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WEEKLY NEWS ANALYSIS

Civil Strife Rages in Greece; Set Vise for Japs on Leyte; Quake Shakes Tokyo District

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(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.)



As train lies at bottom of Moselle river after plunging through wrecked bridge, French youth scramble over debris to salvage food from cars.

EUROPE: Civil Strife

Added to the Allied military burden in Europe was the political problem posed by Leftist rebellion in Greece.

Started when Leftist liberation guerrilla forces refused to surrender their arms on the ground that Premier Papandreu's Rightist elements were allowed to retain theirs, the uprising brought British troops into action to restore order.

Situated just north of the Suez canal, Greece commands this vital waterway route linking Britain's eastern empire with its homeland; and for this reason, London has taken the greatest interest in conditions there.

To assure its position about Suez, the British have backed Papandreu's Rightist elements as against the Leftists, including Communists. In calling British troops in to action to suppress the rampaging Leftist elements, British Maj. Gen. R. M. Scobie declared: "... I stand firmly behind the constitutional government and shall aid them to the limit of my resources until the Greek state can be reestablished with lawful armed forces behind it."

Nazi Strategy

In heavy fighting on both European fronts, the Allies continued to punch forward, with the U. S. 3rd army taking the spotlight away from the 1st and 9th in the west in its drive into the vital coal-laden Saar basin.

As a result of General Patton's smash into the Saar, the great industrial city of Saarbrücken was brought under the muzzle of heavy U. S. artillery fire, with many parts aflame.

The 3rd army claimed the lime-light as the 1st and 9th U. S. armies slackened their heavy pressure east of Aachen, where the German high command, under Field Marshal von Rundstedt, had concentrated its major strength to combat General Eisenhower's great drive, which carried within 22 miles of the Rhine.

Big question in the mind of Allied strategists was how long could the Nazi high command continue to



General Eisenhower (left) confers with Field Marshal Montgomery in Holland.

manipulate its forces to ward off a decisive breakthrough at any one spot. Although the enemy was said to have about 6,000,000 men asled in both the east and west, only about 1,250,000 were said to be crack troops.

That the enemy has few troops to spare is evidenced by his tactics in the Balkans, where the retreat toward the Austrian border promises to draw up all of his troops presently strung out along the Hungarian and Yugoslav border. In addition, reports from Italy indicated a German retirement in that country.

As the Nazis reformed their lines in Hungary, flying Red columns advanced to within 13 miles south of Budapest, where civilians were put to work digging entrenchments for a last ditch stand.

PACIFIC: Fasten Vise

Striking again with characteristic suddenness, Gen. Douglas MacArthur moved the 7th division ashore below Ormoc under the heavy protective cover of U. S. naval guns, cutting the Japanese defenders on the northwestern shore of Leyte in half.

The general's move came after bad weather, coupled with stiff enemy resistance from strong hill entrenchments, bogged the American drive on Ormoc from the north and south. As the 7th secured its beachhead below Ormoc, the huge LSTs dumped supplies ashore, the general was able to apply both frontal and rearward pressure on Japanese troops operating in the sector.

Prior to the American landing below Ormoc, U. S. artillery opened a heavy bombardment on enemy positions to the north and south, drawing strong Jap reinforcements to both areas to counter infantry movement. Then, as their withdrawals weakened their positions about Ormoc, MacArthur struck.

Even as the 7th was hitting the beaches below Ormoc, U. S. fliers wiped out a Japanese convoy, bearing 4,000 troops, which was headed for Leyte.

EARTHQUAKE: Rocks Japan

Centering in the Sea of Enshu, 100 miles southeast of Tokyo, an earthquake, so powerful that its tremors threw a recording machine in London out of gear, struck Japan, causing serious loss.

Without immediately revealing the exact extent of damage, the Japanese reported that the tremors caused landslides, caving-in houses and streets along a 150-mile belt across the main island of Honshu. Huge tidal waves rolling in from the Sea of Enshu flooded coastal districts below Tokyo, deluging homes.

Although the Japanese claimed that the quake did not damage their war industry centered around the Tokyo district, they remained silent about the effect that the mounting tidal wave had upon their all-important shipping, a-sea and at port.

