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By the men . . for the men in the service

MARINES ON IWO JIMA

The Leathernecks' Battle for Mount Suribachi

--See Pages 6, 7 and 8

U. S. ARMY ENGINEERS RESCUE A FELLOW SOLDIER WHO WAS INJURED WHEN THE LUDENDORFF BRIDGE FELL.

A GI SURVEYS THE WRECKAGE OF THE LUDENDORFF BRIDGE, WHICH CRUMBLED AFTER AFFORDING US PASSAGE TO THE EASTERN SIDE OF THE RHINE RIVER FOR 10 IMPORTANT DAYS.

By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

REMAGEN, GERMANY—For 27 years the Ludendorff Bridge connecting the picturesque German riverside villages of Remagen and Erpel was known to few people outside the wine-growing Ahr Valley of the Rhine. Built in 1918, during the last weeks of the first World War, it carried trainloads of wine and mineral water and occasional tourists during peace-time. It was just a country cousin to Cologne's famous Hohenzollern Bridge and other well-known spans located at Bonn, Dusseldorf and Coblenz.

The prestige of the Ludendorff, a three-span structure, rose slightly at the outbreak of the present war when military traffic started rolling across its double-track railroad toward the defenses at the southern end of the Siegfried Line. But strategically it was still a country cousin. Even the Allied Air Force, which made repeated attacks on the other Rhine bridges, all but ignored the Ludendorff. The bridge suffered only one serious blow, an air attack which destroyed its left-bank span. That, however, was soon repaired by German engineers.

Then, on March 7, the U. S. Army's 9th Armored Division rumbled into Remagen for what it thought would be the climax of a seven-day drive across 40 miles of German territory. Tankmen and armored infantrymen expected to reach the bank of the Rhine and stop for a well-deserved rest while the Allied High Command completed its plans for the crossing.

The bridges spanning the Rhine at Cologne, Bonn and Coblenz had been blown up by the Germans. When the 9th Armored reached Remagen it naturally expected to find only the blasted remains of the Ludendorff Bridge; instead, the structure was still standing intact. The German engineers on the far bank, who had been assigned to destroy the bridge, had delayed their work until too late. They managed to set off two demolitions, one of which did some damage to the eastern span, but the bridge still stood.

For ten days the Ludendorff basked in its glory as the world's most important bridge, the bridge that had given the Allies their first toe-hold on the east bank of the Rhine. It was a high-priority military objective now. As American troops and tanks rolled across it to enlarge the bridgehead, German air and artillery attacked it daily. Maybe such belated attention was too much for the Ludendorff to bear; at any rate, on the afternoon of March 17 the bridge suddenly crumpled, and its three spans dropped into the Rhine.

The Ludendorff's ten days of fame began at 1550 hours on March 7. At that moment, 1st Lt. Carl Timmerman, of West Point, Neb., was telling his men of "A" Company of the 27th Armored Infantry Battalion that he had just received orders to cross the bridge which the enemy, according to a German PW, was scheduled to blow at 1600 hours.

The lieutenant had barely finished his announcement when an explosion shook the east span of the structure. Timmerman hollered: "As you were!" Then, seeing the bridge's three arches were still standing, he repeated the order of attack and shouted, "Let's go!"

THE first platoon, led by T/Sgt. Mike Chinchar of Rochelle Park, N.J., started across, followed by the third and second platoons in that order. With them went three armored engineers—a lieutenant and two sergeants—to cut the demolition wires so that the Germans would not be able to set off further charges.

Running and ducking like halfbacks on a broken field, to avoid machinegun and sniper fire, "A" Company reached the fortress-like towers guarding the far side of the bridge.

"The bullets didn't worry us half as much as the bridge," T/5 Gaccarino Mercandante, a mortarman from Brooklyn, N.Y., explained later. "We expected the Heinies to blow the bridge right out from under us at any minute, so we didn't waste any time getting to the other side. It didn't matter how many Germans might be there, we just wanted to get off that bridge fast. And if there's anybody who thinks he can't double-time 400 yards, he's got marbles in his head."

Rushing up the winding stairs of the right tower, T/Sgt. Joseph Delisio of New York City, the third platoon's leader, broke in on a Jerry machinegun nest on the second floor, expecting a fight with the crew there who had been spraying the advancing American troops. Instead, he found the two Jerries who had been manning the gun meekly waiting to surrender. Mike Chinchar, aided by S/Sgt. Anthony L. Samele of the Bronx, N. Y., and Pfc. Artus Massie of Patterson Creek, W. Va., got similar results in the left tower; the lone German manning the machinegun there surrendered without any show of fight. They sent him back across the bridge with a guard and threw his machinegun into the Rhine.

Meanwhile, the three armored engineers—1st. Lt. Hugh Mott of Nashville, Tenn., S/Sgt. John Reynolds of Lincolnton, N.C., and Sgt. Eugene Dorland of Manhattan, Kan.,—had cut all the wires on the underdecking of the west and center spans. Then they made a dash for the far side to sever the main cable which controlled the entire demolition set-up, but when they found it, it was too heavy to cut with their small pliers. Sgt. Dorland solved that problem by riddling the cable with three well-aimed shots from his carbine.

The trio then went hunting for other demolitions and found a 500-pound TNT charge set up with time fuses near the north railing about two-thirds of the way across the bridge. It had not exploded, even though the cap had gone off. Across the board-covered railroad tracks was the place where the charge had been set off just before "A" Company started across the bridge. That blast had knocked out one of the main diagonal supports on the upstream side of the main arch, destroyed a section of the bridge flooring and left a six-inch sag at the damaged pier point.

"Both piers had three 50-pound TNT demolitions in them which hadn't been set off," Lt. Mott said. "The Germans had enough stuff in that bridge to drop it right down to the bottom of the Rhine, but we were lucky. One heavy charge that didn't explode had either a faulty cap or something was wrong with the explosive itself. Besides that, before we started across, one of the cables to the main charge had been cut in two, evidently by a million-to-one direct hit by our artillery."

Under cover given by the "A" Company men in the two towers, Sgt. Alexander Drabik of Holland, Ohio, and Pfc. Marvin Jensen of Slayton, Minn., ran down the bridge approach and on to the east bank of the Rhine. They were followed almost immediately by Samele, Delisio, Chinchar, Massie and S/Sgt. Carmine J. Sabia of Brooklyn, Pfc. Martin Reed of Assaria, Kan., and Pvt. Joseph K. Peoples of Warrenton, N.C. Delisio and four other men went on into a railroad tunnel at the far end of the bridge to flush out any stray Jerries, rounding up five PWs, all engineers.

The second platoon, under Lt. Emmett Burrows of Jersey City, N. J., went up to clean out an enemy-held house on top of the Erpeler Ley, a 600-foot cliff towering over the east bank of the Rhine. It took them 15 minutes to reach the top, using shrubbery and trees to pull themselves up the steep slope. Just as they finished wiping out the opposition in the house, which had evidently been used as a CP, they were tied down by artillery and mortar fire from the rear of their left flank. They suffered

COUNTRY COUSIN

The Remagen Bridge served in obscurity for 27 years before the Yanks put it on the map in a big way.

Ardennes breakthrough, made almost daily attacks on it, none of which was successful. Railway guns were also fired at it, but they too failed to hit the target. Floating mines were directed toward it, necessitating the use of a special squad of GI sharpshooters on each span to fire at any floating object.

The bridge probably had more anti-aircraft support than any other bridge in the world during its ten days of glory. As soon as it was captured, ack-ack crews were rushed to the crossing area; the self-propelled and heavy-gun units set up in the zone of action are believed to have constituted the greatest concentration of such guns ever assembled in such a small area.

FOUR JU87s made the first attack on the Ludendorff the day after its capture by the 9th Armored. All were shot down. From then on, the Jerries used everything they had to try and knock the bridge out and isolate the American forces east of the Rhine. They used jet-propelled ME109s, 190s, and even obsolete Stukas, but none of them succeeded in hitting the bridge. In all, 381 German planes attacked the Ludendorff during the 10-day period, of which 114 were claimed destroyed by our ack-ack units and 33 others were damaged. The prize haul was an ME262, which was knocked off by a 90mm. gun crew with a pre-cut fuse.

While the German air and artillery tried to put the finger on the bridge, American engineers worked right around the clock to keep it in shape for heavy traffic. The 276th Engineer Battalion built a double-story, double-truss Bailey Bridge from the site of the span which had been hit by the American airmen and partially repaired by the Germans.

The Americans were under direct fire and frequent shell-fire, varying from 50 to 250 rounds daily and including everything from 88s to 380s. Many were killed and many were seriously wounded, but the work went on.

After a week of the heaviest traffic the bridge had ever experienced, it was given a rest. Starting March 14, troop, truck and tank traffic was routed over pontoon bridges built to keep pace with the expanding area of the American bridgehead. The engineers, however, continued their repairs.

At 1500 hours on March 17, Lt. Col. Clayton A. Rust of Seattle, Wash., CO of the engineering battalion, was directing his men in their repair work on the bridge. They were making light repairs, while a railroad unit worked on heavy repairs. Col. Rust was standing in the center of the bridge when he heard what he thought was a rivet shearing off.

"It was like a rifle shot," Col. Rust said later. "Then I heard another popping noise behind me. The bridge was shaking and dust was coming up through the floor boards. I realized what was happening and started running towards the west bank. But it was like I was running uphill. Then there was a time lag and I came to under water.

When Col. Rust regained consciousness, after having been hit on the head by falling debris, he was flat on his back under water, with a heavy beam pinning him down. He was unable to move. Just then the other end of the bridge slid into the water, releasing the beam on top of him. He struggled to the surface, grabbed a plank and floated downstream until he was picked up by a rescue boat.

Even then, the colonel's troubles were not over. The boat upset just as it neared a pontoon bridge, throwing him back into the water. Exhausted and injured, he was swept under a pontoon bridge. Narrowly avoiding being trapped beneath it, he came out the other side, where a soldier who was standing on the bridge grabbed him and hauled him to safety. After treatment for minor bruises, Col. Rust returned to the bridge to direct rescue work.

Scores of other engineers were thrown into the water with Rust. Several were pinned beneath the wreckage and drowned. However, prompt rescue work cut fatalities to a minimum, and in all, the engineer battalion suffered about 100 casualties, most of whom had only slight injuries.

T/5 Leo E. Morgan of Sheffield, Ala., was driving an air compressor off the west end of the bridge when it collapsed. He stayed in the vehicle as it slid slowly down the sagging span. It landed near the shore in shallow water and Morgan was able to drive it back to the beach.

By one of those strange quirks of fate, a broken toe, suffered 10 minutes before the bridge collapsed by Cpl. Dewell D. Smith, an engineer and an assistant squad leader of San Francisco, saved not only him but 13 others from probable serious injury or death. Smith, whose toe was broken when a plank struck his foot, was helped to an aid station by Squad Leader Oda L. Sharp of Maysville, Ky. All 12 remaining men in Smith's squad, left for a moment without supervision, decided to give themselves a break and a quick smoke on one of the bridge's approaches. Two minutes, after they reached the riverbank, the weary old Ludendorff gave up and collapsed into the Rhine.

heavy casualties before additional support arrived that night. Mercandante, the mortar man, and Pvt. Ralph Chiccarelli of Milford, Mass., a machine-gunner, had to double as aid men for the wounded. On one trip down, Mercandante worked for two hours under intense fire, carrying a seriously injured soldier to an aid station set up in the tunnel.

For the first 30 minutes of the crossing, "A" Company fought alone on the east bank of the Rhine. The men cleared the nearby village of Erpel and the roads leading to the bridge. At the same time, Mott, Reynolds and Dorland worked under intense sniper fire upstream on the east bank to cut every demolition wire they could find.

At 1630, with the bridge safe for heavy traffic and "A" Company's bridgehead firmly established on the pay-off side of the Rhine, reinforcements were ordered across and armored infantrymen, engineers, tanks, TDs and anti-aircraft started rolling east.

One of the most striking incidents of the first day's action on the bridge was the way the German snipers opened up on their own men who had been taken prisoner. As each batch of PWs was led across the bridge, a storm of sniper fire swept its ranks. Several PWs were killed.

The next few days were hard ones for the Ludendorff bridge. Its spans, weakened by demolitions, strained under the weight of tanks and supply trucks which rumbled across it, day and night. Two of its overhead supports were severed by enemy artillery fire and 23 other hits, none of them serious, were scored on various parts of the framework. Hit-and-run Jerry bombers, making their first large-scale appearance on the Western Front since the

YANKS CROSSING THE RHINE BEFORE THE BRIDGE FELL.

