

## Peace Move By Bulgaria Is Reported

### Neutral Capitals Flooded With Rumors, in Wake Of Mid-East Talks

The western world seethed last night with a backlash of reports and rumors in the wake of the three Middle East conferences, and in the forefront was a Stockholm assertion that Bulgaria had begun moves to get out of the war.

According to these reports to Stockholm from Istanbul, a conference between the German minister to Sofia and Boshilov, the Bulgarian premier, revolved about the shaky Nazi satellite's attempts to throw off Axis shackles and withdraw from the fighting.

The tense situation in Sofia was heightened by the fact that the Bulgarian ministers to Berlin, Moscow and Ankara were home for conferences, and a Russian military mission was visiting the Bulgarian capital. Bulgaria is not at war with the Soviet.

#### Report Nazi Troop Movement

Other unconfirmed rumors which floated about freely in neutral capitals following the talks between President Roosevelt, Prime Minister Churchill and the Turkish president, Gen. Ismet Inonu, reported:

Continued movement of German troops toward the Turkish frontier.

"Unbearable tension" in Turkey, with sealed orders given Turkish officers, to be opened only in event of a certain happening.

Circulation by the Allies through neutral channels of specific terms for the surrender of Germany.

Meanwhile, reports to Cairo, filtering through from Ankara, said that another 1,000,000 Turks, the men of nine classes, were to be called up in the next month, for military service. These and other reports spoke of growing military precautions in Turkey, particularly in the Dardanelles zone.

Despite rumors which would indicate some imminent action, correspondents in Cairo were inclined to discount sensational forecasts that Turkey soon would enter the war.

Unofficial sources in Washington asserted that a large-scale Allied invasion of the Balkans was imminent. One American observer there said: "Big operations are being planned. When they come the apparently aimless moves of the British in the Aegean will be shown against their real background."

Meanwhile, it was revealed in Cairo that Premier Jan Christian Smuts conferred with both President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill there en route home from England to South Africa.

In a statement at Cairo, Smuts expressed the hope of victory by Christmas of next year.

## Private Finds Out He's Married After Allotment Request

INDEPENDENCE, Mo., Dec. 8—Pvt. Ray M. Hardy, like many other fellows in the Army, wrote often to his girl back home. He'd been overseas more than a year and probably often wished he had married his 19-year-old sweetheart before he sailed.

It was quite a shock, however, when one day he learned that he was married—to Mildred McCrae, the girl he had left behind. The news came in the form of an allotment application filled out by Mildred.

He had been in love with her. He had intended to propose to her after the war ended. But he certainly hadn't married her. He wrote his lawyer.

The lawyer explained that Mildred had married him by proxy. Very much without consulting Hardy, who wants the whole thing annulled, called off and forgotten about.

## FDR Proclaims January 1 As National Day of Prayer

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8 (AP)—President Roosevelt has proclaimed Jan. 1, 1944, as a National Day of Prayer for "strength and guidance for the problems of widening warfare and for the responsibilities of increasing victory."

#### Sales Store Opens Earlier

Effective today, the Quartermaster Sales Store, handling officers' clothing, will be open from 9 AM to 5 PM instead of 10 AM-5:30 PM.

## Father of 9 Faces Call; Allotment Will Be \$200

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 8—When Victor Dusang trades his white bakery deliveryman's suit for Army OD, his wife will receive monthly Government checks for \$200.

At 32, the father of nine children, Dusang explained that under the new allotment boost his family would receive more money than he is earning now.

When informed that he was being drafted, Dusang said: "It's up to Uncle Sam to decide whether I can be of more service in the Army or here taking care of my family."

## 5th Army Wins Hill Dominating Rome Gateway

### Nazis Lose Three Villages In Bitter Fighting As 8th Makes New Gains

ALLIED HQ, Africa, Dec. 8 (AP)—The Fifth Army has captured the summit of lofty Monte Camino, routed the Germans from three villages southwest of Mignano and recaptured the rain and blood-soaked Monastery Ridge in bitter fighting, which gives them commanding heights overlooking the road to Cassino and the outer gateway toward Rome.

Official reports from Gen. Clark's headquarters said that the enemy had been pushed back to the fringe of the ridges on the northern and western edges of Monte Camino and Monte Maggiore by the steady thrusts of the British and American troops.

The Fifth hammer-blows through the deep and heavily fortified German winter line towards Cassino were accompanied by fresh gains on the Eighth Army sector in the Adriatic coastal zone.

Montgomery's troops crushed repeated enemy counter-attacks and reported limited advances in the Moro river area, where both infantry and tanks had previously crossed the stream.

Evidence of Big German Losses  
Evidence of severe German casualties in the ill-fated defense of the coastal sector was apparent with the discovery that Kesselring had thrown the 90th Panzer Grenadier Division into the line there, to relieve the battered 65th Infantry Division. The 65th was so badly smashed that one of its battalions lost all its officers and came out of the line with only a sergeant-major left to command the remnants.

Every foot of ground gained in the Fifth Army's latest advance was yielded only after a desperate and costly defense by the Germans. When British troops in a sharp battle yesterday routed the enemy from the summit of Monastery Ridge, which the Germans had recaptured in a counter-attack the previous day, they found the hill strewn with German dead.

Monastery Ridge is one of the foothills leading toward the summit of Monte Camino from the south.

U.S. medium and fighter bombers twice attacked Civita Vecchia. In the first raid Mitchells hit one enemy ship, dropping bombs close to others, causing an explosion in an ammunition dump and blasting railway yards.

## Army Chops Red Tape so GIs Can Save or Buy Bonds Easily

ETO soldiers will be able to buy war bonds, make a soldier's deposit, or cable money home with the minimum of delay and red tape under a new procedure to be instituted next week, ETO headquarters announced yesterday.

Every company bulletin board is to have a "sign-up sheet" at all times on which each man can register his desire for one or more of the three plans. The list will be used by personnel officers as a basis for making the necessary deductions on the monthly payroll.

Detailed instructions on the working of the program will be issued through finance officers at the end of the week, Col. N. H. Cobbs, ETO Fiscal Director, said yesterday.

The plan, he said, will cut out irritating delays formerly encountered by some men who are anxious to save out of their monthly pay-checks, but whose instructions to unit officials have not always immediately been followed.

It will end the "We're pretty busy—can you come back tomorrow?" attitude prevalent in some orderly rooms.

The arrangements are part of a steady savings drive being carried out in the

# Two Enemy Cruisers Are Sunk And 72 Jap Planes Shot Down In U.S. Raid on Marshall Isles

## Thunderbolts Are Dive-Bombers Now



The P47, the fastest diving airplane built today, is now being used as a dive-bomber to blast special German targets in Europe. The Thunderbolt is reported to attack from an extremely high altitude, then dives three miles and still drops its bombs from heights greater than mediums usually bomb.

## Four Merchant Craft Sent to Bottom In Attack

PEARL HARBOR, Dec. 8—A powerful U.S. carrier task force has struck deep into the enemy-controlled central Pacific to cripple the strategic Japanese sea and air bases in the Marshall Islands, a special communique from Adm. Chester Nimitz's headquarters said tonight.

Seventy-two Jap planes were destroyed in the air, two light cruisers, one oil tanker and three cargo transports were sunk, and one troop transport and three cargo transports were damaged. U.S. losses were light, the communique added.

The attack, which turned out to be a raid instead of an invasion, as reported by Tokyo radio, took place on Dec. 3-4 and was the first large action of the war in this area by navy surface vessels.

#### Islands Strongly Defended

The Marshalls, believed to be among the most strongly fortified Jap strongholds in the central Pacific, are 2,000 miles from Hawaii and about 635 miles southwest of Wake Island.

The Navy Department said an "undetermined number of Jap planes was burned on the ground by the carrier-based naval planes." Various ground installations on Kwajalein, Ebeye Roi and Wotje atolls were destroyed, the Navy added.

Despite the Marshall attack, the Japs managed to carry out nuisance air raids on the newly-won U.S. bases in the Gilberts, 500 miles south of the Marshalls group. A single plane dropped four bombs on Makin harmlessly.

The Marshall stab brought home to the Japs a strong example of what to expect in future U.S. naval operations on their island perimeter protecting the homeland. Some quarters here believe the Navy may attempt to isolate the Jap base with a series of "knock out" air blows, then bypass Marshalls and hit Truk from two sides—from the Solomons and from the Gilberts.

## New Britain 'Too Hot' After Incessant Air Raids

ALLIED HQ, Southwest Pacific, Dec. 8 (AP)—The slackening in Japanese naval activity observed at Rabaul emphasized the official assertion that the Japs were finding their invasion menaced island of New Britain "too hot to handle."

While Allied bombers poured explosives on to the great sea and air menaced island with incessant fury, a spokesman from Gen. MacArthur's headquarters said that aerial observation showed a noticeable drop on naval traffic to Rabaul.

This tended to confirm the recent statement by Rear Adm. Robert Carney, Adm. Halsey's chief of staff, that Rabaul is now untenable and that "we have complete control in those waters."

Pounded repeatedly by heavy bombers, the neutralization of Rabaul's deep-water harbor and six airfields constitutes an important victory.

Another comment made was that Rabaul's bases hold more than 200 planes, mainly fighters. Since the city was used chiefly as a bomber base, the presence of fighters in such numbers was seen as an indication that Japanese operations were switching over to the defensive.

In New Guinea, Australian troops were engaged in sharp fighting in the drive against Japanese-held Woreo.

## A Victory Plan Without Invasion of Jap Mainland

CAIRO, Dec. 8 (AP)—One of Gen. Douglas MacArthur's staff officers, in a review of the Pacific war, declared here, "I think we can beat the Japanese without landing an expeditionary force on the Japan mainland."

The officer, who came to Cairo to participate in the global planning conference of Allied heads of state, maintained that the Japs can be throttled by a combined air and naval action, isolating or retaking the Netherlands East Indies; source of supply on which the enemy leans most heavily.

He added that Japan's main hope now was to make the war so expensive that America would shrink from carrying it through.

#### Harlander Subsistence Chief

Lt. Col. A. C. Harlander, of Oakland, Cal., former California food chain executive, has been appointed chief of the Subsistence Division, Chief Quartermaster, ETO, it has been announced.

## Flying Nurses Get Set in ETO To Care for Invasion Casualties

By Charles F. Kiley  
Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

American flight nurses, trained to evacuate wounded soldiers by air from battlefronts, are in England ready to move in with the Allied invasion of Europe from the west.

Stationed temporarily at U.S. bomber bases, the "glamour girls" of the Air Force are getting practical experience in the care of battle casualties by attending fliers cut up on raids over enemy territory.

The flying nurses are attached to Air Evacuation Squadrons and are part of the organization which sent girls to Africa, the southwest Pacific and Alaska to nurse litter cases over thousands of miles, from front lines to hospitals in the rear.

To most of the flight nurses, air travel isn't new. Many were commercial airline hostesses like 29-year-old 2/Lt. Lucille Chloupska, of Omaha, Neb., who had more than 7,000 hours in the air before she joined the ANC.

All, however, are graduates of a rigid six-week course in air evacuation at Bowman Field, Ky., through which all flight nurses pass before receiving assignments to combat zones.

They call them "glamour girls" for obvious reasons. Those in Britain, at least, are long on looks and figures. But the girls do not consider their work very glamorous.

(Continued on page 4)

## New ARC Wire Use for Troops

### Emergency Cable from U.S. To Battlefield Via The Red Cross

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8—The folks at home now can send emergency cable messages to servicemen, even in battle areas where regular expeditionary force message service (EFM) is not available, Red Cross headquarters has announced.

Whenever there's a serious illness, death, or other extreme emergency, a message may be sent through the ARC and it will be delivered by the field director at the post office where the serviceman is stationed.

But because of the many difficulties in actual combat areas no guarantee of delivery can be made.

The Red Cross also announced that where regular commercial communications are available but the family is unable to pay cost of the message, the Red Cross will take care of that, too.

## Reich Expects Bomb-Free Cities To Be Raided Next

STOCKHOLM, Dec. 8 (UP)—German authorities believe that the Allies now will extend their bombing offensive to areas which have so far been bomb free, the German-controlled Scandinavian news agency said today.

