



# THE STARS AND STRIPES

Daily Newspaper of U.S. Armed Forces

in the European Theater of Operations



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Thursday, Dec. 16, 1943

## Ice Cream, Sodas Soon In the ETO

### PX Importing Fountains, Freezers, Ingredients For Many Units

By Arthur W. White  
Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

Ice cream, sodas and the kindred concoctions that are as much an institution to the American as tea is to the Briton soon will be available to many units of the U.S. Army in the U.K., the Army Exchange Service disclosed yesterday.

An imposing number of soda fountains, ice cream freezers, "coke-dispensing" machines and the necessary ingredients are expected to arrive soon and will be installed in a long list of PXs selected by Army authorities for a variety of reasons. The actual number will not be released, however, until all are installed.

News of the impending revolution in PX facilities here was withheld until the equipment, ordered in October, actually got moving in this direction, PX officers explained.

#### And That Ain't All

The announcement disclosed also that enough one-pound boxes of chocolates will be available here to provide each soldier with one box at Christmas, and that soon the PXs will be selling abbreviated lightweight editions of many more popular magazines.

The fountain equipment, PX officers said, will be comparable to the best used in drug stores at home, and arrangements have been made to send six civilian technicians to help install the machines and instruct GI or civilian soda-jerkers in their use.

The ice cream will be made in PXs from a concentrated mix which will be sent from the U.S.

Some men (it was understated yesterday) may conceivably want more than one soda at a sitting, so a system of rationing probably will have to be introduced. An official said a survey showed that in many cases American servicemen prefer "drug-store drinks" to beer.

Coca-cola and Pepsi-cola soon will be served to soldiers at permanent bases in glasses from latest-type dispensing units which will be filled from barrels shipped from the U.S. Bottled coke, manufactured in Britain, still will be served to most units, however.

Although kinks still have to be ironed out of the program, he added that arrangements should go smoothly from now on, and that ETO soldiers should soon be seeing their favorite mirages from eating distance. The big worry has been sweating out the dispatch of the machines from the U.S.

The announcement about the candy said there would be enough to provide every man with one one-pound box. An official added, however, that if some soldiers don't get any by Dec. 25 that is no reason for complaint because some consignments may be slightly delayed.

Two qualities will be on sale, one priced at 5s. 8d. the other at 3s. 9d. Ration (Continued on page 4)

## U.S. Troops Asked For More Bananas For Sick Children

Another appeal for bananas—to help save the lives of nine British children suffering from the rare disease, coeliac—was made to U.S. servicemen through The Stars and Stripes yesterday.

The surplus of fresh and dehydrated bananas contributed by U.S. soldiers and sailors in November, when they answered appeals to aid two children, has nearly been exhausted, a British Red Cross representative said yesterday, and the number of coeliac-stricken children has since increased to nine.

Fifty bananas weekly will be needed for at least three weeks, until the British Ministry of Food can arrange a steady supply, according to the British Red Cross. Bananas are essential to the diet of the nine children. Because of their rare illness, they can derive no nourishment from ordinary fats.

Any contributions should be sent to the British Red Cross, 43 Belgrave Sq., London, SW1.

## Germans Unveil Pictures Of a New Flame-Thrower

The German press yesterday published its first pictures of a new flame-thrower, specially designed as an anti-tank weapon.

According to German radio, its particularly fierce heat melts the armor plating of even the heaviest tank models. It was said to be in use in Russia.

## 'I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas'



Hubert After He Heard Ice Cream Was ETO-Bound  
A Mild and Bitter Jerk Now Will Get a Soda.

## PXs to Sell 'Target: Germany'; Book Tells 8th Air Force Story

"Target: Germany," the official story of Eighth Bomber Command's first year of war against Hitler's European fortress, will be placed on sale in PXs in the ETO within two or three weeks, it was learned yesterday.

The book—hailed by high Air Force officers and the press as a magnificent picture of the part American bombers are playing in knocking Germany out of the war—has been published in New York, and a limited number of copies are being shipped here. In addition, the British Government is making arrangements to publish a large number of copies, possibly half a million, for public sale.

The book will sell in the PX for 2s. 6d., or may be sent home for 3s. Royalties will be turned over to the Army Air Forces Aid Society.

Besides giving the American people the first comprehensive picture of the Eighth Air Force's work, and of what the fliers go through on their missions, the book also portrays clearly the importance of each ground and combat man's job in the offensive.

In addition, "Target: Germany" lifts the veil of secrecy from several fascinating chapters of America's war history in the European theater.

It reveals the fact that Lt. Gen. Ira C. Eaker, the Eighth's commanding general, made a flying trip to Casablanca while the Roosevelt-Churchill conference was on last January and "sold" the war council on the continuation of daylight bombing of specific targets.

Up to that time the work of the Eighth had been to a great extent experimental in nature, and there was some question, the book reveals, as to whether the then comparatively small American force should be incorporated in the RAF's night efforts.

Gen. Eaker was handed a set of questions. In answer, he gave seven carefully reasoned arguments—and as a result the Eighth Air Force carried on its daylight missions to the present huge-scale operations. The seven points were:

1—Day bombing permitted destruction of relatively small targets like individual plants and factories that could not be found, seen or hit at night.

2—Day bombing, being much more accurate than night-bombing, meant that a smaller force could destroy a given target. This economy, in turn, would mean that eventually simultaneous attacks could be made on several targets, splitting enemy defenses and reducing losses.

3—Day bombing, or the threat of it, kept enemy defenses alerted 24 hours a day.

(Continued on page 2)

## Montreal Police, Firemen Gain Demands after Strike

MONTREAL, Dec. 15—A 12-hour strike of police, firemen and public works employees ended early today as city officials agreed to recognize the Canadian Congress of Labor as the collective bargaining agent for city employees.

Municipal workers walked out as a cold wave sent the temperature below zero. Both the police and firemen set up squads to work in case of an emergency.

## Biggest Air Assault Rocks Balkan Bases; Eighth Army Gains

### New England Shivers; 20 Below at Bangor, Me.

BOSTON, Dec. 15—The weather Bureau today sent out a warning that the cold wave which has lasted for several days shows no signs of letting up for the last 24 hours.

The temperature hit 20 degrees below zero in Bangor, Maine, and hovered around zero in communities further to the south. In all sections of New England, 15 deaths from the cold were recorded.

## Germans Begin New Attacks 60 Miles From Kiev

### Russians Forced To Quit One Town; Soviets Gain In Dnieper Bend

Fresh German attacks, made with the largest force the Nazis have mustered at any one point since they launched their counter-offensive against the Kiev salient, are being made less than 60 miles west of Kiev, dispatches from Moscow said last night.

Main center of the renewed Nazi drive, which previously had been halted, is south and southwest of Malin, the town on the Kiev-Korosten railway 10 miles west of the Teteriv River.

(The Germans claimed yesterday they have reached the Teteriv on a broad front.)

The Germans began their new drive with 150 tanks and four infantry regiments, and were attacking in the Radomisl area. Radomisl itself, whose evacuation already has been announced by the Russians, lies on the banks of the Teteriv some 20 miles south of Malin.

New tactics were being employed by the Nazis. Moscow said that German panzers were being "dug in" so that only their turrets showed, and that these helped to balk Russian counter-attacks. Small tank units were said to be advancing by night, off the roads, while similar units were being sent out by the Nazis to decoy major Russian tank forces into the field of fire of the buried German tanks.

Meanwhile, heavy battles continued in the Dnieper Bend, with the Germans being forced steadily back. Southwest of Cherkassy, Red Army units were approaching Smyela, an important road and rail junction 30 miles from the Dnieper.

There was no word from Moscow on the progress of fighting near Kirovograd. Berlin said that fierce fighting continued in the Nevel sector of White Russia, while the Germans told of a new and heavy Russian assault near Zhlobin, farther south. Berlin also admitted a penetration of German lines after an attack by Red troops near Leningrad, the first land fighting reported from this sector in some time.

## 300 Planes Strike Four Airfields And a Port

More than 300 bombers and fighters of the 15th Air Force, striking the greatest Allied air blow yet delivered in the Balkans, hammered four Luftwaffe fields near Athens and the port of Piraeus Tuesday, coincident with fresh British gains in southern Italy which brought the Eighth Army within six miles of Ortona, on the Adriatic.

The new large-scale air attacks, marking the first time that four targets in Greece were hit simultaneously, far overshadowed last summer's 177 Liberator assault on the Ploesti oilfields, which until Tuesday was the heaviest attack struck in the Balkans.

The 300-plane strength of the raiding force bore out Lt. Gen. Henry H. Arnold's assertion a few days earlier that Germany and her satellites in the Balkans, Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria, were in for "terrible blows" from the air this winter.

#### 12 Fighters Shot Down

The bombers hammered Eleusis, Kalamakis and Tatoli airfields, all just outside Athens, and Piraeus harbor, which was almost totally destroyed during the German invasion of Greece in 1941. Twelve of 35 Nazi fighters which came up to intercept the Fortresses, Liberators and Lightnings were shot down. Three additional enemy planes were destroyed in other operations, for the loss of five Allied ships during the day.

On the southern Italian front, the Eighth Army widened its bridgehead across the Moro river to one mile in depth and five miles in length, in spite of tenacious German resistance and stubborn counter-attacks with tanks. Canadians and Indians, spearheading a fresh attack, drove into Caldari, six miles from Ortona, taking more than 200 prisoners.

In a surprise night raid Sunday on the village of Berarti, two miles from Ortona, the Canadians caught the Nazis off guard, captured the commanding officer of a battalion of the 361st Panzer Grenadiers regiment along with his adjutant, four other officers and 140 men. After killing many others, they withdrew with captured equipment.

Action on the Fifth Army front was limited to artillery and mortar exchanges and patrol clashes near Venafro. In this sector a captured German said his commanding officer had told him they were fighting "tough wild men from Texas."

