

Man Spricht Deutsch

Eins, zwei, drei, vier, funf.
Ainss, tsvai, dral, feer, fewnff.
One, two, three, four, five.

THE STARS AND STRIPES

Daily Newspaper of U.S. Armed Forces

in the European Theater of Operations

Ici On Parle Français

Je suis fatigué.
Juh swee fateeGAY.
I am tired.

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1 Fr.

Saturday, Oct. 21, 1944

MacArthur Goes Back; Aachen Falls to 1st Army

Blast Nazis From Last City Fort

U.S. troops captured the first major German industrial center yesterday when Aachen, which the Nazis had chosen to defend literally stone by stone, fell to Lt. Gen. Courtney B. Hodges' First U.S. Army.

The fortified city proper was captured yesterday afternoon when the last German strong-point was caved in by direct 135mm. rifle fire and defending Nazis were trapped underneath. Germans, however, continued fighting in the suburbs.

British Drive Slows

Coinciding with the opening of this gateway to the Rhine, the Canadians advanced five miles in a medium-scale attack launched yesterday morning 14 miles north-east of Antwerp. The assault, designed to ease pressure on the Beveland Causeway, was supported by tanks and planes.

South of Venraj, the British drive was slowed down by stiffening German resistance and German artillery fire increased in tempo as the Nazis sought to regroup to halt further penetration of their Lowland defenses.

Unable to pry open the ring of steel Gen. Hodges threw around Aachen and snapped shut Monday night, the Germans sought frantically yesterday morning to drop supplies from planes to the trapped defenders. Five planes were shot down by U.S. gunners.

Germans Shell Dying City

Disregarding the lives of German civilians, German artillery shelled the dying city early in the morning as U.S. infantry flushed the Nazis defenders out of houses, buildings and heaps of rubble.

In the outskirts, it was estimated that 500 to 1,000 Germans were caught in a vice, between advancing U.S. infantrymen from the city proper and the ring of infantry around the embattled area.

Meanwhile, Third U.S. Army infantry, still four miles from Metz, (Continued on Page 4)

Ninth Downs 18 Nazi Planes

Attacking enemy rail targets east of captured Aachen, Ninth Air Force fighter bombers, flying more than 550 sorties, yesterday encountered three Luftwaffe formations, destroying 18 enemy planes. Nine fighter bombers are reported missing.

Lightnings shot down 10 enemy aircraft over Cologne and two over Hamm, while P47s got six over Koblenz.

Fifteen Air Force Italy-based heavy bombers attacked the Rosenheim railway yards, located 35 miles southeast of Munich and oil-storage tanks at Regensburg, 60 miles north of Munich. Other targets attacked by 15th AF bombers were the Isotta-Fraschini tank component and motor plant and the Breda arms factory at Milan, Italy.

Corregidor Avengers Land



Yanks Pouring Into Philippines From 3 Beaches

Gen. Douglas MacArthur returned to the Philippines yesterday as a quarter of a million U.S. fighting men poured ashore virtually unopposed at three beachheads on Leyte Island, in the heart of the archipelago.

Smashing inland with tanks and mobile guns, veterans of Lt. Gen. Walter C. Kreuger's Sixth Army captured Leyte's capital city, Tacloban, and swept on toward the island's largest airfield three miles west.

The Americans, protected by a devastating naval artillery barrage, made simultaneous landings at three points along the island's eastern beaches, and until late in the day—when resistance began to stiffen—they were virtually unopposed.

It was a D-Day against Japan rivalling the D-Day against Germany. Approximately the same number of troops landed on Leyte as landed in Normandy on June 6

Large Type Tells Nation Of Landings

NEW YORK, Oct. 20. — Newspapers all over the country again took out their biggest headline type today to tell the nation that "MacArthur Returns to the Philippines," but generally Main Street's reaction was calm.

Editorials lauded MacArthur for keeping his promise that "I shall return." The New York Times ran a three-column picture of MacArthur with the caption, "General MacArthur Fulfills a Gallant Vow," and in its editorial columns praised the captured defenders of the Philippines who are about to be freed after 2 1/2 years of captivity which "must seem like centuries in the stinking, pestilential Japanese prisons."

Congressmen hailed MacArthur as "miracle man" with "such tools as he had at his disposal."

Sen. Robert R. Reynolds (D-N.C.) said, "When Gen. MacArthur said he would return to the Philippines, I was confident he would return, and return as a conqueror."

Lucky Life magazine appeared on newsstands this morning with a seven-page feature entitled "War Comes Back to the Philippines." The magazine went to press three days ago.



Gen. Douglas MacArthur

... he kept his promise ...

—but there was no comparison in the cost.

President Roosevelt called the Philippine invasion "the greatest concentration of naval and air power ever concentrated in the Pacific."

President Sergio Osmena and his cabinet returned with MacArthur, and the Philippine government was re-established on its native soil. MacArthur broadcast a call to all

(Continued on Page 4)

Reds Capture Belgrade, Drive to Budapest Area

Liberation of Belgrade, capital of Yugoslavia, was completed by Russian and partisan forces yesterday as the Red Army swept on across Hungary to what Brussels Radio called "the outskirts" of Budapest.

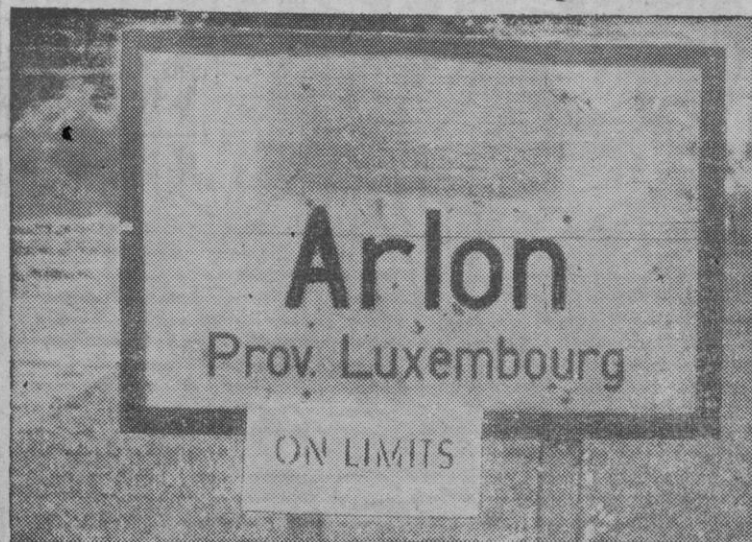
Meanwhile, Berlin made repeated announcements of a large-scale Soviet offensive into East Prussia along a front stretching from northern Poland to the southern coast of the Baltic Sea.

The liberation of Belgrade was announced by Marshal Stalin in an order of the day which also reported capture of Debreczen, in Hungary, for more than 10 days the scene of a mighty tank battle. Belgrade was freed by Marshal Feodor Tolbukhin's Third Ukrainian Army and Tito's Yugoslav Army of National Liberation.

Though Moscow was still officially silent on activity in East Prussia, it is known that three Soviet armies are drawn up in a huge pincers around the historic land of the Junkers, extending from Poland north of Warsaw to the Baltic south of Memel.

Mutiny and civil strife inside Budapest appeared to be mounting yesterday. Hungarian soldiers were reported to have joined in street fighting against the Germans, while the Nazi Transocean News Agency announced special courts to handle "panic or disorder."

Write Your Own Caption



All Ships 'Salvaged,' Halsey 'Flees' Ahead

PEARL HARBOR, Oct. 20.—Adm. William F. Halsey, commander of the Third Fleet, must have had his tongue in his cheek when he sent reassurances to Adm. Chester W. Nimitz which Nimitz described as "comforting."

The message said that Halsey "is now retiring toward the enemy following the salvage of all Third Fleet ships reported sunk by Tokyo radio."

THE B BAG

BLOW IT OUT HERE

Don't Gum Up the Peace

You deserve a citation for "Will We Gum Up the Victory?" I hope every man in the American Army reads it

I know the Germans well, having lived in Germany for years. I know their character and their mentality. Hitler did not mislead the German nation; neither did the Kaiser nor the rulers of past centuries. The Germans want to be misled.

This time we have come as conquerors. Therefore, don't let us be blind! Soon enough we will suddenly discover a nation of 75,000,000 believers in democracy, human decency and all ideals we are fighting for. They will try to make us think that Nazism was forced upon them.

Let us remember when we are tempted to give a piece of chocolate, a stick of gum or only a cigarette for papa that the peaceful, humanitarian people of Norway invited thousands of German children after the last war. They came back 20 years later disguised as tourists to speed up the defeat of their former benefactors.

Let us be correct but very hard in our dealings with the Germans and let them know once and for all that we can speak the only language they understand, the language of power and force.—Pfc. F. Landon, Engr. Regt.

* * *

You're . . . trying to change us GI Yanks into something we ain't and don't want to be with such stuff as not giving any gum to the little Jerry kids.

We're conquerors, yet we're still Yanks who know how to be tough, damn tough, and yet sentimental and big-hearted. And they like us for it too; in England, in Ireland, in France and even in Italy. Yet our S & S wants us to change when we hit Germany. We should growl at the lips, leer with our eyes and sneer in our hearts. Thus you ask us to treat the Germans just as they mistreated conquered Europe. And do you want us to imitate the Nazis?

No, we Yanks won't change: we still will be the most generous bunch of GIs in this world. We'll give Jerry hell, but we'll give his little brother gum. We'll treat the youngsters like big brothers in America treat their kid brothers and not the hardened way of a Nazi fanatic. Tomorrow's German will remember our kindness as conquerors.—Cpl. Joe Johnson Jr., Tank Bn.

