



THE STARS AND STRIPES

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in the European Theater of Operations



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Heavies Rain 360,000 Bombs on Berlin

U.S. Bombs Strike a Berlin Factory District



Did the American bombs hit their mark in Berlin? This photograph, taken during the Monday raid, gives the answer. The bomb bursts shown are right in the midst of one of the German capital's important factory districts.

Over 850 Forts, Libs Set Capital Aflame In Great Fire Raid

Smoke Visible 100 Miles After Second Major Day Attack; Fierce Air Battles Deepen Gash in the Luftwaffe

Berlin got its second major daylight bombing yesterday. A force of American Flying Fortresses and Liberators estimated at more than 850 strong dropped more than 350,000 incendiary bombs and 10,000 high-explosive bombs on the German capital, and returning airmen said the smoke billowing from the burning ruins could be seen 100 miles away.

Thirty-eight American bombers and 16 fighters were lost in the operations according to an announcement from U.S. Strategic Air Forces headquarters just before midnight. U.S. fighters claimed 83 enemy aircraft destroyed; bombers crews' claims have not tabulated.

The attack, third by American forces on Berlin in four days, was probably the biggest daylight incendiary raid in history, far surpassing the German attempt to set London afire on Sept. 15, 1940, at the start of the London blitz.

A preliminary report from headquarters shortly before midnight said that the ball bearing plant at Erkner, 15 miles southeast of the heart of the city, was heavily hit and that "other targets in the area also were bombed successfully."

The Erkner plant produces half the minimum requirements in ball bearings needed by the Luftwaffe. It is second in importance only to Schweinfurt and Stuttgart, both heavily damaged by the USSTAF and RAF.

Furious air battles, possibly matching those of the Monday raid on the capital, raged across Germany from the time the bombers passed Hanover, 150 miles from the capital, shortly after noon until they emerged on the homeward flight.

Mustang pilots returning early in the afternoon said that Berlin's defenses were just as fierce and determined as in the first major assault on the city. The Monday operation cost the American forces 68 bombers and 11 fighters and the Luftwaffe 176 fighters, according to official figures at U.S. headquarters.

Berlin radio said last night more than 60 U.S. bombers were shot down. While most bomber formations reported and 200.

A massive cover of Eighth and Ninth Air Force fighters—Thunderbolts, Mustangs and Lightnings—escorted the bombers in and out. In some cases the protection was so thorough that German fighters were completely unable to get in to attack the bombers.

One Thunderbolt squadron in Col. Hubert Zemke's group claimed 20 planes down. A Mustang group claimed 28.

Capt. Walker Mahurin, of Fort Wayne, who was tied for second place among Eighth Air Force aces with a score of 17, scored a triple yesterday, bringing his score to 20—now tops in the ETO.

The precision assault in nearly cloudless skies was aimed at industrial targets still standing after the RAF's 15 night attacks, in which approximately 27,000 tons of bombs were hurled onto the city.

Just before the American heavies struck at the Reich capital, and again just before they came out, Ninth Air Force Marauders stabbed deep into Holland to strike airfields, thus drawing fighters away from the heavy bombers' path, and also pounding airbases from which interceptors might have risen to the attack. All of the mediums returned safely.

The battle was fought in an almost cloudless sky, with visibility marred only by the myriad puffs of ack-ack fire thrown up by German guns, the airmen said. The flak was so heavy, they added, that it appeared obvious the Germans had brought in new defenses since the Monday raid.

There were varying accounts of the German fighter defenses. Some American escorts met virtually none; others reported that "the Germans seemed to throw up every kind of fighter available, including some trainers which were duck soup for our gunners."

Capt. Don Gentile, of Piqua, Ohio, a Mustang pilot, said: "There were so (Continued on page 4)

Counter-Blows Slow Russians

Reds Push Within 6 Miles Of Tarnopol Despite Stiff Resistance

Strong German counter-attacks by picked tank and infantry forces under Gen. Fritz von Manstein slowed the Soviet sweep toward Rumania yesterday, but in spite of the muddied going of the winter campaign Marshal Gregory Zhukov's Russians pressed forward within six miles of the important junction of Tarnopol, 42 miles east of the Nazi base at Lwow.

Zhukov's advance threatened three vital railway towns on a front 130 miles along the Odessa-Lwow trunk—Tarnopol—from which an important line runs south to Cernauti, Rumania; Proskurov, 65 miles away, where another line branches off to Rumania, and Zhmerinka, keystone of Nazi defenses during the Kiev bulge battles.

The speed of the Soviet advance since the offensive began five days ago created consternation in Rumania, and Hungarian dispatches received in neutral Switzerland said the Rumanians were forcing their way onto trains leaving the eastern territories, in spite of government orders against travel.

Not only in the western Ukraine but all along the front the Soviet pressure was kept up. Axis reports admitted the Russians had breached Nazi lines southwest of Krivoi Rog in the Dnieper Bend and attacked on the central front west of Gomel, between the Beresina and Dnieper Rivers.

Details of the fighting on the northern front were lacking, but Norwegian legation sources in Stockholm revealed that the Nazi command withdrew troops from Norway in the last two weeks in February to reinforce the front at Narva, gateway to Estonia.

The Soviet main thrust was across the Odessa-Lwow line, now useless to the Germans for the supply of their men in the Dnieper Bend. Axis reports described the Russians here as "rolling impetuously ahead" and said the offensive had been "greatly stepped up" since Tuesday noon.

377 Miles—From Toronto To N.Y.—in Just 55 Minutes

TORONTO, Mar. 8—A 377-mile flight in a Mosquito from Toronto to New York in 55 minutes—at an average speed of 411 mph, was disclosed today by James Follett, chief test pilot of DeHavilland Aircraft Corp.

Vanhe, Chinese Join in Burma New Landing in New Britain

American-trained Chinese troops under command of Lt. Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell have struck south from Maingwan, the fall of which was announced yesterday, and joined with Americans in the Walaubum area of northern Burma's jungles in a bid to annihilate an estimated 2,000 Japs.

The Japs fell back along a front of 60 miles with heavy casualties before Allied drives which Gen. Stilwell said were designed "to hurl the Japanese out of north Burma to make elbow room for the engineers to punch through" a new road to supply China.

At the same time, in the third landing operation carried out by Gen. MacArthur's forces in eight days, Marines stormed ashore about ten miles behind the Jap lines on New Britain, while cavalrymen on the Admiralty Island of Los Negros gained complete control of all but the northern end of the island and made Momote airfield ready for use.

In a surprise operation, which met only small-arms fire from the enemy, the Marines landed northwest of Talasea, about 160 miles southwest of bomb-battered Rabaul and 110 miles east of Allied-held Cape Gloucester.

On New Guinea U.S. troops, which landed 20 miles ahead of the main Allied force at Herwarth Point, have expanded their bridgehead behind the Jap lines, increasing the threat to Madang, Jap base on the island's northeast coast.

Meanwhile, carrier-based U.S. Navy planes for the 13th time raided Paramushiro, Jap sea-air base in the most northerly of the Kurile Islands, 1,280 miles from Tokyo.

Spoiling a Luftwaffe Tackle

Heavies Hit the Line—B26s Blocked

By Bud Hutton
Stars and Stripes Staff Writer
A MARAUDER BASE, Mar. 8—Some of the bombs that fell on Berlin this afternoon belonged, in a way, to the Marauders.

The Marauders didn't go to Berlin, of course; they only went as far as the German border. But like a blocking back smearing the opposition tackles, they slashed deeply into Holland ahead of the heavies and took a swarm of Nazi fighters out of the play before they could ever get off the ground.

The Marauders dumped high explosives and incendiaries across the Luftwaffe airbases at Soesterberg and Volkel from which German interceptors climbed to take their toll of the heavy bombers Monday. And in the wake of the

Marauders, checking their own route by the columns of black smoke which arose from the mediums targets, the heavies swept along like the back with the ball and went on to Big B.

From the B26 City of Sherman, piloted by 1/Lt. Paul Phillips, of Sherman, Tex., I watched the Marauders sweep over the Dutch coast, brush aside flak and fighter threats, and carry out their blocking job. They split into two groups and caught both airbases squarely with bomb bursts which ripped up runways, wrecked dispersal areas and sent streaks of flame stabbing up into the black smoke from fuel-dump fires.

A little while later, on a carefully-plotted time-table, the Forts and the Libs thundered into the Reich, and some of the Nazi fighters which would have tried

Forts Again Hit Base at Toulon

Warships May Have Been Damaged; Lull Still Grips Land Fronts

Flying Fortresses pounded the naval base at Toulon, on the southern coast of France, Tuesday, scoring direct hits on dry docks and the munitions factory area, as well as near misses on submarines in the bay, dispatches from Allied headquarters in Italy said yesterday. Photos showed that sticks of bombs also fell along the jetties, probably damaging warships and merchant vessels in the harbor.

This second raid in little more than a month was carried out despite strong German fighter opposition.

While Forts of the 15th AAF were over Toulon, heavy units of other Mediterranean Allied air forces were attacking railway lines in central Italy.

Although there was some Allied air activity over the Anzio beachhead, the lull on the land fronts remained unbroken yesterday save for Cassino, and even here there were no major developments.

Patrols clashed in the streets and there was considerable artillery and mortar fire. The Allies continue to hold about a third of the built-up area in Cassino.

Rain-swollen streams were returning to normal in this section, but the seas of mud they left prevented any major land movements. Mud also was preventing large-scale operations on both the main Fifth Army fronts, and snow in the mountains of the Eighth Army sector still limited activity there.

to halt them never had a chance; they couldn't get off their battered 'dromes.

Although the Forts and Libs had taken the losses as well as the headlines, the Marauders had done their job of blocking.

But the Marauders' job wasn't done even then. Like the blocking back who picks himself out of the scrimmage line and goes downfield to take out the safety man for the ball carrier, the B26s went back a few hours later to a Nazi field in Holland. Timing their attack to split-second synchronization, they pounded the Luftwaffe once more to help the heavy bombers get past the last barrier on the way home from Big B, where bombs had been dropped that belonged, a little bit, to the blocking backs from the B26 fields.

Second Lonergan Trial Scheduled to Open Mar. 20

NEW YORK, Mar. 8—The second trial of Wayne Lonergan, charged with slaying his 23-year-old wife Patricia, was scheduled today to begin Mar. 20 before General Sessions Judge James Garrett Wallace. Judge John J. Freschi, who declared the first hearing a mistrial last week after charging Lonergan's counsel with contempt, had expressed a wish not to serve again.

'Invasion Next Wednesday'
German-controlled Paris radio's military commentator Jean Herold Paqui tonight repeated the German story that the Allied invasion of the Continent is fixed for next Wednesday.

