

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER

Vol. LXIX

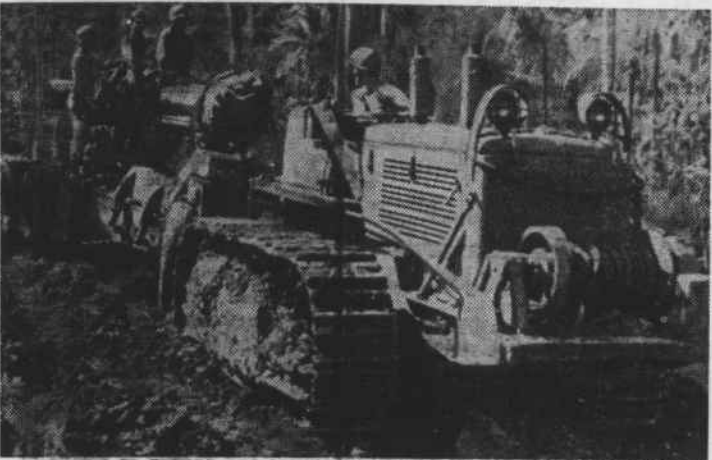
GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1943

No. 39

WEEKLY NEWS ANALYSIS

Muddy Terrain Slows Drive in Italy As Nazis Strengthen Mountain Posts; Germany Rushes Troops to Bolster Broken Defense Lines on Red Front

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



Marines are shown hauling 155 mm. rifle through mud to new position on tropical Rendova Island in the central Solomons. Known as "Long Tom," these 155 mm. field pieces soon went to work to hurl shells into Jap posts seven miles away.

ITALY: New Difficulties

To add to the Allies' difficulties in Italy, heavy rain has bogged the countryside, and new burdens have been imposed on the lines of communication bringing supplies to the front.

Because of the inability of motor vehicles to operate over the muddy and mountainous terrain, the Allies are relying increasingly on horses, burros and mules. But they are finding it hard to obtain them since the Germans took most of these animals out of southern Italy or shot those they could not take, and the Fighting French have been unwilling to give up the horses, etc., they have in North Africa for fear of breaking up their mounted units.

Encouraged by Allied difficulties, Nazi Marshal Kesselring reportedly has reinforced his army fighting a dogged delaying action in the rugged country. After retreating from the Volturno river line, the Germans took up positions on the 2,500-foot-high Maccico ridge, where they were expected to make another stand before dropping back to the mountains farther north.

Try to Maintain Morale

On October 17, 1918, Germany's General Erich Ludendorff declared: "The tension of the individual man has reached a degree which cannot be increased."

Not long after Germany cracked under the strain, and steady, dynamic General Ludendorff fell apart with the rest. Today, Germany's Hitler, Goebbels and Goering remember 1918, and the Nazis are working feverishly to hold up the people's morale against the Allies' shattering air attacks.

Hitler has ordered the construction of underground concrete hospitals in battle zones, as well as first aid posts and auxiliary hospitals in the cellars of the most solid buildings. Newspapers are carrying on a concerted campaign to educate the people in treatment of eye injuries caused by the heat, smoke, dust, glass splinters and phosphorus clouds generated by bombing raids.

HOME FRONT:

FDR Meets Labor Leaders

Answering labor's complaint against the stabilization of wages in the face of a 5 per cent increase in the cost of living since last year, President Roosevelt promised AFL and CIO leaders that the retail prices would be rolled back through producers' or processors' subsidies.

FDA met with the labor leaders even as there were rumblings of discontent among the railway unions over wage raises. The non-operating railway union was kicking because Economic Stabilization Director Fred Vinson had set aside an eight-cents-an-hour pay boost recommended by a government mediation board, while the operating railway unions claimed they were "insulted" by another mediation panel's award of a four-cents-an-hour increase after they had asked for three dollars a day.

