

Man Spricht Deutsch

Durchfahrt verboten.
Doorsfahrt ferboten.
No thoroughfare

THE STARS AND STRIPES

Daily Newspaper of U.S. Armed Forces in the European Theater of Operations

Ici On Parle Français

Quelle heure est-il?
Kel UR ay-t-EEL?
What time is it?

Vol. 1—No. 106

1 Fr.

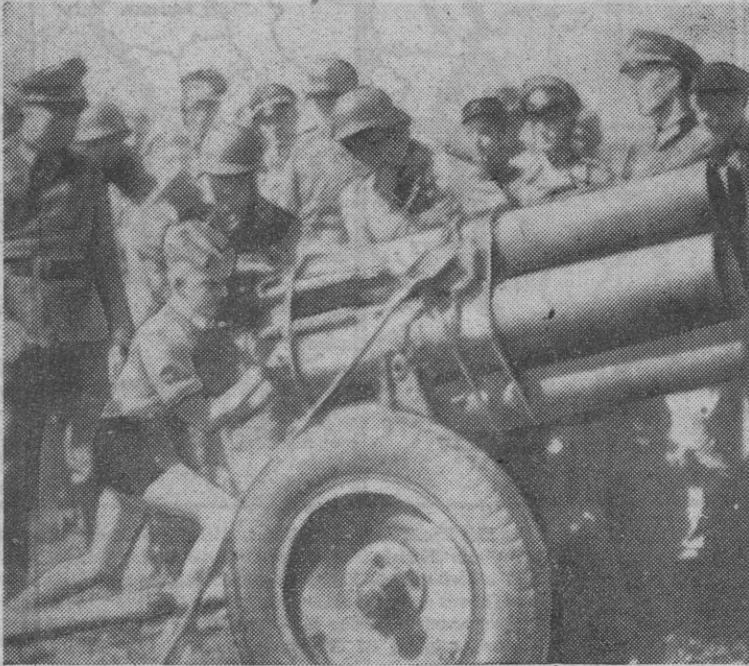
New York — PARIS — London

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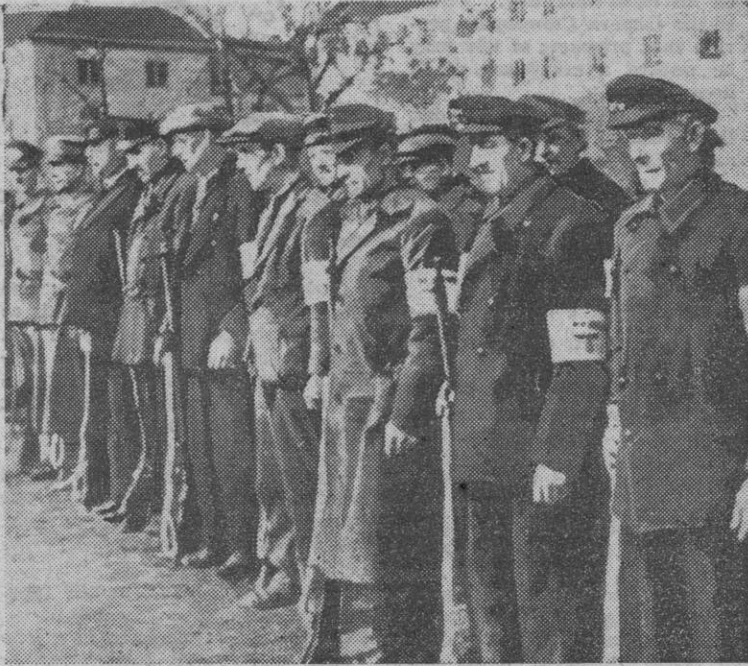
Saturday, Nov. 4, 1944

All Belgium Is Liberated

From German Cradle to German Grave



Hitler rears cradlewards in a desperate attempt to defend Holy German Soil. Heiling youngsters, aged nine to 15, are receiving instructions from a German Army officer in the nomenclature and firing technique of a six-barreled Nebelwerfer.



On the other end of the faltering pendulum are the seamy-faced, tired oldsters. Preparing to fill the gaps in the Wehrmacht's lines as they already have on the Russian and Western fronts, men pressed into the German People's Army present a ragged platoon front.

First Army Edges on In Assault

Canadians completed the liberation of Belgium yesterday. They wiped out the last German resistance south of the Scheldt River at Zeebrugge. In Holland, north of the river approach to Antwerp, Canadian infantry and British Marines, who landed on Walcheren Island two days ago, captured Flushing and the commander of its German garrison.

In Germany, U.S. First Army patrols linked up beyond the village of Vossenack, southeast of Aachen, and dust which settled on the debris of wrecked houses and cratered streets in the village attested to the fierceness of the U.S. attack which had passed that way.

Heavy Nazi Opposition

Lt. Gen. Courtney H. Hodges' new assault, which began early Thursday and gained two miles, ran into heavy German opposition late yesterday. Front reports said the attack continued to progress, but no details of new gains were given.

It was disclosed at SHAEF, meanwhile, that First Army units are all the way through the steel and concrete crust of the Siegfried Line between Aachen and Geilenkirchen. A heavily fortified interior zone confronts Lt. Gen. Hodges' men, however, all the way to the Rhine.

New Bridgehead

In Western Holland, U.S. troops attacking in moonlight a few hours before yesterday's dawn threw another bridgehead over the River Mark from which they were thrown back two days ago. This time, they hung on in the face of savage attacks from 15th German Army rearguards.

Southward, in the Vosges foothills, Lt. Gen. Alexander Patch's U.S. Seventh Army captured the road junction of Baccarat, Associated Press said. Three villages north of it also were taken on the road to the Schirmeck Pass.

Ike Honors 4 Air Leaders

By Jules B. Grad

Stars and Stripes Staff Writer.

On a captured German airfield's runway near the twisted wreckage of Ju88s and ME109s, Gen. Eisenhower yesterday honored four Allied air leaders who made possible this symbol of crushing Luftwaffe defeat.

The supreme commander presented to Lt. Gen. Carl A. Spaatz, commanding the United States Strategic Air Forces in Europe, an oak leaf cluster to his Distinguished Service Medal.

The U.S. Legion of Merit's highest order—the degree of chief commander—was awarded to three of the RAF's air chief marshals: Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory, Sir Arthur Harris and Sir Sholto Douglas.

Gen. Spaatz' mission was the strategic bombardment of German occupied Europe in an effort to soften up the continent for invasion. Harris directed the RAF's bombing contribution to the Allied aerial assault. Leigh-Mallory commanded the air component of the Allied Expeditionary Forces. Douglas headed all British and U.S. air forces in the Middle East.

Chinese Take Jap Fort on Burma Road

Chinese troops yesterday captured the Burma Road town of Lungling, the last Japanese bastion remaining athwart the route of the new highway being pushed into China across northern Burma from Ledo in India.

At the same time Superfortresses from India made a heavy daylight attack on rail yards at the important Japanese supply base of Rangoon, in southern Burma, in support of the new Allied offensive in Burma. Washington announced that the B29s, on the comparatively short haul, carried "the largest individual bomb loads ever lifted in aerial warfare" but their weight was not disclosed.

The new Ledo road being built by U.S. engineers as the front progresses is designed to link up with the old Burma Road near Lungling, by-passing the southern portion of the old Burma Road from Lungling to Mandalay in Burmese territory now held by the enemy.

Drives on Leyte, Samar Near Goals

GEN. MACARTHUR'S HQ., Leyte, Nov. 3 (AP).—Gen. MacArthur's communiqué today announced that "the end of the Leyte-Samar campaign is in sight," and that Japanese casualties there now have risen to more than 30,000.

American forces made a junction in Cariaga, on the northwest coast, driving enemy remnants west and south toward Ormoc.

Pilot Gives Life to Avert Plane Dive on Boston

BOSTON, Nov. 3 (ANS).—Ensign J. J. Sheehy, of Far Rockaway, N.Y., chose to die rather than bail out of his plane over a densely populated section of Boston last night when motor trouble developed.

"I don't want to bail out—someone might be hurt if the plane crashes," he radioed the Squantum naval air station. The ship landed in flames on the bank of the Neponset River.

We Pass the Buck Slip

Want Combat? Fight Way Through GI Channels First

By Russell Jones

Stars and Stripes Staff Writer.

For the information of the 1,000-odd guys who have written asking for transfers from non-combat outfits to something more active, there isn't a thing we can do for you except pass on a little advice. And for the information of Pvt. E. Philip Malin, who started the whole thing by saying he was 1A in a 4F outfit and wanted combat, we are mad at you because Lou Rakin, who handles our B-Bag and Help Wanted departments, is so swamped with letters saying the same thing that he is going nuts.

As for Maj. Gen. C. H. Gerhardt, commander of the 29th Division, who fixed it so Malin was transferred to the 29th—well, we don't get mad at generals. Not in print, anyway.

But to get back to these guys who are itching for front-line duty: Reclassification and re-assignment authorities in the Adjutant General's section say that AR 615-200, as amended by Change 1, covers requests for transfers. This AR says SOS men will request through channels to their base section com.

