

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER

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## Thousands Greet Hero Who Looks Like a Boy Scout

### Fighting Texan Won About Every Decoration for His Achievements.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.—A freckled face kid, fresh from European battle fields, limped down the ramp from a C-54 transport at the air field here.

There were about 20 G.I.s with him and he could have been their mascot. He was 5 feet 7 inches tall and weighed 134. He looked about 17. When he started down a long reception line of waiting notables he didn't give his name to a single member of the welcoming committee.

This was Lt. Audie Leon Murphy, who held just about every combat decoration in the book, including the Congressional Medal of Honor.

This was the Murphy who made a lone stand against 250 German infantrymen and six German tanks; the kid who ran through a hail of machine gun fire and single-handedly cleaned out prepared enemy positions; the 20-year-old youngster who came up the hard way to a battle field commission.

### He Steals the Show.

This was Murphy, back on his native Texas soil, but he looked like an Eagle Scout. Texans gasped with surprise. There were 13 generals in the group that landed at the airport. Murphy stole the show.

Delighted reporters pounced on him. In amazement they wrote down the long list of awards.

"I'd like to know every detail about how you won the Congressional Medal of Honor," a girl reporter said.

Murphy's cool green eyes studied the girl. "There wasn't much to it," he said.

Not much! It was a January morning of this year and the woods outside of Holtzwehr, France, were heavy and silent with bitter cold. There were 36 men, all that were left of a company of the 15th "Can Do" regiment of the 3rd division, 7th army. In command, succeeding the leader who had fallen the day before, was 2nd Lt. Murphy, who didn't drink or smoke and whose strongest cuss word was "gosh."

Valor had boosted him from the ranks. He had become a private first class in Africa, a corporal in Sicily, a sergeant and staff sergeant in Italy, a second lieutenant in southern France. Now company command was handed him by field telephone at 3 a. m. on a freezing morning.

### Left All Alone.

Hours crawled by. The company, scheduled to attack, awaited ammunition. At 10 a. m. Murphy raised his field glasses and took a long look. His mouth went dry. The enemy, camouflaged in white sheets, was attacking over the hard packed snow with 250 infantrymen and six tanks. Murphy ordered his men out of the woods. Then he ran to his field telephone and called for artillery fire. Shells began bursting in the German ranks and Murphy dropped his telephone often to fire his rifle.

The Germans came on. An artilleryman yelled into a telephone.

"How close are they to you?"

"Just a minute," Murphy replied.

"F'll let you speak to them."

An American tank destroyer approached the young officer's position and a German 88 shell set it afire. Two men lay dead in the turret. The others bailed out and went back.

That left Murphy alone with a rifle, a telephone, and a burning tank destroyer loaded with ammunition and gasoline and likely to blow sky high at any moment.

In all, he killed or wounded 50 Germans with the machine guns.

The Nazi infantry was stopped. Without the infantry, the whole attack collapsed. Only then did Murphy drop wearily off the destroyer and limp back to his company. He refused treatment for his shrapnel wound, reorganized his company, and led it in an attack that routed the enemy.

### Casualties of British Empire Total 1,427,634

LONDON.—Total casualties to British commonwealth and empire forces in the five and three-quarter years of war up to May 31 were 1,427,634, it was officially announced.

Of these 882,223 were killed or died of wounds or injuries or are missing and believed dead. In the First World War deaths totaled 1,000,019, while 2,400,988 were wounded.

The totals for the present war include armed forces, merchant seamen, Britain's home guard and civilians.

## Victim of Hold-Up Altogether Too Polite

PORTLAND, ORE.—It wasn't the \$4 three men took from Morris T. Bradford that hurt, he insisted to police.

What made it bad was that one man borrowed Bradford's knife and then jabbed the blade against Bradford's stomach.

"And I even was so polite I opened the blade for him."

## Little Guy's Big Appetite Amazes

### Army Surgeons Can't Figure What Ails Him.

ATLANTA, GA.—Doctors don't know what's the matter with Pvt. Chester J. Salvatori.

Salvatori has a big appetite, a gargantuan appetite, an appetite that would appall even an elephant.

A breakfast of 40 eggs, 20 pieces of toast, several quarts of milk, eight pieces of bacon, a quart of coffee, and a box—a big box—of cereal is nothing unusual for the soldier from Southbridge, Mass.

And Salvatori isn't a big guy. He's just 140 pounds and slightly less than average in height.

He tells friends that he once ate an 18-pound turkey at one meal—without help. His favorite meat is pork chops, and he says he's eaten as many as 36 at a meal.

Physicians who have the little guy with the big appetite under observation at Fort McPherson station hospital say his stomach is a little larger than average, but not much.

They say also it may be that his craving for food is psychological, but they are not definite or unanimous in the matter.

Salvatori has been in the army four years and four months. In civilian life he likes to work in a grocery store or a bakery. Once, he said, he worked for an optical company and nearly starved to death.

## Sentiment All Right Except During Battle

WITH THE MARINES.—Gunnery Sgt. Anthony T. Lapkiewicz of Philadelphia, Pa., believes in a time for sentiment as long as that time isn't during battle with the Japs.