In hearings before the War Labor board, Alabama and eastern coal operators objected to a new contract between Illinois operators and the United Mine Workers, which would boost daily wages between \$1.50 and \$1.75 by increasing the working day to 8 1/2 hours, including all travel time to and from the pits.

In the Headlines . . .

Accustomed to returning to darkened cells, incorrigibles of Georgia's state prison were surprised to find their quarters ablaze with light one night and radios available.

The changes were in line with Governor Ellis Arnall's sweeping prison reform, marked by legislative action to ban whipping and shackles, and liquidation of the dreaded chain gang camps.

When 93-year-old Civil war vet Frank M. Frary died in Denver, Colo., recently, it was discovered that he had been carrying \$81,610 in his vest pocket for the last two years.

A retired conductor from the Burlington railroad, Frary had converted securities into cash two years ago, and kept the money wrapped in brown paper in his vest pocket up to his death. Twenty-six relatives share in his estate.

SOUTHWEST PACIFIC: Japs Build Air Bases

While they are slowly being squeezed out of the Solomons and central New Guinea, the Japanese are feverishly constructing a string of bomber and fighter bases on the Celebes islands and the Dutch East Indies to the west.

Reconnaissance by Allied planes reveals that the Japs have laid many new concrete runways in these territories, and are laying up stores of supplies in warehouses spread around these air centers.

Apparent purpose of these air bases is to thwart any move General MacArthur might make against the rich oil, quinine and tin lands of the Indies from Australia to the east, or Lord Mountbatten might make from India to the north.

WORLD WAR II: Toughest Yet

Japan is building more planes than we are destroying, and she has not as yet called all her eligible draftees or young men between the ages of 17 and 20, U. S. military experts told congressmen in secret session.

Because the Japs have 500,000 soldiers massed within striking distance, the Allies would be confronted with difficult problems of defense in case Russia granted the U. S. bombing bases in Siberia, the congressmen were told.

The military experts declared that the Germans were concentrating their fighter planes on breaking up Allied bombing formations, and that, in many cases, the German pilots were purposely colliding with our big sky fortresses.

GOLD: U. S. Holds Two-thirds

Of the world's gold supply of 33 billion dollars, the U. S. holds 22 billion dollars, or two-thirds, while the British Empire controls almost four billion dollars.

Of the remaining gold supply, over four billion dollars is in the hands of Germany and Japan as a result of their conquests. Germany itself possesses no more than 29 million dollars of gold, while Japan has 164 million dollars. South American gold stocks approximate one billion dollars.

Interest in the gold supply heightened with indications that the U. S. and Britain intended to make the precious metal the basis for world currency after the war, with the value of all money being founded upon the gold reserve behind it.

SCHOOL BILL: Killed in Senate

Following adoption of an amendment by Senator William Langer (N. D.) against racial discrimination in the use of funds, the senate killed the 300 million dollar public education bill.

Under terms of the bill, states would have received 200 million dollars in federal funds for school uses during the war, and 100 million dollars in additional permanent grants. Major portions of the money would have gone toward increasing teachers' salaries.

In introducing his amendment, Senator Langer said some states would not apportion the money equitably for the benefit of all races. Despite Senator Langer's assertion, the Negro teachers' association and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored Children supported the bill.



Notes of an Innocent Bystander:

The Magic Lanterns: Mary Martin, already topping the newest stage hit, "Venus," presides over a daffy dilly on the screen called "True to Life" . . . "Phantom of the Opera" gives you more opera than phantom this time, with Nelson Eddy, Susanna Foster and Jane Farrar pouring it on vocally. Claude Rains is the head skulker, but his chills run second to the trills . . . "Behind the Rising Sun" is grim stuff about the war against the Japs. Its barbarities were authenticated by Correspondent James Young, who lived among the beheaders for years. Margo and Don Douglas are the pair who stir up the Japs' furies.

