

Latest Raid Leaves Berlin an Inferno

Strong Nazi Bid to Crush Kiev Wedge

Big Forces Take 2 Towns SW of City; Russians Advance in North

Strong forces of German troops southwest of Kiev were reported last night to be either resisting fiercely or counter-attacking in a stubborn bid to crush the Russian wedge protecting the Ukrainian capital city.

Moscow admitted stiff German resistance in this sector, and last night the Berlin radio claimed the recapture of Chernyakov and Brussilov, both cities about 35 miles from Kiev itself.

Great tank battles are being fought at many points along the southern flank of the wedge. A United Press report from Moscow said the Germans had lost 500 tanks and thousands of men in making a number of minor gains in the area.

On the Rezhitsa sector, 150 miles north of Kiev, the Soviets were reported to be launching a diversionary attack to relieve their garrisons in the wedge.

Nazis Trying for 10 Days

For ten days massed German assaults have been made on the southern and southwestern sides of the wedge.

Soviet anti-tank units played a great part in repulsing the enemy assaults, and the German advances everywhere were made at an enormous cost.

In the Gomel sector a combined Russian air and tank attack has opened the way for the infantry pouring northwards on the heels of the German armored divisions on the Zlobin-Ovruch railway line.

The junction of the Leningrad-Odessa line and the Pinsk-Gomel line is now little more than 20 miles west of these advancing Russian forces. Its capture would mean that the Red Army was within 50 miles of the 1939 Polish border on a 150-mile front.

Offensive Near Kremenchug

Below Kremenchug, south of Kiev, the Russian offensive appears to be attaining major importance. Progress was slow, but Russians yesterday captured a number of desperately-defended German strong points.

Booty taken here included seven intact tanks, some self-propelled Ferdinand guns and an unspecified number of prisoners.

Farther eastwards into the elbow, the Russians still describe operations as local, but they captured some strong points southwest of Dnepropetrovsk and a number of other unnamed places.

U.S. Living Costs Rise 23.4% Since Jan., 1941

WASHINGTON, Nov. 24—U.S. living costs were 23.4 per cent higher on Oct. 15 of this year than they were in January, 1941, Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins has announced.

January, 1941, was the date when the "little steel formula" went into effect as a means of keeping down living costs by stabilizing wages.

Taking average living costs during the years 1935-39 as 100, the index for Oct. 15 stood at 124.4, or 0.6 per cent below the level of May 15, 1943, before prices of butter and meat were lowered by the government subsidy.

Senate Committee Passes Vast Landing Craft Project

WASHINGTON, Nov. 24—Shortly after Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox asked Congress to authorize the building or conversion of 1,000,000 tons of landing craft and 250,000 tons of auxiliary ships, the Senate Naval Affairs Committee approved the appropriation of \$5,000,000,000 for a naval construction program.

Knox told Congress that the development of the war indicated a further demand for landing craft in substantial amounts.

Loneragan Pleads Innocent

NEW YORK, Nov. 24—Wayne Lonergan, 25-year-old RCAF cadet, whose wife was slain in their fashionable triplex apartment on Beekman Hill, yesterday pleaded innocent to the indictment charging him with the murder. He will be placed on trial some time in January, an assistant district attorney said. He was arrested in Toronto several days after his wife, Patricia, was found dead a month ago after a beating.

Hell Comes to Berlin

By Jack Fleischer
United Press Staff Correspondent

STOCKHOLM, Nov. 24—Berlin is being turned into a hell—a hell of burning buildings and streets running with fire.

"The trip to the Tempelhof airdrome was like a journey through an inferno," said one of the Swedish diplomats who made that journey after the first raid.

Now, after the second raid, the scenes there, as told by neutrals in the city, almost defy description. Here, taken from these various sources, is the story of Berlin today.

The destruction in Berlin now, after its third raid within a week, is impossible to describe. Buildings are still burning fiercely in many parts of the city.

Even the asphalt in the streets is burning. The heat is so fierce that people collapse because of it. Streets that are still open cannot be passed because the heat strikes like a wall of fire from one side to the other.

Tens of thousands are already leaving the city and pouring out to suburbs like Potsdam, Straussberg and Fuersstenwalde.

Thousands of Berliners are filling the streets in this trek. Some of them have only the clothes they stand in. Others carry hurriedly tied bundles and bags. Some of them are wounded, and pass through the streets moaning with pain.

Their faces are blackened with soot and smoke. Many of them have bandaged hands, a sign that they were burned in frantic and useless efforts to put out the flames of the thousands of fires that raged last night and the night before.

Smoke is everywhere. Thick clouds hang over the city like a pall, the

(Continued on page 4)

27th Division Seizes Jap Isle

Other Bases in the Gilberts Soon to be Cleared Up Adm. Nimitz Says

PEARL HARBOR, Nov. 24—U.S. Army troops of the 27th Infantry Division captured the atoll of Makin yesterday, a naval communique announced today, and Adm. Chester Nimitz assured that the other 4,000 Japanese on Tarawa and Abamama in the Gilberts "would soon be cleaned up" by the 2nd Marine division.

Latest reports of the Tarawa fighting said the Leathernecks were striking forward from the eastern end of tiny Belito atoll and were making good progress against strongly-entrenched Jap troops defending the island's great bomber airfields.

On Abamama a report said the "situation was well in hand by the Marines."

The U.S. fleet meanwhile stood off the coast of the island and fighters and bombers from aircraft carriers supported the U.S. troops.

No Jap air opposition has been offered and no enemy naval vessels have been sighted as yet, but reports from Tokyo indicate the Jap navy may be moving in the direction of the Gilberts for a big engagement.

Adm. Nimitz, commenting on the absence of Jap naval units in the Gilbert area, said, "The American fleet is ready to meet the Japs if they will come out and fight."

Another remark by Adm. Nimitz indicated that U.S. may be preparing for another thrust to the Marshalls on the island-to-island road to Japan.

He said, "It is my opinion that the Japs will finally be defeated in China but we are not neglecting any roads to Tokyo. Our forces on the Gilberts in the immediate future will consolidate the positions for further attacks."

When the Tarawa atolls are seized, they will give the U.S. excellent bomber fields in which to strike the strong Jap bases in the Marshalls, 200 miles to the north of Makin Island, the most northerly of the Gilberts.

Eighth Captures 2 More Towns

Alfedena and San Angelo Wrested from Nazis By Allied Push

ALLIED HQ., North Africa, Nov. 24 (AP)—Striking into the enemy's positions in the central part of the Italian front, troops of the Eighth Army surged forward six miles to capture the village of San Angelo, only half a mile from the banks of the upper Sangro river, and occupied the deserted and devastated mountain town of Alfedena.

After a long spell of bad weather, planes and light naval vessel again became active. Bombers hit targets in Albania, while an Allied warship sunk a German ship off the west coast of Italy.

On the land front, the capture of Alfedena was the result of a gain of more than five miles beyond Rio Nero in recent days, during which Gen. Montgomery's troops pushed the Germans off the high ground dominating the town from the south east in a series of criss-crosses.

Flare Up on 5th Army Front
Before leaving the Germans destroyed Alfedena with explosives and fire and the British found the ruins deserted.

Simultaneously, heavy artillery duels flared up on part of the Fifth Army front. It was officially disclosed for the first time that the U.S. 36th Infantry Division was part of Gen. Clark's original landing force at Salerno and has seen much heavy fighting.

In the Venafro-Pozzilli area, German guns opened up with a thunder of bombardment on Monday night, reports from Gen. Clark's headquarters disclosed. Concentrations of American batteries promptly laid down highly effective counter fire, smashing up some of the enemy's batteries.

50 Acres and a Jeep
WASHINGTON, Nov. 24—A program to provide demobilized servicemen with "50 acres and a jeep" is being considered by the Farm Security Administration.

Embattled Reich Still Packs Big Wallop, U.S. General Says

WASHINGTON, Nov. 24—Declaring that the German war potential still was amazingly high, Maj. Gen. George Strong, chief of Army Military Intelligence, said today that "we, rather than the Germans, have become the victims of our own propaganda about Nazi weakness."

In a report to Congress on Axis strength, Gen. Strong said the Germans had a new rocket gun which weighed less than a ton but had the firepower equal to six field howitzers weighing nine tons each.

Other facts presented by Gen. Strong to support his statement:

Germany has new tanks and guns, in some cases equal to or better than anything the Allies possess.

The German air force, in spite of its losses, is stronger than in 1939. Germany's raw material position is good, she has ample coal and rubber, and although there is a shortage of certain types of lubricant, there is enough high-octane gasoline for the Luftwaffe.

Gen. Strong said there was evidence that German railways and transport were working efficiently and adequately. Bombing cut production in the Ruhr by 30 per cent in May and June, he said, but he added that this was equivalent to only three per cent of the total German output.

In short, Gen. Strong said, were it not for the enormous sacrifices made by the Russians the odds against the Allies would be roughly four or five to one.

Nazi Press Screams For Revenge as Vast Fires Sweep Capital

City Near to Being Knocked Out of War, Stockholm Hears; Thousands Reported Killed in RAF Mass Assaults

A mighty RAF armada, striking at Berlin Tuesday night for the second time within 24 hours, left in its wake great searing walls of flame and a Nazi press screaming for revenge, Stockholm reports said yesterday.

Dispatches from the Swedish capital said that Berlin appeared well on the way last night to being temporarily knocked out of the war.

The Stockholm newspaper Afton Tidningen said it learned from reliable sources that new fires started from incendiaries Tuesday night linked with flames still burning from Monday night's 2,300-ton assault. Some reports to the Swedish capital told of great walls of flame more than half a mile long in Berlin.

Berlin Is Now Most-Bombed City in World

Last Three Attacks Alone Equal 66% of London's Whole Blitz

Berlin is being paid back—with compound interest—for the blitz which the Luftwaffe inflicted on London in the dark winter of 1940-41.

In the last six days more than 5,000 tons of bombs have been dropped into a comparatively small area of the German capital, compared with 7,500 tons dropped on the whole of London during the blitz.

Berlin is now the world's most-bombed city. Hamburg had a total of around 10,000 tons; Essen, Hanover and Cologne around 8,000, and Mannheim and Ludwigshafen over 7,000.

Veterans of the London terror raids were staggered trying to conceive the havoc wrought on Berlin by two such heavy attacks in a row.

Word from neutral capitals that Berlin was on the brink of being knocked out of the war reminded Londoners of the situation the night of May 5, 1941, when the Germans made one of their heaviest attacks on London, and it was generally agreed that if they had returned the next night the chaos would have been awful.

Moreover, the Germans raided on only a one-fifth scale, using only 400 planes, whereas even Berlin estimated last night that the RAF had used 900 heavy bombers in its twin blows.

Berlin is the crux of Germany's war, because it is the center of the government, a key transportation center and one of the country's major industrial areas, particularly electrical equipment.

The Germans had the misfortune to execute their blitz while aerial warfare was still in its experimental stage. The Allies' great offensive begins with the advantage of greater bombers and much larger bombs.

Not until April, 1943, did the RAF attain a bombing rate of 10,000 tons in a month, yet already in November Berlin has had three attacks aggregating more than 5,000 tons and bringing the total dumped on the capital this year to 12,000 tons.

The task of levelling Berlin in Hamburg style, however, will be much more than twice as great as the job on Hamburg, an RAF commentator declared yesterday.

Not only is Berlin nearly twice as big in area—with an eastward diameter of 34 miles—but also it is 200 miles further away. The difficulty of bombing operation increases much more proportionately with the time the bombers have to fly over enemy territory.

Report American Embassy In Berlin Ruined in Raid

STOCKHOLM, Nov. 24 (AP)—The newspaper Allehanda, quoting a Scandinavian telegraph agency dispatch from Berlin, said that the U.S. Embassy, located on the Pariser Platz at Brandenburger, is in ruins. The Embassy was apparently destroyed in last night's raid, as accounts of the first attack did not mention the American Embassy among damaged buildings in the area.

The new Italian and Japanese Embassies, on the Tiergartenstrasse, were the only ones to escape damage or destruction among the belligerent powers.

And last night another stream of bombers, believed to be RAF, headed eastward over the Straits of Dover for the third successive night. The drone of motors continued for nearly an hour, even longer than on the preceding night when Berlin got its second pasting in a row.

The DNB station in Berlin went off the air at 8.30 P.M. Bremen and Cologne radios went off the air shortly after.

The German city, which now enjoys the dubious distinction of being the world's most-bombed capital, was paralyzed and virtually isolated. Telephone, telegraphic communications and surface transport had broken down completely.

50,000 Reported Killed
A Berne message to Afton Tidningen said that 25,000 were killed in each of the two great raids of Monday and Tuesday nights. Another Swedish version of casualties said that the total death toll was 25,000, with an additional 38,000 rendered homeless.

It was believed in London that the tonnage dropped Tuesday night was somewhat less than the 2,300 tons hurled onto Berlin the night previous. A total of 20 planes were lost, six less than Monday night. The Berlin correspondent of the German-controlled Scandinavian Telegraph Agency said that 32 of 900 participating raiders were shot down.

A spokesman for DNB (German news agency) was quoted by Reuters as stating that the Berlin attacks were the "gravest of any ever carried out against any German town." The German press, while insisting that "life must go on in the German capital despite all the destruction," clamored for revenge. Said the German newspaper Nachtausgabe: "Nothing will suffice now but merciless reprisals against England."

Returning RAF airmen said that the target areas in Berlin, well marked by pathfinders, were covered by the concentrated attack, which lasted for only about 20 minutes. As the bombers approached Berlin, a glow from fires left in Monday night's assault could be seen as far as 50 miles away. A lone Mosquito which reconnoitered Berlin two hours after the last assault saw the glow of the new flames 100 miles away.