ONLOOKERS STAND BACK TO GIVE RESCUE WORKERS A CHANCE TO REMOVE DEBRIS AND LOCATE V-BOMB VICTIMS STILL LIVING.

perfume lingered in the street for days. It was a heavy, incongruous, unwanted smell coming from cones of powdered glass swept up in front of each gaping shopfront.

Then there was the time when a V-bomb fell in the red-light district. It smashed the plate-glass windows in the cafes where the girls worked. They made a pathetic sight, sweeping out the glass in their fur coats and heavy lipstick, some of them crying, some of them praying.

Antwerp soon discovered that, next to the V-bomb itself, the crowd was the most dangerous factor. The urge to survive or save members of one's family is so intense that it sent some people temporarily insane. The worst were those who rushed to the top of the wreckage and thus endangered the lives of those trapped underneath, for quite often a person, alive though buried under a ton of debris, will be killed if an inexperienced rescuer dislodges the ruins' underpinning.

V-BOMBS

RESCUE WORKERS DIG OUT VICTIMS BURIED WHEN A V-BOMB HIT A CROWDED THEATER IN ANTWERP.

The story, secret until recently, of how civilians and soldiers alike in this big Allied port faced day-and-night bombardment by Nazi robot weapons.

By Cpl. EDMUND ANTROBUS
YANK Staff Correspondent

ANTWERP, BELGIUM (Delayed)—A cloud of black dust rose to the height of the buildings lining the street in which the V-bomb had just fallen, and hung there as if it were a symbol of the grisly scene below. The bomb had struck near a public lavatory and five men lay flattened and distorted beneath the heavy porcelain urinals. Others, dead or injured, lay nearby. The front of one of the victims' faces had been torn off and was now flapped over in two sections. A medic covered the body quickly as the crowd, predominantly civilian, pressed forward with a low murmur.

There was a strange, muffled sound of shuffling feet as people moved towards the scene through the powdered glass that covered the street like an even fall of snow. Coming toward them were the ghoulish faces of the victims who could walk. They were covered from head to foot with the fine plaster dust which had showered down from the shattered buildings, and blood from glass cuts trickled down their cheeks and foreheads, washing off the white dust in thin, red rivulets. They were a nightmare delegation from somewhere on the boundary line of life and death, but even the women in the crowd seemed too choked with shock to scream.

An emergency first-aid station was set up in the wreckage of a grocery store. A butcher's shop next door served as a mortuary where shapeless and blood-soaked bodies were laid close to the low, marble counters and the chopping block. A Belgian Red Cross worker, searching for means of identification, was bending over each in turn.

Rescue workers were removing people who had been trapped in the public lavatory, laying the victims down as if they were sacks of flour. The rescuers worked ruthlessly to reach people who were buried alive underneath. It was difficult to handle the corpses; sometimes their chests caved in when they were lifted. Those who had been laid out ready to go to the mortuary looked like badly-stuffed scarecrows that had been pushed over by the wind.

All the time a Dominican friar in a corded brown robe and sandals climbed over the wreckage, hurrying from one dying victim to another, giving the last rites. A woman whose leg had been blown off and who lay as if she were dead, raised and crossed herself when the priest came to her. She died a few minutes later. The friars and the Franciscan monks are among the first to arrive at an incident. The crowd moves aside for them with the same obedient haste that it makes way for doctors and stretcher-bearers or, for that matter, for anyone who can do something and has a reason for being there and is not numb with shock.

People were dazed a long time after the incident. I watched a man picking up sea gulls from the street. He held some dead ones and three that were alive but unable to fly; they were the remains of a large flock which had been flying overhead when the bomb exploded, leaving the street covered with feathers. An American soldier wandered over to the man, pointed to the birds, and asked, "Eat?" The man shook his head and explained that he was going to put the sea gulls back on the river. Both men were too stunned to know what they were talking about.

AFTER the disaster the people behaved like the bombed in Southern England. They made the same impotent but instinctive efforts to restore order. Before the smoke had lifted, the shopkeepers and housewives started sweeping the glass from their sections of the pavement, shoveling their ruined possessions out of their front doors and upper-story windows. There was little regard for anyone careless enough to stand below.

A few hours later, children were laughing and playing around in the vicinity. Glaziers had started to refit the windows with plywood and cardboard. Here, as in Southern England, there is a scarcity of glass.

Each bombing seems different. For instance, when a row of luxury shops was hit, the odor of

Rescue work is a science based on the technique of disturbing wreckage as little as possible.

American and British GIs are the official rescue workers. They are attached to a military organization called PAD (Passive Air Defence). In Antwerp, PAD is an Allied concern, headed by a British Staff Officer. Under him are two American officers—Major W. D. Houtz and 1st Lt. Ralph Cook—who plan and direct the Americans' part in the rescue work, coordinating the work of the Engineers, Chemical Warfare, Fire Service, Medical Corps, Military Police and other branches of the American Army in restoring order after a V-bomb falls.

The Americans, British and Belgian medical units are individually responsible for certain areas, but they pool their services when a disaster requires their combined effort.

GIs are assigned to PAD duty in addition to their regular work. They take it in turn, and stand by on certain days, ready to be called out. GIs in Engineer outfits attend British-run PAD schools, where "Light Rescue" men are taught to extricate model "victims" who are buried alive and pinned down in actual V-bomb debris. "Heavy Rescue" students learn the various ways in which buildings are likely to collapse.

The worst disaster the Allied PAD handled was when a V-bomb fell on a packed cinema, landing in the center and spewing up the inside. There were many deaths. At least one member of every Ameri-

can outfit in the vicinity was inside at the time. The Heavy and Light Rescue men worked in shifts right around the clock for several days. The smell got bad and it was impossible to continue work, so a Chemical Warfare Decontamination Squad was called to spray the rotting bodies still trapped in the debris.

Two Heavy Rescue squads in the PAD system were supplied by an Engineering General Service regiment under S/Sgt. Verdon O. Parrott of Minneapolis, Minn., and Sgt. Rene J. Hebert of Luling, La. They broke up the concrete with air compressors, moved it with bulldozers and cranes, and cut through the steel girders with acetylene torches. Then, after they had tunnelled and removed some of the wreckage, Light Rescue squads supplied by a British outfit crawled through to carry out the dead and release those who were buried alive.

They dragged out whole families intact. They found that the blast had fused husbands, wives and children together as if they were sitting in family groups. One soldier who walked in through what was left of the cinema two days after it had been hit said that for a moment he thought he was in a wax museum. Looking down at him from the balcony was the white face of a girl, half smiling, with the lipstick and makeup on her face untouched.

on ANTWERP

Next to her was a row of soldiers looking straight ahead as if they were still absorbed in the movie.

The rescue workers released an American GI who had been buried alive for some time. When he stumbled out, he held two dead children in his arms. A Red Cross worker tried to take them away from him, but he savagely refused. He was still suffering from shock. When he recovered he explained that he had been sitting next to their mother whose head had been blown off.

In London, GIs were often the first to volunteer in rescue work, and the same is true here. One such incident involved a medical composite section, consisting of 17 enlisted men and three officers, which had set up a small dispensary to give routine medical treatment to American personnel.

The bomb fell on the second day the place opened. Contrary to their SOP and without so much as an official call, the medics went out and brought back more patients than they would ordinarily have handled in a month. Most of the casualties were civilians. A little girl whose eye was blown out was their first patient. Lt. Arnold Abbott of Redlands, Calif., treated her for shock and loss of blood, and she lived.

That was more than four months ago, and ever since they have had to deal with scattered arms and legs, give emergency sutures, remove glass, and give blood plasma and morphine to people who would otherwise die. It is still contrary to their SOP, but they carry on because Belgian medical units in the town can't handle the work alone, being crippled by the fact that the Germans took their ambulances and medical supplies.

The Belgians lack beds, stretchers, sulpha, morphine, sutures and even fundamental supplies like bandages and iodine. One Belgian Red Cross unit suffered final defeat the day I left. A V-bomb exploded near its dispensary, spilling the last of its drugs, smashing what little equipment it had, and destroying the canteen and dormitory where the doctors and nurses ate and slept.

In civilian life, Cpl. Andrew Martin, one of the medics in the medical composite section, drove an ambulance for 12 years for Bellevue Hospital in New York City. A bomb incident, he said, reminds him of a day in 1937 when three cars of the 3rd Avenue "L" were derailed and crashed down on the people in the street. He took me into a storeroom at the back of the dispensary where Cpl. Dave Blummer of Los Angeles was stretched out on a cot with his clothes on, trying to sleep. Martin spoke earnestly, keeping his voice low so as not to disturb him. They had both done 76 hours in one stretch without sleep the week before.

"Sometimes," Martin said, "the civilian hospitals are too crowded to accept patients and we have to drive around looking for other hospitals. Quite often we have driven as much as 12 miles, just looking, and have had patients who might have been saved die in the ambulance."

Martin told of some nurses in a Flemish Red Cross unit who once flagged his ambulance. He stopped to pick them up and found that they had no vehicle of their own but had to carry their stretchers from their headquarters to the scene of an incident, often a distance of eight or ten blocks, and then carry their patients back.

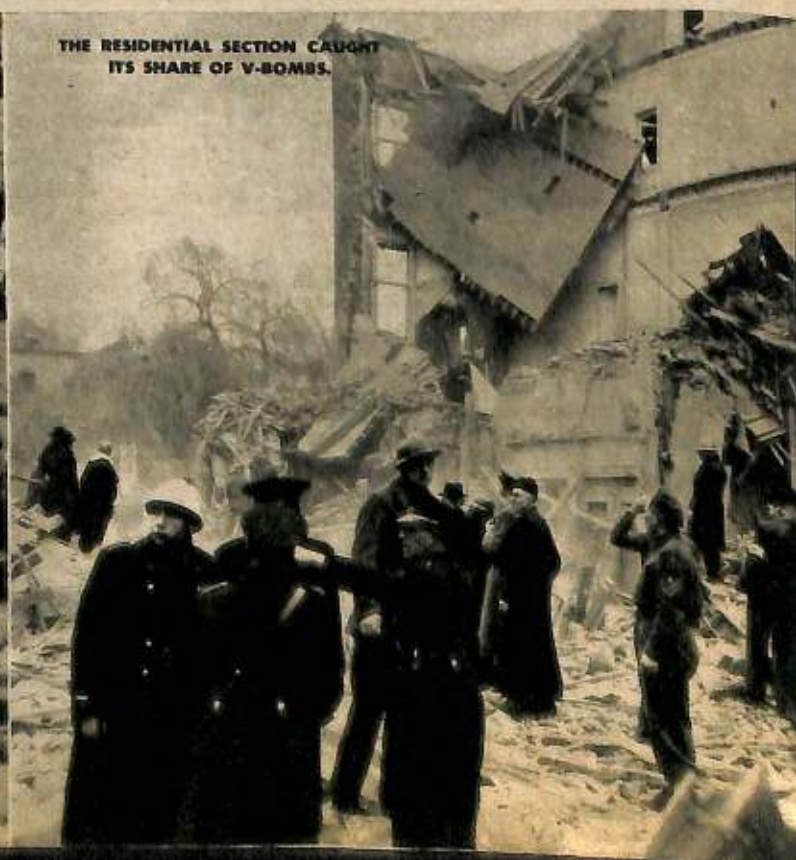
There have been housing scandals. One block of apartment houses folded up like an accordion, revealing that second-rate bricks and a minimum of steel had been used in its construction. There have also been front-page articles in Antwerp newspapers criticizing the Belgian government for not helping the bombed-out. The food situation and the coal shortage in an exceptionally cold winter have made the problem more serious. One paper stated: "The wealthy people have the means of leaving the city and living safely in comfort somewhere else, since they have the means to buy food in the black market. The poorer people have to stick to their jobs and their distress is rendered greater by the poor rationing system."

Despite the exodus of the wealthy, there has been no letdown in night life. In fact, it seems to keep pace with the bombing. This may be because the cinemas and theaters were closed down for a long time, leaving the people nowhere else to go. A lot of people, however, wish the bands in the night spots wouldn't play so loud as to drown out the sound of the V-bomb.

At first the reaction of the people in Antwerp to the V-bombs was casual and slightly incredulous. They became more cautious and frightened as they grew more experienced. However, after three months of terror bombing, they look as solid as ever and show little expression.

The town is too small for the tragedy. London had ten million people to absorb it. But Antwerp is one-twentieth the size of London and is closer to the launching ramps. People feel exposed and involved in each explosion. Every time one hits, they can see the smoke or judge the place where it has landed by the sound. They live under a death sentence, tentatively arranged.

