

B.D.I.C.

Man Spricht Deutsch

Wem gehoert dies?
-Vehm gehert deess?
Whose is this?

THE STARS AND STRIPES

Daily Newspaper of U.S. Armed Forces

in the European Theater of Operations

Ici On Parle Français

Dépêchez-vous!
Daypeshay-voo!
Hurry up!

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Sunday, Jan. 28, 1945

Nazi Losses Huge—Stalin

3rd Reaches Germany As Bulge Is Wiped Out

7th Armored Div. Opens Attacks At St. Vith

U.S. Third Army patrols reached the German border in northern Luxembourg yesterday and the Ardennes salient—which six weeks ago had poised the gravest threat to the western Allies since D-Day—became history.

Northward, U.S. First Army's Seventh Armored Div. attacked east and southeast of St. Vith, advancing up to 1,500 yards, Stars and Stripes Correspondent Dan Regan reported from the front. Elsewhere in First Army's sector only patrolling was reported. U.S. Ninth and British Second Armies north of Linnich swung their lines up to the western banks of the Roer and Wurm rivers facing western Germany's industrial Ruhr. The Allied breach in the Siegfried Line was widened nearly five additional miles in this sector by the Ninth Army's attack Thursday, when U.S. forces cleared 97 pillboxes.

Forced Back Over Moder

Half-frozen 79th Div. doughs, battling through a howling Alsatian blizzard and snow chest deep in some places, threw Nazis back across the Moder River west of Haguenau. Crack German troops in this sector made no further attempt to renew their offensive yesterday.

South of Strasbourg, U.S. and French troops advanced east of the Ill River and the Strasbourg-Colmar Road northeast of Colmar. Allied forces entered Riedwih, four miles east of the road and five miles northeast of Colmar.

South of the Colmar salient French troops were battling stiff German resistance in the Mulhouse-Cernay sector. The French were pushing through the Alsatian potash mining district in the Bois de Nonnen. They cleared mine villages, shafts and slag heaps which enemy forces were using as defense positions.

Fighting Near Colmar

While advances south of the Colmar bulge were limited, fighting continued over a wide and industrially important area. Northeast of Colmar, the Franco-American attack has pushed Germans back toward the salient's center and the Rhine about four miles.

On the Third Army front in Luxembourg, the 17th Airborne Div. advanced two miles and pushed patrols to the Duchy's northern tip seven miles south of St. Vith.

Men of the 90th Div. took Lieler, a mile west of the frontier. Patrols of the 90th then reached the Our (Continued on Page 8)

'Big Tom' Pendergast Of Kansas City Is Dead

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Jan. 27 (ANS).—Thomas J. "Big Tom" Pendergast, 72, who was boss of the powerful Kansas City Democratic machine until he went to prison in 1939 for income-tax evasion, died last night of a heart ailment. He had served nearly a year of a 15-month sentence.

Pendergast took over the North Side political machine ruled by his saloon-keeper brother Jim, and from 1911 to the 1930s enlarged the machine's powers not only in Kansas City's but in Missouri and national politics as well.

Expects Furloughed Men Soon

LONDON, Jan. 27 (AP).—The first contingent of American troops from the Continent granted seven-day leaves or furloughs in England is expected to arrive soon after Feb. 2. U.S. Army headquarters for the UK said today.

Holland Snow Blots Out View For Truck Pilot



U.S. Army Signal Corps Photo
In Holland, Yanks must contend with snow as well as the enemy. Here *la neige* piles up on the hood and sticks to the windshield of a truck driven by Cpl. Gordon Eary, of Yakima, Wash. Pvt. James Lane, of New York, gives directions.

Army's Ward Seizure Illegal, Chicago Federal Judge Rules

The Stars and Stripes U.S. Bureau

CHICAGO, Jan. 27.—The Army's seizure of Montgomery Ward properties by order of President Roosevelt was declared illegal today by Federal Judge Philip S. Sullivan.

Judge Sullivan said he thought that disputants in labor controversies should make every effort to abide by the recommendations of government-established tribunals such as the War Labor Board which, he pointed out, were only advisory. Failing that, he said, "Congress alone is the only branch of government which can compel them to do so."

The decision in the case, which the government said affected the nation's entire war-time labor dispute settlement machinery, dismissed the government petition for an order to restrain Ward officials from interfering with Army operations.

On the disputed subject of whether Ward operations are war production within the meaning of the War Labor Disputes Act, the judge upheld the company's contention that it was not, declaring it was a "retail establishment engaged solely in distribution."

The decision was regarded as only the first round in the legal controversy because Attorney General Francis Biddle had said previously that the government would appeal an adverse decision.

10 Years Given Officer in Theft

A Oise Section court martial yesterday sentenced 2/Lt. Martin Davis, of Philadelphia, to ten years at hard labor and dismissal from the service for black-market activity.

The Army's prosecutor, Capt. Clem H. Block, of Grand Rapids, Mich., accused Davis of stealing government property and of helping a Frenchwoman carry a case of American cigarettes from the woman's garage to her apartment, where it was sold.

Trial of the first railway battalion officer in the Army's mass cigarette theft case was postponed yesterday by the Paris court martial board. The trial, delayed at the request of the defendant, a first lieutenant, is now scheduled for tomorrow.

AFL Heavy Winner

WASHINGTON, Jan. 27 (ANS).—In a nationwide collective-bargaining election among Western Union employees, the AFL has won by big margins in six of seven voting districts. The CIO was victorious in the metropolitan New York district. It was the most widespread NLRB election ever held. (Continued on Page 8)

Offers \$1,000 to First Russian in Berlin

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—David Kay, New York business man who offered a \$1,000 war bond to the first American soldier to reach Paris, announced today that he would give \$1,000 to the first Russian soldier or unit to enter Berlin.

Kay's Paris prize was not awarded because, according to Kay, Army authorities were unable to determine the rightful recipient. But the Russian Consul General's office in New York said that the new offer would be "accepted as a token of appreciation."

5,000 Shifted From Com Z Already—Lear

By Arthur W. White
Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

More than 5,000 Com Z soldiers already have left their outfits for infantry training as the first step in the Army's drive for "the proper and full utilization of manpower," Lt. Gen. Ben Lear, newly-appointed ETO Deputy Commander, revealed yesterday. Lt. Gen. Lear disclosed that an OCS has been established here which will be turning out more than 1,000 new officers a month within 70 days.

Speaking at a Paris press conference, Gen. Lear said that the stepping-up of the program to transfer general service soldiers to combat outfits was well under way. However, he termed "tremendously high" assertions that the transfers would involve 80 percent of fit Com Z personnel.

Not All to Be Taken

He said technicians and other highly-trained personnel would not be taken and that there would be an intensive survey before it was decided who would go. The rate of the transfers would be determined largely by the number of limited service troops available. Some of the vacancies may be filled by French civilians.

Gen. Lear said the new OCS was established here because of the large number of combat men on the Western Front who should be given the opportunity of becoming officers. The program also will be (Continued on Page 8)

Dump Yields \$5,000 Radium

LOWELL, Mass., Jan. 27 (ANS).—Lost for three days after it was mistakenly thrown into a waste basket at a local hospital, a brass case containing vials of radium valued at \$5,000 has been found in refuse from the city dump. The refuse had been carted to a heated garage because a radium detector wouldn't function in prevailing sub-zero temperatures.

'Russian's' Idea Good, But— Fraud in a Red's Fur Hat

By Howard Byrne
Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

WITH 44th DIV., Jan. 27.—There have, of course, been rumors about Russians. And now comes a story of a huge Soviet officer, wearing scarlet sash, fur hat and striking Red star, who strode into a battalion CP.

"Ve heff captured all dees!" he boomed, his generous hand sweeping the map of Europe in dramatic gesture. "And now, comrades, ve need a rest." Then he requested billets for his men.

The place went wild with excitement. Not bothering to ask whether the officer was from Koniev's or Malinovsky's army, the CO admitted that he wasn't expecting a Yank-Russian meeting quite so soon, but that he would see what he could do.

He'd have done it, too, if the Russian hadn't turned out to be Sgt. Leonard Fooskill, of Bernardsville, N. J., as coached and costumed by 1/Lt. Daniel Bradshaw, of Tremonton, Utah.

The battalion commander was so tickled with the gag that he sent Fooskill up to regimental headquarters where they nearly held a victory celebration.

Soviets Put Foe's Dead At 300,000

Russian armored columns, striking at the outer defense ring protecting Berlin, fought violent battles in Germany's Brandenburg province yesterday while in Moscow Marshal Josef Stalin refuted suggestions that the Wehrmacht was making a masterly retreat in the East by announcing that his armies had killed 300,000 German soldiers in the two-week-old offensive.

Hailing the severance of East Prussia from the Reich proper as the "smashing of one of the world's strongest defense systems," Stalin also announced that two Red armies had tightened the noose around 20 German divisions trapped in the Junker province by capturing five more defense bastions encircling Koenigsberg.

Battles Inside Germany

Official secrecy hid the exact location of Marshal Gregory Zhukov's advanced First Ukrainian Army units west of Posen, but Moscow observers placed them just inside the German border (approximately 100 miles from Berlin) and Berlin reports said heavy armored battles were being fought near Bentschen, Germany, 95 miles from Berlin.

Berlin radio also revealed that the rich industrial province of Upper Silesia had been written off economically. The broadcast said that workers who had stayed in factories "to the very last moment" now were dropping their tools to fight with the army against Marshal Koniev.

In Breslau Outskirts

Moscow reported battles in Upper Silesia were raging along the Oder River on a 175-mile front, with the battle for Breslau in the middle. Latest dispatches on the Breslau fighting said that tanks of Koniev's First Ukrainian Army had succeeded in penetrating the eastern outskirts of the city against desperate German resistance.

The entire city has been turned into a fortress, Moscow radio said.

In East Prussia, Gen. Ivan D. Cherniakov's Third White Russian Army was reported closing in on Koenigsberg from the east, reaching a point within nine miles of the city on the north bank of the Pregel River, while Marshal Konstantin F. Rokossovsky shifted the left flank of his Second White Russian Army westward in preparation for a drive on Danzig.