Tuesday night's raid, made almost entirely by Lancasters, brought the total bomb tonnage dropped on Berlin within a week to well over 5,000 tons. The assault was the RAF's third visitation to the German capital in six days. The bomb tonnage dropped on Berlin in the three raids alone is half the total tonnage dropped on Hamburg in the entire war.

An RAF spokesman pointed out last night that most of the information as to results of the raid consisted of what the Germans allowed out, but he added that the character of neutral reports left little doubt that the great attacks of Monday and Tuesday nights had very heavy effect.

He indicated that the RAF had every intention to keep on pounding Berlin as far as weather—and the circumstances of strategy—permitted.

Hitler Probably Said: Welcome, Brother Rat!

AN RAF STATION, Nov. 24 (AP)—It probably will go down in history as a dirty trick on the rat, but a Halifax bomber crew dropped one on Berlin.

As they neared the target crewmen discovered the rat, origin undetermined, tottering around the plane, groggy from lack of oxygen at the high altitude.

They dropped it overboard, muttering, "Just another rat in Berlin."

Nazi Lie Machine on U.S. Troops

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Hash Marks

For the attention of men at a certain Fortress station only. When a high-ranking officer is awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor, does that mean he is entitled to a salute from Snuffy Smith?
 * * *
 It's been a bad week for Hitler. First the RAF bombs him out of his home.



And now, we understand, the Nazi Finance Dept. has taken him off per diem.

Conversation between two females back in the good ole U.S.A. "Who was that physical wreck I saw you with last night, dearie?" "Oh, I call him Ersatz. He's a substitute till Bill licks the Germans and Japs and comes home again."

Have any of you people interested in technical manuals read the "Nomenclature and Operation of the Whistle, M1"? Here are some excerpts from the piece. "The US Whistle, Model, M1, is a self-repeating, shoulder strap model. It is lung-operated, air-cooled, reverberating blast type. The whistle is divided into two parts—the whistle cylinder blowing assembly and the whistle-retaining chain assembly. The whistle weighs an ounce and a half; the chain assembly another half-ounce. Disassembly of parts, other than the shoulder-strap buttonhook catch and the lower chain retaining ring, will be by Ordnance personnel only."

Help! Help! The roll of the "Initials Only" club has just been swamped by a memo from Lt. W. L. Loucks, adjutant of an engineer avn. bn. His battalion has 16 (IO) men: J. B. C. Lucas, F. E. Pye, K. C. Clark, G. C. Hunter, R. L. Gary, J. D. Kern, N. C. Tyler, L. Z. Gibbs, R. V. Jones, L. C. Craney, A. D. Roberson, L. C. Lard, L. C. Johnson, R. J. McLondon, B. W. Dickerson and, last but not least, O. D. Turner.

Fun on the Home Front: Two chemists, deeply involved in tedious research, got quite a start the other day.



The phone rang and a voice at the other end of the line said, "I would be glad to pay for some information on how I can dehydrate my wife."

According to the latest reports, Madame Tussaud's noted wax works has a rival. A persistent GI kept phoning the program director of the Milestone ARC club the other day asking if "that was where the WACs museum was located." And he wasn't kidding.
 J. C. W.



Robert H. Best, former U.S. Army officer and foreign correspondent, who has been indicted by a federal grand jury for being an Axis propagandist.



"Dirty Gertie from Berlin" is what Yanks in North Africa, Sicily and Italy call her. She is a Nazi female propagandist who cracks last year's jokes and plays nostalgic tunes over the radio in an effort to demoralize U.S. troops in the Mediterranean area. The FBI has identified her as Gertrude Kahn, former Pittsburgh schoolgirl, who attended parties in costumes such as this.



Ezra Pound, of Halley, Ida., has worked for Goebbels since Feb., 1942, when he began broadcasting from Rome. He also has been indicted for treason.

Goebbe's' Men Think Up Some Amusing Ones About Us

By Carl Larsen
 Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

What have the embarrassed German and Jap propagandists been saying about Americans and the United States Army? Battered in the air, land and sea battles, the Axis today is attempting to stage a comeback before the Armistice by winning the war of words, although the Berlin and Tokyo psychological warfare experts discarded long ago the most potent propaganda weapon—the truth. Every day the German and Japanese controlled radio stations broadcast in scores of languages "news" and "commentary" programs which purport to tell listeners throughout the world the "truth" about the American, British, Russian and Chinese peoples. In enemy occupied, as well as neutral, countries the Axis also publishes newspapers and periodicals which give wider circulation to their lies.

Allies Listen In

To keep abreast of the constantly changing Goebbels-Tojo line, Allied propaganda experts monitor every long and short wave Axis broadcast and also check newspapers published or controlled by them. A survey of their recent reports reveals many interesting untruths put out by the Axis to sway world opinion against the Allies.

Just last week the Nazi-controlled French newspaper L'Effort published a report—entirely unfounded in fact—which stated that a member of the U.S. Congress had suggested that a premium equal to three years of soldiers' pay be granted to all American soldiers if they win the war before April 1, 1944.

The Nazi version of the story said the Congressman supported his suggestion by saying "professional baseball teams accomplish almost superhuman feats if well paid, and we should reward our fighting men similarly."

Then the Reich's propagandists added their comment: "The whole world, even the British, feels that war is a terrible tragedy, while the Congressman compares it to an important

baseball game. With such an attitude, how can one hope the Americans consider the present world drama in its true light or that they understand disputed ideals?"

Under the heading "interesting if true" might be placed the recent Berlin radio report broadcast to Denmark which scooped even The Stars and Stripes with the announcement that:

"U.S. troops in England are to have an ultra modern American swing melody instead of the usual reveille in the morning. Instead of the tattoo in the evening, a gentle cradle song will be played."

Invention of Genius

Adding the usual Axis sarcasm, the newscaster then editorialized: "A prominent U.S. general considers this an invention of genius. No doubt it will improve the striking power of the U.S. forces."

One of the most humorous stories from an Allied viewpoint recently circulated by DNB, the German News Agency, concerned the honesty of rear echelon troops in the South Pacific.

The report, sent by Japan's propagandists to Berlin, stated that U.S. army intelligence officers had promised a \$100 reward for every Japanese prisoner brought in from the fighting in New Guinea. As a result, the story said, such a great number of prisoners were delivered that the intelligence division's funds were rapidly exhausted.

Apparently the Axis gents did not believe this was enough of a lie so they added the statement that the base deliberately had not forwarded the order to the front. This gave soldiers stationed behind the line an opportunity to go into the "prisoner of war business," paying their "fighting comrades" \$5 for each Jap while they pocketed \$95. That's the way the Germans reported it.

When the U.S. Navy Department announced some time ago that a women's auxiliary for the marine corps was to be organized, the enemy's propaganda machines immediately pounced upon it with this statement for European consumption:

"As far as we know the American marines, they will not object to this measure, but how efficient such a force will be is quite another thing."
 Here's the way the fighting against the U.S. Army in Tunisia was reported to the German people by Hitler's government:

America's Thanksgiving

There was once a dream that men could one day speak their own thoughts freely in public without fear. There was once a hope that men could one day stroll along a peaceful country lane or city street unafraid. There was once a prayer that one day men could worship God in their own way, in their own church . . . and that dream, that hope and that prayer was found in America by the Pilgrims.

Today we join in giving thanks for many God-given gifts, even as the Pilgrims before us, and though many of us are now far from our beloved America, we still have much for which to be thankful.

We can be thankful for brave and loyal Allies and recent victories, won together. We can be thankful that our strength in this war does not come from arrogance or hate. We can also be thankful that, in this the most terrible of wars, we are contending for honorable objectives; a desire to feed the hungry and to restore freedom and dignity to the millions robbed of those priceless treasures.

And above all we can be thankful for the America that is and has been and will be . . . for the America that has not failed the free men of this world and will not fail to share its freedom with all the world in the years to come.

Land of Our Fathers

England on Thanksgiving has much of historic interest to offer the American soldier, for England was the homeland of the Pilgrims, and from England the Mayflower set sail for America.

How close we are to the historic past of the Pilgrims and the Mayflower was brought home during a recent exhibition of old English pamphlets and newspapers held at the Ministry of Information here in London.

Among the pamphlets on display was a volume containing the original report by Captain William Thomas, skipper of the ship 8th Welp, who describes for readers of that day his capture of the Royalist ship Mayflower off Brest Harbor on the 20th of June, 1648, just exactly 28 years after she sailed for the New World.

During the exhibition many interested Americans thumbed through perfectly preserved, age yellow pages of the pamphlet and read the report by Captain Thomas which he called "Good News from Sea, being a True Relation of the late sea-fight betweene Captaine William Thomas of the 8th Welp, now employed for the Service of King and Parliament against Captaine Pholhil, Captaine of the ship call'd Mayflower."

Then in old English script, with spelling changed on every line, the Cromwellian captain described at length how he lured the Mayflower from safe harbor outside Brest by presenting himself as a merchantman with a cargo of iron and wood. Once his ruse succeeded, he showed his true colors and let the Mayflower have it "with 150 pieces of ordnance."

In his report he boasted his casualties were one killed and himself slightly wounded while his opponent had 20 men killed and 20 wounded.

History records that Captain Pholhil was not in command of the Mayflower when she sailed with her cargo of Pilgrims for the New World. Her skipper and part owner then was Captain Christopher Jones, who lies buried in the parish church of St. Mary's, Rotherhithe.

And by the river Thames, another historic marker records the spot from which the Mayflower slipped her cables as her skipper pointed the prow down river on a voyage that took 102 Pilgrims to America—land of freedom and opportunity, from whose shores armies are now returning to the Land of their Fathers.



"No, this is only a mist. In a real London fog you wouldn't be able to 'ear me a speakin'."

"A German officer who had returned from Tunisia stated in an interview that the recent fighting there was of singularly small operational significance. The Germans, some of whom were accustomed to hard resistance of the Soviets, easily penetrated the American defense positions.

"German officers cannot remember a worse explosion and disaster since Dunkirk than that experienced during a tank battle when Eisenhower's tanks exploded one after another.

"Leading German military quarters are of the opinion that the effective fighting methods of the Axis have a shock effect on the Americans, who do not realize what war really means. The American soldiers largely consist of city workers and the famous cowboys are hardly ever encountered in battle. But their equipment is perfect and neither first-rate arms nor personal belongings such as powder and toilet soap are lacking in their tanks."

The officer was quoted as concluding with the statement that "some American soldiers showed great courage, but there were also occasions when whole battalions put on Red Cross armlets to be spared the heavy tank and artillery fire."

Traitors Aid Propaganda

Disloyal Americans, sympathetic to the Axis cause, assist the native German and Japanese propagandists in formulating the line to be directed against the United States. Last July 27, eight of the most notorious American broadcasters for the Axis were indicted for treason by a federal grand jury. Attny. Gen. James Biddle said they would be brought to trial when captured after the Axis capitulated.

Foremost among them were Ezra Pound, of Halley, Idaho, a Fascist writer who had broadcast from Rome since Feb., 1942, and Robert H. Best, a former U.S. Army officer and a European correspondent for an American news service. When other newspapermen were repatriated to the United States after the Pearl Harbor incident Best chose to stay in Germany.

Wilhelm Kaltenbach, the Nazis' American counterpart of "Lord Haw Haw," was also indicted. He was dismissed several years before the U.S. entered the war for organizing a student Brownshirt group in Dubuque, Iowa.

Two women also were indicted for their propaganda activities in behalf of the Nazis. They were Jane Anderson, a former correspondent whom the U.S. State Department saved from death when she was arrested as a spy by the Spanish Loyalists, who accused her of working for Franco's government, and Constance Drexel, a German-born American woman, who has been a correspondent in Europe since 1915.

Edward Leo Delaney and Max Oscar Otto Koischwitz also were named in the indictment for "betraying their fellow citizens of the United States" by working for the Axis lie factories.



Time Please

When the hand's nearing ten,
 On your favorite, "big ben,"
 And you're sipping your bitters or mild,
 Hook that elbow once more,
 Tho' you're weak in the knees,
 For the moment's approaching,
 When they tell you, "time please."

If you're out with a lass,
 Don't let nine-thirty pass,
 Before you suggest, "a wee toast,"
 For as sure as you're born,
 Comes a droning like bees,
 As the inn-keeper shouts,
 "Come along, gents, time please."

Though he might say "towels in,"
 You can bet, "sure as sin,"
 That the meaning is there just the same,
 When your fun's at its peak,
 O'er the noise of the throng,
 Comes his plaintive request,
 "Time please, come along."

In the future before us,
 Just remember the chorus,
 Take heed of the things close at hand,
 So if Providence takes us,
 And all of us go,
 Just recall these words,
 Our minds to appease,
 After all it's not new,
 Just a case of "time please."
 S/Sgt. Geo. A. Foster.

A British Cadet's View of the U.S.A.

Ray Lygo, Fleet Air Arm, tells the folks in England that the American girls do the chasing back home.

ACTING Leading Airman Ray Lygo, of Kent, England, a member of the Fleet Air Arm, went to North America last summer on a troop transport, spent six months training in Canada, and has just returned home as Sub-Lieut. Ray Lygo, naval pilot.

He saw part of the United States during seven days' leave and a weekend trip, and wrote home about these experiences to "Dear Mum, Dad and All." With Ray's and his parents' permission, The Stars and Stripes offers three of his letters.

