

Reds Retake Korosten in Giant Assault

More Invasion Chiefs Named

Britons Get Top Posts in Air, Sea Ops

Doolittle to Head 8th AF; Devers, Eaker Assigned To Mediterranean

Selection of Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower's Western Front staff advanced rapidly yesterday with the appointment of naval and air commanders-in-chief and the announcement that Lt. Gens. Jacob L. Devers and Ira C. Eaker had been transferred to Mediterranean commands and Maj. Gen. James H. Doolittle named to head the Eighth Air Force.

Coinciding with Swedish reports that German military sources now expected an invasion of northwestern Europe "in the very near future," the new Allied announcements in London and Washington disclosed these appointments:

To be Allied naval commander-in-chief under Gen. Eisenhower: Adm. Sir Bertram Ramsay.

To be Allied air commander-in-chief under Gen. Eisenhower: Air Chief Marshal Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory.

Devers Under Wilson

To be commander of American forces in the Mediterranean and deputy supreme commander under Gen. Sir Henry Maitland Wilson: Lt. Gen. Jacob L. Devers.

To be commander of Allied air forces in the Mediterranean: Lt. Gen. Ira C. Eaker.

To command the Eighth Air Force in Great Britain: Maj. Gen. James H. Doolittle.

To command the 15th Air Force in the Mediterranean: Lt. Gen. Nathan F. Twining.

The new naval commander-in-chief, known as "Dynamo Ramsay," was recalled from retirement in 1939 to take command at Dover. He organized the evacuation from Dunkirk and last year planned and executed naval operations leading to the invasion of North Africa and Sicily. He is 60.

Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory, 51, chief of the RAF Fighter Command since November, 1942, has been in the service since the days of the Royal Flying Corps in France in the World War I, where he won the DSO. He commanded two fighter groups in the Battle of Britain and planned the air umbrella for the Dieppe raid in August, 1942.

President Announced

The changes in the American lineup were announced in Washington by President Roosevelt at a press conference.

Gen. Devers, who at 56 is one of the Army's foremost tank experts, relinquishes command of the ETO which he took over last May after the death in a plane crash of Lt. Gen. Frank M. Andrews.

Gen. Eaker, generally credited with responsibility for maintaining USAAF daylight bombing and developing it beyond the experimental stage in the European theater, yields his command to Gen. Doolittle, Congressional Medal hero of the Tokyo "Shangri-la" raid.

Doolittle, 47, has been in command of the Mediterranean strategic air force and commanded the last two big raids on Rome.

Gen. Twining, an unfamiliar name in (Continued on page 4)

Clark, Bradley, Patton May Lead U.S. on Land

Who was to be commander of the U.S. ground forces—possibly the most important post for an American in Gen. Eisenhower's cross-Channel team—still remained unannounced last night, although press reports reaching London indicated it might be one of these men:

1—Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark, present commander of the Fifth Army in Italy.

2—Lt. Gen. George S. Patton, present commander of the Seventh Army (whereabouts unknown).

3—Lt. Gen. Omar Bradley, former commander of the U.S. Second Corps in the last stages of the Tunisia campaign.

Posts Under 'Ike'



Air Chief Marshal Leigh-Mallory
Supreme Air Commander



Adm. Sir Bertram Ramsay
To Direct Naval Operations

Nazis Massing In Coast Areas?

Stockholm Hears of Vast Movements Toward Channel Sectors

By the United Press

Scores of long German supply and troop trains are pouring west into France, Holland and Belgium, says the Stockholm newspaper Allehanda in a dispatch from Berne.

All day and all night they are rolling toward garrison points in Western Europe, says the newspaper. Most of the troops are young men, and most of them are being sent to towns along the Channel and near-by coasts.

At the same time, the air defenses of western Germany, already very strong, are being strengthened still more.

The inflow of new anti-aircraft regiments and the passage of troops are reported to have induced a high state of tension among the people of western Germany.

Rommel is reported to be remaining in France where, with Von Rundstedt, he will command the anti-invasion forces.

Another report says that the Germans have extended the Siegfried line to the coast of the North Sea.

Meanwhile, in Berlin, the process of reassuring the Germans that invasion cannot succeed goes on unceasingly. A typical example is this, from the Boersen Zeitung:

"Although German quarters see no reason why they should concern themselves with speculation in Britain about dates, the British view that the German defense holds the trumps which would make an invasion of the Continent the 'most intricate, most dangerous and most difficult part' of the Allied war effort, must be considered correct.

"Germany had shown that she could not be defeated from the air—let alone in land fighting. She therefore looked for-

(Continued on page 4)

Battle Costs Nazi Fleet 3 Destroyers

Blockade Runner They Guarded Also Sunk in Bay of Biscay

Three German destroyers, part of a force of 11 sighted by a U.S. Navy Liberator, were sunk in a violent two-day battle in the Bay of Biscay, a joint Admiralty and Air Ministry communiqué announced last night.

Precipitating the engagement was the sinking of a 5,000-ton modern German blockade runner Monday northwest of Cape Finisterre by aircraft of Coastal Command.

After dawn the following morning, the Liberator sighted the enemy destroyers—five of the Narvik class and six of the Elbing—apparently sailing toward a rendezvous with the blockade runner, not knowing it had been sunk.

Lib Signals Position

The U.S. Liberator signalled the position of the enemy destroyers to the British cruisers Glasgow and Enterprise, which were between the destroyers and the latter's bases in southern France.

Meanwhile, other U.S. Navy Liberators and aircraft of Coastal Command made several attacks on the destroyers.

Finally sighting the destroyers, the cruisers opened fire, and for an hour the Glasgow and Enterprise fought a running battle with the 11 enemy warships.

After several hits were scored on the destroyers, the Nazi force split into smaller groups and attempted to escape. The cruisers concentrated on four which were heading north and battled them until dusk.

Although the four destroyers laid a smoke screen, three of them were sunk by gunfire. Others were damaged. About 150 survivors were sighted in rafts.

Berlin Admits Clash

The fray, which came only a few days after destruction of the Nazi battleship Scharnhorst in Arctic waters, indicated both an Allied intention to track down remnants of the German Fleet which might actively oppose continental landings, and German desperation in sending forth previously carefully hoarded warships presumably to protect a vital cargo ship.

Although not admitting that any ships were lost, a Berlin communique issued yesterday reported that between Dec. 27 and yesterday, engagements between German destroyers and torpedo boats and British light naval forces occurred.

It was evident that the supply ship, which was sunk while it was attempting to run the Allied blockade, had a cargo of such importance to Germany that it was provided with a screen of destroyers to escort her safely to port.

With the three new sinkings the toll of German destroyers and torpedo-boats sunk since the outbreak of the war rose to at least 42. The blockade runner was the ninth sunk in the last 12 months.

The German report of the battle said (Continued on page 4)

Entire Front Is Split

Again as North-South Rail Line Is Severed

Russians Smashing Forward on 100-Mile Stretch in Their Greatest Drive; Vitebsk Ring Drawn Tighter

Russia's First Ukrainian Army, smashing forward on a 100-mile front in the Soviets' biggest single offensive of the war, yesterday overwhelmed the important rail junction of Korosten, west of Kiev on the vital Leningrad-Odessa line, after recovering almost all the territory lost inside the Kiev salient a month ago.

Recapture of Korosten, along with the town and large railway station of Chernyakhov, ten miles to the north along the same line, and more than 250 other places gave the Red Army a great victory even as it drew the stranglehold tighter around the Nazi stronghold of Vitebsk in the north.

Not only did it place the Russians astride the vital north-south rail link, thus cutting off the Nazi armies in the north from those in the south, but it also wiped out the Germans' only success on the Eastern Front since the Soviets launched their summer offensive.

They Crowded Too Soon

The Germans had thrown thousands of men and streams of material into the effort to stem the Russians' Kiev push. When they succeeded last month in retaking Korosten and Zhitomir their propaganda machine crowed loudly because after months of reverses on all fronts their army and their home front needed a victory badly.

Yesterday's Russian thrust into Korosten erased all this and left the Germans with only a year of defeats in their record.

In Allied capitals the victory was hailed for another reason. A continuing Russian offensive in the east will hamstring the German army in preparations for invasion in the West and thus make easier Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower's Second Front blow across the English Channel.

Last night's Soviet communique also disclosed the launching of a new offensive in the Zaporozhe area in the Dnieper Bend. Gen. Malinovsky's forces captured the suburbs of Zaporozhe, on the right bank of the Dnieper, and 30 other inhabited places.

The First Ukrainian Army's break through in the Kiev salient, marked by a 15-mile advance beyond Fastov since Tuesday, left the enemy retreating in all sectors. Gen. Nicolai F. Vatutin's right wing drove forward more than seven miles to take Korosten, his center moved up six miles to the Korosten-Zhitomir section of the Leningrad railway, and his left drove rapidly toward Zhitomir after capturing Korostishev, 16 miles further east.

Threaten to Cut Line

South of Zhitomir, Vatutin's troops drove south of the Fastov-Vinnitsa railway and threatened to cut this vital supply link between the northern and southern sections of the German front in this area.

Moscow reports said the shattering success of the Russian break-through west of Kiev was underlined by what the retreating Germans left behind. Thousands of bodies, vehicles and tanks were said to litter the countryside, in back of the trenches, pillboxes, minefields and dugout the Germans relied upon for their winter line.

Around Vitebsk, desperate German resistance was encountered northwest and southeast of the town. In a comparatively narrow area, the Nazis launched 18 counter-attacks, apparently in an effort to regain the road and railway to Polotsk. Each one was driven back by the Russians.

Radio Link Aids Fliers On Cross-Atlantic Hop

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29 (AP)—Six long-wave radio communications stations, linking the United States with Newfoundland, Labrador, Greenland, Iceland and Britain, have been installed by the U.S. Army and are "greatly expediting" the ferrying of aircraft across the ocean, the War Department disclosed today.

The department said that the new long-wave network assures 24-hour radio, telegraph and radio teletype communications, uninterrupted by atmospheric disturbances and magnetic storms, which sometimes interfere with short-wave communication in the Far North areas.

FDR 'Confined to Quarters'

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29 (AP)—President Roosevelt has a cold in the head and his physician, Rear-Adm. Ross McIntyre, suggested that he should remain in his quarters in the White House today.

Another Mystery for History

The Flying Dutchman Now Has An Aerial Convoy—2 Ghost Forts

AN EIGHTH BOMBER STATION, Dec. 29—They are telling a ghost story here today of a Flying Fortress that crashed near Bremen after nine men had bailed out—and then returned to England.

Hours after the plane had been listed officially as missing in action on the strength of reports by returning crewmen who "saw nine men bail out and then watched it crash," the missing plane's call signal was picked up by a radio control station. And that was the last anyone heard of the mystery plane.

RAF fighters were sent up to search for it and British Home Guard units were alerted to watch for wreckage, but there was no evidence of the B17 either in the flesh or as an apparition.

Some combat crewmen believe the plane never crashed and that the pilot brought the Fort home from Germany all alone after nine men had bailed out. Over England weather conditions were so bad that he had to set his automatic flight

control equipment and dash back to the radio room to send out a call for directions, these crewmen speculate. Unable to locate a field, he may have become lost over the sea and crashed.

Those who tell it as a ghost story have a sequel which they feel proves there was something supernatural in the air over England that day.

A second Fort flew in and established perfect radio contact with an East Coast field. The men at the control tower advised the pilot to fly on because the field was badly fog-bound. The Fort did fly on and that was the last anyone saw or heard of it. It vanished completely and there never has been evidence of a crash.

Wherever those two Forts are, the story-tellers say, they will wager they are flying side by side in a ghost group of B17s manned by gremlin staff sergeants and lieutenants.

And others will wager that it is all a lot of damn foolishness.

THE STARS AND STRIPES

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Hash Marks

Wishful Thinking Department. On the mess hall bulletin board at an ETO fighter base appeared a neatly inscribed invitation prepared by the special service section. It said in colorful print, "Want To Visit a Home For Christmas?" After this appeal a wishful GI scrawled in pencil, "Yes—my own!"

It could happen only at a camp back home. Down at Camp Blanding Pvt. Peter Glod and a couple of other guys



were detailed to move a batch of equipment from one building to another. "Where are you going?" asked a pal. "Payline," replied Glod, doing a bit of quick thinking. A small mob heard this conversation and immediately fell in with the detail. All were welcomed cordially by the officer in charge of the moving who gave each of them something to carry—but NO pay envelopes.

Hey, hey, what's going on here! WAVES at Smith College and Mt. Holyoke have elected Admiral Ernest J. King as their favorite "Pin-Up Boy." My, my!

This Week's Fairy Tale. On January 7, 1943, the Transoceanic Nazi News Agency announced: "Sicily has been turned into an impregnable fortress." Next stop, Europe!

Ever hear of the pot calling the kettle black? When the Second Army was on maneuvers down south, a Pfc was heard to comment, "It's sure a funny custom the way these Middle Tennessee folks call their children by their first and middle names. For instance, that farmer over there calls his son 'Robert Clyde Winfield'—that's too long." "What's your name?" the GI was asked. "Stanley Theodore Bryzocobrak" was the reply.

All that glitters is not gold. Sgt. Bob Payne thought he had stepped into a soft job when he was made a member of the



air WAC recruiting team in Denver. He slicked himself up and approached a likely looking prospect on a street corner—to give her some literature on the air WACs. "Pardon me, Miss," he began—but that was as far as he got, because the "likely looking prospect" hauled off and slapped him on the jaw. Payne beat a hasty retreat and is now studying a book on "approaches."

It was bound to happen. Marines on Tarawa in the Gilbert Islands are singing, "Tarawa boom-de-ay." J. C. W.

