

—And This Isn't Germany Speaking Is Reich Still Strong?—Puh-lenty!

By J. Wes Gallagher
Associated Press War Correspondent

How strong is Germany?

Prime Minister Churchill's view expressed in the House of Commons Tuesday that Adolf Hitler still has a mighty war machine echoes the beliefs of Allied military leaders. Here is the picture of Nazi military might as compiled from the opinions of two top Allied officers charged with assessing German military strength, plus that of an anti-Nazi German underground leader aiding the Allied cause.

None of them believes the combination of Allied bombing and Russian ground successes will cause a German collapse, although they acknowledge the contributions of both.

None believes a civilian revolution is possible at the moment.

All are convinced that bloody, large-scale battles must be waged on the Western Front to beat the Germans into submission.

All say that German reserve stocks are low, but that German ground forces have no serious shortages of war materials.

They roughly place German military strength in the same position as that prevailing in 1917 in the last war.

Civilian Front:

The Allied demand for unconditional surrender and the Russian determination to crush Germany have hardened civilians and soldiers to a feeling that they must stand fast to the last—for surrender would be their end, anyway. There is nothing in sight to drive a wedge in the morale of the home front like Wilson's Fourteen Points.

Germany in the Kaiser's day had no hold on civilian life comparable to the Gestapo's today.

German propaganda is still strong and grips the people's minds. Thus, although bombings have created terrible hardships, the only outward result has been to increase the sullen hatred of the enemy.

With all Europe to draw upon, there has been no appreciable deterioration in the food situation.

Eleven years of the Hitler regime have left the country devoid of leadership outside the Nazi Party and the Army, which are co-operating.

German Army:

Despite huge losses on the Russian front, which are estimated to have been between a million and a million and a half men in the last eight months, Hitler has not

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Libs from Italy Hit Luftwaffe's Largest Ball-Bearing Plants

Nazis Lose 10 Planes In London Fire Raid

The Germans lost ten planes in a raid on London early yesterday morning, their third attempt in five days to start widespread fires by oil bombs and incendiaries. Eight planes were shot down on this side of the Channel, the others were destroyed over their bases.

The attack, made by more high-speed bombers than have been sent recently to the capital, was met by a heavy barrage which was described officially as the heaviest of the war.

310 Nazi Fighters Downed in Great 3-Day Offensive

The thunderous campaign of the U.S. Strategic Air Forces in Europe to blast the Luftwaffe from the skies in preparation for invasion was carried into its fourth straight day by the Italy-based 15th Air Force yesterday in a heavy attack on the most important ball-bearing plants Germany has left, at Steyr, Austria.

The Eighth and Ninth Air Forces in Britain were grounded for the day after carrying out the three greatest daylight air operations of the war, aimed directly at cutting the Luftwaffe's fighter strength.

Allied headquarters in Italy announced that a strong force of Liberators struck at two highly important factories manufacturing airplane engines and a wide variety of aircraft components, including ball-bearings, in the attack on Steyr, 90 miles west of Vienna.

The Liberators were attacked by a strong force of German fighters on the 1,000-mile round trip over the Alps and back. German radio said the U.S. force suffered "a great reverse," with 38 planes shot down from a force smaller than that which struck Regensburg yesterday.

Factories bombed were those of the Steyr-Daimler-Puch Corporation, producers of Messerschmitt fuselages, undercarriages and other component parts for Me109 fighters, and the Steyr-Waffen Flugmotorenfabrik Walzlagerwerke, a comparatively new engine factory near the huge Daimler plant.

The two factories became the most important producers of ball-bearings in Europe after the giant factory at Schweinfurt was destroyed last October. The Daimler plant also made aero engines in large quantities.

Two Outposts Of Pskov Are Being Battered

Red Armies of the Ukraine Gathering for Start of Big Advance West

Two outposts defending the Nazi stronghold at Pskov came within range of Soviet artillery yesterday as powerful Russian armies at extreme ends of the 1,100-mile Eastern Front surged forward in new drives to regain ports on the Baltic and Black seas.

While Gen. Malinovsky's troops in the Ukraine pursued the defeated Krivoi Rog garrison along the roads to Kherson and Nikolayev, three armies on the northern front opened attacks on Dno, 60 miles to the east of Pskov and Strugi Krasnye, 40 miles northeast.

Dno, where the railway linking Staraya Russa and Pskov cuts the Leningrad-Vitebsk line, was threatened by two columns—one nine miles away on the east and the other 18 miles distant on the north. In addition, an outflanking threat was developing from Gen. Kozlov's Pre-Baltic Front army 27 miles from the Dno-Vitebsk railway in a thrust west from Kholm, 50 miles south of Staraya Russa.

Strugi Krasnye, 40 miles from Pskov on the rail line from Luga, already was under the fire of Russian guns and Soviet troops here were pushing home violent attacks. Another Red Army spearhead lunging at Pskov, gateway into Latvia and Estonia, was fighting through Portkov, 40 miles east of the main junction.

In the south, three Soviet armies under Gens. Malinovsky, Koniev and Tolbukhin, working with Gen. Vatutin's First Ukraine Army wedged into Poland, squared off to sweep the Nazis out of the Dnieper Bend and drive on past Kherson and Nikolayev toward Bessarabia and the Rumanian border.

Moscow dispatches said thousands of Germans died in the streets and approaches of Krivoi Rog, the Dnieper iron-ore center overwhelmed Tuesday.

310 Fighters Downed

Meanwhile, U.S. Strategic Air Forces here revealed that the first three days of the Americans' great offensive on Luftwaffe fighter strength had brought the destruction of 310 Nazi fighters in the air and dozens more on the ground, as well as crushing blows to the enemy's fighter production.

In the first co-ordinated attack by the British-based Eighth Air Force and the Italy-based 15th on Tuesday, American bombers and fighters knocked down 133 German craft against a loss of 74 of their own, headquarters announced.

Eighth Air Force bombers destroyed 34 enemy planes and their long-range fighter escorts accounted for 59. Forty-one American bombers and 11 fighters were lost.

The Italian-based bombers knocked down 40 German planes at a cost of 20 bombers and two fighters.

In the three consecutive days of assaults aimed directly at Luftwaffe fighter strength, the British-based Fortresses and Liberators have rolled up a score of 117 enemy aircraft destroyed and their escorting P47s, P38s and P51s—from both the Eighth and Ninth Air Forces—have destroyed 153.

Output Loss Heavier Yet

The Germans' heavy losses in the furious air battles which raged all across Europe were still small, however, in comparison with the staggering loss the Luftwaffe suffered in aircraft production.

Following up two days and nights of continuous assault on fighter factories and airbases by both the USAAF and RAF, the Eighth's four-engine bombers delivered smashing blows Tuesday at Bernberg, which produces about 30 per cent of the Nazis' twin-engine fighters; at Aschersleben and Halberstadt, which make essential parts for twin-engine Ju88s; and at several unidentified airfields and military targets in southern Germany.

Stabbing northward simultaneously from Italy, the 15th pounded the Messerschmitt factories at Regensburg, where 35 per cent of Germany's single-engine fighters are produced. It also struck an airfield at Zagreb.

Seven of Every 10 Buying Bonds, Morgenthau Says

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23—Seven out of every ten Americans are putting part of their pay checks into War Bonds, Treasury Secretary Henry Morgenthau Jr. estimates.

"Treasury figures," he said, "show that in 1943 Americans saved better than 23 of every \$100 they made, and of every \$100 saved they loaned \$44 to the government."

Morgenthau said that "spree spenders" were in the minority, and pointed out that \$13 of every \$100 was going to pay Federal taxes.

British Troops 'Cheated' Of Smokes, Paper Charges

NAPLES, Feb. 23 (Reuter)—Union Jack, British Army newspaper, estimating that only 25 per cent of the cigarettes sent to troops are received, today vigorously attacked what it called the "great cigarette gamble."

"If theft within the service is found to be the sole answer to the mystery, then nothing short of drastic punishment for the offenders will satisfy the fighting men who are being cheated every day," Union Jack said.

