

## Allies 12 Miles Inland, Resistance Grows

### Soldier Vote Bill 'Fraud'—FDR Big Battle Expected

#### Asks Action On Uniform Single Ballot

Says Proposal That States Run Absentee Balloting Is 'Meaningless'

By Cable to The Stars and Stripes  
WASHINGTON, Jan. 26—President Roosevelt again stepped into the Congressional wrangle over votes for soldiers today with a sharp criticism of the measure passed by the Senate last month and a demand for "adequate legislation."

In a message to Congress the President described the bill, approved Dec. 3 by the Senate and now pending before the House, as "meaningless."

The bill to which the President referred and which passed the Senate, 42-37, limits Federal action to the distribution and collection of ballots printed by the states. The bill also provides for the use of state absentee voting processes, which, according to an Associated Press survey, are of "questionable" value in 18 States.

#### 'Fraud on U.S. People'

"I consider such proposed legislation a fraud on soldiers, sailors and Marines now in training and fighting for us and for our sacred rights," the President declared.

"It is a fraud on the American people and would not enable the soldier to vote with any greater facility than provided by a previous law, under which only a negligible number of soldiers' votes were cast," he added.

The President's blunt demand brought Republican guffaws in the House and a cry in the Senate that he had delivered "a direct insult" to the law makers.

#### 'Insult!' Taft Shouts

Immediately after the message had been read, Sen. Robert Taft jumped to his feet and shouted: "I resent as one of those who propose state voting for the armed services the designation of that proposal as 'a fraud.'"

He added that Roosevelt had sent "a direct insult" to both houses of Congress. Taft denounced the proposed Federal ballot declaring that it linked with plans for a fourth term for Roosevelt.

The President endorsed substitute measures proposed by the Democratic Senators Theodore Green (R.I.) and Scott Lucas (Ill.) and by Rep. Eugene Worley (D-Tex.), which would provide simplified Federal ballots on which soldiers could write the name of their choice for President, Vice-President, Senator and Representative. This idea was rejected by the Senate as "unconstitutional and a violation of states' rights."

"There is nothing in this bill violating the rights of the States," the President declared. "I am sure I express their (the troops) wishes in this matter and their resentment against the discrimination being practised against them."

"What is needed is a complete change of machinery for absentee balloting which will give members of our armed forces and Merchant Marine all over the world an opportunity to cast their ballots without time-consuming correspondence and without waiting for each separate state  
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#### House OKs Senate Bill For \$300 Discharge Pay

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26—The House, by a vote of 277 to 103, today passed and sent to the Senate compromise legislation which would give maximum mustering-out pay of \$300 to honorably discharged personnel of the armed forces who have served overseas or in Alaska.

Personnel whose entire service has been in the U.S. would receive \$100 for service of less than 60 days, \$200 for 60 days or longer.

#### Ploesti Raider Discharged Until Old Enough to Fight

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Jan. 26—Sgt. Thomas Kincaid, Ploesti raid airman with 300 hours' combat flying time to his credit and holder of the DFC, is being discharged from the Army because he is only 16. Kincaid shot down two enemy planes.

#### They Earn That Extra Jump Pay



U.S. Army Signal Corps Photo

At the jump door, paratroops tense for the jumpmaster's signal which will send them out into 750 feet of air.

### Chutists, Glider Troops Here Training Hard for Invasion

By Philip H. Bucknell

Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

AN AMERICAN PARATROOP SCHOOL, Jan. 26—The presence of American airborne units, paratroops and glider troops in the ETO was announced today. To the thousands of men who have been undergoing the most rigorous of training for months in Britain's green and muddy land, this announcement is welcome.

Of all the troops that America has in this country it is doubtful if any have had more intensive all-round indoctrination into the task ahead than these men—ground troops with their own methods of transportation.

Gen. Sir Bernard Montgomery, Britain's invasion chief, came to see them here recently, and told them that American 'chutists were the equal of any fighting unit in the world. They liked that.

Artillery Flies, Too  
Both parachute and glider outfits are...  
Paratroops they teach into the infantry, artillery (paratroop equipment naturally being of a smaller caliber than that carried in gliders), engineers and signal companies. Gliders, in addition, have transport, anti-aircraft, field kitchens, etc.

In normal operations paratroops would be used for making the first thrusts at enemy positions behind enemy lines with gliders coming in as support. Airfields are obvious targets for such operations.

In Sicily paratroops were used alone as  
(Continued on page 4)

### Russians Charge Germans Shot 11,000 Poles in Mass Execution

SMOLENSK, Jan. 26 (AP)—The ghastly graves on the goat hills in a nearby forest have given up evidence which the Soviet Special Commission calls "indisputable proof that the Germans conducted a mass execution of Polish prisoners in August and September, 1941."

The commission, after reconstructing the crime, offered its solution of one of the major mysteries of the war and a major political issue.

It found that the Germans killed 11,000 Poles by shooting them in the back of the head, cast them in mass graves, had them dug up again by 500 Red Army men who were prisoners in their hands, who were in turn shot, and then prepared the "provocation" charge that the Russians killed the Poles.

British and American newspaper cor-

### As Foe Moves North; Cassino Evacuated

#### Powerful Air Armadas Hammer German Supply Routes to Bridgehead; Nazis Weaken on 5th Southern Front

Allied forward troops yesterday met growing German resistance while advancing cautiously inland from their strong bridgehead south of Rome, indicating that large scale clashes with the Nazis may be expected hourly in the battle to decide the fate of the Italian capital and Kesselring's armies imperilled on the southern Fifth Army front.

Persistent reports last night said the Germans had evacuated Cassino and were dispatching forces northward to stem the Allied drive from Nettuno.

Exact disposition of the Allied troops in the bridgehead area was uncertain last night. The official communique today merely announced that troops had extended their foothold south of Rome to 12 miles inland, while

Cairo radio claimed the Allies were not only astride the Appian Way itself, but also had crossed the double-track railway from Naples to Rome.

A German radio commentator said the British had thrown tanks into the battle for the first time in an engagement north of Nettuno.

Powerful Allied air armadas continued to hit the enemy's vital supply lines, blasting bridges, road and rail junctions to hamper the transfer of Nazi reinforcements. Providing cover for the troops fanning out from the bridgehead, fighters of the Tactical Air Force flew more than 1,000 sorties Tuesday in spite of bad weather.

Less intense German resistance and fewer counter-attacks along the southern front suggested that Kesselring had dispatched troops to the north.

