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By the men . . for the men in the service

"WE WILL ACCEPT NOTHING LESS THAN FULL VICTORY"

—General Eisenhower


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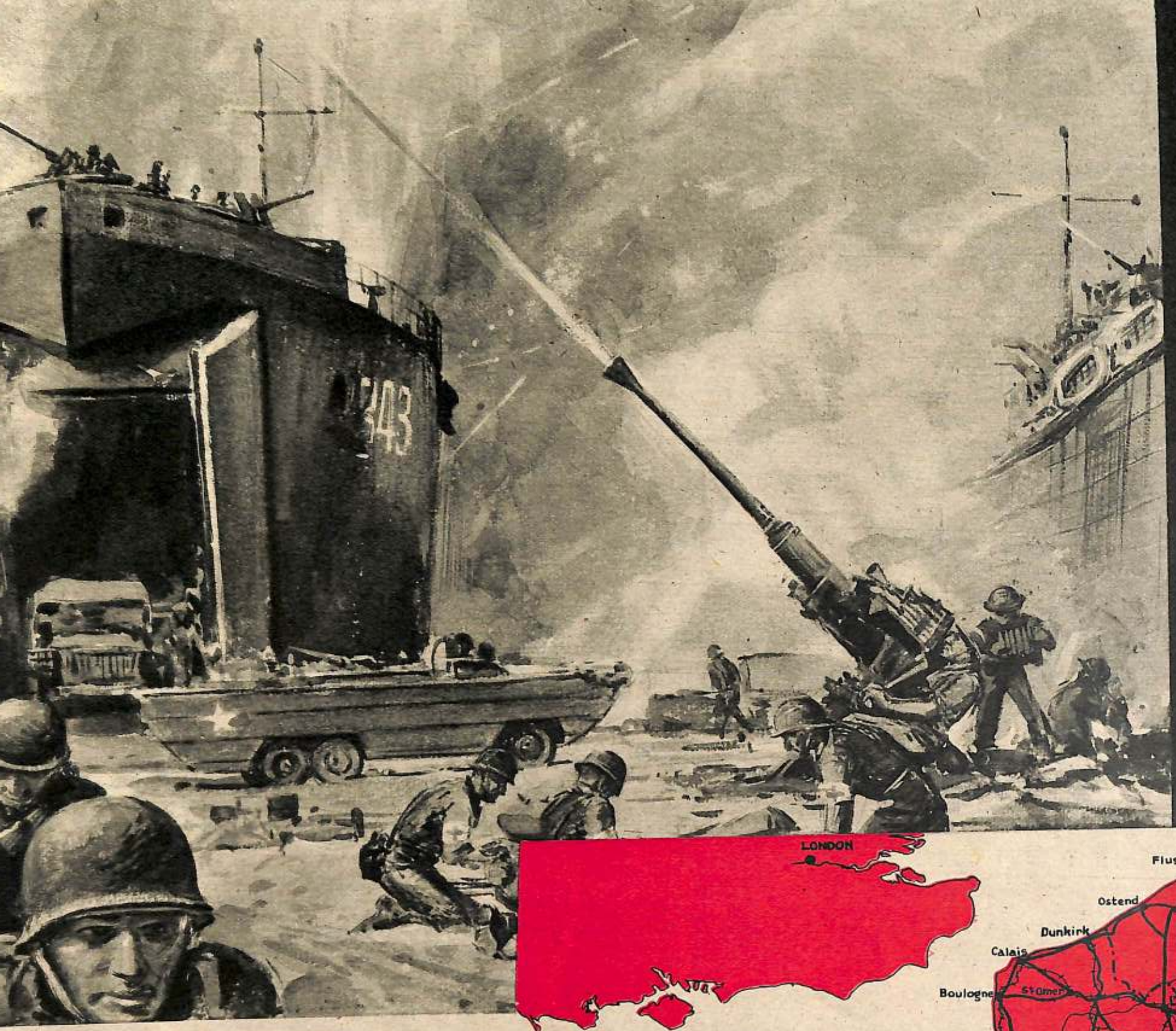


COMMUNIQUE No. 1

SUPREME HEADQUARTERS ALLIED EXPEDITIONARY FORCE —TUESDAY, JUNE 6, 1944

★ ★ ★ ★ **Under the command of General Eisenhower, Allied naval forces, supported by strong air forces, began landing Allied armies this morning on the northern coast of France.**

7 days with TITO'S Army

By Sgt. WALTER BERNSTEIN
YANK Staff Correspondent

TUESDAY ★★★★★★★ SOMEWHERE IN YUGOSLAVIA—The headquarters of the newspaper *Free Dalmatia* is an old stone house on the edge of an old stone village, halfway up a mountain. The mountain itself is stone, or seems to be. The trees grow furtively between the rocks and there are stones everywhere. From the village, you can look across a valley to another mountain, and over the top of that you can see another and another.

Beyond the first mountain are the Germans.

The paper is a hand-set, six-page weekly, distributed throughout Dalmatia (which is that section of Yugoslavia along the Adriatic coast) by the provincial committee of Avnoj, which is the congress of the new Army of Liberation and Partisan Detachments of Yugoslavia. It is no longer officially correct to call them Partisans. Their fighters have outgrown the guerrilla stage and become an army, just as their people's movement as a whole is no longer merely an uprising—but a state.

Since the Germans at present occupy most of Dalmatia, the paper must be circulated secretly. And it is an indication of Partisan unity and organization that there is probably less warfare incident to the weekly distribution of their several thousand papers in occupied territory than there is every day between some metropolitan dailies.

The paper is run by a collective organization of some 15 people: intellectuals, stenographers, printers, a cook, a handyman. They live, eat and work together and most of them have seen action as fighters at one time or another. There are five women: the cook and her assistant, two girls who do stenography and technical work, and an elderly woman who works in the printing department with her son. The editorial staff is composed of an ex-lawyer, a young architect, a couple of students, an ex-professor, a white collar worker, and a poet.

Their press is an old-fashioned affair that used to print prayer books. It can turn out only one page a day, and by now the letters are so worn that sometimes they are hard to understand. Despite this, they manage to print other pamphlets when necessary, turn out a mimeographed news bulletin every other day, and monitor radio news for the provincial committee, the staff of the nearby division, and other interested parties.

The only one who speaks English is the lawyer, a thin, sun-burnt man with glasses. He speaks quite well, although bookishly. "Our paper is small," he says, "but it is much perused." His lungs are not good and he must rest every day after lunch. Before joining the staff he was the Military Judge for Southern Dalmatia, and sometimes he talks about the trials he conducted. "We were very lenient with the traitors," he says. "Only those who pillaged with the Fascists were shot."

Meals are taken in the attic, where there is a long, bare table and a small stove. The food is simple and inadequate. There is usually only one dish to a meal, but they are used to that. Some of the food is American, since they are close enough to the sea to receive some of the supplies we are sending the Partisans. They are very grateful for what Allied help they do get.

Supper consists of a plate full of string beans with pieces of Vienna sausage. There is also a large can of Chow-Chow, which was supplied to them. They need Chow-Chow like they need a hole in the head, but they regard it simply as some peculiar American dish, and eat it. After supper everyone sits around and sings.

WEDNESDAY ★★★★★★★★★ The route into the interior is closed, so it is necessary to remain here for a while. The Yugoslav front is composed of cells, rather than any sort of line. The Partisans have freed large chunks of territory and these are usually connected by narrow strips, along which they send couriers. A year ago the liberated territories were little islands in a German sea; now the situation is being reversed. But sometimes the Germans close the corridors between the masses of liberated territory. That is the case now, and it is necessary to wait until a new route can be found.

Today there is ice by the well where everyone washes, in the morning. It is technically Spring, but you would never know it here. The wind whips around the mountain and it is very cold. There is a radio news broadcast in Croatian from London every morning at seven, and by 6:30 the people have gathered around the public address system the staff has rigged up outside the house. They come from the village and the units around the village, and they wait patiently in the cold. They are mostly

fighters from the division: tough, capable men with grenades hanging from their belts, and even little boys who act as ammunition carriers.

For breakfast there is bread and tea. The bread is hot from the oven, with a heavy, sweet-smelling wetness. The tea is eaten with a spoon, like soup. After breakfast everyone goes to his different job, and I wander through the village. It is a poor little village, very old and built on a slant, with the houses jumbled together and narrow dirt paths winding crookedly about. There are a few skinny chickens scrabbling in the dirt and three lean dogs that stare with mad eyes.

In the evening the staff listens to the radio. Everyone is very interested in America, although many of their ideas are derived from the movies. They are extremely interested in the present status of gangsters and Indians. One of the students wants to know if it is true about the installment plan. They are also interested in more basic matters, such as the attitude of our people toward the war, our political situation, our educational system. And what has happened to Laurel and Hardy.

THURSDAY ★★★★★★★★ This morning, right after breakfast, there was the drone of planes, and a whole group of Liberators came over. There must have been 70 of them, heading north. They were very high, flying a beautifully tight, precise formation, not fast but with a heavy deliberate purposefulness. Everyone in the village ran out to watch, running around and pointing up at the planes and cheering them on. The name of these planes really means something here.

All day there has been the muffled sound of gunfire from beyond the mountains. The division is in contact with the Germans. The poet had gone to headquarters earlier in the day and everyone wonders if he has managed to get in the fight.

There was much excitement at dinner. Two friends whom they had thought dead showed up. They have been in a concentration camp for three years and finally escaped and made their way to the Partisans. One of them is a man of 27 and the other is 35, but they look much older. The younger man did most of the talking; the other was quiet and seemed a little punchy. He kept touching the younger man, putting his hand on his shoulder as if for support. The younger man talked between mouthfuls of food. He ate delicately, almost shyly, arranging the food carefully with his fork before lifting it to his mouth, then chewing it with great thoroughness. They had opened a can of peaches especially for the two; peaches are like ammunition, and the whole room ate them vicariously with the men, slowly and with a quiet, enormous enjoyment.

The two of them had been put to work by the Germans in a factory at Wiener Neustadt, the big industrial center near Vienna. The younger man spoke of the conditions there, the lack of food and the great devastation caused by American bombers. But he said there were no signs of an internal crackup, and little organized sabotage in the factories. The German plan is to fill the plants with different nationalities and keep them suspicious of each other, so that no one ever feels he can trust anyone else. The younger man had also been in the notorious Ustachi camp at Jasenovac in Croatia. This is the camp that is known for burning men alive; their record is 1,500 in one night.

FRIDAY ★★★★★★ There was a little snow but it melted when the sun came out. The countryside looks as though a glacier had just retreated. The mountains are thrown up in spasms and the rocks seem torn apart. The people are as hard as the country, but very impressive. They have an immense dignity; they have transformed their fight against the Germans into a struggle to build a new country, and have a deep pride in what they are building. There seems to be a complete democracy in their army. It is not merely that the officer sits down with his men; it is that they each have an equal share in the present and future, and they recognize this equality. There seems to be a complete understanding that each is serving according to his capacity. There is practically no one in the army who has not seen action, either at the front or in the underground. There are no soft jobs, and no privileges that aren't strictly earned. The discipline is very high. It is not parade ground discipline, but comes from knowledge and belief in what they are fighting for. There is also much saluting. Everyone salutes everyone else, regardless of his rank.

The poet returned tonight. He had been in the battle. Only three Partisans had been killed and 30 Germans taken prisoner. The Partisan method of dealing with prisoners is simple enough. If there is proof that they have been pillaging and torturing, they are shot. The rest are offered the opportunity of joining the Partisans. If they refuse they are put to work and held for exchange. In this batch, the poet said, there was only one who wanted to join. The rest wished to be exchanged to fight again, except for three Austrians who wanted to be sent to Africa.

The Partisans know who has been looting; their intelligence is very good. The intelligence of any people's army is usually good, since their forces are everywhere.

SATURDAY ★★★★★★★★ I talked this afternoon with the girl secretary of their Anti-Fascist Youth Congress, which is to be held somewhere in liberated territory later this month. They expect delegates from all the Balkan countries and even the Soviet Union. This will be their second Congress; the first was held two years ago. The secretary explains that many of the delegates who were at the first Congress will not be at this one. They have been killed fighting. The secretary is young and pleasantly attractive. She is small, with long brown hair, and looks like one of the more intelligent co-eds at a state university. She is also something of a hero, the lawyer says. During one of the offensives she held a hill alone with a machine gun against repeated German counter-attacks.

For dessert tonight there was an air raid. About thirty German planes came over, looking for a village on the other side of the mountain, where there is some important stuff. They dropped flares and lit up the sky. Everyone came pouring out of the village to watch. There are some fighter detachments in the village and they came out on the double, fanning into position on the mountain. One of their officers is a woman and she kept yelling orders in a high, firm voice. There was some ack-ack, but not much. The tracers shot into the sky like fireworks and you could hear the dull boom of the bombs as they dropped on the other side. The raid lasted about twenty minutes. Then the planes went away and the firing stopped and the flares died out slowly, returning the sky to the night.

SUNDAY ★★★★★★★ The poet went across the mountain today and came back with the information that the planes had hit only a few houses and the left wing of the hospital. Only a few people were killed and no damage done to the important materiel. One of the dead was a friend of several of the staff here and they are going to her funeral.

All day listening to the radio. There is a piano recital from Moscow, opera from Italy, a talk from Berlin on the senselessness of aerial warfare, an RAF dance band from London, and a talk from America, addressed to the people of Europe. They all thought the American talk a little out of the world, because it discussed the question of bombing the Monte Cassino Abbey as if there were two sides to the question. To these people there is no debate on whether or not to bomb places where there are German soldiers.

There is much admiration and friendship for America among these people, and they still visualize us as the great, young, uncorrupted nation. Most of them would like to visit the States after the war, and they ask many questions. They are amazed that there are houses in America as poor as the one they are in now and want to know if there are beggars on the streets.

The poet also returned with a story that is significant of this people's war. An old woman from a nearby village was walking along a road when she saw a Partisan mine that had been planted but insufficiently camouflaged. She covered it up herself and then sat down at a safe distance until a German scout car came along, passed over the mine and blew up. The old woman got up, walked back to Partisan headquarters, told them what had happened, and then gave them a good dressing down for permitting such sloppy work.

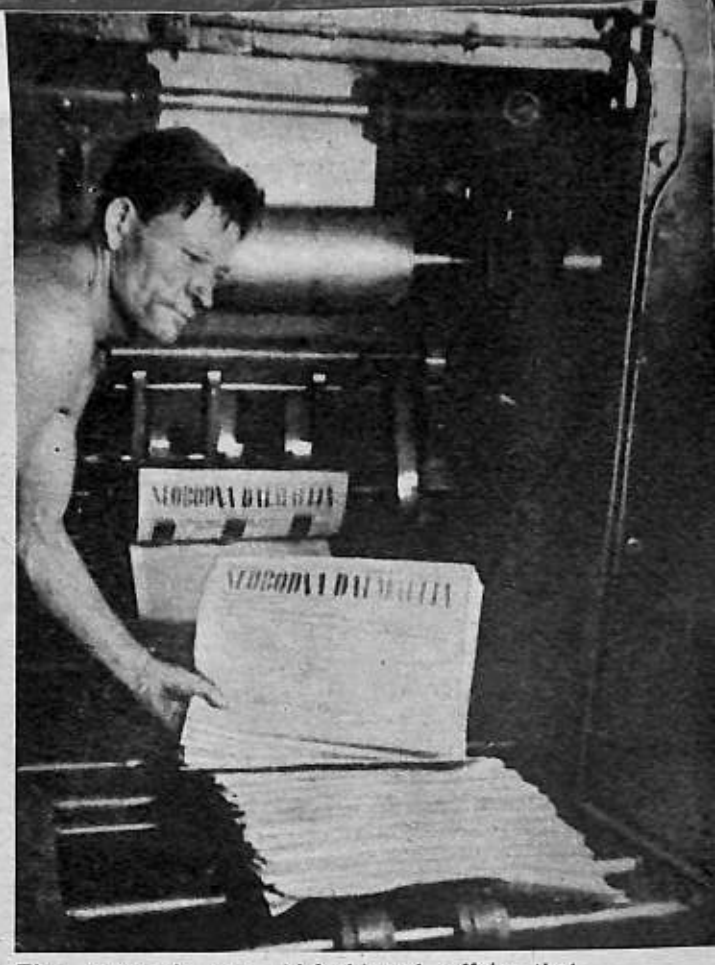
MONDAY ★★★★★★★ The paper came out today. It contains articles about the coming Youth Congress, the Russian offensive, the air war on Germany, the decisions of Avnoj, developments in their own campaign, and accounts of new German atrocities. There are also articles on what is happening politically outside of Yugoslavia.