#### Luftwaffe in Action Again

ALGIERS, Dec. 15 (AP)—NBC reported that the Germans yesterday sent 100 fighter-bombers over the Fifth Army's positions. It was the greatest force since they attempted to fight off the Salerno landings.

## Draft Data Stolen By a Wife to Keep Hubby a Civilian

YONKERS, N.Y., Dec. 15—Mrs. Carmela Topazio, an assistant chief clerk in a draft board, admitted, according to the FBI, that she had destroyed the draft records of her husband three times so that she could keep him out of the Army.

Mrs. Topazio, 26, married her childhood sweetheart, Joseph J. Topazio, 24, last month.

According to the FBI, Mrs. Topazio also admitted stealing the draft records of her brother-in-law, Vincent Rubeo, 22, from another draft board in the same building. The FBI said that because his draft records kept disappearing Topazio stayed out of the Army for a year and a half.

Topazio now is in I-A, while Rubeo is appealing a similar classification.

## Appointment of Marshall Seen When FDR Returns

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15 (UP)—The forthcoming return of President Roosevelt is expected to bring with it the formal announcement of the appointment of Gen. George C. Marshall as commander-in-chief for the Allied attack on western Europe.

It is thought that he will retain his post as chief of staff, but his duties will be taken over by Lt. Gen. Joseph T. McNarney, now deputy chief of staff, who would thus become acting chief.

## Lone Infantry Private Peels Off \$7,400 for a \$10,000 War Bond

Three enlisted men have just booted the ETO war bond score nearly sky-high by investing a total of \$9,300—more than two-thirds of it contributed by a private—in war bonds.

Pvt. Charles McCarthy, of New York, an infantryman who is now a patient at a station hospital, signed over \$7,400 in the awed presence of his company commander, Capt. Charles R. Stineburg, of Indianapolis, and thereby became the owner of a \$10,000 bond.

There was no official explanation of how Pvt. McCarthy came into possession of such a sizeable sum, but his colleagues intimated somewhat sadly that luck had had something to do with it.

Members of the hospital personnel section thought they'd hit a snag when they saw that under the Series E war bond plan the maximum bond an individual soldier can buy in his own name is \$5,000. When they told McCarthy, they said, "his face fell a mile."

Then T/4 Leslie Kinser, of Springfield, Mo., dug into the Series F plan, customarily used for purchase with unit

or company funds, and came up with the clause that an individual soldier can purchase a bond as big as \$100,000 in his own name. McCarthy's face recovered.

T/Sgt. Frank T. Mihalisko, of Amasa, Mich., line chief at a bomber station, laid \$1,150 on the line to purchase a \$1,500 bond at his station. An eight-year veteran in the air corps, Mihalisko saved the money by putting away each month a certain amount of his pay besides his allotment.

Sgt. Frank A. Beutz, of Harrisburg, Pa., peeled off \$750 in pound notes at war bond headquarters of a USAAF station, purchased a \$1,000 bond, and astonished the headquarters by still having a sizeable amount of money left.

A lot more money has been pouring into war bonds here, according to Capt. Irvey C. Ownbey, of Oklahoma City, assistant ETO war bond officer, since a new ETO directive stated on Nov. 12: "Uninvested cash assets of unit or company funds, except hospital funds, not actually needed for current operations, will be invested in United States War Bonds, Series F."

# 'Target: Germany', a Page of History

## THE STARS AND STRIPES

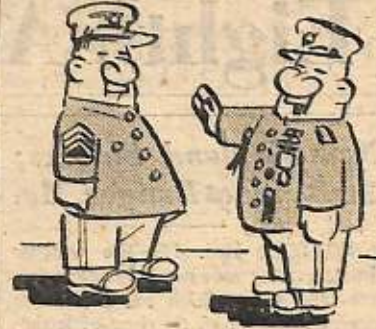
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## Hash Marks

Then there was the conscientious supply sergeant who remarked to the new recruit, "If, by the way, the pants and blouse happen to fit properly, come back and get them changed here."

Our spy on the home front sends word of a fate worse than death, maybe. In Columbia, S. C., a man was caught stealing stamps. The judge sentenced him to write, "It is wrong to steal," 5,000 times—with a post office pen!

Dusting off our file of the oldest jokes we have on hand, we found this one. A soldier and a marine were bragging about their respective outfits. Said the GI,



"When we presented arms, all you could hear was slap, slap, click." The marine replied casually, "With us it was slap, slap, jingle." "Yeah," asked the fall guy, "What was the jingle?" "Our medals," snapped the marine, as he reached for another lager.

A PX officer asked one of the sweet young clerks, "I notice that sergeant who spent so much time at your counter went away without buying anything. What did he want to see?" "Me—at 8 o'clock," replied the sweet young thing coyly.

Next time you're on KP try this on your mess sergeant. Scientists say that when you peel a potato you throw away valuable vitamins and minerals.

What a difference a little time makes! The big fellow in the line of men entering the draft induction center carelessly tossed a cigaret butt on the floor. When an undersized MP standing by said,



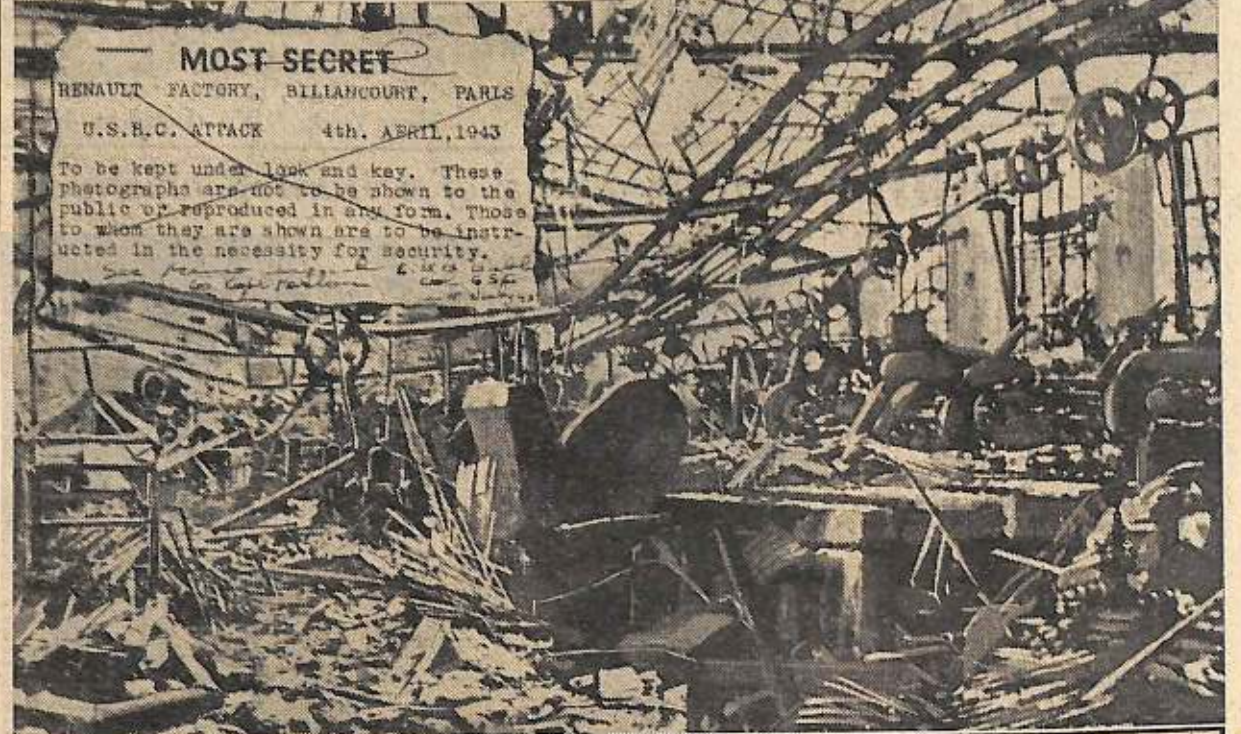
"Pick it up," the big guy leered, "Pick it up yourself; I ain't in the army yet." On the way out the same big fellow (now in olive drab) met the same undersized MP. "Pick it up," said the little guy. The big guy did.

At least one CO we know of is toying with the idea of making his men eat more carrots, or something. A GI in the leading truck of a blacked-out convoy flipped a lighted cigaret butt out of the window. Mistaking it for the trucks tail light, the driver of the vehicle next in line turned down the side road where the burning fag fell. The entire convoy followed.

Famous Last Words (in the ETO): "I'll get my flashlight fixed tomorrow. It won't be too dark tonight."

Come to think of it, it's too bad the Army didn't get swooner-crooner Frank Sinatra. We'd liked to have heard his version of "As Time Goes By" while peeling a bucket of spuds.

J. C. W.



Out of the secret files comes this picture showing what American heavy bombers did to the important Renault tank and truck factory in the suburbs of Paris last Apr. 4. This used to be the machine shop.

## New Book Reveals Full Story of U.S. Bombing

(Continued from page 1)

day, with the consequent loss of man-hours in production.  
 4—Day bombing would reduce congestion in airdromes, air space and communications in the U.K. As the aerial space of both the RAF and USAAF continued to grow, problems arising from such congestion would become more and more acute.

5—The combat crews of the Eighth Bomber Command were not equipped or trained for the totally different technique of night bombing. Switching them over would involve a long training period at a time when delay was unthinkable. The losses from crashes during the transition period would probably exceed losses from enemy action.