The Dials: The AFL urged NBC to muzzle Kaltenborn because of his severe jabs at labor unions. The network, however, permits him to continue expressing his opinions freely, even if they irk you or me . . . The best answer to any oral attack, as the AFL probably will agree, is not suppression, but facts. When civil liberties go down the drain so will labor's . . . We hawt only columnists took bows for scoops. But every hour, via its radio offerings, the N. Y. Times announced its beat in reporting that Italy would declare war on Germany . . . Fred Waring likes to hurl numbers around on his show—how many performers, etc. He announced 176 piano keys for a selection. How many piccolo holes? . . . Jack Benny's new corps of writers caught his style admirably on Jack's first out and added a little more lunacy . . . The other night a band came on the air unaccompanied by that claquey hand-clapping and synthetic cheering. Or could I have just dreamed that?

Memos of a Midnighter: MGM has junked "They Were Expendable," a best seller! . . . Jockey Nick Wall and his wife have reconciled after a long sep . . . Insiders think that if Durocher is dropped as Dodgers' pilot—his successor may be the gent who once said: "Is Brooklyn still in the National League?"—Bill Terry . . . "Lassie," the dog star (of the film by that name at the Music Hall), is a him—real name is Pal. The owner sold him for \$10 . . . After seeing the preview in H'wood he came out muttering: "I've thrown away a fortune!" . . . Garbo has given in to Ernest Pascal's pleading to go to London and star in Shaw's "St. Joan."

From the Irish Echo: "Premier De Valera of Eire succeeded, after considerable time and effort, in making Hitler pay for the restoration of a synagogue in Dublin which had been destroyed by Nazi airmen when they bombed the city a couple of years ago. Mr. De Valera acted in fulfillment of a promise to the Jews of Eire that their lives and property would be protected by the government against the acts of any enemy of the country."

Quotation Marksmanship: A. Murray: She's the only one I know who always seems to rhumba into a room . . . Mere: Beauty is the first present nature gives to woman and the first it takes away . . . Denham: Ambition is like love—impatient both of delays and rivals . . . Moore: Playful blushes that seem but luminous escapes of thought . . . E. Cuneo: Hitler's One-World—Unanimously . . . H. Klurfeld: Duce gave Italy roads, but the Allies are giving it hot and cold running Nazis . . . E. Gilligan: The village went to sleep—window by window . . . H. Brown: She balanced her dignity on the tip of her nose . . . Confucius: If you lose your temper, you've lost the argument . . . Anon's definition of intoxicated: To feel sophisticated and not be able to pronounce it.

Private White House polls show Wallace has twice the support for the vice presidency as the combined vote of all his opponents, including J. Byrnes, P. McNutt, Mr. Justice Douglas and J. Winant . . . A Capitol correspondent is in a jam with colleagues for supposedly making remarks to their wives . . . The Stork Club has gone high-toned. Last night its guests included America's famous poet, Joseph Auslander, and Assistant Secretary of State Adolf A. Berle Jr., and his wife . . . In the film, "Spitfire," the late Leslie Howard (who perished in a plane) says: "What's the use of inventing planes? They only kill people!" . . . L.H.R. of the Times records this nifty: "Washington is a place where everyone is welcome but no one is missed."

'We Fight Our Country's Battles,' Sing Marines; Combat Correspondents Tell How They Do It

Leatherneck Scribe Dodges Ack-Ack, Mans Waist-Gun

(The following story was written by Technical Sergt. Harry Bolser, Louisville, Ky., a marine corps combat correspondent.)

I admit now that I wiped beads of perspiration from my brow a few seconds after I was told that I would fly that night in a United States Army Liberator bomber on a mission deep into Japanese territory.

A trifle nervous, I quit my typewriter and gathered up my flight gear. Two hours before the designated take-off time I was walking restlessly from one wall map to another in the operations hut of the squadron on Guadalcanal to which I had been assigned.

It was near midnight when a corporal called across the room: "Lieutenant, here's the marine sergeant who's going with you."

The slender army officer, slightly grayed at the temples, crossed the room and extended his hand.

"I'm Jerry," he said in an informal, matter-of-fact manner. "Glad to have you with us. You'll work the starboard waist gun."