For 24 days, Lapkiewicz, a tank commander, battled the Nips from behind the armor of his favorite tank, the "Avenger," says Leatherneck magazine.

Then one day in a Jap-infested gorge the "Avenger" hit a land mine. It was disabled and wouldn't budge. Lapkiewicz was forced to abandon his favorite after ripping out the breach of the tank's gun and removing the radio equipment.

The following day he went back to reclaim the "Avenger," but the concentration of enemy fire in the gorge made it impossible to approach the tank.

Two days later Lapkiewicz entered the gorge again, this time in command of a tank named "Five Acres." A flame throwing tank flanked the "Five Acres."

Lapkiewicz spotted the old "Avenger," now manned by a Nip crew. The accompanying tank poured on the heat and the stranded tank was reduced to a flaming bier for the enemy crew.

"It may sound silly," Lapkiewicz said, "but we had been through a lot together and I hated hell to blast her. She was a stubborn old cuss."

"But on an operation like this you can't afford to get sentimental over a tank. Especially with every other one of your buddies resting up there," and Lapkiewicz waved his arm in the direction of the cemetery.

## Yank Soldier Refuses to Die; Amazes Doctors

FORT SHAFER, HAWAII.—Pvt. Raymond J. Caraher, 36, of Chicago, should be dead. Army and navy doctors agree on this, but he is recovering at an army hospital at Oahu.

Caraher was a mortar man with the 77th division in the battle of Okinawa. A bullet entered his left side, lacerated a lung and his liver, penetrated his diaphragm, and fractured two ribs. Most of the battalion medical aidmen had been disabled, and Caraher gave himself first aid. Then he lay alone throughout the night, afraid the Japs would find and kill him.

"I lay still, afraid even of the rasping noise made by the air sucked into the hole in my chest when I breathed," he said. "I'm getting well now, but my case was studied as a freak by doctors in a Guam hospital. They couldn't understand how I stayed alive."

## Starved Allied Soldiers Freed



The physical condition of these two members of the British Royal artillery, is representative of thousands of Allied soldiers freed from Japanese prison camps by American troops. They are shown relaxing on the hanger deck of the USS Black Island, one of the liberation ships that has been set aside to see that former prisoners are rushed home.

## Dickie Gives Toots a Pedicure



"Dickie," eight-months-old pet parakeet, perches atop her canine playmate, "Toots," six-months-old puppy, as they frolic on the rug in the home of their owner in Detroit. "Dickie" seems to be giving "Toots" a pedicure by the simple expedient of pecking at "Toots'" claw. This is a daily job which the parakeet has taken over for his pal.

## Went Into Business for Himself



Nicholas Kocheck, was given a gun and went into business for himself. He was given credit for knocking out more tanks and killing more Germans than many divisions, while he was AWOL and serving with the French underground. He is shown wearing the French beret. He said he deserted army as he did not like to peel potatoes. Court martial cleared him of charge.

**On the Rail**  
Old Salt—If the weather gets real bad we may have to heave to.  
Passenger—I may have to right now.

**Flame Thrower**  
Myron—My girl is carrying the torch.  
Byron—She must love you a lot.  
Myron—No, she's a welder.

**Sounds Right**  
Billy—Which do you say correctly, "I drink soup" or "I eat soup"?  
Willie—Neither. "I slurp soup."

**Mirror, Mirror**  
Wife—That woman is the ugliest person I think I ever saw.  
Hubby—Not so loud, dear. You forget yourself.

**Nuts to You!**  
Farmer—How did you get up in that tree?  
Boy—Can't you see? I sat on it when it was acorn!

**Warm Reception**  
Mac—I went to bed last night and dreamed that I died.  
Jack—And the heat woke you up?

## Kachin Hero Home



Capt. Charles Coussoule, leader of the famed Kachin rangers, which snaked through swampy Burma jungles to beat the Japs at their own game, is shown upon his arrival in New York City.

## Musician Hath Farm



Paul Whiteman, insert, and entrance to the farm of the erstwhile "King of Jazz." Whiteman has made a paying proposition out of his farm, which he has stocked with purebred cattle, horses and poultry. He does much of his own work.

## Enroute To Husbands



Some of the hundred and twenty brides and twenty brides-to-be of members of Royal Australian Air Forces are shown as they arrived in Seattle enroute to San Francisco. The delegation will embark for Australia to join their husbands and fiancés whom they met in Canada.

**Heap Big Feet**  
Soldier—Life was just one big desert until I met you.  
Girl—Is that why you dance like a camel?

**Frighten the Beast**  
Painter—I did this picture to keep the wolf from the door.  
Critic—Why don't you hang it on the doorknob where he can see it.

**Vacation Time**  
Uncle—How do you like school, Tommy?  
Tom—Closed!

## JUNIOR SCHOOL OF FUN

CONDUCTED BY PROFESSOR EZRA WHIFFLETREE

**ARITHMETIC CLASS**  
Two volumes of an encyclopedia were standing next to each other on a shelf. Each book was 1 1/4 inches thick, including the book covers, which were one-eighth of an inch thick. A bookworm burrowed its way from the first page of Volume I to the last page of Volume II. How far did the bookworm go?