Dear Mum, Dad and All,

This is the much promised record of my adventures since leaving England. . . . We embarked onto a troopship by, strangely enough, a small boat that I had been on before when she was a pleasure steamer. When we stepped onto that transport it was like entering a different world, or if you like, stepping back to 1935 in the days of peace, but this is a different story. . . .



Ray Lygo

In the course of my journey over I got into conversation with many Americans (they don't like being called Yanks) and found them all exceedingly good chaps, sensible and most helpful in every way. I think that if only the two people had more chance of mixing, understanding would be a lot better.

Take my tip and judge Americans, or any of our Allies, for that matter, not on what you read but on what you know by personal contact.

The Americans do not value money as we do, as was obvious from the way they throw their money away in gambling. They have a game played with dice called "Craps," and the money that changes hands is amazing. I've seen £60 change hands in half as many minutes.

The last day dawned, and we awakened to find ourselves steaming at reduced speed through a thick mist. As soon as we could, we crowded on deck and caught our first glimpse of something American—what it was I'm afraid I can't say.

Sees New York

Next we saw two minesweepers, and then a coastguard cutter, and gradually more and more ships came in view, and then a lighthouse, then another, and, finally, a small island with a few trees—our first glimpse of the New World.

Ferry boats were passing back and forth and the people waving and shouting and we, of course, damn near falling overboard in our endeavor to return their salutations. We had no streamers, so we used yards of toilet paper.

That evening I went up on the boat deck and surveyed an almost forgotten sight—Night lights: red, green, orange, yellow, blue, flashing and rippling against a background of a thousand million white stars which were building lights. How we wished we could go ashore and see the sights, but there it was, we couldn't, so we packed and turned in for our last night on board, having seen one of the most amazing sights in the world. . . .

The train moved out of the station and then gathered speed to race out of the city and then around back of it at breakneck speed. Of course, we were hanging out of the windows and there was no doubt the people were pleased to see us; we waved to one another and the V sign seemed very popular.

Everyone seems to have a car, not a small one but a huge-streamlined thing,

and, as I remarked, some of their cars are better than their houses. . . .

One thing more before I finish. My journey over was made in safety because the chaps that went before me kept their mouths shut. The lives of those that follow rest in my hands. I am leaving a lot to you to guess.

Guess what you like, you may be right, you may be wrong, but where I have been, am, or am going, really doesn't interest you as long as I am OK.

All the best,
Your loving son,
Ray.

Dear Mum, Dad and All,

We started off last Friday night from Canada for Watertown, New York, a trip of about 70 miles, in the car we have bought. The first thing I noticed in the U.S.A. was the better road surface.

In the first three or four miles we saw more Stars and Stripes than I had hitherto seen in my life. They seem to pay a great deal of attention to their flags, and fly them everywhere.

We cruised on at between 30 and 40—the best speed for the car, owing to susceptibility to boil. Arriving in Watertown, we were directed by the USO to a hotel, then had a stroll round. The people were most interested in us and very friendly, but there wasn't much to do, so we went back and turned in.

By the way, American girls have a very direct method of approach, and we had to be careful we didn't get picked up! It seems to be that it's the girls who do the chasing over here.

Early next morning we arose and took the car up on to the local park, which stands high above the city. We got up there OK, but coming down our brakes weren't too good and we were doing quite a fair speed when we reached the bottom. Still that was OK.

Arrested in Watertown

We had seen about all the town offered, and after lunch, as a last resort, decided to go to the pictures. We saw Tyrone Power in "Crash Dive," a U.S.A. war film, and to hear that audience cheer, you realized they didn't know there was a war on. Later on, in the newsreel, Winston Churchill came on, and the Fleet Air Arm chaps in various parts of the house sent up a cheer that quite settled them down.

We collected the car after the film, and set off. We got to the center of the town, and a stream of cars were just crossing the lights. I trod on the gas to get across, and they changed. It was hopeless to try to stop, so I just went right across.

Immediately a copper started blowing his whistle, and waved us to a stop. He made us switch off the engine and told us in American that he was pinching us for poor brakes. He phoned up the "cop" shop and they sent out a black maria (painted white) to tow us in. Then he put a bloody great chain on us and off we went.

I decided, however, to show them how good my brakes were, and when he let his clutch in after slowing down, I put my brakes on—the result was a Hell-almighty bang and his bloody great chain broke. Did we laugh.

On arrival I saw the chief of police and he said perhaps I could adjust them. I made some pretense of doing so and then the bloke who towed us in—a decent chap—said they were good enough. So off we went again after wasting an hour—and did I give that traffic cop the "V" sign.

One funny thing was, when he asked for my license, I gave him the English one, and after he'd taken all particulars, he said: "We'll have a job to check up on this." That was that—we did the journey back in under two hours. . . .

Look after yourselves and believe me, English weather isn't so bad—Canadian weather is not much better!

All the best,
Your loving son,
Ray.



British sailors enjoy Thanksgiving turkey with GIs at New York's Stage Door Canteen.

Associated Press Photo

Dear Mum, Dad and All,

We have had a wonderful time, having hitch-hiked a thousand miles to New York and back to Niagara Falls. When the course finished, three of us decided to spend our seven days' leave on a trip into America. We started off with just our greatcoats and toilet requisites as luggage.

Traffic was scarce on the main road, and we waited some time before being picked up by a small army lorry already loaded down with hitch-hikers. At the International Bridge we left the truck, and whilst waiting for another lift we had a long chat with the chap at the gate, an American, who told us he was joining the U.S. Navy Air Corps, and we in turn explained that we were the English counterpart—an explanation that was to be reiterated time and time again on our travels.

The first lift again was a farm lorry—I may as well tell you that during the trip we had 32 lifts, so you will understand if I gloss over some of them—and our next brought our first address: a school-mistress gave us the name of her friend in New York. Our next ride was with a chap referred to in my diary of the journey as "Cheesie," he being a traveler who was doing something in the cheese line, numerous samples of which he showed us.

We booked beds in the YMCA in Syracuse. Whilst looking in one shop, a gentleman came up and asked if we were English and introduced himself as Mr. Charles Brooks and insisted on taking us along for a drink with him. Over a milkshake—now unfortunately, dreams of the past—he told us about himself. He was a member of The American War Dads, having—I think—about six children in the Armed Forces.

Visit Utica

We went along with him and spent a very pleasant evening with his family—the first American family we had visited. One thing that stands out in my mind now is that there was nothing unusual to remember—to me a significant fact just showing how completely we relaxed and, in short, felt at home. Mr. Brooks saw us back, and when he had gone, the three of us decided that 3,000 miles from England we were still at home to the American people.

Next day we reached Utica. There are two roads out of Utica and we chose one and stood, hoping for the best. After some time, a chap came over and told us the better road was the other one. We argued which one to take, and decided to wait where we were for five minutes, and then get on the other road. At about four minutes and 30 seconds a big light grey Chrysler drew up and we asked the chap if he was going to Albany (our next destination on the way to New York).

"No," he replied, "but I can take you part way. Actually, I'm going to New York."

We nearly passed out—and then filed in. He introduced himself as Mr. Harry Bowser, of the Gregg Publishing Company, and believe me, he was one of the finest chaps I have ever met—quiet, refined, understanding, and with a grand sense of humor.

We joined the Storm King Highway and ran on through Rip Van Winkle country right down past West Point to Jersey City, where Mr. Bowser put us on the Underground for New York after we had promised to visit him the following day for tea at his home in Westfield.

After trying to get out of the huge station in New York for ten minutes, we

found the Travelers Aid and were directed to the Henry Hudson Hotel in 57th Street, where we looked over our rooms and then went right out again to have a look at the city.

We walked down 57th Street to an avenue marked "Bondway," where I asked a chap to direct us to Broadway. "Broadway?" he said. "You're on Broadway."

Broadway is very much like the Strand in London. We found "Times Square" and wandered around, just looking. We returned about 2 AM to our hotel.

On Friday we went to Westfield. Mr. Bowser met us at the train, and when we arrived at his home we were welcomed by his wife and two children, both boys and very excited to see such strange phenomena as British sailors with wings.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall, neighbors, came in, and we were entertained in what I have come to call the typical American way—courteous and sincere. The evening went with a swing, and finished with us singing "The Star Spangled Banner" and "God Save The King."

We left the Bowers for New York, having become more attached to Americans.

American Apologizes

The following afternoon we met a Mr. Alexander Kadison. He was the most anti—anti-British chap I have ever come across, and turned out to be a first-class guide and a charming companion. History of America and especially New York seemed to be second nature to him and, not content with showing us buildings and monuments, he related their past as well.

One thing was rather amusing. He apologized to us before showing us a monument commemorating the foundation of the Republic. It occurred to me at the time—Do Americans think we resent them gaining their own system of government, because to the average bloke it's ancient history, and are we to apologize to each other for differences of opinion?

We had tea with Mr. and Mrs. Kadison, and parted from them knowing more about New York than the average New Yorker knows.

On our last day in New York Mr. Bowser took us to the top of the Empire State Building, a wonderful structure—the top of which is on the same level as the aircraft which we're flying about. We went along to Radio City, where we saw the famous Rockettes and a fine all-round show. New York shows are very strange—half being a film and the other half a kind of variety. Bert and I decided to finish up New York with a feast, and nearly ate and drank ourselves to oblivion.

Next day we were on the "lam" again. We caught a subway to the George Washington Bridge, escorted by a chap whose son had been killed out east, and who had been drowning his sorrow. He was very confiding, showing us his wounds from the last war—and it took us all our time to prevent him showing us the wound in his stomach! He gave us his name, and we promised to write him with his parting advice, "Jab right in at them."

In Monticello, where we were taken by a Yugoslav who picked us up, we decided to eat, and went into Gage's Diner. During the meal, we got talking to Mrs. Gage, a delightful white-haired lady, who showed us pictures of her son. We got on very well—so well, in fact,

that she wouldn't hear of us paying. This was a typical example of American hospitality—spontaneous.

At one point in our journey we decided that if we had time we would stay for months. It was a case of short rides but interesting people. Of course, everyone asked us the same questions, but in a different order. What were we, where we came from, what did we do when we were in the bombing, how did we like America, how long did we think the war would last.

We could never explain to their satisfaction what we were. The best way would have been to say "We're pilots in the British Naval Air Arm," but that sounds so boastful that we had to get round to it in easy stages. Each person had his or her own ideas on the war, and we decided it was only polite to agree—this made us very popular, but to us it was slightly amusing, and very often our own hypocrisy made us burst out laughing.

An insurance agent gave us a lift, then we were picked up by a truck—this was very pleasant and we had a long chat and a cup of coffee with the driver, which only served to improve our impression.

Our lucky star came out again and we were picked up by a lady and three girls. They had come from Philadelphia and were very tired driving. I volunteered to do a spot and we changed seats. It was the first time I had come across a steering wheel gear-lever. I got driving OK, but when it came to changing gears, I put it into reverse! After about 20 miles, I was relieved of my post!

"Golly—Pilots!"

We had a very pleasant journey up, and said goodbye in Buffalo. Near Niagara we were picked up by a girl and her mother. The girl made us very embarrassed, upon our telling her we were pilots, by saying:

"Golly—pilots!"—and then looking at us—"Gee, ain't they cute!"

The YMCA was full in Niagara, but we were directed to the Women's Voluntary Services hostel, where we were entertained in a way never before or since equalled. It was as if America made one last stupendous effort to give us a good send-off. We were shown the town by car and fed and fussed over by these good women to an extent which would have spoiled us had it continued.

Here we met an old Cockney, who told us he had been living in the U.S.A. for 30 years—yet he knew London like the back of his hand. We kept talking until two in the morning about England and America and he knew the Bill of Rights and the Constitution inside out.

We passed over the Rainbow Ridge into Canada—out of the U.S.A.

"OK, boys," said the American customs official. "Enjoyed yourselves?"

"Have we!" was our reply, and I added, "We've had a lot of cobwebs swept away from our minds!"

So that's that—I never shall forget it. Nor will thousands of other English chaps who have visited the States. We were doing more than enjoying ourselves—we were making the Atlantic Charter a reality.

I've told you how the American public treated us, but one doubt I have in my mind—are we doing enough for Americans in England? That's up to you at home, and all we can say is—Go to it.

All the best,
Your loving son,
Ray.



Author Lygo's friends approach New York City on a tug.

Two Battlefronts

By Frank Kluckhohn
New York Times Correspondent

A FLAT, dry plain with occasional trees. In the distance, bare hills before which irregular lines of grim tanks are spread, those in front belching fire. The heavy shells of two divisions of artillery tear the air overhead, then shake the earth. The crackle of the infantry's automatic arms conflict with the heavier boom-boom of the mortars. It is an awesome, crashing, oftone symphony for a mighty spectacle.

A 15-foot path lined by impenetrable green to a height where the sun's rays hardly penetrate! The deep, uncanny silence is only superficially disturbed by the drone of insects, the hoots of strange birds, the occasional distant plop of shells. A group of hardly distinguishable green figures inches forward cautiously. There is a sudden staccato crackety-crack of hidden machine-guns cutting through the trees, vines and grass.

The first is a scene in a western war theater; the second a moment in the jungle struggle against the Japanese. It is only by witnessing both that it is possible to comprehend the difference between the two kinds of warfare—a variance in many ways as great as between the eastern and western worlds themselves.

Against the Germans it is a clear-cut trial of strength in the open in which firepower, tactics and the courage of integral divisions and corps are matched in a titanic conflict. Against the Japanese in New Guinea—as it will be in Burma and Malaya—it is a struggle of stealth, for which the creeping, treacherous jungle sets the tone. It is fighting by small, although perhaps numerous, groups of men in Indian style. In most places here one Tommy-gun is worth as much as a tank in the other theater. Malaria may be as dangerous as an 88mm. gun.

