

Warweek

Photo Story Of A Bombing Mission
 Heroic Stand Of Bastogne Defenders
 Czech Tragedy Revealed By Reporter

Sunday, Jan. 7, 1945

WARWEEK—THE STARS AND STRIPES

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ALTITUDE: 20,000



Four miles up Fortresses head for Germany as protecting fighters leave vapor trails.

Sgt. Kedzierski yawns and awakens for early morning mission.

AMERICANS have grown accustomed to seeing the headline: "Fortress Fleet Pounds Reich Cities." They gulp black headlines with their black coffee at breakfast and they have a tendency to forget that each time a fleet of 1,000 Flying Fortresses bomb Berlin, Essen, and Cologne—1,000 separate human stories of guts, precision, and valor are all compressed in a single column of space in the newspaper.

Paul Conners, Warweek Staff Writer, wanted to get a close look at what this phase of the war was from the standpoint of one to one-thousandth. He went out to an 8th Air

Force bomber base in Great Britain and told them he wanted to fly with the Forts.

After a gunnery course in which he won his wings, Conners was ready to sample the war, wild blue yonder style, and since then he has been flying missions as a gunner with the Forts, bombing the Third Reich on a round-the-clock schedule.

Here, pictorially, is what Conners found; here is the photographic reproduction of the high points in a typical day of 23-year-old Sgt. Edward P. Kedzierski, South Milwaukee, Wis., a Fortress enlisted gunner with 26 missions in his kick.



Warweeker Conners.



Crew members begin to shake off sleepiness at breakfast with coffee and airfield small talk.



After breakfast it's the briefing where they are given the dope on the mission, the destination.

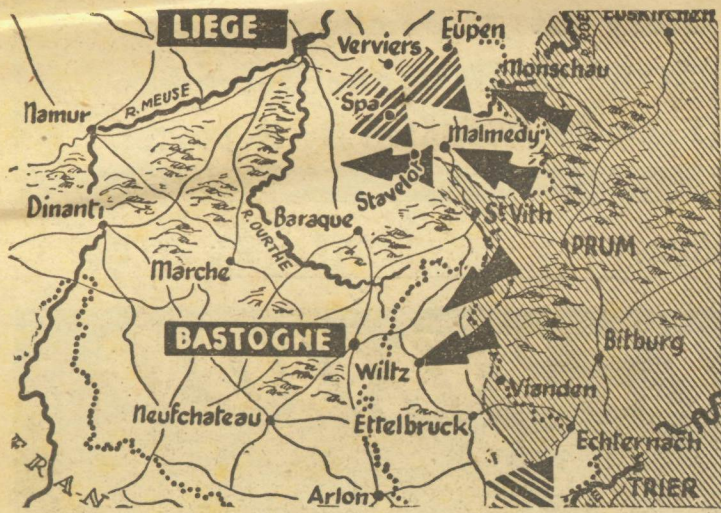


Minutes later, decked out in flying togs, waist gunners check their guns before taking off for the long haul across the Channel to Hitler's house and perhaps a run-in with the Luftwaffe. One of waist men is radio operator until situation requires him to assist other Gunner.

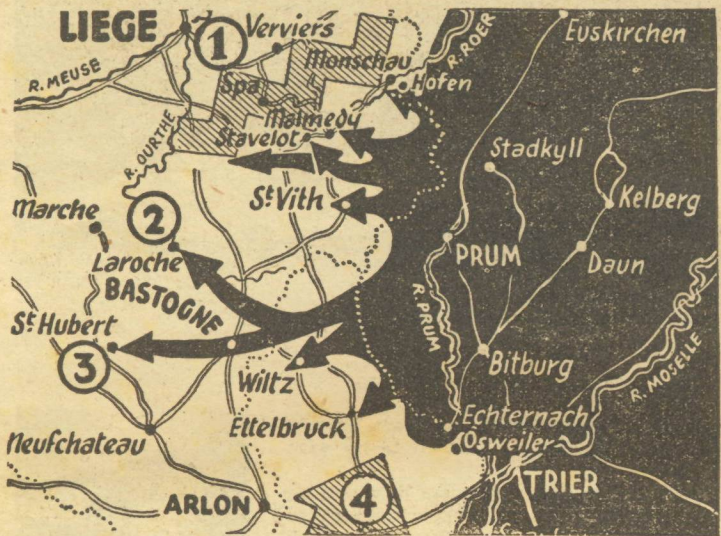


Payoff comes over target area when bombs are away and white puffs mark hits on objective—mission accomplished. The crew settles back for the trip home still alert for enemy fighters.

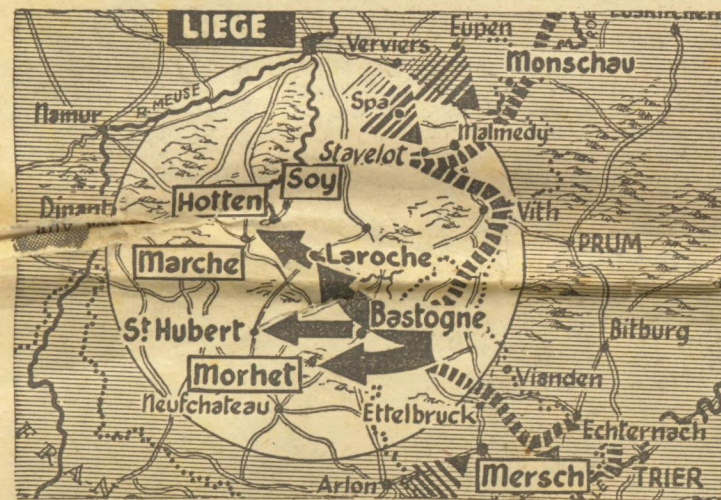
Bastogne—A '44 Gettysburg



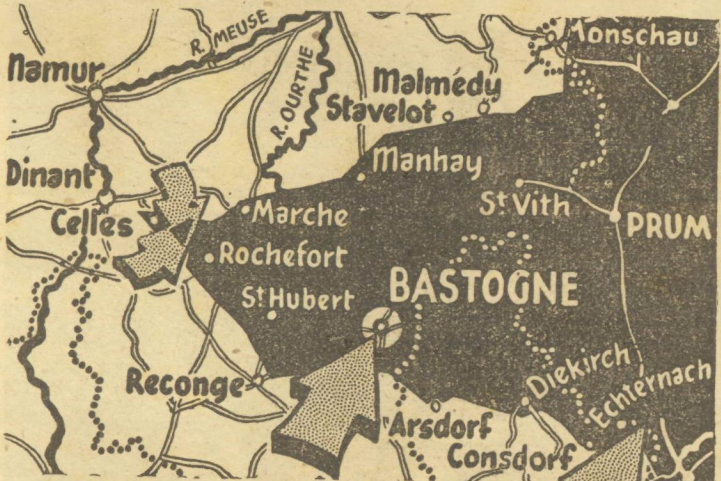
16 Dec. German Armies start drive threatening to cut Western Front into two sectors.