Decreased German activity was reflected in the capture of Ceracoli, two miles west of Castellforte, the crossing of the Rapido by Americans and reports that Cassino had been evacuated.

According to Cairo radio, the first American patrol to enter Cassino, after crossing the Rapido, reported that it was apparently deserted. The patrol was forced to leave, the United Press reported, because of fire from the German-held hills dominating the town.

Allied headquarters said yesterday that there were no official reports that Cassino, one of the main bastions of the Southern Line, had been evacuated by the Germans or occupied by the Fifth Army.

Nazi counter-attacks decreased in intensity yesterday, but the Germans were reported locked in a bitter battle with French forces for possession of heights several miles northeast of Cassino.

It was disclosed yesterday that the French were driven off Mount Croce Monday after fierce hand-to-hand fighting. South of Mount Croce, however, the French continued to advance.

The American units which waded across the Rapido encountered heavy anti-personnel minefields, but less opposition than the units who unsuccessfully tried to establish a bridgehead south of Cassino.

Confronted by the Allied advance, Nazi authorities in Rome proclaimed a state of siege to quell anti-German activity, according to Swiss reports.

Yesterday's communique did not confirm claims that the Allies already had captured Velletri, rail junction on the Appian Way 20 miles south of Rome, or Aprilia and Littoria to the south.

The announcement, however, that Velletri had been bombed by the Allies on Tuesday apparently refuted a German report that the rail junction had fallen the same day.

Although the Allied communique did not elaborate on the brief announcement that Fifth Army units were pushing forward  
(Continued on page 4)

### Grand Jury Indicts Former Icke's Aide For Forgery

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26—Charged with forging Harry Hopkins' signature to a letter predicting Wendell Willkie's nomination as the Republican Presidential candidate, George Briggs, former confidential aide to Secretary Ickes, has been indicted by a federal grand jury.

The jury's report followed an inquiry by the Federal Bureau of Investigation, which was called in by Hopkins, Presidential adviser.

'Back the Attack'  
HARTFORD, Conn., Jan. 26—Gov. Raymond E. Baldwin issued an unprecedented proclamation designating every day until Feb. 15 as "Let's All Back the Attack Day." Hartford responded immediately by buying \$570,000 worth of War Bonds at a soldier and WAC talent show.

Among the party was Kathleen Harri-  
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THE STARS AND STRIPES

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Glory for All

In reporting the Fifth Army's operation southwest of Rome, full credit for the part played by the Navy and Merchant Marine has not yet been given. This is due partially to censorship and partially to the very nature of the operation itself, for even though it was an amphibious operation, attention, since the first, has been focused on the battle to be fought between the two converging ground forces.

Successful surprise, achieved in the early stages of this operation, was due in the main to the excellent job done by the Navy and Merchant Marine. Ships were gathered from all parts of the world, loaded and assembled into a great convoy which at the precise moment began the discharging of troops and supplies on the beaches between Nettuno and the Tiber. Manning those ships were thousands of the boys from home, lawyers, bankers, farmers, garage mechanics, salesmen and students who took their little "spit kits" through rain, fog, sleet and submarines to the appointed place. Many were making their first action cruise when they climbed aboard their landing craft, which eventually arrived at Nettuno. Today they're sailorsmen, for they stuck it.

They've got guts those kids... even though they've spilled 'em a thousand times on their first cruise. And they've got an unbeatable spirit, too, claim those who've seen them go into action. And they've earned a bit of the glory that comes to troops who participate in a successful operation, for together they've delivered the guns and supplies needed by GI Joe and Tommy Atkins as they march side by side on the Road to Rome.

The Appian Way

The Fifth Army has cut the Appian Way and this report brings back into the news the most famous of Roman roads.

Via Appia was called queen of the long-distance highways by early Romans. It was administered by a curator of praetorian rank, as were the other important roads of the empire. Milestones and inscriptions, together with other historical data, give a complete record of its construction and repair.

The first section of the Appian Way, 132 miles in length, was constructed by the censor Appius Claudius Caecus in the year 312 BC. It led to Capua and was extended in the year 244 BC to Brundisium.

At Forum Appii the old road entered the Pontine Marshes, reclaimed under Mussolini. This portion of the old road was 19 miles long and is now in the battle area. That it was a part of the original road is proved by a milestone at Ad Medias dated 250 BC.

The modern Appian Way follows the ancient highway over much of its course. Three original and well preserved bridges still serve it. Men of the Fifth Army will use it as they move forward, for the road built by Appius and repaired and extended by Theodorice, Hadrian and Diocletian leads to Rome.

Not Even a Glass of Beer

The American Legion has asked the War and Navy Departments and the Department of Interior to initiate action in Congress to remove the discrimination against the Indians which now exists in the Federal Indian liquor laws. In making this request the Legion points out to the cabinet officers concerned that this discrimination still applies, by law, to men of Indian blood in the armed services, of whom there are many thousands.

At the present time it is still unlawful for Indians to purchase beer at a post exchange. In fact, if the present law were precisely applied, a soldier could not buy a glass of beer for an Indian comrade without subjecting both of them to criminal proceedings. This discrimination does not exist with relation to men of any other race, and is a hold-over from the past when the laws in question were enacted to cover a very different set of conditions.

As a result of this war, human rights are everywhere up for close re-examination. It is well in America that we look to our own house before we try to advise the rest of the world on how to straighten out the muddle in which it now finds itself.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal."

Surely such a broad bill of rights includes a glass of beer for a fellow citizen who in the service of his country is willing to die to insure the preservation of our constitution.

Hash Marks

After reading all the headlines about the latest invention in the field of aviation, a little moron was heard to remark, "There's nothing new about that idea—my cows have been giving jet-propelled milk for years."

Leave it to the Yanks, they'll improvise every time. Stationed somewhere in the ETO, Cpl. Walter Lowther was sadly



in need of a haircut, with a stiff inspection coming up next day. There were no barbers on hand and the situation looked pretty desperate until Sgt. Paul Haddad came to the rescue. Haddad volunteered for the job and went to work with the only pair of scissors on hand—a small manicure pair from a Red Cross kit with a blade a half-inch long. It took him three hours and forty minutes to make Lowther presentable for inspection—but he succeeded.

Sgt. George Hendrix, of a Bomb division over here, suggests that the new theme song of the German army is "Don't Get Around Much Anymore."