* * *

The only way to have a lasting world peace is to help these people rebuild their countries. Introduce to them the American way of living, by placing our peacetime army over here for 10 or 20 years. Encourage more world athletic events and, above all, keep those "intelligent" Americans from selling war materials on this side of the globe. And don't allow some intellectual American to go tearing down another Sixth Ave. El, so the scrap iron can be sold over here only to be made into battleships to be used against us. That may gum up the peace!—Pvt. Earle B. Fairchild.

* * *

Boys, Boys!

Cpl. G. R. Morrors (B Bag, Oct. 4): We were not awarded two or three Bronze Stars. You are probably referring to the Bronze Service Star which has no point value. The Bronze Star is a medal for meritorious service which even birds in a service group can get.

As for working hours, the service groups are seldom up at daybreak, pre-flight or loading bombs. Besides, do you work as late as 2300, loading gun bays with ammo?—Cpl. John Skompsky, Ftr. Sqn.

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Hash Marks

This little conversation is printed for no other reason than to show that there are some honest men around these days. C.O.: "Why aren't you working?" Pvt.: "I didn't see you coming, sir!"

WAC Philosophy. Generally the woman chooses the man who will choose her.

At a certain air service command depot there's a lowly GI who's treated with the utmost respect at all times, even by the big brass. A stranger to the base



asked, how come? "Simple," came the explanation, "he's a Pfc." When he asked what that had to do with it, the stranger was told, "Yeah, I said he was a Pfc—Personal Friend of the Colonel."

Tip to the Post-war Planners (from Sid Schapiro). Getting cuffs on pants won't worry most ex-soldiers. Getting pants on the cuff will be the problem.

Signs of the Times. (Another unsigned verse in our typewriter.)

A fad that started years ago Has now become much stronger, For every day the women seem To wear their legs much longer.

Some statistician has estimated that the average soldier has a vo-



cabulary of about 5,000 words—that is, until he trips over a footlocker—then he just ad libs.

A pretty smile—a lovely torso—can make a friendly—feeling more-so.

We had forgotten it was leap year until we heard an American girl in the services over here tell her Allied boy-friend, "Marry me—and I will take you back to the States!"

How MacArthur Kept His Vow

Smashed at Heart Of Jap Octopus Isle by Isle

"The President of the United States has ordered me to break through the Japanese lines and proceed from Corregidor to Australia for the purpose, as I understand it, of organizing an American offensive against Japan. The primary purpose of this is the relief of the Philippines. "I came through and I shall return."

By Charles W. White
Stars and Stripes Staff Writer.

Those were the words of Gen. Douglas MacArthur, speaking from Australia on March 17, 1942, as the Far East reeled under the onslaught of a long-prepared Japanese war machine.

Yesterday, two and a half years later, Gen. MacArthur came back. The Philippine landings came after a period of careful, thorough preparation. Every step of the long, grim road back was paved with the sweat of planning leaders and the blood of dying men.

On April 9, 1942, Gen. Jonathan Wainwright surrendered Bataan, and Corregidor itself fell May 6.

Orient Was Reeling

The Japs poured over the islands and through the jungles of the South Pacific. They had the first jump. Australia was almost in panic. With the fall of Singapore it looked to many as though Japan's "Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere" was to become an established fact.

The Orient was reeling, but even as the year finished, MacArthur, true to his promise, was coming back.

The decision had to be made, whether to concentrate American power against Germany or Japan. MacArthur lost that decision, and had to go on with the men, guns and ships available.

Between May 4 and May 8 (while there were Americans still fighting on Bataan) the U.S. and Jap fleets met in the Coral Sea and American heavies won what proved to be one of the decisive battles of history. Sinking 11 Jap ships and routing the enemy, they established enough superiority over these vast sea areas to accomplish the two vital points in MacArthur's grand plan—to get sufficient supplies to a new American sea-and-land striking force, and to allow time for the building of that force.

The Jap fleet withdrew, and there



Striking with vengeance at Nichols Field on Manila Bay, where the Japs nearly three years ago caught American planes unprepared on the ground, U.S. Navy pilots of Admiral William F. Halsey's Third Fleet, left this scene of destruction after their attacks on Luzon.

was no important sea battle for nearly a year when, in the first days of March, 1943, the Japs lost seven destroyers, three light cruisers, 103 to 150 planes, and 15,000 troops in the great Bismark Sea fight. American sea supremacy was established.

Meantime, using a new island-hopping and bypassing amphibious technique, MacArthur accomplished wonders. Within weeks of the flight from the Philippines,—Americans were on Guadalcanal, and had driven Japs from the southern tip of New Guinea. By the year's end MacArthur's forces had taken Buna, New Guinea, in a drive to clear the Papuan Peninsula.

Now the long road back.

Island Conquests

Another decision of immense importance had to be made. This was whether to concentrate on fighting the Japs by land in China, or to fight them by land, sea and island fastness, heading back to Manila.

The decision apparently was on MacArthur-style island-hopping, headed always toward the heart of the Japanese octopus. The Buna campaign ended January 24, with 15,000 Japs dead. Feb. 9 closed the Guadalcanal campaign, and now we were in the Solomons, New Guinea, and New Georgia. In November the Marines landed at Bougainville; Nov. 21 Admiral Nimitz announced the invasion of Makin and Tarawa, and by the end of December, the U.S. Sixth Army was landed and settled on New Britain, ready to go.

Island-Hopping Technique

U.S. aircraft on March 17 knocked out Rabaul. On June 19 our carrier planes hit the Jap fleet between the Philippines and Ma-

riannes, and got at least 14 ships. And on Sept. 14, an American carrier task force destroyed 501 Jap planes and wrecked 173 ships in the Philippines area.

The conquest of island bases progressed during all of 1944 and continues. January and February saw American troops fighting in the Marshalls, western New Britain and the Admiralties. In June we were on Saipan, which was taken with destruction of the entire Jap holding force. On July 20 MacArthur's men walked in on Guam.

The Japanese cabinet, and with it Tojo, fell. This was a heartening sign; but it was more of a re-organization than anything else.

In the Manila area the Japanese lost 86 ships, 405 planes, two dry-docks and 17 small craft as U.S. carrier planes swarmed in. Something big was up—the Japs sensed it, and their main fleet nosed out of hiding while Nip propagandists made fantastic radio claims. The fleet nosed out, took a look, and scurried back to cover.

Fleet Box Scores

And then the invasion of the Philippines.

By the best estimates available, since Pearl Harbor the Japs have lost 2,265 ships, including 354 combat ships, and about 3,000 barges and small craft. United States naval losses in all theaters since Pearl Harbor, mostly on the Pacific, have been 195 ships, including 155 combat ships. The Japs have lost 17,697 planes that we know about. U.S. plane losses—army, navy and marines—have been about 3,370.

United States casualties, all services, killed, wounded and missing, have been listed at 115,000. Japanese casualties, most of them killed, are believed to be in excess of 500,000.

Up Front with Mauldin



"We oughta tell 'em th' whole army don't look like us, Joe."

SOMEWHERE IN EUROPE

Rommel Incident

Rommel was killed on orders of high-ranking Germans close to Hitler, according to a story by Pierre J. Huss, INS correspondent.

Huss quotes Frenchmen who overheard Frenchmen who overheard German officers discussing the situation. Rommel's car, according to them, overturned as a result of tampering with its steering wheel. The driver was killed immediately and Rommel, seriously hurt, was reported to have been left bleeding by the roadside for four hours.

Himmler and others wanted Rommel out of the way, according to Huss' story because of the weight he pulled in Germany.

Low Altitude Bombing

At some time in the life of every infantryman, he wishes he was in the air force. A rifle squad of the 83rd Division had the chance of an infantryman's lifetime—they were bombardiers.

There was a two-story building in their way, and it was possible to climb into the second story windows without going through the ground-floor

doors. Looking through holes in the floor, they saw a German squad downstairs. With a yell of "Bombs away!" the boys dropped grenades onto the Jerries below.

Their report to the CP was: "Mission complete. Target demolished. New record for low-altitude bombing claimed."

Beginners Luck

The first time Capt. John W. Connelly, of Hartford City, Ind., ever touched the stick of a glider was the day he came into Holland and had to land one. Connelly, serving with an artillery unit of the 82d Airborne, took over the controls of the glider when his pilot was hit by flak, and made a good landing.

Hip Skipped

Add narrow escapes: S/Sgt. John S. Gordon, of Columbia, Mo., infantry squad leader with the Fourth Division, had a hand grenade shot off his hip. The grenade fell to the ground intact and Gordon was untouched by the bullet.

Warweek

The Officer Was Talking Against Time
Attack on Aachen, Death of A City
Sergeant's Tip: How to Keep Belt Dry

B.O.I.C.

Saturday, Oct. 21, 1944

Litter Interview

The Lieutenant Thought
He Was Dying, But He Had
A Combat Message to Give

By Hamilton Whitman
Warweek Staff Writer.

Morphine is curious stuff. Sometimes it takes hold like four fingers of 14-year-old Rye and a man slips almost at once into the never-never land where there is no pain, no anything but sleep.

Sometimes it takes a long time to have its full effect and the Medics watch the patient with narrowed eyes, waiting, wondering just how long a young, husky kid, weakened by wounds and the loss of blood, will struggle against the drug coursing through his veins.

That's the way they were watching the young officer who lay on a stretcher in an advanced dressing station one night this month.

He was a good-looking kid, the kind who might have been a Golden Gloves contender if he hadn't been a platoon leader in an outfit of the Fifth Division instead.

