JULY 1944

Newsdigest

Your Radio Magazine

25¢

Edited and Published in the Nation's Capital

THE SECRET OF ASCENSION ISLAND

By Lt. Col. Russell C. Carson

40 ARTICLES and FEATURES . . . A Complete Mystery Story

Black Markets!

"Until we all get together and smash them, Black Markets are a vicious menace to the security of every honest American and to our entire wartime stabilization program." —Chester Bowles, see page 15.

When Will Germany Collapse?

"Germany can and will be defeated when the German armies are defeated and not before."—John W. Vandercook, see page 39.

What We Are Fighting For!

"We fight for simple things; for the little things that are all-important."—General Somervell. The General's story on page 49 explains just what these little things are.

From Odessa to Warsaw!

Raymond Gram Swing gives a graphic description of the catacombs of Odessa and of the massacre of Jews at Warsaw in a story on page 64.

Turning Loose the Kids!

"America 20 years from now will be exactly as intelligent, ethical and self-controlled as the men and women are, who are today's boys and girls."—Dorothy Thompson, see page 111.

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YOUR RADIO MAGAZINE

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Editor, Richard Eaton; Managing Editor, M. G. Travers.

Don't fail to read in this Issue

We in the United States need a rebirth of our belief in the supreme worthwhileness of democracy and the old Bible message—the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. We cannot hate people of other religions, races, languages or nations without expressing contempt for God. I am convinced there is some kind of a faith vitamin born from the effect of the human soul on the human body which enables all the bodily organs and all the physical vitamins to act together for health. We in the United States as individuals can have abounding vitality. To obtain that vitality we must not only put to effective use all that we have learned scientifically but we must make that utilization in terms of a vigorous belief in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, irrespective of race or creed or color.—Vice President Henry A. Wallace—WMCA.

The World Tomorrow

By RICHARD EATON

(Condensed from a broadcast over Station WMCA)

THE outstanding question which the Anglo-American invasion has evoked concerns the possible length of hostilities in Europe. How and when will the war end?

The correct answer is, of course, unknown to even Generals Eisenhower, Zhukoff, and Von Rundstedt. Nevertheless, it is at least possible to reply that the events of the past weeks indicate that the end will come so swiftly that it will surprise even the most optimistic observers. The intensity of the military combat in Europe is no indication as to the length which it will last.

We still do not know whether the utilization of beach heads established calls for a rapid and definitely final blitz operation of great rapidity or whether on the contrary, Allied high strategy has planned the utilization of gains in the summer of this year for an all out decisive blow next spring.

We do not know how long it will take to transform the ports captured into ideal points of debarkation such as Brest in 1917.

We do not know to what extent the enemy reaction will hasten or delay the Allied blueprint, but some day or some night, we may be certain that we will learn of an unexpected German retreat followed shortly by a demand for unconditional surrender. It will come as precipitously as the German retreat before Bizerte and Tunis or that from the Gustav and Hitler lines in Italy? It is therefore possible to assert that the end of the war will come very rapidly to a head in Europe, once the conditions for that end have been achieved by the Allied Forces.

These conditions will be similar to those which caused the German collapses so unexpectedly in Tunisia and at Cassino. The German military leaders must first be convinced of the futility of further combat, to prevent the war being fought completely on German soil. At that time, there will be no Stalingrad. The last battles of the war will be fought with as great violence, perhaps, but they will take place before German soil is in danger in any large measure of sharing the fate of Russia or southern Italy. This does not mean that if allied troops should reach some corner of western or eastern Germany, the war would end with the arrival of the first allied soldier on German soil. The menace to the German homeland will have to be a general if future one.

At that time, the war will end in Europe, but whether it be this year or next year, only the extent of future military operations can determine.

WHEN THE WAR IS OVER

In the March issue, I suggested that post-war Europe would be

WILL THE WAR END IN 1944?

divided into two regional units with neutrals in between and the United States holding the balance of economic power. One regional unit would be under British domination. Although politically independent, it would be economically a single commonwealth. This would include Belgium, the Netherlands, Norway, Denmark, and the Rhineland. On the other side of the Rhine, there would be another group, politically independent but linked economically just as closely. This group under Russian leadership would include the Balkans, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary. In between these two groups would be France and Germany. But, in sharp contrast to previous units, these new groups would have as a basis, economical and not political power. The customs and monetary unions would be the foundation of unity. This would mean that the United States with its vast economic power would really hold the balance of power. Since we can work unselfishly, that balance of power would be used to tie up more closely Britain, Russia, and ourselves in Europe, and China, in Asia, in a vast world federation, in which due consideration would be given the rights of every national group, whose four freedoms would be fully protected.

This would mean that instead of creating a host of small politically adult but economically weak states and leaving them to fight each for their own rights to the detriment, of the others, we would have the same kind of an organization as if we had a business or set out to organize some new territory destined to become a state. First of all, there would be a loosely knit world body, then regional groups, much more closely tied together, and lastly, the individual state, economically unable to live by itself, except by playing the game of political balance of power. That is what I call "economic balance of power".

Let's talk constructively in a world in which security, economic security, is as important as military security, which kind of world seems to you better—a rational organization or a mixture of fifty odd independent states each of which is a tinder box for the next war?

THE SECOND BILL OF RIGHTS

In a recent Town Meeting of the Air, a young student from Pocatello, Idaho, Robert Quinn declared

"During the past years of my life, I have depended upon my parents for economic protection but now I feel that I am becoming an adult, I want to make my own living and run my own life. Dependence upon a paternalistic g o v e r n ment would make me feel like a child. Let me be my own boss so I can walk like a man."

The first portion of this statement is one which every young American feels keenly. It is part of our heritage. The desire for independence of the young American will not be sufficient, however, to protect his right to free enterprise in the world tomorrow unless the opportunity to exercise that free enterprise exists.

My attention was called the other day to an extremely interesting and complete "boiler plate" service which is offered free to every newspaper in the United States, by an organization subsidized by the National Association of Manufacturers. Its purpose is to persuade the American public that the same opportunity exists in the United States today and will exist tomorrow, as existed twenty-five or fifty years ago. Success stories are presented in very adroit propaganda to convince the public of this fallacy.

Unfortunately, since the economic crisis of the early thirties, this opportunity has been greatly reduced. This has not been the result of the paternalistic policy of the New Deal which was only a sequel to the cause of this limitation of opportunity.

As long as free opportunity to obtain complete freedom from want existed in the United States for a large majority, there was no need for paternalistic aid. It was possible to maintain the full tradition of success without governmental protection. This was in sharp contrast to the situation which existed in Europe, where this opportunity existed for a limited few.

Unfortunately, more than at any time since 1930, after World War II, the survival of the few fittest will only be possible if the vast majority is guaranteed freedom from want and freedom from the hazards of life.

A nation which does not progress, retrogresses. A people which fails to follow a positive evolution inevitably is vowed to decadence. One of the characteristics of life is constant change. Our problems of free unaided enterprise were not the same in the colonial days as in the early years of the twentieth century. They had until 1930, however, this similarity. These problems did not require governmental aid.

As long as opportunity existed in an undeveloped West, the glorious American tradition of unaided enterprise could thrive. It is possible that by reversing our immigration policy of scarcity, that we can still offer an opportunity for many in the unsettled West. Recently, I had a pleasant luncheon with Governor Osborne of Arizona, who is the chairman of the governors conference of the eleven western states. He's a man of keen vision and foresight, who wants to transform Arizona from the status of a producing state in the low income bracket to that of a processing state with higher revenue, particularly for copper and cotton. But that isn't all, the Governor told me every effort is being made to stimulate the development of industry and manu-

facture so that the multitude of war workers now in these states will remain and soldiers looking toward the future will turn west. Here are some of the reasons: The eleven western states which have an area of 40 per cent of the entire country, are sparsely settled enough to provide homes and work for the entire population of the United States. Every opportunity is waiting for the settlers. In Arizona for example 75 per cent of the land is owned by the government and this isn't a New Deal measure. It dates from the pioneer days of the west. There are still homesteads a plenty to be had and with proper irrigation, the most fertile land in the country. But, here's what struck me from this conversation. Was restraint of immigration really necessary to protect this country from an economic crisis or wasn't it the lack of proper distribution?

If we had the west as densely populated as the east, that is if the equivalent of the entire population of this country were concentrated in these eleven western states, there would be room for another 75 million people in the United States. This would be a measure of national defense for the future as valuable as any we could take. We're getting down pretty far when we get 11 million soldiers but if we had a population of 200 millions, why it would be as easy to get 18 million soldiers. Our national income would increase and our power too. And principally that would mean that the immigrants who came would only have to be restricted as to areas for settlement and type work.

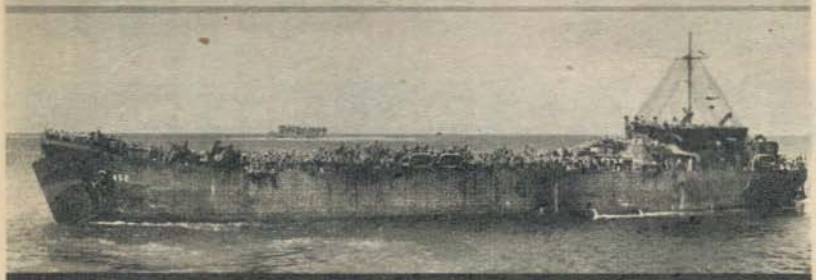
Even the additional development of the West, however, cannot change the fundamental problem. Today and tomorrow the basic issue is not one between free enterprise and state control but between free enterprise with protection for all from cradle to grave and far reaching state control in a more rigid form than has ever been known in the totalitarian states.

If we do not provide complete security for those who are no longer able to avail themselves of the limited opportunities of free enterprise, the crisis which will result five or ten years after the end of the war will be so profound as to overthrow every vestige of free enterprise. Our way of living cannot remain stagnant or it will disappear by its failure to solve the problems of tomorrow. That is why instead of glorifying unprotected free enterprise, we must take adequate steps to perpetuate its existence by protecting it, and those who live in its tradition.

Landing With a LST

By LT. JOSEPH BOULTON

Condensed from a broadcast on "We the People" over the Columbia Broadcasting System (Gulf Oil).



A LST (Landing Ship Tanks) With Full Deck Load

BEFORE I was assigned as an LST captain the longest sea trip I'd ever had was as a passenger on the ferry between Newark and New York City.

I was a lawyer and when I joined the Navy I never thought I'd ever do anything more exciting than ride a bus to an office job in Washington. But I was sent to Norfolk. After a few months in school, one day they pointed out a brand new LST —and said to me: "Lieutenant, there's your ship; you're in command!" So I was Captain of the first Navy ship I ever set foot aboard.

I had full command of the ship right away.

I was to take the ship out on a trial run. An old time pilot steered the ship out of the harbor. He then shook hands with me and said, "Good luck, Captain!" Then as he got into a launch to go ashore he called back gloomily "—and goodbye!"

Fortunately there was plenty of room on the ocean, but the whole trip was a trial to me. A heavy fog dropped on us like a blanket. I decided to play it safe. I swung the ship in a half circle, stopped and anchored. After a while, as

The LSTS or landing ships for tanks have a grave responsibility this summer. Lt. Kahrs tells of their perilous task.

the fog began to lift, I glanced astern and nearly fainted.

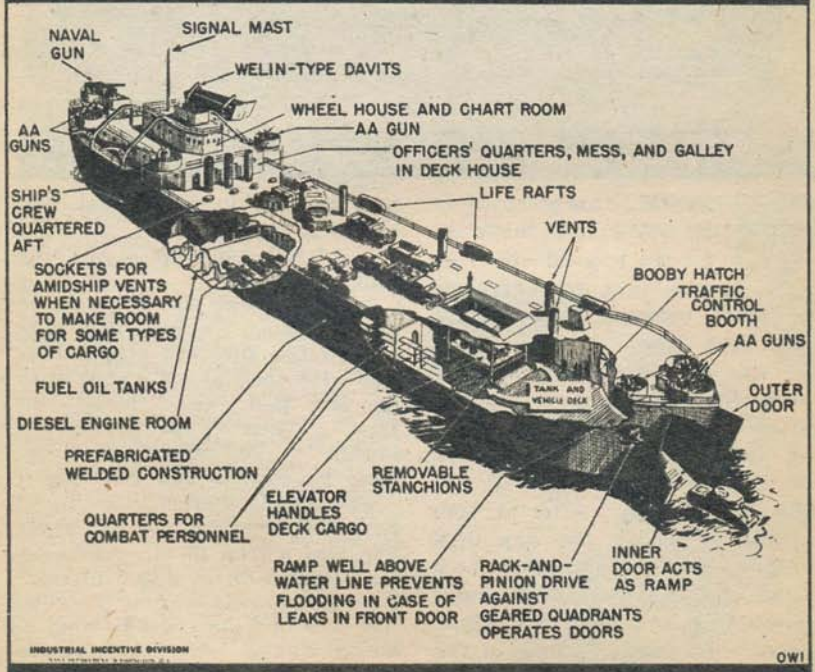
A few yards from us was a huge freighter. In swinging about in the fog, I'd missed ramming it only by inches. She was loaded with high explosives!

My luck has held out since then.

I haven't run into any freighters —but I've run into plenty of action. I've made twenty-three trips between Africa and invasion beachheads, taking part in three invasions, from Sicily to Anzio.

I was scared stiff on my first invasion landing. That was at Sicily. I took my ship in with the first wave of LST's while enemy planes bombed and strafed us. There was a beachhead officer ashore who signalled our landing points by waving a flag. When I asked for instructions I was told: "Pick out your beachhead flagman and try to knock him over!" I saw my flagman and ploughed in. If he hadn't jumped we would have knocked him over, too. I went through five more landings at Sicily—then

INSIDE OF A TANK-LANDING SHIP



Here is the inside of an LST—one of the types of landing craft American workmen are building for coming military campaigns. Eighty thousands craft are needed. They are No. 1 on America's war production program.

Out of the jaws of a LST come the tanks

four at Salerno. My luck even held up through seven landings at Anzio with not a single casualty aboard my ship.

We were carrying to Anzio the usual tanks, trucks, gun carriers and troops. But on one trip I had a strange extra cargo aboard. Some Yanks had a flock of chickens they were saving for a special dinner. A British unit had two goats and a cow they'd picked up somewhere. One group of Palestine troops came aboard with a whole jazz band outfit. They even had a piano. They opened a jive session. The chickens cackled, the cow gave out with "moo's," and goats bleated and chewed on shell cases. I guess we were the first and only invasion force to set sail with swing music and barnyard effects!

Then one day at our African base, a little guy in a correspondent's uniform came aboard. He came up to me on the bridge and said: "I'm Ernie Pyle."

He was okay as a sailor. He went all over the ship talking to the men, but when we headed for the Anzio beach, he was right up on the bridge with me. Shells from the German shore batteries were whanging all around us. At each explosion we'd duck instinctively, and I said to Ernie: "You see, we get a lot of knee-bending exercise on these trips." He just grinned and kept on ducking. I'll say this for him: He's a darn good little ducker!

I came back from overseas aboard a big transport—and, boy, after the tossing around I'd had on my LST, it was as steady as that old Newark ferry I started my sea travels on when I was just a hard-working lawyer. But no matter where we LST captains started—as bankers or bakers, salesmen, clerks—or lawyers—we're all Navy men now.

Outstanding Opinions of the Month

"There are no Democrats or Republicans in a Flying Fortress—just Americans."—**Walter Winchell (Blue).**

V . . . —

Lend-Lease is an investment in American security and already has paid us enormous dividends in lives.—**Clifford Evans (WLIB).**

V . . . —

"Four years of war (in Britain) seem to produce a considerable skepticism about words followed by no action."—**Edward R. Murrow (CBS London).**

V . . . —

LISA SERGIO

Any form of racism, any form of deep disunity within any one of the great nations, means a weakening of the battle against Fascism. The racial issue in any corner of the U. S. is part and parcel of the major fight against Fascism. — **Lisa Sergio (WQXR).**

V . . . —

The Germans have a two-part defeat plan: first, to bring down all Western Europe in their own collapse; second, to seek easy terms for themselves by exploiting British and American fears of revolution and communism in Europe. Russia, with her heavy losses, needs a stable Europe. That's why Stalin dissolved the Internationale and recognized Badoglio. And it's the reason for Moscow's invitation to Eric Johnston.—**Quincy Howe (CBS).**

GUNNISON

It might be a good idea for the Republicans to announce not only their candidates for President and Vice President, but also the Cabinet officers and presidential advisers who'll be chosen. This might force the Democrats to take similar action and might keep the campaign away from personalities. — **Royal Arch Gunnison (MBS).**

V . . . —

"Through an association of nations we shall lose some sovereignty, but we shall gain peace and security."—**Harry Flannery (CBS Pacific).**

V . . . —

Once it was said that the Germans were selling space to buy time. They have no space left to sell safely and they have not bought time enough.—**Col. A. L. Warner (The Army Hour—N.B.C.).**

V . . . —

One of the bitterest critics of a fourth term, Hamilton Fish, is himself seeking a twelfth term in Congress.—**Arthur Hale (MBS).**

V . . . —

There would be advantages in having a Constitution that can be changed quickly.—**Richard Eaton (WMCA).**

V . . . —

The full story of the synthetic rubber program would shatter many reputations.—**Leon Henderson (Blue).**

THE LARGEST COLLEGE IN THE WORLD

By LOUIS P. LOCHNER

THE ARMED FORCES Institute is an epochal undertaking!

It is a gigantic correspondence school operated jointly by the Army and Navy which keeps in touch with the student, no matter how far away and at how lonely a spot of our globe he may be.

Just to give you an idea of the size of this undertaking—do you realize that more than a ton of mail a day is received at Institute headquarters, Madison, Wisconsin—most of it from men and women of all branches of the armed services who are studying during their off-duty hours!

That the Institute now has a student body of nearly half a million soldiers, sailors, marines, coast guardsmen—men and women serving all over the world!

That these USAFI students are learning high school, college and vocational courses by correspondence, by self-teaching textbooks and in off-duty classes!

That for one two-dollar enrollment fee, (Army officers pay more) any member of the Armed services can study as many USAFI courses as he chooses, as long as his work is acceptable!

That thousands of USAFI students are studying courses that pick up where they left off in school when they joined the services—courses which they will submit for credit consideration to civilian schools!

The Armed Forces Institute opened its doors shortly after

LOUIS P. LOCHNER

Condensed from a broadcast over the National Broadcasting Co.

Pearl Harbor. Its mission was to provide off-duty educational opportunity to men and women of the armed services. The initial curriculum included sixty-four correspondence courses in high school and vocational subjects. Augmenting these courses were college extension courses offered through USAFI by eighty-three American colleges and universities. Today the USAFI curriculum includes more than three hundred correspondence courses as well as around seventy self-teaching courses designed for study by men stationed in remote corners of the world where mails are slow or uncertain.

Thus it is possible for a USAFI student to continue his education by studying courses offered directly by the Institute, or to enroll for college extension courses offered by any one of more than eighty colleges and universities. If he chooses a college extension course, the government will pay half the cost of the course up to $20 for a single course. The eighty-three co-operating colleges are located all over our vast country, so that nobody is forced to swallow native state pride, possibly break with family tradition, and study for his degree in some state other than his own.

Correspondence and self-teach-

Schooling and study is part of every soldier's duties.

ing courses offered directly by USAFI include, among other things, English, various courses in mathematics, science, business, mechanical and electrical engineering, civil engineering, and Business Law.

Very well, you say, I'll write my boy out in Australia and suggest that he contact the Armed Forces Institute with a view to enrolling. But suppose he does all that is asked of him in the correspondence course and that he writes the papers requested—isn't the gap between him and his homeland so great that he'll forget what he learned in one lesson by the time the corrected papers come back to him?

In answer to this it will interest and probably surprise you to hear that the Armed Forces Institute has branches in eight widely separated centers outside the continental limits of the United States. Competent educators are serving in England, Egypt, Hawaii, Africa, India, Alaska, New Caledonia, and Australia as faculty members of USAFI oversea branches.

As the O.W.I. in a very helpful compilation pointed out the other day, "If a serviceman enrolls in this country and is later sent overseas, he may continue his lessons and notify the Institute as soon as he knows his A.P.O. address. If he cannot take his lessons with him, he may mail

In their barracks after a hard day's work, some of these men find relaxation in educational literature.

them back to the Institute, which will forward them anywhere in the world upon notification of the student's new A.P.O. address."

Any ambitious person naturally wants to see some visible award for his labors. He may be happy enough at the educational opportunity offered him, and study just for the sake of improving his mind and of helping him pass the time of his dreary outpost. But if he can have a tangible reward, that is just so much of an additional incentive. So, the Armed Forces Institute has provided for an official Certificate of Completion, to be awarded upon satisfactory completion of each course.

I am sure many an enlisted person will treasure these certificates, and around each such document there will be woven the memories of the unusual conditions under which the studies for that particular course were carried on and completed.

But these certificates are not all that's in the offing for the faithful student. President Dykstra told me that the University of Wisconsin—I neglected to ask him whether the same practice obtains elsewhere—allows up to 50 per cent correspondence course credits to apply toward a university degree. That should certainly make many a young man feel happy. Thousands upon thousands of students had just about completed half their university training when Pearl Harbor yanked the young man out of his studies and put him into a uniform. Now, if he happens to be on outpost duty anywhere or at any time of his military career, he can actually complete his studies and obtain the necessary credits toward his degree. Or again, he may not have gone to college before, and may have started his university training only now, as a pupil of the Armed Forces Institute. Isn't it a wonderful thing to look forward to—that when he sheds his uniform and starts for a college campus, already half the work is done and he is practically a junior?

Let us consider for a moment, quite aside from the possible certificates to be awarded, or credits to be obtained, or even positive learning to be acquired, what it means toward morale building and morale upkeep to have our service men and women afforded the opportunity for educating themselves while away from home and possibly from their native land.

By this time, I think, we have all become conscious of the fact that there is nothing that so relieves the humdrum of daily service routine as the arrival of the mail. To quote from the O.W.I. compilation of Lonely Outposts to which I referred once before, "Mail Call is sounded the minute a sack of mail arrives, regardless of the hour. To answer it, outpost men will pile out of warm, dry bunks and stand in the snow or tropical rain at 2 o'clock in the morning."

When the correspondence school student receives his mail, it contains not only the treasured family news that will gladden his heart for the ensuing hours, but it also contains something into which to put his mind during the long interval that usually ensues before the next batch of mail from home can reach him.

BLACK MARKETS

By Chester Bowles

Condensed from a Broadcast over the Blue Network.

UNTIL we all get together and smash them, Black Markets are a vicious menace to the security of every honest American and to our entire wartime stabilization program.

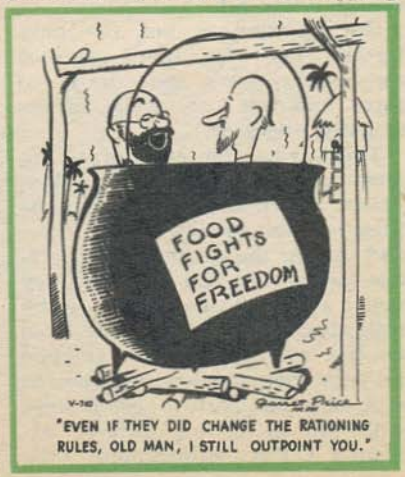
Literally, "black market" means illegal business conducted in the dark—safe from the light of day or, more loosely, the light of public gaze. This would include the out-and-out thieves who steal cattle off the range at night, slaughter them by the side of the road and sneak them into market to sell above ceiling prices. It would include the professional burglars who steal gasoline ration coupons from War Price and Rationing Board safes, to sell for their personal profit. It includes organized gangs who work in attics and cellars to print counterfeit ration coupons. It includes the one-time prohibition racketeers and hi-jackers who now traffic in nylon stockings and onions and steaks which they deliver surreptitiously up the back alley. And the unscrupulous businessmen who will do anything for their own personal profit.

But here's the important point which too many people forget. It takes two to make a wartime black market. If nobody bought illegal goods or coupons, if no one paid more than O.P.A. ceiling prices, there would be no black markets.

Thus, the man who buys a "couple of extra gas coupons" is just as much a part of a black market operation as the man who sells them and the man who stole or counterfeited them in the first place. A housewife who accepts rationed goods without paying coupons for them or who pays higher than the O.P.A. ceiling prices is contributing to the black market just as much as the merchant with whom she deals or the racketeers from whom he buys his supplies. The Black Markets are all one vast interwoven operation right from the original theft or the counterfeiting press through the final sale in the retail stores or at local gas stations.

And in many cases black markets do not even bother to keep in the dark. They are carried on right out in the open, through regular channels of business.

Today one of our most serious problems—because it is sapping



"EVEN IF THEY DID CHANGE THE RATIONING RULES, OLD MAN, I STILL OUTPOINT YOU."

the strength of the whole war effort—is the Black Market in gasoline. Of the 2,451 convictions for all types of rationing and price control violations in the criminal courts last year, almost half were gasoline cases.

But the gas Black Market is doing more than encourage crime. It is actually robbing you honest car owners of part of your share of our limited supply. Our rationing people tell me that everyday about two and one-half million gallons of gas are being siphoned out of our limited supply by Black Market parasites who steal, buy, sell and counterfeit gasoline coupons. Do you know what that means to you honest car-owners?

It means that you are being robbed of just about 45 miles of driving every month. But for this illegal drain, the value of your "A" coupons might now be 25 per cent larger. And remember, there is only so much gasoline available for our own use here at home. That amount cannot be increased because there is an actual shortage of crude oil.

But gasoline is not the only fertile field for Black Market racketeers. Let's get down to cases and see how some others actually operated.

There was the case of a big meat packing company in Wisconsin, which shipped huge quantities of meat to New York City—and during the acute meat shortage last spring and summer they saw a chance to cash in on it by collecting money on the side from all the wholesalers they shipped to. Thus their invoices and records still showed perfect compliance with O.P.A. ceiling prices. Although O.P.A. enforcement officers suspected that they were violating the regulations, it was difficult to get any real evidence.

But one evening an agent of the company brought a black bag to the clerk of a New York hotel where he was registered. He asked to have this bag placed in the hotel safe until he returned from dinner. When the clerk inquired as to its value, he was told "$40,000." The astonished clerk took the bag and then called in turn the F.B.I., the local police and O.P.A.

The O.P.A. enforcement officer recognized the name as being that of an agent of the particular meat packing company which had long been suspected of Black Market dealings. And when the bag was examined, it was found to contain approximately $40,000 in neat little bundles, each bearing the name of a particular New York meat wholesaler.

As a result of the leads obtained from the bag of black market money, O.P.A. was able to un-

"THE PEOPLE AT THE BIG HOUSE ARE STRETCHING THEIR MEAT, SO I DON'T SEE WHY WE CAN'T DO IT HERE, TOO."

cover sufficient evidence to go to the grand jury to request an indictment. And in November, 1943, the grand jury returned a conspiracy indictment against the Packing Company, its officers and many New York wholesalers—39 defendants in all. They are now awaiting trial.

Then there was the big black market in oranges, just last November. This one was brought to light when numerous customers in New York City complained to their local War Price and Rationing Boards that oranges were selling for a dollar a dozen and more —way over the legal ceiling price. O.P.A. enforcement officers went to work and traced the violators all the way back, through the retailers and the wholesalers, to one principal firm. This firm bought the oranges from the growers at the regular ceiling prices. It then slapped on an excess charge. This charge was in turn passed on by the wholesaler to the retailer, and by the retailer to the customer in the form of oranges at one dollar a dozen.

When the case came to court, each of the three officers of the firm was fined $10,000—two of them got sixty days in jail, and the third a 60-day suspended sentence. And the day after those fines were imposed, the price of oranges all over New York City went down to the ceiling price and has stayed there ever since.

Betty

Lovely Betty Arnold, one of the front-rank dramatic players on the air, is the star of the BLUE Network's serial "Sweet River." Betty, who has played just about every type of character imaginable, heads up this show depicting American life in a small, centrally-located town.