Jungle Is Sinister

In Tunisia, where the topography is roughly similar to that of southern Italy and as it was in Sicily, we used to hear of terrific difficulties of the jungle and wonder whether it was any worse than fighting over the bare hills there with no cover and impossible to dig in. We used to wish for more trees instead of having to travel in convoys along only intermittently wooded stretches where lack of cover gave strafing planes and bombers an excellent chance. We knew we had our special terrain difficulties.

At first it was difficult to credit the statements of some of the Russian soldiers and officers who said frankly they would rather be penned in Tobruk for months again than to fight in the jungle. For in Tobruk they had been constantly dive-bombed and shelled and battle casualties are relatively heavy in that kind of fight as compared to jungle clashes in the forests, even though air roots hanging down provide a Tarsanish touch and tall kunai grass often reaching ten feet overhead, creates a hemmed-in feeling.

But it doesn't take long to feel the jungle's sinister nature. The buzzing of bugs—persistent as the roar of New York's traffic in peacetime—becomes more than sound; one learns that every flying insect bites, every crawling insect stings. Sitting in a glade restfully there is suddenly something behind one. It is an eleven-foot python or big iguana.

In your tent there is a spidercrab, inches in diameter and looking like a portrait of ultimate viciousness. Tiny bees the size of large mosquitos get into your hair and eyes. While you are bathing in one of the countless streams, a snake glides by. You see a soldier without warning break into a cold sweat and start to shake—head, hands, arms. Someone says that it is malaria; he will have a temperature of 104 anyway in a few hours and be good and sick.

The impact of the jungle hits then; its effects are both accumulative and quick. One feels almost physically that always lurking threat. Despite numerous sounds



WAR IN THE WEST

of life in various forms there is a sort of fundamental quiet that can make you want to shout under some conditions. You string a net-protected hammock between trees under sparkling skies and awake with a torrent of rain hitting the rubber top. You wake again in the morning and step into mud; by afternoon you choke with dust. The jungle, with its brush typhus, its dengue fever, its hidden relentlessness is, on the basis of statistics, a greater enemy than the Japanese themselves.

In the western theater there is probably nothing worse than feeling your way through a minefield full of "bouncing babies" and booby traps while enemy mortars pound. In the jungle a group of soldiers five yards from the enemy often is unable to locate him until a quick burst of fire reveals his whereabouts—or an unseen sniper's bullet knocks a man to the ground. Whereas maneuvering for position and willingness to attack with unleashed force in the western theater are the keys to the western battlefields, patience is the key to jungle warfare. The ability to sit for forty-eight hours without sneezing to give away your position while others work around behind enemy machine-gun positions is more valuable than a head-on attack.

Jap Positions

Whereas in the west you build up superior firepower and get tanks and artillery in the right position to do the job and then attack, in the jungle it is a matter of encircling and then cleaning out positions with hand-grenades, bayonets and rifle butts. Camouflage and the ability to remain hidden while sneaking forward are as important here as in the other theater it is not to let your tanks be drawn in against 88s which your artillery has not demolished.

Nipponese jungle positions bear more than a faint resemblance to a mole's idea of waging a battle, if moles fought wars. Blockhouses three thicknesses deep of coconut logs reinforced with dirt or concrete are broken on the sides only by firing slits and are solid on top. They lie about half underground and are connected by trenches with machine-gun nests in carefully dug-in positions to assure cross lanes of fire against attackers.

These blockhouses are virtually proof against mortars and it is most difficult to get medium artillery into position against them. The Nipponese dodge down underground passageways into these retreats when under preparatory fire and come out and man their gun nests again when ground

attacks are launched. Their snipers are tied to trees.

Against the Germans we learned such rules as these: Properly placed artillery can knock out tanks. Tanks should not battle tanks if it is possible to avoid this. If enemy tanks begin to retreat, move in on their flanks, not frontally or there is more than a likelihood of running into hidden 88s. Infantry in foxholes schooled themselves to let tanks overrun and pass them to be handled by artillery, then to rise up and fight the following enemy infantry. The Air Force found finally that tactical support of ground forces was as essential as strategic bombing if advances were to be made. Many tricks to carry out these and other precepts were learned, and it was ascertained how to fool the enemy in ways best not mentioned.

Out here they have learned such things as these: One of the favorite tricks of Japanese snipers is to have one man momentarily light a cigarette in the darkness, drawing fire which permits the sniper yards away to locate our positions.

Do not attack enemy positions direct; if possible get the artillery to demolish their works or else surround and infiltrate. Direct assault is suicide; the frontier type of warfare is the thing.

In the western theater the method is, generally speaking, to smash the enemy's chosen position and force him to retreat as far as the next advantageous spot, then smash him again. Flanking was useful if you could do it, but usually the Germans acted to prevent that. Germans who fought excellently and sometimes brilliantly when they stood a chance, usually surrendered when they didn't.

Live On Nothing

Out here flanking is everything, for the Japanese seems to hate having his lines of communication cut above all else. But surrounded Nipponese can live on nothing and will fight like rats to the end.

Broadly speaking, the pattern for victory over the Germans, learned in Africa and applied since, appears to be this: Get superior firepower to the spots you, not the enemy, choose; be sure you have air superiority and do not minimize whatever the effect superior air and sea power can have in disturbing the enemy's supply lines.

The pattern developed for victory over the Japanese is to land men by sea near the point of attack, coordinate ground and air support exactly—greater coordination seems necessary here than in the other theater because of the method of enemy defense and the smaller number of men that can be employed—to capture key points rather than attempting to beat the enemy by outright attack. Since the enemy has a big sea force out here, naval support is even more important than against the Germans.

This writer's observation is that the Japanese are not as good or as valiant air fighters as the Germans. He thinks unquestionably there is more of the suicide spirit in the Luftwaffe than in Hirohito's sky fleet. Neither the Japanese nor the Germans look as overpowering when they have opposition as when they have the overwhelming advantage. In other words, both fight best when the odds are at least sixty-four to their favor.

Put it this way—it is easier to be tough when you have superior force; easier to die boldly when victory is in sight than when you are fighting an obviously losing struggle. It is, perhaps, a cynical thing to say, but when you are fighting an unscrupulous enemy it is something for which it is possible to be thankful: men can stand a great deal, but after all they can endure just so much physically. Those who have seen Germans come in shaking so they could scarcely stand up after the terrific bombing preceding the fall of Tunis would recognize the parallel out here when certain conditions are established, as they were in the Lae fighting. This observer's prediction is that when our full power can be concentrated against the Japanese it will be the same story that we have seen in the other theater.

'Confused Bass

The Navy's SeaBees Are "Fightin' Builders" and They are Ready to put up and Defend Allied Installations.



By Jack Foster
Stars and Stripes Navy Writer

"CONFUSED BASSARS!" the Marines called them back in their early training days.

But a tag like that doesn't stick long when it refers to a lot of rugged guys who spent civilian days sending up skyscrapers, building bridges, putting down pipelines and pushing bulldozers around from Nome to Florida.

For the SeaBees, men of the Navy's Construction Battalions, having been laying airfields in the tropical hell of the South Pacific, rebuilding former Jap bases recaptured in the Aleutians, clearing the clogged harbors of North Africa, Sicily and Italy, and raising and running naval bases in most other parts of the world.

They lost that "Confused Bassars" name for ever last June when they won the respect of the leatherneck legions by landing on the beach at Sefi, New Georgia, scouting the Jap-controlled jungle land surveying the airfield sites before the Marines arrived to secure the area.

An Associated Press story related how a detachment of Marine Raiders crept ashore ready for a desperate beachhead battle. Instead, they were met by Lieut. Bob Ryan, CEC, USNR, Ventura, Cal., and a grinning group of his SeaBees.

"Colonel," said Ryan, extending his hand in greeting, the "SeaBees are always happy to welcome the Marines!"

Lt. Col. Michael Curran, leading the Raiders, almost dropped his bolo knife in astonishment, and was reduced to a gasped: "Well I'll be —!"

In New Guinea

The SeaBees had landed at Sefi with bulldozers, power shovels and trucks on June 30, the day the American invasion of New Georgia started. Most of the outfit hailed from Texas and Oklahoma. They turned on the muscle and within nine days from the moment the first tree was uprooted the first fighter plane made an emergency landing on the coral strip of the airfield. The first takeoff was achieved on the eleventh day after construction.

Jap-slaughtered civilian construction workers at Wake, Guam and Cavite decided the Navy on its own corps of armed bluejacket builders. A plan of organization, worked out two months prior to Pearl Harbor, went into operation and construction men were militarized for duty at bases outside the continental limits of the U.S. Last July the 100th Battalion was commissioned and sent to an advanced base depot for shipment overseas.

Most SeaBees were draft-proof because of age or family. Hardened from years of outdoor life they easily took to the rigorous military training. Even commando courses were included in the 12 weeks training schedule at Naval Construction Centers at Camp Peary, near Williamsburg, Va., and Danville, R.I.

Enlisted personnel represent 59 construction trades and laborers with building experience. The variety of trades is broad enough to permit the installation of electric, telephone, water and other utility systems; to provide men who can operate bulldozers and clear a landing strip or a bivouac area; and permits building a cantonment, a barracks or making repairs to a damaged vessel.

SeaBee officers were commissioned on the basis of engineering or construction experience. Many were contractors or civil engineers while others were selected for many years as overseers and superintendents.

Schools For Divers

Specialties for unskilled men were included within the special service. Schools for divers, longshoremen and other heavy trades were set up within the SeaBee training camps. The longshoremen were provided for advanced bases in combat zones where skilled civilian labor is unobtainable. Navy officials say that before the SeaBees took over the stevedore duties it took three days or more to unload vital supplies from one ship at an outpost. The construction men, with their special training, have cut the time to between one-third and one-fifth.

Another phase of front-line SeaBee activity is carried on by the newly formed maintenance detachments. These consist of approximately five officers and 270 men, and a maintenance and operating company. Fully equipped, they keep the advanced bases running at top speed after they are established. The magnitude of this job is reflected in the recent Navy announcement that advanced bases which the SeaBees have built and are building cost half a billion dollars.

A quick look through the tales of sweat and guts which have come back from SeaBee battalions all over the world show why the Navy recently announced an increase in the authorized strength of the SeaBees from approximately 210,000 officers and men to around 255,000.

Prime reason for the move, according to naval experts, was the increased scope of amphibious operations. At every point where the Navy and Marine Corps have carried on sustained operations the SeaBees have been there. Attu, Kiska, Amchitka, Casablanca and Guadalcanal have all been on the itinerary of the Construction Battalions.

When the Marines landed on Guadalcanal in August, 1942, SeaBees went to work almost immediately. Henderson Field was their job. Bulldozers and graders set the tempo for pick and shovel competing with bombing and strafing Jap planes in a hellish cacophony. The field was completed and improved in time for Joe Foss and his sky-going Marine and Navy comrades to subtract a few Zeros from Jap air might.

As Navy men the construction experts

The Navy



The SeaBees, who defend w

have put in their share of sea duty, and, in at least one instance, have figured in slugging matches between men-o-war on Pacific waters.

One remarkable job won the praise of Admiral William F. Halsey Jr., Commander of the South Pacific Area and the South Pacific Force.

An aircraft carrier, damaged in battle, put into a South Pacific port for repairs. A crew of 75 SeaBees went aboard in the absence of regular repair forces. Before the job could be finished a message was flashed to the flat-top to put back to sea and engage the enemy.

With the SeaBees still aboard and working the carrier lifted her hook and steamed out to battle. In the midst of the engaging fight the construction men stayed with their task and finished the repairs routine order.

In contrast to the jungles of the Southern Pacific Islands the frozen mud and icy mists of the Aleutians formed another locale for SeaBee operations.

At Attu, Amchitka and other battle grounds of the Northern String the SeaBees went into action shoulder to shoulder with GIs. Often they wore Army uniforms, marking the initial appearance of the Navy "mark" or petty officers' badge on the khaki of the doughboy.

Foxholes in the tundra protected them from harassing Jap aircraft and the bitter winds of the north. Mud and hard ground wore muscle—but not morale—as barracks went up and landing fields stretched long scars into the dreary country.

Men of the Army and the Navy jointly



WAR IN THE EAST

Builders' Make Good



They Go into Action With Their Guns, Hammers and "Geeheebees" beside the Army, Navy and Marines.

used the "geeheebee," an ungainly contraption made of four great wheels and a couple of steel beams. Bluejackets fitted drums to its top and floated it ashore where it promptly became a movable dry-dock, lifting boats and barges. Unloading one, the Army took over and wheeled it around on construction jobs.

As Jap raids diminished American installations increased. Piers jutted out into the gray water, machine-gun emplacements guaranteed further losses for Hirohito's ramping Luftwaffe. American forces got dug in, and stayed in—to provide a northern route for the Tokyo Trail.

Wartime shortages can make it tough for fighting units, but ingenuity born in years of stretching "hot wire" of the high-tension lines across the country, throwing rivets around the skeleton of a skyscraper hanging on a bridge beam high over a

Builders



U.S. Navy Photo

As they build, fill sandbags.

Driver make men work with their heads as well as their hands.

A good example was the problem cropping up in the routine of SeaBee L. E. Damm, a carpenter's mate, of San Francisco. Damm was working at an island outpost when he was directed to cut a section of heavy steel. An easy job in most cases but hard as hell when the steel is 20 feet under water and the proper gear is lacking.

