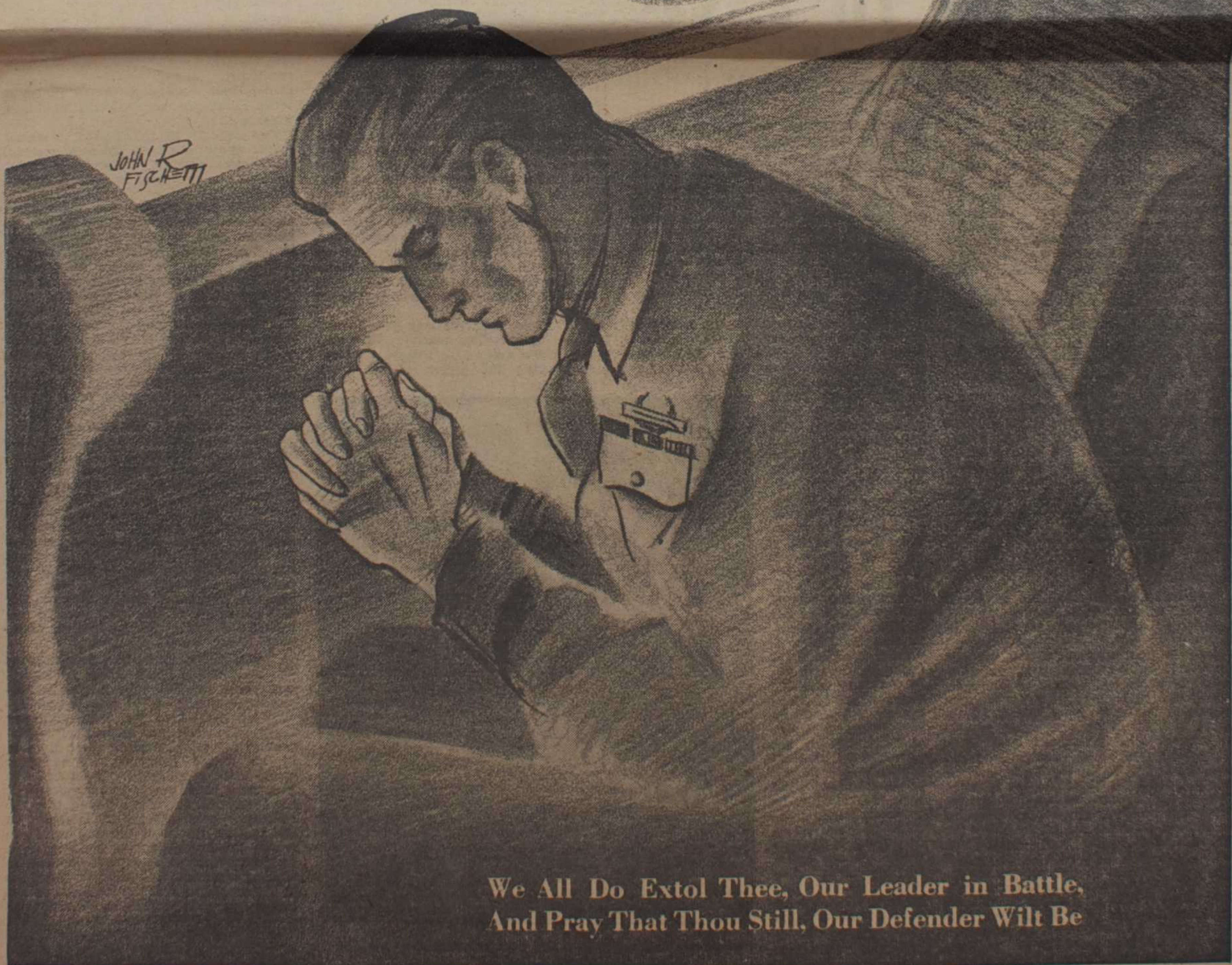


THE STARS AND STRIPES
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Prayer of Thanksgiving



We All Do Extol Thee, Our Leader in Battle,
And Pray That Thou Still, Our Defender Wilt Be

Getting Away from the Krauts Was Tough Stuff But With Able Hands to Help, It Could Be Done

This is the final in a series of three articles citing the heroic exploits of the Belgian, French and Dutch who helped Allied fliers to escape capture by the enemy. The material has been released to Stars and Stripes Magazine by the Army's G-2, MIS-X Section.

By Robert M. MacGregor
Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

IT probably takes a 20-year-old to do the things which Lt. Archibald Robinson did in order to escape. And the officer was just 20 years old at the time of this story.

Downed on July 11, 1943, in a French wheat field, he managed to remove his flying equipment and Mae West. Then he crawled to a hill-top and into a small brush thicket from which he watched peasants who were looking for him. Not knowing whether they were friendly, he stayed in the thicket and after they had gone back to the village, he fell sleep.

When he awoke, Robinson discovered some dense large woods, which promised better protection. To get to them he had to cross railroad tracks, and as he crept to the edge of the track embankment, his eyes met those of an armed German soldier. The German motioned with his rifle toward the line, and Robinson started to climb the cinder embankment ahead of his captor.

Robinson slipped on the way up and that gave him the chance he needed. As the German sprattled up after him, he slipped too, and Robinson shoved his heel into the German's face. It was a well-placed blow and the Heinie was knocked out. Slipping back down the embankment, Robinson dragged the unconscious German to a water-filled ditch, in which he submerged him. "If he wasn't dead already," Robinson said, "he drowned there."

The American then ran for about two miles, found a two-acre tract of woods, but pressed on to a field where there were a number of wheat stacks. He pulled back some bundles, crawled in and stayed there most of the day.

At dusk the famished lieutenant ap-

proached a farmhouse, was given something to eat. After he left the farmhouse, he was approached by a French peasant who asked if he were English. The peasant took him to some friends who were French prisoners of war and who had been brought back from Germany as forced laborers. He went with them, and when they approached their camp, they pulled a drunk act and in the ensuing confusion he was smuggled inside.

THE French PWs exchanged clothes with the American and arranged for him to be smuggled to Paris where he could get necessary identity papers. In this camp there were certain hours when the French could leave without passes and other hours when passes had to be shown. He missed the scheduled train because passes were necessary when he tried to leave the camp. But he was taken out later and

ESCAPE!

lodged above a German officers' mess in a nearby town until the next train left.

Somehow Robinson got separated from the Frenchman who was escorting him when they had to change trains at Rouen, and when he arrived at St. Lazare Station, in Paris, he was in a tough spot. He needed photos for his false papers and tried a photo shop, but it was filled with Germans. Everywhere he saw the words, *American Bar*, which in Paris means merely the difference between a cafe with tables only and a bar at which one can drink. He decided to try one, with the hope that a bartender would know English, or rather American.



He was lucky in finding a bar that was empty. The man behind the bar knew almost no English, but got the idea, went off and returned with a friend who could understand the American. They were anxious to help him, but were scared. They gave him some money, told him that Paris was too dangerous and advised him to take the route for Orleans. Robinson started walking.