(Continued on Page 4)

French Get U.S. Ships

The U.S. Navy has ceded 60 small vessels to the French Navy, it was announced in Paris yesterday. They included 11 patrol craft, 21 submarine chasers, 20 minesweepers and six tugs.

Reds in Sight Of Budapest

Powerful Soviet tank columns pushed within 20 miles of Budapest yesterday while a Cossack patrol charged to within sight of the city's spires.

Meanwhile panic mounted within the Hungarian capital, hundreds of merchants and wealthy industrialists fleeing before the Red Army's advance.

Budapest would be an attractive prize for the Red Army, providing an ideal supply and communications base for winter operations. There was no indication that the Germans planned to spare the city the ordeal of street-by-street resistance.

To the north, military operations were increasingly hampered by the early arrival of winter. There was heavy snow in East Prussia.

The High Cost of Fraternizing

SHAEF, Nov. 3 (UP).—It costs an American soldier \$25 to \$65 if he so much as talks unnecessarily to a German civilian in the Reich.

Talking unnecessarily to Germans is fraternization and Gen. Eisenhower's non-fraternization dictum is now being so rigidly carried out that not the slightest unnecessary contact between Americans and Germans escapes the eyes of MPs. Offending soldiers are disciplined by fines.

The lengths to which the non-fraternization orders were being en-

forced were revealed here today by Lt. Col. C. P. Russell, of Carthage, Miss., executive officer of the 36th Armored Infantry Regiment of the Third Armored Division.

He said no effort was going to be spared to prevent relaxing soldiers from mingling with German civilians, who increasingly will include German agents hunting military information.

A soldier cannot buy beer outside the mess bar because the purchase assumes talking to a German bartender. Technically, he cannot even ask a German civilian

8th Bags 208 Nazi Planes In Record Day

Eighth Air Force heavy bombers and fighters destroyed 208 German aircraft Thursday in a record day's combat closing out a month of operations which heaped 43,000 tons of bombs on already battered Nazi targets.

Official figures, released yesterday, showed that the Eighth's Liberators and Fortresses flew 18,800 sorties over the Continent in October, and accompanying fighter planes another 13,500 sorties—a total 10,000 greater than the Eighth's entire first year of operations, August, 1942, to August, 1943. Bombers were escorted all the way into Germany and back, however, in that first year.

October losses for the Eighth were 122 bombers and 69 fighters, with last Thursday's bitter battles over the oil refinery targets of Central Germany accounting for a combined fighter-and-bomber loss of 69. Luftwaffe jet-propelled fighters were beaten off in their second serious attack on American forces during the record battle which involved 2,000 U.S. and 400 to 500 German planes.

German fighter losses for the entire month were announced as 119 in air combat and 339 on the ground.

Attacking Siegfried Line areas for the second straight day, more than 150 Ninth Air Force Marauders and Havocs yesterday bombed five bridges without loss.

on the street for directions or speak to German kids. He certainly cannot call at a German home socially nor have any contact of any kind with German girls.

The problem of billets has been solved by moving German families in with their neighbors so that soldiers are not billeted with German families.

Specific offenses for which fines have been levied were unavailable but a sergeant accompanying Russell said that GIs now refer jokingly to talking to a German civilian as "the \$65 offense."

The B Bag Blow It Out Here

Foxhole Diet

(2/Lt. Helen Leonard, a dietician, delivered a lecture via the B-Bag recently to a GI who wanted coffee packed in the C ration instead of lemon—telling the Joe how essential Vitamin C was in our daily diet. Now read on.—Ed.)

The beef is having that lemonade as a beverage. Suggestion: Put 20 milligrams in each of three K or C rations. Let us have our vitamin C each day as a health requirement and coffee as the beverage!—Lt. M. J. P., Inf.

* * *
"I caught them with lemon!"



Sgt. Gene Malt, Inf., Med. Det.

Lemonade

Without a daily shot of "C" The vitamin supreme, I guess our lives would only be A brief and sickly dream. Coffee's good, and chocolate too But lemonade's the stuff If you want a solid brew To make you rough and tough. Yes, C-borne lemonade's the thing To make you really fight. You'll battle fiercely through the day And double pace at night Don't throw away that package, chum. Don't sterilize your powder. With lemonade your fame will come As hero of the hour.

S/Sgt. Ed. Stone, Inf.

(Please, customers, this is not the poet's corner!—Ed.)

I would prefer ascorbic acid tablets and so would every combat soldier I've spoken to. It's so much easier, Lt. Leonard, to take your lemonade in the warmth and shelter of your hospital!

It would, indeed, be a great service to the front line soldiers if Vit. C pills were put in the rations, no lemonade, and two coffees with each ration.—Capt. J. S., MC.

Post-War Leaves

Officers are entitled to 30 days' leave a year and may accumulate such time up to 120 days. This leave, if still available, may be taken at the end of the war, when the officer is about to be released from the Army. However, an interpretation of AR 615-275 covering furloughs for EM indicates they are not entitled to any furlough if conditions do not permit, and no accumulation of furlough time may be made.

The idea of accumulating leave sounds fair. Is there any reason why this privilege should not be granted to enlisted men?—T/4 W. P. Ayres, T/4 J. H. Murphy, Port Co.

(None that we can name!—Ed.)

Fair Enough

I read Lt. L. G. W. Inf.'s letter on combat pay for platoon leaders and I disagree with him very much. It is true platoon leaders take as many risks as the other men of their group, but I think that if you go according to that, why not raise the pay of the men in the platoon equal to the platoon leaders? Personally I don't think anyone gets enough money for what they go thru here, but there has to be a limit as to the pay.

Please excuse writing as it is raining and I am cramped in a foxhole.—2/Lt. M. I., Inf.

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PW Sitdown Strike

Here is the last word in strikes back home as my hometown newspaper puts it:

Stockton, Cal., Aug. 10 (UP).—Five hundred of 1,800 German prisoners of war at the Stockton Army Ordnance Depot started a sitdown strike after being ordered to work nine hours a day.

The prisoners previously worked an eight-hour day. Terms of the Geneva Convention provide that prisoners of war may be worked a maximum of 12 hours per day.

The 500 men sat down inside the enclosure at the depot and refused to work.

They were put on reduced rations.

J. J. S., AAA. AW. Bn.

More About PWs

On the subject, read this from the Columbus Dispatch:

"Record the menu prescribed for Nazi prisoners at Camp Perry, Ohio prison camp, June 26. Breakfast: Oranges, dry cereal, fried eggs, fried potatoes, toast and butter, coffee, cream and sugar, milk and jam. Dinner: Roast beef, escalloped potatoes, brown gravy, peas, radishes, green onions, bread, butter, cake with icing, ice cream, coffee, hot or iced cocoa. Supper: Cheeseburger, lyonnaise potatoes, perfection salad, sandwich buns, spice cake, lemonade.

"Before retiring, the Huns are allowed two pints of beer. A well-stocked canteen contains articles now under restricted purchase to the American public."

Is not this government justified in prescribing the same food for prisoners as does Hitler? Would that be inhumane or contrary to international law?—T/Sgt. B. W.

Our men have not been issued blankets which many of our men could use now that cold weather and rain is frequent. Our so-called Honorable Prisoners of War have more than two blankets and when we work at night one English-speaking prisoner wanted to know why they weren't furnished hot coffee.

We are willing to do without extra blankets if they are sent to the men at the front. The combat boys need them much more than we or the prisoners need them.—Sgt. P. J. Muller and Five others, Sig. Co.

We were the amazed spectators at what seemed to be a feast of honor given to the men who were once in command of the Germans at Brest, but now are prisoners of war.—Cpl. Samuel Center, M.P.P. W.P. Co.

Hash Marks

Our spy at the Front says the German soldiers talk like this about secret weapons:

Hans—"What are you carrying in that pack?"

Fritz—"Shhh, it's the new secret weapon."

Hans—"But there's nothing in there but straw and hay!"

Fritz—"That's for the asses who still believe in secret weapons."

A front-line nurse who insisted on calling fox-holes "wolf-holes" ex-



plained, "A fox might have dug them, but there was a wolf in them when I got there."

And then there was the guy who married a widow with four kids so he would be re-classified from 1-A. But the draft board got him anyway. They said any man brave enough to do that was just what the armed forces needed.

Signs of the Times. Up in an area where the Fifth Infantry was operating someone posted a sign, "No Pinks For A While."

Unsigned verse left in our typewriter:
The girl who went riding in a jeep
And had to walk back home,
Had better beware of airplanes
'Til her wings are fully grown.

Cry in your beer for Cpl. Bob Beck. After sweating out mail call for weeks he finally received one card—a card from the Armstrong



Linoleum Company, which read: "The Armstrong Office Nearest YOU is located at 295 Fifth Avenue. Telephone Murray Hill 4-6900."

Quip of the Week. Hitler on awakening and reading the morning war news, screamed, "Ach, I shot der wrong generals."

A WAVE on the home front reports that the letters received from "Somewhere in England" and "Somewhere in France" when answered are headed, "No Man's Land."

Daffynition. Old-fashioned girl: One who stays home when she has nothing to wear.