The most surprised guys of the week were a bunch of Army engineers assigned to build an airport on a south Atlantic isle. They found that large booby birds, nesting on the runways, hampered plane take-offs, so they imported cats to do away with the birds. But the boobies—so called because of their apparent stupidity—were smart enough and big enough to fly off with the cats! and drop them in the sea.

Chivalry doesn't always pay—just ask Pvt. Joe Palermo. While waiting in the queue for a bus one stormy night he



noted two girls shivering in the doorway of a nearby building. Doffing his cap politely, he offered them his place in the line. Smilingly, they accepted—and so did their two GI boy friends, who had been lurking in the shadows behind them.

News to Make Your Mouth Water. Ice cream "bombs"—so-called because of their shape—weighing a pound each, costing five shillings and containing fruit, chocolate, nuts and whipped cream, have been invented by an Italian and are being sold in Cairo.

J. C. W.



"C'm on step on it, we gotta get going!"

Introducing the Chief's Lady Aides

14 Women, 9 of Them EMs, Here After Serving in North Africa With Gen. Eisenhower

By Charles F. Kiley

Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

WACs were not available in France in 1917 so it is not on the record what "Black Jack" Pershing thought of having female personnel working for him at AEF headquarters.

But 26 years and another war later, Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower has found women to be invaluable at his Supreme Allied Command HQ in Algiers and London.

When America's No. 1 soldier in this part of the world was appointed Allied chief of invasion forces and brought his varsity team back to Britain from the Mediterranean—Montgomery, Spaatz, Bradley, Tedder, et al—he also brought 14 women who occupy positions on his winning combination.

The distaff side of Gen. Eisenhower's office, who recently arrived in London to take up their duties where they left off in Africa, include nine enlisted and three commissioned WACs working as secretaries and stenographers for members of his staff, a WAC captain who is secretary to the general and a British girl who has been the chief's personal secretary and chauffeuse since he first came overseas in May, 1942.

The enlisted WACs, all of whom were among the first contingent of the Corps to reach Africa a year ago, are S/Sgt. Nana M. Rae, New York, and Lillian E. Beck, Philadelphia; Sgts. Rhoda M. Laird, Houston, Tex.; Marguerite J. Collins, St. Louis; Margaret G. Chick, Ohio, and Sue Sarafian, Detroit; Cpls. Pearl Hargrave, Minneapolis, Minn.; Helen Hornor, Ardmore, Okla., and Cecilia M. Morford, Erwin, Tenn.

Stopped Here in '42

The quartet of WAC officers, first of the Corps assigned overseas who were temporarily stationed in Britain in November, 1942, and shortly afterward went to Allied HQ in Africa, are Capt. Mattie A. Pinette, Gen. Eisenhower's secretary from Fort Kent, Me.; Ruth L. Briggs, Westerly, R.I.; Martha E. Rogers, Jackson, Miss., and Louise Anderson, Denver, Colo. Capt. Anderson, a short-hand-typist, was the only woman present at the Casablanca conference between President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill.

The lone non-military member of the general's feminine force is Kay Summersby, an Irish-born Londoner, who has held the joint position of personal secretary-chauffeuse for Gen. Eisenhower for almost two years.

With M/Sgt. James (Mickey) McKeough, ex-New York bellhop and orderly-chauffeur for the general since the latter was a colonel in Texas, Kay Summersby has driven "the boss" in Britain, Africa, Sicily and Italy. She and Capt. Pinette live together in a London flat.

How do the WACs compare service in North Africa with that in Britain?

In Africa, they maintain, there were sunshine, summer-long swimming in the Mediterranean, no KP, sanctioned dates with officers, informal dress in hot weather, admiration and respect from all and a lot of work done willingly by the Corps.

In Britain, the food is better, dress regulations are more strict, there is no sunshine, soldiers whistle and ask "Does your mother know you're out?" and a lot of work is still done willingly without martyr-to-the-cause attitude.

The enlisted WACs in Africa were permitted to date officers, the girls said,



Kay Summersby, Irish-born Londoner (top), who has been Gen. Eisenhower's personal secretary and chauffeur for almost two years, was one of 14 female members of the General's winning team to follow him from Africa to Britain. Four of the nine enlisted WAC secretaries, stenographers and drivers assigned to staff officers of Supreme Allied Command (above, left to right) are Sgt. Sue Sarafian, Cpl. Pearl H. Hargrave, S/Sgt. Nana M. Rae and Sgt. Margaret G. Chick.

since August. They welcomed the official OK not to date officers exclusively but as a privilege to choose their own company whether it be a general or buck private, they claim. (In Britain WACs must receive special permission from their COs to date officers, i.e. friends from home, relatives, fiancés, etc.)

At least two of the new arrivals, Sgt. Laird and Cpl. Hornor, are engaged to officers they met in Africa. In fact, Sgt. Laird was to have married 2/Lt. D. F. Mullins, of Monroe, La., on Feb. 5 but willingly sacrificed personal life for Army duty when she transferred to Britain. Cpl. Hornor is affianced to 1/Lt. Robert B. Walton, of Forth Worth, Tex.

The one soldier-WAC romance that began in Africa and is being continued in London is that between Mickey McKeough, the general's GI "aide-de-camp," and Cpl. Hargrave. They were

engaged Dec. 17 in Algiers and were able to remain together with the transfer of Gen. Eisenhower's HQ. Cpl. Hargrave has driven for Gen. George C. Marshall and Lt. Gen. Omar N. Bradley, chatted with Winston Churchill, and was one of the first women in Bizerte after the city fell to the Allies. She also drove in the Tunis "Victory Day" parade.

In the short time the girls have been in Britain one of them has had a family reunion, Sgt. Laird, a secretary, met her brother a few days ago after a three-year separation.

For Sgt. Rae her transfer presents an opportunity to visit Dumfriesshire, Scotland, which she left 12 years ago to go to America.

Women supposedly are fain to talk but those at SAC have military secrets to keep and nobody has ever said they don't know how.

Air Force Briefing

FIGHTER pilots at the Mustang station from which Maj. Jim Howard operates know why his claims of e/a destroyed on the Oschersleben mission were so modest: The Major was president of Claire Chennault's combat claims confirmation board when he was with the Flying Tigers in China.

During the Battle of Central Germany on June 11 Howard took on some 30 Nazis in a lone and successful effort to break up an attack on a bomber group. Fortress crews sang praises of the Mustang pilot, claiming "better than half a dozen" for him. But the reticent Howard turned in claims only for "two, two and two"—two certain, two probable and two damaged.