Both Are Corn-Fed

NEWARK, N.J., Feb. 23—First prize at a local war bond rally is a 325-pound pig. Second prize is a life-size photo of Frank Sinatra, the swoon crooner.

Worried Tokyo Declares Philippines State of Crisis

A state of emergency has been proclaimed throughout the Philippines following the "assumption of new and dictatorial powers" by the Japanese puppet president in Manila, Tokyo Radio announced last night a few hours after speaking of a "crisis" in the Japanese homeland as a result of a shake-up in the Imperial High Command.

Commenting on the day's news, the broadcast said the government changes throughout the empire came "at a time when an enormous enemy formation has pierced the vital Marshall Islands defense line and is exercising pressure on Truk."

"We need a government now which is capable of coping with the greatest possible strain," the report added.

Meanwhile, American ground troops in the Solomons opened a drive toward the center of Bougainville, gaining several miles and killing 120 Japanese. On New Guinea, Americans and Australians pushed northwest toward Gambi, jungle village several miles south of Madang. Only scattered resistance was met.

Medium bombers from Bougainville continued the air onslaught against battered Rabaul, New Britain, dumping 52 tons of bombs on newly repaired runways. There was no fighter interception.

In the Central Pacific, yesterday's communique reported only reconnaissance flights over the isolated eastern Marshalls, as Marines and Army troops on Eniwetok prepared to cross the narrow two-mile channel between the atoll's main islets to finish off the Japs on Parry Island, now under a devastating sea and air bombardment.

In Burma the Jap offensive along the northwest coast of the Arakan Peninsula has failed completely after nearly three weeks of bitter fighting, United Press reported. More than 3,000 Japs were killed.

Finnish Envoy Returns Home

Peace Mission to Sweden By Paasikivi Believed A Complete Failure

STOCKHOLM, Feb. 23—Juho Paasikivi, former Finnish prime minister, who has been in Stockholm ten days, presumably to negotiate a peace with Russia, returned to Helsinki with Mrs. Paasikivi today as all signs indicated his mission had failed.

Paasikivi appeared tired and discouraged, and the geniality evident when he arrived in Stockholm was no longer apparent. He refused to discuss his mission, but gave the impression it had not been too successful.

Asked if he planned to return to the Swedish capital, the aged former foreign minister said, "I have been here too long already."

Meanwhile, Helsinki disclosed that Finnish trade negotiations with Germany were resumed Feb. 18—in spite of Secretary of State Cordell Hull's warning to Finland Jan. 31 that she must break with Germany or suffer the consequences of a Nazi defeat.

3 U.S. Nurses at Anzio Awarded the Silver Star

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23—Acting Secretary of State Edward R. Stettinius Jr. today announced that three American nurses who carried on under German shell fire in the Anzio bridgehead in Italy have been awarded the Silver Star for gallantry.

They are Rita Rourke, of Chicago; Elaine Roe, of White Water, Wis.; and Mary Roberts, of Dallas, Tex. One shell crashed into the tent where the nurses were working. Two other nurses were killed.

Lonerag Trial Postponed

NEW YORK, Feb. 23 (AP)—The opening of the trial of Wayne Lonergan, Canadian aviator who is charged with killing his wife with a bludgeon, was postponed until Thursday.

Bombs Strike Stockholm; Gunfire Heard off Coast

STOCKHOLM, Feb. 23 (AP)—Sounds of gunfire off the southeast coast of Sweden's Aaland Islands in the Gulf of Finland were heard for six hours last night, the Aftonbladet reported today while residents of Stockholm cleared up broken glass in sections where bombs from unidentified planes crashed last night.

The government withheld any statement on identity of the aircraft.

February Bomber Losses Sink From 3.1% Average to 2.2%

Battle losses of U.S. heavy bombers operating in the ETO from Feb. 1 to 22—when more bomber sorties were flown than in any other full month in the history of American air operations in Europe—were cut to 2.2 per cent, Eighth Air Force disclosed yesterday.

Since the American air war against Germany began in August, 1942, battle losses of the heavies have been held to the phenomenally low figure of 3.1 per cent. Fighter losses through enemy action during their full period of operations in the ETO stands at 0.7 per cent. These figures do not include losses through accidents or other causes besides battle damage.

The disclosure was the first the USAAF has permitted of a definite percentage of planes lost in the total number sent out.

So far this month, during which the number of individual flights greatly exceeded any other full month, and included the record penetration of 535 miles to Leipzig, fighter losses have risen slightly to 0.8 per cent.

Barkley Breaks With Roosevelt; Capital Stunned

Quits as Democratic Chief Of Senate in a Dramatic Protest on Tax Veto

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23—Sen. Alben W. Barkley, Democratic leader of the Senate, has resigned that post, effective tomorrow, as a protest against President Roosevelt's veto of Congress' tax bill.

In a bitter and sarcastic attack on the President, he termed Roosevelt's demand for \$10,500,000,000 additional taxes "fantastic," and declared that he "did not propose to take this unjustifiable assault lying down."

As the Kentucky Senator gave up the leadership he has held since 1937 in the closest harmony with the President, he shouted: "If Congress has any self-respect left it will override this veto and enact this tax bill into law."

A tense session listened to one of the most sensational speeches ever made in the Senate. With reddened face and flinging his arms about, voice choked with emotion and tears in his eyes, the man who twice nominated Roosevelt for the Presidency declared:

"This is the first time in 32 years' service that I have been accused of voting for a bill which would impoverish the needy and enrich the greedy" (a phrase used by the President in his veto message).

Frequent criticisms by Mr. Roosevelt of the legislators' actions reached a climax yesterday when he vetoed Congress' \$2,315,000,000 tax bill and sent it back with some of the sharpest comments ever to go from the White House to Congress.

Break Stuns Washington

Barkley's vehement break with the President stunned political Washington and started a wave of speculation on the effects which this intra-party fight might have on the 1944 presidential elections.

Another slap at the President, which might widen still further the breach between the White House and the Democratic majority, appeared as the Senate took up the bill to take up the "house" of the Senate from the mouth of Tobruk. There he had "Spam and dehydrated cabbage" and "alkali water. They had "endless mud of Oran for the sun of the desert" and "seeking to needs one anticipated" "blinded to one of the methods of calculation" "he denied the Pre-Complicated tax laws." "Congress is could have made that state-Committees of Barkley said, "Congress is blame for the complexities only to the extent to which it accepted the advice of" (Continued on page 4)

Says Poll Defeat for FDR Would Pep Up All the Axis

MINNEAPOLIS, Feb. 22—Democratic National Chairman Robert E. Hannegan asserted today that nothing "could hearen Hitler or the Japanese war lords more than tidings that America repudiated the administration of Franklin D. Roosevelt."

"I do not think any of us can contemplate with equanimity or complacency," he said in a speech, "the idea of the confusion that would be the inevitable result in a change of the administration from Democratic to Republican."

Feature Section

Thursday, Feb. 24, 1944

A Globe-Busting Outfit Hits '100'

From Oslo to Ploesti, the oldest Liberator Group in the ETO has plastered Nazi targets with nearly 7,000,000 lbs. of HE

By Lt. Carroll W. Stewart

LIBERATOR BASE—There are diaries around this base that read like an approved *Fitzpatrick Travelogue* for this outfit—the ramblingest of them all—has been out seeing the world while grinding out 100 bombing missions against Hitler. They've plastered the enemy from Oslo, Norway, to the Ploesti oil fields in Rumania, via 16 German cities, Biscay, Pisa, Rome and Wiener-Neustadt (near Vienna) on a front that measures upwards of 6,000 miles.

Add to the 100 bombings seven more "small force" missions, 12 diversions and 20 Bay of Biscay anti-submarine patrolling missions.

They've spilled nearly 7,000,000 pounds of high explosives on the Nazis for the loss of 58 aircraft in enemy territory, while their gunners have destroyed 106 enemy fighters. The oldest Liberator outfit in the ETO and one of the earliest heavy bomber groups, they claim seven enemy merchant vessels, and share the honors for uncounted submarines in the war on the Unterzee boats.

