

pillbox of reinforced concrete, with gun slits. The tank boys had shot it to extinction.

For an hour there was a lull in the fighting. Nobody did anything about a third pillbox, around the corner. Then we saw a group of German soldiers. An officer walked in front, carrying a Red Cross flag on a stick. Bob Capa braved the dangerous funnel at the end of the side street, leapfrogged and snapped some pictures. Then, since he speaks German, he led them on back to our side of the invisible fence of battle.

I didn't stay to see how the remaining pillboxes were knocked out. But I suppose our second tank eventually pulled up to that corner, turned, and let them have it. After the pillboxes would be checked the area would be clear of everything but snipers.

The infantry, who up till then had been forced to keep in doorways, would then continue up the street, and poke into side streets, and into more houses until everything was clear. You don't always have tanks to help, and you don't always do it with so little shedding of blood. That's how a strong point in a city is taken.

THE SAD SACK



"MAIL"



SAT. GEORGE BAKER