HELP WANTED: Seek Arms Speed-Up

Once deeply concerned with re-conversion, government officials have once again swung their principal attention back to war production, what with munitions shortages on the battlefronts threatening development of mounting Allied attacks.

With 300,000 workers needed in munitions plants, labor became the No. 1 consideration of officials, with War Manpower Commissioner Paul V. McNutt calling for intensive recruiting of women; transfer of employees within a plant to more essential jobs; channelling of workers to more important industries; discouragement of labor turnover, and suspension of manpower authorizations for civilian production.

Of the 300,000 people peeded, McNutt said, 130,000 were for heavy and small arms munitions. Industries requiring the remainder include air-borne radar; assault, transport and cargo ships; tank materials; cotton duck for tenting; heavy artillery, trucks and tires, and B-29 Superfortresses.

SENATE: Hit Appointments

Plans to hurry through the appointments of Joseph C. Grew as Undersecretary of State and William L. Clayton, Nelson Rockefeller and Archibald MacLeish as assistant secretaries in the department struck a snag in the senate, where a rebellious contingent forced hearings to be held on the principals' fitness for the offices.

Leading the attack was Kentucky's "Happy" Chandler, who, in referring to the appointments of Businessmen Clayton and Rockefeller, declared: "... I was told that the poor folks would be given opportunities as a result of the election. ... Instead of the poor people obtaining the jobs, the Wall Street boys are getting them. ..."

In pressing for confirmation of the appointments, Texas' Tom Connally decried the allegation that business interests would use their position to influence policy, declaring: "... Every senator who knows the President knows that he is going to dominate the foreign policy of this government. ..."

Stiffen Policy

First official act of Secretary of State Edward Stettinius was to blast at Britain's and Russia's maneuvering in liberated European countries to establish governments favorable to their interests.

Declaring: "... We expect the Italians to work out their problems of government along democratic lines without influence from outside. ..."

Stettinius aimed his blast at Britain's objections to the naming of Count Carlo Sforza as foreign minister in a new Italian administration. Britain's attitude, it was said, was the result of Sforza's anti-monarchical tendencies.

Although not specifically mentioned, Russia could get no comfort from Stettinius' statement, which indirectly hit at Moscow's political activities in reoccupied countries by declaring: "... This policy would apply to an even more pronounced degree with regard to governments of the United Nations in their liberated territories. ..."

FARM YOUTH: Win Honors

In events at Chicago, Ill., attention was focused on the nation's outstanding young farmers: 18-year-old Donald Mowery, Terre Haute, Ind., 4-H achievement winner, and 17-year-old Ben Greve, Bryant, Iowa, raiser of the Chicago Market War Board (staffed with intellectuals, authors, editors, et al) is unable to name a "more important volume in his field. ..."

The author of the book has created a word—"genocide" to define the calculated destruction by the Germans of national and racial groups. ... Buy two copies. One to read over and over again and the other to bang on the head of any supporter of a Nazi soft-peace.

Left fatherless at 16, Mowery took over operation of the family's 58 acres, and through purchase of modern equipment, rented and shared an additional 112 acres, besides doing custom work. When bad weather set him back a week last summer, he toiled 130 hours next, making it up. In nine years of farming, Mowery has earned nearly \$14,000.

Equally enterprising, Greve paid \$91 for a 650 pound Hereford calf in New Mexico, and fattened it up to 1,170 pounds at 20 cents a pound before toting it to the Chicago show. There, the steer won the junior and grand championships, bringing Greve \$585 in prize money, before being bought at auction by the Firestone Tire and Rubber company for \$5285.

SEAWAY: Back Again

Rejected as a treaty requiring a two-third vote by the senate in 1934, the \$421,000,000 St. Lawrence Seaway project, providing a complete waterway link from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic ocean, bobbed up again in the upper house, this time in the form of an agreement requiring a simple majority.

Calling for construction of dams, canals and water-works at an expense of \$277,000,000 to the U. S. and \$144,000,000 to Canada, the project was to be introduced as an amendment to the rivers and harbor bill by Sen. George Aiken (Vt.). One of President Roosevelt's pet projects, the St. Lawrence Seaway has been the subject of lively discussion, with advocates charging private power interests with blocking its passage, and opponents claiming that only Canada stood to benefit from it. Aiken's attempt to pass the project as an agreement rather than a treaty further fanned the flames, with opponents stressing that anything as vital to our international relations properly deserved the extended support of the country as a whole, as exemplified in a two-third senate vote.



