



ELIZABETH TIMBERMAN

Annie's guardian, Brewster Morgan. The radio station was a problem child that turned out well.



U. S. ARMY PHOTO

This mobile German transmitter, mounted on ten trucks, was taken from a Nazi combat propaganda unit. Its first duty had been "jamming" the broadcasts of station 1212. The author is in foreground.

Operation Annie

By BREWSTER MORGAN

Here, told for the first time, is the fascinating story of "1212," the Army radio station that fooled the Nazis by always telling them the truth—until finally the time came to feed them a pack of whopping lies.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Brewster Morgan, who prior to the war had a distinguished career in this country as a radio director and producer, was summoned to London during the summer of 1942 to become chief of broadcasting for the Office of War Information. In the next two years he organized the elaborate relay system by which the "Voice of America" was rebroadcast by BBC. This involved over 200 programs a week in sixteen languages. Later he founded and organized ABSIE, the American

Broadcasting Station in Europe, which became our most effective official propaganda instrument.

Toward the end of 1944, Morgan went to the 12th Army Group as chief of radio communications for Psychological Warfare. The highly secret "Operation Annie"—which he tells about in this article—was one of his many responsibilities. During the final rampage of American troops across Germany, Morgan led a small task force which captured the huge Leipzig radio station under combat conditions. For this exploit, he received official Army commendation. —The Editors.

OPERATION ANNIE, known familiarly, affectionately and sometimes bitterly as "Annie," was the code name given to a "black," or secret, radio station in the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg near the German border. Using the title "1212," it purported to be a German station operated within German territory by a small group of Rhinelanders loyal to the German cause, but believing that both soldiers and civilians in the Reich deserved to hear more truth about the war than they were getting from the Nazis. Actually, the station was run within the Allied lines by the Psychological Warfare Branch of the United States 12th Army Group, made up of the 1st, 3rd and 9th armies.

Annie's headquarters was a large house set among pine and spruce trees in a walled-in garden of the city of Luxemburg. For four years it had been the residence of a prominent Nazi. Every nook and cranny of the interior contained Nazi Party symbols we carefully preserved. It is not easy to create a be-

lievable facsimile of an enemy radio station. We needed all the atmosphere we could get; even though brass hats who paid us a visit were momentarily shaken by the busts of Hitler, gilded swastikas, SS shields, draped Nazi flags, and Yank enthusiasts who popped out of doorways wearing German field caps.

The staff was recruited from the Army, from the Office of Strategic Services and from the Office of War Information. It included Americans whose citizenship barely antedated the war, and Americans whose roots had grown in Yankee soil for 300 years. Among them were newspaper reporters, musicians, theater directors, actors, university professors, manufacturers and lawyers. Around the men who wrote and spoke for Annie were grouped professional radio people, and an intelligence section of German specialists for whom scores of men on three Army fronts were capturing documents, cross-questioning prisoners and German civilians, and sniffing

on the scent of odds and ends that might make useful propaganda.

The first mission assigned to Operation Annie by the commanding general was to build up an audience among German troops by broadcasting military news with a German bias. This news was accurate and given in unprecedented detail. Hoping to interest the men in the ranks, we spent many minutes on sectors of small areas, we gave credit to small units, naming individuals who had distinguished themselves in the fighting. The walls of Annie's closely guarded inner sanctum were papered from floor to ceiling with large-scale maps of all salients. On them, men marked the mile-by-mile progress of Allied troops.

The accuracy and freshness of our news made Annie attractive to German battalion commanders. That was important, for when our armies were ready to try for a quick break-through to the Rhine, Annie was to forsake truth and become an instrument of deception. This plan, however, was interrupted one cold December morning when Von Rundstedt launched his drive through the Ardennes Forest, beginning the Battle of the Bulge. Thus, for many days of Annie's infancy, the "German" station 1212 was in danger of actually becoming German by capture. Despite this threat, Annie emerged at the end as an improved weapon of potential deception. That this was possible was largely due to a bold policy decision made by the Psychological-Warfare advisers to General Eisenhower.

The decision was to roll with the German punch, accept the German propaganda line, be frank about our retreats and our losses, admit our chagrin and, without openly saying it, assist Goebbels in every way to make the German people believe that the tide of war had changed in their favor. If this was done properly, the letdown that would follow the American counterpush might be sufficiently widespread to start the disintegration process which is the goal of war propaganda.

In the beginning, the first problem of Annie's program structure had been to find a distinctive signature—one which would catch the attention of casual listeners and identify her immediately when heard a second time. We worked out a tricky little musical theme made up first, of a few bars from a well-known Rhineland song, followed by the dead professional tones of the radio call sign: "Hier ist 1212" (Here is 1212). This was repeated three times.

