

Allies Capture Grenoble, 150 Miles North of Toulon



THE STARS AND STRIPES



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French Forces Liberate Paris; Yanks 150 Mi. From Germany

Russians Open New Offensive N. of Warsaw

A new Soviet breakthrough, achieved a few hours after the Russians launched a fresh offensive aimed at smashing German lines north of Warsaw, was conceded by Berlin last night as the Red Army hammered south toward the Danube after breaching enemy lines in Rumania.

The new assault in Poland, in the area between the Narew and Bug Rivers, forced back the Nazi lines almost two miles, German News Agency's Col. Ernst von Hammer admitted.

He said the attack, on a "grand scale," was preceded by an artillery barrage lasting for hours and supported by waves of planes.

The Narew flows into the Bug 17 miles north of Warsaw.

South of the Polish capital, a lesser attack by four infantry divisions and several tank brigades was repulsed, the German said.

In Rumania, the Ukrainian armies of Gens. Rodion Malinovsky and Feodor Tolbukhin rolled towards the Galatz gap the Ploesti oilfields and the Rumanian capital of Bucharest.

Marshal Stalin last night announced the capture of the town of Vaslui, a communications center 35 miles south of Jassy, the rail junction whose seizure was announced 24 hours earlier.

Meanwhile, Polish partisans fighting the Germans inside Warsaw reported they were still holding out, although "exposed to heavy trials in view of the very great technical superiority of the enemy." They said their positions in the "old city" were being subjected to almost constant artillery and mortar fire.

The War Today

France—More than 50,000 French patriots recapture Paris after four days of fighting. . . . U.S. infantrymen and tank crews batter Von Kluge's armies west of Seine River as American armored forces in eastward drive take Sens and reach within 150 miles of Germany. . . . British Second Army makes 17-mile advance to last of Von Kluge's river defense lines west of the Seine. . . . Falaise pocket eliminated. . . . Germans claim large-scale American attack being prepared against Brest. . . . Spectacular U.S. armored advance takes Grenoble, 150 miles north of Toulon and only 55 miles from Lyons in Rhone Valley. . . . Germans report Allied landings on French Atlantic coast near Bordeaux and Spanish frontier.

Russia—Germans report major offensive launched by Red Army north of Warsaw in effort to smash enemy lines above Polish capital. . . . Two armies push south in Rumania toward Danube mouth in fifth day of new offensive.

Pacific—Tokyo predicts increased American bomber raids on Jap heavy industry on Kyushu, from bases in India as well as China. . . . Planes again raid Halmahera, pouring 135 tons on airdrome, personnel and defense positions.

Italy—Polish and Italian troops of the Eighth Army advance to within 30 miles of Rimini, gateway to the Po Valley. . . . Allied patrols 12 to 15 miles south of Pesaro, eastern anchor of Gothic line. . . . Florence sector quiet as Allies prepare to push north through mountains.

Asia—British 14th Army pursues Japs in Burma along Tiddim Road. . . . Chinese renew offensive west of Hankow to ease Jap pressure in southern Hunan.

Reports Tell Of Landings From Biscay

Seaborne Attacks Near Bordeaux Cited; Toulon Battling Is Bitter

Amid confused German and Spanish reports of new landings on France's Atlantic coast, the Allied Mediterranean command yesterday disclosed the spectacular capture of the French communications city of Grenoble, 150 miles north of Toulon, after a "secret" advance of U.S. armored columns which in a week pushed within 55 miles of Lyons, in the heart of the Rhone Valley's industry.

The Americans, driving north swiftly with the help of the French underground, took six other towns, including Digne, where their hardest battle netted a German corps commander, Maj. Gen. Haas. Against stubborn resistance, the French meanwhile fought their way into Toulon house-by-house, but the going was slow.

U.S. bombers dropped tons of bombs around the naval base's heavy coastal batteries yesterday morning, but as soon as the planes had gone the Germans started shelling again, United Press correspondent Reynolds Packard reported.

Allied sources said nothing about new landings on the Bay of Biscay coast, but a German radio broadcast picked up in New York reported that troops went ashore at Arcachon, a harbor on the Bay of Biscay, 35 miles southwest of Bordeaux. Six hours later German News Agency announced that a small U.S. force, supported by the French Maquis, (Continued on page 4)

A Faded Paris Comes to Life Despite Scars

EDITOR'S NOTE: What is Paris like today? Here is a picture based on French newspapers, neutral and axis reports, and information from French men and women who recently were there.

By John A. Parris Jr.
United Press Staff Correspondent

Paris, the "light-hearted, glittering marcelled debutante of pre-war Europe, is a faded grande dame with scarred heart and champagne-drenched memories.

She's a little down on her luck and a little worn at the heels. Four years of war have changed her face, stilled the laughter on her lips and taken the sparkle from her eyes.

It's been a long time since she flounced her skirts and smiled coyly when the world whispered "Gay Paree."

But last night she danced again, sang again—and laughed. As the Americans and British and Canadians came closer she remembered the glittering parties in the days before the Germans.

Now with the Germans gone she must have taken a quick inventory of herself—like a woman who takes a last glance in a mirror before her date arrives.

Outwardly many things are as they were. Trees still blow in the sunshine in the Bois de Boulogne. Great hotels and restaurants still stand undamaged by bombs. Children play in Luxembourg Park. But these familiar sights, like thousands of other aspects of Paris life, are still warped by war and the demands of the German invaders.

The food shortage became so acute that even many black-market restaurants which charged the equivalent of \$20 for (Continued on page 4)

City Rid of Nazi Yoke In 4 Days' Battling By Army of Patriots

Swift 60-Mile Swoop Southeast of Capital Captures Sens; U.S.-Allied Gains Closing Pincers on Von Kluge

French patriots liberated Paris from the Germans yesterday, while American armored forces struck far beyond the capital in an eastward move which reached within 150 miles of the German border.

Northwest of Paris U.S. infantrymen and tank crews smashed through a protective German screen and two Allied pincers, moving around to crush the remnants of Von Kluge's battered forces in the corridor west of the Seine River, were only 50 miles apart.

Officials of Vichy Seized in Uprising

German troops marched into the capital on June 14, 1940—was announced in a special communique from Gen. DeGaulle's headquarters yesterday.

DeGaulle already has conferred with Gen. Eisenhower on the possible immediate resumption of French civil administration, the Associated Press reported, adding, "and the liberation of the capital lent emphasis to rumors that President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill might hold their next meeting there."

Paris was recaptured from the Germans by 50,000 troops of the French Forces of the Interior, aided by several hundred thousand unarmed patriots, after four days of fighting.

The stirring news was flashed first to the world by Algiers Radio. An announcer, interrupting the reading of a news bulletin, declared that the FFI had liberated Paris, and read a communique from Gen. Koenig, commander of the FFI and newly named military governor of Paris. The communique was issued from De Gaulle's headquarters.

Gen. Koenig's communique disclosed that French resistance groups, together with the provisional government of the French Republic, decreed a general uprising in Paris and the Paris area last (Continued on page 4)

Seine Corridor Is Narrowed

the Germans northwest of Paris into a steadily-shrinking corridor below the Seine River yesterday their compatriots of Gen. Patton's racing army stood within 150 miles of Germany itself following a 60-mile swoop in the area southeast of the newly liberated French capital.

The drive by Third Army units through central France had taken them to Sens, 60 miles southeast of Paris, on Tuesday and some news agency and radio reports yesterday said they had reached the historic Marne River at Meaux, east of Paris and less than 25 miles from Chateau Thierry, the World War I battlefield.

The capture of Sens was announced by SHAEF, but there was no confirmation of reports of further moves as the Allied commanders cloaked their activities in secrecy to baffle the hard-pressed Nazis.

The Yanks northwest of Paris smashed through a protective German screen in the Dreux area—seizing St. Andre de l'Eure, Nonancourt, and Verneuil—and rolled on north toward Evreux in a new threat to out-manuever German forces who were making "a general retreat," according to a British senior staff officer, northeast to the Seine and Rouen.

The American drive northwest from Mantes along the west bank of the Seine met heavy opposition from German panzers, according to a Reuter dispatch from the Third Army.

But this pincer move to trap the remainder of von Kluge's troops had reached the region of Louviers last night, and was only 50 miles from a Canadian First Army pincer which reached Trouville in its drive along the coast, the United Press said.

The British Second Army, meanwhile, crashed into the last of von Kluge's three river defence lines west of the Seine with (Continued on page 4)

Paris Cooked Their Goose-Step



The Wehrmacht paraded through the Arc de Triomphe in Paris four years ago in their greatest victory march, but yesterday the picture of the event became no more than a vanished nightmare.

Heavies Raid Vienna 2nd Day

The Vienna area, scene of violent battles Tuesday between 15th Air Force bombers and determined Luftwaffe interceptors, was raided again yesterday by fleets of Italian-based American heavies.

Fifty-seven of some 200 Nazi fighters which rose to protect oil targets in Silesia and Austria were shot down Tuesday by the bombers and their escort. Thirty-nine heavies were lost.

Thunderbolt fighter-bombers of the Ninth Tactical Air Command, in action again as the weather cleared Tuesday afternoon, gave strong support to the northward Allied thrust in the Conches-Vernon-Louviers-Mantes area, attacking ammunition stores, hidden tanks, troop concentrations and Seine River traffic.

50 Killed as Lib Crashes Onto a School in Britain

A crash of a B24 Liberator on a school building in Freckleton, in Lancashire County, England, yesterday resulted in the death of approximately 50 persons, including 34 children under five years of age and at least three Americans, believed to be members of the crew. No details of the cause of the crash were available immediately.

The plane fell across the infants' department of the school in which 41 children were attending classes. There were 140 in the upper school, but none was hurt. The school, together with adjacent buildings, was set ablaze.

P61 Black Widow Now Stinging Foe By Night in France

A U.S. AIR BASE IN FRANCE, Aug. 23 (UP)—The new U.S. twin-engined night fighter, the P61 Black Widow, is operating from bases in France. The plane has 20-mm. cannon.

It can carry a crew of three, although most are being used with only a pilot and a combination radio operator-navigator. The pilots were trained in the U.S. and have since received further training with the RAF.

These pilots are among the first U.S. pilots to operate at night. Their patrols usually last between 2½ and three hours and they patrol the beachhead areas.

Bullitt Joins French Army
ALGIERS, Aug. 23 (UP)—William C. Bullitt, former U.S. ambassador to Paris, has enlisted in the French Army with the rank of major to take part in military operations on French territory.

THE STARS AND STRIPES

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Paris Sees the Light

PARIS, the jewel city beside the Seine, has been liberated by French Forces of the Interior and through-out the Allied world bells are pealing the joyous tidings of the retreat of the Germans from the city they so proudly entered as conquerors four years ago.

Relief, thankfulness and gratitude filled every French heart when suddenly yesterday afternoon the news that Paris had been taken by 50,000 French patriots was flashed to the world by Algiers Radio.

In London and New York the message spread like wildfire as evening newspapers rushed the story into print. The news came from Gen. Koenig, commander of the FFI, who announced that the French capital was freed after four days of fighting by armed FFI troops aided by several hundred thousand unarmed patriots.

Paris police, who previously had gone on strike, quickly captured the prefecture and turned the Ile de la Cite into a bastion. Patriots have taken over all public buildings, the report said.

No definite word came at once from SHAEF as to the exact whereabouts of Gen. Patton's armored columns whose lightning thrusts into the heart of France made possible the fall of Paris. The Americans have been reported to have been in the vicinity of Paris for several days.

In London the news of the fall of Paris was greeted with rejoicing. Many business firms raised French flags and it was announced that the famous bells of St. Pauls Cathedral, silent since the days of the threatened invasion of England, would ring out a public rejoicing for half an hour today.

In Algiers, the center of the provisional government of the French Republic, salvos of big guns marked the news, and business firms released employees to join in the general celebration. In Manchester church bells were rung as soon as the news was received there.

Meanwhile the Civil Affairs Division of SHAEF announced that huge stocks of food, medicine and clothing are waiting in Normandy for shipment to Paris, whose before transportation difficulties in war-torn Central France will permit arrival of relief supplies.

