

\$10 REWARD

For white-and-lemon spotted male foxhound; two scars leg; large scar on inside of ear. Ivel, Ky. Name on collar. Stephens. Notify JOHN C. STEPHENS, 1-4-2t-pd.

MARTI THEATRE "WHERE THE CROWDS"

FRIDAY—"National Barn" Lulu Belle and Scott Arkansas Woodchoppers

SAT., DOUBLE FEAT "San Antonio" Red Ryder, Little

"Attack" (War film) The Battle for New Year's your boys smash the Japs

SUNDAY-MONDAY—"None But the Lonely" Cary Grant and Eithel

TUESDAY—"Step Lively" Frank Sinatra and George

WEDNESDAY-THURSDAY "Rainbow Island" (In technicolor) Dorothy Lamour and Eddie

Attend our Saturday show

have been," said the sergeant. "Soon my shoes were off my feet, the knees of my pants were worn out from crawling when I was no longer able to walk up the steep slopes. For the first two days, every minute, I thought, would be the last I could endure. But I made it, somehow."

"I never heard so many bullets ripping through metal in my life," the former flier recalls. "Small-calibre bullets began tearing through my turret, splattering glass in my face and clipping my oxygen hose right off at my mouth. Then came a terrific explosion. A 20mm shell hit my turret, knocking part of my gun in my teeth, cutting holes in my head and filling my arms and legs with shrapnel fragments. I fell to the floor of the plane, almost unconscious, and at almost the same time I heard the pilot give orders to bail out."

"Right then at the outset of this fight, we could have saved ourselves. But not with this pilot of ours. We had never turned back from a mission, and we were not starting such tactics now. We were crippled, losing speed and altitude—a plight the enemy quickly observed. We soon found ourselves left behind and below our formation, with the enemy closing in for the kill."

"But, almost without ammunition, laboring along, our plane was the target for another group of fighters anxious for the kill," Allen said. "It was then that I got what was my only sure kill of the day. We shot up plenty of German fighters during the battle, but everybody was firing and we couldn't tell exactly who had scored the hits. This time, though, I was the only gunner with ammunition remaining. Hoarding this, I waited till the lead German fighter came close, then gave him all I had. He blew to bits."

intensely that he could not move. At the house all was ready for the guest of honor. A doctor and a priest were waiting.

"Folks at home would have got a laugh out of the scene there after they got the shoe from my swollen foot and piled me with wine," said Allen. "There they were, it seemed like everybody in the village, about me, all trying to talk at the same time, I unable to understand a word they were saying and being kissed on both cheeks by them all."

"These people who had so sorely suffered from the Germans—some were laughing, others were crying as they filed into the room."

When he was later carried and pedaled on a bicycle to another house at the other side of the village, Allen said he felt certain he could not save himself if the emergency arose. But, next morning, after he had eaten some black bread and a beverage that passed for coffee, he learned he could. "The telephone rang, there was a wild rush across the floor. A warning of danger had come and I knew I had to move. Somehow, I contrived to get out of bed and onto the floor."

Without dressing, I began crawling downstairs. A woman met me on the stairs and led the way back to a barn. She pointed out a stall and I crawled inside. Only some small boxes that would not entirely conceal me were the only cover."

There the fugitive lay while the house was searched and while a German soldier climbed into the barn-loft to punch about in the hay.

"Right after that, if I had had a gun, I would probably have met my end," Allen commented. "Another soldier came into the barn, entered the stall where I lay. I could see the Luger in his hand, saw no chance to escape and right there would have come out shooting if I had had a gun. But I had none and so lay there while he walked within two feet of me. I am sure if his leg had touched that box he would have felt it shaking."

While Allen spent 10 days at the villager's home the Germans kept up a constant patrol of roads leading to and from the place, also around the railroad station. They knew he had landed somewhere nearby but could not locate him.

"When I was ready to leave, I went right past a sentry. All morning, a man drove a horse-drawn cart back and forth along this particular road and past the house. Meanwhile, I was being dressed to resemble this man. Finally, we made a quick change of drivers, and it was I who passed the sentry on the next trip. From there to a railroad station where another member of the underground stood reading a book, as I had been told he would. He had a railway ticket and soon we were off, though Germans were all about the station and also riding the train."

From this point on Allen declines to describe in detail his travels which took him by devious routes through Belgium and finally into France. On one occasion he sat in a compartment crowded with German soldiers. He feigned sleep to avoid answering their questions.