Newspapers in the Reich are appealing to everyone in these comparatively safe areas to clear their attics of all inflammable material, it adds.

## Arranger for War Talks To Be a Major General

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8 (AP)—Brig. Gen. Patrick J. Hurley, formerly an assistant secretary of war, has been nominated for promotion to the rank of major general. He had the principal role in making the advance arrangements for the Allied War Conferences in Cairo and Teheran.

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### Hash Marks

OK, S/Sgt. Joseph Ines Mozena, you can be treasurer of the Name In Initials Club.

One GI who has probably gained himself a niche in GI immortality is Sgt. N. V. Jerkovich, an air squadron mail orderly in N. Africa. He rose up from his labors one day to proclaim to the world in no uncertain terms, "When there's no mail, they disown me. They



tell me not to walk out after dark or I will get shot. When there is mail, they threaten me because they don't get enough. Listen, brother, mail orderly is the worst job in the Army. I must have done something truly terrible to deserve it." Amen, brother, amen.

Why all the fuss about a First Sergeant who received a Yo-Yo for Christmas, asks Pfc I. Shavelson from somewhere in the ETO. Shavelson goes on to say that T/5 Jimmy Harrington of his unit not only received a Yo-Yo, but a nice new bubble pipe as well. Incidentally, Shavelson is trying to arrange a Bubble Pipe-Yo-Yo match between the two stalwarts. That oughta be good.

'Tis reported that Hitler was last seen running out of his Berchtesgaden retreat screaming, Praise the Lord and pass the intuition!

GI Philosophy: When a girl is sixteen she's good looking. When she's 25 she has wrinkles. When she's thirty she has gray hair, and when she's 35 she turns blonde and starts all over again.

Maybe this will help you go to sleep as you toss and turn on your cot or in your sleeping bag. A new "pulsating bed" is now being made by a famous firm after 17 years of experiments. A



noiseless electric motor in the box spring sends eight gentle rhythmic pulsations a second through the mattress and lulls you to sleep. So far, we understand, science has yet to discover anything quite as pulsating as the toe of a topkick's shoe.

'Tis rumored that after a big Allied raid on Bremen a German demolition squad digging in a heap of rubble that had once been a radio station heard a thin, monotonous and persistent voice coming up from the wreckage. They dug and finally unearthed a parrot which was saying over and over, "No military objects were hit . . ."

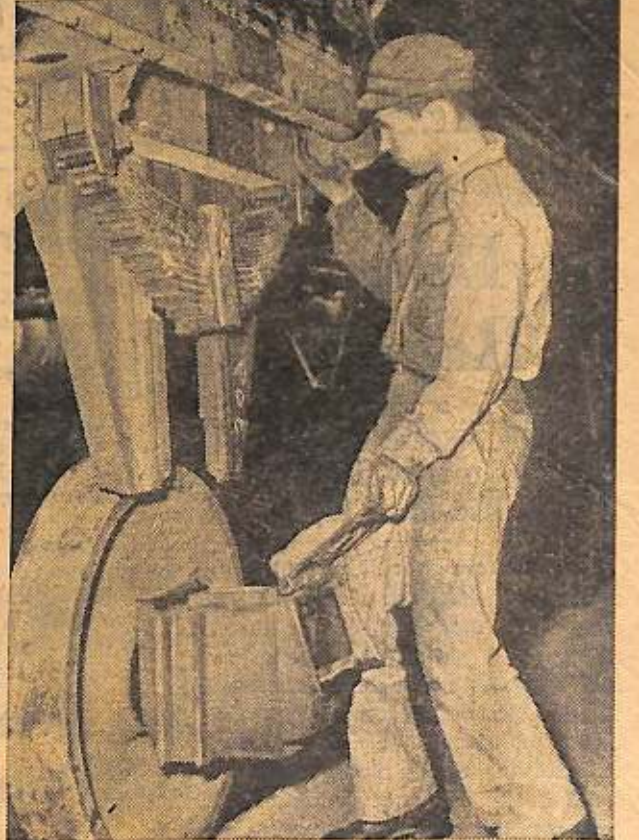
J. C. W.

### HUBERT by SGT. DICK WINGERT



"Sh! I can't—I'm on kay-pee!"

# ETO Assembles Its Own Box Cars



## 30 A Day Coming Off the Line; One Every 60 Minutes Will Be Peak Output

A TRANSPORTATION CORPS STATION, England, Dec. 8—Thirty GI railroad freight cars are being turned out each day here, and when the Army plant reaches peak production each of six assembly lines, manned by a battalion of soldiers, will produce a complete car every hour.

Box cars, flat cars, refrigerator cars and cabooses pour out at a steadily increasing rate.

Although key workers had previous experience in U.S. railroad shops, the majority never before had been connected with railroading.

When completed, the cars will carry supplies to ETO troops or will be stored for shipment to Continental ports when and if an invasion begins.

The six assembly lines are reminiscent of the great Detroit automobile plants.

Six tracks run through a great shed. On each line work 155 men and one officer. Sub-assembly sections along the line are directed by non-coms.

As the main frame moves down the line, trucks, plywood sidepanels and roof are added, olive drab paint is applied and

Thirty railroad freight cars a day are coming off ETO assembly lines for the Army. Directly above, Sgt. Thomas R. Riels, of East St. Louis, Ill., guides a truck into proper position as the undercarriage is lowered by a crane. At left above, Pvt. James H. Stoeppelman, of Canton, Ohio, enlarges some rivet holes as the car approaches the end of the assembly line.

the finished car rolls out the end of the shed.

The plant also assembles a large number of tank cars, but parts arrive from America more nearly assembled and the battalion merely places the tank on the trucks and welds the unit together.

Parts for other types arrive in smaller pieces, but the shop company, commanded by Capt. Alvin E. Tipton, puts them together so fast the battalion is hard put to find a storage place for the assemblies.

Locomotives are built in the U.S. and shipped over complete, but occasionally the battalion must modify them for use in Britain or on the Continent.

The battalion, part of the Army Transportation Corps, is commanded by Lt. Col. Howard U. Bates, of Canton, Ohio,

U.S. Army Signal Corps Photos

former general foreman of the Pennsylvania Railroad's Canton shops. The unit also operates a storage depot.

Among former Pennsylvania employees working here are M/Sgt. Herman Railing, former machinist at the Renova, Pa., shops and now the assembly plant's shop engineer; M/Sgt. Carl W. Weiserberger, a former signal mechanic at Columbus, Ohio; T/3 John W. O'Brien, former yardmaster at Columbus, and T/Sgt. Howard Scott, Waynesburg, Pa., former stock clerk at Canton, Ohio.

The unit trained at the military railway center at New Orleans and at Pennroad's Bueyrus, Ohio, shops.

When the battalion first arrived in Britain, there were no living quarters at the station and the men had to construct Nissen huts before they began operations at the assembly plant.

# 36th Division Names a Champ Nazi Killer

## Cpl. Charles Kelly Wears Out Rifles Shooting at Germans

By H. R. Knickerbocker  
 Chicago Sun War Correspondent  
 HQ, 36th DIVISION, Italy, Dec. 8—The 36th Division has a new "one-man army" which may become as famous as "One-Man Army Wermuth," Capt. Arthur Wermuth, who killed so many Japanese on Bataan that he is rated as being worth a whole battalion of ordinary men.  
 A new one is "Commando Kelly,"

Charles E. Kelly, who has killed more Germans than anyone else in the Fifth Army.

He has lost count, but his fellow soldiers and officers, who are extremely proud of him, are sure he has set up a record worthy of comparison with Wermuth, who claimed 116 Japs before his capture at the fall of Bataan.

Young Kelly, aged 22, of Pittsburgh, has one object of sentiment in his life. That is his mother, Irene. He has one vice. That is chewing tobacco.

He has one ambition. This is killing Germans.

It has taken until now for the full story of his success to work its way from his company to quarters able to assess it properly.

Last Sept. 13, as his company was holding a position near Altaville against a fierce enemy counter-attack, Cpl.—then Pfc—Kelly wore out one Browning automatic rifle firing at Germans. During that morning he volunteered for an arduous and dangerous patrol which located enemy machine-gun positions.

Without halting to rest he then volunteered to establish contact with another battalion of the 36th Division, believed to be about a mile away on Hill 315.

With another volunteer he went through incessant enemy sniper, mortar and artillery fire to Hill 315. He volunteered again for combat patrol, during which he helped to destroy two enemy machine-gun nests.

By then it was nightfall and most of Kelly's comrades were so tired that they could hardly keep awake.

Charles got another plug of chewing tobacco and a new Browning automatic rifle and went to work.

Before midnight he had fired all his own ammunition and all he could borrow.

He got permission to visit an ammunition dump which was on the extreme flank where the Germans were attacking with special vigor.

Once at the dump Kelly wanted to stay there so that he could have inexhaustible ammunition, and was delighted when the dump commander asked him to protect the rear storehouse.

He held this position all night, and at first light came inside, placed himself in a comfortable prone position by an open window with field glasses.

He fired "continuous aimed and effective fire," as his commanding officer put it, until his Browning rifle locked from overheating.

All this time Kelly's position was under direct enemy fire, and one machine-gunner was killed beside him and several others wounded.

From one of the wounded Kelly got another automatic rifle and went on firing until it, too, locked from heat.

By then the enemy was storming the storehouse. Kelly's companions were nearly all knocked out, and he, weaponless, looked around for something to throw.

There was a pile of 60mm. mortar shells in the corner, but no mortar. Kelly experimented. He pulled the safety ring from one and threw it into a squad of Germans rushing towards his building. It exploded among them.

Kelly threw another and another until the Germans stopped coming. He counted five dead.

Kelly then volunteered to hold the Germans off until his detachment could escape. As his comrades moved out they saw him shooting out of the window with a bazooka—a one-man anti-tank gun—at German tanks charging towards him. His detachment reported him a hero, but, doubtless, dead.

But Kelly turned up a few hours later and asked for a new rifle and a plug of tobacco.

Until now he is the Fifth Army's Sgt. York, until a better Sgt. York comes along.



Silence  
 Silence, Oh! that dreadful silence in every room,  
 I pray for God to end it soon,  
 I turn on the radio to drown it out,  
 But then this heart of mine begins to shout,  
 Because I turned on the music that he loved so well,  
 Oh! I wish there was something to break this spell,  
 I go to sleep but how funny it seems,  
 There's that old silence even in my dreams,  
 So I guess there is only one thing left to do,  
 Just sit with the silence and wait for you.  
 D. B. Burch

### Turkey's Position

The Three Power Conferences have ended and the final act was played at Cairo when President Roosevelt, Prime Minister Churchill and M. Ismet Inonu, President of Turkey, in a series of meetings discussed subjects both political and military.

The communique released by the conferring Powers following the talks gave no indication that Turkey is coming into the war, and too much must not be expected of this neutral nation.

Turkey has already contributed greatly to Allied victory by the simple expediency of insisting on rigid neutrality. And Turkey, like America prior to Pearl Harbor, has no desire to become embroiled in war. Naturally, if Turkey's obligations and commitments to Great Britain provoke hostile German acts, Turkey will undoubtedly fight back with all the fury and courage demonstrated throughout history by her fighting people.

Of course, Germany, like Japan, may strike at any moment and without warning. If she does, it can be assumed that Turkish counter-strokes, fully supported by Allied might, will crush and roll back the Nazis.

On the other hand, there is no reason for assuming that Turkey is in a hurry to enter the war, even though her sympathies are one-sided. It may well be that Turkey feels her own national interests can be served best for the present by enjoying the security of a neutral, knowing full well strong friends are by her side, and will wait to fulfill obligations under her treaty of alliance with Great Britain until such time as her government feels open belligerency will serve her interests better.

In the meantime the war of nerves continues, and in Germany the Turkish question has added new strain.

### Stalin's Toast

"Reverberating through American industry, stimulating even its humblest war workers," claims the New York Herald Tribune, "should be that toast of Stalin's at a dinner in Teheran.

"Without American production," said Stalin, "the United Nations could never have won the war."

