

FOREWORD

During World War II, Psychological Warfare became recognized as an important weapon at the disposal of all combatants. Its dual aim was to build up the user's home-front, his troops, and his allies; and at the same time attack, undermine and destroy those of the enemy. Truths, half-truths, lies and rumors were spread by as many different media as there were means to carry the written and spoken word.

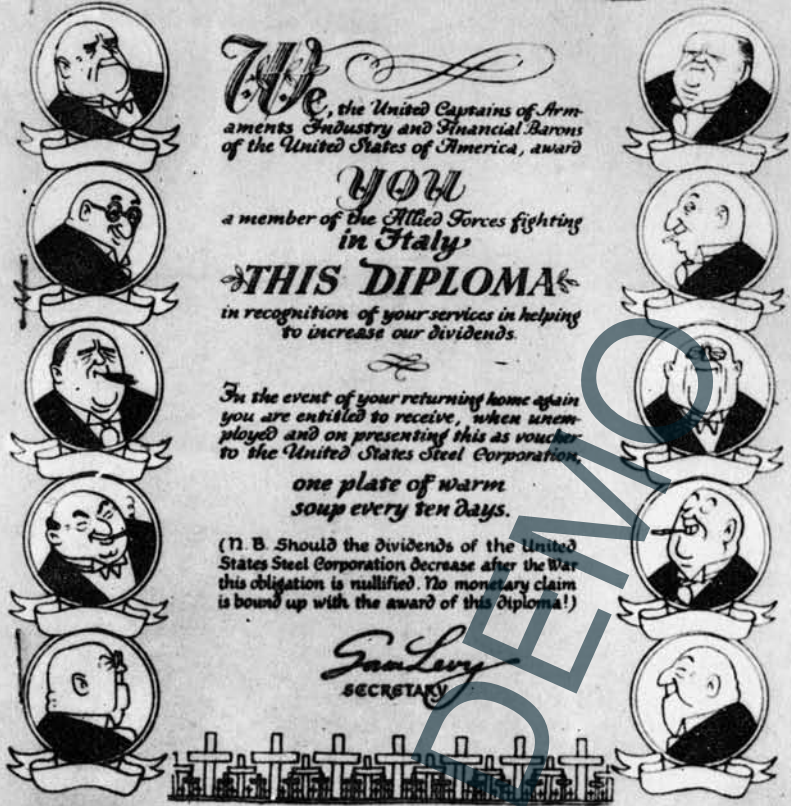
In the field of propaganda, which was the principal tool employed, the Germans became past masters. The methods and effect of one phase of this propaganda, that of "selling a bill of goods" not only to Germany herself but to the world at large, is already well known. It is with another phase, which may be called Battle Field Propaganda, that this booklet is concerned.

On the following pages are reproductions of a few of the propaganda leaflets that were employed by the Germans against units of VI Corps during World War II. These leaflets were occasionally dropped from airplanes but were more often fired by means of a special artillery or mortar projectile. Some of these leaflets were found to be clever and well done, while others were crude, makeshift, and, judging by our standards, often in poor taste.

The leaflets that follow are only a sampling of the total encountered, but they serve to illustrate the many different themes used by the Germans. Many are an attempt to split the Allies, while others attempt to destroy the soldiers' faith in the home front, his Commander-in-Chief, his girl, his friends, and his country. Much of the propaganda is Anti-Semitic which was a favorite Nazi theme, while a good deal of it appealed directly to the individual soldier in telling him that "death awaited him as long as he continued the fight".

In addition to the small pamphlets, a bi-monthly newspaper, dubbed "The Lightning News", was used by the Germans. Also there were daily broadcasts by "Sally" over Jerry's radio station and the frequent use of front line loud-speakers. But whatever the method, and regardless of the words used, the idea behind the whole program was to make the soldier soft, unhappy, lose the desire to fight, and desert.

It is difficult to gauge the effect of this propaganda on each individual soldier; however, on this command as a whole, it achieved practically nothing, as the morale of the combat troops was excellent throughout the many extended and difficult campaigns. Thus, the net results of Goebbels' efforts in Battle Field Propaganda against VI Corps is this souvenir booklet dedicated for future generations to read.



We, the United Captains of Armaments Industry and Financial Barons of the United States of America, award

YOU
a member of the Allied Forces fighting in Italy

THIS DIPLOMA
in recognition of your services in helping to increase our dividends.

