled from the wire.

Wave after wave of the Americans came ashore, firing rifle and carbine. Nazi spotters on the ridge directed mortar and 88mm. fire to the attackers. Battleships, cruisers and destroyers moved slowly along the area crashing out salvos against the strongpoints.

Finally a U.S. destroyer came in almost to the water's edge, swung about and blasted at the pillboxes. Her fire overpowered the Nazi guns and the advance began.

Barking army rifles killed off the enemy wherever he came into the open. In the center of the beach was a white house, frequently the target of warships' guns. It was set afire and abandoned by German snipers.

Two small boat coxwains from this vessel told me they saw a German come

Eyewitness Tells of Beach Battling

By James McGlinchy

United Press Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND, June 7—I have just heard the first eyewitness story of the battle of the beaches, a story of heavy fighting, untold heroism and supreme sacrifice.

It was told to me by Bert Brandt, a well-known news photographer, who was on the beaches on the invasion morning for 30 minutes and then spent hours more cruising within gunshot of the bloody scene.

Brandt, who was with U.S. units, told me how some of the first assault troops which stormed the beaches went down under a withering German cross-fire, but more and more men climbed ashore over their bodies until a foothold was established.

were caught by surprise, because they opened fire as soon as the first boats touched down. The Nazis seemed to pour their big fire on one beach for a while and then shift it to the next beach, while the first beach was again quiet.

"American assault boats went in at high tide over huge iron obstacles, some of which were mined. When the tide receded, many boats were stuck on top of the obstacles. A fair number of mines went off in the water and on the beaches. The whole thing was an unbelievable sight. Planes criss-crossed overhead constantly. You never could look up without seeing formation planes somewhere. Lightnings and Thunderbolts zoomed right over our heads all the time, blasting German defenses.

"Some boats were burning and a pall

(Continued on page 4)

Warweek

Psycho-Warfare is Phonus-Balonus
Herman German and Herman Vermin
SS Troops—They're Goosing Jerry

Thursday, June 8, 1944

Propaganda!

Goebbels' Pet Adjective Mechanics
Make Psychological Ammo to Hit
GIs Where They Think—He Thinks

By Hamilton Whitman
Warweek Staff Writer

WHEN the going gets tough for Hitler's troops, when wire and barrage-fire, mines and machine-guns fail to hold the attack of United Nations troops, his generals bring their leaflet boys into action.

The shells and the bullets keep on coming—but along with them comes a shower of propaganda leaflets. These are intended to destroy a man's willingness to fight, exactly the way a machine-gun bullet, or a shell splinter, destroys his ability to fight.

The more a soldier knows about shells and bullets the better able he is to protect himself against them. The same thing is true of the propaganda projectile. The Joe who understands what they are and what they are intended to do and how they are intended to do isn't "wounded" by the fluttering paper bullets.

Here's how these word barrages work. Suppose, for instance, that you belong to a platoon which has been ordered to make an offensive patrol into a village which is known to have been held by the enemy, but which has been heavily

announce the names and addresses of prisoners of war and their serial numbers. The announcements will be made three times daily. You will understand how valuable this service is when you consider that your relatives are spared the dreadful feeling of anxious suspense concerning your fate.

Looks on the Level

"Be prepared and fill in this blank. It will be useful to you if you should be captured."

The other side has spaces for a man's name, rank, serial number and home town address. A box is provided for a message of not more than 15 words.

It looks like a fair offer and nobody could blame the uninstructed soldier for saying "to himself":

"Well, maybe I better hang onto one of those—just in case . . ."

Of course there's a catch in it.

Nobody who reads the papers can seriously believe that the boys who master-minded Hitler's blitz attacks care very much about how some American family might worry over the lack of news from a husband or son. They didn't worry about civilian non-combatants in Rotterdam or Warsaw or Coventry—why should they worry about somebody in Vermont or Virginia, in Kansas or California?

The answer to that, of course, is that they are not in the least worried about families back in the States. But they are plenty worried about the dog-face running a BAR in the ruins of that shelled-up

European village. He—not his family—is the real object of consideration.

Let's suppose this platoon, pinned down in the village and without communications to the rear, has to hold out for a day or so. Things get pretty rough. Nobody gets any sleep. Men get hurt.

Pfc Joe Dope, who has that broadcast leaflet tucked into his pocket, keeps thinking about it. Thinking about the leaflet also means thinking about surrender.