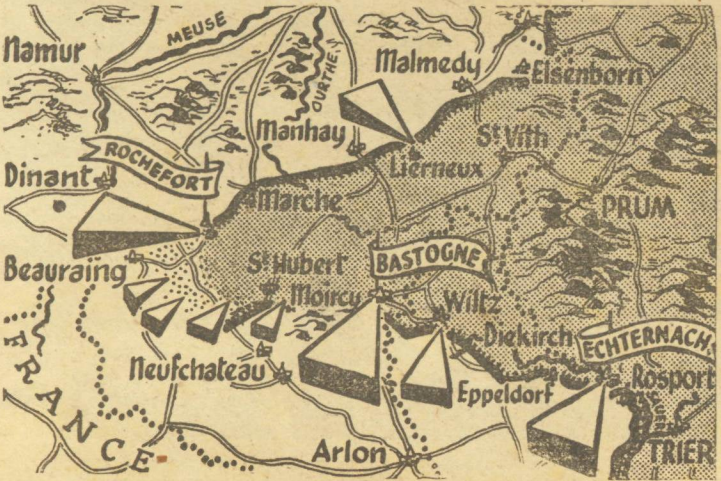
23 Dec. Sweeping forward, Von Rundstedt's men by-pass Bastogne, reach St. Hubert, Laroche.



25 Dec. Bastogne is surrounded, but still holding. Counter-attacks to relieve town under way.



27 Dec. Gen. Patton's armor is stabbing at surrounded town. Other Allies hit south.



29 Dec. Bastogne has been reached and 101st Div. is rescued. Epic story now starts Part 2.

When the history of this war is written, the brightest chapter may be the heroic defense of Bastogne by the paratroopers of the 101st Airborne Division, helped by a scratch force of stragglers from other outfits who proudly called themselves "Task Force SNAFU."

Yet the epic battle of more than ten days, in which the not-so-very former civilians of a citizen army took the best the professionals of the Wehrmacht could hand out, began as an almost routine assignment. In the first place, the men of the 101st rode into this battle on wheels, instead of dropping from the skies. Their own divisional commander, Maj. Gen. Maxwell Taylor, who had parachuted with his men into Normandy, Italy and Holland, was in Washington.

In command was his deputy, Brig. Gen. Anthony C. (Tony) McAuliffe, who, at 46, is one of the oldest qualified jumpers among the parachute troops.

The Germans themselves set the stage for the gallant stand at Bastogne when they launched their pre-Christmas offensive on Dec. 16, 1944. Now that they have been stopped, held and driven back, it is permissible to guess that they probably were trying for a break-

Stopped cold in their tracks in ankle-deep snow in their early attempts to snatch Bastogne from the fighting 101st Airborne division, the Germans have regrouped and are now attacking again.

Late reports indicate that Von Rundstedt is throwing 11 of his remaining divisions into the second attack. Against this force is an even dozen U.S. divisions announced thus far.

Termed the "Gettysburg of this war", Bastogne may be the battle which will determine whether Germany collapses in a matter of weeks, or whether the campaign in Europe will extend through next summer.

through to the sea which would have cut off the port of Antwerp and isolated Allied troops in the northern end of the Western Front.

By Dec. 23 they had cut the Liege-Bastogne-Arlon highway and had surrounded Bastogne. The trouble was that they had, in effect, closed their hands around a hornet's nest, boiling with stingers. To Gen. McAuliffe's men the assignment had been simple enough:

They were to ride into Bastogne on trucks, occupy the town and then establish and hold road-blocks down each of the seven roads which converge there. What the Germans underestimated, as they by-passed the Bastogne defenses, was the character and fighting abilities of the men who had been given the assignment.

Killed 30 Christmas Day.

There were men, for instance, like Cpl. William H. Fowler, of Jacksonville, Fla., who accounted for 30 Krauts on Christmas morning. "I just mowed 'em down," Fowler said after the battle. Then he told of a man in his squad who lay in a ditch with a rifle and a bazooka beside him.

When a German tank appeared the soldier waited until it was only 25 yards away, then killed a German soldier who was riding on the tank, with his rifle. Dropping his M1, the soldier blew off one track



Lt. Gen. George S. Patton



Brig. Gen. Anthony C. McAuliffe

with his bazooka and then set the tank on fire with a second rocket.

It was like that, all up and down the roads leading into Bastogne for more than a week.

Even the men of "Task Force SNAFU" who had been organized to guard prisoners and perform similar duties inside the defense perimeter played their part in the best traditions of the 101st. After the encircled division had been relieved many of them begged and pleaded to be "adopted" into the 101st, instead of being returned to their own outfits.

The whole heroic and epic stand was replete with stories of individual bravery. One man, hospitalized because of a bad case of trench-foot, pleaded with Gen.

McAuliffe to be allowed to return to the firing line.

"I can't get my shoes on, General," he said, "but I have a pair of overshoes. With those I don't need shoes..."

His spirit was the same as that of Lt. Col. Harry Kinnard, of Pelham Manor, N.Y. When the siege was at its worst, with the Germans holding high ground around the town and pouring fire into the rubble-filled streets, Corps Headquarters asked Lt. Col. Kinnard for a situation report. His answer will become a classic of the 101st.

A Doughnut Situation.

First explaining that he couldn't reply in formal military terms lest the message be intercepted by the enemy, Col. Kinnard then said:

"Well, just picture the hole in a doughnut—that's the situation!"

Now that it is over, now that the stand at Bastogne is on its way to become one of America's greatest military classics, the real reason that a surrounded and outnumbered American force was able to hold out for ten days is apparent. They did it because of the basic principle of the airborne troopers in action: every man backs every other.

The Bastogne action was unorthodox, according to the book when a military force is surrounded and outnumbered it either surrenders or is wiped out. The Germans offered Gen. McAuliffe a chance to surrender. His reply was a one-word sermon on how American troops act under those circumstances. The word was "Nuts."