At this writing the details of the fighting inside Paris which drove the Germans from the city remain to be told. The story of this battle and of the reaction of the Parisians to freedom after their long ordeal at the hands of the German military are eagerly awaited by the entire world.

More than any other city, Paris stands as a symbol of victory to all members of the United Nations. Her liberation, while of little military importance, is like heady wine to the victorious Allied armies and to all the people of France. And it cannot fail to make a deep psychological impression on the defeated German armies and the depressed home-front.

Americans in and out of the armed forces today are proud to join with their French comrades-in-arms in celebrating the liberation of Paris, the City of Light, and the rebirth of France.

Swift Riviera Advance

AS the spotlight of news focuses around Paris—booming guns in the Riviera remind of another great new Allied advance which promises to bring about a link-up of our triumphant forces in their sweep toward Germany.

Pounding their way inland 140 miles from the beaches American armored columns, aided by the Maquis, have captured Grenoble—only 240 miles from Patton's troops at Sens—and French military authorities report an Allied landing in the Bordeaux area in the night to link up with an attack on the port by American and French columns inland. Bordeaux, a U-boat base with a population of 260,000, is 185 miles south of the Loire.

In addition to these developments comes word that an American armored column marching south from Nantes reached the Angouleme area, 70 miles northeast of Bordeaux and has linked with French forces of the Interior. This move puts American troops in eventual possession of the entire western coast of France from Spain to Cherbourg.

Added to this news is the report that Arcachon, a port of some importance, has been taken, which appears to be another attempt to link up with the French Interior forces who are in possession of the area running approximately east to west from the Mediterranean to the Bay of Biscay. This zone, 80 miles wide, runs parallel to the Pyrenees.

Highlight of the operations is the lightning drive of more than 140 miles in eight days by units of the American Seventh Army which took Grenoble. Reporting this great advance up through the mountains today's South France communique said that six towns—Digne, Sisteron, Asperes, Gap, St. Bonnet and Argentieres—were taken on the way.

With the new advances the German line of retreat up to the Rhone Valley is now being endangered.

Hash Marks

Incidental Information: Some hapless Kraut probably got hit in the head with a shaving kit this week. A captain making a short hop in a Lib left his kit in the ship. The crew didn't find it till they were on their next mission. 'Tis reported the bombardier gleefully tossed it out, shouting, "Shaving kit away!"

Overheard in a Pub: "Once a doodle-



bug hits you, it can't hit you again; not so my wife!"

This is the sad tale of GI Joe and GI Jane. Joe and Jane, a pedigreed pair of love-birds, were the pride and joy of Pvt. Elmer Clayton. They used to sit on Clayton's shoulder and twitter sweet love messages while Clayton served customers from behind an air service command PX counter. Then one day Jane took off and Joe began to pine away. He wouldn't even drink beer; and took to nesting forlornly on his master's chest at night. The other evening Clayton rolled over in his sleep. Joe's next of kin at a nearby aviary have been notified.

Sgt. Jack Finn reluctantly reports the Army is now using "dehydrated" wood. Finn and his buddies were told they would have a nice wooden floor in their cozy little tent. The next day a truck backed up to the tent and laid a nice "dehydrated" hardwood floor. "I understand they still call it sawdust back in Kentucky though," sez Finn.

The front-line mimeograph sheet Le Tomahawk reports this tale which is sweeping the front from one end to the



other. American artillery was pounding away at a German line when two Germans stepped out of line, chuckling to themselves, and give themselves up. Asked what they were laughing at, one Kraut explained: "The artillery was getting closer and closer and the Yank infantry was pushing nearer and nearer; so I says to Otto, 'The time has come to use our Secret Weapon, V-5.' Otto asks, 'What is Secret Weapon V-5?' And I tell him it's the biggest white flag we can find on the longest pole!"

Today's Daffynition: The girdle is an elastic supplement to a stern reality. J. C. W.

Festung Europa's Moats Running Dry



Gains in last week on the land fronts against Nazidom (black areas) took Allied armies beyond Paris, up to Grenoble in southern France, into Florence in Italy and across East Prussian border in the east.

This Is The Army

THE prediction of a Belgian father, who was forced into a labor battalion by the Nazis, to his French wife that their Dan O. Kilroy, medical officer from Sacramento, Cal., attended the birth of their seven-pound daughter.

Trapped by mortar fire on one ide and machine-gun fire on another, 2/Lt. Francis E. Dunegan, of Elizabeth City, N.C., crawled to safety through a area marked with Nazi mine warnings. "They had a lot of those 'Achtung Minen' signs around, but I figured they might be bluffing," Dunegan said. "It was the only way to get out of a tight corner." Other members of his infantry platoon crawled after him through the mined area, captured the flanking machine-gun, and continued its advance.

Later, Dunegan was wounded. He is now in a U.S. hospital in the ETO.

Notes from the Air Force

THREE ground crews have maintained a P47 in the Thunderbolt group commanded by Col. Gil J. Meyers in flying time without once turning back because of mechanical failure.

S/Sgt. William Hirschfeld, of Chicago, and S/Sgt. Cletus E. Floyd, of Brownfield, Tex., crewed the plane for the first 60 missions, S/Sgt. L. B. McDaniels, of Carriere, Miss., and Sgt. Anthony F. Lewicki, of Brooklyn, N.Y., handled the P47 up to its 99th trip, and S/Sgt. Leslie D. Stanfield, of French Lick, Ind., and S/Sgt. John E. Massie, of Owensboro, Ky., took over at the century mark.

After reading an item here Aug. 16 in which Col. J. P. Morris, ETO Air Service Command maintenance chief, announced that an engine on the Liberator Lemon Drop had set a world's record by going through 45-combat missions without a single overhauling, 2/Lt. James R. Long, engineering officer at a Liberator base, reported that the B24 El-Flako had two engines without an overhauling. M/Sgt. Martin J. Drelich is ground-crew chief of El-Flako.

THE members of the NCO club at the Mustang base commanded by Col. Joe L. Mason, of Columbus, Ohio, have purchased two \$500 War Bonds, one to go to the son of an American footslogger killed on the Continent and one to the daughter of another GI infantryman killed in France.

"We'd like the infantry to know that we sure appreciate what they're doing," S/Sgt. Goodwin D. Klinetob, of Berwick, Pa., secretary-treasurer, said. "And we'd like to help out a couple of unfortunate kids."

While chasing Jerries recently, 1/Lt. George L. (Li' Abner) Yoakum, a P47 pilot from La Follette, Tenn., severed a string of high-tension wires strung across a field. All went well, except for a badly-singed rudder and stabilizer. La Follette returned to base with a 15-foot, half-inch wire cable dangling from the tail of his Thunderbolt.

ARMY POETS

Mem'ries of a Boat Trip

The ship rolled on the ocean, the dice rolled on the floor. I didn't mind the ship so much, the dice disturbed me more. The boys were huddled closely to see what I could do, And every time they faded me, my money faded too. I rolled and rolled those dominoes Till I worked up a sweat; I rolled and rolled those dominoes, But I never won a bet. I'm now in a position to give a friend advice,

Straight From the Front

By Ernie Pyle

ON THE WESTERN FRONT—The ways of an invasion turned out to be all very new to Pfc Tommy Clayton, 29th Division infantryman. It was new to thousands of others also, for they hadn't been trained in hedgerow fighting. So they had to learn it the way a dog learns to swim. They learned.

This Tommy Clayton, mildest of men, has killed four of the enemy for sure and probably dozens of unseen ones. He wears an expert rifleman's badge and soon will have the proud badge of com-son will have the proud badge of com-son will have the proud badge of com-

Three of his four victims he got in one long blast of his Browning automatic rifle. He was stationed in bushes at a bend in the gravel road covering cross-roads about 80 yards ahead of him.

Suddenly, three German soldiers came out of the side road and foolishly stopped to talk right in the middle of the cross-roads. The BAR has 20 bullets in the clip. Clayton held her down for the whole clip. The three Germans went down never to get up.

Looked Like a Jap

His fourth one he thought was a Jap when he killed him. In the early days of the invasion, lots of soldiers thought they were fighting Japs scattered in with German troops. They were actually Mongolian Russians with strong oriental features who resembled Japs to un-traveled Americans.

On this fourth killing, Clayton was covering an infantry squad as it worked forward along a hedgerow. There were snipers in the trees in front. Clayton spotted one and sprayed the tree with his automatic rifle and out tumbled this man he thought was a Jap.

To show how little anyone who hasn't been through war can know about it—do you want to know how Clayton located his sniper?

Here's how: When a bullet passes smack over your head, it doesn't ding, it pops the same as a rifle when it goes off. That's because the bullet's rapid passage creates a vacuum behind it and the air rushes back with such force to fill this vacuum that it collides with itself and makes a resounding pop.

Clayton didn't know what caused this and I tried to explain. "You know what a vacuum is," I said.

He said that he learned it in high school. But Tommy is intelligent and his sensitivities are fine. You don't have to know reasons in war, you only have to know what things indicate when they happen.

Pop Becomes Signal

Well, Clayton had learned that the pop of a bullet over his head preceded the actual rifle report by a fraction of a second because the sound of the rifle explosion had to travel some distance before hitting his ear. So the pop became his warning signal to listen for the crack of a sniper's rifle a moment later.

Through much practice, he had learned to gauge direction of sound almost exactly. And so, out of this animal-like system of hunting, he had the knowledge to shoot into the right tree—and out tumbled his Jap sniper.

Clayton's wierdest experience would be funny if it weren't so flooded with pathos. He was returning with a patrol one moonlit night when the enemy opened up on them. Tommy leaped right through the hedge and spotting a foxhole plunged into it.

To his amazement and fright, there was a German in the foxhole sitting pretty, holding a machine pistol in his hands. Clayton shot him three times in the chest before you could say scat.

The German hardly moved. And then, Tommy realized the man had been killed earlier. He had been shooting a corpse. All these experiences seem to have left no effect on this mild soldier from Indiana unless to make him even quieter than before.

The worst experience of all is just an accumulated blur and hurting vagueness of too long in the lines, everlasting alertness, noise and fear, cell by cell exhaustion, and thinning of ranks around you as day follows nameless day. And the com- small quota of chances for your own survival.

These are the things that hurt and destroy. And soldiers like Tommy Clayton go back to them because they are good soldiers and they have a duty they cannot define.

DEEDS THAT PASS UNSUNG



Establishing the advance PX in a forward area

You're better off on rolling ships than you are on rolling dice. Pvt. Sam Hymovitz.

The Flying Fortress, 1943

O, brave America, swift, keen and true, The Flying Fortresses are here, cleaving the blue. In giant strength they fly, we spellbound bear their symphony. At darksome eve they cleave the quiet air With stars above, and a bright star they wear. They are the young, the great America. Mrs. Edith Martin.

Thursday, Aug. 24, 1944



The Enemy Reports—on You Joes

Captured Krauts Give Critique Of How Our Normandy Troops Practice their Trade of Fighting

By Hamilton Whitman
Warweek Staff Writer

BACK in the days when a lot of us were playing high school or college football it would have been just about the smartest trick possible to sit in on the between-halves huddle when the coach of the opposing team was giving his boys the lowdown on us.

Now we're bucking the line in a lot tougher game than any grid tilt. This is damned serious business and any info we can get on what the other side thinks, about how the opposing coach may have doped out our plays, or what he thinks is the weak spot in our line, is like money in the bank.

The guys we are fighting are professionals—they've been at this game for a long time—and they know all the plays. They are pretty good soldiers who are past masters at their trade. They may be working for an ex-paper hanger who's as nutty as a fruit cake—who gambles entire armies on the strength of thin-skinned hunches he calls "intuition," but there's nothing wrong with the way a Nazi lieutenant sizes up his corner of the field his company is assigned to hold. His judgment, and that of his sergeant, is fairly accurate so far as it concerns the technical soldiering ability of the patrol sent in to smoke him out.

Even though they are taking a rugged shellacking these Krauts on the lam across France have formed some very definite opinions regarding our ability as soldiers—opinions other than those soaked into them by Herr Goebbels, Hitler's dwarfish mouthpiece.