Bitter fighting was reported in the southern areas of the East Prussian front, where the bulk of the trapped German divisions were trying to pull out to the north and (Continued on Page 8)





Old Hickory and Hitler

Into the cloth of their patches, other units have woven equally glorious histories, yet I doubt if any of them have changed the design merely to commemorate a remark made on an enemy propaganda broadcast.



If the 30th Div. is weary of its present patch and has been unable to find anything other than a Nazi radio comment worthy of weaving into their insignia since the days of Old Hickory; if their unit history can boast of nothing more remarkable than a quip passed by a Nazi female broadcaster named Sally; if such is the case, they would do better to reform into a QM unit, weave a can of tomatoes over the "Old Hickory" patch, and leave the war to an Army that can listen and laugh at Sally and her kind, without setting several thousand hands to ripping off old patches and sewing on new ones.—Pfc. D. J. Phillips, Para. Inf.

(See cut for design reported being considered as new insignia for 30th Div.—Ed.)

Proposal

In the Jan. 15 Stars and Stripes, I noticed where this new cheesecake, Adams, has given up her first name and seeks another. I'll go her one better. My suggestion is that she changes her name to Mrs. John Schuler.

I hope I'm not too late to get in this contest.—Sgt. John Schuler, FA Bn.

Detached Service

Just finished reading the story, "ARC Scores Straying Wives," and cannot resist the impulse to put in my two cents worth.

I think this groaning about divorces and wifely infidelities constituting a serious morale problem is a lot of baloney—and I'm speaking from experience, as my wife has divorced me since I've been in the Army.

I think she did the right thing, and I resent people pitying me as a "betrayed defender of Democracy" or some silly, sentimental designation. I loved my wife, too, so it wasn't a case of "glad to be rid of her."

She undoubtedly didn't love me as much as I did her, but she respected me, and she had more consideration for me than to let me go on thinking she loved me just because I was "giving my all" for my native land.

What burns me up, especially, is this ballyhoo that wives should stay at home and twiddle their thumbs while their GI spouses are out "coushaying avee" all over the ETO.—W/O C. O. Montgomery, CIC.

I agree with reports that women back home divorcing their husbands in the service is a serious morale problem for overseas soldiers.

These women don't appreciate what the boys are doing for them over here—giving the best part of their lives. Such women should have their heads shaved like those women of France who collaborated with the Hun.—Pfc Dan Irana, Engr.

High Waste

We were visited by a general the other day who arrived with quite a caravan of vehicles. Would like to know why it is necessary for this general to use so many essential vehicles and precious tires when Gen. Eisenhower visited the front in one measly jeep.—Pvt. C. Frank, Cpl. S. Cannon, Engr.

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Hash Marks

We wonder if Scottish troops say, "Blow it out your Bagpipes"?

We just met a sergeant who doesn't have room on his Good-Conduct ribbon for all his wild oat-leaf clusters.

Scientific Observation: 50 percent of the modern girls smoke. The other 50 percent are pretty warm, too.

Orders of the Day by Stalin have been coming into the London office of Stars and Stripes so fast that Roland Bowers, who usually takes the phone call on important communiques, has gotten into the spi-

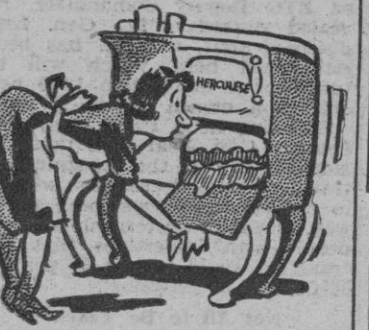


rit of things. He has installed a miniature mortar on his desk and each time he takes an Order of the Day, he fires a 21-round salute.

Cpl. Luke Doheny sez that intuition is the strange instinct that tells a woman she's right even when she's wrong.

A colonel in Australia decided to go kangaroo hunting, so our spy from there reports, in a jeep. After chasing a kangaroo down the road for 15 minutes, and having the pedal to the floor, the driver turned to the colonel and said, "Sir, I think we had better give this chase up." The colonel turned and asked, "Why?" "Well, sir, we have been doing 60 miles an hour for the past 15 minutes and that kangaroo hasn't even got his front feet down yet."

A GI standing in a chowline said he knew his mess sergeant back in the States and that the Sarge was



just like his wife—she cooked cakes so heavy her stove had bow-legs.

Fun on the Home Front: A farmer was seen by a traveler playing checkers with a hound dog back in the hill country of Kentucky. He went up to the old man and complimented him on the intelligence of the dog. The old man stroked his gray beard and said, "He ain't so damn smart, I beat him three out of five games."

And then there was a second lieutenant (he censors his own mail) who asked his CO for a blue envelope because he couldn't trust himself.

J. C. W.

An Editorial Bread, Bullets and Beliefs



WHEN you pipe a pair of headlines reading "Reds 91 Miles from Berlin" and "18,000 U.S. Soldiers AWOL in ETO" it makes you gulp.

We don't know the AWOL rate in the Red Army. Our guess is it's low. Because there's scarcely a man, woman or child east of the Bug who hasn't shed blood or tears in the war with the Germans.

They don't run Why We Fight contests in the U.S.S.R. They don't whisper about German atrocities as if they're ashamed of having fallen for a phoney propaganda line. They don't have people around thinking up 16 ways why non-fraternization won't work. And how, after all, it was the German leaders and not the German people who started this bloody mess.

The Reds have a slogan: "Death to the Fascist Invaders." They believe in it. So

close to all of them believe in it that the generalization can go on record.

The bitter fact can also go on record that there are 18,000 American soldiers in the ETO who haven't the faintest idea of what this war is all about. Who seemingly know nothing about its causes—and care less about its outcome. Who make it a business to murder their pals by engaging in Black Market skulduggery. Who deny the great, overwhelming mass of informed, thinking, loyal Americans the ammo, food and fuel they need to finish their job.

And who prove that to be a good soldier a man must have—in addition to bread for his belly, bullets for his gun, blankets for his body and butts for his comfort—a brain in his head and belief in his heart.

Ex-Cook Now Dishes It Out as TD Chief

WITH SIXTH ARMORED DIV.—Sgt. Harold A. Belcher, of Ajeune, Wash., was a cook in Co. A, 603rd TD Bn. Now he is a TD commander because he can dish it out on the firing line as well as on the chow line.

Belcher, then a private, took off from his kitchen duties to join a TD crew during an attack. In dismounted action in holding a town, he killed or wounded 18 Germans with his carbine, won the Bronze Star, sergeant's stripes and command of a tank destroyer.

But he hasn't lost his touch for his first love—cooking.

Fighters' Air Control Room Is Ringside Seat for Thrills

By Ralph G. Martin Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

WITH SEVENTH ARMY.—For the frontline doggie's dough, one of the most important rooms in any headquarters is the air-control room of a fighter wing of 12th TAC. It is the room where somebody grabs a phone and talks to any squadron leader flying upstairs somewhere and tells him to cancel his pre-briefed mission because he's got a hot order.

The conversation goes something like this:

"This is Broadway Baby.

"There's a bunch of Jerry guns and tanks bothering the hell out of our troops. Have you got your map? Here are the co-ordinates..."

As a double-check the control officer says, "Now check with Broadway Baby Junior about getting smoke shells on the target before you peel off."

Pilots on D/S With Doughs Broadway Baby Junior usually consists of two pilots on detached service with an infantry division whose job is to give the flying pilot information about the target and to be close enough to it so that they can see the peel-off.

According to Capt. William Davidson, of Whittier, Calif., CO, air control stresses accuracy. If there's a trace of doubt about a target because of visibility, low clouds, thick flak, poor navigation or confusion about spotting smoke shells—then the target's called off and the squadron is sent somewhere else.

This is a dawn-to-dusk job and there's somebody's ear glued to the telephone every minute. Pilots call in to ask such questions as: "There are six tanks just below us. Whose are they?"

The pilot will give co-ordinates and the control officer will check his up-to-the-minute map and then say, simply, "They're Nazis. Clobber them." Just like that.

In addition, these phone-talking control officers "nurse-in" wounded planes by navigational aids and supervise operations like the dropping of flares at night to light up artillery targets.

If you listen in you can hear pilots talking during a dogfight: "Watch that bastard coming in at nine o'clock." And another voice, "Whoopee, I got him."

HUBERT by SGT. DICK WINGERT



"Watcha doin'?"—buckin' for a Section Eight?"

RADIO AFN AEF

Table with columns for Time, TODAY, and TOMORROW, listing radio programs and their times.

Births

Folks at Home Send These GIs Swift News of St. Stork's Arrival: T. S. W. Russell, Austin, Minn.—Ruth Russell, Jan. 6; Robert Y. Harris, San Francisco—girl, Jan. 7; James K. Wade, Dallas—boy, Jan. 8; Cpl. Raymond F. Cutler, Kalamazoo, Mich.—Capt. Vinton S. Matthews, San Jose, Calif.—Capt. Peter H. Nicholas, New York—Mary Wilmerding, Jan. 11.

Warweek

The Revitalized French Fight Back
Nazi Prisoners—Docile As Rattlers
Battling Joes Fight Jerry—and Cold

Sunday, Jan. 28, 1945

WARWEEK—THE STARS AND STRIPES

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The New French Army

Hitler boasted in those black days of 1940 that the nation's forces were "defeated . . . annihilated," but today he is eating his words as the Tricolor forges on to Berlin.

By Jack Caldwell

Warweek Staff Writer



ON THE FRENCH FIRST ARMY FRONT, Jan. 27.—Biting winds cut across the snow-crueted Alsatian Plain stretching along the Rhine River from besieged Strasbourg to the historic city of Mulhouse in Eastern France as a French patrol stealthily maneuvered through enemy artillery and deadly machine-gun fire to the main forces located in a fire-gutted village 800 yards from the front.

Several hours earlier, concealed by a blinding blizzard, a small Nazi force had crossed the Rhine south of Strasbourg and was dug in the path of the advancing French forces. The Germans' successful crossing of the river was part of the Nazi high command's carefully-plotted plan at retaking the City of Strasbourg, important both for military and political reasons—the political reasons revolving around Germany's long claim to the Alsace-Lorraine sector.