An Ace for a Deuce of a Big Job

Berlin Will Be Doolittle's Third Axis Capital Target

First Tokyo, Then Rome Hit by New Air Chieftain

THE Eighth Air Force's final crushing blows against Germany will probably give Maj. Gen. James H. Doolittle his third great enemy capital for a target.

If predictions are true that American and British troops will invade within 90 days and Berlin will be leveled by USAAF and RAF attacks before the cross-Channel drive is launched, forces commanded by Doolittle will have bombed Tokyo, Rome and Berlin.

Announcement of Gen. Doolittle's appointment to lead the Eighth Air Force was made in Washington by Pres. Roosevelt late Tuesday.

No matter how powerful and destructive the assaults planned by Doolittle, no matter how many lives are saved by tactics he may be expected to chart to weaken German invasion defenses, the United States will have difficulty rewarding its ace airman.

Offhand, it is hard to think of a new award Doolittle can receive. He already has the Congressional Medal of Honor, the Distinguished Flying Cross with Oak Leaf Cluster, the Silver Star and the Air Medal.

A distinguished aviation scientist and military tactician as well as daredevil flier in the old stunting days, Gen. Doolittle possesses all the qualities necessary to plan a campaign carefully and meticulously and then execute it with dispatch and audacity.

His career is a dual record of both daring exploits in the air and cool, deliberate calculations which speeded the progress of aviation and won for Doolittle the Daniel Guggenheim Medal for his contribution to "greater knowledge of speed, control, aerobatics and blind flying."

Smasher of Precedents

In 1922, only five years after he joined the U.S. Army Air Corps, Doolittle was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for a one-stop coast-to-coast flight in 22 1/2 hours, an extraordinary achievement in those days.

Always a smasher of precedents, in 1924 he was awarded by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology the first degree in air engineering ever given in the United States.

He made the headlines in every major paper in the world in 1925 when he flew an Army Curtiss Racer at the then amazing speed of 232 miles an hour to win the Schneider Trophy.

Doolittle made his biggest news, however, when in April of last year screaming sirens told Japan of its vulnerability and bold headlines told America that at last the first of the blows against Japan proper had been struck.

It was a typical Doolittle exploit. Behind the glamor of the attack by Shangri-La-based aircraft on the heart of Japan were long preparation and Doolittle's years of experience as an organizer, leader and ace.

It was on April 18, 1942, that Japan received its first sign of certain destruction



Maj. Gen. James H. Doolittle

the growing might of the Allies would bring. The mission was first conceived in January and planned with the utmost secrecy.

Doolittle carefully chose the men who accompanied him. In Florida they trained for the historic moment when for the first time Army medium bombers would take off in numbers from a Navy aircraft carrier.

The Raid on Japan

It was decided to send the raiders in over Japan flying extremely low to escape observation and anti-aircraft fire and insure the accuracy of their bombing. Practising for the flight, the planes made sweeps over the American coast and fanned out as they would have to over Japan. Exactly similar geographical distances were traveled over American territory toward objectives resembling the goals in Japan. Later they continued training aboard the carrier.

Then, the morning of April 18, Doolittle led 16 Mitchell B25s into the air from the deck of the carrier Hornet to fly 800 miles in and average, in small part, the attack on Pearl Harbor.

At 8.20 AM Doolittle took off, piloting the lead ship. At 9.20 PM he bailed out over China, the last to leave his plane.

For the Tokyo raid he received the Congressional Medal of Honor. As head of the Northwest African Air Force he won the Silver Star.

Supporting ground troops in Italy, Doolittle's forces bombarded Axis supply lines and installations. Twice the 47-year-old airman directed raids on Rome.

Behind his reputation as one of the greatest all-round airmen in the world, his medals deservedly earned, his rank brilliantly won—Doolittle rose in combat from lieutenant colonel to his present rank—there is a personality unexpected in a military man. And some of the pranks attributed to him are unusual even for an airman.

A Practical Joker

While addressing a New York conference, according to legend, on the history and development of explosives, he concluded a lengthy and weighty lecture by passing around various types of explosives.

One small box, however, he refused to trust to the audience, explaining that it contained "the deadliest explosive yet developed by science."

Carefully he removed layers of wool from the dread box and extracted a tiny phial, as he casually mentioned that if he dropped it the whole building would blow up.

Then another practical joker pushed him, Doolittle dropped the water-filled phial, another confederate fired a gun and turned off the lights, and the great joker-flier made his exit.

Besides his reputation as the greatest all-round pilot in the world, Doolittle is known as a master story teller. Add Doolittle to any two other people—that was one friend's recipe for a party.

Born in Alameda, Cal., in 1896, Doolittle joined the Air Corps in 1917, when he was in his senior year at the University of California. In a short time he was made an officer-instructor.

In 1930 he resigned from the Army and became aviation director of the Shell Oil Co. He returned to active service as soon as this war threatened.

Notes from the Air Force

CAPT. Gene O'Neill, a P47 pilot from New York City, came through with a gift for Capt. William Chase, squadron S-2 officer, in a fashion that makes Santa Claus and all his reindeer look pale.

Just before takeoff time Capt. Chase asked the pilot to bring him back a souvenir from Germany. When the mission was over Capt. O'Neill reported in to his wing with the news that he had destroyed two German planes.

"How about my souvenir?" Capt. Chase asked jokingly. "Go on out to my plane," O'Neill answered. "It's out there."

Chase walked out to the plane, and was wrapped around the stabilizer as the control cable from an Me110 which O'Neill had destroyed. That was Chase's souvenir.

The first MP in the ETO to be credited officially with a victory over a Piper Cub is Cpl. Nathan W. (Ace) Jordan. The combat between the corporal's truck and the aircraft occurred on the perimeter track as both taxied in the dark. Jordan reported seeing the Cub go down with thick clouds of smoke trailing from its engine. He has been awarded the "Extinguished Service Cross" for extraordinary action.

SOMEWHERE in England there must be a Carl Green who is a father and doesn't know it. It is also evident that his wife's name is Marjorie. S/Sgt. Carl Green, of Savannah, Ga., a clerk at an Eighth fighter station, has received two cables from home both of which bore the joyful tidings that he was the papa of a baby boy. Green swears it isn't so—a baby boy. Green swears it isn't so—a girl named Marjorie. If Father Green would show up and claim his son it will make things easier all the way around.

Four men at an Eighth fighter station headquarters have devised a novel "situation map" that is guaranteed to hold the interest of the pilots during "briefing."

The men took a map of the area surrounding the field, and with six different colors of tacks they completed a thorough "pub crawl map," with the exact location of each pub, dance hall, fish and chip emporium and historical site in the neighborhood, indicating with an appended key the quality of the establishment.

MR. Boeing's ball-turret designer might have had little Jim Stubblefield in mind when he drew the blueprints for the globular appendage to the B17. The 21-year-old gunner on the Fort, Horrible Hank, is only four feet nine inches tall and his best fighting weight is 137 pounds. When Jim enlisted in Union City, Tenn., he was put into a limited service category, but finally fought his way into a combat crew.

"I tried three times to get into some service," Stubblefield says. "The Navy turned me down flat, and the Army turned me down the first time. The second time I tried the Army they okayed my papers."

This Is The Army

ONE GI who earns his Army pay pumping a foot-pedal for Capt. Anthony Circo, dentist for an Engineer outfit, isn't going to lose his job because of mechanization after all.

Things looked bad when a quarter-horsepower electric motor salvaged from an old potato peeler was hooked up to supply the motivating power for the dentist's drill. A reclaimed jeep starter-button needed only a slight touch of the toe, and the drill buzzed away.

But, when patient after patient began to jump out of the chair, investigation showed that stepping on the starter sent the current from the button through the dentist's foot to the steel drill in his hand and down to the patient. Some one other than the dentist, the electricians advised, would have to step on the starter-button. The GI is back on the job.

Sgt. Clinton Turner, of La Plata, Mo., believes he is the first CQ to use a captured enemy vehicle on his rounds at a station hospital in England. The vehicle was a volksvagon, German version of the jeep, which was taken in Bizerte.

THE work of Army chaplains has been known to range from issuing TS slips to mediating lovers' quarrels. Chaplains Basil N. Note, of Joplin, Mo., and Ralph R. King, of Los Angeles, however, also find time to help solve the manpower shortage among British clergy. In addition to conducting as many as three Sunday services for American troops they frequently lead worship in British churches, bringing with them their own organist and vocalist.

You mess by states in one Engineer unit here, and to provide that truly homey touch beneath the glory of your respective state map. Pfc Ed McCloud, of Logansport, Indiana, painted the mess states represented in that outfit. Hoosiers sit now with Hoosiers, Brooklynites with Brooklynites, Californians with Californians, and so on down the list of-commerce touch.

SOLDIERS on Army transports are going to have fresh milk. According to the magazine Ships, a sea-going mechanical cow guaranteed to produce 40 gallons of emulsified cream or milk in an hour pure milk from butter, milk powder and water. Centrifugal force breaks up the fat globules and emulsifies the product.

HUBERT by SGT. DICK WINGERT



... And then I'll rush into that old drug store on 14th St. and shout, "Gimme a chocolate soda with two dips, and a banana split with cherries, and a . . . etc., etc."





Thursday, Dec. 30, 1943

Even if Germany Loses, Will She Win?

For it appears to be part of the Nazi plot to reduce all conquered Europe to a lower level than Germany will reach in her final defeat

By Lawrence Wolfe
Author of 'Sabotage'

NOW that we are as certain of a complete Allied victory in the European war as it is humanly possible to be, we must try to form a realistic idea of the actual course of events that is likely to make up the final act now beginning. Is it going to consist of a single apocalyptic scene of German collapse, a sudden grinding application of the brakes of history, or is it going to consist of a great many slow, agonizing scenes, with the Germans delaying their Nemesis to the last?

That is the question. And we must seek a true answer, to it because certainty of victory is apt to breed undue optimism, which in turn may lead to a possibly unconscious relaxation of effort that may seriously delay victory.

1918 Collapse Expected

The popular view in Britain is that there is going to be a German collapse "sooner than anyone expects," just as there was in 1918. It is said that the Germans are brave and stubborn fighters only so long as they are winning victories, but lose heart and crumple up quickly when the tide of war flows against them—and that is what is happening today, when the Germans have lost their principal European ally, Italy; when their armies in Russia are suffering defeat after defeat, when their U-boats in the Atlantic are being sunk faster than they can be replaced, when the Luftwaffe is being blasted out of the sky by the RAF and the American Air Force, and when German cities are being devastated by air attacks of unprecedented violence. It is believed, above all, that these sustained "Hamburgizing" assaults, quite apart from their effects on production and communications, are bound to hasten the collapse of the German home front, if only because they are more than flesh and blood can bear for any length of time.

That, in brief, is the popular view, and it certainly seems to be borne out by the frequent reports of symptoms of impending collapse which we have been receiving from Stockholm, Berne and Ankara in recent weeks.

Yet, despite all these seeming confirmations, the popular view is a mistaken one, and an objective examination of the known facts will show two things. First, that this time a German collapse for reasons of morale is out of the question; and, second, that the Germans are genuinely convinced that as far as their ultimate national aims are concerned they are not losing the war at all, and in

fact cannot possibly lose it, though they are no doubt well aware that in the military sense they must lose it.

A German collapse is out of the question because Nazi policy has made it impossible. This was accomplished by what is probably the most diabolical scheme ever evolved and put into operation by an established government.

Hitler always knew the ultimate cause of the collapse of 1918. It was this: that neither the German soldier nor the German civilian had any reason to be individually afraid of the consequences of defeat—the overwhelming majority of them had committed no war crimes for which they might be held personally responsible, so they could afford to yield to war weariness and give up the struggle. Immediately on the outbreak of the present war Hitler made sure that the same should not happen again; he did so by causing millions of Germans to commit such bestial acts that if the war took an unfavorable turn for Germany these men would know that they could escape punishment only so long as they held out and also forced the rest of the people to hold out.

Sadists Let Loose in Poland

Hitler laid the foundations of this scheme soon after his accession to power, when he established veritable academies of sadism, where young SA and SS men and Gestapo agents were deliberately taught the theory and practice of torture. It was these "specialists" who formed the nucleus of the hordes of sadists whom Hitler let loose in Poland, the occupied parts of Soviet Russia and elsewhere.

The atrocities these Germans have committed and still continue to commit are of such a nightmarish character that no normal person could bear even to read about them. Today there is scarcely a platoon in the German Army without a number of these fiends in its ranks, and scarcely a family in the German Reich without at least one of them among its members. And, aware that Germany has lost the war in the military sense, these millions of German fiends think exactly what Hitler, the arch-fiend, meant them to think—that once the war is over they will have nothing but a rope or a firing squad to look forward to.

That is why a spontaneous collapse of either the German war fronts or the German home front is out of the question.

The German Army's morale is being kept up by the war criminals in its own ranks, who are afraid for their own skins,



The German Army's morale is being kept up by the ever present menace of Hitler's Nazi murderers. War criminals, who are afraid of their own skins, and members of the SS Waffen are a constant threat to the soldier who "thinks it's time to quit." The Terrorists know they face the noose or the firing squad.

and by the ever-present menace of the SS Waffen, Hitler's special divisions of trained Nazi murderers, some members of which are attached to every unit of the regular Army, with power even over the commanding officers. And—let there be no mistake about this—the bulk of the German Army, from the generals downward, still believes in the Nazi creed of German superiority, conquest and domination, not because it is the Nazi creed, and not because the Nazi educational system and Nazi propaganda have converted them to it, but primarily because it has been the creed of the German people for generations past.

'Fortress of Germany'

So the German Army will fight to the last, and if it is driven out of the "Fortress of Europe" it will retire into the "Fortress of Germany" and fight on there; it will not "collapse" except through a shortage of the wherewithal of armed resistance.