The program structure of the Annie broadcasts went through the normal process of chop and change. In its final form, an hour's listening gave the Ger-

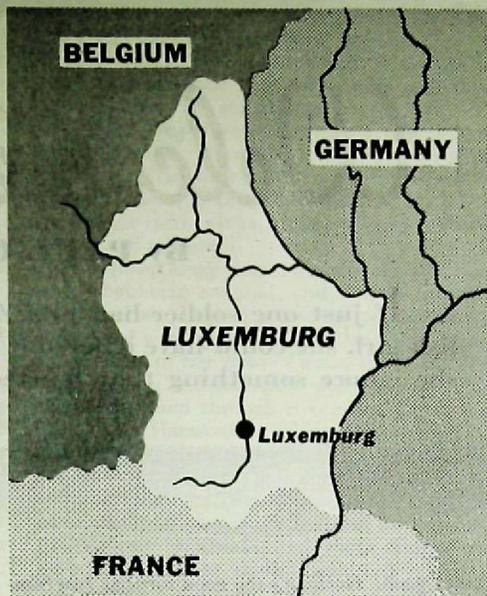
mans something like this: First there was a general introduction to the station by our chief speaker. This man had a warm, rich, slightly husky, middle-aged Rhinelander's voice. His voice and manner invoked confidence. He was obviously a man of substance and respectability. Next came news from all sectors of the west and east fronts. Then the air news. The particular feature of this section was an eyewitness account of an Allied air raid, seen from the ground, not from the air, as was the practice in "white," or official, broadcasting. Home news followed. This included items about rationing, campaigns such as the one to gather winter clothing for the troops, party news, market prices, and, on Sunday night, the football scores for the benefit of the troops. The important games were played on Sunday, but the results were never announced by German radio stations until they had been published in the Monday newspapers. This gave us a tidy little scoop each week.

Stories from the front came next. There was regimental gossip, anecdotes from the mess, combat incidents, lists of decorations awarded, proclamations, orders of the day, helpful hints to soldiers on matters of health, pay, furlough, and so on. The feature talk of the evening was last. This might be a professional military discussion of the use and value of a certain weapon or an analysis of strategy. Or it might be a discussion of some domestic problem of interest to both soldiers and civilians.

After each item, music was introduced. Most of the music was Rhineland, and all of it was reproduced from German recordings captured near the front lines or smuggled out of Germany or requisitioned from Belgian and Luxemburg householders.

As the night progressed, the news was expanded or altered in relation to events, but the set pieces were repeated from recordings made during the opening hour. Our engineers didn't know German, and before we learned to keep a German-speaking producer at the turntable, the records gave us a few blushes. One night a record stuck on the word "Goebbels" and for several minutes before the weary engineer snapped awake, Annie gave a reasonable imitation of a man letting out his breath under water.

Our deadliest fear was that someone would accidentally speak an English word into an open microphone. On pain of death, the announcers were required to speak German only, in the studio. The engineers and recording men rigged up an elaborate system of signal lights to keep themselves out of the studio until the microphone was dead.



The Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, near German border, was the site chosen for Annie's secret work.

In reporting air raids, Operation Annie scored a real beat. It inaugurated eyewitness accounts told from the viewpoint of a German on the ground. The means by which they were built, though laborious and complicated, were simpler than the puzzled propagandists on Goebbels' team imagined.

One day toward the end of January, the air-liaison officer from Operation Annie was told that the 9th Tactical Air Command had decided to attack a medium-sized city in the Eifel. We will call it Gelsen. The town was a railway junction and offered as targets a bridge over a river, a long trestle and a tunnel which could be blocked. In and about the town were several small but important assembly shops for artillery firing mechanisms, a reserve ammunition dump and several gasoline-storage tanks. The pilots were briefed from reconnaissance photographs of these points, and early the next morning the flight took off.

Our liaison officer had put in a routine bid for photographs of damage results, and when the flight returned he was given blown-up prints of these pictures, as well as prints of the reconnaissance photo-

graphs taken before the raid. He compared the two under a magnifying glass, and checked them against the most detailed and up-to-date maps and plans of the town. Damage to streets and buildings was tabulated.

The process was transferred to the headquarters of Operation Annie. In one of the ground-floor rooms necessary source material had already been laid out. A painstaking search of the town directory of Gelsen was begun. The Gelsen telephone directory and a dozen other sources were examined to help us identify buildings by street number, owners' or residents' names, and the functional character of the building—if it was a business or an industrial structure.

Whenever combat troops moved into new territory, we had men with them whose main duty it was to capture and send back directories of all kinds, lists of addresses and telephone numbers of Nazi officials, guidebooks and even letters lying undelivered in the post office. There was always something comic to the average soldier in the sight of a heavily armed squad willing to shoot its way into a building to rescue a telephone directory.