Soft soap is not a speciality with the Soviet Premier. If that tribute hadn't come from his heart and from deep conviction, it wouldn't have come at all. Of course our pride in the industrial "miracle" performed by American private enterprise in this war has not waited for Stalin's confirmation, and while such laurels are richly deserved it is obvious that America cannot rest on them.

On land, on sea and in the air, American "manned" implements of war have contributed heavily towards ultimate victory, and there are now gratifying indications that American forces will soon show they know how to win victories with American-made weapons as they close in battle in every theater of war. So in these battles yet to come the world will learn there is more to the American war effort than just "production," valuable as that contribution has been.

### Druggists Play Ball

More than eleven million five-grain doses of quinine are on their way to overseas points to join the fight against malaria. These new shipments were made possible because the nation's druggists looked over their shelves and sent their quinine to Washington at the government's request.

When the Japs seized the Netherlands Indies in 1942 they cut off more than ninety per cent of the world's supply of cinchona, from which quinine is made. So a National Quinine Pool was organized and druggists were asked to return their quinine supplies. The goal was 100,000 ounces of quinine. To date almost 150,000 ounces have been turned in.

Co-operation and team work will win this war, and the folks at home know how to play ball.

### Japs Drill Java Girls

The Japanese in Java are forcing girls there to do military drill, according to broadcasts from Radio Tokyo.

From November 1 military drill was made compulsory in all Javanese technical schools. Girls were not exempted. Two to three hours' military training are given weekly.

This attempt to create a "Hitler Youth" in Java is a confession of the failure of the unpopular but much-boosted Javanese "Volunteer Corps."

A recent Batavia broadcast described a procession of 10,000 "volunteers" comprising school children, dressed in uniform, who were made to march through the city with banners and flags "to pay homage to Japan's Emperor."

# Feature Section

Thursday, Dec. 9, 1943

## Our Distorted View of China

A Far Eastern expert points to a psychological situation that results in mutual disillusionment

By Nathaniel Peffer

Authority on Far Eastern Affairs

AMERICA'S relations with China are a subject for clinical study rather than political analysis. And in a clinical examination it is the case history that tells most.

Everybody knows that American relations with Spain are not of the happiest. It is not generally recognized that our relations with China are not too good, either, despite the excessive politeness on both sides. But before discussing the reasons I should like to make two pertinent general observations.

The first is that some years ago, on coming back from a long stay in China, I remarked to an official in Washington that there ought to be a law forbidding Americans to go west of Hawaii or at least prescribing a penalty for any American west of Hawaii caught talking to more than five persons at one time. The second is that several months ago I received a letter from a Chinese of official standing in Chungking, who said in effect: Do you realize how much harm is going to come some day from the way you Americans are now idealizing China?

Well, as to the first, the law was not passed, of course; as to the second, the harm is now being done.

### Blame on Both Sides

Between China and America there is psychologically the most dangerous human situation—mutual disillusionment. Both nations being composed of human beings, neither blames herself for having been foolish enough to contract illusions; each blames the other for not living up to the illusion built up on her.

To take America first: After Pearl Harbor there developed in this country a compelling myth about China. In part it was reaction from and penance for the way we had not only left China to face Japan alone, but had actually helped Japan by selling her munitions. In part it was the recognition, under the impact of Japan's blows in the Philippines, the Netherlands Indies and Singapore, of what China had had to stand up under.

### Varied Impressions

Suddenly we became China-conscious. Many among us learned about China for the first time. Many went to China for the first time in the prevailing emotional glow and saw only what they wanted to see. Many who had lived in China began to disseminate pictures of China retouched in the same glow. It is an unfortunate fact that a considerable number of Americans who have lived in China are inclined to be incontinently sentimental about the Chinese. It is a fact that makes hard-boiled Britishers in China froth with inarticulate wrath, and though they themselves make take the opposite extreme there is something to be said for their irritation. Those Americans who like to describe themselves as "friends of China" can sometimes be extremely silly.

China became a country endowed with more than human qualities. It was a democracy pure and Jeffersonian, its leaders selfless, statesmanlike beings consecrated to the spread of liberty, every peasant guerrilla a boy on the burning deck. And when Chinese and Japanese met in battle, the Japanese forthwith dissolved.

Then came the turn in the war which permitted America to give a little more thought to the Pacific sector and to lay the foundations for the counter-offensive against Japan. We began to send planes, technicians, Army officers and civilian officials to Chungking. They came out of the emotional glow about China that suffused this country into the cold, hard reality of China as it is. They stayed



GI Joe instructs Chinese youths in the use of modern weapons.

long enough to see not only what they wanted to see, but what is, or what seems to be. Quite naturally they reacted to the other extreme and in their reports home, which are not published but circulate, nevertheless, they err as much on one side as the myth does on the other. The fact is that there has been a stream of bearish and deprecatory reports out of China for some months and they are beginning to have an effect—still only in inner circles, but in circles of an ever-larger circumference.

### No Secret

It is no particular secret what is being whispered in Washington now and echoed elsewhere. Chungking is more concerned with fighting Chinese Communists than with fighting Japanese militarists. China is hopelessly, incurably inefficient. China is ready to drop out of the war, the reports about Chinese victories are propaganda, etc., etc.

And this, as I say, is just as far from the truth about China as the romantic myth fabricated a little bit earlier. In both cases the error springs from not knowing enough about China long enough to have any standard of judgment. One myth is supplanting another. China is not as nearly perfect as we thought she was before or as hopeless as those presumably in the know are beginning to think now.

There is corruption in China now, of course. But for one thing there is an invitation to corruption everywhere. In some places it is more perceptible, in other places less. Furthermore, a certain kind and amount of what may be called corruption in public places is normal to China, and those who have any background in China would discount for that.

### Public Practices Differ

Still further, standards of public practices differ in different countries, and every country must be judged by its own standards. A good deal of what is withheld from public funds by private officials in China is what would be considered elsewhere legitimate compensation for public services. It is generally known, and by Chinese admitted, that there are some definitely rotten spots close to the uppermost ranges of government in Chungking, but to anyone with long enough experience in China for perspective it is clear that the standards of governmental practice are not lower and perhaps are higher.

Judged by our standards of peacetime efficiency, China is no doubt messy. The exigencies of war bring out inefficiency in all countries, for that matter. But the main point is that there

is no reason why the Chinese should be judged by our way of doing things. Chinese ways always seem perverse and incoherent on first observation. It is only after long experience there that one comes to see that on the whole the Chinese get about the same results as others with about the same effort, though the order of acts is different.

### Callousness is Normal

There is in truth a shocking amount of exploitation and still more of callousness to the suffering of the mass of the people. But this, too, is normal to Chinese life. It was normal to all societies until the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries generated some degree of social consciousness in some western countries—countries which until then had been just as callous as China still is. But to go to China for the first time now, judge her by the standards of the present Occident and not by those of China herself is to see things askew.

So, too, judged by modern western armies, the Chinese are not West Point cadets. Military precision, military punctilio, neatness and dispatch are innovations to which only the small modernized fraction of the army has been introduced. Naturally an American officer newly come to China, especially one newly trained, is shocked on seeing Chinese troops for the first time.

By the same reasoning all western military men confidently predicted in 1937 that the Chinese would be swept away by the Japanese in a few weeks and Japan would consolidate in North China. But the fact is that those disorderly Chinese not only have stood up for six years, but where given anything like equal advantage in armament have held their own against the Japanese and sometimes beaten them. In exterior the Chinese Army is no good; but it gets results, which is what matters.

This is not to deny that there has been some exaggeration of Chinese victories and of the dimensions of battles in which the Chinese report victories. Very often the Japanese "routs" are voluntary withdrawals. But it is also patent nonsense to maintain that if the Japanese have not finished off the Chinese it has been because they did not want to.

To say, as some are now saying, that the Japanese could have taken Changsha, Kunming or Chungking if they had wanted to is preposterous. With Changsha and Kunming in their possession an American counter-attack from China would be made doubly difficult. Chinese manpower would then be denied to us when the time for counter-attack came.

The Japanese have made four attempts to take Changsha in the first stage on the way to Kunming. Each time they have failed with heavy losses—though perhaps not so heavy as the Chinese claim.

The persistence of the conflict between the Chungking Government and the Chinese Communists is undeniable. But authentic, unprejudiced evidence is difficult to obtain and the significance of the conflict—as long as the war lasts—is probably exaggerated. The qualification put between dashes should be underlined.

Finally, it is undeniable that China is far from a democracy and that there are some distinctly ugly accompaniments of its war Government in the form of secret police and restrictions on freedom beyond war necessities. This is actually the most serious charge that can be made against China now. But even in this respect China must be judged by normal Chinese standards, not ours. In short, except on a view distorted for lack of perspective given by experience, China is not as dark as it is now being pictured in reaction from a foolish distortion in the other direction.

The misunderstanding, the reaction in disillusionment, is mutual. While we on our side sit in judgment, so do the Chinese. There are reasons, all of them grounded in a misconception for which we are as much to blame as the Chinese.

### China's Rock of Hope

To the Chinese, before the Japanese invasion and just after the invasion, China's rock of hope was America. In the end America would come to China's rescue. Why not? There had been friction between Japan and America for years. Mainly Americans had said so—numberless Americans who had come to China, many of them Americans of some position. For Americans arrived in the East have a way of spreading themselves, of letting themselves go in speech.

America was China's friend; America would do this, America would do that, America would show Japan, etc. Understatement has never been an American vice. But the Chinese did not know that these were amiable American indulgences, a kind of national oratorical license. They did not know that we ourselves discount our public speech before the echoes die. They took the words at the value of their meaning and they assumed that when Americans of some standing spoke they spoke with some consciousness of responsibility.

The expectations were becoming certainty by the time Japan attacked. And America did nothing. Still the Chinese did not lose hope. Sooner or later, they told themselves, the Japanese would run

amok and leave America no choice. But the years passed, America still did nothing, hope was wearing thin, and the Chinese were slowly becoming critical and a little contemptuous. Then Pearl Harbor came, and a wave of relief, almost of exultation, passed over China. Now there would be deliverance. And then the American Navy did not come, the American planes did not come, the Philippines were lost, the Dutch East Indies lost, Malaya lost and the Burma Road was cut. The little help that had been coming from America was shut out.

### A Nucleus Air Force Still

It is now nearly twenty-four months since Pearl Harbor, and though our air force in China is at least manifest, it is only a nucleus. We needed time to arm, the Chinese were told, and to China, which has been sorely pressed for more than six years but has held out, though a poor country without industrial facilities, twenty-three months is a long time. What, then, of the American colossus, the towering giant before whom the puny little Jap would have to quail?

It does little good to say that the talk was the momentary expansiveness of men without responsibility or power to commit their country. The Chinese heard them and did not hear—or want to hear—the more guarded words of those who had a sense of responsibility. The illusion was built up, and it is against the illusion that the Chinese now measure our performance and naturally find it wanting. They, too, are reacting and now are unfair, for America is fighting in two hemispheres and on good ground is concentrating first on that from which the more immediate danger comes.

As we now take the Chinese at depreciated value, so do they take us. Both are publicly polite and privately mordant, a condition that bodes no good between Allies in a desperate war. It is a condition that springs from the too little knowledge that always is a dangerous thing, from lightness of speech and superficial conclusions on too little evidence.

It is a condition that will right itself with time, when America really catches its stride in the Far East. But in the meantime Chinese and Americans both had better jump to no conclusions, suspend judgment of each other and, most of all, maintain silence. In international relations as in personal relations the antenatal glow never abides. Just as well, perhaps, that it should not. But the moment of its passing is trying, and unless both sides exercise tact, patience and understanding, tragedy can supervene, usually unnecessarily. It is so between America and China now.

# Old Sarge

By Peter Schenk  
U.S. Air Force

YOU keep thinking of Old Sarge. You met him in camps all over the country. He was squat, barrel-chested and pug-nacious. His sunken jowls were permanent, his scowl and his growl and his roar were for the duration and six months.

You were bewildered. You laughed and joked about getting up when you would be going to bed back home.

