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WEEKLY NEWS ANALYSIS

Allied Armies Start Drive to North Against Fortified Nazi Lines in Italy; Jap Key Base at Rabaul Is Encircled; Farm Groups Dissent on Subsidy Plans

(EDITOR'S NOTE: When opinions are expressed in these columns, they are those of Western Newspaper Union's news analysts and not necessarily of this newspaper.) Released by Western Newspaper Union.



Shown scanning skies for re-appearance of strafing Messerschmitts, this American anti-aircraft crew aided in valiant defense of beachheads established by U. S. troops at Salerno in bloody fighting.

ITALY: Yanks on Offense

Their bases firmly established on the beaches of Salerno after eight days of bloody battle, Lieut. Gen. Mark Clark's Fifth Army went onto the offensive and drove Nazi panzer units back into the hills rising inland.



Lieut. Gen. Mark Clark

As the Germans retreated, General Clark's Doughboys made contact with Gen. Bernard Montgomery's British Eighth army, charging northward from the toe of the Italian boot. Together, the two armies prepared to swing against the series of mountainous defenses erected by the Nazis to wear down the Allies before they reach the main enemy lines in the Po valley.

Although the Allies were first pounded by 88-mm. guns when they landed on the sandy beach, and harassed by German armored units before they could organize strongly for attack, their position was gradually strengthened by a constant stream of reinforcements. Clouds of Allied planes roared overhead to break German battle formations, and 16-inch naval guns poured explosives into the hills from which enemy batteries caused such havoc on the beaches earlier.

Losses in Sicily

Despite the Allies' whirlwind 38-day campaign in Sicily, they suffered material losses ranging up to 54 per cent, Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau declared in support of the current 15 billion dollar bond drive.

According to Morgenthau, operations in Sicily cost 13 per cent of all 155-mm. howitzers landed; 46 per cent of all 57-mm. guns; 13 per cent of all guns employed; 8 per cent of all medium tanks and 7 per cent of all light tanks; 54 per cent of the carriers for the 37-mm. guns; 36 per cent of the carriers for the 75-mm. guns, and 22 per cent of the carriers for the 105-mm. guns.

"In Sicily we met only a small fraction of the opposition we are getting from the Germans now in Italy," he said.

SOUTHWEST PACIFIC: Big Base Encircled

With Allied troops in command of the Solomons and firmly closing their grip on New Guinea, the great Japanese naval and air base of Rabaul has been encircled and neutralized as an advance post for action in the Southwest Pacific.

Hardly had General MacArthur's troops closed the noose before a big naval battle was reported in the area between New Guinea and the Solomons, thus indicating that the Allies were moving swiftly to capitalize on their position.

With Allied bombers faced with shorter runs and therefore enabled to carry heavier loads to the big base, and with the U. S. fleet ready to spring into action from neighboring waters, the encirclement of Rabaul removes the Japs' immediate threat to Australasia. At one time the Japs threatened to overrun the entire region.

JAPS: Woo Subjects

In an effort to enlist the active support of the 700 million Asiatics already under her heel, Japan has promised them self-government, taken scrupulous care to respect their religions, invited their young students and leaders to Tokyo, where they have been entertained by the emperor, and exchanged technicians with them.

According to diplomatic advices, the program has had its effect. With the assistance of the natives, the Japs are getting bauxite for aluminum from Burma; iron from North China and Manchuria; oil from Java and Borneo; copper, tin and manganese from the Philippines and foodstuffs from Thailand. In addition, the wily Japs are installing factories in the conquered countries.

Under Tojo's leadership, it was said, the Japs are ready to sacrifice five million men to beat the Allies. They expect the war to be long, but consider present action in the South Pacific as merely outpost skirmishes.

WHISKY: No Production

Because of a boost of 20 per cent in the estimated requirements of industrial alcohol for the newly established synthetic rubber industry, distilleries will not be allowed to switch to whisky production for the rest of the year. Previously, distilleries nourished hopes of being given two weeks to build up dwindling stocks of whisky and blends.

The decision to place greater reliance on alcohol for synthetic rubber than on petroleum resulted from conclusions that use of the latter would interfere with the aviation gasoline program. Furthermore, it was said, the government objected to the diversion of grain to whisky at a time when it was trying to maintain the nation's food standards.

REASONS FOR COOLNESS

"There seem to be two main reasons for this attitude," Fischer reported to Crowley.