J. C. W.

Private Breger



"He's tops in that kind of hand-to-hand combat!"

Week of War



An attack opened by the First Army, which captured Vossenack, was big news on the Western Front this week following the campaigns in the British sector which completely liberated Belgium and liquidated the Scheldt defenses commanding Antwerp harbor; a Third Army attack took Abaucourt. On the Eastern Front three Red Army drives neared Budapest, capital of Hungary, while snow hampered activity in East Prussia.



No Rest for Weary

The 29th Infantry Division pierced the Siegfried Line Oct. 2 in company with the Second Armored and 30th Infantry Divisions, it was disclosed yesterday.

After a 500-mile trip from Brest, the division, on its first day in action on the Western Front captured three German towns—Hatterath, Birgden and Kreuzrath. Fighting its way south, Maj. Gen. C. H. Gerhardt's troops on Oct. 12 helped close the Aachen gap by contacting the First Division.

In forcing the surrender of Brest along with the Eighth and Second Infantry Divisions, the 29th defeated the crack Second German Parachute Division and captured 13,000 prisoners.

Jerry Flusher

Pfc Tinsley V. Landrum, Eighth Infantry Division soldier from Aplachee, Ga., certainly was in a rut.

"I crawled up to this pillbox," he said, "and put a heavy charge of TNT against it. I lit the fuse and ran for cover. Nothing happened. I went back after a while with more TNT. Still nothing happened. "But I started it and had to finish it. So I made a third trip with a still bigger load. This time it blew—before I could get to cover. I was hit with a lot of flying stones, but it was nothing to what hit those Jerries. You ought to have seen two of them when they came out with their hands up. What a sight!"

Bronze to Silver

So impressed was Maj. Gen. Stanton S. Eddy, commander of the XXII Corps, with the citation awarding the Bronze Star to Capt. James T. Conner, of Oxford, N.C., that he changed the decoration to a Silver Star. Conners was cited for his work in building a bridge under heavy enemy fire during the period Sept. 11-18.

Praised by Nazi

A German colonel, captured with 89 other soldiers by an American patrol, heaped praise on the patrol leader, Sgt. Will

R. Wheeler, of Muskogee, Okla., squad leader of the Eighth Infantry Division's 13th Regiment. "I've never seen a finer non-commissioned officer," the German told Lt. George H. Hardner, of Alpaugh, Calif., Wheeler's CO.

In the patrol with Wheeler were Pfc Arthur C. Jett, of Bakersfield, Cal.; Pvt. Murray Klein, of New York, and Pvt. William Ballard, of Skowhegan, Me.

F.F.I., Georgia Branch

Accosted by an MP after curfew hour, a Sixth Armored Division GI replied: "No ver ley American!"



and produced an F.F.I. identification card. The skeptical MP hauled him into headquarters anyway. The guy was from Jo'ga.

Births...

Folks at Home Send These GIs Swift News of Sir Stork's Arrival:
Capt. C. E. Bursleson, Kuskusko, Miss.—Ann Michon, Oct. 20; Capt. Allen Crenshaw Jr., Dallas—Allen III, Oct. 8; S/Sgt. Don Fleming, New York—Donald John, Sept. 21; Lt. Earl V. Griffin, Riverside, Iowa—(girl), Oct. 20; Pfc Joseph J. Gerity, Brooklyn—Gerald, Oct. 21; T/Sgt. Stanley Han Jr., New York—Stanley Jack, Oct. 16; Lt. Norman Katz, Brooklyn—Michael Jeffrey, Sept. 23; Pfc Al Katzman, Brooklyn—Martin, Oct. 18; Lt. John H. Konenkamp, Brooklyn—John Kenin, Oct. 20; Pfc Vernon A. Kostohyz, St. Paul—(boy), Sept. 22; Capt. Louis Kritchman, Brooklyn—David, Oct. 23; Lt. Anthony Luzzo, Newark, Ohio—Patrick Thomas, Oct. 21; Pvt. Wm. San Miguel, New York—(boy), Oct. 21.
Pfc Frank Miraglio, Newark, N.J.—Frank Jr., Oct. 12; Lt. John F. McEwen, Bronx—Barbara Anne, Sept. 28; Pfc Benjamin E. Overfield, Metropolis, Ill.—Carolyn Dee, Oct. 8; Lt. Thomas M. Rothmann, Chicago—(boy), Oct. 21; Pfc Edwin C. Schmonsees, Brooklyn—Barbara Ann, Aug. 25; Cpl. Paul W. Sheehan, Long Island—Gerald Dennis, Oct. 12; Pvt. John W. Tomlinson, Eureka, Kan.—Nancy Louise, Oct. 22; Sgt. John Varda, Arthur, Ill.—John Michael, Sept. 27; S/Sgt. John D. Vitaglione, Brooklyn—(boy), Sept. 11; Pvt. E. J. Wille, Carroll, Iowa—Edward J. Jr., Sept. 3; Lt. William S. Wrigler, New York—Wendy Ruth, Oct. 22.

Once Over Lightly

By Charlie Kiley

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—The biggest football game of the week, and certainly one of the season's most important, takes place Saturday at Baltimore when undefeated-untied Notre Dame collides with Navy, the best twice-beaten eleven you'll see in years and years. For the guidance of GIs whose pockets are bulging after pay day and who are itching to plunk a franc or two on the game, here are some pertinent facts about the teams:

Navy, hailed as the nation's best in pre-season polls, has lost to unbeaten-but-tied North Carolina Pre-Flight and to unbeaten untied Georgia Tech, while winning from Penn State, Duke and Penn.

The Irish swept past Pitt, Tulane and Dartmouth, then slowed down against Wisconsin and Illinois, but succeeded in defeating the Badgers and Illini.

* * *

NAVY has the best line in the land. Nobody is debating this fact either. In three of five games, Middie forwards held the opposition to minus yardage along the ground. Submarine Cmdr. Oscar Hagberg also has a fleet of backs which has been styled every bit as talented as the boys running for Army's powerhouse. What the Middies lack is a suitable overhead game, unless little Hal Hamberg is in there, and he has been sidelined for two weeks.

The Irish have an able line though nothing to compare with Navy, offensively or defensively. Ed McKeever has one of the year's noted climax runners in Bob Kelly, but the choir boy is not enough to stand alone against Navy's depth in good backs.

Notre Dame's passing game is both polished and effective, and it is with this weapon that the Irish will attempt not only to beat the Midshipmen this week but Army next week. Frankie Danczewicz, an accurate passer, will be at the controls, while McKeever, capitalizing on the unlimited substitution rule, will rotate two sets of backs, using Kelly, Danczewicz & Co. on offense and an adept set of defenders when Navy has the ball.

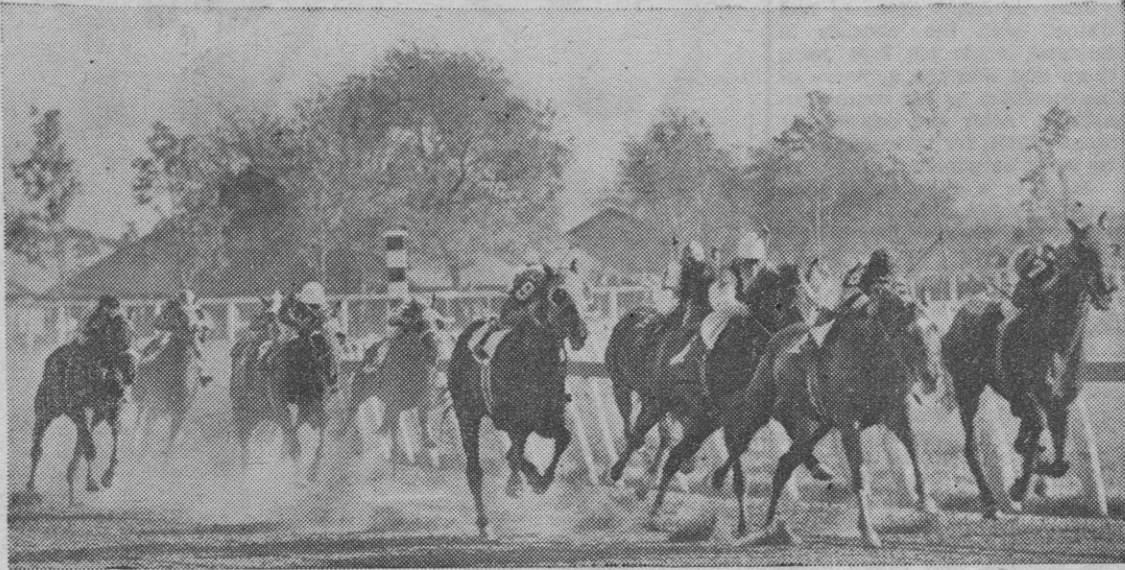
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AS far as the law of averages goes, it favors Navy. In the 17-game series, the Middies have won only three games, the last one occurring in 1936 by margin of a field goal.

There they are. Take your pick. We're picking Navy.