Figure it out for yourself. If it works, the paper-bullet barrage is a good, cheap way of rubbing out an advance position which they can't knock over in the conventional manner.

Now just in case anybody in the audience thinks that this is pretty far-fetched stuff, it should be pointed out

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Oh, take me back

AMERICAN SOLDIERS!

Remember those happy days when you stepped out with your best girl "going places and doing things"?

No matter

whether you two were enjoying a nice juicy steak at some tony restaurant or watching a thrilling movie with your favourite stars performing, or dancing to the lilt of a swing band

you were happy.

WHAT IS LEFT OF ALL THIS?

Nothing! Nothing but days and nights of he heaviest fighting and for many of you

NOTHING BUT A PLAIN WOODEN CROSS IN FOREIGN SOIL!

NETTUNO



a second Dunkirk

LIMPY PRESS AGENTS have been dishing out handbills and paste-ups like these to Yanks in Italy. Our boys there just laughed and captured Rome. Don't YOU be a sucker and fall for these corny tricks.



gone

Sh'-h!—Nazi Brains Dept. Working



GERMAN propaganda leaflets, like German broadcasts and German "news" stories, are the

result of a typically Teutonic application of science to a practical matter. They are high-pressure advertising pieces, dreamed up by a gent in a white coat who is always called "Herr Doktor" around the laboratory.

Lt Abner, helping to "De-Rumble-ize" America, is a typical gag based on American advertising. The leaflets, reproduced on this page, are the result of long huddles by Hitler's crew of "scientific" advertising men.

They are intended to bring about a calculated effect—the lessening of combat efficiency on the part of men who read them. Just as the boys in green eye-shades figure out how to make a million American housewives buy Crunchy-Nutsies for breakfast—the Nazi brain department schemes up this stuff to make American fighting men ease up on the pressure.

They use the same kind of material—"leg-art," slogans and a very simple idea which is repeated over and over again until they hope it sinks in.

They backstop this printed matter with radio and rumor, the terrible twins of the propaganda business.

Now any man who stops to figure it out knows perfectly well that just because the Crunchy-Nutsie Company has enough dough to hire a bevy of Hollywood stars for a national hookup, it doesn't necessarily mean that Crunchy-Nutsies are fit to eat.

Just because Hitler's adjective mechanics have worked up a leaflet or a radio show—it doesn't mean that it is on the level. In fact, it means exactly the opposite. Remember, Crunchy-Nutsies are trying to sell their "giant economy package." Hitler is trying to sell defeat, slavery and the end of our country as we know it.

When you listen to the Crunchy-Nutsie Hour the worst thing that can happen is that you might get stuck a dime for the "giant package." But this made-in-Germany stuff is a lot more serious. Pay any attention to it and the barbed wire of the nearest Stalag (German Prisoner of War Camp) yawns open for you.

That's no joke. Fortunately most Americans, having been subjected to some very smart advertising material ever since they were old enough to read, have developed a sales resistance which is all their own. It takes a lot to fool us—in fact, good

advertising men, the \$25,000-a-year-men, don't try to fool anybody.

In spite of that, the German propaganda boys are still peddling the same stuff. They figure it's "scientific," therefore it's got to work. If it doesn't—well, then, there's something wrong with the stupid Americans or the lunk-headed British who don't step up and buy.

The whole deal is a kind of fast razzle-dazzle play based on what the "Herr Doktors" think is the secret of American buying.

These leaflets show just how far they missed the boat. Take, for instance, the pathetic "poem" which is offered as the work "of an American soldier."

"Take me back to Michigan, let me hear that Mission bell,
"For this God-forsaken foxhole is a substitute for Hell."

That's the smash line which the Nazi author thinks will cause a lot of Joes to take it over the hill in the direction of the German lines.

How many American housewives, do you suppose, would go for Crunchy-Nutsies if the smash line which closed the show went this way:

" . . . and remember, mothers of America, under the spreading palms of Wisconsin, amid the maple-crested mountains of Florida—CRUNCHY-NUTSIES ARE BEST!"

DON'T READ IT! You may get the blues.

This is a bit of poetry by an American soldier.

Here it is:

Somewhere in Italy where the days are like a curse,
and each one is followed by another slightly worse,
where the cold wind blows heavier than the shifting
desert sand,
and a soldier dreams and wishes for a quiet and peace-
ful land.