On the outskirts of the town an elderly gendarme stopped him and asked for his papers. In English, Robinson explained that he was an American airman fleeing from the Germans, and the gendarme, understanding only partially, turned on his

heel and left. Robinson then headed south.

His feet had begun to blister, and although he got food from farmers and sometimes a bed in a hayloft, he was near the end of his powers of endurance when he approached a woman who gave him a real bed. That night another woman treated his blister. She came back before dawn the next morning with two others, told him to follow her and took him to a truck. From then on he was in the hands of a voluntary French organization devoted to smuggling Allied aviators back to duty. It took six weeks, but finally arrangements were made for him to be passed through the rest of France and into Spain.

A Trade to Live

Apprentice Training Program Helps Veteran To Get Started on a Career-with Pay

By Milton Sutton

Stars and Stripes Special Writer

NEW YORK

EX-CORPORAL Fred Gordon, newly-discharged veteran, has a decision to make. Coming off the assembly line at the separation center, he has renewed his acquaintance with family, friends and some of the other amenities of civilian life. Now, he is giving thought to the question: "What shall I do from here on in?"

Fred feels that he has outgrown the work he used to do and he has no skill or trade which could net him a more promising job. As for going to school under the GI Bill of Rights plan, he can't see himself in the role of student. Besides, there's a girl. . .

If Fred is mechanically inclined, however, there's another course of action open to him under the GI Bill of Rights that might be a good deal for anyone in his position. He could become an apprentice in a skilled trade, learn a well-paying job, and draw a salary plus a government allowance while he is learning it. A lot of Fred Gordons may find the answer to their problems in the Apprentice-Training Program conducted by local state agencies in co-operation with the War Manpower Commission.

"Apprenticeship as conducted in American industry under modern methods," says a WMC pamphlet, "is a system of training in which an employee is given thorough instruction and experience, both on the job and in the classroom, in all the practical and theoretical aspects of the work in a skilled trade. A veteran who is given apprenticeship training is equipped for a career in a skilled trade in which he can be assured of a substantial wage as a craftsman." Machinist, mechanic, radio technician, draftsman—there are over a hundred occupations available to learners through the Apprentice-Training Service.

But this program, officials point out, is no short-cut to a fat pay envelope. It's for serious-minded young men, willing to sweat out a long apprenticeship at modest wages for the sake of their future career. The standard period of training varies with the industry chosen, running from two years in the case of a glass worker to seven years for a dye sinker, whatever that may be. Four years is the average, although this figure may be cut consider-

ably, depending on the background and ability of the individual.

During the period of learning, the apprentice will have a double source of income. From his employer he will receive a sliding scale of pay, starting at about one-third of what a full-fledged craftsman draws and approaching the regular prevailing wage rate toward the end of his apprenticeship. The government adds to his pay check, under the GI Bill of Rights, a monthly allowance of \$50 if he is single, or \$75 if he has dependents.

The actual wage earned varies according to the rates which skilled workers in the region are paid. In the New York area, for example, the average wage for a beginner apprentice is 60 cents an hour. For a forty-hour week, then, he would get \$24 from his firm, plus about \$12 (or \$17.50 in the case of a married man) from the government. So, right off the bat, an apprentice can count on a minimum income of \$36 a week, if single, or \$41.50 if he has dependents.

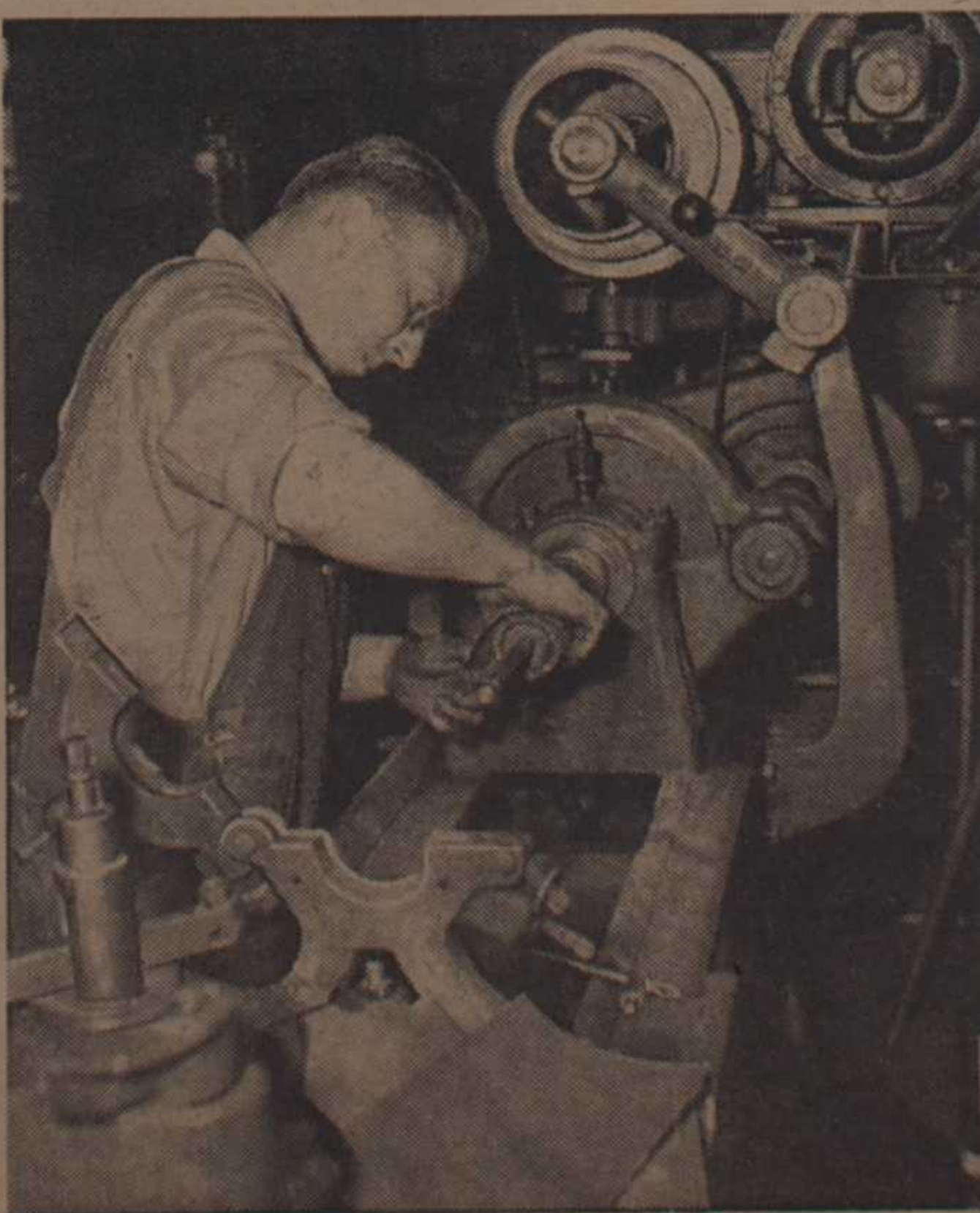
The apprenticeship training program is no fly-by-night arrangement. It operates under a written agreement between trainee and employer. The carefully laid out plan of training is approved by government agencies, and accepted by the firm and by labor representatives. Clearly emphasized is the number of hours to be spent on learning the trade and the extent of progress to be made within certain specified intervals. The wage increases which go into effect at the end of each stage of training are also listed.