There are reports that the Germans are increasing their terror in occupied regions, before the Red Army arrives. It is impossible for Americans to realize the extent of this calculated, sub-human slaughter. The stories make you sick when you hear them.

There is excitement over the report that the English have closed their Eastern coast. There is much static over the radio tonight, but suddenly there is a blast of music and the voice of an American announcer introducing the original Dixieland band. Then the music comes. Everyone smiles politely, but it is wonderful, heavy with rhythm and nostalgia.

It is a program for the troops overseas—and there is the announcer again. He is on a different planet, a million miles away; he has no relation to this room, these people; this war. But the music is friendly; after a while the people, listening, like the music, humming the tune, tapping out the rhythm with their feet. And then it is over, the studio orchestra fading softly out. And the room gets back to normal, the people concerned, interested, turning the dial for news.

Tomorrow, they think there may be a route open. The Germans have begun a new local offensive, but there is a way through the mountains.



The press is an old-fashioned affair that was resurrected somewhere in Dalmatia. Now it grinds out one of the underground publications used to keep people of Yugoslavia informed.

Some time ago, YANK correspondent Sgt. Walter Bernstein went into Yugoslavia, where he spent several weeks talking, eating, sleeping, marching, and perhaps fighting, with the men of Marshal Tito's national army of liberation. Now, Sgt. Bernstein is back in Italy where he is talking, eating, sleeping, marching, and fighting with Gen. Mark Clark's victorious Fifth Army. The diary of Sgt. Bernstein's first seven days on the Dalmation coast, released for the first time this week, appears on these pages. His account of the "beachhead men" of the Fifth Army driving the enemy out of Cisterna, follows on pages six and seven.

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All along the road was evidence of the German flight, reminding the men of Sicily. There were wrecked German guns lying black and smoking in the ditches.

★ With the men who took CISTERNA ★

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY SOUTH OF ROME—The Doughfeet are on the loose again. They have shattered the stagnant beachhead and are moving forward after four months of sitting at Anzio, and taking it. They are moving as they have not moved since Sicily. The generals are back in their jeeps dashing around and snarling up traffic, while the mobile infantry is wearing out shoe leather —but this time they are all going places.

There is an air of excitement all over this front which you can feel in the men and see in their faces as they move up. They are excited as they have not been since Sicily—and it is not because they are finally getting to Rome. Most of them have lost interest in getting to cities. For one thing, they know that the "chicken" starts as soon as combat troops have made a place safe for the rear echelons; and they figure that two hours after they reach Rome half the place will be off limits and the other half full of MPs waiting to slap on $20 fines for not saluting.

But they are excited as only men can be excited who are finally walking after being four months in bed. They have been freed of the tyranny of the foxhole and the deadliness of long weeks of inactivity and can move forward again as they have been bred to do. And, basically, they are excited because they are always aware that the faster they move the faster the war will be over.

The men who took the town of Cisterna are typical. They refer to their offensive as the "biggest jailbreak in history" and it certainly started out like that. When H-hour came they erupted like a volcano with Cisterna as their objective.

This was the strongest fortified point on the beachhead—which was why it was given to them. For most of these men are veterans of Sicily and the push-up from Salerno, and they know their jobs.

There was also another reason why they gave Cisterna to these men. This town was the place that two Ranger battalions failed to take in the

The men in this great new offensive worked coldly and very well because they had learned this thing in many towns on the way up. They enveloped the towns and filtered in, and set professionally to work wiping out snipers and strong points.

On the great plain our artillery shelled the next town.

By Sgt. WALTER BERNSTEIN
YANK Staff Correspondent

initial landing. They had expected reinforcements to support them, but the reinforcements couldn't break through the German line, and only 25 Rangers returned from those two battalions.

The reinforcements were the men who took Cisterna this time. They had been waiting for four months, and they wasted no time when the moment came. They fought their way bloodily across the field where the Rangers had died, killing Germans who were still using Ranger equipment. They enveloped the town and filtered in and set professionally to work wiping out snipers and strong points. They worked coldly and very well because they had learned this thing in many towns on the way up, and because this time they had something personal to fight for.

Only one spot gave them any trouble. In the center of the town stood an old castle and in the doorway of this castle was a German anti-tank gun. This gun was too tough to take with riflemen alone, and so the battalion commander ordered up one of his supporting tanks and a light machine gun squad. The leader of this squad was Sgt. Michael Fanelli, of Camden, N.J. His men were Sgt. Simon Shelton, of Johnson City, Tenn.; Pfc. Edgar Childers, Dublin, Va.; and Pfc. Jack Lee, of Sulpepa, Okla. They took up positions across from the castle and opened up on it. The gunner in the tank was a GI named Fitch and he also co-operated. After a reasonable delay for zeroing in the combined forces they put the German anti-tank out of business. T/Sgt. Earl Swanson, of Minneapolis, then took his platoon on a tour of the castle and emerged shortly thereafter with some 200 prisoners including a regimental commander with the exalted rank of lieutenant colonel. This ended all resistance in Cisterna.

IT was a good haul, all things considered, and the men felt pretty good. They finished their work in the late afternoon, sent back their prisoners to the PW cages and took time out for a look around. They had thought they would move right out, but the town had been taken in less time than was expected, so the regimental commanders gave them a break. They let the men sleep in the town that night.

When they heard that, the men began looking around and some of them dug old mattresses out of the ruins. They also found a lot of bicycles left by the Germans and before long the town was full of GIs taking bike rides. This was a strange sight.

Nothing human was left of the town. It had been so completely destroyed that it had changed qualitatively. It was no longer a familiar town in ruins, but a new kind of town different and surrealistic There were curious mounds where houses had been, and separate walls looking like monuments, and odd twisted bundles of clothes lying all around. It might have been a town on the moon and the GIs rode their bicycles stubbornly, with the light getting dimmer and dimmer as the sun went down; and finally night came and all you could see were artillery flashes lighting up the sky in the distance.

In the morning the men moved out again up the road toward Rome. They by-passed one town that had been taken by a sister regiment, and moved along a good dirt road to take another for themselves. The road was littered with evidence of the German flight, reminding them of Sicily. That name was on everyone's tongue. Not since Sicily had they moved with such evident purpose and finality. Not since Sicily had the sun been so hot and the sea so near and the Germans on the run. They could see the signs all along the road. There were wrecked German tanks lying black and smoking in the ditches. There were abandoned vehicles sitting on their rims, and isolated crumpled bodies with their delightful smell, and papers scattered around them. They all told the story of the German flight which was being repeated all over the front.

By noon the men were within two miles of their next objective, and their reconnaissance reported it was undefended. They took a break to eat some K-rations, and lay in the grass by the side of the road. Then they started up again. They had slept the night before and were feeling good. Some of them even picked flowers and stuck them in their helmets —a sight which had not been seen in a long time. They didn't sing, since they had no songs which expressed what they felt, but they talked a good deal. They moved easily, taking no more steps than they had to, most of them carrying only a gun, ammunition and a field jacket stuffed under their belts.

By this time divisional reconnaissance had also been in the town and reported it all clear. The road was getting choked with traffic crawling towards the town. There were jeeps stringing wire and pulling trailers filled with equipment. There were jeeps filled with civilian correspondents ready to dash into town and then dash back to their typewriters to give the news to the world. The tanks moved up heavy and slow, drowning all other sounds and throwing up a fine dust into the men's faces. The men stopped when the town came into sight, but a jeep flying two stars on a red pennant came roaring through. The men said to each other that the town was certainly safe now, and moved forward again.

THERE was no resistance inside the town and they moved quickly through. There were not even natives in the town, only a few starved cats. This place was not as wrecked as Cisterna, but it was wrecked enough. As they walked through, one of the men said he was glad this hadn't happened to Gridley, Calif. Another said, maybe it would wake up the people back home if it did happen, and that started an argument all up and down the line.

Now the road went up, and the men could see around them. On one flank was a range of hills, but on the other side there was a great plain stretching to the sea. It was too hazy to see much, but there was another town on a hill about five miles away and they could see it coming under the fire of our artillery. They could see shells bursting in the town, and smoke floating peacefully toward the sky, and toy tanks advancing toward the town across the plain. Far away they could see the flashes of more of our own artillery; first the flash, and then seconds later, would come the faint boom.

All this made them feel good. They knew that they themselves were moving, but it was good to know that the rest of the army was moving with them. There were also planes over them constantly; but by this time they had become more or less accustomed to this protection and took it for granted. There was not much that they did take for granted, but that was one of the things.

So they moved forward, as satisfied as they would ever be—until they went home. They were part of the biggest offensive the Allies had launched in Italy. They were the culmination of months of planning and exercises in logistics and operations. They were expensive and expendable, and for all this they didn't give a damn. All they cared about was that they were moving again. They didn't know exactly where they were moving, but even that didn't matter much. They just cared about one thing. They were on their way.

There were not even natives in the demolished towns, only a few starved cats.

So they moved forward, satisfied. They were on their way.

Capt. Crommelin had just stepped from the shower when the torpedo struck. Still without clothes, he walked out on deck and directed abandoning in his area.

The Sinking of the Liscome Bay

By ROBERT L. SCHWARTZ Y2c
YANK Navy Correspondent

The story of 23 terrible minutes on a baby flat-top after it was torn to pieces by a torpedo from a Japanese submarine and before it sank with the second largest Navy casualty list of this war.

THE baby flat-top *Liscome Bay* was sunk by a torpedo from an enemy submarine on the day before Thanksgiving of 1943. The *Liscome Bay* was on her first battle assignment, covering the occupation of Makin in the Gilberts.

The submarine attack was a complete surprise. It was the *Liscome Bay's* third day of the invasion, and her crew had lost the tenseness that goes with the beginning of a landing operation. By this time they were relaxed, and only their standard occupational alertness remained. The scuttlebutt reported that the nearest enemy ships were two days away.

The torpedo struck a half-hour before dawn, and it was still dark when the *Liscome Bay* sank.

General quarters had sounded at 0505, in keeping with the strict custom of sending men to their battle stations at dawn and dusk in combat zones. Five minutes later a lookout shouted: "Christ, here comes a torpedo!"

It struck near the stern on the port side, and the havoc was instant and complete. The whole after section broke quickly into flames, and most of the crew stationed there died instantly.

The casualty list for the *Liscome Bay* was the second largest of any Navy vessel in the war. The complement for baby flat-tops has never been revealed, but they probably carry about half the 2,000 men allotted to big aircraft carriers. Only 260 were saved.

Ironically, many of those men who died in the after end of the *Liscome Bay* might have been saved if they hadn't been called to battle stations before the torpedo struck. They would have been asleep in the crews' quarters forward.

ROBERT JOSEPH CHARTERS Y1c had been in the Navy for six years. He had hoped to marry his girl before leaving San Diego, but in the hurried days before sailing he never found the time.

The weather was hot in the Makin area, and when Charters hit the sack at midnight on the *Liscome Bay* he simply lay down naked. He arose when GQ sounded at 0505 and put on his dungarees and the comfortable Marine shoes he had bought before leaving San Diego. Then he left for the office where he stood duty watches and general quarters.

It was the small office of Lt. Comdr. W. W.

Carroll, who served the ship as first lieutenant, a detail involving the berthing of the crew and the care of all loose equipment. During battle Mr. Carroll became damage-control officer, and it was through this post that all damage-control parties were directed. At these times Charters served as a talker, wearing the usual headset. The three men stationed in the office during the day—Mr. Carroll; his assistant, a jg, and Charters—were joined during battle alerts by a seaman named Galliano. He manned battle phones connected to the bridge circuit.

THE others were already in the office when Charters arrived at 0508, five minutes before the torpedoing. He noted with amusement that Mr. Carroll was reading "The Virginian." Mr. Carroll was very fond of the book. He always read it at morning general quarters but never during the day. He had almost finished reading the book when it was torn from his hand by the explosion at 0513.

The hit was farther aft and on the opposite side of the ship, but the blast was so great that it tore off Charters' life jacket, dungaree shirt, battle phones and even his marine shoes. The lights went out. He remained in his stocking feet the rest of his time aboard the *Liscome Bay*.

The first voice was that of the jg. He said to Charters: "Are you all right?" Charters answered "Yes" and then said to Mr. Carroll: "Are you all right?" There was no answer. He asked again. There was a pause, and then the commander said: "I'm all right." Galliano said "I'm okay" without being asked.

Flames from the hangar deck were visible overhead. Mr. Carroll felt for the doorway. "We've got to get up pressure to fight the fires," he said.

They groped outside to the passage but could not get up pressure on the hose. Charters looked at Mr. Carroll and said: "There's an awful gassy smell down here." The officer, struggling desperately with the valves to get up pressure, paid no attention. Finally Charters said: "This is no place for us. We better get out." Mr. Carroll turned away reluctantly from the valves and followed Charters without saying a word.

Three or four more men joined them and they went forward, losing each other once and finally collecting together again far forward at the base of the burning elevator shaft. There they found a warrant bosun named Hunt on his hands and knees, emptying a portable C02 extinguisher on the flames. Beside him lay three other extinguishers that he had already emptied.

Mr. Carroll said to Hunt: "Come on, Boats. Get the hell outta here." Without moving, Hunt motioned them to go. The other men glanced at Mr. Carroll to see if he was going to order Hunt out. It was then that they noticed for the first time that Mr. Carroll was covered with blood. He had been hit badly across the face and chest during the first explosion. The doctor was in the group, and he offered to dress Mr. Carroll's wounds, but Mr. Carroll refused.

They all went topside, coming out on the walkaway around the flight deck. Looking back, they could see that the after section of the ship was almost totally destroyed. All around them 20-mm and 40-mm shells were exploding.

Mr. Carroll told them to jump. Charters walked to the side and leaped off, completely unafraid of the great height and anxious only to get away from the bursting ammunition. In the water he looked back and saw that everybody had jumped except Mr. Carroll. He was walking up and down the flight deck, ordering others to jump and helping some men over the side.

Back inside the ship, Bosun Hunt finally gave up at the fire extinguishers and came on deck. He met Mr. Carroll again. But this time, instead of Mr. Carroll urging Hunt to go, Hunt urged Mr. Carroll to leave the ship.

"Come on," the bosun said. "Let's go."

"No," Mr. Carroll replied. "You go. I'm going to stay."

"I'm not going without you. I'll get you a life preserver."

"No," Mr. Carroll said. "Go home to your wife and kids."

"If you're not going, I'm not," Hunt said. He walked across the flight deck toward the exploding ammunition, looking for an extra life jacket.

"Come on back," shouted Mr. Carroll. "Don't go back there—I'll jump with you."

The doctor came up and joined them, and together the three of them cleared the side of the ship. Mr. Carroll's condition was getting worse. The doctor held him up while Hunt swam off to retrieve a life raft. When Hunt came back, he asked how Mr. Carroll was, and the doctor looked down at the man in his arms.