Somewhere in Italy where the nights are made for love,
where the moon is like a searchlight and the Southern
Cross above
sparkles like a diamond necklace in a balmy tropic night,
it's a shameless waste of beauty when there's not a girl
in sight.

Somewhere in Italy where the mail is always late,
where a Christmas card in April is considered up-to-date,
where we never have a payday and we never have a cent,
but we never miss the money 'cause we'd never get it spent,
Oh, take me back to Michigan, let me hear that mission bell,
for this God-forsaken foxhole is a substitute for hell.

DO YOU THINK YOUR PAL IS RIGHT?

AMERICAN AND BRITISH SOLDIERS!

REMEMBER THE HELL OF DUNKIRK?

How great were the hopes of the British expeditionary force
and how dreadful was the end! Think of the terrible hours
when the German hordes swept your fellow soldiers, tanks, guns,
and horses off the continent.

How many ships were sunk then, and how
many brave Tommies kicked the bucket!

And now the Hell of Nettuno!

The American and British divisions that landed at Nettuno met
with GERMAN soldiers and not with Italian troops. Since the
time of Salerno you know how bloody a landing force met in the
face of German resistance.

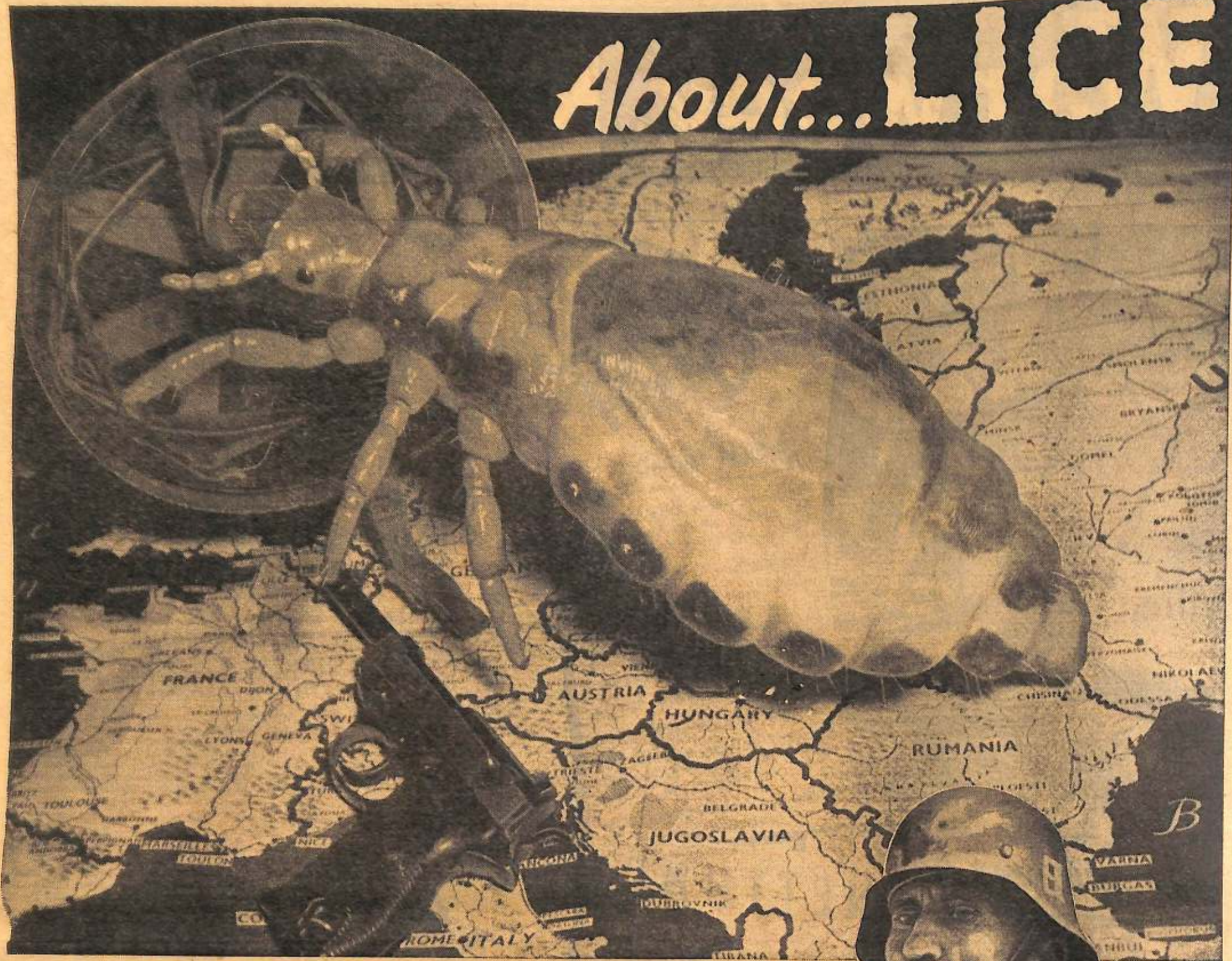
Boy! What a hot reception the American
and British forces got this time again!