HOW WE BAGGED 44 PLANES

By CAPT. DON S. GENTILE

CAPT. DON S. GENTILE

I THINK General Eisenhower was just being very generous when he said that I sounded to him like a one-man offensive. I am not a one man show and I don't feel like one. I am part of a team and there isn't a man in my squadron who didn't have a hand in the planes I got and who doesn't have a share in this D.S.C. You see when we go up as a team we hunt as a team and fight as a team. When I am up there chasing around I can keep my mind on the job. I do not have to worry about myself for one minute because I know Johnny Godfrey, my wingman, is with me. And when it's his turn to go after Jerry, I fly wingman for him to protect him from getting hit from behind. He's got fourteen planes himself and I think it's a fairer score if you say together we've destroyed forty-four planes. We're like a couple of circus hands hammering in a tent stake—first I hit and then he does, and together we get results twice as fast.

The biggest difference between hunting them in the sky or on the ground is that fighting in sky is more fun and I think, too, it's less dangerous. When we get down close to the deck they throw everything at us except their bath tubs. When we're upstairs we don't have to worry about flak unless we're over Berlin. Another thing when we get down to zero feet brushing off an airdrome or locomotive we've got less space to maneuver and we're wide open to attack by any German plane diving down on us.

I'd rather tackle them upstairs but when I see a chance on the ground I'll go after that.

My medal citation says I'll attack anywhere no matter what the chances are, but that's not as heroic as you make it sound. It's our orders to attack, get an enemy wherever we can and grab him—and we would not want it any other way. Because it's only attacking that is going to win this war quickly. I love to fly but what I want is a career in peacetime aviation so I am willing and eager to do everything I can to get this thing over. We're part of a swell team. The men we get are great and the planes we get from home are the best. If we are any good it is because you just can't be cold on a hot team.

Condensed from Report to the Nation on the Columbia Broadcasting System.

NOT REALLY VAGUE—Vera Vague, as you see her here, is a far cry from the man-crazy character who prowls through each of NBC's Bob Hope shows in search of the elusive creatures, a predicament that obviously does not prevail in her private life as Barbara Jo Allen.

MINDANAO, PACIFIC DRAMA

By ARNOLD MARQUIS

A. MORO TRIO

Condensed From a Broadcast Over the National Broadcasting Co.

AS WAR leader of the Moros, I reiterate to the great American president my people's pledge of loyalty to the government of the United States. The Moros enlisted as bolomen under my command will fight to the last and die for America and their country.

From out of the hills of Mindanao came this message from Datu Piang as the Japanese swarmed over his island two months after Pearl Harbor. Today Piang and his Moros are still unconquered. With their razor-sharp krisses—dreadful knives with wavy blades—they are surprising and slaughtering the Japanese as they have slaughtered invaders of Mindanao for hundreds of years. In the wooded mountains of Mindanao they await the return of the Americans.

Mindanao—home of Piang and his thousands of bolomen—is the southernmost of the Philippine islands—the nearest island of the Philippines to the war operations in the southwest Pacific. Mindanao bids fair to be a key to the Philippines in the assault to come on the inner empire of Japan. Driven back into the hills, the Moros—among the fiercest fighters on earth—are a deadly peril at the back of the invaders. The Moros are Mohammedans.

They quote from the Koran:

"Whoso shall turn his back to them, unless he turn aside to fight, or to rally his forces, shall incur the wrath of Allah. Hell shall be his abode, and wretched the journey thither."

With these words from the Koran, the Moros attack. They live by the cold steel of the kris, the barong, the campilane.

These are native knives—short, medium and long—deadly weapons in the hands of the Moros.

Two thousand years ago the natives on the islands of the Sulu Sea looked out from their shores and saw a fleet of bright-winged praos coming in over the horizon. As the boats approached, they saw that they carried a warlike people such as they had never seen before.

Those were my people coming to these islands.

Let Data Piang—leader of the embattled Moros in Mindanao today tell the story.

"My people came dressed in red and orange and yellow—with some green and purple and black. They wore their hair tied in a knot, and they came with their krisses ready. Their praos plunged through the blue waters of the Sulu Sea, straining under their brilliant sails. As they rode in over the waves, their chief called his officers.

"Look, the sea is filled with fish," said the chief.

"Yes, look at them flash in the sun as they leap out, replied one of the other Moros.

"More fish than we have seen in all our journey," a second cried cut excitedly.

The sea is swarming with them.

"The people are fleeing into the forest," remarked the chief.

"They are afraid," said one of the Moros.

"But there is something else," added another.

"Animals," affirmed the chief.

The people of the island fought us, and when they could fight no more, fled to the hills. For hundreds of years we people fought the tribesmen of these islands.

Kingdoms rose and fell. Invaders came from Java. Again and again for seventy years they came. We fought them with kris and barong and campilane. At last they departed and returned no more. The sea ran red with their blood.

For fifteen hundred years, the Moros people fought to make these islands our home. Invaders came and went. Then came word of a man of a different kind.

"He is one the island of Simunul, Your Highness," reported a warrior.

"A prisoner?" inquired the king.

"No, Your Highness. They came upon him on the white beach of Simunul."

"What does he speak of?" asked the king.

"He speaks of the true god—Allah," the warrior replied. "He tells of the great hereafter for warriors slain on the field of battle—and for all who believe.

"His name, Your Highness, is Makdum, and they say he is a magistrate from far-off Arabia. A good and wise man. They listen to him in Simunul, and throughout the island his words are echoing: There is no God but Allah. There is no God but Allah." From

Moros, once famous as the fiercest fighters in the Philippines, attend a political rally in the city of Zamboanga, Mindanao. Racially the same as other Filipinos, the Moros are Mohammedan. They participate in the Commonwealth Government on terms of equality with other Filipinos, and elect Moro representatives to the Philippine Congress from the districts they dominate.

this man and from the other Mohammedan misionaries who followed him, the Moros learned to live by the Koran. And to die by it. The Moros became Mohammedans. Then the Spaniards came with Catholicism. The Moros withdrew from the northern islands to their strongholds in the south. The Spaniards in the north determined to conquer them. It was in the palace at Manila that Esteban Rodriguez de Figuroea made his terms to governor De Sande.

"I swear that I, Adelantado Esteban Rodriguez de Figuroea, promise to pacify and colonize the said island of Mindanao at my own expense within a period of three years." Swore Figuroea.

"Do you think three years is sufficient time, Senor Figuroea?" asked the governor.

"Ample time, Governor De Sande." Figuroea assured him.

"The country is uncharted, and the people have never yet been conquered," objected the governor.

"No proper attempt has been made," explained Figuroea. "Besides, I have the incentive of becoming governor of Mindanao for a period of ten years. That means that I shall have the right to exploit it."

In 1596, the Adelantado with three priests and a company of soldiers sailed to Mindanao. They went up the Rio Grande River in Cotabato—up into the country of the Moro Chief Silongan. And there in the forest, they landed on the shore.

"Soldiers, we stand upon the newest soil of Spain. To subdue this dark forest and rid the soil of the infidel Moslem is our aim," proclaimed Figuroea. "They shall submit as vassals and converts or fall before our Spanish blades. Forward to our duty for King and country!"

Adelantado Figuroea waited with the main body of his men on the beach. They waited for reports from their advanced patrol. When none came they grew restless. The Adelantado called his men to attention.

"Soldiers, no report has come back from our patrol," remarked Figuroea. "I ask for volunteers to go with me into the forest after them."

While they were talking the Moros attacked. A flashing kriss cut Adelantado Figuroea down. As he lay bleeding, the forest rang with the battle. When it was over, the soldiers who were still living dragged him out to the beach. And there as his life ran out he said:

"They—have—killed me."

This was the start of the struggle with the Spaniards that was to go on for 321 years. The Spaniards were to learn the nature of the Moros in the ceaseless bloody warfare:

"It is well that you understand these savages before you start against them, Jaime Alvarez," the Spanish governor warned the leader of a new expedition.

"My expedition shall go well prepared, General," Alvarez assured him.

You can never match their ferocity Jaime Alvarez," warned the Governor, "nor their cunning. Toward their enemies they have no laws save to kill and to torture. Their laws are inexorable,

A MORO ON HIS WAY TO TOWN

even among themselves. Should one of their own be accused and proved a liar his mouth is slit from ear to ear. A thief's right arm is lopped off. The prostitute's nose is split."

Thus expedition after expedition started against the Moros. In reprisal, the Moros struck back at the Spaniards with terrible vengeance:

"The Spaniards have attacked our capital at Jolo. We will sail against the Spaniards at Ilo-Ilo with every boat and every man," swore the leader of the Moros, Panglima Abdullah, the headman.

"Has every kriss been sharpened?" demanded Abdullah.

Every kriss and borong and campilane, Panglima Abdullah. The blacksmiths have tempered every blade and made it sharp. And the warriors are ready, every one."

"Give the order. We will sail at once," commanded Abdullah.

The thousands of Moros—fighting men, every one, pushed the heavy boats off the beach into the surf and headed out into the open sea.

The wind sang through the rigging as the brilliant sails bellied out. The heavy oars strained in the waves as the boats plowed through the sea. Seventy boats sailing in a great crescent with Abdullah's boat leading the way. Seventy boats bearing eight thousand Krismen on a mission of vengeance.

The seventy fighting boats moved in like ghosts through the rain and mist. Like a swarm, they all touched the shore at Ilo-Ilo on the isle of Panay at the same time. The eight thousand

FOR 321 YEARS THE MOROS STRUGGLED WITH THE SPANIARDS

warriors, with their krisses poised, crept up to the Spanish fort.

The Spanish guns roared from the parapets but there was no time to reload. Our warriors were up over the walls, and cutting the Spaniards down like weeds. The Spaniards retreated, and we swarmed through the city and massacred them wherever we caught them.

"Stand! Stand and fight el Moros! Stand!" called out the Spanish governor as he tried to rally his troops.

"Do not let them enter the government building here."

Ilo-Ilo was plundered. The Spanish males were put to the kris. The women were rounded up and taken back to the harems or to slavery in Sulu. And when the town was sacked, Panglima Abdullah spoke.

"Ilo-Ilo must be completely destroyed, so that the Spaniards will not forget the Moros. Put the torch to the city, and burn it to the ground!"

For 321 years the Moros struggled with the Spaniards. The Spaniards attacked the Moro capitol of Jolo sixteen times. They captured it five times. But the Moros held Jolo for 290 years, and the Spaniards held it for only 31 years. Piang's people never bowed to the Spaniards. They never paid tribute to any man!

At the turn of the century, Spain yielded the Philippines to the United States, and turned the Moro lands over to the Americans. The Moros swept down upon the Spanish garrisons in Mindanao and Sulu. The posts that were not abandoned were destroyed, and the Spaniards slaughtered to a man. Then the Americans came.

Captain John J. Pershing and his troops were in the middle of the Moro country in Mindanao, and he had made excellent progress. He assured the Moros that there will be no interference with their religion.

A payment-arrangement was set up for the Moro rulers. The Sultan of Sulu and his retinue were to receive $6,750 annually.

Tolerance and understanding ended the armed rebellion of the Sultan of Sulu, but not of the minor chiefs. They and their people waged bloody war against the Americans. Zealous Moros dedicated themselves to kill as many Christians as possible before they, themselves, were slain. With elaborate ceremony they prepared themselves to run the juramentado.

Juramentados appeared as if out of nowhere. Americans were slashed and stabbed to death in the streets, on the plantations, on the beaches, even in the army camps. The fighting went on year after year, until 1913. General Pershing (who had been promoted to Brigadier General from the rank of Captain) closed in on the Moros. His staff surveyed the situation:

"The outlaw element of the

Moros is now in this stronghold here on Mount Bagsak," one officer said. "We know that when the Moro makes his last stand, he wants his women and children with him. Our job is to get the women and children off Mount Bagsak. before we storm it."

"That's going to be difficult." another officer pointed out. "The women and children work in the fields below the hill while we're not around, but as soon as we approach with troops, the women and children go back up the hill."

This was the situation. And the Moros kept close watch on the General staff. Then General Pershing announced that he would visit his family on Mindanao. He sailed from Zamboanga. When the transport was out of sight of land, the captain of the ship received an order from General Pershing.

"You will change your course

PANGLINIA, A TYPICAL MORO

and proceed to Basilan. There you will embark the 51st Scouts. You will then proceed to Siasi and embark the 52nd Scouts."

With these missions accomplished the transport with General Pershing and two companies of Scouts put into Jolo Harbor late at night. The American troops in Jolo were joined with the Scouts and the advance was started on Bagsak.

For two hours the American heavy artillery shelled the forts and the trenches. American riflemen picked off the Moros as they fled from the trenches. Then came the order: "Charge!"

At seventy-five yards, the Moros pinned down the Americans. Hours of fighting and the Americans advanced within 25 feet of the fortress.

The Moros fought to the death —500 of them. With the fall of Mount Bagsak, organized resistance of the Moros ended. But the confidence of the Moros was only won by fair dealing and justice.

But for the American tolerance of their religion, the Moros would have fought to the last man. The Americans and Piang's people learned to understand each other. And as the years passed they saw another people coming in. Gradually, but steadily, in spite of laws and restrictions, these people came to Mindanao and Sulu—a Fifth Column, destined one day to join the invaders of their own race—the Japanese.

By 1936 the Japanese had come in great numbers to Davao in Mindanao, slyly they said:

"Davao is our most important colony outside of Asia."

American observers took note of the Japanese craft in Davao Bay.

The Moros watched the infiltration of the Japanese. They watched them spread through Davao—up through the highlands of the province of Lanao—out into the coastal Misamis provinces. And Piang, watched them approach his Cotabato Province where his people had resisted invaders for two thousand years.

The day after Pearl Harbor, Davao was bombed!

Through the hills and the lowlands—the tangled brush and the forests once again flashed the kriss, the barong and the campilane, and through the woods rang the Moro battle-cry.

The Moros of Mindanao are hurling themselves with their wavy knives against the invading Japanese. Under the sheer weight of the Japanese numbers, pouring ashore from big transports, the Moros are falling back into their wooded strongholds, cutting down the Japs, ambushing them, contesting every inch of the way. In the face of the deadly Japanese fire, the Moros are still resisting as a unified force.

Mindanao fell. But as they have done for two thousand years, the Moros refused to yield. Today Piang and his thousands of bolomen are still holding out—a deadly peril at the back of the invaders —a powerful force to aid the Americans when they return to Mindanao and the reconquest of the Philippine Islands.

MINDANAO FIGHTS ON!

How It Happened

By
MERRILL
MUELLER

Condensed from a Broadcast Over the National Broadcasting Company

FATE can play terrible tricks and create nasty accidents in fighting areas of modern warfare. That is the only explanation for the tragic loss of twenty-three American air force transport planes and 410 American paratroopers off Sicily the night of July 10 last year.

"I was there and I saw it happen. With an army officer, I nearly lost my own life trying to prevent it. But in the tense, trying conditions of the first phases of an amphibious assault on enemy territory, many things can happen and usually do.

Merrill Mueller, NBC war reporter recently returned from the Italian front gives an eyewitness account of the destruction of twenty-three American transport planes, loaded with paratroopers, who were shot down over Sicily by our own gun crews in a tragic accident on the night of July 10. Mueller was present when the accident took place and was fired upon himself by a nervous machine gun crew as he attempted to prevent the tragedy.

"To correctly analyze what transpired that night in the skies off the south coast of Sicily last July 10, it is necessary to recreate the scene. Remember, we had only landed on those hostile shores that same morning—yes, the morning of July 10—and what forces we had ashore were not yet securely fixed or sure of victory. Off the beaches, a huge armada of merchant and warships lay at anchor in pitch blackness.

"All day long, that first day of the Sicilian invasion, the German and Italian airforce had bothered us with periodic high level and dive bombing attacks. During the day, all friendly ships and troops in the area had been repeatedly warned that at night friendly paratrooper planes would pass overhead on a designated course, at a specified time and very low altitude.

"But soon after darkness fell and the moon rose, it was the

Luftwaffe and its Italian flying mates that opened the aerial exhibition of the night.

"From darkness on, at high altitude, these nuisance raiders started rolling in every five minutes flare bombing our beach positions and the ships anchored in the still waters. Then, the trick of fate, the Nazis started throwing in heavy air raids every hour. It was this admixture that confused us. We knew the enemy had few airplanes; we thought he was incapable of heavy raids. But his shuttle bombing over our positions improved until late in the night our entire defense system was confused, and highly nervous. Trigger fingers were itchy that night—as they always are under continued bombing—from one end of our beachhead to the other.

"A German air raid was going on when the first wave of our transports approached Sicily from African skies. Those pilots, too, must then have been completely baffled but they obeyed their orders and kept coming. Then it was that German and American planes used the same skyway without means of identification because of the darkness. The resulting melee was horrible to watch. Flaming coffins crashed here and there, American and German. Parachutes with streamers of fire floated out of the heavens but few of the boys had time to jump. Our planes were too low.

"However, and these two facts are important, only 10 per cent of our aircraft were lost to friendly or enemy fire; and when the Allied anti-aircraft defenses discovered the mix-up, they withheld their fire and let the Germans bomb without retaliation until our planes were clear of the area.

"From a lucky vantage point, I spotted one of our planes against the moon and immediately raised the call of friendly aircraft. With Captain Larry Hoover, of Washington, D. C., I tried to get to the anti-aircraft control center to report the tragedy then happening, and because the guards thought we were fifth columnists, were fired upon by a machine gun crew. There was a fortunate foxhole nearby.

"Later, when we had a chance to explain to the gun crews, one young officer burst into tears at the thought of hurting his own fighting men.

"If our aircraft detection at night had been better, perhaps it could have been avoided, but I doubt it. Such a combination of factors can only happen on a trick of fate."

V...—

SOCIAL UPHEAVAL

One thing seems certain: Europe is headed for an extreme revolution of some form or other. German expropriations have set the stage for some sort of socialistic setup. Once the Germans leave, the old class struggle between rich and poor, employer and employed, capital and labor will not be resumed because the war has wiped out the class and property groups that used to engage in these struggles. Western Europe appears to be heading up for the same kind of social upheaval that accompanied the Protestant Reformation. — **Quincy Howe (C.B.S.).**

LASSIE COME HOME

By RUDD B. WEATHERWAX

Condensed from Pet Parade over the National Broadcasting Co.

MY FATHER had trained dogs for vaudeville acts for years. When I was 5 years old we moved from Silver City, New Mexico, to Hollywood, and my brothers and I started learning the dog training business. Then I had to give it up.

For a while I acted in the movies, kid roles, you know. I was a bit player in the old Lasky studios, now the Paramount studios, for ten years. Then I grew into that lanky stage, and so, I went to the dogs! At the ripe old age of 15 I returned to dog training, and have been at it ever since.

My specialty is training dogs for the movies.

We've trained a number of dogs for pictures. One of our steady dog actors is "Tramp," who appeared in "The Sullivans." Another is "Rommie," who worked in "Airforce," "Reap the Wild Wind," and the Jack Benny-Ann Sheridan picture, "George Washington Slept Here," and, of course, "Lassie!"

Lassie is the star of our kennels.

No one who has seen Lassie in "Lassie Come Home" could ever

forget that beautiful collie, and the wonderful work she did in that picture but let me correct you on one point, Lassie is a female impersonator. "She" is a "he." The name used to be "Pal."

I got him when he was eight months old. He was the runt of a litter, and I had given him up as hopeless. However, I gave him picture training just the same.

He learned to lie down, roll over, roll back the other way, play dead, get up, turn and express interest, run to a window and look out, run to a door and open it, attack and disarm a man with a gun or a stick, fetch the weapon to anyone I ordered him to, and to do all these things in any sequence I desired. But the keystone of Lassie's movie ability is his training in basic obedience.

I believe that Lassie, would go to his death, rather than disobey an order. That doesn't mean he fears punishment more than death?

Rudd Weatherwax is the man who trained Lassie, the star of "Lassie Come Home," and the best-known canine star since Rin-tin-tin.

I have never used whips, sticks, or harsh language on any of my dogs. I love them, and they grow to love me. That's the whole secret of my training, love and devotion. My dogs want to please me, they like to obey my commands.

Lassie got his part in his first starring picture when Sam Marx, the producer of the picture, rented the Gilmore Stadium in Hollywood, and "interviewed" nearly a thousand dogs for the part. But he wasn't satisfied. Then, what Marx called "an Act of God" finally settled things in Lassie's favor.

One of the big scenes from the book tells of Lassie's swimming a river in flood-stage. One day

Marx received a phone call saying that the San Joaquin River was flooded, and that some swell pictures of a dog swimming could be obtained. So Lassie, or Pal, as he was called then, was loaded into a bus, and taken north. The following morning cameras were set up in rowboats, and the dog was brought down to the swollen river. For a moment he stood there, gingerly exploring the racing tide.

I was hidden on the opposite side of the river. Suddenly the director, Fred Wilcox, yelled, "Cameras! Roll 'em!" They started rolling, and I yelled for Pal.

That was an exciting moment for me.

Pal looked across the racing torrent, hesitated for a moment, then plunged in. Soon he was swimming strongly, and a few minutes later he hauled himself out of the river on the opposite side, and shook himself dry. He did the scene perfectly, it didn't require a single retake. It was Pal who walked into the river, but it was Lassie who walked out. The part was his!

There was one thing Lassie did in the picture that was amazing, and many couldn't figure out. He was trained to limp as the result of a small piece of cork put in between the sections of his paws. It didn't hurt him, and incidentally, it was put there by a representative of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who was in constant attendance on the set. In other words, the dog just acts himself at all times, the director merely fits Lassie's ability, understanding, and obedience to the required scene.

Now Lassie is an established star.

He recently put his paw to a five-year contract, and is booked next to star in "Son of Lassie." And by the way he will also play both parts, "Lassie" and "Son of Lassie."

A Lesson to Wounded Soldiers

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Condensed from his daily Column.

Just about 20 years ago a young man lay in bed wondering whether the ravages of infantile paralysis would wreck his life. He could no longer walk as his fellow men did. He could no longer move among his friends and travel as he pleased—he was destined to a lifetime of circumscribed activity.

There will be other young men coming back from the war soon. They may be disheartened over their physical handicap—they may think their activities will be circumscribed. But they need only look today at the example of a man who braved the handicap and traveled nearly half way around the world on a hazardous mission, on planes, on ships and in automobiles near the fighting zone. He had much to risk—a position of great responsibility, namely, the President of the United States—but he knew how to meet that risk.

No such trip in the midst of war was made in 1917 or 1918 and no such journey by the Commander in Chief has been made in all our history. It was much more a journey by the head of our military and naval forces than by the head of our Government because the objectives were so predominantly military.

Those who knew in advance about the trip have been genuinely worried. That he would be absent from the United States more than a month at a critical time in domestic as well as foreign affairs was in itself an argument offered by some advisers against the making of the journey. There were risks also at the places where the President stopped.

But Mr. Roosevelt does not lack personal courage and determination. Whatever differences of opinion there are among us with respect to the qualities of Mr. Roosevelt's administration at home or the controversies that have surrounded him in public office, it cannot be said that Mr. Roosevelt sought to hold so tightly to his office as to decline to risk his life on a long journey by sea and by air and by land near the war zones.

But if anythin ghad happened while the President was aboard a ship, if a torpedo from a plane or submarine had made an effective attack Franklin Roosevelt couldn't jump into a lifeboat or do those simple things for himself in an emergency that a man in full physical vigor can do. For him the risk of a catastrophe was greater because he was already disabled.

But though he cannot stand or walk except with support, Mr. Roosevelt has never yet allowed that fact to impair his determination to get about just the same and to carry out in the midst of war the responsibilities of his position as Commander in Chief. Those of us who knew him as a young man in the 1920's have never forgotten the spirit of his fight against his handicap. His whole trip seemed a heroic manifestation of that same spirit and resolution plus a readiness to make the supreme sacrifice for an objective so closely related to the shortening of the war.

WHY AN INVASION?

By CESAR SAERCHINGER

Condensed from a broadcast over the National Broadcasting Co.

THERE is an Allied superiority of seventy-five or eighty divisions on the present European fronts. As a result, the Germans have lost the initiative on these fronts. They are forced to give way, more or less slowly all along the line.

But the Germans are still strong enough to strike back effectively, from time to time, to frustrate operations which would spell disaster to German arms. For instance, when the Russians broke through the Dnieper Line after the battle of Kremensburg last fall, they drove southward in an attempt to cut off the Nazi armies inside the Dnieper Bend. But the Germans prevented this threatened encirclement by fighting the defensively successful battles of Krivoi Rog and Kirovograd.

In short, although the Allies have superiority of men and material, their superiority is not decisive. There is, in fact, a delicate over-all balance of forces; and this is reflected in the slowness of the Allies' advance. In Italy, the speed of our advances, before the present stalemate, averaged about a mile a day. In Russia, although the Russians have made sensational spearhead drives into enemy territory, their average advance along the entire front is of moderate speed, especially if we remember the distances yet to be covered before the Russians reach vital areas on German soil. For instance, at the rate of speed which took the Russians from

CESAR SAERCHINGER

Stalingrad to Kherson, or from Kursk to the old Polish frontier, it would take them about ten months to reach the vital industrial region of Upper Silesia.

But once this delicate balance of forces were upset in our favor, the whole picture would be liable to change. How could this be brought about? Evidently the invasion from the west. At first the balance will remain about the same. But once we have established our bridgeheads, we still have to reinforce and consolidate them. We will, in fact, establish a vast Allied army to take the offensive against the Rhine and the Ruhr. This might mean a

hundred divisions; eventually it might mean anything up to two million men. But even a hundred divisions would decisively tip the balance to us. To meet such a force the Germans would have to reinforce their western armies from other theatres of war. If they withdrew reinforcements from Russia, the Russian advance would be speeded up. If they tried to hold the Russians by weakening the other fronts, they would open the door to invasion from the west and the south.

In short, when that situation arises, Adolf Hitler will be in a similar situation as Napoleon in 1814. After his disastrous retreat from Russia, and the catastrophic battle of Leipzig, Napoleon fought his way back to France. There he had to face attacks by the Russians and Prussians from the east, the Austrians through Switzerland, the English and minor allies from the Low Countries, and the Duke of Wellington, coming from Spain through southern France. Despite Napoleon's superb generalship, despite the fact that he had the advantage of the inner lines, he was utterly defeated between January and the end of March, when the allies entered Paris. The real reason for the final defeat was bad morale, war-weariness, lack of confidence and heavy losses. France wanted peace; thousands of her sons widely dispersed, fighting lost battles on foreign soil. Soldiers deserted in large numbers. Only Napoleon like Hitler today, refused to see the truth.

In fact, Napoleon fought on to the very last—even after Paris was taken. He signed his abdication only after the betrayal of the man whom he had just called his "most faithful friend," Marshal Marmont. Marmont's desertion cost Napoleon his main striking force. Resistance was useless after that. Will there be a desertion of Hitler by his marshals when the jig is definitely up? The idea may have crossed their minds before now; but Hitler and Himmler have taken their precautions. And unless we can offer the German militarists an alternative to Hitler, what chances have they except a fight to the finish—a "dusk of the gods" in the true Wagnerian style? In 1814, at any rate, France could go back to the Bourbons. But who would accept a Hohenzollern today?

Indeed, there are plenty of historical parallels for what is happening, or about to happen, today. But there is no precedent for the invasion itself. No large-scale seaborne invasion has been successful in the face of a prepared land-based enemy—not in the age of modern weapons. The one notable attempt, at Gallipoli, was a ghastly failure. Only what we ourselves have already done in this war—especially at Salerno and at Nettuno—is actual evidence that seaborne invasion of defended coasts is possible at all. What has made it possible? In the first place, air-power. Local supremacy in the air is the first condition of a successful landing. In the case of a large-scale landing this goes beyond the usual "air umbrella". It means that you must have driven the enemy from the skies over a large area, and must be able to bomb his communications, munitions, and concentrations behind his front at will, also the gun-bearing trains which are the Nazis' mobile coastal defense.