"He's dead," he said.

Charters was a survivor of the *Liscome Bay*. He came back to the mainland and married his girl on Christmas Eve. They are living in San Diego now, where he has landed a job as a chief yeoman at the Naval Air Station.

A REAR admiral and two captains were on the *Liscome Bay*. The rear admiral was Henry M. Mullinix, and he was in charge of the air group operating from the *Liscome Bay* and two sister carriers in the area. One of the two captains was John G. Crommelin Jr., who served as chief of staff to the admiral. The other was Irving D. Wiltsie, and he was captain of the *Liscome Bay*.

Rear Adm. Mullinix, a kind, friendly man, was in air plot when the explosion came, and he was badly injured. Several people saw him there with his head on his folded arms, but others reported seeing him later swimming in the flame-swept waters. He did not survive.

Capt. Crommelin, one of five famous brothers who are all Navy officers, had just stepped from the shower when the torpedo hit. Naked and wet, he was badly burned. Still without clothes, he walked out onto the flight deck and directed the abandoning in his area. Later he jumped overboard himself, then swam for an hour and 20 minutes before a destroyer picked him up.

Looking up, Roach saw that the man had on a life jacket, grabbed him by the feet and threw him in the water. Then he proceeded down.

Capt. Wiltsie survived the original explosion. Concerned by the damage aft and the men who were stationed there, he walked toward the stern on the flight deck to inspect the area. Several officers called to him to come back, but he walked into the exploding ammunition and smoke. He was not seen again.

CLOVIS (C.M.) ROACH was a storekeeper first class on the *Liscome Bay* but, like Yeoman Charters, he has since been promoted to chief. He is a Texan, is slight and wispy in appearance and has thinning blond hair. He looks like Ernie Pyle must have looked when he was 26.

Some months before, Roach had been a member of the crew of the *USS San Francisco* during her famous battle off Guadalcanal. Standing far below decks, passing ammunition while shells tore into the ship, he learned that battle is a serious business and fear a very real thing.

The *San Francisco* was a heavy cruiser, and he liked the security of her thick-skinned sturdiness. The *Liscome Bay's* light metal construction scared him. He decided that he would go below decks only when he had to.

So at 2100 the night before the torpedoing, Roach went to sleep on a cot on the fantail as usual. Reveille next morning awakened him 20 minutes before general quarters and 28 minutes before the torpedo struck.

Roach went down to the galley and bake shop where he talked with his buddies among the cooks and bakers. He munched a coffee ring, drank a cup of coffee and shot the breeze about who was on duty the night before. Several of the men were bitching about the lack of action. "I've seen it calm like this before," said Roach. "Something'll happen. It always does when it's calm." Then GQ sounded, and he headed forward to his battle station. He was wearing dungarees, a hat, regular Navy oxfords and carrying his life preserver under his arm.

Roach's battle station was in the forward issue room, and it was his duty to hand out emergency issues of flight and engine gear during battle. But the forward issue room was two decks down, and because of his aversion to being below decks he didn't go there. He went instead to sick bay, two decks above the issue room but astride the sole passage leading below. It had become his habit to stay there during GQ unless he spotted someone heading below with a request. Then he would accompany the man below, issue the requested material and come back up to sick bay. Roach's statement on the subject is very succinct: "As long as it's necessary to stay below, I'll stay there, but if it's not necessary I won't."

Five men had battle stations in sick bay: the ship's doctor, a chief pharmacist's mate and three other pharmacist's mates. They were there when Roach arrived, and everyone exchanged morning greetings. With a second-class pharmacist's mate Roach went into the treatment room. He sat on the table, and the mate sat on a chair against a bulkhead. While they were talking about their mission against Makin and speculating on the success of the joint operation against Tarawa farther south, the torpedo struck.

The bulkhead behind the treatment table blew inward, striking Roach on the back and knocking him 10 feet through the door. He got up and yelled: "There may be another one." Then he hit the deck again. Another explosion followed, somewhat less violent than the first, and Roach got to his feet. So did the others, and in a general melee of voices they all established that they were still alive. Roach groped his way back into the treatment room, searching for his life jacket. He found it in the dust and rubble on the deck, 15 feet from where he had laid it beside him on the treatment table.

Almost involuntarily the men looked down the passages leading from sick bay. One was on the port side and one was on the starboard, but both were blocked by debris and flames from the hangar deck. As a matter of personal interest, Roach also looked down the hatch leading to the forward issue room. It was utterly impassable. He went back and tried the port and starboard passages again without success.

The list of the ship, the smoke and flames, and the lack of communication made it obvious to everyone that it was time to get out if a way could be found. Roach spoke up. "I'm going to try working my way forward along the port passageway to the first-division compartment," he said. "Anybody want to come?" Without waiting for an answer he started forward. He could

hear others following him, but he didn't look back to see who or how many there were.

All the bulkheads were blown in. He climbed and crawled around them. He squirmed through a hole so small that he scraped off a shoe. Finally there was only one man left behind him. Together they made it through to the first-division compartment. They found it slightly damaged and empty and knew there must be a way out. To Roach it was the first clear sign that he was likely to be a survivor. Following a trail of fresh air he climbed two ladders and came out on the high (starboard) side.

He paused and took a few deep breaths. Flames and smoke were curling up the flight deck and he knew he couldn't abandon there. He went down to the port side. By the light of the flames he could see heads bobbing in the water. No rafts were visible, but someone behind him said: "There are three rafts and a floater net way out there."

Roach was a lone operator. He left the others on the deck and walked forward to the anchor chain. Tightening his life jacket around his chest, he crawled over the gunwale and lowered himself slowly down the chain. He had descended about 10 feet when another man, with the same intentions but more speed, climbed down on his shoulders. Looking up, Roach saw that the man had on a life jacket, grabbed him by the feet and threw him in the water.

Then Roach proceeded down the chain to the anchor and dropped six feet into the water. He took off his remaining shoe and started to swim, but his life jacket held him back as flames whipped around the bow. Only a change in the wind saved him from burns. He swam out to the floater net and climbed on with about 40 others. Someone shouted: "There she goes." He looked back to see the flames perish as the ship slid beneath the waves. He felt no regret at her passing.

There was one man on the *Liscome Bay* who abandoned ship twice. Gunner's Mate Huber Bassett crawled down a Jacob's ladder forward on the port side, near where Storekeeper Roach went in via the anchor chain. The wind was unkind to Bassett, and he soon found himself ringed by flame. He swam back to the Jacob's ladder and reboarded the ship. The oil gradually burned off the surface, and Bassett climbed down again and swam away.

WHEN Robert H. Carley was a junior at Occidental College in Los Angeles he found YMCA work so interesting he decided to enter the ministry. He stayed one more year at Occidental, made the All-Southern Cal basketball team and then went to Princeton Theological Seminary. After graduating from there he went directly into the Navy. Young, blond and handsome, he looked like a recruiting-poster officer.

Lt. (jg) Carley was the *Liscome Bay's* chaplain. He was in the head when the explosion came. By the time he raised himself from among the broken sinks, toilets and urinals, he decided that his first job was to find his life jacket and kit of personal belongings. The search was hopeless, and he had to leave the gear under the porcelain dust and broken pipes.

As he stepped outside into the passageway someone brushed past him. It was one of the two patients who were confined to sick bay recovering from appendectomies. The one who passed him was a pilot who had been operated on five days before. Although not a good swimmer, he rushed up to the flight deck, jumped over the side and swam several hundred yards to a raft. He was a survivor. The other patient had been brought over from a destroyer two days before to have his operation. He survived the original explosion and was able to walk out of sick bay, but he was not seen again. He was not a survivor.

The next person on the scene was Dr. Rowe. "We've got to get the patients out of sick bay," he said, but the chaplain told him they were gone. Mr. Carroll, still searching for a way to put out the fires, came up with several others. There was a little talk. In the back of everyone's mind was the thought of the 180,000 gallons of high-octane gasoline stored directly beneath them. Smoke and a strong smell of gasoline filled the area. Some of the men started to get sick and groped their way forward and topside.

As Chaplain Carley went through the aerographer's office he stumbled. Something in his mind said "life jacket" and he stooped down, identified it and put it on. Then he went out onto the high side walkaway.

Looking forward he saw that three officers—Dr. Rowe, Mr. Carroll and the nude Capt. Crommelin—had the situation under control, so he headed aft. All around the chaplain 20-mm and 40-mm shells were exploding, but he was so glad to be out from below that they didn't faze him.

He came upon three men huddled around a machine gun and went up to them. They were dead. Farther aft he found three other men dazedly standing by another gun, and he told them to abandon. They went down a rope, and he followed them into the water.

Later, as he was being hauled onto a destroyer, he heard someone addressing him.

"Well, Padre," said the voice, "I see religion paid off."

MOST of the men in the stewards' branch of the Navy are Negroes. They wait on tables, serve as orderlies and work in the officers' galleys.

There was an unusual messman on the *Liscome Bay*. The son of an impoverished farmer near Waco, Tex., he had joined the Navy to help his family earn a living.

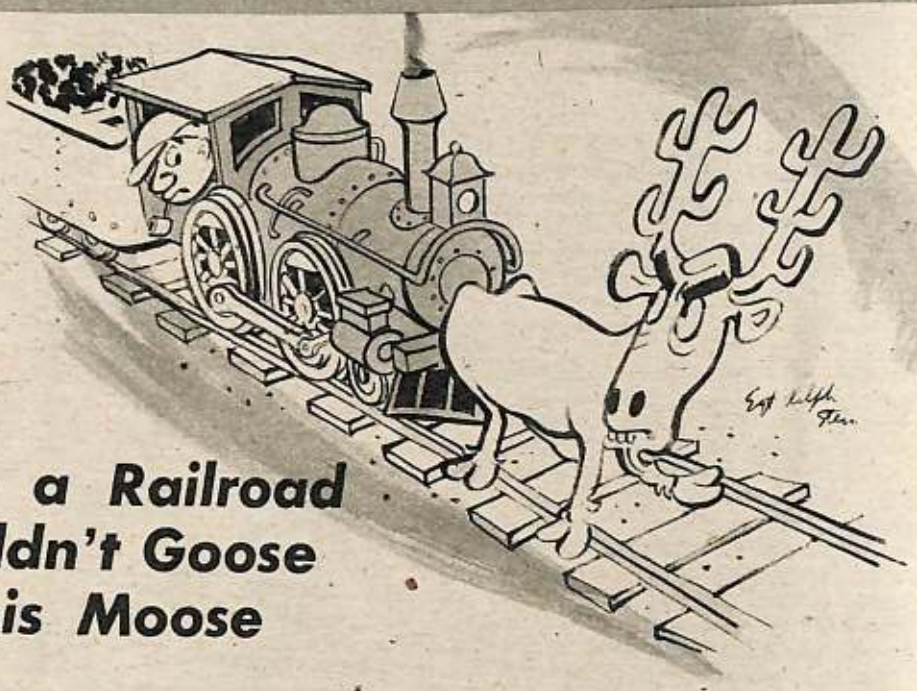
It was on the ill-fated *Arizona* that he became famous. During the Pearl Harbor attack he rushed to the bridge and manned a machine gun, firing it through the explosions and devastation around him.

For this action Dorie Miller won the Navy Cross.

In the Negro world Dorie Miller became an idol. There were fan clubs organized for him and songs written about him. His mother was brought up from Waco for a big rally in Harlem. She spoke to the people there.

"I just got a letter from Dorie," she said. "He don't write much. But he said he thought he'd be home around 1945. . . ."

Dorie Miller was in the after section of the *Liscome Bay* and was not a survivor.



Even a Railroad Couldn't Goose This Moose

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

ANCHORAGE, ALASKA—When tall tales are the order of the evening, Sgt. Mario J. Rinaldo usually breaks up the party with his account of a run-in he had with a moose that held up five railroad trains for 4 hours and 40 minutes. Eventually the moose ended up in little Indian and Eskimo bellies at the Eklutna government school, but that's getting ahead of the story.

Rinaldo used to be a railroad man in Tracy, Calif., so he went to work as an engineer when the Army stepped in to help the Alaska Railroad keep up with heavy wartime traffic. Rinaldo was in his locomotive cab one day, nosing along behind a rotary plow about 150 miles north of Anchorage, when the moose came into the picture. The animal, a full-grown bull, was trapped on the railroad tracks in a narrow pass where a snow plow had gouged out a steep canyon, high as a boxcar, between snowdrifts.

Ahead of Rinaldo's train and the plow was a freight train. For an hour and a half, the freight had been dragging along behind the sauntering moose. The moose couldn't find a break in the snowbanks lining the right-of-way. Three other trains were waiting on sidings for the northbound traffic to pass, but since a cornered bull moose is a fair match for a medium tank, nobody offered to climb down and recite the timetable to him.

At one point a small frozen stream broke the deep groove of snow, and the moose stepped aside grudgingly and let the first freight train rumble by. Before the snow plow could pass, the moose crowded back onto the tracks and started toward a narrow wooden trestle. The snow plow pulled up.

Rinaldo stopped his engine behind the plow and watched the moose balancing his 1,000-pound hulk across the bridge, tiptoeing from tie to tie. He saw the moose step between the timbers and struggle frantically to free himself. Finally the moose made it to the other side, but instead of turning off onto the creek, he struck out once more down the narrow corridor in the snow.

For two more hours Rinaldo's locomotive and the plow chugged along at moose pace. As the convoy rolled within a few hundred yards of a section house, the man on the plow became overanxious. He moved closer to the moose to nudge him into double time. This was a mistake. The moose trotted ahead a few yards, then turned, lowered his horns—which spread broader than the tracks—and stood his ground, ready to take on all comers.

The snow plow and locomotive stopped again. Nobody wanted to run the moose down.

Rinaldo and his conductor, Kenneth Porter, went into a huddle with John Manley and Art Hannon, the two men on the plow. They figured that the four of them ought to be able to give one moose the bum's rush, even if he did weigh half a ton. They started deploying cautiously along the right-of-way. The moose didn't scare. Instead, he charged. Rinaldo and the others scrambled back onto the train.

Then they tried terroristic tactics. They clanged the bell. They hung on the steam whistle. They chucked snowballs. They alternately flattered and insulted the animal, calling him by turns the most elegant buck in all moosedom and the offspring of degenerates. The moose didn't budge. Desperate measures were indicated.

While Rinaldo, Manley and Hannon created a diversionary front, Porter outflanked the spreading antlers in a mad dash to the section house, where he put through a long-distance telephone call to Anchorage. Next he borrowed a rifle, sneaked back along the tracks until he was within range and dropped the moose with one shot.

The telephone call, Rinaldo explains, was a formal request to the office of the Alaska Game Commission. You see, moose weren't in season.

Yanks at Home in the ETO

Pfc. Charles Moorehead, of Barrington, R.I., is tactfully pointing out to his hen, Nellie, that he hasn't had an egg since Easter and here it is half past three. "I show her a cold-storage one in a messkit," he says, "so she can't pretend not to understand what I'm talking about." But Nellie knows she's got what it takes in the ETO these days and bides her own sweet time.

Old Master

A GUY never knows when something he learns will come in handy. Take Major M. D. ("Zip") Willis, of Spartanburg, N. C., for instance. Twelve years ago, when he was sixteen, he found himself stranded, dead-broke, in Trenton, N. J., and in order to keep out of a flop-house he signed up with a flying circus, doing parachute jumps. Now the Major is commander of a Liberator Squadron, and not long ago was badly broken up when two of his best boys, coming back in a hopelessly crippled plane, froze, refused to jump, and were lost. Since then, Willis has been giving crews lectures on parachuting and, to prove that it can be a cinch, has made no less than 20 jumps himself.

