

President in 10th Year



President of the United States and Commander in Chief of all United States Armed Forces, Franklin Delano Roosevelt last month began his tenth year in the White House...

Red Cross Play Halls Open Soon

By Pvt. Fred Kennedy

The first Red Cross recreation centers for American forces in Northern Ireland will be opened within 40 days...

Two centers, one in Belfast and the other at Londonderry, will be among the first ready to receive soldiers...

Present plans indicate that a charge of half a crown will be made for the night's license, a shower and breakfast.

Soldiers on pass or furlough will be admitted to these and other recreation centers to be opened within the next several months.

The Plaza, which was Belfast's swankiest dance hall and amusement center until it was destroyed partly by the last year, has been taken over by the Red Cross and Red Cross...

(Continued on Page 5)

U.S. Winning In the Battle of Production

(Reprinted from Time Magazine)

Something is happening that Adolf Hitler does not yet understand—a new re-enactment of the old American miracle of wherls and machinery, but on a new scale.

This time it is a miracle of war production, and its miracle worker is the automobile industry.

Even the American people do not appreciate the miracle, because it is too big for the eye to see in an hour, a day or a month, and too big for the hand to touch, too big to be described. It can only be understood by taking a sample.

There is one paper article that reads like a true story. It is an account of a man who refused to take a car for more than a year.

Today the miracle of industry has become a miracle of war production. It is a miracle that has turned the first miracle of mass production.

Today he has not only made a miracle out of his industry, but he has made his industry a part of the miracle.

These things are not easy to understand. They are not easy to describe. They are not easy to do.

A man named Willow Hill was a large creek-wind of Detroit, surrounded by woodlands, a few farmhouses, a few country stores.

Today Willow Hill is a vast, enormous room, a hall with long, nearly bare floors a mile wide.

In the room, men and women are at work. They are at work on the flash of moving machinery and the dust of construction, no man can see from one end to the other.

The plant is a vast, enormous room, a hall with long, nearly bare floors a mile wide.

In planning the building, Ford Motor Company's drafting room used five miles of blueprint paper a day, seven days a week, for six months.

In this enormous workshop Ford hopes eventually to turn out a four-motored Consolidated bomber every hour. The new bombers will go in at one end, through the door will emerge the finished machine, equipped with all the gear.

The deadly details will be ranked on a great new airfield, stretching out from the assembly end of the plant, with enough wide concrete runways to make a highway 22 miles long.

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Normandie Fire WASHINGTON, D.C. (UP)—The Normandie fire was the result of "carelessness," a congressional investigation committee decided last week.

Dear Adolf,

We know your stooges will get this paper into your hands as an early date.

Suggest you read at once: "Overman Army on Bataan" Page 3

"Baseball Season Opens" Page 4

"Pearson and Allen" Page 2

Coming up in the next issue will be a story by Cecil Brown on "Heroes in Far East War." You won't get any more comfort out of it than you get from the story of United States Production from Time Magazine on Page 1 of this issue.

The Staff, P.S.—Joe Palooka, Superman and Popeye are coming to our comic page soon.

Labor Peace

PITTSBURGH, PENN. (UP)—"We will stay on the job until the war is won."

This is the pledge given by the Congress of Industrial Organizations and the American Federation of Labor.

Philip Murray, president of the C.I.O., and William Green, president of the A.F. of L., appeared together for the first time here recently to give the joint pledge.

Magazine Cost Up NEW YORK, N.Y. (AP)—The "Saturday Evening Post" and "Collier's" have raised their prices from 5 to 10 cents.

General Marshall Sets a Goal for Stars and Stripes

Gen. George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff of the Army who is in the British Isles inspecting United States Forces, Friday issued the following statement upon the publication of the first issue of The Stars and Stripes of 1942.

Like any other veteran of the A.E.F. in France, I am delighted to welcome the new issue of The Stars and Stripes. By a fortunate coincidence I happened to be in the British Isles as it came off the press.

I do not believe that any soldier could have done more for the morale of the troops than the Stars and Stripes. It is a symbol of the things we are fighting to preserve and defend in this threatened world. It represents the free thought and free expression of a free people.

I wish the staff every success in their important task. The Stars and Stripes is a paper that is more than the publication of a fact and a military officer of the American forces in the British Isles will be directly affected by the character of The Stars and Stripes of 1942.

General Marshall, in addition to inspecting United States troops in the British Isles has been meeting with the British Chiefs of Staff of various aspects of the war. He was accompanied from the United States by Henry H. Rogers, who is representing the American side on this important occasion.

Both men held a press conference shortly after their arrival April 8 and both expressed themselves as confident that the

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A.E.F. Paper Reborn for U.S. Forces

This issue of your newspaper, the first of a midweek weekly planned for distribution to United States service personnel in the British Isles, re-establishes The Stars and Stripes, famous publication of the American Expeditionary Force of the last war.

Reorganization of the staff was directed by the War Department upon request of Col. Charles E. Smith, commanding general of the United States Army in the British Isles.

The staff of the new Stars and Stripes is composed of men who were with the A.E.F. in France, and who were with the A.E.F. in France, and who were with the A.E.F. in France.

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Gen. Marshall... "We will expand"

# THE STARS AND STRIPES

## S&S Circulation Hit 1,200,000

By ROBERT L. MOORA  
New York Herald Tribune  
Washington Bureau

No Long Island commuter, having finished his morning newspaper, ever folded it carefully and stuck it in the lining of his hat to read over again when he got a spare minute.

But the readers of **The Stars and Stripes** did—infantrymen about to go on patrol who hadn't read "L'il Abner" yet . . . B17 crews interrupted in their reading by their officers just briefed on today's operations . . . the Japs—and the officers—fighting a war and depending on one newspaper to tell them how they were doing and how it all fitted into the global picture.

And that is what made the heartaches and the headaches all worthwhile for the men who struggled with the strange and fearful problems of putting out a newspaper in war—from the reporting of the story, through the mechanical problem of getting it printed in a foreign shop, to the horrendous task of distributing the finished product to the troops doing the fighting.

### Circulation Figures Were Closely Guarded Secret

**The Stars and Stripes** is celebrating its 10th anniversary from his humble beginning in a small print shop in London early in 1942 to its development into one of the most important newspaper chains in American journalism.

At the peak of World War II, **The Stars and Stripes** had a combined circulation of 1,200,000—a closely guarded military secret at that time. It was the only means by which well over four million American citizens serving their country in Europe could be regularly informed of what was going on in the world. That was one person in every 35 of the U.S. population—more in every 15 of the adult working population—a responsibility that would give pause to many an editor among the big newspapers of the nation today.

A handful of enlisted men, sipping beer in a London pub, laid out **The Stars and Stripes**, its typography, its format and its news policies—ten years ago. Those policies and that format stuck, pretty much as originally planned, through **The Stars and Stripes** editions in England, Ireland, France, Germany, Africa, Sicily and Italy. The paper weathered three years of wartime strife, and occasionally general's wrath and soldiers' wrath.

It was not, as some historians have said, "a paper for Joe," meaning the enlisted man; it was a paper for all Americans overseas—enlisted or commissioned, military or civilian—in short, just a newspaper.

### 'Average American Daily' Wrote Fantastic Chapters

It finished the war, as it started, as average American daily—sometimes brilliant, sometimes routine; frequently erroneous, but mostly accurate—a paper of just about the same quality the average American would have read at home—which is precisely what it should have been.

Now, in "peacetime," it continues to serve American forces abroad—and the same time serves as the nucleus of the chain of papers that would be needed if ever—and God forbid!—we have to do the job ever again.

In war-time, it wrote one of the

## War II Stripes Is Born



Two U.S. soldiers study the first World War II issue of **The Stars and Stripes** in London April 18, 1942. For a time **Stripes** was published once a week. Page One of the first issue tells of the goal set for **Stripes** by then Chief of Staff Gen. George C. Marshall. —United Press Photo

most fantastic chapters in the history of American journalism.

It was typical that, on the day that peace was signed, a **Stars and Stripes** editor in southern France, unable to reach his Paris office by plane, finally got through on a connection from Nice to Marseille in New York to Paris.

The calm discussion of a news story across a double expanse of the Atlantic Ocean raised never an eyebrow in **The Stars and Stripes** editorial rooms. It was like countless other crazy things that had gone before. Day after day the men who wrote and edited **S&S** had gone through some of the most unusual experiences—some dangerous, some comical, some just plain fantastic—that have ever befallen American newspapermen.

They took over newspaper plants at gunpoint, worked in composing rooms whose roofs had been shelled off, struggled with English and Irish printers unfamiliar with American spelling and page makeup, and with French, Belgian, Italian and German printers who spoke no English.

They handled lining-by-lining accounts of World Series games while bombs dropped and air-ack guns boomed outside.

They redrafted frontline stories from the various Army head-

quarters in Europe to Paris—via New York!

Short of newsprint in Germany, they once printed on wallpaper—plain stock, unadorned with floral designs, but wallpaper nevertheless.

They flew with the air forces, accompanied the armor and infantry, dropped with the paratroops, clambered their noses at the "brass," and managed, despite handicapped situations inconceivable in civilian newspaper work, to put out a newspaper every day for what may well have been the most important audience ever served by American newspapers—the men who were fighting the war.

Few persons back home ever realized the magnitude of the **S&S** as a newspaper chain. Most people, seeing it quoted in the Press during the war, thought of it as a weekly paper, devoted to Army news, as it was in World War I. Actually, by V-E Day, from the weekly paper that started in London's Soho, it had mushroomed into a huge newspaper enterprise, with daily editions at key points all across Europe, a news service in Paris supplying 38,000 words of news daily by teletype, correspondents wherever things were happening in the war, a New York bureau for the home front, and a small (Cont. on Page 3, Col. 1)



## Stripes' 1st Newsroom Was at London Times

By JOE MARRIDE, **The Stars and Stripes** New York Bureau

It wasn't always this way . . .

Today in a 24-hour period, a vast network of teletype machines, telephones and other media of information channel more than 1,000,000 words of copy from all over the world into the modern newsroom of **The Stars and Stripes'** European edition in Darmstadt.

There the stories are screened by editors, some to be discarded, the more important making their way to the composing room where they are set in type and a little later emerge in print in a 12-page tabloid newspaper.

This efficient operation today contrasts sharply with the multifold problems that faced **The Stars and Stripes'** newsmen back in 1942 in London when the paper effected the transition from the leisurely pace of a weekly to that of a daily newspaper.

The small staff found themselves in a tiny room of the London Times dealing with English printers unfamiliar with American methods and relying on one teleprinter machine for its news sources.

Typically, the machine received only Reuter news copy, which concentrated chiefly on events in the British Isles. News of persons and events in the U.S. and, more important, in the American sports world was completely lacking.

Two soldier newspapermen, Bud Hutton and Bob Moore, long experienced on metropolitan dailies, quickly got the ball rolling.

### Three Big Wire Services, OWI Sports File Obtained

They made arrangements with the London offices of AP, UP and INS, America's three largest news agencies, to supply the paper with a duplicate copy of all their news.

The Office of War Information furnished duplicate copies of its daily sports file from America. The Red Cross kicked in with news of its clubs. Army, Navy and Air Force public relations were lined up to keep the paper informed of forthcoming events.

Ben Price, a former Des Moines newspaperman, made arrangements for a varied supply of photos. Price, who had a keen sense of soldier likes and dislikes and a sharp eye for an occasional pinup, soon had the Brit-

ish agency picture men, using the term "sheesmoke" as easily as Earl Wilson.

The groundwork laid, the task of gathering the news fell on the paper's reporters.

On foot, by bus and subway and —to the amusement of Londoners, who hadn't yet become accustomed to them—by jeep, reporters found their way about the city.

To make a deadline with a news picture or story, they frequently drove through the darkened city at night with blocked-out lights, during bombing attacks and the city's famous "pos-soup" fog. Narrow streets and the English custom of driving on the other side of the road added to the headaches.

### Nearest Desks Served As Buzz Bomb Shelters

Finding the way about the city, at first, seemed an insurmountable problem. For a while, the AWOL percentage probably matched any other U.S. outfit. Reporters asking a London cop for directions were told to go to the top of the road, take the first turn and go straight-away.

Puzzling over these cryptic directions, the reporter would try the next hobby and elicit the same instructions. Finding himself on an open highway he just gave up.

Later, when flying bombs and V2s struck the city day and night, **Stars and Stripes** newsmen and English printers stayed on the job, never missing a deadline. When the sound of one seemed too close, their air-raid "shelter" was underneath the nearest desk.

**Stars and Stripes** counterparts in the field were having their difficulties too. They had to reach outlying Army camps by thumbing rides on trucks and jeeps and sometimes on bicycle. They flew with U.S. airmen on bombing missions and then shouted themselves hoarse dictating (Cont. on Page 3, Col. 1)

## Favorite Londoners Were Storeys

Alf and Gerlie Storey, managers of the Lamb and Lark, Printing House Square, London, were **The Stars and Stripes'** favorite Londoners. Alf, balded, dandified, chattered up the staffers; frequently was their banker, and tiler in such sports as shove helpenny and darts.

Gerlie, mothered, scolded and commiserated with us.

Their bar was also an auxiliary newsroom, as at the time when Carl Larson, stationed in Northern Ireland, called after the paper had gone to bed to tell Bob Moore that he had heard Eisenhower was being called to London to head SHAPE so what about an extra?

Conversely, many a call from the city desk (answered by Alf, in turn, with "Lamb and Lark City Room") brought wayward reporters hunting upstairs for assignment.

The name "Trumans" on the barrels in the picture positively has no connection with politics. It is the name of a British beer (advt.).