AFTER A HIT ON ONE OF THE MAIN CROSSROADS IN THE CITY.



THE RESIDENTIAL SECTION CAUGHT ITS SHARE OF V-BOMBS.

THE FLAG GOES UP. In what promises to be one of this war's most famous and widely published pictures, men of the 28th Regiment, 5th Marine Division, set up the Stars and Stripes on the summit of Mount Suribachi on Iwo Jima. The volcanic mountain was taken from the Japs four days after the landings.

MOUNT SURIBACHI

The scaling of this peak on Iwo was revenge for the humiliation of Green Beach.

By Sgt. BILL REED
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 5TH MARINE DIVISION, ON IWO JIMA —Anyone who landed there will tell you that naming the stretch of beach just north of Mount Suribachi "Green Beach" was inaccurate. "Coffee-Grounds Beach" would describe the place better, for the iron-gray volcanic sand that covers the area resembles nothing so much as the dregs in a coffee pot on Monday morning. Members of the 5th Marine Division who landed here became extremely intimate with these coffee grounds during the first 48 hours of the invasion.

The sand got into their eyes and caked around their eyelashes. It became mixed in their hair like gritty dandruff. It invaded small cans of K-ration ham and eggs as soon as they were opened. It crept over the tops of the men's leggings and worked to the bottom of their shoes. The sand was both friend and enemy. It made foxhole digging easy, but it made fast movement impossible for men and vehicles.

For two days the men who landed on Green Beach were pinned to the ground. Murderous machine-gun, sniper and mortar fire came from a line of pillboxes 300 yards away in the scrubby shrubbery at the foot of the volcano. No one on the beach, whether he was a CP phone operator or a front-line rifleman, was exempt. The sight of a head raised above a foxhole was the signal to dozens of Japs, safely hidden in concrete emplacements, to open up. Men lay on their sides to drink from canteens or to urinate. An errand between foxholes became a life-and-death mission for the man who attempted it.

For two days the Marines stayed pinned to the beach in what seemed to many of them a humiliating stalemate. Hundreds of green-clad bodies hugged the coffee grounds, spread out helplessly in a scattered pattern, furnishing marksmanship practice for the Japs on the mountain with their telescopic gunsights.

The Marines had been hopelessly cut up and disorganized when they hit the beach. Their vehicles bogged down in the sand when they were brought in. Their supplies were ruined. Many of their wounded still lay where they fell, in spite of the heroic efforts of the tireless medical corpsmen. Bad weather and a choppy ocean prevented the landings of many small boats on the second day and held up the supply of new ammunition and equipment and the evacuation of the wounded. Though scores of dead marines lay everywhere, few of our troops had seen a single Jap, dead or alive.

TOWERING over them was Mount Suribachi, a gray, unlovely hulk with enemy pillbox chancres in its sides. The marines on Green Beach grew to hate the mountain almost as much as they hated the Japs who were on it. Reaching the summit was almost as much of a challenge as destroying the men who defended it.

The supporting air and naval fire did much. Hour after hour of surface and air bombardment couldn't fail to wipe out many emplacements, imprison many Japs in their caves and slowly eat away the mountain fortress itself. But when it came to the specific four-foot-square machine-gun emplacements and the still-smaller snipers' pillboxes, there was little the offshore and air bombardment could do except silence them for a few minutes. Everyone knew that in the end the foot troops would have to dig them out.

The foot troops made their drive on the third day. They were aided by a naval and air bombardment so terrific that the Tokyo radio announced that the mountain itself was erupting. They were aided also by our own artillery and rocket guns, landed with superhuman effort the previous day in spite of a choppy ocean and the enemy's guns.

But the foot troops were aided most by the tanks that advanced with them and lobbed shells into the stone and concrete revetments that blocked the way of the foot troops. The Japs were afraid of our tanks. They ducked low in their shelters and silenced their guns when they saw the tanks coming. They had planted hundreds of tank mines and had dug dozens of tank traps, but that is all they wanted to do. They didn't dare challenge our tanks with their guns.

As soon as the tanks had passed on or had been blown up by mines, the Japs came out of their holes and attacked our men from behind with machine guns and mortars. Between the foot of the volcano and Green Beach the enemy had hundreds of pillboxes and emplacements connected by a network of tunnels. When the Japs were driven from one pillbox, they would disappear until the marines advanced to another, and a moment later they would appear at their old emplacement, lobbing grenades at our men who had just passed.

BY early afternoon of D-plus-2 the Japs at the foot of Suribachi had been silenced. However, everyone knew there were still Japs around. There were Japs in the tunnels between the caves and there were Japs in the "spiderwebs"—the one-man sniper pillboxes—who would lift the camouflaged lids of their shelters and take pot

With other members of the 5th Division waiting behind them, marines wriggle through the iron-gray sand toward Mount Suribachi, which is hidden by smoke.

Among the first to fall after the landings on Iwo Jima were these two marines who lie dead where they were going forward against the Japs.

After taking him away from the front lines where he was wounded by Jap mortar fire, four marines gently lower Cpl. W. H. Porter into a hollow in the volcanic sand.

shots at marines trying to reorganize their outfits.

There were also many Japs who were dead. There were dead Japs in every conceivable contortion of men who meet death violently. Their arms and legs were wrenched about their bodies and their fists were clenched and frozen. Those who had been killed by flame throwers were burned to a black darker than the ashes of Suribachi or scorched to a brilliant yellow. Their clothes had been burned off, and the heat had vulcanized their buttocks together with ugly black strips. It was good to see these sights after having been pinned down to Green Beach for two terrible days.

There were dead marines too. Some platoons had been entirely stripped of their officers and noncoms. Some had lost more than three-fourths of their men since morning.

But the worst of the battle for Suribachi was over. Our men had fought their way in under the guns higher up on the mountain. Many of these guns had been knocked out by our tanks and artillery, and our naval and air bombardment. Many others couldn't be depressed far enough to menace our new positions.

There was still much to be done at the foot of the volcano. There were still many emplacements to be cleaned out with flame throwers and tanks, and there were still snipers sneaking through the subterranean tunnels. The third afternoon a detachment of marines fought around one side of the mountain and another detachment fought around the other. Then they dug in for the night. At 0100 hours the Japs counterattacked. They kept coming until daybreak, but the marines held them back. And all day the Americans were busy cleaning out the tunnels, caves and concrete emplacements at the mountain's base.

On the fourth night S/Sgt. Ernest R. Thomas of Tallahassee, Fla., led a platoon whose officer had been killed; it was accompanied by the company's executive officer, 1st Lt. Harold G. Shrier of Richmond, Mo. They dug in for the night at the base of a tortuous path leading to the top of the mountain. It was a bad night. Rain streamed down the mountain in small rivulets that trickled under their clothes and washed the coffee grounds across their bodies. The cold wind made them shiver. They huddled in foxholes, keeping their weapons dry with their ponchos.

At 0800 hours the following morning they began the ascent. The volcanic sand on the steep path offered poor footing. Stubby plants broke off in the men's hands or pulled out by their roots. But the only resistance encountered was the occasional ping of a sniper's bullet. As the men reached the summit they found a few more emplacements that were manned by live Japs. These were cleaned out with flame throwers, BARs and satchel charges.

At 1131 hours the Marines were in undisputed control of the top of the volcano. Sgt. Henry O. Hanson of Somerville, Mass., looked around for a pole and found a lead pipe on the ground. At 1137 hours he with Lt. Schrier and other 5th Division Marines raised the American flag on the topmost mound of Suribachi.

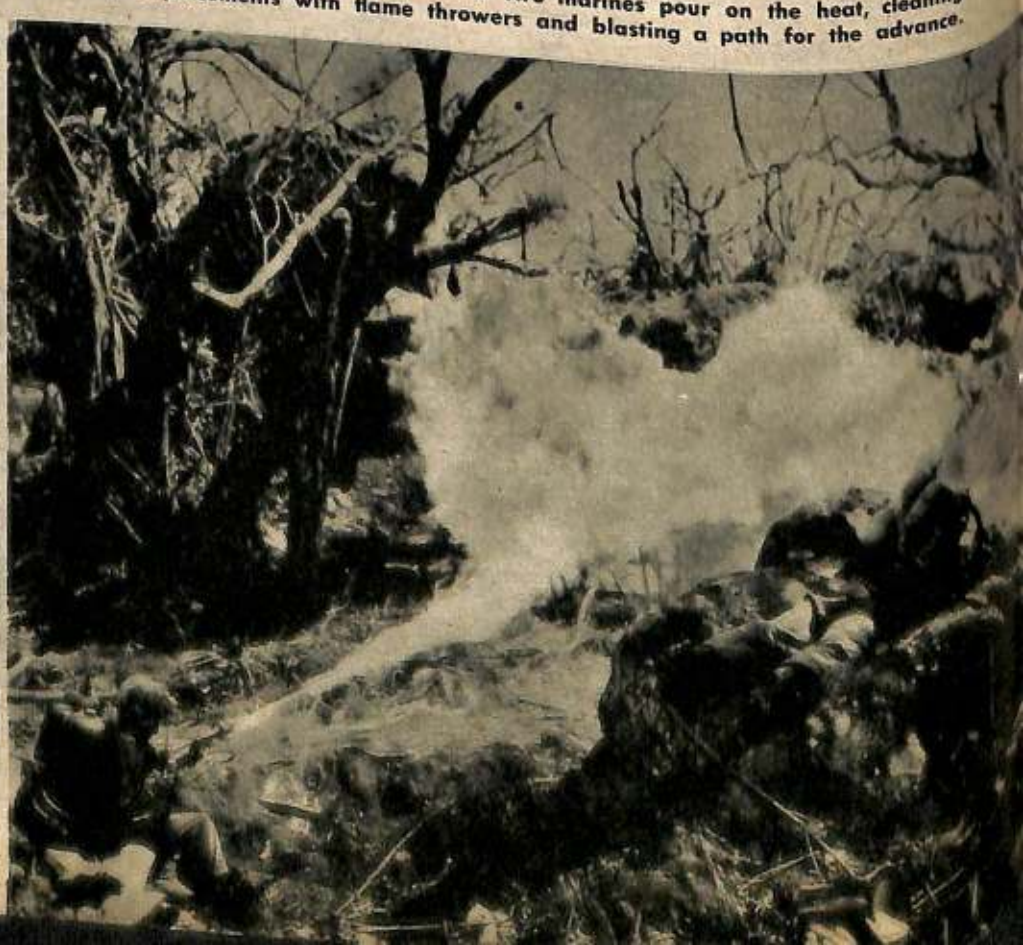
Far below, Green Beach was rapidly taking on the appearance of any other beachhead. The volcanic sand was littered with abandoned equipment, and the shores were lined with boats delivering more supplies and evacuating the wounded. Far to the north other marines were fighting the battle for Motoyama Airfield No. 2.

Iwo Jima was far from being secured. But the Marines were on the summit of Mount Suribachi, the fortress that had made them wallow in coffee grounds for two days. Not far from where the flag flew, a communications man shouted, "This is easy," into his field phone.

The Marines intended to stay. The humiliation of Green Beach had been avenged.

Knowing that some supposedly dead Japs may be playing possum, ready to pull a grenade, these marines use a sling to remove a body from a dugout.

During the fighting for Mount Suribachi two marines pour on the heat, cleaning out Jap emplacements with flame throwers and blasting a path for the advance.



PEOPLE ON THE HOME FRONT

Arthur H. Vandenberg

By Pfc. DEBS MYERS
YANK Staff Writer

WASHINGTON, D. C.—As a onetime reporter, and by his own words a good one, U. S. Sen. Arthur H. Vandenberg believes that one fact is worth five fancy adjectives. On January 10, on the Senate floor, this Michigan Republican stated some views about American foreign policy which may have an important bearing on history.

In simple language Vandenberg urged that the United States sign a treaty with her major allies guaranteeing the use of force, if necessary, to keep Germany and Japan disarmed forever.

Most newspapers and magazines hailed Vandenberg's speech as a powerful contribution toward international cooperation; he received 60,000 telegrams, many of them from servicemen. Almost all the telegrams praised the speech. A man in Philadelphia wired: "Finally an understandable speech — made by a man without marbles in his mouth."

Time said: "In bold, constructive terms, the No. 1 Republican spokesman for foreign affairs, long an isolationist, told the U. S. Senate that it was time for the U. S. to stop talking about world collective security and do something to make it real. . . . It might well prove to be the most important speech made by an American in World War II."