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Another Straw

Straws point the direction in which the winds blow, and also point the trend of world affairs. For example, the Germans have resumed the building of merchant ships in their Baltic yards for the first time since the war began.

'March' Against Hitler

True to the old saying, the month of March has come in like a lion—a lion whose devastating force is smashing against the Axis on all fronts. And, oddly enough, the month of March has seen the pendulum swing against the Axis in two vitally important campaigns.

The Eastern Crisis

The Germans, who have for the past few weeks been wondering anxiously how long they could keep the Red Army from overrunning the Baltic republics, smashing their entire defensive position in the north, have suddenly had their attention roughly directed to the extreme peril that has arisen to the whole defensive system in the south of the vast Eastern front.

Hash Marks

Back in Illinois an indignant subscriber phoned the editor of the hometown newspaper and demanded to know why the paper hadn't run pictures of the town's latest batch of draftees.

Here's the ultimate in something or other. An Indiana court has ruled that a pedestrian has the right to collect damages for injuries sustained in collision with another pedestrian guilty of negligent walking.

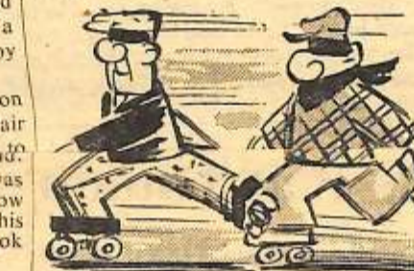


At least one British couple is convinced that Yanks don't know their way around very well. The GIs, new to the ETO, were headed through the English countryside in a jeep.

Signs of the Times. An Indianapolis home-owner threw in everything but his wife in this classified ad: "I'll lease you my home, lend you my maid and introduce you to my butcher about April 1."

How to get your mail on time? T/S Manford Anson of a general hospital over here received a V-mail from a friend in the states in nine days—the epistle bore no name or address.

Must be the tire shortage. Thieves broke into a Nebraska store, stole two suits of clothes—and two pairs of roller skates—and escaped.



Is it true that the famous Paper Doll committed suicide because some cad told her her mama was an old bag? Hitler's Secret Weapon? The ETO "Sniffles." I. C. W.

Publicity a Measurement Of Morale, PROs Learn

By Charles F. Kiley Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

U.S. combat ground forces have learned a lesson in public relations. It took several months, during which the roles of some divisions in the North African and Sicilian campaigns went unnoticed, before the lesson was driven home.

Since taking steps to correct its shortcomings in this respect, however, the Army is supplying to the American public news of its heretofore unpublicized ground troops at such a rate that it soon may rival other branches of service in the field of public relations.

Correspondents who covered campaigns in the Mediterranean reported that a sure-fire way to sink a soldier's morale was to ignore his division's part in a campaign while playing up another division in the same operation. In most cases this was due largely to reasonable censorship regulations which prohibited the identification of a division in a particular campaign.

Lack of public relations facilities within the division, however, often was responsible for the unit being buried among the anonymous participants.

Ninth Div. Good Example Drew Middleton, New York Times correspondent, cited the Ninth Infantry as a striking example of a division which discovered in combat how much public relations meant to the morale of its soldiers.

The Ninth had an operating PRO force in the States, but like many Army combat divisions was forced to brush it into an obscure corner because of TO restrictions. One of the big factors in the African and other campaign successes, the Ninth was further handicapped by censorship which would not allow the division's presence in those campaigns to be revealed.

As a result, the Ninth established what developed into one of the most efficient PRO organizations in the Army, with officers and enlisted men handling public-relations work in addition to their regular duties.

Prime mover behind the renaissance was Lt. Col. Robert W. Robb, of San Francisco, G-2 of the division and long an experienced hand in public relations and newspaper work.

27 PROs in Regiment Capt. Lindsey Nelson, of Columbia, Tenn., PRO of the division while it was in the States, who had been diverted to special service work during combat, was placed at the head of the new organization. Sgt. John Peel, of Geneva, N.Y., became his assistant.

Each of the three regiments had 24 officers and men designated as PROs, the Times correspondent related. Normally, they were mess officers, adjutants, specialty officers and company clerks. Typical examples were Lt. Carl Ruff, liaison and mess officer, who formerly was with the press section of Mutual's WOR, and Cpl. Bob Dunn, who worked for the Philadelphia Record.

These men filed as many as 300 stories a day once they started to roll, telling Mr. and Mrs. America that their son was promoted to sergeant, had received the good-conduct ribbon, Silver Star, Purple Heart and DSC, had been cited for heroism after completing a dangerous mission.

Moreover, when Middleton and other correspondents got around to telling America about the Ninth Division they were given all the co-operation they needed in gathering their material. Under the new PRO setup, as far as the Ninth Division is concerned, "no news is bad news."

Westminster, Md., has initiated a concentrated course of instruction. Having passed the probationary period with flying colors, it is expected that the school will be established on a more permanent basis.

"They don't give us much time in which to teach a man the fundamentals of intelligence," Geiglein said, "but you'd be surprised how much stuff you can squeeze in."

The men receive a substantial grounding in map reading, compass shooting, aircraft identification and terrain study. As a climax, they are put through a highly realistic patrol mission, replete with snipers, land mines and booby traps.

To carry out the mission the men must pass through a ten-acre tract of "enemy-infested" territory that includes virtually every type of terrain known to England—dense woodland, barren moors and steep, rocky hills.

To begin with, they must pass through a small forest reeking with tear gas. Then, to make sure the men on test avail themselves of natural cover, concealed snipers fan the area with live fire.

Farther on, they pass through a mined field, each mine containing sufficient TNT to blow an arm off if they don't handle it properly. Their orders are to neutralize the mines.

They are pretty groggy by the time they reach a group of buildings ingeniously rigged with booby traps. Mantel clocks wired with explosives, false floorboards and all the rest of the hazards one would encounter in a house "abandoned" by the enemy await them here.

"It was a hell of a good idea," agreed S/Sgt. Phil Little of Whiteford, Missouri. "I know I feel better about going into combat with some of that training under my belt."

Notes from the Air Force

MAJ. Gen. James H. Doolittle, Eighth Air Force chief, and other ranking Air Force officials, narrowly escaped death Monday when a crippled Fortress returning from Berlin almost crashed into the control tower where they were standing.

The battered Fort Dragon Lady, piloted by Lt. Frederick J. Sommer, of Davidsonville, Md., was operating on three engines. There were four wounded men aboard, so Sommer cut his approach short and brought his ship in for a landing, but just as the wheels neared the ground propwash from the plane that landed ahead threw the Dragon Lady momentarily out of control, and it careened off the runway heading straight for the control tower.

Sommer quickly gave the ship the gun and fought it into the air, barely clearing the tower as it went up.

AFTER dodging Berlin flak and fighting two conked-out engines back into shape over Germany, the Liberator Lonesome Polecat was almost shot down by a group of Fortresses.

"Two engines cut out on the bomb run," said Lt. Robert Witzel, of Elmira, N.Y., "then the prop ran away on the fourth engine." As the Polecat lost altitude, two engines cut back in, and Witzel headed his ship for a passing Fortress formation.

As he neared the Forts, their lead ship blew up, and the other Fort's gunner, apparently figuring the Liberator was crewed by Germans, opened fire on it. "I got out of range in a hurry," said Witzel.

Nine months ago 22-year-old Capt. David Terron was in a plane crash, and doctors said he would never fly again. Monday over Berlin he shot down three German fighters in exactly two minutes. It was Terron's sixth Mustang mission, his second visit to the German capital.

1/LT. James Engelking, an Ordnance officer from Beeville, Tex., hadn't seen his pilot brother, Otto, for a long time, so when he visited him at a Marauder station last week there was plenty of home-town gossip to exchange.

Since Otto was busy with missions and James' leave was running short, the Ordnance man went along on an operational ride and discussed the latest Beeville news—over France.

1/LT. FRANCIS P. DUDZIK, of Chicago, who was in charge of Maj. Gen. Clare Chennault's personnel department in the AVG days, is photo-interpretation officer in the intelligence section of a Marauder group in the ETO.

Dudzik was base sergeant-major at the Chennault expedition, and he went to the Pacific War Theater with the General, remaining on Chennault's staff and operating a daily newspaper for AVGs until May, 1942.

Lt. John Lawlor, of San Francisco, figured once he started his Fortress for Berlin he wasn't going to turn back, so when one engine failed over 100 miles from the target, and the ship had to leave the formation, Lawlor took his B17 on by itself—and brought it home, well battle scarred, alone.

FOUR crew chiefs at a Fortress station have been cited for sending their aircraft out on a total of 128 missions without an abortion. M/Sgt. Omer James, of Argyle, Ky., is crew chief of Screamin' Red, which has made 40 missions without turning back because of mechanical trouble. Others are M/Sgt. Robert J. Gholston, of Fitzpatrick, Ala., of Blind Date, with 35 missions; M/Sgt. Harry W. Allert, of Plentywood, Mont., of Blitzing Betsy, with 34 missions, and M/Sgt. James O. Babb, of Burlington Junction, Mo., of Old 66, with 29 missions.

The B26 group commanded by Col. Gerald E. Williams, of Presque Isle, Me., set some sort of record by becoming operational within ten days after landing on Britain.

And within two weeks Col. Williams and his group were commended by Brig. Gen. Samuel Anderson, Ninth Bomber Command chief, for "an especially fine" bombing job on a target in France.

INSPIRED by the miracle man of his own creation, 1/Lt. Roy S. Moore, of St. Louis, Mo., is putting together a collection of tales for his grandchildren. Before he became a pilot for the Eighth AAF Ferry and Transport Service in the UK, Moore created the "Phantom," a comic strip character followed by youngsters from six to 60 for years. Now, instead of getting his pen-and-ink hero in and out of numerous tight spots, he flies B17s, B24s and B26s from their trans-Atlantic landing points to operational bases.