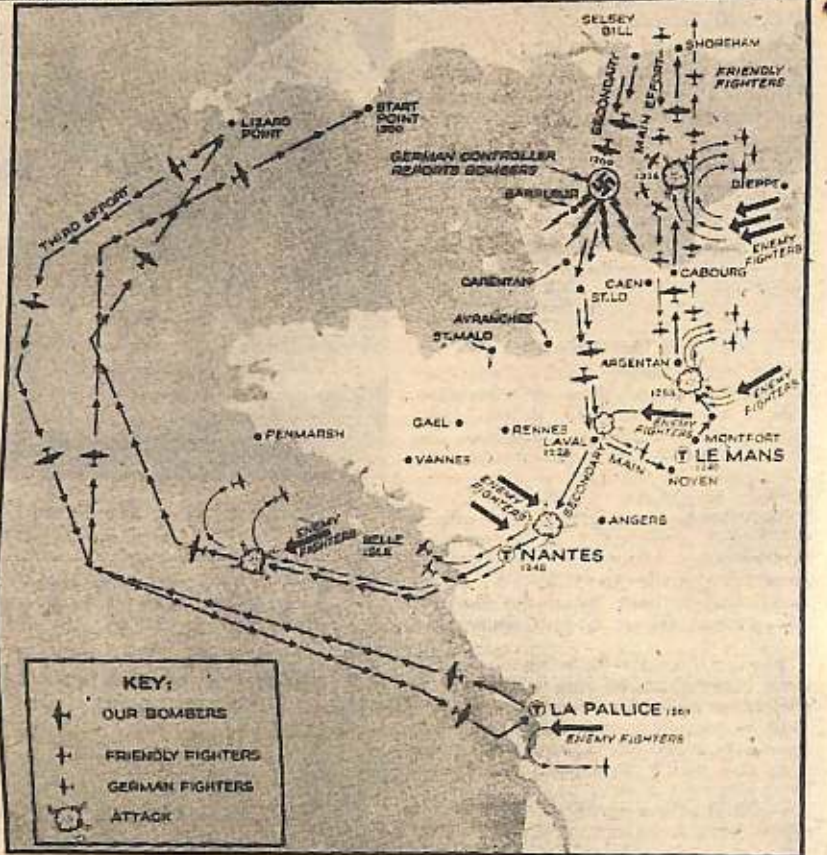
6—Day bombing imposed a serious strain on the fighter strength of the Luftwaffe. The number of enemy fighters destroyed could hardly fail to have a cumulative effect on the morale of Nazi fighter pilots.

7—Finally, day bombing offered unique opportunities for cooperation with the RAF. The two types of bombing were complementary. Abandoning one would weaken rather than strengthen the other.

### Careless Talker Arrested

Interesting circumstances surrounding Gen. Eisenhower's departure from England to direct the North Africa landings also are revealed in "Target: Germany." A special train carried Gens. Eisenhower, Clark and Doolittle and high-ranking British officers at 2 AM, Nov. 5, to a south coast town, where the "bodies," as they were referred to in official orders, were taken by automobile to waiting Fortresses. All departed except Gen. Doolittle, whose plane developed faulty brakes.

"That night, Nov. 5, a careless enlisted man talked too much in a local pub about the events of the day," the book relates. "He was immediately arrested, charged with a most serious violation of security. The need for such security was graphically illustrated next day when Gen. Doolittle's plane was attacked in the Bay of Biscay



Three-pronged blow at targets in France on July 4 split Nazi fighter defenses effectively. Two formations struck across Channel (right) while a third (left) skirted the coast for surprise attack on the La Pallice U-boat base. Force attacking Nantes turned out to sea for the return trip; the other two virtually retraced their inward routes.

by four Ju88s. It succeeded in escaping only after a sharp running fight."

Numerous other facts previously security-bound also are published, including the use by Germans of parachute mines, about the size of shoeboxes, fired by anti-aircraft guns in an attempt to stop the Forts; the tragic ending of a Fort whose crew mistook the Brest peninsula for the English coast and swept low for a landing; the experimental raid on St. Nazaire, when Fortresses flew in a 7,000 to 10,000 feet instead of the customary 20,000-plus, with the result that every ship was hit by flak.

The heretofore secret stories told—though news—are far from being the major feature of the book.

### Questions Answered

The Eighth's development, the trials that faced its commanders and crews, the experiments that were tried to find the key to successful daylight bombing against the toughest opposition in the world and the tension that gripped the Air Force until its methods had been tried and proven—these form the real content.

Scattered through the book are quotes from combat officers and men that will raise the eyebrows of any American at home who may read the daily communiques complacently and ask why the Eighth Air Force doesn't go out every day, and in greater force, and with more sensational results.

What is probably the first published map showing the routes taken by Forts or Libs on a specific raid tells the story of the triple-pronged blow at occupied France on July 4 this year. The targets were the Gnome and Rhone Aero Factory at Le Mans, an aircraft factory at Nantes and the U-boat installations at La Pallice. Two strong Fortress formations flying parallel courses crossed the French coast just east of the Cherbourg peninsula shortly after noon to hit Le Mans and Nantes.

As the Germans frantically prepared to defend those areas, still a third formation of some 70 Forts, which had made a wide swing out to sea, struck La Pallice 200 miles south.

The Nazi defenses were split effectively. The Le Mans force hit the target and went back on virtually the same route it had taken coming in. The Nantes force swung westward to sea and skirted the French coast to England. The La Pallice force smashed the U-boat installations and headed back to sea for another wide detour home. U.S. losses were less than three per cent, and American guns

knocked down 52 Nazi fighters while the bombardiers sent 542 tons onto their targets in what officially was called "exemplary" bombing.

All of the significant raids during the first year of operation, those that were costly, those that were highly successful, are described in "Target: Germany," frequently in detail that has not been permitted previously for publication. The limited but important part played by the Liberators and Marauders during that first year is described in detail.

Summing up, the book says: "On Aug. 17, 1942, 12 Flying Fortresses stepped accurately but not heavily on the little finger of the Nazi war machine. They penetrated 50 miles into France, dropped 18 tons of bombs on the marshalling yards at Rouen and returned intact."

"On Aug. 17, 1943, three American aerial task forces, totalling more than 350 Fortresses, struck two hard blows at the industrial heart of Germany. Two of the forces, dropping 424 tons of bombs on Schweinfurt, fought their way back to Britain. The third force, hitting Regensburg with 298 tons, roared on across the Mediterranean. As the brakes squealed on African runways and the tired men climbed down, a cycle became complete. The Eighth Bomber Command's first year over Europe was ended.

### Picture Incomplete

"What the year proved," what it added up to, cannot be summarized in a phrase. The official figures: 16,977 tons of bombs dropped, 2,050 enemy fighters destroyed, 472 bombers and 4,481 men missing, do not give the complete picture—any more than Goebbels' mid-August statement that the war in the air was Germany's most serious problem."

An inventory of the 124 attacks made by the Eighth Bomber Command in its first year included: U-boat operating bases, 22; U-boat building yards, 19; ship repair yards, 4; airfields, 18; German air force installations, 11; synthetic rubber plant, 1; magnesium, aluminum and nitrate works, 1; transport and shipping facilities, 26; industrial plants (tire, automotive, steel, etc.), 6; aircraft factories, 8, and industrial targets of opportunity, 8.

The book was written by Capt. Arthur A. Gordon, former managing editor of Good Housekeeping, and Maj. Richard D. Thulsen, formerly assistant editor of the Saturday Evening Post. Capt. Harry Cody and Cpl. (now Lt.) Carrol Stewart helped to collect the material.

## Brazilian Troops Overseas

"The announcement that a Brazilian expeditionary force would soon be serving with the Allies overseas has a historical importance which exceeds the immediate military effect of the proposed contingent, however great that may be," claims the New York Herald Tribune editorial, "for the role of the Americas in world affairs has been largely passive."

But now Brazil is projecting the influence of Latin America across the seas in a most positive fashion, with doubtless the primary intention of showing the world that she means business in her war against Germany. Already Brazil's collaboration with the United States in guarding the sea and air lanes of the South Atlantic has been of great aid to the Allies. And now an expeditionary force provides a dramatic quality which points up all the assistance rendered to date and makes more vivid the comradeship in arms which this struggle has brought to the Americas.



"Progress is a wonderful thing—look what des pills did for your sore feet!"



Thursday, Dec. 16, 1943

## BLACK GANG

How it feels to be "down below" during what the German radio announced as "the most successful U-boat attack ever carried out against an Allied convoy," told by one who was serving in that convoy at the height of the intense submarine warfare last winter.

By Don Hewitt,  
Merchant Marine Editor

**T**HE clock in the wheelhouse struck eight bells. The third mate coming on for the eight to 12 watch stamped the snow off his boots as he came in from the wing of the bridge.

"We're heading about six three. Watch that bastard up ahead; he's been all over the ocean," said the chief mate, who was being relieved of the watch. "She's turning about sixty-four revs. Watch yourself. We're up on his tail again."

The wind whined for a second as the mate opened the door to go below. Again everything was quiet. The ship rose and fell in the long, high swells. The vessel shipped occasional sprays over the foredeck. A faint glow from the compass light shone on the AB's face as he stood at the wheel. "Right a little," said the third.

"Right a little," said the AB. The telephone from the radio shack rang sharply, breaking the momentary silence. "What's up, sparky?" asked the third.

"Just received a distress message. Somebody got it, but didn't give his position."

"Probably down in the Caribbean somewhere," answered the third, with an air of nonchalance. "Okay, sparky, I'll tell the old man."

### 'They Got a Corvette'

Suddenly a snowflake rocket lit up the horizon. "Hey, mate," said the AB, "they got one of the corvettes." "Captain," said the third, bursting into the skipper's room, "they just knocked off one of the escorts."

"Okay," said the old man, "ring the general alarm." The nerve-wracking clanging of the alarm turned the crew out of their bunks. A poker game in the mess-room was forgotten. A jack-high straight lay sprawled on the table. A dog-eared copy of "Film Fun" was tossed across the room. A portable vic droned out the last bars of "As Time Goes By"—all forgotten in the mad scramble for life jackets. From

everywhere men poured out into the passageway.

The gun crew made for the turrets. Everyone else made for the boat deck—everyone but the black gang!

Sixty feet below decks, down beneath the level of the water, the clanging of the alarm didn't mean run for safety. It meant stick to your jobs. It meant an utter feeling of helplessness.