Shipfitter H. O. T. Ridlon, Cleveland, Ohio, put his head together with Damm and together they devised their own tools, making an ordinary blow torch, they emulated the conventional principle of enclosed the cutting tip in a compressed air bell. Some parts had to be made. They tried them. Others were converted. They tried a torch. It worked.

ETO has numerous landmarks in evidence of SeaBee operations here. Outstanding are the installations at the huge Royal Operating Base in Londonderry, Northern Ireland, where supplies and aircraft are available for the busy flotillas Allied men-o'-war on the Atlantic convoy run.

Chief Petty Officers at the 'Derry Base of one SeaBee achievement which earned the CPOs' gratitude.

We had the traditional Chiefs' Club on Base soon after we arrived," recounted "But it was just a beat-up Quonset with a couple of card tables and a small table. Then the SeaBees came. Their chiefs became members of the club, took one look around and went out

for a chat with their gang. The next thing we knew the club was closed for repairs.

"Working off watches those guys added another hut, broke through the bulkheads and put up the finest night club east of Broadway for us. We have colored overhead lights, a smooth dance floor, murals—and even a canopy over the door. And the payoff is—all of the material was salvaged from the scrap heap!"

Thousands of GIs in the Air Force will be able to sense the drama surrounding another tale of SeaBees handling a tough and dangerous job without hesitation. When a fully loaded bomber caught fire and crashed near a group of the Navy men they reached the scene on the double and rescued the plane crew only a few seconds before the bombs exploded. A Silver Star was hung on a SeaBee blue-jacket for the achievement.

Another battalion upheld the "Can Do" motto of the seagoing builders when they carved an air strip out of dense jungle on a Solomon island in 13 days despite 16½ inches of rain. That's as much rain as falls in an average six months throughout most states in the Middle West.

Build Runway

Under Comdr. J. C. Tate, CEC, USNR, the outfit began building the strip at 0700 on July 2. They worked around the clock every day, until by nightfall on July 14, a 3,000 foot runway was complete—150 feet wide and covered to an 18 inch depth with crushed coral. Five days later another 1,500 feet was added to the length, and later the jungle yielded a similar distance for a total length of 6,000 feet.

A commendation from the commander of the area naval base followed. It called the achievement outstanding, adding:

"It is believed a record has been established for air-strip construction considering the work accomplished in a short period of time. This accomplishment was due to sound planning, engineering, skill, and unprecedented spirit of cooperation and hard work, through long hours and difficult weather conditions by all hands."

Down in the Med the SeaBees demonstrated their versatility by turning into salvage crews and cleaning up the clogged harbors at Bizerta and Tunis. Lt. Mark Armistead, USNR, a photographer now in London who participated in the African campaign, saw them at work.

"There were SeaBees everywhere," he related. "They were held in readiness, a tribute to the high command's foresight, and the day after American forces entered Bizerta the construction men arrived."

"At Tunis the first ship ashore, an LST, was loaded with them. Again they set to work on the harbor, clearing up the debris of our bombs and Jerry demolition squads."

The Navy recently released a tale of SeaBee heroism in the North African theater. Five of them were riding a munitions train. Suddenly one noticed smoke coming from a car loaded with dynamite and small bore ammunition. Calling the attention of the others, he joined them in trying to signal the engineer to stop. No luck.

Better With Time

Instead of disembarking in a hell of a hurry the five headed back over the cars to put the fire out. Ten horny hands finally broke part of the bulkhead and the SeaBees slid into the car amid exploding ammunition. .30 cal. cartridges whizzed through the air as the flames licked closer to the cases of dynamite. It was a hot job, calling for heated action and the SeaBees gave it plenty—but quick—at least quick enough to extinguish the fire and save much valuable Army and Navy equipment and ammunition.

So, the steady pen of time records the saga of a new branch of service. The "Confused Bassars" are proven less confused with each chapter. One of the latest items in the log book is typical.

"Maly," said Shipfitter A. B. Banjai, to his fellow townsman from St. Louis, Mo., Seaman O. F. Maly, also a SeaBee, "let's take a walk in this jungle and see what we can find!"

"Okay," was the reply. "We ain't looked around much since we landed on this gawdam island. Maybe we can pick up some souvenirs."

Off they went into the mysterious, dark brush. And they found their souvenirs, in fact, a walking collection of mementos in the persons of two Jap soldiers carrying rifles and a small axe.

The four looked at each other in surprise. Then the unarmed SeaBees went to work. When the noise abated and the smoke cleared there was one good Jap—a dead one—on the jungle floor, his head bashed in with his own rifle. The other was pushing aside snakes and lizards as he wriggled through the brush under fire from his own gun.

Confused Bassars, eh? Well, mate, you might tell that to a SeaBee—if you smile. But whatever you do, Mac, DON'T tell it to the Marines!



Raunchy Wolf's ground crew sweating it out.

By Lt. Earl Mazo
U.S. Army Air Force

ONE day last week the Eighth Air Force tucked away in its files another amazing record in an already illustrious history when a cocky, transplanted Yankee from Georgia and seven of his Flying Fortress crew came back from the frigid, 1,300-mile trip to Nazi war centers in Norway.

The record: 25 consecutive major missions to the most vital enemy targets in Europe since July 17 without once turning back, or "aborting," after being airborne.

With their Fortress Raunchy Wolf, 1/Lt. Irving H. Frank, of Savannah, Ga., and his crew, in some 200 hours of combat flying, hit such Nazi strongholds as Schweinfurt, Regensburg, Marienberg, Bremen, Paris, Gelsenkirchen, Munster, Wilhelmshaven and others, shooting down

gunner from Danforth, Me., and S/Sgt. Arthur M. Boyer, right waist gunner from Ashland, Pa., fell behind the other crewmen on missions. Boyer, who had June 24 at this writing, missed one because of illness, and Bartholomew, a native of Canada, missed three missions during a week in which he had to get his U.S. citizenship papers. He was sworn in as a full fledged Yank shortly after returning from the England-Africa shuttle bombing of Regensburg. It was Bartholomew who hung by his toes over that Nazi target when, during the bomb run, an attacking German fighter shot off his ball turret door. Fortunately he had one foot firmly implanted behind the range pedal of his gun sight. The turret door was facing immediately downward at the time; when it was shot off, Bartholomew fell out like a rock. His toe was stuck in that range pedal, however, and with the aid of the slip stream and "some super-human strength" he pulled himself back into the turret, and then into the ship.

we left, he said, "You can have your boys back, Major."

Of all Raunchy Wolf's "rough rides" over Germany, the crew agrees with the pilot that the mission to Munster some weeks ago was the "damndest and toughest." Lt. Frank tells the story this way: "We were flying purple heart corner, low squadron, low group . . . before we even neared the target about 200 Nazi fighters jumped our formation . . . what with Dornier 217s out there lobbing rockets at us and Messerschmitts, Focke Wulfs and Junkers 88s attacking like a pack of mad wolves, our formation came pretty close to breaking up. I never saw those Nazis more determined, not even at Schweinfurt and Regensburg. One Me109 came head in at us, his 20mm. guns blinking away like the devil spitting fire. Westerman, from his nose guns, poured about 200 rounds into him and Del Whitney, in the top turret, added his share. I'm sure that German was dead before he could dive out because he came right straight on and I had to pull up my wing to let him go under. As he whizzed by he blew up, just like a heavy piece of flak, jarring hell out of our ship. . . . Then another one skidded in, dead. He shot out a good part of our right wing before we got him."

Raunchy Wolf went on to bomb the target and fought its way back to base, shooting down four German fighters en route. When the ship landed, Sgt. Fleet and his groundmen counted several hundred flak, bullet and cannon holes—from nose to tail.

Fighters Help

Summing up the progress of the aerial war in this operational theater as he saw it develop and grow since July, Lt. Frank pointed out that increased American fighter support is making the heavy bomber job easier. "At first I was skeptical of P47s, then I grew to love them and everybody and everything connected with them," he said. Guessing that the war on this side of the world will be won late in 1944, this battle-wise officer, who has seen time and again what Germany has in the way of fighter aircraft, discounts rumors of "quick victory. . . . We're winning," he said, "we're pushing the German Air Force farther and farther into Germany . . . but don't forget there is still plenty of Luftwaffe left. We found that out at Schweinfurt and Munster."

After 25 starts against the Nazi without once turning back, friends of the Raunchy Wolf crew figure newcomers pouring into the rapidly expanding Eighth Air Force ought to sit back and take notice when the "vets" tell them: don't ever sit still for an enemy fighter, weave around and shoot like hell; stay in tight formation over enemy land; keep the crew working like one team; make the ground crew part of the family.

Those four items make up the Raunchy Wolf's secret of success.

Raunchy Wolf's Crew:

'We Never Turned Back On a Job'

nine German fighters and aiding in the destruction of numerous others in the process. In all, this crew in four months bombed Germany 17 times, France five times, Norway twice and Holland once; and, despite numerous operations in which Raunchy Wolf itself was battered severely by flak and bullets, none of the 25-mission crewmen have been so much as scratched by enemy fire.

The Raunchy Wolf's crews, both ground and combat, as well as the plane itself, are the pride of the Fortress station commanded by Lt. Col. Elliott Vandevanter, of Washington.

The crew is unanimous in attributing the record to: Fine handling of the plane in flight and pin-point teamwork, plus expert and conscientious maintenance on the ground by M/Sgt. George Fleet, Youngstown, Ohio, crew chief; S/Sgt. Joe Zorzoli, Memphis, Tenn., his assistant, and the others working under them.

But behind that record is the story of an average group of Americans, hailing from Maine to California, and Michigan to Mississippi, who, despite widely separated temperaments and interests on the ground, managed to mould themselves into a unit that clicked like fine clockwork in the air. The 25-year-old pilot, a slim red-head, who grew a mustache because he forgot to shave it before his first mission, ran soft-drink, peanut and ice cream concessions in Boston theaters in "them days" before 1941. When war came he joined the air forces, married a Savannah girl while he was stationed there, and decided that Savannah "from here on out" would be home.

The Combat Crew

Raunchy Wolf's bombardier, 1/Lt. Frank B. Westerman, is a lanky, drawing Texan from Midland, who was a wildcat oil operator before Pearl Harbor. The copilot, 2/Lt. James L. Watson, of Brattleboro, left pre-med school to become a flier, and the navigator, 1/Lt. Martin T. "Fearless" Farrell Jr., of Pass Christian, Miss., once ran a drug store. These four round out the 25-mission crew of Raunchy Wolf with T/Sgt. Lowell Moomaw, Greenfield, Ohio, radio gunner, who was a filling station worker; T/Sgt. Delmar R. Whitney, Pratyville, Mich., formerly a restaurant manager, now top turreteer; S/Sgt. Alfred A. "Pappy" Oldfather, Mercedes, Tex., shipyard welder, turned tail-gunner; and S/Sgt. Harvey Snider, Mulkeytown, Ill., mechanic, who was the Wolf's left waist gunner.

S/Sgt. Aubrey Bartholomew, ball turret



Nobody Rides The Gravy Train

Those Reports About Plenty of Steak and Liquor in Kansas City, New York and Mudville Just Ain't Based on Fact, a Visitor Finds

By Tom Bernard

Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

It was just an ordinary bar on Times Square and the guy standing next to me was the ordinary type of guy you'd expect to find in a bar on Times Square. I ordered a beer and waited impatiently for the bartender to slide it down the wet surface. This was the moment you dreamed about when they ran out of bitter in a London pub.

"Cripes! Ain't it wonderful?" It was a time of great mental stress, like the first time tracers from enemy guns furrow the air five feet over your head; or when you're face to face with your first American beer in more than a year.

"Whasso wonderful about it, Bub?" My neighbor's face puckered scornfully. He pursed his lips and made as if to blow the foam from his beer. I reached out and stopped him; I was thinking about all the noses in the ETO that would like to be buried in that foam. He looked around questioning, then put his glass back on the bar. There was a knowing look in his ugly smile—he'd seen guys with a long-standing thirst before.

"Y'oughta be in K.C. or St. Louis. Boy, them's the towns!"

"Why Kansas City and St. Louis?" I asked, innocently.

"Those bergs got everything—plenty liquor, gas, steaks; hell, they got everything. Friend a mine told me. Don't know there's a war on."

They Are All Wrong

In Kansas City they said the same thing about the Pacific Coast. Los Angeles suggested the Deep South for getting away from it all. The people of New Orleans were strong for the East Coast.

Two months later, after a quick swing around the country, I arrived at the baffled conclusion that they were all wrong; that the people of each section jealously believe that they are sweating out the war on the home front while residents of other areas are happily floundering. In reality every state faces much the same problems to different degrees and those problems are becoming daily more intensified. But the United States, those tables in barracks room bull sessions, are no more, nor will they be until washing machines, convertible coupes and 16-tube radios start stacking up at the ends of assembly lines again.

The difficulties with which American people are faced are those basic ones of any nation involved in modern warfare: labor, housing, food supply, transport, crime and vice and an overflow of servicemen. Men serving in the United Kingdom have seen the effects these problems—more intensified than at home—have had on the British way of life; they have read briefly of the more outstanding examples in the States through dispatches printed in newspapers. Usually they are of production-halting strikes, race-riots, new rationing laws and the like.

Rationing Is Sore Spot

The subject of rationing is one of the sorest points with a great percentage of American people. They point to black markets and other violations of emergency laws as proof of their contentions that rationing should be regional instead of nation-wide.