What may have influenced the fighter ace's claim was his background on that confirmation board, which passed on every claim put in by the volunteer pilots in China. At that time the Flying Tigers were an unofficial group, and one of their main sources of income was the \$500 bonus given them by the Chinese government every time they got a Jap plane confirmed. That was big money and Howard's board used to check and re-check and then be conservative.

Casings from .50 cal. ammunition have been used by soldier-craftsmen at a Service Command depot to make communion cups for chapel services. Chaplain Edward Wyckoff, former Baptist minister from Los Angeles, salvaged the shells and got soldiers in the station machine, carpenter, welding, paint and armament shops, under 1/Lt. George Goodheart Jr., to transform the casings. They were cut to one and one-quarter inches, reamed out to half their original thickness polished, silver plated and turned over to the Chaplain for communion.

A Nine-foot string of signed bills from 12 countries or territories is T/Sgt. Glenwood Powell's answer to a Short Snorter's greeting. Powell, whose home is in Emporia, Va., is a 25-mission radio

instructor at the Fortress station commanded by Col. Edgar M. Wittan, of Newport News, Va., and collected the Short Snorter bills as a radio gunner on the B17 Darling Dolly. Nineteen banknotes make up the string, which is worth about ten pounds. Powell has bills from Scotland, Danzig, Iceland, Italy, Algiers, Brazil, French Morocco, Dakar, French West Africa and British West Africa. Two U.S. dollar bills in the collection remind Powell of the Regensburg shuttle to Africa. He tried to spend a regular dollar bill from the U.S., "and the Arabs spit on it as counterfeit," but a specially printed "invasion money" dollar bill—minutely different—was acceptable every time.

Three ground crewmen at a Thunderbolt base have been decorated with the Soldier's Medal for heroism displayed in rescuing a pilot from a burning aircraft. They are S/Sgt. James Dibble, of Richfield Springs, N.Y., S/Sgt. Leo C. Flint, of Monida, Mont., and Sgt. Stanley A. Croshaw, of Philadelphia.

OLD Double Zero, the B26 piloted by Capt. Paul Stach, of Rosenberg, Tex., is the second Marauder bomber in the ETO to complete 50 missions. Old 00 passed the half-century mark in last Monday's 200-plane effort against the Pas de Calais area targets, and Stach says the ship's good for another 50, anyway.

THERE are very few instances in the life of a mechanic in which he is praised for throwing rocks at a \$250,000 airplane. Sgt. Bernard Hellige, 23, of Fort Madison, Iowa, found one.

Hellige, mechanic at a B26 base, saw the Marauder piloted by 1/Lt. Norman Hoffman, of Dallas, Tex., heading for a parked plane and a gas truck after a flapless, chucked landing. Hellige moved damaged Marauder's wheels to change its course. It missed the parked plane and truck and Hellige was praised by his CO for throwing rocks at a plane.

# Feature Section

Thursday, Jan. 27, 1944

## U.S. and Canada Study at Leeds

North American soldiers join in family gathering to take scientific course; agree it's good idea for future furloughs

By Richard Wilbur

Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

**N**ORTH American pioneers and Indians in the early 1800s used to buy clothing and blankets sent to the New World from industries in Leeds, center of many world-wide developments in natural science.

North American soldiers—19 U.S. Army men, 24 Canadian Army men—went in early 1944 to this city, and attended a five-day course in natural science that included visits to Leeds industries.

"Quite a family gatherin'," said a worker in one of the factories that they visited.

This family gathering of American and Canadian soldiers volunteered a week's furlough to studies organized by the University of Leeds, and the furlough seemed to be a success. Most of the soldiers said they'd spend future furloughs in courses like this, if they had the chance.

"It's a great stimulus, this course, after being in the Army a while. Like getting a shot of B-1," said Capt. Herbert L. Combs Jr. (former school teacher), member of the Signal Corps, who was liaison officer for the American group.

Some plan for organizing Americans and Canadians at night, as well as during the daytime, was the only improvement on the course suggested by the Canadian side. "We usually went out to pubs together at night," an RCAF corporal said, "but we never all got organized in the same pub."

A tank commander and a first sergeant were among the American soldier-students. Other Americans came from ordnance, medical, chemical warfare and signal units. Their former occupations included textile worker, soil chemist, shoe store owner, welder, student, seaman, telephone switchman.

The Americans and Canadians went on furlough to study in Leeds, where oxygen was discovered by a minister named Joseph Priestly, where a new use of machine tools led to mass production methods, where men's suits were first made by mass production methods, where the first successful rangefinders that later revolutionized gunnery were discovered.

The North Americans were formally welcomed by the Mayor in this industrial city of some 500,000 people—first known as an agricultural village cultivated by some 35 farmers—which later became, according to civic claims, the center of the English woolen trade, and, before the war, the largest ready-made clothing center in the world.

All with scientific backgrounds, acquired either in civilian jobs or schools, the North American soldiers were given a detailed "refresher course" in science by the University of Leeds.

They listened to Leeds professors give them special lectures on the history of science, such as "The Changing Universe"—visited university science departments, including the department of leather industries, first of its kind in the world—examined some rare books in the library—talked things over at tea every afternoon in the Students' Union social room—visited several industries, one of which was turning out suits for demobilized soldiers.

### 'THE CHANGING UNIVERSE'

Wiping the blackboard in a lecture room, Dr. J. W. Belton erased some words referring to a previous lecture on atom-smashing experiments, "IN-VISIBLE—INDESTRUCTIBLE—INDISTINGUISHABLE," and began to lecture on "The Changing Uni-

verse" before a group of American and Canadian soldiers destined to help change the world.

"Back as far as the Bible, people were speculating on where they were going," Dr. Belton said.

"The Hindus thought the earth was supported by four elephants, the strongest things they knew. . . .

"Ancient people in the Mediterranean area made a chart and put the infernal regions about where we'd put Germany today. . . .

"Traveling at 186,000 miles per second, the speed of light, it would take four or five years to reach the nearest star. A very long job to reach them all. . . .

"The moon is a dead world, according to a past view—barren, with large craters and no vegetation—as the earth will be. . . .

"The sun is getting hotter, and eventually it will be too hot on earth for life to exist, we now know—at least, it is believed. . . .

"We as men occupy a very small corner of the universe, and people are not as important as we once thought.

