

Vorsicht! Deckung nehmen!
Forsikht! Dekkoong naymen!
Caution! Take cover!

THE STARS AND STRIPES

Daily Newspaper of U.S. Armed Forces

in the European Theater of Operations

VOL. 4 No. 308—1d.

Avez-vous à manger?
Ah-vay-voos ah mong-jay?
Have you food?

2/3 of Jap Fleet Destroyed, Navy Says

E. Prussian Rail Center Nears Fall

A fierce artillery battle blazed around the clock yesterday along the whole East Prussian front as the Germans rolled one tank assault after another against Russian gun concentrations in an effort to break the Red Army advance.

Despite five German counter-attacks, Moscow claimed its troops continued to move ahead. Hand-to-hand battling raged in some sectors of the front, and in 24 hours, the Russians said, they had killed some 2,800 Germans and knocked out 20 armored troop carriers.

The fighting evidently continued to center around Gumbinnen, which lies on the main railway line to Koenigsberg, capital of East Prussia. Berlin admitted that the city had been evacuated of its entire civilian population, and announced that Gen. Priesz, commander of an Army group, had been killed in the Gumbinnen fighting.

"The German city of Gumbinnen," according to a U.S. correspondent broadcasting from Moscow, "is hanging by a thread. The civilian population of Koenigsberg is being evacuated with a haste bordering on panic."

Railway Cut

Although the Germans were bringing up heavy reinforcements for their counter-assault, General Chernyakhovsky was able to seize control of a 15-mile stretch of the railway which runs to Tilsit from a junction on the main Koenigsberg line near Stallupoenen.

In an order of the day issued last night Marshal Stalin announced that Russian mountain troops had captured Ungvar, chief city of the Carpatho Ukraine. This opens up for the Russians an invasion of Slovakia.

Farther south, along the Czechoslovakian front, the Russians captured Uzhgorod, capital of Ruthenia, while Yugoslav Partisans, using heavy artillery, shelled Cacak, which controls the last escape route of the Germans fleeing Greece.

3 in U.S. Get Nobel Prizes

STOCKHOLM, Oct. 27 (AP)—Three Americans and a Dane were awarded the 1943 and 1944 prizes for physiology and medicine, the Nobel Prize Committee announced today.

Prof. Edward Adelbert Doisy, 50, of St. Louis, Mo., shared with Prof. Kenrik Dam, of Copenhagen, the 1943 prize for physiology and medicine. Doisy investigated the chemical nature of Vitamin K, which Dam discovered.

Joseph Erlanger, 70, professor emeritus, of St. Louis, and Prof. Herbert S. Gasser, 56, of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York, won jointly the 1944 award for studies in the different functions of individual nerve threads.

O.K. for U.S.



Already issued to ETO troops, this new style OD wool jacket worn by Sgt. Lamar Aderholdt, of Pontiac, Mich., has now been authorized for optional Army use in the U.S.

Engineers Cleanse the Waters



A stream is clogged with debris of a bridge which retreating Germans had blown up near Spa, Belgium. The stream has to be cleared quickly, so the engineers get at it. This Signal Corps picture shows how they remove bridge girders from the swift-running waters.

Now They're Painting It Red

Off-Limits Sign in Paris Blacked Out for Combat Men

By Walter B. Smith
Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

PARIS, Oct. 27—Paris is now "on limits" for American combat men, and already the troops, taken from the line or from combat flight duty, are here enjoying this city's sights and pleasures.

Sixteen hundred men—900 ground troops and 700 combat airmen—have reached here every other day since the lifting of the ban, their lodgings and food handled by the Red Cross.

About 5,000 men, taken direct from the line, will be accommodated each day by the middle of November, an officer at the Town Mayor's office said yesterday. At present, however, the number of passes—assigned to divisions on a direct ratio to the number of days they've been in the line—is limited because of the shortage of housing space.

Rear Echelon Ousted

But the housing situation is expected to be eased somewhat when rear-echelon men, now occupying some of the fanciest hotels in the French capital, are moved. These may be transferred to garages, barns or even pyramidal tents, the officer said.

Passes to Paris are strictly for members of combat outfits, although a few of the higher brass are allowed to come. To men coming here the city seems fantastic. For many it's the first pass in months of fighting. For all it's the most wonderful place they've seen since they left England or the U.S.

"This place is a soldier's dream," sighed T/3 Ben I. Stahl, 27, of Huntington, Ind., who, in the Rainbow Corner Club, was still a little dazed yesterday over the change after 39 straight days in the line with a Fourth Armored Division artillery battery.

"I only wish everyone in the outfit could see this," he said. "They won't believe it when I describe it." Stahl's name was drawn from a helmet Wednesday and he became one of the first two men of his battery to make the 200-mile trip to Paris.

Sweden Recognizes DeGaulle

STOCKHOLM, Oct. 27 (UP)—The Swedish government has decided to recognize the French provisional government, it was officially announced here,

U.S. Cost: 6 Ships; Troops On Samar

While carrier planes still pursued battered remnants of Japan's fleet, Secretary of the Navy James V. Forrestal told the U.S. yesterday that the three-day battle of the Philippines sank or destroyed an estimated two-thirds of the enemy's battleships and reduced Japan's fleet, at least temporarily, "to a more unhappy condition than confronted us after Pearl Harbor."

The Navy, following up Forrestal's warning that "we have not escaped from these actions scot-free," announced last night that in addition to the light carrier Princeton, previously reported, two escort carriers, two destroyers and one destroyer escort were also sunk. They were not named.

The department also revealed that 23 battleships are now operating with the U.S. fleet, of which 17 are in the Pacific, including the refloated California, hit at Pearl Harbor.

Final accounting of the far-flung Philippines battle still had not been completed yesterday, but an Associated Press correspondent at Pearl Harbor, Adm. Chester W. Nimitz' headquarters,

Warns of Jap 'Peace'

WASHINGTON, Oct. 27 (AP)—Joseph C. Grew, former U.S. Ambassador to Japan, warned tonight that defeat of their fleet in a major battle may bring from the Japanese "an enticing peace offer." There are many shrewd and calculating Japanese business men, he said, who will try to save something from the wreckage and sue for peace before the country's complete ruin. He called on the Japanese to "surrender now, unconditionally."

described it as a "disaster" that threatened to surpass Japanese losses off Guadalcanal in 1942, when 35 ships were sunk or damaged.

"The confirmed sinking or damaging of 27 warships in three naval-air engagements off the Philippines is far from the complete story," this Pearl Harbor dispatch said, asserting that "several enemy destroyers known to have gone down are not included in the confirmed total of 27."

In Washington, Vice Adm. Richard S. Edwards, deputy commander-in-chief of the fleet, told the nation in a broadcast that the battle was "so vast and complex" details would not be known for some time.

"Just what the score is we don't know
(Continued on page 4)

Gunner Sets War to Music

A FORTRESS BASE, Oct. 27—T/Sgt. Jimmie MacDonald, of Howard Beach, N.Y., used to play the piano with Reggie Childs' New York dance band. Now his nimble fingers operate a radio bug and .50-cal. machine-gun in a B17 of the 390th Bombardment Group.

But in 30 missions over Nazi-occupied Europe, during which he won the DFC and Air Medal with four clusters, Jimmie never forgot his first love. Those 30 flights told him a musical story, so he worked up a semi-symphonic number called "Elegy in Blue" and dedicated it to the wives, mothers and sweethearts of men in the AAF.

A London music house has published the composition and BBC soon will air it for the first time. Eventually it will be introduced to the U.S.

S/Sgt. Norman Sorenson, of Denver, former NBC organist, gave MacDonald a hand in the popular arrangement of the number.

Churchill Flings 'Full Unity' Into Teeth of Nazi Hope of Split

Prime Minister Churchill, reporting yesterday to Parliament on his recent conference with Marshal Stalin in Moscow, dashed cold water on any German hope of victory through Allied disunity.

"The enemy has two hopes," he said. "The first is that by lengthening the struggle he may wear down our resolution. The second and more important hope is that division will arise between the three great Powers by whom he is assailed and whose continued union spells his doom."

"Let all hope die in German breasts that there will be the slightest division or weakening among the forces that are crowding in upon them and will crush the life out of their resistance."



CHURCHILL

Allies Deepen Island Thrust In W. Holland

Field Marshal Montgomery's campaign to clear the Germans from western Holland—and trap a considerable number in the process—gained impetus yesterday as British troops forged inland from their beachhead on South Beveland island and second Army tanks knifed beyond Tilburg in an attempt to cut off the escape route of the enemy's mainland forces.

With their 15th Army in greater peril, the Germans opened a diversionary drive against the Allied eastern flank along the salient in Holland, sending four columns into action along a ten-mile front between the Dutch-German border towns of Venlo and Roermond.

Reinforcements were steadily pouring into the Beveland beachhead, where



Stars and Stripes Maps

Tommies with the Canadian First Army, crossing the three-mile-wide Scheldt estuary in amphibious vehicles and assault craft under a big-gun barrage, stormed the 20-foot dyke in mist and darkness Thursday morning.

The British, already two miles inland, were reported meeting strong resistance after the German garrison, estimated at 7,000 to 8,000 men, recovered from the initial surprise.

Speeding to link up with the invasion force—which, the Germans said, used amphibious tanks for the first time on a large scale—were Canadian forces advancing along the causeway from the mainland.

On the mainland, the Tommies had nearly closed a ring around the enemy base at Tilburg, beyond which Gen. Dempsey's tanks had already passed in a lunge toward the Maas and the sea.

There was no major activity along the American sectors of the Western Front, although minor gains were made north of Aachen.

Nazis Raze Old Church British Tried to Save

WITH BRITISH SECOND ARMY, Oct. 27 (UP)—The little Dutch town of Hoogstraten was built around its church, and the church tower had been the showpiece of the town since 1524. When war reached the village, British troops stopped just a few miles south of the town. Although they knew the Germans were observing their movements from the tower, the British carefully refrained from firing even near it.

Two days ago the Germans pulled out of Hoogstraten. Their last act before leaving was to place a charge of explosive and destroy the church.

An Editorial

It Takes Blood to Win a War

THE STARS AND STRIPES

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Hash Marks

We had no idea Lord Byron said this, but it says so right here in the book: "Let us have wine, women, mirth and laughter. Sermons and soda water the day after."

T/5 John Wilson III says this happened to him. After telephoning two girls he knew and getting no reply, the operator said, very friendly-like, "Sorry, Yank, your party doesn't answer. May I suggest you try 8924—me?"

Quip of the Week: A soldier stationed in New Guinea was griping about Frank Sinatra. He observed, "If gals back in



the States like guys with that lean, hungry look—just wait till we get home."

The other day we happened to be peering over the shoulders of a GI reading his mail. Well, it seems this guy had been over here a long time because on the envelope, after the name, address and city, he had added the words, "Good Old U.S.A." ("Nuff said, brother, 'nuff said.")

A letter from a California wisecracker to a Joe over here had his return address read, "Somewhere in Los Angeles."

