

Surge Past 1st Seized City

Ike Sees Beachhead; Troops Firing From the Water



Gen. Eisenhower gets a close-up view of Allied landing operations in France from the deck of a warship somewhere in the Channel. Right, Allied soldiers battling their way ashore under heavy fire from artillery and machine-guns. Some of the men fired from water, hiding behind enemy beach obstacles to cover troops arriving at the shore. Other pictures on pages 2, 3, 4.

Allies Gaining in Face Of Stern Resistance; 11 Mi. Inland—Nazis

Allied armies in France, growing ever mightier with more men, tanks and guns channeled across by sea and sky, captured Bayeux yesterday and surged beyond—five miles beyond, by German admission, in a landing-head 36 miles wide, 11 miles deep.

And on the Cherbourg peninsula west of there, the Germans told of massive new U.S. airborne reinforcements which caused the Nazi troops who had been attacking the original landing forces there to fall back on the defensive and Nazi spearheads to be pulled in.

The official Allied communique at midnight announced continued progress by the British and Canadian troops and gradual enlargement of the American bridgeheads, which are on the right flank of the fighting front, in the Cherbourg peninsula sector.

"The enemy is fighting fiercely," the communique said. "His reserves have now been in action along the whole front."

The Allies were driving, by German account, to choke off the Cherbourg peninsula at its neck by a strong tank and infantry smash southwestward from Bayeux, the first city to be captured in the invasion, and a simultaneous northeastward push by large forces reported to have been landed by air on the western side of the promontory.

East of Bayeux, too, the Allies smashed inland. In this sector the Germans claimed that Gen. Bernard L. Montgomery had in action half of the 20 divisions they estimated were already landed in Normandy, including three armored divisions.

At SHAEF the strength of the German forces in action was estimated at ten divisions.

There was fierce fighting for Caen, larger city 17 miles down the road from Bayeux, and an official Allied press observer in a dugout on the front said that its fall appeared imminent. The 16-inch guns of the British battleship Nelson, along with other warships offshore, had supplemented Allied artillery in pouring shells into the blazing town.

The Germans reported that the British had landed tanks in the area from "hundreds of large gliders" and that an armored battle was under way. They also told of powerful airborne landings at Falaise and Argentan some 40 miles from the coast below Caen.

Both Bayeux and Caen are on the railroad and main highway between Cherbourg and Paris. In addition to taking Bayeux the Allied forces gained airfields on which artillery and motor transport were landed for the swelling airborne forces.

The presence in France of the U.S. First Infantry division, veteran of the North African campaign, was disclosed at SHAEF. This division was the first to land in France in World War I and the first to meet the Germans then.

The first phase of the fighting, "which might be said to be the securing of a foothold and the defeating of local German reserves, has been accomplished," it was said at SHAEF last night. An officer explained that the troops were entering the second phase, which consists of defeating the German tactical reserves, "alarm troops" rushed speedily from behind the front to the danger points. Beyond these are the strategic reserves held deep in France.

Gen. Eisenhower, after his cruise off the beachhead, said in a statement that his confidence in the armies, navies and air forces "has been completely justified"

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Principal Port For Rome Falls To Racing Allies

Civita Vecchia, 40 Miles From Capital, Captured; 5th Army Presses On

Advancing swiftly at a rate of 10 miles a day, Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark's Fifth Army has captured Civita Vecchia, Rome's principal port on the Tyrrhenian coast, 40 miles northwest of the capital, and pushed on in pursuit of Marshal Kesselring's retreating forces, it was announced yesterday.

The town fell after relatively slight resistance, the official communique said. Besides being a key shipping center,



Civita Vecchia also is an important communications center on the main line from Rome to Turin and Genoa and the junction of inland traffic to Orte and Terni.

What remains of Kesselring's 14th Army yesterday was reported officially to be "in a state of considerable disorganization."

Meantime, 21 miles east of Civita Vecchia, other Fifth Army vanguards reached Lake Bracciano and occupied the town of the same name on the west shore.

Eighth Army troops to the east of Rome took Subiaco, on the main lateral road from Rome to Pescara, and also occupied Guidonia, 20 miles southeast of Rome, one of the most important airfields in the Rome area.

First Large Batch Of Prisoners Lands

The first large group of German prisoners captured on the beachheads of northern France were landed Wednesday night at a port in England. Only a handful of Allied officials, several correspondents and the ship's crew were present at the debarkation.