In the event of your returning home again you are entitled to receive, when unemployed and on presenting this as voucher to the United States Steel Corporation, **one plate of warm soup every ten days.**

(N. B. Should the Dividends of the United States Steel Corporation decrease after the War this obligation is nullified. No monetary claim is bound up with the award of this diploma!)

Sam Levy
SECRETARY

SOLDIERS OF THE UNITED NATIONS IN ITALY PROUDLY DYING FOR WALL STREET!

This diploma is ornamented with portraits of prominent Americans for whom you, as idealists in the truest sense, are sacrificing your health and life. It shall not be the only reward that Wall Street is granting you!

For this sacrifice is also to receive lasting recognition in the shape of the huge memorial depicted below and created by one of America's best sculptors.

It will be placed at the foot of Wall Street as an eternal expression of gratitude for the willingness of those soldiers who patiently fought and died for Wall Street, although they had the chance to spend the War in a Camp in Germany, until repatriation!



TO
THOSE WHO HELPED TO PAY US
A DIVIDEND OF
44 1/2
A GRATEFUL WALL STREET

The Girl You Left Behind



*
It was a rude awakening for her.....

THE MOMENT SHE DREADED

Forgotten are the days when shapely Joan Hopkins was still selling ribbons in a 5 and 10 cts. store in New York City. As private secretary to slick Sam Levy, big money maker in the war business, she rose to be a sugar daddy's darling.

Sam didn't have any cash when he got started, and he doesn't like to be reminded of his early days on the lower East Side. The war was just the right thing for him. Like many other home-warriors he made the grade piling up dough and growing fat on the sacrifices of those young American boys fighting on foreign battlefields.

At heart Joan is not a bad woman. For over two years she had not seen her fiancé, clean-cut Bob Harrison, whom she cares for very much. Bob was shipped to Europe to fight for the cause of Sam Levy and his kind.

Two years is a long time for any girl.

For more than half a year she had not heard from Bob. He seemed to be among the missing.

Some sunny afternoon, however, just when Joan and Sam were stepping out of fashionable Bonwit Teller's shop on Fifth Avenue, she was struck speechless by the sight of a man in uniform.

It was a rude awakening for her. And it was also a dreadful blow to Bob, for it was he who suddenly stood opposite her - on crutches, one leg amputated.

Two lives - lost to one another forever.

Look for the other pictures of this series.

The Girl You Left Behind



To-day she is pulling down 60 bucks.....

SAM KNOWS WHAT HE WANTS

Two years ago, comely Joan Hopkins was still a salesgirl behind the ribbon counter in a New York 5 & 10 cts. store getting 12 dollars a week.

To-day she is pulling down 60 bucks as the private secretary to Sam Levy. Business is excellent and Sam is making a pile of dough on war contracts.

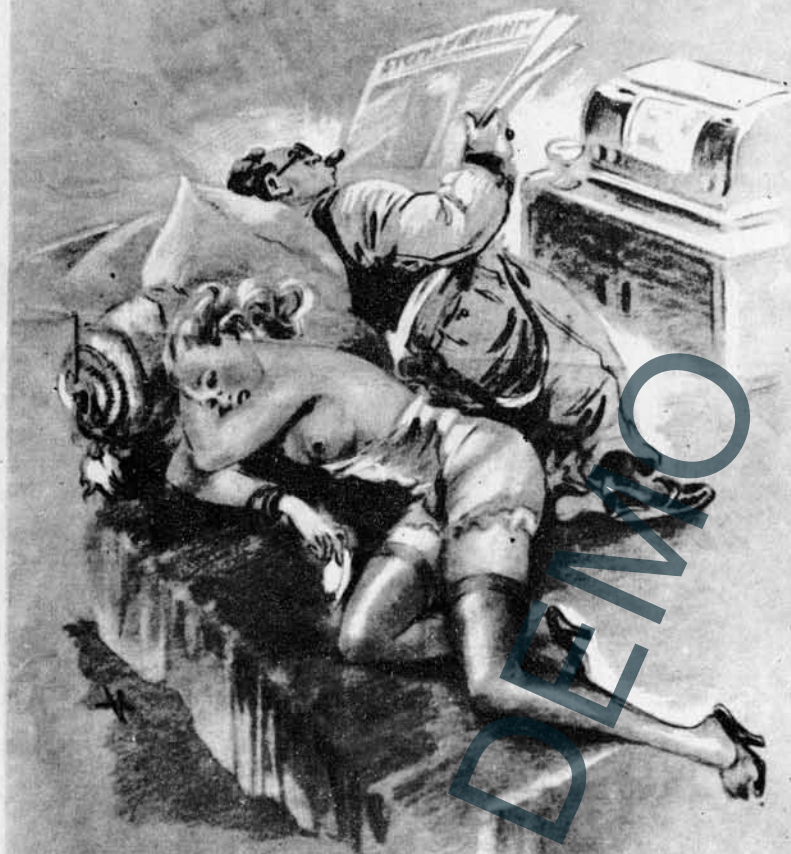
FOR HIM THE SLAUGHTER CAN'T LAST LONG ENOUGH.

