

Ich nehme das Zimmer oben
Ish nayme das Tzimmer oben
I take the room upstairs

THE STARS AND STRIPES

Daily Newspaper of U.S. Armed Forces

in the European Theater of Operations

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SATURDAY Nov. 11, 1944

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

Rockets Are Hitting England, Churchill Reveals

3rd Pushes On in Four Sectors

Casualties And Damage 'Not Heavy'

Prime Minister Winston Churchill admitted to the House of Commons yesterday that the Germans were firing rockets against England and that some of them had fallen and caused casualties and damage.

His was the first official Allied announcement of the Nazi V-2, which the Germans had announced in a communique Wednesday.

Shortly after Churchill's announcement, German News Agency circulated a Wilhelmstrasse statement that rockets also had been used for several weeks against Paris and Antwerp, where "heavy damage has been inflicted on the town and harbor installations."

Admitting that rockets had been coming over for the last few weeks, Churchill explained that official silence about them had been maintained to avoid giving "information useful to the enemy."

Casualties Not Heavy

"A number have landed at widely scattered points in this country," he said. "In all, casualties and damage have so far not been heavy."

"The rocket," as he described it, "contains approximately the same quantity of high explosive as the flying bomb. However, it is designed to penetrate rather more deeply. This results in somewhat heavier damage in the immediate vicinity, but rather less extensive blast effect."

"The rocket flies through the stratosphere, going up to 60 or 70 miles, and outstrips sound because of its high speed. Because of this no reliable warning can be given."

"There is, however, no need to exaggerate the damage. The scale and the effects of the attack have not hitherto been significant."

Rocket Areas Overrun

Some rockets had been fired from Walcheren, Churchill said, but this island is now in Allied hands, "and other areas from which rockets have been or can be fired will doubtless be overrun by our forces in due course."

"The use of this weapon," Churchill declared, "is another attempt by the enemy to attack the morale of our civilian population in the vain hope that he may by this means stave off the defeat which faces him in the field."

United Press quoted a Berlin radio commentator yesterday, saying that "V-2 by itself could never decide the war in Germany's favor." But V-2, he said, was "by no means the last secret weapon we have in store for Londoners and the people in southern England."

Japs Make Good Losses at Leyte

Despite the Allied air-sea blockade of Leyte, where the American 24th Division has made extensive gains toward Ormoc after breaking enemy hill positions, the Japanese have been able to send in from neighboring islands about 35,000 troops in the last two weeks to reinforce the shattered 35th Army, reports from the Philippines said yesterday.

The reinforcements equaled the Jap losses already suffered on Leyte, it was estimated.

Pounded by artillery and planes, the port and supply base of Ormoc was ablaze and of little use to the Japs, a communique said.

Chairborne Officers Must Rise and Shine

Pink Pants Are Going to Glow—Sale Now Is Only to Fighters

To give priority to combat officers as well as to meet a temporary shortage of stocks, clothing sales to non-combat and Communications Zone officers in the U.K. will be stopped, it was announced yesterday.

The London Officers' Sales Store and mobile sales units in the field will be inoperative today and tomorrow. When sales start Monday they will be limited to officers of combat units and Air Corps combat fliers. No Communications Zone officers, including WAC officers and nurses, will be permitted to make purchases, even if they are ordered out of the U.K.

A list of combat organizations in the U.K. will be used to identify combat officer personnel and Air Corps combat

Black Cross 'Salutes' Red Cross—With Bombs



The four bodies you see above, in front of some shattered medical vehicles, were American soldiers in Holland. These soldiers weren't killed while fighting. They were killed when the Germans bombed a U.S. Army hospital, which bore on its roof a red cross, 50 feet square, which should have been plainly visible to the Luftwaffe.

FDR Back in Capital; Says 'Big 3' Will Meet

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10 (AP)—President Roosevelt, first man in history elected to four terms in the White House, returned to Washington in triumph today and confirmed the report that another meeting of the "Big Three"—Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin—would be held in the near future.

750 Heavies Bomb Reich

More than 750 Fortresses and Liberators of the Eighth Air Force yesterday bombed airfields, military transport facilities and industrial plants in the Cologne and Frankfurt areas of Germany.

The heavies were escorted by approximately 600 Mustangs and Thunderbolts, which also carried out strafing attacks. Fighter pilots reported shooting up 150 railway cars, 100 motor vehicles, 30 locomotives, 15 barges and five parked enemy aircraft.

Eighth losses were 27 bombers and seven fighters. However, some of these were believed to have landed in friendly territory.

Fighter-bombers of the Ninth Air Force flew about 50 sorties Thursday in support of the U.S. Third Army, attacking enemy troops, artillery positions and transport in the Metz-Nancy-Dieuze areas.

Civilians Take Over

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10 (AP)—Transfer of the Allied control machinery in Italy from military to civilian authorities was announced today by Britain and the U.S.



PRES. ROOSEVELT

On its way to the White House, Mr. Roosevelt's motor cavalcade pushed through 300,000 cheering Washingtonians and envoys from 44 of the United Nations.

The President was greeted by huge banners reading, "In '44 We Need You More," "You Won Here, Let's Win Over There" and "You Are Back and We Back You."

At Washington's Union Station, Mr. Roosevelt said he was "very happy to be back," but laughingly added he hoped newsmen would not get the impression he planned to make Washington his permanent home.

At the White House, the President held his first press conference since the election. He told reporters that he, Prime Minister Churchill and Marshal Stalin wanted to hold another meeting when it could be arranged, but said no details had been worked out.

No Nazi Peace Feelers

Asked if he had received any peace feelers from Germany, the President said, "No."

Mr. Roosevelt was in high spirits. He roared with laughter when one reporter said: "Mr. President, let me be the first to ask if you are going to run for the Presidency again in 1948."

The President said his own pre-election guess on the outcome was that he would get 335 electoral votes against Thomas E. Dewey's 196.

A vast array of problems confront Mr. Roosevelt. The forthcoming United Nations meeting to implement the Dumbarton Oaks plan is a major issue.

Russo-Polish differences, the ticklish Argentine situation and a program for handling conquered Germany are other foreign affairs which require early consideration.

Aims at Co-operation

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10 (AP)—The first goal of Sen. Harry S. Truman, vice-president-elect, will be to develop a spirit of friendship between the White House and Capitol Hill, he indicated here today.

The 60-year-old Missourian discussed his hopes with reporters on his transcontinental campaign tour. As chairman of the Senate War Investigating Committee, he brought members of both parties into as friendly a group as ever worked together in Congress.

Forli Seized By 8th Army

ALLIED MEDITERRANEAN HQ. Nov. 10—Eighth Army troops, winding up a three-day pincers drive from south and east, have captured the cathedral city of Forli and reached the damaged main bridge over the Montone River, the west bank of which is still held by the Germans, it was announced today.

Polish troops crossed the Rabbi River,



south of Forli, and reached the Montone at another point. The Montone, which is west of the town, now forms the front line in the battle for control of the Po Valley.

Forli, which has a population of 60,000, is an important communications center, with good highways radiating toward Bologna, to the northwest, and Ravenna, to the northeast.

Repel Stabs By Nazis; 2 Towns Fall

Scoring fresh gains up to three miles in four sectors, Lt. Gen. George S. Patton's Third Army yesterday captured the 12,000-foot-high Delme Ridge and the towns of Chateau Salins and Louigny and threw back two enemy counter-attacks north of Metz, apparent goal of the new American offensive.