Some publications praised the address with reservation. The New York *Herald Tribune*, for instance, said: "At times, Vandenberg seems to recognize this as a struggle for national existence; at others, he seems to see it as one from which we could retire unless all our more idealistic notions were fulfilled."

On the other hand, columnist Walter Lippmann thought it might be one of the few speeches likely to "affect the course of events."

And the London *Daily Telegraph* said: "Sen. Vandenberg, who exercises more influence over Congress than any other Republican, has seized the occasion of the three-power conference to urge with greater vigor than ever that America should now pledge her constant armed cooperation in a collective security scheme with all her major allies."

In his Senate office, after the first tumult over the speech had died down, Vandenberg peered quizzically through rimless spectacles at a stack of telegrams, lighted a denicotinized cigar—the only kind he smokes — and said he wished he were as influential as he had been 40 years ago.

"Forty years ago when I was 20," he said, "in my home town of Grand Rapids, Mich., I was City Hall reporter on the Grand Rapids *Herald*. Made $25 a week and ran the municipal government from the side lines. Never been so influential before or since. There are days when I wonder why a fellow leaves a job on the brick pile to get out front where other people can throw bricks at him. The trouble with authority is that responsibility goes with it."

Not that Vandenberg doesn't like being a United States senator. He likes it good. He has been in the Senate since 1928 and has risen steadily in his party's councils. Both in 1936 and in 1940 he was mentioned as a GOP Presidential possibility, and this talk has been revived by his foreign-affairs speech. The President has named him one of this country's delegates to the United Nations conference to be held in San Francisco April 25—a sure sign of the influence Vandenberg is felt to wield on foreign policy.

Vandenberg stands over 6 feet and weighs more than 200 pounds. He has sparse gray hair, chews gum when he can buy it and takes an occasional highball.

After graduation from Grand Rapids High School in 1900 he got a job as clerk in a cracker factory. When he was fired for going to see Theodore Roosevelt in a parade, he went to work on the Grand Rapids *Herald* as an office boy. Later he became state editor and reporter at $8 a week. In 1906, at the age of 22, Vandenberg became managing editor. He directed the paper's news gathering, wrote editorials, solicited advertising, looked after circulation. Before he was 30, Vandenberg was considered the "editor, oracle and orator" of Grand Rapids.

Vandenberg's first wife, Elizabeth Watson, died in 1916. She was the mother of his three children —two daughters and a son. In 1918 he married Hazel H. Whittaker, a newspaper woman. His son, A. H. Vandenberg Jr., is a captain at MacDill Field in Florida. He came in as a private.

Vandenberg was appointed to the Senate in 1928 to fill the unexpired term of a senator who had died in office. Later that year, he was elected and has served without interruption since.

THE chief cause of this war, in Vandenberg's view, is simple: Failure of the Allies to keep Germany demilitarized.

"Had adequate control been established over German armaments," he said, "GIs would be home now—not fighting in Germany. Obviously, therefore, it is to our American interest—as well as to the interest of Britain, Russia, France, all the European countries—that we don't make the same mistake again and find ourselves with World War III on our hands.

"Therefore, since this is one common interest that we all can agree on, I propose that we shall immediately say so in a hard and fast agreement among the Allies under which the United States will promise to do her full part, with force, if necessary, to keep Germany and Japan demilitarized for keeps.

"When we do that, we will accomplish some other important things. We will eliminate the major reason which our allies give to justify their plans to carve up Europe into zones of special privilege and special interest. Whenever our allies propose to annex some other country, it is always on the plea that they must do it to protect themselves against another world war with Germany. When we take away this reason, we remove the greatest obstacle to a just peace, and only a just peace can be a permanent peace."

That, said Vandenberg, is the sum and substance of his Senate speech. "One reason people liked it," he asserted, "was that they understood it."

Vandenberg emphasized that he didn't want American soldiers serving for a long period as occupation troops. "Immediately following our victory," he said, "there is going to be an unavoidable period when there will have to be military occupation of Germany and Japan pending the time when stable civil governments can be restored. There is no way the Army can avoid this limited postwar service in some degree. But our Army should come home as soon as stable civil government is restored. I don't want to see our men doing a permanent policing job. The organization to handle this supervision of the defeated enemy nations is the new peace league representing the United Nations."

This job of supervision, Vandenberg believes, will largely be one of detection in which trained Allied agents will see to it that Germany and Jajan never again have the chance to build up their armament industries.

Vandenberg predicted that this nation's postwar Army and Navy will be composed entirely of volunteers. About compulsory military training, he said: " I want it definitely understood that I'm indefinite about compulsory military training. I want an adequate national defense regardless of treaties. I think compulsory military training should be our last recourse. But I won't run from it if it becomes necessary. I don't want the country to make a snap judgment about it. I think the men now in the Army and Navy should have their say about it. They know more about it than anyone else. I'm in the show-me class."

About the GI Bill of Rights, of which he was one of the five original authors, Vandenberg said: "We undertook to be as liberal as possible in an over-all program for the benefit of the veterans. I don't want to tamper with it until I see it work. I think weak spots will develop. When they do, they must be promptly corrected."

WHY did Vandenberg abandon isolationism to come out for full American partnership in world affairs? "I never thought of myself as an isolationist," he said. "I was a noninterventionist, or maybe an America First internationalist. In the middle 1930s I was one of the nine Republicans who voted for the World Court.

"What finally happened was this: Up to World War II we thought we enjoyed the isolation of World War I. Since Pearl Harbor the awful mechanisms of war have made such progress that there is no geographical isolation left to us. I recognize a physical fact. Contemplate a war of push buttons in which human flesh and blood are at the mercy of mechanized disaster. No nation hereafter can immunize itself by its own exclusive action. Only collective security can stop the next great war before it starts."

Vandenberg wanted it made plain that he writes his own speeches, pecking them out at night on his office typewriter. "I wrote about 20 drafts of my foreign-affairs speech before I finally delivered it," he said. "I had been thinking for about a year that someone should deliver such a speech. Then I got to wondering who should do it. Finally I decided I was the fellow to do the job. And I did it."

PITTSBURGH, Pa.

The Monongahela and Allegheny Rivers meet the Ohio to form the Golden Triangle of industrial Pittsburgh.

The smog that shrouds the city these days is a symbol of war production in plants and mills.

By Sgt. AL HINE
YANK Staff Writer

PITTSBURGH, PA.—The story used to be that the girls in Pittsburgh had such shapely legs because they had to walk up and down so many of the city's hills and the exercise developed their muscles in the right places. Well, the hills are still there and the girls are still there and their legs are just as pretty, but there's far fewer than the usual complement of males to admire them. The hills, we mean.

It takes awhile for you to realize, though, that there has been even that much change in the life of Pittsburgh. It is busier than ever, with the mills along the river flashing a bright backdrop by night to the now-scanty traffic along the Boulevard of the Allies. But the town has been busy before, and to a returning GI the things that are still the same are easier to spot than the changes.

In the winter the snow turns gray just as quickly as ever in most sections and the familiar slush achieves a new tone of black with the help of increased industrial soot. When there isn't snow, this same soot scuts up from the pavements in little black clouds as your shoes strike the ground. You can rest assured that the Smoky City of bad radio jokes is as smoky as ever.

The Pittsburgh that never gets into the jokes is the same, too. South Park and North Park are both lovely in the snow for steak fries by characters who can snare enough ration points, and they're still swell for winter sports. Last spring and summer both parks played host to the usual picnic throngs, which were only a little reduced by the difficulty in getting about on rationed gas. Since Kennywood can be reached by trolley, the amusement park has enjoyed a boom, with furloughing GIs subtracting a note of color from the crowds.

You don't see as many soldiers in town as you might expect. Camp Reynolds at Greenville, Pa., is the only camp situated near enough to Pittsburgh for GIs stationed there to take advantage of overnight passes to visit the city. There are a few MPs around, of course, and even some SPs. There are some Ordnance guys lucky enough to be stationed in the town itself, checking and doing the paper work on the district's war production, and there are GIs at Pitt and Tech.

But because the ASTP was curtailed last year, there are fewer men in uniform taking courses at the colleges. The GIs are almost the only male students the colleges have. The few civilian collegians are either exceedingly 4-F or painfully young and downy. But the co-ed population has increased during the war. There are girls, girls, girls on all the campuses.

The OD students get worked reasonably hard to balance the luck of being stationed in the United States. For a while Pitt GIs lived cosily in the fraternity houses along Forbes Street, but that was too good to last, and the Army has bundled them off to the Cathedral, where they sleep in disciplined rows in the drafty Gothic skyscraper and have reveille, retreat and so on.

Most of the GIs you see on the streets during the day or in the night spots in the evenings are lucky guys on pre-embarkation or just-back-from-overseas furloughs. There aren't enough of them to give Pittsburgh even the illusion of being a military town, but just as a gesture of something or other the local Provost Marshal has hung his off-limits sign on a couple of bars.

Diamond Street is still the home of the low-price double-header shot, and the Casino is still one of the nation's last stands of old-fashioned burlesque. The Nixon has had good theatrical seasons, getting a lot of road companies playing New York hits. It caters to fewer try-outs, though, since in these times of uncertain transportation most untested shows hesitate to make the long trek from Broadway. The Playhouse on Craft Avenue still puts on the most polished and popular semipro theatricals in the city, and the little lounge is still jammed at night and on Sundays.

There are still the same one-man clubs designed to outwit the early-closing laws for bars, and they still have incredible names like the Benjamin Harrison Literary Association and the St. Cecilia Society. The Continental Bar of the William Penn, the Nixon Cafe, Al Mecur's Music Bar on Graeme Street and the Gay Nineties Room of the Hotel Henry continue to pack in customers of an evening and it is at places like these, after nightfall, that you begin to notice the manpower shortage, nonindustrial. There are tables with three or four girls and only one guy, and tables with just three or four girls. And when you see a girl with a date she usually is so self-satisfied that you can't get a good look at her face for the glow on it. The Henry Bar has a sign on the mirror which reads: "UNESCORTED LADIES WILL NOT BE SERVED IN THIS ROOM AFTER 6 P.M."

YOU'LL be able to find practically any landmark you look for. The stone eagles where the boulevard hits Grant Street, across from the *Post-Gazette* building, are dirtier than ever, but columnist Charley Danver has given up his crusade to have them cleaned. He figures that the smoke that sullies them is proud evidence of war production and cleaning can wait on peace.

Cold industrial statistics prove Charley's point as convincingly as the smog on the eagles. Late last year Army Ordnance officials revealed that over one-half of all the 8-inch artillery shells produced in the United States came out of the Pittsburgh Ordnance District. And 8-inch shells are only part of the production story.

The steel mills are probably the district's biggest contributors of war materiel, and they have been going full blast since before Pearl Harbor. Though the winter's fuel shortage hampered some of them, they hit their highest production record to date in the week of Feb. 28—an estimated 39,860 tons or 92 percent of capacity.

In many of the mills you'll find young girls and women doing men's jobs—running donkey engines in the plants, loading cars and such like. Many are trying to fill the place of an absent GI husband or honey. Others have gone into war plants simply because they are needed or because they like the cash. But most of them seem to have no ambition to hang onto their industrial jobs come the peace. At Jones and Laughlin's South Side works the plant manager could think of only one girl who wanted to carry on after the war—her husband had been killed overseas.

In plants like Pittsburgh Equitable Meter and other manufacturers of finished products where some girls worked even in peacetime, the feminine increase has been tremendous. At the Westinghouse Company's East Pittsburgh works, women employees have been known to break into she-wolf whistles at the sight of a serviceman—all in the spirit of good clean fun.

Aluminum is booming and Pittsburgh, with New Kensington up the river, is still the center of aluminum production in spite of the vast expansion of the industry elsewhere. Special alloy steels, machine tools, coal, electrical equipment, glass and manufactured items of almost every kind are high on the list of Pittsburgh products in the war. On Neville Island, the Dravo Corporation turns out PT boats and various other craft for the Navy. They go down the Ohio to the Mississippi and thence to sea and action. The three rivers are crowded with the traffic that keeps Pittsburgh a leading inland port.

PITTSBURGH has no new wrinkles to add to the food and cigarette shortages found in all cities. Shopping housewives queue up early in the mornings at Donahue's and other food stores to get first grabs at products rumored to be due for rationing. Cigar stores along Liberty, at the worst of the tobacco famine, offered Longfellows —those 10-cent dictator-size banquet smokes— as their only available cigarettes. In drug stores you can still get Tast-T-Lemmon and Lem-N-Blend, the fruit juice drinks native to western Pennsylvania.