Always there was an air of mystery about the Underground. Men and women squeezed him through innumerable tight spots. He asked no questions, did as he was told. His friends swam into his ken without his knowing whence they came, they left suddenly, silently, usually at night, without his knowledge of whether they went. But always a new guide took up the task of taking him through the maze that was Belgium and France, during those days when both countries were dominated by the Nazis. They moved with clock-like precision, supplied railway tickets, identification tokens—everything a fugitive needed except luck and the stamina to withstand arduous travel and sleepless nights. In civilian garb, his "dog tags" cleverly concealed in his clothing, were his only protection from execution as a spy in the event of capture.

In one town Allen witnessed the perfection of Allied bombing. A Nazi airfield had long been in operation there and the villagers had wondered why American and British bombers had skipped it in their raids

had failed to see some of the boys on the other side of the plane and wasn't leaving till he had accounted for them all."

Allen purposely waited till he had dropped some distance before opening his parachute, hoping to make a quicker descent and thus elude discovery by any Germans on the ground. As a result, when the chute opened he suffered a severe back injury. Nearing the earth, he could see he would alight near a village and could see people converging from all directions upon the field where he would land. Friend or foe—all this remained to be seen.

"I came down just behind a house, barely missing a tall tree and I really hit the ground with a jolt. I injured my foot but was too excited at first to notice this. I stripped off my flying suit as quickly as possible and headed for a wooded area, with the people not too far away and none of them trusted by me at the moment. But when I was about halfway to the woods a girl on a bicycle drew beside me."

"She yelled the word, 'English,' as she passed but I was afraid to answer. She turned and, passing me again, repeated the word, and this time I summoned up enough courage to answer, 'American.'"

Whereupon, the Floyd countian recounts, the girl quickly turned her bicycle and pointed across the field, motioning for him to follow. He ran about 50 yards and the girl pointed to a hole in the ground which resembled a bomb crater, and there he took cover while she kept riding.

"In a few seconds, it seemed to me, the Germans were there in great numbers. Some headed for the woods, some searched nearby houses, others patrolled the road. But this didn't stop my girl friend; she was back within 10 minutes, this time carrying a small bag which in passing she dropped down to me in my den. While I was looking over the contents of the bag, which consisted of civilian clothing, the girl returned, driving a herd of cattle which had been grazing in the field. These she drove up to the hole, meanwhile signaling me to keep close to the ground. She walked about for a few minutes, apparently without purpose but all the while keeping an eye on the Germans, then caught her chance and dropped into the hole beside me."

"Then, for the first time, I had a chance to take a good look at my Belgian girl-friend. And she was beautiful! I know, it is always so in the story books, but this was a beautiful heroine in the flesh. She was about 18 years old, I should say, and was much like our American farm girls in rosy complexion and dress. She seemed to think I was critically hurt, since I was almost soaked in blood from shrapnel wounds in my head, arms and legs, but these were only cuts and not as bad as they appeared."

"And there we were, she pointing and talking her language of which I could not understand a word, while I tried to talk to her in English. Finally, she produced a mirror to show me how I looked, all blood-caked, my lips swollen—as sorry a sight as any man could fear of presenting to a girl, beautiful or otherwise. After washing my face, she began assisting me in removing my clothing to make way for the civilian garb she had brought. And that suit she rigged me out in—the coatsleeves too short, the trouser legs even shorter!"

Such were the early details of Allen's forced landing in alien territory. Later, with the Germans patrolling roads bordering either side of the field, the Belgian girl returned with wine and food. Through the remainder of the afternoon and on into the night she walked up and down the field as if herding the cattle, never leaving the Floyd countian's refuge by more than a few yards.

"There was not a Quisling in that village, I know," Allen declares. "For they all must have seen me and not a word went outside to the Nazis who were searching all about."

When two men came, shortly after midnight,—guided, of course, by the girl,—to lift the wounded flier from the hole and carry him to a nearby house, his foot was badly swollen and his back paining him so

tion and every gun in our group started spouting. The enemy fighters bored on in, knocking out the lead plane in our formation and at the same time shooting out one of our engines. To me it appeared that literally hundreds of fighters were coming in from all directions. We kept our guns roaring and parachutes soon began to appear all over the sky. Bombers were going down smoking, German fighters were exploding or spinning down in flames.