Thousands upon thousands of plucky soldiers, of tanks and guns,
are being thrown back into the sea. Ships loaded with troops
are going to the bottom. The beaches at Nettuno are covered in
the Dunkirk fashions with debris and dead American and British
soldiers crushed by the German military machine.

A week after the landing of Nettuno one thing is clear:

YOU'LL have to bear the brunt
of the fighting just as before.

About... LICE



HERMAN THE VERMIN, one of the guys who tried to louse up the whole world, is up to his old tricks in this Fonyfoto. Gun is German Walther automatic, helmet is strictly GI. Louse by courtesy of the British Museum of Natural History.

HERMAN THE GERMAN, another louser-upper, takes dim view of future after capture.

Herman the German and Herman the Vermin—Both These Pests Are Lousing Up the Continent

By Ralph Harwood
Warweek Louse Editor

AS if it were not enough for the Continent to be all loused up with Nazis these days, comes now word that the place is also loused up with—you guessed it—lice.

Between Herman the German and Herman the Vermin, of course, it is really no contest as to which is the worst pest. H. the G. wins hands down because he is better organized. H. the V. is strictly a bush league operator, as it were.

But don't sell little *Pediculus Corporis*, the louse, short just because he has no Fuehrer, or even a copy of *Mein Kampf*, to go by in getting himself living room. He, too, has a way of sucking in those who take him lightly, and he is capable of giving any careless Joe some very uncomfortable moments.

Besides, Herman the Vermin is in a particularly vicious frame of mind at this time, what with having to get along largely on a Nazi diet for so long. Breakfast, dinner, supper—always the same, day in and day out. Nothing but Kraut juice! Who wouldn't be sick of it?

Pediculus is even now jumping up and down on his six legs in anticipation of your coming and the change of fare you

represent. Remember (and dig way back in your memory for this one) how you felt about Spam and C rations at first? He is all adrool as he practises cartwheels and triple goosesteps up and down some beat-up old storm trooper's grizzled follicles.

According to the latest L-2 (Louse Intelligence) bulletins, the common, ordinary body louse is liable to latch onto you just about anywhere—on a street car or bus, in a crowd or from a borrowed bed, blanket or nightie.

Romance—Oh Boy!

Usually you won't realize at first that you have picked up any of these sly little creatures, but it shouldn't be long before you know it. When some big, virile louse

and a healthy cootie cutie get chummy somewhere in the reaches and stretches of your anatomy, the nits really begin to fly—a nit being the egg from which a brand new louse is hatched some eight days later.