The migration of Pittsburghers to the suburbs —Mt. Lebanon, South Hills and the like—continues. There hasn't been much new building since the war, but the North Side and the East End are becoming business districts and shopping centers. Squirrel Hill around Forbes and Murray is turning into a little East Liberty, and East Liberty is increasingly like "downtown."

The housing shortage in Pittsburgh—as in every other large American city—is acute. The population has increased, with the influx of industrial workers from outside more than balancing the drain of the Army. The Army itself has run into the housing problem and has taken over the old Municipal Hospital on Bedford Street as an MP barracks.

Footloose MPs and their freedom-loving prisoners used to escape through the back windows of the hospital, but this hole has been plugged. Arlington Heights on the South Side is the only recent substantial housing development.

McKeesport is as overcrowded as Pittsburgh since U. S. Steel moved its Elwood City plant there. Homestead has been half torn down to make room for a new steel plant. The area razed included most of the old red-light district that radiated from Third and Dixon.

Along Fifth Avenue beyond Oakland you'll notice that the old show-place homes are either demolished or dilapidated. Taxes and the love of fresh air have driven most of the wealthy out of town to Sewickly or Fox Chapel. The big, gently sloping lawns and the elaborate gardens are turning into weed patches. Here and there a garage left standing has been rented as a house. The migration to the country would probably have been even faster if the gas shortage hadn't strangled transportation to and from town.

There are more of the new streamlined red streetcars than before, and fewer taxis. There haven't been any new taxis since the war and the old ones are developing creaks. Up on Wylie, in the Hill District, they still have free-lance, non-licensed taxis driven by local boys for music lovers who have stayed up till curfew listening to Honey Boy pound on the drums.

Pittsburgh is full of talk about expansion and improvement schemes for post-war days when construction limitations will be lifted. Last fall City Works Director Frank M. Roessing submitted to the Federal Works Administration a report proposing an expenditure of almost $36,000,000 for the first six years of peace.

These projects embrace everything from 50 miles of armored curbing to 36 new public buildings—mostly police stations and fire houses. Some of the improvements can be begun as soon as Federal authorities give a green light—things like the repaving of Barbeau, Kirkpatrick, Smallman and South 27th Streets and construction of new sewers on Penn, Lemington and North Avenues. Other improvements, still in the blueprint stage, are the repaving of the Bloomfield and Manchester bridges and the widening of the south approach to the latter. Still ideas, not yet even on paper, are 36 public buildings and six stations for the City Highway Department.

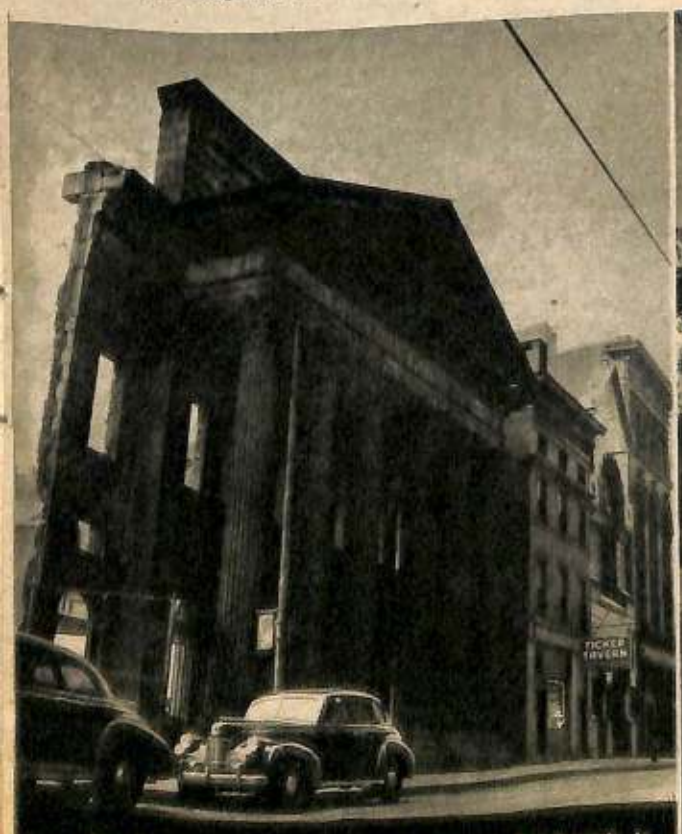
Roessing's report doesn't include major long-term projects like the proposed $25,000,000 Pitt Parkway, the $15,000,000 restoration plan which will turn Fort Pitt into a park and the $6,000,000 Crosstown Boulevard. Most such big-time operations will be financed jointly by national, county and state governments.

Meanwhile the new streetcars and the old automobiles—and the absence of any cars at all in the dealers' windows—are the changes that you'd most likely spot right off. The sight of soldiers drilling on the Pitt Campus would probably catch your eye, and you'd be struck by the number of slacks if you drifted into any industrial plant. But mostly Pittsburgh is the same. Just a little bigger and busier and dirtier.

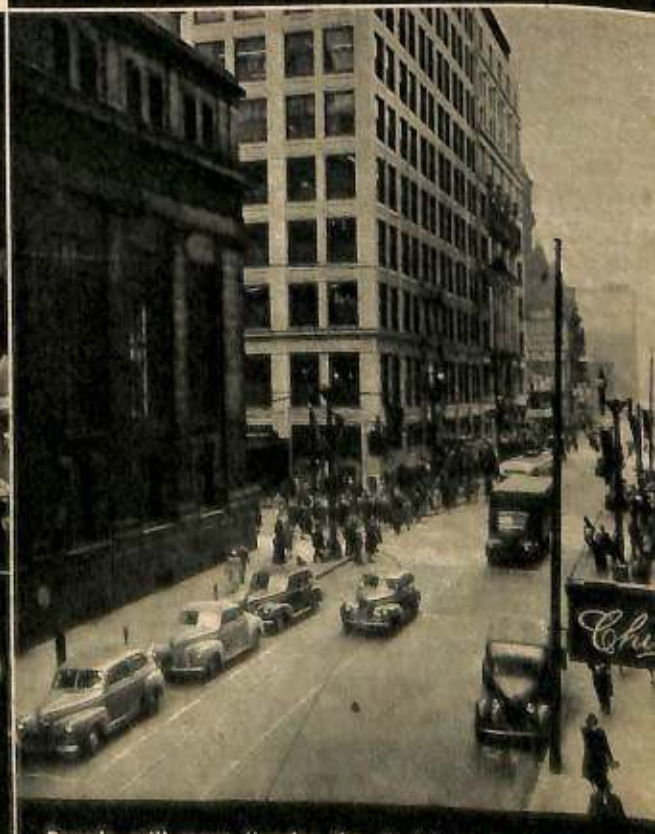
The girls' legs are the same as ever.

Kahn's Bar & Grill on Murray Avenue carries on with proprietor Lew Kahn still behind the bar.

Weeds grow over the lawns of the old houses that face on Fifth Avenue. This is Fifth near Shady.


On Fourth Avenue, the old Bank of Pittsburgh is now a parking lot; only its front still stands.


Dorothy Nesbit, from her piano in the Hotel Henry Gay Nineties, entertains a mostly feminine crowd.


People still meet "under the clock" at Kaufmann's department store, downtown on Smithfield Street.

FORWARD PAST THE DEAD.

RESERVES PASS GI HEADED FOR BATTALION AID.

FROM A RIFLEMAN'S SKETCHBOOK

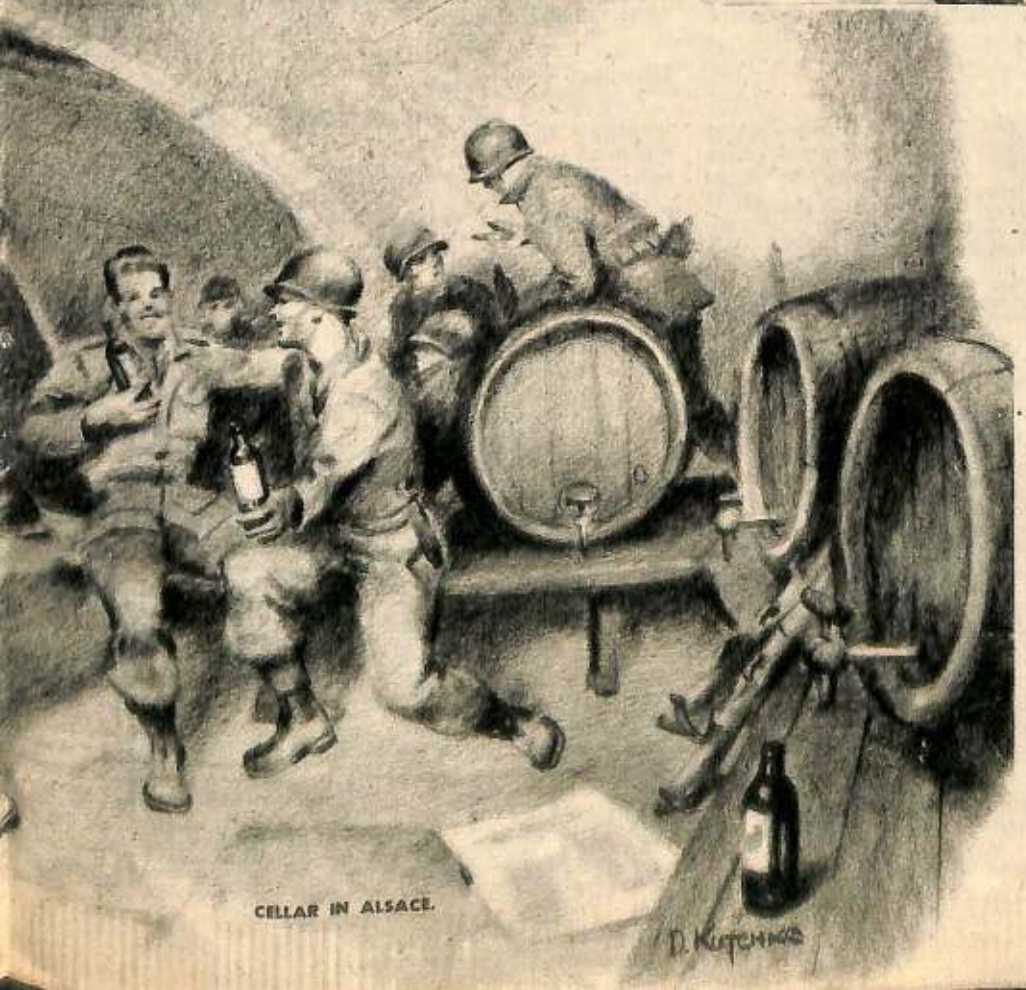
WORKING MEDIC.

LITTER BEARERS.

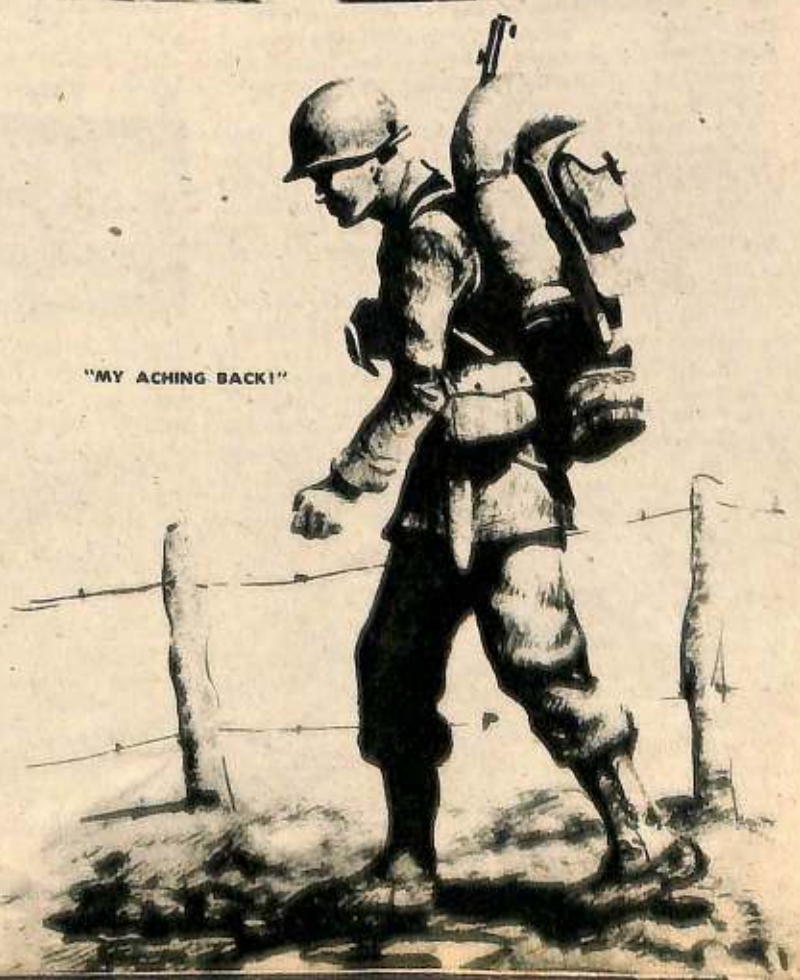
DEATH ENDED THIS DASH TO TWO WOUNDED COMRADES.