Break Two!

This week we bring you the hot dope on hen-culture as she is practiced in the ETO by that famous old hen-culturalist of Barrington, R.I.—Pfc. Charles Moorehead, now a baker at an 8th AAF Fighter Station. Moorehead was a foundry moulder in civilian life, and some of the boys at the base say he has brought a touch of that talent to his pies, but his first love has always been chickens which gives him a headstart on the rest of us in this eggless land. The way Charlie sweats out an egg with a hen is something to behold, as you can see by the picture elsewhere on this page showing the Pfc. and his pet piece of poultry of the moment, a 6-month-old Rhode Island Red named Nellie.

"Sure she's a Rhode Island Red," said the boy from Barrington, when we came upon him hopefully clucking at Nellie in his Tom Thumb barnyard behind his Nissen hut the other day. "I would have nothing else but. Nellie turns out the only really fresh eggs in the ETO. I paid a pound for her and I figure she's going to repay herself in about two months. After all, eggs over here are 80 cents a dozen on the black market and she crashes through with a egg every damn day. That's because she gets a balanced GI diet—just what the soldiers eat. Today, for instance, she had roast pork, string beans, and gravy. But not powdered eggs. I've tried them on her and she won't touch the stuff. Hens figure powdered eggs are out of this world."

A veteran with one and a half hash marks to his credit, Pfc. Moorehead has been in the ETO a year now and already has started worrying what he's going to do about Nellie's egg output next Spring. That, it seems, is the moulting season and the moulting season is a tough time to live through for anybody who likes fresh eggs like the Pfc. does. "Nellie won't lay at all then," Moorehead told us, "unless I use evasive action. I'll have to sort of watch over her like a mother with a newborn, attend to all her whims, and keep all the droppings and tech sergeants and things like that out of the coop. But in the moulting season you can't do a hell of a lot for a hen, no matter what."

Tech sergeants, it developed, are almost as much of a headache to poultry fanciers over here as weasels and hawks are back home. "Nellie lays an egg every morning at around 8 o'clock," the Pfc. told us. "Comes laying time and Moorehead's got his tail out there and into the coop, waiting for what's his due. There are a couple of tech sergeants in the next hut and they're usually waiting, too. But I'm getting Nellie trained. Already she'll come when I call and before long I'll have her so, even when I sleep late, she'll hold back on that egg whenever she sees a guy with five stripes hanging around her coop."

"GOT ANY GUM, DOGFACE?" —Cpl. Ralph Newman

Sliding Scale

Help-wanted ad in the London *Evening News*: "Female weighing machine attendants for big store reqd; expnce not essential; good wages for live applicants."

And presumably, barely a living wage for dead ones.

Bilingual

Stop us if you've heard this, but it was a new one on us. A Joe came into a pub over in the beer-and-cider country the other evening, plunked his ninepence down on the bar, and asked for a "half-and-hahlf."

And someone was telling us the other day about meeting a Commander in the British Navy who had just got back after being stationed for eight months in Boston and whose favorite expression now is: "Cheerio, bud!"

Reminder

Miss those long afternoons at the ballpark, soldier? Could you go for a good, hot, 11-inning session under the mazdas? Wish you could hear the crowds boo again at the doubleheaders up at the Stadium or out at Wrigley Field?

Yeah, we feel the same way, but there doesn't seem to be anything anyone can do about it right now. However, in case you're one of the many who can't get the play-by-play accounts short-waved from the States, you probably *can* get, providing you're not too busy, the next-best thing. That's the resume of a Saturday-afternoon, big-league game which the American Forces Network over here broadcasts every Sunday morning from 10:30 to noon. AFN also brings you the latest baseball scores, received by teletype and shortwave, each evening on its 7 o'clock sportscast. And—who knows?—we may all be back in time for the Series.

Making A Yank Of Him

A pert little English girl we know has been telling us about a friend of hers—a young London widow who recently married an American sergeant. The bride has a two-year-old son by her former marriage, a kid named Stephen. Or rather it *was* named Stephen. Last week they officially changed its name to Butch.

Breezy

So down came this Mosquito, making an emergency landing at an RAF Intruder Base and racing along the runway like a rocket, with the pilot perched way up there where he couldn't see the strip for miles ahead. And there, down on his hands and knees and directly in the plane's path, was an elderly civilian gent painting a sign of some sort on the concrete. It looked like death—both sudden and certain—and the crash crews headed for the scene. When they arrived, there was the painter still painting away, although one of the Mosquito's wheels had all but grazed him only a few seconds before. The medics hustled anxiously over to him and asked if he were all right. The old codger was too deaf to hear their questions, but he was flattered by their attention and looked up with a grin. "Horrible dust those blasted things throw up, ain't it?" he said.

ON a mission with the RAF over Berlin, Cpl. Jack Coggins, a YANK staff artist, looked out on the night sky and saw the bright bursts of flak, the brilliant target indicators, the searching lights of the enemy ack-ack forces, the dark shapes of Lancasters moving into their target, and composed this painting. With D-Day now a reality, it is the artillery, the infantry, the men in the tanks who have taken over the major part of the burden of finishing the war in Europe. But the role of the RAF from 1940, and the combined achievement of RAF and USAAF since 1942 in all its detail and meaning is still to be written. It has been a savage, spectacular warfare. In the minds of men who might otherwise be thinking the things of peace it took the form of cool, logical and terrible figures—the destruction of a certain number of key industrial locations in Germany and the destruction of a certain number of precision targets. No one can blink the fact that this was savage. But the cue had been Hitler's, who had stated that the most savage attack was the most merciful since it more quickly ended resistance. That was the purpose of the mounting air offensive—to destroy until the enemy grew tired of being des-

troyed. Under this plan Cologne was one of the first of the German cities to be told from the air that war can come home—with redoubled force—to the makers of war. Hamburg learned that lesson, too. So did Leipzig, Munich, Bremen, Kiel, and, at last, Berlin. By day the thin red line drawn in

Forts and Libs into Germany were, actually, "task force" operations. But, with the daylight attacks on Berlin, it was made clear that sorties, to any part of enemy-held Europe, were not "task force" but big scale military operations. Whatever may happen from now on in to the finish, the men who flew these ships and manned these guns by night and by day

marched the airlanes into Germany. They shook down to the ground the security of the German Home Front. They smashed her factories,

Now, the men who had been standing by are fighting their way onto European soil, and the airmen of the U. S. and of Britain fly overhead, giving them needed air support. The Air War continues even as

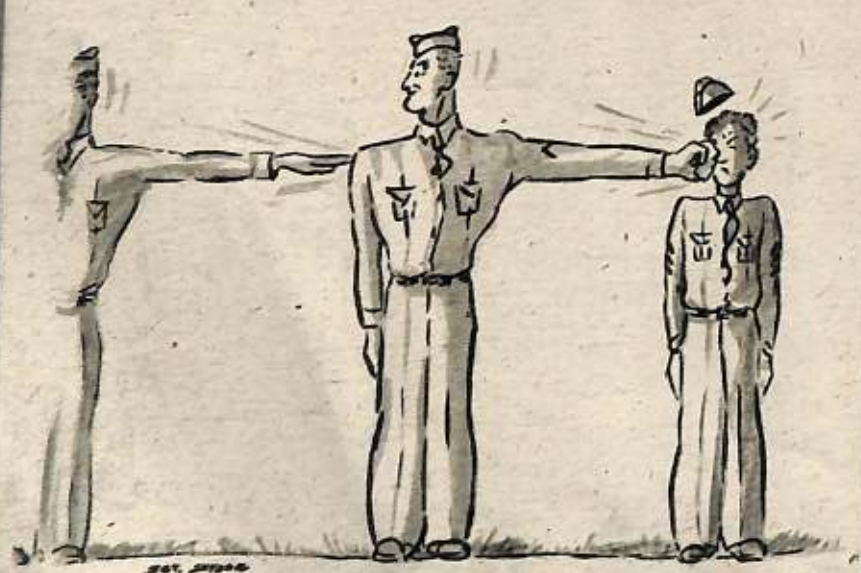
THE SAD SACK

"IMPRESSED"

©1944

SGT GEORGE BAKER

"WATER HOT ENOUGH, MAC?"
—Pfc. Thomas Mull



"DRESS RIGHT . . . DRESS!"
—Sgt. Snyder

". . . AND SO, CORPORAL, FOR REASONS I CANNOT EXPLAIN, I MUST HAVE YOU TRANSFERRED."
—Cpl. Marty Davis

News from Home

The President named three highly important months, a picnic was broken up by machine-gun fire, a labor leader said there should be no strikes in war or peace but another disagreed with him, and a binge loomed for a quarter of a million stockholders in a whiskey firm.

Now here's something to look forward to—but get out those long-range field glasses first. So many hot spots back home have shut down because of the new 30 per cent Federal cabaret tax that the Senate last week lowered it to 20 per cent for civilians and to zero for GIs on furlough. So someday, Jackson —but let's stop dreaming and get on with the job.

Tuesday of last week was Memorial Day, in case you didn't notice it, and the weather in most regions back home was the nuts —real midsummer temperature and sun. War factories pounded along right through the holiday, of course, but many firms not engaged in armament work knocked off from Friday night to Wednesday morning, with the result that travel over the weekend was 15 per cent higher than it was a year ago at the same time and railroads, buses, and planes were jammed. The yachting season got underway on Long Island Sound and, for the first time since Pearl Harbor, seaside resorts along the East Coast were as brilliantly lighted at night as they used to be way back when. Girls sauntered along boardwalks wearing the new barebacked, sleeveless, and often strapless dresses which fashion experts are predicting will be the rage this summer not only for street wear but in offices.

Theatrical Notes: Broadway drama critics went out to Camp Shanks, the POE near Orangeburg, N. Y., to gander the opening of *About Face*, a "blueprint" musical comedy cooked up by Special Services for soldiers and Wacs everywhere to put on. "A world-wide hit" was the way one of them described it. . . . A vaudeville show called *Tars and Spars*, put on by the Coast Guard and starring Chief Boatswain's Mate Victor Mature, the former Hollywood pin-up boy, was credited with having doubled the number of Spar recruits during a tour of the nation.

And still the nation waited tensely for word of an invasion. Newspapers devoted front-page space to describing weather conditions in the English Channel and stood ready to run off extras at any hour all around the clock once word arrived that D-Day had come. Race tracks will close on that day, it was announced, schools will be let out in many parts of the country, and prayer services will be held everywhere. Somebody figured out that the American press had 400 correspondents in England alone, waiting to cover the biggest story in history.

"INVASION" is not the word for it, said President Roosevelt at a press conference; "liberation" might be better, because it conveys a sense of more than immediate military operations and includes postwar planning.

When will it come? All the President could say, without tipping his hand to the enemy, was that the big blow could be expected "this summer" and that "summer" meant June, July, and August.

While in a definitive mood, Roosevelt suggested that "the Tyrants' War" might be a good name for the present conflict.

The President blamed a slip of the tongue for the remark he had made a few days earlier to the effect that he might meet again with Prime Minister Churchill this summer, in the fall, or in the late spring—a remark which some had interpreted as meaning that he saw himself as still in office a year from now. Roosevelt said he had intended to limit himself to the period between now and next January 20, the date when his present term will expire, and that he had not meant to be so technical. Then he laughed, and went on to say that he'd like to see Churchill next spring, no matter what.

As for what the U. S. is aiming at in the way of postwar peace, the President said it is an organization to work with the rest of the world without taking away the nation's independence or integrity in any way, shape, or manner.

"The period of decisive action is now at hand," declared your boss, Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson, in a statement referred to in some quarters as the most official one yet made on Allied strategy. Describing a three-step pattern for winning the war, as worked out by the U. S. joint chiefs of staff, Stimson said the first task had been to ship enough men and materiel overseas to block further Axis gains, and that the second had been to rub out the enemy's perimeter defenses. Now, he said, the time was

At left, Adrien Grasselly, New York gem expert, prepares to split a $200,000 diamond. One slip and he'd have been in the soup, but (right) he made out okay.

An amphibious vehicle and an ambulance are duck soup for this new monster cargo plane to carry. It's the Navy's Conestoga and totes a total of 10,400 pounds.

Out for all-American titles in the National Swim Meet at Oakland, Calif. Left to right: Nancy Merki, of Portland, Ore.; Ann Ross, of Brooklyn, N.Y.; Leola Thomas, of Washington, D.C.; Joan Fogle, of Indianapolis; and Suzanne

"I HAD TROUBLE MAKING TRAIN CONNECTIONS."
—Cpl. Art Gates

ripe for the third and final step—" decisive action " to overwhelm Hitler's European fortress.

Deployment of service and Air Force troops overseas, Stimson explained, is almost completed and the movement of ground troops is rapidly nearing its peak. The Army now has 3,657,000 men overseas, he said, and by the end of this year over 5,000,000 will be in battle theaters. Almost simultaneously, the Navy announced that it had 1,566,000 men afloat or on foreign duty as of April 1, that 900,000 more are in training or in transit for such work, and that its total strength now stands at 3,277,000.

As for losses, Stimson said that U. S. casualties in Italy, from the initial landing last September to May 27, came to 55,150, a figure which he broke down as follows: killed, 9,686; wounded, 36,910; missing, 8,554. It was on a Thursday when he declared that the German High Command was going to do its level best to hold the Velletri-Valmontone line south of Rome. Headline in the *Stars and Stripes* two days later: YANKS CAPTURE VELLETRI, VALMONTONE.

Encouraging though Stimson was concerning the armed might of the U. S. and her Allies, he had a cheerless word to say about how long this mess we're all in may be expected to last. Explaining why it had been decided to do away with a lot of aircraft-warning centers that have been operated in the States partly by GIs and partly by civilians, he said: " This war has a long way to go. We are now just entering upon its crucial phase and victory lies far ahead beyond many bloody battles. They demand the full resources of our country in manpower and material. For that reason the War Department has directed further reduction of air-defense measures and the release to the offensive of trained soldiers and equipment that could not otherwise be brought to bear upon the enemy." Which means a lot of Joes who have been marking time at ack-ack posts in coastal cities will be packing their A and B bags any day now.

Stimson said that the cutting down of air defenses back home is not to be taken as an indication that all danger of an air raid there has passed. Sneak raids, he declared, are still possible. Nevertheless, the danger was apparently not regarded as very imminent by officials of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, who ordered the rehanging of 300 paintings which were removed for safekeeping in a secret hideaway during the height of the bombing scare shortly after Pearl Harbor.

A few evenings after Stimson's warning, folks on the West Coast thought their time had come when, from Los Angeles to as far south as San Diego, radio stations went off the air and a blackout was ordered —the first such occurrences out that way since the early days of the war. After half an hour it was found that the unidentified aircraft which had created the alarm were friendly, and normal life was resumed.

Accidentally warlike incidents occurred in two communities—Brooklyn, N.Y., and Santa Ana, Calif. The Brooklyn one took place at the intersection of Myrtle and Flatbush Avenues when a tank of chlorine gas which a truck was toting to a pier sprung a leak. A miniature gas attack followed as the fumes spread through an area of two blocks, overcoming 300 persons. Some of the gas victims were seized with coughing fits, others collapsed on the pavement, but there were no fatalities and the leaking tank was finally hauled away by cops with gas masks. The gas, being heavier than air, seeped into a nearby subway, tying up traffic there for more than an hour, and driving scores of passengers to the street, where things weren't much better.

Out in Santa Ana, two families, kids and all, innocently went picnicking on San Onofre Beach, unaware of the fact that the place was a restricted military area being used as a machine-gun range for Marines. Suddenly the guns opened fire and the picnickers managed to escape being riddled only by throwing themselves into some shallow foxholes which had recently been dug on the beach during maneuvers.