How's What Krauts Say about us as soldiers?

How would you like the real dope—the real in-between-halves stuff that tells you what the other guy thinks of you? Warweek has compiled some comments, straight from the horse's mouth—comments made by men who, only a short time before they uttered them, were huddled in foxholes ducking our artillery fire, dodging BAR bursts or taking casualties from mortar shells made in Bridgeport, Conn., or Philly, or Pontiac, Mich.

So hang on, Yanks, while the Kraut gives out with his version of what our artillery can do, or what our night fighting is like, or how good our paratroops are. He'll also tell you what he thinks of our materials, our planes, our hand-to-hand fighting—and our K-rations and made-in-the-States cigarettes. What's more—and this is the main course—he'll tell you what he thinks you Joes are like.

We'll lead off with a staff sergeant, who was a Panther platoon commander with a year's service on the Russian front. He says:

"I have just arrived at this front (against Yanks in France) from fighting against the British down south. Although I have been here for only two days, I have already taken part in two attacks against American troops, and it seems to me that they still lack battle experience. "Instead of staying in their foxholes when our tanks roll up, and taking cover until we pass, they jump out and try to elude us in the open or try to knock us out with small arms fire. This doesn't work with a Panther, as the British seem to have discovered already. Then again, your men do a good deal of apparently aimless firing."

Sergeant, with seven years of professional soldiering in the German Army:

"I don't think that the Americans clean out the areas they cross carefully enough. After I became separated from my unit during your last attack I wandered behind your lines for five days, noting troop concentrations and artillery positions so that I could report them to my CO upon my return. I was nearly across the lines when I was captured."

Private, infantry:

"The American infantry soldier, in my opinion, doesn't take advantage of his supporting weapons. The artillery gets us down and out, but by the time the infantry gets there we are freshed up and ready for them. The same thing happens when we are battered by your bombers. Your infantry doesn't stay close enough behind the artillery fire."

Sergeant, infantry—three years in Russia:

"I believe your infantry is too cautious. They always think of how to save their own lives. Take the Russian soldier, he goes through just as if we weren't firing

that the American way of fighting is to try to save lives and depend as much as possible on the use of equipment. The Nazi smiled in disbelief.)

"Your riflemen shoot well enough, but they aren't very aggressive. And your machine-gun fire is badly aimed. It doesn't hit anything. Our men are afraid of mortar fire—which is worse than your artillery in some ways. You can hear artillery, but the mortar just goes 'boom!' and it's right there on top of you. I'd say your mortar men are very good."

Too Slow in Advance

Lieutenant, Panzer division: "After we withdrew from the town of M— your troops didn't get in and secure the place, so we were able to send combat patrols back into it. We didn't occupy in force, but we prevented you from taking M— for a much longer time than you expected. Finally, you outflanked us. But you could have done that much earlier—to a greater advantage."

Corporal, infantry: "You fellows are too careless. You don't take advantage of cover and concealment."

Corporal, infantry: "Your infantry is too cautious. They rely too much on the artillery to pave the way. If our infantry had your supporting fire, I'm certain that we'd throw you back into the sea."

Lieutenant, SS division: "I don't like your infantryman, so far as military qualities are concerned. He doesn't understand cover and concealment. And he doesn't follow up a good



"DER MATTER iss"—captured Kraut officer tells M.Sgt. Efraim Ackerman what he thinks of Yank advance technique near St. Lo. (Lower left) Cautious U.S. Infantrymen feel their way, house by house, along battered street in Percy, Normandy. These men are cleaning up area as they advance. (Right) Another squad goes through "rue" in Carentan, heads up, no flankers out, taking chances. This is dangerous. Don't do it.

artillery barrage. You give us plenty of chance to reorganize—and that's what we like. If we had your support not an American would leave France alive. But I'll say one thing for your men, when you're captured you don't talk. You're good soldiers in that way."

Sergeant, infantry: "It's kind of hard to tell you what we say about you, because much of it seems contradictory. But this is the opinion many of us have of you: You are careless, or foolish, or heroic beyond words. You don't seek cover. You move along unprotected. When you have two men on outpost you don't get on edge like we do—you simply relax. You are overconfident, I'm sure. You don't stay on the alert. Your small arms marksmanship is better than ours. So is your rifle-firing. Most of all, you Americans seem to consider it a sport—a game—and you behave

like you were on a hunt back home. You don't seem to realize this is a killing thing."

Sergeant, military police: (This man was asked what he thought about our victories.)

"Yes, you are winning the war. I think you are winning it because of exceptional air power and material. But your infantry is not winning it. They don't have assault power like we have."

"Many of us respect your commandos (American Rangers) and night raiders with blacked faces. We are afraid of your barbarous weapons, like axes and knives. Remember, we can fight well at a distance. But we fear close combat with you. Yes, you're good at close fighting."

Captain, tank corps: (This captain spoke in a sad tone, and

had a long face of disappointment.)

"I no longer think we Germans will win. Your equipment is amazing. It kicked my company to pieces in three days—something which we couldn't believe could happen to us. I like our infantry better than yours. Our discipline and organization are better, and with your material we could do wonders. You won't believe that, but we could. That's because we fight as a team—as an organization."

Scouts are Good

Sergeant: "We think your scouts are good. We admire the courage and spirit of the officers who lead your patrols. We don't have officers who go out on patrols. Nowadays our officers are older men who can't be scouts—or won't be. Our young officers aren't skilled enough."

Captain, infantry: "You are too noisy at night. We can hear the rattle of your mess gear."

Lieutenant, infantry: "You ask what I think of your night fighting. It's this: The other night one of your patrols came near our position. It was pitch dark, but we saw your men easily. How? By the glow of their cigarettes. Yes, they were smoking out there in the night."

Sergeant, infantry: "Frankly, you'd save more lives of your men if you had more gumption. You give us too much time to reform and lay minefields. Our mines play havoc with you, and we enjoy making up new devices. We keep changing them, and when you learn one trick, we have a new one waiting."

What They Say About Our Artillery: Sergeant, infantry, with two years of combat:

"The toughest thing we had to face was your artillery. Its accuracy, concentration and fragmentation are terrific."

Private, infantry: "Nobody can stand your artillery fire. Yesterday the guy in the foxhole next to me went out of his head. I'd rather be dead than go through another artillery barrage."



MOPPED UP was town of Lessay, Normandy, when this machine gun was posted in square. Germans said they often sneak back into towns after we've gone through. Gun like this keeps 'em back. ARTILLERY, from tanks or self propelled mounts, has Krauts dizzy. Prisoners are shaken, jittery when they come in. This was at St. Lo. Infantry don't follow close enough, Germans said.

ALEXEI KULIKOV RED ARMY MAN...

BY BORIS GORBATOV

THIS is the story of a Russian soldier, written by a correspondent with the Red Army, Boris Gorbatov. It is not a true story; not true in the sense that a soldier named Alexei Kulikov is a real person. He is an imaginary person. But in Kulikov, the writer has placed all the element of all of the soldiers of the Red Army. It is a picture of any Russian fighting for his homeland and it is as typical as wheat fields in the Ukraine and as clear and startling as the snow in Stalingrad in December.



THIS WEEK'S
Army Talk

HIS NAME is Alexei Kulikov, and he comes from Penza. He is a private in First Lieutenant Subbotin's battalion. Everyone knows him around here. He was called up on the very first day of the war, so that his family didn't even have time to shed the usual tears over him. And when the troop train crawled over the Ukrainian steppe, Kulikov's thoughts were all with his home and his farm. And he was annoyed with the Germans; they had attacked at the wrong time. The harvest not yet in. And he kept reckoning up the work days and

how many were lost now. But it seemed to him that the war would be short and not too terrible, something like the autumn maneuvers. The first time Alexei Kulikov was under fire it wasn't so much that he funk'd it as that he was simply at a loss. At first he hardly realized what was taking place, but then a comrade fell beside him, and Kulikov saw blood, a smashed skull, glassy eyes. And all around was smoke and fighting and death. Alexei Kulikov saw nothing: neither war, nor fields, no comrades—death alone looked him in the eyes, and death was all he saw. And so helpless, forlorn and solitary did Kulikov seem to himself that he actually burst into tears. His heart ached with pity for his solitude here, on this vast field, where no one had a thought for him, no one would save him, rescue him, weep at his side. But the battle ended and Kulikov was unharmed. He was amazed at this, and felt himself all over, stretched his every limb. Nothing. Not a scratch. "Just imagine," he said to himself with a shame-faced smile.

Their Second Battle

He tried to tell his comrades about this miracle: "Some business that was, let me tell you. A hair's breath. . . . Just a little bit to the left and it would have been all up. . . ." But his comrades proved poor listeners. And Kulikov again became desolate and even dream of coming out of such a hell alive? Nevertheless Alexei Kulikov entered his second battle with hope; perhaps luck would be with him again. And once again death breathed in his face, and again he trembled all over with light guilty tremors as he scurried across the field with his shoulders hunched up to his ears, his eyes closed, wincing at every shot, bowing down before every shell, and all the time waiting for death, hoping it would at least be sudden. Only now he was no longer solitary. Solitude had suddenly vanished. The Germans were bombing Alexei Kulikov at the river crossing, and he lay under a tree, at the water's edge, knowing that this time he was a goner for sure. But suddenly the air was filled with a droning.

himself with delight. And when the Heinkels cravenly fled from the sky, back towards the west, he yelled after them, "Where are you off to? Give it to them, boys. Sock 'em!" Now Kulikov began to look around and to listen to the fighting. He no longer blinked or covered his ears. Now he was able to distinguish between the German shots and ours. And the more frequent and heavy our firing the lighter Kulikov's heart became, and fear vanished. Look at the forces that had gathered to save Kulikov. But just then something twanged thinly right over his head. He saw a bullet flick the sand. . . . Again and again. That was how raindrops fell in the water, a splash and a widening circle, but the drops kept falling thicker and faster all around. Nearer and nearer fell the drops, in front, behind, and on either side. And what was it to Kulikov now that our artillery was pounding away thick and fast? All the same the noose around his neck was not to be undone. The enemy Tommy-gunner kept cracking and cracking, drawing closer and closer to his throat. . . . And suddenly, as if he had been choked, fell silent. The twigs ceased their quivering and the bubbles disappeared from the sand. Timidly, cautiously, Kulikov looked around and saw his neighbour grinning broadly, as he put another cartridge in his rifle.

"Was it you who stopped him?" asked "It was me all right, came the proud answer. "How was it? Not so bad, eh?" And it was only then that Kulikov recalled that he had a rifle himself, lying there right beside him. Until now he had not even given it a thought. He had dragged it along, because he could not throw away state property, but he had not fired a single shot. Now he seized it hotly and eagerly, and began to fire. He fired away blindly, hastily and feverishly (only his hands shook) tracing a circle of fire around himself. And it seemed to Kulikov that now death would be unable to break through to his throat, for it would not be able to step over the fiery tracery. That evening Kulikov went up to the commander, and, shifting awkwardly from one foot to the other, asked: "What do you think, Comrade Lieu-

tenant, does it take a lot of metal to kill a man? . . . The commander looked at him in surprise, then smiled, and replied: "For the coward—a stray bullet's enough. For the brave man a ton's too little." Kulikov thought long and hard on these words. He soon observed that the coward really did perish more easily than a fly. The coward under fire rushes about, the coward sees nothing, and any bullet can area, and runs into random shots in a panic. Even with a rifle the coward is unarmed. He does not reply to fire with fire. He is no fighter, he is a target. Once Alexei went to the dressing station to have some slight injury attended to, and there he saw Sergeant Chernov, about whom the whole regiment was talking that day. His whole body had been riddled and punctured; but still he fought, and the Germans just couldn't kill him, and had not killed him. Turning to the surgeon he asked: "Will he really live?" "Certainly," replied the surgeon confidently. "And he'll be fighting again, too." No one in the company could understand how the first-rate veteran soldier Kulikov could make friends with Afanasi Dubyaga.