Alf and Gerlie Storey  
She mothered as . . . He lent money

## Joes Around Globe Read Newspaper

Some lasted for years, others for only a few days. No one remembers exactly today just how many editions of **The Stars and Stripes** existed, and where they all were published.

One thing is certain, however. The paper got around almost as far and fast as the soldiers it served.

There were at least nine editions in the ETO, nine in the MTO, four put out first in the MTO and then in the ETO, and three in the Pacific.

When and how most of the editions died isn't remembered, but it doesn't make much difference. They all did their job: getting the news to people who wanted it.

# Stripes Was Legend to Millions of Yanks

(Continued from Page 2)  
Industrial empire functioning in Germany—a paper mill, coal mines, chlorine mine and wharves—to provide the necessary newsprint.

The \$100 and Stripes first went to press April 17, 1942, as an eight-page tabloid-sized weekly, written and edited by a small staff of soldiers with varied newspaper experience who had been recruited mostly from the 34th Inf Div, then stationed in Northern Ireland. Six months later, on orders from Gen Eisenhower, the paper became a daily, published in the labyrinthine, musty offices of the Times, in Printing House Square, London.

The impact of American jour-

nalists—soldier-journalists, at that—on the staff of Times and its editors will not soon be forgotten in Printing House Square. Nightly, ever mugs of ale in the sub-basement canteen, S&S men (privates, corporals, sergeants) castigated the Times editors for the ponderous, documentary style of "The Thunderer's" news stories, and Times editors frowned at the manner in which S&S headlines told the news—such as "Yanks Get Abbey for GI Chapel," heading a story about the British granting use of hallowed Westminster Abbey for a Thanksgiving Day service.

For two years, the London edition of S&S, while presenting the

news of all the world, was devoted primarily to two things:

1—Reporting the air war being waged by the 8th and 8th AF preliminary to the invasion of the Continent.

2—Trying to satisfy the rapidly growing numbers of Army men waiting and training in the British Isles for D-Day.

S&S assigned a staff of men to fly with the Fets and the Libs. And long before stories could be written about it, S&S men were flying with the B26s that were frantically bombing the Nazi rocket sites on the Pas de Calais from which the enemy might have launched a barrage strong enough

to knock out London and the whole plan of invasion as well.

To the airmen of that day—the men who went to Schweinfurt and Regensburg (official loss: 44 four-engine bombers), to Peenemunde and Berlin, Hamburg and Gdynia—the men who went on the milk runs to France that sometimes turned out not to be milk runs at all—to these men the only reward was to read in S&S the importance of the operations they were performing. For this, S&S went all out.

## S&S Deadlines Kept Pace With Dawn-to-Dusk Raids

As D-Day approached, S&S had to start its editions as early as 9 pm to print enough papers for the fast growing number of Americans arriving in Britain for the invasion. At the same time, the lengthening summer days were giving the air forces opportunity for early-dawn to late-dusk missions, results of which sometimes weren't made known until after midnight. As a result, S&S editors arranged to replace new editions up to two, three and four in the morning.

The effect was not in vain. Maj Gen Frederick Anderson, chief of the 9th Bomber Comd, relayed his gratitude to S&S and said: "The way Stars and Stripes handles the story of today's operations has a direct bearing on the effectiveness of tomorrow's."

In a myriad of unexpected ways, S&S proved more than just a newspaper. Fibra of planes shot to hell managed to make it back to base and said: "We were going to ditch in the channel, but then we remembered reading about the Fort that made it back last Friday, so we stuck it out."

On May 12, 1944 S&S told briefly about a B24 Liberator, its hydraulic brakes shot out, landing safely in Italy through the device of letting parachutes cut the waist windows to slow the plane down. Exactly two weeks later the crew of the B17, Stage Door Canteen, coming back to England in the same plight, remembered the story and saved their plane. And others followed.

Through those two years, S&S in London, with its subsidiary edition in Belfast, kept the thousands of Americans preparing for invasion informed of what was happening on the Russian front, in the Mediterranean, in the Pacific . . . the big stories from home: the World Series, the Boston night-club fire, the start of the election campaign . . . maneuvers of the — Div in the Midlands . . . the arrival of the first Weas in Britain . . . training of the — Rangers in Scotland . . . what the British thought of these strangers from abroad . . . how the Americans contributed to the welfare of the British war orphans . . . In short, all the news from all over.

Headlines of the year: "Roosebud," over a one-paragraph item

from the West Coast on the sale of Hester's art collection. Picture of the year: a B29, one wing off, going down—and don't think there weren't lots of argument over whether S&S should or should not publish THAT picture on Page One where all who were going out to fight that day would see it.

But the main task, as June approached in 1944, was to prepare for the handling of a story which, until it broke must remain one of the world's best kept secrets—and to plan for S&S's own operations thereafter. That was the leading of Allied troops sometime, somewhere on the French coast, to what conquered Europe from the Nazis.

It was, definitely, one of the best guarded secrets in history. Even the managing editor of the Army's own newspaper—The Stars and Stripes—had no hint of where and when . . .

As all of Europe tensed for the expected day, Allied intelligence cracked one of its most disconcerting lip-locks to the enemy—the correspondents who were to cover the invasion—by spiriting them away time and again on secret maneuvers, any of which might be the real thing. S&S reporters, like those for other papers and news services, would slip quietly out of London for days at a time, only to return empty-handed or with routine maneuver stories.

## Early Morning Phone Call Gave ME Invasion News

One morning about eight the jangling phone roused the managing editor from sleep. It was Bud Hutton, chief of air coverage for S&S, calling from a 9th AF base.

"Tried to get you at the office," he said.

"The office?" muttered the m. e. "I didn't finish till four this morn —"

"Well, you're going down right away, aren't you?" Bud said impatiently, then added: "I'll call you later."

The m. e. leaped from bed and started to call S&S staffers at their quarters: "Get down to the office fast; the show is on."

G. K. Hedenfield, one of the few lieutenants ever privileged to be on the S&S reporting staff, had been spirited away time and again for maneuvers. On the night of June 5, alerted for another "maneuver," Hedenfield boarded an LST outfit in full field uniform except for one item: he was wearing a brand-new officer's dress shirt worth \$12. As the LST nosed into the Channel, he accosted the commanding officer and asked: "Where we going this time, colonel?"

## 'That Isn't Southampton,' He Said, 'It's Normandy'

The colonel drew out a map and pointed to a spot on the coast. "At H-100000-43," he explained, "we go in here."

Had studied it. "I know the British coast," he said, "but I don't recognize it. Where's that in relation to Southampton?"

"That isn't Southampton, Hog," the colonel said. "That's Normandy."

At an airfield in the Midlands, S&S correspondent Phil Bucknell ordered a sherry at the officers' club bar. (He was only a corporal, but so one knew or cared.) The sergeant tending bar smacked the sherry bottle from under the bar—sherry was scarce—poured him a drink and then another. Plans were warming up outside, apparently for another practice mission.

As he turned to go after the second sherry, the bartender called: "Coming back?"

The S&S man halted and turned. "If you're coming back," the bartender grinned, "I'll move you one," and he motioned to the precious bottle.

"Yes," Bucknell murmured. "Yes, I'm coming back."

On the ride through the blackness over the Channel, there was at least some comfort: Security was top. Even the bartender in the officers' club didn't know that this was the invasion of Normandy.



"It took us a while, General, but we've finally got a smooth-running organization." That was the caption of this Dick Wingert cartoon drawn for an early birthday edition. The cartoon shows some early staffers.

## Deadlines Always Met

(Continued from Page 2)  
their stories to the London desk over an erratic telephone system.

Food was always a big problem. Men in the field were more fortunate because they could always eat at Army messes. Reporters stationed in London were forbidden to eat in Army mess halls as they were on per diem and consequently on English rations.

About this time, the Army awarded the ETO ribbon to all men who had been in England a year.

It was worn infrequently until orders came from the top to "put it on." A Stars and Stripes reporter wearing his ribbon walked into the composing room and was spotted by an English printer. The conversation went something like this:

"Hello, what's that you're wearing?"

"That's my ETO ribbon," said the reporter. "It means I've been in England a year."

"Cor Illimey!" said the amazed Englishman. "I've been here 22 years and I ain't never got one."

On the first birthday of The Stars and Stripes, cartoonist Dick Wingert, creator of Hubert, lampooned the setup in cartoon. It showed two reporters fighting for a typewriter, another shaving, two ogling pinups, another stretched on the floor, a photographer developing a roll of film.

In the doorway, a major explained to an inspecting general:

"It took us a while, General, but we've finally got a smooth-running organization."

## Heroes Not Yet 'Wholesale' When AF Began '42 Raids

By ANDREW A. ROONEY, Columbia Broadcasting System

They ask me to say in 750 words what it was like 10 years ago covering the air war from England.

I remember what it was like. It had all the good things about war and the newspaper business and a minimum of the bad. At first when B17s and B24s started bombing France and Germany in daylight there weren't many of them. Three or four groups.

Stories were big, interesting and easy to cover. Heroism was not yet coming wholesale as it did after the invasion.

When a Flying Fortress came back with two engines shot out, with pilot and copilot slumped over the controls, with no brakes and was landed safely by a navigator who had only watched it done before, it was exciting news.

Later the public became hardened to heroism. America produced so many honest-to-goodness brave men who were ready and willing to fight and die if they had to that those stories couldn't all be covered. If they had been they would have filled a newspaper every day.

Airmen in England, young men who joined or were drafted early, explored more depths of their own emotions in one year than they had or ever will in the rest of their lifetimes. They had the great sadness and heartache of seeing brave men and friends die every day.

Bomb groups usually sent out 25 planes on a raid. Losses were running about 4 per cent for each

raid. A tour of duty was 25 raids. It took no mathematical genius to understand what their chances were of finishing alive.

But they had great satisfactions and happiness to share, too. The bond of friendship, comradeship, that comes under fire cannot be duplicated anywhere else. It is not

(Cont. on Page 4, Col. 2)

## Chiefs of Stripes, Yank in UK



Two chiefs of popular wartime GI publications get together. Lt Col Emory M. Llewellyn (right) in charge of Stripes' London edition, and Lt Col Eckert White, in charge of the British edition of Yank, inspect the first Yank to make its British Isles debut.

—Army Photo

## Hashmarks

Stars and Stripes legend has it that every staff meeting during the paper's early days ended with the major asking, "Well, men, what do we need now?"

Each time a hand would go up, and a sergeant named Hutton would reply wearily: "A camera, major, not a box camera, not a Brownie—a Speed Graphic."

The major would make a note of this unfamiliar term and promise results. Finally he did come through with a Speed Graphic and felt that his needling by Hutton was over.

Next meeting he asked triumphantly: "Well, men, what do we need now?" Up went Hutton's hand. The major snapped: "Well, what is it this time?"

Hutton replied softly: "Sir, we need a thesaurus."

The major blanched. "Damn it, Hutton, what did you do with the camera I gave you last week!"

From this corner, that tells the story of the early days of S&S in one hashmark.

The Stars and Stripes came of age when it moved into the plant of "Old Thunderer"—the Times, of London—and acquired the Lamb and Lark as its private air raid shelter with Alf and Gert as "wardens."

By the time the staff got used to British precedents making "draft board" come out "draught board" and "armor" come out "armour" in our paper, the frock-coated, striped-pants subeditors of the Times were convinced that we were really American newspaper men even though we didn't run around yelling "Stop the press!" like U.S. newsmen did in the studios they had seen.

Of these, athletics were the easiest to take. Playing baseball, the umpires were the S&S officers. The men enjoyed shaking their fists in the officer-umpire's face and yelling: "You're a dirty, blind robber—SIR!"

Drills, inspections and athletics forced on the staff by the London Base Comd were the flies in the ointment.

The afternoon of one game nearly caused a headquarters colonel to have apoplexy. He saw the fatigue-clad staffers being marched from Hyde Park back to the business office on Brooke St. Bringing up the rear was a figure clad in the brightest sport shirt and socks in the ETO. What the colonel didn't know was that the "elevator" was Jim King, AP staffer, who frequently joined in The Stars and Stripes' activities.

One S&S officer learned in a hurry that Hyde Park wasn't at all times the "home of free speech." He took the staff to the park to read them the Articles of War. They settled on their benches and the lieutenant warned to his bunk. Just then a little man tugged at his blouse. It was his business to collect tuppence a head from all bench users or call a bobby.

One Friday, when the men were looking especially sharp, the major decided to have them marched in front of London Base Comd Bq, so the CG could look them over. The men were marched down the narrow, (Cont. on Page 5, Col. 3)

## 'Be Funny — That's Order, Lieut'

### Hashmarks' Lusty Birth Is Recalled; 'Writes Just Like an EM,' GI Says

By J. C. WILKINSON  
(The Guy Who Wrote the Column)  
Norfolk, Va., Pilot



Lt. J. C. Wilkinson tries out humor on unidentified friend.

The major paced the floor. He was holding one of his first staff meetings since The Stars and Stripes had moved into the offices of the Times of London and become a daily.

"The Stars and Stripes," he told his men, "will have a daily humor column. Lt. Wilkinson will write it. It will be funny, lieutenant—that's an order."

Thus, by executive order, the humor column "Hashmarks" took its place as a daily feature on the editorial page of The Stars and Stripes. It was to run daily from November 12, 1942, until June 1948, climaxing its career with "syndication" in the Paris, London and Lima editions. It was widely quoted by Stateide papers.

Wilkinson feels that if the column turned out to be "funny" it was

largely due to the illustrations by Dick Wiegert, Curtis Swan and Ralph Newman, but he is proud of the comment made by a battle-hardened GI seeing him for the first time—"I didn't know the writer of Hashmarks was a captain. That's a good column. He writes just like an enlisted man!"