I gulped once and felt a lump form in my throat. My fingers squeezed

Lieutenant Crume explained to me that the crew decides before each bombing hop whether they will go down in their parachutes or make a forced landing.

The decision that night was that if we get hit we would try to make a water landing. I concurred in the decision.

Jerry said he felt we would have a better chance to survive if we made a water landing and remained together in the rubber boat with which our bomber was equipped. He explained that the jungle surrounding the target was practically impenetrable. We would stand little chance to survive if we parachuted into the wilderness.

I listened intently to the discussion, but all the time I was saying to myself: "These guys think of the most pleasant topics."

Suddenly the chatter was smothered by the crack of one plane motor backing up as it was started. In a few minutes we were deafened by the noise of all four motors.

Lieutenant Crume poked me and shouted in my ear: "All aboard."

I followed the crew as they crawled through the belly door. I was the last aboard. The others crowded forward. I found myself standing on the catwalk between the bomb racks. They were loaded to

crossed. We were caught between two Jap searchlights.

The co-pilot yelled: "They've got us in the lights."

I looked out the window just as another shell burst to our starboard side. The Jap searchlights blinded me and I jumped back, certain that I had been seen. A second later I felt silly.

Enemy anti-aircraft fire was bursting all around us. It was my first trip aboard a heavy bomber on a night mission. Yes, I was a little scared.

"Bombs away," Lieutenant Crume yelled.

I leaned out the window and looked down as Jerry banked the plane. The sky was illuminated by the searchlights and the anti-aircraft fire. It seemed only seconds before the first cluster of bombs landed squarely in a Jap bivouac area.

The Louisville bombardier's eye was keen that night. Bomb after bomb landed on the target.

Perfect Pasting.

I was unmindful of the shells bursting around our plane as I poked my head out of the window. The temptation to watch those bombs as they hit was too great. A feeling of pride engulfed me as each cluster found its mark. Here I was in the air watching a Louisville boy pasting the Japs. And he was doing a perfect job.

As Lieutenant Crume cut loose with the last clusters I could see huge fires burning below.

We didn't lose any time leaving the target after our bombs had been spent. Several miles away from the scene the Japs were still sending up anti-aircraft fire. But we had escaped. Later I learned from the rear gunner that two anti-aircraft shells burst just under the tail of our B-24.

Most of the crew slept on the return trip. When we landed long after dawn that morning, I gave Lieutenant Crume a lusty pat on the back and said: "You can bomb for my money."

And as we walked into the medical dispensary near the squadron's operations hut, I said: "Lieutenant, I don't suppose a marine has ever admitted the army is hot, but I want to say you boys have plenty on the ball."

I left Lieutenant Crume a few seconds later. I know he and his crew are still giving the Japs hell in the midst of the new Allied offensive in the Solomon Islands.



In this jungle cemetery under blue tropical skies, these marines who made the supreme sacrifice find peace. Comrades in arms bow their heads while the chaplain reads the funeral rite. (Official Marine Corps photo.)

tightly on a lighted cigarette. I turned in a circle and picked out a comfortable chair in front of a desk. The corporal who had introduced me to the pilot apparently had detected the sudden change in the color of my complexion, because he chuckled and shoved a map under my nose.

"Here," he said, "You can compose yourself by studying tonight's target."

I said nothing, but I certainly didn't appreciate his humor.

Thirty minutes later I was shaking hands with the crew members of our big four-motored bomber. There were the co-pilot, bombardier, navigator, and four other gunners.

From 'Old Kentucky'

One of the gunners inquired: "Where you from, Sarge?" When I replied "Kentucky," the diminutive, wiry bombardier shoved his hand out and said: "Boy, give me five. That's where I'm from, too. Louisville's my home."

And so again, I was shaking the hand of the bombardier, Second Lieut. Jesse W. Crume, U. S. Army, from Louisville. We eased away from the group, sat on the steps of the operations hut and talked of mutual acquaintances back in Louisville until we boarded the truck for the field.