Notes of an Innocent Bystander:

The Magic Lanterns: "Meet Me in St. Louis" bulges with enough pleasant amusement to provide a month of daydreams. Set in the 33-skidoo era, the warm humor and infectious ditties inspire the spirit to show its dimples. Delightful Margaret O'Brien steals the picture and your heart. ... A song-and-dance-cinema, "Something for the Boys," comes in on a buck-and-wing and lands gently on the eyes and ears. As in all musicals, the plot plays second fiddle—sometimes it seems that it isn't even in the orchestra. ... The March of Time's latest concerns China—a nation of great tragedies, great heroisms, great hopes. ... The script of "Blonde Fever" gets lost in a jungle of clichés—and no one misses it. ... Those who dreamed up a dull-drama like "The Last Ride" should be in the Hall of Fame—sweeping it.

The Paragraph of the Week: L. H. R.'s column in the N. Y. Times previewed history with this dialogue: "One more question, Daddy. What finally became of this terrible Hitler?" ... "For a long time, my child, nobody knew. There were stories. He was hiding in Spain, Japan, Argentina, Eire. You took your choice. Then, in 1960, a rug collector named Donnerblitz died of indigestion in Chicago. That was Hitler. He had been living there sixteen years. ... "But didn't anyone guess, Daddy?" ... "No, you see, except for changing his name and shaving off his mustache, he went right on being himself, damning Russia, England, democracy, the Gov't at Washington, and the U.S.A. in general. So the neighbors took him for just an ordinary crackpot and never gave him a second thought."

The book stores will shortly receive an extraordinary book called "Axis Rule in Occupied Europe." It is by Raphael Lemkin. It is published by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. ... Book oracles state it is really the last word on what the Nazis have done to The Old Country. The Writers' War Board (staffed with intellectuals, authors, editors, et al) is unable to name a "more important volume in his field. ..."

The Private Papers of a Cub Reporter:

Sufferers from the cigarette shortage would like to know just why it is that night clubs are enjoying nearly all the ciggie biz. This is how come. ... The night clubs are in this enviable position because they've always charged a dime to 15 cents over the retail shop prices, and, of course, they still are permitted (by the OPA) to charge the same tariff as before the "ceilings" went into effect. ... Then, besides getting 10c and 15c more per pack, the cigarette gals are invariably tipped an average of 25c for each pack. This, too, goes to the concessionaire. ... As a result, getting 50c per pack for cigarettes (for which retail stores charge 17c) the concessionaires are able to pay a good deal more for cigs than the retailers. That explains why all the night spots are doing a terrific ciggie biz.

Our Macon editor relays this letter from Dr. W. B. Burke. His son James is with our State Dep't. Jim auth'd "My Father in China." ... Dr. Burke spent 50 years in China. ... The letter in part: "The whispering campaign in China against the Generalissimo and his wife is largely the work of pro-Jap 5th columnists. Unfortunately some of our correspondents over there have gotten some of the reports in the papers over here. ... At first the Generalissimo thought he would ignore them. Then he realized the rumors were directed more against China than against himself. Therefore he felt that he had to bring these stories into the light. As to the report he had been unfaithful to his wife he declared his relations with his wife had been without stain, absolutely pure. I can understand the object of the Japanese, but it is hard to get the workings of our American correspondents' mind. This is for publication."

Home Front Isn't So Safe Either: Here Are Oddest Of 1944's Freak Accidents and Narrow Escapes

Caprices of Fate Injure Some, Leave Others Wholly Unscathed

By PAUL JONES

As you may have begun to suspect, wartime days are wacky days.

People stand patiently in line for two hours to get a pack of cigarettes, and then blow their tops if they miss one section of a revolving door on the way back to work. Guys who never could stand bananas now howl their heads off because they can't get them. The laundry eventually sends back the right buttons, but the shirts are missing. Maids who used to have one night out now allow the lady of the house to have one night in. A customer is publicly commended for slugging a waitress who said, "Don'tcha know there's a war on?"