In a borrowed car—one of four or five offered—I travelled everywhere I chose in and around Los Angeles on gasoline for which I paid 12 cents above the ceiling price, but for which I had to surrender no coupons. Washington residents reported that service station operators will accept "T"—trucks, cabs, &c.—coupons from drivers with only "A"—basic ration—stickers on their windshields.

Motorists in Kansas City complained of the four-gallon weekly ration because the city is the center of petroleum shipping and refining for the vast Oklahoma oil fields. "If it's so close why shouldn't we get more?" they asked. Gas and oil from Wyoming supplied Denver residents with enough for their normal demands.

Complaints were often voiced about the arbitrary assignment of various types of gasoline cards by local ration boards. Discrepancies were hinted, but most often pointed out was the regulation which permits a serviceman on leave—a week

of 30 days—only five gallons of gasoline. "It's a damned shame," was the comment of the chairman of one local board who more than once has handed over his personal week's supply of coupons to a man just returned from the South Pacific.

The States have followed Britain's lead in developing one of the most all-inclusive Black Markets in food. Whereas the UK's is now restricted greatly to restaurants the folks back home are enjoying the questionable privileges of a flourishing illicit retail trade which may take the form of a friendly gesture on the part of a neighborhood butcher or an offer from a shady character who has "managed to get ahold of a side a beef."

Meat holds the spotlight in the illegal food racket for there is no one section of the country where it is plentiful. I had expected to find thick filet mignons and tenderloins in the Midwest but the residents there drool at such a thought just as do those in other states. Chicago, where the famous stockyards are often empty, is in the same gustatory condition. You can get a steak but not too often and there's no guarantee that it will be good.

In at least five of the ten major cities I visited I was taken ceremoniously by the hand and led to the kitchen where my host, with ill-concealed pride, displayed an illegal cut of meat, usually a big roast or ham. "No points," was the inevitable comment, accompanied with a look which implied: "I certainly know the angles, don't I?"

The attitude of Americans towards unlawful purchase of rationed foods is fairly commendable. They consider the acquisition of two pounds of butter at once as a master coup, worthy of man who has met the forces of red tape in battle and has conquered.

They also find it hard to believe that British families are subsisting on the food allowed them weekly. On several occasions I discussed the difference between American and British rationing. The shilling's worth of meat a week, the spam, brussel sprouts and cabbage diet

amazed them. "What do they live on?" was always the question.

There are other black markets but none so flourishing as those in food and gas. In New York there are reports that operators of hat-check concessions in some of the larger night clubs are offering nylon hose for sale for such fabulous sums as \$35 and \$40 a pair.

Down in San Diego there until recently existed a profitable custom. Before Mexican and American authorities got together and decided on a joint system of control, Southern California residents would drive over the border into Tia Juana, load up on foods rationed in the States and return with enough grub to last a week. Now they must surrender

coupons to customs officials on their return. There was also the practice of buying new tires in Tia Juana then racing around the back country hills on rough Mexican roads for several hours to wear them down and give them a much-used appearance before retraining. Loading up on gas can still be arranged despite a coupon entitling the motorist to only four gallons in Mexico. The spirit of black marketing has pervaded the Mexican merchant and Americans still patronize off-the-main-drag stations where a coupon is not essential to a purchase.

Throughout the States, except in and around New Orleans, where liquor is still plentiful, there is a growing business in bootleg liquor. In Washington after closing hours and on dry Sundays all you have to do is hail a taxi, tell the driver your wants and he'll drive you to a dumpy restaurant or sandwich stand where a furtive character will fill your

order in two minutes—for double the retail price.

Denver had its first return to prohibition days not long ago when a band of armed hijackers halted a truck loaded with \$6,000 worth of mixed liquor, kidnapped the driver and a child and drove off with the truck. When doctored the liquor can be sold for an estimated \$20,000, say the police.

The guy and his glass of beer in the Times Square bar was wrong. He knew nothing about the state of his nation, I discovered, but based his information on rumor and his own imagination. Both were too vivid.

His attitude was one which cropped up quite often throughout the country. He was somewhat complacent and knew little about war and the part his country was playing in it. He was just worried that the other guy might be getting more out of it.

AIR FORCE HONOR ROLL

No. 11



Silver Star,
Distinguished Flying Cross, Air Medal,
Three Oak Leaf Clusters

One of the P47 pilots who shepherd USAAF heavy bombers on their missions, Mahurin has shot down eight Nazi planes and is one of the few aces credited with three in one day. His hobby: Cabinet making.



1. Pvts. John and James Zilch look exactly alike and were born on the same day. They had the same mother and father, yet insist they are not twins. Could they be telling the truth?
2. Easy now, give the infinitive of the verb of which "wrought" is the past participle.
3. Was it dew on the grass or a boiling kettle that suggested the idea of the steam engine to Robert Fulton?
4. After sundown, is it colder in a forest or in a desert if the temperature has been the same in both places all day?
5. She was with Bob Hope when the photo was taken, who is she?



6. Combine the words "toss" and "mauler," transposing their letters to form one word. It's a cinch. Even a child can do it, if at all acrobatic.
7. A woodsman, seeing a sleeping bear, ran 300 yards due south, then 100 yards due east, where he had left his rifle. He fired due north and killed the bear, which was still sleeping. What color was the bear?
8. Identify the fellow who, when he started out, didn't know where he was going; when he got there didn't know where he was; and when he got back didn't know where he had been. He was sober, too, and you know him well.
9. If brewster is the feminine form of brewer and baxter is the feminine form of baker, can you guess what the masculine form of spinster was originally?
10. What is the difference between a gun and a howitzer?



GI JOE

Articles of War Part XII



LATEST DISPATCH FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT! IT SAYS: "PRESIDENT TOSSED COIN STAND BY FOR FURTHER CABLE"

ART. 119-... when two or more officers of the same grade are... in the same field the President may assign the command...



GENTLEMEN, I WONDER IF MAYBE WE SHOULD SEND FOR AN ASSISTANT JUDGE BEFORE HE USES UP ALL THE RECORDS OF THE CASE!

ART. 116- An assistant trial judge advocate... shall be competent to perform any duty devolved... upon the trial judge advocate of the court



TO MAJOR E.D. DOWLING—WHILE I CAN APPRECIATE THE HARDSHIPS OF YOUR ENTIRE BATTALION, WE MUST ALL BE STRONG DURING THESE TRYING TIMES, AND SO I FEEL THAT 2ND LT. W.T. CAREY'S CONTINUAL CRACKING OF HIS KNUCKLES IS NOT SUFFICIENT CAUSE FOR HIS DISCHARGE...

ART. 118- No officer shall be discharged... from the service except by order of the President...



... AND IT HAD TO BE MY MOTHER-IN-LAW OVER ME...

ART. 120- When different corps... do duty together, the officer highest in rank... shall command the whole...



OFFICE OF THE COMMANDING GENERAL

HOW THE HELL DID THE WHOLE DIVISION FIND OUT ABOUT ARTICLE 121 ALL OF A SUDDEN!

ART. 121- Any officer or soldier who believes himself wronged by his commanding officer... may complain to the commanding general...

Quiz Answers

- 1—Yes. John and James were two of a set of triplets.
- 2—To work.
- 3—Fulton was connected with the steamboat. Were you thinking of Watt?
- 4—Colder in the desert. Sand loses its heat; trees preserve it.
- 5—Pauline Goddard.
- 6—Somersault.
- 7—White. The bear had to be at the North Pole because that's the only place you can go South, then East and shoot to the same spot via due North.
- 8—Columbus.
- 9—Spinner.
- 10—A howitzer is much shorter and lighter than a gun of the same bore. It is used to fire shells of a lower muzzle velocity at a higher angle of elevation than is usual in guns.

Landis Bans Bill Cox, Phillie Owner, From Baseball

Navy Mentor Sure Middies Can Top Army

Cites Redskins' Triumph Over Bears; Sailors May Spring Surprises

By Lawrence Robertson
New York World-Telegram Sports Writer
ANNAPOLIS, Md., Nov. 24—The air is blue here at Navy football headquarters—blue with talk. Navy coaches would like to give the impression that Army is so superior that the Middies shouldn't even show up at West Point Saturday.

But don't worry. Navy will be there and Coach Bill Whelchel has an idea that Navy will do all right. Coach Whelchel is a gridiron mourner of the old school, but something of a realist, too. He can't keep certain notes of confidence out of his voice.

Your correspondent was privileged to sit in on the conference of the Navy espionage department yesterday. The spies—Coaches Ray Schwartz, Keith Molesworth and Frank Foster—all dropped in casually, and everyone had sandwiches and coffee. Eventually Whelchel went to the blackboard.

Used Oldest Defense

"Boys, I saw the T stopped yesterday," he announced. "Washington used a 6-3-2 defense against the Bears, the oldest in football. None of the Redskins looped or slid. They just rushed in and beat hell out of the Bear linemen and backs. They chased Sid Luckman, not tackling him, you understand, just going for his right arm. Half the time Luckman couldn't even get a glimpse of his receivers and the other half he was so rushed he couldn't get the ball away. That's the way to do it, boys. Now what did you see at West Point Saturday?"

Schwartz said something about speed and Whelchel said he knew that Army backfield—Minor is the sprint champion of the Southwest. He does the 100 in 9.5. Anderson does it in 9.7, Maxon in 9.8 and Lombardo in 10 flat.

From then on the ethics of football reporting force your correspondent to draw a veil. Sufficient to say that Navy, as is customary, is planning a lot of special stuff for the Cadets.

Won't Just 'Bust Hell' Out of Army

It can be said, however, that Navy is not just going to use the 6-3-2 and "bust hell" out of the Army linemen. That was demonstrated in the drill yesterday afternoon when the squad went through a heavy scrimmage just as it did Saturday afternoon.

"We have to find out which of our players are durable," Whelchel said. "Take Jim Pettit, for instance. He broke his leg against Duke and was out for several weeks. He must regain his pre-fracture speed and the only way he can do it is by hard work. If he's hurt, well, that's that. We have to take that chance."

The Navy squad will be in good shape for the Army game. George Brown, the left guard who hasn't been in uniform for three weeks because of the epidemic of colds that hit the club, has gotten rid of his cough. Others on the sick or injured list are completely convalescent too, which is the usual case (except for broken bones) during the pre-Army week.

Help Wanted —AND GIVEN

Write your question or problem to Help Wanted, Stars and Stripes, Printing House Sq., London, EC4.

APOs Wanted

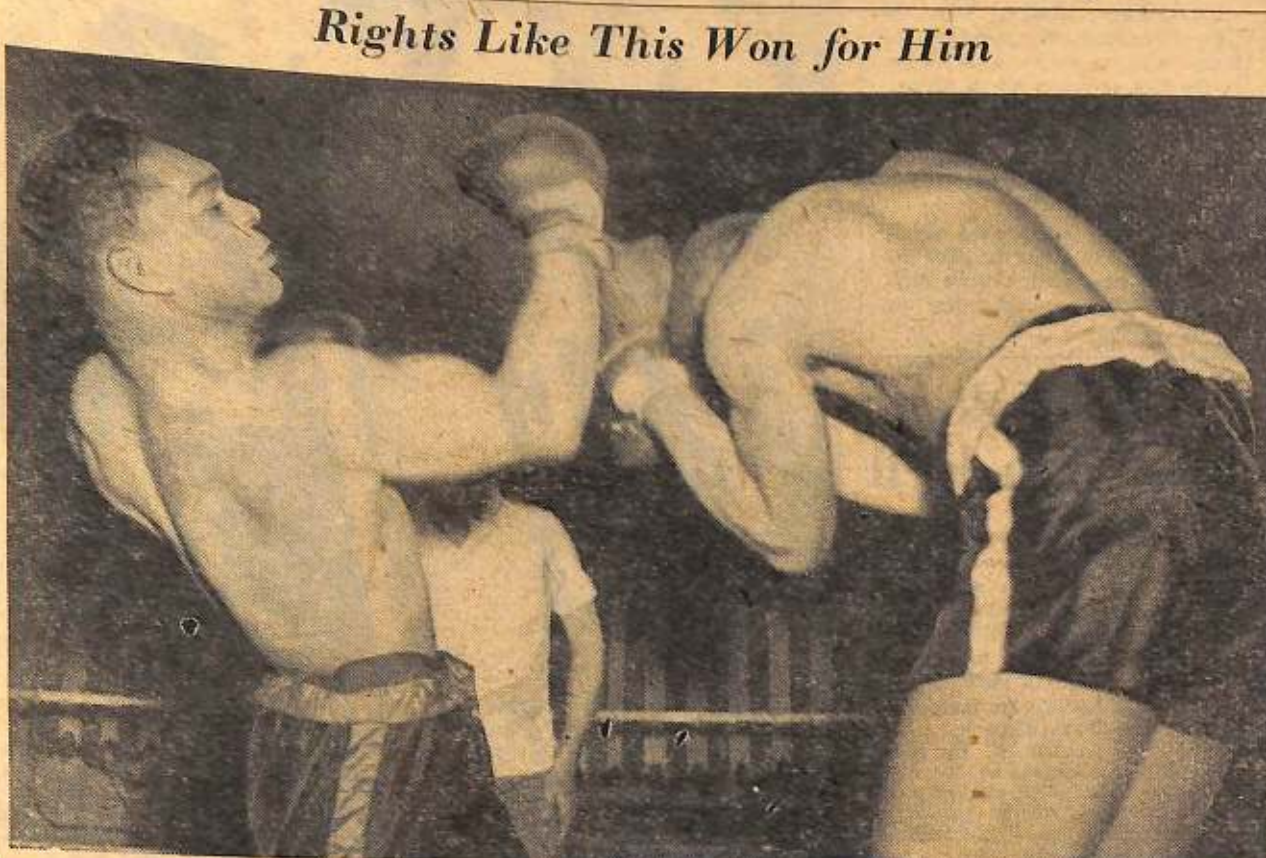
JACKIE Phalen, Mason City, Ia.; Sgt. Joe Rindus, Belleville, Kan.; Claude M. Loftus, Kenneth Roberts, Texas City, Tex.; Jack Stover, Oil City, Pa.; Kenneth "Kenny" Smith, St. Louis, Mo.; Lt. Comdr. Bliss P. Sargeant, Springfield, Mass.; "Bob" Sheehan, Indianapolis, Ind.; Paul Saples, Auburn, N.Y.; M/Sgt. Shinefield, Baltimore, Md.; Cpl. George A. Timmons Jr., Peekskill, N.Y.; Crick Watson, De Ridder, La.; Sgt. Eugene H. Schuchardt, St. Louis, Mo.; Sgt. Frank M. Rookard, Denver, Col.; Pfc. John Winnicki, Detroit, Mich.; Lt. Col. Jake Hotzman, Ft. Elmer Klein, Wash.; Kenneth V. Winegar, Sgt. Elmer Weber, Tuscola, Ill.; Jim Byrnes, Rawlins, Wyo.; and Lt. Robert L. Smith, formerly stationed at Seymour Johnson Field, Goldsboro, N.C.