Front-line dispatches identified four more divisions in action—the 18th and 95th Infantry and the Fourth and Sixth Armored. Doughboys of the 18th took Delme Ridge, north of the road hub of Chateau Salins, while the Fourth's tanks rumbled on three miles beyond Delme, striking toward the Metz-Saarbruecken highway.

Units of the 26th Infantry were close to Hamont, northeast of Chateau Salins, after moving ahead three miles.

Enemy resistance was stiffer on the northern part of the new front, about 20 miles above Metz, where troops of the 19th Infantry deepened their bridgehead across the Moselle and beat off tank and infantry thrusts in the Koenigsmacher area.

Closer to Metz, the town of Louigny, nine miles from the fortress city, was captured and an enemy resistance pocket holding a rail crossing near by was overcome.

Prisoners taken in the new drive thus far total 1,514.

Trap Developing

Dispatches spoke of a great trap beginning to take shape in the Metz area, with one spearhead thrusting up from the south and the other pushing down from the Thionville area, north of Metz. The tips of the spearheads were said to be about 30 miles apart.

Berlin reports said fighting covered a front of nearly 60 miles, claiming that 11 Allied divisions had been committed to action.

At the nearest point Patton's forces were said to be within 30 miles of the Siegfried defenses in the Saarbruecken area, although troops moving forward from the Thionville sector were about eight miles from the Reich border.

There were no reports yesterday of any major activity on the First Army front in Germany. The Allied front in Holland was quiet.

Leathernecks Visit British Wounded

U.S. Marines in England yesterday observed the 169th anniversary of their service by visiting a Royal Naval hospital near London, where they gave cigarettes to British Marines injured in landings on the Continent.

The Marines swapped yarns, and later paid quiet "tribute to those buddies of ours still out in the Pacific."

They Carved Their Epitaph in the Clouds



U.S. Army Air Force Photo

This remarkable shot of a shattered Flying Fortress plummeting to earth shows the grim risks of aerial combat. The plane was brought down as the Eighth Air Force raided a synthetic-oil plant at Merseburg, Germany, on Nov. 2. Enemy fire tore off the entire nose section of the Fort, with the pilot, co-pilot, bombardier and navigator inside. One engine was wrenched off as the plane plunged amid flame, smoke and debris.

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Note to the 'Big Wheels'
Nov. 6, 1944

Dear Stars and Stripes,
We feel we've got a gripe that goes
not only for us, but for a lot of the
boys flying the heavies in the Eighth Air
Force. We would like to know why the
"big wheels" have decided to make us fly
more missions, none of them "milk runs,"
and discontinued giving the DEC upon
completion of a tour of operations?
The boys who came before us all
received this award, and God knows they
earned it, yet we feel that we've done our
part too. However, upon completion of
our tour they hand us a membership card
in the "Lucky Bastards" club, which isn't
an understatement, and we suppose they
expect us to frame the damn thing and
wear it under our wings with the Air
Medal and its four Oak Leaf Clusters.
Along with the "footsloggers," who
are doing a damn good job, the fliers are
providing daily material for the papers.
We are doing our share just like the other
boys did. Why, then, shouldn't we deserve
the same? What do the rest of you
"Eighth Heavy" boys think about this?
Hoping the right wheels see this and do
something about it. We remain, *Two
Browned Off Co-Pilots.*

'Purple Heart' GIs Gripe
Nov. 6, 1944

Dear Stars and Stripes,
We've just read 'Purple Heart' Officer's
gripe, and we want to add our own. What
the hell is a pass anyway? Most of us
have been in this hospital for about two
months and as yet we haven't received
a pass. We believe that we're at least
entitled to a bit of freedom before we
have to return to combat.
Since the Army believes us well enough
to shoot a training program at us, we
believe we're well enough to be allowed
to go to town for a few hours during
the night. What are we, orphans or a
bunch of b...s. Still sweating
it out.—*Purple Heart' Boys.*

Mail-Call to Get Fainter
Nov. 8, 1944

Dear Stars and Stripes,
Yes we'd like to know too what has
happened to the APO. Must have been
captured around D-Day or something.
That's about when our mail stopped
coming. Get an occasional letter now and
then that is 30 or 60 or 90 days old—
usually been to the Continent and back.
Course we don't begrudge the boys
on the "fighting front" anything but
they're a few of us in the U.K. that
would like to know that the folks back
home are all right too. What about all
these Christmas trains marked "Santa"
that are supposed to be around? Are
they all on the Continent too?—*Some
mail hungry WACs.*

Nov. 8, 1944

Dear Stars and Stripes,
If "mail-hungry supply sergeant"
thinks his mail service is bad now, wait
until after the first of the year. Then
50 per cent of each postal unit personnel
in the U.K. is to be replaced by limited
servicemen from replacement pools.
These men with little if any postal
experience will replace men with civilian
post office service who are also graduates
of the Army Postal School. So your 056
men will be driving trucks, scrubbing
pots, cleaning latrines—all honorable and
necessary tasks but certainly not helping
mail to get delivered quickly or
accurately.
Right now, the morale of postal men
working alongside the fellows who are
to replace them is not too good. Most
of them are wishing they had had com-
bat instead of postal training.—*An APO
Sergeant.*

Last Word About Passes
Nov. 6, 1944

Dear Stars and Stripes,
How about getting a thoroughly
authoritative answer to the following,
complete with all the quotes from army
tradition, ARs, or, if none can be found,
how about involving the IG or JAG in
an academic discussion of the question,
and give us the decision?
Does a commander who has an estab-
lished pass policy have the authority to
deny passes to an individual or a portion
of his command for a stated period? For
an indefinite period? Restriction as such
is limited to seven days under the 104th
Article of War, but disciplinary action or
at least action to secure a disciplinary
end can be taken by denial of pass
privileges and in theory the effect is
identical with restriction, except un-
limited.—*John O. Wagner, Army Hospital
PI.*
[Pass privileges are a command responsi-
bility and it is the company commander's
prerogative to grant or withhold the
privileges as he sees fit according to military
necessity, reports the Inspector General.
However, as punishment pass privileges
cannot be taken away for more than seven
days.—Ed.]

Hash Marks

This one mixes us all up, but maybe
you can figure it out. Sgt. G. W. Ferguson
says love is "the feeling you feel when
you feel you are going to feel a feeling
you have never felt before."
* * *
The GI returned to camp exhausted
from a 48 of wine, women and song.
Too tired to make reveille, the sad sack
said he was "temporarily out of ardor."
* * *
A soldier, explaining to his CO the
reason for his untidy appearance, said,



"It's those French, sir, they just love to
be liberated."
* * *
A sergeant with a radio under his arm
was asked by a lieutenant what he was
carrying. "A French radio," he replied.
"Too bad," murmured the lieutenant.
"None of us understands the language."
* * *
GI Philosophy: The thing most women
dread about their past is its length.
* * *
Famous last words: "Lend me ten
shillings and you'll get the whole five
pounds I owe you back payday."
* * *
A second looney putting men through
calisthenics gave the order: "Hips on
shoulders, place." Then, after a moment
of confused deliberation, he stammered,
"That can't be done—hips down."
* * *
Advice: Beware of fresh paint. Either
on houses or women.
* * *
Fun on the home front: A Montana
woman called her husband to dinner.
Hubby, busy repairing a roof, responded
rapidly. He fell through the roof and
ceiling, landing at his regular place at the
dining-room table.
* * *
Police in a U.S. city were supposed to
have received this note not so long ago.
"The guy who lives next to the police
station is a crook and ought to be pro-
secuted to the fullest extent of the law.
I cracked his safe last night and found
it full of black-market gas coupons.
Yours truly,
A Friend."