Worrying about getting that job of yours back after you're out of all this? Local draft boards handling veterans' job problems have been told by Selective Service that the seniority rights of any man on active duty must accumulate in the same way they would have if he'd stayed where he was and never put on a uniform. To get his old job back, a vet must show that he is up to handling it, according to Selective Service, and " so long as there is any doubt the veteran is entitled to a chance to prove he can." Moreover, by the terms of the ruling, a vet is entitled to reinstatement even if this means letting a non-vet go, no matter what the latter's seniority rights.

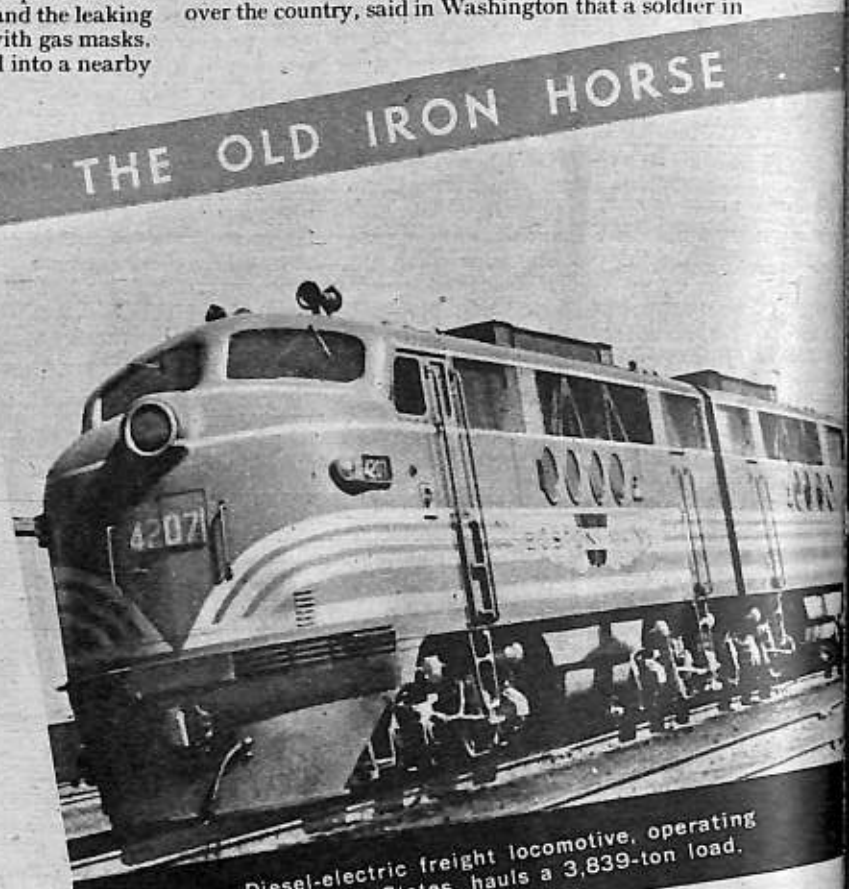
But a lot of guys, it seems, aren't going to want their former jobs back—aren't even going to want to go back where they came from, for that matter. A War Department survey made at an East Coast separation center showed that 40 per cent of the veterans who are getting discharges don't care for the idea of going home to the old grind. And at a West Coast center an even higher percentage feel that way.

THE Treasury Department and the War Labor Board okayed a plan by which the Chicago *Tribune* will pay former members of its staff who are married and now in the armed forces " an amount equal to 50 per cent of the difference between the salary of the employee and his military pay." Unmarried persons in the same boat will receive semi-annual bonuses in amounts varying with the length of the time they have put in with the company. If the total amount received by a married employee now in the services does not come up to two-thirds of his former salary, the *Tribune* will give him enough more to make it do so.

Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes, who is struggling with the problem of transferring Japanese-Americans from evacuee centers to communities all over the country, said in Washington that a soldier in Italy had sent him a suggestion of how to deal with people who oppose the project. The GI, a corporal named J. H. Kety, wrote to Ickes as follows: " May I suggest that you send all those narrow-minded, bigoted unAmericans over here to relieve the 100th Infantry Battalion of the 34th Division?" Ickes said that the battalion mentioned is composed of Americans of Japanese descent and that 900 of the men in it are entitled to wear the Purple Heart, 36 the Silver Star, 21 the Bronze Star, and three the D.S.C. In reply, Ickes wrote to Cpl. Kety: " Thank you for your letter. It is quite apparent that you know what you are fighting for."

Ickes' cause received a more or less indirect setback when Dr. Edwin P. Williams, Dean of the graduate school at the University of Pennsylvania, announced that Naomi Nakano, of Ridley Park, Pa., an attractive, 19-year-old American-born Japanese student with a Phi Beta Kappa key to her credit, would not be allowed to accept a graduate scholarship at the U. of P. Under the university's present rules, he said, no new Japanese students can be admitted.

The U. S. now has one plane more—put together from scratch, rolled out of the shop, and ready to fly—than it had when you started reading this piece back on the top of page 15. The War Production



This new Diesel-electric freight locomotive, operating in the New England States, hauls a 3,839-ton load.

MOURNERS. Alfred E. Smith; daughter, Mrs. John Warner; and son, Capt. Al Smith Jr., enter St. Patrick's Cathedral for funeral of Mrs. Smith, Sr.

HELLO POP. Mother helps four-day-old Robert P. Labouy, Jr., bawl greetings from St. Louis Hospital to his Seabee father in South Pacific.

Board reported in Washington that the States this year are turning out planes at the rate of one every five minutes, and that this is just about four times better than what Germany was able to do at her best, back in 1942. In that year, the Nazis added 27,000 new planes to their air fleet, the report stated, but their production has since been cut to 75 per cent of that number, which would be 20,250. Since the beginning of the war in Europe, it was announced, the U. S. and British Empire together have manufactured approximately 300,000 planes; Germany's production during that period has totalled an estimated 100,000 and Japan's 41,000.

Bad news again on the industrial front. There were 42 per cent more strikes during the first four months of this year than in the corresponding period of 1943 (the big war-industry town of Detroit has been plagued with them for a month) and munitions production was three per cent behind schedule in April. Harry Bridges, president of the International Longshoremen's Union and one of the powers in the labor movement on the West Coast, said he thought that, both during the war and after, labor should give up the strike as a means of obtaining its ends and should substitute political action. "We're fighting ourselves when we strike these days," said Bridges, and Local #6 of his longshoremen's outfit adopted a resolution backing his point of view.

R. J. Thomas, president of the CIO auto workers union, had no use for this type of reasoning, which he denounced as "ridiculous" and "defeatist." Thomas, however, had a stern word to say to the million workers in his union on the subject of unauthorized strikes. Warning them to "cease all wildcat strikes," he told them that if they failed to do so they would "face an attack no union can withstand."

Thirty-five hundred trolley and bus drivers went on a two-day strike in St. Louis, Mo., tying up traffic pretty badly, and a number of the strikers emerged from it with a headache they hadn't figured on. Eight draft boards pounced on them and—whambo!—reclassified them from essential workers to 1-A. John J. Griffin, of the Executive Committee of Associated Draft Boards of St. Louis, explained this action by saying that when men who have been given occupational deferments go on unauthorized strikes they "should be immediately considered as having quit jobs essential to the war effort and should be immediately classified in 1-A and inducted into the armed services, regardless of age."

A peculiar sort of strike in reverse, conducted by 13,000 union workers of the Brewster Aeronautical Corp., in New York and Johnsville, Pa., was regarded by many as a significant bit of handwriting on the wall. The workers, who were about to be laid off because the Navy had cut down on production, stayed on their jobs without pay and refused to leave the plants until they were promised more work. This prompted Senator James E. Murray, of Montana, chairman of a special sub-committee of the Senate Military Affairs Committee, to demand immediate legislation to control the change-over of factories from war to civilian production.

Unless the reviewing authorities or the President intervenes, Lt. Beaufort G. Swancutt, 31, of La Crosse, Wis., will be hung for murdering four persons and wounding four others following a party at the officers' club at Camp Anza, Calif., last March. Only if error is found in his court-martial trial or if mitigation is recommended can he avoid being the first Army officer to be hanged for murder since the last war. He will be recognized as an officer until an order for his execution is received from Washington, after which he will be stripped of his rank and the order carried out.

Still recovering from wounds he received when he was shot by a policeman who took him into custody following the shooting, Lt. Swancutt, who had been slated to go overseas the day after the quadruple murder, attended the court-martial proceedings in a wheelchair, but he stood up to hear the reading of the court's unanimous verdict. His face showed no signs of flinching as he learned that he was a doomed man. During the trial, his mother and his estranged wife, called by the defense in an effort to avoid capital punishment, testified that he had previously attempted suicide on four occasions and had frequently acted violently without remembering it afterward. The Lieutenant himself testified that he had been the victim of a mental blackout which lasted from a few hours before the shooting until several days after it and he denied any intent or motive for the crime. Those he killed were Dorothy Douglas, whom he said he had planned to marry after the war; Lourdine Livermore, a friend of Miss Douglas; Capt. Aubrey G. Serfling, his immediate C.O.; and Arthur Simpson, a Riverside policeman.

After hashing it over for a mere hour and 17 minutes, a jury of 11 men and one woman acquitted Robert I. Miller, 67-year-old Washington, D.C., attorney, of the fatal shooting of Dr. John E. Lind, noted psychiatrist, in a crowded downtown street in the nation's capital one day last February. Throughout the trial, which was marked by some rather torrid testimony concerning Mrs. Miller's relations with both her husband and Dr. Lind, the defense pictured Miller as a man broken by his wife's infidelity. The prosecution described him as a calculating murderer who had plotted coldly how to kill and yet go free.

Two ETO heroes met in New York for a big weekend and then went back to their home towns to wind up their leaves. They were, as you've probably guessed, Captain Don S. Gentile, of Piqua, O., the 8th AAF P-51 Mustang fighter pilot credited with nailing 23 Nazi planes in the air and seven more on the ground, and his wingman, Captain John Godfrey, of Woonsocket, R. I., While in the big town, Gentile went on the air to say that he was itching "to get back to the big leagues" and try his "luck" again, and Godfrey said ditto. Then the two parted company and took off to wind up their respective leaves at home.

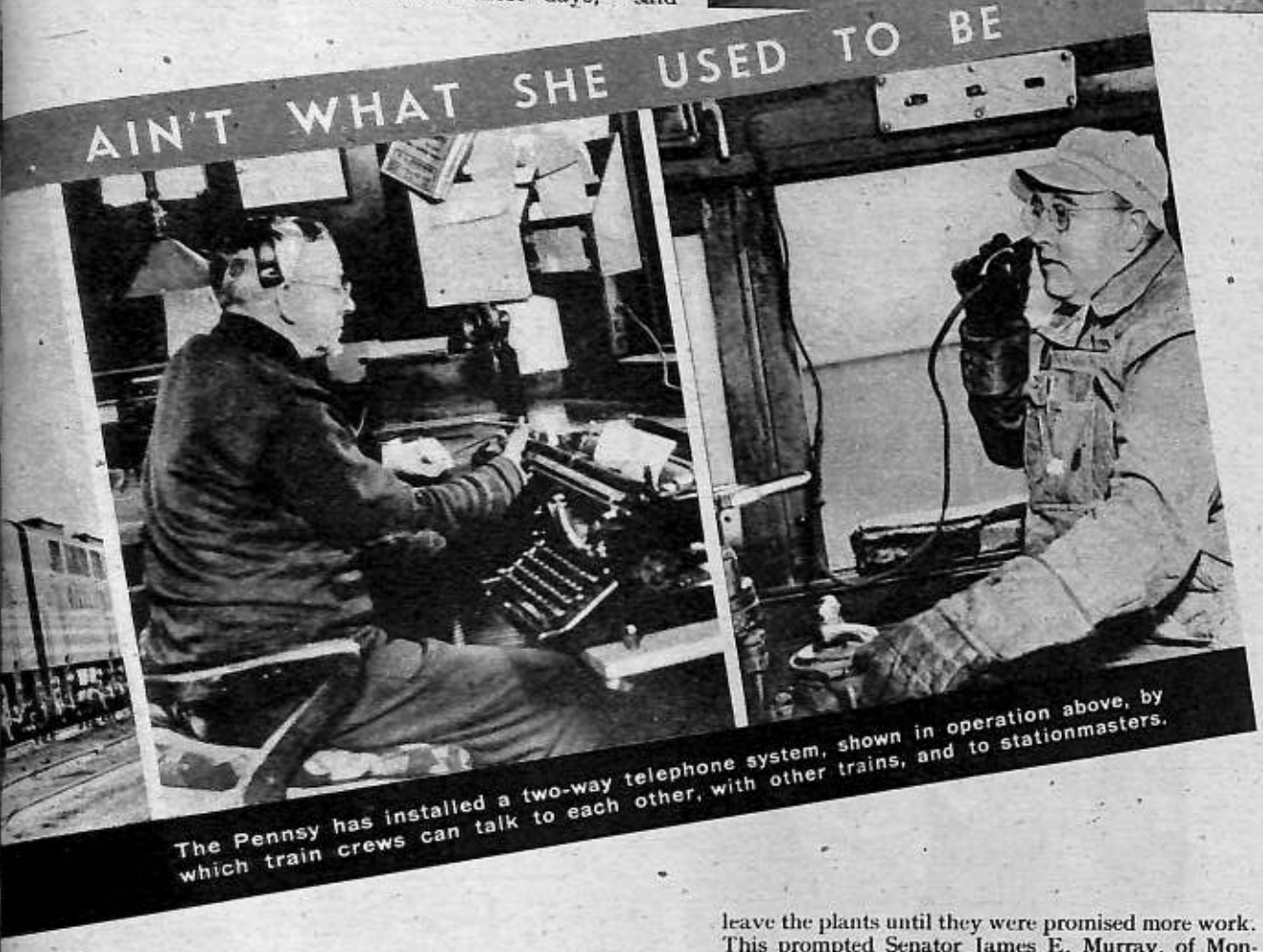
Captain Gentile had been back home from Gotham only a short while when, by golly, what should happen but he ups and admits he's in love for the first time in his life. A gent who had always given the girls the cold shoulder in preference to studying aerodynamics and celestial navigation, the pilot was asked about one Isabel Masdea, a pretty 20-year-old Columbus girl. "That's right," Gentile replied, simply. "We're in love." Miss Masdea was introduced to Gentile by his uncle, Frank Cipriano, a Columbus attorney, who, with a group of other relatives, was at the Columbus airport to greet him when he returned home from the ETO some three weeks ago. The Masdeas have long been friends of the Ciprianos and, it turned out after they were introduced last month, Don and Isabel were classmates at elementary school. Describing Miss Masdea as the most beautiful creature he'd seen, Captain Gentile said: "I have read of American fighting men marrying Australian girls and have seen many of our flyers take English brides, but my heart belongs here in America. I'm all for gorgeous American girls."

Major Richard I. Bong, who has been just as hot in the South Pacific as Gentile was over here, also had his mind on other things than downing enemy planes. He's home on leave, too, and took the occasion to give an engagement ring to Marjorie Vattendahl, of Superior, Wis., who was a schoolmate of his at Superior State Teachers College.

In Hollywood, Joan Fontaine, winner of an Academy Award, was granted a divorce from Brian Aherne, whom she married in 1939 in Del Monte, Calif. She complained that her husband had made her feel "like a kind of guest" around the house.

The manufacturers of Park & Tilford whiskey announced to a parched nation that all of the firm's 250,000 or more stockholders may buy, for every share they hold, six cases of the precious stuff at one-third the regular retail price. Just thought you'd like to know, Joe, on the off-chance that you have a couple of shares kicking around in the bottom of your barracks bag.