The oiler looked up through a maze of gratings to the hatch above—a hell of a long climb if you had to get out in a hurry. Almost four more hours on this watch. Four hours to wait while enemy U-boats swarmed around the ships. Four hours down under the sea, lower perhaps than the submariners themselves. The clock on the dial panel ticked off the seconds. The huge engines throbbed monotonously.

Each member of the black gang went on about his duties. The oiler passed by on his rounds. He forced a smile and then paused and cocked his head.

### 'Shook Like a Wet Dog'

A depth charge rumbled astern. The floor plates shivered. Another one. This time closer. All the machinery seemed to vibrate.

"Up two revs," shouted the mate through the speaking tube. The engineer reached over and turned the throttle. Another depth charge rumbled. This time the entire ship shook like a wet dog.

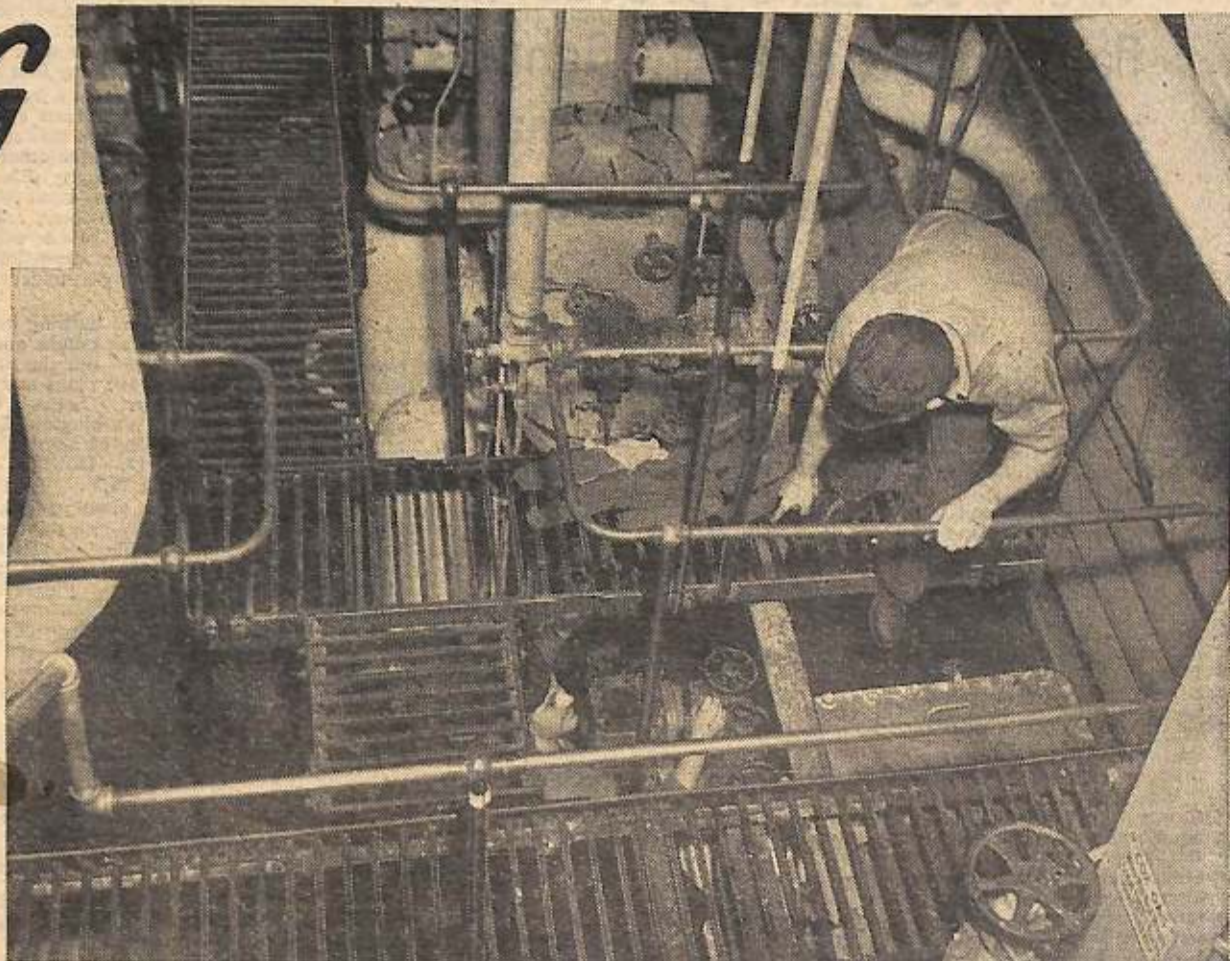
"What's going on up there?" said the engineer through the tube.

"Nothing much—just got one of the corvettes. The destroyers are tossing ash cans around. Can you hear them?"

"Can we hear them? It sounds like they're dropping them in the shaft alley," shouted back the engineer.

"What're we turning?" asked the mate.

"Sixty-six." "Make it sixty-eight. We'll give Jerry a run for his money."



The engine cadet, a green wide-eyed kid from New Hampshire, was making his first trip.

It was easy to read a slide rule or work out formulas back at the academy on Long Island. How steady was his hand now? How clear was his mind when the lives of other men depended on him? Sure, he was scared, so was every last man on the ship. He thought about New Hampshire and about the three-quarter inch plate that stood between him and his ever seeing home again. Not much protection in the face of 500 pounds of T.N.T. Still, no time to think about that. If anything went wrong now they'd be dead ducks for sure. Stragglers don't have much chance when there are U-boats around.

### He Knew His Job

"Hey, cadet," the engineer shouted, "give the fireman a hand with those burners." Now he had something to do. Now he knew he'd be okay. There were a lot of guys up above counting on him, and he sure as hell wouldn't let them down. He started to whistle as he headed toward the burners.

"Only bosuns and damn fools whistle," the engineer shouted, "you're no bosun." The whistling stopped.

The fireman was on his first trip, too. Just three weeks out of the Maritime Training Station at Hoffman Island, N.Y., but he knew his job. He'd never been aboard a ship before. Hadn't even seen one until his train from Iowa arrived in New York, but he'd been trained at the station by men who had been going to sea since before the last war. He also thought about the other guys depending on him.

The fireman bent over the burner. He'd done this a hundred times back at school. His hand shook a little, not enough to notice. He knew that those burners had to be kept free of carbon. The ship had to give off as little smoke as possible or else at dawn the black smoke from their stack would give the lurking U-boats something to follow. Not only this ship but the whole convoy depended on those burners being clean.

### The Kid Lends a Hand

The wiper who didn't stand a watch, but who did only day work, tapped the third assistant on the shoulder. "What the hell are you doing down here?" the third asked him.

"Thought you might need a hand," said the blonde 17-year-old kid.

"Get the hell out of here. You looking for trouble?" said the engineer, motioning toward the ladder. The kid grinned as he started up.

"That kid's got a lot of spunk," confided the engineer to the oiler. "Not even old enough to be drafted and he picks a spot like this for himself."

A dull thud to port and a harsh "Up two" through the speaking tube. "Tanker just got it and the blaze is lighting us up like daylight. The old man says to make tracks away from her."

Again the engineer reached over and turned the throttle. The throbbing of the engines seemed to get louder. The cadet looked over at the side of the ship. Any minute a big ugly tin fish could come crashing in. He walked over to the water fountain. His throat felt a bit parched.

### His Thoughts Travel Back

He thought about the cadets back at school who had been cited for bravery. He thought about the cadet who climbed back into an engine room frothing with live steam to drag out an injured oiler. He thought about the cadet who volunteered to stay below with the chief engineer and try to bring the ship in, even though she already had two torpedoes in her, and another liable to come any second.

Before midnight four more ships were torpedoed. Up on the boat-deck the second assistant engineer and his men on the 12 to 4 watch saw each one of them go down, saw one ship get it midships. No one said anything, but they all knew. They pictured a wrecked engine room with twisted pipes and smashed gratings, and each one saw himself down in that inferno of live steam and scalding water.

"Okay boys, let's get going," the second assistant said to his gang. The fireman looked back at the blazing tanker as they trooped into the passageway leading to the engine room hatch.

And so on through the night and next day—watch after watch trooped down the ladder figuring that they were going below for the last time. Ship after ship in the convoy shimmied, threw out a red flash, heeled over and sank.

Finally the convoy shook itself loose of the wolf pack. The immediate danger was over but the thought of what might be ahead forbade even one moment of relaxation. Even after one gruelling attack is over there is no feeling of security. The attack may be resumed without warning.

In the beginning of the war a ship was towed into port with a hole big enough to drive a car through ripped in the side of the engine room. The deck gang brought the ship in, but it was the black gang who volunteered to go back into that wrecked engine room to man the pumps which kept the vessel afloat.

No one is drafted into a black gang, and they're made up of salts, and landlubbers, New Yorkers and Texans, older men and young kids, who know when they sign on that they are volunteering for the most dangerous jobs in the merchant marine, and in a branch of the service that has the highest casualty rate of them all, brother, that's dangerous.



"What's going on up there?"



The Black Gang went about its duties.

# Ace In The Hole

The USS Card proved the flat tops, with their fighters and escorts, were a match for Hitler's U-Boat wolf-pack

By Jack Foster  
Stars and Stripes Navy Writer

**A**N insight into the combined operations of the U.S. Navy's seagoing and skygoing sailors in the Battle of the Atlantic against Germany's greatest sea weapon—the U-boat—was made public recently when a Presidential Unit Citation was awarded the USS Card, an escort carrier, her air squadrons and her escort vessels. As a team the unit destroyed more submarines than any other group in naval history with the loss of only one vessel, an over-age destroyer.

The Card, a baby flat top converted from the hull of a building merchant ship, carried Composite Squadrons One and Nine flying Grumman Avenger torpedo bombers and Wildcat fighters. Her escorts were the destroyers Borie, Goff and Barry of the 1917 class, each displacing 1,190 tons. The Borie went down after ramming a huge submarine in mid-ocean.