As to the German home front, its so-called morale is, if possible, even more secure than that of the Army. No matter what the people at large might feel inclined to do, there is Gen. Fromm's home army of picked Nazis; there are the police and the Gestapo, and there are the war-criminal members of the individual families.

Even "Hamburgizing," with all its terrors—which no one who has lived through the far milder ordeal of the German blitz on Britain will be inclined to minimize—is not sufficient to produce a serious crack in this kind of morale. For there is at least a possibility of escape from bombs, but there is none from armed gangsters to whom your so-called morale is a matter of life and death and who are constantly watching for any sign of "collapse" with guns at the ready, so to speak. The German civilian knows that the price of panic is a bullet into his body, so he does not panic. He also knows that the price of grumbling is a beating and imprisonment, so he does not even grumble.

Civilians Ready to Fight

But—irony of ironies—there is really no need for the guardians of the German home front's morale to exert themselves unduly. For the mass of German civilians are only too anxious not to allow themselves to "collapse" and are doing their best to maintain "discipline" and be ready even to fight if called upon. The reason is that they are terrified of the 10,000,000 labor slaves Hitler has imported from the occupied territories—the Poles, Czechs, Russians and other nationals whom the Herrenvolk has kept in cruel servitude for years.

The average German knows that these 10,000,000 foreigners have nothing but

cold hatred for him and his family, and that if the home front collapsed they would exact a terrible vengeance for all they have suffered. So, for this reason alone, the average German obeys his masters willingly, and will probably do so until his country is actually occupied by the forces of the United Nations and he is thereby protected both against his masters and his slaves.

Does all this mean that the final act of the European war is going to be a long one? Not necessarily. For instance, it is quite possible that the German armies in Russia will suffer an overwhelming defeat owing to lack of manpower or of some essential war material, such as oil. This might happen within a few weeks or months, and in that case the liquidation of all German resistance would follow very swiftly.

However, this is only a possibility, not a probability. Certain it is that the Germans will hold out on all fronts and in all three elements—land, sea and air—as long as they can, and that the United Nations will need all their material and moral resources to force them to the point of unconditional surrender.

Convinced They're Not Losing

For, as already hinted, the Germans are convinced that they are not losing the war and that no matter what defeats they suffer in the field, the longer the war lasts the nearer they will be to the achievement of their ultimate national aim. That aim emerges quite clearly from the policy which the Germans have systematically pursued in the conquered territories ever since September, 1939. It consists of weakening Germany's neighbors by every possible means—plunder of their material resources, devastation of their territory and the extermination of as much of their populations as possible.

Obviously, this is a deliberate plan and there is an evil logic behind it, such as only a Hitler with a power-crazed nation to back him could have conceived, and it will take all the wisdom of the civilized world to deal with its effects. Assuming the war ended tomorrow with a decisive Allied victory, what situation would we find in the victorious countries of the continent as compared with Germany?

Occupied Countries Bled White

We would find, on the one hand, a Czechoslovakia, Poland, Norway, Holland, Belgium, France, Yugoslavia, Greece and vast areas of Soviet Russia bled white of material resources; with populations considerably reduced through mass murder, starvation, disease and "birth control" due to the deportation of millions of men to Germany; with the surviving populations enfeebled by years of starvation, disease and mental torture,

and with tens of millions of children who will never grow into normal men and women.

And on the other hand, we would find a Germany with at least the same material resources as she had in 1939, supplemented with plunder from all over the continent; with her population depleted only to the extent of her casualties at the war fronts and in air raids; with the surviving population at least as well fed and healthy as it was at the beginning of the war; and, above all, with a child population that will grow up normally.

Technically Germany Has Lost

Would it be possible to say that Germany has lost the war? In the purely technical sense, yes; in the true, vital sense, no. Comparatively, she would be far, far stronger than her enemies. And if the civilized world permits Hitler's dream to come true, then this "defeated" Germany will in another 15 or 20 years start another lightning war and establish her dominion over the Continent of Europe for good.

The civilized world, as Hitler's diseased brain realized from the outset, will certainly not be able to restore the balance, no matter when the war ends. It will not be able to exact sufficient reparations from Germany to compensate the subjugated peoples for any worthwhile part of their material losses, for the simple reason that her thefts and devastations represent such a colossal sum that she could truthfully plead incapacity to pay. And as regards the human losses, the civilized world will not be able to resurrect the millions of Polish, Russian and other men, women and children whom the Germans have massacred, and it will certainly not have an equal number of German men, women and children massacred.

Continues to Plunder

So Germany will not have lost the war. That was Hitler's diabolical logic. That was partly, perhaps chiefly, why he trained his people to be murderers. And that is why today, when he must know that his number is up, he continues to plunder, starve, torture and murder the peoples of the occupied countries.

We can do nothing to stop him until the victory of the United Nations is an accomplished fact. But we can do a great deal to bring that victory nearer, provided we, the ordinary men and women of the United Nations, remember that certainty of victory is an added reason to redouble our efforts—and to think of the ordinary men and women and children of the subjugated peoples to whom mere certainty of something that lies in the future means little or nothing, because it does not save them from the subhuman bestiality of the oppressor.

From New York Times



Hordes of sadists have spread terror throughout the occupied countries.

What the GI Thinks About

Separated from the things he loves he dreams mostly about the intimate things he left behind, but life in the future is also in his thoughts

By Staff Sgt. Ralph G. Martin
Stars and Stripes

FIVE soldiers wrapped up in their blankets were sprawled under a big tree. It was somewhere in Sicily, but it might have been the fighting front anywhere. Three of the five were sleeping soundly, the other two were talking in a low-pitched tone as if they were thinking aloud.

"It's a funny thing," one of them said. "All day long there's a million things to do around here, a million things to think about. Sometimes I'm so damn busy I don't think about my wife for three days. Then one night I won't be able to sleep and I think about everything back home all at once. It's a funny thing," he said.

Out in the field the soldier's thinking is pointed and practical because it has to be. He has to remember all his duties for the day—the last order the first sergeant passed on to him, the rifle he must clean, the bath he wants to take, the clothes he has to wash, the pair of fatigues he wants to salvage before the outfit goes back to the front. Or maybe he has got a bad tooth he wants looked after or a pass he was "sweating out."

That is because during the day the soldier at the front is just part of an Army unit; every thought and action is regimented toward the next battle. But when night comes he can open his memory book to yesterday or dream dreams about tomorrow and be a different person in a private world.

This Blonde Is Temporary

Despite what some people think, the soldier's private world seldom seriously includes that blonde he met in that Casablanca bar the night before. That blonde is just somebody he talks about because everybody else does, because he wants to be "one of the boys." Most people think that soldiers' sex talk is something basic. Actually it isn't. It is just a flow of talk which covers up what he really is thinking about—home.

Home, he says, is a small cramped apartment where he takes off his shoes and sits in a soft chair in the living room and smokes his pipe and listens to the radio; home is a big sprawling farmhouse in Iowa where he looks out of the window and sees the rich black dirt and hears the healthy noises of fat pigs and chickens and smells the freshness of growing things; home is a studio on Telegraph Hill in San Francisco where he can see the golden glint of the bridge in the bay at sunset when friends drop in to mix cocktails; home is Mom, apple pie and his girl.

The tougher things get in the field, the more beautiful and desirable his girl is, the more elaborate his future plans for her are. Especially his outline for their first date. He wants to take her to the finest night clubs and shows and restaurants. He wants to cram years of want and waiting into one splurging night.

After that, if he is not already married to her, he wants to take a quick trip to City Hall. There will be few long courtships or long engagements when Johnny comes marching home. War has cut deep into his life and he wants to cover it up with the normalcy of marriage and family as soon as possible.

Sarge Has the Answer

"I've got it all figured out," said one tall blond staff sergeant. "I'm going to surprise my honey. . . . Just walk in quietly through the back door and creep up behind the chair she'll be sitting in and then kiss her softly on the neck and say, 'Hello, Marge.' . . . Just like that. . . . And then we're going to hop into a cab and start getting married."

Of course, there are some soldiers who aren't thinking much of marriage. Those are the ones brooding and bitter because "Somebody else has taken my place." They rationalize that with, "If she didn't love me enough to wait for me, then she wasn't worth waiting for in the first place."

There are others who want to finish school, cut out a career first. Or those who have never been east or west of Podunk now want to keep traveling all over the geography book before they settle down.

But most of the soldiers are thinking of settling down quickly, and they are worried about their jobs after the war. These are civilians in uniform, nonprofessional soldiers who yesterday worked in factories, clerked in grocery stores, unloaded ships. They know their boss has somebody else on their jobs, and after the war, after the



Many a GI in the Battlefront Chowline has had this thought: "I'd give a million dollars for a piece of chocolate cake and a glass of ice cold milk."

fine speeches and backslapping are over, maybe the boss won't be so keen about throwing out those other experienced workers. Or maybe with the shutdown of war industries some of the bosses won't be in business any more. "I hope I don't have to sell apples," they say in a kidding yet worried tone.

All of these Americans in khaki are expecting their Government to help ease their abrupt transition into civilian life. They are talking much about this money which Congress is debating giving to them when they need it. Many of them will.

As for the post-war world, they think about it in a general sort of way. If you pin them down to the specific, most of them say something like this:

"Well, I'm not exactly sure, but I think that the world should be tied a lot closer together so that everybody knows what everybody else is doing. Maybe something like the United States of the World. What I mean is that I don't want any more Hitlers or Mussolinis cropping up again. I just don't want my kids to have to fight this thing all over again twenty years from now."

The Little Things Count

These are the big things common to all soldiers. But there are all kinds of little things peculiar to the individual. There is the young high-school kid who enlisted before he graduated and keeps wondering how the senior prom came off; the soldier who reminisces about those long fine chess games he used to play; the coal miner who wants to get back to his small garden ("I'd be around foolin' with potatoes this time of year"); the lawyer who used to go to every one of the Berkshire Music Festivals; the newly married nervous soldier who bothers everybody with "I'm supposed to have a baby this week"; the ex-bookie who worries about the horses at Saratoga; the Yankee fan who gets wistful because he wasn't in the Stadium to see the world series, and the small-town teacher who keeps thinking about his twenty-five pupils, wondering what they're doing now.

Then you have soldiers like Pfc Johnson Chapman, telephone operator from Grenada, Miss., who thinks continually about catfish. "Every chance I'd get I'd just go out into the woods and the wild country up to a little stream I know and pitch my tent and just fish for catfish," he said.

"Catfish bite real well up there," Chapman continued. "They're usually about three or four pounders, and they fry quickly over a small fire. They don't smell so good when you clean them, but when catfish are frying it's the most wonderful smell in the world." And then he added sadly: "There's nothing I think about so much as the smell of frying catfish."

Food a Popular Topic

Soldiers talk and think a lot about food. That's mainly because their diet at the front is so unvaried. Up to the middle of the Sicilian campaign the front-line soldier's staple food was canned "C" rations. "C" rations consists of meat with either buns,

vegetable stew or hash. That plus coffee, crackers and a little hard candy. All of which is good and substantial, but it gets terribly monotonous when you eat it for breakfast, dinner and supper day after day. It was in the latter half of the Sicilian show that "U" rations started pouring in. That consisted of roast beef, spaghetti and meatballs, fruit juices and cocoa. It made the soldiers happier and reminded them of meals they used to get.

"I'd give a hundred bucks right now for a big piece of chocolate cake and a glass of cold milk," is the way one soldier put it. Other soldiers get that far-away look in their eyes when they talk about a corned beef sandwich with mustard, sour pickles, a little cole slaw and a bottle of beer; or a steak smothered in onions, with French-fried potatoes; or a hot dog with a triple malted milk and some popcorn, or five gallons of strawberry ice cream and a stomach pump.

Dreams of Silverware

"When I sit down at that table everything will have to be just right," said an unwashed corporal who had been eating straight from the rations can for three months.

"I want to see shining clean silverware on a thick white tablecloth with a couple of waiters running around getting me double orders of everything. And I want to lean back and look as if I owned the place, and smoke one of those real two-for-a-quarter Havana cigars, and when they bring me crêpes suzettes I'm going to be particular as all hell—if they're not made just the way I like them, I'm going to refuse them and get right up and walk out." And the corporal chuckled and added: "I'm going to be so hard to please."

When you tell some civilian all this, the logical question pops up—all this thinking and planning and day dreaming, doesn't it hurt their morale, doesn't it put a crimp in their fighting spirit, doesn't it take the heart out of their soldiering?

And the answer is No.

GI Needs an Outlet

It's hard to describe the nervous tension of the fighting soldier. The steady strain of war exerts terrific pressure on the individual, and this thinking of yesterday and tomorrow is his only outlet valve, his only means of escape. It helps him to keep on an even keel mentally. It gives him the hope of a tomorrow he needs so much. It's the big thing that keeps him going.

You can see all this in his letters home, you can feel it in his conversation, you can hear it in the songs he sings—songs like "The White Cliffs of Dover," "When the Lights Go On Again" and "You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To."

All these things are deep and warm around his heart, and it does him good to think about them.

Because, maybe later, lying flat on his belly in a shallow foxhole, with shells whistling close, too close, he tries not to think.

The Miracle

The World knows
8th Army. But h
Army stood an Am

IT took a bare 100 days in the summer and fall of 1942 for fourteen civilian Americans and a small harbor tug to save North Africa for the Allies. If it hadn't been for us and our tug, all of the Mediterranean coast of Africa and the Suez Canal might today be in Axis hands. Here is the story—you judge for yourself.

Early in 1942 the British in Egypt were dangerously short of supplies, guns, ammunition, trucks, fuel. Rommel was battering at their lines. Axis air fleets based on Pantelleria practically cut off Allied shipping from England and America to Egyptian ports. The Suez Canal and parts of the Red Sea were within bomber range of the enemy and it was hazardous to use them.