On Christmas Day the 101st was completely cut off and the only supplies it was getting were being dropped in by air. On the 26th they were still holding. By the next day, Wednesday, the 27th, our counter-attack from the south had worked up the Arlon road to within 5 miles of the beleaguered city. All through the ten days of siege American Air Force planes hammered away at the Germans, did what they could to help the paratroopers on the ground.

Patton's Armor Strikes.

Counter-attacks were pressing in against the Germans from the north, south and west. Lt. Gen. George S. Patton's armor was striking hard and fast for the relief of the Bastogne pocket.

By the 29th of December the siege was lifted and the "battered bastards of Bastogne" had earned a place alongside the defenders of the Alamo, of Bunker Hill, of Cemetery Ridge.

Gen. McAuliffe has a very simple answer to the question "how were you able to hold out against those odds?"

It is this: "I didn't feel the Germans had enough people and enough tanks in their whole offensive to take that place."

1939-1945 In Headlines
"SEVEN NEW YEAR'S DAYS."
Also:
Newscope, Combat Tips
Army Talks, Sat. Jan. 13, 1945.

A Christmas Eve Greeting

GEN. MCAULIFFE'S own story of how he replied "Nuts!" to the Germans who demanded his surrender was revealed in a dramatic Order of the Day which was hectographed and distributed to men of the 101st, Christmas Eve.

"What's merry about all this, you ask? We're fighting—it's cold—we aren't home. But what has the Proud Eagle Division accomplished with all its worthy comrades of the Tenth Armored Div., the 705th TD Bn. and all the rest? Just this: We have stopped cold everything that has been thrown at us from the north, east, south and west. We have identifications from four German Pz divisions, two German infantry divisions, and one German parachute division. These units, the last desperate German lunge, were headed straight west for key points. The Eagle Div. was hurriedly ordered to stem the advance.

"How effectively this was done will be written in history: Not alone in our division's history, but in world history. The Germans actually did surround us, their radios blared our doom. Their commander demanded our surrender in the following impudent arrogance:

"Dec. 22, 1944. To the U.S.A. commander in the encircled town of Bastogne. The fortune of war is changing. This time the U.S. forces in and near Bastogne have been encircled by strong German armored units. More German armored units have

crossed the river Ourthe near Ortheuville, have taken Marche, have reached Schubert by passing through Homores-Sibret-Tillet. Libramont is in German hands.

"There is only one possibility to save the encircled U.S.A. troops from annihilation: That is, the honorable surrender of the encircled town. In order to think it over, a term of two hours will be granted, beginning with the presentation of this note.

"If this proposal should be rejected, a German artillery corps and six heavy AA battalions are ready to annihilate the U.S. forces in and near Bastogne. The order for firing will be given immediately after this two-hour term.

"All the serious civilian losses caused by this artillery fire would not correspond with the well-known American humanity.

"(Signed) The German commander."

"The German commander received the following reply: '22 Dec. 44. To the German Commander: N-U-T-S. (Signed) American Commander.'

"Allied troops are counter-attacking in force. We continue to hold Bastogne. By holding Bastogne, we assure the success of the Allied armies. We know that our division commander, Gen. Taylor, will say, 'Well done!' We are giving our country and our loved ones at home a worthy Christmas present and, being privileged to take part in this gallant feat of arms, are truly making for ourselves a Merry Christmas. McAuliffe, Commanding."

It Was Hell in the Streets When the Nazis Took Over

One Man's Village

By Joe Wechsberg



Joseph Wechsberg, author of this study of a Czech town and what happened there when the Nazis moved in, is an American soldier who saw these things happen—with his own eyes. Born and brought up in Czechoslovakia, Wechsberg was a reporter on newspapers in Prague, capital of his country, before the Nazis took over. As a reserve officer of the Czech Army, Wechsberg commanded a company at the time of the 1939 crisis. Like many other Czech soldiers he accepted the inevitable—and then left Czechoslovakia to don the uniform of the United States. In this story of his native country's darkest hour, Joe Wechsberg has used the fiction writer's technique to tell stark facts about what happened to his old friends. This true story is told like fiction because that is the only way it can be told... without condemning innocent people to death at the hands of the Gestapo.

HARD fists were pounding against Horak's door and a guttural German voice screamed, "Gestapo! Oeffnen!"

The old man sat up in his bed. It was only 5:15 in the morning, March 15, 1939. He got up and looked through the window. The small Czechoslovak town north of Prague, where Horak had been teaching school for the past thirty-eight years, looked quiet. But there was a truck standing in front of the house, its engine running.

Horak opened the door. He saw two men in black shirts, with pistols in their hands. A third man, a civilian, stepped forward. Horak knew him well. He was Frank, the Sudeten-German plumber. Frank had been a pupil of Horak's and every year at Christmas dropped in with a little gift.

Now Frank looked changed. His face was hard and brutal as he told Horak to grab his clothes and get on the truck. The two black-shirts went into the house and started looting.

Two Czechs were sitting on the truck: Dr. Svoboda, the town's doctor, and Pan Boucek, a worker in the power plant. Boucek's lip was opened up and blood was coming out of his mouth.

"Nazdar, Horak," the doctor said. "Sit down here. Free transportation by courtesy of the Gestapo."

Frank came over and slapped his head. He couldn't get it. Last night, when he went to bed, the town had been free and peaceful—and Czech. Now there were trucks and groups of Sudeten-Germans, wearing white stockings and swastika armbands and guns. All over town Czech people were taken out of their beds and loaded on trucks.

The Germans marched in, in orderly fashion, like at a parade. Their heels were goose-stepping on the cobblestones. There was the droning of Stukas overhead, and a band played the Horst Wessel lied.

THEY had tanks and trucks and guns. They set up machine-guns on the market place, pointing at the church steps where the Czech people were standing, watching silently. A few men and women were crying. The others were watching—just watching dully. They couldn't get it. A woman spit at a German soldier as he passed by. The soldier wanted to arrest her but an officer interfered.

The Germans brought up a field kitchen and started dishing out hot coffee. None of the Czech people went for it. Only the Sudeten-German-born people of the town asked for coffee. They acted cockily,

greeting the German officers with outstretched hands, shouting "Heil Hitler!" at the top of their voices. Two German girls made friends with the German soldiers.

There was Dr. Renner, the lawyer who spoke both Czech and German and so far had pretended to be "a good Czech"; and Hartmann, the bookkeeper; and Koerner, the bookseller. They went all over the square as though they owned it. The Czechs muttered words of hatred but they were powerless.