Middies Test Unbeaten Irish Today

The Camera Couldn't Separate 'Em



Rounding the far turn and heading for the wire in the Remsen Handicap at Jamaica, Speeding Home (7), leads the way. But Speeding Home faded badly and finished a poor ninth, while War Jeep (9), ridden by Eddie Arcaro, and Plebiscite (8), with Johnny Longden aboard, finished in a dead heat.



(Here is how today's football games look to some of the nation's experts:)

EAST

DAN PARKER PICKS: Army over Villanova, Michigan over Penn, Yale over Dartmouth, Cornell over Columbia, West Virginia over Temple.

MIDWEST

ARCH WARD PICKS: Ohio State over Indiana, Minnesota over Northwestern, Iowa over Nebraska, Purdue over Wisconsin, Notre Dame over Navy.

SOUTH

OSCAR FRALEY PICKS: Georgia Tech over Duke, Tennessee over Louisiana State, Mississippi over Kentucky, Alabama over Georgia, North Carolina over South Carolina, Wake Forest over Clemson.

SOUTHWEST

WELDON HART PICKS: Texas over Southern Methodist, Rice over Texas Tech, Texas Aggies over Arkansas, Southwestern over South Plains AAF, Randolph Field over N. Texas Aggies.

FAR WEST

BILL LEISER PICKS: Fleet City over St. Mary's, Fourth AAF over UCLA, California over Coast Guard, USC over San Diego Naval.

Ohio State Tackles Hoosiers

NEW YORK, Nov. 3. — Notre Dame's untarnished slate will face its most serious obstacle of the season tomorrow when the Fighting Irish invade Baltimore's spacious Municipal Stadium to match touchdowns with unpredictable Navy. The game has been a sellout for two weeks.

Although the Middies ruled as 6-5 favorites tonight, it is likely the teams will be even-money when the kickoff occurs. Hal Hamberg, Navy's diminutive passing wizard, still is a doubtful starter, while Notre Dame's brilliant Bob Kelly will be in the lineup, having received Navy orders yesterday postponing his transfer from the South Bend campus.

Hoosiers Too Weak

Carroll Widdoes' all-civilian Ohio State Buckeyes, riding the crest of an unbeaten wave, bump into Bobby Hoernesmeier and his weak Indiana squad. The Bucks are bucking for a perfect season, and the Hoosiers aren't considered strong enough to break the string.

Army, also undefeated, enjoys a comparative breather tomorrow, facing Villanova. But the Cadets can use the respite because next week they'll do business with Notre Dame at Yankee Stadium in a game which very well might produce a national champion.

Georgia Tech's path this week is strewn with pitfalls as the Rambling Wreck encounters Duke. This is not a particularly exciting season for Duke, but the Blue Devils can't be ignored because last week they outplayed powerful Army during the first half before succumbing.

Yale Risks Clean Record

Yale's Bulldogs take their unblemished record into battle against Dartmouth in a traditional Ivy League struggle, while Penn hopes to regain its winning stride against Michigan.

The Wolves had their claws clipped during the week when Bob Wiese and Bob Nussbaumer, backfield stalwarts, and End Dick Riffenburg departed. Wiese and Nussbaumer were claimed by the Navy; Riffenburg was a scholastic casualty.

Turf's Lady in Red Is Just a Runner For Her Spouse

BOSTON, Nov. 3.—The mysterious "Lady in Red" who caused such a furor at Rockingham Park Race Track this season has been identified as Mrs. Denera Mercuri, of Brighton, Mass.

Reported to have wagered about \$250,000, she said she never picked a horse in her life, but depended upon her husband's selections. They started with \$500, two months ago and hit 110 show bets in succession, bringing their bankroll to \$14,000.

"Now I've stopped playing and haven't placed a bet in two weeks," the husband said. "My wife bought all the tickets, because I didn't have enough nerve to go and buy so much on one horse at the \$100-window. I also figured she was my lucky charm."

Leonard Rejected Bribe, Then Killed Detroit Hopes

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—Emil "Dutch" Leonard of the Washington Senators turned down a bribe of "several thousand dollars" to throw the final game of the American League season to the Detroit Tigers, according to two New York newspapers.

Leafs Defeat Canadiens

MONTREAL, Nov. 3.—The Toronto Maple Leafs raced to a 4-1 victory over the Montreal Canadiens here last night for their third straight National Hockey League victory of the season.

Goals by Bus Bodnar, Lorne Carr and Dave Schriener in the third period iced the decision. Schriener scored at 4:46 on a pass from Carr; Bodnar netted a pass from Schriener at 3:30, and Carr beat the Montreal goalie at 9:45 after taking a pass from Schriener.

Wings Rout Rangers, 10-3

DETROIT, Nov. 3.—The Detroit Red Wings poured it on the New York Rangers, 10-3, here last night to hand the Gotham sextet its third lacing in a row. The Rangers haven't won in Detroit since Christmas night, 1942.

Rookie Left Wing Jud McAttee led the Wings with three goals, while Bill Quackenbush and Steve Wochoy each made two off Ranger Goalie Ken McAruley. Veteran Center Syd Howe contributed four assists.

Hockey Standings

	W	L	T	Pts.	G	OP
Toronto.....	3	0	0	6	17	7
Detroit.....	2	0	0	4	17	4
Montreal ...	1	1	0	2	4	6
Chicago.....	1	1	0	2	13	14
Boston.....	0	2	0	0	3	10
New York...	0	3	0	0	7	20

Golf Tour Charted

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—Fred Corcoran, secretary of the PGA, announced today that the 1944-45 winter golf tour, offering at least \$150,000 in prizes, would start at Portland, Ore., Nov. 23, and end at Durham, N.C., Apr. 1.

Madigan Asks Grid Showdown

CHICAGO, Nov. 3.—Edward "Slip" Madigan, grid pilot at Iowa and former coach of St. Mary's in California, has started a movement to bring the Big Ten and Pacific Coast champions together in a post-season game to settle the long-debated question of superiority.

There is opposition to the plan during war, but Big Ten coaches and faculty representatives seem in favor of an annual game when transportation and players are easier to get.

The Big Ten for many years has had a rule prohibiting members from participating in post-season games and many teams have had to reject Rose Bowl bids. Madigan's plan calls for the game to be played earlier than New Year's Day.



Slip Madigan

Help Wanted —AND GIVEN
Write your question or problem to Help Wanted, The Stars and Stripes, Paris, France.

LOST
CAT, black and white, name "Sop" (Standard Operating Procedure) on collar, dropped from morning report early part of Sept. Capt. M. H. Lillard.

ANY person having information concerning whereabouts of six-year-old Jean Louis Duchesne please communicate with The Stars and Stripes.

WANTED
CHROMATIC harmonica, 16 holes; will take smaller one if necessary. Cpl. A. Melnick.

Li'l Abner By Courtesy of United Features. By Al Capp

News from Home

Heat Wave Sets Records In the States

CHICAGO, Nov. 3 (ANS). — November came in with a warm air mass in the Midwest and East that sent temperatures to record heights for this time of year.

The mercury soared to 75 at Minneapolis, 77 at Chicago for an all-time high for Nov. 1, 75 at Detroit, breaking the record by five degrees, and touched 80 at St. Louis.

The unseasonable heat wave which turned Indian summer into Maytime pushed eastward across the northern states with readings of 77 at Indianapolis, 75 at Columbus, Ohio, and 73 at Philadelphia. The warm air blanket ran the temperature up to 74 at Buffalo for the highest mark for the date on record. The eastern seaboard had high readings but mainly in the 60s with 65 in Boston a-1 68 in New York city.

12-INCH SNOW IN N.D.

BISMARCK, N.D., Nov. 3 (ANS) — Snow up to 12 inches fell in the western part of the state today with temperatures in the low 20s. The snow was heavy as far west as the Montana line.

Ethyl Gas Inventor Dies

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Nov. 3 (ANS). — Thomas Midgley, 55, who invented ethyl gasoline and did some of the first synthetic rubber research, died today, apparently strangled in his sleep by a harness he had devised to help himself in and out of bed. He had been an invalid for four years after suffering an attack of infantile paralysis.

Dixie Dunbar Recovers

NEW YORK, Nov. 3 (ANS). — Dixie Dunbar, stage and screen dancer, has recovered from an infantile paralysis attack which struck her a month ago. She started treatment immediately and there are no ill effects.

Lake to Plunge Again

HOLLYWOOD, Nov. 3 (ANS). — Petite film star Veronica Lake announced tonight that she and Director André de Toth will be married "sometime before Christmas." Her divorce from Maj. John Detlie, former studio art director, becomes final Dec. 2.

Ford II Airs Plans For Lower-Priced Car

ATLANTA, Ga., Nov. 3 (ANS). — Henry Ford II, executive vice-president of the Ford Motor Co., revealed today that the firm is counting on at least 40,000,000 car owners in the U.S. after the war and that it has definitely settled on another and lower-priced car.

Ford will reopen all its old assembly plants as soon as the government permits and will establish one new assembly plant and one new manufacturing plant.

