

Who's News This Week

By Delos Wheeler Lovelace

Consolidated Features.—WNU Release.

NEW YORK. — In army circles they rate Maj. Gen. Harold L. George as one of the best impromptu speakers in the service. He likes to talk, his colleagues

His Air Transport Command Is Gen. George's Pet Topic and does it easily and well. He's the chief of the air transport command of the army air corps, and has been ever since its formation last July.

Out in Australia the other day he likened the feats of his fliers to the tales of Jules Verne, and it wasn't so long ago that he was picturing with delight how his men had flown the equipment for a 24-bed hospital to Nome, Alaska, after a fire had destroyed its lone hospital. Just a year ago when he was made head of the ferry command of the army air corps, his major task was getting new planes from the factories to wherever they were needed. Now he has that problem and a whole lot of others, such as flying troops and essential supplies overseas.

He first learned about flying in World War I. A native of Sonerville, Mass., he was a student in the law school at National university on April 6, 1917. A month later he was a second lieutenant of cavalry. Fall found him training to be a flier, however. He won his wings in March, 1918, and the following September he was in France as a bombing instructor at Clermont. Before the Armistice, he had been assigned to the 163rd aero squadron. After the war, he resumed his studies and won his LL. B. in 1920. His heart was in the army, however, and in 1921, he went back, this time to stay.

Since his return he has been stationed at a lot of places, Kelly Field, Texas, the Aberdeen Proving Grounds, out in Hawaii, and down at Maxwell Field, Alabama. They made him a captain in '32 and a major in '39. Meanwhile he had done plenty of flying.

Fit and bronzed and with keen blue eyes, he looks every inch a flier. He'll be 50 this summer, but he seems a lot younger despite graying hair.

THE man who has been swinging Bolivia into war against Hitler & Co. is a fighter and a believer in orderly government. Enrique Penaranda won his way to the top as a military leader in the Chaco war against Paraguay. Today he is equally famous as an able president.

When General Penaranda was elected chief executive in March, 1940, he depended on the ballots of his countrymen, not the muskets of his troops. For some years before that the stylish way to land in the presidential palace was by coup d'etat. His political opponents, on hearing the returns from the polls, decided old methods were best. The general promptly showed them he was still a warrior, and inauguration day found him taking office as scheduled and expressing his faith in democracy.

Born in the La Paz district 50 years ago, he entered his country's West Point in 1907 and graduated a second lieutenant three years later. He became a captain in '17, a major in '21, and a colonel in '32. The start of the war with Paraguay shot him swiftly to the top and three months after hostilities began he was made commander-in-chief.

FREE FRENCH circles offer a double barreled explanation for the failure of the United States to clear up the muddle of Martinique and Vice Admiral George Robert. They say the vice admiral is pro-Robert, but anti-everything else save the Four Families. These, they explain, boast of being the only truly white families on the island.

The four families are in complete control, it is claimed, of 247,000 natives and Martinique's economic existence. The vice admiral could, if he would, make any deal without consulting Vichy to which he still vows loyalty. Vichy gave him full power in the French Antilles and authority to conclude any arrangement with the United States. He entered the French navy 50 years ago.

The admiral, after an old French custom, has an assortment of names—George Achilla Marie-Joseph. He is 68 years old now, with a white, out-jutting spade beard, and a temper some describe as not unlike a hornet's.

Whether Martinique's Social Register is limited to a mere quartette of families is, probably, debatable, but independent reports of Vice Admiral Robert's speech made last year at Fort-de-France certainly made it and him anti-American. He gave the "greed of Americans" a fine going over.