The next thing is command of

the seas. And that means more today than in days gone by. Lord Nelson said that "only fools attack land batteries with ships." This was considered an axiom of warfare throughout the nineteenth century, and again after Gallipoli in 1915. It was also accepted in the early stages of the present war —especially by the Germans, who played up the idea for propaganda purposes. They seem to have believed it, too, judging by the money and effort they put into their steel-and-concrete "Atlantic Wall." However, it is obvious that the axiom is obsolete.

This naval triumph over land power is due to changes in the relative strengths of land and naval guns. Theoretically land guns can, of course, have the same range and calibre as ship guns, but actually very few such heavy land pieces are in existence; and these are at particularly selected spots, which **can** be avoided. The average coastal batteries are of 11-12 inch calibre, the same as heavy cruisers; but a cruiser has a number of such rifles, hence concentrates superior fire-power in a movable space. Battleships carry eight or more 14-16 inch guns; and the longer range of these guns enables the battleship to remain out of range of shore batteries while bombarding them. The one great disadvantage of the ship batteries, up to and including the first World War, was their inaccuracy, due to the movement of the ship. That disadvantage has been overcome. The main batteries no longer swing with the ship, and their fire is as accurate as that of fixed guns on land.

One of radio's most consistently popular families is Pepper Young's (NBC)

OUTSTANDING SPOKEN HUMOR OF THE MONTH

"When I was a baby, women used to pick me up and kiss me," mused Phil Baker, on Columbia's quizz show, Take It Or Leave It. "Now they get sore when I try to return the compliment."

V . . . —

Gracie Allen was inclined to agree with Tootsie Sagwell that a career is better than a husband. "After all," observed Gracie, "a career won't stay out nights playing poker, and a career won't spend all the money in the family—but—I don't know—on cold nights you can't warm your feet on a career!"

V . . . —

When Judy Canova demanded why Pedro called her car a "coffee pot" she got this answer: "Because the brakes grind, the radiator boils, the motor percs, and there's a drip at the wheel."

V . . . —

KAY KYSER—I asked the soldiers their names. One said, "I'm F. D. R. Smith." Another one said, "I'm F. D. R. Brown." The third one said, "I m F. D. R. Johnson." I said, "Why do all you fellows call yourselves F. D. R.?" One of them answered, "Because it looks like we're in for the duration!" — College of Musical Knowledge (NBC).

V . . . —

DINAH SHORE—"Why, there's W. C. Fields carrying two bags."

WALLY BROWN — "Sure. In one he carries a bottle of medicine. That's for snake bites."

DINAH SHORE — "And in the other?"

WALLY BROWN—"A snake."

WENDIE LEWIS—You deserted me. You ran when that big brute grabbed me.

LES TREMAYNE—Well, he was twice my size.

WENDIE LEWIS—But you said you'd face death for me!

LES TREMAYNE—Yes! But he wasn't dead!—Bob Crosby-Les Tremayne Program (NBC).

V . . . —

ED GARDNER — "You know Col. Stoopnagle. He's thought up some pretty good inventions. Like that bathroom door you don't have to wait outside of. Yeah—

V . . . —

ZASU PITTS — "I'm worried. This morning my refrigerator was out of order and I put the milk out on the fire escape."

LOUIS SOBOL—"What are you worried about?"

ZASU PITTS—"Well, I just remembered—my apartment has no fire escape."

V . . . —

COOKIE FAIRCHILD—"At the amusement park today I went through the Tunnel of Love. It was pitch dark in there. Oh boy, it was fun."

EDDIE CANTOR — "Did you have your girl with you?"

COOKIE FAIRCHILD — "What for? I ain't afraid of the dark."

V . . . —

ED GARDNER—"Say Leo, how about giving me a job? I'm a wonderful pitcher."

LEO DUROCHER—"That's rediculous. You want to play with a top major league team?"

ED GARDNER — "Stop putting words in my mouth. I said I wanted to play for the Dodgers."

By JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

Condensed from a Broadcast over the National Broadcasting Co.

GERMANY can and will be defeated when the German armies are defeated and not before. It has been noted, inside Germany, as elsewhere, that while the will to resist has grown stronger at home, the ability to resist on the fight lines has, however, grown progressively less. That latest estimate from behind the steel wall of the Nazi power, checks pretty accurately with what most thoughtful people have believed and learned.

We must remember that the German people allowed Hitler to lead them into this war for two reasons: the more aggressive Germans — and all military-minded Germans—marched against their neighbors in simple hope of loot. Not the simple loot of the stray spoons and pewter goblets that a medieval soldier thrust into his knapsack, but the far grander loot of stolen countries. They marched for the promise of rewards and power. More highly developed Germans were led to support the Nazis' war by being induced to believe the deliberate lie that Germany was in danger of attack. Those who had any trace of sanity, secretly had some trouble in accepting that nonsensical untruth that their leaders yelled at them. When they were sure that no Gestapo telepathists were around, they surely must have wondered why, if Poland, France and Britain were plotting to attack Germany, why then, did those countries prove so singularly weak. If they failed to believe, as only an imbecile could believe, that Hitler from the first was fighting an honorable and defensive war, their consciences were made uneasy by the reflection that they and all Germans were then guilty of an act so criminal as to make the inhabitants of any State prison seem saint-like in comparison. Now by the simple device of thinking only in the present—and

that is an easy habit for humans to fall into—all Germans need have no further doubt. They are being attacked. They are most certainly being attacked; from every side, and from overhead at once. Since they have unquestionably been put upon the defensive, the Germans are now willing to suffer to fight and to sacrifice, as never before. It is probably inevitable that there should be that feeling. For our part, we should remember that those who fight in a defensive spirit fight well. That is what the Russians have done, the British, and ourselves.

The Changes Will Last

The testimony of Secretary Stimson and Eric Johnston rather vindicates those who want to see this country set up a permanent war economy—to the extent, that is, of having the government continue to underwrite industrial expansion and at the same time keep prices and wages in line. The war has changed the face of the whole world. And some of the most important changes it has brought to our way of life in the United States seem likely to continue on into the peace."—**Quincy Howe (CBS).**

HONORS FOR MR. ANTHONY—The ten thousandth person to have her problem analyzed and solved was heard over the Mutual network when John J. Anthony presented another edition of his eight-year-old "Good Will Hour"

When Will Japan Collapse?

By JOSEPH C. GREW
Former American Ambassador to Tokyo.

Condensed from a broadcast by We the People over the Columbia Broadcasting System (Gulf Oil).

THE HON. JOS. C. GREW

A YEAR ago I told you how in the early days of the Pacific war Japanese leaders were in an exalted mood. Foreign Minister Matsuoka boasted to me that the soft, pleasure-loving and militarily untrained youth of a bankrupt democracy were no match for the spiritually superior Japanese Imperial Army. I told him he greatly misunderstood us. I remember Mr. Matsuoka looking at me to see if I were joking, and when he saw that I was grimly serious he shook his head as if he were talking to a child. I should like to see his face today.

The attitude of Americans toward the war against Japan has changed.

The Japanese have underestimated us, but there exists among our people far too much wishful thinking that once we have defeated the Germans we shall mop up the Japanese in short order. The Japanese need only two assets; one is ships, the other time—ships to carry men and supplies, time to develop their territorial gains.

We are attending to their shipping daily as Admiral Ramsey pointed out earlier. I myself do not know just what their present shipbuilding capacity is; but certainly they are building a great many wooden ships in ports now under their occupation.

Shipping is the Achilles' Heel of Japan, but we shall have to sink a great deal more tonnage before the end comes in sight.

Nobody can with certainty predict the effects on Japanese morale of such bombings. Mr. Boulton, simply because the Japanese people have never yet been subjected to persistent bombing from the air. It is dangerous to try to measure Japanese mentality and psychology by Western yardsticks. I have always believed that German morale will crack in due course. I do not believe that the morale of the Japanese will similarly crack until we are very near the end of the road, if then. We must remember they are a fanatical people.

I believe at a given moment, when the Japanese military leaders know that they cannot win, they will more than likely try to get us into a compromise peace. That pill, if presented will be beautifully sugar-coated. It might involve an offer to retire their forces from a considerable part of the occupied areas, on condition that we leave their homeland undisturbed. But unless we continue our determination to destroy that Japanese military machine once and for all and unless we take effective measures to prevent that cancer of aggressive militarism from digging underground as it did in Germany, our sons and grandsons will be fighting the Japanese again in the next generation. The showdown must be complete and irrevocable. Knowing the nature of the Japanese enemy, I would not care to base my calculations on the wholesale unconditional surrender of their far-flung forces even after our troops occupy Tokyo Let us suppose we capture Tokyo. That does not mean that the Japanese in the outlying occupied areas will surrender. I do not think we can take anything for granted. I think we should be prepared for a long, hard pull. I think as time goes on our determination to cut out that cancerous growth should never for a moment be relaxed, so that Japan can never again threaten world peace.

V...—

WHAT I SAW

The people still have confidence in Hitler and in the army, too. And don't forget, Germany is still living off the rest of Europe so they still have such food as white bread and cakes, though fats, citrus fruits and coffee are scarce. The hotel maids wear silk stockings. The stores in Baden Baden are full of luxury items—furs, jewelry and so on.

War workers receive a decent wage for Germany. Even the imported labor from France, Poland and Russia receives the same wages and rations as the German workers. Life in Germany is much closer to normal than Americans would like to think.

In spite of the comparative comfort and prosperity inside Germany, they're aware of the fact that the Allies are slowly closing in around them. The truth has seeped through. Germany is now like a gangster who's been trapped. He knows he'll be killed, but he's going to come out shooting.—**Taylor Henry, We, the People (C.B.S.).**

My Father, Will Rogers

By CONGRESSMAN WILL ROGERS, JR.

Condensed from a broadcast over the Blue Network.

You have heard my Father described as a roper. Well, he was. He was, without doubt, the greatest roper of his day. The famous Mexican roper, Oropeza, originated most of the simple tricks and my Father went on from there to develop most of the complicated ones. He invented the two, three and four-rope catches.

WILL ROGERS, JR.

My Father developed the figure eight catch. That is a very difficult catch. The rope has to go out, loop around the horse's neck, and then fold under and loop around his two front feet, forming a figure eight. There aren't many men in the world who can do that catch. My Father could do it left and right handed. I don't know of anyone today who can.

Now as to what my Father stood for. I think he stood for tolerance. His outstanding characteristic was a deep love of humanity, and when I was growing up he impressed upon me and my brother and my sister this phrase of his, "I never met a man I didn't like."

And I think that if my Father had any message for American youth, it would say, "Be tolerant," "Be generous to those less fortunate," "Think of the other fellow."

I remember that when we were living in Beverly Hills, California, my brother, sister and I had a little pony to ride around on. The kids in the neighborhood used to ask us for a ride. And sometimes we would not. That used to make my Father mad.

We could have the pony only if we were not going to be selfish with it. He very early taught us the principle of being generous to those less fortunate. My father would never stand for any snobbery or the idea that we were better than anyone else.

So, I think my Father would say, "Be tolerant." Don't criticize a boy because of the sound of his name, or the color of his skin. Remember that we are all Americans together, and this country of ours was founded on the principle of tolerance and equality.

At the Listening Post . . .

First of all, however, Congress ought to meet the crying need of those who have earned the first concern of the nation—its war disabled and their dependents, and the widows and orphans of those who have sacrificed their lives.

First things should be done first!—**Millard W. Rice, National Service Director, Disabled American Veterans—WWDC.**

V . . . —

Civilian sacrifice is bunk. What we think of as sacrifices the fighting man dreams of as heaven.—**Walter Winchell (Blue).**

V . . . —

The possibility of a Turkish-Arabic bloc is something to think about. — **John W. Vandercook (Blue).**

V . . . —

"Blitzkrieg used to be a German word."—**Quentin Reynolds — Report to the Nation (CBS).**

V . . . —

Watch the Democratic attitude toward Dewey. If the Democrats start passing him hot potatoes, it will mean they consider him a formidable opponent. If they say nothing, it will indicate they don't care whether he runs or not.—**Ray Henle (Blue).**

V . . . —

Britain, lacking a John L. Lewis but having a National Service Act, had been forced to consider anti-strike legislation.—**Raymond Gram Swing (Blue).**

V . . . —

"Here in America some people are so busy fighting President Roosevelt that they have scant energy to fight Germany and Japan."—**Cecil Brown (MBS).**

Europe is headed for an extreme revolution of some form or other. —**Quincy Howe (CBS).**

V . . . —

We are better at exterminating mosquitos than Fascist influences. —**Samuel Grafton (WOR).**

V . . . —

The Red Army's gains promise a shorter war and lighter American casualties.—**Gabriel Heatter (MBS).**

V . . . —

"Liberty sometimes degenerates into license, but I would rather admit occasional abuse than permit restrictive control."—**H. V. Kaltenborn — Town Meeting (Blue).**

V . . . —

Network commentators are so predominantly anti-Administration that there is talk of a fifth network. Some commentators are used as tools by the interests which control the networks.—**Sam Balter (KFWB).**

V . . . —

Eric Johnston takes his eye off the ball when he says the present crisis is a result of moral decay. This is a time for practical men to work hard for specific things, like a lasting peace.—**Sidney Walton (WHN).**

V . . . —

Many Britishers, word-weary, feel the oratory era is over.—**Edward R. Murrow (CBS London).**

V . . . —

The big issue in the election is our future role in world affairs.—**William Hillman (Blue).**

V . . . —

Washington experts feel both wages and prices will rise gradually during the latter half of 1944.—**Horace Braham (MBS).**

Isabel Manning Hewson tells how Charles Courtney, extraordinary locksmith whose services have been called for by the United States and Russian governments, helped solve a mystery in China.

The Secret of the Safe

By ISABEL MANNING HEWSON

Condensed from a broadcast over Columbia Broadcasting System.

THIS story takes us far away—across the sea to China! To the city of Shanghai, 18 years ago.

Charles Courtney, the locksmith — the greatest in the world—was visiting China. And he found, to his surprise, that he was known by reputation even in the Orient.

The papers over there carried glowing accounts of this wizard from New York, whose skill was so great the Soviet Government had flown him to Russia to open up treasure chests left by the Tsar. They described how he'd gone down in a diving suit to the battleship Hampshire, on the bottom of the ocean—salvaged the gold in the strong room. And they pointed out, quite truthfully, that no one then living, not even Houdini (the master unlocker) could equal Charles Courtney at undoing locks.

ISABEL MANNING HEWSON

The day after this tribute appeared in the papers, a prominent banker, one of the biggest in China, called at Courtney's hotel.

"Mr. Courtney," he began, "I have at my home an American safe which belonged to my wife —I gave it to her several years ago to keep her jewels in. But —now my wife is dead. She was killed in an automobile accident and the safe has been locked ever since. Could you come with me and see if you can open it?"

"I'd be glad to," Courtney answered. "But may I ask, have

you no record at all of the safe's combination?"

"None," said the banker with an apologetic smile. "You see, Mr. Courtney, I was in America some ten years ago, and I picked up ideas—American ideas—about the status of women. One thing I liked was the way you people treat women as equals, with rights of their own. And I made up my mind that when I got back to China, I'd give my wife a safe, all of her own, in which she could keep her personal property—especially her jewels.

"That's why I never kept a record of the safe's combination —I wanted her to feel it was her's—and that even I had no right to open it."

"Hmh, I see," Courtney smiled. "Well, I think I can unlock it. Suppose I take a look."

They left the hotel—entered the banker's waiting limousine, and drove to his house—a beautiful mansion, some miles from the city. The banker led the way through a hall decorated in teakwood—up to a small but exquisite chamber overlooking a garden, fragrant with lotus.

"My wife loved this room," the banker remarked, as Courtney stood gazing at the painted silk screens inlaid with ivory, the priceless antique furniture. "She was beautiful, my wife, and she surrounded herself with beauty." He picked up a photograph showing a Chinese woman in European dress.

Her face was smooth and oval, with lips half-smiling—but what caught Courtney's attention and held it fast, was the magnificent necklace of emeralds which gleamed around her throat.

"Are—are those in the safe?" he couldn't help asking. "They must be worth a fortune!"

"They are," the banker nodded, "But she had other jewels, too, diamonds, jade, worth as much more. You see, Mr. Courtney, my wife knew nothing at all about business. But she did love jewels. So I tried to protect her —in case I should die first—by giving her the kind of gems which could always be converted quickly into money." He moved one of the embroidered screens that stood against the wall. "Here," he pointed out, "is the safe, behind this."

Courtney dropped to his knees in front of the dial—and, after half an hour of fiddling, the tumblers dropped in place—he swung the door open. "There! It's done!"

It was the husband's turn now to kneel before the safe, and the first thing he touched was a packet of letters — scented with sandalwood, tied with ribbon. "My letters," he sighed, as he lifted them out. "She kept every one."

He reached in again—this time for a jewel case—a massive thing, square, made of rose-colored carnelian, exquisitely carved. "Open it," he directed, handing it to Courtney. "If you'd like to see the finest emeralds in China, look in this box!"

Courtney took the case gently, set it on a table, lifted the cover. For a second he gazed — then without a word, he lowered the lid, stared at the banker—his face blank.

"What's the matter?" cried his host. "Why don't you speak? Is anything wrong?" He sprang to

the box—snatched the lid open—then he saw too! The jewel-box was filled—not with heaps of precious stones, but with—dried-up berries! Red berries, hard, like shrivelled-up holly!

Silence for a moment, while Courtney turned away—too embarrassed for the husband to look at his face. But the banker spoke quickly after he'd taken a breath.

"I don't believe it! I won't! My wife would never do such a thing! She'd never deceive me. She was too fine, Mr. Courtney—a wonderful woman! You'd understand if you'd known her. She must have had a reason! Per—perhaps she left a note!"

Frantically, he pawed through the berries—then tipped the box up, and poured them all out. In a rattling cascade they bounced to the floor, rolled around the room. "Here it is!" he cried. "A note! I was right!" At the bottom of the case lay a piece of rice paper, covered with brush strokes.

He read the Chinese characters swiftly—eagerly—in silence. Then his face softened. When he glanced up again, he was smiling.

"Yes," he repeated. "She was a wonderful woman. More wonderful even than I realized till now." He folded the paper, put it back in the box.

"Mr. Courtney," he said in a different voice — the way a person talks when he is going to confess, "Mr. Courtney, I must tell you—no one else knows this—but not so very long ago—before my wife died—my bank, which is one of the oldest private banks in China, was on the verge of failure. Of total collapse! Through something very foolish that I did myself—"

He turned to gaze out the window, at the quiet little pool, studded with lotus. "I financed an old friend—a friend of my father's, who had gone into business—a huge business, needing much capital. I put up a lot more than I should have—then even more—never dreaming it was possible my friend might fail. I could hardly believe it when I first found out this man was in trouble—and unless he obtained still more money, almost overnight, his firm would collapse—and my bank would go with it."

"That's how it was. Ordinarily, I never troubled my wife with financial worries. She had no head for business—and I wanted her to enjoy all the good things of wealth, without sharing its burdens. But this time I was so nearly out of my mind with worry, I just couldn't help it. She asked me what was wrong—and I—I told her!"

The banker stooped down, picked up one of the berries. "Two days later," he went on, "to my enormous relief, my friend got the money he needed so urgently. I never knew how—I didn't ask. But I remember rushing home at once to tell my wife all our troubles were over—my name, my credit, my business—saved! (And I can see her now—how quietly she sat there—how gently she smiled!)

Courtney said softly, "Your—your wife, I suppose, had parted with her jewels, to put up the money?"

"That's it," the other nodded. "And I never knew it—not until now—when I read that note. She

gave them all to my friend, so he could save himself from ruin—and therefore save me!"

"But—but didn't you notice," Courtney questioned," that the jewels were missing? That she didn't wear them any more?"

"No—and I wouldn't have—not for many months, even had she lived. For she never used the gems except on formal occasions, when she put aside her Chinese costume, and wore European clothes. She hoped our friend might be able, you see, to buy back the jewels, so she could replace them in the safe—without my knowing.

"I see," Courtney murmured. Then, pointing to the berries littering the floor, "but why—may I ask—did she fill the casket with those?"

"Oh, those!" the banker laughed. "I told you, my friend, she had no head for money—could never keep accounts! So, as she wrote me here in the note, she kept account by berries. Each one stands for a certain amount. And all of them together—"

"Add up to the jewels?" Courtney inquired.

"Exactly! If I counted them carefully (which I assure you I won't), they would tell me how much my friend owes—what he received for the gems. But I don't want the money. I don't need it now—and it could never mean as much as these little red berries."

He reached for the casket. "Let us pick them up, my friend—pick them up every one. And then you will lock them carefully—as she would have wished—back in the safe!"

THE BUREAUCRAT

I hear some people saying that bureaucrats are too numerous; that they are incompetent; that they are arrogant; that they are unimaginative; that they are indifferent; that they are tax-eaters; that they are bent and determined upon building their own jobs; and they are bent and determined upon changing our form of government.—**Mr. Bane.**

I hear all those things, and I also hear other things. I hear them saying "good morning" to the postman and "good luck." I hear about their giving awards to firemen and policemen for distinguished service. I hear the newspapers praising Joe Eastman as a great public servant—they did not call him a bureaucrat. I hear them saying that a million teachers are rendering great public service. I hear them saying that the administration, local and national—national in this case—licked the yellow fever. I hear them saying that public servants are industrious, underpaid, devoted, self-sacrificing, and so on.—**Charles E. Merriam (University of Chicago Round Table (N.B.C.).**

WHY THEN FIGHT

The Germans continue to fight. Why shouldn't they? Their only hope now is to hope for Allied disunity. They have not even hope for it. To them it is there, only too obvious. And they continue to fight because the United Nations are giving them the only reason to continue to fight—the picture of a widespread political unpreparedness and disunity.—**Hans Jacob (WOV).**

What We Are Fighting For

By LT. GEN. BREHON SOMERVELL, United States Army, Comanding General Army Service Forces.

Condensed from a broadcast over Columbia Broadcasting System.


LT. GEN. BREHON SOMERVELL

THIS is the moment to inventory our successes and our failures, to look backward and look forward, to re-examine our methods, and to ask ourselves pertinent questions.

How have we done?

How do we stand?

What does the future hold?

What can each of us do and what can each individual American do to hasten peace and assure victory? Is the purpose for which we are spending so much time and treasure and suffering worth all the effort and the agony?

Let us take up these questions, one by one.

How have we done? We have come a long way. I am proud of the men and women in Army Service Forces, our soldiers and our civilians here, and the troops we have sent overseas. I am grateful to American industry and to American workers, to transportation and to agriculture, for their share in the arming of the Nation. Without united effort, military and civilian, the old cry of "too little and too late" would still be ringing in our ears. Thanks to you, and to all those men and women who have joined us in our task, nearly everywhere today the story is "enough on time."

The clerk must realize that those aren't just papers she is shuffling, that each paper repre-

sents a gun in a soldier's hands.

So far we have done well, but not well enough to relax for a single minute.

We have armed the largest army in our history with the world's best weapons. We have helped arm our allies.

We have housed and clothed and fed the Army well.

Our health rate is higher than the rates in civil life.

Our amphibious trucks, bazookas, rockets, signal equipment have changed the complexion of modern war.

We have shipped many million tons of equipment and millions of men overseas.

Today we set our sights on future targets. We must set them accurately. In order to find the range, we must measure carefully what it will require of effort, of suffering, of labor, of planning, of sacrifice, of unity.

We dare not lose our sense of urgency, dare not forget that each of us is a cog in a vast machine and that individual failure may lead to failure at some vital point far up the line. The soldier here at home, the shop worker, and the clerk can save American lives or by a thoughtless action bring death to our fighting men. The decision is ours on whether the war will be short or long.

How long it takes, how much it costs, is the individual concern of each of us. That little extra effort we all can give is vital. Each time we pause, each time we lay down our weapons or our tools, we help the enemy. No individual cause dare stand in the way of quick and final victory. Only through unity of action and mutual determination will we win.

Let us not be deluded by the happy thought that the war is won. Bitter fighting lies ahead. We have only dented the rim of Hitler's fortress and touched the outskirts of Tojo's empire. We haven't licked them yet. We dare not slacken our efforts. Rather we must redouble them. Victory is never cheaply bought.

Even victory is only a means to an end. What is that end? What are we fighting for? Why do we bury our sons and brothers in lonely graves far from home? For post-war wages or post-war profits? For bigger and better business? For softer comforts, new ice boxes, radios, cars? You know the answer. Our men are dying to preserve a way of life. The little luxuries are only byproducts. We are fighting for liberty, the most expensive luxury known to man.

We fight for simple things; for the little things that are all-important. We fight for the right to lock our house doors and be sure that no bully with official sanction will break the lock.

We fight for town meetings, for the soap-box in the public square, for the high-school debating team, for open doors to cathedral and church and synagogue.

We fight for schools built on a foundation of books, not bayonets.

We fight for the country editor and for the metropolitan daily and for the editor's right to say the wrong thing if he thinks it's right.

We fight for the right to organize for any decent purpose; for labor; for employers; for the Grange and the Legion and the ladies' literary club, and for lodge

meetings in full regalia on Tuesday nights.

We fight for our candidate for sheriff and for the other fellow's candidate; and for the right to be sorry we elected him and to say so.

We fight for free radio, for the right to listen to what we want and to turn off what we don't want.

We fight for the right to work at jobs of our own choosing; to read the books we want to read; to listen to music that pleases us, without regard to the race or nationality of the composer.

We fight for the high privilege of throwing pop bottles at the umpire.

For these things we fight.

These rights, these privileges, these traditions are precious enough to fight for, precious enough to die for. They are not easily won. They cannot be acquired by half measures or on half time. Dollars will not buy them. They cannot be attained without sacrifice.

Let me remind you that Tom Paine's words are as true now as they were that snowy night beside the Delaware. Paine wrote them on a drumhead with a stub of pencil. Let us write them in our hearts indelibly.

I quote: "These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country; but he that stands it now deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph."

Thus spoke Tom Paine. His words will give us consolation in our sorrow, strength to combat our weariness, courage to face each new, hard day till peace comes back to the world.

To my troops, to the generals and the captains, the sergeants and the privates, and to all our civilian workers I say, "Well done." In the year ahead we will strive for greater accomplishment. We can't win the war on the assembly line or the supply line, but we can lose it there. The men who will win this war are the fighting men, in the air and in the mud. These are the men we serve. They will triumph in the end. It is our sacred duty and our high privilege to serve them. No matter what we give, no matter how we labor, we cannot approach their sacrifice. Their valor is a blazing torch to light our way.

V...—

Bill Goodwin, emcee for C.B.S.'s "Burns and Allen Show," greeted the sad-voiced postman, "As the man said when his ration board cut down his gas ration, 'Long time no C.'"

JESTS WHISPERED IN PRAGUE

HANNIBAL—Caesar and Napoleon are looking down from Heaven on the cause of the war:

HANNIBAL—Ah: If I'd only had tanks then—where would Rome be now?

CAESAR—And if I'd only had those American Liberators.

NAPOLEON—And if I'd only had Goebbels—the world still wouldn't know that I had lost the world.—Czechoslovak Broadcast Over B.B.C.

MY HOUSE OF GLASS

"I hope I've done the right thing," my friend Jack Collins said to me just a few minutes ago. "This being a trustee is something new to me." You see, Jack is now trustee for his little niece whose parents died. He's very much perturbed about the responsibility of selling his brother's business or running it for the profit of the little girl. But, Jack like most of us had to wait until he was named by law, trustee of something or other, in order to feel the full responsibility of being a trustee. As a matter of fact, we're all trustees from the time we're on our own. We all have the full responsibility of being a trustee even if we haven't the legal title.