PFC. DAVID J. KUTCHKO made these front-line sketches while serving as a rifleman with the 87th Infantry Division. A piece of 88 shrapnel separated him from his outfit after they had crossed the German border in the vicinity of the Saar. Kutchko, a 22-year-old Clevelander, attended the Cleveland School of Art for one year. He is now at the Tenth Reinforcement Depot in England sweating out reassignment.

SNIPER.



CELLAR IN ALSACE.



"MY ACHING BACK!"

Heavy Dough

Dear YANK:

I have been very lucky with the little white cubes, but I hear tell that I will not be able to bring all my dough back into the States when I finally do get home. The way I get it, I can only bring back $50 in cash. Is that right or is someone kidding me?

Solomon Islands —Pfc. JAMES WALTERS

■ They're kidding you. There is a Treasury regulation putting a $50 limit on the amount of currency that can be brought into the States from certain foreign countries, but it does not apply to military personnel. So don't worry; the dough is all yours. However, if local theater regulations limit the amount of cash you can take back to the States, you can send the rest of the money back via Treasury check or postal money order.

Minority Discharge

Dear YANK:

I was just under 16 when I joined the Navy. Now they have discovered my true age and they are going to discharge me. Is it true that I will get a dishonorable discharge and that I am out of luck on mustering-out pay?

Pacific —WILLIAM HIGGINS S1c

■ The Navy says that if a man is under 17 when he is discharged, his enlistment is canceled and he gets a discharge "under honorable conditions" but no mustering-out pay. If he is over 17 when discharged, he gets the same "under honorable conditions" discharge and mustering-out pay.

Photos Developed

Dear YANK:

A couple of months ago you had an item in your *What's Your Problem?* column in which you stated that GIs who had undeveloped film which they wanted developed should send it to Rochester, N. Y., for development. Recently I tried to send some film to that address and local censorship refused to let me put it through. Doesn't the answer which you gave apply to men in overseas theaters?

Italy —Pvt. JAMES J. REYNOLDS

■ The answer YANK gave was intended to apply only to personnel who had returned to the States from an overseas area. GIs in overseas theaters should refer to their theater or base censors for instructions on the handling of amateur film. Overseas theater commanders have issued instructions on the procedure to be followed in disposing of amateur film in their respective theaters. GIs overseas must not communicate unofficially with Rochester about such film.

What's Your Problem?

Letters to this department should bear writer's full name, serial number and military address.

Insurance Premiums

Dear YANK:

When I entered the Army I took out a $10,000 GI policy but I kept my civilian insurance going because I found it had no "war clause." Now these premium payments on my civilian insurance are beginning to drive me nuts. My policy calls for four payments of $30 each a year. When I was in the States that was OK; I received my notices of premiums due and paid on the nose. However, mail to this part of the world is not what I'd call reliable. I feel sure that my policy will lapse one of these days because of the mail delays as we move from island to island. Is there any way in which I can have the Army take care of my insurance payments by deducting the money from my pay?

Philippines —Cpl. LARRY SMOLLENS

■ You can have the Office of Dependency Benefits do the worrying for you by taking out a Class E allotment to be paid to the insurance company. Although your premiums are due on a quarterly basis, $10 a month will be deducted from your pay and the payments will be made monthly. All insurance companies have agreed to accept the monthly payments from the ODB without regard to the method of payment specified in the policy.

Clothing Allowance

Dear YANK:

Will you please settle a bet and tell me whether Navy enlisted men get a clothing allowance after their first year of service?

Hawaii —Pvt. RICHARD B. KING

■ They do. After each year of service Navy enlisted men receive a clothing allowance which is credited to their pay account each quarter. Chiefs get $18.75 a quarter and all others get $6.25 a quarter.

Clothing Tags

Dear YANK:

After a year and a half in the Army, I find it quite annoying to find some of my equipment still bearing marking tags. I was convinced that I had removed the last of these tags but the other day proved I was wrong. Halfway up the sleeve of a field jacket I found one of the familiar tags. Why does the Quartermaster permit clothing to be bedecked like a Christmas tree?

Camp Barkeley, Tex. —Pfc. HERBERT N. ROSEN

■ Assembly-line production of Army uniforms makes it necessary to tag every piece that goes into the making of a garment. The tags prevent a size-36 sleeve from going on a size-40 coat and they also keep certain nearly identical materials from getting mixed up in the same uniform. When all tags correspond on a completed uniform, the manufacturer knows that no mistakes have been made.

STRICTLY G.I.

Gen. Arnold's Report

Fighter pilots and bomber crews may soon have to dodge bullets while they're in training for combat. A new plastic 30-caliber frangible bullet that breaks up harmlessly upon contact with armor as light as ¼-inch dual plate was described by Gen. H. H. Arnold, CG, AAF, in his second report to the Secretary of War. The bullet is now in the final development stage and its use will be incorporated into all AAF flexible-gunnery training. Gen. Arnold said he believes firing real bullets at real planes will give the boys in training more incentive for accurate shooting.

Gen. Arnold's report contained a reminder that large numbers of robot bombs, reconstructed from the Nazis' V-1 with modifications and improvements, have been ordered for test-firing by the Air Technical Service Command at Wright Field, and that our own models "will soon be available for possible use."

The CG had a good word for AAF mobile weather stations, such as are operating on the Himalaya Mountains, on the plateaus of central China, in Pacific jungles and in many spots in France and Italy. Wherever possible, such stations are transported on trucks or jeeps, but in the Southwest Pacific weather and communications men, working as a team, have had to lug their equipment onto beachheads on their backs. One of the first mobile weather stations was that landed on the Salerno beachhead in September 1943.

Hospital Program

The Army Medical Department has begun a hospital enlargement plan under which the bed capacity of the Army's 70 general and convalescent hospitals will be increased from 150,000 to 220,000. Admissions of overseas wounded are now running more than 30,000 a month. One means of obtaining the increase will be by expansion of several present station hospitals to the general and convalescent type.

Newest shortage felt by the Army Medical Department is that of occupational therapists, who are vital in the reconditioning of sick and wounded soldiers. Of 1,800 qualified registered occupational therapists in the country, the Army has only 225 and needs another 225 immediately. The Medical Department is seeking applicants who have completed the four-year occupational therapy course. Persons who are hired go into Civil Service's subprofessional classification and draw $1,800 per year, plus overtime.

Medics' Badge

The War Department has authorized a badge for medics who have served with the medical detachments of infantry regiments or smaller units since the war started. The award carries no additional pay at present, but there is a bill before Congress to give its winners the same $10-a-month extra paid to combat infantrymen. Medics up to and including captain are eligible. Regimental surgeons, regardless of rank, also can get it.

The badge is elliptical and of silver metal. It shows a lifter, a Geneva cross, the striking snakes of the Medical Department caduceus and a wreath of oak leaves. It will be worn on the left breast above decorations and ribbons.

Jet-Propelled Plane

"Fastest fighter in existence" is the description tied onto the new P-80, the AAF's first jet-propelled combat plane, by its manufacturers, Lockheed and the General Electric Company. Unlike the P-59 Airacomet, a Bell-built twin-engined jet fighter-trainer, the P-80 is powered by a single gas-turbine engine. The new ship, called the Shooting Star, has hydraulic aileron boosters for maneuverability at high speeds, and electrically operated flaps. It can carry heavy loads of ammunition, photo equipment, bombs and fuel, and has a pressurized cabin equipped for pilot "G" suits that ease the discomfort and danger of sharp turns and pull-outs. A small maintenance crew can make a complete engine change in 15 minutes.

First announcement of production of the Shooting Star came from Gen. H. H. Arnold. He didn't say when the ship would get into combat.

Liberated PWs' Mail

Letters and post cards to military and civilian personnel liberated from Japanese prison and internment camps on Luzon should be addressed as follows: Name of addressee, serial number if addressee is military personnel, American Red Cross, Civilian War Affairs Section, APO 442, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

New Jersey Elections

A primary election will be held in New Jersey on June 12 for certain state officers, including members of the General Assembly in all counties, state senators in certain counties and certain county and local officers in all counties. GIs from New Jersey may obtain from their Soldier Voting officer a post card application for a State Absentee Ballot, which may be sent at any time to the Secretary of State, Trenton, N. J. The State will begin mailing ballots to servicemen on April 12, and the executed ballot must be received back by June 12 to be eligible to be counted.

Municipal elections will be held on May 8 in the following places in New Jersey: Asbury Park, Audubon Park, Bordentown, Cape May City, Clark Township (Union County), Collingswood (borough), East Millstone, Hackensack, Haddonfield (borough), Jersey City, Keansburg (borough), Lyndhurst Township (Bergen County), Medford Lake (borough), Millville, Monmouth Beach (borough), Newark, Sea Isle City, Vineland (borough), West Cape May (borough) and Wildwood Crest (borough).

NEWS FROM HOME

Hitler had a premature funeral in the States, GIs in the ETO heard a lot about the Japanese situation, a major insisted on finishing his meal, and a Washington gent said you <u>can</u> do something about the weather.

No matter what way you look at it, the big news at home last week centered around the Allied armies pushing eastward from the Rhine. All a government or military official had to do was to open his mouth and a lot of people would interpret it as a sign that the European war was over. The combination of two such remarks, one by President Roosevelt and the other by General Eisenhower, started premature national rejoicing.

The President asked his Cabinet members and diplomats to stay at their posts, an exhortation that was designed to keep them away from crowded San Francisco during the United Nations conference this month. But people didn't interpret it that way. In Paris, Eisenhower commented that the German armies in the West were "whipped." By the time this statement got to radio station KHJ in Los Angeles, it read: "Eisenhower says the Germans have quit." And, brother, that was enough "assurance" for most people.

The reports were officially corrected, of course, but not before the Los Angeles City Council had solemnly celebrated the peace in front of an audience which recited the Oath of Allegiance. Other reactions: Criminal Courts in Chicago adjourned for the day, Times Square looked just like Times Square, and somebody came out with the inside dope that Eisenhower and Hitler were in conference at Berchtesgaden, the fuehrer's mountain retreat in Bavaria.

When it came to the real news—that of the Rhine crossing—the American press interpreted developments as spelling curtains for Hitler. Said the New York *Herald-Tribune*: "It is the last round. There can be no doubt of that. It is the last round for a system built of blood and iron on lies and threats, on a contemptuous denial of all those human values which civilization had been slowly and painfully amassing through the centuries."

The New York *Times* reminded its readers: "The war must continue until the country and the regime have been in literal fact smashed to bits. But this means that after victory, the Allies will have on their hands a wrecked country and a wrecked people without political leadership and without government." The paper pointed out that reconstruction "will demand all the resources and all the ingenuity of all the United Nations."

There were grim reminders that the Japanese war remains to be fought and to be won after the last Nazi resistance is ended. Adm. Ernest J. King, Commander-in-Chief of the U.S. Fleet, warned that "we must constantly realize that we are only now gaining a position from which we can assault the heart of Japanese strength. We must never forget that there is a long, tough and laborious road ahead."

While it might feel fine to whoop it up a bit after V-E Day, the Army made it plain that it wouldn't be exactly wise to boot your first sergeant in the rear. Thousands of soldiers who are veterans of combat in the ETO will find themselves in a warmer climate pretty quick after the war in Europe ends, said Maj. Gen. Fred L. Walker, commandant of the Infantry School at Fort Benning, Ga. "Redeployment will be hard on our combat soldiers," said Walker, "but they have shown they are made of the stuff that can withstand hardship."

A sad tale was told by a War Manpower Commission official in Atlanta, Ga., about a discharged 26-year-old lieutenant colonel in the Air Forces. Before the war, the colonel had been making $36 a week as a newspaper staffman, but as an Army ace his income shot up to $7,200 annually. After his discharge, though, the former officer was offered his old job at only $40 a week, or $2,080 a year. Said the WMC: "The colonel was bitterly disappointed at the idea of taking such a drop."