"From this bird's-eye view I have tried to give of the universe, we can be left with two attitudes. A feeling of depression—a feeling that nothing matters at all. Or we can realize that man has existed only a half million years, and that civilization has been in effect only 10,000 years.

"We can look at what has been achieved in this time, and consider what can be achieved. . . .

Sgt. Jack J. Dinan, of Jersey City (former laboratory assistant in food research), a tank commander, mentioned aside—after the lecture on "The Changing Universe"—the main impression he was deriving from the course so far:

"I get a sense of what I've been missing, a sense of the waste of time."

Three years in the army, Dinan was with the Eighth Army before it started the drive forward from El Alamein. As a civilian, he was attending night college. "I'm going to college after the war's over, if we get that choice of a \$600 bonus or a four-year college course," he said.

### LEATHER DEPARTMENT

In this Leeds University department—the only one of its kind in the world until similar departments were established in the U.S. at Lehigh and Cincinnati universities—Prof. Douglas McCandlish told the Americans and Canadians:

"It would be difficult to find a leather company anywhere in the world which did not have a staff member who has been trained here. That seems a rather tall claim, but men trained here have come from—" and he reeled off the names of 15 nations.

The soldier-students looked around the leather laboratory at samples of tanned leather and animal hides, and W. R. Adkins, senior lecturer of the department, brought out a brown hide with a tag reading "Human Skin." Cpl. Herman Roth, of Detroit (former mechanical engineering student), member of a chemical warfare unit, said, "Looks like human skin."

"This," said Adkin, turning the tanned human skin over in his hand, "is something we usually keep sub rose. It isn't done.

"However, we wouldn't mind doing a similar job on Hitler and use it to bind a copy of Mein Kampf. Or Goering, and two copies."

Tannic acid in tea was mentioned



Coming to Leeds, these American and Canadian soldiers (top) found that a five-day course in natural science was a big "refresher" in the middle of army life. (Bottom) Leeds University students explaining their work to the soldiers.

by Adkin, and an RCAF soldier said, "Would you say when we're drinking so much tea in England we're tanning our hides inside?" Adkin reflected. "Well . . ." he said.

T/4 Philip Lufty, of Worcester, Mass. (former shoe and dry goods store owner), member of an ordnance unit, recalled visiting a Leeds tannery the day before. "After all that work at the tannery to make leather," Lufty said, "I wondered how I could ever sell shoes at two bucks."

### LIBRARY

While the rest of the group was visiting the engineering department, T/5 Frederick Thomas, of Washington (former Merchant Marine seaman), member of an ordnance unit, and T/5 Stanley Vidinghoff, of Rochester, N.Y. (former petroleum salesman), member of a station hospital, went over to the university library, and were shown around by the librarian.

Showing the T/5s a collection of the Bronte sisters' books, the librarian recalled taking an American across the Wuthering Heights moors—not far from Leeds—to show him where the Brontes had lived. The American, having American ideas about English weather, was wearing hip-length boots, the librarian said. "I don't blame him," Thomas said.

Down in a special vault, the librarian showed the T/5s some rare documents—one signed by Henry VIII and one by James I—which he said he'd never shown before. "See?" Thomas said. "You'd never show these rare things unless we came around."

The librarian opened some volumes of exceptional printing—Thucydides, Chaucer—and mentioned the close call that Leeds had when the Germans bombed nearby Sheffield, as he glanced at stacks of 800 volumes of the American Carnegie Institute collection.

"We could lose the pretty-pretty volumes of fine print, but not the Carnegie Institute collection—those books are meat and drink to us," he said.

### STUDENTS' UNION

1/Sgt. Frank M. Otey, of Bedford, Va. (former science teacher), a Negro soldier of an ordnance unit, took time out from talking with some Leeds University students. "A lot of English people think Americans are happy-go-lucky all the time," he said. "But I've had a chance to tell some here that entertainment isn't all we're after."

As a Leeds student finished tea at the table where Cpl. W. M. Brummitt, of Kalamazoo, Mich. (former precision gage worker); member of

an ordnance unit, was sitting, W. H. Lee, of Muskegon, Mich. (former chemical engineer), member of an ordnance unit.

### TEXTILE FIRM

At a textile firm that did a thriving pre-war luxury trade in men's suits with Abercrombie and Fitch in New York, and with Bond Street in London, the American and Canadian soldiers saw women, old men and boys turning out cloth ordered by the British Ministry of Supply to make suits for demobilized soldiers.

"Americans are very particular about blues," D. R. H. Williams, director of the firm, said, as he showed the soldiers some samples of luxury trade cloth.

He told how he helped devise some special cloth that had "a tremendous run" at Abercrombie and Fitch.

"You pretend you're a mug and know nothing about it—tell the loomer to fool around, and get something silly," he said. "It's all just by chance, like women weavers in the old days who looked out the windows and wove colors they happened to see into a fabric."

The woman operating a warping machine that was making cloth for demobilized soldiers said, "Not a bad cloth, not bad at all," to the mobilized soldiers.

In the drying room, filled with steam heat, an RCAF soldier said, "First time I've been warm in England." A worker, surveying the Americans and Canadians, gave a broad smile. "Quite a family gatherin'," he said.

The British Council, the U.S. and Canadian army educational services and Leeds University sponsored the five-day course. Similar courses in agriculture and the drama will be held for U.S. and Canadian servicemen, if this course is considered successful, according to a British Council representative.



1.—The alert is called the evening before the mission. When the target comes in the operations and intelligence officers get together with the lead pilot and begin working out details.

2.—The Group CO, who often leads his unit or bigger forces, calls in the weather man for a conference on the all-important "met problems"

3.—Intelligence officers hours before briefing choose their maps and pictures. The whole picture—routes in and out of Germany, and the target itself—must be clear in every airman's mind.



7.—Before take-off the navigator rebriefs the pilot, co-pilot and bombardier, while the gunners install their weapons and the ground crewmen make a final check of the ship. No detail is overlooked.

**W**ITH a vast number of heavy bombers—Fortresses and Liberators—now operating from England, and increasingly large forces planned for the future, every American attack against Germany is a major offensive, and each mission requires the strategic planning plus the plain hard work of a battle operation.

While the targets are selected and the planning executed in higher headquarters, details of the mission are worked out in individual combat groups, mostly by the men who are to fly and fight that day.