They say a friend is someone who will rescue you in battle. But Kulikov had often rescued soldiers whom he did not even know, and whose names he never found out in the heat of the fighting, nor rescued him in battle. Why then did he take Kulikov's fancy? No one in the company could explain this, and as a matter of fact Kulikov himself could not have explained.

The Coward Cried

Often Dubyaga would cry at night. He cried in a thin, faint voice, not even like a woman, but like a cat complaining. Kulikov would wake up immediately, sit up and try to soothe him. Kulikov could not stand men with wet eyes—tears were not for men—but he forgave Dubyaga even tears. He forgave him everything, as a mother forgives an unlucky son. It frequently happened that Kulikov would come in from some mission frozen, hungry, wanting to eat and go to sleep immediately. But he would be told: "Dubyaga took your dinner for his." And this, too, he forgave Dubyaga. "He's been terribly unfortunate. Perhaps his only pleasure in life now is eating," he would say to justify Dubyaga before his comrades. Another time Dubyaga acted in a really base way. It happened that the two of them, he and Kulikov, were caught in a German ambush. "You won't have time to use your bayonet, smash 'em with the butt!" shouted Kulikov to Dubyaga, and suddenly noticed that Dubyaga was not there. Dubyaga was running. Kulikov came out of this skirmish unharmed, though his right hand had to be patched up a bit. "What's the matter with you, old man?" was all he said when he met Dubyaga. "It's not the thing to ditch a comrade in a fight." However, even this he forgave Dubyaga, as he forgave everything. Just about this time an unusual event occurred in the regiment. There was a lot of talk and noise about it: a private was missing. In the evening he had been sitting there right in the dugout, and by the morning there wasn't a trace of him. Missing. Some said the Germans had killed him.



"... Hey there! Comrades! Neighbors! Good luck! Give it to the Germans! It is easy to give it to them!..." Here is the Red soldier.

and searched high and low for the body. But they did not find it. Others guessed that he had been kidnapped by the Germans. But many were of quite a different opinion: they said he had deserted. A conversation on this subject took place between Kulikov and Dubyaga. "I knew him," said Dubyaga thoughtfully. "He was from our parts. Most likely he's run off to his folks. Home." "The idea. They're waiting for him to come as a deserter, and he's run off to them as a rescuer, and he's run off to come as a deserter, a traitor." "But if he was terribly homesick . . ." ventured Dubyaga, uncertainly. "Do you think he'll be bringing any happiness to his family? If he came with the army and chased the Germans out, that would be joy. But like this. . . . As for me, I'd choke a traitor like that with my own hands. . . ." "It's easy to talk," muttered Dubyaga, and sighed. "No, you just judge for yourself," continued Kulikov. "Well, let's suppose that he was neither shot five times over in doing this, nor hanged. Well, then, he gets to his family. "What will the family do with him? Tell me that. Without him it's bad, but with him it's worse. He can't defend them against the Germans. And his fellow villagers will treat him like a rabid enemy. And as for him, what'll he do? Did he really think out his foolish running off? Will he go into bondage to the Germans? In that case he'll have to part with his family and freedom and honour all over again. "Will he hire himself out as a policeman to the Germans? Say he does that. Well, if the guerrillas don't get him first, we'll be coming, and we'll finish him off. And I'll be the first. And we'll get there, come to every spot in Russia. To the Ukraine, too." "But maybe he'll join up with the guerrillas, eh?" "The guerrillas won't take a man like that. The guerrillas wouldn't trust him. There's nothing he can do, Dudyaga, old man. He's only one way out. The noose." Kulikov was silent for a moment, and then added abruptly: "As for Russia, he's betrayed her, betrayed her." "Well, as for Russia, Russia will remain Russia," said Dubyaga. "Take Russia under the Tartars, it was still Russia. Well, and suppose it's under the Germans. . . ." Kulikov broke in wrathfully. "What I want is a Russia where I will be like I was before, the boss of my own land, where there are collective farms, where there's a hospital if my wife gives birth, and a school when my son has to study. What I need is a Soviet Russia, see? As for any other, I don't want it, and you can be sure there won't be any other." After this conversation, Dubyaga went around for a long time gloomy and downcast. He crouched in the dugout, thinking his own thoughts. He avoided Kulikov. A few days later Kulikov and Dubyaga were sent on a secret mission. They lay about ten yards from each other and each thought his own thoughts. Dawn was breaking. Slanting shadows played on the snow. Kulikov hugged the ground more closely. He knew that the worst time was early dawn. Suddenly he noticed that Dubyaga was crawling to? "What are you doing? What are you moving about for?" whispered Kulikov after him. But Dubyaga did not answer. He was crawling along silently, tremblingly clutching the bare branches of the bushes, and panting. "What's the matter with you?" he

"Those are our planes, our planes up there," and someone nearby sighed with joy and relief. Kulikov did not open his eyes immediately. But when he did open them he saw the sky overhead. And in this sky our men were thrashing the Germans, and rescuing Kulikov. It had become strangely quiet on the ground. Everything, everyone—the men, the ground, the river—was staring up at the sky. The engines were roaring savagely, red bullets were whizzing, and Kulikov saw a Heinkel breaking up right over his head, breaking up like a match-box. First one wing flew off, then the other. Suddenly the white cupola of a parachute began to open. (Will he really get away, the dog?) flashed through Kulikov's mind.) But the parachute flared up, collapsed instantaneously as he watched, streamed out long and thin, and like an expiring torch fell to earth. "Ah, ah," shouted Alexei then, beside



"... our heavies roll . . ."



Peasants return to a liberated village.



A Russian sapper: "... we are moving fast . . ."



Under protective smoke screen Red Army mortars belch death at Nazis.

Continued on page iv

When the Order is 'Typewriters, Fire!'

The Artillery Sounds Off



By **France Herron**
Warweek Staff Writer

THE Krauts don't like our artillery. What's more, they know that we know it. Therefore our boys around the big guns are apt to be serving all sorts of fancy shell dishes to the "super-duper" Wehrmacht. And those dishes hurt. They lend a sizeable hand in hot-footing the goose-steppers across Hitler's Europe, along the rocky road to ruin.

Artillery—anybody's artillery—is a tough issue. Just like a bomber, artillery will knock out bridges, bust up convoys, turn a town into dust and raise hell with a bivouac area. Good artillery completely disorganizes and disrupts troop concentrations and battle formations—just before the infantry goes in for the sponging up process.

And our artillery is good. We've given the Krauts some nasty beatings, we've hit him in the bread basket more times than he likes to recall—we've socked him with everything in the book all the way from North Africa, Sicily and Italy to the plains of France.

That's why Krauts don't like our artillery.

So the old Sarge got some dope together—some dope sent in by the artillery boys—and it's pretty handy stuff. These boys are from an artillery unit of the 2nd Division—and they're typical of all the big-gun Joes who have

THIS page of combat tips from the guys who keep those caissons rolling along started out as material for the Old Sergeant's Corner, soon snowballed into a full page. Primarily intended for artillerymen, it contains hints of value to any combat soldier. When you figure out some good stunt for making life happier and healthier, pass it along to other fellows, via the Old Sergeant's Corner.

lives. And don't lay wires near tank positions—even our own tanks kick hell out of wires, because the drivers can't see them. Let the boys who laid the wires do your trouble-shooting, because they're the ones who know the score."

Cpl. Charles Wichbacher, of Warren, Ohio:

"This is on ammunition. Dig three pits about ten feet behind the guns, large enough to accommodate ten or 15 rounds. (The rest can go about 50 feet behind the guns.) These pits should be just close enough together to be covered by a tarpaulin spread hanging from the net, in case of rain.

Separate Ammo Stores

"Be sure you keep the projectiles, powder and fuses in separate holes. Then place some good-sized poles underneath the ammo to keep it dry. Keep your ammo stacked, with each lot clearly identified—and separated. Because if they get mixed, those few yards difference might kill our Doughboys. If you do fire the wrong charge—and it is possible—report it immediately. Don't correct it and fire again!"

Sgt. Erwin Rippenhagen, of Brenham, Texas:

"Tie nets, tarpaulins, sand bags and sealed powder containers on trail after coupling it. Room in tractors is limited."

1/Lt. Joe B. Kopycinski:

"Some advice to forward observers. Fold your maps and stick them in your hip pocket if you are following Doughboys closely. Put your field glasses inside your shirt and leave the case in the vehicle. Snipers look for map-boards and glasses. Your radio antenna will also draw fire, so lay combat wire. And by the way, I picked up a German machine-gun—minus booby trap—and traded it with a tanker for a Tommy gun. Ranges are short in hedgerow fighting."

Machine-Gun Stunt

Pfc D. E. Dickson:
machine-gun or AA gun. Lash three four-foot poles at the ends to form a triangle. Lay the triangle over the outside of the elevator mount and lay a few sticks crossways on it. The platform will rest about a foot from the ground—which will hold a dozen sandbags—and

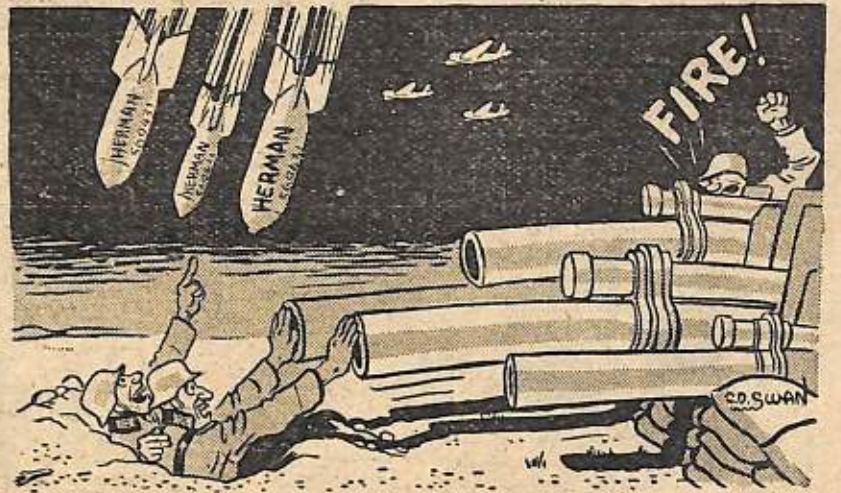
1st Lt. Donald G. Willett, Rudd, Iowa:

"Here's some dope on handling artillery ammo. Tell those guys that the ammo train and 5th section personnel must be on guard to catch missorted and mismarked projectiles. Gun and howitzer ammo are sometimes mixed at the ASP—and at one time we found an M-102 shell marked M-107.

"It's best to divide the ammo train into three parts, each section to habitu-

spread cloth, sacks or cardboard over the logs. The shelter half can serve as a cover, leaving the pointed end sticking out at the entrance. Tie a piece of wire to this end of the shelter half, drive a tent peg out in front, hook the wire over the peg—then crawl into the hole and pull the wire after you. You can hook the wire to a nail—or something else—inside the hole, and then you've got good coverage against rain.

"If you're digging in turf cut it in small



OUR GUNS have the Krauts flak-happy. If it isn't artillery preparation it's Air Force bombs. You can't blame Herman the German for figuring his name and number are a matter of record at some U.S. HQ.



NO MATTER how well the artillery does its work, infantrymen get hurt if they don't follow up the barrage closely. Lean on that hedge of bursting shells, Pal, you'll live longer that way.

kept our muzzles trained down Mr. Kraut's neck. They've picked up some stuff that could hardly be learned at Jackson or Benning—and these tricks have a peculiar way of extending your average life length.

Keep Under Cover

Take a look and scratch some of it on your memory. It may be that one of these days you'll need some tips—like these.

Cpl. Ferrell Brown, of Crockett, Texas, gives some wire-laying tips:

"If you want to get along with the Doughboys, keep the hell under cover. Those guys don't like for you to draw Nazi fire on their positions. When you're up near the firing lines, keep your truck under cover—or it is sure bait for enemy artillery.