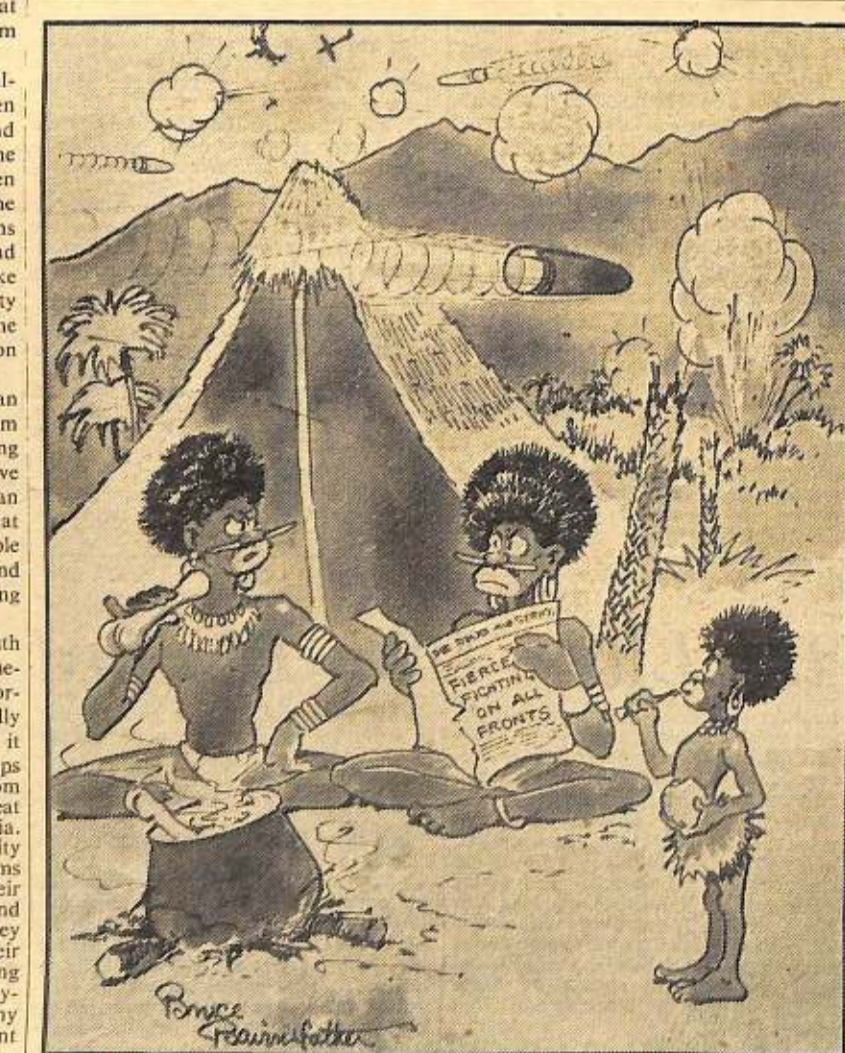
MISSING in action after a dogfight over central Germany is 2/Lt. Wau Kau Kong, of Honolulu, first Chinese fighter pilot in the ETO. A member of Lt. Col. Jim Howard's original Mustang outfit, one of Germany's last battle was against Me410. He had just shared its destruction with Capt. Jack Bradley, of Brown-double-named P51 (Chinaman's Chance and No Ticki, No Washi). The ship exploded and plunged into the overcast.

Course in Combat Intelligence

By Tom Hoge Stars and Stripes Unit Correspondent

A U.S. INFANTRY DIVISION, England, Mar. 8—Every non-com a potential intelligence man—that's the goal the S-2 of one of the regiments in this outfit has set for himself.

Realizing that things can become pretty desperate if the intelligence branch of an outfit is wiped out—not an unheard of occurrence—Capt. J. Clarke Geiglein, of



"Guess it's our own fault Bongo. We should have sent our own missionaries to Europe, before all this started."

Feature Section

Thursday, March 9, 1944

A Shadow Army Leaps to Arms

The drama enacted in Corsica will be repeated in many other lands

By Sgt. Herbert Mitgang

THOSE were the long days, the long hours, when Corsica's citizen army looked seaward, patiently waited. That was the time, seven days after United States troops clambered up the beaches of North Africa. Then the yellow ragpaper tracts were secretly passed hand-to-hand among the faithful, ever watchful of the Germans.

This was to be the lesson, the proving ground for Europe's patriots: below, liberation for French North Africa was accomplished; flanked by Italy and its Mediterranean possessions, Corsica watched its own shores, waited for Allied landings and freedom.

In 14-point handset type on hand-ripped slips of paper, islanders read a secret message:

On his posters the enemy has clearly indicated the activities which hinder him since the debarkation; he has warned us under the threat of death.

But it is the Homeland we must obey and not the enemy—our future prisoners. France counts on everyone to do his duty.

Every evening at 2250 hours listen to the broadcast over Radio France (Algiers) for Corsica.

NATIONAL FRONT.

And the clandestine radios, in homes watched by Italians, Germans and Corsican gaudiers, picked up innocent-sounding news broadcasts from Radio France which directed their movements in coordination with the temporary government set up in Algiers.

Transmitted Secret Messages

In a small mountain town in the north-eastern region, Jacques Manachem, a 29-year-old newspaper man, sat pounding the keys of a typewriter. A former photographer for the Paris Soir, his work had taken him to London for several years and to Hollywood for three months. He was by no means handsome. His reddish-brown hair topped an ordinary-looking face, but his body appeared sturdy, with a long, wiry strength. Only his eyes looked unusual. They had a quick, shifting glance which spotted everyone who walked into the Fascist headquarters in the town.

The Fascists were unaware of him. On their own official stationery he transmitted secret messages in code and passed them along from province to province, covering the entire island.

The patriots worked in units of five, patterned after the citizens' army in France; they numbered many French evacuees in their group. Principal reason for the compact units was security. Composed as they were, if one man was caught and forced to give information he could reveal only four others.

The 'Army' Was Formed

Of the five original leaders in Corsica, three were members of the Communist party. Each original member carefully chose five others and they, in turn, picked out others. This went on, town to town, until 15,000 men were patriot "regulars." One-third of the men capable of bearing arms were in this partisan army.

They met in deserted farmhouses and barns; in mountain caves known only to people who lived in the region all of their lives; in innocent-looking taverns. The men lived spartan lives. They had to. It was either self-denial or pitiless persecution if discovered. Organization was more absolute than in a regular army, and there was no such thing as disobeying or questioning an order. In the hearts of the men in every unit were engraved these vows, similar to those taken by their brother patriots hiding deep in the forests of France:

- 1—You are not only fugitives, you are also soldiers.
- 2—Hold no communications with family or friends.
- 3—Do not complain if your family cannot help you.
- 4—You expect no pay.
- 5—There is no distinction in the ranks between race, faith or party.

6—Never abandon a wounded comrade.

7—Care for and protect your arms.

And they kept their allegiance. The British Royal Air Force, in the meantime, supplied the patriots with arms. In close cooperation with Radio France in Algiers, codes were broadcast which gave the time and location when rifles and ammunition would be parachuted down from an Allied plane.

"We like good apples" might mean "Tonight at Ajaccio usual spot, usual signal." There was trouble, plenty of slip-ups, between code signal and final delivery into the patriot army's hands. One evening a religious feast was going on in an east coast village. Festival lights shone brightly in many homes. The Fascist garrison in the village silently tolerated the feast. That night an RAF plane swooped down over the town, saw the lights. The pilot thought they were his signal. Bundles of small arms floated earthward and plopped into the public square. The precious arms cost lives that night—Italian and patriot—before they were partially retrieved and secreted away.

Newspapers Secretly Printed

By this time German, Italian and French police were on the trail of Jacques Manachem. He had revealed himself as a unit leader. Meanwhile, high back in the Corsican mountains, Jacques was editing *Le Patriote*—organ of the Corsican National Front, binding force and news source for every woman and man on the island. Five thousand copies of the quarter-sized paper secretly passed from hand to hand. As far north as Bastia an Italian truck driven by a patriot distributed the people's paper.

A dozen or more times suspicious soldiers combed the forest attempting to



When Corsica waited for freedom, these patriots, armed with guns and rifles supplied by submarine landings, stood guard. When the Allied forces moved in the patriots delayed the Germans for six crucial days.

locate the hidden presses. Once, Italian police, into whose hands copies of the newspaper had fallen, entered the very area where Jacques was busily engaged with an edition. He silenced the whir of the presses and waited to be caught, breathlessly. The police were no more than three feet from him, but they did not discover the hideout. For this hill-

top land was the "maquis"—the peculiar terrain of Corsica where the trees and scrub bushes are like jungles, where one unfamiliar with it cannot see three feet ahead.

False names were assigned to members of the patriot units to prevent detection. "Remington" was the name for one clerk who used the European model of that type

typewriter. "Hannibal" was the code for another.

Sept. 9, 1943, will go down in Corsican history alongside of July 14, 1789. That was the day the Americans moved into Ajaccio in force, together with their French and British allies. The patriots were ready. They were familiar with the roads to the Ligurian Sea. They knew that German strategy was to head north, toward Bastia and escape.

For six crucial days the Germans were delayed in their flight by the patriots. The hated boches were cut off on the western coast, but the patriots' machine-guns were no real match for the Nazi tanks and field pieces hastily cutting across the Tyrrhenian Sea side of the island. Wherever small German companies were trapped, however, they were annihilated or taken prisoner. Mostly they were killed. The patriots counted 500 of their own dead after the battles.

Germans Finally Driven Off

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the day when the Germans were finally driven off the island life returned to the capital city Ajaccio. Flags were draped over the balustrades. Crowds of mountain warriors, armed with the weapons they had carefully nurtured and successfully used, marched fearlessly down the Cours Grandval, down toward Napoleon's statue. Their clothes were ragged, they were out of step—but they were soldiers.

Jacques Manachem stood in the doorway at 14 Cours Grandval watching as the men walked by, singing and joking. *Le Patriote*, now with the largest circulation, no longer printed in the "maquis," was still proudly edited by him. He was one of them. He had helped to free his home.

Late that night, the celebration over, the youthful editor sat at his cluttered desk and penned the next day's editorial:

A United People

"These men, these people—one doesn't have to teach them liberty or government. They discovered what they wanted, what free government was, when they united against forced rule. Their elections in case of death came from the bottom; went from town to town—were not dictated from above. They had representative government in their people's army.

"When the crisis was at hand there was no question of politics. There was only a goal of freedom for the living, a new hope for those yet unborn. We have only a small island. There are patriots now fighting all over Europe, risking their lives under threat of death, pursued like thieves and murderers. They, too, know what liberty means. These citizen-patriots must have their chance."

From N.Y. Times.

An Arsenal of Democracy

By James A. Burchard

Stars and Stripes Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN CORSICA—This Napoleonic island wasn't too impressive when Capt. Ernest J. Collins, Brooklyn, arrived to lay the groundwork for an air force which would blast German shipping from surrounding Mediterranean waters.

When he first put foot in Corsica last Sept. 21—and he was the original U.S. officer to take charge of a Corsican airfield—Capt. Collins was mildly disappointed. His command, he noted, consisted of two Spitfires flown by French pilots. However, as Capt. Collins discovered, events took shape with astonishing rapidity.