The group was foredoomed to see plenty of action from the training days back at Barksdale Field, La., and Ft. Myers, Fla., in the summer of 1942. On three occasions crews spotted the sinister outlines of submarines in the Gulf of Mexico and Caribbean, sank one, claimed two others.

They were led across the Atlantic in early September, 1942, by Brig. Gen. Edward J. (Ted) Timberlake Jr., of St. Petersburg, Fla., spanning the ocean wingtip-to-wingtip in the first formation crossing.

Blasting the Sub Pens

This "shoestring" force of B24s tacked on behind the Fortresses for the initial go against the enemy Oct. 9, 1942, at Lille. They bombarded Biscayan submarine shelters without loss for nine successive missions in the autumn months, and pulled anti-sub patrol from North Ireland to Algiers during the North African invasion, flying alone on ten- and 12-hour flights. They were frequently attacked by enemy aircraft and one day the ship piloted by Lt. Col. Ramsay D. Potts, of Memphis, Tenn., was jumped by five Ju88s. His crew got two for sure, one probable.

His Majesty King George VI inspected an American-occupied airfield for the first time on Friday, the 13th of November, 1942, and was shown around by Timberlake.

The Ball of Fire returned from St. Nazaire with a bombardier in the cockpit, the pilot and co-pilot wounded simultaneously by a 20mm. cannon shell. The bombardier, 1/Lt. Anthony (Kelly) Yenlavage, of Kingston, Pa., received both the American and British DFC.

When Rommel and Von Arnim showed signs of acting tough down in Africa, Timberlake and his crowd got a hurry up call. Next morning they departed on a "special ten-day job," expecting to find sunshine and sand, oranges and wine, harems and snake charmers. They joined up with the infant Twelfth Air Force in Oran, and instead of sunshine and sand there was rain and mud. After their first North African dust storm they whistled and thanked their luck they were going to stay "only ten days." The men were crowded into large, dirty rooms where they slept on the floor. It rained constantly.

In spite of the rain and mud, the Group pulled two missions on Bizerte then took off in the moonlight on the night of Dec. 17 to take up "housekeeping" in Libya, south of Tobruk. There was dust and sand, Spam and dehydrated cabbage cooked in alkali water. They had swapped the endless mud of Oran for the everlasting sun of the desert. Bombardiers fretted over their delicate bomb-sights and engineers cursed the dust that shrieked into the big radials.

Hot on Rommel's Trail

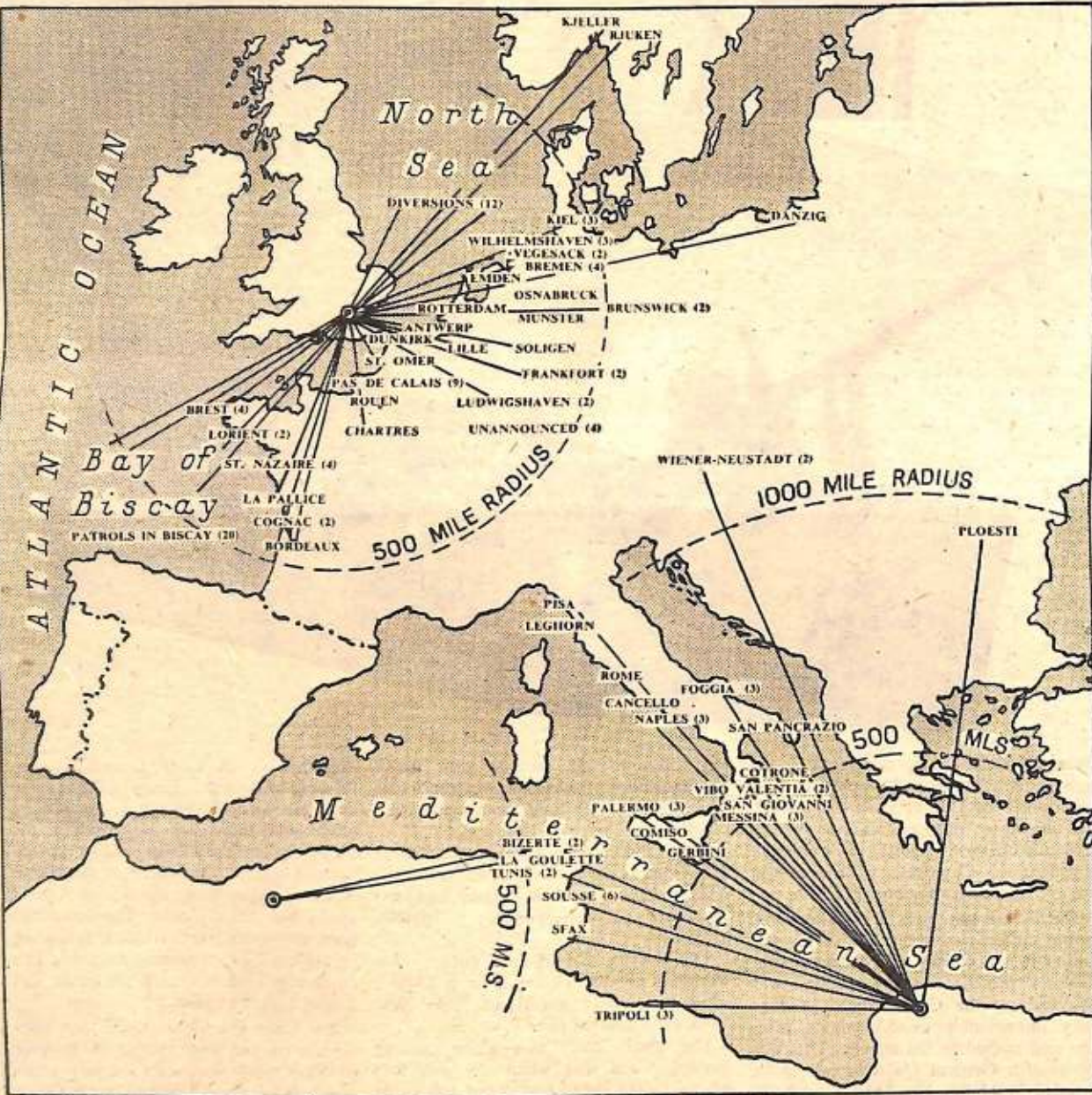
They harassed Rommel by smacking his ports of Sousse, Tunis, Sfax and Tripoli repeatedly. Hardly a mission fell below the rating of good. Enemy merchant shipping sank in flames and cruisers fled to safer berths. All the distances were long—not like the short "hauls" across the Channel from England in the days when you'd bomb, do your fighting and duck for home.

Meanwhile, they gave the business to Sicily and Italy—Palermo, La Goulette, Messina, Naples and Cotrone.

Weeks passed with missions every other day. The "ten days" stretched into two months. When they weren't operational they were grabbing "sack time," playing cards, working on engines, guarding ships, sweating out khamsins (dust storms), and bickering with the Wogs (native Arabs). A friendly British quartermaster issued British battledress.

There is the story of the bombardier, 1/Lt. Clinton Sipe, of Pittsburgh, Pa. (since killed in action), who plastered the Governor's Palace in Tripoli only to find on his return that the onpressing British had planned to use it as headquarters.

Shoot Luke fluttered into Malta with her wings blazing, the first B24 the



Maltese had ever seen. The natives grabbed hatchets, axes and picks and hacked their way to put out the fire. Two weeks later Shoot Luke gathered up her wounded and rejoined the Group in Africa, while the pilot, Capt. John M. Murphy, of San Diego, Cal., filmed the entire proceedings in technicolor.

One day they got the gift of a plane. A South African RAF pilot swooped in with a resurrected Messerschmitt, blew a tire, and ground looped. "Want this damn thing," he said, then stumped off.

Over Palermo February 3rd Jerry was caught napping. Things were so quiet they didn't even bother to switch off Jack Benny's program, but dropped their bombs to the accompaniment of Rochester's coarse chuckle.