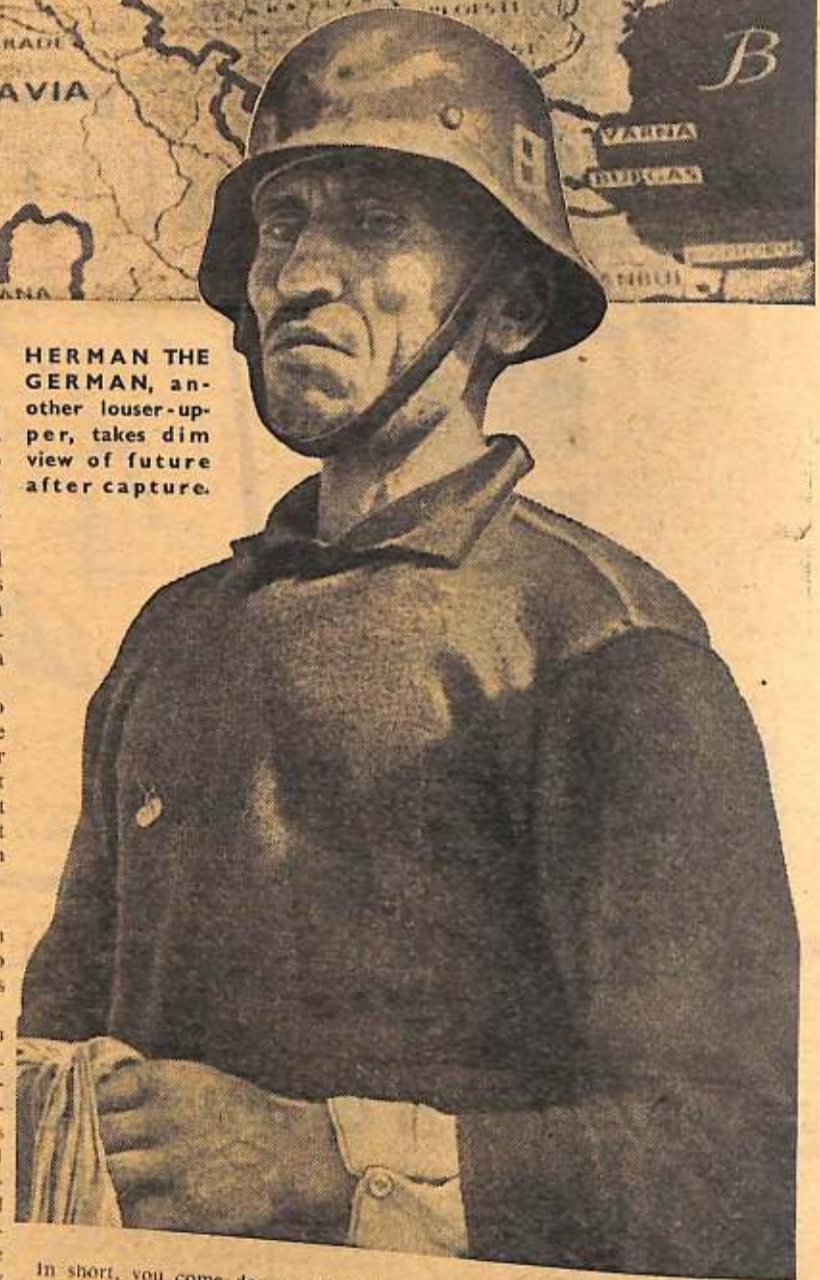
There is a rumor acrawl that some well setup female cootie can produce no less than five lousy thousand offspring in eight weeks, which is pretty good production, starting from scratch, and quite a jumperful, withal.

Naturally these lice have got to eat, so they promptly dip their inquisitive little beaks into your hide and then inhale for all they are worth. This is great sport for the lice, and nourishing, too, but it doesn't do a damn thing for you except bring about a peculiar sensation known as itching.

Scratch, Scratch, Scratch

This in turn leads to a reaction known as scratching. It is a very difficult feat to itch, scratch and do anything else, such as sleep or aim a rifle, all at the same time.

After awhile this interference with your sack time begins to tell on you. You are busier scratching than the proverbial cat on the tin roof. The increasing necessity of tying yourself into knots in order to get at the remote areas of your surface with your finger nails at unseemly moments becomes more and more annoying, especially as these contortions are usually accomplished to the accompaniment of doubtful humor by your comrades-at-arms.



Don't use the wrong exterminator on the wrong vermin.

In short, you come down with the jitters, if nothing worse. This interferes with your greater mission of delousing Europe of the Nazis.

Carries Typhus, Too

Of course you can come down with something a lot worse than the jitters as a result of consorting with Herman the Vermin. Often he carries the deadly typhus germ around with him and deposits it in your blood whilst feeding, which is a lousy trick.

You got shots in the arm against typhus and these give you lots of protection, but they may not be 100 proof. You can't afford to take chances.

Typhus fever is one of the most painful of all diseases. You feel like 10,000 gremlins are trying to beat out your brains. Often the disease is fatal.

There is another type of louse which is related to the body louse and about which there are many rude jokes, none of which will be repeated here. Besides, it is strictly a bowl three rumor that this

customer, the crab louse, can jump 15ft. He has been confused with some Nazi who was hot-seated by a Maquis.