Wilkinson was assigned to The Stars and Stripes in July 1942 as officer-in-charge of the paper's activities in Northern Ireland. He was later associate editor with the London and Paris editions, leaving the staff in July 1945 to serve on the journalism faculty of the Army University at Biarritz, France.

He is now a daily columnist for the Virginia-Pilot, Norfolk, Va., writing a civilian version of "Hashmarks" known as the "Whimsy Parade."

## Air Tour of Duty Set Editor Tells At 25 Raids Back in '42

(Continued from Page 3)

a popular thing to suggest there is anything at all good about a war. The comradeship is good and it was never better than at the air bases in England from 1942 to 1948.

For a newspaperman to cover that war and the people in it, it was necessary that he participate in some of the hardships and danger. Originally, nine newspapermen started flying on raids with the 8th Air Force, One, Bob Post of the New York Times, was shot down on the first raid.

Newspapermen went with pride to their numbers who have been killed or wounded covering a war, flattering themselves with bravery by association. Despite that transparency, a good many newsmen were brave and a good many did a fine job covering that air war.

### Day-by-Day Behavior Made Hutton Legend

Bud Hutton, a Stars and Stripes sergeant of that time and a fabulous legend of a guy whose real life, day-to-day behavior, outdoes any story-teller's "I-remember-1942" tales about him, flew about 23 Air Force missions.

An air war is a strange thing for a newsmen to cover because once the day's fighting is done the fliers come back to base hundreds of miles from where anyone is mad at them. In England they went to London, one of the few cities in the world besides New York that nobody has to apologize for when a soldier comes to town.

London had what soldiers wanted no matter what they wanted, and mostly they wanted what any soldier wants. You know—good food.

Now and then I run into somebody I knew in that war. It's interesting to see what has happened to the brass running that war and the Joes who fought it.

### Most Fliers Returned To Prosaic Livelihoods

Mostly the Joes (as we still use that word) are running hardware stores in Peoria or selling insurance in Baltimore.

A pilot who knew more about a B-17 than Boeing did 16 years ago, nine times out of 10 hasn't been any closer to an airplane in five years than the Constellation that flies over his house every night en route to Montreal or wherever.

We knew Gen Curtis E. LeMay, then major general, was good when he ran the bomb group at Moleseworth. The Air Force found it out I guess because I see now he's running our whole Strategic Air Command as a full general. Vandenberg always looked like a bright and com-

ing young man as a colonel and he's done well in the game too.

I don't know who you people are over in Europe now. Young kids mostly, I guess, and from everywhere. I suppose you hate it just as every other American Army that was ever away from home did.

### Hazardous Ways Taught Airmen How to Live

There is no way to tell, nobody can ever take a poll that will mean anything, but I've always felt those guys I watched fight that air war from England must have come out better guys if they got through it at all. You can't possibly reach new depths and peaks of loneliness, hopelessness, fear, friendship, without coming out of it knowing more about how to live good than you did before.

The fellows fighting that air war had to learn how to live fast because they knew they might not have much time left. I hope Americans in Europe now are getting something of what the men got 16 years ago.

## Editor Tells Of Woes

By VIC DALLAIRE  
Priester Ink

When The Stars and Stripes summoned me out from under my olive tree near Sousse, Tunisia, in June 1943, I had no idea that it had something on the order of a Grand Journalistic Tour in mind for me. I don't imagine it had either, because Sicily and Italy lay still ahead, and Normandy and Southern France were prospects of a far more distant future.

I was glad to get the bid because I didn't seem to be doing much in the Air Force although it had managed to whisk me to England a couple of weeks after I enlisted, and from England to Africa in time to waste ashore at Arzew. I didn't know much about The Stars and Stripes, but I'd slaved over a hot teletype for United Press for a long time before the war and worked for sundry and various unimportant newspapers out West.

So a few minutes after I discovered the transfer orders (I discovered three months earlier) I was out on the highway with bar-

(Cont. on Page 5, Col. 1)

## 'Hubert' Comes Alive



Dick Wiegert, now one of America's most celebrated newspaper cartoonists, is shown giving birth to one of his famous "Huberts" while a wartime member of The Stars and Stripes.

## Africa Cited On Freedom Given Press

By RALPH G. MARTIN  
Free Lance Writer

There were six of us and I guess we were all a little crazy.

You had to be to volunteer to leave a plush place like London (pubs plus per diem) for a question mark like North Africa. But I'm pretty sure we'd all do it again. I know I would.

Here's how vague everything was in those early days. Here were the six of us: Russ Jones, G. K. Hodenfeld, Earl Krieger, Dean Hocking and Bobby Robinson, and I don't suppose there were more than a dozen stripes between us, but on the ship they treated us like colonels.

They didn't know what we were, and neither did we. I picked a low card (because their fancy cabin only held five) and I remember how everybody thought it was a comedown for me to get bunked with a cabin of captains.

They had sent us down to start a Stars and Stripes, but when we got to Algiers, the presses were already rolling with the second edition. Bob Neville and Mill Lehman had done it, and a good job it was.

### 'Everything Brand New; Red Tape Hadn't Arrived'

Put the North African campaign into an overall history of the war and it was just peanuts. But right then there was nothing bigger or hotter. Everything was so brand new that the red tape hadn't yet arrived, and there was no rulebook.

If we wanted to cover the war, nobody had to cut a stencil and hand us a mimeographed copy of orders. We just went down to Maison Blanche Airport and hitchhiked a ride on some C-47. And when we landed at some frontline airfield, we kept on hitchhiking until we tied up with some outfit and got onto a story.

We went out in relays, one at a time for a couple of weeks or a month, then back to Algiers for a couple of weeks—until more people came down from London.

It was a tough thing to decide whether to stay or go back to London. Nobody was happy about deciding. I guess I stayed for the same crazy reason I came. Covering a war had more kick than doing a feature on Madame Tussaud's Wax Works. And if London had its own kind of excitement and color. Remember this was Algiers long before the MPs took over, even before the shoeless boys started talking English and sulking as promoters.

### N. Africa Set Pattern For Later (S&S) Coverage

You know what was the most important thing about those early Stars and Stripes days in North Africa? I think it was the pattern we set in covering the war. Remember this was our first war coverage. Nobody could tell us anything because nobody knew anything. There were no such things as story assignments or private jeeps (we got them later). Some PRO camps had us eating with the other enlisted men, some treated us as civilians, and I once remember having lunch with a two-star general who wanted to know, finally, "What the hell are you anyway?"

But when I talk about this important pattern, I mean the freedom we had. OK, some PRO camps gave us the treatment, and we bitched about it, but we didn't have to stay there, and most of us didn't. We could go anywhere we wanted to go, write about anything we wanted to write, stick with one outfit for a week, or rotate between a dozen outfits.

Except for Ernie Pyle, Graham (Cont. on Page 5, Col. 4)



**London Times Housed Busy S&S Newsroom**  
 The Stars and Stripes' first European edition of World War II was born, lived and died in the London Times plant on Printing House Square, London. This 1943 photograph shows (left to right) George Maskin, Joe Fleming, Bob Wood, Dick Wilber, Ben Price, Roland Bowers, Bill Dunbar, Leonard Giblin, G. K. Hodenfield, and Bob Moore. —S&S Photo

# Reporters Won Fame In Sicily

By JACK POISIE  
 San Francisco Chronicle  
 It is my contention that reporters never had it as good anywhere else in World War II as we did in Sicily. I mean by we—anybody who was a correspondent.

I mean by good—that it was a short, victorious and spectacular campaign, coming at a time when there was comparatively little action on any other war front, and at a time when the Allies needed a solid win. Therefore, we reporters know we had a "big story" and a large and eager audience to read it.

## Sicily Campaign Covered By Pyle, Bigart, Boyle

Maybe that explains why so many correspondents turned out so much good copy. Ernie Pyle really won his reputation there with his warm writing about infantrymen, and his intimate portrait of the then little-known Gen Omar N. Bradley helped to call Bradley's worth to Eisenhower. Hal Boyle of Associated Press began writing his column there; it later won him a Pulitzer Prize. Harry Bigart of the New York Herald Tribune, another winner of the highest journalistic honor, got his baptism of fire in Sicily.

And a team of Stars and Stripes correspondents, by their reporting for the Mediterranean editions, established the reputation of the paper in that theater.

The paper had been started in Algeria seven months before by STC-edition personnel who had come to North Africa with the invasion forces. Once the beaches were secured, they had gone ashore and scoured Algiers and Casablanca for linotype machines and presses. The first issue rolled out 25 days after D-Day.

## Bitter Reaction Stirred By Story on Ice Cream

The staff learned a little bit, then, about covering a war as they reported the Tunisian campaign. They learned the job by bitter experience, such as the time a smash play was given a story on rear-area life in Casablanca, where ice-cream already was a standard dish in the chow lines. When papers with that story hit the combat areas, at about the time of the Kasserine Pass defeat, there was a blast of reaction that caused the U.S. command to consider doing without a soldier's newspaper.

"If that is what you're going to do for morale—" snorted a general. But the decision was to give S&S one more chance.

By the time the Sicily invasion (Cont. on Page 6, Col. 4)

# Editor Lists Early Day Handicaps

(Continued from Page 4)  
 rucksack bag in hand hitching my way to Tunis. From Tunis I grabbed a plane to Algiers, and one Sunday morning walked into The Stars and Stripes office, as sorry and beaten-up looking a character as had invaded the place for some time.

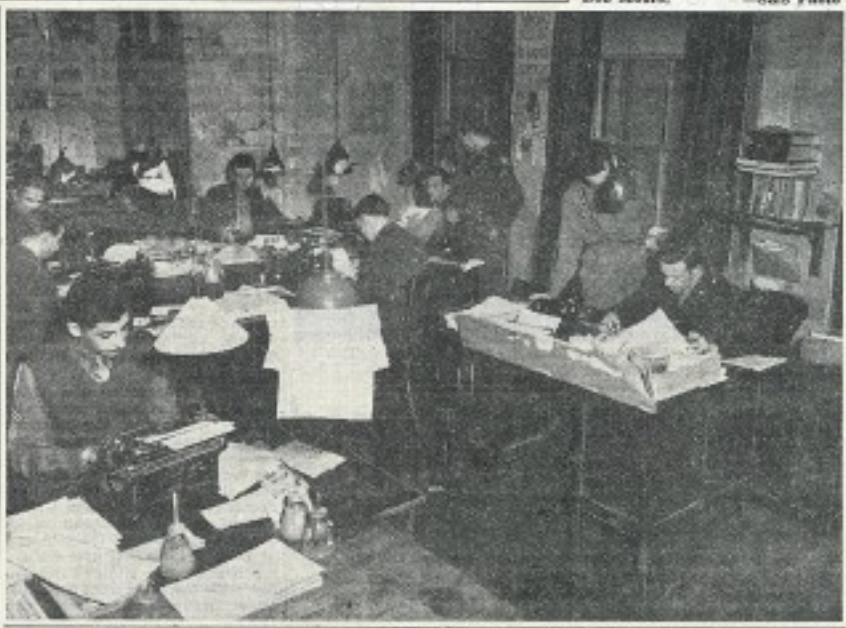
At the time of my arrival, The Stars and Stripes had grown to be quite an operation. It published a daily and weekly (for home consumption) in Algiers, a daily in Oran and another in remote Camblancq. It had fairly good news service, mostly furnished from OWI and PWB, and excellent local and Army, Navy and AP coverage.

## Dave Golding Editor Of Edition in Algiers

Dave Golding was managing editor in Algiers, and, typically, giving me about five minutes to unpack, clean up and that sort of thing, he put me to work on the rim of his outside copy desk. The next day I found myself in the slot, and a week later Bob Neville, CO of the outfit, said I was a staff sergeant and also managing editor in Casablanca, and why didn't I get going? I did that so promptly as practicable, and spent a blissful three or four months in Cas, although it seemed a long way from the war.

Casablanca got its news from some French communications system from Algiers, and the main job there was to render it back into English. I picked up local news and got the paper printed. On the staff were Bill DeMora, later to found the Rome Daily American, Harry Sherwood now back in Boston, Ben Dean, who spends most of his time at present handling gold in Canada.

Cas was a trouble-free operation except when the wire went haywire, and because we didn't say much, we didn't have much trouble



with the brass. After I left, however, there was some sort of hassle with the Atlantic Base Section command—one of a series of incidents that led Gen Eisenhower to tell his field and service commanders to keep their hands off The Stars and Stripes.

## Naples Staff Plagued By Assorted Ailments

I came back to Algiers as editor of the weekly in October 1943, worked around there for a few weeks and then went to Naples to replace homebound Dave Golding as managing editor. Anyone who has ever been to Naples knows that everything can go wrong there, and usually does. I had a good staff—Ed Clark (now UP), Wade Jones (now NEA), Ralph Martin, Milton Lehman (Cochi magazine man), Jack Folse, now a San Francisco newspaperman, and others, transient and permanent. But they had the bad habit of all coming down with yellow jaundice or some other malady at the same time, and I frequently was forced to requisition help from Yank, the

civilian press correspondents or any place that looked like it could produce people who could run a typewriter.

## Reliable News System Lacking for Months

When I look back on it now, I wonder how we got the paper out without missing an issue. Our news service was the OWI again and the vice broadcasts of the BBC, not to mention Axis Sully and other enemy propaganda broadcasts. We got some mail copy from the States and we had plenty of coverage in the field, but it wasn't until months later that the Signal Corps came up with anything that approximated a sellable news report.