The planes didn't see the inside of a hangar since leaving the States—had turned through 400 hours of gruelling flying in the 40 to 50 below zero temperatures in the stratosphere from England and in the blistering heat of the desert. Still the lubricant was the same.

Welcome for Desert Rats

There was a warm welcome when the bedraggled "desert rats" returned from African Expedition No. 1 in March. Many didn't come back, however, for losses proved greater while working on the so-called "soft underbelly" than from Britain.

One squadron that had been left behind in England collaborated with another Liberator group that arrived in the theater and Fortresses in blows at Wilhelmshaven, Rouen, Brest, and other targets. All without loss of a single crew!

The Ball of Fire, shunned by all after five hectic missions climaxed with the Yenlavage incident, was converted into

a hospital ship. The plane that Lt. Col. Joe Tate, of St. Augustine, Fla., "stole" by flying her away from an airfield in Scotland without the blessings of red-tape, was now a jinx ship. Having taken so many people into trouble, she now took them out of it, flying wounded away to an evacuation hospital before ambulances could take the wounded to nearby hospitals.

The Timberlake crowd roared 15-strong over Vegesack on March 18th and got into a hot bath of fire from enemy fighters and anti-aircraft batteries. They were under enemy fighter attack for one hour and 45 minutes, lost one ship, and destroyed 14 Jerries. Vegesack was the most successful Eighth Bomber Command mission to date—97 Forts and Libs participating.

Lord Trenchard, the revered father of the Royal Air Force, came to the base to deliver his congratulations personally.

The men were draped around their Nissen huts that night after the Vegesack

of Forts went into a target. Usually the faint worked, gummed up the Nazi Jagd-fürer's radar screen, and the Libs had to slug it out with the Luftwaffe without dropping bombs!

Extending his string of missions was Capt. Jack S. Jones, of Franklinton, La., probably the smallest heavy bomber pilot anywhere. Standing five feet six and one-half inches, his 118 pounds stood as one of the ablest of the B24 pilots. "Jonesey" admitted that wrestling with a fully loaded Lib—weighing in the neighborhood of 64,000 pounds—was "quite a job." (He is now missing in action.)

Bomerang, one of the originals and dubbed the "granddaddy," was being navigated by Capt. Gerald (Roger the Lodger) Ahlquist, of N. St. Paul, Minn. Born of missionary parentage in British East India, his comrades claimed him to be one navigator that's never been lost. Ahlquist will one day be lecturing before a college math class on calculators, perhaps bald and thin, never looking the role of the navigator

shortage and the men were stranded in the desert—150 miles from base—for 12 days. Mercy ships went out to search and drop supplies. Six were recovered and are now flying. Four perished.

Thirty-six in the force of 177 Liberators that took off on Sunday, August 1, 1943, to destroy the Ploesti Oil Fields in Rumania were from this Group. With each plane carrying 3,100 gallons of gasoline and 5,000 pounds of delayed-action bombs, they made their rendezvous in the bright Mediterranean sky and headed north. The longest daylight mass bombing operation yet undertaken—2,500 miles roundtrip.

The bombers thundered northward over the coast of the Balkan peninsula at 10,000 feet. Once across the Danube, the formation came down to attack level—some planes as low as 20 feet.

Reeling across the treetops and edging by church spires, they saw Rumania as closely as travellers on a railway train. They admired pretty villages and rich countryside. Noontime approaching, the Force reached its "initial point" and separated into seven Forces, each aimed at one of the seven selected refineries. Baker's Group was two minutes from the target when the idyllic scene became transformed. Haystacks opened. Roofs swung back and walls fell from cottages. Guns belched from secret hiding places. Bushes and trees hiccupped with flames.

The pilots identified towering stacks ahead. The balloon barrages were up. Baker's plane hit a balloon cable, severed it, but continued on course. So did others.

Ploesti was Hell

The bombers reeled into sheets of fire from 20-mm., 88-mm. and 105-mm. guns. The sky was woven with fire. Tracers and incendiaries sawed gashes across it. They raked the ground defenses with machine-gun fire.

The plan was to swoop down on the oil refineries from the north, but two of the Groups, including Baker's, passed south of their target on their first approach. The leading Group made a wide circle, and Baker turned and pressed an attack on the target.

So low were the Liberators that more than one fighter dove into the ground in frantic efforts to intercept them. Flak was the chief menace. The gunners had been instructed to fire at railway equipment, especially tank cars. White heat geysered 200 feet into the sky. Billows of oily smoke rolled over the refineries and planes.

Eleven planes from Baker's Group, including the commanding officer's ship, were lost in enemy territory.

The surviving planes returned with gaping wounds in the wings, engines and fuselages. The greenish camouflage dress worn in Britain had been changed into an oily black. Wounded were strewn about the tents. Hearts were heavy. Men wandered about the desert dazed. The B24s had been picked out of the air like flies.

They had been through Purgatory! The ground personnel left behind in England were proud of "their boys." The price paid was high. No higher than expected. Best available reports listed permanent damage at 65 per cent of targets attacked.

Col. Leland G. Fiegel, of Rochester, Minn., was called in to succeed Baker.

Still dazed from the hell of Ploesti, the Group was ordered to participate in the Friday, the 13th of August, assault on Wiener-Neustadt, near Vienna, a spawning nest for Messerschmitt 109s—producing one-fourth of Germany's single-engine fighter output.

They took off from near Benghazi with Gen. Timberlake leading the B24 groups and Col. Fiegel leading his new command.

The Force slipped over the Continent by way of the Adriatic Sea and emerged from cloud cover just before reaching the target. The city of Vienna, on the shores of the legendary Blue Danube, was visible. Ninety-five out of 110 of the 500-pounders were plummeted into the target area by Fiegel's group and the damage assessment report revealed extensive damage.

More and More Attacks

The Wiener-Neustadt "haul," some 150 miles longer than Ploesti, established another long-range daylight mass bombing record for the war.

Came attacks on Foggia (twice), Canello, Leghorn and Pisa, supporting the Allied push into Italy, and an order to again attack Wiener-Neustadt. Jerry was waiting when the B24s returned on Oct. 1, 1943. Anti-aircraft units had been moved in since the Aug. 13 plastering. They were ready. But the three Lib groups pressed on the attack through unfavorable bombing weather and intense opposition. Ruin was added to rubble. The sole loss to Fiegel's Group was the "dream ship"—Jerry's Natural, last seen in trouble heading for Jugoslavia.

S/Sgt. Bill Doerner, of Cleveland, Ohio, rode the tail turret of Ready and Willing throughout his tour. One day over Foggia a formation of seven enemy fighters queued up behind his ship which had dropped out of formation to convoy a crippled sister ship. There were four

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Tale o' a Dream Ship

Capt. Shine Shannon's Hot Stuff crew and Capt. Darrell Sims' Jerk's Natural crew were among the first airmen to go on the "retired" list in this theater. Hot Stuff later tore itself to wreckage against a bleak Icelandic mountainside with Lt. Gen. Frank M. Andrews, Bishop Adna S. Wright, Capt. Shannon, and 11 others aboard. The lone survivor was S/Sgt. George Eisel, of Columbus, O. Jerk's Natural became known as the "dream ship"—the kind generals dream about—because the crew had remained intact and the ship without a scratch in 28 missions.

On Mar. 22 Jerk's Natural, The Duchess, Shoot Luke, Bomerang, Teggie Ann, Eager Beaver, and all their sister ships, locked wings with other Libs and Forts to attack Wilhelmshaven. A 20mm. splashed through Teggie Ann's plexiglass window and missed Gen. Ted's head about six inches.

Followed attacks on Rotterdam, Antwerp, Brest, Bordeaux, La Pallice and others. The "kindergarten" force of Libs often went out on diversions to suck up enemy fighters while the larger force

who gave his shipmates a running commentary while flying over Mt. Vesuvius or the ruins of Syracuse—more interested in historical lore than the wall of flak Bomerang was boring through. In his first nine months overseas he wrote 2,500 letters—with poetry and verse thrown in.

