

THE STARS AND STRIPES

Printed at the New York Herald Tribune printing establishment, 31 rue de Berri, Paris, and at L'Ouest Journal Rennes, for the U.S. Armed Forces under auspices of the Special Services Division, ETOGSA. Not for distribution to civilians. Contents passed by the U.S. Army and Navy censors; subscription, 260 francs per year plus postage. ETO edition entered as second class matter Mar. 15, 1943, at the post office, New York N.Y., under the act of Mar. 3, 1879. All material appearing in this publication has been written and edited by members of the Army and Navy, except where stated that a civilian or other outside source is being quoted.

Vol. 1, No. 59



On Speaking Frog

That Pocket Guide to France explaining how to ask "When does the movie start?" and "What's this and that?" is fine. I suggest, however, that the second edition contain a section on how to understand the French answer.

While passing through Paris, I asked in impeccable phrase-book French: "oo AY luh Champe-Elysees?" Seven persons understood me fine, but I found the place for myself.

Not AWOL, just lost in the ETO.

Credit vs Censor

In reading your edition of The Stars and Stripes, published on Monday, August 28, 1944, I found that the 83rd Division has been credited with the drive on St. Malo and Dinard. It is true that the 83rd was responsible for the fall of St. Malo, but the drive on Dinard was made by a regiment of the ("CENSORED") Division, with assistance from the 83rd Reconnaissance Troops, with a regiment of the 83rd on the left flank. I am quite sure the ("CENSORED") infantry of the ("CENSORED") Division were the first American troops to enter the city of Dinard.

Had we known that the 83rd were to drive on the city, I am sure the members of the regiment would gladly have given them priority!

(\*Now you know why we couldn't give your outfit its rightful share of credit.—Ed.)

Once and For All

Who won the Battle of Normandy is a question that will probably be argued for the next 100 years. But, in the interests of international amity and for the sake of presenting the facts once and for all, the importance of the stand made by the British at Caen while Patton was driving across Brittany and towards Paris should be pointed out. It's only natural that the British resent criticisms from unthinking chair-borne commandos who can grasp only the bald fact that the British and Canadians gained ground 1,000 yards at a time while the Americans were advancing 20 miles a day.—Lt. W. L. Forester, Bomber Group.

[To argue over which Ally won in Normandy is asinine as arguing over whether the Notre Dame backfield or linemen are responsible for trouncing an opponent. In North Africa the great British Eighth Army executed its brilliant piston thrust and copped the headlines while the Yanks held down their sectors. In Normandy the Yanks were assigned to carry the ball while the British and Canadians heroically bled and died to pin down strong enemy forces. The result was a victory in which each Allied soldier of Ike's and Monty's team had a just share. To rumor otherwise is to strike a note that is music to Corporal Schickelgruber's ears. Don't do it.—Ed.]

Hash Marks

World's most boring job: Women volunteers at a London comports station count the playing cards in every pack sent to troops to make sure that there are 52.

Significant Retort. A babe giving a GI the old brush-off, quipped: "Better luck next war."

Signs of the Times. S/Sgt. M. Davis of an Engineers outfit swears:



he has seen a sign on the outskirts of a town reading "This Town Off-Limits To All MPs."

Today's Daffynition. GI with a cold: "A lanky Yank with a leaky beak."

J. O. W.

Today's brainstorm: A Yank now serving in Australia says he is going to stay there after the war and make a fortune. He intends to cross kangaroos and raccoons to produce fur coats with pockets.

Latest Grab out of the Bag of Class-room Boners. Asked to tell how Achilles invulnerable except



for his heel) got his start in life, a student wrote in all seriousness: "He was dunked by his mother in the River Stinks until he was intolerable."

A Florida ration board found this note clipped to a motorist's application for gasoline. Please mail to me at your earliest convenience. My feet hurt.

HUBERT

by SGT. DICK WINGERT



"Been up to the front too long in this hedgerow country."

Take a Look at Tomorrow

THIS picture is a crystal ball. Look into it and you see a vision of tomorrow.

You see the world coming to America for help and leadership. The worried, pleading, hopeful look in this old man's eyes will be in the eyes of the world. The questions on his lips will be on the world's lips.

"What shall we do?" he asks. "Where can I get food? Where can I get work? How can I pull my family together? What should I do to put our life in order?"

These are big questions. We can't duck them. We don't know what this Civil Affairs officer is telling the old man. Neither do we know what America will tell the world.