After the Annie staff had completed the map work, and all available printed sources had been exhausted, a rapid review of intercepted and captured German civilian and soldier letters was made. No clues were found here, so an alert was sent out to the Psychological Warfare intelligence teams at 1st, 3rd and 9th armies.

"Want urgently letters, prisoner interrogations and all available information from Gelsen, Eifel," the alert said. "References air raid on Gelsen 28 January highest priority, but any and all details useful."

The men in the field wasted little time. At prison cages they sifted the papers taken from captured soldiers, and looked for Germans from the area of Gelsen. During the evening following the first request for help, a radio flash from 1st Army told us they had found a prisoner who was in a troop train standing in the station at the time of the raid. This checked with the first report furnished us by the Air Command. We called for a brief outline of his story.

A scarcely audible telephone call came from Lucky Forward—the code name of 3rd Army Advance Headquarters. A sergeant from Intelligence told us he had uncovered a prisoner from Gelsen who had spent his leave at home and was in the town a few days before the raid. A great deal of shouting went on to clarify the details, but the Army line was too

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Brewster Morgan (at extreme left) chats with some of his fellow conspirators on the veranda of the house they occupied in Luxemburg while carrying on their air-wave war against the Germans.



Capt. (now Major) Richard Seudder, air-liaison officer for Nazi-duping station. His detective work helped.

OPERATION ANNIE

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weak. The sergeant at the far end of the wire was told to bundle the prisoner into a jeep and rush him back to Annie. The half-frozen prisoner arrived the next day and was hustled into our private cage reserved for especially useful captives. As soon as he had thawed out, the questioning began. On what street did he live? Did he know the Altegasse? Who lived in the corner house?

Meanwhile, local details were being referred to our own people who had firsthand knowledge of the district. Among the companies, the battalion or the various detachments making up the Psychological Warfare Branch of the 12th Army Group, we usually found at least one German-American soldier who knew the area under examination.

A captured letter from Gelsen came in by courier. "Father is still in the hospital. His broken hip is painful, but he tries not to complain. When will we see an end to this terror from the skies? We still stay with the Koenigs, not having been able to find any other place. It is difficult for them, too, since they have only the cellar left."

Here were two families whom we could check against our list. The eye-witness account we were going to broadcast was a personal story, so we didn't hesitate to give details which in a general report would have little news value.

From Switzerland, via London, came a German newspaper published in the area. Items which meant nothing in themselves became significant when related to what we already knew. We learned that the day of the raid coincided with the day on which housewives went to the rationing office for new tickets. We scanned the death notices: "Helene Bender, by enemy action." Yes, Bender was a name on our list of families made homeless.

At last the writer was handed a folder with attached notes suggesting angles.

He wove a first-person story, taking care not to include general material which, though true, wouldn't have been known to the individual who supposedly witnessed the raid.

The final moment arrived. Our chief announcer introduced the speaker. He did it very simply and without comment. A man talked quietly for perhaps five or six minutes. Music swelled up. Another air story was told. It was repeated several times during the night.

Not all air stories broadcast by Annie passed through so lengthy a process as the one I have described. Capt. Richard Scudder, formerly of the Newark News, was our air-liaison officer. Without his energy, talent for detail and flair for detective work, we couldn't have kept up the pace.

The German ground troops in the line were bitter at the lack of air support being given them. They were told by their commanders that the fighter planes were needed to protect the factories making war materials and to guard the homes of their families. When a German soldier heard from Annie the story of the bombing of his home town, and heard it told very simply by another German, with details that seemed to assure its veracity, his doubts about the Luftwaffe became convictions. The Nazi Propaganda Ministry played into our hands by carrying on a campaign to persuade families in bombed towns not to worry their menfolk at the front with letters about air-raid sufferings. When a soldier heard Annie's description of a raid, and no mention was made of such a raid in letters from his family, he began to doubt that he was being told the truth about conditions at home.

On the civilian side, the effect was more subtle. Nazi radio speakers were reticent on the subject of Allied air raids, but at the same time they urged the Führer's people to bear their trials heroically. One need not be a cynic to admit that it is easier to be a hero if you get a little credit for it. Annie never hesitated to point out the heavy war burden carried by civilians, and we

progressively gathered new listeners who felt that, since we were "brave enough" to tell the truth about their ordeal, we might be worth hearing on other matters.

We undoubtedly made errors from time to time. We had a bad shock one night within two minutes of our broadcast deadline. Someone rushed in breathlessly to say that we mustn't have a bomb falling on the Schwartz house at the corner of Lindau Street, because he had just learned from a prisoner that the Schwartz family had moved to Brooklyn in 1938.

One of our most effective propaganda writers was German Field Marshal Model. Although most German generals lived uneasily in the revolving door of Hitler's favor, Model managed somehow to keep a place by the Führer's hearth. He always had a passion for giving fatherly and what my son calls "corny" advice to the German soldier, and in good times nobody had minded it much. When he came into prominence on the western front, after the German reversal in the Ardennes, his passion became a menace to discipline.