The Roving Link That Keeps the Chain Intact

ATC Planes Beat Those Perennial Supply Crises

ETO AIR TRANSPORT COM-
MAND HQ, Nov. 10—The story was told
today of the world's fastest special-deliv-
ery service in the world's fastest-moving
war—a drama which, in a score of grip-
ping acts since D-Day, has averted near
disaster at times and kept the Allied
armies rolling.
The competent, professional actors in
this great play-for-keeps—the battle of
supply—were members of the Air Trans-
port Command's European division. The
audience which benefited by the show
was every branch of the armed forces.
Soon after D-Day it was obvious that
the Luftwaffe had been crippled by
months of strategic bombing by the
Eighth Air Force. Needed to give
Goering's fliers the knockout punch was
fighter bases on the Continent.
Engineers, working day and night,
began laying landing strips over the muddy
fields of Normandy. In an incredibly
short time the job was done. Radio
 flashed the word to the fighters: "Okay.
Come on in."
One After Another Grounded
The American fighters roared in—but
as they landed, rear-wheel casings were
chewed up by irregularities in the metal
strips. One after another the Thunder-
bolts and Mustangs were grounded.
Back to the U.K. went desperate calls
for spares. Depot stocks melted, and it
became apparent that a supply of tire
casings which had been expected to last
six months would not hold out ten days.
Then the ATC was called in.
Transatlantic cables clicked out the
urgent message, and from depots through-
out America casings began to pour into
Newark airport. Five days later the
ATC's giant C54 cargo planes began
shuttling the supplies to Scotland.
The crisis passed.
The Air Transport boys came to the



now," said one waiter to another, "but
the people at your table are trying to
catch your eye."
* * *
An aviation cadet questioned by a
veteran Army officer regarding flying was
asked if he smoked, drank or went out
with women. When the cadet answered
no, the officer retorted, "Then why study
aviation? You must have your wings
already."
J. C. W.

PRIVATE BREGER



No Armistice This Time, Thanks

An Editorial
An armistice, according to
our dictionary, is "a truce
—a temporary cessation of
fighting."

This time we're having no armis-
tice, thank you. This time the
terms are clear. This time it's
unconditional surrender. It's a
"cessation of fighting"—FOR GOOD.

An armistice can last an hour,
a month, a year. Or maybe 20
years. Then—the murder begins
again.

Unconditional surrender is
different, or so we hope. The
idea is to flatten out the other guy
so that 20 years from now, if he's
lucky, he may have one black eye
barely open—with the other still
smeared over his cheek.

An armistice saves a life today
—and loses ten tomorrow. It's
easy on us and tough on our kids.
It's a mickey finn for the winner.
It's smelling salts for the loser—
a bell that rings just before the
referee counts ten.

This time it's unconditional sur-
render. It's bombs, grenades, bul-
lets and bayonets until every
German in Fascist-land—every
house, factory and farm—every
politician, general, party member,
private, every big man and little
man—aches to stop.

With an ache so bad he'll never



Armistice Celebration, New York, 1918

want the torture to be repeated.
An ache so searing he'll realize
what his wars have done to others.
An ache so deep and so lasting
Germans for generations will

wince at the pain. An ache that
will make intolerable such simple
things as lifting a hand to shoot
a gun. Or lifting an arm to hail
a Hitler.

rescue again just before the landings in
southern France in mid-August.

On D-Day in Normandy the Allies
made their first large-scale use of para-
troops. In most ways, Allied equipment
was as good or better than that used by
enemy jumpers. But two things cost
American lives in Normandy: Increased
enemy opposition and the French land-
scape, with trees and hedgerows which
often caught the paratroops.

On flat country the Americans could
release themselves from the 'chute har-
nesses in a matter of seconds. In Nor-
mandy that wasn't fast enough. A few
seconds were all the enemy snipers and
sharpshooters needed.

New Release Needed

A new release had to be invented,
designed, built, adapted and—most
important—distributed.

The scientists and workers in the States
did their job. They produced the new
releases. Then the ATC took over. What
would have been a two-week trip by boat
became a two-day haul by air.

When the Flying Fortresses were roar-
ing into high gear late in September,
battering German strongpoints and
strategic bases, an overworked stock
record clerk at a supply base slipped up.
He added one too many zeros to the
balance of bushing pins on hand.

When a physical inventory was made
several days later, the error was dis-
covered. The supply of bushing pins
would last only two days.

Once again the ATC cabled home. And
once again a supply disaster was averted.

At another crucial moment, almost all
the P47s in the ETO were grounded
because a fuel-injection pipe was breaking
down. But once again the workers in the
U.S. did their part, designing and build-
ing a new part. And once again the ATC
got the parts to the repair bases.

The entire operation, including design-
ing and building of the pipes, was com-
pleted in ten days.

The ATC sends about six cables a day



ATC personnel loading supplies for urgent
delivery to fronts.

for air shipments from America. And
each message is an emergency. Whereas
it takes from two to three months to
obtain U.S. supplies through normal
freight channels, the Air Transport Com-
mand reduces the figure to days.

American Forces Network

On Your Dial	Sunday, Nov. 12
1375 kc. 1402 kc. 1411 kc. 1420 kc. 1447 kc. 218.1m. 213.9m. 212.6m. 211.3m. 207.3m.	0755—Sign On—Program Resume. 0800—World News. 0805—Music for Sunday. 0830—Music by Ted Fio Rito. 0900—Headlines—Combat Diary. 0915—Bandwagon with Kay Carroll. 0930—Hour of Charm. 1000—Headlines—Radio Chapel. 1030—Strike up the Band. 1100—Headlines—Home News from the U.S.A. 1105—Morning After (Jubilee). 1135—Combined Orchestras. 1200—News. 1205—WAC's Works. 1225—Sports. 1230—Stanley Black Orchestra. 1300—Headlines—Atlantic Spotlight. 1330—Sammy Kay's Sunday Serenade. 1400—Headlines—Music from the Pacific. 1425—Anne Shelton. 1455—Football Scores. 1500—Headlines—National Barn Dance. 1530—They Call Me Joe. 1600—Headlines—New York Philharmonic. 1700—Headlines—Johnny Mercer's Music Shop. 1715—Andre Kostelanetz Orchestra. 1745—Melody Roundup with Lum 'n' Abner. 1755—American Sports News. 1800—World News. 1805—Mark up the Map. 1810—GI Supper Club. 1900—Headlines—Comedy Caravan with Jim Durante and Gary Moore. 1930—Hit Parade with Mark Warnow's Orches 2000—Headlines—Combat Diary. 2015—At Ease. 2030—Globe Theatre—"William and Mary" w Cornelia Otis Skinner and Roland Young 2100—World News. 2105—Mail Call and Claudette Colbert. 2135—Guy Lombardo's Musical Autographs. 2200—Headlines—Home News from the U.S.A. 2205—Family Hour. 2230—Suspense. 2300—Final Edition.
Saturday, Nov. 11	
0755—Sign On—Program Resume. 0800—World News. 0810—Sugar Report. 0830—Music by Ted Fio Rito. 0900—Headlines—Combat Diary. 0915—Personal Album with Dyana Gayle. 0930—Music from America. 1000—Headlines—Morning After (Command Per formance). 1030—Army Talks. 1100—Headlines—Home News from the U.S.A. 1105—Duffie Bag. 1200—News. 1205—Duffie Bag. 1300—Headlines—Sports News. 1305—Grand Old Opry. 1330—Yanks Radio Edition. 1400—Headlines—Downbeat with Bob Crosby. 1430—College of Musical Knowledge with Phil Harris. 1500—Headlines—American Dance Band (Sgt. Kay McKinley). 1530—On the Record. 1630—Strike up the Band. 1700—Headlines—Johnny Mercer's Music Shop. 1715—Miss Parade. 1740—Raymond Scott Orchestra. 1755—American Sports News. 1800—World News. 1805—Mark up the Map. 1810—Your State. 1815—Glenn Miller Sextette. 1830—Mildred Bailey Show. 1845—Army vs. Notre Dame Football Game. 1855—Mark up the Map. 1900—Headlines—Soldier and a Song. 1915—Eddie Condon's Jazz Session. 2000—Headlines—Home News from the U.S.A. 2205—Xavier Cugat with Don Rodney and Nita Rosa. 2230—Jubilee. 2300—Final Edition.	