The prisoners, displaying every emotion from arrogance to bewilderment, marched to waiting trucks and were moved to an undisclosed destination.

Four Poles and one Russian soldier, captured and drafted by the Germans, were among them.

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Luftwaffe Beginning to Assert Itself

Sparked by powerful heavy bomber attacks over a wide area south of the Normandy beachheads, the Allied air forces yesterday gave continuous cover to invading troops in the face of increasing Luftwaffe opposition.

Although the air umbrella was never really challenged as every type of Allied craft cut a wide swathe of destruction behind enemy lines, dog-fights above the French beaches yesterday indicated that German fighter reinforcements finally were being drawn towards combat areas.

To midday yesterday from June 6, Allied aircraft flew approximately 27,000 sorties at a cost of 289 planes, barely more than one per cent. In the same period, 176 of the small number of craft the Luftwaffe dared send aloft were destroyed.

Up to 1,000 Fortresses and Liberators, escorted by almost 500 Eighth Air Force P47s, P38s and P51s, bombed bridges, railroad junctions, railroad yards and airfields within 100 to 150 miles south, southeast and southwest of the beachhead.

Great fires were left raging in the Normandy town of Caen, in the vicinity of which a fierce ground-battle was said to be in progress, by Marauders attacking at 4,500ft. shortly after daybreak.

Only three hours after the early morning attack more than 260 Marauders and Hawkes hit railway lines and yards on the Cherbourg Peninsula and leading to it. Pounded were Periers, Le Haye du Puits, Lessay, Pontaubault, Valognes and St. Lo. All the bombers returned.

Operating as flying artillery support for infantrymen battling their way into

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Troops Performing Magnificently' Text of Eisenhower Statement After Visiting Beachhead Area

"My complete confidence in the ability of the Allied armies, navies and air forces to do all they are asked to do has been completely justified.

"In the early landing operations, which are always largely naval, the two Allied navies—together with elements of other naval units of the United Nations—under Adm. Ramsay have excelled in the high standard of their planning and their execution any prior venture on which I have been engaged.

"The long and brilliant campaign con-

ducted in the past months by the combined air forces, including the commands of Air Chief Marshal Harris, Gen. Spaatz and Air Chief Marshal Leigh-Mallory, was an essential preliminary to the undertaking of the operation, and has proved its effectiveness by the fact that the landing was made as planned. Their good work is continuing.

"Gen. Montgomery is in immediate and direct charge of all the assault ground forces. Under him all troops are performing magnificently."

Berlin Reports Soviet Offensive

After standing off heavy German tank attacks for nine days, at a cost to the Nazis of 10,000 dead, the Red Army was reported by the enemy yesterday to have launched an offensive on a broad front north of Jassy, in Rumania, and to have driven forward "some kilometers."

As usual, in the early hours of new operations, Moscow was silent, and so it was not possible to tell whether the reported new offensive was in fact the beginning of the Red Army's summer campaign designed to coincide with the three-day-old Allied invasion of France.

For days German sources have reported the Russians ready, and only a few hours before Berlin's report a Reuter dispatch from Moscow reported that "all the indications are that the Red Army is likely to throw its weight into a full-scale offensive at any time to complement the Allied invasion on the western front."

Col. Ernst von Hammer, military commentator of the German News Agency, who reported the new offensive, said the

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First Mail Call For Liberators

By Arthur W. White

Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

The first letters from home for American soldiers in the invasion forces are expected to be sent across the Channel from England by fast boat today, the Postal Division, ETOUSA, announced. Soldiers of the Army Postal Regulating Section have landed on the beaches and are waiting to receive mail and dispatch it to the men now fighting their way inland.

"Mail will go regularly to the troops on the other side that are ready to receive it," a Postal Division official said. "Where positions are secure our men are standing by to take it in, deliver it direct to nearby units, or route it to the appropriate APO."

"If all goes according to schedule, mail for outfits in France should be landed there within two days of its arrival in England. It will go direct from the place where it's landed here to a coastal con-

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The War Today

France—Allies capture Bayeux, first city, and airfields for landing artillery and motor transport. Reported driving to cut Cherbourg peninsula. First phase of fighting successfully completed and troops meeting tactical reserves in second phase.