First of all, eight more French Spits arrived the next day. On Sept. 30 the Germans came over with 11 planes carrying rocket bombs. They didn't know there were any Allied planes in the vicinity. They sank one LST, but before they got away the French pilots kayoed six of the bombers and generally left the impression that henceforth Corsica was strictly bad news for Jerries.

"The first rocket bombs I ever saw," recounted Capt. Collins. "We all thought they were Spits on fire, coming down in smoke. They had a pretty fair wing spread, and the bomb—maybe a ton in weight—looked like fuselage. The bombs circled, which indicated they were controlled by the planes. I guess it was the first time in the Mediterranean that rocket bombs were used."

Anyway, as the captain pointed out, the French pilots took a nasty toll. From this modest start, Corsica really began to develop into an arsenal of democracy. Today French, British and Americans are taking off from Corsican soil to kick hell out of German craft from France to all important Italian ports not yet in Allied hands.

What started with two French Spits as a slim, wavering defense against German aircraft now has become a powerful striking weapon in its own right. Capt. Collins has seen this once understaffed airport develop into a system of air and sea strength which daily pulverizes German watercraft or coastal targets.

As the Germans fell back in those early days, the French went to town. Two squadrons of Spits plagued Nazi transport planes attempting to evacuate specialists and other personnel from Bastia. The Germans saw plane after

plane hit the drink under a hail of French-directed bullets. Among the targets were nine transports, including two six-engine Me323s. Flying from Africa, the Beaus got 26 more.

Those same Frenchmen now are flying escort for U.S. medium bombers in addition to their other duties. And they love it.

"It's a new experience for us," said the captain commanding, CO of a crack Spit Squadron. "But we'd feel better if more German fighters showed up. Frankly, our most ticklish moment was that Sept. 20 we first landed in Corsica. We didn't know if the field was mined or not. We just put down our wheels and gambled. Such was the need for speed we didn't have time to test out the field, and there were no specialists among the Patriots to give us necessary information. Luckily for us, the field was not mined."

Most of the mines have been removed by now. But there were many tough moments. In one field alone, 1,700 mines were found. Just the other day three big bombs were discovered on the self-same field. They had been wired, but for some reason or other the Germans didn't set them off. For weeks planes had been roosting over these bombs, and even tractors had run over them. C'est la guerre—and damned good luck.

The story of Corsica's development would not be complete without mention of the work done by the engineer and communications outfits. At least 60 bridges were blown out on the east coast. But the experts grabbed this 115-mile by 50-mile island and tied it up to suit their fancy.

There were no slackers. Officers peeled off their shirts and worked winches to unload ships. Everybody pitched in, with 24-hour shifts the rule rather than the exception. The results were speedy and amazing.

Capt. Collins never will forget his second day in Corsica. At that time the Patriots were fighting the Germans near Bastia. They were out of ammunition, and sent word through a British officer.

The only Allied vehicle on Corsica was one jeep, which served both British and U.S. troops. In this emergency, however, the jeep was loaded with 25,000 rounds of small arms ammunition and ingredients for Molotov cocktails. The jeep traveled over the mountains to the Patriots, escorted by motor-cyclists for the last 25 miles.

"From that day to this the Patriots and

I have been blood brothers," commented Capt. Collins.

Fighters and bombers alike, taking off from Corsica, concentrate on the same targets. When weather permits, they smack and sink German shipping. Nowadays it's hard to find a German ship on the loose. The boys think the Nazis are hiding out by day and jumping from port to port by night.

Let's look at the records.

The French Spits have 22 undisputed victories. The American fighter wing accounted for 23 Nazi planes in January alone, and this without being on "the make." They just mingled with such Nazis as wanted an argument while engaged in their routine duties. Total records are impressive.

Two squadrons are having a grand dog fight for honors. One has shot down 55 enemy planes at last report against 55 for the runners-up. Another squadron of Spits on this island is a bit behind the eight-ball with 21 Nazi planes. Still, this squadron never has had any real breaks. For corroboration you can ask Maj. William M. Houston, Charlotte, N.C., CO of one squadron and oldest pilot here in length of service. He's been with the group since Sept. 26, 1941.

When special plaudits are being bestowed, a few are suggested for one medium bomb group. The men landed in Corsica Dec. 9 and went to work Jan. 13. This group practically reeks with history. It flew a bombing mission in North Africa on Dec. 2, 1942, after landing here on Nov. 11. The boys think they were the first U.S. bomber force to let down wheels in northwest Africa, and a certain squadron is ready to back up all claims.

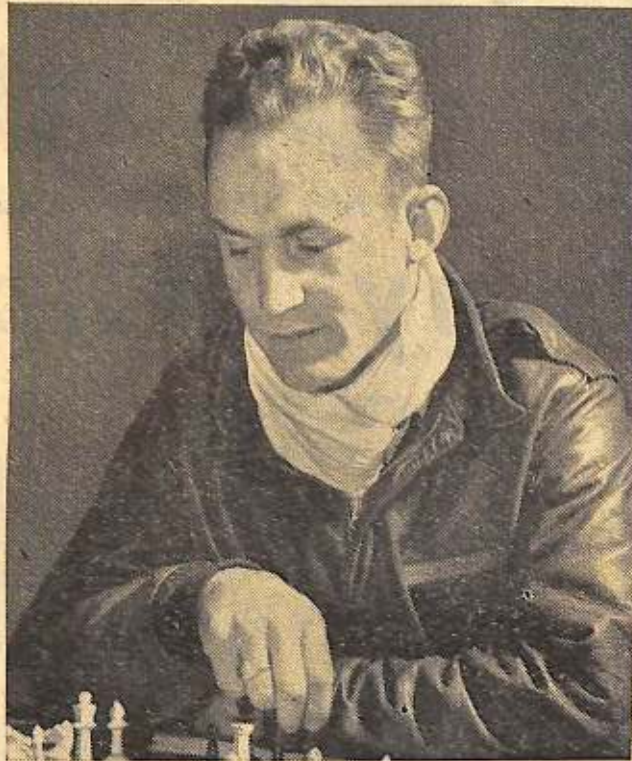
Sardinia also is playing a noble role in the destruction of German maritime resources. Our aircraft can attest to that. Now and then they use Corsican fields for emergency landings and now and then there are casualties. Just recently one plane came in with its rudder shot off and unable to turn more than five degrees. The crew bailed out, and the plane hit a mountain. About the same time it was reported that 30 German paratroopers had landed seven miles away.

With the old Corsican system, things went off according to style. Goumiers took care of the paratroopers; the bailed-out crew was wine and dined, and a squadron took off just to raise a bit of hell with the Heinies.

Fighter Aces



Capt. Walker Mahurin



Lt. Robert Johnson

Walker Mahurin and Robert Johnson, each credited with destroying 17 German aircraft, are at this writing (Tuesday, March 7) leading the active list of American Air Forces fighter aces in the ETO. Mahurin, 25, an apprentice engineer from Fort Wayne, scored his first combat success over Germany August 17 when he destroyed two FW190s. A couple of weeks later he accounted for another Focke-Wulf, and on Oct. 10 he and his Thunderbolt entered the select field of aces by shooting down three Me110s, bringing his total to six. Since then Mahurin's record shows another triple-kill, three doubles and two singles. The singles were both Me109s; the triple he scored Nov. 26 when he shot down three twin-engine Me110s in quick succession; and the doubles included a bag of two Ju88s, another of two Me109s, and one day he shot down an Me109 and an Me110. He scored his 17th victory on the Berlin mission Monday.

Twenty-four-year-old Robert S. Johnson scored his first aerial success June 13 by shooting down an FW190. The Lawton, Okla., carpenter, who, fellow fliers say, handles his Thunderbolt like an artist does his brush, piled up his score mostly in singles, but he shot down two Germans in one day on three occasions. On Oct. 10 he got an Me110 and an FW190, on Dec. 31, two FW190s and on Feb. 20, the opening day of the smash-the-Luftwaffe offensive, he shot down two Me110s. He shot down his 17th enemy Monday while escorting bombers to Berlin.

Lt. Col. Glenn E. Duncan



Leader of the AAF's first dive-bombing P47 group in the ETO, Lt. Col. Glenn E. Duncan, of Houston, has 15 enemy aircraft to his credit. On a recent mission he destroyed an FW190 in the air, a Ju88 on the ground, and on the way home shot up an armed merchant ship off the European coast.

1/Lt. James M. Morris



A 23-year-old Detroit Lightning pilot, 1/Lt. James M. Morris was the first AAF fighter pilot in the ETO to destroy four German aircraft in one day. A couple of days before he had gotten his initial enemy kill, and a couple of days afterwards he shot down another, making six enemy aircraft destroyed in one week. Since then Morris has scored a seventh victory.

Lt. Col. James H. Howard



Commander of the ETO's first Mustang group, Col. Howard has destroyed five Germans since December. Previously he accounted for 6-plus Jap aircraft while flying with the AVG in China. The 30-year-old St. Louis pilot, a tall, rangy individual, waded into about 30 German fighters attacking a bomber formation over Germany Jan. 11. He shot down several and chased off the others.

63 British-based Americans in most exclusive Fighter Pilot organization of them all; no ribbons, no rules, they're just aces.

By Earl Mazo
Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

ALL a flying man has to do to become a member of the world's most exclusive organization of fighter pilots is destroy five enemy aircraft. Five pilots did that during the Berlin raid on Monday, swelling the total of American Thunderbolt, Lightning and Mustang aces in the ETO to 63.

And only one of that number—the top scorer at this writing (Tuesday), Walter Beckham—has been reported missing in action.

The Monday mission when American fighter men escorted Fortresses and Liberators to, over and away from the Reich capital, was a typical ace-making battle.

Robert Johnson and Walker Mahurin continued their nip-and-tuck tie for active lead of ETO aces when each shot down an Me109, bringing both their scores to 17.

Glenn Duncan, the Thunderbolt dive bomber leader, accounted for two Germans, his 14th and 15th, and Hubert Zemke, the live-wire leader of the now-famous "Zemke Group" destroyed three Germans and showed the kind of dash that made his outfit the top scoring fighter team in the ETO.

Newcomers to the aces ranks that day were Joseph Icard, Nicholas Megura, James Wilkinson, Lowell Bruland and Glenn Eagleston.

There was no special ceremony to welcome the new aces into the high-class organization, which doesn't really exist. At some stations the

successful pilots were dunked in the nearest stagnant pool. At others the only notice taken of their success was that sent to their home town papers by the Public Relations Officers.

Old timers like Col. William Stovall, who shot down seven Germans in World War I, recall that the ace system, which never has been set up officially, was started by the French in the second year of World War I.

The British quickly took up the idea, and soon it even spread to the Germans and Austrians.