Like a Blow

In spite of the mud and sweat, in spite of the blood and the stubble of three-day beard on his chin, he was a damned good-looking youngster. He was probably 22 or 23—and it was almost like a punch in the jaw to see, suddenly, how flat the blankets lay over him where his feet and legs should have been.

The Medic followed my eyes and then nodded.

"Both of 'em," he said, "above the knee."

The lieutenant moved a little, opening his eyes and focusing them on me. I could see the effort he was making to seem casual and at ease. His eyes were a little fuzzy from the drug and he licked his lips once or twice before he spoke. When they came, the words were almost a whisper, at first, but they grew stronger as he talked until, after a little you'd hardly know there was anything the matter with him, just hearing his voice.

Outside there was the sound of distant gunfire, of trucks—all the little indistinct noises made by thousands of men moving, close at hand out unseen. Once, as we talked, there was a drumming roar of airplane motors overhead.

I squatted beside the lieutenant's stretcher and made notes as he talked on and on, fighting against the morphine. He didn't say so, but it suddenly struck me, half way through our conversation, that he thought he was dying.

He thought he was dying because he didn't understand that the morphine, as it took hold, was just something to make him sleep, something to quiet the pain. He thought



U.S. Signal Corps Photos.
TANKS, GUNS and MEN backed up and aided by the Air Force—that's the winning team. Most important factor is men. Out of scenes like this come messages like the one the story tells.

that the sleep which kept trying to envelope him was the end.

Because he thought he was dying, because I had a pencil and a notebook, it was very important to the lieutenant to tell me a lot of things he wanted other men to know. He was very careful as he worded them, thinking of each sentence in advance to be sure that exactly the right point was emphasized.

Only Lost Eight

One thing he wanted to be sure I noted was his conclusion that the tried and true method of keeping enemy positions covered with fire, while moving in, and then finishing it with a quick rush with the bayonet, was correct.

"In one attack, like that," he said, "we killed 306 Germans and only lost eight men ourselves. That was near Angers."

He wanted to be sure that every man who might possibly be near the front understood the tricky nature of the enemy we are fighting. "My men have learned, because

of various ruses and tricks, not to trust the Germans. In some instances the Germans have hidden to avoid our fighting echelons and then surrendered, to rear echelons who are inclined to treat them less severely.

"Our soldiers must learn to hate and distrust the enemy in order to win this war."

He was insistent about that point, repeating it two or three times to make sure I understood just what he wanted to say.

Then he talked of his own job—leading a platoon—and about the qualities he thought such a job called for.

"Our officers have to be leaders," he said. "Discipline in combat depends largely upon the knowledge by the men that the officer leading them knows his business and is not afraid to take risks."

I asked him about booby traps.

Discipline Beats Traps

"I have had no casualties from booby traps in my platoon," the lieutenant said, "mainly due to the fact that I do not allow my men to pick up weapons, watches or any other articles from enemy killed in action."

He was enthusiastic over the aid his outfit had received from the French resistance forces.

"The Maquis have been most helpful and co-operative ever since we broke out of the Normandy peninsula," he said. "In the Angers sector the Maquis supplied each platoon leader with accurate and helpful maps showing detailed enemy positions, including machine-gun and sniper nests."

The young officer's voice faltered a little and I couldn't tell whether it was from exhaustion—or from the effects of the morphine which had been pumped into him. The Medic stepped up and touched me on the shoulder. I started to get up.

Then I looked into the young



lieutenant's eyes. He didn't say anything, for a moment. He didn't have to. But there was a desperate appeal in his eyes. He didn't want me to leave him, what he wanted, more than anything else, was for me to stay there, talking to him—helping him to fight off the creeping sleep he thought was death.

"Tell them," he said, "that the Germans always try to get on your flank. They use small groups—a squad or so—with light machine guns. Another thing: platoons must be very thorough when they are scouting an area. If they aren't the Krauts will lie low and wait until you're right on top of them before they open fire. Don't pay any attention to the 'burp' gun, but look out for mortars."

Officer Snipers Now

His voice was almost a whisper. "A lot of the snipers are German officers now—maybe as many as a third of all we captured or killed. I guess they don't trust enlisted men for that any more, they give up when they're left behind."

"Here's the best way to use a platoon—put two squads ahead for the attack, keep the third in support... find out from which flank the enemy is advancing, then attack that flank. Tell them how important it is to keep their own flanks protected and to keep contact with other units."

He was fighting hard to stay awake but it was a losing battle. Then a thought flashed through his mind, rousing him momentarily. It wasn't about the war at all, except indirectly, but it revealed the boy in the man's body.

Never once during the conversation had he mentioned his wound.



He hadn't even looked down at the flat blanket on the foot of his stretcher. But he did now—and his voice quavered a little as he spoke.

"I was going to be an architect," he said. "Design homes, that's what I wanted to do—wanted a home myself." There was a wry twist to his mouth. "Well, it's a good thing I never wanted to be a letter carrier."

His eyes closed and his chin dropped on his chest. The Medic touched me on the shoulder and I stood up.

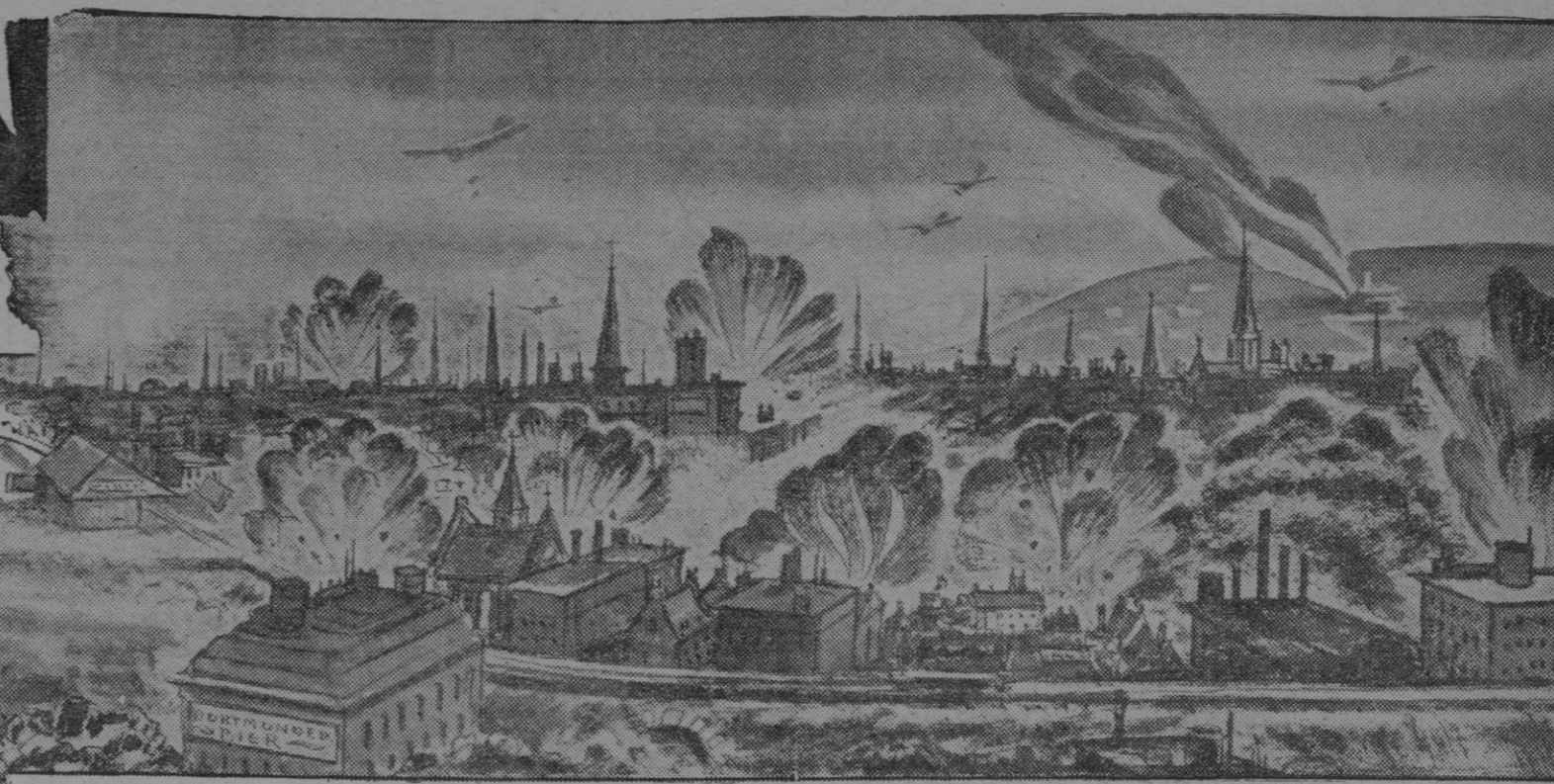




I Saw AACHEN

The First of Hitler's Doomed Cities

DIE!



By Ed Wilcox

Warweek Combat Correspondent

WE climbed the flight of narrow steps and emerged in a musty, low-ceilinged attic. We walked, half stooping, to the end of the room and shouldered our way in among a group of G.I.s. "From here," the sergeant said, "you can get a pretty fair view of it." I stepped closer to the open window and had a look.

In front of me lay Aachen, sprawling and tumbling down over the hillside. It looked just like any city of comparable size back home. I might have been looking at Peoria, Ill. Yet there was something distinctive about Aachen. At first I thought that it was the churches, spires standing out against the somber October sky. But it wasn't the churches. It was the atmosphere of inactivity. There wasn't a flicker of movement anywhere. It was strangely peaceful and almost foreboding. Aachen was a city condemned to death, waiting mutely for the hour.