Russia—German reports say Russians have begun offensive on broad front north of Jassy, where Moscow reported 10,000 Nazis killed in eight days' hammering at Red Army positions.

Italy—Fifth Army takes Civita Vecchia, on Tyrrhenian coast 40 miles northwest of Rome, in rapid pursuit of retreating Germans. Kesselring's 14th Army officially described as in "a considerable state of disorganization."

Pacific—Americans capture Mokmer airbase on Biak Island off Dutch New Guinea, win airstrip within land-based bomber range of Philippines. Heavies bomb Guam and enemy supply ships off Truk. Japs in Kohima area reported running short of food and medicine.

Freedom Sends French Town Wild

By Richard McMillan

United Press Correspondent

WITH ADVANCED INVASION FORCES, June 8—Bayeux greeted the Allied troops who occupied it at midday with flowers and cheers, cries of God Save the King and "We have waited for this day. On to Paris."

I toured the Allied front line and entered Bayeux with the first troops. It was a scene of rejoicing as the people went wild. The streets were blocked with cheering men, women and children. The Tricolor and Union Jacks were hung in the windows. Cafes threw open their doors and pianists began to play British and French patriotic tunes. Crowds danced and shouted, "Vive Tommy," "Vive Amerique."

It was a scene of mingled war and peace through which I passed as I drove a jeep into the interior along part of the front line. After a dusty, dreary morning, the sun burst through and the skies cleared. It was a perfect summer's day.

Driving through the coastal defense belt, I saw the havoc wrought by the Allied naval and air bombardment, which had wrecked some roads and many hamlets which the Germans had used as headquarters.

In Bayeux, all were anxious for news of the invasion: "Will you please go to the Mairie and explain to the mayor that we must have our wireless sets returned," a man wearing blue overalls asked me when he found that I spoke French.

"They confiscated all our wireless sets during the past few days because they feared we would listen in and carry out sabotage orders given from London."

Some villages through which I passed were entirely deserted. In others, some civilians remain and rushed out screaming for joy. One village woman told me, "Oh, The Germans were really wicked. Recently Rommel came to this village on a visit to the German coastal defenses. The Nazis turned out in force. Rommel told them, 'These positions are impregnable.' We knew he was lying, because most of the German troops told us frankly: 'The British and Americans are

now too strong for us. But we will fight on nevertheless to the last man."

Along the country lanes, subdued German-looking prisoners streamed towards the cages near the beaches. Our artillery posted amidst Flanders poppies in the fields pounded the enemy beyond Bayeux. British and German dead lay in the sunlight on the verges of the roads. In the fields peasants tended their sheep and cattle as if this day were no different from any other. The Allied war machine rolled past along the duty highways, but the only sign the solid peasants gave was a wave of the hand. It was the townspeople, like those of Bayeux, who really showed their appreciation, repeating again and again, "C'est le jour de la liberation." Everyone wanted to know, "When will you get to Paris?"

Some women explained that they were refugees from the capital. Some said, "We are separated from our families and our children and have been longing for the day when you arrive so that we can be reunited to our loved ones."

The "Atlantic Wall," along the inva-

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THE STARS AND STRIPES

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Gloom and Cheer

FROM both Washington and London come suggestions that it is foolish to indulge in over-optimism at this time about our operations in France.

Mr. Churchill in the House of Commons said: "... I earnestly hope that when members go to their constituencies they will not only maintain morale, as far as that is necessary, but also give strong warnings against over-optimism and against the idea that these things are going to be settled in a rush.

Such sound advice is well worth taking, coming as it does from a man who has been in the forefront of the planning of the battle.

He made the statement in explaining to the House of Commons why he had nothing further to say at this time on the French campaign, and he said that all the points which had occurred to him were "very fully met in the excellent reports furnished by our able and upright press."

Meanwhile, in Washington news reports said neither optimism nor pessimism was reflected from the White House nor from the offices of any top Army or Navy officials.

The news was taken as it came. And news itself must be taken with understanding. For example, in yesterday's issue of The Stars and Stripes, a story on page one said: "German machine-guns wiped out some of the first men to land as soon as the doors of their landing craft were opened."

Both stories are true. They refer to different sectors of the vast landing operation on the continent, and they illustrate the fact that in this grim game the victory will not be won by a shutout score. And nobody expected that it would.