CAMPAIGN BARGE. Forbidden to campaign on the streets, the United Mail Order Employees Union (CIO) operated this barge past the Montgomery Ward plant in Chicago before the NLRB election. The union won the election the day the Government turned plant back to private management.



The Pennsy has installed a two-way telephone system, shown in operation above, by which train crews can talk to each other, with other trains, and to stationmasters.

Mail Call

What The Major Thinks EMs Want

Dear YANK,

I have just finished the May 14 issue of YANK. Do you know that soldiers DON'T want to see or read about: 1. *Pictures of other soldiers in uniform;* 2. *Guns;* 3. *Latrines;* 4. *Foreign scenes;* 5. *Photos of military bands;* 6. *Airplanes flying, or on the ground;* 7. *Foreign soldiers, especially in jungles;* 8. *Sailors or anything to do with the Navy;* 9. *The line of march;* 10. *Pictures of dead soldiers. (The novelty of these photos has worn off);* 11. *Amphibian attacks;* 12. *Bombed buildings and areas;* 13. *Things military, which they are in contact with all their waking hours.*

Soldiers DO want to see pictures and read about: 1. *All kinds of women—any nationality;* 2 *Sports at home;* 3. *All kinds of women;* 4. *Scenes and happenings at home;* 5. *All kinds of women;* 6. *Cartoons of any kind—especially humorous like the "Sad Sack;"* 7. *All kinds of women;* 8. *Women at home;* 9. *Women in theaters of operation;* 10. *New and important army regulations;* 11. *Humor;* 12. *Women.*

The present YANK appeals to civilians and soldiers who have desk jobs at home.

Your attention is invited to the fact that it is my belief that soldiers (all grades and ranks) are not interested in 70% of your present space.

Talk to a Pfc. in the field, please. The rest of us do not count. Serve him and you will serve the service. To hell with what you think or what I think, either. Get it from the horse's mouth in the field.

Britain. Major HOLBROOK B. CUSHMAN, Civil Affairs

Latrine Literature

Dear YANK,

Upon my arrival in the ETO I came across a piece of literature that has troubled me since the discovery. This masterpiece was scribbled on the wall of a new latrine but it seems to belong in a category of a higher calibre. Will you answer my plea and tell me have you, YANK, or any of your readers, heard of this thing before and if so, by whom was it written? You see I have a feeling that there is more to it.

"——and if the wine you drink,
The lips you press, End in the
Nothing all things end in, yes.
Then fancy while you are, you
are but what you shall be,
Nothing. You shall not
be less.

Now YANK may I ask, "Did you ever in your life——?"

Sgt. CARLOS H. SPARKS

Britain.

[Always glad to help out for the sake of the higher arts, pal. The quotation is from the beautiful "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," translated by Edward Fitzgerald in 1859.—Ed.]

War And The Sexes

Dear YANK,

After observing Army nurses in company of EMs in the ETO, and especially of taking them to officers' Red Cross Clubs, the question has been raised as to the exact status of officers and enlisted personnel. We would like to know if it is merely a ruling by the Theater Commanders or is it covered in ARs that forbids officers having dates with enlisted WACs.

It seems to us that whatever the ruling is, it should apply to nurses as well as officers.

Could you advise us as to procedure followed in the U. S., and in the ETO?

Britain. TWO OFFICERS

[According to the A.G. Publications Office, ETO, there is no written authority in ARs or Circular Letters forbidding officers of one sex to fraternize with EMs of the other sex, or vice versa. The only basis for such prohibitions, we are told, is the semi-official "Customs of the Service," which also keeps EMs out of officers' clubs, etc.—Ed.]

Pastoral Pin-ups

Dear YANK,

Pin-up girls are fine, especially one or two I could mention. But every week and every week—they begin to look like so much horsemeat, especially when they're on the back of the magazine. Actually, these hyper-glamorous pictures should rather seem richly rare and fitly framed.

Here's an idea. Why not have the pin-up girls every other week, and in-between-times have pin-up pictures of scenes back home? A page-spread of a Kansas wheat field, bordered by gigantic cottonwood trees and softened by some of those gently rolling clouds in the middle distance—such a photograph would look mighty good to these tired ETO eyes. Or sunset over Golden Gate Bridge. Or Badger Pass at Yosemite, in late spring. Or a sunny afternoon on Michigan Avenue in Chicago. Or midnight on Times Square.

Of course, it would be hard to pick the scenes—at least the first 48 would be the hardest. But somebody picks the girls, too. (I wonder just how you do that?)

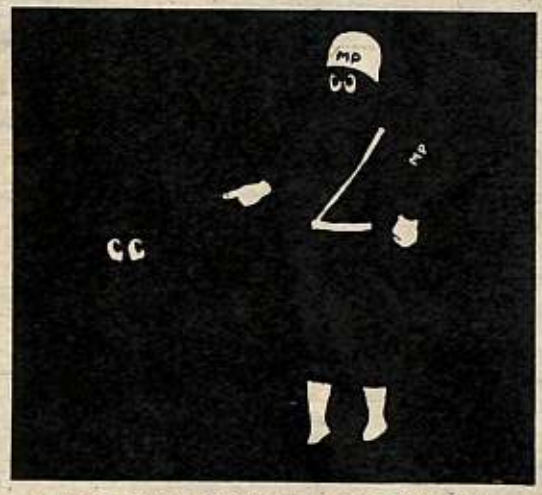
And I really think a lot of the boys over here would enjoy such scenic remembrances of home.

T/5 RICHARD D. MacCANN

P.S. I am not, you will notice, suggesting that you discontinue pin-up girls. Ye gods no!

Britain.

[Sorry, pal. No pictures of "Midnight on Times Square" available. But maybe this scenic view of "Midnight on Piccadilly" will tide you over.—Ed.]



"HEY, SOLDIER, STRAIGHTEN OUT YER TIE!"
—Cpl. B. D. Burian

YANK'S AFN Radio Guide

Highlights for the week of June 11

SUNDAY 1915—The Jack Benny Show—with Mary Livingston, Dennis Day, Eddie "Rochester" Anderson and Phil Harris and his Orchestra.

MONDAY 1915—Command Performance—with Ginny Sims, Lena Horne, Irene Manning and Spike Jones. Ginny sings "San Fernando Valley" and Lena Horne vocalizes "I Can't Give You Anything But Love."

TUESDAY 1930—The Dinah Shore Show—Dinah sings several of your favorite tunes. Also another adventure in the lives of "William and Mary" with Cornelius Otis Skinner and Roland Young.

WEDNESDAY 1905—Bob Hope—with Frances Langford, Vera Vague, and music by Stan Kenton and his Orchestra. This week's guest Ella Logan, sings "Mississippi Dreamboat." Frances Langford sings "Poinciana."

THURSDAY 1930—The Crosby Music Hall—John Scott Trotter's Orchestra, The Music Maids and Lee, and the Charioteers.

FRIDAY 1905—Duffy's Tavern—Archie Gardner has as his guest this week Gracie Fields. She sings "Besame Mucho" and "Leave Us Face It."

SATURDAY 1330—YANK's Radio Weekly.
2005—Jubilee—with June Richmond, Tiny Rogers, Roy Eldridge. Tiny Rogers sings "If You Can't Smile and Say Yes Sergeant, Please Don't Cry and Say No."

1375 kc. 1402 kc. 1411 kc. 1420 kc. 1447 kc.
218.1 m. 213.9 m. 212.6 m. 211.3 m. 207.3 m.

The Laissez-Faire Blues

Dear YANK:

You can hear it in pubs, PXs, bull sessions—wherever the soldier has a few moments to think—that, at the end of this war, whatever else the soldier will not achieve, he will at least regain his freedom. And freedom is usually conceived as the traditional American idea of the right to conduct a business as one sees fit, the right to live an individualistic life, and the right to protection while engaged in any legitimate activity. The soldier released from the confinement of the army will be especially impatient with any attempt to deny him what he considers freedom. Yet, the result of such impatience can be catastrophic, for post-war America can provide abundantly for the good life if we do not cripple its political growth by insisting on a worn-out definition of freedom.

Freedom is not only a set of rights; it is not the mere absence of government restraint. Freedom is not merely the right to do things of no value to any one but yourself, or to do things enjoyable to yourself but hurtful to some people. Freedom also implies the necessity to carry out duties toward everybody else by denying certain freedoms to yourself. No community could exist if every one had rights and no one had duties. In a society of great complexity and

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NEW YORK: Sgt. Allan Ecker, Sgt. Leo Hofeller, Sgt. Joe McCarthy, Sgt. Dan Polier, Sgt. Justus Schlotzhauer, Sgt. Harry Sions, Sgt. Ralph Stein, Sgt. Arthur Weithas. WASHINGTON: Sgt. Earl Anderson, Cpl. Richard Paul. ITALY: Sgt. George Aarons, Sgt. Walter Bernstein, Sgt. Burtt Evans, Sgt. John Frano, Sgt. Burgess Scott. CAIRO: Sgt. Steven Derry, Sgt. J. Denton Scott. IRAQ-IRAN: Cpl. Richard Gaige, Sgt. Al Hine, Cpl. James O'Neill. CHINA-BURMA-INDIA: Sgt. Ed Cunningham, Cpl. Seymour Friedman, Sgt. Dave Richardson, Sgt. Lou Stoumen. SOUTHWEST PACIFIC: Cpl. Bill Alcine, Cpl. George Bick, Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt, Cpl. Ralph Boyce, Sgt. Marvin Fasig, Sgt. Dick Hanley, Cpl. LaFayette Locke, Pvt. John McLeod, Sgt. Charles Pearson, Cpl. Charles Rathe, Cpl. Ozzie St. George. SOUTH PACIFIC: Sgt. Dillon Ferris, Sgt. Robert Greenhalgh, Sgt. Barrett McGurn. HAWAII: Sgt. James L. McManus, Cpl. Richard J. Nihill, Cpl. Bill Reed. ALASKA: Cpl. John Haverstick, Sgt. Georg N. Meyers. PANAMA: Sgt. John Hay, Sgt. William T. Potter, Sgt. Robert G. Ryan. PUERTO RICO: Pvt. Jud Cook, Cpl. Bill Haworth. TRINIDAD: Pfc. James Iorio. BERMUDA: Cpl. William Pene du Bois. ASCENSION ISLAND: Pfc. Nat Bodian. BRITISH GUIANA: Sgt. Bernard Freeman. CENTRAL AFRICA: Sgt. Kenneth Abbott. ICELAND: Sgt. John Wentworth. NEWFOUNDLAND: Sgt. Frank Bode. GREENLAND: Sgt. Robert Kelly. NAVY: Allen Churchill, SP (x) 3C; Robert L. Schwartz, Y2c.

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Pictures: 1, OWI. 2 and 3, BOP. 4, 5 and 6, OWI. 7, bottom left, OWI; bottom right, Keystone. 11, Sgt. Reg Kenny. 12 and 13, Signal Corps. 15, top, OWI; center, AP; bottom, Keystone. 16, center, AP; bottom left, Acme; bottom right, INP. 17, top, Acme; center, Keystone. 20, top left, INP; center left, PA; others, Acme. 21, top, PA; bottom, Sgt. Young. 23, bottom left, Bippa; bottom right, Keystone.

The SOLDIER SPEAKS:

"Should the U. S. Get Mixed Up With the Rest of the World After the War?"

This page of GI opinion on important questions of the day, open to all enlisted men in the armed forces, will appear in YANK as frequently as possible. Our next question will be "Should the U. S. Have Compulsory Military Training After the War?" If you have any ideas on the subject, send them to The Soldier Speaks Department, YANK, The Army Weekly, APO 887. We'll give you time to get them here by mail. The best ones will be printed.

"Cooperation Will Win"

THE U. S. should assume enough responsibility to prevent another World War. To be more specific, our participation should be in keeping with our influence and prestige as a democratic nation. The Moscow Declaration and both the Cairo and Teheran Conferences have established the framework for continued collaboration by the U. S. during the post-war period. If such Allied cooperation can win the war, then it should be able to win the peace that will follow.

If we look at the bitter and sordid pages of history of the past two decades, we can well realize to what extent our withdrawal to the side lines weakened the will of the smaller nations to resist the growing demands of the aggressor nations. Our spectator approach to international affairs certainly did not bring us the splendid isolation envisioned by some of our ostrich-minded public figures.

We are too much a part of the family of nations in Europe and Asia to forsake them for a monogamous existence among the clover of isolationism. Our national economy and security are bound up with the economy and security of other nations. Consequently our national interest can be best served if we share the responsibility of bringing peace and prosperity to the countries of the world.

Too long we have deluded ourselves that like King Canute we could sweep away the tides of aggression by assuming that isolation had given us an exalted power of omniscience. With amused and muddled tolerance we watched the tides of Fascism spread from Manchuria to Ethiopia, from Spain to Czechoslovakia until it burst over the Continent, deluging millions of free peoples in a blood bath. After all this, it took a Pearl Harbor to galvanize our nation into action.

Our plight resulted from our failure to recognize our responsibility as a great and democratic world power. The war and our stake in the post-war world have made it clear that we can no longer shirk that responsibility.

—Sgt. DAVE GOLDING

North Africa.

"A Nationalist U. S."

ACTUALLY, I don't believe an international organization will work, and, frankly, I see no indication that isolationism will either.

Take the internationalists. Some of them talk about "freedom for everybody"—so long as they're not asked to include the people of India, the Netherlands East Indies, Puerto Rico, and Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia. They declare themselves for "equality" until somebody insists that they sit in the same Pullman with a Negro or abolish the poll tax. They want to give milk to the Hottentots but are opposed to job security for Americans.

Take the isolationists. Quite a number of them are so busy raising hell with Roosevelt that they never get around to damning Adolf Hitler. They denounce democracy but demand all its protections when they are accused of sedition. They are opposed to fighting Germany but seem to want a battle with Russia and/or Great Britain at the drop of a lend-lease bullet.

I say a plague on both their houses.

The U. S. should be nationalist, should have a huge peacetime Army and Navy, enough to take on the whole world, should cooperate with other countries when that is possible but should, above all, always expect a great war every 20 years or so.

—Pfc. HAROLD WAGONER

China—Burma—India.

"Isolationist Way Failed"

I HAVEN'T met a man yet who plans to stay in the Pacific after the war is over; even the men who've married New Zealand and Australian girls plan to bring them back to the States. We want to get home—and quick. (Although there's been a lot of talk about rotation, we haven't seen any yet—except for the Air Forces.)

But just going home isn't enough. My dad fought in the last war and got a piece of shrapnel in his leg at Chateau-Thierry. He came back from France convinced that the U. S. had fought its last war. So did most of the rest. Obviously they were wrong, and a lot of their sons are wondering why.

Some of us think that the "mind-our-own-business-and-to-hell-with-everybody-else" boys have had their chance. We minded our own business when they formed the League of Nations at Versailles; we closed our eyes when the Japs marched into Manchuria; we beat our chests for "Neutrality" when Mussolini sent his thugs to Ethiopia; we shouted "Propaganda" when anyone suggested that it was Hitler and Mussolini who were directing the Spanish War, and we whistled "Yankee Doodle" when Austria fell and Czechoslovakia was carved up for Adolf's breakfast.

And right up to Pearl Harbor we were trying to pretend what the Japs did to the Chinese was none of our affair; they'd never do it to us if we just kept them supplied with scrap iron and oil.

Okay. So we tried the isolationist way, and it failed. It failed so bad several millions of us are scattered from hell to breakfast cleaning up a mess that almost everybody now agrees is definitely our business. It might have been easier if we'd started sooner, at Manchuria, for instance. Maybe just the Marines and the Regular Army could have stopped the Japs there. Maybe if the British, the Russians, the Chinese and the U. S. had said "no" then and backed it up with the willingness to fight, the Japs would have thrown their guns away once and for all.