Everything we have on earth is only loaned us in trust during our life to use as best we can. We like to think vainly that what we own is ours. It's natural that we should be proud of what we possess. And, of course, in a democracy we have the right to designate those who are to be the next to hold the trust of our property once we've disappeared—but with that right, goes the right to pay back the taxes for the transfer.

But we never think of what is going to happen to those cherished possessions even in beloved hands, as the wheels of time turn a little farther.

Yet, what a difference there is when we say "my car," "my house" or "my ring." It makes a change from the time we spoke of the car we've borrowed, the ring a friend has loaned us or the house we've rented.

That doesn't change the hand-writing on the wall. We may live in a house for 9 years and never think of it as ours and we can just as easily buy a house, enjoy all the pride of possession and not be permitted to live in it for 9 months.

Every object, every possession, everything we cherish on earth, is given us in trusteeship, to use in the way God would have us use it—thinking always of others. We're all tenants with a lease which is going to end some day. We're all simply given the privilege of enjoying for a limited time that which we possess. We're all trustees every day of our lives.—**R. E.**

OUR INDIANS

Our own Indians in the United States were a dying race only 15 years ago. Now they are the fastest growing population group native to our country. Their death rate has fallen from 28 a thousand a year to 13 a thousand a year. And these Indians in these very years—now are furnishing to the whole world a proof that democracy when profundly realized—local democracy when profundly realized—is the most productive and the most disciplinary of all the possible ways of life.

These Indians rushed into our armed forces at the very start of World War Two. They volunteered in higher proportion than any other racial group in our country. They are fighting, in every branch of the services and on every land and sea front, to crush the sort of tyranny whose horror they know from their own four centuries of agony—now ended, and to save that democracy which is their very own way of life—their ancient way of life, now theirs once more.

John Collier—Lands of the Free. N.B.C.

For the first time anywhere the inside story of the assassination of Heydrich, the hangman, is told by Harold Kirkpatrick of California, the only eyewitness to the deed that caused the wholesale murder of the village of Lidice.

I Saw Heydrich Killed

By RICHARD KIRKPATRICK

Condensed from March of Time over National Broadcasting Co.

IN 1942 I was living in Prague and, though we were at war with Germany, I had not yet been interned. But I had to pay a weekly visit to the Gestapo to have my enemy alien card stamped. Other than that I was left to my own devices. I earned my living by teaching English to some prominent Czechs in the city. At two o'clock on Wednesday, April twenty-seventh, 1942, I had just finished giving a lesson in the suburb of Kobylisy. While I was waiting at a tram stop in the middle of Na Rokosce Street, I noticed two men leaning idly against a fence a little distance away. They both wore trench coats and one carried a briefcase. Suddenly I heard the hum of an automobile. It came into sight. A long black official Nazi touring car, its top down, its SS pennants waving in front. The car slowed down to negotiate the sharp turn, and I saw there were two men in the front seat and two in the rear. Just then the two men in trench coats came to life. One leaped in front of the car. It came to a dead stop. The other—the man with the briefcase—leaped behind the car. His hand flashed into the case and out again. There was a terrific explosion, the car seemed to leap from the ground. The rear part dissolved into debris. The man in front was aiming his revolver at the men in the front seat. He leaned far over the motor, fired twice and then he turned swiftly and ran.


HEYDRICH

From the front seat of the automobile a figure in uniform now rose up and vaulted to the street. He pulled a revolver and fired after the running man. Now they were racing toward me. Then I saw the man with the briefcase move away from the car. He threw the case to the ground, ran to the fence and in a moment reappeared with a bicycle. Running at breakneck speed, he jumped on and vanished down the hill. All this

could not have taken more than five seconds. The two men running toward me were about fifty yards away. I was rooted to the spot. The man in the trench coat wheeled to fire at his pursuer. Then he turned and ducked into an alleyway. The SS man followed him. Seconds later, I heard another exchange of shots, and then silence. In the car, nothing moved. A figure slumped over the driver's wheel. I thought I could make out a hand hanging limply over the side. Now, as if from nowhere, men appeared, running to the wrecked car. At that moment my tram came around the turn, and I boarded it. The conductor, motorman and passengers were chattering excitedly, but the tram continued. Curiosity was not healthy in Prague.

Not until an hour later did I learn that the Nazi official who had been attacked was Reinhard Heydrich, the most hated man in the country. All that day the city was in an uproar and I stayed in my room. Then I suddenly realized that this was the day I was to have had my police card stamped by the Gestapo and in the excitement I had forgotten to do it. I was horror-struck. The following week when I had to appear before them they would certainly question me about it, and if they became suspicious—if they thought I might have seen the attack—I was done for.

From my windows that night I watched the military patrols in the streets. Then I became aware of the slow, steady beat of hobnailed boots on the cobblestones. Red flickering shadows played on the walls of the buildings and into view came thousands of marching boys of the Hitler Youth Organization, carrying hundreds of flaming torches. Usually the Hitler Youth boys SG and blow trumpets. But that night they marched in a weird silence. The next morning Heydrich was still alive. Rumors about his assailants continued to multiply, but no one was caught. The next Wednesday approached when I would have to go to the police. The terror was mounting. Many innocent people were shot, eighteen hundred in Prague alone. If the Nazis noticed the blank space on my card and became suspicious, I would certainly be shot without trial. But when I got there I found the officials nervous and impatient. Holding my breath, I placed my thumb over the telltale blank space. It was not noticed, and I left with a sigh of relief. The next day, June fourth, eight days after the attack, Heydrich died. In my subsequent visits to the Gesttapo I continued to hold my thumb over the blank space on my card and by some miracle they never noticed it. Later I was interned, and left Germany for the United States with my secret still safe. It is my opinion that the assassination of Heydrich was an inside job, because of two unusual facts: He did not have his usual escort of two additional cars containing armed men, and he was being driven on a very indirect route to the city. Those two men in trench coats obviously knew he was coming. I believe Heydrich was murdered by members of his own organization, the Nazi Secret State Police!

V . . . —

JIMMY DURANTE (CBS) — "Last night I was home pouring water on my smoking jacket."

News and Views of the Capital

By LEON HENDERSON

Condensed from a broadcast over the Blue Network (O'Sullivan).

THERE were important signs on many fronts that America is beginning to think about post-war. Individuals are already worrying about their jobs and their security in the world of tomorrow. And some organizations did some worrying out loud. The Colmer Committee, which is the post-war committee in the House, heard several witnesses forecast the possibility of disastrous unemployment unless firm steps are taken soon.

Justice Byrnes, who is the top man in President Roosevelt's set-up on post-war planning, came out against the proposal of dismissal pay for workers discharged because of cancellation of war contracts. He recommended expending the state unemployment benefits because, as he rightly pointed out, the dismissal wage would be paid only to those employed directly on war contracts and would discriminate against others just as deserving.

Don Nelson took another step towards policy making in the reconversion period from war to peace. He created a committee to advise him and its members were drawn from the widest range in the community that any such advisory group has ever had. On the face of it this action of Nelson's might look like just another committee. But it seems to me to indicate that Don Nelson has taken firm grip on the reconversion pro-

LEON HENDERSON

gram himself, which will not suit some high placed officials who have been hoping he would quit. The Nelson move means that he has not accepted fully the recommendation of the Baruch-Hancock report to give greater power to industry committees. Nelson will use the industry committees, not like NRA code authorities, but subject to policies he adopts on recommendation of the new committee in which industry does not have the dominant part. This was probably the reason that Robert Gaylord, President of the National Association of Manufacturers, declined Nelson's invitation to join the committee. Gaylord has ideas of his own on how industry should be reconverted to peace. Gaylord believes that pri-

vate enterprise can take care of post-war employment if business is relatively free from government. In his present position as head of the N.A.M. he is a spokesman for free enterprise.

The truth is that we are not far along in this country with our post-war planning. It is pretty difficult in this period of acute manpower shortage to think of plans for handling wide unemployment. But the basic difficulty is not just the psychology of the moment. It is the wide difference in opinion as to the place and responsibility of government.

There are three main phases of post-war activity. The first is the disentangling of government contracts from American business so that industry is in a healthy position to go forward promptly with production of civilian goods. Another important phase occurs in the turn-around period when there could be terrific unemployment. You would think that if such unemployment were even a remote possibility, then all society would agree on substantial measures to provide alternative jobs or better unemployment insurance. But so far there has been nothing but talk and not very good talk at that. You would suppose plans would be made for such things as a large volume of foreign trade, lower taxes, a big public works program, or for unemployment insurance. Well, I can tell you that if it is possible that America may have twelve to fifteen million unemployed after the war, as witnesses were testifying before Congressional committees this week, then there is nothing programmed as yet to help take care of such a potential disaster.

V . . . —

As I view it, Congress will pass only a minimum of the most necessary legislation in the balance of the calendar year. It just isn't in the cards otherwise. Not just for narrow campaign reasons either, but because there are substantial differences of opinion on most post-war matters, so substantial that they can cause a stalemate. Take the matter of termination of war contracts, which I indicated earlier has not been disposed of yet. Senator George's, Senator Murray's, Senator Truman's committees have varying ideas on how this necessary work should be handled. All agree that it should be handled speedily, but there agreement seems to stop. One big question for decision now is whether the termination bill should include provisions for unemployment benefits for those thrown out of jobs when war contracts cease. Another question is whether the government should make settlements directly with subcontractors. A third question is whether the Comptroller - General should have authority to review war contracts except for fraud. These are only a few of the most apparent disputes. Another set of tough disputes arises when disposal of government surpluses is discussed. For them the conflicting ideas of what free enterprise and surpluses are, are set in motion. A big part of industry's future is tied directly into the choice of decision here. In a free enterprise, completely competitive economy, these surpluses would be sold to the high-

est bidder. Neither the A. F. of L. nor the N.A.M. advocate this. Secretary Ickes has proposed that the ownership of the surplus plants be given to the war veterans. This is a novel suggestion, but would occasion no more disturbance than some other ideas about surplus disposal which occupy the attention of the legislators. If it's decided to run the synthetic rubber plants after the war, then there's the tariff question right on our doorstep, which is a restriction on free enterprise. If we decide to keep a large merchant marine

SEN. JAS. E. MURRAY

in operation, then almost every item of English co-operation pops up again.

The future of small business in America is linked with free enterprise. Very soon Senator Murray will introduce a sensational bill which he expects could be the chart by which small business navigates through the reconversion period. It would remake the Smaller War Plants Corporation and grant sweeping powers to contract, sub-contract, make loans, buy surplus property, publish an information journal, take out patents and help war veterans get set up in business. The whole framework of the bill is designed to tip the balance of power in favor of free enterprise for small business, in order that it might fight monopoly more successfully It's aggressively in favor of the little fellow.

V...—

I suspect Henry Wallace is going to China, and to Russia also, to develop possibilities of quick large foreign trade. I suspect Willkie will have friendly talks with Dean Alfange and the New York liberals who are forming a new party. I suspect Dewey's enemies will try to embarrass him by publicizing his telegram to the President on the War Ballot Bill. I hear Secretary Hull talked so bluntly to Secretary Mongenthau about news leaks that Henry did not answer Cordell for two days. I suspect Charlie Wilson will resign from W.P.B. in the near future.

V...—

Wendell Willkie's dramatic withdrawal was one of the political sensations of our time. It will probably take its place along side the Coolidge announcement of "I do not choose to run" because it is something unique in professional politics. The reasons assigned for the complete failure to capture any Wisconsin delegates are many. Some say it was a bad choice of a testing ground by Ralph Cake, the Willkie campaign manager. Some say it was a repudiation of Willkie as a Republican because he spent a large part of his time

in Wisconsin warning his own party. Some even profess to see in it a swing away from participation in the war, which I do not.

One thing is sure. Politics will be less alive because of Willkie's withdrawal. In recent months Willkie has made great advances as a leader. Plenty of this derived from converts he made in private group conversations. I have heard many reports of such meetings with hitherto suspicious labor leaders, businessmen, journalists, liberals, and others who were captivated by Willkie's frankness and his hopes for the America of tomorrow. These converts are hard-hit.

V...—

Up to now it has been possible to foresee a continued swing to the right which would result in a Republican House and a continuance of the Democratic majority in the Senate. Otherwise the President might conceivably say that he does not wish to be a candidate. This possibility troubles the Northern Democratic senators who are up for re-election this year and need the Roosevelt coattails again, but it also bothers the anti-Roosevelt ones from the deep South who treasure their control over the committees of Congress.

V...—

The recent manpower crisis has followed a curious path.

The military services claim that repeatedly they called McNutt's attention to their needs and had not gotten full quotas of men, so without notice to McNutt or Don Nelson, General Marshall went to the President sometime ago and said "we need a few more men" and asked the President to sign an innocent-looking paper. This, in effect, cancelled all deferments for men between eighteen and twenty-six, without discussion. General Hershey was all ready to telegraph state directors of Selective Service when Nelson and McNutt got wind of it and went to the President. The President suggested a meeting at which Secretary of the Navy Knox presided. It is understood that Marshall said he could not meet commitments to the Russians without the new order but under pressure from Nelson he agreed to deferment of young technical men. Then Nelson and McNutt found out that the Army and Navy had a plan all set up whereby one of their boards would pass on deferments. This was an out-and-out attempt by the military to supersede McNutt and would have violated the executive order creating the War Manpower Commission. It was similar in effect to some moves by the military services a few months ago to take over control of reconversion of industry

V...—

The manpower strain will not be over for months and if the war with Germany is prolonged, new legislation to direct workers into more essential jobs will certainly pass. It could be averted by a modest number of deferments if the people realized the seriousness and met their responsibilities. Labor turnover in war industries is six percent each month, and absenteeism is six percent each month. This is lost production—precious production. Again, a million-and-a-half women have left employment. If these could be encouraged to take up essential jobs the pressure would be eased, and conscription of workers avoided.

I Was a Jap Prisoner

By DR. FRANK E. WHITACRE

THE treatment by the Japanese of the 3,900 internees, about 80 per cent of whom were Americans, in a concentration camp at Manila was characterized chiefly by indifference, with close confinement and the lack of adequate food, medical and drug supplies a constantly increasing menace. Although the death rate in the camp was probably not excessive during the first twenty-two months, it must be expected to increase unless more drugs and nutritious foods are made immediately available.

During the first few weeks of internment in a Japanese concentration camp at Manila, Philippines, a group of 3,900 internees (about 80 per cent Americans), with courageous spirit and without help from the Japanese, organized themselves into a smooth running community, of which the hospital formed an important part. A few hours after Pearl Harbor the Japanese were attacking the Philippines in force. A few civilian physicians assisted in the Sternberg military base hospital until the hospital was closed at the time of the retreat to Bataan. Most of our seriously wounded men from the bombings at Clark, Nichols and Nielson airfields, and also from the Cavite naval yard, were transferred the latter part of December to Australia on a hospital ship. The fall of Manila was imminent, and we remained at our hotel until the Japanese army entered the city on Jan. 2, 1942.

The Camp At Santo Tomas

On January 5 we were taken in trucks and busses to Santo Tomas internment camp. Santo Tomas is the oldest university under American protection and consists of some 50 acres and thirteen buildings. About two thirds of the acreage and most of the buildings were turned over to us by the Dominican Fathers. This gave each person only about 30 square feet of floor space. The Japanese did not furnish beds, bedding or cots but allowed us to obtain a few necessities wherever we could. The American aptitude for organization was soon in evidence. The Japanese did not look after details of organization and management but permitted the internees to do that themselves. An executive committee was elected, with a chairman responsible to the Japanese commandant. Various committees were formed, including finance and supply, sanitation and hygiene, order and safety, con-

Condensed from the Journal of the American Medical Association.

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Condensed from the Journal of the American Medical Association.

struction, work assignment, kitchens, medical attention, education, religion, recreation and entertainment, and in fact committees to cover all of the main functions required in the operation of a community of this size.

Supplies From The Red Cross

For the first few months our food and supplies came from Red Cross organizations. On July 1, 1942 the Japanese government for the first time began to supply funds for the support of the camp: 70 centavos (35 cents) a day per person. Later this was increased to 1 peso (50 cents), which had to take care of everything for the support of the camp; electricity, water and all supplies, including food. There were three kitchens, which were operated by the internees in a clean and efficient way. Two meals were served "on the line" daily, consisting of rice, green vegetables, a small amount of meat twice a week and occasionally fruit. Although fruit is abundant in the Philippines, the lack of transportation reduces the available supply. Persons with sufficient funds were permitted to have food sent in to them, usually one cooked meal a day, and this "package line" served about 1,000 persons. In twenty-two months we each received two Red Cross gift packages, from Johannesburg, South Africa, and Toronto, Canada, respectively. The average diet provided only approximately 1,800 calories a day [average American intake is 3,000 calories], containing about 50 Gm. of protein and around 30 Gm. of fat; no more than half of the latter was obtained from animal sources. It is not surprising, therefore, that a loss of weight of from 30 to 50 pounds was common, and that borderline avitaminosis [diseases due to deficiency of vitamins] was prevalent.

Attitude of The Japanese

The treatment of the internees by the Japanese was characterized chiefly by indifference. The close confinement and the lack of adequate food were a constant menace. During the first several months of internment about 1,000 sick and elderly persons were allowed to leave the camp if they could show that they had a place to stay and could be self supporting. But in May 1943, coincident with Premier Tojo's visit to Manila to offer the Philippines independence, almost all of these persons were brought back into camp. It was a pitiful sight, as room after room in the buildings used for sleeping quarters literally had to be converted into an old persons' home. The camp was already overcrowded, owing to the gradual accumulation of small groups brought in from time to time from the provinces. This reinternment necessitated the moving of 800 young and middle aged, able bodied men to Los Banos, 40 miles distant.

The Camp Hospital

Medical attention was efficient, as far as this was possible. After one or two rooms had been used for the first few days, a small hospital of 80 beds was set up in a one story frame building which had been the metallurgy department of the university. This hospital was well defined into two women's wards and two men's wards, an outpatient department

consisting of a waiting room, treatment room and facilities for minor surgery, and an adequate dental department. Perhaps it would be better not to mention any names at all in this brief report, but it seems only fair to mention two: Dr. Charles N. Leach of Burlington, Vt., a field director of the Rockefeller Foundation, was responsible for the organization and direction both of the hospital at Santo Tomas and of the hospital at Los Banos. Dr. Hugh L. Robinson of Auburndale, Mass., carried the load of individual medical attention. In August 1942 the hospital was moved to another building, which permitted better facilities and 120 beds. At present the physicians remaining with our people in the Philippines are doing the best they can with the supplies they have at hand.

The camp hospital was excellently staffed with nurses, at first from the internees, a few nurses from the Philippine Red Cross, and the Mary Knoll Sisters. A few months later eleven Navy and sixty Army nurses accepted this responsibility and continue to provide the best of nursing care.

Help From The Filipinos

We appreciated the brave and dependable Filipino people. Aside from invaluable assistance, both individually and collectively, to the internees, the officials of the Philippine General Hospital made available one 50 bed ward for men, which was always filled to capacity, and one 12 bed ward for women. In many instances the vaguest promise to pay sometime was sufficient during this emergency. Also complete medical, surgical, laboratory and roentgen ray facilities were provided whenever necessary.

Epidemics

Among the medical conditions seen in the camp, the first to reach epidemic proportions was enteritis [inflammation of the intestine] in the early spring of 1942. This was shortly followed by amebic dysentery. In July an arrogant and officious major of the Japanese military medical service in-

JAP EXERCISE FOR PRISONERS

vestigated the camp and was very unkind to the director of our hospital, who was in no way to blame for the wave of enteric conditions affecting the camp. Many typical cases of dengue fever, as well as influenza, were seen in the early months of internment. This was followed by an epidemic of about 150 cases of catarrhal jaundice. Also malaria was present among people brought in from the provinces, but there was no malaria which could be traced to the Manila area. About 12 patients with anterior poliomyelitis were seen, and shortly thereafter approximately the same number were afflicted with herpes zoster [shingles]. Venereal diseases were prevalent only during the first few months, at which time 50 patients with syphilis were treated. Some 20 patients with active pulmonary tuberculosis were segregated from the sleeping rooms. A survey of the camp, involving two thousand fluoroscopic examinations, added to the protection of all persons. About 150 persons were grouped and catalogued as blood donors in order to be prepared should occasion for their need arise, and they have been very useful.

No epidemics have occurred among the 300-odd children, who are doing very well; milk supplies are reserved for them.

The vitamin deficiencies previously mentioned are chiefly due to a lack of vitamin B1, characterized by paresthesias [an abnormal sensation such as burning, prickling, etc.] and difficulty in focusing the eyes. Riboflavin [vitamin B2] deficiency was manifest by pigmentation around the nose and mouth, sore tongue and diarrhea. A few cases of pernicious anemia and sprue were seen; also many cases of diabetes and peptic ulcer. A considerable number of hernias were probably due to the fact that middle aged and older men who had done office work all their lives found it necessary to do heavy work on an inadequate diet. It seemed that hardening of the arteries and enlargement of the prostrate gland were at least as numerous as would be expected in a corresponding group living under normal conditions.

One should not fail to mention the mental retardation that accompanies confinement. Immediately following the bombings and in the early days of internment, occasional hysteria was seen, but after many months lethargy and mental deterioration affected a moderate number of persons.

Mortality

The number of deaths after twenty-two months is probably not much in excess of that found in a group of the same size in normal times. But it must be expected that the mortality rate will increase, for nutritional disturbances are growing and the drug and medical supplies situation is deplorable. There are no drugs for treating dysentery; the supply of insulin and liver extract is almost exhausted; there are practically no sulfonamide drugs, narcotics, anesthetics or glucose. It is to be hoped that out of the vast supplies sent to the Far East a fair portion of the vitally needed drugs and nutritious foods will be made available to our people in the Philippines to improve their gloomy situation.

New Star

Lovely Barbara Luddy, who got into radio by playing opposite Paul Muni, William Powell and Leslie Howard, is the new star of NBC's "Road of Life" serial.

FROM ODESSA TO WARSAW

By
RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Condensed from a broadcast over the Blue Network.

IN THE workers' residential section of Odessa is an abandoned quarry adjoining a bombed house. And about 200 yards from it is a worker's home. Some day this home will be historic. For from its kitchen a ladder leads down a kind of well, and gives entry to the catacombs of Odessa. Out in the quarry there are other small and half-hidden entrances to the catacombs, through which a man or woman could pass if crouching low. But the entrance through the workman's kitchen was a secret one, and remained a secret until two days before the Germans evacuated Odessa. One could use this entrance if he knew the password: "I am a friend of Harry." The Axis garrison of Odessa knew about the catacombs, knew, too, about the entrances in the quarry. They stationed guards there in the daytime, but so many guards were killed at night they gave up trying to maintain night sentries.

During the Axis occupation, the catacombs of Odessa were themselves a besieged city beneath an occupied city. For the two and a half years the men and women of the catacombs held out. And then, in the days when Odessa's liberation loomed up as a possibility, the small band of refugees was organized into a Partisan guerrilla army to write one of the most romantic chapters of the war.

The catacombs of Odessa have a history that goes back 150 years, when Catherine the Great ordered the city to be built on the site of an old Russian trading post. Limestone was quarried out of the ground below the site, to erect the regal city. The quarrying left sizeable chambers below the city and also innumerable passages. Later, smugglers extended the passage to join the center of the city with the waterfront. In the 1917 revolution, the catacombs were used

by the Bolsheviks. Later the Soviet government mined the passages to prevent their being infested by thieves and smugglers. In 1941 the catacombs became air raid shelters. Then, when the Germans and Roumanians closed in on Odessa in that year, the Russians hid weapons in the underground caves to be there for the eventual day of the uprising.

From the start of the Axis occupation, the catacombs came into use by small bands of guerrillas. But in January of this year, when the German retreat began, a real organization was put through. It was under the command of a chemical engineer, Major Anatole Loschenko, an angular, sandy-haired Ukrainian. His own story was told to correspondents who were taken into the subterranean city. "We collected money and started a store of food in the catacombs," he said. "We got a small

"Only an informed America can be an invincible America."

mill for flour, and a sausage maker. We set up a printing press and renovated the artesian wells inside the caves. We installed a radio, and even had connections with the Russian front. The print shop turned out pamphlets instructing the citizens about their dangers. When the Red Army started approaching Nikolaev, we went underground. By night we came out, and killed German patrols and the police. It was our work that prevented the Germans from blowing up the city. We cut the wires to the mines under the opera house, and to each of the piers, from number one to number

ODESSA, CITY OF SAILORS AND POETS

Before the war, Odessa's population of more than 600,000 lived in spacious modern apartment houses and dwellings. The sunny seaport was gay with flowers and greenery and the songs of its music-loving inhabitants.

thirty. For two weeks before the Germans left, we became the rulers of the city by night. Had it not been for us, the Germans would have blown up the water and sewer systems. We saved the telephone exchange by planting smoke bombs inside it so the Germans thought it already was burning, and did not put it to the torch."

One night these partisans touched off a bitter all-night battle between two German military police battalions, each believing the other to be a partisan force. During the day partisan women circulated through the city, and bought food, and still more important, arms. They could buy weapons from the Germans themselves on the open market, for the Germans were even greater speculators than the Roumanians. They sold their rifles for from twelve to forty dollars, pistols for sixty to eighty dollars, and tommy-guns with cartridges for a hundred dollars. A loaf of bread would pay for a grenade. The market place for weapons was quite out in the open, near the cathedral.

This story was told to the correspondents by Major Loschenko in the general partisan headquarters underground, which they reached by crouching along limestone passageways that broadened into a chamber 20 by 20 and 8 feet high. Here was the reception desk with a stone barricade, where all were stopped and their weapons taken from them. The Partisan GHQ was another block inside where Major Loschenko worked at a stone block desk. Adjoining was an ammunition works, where the flaming cocktails to attack enemy tanks were made from gasoline-filled bottles. Farther on was a prison chamber for Germans, Roumanians and Ukrainian traitors.

One of the prisoners had been a pretty woman who had sought admission to the catacombs as a Russian parachutist. She was admitted and then plied with liquor, and under its influence confessed that she had been sent by the Roumanian secret police. The Roumanians had imprisoned her and her mother, and promised them liberty if she would spy on the partisans.

Two days before the Axis gave up Odessa the Germans learned of the secret entrance in the workman's kitchen. They sent 200 soldiers to attack the district with rifle and machine-gun fire. The partisans came up out of the ground and gave battle. The Germans set fire to houses near the opening, but they never attempted to enter. For 10 days before the Red Army reached the city on April 10th, confusion reigned as innumerable German stragglers fled through. One band of 50 Slovaks with machine-guns, mortars and ammunition joined the partisans, along with some Frenchmen from Lorraine. The chapter reached its climax in the final two days when the partisans fought openly in the streets and killed at least 500 Germans and themselves suffered only 30 casualties.

Here is a film scenario with a happy ending. Another film scenario with different ending has come to light, the story of the revolt of the Warsaw ghetto, whose first anniversary falls today. This is a story of even greater heroism since it could end only in tragedy and defeat. The population of the

ghetto a year ago had already been reduced by massacre to 40,000. Arms for about three thousand of them had been smuggled in by the Polish underground. About 3,000 of the Jews had had military training. The Poles had obtained the arms by buying them from the Germans, just as in Odessa.

On April 19th the Jews were summoned to meet in the main square. They knew it meant either another massacre or that they were going into forced labor in German industries. They decided not to meet. That brought out the German police in force, and the Jews started to resist. It had not been so planned. The decision to fight back was spontaneous. The Jews lay with rifles, machine-guns and grenades on rooftops, in windows and on balconies. For one day, two days, three days, they fought back every German attack. They killed and wounded 200 Germans. Finally the Germans had to call out their crack Elite Guard. They shelled the ghetto. They came up with armored cars, tanks and flame throwers. Some of these were knocked out with "flying cocktails." The battle raged for nine days before the Germans could even break into the ghetto, and it took them till June to clean it out. The greater number of the Jews were killed, some were taken into servitude, some fewer escaped.