In almost no time the exploits of people like Rickenbacker and Richtofen became legends that spread and grew like the tales of King Arthur's Knights. And when the American, A. R. Brooks, single-handedly took over a dozen Germans and shot down most of them, the account of his battle, in which at first the greatly superior enemy circled and played with him like a cat with a mouse, spread like wildfire, and his Spad was brought back to America and put in the Smithsonian Institute for everyone to see and marvel over.

Today the British-based top rankers, the Johnsons, Mahurins and others, are continuing the tradition.

No war story yet told is more exciting and thrill-packed than that of James Morris, who in a half-crippled P38, accounted for four of the Luftwaffe's prize aircraft in one day; and there are few accounts of devotion to duty and plain heroism that can match the record of James Howard's lone

Capt. Thomas Ace White



Friends figure the Whites looked pretty far into the future when they named their son: Thomas ACE White. The Kelso, Wash., Lightning pilot began combat in Africa, where he destroyed six Germans. He was returned to the States after being injured in combat, and now he is back in action with a P38 group in the ETO. A flight leader, Ace White says he'll take his Lightning anywhere.

Lt. Col. Donald J. M. Blakeslee



One of the first AAF fighter pilots to lead a Mustang group over the Berlin area, Lt. Col. Donald J. M. Blakeslee, of Fairport Harbor, Ohio, has shot down eight enemy aircraft. One of the top American fighter leaders in the ETO, Col. Blakeslee began operations here with an RCAF Spitfire squadron, then joined an American unit when it became active in the ETO. He has shot down Germans with Spitfires, Thunderbolts and Mustangs.

Mustang fight with about 30 German fighters on Jan. 11.

One fighter unit commander, recalling that some people consider his aces "cockey," points out that if that is the word for what they are, "God Bless 'em. . . I'll take all of that kind of cockiness I can get."

Like others intimately acquainted with American fighter men, this commander knows that the aces of Eighth and Ninth Fighter Commands are probably among the "uncockiest" combat people in the ETO.

The common concept that successful fighter pilots are small, wiry, nervous individuals who always jump about and fight only in the rough and tumble manner isn't so.

There are, perhaps, no more able tacticians in the world than the leaders of American fighter teams over here.

The missing Maj. Beckham was a classic example.

Fellow fliers tell how he deployed his units of Thunderbolts carefully and quickly, and how he in his ship sat out in front of all the rest, like a general on a white horse.

Beckham always was two or three jumps ahead of his next move.

On his last mission, after his ship was hit and he knew he couldn't make it back to base, Beckham quietly called his wingman, instructed him in the course he should take back to England,

Capt. Charles P. London



First fighter pilot in the ETO to become an ace, Capt. Charlie London, of Long Beach, Cal., has returned to the States to teach some of the tricks he learned in more than 100 missions, sweeps and sorties in the ETO. One of the first AAF fighters to score a double victory over here last June, he started flying P36s in 1941, then P40s, next the obsolete P66s and finally P38s before he took over a Thunderbolt. He has destroyed five enemy aircraft.

and apologized for not being able to make it back himself.

Mahurin is an ace of somewhat the same type.

Calmly, he once reported running into 25 German fighters in this manner: ". . . as we approached . . . we sighted many condensation trails coming from a southerly direction . . . upon investigation they turned out to be nine or ten Me109s and about 15 FW190s."



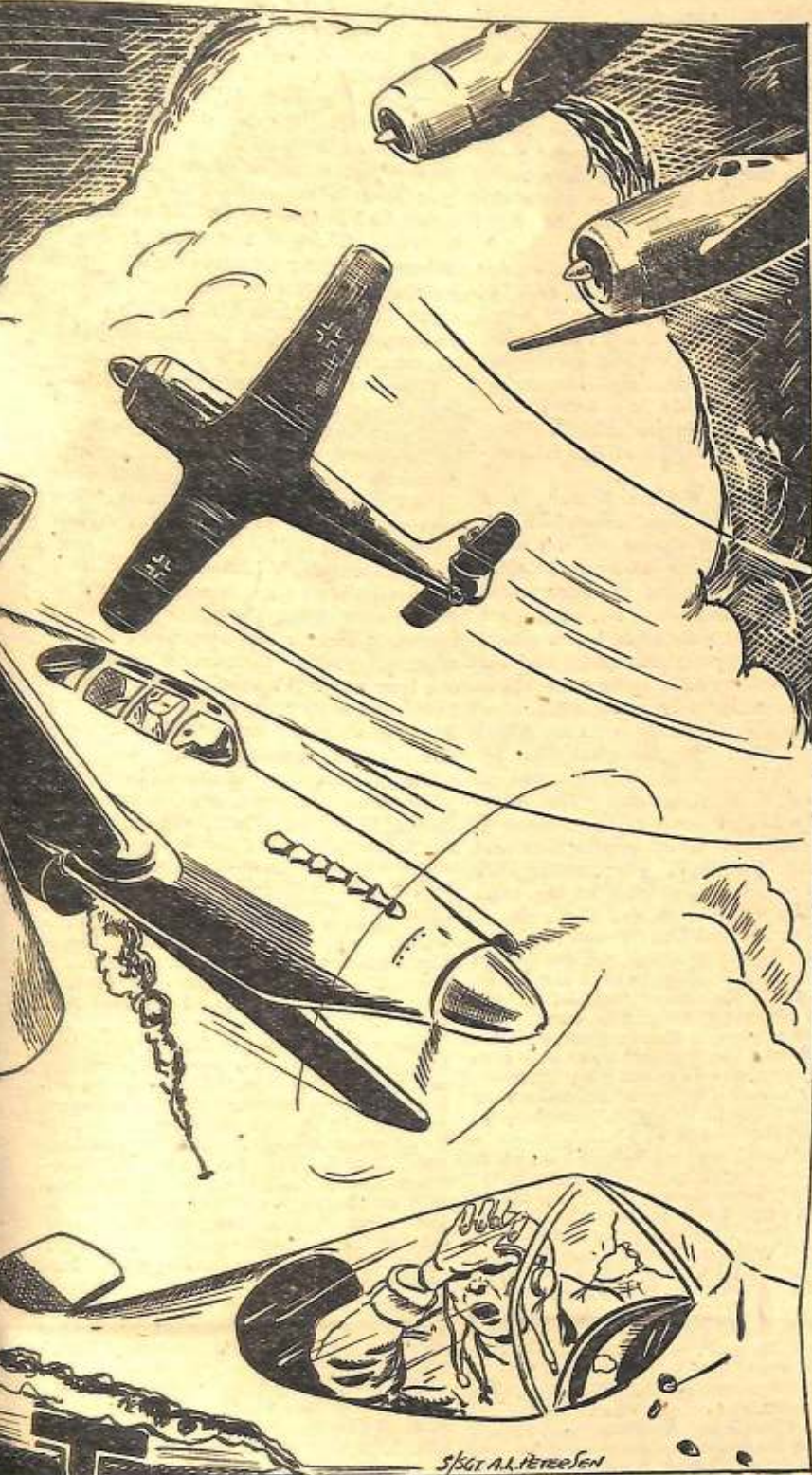
Then the battle:

"At this time these enemy aircraft were slightly above us, but they attempted to get up-sun on us. Naturally, since all of our aircraft and all the enemy aircraft were pulling very dense condensation trails, there was no element of surprise on either side. We started to climb. The enemy aircraft were flying in a group of vee's, with a tail-end man weaving behind the unit. When we began our climb we rapidly climbed above them, and by the time we got into position to bounce we were all about 1,000 feet above them. One of our Flights was acting as top cover, approximately 2,000 feet above the whole show at all times. By

Here Is the Aces' Box Score

NAME	SCORE	MACHINE
MAJ. WALTER BECKHAM, De Funiak Springs, Fla.	18	Thunderbolt.
CAPT. WALKER MAHURIN, Ft. Wayne, Ind.	17	Thunderbolt.
LT. ROBERT S. JOHNSON, Lawton, Okla.	17	Thunderbolt.
LT. COL. GLENN E. DUNCAN, Houston	15	Thunderbolt.
MAJ. GERALD JOHNSON, Owenton, Ky.	14	Thunderbolt.
CAPT. DUANE W. BEESON, Boise, Idaho	14	Thunderbolt.
MAJ. FRANCIS S. GABRESKI, Oil City, Pa.	14	Thunderbolt.
LT. COL. JAMES H. HOWARD, St. Louis	14	Thunderbolt.
COL. HUBERT ZEMKE, Missoula, Mont.	11-plus	Mustang.
LT. COL. DAVID C. SCHILLING, Detroit	11	Thunderbolt.
CAPT. LEROY A. SCHREIBER, Plymouth, Mass.	10	Thunderbolt.
CAPT. DON S. GENTILE, Piqua, Ohio	10	Thunderbolt.
CAPT. MICHAEL I. QUIRK, Washington, D.C.	10	Mustang.
LT. COL. EUGENE ROBERTS, Spokane, Wash.	10	Thunderbolt.
COL. CHESLEY G. PETERSON, Salt Lake City	9	Thunderbolt.
LT. STANLEY B. MORRILL, Willimantic, Conn.	9	Spitfire.
CAPT. GLEN D. SCHILTZ, N. Canton, Ohio	9	Thunderbolt.
LT. COL. DON BLAKESLEE, Fairport Harbor, Ohio	9	Thunderbolt.
LT. FRED J. CHRISTENSEN JR., Watertown, Mass.	8	Mustang.
LT. JOE H. POWERS, Tulsa	8	Thunderbolt.
CAPT. VIRGIL K. MEROONEY, Pine Bluff, Ark.	8	Thunderbolt.
CAPT. ROBERT A. LAMB, Ridgewood, N.J.	8	Thunderbolt.
LT. PETER E. POMPETTI, Philadelphia	8	Thunderbolt.
MAJ. JAMES C. STEWART, Corona, Calif.	8	Thunderbolt.
LT. CHARLES F. GUMM, Spokane, Wash.	8	Thunderbolt.
LT. VERMONT GARRISON, Mt. Victory, Ky.	7½	Mustang.
LT. JAMES M. MORRIS, Detroit	7	Mustang.
CAPT. DON M. BEERBOWER, Hill City, Minn.	7	Lightning.
CAPT. ROBERT W. STEPHENS, St. Louis	7	Mustang.
LT. FRANK E. MCCAULEY, Hicksville, Ohio	6½	Mustang.
LT. GEORGE F. HALL, W. Palm Beach, Fla.	6	Thunderbolt.
	6	Thunderbolt.

aces of the ETO



my engine quit. I was forced to drop down. My wing man started down with me. By the time we reached 16,000 feet I spotted a flight of six Me109s above me and off to my left. They came from the rear, passed over in front of me, and then started a turn to the left. I called to the wingman to climb back into the clouds, but before he could get there the enemy aircraft had passed over me again, and had started to attack him. Another flight then came into play. This flight bounced the enemy aircraft and, after a short turning engagement, forced the enemy aircraft to break off and hit the deck. At the conclusion of these engagements we all started out.