While the Ordnance Department was working out new weapons to kayo Herman the German, the Medical Department developed a secret formula anti-louse powder to bump off Herman the Vermin. This powder, issued to each individual soldier, is absolute poison to lice when it is dusted thoroughly into your under-



wear—especially under the arms, along the seams and around the waistline and crotch of the drawers every ten days or two weeks.

If you should forget to put on the powder and get a family of bugs, just

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When SS Quits—Adolf's Done



SPIT AND POLISH, click and snap! SS troops, elite guard of the German Army, present arms as Schickelgruber and their boss, Heinrich Himmler, make inspection. Now forming a fourth and independent branch of the service, the SS looms behind Jerry on the Invasion Front, ready to whip him on if he gives any sign of cracking. Watch out for these babies. They can be tough.



HIMMLER'S GANGSTERS, wearing battle dress instead of parade uniform shown at left, talk it over after one of their blood orgies. These are the guys who wiped out Lidice, who massacred the civil population of Poland. Everyone is hand picked, and tough—but SS divisions on Russian front suffered same fate as other Jerries who went through Red meat grinder.



PARATROOPS form one of roughest SS branches. These guys are the whip to spur on flagging German line outfits. When you meet them you must be fiercer than they.

REMEMBER several years ago when you picked up your Sunday paper gravure section and spotted a bunch of pix like the one above? "More Nazi monkey shines," you said, and turned over to the jokes.

Well, you didn't pay much attention to these brown-shirted bullies on Sunday mornings at home, but one of these days you'll wrap your nutcracker around an especially tough Jerry—one that won't bust open until you've given him all you've got.

When that happens, chances are you'll be up against the same crowd of Nazi glamor boys you saw in the newsreels years ago. These days they are busy doing lots of things besides parading around in flashy uniforms. They have become the sour cream of the German Army.

Nazis call these guys *Schutz-Staffel*, or SS. Their boss, Heinrich Himmler, calls them "our community of knightly order." Others call them the elite guard. We call them gang bums.

Originally organized as a super police force to protect Schickelgruber and his party stooges, the SS since the war has become a fourth military service—on an equal plane with the army, air force and navy.

The SS are the boys who goose along the regular German foot sloggers. They are used as spies within the ranks to report any hint of revolt. In occupied countries Himmler's G- (for gun) men are busy murdering civilians who don't bow low enough before the Nazi gangsters.

Here is the SS as it looks today. These yeggs are older, tougher, meaner and more experienced now than they were in the old beer-hall days. They're the best armed, best fed and best equipped soldiers in Germany.

Every SS guard is hand-picked. His "Aryan" pedigree must go back 200 years. His eyes must be a certain size and color and every detail of his build must fill specific qualifications.

Watch out for the *Schutz-Staffel*. No matter how quickly the German armies on the invasion coast are whipped, behind them loom 1,000,000 SS, ready to whip the survivors on to fanatical hatred of the Allies. If they are given a chance to escape after the final defeat of Germany, they are ready to dive underground to prepare another "revenge movement," another world-wide propaganda campaign, another World War.

Robbing Is Their Business



Planet Photo

LOOTING AND RAPE are one of the chief jobs of the SS. Here they start down main street in Oslo, Norway, systematically robbing the city. Thieving by individual German soldiers is heavily punished, but organized burglary is standard practice. A few years ago these thugs had dreams of doing this on Fifth Avenue. Now, with defeat ahead, they are busy planning to squelch revolt.

Roundup Squad in Action



ROUNDUP OF PARTISANS in occupied territory is job of the SS. *Schutz-Staffeln* are super police force, experts at "criminal" detection and brutal as they come. These prisoners will get torture, third degree and concentration camp. SS are all fanatical Nazis, will be last to crack. When we lick them—we've won.

GI JERRY

by Lt. Dave Breger

Nazi Guide-Book Part II



Lt. Dave Breger Britain



A THOUSAND APOLOGIES, YOUR EXCELLENCE, BUT FIVE YEARS IS A LONG TIME!
"I have once more put on that coat... most sacred... to me. I will not take it off again until victory is secured, or I will not survive the outcome."
ADOLF HITLER, SEPT. 1, 1939



THE HIGH COMMAND SAYS HOLD OUT FOR A LITTLE WHILE, LUDWIG—THERE'S A SLIGHT HITCH IN THE SECRET WEAPON!
"The moment could come very soon when we will apply a weapon by which we could not be attacked."
ADOLF HITLER, SEPT. 19, 1939