Talking about films, "Ali Baba and his Forty Thieves" is a current picture being shown over here, but due to war-time rationing it is our understanding they have been reduced to a mere 34. It wouldn't surprise us.

We get around to this sooner or later but you probably heard it long ago. It is our understanding that the WACs call their officers second and first Louises. And that Ft. Des Moines is called Col. Hobby's Waes-Works. And that the girls are affectionately called "Hobby Horses." (We just print this stuff in order to get letters from the girls.)

We haven't heard an induction joke for a long time, so here goes:
Doctor: What's your average weight?
Inductee: About 165.
Doctor: What's the most you ever weighed?
Inductee: 175.
Doctor: What's the least you ever weighed?
Inductee: Seven pounds nine ounces.

And then there was the little moron who forgot to duck during an air raid.



He said it must be the chaplain's plane, because he saw crosses on the wings.

GIs of the medical detachment of a field artillery battalion over here claim Cpl. Oscar Sheriff has the best plan for punishing Hitler. He wants to have Adolf paper the walls of every house that has to be reconstructed because of Nazi aggression.

You see, it's like this. This guy says he'd go through hell for her. So he married her—and he's going through hell. J. C. W.

WE hope some people back home in the States get to see this picture, and to ponder what it means. It shows a group of British girls who are regularly giving their blood to help save the lives of wounded American soldiers.

"It's a pleasure," they tell the American medic, "and an honor."

Stack this against what medic HQ reports about blood shipments from the U.S. to the ETO. The medics have a quota of five pints of blood for every GI in combat. Thus far, they have been able to store up only two pints for every man in action.

There just isn't enough blood being given by the folks back home. And for lack of that blood, some suffering GI—many suffering GIs—will die.

Strangely enough, blood donations in the States rise when the war news is bad, and fall when it's good. But when the war news is



good is when blood is needed. Because it costs blood—lots of blood—to make it good.

These British girls evidently realize that. Perhaps it's because they're closer to the battle, for a good part of the battle was fought right here, in England.

But distance from the battle

should make no difference. Far from home, our men are never closer to their people than when they are wounded. That's when they need blood. Lots of blood—American blood.

All honor to these patriotic British gals.

American patriots, please copy.

THE B BAG BLOW IT OUT HERE

NOTE: Lack of space forces us to limit all letters published to not more than 200 words.—Ed.

For Peace-Time Training

Oct. 18, 1944

Dear Stars and Stripes, Some of our problems I have read in "B" Bag would solve themselves if we would decide now whether or not to have compulsory military training after the war. The idea of peace-time training isn't to train a selected few and designate them to be the protectors of our country but to give all qualified men the opportunity to share in that responsibility.

Confusion in the change from peace-time to war-time would be less and when military authorities agree that the military crisis is past our country can resume its normal trend. I believe we have now reached the point where we can do a little demobilizing, and start the real rotation plan, thereby giving this present generation the benefit of it.

What is your opinion on the subject of continued military training after the war? It will be a national question anyway so now is just the time to decide.—Roger D. Young, Sk 2/c USN.

He Swears It's the Truth

Oct. 19, 1944

Dear Stars and Stripes, You are always printing something about good First Sergeants or bad Mess Sergeants in your paper, but S/Sgt. Carl S. King, our mess sergeant in G-25 tops them all. He goes from table to table asking every man whether he had enough to eat. When the line is through he carries a tray of cake around and offers it to the men. They made ice cream for the first time the other day, and when it was all dished out, a straggler came in, and Sgt. King gave him HIS share of the ice cream. CAN YOU TOP THAT?—J. S., Ord. Depot Co.

POW's Rest; GIs Work

Oct. 22, 1944

Dear Stars and Stripes, Some time ago a labor battalion, composed of Italian POWs, descended upon our camp in the U.K. to perform various tasks. OK, fine. We needed the extra labor. They worked well with no complaints from either side. Then suddenly, Sunday rolls around and they have a holiday through the courtesy of U.S. Government policy. We American soldiers continue to put in a seven-day week as usual, while the so-called "Co-Belligerents" have a day of rest.

We don't mind the seven-day week, that's the least that we can do, but why don't the POWs put in the same amount of time? What in hell are we fighting for anyway? I realize that the U.S. is trying to abide by the Geneva Convention in the face of terrific opposition from all sides, but there should be a limit. What do the rest of you men think about this set-up? Maybe I'm the "small weak voice in the rear," but I don't think so.—An APO'd Shavetail.

Picture Ed. Is Gunshy

Oct. 13, 1944

Dear Stars and Stripes, In regard to the article and picture on page 2 of The Stars and Stripes for Oct. 13, 1944, it is believed that a slight error was made. The article refers to the automatic in the picture and an extra clip. The gun in the picture is an M-3 sub machine-gun. The clip is for a .45 cal. sub machine-gun.—An Observant Reader, G. F. Clarke, M-Sgt., Sta. Comp. Sqdn.

[The picture shows an M-3 sub machine-gun, all right, not an automatic rifle. But the extra clip is for the M-3 shown and is .30 caliber, rather than .45 cal.—our gun expert says.—Ed.]

No Color Line Up Front

Oct. 18, 1944

Dear Stars and Stripes, I've been waiting, and in a remote way expecting, your answer to the request for more news of colored troops. I feel sure thousands of fellows share this interest with me. If you could trouble yourselves a wee bit I think you could find enough troops of color to write a little about.

There are infantry in the Pacific, infantry and fighter-squadrons in Italy, engineers and artillery in France and Germany. Ask some of the boys from Brest to tell you about a certain company up there.

I can gripe now. I've got time because I'm in the hospital, but in France—well, I'll keep on looking because I'm sure you know how much this will mean to us.—P. Beasley, Eng.

The Veteran Will Have a Claim on His Old Job But There Are 'Bugs' to Be Ironed Out—All Will Not Be Utopia

This is the fourth in a series of articles on post-war employment for discharged veterans.

By William E. Taylor

Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

Under Selective Service law a veteran discharged after satisfactory duty is entitled to his old job back, or one similar, if: It was a permanent job, the employer's circumstances have not changed radically, and the veteran, still qualified, applies within 40 days of leaving service.

If there's a fuss, the veteran may get advice from a local Selective Service official and free assistance from U.S. courts and the U.S. district attorneys.

Which is all very well, say labor circles, but there are flaws to be polished in the glittering prospects of post-war work.

In the labor view, according to an Associated Press report, the Selective Service Act does nothing along re-employment lines for men who went into khaki or blue from temporary or probationary jobs or from schools, or for those disabled in service.

Propose Security Credit

Labor proposes that provisions be made to count service time as seniority credit for civilian jobs for all veterans, including those who had no permanent job and those who never worked but went into the armed forces straight from school.

Seniority is only one angle that may cause difficulty in fitting ex-servicemen back into civilian employment, according to labor spokesmen, who say that there are two major questions to be settled or trouble is likely to ensue. The questions:

Can a veteran, having met all the requirements of the Selective Service Act

entitling him to his former job, displace a non-veteran with more seniority?

Is a veteran's right to his old job changed if, during the war, his former employer has made agreements setting up different conditions of employment, say a union or closed shop?

These questions were discussed in New York last August before the National Industrial Conference Board, a private research body, by Selective Service and union representatives.

Col. Paul H. Griffith, chief of the veterans' personnel division of Selective Service, said a veteran could replace a non-veteran with more seniority if the latter himself had taken the job of a man in service.

Move Not Implicit

Victor G. Reuther, assistant director of the War Policy Division of the CIO United Auto Workers union, said such a move was not implicit in the Selective Service Act, adding that it would "be a big mistake to get jobs for veterans by taking them away from someone else."

He declared that the Selective Service policy would give a veteran "super-seniority," although the law called only for "like seniority." In other words, the serviceman's hitch would be reckoned as seniority in his former job and on this basis he could vie with non-veterans.

Labor spokesmen say the courts have not decided whether a returning soldier or sailor can "bump" a non-veteran with greater seniority.

Seniority is the yardstick by which workers are laid off, re-hired, promoted or transferred. A resolution passed at the UAW's September convention, criticizing the stand of Selective Service officials on this issue, said the seniority system "is the only lasting protection which workers, veterans or non-veterans, have against discriminatory or capricious discharges and layoffs by employers."

On the second question, labor men say that existing collective-bargaining pacts may run counter to the Selective Service interpretation, which holds that veterans' rights to former jobs are not affected by any agreements which change conditions of employment.

The number of union and closed shops

has increased during the war, but, in the view of Col. Phillips, a man who left an open shop and returns to find it a closed shop does not have to join the union involved. Veterans who were union men will, naturally, have no qualms on this point.

Want No Precedents

What labor is seeking to avoid is the establishment of precedents which might seem to pit veterans against those who stayed on the home front—and turned out record production.

With victory still to be won and with demobilization scheduled to be gradual rather than precipitate, it is likely that these questions will be settled well in advance of the veterans' return.

The most encouraging factor is that government, management and labor are aware that the economic welfare of the millions of veterans will directly affect the whole country—and all three are interested in setting up a sound system in which the biggest possible labor force will be turning out goods and services to match a record national income.



I Nurse a Sickened Heart

If I could feel your breath,
Now, on this grass,
I could not think of guns,
Nor hear Death pass.
If I could see your eyes
Beneath these stars,
I'd make a jest of bombs
And battle scars.
If I could taste your lips
This brutal night
My boundless joy would drive
All fears to flight.
But you are out of reach;
And, as war screams,
I nurse a sickened heart
On restless dreams.

T/5 Peter Alfano.