Employing all the patrol tricks learned from eluding the enemy in North Africa, Italy and France, the white-cloaked patrol—a lieutenant and two enlisted men—zigzagged across the frozen plain, taking advantage of every drift, every mound of snow for concealment. The return journey was painful, every step was carefully plotted, carbines

The Jerries fired wildly at the onrushing French, but the battle was brief. Realizing their position hopeless, the besieged Germans threw down their arms, vehemently yelled "kamerad" and clambered out of their makeshift fortifications with hands clasped tightly over their heads.

"It's the same old story every time," declared a Russian military observer who has been with the French Army since its D-Day landing at St. Tropez. "Just as soon as the Germans see they are beaten all fight leaves them and they are ready to call it quits."

The Russian, a defender of Leningrad, was high in his praise for the French forces.

jagged cliff or from the bullet of a hidden sniper, even the highly-vaunted jeep and its reputation of "going anywhere and any place" has to take a backseat to the slow-plodding but highly reliable donkey. The sleepy-eyed, rugged animal is the supply link for the mountain fighter, packing guns, ammunition and food.

The Arabs—Algerians, Moroccans and Tunisians—would, as one American liaison officer serving with the French forces put it, "much rather fight than eat—and that's putting it mildly."

"The Arabs in this sector," the major declared, "are picked mountain fighters accustomed to severe cold, very little food and sleep and the rigors of this type of warfare. They are attached to France, but mostly to their own officer—he's their master and to them symbolizes France."

High Officer Casualties

"Consequently, it is important that they have good officers and noncoms. The officers have to be fearless and must always lead an assault, with the result casualties among officers of Arab units are higher than ordinary.

One Arab, just returned from the front lines, was asked why he fights so well, whether he was driven by his hatred of the Nazis or his love of freedom.

"I fight well," he replied, "because my officer fights well."

Battle fatigue appears not to be in either the French or Arab vocabulary. One Algerian regiment has been out of the front lines but for 30 days in the last 13 months.

Also serving in the sector are units of the Foreign Legion, made up mostly of French but including a few Americans, British, Russians, Spaniards and Poles. Like the heroic men portrayed in the film, "Beau Geste," many of these men joined the Foreign Legion after unhappy love affairs, while some joined just for adventure.

The Foreign Legion has both motorized and infantry regiments and their members are identified by the traditional green insignia, a hand grenade with seven flames. Originally, the Legion wore the insignia on the collar, but since donning GI uniforms now display it on the sleeve.

The entire French First Army uses mostly American artillery, mortars, tanks, armored vehicles small arms and uniforms, but the troops, especially the Arabs, retain certain tribal characteristics which distinguish themselves from their GI comrades in arms.

"Out of Uniform"

The Spahis, originally a mounted cavalry regiment of colored Arabs, but now composed of Frenchmen, wear a red cap in battle. The Goums, crack Arabic mountain fighting unit also in action on this front, present a picturesque contrast in their gandhours, a smock resembling a burlap bag overcoat which they wear over their GI uniforms. Many of the French

troops fight in the traditionally French beret-like hat cocked over one ear.

Most of the Arab troops and some French wear the cheche—a strip of soft white cloth about eight feet long and three feet wide—either on their head as a turban or around their neck as a muffler. The cheche serves many uses in addition to protection against de-

bear no sign of a press, overcoats unbuttoned, and quite a few of them have such great admiration for their GI blouses they even wear them in battle. Shaggy beards, badly-scarred faces, filed teeth lend to their ferocious appearance.

"The appearance of many of these troops would make any uniform-conscious officer moan in agony," said an American lieutenant-colonel attached to the French Army. "But looks don't make the soldier when it comes to matching wits with Jerry. The Germans who have fought against them highly respect—and fear—their tenacious enemy."

Compared to the American standard, both the French and Arabs require comparatively little food for combat. Wine and bread are the main diet. They are also fed with American field rations or a little meat and fresh vegetables—especially beans.

"Camels can go a long way without water," an American liaison officer observed, "but these guys, it seems, can go further and do more, on very little food. Just four days ago a patrol of four Arabs set out for the German lines with enough food for just one half-way decent meal. It wasn't until the following evening they returned from their mission and instead of diving for the mess hall after making their report, they crouched around a tiny fire beneath a clump of trees. Then someone brought them a glass of wine and a chunk of bread and heil, they accepted them just like you might after having eaten a Christmas dinner. Damned if I can figure it out."

Remnants of the French Army fought alongside Americans and British to smash Nazi dreams of African conquest. In Italy they helped liberate Rome—and went on with Yank forces to land in France on D-Day. Marseilles, Paris, Strasbourg are milestones in their epic struggle to drive the invader from their soil.
Warweek's combat reporter, Jack Caldwell, recently toured the present French First Army front, facing the Rhine, from Strasbourg to Basel near the Swiss border. This is the first of his reports on a nation's heroic fight for freedom . . . and the death of Nazism.

sert sandstorms and winter winds and snow.

"The cheche serves many purposes," said an Arab officer who has been in combat since the North African campaign. "In this snowy terrain it is especially useful in camouflaging the soldier because the cloth, very stretchy, can be draped over the body like a gown."

"The Arab also uses it as a face cloth and towel and, when coffee is handy, they'll use a corner of the cheche as a coffee bag, dipping it into a canteen cup of boiling water. Oh yes, another thing, the Arab always sleeps with the cheche wrapped around his head—don't ask me why he does it."

. . . Scarred Faces, Filed Teeth

Most of the Arabs go into battle without steel helmets to protect their heads against shrapnel, preferring instead their tribal headgear. Some wear steel helmets jauntily over their turbans. Many of their GI uniforms are misfits, trousers



were held close to their bodies so as not to form a silhouette against the white, sparkling landscape.

They were within 200 yards of safety, when the bullet of a carefully-concealed sniper in a clump of trees far off to the left tore into the back of one of the enlisted men. The mortally-wounded soldier sprang from a crouching position, took four steps forward, then slumped into the snow. A burst of machine-gun fire from a crew covering their withdrawal silenced the sniper and enabled the two remaining exhausted men to reach their goal.

With the information they provided, sufficient infantrymen were dispatched to annihilate the enemy threat. Led by a young major, and supported by artillery and mortar fire, the French force spread out over the wide plain to form a semicircle around the enemy position. Like a noose drawn around the neck of a condemned man, they carefully closed in on the Germans, making escape except from the river side impossible.

"It's a small army," he said, "but what it lacks in numerical strength it more than makes up in fighting courage. At Marseilles, for example, the French were magnificent, carrying out the attack against forces superior in numbers in a superb manner. These men are fearless—their morale, yes, and discipline, by far are better than the Nazis'. The only advantage the enemy holds, in my opinion, is experience and that he has without question. The average German soldier has at least three or four campaigns behind him."

Beasts of Burden

In the wooded, rolling, snow-covered Vosges Mountains that skirt the French-German border along the French Army front, Arab troops stealthily make their way through narrow ravines, over seemingly-impassable peaks. These trained mountain fighters are just as much at home on the side of a precipitous mountain ledge as a Yankee GI is in a foxhole. In these treacherous mountains, where a misstep may mean death from a plunge over a

Joes Who Know 'Em Say They're Not...



There is the usual assortment of broken knives, cracked mirrors, cigarettes...and letters, maps...information may prove vital.



Harmless As Babies!

Not many are arrogant now...they don't look smart, and they don't look like soldiers...they're all beat up, tired, pitiful and harmless—but don't let their appearance fool you, Joe, they are very dangerous.



Several wore "Nazi-Issued" items of GI equipment (like the Jerry on the left)...none of which was marked "Made in Germany."

THE following story from a frontline POW collecting point in Belgium was written for Warweek by Sgt. Franck Woolner, a member of the information section of the Third Armored Division. The writer was on the spot when newly-taken Nazi prisoners were marched through our lines—he spoke to many of them—now seemingly peaceful but still just as dangerous as ever. Warweek thanks Sgt. Woolner for his timely contribution—especially timely today as our troops match wits with the treacherous enemy on his own soil.

By Franck Woolner
Third Armored Division.

"What is your regiment?"
The line of gray-green figures shift. The man to whom the question is put leans forward apologetically. He is an old guy with four days of reddish stubble on his gray face. His eyes are blue and scared.
"48th Volks-grenadier Regiment," he answers quickly, and adds "12th Infantry, 8th Kompanie. I have been here only three days. We went into an assembly area at St. Vith, and we..."
The old guy goes on talking. The American GI, handling division interrogation, listens carefully, nodding and making notes in a small loose-leaf folder. MPs methodically search the prisoners. In front of each German soldier is a little pile of nicknacks from his pockets. There is the usual assortment of broken knives, cracked mirrors, combs and cigarettes. More than a few of these Krauts display Luckies and Camels. One of the MPs cracks—"Now I know why we have a cigarette shortage!"
The scene is a frontline POW collecting point. In this cold little Belgian village you can tell how the battle goes by the number of muddy, beat-up Jerries who come stumbling in to this first stop before shipment to barbed wire confinement for the duration. Today, they are coming in swiftly and in numbers. The escorting MPs grin confidently.

"More of these bastards," a truck driver yells to the waiting interrogators. "One's wearing GI overalls."

Lt. Arthur Rutshaw, of Chicago, Ill., 3rd Armored Division military police officer, orders the prisoners to line up immediately. They shuffle forward—they don't look smart, and they don't look like soldiers. They're just all beat up, tired, pitiful and harmless.

Harmless! That's the word, but Joe, you don't know the definition as applied to these jokers.

They Know the Enemy

T/Sgt. Otto Schroeder—that's not his real name but, for various reasons it'll do, is a crack, 3rd Armored Division interrogator. Like each of the eight enlisted men and two officers who make up the PW interrogation teams, Schroeder was born in Germany and lived there for many years. He went to school in Cologne, and his parents are still there. Schroeder is an American citizen now, but he knows the Nazis and he reads between the lines of their pitiful stories.

All of the division's POW interrogators have this in common—a flaming hatred of Nazi policy. They know the enemy. They know the torture of concentration camps and the bitter anguish of the hunted. These men left their native land to escape persecution

America offered both sanctuary and justice. Today, these soldiers of the United States prove themselves worthy of the new world.