Tying in with practical work in the

shop is a schedule of related classroom instruction. In most cases the apprentice must spend at least four hours a week in school. All in all it is a well-balanced, thorough occupational training that moulds the apprentice into a master craftsman. When he finishes his apprenticeship and receives his certificate, he is an all-around mechanic in his calling, qualified to take his place beside the experienced journeyman.

Suppose Fred Gordon decides to apprentice himself in some vocation open to him through this program—how does he go about it? His first move is to visit the local office of the United States Employment Service. The veterans' representative there will advise him on the opportunities for apprentice training in a suitable trade. Fred had some machining experience, so his counselor tries to place him as a machinist apprentice and signs him up with a firm which has an excellent reputation in that field.

So Fred starts on the long path toward his goal of first-class machinist. He may put in a few weeks as a tool-room attendant, learning the jargon of the shop.



Classroom instruction is varied with practical shop work in the get-paid-while-you-learn program.

Quickly orienting himself to the plant's "geography," he develops eyes in the back of his head to avoid getting hurt. After a while Fred is put on a simple machine, under close supervision, and he moves to the next step he picks up the know-how of all types of lathes, milling machines, grinders, planers and shapers. He learns the mysteries of all the materials the machinist works with.

Two nights a week he's at a vocational school where he studies blueprint reading, mechanical drawing, industrial relations, mathematics and other subjects related to his job.

Because Fred already has some Army experience in machining under his belt, he may be able to shorten the four-year period of apprenticeship. In such event he may also skip the bottom 60-cents-per-hour pay period and advance to the next higher level. If he also had civilian training or experience in the trade, he might start his apprenticeship at a wage he would ordinarily earn only after a full year or so at the bottom. At any rate, pay increases at specified intervals are automatic.

This is an abbreviated outline of the process designed to transform Fred Gordon into a skilled craftsman. But before he even gets a crack at this kind of training, he must meet certain standards. Officials estimate that it involves a \$25,000 investment in each individual trainee, and selection of applicants is made with care. The would-be apprentice must convince his interviewers that he is serious-minded, has an aptitude for a trade, and has the physical and mental qualifications required. All veterans not dishonorably discharged are entitled to one year of training, and those who were under 25 when they came into the service are eligible for one year plus the length of time they were in uniform. After this period, government allowances under the GI Bill stop.

ABOUT 30,000 firms in manufacturing, construction and other industries throughout the U.S. have apprentice programs registered with the Apprentice-Training Service of the War Manpower Commission. But the number of opportunities for veterans along these lines is by no means unlimited. Reconversion means that many plants are in an awkward in-between phase where training programs are concerned, but it is expected that the apprentice idea will spread markedly in the postwar period as industry comes to realize the importance of building up a backlog of trained mechanics. While this training program is highly advantageous to the apprentice and his employer, it also brings long-term benefits to the nation as a whole. WMC executives stress that World War II has demonstrated the advisability of retaining an ample supply of skilled craftsmen for national defense.

An Intimate Sketch of the Leading Citizen of La Belle France, the General Who Had the Right Ideas About How to Fight Germans But No One Listened To Him Until Later—Much Later

General Charles de Gaulle is currently in the midst of his greatest political crisis since he first moved into prominence as the leader of the French government in exile in the dark years of Nazi conquest. This is an intimate glimpse into the life and personality of the man.

By Al Lichtenberger
Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

PARIS.

ABOUT 9 o'clock on weekday mornings, a large black Cadillac limousine can be seen speeding down the Champs-Élysées. Policemen on the avenue, forewarned by the whistling siren, bring all traffic to a quick halt. The car usually disappears in one of the sidestreets and then stops at the French War Ministry on the Rue Saint-Dominique.

General de Gaulle has occupied this office ever since he returned to Paris after its liberation. Traditional seat of the French Chief Executive is the Elysée Palace, just off the Place de la Concorde, but the General preferred to go back to his former desk at the ministry. It was here that he had held, for a few hectic days in June, 1940, the post of Under-Secretary of War in the Reynaud Cabinet. Soon afterwards the government fled to Bordeaux and De Gaulle flew to London where he set himself up as leader of the Free French.

Before the war, Charles de Gaulle was an unsparring critic, whose theories on modern warfare bored and sometimes annoyed the men responsible for the defense of France. The Germans read his books carefully and used some of his ideas in building up the Wehrmacht.

But outside military circles he had been practically unknown. The French people heard of him first by radio and long before they knew what De Gaulle looked like, they came to know him as a voice, the deep, somewhat monotonous voice that was a symbol of hope and determination for the resistance. Here was one man who even in the darkest hour believed in the future of France, and that belief won him the gratitude of his countrymen. As head of the provisional government since the liberation, De Gaulle was charged with the difficult task of reconstruction. Disagreement with his pursued course has been voiced, especially by the Communists, but even today Frenchmen praise him unanimously as *le grand patriote*—a high distinction in France.

The General lives at Neuilly, fashionable Paris suburb, in a large white house which is equipped with the family's pre-war furniture. His few close friends are invited to occasional dinner parties where Mme. de Gaulle functions as hostess.

Philippe de Gaulle, the General's only son, is presently in South Carolina receiving pilot training while an older daughter, Elisabeth, is doing Red Cross work in Paris. A stickler for punctuality, De Gaulle gets up at 7:30, shaves, has breakfast, consisting of coffee and bread, and then reads the morning papers in his study. A photo of President Roosevelt, dedicated to the General, and one of Marshal Chiang Kai-shek, hang in his study.

In starting his day's work at the ministry, he spends the morning in half-hour sessions with department heads. He reads

documents slowly and carefully, and his excellent memory enables him to absorb details easily. Interested in ideas rather than technicalities, he usually singles out a few points for discussion. He rarely accepts advice and his utter disregard for apple-polishing, already apparent during his military career, is as strong as ever, and he has little patience with wordiness and inefficiency on the part of his associates. If he encounters them, his usually sober and formal attitude may turn into sarcasm. He once referred to an antiquated general as a fossil. On a diplomatic level, De Gaulle's attitude has caused friction occasionally, and his sharp wit is most evident best when he is with a small group of people. Like most Parisians, the General lunches at home with his family. The three-course meal consists of an hors-d'œuvre, meat or fish, wine, dessert. De Gaulle never takes longer than half an hour for lunch.