Lost

WATCH. Gave my watch to a lieutenant, whose name I do not know, to hold for me while I was working on a baggage detail in Scotland. I shipped out without remembering to reclaim it. Will lieutenant who has it please return it through Help Wanted. Sgt. John W. Lytton Jr.

Wanted

ELECTRIC MOTOR, small one, to run on 6 volts.—Lt. A. R. Carcione, c/o Help Wanted.



Sgt. Allan Reado, Seattle, Wash., middleweight, is dishing out that punishment to Pvt. Lafayette Drummond, of St. Louis, in their scrap at the Rainbow Corner Tuesday which Reado won easily.

Don Hutson's Feats Are Result Of His Gridiron Workmanship

By Garry Schumacher
New York Journal-American Sports Writer

NEW YORK, Nov. 24—Don Hutson, Green Bay's sensational end, never fails to live up to his advance billing and the promises made for him. That he broke another National League record Sunday against the Dodgers, gaining 219 yards on eight receptions, is only incidental. It was his workmanship rather than his yardage that impressed the largest Flatbush crowd of the season. To watch him was to know he was making plays beyond the capabilities of other players.

The first of his two touchdowns was sheer artistry. The pass from Tony Canadeo travelled almost 50 yards, but Hutson alone made the completion possible. Breaking fast, he raced at full tilt down the sidelines and cut to midfield around the 25-yard line, veered away from Mervyn Condit with a feint and a sidestep, caught the ball over his shoulder and raced into the end zone. Through all the years, this must have been one of his greatest efforts.

The other touchdown play gained 78 yards in all, but didn't demand so much skill. He merely caught a short pass and outraced the Dodger team down the sidelines. Oddly enough, he was meant only to be the decoy on the play, but when Irv Comp saw that Hutson had outrun Condit, he switched targets. Fancy stuff, that.

But Hutson is that type of player. The game was his from start to finish, and had he been out of the Packer lineup it would have been even, which it was when he wasn't around during the fourth period. The Packers outgained the Dodgers by 204 yards and Hutson gained 219 with the passes he caught. Actually, he caught 11 passes, but three were cancelled, one by a penalty and two because he made his spectacular catches just over the sidelines. Comp, who took over the pitching duties when Canadeo was injured, is not yet a control hurler and that made the going even harder for Hutson.

Final 7-Point Rally Gives ASC Angels 45-38 Victory

AMERICAN SCHOOL CENTER, Nov. 24—A seven-point splurge in the last three minutes enabled the ASC Angels to beat down an AAF quintet, 45-38, for their second success of the season.

Trailing, 17-23, at half time, the Angels opened the second half with a six-point spree and then both clubs went point for point until the Angels put on their game-clinching drive.

Cpls. Bob Gurr, of Brooklyn, and Fran Hecker, of New Orleans, shared scoring honors with nine points each.

Wildcats Blank Bluedevils, 7-0

—ENGINEER STATION, Nov. 24—A 50-yard run in the fourth quarter by Tilles, who intercepted a pass, gave the Co. D Wildcats of this station a 7-0 victory over the Co. B Bluedevils before 1,000 spectators.

Bruins Subdue Maple Leafs, 8-5

Veterans Cowley, Harvey Jackson Pace Boston In Scoring Spree

BOSTON, Nov. 24—The Boston Bruins whipped the Toronto Maple Leafs, 8-5, here last night in a wild scoring National Hockey League game before 8,500 fans.

Paced by sharpshooting veterans, Bill Cowley and Harvey Jackson, the Bruins tallied twice in the first period and thrice in each remaining period.

Buzz Boll started Boston off to a lead which they never relinquished, scoring on a pass from Art Jackson. Harvey Jackson flipped one in two minutes later.

In the second period, Harvey Jackson, Herb Cain and Cowley rang the bell for the Bruins, while Lorne Carr, Babe Pratt and Jack Hamilton tallied for the Leafs. Pratt had a hand in the scoring of each Toronto goal.

Three more goals by Cowley, Gallinger and Cain sewed up the game for the Bruins in the final stanza. Ted Kennedy and Ingoldby added Toronto scores.

Scribes Keep Irish on Top

NEW YORK, Nov. 24—The close call against the Iowa Seahawks on Saturday caused Notre Dame to slip slightly in the poll of the nation's sports writers conducted by the Associated Press. Unanimous choice two weeks ago as the nation's best team, the Fighting Irish were selected as second by four writers this week and third by another.

But though they skidded, the South Bend aggregation still rates as the best team in the poll, garnering 1,014. The Seahawks, despite their loss to the Irish, remain in second place with 821.

The two leading Big Ten elevens, Michigan and Purdue, follow with 628 and 548 respectively. Then in order, with their points, come Duke, 500; Navy, 432; Army, 410; Northwestern, 197; March Field, 166; and Del Monte Pre-Flight, 114.

Yanks Seeking Catcher, Fielder

NEW YORK, Nov. 24—Several new faces will be seen in the Yankee lineup next year according to Manager Joe McCarthy. He said he is satisfied with the infield and pitchers but would like to add a catcher and another outfielder to his club.

With Ken Sears in the service, McCarthy would have to depend on aging Bill Dickey and Rollie Hemsley. In searching for another receiver, Mac is not putting too much faith in Bill Dresher, up from the Yankees' Newark farm, who is only 19. Dresher is classified 4-F and available for the Yanks next year.

McCarthy's managerial contract expires Dec. 31 and there isn't the slightest doubt it will be renewed when President Ed Barrow recovers sufficiently from his illness to supervise signing ceremonies.

Hockey League Standings

	W	L	T	P		W	L	T	P
Montreal	8	0	2	18	Detroit	4	2	2	10
Chicago	5	4	0	10	Boston	3	4	2	8
Toronto	4	5	2	10	New York	0	9	0	0

Betting Charge Which Caused Action Denied

Cox Says Associate Did Wagering; He Yields Presidency

CHICAGO, Nov. 24—One of the most drastic measures in the history of organized baseball's constant struggle to protect its reputation for honesty and integrity was taken yesterday when Judge Kenesaw M. Landis, baseball commissioner, outlawed William D. Cox, owner of the Philadelphia Phillies, from "any office with the Philadelphia National League or any other club or league party to the major league agreement" for betting on baseball games last season.

Landis' office, said the judge, had heard rumors last August concerning Cox's gambling on ball games contrary to major league rules. Cox told Landis the rumors were false except that one of his lumber business associates had been wagering.

Cox claimed ignorance of the baseball law against gambling, and when he learned of the law he told his business associate to discontinue the betting.

Following the investigation, Landis

ordered Cox to appear in the commissioner's offices on Dec. 4 to present evidence that he had not knowingly bet in baseball games. Landis, meanwhile, barred Cox from participation in any business matters concerned with organized baseball, a move which necessarily would have precluded Cox's presence at the major league meetings in New York on Dec. 1.

Answering the Landis order to appear on Dec. 4, Cox revealed his resignation from the presidency of the Phillies because of war work in the lumber business. "In view of my resignation," Cox wrote Landis, "and the full statements I have made to you, I do not see where any useful purpose would be served by my attending any further hearing before you."

Did Not Agree on Meeting
In answering Cox's letter, Landis said he did not agree that the meeting would serve no purpose. Then Landis outlawed Cox.

Landis said that Cox admitted in New York on Nov. 3 that he bet amounts from \$25 to \$100 a various times with bookmakers on the Phillies' games. Landis was then in New York, ostensibly visiting ailing Ed Barrow, Yankee president, but the true purpose was to consult Cox on the gambling rumors.

The rule which Cox violated states, "Any player, umpire or club or league official or employee who shall bet any sum whatsoever upon any baseball game in connection with which the bettor had a duty to perform shall be declared permanently ineligible."

Cox, a former Yale student, purchased the Phillies last Feb. 20, after the club spent years in poor financial straits. Cox headed a syndicate of ten stockholders, including some of Philadelphia's most prominent sportsmen.

Had Opportunity for Defense

The Dec. 4 hearing for Cox before Landis was scheduled for New York instead of Chicago. Landis invited Cox to bring counsel if he wished. Landis denied Cox's assertion that he had submitted full statements naming dates and amounts bet and the meeting Dec. 4 was to give Cox an opportunity to present such statements and other testimony in his own defense.

Cox was out of town when the ban was imposed and was unavailable for comment, according to his secretary in New York.

Landis barred eight members of the Chicago White Sox in 1921 upon presentation of evidence that the Chixos lost the 1919 World Series deliberately to the Cincinnati Reds. Cozy Dolan, Giant coach, and Jimmy O'Connell, Giant outfielder, were barred by Landis for allegedly trying to bribe Shortstop Heinie Sand, of the Philadelphia Phillies, when the Giants were seeking the National League pennant.

Cox's Phillie Stock Bought by Carpenter

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 24—Phillie stockholders have announced that William Cox has sold his baseball shares to Robert M. Carpenter, of Wilmington, Del. Carpenter's son Robert, 28, former Duke University football player, has been elected Phillie president, succeeding Cox. Carpenter and his son were elected to the board of directors at yesterday's meeting, which was unattended by Cox. Young Carpenter was president of the Wilmington club of the Inter-State League last year.



Yanks Begin Thanksgiving Observances

300 Are Guests at Palace; Parties and Services Widespread Today

Thanksgiving Day and all its trimmings, including turkey on every mess-hall table, came to the ETO officially today, although 300 officers stole a march on their GI brothers yesterday by attending a special "Thanksgiving Day" party in Buckingham Palace.

The event was a surprise to most of the Americans, and at the request of the King and Queen many chosen to attend were combat veterans—among them being several holders of the Purple Heart. Among the guests was Capt. Quentin Roosevelt, grandson of Teddy.

"We didn't know what we were coming to town for, and why," Roosevelt said.

Heading the attending U.S. delegation, which included WACs and nurses, were Lt. Gen. Jacob L. Devers and Admiral Harold R. Stark, respective Army and Navy commanders in the ETO.

Special services were scheduled throughout the British Isles today—wherever American troops are stationed. Highlighted will be the non-sectarian service at Westminster Abbey at 11 AM.

For GIs on pass or furlough today, the Red Cross clubs will make certain they don't miss out on turkey dinners. The ARC installations also have special parties and dances listed for the evening.

Roosevelt Proclamation

The text of President Roosevelt's Thanksgiving Day proclamation which will be read by chaplains at services throughout the United Kingdom today is:

"God's help to us has been great in this year of march towards world-wide liberty. In brotherhood, with warriors of other United Nations, our gallant men have won victories, have freed our homes from fear, have made tyranny tremble and have laid the foundation for freedom of life in a world which will be free.

"Our forces and hearts and wills have wrought well and our weapons have not failed. Our farmers, victory gardeners and crop volunteers have gathered and stored a heavy harvest in the barns and bins and cellars. Our total food production for the year is the greatest in the annals of our country.

"For all these things we are devoutly thankful, knowing also such great mercies extract from us the greatest measure of sacrifice and service.

"Now, therefore, I, Franklin D. Roosevelt, President of the United States of America, do hereby designate Thursday, Nov. 25, 1943, as a day for expressing our thanks to God for His blessing. November having been set aside as 'Food Fights for Freedom' month, it is fitting that Thanksgiving Day be made the culmination of the observance of the month by a high resolve on the part of all to produce and save food and to 'share and play square' with food.

"May we on Thanksgiving Day and on every day express our gratitude and zealously devote ourselves to our duties as individuals and as a nation. May each of us dedicate our utmost efforts to speeding the victory which will bring new opportunities for peace and brotherhood among men."

All-Night Barber Shop

An all-night barber shop, believed to be the first in an ETO Red Cross club, has been opened at the Columbia Club in London. Two barbers operate from 9 PM to 7 AM.

Planes Bring Turkey For Yanks in Africa

SOUTHERN ITALY, Nov. 24 (UP)—Plane-load after plane-load of turkeys is being flown out of Italy—for the U.S. forces in North Africa.

The birds were brought from the U.S., but the ships carrying them were unable to stop at Tunisia, so they are therefore being flown back to North Africa.

Italy normally has a good supply of her own turkeys but the birds are smaller and have far less white meat than the U.S. variety, but they are just as tender.