"Men," Old Sarge sneered, in his first speech, "they expect us to do the impossible. Make soldiers out of you. It ain't going to be easy. But it needs doing—fast—now in fact!"

You learned to stand and walk and keep in step and make beds and keep your things tidy and shine your own shoes. You marched to Old Sarge's roaring, "Hut, tup, trup, forp! Hut, tup, trup, forp!" During weeks that seemed endless you drilled, hiked, ran, hit the ground, crawled, pushed, aimed, fired and shouldered arms.

Old Sarge told you it was a war of skills; you were to be shipped to schools. You sighed. The gruelling routine was over. But at the university, there was Old Sarge; more grim, more sarcastic, more exacting, bellowing, growling, roaring.

Graduation meant a diploma and shipping again, and you rejoiced—until Old Sarge met you at your new camp. You arose at the crack of dawn, fell into formation in 60 seconds, counted cadence, by the numbers to the rear marched, on the double all day, and scrubbed yourself and your laundry in the showers all night.

Finally you were going overseas. Surely Old Sarge would be left at home to train and torture the rookies. You knew all there was to soldiering. Had you not bivouacked once or twice? Hadn't Old Sarge raved and ranted as you crawled across that infiltration course with live bullets spluttering all around you?

You arrived at your field in a friendly foreign country and the first booming voice that called the roll was good Old Sarge's. He was at you for the shape of your uniform, and the shape of your barracks, and the shape of your latrines, and the shape of your gas mask. He saw that you pulled KP and CQ and little chicken details that have no name. He stressed his favorite subject—your gun—and you oiled and cleaned ad seeming infinitum.

The only time Old Sarge smiles, he said, "We're going to build us some nice, big, new ditches. Now go ahead! I want you to be finished in two hours."

You griped and you groaned and you called him Black Mike and Simon Legree. And when you finished he roared, "Call that a hole?" And you dug and dug.

The raids came. They came in the middle of the night when you dreamed of home, and Old Sarge was there to see that you got up, grabbed your helmet and hit the ditches. You did it because a soldier who stayed in bed would be better off exiled to Siberia.

You got used to the grind. You had your leaves and passes, and your time for fun, and your time for work, and it seemed to you that you didn't see so much of Old Sarge.

One jet-black night became a burning tropical sunset for an instant. You were thrilled by the thunderous rumbling, the explosions that seemed so close, and the clusters of colored lights that looked like an Independence Day celebration over a lake. You didn't worry so long as those AA boys kept sending up everything, including Woolworth's Stores Ltd., and you wagered on how many they would get that night. You were wide awake as you waited for the flashlight to dance from cot to cot. You wanted to tell Old Sarge it was a good show.

When he came into the hut he kept his light on a small card in his palm.

"Men!" Old Sarge said, "they came pretty close. Sound forth as I call your name!"

Eleven out of 12 men answered! Charlie Santoro was missing!

"Stand fast in your barracks, men!" Old Sarge growled. The door banged.

You thought you had sweated out everything in the Army until you tried sweating out that night. You chattered all night and you tried to keep cheerful. But you kept thinking of the picture of Charlie's family on the shelf over his cot. And that if Charlie were hurt, there were others. . . .

In the morning you saw Old Sarge.

"Santoro's alright," he said. "He's up at the hospital. Got a piece of shrapnel in his arm."

You went to see Charlie. The medic Captain told you Charlie was a very lucky man. He said if Charlie hadn't been treated promptly he'd probably be minus one arm.

"Minus one arm?" you repeated.

The doctor beamed and nodded proudly. "Sulfa Diazine," he said, indicating Charlie's ward.

You saw the arm swathed in plaster and Charlie's wan smile. You sat on his cot while he talked. He had crawled out of the ditch after the blast lit up the whole field. He thought maybe some of the men were hurt. He watched the lights curve slightly in the sky, then disappear like falling stars, when something tore through his arm. He fell over on his side and lay still.

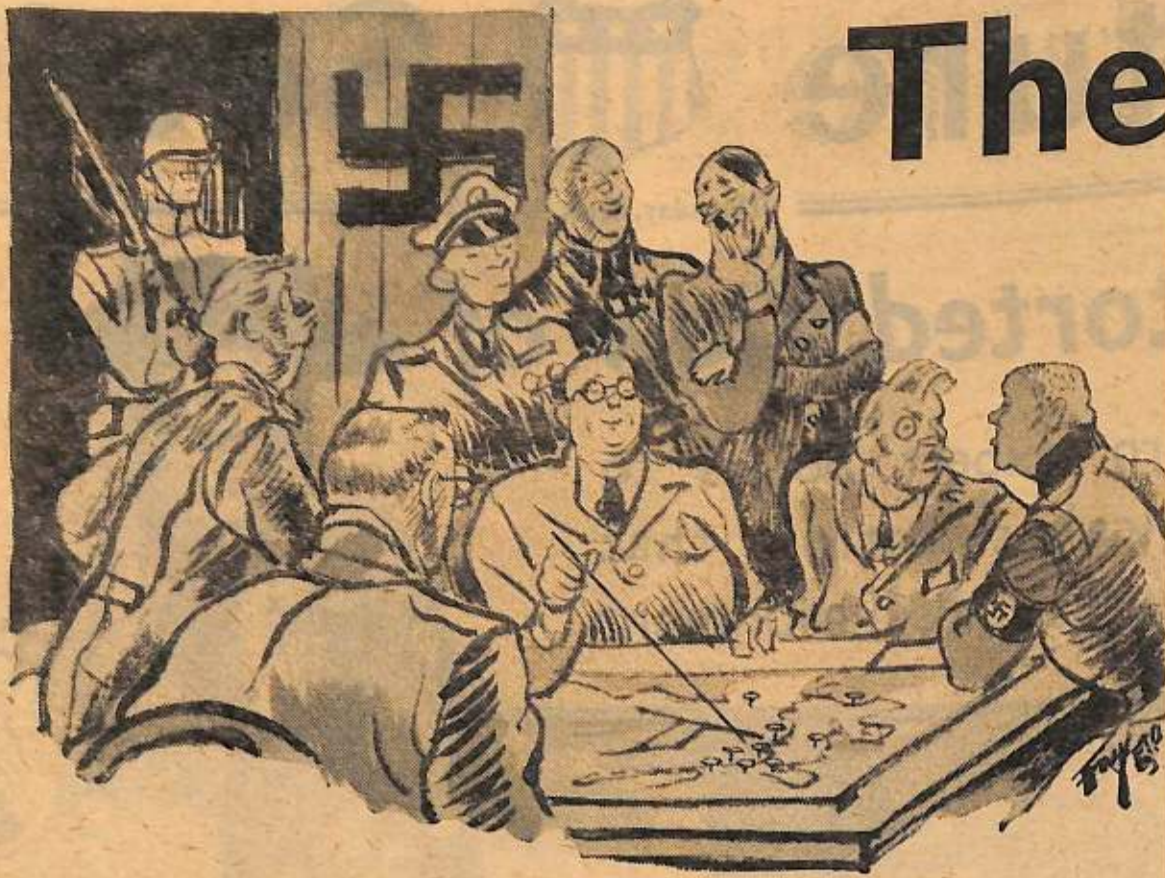
When the all clear sounded Charlie tried to move. Each time he made the slightest motion he felt pain all over his body. He saw a light and thought it was a soldier cycling back to his barracks. He tried to reach his cigarette lighter but the movement made him wince. The light came closer. He tried to raise himself slightly to call out, but fell back groaning. Suddenly someone leaned over him, pulled a canteen out, then emptied a packet into it.

"Drink it, son," a deep voice said gently placing a firm arm under his head.

Charlie drank it and looked up at Old Sarge.

"Sarge," he moaned, "I'm hurt."

Charlie grinned and said: "I fell asleep in Old Sarge's arms and here I am."



## Most fantastic of all German plans leading to world domination was to dam the Mediterranean and turn Europe and Africa into a single continent

By Curt Reiss  
Drawings by Clark Fay

THE people of the Bavarian village of Hohenschwangau used to wonder who those men were who lived in the two little hotels, the Alpenrose and the Liesl, and every morning drove in buses to Castle Neuschwanstein, high on the rock above the village. There were 40 or 50 of them. They were barely polite to the villagers, rarely spoke to anyone but themselves. And the villagers knew that on those rare occasions when tourists were allowed inside the castle, they saw only the third and fourth floors, where King Ludwig II once lived. Yet only five of the strangers ever left Hohenschwangau after they first arrived in 1937.

If you had talked with those men, you would have learned that they had signed a contract not to leave their place of work nor to discontinue it for at least 15 years. About their work you would have heard things so strange you could only have laughed, or ignored them. Engineer Hans Dollgast, for instance, would have told you he was working out a reconstruction of the Suez Canal. Professor Emil Fahrenkamp, once director of the Dusseldorf Academy, would have told you he was working on plans for the reconstruction of Gibraltar. Helmuth Fentzloff, municipal architect for Munich, was, with a staff of architects and technicians, designing plans for the greatest power stations and dams ever built. Engineer Herbert Dubell concentrated on how to reconstruct Tunis to make it the future metropolis of the world.

### Pledged to Secrecy

But, of course, those men would not really have talked because they were pledged to secrecy. There are not many people in Germany and even fewer outside of Germany who knew or even who know today what it is all about.

The name of the project was Atlantropa.

On the evening of December 23, 1927, a few handpicked German engineers, technicians, financiers and industrialists gathered in the conference room of the German Museum in Munich to hear a man called Herman Sörgel. Bavaria was represented by an important official. So was the Reich. The firm of Krupp sent Director Georg Zimmermann. There were also representatives from the Berlin and Vienna Universities.

Sörgel told them "To discover new continents, you must have the courage to leave the well-known coasts. Our politicians are too cagey and too afraid. So we must act while our politicians hesitate. We must create—a new central continent."

The new continent could and would be created, Sörgel continued, by connecting the continents of Europe and Africa and by merging a certain part of Asia into the new entity by means of economic

measures. Sörgel called this new continent Panropa.

The merger would be accomplished in the following way:

Two dams would be built, one leading from Gibraltar to Ceuta, the other one from Sicily to Tunis. The Mediterranean would be thus divided into two landlocked lakes, its level would sink by evaporation since it would no longer be fed by water from the Atlantic, and thereby new land would be created. More new land would be created by irrigating Africa, especially the Sahara Desert. All this would be accomplished through power derived from specially built power stations of gigantic proportions. Indeed, the whole new continent, including parts of Asia, would be run on such power.

### An Economic Necessity

But why was it considered necessary to have a new continent? To Sörgel, at that time, Panropa was an economic, not a political project. He wanted only to save Europe from becoming the economic "slave of America."

Sörgel said in so many words that Europe would either have to become more powerful than America—or become her slave.

But a man with a round face, kindly eyes behind thick glasses, grey hair and an unruly moustache, a man relatively unknown at the time, supplied a much more far-reaching answer to the question.

He was Karl Haushofer, founder of the new science of Geopolitics.

The basic idea of this new science was that world history was made by land-locked peoples who, to attain more space, more wealth, more opportunities, pressed out in all directions.

It was Haushofer's contention, that, in the long run, the pressure from inside to outside would win.

Haushofer roughly divided all the land on the globe into two groups: one was the "world island" or the "mother-continent." The rest of the world grouped around this mother-continent, he called the "periphery." According to him, the mother-continent included Europe, Southern Russia, Asia as far as Afghanistan and Africa. It was to dominate the world—that is, the periphery (America, Australia, the Far East and the Pacific and Atlantic Isles)—and within the mother-continent the most central country would in turn have to be dominant. This central country was, of course, Germany.

To Sörgel, Panropa was an economic project. But to Haushofer, it was political, and it was Haushofer who in 1927 took over the leadership. In 1932, the name was changed to Atlantropa and Atlantropa became a blueprint of a New Order—

years before Hitler had even uttered the phrase.

Although Sörgel had publicized the project in order to raise funds, the moment the Nazis came to power every book, every brochure, every article on Atlantropa was confiscated. Never very well known, the plans for a new continent became almost a complete secret.