Surprisingly rapid and smooth-running channels function for every operation. Higher headquarters funnel out duties to the Bomber and Fighter commands, and the whole day of combat is cut up and divided among the lower echelons. Ultimately a combat group is told that it is to fly to a certain place, at a certain time, with its bombs aimed at a certain target.

This is the story of a combat operation by one of the participating bomb groups.



11.—Meanwhile, as time for the return approaches, groundmen gather to "sweat in" their comrades. The chaplain and a special group of medics are always on hand until the last plane is reported.

# The Bombers G



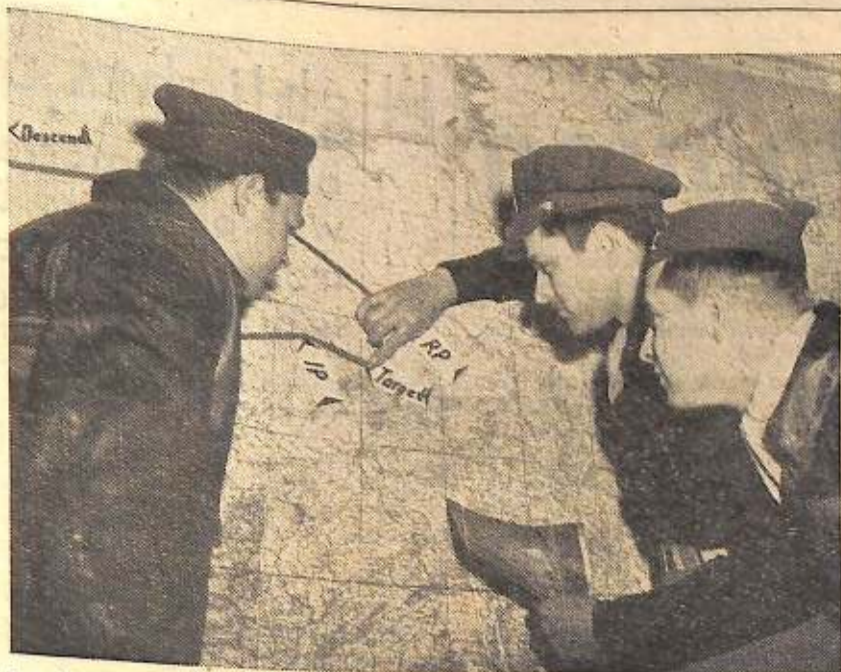
8.—Then comes take-off. The heavily laden bombers assume their place in the carefully stacked



12.—On landing, the pilot signs his Form I, and after looking over the ship with the crew ch



Ground crewmen have gone into big ships are gassed and bombed by part of their structure checked.



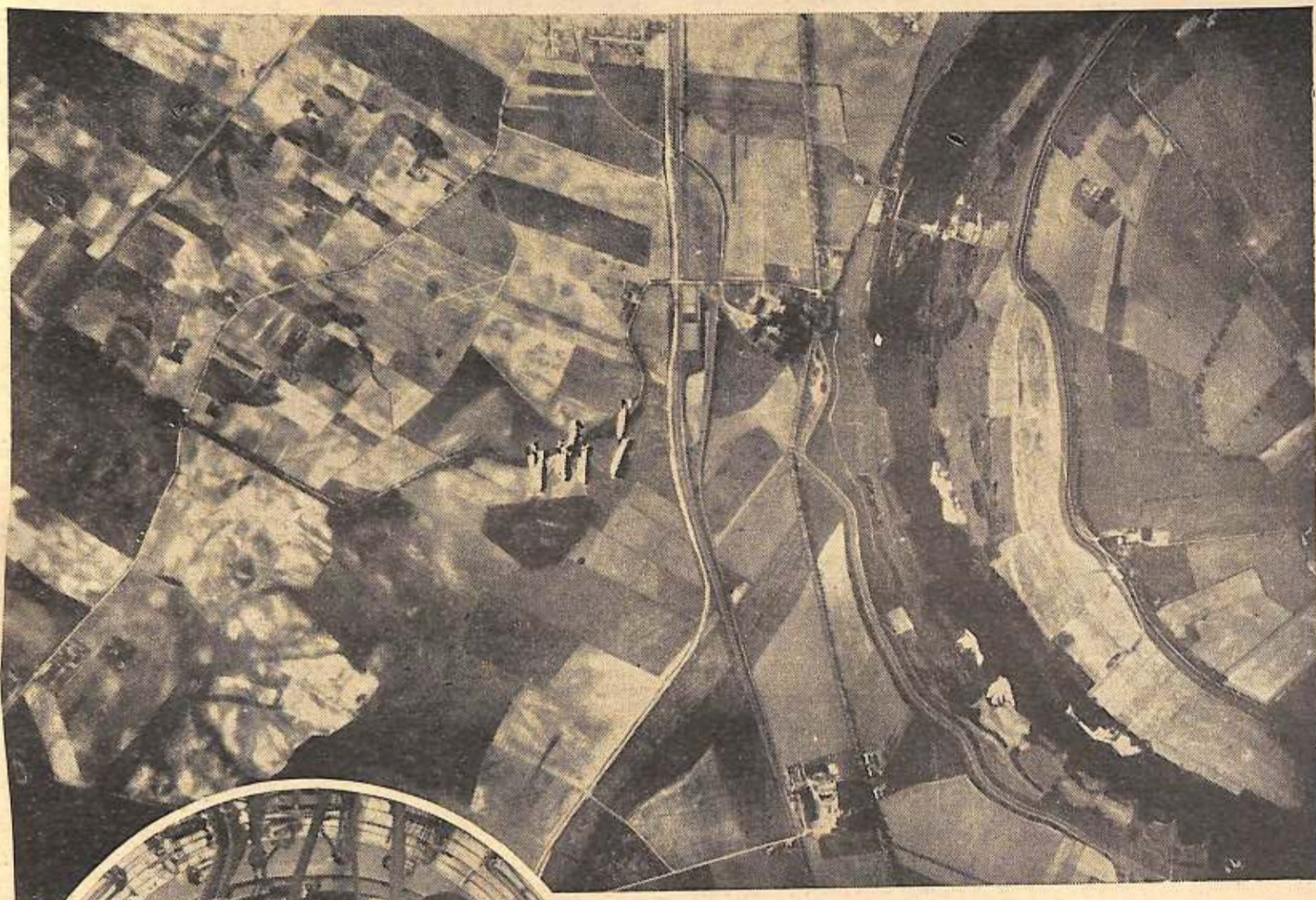
5.—The lead navigator and bombardier for the day are especially careful to check routes, points of bombing and after-bombing rally points and every flak position en route.