"1. The fear that American representatives may send to Washington, through channels not subject to British censorship, information concerning the internal situation in India. This, the government of India seems to believe, might stimulate American sympathy for the Nationalist movement and criticism of the government's ineffective administrative techniques.

"2. Fear of American post-war commercial competition. This concern seems to be shared alike by the British and many large Indian businessmen. It has been so pronounced that the mission thought it expedient, shortly before our arrival, to assure the government that OEW activity in India is in no way concerned with trade promotion.

"To offset the cool attitude of the government of India, the American Mission has received us with a helpfulness and kindness which has exceeded expectations . . . we are confident that despite all this we can manage fairly well."

HOME DELIVERIES: Cut Oct. 11

To assure continuation of motor transportation against wartime shortages of fuel, replacement parts, equipment, tires and manpower, Director of Defense Transportation Joseph B. Eastman ordered curtailment of retail and wholesale merchandise deliveries.

Effective October 11, milk deliveries to homes will be limited to four times a week; meats, fruits, vegetables, fish and bread to three times, and dry groceries, laundry and dry cleaning to two times. Permission was given for delivery of ice every day.

Wholesale deliveries will be cut to six times weekly for bread, bakery products, cream, milk, dairy products and repair parts; five times for meats, eggs, fruits, vegetables, fish, live plants, laundry, dry cleaning and cut flowers; and once for alcoholic beverages, wines and bottled malt beverages.

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RUSSIA: Oil Hopes Blasted

Once set up as the cornerstone of the Nazis' drive for the Caucasus oil, Novorossiisk was abandoned by them as the Germans pulled back to the Dnieper river for a last ditch stand in Russia.

The German withdrawal along the whole front to the Dnieper was regular, with the Nazis within 100 miles of the broad, curving river, from Bryansk in the north to Lozovaya in the south. Only along the coast of the Sea of Azov were the Germans any distance from the Dnieper, and here it was believed they were holding deeper defenses to permit their troops in the Crimea to pull out.

Every indication pointed to the Germans' use of the Dnieper as their last strong natural defense in Russia. If the Reds cracked the Dnieper, the Germans would have no suitable defensive terrain left, but would have to fall back on the Dnieper river, in Europe itself.



Washington, D. C.
INDIA AND U. S.

Despite the Churchill visit and the impending campaign in Burma, conditions inside India still remain one sore spot where Anglo-American relations, frank and friendly as they are, could stand some cleaning up.

All of the President's special advisers have brought home more or less the same reports. They include: Laughlin Currie, member of the White House staff; ex-Undersecretary of War Louis Johnson; Special Ambassador Billy Phillips.

Latest evidence of Indian sore spots is a report to Leo Crowley, new Economic Warfare administrator from his New Delhi representative, John Fischer, who writes:

"The government of India, the British army, and many Indian businessmen view the opening of an OEW (Economic Warfare) office here with frank and deep-rooted suspicion. This suspicion is not directed at us alone; it falls on all American representatives in India.

"The American Mission was established here in 1941 in the face of considerable reluctance on the part of the government of India. (Previously the United States had not been permitted even a consulate in New Delhi.) The OWI, OSS and even lend-lease representatives have told us that they have been received here with open misgivings—and in the case of the first two agencies, sometimes with hostility. Before our arrival, the government of India raised a number of questions regarding our mission with the American Mission.

"We have reason to believe that our movements have been under close observation, both here and in England, and that surveillance is likely to continue.

"I pulled the cord on my life jacket, but it failed to inflate. It had been punctured. I pulled my rubber raft out and inflated it. The paddle was missing.

TO RELAX RATIONING OF FARM MACHINERY

Agricultural officials have been closed for several days working on an announcement which will be good news to farmers. They are planning to relax the rationing of farm machinery.

Relaxation will take two forms. One will be to permit farm machinery companies more latitude in distributing their products to different parts of the country. The other will be to take certain machines definitely off the ration list.

Although plans are not quite complete, it is probable that most farm machinery will be unrationed from now on except tractors, combines, hay balers, beet lifters and similar mechanized equipment. In general, tractor implements will be taken off the list, though tractors will stay on.

It will still be necessary for farmers to go to their ration boards to get permission to buy certain farm machinery, but this will be only for the purpose of making sure that they are legitimate farmers and really need the equipment. The old system of strict rationing on most farm machinery will go by the boards.