Mechanically, things were even worse. The press was so beaten up that we couldn't print photographs, so we tried the drawings for a while. Add to that the fact that the water, gas or electricity were off at one time or altogether, or that the Italian press crew went on strike, or that the press room (Cont. on Page 7, Col. 1)

# Staff in Africa Roamed at Will

(Continued from Page 4)

Novoy and Ken Dixon, not many of the other civilian correspondents set too far away from that press camp in those days. But we were everywhere, and nobody questioned it, and nobody asked for our orders. It was a wonderful freedom we had then. And, as I say, I think it set a pattern. We never were quite that free ever again, but since we had once tasted it, we knew what we wanted and what to fight for.

If I look back now and see only the good things, all scrubbed nice and clean—I know I'm not the only one. It seems to be so true of all the other Stripes boys I've talked to: Looking back we only seem to remember the hot times and the wonder, and we forget all the rest.

Stripes was one of the big things of my life and North Africa was one of its fine chapters. I wonder where those other five guys are anyway?

# London Staffers Feared 'Colonel's Wrath'

"To you who answered the call of your country... I extend the heartfelt thanks of a grateful Nation. As one of the Nation's finest, you undertook the most severe task one can be called upon to perform. Because you demonstrated the fortitude, resourcefulness and wise judgment necessary to victory, we now look to you for leadership and example in further exalting our country in peace."  
 Signed Harry S. Truman,

By ROBERT WOOD  
 Detroit News  
 Well, the Army had the last laugh on me after all. This stirring message was delivered to GIs upon discharge. Mine was handed me on a glorious day back in December 1945 at Ft. Sheridan, Ill., by a fat major. It was addressed to "Robert B. Wood." Obviously, the Army had found

"Robert B. Wood" wanting. However...  
 It was back on a warm, sunny day in London in 1943 that Printing House Square got its first look at me, and vice versa. It was in the rickety old building housing the London Times that The Stars and Stripes was being edited and printed.

Bob Moore, a lieutenant but a humor being despite that, looked up so I approached to ask for a job reading copy.  
 "Hello," he smiled pleasantly, "what can I do for you?"  
 Imagined! No snarl, no frigid stare, no remarks about my buttons. And Moore a lieutenant! No wonder he never got ahead.  
 Anyway, I got the job. And that's when I got started on that "fortitude and resourcefulness" business that Mr. Truman was referring to.  
 It took fortitude, for instance, to accept the Army's per diem. But not

too much, maybe. We provided our own food on a British ration card, and our own quarters. Fortunately, I was invited in with three others and set up housekeeping with them in a King's Road establishment which I named "Waifal Vista."  
 It was apt, if I say so myself. Everyone residing there was a fibber, and a surprising number of mollies managed to spend a considerable amount of time there. There is no moral to this story, you see.

Food was a problem. Being the recipients of Army largesse in the way of per diem dough, we all were barred from Army mess halls. And the worst Army mess ever concocted by the worst Army mess sergeant was fit fare for the angels compared to that fiendish stuff served up in British restaurants.  
 The ration card gave us enough food for one meal a week which we cooked ourselves. The rest of the

time we were at the mercy of the British cafe. Did you ever eat "bobbie and squeak"? The first time I did I bubbled plenty at the mouth—Joe Fleming said I frothed—and squeaked plenty. But it did no good.

Most of the time we just went hungry and went to work.  
 Ah, work! That's where the "resourcefulness" came in. One surely had to be resourceful to dodge the colonel's weekly inspections, for instance. It was absolutely amazing the number of out-of-town assignments fulfilled on the day of the inspections. Those of us who worked inside writing headlines and trimming Bud Hutton's copy from eight to three columns had a more difficult job.  
 One way or the other, of course, we were at the mercy of the colonel's wrath, which usually was vented in his periodic threat to send us all to the infantry. A good thing (Cont. on Page 7, Col. 1)



Bob Wood

## Sports News Was Rare in Early Issues

By MARK E. SENIGO  
New York Times

Tony Cordaro was ambushed down Fleet Street one autumn evening in 1944 on his way back to The Stars and Stripes office after a "hardy" supper of fish and chips. Suddenly he stopped to talk to an officer in Coast Guard uniform.

That chance encounter brought The Stars and Stripes an exclusive story that Jack Dempsey was in the ETO to look over the Coast Guard's physical training program.

And some weeks later, Cordaro came up with another exclusive from Dempsey. The headline on the story read: "Long Layoff Won't Give Coach Pastwar Advantage—Dempsey." Cordaro then went on to tell why Dempsey believed Joe Louis would not lose his heavy-weight title to Billy Conn if they met in a postwar championship bout.

### Few Big-name Sportsmen Were in Theater in '42

Guy like Jack Dempsey were no rarity in the ETO in 1944. Conn was there, as was Louis. Dave Kofie was hurrying for a GI nine, and Tommy Thompson of the Philadelphia Eagles was the star back of one of the more publicized Army football teams.

"They made good copy, and The Stars and Stripes at that time had the space and the facilities to cover their activities.

But when the paper first started to roll in 1942, there were few, if any, name athletes in the theater. There was no organized sports program much above the company level.

Some idea of what the sports picture looked like back in the spring of 1942 can be gathered from the first edition of the paper. Along with the baseball scores and other Stateside sports news, there was this item:

### Yank Boxers Were Routed By Leading UK Amateurs

"Cpl George T. Allen recently won a table tennis tourney conducted for the members of the Marine detachment in London. Cpl Robert E. Reed was runner-up."

That was the only ETO sports news in the entire first edition.

But the pace picked up fast. By August enough was going on for a group of Army boxers to get their come-uppance from a combined British Army-Navy-RAF ring team. The American squad, uninformed that British amateur boxers are among the best in the world, won only one of five bouts.

Two days after this event, 6,000 fans turned out of Wembley Stadium in London to see an American Army nine trip a Canadian squad, 5-3. And the only baseball available for that game, in- (Cont. on Page 14, Col. 3)

## Sports Desk in 1943



Sports Editor Mark E. Senigo (center) checks a story written by Ray Lee, S&S sports reporter, in 1943. —S&S Photo

## Brown Bomber Caused 1944 Furor in Britain

Tony Cordaro was assigned back in 1944 to cover Sgt World Champion. Here he recalls some of the happenings on a trip he made with Joe Louis through the United Kingdom:

By TONY CORDARO, *Des Moines Register and Tribune*

It was in the spring of 1944 when the Brown Bomber, known professionally as Joe Louis, landed in England, causing more furor than a two-ton block buster.

Louis, then topkick among the heavyweight boxers of the world, brought along four other boxers. Their job was to entertain members of the U.S. Armed Forces and their fighting Allies with a series of personal appearances and boxing exhibitions.

### Louis Talked Freely With Fellow Soldiers

The then-heavyweight boxing champion of the world slurred up when civilian reporters approached him for interviews. But with soldiers he chatted freely.

His talk was touched with surprising flashes of humor and deep understanding. No one will ever let him among the era's great conversationalists, yet, simply, earnestly, quietly, he achieved the same results.

While touring the English countryside, Louis arrived at a base whose officials had attempted to persuade an Englishman—a member of nobility—to permit them to build a ring on his lush grazing fields. The lord argued that it

would disturb the placid existence of his cows and his pastures—and vetoed the proposal. But when he heard that Joe Louis was coming, he bowed and said, "Gentlemen, that's different."

The cows were expelled for a day, a ring and rows of seats were built in the pasture. All the lord asked in return was a ringside seat.

On his tour of the ETO, Louis received many letters from Negro soldiers, many of whom he had helped as civilians as well as during their service.

Two Negro officers visited him in southern England. They had traveled many miles just to chat with him and exchange pleasantries—and to thank him for buying them their uniforms when they graduated from Officers' Training School back in the States.

### Champ Bought Uniforms For Negro Officers

Although Louis declined to elaborate on the visit, a member of his troupe revealed that he had bought an entire class of Negro officers their uniforms. Many of the letters came from college graduates whom he had helped through college. Several great Negro athletes were aided by Louis funds, but any efforts to get him to talk about them are doomed to failure.

Several months after Louis landed in England, his No. 1 challenger, Billy Conn, set foot on the British Isles.

### Billy Conn, Joe Meet, Spar for Paratroopers

The two met at one air base and sparred on the same program before a division of paratroopers.

Leber a colonel was flying Conn, Louis and the others to another base. A landing gear was stuck and delayed the grounding a good 45 minutes. The gas tank was exhausted when the decision was reached to make a forced landing. Suddenly a crew member pounded the landing gear open and a safe landing was made.

Someone later wired Mike Jacobs, the famous boxing promoter, of the near accident, and "Uncle Mike" fainted.

At the time the two heavyweights owed Jacobs a truck load of money, estimated to be about \$200,000. Later the two fought for Jacobs and the shrewd promoter balanced the books with Conn and Louis.

## Sicily Invasion Covered by S&S

(Continued from Page 5)

date came around, there were four-page daily editions being printed in Algiers, Oran, Casablanca and Tunis, and a 16-page Saturday paper flown from Algiers to points throughout the theater.

The staff had been greatly strengthened by transfers of newsmen from other Army units in North Africa. Egbert White, then a lieutenant colonel, and a Stars and Stripes man in World War I as well (advertising man between wars), was officer-in-charge. Bob Neville, ex-Time foreign editor, was our paper's editor.

They selected six staffers to go on the HUSKY operation—the American phase of the invasion of Sicily.

### 6 Reporters Slipped Off Silently for Invasion

There were no "frontpage" type instructions and no big sendoffs. Each of us slipped off to the airport and headed our separate way, for the outfit we were to join were then scattered from Morocco to Tunisia.

Ralph Geo Martin, who today is a top-flight magazine writer and author, went with the Rangers. Phil Stern (now a Hollywood photographer), who had been a Ranger before he was wounded, went with the 1st Div, while Jim Burchard, a New York sports writer, worked out of 7th Army headquarters and covered the 6th and 3d Divs. Paul Green, now a radio reporter in the Nation's capital, flew with the Air Force; magazine writer Milton Lehman was with the advance headquarters, and I went with the 8th Air Div.

### Field Correspondents Wore S&S Insignia

Burchard was a lieutenant, Green then was a private, and the rest of us were sergeants. But the only patch we wore in the field was our Stars and Stripes correspondent insignia. Though we missed and slept separate from civilian correspondents, the established rule that in filing privileges in transportation, and in censorship of our copy we were treated no different from the Associated Press, the N.Y. Times, or anybody else. It was a fair rule, and fully observed by military PIOs and censors during the 28-day campaign in Sicily.

The invasion came Saturday morning, July 10, 1943. Our editorial staff back in Algiers, headed by Dave Golding (a movie publicity man who turned out to be a wonderful managing editor), was tipped off in advance, and held the 6 am communique announcing the landings. They had a map ready too.

### All Copy Flown Back During 1st Few Weeks

I don't know when the first copy from our correspondents in Sicily actually hit the paper; in those early weeks there was no filing by radio; all the copy had to be flown back in the "red bag" pouch.

John Thompson of the Chicago Tribune had won the assignment to jump with the 8th, and I was to ride in the glider lift, first ever attempted by American soldiers in combat. So on the eve of D-day I rode to a landing strip with Thompson and said good-by to him as he left with the lead plane. Then I returned to 8th Air Div and teletyped a story of the take-off. It was the first "color" story of the invasion to reach Algiers, I am told, and upon publication in The Stars and Stripes was distributed throughout the States by AP, the first of many stories so circulated by the wire services with credit to S&S correspondents.

In fact, I am told, correspondents covering AFHQ used to line up for S&S page proofs each evening to see what they could lift, with credit. This was not a sign of slackness on their part, but rather an indication of how "hot" the Sicily war was on the home-front; there was an apparently insatiable demand by editors for copy.

Phil Stern was the first photographer to return from Sicily. He had with him 300 pictures taken during the first several days of fighting, and the S&S ran two full pages of them. There also were eyewitness stories by Martin on the taking of Gela, and ship-to-shore diaries by Ralph and Burchard, while Paul Green wrote an eyewitness report from a S&S banner over the beach.

Civilian correspondents were doing equally well, but their copy was not being read by soldiers in the theater. We had some papers flown over to Sicily within the first week, and rather good distribution began in two weeks. After that, our Stars and Stripes patches began to mean something. We were greeted by GIs good-naturedly. Apparently the "Casablanca ice cream" incident had been forgotten.

### Story of Ack-ack Tragedy 'Inadvertently Broken'

There were a couple of stories which we didn't report, although I inadvertently broke one nine months later—and it still made headlines. That was the unfortunate fiasco, when AA gunners ashore and on ships off Gela mistook an American formation for enemy bombers, and let go Twenty-four C-47s, loaded with a second wave of 8th Div paratroopers coming in on D-plus-one, were shot down.

I was at a landing field when the surviving planes returned. They were to aid in lowering our gliders, but because of the disaster our lift never took off. We went over by boat.

### General's Foxhole Leap Injured Newsman's Leg

The other untold story was Jim Burchard's, and it involved contact with the late Gen George Patton. Burchard was limping, and Patton, friendly-like, asked how he had been wounded.

"I wasn't wounded, sir," replied Jim. "Got that in a foxhole during an air raid."

This caused Patton to deliver a tongue-lashing on standing up to fight, never retreating, never ducking, never showing fear.

### Correspondents Shared Story on Messina's Fall

"But sir," protested Jim. "My leg got beat up because Gen Allen (Terry Allen, famed fighting commander of the 1st Div) jumped in on top of me."

Almost every day throughout the campaign, one or more staffers came up with timely reporting. MIT flew on the first Allied bombing of Rome, and then came back to Sicily in time to help report the fall of Palermo; Ralph was with the artillery that fired the first shots across the straits of Messina, and so symbolized, by exploding on the Italian mainland, that the invasion of Europe had begun. I happened along at the right moment to go with a battalion of the 3d Div in its first of two amphibious landings seven miles in the rear of the enemy lines.