When the Allies bridged the Atlantic convoy routes with a protective cover of aircraft and began sending more and more Axis subs to the bottom, strategists of the Unterseebooten Fleet increased the anti-aircraft armament of their vessels. When the first of these nosed into Atlantic waters in September the Card and her flying and floating auxiliaries went out to meet them.

Their first successes were told in a Navy Department release accompanying the citation award.

"An indication of the manner in which the Card has been carrying the fight to the U-boats is to relate the account of her activities during three consecutive days,"

"Her Air Group had drawn first blood from the enemy only a few days before and her pilots were chafing for more action."

Lt. Asbury H. Sallenger, USNR, Goldsboro, N.C., an Avenger pilot, was the first to find it. Ranging far from the carrier early in the morning he spotted two surfaced subs and went in for the attack. He damaged one so severely with his bombs that it could not submerge and received the coup de grace a few moments later from other torpedo planes and strafing Wildcats. The other sub was listed as a probable kill.

Another sub had been detected meanwhile by the Borie. The destroyer took full anti-submarine action but the results were doubtful. The two actions indicated, however, that a wolf pack was hidden beneath the tossing seas in the vicinity.

Lt. Sallenger took off again the next morning with Ensign John F. Sprague, USNR, Sunnyside, Wash., flying alongside in a Wildcat. Again a pair of subs were encountered and another battle was on. Lt. Sallenger told of it later.

"The weather was poor when we took off, with a solid overcast, rain squalls and poor visibility. Sprague was flying on my wing," he said. "All at once I spotted two U-boats, only 150 yards apart, moving slowly on almost parallel courses."

"I signalled Sprague to attack and he made a beautiful strafing run, giving that sub a methodical going over with his machine-guns. But as I followed him in I got some AA in my fuselage, putting out

my inter-plane communication and electrical systems and also damaging the vertical fin of my plane and the rudder. Everything happened suddenly, and the damage to my electrical system prevented the release of bombs on my first run.

"I pulled up and out for a second attack, with my engine popping and cutting out. Meanwhile, Sprague was making another excellent strafing run on the other sub.

"When I went in on my second run I got hit again and the wing burst into flames. I made my 'drop,' however, and looked back to make sure my bombs exploded in the proper place. The explosions, which seemed to go off right under the sub, covered it with water.

"My wing was now burning badly, so I dropped my remaining bombs and made a water landing. It put out the fire on the wing. I got out of the plane and saw that the turret gunner, James O'Hagen, AMM3c, USNR, Washington, D.C., was out all right, but saw no sign of the radio operator, John D. Downes, ACRM, USNR, Beechhurst, N.Y.

"I swam into the plane to look for him, but got only half-way into the tunnel when the plane sank. I looked up to see Sprague going in for another attack, and then O'Hagen and I got the life raft inflated. I didn't see or hear Sprague again."

Lt. Sallenger and O'Hagen paddled their raft through oil slick from the stricken U-boat.

"It was so new we could smell fresh oil," one recalled.

Later they were spotted by planes from the Card and picked up by the Barry after seven hours aboard the raft.

The Borie was busy again on the second day, attacking a submarine with depth charges. Another U-boat was attacked by a plane from the Card and the depth charges of the Goff, and was listed as a probable kill.

On the third day the aircraft again scored. Merciless strafing and bombing by three of the Card's planes damaged a struggling U-boat so severely that its crew abandoned it without firing a shot in return.

All hands aboard the three destroyers were at battle stations during the period as the old "cans" snooping criss-crossed areas near valuable convoys. At every suspicion of an undersea raider they pock-



The flat tops win again—a doomed U-Boat churns

marked the surface with exploding depth bombs. Results ranged from "negative" to "possible."

Then the Borie changed her course and raced off on a night foray away from the unit. In a few hours a radioman in the wireless shack aboard the Card picked up a message from the old destroyer.

"Scratch one pig boat," it read. "Am searching for more."

The Borie had found her prey. Her depth charges already had finished one and she charged another at full speed. Her sharp prow crashed over the enemy pig-boat, puncturing the raider's skin.

In the next few moments the Borie and

the U-boat fought hulls-together. A Reuter's dispatch told of the dramatic struggle.

"The Nazis tried to fire their guns and the Borie's crew shot and threw everything they had at them—including shotguns, pistols and rifles. One threw a knife which hit a German sailor in the stomach, knocking him into the sea.

"The destroyer's guns fired point blank at ranges of between ten and 40 feet before the U-boat ripped loose. The force of the ramming had opened holes in the Borie's hull but before sinking she circled the crippled U-boat and fired the death blows." The Borie's sister ships raced to the scene



'Chutes demand painstaking care from S/Sgt. Partee and Cpl. Alfonsi.

# They Fix Anything!

Business is never dull who operate a C

**Y**OU walk into the shop and see the big white chutes hanging there like a row of spooks and you think you have the whole story. And that's just where you're wrong.

"Sure, this is the parachute shop," says T/Sgt. Albert Kober, 26, of Billings, Montana. "Sure, we fix chutes . . . and inspect 'em and dry 'em and pack 'em. But that's just a part of our business, almost a sideline. What we really run here is a custom tailoring shop."

At the back of the shop hang some uniforms to be pressed, three or four shirts for alteration, a cap some ground officer has left to have the crown cut low and rakish, four-engine style. On shelves are newly made mechanics' caps, cocky jockey numbers with red leatherette visors. Nearby a man is hunched over a sewing machine, stitching an earphone into a flying helmet. Strewed about on tables are other priority items awaiting his attention—a couple of flak-ripped chute harnesses, a torn flying suit, a Mae West with broken straps.

The man working with the helmet under the flashing needle looks up, grins and goes

on with his job. He's Cpl. Léster G. Riley, of Chicago. "Best man I ever saw on that machine," says Kober, "and a wow with the women . . . sends home for silk stockings to charm these English girls with. Regular Casanova." The Riley grin widens. "G'wan," he says, "that must be Ek you're talkin' about."

"Not me," says S/Sgt. Tauno O. Ekonen, 24, former painter and decorator from Houghton, Michigan. "It's work I'm here for, not women. And it's like the chief says . . . we run a short order custom shop. Gun covers, nose covers, turret covers, anything. Or take the lieutenant who just left. He wanted a carrier for his oxygen bottle. We turned it out for him in 20 minutes."

Ekonen's enthusiasm for his job sparkles in his eyes. Just a week ago he'd taken a reduction in grade, from squadron first sergeant to staff, to return to a chute shop like the one he'd worked in ten months earlier. "It's work I know and like and can do," he says.

Over here the boys don't test the chutes themselves, though most have done so in the States. "Last time I jumped was a

year ago June, on maneuvers," says Ekonen. "They were going to use dummies, but we talked 'em out of it . . . wanted to show we weren't afraid of our own chutes."

"If we could get permission over here," says Kober, "every man in the shop would jump."

Which isn't bad, considering the number of boys in the shop, many of them with no previous parachute experience. Like Cpl. John B. Sumner, for instance, a 24-year-old former carpenter from Wrightsville, Ga.

"You oughta hear the spirituals around here in the evening," says Sumner. "The northern boys gotta take 'em and like 'em, cause we rebels got 'em so outnumbered."

Looking down the list, you see he's pretty near right: S/Sgt. William H. Partee, 27, of Trenton, Tenn.; Cpl. Paul V. Alfonsi, 21, of Baltimore, Md.; Pfc John J. Marr, 30, of New York City; Pvt. James W. Green, 22, of Ackerman, Miss.; S/Sgt. Kenneth W. Walsler, 25, of Spokane, Wash.; Cpl. Earl M. Clark, 20, of Kermit, Texas; Pfc Walter Bayzk, 20, of Bridgeport, Conn.; Cpl. James L. Labarr, 21, of Wilkes Barre, Pa.; Cpl. Carl L. Renfro, 22, of

# Bombers, Fighters—Just Pals

By George Maskin  
Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

**W**HAT makes a member of a Flying Fort crew suddenly leap upon a flier—identified as a fighter pilot—and embrace the fellow, even though they're strangers?

And, what leads the Fort gang to throw parties for the fighter men, such as the affair held recently at an Eighth Air Force Bomber station and to idolize them as THEIR heroes in this war?

1/Lt. Warren Bacon, of Portland, Ore., who has completed his 25th ride over Germany, will tell you why the bomber gang goes overboard for the fighters.

"They're the most welcomed sight in the world—over Germany, France and Norway," Bacon started out. "They make you feel 100 per cent better, and much more at ease.

"You stand a better chance of completing the job, as it should be done, because with the fighter protection you can concentrate on precision bombing. Before we had the fighter escorts we faced a double job—fighting and bombing.

"Today, if one of our ships is damaged by flak and drops out of formation, no longer does the crew sweat the trip home by itself. In fact, in pre-fighter days, if you became a straggler, your chances of getting home were thinner than some women."

Lt. Bacon pointed out that during the first half of his missions the German fighters produced the biggest headaches for

the bombers. Now, flak does. German fighters have ceased to be any appreciable cause of worry and trouble.

"The Messerschmitts rarely ever smashed through one of our formations," the Lieutenant continued. "They'd wait for a straggler, then 15 or 20 of them would jump the ship forced to fall behind. Even with all the guns a Fort has, the odds of winning that fight were small.

"Now, our stragglers have protection from the fighters. The Germans hesitate attacking a B17 moving off its regular course. They don't appear to relish a Fort's guns and those of our fighters. If we must abort, it's the same thing. We can breathe easier."

Lt. Bacon pointed to a chart showing the raids made by his group since arriving in England. Significant, indeed, are the figures which reveal that until mid-August, the number of German fighters shot down by Americans in one raid was as great as the figure now bagged in half a dozen, if not more.