"Another good point is to avoid open fields for your lines—and your

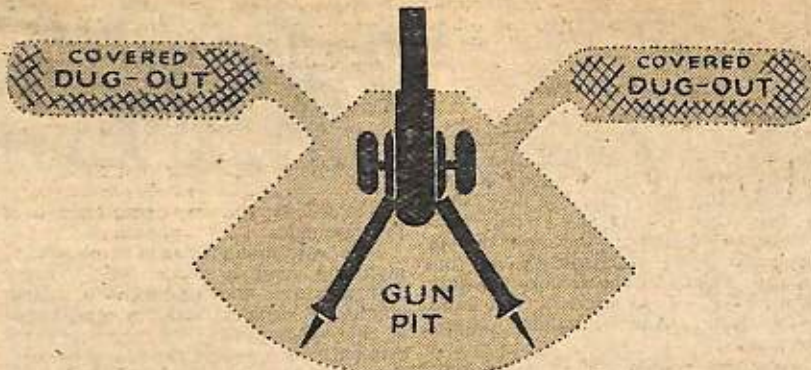
Cpl. Brown, who tailed the infantry with his wire-laying crew, adds:

"France is full of narrow roads. Better to lay wires on main drags with mine-free ditches than on narrow ones where passing vehicles will break up your handiwork. Bracket your line when trouble-shooting. If your break is in a half-mile strip, and laid in a hedgerow, it is faster to splice in a strip of new wire because it is tough to detect broken wire in the hedges.

Tape All Lines

"Don't forget to have plenty of check stations and tags. The Signal boys tape all lines into a cable as large as your wrist at times—and this makes identification hard."

Sgt. Perry Rankin, of Shiner, Texas: "Fold camouflage nets with overhead wires intact and laced. It'll save you a lot of time—and misery."



HOWITZER home, as described by Cpl. Paul Ince, of Pryor, Oklahoma. Ince suggests covered foxholes, large enough for two men each, communicating with gun-pit via trenches. Angle of trench prevents splinters entering sleeping quarters for crew.

keep the machine-gun as steady as a rock. This way you won't stumble over sandbags during firing, and it prevents rust from forming on tripod legs, usually caused by close contact with sandbags."

unload without counting. Tell them also to stay on the good side of ASP personnel—because they are a big help."

Dig Four-Foot Holes

Sgt. Willie Roberts, Wayside, Texas: "Here are some items on how to improve a foxhole. Maybe some of the boys can use them. Make them deep enough—about four feet for the average-sized GI, and about three feet wide and seven feet long. But you've really got to be careful about sizes. If the hole is too deep it might cave in, yet if it's too shallow it leaves you open for all sorts of firing. We like them not only long enough for a lying-down position, but for our equipment as well.

"Straight sides are just as good as sloping ones—and even more comfortable. But if you're dug in well, it takes a direct hit to bring you out. Some cloth comes in handy, too. Keep it in your roll if you've got any. It serves to keep out insects and will keep your equipment clean. This cloth may be dropped around the sides of your foxhole by laying the ends under logs or sandbags—or any weights—placed at the top.

Logs Stop Splinters

"It pays to have a top on your foxhole, because shells break through the trees. You can lay logs over the top—and put sandbags on top of these. Add a shelter half and you'll keep out the rain, to boot. Another way to cover up is to

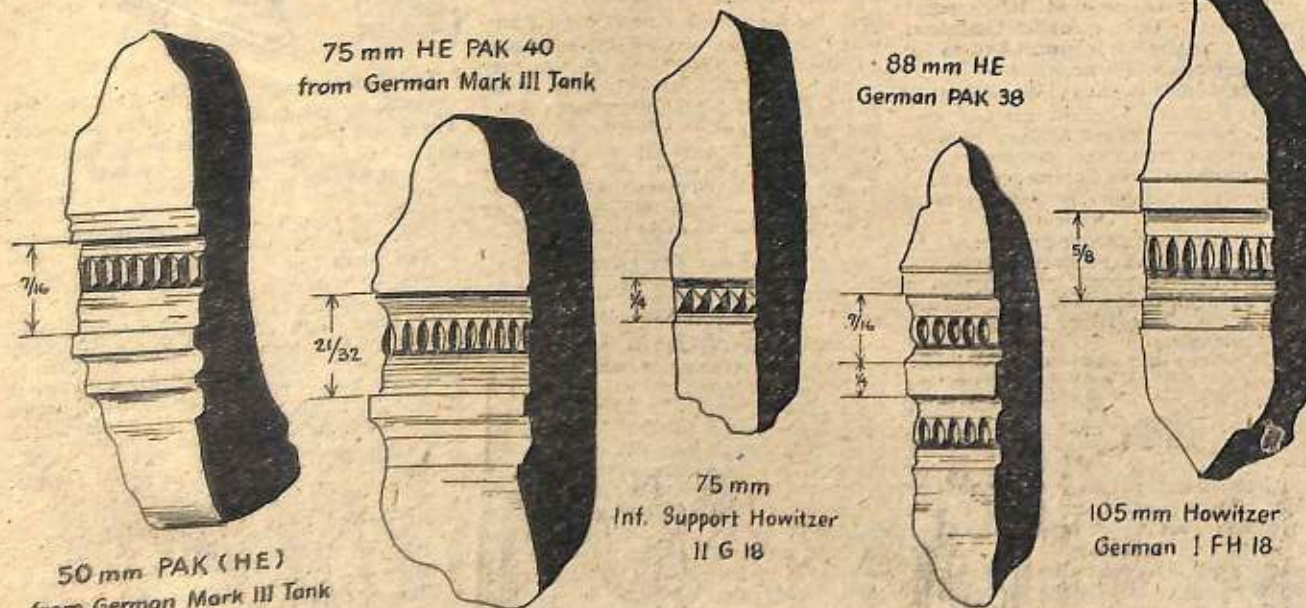
Muzzle Cover Trick

"Cut muzzle cover to cover the tube only. Have extra shelter half to cover tube when not firing. Weld pieces on trail to hold section tool box. But save the protective covers for carbines—they come in handy.

"Dig a latrine as soon as possible. You never know how long you're going to be in a position. You'll have small fuse containers—keep them. They're handy for tooth paste and shaving cream tubes. Powder containers filled with dirt make good cover for foxholes, if sandbags are not available.

"You'll learn to imitate the whistle of falling shells. Don't do it! It might be funny to see the gang hit the ground because you whistled, but you'll be a sorry boy when the real thing comes along and they stand up and take it—because they thought it was your whistle. Don't fire your carbines unless it is absolutely necessary. That was one of our great faults. And don't sweat out dog-fights overhead. We did it and got away with it—but others haven't been so lucky. Maybe you won't be."

Well, that's that for this week. If you guys have any combat stuff, send it in. Address it to Old Sergeant, care WARWEEK, The Stars and Stripes, APO 887, U.S. Army.



MADE IN GERMANY. Shown above are drawings of five typical shell fragments. With a ruler and a little savvy, infantry can inform their own artillery not only that they are being fired upon—but just what kind of enemy gun is reaching for them. The clue lies in the size and type of cannellure, or groove, which holds copper rotating band. Dimensions given are in inches.

GI JERRY

by Lt. Dave Breger

Nazi Guide-Book

Part XI



Lt. Dave Breger
Britain



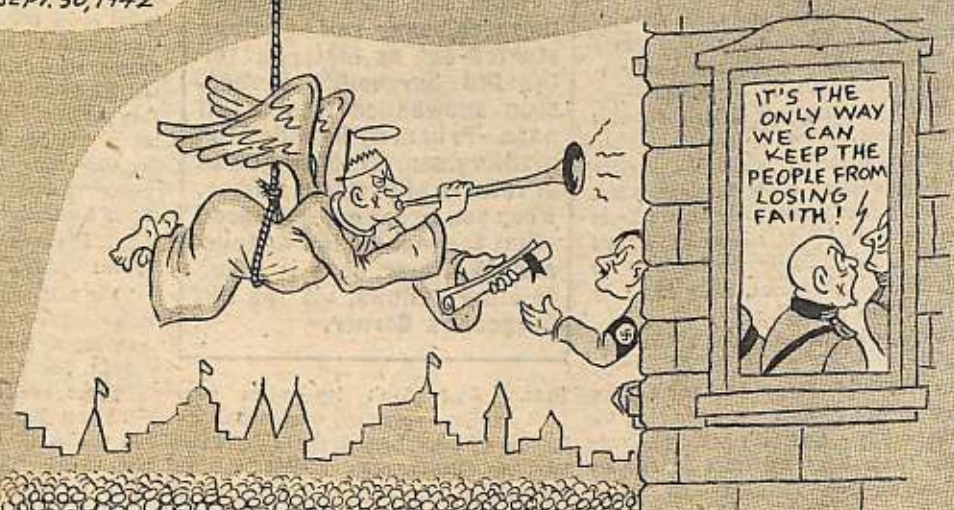
REMEMBER WHEN GOERING SAID "NOT A SINGLE ENEMY BOMB WILL FALL ON THE FATHERLAND?"
WHAT ABOUT WHEN WE WERE GONNA INVADE ENGLAND?
YEH THEN AND RULE THE WORLD!
OVER WE ARYANS ARE THE MASTER RACE. HE SAID WE ARE UNBEATABLE! RUSSIANS ARE CRUSHED!
AND WHEN HE SAID "STALINGRAD YOU MAY BE TAKEN-SURE OF THAT!"
HAH!



THE FUERHER CAN NOT BE DISTURBED. HE IS COMPLETING THE FINAL PAGE OF HIS BOOK!
"You, my Party comrades, know that I do not do anything half-way, but when I begin something I finish it."
ADOLF HITLER, NOV. 8, 1940



OUR REAL SECRET WEAPON-- THE ADOLF HITLER SPECIAL CRACKED TROOP DIVISION, TO DEAL WITH THE MORONIC ENEMY!
"If I had an enemy of high caliber... I could figure out approximately where he would attack. But when one is confronted with military idiots, one cannot know where they will attack."
ADOLF HITLER, SEPT. 30, 1942



"I believe I am acting on the orders of the Almighty Creator. By fighting the Jew, I am fighting for the work of our Lord."
ADOLF HITLER, "MEIN KAMPE"

MORE ABOUT DUB ROVIN

(Continued from page ii)

shouted, forgetting all caution. "They'll kill you. You'll do for yourself." And he made a move to crawl out to his rescue. But just then Dubyaga rose to his feet and began to run. And Kulikov saw with horror that he was running with a white handkerchief in his hand, and waving it over his head, and that he was without his rifle.

Kulikov raised his rifle to his shoulder. He had forgiven his comrade everything, his petty soul, his tearful eyes, his poor friendship, but this he could not forgive. Deliberately he drew a bead on his former friend, sniper fashion.

A shot rang out. When he came back from his mission, Kulikov reported to his commander: "I finished off Dubyaga. He was a traitor."

He felt no pity. Some day, when Alexei Kulikov is an old, old man he may be able to relate calmly and in detail the story of the summer of 1942, of the battles on the Don and in the Kuban, of how the enemy rolled down like an avalanche and our troops wavered.

Bitterness of Defeat

But now he cannot tell of this calmly. He still sees too clearly those horrible scenes. The steppes are on fire. Acid smoke curls over Rostov, over Salsk, over Novocheerkassk. German bombers wheel in the skies like vultures, swooping down on their prey. Screeching. And bombs fall on the steppe, and the wheat is on fire, and cities are burning, and grain-elevators and water towers crash into ruins, and there is no ferry over the Don.

Kulikov and his comrades retreated back to the very mountains. In the mountains a stream was rushing wrathfully. Lieutenant Dubrovin, the company commander, told Kulikov with a bitter smile that many proud verses and songs had been written about this little river.

"What songs will they sing about you and me, Kulikov?" And Kulikov saw tears in the lieutenant's eyes.

Turning to the lieutenant, he said: "Well, comrade lieutenant, it's for you to decide."

"I can't retreat any further," said the lieutenant with anguish in his voice, gritting his teeth so as not to break down. "Understand me, Kulikov, I can't. I can't go over the mountain. How could I ever look people in the eyes again? After all, I'm an officer. We will hold out to the death."

Kulikov replied: "Hold on to the death."