In some phases there will be successes, in others setbacks. If one GI out of a whole company stops an enemy bullet, you cannot convince him that "opposition was negligible and casualties were extremely light."

But taking the landing operations as a whole, there will be many more successes than setbacks, and it is on that pattern that the victory will be won.

\$64 Question

WITH the Allied landings going "according to plan" there is still one question without answer: "Where is the Luftwaffe?" In the first 24 hours of attack our Air Forces flew 13,000 sorties over enemy territory. The total loss was the fantastically low one of 31 aircraft.

After providing the most effective type of air umbrella that an initial landing force could desire, our planes are still on the job throughout the day, keeping beachhead patrol, strafing advancing troops, bombing marshalling yards, trains and airdromes. Judging from the absence of Nazi planes in the air, it would be easy to deduce that the Luftwaffe is a spent force; but that is not so by any means. It would be more accurate to say that the pre-invasion tactics of our Strategic Air Forces robbed the Luftwaffe of its Sunday-punch.

Our wish is that the situation may long be summed up in the words of "Sailor" Malan, famed Battle of Britain pilot, who said, "The area over the whole battle is just alive with planes—but they're all ours. The biggest danger is that of collision," and that the stock question of the war in Europe will continually be: "Where is the Luftwaffe?"

Newsworthy Names

HUMAN nature, it appears, is unchanging, at least where the practice of naming babies is concerned. Right or wrong, there are always fond parents who depart from the conventional Mary and Jane and Tom, Dick and Harry by making their offspring a living commemoration of a newsworthy event or personality.

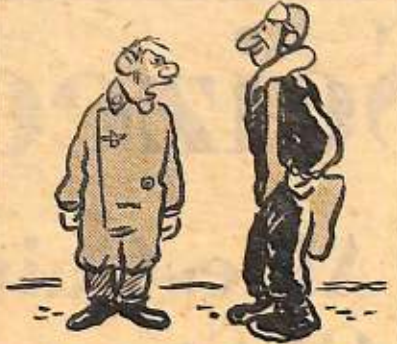
Most any sensational event that captures the public imagination is good for a name or two—election year, the Lindbergh flight, a comic strip character, the Floyd Collins cave tragedy, or a craze that sweeps the nation like marathon dancing or Tom Thumb golf.

Judging from the press reports the greatest day yet has been given due recognition in at least two youngsters, one named Dee Day, the other Invasia Mae. We wish these tots good fortune and hope they will soon be joined by a group of carefree youngsters proudly bearing the name Unconditional Surrender.

Hash Marks

Yoo, hoo, Hitler! Are you happy at your work?

The perfect answer: Arrogant and contemptuous, a captured Nazi fier demanded to see the American pilot who



had had the colossal nerve to shoot him out of the sky. Meeting the Yank, he boasted loudly, "I've shot down 162 planes—how many have you shot down?" The Yank, a tall Texan, calmly answered, "One—yours."

Come to think of it, Italy is the only boot that has changed hands recently, with no shoe coupons needed.

Incidental Information. There's at least one GI over here whose initials are ETO. He's Pvt. Edward Thomas O'Sullivan of an engineer outfit.

Life In Britain. A small boy, an ardent radio listener, was saying his prayers. He finished, "That is the end of my prayers, dear God. Here are the headlines again."

Confessions of a Pub Crawler—Put to Verse.

Drinking bitters gives me jitters, Sipping ale turns me pale, Guzzling mild, I act like a child, Soaking up gin, I feel all in.