It is estimated that five to six hundred thousand Jews are still living in Poland, of the three and a half million who lived there before the war. Thousands of them are living in the woods or are being hidden by Polish friends or are fighting with the Partisans. The Germans now running Hungary have given orders to establish a ghetto there. Some Jews of the eight or nine hundred thousand in Roumania now have a last chance to escape. The most energetic efforts are being made to aid these Jews to reach safety,

The Odessa State Theater of Opera and Ballet witnessed the rise of many of the Soviet Union's most talented artists. The routed Germans and Romanians mined the building, but Red Army troops arrived in time to save it.

and the American War Refugee Board has done substantial service in this respect.

The question of safe asylum now confronts the Allies. Under present British regulations, fewer than 30,000 can be admitted into Palestine. A proposal is under discussion for the United States to make a generous gesture which will stimulate similar generosity by other countries. It is to bring some of these refugees into the United States, not as immigrants, but as fugitives from Hitlerism. Here they could be accommodated in camps, given shelter, food, medical care and, above all, security. Their stay in this country would not need to last longer than the war, and the time it takes after the war to organize their resettlement in regions where they belong or where their services are desired. If the United States takes the lead, it will be in a strategic position to ask the British to relax the quota regulations in Palestine, and to invite other governments to participate in dealing with the problem.

Nope, the danged thing won't work and another of the great inventions of "Lorenzo Jones" is evidently going down the drain. "Lorenzo," ever-hopeful inventor, is played by Karl Swenson (center). His fellow-workers in the smalltown garage are "Joe Peterson" (Bill Grey, left) and "Chester Van Dyne" (Louis Hector, right).

For thirty-eight years Admiral Sherman has served in the United States Navy. Served aboard destroyers, submarines, battleships, aircraft carriers, including eighteen months of action in the Pacific.

The Jap Fleet Is Tongue-tied

By REAR ADMIRAL FREDERICK C. SHERMAN

Condensed from a broadcast of We the People over the Columbia Broadcasting System (Gulf Oil).

REAR ADMIRAL F. C. SHERMAN

BY ACTUAL count, since the beginning of the war—I have taken part in 27 actions. Our task force has met and beaten the Japanese at the Coral Sea, Gilberts, the Marshalls, Rabaul and Truk.

In the early stages of the war, the Jap carriers struck with audacity and skill, because they had the personnel to execute their plans. But their pilot losses have been so severe, they have very few first-line carrier pilots to send against us, and their training program is obviously bogging down. I remember one particular instance, when we sighted eight Zeros and one twin-engined bomber flying in tight formation. We sent up eight of our planes, and soon, over the plane's radio we heard the flight commander say "Splash one—splash two—oh, heck splash 'em all." About the only explanation we could muster for the odd sight of eight combat planes flying with one bomber, was that the fighter pilots didn't know enough navigation, so the bomber was sent along as a sort of sheep-dog.

The last eight times the Jap attacked my task forces, they attacked at night. They will not strike during the day any more, and during these night attacks, we did not sustain any damage to our ships. It is also the lessen-

ing of Jap pilot strength that has enabled our task forces to strike at will in the central and southern Pacific. They are no longer able to intercept us. Of course there was one exception and that was at Saipan. Jap patrol planes spotted us a day in advance and they were able to send a strong dive bomber force against us. Well, as an old friend of mine used to say, "You can't fill an inside straight all the time."

In the early stages, our pilots were well-trained, but there were so few of them. Consequently, we had to hoard our strength. But no well-trained men are pouring into the battle area. My own carrier planes destroyed about 250 Jap planes in the air and on the ground. In fact, the figures show that they are shooting down the Jap at a ratio of 10 to 1. But the Jap is so fanatic he's willing to pay a high price to get that one American.

The Good Lord knows we've given the Jananese fleet ample opportunity to speak its little piece. But it seems to be a little tongue-tied. We're not worried about the Jap fleet. It's a good one—we know. But if they won't come out and fight, we'll fight them in their harbors. In the early days of the war, I skippered the old Lexington. She was a grand ship, and it was a bitter pill to see her go down. But we've more than made up for her loss, by sinking a great number of Japanese warships—exactly how many I cannot tell you now.

We're on the move. Remember—the quicker you people back here make the planes and ships we need—the sooner we'll be able to rejoin our families and live in peace once more.

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN IN THIS WAR

At a recent CBS "We, the People" broadcast, Lt. King told emcee Milo Boulton of the day he arrived at Fort Benning, Georgia. A soldier, spotting the uniform asked another: "What's the Navy doing here — lost?" "Naw," piped his companion, "the Navy's got too many officers. We're gonna train 'em; give 'em parachutes and drop 'em out of submarines!"

V . . . —

A HEP JOE

An 18-year-old, fresh in uniform tackled a question on Bob Hawk's CBS "Thanks to the Yanks" program the other night an dwon. He was asked where he wanted the 2,000 cigarettes sent. "To my superior officer," replied the rookie. "A general in the making," retorted Hawk.

V . . . —

When Kaye Carole, U.S.O. ventriloquist, and her dummy "Tommy" visited C.B.S.'s "We, the People," Tommy mentioned the "de luxe" dinners served at Army camps. Questioned further, Tommy explained, "If you don't like 'da looks,' don't eat it!"

Naples, The Italian Cairo

By ERIC SEVAREID

Condensed from a broadcast over Columbia Broadcasting System.

THE city of Naples, with the warm sea in front and spring flowers behind, is showing signs of becoming the Cairo of the Italian campaign. It hasn't all the luxuries of Cairo, but it is acquiring the same state of mind.

With comparative inactivity on the Italian fronts, many changes are coming over the city. The soldiers are receiving cherished invitations to villas; new dining and dancing clubs are opening up, each more exclusive than the last; merchants are bringing out hidden hoards of liquor, and private cocktail parties go on all over the place.

With the top down, and a cushion on the seat," says Sevareid, "the Jeep becomes a passable roadster—and the better dressed girls are beginning to come out of hiding.

Sauve, tail-coated waiters who served the Fascists and the Germans, are just as suave and elegant now for us."

Orchestras are rapidly put together for the benefit of the Americans who come into town, he states, and parties are now being arranged days in advance. Staff officers find they can even keep regular hours.

More soldiers are being allowed in town," "and special officers have begun checking to see that these men, who were recently fighting, have their neckties in order."

Front Line Feature

On an Anzio beachhead a Chaplain and his detail were digging graves for those who had recently fallen in battle. Soon Nazi planes droned overhead and dropped their bomb load.

"When the attack was over," reported Mutual correspondent Seymour Korman on a recent "Front Line Features" (Mondays through Fridays, 10 a.m., E.W.T.), "the Chaplain crawled out of his foxhole. His detail was nowhere in sight. After a quick search he found the men in the graves they had dug.

"Glad to see them alive, he asked: 'Aren't you superstitious about using a grave for protection?'

"'We'd rather be in a grave temporarily than permanently,' was their quick reply."

Lily Pons, petite coloratura soprano of the Metropolitan Opera, who was heard over the BLUE Network recently, appears as guest soloist with the Boston Symphony, in joint recital with her distinguished husband, Andre Kostelanetz.

Don't Be Emotionally Drunk

By
DR. J. LOWERY FENDRICH

Condensed from a broadcast over WINX


DR. J. LOWERY FENDRICH

WHEN I think about "Emotional Balance" I find myself wishing that I might know people at their best—that is, when they are emotionally poised and sane. We really get to know a man only when we see him emotionally "sober." Most of us are a good deal of the time emotionally drunk.

Now that is not altogether bad. It is perfectly human, and one of the natural hazards of being alive. It has its good aspects as well as bad. We become emotionally "lifted" we say, at times. Certain people and actions inspire thoughts and emotions, ennoble us and elevate us.

Then there are other times when we are emotionally very much depressed. That is when our thoughts, our emotions, are taking a negative turn. Emotion, unless it is carefully and wisely handled, gives to the life of the individual a strong flavor of intoxication or instability. Our best judgment, our highest ability to think carefully, are disturbed when we are working or living under the spell of negative emotion.

Emotion properly conceived and normally released in the human body is wholesome and good. But if we carry these emotional zests too far in either of the directions I have mentioned, the result is a definite unbalance. If we become too exalted we are at the end of the scale where intelligence falls out of balance and we are unable to think logically.

On the other hand (and here is where most of us err), we may become emotionally geared so that our emotions depress us. When our emotions are negative and retreating our lives run into all kinds of unfortunate and tragic tangles. It would be perfectly true to say that emotion plays the major part in our happiness and our sorrow. Emotion plays a large part in the success of every brilliant and effective man, and emotion plays a tragically large part in the failure of those who allow themselves to entertain depressing emotion.

As we consider the problem of emotion, I invite you, as always, to interpret our little discussion in terms of your own need. I am interested in you, your life, your happiness.

We are living in a world with

many complexities and problems, and we must so live as to get a maximum of pleasure and comfort and success out of these lives. If, therefore, we can discover points of weakness in our own mental and emotional makeup, certainly it is profitable to study them, shape them, and if necessary, overcome them. There are some secrets revealed in these discussions which if applied to our personal lives would result in a new vision, a new poise, and a new power for each one of us.

To begin with, remember this: Our emotions are the fruit of our mental reactions to certain stimuli which may come either from without or from within the mind itself. Emotions are not altogether easy to analyze, nor their source easy to trace. Although we do not know where they spring from, we may have a basic understanding of the problem out of which improvement in our condition may come.

Ordinarily the impulse that starts emotion comes through the senses. We must not forget while we talk of the mind and its significance, that we are bodies as well as Minds and Spirits. Now these bodies of ours play a tremendously important part in our mental processes. Particularly is it so in the case of emotional unbalance. The sense body may be, and often is, the vehicle through which harmful emotions are stimulated.

Our emotions are easily disturbed by impressions that come to the mind through the senses. For instance, we see something very beautiful—a lovely flower, a beautiful sunset. We are immediately aroused to a feeling of admiration. Perhaps we look upon a person who is near and dear to us and the emotion of love takes possession of us. Or, we see something tragic and harrowing, an accident, let us suppose, something that incites another train of feeling, perhaps pity or horror.

A sense of smell also plays its part. Odors arouse in us impressions and reactions that may be emotional, some pleasant, some disagreeable. The ears play an important part. Sounds such as the murmur of voices, the rhythm of music, play upon the emotions. All of these things do things to us emotionally.

In one sense we are very much like a finely tuned musical instrument, with keys ranging the length of a very marvelous key board of expression. Constantly we are being touched here and there, and unless we are wise and intelligent about the handling of our experiences, the music that is produced may be ugly and repressive. On the other hand, with some skill and thought devoted to the problem, our lives can be made to play a beautiful melody.

Our emotions are stimulated not only by outward influences but they are aroused also from within —that is, from the mind itself. The two major factors stimulating emotions from within are memory and imagination. These two faculties, memory and imagination, need to be very carefully controlled. As we live day by day it is possible, indeed almost inevitable, that we will set up in ourselves bad mental habits that make it increasingly easy to reproduce negative conditions unless the memory and imagination

are disciplined. We find ourselves often almost helpless in the grip of an unruly imagination. If given free play, a sick imagination can destroy us.

The same thing is true of memory. Memory is a deep reservoir which holds the record of our past, and in it there lies the concept of everything we have done or said and all that we are. We are never more foolish than when we dig down into that reservoir of memory and draw out for contemplation things that are ugly, defeating and depressing.

Let us see if we can apply this general idea to our own immediate needs. Most of us have need of emotional stability. We are too often unnerved. We are too frequently in the grip of fear and depression. Who has not found himself at times asking, "What is the use?" That of course is an emotional state. There is no intelligence in it. Cynicism is an emotional state, and we must learn to sternly deal with it in ourselves. Pessimism, fear, bitterness, all are emotional diseases and must be dealt with as such. Remember, we live altogether from our minds. Make no mistake about that. Every change in life, either up or down, is only a change of mind or consciousness. The child learns to walk, not because his legs are strong, but because his mind has mastered a new technique. The ability to walk is a development that has happened in his consciousness. The boy learns to ride a bicycle. He has not changed at all, except within his mind. He is a new man. He can do something now he could not do as the old man.

Here we are faced with the real key to living. We know if we would live well, we need only to learn to lift our consciousness. Here is a man depressed, troubled, defeated, blue, discouraged. He wants a new life. There is only one possible way for him to have it. He cannot have it at the hand of a magician who waves a wand over him. Something must happen on the inside of the man.

Consider, some ill thing happens to us, some harm, disappointment or disaster. Immediately we are affected, not necessarily first in our bodies, but in our consciousness. Thought is depressed. It begins to take the downward curve. Then the Great Law of Being, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," now reproduces at varying levels, ever becoming lower and lower conditions in our life.

Perhaps after awhile some encouragement comes to us. The curve turns upward and life becomes good again. It is not hard, is it, to see the danger of dark, negative emotions? If we allow them to prevail, if we entertain them, if we permit depression in the consciousness, there is a corresponding working out into the external world of that depression.

So we must guard our emotions through the channel of the mind. Even as you may reject the negative thoughts of ill health, so that you may preserve your health, so may you with assurance of happiness invite and entertain the positive emotions which without fail will fill your life with the good. Guard well your thoughts, for out of them come your joy or pain, your failure or your happiness.

ON YOUR DIAL

"There is neither a figure nor a philosophy to challenge the Prime Minister. His leadership was never in question; that is, his war leadership. But the events of the week have demonstrated that a coalition government will not work when it comes to the consideration of postwar problems, domestic or international. There was a time when Mr. Churchill could silence Parliament with a frown. That is still true—so far as the war is concerned. But it is not true where the decisions impinge upon purely domestic postwar matters."—**Edward R. Murrow (C.B.S.).**

V . . . —

"For the G.O.P. machine to paint a picture of Willkie and Dewey with their arms around each other will require a miracle of photography." — **Cecil Brown (MBS).**

V . . . —

"Nobody can carry the Roosevelt banner but Roosevelt himself, but even he can't hope to win unless a united party continues to play ball with him."—**Dr. Frank Kingdon (WMCA).**

V . . . —

Willkie will support F.D.R. for re-election provided F.D.R. cleans out the State Department and really puts his foreign policy to work.—**Drew Pearson (Blue).**

V . . . —

Willkie may be drafted as a candidate for Mayor of New York City next year on a liberal G.O.P. coalition ticket.—**Walter Winchell (Blue).**

V . . . —

"The second front requires an awful lot of second thought."—**John B. Kennedy (Blue).**

Churchill's pro-League statement, which may have been inspired by Eden, looks like an attempt to accommodate British policy to the kind of policy Churchill thinks most Americans prefer.—**Quincy Howe (C.B.S.).**

V . . . —

"Comedians will be asking our boys, 'So you served under Montgomery — Italy or Chicago?' "—**Walter Kiernan (Blue).**

V . . . —

"If Britain and the United States can agree on oil, they can agree on anything in the economic catalogue."—**Ray Henle (Blue).**

V . . . —

"Most of the American soldiers in Africa were a lot sorer at Japan than they were at Germany, in the beginning. However, the Nazis have managed to gain equal footing with the Japs in that respect. Our kids see the death and desolation Germans leave behind them when they evacuate a town. And, of course, American soldiers have seen a lot of good friends fall under German bullets."—**Hal Boyle, foreign correspondent on Report to the Nation (CBS).**

V . . . —

"It would not be wise and it would not be right to cut off all immigration as soon as the war is over. It is not too early now to raise the alarm, because even now in Congress there are several bills which would call for a ban on postwar immigration. It is the moral obligation of the United States to give refuge to some of the thousands of individuals who have lost their homes and who have become destitute because of Nazi persecution."—**Clifford Evans (WLIB).**

Women In the Chinese Army

By CHARLES WAN

Condensed from a broadcast over the Chungking Radio.

IN THE Tang Dynasty, a thousand years ago, a girl named Hwa Mu-lan disguised herself as a young man and joined the Chinese Army. She fought for 12 years against the invading Tartars and became a general.

There are no women generals in China's army today—at least not so far as anyone knows—but quite a few women have engaged in combat against the Japanese, especially with the guerrillas, and thousands more have served the army in other capacities.

For example, Miss Tang Kwei-lin of Hunan Province, before the Army accepted women, disguised herself, just as Hwa Mu-lan did and joined as a private. She concealed her sex for eight years until she was wounded in a grim engagement at Tungkuling to the north of Nanchang. At the base hospital the doctors found that she was a woman.

China has no formally organized women auxiliaries like those in the United States and England but a number of generals have agreed to accept women as volunteers and have formed groups of them into companies and battalions.

They wear the same clothes and get the same pay as men; a private gets the equivalent of approximately one American dollar a month. Most of them do non-combat work such as nursing.

Not a few, however, have seen actual fighting, especially with guerrilla and other irregular units, among these being the Dare-to-Die Corps organized by the women of Shanghai at the beginning of the war and the girl units of the Kwangsi Army who fought in the battles for Hsuchow and Kun-lunkwan—both Chinese victories.

Others have fought because they unexpectedly found themselves in the midst of fighting. Such a one was Miss Huang Chun-chu.

Miss Huang, college graduate and niece of a high official of Hunan Province, was doing publicity work for the Army near the Tiaheng Mountains when she found herself trapped in a Japanese encircling operation. She tried to sneak through the Japanese cordon and failed so she took to the mountains with a handful of men and women companions.

They set up a radio station and began reporting on Japanese troop movements. The Japs learned of what they were doing, peppered the mountains with bombs and sent troops to wipe out the group.

In a day's fighting Miss Huang's group killed many Japs but was overwhelmed by numbers and by midnight the leader was the only one left alive. She took refuge in a cave at the top of a cliff. The Japs managed to drop burning logs in the cave and Miss Huang, forced from its shelter by smoke and flames, leapt to her death down the precipice.

The women who have fought against the Japs range all the way from youthful, well educated and

well-to-do Miss Huang to illiterate old peasant women. Two thousand old women from Loyang in Honan Province enlisted together in the army during one campaign and gave useful service as litter bearers and in other occupations.

Two-Gun Sister Wang, a 40-year-old woman, short and stout, is the heroine of a hundred battles, large and small, against the Japs. She is a guerrilla leader in the mountains of Chekiang Province. In her most daring feat she killed the puppet police commissioner of Shaohing one night in his bedroom and made off with his head. Next morning the police found the head with those of six other puppet officials tied to the branches of a tree outside the city gate.

Because of her appearance it is easy for Two-Gun Sister Wang to collect information in Japanese strongholds. She merely picks up a basket of vegetables to peddle and walks into town with no other disguise, for she looks precisely as any one of the hundreds of peasant women who sell vegetables on market days.

The ease with which she can enter town helped her in setting a fire which cost the Japs a loss of ten million yen in Hungchenchiao, suburb of Hangchow.

Even Girl Guides of teen age, equivalent to the Girl Scouts of America, help the Chinese to fight. Of the nation's 80,000 Girl Guides, 3,000 are serving with armies. One of these, Miss Li I, was wounded on the Kiangsi front in 1939.

The Chinese women with the Army have no luxuries; they would regard the life of an American WAC as one of ease and comfort. They carry no handbags for they have no rouge, no lipstick, no powder, no fingernail polish, no perfume.

In the summer they usually go barefoot. Their summer uniforms, like those of male soldiers, consist of grass green cotton coats, blouses and shorts. When heat is severe they wear sun bonnets usually made of straw or bamboo.

In the winter they wear straw sandals, cotton quilted suits and overcoats, visored cloth caps also quilted with cotton, cotton stockings and leggings.

On the coat of each uniform, above the left upper pocket, is a rectangular piece of white cloth on which is written in water-resistant ink the wearer's name, rank and serial number. Military insignia of metal or heavy paper according to rank are sewn on the collar of the uniform. The work these women and girls do includes nursing, first aid, training of other women, recruiting women workers for factories and farms, teaching trades to crippled men, visiting service men's dependents, caring for and educating service men's children, especially those of men killed in action, writing letters for soldiers, hair cutting, washing clothes, delousing and minor medical treatment. Until the present war there was little aid for the wounded soldier in China. Much of what is being done now results from the efforts of the Wounded Soldiers Service Corps of the Women's Advisory Committee of the New Life Movement Promotion Association. The corps was founded in 1939 under the direction of Madame Chiang Kai-shek.

The Case of the Returned Flyers

By PHILLIPS H. LORD

Condensed from Counterspy (Mail Pouch Tobacco) on the Blue Network.

IN THE Tower suite of the exclusive Tuxedo Hotel, Albert Martin was reading the afternoon paper. His smartly groomed, attractive wife, Lois, had just returned from an errand. She hurried through the foyer to the drawing room.

"Is that you, Lois?" called out Albert.

"Yes, Albert," replied Lois from the drawing room, "Where are you?"

"In here," indicated Albert, "beside the fireplace."

"Oh, aren't we the comfyest people!" Lois cried out, effusively.

"I was beginning to wonder where you were," reproached Albert. "Took you quite a while, Lois."

"Was I gone that long, Albert?" queried Lois, apparently surprised.

"Er—what about the Dunbar girl?" asked Albert.

"Oh, she's ideal, dear," Lois informed him. "She's exactly what we need."

"Humm," mused Albert.

"She's clever, and daring — in a naive sort of way. With coaching — I'd see to that, naturally—she'd fit in anywhere," Lois told him.

"What's she like?" asked Albert.

'What? Oh-h-h — well, dear, Doris Dunbar is twenty-four — red hair—" enumerated Lois, "five-feet ten—pretty—you'll approve of her—figure—I'm sure."

"I see—" said Albert with a chuckle. "One of these pin-up girls, eh?"

"What, dear? O-o-h! Oh, yes. There've been three or four underworld scandals in which she's figured. Newspaper headlines—and all that sort of thing," Lois informed him.

"So far then, everything checks with our information," said Albert.

"Per-fect-ly, dear," agreed Lois.

"Hmmmm—I think we can manage her, all right. What about her boy friend? Joe Rossi?" asked Albert.

'Well, dear," replied Lois, "all the information I could gather substantiates his reputation. He's a gangster."

"Uhuh—so far he seems to be the only 'question mark' in our little scheme," Albert pointed out.

"A rather large 'question mark' I'd say," agreed Lois.

"He's a lone wolf, I gather," Albert informed Lois, "do anything for money."

'I believe so," Lois acquiesced.

"Hmmmmm" said Albert, slowly. "We could make him a proposition, Lois. Yes, that might be an idea, at that."

"Would it be wise, Albert?" questioned Lois.

"Why not?" replied Albert, thoughtfully, "every well-conceived plan should make allowances for accidents, my dear."

"Well—" began Lois.

"I wonder now—" interrupted

well-to-do Miss Huang to illiterate old peasant women. Two thousand old women from Loyang in Honan Province enlisted together in the army during one campaign and gave useful service as litter bearers and in other occupations.

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The Chinese women with the Army have no luxuries; they would regard the life of an American WAC as one of ease and comfort. They carry no handbags for they have no rouge, no lipstick, no powder, no fingernail polish, no perfume.

In the summer they usually go barefoot. Their summer uniforms, like those of male soldiers, consist of grass green cotton coats, blouses and shorts. When heat is severe they wear sun bonnets usually made of straw or bamboo.

In the winter they wear straw sandals, cotton quilted suits and overcoats, visored cloth caps also quilted with cotton, cotton stockings and leggings.

On the coat of each uniform, above the left upper pocket, is a rectangular piece of white cloth on which is written in water-resistant ink the wearer's name, rank and serial number. Military insignia of metal or heavy paper according to rank are sewn on the collar of the uniform. The work these women and girls do includes nursing, first aid, training of other women, recruiting women workers for factories and farms, teaching trades to crippled men, visiting service men's dependents, caring for and educating service men's children, especially those of men killed in action, writing letters for soldiers, hair cutting, washing clothes, delousing and minor medical treatment. Until the present war there was little aid for the wounded soldier in China. Much of what is being done now results from the efforts of the Wounded Soldiers Service Corps of the Women's Advisory Committee of the New Life Movement Promotion Association. The corps was founded in 1939 under the direction of Madame Chiang Kai-shek.

The Case of the Returned Flyers

By PHILLIPS H. LORD

Condensed from Counterspy (Mail Pouch Tobacco) on the Blue Network.

IN THE Tower suite of the exclusive Tuxedo Hotel, Albert Martin was reading the afternoon paper. His smartly groomed, attractive wife, Lois, had just returned from an errand. She hurried through the foyer to the drawing room.

"Is that you, Lois?" called out Albert.

"Yes, Albert," replied Lois from the drawing room, "Where are you?"

"In here," indicated Albert, "beside the fireplace."

"Oh, aren't we the comfyest people!" Lois cried out, effusively.

"I was beginning to wonder where you were," reproached Albert. "Took you quite a while, Lois."

"Was I gone that long, Albert?" queried Lois, apparently surprised.

"Er—what about the Dunbar girl?" asked Albert.

"Oh, she's ideal, dear," Lois informed him. "She's exactly what we need."

"Humm," mused Albert.

"She's clever, and daring — in a naive sort of way. With coaching — I'd see to that, naturally—she'd fit in anywhere," Lois told him.

"What's she like?" asked Albert.

'What? Oh-h-h — well, dear, Doris Dunbar is twenty-four — red hair—" enumerated Lois, "five-feet ten—pretty—you'll approve of her—figure—I'm sure."

"I see—" said Albert with a chuckle. "One of these pin-up girls, eh?"

"What, dear? O-o-h! Oh, yes. There've been three or four underworld scandals in which she's figured. Newspaper headlines—and all that sort of thing," Lois informed him.

"So far then, everything checks with our information," said Albert.

"Per-fect-ly, dear," agreed Lois.

"Hmmmm—I think we can manage her, all right. What about her boy friend? Joe Rossi?" asked Albert.

'Well, dear," replied Lois, "all the information I could gather substantiates his reputation. He's a gangster."

"Uhuh—so far he seems to be the only 'question mark' in our little scheme," Albert pointed out.

"A rather large 'question mark' I'd say," agreed Lois.

"He's a lone wolf, I gather," Albert informed Lois, "do anything for money."

'I believe so," Lois acquiesced.

"Hmmmmm" said Albert, slowly. "We could make him a proposition, Lois. Yes, that might be an idea, at that."

"Would it be wise, Albert?" questioned Lois.

"Why not?" replied Albert, thoughtfully, "every well-conceived plan should make allowances for accidents, my dear."

"Well—" began Lois.

"I wonder now—" interrupted

Albert, "suppose this Joe Rossi—No, I guess not. A 'drive-it-yourself' car would be better."

"What in the world are you trying to say?" exclaimed Lois, "it doesn't make sense."

"Eh? Oh, just thinking out loud, Lois," explained Albert, "I think I'll rent one of the 'drive-it-yourself' cars and see if I can't make this Joe Rossi see things our way. For all we know, we may have more in common than I suspect."

Albert followed his plan, rented a drive-it-yourself car, and presently found himself driving along the highway with Joe Rossi at his side.

"I thought we'd have more privacy in a car like this, Rossi. Two friends driving along the highway—no chance of unforeseen accidents," he informed Rossi.

"Sure. Sure, Mister Martin. It's a pleasure to discuss business with a smart guy like yourself," replied Rossi, enunciating every syllable clearly.

"Er—thanks, Rossi. About that fifty thousand I—er 'owe' you—" Albert replied, slowing down the car. "How would you like it? In cash?"

"Come again, Mr. Martin? Oh-h-h!" Rossi laughed, "I get it. Say, you ain't missing a single trick, are you."

"A—ah," sighed Albert, stopping the car, "That's better."

"So far you are talking my kind of language perfect, Mr. Martin," approved Rossi.

"Good. I rather thought we might have quite a bit in common, Rossi. Speaking of accidents," began Albert.

"Sure. I ain't no dope. They're liable to happen to anybody. Right, Mr. Martin," replied Rossi.

"My thought exactly," agreed Albert. "However, with proper precautions a lot can be done to anticipate trouble. For example, I brought along this revolver, here."

"Yeah?" said Rossi.