Fight at the Pass

And they remained at the pass. It is easy to fight when behind you, like a wing, is military luck, success in battle. You are carried along by the fighting. But much strength is required to fight when around you is only misfortune and disaster. And no soldier in the world fights as staunchly as the Russian in times of big setbacks. Gritting his teeth, he says to himself: "I'll stand to the death. And he stands. Stands like a rock."

Some day people will come to visit this pass, to inspect the field of battle. And they will point out to one another: here is where Lieutenant Dubrovin's machine-gun stood, here behind this rock was Alexei Kulikov's trench. Kulikov dug it himself with his spade. Here in this ridge in the rock Alexei Kulikov placed his moth-eaten sniper's rifle and picked off the oncoming Germans.

Along this path the Germans crept forward. "Surrender!" they shouted, but Dubrovin and Kulikov replied with laughter and bullets. And the mountain echoes repeated their laughter over and over again, so that it seemed as if the very mountains were laughing at the Germans.

They fought as if this pass were the last patch of Russian soil, and they the last Russian soldiers. "Surrender!" the Germans shouted to them, and they replied with laughter. And dying, the Germans still could not understand why these two Russians were so stubborn. It is not given to the Germans to understand the greatness of the Russian soul.

Thus they held out a day and a night, and towards morning a company came from somewhere to relieve them. And only then did Kulikov feel that he was wounded all over, and bloodstained, and utterly exhausted. He hung on the arms



of the orderly, and they carried him over the mountains.

He was scanning the road: troops were marching along it to the west. Fresh regiments were marching by with shining automatic rifles and green-painted machine-guns, and after them crawled cannon, both long and short, and mortars that looked like gramophones, and "Karyushas" covered with gray tarpaulin.

Russian tanks and American trucks were passing by, lacquered till they shone. Alpine troops were marching past in their broad hats with the stars. Cavalrymen were riding past in their shaggy cloaks. Down the road marched Azerbaijanians, Georgians, Russians and perhaps men from Penza.

He tore the bloodstained bandage from his head so that it would not interfere with his view of the road, and waving it, shouted to the passing troops.

'Good Luck, Comrades'

"Hey there! Comrades! Neighbours! Good luck! Give it to the Germans! It's easy to give it to them. And as for me, neighbours, I'll soon be back. A few light repairs, and I'll be coming back!"

His name is Alexei Kulikov, and he comes from Penza. At present he is a sergeant-major in Captain Rubakin's battalion. Everyone knows him around here.

Why are we speeding forward so swiftly? Because we have learned the art of war. We forged our weapons in order to fight, not to bluff. We did not raise a din about Tigers and Panthers. We made good tanks that can smash Tigers. We do not advertise our weapons. We go on quietly making them. We are not out for sensational effects. We did not devise a flying bomb which can kill a hundred women from afar.

Psychological attacks are not in our line. We are interested not in Fritz's psychology, but in their mortal flesh. And it is on their mortal flesh that we are bringing our influence to bear. We know the Germans cannot be enlightened, and we fight them with mortars, not declarations.

We are advancing so swiftly because we

are fed up with the Germans. We want to have done with them. We want to live. That is a simple explanation of our offensive, but it is a true one. "This is the fourth summer," we say. "It's enough." And we are doing our utmost to prevent there being a fifth. We are seized with great impatience, and it lends us wings.

We are speeding forward because we are at the frontiers of Germany. We are on the threshold of the court house. We

are in a hurry to meet the most beautiful of all damsels—Justice.

A wounded mortarman said to me the other day: "What bad luck. They tell me I will be on my back for a month." I tried to console him, but he answered angrily: "I must get to Berlin. They burned my wife alive."

We are moving so swiftly because all of us are desperately anxious to get to Berlin. And it is now clear that we shall soon be there.

THE OLD SERGEANT'S CORNER



The people in Normandy strike most GIs as well nourished. There's a reason for that. With the havoc the Air Forces dealt the local railroads and other transport, the Boches weren't able to export all the beef, butter and cheese they wanted to. That doesn't mean these people lived off the fat of the land. They had to sell most of their stuff to the Germans and live on the rest, and there are serious shortages of flour and sugar. Bread is at a premium—and bread is the mainstay of the French diet. And here's something that you ought to know.

Go Easy On Grub

Present surpluses of food are being put away for the day when you liberate the industrial areas of France. In Paris, for instance, they're going to need that chow badly. If we eat it ourselves it means we'll have to give over transport space needed for ammo to chow for French kids. That won't be good for you—or the kids. So lay off the local grub.

If, however, you find a farm or shop where there's food and drink lawfully for sale, don't bid up prices and ruin things for the guys that follow. One MP summed it up this way: "Get up to the front, buddy, that's where you can still get things cheap. Back here prices are sky high because some of these GIs don't know the value of a franc."

Drink only water from the water points. Drop halazone tablets in the local water. There are pumps everywhere, in cities, towns and countryside. When you're the first to use a pump beware of booby traps.

Here's a rough rule of thumb price list for certain items you may be able to buy legally from the farmers. Some of these things, to repeat, are so scarce there isn't a sack have a heart and stick to your rations. The local Civil Affairs Officer can tell you what's in supply and what you can buy. He may suggest changes in this list. (Note: one franc is worth two cents American.)

- Butter, per pound .. 25-35 francs.
 - Eggs, per dozen .. 20 francs.
 - Cider (medium grade per liter) .. 3-4 francs.
 - Cider (top grade per liter) .. 6 francs.
 - Beef, per joint .. 300 francs.
 - Cheese, camembert, per box .. 8 francs.
- In towns, expect to pay about twice as much, and remember that prices vary.





"Terrible Ted" Pavelic, Detroit Lions' tackle, has signed to fight for the world heavyweight championship against the immortal John L. Sullivan—in the picture of the same name.

The Chicago Bears have signed a new tackle prospect who will be something for the league's big boys to stare at. The new kid is Tiny Lee from Texas, and he stands 6 feet 6 inches and weighs 280.

Wish Egam, Detroit scout who signed Dick Wakefield, can't say enough for what the Navy did for Dick while he was in uniform.

Wakefield's hitting has been a steady .300 clip since he got his discharge, but where he really has improved is in running. The Iowa Pre-Flighters had him on the track team, and now he's running the bases like he was still on the cinder paths. He's also a much better fielder with the new scat injected by the Navy.

Joe Gordon, the ex-Yankee star second sacker, fell into a new way to get out of a batting slump while playing with the Seventh Air Force in Hawaii. Normally a right-handed hitter, Joe couldn't buy a hit, so he decided to make a stab at batting from the left side. Joe cracked two triples, a double and a single in five times up. Now he's not sure he wasn't swinging from the wrong side all along.

Buck Shaw, who resigned as Santa Clara coach, failed to get the Cleveland pro football coaching job only because he insisted on a contract for more than one year. Cleveland could have done worse than sign him for several years.

When George Trafton came out of retirement to return as assistant coach of the Green Bay Packers, he had to get rid of his fighter, Willie Joyce. Bill Schuster, a Los Angeles business man, bought Trafton's contract with the dusky

Tony Ketterson, famed Texas Aggie publicity director, and one of the best-known college figures in the southwest, is now serving as a major with the 82nd Airborne Division and made the D-Day landings with his glider boys. Tony spent 35 days right up there without a "break."

It's always a poor policy to second-guess a draft board, but you can't help wonder what the score is when guys like Danny Litwiler and Oscar Grimes, both of whom are 27, get classified 2-A (essential industry), and a guy like Rollie Hensley who is 37 and the father of two children gets put in 1-A and sent into the Navy. Rollie says that his Vienna, Mo., board members got sore because he left his farm there to return to the Yankees.

Officers at Valley Forge Hospital are experimenting with a direction finder that will enable blind veterans to bowl simply by listening to a beam much in the same manner that a pilot makes a blind landing in fog.

Minor League Results

International League				
Mt. Pleasant	6	Toronto	2	(first game)
Toronto	1	Mt. Pleasant	0	(second game)
Jersey City	7	Newark	5	
Baltimore	14	Syracuse	1	
Rochester	6	Buffalo	0	
W L Pct.				
Newark	74	58	.561	Jersey City 65 67 .492
Baltimore	72	57	.558	Mt. Pleasant 62 68 .477
Buffalo	70	63	.526	Rochester 60 74 .448
Toronto	68	66	.507	Syracuse 56 74 .431
Eastern League				
Binghamton	3	Scranton	2	(first game)
Scranton	3	Binghamton	4	(second game)
Hartford	5	Williamsport	3	(first game)
Hartford	4	Williamsport	0	(second game)
Elmira	5	Albany	0	
Utica	2	Wilkes-Barre	0	
W L Pct.				
Hartford	83	30	.735	Binghamton 54 59 .478
Albany	75	58	.618	Elmira 43 67 .391
Williamsport	75	58	.565	Scranton 45 72 .385
Utica	56	59	.487	Wilkes-Barre 45 74 .378

Help Wanted —AND GIVEN

Write your question or problem to Help Wanted, Stars and Stripes, 37, Upper Brook St., London, W.1, or APO 887, U.S. Army, Telephone, ETOUSA, Ext. 2131.

APOs Wanted

BANDLEADER WILBUR SMITH, Chicago, Ill.; Capt. SOLAMON, Baltimore, Md.; S/Sgt. Leonard STEINBERG, Atlanta, Ga.; Lt. Col. Francis STANLEY, Haven, Conn.; Lt. Col. SILVERMAN, New Philadelphia, Pa.; Lt. Darwin SATON, Schroeder, Philadelphia, Pa.; Darwin SATON, Schroeder, Philadelphia, Pa.; Lt. J. VETTER, Harvey, Trumphy, Ardmore, Wis.; Lt. FRANK TURNER, Cornell, Wac, Pvt. Frances WILLET, Merrick, L.I.C.; Lt. Donald WALDY, Berkeley, Calif.; Lt. M. WAGES, Corpus Christi, Texas; Sgt. John A. ZULA, Minersville, Pa.

Found
GOLD Wedding Ring, man's, in the lobby of the Jules Red Cross Club, London. The inscription on the inside band reads "Love Forever, Lottie."
Finders, Don't Be Keepers
SAY, Buddy! That wallet you found might belong to another GI. Write to Help Wanted describing the article and we will try to locate the owner. We are discontinuing the publication of "lost" ads except under unusual circumstances, but we do our best to locate the owners of anything found.

Player Award Beckons Bobby Doerr

By Chip Royal
Associated Press Features Sports Editor

BOSTON, Aug. 23—Robert Pershing Doerr has come into his own at last—the best all-round second sacker in the majors.

The classy Red Soxer had a hard time convincing many backers of favorite sons that he was the top man, but he's got 'em all singing his praises this year.

Bobby came here from San Diego in 1937 after three years in the Pacific Coast League. He ran smack into Charley Gehringer who was going great guns on the keystone bag for Detroit.

A year later, in 1938, the Yankees introduced Joe Gordon, also from the Pacific circuit. Up to 1941, most fans were convinced (outside of Boston and New York) that Gehringer was the greatest second baseman.

Cause Of Many Arguments
When Charley began to go downhill in 1941 the boys jumped aboard the Doerr-Gordon bandwagon and arguments about the respective merits of the two boys often ran far into the night.

Even in 1942 and 1943, when the service men gathered for a moment of relaxation, there would always be some baseball-minded guys who would start an argument by saying Bobby had it all over Joe, or vice versa.

Boston fans said only one thing: "Look at the records."
So the doubters looked and they found that Doerr has always been a better fielder than Gordon and outhit the Yankee in every year except one.

A fellow in the rear of the room may say: "Yah, but look at the runs batted in difference." Okay, have a look and you'll find that Bobby and Joe are pretty evenly matched in this department with Gordon batting in 42 more runs in the six years that they were rivals.

But, as a Bostonian pointed out, Gordon didn't have to bat against Red

Doerr Vs. Gordon

Here are the rival second basemen's records:

DOERR	FA	BA
1938	.968	.289
1939	.976	.318
1940	.977	.291
1941	.971	.282
1942	.975	.290
1943	.990	.270

GORDON	FA	BA
1938	.960	.255
1939	.967	.284
1940	.975	.281
1941	.964	.276
1942	.966	.322
1943	.969	.249

Ruffing, Lefty Gomez and the other great Yankee pitchers.