As for the Air Forces, it was the same story. Gen. H. H. Arnold, chief of the AAF, reminded his flight and ground crews about the forthcoming all-out struggle with the Nips in these words: "We are going to need all our Air Force men to bring the war against Japan to a rapid close. We are going to use every plane we can effectively employ, even if it means every plane we are now using in Europe."

Officialdom was taking great pains to make sure that the home front, too, didn't forget about the Jap war. It was announced that a number of senators are going to visit Britain, France, Germany and Italy. According to their spokesmen, Sen. Lister Hill, Democrat of Alabama, they will jointly represent the Appropriations, Military Affairs and Foreign Relations Committees. The lawmakers will mainly interest themselves in what the Army plans to do about transferring men, equipment and supplies from the European to the Pacific fronts.

Sen. Hill said the group will also inquire into reported complaints that the U.S. has lagged behind the Nazis in production and battle use of jet-propelled planes and into the long-standing argument on the relative merits of American and German tanks—an argument that's been getting a big play in the American press. In addition, the senators want to talk with representatives of the French and British governments about postwar economic problems. Other members of the party were expected to be Sens. Richard B. Russell, Democrat of Georgia; Albert B. Chandler, Democrat of Kentucky; Burnet R. Maybank, Democrat of South Carolina; and Styles Bridges, Republican of New Hampshire.

GIs will learn what their future is likely to be after Germany is licked through a hold-for-release movie made by the War Department six months ago. The film shows the various problems having to do with shifting forces from Europe to the Pacific. While a soldier won't be able to tell whether he individually will be discharged, he'll be able to calculate his own points toward discharge. The WD, it was said, plans to show the movies within a few hours of Germany's surrender or official announcement of its defeat, hoping in this way to check at least some of the inevitable flood of rumors.

President Roosevelt announced that our mobilization of "the largest armed force by far in the nation's history" will be completed by June 30. The President didn't say exactly what the total figure would be, but he did ask Congress for appropriations to Selective Service of $54,500,000 to provide for an average monthly draft of 93,000 men. He said the big job next year will be to obtain "needed replacements to cover losses and discharges." The WD meanwhile disclosed that 1,716,000 men were separated from the Army from the start of the war through December 31, 1944. These "separations" covered all causes, including deaths in battle and otherwise, honorable discharges, prisoners of war and missing, retirements and assignments of men to inactive status. The figures included the deaths of 29,000 officers and 143,000 enlisted men.

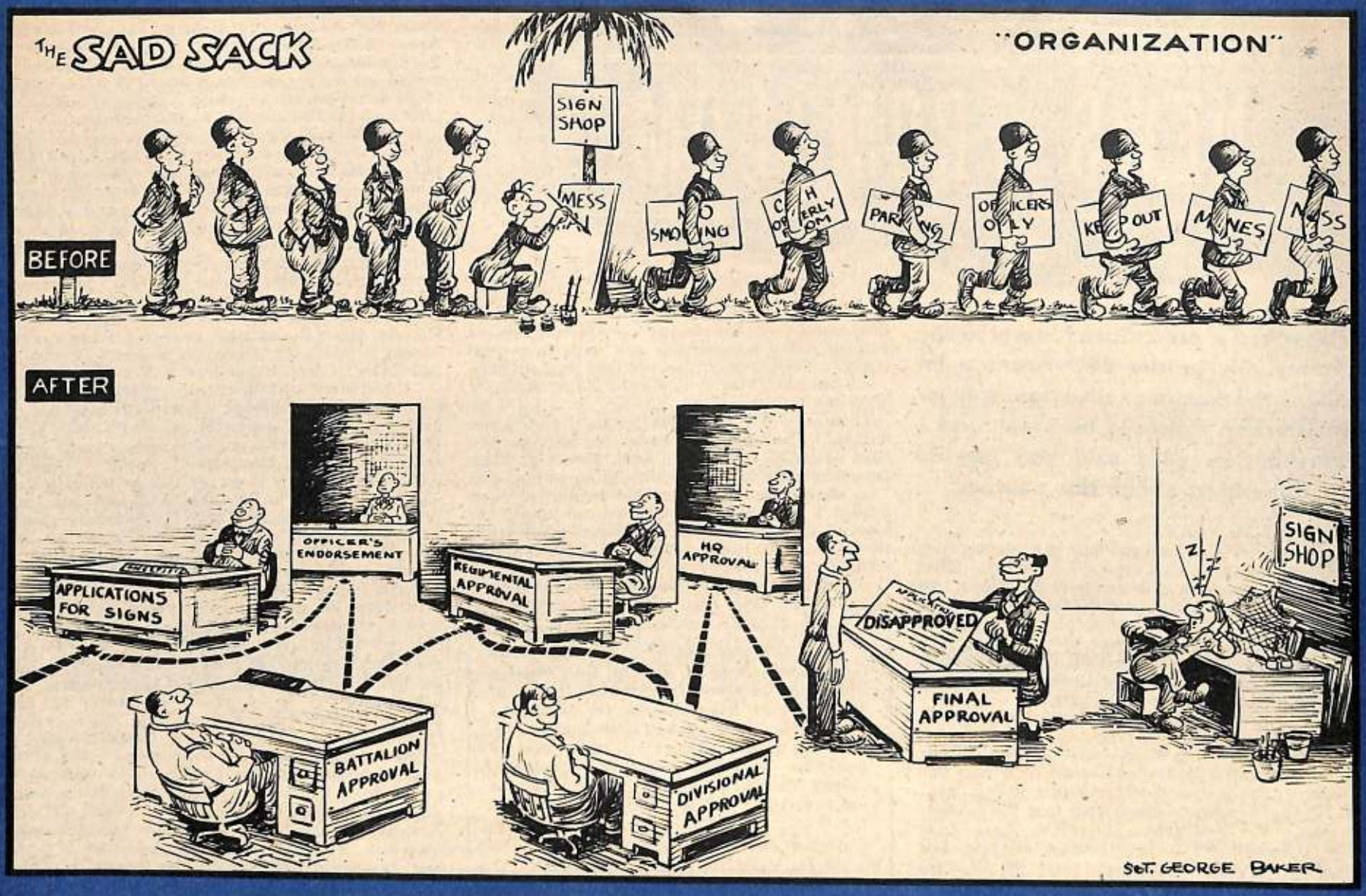
The meat situation was still the cause of much moaning. The Office of Price Administration won Senate approval of a special $565,000 fund to investigate the meat shortage. That was shortly before Sen. Burton K. Wheeler, Democrat of Montana, told the Senate Agriculture Committee that he understood Canada had ample meat and recommended an inquiry into why more of it was not being used for lend-lease. The investigating committee said its chief aim would be to uncover and destroy black markets and thus perhaps also to expose similar operations involving chickens, butter, sugar and other food products.

The Army disclosed that American soldiers on the average get 307 pounds of meat a year apiece—which is 160 pounds more than the average civilian ate in 1944. It was emphasized that the quantity might vary considerably with the individual, according to the area in which he is located and the duty he is performing.

From Washington the *Associated Press* reported

POWER PILOT. FILM FANS, HERE'S LT. TYRONE POWER LEAVING HIS MARINE PLANE AT EL CENTRO, CALIF. WITH NURSES (LEFT TO RIGHT) LT. MARY KAMINSKI, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.; ENS. JULIA SHAD, LUDLOW, MASS., AND ENS. DOROTHY FRUITS, CHICAGO.

CENTURY MARK. OLIVER M. HANEY OF PASADENA, CALIF., PASSED UP A 100-CANDLE BIRTHDAY CAKE TO DIG INTO A MESS OF K-RATIONS. WHILE WORKING ON THE PORK AND VEAL, HANEY RECALLED THAT HE GOT PORK AND BEANS EVERY DAY DURING THE CIVIL WAR.



that the U. S. may be faced with the lion's share of the job of feeding most of occupied Germany. The Germans won't be able to feed themselves, it was said, because of the great destruction by air and land bombardment and the movement of millions of German refugees from farms in the battle zones.

State Department officials were working hard to smooth the way for the San Francisco International Security Conference this month. Playing host to the world at the most important gathering of its kind since the end of the first World War wasn't going to be a simple job. The case of the Russian typewriters probably typified the kind of job the State Department had on its hands. It seems that 20 typewriters with Russian characters were needed for the Soviet delegation. Three were found in San Francisco without much trouble—one in a steamship office, another in a bank, and the third in an export firm. The other 17 weren't found immediately, and if you have one, the State Department will probably be right pleased to borrow it.

There won't be any fancy chow for delegates to the San Francisco World Security Conference. If they want a snack during sessions at the city's opera house, they'll have to dine on coffee, sandwiches and salad. And, like Frisco's war workers, the conferees will have to eat standing up at the lunch counter.

To house the delegates and advisers, the State Department persuaded crowded San Francisco hotels to set aside more than 2,000 rooms. Not everybody attending the conference will have a room to himself, however. Correspondents accredited to the meeting were told to double up. It was also announced that nobody will be allowed to travel on fast transcontinental trains to San Francisco for several days before the conference opens except persons having official business at the meeting there.

AMERICAN delegates to the conference were getting a lot of backseat advice. Two well-known commentators—John Foster Dulles, who was Governor Thomas E. Dewey's adviser on foreign affairs in last year's Presidential campaign, and Walter Lippmann, the columnist—asked the nation to be realistic about the conference and not to think that the millenium is just around the corner.

Dulles pointed out that machinery for world peace couldn't be built overnight. Lippmann, a longtime advocate of international cooperation, wrote: "We shall have to guard against the notion that San Francisco can produce or should be expected to produce a conclusive and perfected constitution for the world of the future."

By a vote of 52 to 36, the Senate rejected Aubrey Williams for the post of Rural Electrification Administrator, marking the first time since 1939 that President Roosevelt had failed to get a nomination other than for a postmaster through the Upper House. The 1939 set-back concerned a nominee for U. S. Attorney in Nevada. The defeat of Williams' nomination didn't come as much of a surprise; it had been clear for weeks that a large group of senators—both Democrats and Republicans—were against the man.

The Democrats in the anti-Williams group, it was reported, were mostly those who had fought against letting Henry Wallace have control of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and subsidiary lending agencies. The Administration saved Wallace's nomination for Secretary of Commerce by agreeing to a divorce of the RFC from the Commerce Department, but it didn't have such an "out" with Williams.

In the postwar world, the job of Rural Electrification Administrator is likely to be an important one. Observers predicted that the REA may spend up to a billion dollars to finance rural electric lines after the war ends. Since last December, when Harry Slattery resigned, the REA hasn't had any boss, and William J. Neal has been Acting Administrator. As things stand now, the President has to submit a new nominee for the post. Unless the candidate is absolutely neutral, though, commentators foresaw a reopening of a bitter fight, a fight which was interpreted in the case of Williams as a conflict between liberals and conservatives.

The House of Representatives put up a lot of arguments, but finally passed manpower legislation giving the Director of War Mobilization an enforcement club of jail sentences and fines. Under the bill sent to the Senate, the director would be given the power to fix ceilings on employment, to freeze workers in their jobs, and to regulate hiring and re-hiring. Violations of his orders by either employer or employe would be punishable by one year in jail and a fine of $10,000. A preamble to the new bill—which was a compromise between House and Senate measures—stated: "Every individual not in the armed forces shall have the obligation when called upon to serve the nation in an activity essential to the war effort."

A SHORT while later, the Senate Military Committee unanimously approved the drafting of nurses, after broadening a House-passed bill to permit the induction of married women. The House's Nurse Draft Bill had provided for the induction of unmarried nurses aged 20 to 45 and directed that they be offered Army or Navy commissions. With a view to basing exemptions on dependency alone, the Senate committee struck out a House provision making the draft inapplicable to "married women whose marriage occurred prior to March 15, 1945." This left the exemption simply for women with children under 18.

The midnight curfew on amusement and drinking places was still traveling a stormy path. As one of his last acts before resigning as War Mobilization Director, James F. Byrnes reiterated his stand in favor of the midnight closing. He added, however, that the curfew would be withdrawn or modified "as soon as the progress of the war permits." In the meantime, Byrnes refused to conduct a hearing on an appeal by New York night-club and restaurant owners for an extension of the 12 o'clock ban in Manhattan.