Hitherto, farm implement companies have been required to distribute their products equally throughout the United States, so that some counties where little wheat is raised have received as many binders as counties in the middle of the wheat belt. Or in some cases, too much corn machinery has been sent to counties where little corn is raised, while corn belt counties have been slighted.

The new order will permit farm implement companies to use more discretion in order to avoid inefficient distribution.

Marine Fliers Triumph Over Perils of Air and Sea; Combat Correspondents Recount Tales of Heroism

Sergeant Survives After 32 Days on Barren Islands

For 72 days he was "missing in action." His comrades in a marine corps flying unit in the Guadalcanal area had long given up hope of seeing him again. But Sergeant Bill Coffeen came back. Shaggy and lean, he stepped out of a navy rescue plane. He told of surviving storms, blistering sun and infection and living for 32 days on a coconut diet. The last 40 days he was missing, friendly natives cared for him.

Today Staff Sergt. William I. Coffeen Jr., 23, whose parents live at 5348 North Lotus street, Chicago, Ill., is at a naval base hospital being treated for malaria and malnutrition.

"I got off on the wrong foot that morning of April 13 and ended up the same way," began Coffeen. "My plane barely missed the treetops as I took off from Henderson Field. A guide light at the end of the strip blinded me. We were to escort navy torpedo bombers on a mission.

"Within sight of land between Kolombangara and Choiseul islands, I suddenly noticed my engine smoking. My oil line was leaking.

"Losing altitude rapidly and fearing the motor would explode, I decided to bale out.

"It seemed that I hit the water just a few seconds after my parachute opened.

"I pulled the cord on my life jacket, but it failed to inflate. It had been punctured. I pulled my rubber raft out and inflated it. The paddle was missing.

"The water was calm, but 30 minutes later a storm hit. High waves tossed my small rubber raft about like a toothpick, and overturned it. Into the water went all of my medical supplies and emergency rations. All I had left was the clothing I was wearing, and my hunting knife and pistol.

"After I righted the raft I started paddling with my hands. I still was in sight of land. In mid-afternoon I heard the familiar drone of our fighter plane motors—it was my flight returning from the strike on which I had set out that morning.

"Several of the planes flew low and almost directly over me. I fired five shots from my pistol and waved the white raft sail, but they failed to see me.

"I started paddling with my hands toward land. On the way, sharks swished by the raft.

"I slept in a sitting position that night. Long before daybreak I started again for land. The sea was calm. Near sundown the second day out, I finally reached the shore of a small island. I was exhausted, hungry and thirsty. When I reached the beach of the coconut grove island I realized I made a grave mistake by tossing my shoes overboard after the storm. My socks were the only protection for my feet.

"I gathered two coconuts, cut holes in them with my knife, drank the juice, then broke them open and ate the meat. It was the first liquid and food I had had in nearly 48 hours.

"I stayed on this island three days. It was uninhabited and I knew I would die if I stayed there.

"Far away I could see a larger island and decided on the fifth day to strike out for it. I was growing weak from the coconut diet.

"After hand-paddling along the coast all that day with a blazing sun baking me, I made the next island at dusk. It was studded with coconut trees like the first island.

"Next morning I decided to try for another island. It took me all that day to reach it. It was the same story when I landed there—no food, no fresh water, no life.

"My left arm was swollen to twice its normal size overnight. My right foot was also infected. I realized blood poison was developing, so I cut open the source of infection with my knife, and bathed my arm in salt water for more than an hour. I was relieved somewhat and decided to move on. That morning I tried to drink coconut juice, but I just couldn't get it down.

"As I paddled along the shore I saw what appeared to be a red-roofed house near the end of the island.

"The house proved a greater distance away than I had estimated:

(Editor's note: The following two stories were written by Combat Correspondents of the United States Marine Corps. Typical of the work of these fighting writers, the first was by Staff Sergeant William I. Coffeen Jr., as told to Staff Sergeant Harry Bolser. The second was written by Sergeant Pen T. Johnson.)

When night fell I still was several miles from it. But I had something to look forward to—and I slept better that night.

"I reached the beach near the house at mid-afternoon of the next day. I hid my raft in the bush and approached the building, fearful that it was occupied by Japs. I saw a sign that read 'Solomon Developing Company, Sydney, Australia . . .' I soon learned that the building was part of an abandoned coconut plantation.