THE HOUSEHOLD is run by a small staff of servants under the direction of an elderly cook named Augustine, who was hired in London and who claims her excellent coffee was one of the causes for her master's eventual success. De Gaulle drinks many cups of black coffee and smokes at least two packs of cigarettes a day plus an occasional cigar.

Back at the ministry before 3 o'clock, De Gaulle spends the afternoon attending conferences and receiving visitors. He writes his speeches in long-hand and goes over the text again



and again until the style is perfect. He never makes an unprepared speech and he usually has it memorized by the time he delivers it. On his last trip to America he was asked to participate on a radio quiz program on a national hook-up, which he declined. Instead, he prepared a statement in English which he later read before the microphone.

Describing the way he was received in various cities his secretary said: "In Washington things were formal, but the New York crowds gave a cordial welcome, and Chicago was absolutely enthusiastic." In acknowledging an ovation, De Gaulle has a typical gesture—an uplifting movement of his extended arms, palms facing upwards.

While the collaborationist trials were going on, the General often worked until late

hours and reviewed each case conscientiously. He spends his free evenings at home, and sometimes passes week-ends at the small villa in Haute-Marne which he acquired before the war. De Gaulle is fond of privacy and likes to relax in the family circle. A Hollywood producer offered a million dollars for the movie rights to De Gaulle's life story but got no for an answer. The General has few hobbies, he likes walking and used to go horseback-riding, but now finds little time for either. He admires old books and documents, is well-versed in philosophy and appreciates modern poetry.

Charles-André-Joseph-Marie de Gaulle was born 55 years ago into a Catholic middle-class family in Lille. His father was a professor of literature at the Jesuit College in Paris, where young Charles studied. He was a serious, deeply religious youth. His mother was from an old family of northern France, and Charles de Gaulle is in many respects a typical product of this region. In his early years, De Gaulle was preoccupied with classic learning and history, and there is little evidence that he was moved by social or political problems.

At sixteen, he was described by his schoolmates as "a strong, tall youth, somewhat reserved and endowed with great energy." He thought of becoming a missionary, but then decided on a military career. He was graduated with honors from Saint-Cyr, the French West Point, in 1912, and then started the arduous job of climbing the military ladder.

Still a captain in 1927, De Gaulle was asked by Pétain to give a series of lectures before a military audience, after his ideas on modern warfare had attracted widespread attention. The marshal himself introduced the speaker with the ironically prophetic words: "I want you to pay full attention to Captain de Gaulle, messieurs, because the day will come when France will give him recognition."

MOBILITY, camouflage, air-ground co-operation, mechanized attacks are familiar nomenclature to any soldier today, but 15 years ago, when De Gaulle first brought them to light in his books, they were revolutionary. They were especially distasteful to the French General Staff whose members were completely sold on the established symbol of defense—the Ma-

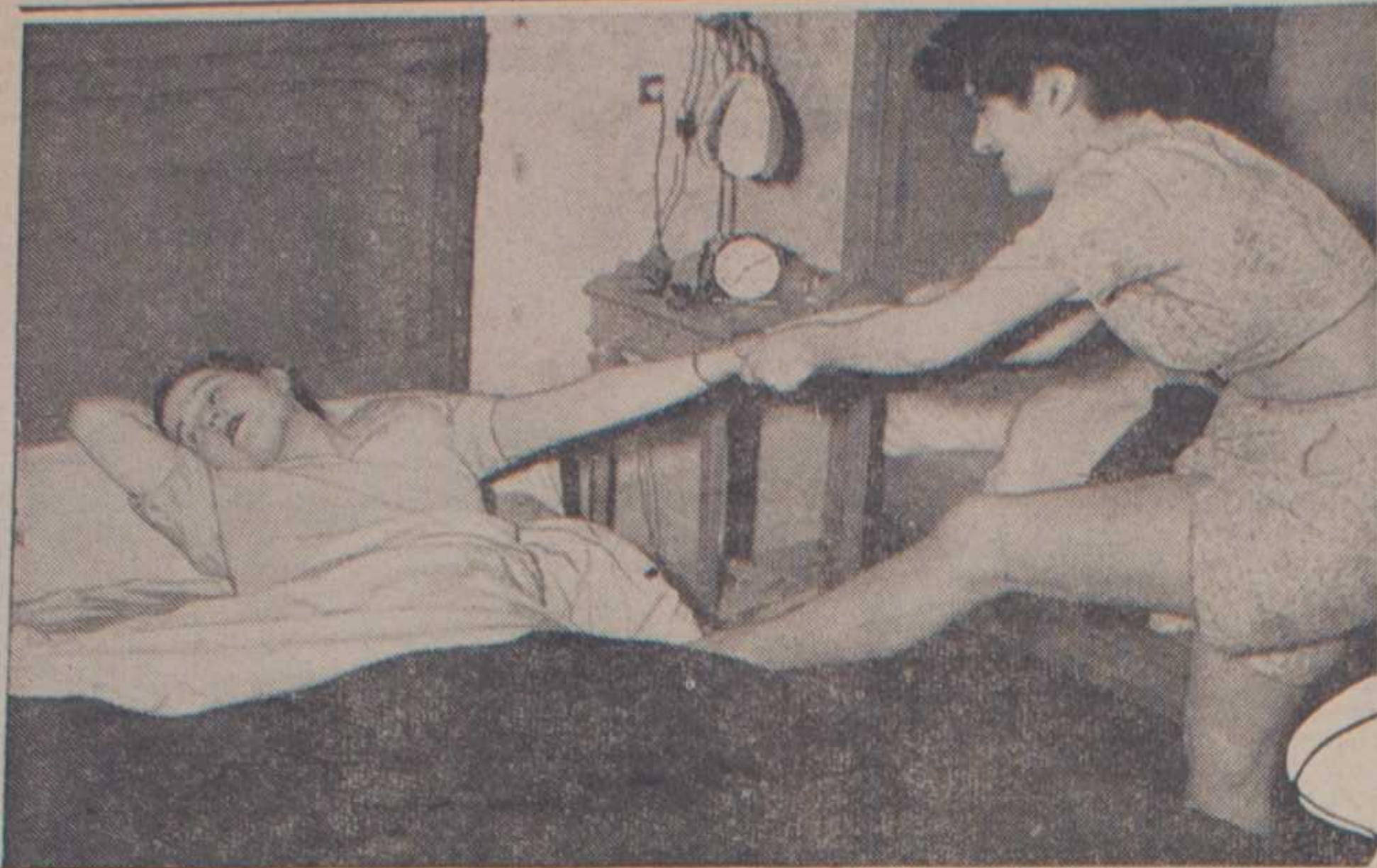
ginot Line. De Gaulle not only emphasized the vulnerability of the northern flank, but he also declared that a surprise attack could push through a line which lacked adequate defense in depth. As he grew more insistent in his demands to modernize the French Army, relations with Pétain declined, and the marshal referred to his ideas as "witticisms." De Gaulle, now a lieutenant-colonel, enlisted the aid of politician Paul Reynaud in the formation of six armored divisions, but the plan failed because the "Maginot spirit" still prevailed.