Tooter Can Horn Himself Into Any Job, Bureau Finds

WASHINGTON, Nov. 3. — The Joe that toots a bugle in the ETO should have little trouble driving a bus, motorcycle, taxi or hearse after the war, a national organization offering vocational guidance to returning soldiers said today. Likewise, with little or no training, the bugler could sort and distribute mail and deliver parcels for banks and merchants, the report continued.

On a chart which the B'nai Brith vocational service bureau distributed, the relationship between discharged Army veterans and civilian jobs and skill is shown for use by vocational guidance experts. With assistance from the War Department and the War Manpower Commission, GI Joe should be able to get the job he's best fitted for.

The B'nai Brith, a large Jewish benevolent organization, said its chart suggests medical corpsmen could learn to massage scalps, message center clerks to check groceries, messengers to guide sightseers, MPs

Doggedness Saves AWOL Paratrooper

101st AIRBORNE HQ., Nov. 3. — Jumping with the American paratroops at Eindhoven, Holland, was a non-English speaking German.

Jaunt de Mont Moreney had trained with the 'chutists in England, made his first jump there and won the applause of his comrades by his courageous actions. After the descent, he went AWOL for two weeks, but he won't be punished.

Jaunt is a full-blooded German shepherd dog.

32 PWs Led Past Nazi Line

SHAEP, Nov. 3 (UP). — Gen. Dempsey has a much better idea of what the Germans are doing on the other side of the Lek River west of Arnhem today—thanks to a job done by six American airbornes.

A patrol, armed with tommy-guns, grenades and knives, crossed the Lek River, hid their boats, slipped through enemy lines and came to the enemy's position. They crept past sentries and set a vehicle trap, which snared several machines and 32 prisoners.

The airbornes drove the prisoners back toward the river until the vehicles broke down, and then marched them through enemy-held villages until they reached the river again. They found their boats and returned to their post with their prisoners.

Combat

(Continued from Page 1)

mander and ground force men will make their request of the commanding general, ETOUSA.

While sending a request through channels means any commanding officer, from a company on up, can disapprove on the grounds that a man is essential to his unit, the need for infantrymen is such that most authorities are inclined to look with favor on a request to get there.

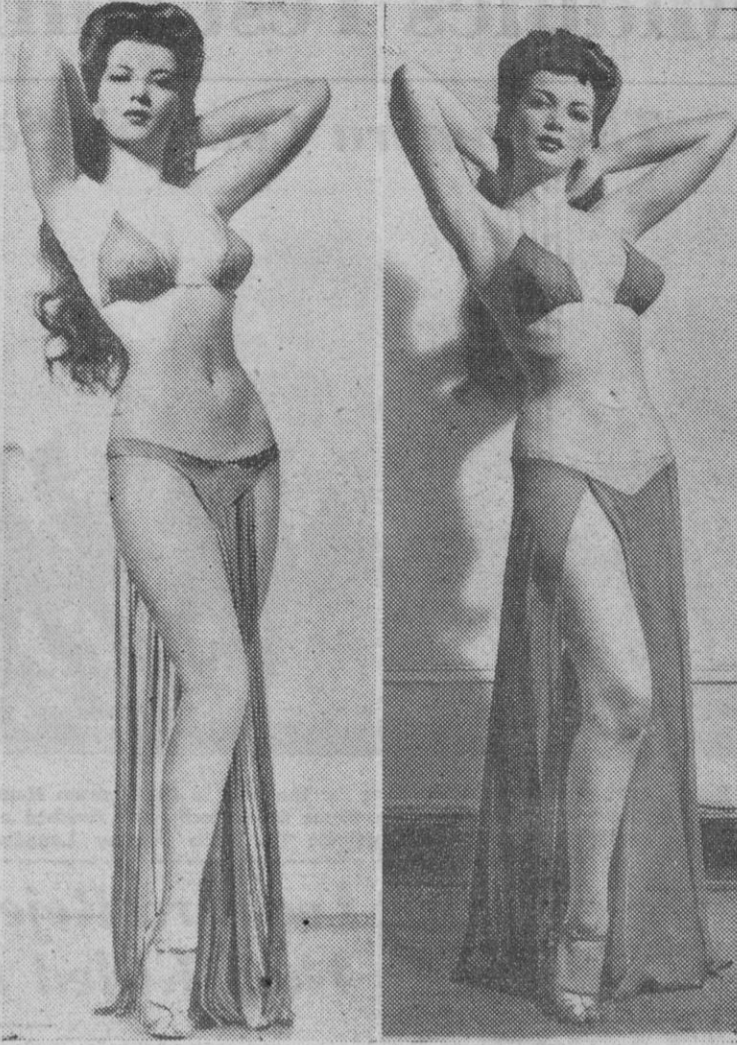
However, dissatisfaction with a present assignment isn't enough in itself. The infantry can't use a man who doesn't know the score, and he isn't wanted unless he has had basic training at least in the last few months.

That's it. There isn't anything more to tell. Gen. Gerhardt got Malin because he wanted him bad, and generals can jump the red tape when they want something bad enough. But 1,000 men are a lot for even an outfit like the 29th to absorb at once, so these men will have to be content with the Regular Army way of doing things.

All-Service Family

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Nov. 3 (ANS). — Mrs. Virginia B. Lindsley's husband is a master sergeant in the Army, two sons are in the Navy, and a daughter is in the WAVES. Yesterday Mrs. Lindsley was sworn into the WAC.

You'd Never Recognize Her



This before and after photo of Sherry Britton shows the difference made in her appearance by a visit to a plastic surgeon. Picture on the right was snapped after the Leon and Eddie's stripper had her nose remodeled.

Army Shells Out \$2,588,076 In Overseas Damage Claims

NEW YORK, Nov. 3. — Bill collectors in 40 countries have sent Uncle Sam 29,568 claims for damages in the last two and one half years and he has paid out \$2,588,076 for soldiers who have knocked dents in fenders, bowled over donkeys, climbed over roofs and occasionally bashed people on the head.

All destruction caused directly by the war will be taken care of in post-war settlements but every accident caused by the negligence of soldiers outside of combat has to be paid for by the Army if the claimant proves his case. Seventy-five percent of the claims are for motor vehicle accidents.

Accompanying every army, in the wake of jeeps, tanks and trucks is at least one overseas commissioner of the Judge Advocate General's foreign claims department.

Window Climbers

In England, paratroopers crashed through a hotel roof—but not from the air. They had been caught climbing out the windows for rendezvous with chambermaids. This was strictly not combat procedure. Damages included 100 slates and three square feet of glass.

Seven thousand claims have been turned down, mostly in North Africa. The claims commission learned to bargain with Arabs, who always asked twice as much as they expected to get. The Arabs had strange standards—\$600 for a dead mule, but only \$60 for a dead Arab boy.

The driver of a horsedrawn vehicle in Africa put in a claim when two soldiers were tempted by the load of sparkling wine. He didn't mind the soldiers taking the wine but wanted 500 francs for a bolt broken when the soldiers tipped the cart.

6th Bond Goal Is 14 Billion

Money invested in War Bonds has more than three times the purchasing value of money spent on the continent, Col. Jefferson H. Fulton, Theater War Bond officer said yesterday in announcing the Sixth War Loan drive which begins Nov. 20.

The goal of the 26-day drive is 14 billion dollars, according to Col. Fulton, who said that no quota had been set for soldiers in this theater.

The War Bond officer said, "The purchase value of a dollar here—roughly 30 cents worth of luxury goods—cannot compare with a dollar's worth of War Bond, which in ten years will buy \$1.33 worth of goods, or a difference of more than four to one."

Predicts War Job Slump After Victory in ETO

WASHINGTON, Nov. 3 (Reuter) — Price Administrator Chester Bowles predicted today that between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 war workers would be unemployed following Germany's defeat because of cancellation and curtailment of war contracts.

He said the deflationary period would last about six months.

Winter Drives Ahead, FDR Tells Voters

WASHINGTON, Nov. 3. — President Roosevelt declared in a campaign broadcast last night that "we don't expect to have a winter lull in Europe."

"We expect to keep striking," he said, "to keep the enemy on the move, to hit him again and again, to give him no rest, and to drive through to the final objective, Berlin."

The President reviewed the U.S. war effort, said that "everyone who has made a sacrifice, and that includes 135,000,000 Americans, is determined that this must not happen again, that this nation shall be committed to play a leading part in a world organization" to maintain peace, and expressed confidence that Congress would cooperate.

DEWEY HITS PAC

BOSTON, Nov. 3. — Gov. Thomas E. Dewey told a Boston Garden rally that the forces of Communism were taking over the Democratic party. He declared that with the aid of Sidney Hillman's CIQ Political Action Committee "the Communists are seizing control of the New Deal through which they aim to control the government."

"Under a Republican administration," Dewey asserted, "there will be no danger that the power of government will slip through tired fingers into hands which would destroy that free America for which our sons are fighting and dying."

A26 Invader Now in Action

WASHINGTON, Nov. 3 (ANS). — The A26 Invader, newest and fastest all-purpose USAAF bomber, now is in action, the War Department reported today.

Combining heavy fire-power and bomb capacity with great speed, this twin-engined Douglas-built plane was designed for either low or medium altitude operations against enemy aircraft on the ground, tanks and troops on the march or in bivouac, towns harboring enemy troops, anti-aircraft emplacements, supply dumps, wharves and naval vessels.