6.—At briefing, several hours before the take-off, intelligence and operations officers, the weather man and flying control personnel present every detail of the day's operation.



head for the enemy coast.



10.—Throughout the mission, the ship's gunners are on their toes, ready to blast Nazi fighters.

9.—Perhaps the most tense moments of the normal mission come during the bomb run. This photo is of the first stick of bombs falling away from the lead Fortress—precision bombing at its best.



on battle damage.



13.—Immediately on coming from the line, combat crewmen report to the "Hot News" desk anything they might have seen that will require immediate action.



14.—A cup of hot coffee, a bite to eat, is followed by the Intelligence interrogation. Here the crew's summary of the mission is recorded and later evaluated from the operational and intelligence viewpoint.

A Stars and Stripes Fiction Story

# A Matter of Opinion

By Lt. James F. Cooper

ANY guy knows what a B26 is. He knows it is an airplane, and he is usually content to let the matter drop there. He may or he may not have an additional opinion.

Now, I have my own personal opinion about the crate, but this thought is not for publication at the present time, since these days you can't tell who it is you are talking to and some fellows are pretty sensitive about the matter. I will say, though, that the subject seems to carry quite a lot of pros and cons in discussions between gents who fly, especially between gents who fly the B26s and gents who fly the B25s, and the main theme of these conversations seems to center on whether the crate is easy or whether, as is sometimes said, it is a very hot baby indeed. I want it understood from the start that I am not taking sides with the B25 guys who usually hold their noses when they speak of the crate under discussion, nor the B26 pilots who love the job very dearly.

The B26, you know, is a two-engined structure with a single tail fin and about a million machine-guns and quite a few horses under the hoods, too. When it takes off most of the gents who fly it like to use all the runway that the government boys have put there to use anyway and sometimes some of them silently wish the engineers had dumped, say, a couple more buckets of concrete on the far end.

The story seems to be the same when they bring it in, with the possible exception that they wish for maybe four or six more buckets as the case may be.

### The Pilots Respect Her

And then sometimes when it comes in, the pilot gets to thinking about the gal at home or something and once in a while they take the crate off the runway in two, perhaps three, dump trucks.

So you can understand that the ship is highly respected by the pilots who have to bring it in, and they aren't just exactly willy-nilly about the whole procedure.

Well one day I am standing in the briefing shack talking with a bomber-pilot who is on his way back to the States, the lucky stiff, when in comes none other than Major Suss and asks me what I am doing to earn the good money the government is paying me. I am about to say that personally I think I am cheating the government out of their wages so why don't they fire me and send me back to Kansas, when I get an eleventh-hour control on the potato trap and remember that Majors are not quite accustomed to being talked to that way in the United States Army as yet. What I really say is, "Nothing at the moment Major Suss sir, and what does the Major have on his mind?"

Evidently the Major's porridge must have been cold this morning for he seems to have plenty on his mind and lets me in on it, dwelling for some time on the advisability of all second lieutenants to speak to Majors in words of one syllable and that it isn't an established custom in the army to ask them what they have on their minds, and besides that, the floors look like a pigpen in this briefing shack.

He then deals for some more minutes with various and sundry other subjects—all bad—but I finally get the last words in, which in this case are, "Yes Sir."

### They Call Me Navigator

After these pleasantries are tossed back and forth, he comes to the meaty part of his mission and informs me that since the army, though Heaven knows why, has seen fit to call me a navigator, would I mind getting on ship number 4253 and navigating it to —, since the regular navigator has a toothache and cannot fly and don't take all day getting out there.

This job is strictly a Ferry detail so I hurry and eagerly sharpen my pencil and put on the old fleece-lined jacket. However, when I walk out to the ship, I begin to feel an ache in my molars too, for I have at this time my own opinion of the B26 and that is just what this baby happens to be.

But the crew invites me aboard so pleasantly that I climb without hesitation up through the hatch and take my seat and ask the pilot can I take the noose from round my neck now, as it chokes a little.

The first pilot, a first lieutenant, snarls something through the throat mike that comes over the intercom, "Quabble schish momfth duthith," and then two minutes later comes running back to my desk and breathes in my face with the query, "Are you going to give me a heading to fly or are we going to sit on this naughty word runway all day?"

I hurriedly shake my head to the negative and hope that he takes it the right way, because if you aren't taken the right way by pilots who are impatient, the eardrums don't get a rest for the next two hours or so. This gent evidently decides to ignore me and rushes madly back up to the cockpit and feeds the horses all the hay the throttles can pitch.

I take the brain (called an E-6-B computer, one each, in the army Sears and

Roebuck) and fish out a heading, scratch it on a sheet of paper and run back up to the cockpit and give it to the co-pilot, who looks like he eats smaller nails than the first-pilot.

All goes well for the next two or three hours, and the radio man and I play some checkers and I don't have a worry in the world because the old calculations tell me we are right on track.

Pretty soon the co-pilot works his way back to the desk and sits down and we bat the fat around quite a lot about this and that and women of course. And after we discuss them pro and con and give each other titbits from our vast experience with them, the talk swings around to B26s. I remark very friendly like that they are surely fine ships, and give as an example the one we are in, my basis for reasoning being that we are still in the air and not 20,000 leagues under the sea however far that is.

### Not His True Love

And the co-pilot, who comes from Kentucky and is not from Harlan county, which in itself is a remarkable thing for a guy from Kentucky, tells me that they are the finest ships in the world in his opinion, but sadly enough this outlook is not shared by the pilot, who happens to be commissioned the class ahead of him, and is therefore an authority as far as this crew is concerned.

He then explains that this pilot used to fly the B25s which have two tail fins, a million machine-guns and a team of horses with plenty of hay, and that said pilot is transferred to the B26s and so, to tell the truth, is none too pleased with his new position. This change, moreover, is so much disapproved by him that he tells somebody what they can do with the ship, and since that time is mad at everyone in the world in general, especially the jerk who designs the plane in the first place. His vocabulary, the co-pilot says, is also expanded, though not quite along the lines some gent named Webster suggests.