I found myself at 12,000 feet. However, I managed to pick up another P47 from a different group. My return trip was uneventful in so far as enemy aircraft were concerned."

Charles London, who is in the States now instructing fledgling pilots, is the American Air Force's first ETO fighter ace in this war. He destroyed his fifth German on July 30.

On August 19 Gerald Johnson became the second ace, and shortly afterward Eugene Roberts became the third.

Then the ball began to roll quickly. Zemke, McCauley, Evans, Beeson,



Col. Laurence K. Callahan

Col. William H. Stovall

World War I aces, "retreads" in this war, see experiences like their own of 26 years ago in the stories of today's ETO aces. While they don't pretend to compare their Spads with Lightnings, Thunderbolts and Mustangs, Col. Callahan and William H. Stovall (above) figure the action they saw against Fokkers in the last war pioneered all this business of aces. Col. Callahan, of Chicago, intelligence officer for Eighth Fighter Command, was credited with destroying five Germans in World War I and Col. Stovall, of Stovall, Miss., now Eighth Fighter Command Personnel officer, accounted for seven of the Kaiser's aircraft.

After a period of recuperation from a serious back injury, he insisted on returning to combat in a P38.

James Howard was credited with six Japs while fighting with the AVG, and Jack Donaldson accounted for two Jap bombers and three Zeros in the Pacific.

While the average ace age is about 25 years, the high scoring pilots range from Donovan Smith, who is 21, past James Howard, who is 30, and they all are equally as quick and agile as any fighter men anywhere.

Unlike many RAF pilots who set themselves off by their mustaches, most American fighter airmen have clean upper lips. But some few are different.

Beckham, for instance, came overseas with the longest, most pointed mustache in the Air Forces. The story is that he shot down his first German only after he had shaved off that mustache.

To prove that the bushy upper lip had nothing to do with his fighting results, Beckham began to nurse his mustache back to its normal size in January—and he accounted for several German aircraft while that mustache was growing.

Since the whole aces scheme is unofficial, men who hold membership don't even have a ribbon to identify themselves, but none of them seems to mind. Most high scoring aces have almost every available medal anyway.

Mahurin, for instance, has the Distinguished Service Cross, the Silver Star, four Distinguished Flying Crosses and four Air Medals. Gabreski, who flew with the Poles for a while, has a Polish Cross of Valor in addition to two American Silver Stars, five DFCs and five Air Medals.

And the transferees from the RAF have British decorations. Peterson, who at one time commanded the converted Eagles, has both the British DSO and DFC, plus the American DSC, Purple Heart and four Air Medals, and London has been awarded both British and American DFCs and the American DSC and four Air Medals.

The ETO's 63 American fighter aces up till Tuesday afternoon alone have destroyed almost 500 German aircraft, and with the ace ranks growing daily, the American score of downed Germans shortly will be doubled.

Maj. Walter Beckham



The AAF's leading fighter ace in the ETO, Maj. Walter Beckham, of DeFuniack Springs, Fla., was the first high scoring pilot in this theater reported missing in action. He was lost on an escort mission into Germany a couple of weeks ago, after he had destroyed 18 German aircraft.

Beckham, Robert Johnson—all accounted for enemy No. 5 within a few weeks, and as the score began to mount early in the fall, Mahurin stood out above the rest, and for several months he held his lead.

Several weeks ago Beckham caught up with, then exceeded, Mahurin's score, and, with 18 Germans to his credit, still held the ETO lead on Tuesday.

A number of British-based American fighter men came to this theater as aces.

Thomas White was in the Mediterranean. In a Lightning he saw action through all of the early Tunisian campaign, and accounted for six enemy aircraft before he was shot down.

Capt. Duane W. Beeson



An Oakland, Cal., hotel clerk as a civilian, Capt. Duane W. Beeson has accounted for 14 enemy aircraft to date. Sticking strictly to the Luftwaffe's single-engine ships for his combat, all of the captain's kills except one have been Me109s and FW190s. The exception was a Ju88, which he shot down Feb. 28. The 22-year-old pilot, a transferee from the RCAF, has flown Spitfires, Thunderbolts and Mustangs in combat.

Maj. Gerald Johnson



When Maj. Gerald Johnson went hunting for something to shoot at while escorting American heavy bombers to Brunswick recently, nothing else turned up, so he headed his Thunderbolt for a passing three-engine Ju52, a German transport, and brought his total of enemy aircraft destroyed to 14. The Owenton, Ky., pilot was one of the first AAF fighter men in the ETO to shoot down two Germans in one day. He followed that up last July by scoring a triple.

Lt. Col. Francis S. Gabreski



With 14 German planes to his credit Col. Gabreski is one of the most colorful pilots in Eighth Fighter Command. He has scored three doubles in more than 50 engagements with the enemy. The colonel was at Pearl Harbor when the Japs attacked, and he later transferred to England to fly with an RAF Polish squadron of Spitfires. As a civilian, the Oil City, Pa., pilot studied medicine at Notre Dame. At the outset of his operations he flew with a Polish squadron of the RAF and was decorated by the Poles.

Capt. Glen D. Schiltz Jr.



Strictly a triple-threat, Capt. Glen D. Schiltz Jr. accounted for nine German fighters, six of them on two triple-victory days. The 25-year-old Thunderbolt pilot, from North Canton, Ohio, scored his first victories August 17 in shooting down three FW190s. On Jan. 11 he hit another triple, three Me109s, and between times shot down another Me109, an Me210 and an Me110, all singly. The captain was a machinist as a civilian.

Lt. Col. David G. Schilling



A Flying Group executive from Detroit, Col. Schilling is called "Lucky" and "One-a-Day" by Thunderbolt mates. He brought down four Germans in as many days. On his first flight over enemy territory his plane was badly shot up and he went scoreless for the next 43 missions. The Colonel chalked up his initial victory on an Emden raid in October. Since then he has become a "double ace" with ten enemy planes to his credit.

time the enemy aircraft were in front of me. We bounced and began to split up. I fired several deflection shots. Finally, one enemy aircraft straightened out and headed down for the clouds about 500 feet below us. This enabled me to take a shot from dead astern. I hit this Me109 in the cockpit. There were the usual flashes, coupled with a fairly large flash and a dense cloud of black smoke. The ship fell with a belching smoke, and headed for the clouds in an extremely erratic manner. I am claiming this Me109 destroyed.

left side of my ship in time to see a pilot in my flight shoot down an Me109 which exploded.

"We were all in the same turning circle, but we found that we could easily out-turn and out-run the Jerry. In fact, the whole enemy force was definitely panicky and not aggressive. After a short while the enemy aircraft all disappeared into the clouds and we again set course to pick up the bombers. We spotted another Me109, but were only able to make an ineffective pass at it because it rolled into the layer of clouds.

"Shortly after the last engagement we were given a recall sign by the Group CO. We turned, and in the turn

up to Tuesday, March 7

NAME	SCORE	MACHINE
THOMAS ACE WHITE, Kelso, Wash.	6	Lightning.
DONOVAN F. SMITH, Niles, Mich.	6	Thunderbolt.
WARREN M. WESSON, Brooklyn	6	Thunderbolt.
GRANT N. TURLEY, Snowflake, Ariz.	6	Thunderbolt.
NORMAN E. OLSON, Fargo, N.D.	6	Mustang.
VASSEURE H. WYNN, Dalton, Ga.	6	Mustang.
JACK T. BRADLEY, Brownwood, Texas	5½	Mustang.
FRANK Q. O'CONNOR, San Francisco	5	Thunderbolt.
CHARLES LONDON, Long Beach, Cal.	5	Thunderbolt.
ROY W. EVANS, San Bernardino, Calif.	5	Thunderbolt.
JACK C. PRICE, Grand Junction, Colorado	5	Thunderbolt.
WALTER COOK, Cincinnati	5	Thunderbolt.
I. B. JACK DONALSON, Tulsa	5	Mustang.
JAMES A. CLARK, Westbury, L.I.	5	Thunderbolt.
ESSE W. GONNAM, Verona, Ill.	5	Mustang.
JAMES A. GOODSON, Toronto, Que., Canada	5	Thunderbolt.
QUINCE L. BROWN JR., Bristow, Okla.	5	Thunderbolt.
EUGENE W. O'NEILL, Douglaston, L.I.	5	Lightning.
LINDOL F. GRAHAM, Ridgewood, N.J.	5	Thunderbolt.
ANTHONY R. CARCIONE, Bethlehem, Pa.	5	Thunderbolt.
JOHN W. VOGT, Elizabeth, N.J.	5	Thunderbolt.
JAMES N. POINDEXTER, Howe, Texas	5	Thunderbolt.
JOHN H. TRULUCK, Lynchburg, S.C.	5	Thunderbolt.
ROBERT A. NEWMAN, Goose Creek, Texas	5	Spitfire.
JOSEPH L. EGAN JR., Bridgeport, Conn.	5	Mustang.
COL. SELDEN R. EDNER, San Jose, Calif.	5	Thunderbolt.
RICHARD E. TURNER, Bartlesville, Okla.	5	Mustang.
JOSEPH W. ICARD, Granite Falls, N.C.	5	Thunderbolt.
NICHOLAS MEGURA, Ansonia, Conn.	5	Mustang.
JAMES W. WILKINSON, Swarthmore, Pa.	5	Mustang.
HOWELL K. BRULAND, Callendar, Iowa	5	Mustang.
GLENN T. EAGLESTON, Alhambra, Cal.	5	Mustang.

Complete Short Story

Thanks, Sergeant!

By Octavus Roy Cohen

If you don't believe topkicks can be tender-hearted, listen to this one . . .

THAT GUY was a magician. His dice were educated. He took all my money. I didn't like him, so I hung one on his jaw.

I was going to help myself to the pay he had stolen from me when I saw the MPs. Military Police don't argue much, and these two were coming fast. So I went faster.

The town wasn't very crowded because it wasn't a week end. The few uniformed men on the streets saw what was happening and gave me a break. They sort of blocked the MPs and gave me plenty of sprinting room. I flashed into a long, narrow restaurant which was full of fried onions and juke-box music. There was a counter in front, and tables and booths in the back. The booths were full; mostly couples. I was figuring time in split seconds. The MPs must have seen me enter. I had to lose myself, but quick. That's why I ducked into a booth.