Schroeder says sarcastically, surveying the prisoners, "They're all a bunch of poor boys who have been forced to fight. To hear them tell it, not one has ever fired a shot in anger. They all wanted to surrender. They are indeed pitiful, but they are very dangerous if you are fool enough to swallow the double-talk." He indicated a man standing before MP John Sullivan, of Dallas, Texas.
"That one wears the iron cross—the diagonal red, white and black ribbon on his coat. He tells us that it was awarded on the Russian front. He has never fired a shot at the Americans. He is another of those pitiful, harmless ones. It would be a joke if it were not so serious."

From the Nazi, Sullivan had taken one of the ever-present knives, a pair of cuticle scissors, several letters and a small map. One of the interrogation team scanned these articles carefully. Except for knives, and other items

of cutlery, all personal effects are returned to the prisoners. Letters, maps and other documents are of primary importance—from them may come information vital to our frontline combat forces.

"It is hard for a fighting man to realize how much the taking of prisoners may guarantee his own safety," Schroeder says. "One POW is often worth more than a dozen dead enemy soldiers on the front. When an infantryman knows that German troops have murdered his buddies in cold blood, he is in no mood to bring 'em back alive! However, we seem to have impressed our men with the importance of getting Jerry back quickly so that we can interrogate him while he is still dazed from battle, uncomfortable, and low in spirit."

Nazi in ODs

"The doughboy who sees that a German prisoner keeps everything but his weapons until we can properly interrogate and evaluate letters, official papers and diaries is doing himself a favor. The information we gather is put to work immediately. Then, when our combat teams hit the Kraut, they are able to know where it will hurt most!"

The man in GI coveralls explains that the garment was issued to him and was worn only under his Wehrmacht overcoat. He had the coat on when he was captured. Schroeder shrugs. "What can we do? He is probably telling the truth in this case. Certainly he wasn't trying to use the fatigues to confuse our troops. He did wear them under the long coat, and he wore a regulation Jerry helmet. He's scared now, and he'll tell us all about his organization."

"Yesterday," he added, "there was one we didn't even interrogate. We got that boy in a cellar with the

rest of his squad. They all wore regulation uniform, but this man had civvies pulled on over the outside. Like all the rest, he had a tall and pitiful yarn. He said that he had decided to come over to the Americans and could only do so in the disguise of a civilian. Yet he was taken with a gun in his hands!
"Any prisoner caught in a uniform which is obviously intended to mislead our troops, is carefully guarded so that he may not add to or take off any item of clothing. He is rushed back to Army intelligence and tried immediately. We have instructed our combat soldiers to be extremely careful in the handling of prisoners in civilian clothing or American uniforms. Give those jokers half a chance and they'll disrobe, or slap a Jerry overcoat on over the GI duds."

The prisoners stood passively as MPs moved down the line giving each a thorough frisking. Several wore items of GI equipment under their uniforms. One had a pair of combat pants under his gray-green trousers. Another wore an American officer's greens. There were a couple of OD sweaters, a pair of galoshes, a pair of shoes—none of which were marked "Made in Germany."

Manpower Problem

"Some of this stuff may actually have been issued," Schroeder says. "They captured much of it in the Rundstedt drive through Belgium. If the equipment is worn on the outside in an effort to deceive, the prisoner is sent directly to Army, tried and probably executed. Their clothing is very poor. You can see for yourself."

The prisoners wore anything but uniform. Some wore padded jackets, others the splotchy camouflage cape of a sniper. There were a variety of coats, fatigues, caps

and boots. Although the majority of these men were remnants of the 12th Infantry, they wore uniforms of Luftwaffe, Wehrmacht and Kriegsmarine.

"The navy and air force men are really disgusted," Schroeder chuckles. "They have been given hasty training and sent into the line. We had a sergeant-pilot of fighter planes here this morning. He said he didn't give a damn how the war ended if he had to fight as an infantryman. One non-com had just returned from the hospital. He was willing to give us the information we wanted, but he didn't exactly know the caliber of his PAK (anti-tank) weapon. He wasn't kidding. Hitler has reached so far into his man-power barrel that he's coming up with splinters!"

"Of course, the prisoners are not all German 4-F's. That little punk with the long hair is an SS panzer trooper. We are really disappointed in the Hitler-jugend, though. They have a reputation for guts in Germany, but the frontline seems to dissolve that tough attitude."

"Soldiers of the old Wehrmacht dislike the young SS thugs. They have a joke which goes: 'In Germany the SS children have steel in their hearts, but on the frontline it turns to lead in their pants!'"

"Not many are arrogant now. A few declare that Germany will win but they say it without conviction. The lieutenant in this group tells me that it looks bad, but that somehow Germany will win the war."
"They all talk," Schroeder says. "Sometimes they talk so much that we have to tell them to shut up. Much of their spiel is lies—some is truth. By comparing the statements of a group taken individually, we can be certain of reasonable accuracy. Our reports often aid frontline combat teams to properly evaluate the enemy situation."

They All Talk

"Even the officers volunteer information. To a man, they cry shame on some other outfit. Someone has always left them holding the bag, the SS promised support which never came, etc., etc. ad nauseam. The double-cross is so deeply ingrained in Nazi philosophy that every German soldier thinks that he, personally, has been betrayed when things go wrong. It is the same state of mind which accounts for the wearing of American uniforms by Nazi troops, the white flag and the burst of fire, the eternal off-side trickery which is as much a part of German tactics as bouncing bettys and tellermine."

The prisoners were busy now, stowing personal articles back into their pockets. One caught Schroeder's eye. "Do you think," he asked hopefully, in German, "that I might be sent to the United States?"

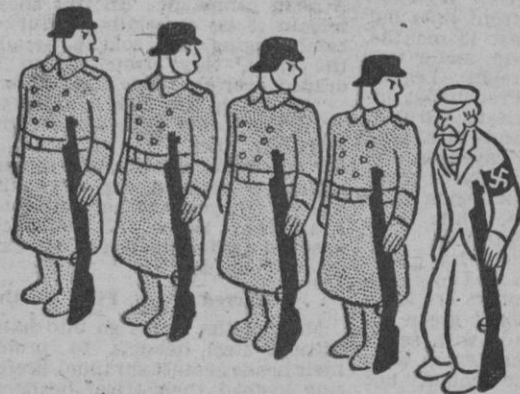
Schroeder chuckled. "Maybe," he replied, "or they might send you to rebuild Stalingrad."

The Jerry's grin vanished. "I am a sick man," he said. "I returned to the line from the hospital just three days ago. I have always wanted to see America but I will do as I am told."

"You see" Schroeder said. "That man is sick to death of war and misery, and yet he says—I will do as I am told." There are a great many of his kind between us and final victory. Our combat troops can't afford to slacken the pace for a minute. Neither can we miss a chance to capitalize on information from prisoners."

DER VOLKSTURM

By Mitchell Wright



Wright

These Are the Frosty Lessons of WINTER WARFARE



By Michael Seaman
Warweek Staff Writer

INSIDE GERMANY, Jan. 27.—War-wise and weather-toughened doughboys of the Golden Arrow, Eighth Infantry Division are too busy fighting to boast. Wiry foot-sloggers of this outfit could puff out their chests like pouter pigeons, in well-earned pride, at punching two enemies at the same time. The hard winter warfare to which they are committed is a two-fisted job. With one hand they beat back savage, fanatical Nazi attacks. With the other frosted hand they give winter the works. Both enemies are on the ropes from a combination of hunter-trader-trapper methods.

They are proud of their score against the Germans. They are a pale shade less proud of the way they have figured ways and means to make frontline living



bearable under cruel conditions. In snow, rain, sleet, numbing cold, ice, mud, or a mixture of these weather whims, they have fought efficiently and kept reasonably comfortable.

Automatic weapons men of the Eighth were quick to pick up the old hunter's trick of using lubricants lightly, or not at all, when the temperature skids below freezing. The very first day the mercury took a nose-dive below 32 degrees they learned that light oil freezes. The action locked tight. Spare the oil and keep the works working became a down-the-line slogan. And manually operating the arms a few times each day to keep the action loose became a commandment. When doctor's orders are: "Give 'em a dose of lead poisoning," the weapons fill the prescription automatically.

Their medics learned quickly, too. The nervy kids with the brassards found that by tucking morphine syrettes under the armpits—body hotboxes—they could keep them from freezing. Plasma is another critical item that froze. One bright medic figured that by putting jars of plasma under the hood of a jeep the heat from the motor would prevent freezing. The trick is now a medic SOP.

Tips on Keeping Warm

It's in clothing that the widest use of dodges known to guides, hunters and trappers of the North Woods find the most fertile field. The gun-toters discovered after one day's use in bitter weather that the knit or leather-covered

issue gloves must have been designed for use at Palm Beach. By cutting four oversize mitten patterns from discarded blankets and sewing them together they keep their fingers from becoming numbed, useless blue crabs. Some cut slits in the right palm. This makes a handy exit for the trigger-finger when the Kraut asks for quick fire-power his way. By tying the mittens on a long cord and draping them around the neck, like dog sled drivers do, the mittens don't go AWOL.

Using the same principle, they have made muffs for their feet from old blankets. At night they take off soggy combat boots and socks, massage their feet, then pull these tootsie warmers on the bare feet. By pulling overshoes over the muffs they get extra protection to keep feet dry and warm while taking on some shut-eye. Meanwhile, shoes and socks dry out. This kink, old stuff to outdoorsmen, has cut trench foot considerably.

Pvt. John W. Pugh, Youngstown, O., a frontliner with the 121st Infantry Regiment of the Eighth, uses an old guide's trick to dry his shoes and socks.

"When I find a cellar to sleep in, I get a can, fill it with pebbles and heat the can and pebbles over a fire. Just before I turn in for the night I dump the hot pebbles into the socks. Then I stuff the

shirt next to the body. Perspiration oozes from the body even on the coldest day—makes the shirt next to the body cold and clammy.