American Forces Network

- On Your Dial
1375 kc. 1402 kc. 1411 kc. 1420 kc. 1447 kc.
218.1m. 213.9m. 212.6m. 211.3m. 207.3m
- Saturday, Oct. 28
- 0755—Sign On—Program Resume.
 - 0800—World News.
 - 0810—Sugar Report.
 - 0830—Music by Bobbie Sherwood.
 - 0900—Headlines—Combat Diary.
 - 0915—Personal Album with Ginny Sims.
 - 0930—American Dance Band (Sgt. Ray McKinley).
 - 1000—Headlines—Morning After (Duffy's Tavern).
 - 1030—Army Talks.
 - 1100—Headlines—Home News from the U.S.A.
 - 1105—Duffie Bag.
 - 1200—News.
 - 1205—Duffie Bag.
 - 1300—Headlines—Sports News.
 - 1305—Grand Old Opry.
 - 1330—Yank's Radio Edition.
 - 1400—Headlines—Downbeat with Hal McIntyre.
 - 1430—College of Musical Knowledge with Phil Harris.
 - 1500—Headlines—Strike up the Band.
 - 1530—On the Record.
 - 1630—Music from America.
 - 1700—Headlines—Johnny Mercer's Music Shoppe.
 - 1715—Miss Parade.
 - 1740—Raymond Scott Orchestra.
 - 1755—American Sports News.
 - 1800—World News.
 - 1805—Mark up the Map.
 - 1810—Your State.
 - 1815—Glenn Miller Sextette.
 - 1830—Waltz Time.
 - 1845—Army vs. Duke Football Game.
 - 2130—Grace Fields Show.
 - 2200—Headlines—Xavier Cugat with Don Rodney and Lina Romay.
 - 2230—Suspense.
 - 2300—Final Edition.
- Sunday, October 29
- 0755—Sign On—Program Resume.
 - 0800—World News.
 - 0805—Music for Sunday.
 - 0830—Music by Joe Reichman.
 - 0900—Headlines—Combat Diary.
 - 0915—Bandwagon with Les Brown.
 - 0930—Hour of Charm with Phil Spitznagel All-Girl Orchestra.
 - 1000—Headlines—Radio Chapel.
 - 1030—Strike up the Band.
 - 1100—Headlines—Home News from the U.S.A.
 - 1105—Morning After (Command Performance).
 - 1135—Combined Orchestras.
 - 1200—News.
 - 1205—WAC's Works.
 - 1225—Sports.
 - 1230—Showtime with Dinah Shore.
 - 1245—Songs by Sgt. Johnny Desmond.
 - 1300—Headlines—Atlantic Spotlight.
 - 1330—Sammy Kaye's Sunday Serenade.
 - 1425—Anne Shelton.
 - 1455—Football Scores.
 - 1500—Headlines—National Barn Dance.
 - 1530—They Call Me Joe.
 - 1600—Headlines—New York Philharmonic Orchestra.
 - 1700—Headlines—Johnny Mercer's Music Shoppe.
 - 1715—Andre Kostelanetz Orchestra.
 - 1745—Melody Roundup.
 - 1755—American Sports News.
 - 1800—World News.
 - 1805—Mark up the Map.
 - 1900—Headlines—Home News from the U.S.A.
 - 1905—Comedy Caravan with Jimmy Durante and Gary Moore.
 - 1930—Hit Parade with Mark Warnow's Orchestra and Frank Sinatra.
 - 2000—Headlines—Combat Diary.
 - 2015—At Ease.
 - 2030—Globe Theater—"The Woman I Killed," with Herbert Marshall.
 - 2100—World News.
 - 2105—Charlie McCarthy.
 - 2130—Gay Lombardo's Musical Autographs.
 - 2200—Headlines—Family Hour.
 - 2230—Suspense.
 - 2300—Final Edition.



"Sometimes I wish they wouldn't plan these affairs on such a large scale!"

Warweek

The Officer Was Talking Against Time
Attack on Aachen, Death of a City
Sergeant's Tip: How to Keep Belt Dry

Saturday, Oct. 28, 1944

Litter Interview

The Young Lieutenant Thought
He Was Dying, But He Had
A Combat Message to Give

By Hamilton Whitman
Warweek Staff Writer

MMORPHINE is curious stuff. Sometimes it takes hold like four fingers of 14-year-old rye and a man slips almost at once into the never-never land where there is no pain, no anything but sleep.

Sometimes it takes a long time to have its full effect and the medics watch the patient with narrowed eyes, waiting, wondering just how long a young, husky kid, weakened by wounds and the loss of blood, will struggle against the drug coursing through his veins.

That's the way they were watching the young officer who lay on a stretcher in an advanced dressing station one night this month.

He was a good-looking kid, the kind who might have been a Golden Gloves contender if he hadn't been a platoon leader in an outfit of the Fifth Division instead.

In spite of the mud and sweat, in spite of the blood and the stubble of three-day beard on his chin, he was a damned good-looking youngster. He was probably 22 or 23—and it was almost like a punch in the jaw to see, suddenly, how flat the blankets lay over him where his feet and legs should have been.

The medic followed my eyes and then nodded.

"Both of 'em," he said, "above the knees."

Wanted to Talk

The lieutenant moved a little, opening his eyes and focussing them on me. I could see the effort he was making to seem casual and at ease. His eyes were a little fuzzy from the drug and he licked his lips once or twice before he spoke. When they came, the words were almost a whisper, at first, but they grew stronger as he talked until, after a little, you'd hardly know there was anything the matter with him, just hearing his voice.

Outside there was the sound of distant gunfire, of trucks—all the little indistinct noises made by thousands of men moving, close at hand but unseen. Once, as we talked, there was a drumming roar of airplane motors overhead.

I squatted beside the lieutenant's stretcher and made notes as he talked on and on, fighting against the morphine. He didn't say so, but it suddenly struck me, half way through our conversation, that he thought he was dying.

He thought he was dying because he didn't understand that the morphine, as it took hold, was just something to make him sleep, something to quiet the pain. He thought that the sleep which kept trying to envelop him was the end.

Because he thought he was dying, because I had a pencil and a notebook, it was very important to the lieutenant to tell me a lot of things he wanted other men to know. He was very careful as he worded them, thinking out each sen-



TANKS, GUNS AND INFANTRYMEN, backed up by power of our superb Air Force—that's the winning team. Most important factor is, of course, men. Out of scenes like this come messages like the one the story tells.

ence in advance to be sure that exactly the right point was emphasized.

Deserve Best Officers

Like most combat officers, the young lieutenant wanted to talk about his men first. He wanted to tell me how inadequate he sometimes felt and why it was that he was afraid of failing his platoon in some particular.

"They're good kids," he kept saying, "the finest kind of youngsters. By God, they deserve the best officers there are. That's what I've tried to be—a good officer, for men who inspire, and are entitled to, the highest type of leadership."

Then, when he was satisfied that I had recorded his comments on the men in his platoon, the wounded officer talked about another subject, dear to the hearts of combat men, the bravery and devotion to duty of the company aid men.

"The Medics are doing a wonderful job in this war," he said. "They have shown great courage and a high degree of training and skill in the performance of their duties, often under heavy enemy fire. I

owe my life to the courage and skill of a company aid man, who ran to me under heavy mortar fire and, together with one of my squad leaders, applied tourniquets to my legs. Then they carried me to the comparative safety of a ditch some 75 yards to the rear."

After he had talked about his men the lieutenant changed the subject to the practical details of his soldiers' job. He wasn't in any way like the died-in-the-wool Junker professional of the German Army. Terms like "Officer Corps" or the even more popular German "Officer Caste," would have been just so much doubletalk to him.

He was simply a young fellow who had been handed a tough and dirty job to do, who had found out all he could about how to do it and had done it the best way he knew how. He had been taught methods—but like most Americans he was a little distrustful of pure theory until he saw it proved in action.

Hate the Enemy

One thing he wanted to be sure I noted was his conclusion that the tried and true method of keeping enemy positions covered with fire, while moving in, and then finishing it with a quick rush with the bayonet, was correct.

"In one attack, like that," he said, "we killed 306 Germans and only lost eight men ourselves. That was near Angers."

He wanted to be sure that every man who might possibly be near the front understood the tricky nature of the enemy we are fighting.

"My men have learned, because of various ruses and tricks, not to trust the Germans. In some instances the Germans have hidden to avoid our fighting echelons and then surrendered to rear echelons which are inclined to treat them less severely.

"Our soldiers must learn to hate and distrust the enemy in order to win this war."

He was insistent about that point, repeating it two or three times to make sure



U.S. Army Signal Corps Photos

from exhaustion—or from the effects of the morphine which had been pumped into him. The medic stepped up and touched me on the shoulder. I started to get up.

Then I looked into the young lieutenant's eyes. He didn't say anything for a moment. He didn't have to. But there was a desperate appeal in his eyes. He didn't want me to leave him, what he wanted, more than anything else, was for me to stay there, talking to him—helping him to fight off the creeping sleep he thought was death.

I bent over him again. "Tell them," he said, "that the Germans always try to get on your flank. They use small groups—a squad or so—with light machine-guns. Another thing: platoons must be very thorough when

(Continued on page 14)





I Saw AACHEN

The First of Hitler's

Doomed Cities

DIE!



By Ed Wilcox

Warweek Combat Correspondent



FIRST TANKS enter Aachen after accurate American artillery and bombers of the Ninth Air Force had blasted enemy positions. Death of German city was example of splendid cooperation between air and ground forces thus far.



DEMOLITION, the old standby of German defense, was a feature of the battle to hold Aachen. Germans blew up viaduct leading to city. Yank tankers called on tankdozer to cut through rail embankment.

WE climbed the flight of narrow steps and emerged in a musty, low-ceilinged attic. We walked, half stooping, to the end of the room and shouldered our way in among a group of GIs. "From here," the sergeant said, "you can get a pretty fair view of it." I stepped closer to the open window and had a look.

In front of me lay Aachen, sprawling and tumbling down over the hillside. It looked just like any city of comparable size back home. I might have been looking at Peoria, Ill. Yet there was something distinctive about Aachen. At first I thought that it was the churches, spires standing out against the somber October sky. But it wasn't the churches. It was the atmosphere of inactivity. There wasn't a flicker of movement anywhere. It was strangely peaceful and almost foreboding. Aachen was a city condemned to death, waiting mutely for the hour.

"Watch it!" the sergeant warned as I leaned too far toward the windowsill. "This place is alive with German snipers." We turned to leave just as a young Signal Corps lieutenant, camera slung across his chest, entered the OP. "Came up to get a few close shots of the boys in their foxholes," he said grinning confidently. "Where are they from here?" The two non-coms with the officer looked at each other and one said, "They are just over the hill but it's dangerous out there, sir." The lieutenant said, "C'mon, let's get down there." As we left the building we could see the three making their way along a hedgerow over the hillside.

Sniper Got Him

Back at regimental headquarters that night one of the officers remarked that the Signal Corps photographer had been hit by a sniper's bullet. I asked how it happened and the officer said, "Just another guy who hasn't learned that it is not smart to walk across breaks in hedges when Jerry is around. Nothing serious, luckily, just a nasty neck wound that will get him the Purple Heart."

Later that evening I had a talk with a colonel commanding an Infantry Regiment. He had the sure certain air of a professional soldier, a product of West Point. The colonel was commanding the outfit charged with the taking of Aachen.

"How long has it been stalemated like this," I asked.

"Three weeks," he answered.

"When can you take the city?"

"Whenever I want it," he answered.

"Why don't you take it?" I asked.

His Own Terms Only

"I never fight on the enemy's terms," he said. "I force the enemy to do battle on mine." I didn't understand fully that night just exactly what the colonel had in mind when he said that. I came to understand during the next few days.

Headquarters buzzed Monday with talk of an ultimatum to be delivered. Opinions were bandied about and it was clear that something was in the wind. During the day companies changed positions and the officers in the situation room drew new circles on the maps, indicating new locations. The regiment jockeyed for position, closing the light rain that began to fall and tried to get a little sleep. There was no small arms fire—just the rumble of our artillery and the sound of the shells exploding within the city. The lights at the

regimental CP burned late that night as final plans were drawn and Aachen's doom drew nearer.

Three Men Alone

At nine o'clock Tuesday morning two lieutenants and a Pfc left the regiment in a jeep, turned at the crossroad where the sign reads, "Nach Aachen 4 Km.," and drove toward a Company outpost near the railroad tracks.