"Watch it!" the sergeant warned as I leaned too far toward the window. "This place is alive with German snipers." We turned to leave just as a young Signal Corps lieutenant, camera slung across his chest, entered the O.P. "Come up to get a few close shots of the boys in their foxholes," he said grinning confidently. "Where are they from here?" The two non-coms with the officer looked at each other and one said, "They are just over the hill but it's dangerous out there, sir." The lieutenant said, "C'mon, let's get down there." As we left the building we could see the three making their way along a hedgerow over the hillside.

Sniper Got Him

Back at regimental headquarters that night, one of the officers remarked that the Signal Corps photographer had been hit by a sniper's bullet. I asked how it happened and the officer said, "Just another guy who hasn't learned that it is not smart to walk across breaks in hedges when Jerry is around. Nothing serious, luckily, just a nasty neck wound that will get him the Purple Heart."

Later that evening I had a talk with a Colonel commanding an Infantry Regiment. He had the sure certain air of a professional soldier, a product of West Point. The Colonel was commanding the outfit charged with the taking of Aachen.

"How long has it been stalemated like this?" I asked. "Three weeks," he answered. "When can you take the city?" "Whenever I want it," he answered. "Why don't you take it?" I asked.

His Own Terms Only

"I never fight on the enemy's terms," he said. "I force the enemy to do battle on mine." I didn't understand fully that night just exactly what the Colonel had in mind when he said that. I came to understand during the next few days.

Headquarters buzzed Monday with talk of an ultimatum to be delivered. Opinions were bandied about and it was clear that some-

thing was in the wind. During the day companies changed positions and the officers in the situation room drew new circles on the maps, indicating new locations. The Regiment jockeyed for position, closing the steel ring around the city. The suburb of Aachen-Forst fell to our troops and the infantry dug in along a railroad embankment, awaiting the final push.

Monday night weather reports were studied and the situation was hashed over and rehashed. The men in the companies cursed the light rain that began to fall and tried to get a little sleep. There was no small-arms fire—just the rumble of our artillery and the sound of the shells exploding within the city. The lights at the regimental C.P. burned late that night as final plans were drawn and Aachen's doom drew nearer.

Three Men Alone

At nine o'clock Tuesday morning two lieutenants and a Pfc. left regiment in a jeep, turned at the crossroad where the sign reads, "Nach Aachen 4 Km." and drove toward a Company outpost near the railroad tracks.

A fine rain was falling and unshaven infantrymen slogged through the muddy streets of Aachen-Forst, walking gingerly in the debris and rubble, trying to keep the

The interrogator, S/Sgt. Eric Kirchheimer, New York City, ordered the Wehrmacht soldier to advance for questioning. "Where do you live?" the sergeant asked. "Stuttgart," the prisoner answered. "Hmm—so did I," the sergeant said to me in English. "How old are you?" he asked the prisoner. "Twenty-five," the Nazi replied.

"I'll be damned," the sergeant said to me. "So am I." "Where did you go to primary school?" the sergeant asked. The Nazi replied with the name of a school and the sergeant turned and said, "How do you like that—this guy and I are from the same town, same age, and went to the same public school—might have played together as kids. And now look at us; we are enemies and at different as day and night. This is a screwy war."

stub of a cigarette alive as the water dripped from their helmets and made smoking almost impossible. All firing had ceased and one GI would say to another, "What the hell goes?"

A few minutes before ten o'clock the two officers and the flag bearer, holding a large white table cloth aloft on a pole, walked silently through our lines, into an underpass, and emerged on the German side of the railroad embankment where they were halted in one guttural command by four German enlisted men. The Germans asked why they had come.

Message for CO

"We have a message for your battalion commander," Lt. William Boehme, New York City, the interpreter, said in German. The four Germans held a hasty confab and then blindfolded the three Americans.

A half hour later they reached a company headquarters where the blindfolds were removed and they were questioned as to the reason for their mission by a young Nazi lieutenant. They were again blind-



folded and taken to a second German headquarters, this one a battalion C.P. located in the basement of a brick apartment building.

Here they were confronted by a second Nazi lieutenant who volunteered the information that he was the battalion adjutant. Lt. Boehme explained their mission and Lt. Cedric Lafley, Enosburg Falls, Vt., produced two envelopes, one addressed to the garrison commander and the other to the Mayor of Aachen. The Nazi lieutenant accepted for both.

Exchange Cigarettes

As Lt. Boehme discussed the means of effecting the surrender of the city if the Germans accepted the ultimatum, Lt. Lafley offered the Germans a cigarette. Both enemy officers accepted an American cigarette, and in turn offered one of their own to the Americans. The German enlisted men made no move to decline or accept the offer to smoke in the presence of their officers. Pfc. Kenneth Kading, La Grange, Ill., the flag bearer, lit a cigarette and smoked demagogically with the officers.

As the party rose to leave, the Nazi adjutant said, "I believe I speak for the commanding officer

when I say we shall fight on anyhow." The Americans left with their four guards and walked back toward the railroad tracks.

"I hope the terms are reasonable," one of the German non-coms remarked soberly. The remainder of the stumbling walk

You look twice when you see a young girl strolling nonchalantly around less than 200 yards behind the front lines. I looked twice and walked over to the young German girl to ask what her business was. She smiled and said, "I have come because I lived in Aachen-Forst and I formerly had a shop in Aachen—I am trying to get information about my shop." "What sort of a shop did you have?" I asked as she hissed overhead and smashed somewhere in Aachen. "China and glassware," she answered brightly. "That's all, sister!" I said, walking quickly away.

back through Aachen's twisting streets was made in silence.

At the company C.P., a scant hundred yards up the hill from the underpass, the muddy infantrymen milled around inside the bombed-out building discussing the possibilities of the Germans surrendering the city, cursed the rain and the mud, joked among themselves, wondered and waited.

GIs Were Waiting

Now and then one of the men would step into the street and peer down toward the tracks. The rain continued to fall, the mud in the streets got souper, and the GIs rubbed their chins, sweated, and waited.

"Them b...s ain't gonna give up," a sergeant drawled. "We'll have to root 'em out house-to-house style. Them b...s!"

A few minutes later the party of three came into sight, walking slowly up the hill toward the company C.P., white flag no longer unfurled. In the distance there was a boom, the hiss of a shell overhead, and a crash as the shell exploded within the city. Another boom, hiss, smash. And then a steady din as the battle exploded angrily all around. The armistice was over.

No questions were asked. The GIs who had stood in the halls, turned, flipped their cigarette butts into the mud, and plodded slowly down toward the stairs to the basement. Just like downtown," one of the doggies muttered.

City Is Surrounded

The message that had been delivered to the commander of the troops within the city had said, in part, "The city of Aachen now is completely surrounded by American forces who are sufficiently equipped with both air power and artillery to destroy the city, if necessary. We shall take the city either by its unconditional surrender or by attacking and destroying it."

Leaflets dropped by our planes during the day told the Germans, "On our airfields our bombers are awaiting final order to take off. Our artillery surrounding the city

is ready. Our troops are alerted for the final advance." The cards were on the table.

Music vs Shellfire

Tuesday night as our artillery stepped up its barrage, a German loud-speaker system in the front line was heard. If you will stop the shelling we will play some music for you. We regret that we have none of your American swing records." A record was put on the turntable and the strains of a German waltz floated out across the tracks, the report of our big guns in the rear furnishing a strange midnight symphony.

When our artillery continued to fire, the German at the loud-speaker said, "All right—if that is the kind of music you like, that is the kind of music you shall have." Then the enemy mortars fired a few rounds to the left of our positions. Our guns shelled their positions for the rest of the night.

Wednesday was the first really clear day of the weeks. There were a few wisps of cloud, but the sun shone brightly and everybody from the colonel to the private in the line looked much more cheerful.

The Planes Appear

At 10:00 o'clock with slightly less than an hour left for the Nazis to make their decision to stand and fight or surrender, there was a drone in the distance and soon you could make out the specks in the sky—twelve P47 dive bombers, buzzing angrily above Aachen, a reminder that the time was growing short. They hovered above the city and were joined by P38s, gliding in graceful turns, awaiting the order to release their bombs.

Rumor, the ever-present hazard to logical thinking in combat, swept the area. One story had it that Aachen was surrendering and that white flags flew from almost every building in town. One or two could be seen, but there was no general display of flags of truce. Another infantryman who claimed to have been down to the underpass a few minutes before, stated that the Germans were beginning to file down to the railroad track and they had agreed to give themselves up in groups of 50. No one knew what to believe and the boys who thought that it would be a soft touch because of what they had "heard," were disappointed.

Dump Blows Up

At 10:50, the time the ultimatum expired, all doubts were dispelled as the P47s peeled off and dived on the target city. They came in at about a 70-degree angle, you could see them strafing and then the two specks which were 500-pound bombs would cut loose and then a minute later there would be the explosion. One by one they dropped their cargos, zoomed away, regrouped and flew off for home and more bombs to drop. One hit had destroyed a hotel which was plainly visible on a hill the other side of Aachen. "Damn it," one officer said. "I had hopes of having a drink there."

Fires were started all over Aachen—there must have been a dozen large ones. Then an ammunition dump exploded.

(Continued on Back Page)

Backwash of a Battle

There was a short driveway running around the side of the two-story farmhouse and around in back there was a large lot. The prisoners and evacuees who had come from Aachen just a few minutes before, stood around in small groups, some talking and smiling, others sitting moodily on the grass. And the civilians did not talk to the soldiers.