Paper, they agree readily, is a good insulator. A few sheets of paper wrapped around the upper part of the body, between the shirts, is a buffer to keep the raw, biting wind from gnawing at the chest. A few sheets of paper slipped between blankets makes sack time sessions a lot warmer.

Paper stuffed between shoes and



oversize arctics, wiser lads knew from hunting experience, insulates the feet, keeping the body heat in and the numbing cold out, and anchors the misfit footgear together.

Heating and Cooking

Pvt. Donald E. Colton, Coxsackie, N. Y., a buddy of Pugh's, does some tricks with a flambeau worth passing along. For the benefit of reinforcements he explains how to make this lamp, which may also serve as a stove for heating food.

"Take a bottle with a narrow neck. Fill it with gasoline to within three inches of the top. Make a wick from twisted rags and stick it in the bottle. It makes a good light for a cellar. In a pinch it can be used to heat rations. Make a grate by stacking rocks or cans alongside the flambeau. On this grate you can warm your rations. Even coffee made from the powder can be heated over a flambeau. I've heated the water in my canteen over a flambeau and tucked it in the blankets at my feet. It's surprising how quickly the rest of the body heats up when your feet are warm."

If flambeaux are not made correctly they may explode, so be sure to do your experimenting in the open.

It didn't take an Act of Congress to make the doughs OK the woodsman's theory about oversize shoes or combat boots. They ask for footgear a size or two larger than they ordinarily wear. This gives enough room to wear two pairs of socks. They get a cushion effect that keeps the feet from getting sore, and the dead air space between the socks keeps the lads from getting a dose of purple foot.

Foxhole life is the toughest condition under which the doughs have had to lick Herr Jerry and Mr. Winter.

An Allentown, Pa., Joe, Pvt. Joe F. Ettl, of the Field Artillery, advises newcomers to dig two-man foxholes. Here's his sound reason.

"Me and my buddy dig a trench wide enough for two men to sleep in. By using a two-man hole we

have ten blankets to keep us warm instead of five, which is the case if you sleep alone. We sleep on four and have six for covering up. Our shelter halves go on the bottom. Over straw, when we can get it, or over a mattress of fir boughs. We had no trouble getting doughs for back-to-nature mattresses in the Hurtgen Forest. This tip is for men who prefer blankets to the sleeping bag, which is hard to get out of when time is important."

Nothing new in that dodge. Every camper who has slept under a lean-to has used balsam fir or pine boughs as mattress material. The tips of the boughs should point to the head end and the butts of the boughs toward the feet for maximum of comfort.

Dig Holes Deep

Sgt. Gus Seftas, Charleroi, Pa., steelworker turned artilleryman, passes along these important dos and don'ts to newcomers to foxhole life.

"When digging your foxhole, stay away from trees that have been riddled with tree bursts. We thought two of our guvs were AWOL when they didn't show up for chow one morning. Later we found them—crushed by a shell-ripped tree that fell across their shallow foxhole during a high wind in the night."

His sound logic is: "A tree hit by shrapnel may look good on the outside. Inside, especially if it's a gummy evergreen, slivers alone may be holding the tree upright. A good puff of wind may

A Medic Tips Off!

These Do's and Don'ts were suggested by Col. J. E. Gordon, of the Surgeon General's office:

- DO wear loose clothing. One pair of loose gloves is warmer than two pairs of tight gloves.**
- DO eat. Anything will do—even a small piece of candy might make the difference between your being warm or cold.**
- DO sleep with as much insulation below your body as above.**
- DO wear your field jacket above your sweater. Cotton should always be worn on top of wool.**
- DON'T wear shoe-pacs or combat shoes for more than 24 solid hours. Remove them occasionally to massage your feet.**
- DON'T wear ski socks in combat boots. When wet they shrink and become too tight.**
- DON'T wear less than two pairs of socks in your shoe-pacs.**
- DON'T wear so much clothing that you perspire easily.**

Foxhole stoves should be set at the head end, they said. There the heat dries the ground and most of it is retained in the foxhole. The entrance end has more of a chance to dry by air.

They are hep to the modern treatment of frostbite... rub the frozen feet, toes, or ears gently, to start circulation. The old way of rubbing frozen parts briskly with hands or snow damages tissue and opens the road to gangrene.

Keeping Hands Warm

Their method of keeping the hands warm that get cold in spite of mittens is worth passing on to others. Men of the Eighth poke their bare hands under the armpits, right next to the skin, where the heat of the body soon unlimbers cold-stiffened fingers.

When pinned in a foxhole by enemy artillery the men use the northwoods guide's trick of gripping the soles of the shoes with the toes, relaxing the toes, and repeating about a dozen times. Done about every ten minutes, this method keeps the blood circulating in the feet.

Lt. Gerald S. Parker, an artillery



blow it down right on your head." Pfc Alvin MacKenzie, Brunswick, Maine, cut in with more advice.

"Dig the foxhole until you get dry earth—deep enough so that anything falling across it won't hurt you. On the inside border of the hole dig a shallow trench for drainage. Brace the sides with timber, if you are in a forest area, and put logs over the top for overhead cover. Remember to camouflage. It's easy to cover with snow. When there's no snow use anything that blends with the area."

There are many elaborate foxhole stoves in use among the foxhole citizens of the Eighth. The one made by two privates, Stanley F. Horel, Bayside, N.Y., and Anthony Cappello, Lansdowne, Pa., is a good pattern to follow.

They took a 155 howitzer case, punched a hole in the primer end for a stove pipe made from tin cans flanged in at each end so they could be nested together, and by battering the flange on the case and you have an effective sleeping cover had a good opening for draft.



officer, offered a parting suggestion to replacements about sleeping warm.

"Take a blanket, about eight feet of strong cord and a needle whittled from a piece of wood. Fold the blanket in the middle, sew along the open edge and bottom and you have an effective sleeping cover had a good opening for draft."



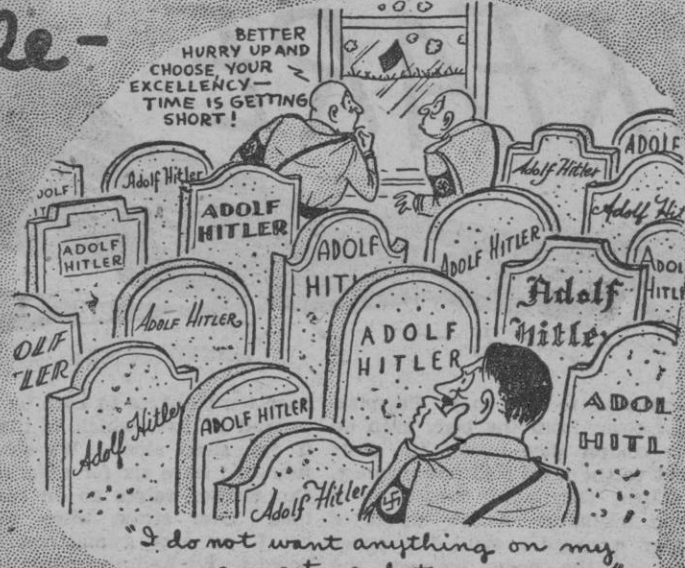
GI JERRY

by Lt. Dave Breger

Nazi Guide-Book Part 31^a

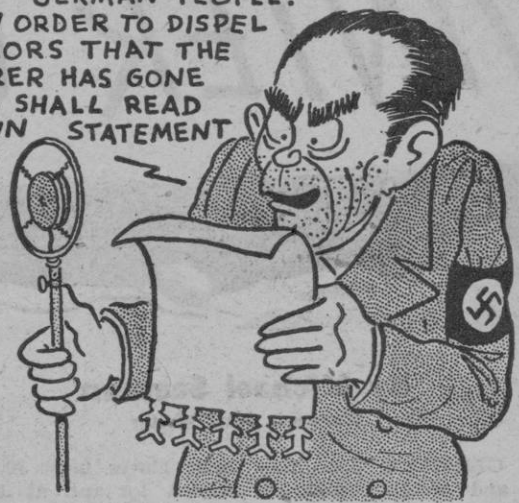


Lt. Dave Breger



"I do not want anything on my gravestone but my name." ADOLF HITLER, MAY 10, 1933

GERMAN PEOPLE! IN ORDER TO DISPEL RUMORS THAT THE FUEHRER HAS GONE MAD I SHALL READ HIS OWN STATEMENT HE HAS JUST HANDED ME!



"If there are still people who dispute the value of sterilization they don't realize that without sterilization, in a few centuries, one out of every two Germans will be an idiot." -ALFRED ROSENBERG, DEC. 15, 1934

IF YOU COPS WERE GOOD NAZIS YOU WOULD KNOW THE FUEHRER MADE THESE ANNOUNCEMENTS TO THE REICHSTAG IN BERLIN ON JANUARY 30, 1939!



"Like the army, the police, too, can work only to the Fuehrer's orders, but not according to the law. Their power to act must not be hampered by formal barriers because, otherwise, these barriers might be in contradiction to the orders given by the state leadership." HEINRICH HIMMLER, MAR. 11, 1937



As a National Socialist I, together with all my followers, decline... to conquer the people of a strange nation who will not love us anyway, by sacrificing the blood and lives of those who are dear and precious to us. ADOLF HITLER, OCT. 14, 1933

'Wild Bill' Rides ..The Golden Arrow Wave

THERE isn't a weapon made that Brig. Gen. "Wild Bill" Weaver fears, men of the 8th Infantry Division say of their commanding general. The colorful Kentuckian and much-decorated veteran of two world wars, now leading the 8th Golden Arrow division in the bitter First Army fight, came by his nickname quite appropriately.

One night near Briay, France, the general was asleep at the command post when bedlam broke

1,650 prisoners, and killed about 1,000 Germans. "Wild Bill" lost but six light tanks, four medium tanks, 20 reconnaissance vehicles, and a very small number of men.

In six days his outfit had rushed through 100 miles of enemy territory and put itself into position to close the Falaise Gap. This was taken care of shortly after. In this operation, 15,000 prisoners were taken, and 6,000 vehicles of all types were destroyed.

The general knows all phases of running the Army for he served in the E.T.O. as chief of staff of services of supply and later as field deputy commander of the Communication Zone before going to combat duty.