AT the police station the old schoolteacher and the other arrested men were briefly questioned and then thrown into jail.

"They wanted some information from Boucek, regarding the power plant," Horak later said. "Boucek didn't talk so they put him down on a chair and stripped him to the waist and slapped his face. Still, he didn't talk. They put pencils between his fingers." The old man shuddered as he remembered the scene. They had pressed Boucek's fingers together, until there was a short, breaking sound. Boucek's breath came by fits—but he didn't talk.

Boucek didn't live that night. The Germans later said he had committed suicide in his cell. The townsfolk knew better. Boucek wasn't the sort of man who would kill himself. Not Boucek.

Horak, the old schoolteacher, was released two days later. By that time he knew all the news: that the Germans had occupied Prague and the rest of the country and that Hitler had been up there on Hradcany Castle, the ancient seat of the Bohemian kings and residence of Czechoslovakia's first two Presidents, T. G. Masaryk and Edvard Benes.

There were red-black swastika flags all over the main street of the small town. German soldiers were walking across the square, buying up clothes, food, stockings, shoes—everything they could get.

The railroad men said that whole freight cars of goods were shipped to Germany.

There was no disorder. The Wehrmacht men made it a point to be quite courteous. Some of the men spoke to the pretty Czech girls in town, but the girls looked through them as though they were made of glass. All traffic moved on the right side now.

Up to the arrival of the Germans, Czechoslovakia, like England, had left-hand traffic. There had been endless discussions and articles in the papers whether they should shift around. The Germans didn't discuss. They moved in on the right side and kept on moving there.

Old man Horak went to his schoolhouse. Milada, the pretty, slim, blonde teacher was crying in the teacher's room. On the second day the Germans had broken into the classroom, during history instruction.

"They came in and stepped on the platform and one tore down the picture of President Masaryk. I tried to save the picture but one of them pressed my wrists so that I had to scream. They tore the picture out of the frame and trampled down on it. Then they put up a photograph of Hitler. And you know who did it? The brothers

Heffner, who once were pupils in this very classroom." Milada shrugged. "We should have known them. We were wrong in trusting those people."

Horak went out. There was nothing he could do—yet. On the square he met Maria, the wife of Dr. Svoboda. She was a quiet, tight-lipped woman but now she trembled. "They've taken my husband to Prague," she said. "To the Gestapo headquarters at the Petschek Bank." She added, in a whisper, "They torture people there, down in the cellars. Every night the Prague radio has given the names of the people who were executed."

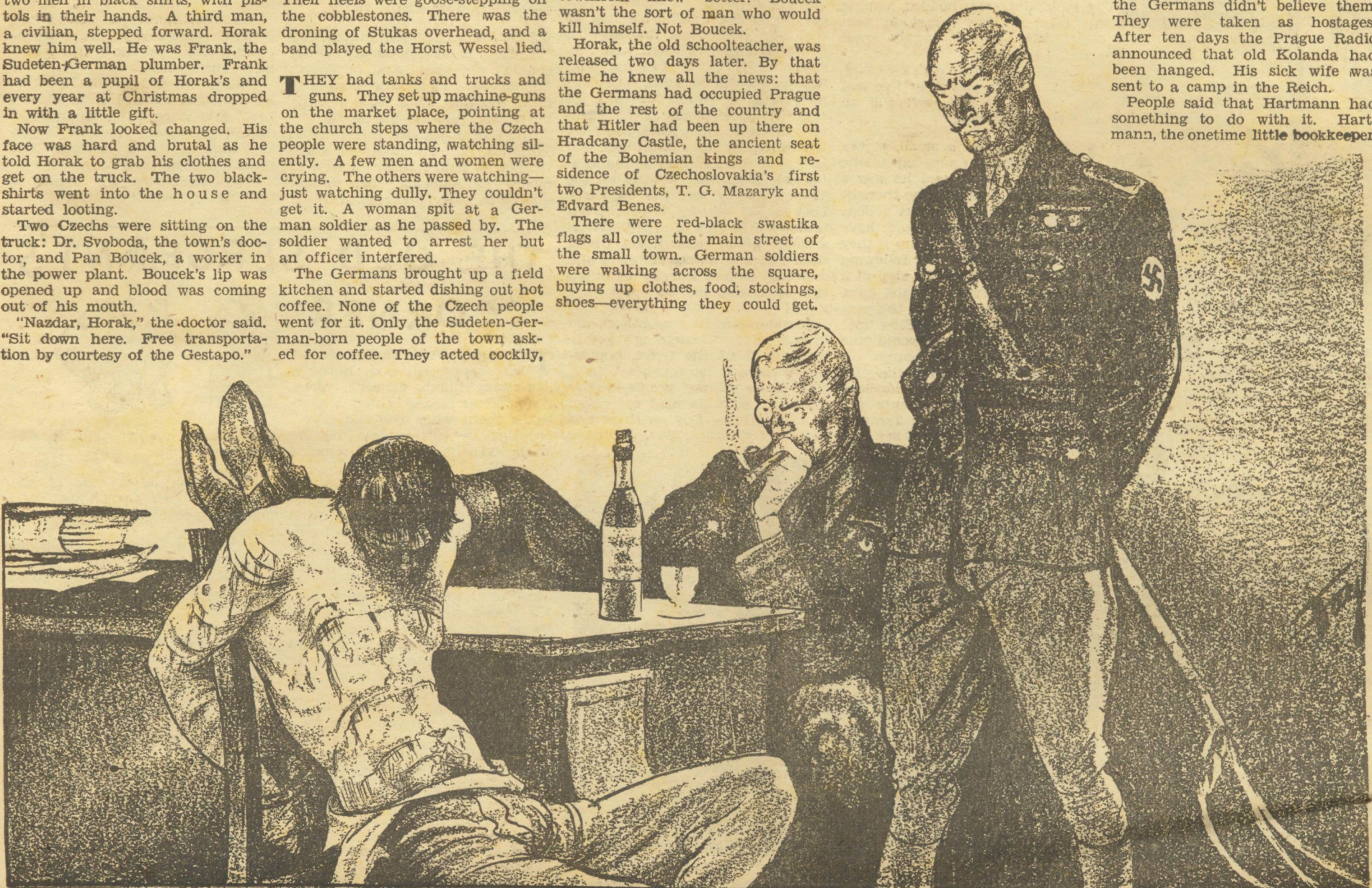
Horak said, "But his name hasn't been announced."

"They give only a certain number of names. They refer to the rest of the victims in a round figure like in a slaughterhouse."