On Easter Sunday the group took time out to observe the day and pay tribute to their lost comrades. Chaplain (Capt.) James A. Burris, of Cassville, Mo., delivered the sermon. The baseball team romped over practically all-comers, with S/Sgt. Joe Forti, of New Brunswick, N.J., one of the pitchers, hurling everything but his DSC and DFC. The first nine months of operation in three theaters—European, North African, and Middle Eastern—cost the group ten ships and crews over enemy territory in 44 missions.

In midsummer Timberlake was upped to a higher headquarters and 1/Lt. Col. Addison E. Baker, of Akron, Ohio, became the new commanding officer.

The Liberators became non-operational when a new and very specialized training of low-altitude flying set in. The big ships roared over East Anglia at treetop level. A month later they leapt-frogged their way via Gibraltar to a Ninth Bomber Command Base south of Benghazi.

Back to the Sand

Desert life again. Another "special job."

They practiced low-level flying rigorously between operations for the ensuing three weeks. One day a plane was so low a prop sheared the humps off a camel!

Targets: San Pancrazio, Messina, Gerbini, Vibo Valentia, Foggia, Naples, and Rome.

Returning from Vibo Valentia one crew abandoned ship because of fuel

Sea-going 'G-Men' Shadow the Axis

By Jean Bradnick
Stars and Stripes Navy Writer

SOMEHOW one doesn't picture the U.S. Coast Guard as a hell-for-leather outfit. Excitement, yes, but no blood and thunder.

Mention that branch of the seagoing service to the average GI and he'll probably mutter, "Glamor boys!" Through his mind will flash pictures of thrilling rum-runner chases in the '20s, cruises in Alaskan waters to protect innocent seals and halibut, small boats dodging around harbors at home and occasionally darting into blue water to stage a thrilling rescue.

A few knowing guys might concede that the Coast Guard does a few odd jobs in war-time, such as escorting convoys or patrolling for enemy subs off the American coasts.

The GI picture of the Coast Guard in peace-time is not far wrong. The service was referred to as "the FBI of the sea." Smugglers, poachers and maritime law-breakers were their dish. The Coast Guard also charted icebergs, kept the shipping lanes clear, protected fisheries, rendered medical aid and administered justice in isolated northern territory.

It all began back in 1790—nine years before the Navy was born—when Secretary of the Treasury Alexander Hamilton established the Coast Guard to combat smuggling and to enforce the tariff laws.

It was then known variously as the Revenue Marine or the Revenue Cutter Service. It was armed and organized on a military basis from its inception and it has always participated actively in the country's wars afloat. When the service was established, it soon became apparent that the personnel and equipment provided for maritime police duties were equally able to respond to distress calls. In consequence, the service was called upon to assume major responsibility for safeguarding life and property within the scope of its operations.

Important Services United

The importance of these particular functions was recognized in 1915 when the Revenue Cutter Service was united with the Lifesaving Service, itself dating back to 1848, with the new name of United States Coast Guard for the combined service. In 1939 the Lighthouse Service, established 150 years earlier, was also brought into the Coast Guard. Thus there was unified in one service those activities which guide shipping and those, both ashore and afloat, which render assistance to shipping in distress. In 1942 the functions of the Bureau of Marine Inspection and Navigation were transferred to the Coast Guard.

The Coast Guard "went to war" on Nov. 1, 1942, when President Roosevelt, declaring a national emergency, directed that the service should operate as part of the Navy and removed it from the jurisdiction of the Treasury Department.

Since the outbreak of war the "kid brother" of the Navy has been thriving on a harsh diet of Germans and Japs.

Most resounding successes of the Coast Guard have been scored by 327-foot cutters—the battlewagons of the "hoodigan Navy"—which have brought sudden death to several German U-boats in the Battle of the Atlantic.

All of these cutters have been assigned to trans-Atlantic or Pacific escort operations. These seaworthy vessels are particularly useful in heavy weather when taking on a tow or on long convoy routes, when destroyers or corvettes may become unable to patrol their stations because of lack of fuel. The smaller seagoing cutters of the 165- and 125-foot classes are all engaged with the Navy on coast and anti-submarine patrol.

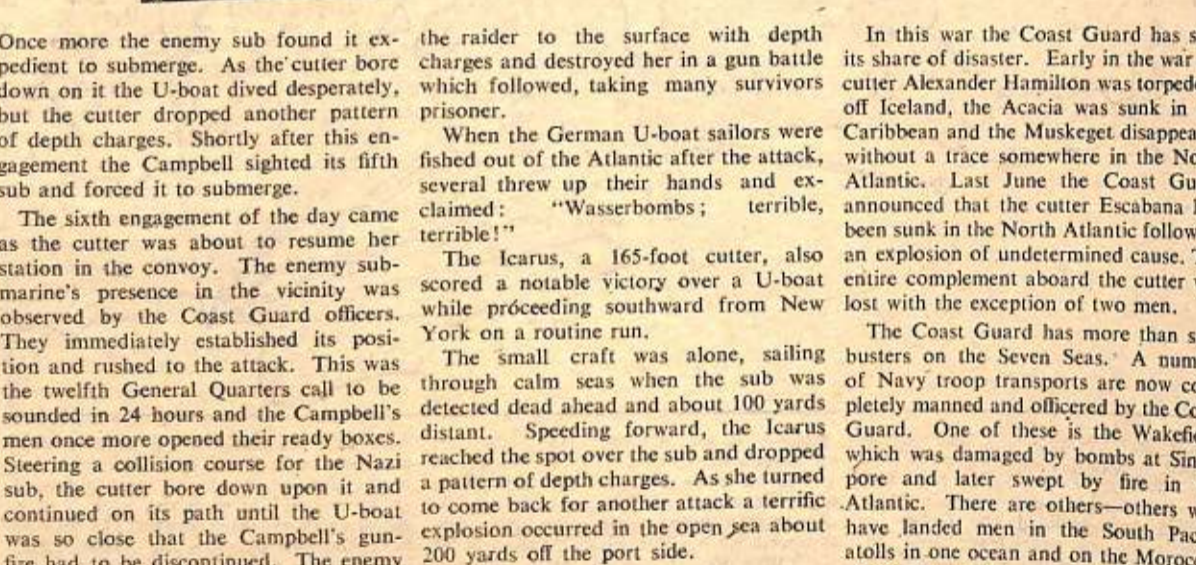
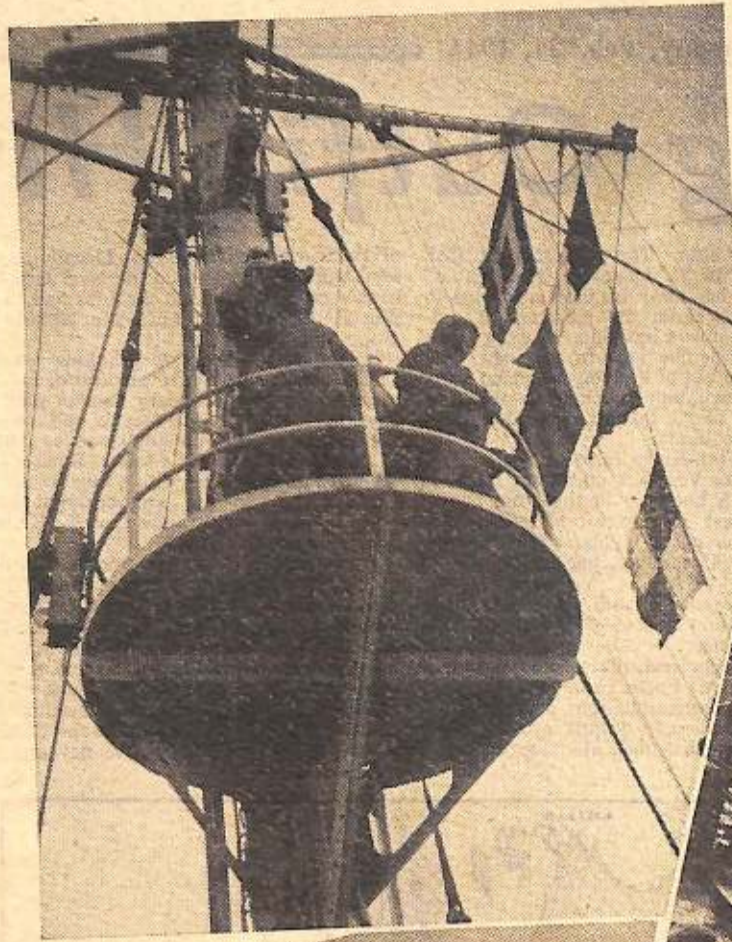
The first spectacular cutter victory was that of the Campbell, which early in 1943 rammed and sank one submarine and depth-charged five others in a series of engagements which took place during a period of 12 hours while the cutter was on Atlantic convoy escort duty.