When World War II broke out, Colonel de Gaulle was in command of the 507th Regiment of Chars de Combat whose insignia was the two-barred Cross of Lorraine, later adopted by De Gaulle as an emblem of the Free French. In January 1940, he sent a memorandum to the High Command in which he denounced unpreparedness and the lack of mechanized troops, but nobody paid any attention to him. When the Germans broke through at Sedan, he was promoted to General and put in command of a hastily-prepared armored division which fought one of the few successful tank engagements of the campaign, at Abbeville.

After France fell and De Gaulle had gone to London, Marshal Pétain, back from Madrid, where he had served as ambassador, and subsequently as head of the Vichy Government, ordered him to return. When he ignored Pétain he was deprived of his rank, sentenced to prison, expatriated and eventually condemned to death. De Gaulle still wears his two stars till this day, but many a five-star general has served under him since. Pétain, his death-sentence commuted to life imprisonment by General de Gaulle, came out with a sort of private election plea last month. "The French people," he said in his cell at Portalet fortress, "should follow General de Gaulle."



General De Gaulle pays a final tribute at the grave of President Roosevelt.



(Above, left to right), It's time to get up, so let's get on with it. The gal at the left must have lost an election bet—she irons the undies while the other miss munches on an apple and reads a book.



Wacs at Home



A Visit With the Ladies in ODs

By Ward Regan

Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

PARIS

PURELY in the interests of better understanding between the branches of the armed services, *The Stars and Stripes* Magazine this week takes you for a little peek inside a Wac's boudoir. The most important problem to be solved by this daring, unprecedented expedition into no-man's-land bears the rather dull title of: "Did the girls say farewell to arms when they joined the WAC or, why didn't that cute little sergeant turn around when I whistled at her on the Champs-Elysees?"

The quest for knowledge led to the Windsor Hotel in Paris, where the expedition was surrounded by multitudes of loveliness, all fetchingly attired in smart outfits of a unique color known as OD. It turned out that the girls consider whistles to be definitely in bad taste, but that few are averse to mild wolfing, skillfully camouflaged.

"Anybody likes the subtle approach," explained S/Sgt. Rose Marie Mayo of Minneapolis, brown-eyed, brown-haired sergeant-major of the WAC Bn. She put aside the apple she had been munching. "You can't go wrong with low lights and sweet music. You can always find them, even if they are in the lobby of a WAC Hotel."

Rose Marie, an adventurous soul who said she would like to go to the CBI, showed little patience where impetuous GIs are concerned.

"There are too many wolves around,"

she said. "Of course, if they don't show their fangs too much, that's a different matter. But when most GIs get a little come-on, they take too much for granted. That's the reason they are treated so coldly."

"Most of them don't give a girl a chance," complained S/Sgt. Alma Dowdy, of St. Louis, green-eyed personnel clerk, and Rose Marie's roommate. Some lucky GI must have given Alma a chance, for she's engaged to a paratrooper she met in Berlin. Alma is shortly going home to join her fiancé, who already has returned to the States.

Life in a WAC hotel is pretty much like you'd imagine. Nights when the girls are home they play ping pong, drink cokes and chat around their rooms in bathrobes, reading or ironing their unmentionables. M1 OD. But they don't have too many evenings at home, they said, indicating that they lead a much fuller social life than comparative groups of civilian girls. Such girlish chores as doing their hair and their washing are sidestepped. They fix up their hairdos at noontime and send out their laundry.

For dates, they usually depend on fellows working in their sections or GIs met at social events, like Red Cross dances. Lest all this has given you the impression that Wacs prefer Little Lord Fauntleroy, they don't.

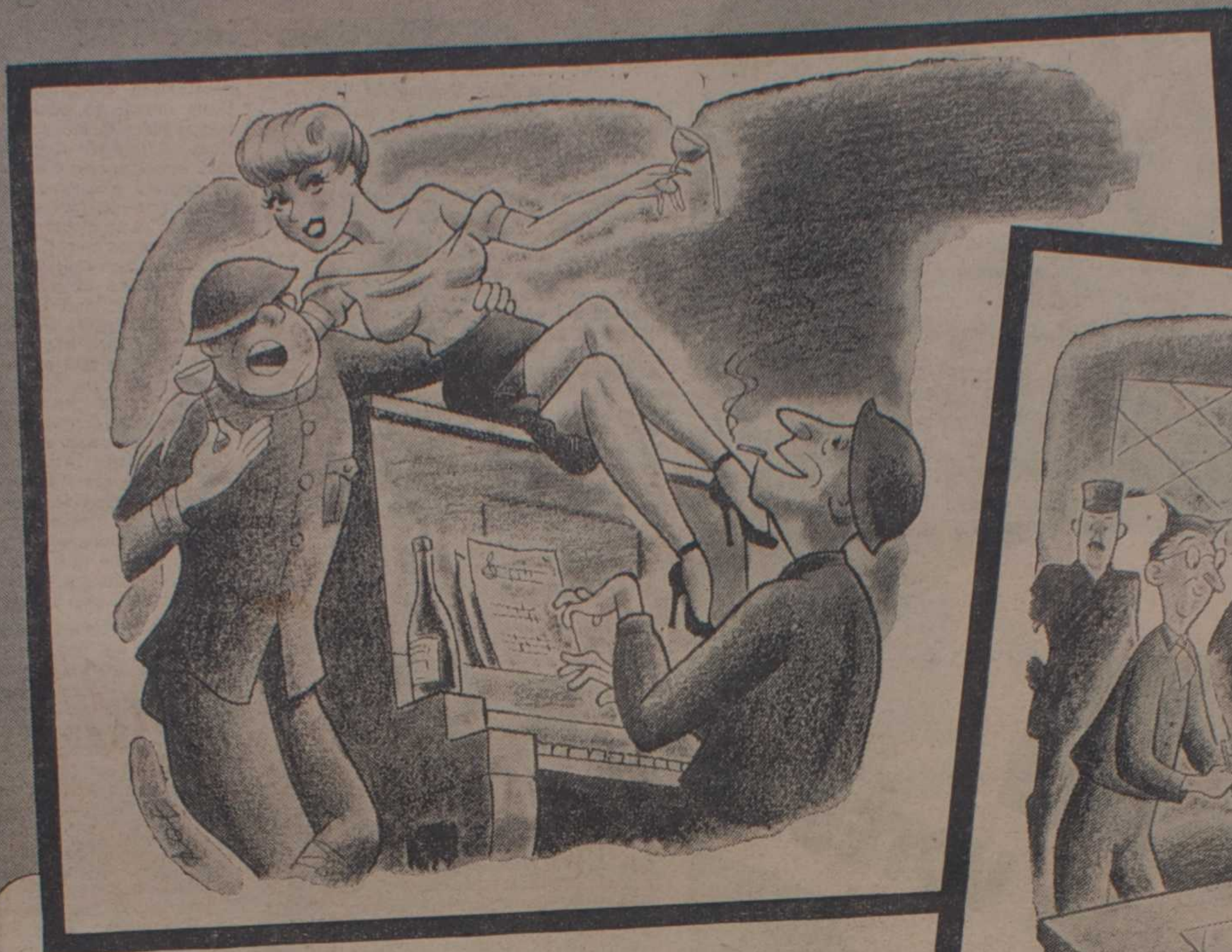
"GIs can be a little wolfish," Alma ruled, thoughtfully, "but they don't have to trip you."