EVERY day brought new catastrophic news. Young Kolanda, the boilermaker's son, disappeared from his house. He had been a flying officer in the Czechoslovak Army and the people said he'd crossed into Poland, in a coal-filled railroad-car, to join the Czech Air Force in Poland.

The Gestapo arrested Kolanda's parents. They told them that they didn't know about their son—but the Germans didn't believe them. They were taken as hostages. After ten days the Prague Radio announced that old Kolanda had been hanged. His sick wife was sent to a camp in the Reich.

People said that Hartmann had something to do with it. Hartmann, the onetime little bookkeeper,



CZECH VILLAGE

was quite a personality now. In fact, he had been made Bürgermeister, mayor of the town. And Hartmann couldn't forget that four years ago old Kolanda had turned him in to the District Attorney when it became evident that Hartmann, then working for Kolanda, had tried to falsify the books to cover up some money. . .

One week after young Kolanda's disappearance four other former Czechoslovak Army men vanished from the town. Their relatives were arrested and shipped to Germany. Still more men disappeared.

THEN came the movie scandal. At the local movie-house they played an American moving picture and a German UFA newsreel, showing the occupation of Prague. Trucks and tanks racing past the statue of good King Venceslas; the black SS flag, two white streaks of lightning, flying from the flag-staff before Hradcany Castle. Long rows of Sudeten-Germans, fanatically heiling the German soldiers; formations of Stukas and endless rows of marching soldiers.

The Czechs know propaganda when they see it. As the newsreel appeared, the Czechs in the audience walked out. Ten and thirty and a hundred—until there was no one left at the theater but the Sudeten-Germans and a few German officers. The Czechs went out "for a smoke" and returned for the American main feature.

The Bürgermeister went into a rage. The next evening the newsreel was shown in the middle of the main feature. Again the Czechs walked out. A few remained, however. When Reichsprotector Neurath appeared on the screen making a speech, there was a general attack of coughing and sneezing, completely drowning out Neurath's voice.

A German order declared that everybody had to sit through the newsreel. The following night there wasn't a Czech at the moviehouse. Gestapo men and agents provocateurs were seated in the audience but they didn't set any reports.

The Czechs were busy that night. A group of twenty men and women

GI JERRY

Nazi Guide-Book No. 29



By Lt. Dave Breger



WHAT'LL I DO? HE ORDERED ME TO PLACE HIM CLOSER!

"The medical profession will liberate itself from all symptoms of its own ailments only by expelling strange ideas and substituting for them the political philosophy of National Socialism."
"DEUTSCHES AERZTEBLATT" OCT. 1935



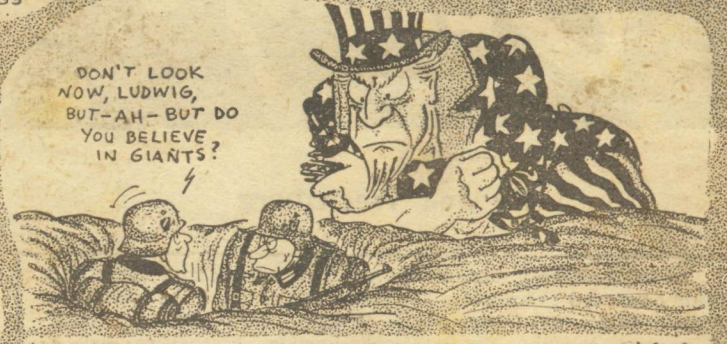
HOLD IT A MINUTE! HIS WIFE WANTS TO KNOW WOULD HIS FEELINGS BE OFFENDED IF HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER CALLED THE FUEHRER AN OLD MEANIE FOR ORDERING THIS EXECUTION!

"It is quite possible that an insulting remark against the Fuehrer... can be regarded as a very grave offence by a wife against her marriage if the insult to the Fuehrer offended the feelings of her husband."
"BERLINER TAGEBLATT" MAY 30, 1936



YOUR EXCELLENCY, DON'T YOU THINK MAYBE WE COULD FIGURE OUT A MORE DIGNIFIED WAY?

"The German people always feel happy and content. They know that the Fuehrer will always find ways and means to overcome economic needs."
DR. GOEBBELS, OCT. 6, 1936



DON'T LOOK NOW, LUDWIG, BUT—AH—BUT DO YOU BELIEVE IN GIANTS?

"America is a myth, the superiority of her war potential is a legend and the arsenal of democracy is a boggy for scared Europeans."
DR. OTTO DIETRICH, OCT. 29, 1942

met at the local beerhouse for a glass of Pilsner. There were workers from the local steel mill and shopkeepers and railroad men in their blue uniforms. Horak, the schoolteacher, came there too. People smirked. It was well known that Horak didn't like any beer.

The Gestapo stool pigeons sitting at the rear table would have liked very much to listen to what Horak said to Janovsky, the brakeman working at the railroad station. The few words they were able to snap up, didn't give them a clue. Horak simply declared that the Sparta Football Club would beat the Slavia next Sunday. Then he turned his back to the Germans and spoke to Janovsky, fast and low, almost in a whisper.

"You can put sand and powdered glass into the axles of the railroad trucks so they'll become clogged," he said. Janovsky nodded, sipping his beer. "Don't forget to misdirect the German supply train arriving tomorrow."

"Sure will," Janovsky said. "They'll find it only after four bad days. Some of the stuff will be rotten by that time."

JANOVSKY was a small, stocky man with a somewhat idiotic face. Some people said he was a seven-eighths moron; some thought he was a hell of a smart fellow. Most people in town would have agreed with the latter group if they had seen Janovsky the following morning. He painted the sign of a tortoise on German freight cars. They would understand at the next stop. It meant "Stall it! Slow up!" and the freight-handlers would take their time unloading the cargo.

All over town there was the sign of the tortoise. Letters addressed to Sudeten-German residents got lost or were mis-sent to faraway places. Important documents

wound up at the wrong places. The minor Czech officials at the town hall, ration board, tax collector's office had their own way of slowing up things. They would fill in miles of questionnaires, invent new red tape variations, send people back for silly reasons. It took a week to do the work of a day, and a month to do a week's job.

SABOTAGE increased. Or rather, accidents. Grain silos burned down; traffic jams developed on all major through routes; at the power plant there was an explosion; and at the steelmill an overhead crane dropped a load of iron ore just when a group of German officials walked by. There were arrests, but nothing could be proved. The Czech would shrug and say, "Sorry."