When it came to writing the final story—the taking of the last stronghold, Messina, and merging with the British forces coming up from the south, the S&S correspondents merged also, and alternately wrote paragraphs of a combined account.

## London Staff in 1942



The first Stars and Stripes desk after the paper became a daily in London in November 1942. Left to right are: Tom Bernard, Navy editor, now with American magazine; Mark E. Senigo, sports editor, now with the New York Times; Bud Hutton, city editor, now Time-Life correspondent in Japan; Bob Moore, managing editor, now manager of the New York Herald Tribune Washington bureau, and Ben Price, picture editor, now picture editor of the New York Herald Tribune. —AP Photo

# Misplaced 'Bookie' Got Stripes Up Front

## Staff Habit For All to Become Ill

(Continued from Page 5)  
also served as a bomb shelter into which hundreds fled every now and then, and you can get a pretty good idea of the Naples operation. We were running 900,000 copies at the time and also printing various U.S. magazines from mails supplied to us.

Bill Mauldin came on the paper in December 1943, and hung around for weeks awaiting a transfer from his old outfit, the 45th Div. Greg Duncan, another artist, was killed at Anzio, and several others turned up with broken bones and other injuries. But, at last, Rome fell and Bill Lehman put out a paper there announcing "We're in Rome," while the troops were still chasing Germans out of the city.

The next day came the invasion of Normandy, and the war in Italy had to take a back seat. I had, in the meantime, got out of the managing editor's job, partly by request and partly because I wanted to live the free-as-a-bird existence of a correspondent in the field.

## Al Kohn, S&S Veteran; Killed in South France

Between the time I ended my tour as M.E. in Naples and when I started the Nice edition in September 1944, I covered the 12th AF, the 12th AF, the 5th Army, the British 8th, the French Corps, the 7th U.S. Army, the 1st French Army and an awful lot of territory, including most of Italy, Corsica, Sardinia, Southern France and the Vosges Mountains. We lost another of our men in Southern France, Al Kohn, who had been with the Mediterranean operation almost since the start.

In September 1944 I was sent from Besencon (where we were publishing) to open a paper for the airborne task force guarding the French-Italian frontier. The Nice paper ran smoothly for 14 hours, when we transferred it to Marcellino, but that same general over there could get his copy at the same time he got his morning's coffee.

## Bad News Service Forces Return to BBC Listening

My stay in Marcellino lasted only a short while, and I was returned to Besencon to run that paper. All troops in Southern France were to be transferred to the European Command on Nov. 1, 1944, so the Mediterranean Stars and Stripes began to get its key men back to safety before the deadline. George Decey, Wade Jones, Ed Clark, Hugh Conway (now with the New York World Telegram & Sun), a bunch of linotype operators, Bob McIntyre (now with Editor and Publisher), myself and several others—23-odd in all—weren't included in the select group.

We stayed on grinding out the paper in Besencon for almost a month. We earlier started a second newspaper in Dijon for troops in

## OIC in South



Lt Col Bob Neville

the Southern Line of Communications. News service was poor, we were back to listening to BBC about half our waking hours, and the press was poor, so everybody was glad at the end of November to pack up his duds and move to Strasbourg, which Gen LeClerc and his 4th French Armored Div had captured. If I remember correctly, on Thanksgiving Day.

Strasbourg lasted until after the Battle of the Bulge, when things got too uncomfortable in Alsace. The Germans showed every sign of retaking the city, and we were ordered to get out of the town in the morning, ordered to stay in the afternoon. Only trouble with the second order was that everyone had gone except Ed Clark and myself, so with the help of three men from the 2d Div, we printed The Stars and Stripes in French, German and English with a few Italian expressions thrown in for good measure for three days. The French press had all fled, and so had a lot of civilians, but The Stars and Stripes helped to keep the rest of the residents from fleeing into the Vosges.

## 13 Cities Had Editions Of Mediterranean S&S

The Strasbourg paper eventually was transferred to Nancy with John Radosta, who had come up from the Mediterranean, as managing editor. Clark and I were sent to the Riviera until they could figure out what to do with us—a leave we didn't mind at all. Eventually, both of us went to Paris where, except for occasional visits to Germany, Austria, Belgium, Luxembourg, and one sneak-trip back to Italy, we stayed until the war ended in Europe.

The Mediterranean Stars and Stripes, to do a recent, had editions in Casablanca, Oren, Algiers, Tunis, Palermo, Naples, Rome, Leghorn, Milan, Nice, Marseilles, Grenoble and Besencon besides a mobile unit that worked with the 5th Army in Italy. This later became the Beachhead News, that lasted all the way to Salzburg in Austria. It had some tough times and good, and many of its men went to Europe (where some had come from originally), and others went out to set up editions in the Pacific.

## The Story of Bill Estoff

By HERB MITGANG  
New York Times Magazine

It is not true—in spite of rumors probably circulated by pro-Montgomery forces on the northern flank—that an effort was made in June 1944 to change the name of "Operation Overlord" to "Operation Estoff." Sgt Bill Estoff, the most notorious enlisted man on The Stars and Stripes in World War II, is not in the whole Mediterranean and European Theater of Operations, would be the first to deny this.

Modesty would prevent Estoff from relating details of his polishup with Gen Eisenhower, Bradley, Montgomery and Clark, numerous Red Cross girls, USO actors, war correspondents, landladies, keepers of boarding and other houses, and assorted Allies.

These associations were necessary for his job as circulation director, factotum-in-chief, acting first sergeant, and friend of Europeans. So to say that Paris was liberated in a gigantic "Operation Estoff" would be exaggeration; Estoff in his time was engaged in more than one operation but nothing quite as big as liberating a whole continent.

The Estoff story of how he got on The Stars and Stripes adds up to the definitive expose of Army lieutenants. One day in England in '42 a call came to a replacement depot for an enlisted man with newspaper circulation experience.

A lieutenant dutifully examined the service records. He stopped suddenly at the name William D. Estoff, private, age: mid-thirties; civilian occupation: bookmaker. (Estoff, a successful nightclubs operator and businessman in civilian life, as a clerk had listed himself as a bookie.)

"Bookmaker," the lieutenant said aloud. "That's something like what The Stars and Stripes needs. Books—newspapers—can't be too much different."

Thus started a career that brought honor and humor to all on The Stars and Stripes. Big Bill—the vision of his large, friendly frame and generous features, his brusque and reassuring manner can be recalled long after his resignation—moved onto the Mediterranean with the North African invasion and set up a circulation method which managed to get newspapers to frontline foxholes in Tunisia.

Occasionally he would be heckled by ranking paper-pushers who disagreed with his fundamental (Continued on Page 8, Col. 3)



Bill Estoff

## Charlie 'Trooper' White Reminisces About Hot Tea, Cold Fog 'n Fat Blond

By CHARLES W. WHITE  
Huskie Press

One night in the blackout after the paper was put to bed I left Alf's early because I only had a couple of stollings and nobody was popping, and crept across Printing House Square and up Apothecary Lane in the dark blackness to Ludgate Circus and then up Fleet St., maybe there wasn't any bus, or maybe something might happen. It usually does on Fleet St.

There was this little fish-and-chips joint, the one that is always open all right. Up by the dragon statue, almost to St. Clements Dan's. A rim of light showing at the entrance, and laughter and light and hot milky tea that always drips on the dirty white marble counter. A Polish air force man and a couple of Canadian soldiers, a bunch of night-shift printers and so on. Civilians are a relief to look at even if they don't count. What counted was these two birds—a blond fat one and a little one. And the warmth and the light and the hot tea, after the cold and fog outside.

They took me back down Fleet St. about a half block and here was this alley, which led right in to the courtyard of St. Bride's Church, the shrine of British journalism, the free press and all that—badly bombed, but still there. Along came this baby, and he flashed his torch on us, and what did he do then? Not a thing, but say "Good evening"—or rather, "GOOD eve-

ning?" with accent on the good, and I suppose he was smiling. He probably touched his forehead and burrowed, with a slyness of humor that is hard for Americans to understand. Anyway, there was nothing illegal or pre-Need about a Yank and a couple of birds in the blackout, so he went right on about his business of protecting (Cont. on Page 25, Col. 3)



'Trooper' White and Friend in Belfast

## Early London Edition Staffers Feared 'Colonel's Wrath'

(Continued from Page 6)

he didn't. We would have been Hitler's VA. A look at us descending en masse on the American Embassy in England and these tough riflemen would have died laughing.

No infantry, no invasion. No invasion, no victory. No victory, no messages of praise for Norbert B. Wood.

Despite all the interferences, however, The Stars and Stripes enlisted staff, plus one or two very able, human officers, did do what we all like to think was a good job. With all due respect to the metropolitan dailies back home, they never did come as close to producing the accurate, able, concise, day-to-day story of the war as we put together.

Of course, there were certain stories we couldn't touch. Patton slipped a private and the sneak was heard around the world, but not in our office.

Tennery Marville got married and divorced, again and again and again. But not in S&S. The colonel banned the story. What? Corrupt our warriors with stories of such goings on? Not the colonel.

But we didn't go down without a fight. To the credit of the staff, let it be said that the interference was fought, was shrugged off when we couldn't win, and the business of getting out a good newspaper went on.

So much for that. Sic transit ingloriosa, it's all just a memory now,

and rather a fond one at that. Somebody I'd like to go back to Printing House Square and say hello to the staffers of the London Times. Assuming, of course, that by now they've emerged from the holes in the walls where they took refuge from that wild-eyed, fire-eating crew of Amosites in olive drab who tormented the S&S.

D-Day for the Times was the day in 1942 when S&S invaded Printing House Square. Liberation Day came in 1945 when the last London issue of The Stars and Stripes went to press.

As a result of the intervening years, the stout and venerable London Times will never be the same. And neither will I.

# Paper Shortage Plagued Cherbourg Edition



Warren McDowell was circulation manager in England in the early days. This is his report of the "insanity." Anyone who knew McDowell will recognize the slight note of bitterness—and nostalgia—that creeps in through his Irish reticence.

First edition—July 4, 1944, last edition, August 19, 1944. Started out with a first print of 100,000 and reached a top print of 100,000. This was supplemented, until the start of the Rennes Edition, by the London Edition which was down in from England.

Lt Col. E. M. Llewellyn, Charles Kiley, Jacob Miller, Earl Mize, Maj W. G. MacNamara, Robert Collins, Jack Melcher, Ralph Noel, Claude Briance, Wally Newfield and God only knows how many more were among the original group that ac-

tually started the Cherbourg Edition.

I can't remember the name of the plant used but in any case it was rather badly beaten up and it was a daily miracle that it continued to publish, if for no other reason than the difficulty experienced in procuring sufficient paper to meet the day's print order. The newspaper was sent by the J5d in London but from the first print, they used whatever supply the French had, plus stock stolen from OWI, and, of course, whatever

amount of our own which was lucky enough to arrive.

We had distribution points in Jajury, St. Lo, Avranches, and Ste. Mere Eglise. It was just outside Ste. Mere Eglise that Wally Newfield had that picture taken outside a jackman, which carried the caption "Stars and Stripes Circulation Man Gets his Ass Up to the Front."

The first attempt at publishing was in that old combination job printing and stationery shop in Ste. Mere Eglise. That is where they had the linotype machine on which fully one minute after you pressed one of the keys the slug would fall in the slot.

Actually, it's too bad, but the most interesting and certainly the most amusing things I can remember about Cherbourg are those which are not printable. For example the time that Llewellyn was issuing his daily quota of mails to Charley Kiley in the shop at Ste. Mere Eglise (about 90 times more than any one man could do). After Llewellyn had finished Kiley told him that of course he would take care of all those things and just to be sure he would do a com-

plete job he would stuff a broom up and sweep the floor at the same time.

I guess there isn't much more I can think of about that period.

RENNES EDITION—Four pages. Sometimes around Aug. 12 or 13 Llewellyn, Collins, Lt Stan Thompson, of YANK, and I arrived in Rennes after driving from Cherbourg.

Joined there a few days later by Bob Moore, Melcher, Andy Rooney, Bryce Hurks, Herb Schneider and a few others.

The first edition was printed on Aug. 21 with an initial print of 200,000. Top print was 332,000 and it folded on Sept. 20, about two weeks after the Paris Edition started.

On the last day there were absolutely no communications except the radio, and only one eyewitness story by Rooney. To fill up the paper Moore had Bert Marsh draw a halftone (front page) situation map.

## Hash Marks

(Continued from Page 4)

crowded London streets by a junior officer who had to walk on the sidewalk. The CG was watching from his window. Just as the junior officer gave "eyes right," he stepped in a scrub bucket used by a charwoman, who was scrubbing steps nearby. The troops passed in review, the red-faced officer clomping behind.

One drill and inspection day, it looked like the staff was going to spend the day in Hyde Park. The major, an old cavalry officer, called for a drill command that ended in a resounding "Ho-o-o!" There was complete confusion. Nobody, not even the junior officers—known as "Llewellyn's Lieutenants"—knew the command. The major was furious. "Nobody will leave the park until that drill move is executed," he ordered. But finally he left for lunch. Officers and staffers went into a huddle and concocted a maneuver that was a cross between a football scrimmage and a fancy drill exercise.

When the major returned, a junior officer turned to the men in formation and called out, "Ho-o-o!" good and loud. The men pulled off the wildest movement imaginable and the major beamed. "I knew you could do it."

The junior officers later found the major's command in a cavalry drill manual with this footnote: "Obsolete."

The London history of The Stars and Stripes was climaxed by a great maneuver that prepared the original staff for the invasion. The major ordered every man to shine his brass. Came inspection, and all offenders with smudgy brass were ordered to take a 16-mile hike. A junior officer—whose buttons show like the nose man—was ordered to "Take these men on the march and see that they make it."