He graduated from the U.S. Military Academy in 1912, had tours of duty in the United States and the Philippines until the outbreak of World War I. In that war he commanded the 8th Machine Gun Battalion which heaped a lot of misery on the Germans in six major and many lesser campaigns.

This is "Wild Bill's" second tour through Germany for he served with the Army of Occupation after the last war. The general is determined that his division and other Army units, from Holland to the border of Switzerland, will make it unnecessary to return to fight again in 25 years.



loose. German tanks, a column of them, roared into the area in an attempt to relieve a besieged Nazi garrison in the city.

The C.P. moved out but "Wild Bill"—clad in pajamas—went into action with only a headquarters company defense platoon of about 35 men and a few tanks. With this small group the Nazis were stopped until "Wild Bill" got more help.

An additional platoon of tanks and a battalion of infantry was the "formidable force" with which the pajama-clad general beat back the strong enemy column. Few of the Jerries got back to their lines for in the ensuing battle, they lost 60 of their half-tracks, a number of tanks, and 800 men were taken prisoners.

Inflicts Heavy Losses

Another story illustrates the spirit of this driving leader. In the six-day thrust from Avranches into Le Mans, France, with the 90th Infantry Division last August he deployed his forces so well that the division destroyed 831 trucks, tanks and half-tracks, captured

Salesman of surrender. That's the handle men of the Second Battalion of the 8th Infantry Division have hung on 37-year-old Theodor K. Haerich, a company aid man. In six months of overseas service the glib-tongued front line medic has talked 220 Jerries into surrendering. Another 100 reticent Huns called it quits after combat troops asked Haerich and his gift of gab to intervene.



The battalion gives Haerich full credit for the 100, but the modest medic claims only an assist.

Haerich, a native of Germany, speaks fluent German. He first tried his persuasive tactics on Jerry during the breakthrough at La Haye-de-Puits, after crawling

out under fire to give aid to two men wounded by a sniper. When the Krauts opened up on the litter bearers taking the wounded to the rear, Ted retaliated with a neat Chamber of Commerce line about the good life in an American Pee Wee camp. Result: Eight Krauts came out of a pillbox with hands held high.

In an open field near Dinard, where the Germans had a CP, he talked a Nazi officer and 64 enlisted men into surrendering. Closer to Dinard he captured eight Jerries manning an anti-aircraft battery—one a soldier for whom Haerich's father had built a home in Germany when the medic was a boy.

Dinard seemed to be the ideal

oratorical ground for on another occasion in this sector of France wordy Haerich talked an officer and 38 men into a prison cage. And at Curzon he stopped a jeep occupied by a German captain. After listening to the medic's smooth line the officer decided to quit for the duration.

Sniper Couldn't Resist At Tela Crossa the Hackensack (N.J.) man had his closest brush. He spotted a Nazi sniper behind a hedgerow along a railroad ready to pitch a strike with a potato-masher. The perspiring medic talked fast. The Kraut threw away two potato-mashers and appeared ready to quit. Suddenly he whipped out a concussion grenade and wound up. Right then Haerich put on the most convincing sales talk of his battlefield career. The sniper couldn't resist the American's line. He lowered the grenade and gave himself up. In the Hurtgen Forest he walk-

ed behind a tank and by talking fast and to the point rounded up 26 prisoners. They are harder to convince in Germany, Haerich thinks. It's the Fatherland, and they are goosed with the glory of dying defending the homeland, he says.

"Did you have psychological warfare training?"

"Hell no!" he retorted, "I talk German, which gives me the edge over other John Doughs, and I stick to the truth. I tell the Jerries we treat prisoners fair and I point out that their situation is hopeless."

"And," he added slyly, "I point out it's better to be a live prisoner than a dead hero."

In the forest, the one-time carpenter received his first wound—a bullet nicked his hand. This GI, voted outstanding in a division of many heroes, sports a Silver Star, Purple Heart and three battle stars.

THE OLD SERGEANT'S CORNER

The crafty Indians did tricks with fires that Houdini might envy. They are such good tricks that every GI should know how to do them. The Old Sarge passes on to foxhole residents these tested woodcraft tips.

To start a fire the Indian's prayer stick is a simple, easy-to-make device. Take a piece of dry wood, an inch to two inches thick, and a foot to a foot and a half long. With trench knife sharpen one end to a pencil point. Then slash the stick so the free ends of the slivers curl away from the stick.

Jab the stick into the ground where a fire is wanted. Stack tinder-dry, fluffy wood shavings or chips around the prayer stick. Then stack foot-long pieces of wood around the prayer stick, forming a cone. Touch a match to it and fire will flare up immediately.

Another quick fire is the Indian log-cabin type. The prayer stick and tinder are placed in a cleared spot. Four sticks a foot long are placed to form a square around the tinder. Two sticks are laid on the ground and the other two on the ends of the ground pieces. Then build a hollow square with other sticks around the prayer stick. Taper from ten inches at the bottom to about four or five inches across at the top, so the fire roars up quickly. It's especially useful when a quick, hot fire is needed.

To heat a lean-to or shelter tent the reflector type of fire is hard to beat. Four feet from the en-



trance of the shelter stack rocks in an arc, the open end facing the lean-to. Build from one rock at the ends to a height of about four feet in the center. The wall of rocks will boom the heat toward the shelter.

Another reflector can be made by using green logs. In a section where evergreens are plentiful they are not hard to find. One log about nine inches thick and four feet long is placed on the ground. Four uprights are then driven into the ground, two on each side of the bottom log. Other logs, four to six inches thick, are placed between the stakes. The stakes can be braced by notching the top and jabbing poles on a slant to the front of the reflector. Socks and shoes can be hung to dry from these supports. A fire built in front of this reflector casts heat into the shelter.

Indians used to build a series of fires on the spot where they intended to sleep. If there is no time to dig a foxhole and a fire will not give away your position to the Jerry, the following time-tested dodge may be used: Clear a space as large as the bed. Make three fires in this space, one at the foot end, one at the head end, and one in the middle. When the fires have burned to coals and the glow is dying out, scrape the coals into a pile at the foot end. Cover the coals lightly with earth. The heat from the coals will remain in the ground for quite some time.

Reflector fires should not face directly into the wind. A strong breeze will blow the heat away from the shelter. Nor should the reflectors be in the lee of the wind for then the smoke blows into the shelter. Placed at a slight angle, not quite into the wind, the fire gets plenty of draft and the heat booms forward where it does the most good.

Starting fires in wet weather is the biggest difficulty frontliners have to overcome. Resinous woods, such as the fir trees in the Hurtgen Forest, are generally fat with pitch. This highly inflammable sap is hard to heat for starting fires. If evergreens are unavailable the GI should hack away the wet outside bark of a dead hardwood until the dry stuff inside is reached, a handful of which is enough to start a fire.

COMING! Tips from men who know "How to Keep House in a Foxhole." Plus "Prelude to Victory," by John Reston. ARMY TALKS, Sat., Feb. 5, 1945.

This Was America Last Week:

FDR Rebuked by Senators In Wallace-Jones Showdown

The Stars and Stripes U.S. Bureau

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—This was the week in which the battle between Jesse Jones, ousted Secretary of Commerce, and former Vice-President Henry Wallace came to a showdown.

The committee voted 14 to 5 against the nomination of Wallace, and then 15 to 4 in favor of a bill that would separate the Government's billion dollar lending agencies from the Commerce Department.

Chairman Bailey (D-N.C.) said both the nomination and the bill would go before the Senate Monday. If the bill to take lending agencies out of the Commerce Department fails to pass Senate and House, or meets with a Presidential veto, Wallace enemies may still rely on the adverse committee report to deprive the former Vice-President of both jobs.

Also making big home news was the decision to search non-essential industries for labor that could be better employed on war production. "Work and fight" is being said by more and more draft boards to borderline cases.

The Press Stays Home and Charity Gets the Dough

HERE and there . . . Cab Calloway, instead of giving his annual press party in Chicago, asked his guests of other years to tell him their favorite charity and he would send it the amount of money he'd have spent . . . and when news of the death in action of Lt. John Clancy came to Silver Creek, Mich., the Women's Society of the community's Methodist Church donated funds to have a Catholic mass said for Clancy.

And in Washington, Mrs. Eleanor Patterson hired detectives to haunt grog shops which her Times-Herald printers frequent, because one of them put an extra line on a want-ad which disparaged Mrs. P. She wants to meet the guy.

PITTSBURGH clinched the title "Smoky City" by announcing that hereafter street lights will stay on until 9 AM to permit children to get to school on smoky days.

In Atlantic City the old Pickle Pier, damaged in the September hurricane, is being dismantled. . . While on another part of the Jersey shore the possibility of the state's taking over a ten-mile strip of privately-owned land, from Seaside Park to Barnegat Inlet, was being promoted.

Detroit was pleased to hear that the Civil Aeronautics Board recommended that city as a terminal of Pan American Airways' projected route across the North Atlantic. . . The board also recommended Chicago, New York, Boston and Washington as starting points for transatlantic flights. It said it has ordered 26 passenger clippers.

Windy City Gets Blast from Newspaper

ONE of Chicago's landmarks, the Bush Temple building, has been sold again—the second time in four years. . . The Windy City, incidentally, is being blasted plenty by a local paper which is reporting crime, slums, etc., in "front page" manner. . . And other papers are urging voters to go to the polls Feb. 5 for special aldermanic elections in three wards.

In a Gallup Poll, 68 percent of those asked whether they would like to see a son go into politics said "No." Only 21 percent said "Yes," with 11 percent undecided. Most thought politics a dirty game.

And in St. Louis it was Judge David J. Murphy who had doubts about honesty of the game. Willie Wright, 47-year-old Negro, offered to shoot double or nothing on a jail sentence for gambling to prove that when he shot craps it wasn't gambling. But when Willie said he had to shoot from his hand, the judge said—"Ninety days."

Favorites of the Week

PLATTER chatter: The Andrews Sisters' "Rum and Coca-Cola" has jumped from fifth to third place and Tommy Dorsey's "I Dream of You" comes up from sixth to fourth. Otherwise the list is the same as last week, with Bing Crosby and the Andrews Sisters "Don't Fence Me In" leading, followed by Johnny Mercer's "Accentuate the Positive."