There was a first sergeant in that booth: three chevrons, three rockers and a diamond on each sleeve. I sat down alongside and said "Help!"

The topkick smiled. "What do you mean 'Help'?"

"I'm a fugitive from the MPs. A guy used a pair of crooked dice on me and I slugged him. The boys with the blue arm-bands know all about the slugging, but I didn't have time to explain about the cultured cubes. If they pick me up I'll lose my corporal's stripes—catch plenty hell to boot."

"I get it." The Sergeant was sizing me up. A plate was shoved in front of me. "Make like you've been partaking. I'll see what I can do."

I nibbled at the sandwich and tried to breathe as though I hadn't been running. I commenced conversing: not about anything, but just so the set-up wouldn't look phony.

Every once in a while I looked at the Sergeant. I was changing my mind about topkicks. Some of them could be dog-gone nice. Here was one helping me out when there wasn't any real call to. Could have let me stew in my own juice; instead, I was getting co-operation. I felt relieved. I knew how much weight so many chevrons can carry.

They sure make you look like a zebra. The MPs invaded the restaurant. They inspected the tables, then started on the booths, looking very annoyed. Their expressions made me uncomfortable. I had trouble swallowing a bite of sandwich.

They stopped at each booth—longest at ours, staring at me as though I seemed familiar. I tried to look like an innocent soldier who didn't know anything about dice, and certainly wouldn't slug a guy for rooking him.

But I had a feeling my act wasn't clicking. I was scared green, because the last thing I wanted was trouble with the Provost Marshal's Department. I saw one of the lads open his trap to ask the first embarrassing question. But he didn't ask it; the Sergeant beat him to it. "Hello, boys." The voice had that quiet authority that goes with the rating. "What gives?"

They looked at each other and then at me. They kept on looking at me, but they talked to my benefactor. One of them said, "You and this 'ere lug together?"

"What does it look like to you?" "It looks like you are—are you?" he persisted.

"We are."

"Been together long: sittin' here?" "Sure. But what's it to you?" There was just a hint of anger in the voice, and one of the MPs took heed and started to get apologetic: "No offense, Sergeant: no offense. We're chasing a guy that flattened another guy. But good. It could be this lad and also it couldn't."

The sergeant said, "You said it the second time, buddy. We haven't been disturbing the peace." "Not even him?" "Not even him."

There it was: the perfect alibi, all wrapped up and laid in their laps. They were suspicious, but suspicions weren't enough. The head guy said, "Okay, Sarge. What you say is good enough by me, so we'll be off."

They went on down the line, looked in all the booths. They came back and looked at us again. We pretended we weren't interested. They probably figured the lad they were after had lammed out the back door. They went out the front. I mopped my forehead. "Are you tops? I'd buy you a beer if I hadn't been cleaned by those galloping talking dice."

"I'll buy," said the Sergeant, and ordered a new sandwich and a fresh beer. "I'm lonely anyway."

"You stationed out at camp?" I asked. "Yes." The Sergeant nodded. "Post Headquarters Company."

"You're a right gee."

"I believed your story, so I played it that way."

After a while I said I'd better be going. The Sergeant paid the check and stood up with me. "I'd better trail along."

"Why?" "Because those MPs aren't entirely convinced. Maybe it wouldn't be too smart for you to walk out alone."

That was an idea, so we went out of the place together. The MPs were standing there. The Sergeant had been right. If I'd walked out alone, it might have been fatal.

We took a walk, talking about this and that. I was beginning to like top sergeants. This one had pulled me out of one sweet jam. It looked like the beginning of a beautiful friendship, and I said so.

There was a gang on the corner waiting for the ten-thirty bus back to camp, which was five miles out of town. The Sergeant and I climbed on together. It was good we did, because my two MP friends were among those present. Evidently they had just been relieved.

All the seats were taken, so we stood up. We posted ourselves just as far from the MPs as we could, but even at that distance I could see they were staring at me as though they hadn't really been sold a bill of goods. The Sergeant said, "I'd better straighten this out once and for all."

I was left standing at once end of the bus. I couldn't hear what the Sergeant said to the MPs, but there was a lot of

talk. After a while the MPs began to smile and nod. The Sergeant got back to me just before we reached the camp. "It's all okay, soldier. You've got nothing more to worry about."

I tried to look casual. But I was thinking lots of nice thoughts about a first sergeant who would help a corporal out of trouble this way.

We stopped at the main gate and the bus disgorged. We were among the first out. The MPs came along. They grinned at us and waved. That gesture meant a lot to me. It meant that there wouldn't be any follow-up.

It was dark around the main gate. It was even darker under a clump of trees about forty feet away.

The Sergeant and I walked over to those deep shadows and stood there.

I tried to get my appreciation across. I did the only thing I could think of . . . something I'd been wanting to do ever since we met.

I took that first sergeant in my arms and kissed her.

She was the most beautiful WAC I'd ever seen.

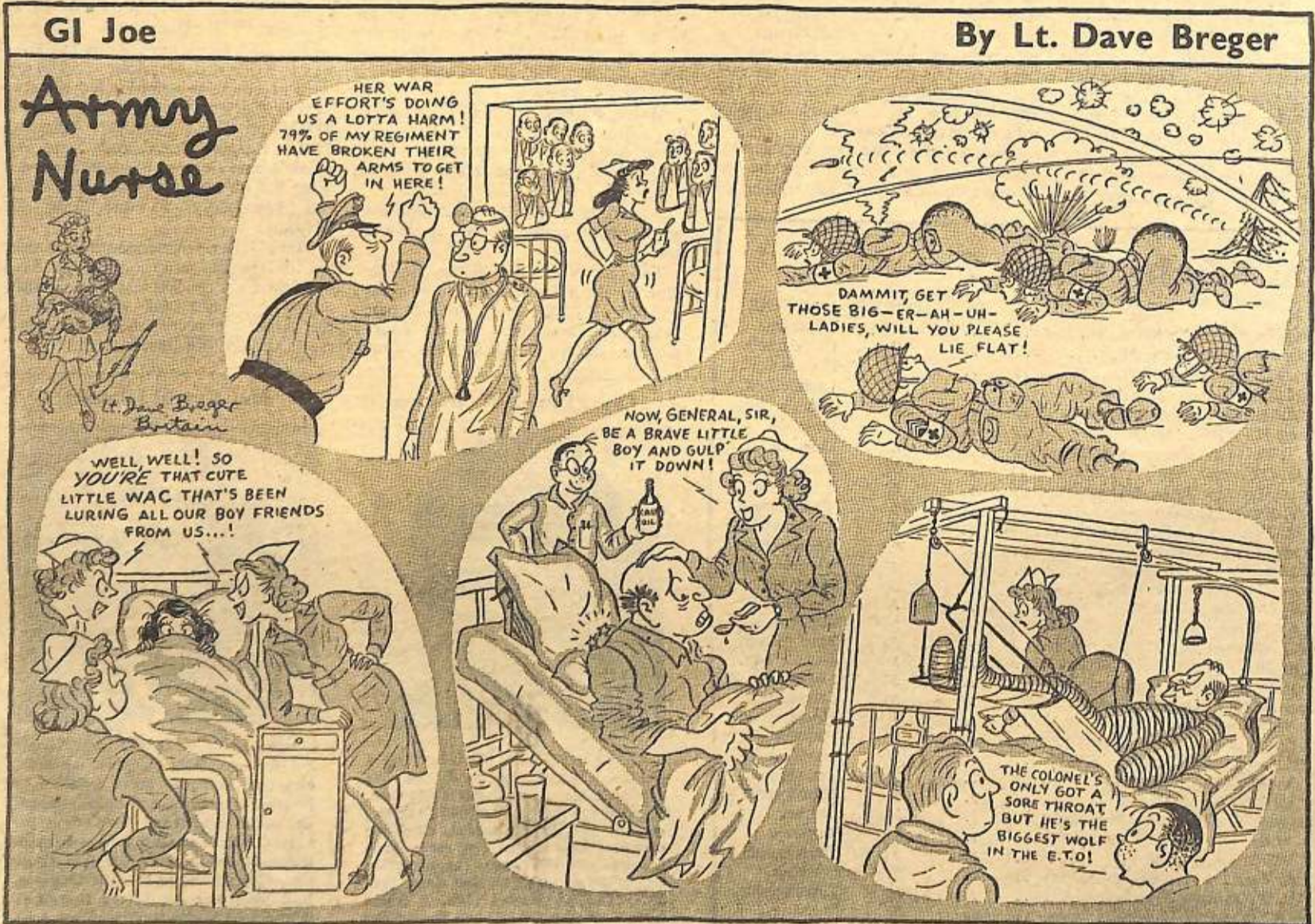
(From This Week)



Lt. GENERAL CARL SPAATZ

BROUGHT THE EIGHTH AIR FORCE TO ENGLAND AND THEN WENT TO AFRICA — NOW HERE HEADING THE UNITED STATES STRATEGIC AIR FORCE IN EUROPE.

NOWHERE IN GERMANY—OR THE OCCUPIED COUNTRIES IS THERE A TARGET OUT OF THE REACH OF HIS COMMAND.



GI Joe

By Lt. Dave Breger

Army Nurse

HER WAR EFFORT'S DOING US A LOTTA HARM! 79% OF MY REGIMENT HAVE BROKEN THEIR ARMS TO GET IN HERE!

WELL, WELL! SO YOU'RE THAT CUTE LITTLE WAC THAT'S BEEN LURING ALL OUR BOY FRIENDS FROM US...

I'll buy, said the Sergeant, and ordered a new sandwich and a fresh beer. "I'm lonely anyway."

DAMMIT, GET THOSE BIG-ER-AH-UH-LADIES, WILL YOU PLEASE LIE FLAT!

NOW, GENERAL, SIR, BE A BRAVE LITTLE BOY AND GULP IT DOWN!

THE COLONEL'S ONLY GOT A SORE THROAT BUT HE'S THE BIGGEST WOLF IN THE E.T.O!

THE COLONEL'S ONLY GOT A SORE THROAT BUT HE'S THE BIGGEST WOLF IN THE E.T.O!

Mills Takes Up Challenge by Thompson

Army Medics Reject Outfielder Dixie Walker

BROOKLYN, Mar. 8—Baseball fans in Flatbush are dusting off the welcome mat to celebrate the return of Dixie Walker, one of the Dodgers' most popular players.

Dixie, badly battered after several years in the big time, was rejected for military service at Anniston, Ala., today because of shoulder, elbow and knee injuries incurred on the diamond.