So supplies for the Allied armies had to go around the Cape of Good Hope, and then up to Djibouti or Massawa. Massawa, in Eritrea, was by far the most vital. It was a short land passage from the port over a paved highway to Asmara; from there, there was a British military road up to Khartoum and then up the Nile Valley to Cairo.

War cargoes couldn't, with any chance of success, be taken farther north than Massawa—and at Massawa nine sunken ships blocked the way. They were sunk, bow to stern, in the south harbor entrance, the tops of their masts, rigging and stacks sticking out a few feet above the surface of the hot, oily swells. The retreating Italians had bomb-blasted them from inside when the British drove them from the port—and what got by these ships and up to the docks was a trickle.

The British had been trying to get some of the ships up, but they couldn't get the proper equipment or the skilled divers. They had been working on one ship for seven months—and she was still on the bottom. Rommel was getting his supplies across the Mediterranean, and the British weren't getting any supplies to amount to much from anywhere.

Rommel Was Winning

Meanwhile, Rommel was advancing eastward and the prophets were predicting he would soon overrun the Middle East, join with the Japs—and the war might be lost.

A look at the facts of the case seemed to make the prophets right, for once.

At this interesting moment I got a call from one of the big hotels in Los Angeles to meet a representative of the contracting firm of Johnson, Drake & Piper—and before long I found myself with a deep-sea diving contract. I thought: Well, probably it's in Central or South America somewhere; it won't take long. But no one would tell me where the job was; all I learned was that my boss would be Captain Edison D. Brown, a veteran salvager. He'd just got back from raising the sunken German steamer Eisenach at Puntarenas, Costa Rica.

I didn't know then that the British had sent in a hurry call to the United States to get those sunken ships at Massawa out of the way in jig time—or else. . . . I didn't know, either, that I'd been hired because Captain Brown had insisted to my employers that, although I was a "movie actor," I was no cream puff.

When the British SOS came in, there was no salvage vessel available anywhere in the United States. So one was built at Port Arthur, Texas, in twenty-six days. She was a steel tug, ninety-seven feet long, Diesel-electric driven and equipped with all the diving and salvage gadgets anyone could think of. She had been completed and run her trials only a few days before her crew piled aboard—officers, deckhands, divers, tenders and engineers. Few of us had seen one another before; none of us knew where we were going. All we knew was we were aboard a tug called the Intent, which boasted a seven-ton icebox full of good food. Her fantail was only a couple of feet above the water, and people began to predict she would be half under water if she ever got out of the harbor.

They were right.

Massawa Our Destination

As we headed out into the Gulf, the waves swept over the Intent in every mild breeze, and luckily none of us knew just what it would be like before our scratch crew had fought the little ship the 15,000 miles from Port Arthur to Massawa across stormy oceans, dodging German and Jap subs. We were in the Gulf when we learned that Massawa, on the Red Sea coast north of Aden, was our destination; and that opening a bottleneck was our job. We began then to take an interest in the battle for Africa.

On April 7 the sputtering radio told us that Rommel had started his Libyan drive and made 40 miles toward Suez. We got a few more revolutions out of the motors and plowed on. By this time we had figured out a lot of things—including the probability that if we didn't get to Massawa and open that bottleneck pretty suddenly, the British wouldn't get supplies and Rommel was almost a cinch to win.

We were entering the harbor at Recife, Brazil, at the time, hoping for a quick getaway with fresh supplies and fuel for the long Atlantic stretch to Capetown. After some trouble with the U.S. Marines, who were not expecting us, we left for the open South Atlantic. We got a bad physical and mental tossing about, half the time under water in the long, wind-driven seas. The radio made it worse: Alexandria raided from the air; Rommel nearing Tobruk; Allied opposition weak.

We fought on through storms. It was so rough we couldn't get into the seven-ton icebox, full of steaks, and existed, wet and sleepless, on cold stuff and lukewarm coffee. We spent a lot of time running away from ships we sighted, and then we noticed that if a ship saw us first, it turned tail and ran. It slowly dawned on us that our low silhouette looked remarkably like a surfaced submarine. It was no comfort

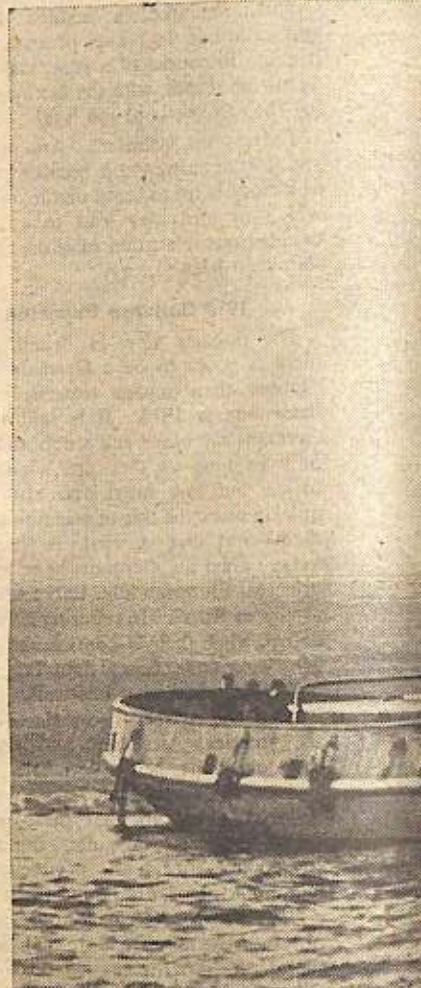
to know this, because sooner or later some ambition-laden skipper on a passing freighter was going to open up on us with his deck guns.

So we swayed and pitched to the Cape and into Table Bay—just astern of 120,000 British troops who had cleaned out Cape Town so thoroughly that you had to stand in line for hours to buy anything. We refueled and took on supplies and headed around the Cape, and then north again, up through Mozambique Channel. On the night of May 6 what we'd been fearing happened.

A big British transport, headed for Madagascar, mistook us for a Jap sub—there were some around—and came storming down to ram us. Just in the nick of time Capt. Brown switched on our running lights. The transport captain realized we weren't a sub and swung hard starboard. The Britisher's wash almost swamped us as she thrashed by.

Harbor Was Ship-Logged

The next day we heard over the air that Madagascar had fallen to the British and that Rommel still was headed eastward for



Suez. We kept wondering if we'd be in time. We chugged along, past Aden, and into the baking heat of the Red Sea and poked into Massawa on May 27, 90 days out of Texas. Four months before, the Intent had been only a blueprint.

Massawa was a mess. The hills ringing the bay were bleak and barren in the sun glare. The heat ranged from 100 to 128. A yellow haze of desert dust hung over everything. Nine ships were sunk in the main channel. Two drydocks and 17 other oceangoing vessels were under water all over the harbor.

The British were yelling for supplies, and the headlines in the little Asmara news paper said: Axis within 15 miles of Tobruk in big advance.

Supply ships from England and America lay off the closed port. A trickle of supplies got ashore in lighters and small boats. Here was the war's worst bottleneck, and it was up to our tiny tug and her crew to pull the cork.

Capt. Brown waved his hand toward the line of sunken ships. "There they are, boys," he said. "Bounce 'em!" "Bouncing her," I may say, is underwater slang for raising a sunken ship. Two days after we got to Massawa we had the equipment tested and the pumps rigged, the ton German freighter Liebenfels.

We worked in black, oily water at temperature of 95 degrees. The ship had been blown open by time bombs and inside she was a fantastic nightmare of torn steel, twisted timber and assorted wreckage. We worked mainly on our hands and knees, crawling painfully around—divers straggling about only in the movies. It was nerve-racking and physically exhausting.

By the time I had on two suits of heavy underwear, heavy socks, short overall pants, shoulder pads and tennis shoes I was sweltering. Then my tender, Tom DeWahlung on my breastplate and canvas pants to protect the rubber dress. The minutes were sheer hell; sweat could not evaporate in the suit. The heavy helmet went on the 17-pound iron sandals, the 40-pound belt. Then I tested my air and phone lines, and went down.

Every day was a battle to live. We could not use soap to wash because every tiny chafe turned into a running sore. We suspected there might be booby traps in the ships, and every time our hands

Role of Massawa

that Rommel was beaten by the British. Everybody knows that behind the 8th American tug. Here is the story of that tug.

... down below, we expected to be blown sky-high. The fact that we weren't, and that the ships came up, hangs in a few packs of American cigarettes. Ashore for recreation were an American commissary, a couple of English canteens and the Torino Club. This haven was on the roof of Massawa's tallest skyscraper, the stories above the dusty street. You

By Biddle Dorcy

As told to Barrett C. Kiesling

... get a cool drink there, sometimes, to take your mind off the "hostesses." The Italian waiters had all been stewards or officers on the sunken ships. We Americans treated them as human beings and they were pathetically grateful. The Italians were starved for cigarettes. Each of us got a pack a day and I shared mine with my favorite waiter. It paid off one evening when we were working on the Liebenfels this waiter took me aside in the darkness and said, more or less: "Look, Major Dorcy, you have been kind to me;

the Tripolitania, a small Italian coaster. And then there was the Italian ship Brenta, close by. We didn't have to get the Brenta up—but we had to pull her sting. Deep in her holds were 28 big mines and 26 torpedo warheads. They were all alive, and we could not take the chance of a passing ship setting them off. The explosion would have wrecked the whole harbor.

I had a close call on the Tripolitania. I was down in her 'tween decks and got trapped in water blacker than India ink. For ten minutes I struggled to get loose—and it looked as if it were all over. But I got out, somehow, and came up to face the flies and the heat and tropical fever. Sometimes I think it was better down below.

False Alarms Are Bad

A diver and his tender are really Siamese twins; they have to be. A diver's efficiency goes down rapidly every minute he is under water, as the pressure builds up a toxic poison in his blood. It is hard to think; you can do only one thing, slowly, at a time. After he is down a while a diver becomes emotionally unstable, too. I was down on my knees in the hold of

down and clear things away. Every second I expected to hear a dull boom from overhead and feel the water rush in through my air line.

It took me ten minutes to clear my lines and get to the surface. By that time the fire was out and Tom was repeating: "Now, don't get excited." . . . It was the longest ten minutes I ever lived.

Finally, we bounced the Frauenfels and the Tripolitania. Working blind, we got every mine and warhead out of the Brenta. The raising of three ships and the destinging of the fourth opened the channel completely. Supply ships streamed in. Soon the long road through Asmara and Khartoum and up toward the caving Allied front was alive with trucks and guns and tanks, hurrying northward. Soon, the radio and newspaper reports began to look a little better. On October 25, General Montgomery made his historic breakthrough at El Alamein—with the supplies the Intent and her little crew had let in through the unworked bottleneck.

We had some help in the last months from the Resolute, a sister tug, and the Chamberlain, a steam schooner. Along in December, as the three salvage ships and their crews worked to bounce more ships and get them back into service, the tide of battle had turned definitely. . . . But of the nine divers who worked to free the vital channel, only three got back to the United States fairly whole. I have regained about thirty pounds, but the jitters still rasp my nerves.

Heat Was Our Enemy

It was so hot that for months no birds came into the harbor. When it gets too tough for sea gulls! . . . It almost got too tough for us. It took us seventy-eight days to bounce the Frauenfels, but only five for the Tripolitania, a small vessel in shallow water. The heat and the flies and fever slowed us down.

The exasperating slowness of the work got on our nerves, too. In the Brenta, for example, we had to make pretty exact measurements of the locations of mines and warheads in order to get them out safely. These measurements had to be made by feeling; it was impossible to work with a light. You may get some idea of the job by going into your living room, making it dark and trying to work out the distances, within an inch, between various pieces of furniture—without a ruler. How would you do it?

We did it by carefully measuring and memorizing the length of various body members. If I called up to my tender that a mine was lying eight feet seven inches from No. 2 bulkhead, he knew that I had measured the span of my arms extended sidewise (74 inches); plus the end of my middle finger to the edge of my breastplate (27 inches); plus the length of my middle finger to the second joint (2 inches).

It was important that measurements had to be exact, because, if they weren't, the rigging sent down from the tug might snag on a booby-trap wire, with unpleasant results.

I have said how important it is not to get excited on a diving job. Capt. Brown, who ran our team, knew this perhaps better than any of us. He knew of the dangers, but never by word or act did he let us know he knew—well, hardly ever. His attitude was always casual indifference, on the surface.

But we noticed that, when a particularly perilous job was under way the Old Man would decide to go fishing. He would break out a battered rod and drop a line overboard—right beside the tender whose diver had the dangerous assignment. He wasn't interested in the tender or the diver—oh, no! Just fishing.

But I was on deck one day when the riggers were bringing over the side, very tenderly, a live torpedo warhead. Capt. Brown left his line in the water and strolled over casually—to look at the head. I hauled up his line to look at the hook. He had omitted the little matter of bait.

After that, when I saw the Old Man "fishing" I knew there was some peculiarly dangerous maneuver going on below—but I knew also that the skipper was alert and ready whatever happened, and that his divers knew it, too.

As we got up the last explosives from the Brenta early in December, the war news grew better and better. The Axis was being driven westward again—with the help of those supplies now pouring into Massawa. On Dec. 26 the little Asmara newspaper said: "The Axis hold on Africa is clearly broken."

American troops now were coming through the channel by the shipload. Sick, tired and nerve-shattered, we cheered them in; it was worth all it cost us. Our thoughts turned toward home; by flying we might make it by New Year's Day. And then—well, we got orders to deliver the Intent and her equipment to the United States Navy at Oran—and not by the short route through the Suez Canal and the Mediterranean. We were going to do it the hard way—round Africa. With luck, we might be home by June.

So we weren't smiling when we started out of the south harbor, down the channel we'd cleared. But as we passed the Frauenfels and the Tripolitania, almost ready for sea again, they gave us three whistles, the sea salute meaning Good Luck. The Liebenfels, we remembered, already was at work carrying supplies for Eisenhower and Montgomery. So we smiled again.