Every time one of the big American trucks would arrive with a new load of civilians, there would be a demonstration that reminded me of a neighborhood picnic with everyone greeting everyone else and laughing and joking. But this was no picnic.

The men were mostly oldsters, wearing stiff white celluloid collars and suits that looked like they came out of the 1928 Sears-Roebuck catalogue. The women were not well dressed—most of them wore no hats but instead had a shawl tied around their hair. Their stockings were cotton and their shoes were square-toed and heavy. They seemed to be working people and they looked far from prosperous. They were all very friendly and co-operative when questioned by the interrogators.

The men of the Wehrmacht—about 100 enlisted men and six officers—were something else again. They stayed to one side of the lot, watching the civilians arrive and leave disinterestedly.

The six officers stood in a tight circle and talked among themselves, paying little attention to either the soldiers or the civilians. They seldom smiled and they had an air of insolence about them. Only one looked more than 21 years of age.

Individually the prisoners and civilians were questioned by the interrogators, who made penciled notes during the interviews and then told the people where to wait to be taken elsewhere. In the case of the soldiers it was a problem of finding out their grades, units, and any other information they might have that would be of value to our commanders in the area.

The civilians, almost all of whom were Catholics, professed to have no use for Nazism or Hitler and said they were happy to be safe and free of the Gestapo terrorists who threatened them with death if they attempted to surrender.

But it was a different story with the soldiers. They were an unkempt, slovenly group of men and certainly a far cry from the superman myth of yesterday. They all claimed that they wanted to surrender earlier but that they had been forced to continue the fight. They tried hard to be friendly, but the Yanks weren't interested.

Finally the six officers of the Wehrmacht were questioned. The ranking officer, a first lieutenant, was the battalion commander who had refused the ultimatum.

"Did you give yourself up or were you captured?" the interrogator asked. "A German officer would never give himself up," the Nazi answered. "You left your garrison to face the music, but you conveniently became a prisoner yourself, knowing the situation is hopeless for you, didn't you?"

"I—I can't answer that question. You may judge for yourself," the lieutenant said. "That is the pay-off," the interrogator said disgustedly, "and they call themselves officers." It is impossible to feel sorry for men like these. Just talking to them makes you want to wash your mouth with strong soap. You can't feel sorry for them.



RIGOR MORTIS at Aachen, 1. City Hall; 2. Cathedral; 3. Principal hotel; 4. State Theater; 5. Factory district, and 6. College.



FIRST TANKS enter Aachen after artillery and bombers of the Ninth Air Force blasted enemy positions. Death of the city was best example of air-ground co-operation.



DEMOLITION, the old standby German defense, was a feature of the battle to hold Aachen. Germans blew up viaduct leading to city. Tank tankers called on tank-dozer, cut through rail embankment.

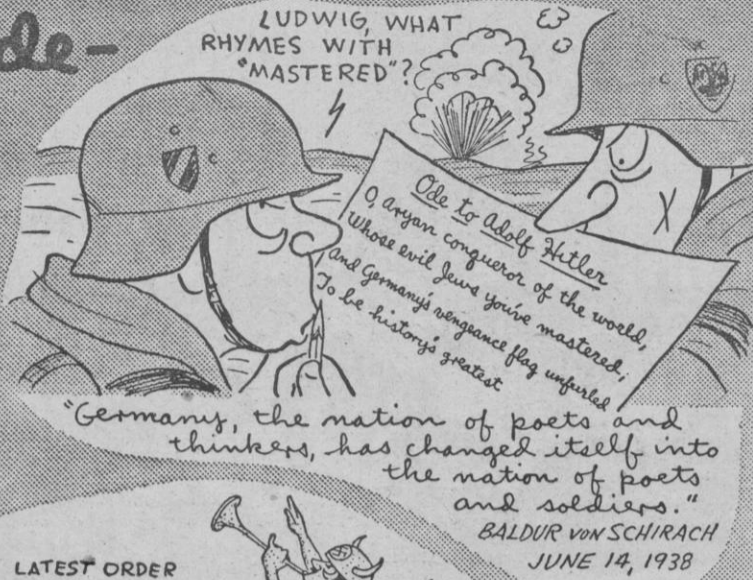
GI JERRY

by Lt. Dave Breger

Nazi Guide-Book Part XVII



Lt. Dave Breger
France



"Germany, the nation of poets and thinkers, has changed itself into the nation of poets and soldiers."
BALDUR VON SCHIRACH
JUNE 14, 1938



"YOUR EXCELLENCY, WE HAVE DESIGNED THE ONLY SECRET WEAPON WHICH CAN NOW TRANSFORM GERMANY AND THE WORLD INTO SOMETHING BETTER!"

"The conviction... to employ even the most brutal weapons is always associated with fanatical faith in the necessity for a new and revolutionary transformation of the world. A movement which does not fight for such high aims and ideals will never have recourse to extreme means."
ADOLF HITLER, "MEIN KAMPF"

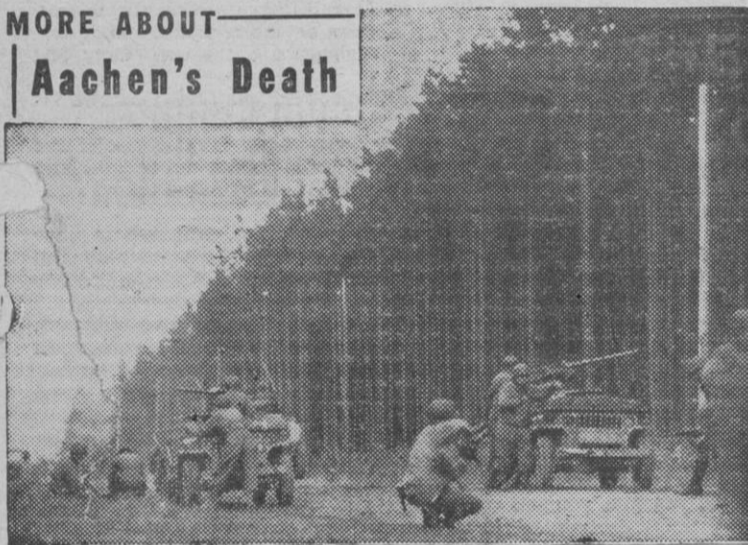


"It is repugnant to the heroic man that death on the battlefield should give rise to sorrow and complaint. It should be regarded as the ardently longed for termination of life. We will not stand at the monuments for the war victims and talk about their great sacrifice, but will praise them as happy because their life was allowed to find such a conclusion."
"TRAINING OF GERMAN YOUTH FOR MILITARY SERVICE," 1935



"As we National Socialists are convinced we are right we cannot tolerate anyone besides us who claims he is right, too. For if he is also right he must be a National Socialist, but if he is no National Socialist he cannot be right."
DR. GOEBBELS, MAR. 19, 1934

MORE ABOUT Aachen's Death



dump near a bend in the railroad track was hit and began to throw up clouds of dense black smoke. You could hear the crackle of small-arms ammunition like a string of firecrackers on the Fourth of July. But this was no holiday.

Every hour while it was daylight the planes continued to swoop in and strike at the city. Between air attacks our artillery, which by now hemmed in the city on three sides, fired a barrage into Aachen that completely hid the city with smoke and dust from the explosions.

Planes Came Back

From the observation post there was a good view of road near the tracks on the German side of the rail line. A Nazi soldier rounded the corner of the building and talked to someone in the basement of a building, bending low to talk through the windows which were at street level. "Jeez," one of the men said, "Give me an M-1 and I'll teach that jerk to stroll on the avenue." Someone handed him a rifle. He took careful aim and fired. The bullet kicked up a puff of dust near the German's feet. The Jerry whirled, brandishing his machine pistol, and tried to figure out where the shot had come from. Then someone ordered a mortar shell and it hit about 20 yards from him. He took off around the corner, but fast.

Then the planes were back again, swooping and diving in graceful arcs, smashing the city. And as

Aachen reeled and shuddered beneath the air assault, the artillery began again. The infantrymen, watching the planes come in, grinned, and said, "Go to it, you glamour boys!" It's a very snappy and warm feeling to see our own air go to work.

That night eight patrols entered Aachen, crossing the railroad embankment, and disappearing into the rubble and litter that refused to surrender. One patrol penetrated to within 1,000 yards of the center of the city and returned to report no opposition encountered. Only one of the eight patrols drew fire and there were no casualties among our men.

"We'll have a tough time finding a building in that joint which will be upright enough to use as a C.P.," one sergeant said.

Prisoners Were Groggy

More than 100 German prisoners were taken during the first day of the combined assault on the city. They came limping to the rearward areas, looking like anything but supermen, and plainly happy to be through with the war. Most of them claimed that they would have surrendered, but that they were forced to fight on by their officers and the SS troops. "It is all over for us," one Nazi said.

The following day the American troops readied themselves for their part in the final drive to take the city. They moved across the tracks, working in with the tanks and tank

destroyers, and occupied the industrial section of the city, bordering the rail line. They encountered scattered opposition. Meanwhile news arrived that the Germans were rushing men and supplies from other areas in a desperate attempt to salvage something of their garrison trapped within the ring of steel thrown around the city.

Prisoners reported that there was little food in Aachen and that the water supply was gone. People were drinking rain water and living like rats in cellars under the barrage.

Halftracks Were Wrecked

More than 100 German halftracks which raced toward the city were intercepted by our planes, strafed, and a large percentage destroyed. There were reports that tanks were being brought up to the north of the city. A major armored battle loomed northeast of Aachen.

House by house, street by street, our troops moved into the heart of Aachen. Men died but many more lived to move on as our forces fanned out within the town. It had taken a month to accomplish this much.