"I stayed at the plantation house five days. On the sixth day I gathered some limes and oranges and started traveling again. In the distance I could see the tip of a large island, with the peak of a mountain rising above the clouds. I decided to make this island my next objective.

"When I landed I soon found that I had made another bad move. I found no life; only cliffs and mountains. However, there was plenty of fresh water—my first in approximately 27 days.

"I finally decided that I would retrace my steps and try to make it back to the first island on which I landed. I started out the next morning and barely made it back to the plantation house. The infection in my hand had cleared, but my foot was swollen from infection.

"That night I planned what I decided would probably be my final attempt to contact life. I prayed to God Almighty to send me in the right direction. Tomorrow, I decided I'll make for the other side of the big island.

"Near dusk on the fourth day, as I had barely enough strength in my arms to paddle, a storm broke and gradually I was carried out to sea. The last I remember I started to scream, and then I passed out!

"I was told later that a high wind blew me into shore. When I regained consciousness I was in the arms of a native.

"You American or Jap? the native inquired in his best pidgin English.

"I'm American, I told him.

"American, you good," he replied.

"Those were the best words I believe I have ever heard in my life. I knew then that I had been rescued.

"I couldn't walk. My rescuer carried me to his hut not far from the beach. I asked the date and he told me it was May 15. When I told him I had been lost since April 13—

Gunner Attempts To Bring Home Crippled Bomber

"Twelve fighter pilots of my squadron had been out on a routine escort mission. We were sent to escort a group of marine dive bombers on a foray against the Jap-held airfield at Munda and were returning to Henderson on Guadalcanal."

Major R. L. Vroomer, U. S. M. C., was telling a group of fighter pilots about Sgt. Gilbert Henze, an 18-year-old gunner from State Center, Iowa. "Somehow in the fracas I got separated from my formation," went on the major. "As I headed homeward I received a radio warning that one of our dive bombers was in trouble."

"I found it a good mile south of me at about 5,000 feet. The pilot hanging half way out of the bomber's

cockpit, his helmet gone, his clothes ripped to shreds.

"I asked by radio, is your pilot alive?"

"I don't know sir!" he answered, "we got hit by a burst of shrapnel about 20 minutes ago, and he has been that way ever since."

"Can you, or have you ever flown a plane?"

"No sir," he answered.

"Do you think that you can keep her level and follow my instructions?"

"Yes sir, I sure can try."

"The first thing I want you to do then is to release that 1,000 pound bomb."

"Can't Release Bomb."

"I can't release it sir, it can only be done from the front cockpit."

"I peered anxiously ahead. Below and just visible lay the shoreline of Guadalcanal. If we could make it I could signal for a crash boat or any kind of a boat and then if I could get the kid to follow my instructions I would try to bring him in by water. Then I heard the kid shout over his radio, 'My engine just sputtered then, sir. She must be out of gas.'"

"That's the last word I heard over my radio for suddenly it too went dead.

"I could see the kid working frantically on the stick as the bomber went into a sickening glide.

"With my radio dead I frantically signaled for the kid to jump.

"If he saw me he failed to notice. Then I saw his head and shoulders emerge from the cockpit. I saw him clutching for his ripcord. Suddenly I saw his body, parachute and all, shoot upward as the trailing edge of the plane hit him. No man could live under such an impact.

"I followed the chute downward in tight circles. I could see a huge vent in the shrouds. The kid's body dangled from the harness.

"A few minutes later it hit the water with a splash.

"I brought my plane within a few feet of the water. As I passed over the spot where the kid had fallen all I could see was his yellow 'Mao West.'"

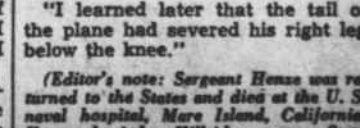
"As I headed for home I prayed that the kid was unconscious when he hit, at least this would spare him any suffering before he drowned.

"It happened to be sitting by our radio a few days later. A flier had been picked up by some friendly natives. He was conscious when found, and though suffering from multiple wounds and fractures, had a better than 50-50 chance to survive.

"I learned later that the tail of the plane had severed his right leg below the knee."

(Editor's note: Sergeant Henze was returned to the States and died at the U. S. naval hospital, Mare Island, California. He was buried at Hillside cemetery, State Center, Iowa.)

Sergeant Gilbert Henze



Sergeant Gilbert Henze