Maybe getting together with the rest of the world in a strong, determined organization won't work. Maybe we'll still have World War III. Maybe not.

Down here a lot of us want to give the new way a chance.

—Sgt. JAMES KEELEY

South Pacific.

"A Hard-Headed America"

ALL the GIs I know are militantly rebellious against practically all they have read and heard about Europe, Asia or Africa.

Most of the men who have been with us for some time have rubbed hard against realities both here and in Africa. Most of all they have been shocked by the dirt, the lack of cleanliness in both places, by the ignorance of the people, and by the yawning difference between those who rule and the ruled.

Of one thing I am confident. The returned GI will know the facts. There is going to be a great deal of hard-headedness and less sentiment in the future American foreign attitude.

These beliefs have grown among the GIs here.

Americans are getting too little for the money they are spending so gratuitously.

Americans have naively supposed that the utterances of a few "lordly anointed" represent the considered views of an interested people.

Americans have been sentimental and foolishly tearful over the "downtrodden" and have not given credit to the spirit and spunk that have enabled other people to do something for themselves.

And Americans are never further from the truth than when they suppose that a few million dollars is going to give spunk and spirit to people who are perfectly content to go on living as they have for the past 6,000 years.

I think that the GI has a feeling that there is work at home for everybody. The American taxpayer has so much at home to spend his money for. Every community should have its own community hospital. There is no conceivable reason why every American youth shouldn't have a college education. And money which has been spent in the past, charitable or otherwise, for hospitals and schools in the jungles of Africa and in the back reaches of India would have done a great deal more good if wisely spent at home.

The average GI abroad has no desire to intrude in the strict internal affairs of another country; he is not particularly hostile, but he does believe with blazing intensity that the American dollar should be rescued as a pawn in the international game of greed, graft and grab. He declares for a new kind of independence. The theory that you can buy friendship, respect or peace will vanish forever with the return of the GI to the home community.

—Sgt. NEWTON H. FULBRIGHT

Italy.

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interdependence, such as our own, the obligations of a citizen to his group must be large, since the rights afforded by a high standard of living are also large. The citizen must therefore realize that for the privilege of living in a complicated community, he must accept many duties and burdens which will inevitably appear to him as a restriction of his liberty.

The post-war America to which we will return will differ in important respects from the one we left. For instance, America will possess a great new rubber industry; it will also have great industries of little peacetime use; it will have major problems of taxes; it will have a great international obligation to keep the peace; most people will believe in the possibility of full employment. Under these and other changed conditions, new restraints on individual freedom will be necessary in order to achieve a higher and more equal standard of living, which is, in essence, a fuller freedom. There are trends toward the following:—

1. The right to a job may be guaranteed, but the freedom to hire and fire may be further curtailed.
2. The right to medical care may be provided, but the freedom to choose a particular doctor may be limited.
3. The right to security for your savings may be further secured, but the freedom to invest reduced.
4. The right to a fair price for your crops guaranteed, but the freedom to plant a particular crop may be curtailed.

These trends should not be halted because the rights to be limited are traditional American rights. If these, and other proposals of the future, can be examined with an open mind, without fear, and with the realization that all freedoms necessitate obligations to the majority; the democracy to which we will return will be able to take more realistic steps toward creating a better society.

Britain.

Cpl. M. B.

Unimpeded

Dear YANK:

The boys in this photo are from a well-known artillery unit that has been in the ETO about as long as any one, and plan to aid in the extermination of Hitler.

They don't want to waste any time getting haircuts and so forth after they get him on the run, so decided to get one that would last for some time.

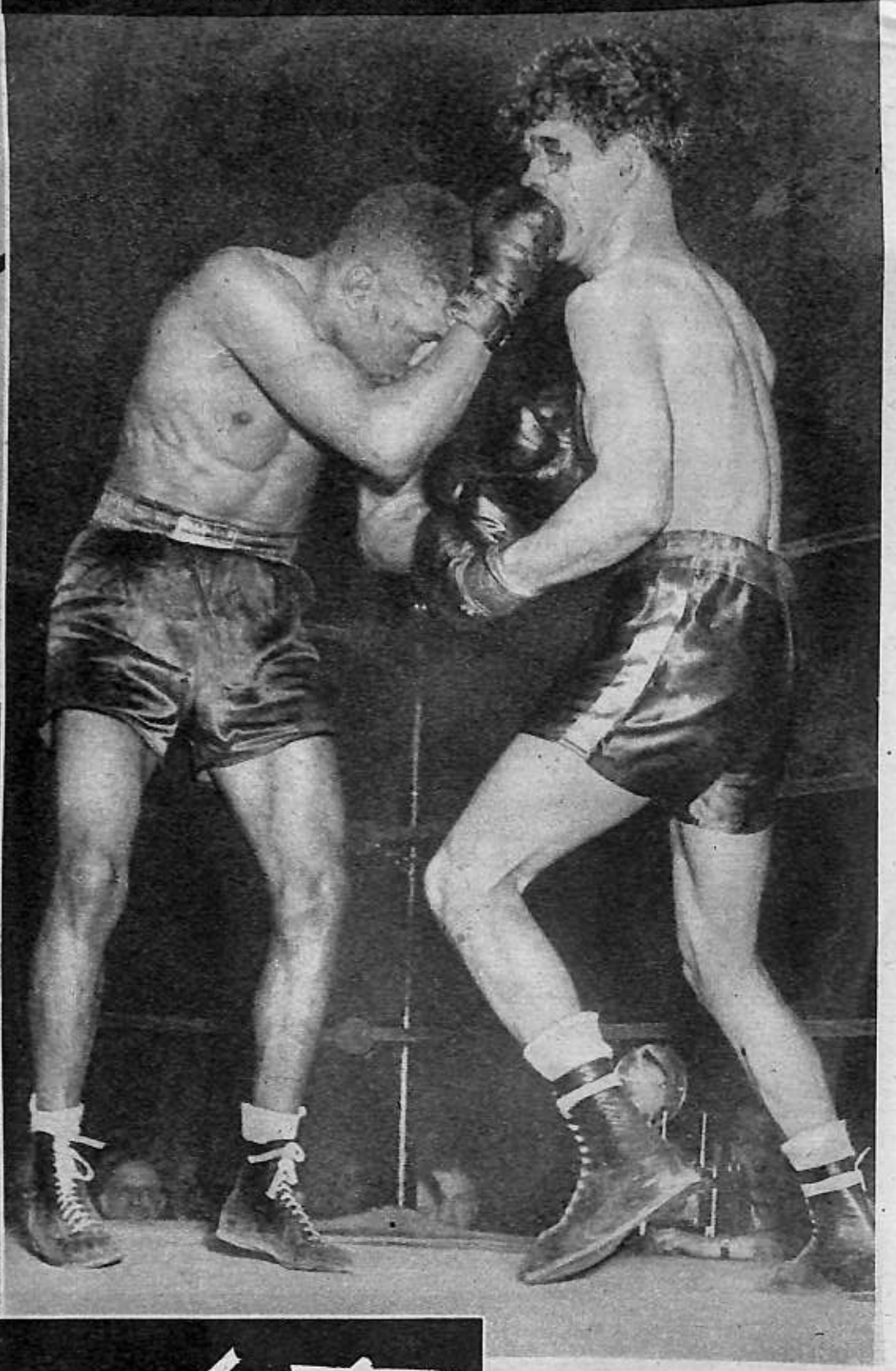
Britain.

Pfc. JOHN R. GARDNER

SO CLOSE. John Dick of West Point has a close brush with the pole-vault bar at 13 feet, but skims over to win in the Penn Relays.

GREEDY. George Kell of the Athletics tries to stretch a double but gets tagged out by Boston's Jim Tabor covering third base.

BLOODY FRONT. From the looks of Joey Peralta's face this wasn't the only time Bob Montgomery hit him in 10-round bout at Chicago. Monty hit him often enough to win the decision.



action shots

AT JAMAICA RACE TRACK IN NEW YORK PAUSE LONG *ENOUGH* FROM THEIR LABORS TO SEE HOW THE OTHER HALF OF THE HORSE

SPORTS: TOUCHING ALL BASES IN THE BIG LEAGUES

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

Braves whoop it up around Jim Tobin in the dressing room after his no-hitter against the Dodgers.

BASEBALL G-2. The lowdown on why the Boston Red Sox sold Tony Lupien to the Phillies is that Joe Cronin was dissatisfied with Lupien last year and swore, when the season ended, that Lupien never would play first base for him again. Cronin even threatened to play there himself if Tom Yawkey didn't get rid of the kid. . . . The Chicago Cubs vow they are through with Lou Novikoff, the Mad Russian, and want to peddle him to the Cincinnati Reds or anybody else who will take him. . . . Marty Marion probably doesn't know it himself, but the Cardinals were anxious to sell him last winter, because Red Schoendienst, their switch-hitting shortstop from Rochester, was ready to move up. The plan fell through when the Army took up its option on Schoendienst. . . . Joe McCarthy is certain the Senators are the team to beat and not the currently hot St. Louis Brownies. . . . Mel Ott thinks the Cardinals are greatly overrated. . . . Almost every club in the National League has tried to pry catcher Clyde Kluttz away from the Boston Braves, but Bob Quinn says the only way they can get him is at the point of a gun. . . . At $20,000 Spud Chandler would have been the highest-paid player in baseball this season. But his contract had a draft clause in it that the Yankees invoked the day he entered the Army. . . . Lowest paid players in baseball today are Washington's little band of Venezuelans and Cubans. . . . Most people think Hank Greenberg's $55,000 was the second-highest baseball salary; Ruth's $80,000 being the daddy of them all. But Ty Cobb clipped gentle Connie Mack for $70,000 in 1928, his last year with the Athletics. . . . Howie Schultz, the Dodgers' string-beany first baseman, is a sucker for a curve ball on the outside.

One-Minute Biography. Pitcher Jim Tobin of the Boston Braves, whose no-hitter against the Dodgers was the first in three major-league seasons. . . . A Yankee scout saw him pitch for Roosevelt High School in Oakland, Calif., in 1930 and wasn't impressed. Two years later the scout saw him work again and signed him. . . . After five years' apprenticeship in the Yankee farm system at Bisbee, Ariz., and Oakland, Tobin came up for spring training in 1937 and roomed with Joe DiMaggio. He developed a sore arm before the season started, and the Yanks decided to option him back to Oakland. "I'm not going back to Oakland," he said. "Either I stay with the Yankees, or I am sold to some other big-league club." . . . Joe McCarthy approved a transfer to Pittsburgh because he thought Tobin was too much of a clown ever to settle down. . . . With the Pirates he was an ordinary pitcher who managed to get by because he could control a knuckleball. After four seasons with Pittsburgh he was traded—with cash—to the Braves for Johnny Lanning. He has never been a big winner for Boston. . . . Always regarded as dangerous long-ball hitter, Tobin set a major-league record for pitchers by hitting three homers in one game against the Cubs two years ago. . . . Married and has one child, 6-year-old Patricia. . . . Weighs 200 pounds, stands an even 6 feet tall, and has blue eyes and brown hair. . . . 1-A in the draft.

Some Little-Known Facts. Mrs. Buck Newsom has been given permission to accompany Bobo on road trips, because Connie Mack knows she is the only person who can take care of him. . . . Dixie Walker of the Dodgers is one of the best read players in baseball. So was Red Ruffing, the old Yankee. . . . In more than 40 years of umpiring, Bill Klem has never worked a no-hit game. But Bill Stewart has been behind the plate in three: Johnny Vander Meer against the Dodgers in '38, Tex Carleton against the Reds in '40 and Jim Tobin against the Dodgers. . . . Ernie Lombardi is the most popular player on the Giants, and yet nobody will room with him. He snores too loudly. . . . Two Dodgers, Bob Chipman and Bill Lohrman, were actually born in Brooklyn, but neither lives there now. . . . Gil Torres, the Senators' new third baseman, is really a pitcher by trade. He won 19 games for the Chattanooga-Montgomery club last season. His father used to be a third-string catcher for the Senators. . . . Mel Ott sets a National League record every time he draws a walk, hits a homer or drives in a run. . . . Joe and George Wood, Red Sox rookie pitchers, are no kin but were born only six days apart in 1920. . . . Cliff Melton is the cross-word puzzle champion of the Giants.

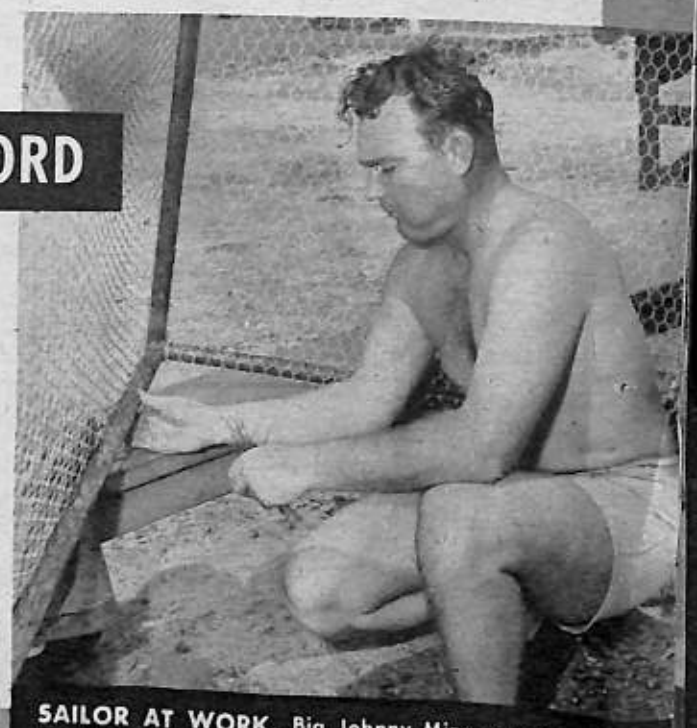
Take a Quote, Please. Elmer Verban, the Cardinals' new second baseman: "I've always tried to pattern myself after Frankie Frisch. He was the greatest second baseman for my money and, if I can be only half as good, I'll be happy."

Frankie Frisch: "I was the most dreadful fielder who ever came up. If I didn't have a strong chest, I wouldn't have lasted a week. Many's the time I almost was brained by a grounder. The only qualification I ever had was that I could run like a deer. But so could Jesse Owens and Charlie Paddock, and I never heard of them making the Giants."

THIS is absolutely our last **Lefty Gomez** story. On his tour of Italy, Lefty stopped to talk with a bunch of GIs who had just returned from some rough going in the mountains. "So you guys think you're roughing it," he said coldly. "Well, you ought to play 13 years with the Yankees and then go to the Braves." . . . The reason **Bronko Nagurski** gave up pro football and wrestling and signed as UCLA's backfield coach was that he was sensitive about his 4-F rating. . . . Isn't **Pvt. Vic Hanson,** who used to turn out some fine football teams at Syracuse, the first EM to serve on West Point's coaching staff? . . . **Sgt. Gregory Mangin,** the ex-Davis Cup ace and now a Fortress gunner in Italy, has played tennis in practically all of the countries he's bombing. . . . Ironically, **Lt. Col. Tommy Hitchcock** was killed in a P-51 Mustang, the same plane he championed so hard when nobody else in the Air Forces wanted it. . . . When **Pfc. Bill Veeck,** owner of the Milwaukee Brewers, reported to an advance Marine training base in the South Pacific, he discovered that the athletic officer of his new outfit was **Capt. Roscoe (Torchy) Torrance,** an old friend, who was president of the Seattle club. Naturally they talked shop, and during the conversation Torrance happened to mention that Seattle was in desperate need of a shortstop. Veeck said that Milwaukee had one to spare and then wrote to **Charley Grimm,** his manager, suggesting the sale of the shortstop.