Saga of the Campbell

The cutter's running fight with the pack began when the vessel was separated from the main convoy to carry out a special assignment. She had gone some 25 miles distant, on orders to investigate the suspected presence of a submarine pack. After the checkup she headed back to the convoy. On the way the Campbell encountered an enemy sub on the surface. Hurrying to the spot, she saw the sub submerge and immediately dropped a pattern of depth charges.

Scarcely had the cutter driven this first sub down when it responded to the signals of a corvette that it was engaging another submarine. The cutter immediately rushed to the corvette's assistance.

The next morning a third submarine was sighted on the surface. As the sub dove for protection, the Campbell dropped a pattern of depth charges. As the cutter proceeded to rejoin the convoy she sighted her fourth submarine.



Experts on landing operations and U-Boat destruction, America's 'shallow water' sailors are adding colorful pages to Coast Guard history.

Coast Guardsmen carry out their varied activities in virtually all waters. (Top) Keeping a constant vigil against the foe. (Center) Working with Marines in unloading supplies in the Solomons. (Bottom) Fighting off attacking Japanese planes during the invasion of Cape Gloucester, New Britain.

Once more the enemy sub found it expedient to submerge. As the cutter bore down on it the U-boat dived desperately, but the cutter dropped another pattern of depth charges. Shortly after this engagement the Campbell sighted its fifth sub and forced it to submerge.

The sixth engagement of the day came as the cutter was about to resume her station in the convoy. The enemy submarine's presence in the vicinity was observed by the Coast Guard officers. They immediately established its position and rushed to the attack. This was the twelfth General Quarters call to be sounded in 24 hours and the Campbell's men once more opened their ready boxes. Steering a collision course for the Nazi sub, the cutter bore down upon it and continued on its path until the U-boat was so close that the Campbell's gunfire had to be discontinued. The enemy sub was dealt a glancing blow by the cutter. As the sub drifted free of the cutter following the collision, the cutter's guns resumed firing, and got off several rounds at point-blank range. The Campbell's officers could see the sub shudder from the impact of the exploding shells.

The Campbell was damaged by the ramming; her side below the waterline had a 12-foot slit, from which the engine-room was quickly flooded. Not only were the engines powerless but her electrical system was dead. Although there was no lift, she was adrift several miles from the convoy. Four of her men went over the side into the icy water to inspect the damage. An attempt was made to rig a collision mat, but it was ineffective.

A Tug takes Over

On the day after the ramming a little tug which had churned its way through 800 miles of open sea without an escort took the Campbell in tow. On the way in, the officers and men of the Campbell were all topside and on the alert. Ten days after the last engagement the Campbell reached an East Coast port.

The Campbell story is not the only Coast Guard saga of U-boat kills in this war. The cutter Spencer of the same class last summer skillfully tracked down a U-boat which tried to slip away under the roar of the propellers of a convoy, forced

the raider to the surface with depth charges and destroyed her in a gun battle which followed, taking many survivors prisoner.

When the German U-boat sailors were fished out of the Atlantic after the attack, several threw up their hands and exclaimed: "Wasserbombs; terrible, terrible!"

The Icarus, a 165-foot cutter, also scored a notable victory over a U-boat while proceeding southward from New York on a routine run.

The small craft was alone, sailing through calm seas when the sub was detected dead ahead and about 100 yards distant. Speeding forward, the Icarus reached the spot over the sub and dropped a pattern of depth charges. As she turned to come back for another attack a terrific explosion occurred in the open sea about 200 yards off the port side.

End of a Submarine

The Icarus crossed the spot where the undersea raider was submerged, dropped another pattern of charges and followed up with two single charges in quick succession. Then, as the officers aboard the cutter watched, air bubbles began rising to the surface. Suddenly the crippled U-boat shot up from below, her bow pointing skyward at a 45-degree angle. The conning tower burst open and submarine crew members scrambled to the deck and made for the deck gun.

The guns of the Icarus immediately opened a withering fire, sweeping the Germans back toward the conning tower. Then as the sub started to sink, the Germans jumped into the sea. The vessel suddenly plunged beneath the surface and the engagement was over.

The Icarus picked up 33 survivors, including the U-boat skipper.

The Coast Guard suffered the greatest proportionate loss of life among commissioned personnel of the U.S. services in World War I when 3.14 per cent of its officers were killed. On the basis of all personnel, the percentage of battle losses in the Coast Guard was 1.74 per cent in comparison with 1.42 per cent in the Army. The Coast Guard also suffered in the first World War the second greatest single loss when the cutter Tampa was sunk with all hands.

In this war the Coast Guard has seen its share of disaster. Early in the war the cutter Alexander Hamilton was torpedoed off Iceland, the Acacia was sunk in the Caribbean and the Muskeget disappeared without a trace somewhere in the North Atlantic. Last June the Coast Guard announced that the cutter Escabana had been sunk in the North Atlantic following an explosion of undetermined cause. The entire complement aboard the cutter was lost with the exception of two men.

The Coast Guard has more than sub-busters on the Seven Seas. A number of Navy troop transports are now completely manned and officered by the Coast Guard. One of these is the Wakefield, which was damaged by bombs at Singapore and later swept by fire in the Atlantic. There are others—others who have landed men in the South Pacific atolls in one ocean and on the Moroccan shores of another.

A skill that has stood the Coast Guard in good stead is its proficiency with small boats. While their shipmates have been terrorizing Nazi U-boats and transporting troops in larger vessels, Coast Guardsmen of the "bath-tub Navy" have been listing such spots as Guadalcanal, the Gilberts, New Guinea, the Aleutians, North Africa, Sicily and Italy in their log books.

They're at the Landings

In virtually every principal landing in this global war the bluejackets of the Coast Guard—the guys once mockingly referred to as "shallow water sailors"—have been doing a job.

In these actions the Coast Guard follows a legendary motto which has become a standing order among officers directing landing operations: "Pull 'em up, patch 'em up, pump 'em out, put 'em back, keep 'em running!"

While the Greenland and Alaska patrols no longer function as they did in peace-time, Coast Guardsmen and their vessels still operate in those areas. In fact, the present commander of the Greenland patrol was in command of the Northland when she made the first naval capture of the war in this hemisphere when she seized a vessel off the shores of Greenland and destroyed the pro-Nazi radio station it had established. The Bering Sea still has sleek Coast Guard

hulls slicing through its murky waters. Now, however, they have more to do than protect the seals against the Japanese poachers who formerly infested that area.

The Coast Guard has a corps of "hot" pilots seeing action in this war, too. Coast Guard aircraft, together with Navy and Army planes, are helping cover our convoy routes. Although the aviation branch of the service is limited, five Coast Guard fliers had earned DFCs before the outbreak of hostilities and many more have distinguished themselves in action since.

Pritchard was a Hero

Pre-war pilots in the Coast Guard spent their time on anti-smuggling patrols and on mercy flights: rendering medical assistance to merchant vessels, dropping hurricane warnings and doing rescue work in flood areas.