All we know is this! That America is you and me and the folks back home. That the world trusts us, respects



us and is looking to us for the signals. That, like it or not, you and I and the folks back home must give the world its cue.

The future of the world

depends on whether you and I and the folks back home have the wisdom, sincerity and size to do the job-right.

If we haven't, well—a soldier's job is never done.



THE ground crew of the Thunderbolt "B'Comin' Back" got a pat on the back from their comrades in the 15th Tactical Air Command of Ninth Air Force, Saturday.

The plane they service completed its 100th mission without one mechanical failure or difficulty. Its present pilot, 1/Lt. C. D. Hough, of Selden, Long Island, has shot down two enemy aircraft.

The sturdy P47 has suffered minor damage only twice, both times by flak hits. Crew chief is S/Sgt. Roger H. Thurman, of Little Rock, Ark. His assistant is Sgt. Theodore M. Kamons, of Pittsburgh.

Standing rigidly at attention as two Ninth Air Force generals pinned the Distinguished Fly-

ing Cross on his blouse, 1/Lt. Fred L. Humphries, Thunderbolt pilot from Lombard, Ill., was pained to tears. A yellow jacket had just flung him in the wrist.

"Can you beat it?" asked Humphries, examining his swollen wrist after the ceremonies. "I've been looking forward to this day for a long time, but I didn't expect to get that big a kick out of it."

Dinah Shore inaugurated the 30th Division's first "Nashville and Winchester GI Hour" at a song-and-dance frolic a few days ago. "Any of you all from Nashville?" she asked the thousands of doughboys sitting in front of her. They all assured the vocalist that Nashville was practically their only stamping ground and the party moved off with a song. S/Sgt. Claude Bess, of Nashville, with an "I told you so" look, talked with Miss Shore for a long time after the program. It seems Bess and Dinah were schoolmates, but skeptical GIs were doubtful before the songstress arrived.

FOR Lt. Raymond L. Smedley and 1/Sgt. Raymond E. Herr, of the 90th Infantry Division, pay day was an exceptionally busy one.

They were on their way to dish out the greenbacks to a Cannon company when they saw three Germans sitting dejectedly in a ditch. Taking the three Nazis prisoner, they deposited them at a PW enclosure. Then, without further interruption, took off to complete the business at hand.

Most homelike foxhole flat in France is the claim of Pvt. Frank A. Gonzales, of New Gulf, Tex., Second Infantry Division artilleryman. Wood flooring, cardboard walls, shelves and even hooks for hanging clothes are among the features which go toward making the hole as cozy as a hotel room.

The walls and roof are fortified by empty shell boxes, fitted smoothly together. Gonzales has made a cot out of odds and ends of wood; a shelter half, filled with straw and laced into a bag, serves as a mattress; the bunk is topped

off with a silk comforter and silk pillow. The walls are covered with pinups and sheets contain ration "delicacies." Gonzales is now working on a wooden door.

Time stood still Friday for 1/Lt. Joe B. Holloway, a Ninth Air Force P47 pilot from Shreveport, La., while he was drebombing German fortifications at Brest.

"I made a dive and pulled out so fast my watch stopped," he said. "Then I made a second dive at a target and when I pulled out darned if my watch didn't start again. I guess I'm the first pilot to make two bomb runs in nothing flat."

SGT. MICHAEL BURICK, of New York, saw a German tank rumble toward him; so he grabbed his bazooka, loaded it, aimed and pulled the trigger. Nothing happened. The doughboy took a quick glance at the bazooka, unhooked the safety and fired point-blank at the Mark IV. The Jerries, in no mood to be stopped, fired an M straight at the GI. Burick dusted himself off, shot the bazooka again and still the tank rolled toward him. The sergeant threw himself on the ground, fired once more and this time put the Nazis out of operation.

History repeated itself and a new baby came into the world with the assistance of Capt. Fred D. O'Donnell, of Wilmette, Ill., medical officer for a truck unit.

Responding to an urgent call early one morning, Capt. O'Donnell went to a French farmhouse and delivered a baby for a French woman. Just 23 years before, the mother had been born with the assistance of another American Army doctor.

Making one of his rare appearances in public Friday, at the plaque presentation at the Arc de Triomphe in Paris was a man whom Gen. "Ike" has described as "the best damn chief of staff a commander ever had." The man is Lt. Gen. Walter "Beedle" Smith, who serves in that capacity for the supreme commander.