The battle for Aachen set the pattern for all future German cities to fall under the hammer blow of the American military machine. It showed us just what we may expect within the borders of the Third Reich. Sweat, blood, and bitter, hard fighting.

There is still optimism at home. Some people say the war will be over by Christmas over here and that no snow will fall on the battle of Germany. We hope they are right, but the men who saw the first of Hitler's condemned cities die don't put much stock in that line of logic.

One doggie, sweating out the weeks before Aachen was entered in force, said, "The way I got it figured I might get home two years from this Christmas if my luck holds out." And he grinned and crossed his fingers.

COMING!

The lie story of the Axis Kids, Herr Tweedledee and the Honorable Tweedledum Read "Jap-German, German-Jap" in ARMY TALKS. 28 October 1944.

THE OLD SERGEANT'S CORNER



Joe Ciccone is a private in an Infantry outfit which has been doing some pretty rugged campaigning since D-Day. He and the men in his company have run up against a lot of things that aren't covered in the books. One of them was a cartridge belt that shrinks when it gets wet.

Joe told his troubles in a letter to The Stars and Stripes which said, in part:

"We were trying to take a hill. It had rained all day and as we would walk up the hill we would fall down and get mud all over us."

Wet, muddy and exhausted, Joe and his outfit came under enemy fire as they neared their objective and were ordered to dig in. His letter continues:

"As I got done with my foxhole, I went to get some of my ammunition out of my belt and could not get it out. It seems that every time we get mud on our belts, we cannot get the ammunition out."

Warweek's Old Sergeant agreed thoroughly that Joe had a legitimate beef and passed his letter on to Maj. Gen. Robert M. Littlejohn, Chief Quartermaster. This is the message from the two-star general to the private.

Ciccone's report is the first of its kind which the Quartermasters have received. They have assigned a captain to contact Ciccone, get full particulars, pick up the defective shrinking belt and issue him a new one.

In the meantime, the Old Sergeant appends a hint of his own:

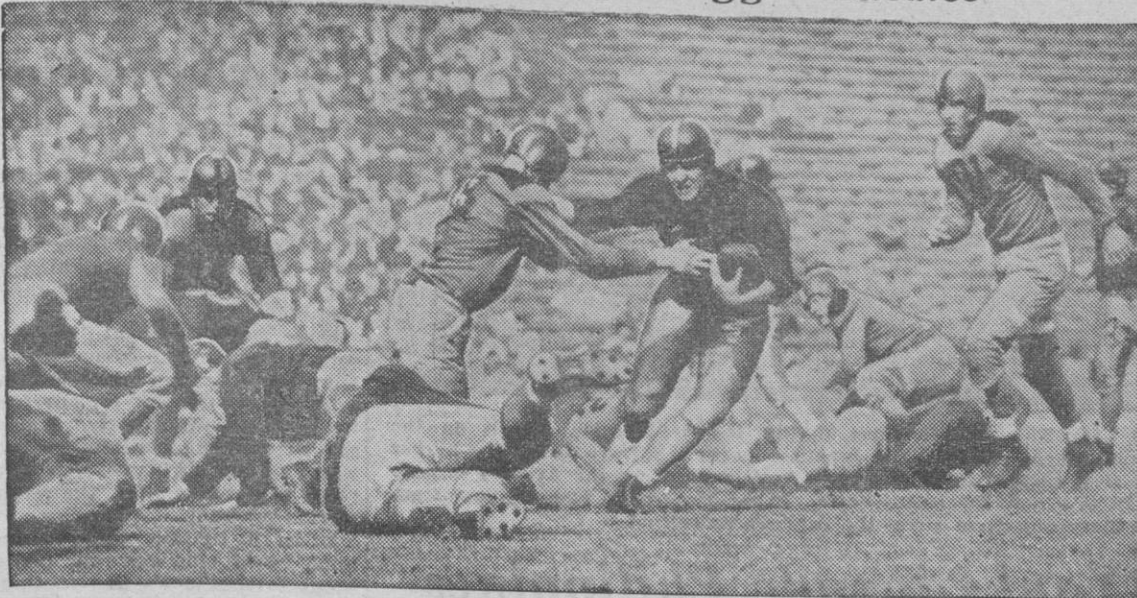
This may be construed as willfully damaging Government property, but it is an emergency measure for extreme circumstances in which men's lives may be at stake.

Hike your belt up a few inches so the bottom of it is about even with the bottom of the field or combat jacket you may be wearing. Then punch holes through the jacket with a bayonet, about even with your lower ribs. That way you can wear your belt UNDER the lower edge of the jacket, where it will be protected, and still wear a combat pack OUTSIDE by passing the suspender straps through the holes.



DIVE-BOMBER (ringed) starts operation outside Aachen. U.S. Signal Corps Photos.

Trojans Victimize Pop Stagg's Huskies



Rugged Jim Hardy, USC captain, charges through the College of Pacific line for a heavy chunk of yardage in their scuffle at the Coliseum in Los Angeles. The Trojans shoved across three touchdowns to thump Amos Alonzo "Pop" Stagg's athletes, 18-6.

Once Over Lightly

By Gene Graff

WHEN Bill Daley, Minnesota's All-American halfback, began flirting with the All-America Football League, and eventually promised his postwar line bucks to the New York club, he proved that as long as purse strings can be unzipped in a hurry the country is too small for more than one professional football loop. Unless, of course, some equitable agreement eventually is reached between the rival circuits.

But the well-established National Football League is gnashing its collective teeth and working its gums overtime today. Daley happens to be the second outstanding "name player" lured into the enemy camp—Tulsa's Glen Dobbs also is pledged to New York—and the good fathers of the National League are most unhappy, to say the least.

Now Baugh's Life Worth \$100,000 To Redskin Boss

WASHINGTON, Oct. 20—Nobody ever will be able to accuse George Preston Marshall, the laundry magnate who doubles as owner of the Washington Redskins, of being a financial nitwit.

Marshall announced today that he has taken out a \$100,000 life insurance policy on his passing wizard, Slingin' Sammy Baugh. The policy will cover Baugh's proposed airplane trips between Sweetwater, Texas, and the sites of Washington's Sunday football games.

Baugh owns a ranch near Sweetwater, and made arrangements for weekend flights when his draft board told him he'd have to work during the week on his ranch or be classified 1-A.

Of course, Marshall doesn't want any harm to befall his prize chattel, but the wily financier isn't taking any chances.

Help Wanted —AND GIVEN

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

APOs WANTED

L. T. Betty Ammerman, Paxton, Ill.; Lt. F. Bessman, ANC; Paul Blasius, Detroit; Mike Blassie, St. Louis; Capt. Vic Bodner, Madisonville; Pfc Russell J. Brennenstahl; Clifton E. Clark; Betty E. De Villiers, Joplin; Capt. Marion D. Dubose Jr., Athens; Howard M. Hall; Opl. Phillip Harrity, Pittsburgh; Pvt. James Hobby, 20402959; Harold T. Holzinger, Williston Park; Lt. Harriet Ines; Pvt. Constance Irving, Whittier, Cal.; Opl. Arthur Joekson; Lt. Donald T. Jones, Boulder, Cal.; George Daniel Lane; Carl L. Letschlag, Sheboygan; Sgt. M. J. MacGregor, 36163-415; Opl. Berton W. Matheson, 31264680; Cpl. Dorothy Meddaugh; Cpl. June Milner, Marion; Pvt. Clifford M. Milton, Roxbury; Lt. Johnny Moon, Griswold, Iowa; Al Morgan, New York City; Lt. Margaret Owens, Knoxville; Pvt. Alex Paigs; Cpl. Albert Hill Parrist, Marianna; Thomas Quirk, 31310841; John Alexander, Richmond, Cal.; Sgt. Carl G. Schubert, Chicago; Pvt. Irene Smith, Binghamton, N.Y.; Lt. Alice Summers, Greenville; Sgt. Leon Thompson, Atlanta, Tex.; Capt. Forrest Towns; Pvt. Mary Travers, North Easton, Mass.; Pvt. Gus Truncone, 31407583; Helen Urton; Capt. P. Vespigani, MC; Pvt. Lawrence E. Worthen; Capt. Larry Yates.

While they are sparring verbally, owners of All-America franchises are speaking with plenty of folding cabbage, a language even the collegebred football huskies can understand without trouble.

PROSELYTING started, the National League charges, when the annual All-Star extravaganza was staged at Dyche Stadium, Evanston, Ill., this summer. It's no strange coincidence, they point out, that Arch Ward, sports editor of the Chicago Tribune, is masterminding the All-America venture, while the Tribune is sponsor of the midsummer classic.

With an infallible arrangement like that, Ward could very easily corral every collegian worth bargaining with, while National League owners sit in the stands and watch the game. And that's what is worrying such folks as George Preston Marshall, owner of the Redskins, and Bert Bell, co-owner of the Pitt-Cards. They claim Ward is "rolling loaded dice."

TO forestall any such uprising, Ward and owners of teams in the All-America League promised not to compete with the National League for its athletes. How the new conference expected to operate without hiring capable players was not made clear at the time. It certainly isn't any clearer now.

Tunney Changes His Tune

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Oct. 20.—Cmdr. Gene Tunney, who turned anti-everything after retiring from the ring and ignited a feud with Cmdr. Tom Hamilton, Naval Pre-Flight athletic director, when he said competitive sports had no place in the war effort, has changed his mind.

Tunney told Connecticut sportswriters and members of the New Haven Gridiron Club last night that America is "better equipped than any other nation to carry on a long war because of sports."