The Bürgermeister called a secret meeting of all the Sudeten-German citizens in town. The big hall at the town house was draped with swastika flags and there were pictures of Hitler, Goering and Reichsprotector Neurath. The German-speaking population was all present; the members of the Turnverein, the Bowling Alley Brothers, the University students in their odd uniforms, the members of the local football club, the women of the singing society and the bicyclists. Looking at them, Hartmann couldn't help feeling proud. What a smart job of camouflage! Under those innocent names of "clubs and societies" he had secretly organized the movement for the past four years!

The Bürgermeister was short and to the point. "Something's got to be done about the Czech population. There is too much sabotage. You know those people—you've grown up with them. I order you to watch them. Spy on them and report everything. You, Professor

Hufnagl, will report on Horak, the teacher. You were friends before, were you?"

An old man with a white beard got up. "I cannot spy on Horak, Herr Bürgermeister. We've been friends for thirty years. When my wife was sick, Horak paid the doctor and for the operation."

There was a moment of icy silence. Outside, a patrol was walking by. "You may leave the meeting, Herr Professor," Hartmann said.

The professor shrugged as though there wasn't anything to say and left the town house. Half an hour later he was dead. People don't exactly know what happened to him. It seems that a drunk SS driver ran him over in front of his house. There was a great funeral and Hartmann made an impressive speech, and the ladies of the singing society were crying softly.

HORAK was at the funeral too.

He was far behind where they couldn't see him. And he wasn't crying. Milada, who was with him, thought there was a hard, bitter trace around his mouth.

The scheme almost worked. Pan Smrkovsky, the Czech banker, asked Renner to help him get a sum of money to America. Dr. Renner said, "Yes, sure," and turned in the

report to the Bürgermeister. Two days later the Gestapo broke into the banker's house, confiscated his money and took the banker to Prague, where he was sentenced to death for smuggling money.

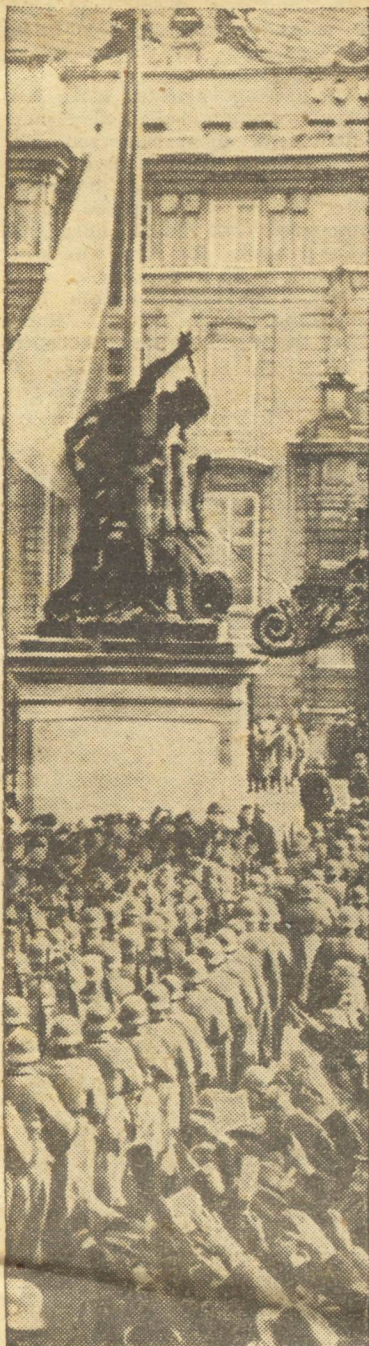
That night there was a meeting at the backroom of Kolanda's, the boilermaker's shop. Horak introduced a stranger, a tall, thin man from Prague, whom he called "Pan Novotny." The Czechs smiled. "Novotny" is as common a name in Czechoslovakia as Smith is in America.

"Novotny" was short and business-like. Sabotage and resistance would be co-ordinated from now on, he said. Orders would come from higher headquarters. Everybody was to listen every night at a certain time to the B.B.C. And Horak, the schoolteacher, would be the leader of the local resistance movement.

Sabotage increased. Every Sudeten-German over fifteen was provided with a gun. Still, there were more accidents.

Then Hartmann, the Bürgermeister, was recalled from his office. A Gestapo officer from Magdeburg took over. And the Czechs kept fighting back, in their own silent, inconspicuous way.

They won't stop fighting until the day of their liberation.



New York Times Photos

Sudetens cheer Nazis entering Prague, (left) but hardy Czechs (right) have spirit to taunt oppressors.

THE OLD SERGEANT'S CORNER



THE kids teeth chattered like castanets. His body quivered like a sexy rumba dancer's. "Jeez, it's cold," he moaned through chattering teeth when the Old Sarge, prowling for tips to ease the life of the GI in the foxhole, stumbled over him.

The kid was huddled on the ground, his blankets balled around his skinny frame. A bitter wind sneaked into openings of his front-line bunk. He shivered and tossed, but got little sleep.

There must be a better way to bunk until such time combat men are issued sleeping bags, the Old Sarge figured. He poked around in his mail bag and came up with a good answer from T/5 Marvin Schwartz, in a convalescent hospital.

"Until combat men are issued sleeping bags," he writes, "here's a suggestion that worked swell for me. I make a sleeping bag by using my blankets and the shelter-half in this manner:

1. Lay out shelter-half flat on the ground.
2. Use three pegs and the loops to stake down one half of the shelter tarp.
3. Double the blankets in an

interlocking manner (end to end if you are not a giant) on the half staked down.

4. Pull the other half of the shelter-half over the blankets and pull the two bottom loops over the pegs.

5. Crawl in, head at the triangular end of shelter-half.

6. Fasten the loop at the upper end over the stake. Large men may find it necessary to add a piece of string to the loop in order to tie the end fast to the stake.

These six easy-to-follow steps will keep a soldier sleeping in the field warmer than by just rolling the blankets around his body.

T/5 Schwartz adds: "I have never had my canteen water freeze during the night, but I know it can happen. I suggest removing the canteen and cover and tucking the outfit into the sleeping bag at night. (Editor's note: Not a pinup bedmate, but a sure way to have a drink of water in the morning instead of an ice cube with a canteen wrapped around it.)"



Dana Andrews in "Laura" at Loew's State, Chinese, Carthay Circle and Fox Uptown Theaters.



Ruth Ford in "Wilson" at Four Star Theater.