A fine rain was falling and unshaven infantrymen slogged through the muddy streets of Aachen-Forst, walking gingerly in the debris and rubble, trying to keep the stub of a cigarette alive as the water dripped from their helmets and made smoking almost impossible. All firing had ceased and one GI would say to another, "What the hell goes?"

A few minutes before ten o'clock the two officers and the flag bearer, holding a large white tablecloth aloft on a pole, walked silently through our lines, into an underpass, and emerged on the German side of the railroad embankment where they were halted in one guttural command by four German enlisted men. The Germans asked why they had come.

Message for CO

"We have a message for your battalion commander," Lt. William Boehme, New York City, the interpreter, said in German. The four Germans held a hasty confab and then blindfolded the three Americans.

A half hour later they reached a company headquarters, where the blindfolds were removed and they were questioned as to the reason for their mission by a young Nazi lieutenant. They were again blindfolded and taken to a second German headquarters, this one a battalion CP located in the basement of a brick apartment building.

Here they were confronted by a second

Classmates—Now Enemies

The interrogator, S/Sgt. Eric Kirchheimer, New York City, ordered the Wehrmacht soldier to advance for questioning.

"Where do you live?" the sergeant asked.

"Stuttgart," the prisoner answered.

"Hmm—so did I," the sergeant said to me in English.

"How old are you?" he asked the prisoner.

"Twenty-five," the Nazi replied.

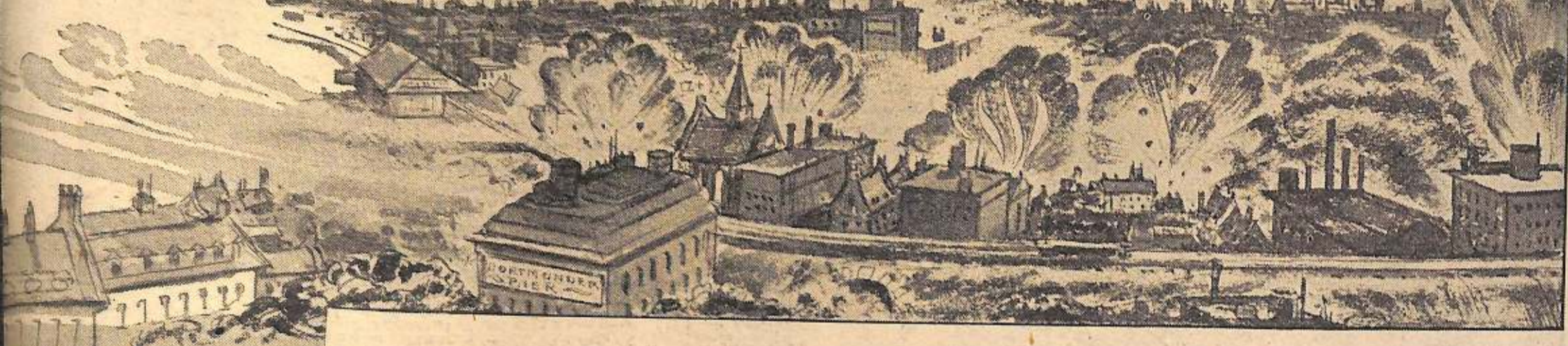
"I'll be damned," the sergeant said to me. "So am I."

"Where did you go to primary school?" the sergeant asked.

The Nazi replied with the name of a school and the sergeant turned and said, "How do you like that—this guy and I are from the same town, same age, and went to the same public school—might have played together as kids. And now look at us; we are enemies and as different as day and night. This is a screwy war."

WOMEN

er's



lieutenant who volunteered the information that he was the battalion adjutant. Lt. Boehme explained their mission to Lt. Cedric Lafley, Enosburg Falls, produced two envelopes, one addressed to the garrison commander and the other to the Mayor of Aachen. The Nazi adjutant received for both.

Exchange Cigarettes

As Lt. Boehme discussed the means of effecting the surrender of the city if the Germans accepted the ultimatum, Lt. Lafley offered the Germans a cigarette. The enemy officers accepted an American cigarette and, in turn offered one of their own to the Americans. The German enlisted men made no move to decline or accept the offer to smoke in the presence of their officers. Pfc Kenneth Kading, La Grange, Ill., the flag bearer, lit a cigarette and smoked democratically with the others.

As the party rose to leave, the Nazi adjutant said, "I believe I speak for the commanding officer when I say we shall do anything on anyhow." The Americans left their four guards and walked back toward the railroad tracks.

"I hope the terms are reasonable," one of the German noncoms remarked soberly. The remainder of the stumbling walk through Aachen's twisting streets was made in silence.

GIs Were Waiting

At the company C.P., a scant hundred men stood up the hill from the underpass, the enemy infantrymen milled around inside the bombed-out building discussing the possibilities of the Germans surrendering.



They cursed the rain and the mud, joked among themselves, wondered and waited. One of the men went down the street and peer down toward the tracks. The rain continued to fall, and the men in the streets got souppier and the mud in the streets got souppier and the men rubbed their chins, sweated and waited. "Them b—s ain't gonna give up," a sergeant drawled. "We'll have to root 'em out of house style. Them b—s!"

No Questions Needed

No questions were asked. The GIs who stood in the halls, turned, flipped their butts into the mud, and plodded down toward the stairs to the basement. "Just like downtown," one of the men muttered.

The message that had been delivered to the commander of the troops within the

city had said, in part, "The city of Aachen now is completely surrounded by American forces who are sufficiently equipped with both air power and artillery to destroy the city if necessary. We shall take the city either by its unconditional surrender or by attacking and destroying it."

Leaflets dropped by our planes during the day told the Germans, "On our airfields our bombers are awaiting final orders to take off. Our artillery surrounding the city is ready. Our troops are alerted for the final advance." The cards were on the table.

Music as Shellfire

Tuesday night as our artillery stepped up its barrage, a German loud-speaker system in the front lines was heard. "If you will stop the shelling we will play some music for you. We regret that we have none of your American swing records." A record was put on the turntable and the strains of a German waltz floated out across the tracks, the report of our big guns in the rear furnishing a

'Bull' in China Shop

You look twice when you see a young girl strolling nonchalantly around less than 200 yards behind the front lines. I looked twice and walked over to the young German girl to ask what her business was. She smiled and said, "I have come because I lived in Aachen-Eerst and I formerly had a shop in Aachen—I am trying to get information about my shop."

"What sort of shop did you have?" I asked as a shell hissed overhead and smashed somewhere in Aachen.

"China and glassware," she answered brightly.

"That's all, sister," I said, walking quickly away.

strange midnight symphony. When our artillery continued to fire, the German at the loudspeaker said, "All right—if that is the kind of music you like, that is the kind of music you shall have." Then the enemy mortars fired a few rounds to the left of our positions. Our guns shelled their positions for the rest of the night.

The Planes Appear

At 10 o'clock with slightly less than an hour left for the Nazis to make their decision to stand and fight or surrender, there was a drone in the distance and soon you could make out the specks in the sky—twelve P47 dive-bombers, buzzing angrily above Aachen, a reminder that the time was growing short. They hovered above the city and were joined by P38's, gliding in graceful turns, awaiting the order to release their bombs.

Rumor, the ever-present hazard to logical thinking in combat swept the area. One story had it that Aachen was surrendering and that white flags flew from almost every building in town. One or two could be seen, but there was no general display of flags of truce. Another infantryman, who claimed to have been down to the underpass a few minutes before, stated that the Germans were beginning to file down to the railroad track and they had agreed to give themselves up in groups of 50. No one knew what to believe and the boys who thought that it would be a soft touch because of what they had "heard," were disappointed.

At 10:50, the time the ultimatum expired, all doubts were dispelled as the P47s peeled off and dived on the target city. They came in at about a 70-degree angle, you could see them strafing and then the two specks which were 500-pound bombs would cut loose and then a minute later there would be the explosion. One later they dropped their cargoes, by one they dropped their cargoes, zoomed away, regrouped and flew off for home and more bombs to drop. One hit

had destroyed a hotel which was plainly visible on a hill the other side of Aachen. "Damn it," one officer said, "I had hopes of having a drink there."

Fires were started all over Aachen—there must have been a dozen large ones. Then an ammunition dump near a bend in the railroad track was hit and began to throw up clouds of dense black smoke. You could hear the crackle of small arms ammunition like a string of firecrackers on the Fourth of July. But this was no holiday.

Every hour while it was daylight the planes continued to swoop in and strike at the city. Between air attacks our artillery, which by now hemmed in the city on three sides, fired a barrage into Aachen that completely hid the city with smoke and dust from the explosions.

From the observation post there was a good view of crossroads near the tracks on the German side of the rail line. A Nazi soldier rounded the corner of the building and talked to someone in the basement of a building, bending low to talk through the windows which were at street level. "Jeez!" one of the men said, "Give me an M-1 and I'll teach that jerk to stroll on the avenue." Someone handed him a rifle. He took careful aim and fired. The bullet kicked up a puff of dust near the German's feet. The Jerry whirled, brandishing his machine pistol, and tried to figure out where the shot had come from. Then someone ordered a mortar shell and it hit about 20 yards from him. He took off around the corner, but fast.

Planes Came Back

Then the planes were back again, swooping and diving in graceful arcs, smashing the city. And as Aachen reeled and shuddered beneath the air assault the artillery began again. The infantrymen, watching the planes come in, grinned, and said, "Go to it you glamor boys!" It's a very snug and warm feeling to see our own air force go to work.

That night eight patrols entered Aachen, crossing the railroad embankment, and disappearing into the rubble and litter that refused to surrender. One patrol penetrated to within 1,000 yards of the center of the city and returned to report no opposition encountered. Only one of the eight patrols drew fire and there were no casualties among our men.

"We'll have a tough time finding a building in that joint which will be upright enough to use as a CP," one sergeant said.

Prisoners Were Groggy

More than 100 German prisoners were taken during the first day of the combined assault on the city. They came limping to the rearward areas, looking like anything but supermen, and plainly happy to be through with the war. Most of them claimed that they would have surrendered but that they were forced to fight on by their officers and the SS troops. "It is all over for us," one Nazi said.

The following day the American troops readied themselves for their part in the final drive to take the city. They moved across the tracks, working in with the tanks and tank destroyers, and occupied the industrial section of the city, bordering the rail line. They encountered scattered opposition. Meanwhile news arrived that the Germans were rushing men and supplies from other areas in a desperate attempt to salvage something of their garrison trapped within a ring of steel thrown around the city.

Prisoners reported that there was little food in Aachen and that the water supply was gone. People were drinking rain water and living like rats in cellars under the barrage.

More than 100 German halftracks which raced toward the city were intercepted by our planes, strafed, and a large percentage destroyed. There were reports that tanks were being brought up to the north of the city. A major armored battle loomed northeast of Aachen.

House-by-house, street-by-street, our troops moved into the heart of Aachen. Men died but many more lived to move on as our forces fanned out within the town. It had taken a month to accomplish this much.

The battle for Aachen set the pattern for all future German cities to fall under

the hammer blow of the American military machine. It showed us just what we may expect within the borders of the Third Reich. Sweat, blood, and bitter, hard fighting.