## WHIFFLETREE DICTIONARY

**DEFINITIONS OF THE WEEK**  
1. Feelings—what the dentist puts in decayed teeth. 2. Chicken—place where you cook; as "Go to the chicken and cook supper." 3. Peas—when you ask a favor you should always say "Peas." 4. Statue—form of address; as "Statue, Charlie?" 5. Cattle—what you boil water in. 6. Gilly—opposite of late.

## SPHINX MYSTERY

How's your sweet tooth? Feel like stirring up a pan of fudge? Well, in case you don't know the recipe, here it is. See if you can unscramble it.

1 PUCC RUGAS  
1 NABTELFOOS TUBRETT  
1/2 OPANTSOE NAILVAL  
1 STONEROLAP AOCOC  
1 1/2 PUCS LIME

## TONGUE TWISTERS

Say each one over three times as fast as you can.

Better fly, butterfly, better fly high. Flutter by, butterfly, flutter or die.

She saw six short soldiers with thick sore shoulders.

Patsy, pass the peanuts, peaches and peas, please.

That tenth tinker thought Thelma told Tim to tramp toward the theater.

Kate keeps her cuddly kitty curled cutely in a comfy corner.

## DRAWING CLASS

Conducted by Dyblen Dabb

Copy these illustrations as well as you can, and then make some more like them.



## Tell me a Bedtime Story

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

### PADDY THE BEAVER HAS MANY VISITORS

PADDY THE BEAVER knew perfectly well that he would have visitors just as soon as he began to build his dam. He expected a lot of them. You see, he knew that none of them ever had seen a beaver at work unless, perhaps, it was Prickly Porky, the Porcupine, who also had come down from the north. So as he worked he kept his ears open and he smiled to himself as he heard a little rustle here and then a little rustle there. He knew just what those little rustles meant. Each one meant another visitor.

Paddy chuckled. "Seems to me that you are dreadfully afraid to show yourselves," said he in a loud voice, just as if he was talking to nobody in particular. Everything was still. There wasn't so much as a rustle after Paddy spoke. He chuckled again. He could just feel ever so many eyes watching him, though he didn't see a single pair. And he knew that the reason his visitors were hiding so carefully was because they were afraid of him. You see Paddy was much bigger than most of the little meadow and forest people and they didn't know what kind of a temper he might have. It's always safest to be very distrustful of strangers.

Of course Paddy knew all about this. "Be sure and then you'll never be sorry" had been one of his mother's favorite sayings, and he had always remembered it. Indeed it had saved him a great deal of trouble. So now he was perfectly willing to go right on working and let his hidden visitors watch him until they were sure he meant them no harm.

Now, when the little people of the Smiling Pool, who were the first to find out that Paddy the Beaver had come to the Green Forest, had started up the Laughing Brook to see what he was doing, they had told the Merry Little Breezes where they were going. The Merry Little Breezes had been greatly excited.

Sammy was terribly put out to think that anything should be going on that he didn't know about first. You know, he is great for prying into the affairs of other people, and he loves dearly to boast that there is nothing going on in Green Forest or on the Green Meadows that he doesn't know about. So now his pride was hurt and he was in a terrible rage as he started after the Merry Little Breezes for the place deep in the Green Forest where they said that Paddy the Beaver was at work. He didn't believe a word of it, but he would see for himself.

Associated Newspapers—WNU Features.

**GRAMMAR LESSON**  
There are several mistakes of grammar and spelling in the following paragraph. Prof. Whiffletree would like to have his pupils straighten it out, by translating it into correct English.

If the train had been running as slow as it orin been run, if the bell had been wrunging as it orin been wrung, if the whistle had blown as it orin been blew—none of which was did, our cow wouldn't be as dead as she are.



## PIG LATIN

Only foreign language in Whiffletree's school is Pig Latin. Here's how: Just take the first sound of a word and tack it on the end, adding "ay." One exception: If a word begins with a vowel, leave it alone and add "way." Now translate this beautiful P. L. poem:

Ideray away ockcay orshay otay  
Anburybay Ooscay, otay eessay  
away infeday adlyay upway away  
itewhay orshay. Ingray onway  
erhay ingerfay, ellsbay onway er-  
hay oestay, Eshay alshay avehay  
uscimay erwhay everway eshay  
oessay.



## They couldn't understand how a stranger could have been living in the Green Forest without them knowing it. You see, they quite forgot that they very seldom wandered to the deepest part of the Green Forest. Of course, they started at once as fast as they could go to tell all the other little people who lived on or around the Green Meadows, all but Old Man Coyote. For some reason they thought it best not to tell him. They were a little doubtful about Old Man Coyote. He was so big and strong and so sly and smart that all his neighbors were afraid of him. Perhaps the Merry Little Breezes had this fact

Anyway, they simply passed the time of day and hurried on.

in mind, and knew that none would dare go call on the stranger if they knew that Old Man Coyote was going, too. Anyway, they simply passed the time of day with Old Man Coyote and hurried on to tell everyone else, and it so happens that the very last one they met was Sammy Jay.

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