This has been Jerome Kern Week on the radio, with orchestras and disc jockeys featuring the composer's works in honor of the maestro's 60th birthday. The week's rating leaves the list of favorites unchanged, it being practically S.O.P. to have Bob Hope, Fibber McGee and Molly and Charlie McCarthy leading the list.

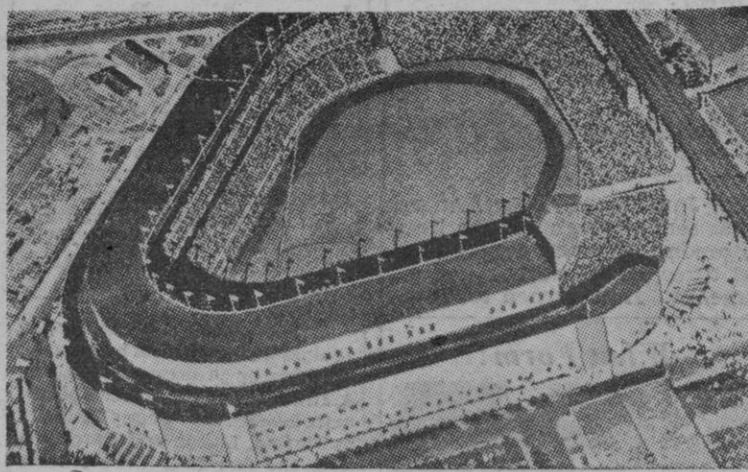
Four new movies have hit the screen and all four have received good notices. "Sunday Dinner for a Soldier," with Anne Baxter, John Hodiak and Charles Winninger, is a simple story of house-boat folk who do their part for morale by entertaining a soldier.

Edward G. Robinson, Joan Bennett, Raymond Massey and Edmund Breon appear in the thriller, "Woman in Window," which is being hailed as talk of the town. That sleuthsome two-some, William Powell and Myrna Loy, together again in "Thin Man Goes Home," are deemed to have clicked again—also Asta. And in technicolor, "A Song to Remember," Paul Muni plays the part of Chopin with Merle Oberon as George Sand. It is a "must" for music lovers.

Gloria Swanson made her first Broadway stage appearance in "A Goose for the Gander," but although critics declare she does well, the play got more puns and pans than praise. Conrad Nagel plays the husband part, with Gloria having several stooge lovers to make him jealous. Nobody seemed to mind.

IN St. Louis a pair of broadminded couples are happy after their swap-mate deal. They are Mr. and Mrs. Percy Radford and Mr. and Mrs. George H. Hause. The Radfords had been married 17 years, the Huses 5, but all fell in love again on a criss-cross basis, and thought it was perfectly natural to divorce and marry again. The former Mrs. Hause, now Radford, won custody of her three-year-old daughter. It was all a friendly transaction, they said.

Yankee Stadium—Under New Management



Stadium Deal Seen as Boon For Topping's Grid Tigers

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—The deal which transferred controlling stock of the New York Yankees to the MacPhail-Topping-Webb syndicate will be met by shouts of glee by the clubowners of the National Football League, because it will mean the eventual transfer of the Brooklyn pro-football franchise to spacious Yankee Stadium.

Ban on Coal to Hit Sports in 17 States

WASHINGTON, Jan. 27.—The Solid Fuels Administration last night announced further restrictions on the use of coal and recommended curtailment or elimination of the use of coal in places of amusement, effective tomorrow. The ban would presumably affect such athletic events as basketball, hockey, boxing and bowling.

The affected states are: The New England states, Del., Ind., Ill., Md., Mich., N.J., Ohio, N.Y., Pa., W.Va., part of Va., District of Columbia, and the city of St. Louis.

Illinois Blots Iowa Record

CHAMPAIGN, Ill., Jan. 27.—The Illinois basketball team threw the Big Ten Conference race wide open last night by upsetting Iowa, 43-42, and dropping the Hawkeyes into a first-place tie with Ohio State's defending Buckeyes.

The Illini triumph was due to efficiency at the foul line with 13 of 20 free throws registering, while the Hawkeyes made six in 15 tries. Iowa led at halftime, 20-14, and was nine points ahead at one time during the first half. With two minutes remaining, Walter Kirk, who paced the victors with 13 points, dunked a layup to put Illinois ahead, 43-40, and Ned Postel sank a set shot to end the scoring.

SHAEF Trims USSTAF

The SHAEF Blackbirds notched their 14th straight basketball victory last night when they defeated the USSTAF Blockbusters, 65-45. SHAEF held a 34-22 halftime advantage. T/Sgt. Tony Jaros, of Minneapolis, Minn., former University of Minnesota star, led SHAEF with 22 points. Pfc Ivan Schottell, of King City, Mo., scored 14 points for the losers.

CAGE RESULTS

Table with 2 columns: Team Name and Score. Includes Fordham 55, Webb 33, Georgia Pre-Flight 65, Atlanta Army 45, etc.

Yankee Buyers Retain Barrow And McCarthy

Yankee Buyers Retain Barrow And McCarthy

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—The greatest baseball empire ever put together, that of the New York Yankees, including the entire farm system and all physical properties, was sold yesterday by the heirs of the late Col. Jacob Ruppert and Club President Edward Barrow, to a syndicate composed of Col. Larry MacPhail, former president of the Cincinnati and Brooklyn clubs; Dan Topping, owner of the Brooklyn Tigers of the National Football League, and Del Webb, wealthy Phoenix, Ariz., contractor.

Barrow will continue as chairman of the Yankees' board and, it is understood, Joe McCarthy will be retained as field manager. Farm Club Supervisor George Weiss also will be with the organization, but the fate of Traveling Secretary Rex Weyant was in doubt, for MacPhail is known to be partial to John McDonald, who handled the same job for him at Brooklyn. McDonald was fired when Branch Rickey took over at Ebbets Field.

MacPhail announced that approximately \$2,800,000 had changed hands in the deal.

"We paid a quarter million dollars to the Ruppert estate and about \$300,000 to Barrow for his 10 percent," MacPhail revealed. The syndicate thus acquired 96.88 percent of the total Yankee stock. George Ruppert, brother of Col. Ruppert, retained his small holdings of slightly more than 3 percent.

Approval Expected

The transaction must receive the approval of other American League clubowners and the three-man advisory board governing baseball before it becomes official. No trouble is expected, since several clubowners have heartily approved the deal and Ford Frick and Will Harridge, two of the three-man board, already have voiced their satisfaction with the transfer.

The new owners gained title to 350 players, of whom all but 115 are in uniform, plus the ball parks at Kansas City, New York, Binghamton and Norfolk, Yankee farm clubs.

The Journal-American came out with an exclusive story on the deal, but Barrow refused to confirm it at the time. Tom Gallery, general manager of Topping's football club, confirmed the deal and finally MacPhail met the press at a New York night club and made it official.

Known as Highlanders

The Yankees moved to New York from Baltimore in 1903 under the name "Highlanders" at Hilltop Park, where the giant Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center now stands at 168th Street and Broadway. They moved from that park into the Polo Grounds in 1913 and changed their name to Yankees.

Col. Ruppert and Col. Tillinghast L. Huston purchased the club for \$450,000 in 1915 and Barrow was named general manager in 1920. Three years later Ruppert bought Huston out and the Yankees moved across the Harlem River to their own stadium.

Ruppert died in 1939 and left control to Mrs. Joseph Halloran, and Mrs. J. Basil McGuire, his nieces, and Miss Helen Withrop Weyant, his ward.

Newark Signs Yale Star

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Jan. 27.—Edward Machaj, outstanding pitcher for the Yale University baseball team for two years, has signed with the Newark Bears of the International League.

Lee Oma Upsets Baksi Before 17,000 in NYC

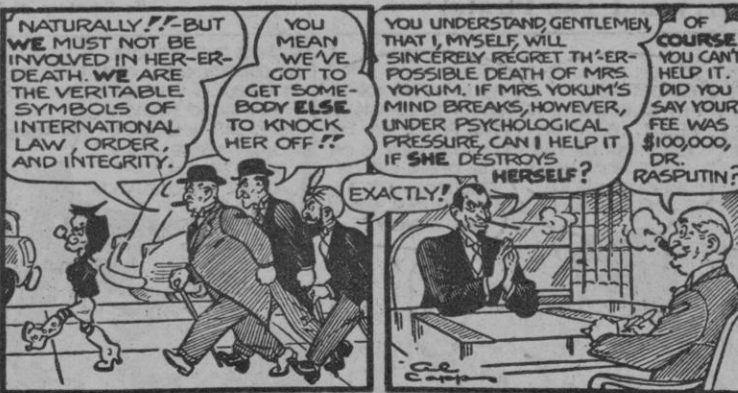
NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—Lee Oma, Detroit heavyweight, scored a major fistic upset here last night by taking a one-sided decision from Joe Baksi, of Kulpmont, Pa. Oma, who has been kayoed 13 times during his career, often with a resounding splash, out-slapped and outfooted Baksi to gain the unanimous verdict of three officials. He was outweighed, 211 to 185 pounds. A crowd of 17,000 saw the fight in Madison Square Garden.

Li'l Abner

By Courtesy of United Features



By Al Capp



Three Years as a Guerrilla Chief:

Yank Sergeant From Bataan Kept Up Fight Against Japs

WITH U.S. FORCES ON LUZON, Jan 27 (AP).—Sgt. Alfred D. Bruce, of Minersville, Pa., who was sent through Bataan lines in 1942 to help organize guerrillas among Filipinos, reported to American authorities today—almost three years later.

He left American lines as a sergeant. He returned today as a captain of guerrillas in charge of the southern part of Tarlac province. He helped organize a guerrilla force of between 4,000 and 5,000 men.

Bruce was one of 12 soldiers to penetrate Japanese lines at Bataan on this mission. Only three of the 12 are alive now, he said.

Three years of guerrilla leadership left him thin and yellowed from malaria but otherwise he is in sound health. He apologized for his "Filipino accent."