Sam has no scruples about getting a bit intimate with Joan. And why should he have any? Tall and handsome Bob Harrison, Joan's fiancé, is on the front, thousands of miles away, fighting for guys like Sam Levy.

Joan loves Bob, but she doesn't know WHEN HE WILL COME BACK.

Look for the other pictures of this series.

The Girl You Left Behind



Poor little Joan! She is still thinking of Bob.....

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH

When pretty Joan Hopkins was still standing behind the ribbon counter of a 5 & 10 cts. store on 3rd Avenue in New York City, she never dreamed of ever seeing the interior of a duplex Park Avenue apartment. Neither did young Bob Harrison, the man she loves. Bob was drafted and sent to the battlefields in Europe thousands of miles away from her. Through Lazare's Employment Agency Joan got a job as private secretary with wily Sam Levy. Sam is piling up big money on war contracts. Should the slaughter end very soon, he would suffer an apoplectic stroke.

Now Joan knows what Bob and his pals are fighting for.

Joan always used to look up to Bob as the guiding star of her life, and she was still a good girl when she started working for Sam Levy. But she often got the blues thinking of Bob, whom she hadn't seen for over two years. Her boss had an understanding heart and was always very kind to her, so kind indeed, that he often invited her up to his place. He had always wanted to show her his "etchings". Besides, Sam wasn't stingy and each time Joan came to see him, he gave her the nicest presents. Now, all women like beautiful and expensive things. But Sam wasn't the man you could play for a sucker. He wanted something, wanted it very definitely.....

Poor little Joan! She is still thinking of Bob, yet she is almost hoping that he'll never return.

Look for the other pictures of this series.

LIFE

a party.

A CONTRIBUTION BY OUR SOCIETY REPORT

It was a charming idea of Mr. Levy, big munitions manufacturer, to invite those of his female employees who have a friend or fiancé at the Nettuno front. He had considerably called it a "Nettuno Party". A large number of armaments manufacturers was also present.

At first the girls, of course, were somewhat reserved, but the whisky and the other drinks were so excellent that soon everybody was having a grand time. There was only one embarrassing incident - when one of the girls suddenly left the party, exclaiming:

"I only hope that my Joe over there in Europe is not going to be so dumb as to risk his life or health for you profiteers and racketeers!"

Apart from this "slip of the tongue" nothing else spoiled the fun of the party.

It is very comforting for the boys at the front to know that their girls - when they are pretty - are well taken care of.



at **NETTUNO**



to **NETTUNO**

AMERICAN AND BRITISH SOLDIERS!

OF COURSE, you have been in Italy for sooo... long a time, and you know by now that good old Neptune is called *Nettuno* in Italian. Already thousands upon thousands of your pals visited him and preferred to stay with him forever.

This time, however, the god of the sea was tickled to death that you did him the honor of calling on him in the very place that was named after him.

Neptune was just starting a new collection of American and British ships, tanks, planes, and guns for his armoury in a beautiful grotto on the bottom of the Tyrrhenian Sea and was damned pleased with your ample contribution. He particularly liked the types of your equipment to include the nice uniforms of your fellow soldiers. The Germans were kind enough to sweep them off the beaches of his beloved Nettuno.