Douglas, which developed the A24 and the A20, now has the new bomber in mass production.

Combat Men to Get Free Rides on Metro

Combat troops of the Allied Forces will be furnished free Metro tickets while on leave in Paris, the Seine Section Transportation Office has announced. The tickets will be distributed by the American Red Cross and Allied Service Clubs.

Beginning Sunday, men in Paris on official business will be able to purchase tickets at a reduced price, while others will pay the normal civilian rates.

Tickets for combat men on leave will be contributed by the French government, the City of Paris and the Metropolitan Transportation Lines.

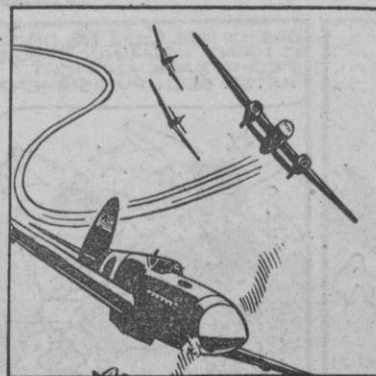
More Highway Accidents

CHICAGO, Nov. 3 (ANS). — The National Safety Council reported today that highway traffic this year was running two percent heavier than in 1943 and that the accident toll for the first nine months of this year was four percent greater than for the same period of 1943.

Terry And The Pirates

By Courtesy of News Syndicate.

By Milton Caniff



Saturday, Nov. 4, 1944



The tall, grey-eyed kid in the messline had his own ideas about German civilians. He had been a guest in an enemy house. Rika was pretty—her Uncle had a bottle of cognac—but the picture on the wall reminded this GI that:

You can't be friendly

She was about fifty yards up the road and coming toward us at a pretty good clip when the fellows first spotted her. She must have been about 18, long blonde hair blowing in the wind, and when she pumped the bicycle you got a pretty fair gander at as nice a pair of legs as you'll find anywhere.

The guys who were shuffling along in line, waiting to empty garbage from their mess kits and then dip them in the GI cans full of boiling water, turned and watched her coming toward them. One fellow whistled and some of the doggies yelled "Wie gehts?" and that made the girl smile. The kid knew she was cute and as she passed us she stopped pedalling and just coasted along with the sunlight glinting in her hair and her print skirt billowing out behind her. She was pretty as a picture.

"Hot damn!", I said, "How do you like that!" The guy in front of me, a tall, skinny kid of about 20 with curly brown hair and grey eyes, turned to me and without cracking a smile said, "It might look good, pal, but

don't get any ideas 'cause it ain't worth it." That was all he said, and then he turned to take the brush to wash his mess gear. The guy in back of me nudged me and winked. I didn't know what to make of it.

The Story Begins

As I was getting into the jeep to move on, the skinny kid who was in front of me in the line, walked over and said, "Goin' back to regiment, Champ?" I said that I was and he climbed in, banging his mess kit against the side of the jeep as he fitted his lanky frame into the close quarters.

As I shifted into high and gained along the dusty road, he turned to me and said, "Look—don't get me wrong, Acc. I ain't the guy to turn my head the other way when a good lookin' doll comes along, but something happened to me that soured me on this German deal."

I didn't butt in because the kid looked pretty serious and he seemed to want to get something off his chest. Like he had to tell someone something he'd been keep-

ing cooped up inside of him too long.

"I drive a jeep in the army," he said, launching into his story. "And the other day—oh, a couple weeks ago, I was driving along outside of Brand and I see a really cute little Jerry gal on a bike—an' goin' my way. Well, like a jerk, I drove up a little ahead of her and stopped by the side of the road to wait for her to come alongside. She got the drift and when she comes up to me she gets off the bike and smiles. Hell of a pretty kid."

He looked down at his feet for a moment and then back at me. "So, with the little bit of German

sweating it out? You know, the usual things. I popped him all these questions point blank and he comes right back with the answers and I gather from the way he talks, sincere and all, that he's got no use for Hitler and that gang, and that he's glad to see us.

"He claimed that Hitler was no good for the working man and the kid, Rika, laughs right in my face when I mentioned Hitler and she said, 'The hell with Hitler.'"

"We talked for a few more minutes and then I told him I had to get movin' and the old gent told me that anytime I had a chance I should drop in on him and drink some of his cognac. I asked if Rika, the gal, would be there and he laughed and said that she would be. I told them I'd see them later and took off for regiment.

"Here's where we turn, Mac," the boy said, bringing me back to the present with a snap. I slowed down and turned off on to the side road, swinging wide to miss a two and one half ton truck coming toward me.

As we passed the truck, he look-

ed at me and said, "Well, don't ask me why I did it, but the next day I kept thinking about this kid Rika all day long, the way she smiled, that screwy way she talked, and what nice legs she had. When I drove by their place late that afternoon I decided to drop in for a few minutes just to say hello and how-are-you—nuthin' wrong in that, I figured.

"I parked the jeep back in their driveway at the side of the house and walked up on the side porch and knocked. No one answered, so I walked around back of the house and here is the old gent and a fat, red-faced woman working in the garden. The woman spotted me first and she stopped raking and looked at me sort of suspicious, but then the old guy turned and saw me and he was all smiles and said something to her in fast German that I couldn't catch. Then he put the rake against the tree and told me to come into the house. I asked him where Rika was and he said that she was upstairs. Well, I went in."

He paused to take another long drag on the cigarette, knitting his

(Continued on Back Page)

Frontline Vignette

By

Ed Wilcox

Warweek
Staff Writer

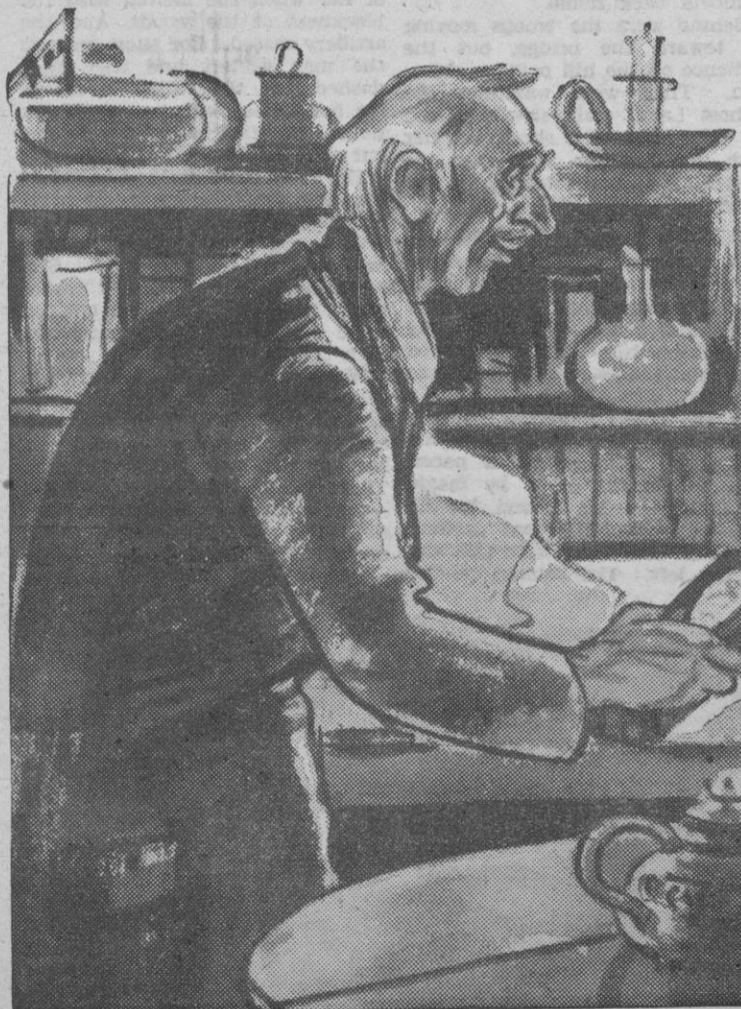
I learned in highschool and a lot of gesturing with my hands, I find out that the kid is 16, her name is Rika, and she lives about a quarter of a mile up the road in a red brick farmhouse. And all the while she's tellin' me this stuff, she's smilin' and kickin' the dirt with her foot—really cute, you know?"

"While I'm parked there," he continued, "Up comes an old grey gent—I'd say about 50 or 55, and he was carrying a couple of pails of milk. He set the pails down and stopped by the jeep. I asked her who he was and she said that he was her uncle and that she lived with him."

How About Hitler?

The boy lit a cigarette, took a long drag, blew the smoke out of his nose, and went on.

"Well, naturally, I ask him a couple of questions—what does he think of Hitler, how long is the war going to last, is he glad he isn't further back in Germany



Doughboys In An Advance Post Saw Hitler's

German Shells Followed A Glimpse Of

Lady in White

She Was Weirdly Beautiful by Night In Wallendorf's Shell-Torn Ruins But Her Mission Was one of Death



The Face in the Tower

The Old Man Looked Harmless The Officer Had a Job to Do Then—Nazi Shells Hit Home



WALLENDORF, Germany, Nov. 3.—One of the Doughboys jokingly dubbed her the "Ghost of Mata Hari," and we laughed because it was funny. But that was actually before the full story had been told. Since then, nobody laughs.