There is still optimism at home. Some people say the war will be over by Christmas over here and that no snow will fall on the battle of Germany. We hope they

are right, but the men who saw the first of Hitler's condemned cities die don't put much stock in that line of logic.

One doggie, sweating out the weeks before Aachen was entered in force, said, "The way I got it figured I might get home two years from this Christmas if my luck holds out." And he grinned and crossed his fingers.

Backwash of a Battle

THERE was a short driveway running around the side of the two-story farmhouse and around in back there was a large lot. The prisoners and evacuees who had come from Aachen just a few minutes before stood around in small groups, some talking and smiling, others sitting moodily on the grass. And the civilians did not talk to the soldiers.

Every time one of the big American trucks would arrive with a new load of civilians there would be a demonstration that reminded me of a neighborhood picnic with everyone greeting everyone else and laughing and joking. But this was no picnic.

The civilians, almost all of whom were Catholics, professed to have no use for Nazism or Hitler, and said they were happy to be safe and free of the Gestapo terrorists who threatened them with death if they attempted to surrender.

The men were mostly oldsters, wearing stiff white celluloid collars and suits that looked like they came out of the 1928 Sears-Roebuck catalogue. The women were not well dressed—most of them wore no hats but instead had a shawl tied around their hair. Their stockings were cotton and their shoes were square-toed and heavy. They seemed to be working people and they looked far from prosperous. They were all very friendly and cooperative when questioned by the interrogators.

But it was a different story with the soldiers. They were an unkempt, slovenly group of men and certainly a far cry from the superman myth of yesteryear. They all claimed that they wanted to surrender earlier but that they had been forced to continue the fight. They tried hard to be friendly, but the Yanks weren't interested.

The men of the Wehrmacht—about 100 enlisted men and six officers—were something else again. They stayed to one side of the lot, watching the civilians arrive and leave disinterestedly.

Finally the six officers of the Wehrmacht were questioned. The ranking officer, a first lieutenant, was the battalion commander who had refused the ultimatum.

The six officers stood in a tight circle and talked among themselves, paying little attention to either the soldiers or the civilians. They seldom smiled and they had an air of insolence about them. Only one looked more than 21 years of age.

"Did you give yourself up or were you captured?" the interrogator asked.

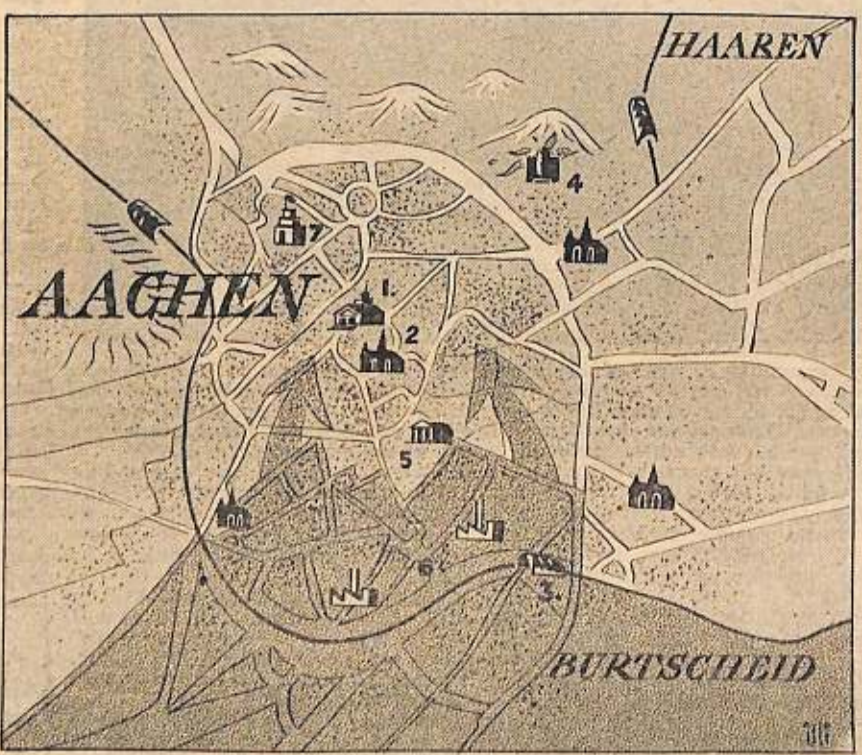
Individually the prisoners and civilians were questioned by the interrogators, who made penciled notes during the interviews and then told the people where to wait to be taken elsewhere. In the case of the soldiers it was a problem of finding out their grades, units, and any other information they might have that would be of value to our commanders in the area.

"A German officer would never give himself up," the Nazi answered.

"You left your garrison to face the music, but you conveniently became a prisoner yourself, knowing the situation was hopeless for you, didn't you?"

"I—I can't answer that question. You may judge for yourself," the lieutenant said.

"That is the pay-off," the interrogator said disgustedly, "and they call themselves officers." It is impossible to feel sorry for men like these. Just talking to them makes you want to wash your mouth with strong soap. You can't feel sorry for them.



RIGOR MORTIS at Aachen. 1, City Hall; 2, Cathedral; 3, Railway Station; 4, Principat Hotel; 5, State Theater; 6, Factory district; and 7, College.

GI JERRY

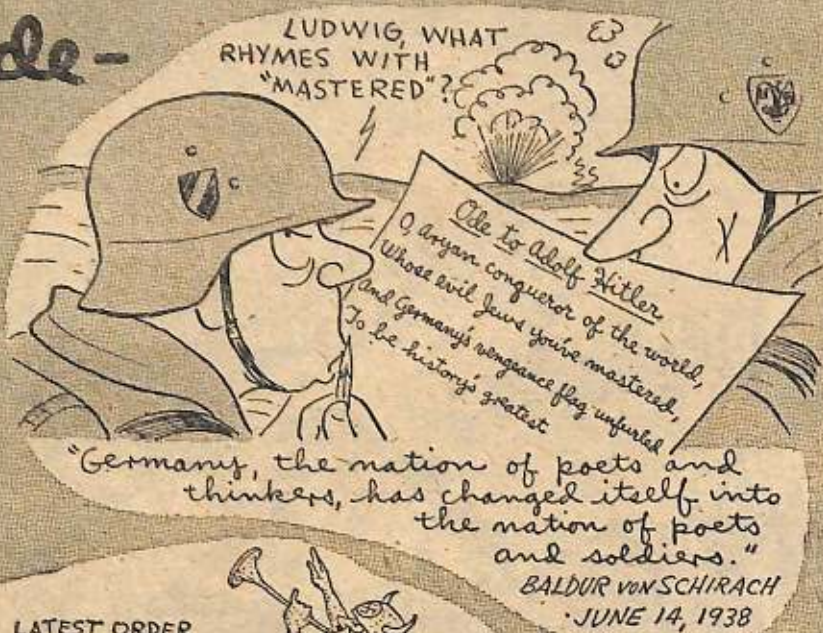
by Lt. Dave Breger

Nazi Guide-Book

Part XVII



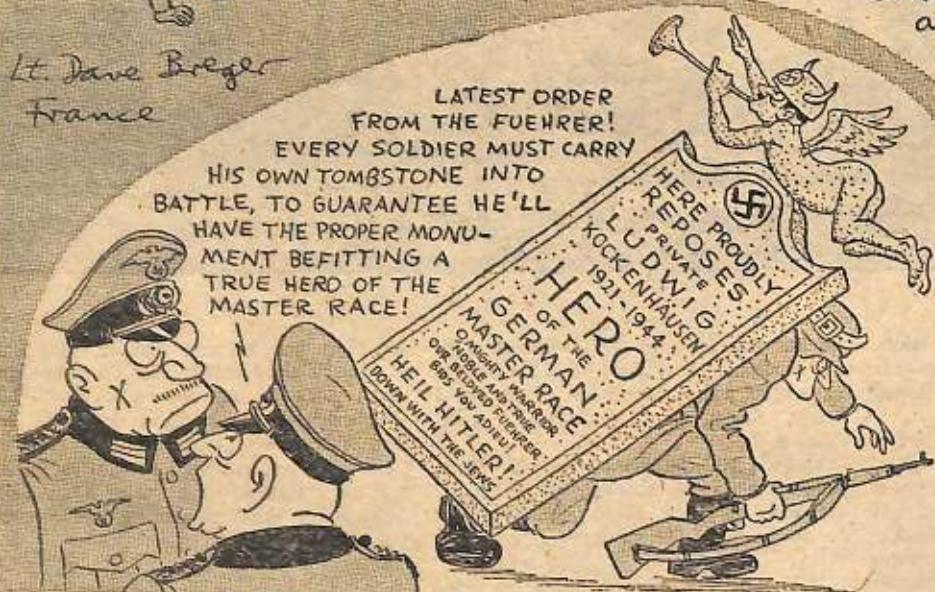
Lt. Dave Breger
France



LUDWIG, WHAT RHYMES WITH "MASTERED"?
"Ode to Adolf Hitler
O, Aryan conqueror of the world,
Whose evil Jews you've mastered,
To be history's greatest
Germany, the nation of poets and thinkers, has changed itself into the nation of poets and soldiers."
BALDUR VON SCHIRACH
JUNE 14, 1938



YOUR EXCELLENCY, WE HAVE DESIGNED THE ONLY SECRET WEAPON WHICH CAN NOW TRANSFORM GERMANY AND THE WORLD INTO SOMETHING BETTER!
"The conviction... to employ even the most brutal weapons is always associated with fanatical faith in the necessity for a new and revolutionary transformation of the world. A movement which does not fight for such high aims and ideals will never have recourse to extreme means."
ADOLF HITLER, "MEIN KAMPE"



LATEST ORDER FROM THE FUEHRER! EVERY SOLDIER MUST CARRY HIS OWN TOMBSTONE INTO BATTLE, TO GUARANTEE HE'LL HAVE THE PROPER MONUMENT BEFITTING A TRUE HERO OF THE MASTER RACE!

"It is repugnant to the heroic man that death on the battlefield should give rise to sorrow and complaint. It should be regarded as the ardently longed for termination of life. We will not stand at the monuments for the war victims and talk about their great sacrifice, but will praise them as happy because their life was allowed to find such a conclusion."
"TRAINING OF GERMAN YOUTH FOR MILITARY SERVICE," 1935



I TELL YOU I KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!
BROTHER, YOU'RE ALL WET! YOU GUYS ARE ALL COCKEYED!
NOW IF YOU'LL JUST LISTEN TO ME! BUT YOU'RE SO GODDAM WRONG!
"As we National Socialists are convinced we are right we cannot tolerate anyone besides us who claims he is right, too. For if he is also right he must be a National Socialist, but if he is no National Socialist he cannot be right."
DR. GOEBBELS, MAR. 19, 1934

Alert Doughboys Live and Learn

By Ralph Harwood

Warweek Combat Correspondent

WITH AN ADVANCE UNIT, Germany, Oct. 27—An American combat unit, looking back on more than four months of tough fighting on the Continent since D-Day, has some worthwhile tips to pass on to those who have yet to face the enemy.