While German transport set on fire by the American Air Force burned brightly on every road, Model fiddled with his pen and composed grandiose orders of the day. German battalion commanders later admitted that they did their best to "lose" these effusions before they reached the troops, which may account for the fact that we regularly captured so many copies.

Annie gave great prominence and the widest possible circulation to Field Marshal Model's thoughts for the day. To the panzer grenadier calling vainly for ammunition, Model gave advice on how to wash woolen underwear without soap. To the tank driver praying for even one German plane to stave off the death that swooped on him from the skies, the good field marshal spoke of the duty of every soldier to worship the Führer and—time permitting—to respect his own mother. To the half-frozen, half-starved infantryman, Model offered an elaborate recipe for making sawdust-and-potato sausages into a delicious ragout.

This stuff needed no retouching by our staff. We only had to read it before the microphone. It was a sad day for us when Model was removed from the spotlight in which Annie had lovingly placed him.

The swiftness of the break-through of our armies to the Rhine was prefaced by a number of hard, slugging preparatory moves during the first three weeks in February. The 1st Army shoved its way to the Roer Valley dams. On the Luxemburg frontier the 3rd Army punched holes in the West Wall. To the north, the British and Canadians launched a drive. But in all this activity there was no opportunity for Annie to become a positive weapon of military deception. The Annie staff fretted at the prospect of further delay.

Then suddenly on March second the 9th Army was across the Rhine from Düsseldorf, the 1st Army was breaking out of the eastern edge of the West Wall onto the Cologne plain, General Patton's 3rd Army had punched its way into Trier and gone clanking over the Eifel hills north of the Moselle River. The fall of Cologne came on March seventh. A few hours later, to the south the 1st Army had made a right wheel and found the undamaged Remagen bridge. Then, two days after Remagen, Patton's forces broke out of the Eifel and down to the Rhine at Koblenz, from there turning right and striking

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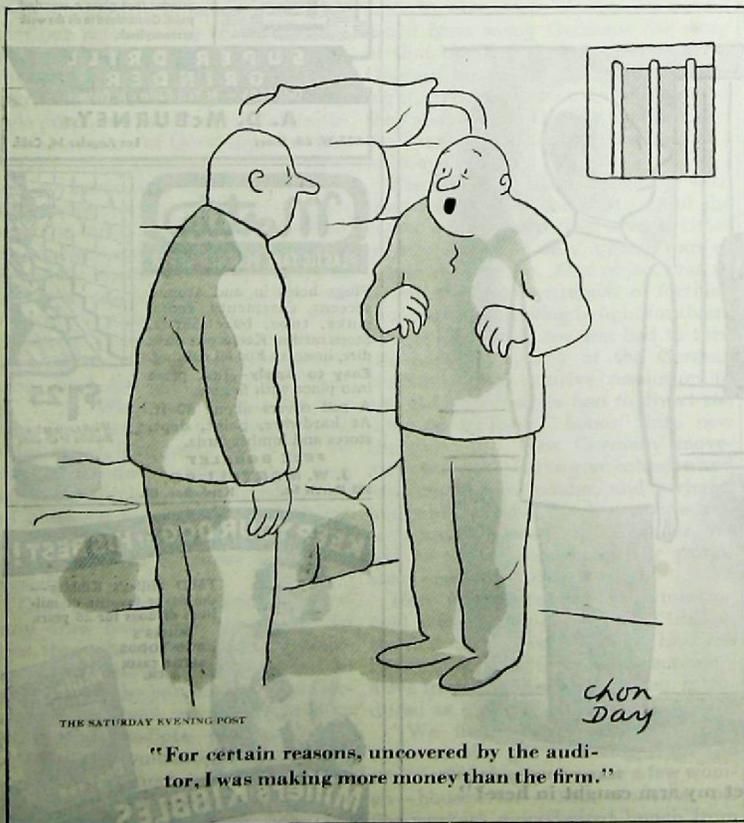


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south across the Moselle. At last we had a strong force between the enemy and the Rhine. In the strident tones of an old gossip, Annie began to lie outrageously.

In theory, the technique of deception was quite simple. Annie gave the same sort of detailed battle news that she had been broadcasting with proved accuracy for months. But when the 7th Army started to make sharp progress through the Siegfried Line, Annie reported the American forces as being repulsed or held without gain. When the truth had to be admitted, Annie blamed misguided informants who endeavored to conceal the truth. As the 3rd Army drove south, Annie deliberately sold them short. Annie would report the 37th Tank Battalion in the neighborhood of the town Weiss. The fact was, the 37th Tank Battalion was bearing down on the town Schwarz, which was twenty miles farther south. When other elements of the 4th Armored Division found two undamaged bridges across the Nahe River, after a thirty-mile dash, Annie had them in a brisk battle much farther north and east. We didn't want to frighten the Germans into running for the Rhine; we wanted them to mill around aimlessly until the pocket was tight.

