

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY, GARIGLIANO FRONT, April 21---The familiar story of the moth and the flame has a different and happier ending up here. Everyone knows the usual finish - bad show for the moth; here it's other way round - the flame takes the scorching.

The moths that are hardly ever out of sight up over the Garigliano ~~sector~~ sector are the Piper Cubs - eyes of our artillery. The flames they seek and frequently find are the flashes of German guns in their concealed positions on the other side of the hills beyond the valley.

Unarmed, slow, and fragile, these little ships pack a wallop greater than any Flying Fort or Wellington. Just a few words spoken into the Cub observer's mike and the big guns - dozens, even hundreds - roar into action searching out the Jerry batteries with hot steel and high ~~explosive~~ explosive.

Cubs are a source of constant wonder to the doughfoots dug in along the heights near Minturno and Castelforte, who say they think ~~the~~ the pilots have an ample surplus of what it takes. And even the hottest fighter pilot admits to cold shivers as he watches the Cubs fluttering about, looking like the easiest of prey for any enemy weapon from machine pistol fire to an 88 .

To the Jerries, the Cubs are a night-mare. While they're in the air (and it's a really bad day when they're not) the krauts move about with caution or not at all.

And they have learned, too, that the Cubs are not such easy marks. They are low and fly slow - but don't miss. The ~~observer~~ observer can spot a gun flash for miles. A swift glance at his terrain map; a few