Warweek

Just What Does Familiarity Breed?
Figure In the Night Brought Death
He Looked Harmless — But Wasn't

Saturday, Nov. 11, 1944



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

You can't be friendly

for her to come alongside. She got the drift and when she comes up to me she gets off the bike and smiles. Hell of a pretty kid."

He looked down at his feet for a moment and then back at me. "So, with the little bit of German I learned in high school and a lot of gesturing with my hands, I find out that the kid is 16, her name is Rika, and she lives about a quarter of a mile up the road in a red brick farmhouse. And all the while she's telling me this stuff she's smilin' and kickin' the dirt with her foot—really cute, you know?"

"While I'm parked there," he continued, "Up comes an old grey gent—I'd say about 50 or 55 and he was carry-

ing a couple pails of milk. He set the pails down and stopped by the jeep. I asked her who he was and she said that he was her uncle and that she lived with him."

Went Back Again

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

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

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

against the tree and told me to come into the house. I asked him where Rika was and he said that she was upstairs. Well, I went in."

Like Enemy Boots

He paused to take another long drag on the cigarette, knitting his brows as though approaching a painful spot in the story.

"We went in the side door and climbed up two flights of stairs to the third floor and went into the kitchen. There was some stuff cookin' in a big pot on the stove and Rika was stirring it. When she saw me her face lit up like a Christmas tree. She was plenty all right, that Rika."

"The old gent takes off the muddy boots he had on when he was working in the garden and puts on a pair of old felt slippers. I kept glancing at the boots because they were that heavy black rubber kind, and I saw plenty of Jerry soldiers with boots a lot like them. I didn't say nuthin' because I wasn't sure and I didn't want to screw the deal with the kid."

"I lit a smoke," he continued, throwing the stub of his cigarette from the jeep, "and the old man smoked his pipe. Rika sat down and just kept looking at me and smiling and said she didn't smoke. Then Rika went to the cupboard and got out a bottle of cognac—looked like old stuff,"

(Continued on page iv)

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

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

"Hot damn," I said. "How do you like that!"

The guy in front of me, a tall, skinny kid of about 20 with curly brown hair and grey eyes, turned to me and without cracking a smile said, "It might look good, pal, but don't get any ideas 'cause it ain't worth it." That was all he said and then he turned to take the brush to wash his mess gear. The guy in back of me nudged me and winked. I didn't know what to make of it.

The Story Begins

As I was getting into the jeep to move on, the skinny kid who was in front of me in the line, walked over and said,

"Goin' back to regiment, Champ?" I said that I was and he climbed in, banging his mess kit against the side of the jeep as he fitted his lanky frame into the close quarters.

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

I didn't butt in because the kid looked pretty serious and he seemed to want to get something off his chest. Like he had to tell someone something he'd been keeping cooped up inside of him too long.

High-school German

"I drive a jeep in the army," he said, launching into his story, "And the other day—oh, a couple of weeks ago, I was driving along outside of Brand and I see a really cute Jerry gal on a bike—an' goin' my way. Well, like a jerk I drove up a little ahead of her and stopped by the side of the road to wait

Frontline Vignette

By
Ed Wilcox

Warweek
Staff Writer

How About Hitler?

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

"Well, naturally, I ask him a couple of questions—what does he think of Hitler, how long is the war going to last, is he glad he isn't further back in Germany sweating it out? You know, the usual things. I popped him all these questions point blank and he comes right back with the answers and I gather from the way he talks, sincere and all, that he's got no use for Hitler and that gang, and that he's glad to see us."

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

"We talked for a few more minutes and then I told him I had to get movin' and the old gent told me that anytime I



Doughboys In An Advance Post Saw Hitler's

Lady in White

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

WALLEN DORF, Germany, Nov. 10—One of the Doughboys jokingly dubbed her the "Ghost of Mata Hari," and we laughed because it was funny. But that was actually before the full story had been told. Since then, nobody laughs.

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

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

Mystery Woman Appears

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

them. Up to now there was not a single plane of the Luftwaffe seen in the skies.

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

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

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

The Shells Came Down

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

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

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

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

The Figure in the Night

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Lady Vanishes

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

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

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

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

There Are Others

The case of the Lady in White does not stand alone. There have been others similar to hers—cases where German civilians play military roles for Hitler. They can neither be seen nor easily detected, for they play those roles well. The best defense is to keep an eye on them and to keep information from getting to them.

Without information—or without means of getting that information to the German Army—these civilian go-betweens are licked, just as the Lady in White was beaten when they caught up with her game.

We don't know where she is now. Perhaps she is at some other spot along the line, walking slowly, mysteriously in the moonlight. One of the machine-gunners, however, swore that she was sitting squarely on his sights.

"I couldn't have missed her," he said. "It was amazing that she got away."

Whereupon his pal said: "Maybe she was a ghost—the ghost of Mata Hari." Anyway, it's no longer a joke.

Tw
JOHN
Warw

German Shells Followed A Fleeting Glimpse Of

The Face in the Tower

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

STOLBERG, Germany, Nov. 10.—They told me about the old tower so I went out to take a look at it. I found it just like they said—except for a few minor decorations added by German 88s. It had been ripped and scarred, and looked worse than a beat-up pillbox.

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

I said "I guess so," and walked inside.

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

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

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

Shells in the Night

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

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

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

No More Lights

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

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

The Rathaus tower was made to order.

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

He passed a bombed-out beer garden and looked up at the tower's uppermost window—where a face, topped by a black beret, leered out at him. The face ducked back into the shadows—and was gone.

Perfect for OP

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

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

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

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

It was after that that the 88s came. First there were only three or four of

them, and they knocked some houses near the tower for a loop. Then more came—and this time they burst near the tower. They were getting closer—too close for the lieutenant.

The Old Man Talked

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

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

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

He Looked Harmless

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

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

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

They are tipsters, spies—or civilian "soldiers." They are well trained for their job which, simply, is killing Doughboys directly or indirectly. They do the little odd jobs, such as cutting telephone wire or other acts of sabotage.

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

GI Joe is the world's most generous soldier. He's got a whacking good nature and a heart as big as the Pacific. He doesn't like picking on kids, gals and old men.

His specialty is Kraut-killing—that is, the Kraut in the uniform of the German Army. At that job, he is the world's best.

Foes—Not Friends

Up to now he's had the people of Europe on his side, and he's fought in their hedgerows and their towns and their big cities. Up to now he's been a liberator—a guy who unshackled them and gave them Hershey bars and a pack of gum, and maybe some K-rations.