You would think, then, that the annual crop of wacky accidents would have been even wackier in the wartime year of 1944. And you would be right. They were. A round-up by the National Safety Council proves that an amazing number of people still patronize the Whack market in accidents. To wit:

As two-year-old Margaret Morton of Groton, Conn., lay sleeping in her home one October night, a navy plane plowed through her bedroom and whisked the blanket off her bed without touching her. The plane



zoomed through the other wall of the house and eventually crashed into a schoolhouse. Lieut. W. J. McCarthy of Toledo, Ohio, pilot of the fighter plane, was injured only slightly. The blanket, undamaged, was found in the wreckage of the plane.

As an enthusiastic jitterbugger, Pfc. Ernest Oliver of McCook, Neb., often had been "sent" by a hot tune. But never as literally as the evening he spun in a super maneuver, grabbed for his pretty living partner's hand, missed—and plunged through the second-story window of the dance hall.

Nine persons riding cozily in an automobile driven by Mrs. Adaline Clabby of Winslow, Ariz., were injured slightly when the car crashed into the rear of a bus that had stopped to discharge a passenger. Mrs. Clabby readily explained the accident. "I failed to see the bus in time to stop," she said, "because I was nursing my baby."

'Shot' by Lawnmower.

When Pfc. Charles Smith came home to Claudell, Kan., to recuperate from wounds received in three south Pacific invasions, he figured he would get some rest from dodging shrapnel. But as he watched a power lawnmower at work in his front yard, the darn thing picked up an old spoon and hurled it with such power and accuracy that it penetrated the calf of Private Smith's leg and had to be removed by an operation. "It's the same wherever you go," Private Smith remarked glumly at the hospital.

Pvt. Harley Paul Collins of Kansas City, Kan., knows exactly how Private Smith felt. For Private Collins, home on furlough, was showing his wife how the boys make booty traps over there. He hooked up a shell, a board, a nail and a piece of wire. Then he tripped, and the homemade contraption went off and shot him in the leg.

Paul Lewchick of Coaldale, Pa., knows that prudent people lay in a supply of coal every year. But he believes few of them do it as literally as he did. He lay in—and under—13 tons of it when he and his car were buried beneath the contents of a coal truck that upset in a near collision with Lewchick's car. Dug out after hard work, Lewchick nursed only minor cuts and bruises, and refrained manfully from explaining that it was soft coal.

At least three persons in the United States now take seriously the expression, "I'd break my neck to do that." One is Gregory Stengel, 13, of Chicago, who put his football jersey on backwards in his haste to



dress for a game, tugged fiercely to get it off—and broke his neck. Anne Haldeman, 10, of Doylestown, Pa., snapped a vertebra in her neck while skipping rope. And Mrs. Pauline Strother of Indianapolis, topped them both by dislocating a vertebra in her neck while vigorously brushing her teeth! All recovered.

Closely akin to the neck-breakers was Mrs. James Gallagher of West Hazelton, Pa., who arose so hurriedly to shut off an insistent alarm clock that she dislocated her spine.

By Remote Control.

The Woodrow Andersons of the St. Louis Andersons are careful folk. So when Mr. Anderson got back from a hunting trip, he placed his rifle on a kitchen shelf, out of reach of the Anderson children. Equally cautious, Mrs. Anderson took all the arrows away from eight-year-old Donald before leaving the house to visit a neighbor. But Don still had the bow. So he merely substituted a yardstick for an arrow and let it fly from the back porch toward the kitchen. The yardstick went through a hole in the screen door and struck the trigger of the rifle. The rifle went off, and the bullet struck Don's little sister, Darlene.

A good time was had by all but the driver when a grocery truck upset in Bloomington, Calif., setting up an informal but popular self-service grocery in the middle of the street. Eager customers hurried from all sides to fill their needs, their pockets and, in some cases, the trunks of their cars. It was a boon for budgets and ration books.

Then there was the strange case of the disappearing woman. It happened in Los Angeles as Mrs. Janie Reese gossiped of this and of that with three neighbors. In the middle of a sentence—woosh! Mrs. Reese disappeared. Firemen came on the run, extricated her from a forgotten excavation 12 feet deep. Mrs. Reese's fence-side weight is 325 pounds.