For weeks the little Intent plodded down one side of Africa and up the other. We looked in at Casablanca, where 40 ships were on the bottom, and finally delivered the tug to the Navy at Oran. We looked complacently at the massive battleships and flat-tops, the stately cruisers and swift destroyers—and patted the little Intent's battered plating.

"Baby," we said, "you don't have to take off your hat to any of 'em. If it hadn't been for you. . . ." [From *Colliers*

Comrades in Arms

Yanks who fought in the jungles of Munda found the Fijian Commando a first class fighting man—a welcome ally

By Gordon Walker

WHEN American troops pushed across Roviana Lagoon and seized a beach-head lying just south of Munda airfield, the operation was not quite entirely an all-American show.

At the spearhead of the assault column which fought its way into the dense bush was a unit of the Imperial British Army—one of the most remarkable and skilful bands of jungle fighters that the South Pacific battlefields have produced.

This small but exceedingly potent army of six-footers, who, with machine-guns and rifles, grenades and machetes accounted for far more than their own number in enemy victims, is the Commando section of the Royal Fijian Brigade. By no means savages, they are an integral part of the modern military machine.

The popular conception of the native Fijian, gleaned perhaps from the National Geographic Society's expeditions into the South Seas, is of a massive, well-proportioned, dark-skinned Polynesian. Bare-footed, clad in khaki or calico wrap-around skirt, bare-waisted, and topped off with a mass of kinky hair as large as a basketball, they are pictured lounging around eating paw-paws or dancing the "meke." You can still find this picture in Lautoka or Ovalau, or for that matter, even in spacious Victoria Parade in Suva.

There is also the modernized side of Fiji, nowhere more strikingly apparent than in its modern army of one-time headhunters. They fight with boots on. Instead of the khaki skirt, they go into battle wearing the familiar "zoot-suit" of camouflage mottled green, borrowed from the Americans. Instead of the typical grass utility bag hung on every native's shoulder is the green field pack.

The crowning coiffure has been cropped close to the skull, not because Fijians are not still proud of their most distinctive element of physical appearance, but because the tight-fitting British steel helmet permits no alternative.

Modern Arms

Blow guns and spears of former military expeditions are supplanted by modern Browning automatic rifles and Tommy guns, Springfield .30 caliber and Australian-made Owens guns.

Can they fight? A hard-boiled Marine colonel who helped make Pacific war history on Guadalcanal and who saw Fijians in action there and on New Georgia furnishes the answer.

"Those boys are one of the finest bunch of soldiers I have ever seen in the jungle," he told me, an unmistakable note of admiration in his voice.

They are not only respected by American servicemen, but are accepted into the social sphere of comradeship as peers, completely devoid of color distinctions. Frequently a group of Fijians make the trip in a Higgins boat to an advanced naval supply base to buy candy and small items of equipment. The ship's store—jealously reserved for naval personnel only—is thrown wide open to the visitors. They are invited into the mess halls to eat and

orient themselves to strange and often ominous surroundings. When a Fijian runs into an unexpected impasse he immediately begins working on an improvisation to circumvent it, and he usually succeeds. He is aided by sight and hearing far more acute than white troops and can swing along a jungle trail with full pack for 14 hours without any noticeable signs of fatigue.

Their physical strength is legendary. Just before leaving Suva aboard a transport, one Fijian requested permission to return to his village to get married. He had only two days to make the trip, without any means of transportation other than his feet. He limped a little from a slight foot injury. Yet he made the round trip of 72 miles in the two days, was married, and even took part in the strenuous dances which accompany Fiji nuptial ceremonies.

Cargo-Handling Record

Arriving at Guadalcanal last November, this first band of warriors began unloading their gear. The cargo-handling record at Lunga Point had been 105 tons an hour. Fijians shifted their cargo at a new record of 135 tons an hour. When a truck in a cargo sling broke loose from its stays and swung crazily across hatch tops, a lone Fijian stuck to his post, gradually maneuvering the truck over the waiting barge, earning for himself the British Empire medal for gallantry.

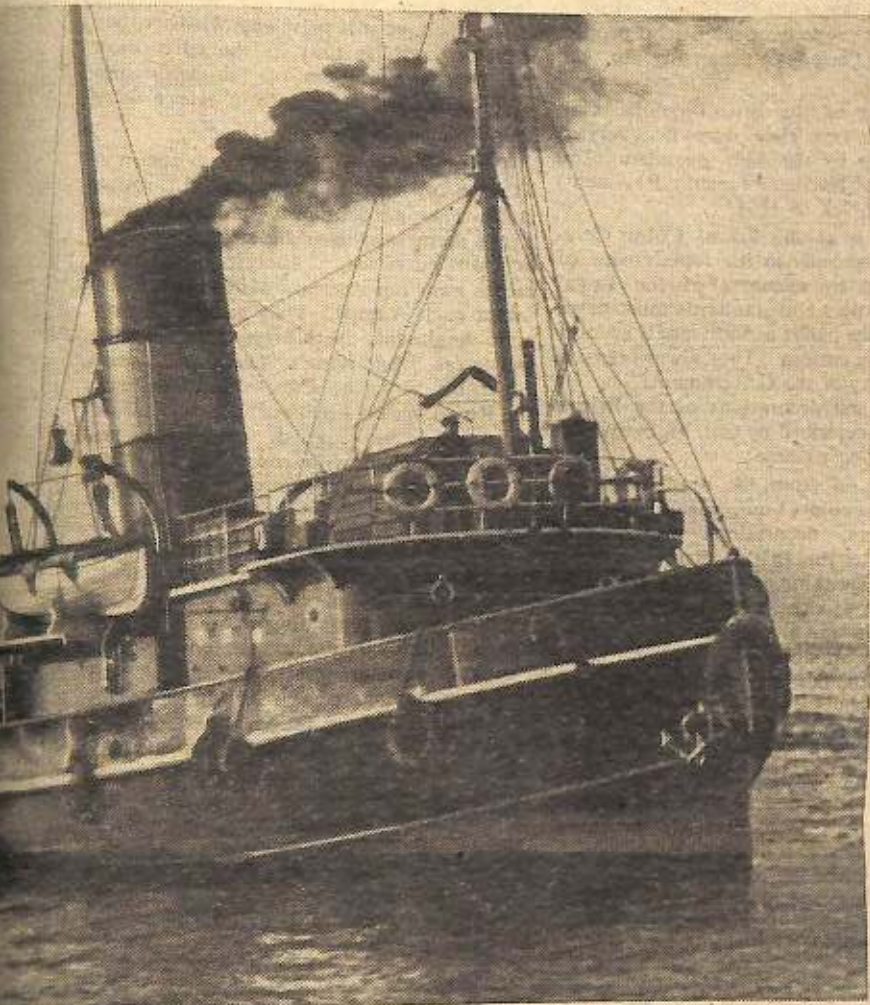
All native officers are not of chiefly standing. Isireli Koroulavula, a lieutenant, is a member of the ranks of Fijian John Q. Citizens. Whether they are princes or burghers, factory employees or farmers, all are intensely proud of their citizenship and the opportunity to fight for freedom.

When the opportunity came for them to join their own army, the recruiting offices were so swamped with applicants that many had to be turned away in order to retain the local economic structure. A large number managed to wriggle their way into the British Navy, the merchant marine and even the RAF in England. Those who did not make the army joined the labor corps building roads and camps on Guadalcanal.

They pleaded for a chance to fight on Guadalcanal, and when they were given it by the American command they covered themselves with such glory that an entire battalion was ordered up, including infantry, anti-tank guns, scouts and medical detachment. On many occasions they obtained such accurate information on Japanese dispositions that sections of the United States Army were thereby enabled to withdraw and concentrate on more important sectors.

The Fijian army's headquarters camp is one of the cleanest in the Solomons. White men and black warriors sleep in the same tents, eat at the same mess and play American basketball together against their Marine mentors.

Living with them, one immediately becomes aware of their inherent sense of courtesy, good manners and devout adherence to Christianity. All are literate and many have attained professional and in-



do not want to see you killed. So I tell the sabotage officer who sunk all those ships, he rigged up booby traps in each . . .

"Where?" I asked, anxiously, thanking my lucky stars we had not yet "found" . . .

He was a methodical man, without imagination," said the waiter. "He put bombs in each ship near the bulkhead between Holds One and Two and Holds Three and Five. And he put booby traps in and so, in each ship. If you turn a main valve—boom! No more ship." "And no more Dorcy," I murmured.

The Booby Trap Menace

I got a pretty good idea just where the main valve was, and where the booby-trap bombs were. We managed to find them and make them harmless. But it seems to be a cold fact that, had this waiter not told me how to find these infernal machines, the whole salvage operation probably would have failed, or at least been delayed long enough to allow the Axis to take Egypt.

In the stifling heat we went to work on the Liebenfels. The Asmara paper's headlines became gloomier and gloomier. June 18: British withdraw into Egypt; week later: Axis sweeps 180 miles into Egypt. It began to look as if we might be too late.

Outside the harbor, ships waited nervously, anxious to get in, unload their guns and munitions and trucks and sail out for the retreating British came. From the retreating Liebenfels, messages asking us to hurry. We hurried. On July 1 we bounced the Liebenfels. We had set a world record of 29 working days. A tug put a line on the raised ship. A lugger her out of the channel. The Intenc was partly open. A small tanker came in and tied up at the docks. Other ships followed. The flow of material into the harbor grew from a trickle into a steady stream.

But there still wasn't enough room to get big ships into the harbor. I went to hospital for a few days, played out. We used 14 men in raising the Liebenfels. Now we were down to eight. Sunstroke and fever had done for the rest. Two other ships had to come up—the Frauenfels, a sister to the Liebenfels, and



swap stories with the officers and men alike.

I lived with the Fijian troops on the New Georgia front long enough to support the tribute proffered by the Marine colonel. They are fearless, cool-headed, and ready to meet the enemy on his own ground. A Fijian can creep noiselessly through jungle undergrowth to within a few yards of the flank of an enemy machine-gun position, and then descend upon it with such overwhelming power that the opponent is either annihilated or runs screaming into the bush. They possess complete self-confidence—the highest requisite for fighting an enemy which false propaganda has labeled as unexcelled.

The Fijian knows he is a superior soldier, with all modesty, and so do I after watching him clean out a group of Japanese "supermen" single-handed, beginning with a machine-gun, and then resorting to machete when the gun barrel got red hot.

Like his comrades in arms, he still moves through the jungle by instinct, whereas white men have to take time to

intellectual heights as a result of educational opportunities in England and the other colonies offered by the British Colonial Administration.

I approached one Fijian boon-docker and asked him what he did before entering the army, half expecting only the customary salutation, "mbula," as indication of incomprehension. In flawless English he replied that he had taught in an English school just outside Suva.

Like those about him, soldiering was still his forte. He indicated that he was intensely proud of his homeland, and eager to drive the Japanese invader from the Pacific. Like all Fijians, he was fully aware that he is not a conquered colonial, but a citizen of the Empire by reason of a voluntary treaty signed 70 years ago with Queen Victoria.

Motivated by fervent patriotism together with a high degree of adaptation to modern warfare, this democratic army is helping to win the war in the Pacific, and incidentally cementing ties with their American battlers.

From *Christian Science Monitor*.

Cargo: 1,000-Pound Bombs

By Charles F. Kiley,
Stars and Stripes Staff Writer.

No matter how insignificant a soldier's duty appears to him it is in fact something vitally necessary for the success of an entire nation at war. For every soldier fighting at the front there are three working behind the lines for him, and in order to get ten men and one bomber over an enemy target the work of hundreds of

routes planned so that British and American convoys will not conflict, a string of ten to 45 trucks can make better than 200 miles a day. It's monotonous work for the drivers. Gives them plenty of time to think. Wilbur Johnson agrees that driving a truck is about as glamorous as selling peanuts at a ball game, despite Humphrey Bogart's heroics in "They Drive by Night." "Don't lak these bomb jobs 'specially," he mutters, hunched over the wheel in his cab. "Boys who load 'em at the depot

journey. He turned up, however, at the convoy's destination with his cargo. Contrary to those who regard American drivers as cowboys, QM truck battalions average only one accident in every 30,000 miles, according to officials. One battalion points with pride to a pair of tough assignments it handled without a slip. One job sent seven trucks on an eight-day round trip to Scotland with airplane engines. Another was the result of a rush order to get 104 GMCs to Liverpool as soon as possible. The men who drove the trucks listened the night before to an

Britain Has Tradition

Current issue of Army Talks brings out interesting facts about our Ally; explains army orders, decorations.

THIS week's issue of Army Talks, entitled "Traditions of the British Army," points out that British troops in most of their major wars have had allies fighting by their side.

The author, Lt. Col. Timothy McNerney, a Boston, Mass., editorial writer in civil life, cites this fact as one of the differences between British and American troops.

"Their long history, which no British soldier ever forgets, contains the record of the great Duke of Marlborough, for instance, who commanded Germans, Danes, Austrians, Dutchmen, as well as Englishmen, Irish, Welsh and Scots," Col. McNerney writes.

The booklet devotes considerable space to the part that peace-time training plays in forming the regular British Army, outlines the method used in the selection of officers and tells some interesting stories about British military music.

One interesting fact, pointed out in the booklet, is that while the British Army is, legally, the property of the British people, the Navy "belongs" personally to the King.

Speaking of the British colors, Col. McNerney says they were last carried into action by the 58th Regiment (2nd Battalion of Northamptonshire Regiment) at Laing's Nek in 1881.

"There is a long list of Color Ceremonies, especially in the replacement of old colors by members of the Royal Family. Colors and standards must never pass into the hands of individuals according to army custom. They always remain the property of the Government."