But things are different in Hitler-land. GI Joe is a conqueror—not a liberator. They wave flags of greeting with the right hand in Germany and hold a knife in their left hand. Just like the old duffer in the tower, whose knife was a flashlight whose greeting was an 88 burst.

You can't sell a Yank on swatting civilians, unless that particular civilian happens to be a member of the network. But you can sell a Yank on the fact that he's got to watch his step—he's got to watch everything that moves and breathes in Germany.

Otherwise, how is he going to get back and tell Mom and kid sister about the time he went through St. Lo and Aachen with a pair of dirty socks and an M-1 rifle?



By
ISTIE
Writer

GI JERRY

by Lt. Dave Breger

Nazi Guide-Book

Part XIX



Lt. Dave Breger

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



"A 24-year old S.A. man in Düsseldorf was arrested because at a boating party he had sung the popular song 'Lorelei', written by a Jew. He pretended not to know that the poet Heinrich Heine had been a Jew."
"VÖLKISCHER BEOBSACHTER"
AUG. 1935

BUT WHAT CAN WE
DO, YOUR EXCELLENCY?
WE ALWAYS
OBEY YOUR
TEACHINGS!



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

ANGLE OF
SALUTE:
42.5 DEGREES!

VISUAL
RESPONSE:
-00067 SECONDS!

HEIL HITLER!

NOISE
INTENSITY OF
GREETING:
4.75 DECIBELS!

APPROVED!
NEXT!



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

More About

You can't be friendly

(Continued from page 1)

...two glasses. The man took one and gave it to me and then took the other for himself. Polite as hell.

Her Father in Aachen

"About that time the old lady with the red face came in and began stirring the stuff in the kettle, turning all the time and smiling at me. I can't remember a hell of lot of what was said—a lot of it was deep for me, but they seemed to be concerned about Aachen. The old woman asked me if the planes had bombed the joint and I told her they had. She asked how many and I thought to myself, 'What the hell is it to her how many?' and I told her I didn't know but there were plenty of them.

"It turned out that Rika's old man was still in the town—that made me feel funny to think that we might kill her old man with our planes and artillery, but I steered the conversation away from that angle. Then it happened.

"I don't know what made me turn around," the boy said shaking his head. "But I looked behind me and there pasted on the inside of the window of the kitchen cabinet was the picture of a Jerry—a kid about my age in a German army uniform. It gave me such a turn I just stared at it for a minute. They all noticed me looking at the photo. No one said anything.

"Is that your brother," I asked Rika. She said no it wasn't—it was her cousin. The old guy's son. I didn't know what the hell to say to that. I suddenly felt

hot and I wanted to get out of there. I felt like a jerk.

"The old guy fiddled with his glass—he hadn't taken a drink, and he said, 'kaput,' nodding toward the picture. The boy had died fighting in Russia two years before. I started to say that was too bad and then I thought to myself, 'why hell no it isn't too bad, you jerk,' and I just sat there wanting to get away.

"That did it—that picture. Something was wrong, I can't explain it, but I was all mixed up. I looked at Rika—for some reason I just couldn't see the pretty kid on the bike—and she wasn't smiling. She didn't look at me, just kept her eyes on the floor.

Door Was Locked

"Just then," the boy said dramatically, "I heard American voices outside and I got up and walked over to the window and looked out. There was a convoy stopping on the road and a couple of GIs were looking at my jeep parked in the drive. I was getting nervous and fidgety as hell. How could I explain it if I got caught having a drink with them—Germans?

"I got up and picked up my helmet and told them I had to go back to eat chow. The old lady came down to the door with me, but the side door was locked. She tried the door and turned and said that Rika must have locked it accidentally—she was so quick to make an excuse. I thought to myself, 'Why the hell should she explain a little thing like that—does she think I'm afraid of a civilian?' I followed her through the basement and went out of the back door.

"I walked out to the jeep and climbed in. As I stepped on the starter and let the motor idle, I glanced up at the third story window. The old gent was there smiling down at me and Rika was looking down and waving goodbye. I waved back—I had to do that.

Can't Possibly Be Friends

"Well, buddy, I can't explain why I thought of my rifle then—just at that particular time, but for some reason I reached into the back of the jeep, lifted the M-1 from where I had been keeping it for days, and placed it next to me between the front seats. When I glanced up at the window again as I shifted gears, Rika was gone and the old guy was there but wasn't smiling—he looked funny."

He paused for a moment, reflecting on what he had told me, looking off to the side of the road.

"Maybe you don't get what I mean, Mac—I guess I don't put it across too well, but you can't be friendly with these people here—you just can't do it. They look OK and all that—the girls are pretty and you'd like to take 'em out and all, but it's no good.

"Maybe I shouldn't have shot off my mouth this way—I guess it's up to them magazine writers and newspaper guys to say them things and say 'em so they stick. But when I saw that photo of that Jerry kid in that German uniform, something registered with me. I got the drift right then and I think the old gent and Rika an' the old lady did too—we just couldn't possibly be friends. We aren't friends and never can be. Not for a long time, anyhow. That much I'm sure about—don't know why I mentioned all this. Some of these newspaper guys could probably tell you better."

I turned in at the drive that led back to the regimental CP. As we got out the boy turned to me and stuck out his hand.

"Thanks for the lift, Ace," he said. "See you in the funny paper."

Fraternization Is the Perfect Fool's Play

OUR army has been told not to fraternize with civilians in Germany. Many men took the order from Gen. Eisenhower literally. They ignored the civilians, did their jobs and took the general's advice that fraternization is not the way to convince the German people that "we come as conquerors but not as oppressors."

Unfortunately, there are others among us who forgot the warning the first time they caught sight of a pretty German fraulein. Some of our fellows just got curious and chatted with the civilians and

others went even further and drank with the enemy or had dates on the sly with German girls.

It might be the easy way out. It probably is. It certainly isn't easy and it certainly is anything but fun to be in a position where you must ignore everything that doesn't belong to us or that isn't allied with us. But that is exactly the case in the Reich's borders.

Warweeker Wilcox has presented a true story told him by a soldier who did attempt to make friends with the German civilians. He was a guy a lot like you

and fortunately he was smart enough to get wise to himself and realize that he had made a mistake. He was so convinced of it that he went out of his way to steer others along the right road in Germany.

The GI who told the story felt that the magazine writers and newspaper guys could tell it a lot better and make it stick, but in Warweek's opinion, the guy who lived this story and then just had to tell someone, did a pretty fine job of explaining just what the trouble is in trying to tour Deutschland buddy-style.

THE OLD SERGEANT'S CORNER



A NEW conversion unit has been developed which now makes it possible to use Ethyl gasoline successfully in the Coleman lantern and other gas burning equipment of a similar nature. One of the first demonstrations of this new conversion gadget will take place shortly—if it hasn't already—in the outfit of T/5 Carl D. Harthorn, a combat medic who addressed an inquiry recently to the Old Sergeant on this subject.

"Our aid station," Harthorn wrote, "recently obtained a Coleman lantern to work by. We are informed that we should burn only white gasoline in it. Could you please tell us of a practical method of converting the Ethyl GI gasoline into white gas. Please do not refer us to a GI textbook; we left them all behind. Yours truly."

The Old Sergeant definitely did not refer the corporal to a text-book. Better than that, he sent the letter to Maj. Gen. Robert M. Littlejohn, Chief Quartermaster of the ETO, who promptly replied:

"I appreciate your forwarding questions of this nature to this office for all my resources are available 24 hours a day to give aid to GI Joe."