He indicated that his talk with Gen. MacArthur in New Guinea did much to change his mind. Tunney said MacArthur called boxing and football the best sports for training fighting men.

Clemson Tops S. Carolina

COLUMBIA, S.C., Oct. 20.—The underdog Clemson Tigers upset South Carolina, 20-13, here yesterday in their annual football game which is played, by law, on the Thursday of State Fair Week.

Clemson showed a fine ground attack, scoring all three touchdowns right through the Gamecocks' line. Billy Poe's 25-yard run, followed by two bucks by Syd Tinsley and a spinner by Bill Rogers, produced the first Clemson touchdown; Tinsley crashed 43 yards through the Carolina defense for the second, and Rogers knifed five yards for the third.

Mack Erwin plunged over from the four for South Carolina's initial six-pointer, and Charlie Herdegen scored in the fourth quarter for the Gamecocks on a short thrust.

'Fixed' Pascoag Races, Horse Owners Charge

PASCOAG, R.I., Oct. 20.—Horsemen of the half-mile Pascoag track have protested to the State Racing Commission that "professional gambling rings have been fixing races," it was disclosed today.

Commissioner Raymond McElroy promised a speedy investigation. The owners charged that jockeys who refused to participate in the conniving were threatened and one was attacked this week.

Coaching Aides Reap Wartime Grid Harvest

Blocking Role Just a Memory To Barksdale

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Oct. 20.—Roger "the Dodger" Barksdale, Yale's 17-year-old running back, is playing a strange role these days because, when he was a prep gridder at Little Rock, Ark., blocking was his chief assignment. Now he's the team's star ball carrier.

Bulldog Coach Howie Odell, who can't speak too highly of his young star, says the 158-pound freshman is not terribly fast, but he's as shifty as they come. "His legs go one way and his body another," Odell explained. "He has been getting past at least one tackler every time he carries the ball."

Barksdale turned in his best performance of the season last Saturday when he scooted to two touchdowns against Columbia as the Elis won, 27-10. He averaged about eight yards per try, which definitely puts him in the big league category.

"It's been lots of fun," Barksdale says, in sharp contrast to the flat New England twang that predominates in these parts. "I like all sports, but football tops my list."

His biggest thrills, he said, have been playing in the huge Yale Bowl; quarterbacking his Little Rock team to an uphill 7-6 victory over Memphis a couple of years ago, earning the praise of Albie Booth, Yale's pint-sized great of the '30s.

Butler Suspended, Placed on Block

PITTSBURGH, Oct. 20.—The Pitt-Cards are ready to trade Johnny Butler, former Tennessee running back, for virtually any gent who is at home on a football field, the front office announced today.

Butler incurred the wrath of his bosses and was fined \$200 for "indifferent playing." When he failed to show up for a practice session yesterday, he was suspended indefinitely and placed on the open market.

National Hockey Loop Bars Rangers' Watson

NEW YORK, Oct. 20.—Phil Watson of the New York Rangers, who played for the Montreal Canadiens last year because he was frozen to a war job in Canada, will be ineligible to play in the National Hockey League this season, Les Patrick, Ranger manager and acting president, said tonight.

The bar on Watson is the result of a rule passed recently which makes any man ineligible who is deferred from military service "for other than physical reasons."

BAINBRIDGE LOSES 4 MEN

BAINBRIDGE, Md., Oct. 20.—Four players were lost to the Bainbridge Naval Station team through injuries while they were thumping the Camden Blue Devils Sunday, 47-7, it was announced today. The quartet are Left End Moe Schwarting, Quarterback Hilliard Cheatnam and Halbacks Don Durdan and Jackie Field.

NEW YORK, Oct. 20.—If the war has permitted fair to middlin' football players to skyrocket into the limelight, it also has been a boom to coaches who were cloaked in obscurity before Pearl Harbor. Four of the nation's top ten teams are coached by men who achieved prominence since more familiar names joined the colors.

Ed. McKeever, coach of Notre Dame's 1944 powerhouse, was known only as the smiling member of the Irish coaching staff before the war. Carroll Widdoes, Frank Tritico and Glenn Killinger held obscure jobs, but today they lead Ohio State, Randolph Field and North Carolina Pre-Flight, respectively.

McKeever's pupils tackle Wisconsin tomorrow in quest of their fourth straight victory. Yet the boss never had been head coach of anything, except his family, until Frank Leahy entered the Navy. He joined Leahy at Boston College in 1939 and came along as backfield mentor when Leahy transferred to Notre Dame.

Widdoes, whose club has a knotty problem on its hands when unbeaten Great Lakes come to town tomorrow, was Paul Brown's aide at Massillon, Ohio, high school and moved to Ohio State when Brown climbed the coaching ladder. Then the Navy beckoned Brown, and tomorrow they'll be pitted against each other because Brown is coaching the Bluejackets.

Killinger was an All-American halfback at Penn State in 1921, but he faded thereafter and was a small-time coach until he entered the Navy and was placed in charge of grid operations at North Carolina.

Tritico was coaching at La Grange high in Lake Charles, La., before the war. Now he has what most observers consider the nation's greatest collection of football players outside the professional ranks.

THIS WEEK'S GRID GAMES

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

EAST

DAN PARKER PICKS: Cornell over Sampson Naval, Holy Cross over Brown, Colgate over Penn State, Army over Coast Guard Academy, Lafayette over Lehigh, Boston College over NYU.

MIDWEST

ARCH WARD PICKS: Notre Dame over Wisconsin, Indiana over Northwestern, Great Lakes over Ohio State, Purdue over Iowa, Kansas over Nebraska, Iowa State over Missouri.

SOUTH

OSCAR FRALEY PICKS: Navy over Georgia Tech, Wake Forest over N. Carolina State, Tennessee over Alabama, Tulsa over Mississippi, Kentucky over VMI, N. Carolina Pre-Flight over Georgia Pre-Flight, Mississippi State over Louisiana State.

SOUTHWEST

WELDON HART PICKS: Texas over Arkansas, Rice over SMU, Texas Aggies over Texas Christian, Randolph Field over Camp Polk.

FAR WEST

BILL LIESER PICKS: Fleet City over California, UCLA over St. Mary's Pre-Flight, Fourth AAF over Etorno Marines, USC over Washington.



Gene Tunney

Lil' Abner

By Courtesy of United Features.

By Al Capp



Soldiers' Vote Is Expected to Hit 2,300,000

WASHINGTON, Oct. 20 (AP).—Well over 4,300,000 men and women in the armed forces have applied for absentee ballots and best estimates indicate that more than 2,300,000 of the ballots will be cast in the Nov. 7 election.

In 18 states which have kept a record of them, more than 600,000 GI ballots already have been marked and returned.

The percentage of servicemen and women who have cast ballots which they requested or received without asking ranges from five percent in Wisconsin to about 50 percent in Ohio.

These figures, gathered in a nation-wide survey by the Associated Press, reflect the soldier-vote picture a month before the general election. The exact number of military ballots cast may never be known because many states do not count them separately. Similarly, thousands of ballots are reaching local and county officials in each day's mail and state officials have no record of them.

Vital in 11 States

The soldier vote may decide election results in at least 11 states, including the five with the largest number of electoral votes (New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, California and Ohio). The other six states are Colorado, Kentucky, Maryland, Minnesota, Oregon and Rhode Island. These 11 states have a total of 206 out of 531 electoral votes.

Three times since 1904, the Presidential winners' plurality has been less than 206. In 1916, it was 23.

New York officials expect between 200,000 and 400,000 soldier votes. Pennsylvania expects 180,000 service ballots, Illinois 350,000, Ohio 125,000 and California 275,000.

As a result of the soldier votes, which in many states will not be counted until two weeks after the election, final results of the campaign may not be known until December.

West Front....

(Continued from Page 1)

battered against savage, house-to-house resistance in Mezières-les-Metz similar to that which had in Aachen.

To the south, Seventh U.S. Army troops remained locked in struggle with Germans in the foothills of the Western Vosges and, while no progress was reported from Allied sources, the Germans said U.S. troops had occupied an unidentified town 40 miles from Belfort.

The Canadian attack began two hours before dawn yesterday in the area of St. Leonard and Brecht. It was aimed toward the big town of Breda, about 17 miles away.

While Canadian infantry moved forward on both sides of the road and railway leading to Rosendaal, burning out German positions in the wooded countryside with flame-throwers, planes of the Ninth Air Force bombed a railroad and highway bridge in the German rear.

Driving toward Amerika south of Venraj, British troops encountered prepared German infantry positions supported by anti-tank guns and German bazookas. The nature of the terrain made it impossible to maneuver around these positions which must be dealt with by frontal assault.

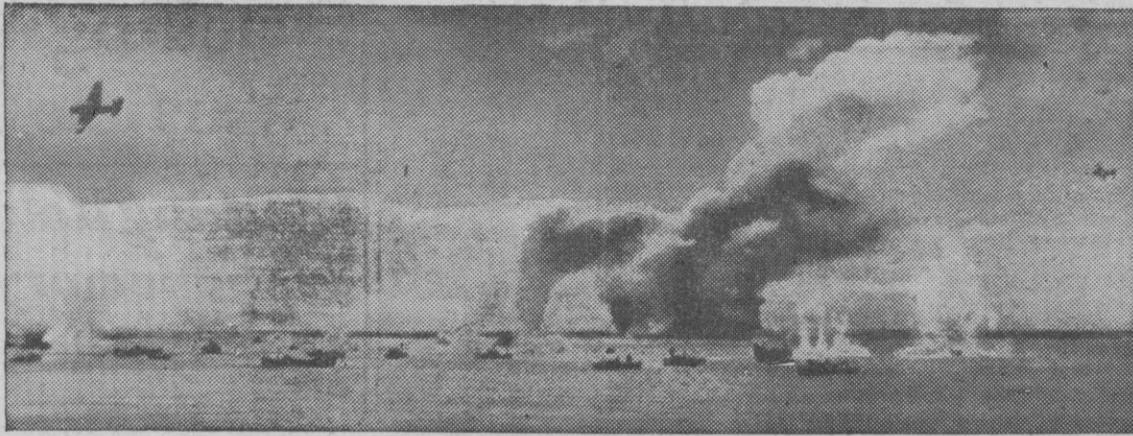
Germans in the area were reported regrouping the forces and shelling allied positions. German shelling of Nijmegen before dawn was heavy, but diminished during the day.