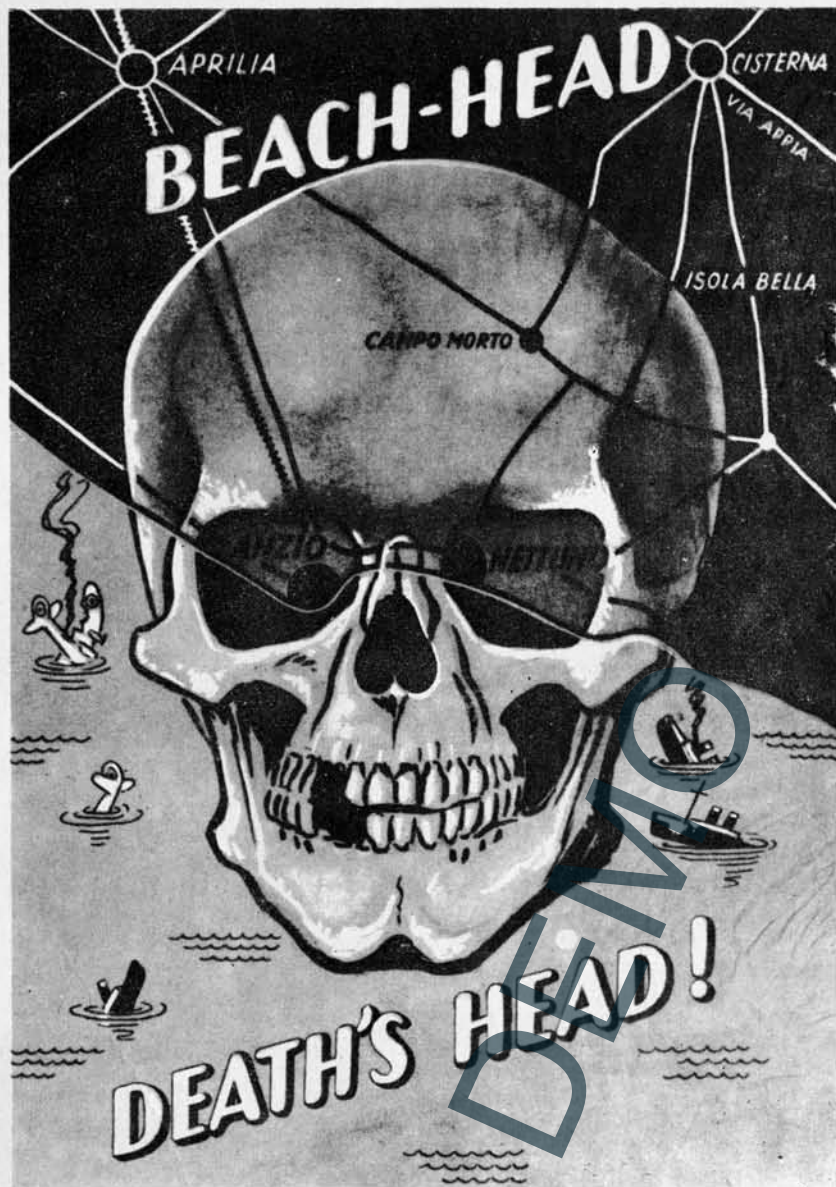
...on good terms with the old guy; ...our term to settle down with him?

...NG ASIDE, BOYS.

The British-American landing at Nettuno is developing into a hell of a business for your forces.

You and your pals will have to bear the consequences!

dimensions



THE BEACH-HEAD

**is going to be the big blow
against the Germans.**

Wasn't that the slogan when the Allied
troops landed at Nettuno on January 21st?

T O D A Y

exactly three months of hard fighting have
passed and you can now celebrate this event.
But it is still merely a beach-head, paved with the
skulls of thousands of British and American soldiers!

*The Beach-Head has
become a Death's Head!*

It is welcoming You with a grin, and also those
who are coming after you across the sea for an
appointment with death.

Do they know what they are in for?
Yes, they feel that they are landing on a

DEATH'S HEAD

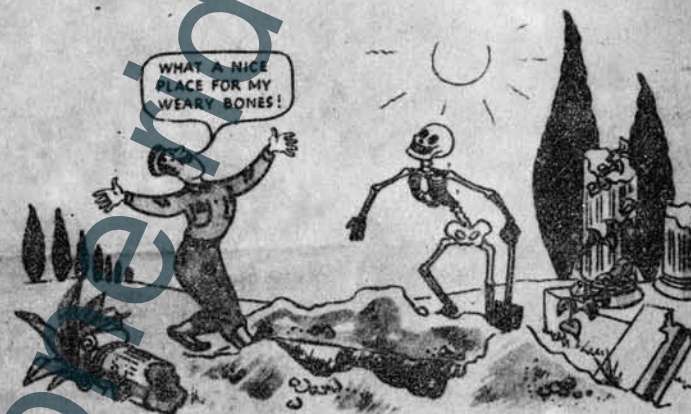


*The mountains and
valleys of 'Sunny Italy'
WANT TO SEE YOU...*

*...they want to see you
an **APPOINTMENT WITH DEATH***

Every mountain and every valley in Sunny Italy has an enormous appetite. For weeks and weeks the Allies have been feeding MOUNT CASSINO with bombs, shells and streams of blood.