1/Lt. Earle Dooley, of St. Louis, Mo., said:

"The German soldier is tough and can fight, but when I saw the first batch of Hitler Youth run screaming and crying from a flaming pillbox like a bunch of scared cats, I said to myself, 'This Aryan and Superman business is strictly the bunk.'"

1/Lt. John A. Kulp, of Columbus, Ohio, is Dooley's company commander.

On one occasion Kulp's company outmaneuvered two German strong points, killing scores of enemy soldiers and capturing more than 300 others without the loss of a single American life.

Kulp, Dooley, 1/Sgt. Jesse C. Benton, Charleston, S.C., and three of the top-ranking non-coms, T/Sgt. Elbert Baldwin, Orangeburg, S.C., and Sgts. Lowell Kennedy, Richmond, Ind., and Howard Clolinger, Mobile, Ala., agreed that the rules most important to remember when in combat with the Wehrmacht are:

Never Fire at Night

1—Never fire at night except in cases of extreme emergency. You fire at night and you disclose your position. Sgt. Baldwin, with a small patrol, held up a force of more than 300 Nazis at night by holding his fire. Hours later help

arrived and the Nazi force was wiped out.

2—Junior officers and non-coms should be thoroughly familiar with the basic elements of map reading. Lt. Kulp said, "Maps available for the current campaign are very nearly perfect and there is no excuse for mistakes on the part of lead personnel." Lt. Kulp cited several examples of units which became lost or confused due to inability of the leaders to read maps correctly.

Coordination Is Important

3—All men should be marked by their companies for identification at night. This is vital to control of troops in night operations.

4—Officers and non-coms should show leadership in the field. Lt. Kulp said that, contrary to manual instructions, he thinks platoon leaders should front the platoons in combat, with platoon sergeants in the rear. "The men should be made to feel that their officers are perfectly willing to assume the same risks the men are required to take. Then, and only then, can the officers begin their work coordinating the work behind the lines."

5—Men should dig L-shaped trenches which protect the individual against flat-trajectory anti-aircraft fire.

6—Keep moving. Never stand in one spot. Sgt. Benton said that forward movement is good protection against 88 shell fragments.

Scare Stunts Don't Work

7—The Nazi brand of "scare warfare" is well organized, but Lt. Kulp's men soon saw through it. On one occasion Lt. Kulp said, the Nazis tried to scare the men with shouts of "Come out you d—Yankees, and fight!" That was enough of a red flag to the boys in the company, most of whom come from South of the Mason-Dixon line. Speaking of the psychological effect of the "Burr gun" and the "screaming meemie" rocket gun, Lt. Kulp said that after the first encounter these weapons were of little use to the Germans. "Aside from the eerie sound, they aren't especially dangerous to personnel," Kulp said.

8—Many German snipers have copied the Japanese sniper tactics and tie themselves to trees. The roads to Germany were flanked by dead German snipers, hanging in trees, their bodies riddled by Allied rifle fire.

9—Sgt. Kennedy pointed out the dangers in soldiers in the front lines concerning themselves with the bigger

phases of the battle while it is in progress, worrying over the success or failure of the unit. "The soldier on the line should be made to feel confident that the officers and non-coms are holding up their end of the battle efficiently," Sgt. Kennedy said. "It isn't always possible for the leaders to keep the men posted on every movement and plan. It isn't practicable for them to go from foxhole to foxhole drawing maps of the situation."

All men in Lt. Kulp's company agreed that the American GI, after his first fight, is superior to the Nazi fighting man.

Nazi prisoners gave the men a clear-cut picture of the effects of the Nazi psychology. Most of the prisoners were quite willing to give all information asked of them... strength of units, disposition of their buddies and armament. Most of them were very happy to be prisoners and seemed rather disgusted with Hitler at this point.

A few of the Nazis, especially some of the officers, still stuck by Der Fuehrer and the Aryan way of thinking. The Americans were amused at their attitude. One Nazi officer, a colonel, refused to mount a prison truck because it was driven by a "non-Aryan," an American Negro. His "Aryan" psychology took a back seat when an MP showed him a sharp bayonet and "looked mean."

10—The importance of remembering

the basic training days at Benning or Bragg is brought out by this tip:

When on patrol never report back in a group; always send one or two men back to make the report and the others remain to hold the ground.

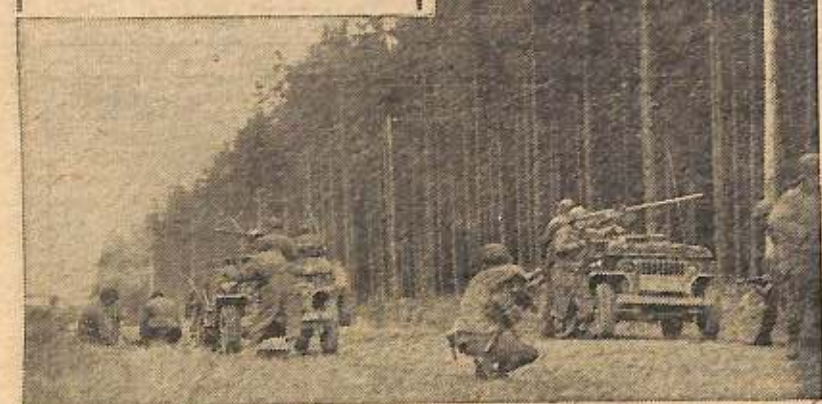
One unit sent a patrol out near Brest to G-2, the situation on a German-held hill. They returned in a group to report that there were no Krauts to be seen, but when the company moved up there were heavy losses—the Nazis had moved up and dug in with their heavy weapons, mortars, and small arms. It wouldn't have happened that way if that patrol had remembered to send back just one or two men to report. Just the way it reads in the manual is usually the best way, Joe.

Cat Calls Are O.K.

Be careful, too, in using bird calls for signals while on patrol. Bird calls are a bad bet because the birds take off when the shooting starts in an area. The Krauts are wise to that, so they'll arrange a hospital stay for you if you get musical. Cat-calls and dog-howls are OK because dogs and cats usually stick around during a battle. But if you do use these, be sure you don't overdo it. The Kraut uses cat-calls a lot, so answer him back with a nice feline meow and when he comes toward you, put it to him with that bayonet—in him it looks good.

More About Litter Interview

(Continued from page 1)



they are scouting an area. If they aren't the Krauts will lie low and wait until you're right on top of them before they open fire. Don't pay any attention to the "burr" gun but look out for mortars."

His voice was almost a whisper. "A lot of the snipers are German officers now—maybe as many as a third of all we captured or killed. I guess they don't trust enlisted men for that any more, they give up when they're left behind."

"Here's the best way to use a platoon—put two squads ahead for the attack, keep the third in support... find out from which flank the enemy is advancing, then attack that flank. Tell them how important it is to keep their own flanks protected and to keep contact with other units."

He was fighting hard to stay awake, but it was a losing battle. Then a thought flashed through his mind, rousing him momentarily. It was not about the war at all, except indirectly, but it revealed the boy in the man's body.

Never once during the conversation had he mentioned his wounds. He hadn't even looked down at the flat blanket on the foot of his stretcher. But he did now—and his voice quavered a little as he spoke.

"I was going to be an architect," he said. "Design homes, that's what I wanted to do—wanted a home myself." There was a wry twist to his mouth. "Well, it's a good thing I didn't want to be a letter carrier."

His eyes closed and his chin dropped on his chest. The Medic touched me on the shoulder and I stood up. Morphine is curious stuff. . . .

It's Here!
The life story of the Axis Kids, Herr Tweedledee and the Honorable Tweedledum. Read the "Jap-German, German-Jap" in today's ARMY TALKS, Oct. 28, 1944.

THE OLD SERGEANT'S CORNER



JOE Ciccone is a private in an Infantry outfit which has been doing some pretty rugged campaigning since D-Day. He and the men in his company have run up against a lot of things that aren't covered in the books. One of them was a cartridge belt that shrinks when it gets wet.

Joe told his troubles in a letter to The Stars and Stripes, which said, in part, "We were trying to take a hill. It had rained all day and as we would walk up the hill we would fall down and get mud all over us."

Wet, muddy and exhausted, Joe and his outfit came under enemy fire as they neared their objective and were ordered to dig in. His letter continues:

"As I got done with my foxhole, I went to get some of my ammunition out of my belt and could not get it out. It seems that every time we get mud on our belt we cannot get the ammunition out."

"Don't you think that our boys fighting should know about this? What would you advise about this?"

Warweek's Old Sergeant agreed thoroughly that Joe had a legitimate beef and passed his letter on to Maj. Gen. Robert M. Littlejohn, Chief Quartermaster. This is the message from the two-star general to the private.

Ciccone's report is the first of its kind

which the Quartermasters have received. They have assigned a captain to contact Ciccone, get full particulars, pick up the defective shrinking belt and issue him a new one.

If investigation reveals any fault in the design or manufacture of the web equipment, recommendations will be made to the office of the Quartermaster General in Washington.

In the meantime, the Old Sergeant appends a hint of his own: This may be construed as wilfully damaging Government property, but it is an emergency measure for extreme circumstances in which men's lives may be at stake.

Hook your belt up a few inches so the bottom of it is about even with the bottom of the field or combat jacket you may be wearing. Then punch holes through the jacket with a bayonet, about even with your lower ribs. That way you can wear your belt UNDER the lower edge of the jacket, where it will be protected, and still wear a combat pack OUTSIDE by passing the suspender straps through the holes.

Once Over Lightly

By Charlie Kiley

NEW YORK, Oct. 27—Whether it's a soldier like Lt. Gen. Hodges, who came through the ranks of the enlisted men or a football coach like Notre Dame's Ed McKeever, who went to college on a freight train with 35 cents in his pocket, there's always an interesting story behind the careers of self-made men.

McKeever, who says he is bossing the Irish gridders on a "rain check," is the wartime replacement for Frank Leahy at South Bend. He is also a personable young man of whom people are asking, "Who is this McKeever guy anyway?"

Back in 1931 McKeever showed up at Notre Dame because he idolized Knute Rockne, but Rock didn't live to have McKeever play for him and the young Texan didn't stay at South Bend long enough to play for anybody else.

Pete Cawthon, presently coaching the Brooklyn Tigers, was the grid mentor at Tech then, and made it possible for McKeever to live in a small room in the gym. For three years Mac sparked Tech to 30 victories in 35 games from the right-half position. So when he was graduated, Ed became one of Cawthon's assistants.

McKeever's connection with Leahy was born during one of Cawthon's coaching clinics in Lubbock, Texas. They hit it off so well that Cawthon was least surprised when Boston College called Leahy and Leahy called McKeever. It was a perfect combination—Leahy, moulder of Fordham's "Seven Blocks of Granite" and McKeever, the brilliant tutor of backs. Later, when Notre Dame beckoned Leahy back to his Alma Mater, Boston offered the head coach job to McKeever, but Ed turned it down to follow "the boss."