As Yanks Ripped Rommel's Lines in Tunisian Hills



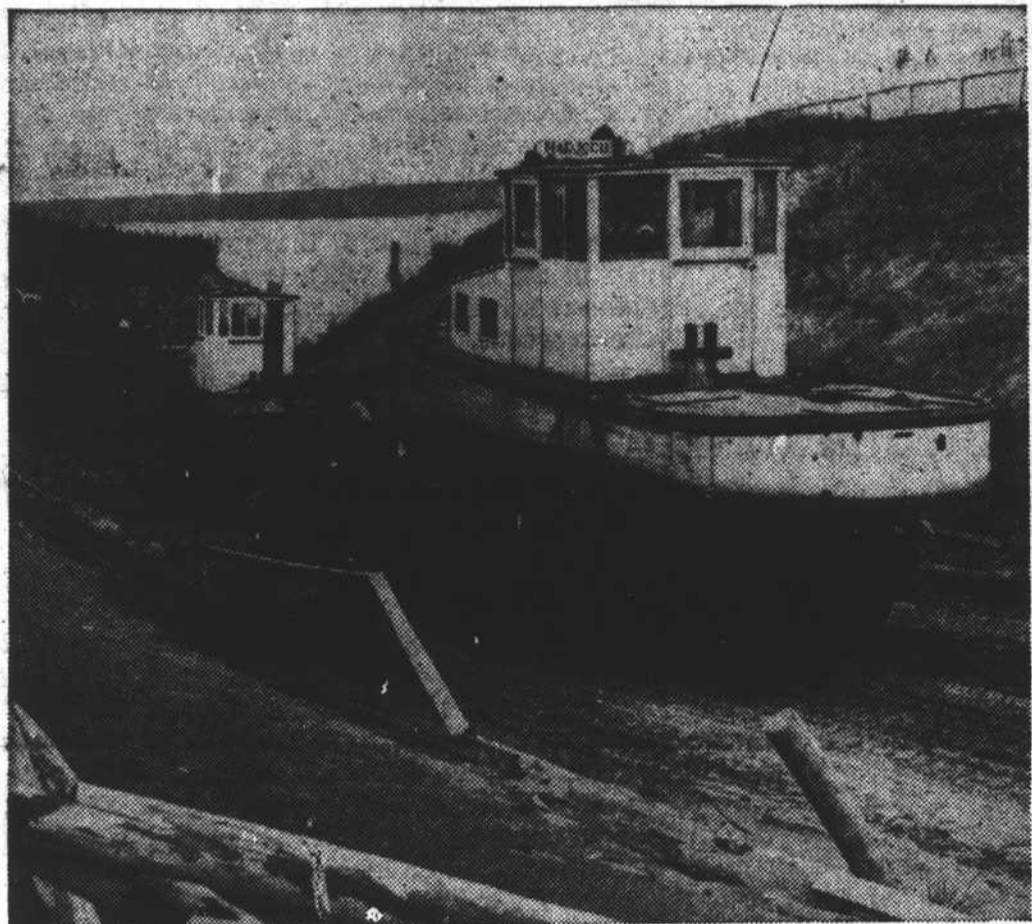
In picture at upper left an American sapper (kneeling at right) holds an Axis mine which he has just dug from the sand near Gafsa, Tunisia. Upper right: On the hunt for snipers, a U. S. security unit searches the ruins of an old fortress in Gafsa. Below, left: Through rubble-filled streets and past the bomb-blasted buildings of Gafsa march U. S. troops, meeting no resistance. When the call comes to go aloft, U. S. pilots are rushed out to their airplanes in jeeps. In picture at lower right one of the airmen is running from the jeep to his sky fighter.

U-Boat Meets British Destroyer—Goes Down to Stay



The Italian submarine Asteria had the misfortune of meeting a British destroyer in the Mediterranean. In photo at upper left the sub is brought to the surface for the last time by a depth charge attack. Her crew await being picked up. Lower left: The Asteria is on her way to a permanent rendezvous with Davy Jones, as members of her crew, most of whom were saved, swim to the destroyer. Right: Italian U-boat prisoners leave the destroyer at an undisclosed port.

One Phase of Tough Job for Army Engineers



In transporting pipe and other supplies for a pipeline connecting the Norman oil fields of Canada with White Horse, on the Alaskan highway, to make fuel easily available for defense stations, U. S. army engineers overcame great obstacles. Here a convoy of supply barges and towing craft nears the end of a rough 16-mile cross-country voyage.