"Unfortunately, Ethyl gasoline cannot be converted effectively into white gasoline. Various methods of filtering have been tried but with only partial success. A representative from my office who is a technician in these matters will visit T/5 Harthorn's outfit in the near future to demonstrate and install a conversion unit which has been developed to meet this difficulty. The use of this appliance will make possible the burning of Ethyl gasoline in the lantern. This officer will also be able to give information as to where white gasoline can be obtained. Sincerely yours."

One thing Old Sergeant wishes he had the answer to is the problem, or rather the thousand and one problems, presented by the old curse of winter warfare—MUD. At the present time he's asking Ordnance and some heavy mechanized outfits for any special dope they may have on how to keep vehicles, from quarter-tons to tank-carrying tractor-trailer jobs, rolling in spite of the glop.

Driving tricks, how to make the most of the gears, how to get traction when there isn't any bottom to the damned stuff—these are the things he'd like to know so the corner can pass the information along. Also any angles by and for the infantryman that will help the foot-slogger combat the goo that makes each dog weigh a ton and turns every hill into

an alp. Send your ideas to Warweek, The Stars and Stripes, APO 887, and many thanks.

Reports of German soldiers wearing GI uniforms in whole or in part are increasing as the bitter fighting inside Germany progresses. It's a trick which is particularly hard to deal with in the mixed situation that so often develops in close street-fighting.

1/Lt. Francis L. Herbert, a platoon leader from Lexington, Miss., reports losing two men killed and one wounded in one German town recently when his men mistook disguised Nazis for American soldiers.

Three non-coms of the same outfit added to the lieutenant's opinion of the seriousness of this problem. Sgt. Duane R. Hanna, a squad leader from Battle Creek, Mich., offers no sure-fire solution, but says that anyone who looks the least bit suspicious should be made to talk, and fast, if he's within yelling distance.

Sgt. Edward J. Havanets, radio operator from Brownsville, Texas, says he personally knows of four instances of Germans passing themselves off as Americans—and they were not trying to escape. Two of these instances were in Holland border towns and two were in villages of the Reich.

Sgt. Tom Parker, of Laurel, Miss., heavy machine-gun section leader, believes the only way to discourage this practice among the Germans is to treat those caught wearing OD stuff as spies.

"We need prisoners for intelligence purposes," he says, "but..."

Here's a tip to everybody who operates a vehicle that will give the hard-pressed first echelon maintenance outfits a break. Have that jeep or other vehicle worked over as far to the rear as possible. Leave the ordnance men near the front free to take care of the extra winter troubles that are bothering our front-line units.

Out Today

Who are the War Criminals?
What are their crimes?
How will they be tried?
Read "What to do with the War Criminals" in today's
ARMY TALKS
11 November, 1944

Election Night in Europe



Any spot where soldiers in France and Germany could negotiate a radio hookup they listened to election returns—in barber shops, on cots, over captured German radios and aboard tanks.

Raders Favored Over Sea Lions

Navy's Speed May Stop Army In ETO Classic

The fact that the finalists in the WAC beauty contest staged by a more fortunate department of this soldier journal are going to be on parade may have a lot to do with the size of the crowd at White City Stadium in London tomorrow where the Air Force Shuttle-Raders and the Navy Sea Lions are slated to lock horns in the ETO's Army-Navy football game at 2.30 PM. Everyone admits that a pretty girl is like a melody and the American GI just naturally loves sweet music. But for the strictly football minded fans (such as us, Joe), the Rader-Lion clash should be well worth queuing up for.

The Eighth Air Force eleven, unbeaten in two years of competition in the ETO, will line up for the kickoff as the definite favorite. Even the most ardent Navy supporter would be bound to feel just a little skeptical about laying too many shillings on the Blue gridders after a look at the spotless Rader record. And after taking a squint at the size of the

Buy a Game Program—But Inside the Stadium

Admission for the big Army-Navy football game at White City Stadium tomorrow will be free, but programs of which will go to the British Red Cross. GIs are warned not to buy these programs outside the stadium—as all the "scalpers" in the world aren't in America.

Air Force line they are liable to get the feeling that maybe they had better save their bobs for a quiet card game after the brawl. Then, too, most of the Raders are former college stars and have been playing together for a good spell.

However, the experts have been wrong before. They said Caesar would never fall before the advances of Cleopatra and more recently they said that Navy just wouldn't stand up before Notre Dame. The Sea Lions think they are going to be wrong again tomorrow.

Basing their hopes on speed, the Navy team will center its attack around 175-pound fullback Johnny Nelson, from Roslyn, Wash., and they make no bones about the fact that they plan a wide open game. Tapering the team off after a week of rugged practice sessions yesterday, Coach Hugh Morrison, BM 1/c from Hollywood, Cal., expressed confidence that his Sea Lions "have what it takes."

Capt. Buck Rader, former Wisconsin lineman who is coaching the Raders, said he would stick to his usual lineup, with T/Sgt. Charlie Hatas, 185-pound right guard, slated to lead the team in action in the big game sponsored by the Central District Special Service and the American Red Cross.

Here are the starting lineups:

RADERS		SEA LIONS	
Hamilton	LE	Harper	LT
Schweda	LT	Anselmo	LG
Costabile	LG	Ainsworth	C
McCoy	RG	Ostenby	RT
Hatas	RT	Zajack	RE
Heinbach	RE	Nicholas	QB
Grado	QB	Jones	HB
Snow	HB	La Civita	HB
Anderson	HB	Lisco	FB
Dosy	FB	Miller	
Baddick		Nelson	

OFFICIALS: Referee—Hank Leay, ARC; Umpire—Major George Von Bremmer, Eighth Air Force; Head Linesman—Lt. Col. John Kelly, Eighth Air Force; Field Judge—Lt. (jg) George P. Blautus, Navy.

ATC to Fly Films Of Series Overseas

CHICAGO, Nov. 10—Servicemen all over the world soon will be seeing the 1944 World Series on 2,400 feet of movie film showing all the highlights of the Cardinals' triumph over the Browns, Lou Fonseca, of the American League promotion bureau, announced.

Fonseca said the final cutting of the film would be accomplished next week and the films would then be ready for shipment to all theaters by planes of Air Transport Command.

ILLINOIS to halt MICHIGAN		PURDUE over NORTHWESTERN
IOWA STATE to wallop NEBRASKA	KANSAS to K.O. KANSAS STATE	
WISCONSIN to clip IOWA	OHIO STATE to rout PITT	INDIANA to bop MINNESOTA
ALABAMA easily over MISSISSIPPI	GEORGIA to crack down on FLORIDA	OKLAHOMA to show MISSOURI
VIRGINIA to clout RICHMOND	WAKE FOREST to surprise DUKE	GEORGIA TECH to wreck TULANE
CLEMSON to march over V.M.I.	MISSISSIPPI STATE to trip AUBURN	RICE to jar ARKANSAS
TEXAS AGGIES to to lasso S.M.U.	OKLAHOMA A & M to trim TEXAS	
COLORADO COLLEGE to take UTAH U.	U.C.L.A. to outgallop CALIFORNIA	
PENN to trounce COLUMBIA	NAVY to shellack CORNELL	COAST GUARD to scuttle DARTMOUTH
ARMY to whip NOTRE DAME	YALE to edge BROWN	HOLY CROSS to beat COLGATE

Canucks Rap Hawk Six, 9-2

MONTREAL, Nov. 10—The Montreal Canadiens defeated the Chicago Black Hawks, 9-2, here last night before 11,000 with the Canuck forward wall of Elmer Lach, Toe Blake and Maurice Richard participating in six of the Canadiens' goals.