When I met Sörgel in Munich in 1932, he had no objection to talking about Atlantropa.

"The new continent will be the solution to all technical, economic, political and military problems of our era," said he.

"Problems?"

He seemed astonished. "The problems are America and Asia, of course. The military situation of Europe, wedged in between Asia and America is, to say the least, alarming."

Did he believe that America was going to start a war against Europe?

He smiled in a superior way. "They'll win without making war. The United States, Central and South America will become a colossal Europe could not hope to fight industrially."

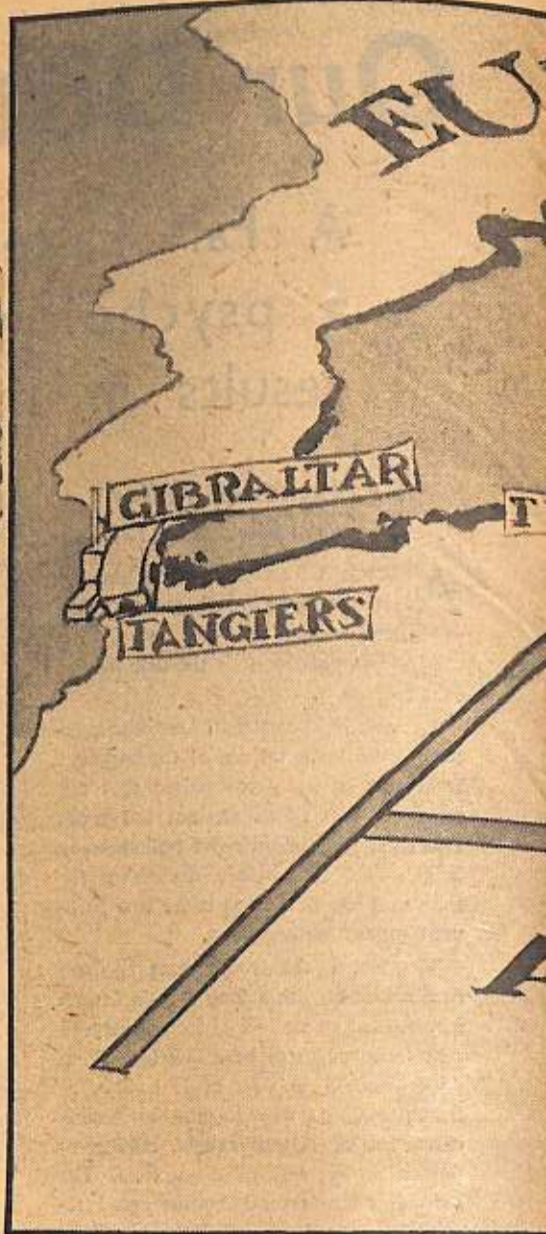
He went on. The Asiatic races regenerate ten times as fast as the Europeans—the African races eight times as fast. Since serums and other medical means had reduced the death rate in Asia and Africa, the difference between the European population and the populations of Asia and Africa became greater every year. If Europe could not soon dominate Africa, Europe would become the slave of the Asiatics and the Africans.

### A Blow at America

He repeated that Atlantropa was the one solution of all these problems. "With Europe expanding into Atlantropa it will become as big a continent and as rich in raw materials as the American continent. It will, therefore, have nothing to fear from America economically. Today Europe has no oil. Atlantropa will have oil. Europe has coal for only two or three hundred years more. Atlantropa, with the enormous power stations we intend to build, will be independent of coal reserves. It also will be united. Because with all the power supplied only by those power stations, no single country could afford to make war against a neighbor."

Until 1934 the firm of Krupp financed the project. I have it from very reliable sources that Krupp spent something over 30 million Reichmarks during these years. But Atlantropa needed more. It needed sums that only a totalitarian government, which could operate without parliamentary approval of its budget, could provide.

Thus the Nazis took over the project in 1934, and the sums invested in Atlantropa



A network of irrigation canals (indicated by lines) receding sea would be

became gigantic. At least till 1940, they were, aside from the headquarters in castle of Neuschwanstein, Atlantropa Union Offices in Munich (Theaterstrasse 21), where, incidentally, Herman Sörgel worked. There was a branch office in Atlantropa house in Hamburg. There was an experimental station for lowering sea level in Holland (Ijmuiden-Ost, Nieuwduinweg 196). The whole enterprise was embraced by a holding company which, significantly enough, was in Switzerland, Zurich 7, Higebachstrasse 104.

There were, of course, hundreds of sub-projects. For example, there was the important plan of building gigantic new power works which would supply all the new continent with power, and which would hold a monopoly over all sources of power supply.

Power station I was to be erected at Gibraltar, the power to be derived from

## Look to

THE wonders and promises of the post-war world are revealed in a catalogue of future developments published by the Radio Corporation of America.

Pre-fabricated houses with one window, solar heat traps—large panels to admit the heat of the sun and store it in the walls for re-use after sundown—electric heating of soil to promote plant growth: these are some of the predictions in RCA's catalogue.

The survey describes outside walls of light gauge steel or composite materials, fireproof and waterproof factory-lined with insulation and walls of plywood, composition or plastic panels.

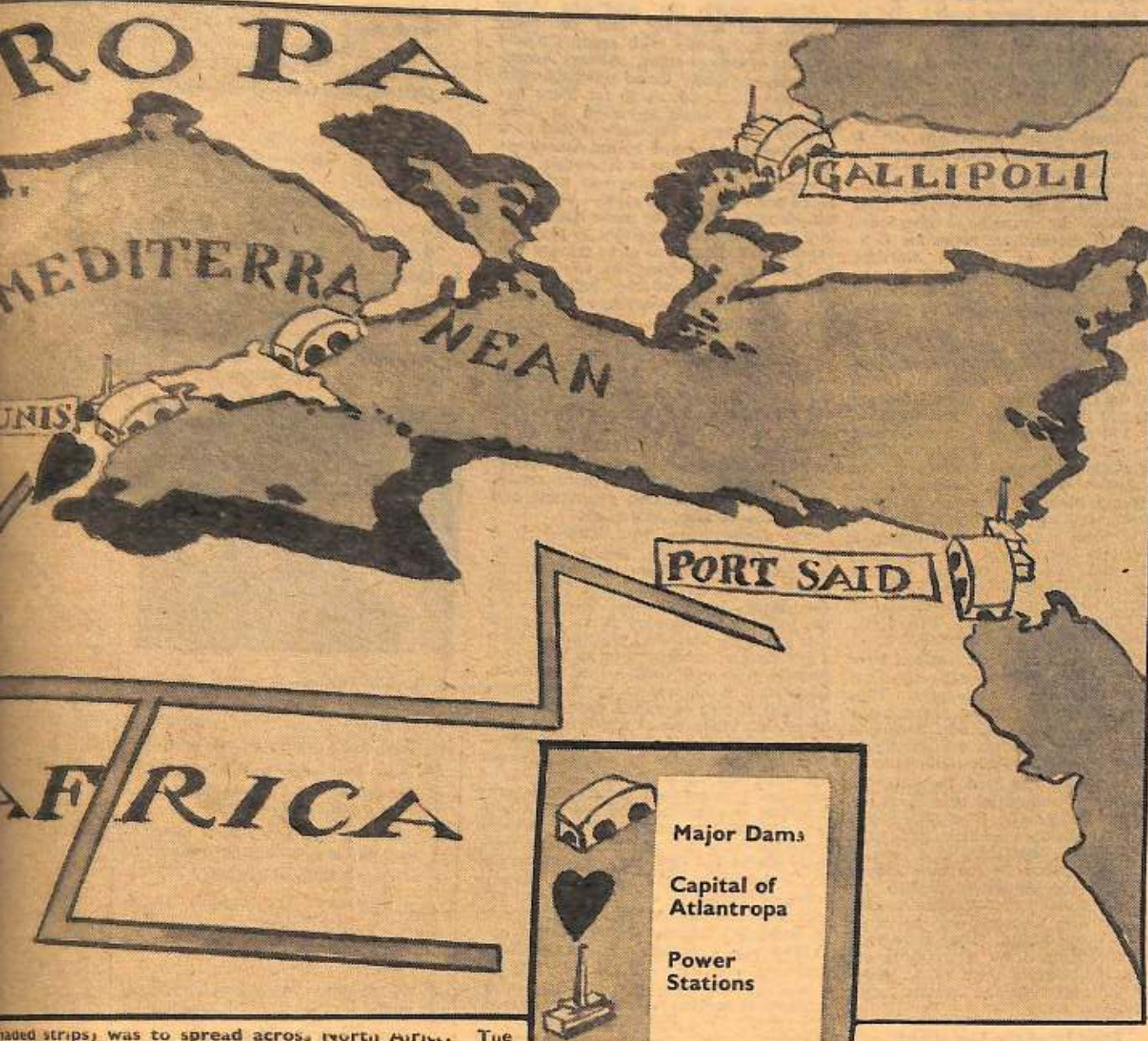
Moulded plastics and resinous plywood are suggested for plumbing fixtures, plastic or welded metal pipes. Panels of photographically sensitive plastic would permit photographic development for the walls, permanent and cleaned.

Tomorrow's homes would have adaptable partitions for a variety of arrangements, push-button control doors and windows, and color light adaptable to mental moods.

Housewives would have ceramic stove electric ranges including pressure cookers, broiler, toaster, grill and oven, electronic temperature controls—all in a single unit. Dishwashers would automatically do all washing and drying.

RCA predicts that widely extended irrigation and electric power projects open large-scale dry or desert areas. A

# of Atlantropa



naed strips) was to spread across North Africa. The reclaimed land (black areas).

the 88,000 cubic meters of water flowing every second from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean. So far, that water power—which is about 12 times that of the Niagara—has not been harnessed.

Power station II-a, which was to be erected at Tunis, would serve to irrigate the Sahara. Power station II-b was to be erected near Messina, and it, along with the Gibraltar station, was to feed Europe. Power station III, near the Nile delta, was to take care of Libya, Egypt, the Sudan, Abyssinia and parts of Arabia and Asia Minor. Power station IV, near Gallipoli, was to take care of the Balkans and Southern Russia. (In the rest of Russia, the Atlantropa men were not interested.) Power station V, at the Adriatic Sea, power station VI, at the mouth of the Rhone, and power station VII in the Ebro valley, completed the project. All these stations were expected to produce altogether about

200 millions of horsepower, or six times as much as the United States produces today.

The most ambitious and difficult sub-project was, as might be imagined, the dam connecting Gibraltar with Africa. The preliminary plans and sketches alone took three years (1929 to 1932). The idea was to build first a great dam between Gibraltar and Ceuta. Then the power station mentioned above, with a capacity of 17.5 millions of horse power, was to be constructed. Then, large channels were to be built which would bring the water of the Atlantic to the underground turbines of the power station.

According to the Atlantropa men, the level of the Mediterranean will fall automatically when it is not fed water by the Atlantic, because it evaporates. This gradually would have reclaimed land from the Mediterranean basin. Naturally, it would have been necessary to build canal locks at Gibraltar, so that ships might pass from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean and vice versa.

There was also the project of irrigating the African desert, based on the power station project. The idea was to build channels leading from the Tunis power station into the Sahara. There were to be smaller channels branching off. There were also to be numerous desalting installations to render the sea water suitable for irrigation purposes. Sorgel estimated that the harvest from land irrigated in this fashion would be worth more than £2,000,000,000. He also estimated that there would be room for 75,000,000 people there.

The whole project was to take 200 years to carry out. There were eight stages. The first seven stages were to have a duration of 20 years each, the eighth a duration of 60 years.

## A 200-Year Project

After the first 20 years the Gibraltar power station was supposed to be finished. After the first 100 years 3,000,000 square kilometers of new land were to be ready.

In 200 years there were to be more than 3,580,000 square kilometers of new land ready, about 3,000,000 square kilometers through irrigation of Africa and more than 580,000 square kilometers through the lowered level of the Mediterranean (at a rate of 1.1 meter a year).