Farm Migration to More Fertile Areas



As partial solution of the farm manpower problem, farm families are being transported from so-called "submarginal" low-production farms to areas where production is high. Picture shows men, women and children arriving in New York en route to the truck farming region around Stafford Springs, Conn. Camp Connors, former CCC camp, will house them.

'Ike' Meets 'Monty'



Gen. Dwight ("Ike") Eisenhower (overseas cap) shakes hands with British General Bernard Montgomery, commander of the Eighth army which chased Rommel from Egypt halfway up Tunisia. General Eisenhower flew to General Montgomery's headquarters to congratulate him and his men for cracking Nazi resistance.

Queen of Roses



Be-ruffled, but unruffled, smiling Kathleen Turner poses royally with an "Editor McFarland" rose, after she had been selected Florida's rose queen at Cypress Gardens, Fla.

Star Dust

By VIRGINIA VALE

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

THE Hollywood telephone repairman was phoning his report. "Yeah, I fixed it; cord was chewed." Pause. "Yeah, chewed. No, not a dog—a lion." Pause. "Sure I said lion." Pause. "Look, I haven't had a drink all day, and I said a lion chewed it. I'm at Jinx Falkenberg's house." He grinned. "Yeah, I knew you'd understand." The cub, a present to Jinx from her brother, Bob, has since then taken to sharpening his teeth on the piano legs. The Columbia star of "She Has What It Takes" says that's perfectly all right, if he sticks to piano legs.

Polina Negri, who years ago was one of the head glamour girls of the silent movies, is returning to the screen in the United Artists film, "Hi Diddle Diddle"; she'll play an operatic star, the wife of Adolphe



POLA NEGRI

Menjou, a role from which Menjou's real wife, Veree Teasdale, retired because of illness. Martha Scott has the leading role. Animated sequences by Leon Schlesinger, the film cartoon creator, will begin and end the picture.

Nine-year-old John Donat, son of Robert Donat, makes his film debut in "This Land Is Mine," starring Charles Laughton and Maureen O'Hara. John breezed through his lines, and between takes sat high on a stepladder, reading a comic strip magazine—stayed there until Director Jean Renoir called him down from his perch to go to work again.

David Niven returns to the screen after a two-year absence in "Spitfire," the British-made Goldwyn production which will be released by RKO Radio. A major in the British army, he was given leave to co-star with Leslie Howard in this picture.

After testing Hollywood stars by the dozen King Vidor has selected an unknown for the important role of Brian Donlevy's wife in Metro's "America." She's Ann Richards, who arrived here from Australia on the last boat to leave after the bombing of Pearl Harbor.

Little Margaret O'Brien, who stole the honors in "Journey for Margaret" and did the same thing when the "Screen Guild Players" did a dramatized version of it on the air, won Jack Benny's heart when, asking him for an autograph, she said she'd seen him fall into a lake in a picture. "That was with Bob Hope," said he. And Margaret replied "Bob Hope? Is he a comedian, too?"

Red Skelton's been having a swell time, working at Ebbets Field in Brooklyn on "Whistling in Brooklyn"; every member of the famous Dodgers, including Manager Durocher, appears in the picture. Five hundred rabid Dodger fans sat in the bleachers for some sequences—and what's more, got paid for it!

The quickest way to become a star on your own program is to do a guest spot on Rudy Vallee's Thursday show. During the past year he's presented Groucho Marx, Billie Burke and Ransom Sherman, among others. Now Marx stars on his own Saturday night program, Sherman recently launched a new series, and Billie Burke will have two air shows going during the summer.

That new "Salute to Youth" program has just about everything radio fans can want. There's William L. White, war correspondent; Raymond Paige and an all-youth orchestra; Nadine Conner, Metropolitan Opera star; Berry Kroeger as narrator, and a guest war worker. With most of the cast in their 'teens or early twenties, the program—on NBC Tuesdays—is a salute to youth, by youth.