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After almost two hours of battle, the crippled Fortress had fought her way over the target. The bombs were dropped onto the target. Then the trip home.

Some of the crew had been wounded and to these Allen hurriedly staggered. When all had jumped except the pilot, the Floyd countian made his debut in the celebrated Caterpillar Club.

"Our pilot was still in the plane, staying till we all were out. Just as he stood on the wing of our plane a few weeks earlier as it was sinking in the North Sea. He waited then, counting noses, to see that his crew was safe before leaving the ship, and he did not leave then till I shoved him into the water. For he

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into the Reich. "Then, just after a new group of what I believed to be cadets had arrived and just when the field was full of planes, our bombers came. The concussion of the bombs seemed to lift the house I was in clear off the ground. They did a grand job and all through it the villagers cheered them on, some even waving white tablecloths to attract the attention of our fliers. The Germans were busy for days digging their dead out of the ruins."

"What did I think about during all this? First of all, my mother. She seemed in another world, all this seemed so foreign to the quiet life on a Floyd county farm; but I was always hoping I could get word to her, somehow, that I was not dead as she no doubt feared. At night I would dream I was surrounded by Germans, was being captured. I was very nervous, of course. In my dreams I was taken prisoner a thousand times. But sometimes I dreamed of friends back home, of school teaching and—well, a thousand things more pleasant than hiding and being hunted."

Sometimes, Allen took refuge in a home for only a few days; in others, he stayed longer. In one home he stayed with an aged couple 43 days while awaiting word to move along. Here he was treated as their son, fed on the best they could afford. "It was very difficult to leave this place where I had been treated so nicely," he said. "When I started to leave, the old woman clung to me as my own mother would, crying fiercely and saying she knew the Germans would kill me and pleading with me to stay where she could protect me. The man had to take her away..."

Finally, the fugitive's wanderings took him to the French border where he had as his guide a girl. The plan for crossing the border was effective, perhaps, because of its daring; he was to cross at noonday and where the guard was heavy. Pretending to pick flowers in a field, he and the girl finally strolled to a spot where they gained slight concealment in some shrubbery; from there quickly dashed across and into a house. From there, by train and bus and on foot the long trek across Belgium was repeated.

In France, he rubbed elbows with German airmen, on one occasion was eyed by German soldiers at drill. At last began the long journey afoot which was the supreme test of the fugitive. On this there was no turning back. To falter was to be re-captured by the Germans or to be killed by the Underground who had been betrayed by traitors or spies posing as refugees and feigning exhaustion in order to escape and give information to the Gestapo.

"We crawled down ravines, occasionally falling in the brush and lying motionless until some pedestrian had passed within a few feet of us. We crawled across fields, hugging close to fences or occasionally following a ditch or small stream."

"By daylight of the first night on the long, torturous trek toward neutral territory, we had reached high mountains. Each of us had a piece of black bread on which we nibbled from time to time."

Four more days and nights, without rest or sleep, Sgt. Allen and his group struggled ahead. There was no relief for him, though his guides were often changed. For him it was walk and crawl up lofty mountains, walk and fall down the other side—only to begin the climb, all over again, of an equally sky-reaching range.

"Severe snowstorms made the going harder than it ordinarily would

ABIGAIL THEATRE THURS.-FRI, JAN. 4-5—"Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" (A comedy.) Diana Lynn, Gale Russell. News. Indoor Outing. (Little Lulu.) Matinees: 1:30 p.m. Nights: 7:01 p.m. and 8:36 p.m. SATURDAY— 11:02 a.m. to 1:12 p.m., 6:27 p.m. to 8:12 p.m.— "Firebrands of Arizona" Smiley Burnette (Frog), Sunset Carson. End of Serial: "Zorro's Black Whip." SATURDAY— 3:01 p.m. and 10:01 p.m.— "Submarine Base" John Lytel, Alan Baxter. Shorts. SUNDAY-MONDAY—"Rainbow Island" Dorothy Lamour, Eddie Bracken. News. "Goldlocks and the Jivin' Bears." (Comedy in technicolor.) Matinee Sunday: 1:01 p.m. and 2:45 p.m. Matinee Monday: 1:30 p.m. Nights: 7:01 p.m. and 8:45 p.m. TUESDAY-WEDNESDAY—"Tall in the Saddle" John Wayne, Ella Raines. News. Nymph of Lake. Matinees: 1:30 p.m. Nights: 7:01 p.m. and 8:36 p.m.

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