There were to be gigantic new cities, all of them near the new power stations. The "heart of the world," the capital of Atlantropa, was to be Tunis. It was to have three million inhabitants. The largest and most important city economically was and was to be Tangier. It was to have scheduled to be six million inhabitants, between five and six million inhabitants. Other big cities were to be developed at Gibraltar, Messina and Genoa. Still another one, called Port du Rhone,

was to be built at the mouth of the Rhone. It was to be very important, while Marseilles was to shrink to a picturesque little town.

For all those new cities detailed plans and maps were ready.

To Atlantropa's founders, money was no object. The project was to be financed through Schacht's new conception of state capitalism (or, if you will, state socialism), which, in turn, is based on the idea that human energy is the only rational "coin."

The plan of Atlantropa could never be realized under normal conditions because it would be much too expensive. However, it could be realized in the way the Egyptian pharaohs realized the pyramids—by slave labor. There can be no slightest doubt that that is exactly the way the Nazis hoped to build Atlantropa.

When you look at it from this angle World War II was only the first logical step toward realizing Atlantropa. If Hitler could enslave Europe's peoples for any length of time, he could force them to build Atlantropa. And with Atlantropa once built, the Germans would have enslaved Europe or, indeed, the whole world for ever.

## Peace Not Assured

For the political and military supremacy of those at the switches of the machines that were to run Atlantropa would have been gigantic. Sorgel told me that they would make peace "inevitable." I mean this literally. The machines—the power stations certainly would. Since all the countries of Atlantropa would have to use energy from these stations to make their factories operate, their trains run, their lights shine (remember, there will be little or no coal 200 years hence in Europe), no state would have been able to oppose those in charge of the power stations, the Germans.

But even for an Atlantropa enslaved by the Germans this would not have meant peace. It would have meant at least one more "colossal" war for the domination of the rest of the world—or what Haushofer called the periphery (America, Australia, the Far East, etc.).

There is absolutely no doubt that this was the idea of those who were planning Atlantropa. Why otherwise would one of the most important features of the whole plan be the enormous fortifications on a scale never before heard of in the history of mankind, fortifications at all strategic points?

Just to take Gibraltar for an example, the fortifications there were worked out in detail by Engineer Peter Behrens, a Viennese. There was to be, among others, a steel tower 400 metres in height as protection against airplane attack. There were also to be numerous other features, all constructed of steel and most of them sunk deep into the ground.

From Esquire

Complete Short Story

## Fifty-Four Nickels

Pity the plight of Lieutenant Wilson, trying to phone a girl named "Smith"

By Claire Wallis

"THIS is the real thing, yes sir, the real thing!"

Like a persistent phrase from a hit-parade tune, the words repeated themselves over and over in the still slightly-dazed head of Joshua Wilson, Lt. (jg), USCGR. He had said them aloud for the first time only a few hours ago on the blacked-out porch of the Officers' Club to a girl named Smitty, a little girl with hair like waxed mahogany.

But at that time he hadn't kissed her yet. He had known her only one hour and 50 minutes by the luminous dial of his wrist-watch. They had looked at it together, because it hadn't seemed possible that they could have come so far in such a short time.

They had told each other so much: About his dog, Punch, who was in the Army now, and her dog, Maidie, whose brother was a Seeing Eye; and her cousin who had just married a Fighting Frenchman, and his brother who was flying in Africa—or maybe Asia, by this time. Smitty's favorite food was cheeseburgers and black cow, and Josh—imagine, calling a cute, reheaded baby Joshua in the year 1920!—Josh hated blood-red fingernails. Rather solemnly they agreed on a beneficent Higher Being who could bring together two people who were just right for each other.

Yes, sir, it certainly was the real thing! As he sat far forward in the launch that was cutting through dark water to the dim outline of the destroyer anchored in mid-stream, he pulled deeply on his precious next-to-last cigarette and tried to put this new feeling into words. But it defied him. Many girls had come and gone in his life, blondes and not-so-blondes, brunettes and mouse-colored—whom he was not mice at all. And with many of them he had been lifted to heights of—well, quick enthusiasm, which he described as "having it bad."

This time, though, it was different. He wasn't excited at all, just comfortably contented.

That was how Josh knew it was real—for keeps. With this finished feeling inside him, he knew he would never again want to look around with a wolfish eye. He knew, too, that he didn't have to rush things with Smitty, bowl her over, because she'd felt the same way and hadn't minded telling him so. She had made no bones about it later as he kissed her good night in the privacy of a stinky camouflage of palms. And to think he almost hadn't come to this dance! And to think that Smitty was there only by accident, because she was not one of the regular hostesses—only a friend of one. He had been as overwhelmed as Smitty by the narrow escape allowed them by a capricious Fate.

"It doesn't seem possible," Smitty had said slowly. "I never have had any luck. And now—I've always wondered if I'd know, and how."

Josh tilted her chin up with a forceful thumb, and answered the wonder in her eyes. "My mother always said I'd know when the real thing came along," he laughed self-consciously, "but I thought it was just—sort of Kathleen Norris stuff. Darned if she wasn't right, though."

Smitty nodded vigorously. "Mothers are. I never looked at a reheaded boy in my life, but the minute I saw you standing there all alone, looking so sort of—wistful—"

"I was watching you bustling around with those sandwiches and thinking how cute you'd look in pink gingham with red geraniums on the kitchen window sill."

"I like geraniums, too," Smitty brushed industriously at a speck on his uniform. "I wonder why they always say opposites attract."

"I don't know," Lt. Joshua Wilson opined. "I never had a reheaded girl either. By gosh, I don't see what difference it makes. Besides you have brown eyes and your hair's nearer auburn—"

"Yours isn't really red, either. It's just like—a—a copper penny. But our children would have brown eyes, probably."

"How do you know?"

"Mendel's law—you know, it's generally right."

"Say, I bet you've got some letters after your name that you're not owning up to."

"Oh, no! I smitty quickly shot that idea to pieces. "—I just pick things up."

"Like goofy lieutenants?"

"Um-hum!"—and she smiled, adorably.

Yes, Smitty was real, though she had come out of the nowhere with no introduction but a plate of cookies. He tossed the butt of his cigarette into the water and reached for the last smoke in the swanky package. They were his one extravagance, an English brand, that he had adopted on a London furlough at the beginning of the war. You couldn't get them at many stores here. He smoked them on special occasions—and surely this was a special occasion.

As he crumpled the package and tossed it into the water, he was planning his next meeting with Smitty. There hadn't been much time for fixing up a date at the last minute—he had had to call a taxi to get him back in time to catch the last launch. When he said good-by at the Officers' Club, only two things had been definitely established between them: that he loved Smitty and that Smitty loved him. He hadn't even asked her first name or her home address; but that, thank goodness, she had written down for him as he was stepping into the taxi. He'd write to her tonight, before he went to sleep, tell her some of the things he'd forgotten.

He was propped in his bunk, his radio tuned to properly soft music, three pages-

filled with his neat writing, when Gil Harvey came in, counting his winnings from the non-stop gin-rummy game.

"Coo, 'ow cozy!" Gil exclaimed in his best cockney, "E's been writin' to a gal—or is my vision only 20-30 after all?"

It was tradition that Josh never wrote when he could wire or wired when he could telephone. He told Gil where to go and went on practicing how to address Smitty. He tried out Miss Smitty Smitty, Miss S. Smith, and settled for Miss Smith, hoping she had no unmarried sister to claim the letter.

Then he reached in his pocket for the address that Smitty had scribbled down on the first thing handy—the first thing handy! Josh froze in the shock of realization. No U-boat encounter had ever chilled his veins like this, for the first thing handy had been his pack of English cigarettes! His one tie to Smitty, her address written in Victory red lipstick on the cream-colored package, was by now bobbing miles down the river.

It was a full week before he walked into the telephone booth of a tobacco shop, armed with fifty-four nickels—all the man had. But he had not been idle. It had been useless to inquire at the Officers' Club but he had tried it anyway, and sat through hours of agony waiting for Smitty to turn up, or for someone who would recognize his description of her. He had made a cautious canvas of his fellow-officers who were habitual visitors at the Club; but strangely enough none remembered a cute reheaded answering to the name of Smitty.

There was nothing left now but to tackle the Smiths in the phone book—Aeneas Buncomb Smith, Exton Smith, Haverill Smith, John Smith—and so on and so on. The sound of the nickel dropping into the slot each time was like a stroke on the anvil where Fate was hammering out another tricky device. Finally the Smiths would come to an end, and if he had not found her—then what? He kept on doggedly, coming out for air occasionally, to the bored amusement of the proprietor.

"No luck, son?"

"Nope, not yet. Maybe I should have brought my lunch."

"Well, keep plugging."

"What I can't figure out is why Smiths never have any reheaded daughters."

"Maybe she wore a wig; maybe she was a Nazi spy."

Josh laughed hollowly and went back to drop the forty-fifth nickel. He had a system now. No more waiting for Smitty's whispery contralto that he would recognize in Times Square. Now it was, "Have you a daughter? Is she about twenty? Does she have red hair?"

The fifty-fourth nickel went ping and he dialed Mr. Youngman Smith. No answer. He let it ring, checking the list he had made. There were five other "no answers" to call later, and Mr. Zachary Smith and Z. McCarthy Smith—what lengths people went to take the curse of old Smith—when he got some more nickels. He wasn't licked yet. Eight chances, eight more rounds with Fate. The phone continued to ring in his ear. Why couldn't people stay home?

Outside he could hear the proprietor talking to a customer. "We haven't had any of those cigarettes since the war. They're English, you know."

The ringing stopped. Josh picked his nickel out of the slot and came out of the booth.

"Any luck?" The man was alone putting away boxes of cigarettes. Josh shook his head.

"Well, mebbe it's just as well. How do you know what you might've got into? "Play safe's my motto." Then, as Josh stopped to light up, "Funny, there was a customer in here just now inquirin' for that same brand of English cigarettes you was askin' for when you first come in. She was kind of reheaded, now that I come to think of it, and she wanted to know—"

Josh didn't wait to hear what she wanted to know—he knew. It was just the kind of a thing that a smart girl like Smitty would do. He was out the door in nothing flat. He caught up with her a block away, going into another tobacco shop, and swept her into his arms, to the open-mouthed rapture of two giggling girls.

"Smitty! Good little Smitty! Am I lucky! If I'd stayed on there to call one more Smith, I'd never—"

"Josh, darling! I knew it—I knew it! I just kept on looking—"

"You knew I meant it then? That—that I wasn't just throwing a line the other night?"

"Of course, Josh."

"I lost your address, you know—I threw it away."

Smitty nodded. "I figured that out. You only had two cigarettes left, you know. So I figured they'd just about last until you were in the launch, and then the empty pack would go overboard. So I made the rounds of the cigar stores—"

Josh held her off to gaze admiringly. "What have I done to deserve a girl with a head that works?" he asked. "You know, your name oughtn't to be Smith—not even Calliope or Roxane or Petunia Smith. It's too commonplace."

Smitty's eyes crinkled suddenly. "But my name isn't Smith—not my last name. I'm Megan-Smith Eaglesfield—awful mouthful, isn't it?"

"Yes," Josh folded her in, "but such a cute little mouth." He kissed it with the smile still on it.

Foam This Week

# 'Hao Pu Hao?' 'Ting Hao'

## Off-duty life of U.S. Army Men in China

By Frank Tao

ASK any one of the officers or men of the United States Army forces stationed in China the question "How's life?" and more likely than not you will get "Hao" or "Ting hao" as his reply.

For most of the American officers and men have picked up some simple vocabulary of Chinese words and phrases, and they all use frequently the words "hao" (good), "ting hao" (tops: very good) or "pu hao" (no good). Instead of the common occidental way of greeting friends and acquaintances by "How do you do?" you will often hear these men in khaki say, "hao pu hao?" which literally means "good, no good," but essentially carries the same well-intended meaning of the Western style of greeting.

You cannot say that all the men Uncle Sam has sent to the China war theater feel happy about their particular overseas duty and station, but most of them think "It's OK here," and there are quite a few who will tell you that they like it here. More often than not they are those who have made or maintain more social contacts with the Chinese.