Orders and decorations of the British Army are described by Col. McNerney in the following passage:

"Going on from the morale-building value of the colors I must mention some of the orders, decorations and medals awarded to the British Army. Orders, generally speaking, are awarded for distinguished service or for faithful service not only in war but in peace. All orders of chivalry are awarded in times of peace excepting the Distinguished Service Order which generally is given for one conspicuous act of gallantry or good service in war. Decorations are usually for war service and into this classification most of the Crosses and Medals for bravery fall. Medals themselves are generally meant to denote a battle or campaign.

"Each order or decoration has its classification and its method of being worn. In order of precedence the Victoria Cross comes first in the British

Empire. The George Cross comes second. The orders of knighthood in order of precedence are the Order of the Garter, the Order of the Thistle, the Order of St. Patrick, the Order of the Bath, the Order of the Star of India, the Order of St. Michael and St. George. Other orders and decorations are the Order of the British Empire, the Royal Victorian Order, the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, the Distinguished Conduct Medal, the Military Medal, the Meritorious Service Medal, the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal, and the Territorial Decoration."

The article also treats of some of the special privileges enjoyed by some regiments.

For example, certain units can march through the City of London with colors flying, bayonets fixed and drums beating. This privilege is given to the Buffs, the Gloucestershire Regiment, the Grenadier Guards, the Royal Fusiliers and the Royal Marines. The reason these regiments have this privilege, whether they use it or not, is that in the early days they were members of the companies which defended the city long before there was a regular army in existence.

The regiments which went into action at Minden on Aug. 1, 1759, passed through some rose gardens and plucked roses, fixing them into their helmets for identification purposes. Therefore six regiments wear red roses on Minden Day, the 1st of each August. They are the Hampshire Regiment, the King's Own Scottish Borderers, the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, the Lancashire Fusiliers, the Royal Welch Fusiliers and the Suffolk Regiment. All English regiments are usually supplied with roses on the 23rd of each April in honor of St. George's Day.

All Irish regiments are permitted to wear the shamrock on St. Patrick's Day, the 17th of March. While there are no Irish regiments remaining from Eire there are still Irish regiments originating in Northern Ireland and in London. All Welsh regiments can wear the leek on St. David's Day, the 1st of March. Several regiments of the British Army wear a black "worm" in lace to commemorate Wolfe's death at Quebec in 1759 or that of Sir John Moore at Corunna on January 16, 1809. Regiments in the British Army wear the French Croix de Guerre decoration on certain occasions. Others wear the Chinese Dragon for service in the Chinese Wars.



Hauling the bombs that will soon belch from the swollen bellies of Flying Fortresses is monotonous work, but an indispensable job.

soldiers on the ground must be employed . . . Gen. George C. Marshall . . . what follows is a story on the small but "vitally necessary" part played by QM truck battalions which deliver bombs and other supplies to men who fly Fortresses, Liberators, Marauders, Thunderbolts, Lightnings. . . .

Fifteen minutes after a sleepy CQ put aside his Ellery Queen mystery and receipted for a message in the orderly room of a Negro QM truck battalion a convoy of 18 white-starred American GMCs pulled out of the mud of their motor pool and roared into the night.

The message that put life into the dozing camp:

ORDER: Priority, rush.
CARGO: 1,000-pound bombs.
VEHICLES AND PERSONNEL: 18 two and a half ton trucks and drivers.

Grinding over narrow, twisted English roads the convoy sped to pick up and deliver to a bomber station—in double time—108,000 pounds of high explosives that in a few hours would belch from swollen bellies of Flying Fortresses and thunder into factories, hangars, sub pens, repair shops and navy yards toiling for Nazi industry.

Nothing unusual, or exciting, about the job of hauling 500, 1,000, 2,000 pound bombs in trucks over 50, 100, 150 miles. Not like delivering them in bombers to Bremen . . . Kiel . . . Emden.

But according to Air Force standards a man doesn't have to be a pilot, bombardier or waist gunner to fit into the complex machinery behind bomber operations. In this case the pilot of "Harlem Hepcat," one of the two-and-a-half-ton trucks in the convoy, is doing a big job for Service Command, indispensable workhorse supporting Bomber Command.

Wilbur Johnson was a bellhop in Chicago before he got his letter from the President two years ago and when they yanked him out of bed for this bomb-hauling job he was thinking about Chicago . . . crowded hotel lobbies . . . crap games in the bellhops' locker room . . . carrying luggage for Wendell Wilkie, Joe Louis, Mrs. Roosevelt and the Brooklyn Dodgers . . . the \$20 tip he got from Larry MacPhail after the Bums swept an important series with the Cubs . . . the scraps he had with other 'hops because he favored the Dodgers over the home-town Cubs and White Sox . . . six-inch cuffs and reet pleats . . . Lindy hopping on Saturday night with Gracie.

Nursed along by a couple of motor-cycling MPs, the convoy follows a carefully mapped route to a huge Service Command depot where bombs are stored. It's a 50-odd mile trip to the depot for Wilbur Johnson and his brother jockeys, then about 60 more to the bomber station where an ordnance officer anxiously waits for the 1,000-pound cookies.

Ordinarily, convoys hauling supplies roll by day, and if the trip requires three . . . four . . . five days, the men are billeted overnight along the route. For priority orders, however, the trucks make non-stop delivery regardless of time or weather.

QM truck battalions are ready to carry anything in the line of supplies, from bombs and plane engines to personnel, from five miles to 500 and more. Over

say nuthin' can happen 'til they's fused, or some'n. They make wisecracks when I watches to make sure they lay 'em down easy like in my truck. Man, nobody's perfect 'n I don't want to be 'round when one of them things go bang. I feels much better haulin' rations."

But Wilbur didn't tell how he always takes a piece of chalk with him and scribbles on the bombs, "Hitler Special" from W. Johnson.

GI truck drivers, especially those involved in convoy work, must be self sufficient if they are to mesh with precisely planned, smoothly executed Army transport. Mechanical breakage may force a vehicle out of convoy for an hour or a day, but the driver must get necessary repairs done and either get back in convoy or reach the destination by himself. On one occasion a driver was unheard of for four days after his truck broke down in the middle of a 550-mile

Algiers broadcast which stated that Allied communications were "unsatisfactory." It was apparent to them how badly the trucks were needed.

How do drivers pass time on these long convoys?

Wilbur Johnson says he doesn't have much time to think of anything other than the road in front of him. But his thoughts do wander to those "good ol' days in Chicago." He hasn't experienced a real air raid, but when he's hauling bombs sometimes feels sorry for the people who will "ketch 'em."

One of Wilbur's pals was once employed by a firm that turned out flowery phrases for greeting cards, and he maintains his "touch" by composing lines while he's driving in long convoys. The grinding of gears and smell of oil doesn't provide the most appropriate atmosphere, but in eight months he has turned out more than one hundred poems.

GI Joe

Latrine

IT MAKES THE MARRIED MEN FEEL MORE AT HOME!

SORRY SIR - I GOT SOME BUBBLE BATH SOAP FOR CHRISTMAS!

LIKE I SAID, SARGE, HE'S BEEN HANGIN' OUT IN TOO MANY PUBS!

GEE! HE REALLY IS TOUGH!

LATRINOGRAMS CLEARING CENTER
RUMORS
RECEIVED, EXCHANGED, ENCOURAGED, EMBELLISHED, STARTED, CONTINUED
NO RUMOR TOO WILD FOR US
FILL YOUR RUMOR FORMS HERE

By Lt. Dave Breger

NYU's Surge Defeats Pittsburgh Cagers, 54-40

Dobbs' Passes Flier Mainstay In Cotton Bowl

Texas Will Rely on Runners To Stop Randolph's Aerial Threat

DALLAS, Texas, Dec. 29—Battle lines are clearly formed and the Cotton Bowl game Saturday between Texas and Randolph Field will be a match of passing against bruising running.

Glenn Dobbs, former Tulsa All-American, completed 20 touchdown passes during the season, including seven in one game and gained a total of 1,408 yards aerially for the Fliers.

Ralph Ellsworth, tall, slender back who never played college football before this season, sparks the Texas ground attack. Ellsworth's best day was against Rice when he gained 199 yards on the ground and 86 more through the air, scoring twice himself and passing to two more touchdowns. The Longhorns averaged 350 yards per game on the ground.

Dobbs is not the only star in the Fliers' lineup which is dotted with famous footballers. Ray Morse, veteran Detroit Lion end, at 33, will be the oldest player ever to participate in a bowl game anywhere. Martin Ruby, 240-pound tackle, played twice previously in the Cotton Bowl for the Texas Aggies. Vince Eichler, captain of Cornell's unbeaten 1939 team, and Waller West, 200-pound fullback from Pittsburgh, also are on the Fliers' squad.

Trojans Boast 'Secret Weapon'

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 29—Twice beaten Southern California, the underdog in the Rose Bowl game Saturday against Washington, enters the fray with a "secret weapon" designed to offset Washington's physical advantages, according to Trojan Coach Jeff Cravath.

Beyond the fact that the secret weapon is a defensive measure against the T formation, Cravath refused to disclose anything.

Meanwhile, at Pasadena, the Huskies are out to break two records—their own of having lost their only two Rose Bowl games and the Trojans' of having never lost in six appearances.

Van Buren Ready For Orange Bowl

MIAMI, Fla., Dec. 29—Steve Van Buren, Louisiana State's standout football player who was injured in mid-season and watched the last two games from the bench, has pronounced himself fit for the Orange Bowl game and reported to Coach Bernie Moore.

A sprinter despite his 200 pounds, Van Buren carried the ball 150 times for 847 yards, finishing second to Notre Dame's Creighton Miller as the nation's best ball carrier.

The Orange Bowl game against Texas Aggies will be the last of Van Buren's college career.

Offensive Circus For Sun Bowl

EL PASO, Texas, Dec. 29—An expected 10,000 witnesses at the ninth annual Sun Bowl game here New Year's Day will see at least four different offensive formations as New Mexico tangles with Southwestern, of Georgetown, Texas.

New Mexico, a long-time exponent of the spread formation and accordion shuffle, which is a variation of the spread, will also employ the T. No matter what formation they use, Norvell "Red" Smith will be a key man. Smith, kept from military service due to a disabled hand, is a southpaw passer and excellent runner.

R. M. Medley, Southwestern's veteran coach, intends to alternate with the single wing and double wing formations. Medley's top man is Harold Collins, former Texas University star who calls signals and does blocking. Medley calls him "the best defensive man I have seen."

Help Wanted —AND GIVEN

Write your question or problem to Help Wanted, Stars and Stripes, Printing House Sq., London, E.C.4.

APOs Wanted
ROBERT W. Betts, New York; James Gibson, St. Louis, Mo.; Maurice Jackson, Lexington, Ky.; Donald MacDonell, Jerome, Ariz.; Lt. Fanny Mercer, ANZ; Cpl. Dick Newman, Royal Oak, Mich.; Capt. Jack Pearce, C. H. Parker Jr., Wichita Falls, Tex.; Hylton B. Sutton; Sgt. Robert L. Johnson, San Francisco; and Pfc John (Jack) Conard, Columbus, Ohio.

Lost
OVERCOAT, Will T/Sgt. (5-2030) who traded overcoat with T/4 (1-2769) at the Pop Inn, London, Saturday night, Dec. 11, please arrange for exchange through Help Wanted.—T/4 Henry P. Jones

Wanted
WALLET at Mostyn Club, London, Dec. 12. Contained money and papers. Person who found it may keep the money if he will return the wallet and its contents.—Sgt. Elmer Cerveny, 35310739, c/o Help Wanted.

Phi Delta Theta Dinner
Phi Delta Theta will hold a dinner Friday, Jan. 14, at 6.30 PM, at No. 3, Grosvenor Sq. Club, London, W1. Send reservations to Phi Delta Theta, care of No. 3, Grosvenor Club.

Ticket for Officers' New Year's Eve Dance at Grosvenor House—Major Paul W. Phillips, care of Help Wanted.

Appling Socked \$150 To Get Into Army

FT. SHERIDAN, Ill., Dec. 29—Pvt. Luke Appling, last season's leading hitter in the American League, disclosed that he had to pay \$150 for the privilege of being inducted.

Appling failed to have his papers changed from Chicago to his Georgia home and when he was called he had to pay that amount in train fares and hotel bills while en route here.

Boston Rallies, Clips Wings, 5-2

Bruin Sextet Takes Sole Possession of Second Place in Loop

BOSTON, Dec. 29—The Boston Bruins came from behind to beat the Detroit Red Wings, 5-2, with a four-goal spurt in the final period here last night to take undisputed possession of second place in the National Hockey League.

Norm Calladine was the big gun in the final Bruin rally, netting two goals. Calladine tallied his first assisted by Bep Guidolin and Don Gallinger. Herb Cain and Bill Cowley followed with scores and Calladine went in again with 17 seconds left.

The Wings got off ahead in the opening stanza when Carl Liscombe scored with a 40-footer unassisted. In the second period Buzz Boll tied it up for the Bruins, helped by Cowley. The Wings went ahead again on a lucky break as Don Grosso sank the puck as it bounced off Gallinger's skate.

A crowd of 14,000 watched the Bruins score their tenth straight on home ice.