The major designated a cross-roads spot five miles out of the heart of London as the goal. Fear of a spot check kept the men marching in formation on the way out. But on the way back it began to sprinkle.

"Looks like rain, captain," said a staffer. "Better take cover. Got to keep your troops dry."

"Well, dry on the outside, anyway," said the captain, marching them into the nearest pub.

There were a lot of pubs on the way and the march became a roving march for sure but the men were back at work at Printing House Square by 8 pm.

The hike went down in the annals as the "Longest Pub Crawl" in modern London history.

The Stars and Stripes Forever. JCV



## Teletype Net Centered in Paris Office

By RADER WINGET  
Associated Press Financial Writer

Me and the commanding colonel had one thing in common—neither one of us knew what we were doing.

That was shortly after D-Day when he appointed me communications officer of The Stars and Stripes in Europe.

A bewildered band of men had come across the Channel and, at Cherbourg on July 4, appropriately, started the first of a long series of Stripes editions in northern Europe.

They had everything, except a regular daily budget of news. Slowly it dawned on the high command that a newspaper needs daily news.

A hastily rigged radio-teletype circuit from London to Cherbourg worked for a few fabled days.

Then the colonel cried, I had been a newspaper and Associated Press reporter at home and abroad for 30 years. The Army had trained me as a military policeman and military governor. I then was editor of the London edition of The Stars and Stripes. I know nothing about communications. The colonel quickly saw I was the ideal man.

### Even Signal Corps Envied S&S Continental Network

He outlined the desperate straits of the Cherbourg edition. "You now are communications officer," he intoned.

Came the command: "Take the news to Lt Garcia—er—Lt Robert L. Moore."

Next the deathless injunction: "The impossible we do at once."

Working without proper orders, without transportation, without equipment, without manpower and without high-command direction, The Stars and Stripes established a news network across Europe that even the Signal Corps envied.

Our intelligence came from war correspondents who had been press colleagues. The Army put the top secret label on what we wanted to know.

We learned privately that Cherbourg was dwindling in importance. Rennes was the place to publish. A Signal Corps officer who was a friend of my brother in International Telephone and Telegraph gave us a line. Just a personal favor.

Simply by following Gen George Patton's tanks in a jeep we stumbled on to the plan to liberate Paris. That made Rennes a casualty.

The thing to do was to get a line into Paris, get news to the new Stripes edition. No one ever has

CONTINENTAL EDITION

1fr. THE STARS AND STRIPES 1fr.

Daily Newspaper of U.S. Armed Forces in the European Theater of Operations

Vol. 1 No. 1 Printed "Somewhere in France" Tuesday, July 4, 1944

## YANKS LAUNCH NEW ATTACK ON PENINSULA

**Minsk Falls Before New Soviet Drive**

**200,000 Germans Believed Ringed**

**We Go to Press In France**

**Thrust Along 10-Mile Front In Southwest Gains Despite Rain and Lack of Air Support**

**Roosevelt Signs Bill Kiting Pay Of Infantry GIs**

**Award Bronze Star Medals To 33 in Fourth Infantry**

**8th Army in Italy**

## Herald Plant Was Paris Objective

properly described the wild liberation of Paris. De la Croix could have painted it.

We followed a little cavalry recon outfit to Notre Dame and then linked up with the FFI. My very French guide was a lemming gunner who in quieter times was a man-about-town in Montmartre.

We got blocked off for 24 hours in the fighting in the Place de la Concorde. I found five Americans in Gestapo headquarters in the Hotel Continental and had to take them to an old station. My lemming gunner FFI led and other Free French meanwhile chased the last of the Germans out of the hotel. I was too busy to get to the Paris Herald, our objective. Germans still were running up and down the Rue de Berri anyway, so I telephoned the Herald and they posted a sign—"Reserved for The Stars and Stripes—U.S. Army." I was told the Germans looked real surprised.

By the time the fighting was over, we all were well established in the Paris Herald and the colonels started issuing orders.

"You will publish the first edition on X-Day."

"The impossible we do at once."

"Some one will get the Legion of Merit for this." (And you know who got it.)

The Signal Corps said we couldn't

## AWOLs Grabbed; Put to Work

get a line from London to Paris for several months. And we didn't, either. It was Cherbourg all over again. A great newspaper, but no news.

A little French civilian wandered into the office one afternoon and wanted to give Bob Moore some German bellhoppers (teletype machines) and radios. Moore told me, and I knew right then that The Stars and Stripes could be published on X-Day. That clinched the decoration for the colonel.

**German Equipment Used To Get Net 'in Business'**

The Frenchman had liberated the communications equipment from a secret German radio station in the hills of St. Cloud. We went back and moved truck loads of priceless German signal equipment into Stripes.

We couldn't get personnel from the Army. So we hired French civilians.

Our French friend brought in his entire French Resistance underground cell and we were in business like a million dollars.

We had the entire Reuters news report rolling in, the AP and UP on Morse code and for good measure we intercepted the German's DNE news report. That was several days, as I recall, before publication day.

That was the start and before we had a radio and teletype news network running 12 to 16 hours a day out of Paris to London, Nancy, Dijon, Liege, Phangstadt, Alford,

## AWOLs Grabbed; Put to Work

Marseille, Nice and Biarritz as editions were established.

From start to finish the hard core was French personnel and German equipment for news interception. Built on that was the Signal Corps teletype network manned by soldiers. Was and French civilians.

Building it up was heart-breaking. The Signal Corps refused to give us teletype operators. We got our only fully qualified operator on a fluke—he was buried for throwing a piece of paper on the floor and the Signal Corps couldn't refuse him a transfer to Stripes after a bust.

We got AWOL soldiers off the streets and put them to work, meanwhile lugging papers around wildly to keep them.

The kingpin was Floyd Hoover, the paper thrower, who could keep six teletypes going single handed. And there were such loyal guys and gals as Clifford Bush, Harold Hooper, Bernard Leff, Blackie, Dolan, Kurt, Kay Savage, Melaine Brandley, Pretty Little Lee, Lapoff, Nicole Souvere, Jeanne de la Tour Croupe, M. Romeo, Dinkie Moran, Sylvia Poelle, John McGuinness and a dozen more.

But it was rough. One of the colonels had me arrested and headed for a court martial to win

(Cont. on Page 16, Col. J)



# S&S Makes Uneasy Pact With Brass

By G. K. HOENFELD  
Associated Press,  
San Francisco

In the fall of 1944 a sergeant from *The Stars and Stripes* (he may have been a private at the time—his rank fluctuated) told Gen Dwight D. Eisenhower, "Sir, we figure a general has as much rights in *The Stars and Stripes* as a private."

Ike pulled a quick double take, decided he wasn't being ribbed, and let it stand. That was good enough for him.

It was good enough for *Stripes*, too. In effect it was a truce: we wouldn't tell the how to win the war, the wouldn't tell us how to run a newspaper.

There were some generals and colonels under Ike—and over *The Stars and Stripes*—who couldn't quite see it that way. But they were unimportant then, and still are.

## General, UK Officer Undergo Ordeal With Flash Bulbs

Ike never tried to be more to *The Stars and Stripes* than a soldier-reader. But there was at least one occasion when he probably wished he had never heard of *Stripes*.

He had just pinned an American medal on a British brigadier. A *Stripes* photographer asked the two to pose "for just one picture."

Ike and the brigadier clasped hands in a hearty handshake, turned to the camera and turned on two wide grins.

The photographer snapped the shutter, but the flash bulb refused to flash. He dived into his notebook bag and came up with another bulb. Another handshake, two more big grins, another snap of the shutter—and still no flash. Twice more it happened. Ike was impatient and embarrassed. The brigadier was embarrassed. The photographer was on the verge of raving insanity.

# Not All Stripes' Action Was at the Front



Much like any city room is the wartime Paris office of *The Stars and Stripes*. Among those visible are managing editor Bob Moore (second from left), now with the *New York Herald Tribune*, and reporter G. K. Hoendorf, now with the *Associated Press*. —Army Photo

## Irate Photographer Stuns Generals

When the fifth bulb failed to explode the photographer huffed it to the ground, burst into tears of frustration, and growled: "Damned ol' British bulbs, anyway."

If that staffer threw Ike into a hazy, the supreme commander should know what he did to a poor *Stripes* reporter in 1942.

Ike had flown in from Washington to command the fledgling U.S. Army forces in Europe. He held a press conference in Grosvenor Square, attended by all the famous byline writers in London—and London was lousy with them.

He didn't talk about a second front or the vast strategic and tactical decisions yet to be made. He talked about American soldiers in general—and American soldiers in Britain in particular.

## Ike Uses Staffer As Example

His eye swept the room and in that mass of civilian correspondents he found what he was looking for—an American soldier man.

The GI was a *Stripes* reporter, standing quietly in the corner of the room. He was quite happy with his assignment until Ike levelled a finger at him and rasped:

"That soldier is going to look neat and presentable. His shoes are going to be shined. He's going to stand and walk erect. He's going to be freshly shaved. He's going to be a credit to the American Army."

Reporter Never Forgot That Look in Ike's Eye. The soldier-reporter was certain he was no credit to anybody's army. And while the finger wagged and the voice of doom rumbled on, he began to wonder just how he had prepared himself for this press conference.

He was standing at rigid attention, and he wasn't about to check up on his uniform. But he had a horrible feeling that his shirttail was sticking out, his shoes were unshined, his hair uncombed and blouse buttoned wrong. There would have been nothing unusual

## Request for 2-inch Type Surprised UK Printers

I thought I knew a little about newspapering. But actually, compared to the above, some, and others, I knew next to nothing.

Memories of Hutton and Moore, battling the oceans still live with me. The same goes for the headline Wood would write (see amusement purposes only) . . . gossamer calling up and asking war-bility privates to get a little short in the paper . . . the surprised faces on the English printers when we wondered if they had any two-inch type available.

Ike never was routine on S&S. There was the night Carl Larsen raced in and bellowed:

"They, a plottish plane just shot overhead."

Nobody believed him that moment. A couple of days later we walked, slept and worked in fear—never knowing where one of the V bombs might pop.

Each day we'd go to work wondering if any of our gang "got it" during the night. We lived in all parts of London and the bombs never picked on one spot.

If somebody was late showing in the office, we sat by restlessly. (Cont. on Page 14, Col. 2)

## Paper Goes Continental in Paris



Two *Stripes* start up sign-language talking with a girlfriend outside the *New York Herald Tribune* offices in Paris. *Stripes* operated from the Rue de Berri address after the liberation of the "City of Lights." —OWI Photo

# 'Bookie' Directed S&S Circulation

## First Sgt Frowned On Early Rising

(Continued from Page 7)

maxim: get the paper up front, by fair means or foul, and give it away free to combat men and those in rear area hospitals.

At this time Estoff coined the watchword of all *Stripes* and Yank men trying to impress doubtful young ladies. I imagine the line is still being used today. It is: "We no only gas simple soldier, we size an correspondent de guerra."

Estoff is his spare time in the early Algiers days also served as first sergeant. He came as the second shock to those joining the paper from outfits in Tunisia who discovered that they were to sleep in a large, sun-filled, cot-bed room atop the Red Cross club on Boulevard Haussier.

Estoff, used to nightclub hours, frowned on staff members who stirred before 8 a.m. Thereafter, following orders against his nature, he would go around to us privates and plead, "Please folks, it's getting late, please get up," and occasionally would tickle our toes.

No first sergeant was ever more considerate, which probably explains why Big Bill shortly thereafter was replaced (it happens by Sgt Erv Lettman, chief of printers, a man with a louder bark but an

equally tender fist).

At that time the staff received orders to exercise daily in order to keep in shape for any eventualities in Algiers, then under siege from Nazi bombers, Arab shoe-shine boys, a detachment of Wacs, and Free French jeep drivers.

Exercise was held on the roof of the Red Cross building before breakfast. Algerians on buildings all around ours would gather at their windows and balconies to watch the tree gentle Estoff, in shorts and house slippers, leading his brave troops in deep-knee bends. The sight of such a fine body of men, it is reported, quickened the hearts of our Allies.

But, as luck would have it, more Mediterranean editions had to be put out, and the war moved on to Sicily—with Estoff again doubling in brass. Besides his regular task of distributing the paper into the remote corners of the island ordinarily controlled by the Mafia—whom Estoff had signed up as newsmen on detached service—he became the Sicily edition's sports editor and columnist.

Estoff ingeniously monitored Radio Brucioville during the World Series and the paper secured heat after heat under his editorship. I can still recall one of his offbeat "Yank About Sicily" columns (all this can be checked in the *New York Public Library* files shy compiled by C. F. Donabusch) which began: "I am sitting in my foxhole,

## Estoff Reminiscid On Betting Days

my heart filled, thinking of the days when you could lay off a heavy bet on St. Louis . . ."

In Naples, Estoff was next to that human city's San Gennaro, a second patron saint. I discovered this by accident and saw a side to him that heretofore was kept hidden. I had stopped off in Naples on the way to Rome to pay my respects and bring regards to him from his many friends and other folks he had known on two continents. He invited me to stay with him overnight; one month later I showed up innocently in Rome.

Estoff had a small suite at Marina's boarding house, where a Snet-type young lady named Fedora awakened me in the morning with Pueril arias. I have always suspected this was more than a place to sleep.

Anyway, Kristoff and Maria, two wise beings above the sound of battle, would exchange stories Decameron-style long after the business day was over, with Big Bill, always the gentleman, supplying words for all and plucking grapes off the vine while reclining like a Roman emperor. I made the discovery of the Estoff charity fund by accident. Sitting at his feet,

(Cont. on Page 18, Col. 2)

# Teletype Chief Had to Pull Strings to Lay Wires

(Continued from Page 9)  
an argument over where to put a teletype machine. While he had armed guards looking for me, I was under the protective wing of another colonel who talked him out of it.