Lach started it off in the first period, with his two henchmen getting assists on the play, while Ray Getliffe scored unassisted in the second period, and Richard pushed home another with Lach and Blake again cooperating. The final goal in the second period was by Lach, with assists by Blake and Leo Lamoureux.

In the last period the trio did it three times, with Blake tallying once and Richard twice, Richard completing the hat trick at 18.46. Buddy O'Connor and Frenchy Rossignol netted the other two Montreal goals in the third period, while Harold Fraser scored both Chicago goals, with Russell Brayshaw getting an assist on each.

Leafs Rout Rangers, 6-3, For Fifth in a Row

NEW YORK, Nov. 10—The Toronto Maple Leafs won their fifth straight National Hockey League game here tonight, defeating the Rangers, 6-3, in the Blueshirts' home debut before 15,000 fans.

The Leafs scored enough to win in the first period when Reg Hamilton, Windy O'Neill and Lorne Carr banged home goals as Gus Bodnar got two assists. Bob Davidson and Sweeney Schriner tallied in the second period for the Leafs, and Babe Pratt banged in the sixth goal in the final period. Bob Dill scored for the Rangers in the first period and the other New York goals were scored in the last stanza by Hank Goldup and Fred Thurier.

Hockey League Standings

	W	L	T	P		W	L	T	P
Toronto	5	0	10		Chicago	1	3	0	2
Montreal	4	1	8		Boston	1	3	0	2
Detroit	2	2	4		New York	0	0	0	0

Dick Tracy

By Courtesy of Chicago Tribune



Li'l Abner

By Courtesy of United Features



By Chester Gould

By Al Capp

Life in Those United States

State-by-State Roundup

On the Election Results

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10 (AP)—Following is an up-to-date election roundup showing how the various states balloted last Tuesday in the major races for President, Congress and governor:

ALABAMA—Lister Hill, Senate Democratic whip, re-elected as state gave big margin to President Roosevelt and sent nine democrats to house. . . . **ARIZONA**—Carried by Roosevelt. Democratic Sen. Carl Hayden, two Democratic representatives and Democratic Gov. Sidney P. Osborn elected. . . . **ARKANSAS**—J. William Fulbright, author of world peace resolution, elected to replace Sen. Hattie Caraway. Democrats won governorship, seven House seats as Roosevelt swept state. . . . **CALIFORNIA**—Re-elected democratic Sen. Sheridan Downey, sent 15 Democratic, seven Republicans to House and gave Roosevelt over 400,000 margin. House victors included the beautiful Helen Johagan, wife of Melvyn Douglas. . . . **COLORADO**—As it did four years ago went Republican, re-elected Sen. Eugene D. Millikin, chose Republican Governor and four representatives from the party. . . . **CONNECTICUT**—Democratic; replaced Sen. John A. Danaher, Republican, with Democrat Brien McMahon but retained Republican Gov. Raymond E. Baldwin. Four Democratic, two Republican representatives chosen among them Clara Booth Luce.

DELAWARE—Re-elected Republican Gov. Walter W. Bacon but went for Roosevelt and chose Democratic representative. . . . **FLORIDA**—Democratic New Deal Sen. Claude Pepper re-elected along with Democratic governor and six Democratic representatives. . . . **GEORGIA**—Overwhelmingly for Roosevelt. Sen. Walter F. George, Democrat, re-elected without opposition. Ten Democrats sent to House. . . . **IDAHO**—Glen H. Taylor, Democrats' singing cowboy elected senator, along with Democratic Gov. Charles C. Gossett as Roosevelt carried state. One



D. H. GREEN CLARE LUCE EMILY DOUGLAS HELEN GAHAGAN
Republican, one Democratic representative picked. . . . **ILLINOIS**—Roosevelt and Democratic Sen. Scott W. Lucas won, as did Republican Gov. Dwight H. Green, 11 Democratic (one of them Mrs. Emily Taft Douglas, a former stage actress) and 15 Republican representatives. . . . **INDIANA**—Two Democratic representatives broke sweep for Republicans' Dewey—Ralph F. Gates for governor and Homer E. Capehart for senator. Nine Republican representatives were elected.

IOWA—Republican all the way. Bourke B. Hickenlooper won Senate seat from Democrat Guy Gillette, Robert D. Blue elected governor, eight Republicans sent to House. . . . **KANSAS**—Another Republican stronghold. Sen. Clyde M. Reed, Gov. Andrew F. Schoepel, eight representatives, all Republican, elected. . . . **KENTUCKY**—Senate majority Leader Alben W. Barkley re-elected as Democrats gained House seat lost to Republicans last year and Roosevelt swept state. House lineup eight Democrats, one Republican. . . . **LOUISIANA**—All out for Democrats. Sen. John H. Overton returned. . . . **MAINE**—Still rockribbed Republican. Went for Dewey after electing Republican governor and three Republican representatives in September. . . . **MARYLAND**—Sen. Millard E. Tydings led what was Democratic sweep except for loss of one of six House seats to Republicans. . . . **MASSACHUSETTS**—While State went for Roosevelt, Republican Gov. Leverett Saltonstall was big vote getter in winning Senate seat. Democratic Mayor Maurice J. Tobin of Boston elected to governorship. Elected also four Democrats, nine Republicans to House.

MICHIGAN—Dewey led in close contest, Republican Gov. Harry F. Kelly re-elected; Democrats gained one house seat with new line up of six Democrats, 11 Republicans. . . . **MINNESOTA**—Roosevelt won but so did Republican Gov. Edward J. Thye. Seven Republicans, one Democrat elected to House. . . . **MISSISSIPPI**—Democratic all the way. . . . **MISSOURI**—Roosevelt won, as did Democratic Phil M. Donnelly for governor who will replace Republican Gov. Forrest Donnell now leading Democrat Roy McKittick in close race for Senate.



A. W. BARKLEY R. F. WAGNER F. S. LAUSCHE P. G. DONNELL
Three Republicans, six Democrats elected to House. . . . **MONTANA**—Republican Gov. Sam Ford re-elected, although Roosevelt carried state and two House seats were won by Democrats. . . . **NEBRASKA**—Republican all way. Gov. Dwight Griswold re-elected and four House seats went to party. . . . **NEVADA**—Roosevelt and Democratic Sen. Patrick A. McCarran led as Democrats took state's lone House seat. . . . **NEW HAMPSHIRE**—Roosevelt carried but Republican re-elected Gov. Charles M. Dale, Sen. Charles W. Tobey and retained the two House seats.

NEW JERSEY—Although Roosevelt won, Republican H. Alexander Smith led Democrat Elmer H. Wene in close Senate race. Eleven Republicans, two Democrats elected to House. **NEW MEXICO**—Roosevelt and Democratic Gov. John J. Dempsey won, as did two Democrats for House. . . . **NEW YORK**—Sen. Robert F. Wagner, Democrat, re-elected as Roosevelt won home state. New House lineup: Democrats, 23; Republicans, 21; American Labor, one. Republican Rep. Ham Fish defeated. . . . **NORTH CAROLINA**—Democratic sweep for Roosevelt, Clyde R. Hoey for Senator, Gregg Cherry for governor and 12 seats in House. . . . **NORTH DAKOTA**—Republican Sen. Gerald P. Nye defeated by Democratic Gov. John Moses although Dewey carried state and Republican won House seats. Fred G. Aandahl, Republican, won governorship. . . . **OHIO**—Dewey and Republican Sen. Robert A. Taft led in hard-fought contests but Democrat Frank J. Lausche, mayor of Cleveland, won governorship now held by John W. Bricker, Dewey's running mate. Seventeen Republicans and six Democrats sent to House, Democratic gain of three.