Any fan who has seen Doerr in action back of second, or anywhere between that bag and first, knows that the Californian is class personified.

If any more proof is needed, Bobby holds the major league record for accepting 349 consecutive chances without an error in 1943 and led all keystoneers in fielding, 1940, 1942 and 1943.

This year, Gordon is in the Army at Hawaii, and the black-haired Doerr, re-



Bobby Doerr
Setting a fast pace.

classified 2-A, is better than ever both in the field and at bat. Right now he's batting .325 and has blasted out 15 home runs and driven in 76 markers. He looms as the American League's batting champ and most valuable player.

Sid Luckman In All-Star Tilt

CHICAGO, Aug. 23—The Chicago Bears will have their "Mr. Brains" back for one more game, the Collegiate All-Star contest Aug. 30 at Doye Stadium, Evanston, Ill., the National Football League champions announced today.

Sid Luckman, the Bears' brilliant T-formation field general now an ensign in the Maritime Service, has been granted a ten-day furlough to participate in the contest for the pro champs who are training at Collegeville, Ind.

After he calls the signals and pitches forward passes all over the field, Luckman will report back to his base at Sheephead Bay, N.Y.

Michigan Drops Hockey, Golf-Wrestling Coaches

ANN ARBOR, Mich., Aug. 23—Ray Courtwright, golf and wrestling coach at the University of Michigan, has disclosed that he and Eddie Lowery, Wolverine hockey coach for the past 20 years, had been dismissed.

Courtwright said he understood the ousters were the result of the athletic board's determination to cut sports expenditures by ten per cent. Chester Stackhouse, freshman track coach, also has been rumored on skids.

Athletic director Fritz Crisler had no comment when reached at Bemidji, Minn.

Bainbridge Has a Powerhouse In the Making, But Lacks Slate

BAINBRIDGE, Md., Aug. 23—Lt. Joe Maniaci, former Chicago Bear ace and currently head football coach at the Naval Training Station here, concedes the opposition will be "pretty tough" but believes his team will do all right this fall.

Maniaci's eleven, which won seven in a row last year, is practically revamped. But he has been scouring the ranks of 30,000 trainees here and is quite pleased with his turnout of 80 candidates.

Among those who will play for Bainbridge come September are Halback (Navy), Jack Phillips (UP class and Southwestern), Joe Kane, of Penn. Tackle Quentin Klenk and End Joe Davis, of Southern California, Ken Roskie, of South Carolina and Great Lakes, and Andy Stopper, former Villanova star who quarterbacked the '43 team at Sampson Naval.

Maniaci's chief trouble is getting a schedule. However, if nothing else, Bainbridge will book games with nine or ten of the nation's stronger service teams.

His only holdovers from last year are Quarterback Hilliard Cheatham, of Auburn, Fullback Harvey Johnson, of William and Mary, and Charlie Justice, speedy backfielder from Lee Edwards high school of Asheville, N.C.

26 Amateurs Reach Championship Play At Tam O'Shanter

CHICAGO, Aug. 23—With qualifying rounds of the amateur and women's flights out of the way, professionals were slated to start clubbing today in the \$42,500 All-American golf tournament on the rolling fairways of Tam O'Shanter Golf Club.

From an original starting lineup of 384 amateurs, 26 advanced to the championship division, while 25 of 49 women entrants are still in the running. Polly Riley, of Fort Worth, Tex., led the female qualifiers with 72, one stroke better than the card posted by Georgia Tainer, of Fargo, N.D.

Nobody came close to the brilliant 67 fired by Ed Furgol, of Birmingham, Mich., Monday, as only two managed to crack 75 in yesterday's shooting. Lou Esposito and George Kinsman, both of Chicago, were the only golfers to qualify from among 119 aspirants yesterday. Esposito shot a 74; Kinsman toured the course in 75.

A's Lose Harris

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 23—Luman Harris, 29-year-old right-hander who won ten games for the Athletics this season, left the club today to await induction into the Navy.

HOW THEY STAND.

American League

Team	W	L	Pct.
New York	69	51	.575
St. Louis	64	55	.538
Pittsburgh	62	55	.530
Cleveland	57	65	.467
Philadelphia	57	65	.467
Chicago	52	62	.452
Washington	51	68	.429

National League

Team	W	L	Pct.
St. Louis	69	51	.575
St. Louis	64	55	.538
Pittsburgh	62	55	.530
Cincinnati	57	65	.467
Philadelphia	57	65	.467
Chicago	52	62	.452
Washington	51	68	.429

Leading Hitters

Player	G	AB	R	H	Pct.
Doerr, Boston	120	452	91	147	.325
Siebert, Philadelphia	100	355	39	113	.318
Boudreau, Cleveland	117	456	71	144	.316
Fox, Boston	97	402	62	126	.313
Johnson, Boston	108	385	86	120	.312

Home Run Hitters

Player	G	AB	R	H	Pct.
Walker, Brooklyn	113	411	58	147	.358
Musial, St. Louis	117	461	95	164	.356
Hopp, St. Louis	104	392	91	135	.345
Medwick, New York	108	420	61	142	.338
Hughes, Chicago	87	348	52	112	.322

Runs Batted In

Player	Team	Runs
Doerr	Boston	85
Stephens	St. Louis	76
Nicholson	Chicago	77
McCormick	Cincinnati	76
Northey	Philadelphia	75

Hemsley Sent to Sampson

NEW YORK, Aug. 23—Rollie Hemsley, the Yankees' 37-year-old catcher, finally was inducted today and sent to the Sampson Naval Training Station. Called up last week, Hemsley's induction was delayed pending further physical examination, which he passed yesterday.

Browns, Bosox Beaten; Yanks Move Up to 3rd

Bombers Rap Tigers, 9-7; Cardinals Subdue Braves, 7-4, 2-1

NEW YORK, Aug. 23—The slim four and a half-game margin held by the Browns remained intact yesterday as St. Louis and Boston both fell by the wayside, but the Yankees reclaimed third place by thumping the Tigers, 9-7. Joe McCarthy's athletes now trail St. Louis by five and a half games.

A fist fight augmented the night's entertainment in Washington as the Senators victimized the Browns, 3-0, for their third success in the four-game series. The Griffs collected their three runs in the seventh, and the battle-royal flared up when George Case, after bunting foul, traded punches with Nelson Potter, Brownie pitcher. Both teams joined in, but as usual there was no damage, although Case and Potter were invited by the umpires to sit out the rest of the game.

Johnny Niggeling, turning aside the league leaders with six carefully spaced hits, was credited with the decision over Potter.

A pinch single by Jeff Heath in the seventh with Manager Lou Boudreau on second dissolved a 3-3 deadlock, and the Indians went on to trounce the Bosox, 5-3. Steve Gromek, troubled only by Jim Tabor's 12th homer in the fourth, won the mound nod over Emmett O'Neill.

Newhouse's Bid for 21st Fails
A home run and two triples by Oscar Grimes foiled Hal Newhouse's bid for his 21st victory and carried the Yanks back into third place ahead of the Bengals. Mel Queen, starting for the New Yorkers, weakened in the seventh while enjoying a 9-0 lead and the Detroiters tallied three in the seventh and three more in the eighth, the latter runs on homers by Dick Wakefield and Paul Richards. Ernie Bonham, Johnny Johnson and Jim Turner took turns quelling the Tiger disturbance, however, and Queen was the winner.

Once again the lowly Athletics upset the White Sox this time by a 5-1 score. Russ Christopher, who directed the seventh consecutive triumph, Dick Siebert crashed a homer in the third to lead the assault on Johnny Humphries.

In the National League, the Cardinals stepped nearer to clinching the pennant by sweeping a twilight-night double feature from the Braves, 7-4 and 2-1. Harry Breechen coasted to his 13th victory in the opener, while Max Lanier missed a no-hitter in the nightcap when Butch Nieman bounced a scratch hit off Whitey Kurowski's chest in the opening frame. Stan Musial and Marty Marion homered for the Redbirds. Jim Tobin and Al Javery suffered the losses.

Dodgers Do It Again

The Pirates plastered the floundering Dodgers in a night tilt, 7-5, for their 17th victory in their last 18 appearances. Babe Dahlgren's timely single scored Frank Colman and Bob Elliott in the seventh to present Rip Sewell with his 14th win. Curt Davis was the losing hurler.

Two homers by Buster Adams and Ron Northey's 15th of the season brought home a 4-3 verdict for Bill Lee and the Phillies over the Reds in their twilight opener but Cincy salvaged the arc light finale, 5-1. Clyde Shoun dropped the early decision, while Tommy De la Cruz outdueled Dick Barrett in the windup. Frank McCormick swatted a round-tripper for the Reds in the opener.

With Joe Medwick, Ernie Lombardi and ex-Bruin Billy Jurges each chasing two runs across, the Giants outlasted the Cubs, 9-8. Two errors apiece by Stan Hack and Don Johnson also contributed to the downfall of Hank Wyse. Ewald Pyle, although routed in the eighth when the Chicagoans exploded for four runs, was the victor.

Bruhn New Colgate Line Mentor

HAMILTON, N.Y., Aug. 23—Colgate has announced the signing of Milton Bruhn as line coach. Bruhn, former Minnesota guard, reports Aug. 29.

Lil' Abner

He's peeked in hundreds of windows. He has seen sights which made mah blood run cold—but (Gulp!)—no wooden injun!

I slices it into sections like a baloney!

"Ah is too weak to talk or move!"

GATES—OPEN WIDE!! AH IS A TROMP!! UP TH' SOBB!!—GLORY ROAD!!

URG!! URG!! URG!!

IT SEEMS T'BE MOVIN'!! TREMBLIN'!! BUT—IT CAN'T BE—IT'S A WOODEN INDIAN!!

ACHOO!!

TH' DIAMOND SON!!

UGH!! CHOKE!! GASP!!

Yanks 150 Mi. From Germany As Sens Falls

Lightning Stab Southeast Of Paris Bared; Seine Corridor Narrowed

(Continued from page 1)

the capture of Laigle, on the east bank of the Risle River, after an advance of 17 miles.

Along the 40 miles of the Seine still under German control, the Germans were trying to rush east across the river under constant Allied bombing.

The German communique admitted that, west of the lower Seine, "the enemy is hotly pursuing our disengaging movements," and a German military commentator predicted further German withdrawals in France as he stated: "Operational reasons will make the giving up of territories unavoidable in German counter-measures."

Capture of Sens gave the Allies an important junction on both the Paris-Marseilles road and a cross-country road from Orleans through Troyes to Nancy, Strasbourg, and the Rhine.

Secrecy surrounded not only this drive but also a conference which Gen. Eisenhower had in Normandy with Robert Patterson, Undersecretary for War, and Lt. Gen. Brehon Somervell, chief of the Army Service Forces.

The Falaise pocket "has been eliminated," SHAEF announced, and an AP dispatch from the First Canadian Army said, "All that remains is a round-up of prisoners." Several dispatches indicated that the total of German dead, not yet estimated, would far outnumber the prisoners taken. A Reuter field dispatch declared that the total of German dead "will be as tremendous as the figures for German vehicle and tank losses."

Rambouillet, southwest of Paris, has been held by a group of French partisans, led by an American, since U.S. troops swept through it several days ago, a Reuter dispatch from the Third Army said. The American, not identified in the dispatch, organized the partisans, scrounged grenades, machine-guns, and explosives, and prepared the town for a possible counter-attack.

A German correspondent said that the U.S. XX Corps has "passed to the expected attack beyond Malherbes on Nemours, and beyond Etampes on Fontainebleau-Montierre." He said the XX Corps comprised a tank division, infantry division, and motorized group, and added: "It is learned from prisoners' brutality by way of reinforcement."

In Brittany, the German Overseas Agency said, the garrisons of Brest, St. Nazaire, and Lorient continued to hold out. The agency mentioned "enemy troop movements" indicating that "a large-scale attack against Brest will be launched in the very near future." There have been no Allied reports on Brittany for more than a week.