"That's not because our shooting eyes have failed us suddenly," Lt. Bacon added. "Nor have those German fellows learned to dodge us. The reason is simple: with the increase in the number of our fighters, the German fighters have decreased.

"It's evident to us, the German fighters banked on the flak to bump us out of line and for clear sailing to complete the 'kill.' The flak still is there, but the clear sailing

isn't, which blows up the Nazi plans and makes their work less and less effective."

The chart, incidentally, showed that on the particular group's first raid of Emden in May, they knocked down 15 Mes. Shortly afterward they flagged 18 in a trip to Paris. More recent visits to the same spots by Forts resulted in the erasure of no German craft. There wasn't any around to buck the Forts and the fighters.

Lt. Bacon's brother B17 members joined in the praise of their "fighting" guests.

"It's a shame they can't go deeper into Germany," Col. Archie J. Old Jr., of Atlanta, Ga., a Wing Operations officer, said.

According to 1/Lt. Clarence Kiesler, of Taylor, Tex., a lead navigator, the new pilots invading German territory have no idea "what we used to go through."

"Raids today are 'milk runs' compared to those of three months ago—thanks to the fighter escorts," Lt. Kiesler explained.

Major Jack W. Hayes, of San Diego, Cal., told of his experience returning from Bremen the day before.

"We had trouble, and had to turn around. Immediately two fighters picked us up and we coasted merrily home without the slightest bit of trouble, without a gun cracking. In July, minus our fighters, well—I'd hate to think of what might have happened to us. We probably wouldn't be here to toast those fellows."

Lt. Col. Stanley I. Hand, meantime, had a confession to make to the pursuit ship operators.

"There was a time when we didn't think we needed fighter protection," Lt. Col. Hand said. "We know differently today; Many of us owe our lives to the Fighters, and together we'll knock Hell out of the Hun."



Fighter pilot L. E. McCarthy and Bomber pilot W.F. Bacon talk it over.

# Weather Is His Business

## Even in the ETO rain depends on the prebaratic tendencies of the pseudo-adiabatic atmospherics, so say the Experts

"WE will have weather," confidently predicts 1/Lt. Robert A. ("Cloudy") Schmidlein, 22, of 2546 Creston Avenue, New York City, weather officer of a Flying Fortress group here. Beyond that he's a hard man to pin down.

"Rain? Depends on the prebaratic tendencies of the pseudo-adiabatic sferics," he says, with a fond glance at his wind sock. "It's raining right now in Wales and the upper Bronx."

At briefings he's more specific. "You can expect about four to six tenths cloud coverage over the target," he likes to tell the combat crews, who find him about four to six tenths infallible.

But for all that, Cloudy gives the lie to Mark Twain. Not only does he talk about the weather—he does something about it. In a passive sort of way, anyhow. For, as he frequently points out, "I don't control this weather in the ETO—I just predict it." And with the former statement, at least, there seems to be little room for argument.

Weather in the ETO is one of those jokes you smile at externally and weep about inside. It's the greatest secret weapon against aircraft ever devised. Hence the Eighth Air Force's weather forecasting system, as extensive and effective as you'll find anywhere in the world today. If not always sure-fire, it at least enables us to fool some of the enemy all of the time and all of ourselves, including the weathermen, only some of the time. Which, judging by results, seems to be the right formula for winning the air war in Europe.

Lt. Schmidlein's weather office is typical of those at other Eighth Air Force and RAF stations throughout England. At his command is just about every known scientific weather device excepting an anemometer and a direct wire to Arpad, the New York World-Telegram's rooster. An anemometer, incidentally, is an instrument soon to be installed which indicates, through an intricate combination of dials, lights and buzzers, which way the wind is blowing and how hard. It will completely obviate any further need for looking out the window at the wind sock.

Weather forecasting is a large scale, cooperative venture. Into Lt. Schmidlein's office via teletype flows a constant stream of local observations from hundreds of other stations in Britain, Iceland, the

Azores, and such neutral countries as Spain and Sweden, plus reports from five weather reconnaissance planes flying fixed daily routes out over the Atlantic and back.

Schmidlein himself swells the chorus by reporting hourly his own local observations, which include type and height of clouds, present weather (rain, clear, fog,

of Corning, Arkansas; Leonard J. Shields, 26, of Atlantic City, New Jersey; Cpl. John W. Brophy, 27, of Niagara Falls, New York; and Pfc Robert M. Rasico, 21, of Kenosha, Wisconsin. All of the foregoing are qualified observers. Understudying them are two student observers: Cpl. William M. Oakley, 19, of Barnsdale, Oklahoma; and Pfc Johnny L. Moore, 19,

they wolf their coffee and sandwiches, accepts their jeers or cheers with a sheepish grin, and finds out what the weather actually was. This intelligence he passes on post haste to higher headquarters.

The most important part of the weather officer's job, oddly enough, is making forecasts. But the most fun is in making local observations, probably because of the variety of tricky gadgets involved.

Outside Lt. Schmidlein's office, which is in the flight control building on the edge of the flying field, a short gravel path leads to his instrument shelter, a little white birdhouse on a post. Inside are a maximum and minimum thermometer and a psychrometer.

Exactly 150 and 1,500 feet from the shelter are two black and white striped posts, used to gauge visibility. For the same purpose Schmidlein has taken a jeep and driven across country to measure distances to other visible objects—trees, hangar, even a faraway wireless tower. It is from the shelter, also, that he observes the flights of his balloons. These are the usual toy size but are scientifically inflated



It looks like rain, Lt. Schmidlein tells an assistant, Pfc John Moore.

hail, etc.), ceiling, visibility, cloud coverage, pressure, pressure tendency, temperature, and relative humidity.

Observations coming into his office are posted on a large map of Britain, Europe, and the eastern half of the Atlantic. Standard weather map symbols indicate conditions at each reporting station and give an overall picture. Concentric isobars, or aerial contour lines, are drawn to connect points of equal atmospheric pressure, and job points in the isobars, revealing giant faults or crevices in the air structure, are connected by long red, green, purple, and blue lines representing "fronts." The general effect is that of an iridescent spiderweb, and the general significance is moot. Other things remaining equal, which they never do, bad weather immediately precedes a warm front and immediately follows a cool front. Good weather, if any, comes between fronts. All of this, however, is subject to change without notice, especially in the ETO.

Schmidlein frequently assigns the job of map posting to Cpl. Robert Block, 25, of Bogardus Place, New York City, a former city clerk. He got his training as a weather observer at Pine Camp, New York. Others who help out on map posting include Sgts. John P. Thomas, 23, of Cleveland, Ohio; Milburn J. Mills, 25,

of Norman, Oklahoma. The job is just temporary for Moore, who is "sweating out a flying cadet appointment I got when my squadron was in training back at Cut Bank, Montana."

A new map is posted about every six hours and tacked on the wall beside earlier maps. There are four of them up at all times, giving a sort of moving picture of the weather over the past 18 hours. It is chiefly from these maps that forecasts are made, and in this Lt. Schmidlein has the assistance of two qualified forecasters: T/Sgt. Glenn L. Heaton, 28, of Charleroy, Pennsylvania, and S/Sgt. Arthur O. Muetzenberg, 24, of Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

Schmidlein and his assistants put out two local forecasts daily and furnish additional ones on demand. At the drop of a hailstone they'll tell you all you need to know about surface winds, upper winds, weather, visibility, clouds, freezing level and other items. Also, the weather officer is on hand at every briefing with forecasts for each leg of the route to the target and back. At this time he furnishes navigators further detailed information they need to make their flight plans, and issues bombardiers data for computing the true altitude at which to set their bombsights. At interrogation, after the crews have returned from the mission, he mills about among them as

to insure a constant rate of climb. They are used to measure ceiling, or cloud height, and, with the help of trigonometry and a theodolite, to determine upper wind directions and speeds. At night ceiling is determined by sighting along an alidade to find the angle at which a vertical searchlight beam 1,000 feet distance hits the clouds.

Lt. Schmidlein prepared for his present job at the Army Air Forces School of Meteorology at New York University, to which he was assigned immediately upon enlistment in the spring of 1942. At that time he was just two and a half months short of an A.B. at Fordham, where he was a member of the track team. Upon completing the weather course he was awarded a B.S. from NYU and a commission.

His task today is about as tough a one as you'll find in the ground echelon of an Eighth Air Force heavy bombardment group, chiefly because of the irregular hours. He has to attend every briefing and every interrogation, and briefings in particular are apt to come in the earliest hours of the early morning. And perhaps through a perversion of poetic justice, there are about twice as many briefings as there are missions, since many missions are called off at the last minute due to unpredictably bad weather.

## These 'Chute Packers, Custom Tailoring Shop

...ton, Tenn.; Sgt. Harry D. Bow... of Dayton, Ohio; and Pvt. Olen... Land, 22, of Rochelle, Ga.—... Land to the rest of the boys... he's six feet four. ... of the men specializes, but Land... works with the chutes more than... other equipment and knows them... inside out. "We load them on the... and take them off again after each...," he says, "inspecting them every... for flak and oil. Every 30 days they're... and given a good going over... a quarter-inch or less we mend here... anything bigger we send the chute to... depot. A rip of four inches or more... for a whole new canopy panel, even... the panels are seamed into sections... chutes hang for 24 hours to dry... repacking," says Land. "We have... motor outside blowing hot air... After the chute has dried, it takes... 45 minutes to repack. We look the... over again at that time, watching... ally for any trace of oil or moisture... thylene flakes help keep the canopy... and prevent mildew.

"In packing, the shroud lines go in first, then the canopy, then the pilot chute, then the rip cord and seal. A properly packed chute will open in 2½ seconds, the elastic sides of the pack snapping back and releasing the pilot chute when the cord is pulled, breaking the seal.

"Most of our chutes here are chest type. The boys like them better than the seat type, which are a little awkward when you're scrambling out a hatch. However, it depends mostly on your position in the ship.