About 50 per cent of the United States Army officers and men in China are socially in contact with Chinese. Many Chinese, including a number of those educated in America who had enjoyed and appreciated American hospitality during their years abroad, are enthusiastic about making the off-duty and social life of the American soldiers more interesting and enjoyable. Therefore, in addition to the official parties and receptions, private home gatherings and even blind dates are arranged for the army men. A few of the officers and men stationed in China have met again old Chinese friends of theirs whom they had known in the United States either in college or in business. Such contact is a great help in widening one's circle of Chinese friends and acquaintances.

### The Lingo Helps

To be able to understand and speak a little Chinese is desirable, of course, when the Yanks mix with their oriental friends, although it is not absolutely necessary, as many of these friends speak fluent English.

"At least 50 per cent of the officers and men in China have made some attempt to learn Chinese and about half this number are already able to use some of the more common words and phrases," says Capt. Rankin Roberts of the U.S. Army Air Corps, who is the public relations officer for the China sector. There are over a score of officers, he relates, who can speak Chinese, as they had served either as military attaches, language students or American business men in China before the war.

"Several American-born Chinese in the service who have never used their mother tongue in their homes in North America or Hawaii seem to have a knack for spoken Chinese," the Chicago-born captain adds, "for although they have been back in the motherland only for several months or even just a few weeks, they seem to be already able to speak Chinese fairly well.

The American doughboys are not always on the receiving end either, as far as learning of the language is concerned. Some of the houseboys and workers employed in the offices, barracks and hostels have picked up lots of English words, including some latest American slang. One of the Chinese sentries at the U.S. Army headquarters in Chungking has learned to count in English from one to ten. He often counts off after saluting an American officer and then bursts out into giggles.

To help officers and enlisted men overcome partially the language barrier, the American armed forces headquarters in China recently published a pocket-size booklet, giving in English and Chinese simple questions and answers useful to all the men. Americans are supposed to point at the printed Chinese characters more than they are expected to read out the questions. Therefore, the booklet is called, "Pointie Talkie."

The "Pointie Talkie" handbook instructs its user this way: "Before using, show the Chinese to whom you want to get an idea across the Chinese text at the top of the opposite (odd-numbered) page. Then for your question, point to the Chinese writing on the same line as the English text expressing the idea you want to put across. In reply, the Chinese will point to the phrase he wishes to use as his answer. All questions are on the left-hand pages, answers on right-hand pages."

Simple conversations cover such topics as finding an interpreter, courtesy phrases,

food and drink, comfort and lodging communications, ching pao (air raid alarm), etc. The handbook also includes a bilingual table of figures and a list of names of places.

So far there is yet no service club in Chungking for the enlisted men of Uncle Sam. But the men have certain means of good recreation. Men in the headquarters detachments as well as those of different field stations usually are provided with two motion picture shows weekly. New full-length feature films supplied by courtesy of the American motion picture industry are flown to China for the amusement of the U.S. armed forces. Other films are also projected at these twice-weekly shows. In some of the field stations the movies are shown outdoor. Infinitely at these places, a number of Chinese peasants come to the shows with their wives and children. Although they do not understand a word of the dialogue or commentary, they all seem to be able to enjoy the pictures heartily.

### Dancing Makes a Comeback

The Chinese Government officials, as well as civilian organizations, have sponsored social gatherings, dances and other parties for their American comrades-in-arms. Last yuletide, for instance, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek invited all the officers and men of the U.S. Army in Chungking to a Christmas party. To each member of the American forces the Generalissimo and Madame Chiang presented a wine-red Szechwan silk necktie, embroidered with their monogram "Chiang" in Chinese.

Although general orders prohibiting the Chinese to dance have been outstanding for several years since the war began, for the armed forces of the United Nations several big dances have been given. The American enlisted men themselves have held a few dances in their recreation hall or social rooms.

Officers and men are free to make dates with American, Chinese or other nationals. Once a group of American doughboys went to a Chungking theater to see an old-type Chinese opera. They were all struck by the beauty and charm of a certain actress in one of the operas. Wishing to make her acquaintance, they asked their Chinese friend who took them to the opera to try to invite the actress to a dinner party. It was not as easy as they expected. After repeated invitations by devious means, their Chinese friend finally got the date arranged. Full of spirit and zest, the American doughboys in freshly pressed uniforms went to the classy restaurant they had chosen to meet their "new girl friend."

They waited with patience and then a little impatience for about a quarter of an hour, which seemed to them at least two hours. The curtain of a booth of the restaurant was lifted, and in came a young man whom they did not know. The young man exchanged greetings with their Chinese friend who was with them and was offered the honor seat by the latter.

"What's this guy doing here?"

whispered one of the group to the Chinese friend.

"Why, didn't you fellows ask me to invite him to this dinner party? He is the actress you saw on the stage the other night," came the calm reply.

The "actress" who played and sang so well in the opera house was just one of those female impersonators so common to the Chinese theater.

To initiate some Americans to a glimpse of the Chinese home life and to a taste of the Chinese home-cooked food, the Chinese-American Institute of Cultural Relations in May sponsored a "U.S. Army month" by arranging to have some members of the institute invite the U.S. Army personnel in China's wartime capital as guests of honor in their homes. In connection with a series of home parties, the secretary general of the institute declared:

"The object of this institute is to promote cultural relations and friendly cooperation between the peoples of China and of the United States. We are pleased to have in the past entertained the U.S. Army and Air Corps in Chungking and we always want to be of service to them. These officers and men are far away from their homes and find wartime life in Chungking perhaps none too exciting. Besides, excepting the higher officers, most of them have little opportunity of coming into contact with Chinese social circles, still less of visiting Chinese homes. We should share the blame, if they carry home with them distorted ideas about Chinese life and views. That would be unfortunate for all concerned."

Enthusiastic support was received from members of the institute, most of whom are American returned students. Thus far, some twenty-six home parties have been held, and most of the American Army men who participated in these parties say they enjoyed them tremendously.

In connection with food, the policy of the American authorities here is to import as little as possible from their homeland. Though the soldiers eat most Chinese-raised vegetables and meats, they are surprised to see how closely similar to the American pattern the way in which the Chinese select viands for their dinner tables, that is the vegetables and meats. They have marveled at Chinese ways of cooking and serving, but many of them have come to enjoy and appreciate the famous cuisine and culinary art.

### Food Hogs the Limelight

Restaurant going is a favorite pastime among the U.S. Army officers and men. Many of them have become quite adept with chopsticks. "We never had real Chinese food before, although all along we thought so," they say. But there are also a few who yearn for the plate of American chop suey which they used to get in China town back home.

Among the most popular Chinese dishes the Americans favor sweet and sour pork or spare ribs cooked in any provincial style, roast duck Szechwan style, fried eel Shanghai style, and bamboo shoots. The fact that Chinese dinner is served once weekly in the U.S. Army headquarters in Chungking shows how popular Chinese food is with these Yanks.

Another favorite pastime of the Americans in Chungking is to go to the junction where the Chialing River meets the

Yangtze. Reason? "Just to watch China go by," they told me. Hikes and visits to ancient temples are also popular.

Almost weekly the American Army officers and men play one or more friendly ball games with some Chinese amateur or college team. Always American rules are used. Good sportsmanship is always displayed, as so far there has never been a single argument in these friendly matches. The story is told of a basketball game played by the Americans with a university team in Kunming. The strength of the two teams was well balanced and it was a close game. When the whistle finally blew, the game had ended in a tie. Someone suggested to play for another five minutes so as to remove the tie but the suggestion was courteously declined by the Chinese team, because with a tie score everybody saves face and everybody is happy.

### PX Day is the Day

"PX day" is a great day in the weekly life of Uncle Sam's fighters, for on that day the Army's post exchange is open to all the officers and men, and each is allowed a maximum of five items. The weekly ration consists of one package of chewing gum, one jar of hard candy, one carton of American cigarettes, and two articles of toilet necessities.

The APO (Army Post Office) is a popular place in any headquarters or barracks. Letters from folks at home, sweethearts or girl friends, or other pals are among the best morale boosters for the soldiers on overseas duty. Whether it is a lengthy letter in longhand or "just a few lines of chicken scratch," the mail from home is always cherished by them. Each man is allowed a monthly quota of eight ounces of parcel post from the homeland. Because of the long distance and uncertainties in wartime transportation, plus occasional transfers, packages are often delayed in transit. Many of the men in China got their last Christmas gift boxes at Easter time, and one man who was surprised to receive two Christmas presents from his mother in one week later discovered that the second one was for Christmas, 1941, when he was in another theater of war. The parcel was passed from one APO to another until it eventually reached the addressee.

The Yanks in the trim U.S. Army uniform are favorites of the Chinese children. Some children just grin at the American soldiers when they appear on the streets, but the bolder ones try to befriend them. At any street corner in Chungking, for instance, an American officer or enlisted man may be confronted with a "Hello" greeting from a little boy and presto his "Hello" will be picked up by all, all the way down the street.

After several weeks on their China duty American officers and men almost infallibly learn that in China "A smile is better than a passport." For a smiling foreigner usually signifies a friendly alien; therefore, a smile will go a long way.

"Can you tell me how many of the men are homesick?" I asked Captain Roberts.

"A full hundred per cent," was his reply. "However," he added, "the fact that our men are homesick does not reflect on the Chinese hospitality, which they all appreciate. They all are eager and hoping to be able to return home some time in the not distant future."



- 1—Alumni of many, many colleges may howl in protest at your answer, but be brave and list the United States equivalents of Oxford and Cambridge Universities.
- 2—Supply the correct prepositions for these words—different —; dissimilar —; identical —; oblivious —; relevant —.
- 3—What is the difference between flotsam and jetsam?
- 4—Does the pendulum of an ordinary mantel clock take a second to swing from one side to the other or a second to execute a complete cycle there and back again to where it started?



- 5—Ladies know—if men don't—that this is a (a) rickrack, (b) bias binding, (c) curl paper, (d) ticker tape, (e) Hitler's secret weapon.
- 6—Now that you have been over here long enough to figure out the English monetary "system," which would you rather have: a pound (weight) of half-crowns or half a pound of crowns?
- 7—An amice is (a) a carpenter's tool, (b) a wild flower, (c) a chemical substance, (d) an ecclesiastical vestment.
- 8—A famous American endowed quite a number of libraries in Great Britain. Name him.
- 9—How many sides has a bronze threepenny piece?
- 10—A Pfc named Joe has made a date to meet his WAAF friend Jean. They set out from two points 24 miles apart on a straight road to ride toward one another at a steady rate of 12 miles per hour, cycling. A fly, which always flies at the rate of 30 miles per hour, is on Joe's nose as he starts. He then flies to Jean's nose, back to Joe's, and so on, backwards and forwards until the two cyclists meet. Calculate the total distance flown by the fly.

## G.I. Joe

### Secret Weapon

NOW, CONSTRUCTING THIS TUNNEL WILL COST ONLY \$72,000,430,000. IT'LL NEED ONLY 8,160,000 MEN TO BUILD IT, 134,000 BULL-DOZERS, 676,000 TRUCKS, 44,000 NARROW GAUGE RAILWAYS, 52,300 STEAM SHOVELS, 86,400,000 TONS OF DYNAMITE, 4,780,000 PNEUMATIC DRILLS, AND IT'LL TAKE ONLY 16 YEARS TO COMPLETE... WE'RE READY TO START OPERATIONS AT ONCE!



Lt. Dave Breger Britain



YOU CAN TURN IT OFF NOW—OUR RECONNAISSANCE REPORTS THE ENEMY IS FLEEING IN PANIC!