"Shall we say, a little 'present' for you, Rossi." Albert offered.

"Gee. Thanks, Mr. Martin," replied Rossi.

"In case of any—er—'accidents'—neither the police nor ballistics experts will be able to trace it. Understand?" Albert pointed out.

'Sure," agreed Rossi.

"I'll leave the details up to you, naturally. But, suppose someone—er—double-crossed you — what would be the procedure?" queried Albert.

"I am a 'specialist,' Mr. Martin. Such details need not worry you," Rossi reassured him.

"Excellent, excellent," approved Albert. "Just curiosity, Rossi. It's customary to take the victim for a—er—ride, I believe."

"A-aw, that's out of style these days," disparaged Rossi. "Modern technique ain't that corny, anymore."

"I see. But isn't there—" began Albert.

"Any rat who pulls a double-cross knows he's due for a belly full of slugs, sooner or later," Rossi informed him.

"That covers everything, I think. So—." Three muffled pistol shots drowned out Albert's voice.

CHAPTER II.

"My, what a lovely apartment," Lois enthused.

"Yeah," said Doris Dunbar.

"We — er — read about Joe

Rossi's death, Doris," Albert informed Doris. "May we—?"

"Yeah—" Doris' voice was noncommittal.

Albert cleared his throat. "Perhaps I should explain. Mrs. Martin and I thought you might like to get away from Chicago for a while."

Doris shrugged.

"Lois tells me you dance beautifully. You see, I have an interest in the Club Soho, down in Miami. We thought it would be an ideal spot for you, Doris," offered Albert.

"Why?" queried Doris.

"It pays quite well," Albert pointed out. "Four hundred a week."

"I'm not your type, Mr. Martin," said Doris with a sigh.

"I'm sure Albert's sole interest is your dancing, dear," cooed Lois. "Or is it, Albert?"

"Don't be a fool, Lois," said Albert, shortly.

"Albert should have explained that Miami's overflowing with fliers, these days," explained Lois. "We'd like to do something for them, Doris. You could really be a great help, dear."

"How?" questioned Doris.

"We need someone their own age, to help entertain these fliers. Someone like you, Doris," Albert informed her. "You could dance with them. Swim with them in our pool. Play tennis and handball—make them feel right at home. Don't you see?"

"And you'd have your job at the Club Soho, of course," said Lois.

"That's the whole story?" queried Doris.

"Beg pardon?" asked Lois.

"There should be a catch somewhere, Mr. Martin. Otherwise it just doesn't make sense," Doris replied.

"Let me assure you Mrs. Martin and I have nothing but your best interests at heart, my dear," Albert reassured Doris.

"Naturally," replied Doris.

"You see—" said Albert slowly. "We have no intention of contacting the police—with—er—with certain facts which have come to our attention."

"Albert and I both believe everyone deserves a second chance, Doris. We think you were the victim of circumstances beyond your control," explained Lois.

"Now you're beginning to make sense. Let's put all the cards on the table, Mr. Martin," Doris suggested.

"Very well," agreed Albert. "These fliers are just back from overseas. They come to Miami to rest and recuperate. Your job will be to get them to talk. Make them tell you about themselves. About the planes they fly—about developments in aerial strategy—and about combat tactics."

"You'll meet lots of girls at the Soho, Doris. I'm sure they'll jump at the chance to help you entertain," suggested Lois.

"The 'come-on.' Sure," Doris acquiesced.

"I really want to know everything about these fliers you can find out for me, Doris. That will be your real job," Albert pointed out.

"I see. Why are you so interested in these boys, Mr. Martin?" questioned Doris.

"My dear—that happens to be my business. Suppose you let me worry about it," Albert parried.

"O-oh—oh sure, I can take a

hint, Mr. Martin," said Doris, quickly.

"Then you'll do it, Doris. You'll come to Miami with us?" urged Lois.

"If you're on the level—what have I got to lose?" Doris answered.

"Fine. Fine," approved Albert. "I have an idea we're going to find Florida gayer than ever this year, Doris."

CHAPTER III.

Music and laughter filled the air. The lawn party was progressing famously. Albert turned to the tall man in uniform at his side.

"Your first lawn party, in Miami, hasn't been very exciting, has it, Lieutenant Decker? I'm afraid I've been monopolizing you," he offered.

"Oh, I've been enjoying myself, Mr. Martin. You sure have a swell place here, though," exclaimed Ralph Decker.

"Glad you like it," replied Albert. "Incidentally Lieutenant, some of this stuff we've been discussing is—is well, rather special, isn't it?"

"Shucks, Mr. Martin," said Ralph with a chuckle, "We've got a lot in common. I don't often get a chance to talk to one of you World War aces. It must've been pretty exciting during those days."

"These new tricks you fellows use—the new twists in aerial strategy—this 'box-maneuver' for instance," Albert ventured, "they make me realize I'm just a 'has-been.'"

"The Nazis have themselves to thank for keeping us on our toes, Mr. Martin. You've got to outthink 'em—out-fly 'em—and outfight 'em—or else!" argued Ralph.

"I see what you mean, all right. But have they caught on to our new strategy and maneuvers?" challenged Albert.

"None," Ralph chuckled. "Right now—we've got 'em tearing their hair out—trying to figure things out. Remember the decoy set up I explained to you a moment ago?"

"Yes?" Albert waited.

"Well, there are a dozen different variations of it. We never use the same one twice in succession. The same thing goes with all our bombing and combat tactics. We work out a new twist—and then figure out an alternate. The idea is to mix up our patterns," Ralph explained.

"Sort of keep them constantly off balance. Is that it?" queried Albert.

"Right, Mr. Martin. 'The step-ladder,' and the 'chain formations' I showed you are good examples," Ralph pointed out.

Among the guests at the party, of course, was Doris Dunbar. She turned to the man at her side, who wore the uniform of the Air Corps.

"That's Mr. Martin over there, Jack. The man talking to that lieutenant," she said.

"Oh, yeah," replied Jack. "Handsome looking guy, isn't he, Doris?"

"I guess you'd call him that," said Doris.

"Must have a pile of dough to throw away—with all this sort of thing," ventured Jack.

"You mean the swimming pool, the tennis courts and the big house?" enumerated Doris.

"That's part of it. But what I really mean is these parties every day. It must cost him a fortune

to entertain the guys like this," Jack estimated.

"Ye-e-es" drawled Doris. "Gee, I never thought of that."

"What's he get out of it, anyway?" questioned Jack.

"O-oh, maybe he just likes to have people around him," suggested Doris.

"He sure is interested in flying. The fellows tell me he was a World War flyer, himself," Jack replied.

"He was?" asked Doris.

"I thought you knew—say—" began Jack.

"Tell me more about yourself, Jack," said Doris quickly.

"What did you do before—before the war, I mean? How long have you been in the air corps?"

CHAPTER IV

While Doris talked with Jack, certain code messages were being flashed over the wires which, though she did not know it, were to vitally affect the plans Lois and Albert had made for her and for themselves.

"Portugal calling Key West, Florida. Station X-2-Y, Lisbon, Portugal — calling Counter - Spy short wave radio monitor, Key West, Florida. Come in, Key West," the message flashed from Portugal.

"Wilson, Counter - Spy radio monitor, Key West, Florida, to X-2-Y Lisbon, Portugal. Go ahead, Lisbon," answered Key West.

"Janson, Counter-Spy J-4, United States Embassy in Lisbon, Portugal. To Wilson, Key West, Florida. The following code message must be relayed to Mr. Harding at Washington Headquarters immediately. Message follows:

" 'Every alternative intention—

BLANCHE GLADSTONE (DORIS) TALKS WITH JACK

—

WHAT WILL SHE DECIDE?

arrived revision—but alternative repeats untimely — To all reaction—.'" When the code message was finished another message was flashed:

"Wilson, Counter-spy radio monitor, Key West, calling Mr. Harding, Washington Headquarters. Have just received urgent code message from J-4, in Lisbon, Portugal. J-4 reports Portuguese short wave station is intercepting short wave message being relayed to enemy. Messages being transmitted from bootleg short wave somewhere in Caribbean area. Bootleg station transmits intermittently on 335 megacycles to unlicensed Portuguese station. Espionage reports refer to secret new Air Corps flying formations. Code message from J-4 follows."

CHAPTER V

Meanwhile in the Counter-Spy Statistical Department Harding sat at his desk awaiting a man named Drake. A door opened, a man entered.

"You sent for me, Mr. Harding?" asked Drake.

"Yes, Drake—someone is tipping off the enemy to secret new bombing strategy and maneuvers of our Army Air Force!" announced Harding.

Drake whistled.

"Unless we stop it immediately—it will jeopardize the coming campaign," Harding pointed out.

"I say! This is big, Mr. Harding," said Drake, with an Australian accent.

"Your experience with the Royal Australian Air Force will tell you just how dangerous the situation is, Drake," challenged Harding.

"Right-to, Mr. Harding. Nothing like it, since I joined this department," replied Drake.

"Drake, Army Air Force pilots have been returning from Africa and England — lately — in large numbers," said Harding.

"That's right, Mr. Harding. Pilots may return to America—to rest and recuperate after a series of missions," corroborated Drake.

"We know what you can do with innocent bits of conversation," said Harding, as though he were thinking aloud.

"True—but air-men hardly chatter about things like strategy and tactics, sir," Drake informed him.

"Drake—I think this case will bring you several surprises," Harding suggested.

"Quite likely, Mr. Harding," agreed Drake.

"I've already contacted all our field agents. I want you to work directly with me on this case. Your knowledge of flying—and the psychology of aviators themselves will come in handy," Harding told Drake.

"Very good, sir. Have we been advised further on the basic facts?" questioned Drake.

"The preliminary report of the Statistical Department shows large numbers of these fliers resting and recuperating in Florida," replied Harding.

"Miami? That ought to be a jolly go, sir," enthused Drake.

"Don't look so pleased, Drake," disparaged Harding. "It's Miami, all right, but we've got a job cut out for us."

Drake sighed, "Undoubtedly. My confounded luck, as usual."

"The Army has placed a fast pursuit plane at my disposal—think you could handle it, Drake?" questioned Harding.

"I'm thoroughly familiar with all the Army's ships, Mr. Harding," stated Drake.

"Good," approved Harding. "For

the benefit of anyone who may see us landing in Miami, you'll be an Australian pilot ferrying someone from down under around the country. That should be sufficient to quiet any suspicions."

CHAPTER VI

Another gay party was in progress. Albert joined Lois.

"Let's sit here beside the pool for a moment, Lois," suggested Albert. "I'd like to know just what's bothering you."

"I don't like the way this party is going at all, Albert," said Lois, in a low voice.

"Going!" Albert's voice was angry. "What in heaven's name made you interrupt me, just now, Lois? Have you lost your senses completely?".

"Please—don't scold, dear," said Lois, meekly.

"O-o-oh, Bushwa! I was just beginning to get somewhere with that youngster, Jack—when you had to come barging in—with Doris," exploded Albert.

"I had to see you. There's something going wrong, dear!" pleaded Lois.

"Now what?" parried Albert.

"Call it in-tu-in-tion" stammered Doris, "laugh at me, if you will—but I know things aren't just as they should be."

"What do you mean, Lois?" Albert asked.

"I—I can't place my finger on it, Albert. But you've respected my—my hunches before," said Lois, slowly.

"Yes?" Albert waited.

"Unless my imagination—oh, I don't know—" began Lois.

"It's the same crowd as usual," Albert interrupted.

"Yes, but they were always gay—unre-served, before. Tonight—they're—just too polite. Too conscious of their uniforms," Lois pointed out.

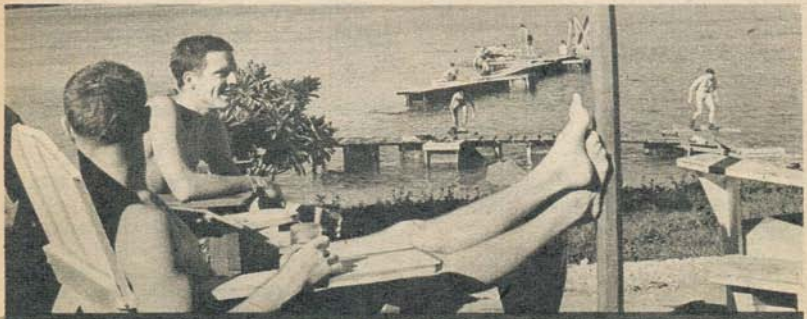
"Snap out of it, Lois," said Albert, grudgingly. He laughed suddenly. "There's nothing to worry about. We haven't ever done it, at any time, remember—When Doris comes back from her stroll along the beach with Jack Mosier, she'll probably have lots to tell us."

Meanwhile, Doris and Jack strolled along the beach, listening to the sound of the surf breaking on the shore.

"Let's rest here for a minute, Jack," suggested Doris, laughing.

"Right, Doris. We can use the palm tree for a back rest," agreed Jack.

Doris sighed, "Don't you love



FLYERS AT MIAMI

the way the waves keep rolling in, Jack?" she asked.

"Ye-es." Jack said slowly. "Funny, isn't it, Doris?"

"What, Jack?" questioned Doris.

"Three weeks ago—I was on my last bombing flight over Germany. Now—here I am in Miami," Jack pointed out.

"Gee!" exclaimed Doris.

"A night just like this—too," Jack said.

"Aren't you—glad to be back home again?" Doris asked him.

"No—no—" said Jack slowly. "I feel like a heel."

"You do?" asked Doris, amazement in her voice. "Why-y, Jack?"

"Because—because of guys like Jonesey. The second time I went out—with my squadron, Doris—my guns jammed. Two M-E-109's headed my way, and this—this Jonesey shoved his plane right into their fire—he—he knew I was in trouble and he just took over," Jack explained.

"Gee! That's a real pal for you," approved Doris.

"Yeah—yeah! Jonesey was real—all right," replied Jack.

"Did—did he—" questioned Doris.

"He didn't have a—chance. His plane—just blew apart—when the M-E's tracers got him," Jack faltered.

"I—I'm sorry—Jack," said Doris softly. "I—I just never knew there were guys like Jonesey."

"Neither did I—then. But I found out," replied Jack.

"Yeah," whispered Doris.

"I was a pretty cocky guy—until I saw Larsen pulled out of a flaming bomber. Still game enough to grin—and say 'good show guys!'" Jack reminisced.

"I'm just a dumb cluck—but I'm learning—fast!" Doris mused.

"It's an awful funny feeling—" Jack offered, "when you finally wake up."

Doris agreed.

"You realize—all of a sudden—you belong to a big family. A swell gang, Doris. You—you've got to earn your wings up there—with them—to understand," Jack explained.

"That's way over my head, I guess," said Doris, softly.

"Why?" questioned Jack.

"The Joneseys didn't live in our block—when I was a kid, Jack," Doris explained.

"I don't get it, Doris," puzzled Jack.

"Oh, skip it. But for heaven's sake, kid—don't go walking on beaches—with every dame you meet," advised Doris.

"Why?" Jack chuckled, "I don't get it."

"You wouldn't," said Doris, impatiently. She rose and brushed herself off.

"What's wrong?" questioned Jack, sharply.

"Nothing," she answered. "I'm just brushing the sand off my dress."

"Oh. Anything wrong? Am I getting you down, Doris?" apologized Jack.

"No—no, Jack," Doris reassured him. "I'm due at the Soho soon. We'd better be getting back."

"You're a funny character, Doris," laughed Jack.

"Yeah," said Doris, dryly.

"Oh, sure," agreed Jack.

"I have to stop in and say goodnight to Mr. and Mrs. Martin," Doris explained. "You understand, don't you, Jack?"

"Ain't I, though. Coming?"

CHAPTER VII.

"Is that you, Doris?" Lois called out.

"Yes, Mrs. Martin," answered Doris Dunbar.

"We're in the library, Doris," Albert informed her.

"Oh, I just wanted to—to say goodnight," Doris faltered.

"Yes, my dear?" asked Albert, gently.

"How did you and Jack get along, dear?" questioned Lois.

"O-h-h—fine," replied Doris.

"I'm sure you did," approved Albert.

"What did he have to say?" Lois prompted.

'Why — why — nothing, really," replied Doris, hesitating.

"We don't mean to pry into the personal side of your—er—evening, Doris," Albert reassured her. "Lois meant what did Jack tell you about our particular subjects?"

"I—I guess nothing," answered Doris.

"Nothing, Doris?" prompted Albert.

"You mean to say you—" Lois began.

"Lois!" interrupted Albert, quickly, "Please — can't you see the girly—is tired?"

"But—" Lois began again.

"Why don't you take a night off for a change, Doris? A good night's rest will work wonders for you," said Albert in a kindly tone.

"Do—do you think I should, Mr. Martin?" questioned Doris.

"Why, certainly. You've been—er—working too hard," Albert condoned.

"Will—will it be all right?" queried Doris.

"Of course it will," Albert assured Doris. "Now run along like a good girl."

"Go-good night, then," faltered Doris, huskily.

"Good night, Doris," Albert's voice was cheerful. "See you in the morning."

"We-el-ll!" Lois exploded. "That little exchange—is—is complete-ly over my head, Albert."

"The little brat!" raged Albert, viciously. "I'd like to wring her idiotic little neck!"

"But—but—" stammered Lois.

"Oh, stop stuttering, Lois," Albert said impatiently. "She's let us down completely. You know it as well as I do."

"I know you've let her make a fool of you, Albert," Lois taunted.

"I have, eh? We'll see about that! Well—she's going to learn—I don't fool that easy!" Albert threatened.

"Of all the nerve! She can't be trusted any more. Even you must realize that, Albert. Not with what we've got at stake!" exclaimed Lois.

"I intend to let her know exactly where she stands—once and for all," Albert said, firmly.

CHAPTER VIII

The next morning Albert rose early.

"Good morning, Albert," thrills Lois. "Breakfast so early?"

"UmHmmm," muttered Albert.

"Why so quiet, Dear?" queried Lois.

"Oh—just thinking, Lois," parried Albert.

"Thinking?" Lois laughed. "So early in the morning, Albert?"

"You seem very cheerful, Lois! Have a good night's sleep?" Albert questioned.

"Why—yes. Yes, Albert, I did. What's wrong? You're acting very

strange." Her voice was serious.

"Am I?" queried Albert.

"Ye-es. Is it—something in the paper?" ventured Lois.

"Perhaps," Albert began.

"What? Let me see," Lois interrupted.

"Here," Albert pointed out.

"Albert!" Lois' voice was shocked. "No! Doris Dunbar murdered!"

"You are in good form this morning, Lois. You actually look surprised," scoffed Albert, sarcastically.

"But, Albert—it says Doris—was killed some time during the night!" Lois exclaimed.

"Perhaps—you'd like me to congratulate you, Lois," jeered Albert.

"Are—you imply-ing—Oh! Stop toying with me!" cried Lois.

"Toying with you?" Albert echoed.

"You fool!" Lois accused. You and your high-handed Gestapo methods! Was it necessary to kill her? To show her you were boss?"

"Don't be a complete idiot, Lois," said Albert, dryly.

"All our work—the whole plan—ruined! We're certain to be suspected eventually. Do you realize what you've done?" Lois remonstrated.

"So you do appreciate the delicacy of our situation? Of course everyone she knew—everyone she came in contact with will be investigated. By this time every exit from the city is blocked. Every train—every bus—plane—they are all being watched," Albert pointed out.

"Is—isn't there something—we can do?" Lois whimpered.

"We dare not become panicky. That would be playing right into their hands. "We've got to find the loophole. Let's go into the living room. I can think better there," muttered Albert.

CHAPTER IX.

"Don't you see, Lois, it's the only way. We've got to convince them we've committed suicide," pleaded Albert.

"But—but will they be satisfied, Albert? Won't they expect to find our bodies?" parried Lois.

"Not if we swam out to sea—and drowned ourselves," Albert pointed out.

"O-o-oh!" cried Lois.

"The police will find the notes we've written. It will look like a suicide pact between us. We'll say we realize it is only a matter of hours before we're caught," Albert explained.

"And that—having—failed—in our mission, we have chosen this way out," Lois added.

"Exactly. Remember that deserted stretch of beach a mile or so north of here?" Albert questioned.

"Yes?" Lois waited.

"Well, I'll hide what we will need in the sand there. What time is it now, Lois?" asked Albert.

"Eleven thirty," Lois answered.

"Good," approved Albert. "That gives me plenty of time. We'll wait until it gets dark—then go for a swim. We'll make sure we've been seen and recognized before we enter the water."

"And then?"

"We'll swim out of sight—then swing north and land on that deserted beach," Albert instructed her.

"O-oh," Lois exclaimed. "Oh, now I understand what you are getting at."

"You see?" Albert enlightened

her, "As soon as we are dressed again, we'll be two people out for an evening stroll. No more."

"I—I hope you're right, Albert," Lois faltered.

"Of course I'm right," Albert insisted. 'We've lots to do meantime. You write your suicide note —while I take care of the things to be hidden on the beach."

A short while later Albert and Lois strolled along the beach.

"This part of the beach is perfect, Lois," Albert said in a low voice.

"Yes—a dozen people have seen us already, Albert," Lois pointed out.

"Pick out someone you know," Albert instructed her. "Wave to them. Good."

"Hadn't—we better wait a while?" suggested Lois.

"Don't be a fool, now!" said Albert curtly, "Come on! We'll wade out slowly."

They began to wade into the surf. Presently they were swimming in deep water.

"Are—we—out of sight yet—Albert?" Lois managed.

"Yes—yes, we're all right now, Lois," Albert assured her.

Lois laughed breathlessly. "I'm winded—Albert. Let's rest a minute."

"Here—give me your hand," commanded Albert.

"Albert! You're hurting me," exclaimed Lois.

"Oh! Sorry — Lois," Albert apologized. "Remember the—Frau Heinrich Case—a few years ago?"

"The Frau-Heinrich Case! Yes, Albert!" Lois answered.

"Herr Heinrich was Himmler's prize pupil, remember?" Albert pointed out.

"Yes? What about the Heinrich case, Albert?" questioned Lois.

"They were working on that Turkish business—" Albert began.

"And Herr Von-Heinrich murdered his wife to save himself! Yes! Yes, now I see it! You brought me out here—you are going to kill me! Just as Herr Heinrich did! You never wrote any suicide note! You tricked me, didn't you, Albert?" Lois screamed at him; struggling and splashing in the water.

"You—have a splendid—faculty —for realism. Lois! And—so—have—I!" spluttered Albert. "A few moments later Albert was swimming slowly back to the shore—alone.

CHAPTER X

"Let's go back over your story once more, Mr. Martin," said Harding. "You came here to the Counterspy office as soon as you found the suicide note. Is that right?"

"Yes, Mr. Harding," replied Albert, quietly.

"And this suicide note, here? Exactly where did you find it?" questioned Harding.

"It—was pinned to the pillow in our bedroom, Mr. Harding," Albert pointed out.

"What was your reaction, Mr. Martin? What did you do?" queried Harding.

"I—I read it—I couldn't understand. It didn't make any sense, Mr. Harding. I—I couldn't believe my eyes," replied Albert.

"Then what did you do?" questioned Harding.

"I ran through the house calling her. She—she wasn't there," replied Albert.

"I see. You were on friendly

terms with each other?" asked Harding.

"We — Lois and I understand each other, Mr. Harding. We—loved each other too much—to quarrel," Albert replied.

"I see. And you cannot recall anything she did, or said—nothing that might have seemed odd at the time?" suggested Harding.

"No-o-o-o," replied Albert slowly. "Nothing, Mr. Harding."

"You came here directly? You knew where the Counterspy office was, of course," questioned Harding.

"I—I looked it up in the phone book," Albert explained.

"Why didn't you use the phone? Why didn't you call this number immediately?" asked Harding.

"I—I don't know," answered Albert.

"Oh-h-h-," Harding replied. Aside, he called, "Drake?"

"Yes, Mr. Harding," Drake answered.

"Bring in the young lady, Drake," ordered Harding.

"Righto, Mr. Harding," Drake replied.

"Martin," said Harding quietly, "did you ever hear of the "Frau-Heinrich Murder Case?"

"I—I don't understand, Mr. Harding," faltered Albert. A door opened. A girl entered the room.

"Hello—Mr. Martin," said Doris, softly.

"Doris! Doris—Dunbar!" exclaimed Albert in a stunned voice.

"Yes, Martin. Drake and I staged that phony murder of Doris Dunbar—and gave the newspapers a false lead, to bring on a crisis in this case," explained Harding.

"If we had known Miss Dunbar would co-operate so willingly, we could have saved ourselves a lot of work, Chief," Drake commented.

"Perhaps. But this was one time we couldn't afford to gamble, Drake," Harding pointed out.

"I guess we all owe that young flier chap a vote of thanks," suggested Drake.

"That's something you overlooked, Martin. You brought Doris into contact with the first decent man she'd ever really known—Lieutenant Jack Mosier. That started what resulted in a complete change of heart," Harding informed him.

"Thank you, Mr. Harding," said Doris, quietly.

"Oh, yes—and Martin," Harding pointed out, "the new phone book was printed before the new Federal building was finished. If you had looked as you say, you'd know it still lists the old address for this office."

"It—it does?" stammered Albert.

"Albert Martin, I arrest you for the crime of espionage against the United States," Harding accused. "Your little farce is finished. Take him away, Drake."

A few days later, as Harding sat at his desk, he heard the telephone jangle. He reached for the receiver.

"Harding speaking—Yes, Drake? What's that? Doris Dunbar and Jack Mosier are to be married? Well, I'll be—it sure is, Drake. Counter-espionage work is strange business, but sometimes 'love' is even stranger!"

DOG VETERAN

The adventures of Mena, which included a furlough granted by General Dwight D. Eisenhower, because she presented her outfit with nine pups during the Tunisian campaign, is to be dramatized on "Death Valley Days," CBS. Mena is shown with her trainer, Pfc. Elwell N. McLester.

Good Posture Promotes Health and Beauty

★ ★ ★

Known as the glamour exercise because of its promise to create shapely legs, the "bicycle" is advocated by CBS actress Patricia ("Bachelor's Children") Dunlap for its power to benefit the back, thigh and abdomenal muscles. The position is obvious. Pretend you are 'cycling along; pedal rhythmically with all your might and main. Thin legs should round out and heavy ones pare down.

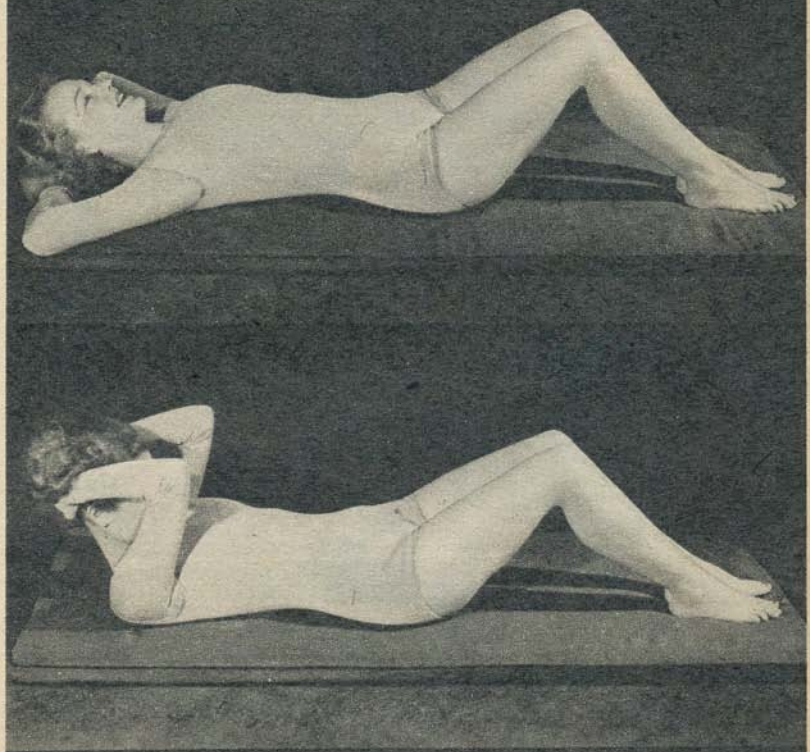
BE LITHE AND LIMBER AT FORTY

Hoarding youth is the patriotic task of New York's figure expert Manya Kahn, whose special defense routine against matronly thick waists, thighs and hips is shown by CBS singing star Dorothy ("Cresta Blanca Carnival") Shay. Sit on floor with torso inclined at 45-degree angle, weight on hands, diaphragm and abdomen contracted. Bend knees; draw toward chest, toes pointed, head up. Kick forward and up; keep toes pointed and head back. Inhale at start; exhale when finished.