I arrived up here just after sweaty, toiling engineers who cleared the way for the 5th Armored Division, had made possible the crossing of a bridge between Luxemburg and Germany. Troops and armored elements were entering Reich soil via this bridge, and occasionally we scattered to the safety of foxholes and gutters while Nazi artillery whistled at us.

The men were familiar with an order that stated there would be no fraternization with Kraut civilians; that is, getting chummy with the Herrenfolk. There was a pretty good reason for that order. Many of the civilians were tipsters—they revealed military information to the German Army, which raised hell with our boys.

It was during this time that the mystery woman of the night made her bow—and an eerie bow it was. The Americans were unable to solve the problem of how the Germans rained shells on us every time we had a troop movement across the bridge. It was a cinch that the enemy had no direct observation post; it was a cinch also that recon planes were not doing the job for them. Up to now there was not a single plane of the Luftwaffe seen in the skies.

How then, were they able to tell precisely when the Americans made a move?

Nobody knew and nobody made even a warm guess. Then, during my second night up here, one of the Doughboys—a lad from Kansas—saw a strange sight in the valley which left him a little pop-eyed. There in the soft rays of a full moon walked a tall, beautiful woman, swathed in a loose, almost transparent white gown. She walked alone between a farm house and an open field, as if waiting for somebody.

"There she was," said the Doughboy. "Looking almost like a ghost. Frankly, I was a little bit scared. But she was a good looker."

The Shells Came Down

He thought no more of it except, possibly, that here was a nice date for sometime in the future when he had a night off. From then on his mind was wrapped up in some Hun shells that began raining down. Another troop movement by the Americans. They were crossing the bridge again.

Somehow, the German gun crews knew the score; somebody was tipping them off.

During the next night the Lady in White reappeared. She stood motionless down in the small valley, straight and tall like a marble statue. By this time other Doughboys were on the scene. It was like watching the main feature of a movie back home.

Behind were the troops moving up toward the bridge, but the audience on the hill paid no attention. They were watching the "Ghost Lady" walk slowly to and fro. Her steps were short, and her path led to the field—just as though she was retracing a set pattern.

The Figure in The Night

As she reached the field the entire sector around us rocked with the impact of falling shells. They were at it again. This time the banks were hit; the river heaved with hits; but they were falling to the left.

At the field's edge the mystery woman seemed to see all this. She moved to the right a few paces, then held fast. As if by magic the artillery also moved to the right—and spattered that particular area. But they were still shy on the left. The woman in the

valley moved to the right again; the barrage was closer to the bridge.

Small chunks of shrapnel sizzled through the brush, making weird whistling noises. Red and yellow flashes lit up the river and the banks on both sides. The column of Americans which had been moving up was already dispersed, and some of the men crouched behind tiny hillocks while others lay flat. Upon the ridge there was other excitement.

The Lady in White

They were watching the Lady in White, who was still walking boldly through the night. Up to now there was a slight suspicion that she was the connecting link between the bridge target and the gun crews. Somehow her steps were observed by the Germans and their guns were adjusted accordingly.

It dawned on us that this was it; the woman was the spotter. From back in the low-lying hills the German gunners could see her every move, though they could not see us. If she moved to the left, the barrage swung to the left; if she walked to the right, the barrage swung to the right. An extremely clever technique that any but a sharp observer would overlook. As it was, the Doughboys caught on.

A machine gun oarked from a hedge. You could see small geysers of dirt springing up from around her feet. They got closer to her, so she turned and ran toward the woods. The bullets followed, and once we thought she stumbled. Maybe she was hit.

The machine-gun boys lost sight of her when she melted with the blackness of the woods. And the artillery ceased. For short seconds the men waited, and then they dashed into the valley to search for her. They searched the farm house, the fields and the woods, but no trace of her was found.

The Lady in White had vanished into thin air. And she never came back again.

Who was she? That will probably never be answered. She might have been one of the "sweet girls" down at the local bar, or some shy farm kid who chummed with the Yanks.

Whatever her so-called civilian role was, she was as much a soldier as any Kraut in field-green garb and steel helmet, who totes a Mauser rifle and stick grenade. This mysterious woman was a killer—and a treacherous killer because she didn't wear the uniform of the enemy. She was death in disguise—disguise of a beautiful creature.

STOLBERG, GERMANY, Nov. 3.—They told me about the old tower so I went out to take a look at it. I found it just like they said—except for a few minor decorations added by German 88s. It had been ripped and scarred, and looked worse than a beat-up pillbox.

"The Germans called it a Rathaus," said the Doughboy with me. "That actually means a town hall, or something, doesn't it?"

I said "I guess so" and walked inside.

"It was up there the lieutenant first saw the old man," said the Doughboy.

I looked out from the battered window hole and could see most of Stolberg and the outlying hills. The tower, as they said, was an excellent observation point. It had a history, too—a spooky sort of history.

Stolberg, if you'll remember, was the first sizable German town the Yanks occupied. Its population will—or did—hit close to the 17,000 mark, and there was a time, during the siege, when the Germans held half of it and we held the other half. There was some pretty stiff fighting, and a lot of guys died.

About the third night in, a strange thing happened. A patrol was

out sizing up the situation on the quiet when suddenly they caught a heavy load of 88 fire. They scattered and then made their way back to the Yank lines. They attempted to push out a second time—and a third—but on each occasion they drew fire. Somehow, the works were being jammed—the Krauts were getting a high sign.

Somebody happened to notice a faint, flickering light in the tower. It went on and off so quickly that he thought his imagination was doing tricks. But it went on again, flickered once or twice, then it was dark.

This wasn't imagination. One man hugged his M-1 and fired. Two of the patrol ran over to the Rathaus but the tower was empty. There was nobody there—nobody but an old sagged gent who was "looking for my small child. Have you seen her?" They left him where they found him—at the foot of the tower, softly calling a name.

No More Lights

"Come on," said one of the patrol members. "Let's beat it out of here. That guy'll have every Kraut in Stolberg shooting up this part of town."

From then on the tower remained empty—at least no more lights were seen. The story—old man and all—could end right there, except that a young artillery lieutenant came in to hunt up a good observation point. His unit was behind Stolberg, firing over the city on German supply positions and vehicles. The lieutenant's job was to find a vantage spot, from which he could direct the fire.

The Rathaus tower was made to order.

It was about dusk when he got there. The firing had dwindled to a quiet lull, and several unshaven ntrymen were lying in Kraut prisoners. They told the lieutenant they held the next four blocks—yes, the tower area was okay.

He passed a bombed-out beer garden and looked up at the

tower's uppermost window—where a face, topped by a black beret, leered out at him. The face ducked back into the shadows—and was gone.

Perfect For OP

When the lieutenant reached the tower base there sat an elderly man—also with a black beret, who asked: "Have you seen a small child near here?"

The lieutenant said no, and walked in the doorway. Behind him, a couple of evil eyes watched him.

He reached the tower top and turned his field glasses over Stolberg. The view was good. Beyond he could see the rolling hills—and he could see what looked like camouflaged supply dumps. A tiny speck—a vehicle—rolled around a curve and disappeared. This was it. With an observer here, they could dump 105s in Jerry's lap.

But one thing the lieutenant didn't see—or if he did see it, he ignored it—was a dumpy old man scurrying down the street; the same old man with the black beret. He was headed for the German-held section of Stolberg.

It was after that that the 88s came. First there were only three or four of them, and they knocked some houses near the tower for a loop. Then more came—and this time they burst near the tower. They were getting closer—too close for the lieutenant.

The Old Man Talked

The lieutenant jammed his glasses into his belt and skipped down the stairs. The Rathaus trembled like a venetian blind when a volley caught her dead center. Some of the roof caved in and splattered mortar dust on the lieutenant. But he reached the street in time.

Down the block, past the blown-out beer garden, he saw two Doughboys with the old man in the beret. He was puffing, he was scared, and he was talking.

At first he shouted his innocence, but then broke down with a full confession. He wasn't just playing games in the tower. He was there, at first, directing German artillery fire by means of a small flashlight. With this light he signalled to the Kraut gunners each time our patrols went out.

He Looked Harmless

After he was fired at, he took no more chances with the light. Then when he saw the lieutenant enter the tower, he went into the German lines. He told them that the Americans were now using the tower, so the Germans came back with their 88s.

How many men did this old guy kill? Your guess is as good as anybody's. He looked harmless enough and dumb enough. Yet he played a vital role in a network that fans out behind the Germans. This network is made up of well, anybody that the Germans can use.

It would be unfair to say that all kids and girls and old men are artillery spotters. But any kid, girl or old man might well be a member of the network. It does more than merely direct Kraut shells into our bread-basket. It is built to provide a road block—something that will slow us down and harass us with each step into Germany.