Chapel Rebuilt to Honor Dead, Missing Fort Crews

A FORTRESS BASE, Aug. 23—A 14th Century chapel in an English village will be restored by the men here in memory of comrades who have been killed or are missing in action.

The work was made possible by contributions from the station's personnel led by Col. Robert W. Warren, of Big Spring, Tex., port commander.

Chaplain Charles E. Smith, of East Rochester, N.Y., and Lt. Col. A. E. Moffett, of Tampa, Fla., ground executive officer, directed arrangements.

Radio Highlights

AFN in the United Kingdom—1000 hours-2300 hours
On Your Dial
1375 kc. 1402 kc. 1411 kc. 1429 kc. 1447 kc.
218.1m. 213.9m. 212.6m. 211.3m. 207.3m.

Thursday, August 24

- 1000—Headlines—Victory Parade, with Tommy Dorney.
- 1015—Personal Album, with Pat Friday.
- 1100—Headlines—Morning After (Jubilee).
- 1130—Duffie Bag—Cpl. Johnny Kerr's Hit Kit of Melody.
- 1315—Male Man—Sgt. Paulsen Anderson of the WACS.
- 1330—All Time Hit Parade.
- 1400—Headlines—Visiting Hour (Canadian variety).
- 1545—On the Record—Pfc George Monahan, the AFN Record Man.
- 1630—Music—We Love—Howard Barlow's Orchestra and Richard Crooks, Tenor.
- 1700—Headlines—Dunniger.
- 1730—Raymond Scott's Orchestra.
- 1805—GI Supper Club—Sgt. John McNamara spins your requests.
- 1905—Burr Crosby, with John Scott Trotter's Orchestra, The Music Makers and Lee.
- 1935—Cass Daley.
- 2000—Headlines—Home News from the USA.
- 2005—Conducted by Faith—Percy Faith's Orchestra.
- 2105—Report from the Western Front.
- 2115—Duffy's Tavern—Ed Gardner and Joe Venuti's Orchestra.
- 2145—Frod Waring's Pennsylvanians.
- 2200—Headlines—Ten O'Clock Special—Cpl. Ben Hoberman.

AEF on the Continent—0555 hours-2300 hours
On Your Dial
1050 kc. 218m.

- 0600—Headlines—Rise and Shine.
- 0815—Showtime.
- 0900—News, Program Summary at Dictation Speed.
- 1100—Headlines—Morning After (British Band of the AEF).
- 1215—Male Man.
- 1230—All Time Hit Parade.
- 1400—Headlines—Songs from the Shows.
- 2030—American Band of the AEF—Major Glenn Miller.
- 2200—Headlines—Over to Mulligans.
- 2230—Night Cap.

*Indicates programs heard on both networks.

They Typify the Spirit That Burst Tyranny in Paris



It was Fighting French men and women like these who cleared the Germans out of their own town of Rostrenen, who liberated Paris from Nazi rule.

Seize Grenoble, No. of Toulon

(Continued from page 1)

landed at St. Jean de Luz, on the Atlantic coast, five miles from the Spanish border and 90 miles south of Arcachon.

From Hendaye, on the Franco-Spanish frontier, came word that the landing near Bordeaux was co-ordinated with an attack on the city by French ground forces and U.S. troops, presumed to be the same column which more than a week ago was reported to have crossed to the Loire's south bank between St. Nazaire and Nantes. If, as the Spanish dispatches suggested, it was the same U.S. column, it had come 185 miles south in little more than a week.

Naval Bombardments Cited

Both reported landings were preceded by heavy naval bombardments, according to Hendaye and Berlin. The asserted city of 200,000, connected with reports that the Germans abandoned Biarritz and St. Jean. The French Forces of the Interior reported the capture of Perpignan, on France's Mediterranean coast 16 miles from the Spanish border.

Striking from the Riviera beachhead, French troops were reported close to Avignon and only three miles from Marseilles on the east. Northeast of the city, they took high ground overlooking the sea and also the village of Allauch, five miles from the city.

Air Dominance For U.S. Seen

WASHINGTON, Aug. 23—Seventy-five per cent of post-war international air travel is expected to originate in the U.S., according to Sens. Josiah W. Bailey (D-N.C.), chairman of the Senate Commerce Committee, and Bennett Champ Clark (D-Mo.), chairman of an aviation subcommittee.

Bailey and Clark, who head a group of senators studying post-war aviation, said that policies should be adopted "which will best assure the U.S. of retaining a position of leadership in international air transport to which its resources and geographical situation entitle it."

One major decision to be made, they said, was whether the nation should have a number of American flag airlines operating abroad or concentrate American operations under a single system in which all transportation interests would participate.

Hines Granted Parole

OSSINING, N.Y., Aug. 23 (ANS)—White-haired James J. Hines, 67, former Tammany boss and convicted protector of the late Dutch Schultz' policy rackets, will leave Sing Sing prison Sept. 12, the New York State Parole Board announced today in granting him a parole. Hines had served nearly four years of a four to eight-year sentence for conspiracy and operating a lottery in connection with Schultz' racket.

Faded Paris -

(Continued from page 1)

meals have closed. Others had to close because of lack of fuel and gas. Shops are empty.

Because of the electricity shortage, the Paris underground railway had to cut services. More than 150 of its stations are closed and only four main lines are running.

Very little gas is available in Paris. Matches are strictly rationed.

Theaters are allowed to give only three shows weekly and movies five.

Many famous buildings bear shields and swastikas, announcing them to be German administrative offices.

The great cinema, Halder, and many newsreel theaters on the Grands Boulevards bear signs that they are exclusively reserved for German troops.

The Germans insisted that the night clubs furnish entertainment for occupation troops. Although famous pre-war revealing.

Mediocre champagne and wines still can be had, but the best have been carted off by Germans.

Nazi Care of U.S. Patients Is OK'd by the Red Cross

WASHINGTON, Aug. 23 (ANS)—Wounded American prisoners in German hospitals are treated in the same manner as German patients except that armguards are posted in prisoners' wards, the American Red Cross reported yesterday.

The Red Cross said that Swiss representatives of the International Committee of the Red Cross were permitted to talk with each patient individually so that unbiased statements as to conditions and treatment were possible.

Most wounded Americans in German hospitals are airmen, it was reported.

Bill on Disposal Of Surplus OK'd

WASHINGTON, Aug. 23 (ANS)—Legislation creating machinery for disposal of an expected \$100,000,000 in surplus war property received House approval late yesterday.

First of the big post-war bills to clear the House, it calls for one-man direction of the disposal program, in contrast to a measure providing for an eight-man board which was reported to the Senate earlier in the day by its Military Committee. A similar proposal was defeated in the House.

The House measure would set up a board of the Administration's highest officials to advise the director and require him to report to Congress every three months.

47 Railroads, 2 Banks

WASHINGTON, Aug. 23 (AP)—The Justice Department announced today the filing of an anti-trust suit against the Association of American Railroads, the Western Association of Railway Executives, two internationally-known banking firms—J.P. Morgan and Co., and Kuhn, Loeb and Co.—and 47 individual railroads.

Attorney General Francis Biddle said the complaint charges that "a combination of private financial, industrial and railroad interests acted collusively to maintain non-competitive rates for transportation and to prevent and retard improvements in services and facilities in the western part of the U.S."

Bulkeley Now on Destroyer

BAYONNE, N.J., Aug. 23 (ANS)—Lt. Cmdr. John D. Bulkeley, PT-boat hero who took Gen. Douglas MacArthur to safety when the Philippines fell, has left the PT service to command a destroyer, it was disclosed tonight.

The Knot Has Yet to Be Tied That Holds Oft-Invaded Paris

The liberation of Paris, fifth of the world's great cities and for centuries the symbol of Western art and culture, ended German occupation of approximately four years and two months.

The German Army rolled into Paris unopposed in the early morning of June 14, 1940, for the first hostile occupation of the French capital since the Franco-German war of 1871 and the ninth recorded invasion of the ancient city, which was a prosperous community when Christ was born.

The pride of Hitler's Wehrmacht, who had staged a triumphant march down the Champs Elysees to the Place de la Concorde to take over the capital, were promptly followed by Hitler himself, who gazed with thoughts not hard to imagine on the tomb of Napoleon.

It was different in the disastrous war of 1871. The Germans quickly defeated the

French field armies and in the last days of September, 1870, besieged the capital.

For 13 months German artillery pounded Paris, destroying large parts of the city. The German ring about Paris was impenetrable and before the siege ended the populace was reduced to eating rats. In mid-January, 1871, the city capitulated and on Jan. 28 armistice ended the war.

The city got off more lightly in World War I. The most dangerous German offensive was stopped at the Marne with reinforcements rushed up in the taxicabs of Paris and the capital was saved. A few shells from the Germans' Big Berthas miles away exploded in the city, but damage was negligible.

In the German occupation of this war Allied planes repeatedly attacked great industrial plants and airfields just outside the city, but Paris proper escaped major damage.

NEWS FROM HOME 4 Billion More In Lend-Lease, FDR Reports

Total Now Is 28 Billion; Continued Unity for Just Peace Asked

WASHINGTON, Aug. 23—President Roosevelt in his quarterly Lend-Lease report to Congress today said the program should be continued on a scale large enough to make Allied striking power as "overwhelming and effective as we can make it" until both Germany and Japan have unconditionally surrendered.

"We know now that by combining our power we can speed the day of certain victory," the President said. "We know also that only by continuing our unity can we secure a just and durable peace."

The President placed the value of Lend-Lease aid for the quarter ending June 30 at \$4,045,000,000 and the grand total to date at \$28,270,000,000.

Meantime, a military spokesman told a Senate committee that July production of some vital war goods dropped 53 per cent below June figures and that another "decline was feared" in August.

Einstein Rescued

SARATOGA SPRINGS, Aug. 23 (AP)—Professor Albert Einstein and several companions were rescued in lower Saranac Lake yesterday after the scientist's sailboat capsized.

Paris Free - -

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Saturday morning and that "the enemy was beaten everywhere" by Tuesday.

The Paris police, which previously had gone on strike, took over the prefecture of police and turned the island of "The City" in Paris into a bastion, the communique said.

The French communique revealed that the Germans were driven out and rounded up, and that representatives of the Vichy government were seized.

All public buildings in Paris are now controlled by French patriots, Algiers Radio declared.

Shortly before the report of the liberation, a German broadcaster had claimed that "the situation in Paris has been quietened by strong measures. But it cannot be said, however, that it is

Outmanned by Patton Drive

Announcement of the French patriots' capture of Paris came as Gen. Patton's armored columns outflanked the capital to the southeast in a 60-mile advance to Sens. No direct Allied drive or assault on Paris was reported.

While capture of the capital was certain to have a tremendous psychological effect on the Germans and bring joy to every French home, it was already out of the picture in the military sense. The city had been outflanked earlier to the northwest by American bridgeheads across the Seine.

There was no indication that American units which have been drawing closer around the western side of Paris had yet entered Paris, or whether German forces still held positions west of the city.

For the relief of Paris, huge stocks of food, medicine and clothing were waiting in Normandy, according to a dispatch from a SHAEF advance command post. It was estimated that 75,000 tons of food a month must be moved into the capital to feed the population.

A warning to the people of Paris that "several days must pass before the reorganization of transport allows the arrival of the necessary foodstuffs" was given by the provisional government of the French Republic in a broadcast by Algiers Radio.

Swiss Radio announced that the Swiss government had withdrawn its diplomatic representative from Vichy, following a statement by Marshal Petain that he had been compelled by violence to leave Vichy and was therefore no longer effective chief of the French state.

The Swiss also declared that the French ambassador to Switzerland, unable to communicate with either Petain or Laval, considered his function ended and was leaving Switzerland.

London's French Hail The Liberation of Paris

French flags were hung out at many windows in London yesterday, particularly in Soho, where many Frenchmen live, at the news of the liberation of Paris. A special half-hour peal of the bells of St. Paul's Cathedral will be rung today as a greeting to the French capital.