ODDS AND ENDS—Lesley Woods, "Bright Horizon" actress, has said goodbye to her dog, Bouncer; he's joined the army as a buck private. . . . Fred Allen will return to motion pictures this summer. . . . They've found another road for Bing Crosby and Bob Hope, "Road to Utopia," to be made this summer, but probably without Dorothy Lamour. . . . After five years, Phil Baker will return to the movies in 20th Century-Fox's "The Girls He Left Behind" . . . Ginny Simms, star of "Johnny Presents," has begun a tour of desert army camps within a day's distance of Hollywood; she offers a one-woman show and the entire expenses of the trip, including those of the orchestra.



Flying Fortress Dishes It Out

By Capt. Clyde B. Walker

(WNU Feature—Through special arrangement with The American Magazine.)

We were carrying some mighty heavy stuff for Jerry in our big Flying Fortress.

Leaving our home field in England at six o'clock in the morning, our objective was the submarine pens at Lorient, France.

As we approached, somebody yelled "Flak!" and the anti-aircraft shells broke around us. At the same time the ball turret gunner shouted "Wolves coming up!" He had sighted a dozen German fighters, Focke-Wulf 190s, climbing fast from down stairs.

I held the ship steady on her course. A few seconds later Bombardier Bentinck pressed his bomb triggers. The giant bombs hit exactly where he had aimed them, in the middle of a platform between two submarine pens.

"Bull's-eye!" he whooped over the intercom. I never heard any one sound so jubilant. Those were the last words Bentinck ever spoke.

The next second, everything hit us at once. Things started happening much faster than I can tell them.

FW's Take Us On.

We were raked from end to end with flak. At the same time a swarm of FW's dived out of the sun. They came in like hornets, with 20-millimeter cannon and machine guns wide open.

One burst of flak ripped into the nose. It killed Bentinck instantly. The same burst wounded Navigator Smith and knocked him unconscious.

A second burst ripped away the doors of the bomb bay. Another burst sprayed around Co-pilot Bill Reed and myself.

That wasn't half of it. Krucher, in the tail, had been hit. A cannon shell had torn a big hole in the ball turret. Radio Operator Frishholz had a flak hole in the back of his head, and the radio room was on fire.

No. 1 Engine Is Out.

The first broadside of flak smashed the drive shaft of No. 1 engine. The No. 2 had been hit on top and was throwing oil. It might catch fire any second. Flak had knocked a big dent in the propeller of No. 3, and No. 4 had a big hole in its base. I carried on with 3 and 4. The ship staggered and started falling behind the rest of the squadron. I put the nose down and dived steeply for the cover of some clouds far below us.

FW's Close In For Kill.

Seeing we were badly hurt, the FW's closed in for the kill. Then the boat really lived up to her name of Flying Fortress. We took plenty during the next 60 seconds, but not half as much as we dished out.

My waist gunner, Bill Stroud, took care of the first one. It was so close that he could see the back of the pilot's head. Stroud poured a stream of bullets into him. The FW went into a spin, and Stroud followed him with burst after burst.

A moment later another Jerry came under his sights. He poured steel into him, saw him break up.

Right waist gunner Berring was pumping 50-caliber slugs at range. He, too, got a "probable," a red-nosed FW which spun down and out of sight.

Meanwhile the wounded tail gunner got a chance. While he was flying back there losing blood, an FW roared in to finish him off. Krucher took steady aim and rapped out one long burst. It literally sawed the German's wing off. He went down in flames.

With the wind shrieking through the flak holes, we raced down, down, for that beautiful layer of clouds. We made it. The remaining FW's didn't attempt to follow us into the clouds.

Somehow or other, we limped home on our two engines and landed at an English airport near the coast. Our wounded went to the hospital, and have now recovered.

Bentinck—as great a bombardier as ever served in any man's army—was gone, but the other nine of us will soon be flying again.

Our trip back was as big an adventure as our fight with the FW's. Coming out of the cloud cover, we were down to 600 feet when we saw the ocean again, then a large town, which I recognized as Brest, one of the most strongly fortified places in France.

I pointed the ship straight over Brest. We were so low that we could see people staring up at us, but there were no fireworks.

Crossing the harbor, we passed right between two German destroyers at anchor. They could have blasted us to blazes.