This kind of deception wasn't expected to fool anyone for an extended period. But when events are moving rapidly, small delays often develop into large disasters, and the critical period of the Saar pocket lasted only five or six days. Our Air Force was shattering German communications. A harassed unit commander might be out of touch with headquarters for hours at a time. Any information was a boon. Annie was not exactly the ideal source, but she had been surprisingly reliable to date. All we expected to imbue our listeners with was a false sense of temporary security, the fatal moment of indecision. In several instances, we were successful.

During this period the battle news was kept in its original form, save for increased urgency of tone. But in the more editorial parts of our program we

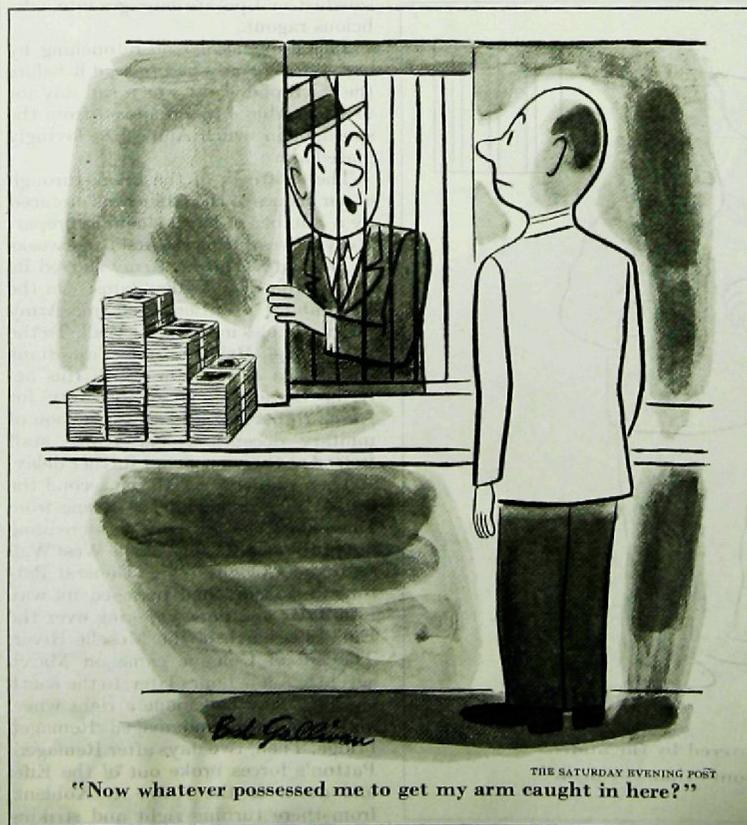
began to break down. We ourselves, as a "Rhineland" station, were under direct attack from the Americans and might have to run. We "moved about" from night to night, and our mechanical difficulties were evident to all listeners. Our chief speaker, Sgt.—later Lt.—Benno Frank, grew huskier by the hour. He mourned the destruction of the lovely Rhineland, and frankly refused to criticize the townspeople who, in the face of inevitable disaster, hung white flags from their windows.

When the bag was counted, the Allies had taken some 450,000 prisoners from the flattening of the Bulge to the investment of the Rhine. Annie's job as a Rhineland station was done, it appeared. In fact, we were growing more embarrassed each day about our theoretical location. Where were we now? Fortunately, there were areas in the Saar not yet cleared of German troops, so Annie clung precariously to her "Rhineland" hide-out and prepared both in her assumed role and as an American operation to vanish.

At Namur in Belgium, General Eisenhower and General Bradley discussed Operation Annie, among other matters, and came to a decision about the future. In our headquarters in Luxembourg, the weary staff gathered to hear its orders. Beginning almost immediately, a long-discussed project was to be launched. Annie was to escape from her hide-out, set up business beyond the Rhine and start a German revolution against the Nazis.

At two-thirty on Wednesday morning, April fourth, warnings to threatened German areas were being broadcast by Annie. The speaker was interrupted by a special announcement.

"To 'New Germany' groups in the cities of Osnabrück, Hannover, Goslar, Erfurt, Halle (and some twenty others). It is urgently requested that all group members listen to a broadcast from this station during the night from Thursday to Friday next. This announcement is not confined to monitoring personnel, but concerns all, repeat, all, members."



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Through the dark hours on Wednesday and Thursday mornings, a similar announcement was addressed to "New Germany" groups in several hundred localities. Our chief speaker, Benno Frank, appeared briefly at the microphone on Thursday with a few grim sentences about the present state of emergency. He promised that on Friday he would have something to say to all Germans who loved their country.