Or whistle, either.

T/5 Donna Green, Inverness, Montana, making up with the cosmetics. (Left), greeting her beau in the lobby of the Windsor Hotel in Paris.



T/5 Rosemary Flatley (nee Price), of Erie, Pa., chats with her GI husband of two weeks, Pfc Joseph Flatley, also from Erie. The nuptials took place in Paris' St. Joseph's Church.



Finding Armentières Mademoiselle—It Is No Small Problem, N'est-ce Pas?

By Hugh Conway
Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

ARMENTIÈRES.

AT THE ENTRANCE to this celebrated town was a signpost that said, appropriately: "Armentières." Standing alongside it was a little gendarme, wearing a blue cape, a moustache and a white club. It seemed as good a place as any to start the search.

"Eh bien," we said politely. "Where can we find the mademoiselle?"

The result was astonishing, for the cop jumped to attention, glanced quickly over his shoulder and clapped his index finger to his mouth warningly.

"Sh!" he whispered. "I'm a married man. Try the Black Cat!"

Oh, well, everybody makes mistakes. That's why they put rubber mats under cuspidors, we thought, and walked into the Hotel of the Count of Egmont. Immediately prospects looked brighter.

"Oh, yes. Everybody knew the mademoiselle," said Mme. Deleporte, owner of the hotel. "She was a girl who worked in a vegetable store right down the block, at the end of the Rue de la Gare. She was a lovely redhead. She did a lot of good for the military people. That's why she was so popular."

And where was the mademoiselle now? Mme. Deleporte looked distressed.

"Dead," she said sombrely. "It was very sad. She died just at the end of the war. Or, maybe it was after the war. You see, I really don't know. I didn't live here then. But anybody in town can tell you about her. Why don't you try the music store?"

The music store was on the main thoroughfare, across the way from some buildings that had been bashed by shell fire. The woman who ran the shop looked at us blankly.

"Mademoiselle from Armentières?" she asked. "No, haven't got a copy in the place. Here's a nice song, very popular, too. 'Besame Mucho.' Why don't you buy a copy of that?... What's that? You're looking for the girl, herself? No, I don't know her. I've only lived here about eight years..."

IN THE LAST WAR, British forces held the area around Armentières, and attached to them were the American 27th and 30th Inf. Divs. OD uniforms probably jammed the town, but the only soldiers we could see were a pair of MPs who came bouncing over the cobblestoned main street in a jeep with a busted muffler, headed for the Belgian border at the edge of the city.

"Ah, but it wasn't like this in the other war," said Adhemar Pradon as he sipped an aperitif in the Café de la Bourse, on

the corner of Place Charles de Gaulle. "Then it was full of little estaminets, and the estaminets were full of soldiers. Each café had a piano, and girls would sit on them, and the soldiers would sing and play all nights long. Ah, it was something, I will tell you."

But, the mademoiselle?
"Oh, she was supposed to be a blonde who worked in the Café de la Basse-Ville, on Rue Jules Lebleu," said Monsieur Pradon. "It was the most popular estaminet in town. But there is left now—nothing. All the city was finally demolished, every house, every building, every café."

He took out a watch that bore a faint resemblance to an alarm clock, and hung on a heavy gold chain across his vest. He glanced at it, and hurried out of the café. "He must get back to his toy store," explained the bartender.

Along the street came a man in a blue raincoat, riding a bicycle. He stopped, dismounted and stood holding the wheel.

"Mademoiselle from Armentières?" he repeated, with a puzzled look. He brightened and chuckled. "Oh! The Black Cat, eh? Alors, one goes along the main street to the canal..."

Hurriedly, we explained about the song.

OH, that mademoiselle. Well, she was a very chic little girl with black hair. Her mother would do the washing for the soldiers. One was a British sergeant major, and he composed the song. But he spoke only a little French, and with an accent very hard, so the words came out very odd: "Hinky, pinky parley voo." He hummed a little snatch of the song, and laughed. "I often wondered what those words 'Hinky, pinky' mean. I wonder if you, perhaps, could inform me?"

"It's an old English toast," we said. "What happened to the girl?"

"Oh, she got married and moved away, to Lille or some place," he said, and waved his hand vaguely. "Why don't you try the chief of police? He knows where everybody is supposed to be."

Across the street from the towering brown brick Church of St. Vaast, was the police station. Monsieur Maurice Cuvelier, the chief, considered the question.

"This mademoiselle," he said, "she exists not. It was purely of the imagination—for all the girls of Armentières—that the song was written. At least, that is what we police officially believe."

Leaving town, we spotted the original policeman standing by the signpost.

"The search for the mademoiselle, it went well?" he inquired eagerly.

"Comme ci, comme ça," we said. "Aha," he retorted triumphantly. "I told you to try the Black Cat!"

And he winked.



Hinky
Dinky
Parley Voo



People of the USSR Are Preparing for First Elections Since 1937

By Ray Reynolds
Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

THE Union of Soviet Socialist Republics recently celebrated the 28th anniversary of the Russian Revolution in gala style. Its people looked back over three decades of war, hunger and hard work and forward toward a world of peace and prosperity. Russia had come out of World War II one of the three dominant world powers, but its people, like all the ordinary people of the world, wanted only to pick up the strings of interrupted life. Before war had struck they had been entering a period of increased material prosperity, their new constitution promised them democracy and under it they had voted for the first time. Now with the war over, they had a new five-year plan and they were getting ready to vote again. Already, newspapers were carrying election stories, meetings were being held and the Russian people were preparing to exercise the prerogative of a free people—the right to vote.

In early December, 1937, Joseph Stalin, speaking from a Moscow theater box to cheering Russians, pledged that the next day's election of deputies to the Supreme Soviet of the USSR would be "the freest and most democratic election in the history of the world." Next morning, as early as 4 P.M., be-shawled Muscovites began gathering before the polling offices. All over the immense expanse of the Soviet Union, farmers, factory workers, teachers, aviators, soldiers, intellectuals and border guards prepared to vote. At 6 A.M. in the big cities, bands on red-bannered trucks drew up outside the booths and played "The International."

That 1937 election, in which Stalin and some 1,000 other Russians were elected to the Supreme Soviet, was the first election in the USSR under the new constitution. The Supreme Soviet chosen has been in office ever since, sitting twice a year in the marble chambers of the Palace of the Soviets in Moscow. A new Supreme Soviet was to have been elected every four years, but in 1937 the election was postponed. The long-delayed election has now been called for next February; it will be an event of tremendous interest to Americans, who realize now intimately connected is the future of Soviet Russia and the United States of America.