Well, finally, a noise comes through the intercom that sounds like the Ford factory hoots it back up to the cockpit. I, in turn, make a pillow by inflating my Mae West and catch a few winks, first cautioning the radio operator to awaken me gently when he sees a certain island, as according to my calculations that will give me time to catch a cup of coffee and a sandwich before we land, if we do—which in my mind is still a bad bet for anybody's dough.

So what seems to be two minutes later, the RO gives me the nod, and I get up and pour the coffee. Then I look at the brain and a couple other instruments and decide that we will be over the field in 20 minutes, which is a great idea since the gas gauge indicates we have about 25 minutes left.

At the end of the 20 minutes we all crane our necks and look out the windows, but

all we can see is fog so thick you can land on the top of it, which would be nice but for the fact they don't have elevators down to the runways on this particular field.

The pilot has no other alternative then, so he starts making an instrument letdown through the stuff, at the same time making the statement that all weather men are of dubious ancestry.

Everything goes great for a while, but just as I am about to concede the fact that our chances are up to fifty-fifty of making it, one of the engines takes a notion to go on furlough, which is suicide in the B26 as anyone with any sense will tell you. Besides that we can't see the wingtips for the fog, and the gas needle starts jumping like mad, indicating that the insides of the tanks are just barely wet.

I hastily scratch out a note leaving all my debts to my darling wife, when all of a sudden we break through the stuff and there is the field right under us, the only trouble being that we are going across the runways instead of with them, which is customary. Besides that the control tower looms only a few hundred feet in front of us, which is really nothing to worry about, because the other engine quits and we are goners for sure anyway.

But this pilot happens to be a dope that never gives up, and he somehow manages to stall the ship in and brake it to a stop. How he does it I do not know, as the visibility in the B26 is not so keen from under the navigation table.

### A Dent to Explain

But he does it just the same, though I will have to admit that there is a funny dent in the side of the control tower that someone will have to explain.

We all climb out of the ship cheering and patting the pilot on the back and telling him what a sweet job he does. And he even manages to show some teeth, which is practically laughing his head off as far as he is concerned.

After the clamor has subsided the pilot walks over to me and tells me that he is sorry for hollering at me, and then walks away muttering something about the B26 being the best hunk of airplane in the sky.

That is about all there is to the story, and should convince everybody that the B26s are very remarkable ships. My opinion, as I have said before, is that of a detached onlooker ever since the night I met this first pilot about three months later. I am in a pub in London and he is there with about 30 other pilots, and I walk up to him and propose a toast to the B26, the best hunk of airplane in the sky.

It is not until a couple of fellows I know pick my broken body up off the street outside the pub that I learn this first pilot is now on his way home after completing a tour flying over Italy in one of those B25s with the two tails.

## Highlights of Army Talks

British-American cooperation will be at its best in invasion from the west, says an English military correspondent

BRITISH-American combined military operations will be seen at their best in the invasion of the European continent from the west, according to Capt. Cyril Falls, author, lecturer and Military Correspondent of "The Times" of London. Author of the current issue of Army Talks, "Two Nations—One Army," Capt. Falls notes in his article the unprecedented character of relations prevailing between the armed forces of Britain and America. He points out the great advantages of such close cooperation, as well as certain difficulties attending it.

A liaison officer between a French division and an Australian division during the latter part of World War I, Capt. Falls stresses the misunderstandings that arose through differences in military habits and methods of carrying out certain tasks, and the extent to which difference in languages contributed to these misunderstandings. The interpreter, he recalls, was commonly nicknamed "interruptor."

For nearly four years the Allied armies of World War I operated largely as separate organizations. Not until the final phase of the war was Marshal Foch made Allied Commander-in-Chief, and then only under the pressure of the greatest danger. This move is generally credited with having averted defeat, and made possible the concerted Allied counter-offensive which led to the armistice. Effective as the unified command in 1918 may have been, however, it did not approximate the combined operations of today as achieved by all arms of the British and American military forces.

Speaking of the development of this cooperation in "Two Nations—One Army," Capt. Falls says, "Though the military methods and machinery of the two countries differed in some ways, they spoke the same language, which made the possibility of linking together their fighting forces far easier. Yet I doubt if anyone realized at the start how close the link was to become. It was first forged in the MacArthur headquarters. It was made harder and closer still in that of General Eisenhower. It has since appeared in that of Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten. On a higher scale it has long been functioning in Washington."

Combined operations are seen in their fullest effect in the almost daily coordinated assaults on the Continent by the RAF and USAAF. Convoy escort duty in the North Atlantic is shared by the navies of both countries in a smooth-running system that has mastered the U-boat. American troops have landed in North Africa, Sicily and Italy under the covering fire of British naval units. The Fifth Army in Italy is comprised of both

British and American troops under one commander.

Capt. Falls believes that the armed forces of both countries have profited through their continued close contact and integrated operations. He mentions particularly British admiration of American artillery methods and engineering equipment on the one hand, and the valuable lessons in infantry tactics and training that the Americans have been able to learn from the British.

Capt. Falls urges cooperation and an effort toward mutual understanding on the part of the enlisted personnel of both military forces. Individual jealousies and unit rivalries can be a nuisance within one army, and they can be a serious detriment to relations within a combined military force.

"Tolerance and effort to understand the other fellow's point of view are pretty considerable virtues," he says, "useful in time of peace and even more so in time of war. It is worth the while of all of us to cultivate them."

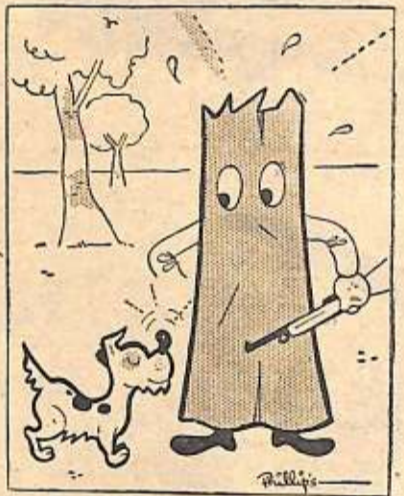
Following are typical questions concerning British-American combined operations to which answers may be found in Army Talks:

Q—Do the Germans have anything like Allied combined operations?

A—No. Rumanian, Bulgarian and other satellite forces are treated not as equal partners but are completely subordinated.

Q—Why are combined operations more readily possible between Britain and America at present than was possible among allies in other conflicts?

A—Because, aside from the common language advantage, there is the very great advantage of both nations having the same outlook on war, and essentially the same objectives in peace.



## GI Joe

By Lt. Dave Breger