From midnight Thursday to zero hour at two o'clock Friday morning, the Annie headquarters was a bedlam of feverish excitement. Men were shouting into a dozen army telephones, milking the last bits of information from our now widely separated intelligence outposts. Suddenly it was two o'clock and the opening strains of Annie's theme sounded forth from loud-speakers and radio receivers. After that, silence—in the workrooms, in the studios and on the air. Then softly came music, the great Wagnerian passage that heralds the death of Siegfried in the Twilight of the Gods. It mounted rapidly to the Funeral March and the thunderous climax.

In a voice husky with emotion, but resolute in purpose, our chief spokesman began: "Germany, our fatherland, bleeds from a thousand wounds, and for Germany bleed our hearts. In the long history of our people, replete with glory and with greatness, with trials and with tribulations, there has never been a moment when the life of the German nation was so seriously at stake. Our cities, testimonials to a proud past, fall now into ruins; our fathers, our sons, our husbands, warrantors of Germany's future, lie cold on the battlefield.

"With incomparable courage, our people have accepted their sacrifices—fighting, working, hoping—hoping for victory. We, too, had hoped, up to the very last. If we were assailed by doubts, we have clung stoutly to the belief that the valor of our troops, the sorrows and sacrifices of our men and women, could not have been in vain.

"In our nightly broadcasts we have given our listeners the truth, because we believe that truth is the only reliable signpost to a better future, even when the truth is unpleasant. Our single purpose was to be faithful, faithful to the future of Germany. In this, the hour of our greatest need, we have come to know that our duty to Germany demands that we do more than speak the truth. Today we know that this hopeless war is lost. Our lines of defense are shattered. Without pity or hindrance, enemy planes destroy our homes and our factories. The final crisis is upon us. Naught remains but the choice between oblivion and immediate peace. And for this peace we must fight. . . . Whoever stands in the way of this peace must, for Germany's sake, be destroyed. The party, for which we have worked and sacrificed these long years, and which in return has deceived and betrayed us, must go. A few lost men shall not buy further respite for themselves with German lives and property.

"Only by courageous action can Germany draw back from the abyss. In cities throughout the Reich innumerable people have come together in groups under the banner of a New Germany. With them we are resolved to fight for immediate peace. Twelve twelve will give guidance to their groups. Twelve twelve summons every German who wants immediate peace to join one of these groups or, where none yet

exists, to form such a group with like-spirited people.

"Time is short. We do not know how long Twelve twelve will be able to speak to you. Once, by prompt retreat, we have successfully avoided the capture of our transmitter. Whether we can escape a second time, we do not know. But so long as we have a voice we shall rally all who know that Germany has but one hope of deliverance: Peace now!"

The speaker paused for a moment. Then came the speaker's voice reciting the credo of the revolution to which he called his people:

"Firm in the conviction that the party is Germany's misfortune, sure in the knowledge that our suicidal bloodshed is senseless, filled with anxiety for the future of our fatherland, we call upon all men of good will to act! Only if we act, and act now, can we end the terror bombing. Only if we act, and act now, can we save what is left to be saved. War against war! Peace now!"

Annie's revolution was launched. Another speaker, in rapid but matter-of-fact tones, began to read a long list of action instructions.

In style and delivery, it was the finest radio performance I have ever heard. The Annie staff, inured by months of hardboiled deceptive work to almost any kind of appeal, was stunned into silence. The engineers, not understanding a word of German, sat frozen at their dials. But sharply in my memory is the picture of George, the German civilian on our staff.

George was one of the only two bona fide German revolutionaries I had ever met outside a concentration camp. He was ascetic, deeply religious, and should have been a priest. But in the literal sense, he was a traitor to his country. So that, though firm in the belief that he had taken the only course open to a decent German, he had moments of deep melancholy, of brooding on the dark future of his people.

That night as he listened to Annie's clarion call for revolution, he wept, and smiled as he wept. Weeks afterward I heard from many Germans the story of that opening speech as it came to German homes in the middle of the night. Weeks afterward they wept as they spoke of it. On that April Friday the Annie staff had hit some kind of a bulls-eye.

The opening editorial, together with the twenty which followed it, and the credo, which was recited several times nightly, made up only a small part of Annie's campaign. Our object was to obtain the mass surrender of fortified towns without having to fight for them. To get this result, we first had to turn the hopeless apathy of the German civilian into a positive resolution to end the war. Also we had to divert the force of military "honor" into new channels. The New Germany movement was designed to give cohesion and legitimacy to surrender, and perhaps, above all, to advertise the process and technique of "positive" surrender. We had to make these imaginary groups seem real to our listeners.

Here is an excerpt from a meeting held before the microphones of 1212 on the first night of revolution to hear the report of a "New Germany" representative from Braunschweig, a man introduced as "Theo."