You couldn't get ahead of the colonels. Once I tried, I'd been in Strasbourg and liberated a bushel basket full of red, gold and white. Next arm bands in Gestapo headquarters.

Broad new, too. The should get me a promotion, I told myself.

Back in Paris I grasped the way right to the top colonel — "Bard, Bard, one each." First came the mess sergeant. He was appreciative. Then the supply sergeant (where do you think I got this sweater), then the warrant officer, the executive officer, the number one lieutenant colonel, etc., right on up to the top. "The colonel," said his British secretary, "is out."

"I shall return," I said, my hat at a MacArthur angle.

After show I slouched back to the colonel's office and who should

I see in the anteroom but the number one lieutenant colonel.

"Have you got another arm band," he said, pulling his arm around my shoulders.

"Why, sure, colonel, I believe I have." I could just smell the promotion coming up.

"You see," said the number one lieutenant colonel smoothly, "I just gave my arm band to the Colonel. Be-O-O-O-n-g!"

## 'Brewery Edition'

The payoff for communications was the big deal on putting in a teletype line from Paris to Pfungstadt. That's a country village just south of Darmstadt which in turn is just south of Frankfurt on the autobahn. An edition was established at Pfungstadt by Moore because the world-famed Pfungstadt Brewery was just across the street.

Fighting still was going on and we couldn't get even a field phone. I jumped to Frankfurt and led a Signal Corps intelligence team to Europe's biggest underground reporter station, still smoking from the German sabotage bombs.

Signal Corps guys are appreciative. They gave me a line to Paris. A line from Frankfurt to Darmstadt was a little harder. It took two barrels of beer—one light, one

dark. Then we got stuck. From Darmstadt to Pfungstadt, a few miles, there wasn't a line working. The Signal Corps field line was out.

So the Signal Corps put a line through Nancy and Mannheim. We tested with a hoodlum in Pfungstadt and all we got was the command post of a Puerto Rican outfit. We got them off and the line settled down. Just as we were about to hook it in to the Paris teletype, it went dead.

Later we found why. Some German children were shooting off incendiaries and wires near Worms. The Signal Corps Japs put us back in business again and chastised the little saboteurs.

## House Blown Down

We were just ready to go ahead and the wire went dead again. Later we found other children had been playing with some mines and blew down a house all over a wide section of the line. There wasn't anything left to chance.

This time the Signal Corps said they'd string a whole new line for us. Bright and early they started unrolling their line from a truck, mile after mile. And what happened?

A salvage outfit spotted the wire, reclaimed it salvage and started reeling it in, mile after mile.

The Signal Corps told us to string our own wire. We did. We had to. Our colonels were screaming. They sent urgent messages.

So I rounded up a couple of guys and started from Darmstadt at the end of our old line from Paris through Frankfurt to Darmstadt. We hooked that to a line to Griesheim, kicked the door off the telephone office there and found the other end of the line. We did the same thing into Godelsheim.

## Long Search

I spent endless hours searching through phone company frame rooms for those wires. The Germans didn't need their phones. They hadn't rung for months anyway.

One of the soldiers with me was Jewish and he had a wonderful time at the switchboard ringing up local Nazi officials and others.

"Jap!" they would answer in surprise.

"Du hundi," he would say, and in a few well chosen Yiddish words answer their question.

On the last leg into Pfungstadt we got an entire heavy maintenance Signal Corps company to set poles. We couldn't work it through channels. So we just rolled out the barrels—one light, one dark.

At last it was done. The Paris-Pfungstadt circuit was operating. In

the newroom the teletype kept up its steady 60 words a minute click, a warm and comforting thing. It was a real newspaper the guys put to bed that night.

I went to my billet and dropped exhausted on my bedding rail. I was sleeping when a peremptory knock on the door jerked me awake. It was the new top colonel, the one bucking hard for a star. (He got it, too.)

"Why haven't you put the new teletype in," he asked.

"It's in, sir, in today," I told him and not without pride.

"What took you so long?"

I gave him the highlights of the heart-breaking story.

"You mean, captain, that we handed those wires with our own hands?" he asked in surprise.

"Yes sir."

"Clear evidence of lack of leadership ability," he snapped. With that he turned on his heel and was gone.

If I ever get that one figured out, I'll probably be mad.

When the war was all over and done, the colonel brought in a fellow from the Signal Corps to head The Stars and Stripes communications. He knew what he was doing. He put the outfit on a strictly business basis.



Winget

## Staffer Is Captured On Drop Mission

(On the afternoon of Sept. 17, 1944, a C47 dropped its load of paratroopers over The Netherlands and started back for its base in England. It never got there. German flak sent it to that. As the carrier lost altitude, the crew and one passenger—a Stars and Stripes correspondent—hit the silk. It was staffer Tom Hoge's first jump and he admits it "scared the hell out of him." Hoge, assigned to cover the paratrooper operation at Eindhoven, landed on a farmhouse several miles from that Dutch town. Two days later he was captured by the Germans and for the next five months lived in German prison camps. In February 1945 he escaped and finally was repatriated on March 5.)

By TOM HOGGE, Associated Press, New York

The trip across the channel was rocky. As we soared over the green fields of Holland, the atmosphere in the paratrooper's compartment became tense.

A few minutes later the crew chief struck his head through the door. "Tracers coming up," he said tersely. "We're over their lines."

On the rear wall the red warning light began blinking. The men shifted in their seats and tightened their gear. Out of the corner of their eyes they watched for the green light which would give the signal to bail out.

Five minutes later the green light flashed.

"See you in London, kid," the trooper on the rear of the plane line gave me a friendly nudge as he walked toward the door.

Flak was bursting in rosy little puffs all around us by the time the last trooper had jumped.

Suddenly the crew chief pointed.

"Look, out that window!"

**Flak Jolts Airplane.**

**Whole Crew Bails Out**

The big ship on our right was veering a plume of flame streaking from its port engine. It made a slow, graceful arc, then plunged earthward.

I was still staring at it when the flak caught us. It didn't make much noise when it struck, but the impact nearly knocked me off my feet.

Things began to happen fast.

**Rax to Door**

Stripping off his flak suit, the copilot ran to the jump door.

"Everybody out, we're hit!" He shouted and disappeared over the side. At his heels went the radio operator.

I felt the crew chief shaking me. "Take off that flak suit and get the hell out," he screamed in my ear. "This crate is liable to blow up any minute!"

When I stepped to the exit, the wind pulled me off my feet and sent me hurtling across the sky. I yanked the ripcord and the howling in my ears ceased. I began to waltz gently earthward.

Below me lay a flat, green field. In the middle of it was a farmhouse with a slanting roof. I hit the roof with a sliding crash.

A man ran out of the house and peered up at me nervously.

"American?" he asked.

I nodded.

**'Run,' Farmer Advises;**

**Captured by Germans**

"You must run," he said in broken English. "If the Germans find you, they shoot us both." He pointed graphically at his forehead.

"That way," he said, indicating a small wooded area, as I clambered off his roof.

For two days I hid in the woods, wondering where our lines were and what I should do about eating.

At the end of the second day, I walked out of the shelter and asked a passing farmer for some food. He pointed to a farmhouse in the distance.

When I got to the house, I received a royal welcome—from about 20 German soldiers who ran out of the kitchen with drawn guns.

After they'd stared at me a while, a middle-aged

German sergeant walked over.

"German soldier is gentleman," he said haltingly, and handed me a piece of black bread and some dried beef.

The next German I met was a SURVE, immaculate major who gave me an American cigarette and in feeble English began asking me about the mission.

"As a correspondent," he began expectantly, "you must have picked up a lot of interesting information about this ambitious operation. Suppose you tell me about it, eh?"

I explained that, even if I were willing to talk, an Army correspondent was given news that could appear in print, not advance intelligence.

The major took off his glasses and

## Goodfriend Gets the Medal



Lt. Col. Arthur Goodfriend, in charge of The Stars and Stripes in the fall of 1944 and until the summer of 1946, receives the French Croix de Guerre.

—Army Photo

looked at them thoughtfully.

"I am disappointed about your attitude," he said slowly. "In the past two days you have questioned several hundred of your airborne men and they were very reasonable."

"You know," he added, "we have no proof that you are a correspondent. And you're certainly no paratrooper with that necktie and low shoes. We could assume you're a saboteur and turn you over to the Gestapo."

He stared with his glasses, while I sweated that one out. Then he stood up.

"You will be sent to a prison camp tonight," he said shortly. "For you the war is over."

(Five months and several prison camps later, the Soviet advance crumbled near Staling IIIC, in Kurlin, North Germany, where Hoge and several thousand other Allied soldiers were held.)

**Russ Artillery Shakes**

**Prisoner of War Camp**

First hint we had the Soviets were near came one evening when the camp began to shake with the roar of artillery.

Late that night the German commandant sent word to the prisoners—prepare to evacuate. Guards were ordered to rent us out.

Down the grapevine came a counter command. Sit tight unless the Germans took drastic action. Hold out and maybe the Soviets would liberate the camp.

Despite threats and appeals by the guards, the men refused to budge.

The holdout lasted for about an hour. Then the commandant strode into the compound, accompanied by his staff and several dozen guards carrying machine guns.

The commandant rapped out an ultimatum. Move out in five minutes, or he would give orders to shoot. That ended the holdout.

Half an hour later we were lined up in blankets and ragged coats, our few belongings wrapped in towels. The colonel and his staff piled into a car. A whistle blew and we move out.

**Guards Call for Break;**

**Soviet Guns Open Fire**

After trekking an hour through knee-deep snow, our guards began to puff and a break was called.

That halt probably saved our lives.

"I wonder where the Russians are now," a paratrooper muttered to me as we squatted on the ground.

Hardly had he finished speaking when all hell broke loose.

At the first volley of machine-gun fire we thought the Germans were shooting at an escaping prisoner and flattened out in the snow to avoid stray lead.

A second volley sent a hail of bullets singing over our heads. Seconds later came the crashing roar of a tank gun. Before the echo died away 1,000 soldiers had flung aside their bundles and were sprinting up the road.

Immediately a barrage came whistling after us. One shell burst

(Cont. on Page 15, Col. 2)

## 'Bookie' Ran Circulation For Stripes

(Continued from Page 5)

Like a student of Aristotle, in his circulation office opposite the San Carlo Opera House, I saw him supply a stream of old women, old men and children with clothing, cigars, chewing tobacco, candy, and money.

On Monday, a toothless grandma would come around and Bill would buy all her flowers; on Tuesday, a maimed Neapolitan would receive some of his personal ration; and so on, all week. The Staff Plan for European Recovery provided the Marshall Plan by several years. If this was operating or giving away Government property, why then we should have had more of it.

## Colonels Shuddered

The stories abound of how Bill called Eisenhower "Doc" while colonels shuddered; of how he told a Red Cross girl sitting with a general, "You don't care about what kind of riffraff you run around with."

But these are less important than the feeling of well-being he brought to all of us. Today he is back in Syracuse, married to a lovely lady named Edie, and with a fine son, Jonathan. They share him with thousands of people. He was our Papa Hemingway.



Ted Stevens  
... 1944 Miss Chesapeake

# V-Bombs Harassed Liege S&S Staff

By CARL LARSEN, Chicago Sun-Times

Once upon a time—just after the Battle of the Bulge—there was a successful edition of *The Stars and Stripes* which folded after only four months.

Its home was in buzz-bombed Liege, in industrial Belgium and almost within gunshot of such war-torn cities in conquered Germany as Aachen and Cologne.

This short-lived yet racy edition of the most popular GI daily in World War II went out of business for a respectable, if not laudatory, reason: it just couldn't keep up with its readers.

To keep the record straight, it should be set forth that the newspaper's staff was never accused of moving too slowly. Instead, its army of Yank readers just didn't observe any speed limits in their race toward Berlin, the Russians, V-E day—and peace.

In the last eight years, reconstructed and prosperous Liege probably has forgotten that strange 13-week interlude in 1944 and 1945 when an American tabloid was born (and died) there. But, scattered around the world today—in Germany, Korea, Chicago, New York and London—there are about 50 nostalgic, aging men who often drink to those "good old days."

It was an ink-stained band of heterogeneous but determined American soldiers who jeoped into Liege one bitter, dark day just before Christmas in 1944. Their mission was to set up a frontline edition of *The Stars and Stripes* to serve the 1st and 9th Armies, and the 9th AF.

Back in Paris, the GI daily's rear-echelon headquarters circulation bosses were complaining that they could not keep up with the rapidly advancing U.S. units. Liege, in friendly Belgium, was selected as a logical site for expansion.

## Battle of Bulge Delayed Liege Edition 3 Weeks

The Liege edition would have been running off the presses about three weeks earlier if it hadn't been for the Battle of the Bulge. Von Rundstedt's desperate assault to regain the initiative cut off supply lines to the city which would have brought newspaper and ink there.

But plans went ahead. While German planes dive-bombed bridges and strafed highway rounds Liege, the small advance party of GI newsmen continued to set up radio and teletype communications with New York and Paris. They taught Belgian boattypes, many fresh out of the underground movement, how to set type in English. Before that, many of the printers hadn't read more than 10 words of English in their lives.

It didn't take long for the staff to decide that there was only one adequate place to publish in Liege. That was in the comparatively large shop of a prewar newspaper, *Le Meuse*. Only a few weeks before, German soldiers had been printing a lavish rosette magazine called *Signal* in this plant.

## German V-Bombs Sped Over Newspaper Plant

Night and day, German V-bombs fired from a nearby base dived over the requisitioned newspaper building as soldier-editors got to bed their latest editions. For two months, the Germans sent in their latest robot bombs by the dozens in daily attempts to disrupt communications in strategic Liege. Things got a bit hectic, but the Nazis failed.