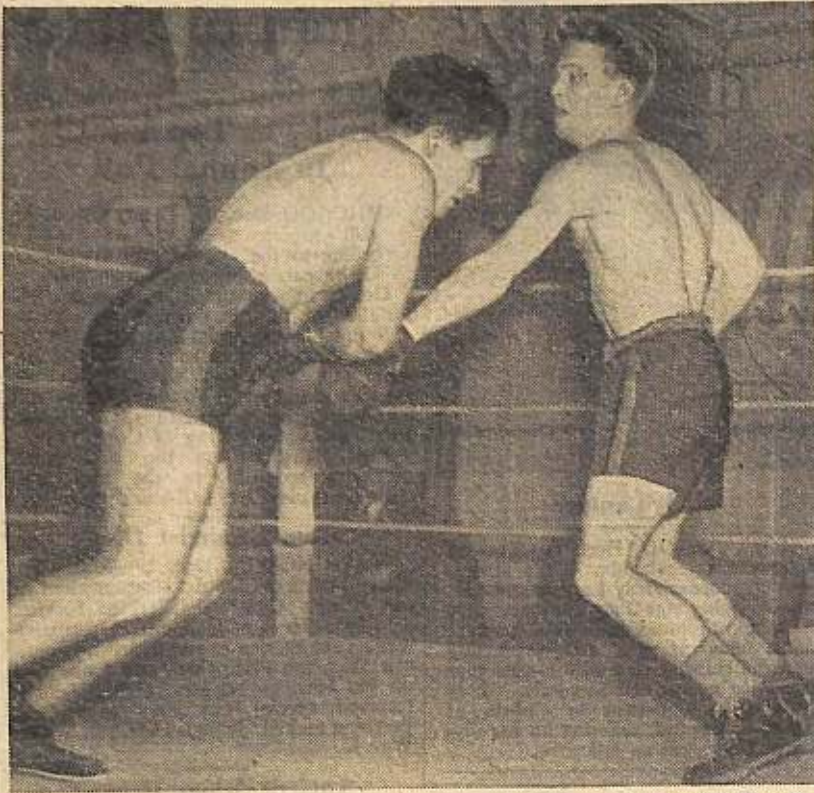
Frisch Uncovers Eskimo Catcher On Diamond Trip

NEW YORK, Dec. 29—Even Eskimos are baseball fans, Ford Frisch, National League president, learned in a letter from Frankie Frisch.

In a recent speaking session in the Pribilof Islands, Frisch asked if there were any baseball fans present. An Eskimo raised his hand and informed the Pirate manager that he was a catcher.

Most popular questions asked of the touring baseball stars concerned Rip Sewell's "Ephus" ball, last season's internal strife on the Dodger squad and the relative merits of first baseman Bill Terry and the late Lou Gehrig.

An MP on the Receiving End



MP Pvt. Henry Robertson, of Detroit, lunging forward just before he got a right to the head from Pvt. Roy Austin, of Buford, N.C. Austin, although cut over the left eye at the end of the first round of this scrap at the Rainbow Corner, TKOed Robertson in the second.

Bowl Craze Hits GI N. Africa; Bonura Running 'Arab Bowl'

ALGIERS, Dec. 29—The newest and most extraordinary of all post season football games is scheduled for next Saturday somewhere in North Africa. Called the Arab Bowl, it will feature two service teams who will be vying for the North Africa championship.

Cpl. Zeke Bonura, former big league first baseman, has announced the details.

"Five WACs will represent the various units of the service here," Zeke said, "and Rosalind Russell will be the honorary queen of the Arab Bowl. Between halves, Arab troops will parade, Army paratroopers will land on the field and Texas cowboys now in the Army will give roping exhibitions from Arabian horses. Before the game there will be a camel race and a donkey race on the main street of the town where the game will be played."

It Couldn't Happen in Brooklyn

CAMP GRANT, Ill., Dec. 29—Pfc Art Passarella, the first major league umpire to be drafted, has been promoted to a T/5. The former American League ump is a G-3 clerk in a medical battalion and umpired baseball on the post during the summer.

Walker, Ex-Tide Star, Killed in South Pacific

TUSCALOOSA, Ala., Dec. 29—Coach Frank Thomas has announced that Navy Lt. Jimmy Walker, captain and end of the 1935 Alabama Crimson Tide, has been killed in the South Pacific.

Walker was captain and end of the Alabama team that came from behind to defeat Stanford, 29-13, in the Rose Bowl in 1935.

Hockey League Standings

	W	L	T	Pts.		W	L	T	Pts.
Montreal	14	2	4	32	Chicago	10	11	0	20
Boston	10	8	4	24	Detroit	7	9	3	17
Toronto	10	10	2	22	New York	4	15	1	9

Prokop Makes Georgia Tech Tick

By Romney Wheeler

Associated Press Sports Writer

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 29—If Georgia Tech could only harness Eddie Prokop and the law of averages, there'd be no doubt who'd win the Sugar Bowl game New Year's Day. However, unbeaten Tulsa will have its hands full.

The Cleveland Cannoner threw the ball this season on the average of every other play—and he completed every other pass for an average gain of 12.2 yards. On alternate plays he plowed up opposing lines at the rate of 4.6 yards a whack.

Succeeded Castleberry

It was Prokop's big year. He came to Georgia Tech from Chattanooga's football-conscious Baylor School with a gold-plated reputation as a runner and passer. As a freshman he ran over everything in sight, but his sophomore season—his first with the varsity—found him playing second string while a will-o'-the-whisp freshman, Clint Castleberry, shot Tech into the headlines. His passing was adept, but a knee injury hindered his running game.

Meanwhile Castleberry joined the Army Air Forces reserve, and Prokop signed with the Navy V-12 program. Came spring, and Castleberry was called for active service. Prokop also was put in uniform, but the Navy re-assigned him to Georgia Tech to complete his engineering studies.

It was Eddie's chance, and he made the



Eddie PROKOP

most of it. In the off-season he underwent a knee operation which restored his superlative running skill. When Coach Bill Alexander called practice July 20, Prokop was on deck. All through the broiling summer he practiced passing, place-kicking, blocking and ball-handling, including swift, break-away runs which were to delight fall fans.

When September came, Prokop was ready. He started slowly, but picked up speed and precision along the line. He reached his season's peak here Nov. 13 when he completed 11 successive passes in the second half.

Steady Workhorse

In ten regular games he failed only once to gain 100 or more yards. That was against Clemson, when he and the entire first team was withdrawn after six minutes play, to prevent a complete rout. Against mighty Notre Dame he handled the ball 35 times, gaining 132 yards.

In season's play, he ranked second only to Indiana's Bob Hoernschemeyer among the nation's ground-gainers. His ten-game work-sheet credited him with 1,440 yards on 269 running and passing plays. He ranked No. 3 nationally (behind Georgia's Johnny Cook and Hoernschemeyer) in forward passing offense, completing 66 out of 133 for 806 yards. Only 17 of his pitches were intercepted.

He was 11th in rushing offense, gaining 634 yards in 136 carries.

He kicked off frequently and attempted all Tech's points-after-touchdowns when the first team was in the game, converting 24 out of 30.

Southeastern Conference coaches, balloting for the 1943 conference all-star team, unanimously placed Prokop in the No. 1 backfield. In addition, he was rated one of the eight best in the nation, placing in The Associated Press All-America second team backfield.

Arkansas Tops Beavers, 39-37, In Garden Tilt

Tannenbaum and Tillman Pace Violets in Last Half

NEW YORK, Dec. 29—New York University's Violets opened up with a powerful second-half surge to break a 26-26 halftime tie and go on to defeat Pittsburgh, 54-40, in the feature second game of the basketball double-header before 15,000 fans at Madison Square Garden last night. Arkansas nosed out CCNY, 39-37, in the opener.

The Panthers seemed to have the edge in the first half of the nightcap, enjoying a six-point bulge after a minute of play. Near the end of the half Sid Tannenbaum put the New Yorkers ahead for the first time, but Tom Hagen of Pitt knotted it up with set shot just at the gun.

In the second half Tannenbaum and Arnold Tillman led the NYU drive, with the most action coming in the final five minutes when the Violets hooped 11 points. Tannenbaum was high man with 16 markers while Bill Crepley led the losers with 11.

Razorbacks Use Set Shots

Arkansas, capitalizing on set shots to offset City College's close guarding, dominated almost from the start of play, shooting from all over the court every time the Beavers threatened.

The Razorbacks, after leaving the floor at halftime leading, 18-16, took a 26-23 lead with ten minutes remaining and thereafter resorted to defensive basketball.

Ben Jones, Louis Nichols and Earl Wheeler paced the victors with Jones high scorer for the evening with 16 points. Nichols racked up ten and Sid Trubowitz was high man for the losers with 11.

Canisius Topples Havana, 35-21

BUFFALO, N.Y., Dec. 29—Little Canisius College cooled off Havana University's cagemen, 35-21, here last night at Memorial Stadium, pulling as big a surprise as did the Habaneros Christmas Night when they downed LIU.

The winners' stout defense forced the visitors to shoot wildly from midcourt. Canisius' defense was so tight that they held Havana to five points in the first half while scoring 21 themselves. Canisius used its second team in the last half.

Frederico Lopez, the fast-breaking Latin who paced the Cubans to victory over Long Island, was handcuffed and held to seven points, which was high for the team. Matt Mazza, six-foot two-inch Canisius center, dominated the defensive proceedings, breaking up the Cubans' passes and rushing the Islanders' shots. Mazza also found time to score 16 points, high total for the night.

CAGE RESULTS

- Arkansas 39, CCNY 37
- Canisius 35, Havana 21
- Colgate 64, Connecticut 36
- Dartmouth 75, Williams 47
- DePaul 64, St. Josephs 56
- DePaul Naval 60, Purdue 59
- Kentucky 61, Carnegie Tech 14
- Norman Navy 25, Oklahoma Aggies 19
- North Carolina Pre-Flight 48, Duke 35
- NYU 54, Pittsburgh 40
- Ohio State 67, Norfolk Naval Training 54
- Temple 67, Western Kentucky 48
- Texas Tech 38, Texas 37

Iowa Medal Honors Late Nile Kinnick

IOWA CITY, Ia., Dec. 29—The memory of the late Nile Kinnick, Iowa All-American football player and Associated Press "Athlete of the Year" in 1939, will be perpetuated at Iowa University by the annual award of a gold medallion to the student most like him.

Kinnick, 24-year-old ensign, died when his Navy fighter plane crashed at sea last June.

The Intra-Fraternity Council set up a perpetual fund of \$500 to purchase medallions which will be awarded on the basis of character, leadership, scholarship, athletic ability and interest in the university.

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Nazi Paratroops Fail to Hold Off Canadian Push

8th 10 Miles from Pescara After Bitter Battle For Ortona

ALLIED HQ, Dec. 29 (UP)—Canadian troops of the Eighth Army today pounded their way to within ten miles of Pescara, terminus of the main lateral road from the Adriatic to Rome, after 12 days of the fiercest fighting of the entire Italian campaign.

Late reports from the front tonight stated the Canadian advance was going "satisfactory" and that already German paratroopers, acting as infantrymen, had been smashed while defending the next village between Ortona and Pescara.

Driving snow and sleet, combined with a blustering high wind, makes the going even more difficult for the Eighth Army.

It is not expected that the Germans will try and make any stand comparable to that in Ortona before Pescara is reached.

The Nazis' next main defense line, it is believed, will probably be along the main road running west of Rome.

While the fall of Ortona represents a threat to the German forces further west, there is still no sign of any withdrawal on quicker lines than that which has already been forced on the enemy by the Eighth Army.

Indian troops today captured an important ridge just to the north of Villa Grande, which lies some miles southwest of Ortona.

In Villa Grande the Germans still are holding in many of the houses, although it appeared earlier that the village was in Allied hands.

On the Fifth Army front, American troops improved their positions before San Vittore, key to Cassino and the Liri Valley, but it is now evident that the Germans have dug in here for a bitter hand-to-hand battle and the fall of the village is not as imminent as was previously expected.

French gains which threaten the whole of the German positions along San Vittore and round Cassino, however, have been made. These consist of peaks four miles southwest of San Vincenzo in the 3,000-foot high Mainerde and Marone mountains.

Raiding Deeper In Reich Looms

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29 (UP)—Deeper penetration of German territory and heavier-than-ever raids by Allied planes were hinted at by Maj. Gen. Frederick Anderson Jr., chief of the Eighth U.S. Bomber Command in Britain, at a press conference in Washington yesterday.

Future American raids on Germany, he said, would take bombers far beyond the range of fighters, and some days the cost would be greater than the 60 planes lost in one raid on Schweinfurt.

"But we are determined to destroy Germany's ability to wage war," he added.

Invasion Staff

(Continued from page 1)

the European-Mediterranean theater, has commanded an air force in the Solomons. Early this year he was rescued from a raft in the Pacific after being adrift six days.

Simultaneously with President Roosevelt's announcement, the combined U.S. chiefs of staff—Gen. George C. Marshall, Gen. Henry H. Arnold, Adm. William D. Leahy and Adm. Ernest J. King—asserted in a signed statement that the exact proportion of American to British troops to be employed in the Western Front invasion would be kept a military secret.

In a statement plainly critical of Sen. Edwin C. Johnson's Christmas assertion that the U.S. would supply 73 per cent of the troops, the British and Dominions 27 per cent, the chiefs of staff said:

"Both countries are going to hit the common enemy with everything available. . . . The British, with one-third as large a population as this country, already have a considerably larger number of troops in the Mediterranean than we."

Sea Battle - -

(Continued from page 1)

that damage was done to both sides in the course of hard fighting in which both German and Allied aircraft took part.

The British communiqué reported minor damage to the cruisers and a few casualties on the Glasgow. One Halifax and one Beaufighter were lost.

Off the Norwegian coast Tuesday, for the second day in succession, Coastal Command aircraft attacked enemy shipping, seriously damaging and setting one vessel afire and damaging three escort ships. On Monday, the Air Ministry announced, an escort vessel was fired, a large-size merchantman was probably hit and a BV138 flying-boat was shot down.

Down With 'Flu



Hedy Lamarr

HOLLYWOOD, Dec. 29—Two of Hollywood's leading box-office attractions, glamorous Hedy Lamarr and red-haired singing star Judy Garland, were stricken with influenza. Miss Lamarr had a temperature of 102, preventing her from starting on a nation-wide tour of service camps and hospitals. Judy Garland is a patient in Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, suffering an ear disturbance as well as influenza.