OKLAHOMA—Roosevelt and Democratic Sen. Elmer Thomas won handily, Republicans gained one seat in House to make it six Democrats, two Republicans. . . . **OREGON**—Although Roosevelt won, State elected two Republican Senators, Wayne L. Morse for regular term, Guy Cordon, now serving by appointment for term expiring Jan. 3, 1949. Nine Republicans retained four House seats. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**—Roosevelt carried. Republican Sen. James J. Davis trailed Rep. Francis Myers, Democrat, in senatorial race. Democrats gained two seats, House score: 15 Democrats, 18 Republicans. . . . **RHODE ISLAND**—For Roosevelt. Democratic Gov. J. Howard McGrath re-elected as Democrats retained two House seats. . . . **SOUTH CAROLINA**—Olin D. Johnson sent to Senate in usual Democratic sweep. . . . **SOUTH DAKOTA**—Sweep for Republicans—Dewey, Sen. Chan Gurney, Gov. M. Q. Sharpe and two House members. . . . **TENNESSEE**—Big margin for Roosevelt and for Rep. Jim Nance McCord, Democrat for Governor. Two Republicans and eight Democrats go back to House. . . . **TEXAS**—Threatened revolt failed to materialize as Roosevelt swept state and Coke Stevenson won governorship again. Twenty-one Democrats sent to House.

UTAH—Sen. Elbert D. Thomas, Democrat, re-elected, and Democratic Gov. Herbert B. Maw leads as Roosevelt carried state. Democrats retained two House seats. . . . **VERMONT**—Republican stronghold went for Dewey, re-elected Republican Sen. George D. Aiken and chose Mortimer R. Proctor, Republican, for governor along with Republican representative. . . . **VIRGINIA**—Roosevelt and nine Democratic candidates for House won. . . . **WASHINGTON**—Democratic Sen. Mon C. Wallgren won governorship as Roosevelt carried state, and Rep. Warren G. Magnuson, Democrat, won Senate race. Four Democrats, one Republican go to house. . . . **WEST VIRGINIA**—Roosevelt elected, Democrat Clarence W. Meadows as governor. Democrats won five, Republicans one House seat. . . . **WISCONSIN**—Dewey led in close race. Republican Sen. Alexander Wiley and Republican Gov. Walter S. Goodland won re-election. For House: Democrats two, Republicans seven, Progressives one. . . . **WYOMING**—Dewey led Republicans. Retained single House seat.

In These 7 Is the Answer

Hall of GI Fame Opens Its Doors Sunday for 'Prettiest WAC'



THE Prettiest WAC in the United Kingdom.
That's the title to be bestowed upon one of the seven American lovelies in this tight little isle who adorn upstairs there one of the niftiest questions ever to deserve an answer.

Everyone knows that while photographs are very nice, they're deceptive, too. So the seven WACs—the five GI judges in this Stars and Stripes contest narrowed the flood of pictorial entries down to the lucky seven finalists—are coming into London over the weekend, there to parade their pulchritude before the arbiters for a decision.

To assist the judges—three GI members of The Stars and Stripes staff, two from Army Pictorial Service—in making a decision, two Red Cross girls took a quick gander at the photos and "classified" each contestant (remember, girls, the ARC is responsible for this). The classifications, with the girls named in order from the top end of the question mark to the "period," were as follows:
"Greer Garson Type"—Pfc Justine Williamson, of Pikeville, Ky., of — Replacement Depot.

"Natural Type"—Cpl. Elizabeth Savage, of Henderson, N.C., Eighth Air Force Headquarters.

The Vivacious Type
"Vivacious Type"—Pfc Muriel Blum, of Oakland, Calif., also of Air Service Command.

"Typical American Girl"—Cpl. Hazel Apple, of El Paso, Tex., also Eighth AF Headquarters.

"Exotic Type"—Cpl. Florence Marsh, of Los Angeles, Air Service Command.

"Conservative Type"—Sgt. Ina M. Anderson, of Steubenville, Ohio, from the First Base Post Office.

And last, but definitely not least, is Cpl. Ruby Newell, of Long Beach, Calif., a Third Bomb Division entry whom the Red Cross girls described as the "Girl I would like to be alone with in a desert island" type.

The finalists will arrive in London Saturday night and appear before the judges Sunday morning for the "pass in review" inspection. Sunday afternoon they'll attend the Army-Navy football game at White City Stadium.

Will Be Introduced
Between halves the big announcement will be made. All seven WACs will be introduced and the winner's name announced. The Stars and Stripes and the GI judges will condescend at this time to let the brass into the contest to the wee extent that some untarnished specimen will make the introductions and announce the winner. His name we're keeping under our hat for the moment, it being a sort of millinery secret.

Sunday night the "queen" and her "ladies in waiting" will be guests of honor at Rainbow Corner's second anniversary dance. They'll tour the city Monday and visit The Stars and Stripes office, just to give the rest of the help, including one forlorn captain, a break.

Hope to Find Rations
Monday night, contestant and judges will attend Tommy Trinder's "Happy and Glorious" at the London Palladium and be Trinder's guests for a brief get-together during intermission. After the show the gang will eat, if we can dig up some rations.

The winner—whose prize is to be a portrait photograph done by a well-known former Hollywood artist who now sports a serial number—may be induced to write a nice story for S and S on how she got so beautiful. If she can't write, well, we have some lean and hungry-looking wolv—er, reporters, here who can do a ghost job.

Tuesday morning everybody concerned will be back pounding a typewriter. Dantmit.

Terry and the Pirates



The five GI judges who will seek to answer the above question tomorrow are: Sgt. Gordon Kirby and Sgt. Leonard Celestino, of APS; Sgts. Robert Wood, Tony Cordaro and Peter Lisagor, of The Stars and Stripes.

By Courtesy of News Syndicate

Rainbow Corner To Mark Birthday

Rainbow Corner, which the ARC opened for business Nov. 11, 1942, will celebrate its second anniversary this Sunday. Various special events are scheduled, including a dance at which WACs selected by GI judges in the current Stars and Stripes beauty contest will be presented.

Army-Irish Game on Air; AFN Extends Coverage

The American Forces Network will carry a complete account of the Army-Notre Dame game today, starting at 6.45 PM. In addition, a half-hour re-creation of Saturday's game will be carried by AFN and the Allied Expeditionary Forces program Sunday morning at 9.30.

In order to give a more complete football coverage, the American Sports Roundup, with Sgt. Johnny Vrotsos, will become a ten-minute program each Sunday starting at 5.50 PM. This will be carried both by AFN and AEFP. Complete football results will be carried at this time and will be read at dictation speed. Football scores will also be carried on both AFN and AEFP at 2.55 PM Sundays throughout the remainder of the season.

Latest Box Score Gives FDR 35 States

NEW YORK, Nov. 10 (AP)—With all but 8,588 of the nation's 130,000 voting districts reporting, this was the election box score tonight:

Popular vote—Roosevelt, 24,249,098; Dewey, 21,195,298.

Electoral vote—Roosevelt, 432 (35 states); Dewey, 99 (13 states).

Senate—Democrats, 56; Republicans, 37; Progressive, 1; undecided, 2.

House—Democrats, 242; Republicans, 187; minor parties, 2; undecided, 4.

Governorships—Democrats, 25; Republicans, 23.

By Milton Caniff