Bare and backless summer fashions call for well-molded shoulders. The simple procedure followed by CBS actress Patricia ("Bachelor's Children") Dunlap should be repeated at least ten times a day. Lie flat on your back. Raise hands to head level. Arch body so weight rests on arms, shoulders and feet. In this position, "roll" your shoulders around, leaning on one side and then the other. Put plenty of wiggle into this action. Keep each trial up for a minute or two, then relax.

AS THE TWIG IS BENT—

National Posture Week was observed for the sixth consecutive year to impress upon everyone the importance of good posture as an aid to health, defense and beauty. The human back forms the "architectural support" which controls figure balance and proper functioning of the body. Now is the time to mend spendthrift ways of squandering energy through improper carriage.



First of the Seven Steps to Health and Beauty, developed in the New York studio of Manya Kahn, molds and strengthens spine and back muscles. Lie flat on the floor, as CBS singing star Dorothy ("Cresta Blanca Carnival") Shay illustrates, with knees slightly raised, arms up and palms under head. Flatten abdomen. Try to feel floor with each vertebra of spine, especially the lumbar region. Raise elbows and bring toward center, pressing inner arms to ears. Lift head off floor toward chest as far as possible. Return to original position.

INSIDE GERMANY

By THOMAS KERNAN

Condensed from a broadcast on the March of Time over the National Broadcasting Company.

DURING the thirteen months I spent in the hands of the Nazis in Baden Baden conversations with the Germans I met were guarded and discreet but often revealing. On military matters the Germans are kept well and accurately informed by their official communiques, which do not conceal German retreats and losses of territory. But they do conceal the true figures in casualties, and the losses of material usually claiming it to have been withdrawn or destroyed before the enemy could get it. Nazi propaganda plays up every difference of opinion among the Allies whether real or imaginary and gives enormous newspaper space to events in North Africa, especially those indicating rivalries between different French groups.

Until the great air attacks by the American air forces, there was no definite enmity toward Americans. The destruction inside Germany seems to be every bit as great as hoped for. The bombings of Hamburg certainly killed 30,000 people. The residential and business sections of Berlin are a shambles.

Berlin has not really been the capital of Germany since Hitler made himself commander in chief of the armies and moved into the field. Ribbentrop and other high Nazis carefully stay with him. While I was in Baden Baden we heard 128 air alarms. We heard the roaring engines every time British or American bombers headed for Munich, Nuremburg, Augsburg, and Stuttgart. We could actually hear the Allied bombings of the canal system junction at Mannheim, the factories in Karlsruhe and the Mercedes-Benz engine plants in Stuttgart.

The German attitude toward the war depends very much on the age and political background of the individual. The older people, who remember 1918, are extremely depressed. Soldiers in the field, though they still have confidence in German arms, realize that their offensive power is gone and that the best they can now do is a good defensive. The very young people, the members and graduates of the Hitler youth organizations, are still hopeful of victory.

Any opinion that the Germans now face starvation is erroneous, though a critical food situation does exist in many occupied countries. I believe there is a lot of fight left in Germany, for three main reasons; excellent military leadership, five to six million men under arms, and war production almost entirely by foreign labor, leaving virtually all German manpower free for actual fighting.

Mr. Kernan is the author of the book "France On Berlin Time"

BETTER LAUGH THAN CRY

BILLIE BURKE—"I'll do it—when Helen Highwater comes in."

CLAYTON COLLIER—"Who is Helen Highwater?"

BILLIE BURKE — "Oh, you know — that mythical woman. People are always saying they're going to do something — come Helen Highwater."

V . . . —

WALLY BROWN — "For three years I studied a skeleton."

DINAH SHORE—"Then what happened?"

WALLY BROWN—"It went out and became a famous crooner."

—Dinah Shore Program—C.B.S.

V . . . —

JOHNNY MORGAN, suspecting Phil Kramer of being a ventriloquist—"Your mouth moves, but your nose does all the talking."

—Broadway Showtime—C.B.S.

V . . . —

TOM HOWARD—"How do you keep the back door from slamming."

GEORGE SHELTON—"Use the front door."

—It Pays to Be Ignorant—C.B.S.

V . . . —

HARRY SAVOY—"I'm a waterproof singer—nobody drowns me out!"

—Kate Smith Program—C.B.S.

V . . . —

WALTER HUSTON—"Boy, I'm crisp as a cracker tonight!"

JACK CARSON—"Yeah, and twice as crumby."

—Jack Carson Show.

V . . . —

ASTRID—"Maybe in a year or two there'll be the patter of little feet across our floor."

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE—"Not if we set traps, there won't."

BETTY CAINE, of C.B.S.'s "Joyce Jordan" and "Mary Marlin" programs, was frightened into her first radio job. When she auditioned for the role of an old lady, her voice cracked and trembled from fright—it was so effective, she was hired.

V . . . —

Tell me, Charlie—Why are you scratching yourself?

Because I'm the only one who knows where I itch!

—The New People Are Funny —N.B.C.

V . . . —

ED GARDNER—"What would we have to give you to get you to leave the Waldorf and come sing here at Duffy's?"

GRACIE FIELDS — "Chloroform."

V . . . —

HANLEY STAFFORD—"We've got to be very nice to the man who's going to drive us East. It may be our only way of getting home. We've both got to hold our ends up."

FANNIE BRICE — "Hasn't he got seats in his car?"

V . . . —

GROUCHO MARX—"Jack, what's that peculiar odor I notice around your house?"

JACK BENNY—"Why, that's my camel."

GROUCHO MARX—"I think I'll get one for my house; I need an excuse, too.

V . . . —

FANNIE BRICE — "What's a cannibal?"

HANLEY STAFFORD — "You know perfectly well what a cannibal is. Suppose you ate up your Mummy and me one night—what would you be?"

FANNIE BRICE—"An orphan."

Konstantin Simonov, noted Soviet dramatist, poet, playwright and film writer, has served as a war correspondent on many sectors of the front. He is author of the play The Russian People; the favorite poem of Red Army men, "Wait for Me," and hundreds of short stories and sketches.

AFTER TARNOPOL

By KONSTANTIN SIMONOV

Condensed from a broadcast over the Moscow Radio.

IT IS only now, as you pick your way through the smoking ruins of the streets of Tarnopol, filled with rubble and wreckage, that you begin to realize what superhuman effort must have been required of the attackers in the last street fighting. The center of the town—the citadel of the German defense — suffered heavily. Walls two meters thick are riddled like sieves, with roofs blown off and floors and ceilings caved in.

Tarnopol is littered with enemy corpses. They lie in the middle of the streets, against the walls of houses and in the houses themselves, under the shattered walls. Some were struck down by shell splinters, others shot point-blank by Soviet tommy gunners. But this is not all—in the squares and streets pits were discovered filled to the brim with German dead; some of the pits were not even covered. But even that is not all. —We walk through the corridors and vaults of Saint Dominic's church. The remaining galleries of this massive and enormous building are piled with corpses like a morgue after a natural calamity. Whether they were dead when they were put here, or whether the Germans brought their mortally wounded to this place, is hard to say. Yet this solution of the enigma suggests itself. We descended into the vaults and discovered a huge, pestilential cellar. In the light of a few feeble candles we found hundreds of gravely wounded soldiers who had been abandoned to their fate by the German officers. For several days they had been rotting alive in filthy bunks, covered with terrible rags. The living and dead were intermingled. When you see this, you begin to believe that the silent corpses above in the galleries were wounded but still living men when they were brought here.

I spoke to the few men lying in the vault who were still able to talk. I have often heard German prisoners pretend to abuse and curse Hitler, but this time it seemed to me their curses were unfeigned. Day after day they were promised relief. But it did not come. Day after day they were promised they would be withdrawn. They did not know how this was to be done, but still they hoped. But they were not withdrawn. As long as they could

stand on their feet and fight they were issued bread and water and even wine. But as soon as they collapsed, they were brought here and forgotten, left without food, medicines or medical attention—like dogs. Hitler had no use for cripples. Toward the end nobody even took the trouble to deceive them with promises. The wolf law of Nazism revealed itself in all its ugly nakedness.

The only doctor these wounded men have seen in the past days was a Soviet doctor. They also have reason to be grateful to Soviet sappers. Their solicitous countrymen forgot to leave medicines and food for their wounded when they retreated—but they did not forget to leave delayed-action mines in surrounding houses. That is why, perhaps for the first time in this war, I heard such unanimous and apparently unfeigned abuse of Hitler.

From the church we went to the vaults of the castle. It stands on the steep bank of a river in the western outskirts of Tarnopol, an ancient Sixth Century structure, as massive as the church. In its vaults, too, we found rows of wooden bunks, the same nauseating stench of decaying flesh and groans of wounded who had been abandoned to their fate.

The town suffered heavily. But it is a liberated city, and that means it will return to life. This certainty is written in the faces of all its citizens, even those who suffered most. Under the Germans Tarnopol was as dead as a prison. Every town under German rule is a prison, no matter what the signs at the street crossings may say.

REFUGEES

Keepsakes

As chosen by "Keepsakes" contributors over the Blue Network.

"Oh, the days are gone,
when beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
when dreams of life,
From morn till night
Was love, still love.

"New hopes may bloom
and days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam
But there's nothing half
so sweet in life
As love's young dream."
(Thomas Moore)

Dorothy Kirsten and Mack Harrell in Keepsakes.

"There is a pleasure in the
pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely
shore
There is society where none
intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in
its roar,
I love not man the less, but
Nature more,
From these our interviews in
which I steal
From all I may be, or have been
before,
To mingle with the universal
and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet
cannot all conceal."
(Lord Byron)

MACK HARRELL in a Home Song

A Home Song

"Stay, stay at home, my heart and rest
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care;
To stay at home is best.

"Weary and homesick and distressed
They wander east, they wander west
They are baffled and beaten and blown about
By the winds of wilderness and doubt;
To stay at home is best."

(Author Unknown)

CHARMING CHARITA

Charita Bauer, who appeared on Broadway as little Mary in "The Women," and more recently in "The Life of Reilly," has countless radio roles to her credit. Her latest is "Grand Central Station."

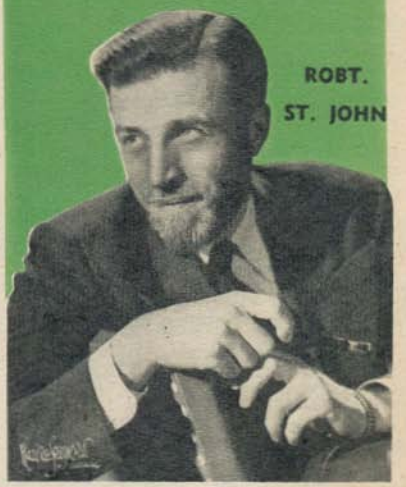
SINGING FIDDLER Roy Acuff, hillbilly expert of NBC's Grand Ole Opry, spent years tracking down the ageless ballads of the Tennessee Mountains for his radio listeners.

HONOR STUDENT. All the prerequisites of beauty have been passed with flying colors by this shapely miss. Julie Conway, who sings with Dick Leibert, Radio City organist (NBC, 8:15 a.m. EWT), has a peaches-and-cream complexion, red hair and blue eyes. Her voice teacher gives her an A too.

Bombing Berlin

By ROBERT ST. JOHN

TODAY people made news! And I want to introduce some of them to you! In England today it was "the morning after." About nine thousand three hundred American airmen were "taking it easy"—resting up—from the ordeal of flying 11 hundred miles to Berlin and back!—the cold—(it was 68 below zero)—the terrific dogfights — the close scrapes with death.—Let me present one of those nine thousand three hundred airmen, to you! He's Second Lieutenant Jack Logennecker of Kansas City, Missouri. He was the navigator of one of the Fortresses. Sixteen men started out on the Berlin raid from his barracks. Only eight came back! The others were among the seven hundred American boys who were killed in the flaming aerial combat over Berlin—or—who parachuted down (from their burning planes) and tonight are in Nazi prisoner-camps. Lieutenant Jack saw some of his pals crashing to earth. He saw many a Flying Fortress land (in flames) in the streets of Berlin! But let's listen to some of Lieutenant Jack's rambling description of what happened. He says: "The Nazi fighters came in waves—straight at us! Their wings were lit-up with blazing guns—like Broadway the last time I saw it! They swept under our planes and over our planes—and they zoomed around us! It was a wild scramble! Their would be a big flash of flame—and one of our planes would disappear—leaving nothing but a ball of smoke, hanging in the sky! The sky seemed full of burning planes—and wisps of smoke! The Nazi fighters would come-in and make great holes in our formation, but then other Fortresses would move-in, to fill-up the gaps. Once—about 30 German fighters came at us, in a tremendous sweep.



ROBT. ST. JOHN

Condensed from a broadcast over the National Broadcasting Co.

After they'd gone, five of our Forts had vanished. But our Mustangs and Lightnings did a swell job! It got to be a tremendous dog-fight, with hundreds and hundreds of fighters milling-around! I was scared stiff! I was sweating so much I had to turn-off my heated-suit. I was scared stiff and I did a lot of praying!" And now meet 23-year-old First Lieutenant Bob Me-serve! Bob is a fighter-pilot from Sandpoint, Idaho. He was piloting one of those Mustangs the other Lieutenant was talking-about. Bob says: "Our planes dived from the clouds at 6 hundred miles an hour! I saw a lot of red buildings, and little lakes and streets, going in all directions. It was like a kaleidoscope! Then I came to my senses and leveled-off and got away!" And now meet Captain Dave Perron, of Claremont, California. Dave hit a control tower, on a training flight, months ago in Nevada and he thought he never would get to fly-again. But yesterday he flew to Berlin! He says: "It was just like the news-reels. I saw two Focke-Wulf 190s pounce on a crippled Fortress.

Pieces of that American plane splattered my own ship. I got madder than blazes! I didn't even use my sights! I just flew straight at those two Nazi planes and knocked them both out of the sky. And then—my madness hadn't worn off, so I got myself a third Jerry!" Incidentally, Captain Perron used a colorful phrase to describe what happens when the big bombs begin to fall. He said: "It reminds you of some giant, slapping his hands together! There's a cloud of dust and everything caught between those hands crumbles and disappears!" And now meet the boys of the Fortress nicknamed Little Willie. The men of the crew call themselves the Ten Screwballs. Over Berlin, shells from the ground tore away part of Little Willie's tail and knocked out one of its engines. Little Willie plummeted down to rooftop height. But the pilot kept Little Willie in the air. And he headed the nose for England—560 miles away! They weaved across Europe at chimney height! One of the crew kept yelling at the pilot! "Look out for the curb-stones." They were on the fringes of death, but they joked about-it! The boys in the crew whistled and waved at German girls in the streets of cities. They flew so low over a Nazi machine-gun nest that they could see the terrified look of the face of the gunner as he dove into a ditch. They flew over a Nazi military camp, where dumbfounded soldiers halted in their calisthenics as the plane just skimmed their heads! They flew over a road. On the road was a cart. And on the cart rode a German farmer. The man jumped in panic into a ditch. The plane flew over the cart so low that had the farmer remained where he was, he would surely have been clipped! The Little Willie crossed the North Sea skimming just ten feet above the waves. But Little Willie got home! And the Ten Screwballs weren't even scratched, except the tail-gunner who got a little cut on his hand, from the piece of a Nazi shell!

But let's not forget the seven hundred men who didn't come

back! And if you want to think in terms of money, we lost seventeen million dollars' worth of planes on that bombing of Berlin! Stockholm says four thousand Germans were killed in the bombing and that the rest of the inhabitants of Berlin are fleeing en masse, from the city. Much of Berlin is still afire!

Part of the Charlottenburg and Moabit district of Berlin, where damage among a number of works and industrial concerns is concentrated and severe. Several factories are included in this photograph, and practically all have suffered extensive damage.

CHARLIE McCARTHY, when told the story of "Snow White" and that the mean queen prepared a poison apple for "S.W."—"Oh, she's wicked to the core — that woman!"

—Screen Guild Program—C.B.S.

V . . . —

FRANK MORGAN — "Asking Morgan to campaign for George Burns is like asking Henry Kaiser to build a canoe—like asking Mrs. Dionne to have twins!"

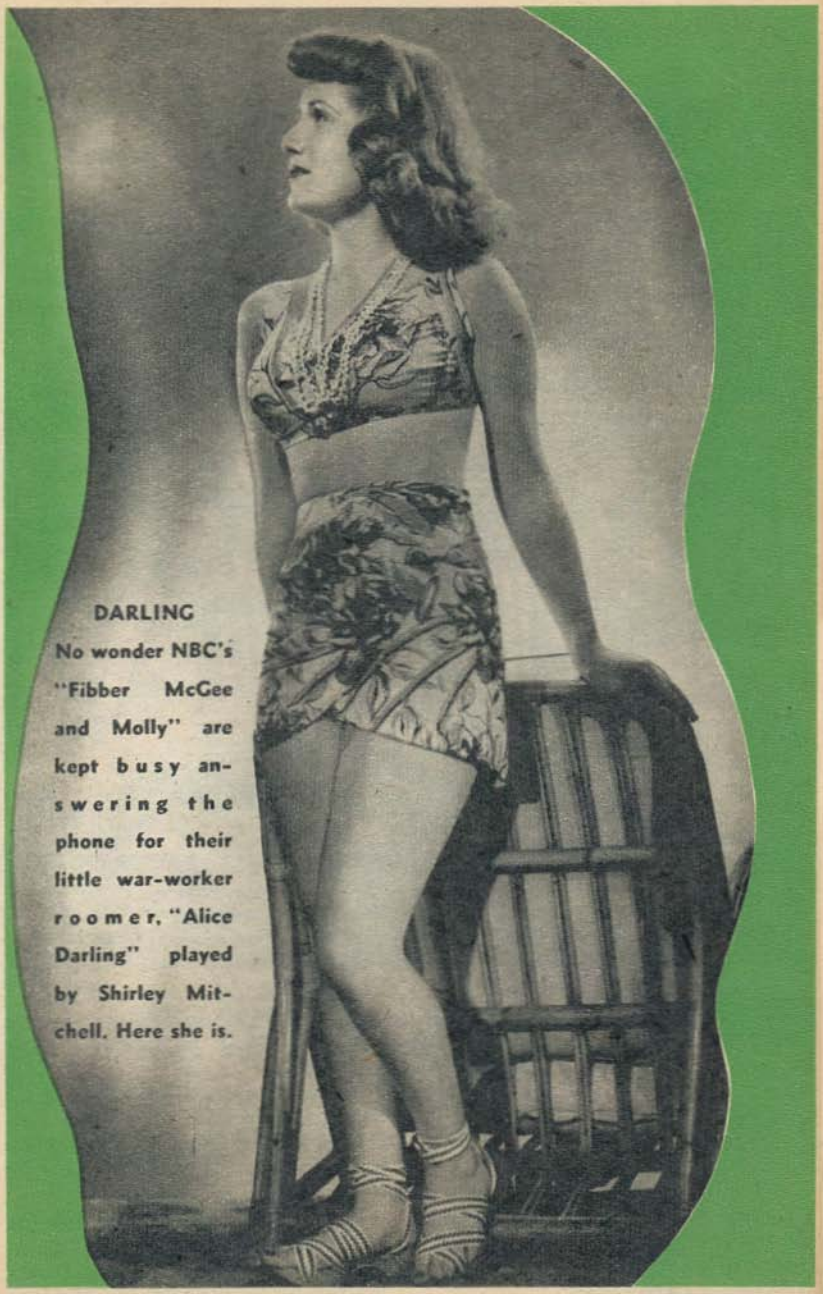
—Burns and Allen Show—C.B.S.

GARRY MOORE—"Jimmy, what I'm trying to find out is what you are doing to improve your health?"

JIMMY DURANTE—"Well, I drink four quarts of milk a day. I take 18 different kinds of vitamins and last week I took enough iron to build a battleship."

GARRY MOORE—"You did?"

JIMMY DURANTE — "Yeah, and the last time I saw Henry Kaiser, he hit me over the stomach with a bottle of champagne!"



DARLING

No wonder NBC's "Fibber McGee and Molly" are kept busy answering the phone for their little war-worker roomer, "Alice Darling" played by Shirley Mitchell. Here she is.

MEET THE 105

By CORPORAL MEL ALLEN

Condensed from the Army Hour over the National Broadcasting Co.

DID you know the Infantry had a howitzer? Yes—the 105 MM cannon—bulldog of all the doughboy's weapons, 2700 pounds of roaring fury, the infantry's biggest, roughest, toughest, most powerful weapon. It knocks out enemy cannon, blasts anti-tank guns, shatters pillboxes, wipes out troop concentrations, a tremendous mass of force harnessed in its short barrel can throw its 33-pound shell over four miles.

The shells travel from 650 to 1020 feet per second—depending on the strength of the powder charge inserted into the shell. When it hits, it explodes.

It has scattered killing fragments of steel 50 yards on either side of the burst and fifteen yards to the front and rear. The shells can be made to burst upon impact. They can be seen to burst in the air over the target.

They can be shot with a delayed fuze. They can be fired at the rate of four shells a minute. Now let's look at the gun itself. The stubby, sturdy barrel is about 55 inches long. The opening approximately four inches wide, mounted on a high-speed carriage equipped with pneumatic tires and split trails, just like a small trailer, can be quickly attached to a truck and hauled to any point at a speed

A section of men from a Field Artillery Battalion. The piece is a 75 mm. Pack Howitzer in firing position.

of fifty miles an hour or better, can be set up and put into action in four minutes. Now, let's get the picture of a howitzer in action. There are ten men in a crew, corporal, gunner, seven cannoneers and the chief of section, or observer. The cannon is usually placed well in the rear of a ridge line—back of a hill, anywhere up to three or four miles away from the enemy, unable to see the enemy target, how can it be hit? Well, that's the task of the observer, who stations himself some distance from the guns —at a point from which he can see the target.

"Generally, the area has been mapped out where enemy targets might be found, and the necessary mathematical computations already made for distance and direction. So, the observer simply relays the target location over telephone or radio, and the gun crews know just how to set their guns properly.

The observer calls for a round to be fired at the range and deflection which he has computed for the target. He watches the burst of the shell, calls back necessary corrections after each shell is fired until that burst is on the target. Then he gives orders for as many rounds as are necessary to knock it out, putting terrific bombardments on emplacements, running them out of strongly constructed buildings."

The 105 is a knock-out, all right, but having the howitzer doesn't mean that the doughboy competes in any way with the artillery, it just means that it's the

Field artillery of a Moroccan Division emplacing 105 mm. howitzer, (American) on an Italian hill.

Camouflaged gun firing. 37th Division, Guadalcanal.

Infantry's own Sunday punch taking care of any situation, to help infantry troops advance, just as it did in Sicily a few months ago when Colonel Lyle Bernard and his battalion landed on the beach at Licata, enemy artillery opened fire on them from the top of Mount Pogo Lungo and the doughboys were in trouble.

Colonel Bernard and two leading rifle companies drove hard in attack to reach the top of the hill so they could try to silence that Nazi battery, at a point on the way, telephone connections were established with the man back on the beach. Enemy shells were screaming overhead, Colonel Bernard grabbed the phone and called his executive officer, Major Lynn Fargo, of Ripon, Wisconsin.

"Hello, Lynn," said Colonel Bernard, "get me some fire suppo to knock these guns out, I don't care what it is, but get some."

"O.K., Lyle," replied Major Fargo, "I'll see what I can get. Hey, wait, they're bringing ashore a 105. How about that stuff?"

"Great, tell 'em to get the howitzer into position where it can hit the top of that hill," said Colonel Bernard, "and run 'em a wire so I can direct their fire, stir your stumps."

A few minutes later, Major Fargo was back on the phone.

"Hello—Lyle?" announced Major Fargo, "I've got the 105 ready to fire back here. Pete's on the other end and will relay your information to the gun crews."

"O.K. Pete, all set?" ordered

Colonel Bernard. "Good, put one round white phosphorus smoke shell at the top of the hill."

Colonel Bernard watched burst of the shell, sees it is over the target and called back.

"That was over, bring it down 200 yards, fire another round."

Again Colonel Bernard watched, again the shell was over.

"Over, Pete," ordered the Colonel, "tell those guys to shift left to the big house on top of the hill, that will give them something to register on, fire one round."

The third round hit the house. They were on the target, Colonel Bernard called.

"A first hit, Pete," now left 150 yards, down 100 yards. That should get that Nazi battery, give 'em one round.

The one round was fired, right in there, then Col. Bernard called to give 'em the works.

"Fire for effect." He ordered.

Thirty seconds later a large white flag appeared near one of the enemy dugouts. American doughboys at the foot of the hill popped out of the folds in the ground as if by magic, rushed up the hill through the barbed wire entanglements with fixed bayonets.

But they didn't have to use them. The enemy had been forced to surrender the point, persuaded by the killing power of the 105, the infantry cannon, helping the infantryman seize and occupy another piece of ground on the way to final victory.

155 mm. howitzer of Bty. C. ready for action. New type circular emplacement for the gun is shown with overhead camouflage net. This outfit was part of the island defense on New Georgia and was active during the recent campaign in the Southwest Pacific.

TURNING LOOSE THE KIDS

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

MONDAY'S children are tomorrow's America. America 20 years from now will be exactly as intelligent, ethical, and self-controlled, as the men and women are, who are today's boys and girls.

All wars are terribly costly. We are accustomed to reckon costs in terms of the national debt; of money taken away for taxes; in casualties of fighting youth; of support and retraining that must be given to the injured; of pensions for veterans.

But the casualties of this war, and in all countries, do not include merely the fighting men of our armies. Among the casualties must be counted thousands and thousands of their little brothers and sisters. I am not here referring to the children who have been killed by bombs from the air. I refer to children, like our own, who are safe from such attacks. But they are not safe from the effects of the home-front effort which disorganizes homes, by moving workers from one part of the country to another, by creating housing shortages, and overcrowding, and above all by drawing mothers into factories, leaving the children to feed themselves.

Neither are they safe from the sensationalisms that war instigates—from the films that continually display blood and slaughter; from the newspapers with their fearsome headlines; from the crimes they publicize; from the feverish atmosphere of recklessness and waste that always attends war booms, or from the nervous tiredness that makes their parents irritable. You who have children know that they are like little receiving stations. When the atmosphere of the home is tense, the child knows it—with his nerves, even though his mind does not take it in. The children of unhappy homes are likely to be naughty children, because they are unconsciously subjected to strained emotional atmospheres, and in war, emotional strain is everywhere.

All these things, physical and emotional, are playing upon the American child, especially among the children of workers, many of whom are on night shifts, so that the home never becomes normally organized, and among the children of working mothers, who are all but utterly neglected.

Juvenile delinquency is terrible. It is the most alarming product of

Condensed from a broadcast over the Blue Network.

the war. Our clinics have as patients little girls, children of 14 and 15, infected with venereal diseases. Girls of 14 and 15 are mothers. Children, getting out of school at 3 o'clock have nowhere to go. Perhaps at home they must be quiet because their father is asleep since his work begins at 7 p.m. Or the mother is not there. Perhaps the apartment is empty, and they gather in it without any supervision. Or they haunt the streets in gangs, picking up acquaintances, or wander through department stores, picking up a little notion here and there, when the understaffed personnel are not watching.