PRACTICALLY all conjecture about the coming election must be based on the election of 1937, when 55.4 percent of the entire population of the Soviet Union—160,000,000—or 96.5 percent of the total number of voters cast ballots. It was an amazing total, called by one American writer "the most complete endorsement in terms of the number of votes cast ever given to any government in the world's history." The Soviet vote was so complete for three reasons: 1. The greatest publicity campaign in history, directed against the mass voting illiteracy of the Russian peoples; 2. The sincere belief of these peoples that they were participating in the cleanest, freest election in history; and 3. the urge to show the world that, facing numerous external menaces and with a debilitating internal purge behind her, Russia was one, was unified.

The voting illiteracy of the average Russian citizen before 1937 is hardly comprehensible to Americans.

To combat this, in the months before the 1937 election, a campaign of fantastic proportions to explain Russia's new constitution and voting procedure to the 160,000,000 Russians was carried out, involving the distribution, often by plane to outposts, of 72,000,000 copies of books and pamphlets. Concerts, films, contests all were used to beat down apathy, to educate and stimulate. As far as teaching the mechanics of voting went, the drive was obviously a terrific success. Whether or not the principles of democratic balloting got across is another matter.

The system of selecting candidates was, on the surface at least, simple. Any group of people, such as co-operative farmers, factory workers, army units, trade unions or Communist Party units could nominate a man. Since following this to the letter would only result in confusion, because only one deputy was allowed to 300,000 people, the Communist Party organized general nomination meetings. Here, nominations decided on in smaller groups were weeded out. Prepared lists were read which were usually accepted as a whole and by a show of hands. If several names had been put up for one post, for some reason all but one withdrew his name. Here is where the influence of the Communist Party was said to be overwhelming.

Joseph Stalin thought that in these

nomination meetings there would occur lively debate to parallel that which was taking place in other nations after nominations. Publisher Roy Howard, before the 1937 election, asked Stalin how there could be spirited elections, when only one candidate was put forward for any one office. Stalin tried to dispel the idea that the Russian elections were mere rubber stamps.

He told Howard: "It seems to you that there will be no electoral struggle. But there will be, and I foresee a very lively electoral struggle. We have not a few institutions which work badly. It sometimes happens that one or another local organ of power does not know how to satisfy one or another of the many-sided and ever-growing needs of toilers of city and country. Did you construct a good school, or not? Did you better living conditions? Are you not a bureaucrat? Did you help make our work more effective, our life more cultured? Such will be the criteria with which millions of electors will approach candidates, discarding the unfit, crossing them out of the lists, putting forward the best and nominating them as candidates."

ACTUALLY, such liveliness as Stalin predicted did not come off, but there is reason to believe that the lack of action was due to more factors than that the Communist Party may have cracked the whip. It's true that the majority of members of the Supreme Soviet are party members, 75 percent to be exact. It's also true that with its 3,000,000 members the party controls one-fourth of Russia's voters who are in trade unions, and that most election commissions are made up of party men. Non-party officials are rapidly absorbed into the party if they are capable.

But, in 1937, at least, two factors besides the Communist Party helped avert opposition talk in the elections; and these were first, the hangover of the great purge just ended, and second, the awareness of the world catastrophe just ahead.

BUT foreign observers were not analyzing Russia so carefully in 1937. Where Soviets saw unity, others saw negation of the principle of democratic elections. They read that crowds were taken to anti-religious museums before election day to frighten any lingering believers who might scratch a ballot. They read that religious groups were expelled from the Supreme Soviet. "They read that," said



sure was brought on people to vote; that citizens who left rallies before the end had their names checked. They saw subtle pressure in a notice that voters could sign their names to the ballot if they wished. They pointed out that the ballots didn't carry numbers. They found grim humor in the story that some voters wrote on their envelopes, "Hurrah for Comrade Stalin" or even jotted greetings to the head of the internal police. The New York Times commented: "These shotgun plebiscites have a certain export value. They demonstrate to the outside world that there is unity in Nazi Germany, in Fascist Italy, in Soviet Russia."

Already the stimulants are being applied to the Russian populace to get them to vote in the new elections. Pravda is already carrying articles which laud the universality of the Russian franchise. It has already been decreed that inhabitants of the Kurile Islands in the Pacific, of East Prussia and of many other areas freed by the Red Army will vote next February. Even Red Army occupation forces will have direct representation in the new Supreme Soviet—one deputy to every 300,000 troops. Imagine the "enthusiasm" which would greet any suggestion that U.S. occupation forces be given a representative in Congress! Truly, more can be said of the Russian voting system than that it is a "shotgun plebiscite."



RUSSIA VOTES AGAIN



These are the faces of the people who will vote again in Russia's coming election. They reflect all climates from the arctic to the tropical and all walks of life from the highest in culture and education to the lowliest peasant.



Some magazines seek petty outlook and justifying Barbara Stanwyck recognize Jimmy

What's New

Pattern of S On Ru

By Frederic W.
Stars and Stripes

FOREIGN Correspondent offers a timely tale in the post-war book, *Pattern of Soviet House*, (\$2.75.)

The author of *People Star over China* and *Mr. Snow* writes as a USSR as a result of the Soviet people for

In *Pattern of Soviet* Mr. Snow writes from point of view that is both critical. His opinions are language terse and ad is well worth reading!

Commodore Hornblower is the fourth tale about a seaman, who returns to rank of commodore and on a mission of such fate of Europe hinges (Little, Brown & Co., \$1.50). In this book, Napoleon and Sweden are task to see that these friendly relations with

The appearance of *Hornblower* in the battle lights a series of repercussions Napoleon's headquarters der's palace.

Horatio Hornblower, should live as long as a hero to his crew and Mr. Forester, whose s

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Entertainment



She sells sex appeal by the seaside. Ellen Drew was caught in this candid position after only three hours of posing by her photographer and press agent. The latter assures us she can swim.



Some magazines seek an excuse for printing cheesecake. We rise above that sort of petty outlook and just print these because they're pretty. The bathing suit is concealing Barbara Stanwyck and the kid with the "coke" is Vivian Blaine. You all recognize Jinx Falkenberg, just back in the States from a CBI tour.

What's New in the Book World

'Pattern of Soviet Power' Is Impartial Treatise On Russia's Post-War World Aims

By Frederic W. Peckham Jr.
Stars and Stripes Special Writer

FOREIGN Correspondent Edgar Snow offers a timely treatise on Russia's aims in the post-war world in his latest book, *Pattern of Soviet Power*. (Random House, \$2.75.)

The author of *People on our Side*, *Red Star over China* and *The Battle for Asia*, Mr. Snow writes as an authority on the USSR as a result of having lived among the Soviet people for many years.

In *Pattern of Soviet Power*, Correspondent Snow writes impartially and with a point of view that is both sympathetic and critical. His opinions are authoritative, his language terse and provocative. His book is well worth reading!