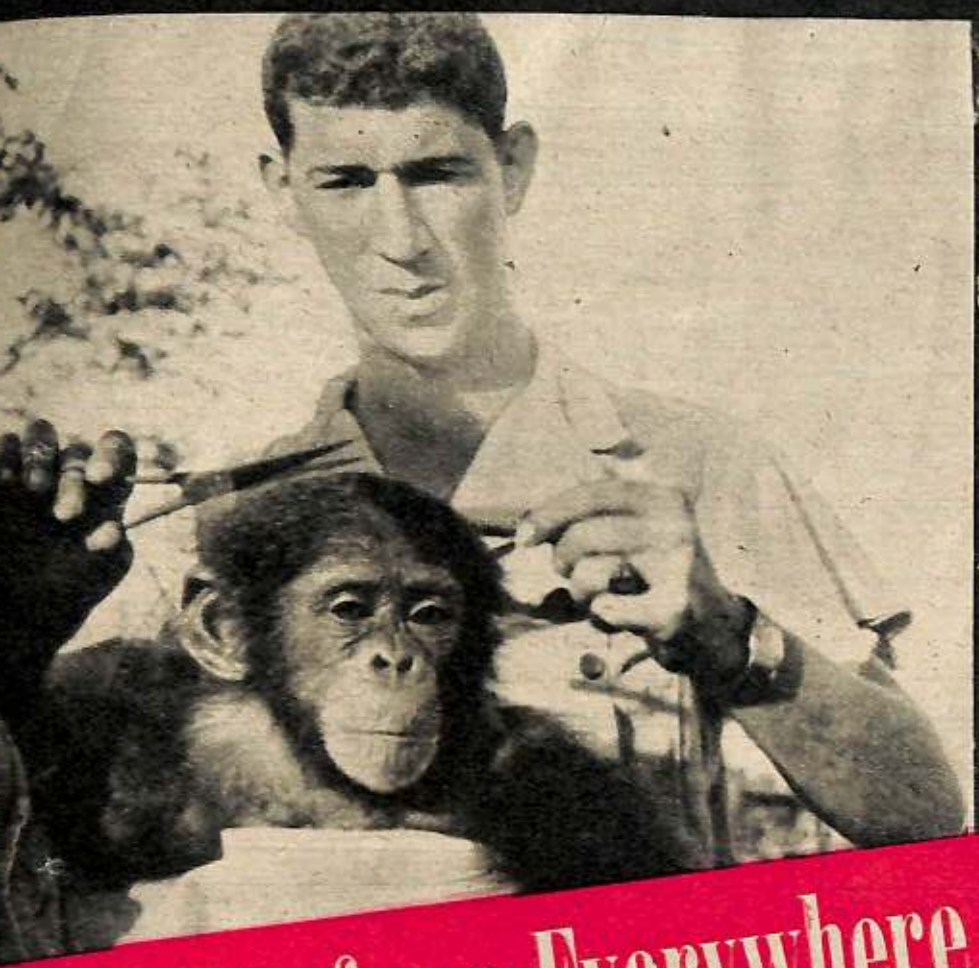
Missing in action: **Lt. Charles (Stubby) Pearson,** Dartmouth's 1941-42 football and basketball captain, in the South Pacific, where he was a pilot of a Hellcat fighter based on a carrier. . . . *Commissioned:* **Harry Eisenstat,** former Dodger, Tiger and Indians pitcher, as a second lieutenant in the AAF; **Angelo Bertelli,** Notre Dame's player of the year, as a second lieutenant in the Marines. . . . *Transferred:* **S/Sgt. Joe DiMaggio,** AAB to the South Pacific; **Lt. Comdr. Jim Crowley,** post-war coach of Boston pro Yankees, from the South Pacific to Sampson (N. Y.) Naval Training Station. . . . *Ordered for induction:* **Mel Ott,** Giants manager, by the Army; **Danny Litwhiler,** Cardinal outfielder, by the Navy; **Luman Harris,** Athletics pitcher, by the Navy; outfielder **Butch Nieman** and infielders **Connie Ryan** and **Damon Phillips,** all of the Braves, by the Navy. . . . *Rejected:* **Rudy York,** American League home-run champ, because of loose cartilage in left knee; **Ted Atkinson,** the jockey, because he was underweight (99 pounds).

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD



SAILOR AT WORK. Big Johnny Mize, one-time Cardinal, Giant and Great Lakes first baseman, builds a batting cage for his Navy team in Hawaii, where he hopes to level all fences this season.

NO CHUMP, THIS CHIMP. He just makes himself so likable that they cut his hair and bathe him weekly, free, in Africa. T-4 Frank Neri is the barber.



HELLO, WOODENHEAD. In Bougainville, S/Sgt. Bill Neiswonger inspects the Empress Augusta. He carved her from teakwood. If she could only breathe!

Shorts from Everywhere

A Muddy GI in Italy Visits the Showers

By Cpl. RALPH W. JAKE
YANK Field Correspondent

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—Yesterday a bunch of us went back for a bath. It was the first one that I had had for months. You know how hard it is to keep clean while guns and shells are going off day and night.

When we reached the showers, the place looked like a big circus, with all of the tents. Steam was coming from the tents and hundreds of fellows were standing around—bearded, dirty and freezing. Oh, this land of sunshine—where is it?

Our gang had to wait its turn, standing in the cold an hour or more. We had a twinge of envy as we heard the shouts of joy from the lads on the inside: "Whee, it's cold." "Oh, that water's hot." "Hey, Joe, where's the soap?" "Close that tent flap—it's cold."

Little by little, the line moved up as more and more clean boys came out. There were big smiles on their bearded but clean faces as they showed off their clean clothes. You'd think they'd just received their discharge papers instead of being headed back to the front lines.

I could see the man in charge of the line counting off the others up ahead, directing so many into this shower tent and so many into that one. I was still about tenth in line when I noticed a latrine sign. That reminded me that I'd wanted to go an hour before but didn't. (This cold weather will do these things to the best of us.)

"This is as good a time as ever," I muttered to myself. Then I left the line and waltzed across the road to the latrine. When I came out, I saw the last few men in my gang going into the shower tent and I ran to join them.

"Where do you think you're going?" somebody asked me in a not-too-gentle voice. It was one of these back-of-the-front-line soldiers—the kind who has never heard a gun fired or seen a dead Jerry or even one of our own men dead, but still writes and tells his friends he's right in the thick of the fighting. I looked at him.

"I'm going for my shower," I said.

"You have to get in line like the rest and wait your turn."

"I was in line, and that's the last of my outfit that just went in. If I don't go in now, I'll miss the truck back to the front, and then where will I be?"

"See the chaplain, buddy," he said sweetly.

"Enemy planes," I shouted. "Duck!"

He and the rest of the line ducked. So did I, only I ducked into the shower tent. Sneaking in that way made the shower feel twice as good. The only thing wrong was that they gave us that 99.44 percent pure GI soap to use; if that won't take the dirt off, much less the skin, nothing will.

It wasn't hard to undress. Most of our clothes were so dirty they just fell off, and the socks—well, they walked away by themselves.

It was like a football game. First quarter—time to undress. Second quarter—in and out of the showers with a one-minute warning to catch that dirty spot you missed. Third quarter—shiver until your teeth chatter, and dry off with a GI towel. (Well, a wash cloth; that's how big it is.) Fourth quarter—pass through the clothing line.

The men in charge looked us over, and then dished out socks, underwear, a pair of OD pants and a shirt to each man. Whatever size you had before, that's the size you took now: nobody cares how you look up at the front. At least there were clean fatigues and a field jacket available, if you could talk faster than the man in charge of them. But that was one department that didn't have much business.

Then into the truck and on our way "home."

It wasn't long before we heard one of Jerry's shells coming over the road and we knew we were close to the front again, close to the mud and the rain, where you only dream of a trip to the showers.

Soldier-Sailor-Marine

AN ALEUTIAN BASE—Unable to rotate himself back to the States, Sgt. Edward J. Malloy of Chicago did the next best thing and worked out his own rotation system. When Malloy arrived here with an outfit of K-9 German shepherds, the Army gave him a winterized tent to live in and fed him three times a day; but the sergeant wasn't satisfied with either rations or quarters.

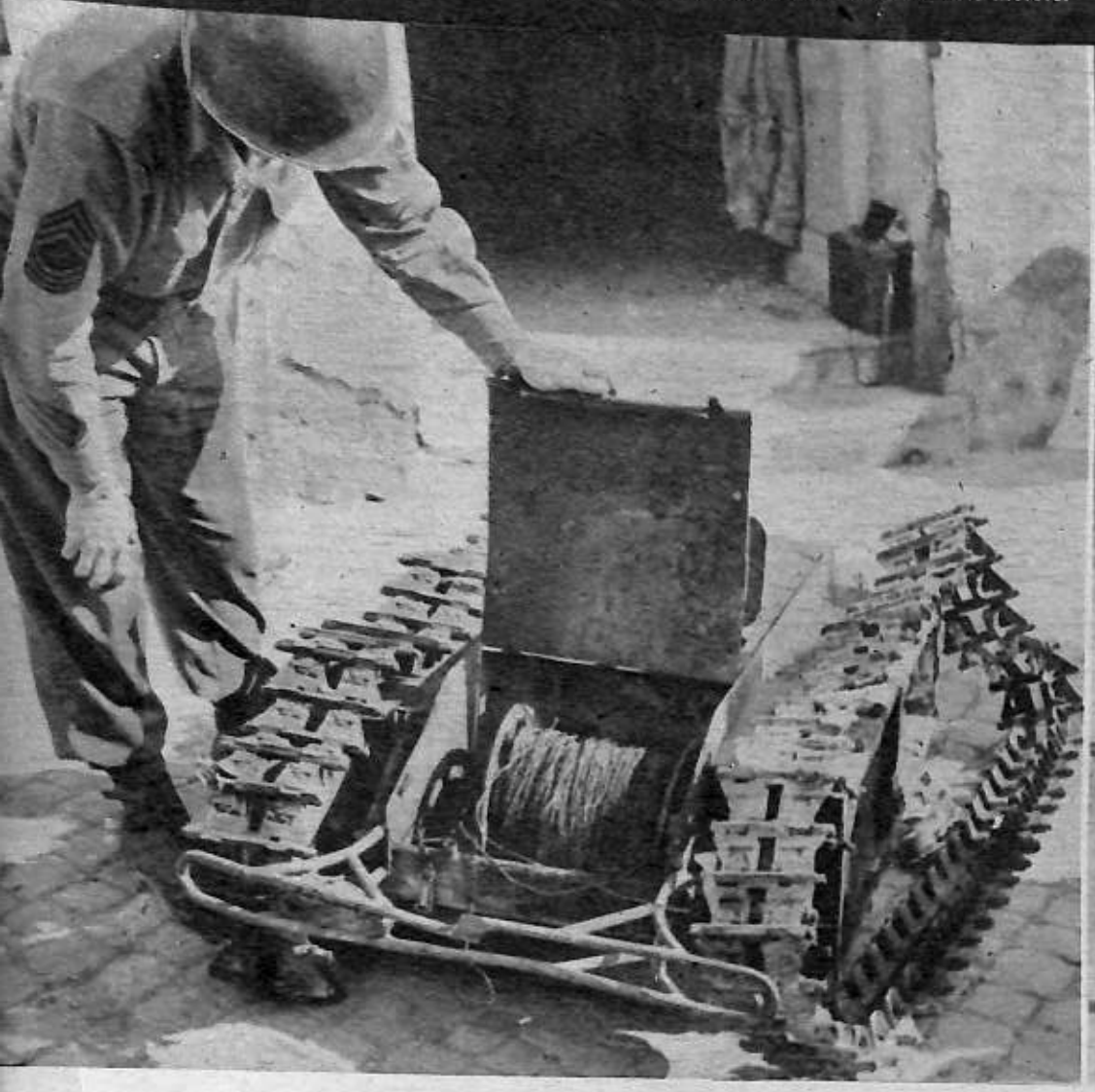
Picking up a rumor in the community latrine about the Navy having it better down the road a piece, Malloy—through channels, of course—worked out a deal with the Navy. He offered them the use of his surplus Army dogs, on condition that he go along to check on their handling.

Now Malloy spends only his week ends with the Army. He goes to the Navy five days at a stretch, sharing their quarters and chow, complete with paper napkins. Every other week he gets a similar deal from the Marines.

This triple allegiance, shared by Malloy with few others outside of President Roosevelt and maybe Adm. Leahy, hasn't panned out as well as he expected. Not long after the sergeant started making the rounds, his Army outfit came through with good eats and a quonset. Since then Malloy has been wondering whether it would have been smarter to stick with the rest of the dogs.

—Pfc. JOHN M. HAVERSTICK
YANK Staff Correspondent

DOODLEBUG TANK. Remote-controlled by cable, this Kraut "secret weapon" carried 250 pounds of explosives when our gunners knocked it out on the Anzio beachhead in Italy. It is 51 inches long, 25 inches high, and it is operated by two battery-powered electric motors.



SILK FOR MEM-SAHIB. Paulette Goddard, movie star who toured the CBI to entertain GIs, buys some fabrics at a native shop in India. She's escorted by lucky T-5 Robert Hansen of Los Angeles, Calif.

Anzio Beachhead's Astonishing Sergeant Won His Stripes When He Was Only 12

ANZIO BEACHHEAD, ITALY—Don't pull that grenade pin until you've heard the whole story, men; this is no snow job. It's about a soldier on the beachhead who was a sergeant in the Regular Army at 12 and who today, at 18, has completed two hitches and won the Purple Heart with Oak Leaf Cluster. He's got his birth certificate and Army service record to prove it.

Sgt. Herman Graff was born July 30, 1925, in Mexico of German parents. He and his family moved to San Antonio, Tex., when he was 11. His father had been a German Army officer, and when young Herman learned to read the English under the pictures he saw in a U. S. Army recruiting office, he decided he'd "like to be one of Uncle Sam's boys in khaki and loll on old Hawaii's shores."

So one hot August day in 1937, Herman joined the Army. He lied about his age, but as he was 5 feet 7, the recruiting officer believed him. After passing his physical exam, Herman drew his uniforms and personal effects, including a razor, which he stowed away in the bottom of his barracks bag.

His first assignment was in the communications section of the 61st Field Artillery, and by the time he had finished only two months of basic training, he was promoted to buck sergeant.

Sgt. Graff served out the remainder of his hitch without any other spectacular advancements and was honorably discharged in August 1940—a veteran at the age of 15.

When civilian life proved dull, Herman reenlisted in San Antonio as a private in the 56th Cavalry Brigade, a National Guard outfit which was federalized Nov. 18, 1940. There he soon won a corporal's rating and was transferred in grade to his present unit.

He wanted to apply for OCS and told his astonishing story to his company commander, who sent the OCS application along with the approval of Graff's mother. But by the time the application was approved by a board, Graff was overseas with his outfit. In April 1943 he again was promoted to sergeant.

Later, while he was in an action on Mount Maggiore on the Cassino front, a shell-fragment wound put him out of action for 11 days. For this and for his bravery there, he got the Purple Heart and the Oak Leaf Cluster.

Sgt. Graff is a handy man around an orderly tent, according to his first sergeant, because he knows most Army regulations by heart and can quote complete passages from the manual.

Just now Old Soldier Graff has three ambitions. He wants to get his U. S. citizenship papers, and he'd still like to be an officer. He also hopes to be able to use that GI razor he still keeps in his barracks bag.

—Sgt. GEORGE AARONS
YANK Staff Correspondent

The boy grew older: Herman Graff at 18 on the Anzio beach. →

Anne Gwynne

YANK

Pin-up Girl