"We finally got together in the autumn. We got a doctor from the technical high school, quite a few women—housewives—then students, office workers, a good-sized bunch from

OUCH *P-S-S-T TRY LIFEBOUY* **SWELL**

THE SHAVE IS BETTER WHEN THE LATHER STAYS WETTER

LIFEBOUY Shaving Cream

LEVER BROS CAMBRIDGE

Yes, the **WETTER** the lather the **BETTER** the shave. A quick-drying lather will dry out on your face—give you a shave that stings and burns. What you want is a rich creamy **EXTRA MOIST** lather...the lather you get with Lifebuoy Shaving Cream...a lather that **STAYS MOIST** and keeps your beard soft and wet the whole shave through.

Get Lifebuoy Shaving Cream for **CLEANER, SMOOTHER** shaves—even with cold water or a used blade.

Try Lifebuoy's Stay-Moist Lather

OH! THAT MUST BE FRANKIE CROONER!

HEAVENS NO, JANE... IT'S MR. JONES TELLING THE LADIES ABOUT THE WONDERFUL NEW COOLERATOR ELECTRIC!

The streamlined New Coolerator Electric really wins raves from women who want the *best* in electric refrigeration! One look at this big, new refrigerator with the 40-lb. Frozen Food Locker and you'll see why this is the refrigerator millions of women waited for! If your dealer hasn't received his New Coolerators yet, please be patient—it won't be long!

Coolerator

The Coolerator Company
Duluth 1, Minn.

Now I Know Why
SANITONE
 Dry Cleaning Is Different



See How New My Clothes Look!
 Old-style dry cleaning didn't restore that like-new look and feel, but new way Sanitone did. The double-action process makes them fresh and bright as new! Colors sparkle, fabrics are soft, the fit is perfect, and there's no "dry cleaning" odor.

Next time get your things Sanitoned!
 Your Sanitone Cleaner is listed in the Classified Section of your phone book.

Look for  this Sign!

EMERY INDUSTRIES, INC. • CINCINNATI 2, OHIO

SWIVEL-HEAD

FLASHLIGHT

nothing else like it!

**HEAD TURNS
 LIGHT AT
 ANY ANGLE**



Greatest advance in flashlight design in a generation. Turn powerful pre-focused beam where you want it . . . stand it up . . . clip it on . . . both hands are free. A handsome, durable, all-purpose flashlight for everyone. Ask your dealer.

\$2 LESS BATTERIES



No. 5W-22 Patented
 No. 75 Heavy-Duty Dated Cell. Fresh—Lasts longer. 10c

Flashlights & Batteries

If dealer cannot supply, send \$2.00 to Dept. B UNITED STATES ELECTRIC MFG. CORP., New York 11, N. Y.
 *USA LITE Red-Head Safety Flashlight—a "MUST" for the motorist.

the jute mill, and some city employees. In November, on a tip from another group, we organized into three divisions. People with radios and telephones were put in the information division. A teacher from the aircraft communications school organized the monitors, who copy down enemy broadcasts and our own High Command reports. We use 1212 to check these for lies. Now the information section owns a mimeograph machine and a small hand press. . . . The operations division has been using kids to keep tabs on the party big shots. . . . We were tipped off that a convoy of army food was traveling regularly from Helmstedt to Hannover. A couple of boys from the action division got in touch with the drivers. . . . We give the rest of the food to men who have to keep under cover, and so have no ration cards. . . . We put a lot of party cars out of commission."

All this circumstantial detail was fabricated, of course, and was comparatively trivial, but it lent realism to our groups. Theo told one fib that got results. The German initials for the Nazi Party are N.S.D.A.P. Theo explained that the Braunschweig members crossed out the second, fourth and fifth letters on official signs. That left N.D., which stood for *Neues Deutschland*, or New Germany. We later found posters in Germany which had actually been treated in this manner.

Here are typical items which demonstrate our efforts to spread the gospel of organized surrender:

APRIL 7TH: Letter from New Germany group, Hamborn in the Ruhr. Describes action to prevent demolition of electric-light plant; success of women members in persuading commander not to defend town; party leader's protest; resulting riot and shooting of party leader; bloodless surrender of town. (True story, except for existence of N.G. group.)

Annie appeals to workers in gas and water works at Bamberg to assist N.G. group in preventing demolition by Nazis. (Theme: save our towns and we save our jobs.)

Flash! Eisenach, monument of German culture, birthplace of Bach, home of Luther is no more. N.G. had persuaded authorities to surrender and had opened negotiations with Americans. A direct order from Hitler to fight resulted in destruction of the town. (Incident true. Negotiations somewhat distorted. Notice to workers in Zeiss factory at Jena: a representative of the N.G. group from the Leitz factory at Wetzlar will arrive in Jena today. (Fabrication.)

APRIL 8TH: Message for N.G. at Gelsenkirchen: Your town commander is ready to make bloodless surrender. Make certain he is not dissuaded by party leader. (Based on special intelligence not completely verified.)