LUDWIG, WHAT TRUE GENIUS OUR FUHRER HAS, TO LURE THE ENGLISH AND AMERICANS INTO CLEARING THE GROUND FOR US!
"The new plans for Berlin are... calculated for the years 2000 or 2200 or even 2500. For I believe in an eternal Germany."
ADOLF HITLER, JULY 18, 1938



PVT. KOCKENHÄUSEN, PUT THOSE BOOTS BACK! YOU KNOW HOW OUR FUHRER FEELS ABOUT LOOTING!
"We do not want anything that did not formerly belong to us, and no State will ever be robbed by us of its property."
ADOLF HITLER, APRIL 28, 1939

More About Propaganda!

Continued from page 1
that the leaflet quoted in this story was scattered over American positions in Italy and was released by Headquarters, ETO, for the information of all concerned. It is one of a batch which hit the front at about the same time.
Jerry doesn't expect all this stuff to be effective and he doesn't expect it to work the first time a man reads one of the paper bullets. All he wants to do is make the first dent in your sales-resistance.
Did you run right down to the corner drug store and buy a tube of Marvel



Gooney Toothpaste the first time a radio announcer unleashed a flock of fancy language? You did not. But if you heard about Marvel Gooney every time you tuned in on Moishe Ginsburg and his Manhattan Hillbillies—sooner or later you probably tried a tube.

Well that's all this psychological warfare is, in spite of its eight-dollar name. Instead of selling the social advantages of sparkling teeth, the Germans will be trying to sell you the advantages of getting out of that box you're in—getting out of it with a whole skin—your skin.

You see, there may be times when he has a product to sell that may look pretty good unless you've developed sales resistance beforehand.

The Germans are no dopes—as everyone who has fought against them or studied their methods knows damn well. The Germans know that psychological warfare doesn't work when the Joes they're fighting are in the groove and going places.

It Has Worked Before

Their psychological warfare worked best against countries and people that had a sneaking suspicion, after studying the record and listening to the rumors, that the Nazis really were the Master Race. Those were the days when the democracies took a look at the bulging biceps of the German Army and Air Force, and then at their own shaking knees, and agreed that maybe they ought to give in—just a little.

That "just a little" is all psychological warfare asks—at first.
That's all the Germans hope for with their first message to you and your pals in that tight box. All they want you to do is to read their leaflet. It will be in good English, with enough slang in it to sound friendly.

To go back to the advertising business, the grand-daddy of psychological warfare, the Germans are saying, in effect: "Clip This Coupon and Send It In—You Are Under No Obligation to Buy..."

Leaflet messages and loudspeaker messages to lonely, boxed-up units aren't all the form of psychological warfare you want to be prepared for.

Rumors are the dryrot, the termites, of military morale and military effectiveness. They make a little hole way over there and you don't see 'em again until one day, lo and behold, the whole structure begins to creak in the breeze.

Rumors don't just pop up from nowhere. Mostly rumors are planted by the enemy, though you won't know that. You have just to remember it, without trying to trace them down to prove it to yourself. For you can't prove it. The gentle art of planting rumors is a big business now.

Don't Believe it All

Rumors can, and do, cover every phase of activity. You may hear (from a 100 per cent sure-fire source, of course) that X Division has been cut to pieces by a new German secret weapon—this just before you're to go into action on the same front.

You may hear that the Germans opposite you have been replaced by a skeleton crew of elderly cripples—this to try to make you ease up, and consequently get knocked on the head all the easier because you're bound to let up in the light of this "intelligence."

You may hear, even, that the Germans are asking for an armistice—this just at



the moment when they're mounting a counter-attack. Remember what happened in Washington on the day of the Pearl Harbor attack. It's an old gag, but, obviously, it still works—like the Statue of Liberty play almost any Saturday afternoon during the football season at home.

Enemy Stuff Isn't Marked

You'll hear everything, and nothing. Just remember that even though you heard it from Joe, whom you've known since Basic days, it doesn't mean that the enemy wasn't behind it originally.

The enemy was behind it, just as sure as you're behind your ML.

It may have started a thousand miles away from you, planted in an innocent newspaper in a neutral country. But the dirty hand of the enemy was there just the same.

Remember Marvel Gooney Toothpaste. We Americans have bought a lot of that kind of stuff in our time.