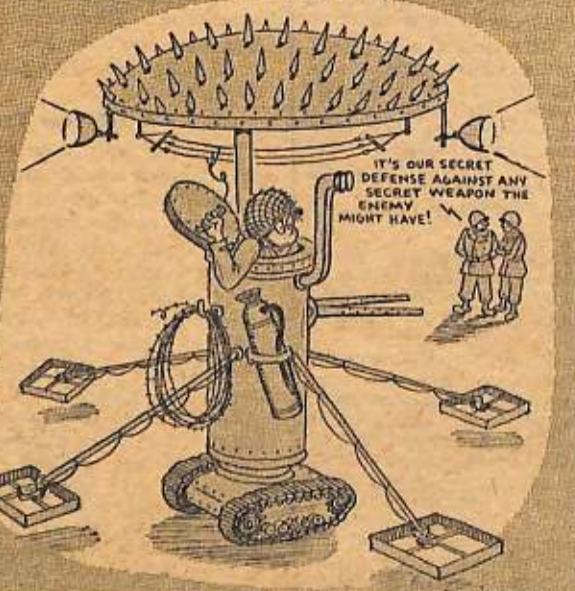


BOY, HE'S STOPPED EVERY AIRBORNE INVASION COLD!

## By Lt. Dave Breger



STEP RIGHT UP, GENTLEMEN— ONLY A SHILLING, AND IT'LL CURE DANDRUFF, V.D., BUNIONS, ECZEMA, STOMACH ULCERS, DETECT MINES, BLOW UP U-BOATS, KNOCK DOWN AIRCRAFT, SINK SHIPS, DESTROY MUNITION DUMPS, SHATTER TANKS, EXTINGUISH FLAME THROWERS, NEUTRALIZE BOMBS, AND UNDERMINE ENEMY MORALE... ALSO GOOD FOR SHINING BUTTONS.



IT'S OUR SECRET DEFENSE AGAINST ANY SECRET WEAPON THE ENEMY MIGHT HAVE!

### Quizz Answers

- 1—Yale and Harvard.
- 2—From (or to); to; with; to; to.
- 3—Flotsam is floating wreckage. Jetsam is goods deliberately thrown overboard in an emergency.
- 4—A complete cycle, there and back.
- 5—(a).
- 6—A pound of half-crowns is a pound of silver money and worth twice as much as half a pound of silver money (crowns).
- 7—(d).
- 8—Andrew Carnegie.
- 9—Twelve.
- 10—An hour will pass before the cyclists meet, since each has to ride 12 miles. As the fly has been flying at a steady rate of 30 miles an hour, it will have covered 30 miles.

# Nine Navy Men On All-American College Squad

## White, Miller Only Irish On First Eleven; Graham Named

By Chip Royal

Associated Press Features Sports Editor  
NEW YORK, Dec. 8—There was a popular song in World War I that went something like this: "The Navy took you over and the Navy will bring you back!" The first part of that little ditty is what happened to college football this year—the Navy took over.

In fact, Navy men went so far as to grab nine places on the 19th annual College All-America football team chosen today by the Associated Press sports editors and writers throughout the United States. The Army landed two men despite its refusal to permit students to participate in intercollegiate athletics.

On the ends are Joe Parker, of Texas, a Navy medical student, and Ralph Heywood, a Southern California Marine V-12.

The tackles are Jim White, Notre Dame, Navy V-12; and Pat Preston, Duke, Marine V-12.

The guards are John Steber, Georgia Tech, Navy V-12; and George Brown Jr., United States Naval Academy Junior.

### Myslinski at Center

Lined up over the ball at center is the brilliant West Point captain and senior, Casimir Myslinski.

The backs are Bob O'Dell, Pennsylvania, Navy V-5; Creighton Miller, Notre Dame senior, who was given a medical discharge from the Army just before Notre Dame played its first game; Otto Graham, Northwestern, Navy V-5, and Bill Daley, Minnesota's gift to Michigan by way of the Navy V-12 class.

Notre Dame, voted the top football team of the nation since the start of the season, has placed two players on the first team and two on the second. Minnesota placed Bruce Smith and Dick Wildung on the big team in 1941.

Out of a total of 33 places on the All-America squad, the midwest landed 12 men. The east, with West Point and Annapolis holding sway, grabbed eight positions, three of them on the No. 1 team; the south, six; the far west, four; the southwest, two and the Rocky Mountains, one.

### White is Top Lineman

No matter how much a fan roots for the thousands of football players all over the country, he must admit that White is the top lineman, and Miller the most rip-sporting back in the country. Their opponents have been shouting it all season.

When they call White the best tackle on all the gridirons north, east, south and west, it's saying a lot. Never have so many crackerjack tackles been considered for All-America honors.

The big Notre Dame lineman, a fullback at All-Hallows High School in New York when Scout Jack Lavelle discovered him, used his speed to such advantage this year that students of the "T" are wasting no words in proclaiming White as the baby who makes the formation click for the Irish.

Preston, a Wake Forest transfer, also is a standout among tackles. Weighing 205 pounds, three less than the Irish stalwart, Preston is one of the speediest men to climb into Blue Devil football togs.

### Hardest to Stop

As for Miller, so many players, coaches and football writers have classed this seventh son of an illustrious South Bend family as the hardest guy to stop this year, he is practically a unanimous choice.

Creighton's speedy elusiveness in those fast-opening plays of the Irish was everything that beauty should be. In fact, all those would-be tacklers are still moaning that Miller was the hardest man to bring down.

Daley is another speedster. While playing for Minnesota in 1942 he moved his 200 odd pounds over the century course in 10 seconds and gained honorable mention on two All-American squads. He has improved this year. In six appearances (before the Navy moved him elsewhere) Bill piled up 877 yards, averaging 6.8 every time he carried the ball.

The country's top fullback really went to town though when the Wolverines lost to Notre Dame. Daley lugged the pigskin 24 times and picked up 135 yards. That's the mostest distance any back has notched against Frank Leahy's boys all year.

Moving along to Graham, Midwest football fans are calling him Northwest's greatest back since the heyday western's greatest back since the heyday of Pug Rentner in 1932. Otto was a power whether he was running, passing, kicking, receiving, blocking or tackling—a six-threatener in every sense of the hypernated word.

For one of his records, the 190-pounder from Jack Benny's home town of 63 Waukegan, Ill., completed 32 out of 63 Connerials for 491 yards and a new high.

Over his gridiron career of 25 games, Graham has 157 completions out of 321 tosses for 2,162 yards. Add his feats of punt, seven out of nine extra points and ten touchdowns, and you get a rough idea of why he was picked over Angelo (Flipper) Bertelli, Eddie Prokop, of Georgia Tech, and others.

Bertelli can blame "Dead-eye" Johnny Lujack for not making the All-America. If Angelo had been able to finish out the season, it's dollars to doughnuts he would be on the first team. But, when Lujack



# Lineup of 1943 College All-American

Position	Player and College	Class	Age	Height	Weight	Home Town
End	Joe J. Parker, Texas	Navy Medical	20	6-1	200	Wichita Falls, Tex.
Tackle	James J. White, Notre Dame	Navy V-12	22	6-2	208	Edgewater, N.J.
Guard	John Steber, Georgia Tech.	Navy V-12	21	6-1	200	Mobile, Ala.
Center	Casimir Myslinski, Army	Senior	23	5-11 1/2	186	Stuebenville, Ohio
Guard	George C. Brown Jr., Navy	Junior	20	6-3	193	San Diego, Cal.
Tackle	Patrick Preston, Duke	Marine V-12	22	6-2	205	Thomasville, N.C.
End	Ralph A. Heywood, Southern Cal.	Marine V-12	22	6-2	195	Huntington Park, Cal.
Back	Robert Odell, Pennsylvania	Navy V-5	21	5-11	182	Sioux City, Ia.
Back	Creighton Miller, Notre Dame	Senior	21	6-2	185	Wilmington, Del.
Back	Otto E. Graham, Northwestern	Navy V-5	21	6-0	190	Waukegan, Ill.
Back	William E. Daley, Michigan	Navy V-12	23	6-2	206	St. Cloud, Minn.

Second Team		Third Team	
John F. Monahan Jr., Dartmouth	End	Albert Channell, Navy	End
Francis E. Merritt, Army	Tackle	Mervin Pregulman, Michigan	Tackle
Patrick Filley, Notre Dame	Guard	Richard Ward, Washington	Guard
William Grey, Southern California	Center	Lester Gatewood, Tulane	Center
John Jaffurs, Penn State	Guard	Alex Agase, Purdue	Guard
George Connor, Holy Cross	Tackle	Solon S. Burnett, Southwestern (Texas)	Tackle
Robert Hall, Colorado College	End	Peter Pihos, Indiana	End
Angelo Bertelli, Notre Dame	Back	Steven Van Buren, Louisiana State	Back
Eduard Prokop, Georgia Tech.	Back	John Podesto, Pacific	Back
Alvin Dark, Southwestern (La.)	Back	Robert Hoernschmeyer, Indiana	Back
Anthony Butkovich, Purdue	Back	Robert Steuber, DePauw	Back

# Layden Denies Players Gamble

## Finds No Evidence Among Pro Gridders to Hold Up Paper's Charge

CHICAGO, Dec. 8—Elmer Layden, National Professional Football League commissioner, said here last night that he could find no evidence to substantiate the claim of the Washington Times-Herald of collusion between League personnel and gamblers.

The Times-Herald said Layden for the past five weeks has been investigating reports of League players being associated with gamblers.

"Since I became commissioner in 1941, I have investigated all rumors pertaining to irregularities in the sport with more zeal and fairness than anyone else connected with professional football," Layden said. "So far I have not been able to find the slightest bit of factual evidence of collusion between anyone in the League. The penalty for betting is expulsion from the game, and it will be enforced swiftly and vigorously."

A spokesman for the league said the Times-Herald called Layden yesterday, promising an exposé and to "name names."

# Former Mack Hurler Receives Purple Heart

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 8—Lt. John Savage, former Philadelphia Athletics pitcher, has been awarded the Purple Heart for wounds received in Italy. Savage is believed to be the first major league player wounded in this war.

Savage, aged 22, signed with the Athletics from Staunton Military Academy. He participated in eight games with the Macks and then returned to Staunton for his commission.

# Hockey League Standings

City	W	L	T	Pts.	City	W	L	T	Pts.
Montreal	11	1	3	25	Boston	6	6	3	15
Toronto	7	6	2	16	Detroit	5	5	3	13
Chicago	8	6	0	16	New York	0	13	1	1

# Jockey Kirk Rides Four More Winners

CHARLESTOWN, W. Va., Dec. 8—Jockey Carson Kirk, who rode five straight winners last Friday, has scored four more.

Kirk, a native of Silver Springs, Md., has two brothers riding at the Charlestown track. Kirk made the daily double with Spikery and Silver Beam, paying \$10.60. He also rode one second and one third in the eight-race card.

# Bruins Rally, Tie Wings, 6-6

BOSTON, Dec. 8—The Boston Bruins, trailing 6-2 midway in the third period, surged to a 6-6 tie with the Detroit Red Wings here last night in the only National Hockey League game played.

Rookie Russ Kopak started the Bruins' rally in the final stanza as he netted a goal after seven minutes. In the next ten minutes Don Gallinger, Herb Cain and Bill Cowley scored to erase the Wings' margin. Cain's score came on a solo drive through the entire Detroit sextet.

Boston took a 2-1 lead in the first period as Jack Crawford scored unassisted and Bill Cowley tallied, aided by Dit Clapper and Cain. Detroit's first period goal was netted by Carl Liscombe.

Detroit took command in the second period, scoring three times on goals by Pat Egan, Liscombe and Adam Rown. Syd Howe and Egan ran the Detroit lead to 6-2 within four minutes of the third period and the Bruin cause appeared hopeless.

stepped into his shoes for the toughest games on Notre Dame's schedule, and it made no difference to the Irish, it made Bertelli just another passer.

Odell couldn't be beat on the defense. Every coach who sent a team against Pennsylvania hurried back to the football writers' luncheons and declared:

**Made Quakers Good**

"That boy Odell is a sure All-America. He's the greatest blocker, tackler, and safety man in the country. He made the Quakers good."

Going back to the line and the ends, Parker and Heywood are two six-footers who can catch passes and kick.

Parker won three letters on the Texas varsity. Big and strong, he made the Longhorns' rooters cheer the way he handled all interference.

It was Heywood who made the end-around play popular again with Southern California. Pacific Coast fans say it is California. Pacific Coast fans say it is California. Pacific Coast fans say it is California. Pacific Coast fans say it is California.

Steber and Brown were all that any coach could ask for in guards. They were stone walls on defense, breaking