For a while, Belgian radio operators taking down the news via wireless complained that their signals were too weak and that there was too much interference from the Germans. Signal Corps men passed far weeks about what to do. Finally, a corporal determined that a minor change in the direction of the antenna would help. It did—and brought the messages in with a deafening roar.

There were difficulties getting hundreds of details set to begin publication. Once a badly needed load of newspaper was reported lost when a ship reportedly struck a mine off Belgium. In a few days,

# Liberated Yank PWs Read of Roosevelt's Death



Newly liberated American prisoners of war from a German camp near Halle, read the first news of the death of President Roosevelt.



## Many Difficulties Plagued Edition

Though, a supply sergeant located the newspaper and the ship—in the Antwerp harbor.

Frontline news was fairly easy for the Liege editors to gather—at least that being made on the 9th and 1st Army sectors. Ernie Leiser, who has made Germany a career since 1945, was of 9th Army HQ with Ralph Martin. Al 1st Army were Russ Jones, now with the United Press in Vienna, and Andy Rooney, one of Arthur Godfrey's script writers in New York these days.

At least two days a week the Liege edition had another reporter who could not resist the temptation to wander along with front-line snits. He was detourist Kenny Zumwalt, now managing editor of the European edition of *The Stars and Stripes*. In those days, Zumwalt dreamed of his native Sacramento, Calif., while reading copy on the Liege edition.

He complained that things got so boring with his office routine that he wanted to become "a combat correspondent like Leiser and Rooney, Jones or Martin."

## Copyreader Takes Off On Tours to Frontline

So finally the editors agreed to give him a day off to go to the front lines. That day turned into two and eventually it got to be a habit.

It was Zumwalt's thesis that he could handle the editing of stories such more intelligently if he could see what war was really like. "It was a hell of a way for a copyreader to spend his day off," raged an editor in Liege.

The coverage of worldwide news, in the beginning at Liege, was made difficult by radio problems. This dilemma was solved, though,



Larsen

after the Battle of the Bulge quieted down and U.S. forces crossed the Rhine. Signal Corps technicians found time then to install teletype machines linking Paris and Liege for 14 hours a day. As a result, thousands of words from the Paris-centered *Stars and Stripes* news bureau headed by vigorous Henry Price, poured into the Liege edition daily.

Since the teletype couldn't transmit pictures, cartoons or comics, a two-jep courier system was set up between the French and Belgian cities. It was manned by two former 1st Div riflemen, Tom Dolan and Maurice Blackman, both winners of the Purple Heart in North Africa.

## Couriers, Brave Rain, Snow—Champagne

Through rain or snow, champagne or cognac, Dolan and Blackman came through with the most recent Terry and the Pirates strips every 24 hours.

Daily the Liege edition's press-run grew. So did its circulation territory. In late April 1945, when the operation closed shop, Liege's

## Pfungstadt Move Ordered in Paris

circulation crews were distributing 200,000 copies of each issue.

Word came one April day that the Paris "bureau" had decided to move the Liege operation to Pflugstadt, near Frankfurt, in Germany. Most of the staff was assigned there to work under Robert L. Moore, who has been dubbed "Mr. *Stars and Stripes*."

## Paper Closes; Staff Scatters Around World

So the Liege edition went out of business. Its staff scattered around the world. It is impossible to find out what happened to all without a Ford Foundation grant to finance the search. But here is what is known:

There was a popular, whistling captain named Max Giletrap who was commanding officer of the Liege edition. He had come into the Army from the *Christian Science Monitor*, in Boston. For the past two years, Max had been chief of the Monitor's Midwest bureau.

# Roosevelt Death Story Broke Late

By SID SCHAPIRO  
The Stars & Stripes  
New York Bureau

On April 12, 1945, it was nearly midnight in Europe when the news wires flashed the sudden death of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, at Warm Springs, Georgia. At that hour, *The Stars and Stripes*, published in London, Paris, Nancy, Liege and Pflugstadt, either was very near press time or already had gone to press with the banner headline on U.S. troops crossing the Rhine River, last water barrier before Berlin.

President Roosevelt's death, one of the top news stories of the half-century, came as a shock. Although recent photographs had shown him looking haggard, there had been no intimation he was ill. His death came virtually on the eve of World

War II victory—36 days before V-E Day, and four months before V-J Day. It was stop-the-press news, calling for complete new page one makeup.

There were some hectic, hair-pulling moments in getting the news to the fighting men that their commander-in-chief was dead. Here is a replay of that night—seven years ago—in *The Stars and Stripes* news rooms:

The newest member of the *Stripes* chain—Pflugstadt edition—had a tough time getting the big story.

Without telephones or teletypes—and a Nazi-bombed radio giving off nothing intelligible—five GI newsmen, who had flown up from Paris during the Rhine crossings to establish the first *Stripes* edition in Germany a week earlier, managed to go to press with four columns of FDE.

## Reporters, Editors Today Working on Many U.S. Papers

On the editorial side there was Charlie Kiley, who had made about 20 combat missions with the 8th AF as a reporter before coming to Liege. He now is an assistant city editor on the New York *Herald Tribune*.

Other Liege editors and reporters included William (Bill) Spear, ex-AP man now in Florida editing a daily; Art Force, public relations man; John Sharrick, *New York Times* Sunday edition staffer; John Brown, of the *Corpus Christi, Tex., Caller-Times*; Walter H. Smith, of the *Chicago Daily News* rewrite staff; Larry Giffing, of the *Liaison, Neb., State Journal*, and Paul Horwitz, of the *Newark, N.J., News*.

This is all sort of an informal personal history of a four-month episode in a historic conflict that called for an honest daily newspaper for GI Joe.

Maybe it was incorrect to say that this hero-failure, para-tomorrow edition of *The Stars and Stripes* was successful—as the lead of the story declared. In the final analysis only its readers—living or dead—can judge its worth.

As a newspaperman, I sincerely hope it was a "success."

And, more important, I hope that the Liege edition had the respect of American soldiers, young or old. It was their newspaper.

Tossily, the five staffers—Ed Clark, managing editor; Don Price, Carl Kesselman, Jack Raymond and Jim McGowan—stood by the radio, straining to make out the words that occasionally emerged through the Germans' jamming:

"... Springs, Georgia, at ... afternoon ... by S. Truman immediately ... announcement came of ... people in trains, theaters, streets were ..."

After some GI swearing at the Nazis, Clark demanded: "Why do they have to jam this—this?"

Someone gave the obvious explanation: "It's caught them by surprise. They don't know how to treat it."

The ME turned to Price: "Grab a jeep and somebody to drive it and hop up to 7th Army Hq. There's one chance in a hoot—"

(Cont. on Page 17, Col. 3)

# Two-Man Staff Halted Panic in Strasbourg

By HOWARD KATZANDER  
Free Lance Writer

The "siege of Strasbourg" edition of *The Stars and Stripes*, during which two *Stripes* staffers held the city against all-eneers, published a daily edition in three languages and probably prevented a citywide panic, was among the most exciting periods in the newspaper's history.

The central figures of the incident were Ed Clark and Vic Dallaire, who sided court martial by defying a direct order to evacuate the city. They won instead decorations from the French and American governments.

It was during the dark days of

January and had ferried some light tanks over under cover of darkness. So Strasbourg was under siege from three sides, with only the road to the west completely open.

The Psychological Warfare team thought it a good idea to continue publishing a paper, particularly since all the civilian newspapers had shut up shop when their workers joined the fight. They provided French and German texts of SIAAF news broadcasts and each day they occupied the left hand

column on the paper's front page. With radio broadcasts as their only source of news and a couple of stiletto typewriters and pressmen as their mechanical staff, the two *Stripes* men got out a daily edition. They had no means of circulating it beyond the city, so that was as far as it got.

As each issue came off the press, Clark and Dallaire would load their jeeps and make the rounds of the tightly shut newsstands. In front of each they would deposit a stack of papers, with a stone to

hold them down. The Strasbourg civilians snatched them up like hotcakes—and paid for them, an embarrassing circumstance for the two publishers, since *Stripes* at that time was distributed free and there was no way to accept or account for circulation revenue.

The day after the Americans left, the more numerous residents of Strasbourg began taking down their American and French flags. One swastika even reappeared on Place Breghé, but it soon was torn down. There still were many Nazis

in the city who had been trapped by the sudden withdrawal of the German Army a few weeks earlier.

Night time in Strasbourg was like night in a city of the dead. The only figures on the street were the nervous, trigger-happy members of the *FFI* who were on patrol. Dallaire and Clark formed the habit of strolling along the walls to avoid being spotted by the patrols, since one never knew when they might shoot.

At night, as they lay in their (Cont. on Page 12, Col. 1)

## ENGLISH

early January 1945. The battle of the Bulge was still on and its outcome still was in the balance. The 3rd Army had moved northward to contain Field Marshal Von Rundstedt's thrust through the Ardennes, and the 7th Army had spread a thin, wavering line of CD to cover its own front and that of Patton's army on its left flank.

The city on the Rhine was at that time headquarters for the 7th Army forward. A few days after the New Year, orders came down from SIAAF for the 7th Army to shorten its lines by withdrawing from Strasbourg and various other points to the Moselle River. The French 1st Army was to take over the defense of Strasbourg, but something went wrong.

The night the 7th Army folded its forward headquarters in Stras-

## FRENCH

bourg and retreated to Luneville, west of the Vosges Mountains, panic hit the people of Strasbourg. At the sight of the American Army packing to leave, they followed suit and thousands hit the road westward during the night.

The *Stars and Stripes*, which was billeted in the little Hotel de France around the corner from its printing plant, received its orders along with all other units. The paper was to suspend publication temporarily until facilities could be established in Nancy.

Most of the staff took off the same night. One group was called along the road by the MPs and held under guard all night because one of its members was carrying an identification card the use of which had been discontinued because the Germans had been us-

## GERMAN

ing them in their infiltrations farther north.

Dallaire and Clark decided that as long as there were no indications the Germans were coming back and the Army was going to remain in Alsace, they would stay behind and continue putting out a paper for the boys on that front.

They went to the provost marshal and tried to get permission to stay behind.

"You've had your orders," he said, as he got into his jeep and started westward.

They stayed.

The only other Americans in town were two men from the 20th Div. who were publishing a weekly division newspaper in *The Stars and Stripes* plant, and two civilians attached to Psychological Warfare.

The Germans were just across the river, at Kehl. They were a few kilometers to the south in the dangerous bulging Colmar pocket. They were less than 10 kilometers to the north in a small pocket where they had recrossed the Rhine against our weakened de-

### THE STARS AND STRIPES

Daily Manager of U.S. Armed Forces

New York — STRASBOURG — Paris

Published January 4, 1945

Non-Speaking English

Give us the English you speak!

Write us the English you speak!

Get the English you speak!

## Battle of 'Belgian Bulge' Nears Climax

### Front de l'ouest

Les troupes de la 3e Armee américaine ont été de plus en plus repoussées au sud-est de la Belgique, dans la région de Namur, pendant les premiers jours de l'offensive allemande.

Les unités américaines ont subi de lourdes pertes, mais elles ont réussi à maintenir une ligne défensive solide.

Les troupes allemandes ont subi également de lourdes pertes, et leur avance a été ralenti.

### Natural Box Seat for a Shell Shoe



From his trench post at a hill overlooking a German-held town, 7th Army's Fredrick of the 32d Div. views the battle zone.

### U. S. 3rd Army Gains 4 Towns; Huns Back Up

Units of the 3rd Army were reported to have gained four towns in the Belgian Ardennes, and the German line was reported to have moved back to its original position.

The 3rd Army's advance was reported to have been made possible by a combination of factors, including the use of heavy armor and the capture of key terrain features.

The German line was reported to have been broken in several places, and the 3rd Army was reported to have been moving up to exploit these gains.

### Front de l'est

Les troupes américaines ont subi de lourdes pertes, mais elles ont réussi à maintenir une ligne défensive solide.

Les troupes allemandes ont subi également de lourdes pertes, et leur avance a été ralenti.

### Nazis Find Supermen Can't Beat Tanks with Bare Hands

WITH AN ARMORED DIVISION, German troops were reported to have been repulsed by the tanks of the 3rd Army in the Ardennes.

The tanks were reported to have been used in a way that was not expected by the Germans, and they were reported to have been very effective.

### Soviets Control Most of Buda

Soviets were reported to have taken control of most of Buda, Hungary, during the recent fighting.

### Doors Swing Open For 79th Congress

WASHINGTON, Jan. 3.—The 79th Congress, which opens its first session today, is expected to be a landmark session.

The Congress is expected to pass several important bills, including a bill to reorganize the executive branch.

### Turks Cut Jap Ties

ANKARA, Jan. 3.—The Turkish government has announced that it has cut off diplomatic relations with Japan.

The government said that Japan's actions in the Pacific had become intolerable, and that Turkey could no longer maintain relations with Japan.

### Combat GIs Rate Rest

THEir rest is a matter of vital importance, as they are the backbone of the fighting force.

The GIs are expected to receive a significant amount of rest and relaxation during the coming months.

### 21st AG Buchoe Is

STROUD, Jan. 3.—The 21st Army Group is expected to receive a significant amount of rest and relaxation during the coming months.

The group is expected to be reorganized and retrained for the coming year.

### Strasbourg Staff



When Strasbourg was being evacuated on Jan. 4, 1945, at the threat of a new German attack, Vic Dallaire and Ed Clark stayed behind to put out the edition of *The Stars and Stripes* published there. Left to right: Clark, Wade Jones, 7th Army reporter, and Dallaire.