Unions Call Off Railway Strike

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29—Heads of three operating railway unions, announcing they would "take no action which might imperil successful prosecution of the war," today canceled a nationwide strike set for tomorrow.

Whether government control of the railroads would continue, as ordered by President Roosevelt Monday night, or whether it would be relaxed now that the strike crisis has ended was not made clear immediately.

The three unions, with 230,000 members—the Order of Railway Conductors, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen and the Switchmen's Union—announced their decision in a joint statement after a conference with Lt. Gen. Brehon B. Somervell, whom Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson had ordered to operate the roads.

Seven high railroad officials had been commissioned colonels to supervise as many regions. Army officers had received instructions to take over on signal, and thousands of soldiers had been ordered to stand by when the strike was cancelled.

African Invasion Was a Nip; Europe Must Be Great Bite

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29 (AP)—Charles E. Wilson, executive vice-chairman of the War Production Board, said that the volume of material shipped for the invasion of North Africa and Italy was "insignificant" compared with the job ahead of equipping the Allies for an all-out assault on Europe.

Wilson said he was sure that the Germans would be smashed in 1944.

Stalingrad Trolleys Running

Street cars are running in Stalingrad. The Red October factory also is in operation, Moscow radio said last night.

All Zipped Up, and Sans Fans

Sally Rand, or a Reasonable Facsimile Thereof, Is in Africa

NEW YORK, Dec. 29 (UP)—Sally Rand, who until recently was dancing in a New York night club clad in blue lights and a wee strip of adhesive tape, plus her famous fans, now is in Africa, and she promises that the zippers on her dress "will stay fastened for the duration."

Sally admits that it's strange, but she insists that the "service boys" whom she is entertaining as a USO trouper don't mind seeing her dressed.

"I can do other things besides fan dance, you know," she said. "I can tell funny jokes. I can play the piano and

NEWS FROM HOME Goodman Voted 'King of Swing' Again in States

Frank Sinatra Noses Out Crosby as Top Vocalist In Annual Poll

CHICAGO, Dec. 29—Benny Goodman is still America's "King of Swing," according to the annual poll conducted by Downbeat, a musician's magazine.

Goodman won the title again in 1943 for the fifth time in the last seven years. Frank Sinatra nosed out Bing Crosby as the favorite vocalist for the second year, and Jo Stafford was chosen the favorite girl-singer. Tommy Dorsey was first among the "sweet bands," and Spike Jones was voted "King of Corn."

Roy Eldridge has the best small orchestra, according to the poll, and Gene Krupa is still the all-star drummer.

Gen. Gilchrist Dies

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29—Maj. Gen. Harry Lorenzo Gilchrist, former chief of the Army's Chemical Warfare Service, died here. He was 73. He held campaign medals for service in the Spanish-American War, the Philippines and Cuba and on the Mexican border. Gen. Gilchrist received special citations from Gen. Pershing and Sir Douglas Haig in World War I.

Ancient Adage Proved

ATLANTA, Ga., Dec. 29—Four horses were saved from a burning stable here when a caretaker remembered the old saying that a white mule can lead horses out of a fire. The stablehand could do nothing to budge the horses, but when they saw the mule, the animals quieted and walked to safety.

Triangle Murder Case

GOLDEN, Colo., Dec. 29—John Baker, 24, foreman in a garage here, faces murder charges in connection with the shooting of Mornal Swaboda, former student at the Colorado School of Mines. Swaboda was killed at a party after Baker had ordered Mrs. Baker to leave the affair.

Nazis Massing In Coast Area?

(Continued from page 1)

ward to the development of the war and to the invasion ordered by the Soviets with complete calm. She knew that any landing would become a defeat for the Allies, a defeat of which they had only a feeble idea.

Meanwhile, German radio reported yesterday that two Commando attacks within the last three days on Sark, in the Channel Islands, had failed. The islands, which lie 15 to 30 miles from the west coast of Cherbourg Peninsula, could be valuable stepping stones for the Allied invasion of the French coast.

The account followed an official Nazi report on Sunday of a combined British and French Commando raid Christmas Eve on an undisclosed point along the Nazi-held Channel coast.

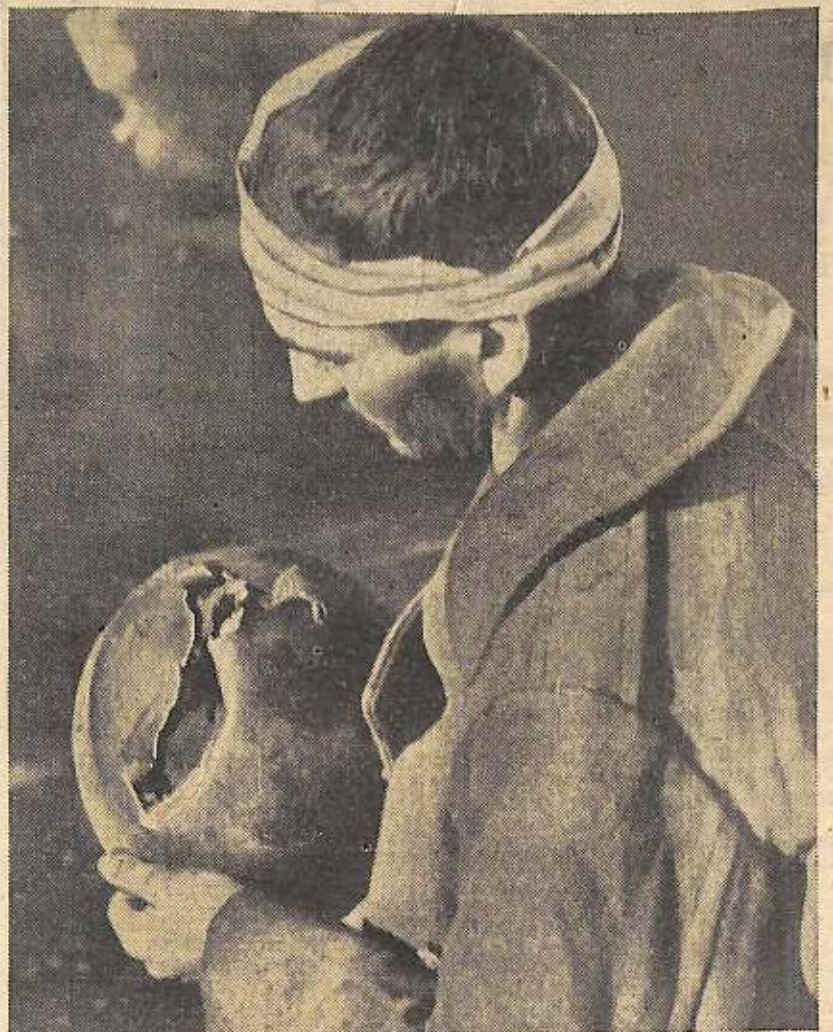
"As the enemy approached the beaches, several heavy detonations could be heard and fires were observed," the radio said. "It could be assumed from this that the mines had done their work."

"This was confirmed by a later check-up. One British soldier was found dead. There was no need for the German defenses to go into action."

Terry and the Pirates



Keep It On and Live to Tell It



Keystone Photo

Cpl. Roy Daneals, of Enid, Okla., looks at his steel helmet, split wide open by a shell-burst on the Italian front. By all the rules of warfare Cpl. Daneals should have taken the final count, but he lived to tell about it, suffering only a slight head wound.

London ARC Clubs Will Greet 1944 With Dances and Parties

Dances and parties to welcome 1944 are scheduled Friday night at most of the American Red Cross service clubs in London.

At the Columbia Club there will be a New Year's Eve masquerade ball. The Liberty, Habs Crescent, Victory, Mostyn, Milestone and Rainbow Corner ball-rooms will be the scenes of other festive affairs.

State nights will be resumed at the Mostyn Club next week when Oklahoma servicemen convene Monday. Pennsylvanians hailing from Harrisburg east will gather Wednesday, with the western group scheduled for a reunion Thursday.

Programs for clubs outside of London appear in the Monday paper. Those of the London clubs follow:

Columbia
Thursday—Dramatic classes, 6:30 PM; dancing lessons, 8:30 PM. Friday—New Year's Eve masquerade ball, 7:30 PM. Saturday—Tour of wax works museum, 11 AM; dance, 7:30 PM. Sunday—Ping-pong tournament, 2:30 PM; dance, 7:30 PM. Monday—Dramatic classes, 6:30 PM; bridge lesson, 9 PM. Tuesday—Dance, 7:30 PM. Wednesday—Movies, 7 PM.

Liberty
Thursday—Hostess night dance, 7:30 PM. Friday—New Year's Eve party, 8 PM. Saturday—Tea party, 3 PM. Sunday—Musical tea, 4:30 PM; supper dance show, 6 PM. Tuesday—Fun and games night, 7:30 PM. Wednesday—Theater party, 8 PM.

Habs Crescent
Thursday—Dance, 7:30 PM. Friday—New Year's Eve dance, 7:30 PM. Saturday—Dance, 7:30 PM. Night owl cabaret, 10:45 PM. Sunday—Tour of Petticoat Lane, 10 AM; tea dance, 3 PM. Monday—Movies, 9 PM. Tuesday—Dancing classes, 7:45 PM. Wednesday—Play, 8:30 PM.

Victory
Thursday—Secretary service, 7 PM; bridge club, 7:30 PM; piano-informal singing, 9 PM. Friday—New Year's Eve dance, 8:30 PM. Saturday—Victory varieties, 8 PM. Sunday—Tea dance, 3 PM; movies, 8 PM. Wednesday—Dance, 8:30 PM.

Mostyn
Thursday—Dancing lesson, 6 PM; basketball, 7 PM; square dance, 8 PM. Friday—New Year's Eve dance, 8 PM. Saturday—Dance, 8 PM. Sunday—Tea dance, 3 PM; symphonic recordings, 8:30 PM. Monday—Roller skating, 6 PM; Oklahoma reunion, 7:15 PM. Tuesday—Movies, 6:15 and 8:15 PM; basketball practice, 7 PM; circle Francais, 7:15 PM. Wednesday—Dancing lessons, 6 PM; Harrisburg and East Pennsylvania reunion, 7:15 PM; glee club rehearsal, 8 PM.

Milestone
Thursday—Conversational German group, 8 PM; recorded concert, 9:30 PM. Friday—Dancing class, 7 PM; New Year's Eve party, 8 PM. Saturday—Horseback riding, 11 AM; Milestone varieties, 11:30 PM. Sunday—Special tour of London, 10 AM; open house, 7 PM. Monday—Movies, 8:30 PM. Tuesday—Theater party, 5:30

PM; games night, 8 PM. Wednesday—Dancing class, 7 PM; club dance, 8 PM.

Rainbow Corner
Thursday—Dances, 3 and 7:30 PM. Friday—Dance, 7:30 PM. Saturday—Movies, 2:30 and 6:30 PM; dance, 3 PM. Sunday—Movies, 3 PM. Monday—Dance, 7:30 PM. Tuesday—Boxing, 7:30 PM; dance, 3 PM. Wednesday—Variety show, 8 PM; portraits daily by Harold, except Wednesday.

Washington
Thursday—Archery, 2:30 PM; German class, 7 PM. Friday—Cartoonist, 2:30 PM; New Year's Eve ball, 8:30 PM. Saturday—Marion Chase at piano, 8:15 PM. Sunday—Dance, 3 PM; movies, 9 PM. Monday—Archery, 2:30 PM; French class, 7 PM; Spanish class, 9 PM. Tuesday—Dancing instruction, 2:30 PM; dance, 8:15 PM. Wednesday—Cartoonist, 2:30 PM; forum discussion, 7 PM; chess instruction, 8 PM.

Eagle
Tuesday—Movies, 3 PM.

Reindeer (Officers)
Friday—Movies, 8:30 PM. Sunday—Buffet supper, 6 PM; New Year's dance, 7:30 PM. Monday—Bridge, 8 PM. Wednesday—Bridge lecture, 8 PM.

Women's Service Club
Thursday—Entertainment, 7:30 PM. Friday—Scotts Guards Pipers, 7:30 PM. Saturday—Entertainment, 8 PM. Sunday—Movies, 6 PM. Tuesday—Entertainment, 8 PM.

Women's Officers' Club
Friday—New Year's Eve party, 7 PM. Sunday—Buffet dance, 7 PM; classical recordings, 2:30 PM. Tuesday—Movies, 7:30 PM.

AFN Radio Program

1402 kc On Your Dial 1420 kc
213.9m. Thursday, Dec. 30 211.3m.

- 1100—GI Jive.
- 1115—Personal Album—Anita Ellis sings your favorite songs.
- 1130—GI Journal.
- 1200—Ivy Benson and her Orchestra (BBC).
- 1230—California Melodies.
- 1255—Quiet Moment.
- 1300—World News (BBC).
- 1310—Barracks Bag—A grab bag of entertainment.
- 1400—Visiting Hour.
- 1430—Sign Off until 1745 hours.
- 1745—Program Resume and Spotlight on Jan Savitt.
- 1800—World News (BBC).
- 1810—GI Supper Club.
- 1900—Seven O'Clock Sports—presented by The Stars and Stripes.
- 1905—Symphony Hall.
- 2000—News from Home—Nightly roundup of News from the U.S.A., presented by The Stars and Stripes.
- 2010—Fred Waring Program.
- 2025—Weekend Leave—Suggestions as to what to do on that leave that may be coming up.
- 2930—Crosby Music Hall.
- 2100—World News (BBC).
- 2110—Novelty Time.
- 2125—Mail Call.
- 2155—Gay Nineties Revue.
- 2225—Final Edition.
- 2230—Sign off until 1100 hours, Friday, Dec. 31.

By Milton Caniff