Commodore Hornblower, by C. S. Forester, is the fourth tale about this redoubtable seaman, who returns to the sea with the rank of commodore and is put in command of a small, but powerful squadron on a mission of such delicacy that the fate of Europe hinges on the outcome. (Little, Brown & Co., \$2.50.)

In this book, Napoleon stands against Russia and Sweden and it is Hornblower's task to see that these countries maintain friendly relations with Britain.

The appearance of Hornblower's squadron in the battle lights a fuse which sets off a series of repercussions from Sweden to Napoleon's headquarters to Czar Alexander's palace.

Horatio Hornblower, a character who should live as long as *Midshipman Easy*, is a hero to his crew and his officers.

Mr. Forester, whose sea stories have been

compared with those of Joseph Conrad, is noted for the lucidity with which he writes of ships and his latest story is no exception.

GI Bookshelf

Jazzmen (726), edited by Frederic Ramsey Jr. and Charles Edward Smith, traces the history of Jazz from the red-light district of New Orleans where "they wanted the blues slow and mean, and the rags fast and dirty," through the speakeasies of Chicago and the stormy careers of Louis Armstrong, Bix Beiderbecke and Bessie Smith, to Harlem and the sometimes losing battle with commercialism.

H. G. Wells' *The Island of Dr. Moreau* (698) is a supernatural tale of beasts made semi-human through elaborate vivisection. The stage is set for some backbone tickling science fiction when the monsters, gradually reverting to bestiality, revolt against their scientist-creator.

Lower than Angels (734) relates with realism and irony the story of a young, middle-class American. This book, a first novel by Walter Karig, recreates the atmosphere of the 1900-1919 area, telling of Marvin Lang's boyhood in New York and his stretch as a soldier of the last war.

The late Albert Payson Terhune is represented in the Wartime Book Council selections by *Lad: A Dog* (714). Acclaimed as one of the greatest dog books of all time, this is the "biography" of a real-life collie, the thoroughbred "Sunnybank Lad."

By Dan Regan

Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

PLAYING to packed houses every night at the Ziegfeld Theater, New York, in a revival of Victor Herbert's most famous musical comedy, *The Red Mill* is a star new to most GIs, but well on his way to the top. His name is Michael O'Shea.

This marks O'Shea's second appearance on Broadway, and both times he was the star of the play. An unknown radio actor in November, 1942, he stepped on to the stage of the Cort Theater in Maxwell Anderson's *The Eve of St. Mark* and after the successful production he was acclaimed a new star by every New York drama critic.

In one of those Cinderella stories that only happen in Hollywood, Producer Hunt Stromberg saw O'Shea that opening night and immediately went backstage to see him. Stromberg had just purchased *The G-String Murders* from Gypsy Rose Lee and was seeking a leading man to play opposite Barbara Stanwyck.

When he asked O'Shea if he would like to play the lead opposite Barbara Stanwyck he was amazed when the young actor said "No!" As O'Shea put it: "After twenty years in the show business I am on Broadway for the first time in my life and playing the lead in a hit that may run for years. Why risk it for a gamble on Hollywood. And besides, I photograph like a can of worms."

But a seven-year contract at \$3,000 per week soon made him change his mind and go west to play opposite Stanwyck in *The Lady of Burlesque*.

His acting is a cross between that of James Cagney and Spencer Tracy, and he has a striking resemblance to the latter. His lightning wit has made him one of the most popular young stars on the coast. This was established his first night in Hollywood when he was dining with Stromberg, Stanwyck, and Columnist Hedda Hopper. They all ordered steaks at Mike Romanoff's restaurant and everyone but O'Shea asked to have theirs "rare." He carefully insisted that his be "well done."

Naturally the inevitable occurred and the steak appeared only slightly cooked like all the rest. O'Shea quickly turned to the waiter and said: "Get me some Sloan's Liniment and I'll have this steak walking again in five minutes."

UNKNOWN to most GIs because all his pictures have been released in the past two years while they were overseas, Michael O'Shea has played the lead opposite the best in Hollywood. His pictures were *Jack London* opposite Susan Hayward, *Man from Frisco* with Ann Shirley, *Something for the Boys* with Carmen Miranda, *It's a Pleasure* with Sonja Henie, and his old starring role in the movie version of *The Eve of St. Mark*.

A strapping six-foot Irishman, O'Shea's personal life is varied enough to make a good movie itself. At various times he has been a cabin boy on the liner Manhattan, a bell boy at the Ambassador Hotel, a soda jerk at Walgreen's, and a sound effects man in a radio studio.

Before clicking on Broadway, he was a

free-lance radio actor specializing in gangster roles. "I used to get knocked off every week in *Mr. District Attorney*," O'Shea recalls.

The Red Mill is slated for an eight-week engagement. Then O'Shea will return to Hollywood to star opposite Virginia Mayo in a picture about a stick-up man who sings hot jazz. This will be followed by a movie version of his old radio serial, *Mr. District Attorney*, in which he will co-star with Franchot Tone.

* * *

ENTERTAINMENT BRIEFS: "Wild Bill" Donovan, who headed the Office of Strategic Services, has offered to play himself in the movie based on his organization to be called *The Clock and the Cross*. He wants Jimmy Cagney for the lead. *This is the Army*, the Irving Berlin show that raised 19 million dollars for the Army Emergency Relief Fund, played its last show recently at Honolulu Field. This ended a 70,000-mile, 39-month tour before 2,500,000 servicemen.

June Bright, Conover model now touring the ETO with the Copacabana Revue, has been offered an MGM contract when she returns to the States in December. Arnold Johnson, musical director of the same revue, has at some time in his career had almost every name musician from Bix Beiderbeck to Benny Goodman playing for him.



Pretty Peggy Ryan is tabled as quite a "mugger" before the cameras, but the above gives evidence that she is in the "glamour girl" class.

THE STARS AND STRIPES Magazine

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Vol. 1, No. 26

JUDGMENT DAY



THE conquered approach the bar of justice. In history's long record of war and bloodshed, the leaders of a defeated people have either been rubbed out at once or allowed to rule unscathed. Now, for the first time, the losers face legal trial before stern Allied justice. Mugged and numbered like routine criminals swept into a police headquarters during an ordinary day's work, the 24 top Nazi war criminals are coming face to face with the impassive judges of the four powers who will try them.

For months arguments have swayed back and forth on procedure, legality, and countless details which had to be adjusted before history's most momentous trials could get under way. Before anything could be done, it had to be decided whether anything was to be done at all. Some held the view that the Allies could do nothing because, under international law, rulers of a sovereign state cannot be held personally accountable to other nations for their official acts. Others insisted that the Allies condemn the whole lot without a hearing under the precedent of the victors' procedure used against Napoleon when his empire tumbled. The third group wanted to establish an international tribunal, indict the accused officially, provide them with counsel and try them in open court. The third group won and now, six months after the end of the war in Europe, the gavel is coming down as representatives of the U.S., Great Britain, France and the U.S.S.R. sit in judgment on the war lords of the Reich.