Bruins Beaten By Wings, 8-4

Defeat Dims Boston Hopes For Berth in Stanley Cup Playoffs

BOSTON, May 8—The Detroit Red Wings strengthened their hold on second place in the National Hockey League as they defeated the Boston Bruins, 8-4, before 10,000 fans here last night, practically eliminating the Bruins from a playoff berth in the Stanley Cup playoffs the last of this month.

Hockey League Standings

	W	L	T	Pts.		W	L	T	Pts.
Montreal	33	4	7	73	Toronto	20	22	4	44
Detroit	23	15	7	53	Boston	17	24	3	39
Chicago	21	19	4	46	New York	6	35	4	16

Don Grosso and Murray Armstrong tallied twice each for the victors, while Adam Brown, Carl Liscombe, Cully Simon and Bud Thomson added one each. The Wings put three in the net the first period, three in the second and two in the third.

Pat Egan was high for the losers with two scores, Dit Clapper and Bill Cowley getting one each.

Jesse Owens Hopes Allied Airmen Raze Olympic Stadium

DETROIT, Mar. 8—Dusky Jesse Owens, Ohio State flash who eight years ago caused consternation for Hitler and his henchmen by scoring a triple-victory in the Olympic Games at Berlin, today said he hopes the scene of his triumph is a heap of rubble after visits by Allied bombers.

"I hope that stadium is leveled to the ground and I suppose it is," the 30-year-old runner declared. "But I must admit that the biggest thrill I ever got on a track was winning that 100-meter dash."

Owens, now working at a war plant here, might have added "even if Hitler did ignore me when I won," but he didn't. The Negro's sweep of the 100 and 200-meter dashes and the broad jump, was a severe blow to Hitler's "Aryan" propaganda, and the Nazi party disappeared from the stadium rather than congratulate Jesse after his brilliant victories.

Only six pounds over his best running weight, Owens thinks he still can propel the 100 in less than ten seconds, although he hasn't done any running lately.

Navy Team Will Sport Nine Ex-Major Leaguers

HQ, 14th U.S. NAVAL DISTRICT, Mar. 8—This district will have one of the strongest service baseball teams in the world this summer, nine ex-major leaguers having been assigned here to play and coach baseball and to aid in presenting a varied sports program.

Players include George Dickey, White Sox catcher and brother of the Yankees; Bill; Tom Ferrick, Cleveland pitcher; Marvin Felderman, Cub catcher; Jack Allett, White Sox pitcher; Joe Grace, Brown outfielder; Bob Harris, Red Sox pitcher; Johnny Lucadello, Brown pitcher; Barney McCoskey, Detroit outfielder, and Vern Olsen, Cub pitcher.

Frnka Signs New Contract

TULSA, Okla., Mar. 8—Football coach and athletic Director Henry Frnka has signed a new five-year contract at Tulsa University, replacing his old contract which still has two years to run.

Ringside Confab



Stars and Stripes Photo by Braeutgam
Conferring on the proposed Freddie Mills-Tommy Thompson fight at the Rainbow Corner bouts are Ted Broadribb (left), Mills' manager; matchmaker Jack Solomon and 1/Sgt. Lamar Mobley, Thompson's manager.

Army Sanction Now Sought for Heavy Contest

Fight for Charity at Albert Hall Suggested By Broadribb

By Ray Lee

Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

Freddie Mills, British Empire light heavyweight champ and leading contender for the now vacant British heavyweight crown, through his manager, Ted Broadribb, has taken up the gauntlet thrown down by Cpl. Tommy Thompson, Gary, Ind., Negro heavyweight.

Thompson, who already has scored two victories at the Rainbow Corner here, Monday challenged Mills to a bout.

"We want the fight if we can get the proper permission," Broadribb told 1/Sgt. Lamar Mobley, Thompson's trainer.

After his meeting with Broadribb, Mobley, through his battalion commander, Lt. Col. Edward W. Howe, immediately took steps to set the wheels in motion to obtain Army permission for the bout.

First Since Baer

If the Army gives the go ahead sign, the contest probably will be scheduled for the Royal Albert Hall, according to Broadribb. It will be the first time an American heavyweight has fought in England since Max Baer dropped a 12-round decision to Tommy Farr and

Net-Minding Giants Expected To Dominate Cage Tourneys

NEW YORK, Mar. 8—There'll be plenty of arguments pro and con the practice of using a "goal tender" to protect the basket when the annual National Invitation basketball tournament gets under way at Madison Square Garden a week from tomorrow.

An idea of how well the hoops will be protected against enemy shooting can be gained by looking at the size of some of the players who will do the guarding. Bob Kurland of the Oklahoma Aggies towers seven feet; Don Otten of Bowling Green mingles with the stratospheric gremlins at six feet, 11 inches, and George Mikan of DePaul, whom the other two call "Shorty," is six feet, eight and a half.

If DePaul and Oklahoma should meet in the semi-finals and have to play Bowling Green in the finals, which might easily happen the way the field is paired, the outstanding player of the tourney would not be the high scorer. He'd be the goal-tender with the most saves.

That skyscraping gent can dominate a tournament was demonstrated last year when St. John's, with six-foot, nine-inch Harry Boykoff, won the Invitation and Georgetown captured the NCAA, using George Mahnken, who soars six feet, eight inches in his stocking feet. Then along

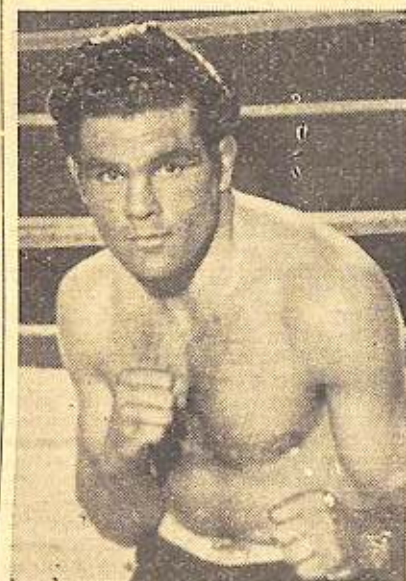
came Wyoming, with Milo Komenich, six feet, seven, and Jim Weir, six feet, five, to beat both of them and win the national championship.

Members of the Basketball Rules Committee and the Coaches' Association will meet here Mar. 24-29, and they are expected to come up with a few rules taking some of the advantage away from the tall lads. There has been considerable agitation about them recently, with such ideas as 12-foot baskets and rules to keep the big fellows away from under the basket.

People who object to raising the basket point out that the giants will benefit because the smaller men may not be able to get the ball up there with any degree of accuracy. Despite Kansas' Phog Allen's clamor for the higher baskets, most coaches and athletic directors oppose the plan.

However, there is strong support from coast to coast for a rule which will penalize the player who interferes with a shot above the level of the hoop. This no doubt will be accepted as a compromise to Allen's suggestion.

But regardless of what the coaches and directors think, the fans eat it up and there won't be much elbow room in the Garden when the collegians take over next week.



Freddie Mills

TKOed Ben Foord in the ninth round here in 1937.

Broadribb suggested that all the proceeds of the bout go to an English charity.

Mills, on Feb. 11, asked for a title shot at Joe Louis when and if the Brown Bomber comes to the ETO on his tour of overseas stations. This challenge brought no response from Louis. However, a bout with Thompson would be an excellent opportunity for the RAF sergeant to show what he can do against an American heavyweight.

A Good Tryout

"It's a good tryout for us and would let us know where we stand with American heavies," Broadribb said, "and what chance Mills would have against Louis."

Mills, who has been hailed by many ring experts in America and England as a leading contender for the Brown Bomber's title, has engaged in more than 150 fights. Since he has come under Broadribb's tutelage, Freddie has dropped only two in 12. He recently racked up an eight-round TKO over Bert Gilroy after flooring him in the first round, but was considered by local experts to be off his usual form.

Thompson has defeated such heavies as George Brescia, Eddie Blount, Clarence Brown and went the distance with Abe Simon and Bob Pastor. He had 15 victories in 19 bouts when he signed up with Uncle Sam.

Hovey Seymour Killed

GREENWICH, Conn., Mar. 8—Ensign Hovey Seymour, 23-year-old former Yale football star, has been killed in an airplane accident on the West Coast, his parents here were informed today. Seymour was one of four Yale backs in history to score two touchdowns against Harvard in the same game.

Kayoes Feature Infantry Card

AN INFANTRY DIVISION BASE, Mar. 8—Two infantry outfits tangled in the ring at the local Guildhall last night in a show that saw four of seven bouts fail to go the limit.

In the quickest finish, Pvt. Ben Murrell, Hudson, N.Y., 147-pounder, went to work with the opening bell and polished off Pvt. Alfred Terry, 156-pounder from Decatur, Ala., 1:05 of the first five seconds of the opening stanza.

In other bouts:
Pfc Fergie Cillamill, New York, kayoed Pvt. Anthony Currier, Baltimore, Md., 1:55 of the second.
Pfc Buddy Tibbets, Rosemont, Minn., 145, outpointed Pfc Anthony Maculoso, Pittsburgh, 147.
Pfc James Scott, Philadelphia, 160, outpointed Pfc Ray Oliver, Little Rock, Ark., 154.
Pvt. Jesse Flores, Los Angeles, 158, kayoed Pvt. John Crampton, Hesperia, Mich., 1:05 of the second.
Pvt. Gus Skopinsky, New York, 165, outpointed Sgt. T. Stasiaczko, Danby, Vt., 166.
Pvt. George Albert, Waynesboro, Pa., 190, kayoed Pfc Art Boschert, Peoria, Ill., 2:15, 1:30 of the third.

Harry Walker Ill

FORT RILEY, Kan., Mar. 8—Pvt. Harry Walker, former St. Louis Cardinal outfielder, and brother of the Dodgers' Dixie Walker, is seriously ill at the station hospital here.

Hutson Takes Field Goal Title

CHICAGO, Mar. 8—The National Football League today released official figures confirming the suspicion held by most fans since the season ended—Don Hutson, perennial Green Bay end, set the pace in field goals with three in five attempts.

Hutson, who also led the league in scoring and pass catching, barely edged Ward Cuff, of the New York Giants. Cuff converted three in nine tries, but booted the longest of the season, 45 yards, against the Chicago Cardinals.

Mexicans Raid U.S. Nines, Miller, Chief Boss, Asserts

SYRACUSE, N.Y., Mar. 8—The Mexican baseball league today was accused of raiding the ranks of American organized baseball and jeopardizing chances of players to return to teams in this country by Leo Miller, general manager of the Syracuse Chiefs of the International League.

Miller charged that Roger Hornsby, Vera Cruz manager, lured Chico Rodriguez, Cuban third baseman, away from the Chiefs, for whom he played last year. Rodriguez returned his unsigned contract to Syracuse.

Li'l Abner



By Al Capp