Bombs Make Berlin a Hell

(Continued from page 1) lower sides reflecting the glow of the fires below until they look like a great red blanket stretched across the sky.

The fire fighting never stops. The regular fire brigades have no time to waste on little fires but devote all their attention to the big buildings that are burning.

The "little man" in Berlin has to put out his own little fire himself. The people of each burning house can be seen vainly trying to save what is left of their pitiful belongings, vainly trying to quench the flames in a house that is well alight by throwing buckets of water on it.

Since last night's raid the whole area of destruction has spread. The big Wertheim department store, one of the greatest in Europe, was badly hit and is now burning fiercely. This store fronts the Leipzigerstrasse, but the back entrances let out on to the Voss Strasse, on which the Reich Chancellery stands.

The three raids coming on top of one another have stunned the people. Nazi propaganda that the people of Berlin heatedly cursed the RAF is wrong. Instead, after the raid, the people of Berlin could find little to say. Not even those standing in front of what was once their homes could find anything to say. They only picked up what belongings they had managed to gather and moved silently on.

In the shelters during the raids some of the people became hysterical, but they were the exceptions.

Today, hours afterwards, in the sections of the city less badly hit, it was possible to walk along streets lined with furniture on the pavements, hastily pulled out of houses which had been threatened with fire.

What has impressed the Germans about Monday's raid was the enormous number of incendiary bombs dropped.

"There must have been millions of them," is the remark one hears from people who were there.

This is one man's story of what a modern raid is like:

"I sat in the Hotel Esplanade in the Potsdamerplatz when the manager told us all to go to the shelter."

"After ten minutes of death-like silence, the shelter walls started to rock in a series of violent explosions which never seemed to end. When I left the shelter after one hour there were fires wherever I looked. No bomb had fallen within 400 yards of the hotel, but all the windows within 600 yards of us had been blown out. As far as I could see the area the worst hit was that round the Zoo Station, in western Berlin."

For hours after the raid time bombs were going off in the northern part of Berlin, in the wedding district, the former Communist center, and along the Frankfurter Allee.

A Captured German Rocket



U.S. soldiers examine a German rocket captured during the campaign in Sicily. This one is known as the 32cm. incendiary rocket, and is fired directly from the crate in which it is shipped. It is seen here in firing position and takes off with a great deal of smoke and flame.

Turkey Tops Menu Today At London Red Cross Club

Col. John H. Whitney, of the USAAF, and Mrs. Beatrice Wright, American-born member of the British Parliament, are among those scheduled to participate in a round-table discussion at Rainbow Corner (London) tonight at 7.30.

The event is one of several special Thanksgiving Day activities listed by American Red Cross clubs in London. Turkey will be on the noontime menus at the ARC establishments, with dances booked to round out the programs at night.

Judging in the Rainbow Corner photo contest started this week. The winners will be announced next Tuesday. Programs for the week at London clubs follow; those outside London are listed each Monday.

Reindeer
Thursday—Thanksgiving invitation lunch, Friday—Movie, 8.30 PM. Saturday—"High Lights," 9 PM; Mrs. Catto, 9.30 PM. Monday—Movie, 3.30 PM; bridge, 8 PM. Tuesday—Laz, the cartoonist, 8-11 PM. Wednesday—Bridge expert lecture, 8 PM.

Victory
Thursday—Secretary to write home for you, 7 PM; party, 8.30 PM. Friday—Discussion group, 8 PM. Saturday—Victory varieties, 8.30 PM. Sunday—Tea dance, 3-6 PM; movies, 8 PM. Wednesday—Dance, 8.30 PM.

Hans Crescent
Thursday—Turkey dinner, 12 noon; dance and cabaret, 7.30 PM. Friday—Table tennis tournament, 8 PM. Saturday—Dance, 7.30 PM; night owl cabaret, 10.45 PM. Sunday—Golf, Hans Crescent vs. Hendon, 9 AM; tea dance, 3 PM; high tea, 5.30 PM. Monday—Movies, 9 PM. Tuesday—Dancing lessons, 7.45 PM. Wednesday—Table tennis tournament, 8 PM; request recorded program, 8.15 PM.

Washington
Thursday—Archery, 2.30 PM; shorthand dictation practice, 2.30 PM; Thanksgiving ball, 8 PM. Friday—Laz, the cartoonist, 2.30 PM; shorthand dictation practice, 7 PM; Pitman's shorthand class, 7 PM; movies, 8.30 PM. Saturday—Dance, 8.15 PM. Sunday—Tea dance, 3 PM; movies, 9 PM. Monday—Archery, 2.30 PM; shorthand dictation practice, 7 PM; French class, 7 PM; Spanish class, 9 PM; piano music, 9 PM. Tuesday—Dance, 8.15 PM. Wednesday—Laz, the cartoonist, 2.30 PM; Italian class, 7 PM; chess instruction, 8 PM.

Mostyn
Thursday—California reunion dinner, 7.15 PM; square dance, 8.30 PM. Friday—"Quiz Me," 9.30 PM. Saturday—Dance, 8 PM. Sunday—Tea dance, 3 PM; glee club broadcast, 8 PM; symphonic recordings, 8.30 PM. Monday—Roller skating party, 6 PM; Texas reunion dinner, 7.15 PM; International forum, 8 PM. Tuesday—Movies, 6.15 and 8.15 PM; French table, 6.30 PM; basketball practice, 7 PM; fireside program, 10.15 PM. Wednesday—Theater party, "My Sister Eileen," 6 PM; dancing lessons, 6-7.30 PM.

Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut reunion dinner, 7.15 PM; glee club rehearsal, 8 PM. Thursday—Basketball practice, 7 PM; Florida and Georgia reunion dinner, 7.15 PM; square dance, 8.30 PM.

Columbia
Thursday—Furlough club meeting, 10.30 AM; children's Thanksgiving party, 2.30 PM; Thanksgiving ball, 7.30 PM. Friday—Waltz contest, 7.30 PM. Saturday—Dance, 7.30 PM. Sunday—Ping-pong tournament, 2.30 PM; dance, 7.30 PM. Monday—Dramatic classes, 6.30 PM; bridge lessons, 9 PM. Tuesday—Birthday ball, 8 PM. Wednesday—Movies, 7 PM; "Columbia Carolers," 9 PM.

10 Charles St.
Thursday—Dinner dance, 7 PM. Sunday—Classical recorded concert, 2.30 PM; buffet dance, 7 PM. Tuesday—Movie, 7.30 PM.

Women's Service Club
47 Charles St.
Thursday—Thanksgiving dinner, 5.30 PM; cabaret, 8-11 PM. Saturday—Washington state night, 8.30 PM. Sunday—Movie, 6 PM. Tuesday—Alabama state night, 8.30 PM.

Rainbow Corner
Thursday—Round table, 7.30 PM; Nightclub opening, 7.30 PM. Friday—Dance, 7.30 PM. Saturday—Movies, 2.30 and 6.30 PM; cabaret, 8 PM. Sunday—Dance, 7.30 PM; movies, 3 PM. Monday—Dance, 7.30 PM. Tuesday—Boxing, 7.30 PM. Wednesday—Cabaret, 8 PM.

Liberty
Thursday—Thanksgiving party, 7.30 PM. Saturday—Tea dance, 3 PM. Sunday—Musical tea, 4.30-5.30 PM; supper dance and show, 6-8 PM. Tuesday—Games night, 7.30 PM. Wednesday—Theater party, 8 PM.

Milestone
Thursday—Conversational German group, 8 PM; recorded concert, 9.30 PM. Friday—Dancing class, 7 PM. Saturday—Horseback riding, 11 AM; Milestone varieties, 11.30 PM. Sunday—Open house, 7-10 PM. Monday—Laz, the cartoonist, 1.30-5 PM; movie, 8.30 PM. Tuesday—Theater party, 5.30 PM; bingo, 8 PM. Wednesday—Dancing class, 7 PM; club dance, 8 PM.

Eagle
Thursday—Broadcast to States, 3.30 PM. Tuesday—Movies, 3 PM.

Lebanon Crisis Over
BEIRUT, Nov. 24 (UP)—The original Lebanon cabinet is back in office and the general strike which was called when the cabinet was dismissed has been called off. In general, the crisis seems to be over.

Mare, Stallion or Colt?
CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Nov. 24—A sign of the times: Horse meat steaks are now on the menu at Harvard University.

NEWS FROM HOME

Representatives Vote to Outlaw Food Subsidies

Presidential Veto Expected If Senate Follows Lead of House

WASHINGTON, Nov. 24—A battle between President Roosevelt and Congress on the food subsidy program to hold down prices loomed today following the House's vote to outlaw the payment of subsidies after Jan. 1. If the Senate follows the House's lead and passes the bill, the President is expected to veto it.

The House yesterday indicated determined opposition to the administration's food program by rejecting a compromise measure to cut subsidy expenditures but retaining the scheme, and then by a vote of 278 to 118 banning the program altogether.

In a message to Congress two weeks ago, President Roosevelt declared that the abandonment of the program would increase living costs, spur demands for higher wages and lead to inflation.

Kaiser Yard Sets Record

RICHMOND, Cal., Nov. 24 (AP)—Shipbuilding time at Henry Kaiser's shipyard here was reduced to ten minutes as the yard built, launched and delivered a seaworthy vessel at that incredible speed. The ship, named the USS Doodlebug, is a flat-bottomed skiff, eight feet from stem to stern.

Planes to Replace Ships

NEW YORK, Nov. 24 (AP)—John Slater, vice president of American Export Airlines, in a speech here estimated that not more than 103 planes would be needed in the post-war period to transport as many passengers as were handled in peacetime by all steamship lines to and from U.S. ports.

Name UNNR Committees

ATLANTIC CITY, N.J., Nov. 24 (AP)—Russian delegates have been named to the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration's Committee for Europe, which will estimate the needs of various countries, and to the Committee for Supplies, which will work out a procedure for obtaining what is needed.

Pre-Nazi Publisher Dies

NEW YORK, Nov. 24 (AP)—Hermann Ullstein, 68, died last night. He is one of five brothers who controlled the Ullstein Verlag Publishing House, Germany's greatest before the rise of the Nazis.

King Promises Heavier Blows

Opening the new session of Parliament, King George VI confidently told the House of Commons yesterday that "in the fourth year of war the forces of the United Nations have assumed the offensive in all theaters of the war . . . and in the coming year we shall with God's help be able to bear upon the enemy a still greater weight of attack."

The new session was the ninth since the present Commons was elected in 1935.

The King reviewed successes of the last year and said that "with the growing help of our great American ally, together with other United Nations, we shall go forward with confidence in our cause until we have delivered the peoples of the world from fear of the aggressor."

Paying tribute to Russia, the King said, "On his eastern front, the enemy has given ground before a massive, unrelenting advance of the Russian armies, whose achievements we have watched with ever deepening admiration."

U.S. Casualties 121,000 Army Death Toll 12,841

WASHINGTON, Nov. 24 (AP)—U.S. casualties from Pearl Harbor to Nov. 11 totalled 121,000, the Office of War Information announced yesterday.

The Army listed 89,650 casualties, of whom 12,841 were killed. Navy casualties totalled 31,669.

By Milton Caniff

Programs for U.S. Network

Operated by Radio Branch, Special Service Division, SOS, ETO

1402 kc. On Your Dial 1420 kc. 213.9m. 211.3m.

Thursday, Nov. 25

- 1100—Thanksgiving service, Westminster Abbey.
- 1115—Hi Neighbor.
- 1200—Return Engagement—All-Time Hit Parade.
- 1220—Music We Love.
- 1300—World News (BBC).
- 1310—Barracks Bag—A Grab-bag of entertainment.
- 1400—Sign off until 1745 hours.
- 1745—Program Resume and Spotlight Band—Xavier Cugat.
- 1800—World News (BBC).
- 1815—Personal Album—Phil Regan.
- 1825—GI Supper Club.
- 1900—Sports—Presented by The Stars and Stripes.
- 1905—Family Hour.
- 1930—Comedy Caravan.
- 2000—News From Home—nightly roundup of news from the U.S.A., presented by The Stars and Stripes.
- 2010—Fred Waring Program.
- 2025—Happy Norman and his Guitar.
- 2100—World News (BBC).
- 2110—Novelty Time.
- 2130—This is the Army—Army Musical Show.
- 2200—Gay Nineties Revue.
- 2220—Final Edition.
- 2230—Sign off until 1100 hours Friday, Nov. 26.

Friday, Nov. 26

- 1100—GI Jive.
- 1115—Hi Neighbor.
- 1130—Music From America—Return Engagement.
- 1200—Billy Terment Orchestra (BBC).
- 1230—Curtain Call.
- 1300—World News (BBC).
- 1310—Serenade.
- 1315—War Commentary.
- 1330—Strictly GI.

- 1400—Sign off until 1745 hours.
- 1745—Program Resume and Spotlight Band—Al Donahue.
- 1800—World News (BBC).
- 1810—Personal Album—Dennis Day.
- 1825—GI Supper Club.
- 1900—Sports—presented by The Stars and Stripes.
- 1905—Family Hour.
- 1930—Comedy Caravan.
- 2000—News From Home—nightly roundup of news from the U.S.A., presented by The Stars and Stripes.
- 2010—Fred Waring Program.
- 2025—Happy Norman and his Guitar.
- 2100—World News (BBC).
- 2110—Hi Bits.
- 2120—Charlie McCarthy Program—with Edgar Bergen.
- 2145—Happy Norman and his Guitar.
- 2150—Suspense!
- 2220—Final Edition.
- 2230—Sign off until 1100 hours Saturday, Nov. 27.

Terry and the Pirates