And which ever way you turn, you only see more such mountain-molechs waiting hungrily for YOU.



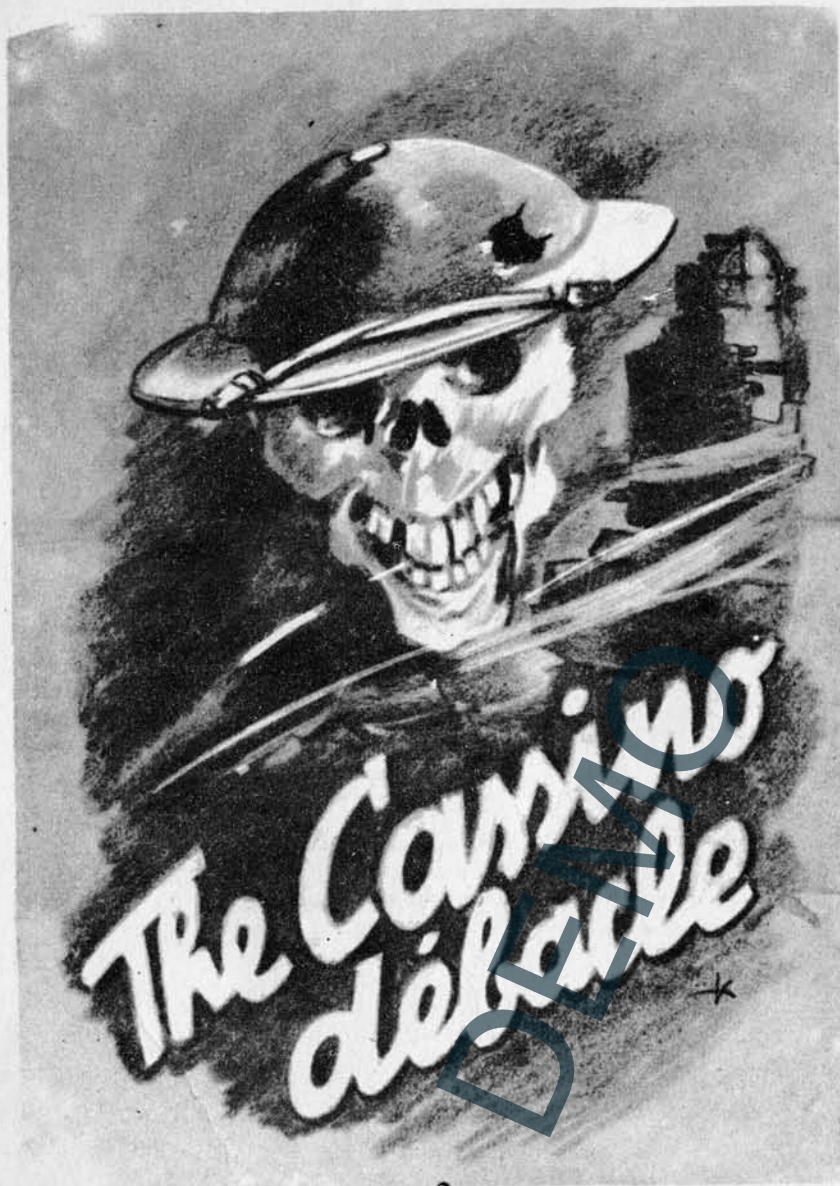
If you are romantic

you will be grateful to Fate for giving you the chance of a free burial on some picturesque hillside under the blue skies of Sunny Italy. Your grave will be in earth linked up with a glorious past and covered with the ruins of ancient buildings and temples.

If you are NOT romantic -

*well, maybe you are saying, "I want to go home!"
In any case a 6' plot has been reserved for you.*

Come to Italy - for a date with DEATH!



CASSINO

IS STILL IN GERMAN HANDS
in spite of
HUGE ALLIED LOSSES!

For weeks and weeks the Allies have been throwing
all their resources into the battle of Cassino.

BUT ALL IN VAIN!

The heaviest bombardment of the Italian campaign, by artillery and from the air, was to blast away the German defenders. And in fact about 800 Allied bombers dropped more than 2500 tons of H. E. 's on the little town of Cassino in the space of a few hours!

But when the pounding from the air and the nerve-racking barrage had ceased, the Germans rose from their foxholes and repelled in hand-to-hand fighting the massed attacks of the 2nd. New Zealand and 4th. Indian Divisions, who were supported by numerous tanks.