Lt. Col. Wilson of WAC Cited by General Lee

Lt. Col. Anna W. Wilson, WAC staff director here, was presented with the Legion of Merit by Lt. Gen. John C. H. Lee, Communications Zone chief, yesterday.

Col. Wilson, one of six lieutenant colonels in the WAC, outranked only by WAC Director Col. Oveta Clup Hobby, was cited as "directly responsible for the success of the Women's Army Corps in the ETO."

Japs Get a Taste of the Future



Bombers of Admiral William F. Halsey's Third Pacific Fleet, during the pre-invasion assault on the Philippines, paid off part of the punishment promised the Japanese by the U.S. Navy by blasting harbor installations and a large merchant fleet trapped in Manila Bay. Aply named are the Avenger torpedo planes shown here as they roared in to attack the enemy craft. In the background, smoke billows from burning military objectives along the capital's waterfront.

Nation Exults, Roosevelt Says

Declaring that the American landings in the Philippines were "only a way station on the road to Japan," President Roosevelt declared in a statement today that "we are astride the life line of the war lords' empire and we are severing that life line."

In a separate congratulatory message to Gen. Douglas MacArthur, commanding the Pacific campaign, the President said:

"The whole American nation today exults at the news that the gallant men under your command have landed on Philippine soil. I know well what this means to you. I know what it cost to obey my order that you leave Corregidor in February, 1942, and proceed to Australia.

"Since then you have planned and worked and fought with whole-souled devotion for the day when you would return with powerful forces to the Philippine Islands.

"That day has come. You have the nation's gratitude and the nation's prayers for success as you and your men fight your way back to Bataan."

British Fight Inside Cesena

British and Indian Eighth Army troops in Italy yesterday fought their way into Cesena, important German defensive hub on the vital Rimini-Bologna highway, while further east Fifth Army troops, faced by ten German divisions, made slow but steady progress in their drive on Bologna. The Germans were reported to be using more artillery than ever before in Italy in the Bologna sector, the heaviest fighting being near Monte Belmonte and north of Poggioli.

The Eighth Army men who drove into Cesena—last reports said they were engaged in bitter street-fighting—stormed in from the east and south with powerful tank support. Other troops enlarged their bridgehead over the Pisoiatello River. Although weather restricted air activity, Allied medium bombers hit roads, railways and bridges in the Po Valley.

SUSTAINED SHOE RATIONING

WASHINGTON, Oct. 20.—Rapidly dwindling stocks of ration type shoes and continued low production give little prospect of an early end of shoe rationing, a joint statement of the War Production Board and the Office of Price Administration revealed today.

Yanks Invade Philippines As MacArthur Goes Back

(Continued from Page 1)
Filipinos to rise against the Japanese.

MacArthur, in calling upon the Filipinos themselves to "rise and strike," proclaimed:

"I've returned! By the grace of Almighty God, our forces stand again on Philippine soil—soil consecrated by the blood of our two peoples.

"At my side is your President, Sergio Osmena. . . The seat of your government is now therefore firmly reestablished on Philippine soil. . ."

The long-awaited return to the Philippines, fully launched at last in overwhelming force, represented a junction in the drive against Japan of Adm. Chester W. Nimitz's naval power striking westward from Pearl Harbor and MacArthur's forces fighting northward from Australia.

Supporting the Sixth Army plus attached units from the Central Pacific were both Halsey's Third Fleet and Vice-Adm. Thomas C. Kinkaid's Seventh Fleet, along with Australian naval and air forces, all under MacArthur's supreme command.

The Japanese fleet did not dare to oppose the Allied armada, and a correspondent reported last night that not a single ship had been lost thus far. Every warship up to the big battleships was able to cruise at will off the Leyte shore

and pour a thunderous bombardment upon the beaches in advance of the landings.

While yesterday's landings on Leyte, eighth largest of the Philippine Islands, were the main show, combat teams landed earlier on Dinagat, Homonhom and Suluan Islands nearby to secure enemy installations there and command the entrance to Leyte Gulf for the passage of the main forces coming later.

Thursday's report of the Suluan landing by the Japanese News Agency gave the first word that the invasion of the Philippines had begun. It remained unconfirmed by American sources until the main Leyte landings were accomplished.

The troops went ashore on the sandy, palm-fringed beaches of eastern Leyte between San Ricardo, three miles south of Tacloban, and Palo; between San Jose and Dulag, and at Panaon in the southern tip of the island.

Included in the landing forces was every able-bodied survivor of the heroic stand at Corregidor.

MacArthur's communiqué pointed out that the surprise landing in the central Philippines splits in two the Japanese forces in the northern and southern islands—an estimated 225,000 men under Field Marshal Juichi Terauchi.

Leyte, which has nearly 1,000,000 inhabitants, has half a dozen airfields, of which the most important is at Tacloban.

Congressmen on Tour Confer With Gen. Ike

Five U.S. Congressmen, on a four-day tour of France, conferred yesterday with Gen. Eisenhower, who reviewed the Allied supply and tactical situation for them.

The group consisted of Representatives Robert Hale (R. Maine), Victor Wickersham (D. Okla.), John Newsome (D. Ala.), Henry D. Larcade Jr. (D. La.) and Emory Price (D. Fla.).

Strong Cultural Bond Seen for U.S.-Soviet

NEW YORK, Oct. 20.—Soviet Ambassador Andrei A. Gromyko voiced confidence tonight that the cultural bonds between the U.S. and Russia "will grow stronger and stronger," adding that the common interests of the two countries were represented not only by culture, but also by military, economic and political collaboration aimed at the speedy defeat of Germany.

Nazi Retreat in Greece Hampered by Guerrillas

Thousands of guerrillas were reported yesterday to be rising behind the German lines in northern Greece, hampering the enemy's withdrawal into Yugoslavia, as pursuing British spearheads raced beyond Thebes, 35 miles north of Athens.

Although heavy demolitions at the Piraeus, port of Athens, are delaying the unloading of relief ships, measures for feeding the population are under way.

Hull Seeking Redress For Looted Consulates

WASHINGTON, Oct. 20.—American consulates in Havre, France, and in Hong Kong were looted by the Germans and the Japanese before Pearl Harbor, Secretary of State Cordell Hull disclosed today in a report to Congress asking that officials be reimbursed for their losses.

FDR Receives Kaiser Plan For Factories

WASHINGTON, Oct. 20.—Henry J. Kaiser laid what he called "a specific pattern" for reconversion before President Roosevelt today and left the conference asserting his belief that the Chief Executive "will continue to do everything in his power to foster and encourage" free enterprise.

Kaiser is the chairman of a newly-formed non-partisan committee for franchise education which he has said "is not stumping for any particular candidate or party." Kaiser said that he and other industrialists, whom he did not name, were now ready to put into effect the reconversion program.

Under it, he and others of like mind would take over war plants about to shut down and continue manufacturing war materials in them, letting original contractors go back to their peacetime production. Where materials were available, the group also would move into war factories already closed and go into war manufacture.

Now engaged in 20 industries producing at least 100 different articles, Kaiser said he would convert to peace production himself some day, but he was not ready to say what or where.

287,000 BOOTS TRAINED

FARRAGUT, Ida., Oct. 20.—The Navy has trained 287,000 recruits at the Farragut Naval Training Center since its establishment Sept. 1942. The naval center said that this was nearly twice the total of men in the Navy when Germany invaded Poland in 1939.

HULL TO GO TO HOSPITAL

WASHINGTON, Oct. 20.—Secretary of State Cordell Hull, who had been kept from his office for three weeks because of a throat irritation, is entering the Naval Hospital at Bethesda, Md., for a physical examination.

U.S. Gale Toll Is \$20,000,000

CHARLESTON, S.C., Oct. 20.—A tropical hurricane which killed at least 26 persons and caused extensive property damage in Florida and Cuba, was subsiding gradually today as it turned out to sea at Jacksonville and swept up the Atlantic coast.

Florida reported unofficial damage estimates of \$20,000,000 inflicted on its citrus crop. Charleston and Brunswick, Ga., were plunged into darkness. Weather bureau officials said the center of the storm was about 40 miles east, southeast of Columbia, S.C. Hurricane warnings are flying from Charleston to Pimlico Sound and the Norfolk area in Virginia.

Death of Rep. Fulmer Cuts Democrats to 212

WASHINGTON, Oct. 20 (AP).—The death of Rep. Hampton P. Fulmer (D-S.C.) today brought to the lowest point in 12 years the number of Democrats in the lower House, with 212 members compared with 214 Republicans.

Rep. Fulmer, who was chairman of the House Agriculture Committee, died suddenly late yesterday of a heart attack shortly after he left an elevator in the Methodist building annex. The 69-year-old representative had served 12 consecutive terms in the House, having taken office in 1921.

Terry And The Pirates

By Courtesy of News Syndicate.

By Milton Caniff