Crusoe Tale Told

THE Turnabout Theater tonight offers the Yale Puppeteers' modern version of Robinson Crusoe titled "My Man Friday." On the revue stage Elsa Lanchester will star in the "Second Front" musical revue with Lotte Goslar, Harry Burnett, Dorothy Neumann and Forman Brown.



Loretta Young in "And Now Tomorrow" at Paramount Hollywood and Downtown Theaters.

'Petticoat' Pleases

"PETTICOAT FEVER," John Cousin production at the Musart Theater, is now in its third month. Principal roles are played by Anne Henderson and Frank Malet. A. E. Gould-Porter, Joy Gwynell, Norman Rice and Peter Chong have prominent supporting parts.

Bandit Film at Two Theaters

SUSANA GUIZAR, leading woman in Mexico's thrilling "La Leyenda del Bandido" (the Legend of the Bandit), to be premiered at the California and Mason tomorrow, hopes some day to do a picture with the famed Tito Guizar. They are close friends but not relatives.

6th WEEK

DAVID O. SELZNICK presents his first picture since "Gone With the Wind" and "Rebecca"

"Since You Went Away"

starring

- ★ CLAUDETTE COLBERT
- ★ JENNIFER JONES
- ★ JOSEPH COTTEN
- ★ SHIRLEY TEMPLE
- ★ MONTY WOOLLEY
- ★ LIONEL BARRAMORE
- ★ ROBERT WALKER

Directed by JOHN CROMWELL
Released thru United Artists

Starts at 1, 4, 7, and 10 P. M.

CARTHAY CIRCLE

Near Wilshire & Fairfax
NO ADVANCE IN PRICES

"Since You Went Away" is the finest picture in which I have ever appeared

Joseph Cotten

Motion Picture Critic turns prophet

In the L. A. Evening Herald
Wednesday, November 8th
HARRISON CARROLL
predicted...

"I can't see it as anything but a Box-Office Smash!"

How Right you are Mr. Carroll!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER presents for your SUPERB entertainment!

Green Garson ★ Walter Pidgeon

IN LOUIS BROMFIELD'S LUSTY LOVE STORY

"Mrs. Parkington"

EDWARD ARNOLD • AGNES MOOREHEAD • CECIL KELLAWAY
Gladys Cooper • Frances Rafferty • Tom Drake • Peter Lawford
Dan Duryea • Hugh Marlowe and the Saint Luke's Choristers
Directed by TAY GARNETT • Produced by LEON GORDON

A BOX-OFFICE SMASH!
NOW AT THREE THEATRES

EGYPTIAN Hollywood Nr. Highland Cont. from 12:00 Noon Gladstone 1109	FOX RITZ Wilshire at La Brea Cont. from 12:15 Noon WAlmont 1221	LOS ANGELES THEATRE • Downtown Broadway at 6th • OPEN ALL NIGHT Michigan 6272 • Cont. from 9 A.M.
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"IT MARKS THE HIGH POINT IN AMERICAN MOTION PICTURE MAKING"
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TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX presents
Darryl F. Zanuck's

WILSON

in Technicolor

Produced by HENRY KING • Written for the Screen by Lamar Trotti

CONTINUOUS SHOWS FROM 12:15
LAST COMPLETE SHOW TONIGHT STARTS 9:15
MATINEE PRICES WEEKDAYS PREVAIL 'TIL 5 P. M.
SPECIAL REDUCED PRICES FOR CHILDREN UNDER 14 AND SERVICE MEN

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"WILSON" WILL NOT PLAY FOR LOWER ADMISSION PRICES IN ANY OTHER SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA THEATRE IN 1944

16th Smash WEEK!

IT'S 20th CENTURY FOX ALL AROUND THE TOWN

WHEN IT COMES TO MEN...
Laura
GETS BY WITH MURDER!

GENE TIERNEY • DANA ANDREWS • CLIFTON WEBB

"Laura"

VINCENT PRICE • JUDITH ANDERSON
Produced and Directed by OTTO PREMINGER

Extra "THE ROBOT BOMB"

End Feature!
(Fox Wilshire and Uptown Only)
"THREE LITTLE SISTERS"
A Republic Picture

GRAUMAN'S CHINESE Hollywood Nr. Highland Cont. from 12:00 Noon	FOX UPTOWN Western at Olympic Cont. from 12:30 Noon	LOEW'S STATE 7th and Broadway Cont. from 10:00 A. M. Open All Night
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Your 'CHERRY BLONDE' SWEETHEART with the MAKE-YOU-LAUGH TRIO!

AND NEXT THURS. (Thanksgiving Day)

CARMEN MIRANDA
MICHAEL O'SHEA • VIVIAN BLAINE
PHIL SILVERS

Something FOR THE BOYS

in TECHNICOLOR

with SHEILA PERRY • GLENN RYAN • COMO • LANGAN

Directed by LEWIS SEILER
Produced by IRVING STARR

MUSIC and LYRICS - NEW SONGS BY JIMMY McHUGH and HAROLD ADAMSON

FOX WILSHIRE Wilshire Near La Cienega Continuous from 12:30 Noon	GRAUMAN'S CHINESE Hollywood Nr. Highland Continuous from 12:00 Noon	FOX UPTOWN Western at Olympic Continuous from 12:30 Noon	LOEW'S STATE Seventh & Broadway Continuous from 10:00 A. M. OPEN ALL NIGHT
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Mr. JOE TURP Writes...

"See, Joe," Ethel says, "that's the way a husband acts in the movies."

By DAMON RUNYON

Brooklyn—

Dear Sir: Well, here we are back in Brooklyn again. I mean my wife Ethel and me. The Army gave me an honorable discharge when we was in California on account of the gimp I got in North Africa and one day Ethel ses Joe I guess we better go back to Brooklyn. It will be better there for little Joe.

I ses little Joe who? She ses little Joe Turp. I ses, why Ethel, I don't mind it here in California at all now only I will have to get a job if we stay. She ses I don't mean you Joe. I mean little Joe. You will be big Joe. You see, I am going to have a baby.

I ses who ses so, Ethel? She ses why I do for one and Dr Prinzmetal ses so for another. I ses is he a reliable fellow about those things? She ses look Joe, don't be such a dope. I am telling you that you are going to be a father and you stand there asking dopey questions.

I ses why beautiful that is wonderful. I ses I mean about me going to be a father but why do you speak of it as little Joe? I ses I think I would rather have a girl and we can name it Shirley. Ethel ses why? I ses well, I have always liked that name. Ethel ses no it will be little Joe even if it is a girl because then we will name it Josephine and Joe is short for that.