Their physical condition is neglected. The mother coming home from the factory is too tired to cook a decent meal. Something is scrambled together, or set upon the table out of the icebox. Their clothing is neglected, or they are left to buy it themselves, little girls picking out garments unsuited to their years to make them appear older than they are, and more attractive to soldiers. They either take a cold lunch to school, or use the lunch period to haunt the streets, because there is no lunch waiting for them at home.

This is the condition in which the war has put millions of America's greatest assets, our children. And thus we are rearing the social and physical misfits of tomorrow.

Nevertheless, the Appropriation Committee of Congress chose to turn down a $50,000,000 appropriation with which to continue Federal grants to public schools to provide school children with cheap, nourishing lunches.

About two-thirds of our schools have lunch programs. Under the Federal grants, which are only given to such schools as decide there is need for it and apply, 6,000,000 children have been given a good lunch in the school every day. That is only one-fifth of America's 30,000,000 school children under the age of 16. Many of them paid for the lunch, but mass buying made it cheap. An excellent lunch could be served for 17 cents. But the House Appropriation Committee has decided it costs too much, and we must save.

Actually, of course, nothing whatever is being saved by the American people. Children must eat. I do not think there is a living American who would deny the right of a growing American child to 3,000 calories of nourishing, bone-building, body-building food per day. He'd get it in all orphan asylums. Nobody can give his child at home a decent meal for 17 cents. So the withdrawal will either mean that the children go without, get worse food, or that it will cost more, not less.

Boys of 18 are drafted. The reports of the Selective Service show nothing of which we should be very proud, considering the wealth of this country. Hundreds of thousands are rejected because they have never seen a dentist. Bad eyes, bad teeth, nervous disorders, and defects caused by malnutrition are startlingly prevalent. Malnutrition does not necessarily mean under-feeding. It means wrong feeding.

When these lads get into the Army in order to prepare them to fight and maybe die, the Army feeds them as they have never

been fed in most of their young lives. And it costs the Government to do that just 62 cents a day.

Fellow Americans, the little state of Norway, when it was free, had a sufficient sense of social obligation to its children to give every single school child, rich or poor, a hot breakfast with which to begin every school day. Norway is a poor country. But we, apparently are even poorer.

People always ask, when a necessary and valuable social measure is projected: Who is going to pay for this? But the American people must pay for feeding their children. Nor do I see the slightest reason why the childless should not also help. Ought not a nation as great and rich as ours guarantee at least one thing that every American child shall be decently nourished? Some families are too poor; some are too shiftless or ignorant; some are too overworked, to properly feed their children. But the responsibility of society cannot be avoided, if society does not want to reap the evil results.

Every single child could be given two hot meals every school day at the cost for actual food of 10 days of conducting this war.

If we could open the imaginations of our Government representatives, we would take hold of this problem of the American child in a big, worthy, American way. We would make the public school a real extension of the home. We would see to it that Hollywood made and distributed entertaining but appropriate films just for children and teen-age boys and girls, and that special theaters were opened, where parents could always safely send their children. We would have such films shown in schools. We would extend the educational budgets by Federal grants in aid, so that schools could be open until 6, and every school child have supervised home work and indoor and outdoor recreation until the time his parents got home from work.

We would save food, labor, and utilities by collectively and scientifically feeding the already collectively educated children. Does anyone think it is a saving in precious labor and gas and food, to feed 30,000,000 children in almost as many separate kitchens? Feeding all school children would also take immense amounts of food off the black market, it would be the most effective check on inflationary prices. The Army is not paying black markets for food. Neither would the schools. But millions of their parents are.

Now that the Appropriations Committee of Congress has taken from the mouths of the smallest and neediest the little they have, can't we persuade our Congressmen and Senators not to put that back, but to open public hearings on the whole subject of the welfare of the American child, and design a big, intelligent, comprehensive program to deal with the whole problem? England, under bombs, and with great food shortages, is doing better by her children than we. That thought fills my heart with bitter shame. The Bible says, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." It doesn't say to turn them loose to shift for themselves in a time of war and social upset. Clergymen are preaching and deploring; club women are noting with alarm. But won't someone—can't we all—do something about it?

CREEPS BY NIGHT

How's your morale, civilians? Bothered with rationing, gas shortages? Need shoes, coal or other necessities? Do you miss those little luxuries that made life so pleasant in the past? Then, we recommend that maniacal master of the macabre, that prince of the psychological play, Boris Karloff, who weekly scares Blue Network listeners out of their worries and eases war-nerves with spine-tingling spasms on the "Creeps By Night" series. There are plenty of chills in Karloff.

This isn't a dramatic story. A passage to Britain is becoming as routine as a peace-time crossing. But overtones of war are always present. But there is no longer the constant oppressive sense of danger that U-boats brought with them during the black months of heavy American shipping losses.

Passage to Britain

By CHARLES COLLINGWOOD

MY LAST passage to Britain began after I'd gotten my credentials all fixed up with the War Department and became again an accredited correspondent. It's rather like joining some kind of secret society. And finally I found myself in Joe Kelly's office.

"I have a fast cargo ship for you," Kelly said.

"That's very nice." I thanked him. "What's the name of the ship?"

Cautiously, Kelly replied, "Surprise."

"Oh, yes, I get it," I told him.

"This ship is proceeding in a fast convoy that will get you to England "explained Kelly" quicker than anything but a troop transport."

"Fine." And would you let me know the name of the ship?"

"Surprise, I told you," replied Kelly, this time with some annoyance.

"Okay, thanks again. I think I understand," I acquiesced.

The next day, in the late afternoon, it was time to sail.

I boarded a little tug used as a launch which plows through the churning waters lapping the vast accumulation of shipping in the harbor, pointed east to carry men and supplies for the greatest military task in America's history. The tug sidled up to a camouflaged vessel. I watched crew members clambering up the rope ladder and noticed the transfer of some packages from the little tug to the big freighter.

The lights of the city go up and it's so beautiful you shudder a little bit.

I was thinking more about those lights. Where I'm going there won't be lights at night. "Wondering how long it'll be before I see such a sight again," I murmured half aloud.

"Maybe not too long," replied a voice just back of me. "Enough ships, enough men and it may be over sooner than you think."

"Maybe," I replied. "Say, now that I'm almost aboard could you tell me the name of this ship or is it still a surprise."

"Surprise?" laughed the sailor. "Why, that's her name. The Surprise!"

Finally it was my turn to negotiate that long rope ladder. It seemed about a thousand feet high

Condensed from Dateline over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

No time for the proper meal, a young signalman on board a destroyer eats a sandwich as he flashes out a signal.

and before I reached the top I regretted that I hadn't done my setting up exercises regularly. Finally a mate reached out his arms, helps me over the rail and I was on deck. It's funny when you think later you have just passed through the most perilous part of a trip abroad.

I was taken to meet the Captain and from him found out some things about the ship. The Captain was proud of the Surprise.

"She's fast, efficient and comfortable, sir," the Captain told me. "She's been converted to a refrigerator ship and is carrying frozen meat.

"Half of this cargo is for the British under lend-lease and the other half is for our own Army in England. This ship carries enough meat to ration a large city like Manchester for a month and to feed an American division for almost a year."

The Captain went on to tell me that the Surprise would get under way early the next morning. I shared comfortable quarters with one of the officers. As you lie in your bunk, awaiting sleep, you think of the tremendous job of supplying an Army and how many herdmen and slaughterers and railway workers, packers, stevedores and other workers are needed.

And the next thing you know it's morning and you're on deck to watch the convoy set out to sea.

A convoy is a cross-section of unending traffic supplying the muscles of war. In the center ride tankers low to the water, their bellies full of aviation gasoline. On their decks, strapped and taped like mummies against the weather, are some planes which may later use that gasoline in flights over the captive continent of Europe. Away from the tankers you see an ammunition ship loaded with bombs some of those planes may carry. On the outside of the convoy are fast freighters like the Surprise loaded with all kinds of food in their holds and with sturdy Army trucks lashed to their decks. Out in front of this array of vessels are cocky little destroyer escorts looking for all the world like motorcycle cops leading a parade. But those escorts are your life insurance.

As the days go by you soon learn to know the ship's company and you realize that you're part of a great floating international democracy. There are sailors from all over the United States, British, Finnish, Danish and even an Estonian. But your heart skips and you feel uncomfortable right smack in the middle of your stomach whenever those engines miss a beat.

You know that if your ship falls

behind in the convoy the chances that you will be torpedoed are at least five times greater. And then one night your ship breaks down and there's a near collision as the tanker astern almost piles up on you.

"Naval gun crew—general quarters—general quarters. Get out of that sack," were the orders.

"What is it now? Can't a guy get any sleep?" complained one of the sailors.

"Come on—get a move on. We've broke down," are the orders. "They've put up our out of control signal. And we're falling out of convoy."

"You know it was just like this when I got topedoed in the Mediterranean a year ago," explains one old tar. "We broke down, and our escort went on with the convoy. A submarine sneaked up and slipped us a torpedo. Fortunately, we weren't far from land.

"How far would you say we are from land right now?" I asked.

"Oh, a thousand miles, I suppose," he admits.

So you sit there, helpless. Down below, in the bowels of the ship, the engineers work feverishly. And finally the trouble is found and the repairs are made. You heave a great sigh of relief when you hear the engines begin to throb again. And then the Surprise is going full speed ahead. In a short time she's taken her place in the convoy again. And everyone pretends he hasn't been the least bit worried.

Then there's another night on deck when you are reminded again of war. One of the crew speaks up: "Look over there to port. Guess some poor devil has gotten it. Ship afire," calls out a sailor.

You strain your eyes and mar-

Keeping watch on the bridge of an escorting British destroyer which has just taken over the convoy from U. S. warships.

vel that even a man trained to the sea can make out anything at all in that enveloping blackness. But finally, you too, see what seems to be a burning vessel. You think it's odd you are not shifting course to try to pick up survivors. But before long the sailor sets you straight.

"Hey, that ain't a ship on fire. It's a hospital ship with all the lights on," corrects another sailor.

He turns out to be right. Pretty soon you are close enough to see the Red Cross on the brightly lighted mercy ship. You even see —or imagine you see—the big green band painted around it. You realize that even in the most horrible, the most destructive war in all history there are still rules —Geneva rules—and that hospital ships with lights blazing are safe, or at least are usually safe.

There's only one other incident to break this monotony of Passage to Britain. One day you find your ship struck by a heavy gale. The Surprise rolls to an angle of thirty-five degrees.

Angry seas have the decks awash. One wave reaches as though it were a giant hand, carries off a life-raft and sets it down bobbing in the white - crested greenish - black swirling ocean. You realize then the fate that menaces mariners in such a craft on such a day. In such heavy weather the crew wears fur jackets provided by public contribution. Each man seems proud of his jacket but one seaman who exhibits a luxurious pelt is particularly exultant.

Finally, intact, the convoy arrives at a British port. No sooner has the Surprise reached her pier than a swarm of British dockers settle over her and remove first the trucks from her deck and then begin opening the hatches to unload the meat. The stevedores are gleeful at the sight.

And you realize that there could be no invasion—not even a half-strangled thought of it—if it weren't for the day-to-day, routine job turned in by our Merchant Marine. We've built ships on a scale hitherto undreamed of. We've manned them sometimes with farm boys who never before had seen an ocean except as a blue patch on a map. But despite every obstacle we've reached our goals. In England now are row upon row of trucks and tanks, huge guns and landing craft—their weight so staggeringly heavy you sometimes wonder if they won't cause the Island Fortress to sink a little into the sea under the enormous burden of the arsenal we have trans-shipped. The presence of those tons of equipment in England today is a great tribute to the War Shipping Administration. It delivers the goods.

V...—

ULCERS

In experiments, several well-known wetting agents, substances that reduce surface tension of watery solutions, caused development of ulcers in a very high percentage of cases. One wetting agent, calgon, a water-softener, takes calcium ions out of circulation. It is not inconceivable, the scientists say, that the beneficial effects of milk in the treatment of ulcers may be attributed in part to its calcium content. They suggest the fortification of milk with a calcium salt.—**Adventures in Sciences (C.B.S.).**

The Secret of Ascension Island

By LT. COL. RUSSELL C. LARSEN,
Comanding Officer of the Base.

THEY said it could never be done. American planes would never be able to land on as small a base as Ascension Island.

But they did it! They did land on Ascension Island—a dot of solid rock on the South Atlantic—a key base in America's gigantic aerial network.

Without a mid-ocean base, it would be impossible to fly supplies across the Atlantic Ocean. And Ascension Island is the only stepping stone between South America and Africa. That chunk of lava and cinder made possible the movement of equipment to the theatres of war by air when time was precious and the Axis submarines were such a menace to seaborne traffic. It is safe to say that Allied success in North Africa and Italy would not have been possible without the bombers and transport-borne vital supplies, flown from our great American arsenal to the front via Ascension Island.

And we've been able to lend tremendous aid to Russia on the Ukrainian front, because of that same little dot in the ocean.

The place itself was all that was available. When the American engineers arrived, all they found was a desolate waste of lava and cinder hills and mountains. One of the soldiers said, "Why, if a crow tried to land here, he'd break his leg." The only signs of life were teeming millions of island birds—called terns. They're small web-footed birds about the size of doves. They took to the air screeching their protest at our invasion of their age-old privacy. All in all, the prospect was so bad, that if it hadn't been one of those military "musts," building a base there would have been considered impossible. However, the engineers moved in with the infantry and artillery to protect the island from any interference by Axis surface or submarine raiders—and the job was done!

The base was built in record time.

In ninety-one days necessary supply roads, airplane parking areas and a runway 6,000 feet long were constructed. This involved blasting incredible mounds of lava, filling deep ravines and surfacing these areas to permit the safe passage of heavy planes and equipment.

Ascension was literally blasted

Condensed from a broadcast on We the People over the Columbia Broadcasting System (Gulf Oil).

into history to become a vital link between two continents.

Life on the island is what the boys call "rugged" when they first arrive—but they soon get accustomed to the lack of so-called modern conveniences. For those who like to take a walk we have lovely lava fields that grow rocks instead of daisies. One walk ends a reckless rookie's passion for hiking. We had several small beaches, but the catch was that the ocean is too dangerous—too rough there—for any but the strongest swimmers. The fishing was good but the main catch was that sharks frequently left us only the head of the fish. It's a place where you say everything's swell —except that it isn't.

Yes, and those birds there—the terns—are nice little pets—except they're often even more of a menace to our planes than the enemy.

Sometimes those terns hold mass-meetings on the runway, blocking the planes. And recently a tern flew into a B-17—probably taking it for a king-sized relative. It smashed the windows and the plane's radio.

There's Cocoanut Grove for entertainment on the island, Colonel?

That's what we call the only tree in sight—a tired old palm,

Nesting grounds of the Wideawake birds on Ascension Island, site of the U. S. Army Forces Wideawake Field.

beaten over by the permanent 25-mile-a-hour wind. Under it, a soulful sergeant set a bench—the only bench on Ascension. He was an optimist. He called it honeymoon bench.

It doesn't create, however, a housing problem.

I regret to say there are only eight women at Ascension—in the British Colony. Even the nurses in the hospitals are male. That probably accounts for the scarcity of hospital patients. In fact, the only other empty building on the island is the prison. It hasn't done any business since 1925. The morale of the men in the task force protecting Ascension Island is tops.

As for protection it's no military secret to reveal that the hills and beaches of Ascension are covered with well-camouflaged artillery and machine-gun emplacements. We're ready to repel any possible landing attack from German subs or raiders.

Ascension has already made a place in history. But, if we should want Ascension to act up again, I have an idea. You know that the island nearest Ascension is St. Helena, where Napoleon stayed as guest of the British government. At that time they thought Ascension was too lonely for the Great Dictator. But I hope the powers that be aren't too worried about that. Ascension might be a great spot to park some of the master criminals of civilization when the time comes.

"WE THE PEOPLE" CELEBRATES ITS BIRTHDAY

Andrew McMurray of the National Maritime Union, who spoke in behalf of his rescued shipmates on the torpedoed Penelope Barker; Lord Halifax, Brigadier-General Howard L. Peckham; former Ambassador to Japan, Joseph C. Grew; Rear-Admiral De Witt Clinton Ramsey. Standing, Milo Boulton, master of ceremonies of "We, the People" over CBS.

Women AT WAR

MARGARET HICKEY

Margaret A. Hickey, lawyer and business executive of St. Louis, Mo., was appointed Chairman of the Women's Advisory Committee, War Manpower Commission, in September, 1942. In this capacity she heads the first wartime committee of American women to settle important policy.

The Women's Advisory Committee is composed of twelve full-fledged members and two alternates. They represent management, labor and the general public, and come from every section of the country. The special function of the Committee is to assist the War Manpower Commission in the effective mobilization.

With respect to recruitment of women, the Committee recommended that every effort be made to recruit and refer women, including older women, for employment or training on the basis of their qualification for an occupation without discrimination because of race, national origin or creed.

The Women's Advisory Committee works in close collaboration with the War Manpower Commission's National Management-Labor Policy Committee. These two bodies, established by W.M.C. Administrative Order for the purpose of formulating major policy, have identical status and function similarly. Both Committees report directly to the Executive Director of the War Manpower Commission, who also attends the regular meetings of the two Committees. Miss Hickey is an observer and participates in the discussions at the meeting of the Management - Labor Policy Committee.

An early leader of the vocational guidance movement in Missouri, Miss Hickey brought together employers, employes and students in career conferences and job clinics, so that both the beginner and the more mature might attain greater usefulness to themselves and the nation.

GOLDEN TREASURE

THERE'S AN AIR of romantic renaissance in the golden Tuscan lace bonnet worn by CBS star Muriel ("Mary Marlin") Kirkland. Under the raised front brim taffeta ruffles pick up or accent costume colors. Light in weight and head-hugging in fit, this open-crown model promotes the wearable qualities for which its designer, Sally Victor, is famous.

The BLUE Net's Mystery Chef insists you can never season food properly after it is cooked. It should be seasoned before or while you are cooking it, he says. The old idea, continues the Mystery Chef, that putting salt on meat before cooking it toughens the meat is nonsense. He has been preparing three meals a day for his wife and himself for over thirty years and he often has many guests. He always salts his meat before cooking it. And, says he, "I have practically never cooked a piece of meat that was not exceedingly tender — but I deal with a good butcher and buy well hung meat." (Mystery Chef, Mondays through Fridays, 2:15 p.m., EWT.)

Women could live without every cosmetic except one — soap. A beautiful skin is the product of perfect cleansing, a ritual which should be religiously observed. Especially effective is the use of a soft complexion brush, but it may be difficult to find just the type you want so C.B.S. starlet Sybil ("Let's Pretend") Trent tells us to "borrow" a shaving brush from the man of the house, work up a fine lather and dash on cold water afterwards for the finest facial any girl could desire. The gentle massage of the brush promotes a most beneficial circulation which promises to pay off in giving a petal-smooth skin if the process is continued.

ENGINEER

Manning the studio controls at NBC's first all-woman produced program, "Now Is the Time," is Engineer Muriel Kennedy. The show salutes women in service.

Alma Kitchell, BLUE Network expert on women's affairs, says if you have difficulty with the babies when it comes time for them to take their bad-tasting cod-liver oil, keep the bottle of oil and the silver spoon, with which you serve it to them, in the refrigerator. When you serve it to the children cold, it is almost tasteless.

LATTICE WORK

PRISTINE simplicity of line and rich detail of surface trim provoke fashion news for the coming season. Delicate petal pink all silk crepe was used by New York's creative designer Jonai to fashion the gown worn by CBS singer Lynn ("Thanks to the Yanks") Gardner. The fine, handsewn lattice insert, simulating a covered-up decolletage, and the sculptured shoulders provide appealing novelty.

Dorothy Kirsten, lovely blond soprano of the Blue Network's Keepsakes program, offers a wartime hint for renewing last summer's straw hats. First brush the hat with a soft brush.—When you have removed the dust get a small can of neutral shellac and apply with a small painting brush. This will stiffen the straw and give the hat a new sheen. Add a new ribbon or flower and you will have a new hat.

In the Land of the Rising Sun

"The Victorious War Fungi"

Japanese propagandists, transmitting a dispatch to the United States via the Domei agency, recently put out a story designed to persuade us that the war was practically in the bag.

The propagandists said that three strange fungi in the shape of a toad, snail and snake had appeared on a "sacred oak tree" in the garden of the Kinsan Shrine in Saitama Prefecture. After telling us that the "phenomenon" had been named the "Victorious War Fungi," Domei added:

"At the time of the Russo-Japanese war, there appeared a strange phenomenon exactly like this, and soon after, the war ended in a great victory for Japan."

Following Domei's dispatch on the "good omen," Premier Hideki Tojo told the Japanese Diet that Japan faced the most "critical" moment in its history.

V...—

Until They Cross Rockies and Bombed Washington

The Tokyo Shimbun, according to the Tokyo radio urged "an all-out offensive to wipe out the enemy from the entire Pacific" and warning that "victory cannot be won by defensive action," said:

"Japan should not be satisfied until our air forces are crossing the Rockies in attack on the enemy and our battle fleet is bombarding Washington."

Japanese Search German Consulate for Gold

The Chungking radio said that the Japanese authorities in Shanghai had forcibly searched the German consulate to prevent the smuggling of gold out of the port by German businessmen.

Most German concerns in Shanghai had disposed of their properties and bought up gold, the broadcast said.

In the middle of last month, it was declared, a secret attempt was made by German merchants to smuggle out the gold they had purchased, but the plan was discovered by the Japanese.

According to the broadcast, "deep resentment" against the Germans has been aroused among the Japanese residents in Shanghai by rumors, spread by Japanese officials, of secret peace negotiations between Germany and Britain.

Jap Baseball Again

Though Japanese radio and press transmissions for more than a year have reported either restrictions or bans on baseball in Japan because of the American origin of the sport, a Domei agency dispatch for American consumption described the opening game in Tokyo of the Japan Professional League in which the Tokyo Giants, "last year's pennant winners," were said to have defeated Sangyo (formerly the Nagoya team) 2 to 0.

The Domei wireless dispatch directed to the United States said that "it is recalled that the Tokyo Giants is the same team which made a barnstorming tour of the United States in 1935" and "it is further recalled that in engagements with Pacific Coast teams this team hung up an impressive record."

"Some Japanese Are Getting Tired of War

The Japanese people were told in a Tokyo domestic broadcast that "there are some people who say they are getting tired of the war."

The speaker, identified as Tadayoshi Obata, head of the important business section of the Imperial Rule Assistance Association, Japan's totalitarian party, warned such Japanese to remember that they were in danger of air attack and that if the Japanese mainland were to be subjected to an attack on a scale comparable to that launched against the Marshall Islands "your homes would be completely demolished."

Glories In Dying For Emperor

The Tokyo radio, in a Japanese-language broadcast said that the glory of dying in battle for Emperor Hirohito had been expressed in Tokyo newspapers on the basis of the following theme:

"In serving on the seas, be a corpse saturated with water.

"In serving on land, be a corpse covered with weeds.

"In serving in the sky, be a corpse that challenges clouds.

"Let us all die close by the side of our sovereign, without the slightest regret."

The broadcast said that the newspaper dirges were printed in conjunction with the "special Spring Yasukuni shrine service" to "offer the departed spirits to the gods."

"Together with heaven and earth, these, our men, have become the foundation stones of our nation," the broadcast said in tribute to Japan's war dead. "They have gone while performing their duties. And they will be transmitted down through generations to come."

In Favor of Jap Pants

The "traditional" one - piece cover-all, the sarong, is losing popularity among the Malayan women of Singapore in favor of "mompe pants, the popular working apparel of Japanese women," the Toyko radio declared.

"At present a number of Malayan women are receiving training on the method of designing these pants from their Japanese sisters in the Malaya Service Association who have been deeply impressed by their decision to wear the Japanese-style apparel.

War and Religion

By CORP. ROBT. GILLIAM and SGT. DWIGHT DAHMES

Condensed from the Army Hour over the National Broadcasting Co.

EVERY fighting outfit in our Army has its legend of supreme heroism and sacrifice. But here is the story of living legend—a legend spawned on the crackling sands of North Africa nurtured on the scarred slopes of Hill 609 and which attained maturity and immortality in the blood-soaked crags and mountains of Italy. This is the record of an unarmed soldier and of his place in the hearts of thousands of his fellow soldiers.

Father Hoffman was one of the boys right from the start because he understood us—whether the men of the 34th Infantry Division were Catholics, Protestants or Jews.

Before the Division left for boxing gloves and go a few rounds with us. That's the kind of man he is. Father Hoffman liked to be in on everything and we were always glad to have him. He could outwalk any man in the battalion! There was a march we took in North Africa that had me gasping. It was hot and dusty and when we got a rest period, I could almost count the blisters on my feet. I was griping to beat everything when Father Hoffman showed up smiling as usual. In about a minute he had me feeling good again. Those jokes of his can cure anything. As he left me, he turned and said, "Dwight, I'll bet my blisters are twice as big as yours."

No matter where a fellow was, if he needed a Chaplain he could count on Father Hoffman. Like the time we were going after Hill 609 in Tunisia. About half way up one of the boys was hit, but the medics couldn't reach him because the Germans were pouring everything they had into the area. It was boiling out there. The shells were chewing up the ground and splattering mud and parts of bodies in all directions. Then Father Hoffman went out for the man. He walked out there like he was going for a stroll in the park. Easy and slow—and not scared. That was something to see because everyone of us knows that the feeling in our stomachs at such times is not hunger—it's fear. He brought the wounded man in and it made us all feel good to hear that he received his Captaincy and Silver Star for the job.

Soldiers with guns have an advantage over a chaplain. We go out and we can fight back, but Father Hoffman had nothing but his faith for protection. But, that's real protection. And right in the middle of all the fighting he still kept his sense of humor. A few days before he was hurt, he was telling everybody that the Ger-

mans were poor shots and that they wasted ammunition because one of their mortar shells missed him by seven feet.

I don't think many people know this, but when Father Hoffman tripped off the mine in Italy that blew his left leg off, he was helping remove a wounded German soldier. He could only see that it was a boy in pain and alone.

The uniform or color never made any difference to him. Some of us couldn't understand it then, but we do now. We never want him to change.

FATHER HOFFMAN'S CREED

According to our standards the service on the African hill was without the music or magnitude we commonly associate with religion. Our alter was a pile of ammunition boxes, the bare earth our pews. Yet, the impact of the service was clearly discernible on the faces of those men who lived side by side with violent death. Their faith, their hope and their charity is something rea' and alive and they carry it with them wherever they go—no matter how heavy the calibre of the enemy weapons. The German and Jap have only their guns and bombs, our soldiers have these and much more. They have an unbreakable shield of faith. You can't see it—you can't touch it —but it's there within them manifesting itself in countless ways. With such spiritual armament, no matter how long it takes, or what the odds, our boys will win.

The Best Prayer of the Month

By Rev. Frederick Brown Harris, D.D., Chaplain of Senate

Our Father God, to Thee our strong tower and refuge, we come as to the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Lift us from the dust and mire of the past with all its failures that we may gird ourselves for a new day's work, as upon our strength and ability is laid the burdened needs of the Nation and of the world. Save us from despair when evening finds the morning promise unfulfilled.

As our hopes are quickened by the faith and daring of the Kingdom of God may we be delivered from the web of outgrown precedents and from the stale ways of party cunning. Open our eyes to see the futility of greatly changing the sad pattern of life without any change of lives. When so great a multitude are walking the way of sorrow whose end is marked by a lonely cross, may these searching days reveal the hateful things in our hearts which make our own spirits unfit to be living stones for the fairer temple of humanity. In the vineyard of our inner lives which each man must tend may there be found the fruits of the spirit, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness, temperance and faith.

13 YEARS ON CBS

Kate Smith celebrated her 13th song-spangled radio anniversary on CBS with a special program.

Baby Janice takes a Bow!

Vivian Fridell, star of "Backstage Wife," and her baby, Janice, who shows great promise of becoming as beautiful as her mother.