One of the aerial heroes of the Coast Guard in this war is Lt. John A. Pritchard Jr., 29-year-old Burbank, Calif., aviator. Operating an amphibian plane from a cutter, he covered thousands of square miles on reconnaissance flights, and in two spectacular rescues saved five airmen whose bombers were forced down on Greenland's frigid wastes. And then, in a valiant attempt to rescue another airman who survived the crash of a U.S. Army plane, the flier disappeared.

The intrepid Coast Guardsman, whose initial landing to save the fliers the previous day is believed to be one of the first successful landings and take-offs on the Greenland ice cap, picked up the last crash victim and flew off the ice cap again, but his plane crashed on the return trip to his cutter.

In addition to an A-1 fighting record, the Coast Guard has several thousand lovely SPARS who are attending to most of the shore jobs once held by the bluenoses, it has Jack Dempsey as a lieutenant commander, Rudy Vallee as a lieutenant and Victor Vallee as a lieutenant and Victor (Hunk o' Man) to top it off, the outfit provides fore and aft duty in the States. To land-lubberish soldiers that means. To land-lubberish shirts, ties, and jackets with brass buttons—a dream costume for sailors. You can't beat an outfit like that.

Saga of The 'Spit kits'

By Alfred Wagg

(An excerpt from 'No Spaghetti for Breakfast')

I TOOK a plane to North Africa and at an advance U.S. Navy Amphibious Force base I met a number of old friends.

The American Amphibious Forces had passed thousands upon thousands of tons of cargo and many thousands of troops over the beaches in Sicily. Most of them had come over during the winter, and Capt. L. S. Sabin, Jr., U.S.N., in command of a flotilla of boats, had written a letter to a friend on that trip across the Atlantic. He has kindly allowed me to quote from it. He described the landing craft to which he was assigned as "interestingly stuffy, cramped and uncomfortable." They were tough and sturdy and were supposed to be (and were) sea-going. The things that Sabin found out day after day, night after night, week after week, provided the basis for his leadership over the beaches to Sicily. He had written:

"So we went to sea. The lawyers, the bankers, the garage mechanics, the salesmen—and me. In our little 'spit kits' we struck out boldly, if not fearfully. We hit rain, we hit fog. We hit sleet. We hit snow. We hit storms. We even found sunshine and starry nights. But no romance. Days passed. Nights passed. Weeks passed. But we went whizzing along over the bounding main at the super-colossal speed of six knots. Day after day; night after night; week after week.

"Did I say bounding along?
"An understatement. Bounding and pounding; twisting and twirling; rolling, bucking and pitching. The cowboy who rode the bucking broncho in the rodeo for 15 minutes won a prize. Fifteen minutes! Nobody won any prizes in this outfit for staying with these bronchos, doing everything on the high seas but

"Hell no—another 'spit kit.' But don't turn on your running lights. A sub might get one of the big ships. Let them turn on their breakdown lights when they're in trouble. A sub couldn't possibly see those big red lights. So you keep dark. No collisions, please. The water is cold. It's deep—and there are only two life rafts on these little gadgets. Well, it's only ten hours until daylight. Hang on, boys. Clutch the grab-rail with one hand, hold your glasses with the other; wrap your leg around a compass stand, peer into the darkness and pray, brother, pray. Look out! Stop all engines, full left rudder! They missed us. Ahead, standard. Night after night—week after week.

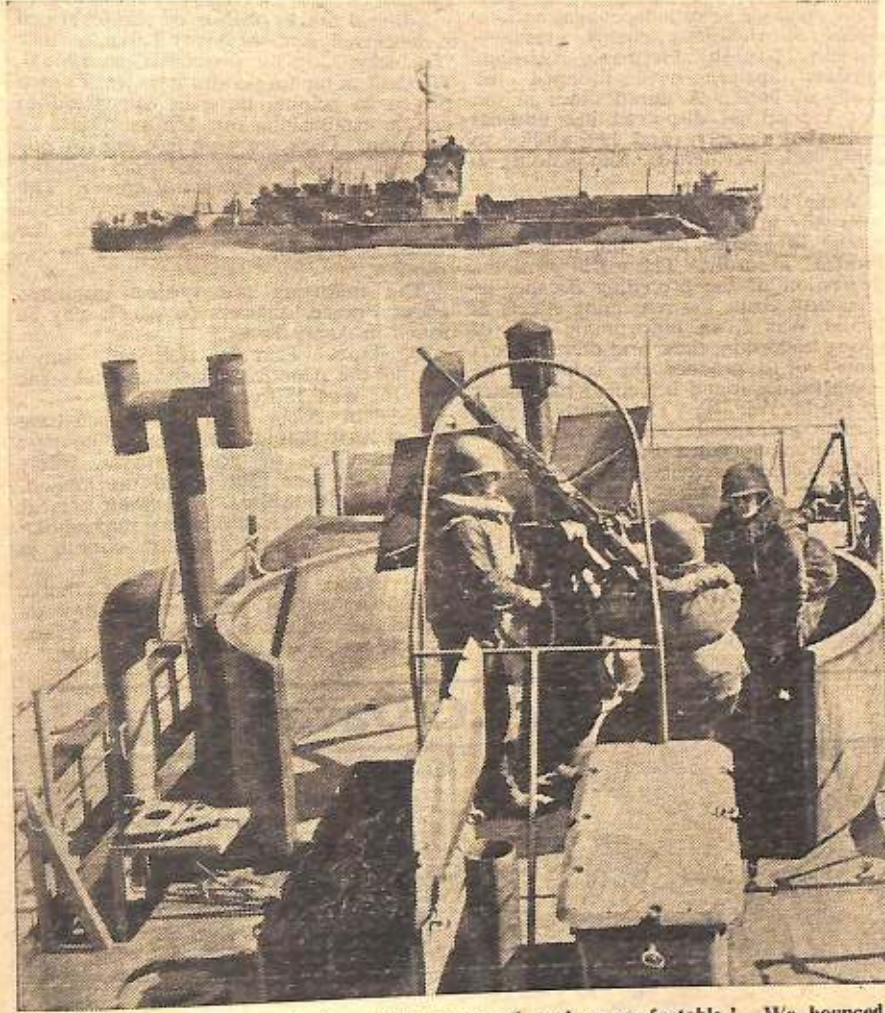
"Well, there's breakfast in the morning. Sorry—no breakfast unless you fix it. Cook's sick. Oh, well, who hasn't fried an egg before?

"Stand in line to use the head. Dammit, caught your finger in that door. Who the hell is that staring back at you from the mirror? A dirty looking tramp. Stubble beard, bloodshot eyes. Dirty and dumpy. Frizzled and filthy. My Gawd, that's you!

"How about a bath?
"Sorry, no bath. Wastes water. So you continue to stink. Day after day. Week after week.

"How's the gyro?
"Pretty good today. Only a hundred and thirty degrees out. Magnetic okay, except no heeling magnet ever made could correct contortions of these cantankerous camels.

"What's the course?
"Somewhere between north and east.
"Why are you heading south?
"Compass error. Hell, that's simple. You figure out why.



"Our craft was 'interestingly stuffy, cramped and uncomfortable.' We bounced towards our destination for days, nights and weeks."

handsprings, on the high seas for—not minutes, not hours, not even days—but weeks.

"The majority were seasick (but not the old man, who was too decrepit to go to sea on a destroyer—that was me). They were so seasick, most of them couldn't get out of their bunks. Some couldn't even move—except when they were thrown bodily by this tossing stallion from one side of the ship to the other. Day after day, night after night, week after week! And the food—nice, delicious fresh food which spoiled because cious fresh food always does. So we ate canned food and drank stale water. It didn't make much difference. Most of them were too sick to eat anyhow. And the few 'old salts' who didn't get seasick were enjoying the delightful odor of oil fumes mixed with the equally delectable stench of vomit, the refuse of those poor seasick devils too weak to clean up their own mess.