The Old Sergeants' Corner

Dear Sarge:—Maybe you can answer this one. My outfit is equipped with the Bag, field, type of pack which is swell for a weekend pass but is plain murder when you have to make it up with F/field equipment—and then start covering country. Is there any known way of keeping those musette-bag straps from cutting hunks out of a man's collar bone?—Pfc Willie Krotzmeier.

Dear Willie:—Best stunt we've heard of along that line is to get some strips of felt packing and make a cushion for the under side of the straps. Most supply depots have the stuff. Half-inch thick-



ness is best. It should be cut about an inch wider than the strap and about six or seven inches long. Sew or tie it in place. If you can't get felt for a permanent job, an emergency pad can be contrived from a folded towel, a fatigue hat, a pair of work gloves or almost anything else.—Sarge.

When you are going through mine-infested roads and fields, carpet the floor of your jeep or truck with sandbags. If you hit a mine the ballast will give you pretty good protection against the blast and keep the flying metal from ramming you in the er—nose.

From the South Pacific comes this story, showing how the Japs tried to fool our men into giving away their positions. Sandwiching in a few words of English occasionally, a bunch of Nips screamed and yelled, giving the impression Yanks were being tortured. The idea: To attract U.S. troops to scene so they could be mowed down by enemy fire.

Road craters are almost always lined with anti-personnel mines—often just over the lip of the crater, where they are especially hard to detect. If there is a shell hole in the road, don't be the curious cat and look over the edge. In fact, unless you know how to recognize and handle mines, don't go near the craters.

Here's a booby trap the Jerries have used successfully several times. When they are forced to abandon stores of ordnance equipment they remove the delaying mechanism from their stick hand grenades. If a Yank tries to hurl one of the sticks at the enemy, it explodes as soon as he pulls the pin.

Another handy item you should toss into your field pack: A roll of adhesive tape. Aside from its obvious use in holding a bandage in place, the tape can be used for any number of other purposes—such as repairing your glasses frame or reinforcing a cracked tent pole. From the medics (if you can talk them out of it); from the PX (if they have it); from a civilian drug store (if you can find one open).

There are dozens of ways a good jack knife will come in handy when you get into the field, so if you haven't one already hustle around and find same. Despite the popular notion that none is to be had, many British department

stores carry them occasionally. If you have a pal who has two knives, try to wheedle one out of him.

Don't become a souvenir sap when you get on the Continent. Some Yanks are like pack rats—they load themselves down with everything in sight when they pass an enemy position.

Souvenir collectors are a nuisance to the Intelligence boys, too. Lots of valuable information on the enemy has been destroyed by GI souvenir saps.

In the same connection, remember that the Army is severe as hell about looting of civilian-property. Even the German Army deals out stiff punishment for this sort of thing. All their looting is organized on an "official" basis.

More About



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give your clothes a good dusting with the powder and most of the crawlers will be dead within 24 hours. Keep your clothes well dusted for the next few weeks to kill cootie kiddies which may hatch from eggs that have been laid.

Bathe Whenever You Can

Bathe, and wash your clothes, as often as you can. Frequently examine the inside of your garments along the seams for lice and their eggs.

If you get a dose of crabs take a bath and dust the powder onto the hairy parts of the body, paying particular attention to you-know-where. Don't bathe again for 48 hours and take a second treatment a week later.

Bedbugs are going to cause a lot of



sleepless nights for GIs on the Continent if they forget to keep their cans of insect powder handy. And sometimes a bunch of fleas and chiggers will come in for their share of the drinks. A few shakes of the powder into bedding or clothing will make these insects keep their distance.

Then, because the Jerries won't be giving you enough trouble, mosquitoes and flies will hunt you out in foxholes and in camp. But the Quartermaster issues things to beat these pests' rackets, too.



Insect repellent rubbed onto exposed skin and clothing which is tight and thin enough for the insects to bite through will keep them from sticking their hollow bayonets into you for several hours.

Spray Bomb Effective

A spray bomb which works almost automatically will knock the Schlitz out of any mosquitoes and flies that get into tents, barracks and mess halls.

So don't be a Glrk (pronounced jerk) and throw away or waste the stuff you are given to fight insects. This will often be the only ammunition you have against the insects. Beat the bugs and you will be able to delouse Europe without taking time out to scratch.

Remember: It's no disgrace to get lousy, but it's bad business if you stay that way.