"Our chutes are 24 feet in diameter, have 24 panels and a pilot chute 24 inches square. The shroud lines are 16 feet long and each one has a tensile strength of 450 pounds. The canopy has the same strength per square inch. Our new chutes are nylon and even better than silk. Altogether the pack and harness weighs 25 pounds.

"We inspect and repack from 500 to 600 chutes a month. Besides that we inspect and pack life-rafts, load first-aid kits and run our tailor shop. Work? Sure... we're open 24 hours a day and last week was the first time I'd been off the base in two months. But don't think any of us begrudge the time. We'd hate to think somebody's chute didn't open because of some oversight of ours. It hasn't happened yet and we don't aim to let it."

## What's In It For the GI Joe?

By Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr.

EDITOR'S NOTE: For all of you who wonder what the war will mean for the soldiers you have sent off to the various fronts of the world, Senator Lodge has written an inspiring message of hope and guidance from his own experience on the African battle front, he is able to tell you that a man is a better man for having been part of the greatest fight in history, and that he will return more cognizant of real and lasting human values.

THE practical, tangible rewards to a man in military service are few in deed—assuming, in the first place, that he even gets out of it alive and whole. There may be promotion and prestige for the professional soldier, and men sometimes learn a trade or skill they can use in time of peace.

To this list should perhaps be added the exceptional cases of men whose war service enables them to write a book or play or movie scenario which brings them financial rewards, and the still more exceptional case of the man whose military service launches him into a successful political career.

But such tangible rewards will not come to most men. In fact, even some of the less tangible rewards will not be theirs.

The adventure of front-line action, which can be the most vivid and stirring experience in life, is not an inevitable part of every man's military service. Actually he is far more likely to have prolonged periods of boredom, broken by sharp moments in the shadow of death.

Then, for every soldier who harvests the glory of war in decorations and honors there are many, equally brave, whose valor will not be recognized. It is not even probable that continuing popular acclaim will be theirs once the war is over.

Certainly, the past shows us that an outstanding war record is no guarantee of political or business success. The mass of people who have not actually experienced war presently tire of hearing about it.

The war veteran, to be sure, does have a privileged legal status. He receives deferment, pensions, bonuses, disability pay and hospitalization. Moreover, every effort will be made after this war to give him a job. After all past wars, however, the wandering and unemployed war vet-

eran was an all too familiar sight; for the jobs, naturally enough, were in the hands of the men and women left behind.

If, therefore, you are looking for a practical reward as a result of your wartime service, you will probably be disappointed. Naturally, you might be expected to ask yourself: "What is there in it for me? Can I expect to come out of this war with real gains of some sort—assuming, of course, that I do not become a casualty?"

The answer is that you can. There are many profound and lasting satisfactions wartime service can bring.

First of all, you are making a decisive contribution to a cause in which you believe. You may not be fighting primarily to establish the "four freedoms" among all the peoples of the world, but you can certainly have the satisfaction of knowing that you are fighting for the very life of your country and for all the people in it whom you hold dear. To almost any man, the knowledge that he is fighting to protect his own family makes a vital, basic appeal.

If you have a sense of history, there is the satisfaction which comes from being a member of a profession which has such an immortal status. In the last

analysis, the stream of history has always been determined by the man at arms.

Then, there is a satisfaction in the knowledge that you are physically, mentally and psychologically able to meet the greatest of life's tests. It is good to know that you are in every way as well-equipped to meet the demands of war and peace as the man next to you.

There is also a great satisfaction to be derived from overcoming obstacles—and war consists largely in overcoming obstacles. For example, the night is dark; no one has slept or eaten for many hours; the bridge is destroyed—yet the tanks must be moved forward over the river. And somehow it is done. Somehow trees are cut down, boards are nailed together and the tanks are moved over in time to have a decisive effect on the general tactical situation.

Take another example. A soldier is wounded. Thanks to your ingenuity and training, you are able to take effective first-aid measure and get him to a point where he can receive adequate medical care. Perhaps you save his life. What deed could rank higher on any roster of rewards?

Lastly, your human relationships are stepped up. Service as a soldier teaches you as nothing else does to appreciate

your fellow man. You form friendships and affections for men in a way that is otherwise impossible. To experience at first hand all of the gaiety and humor, all of the determination and endurance, and all of the courage and self-sacrifice which men demonstrate in combat, will permanently change and improve your viewpoint about your fellow men.

Service as a soldier gives you a sense of proportion about what is important and what is not. It makes you appreciate the good things of life you once took for granted. It stops you from the habit of fussing about trifles.

Service as a soldier should make a normal man psychologically mature so that, spiritually speaking, he has both feet on the ground and is no longer the prey of fear, superstition or gossip. He is able to see himself clearly in relation to life as it really is.

Finally, service as a soldier increases the quality—if not the quantity—of your life. It can make you more of a person than you ever were before or than you could become without it. You become one with the life and with the stream of history of your country. Most important of all, the grim test of war can enable you to realize and fulfill your true relationship to God.

From Coronet

In his fight for a free new world, what does the soldier himself stand to gain? America's Senator soldier has a message for the men on the battlefield





# Air Offensives In Pacific Hint New Invasions

## Gasmata 'Softened-Up'; Bougainville And Marshalls Hit

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15—Heavy U.S. air attacks in three sectors of the broad Pacific battlefield yesterday supported the statement of Secretary of Navy Frank Knox that the "preliminaries were over" in the Pacific and the U.S. was ready to "deliver powerful offensive blows against the Japs."

New Britain, whose invasion would constitute easily the most important ground move to date in the island-to-island operations toward Japan, got its second heaviest raid of the war yesterday when Liberators blasted Gasmata with 250 tons of bombs.

This latest blow carried the air offensive on the key Jap-held island in the Southwest Pacific into its third month. Since Oct. 13, the Fifth Air Force from New Guinea and the 13th Air Force with Navy and Marine planes from the Solomons have hammered the island with more than 3,000 tons of bombs.

After massed weight of the air forces virtually knocked out Rabaul, on the northeastern tip of the island, the planes suddenly switched last month to targets in the western end, where the Libs attacked yesterday.

### Invasion at Signal

Gasmata is believed to be the target of an imminent MacArthur assault from New Guinea, and military observers believe his forces could invade at a signal.

Five hundred miles to the west the 15th Air Force struck with equal fury at the Jap positions on the northern end of Bougainville, in the Solomons.

More than 250 tons of bombs were hurled on airports and Jap military installations.

In the central Pacific, two new attacks on the Marshalls at Wotje and Jaluit by U.S. Seventh Air Force heavies were announced today in Pearl Harbor. The bombing was effective and only light anti-aircraft fire was met by the raiders which attacked without loss.

The U.S. Seventh Air Force has rounded out the first month of concentrated raids on the strategic Marshall Islands, apparently in a campaign to soften the defenses of that enemy outpost for an American invasion.

### Jap Counter-Attacks

Fierce Jap counter-attacks have marked the latest stages of the grim battle raging along the northeast coast of Guinea.

In the Ramu valley area, directly south of the great enemy stronghold of Madang, Australian forces have smashed back three separate Japanese counter-thrusts in the past 24 hours alone.

## Knox Says Jap Shipping Losses Not Exaggerated

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15—Secretary of Navy Frank Knox, commenting on an article in a British publication, denied that American claims of Japanese shipping destroyed were exaggerated.

He called the Axis radio report that the super-battleship Wisconsin had been sunk "a fairy story."

## Germans Use Air Convoys To Move Troops To Balkans

STOCKHOLM, Dec. 15 (AP)—Two hundred huge German transport planes landed crack troops at the Sofia airport just before the last Allied air raid on the Bulgarian capital. Budapest dispatches reported. It was indicated that communications were so interrupted by guerrilla activities that the Germans had to resort to the air to convoy troops.

## Jap Premier States 1944 To Be War's Decisive Year

Premier Tojo, in a Tokyo broadcast yesterday, declared that 1944 would be the decisive year of the war. "The next phase of the war will further increase our difficulties," he said, "but we are determined to make 1944 the year of victory."

## AFN Radio Program

Operated by Radio Branch, Special Service Division, SOS, ETO  
1402 kc. On Your Dial 1420 kc.  
213.9m. Thursday, Dec. 16 211.3m.

- 1100—GI Jive.
- 1115—Personal Album—Betty Jane Rhodes.
- 1130—Band of RAF Tech. Training Command.
- 1200—California Melodies.
- 1230—All-Time Hit Parade.
- 1255—Quiet Moment.
- 1300—World News (BBC).
- 1310—Barracks Bag—A grab-bag of entertainment.
- 1400—Sign off until 1745 hours.
- 1745—Program Resume—Spotlight on Russ Morgan.
- 1800—World News (BBC).
- 1810—GI Supper Club.
- 1900—"Seven O'Clock Sports"—Cpl. Johnny Vrotos.
- 1905—Boston Symphony.
- 2000—News from Home—Nightly roundup of news from the U.S.A. presented by The Stars and Stripes.
- 2010—Fred Waring Program.
- 2025—Weekend Leave—Suggestions as to what to do on that leave that may be coming up.
- 2030—Crosby Music Hall.
- 2100—World News (BBC).
- 2110—Novelty Time.
- 2125—Mail Call.
- 2155—Gay Mimes Revue.
- 2225—Final Edition.
- 2230—Sign off until 1100 hours Friday, Dec. 17.

# Army Rushes to Aid Blackout Victim

## Pony's Leg Broken In Collision with U.S. Vehicle

A GENERAL SUPPLY DEPOT, Dec. 15—The Quartermaster Corps, the Medical and Veterinary Corps and the Ordnance Department revealed a new type of combined operations—American style—when they worked together to treat a pony injured in a blackout entanglement with a U.S. Army vehicle.

Bambi, a pony about four feet high, trotted out onto a highway one dark night and maneuvered straight into the Army vehicle. The next morning the pony was found with a broken leg by the wife of a British Army officer.