Warning to N.G. groups in six Central German cities: Several party leaders are in hiding in your area. Detailed personal descriptions are furnished. (Facts and descriptions correct. War of nerves on Nazis.)

APRIL 9TH: Special commendation of soldier member of N.G. at Paderborn. Left in charge of telephone switchboard, member did not relay news of American advance to Major Kleinitz, town commander, and notorious Nazi. Result was bloodless surrender. (Circumstances true.)

APRIL 11TH: To N.G. in Erfurt: Open season declared on Nazi District Leader Theine. (A notorious character. Why not make trouble for him?)

Colonel Mueller, town commandant of Ostenwalde, paid high tribute to N.G. for refusing to sacrifice innocent lives in suicidal defense. (True incident.)

APRIL 13TH: Commendation of Citizen Willi Busch, who seized the Mühlheim town hall and persuaded the garrison not to fight—

assisted, of course, by friends of the N.G. group. (The incident occurred.)

Take heed! The mayor of Schweinfurt, despite repeated warnings from the local N.G. group, persisted in preparations for suicidal defense. Yesterday, he was shot. (Indeed he was.)

Thus, Annie began with fabrications which were duplicated a thousandfold in fact. The last straw fell upon us when we actually discovered some real live New Germany groups.

Annie had done a selling and advertising campaign on how to surrender; she made no pretense of having been the major party in bringing about the essential desire to give up. But I do believe that she made a substantial contribution in meeting the problem of German military "honor." A number of editorials were written by the staff on this subject, and Benno Frank spoke them as a German officer retired from active service because of wounds. I quote the end of the editorial of April ninth:

"We swore an oath to preserve and strengthen the fatherland, not to lead the nation to slaughter and oblivion. Our honor, our duty as shield of the fatherland, demands that we act as did old Yorck in the year 1813, when, in desperate circumstances, he took the reins of Prussian deliverance in his own hands. It is no accident that Yorck's descendant, the young Yorck von Wartenberg, joined the men of July 20th (the plot against Hitler) nor that he died with them. We ourselves once doubted the patriotism of these men. Today we marvel at their courage and their foresight. As officers, we know that the spirit of Yorck lives on. We say to it that we now cast off our allegiance to the Nazi hangmen, that we refuse to obey their hysterical orders, and that with force—yes, with our own weapons, if necessary—we shall bring swift end to a war which is no longer a war. Our honor demands the deliverance of the fatherland. The deliverance of the fatherland demands peace now."

Three dates stand out in my memory of Annie's revolutionary days. On April ninth, Swedish and Swiss correspondents in the Reich reported a rash of counter-Nazi activity throughout the country under the banner of a movement called "New Germany." We knew this was exaggerated, but it was lots of fun.

On April twelfth Roosevelt died. To many of the Annie staff who had been driven from Europe by the furies of hate and prejudice his was the voice of

a new hope. Their grief was personal and deep. On April seventeenth, with the contrast that history seems to dote on, came news that Annie's favorite buffoon, Field Marshal Model, had committed suicide. Characteristically, his last act before shooting himself was to issue an order of the day which sternly admonished everyone to keep a stiff upper lip.

Annie's days were now numbered. From mid-April, any probability that the Nazis would rally a last-ditch fighting force in the Bavarian mountains diminished from hour to hour. Even if events took an unlikely turn and radio was needed to crack morale or issue ultimatums in this area, Annie had become an unsuitable agent. A "white" and unmistakably official voice was wanted for that job. Also the American armies already had a large slice of Germany on their hands, and although the war was not yet won, the problems of occupation were pushing at the door. We needed the Annie staff to help meet our part of these responsibilities.

For several days before the death notice was posted, Annie had publicly admitted that she was living from hour to hour. Let the Americans come, Annie's staff had promised her a death-bed scene. And she got it.

Listeners who were tuned in to 1212 around two-thirty in the morning of April twenty-fifth heard the familiar voices falter, as remote but disturbing sounds penetrated the studio. Doors banged. Strange voices broke on the ear. Benno could be heard frantically calling on someone to play music. The alien sounds were closer now, and voices and words that were not German became audible, though without meaning. Then came heavy pounding and the splinter and crack of wood. But at last someone had found a record. Music rose above the din, blotting it out. The strains of Annie's theme, once haunting and melancholy, were loud and defiant. In the middle of a note, Annie died. Far away at the transmitter, the engineers began pulling switches.

Later, we all gathered in the house. We stood in a circle beneath Annie's portrait and drank a solemn toast to her passing. Then we sang a dirge in her memory. You have probably guessed that we sang "Annie doesn't live here any more." The boys were still singing it a few days later in the trucks that rumbled into Germany carrying all that was earthly of Annie—a few imaginary portraits and the minds that had created her.

THE END