The Germans learned a lot of these tricks from Russia—the hard way—and the Russians are pretty good at it. They rocked Hitler's Armies all over the Soviet front and booted them from Stalingrad to East Prussia. So now the Germans would like to repay the compliment—to us.



GI JERRY

by Lt. Dave Breger

Nazi Guide-Book

Part XIX



H. Dave Breger

DEATH TO HITLER!
STRING 'IM UP!
TEAR 'IM APART!
LYNCH 'IM! BREAK HIS ARMS
OFF AND STUFF 'EM DOWN HIS THROAT!



"When judging, neither judge nor public prosecutor must look at the law, but they must listen to the voice of the people... When punishment, according to the law, is regarded as insufficient, the judge must decide to find another punishment, according to the feeling of the people."
"DEUTSCHE JUSTIZ" OCT. 20, 1936



"HELLO, HEADQUARTERS—STAND BY FOR SONG ABOUT TO BE TRANSMITTED—CHECK ANCESTRY TO SIXTH GENERATION OF COMPOSER, LYRICIST, AND MUSIC PUBLISHER!"
"A 24-year old S.A. man in Düsseldorf was arrested because at a boating party he had sung the popular song 'Lorelei,' written by a Jew. He pretended not to know that the poet Heinrich Heine had been a Jew."
"VÖLKISCHER BEOBSACHTER" AUG. 1935



"It is a self-imposed duty of everybody to support... the Winter Relief How much everyone is to give us, as it is a voluntary gift, left to the... individual, but an insufficient contribution... can be the reason for being dismissed without notice."
REICH LABOR COURT JULY 4, 1938



"A worker who had been employed for 24 years in the same firm was dismissed without notice. He sued his employers before the Frankfurt Labor Court, but his claim was rejected. The deciding point was that the claimant, in a provocative manner, had not answered the Hitler Salute."
"FRANKFURTER ZEITUNG" DEC 1, 1935

You can't be friendly

(Continued from Front Page)

brows as though approaching a painful spot in the story.
"We went in the side door and climbed up two flights of stairs to the third floor and went into the kitchen. There was some stuff cookin' in a big pot on the stove and Rika was stirring it. When she saw me her face lit up like a Christmas tree. She was plenty all right, that Rika.
"The old gent takes off the muddy boots he had on when he was working in the garden and puts on a pair of old felt slippers. I kept glancing at the boots because they were that heavy black rubber kind and I saw plenty of Jerry soldiers with boots a lot like them. I didn't say nuthin' because I wasn't sure and I didn't want to screw the deal with the kid.
"I lit a smoke," he continued, throwing the stub of his cigarette from the jeep, "and the old man smoked his pipe. Rika sat down and just kept looking at me and smiling and said she didn't smoke. Then Rika went to the cupboard and got out a bottle of cognac—looked like old stuff, and poured two glasses. The old man took one and gave it to me and then took the other for himself. Polite as hell.
Her Father in Aachen
"About that time the old lady with the red face came in and began stirring the stuff in the kettle, turning all the time and smiling at me. I can't remember a hell of a lot of what was said—a lot of it was too deep for me, but they seemed to be concerned about Aachen. The old woman asked me if the planes had bombed the joint and I told her they had. She asked how many and I thought to myself, 'What the hell is it to her how many?' and I told her I didn't know, but there were plenty of them.
"It turned out that Rika's old man was still in the town—that made me feel funny to think that we might kill her old man with

our planes and artillery, but I steered the conversation away from that angle. Then it happened.
"I don't know what made me turn around," the boy said, shaking his head, "but I looked behind me and there pasted on the inside of the window of the kitchen cabinet was the picture of a Jerry—a kid about my age in a German army uniform. It gave me such a turn I just stared at it for a minute. They all noticed me looking at the photo. No one said anything.
He Was 'Kaput'
"Is that your brother," I asked Rika. She said no it wasn't—it was her cousin. The old guy's son. I didn't know what the hell to say to that. I suddenly felt hot and uncomfortable and I wanted to get out of there. I felt like a jerk.
"The old guy fiddled with his glass—he hadn't taken a drink and he said, 'Kaput,' nodding toward the picture. The boy had died fighting in Russia two years before. I started to say that was too bad and then I thought to myself, 'why hell, no, it isn't too bad, you jerk,' and I just sat there wanting to get away.
"That did it—that picture. Something was wrong, I can't explain it, but I was all mixed up. I looked at Rika and for some reason I just couldn't see the pretty kid on the bike—and she wasn't smiling. She didn't look at me, just kept her eyes on the floor.
Door Was Locked
"Just then," the boy said dramatically, "I heard American voices outside and I got up and walked over to the window and looked out. There was a convoy stopping on the road and a couple of GIs were looking at my jeep parked in the drive. I was getting nervous and fidgety as hell. How could I explain it if I got caught having a drink with them—Germans?
"I got up and picked up my helmet and told them I had to go back to eat chow. The old lady came down to the door with me,

but the side door was locked. She tried the door and turned and said that Rika must have locked it accidentally—she was so quick to make an excuse. I thought to myself, 'Why the hell should she explain a little thing like that—does she think I'm afraid of a civilian?' I followed her through the basement and went out the back door.
"I walked out to the jeep and climbed in. As I stepped on the starter and let the motor idle. I glanced up at the third-story window. The old gent was there smiling down at me and Rika was looking down and waving goodbye. I waved back—I had to do that.
Can't Possibly Be Friends
"Well, Buddy, I can't explain why I thought of my rifle then—just at that particular time, but for some reason I reached into the back of the jeep, lifted the M-1 from where I had been keeping it for days, and placed it next to me between the front seats. When I glanced up at the window again, as I shifted gears, Rika was gone and the old guy was there but he wasn't smiling—he looked funny."
He paused for a moment, reflecting on what he had told me, looking off to the side of the road.
"Maybe you don't get what I mean, Mac—I guess I don't put it across too well, but you can't be friendly with these people here—you just can't do it. They look O.K. and all that—the girls are pretty and you'd like to take 'em out and all, but it's no good.
"Maybe I shouldn't have shot off my mouth this way—I guess it's up to them magazine writers and newspaper guys to say them things, and say 'em so they stick. But when I see that photo of that Jerry kid in that German uniform, something registered with me. I got the drift right then and I think the old gent and Rika an' the old lady did too—we just couldn't possibly be friends. We aren't friends and never can be. Not for a long time, anyhow. That much I'm sure about—don't know why I mentioned all this. Some of these newspaper guys could prob'ly tell you better."
I turned in at the drive that led back to the regimental C.P. As we got out the boy turned to me and stuck out his hand.
"Thanks for the lift, Ace," he said, "See you in the funnypaper."

THE OLD SERGEANT'S CORNER



A new conversion unit has been developed which now makes it possible to use Ethyl gasoline successfully in the Coleman lantern and other gas-burning equipment of a similar nature. One of the first demonstrations of this new conversion gadget will take place shortly—if it hasn't already—in the outfit of Tec 5 Carl D. Harthon, a combat medic who addressed an inquiry recently to the Old Sergeant on this subject.
"Our aid station," Harthon wrote, "recently obtained a Coleman lantern to work by. We are informed that we should burn only white gasoline in it. Could you please tell us of a practical method of converting the Ethyl G.I. gasoline into white gas? Please do not refer us to a G.I. textbook; we left them all behind. Yours truly—"
The Old Sergeant definitely did not refer the corporal to a textbook. Better than that, he sent the letter to Major General Robert M. Littlejohn, Chief Quartermaster of the ETO, who promptly replied:
"I appreciate your forwarding questions of this nature to this office, for all my resources are available twenty-four hours a day to give aid to G.I. Joe.
"Unfortunately, Ethyl gasoline cannot be converted effectively into white gasoline. Various methods of filtering have been tried but with only partial success. A representative from my office who is a technician in these matters will visit Tec 5 Harthon's outfit in the near future to demonstrate and install a conversion unit which has been developed to meet this difficulty. The use of this appliance will make possible the burning of Ethyl gasoline in the lantern. This officer will also be able to give information as to where white gasoline can be obtained. Sincerely yours—"
One thing Old Sergeant wishes he had the answer to is the problem,

or rather the thousand and one problems, presented by the old curse of winter warfare—MUD. At the present time he's asking Ordnance and some heavy mechanized outfits for any special dope they may have on how to keep vehicles, from quarter-tons to tank-carrying tractor-trailer jobs, rolling in spite of the glop.
Driving tricks, how to make the most of the gears, how to get traction when there isn't any bottom to the damned stuff—these are the things he'd like to know, so the corner can pass the information along. Also any angles by and for the infantryman that will help the footslogger combat the goo that makes each dog weigh a ton and turns every hill into an Alp. Send your ideas to Warweek, Stars and Stripes, APO 887, and many thanks.
Here's a tip to everybody who operates a vehicle that will give the hard-pressed first echelon maintenance outfits a break. Have that jeep or other vehicle worked over as far to the rear as possible. Leave the Ordnance men near the front free to take care of the extra winter troubles that are bothering our frontline units.

Who are the War Criminals?
What are their crimes?
How will they be tried?
Read "What to do With the War Criminals," in
ARM TALKS
11 November, 1944