If men bite dogs to make news, why shouldn't a horse smack an auto? That's what two Norwich, Kan., horses figured one afternoon when they were scared silly by a girl on roller skates. They ran and ran until they encountered a parked car. Then they got their signals mixed. Horse No. 1 went on one side of the car, horse No. 2 on the other. That left only one place for the wagon tongue to go—right through the car. Nobody was hurt.

Auto 'Picks Up' Boy.

The driver of an auto in Chicago wondered why people were pointing and yelling at him one day last August. He stopped the car and



found, of all things, a bewildered four-year-old boy—Timothy Ochall by name—on the front bumper. The car had struck Timothy and carried him two full blocks. Tim got a bump on the head, a few bruises and a flattering amount of attention.

Ed Cloud and Earl Thomas of Knoxville, Tenn., didn't know for a minute whether they were coming or going the day that a train hit their truck. The engine tossed the truck onto the pilot of another locomotive going the other way. A scratch on Cloud's head was the only casualty.

In Chicago, Mrs. Rita Hatfield ran to answer the phone, stumbled over the dog, fell through a glass-topped coffee table, suffered bad cuts on her arms and legs. Doggedly answering the phone, Mrs. Hatfield found the call was from an accident insurance company making a survey. Was she, they wanted to know, covered against accidents in her home? She wasn't.

C. C. Hardy stepped out of his truck in Sidney, Texas, was struck by a passing car and tossed high into the air. Just before his head struck the concrete pavement, his pocket caught on the high truck door handle and held him suspended in the air.

On the way home from the Bronx zoo in New York, Henry Carrumit, 13, sought to imitate the monkeys he had seen. He leaped up and down on the subway seat, scratching and grimacing. On an especially high jump an electric fan nipped his scalp. No more monkey business for Henry.

In Washington Court House, Ohio, hot words must have been exchanged over the phone one day. In any event, Superintendent Fred Host of the phone company reported that too much talking had overloaded eight switches and set the phone exchange on fire.

Louis Boardman halted his automobile in Cleveland to watch the huge gas plant fire there last October. He stepped out for a better view—and fell through an open manhole, the cover of which had been blown off by the gas blast.

Clarence Brown Jr. of St. Louis knows just how a baseball fan feels when he is really burned up. Watching a sandlot game this summer, Clarence was struck by a line drive and promptly burst into flame. The batter had scored a bull's-eye on a pocketful of stick matches. Both the blaze and the batter were soon put out.

Travelling Buzz Saws. As Henry Butler ate breakfast in Jacksonville, Fla., a buzz saw ripped through the kitchen wall, sliced the breakfast table neatly in two and whirled out the other side of the



house. It had broken loose from a saw mill nearby.

Not so spectacular but just as surprising was the feast of another buzz saw that went A. W. O. L. This one broke loose in Florence, S. C., sailed through the air for a mile and ripped through the roof of a parked car whose owner had just alighted.

Six-year-old Robert Julian of Chicago was shooting a dart gun at a target on the wall. The dart had a rubber suction cup on the end to hold when it struck a flat surface. Often it hit glancingly, and didn't cling, so Robert fastened a needle in the suction cup so that the point would stick into the wall.

An elder brother, Frank, 19, entered the room just as Robert shot. The dart struck Frank in the chest. He felt a slight pain but thought nothing of it at the time. Later he collapsed, and was rushed to the hospital.

Surgeons discovered, after considerable hunting around, that there was a needle imbedded near Frank's heart. Little Robert had forgotten about that sharp point on the end of his dart, but it was there all the same, and it came near killing his brother. As it was, a skillful operation removed the needle, and Frank was as well as ever after a few days.

Top honors in the freak fall department for 1944 go to four-year-old Raymond Davis Jr. of Chicago, who fell three stories from a back porch and suffered only a bruise on the head. A neighbor's clothes line caught him as he fell, bounced him gently a couple of times and then let him fall the few remaining feet to the ground.

And in Hollywood, Strip Teaser Betty Rowland put so much heart into her work that she bumped one of her swivel-hips against a wall and took off for the hospital, suffering from partial paralysis.