Day after day the 2nd. New Zealand Division repeated their attacks, and although they call themselves the best division in the Empire, they failed to make the slightest headway. Their old foe, the German paratroops, who had driven them from Crete in 1941, proved themselves "tops" again and simply mowed down the 4th. Indian Division.

Could that be the German soldier, who according to Allied press and radio reports, is war-weary in the fifth year of this conflict?

AND NOW WHAT ABOUT THE NETTUNO FRONT?
IS THE

SLAUGHTER

TO BE REPEATED THERE?



Rich Man's War! Poor Man's Fight!

sevelt, Oct. 31, 1940

campaign speeches?

employed rose from one year
dependents, over 45 million
the USA were living in misery.

- and he knew it.

to be done.

anted the fairy-tale that the Axis Powers

short of war, made them shorter
orter until he had HIS war!

to birds with one stone by plunging his country into a war:
got rid of the unemployed by shipping many of them to the
side of Europe as cannon fodder. The rest were absorbed by
ment industry in temporary wartime jobs.

could, he passed fat government contracts on to his rich sponsors,
ne Buechs, Lehmans, Morgenthau, Warburgs, Ginsbergs and the
like, thus rewarding them for their cash donations during election
time. This moneyed gang is reaping colossal profits as usual.

So you see that Mr. Roosevelt had good
reasons for running after the war.

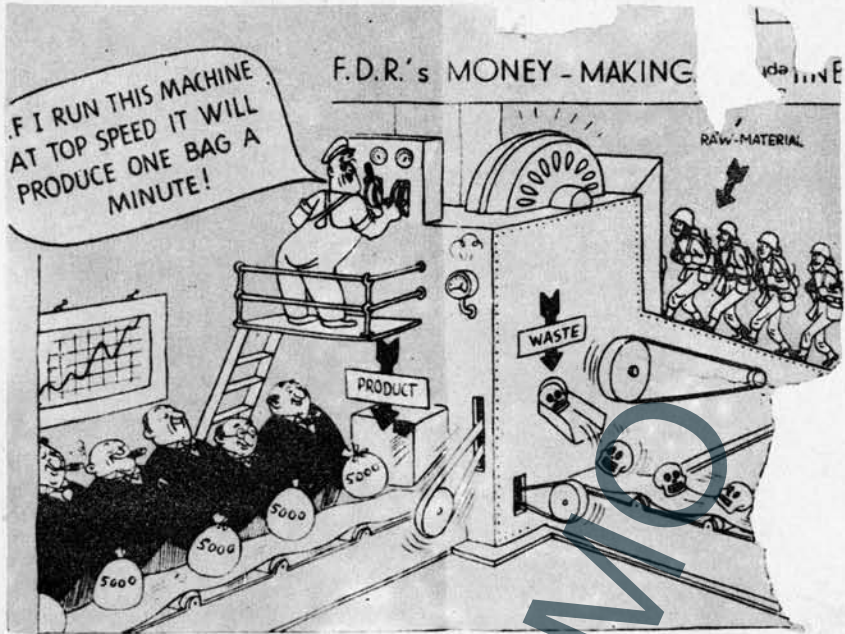
One of his spokesmen, James H. McGraw Jr., president of the McGraw-
Hill-Publishing Company, Inc., put it bluntly by writing in the March 1942
issue of the magazine "Aviation,"

"And this, very definitely, is OUR war."

The American people, however, in their unimpeachable judgement set him
right by saying:

**This is the RICH man's war
and the POOR man's fight!**

dimensione ridotta



"THE AFFAIR FOR A SELECT FEW,"

paper New Leader in December 1943, and the following FACTS issued by the U. S. D. of Commerce:

Net Profits of U. S. Industry	
1939	1942
5 billion \$	20.1 billion \$

Income from Real Estate	
1939	1942
4.3 billion \$	33 billion \$

That's Big Business for the rich - but not for you!

And the paper continued:

"These figures prove that never before in the history of capitalism have such huge fortunes been accumulated by a select few. In spite of this 'Gold Rush' the worker's wages have not increased"

It truly is a "Rich man's war but a poor man's fight!"

And so that's why you're here in Europe - making this sacrifice of life and health!

If you should return home you won't have to work again, for the Government is already reckoning on at least 12 million unemployed after this war.

So you will be able to devote yourself wholly to your hobbies, rest your weary bones in the sun, and comfort yourself with the thought,

"I HELPED WALL STREET RAKE IN THE CASH"