I ses everybody is named Joe nowadays and Ethel ses see here Joe Turp, it seems to me you are taking the news about me having a baby very quietly. You don't act any more excited than if I told you we was going to have corn beef and cabbage for dinner which we aren't. We are going to have calf's liver and bacon.

I ses why I am tickled to death sweets. I ses I mean about the baby and Ethel ses well, you manage to hide it pretty well. I ses what do you want me to do, beautiful? She ses why, in the movies when the wife tells her husband she is going to have a little one he keeps on talking right along for a minute as if he didn't under-



Ethel sat up in bed and asked, "Who is this girl Shirley you've been talking about."

stand what she meant at first then all of a sudden he ses what very loud because he just gets it.

Yes, I ses, and then he does like this, Ethel, and I took her in my arms and hugged her and she ses why that's right Joe. That is exactly what he does. Why, you are wonderful, Joe, only you were terribly dopey at first. I ses well, Ethel, you broke it to me rather unexpected. I ses I always thought when that happened I would come upon you sitting down somewheres knitting a little doodad that you would try to hide from me and then I would guess the come-off.

Ethel ses Joe you know very well I can't knit and besides it is cheaper to buy baby things at the department store only I haven't had time to buy anything yet for little Joe. I will wait until we get back to Brooklyn and my moms can help me. Would you mind very much if I had a cry now, Joe?

I ses go ahead Ethel. I ses if there is one time a girl is really entitled to cry it is when she is going to have a baby and in fact I almost feel like crying myself only it wouldn't look good for an old soldier like me to do that. Ethel ses why Joe, what is this big round drop of water that is rolling down your cheek? I ses, oh, I guess I am just sweating from excitement over your news.

I was sound asleep that night when Ethel shook me awake and I sat up in bed and ses what's wrong? She ses I will tell you what's wrong, Joe Turp. I have been lying here thinking and I want to know who this Shirley is that you are so anxious to name my child for. That was over a month ago and I have not been able to convince her yet that I never knew anybody named Shirley but just like the name.

Yours truly
Joe Turp.



Jascha Heifetz with Philharmonic Orchestra, coming to Philharmonic Auditorium.

Jascha Heifetz Here Thursday

BEETHOVEN'S violin concerto in D Major, with Jascha Heifetz as soloist, highlights the Philharmonic Orchestra program for Thursday night and Friday afternoon, with Alfred Wallenstein conducting.

Novelty of the concert will be a "Choric Dance" by the American composer Paul Creston, whose symphony was received by Philharmonic audiences last year. A Corelli suite, arranged for modern orchestra by Ettore Pinelli, and J. S. Bach's "Enigma" variations, are other numbers to be heard.

* * *



Elayne Chambers in "Blackouts of 1944" at El Capitan Theater.

Argentinita to Return

ARGENTINITA and her company of Spanish dancers and musicians return to Philharmonic Auditorium for one performance on Tuesday evening, November 28. Her appearance will inaugurate a series of dance attractions.

These events will include the famous Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo for 10 performances beginning December 1; the Ballet Theater in February, and the soft shoe specialist in classic tap, Paul Draper.

2ND WEEK! ALL NEW!

SH-SHIVERY! RIOTOUS MYSTERY THRILLER!

COLUMBIA'S **STRANGE AFFAIR**

with ALLYN JOSLYN • EVELYN KEYES

2nd FEATURE!

UNDERGROUND GUERRILLAS

with JOHN CLEMENTS • MARY MORRIS

Extra 3 STODGES COMEDY

CONT. FROM NOON **HAWAII** FREE PARK

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Robert Lawrence and Tonya in "White Cargo" at Mayan Theater.

Villa-Lobos Coming Sunday

ONE week from this afternoon in Philharmonic Auditorium Heitor Villa-Lobos, Brazil's foremost composer, will appear as guest conductor for the Janssen Symphony of Los Angeles.

Brought here by invitation of Werner Janssen, the noted musician is visiting Los Angeles under the combined auspices of the Motion Picture Committee

for the Americas and the Southern California Council of Inter-American Affairs.

This will be the composer's first trip to the United States. He has chosen a program of his own works new to this



Joy Gwynell in "Petticoat Fever" at Musart Theater.



Nicholas Kostukoff with Don Cossack Chorus at Philharmonic Auditorium tomorrow night.

country. These are: Sinfonia No. 2 (Ascencao), Rudepoema and Choros No. 6.

VICTOR MCLAGLEN and Edmund Lowe are huddling on a resumption of their popular film series, "Sergeant Quirt and Captain Flagg."

LOADED with lovelies and laughs... beauties and buccaneers!

PREVIEW
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TOMORROW

Alan LADD'S BACK!

in the greatest role of his spectacular career!

ALAN LADD
LORETTA YOUNG

Rachel Fields

"AND NOW Tomorrow"

SUSAN HAYWARD
BARRY SULLIVAN

Beulah Bondi • Cecil Kellaway
Directed by Irving Pichel • Screen Play by Frank Partos and Raymond Chandler • Produced by Fred Kohlar • Paramount Picture

SHE'S BACK—HOTTER THAN EVER!

AT THE BURBANK!

LANA BARRI

THE RED HEADED FLAME DANCER
The one woman heat wave!

CAST OF 60
10 FEATURED DANCERS
10 MASTER FUNSTERS

"Miss Glamour of 1944"

DIXIE SULLIVAN

New MIDNIGHT SHOW EVERY SATURDAY

3 SHOWS DAILY
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A MERRY-GO-RIOT WITH YOUR FAVORITE COMEDIAN! ON THE STAGE • IN PERSON!

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STARTS TUESDAY ON THE ORPHEUM STAGE • IN PERSON!
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"THIS GUN FOR HIRE" "THE KID FROM SPAIN"

in **TECHNICOLOR!**

SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents

Bob HOPE in

The PRINCESS and the PIRATE

with **VIRGINIA MAYO**

and Walter Slezak • Walter Brennan • Victor McLaglen • Hugo Haas • Marc Lawrence

Directed by DAVID BUTLER

Screenplay by Don Hartman, Melville Shavelson, Everett Freeman

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JUSTICE
OF THE
PEACE
MARRIAGES
PERFORMED



HENRY
BOLTINOFF

"No thanks. Just browsing!"

BILL
KING

"My conscience
wouldn't let me
charge them
anything."



LINDA
WALTER



Richter

"It's about my wink, Doctor—I'm not getting anywhere with it."