McKeever's ability to sell a bill of goods probably dates back to the time of his youth. His mother died when he was 14 and his father was an invalid. To keep the home fires burning Ed sold—of all things—rattlesnake skins. He says it was the most lucrative job he ever had, since the only expense was ten cents now and then for salt to cure the skins. McKeever says he is in on the rain check, but there are several coaches who wish it had never rained in the first place.

It would make a better story to say the Irish can't miss giving their new coach an undefeated season. But despite reports that the South Benders are loaded with what may be school's great teams, it is felt here that their murderous schedule is going to catch up with them.

After tomorrow's "breafter" against once-beaten Illinois, McKeever's men are due to face power-laden Navy, unbeaten Army, weak Northwestern, unbeaten Georgia Tech, which sank the Navy, and once-beaten Great Lakes.

Still, it may be wise to follow the gamblers' longstanding watchword, "Never bet against Joe Louis, the Yankees or Notre Dame."

The Chicago Black Hawks obtained veteran Willie Field and Cokie "Lude" Check from the champion Montreal Canadiens in a last-minute move to strengthen the team for its opening game with the Toronto Maple Leafs Sunday.

Field, 28, was a star defense man for the New York Americans in '41. He recently received a medical discharge from the Army and was placed on the Canadiens' reserve list last week. Check was a star wingman for the Quebec Aces.

SHORT SHOTS: Walker Cooper, Cards' ace catcher, is the best receiver in the major leagues. The statement was made by no less an authority than Connie Mack, of the Athletics, who should know.

The Notre Dame-Navy football game at Baltimore, Nov. 4, will be a complete sellout. Sixty-three thousand one hundred and three tickets have already been purchased.

The Holy Cross football squad lost five players as the result of transfers of Navy V-12 units. They are Jack Nolan, Jack Curran, Fred Angellis, Jack Crowley and Charlie Scanlan.

Coach Howie Scanlan, how-ever, has regained the services of Andy Williams and Gene Spinelli, who had been ineligible.

A scheduled tour of Pittsburgh war plants by S/Sgt. Joe Louis has been cancelled without explanation. Joe was ordered to report back to New York.

Jack Russell and the Marty Ruby, end and tackle of the Randolph Field football team, have signed post-war contracts with the New York club of the All-American Football Conference. Russell is from Baylor University, where he gained an All-Southwest Conference rating in '40.

Ruby west-Conference rating in '40. Ruby played with the Texas Aggies before entering the service.

Putty Overall is beginning to think he has a steady job. He has been coaching Tennessee Polytechnic for 22 years without missing a season.

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

APOs Wanted Pvt. Dorothy E. BATT, Jackson, Mich.; Pfc. Betty Jane CREWS, Rainaldale, Mich.; Pfc. Louis J. VERNON, Canastota, N.Y.; Pfc. George A. KENT, Kingston, N.Y.; Lt. Harry PIPER, Altoona, Pa.; WAC Alice FORSH, Juanita, Pa.; Lt. Warren W. ERNSBERGER, Lt. Edward D. ESPING, W. Lafayette, Ind.; Pfc. MAY, BLACK, Harlingen, Texas; Pvt. HAWKINS, Pfc. Sequin, Texas; S/Sgt. Tommy F. Tillman, Ft. Sam Houston, Texas; S/Sgt. G. AMMELL, Lt. Lynn Gladney, Sgt. John E. GAMMELL, Lt. Lynn E. HEARN, Tulsa, Oklahoma; Capt. Paul TRULOCK, Georgia.

Britain's Soccer Players Taking a Hosing

A recent article by Bill Hewitt, former Chicago Bear end, in the Saturday Evening Post, claiming that professional football players are "the peons of big league sports" in America brought a rebuttal from Steve Owen. Here is the story of what the pros get in Britain written by one of America's best-known sports columnists now in Britain.

By Stanley Woodward

Of the New York Herald Tribune

Soccer is the most popular game in Britain. A crowd of 93,000 turned out for the international match between Scotland and England. Last week we saw 50,000 or more at a regular league match between Arsenal and West Ham United. Having noted the popularity of the sport, we made an examination of its business aspects and discovered that the players are taking a horrible hosing from the management.

Just now regular salaries are out. Practically all of the players are in the service. They play only when they can get a weekend leave. For entertaining fifty or a hundred thousand people, they get two pounds apiece, three pounds for playing in an international match.

In peacetime the maximum amount paid a football player was eight quid a week in the season and six, as a retainer, out of it. The season runs from the last Saturday in August through the first Saturday in May.

The players are required to practice every morning during the season and in most cases make football their only means of livelihood. They are as highly skilled as our baseball players, yet the best they can hope to get out of a year's play is \$1,500.



WOODWARD players, yet the best

Happy Landing, Tipp



Chicago Bear Halfback Tipp Mooney (4) heads for the ground after being bumped in the midst of a tackle aimed at Ted Fritsch (64), Green Bay Packer ball carrier. Green Bay won, 42-28.

He Calls 'Em, She Plays 'Em

'Lady in Red' Hit 110 Show Bets To Run \$500 Stake Up to \$14,000

BOSTON, Oct. 27—The boys finally caught up with the most sought-after number in America yesterday—and a man answered the phone.

The mysterious "Lady in Red," who has had officials at the Rockingham Park race track in Salem, N.H., wincing all season with a system which has been resulting in minus pools, has been identified as Mrs. Denera Mercuri, of Brighton, Mass.



But the payoff is that our no longer mysterious lady friend, who is reported to have wagered about a quarter of a million bucks, says that she never picked a horse in her life but depended on her husband's selections.

Dark-haired Mrs. Mercuri said claims that she bet \$25,000 to win \$2,500 were "highly exaggerated." She insisted that she and her husband never bet higher than ten grand. In other words, they were just playing for pin money.

Her husband (who seems to be the real "mystery" person of the family) explained their winning streak very simply and in cold "figurative" language. He said they started with \$500 two months ago and hit 110 show bets in succession, bringing their bankroll to \$14,000.

"Now I've stopped playing and haven't placed a bet in two weeks," he said. "I didn't have the nerve to buy so much on one horse at the \$100 window."

East Dan Parker of the New York Daily Mirror thinks Army will continue its win streak at the expense of Duke. Brown will stop Dartmouth, Navy will bounce back against Pennsylvania, Yale will be too strong for Rochester, Penn State will whip West Virginia and NYU will trim CCNY.

Midwest Arch Ward of the Chicago Tribune picks Indiana over Iowa, Ohio State to stretch its string against Minnesota, Great Lakes to topple Wisconsin, Missouri to belt Nebraska and Purdue to nose out Michigan by one point, 14-13.

South Jack Troy of the Atlanta Constitution sticks with Georgia over Louisiana State, Georgia Tech to edge Georgia Pre-Flight, Alabama to down Kentucky and Maryland to best Florida.

Southwest Weldon Hart of the Austin American-Statesman likes powerful Randolph Field at the expense of the Third Air Force, Arkansas to smack Mississippi, Tulane to trample Southern Methodist, Oklahoma to beat Texas Christian and Texas to defeat Rice.

West Bill Leiser of the San Francisco Chronicle names California to spank Washington, the El Toro Marines to surprise Fleet City, Southern California to whale Saint Mary's, UCLA as too good for the Coast Guard Sea-Lions and goes out on a limb to stand with Saint Mary's Pre-Flight against the Fourth Air Force.

AFN to Air Army-Duke Tilt A complete play-by-play account of the Army-Duke football game will be aired on the American Forces Network, starting at 6.45. This will be tonight, starting at 6.45. This will be the third football broadcast carried by AFN during the '44 season.

An organization called the Football Association runs the game and cooperates with the Football League in administering the player relations. The players themselves have a union, but it is weak, devoid of cash and generally ineffectual.

The union now is murmuring that the boys should get nine pounds after the war and some smarty in the operating end of the business has countered with the proposal that they be allowed to take other jobs to supplement their incomes. The League, however, doesn't wholly like this plan unless the players can get jobs which will permit them to be available for all games and all training sessions.

Players are bound to their clubs just as are our baseball players, and contracts are frequently sold by one club to another. The highest price ever paid was 23,000 pounds or \$93,840. Alex. James, one of the game's greatest players who is now an anti-aircraft gunner, was sold for \$60,000, of which he got nothing.

Special Games for Players

Occasionally a club will give a "day" for a prominent player who has started to fade. In other words, it will have a game and give him some of the receipts. This is rare, however, and the associations seem to frown on the practice.

They frown on almost all other methods of getting supplementary money, such as writing for the papers, endorsing products, etc. They also are doing everything to discourage English players now in service from going to Scotland to play occasional games. This is a hard blow to the boys, for Scotland has no salary limit and Stanley Matthews, the greatest player in England, is reported to have been paid 50 quid for a game in Edinburgh. Imagine it, \$200.

In 25 years of sports writing, this department never has discovered an athlete who is kicked around as badly as the English football player. But he seems to be a docile individual and no doubt will go on taking it.

Ed Barrow Stymies Sale Of Yankees to McPhail

NEW YORK, Oct. 27—The Yankees are still on the market, but not as far as Lt. Col. Larry McPhail is concerned. Ed Barrow, president of the club, made this clear yesterday in an interview with Dan Daniel of the New York World-Telegram, hinting that there is a new bidder in the picture and one who has Barrow's wholehearted support.

McPhail has written several letters to Barrow recently, but has not been given any answer. Larry assured Cousin Ed that if the syndicate of McPhail, Dan Topping and John Hertz obtained control of the club, Barrow would remain at the helm.

This doesn't make sense to those who know McPhail. Larry would never be happy with anyone but himself running the ball club. And this Cousin Ed well knows. "McPhail's ideas of baseball management and my own don't jibe," said Barrow before he left for a vacation on Tom Yawkey's plantation at Georgetown, S.C.

Holdes Reins

"I am the only legal surviving trustee of the New York club, and in a position to stop the sale to any man I don't want as the new owner. I am not sympathetic toward McPhail's effort to buy the Yankees.

"I have given a lifetime of years and effort to the New York club. I think I should be allowed to pick the sort of owner I want."

Barrow explained that while the Yanks were still for sale they no longer had to be sold. The '44 season, with 789,995 paid admissions at home and 891,636 on the road, made the season a profitable one for the Bronx Bombers. A year ago, when baseball's immediate future was doubtful and Selective Service threatened to sweep the entire roster, it looked as though the Yankees might figure in a forced sale. Only one of three major stockholders was desirous of retaining the property. Now, however, all three have intimated it would take a very high bid to make them part with the Yanks.

Drumbeaters Hit Rose Bowl Rhythm For So. California

LOS ANGELES, Oct. 27—The Rose Bowl is a long way off, but invitations are already being touted for Southern California. The Trojans have a good (pronounced brilliant under California skies) record thus far and no doubt will continue to mop up all Pacific Coast opposition.

They have yet to lose a Pacific Conference game, though they have won only one. UCLA tied them, 13-13, while California held them even, 6-6. California beat UCLA, 6-0.

Nobody thought much about it when the Trojans whipped Saint Mary's Pre-Flight until the Pre-Flighters soundly trounced UCLA. And the way Southern Cal thumped Washington Monday, 38-7, stamps them as the best club on the coast.