In the meantime, the driver of the vehicle had reported the accident to Maj. Arthur Luceford, of Chattanooga, Tenn., investigating officer of this depot. Maj. Luceford located the owner of the pony and, acting swiftly to save the animal from being shot, called in Capt. Julius Werner, of New Rochelle, N.Y., head depot veterinarian, and his assistant, Capt. John Utterbach, of Steamboat Springs, Colo.

The veterinarians sent out an S.O.S. to a nearby Army hospital commanded by Col. Roland B. Moore, of Portland, Me., and Lt. Col. Jack Spencer, of Portland, Me., rushed to the rescue with the hospital's portable X-ray unit.

Bambi's straw-insulated quarters became a temporary field hospital when the unit arrived. Three enlisted technicians—Sgt. Charles D. Baldrice, Houston, Tex.; T/5 Roy O. Ventura, Quincy, Mass.; and T/5 Homer C. Bloxom, Ponca City, Okla.—took an X-ray which revealed that the pony's knee was broken.

A special splint—three rods running from pony's ankle to the rump and bent according to the contour of the leg—was



Bambi tries his GI cast for size, assisted by a few of the Army officers and men who rushed to his rescue after his blackout tangle with an American vehicle.

needed. T/Sgt. Charles Heyman, Dallas, Tex.; T/3 James Catterel, Philadelphia; T/4 Louis Crommiller, Detroit, and Pvt. Charles Klech, Wheeling, W. Va., of the depot's ordnance crew, worked for hours on the splint.

Capt. Warner took the splint and prepared to perform the operation. To put the pony to sleep, Capt. Gilbert Clapper, of Auburn, Me., anesthetist at the

hospital, administered sodium pentothal, a recent innovation in anesthesia. Capt. Clapper had never administered anesthetic to a horse and he studied Bambi's anatomy carefully before inserting the needle for the injection.

Capt. Werner visited Bambi regularly after the cast was applied. Latest reports say the pony is on the road to recovery, hobbling but happy.

# WACs Planning 3 State Nights; Ice Cream Soda Programs for London Clubs

WACs stationed in the ETO will hold three state nights at their Red Cross Service Club, 47 Charles St. (London), during the coming week. Tonight will be Louisiana night. On Saturday, women from Maine will gather and New Mexico rooters will take over Tuesday.

At the Mostyn Club, home of the state nights, the spotlight tonight will be on servicemen and women from Mississippi and Arkansas.

Programs for clubs outside the London area appear in Monday's paper; those for the London clubs follow:

### Victory

Thursday—Secretary to write home for you, 7 PM; bridge club, 7:30 PM; Barney Stockley at piano, 9 PM. Saturday—Victory varieties, 8 PM. Sunday—Tea dance, 3 PM; movies, 8 PM. Dance, 8:30 PM.

### Rainbow Corner

Thursday—Night club, 7:30 PM; dance 3 PM; art and hobbies class, 10 AM. Friday—Art and hobbies class, 10 AM; dance, 7:30 PM. Saturday—Dance, 3 PM; movies, 2:30 and 6:30 PM; night club, 7:30 PM. Sunday—Dance, 7:30 PM; movies, 3 PM. Monday—Dance, 3 PM. Tuesday—Boxing, 7:30 PM; dance, 3 PM; art and hobbies class, 7 PM. Wednesday—Show, 8 PM. Daily except Wednesday—Portraits by Harold.

### Eagle

Friday—"Welcome home party," 10 AM-10 PM. Tuesday—Movies, 3 PM.

### Columbia

Thursday—Dramatic classes, 8:30 PM; dancing lessons, 8:30 PM. Friday—Night club dance, 7:30 PM. GI talent night. Saturday—Furlough club meeting, 10:30 AM; dance, 7:30 PM. Sunday—Holly gathering party, 10:30 AM; December birthday ball, 7:30 PM. Monday—Dramatic classes, 8:30 PM. Tuesday—Dance, 7:30 PM. Wednesday—Movies, 7 PM. Columbia carollers, 9 PM. Thursday—Dramatic classes, 6:30 PM; dancing lessons, 6:30 PM.

### Hans Crescent

Thursday—Dance, 7:30 PM. Saturday—Dance, 7:30 PM. Sunday—Golf match, 9 AM; tour of Petticoat Lane, 10 AM; sea dance, 3 PM. Monday—Movies, 9 PM. Tuesday—Dancing lessons.

# 1944 Civilian Butter Ration To Be One Pound a Month

CHICAGO, Dec. 15—Civilians will be allowed no more than one pound of butter a month in 1944, it was announced yesterday by Tom G. Stiits, chief of the Dairy and Poultry Branch of the War Food Administration.

Stiits told the American Butter Institute the production of butter would be maintained at the pre-war level of slightly more than 2,000,000,000 pounds.

## Terry and the Pirates



# Teheran to Name Avenues After Conference Leaders

TEHERAN, Dec. 15 (AP)—In memory of the recent three-power conference, the Teheran municipality has decided to name three avenues after Mr. Churchill, President Roosevelt and Marshal Stalin.

## Landis Leaves for U.S.

CAIRO, Dec. 15 (AP)—James M. Landis, director of economic operations in the Middle East, has departed for Washington for consultations.

# Ice Cream Soda Fountains, Coke Machines And Like Are Coming To End the Famine

(Continued from page 1)  
cards will be checked off as the boxes are sold.

The arrival of the bulk of the order follows a recent intensive tour of eastern U.S. by an Exchange Service officer who has just returned to the ETO. He said yesterday that servicemen will have women factory workers back home to think, more than anyone else, when they start devouring the candy.

He found that virtually all plants in the east were working at full pressure to meet orders already placed. It looked like ETO Joes were going to have to do without and candy was on top of his "shopping list."

He visited dozens of candy factories in a 2,000-mile trip, asking for help to fill the order. The response was unanimous, he said. The workers promised to give at least one extra hour each night, and three extra hours on Saturdays to help meet the ETO order.

The materials were available, it was just a question of woman-power and everyone came through. One little plant in Massachusetts turned out 65,000 pounds of chocolates.

The New York Times, describing the officer's tour, said that "probably most of the boxes will be given to soldiers' English girls and other native folk who have been kind hosts." It is expected many of the boxes will provide gifts for children over here for whom hundreds of soldiers now are planning holiday parties. It also was announced that abbreviated light-weight "overseas" editions of the New Yorker, Saturday Evening Post, Colliers, Liberty and Ellery Queen 'ec stories will be on sale at PXs on Jan. 1, starting with this month's numbers. Light-weight copies of Life already are available.

Another phase of PX activity was the recent donation of thousands of Christmas trees to American units in the ETO, which will be delivered by Christmas.

## Coal Supply Cut

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15—A reduction of civilian coal consumption to seven-eighths of last winter's allotment was ordered by the Solid Fuels Administration.

## NEWS FROM HOME

# House Approval Of Allied Relief Plans Expected

## Foreign Affairs Committee Reported Favoring UNRRA Project

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15 (AP)—The House Foreign Affairs Committee will undoubtedly approve and underwrite the nation's financial participation in the vast UNRRA program for relief and rehabilitation in war-torn areas.

A poll of the committee's members today showed an overwhelming belief that the United States must work with its war partners to aid oppression's victims.

The survey showed a clear majority favoring a pending measure to create legislative machinery to carry out the objectives decided on at the UNRRA Atlantic City meeting.

Of the committee's 24 members, 16 definitely expressed approval, two were undecided and six could not be reached.

## 'Fats' Waller Dies

KANSAS CITY, Dec. 15 (AP)—The body of a Negro identified as Thomas (Fats) Waller, 39, internationally known orchestra leader and song writer, was taken from a train here. Death was attributed to a heart attack.

## No Salute Brings Arrest

SAN DIEGO, Cal., Dec. 15 (AP)—MPs from San Diego to Los Angeles have been instructed to arrest soldiers who fail to salute commissioned officers. The orders were issued as the result of numerous complaints.

## She Uses Commando Tactics

SANTA MONICA, Cal., Dec. 15 (UP)—When a man jumped out of the bushes and seized 25-year-old Mary Bishel, she grabbed his ankles and threw him on his back. "It wasn't anything," she explained. "I had just been to see a commando movie."

## 9,915 Girls Arrested

EVANSTON, Ill., Dec. 15 (UP)—The WCTU of this city reported that 9,915 girls under 21 were arrested in the nation in the first half of the year. Most of the arrests, the WCTU said, were for drunkenness, vagrancy, disorderly conduct and prostitution.

## Iowan Dies in Fire

GILMORE CITY, Iowa, Dec. 15—Mrs. Elmore Edginton, principal of the Gilmore City public school, was burned to death when she ran back into the blazing school to make sure that all of her 300 pupils were safely out of the building. The fire, believed to have started in the basement, swept through the school in a few minutes.

## 11 Killed in Collision

BATH, N.Y., Dec. 15—Eleven war workers were killed and a number of others were severely injured when a bus en route to the Ingersoll-Rand factory at Painted Post collided with a bus. Daniel Maroney, of Binghamton, the driver of the truck, said the bus was on the wrong side of the road.

## Rag Dolls Sell for \$12

NEW YORK, Dec. 15—A war-time shopping spree has sent the prices of Christmas articles soaring. In Fifth Avenue shops rag dolls are selling for \$12 and handbag prices range from \$44 to \$100.

# Jersey Court Prohibits Doris Duke's Reno Suit

NEWARK, N.J., Dec. 15—Mrs. Doris Duke Cromwell was enjoined by the New Jersey Chancery Court today from proceeding with her divorce suit in Reno.

Ruling that Mrs. Cromwell still was a resident of New Jersey, the court replaced a temporary restraining order granted James H. R. Cromwell Nov. 12 with a permanent injunction.

# Money in Circulation Increased in November

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15—The Treasury Department announced today that during November money in circulation in the states averaged \$145.05 per person.

This was an increase of \$5 over the average for the preceding month, the Treasury said.

## By Milton Caniff