As we rumbled along the bumpy road toward Henderson Field, where our plane awaited us, Lieutenant Crume assured me Jerry was an excellent pilot and that he would bring us back safely.

"But what about the Jap ack-ack?" I asked.

"Well," shot back Lieutenant Crume, "There's not much Jerry can do about that. We can only hope the Japs don't get us in their searchlights tonight."

In 45 minutes we were to take off.

Speaking to me, Lieutenant Crume said: "Bolser, we have a fine group of boys in our outfit. They're regular guys. And you can see how they feel about this thing. There are only two things they give a damn about now. One is bombing hell out of the Japs, and the other is getting the war over as quickly as possible."

Jerry addressed the group. "What'll it be this morning?" he asked. "Will we bail out or stay together and make a water landing?"

capacity with their lethal charges. Jerry raced the motors for the usual test. In a few minutes we were rumbling down the strip on the take-off.

I felt I was in a precarious spot. I could only hope that the giant Liberator cleared the cocoanut trees at the end of the field. I was relieved as I felt the wheels leave the metal strips on the field and rise into the darkness over Henderson Field. We gained altitude. Soon we were heading toward our target.

Out over the water I was told to go aft to my station. I examined my machine gun. (The marine corps public relations section of which I am a member was trained in aerial gunnery before leaving the States.) Then I fixed the communications set on my head and plugged in for a test. Jerry, at the controls, was singing.

I looked at my watch. We still had a lot of flying ahead of us.

Turn on Oxygen.

At 12,000 feet Jerry called over the 'phone suggesting that we start using oxygen. I welcomed the word for I was beginning to feel groggy from lack of heavy air. I also felt the bite of the cold at that height and wriggled into the fleece-lined leather suit.

"Bolser," Lieutenant Crume called over the 'phone, "just wanted to let you know that when I say 'bombs away' you might take a look down and see how my eye is tonight. Jerry will bank just after I let 'em go and you should get a pretty good look."

Thirty minutes away from the target Jerry called back to prepare the waist guns. The other waist gunner and I opened the windows. I fed the ammunition belt into the gun and charged it. It was ready for action as I poked it through the window.

The temperature at our height was so cold that my fingers were stiff by the time I had adjusted my gun.

A few seconds later I got the scare of my life. To the right of the plane a ball of fire burst. At the same time came Jerry's voice: "We're just about over the target." I caught myself shying away as a second burst of fire came nearer our plane. Jerry didn't have to tell me we were nearing the target. The Japs were spewing anti-aircraft shells up at us.

Two lights split the sky and

Test for Army, Navy Training Courses Will Be Given Nov. 9

The Army-Navy College Qualifying Test (A-12, V-12), which will be held throughout the nation on November 9, will provide means for tens of thousands of young men to become immediately available for training for responsible assignments in the armed forces as technicians, specialists and officer candidates.

The November 9 test will be open to those who have graduated from high school or are in their final term and who will be 17 but not 22 years of age on March 1, 1944.

Many young men are now in college under the army and navy programs. Many of these were high school seniors last spring when they took the first test on April 2. Those who failed to qualify on the April 2 test are also eligible for the test on November 9 provided they have not enlisted or been inducted in the armed services.

Those between 17 and 20 years of age on March 1, 1944, who designate navy preference and qualify in the test may be selected for the navy college program. They serve on active duty, in uniform and under military discipline and receive the pay of the lowest enlisted grade.

Seventeen-year-olds who designate army preference and qualify in the test are offered military scholarships in the army specialized training reserve program. Those between 18 and 22 who qualify and designate army preference are earmarked for special consideration for the ASTP after induction.

Detailed information on the army specialized training program, the navy college program and the qualifying test on November 9 has been prepared by the army and navy and forwarded by the U. S. Office of Education to high school principals, who will provide prospective candidates with the booklet, "Qualifying Test for Civilians."