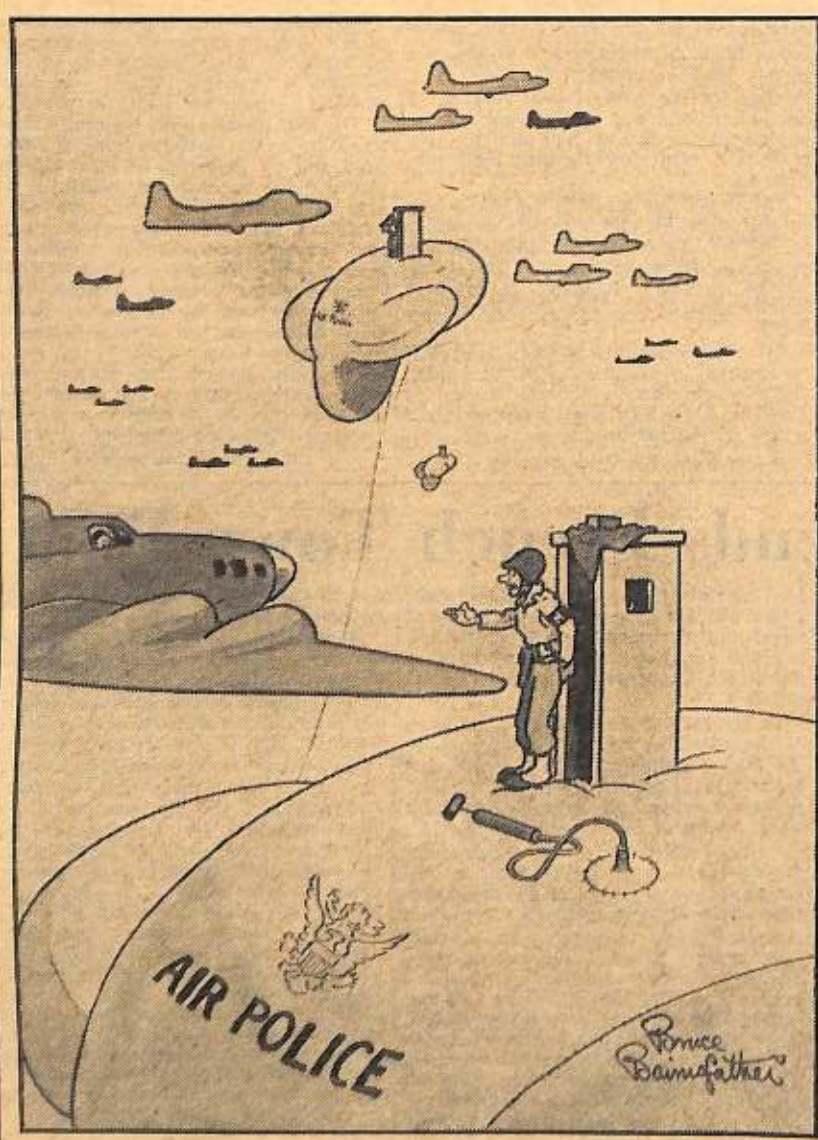
Yipee! The Stethoscope, a naval hospital newspaper, offered a prize to anyone who could identify Betty Grable's legs in a lay-out of leg-art pictures. The chaplain won.

An Englishman passing a shady lane about 10 PM was heard to remark, "If the



Yanks fight like they make love, the war won't last much longer."

Overheard in an office. "There are enough 'yes' men around this headquarters to form a 'Yeah' Corps." J. C. W.



"Hey! Let's see yer trip ticket!"

Where Allied Offensive Might Centers



Stars and Stripes Map

Infantry Wins Foothold With Terrific Attack

By Jack Foster

ABOARD THE USS HENRICO, June 6 (delayed)—Sheer guts won a foothold on the beach we are attacking. Salt-stained small boatmen, returning to this amphibious transport from the first wave, are almost reverent in their praise of American infantrymen who charged the beaches.

Each coxswain and gunner tells the same story. The first crest rode in on a choppy sea without a shot being fired at them. On our beach most of the LCPs and LCMs grounded on a sandbar a few feet from shore. GIs removed their rifles from waterproof containers and prepared to wade through hip-deep surf.

Then, as the boat ramp went down, the Yanks charged. They were met by streams of .50-cal. machine-gun bullets. German gunners were firing in precise patterns from concealed pillboxes.

Coxswain Richard Andrews, 18, of Hughesville, Pa., was at the tiller of the first LCPV to get back from the initial assault. "Everything was quiet as we approached the shore," he said. "Most of the soldiers thought the beach would be a pushover. We were exactly on time. Smoke from the naval barrage was still coming up from burning spots inland. My gunners cranked down the ramp. The infantry officer drew his pistol and waved his men after him. As the first group of men left the boat the machine-guns opened up. They mowed the troops down. Still the men in the boat pressed forward, some of them shooting toward the pillboxes. They plunged into the surf, but the fire dropped them into the water."

One of the Navy boatmen loudest in his praise of the infantrymen was Jerry Dever, S/1c, of Tacoma, Wash. He was a gunner aboard an LCM which hit the beach with 96 soldiers.