Frank Marcella to Ref Opening Bouts at Rainbow

Tuesday night's opening fights at Rainbow Corner will be refereed by Cpl. Frank Marcella, who has been the third man in the ring for approximately 100 bouts since hitting the UK and has travelled with both the Joe Louis and Billy Conn troupes.

Marcella hails from St. Albans, L.I., and previous to joining up was employed at Stillman's Gym in New York as a trainer and referee.

Frosh, 4-Fs Packing Them In As Grid Gates Top '43 Figure

NEW YORK, Oct. 27—Practically every college football team in the country is weighted down with a number of kids so young that they go to barber shops only for hair cuts and the latest neighborhood gossip, but the way they are coming through on the gridiron and the intensity of the competition is turning the turnstiles at an increased pace over last year in every section of the country except the east and midwest.

A check of attendance by the United Press of 39 key schools throughout the nation revealed that their games thus far have attracted 1,799,996 spectators, for an increase of 66,251 over 1943.

The Rocky Mountain, Pacific Coast, south and southwest areas all showed gains, with the Rockies making the biggest percentage of increase and the south coming up with the largest actual number of additional fans.

Gasoline rationing is blamed for the biggest decline in the midwest, while the east is only slightly behind last year, possibly because their football teams aren't quite as spectacular as they should be.

Dick Tracy

By Courtesy of Chicago Tribune



By Chester Gould

Li'l Abner

By Courtesy of United Features



By Al Capp

Life In Those United States

AFL Slate Threatens War Labor Board Unity

WASHINGTON, Oct. 27 (AP)—A new rift in the nine-year-old AFL-CIO rivalry developed today on the War Labor Board...

Board Chairman William H. Davis said that if the AFL men refused to sit in on the wage cases, "We'll simply proceed with four CIO members."

The tripartite board, including business and government representatives, had voted, with the labor men dissenting, to start discussions next Tuesday on a report to the President on demands of CIO unions for paid vacations...

CAPITAL SIDESHOW: The Bureau of Mines disclosed that for the ninth consecutive year Texas led all other states in mineral production...

The Navy in a series of announcements said: 1—Seventeen vessels were lost during the operations of northern France; 2—The American Fleet now consists of more than 1,155 combatant ships...

Hedy to Be a Mama

HOLLYWOOD, Oct. 27 (Reuter)—Film star Hedy LaMarr disclosed yesterday that she expected to become a mother next June.



HEDY LAMARR screen and now a Navy captain.

Dodge Wedding Goes Through

DENVER, Oct. 27 (ANS)—Cpl. Horace Dodge III, heir to the Dodge motor fortune, and Margery Gehman, of Buffalo, N.Y., were married here last night.

A \$300 Cooked Goose

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 27 (ANS)—Anthony Jueicks was certain that nobody would ever look in the old kitchen stove where he hid \$300.

'Holding Up' Their End in France



U.S. Army Signal Corps photo

Eyes deceiving you? Those GIs aren't holding that truck up, Atlas-style, but a mobile derrick, in background, is. Standing ankle-deep in French mud, they're ordnance men helping keep the trucks rolling with supplies destined for Yanks in Germany.

Pacific - - -

(Continued from page 1)

ye," he admitted. But, he added, two things are clear: the Japanese failed in the effort to knock out Gen. Douglas MacArthur's invasion force...

Vice Adm. Thomas C. Kincaid, Seventh Fleet commander, told correspondents at Leyte that it was "a complete naval victory" that had "brought us that much closer to the end of the war."

On Leyte, MacArthur announced, the U.S. 10th and 27th Army Corps had linked up and enlarged the bridgehead to 40 miles, winning control of "the entire eastern coastal sector from the north end of San Juanico strait to Dulag."

It also confirmed an Australian report that cavalry units had leaped across San Juanico straits to 110-mile-long Samar island by announcing the defeat of a small enemy counter-attack there.

Before the Japanese fleet was routed one Japanese task force came perilously close to the invasion beaches on Leyte. A delayed report revealed yesterday. It said enemy vessels actually succeeded in getting into Leyte bay and attacking MacArthur's supply ships before Allied warships rushed up and forced the Japanese to flee.

Adder Wore No Bobby Sox, but 'Swooned' for Bing

HOLLYWOOD, Oct. 27 (ANS)—Sinatra may make the gals swoon, but Bing Crosby has a way with snakes in New Guinea, Lt. Col. Earle Thornton Jr. wrote Bing this week, thanking him for saving his life with crooning.

"Several nights ago I was sitting in my tent listening to one of your programs and got up and left for a few minutes," Thornton said. "On returning, I raised my foot to step into the tent, but suddenly became paralyzed, for right where I was going to place my foot there was a four-foot death adder."

"He was in a coil and had his head slightly raised and was facing the radio as if he were listening. There we were. The snake hypnotized and me paralyzed."

"Finally I jerked away and borrowed a machete from another tent and whacked him in two. Imagine—the whole thing lasted three or four minutes and in all that time that snake evidently hadn't moved a muscle. So the next time they throw Sinatra up to you, tell them, 'Hell, I even hypnotize snakes ten thousand miles away.'"



BING CROSBY

Five Hurt in Blast

DENVER, Oct. 27 (ANS)—Five persons were injured, one critically, when a section of paving was blown up by an explosion of accumulated gas at West Second Ave. and Federal Blvd.

Snow in Gotham

NEW YORK, Oct. 27—The big town had its first snow of the season today, accompanied by a strong wind and rain. The snow, however, melted as soon as it hit the ground.

15-Cent Cuppa Java Scalds the Judge's Temper

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 27 (ANS)—U.S. District Judge George A. Welsh tossed a warning from his bench today that, unless something was done about it, the U.S. was going to have to go on a reducing diet or go broke.

What got the Judge's dander up were the tiny portions and the top prices the restaurants are dishing out these days.

One restaurant, he said tried to charge him 15 cents for a cup of coffee. He sent it back. Another place charged him 35 cents for a scoop of ice cream "no bigger than a black walnut."

The Judge is doing what he can to keep the situation from developing into a "national problem." He slapped an injunction today on a restaurant owner accused of price violations.

The Dreamer

FORT WAYNE, Ind., Oct. 27 (ANS)

Paul Parkins automobile was parked right under his bedroom window when a thief decided to pick it up. He dug it out of the mud, and then drove off with the exhaust roaring through a defective muffler. Through all the noise, Parkins slept soundly.



The Cook Goes Hungry

SPOKANE, Wash., Oct. 27 (ANS)

Capt. Dan Hutchins, who has charge of regional air priorities in the San Francisco area, was stranded here yesterday because the "air is full of travelers who outrank me."

Plan Fuel Research Lab

BRUCETON, Pa., Oct. 27 (ANS)—The Federal Bureau of Mines is readying plans to erect the most modern synthetic-liquid fuels research and development laboratory in the world here, Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes announced.

Thank God For That Little

ODT Sees Little Difference Between Men and Women

WASHINGTON, Oct. 27 (ANS)—Making it official, the Office of Defense Transportation stated flatly today: "there are few basic differences between men and women."

"Women are not just small men," ODT explained in a bulletin entitled "Practical Hints to Employers of Women with Special Reference to Transportation."

For any employer—and others—who hadn't noticed, the publication elucidated: "the average woman differs from the average man in certain physical, psychological and experience factors which have a direct bearing upon her ability to learn and to perform certain jobs."

There are 15 special points of difference between sexes which must be considered from an employment standpoint, the Bureau decided. For instance:

"The elbow and knee are constructed differently in women. This partially accounts for their tendency to grasp tools differently from men and to be less steady on their feet."

Plunging boldly into generalizations on woman's psychology, ODT advised "everything she says should be taken seriously."

ODT also thinks most women are handicapped in the man's world because they never got to play with mechanical toys, mow lawns or drive delivery wagons. On the other hand, their familiarity with sewing and other delicate tasks has given them superior manual dexterity.

The bulletin further advises women to wear long underwear when working outdoors in the winter and concludes with the suggestion: "Lift with your mouth open."

USSTAF Bombing Lauded By RAF Squadron Leader

The "predominant part" played by the U.S. Strategic Air Forces—the Eighth and 15th—in the campaign against Germany's oil resources was lauded recently in an analysis broadcast over the BBC by John Strachey, an RAF squadron leader.

He said that the first task of the Fortresses and Liberators before they could go for oil or anything else was to strike down the rising defensive power of the German air force itself.

The bombing of Nazi aircraft factories reached its peak the latter part of February when in one week USSTAF heavies pounded "almost every one of the basic German fighter assembly plants."

In April, a sustained and concerted attack on Hitler's oil resources began.

Strachey singled out the British-based Eighth Air Force for its bombing of synthetic oil plants around Luena, Brux and Politz in central Germany. In the case of the 15th, based in Italy, he said, "We now know exactly what they achieved, for when the Russian troops entered Ploesti and so captured the Rumanian refineries they found that the output of Rumanian oil had been reduced to under a quarter of what it had been four months before."

Meanwhile, photographs made by later formations in the Eighth's attack last Wednesday on oil refineries at Hamburg, Germany, showed smoke billowing up more than 8,000 feet through the cloud layer. Adverse weather grounded the Eighth heavies yesterday.

8th Gains 2 Miles In Rain and Wind

Allied forces in Italy fought through heavy rains and winds of gale force yesterday, Eighth Army units pushing ahead two miles in the Adriatic sector and troops of the Fifth Army south of Bologna making bitterly-contested local advances.

American troops at Mont Belmonte threw back a heavy counter-attack, launched with all the artillery support the Germans could muster. Bad weather made it necessary, in one Fifth Army sector, to transport supplies five miles by jeep, five by mule and the last four on foot.

Japs Say Surprise Raid Bags 57 Super-Forts

A Japanese communique claimed yesterday that 57 Super-Fortresses were put out of action during a surprise raid Thursday night on American airfields near Chungchu, in Szechuan province of China, the Associated Press stated.

DeGaulle Plays Ball With Franco

PARIS, Oct. 27 (AP)—The deGaulle government is clearing the way to diplomatic relations with Franco's government in Spain by restricting Republican activities along the border, Quai D'Orsay officials revealed today.

Republicans who seized 10 Spanish Consulates in Southern France—largely through PFI compliance—are being ousted and the consulates are being held by French officials for eventual return to Spanish consuls.

Spanish Republicans in France, estimated at 40,000, will be placed under League of Nations "political refugee" status.

Two More in a Growing Line



USAAF Air Transport Command Headquarters personnel are boosting brown-eyed, brown-haired, demure Sgt. Dorothy Bailey, of Winchester, Ky. (left), as the prettiest WAC in the U.K. She's five feet five, weighs 111 and is single. The AG section of ASC, USSTAF, submitted this photo of Cpl. Regina Lumpkin, of Richmond, Va. (right), for The Stars and Stripes contest, but failed to include vital statistics, so you'll have to judge for yourself.

Terry and the Pirates

By Courtesy of News Syndicate

By Milton Caniff

