

1,000 FORTS POUND BERLIN

General James Doolittle, General Anderson, and other high ranking American officers responsible for the Eighth Air Force's heaviest day raid on Berlin meet for the briefing conference.

More than 1,000 Flying Fortresses sweep out from their bases in England to hammer the German capital. The stern voice of retributive justice comes to Berlin in the heavy drone of bombers. From Berlin went the orders which wreaked havoc in Rotterdam and Warsaw; from Berlin, also, Germany watched, without pity, the agony of these millions of refugees whom war turned into sad armies of the uprooted and dispossessed. To-day, the wheel has turned full circle. Berliners are undergoing the ordeal to which they unpretentingly committed the great cities of Europe.

In 45 minutes, 2,500 tons of high explosive and incendiaries rained down on the Government and Army administrative offices in the heart of the city.

As succeeding waves of bombers strike home, aerial cameras installed in the underside of the Flying Fortresses record a sequence of devastation. Smoke boils up through the clouds to a height of more than two miles, blanketing all but fleeting glimpses of such tempting targets as the Reich Chancellery, Dr. Goebbels' Propaganda Ministry and the German War Office.

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Late-comers among the attacking 'planes come in like the stragglers of a great migration of birds. They had to use "electronic eye" instruments to locate their targets. Anti-aircraft fire was intense at times but the Luftwaffe was conspicuous by its absence.

In this operation, the Americans lost nineteen bombers and five fighters. As they head for home they leave behind them a reminder to Germans that "War doesn't pay."

Berlin, they say, is now a city of dreadful night. As an American airman said after this trip, "When Stalin's boys get to Berlin they'd better bring a fire department, because the place is really burning now."