"None of them faltered," he said. "They followed their officers, shooting as they went. But the fire was too much for them. I saw only one man reach the shore."

The rest of Dever's story was supplied by Ensign J. L. Sunde, of Moorhead,

Allied Planes KO Key Bridge



Allied aircraft plastered this highway bridge spanning the River Seine at Mantes Cassicourt, northwest of Paris, and wrecked it so German reserves could not be transported to the front by that route. Other roads and railway bridges were also destroyed. Map shows where bombs destroyed key bridge near Paris.

Minn., in command of the boat. "Dever went wild when he saw the soldiers go down," he said. "Before I could stop him he leaped into the surf and grabbed a floating, wounded man. He threw him back into the boat and went for another and another. He piled seven of them into the craft before the fire forced us to shove off."

One group of GIs got ashore because Devon Swift, of Fort Wayne, Ind., a seaman at the tiller of an LCPV, took a chance and brought his boat in between two tanks at the water's edge. "I didn't know whether they were German or American," he said, "but they were so close that I could look down the gun muzzles. I figured they would have fired

already if they were Germans and beached the boat right between them. The troops took positions behind cover of the tanks and started shooting at pill boxes."

Swift had two crewmen with him, Ralph Buffone, machinist's mate third class, of Waterloo, N.Y., and Joseph Burda, SM/3c, of Jewett City, Conn.

Tonight the weary boatmen have secured their craft aboard the Henrico and are gulping down hot coffee. Their conversation concerns only one thing—the heroism and sheer courage of American troops. They look about the empty mess hall, jammed with troops only last night. And they pay the unglorified tribute of youth to their soldier buddies: "Those guys had what it takes."

First Story From the Paratroops

Lost After Landing, Writer Saved By Pals' Bullets in 'Movie Rescue'

By Leonard Mosley

Representing Combined Press BEHIND THE ATLANTIC WALL WITH PARATROOPERS, June 6 (delayed)—I parachuted into Europe at two minutes past one this morning, 64 hours before our airborne forces began the full-blown invasion.

I emplaned in C for Charlie, a great black bomber, last night, and we took our place in the taxiing line of planes that stretched from one end to the other of one of the biggest airfields in Britain.

There were Lancashire men, Yorkshiremen and Northumbrians. We doodled for an hour and then down the plane from the pilot came the signal, "Hook up your chutes."

Jumping by parachute is an action whose emotional side has been described before. And yet no one ever gets it—that tremendous roar of the slipstream and then the blissful peace of the soft night, once your 'chute develops. Only this time we were going down, not to a safe landing on the dropping ground, but to enemy territory covered with poles and holes and thick with the enemy waiting for us.

I looked as I twisted down for the mark and for the wood where we were later going to rendezvous as a fighting was whirling me east. Faster and faster I twisted, and I had to wrestle with my straps to get myself straight. By that time I had come down in an orchard outside a farmhouse. And as I stood up with my harness off and wiped the sweat off my brown-painted face, I knew I was hopelessly lost.

Dare I go to the farmhouse and ask

for directions? This was the question I turned over in my mind as I crawled forward through the trees. What the answer was I shall never know. Because suddenly there was a rip and tear in my flapping jumping-smock and I flung myself to the ground as machine-guns rattled.

There was a sudden silence, and then two more smashing explosions, hand grenades this time. What do you do in those circumstances, when you are not allowed to carry arms?

I could now see figures maneuvering in the moonlight, and I decided to try to get away. I dived through a bunch of nettles and fought my way through a tangle of barbed wire into the next field, and began to run at the crouch.

And then, suddenly, at the farther edge there were two more figures, and they were coming toward me and I could see that they were carrying guns.

What might have happened is one of those "ifs" of my private history—only there was a crash of Sten-gun fire instead and both men crumpled up not 15 yards from me. Into the field stealthily came five men to challenge me—and I was with our own paratroopers again.

This is no moment, with a fierce counter-attack developing against this followed. All I know is that for two long weary hours we wandered the country. We hid from German patrols in French barns. We shot up a Nazi car speeding down a lane.

Once, when we were lying in a ditch on the outskirts of a village, a youth appeared with a German flask full of Normandy wine, and, after we had drunk it, he led us, by a roundabout route, away from the enemy. And just after 3 AM we made our rendezvous.