The brutality of the Japanese toward Filipino and American prisoners at Camp O'Donnell and other camps is still vivid in his mind. He told of one American major shot in a mass execution who recovered consciousness and crawled from under the bodies of his comrades into the brush before the Japanese got around to covering the executed men.

Natives helped the major escape but a wound infection killed him two days later.

As to the Japanese treatment of Filipino prisoners, Bruce had only two words—"mass murder."

Luzon . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

tions on the Bataan Peninsula and at Subic Bay again were on the target list. Air attacks also were carried out against Formosa and Amoy port in China.

The Superfortress attacks were made yesterday. Tokyo industrial areas were hit by a substantial force of B29s from the Marianas. Enemy fighter opposition was moderate to heavy. Superfortresses from India, operating in moderate force, bombed Japanese Army and Navy installations at Saigon.

In Washington, the Navy announced that American submarines had sunk 21 more Japanese vessels, including a light cruiser.

On the Burma front, Allied forces carried out their fifth amphibious operation in two weeks landing on Cheduba Island 110 miles southeast of Akyab. Chungking announced that Japanese forces had opened a new drive against U.S. 14th AF bases in southeastern China.

Nelson Expects Gains in China

WASHINGTON, Jan. 27 (Reuter).—Donald M. Nelson, President Roosevelt's personal envoy to China, said today that China's war production would be doubled by spring, and that the increased production rates of 1945 would be felt on the Chinese fighting fronts within the next few weeks.

Nelson, who first went to China in November, said that "as a result of action taken during the autumn in China we can look forward to far-reaching gains on the economic front in addition to improvement in the military situation." The supply situation will be greatly strengthened, he added, by the opening of the Ledo-Burma Road.

8 of 11 Nazis Fall To Small Weapons Of Trapped Officer

By Bud Hutton
Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

WITH FIFTH INF. DIV., Jan. 27.—Four enemy killed and four wounded with the two weapons most often scorned by combat men was the accomplishment of Capt. Lennis Jones, of San Antonio, Tex., when his company CP was overrun by Germans during a counter-attack along the Sure River.

When the charging Germans—two of them in U.S. Army overcoats—overran the CP, Jones and a sergeant were cut off, and the sergeant was killed. Nazis closed in on the lone hemlock beneath whose spreading roots Jones was trying to conceal himself.

Although there were 11 Germans, Jones decided to fight it out with his .45 cal. automatic. He got three of the five men converging on his position, wounding the other two. The other six were farther back, and Jones got a chance to reach his carbine, with which he killed one more and wounded two others. The rest fled as Jones rejoined his company.

Ignore New Rumors, German People Told

LONDON, Jan. 27 (AP).—The German radio today called upon the home front to show neither "illusions nor panic" amid the wave of unconfirmed rumors of mounting anxiety and even disturbances in the Reich. Allied broadcasts had reported clashes between military factions in Germany.

Analysts here also cautioned against being misled by wishful thinking or propaganda reports. A British Foreign Office spokesman labeled as "phony" rumors in Madrid, Lisbon and Barcelona that the Germans were fishing for peace. He said the rumors were clearly German-inspired.

75,000 French Civilians Work For U.S. Army

Seventy-five thousand French civilians—the equivalent of five divisions—are working for the U.S. Army, Com Z officials said yesterday, paying high tribute to the French "Phantom Divisions."

In addition to this voluntary labor force, more than 100,000 civilians have registered with the Army for work. The Army draws its civilian labor from lists prepared by the French Ministry of Labor, which fixes the wage scale, collects social security dues and provides personnel to handle the payroll work. The workers are paid by the French government.

Although skilled technical personnel and clerical workers have given invaluable help to the Army, the greatest contribution of the French worker to the Allied war effort has been in the unloading, loading and shipment of supplies. Often working under pressure and for long hours, the French stevedores have funneled thousands of tons of high-priority goods to the front.

East Front . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

reach the Baltic, the only escape route to Germany proper. Rastenburg, Barten, Drenofurt, Puppen and Terwisch, important defense cogs in the Koenigsberg southern defense system, fell to Cherniakovsky's forces yesterday.

In Moscow, Stalin announced that the five Red armies taking part in the Eastern Front drive had killed 295,600 German officers and enlisted men and taken 86,330 prisoners since Jan. 12. These figures, the Stalin announcement said, do not include wounded, which possibly may total more than a half-million.

The vast quantity of German equipment listed as captured or destroyed included: 592 aircraft, 2,996 tanks and self-propelled guns, 7,932 guns of all calibers, 20,091 machine-guns and 34,019 trucks.

Nazi Has Close Shave In Brush at Barber's

WITH SEVENTH ARMY.—The battle of the barber shop ended in a draw when two 36th Div. artillerymen, Cpl. Stanley G. Fair, of DeLeon, Tex., and Pfc Leeland D. Cagle, of Haskell, Tex., stopped in a Vosges Mountain village for a haircut. They had been waiting for the shop's lone barber to finish work on a previous customer. Finally, as Fair walked toward the chair to take his turn, the barber pointed after his first customer and said "Boche." However, the Nazi got away with a close shave as well as his haircut.

Has Anybody Here Seen Utah? Bradley's Terrier Goes to Dogs



Left, Utah, Gen. Bradley's dog. He, too, is AWOL.

HQ. 12TH ARMY GROUP, Jan. 27.—Sgt. Frank Cekada, Gen. Bradley's orderly, has asked The Stars and Stripes and the MPs to help him find Utah.

(Not being from there, we couldn't care less where Utah is—but Utah happens to be a dog and happens to belong to Gen. Bradley.)

How to find Utah: Don't whistle, as they have tried that. He may be on top of a truck, tangled in camouflage netting, as Gen. Bradley has been known to rescue him

and his brother, Omaha, from such circumstances before. Both Utah and Omaha are fox terrier sons of Betsey, whom Cekada smuggled overseas. They were born on the beach in Normandy, in June.

Utah has spent his entire life hanging around the Army. Maybe the best way to lure him would be to jangle a mess tin—the AWOL dog may be in your chow line tonight.

If not, he may be in your chow—but that's another matter. Just let us know if you find Utah.

Third Reaches Enemy Border Lear Reveals Pace of Drive

(Continued from Page 1)

River which forms the frontier in northern Luxembourg.

Southward, 26th Div. doughs advanced two and one-half miles and reached the St. Vith-Diekirch road southeast of Clerf.

Doughs of the 80th Div. made a mile and one-half gain to the east to enter Hosingen, four miles southeast of Clerf.

West of Vianden, Fifth Div. men were moving northward and meeting the stiffest resistance in the sector. They reached Weiler in a half-mile gain, five miles northwest of Vianden, and elements still battled stubborn enemy forces in Putscheid, four miles north of Vianden.

South of Trier, the 94th Div. was regaining ground from the 11th Panzer Div. Americans recaptured Butzdorf, north of Tettingen.

On the Roer River, the Ninth Army consolidated its positions on the Roer while to the north British troops took four towns as they moved up to the west bank of the River Wurm.

Ninth Planes Blast Nazi Supply Lines

Bad weather shackled Ninth AF medium bombers yesterday, but fighter-bombers blasted German transport and communications in 229 sorties.

Marshalling yards at Arweiler and Wahporzheim took a pounding and the towns of Mayen and Reuglesterz were hit hard. The fighter-bombers also destroyed 198 motor vehicles and damaged 189.

The lull in heavy bomber operations from Britain entered its fourth day, giving the Reich its longest respite from aerial bombardment in more than a year.

Bronze Star Awarded To Maj. Gen. L. A. Craig

WITH THE NINTH INF. DIV.—Maj. Gen. Louis A. Craig, CG of the Ninth Inf. Div., has been awarded the Bronze Star by Maj. Gen. Leonard T. Gerow, CG of V Corps for "meritorious service" in connection with operations against the recent German offensive. The presentation was made at the Ninth Div. CP.

(Continued from Page 1)

open to men in general service units.

The Deputy Commander said he was not "alarmed" over the number of AWOL American soldiers—listed yesterday by the theater Provost Marshal as 18,000. "There is no doubt that a few thousand have gone off willfully," Lear said, "but I think many have simply overstayed their passes because of lack of transport or other reasons, and will get back to their outfits within six or seven days."

Seek to Lessen Suffering

Gen. Lear said that special efforts would be made during the remainder of the winter to lessen suffering due to the cold, including not only the furnishing of soldiers with the warmest possible clothes and shoes, but also a campaign to teach them how to care for clothing and avoid trench foot.

Everything possible would be done to overcome the discomforts men at the front were undergoing, he said, adding that some of them were because of lack of transportation facilities at the present.

"General Eisenhower is interested in everything from shoestrings to the last articles of clothing," Gen. Lear said.

U.S. Mother Asks Mercy for Slayer

BOSTON, Jan. 27 (UP).—Gray-haired Mrs. Signe M. Hulten, whose son, Pvt. Karl G. Hulten, was sentenced in London to hang for the robbery and murder of a London taxicab-driver, has appealed to British Home Secretary Herbert Morrison to "answer the prayer of a mother and save my son's life."

Mrs. Hulten cabled Morrison that she did not believe her twenty-two-year-old paratrooper son "can be wholly guilty."

Hulten and co-defendant Elizabeth Marina Jones, eighteen-year-old strip-tease dancer, were sentenced early this week for shooting George Heath, Hulten's twenty-two-year-old wife, Rose, who has been in seclusion in Boston since the case began, did not join in her mother-in-law's appeal.

What Form!



If, in the turmoil of war, you've lost an ideal or two, think about lovely Jane Russell. She's shown playing tennis, but Jane's handlers say she dances, swims and knits bazookas in her spare time.

Soviet Gains May Put Nazi Warships in Open

LONDON, Jan. 27 (Reuter).—Naval observers here believe that Red Army advances may force German naval units out of hiding to seek questionable cover within striking distance of the air forces of Russia's Allies.

The German heavy cruiser Seydlitz was last reported at Koenigsberg, East Prussia. The pocket battleships Admiral Scheer and Admiral Lutzow, the cruisers Prinz Eugen and Admiral Hipper and the partly dismantled battleship, Gneisenau, were said to be at the Polish port of Gdynia.

Terry and The Pirates



By Courtesy of News Syndicate

By Milton Caniff