"Day after day; night after night; week after week. Tossing, turning and twisting. Pitching and pounding. Rolling. Up by the bow, down by the stern. Over on your side into the sea. Straining. Battered and bruised. Torn and tattered. Darken ship at night so the sub-marines won't get you. Look out for a shot from one of the big ships because you look like a sub. Black night. Can't see the ship ahead, astern or abeam. We're all too small. Little ships with big men. Look out for collisions.

"What's that on the starboard bow? A sub?
"Got a star sight this morning. Turned the sextant upside down and watched the twinkle jump from the sky to the horizon.
"You can't take a sight that way.
"No?
"Who says so? You're standing on your head most of the time anyway. Never mind, it won't be long now. Just day after day, night after night, week after week.
"You watch the kids who are manning these things—officers and men. Almost all reserves. A year ago they were lawyers, accountants, advertising men, grocery clerks, soda jerkers and garage mechanics. Not so now. They're sailors. They stick with it. Those who can still move struggle to their stations with a bucket. The look-out peers out, turns his head, 'feeds the fishes' and peers again. The signalman pukes in the bucket in a steady rhythm with the flashing of a message. The steersman holds the ship on a course as best he can while vomiting in the bucket between yaws of the ship. Day after day, night after night, week after week.
"They've got no guts left—these kids. They've spilled 'em all. But they've got what it takes—fine spirit. Game guys. Big men in little ships. American youth; learning the hardest way of all—on the high seas in a 'spit kit' through the war zone. They take it in stride. And somehow (God only knows how) they manage to smile. And somehow also you go below feeling, 'That's why we'll win this war. Nobody can beat that kind of stuff.'"



'Yankee Doodlers' Come to Town

Another All-Soldier Show comes to the ETO—a fast-moving production, whose talented cast makes the most of a well-written script. It's strictly GI from start to finish.

"THE Yankee Doodlers," to professional stage and screen entertainers before the Army draped them in OD, have arrived in Britain to put on their show at American and Allied camps throughout the country. They lifted the veil on their GI stagecraft at the ETO premiere last week at an installation in the Wiltshire area—and wowed the audience.

Assembled by the Army's Special Service Division back home, the "Doodlers" were welded into a production which was rehearsed for three solid months before being sent overseas.

Now the biggest soldier-show since "This Is the Army" is marching across ETO stages. Incidentally, the "Doodlers'" talents aren't confined solely to that bright area behind the footlights—they drill and do everything else that Joe does.

Any of them can wipe off the grease-paint and pick up and MI, and you wouldn't suspect he was the guy you saw doing a hula number in the show ten minutes before. Every Special Service company is trained to fight before it does anything else.

The boys are tough, and they're good, because they have to be. American soldiers over here have been given the best entertainment that Broadway and Hollywood can offer for more than a year, and they catch on quick if they see anything that slips below par.

Some of the "Doodlers'" numbers should take ETO veterans right back home—in spirit at least. Highlight is Al Parker's Carmen Miranda strip routine which had scores of guys hollering for more on the opening night.

Indications are, an official hinted, that more all-soldier shows run along the same lines may be heading this way before long.

Every member of the cast had been a professional performer before entering the service. Each had made his mark in his own specialty. Pfc Samuel O. Carr, of New York City, had played the banjo professionally for twenty years and Pvt. Larry Tobler, of San Francisco, for ten, before they joined forces to do the only double banjo act in the business, that is, the Army. Pvt. Daniel Schwartz, of the Bronx, New York City, is better known in the night clubs of New York as Danny Shaw and he still does his famous M.C.

routines. Pvt. Al Parker, of New York City, was born in London and naturalized in the Army. He studied ballet with Fokine and danced with the Joos Ballet, and then adapted it all to the night clubs of Miami and New York with a flyer to South America. That is where he got the idea for the Miranda number.

Acted with Bob Hope

Pvt. Ted Arkin, of Chicago, Ill., has been in show business for 20 years and has appeared in "Anything Goes" and "Meet the People" on Broadway, and has been in several Hollywood films, including "Road To Singapore," with Bob Hope, Bing Crosby and Dorothy Lamour. Pvt. Sydney Steingart, of Brooklyn, N.Y., was known on Broadway as Bob Sydney as a singer-comedian-mimic. He and Arkin do a double mimic act that is one of the novelty highlights.

The singing quintet really makes the rafters ring with trained and experienced voices. Cpl. Mario Fiorella was known as Conrad Mayo when, a protege of Tita Ruffo, he made his American opera debut with the Chicago Opera in "Pagliacci." Pvt. Abrasha Robofsky, of Baltimore, Md., has sounded off with his brilliant baritone voice in opera with almost every well-known opera company at home. Pfc Charles C. Kingsley, of San Antonio, Texas, has sung professionally for 15 years in radio and on the legitimate stage. Pvt. Arthur W. Angel, of New York City, won the \$5,000 Atwater-Kent Radio Audition Contest in 1932 and, as Wilson Angel, has appeared consistently on the radio, in concert, and on the musical comedy and opera stage. Pvt. Jackson B. Horn, of Chicago, Ill., has appeared in opera. In spite of their operatic background, the quintet gave out with harmonies of current popular ballads that brought cheers from the opening night audience.

Dancing Quartet

The Tap Challenge routine has four tapsters vying with each other for top applause by neck-breaking stunts and winds up in a draw. Pvt. Gerard C. Ream, of Laureldale, Pa., was formerly of the dance team of Carol and Gerard, and Pvt. Thomas Knox, of Johnstown, Pa., was formerly of the dance team of Frances and Tommy Knox. Pvt. Louis Pintacura, of Chicago, Ill., who has appeared in

vaudeville and night clubs for the past 15 years, and Pvt. Danny Shaw comprise the quartet.

"Lester Oman and his 'Little People'" was the stage name of the act done by Pvt. Stanley L. Oman, of St. Charles, Ill. His puppet act has the audience laughing, and, alternately, staring open-mouthed at the unique antics of the perfectly modelled figures. Ray-Mond, that master of legerdemain and deception, is just Pvt. Raymond N. Corbin, of Westminster, Md. His manipulation of cards and lit cigarettes is one of the cleverest exhibitions on record.

Old friend Sad Sack is present, too, in the person of Pvt. Walter Carlock, of East Rockaway, L.I., N.Y.

The show carries its own orchestra, conducted by Pvt. Hy Lefshetz, of Brooklyn, N.Y., who plays the trumpet. Pvt. Jack M. Demay, of Pittsburgh, Pa., guitarist, Pvt. Andrew Frega, of Jersey City, N.J., accordionist, Pvt. Mario Gatti, of Bellaire, Ohio, accordionist, Pvt. Carl Hane, Minneapolis, Minn., accordionist and arranger, Pvt. John Markowski, of Midland Park, N.J., drummer, and Sgt. Ernest Reese, of Elwood City, Pa., bass violinist, complete the roll.

Typical reactions to the show give an idea of GI response to a show by their own men.

Chaplain (Capt.) Frank G. Elliott, Ft. Worth, Texas: "Wonderful! Finest all-round show I have ever seen and the best soldier performance anywhere. Funny, tuneful, clean, clever."

Pvt. Lawrence P. Chilzer, Monogahela City, Pa., said: "The dancers are terrific. And the feller with the dolls really was swell. Wish we could see shows like this more often. I had a great time. When are they coming back?"

Pvt. Samuel D. Chandler, of Lebanon, Pa., said: "You can quote me on this. I always thought you needed girls in a show to make soldiers enjoy it. Those GIs in the show tonight make up 25 girls had me fooled alright. It's a great show. I liked the Carmen Miranda number best."

"Yankee Doodlers" looks as though it is here to stay for the duration plus, judging by its initial reception. At present its tour will be limited to installations in the field. Its slogan is very apt: "By soldiers, With soldiers, For soldiers."



"Yankee Doodlers," now touring installations in the ETO, is a show "by soldiers, with soldiers, for soldiers." Pvt. Al Parker (left) brings down the house with his Carmen Miranda strip routine. Privts. Ted Arkin, Walter Carlock and Danny Shaw make the original "Sad Sack" look like a very happy lad by comparison.