Sen. Edward V. Robertson, Republican of Wyoming, is a man with vision. Looking ahead to peacetime aviation, the senator suggested a bill to outlaw liquor sales on luxury aircraft. "Liquor would be a danger to airline passengers," explained Robertson. "There will not be any police protection—and an obstreperous drunk couldn't be put off."

Meanwhile, Manhattan's "snafu curfew" continued to pile up headaches and hard feeling. The New York *Post* said military and civilian cops were

patrolling the Times Square area in "unprecedentedly" large numbers to forestall riots which the police were said to believe would result from strict enforcement of the curfew against GIs.

One source of possible trouble—that between British sailors and American servicemen—was removed when the naval adviser to the British Information Services in New York announced that all British naval personnel in Manhattan had been ordered to observe the midnight curfew ruling just like the U. S. Army and Navy. Previously it had been possible for British sailors to continue eating in all-night restaurants while the Yanks were ordered out.

Still and all, servicemen resented the sight of civilians eating while the guys in uniform couldn't. At a Child's Restaurant on 42nd Street, Maj. Robert Lawton of Boston took matters into his own hands. Denied service by the waiter at 1:15 a.m., Lawton stalked into the kitchen and demanded food. The startled kitchen staff got it for him and he ate in the kitchen. While the major was downing the chow, two MPs came in and tried to get him to leave. When he wouldn't, they left and came back with an MP captain, who didn't have any more success at the job. Lawton said he was back from a 16-month tour of duty with the 12th Army Group and was awaiting reassignment.

THE Senate unanimously confirmed the nominations to full general of Lt. Gens. Joseph T. McNarney, Omar N. Bradley, Carl Spaatz, George C. Kenney, Mark W. Clark, Walter Kreuger, Brehon B. Somervell, Jacob L. Devers and Thomas T. Handy. Rep. John E. Rankin, Democrat of Mississippi, complained to the House because Lt. Gen. George S. Patton had been omitted from the list. Rankin read his colleagues a newspaper headline which said, "Patton Closing in on Frankfurt," and then added, "I hope we don't wait until Hitler and Berlin recognize him before Washington does."

Film producer Samuel Goldwyn returned to Hollywood from a government mission to England with a glowing tribute to English women. Describing the damage from five-and-a-half years of bombing and buzz-diving as "almost unbelievable," Goldwyn said he believed Britain couldn't have held out except for the courage and sacrifice of the ladies, who, he said, are doing 90 per cent of their country's war work. "No group," said Goldwyn, "has worked as hard or sacrificed as much."

A new outfit formed by production-front veterans in Chicago plans to promote "equal rights with war veterans" for war workers during peacetime reconversion. The organization, said National Superintendent George M. Hodge, wants a "Bill of Rights" for such workers. Its members will join the ranks of postwar veterans' parades and form a lobby in Washington to coax along legislation benefitting workers.

Not so well received in the States was a crack by an Air Force Joe who looked over the Easter Parade on Atlantic City's Boardwalk and remarked that "Australian women are more attractive than American beauties." The speaker was Lt. Donald M. Detry, 26-year-old Chicago bombardier who had just returned from the Southwest Pacific after 44 combat missions with the Fifth Air Force. Showing just as much courage on the ground as in the air, Lt. Detry continued: "The average Australian girl is head and shoulders above the run-of-the-mine crop here in the States. American girls may be better dressed and better educated, but the Australian girls have real beauty." Detry, who is single, went on to say that when and if he marries it will be an American girl because "they've got those extra qualities that make a good wife."

The CIO asked Congress to extend the Emergency Maternity and Infant Care program to cover the wives of veterans, the widows of servicemen, and infants born after the father leaves the service. CIO President Philip Murray said that limitation of the program to the wives of enlisted men of the lower four grades is tough on many families and that the wives of veterans should have assistance for two years after their husbands are discharged. He pointed out that most veterans, many of whom have postponed plans for a family, won't be able to meet the heavy expenses of adequate medical care in those first two years.

A Columbia University executive branded as "pretentious poppycock" the assertions by some educators that American soldiers will return to civilian life with "warped values and neurotic personalities." In a report to the University, Director of Admissions Frank H. Bowles declared: "Investigations have shown that the principal causes of maladjustment occur among those who entered the service with neurotic or psychological unbalance."

Joseph J. Coyle, 37, a medically discharged Army private who got malaria in Sicily and was wounded twice in Italy, became the first man in the New York area to obtain a $2,000 business loan under the GI Bill of Rights. With his two grand, Coyle bought a half interest in a delicatessen store and moved behind the counter, wearing GI suntans under his white storekeeper's apron. The ex-private borrowed the money from the National City Bank of New York, and the Veterans Administration, as provided by the GI Bill, will pay $40 to cover the first year's interest on Coyle's loan. He arranged to pay the rest of his obligation in 24 monthly installments, although the law allows him to spread the payments over five years.

Here's a sign of the times. The German-American Bund camp at Andover, N. J., scene of mass Nazi demonstrations in the late thirties, has been earmarked for an American boys' camp. The 300-acre tract, heretofore known as Camp Nordland, was bought from the Alien Property Custodian by a group of businessmen and part of it will be made into "Camp Clearwater in the Pines." The Bund was kicked out of the place when its fuehrer, August Klapprott, was pinched in 1940.

The U. S. District Engineers in New York announced that a $2,000,000 program to turn Camp Upton, Long Island, into one of the largest Army rehabilitation centers in the country would be completed about May 15. In the past three years Camp Upton has processed 500,000 recruits for the war and served as a training ground for the 77th Division, now in the Philippines. It closed as a reception center last August 31.

MARVA TROTTER LOUIS got herself a divorce in Chicago from boxing champion Joe Louis—Staff Sergeant Louis to you—on the grounds that he deserted her in October, 1943. Joe was in court for the hearing but didn't contest the action and had nothing to say. His attorney said a settlement included the payment of $200 a month for support of the Louis's two-year-old daughter, Jaquelin, and for the creation of a trust fund for the child. Mrs. Louis, a night-club singer, said the boxer had been a kind husband—when he was home.

Japs, although no gentlemen, prefer blondes. U. S. Marines who stormed Peleliu in the Pacific, took over abandoned Nip quarters on the island and found that Japanese have pin-ups, too. The favorites were Betty Grable and Mae West, and under Mae's picture was written: "Come up 'n see me if you're ever in beautiful California."

There's a man in Washington, D. C., who is planning a postwar world in which outdoor weddings, golf dates and such-like won't be spoiled by rain. The optimistic gent is Dr. Charles G. Abbott, 73-year-old astro-physicist and retired secretary of the Smithsonian Institute. He says he can predict weather for months and even years in advance by observing the day-to-day variations in the sun's heat. Orthodox weathermen don't agree with his forecasts, but Dr. Abbott said his predictions have been proved amazingly accurate over a period of years. "I am a bold man to try to change the fashion in thinking about weather," he said, "but some day my theories will be accepted and then farmers won't have their crops ruined and people will enjoy life more." And, presumably, there will be a slump in the rain-check business.

MOVIE STRIKE. LEFT TO RIGHT, JIM JOHNSON, MARY McKNAB, AND J. G. MORGAN ON PICKET DUTY OUTSIDE 20TH CENTURY-FOX DURING A LABOR DISPUTE WHICH HALTED WORK FOR A WHILE IN MAJOR FILM STUDIOS.

TOUGH JOB. PHOTOGRAPHER MIKE LAVELLE ISN'T LISTENING FOR A BUZZ-BOMB TO CUT OFF. HE'S JUST DEMONSTRATING A PIN-UP POSE FOR FRANCES ("THE SHAPE") VORNE, A GAL WHO IS REPORTED TO BE TOPS WITH THE FOXHOLE SET FROM BURMA TO THE RHINE.

BIG BOY. THE MESS SERGEANT'S NIGHTMARE ABOVE IS ONE MARTIN LEVY, AND HE WEIGHS 640 POUNDS AT THE TENDER AGE OF 29. MARTIN IS SHOWN IN ACTION AGAINST PAT HEALY, THE "IRISH GIANT," WHO NATURALLY GOT THE HELL SQUASHED OUT OF HIMSELF.

The COVER

At a forward observation post on Iwo Jima, a marine calls out range instructions to be relayed to artillery and mortar units. He and the two other spotters have located the exact position of an enemy machine gun nest.

Cover, USMC. 2, Signal Corps. 3, upper, Sgt. Reg. Kenny; lower, Signal Corps. 4 and 5, Signal Corps. 6, PA. 7, INP. 8, lower left, Pfc. A. L. Farnum, MC; others, PA. 9, Acme. 10 and 11, Sgt. Ben Schnall. 15, Acme. 17, INP. 18, 8th AAF. 20, upper left, Sgt. Jack Rowe; center left, Sgt. Charles Arnold; others, Al Baker, USN. 21, upper, Acme; lower, Riverdale Children's Association. 22, Universal. 23, left, 8th AAF; right, Capt. Luther W White.

YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

BRITISH EDITION

EVENING STANDARD BUILDING

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MAIL CALL

Air Force Awards

Dear YANK,

We have read many gripes in *Mail Call* which have caused us to raise our eyebrows, but the gripe of our contemporary naval aircrewman from the Pacific in your March 18 issue has caused us " to blow our collective tops."

The policy of the AAF Awards and Decorations department does not include " giving " away the Air Medal or DFC. At present we are *awarded* the Air Medal with four Oak Leaf Clusters for completing thirty-five missions over Germany. The DFC is awarded for outstanding valor and bravery in action. The boys that wear these decorations deserve every one of them, and those of us that get through a tour all in one piece without being wounded consider ourselves rather lucky. Possibly Naval Aircrewman Stessen has heard of AAF crew members being awarded the DFC after completing 15 missions, but we'll bet all the " bitters " he can hold that those crewmen earned their decorations. We gunners of the 8th Air Force resent his implication that it's an insult to the men who have been awarded posthumously the DFC and higher awards to wear our own hard-earned decorations. We have no doubt as to how rough it must be to fight from a flat-top or on the hot insect-infested islands of the Pacific. At the same time, we hold no illusions as to how rough flying combat can be, is, and always will be if for no other reason than the nature of the element in which it is fought. Any man who has flown combat will be glad to point that out to you, Naval Aircrewman Stessen. We *have* earned our decorations, and we know that all of our buddies that won't be going home with us would tell you the same—if they could.

We believe that your gripe is unfounded, Naval Aircrewman Stessen, because it is aimed in the wrong direction. Hereafter, please forward your gripes concerning decorations to the Naval Awards and Decorations Department.

Britain. S/Sgt. ROBERT W. DAVENPORT

[The above letter is typical of the many received in reply to Aircrewman Stessen.—Ed.]

Shipping Out Again

Wit de shipping comes de cackling,
Comes de mumbling, come de grumbling.
De latrine gives P.O.ed squawking,
Comes de rumor wit de talking;
London? Italy? India? China?
Frisco? Boston? Pullman? Diner?
From de barracks comes de patter,
Mixing rumors in de chatter.

Wit de orders comes restrictions,
Gives wit soldier boys conniptions,
Wit de pack-up goes de shack-up,
Off de wall comes down de tack-up.
So it's goodbye Dot, so long Mary,
It's a long, long road to Tipperary.
Ring down the curtain O.R.D.
It's come: de soldier's call to duty.

Comes de shuffle wit de duffle,
Comes de drum wit martial ruffle,
Comes de clanging and de banging,
Of de military band.
Here's de Keptain and de Major,
Giving orders to de shipment;
See de soldier boys all loaded
Down wit contraband equipment.
Now de warriors are marching,
Tru de drizzle to de train,
And it's T.S. soldier—P.O.E.
You're shipping out again.

Britain. Cpl. JOHN R. BASTOGNE

Adding Them Up

Dear YANK,

In the March 25 YANK you give the 357th Mustang Fighter Group credit for shooting down 350 German planes since February, 1944. Actually, our Group had shot down 530 planes, right?

Incidentally, we met 20 Jerry planes on March 24 and destroyed or damaged all of them without any losses.

Britain. A 357th FIGHTER PILOT

[Right you are. The correct figure was 530.—Ed.]

Unread Newspapers

Dear YANK,

Mail is a very important morale booster. I have been overseas for 27 months, and in only a very few cases have I received letters from the States that were less than three weeks old. Usually they are over a month old. The past few months we have been getting very few letters, but quite a large number of newspapers and magazines less than a month old. Newspapers and mags occupy space that could be used for letters. News of local interest (which I am sure is the only type of news fellows are interested in when receiving hometown papers) could be sent as clippings enclosed in letters.

Also, judging the fellows in my outfit, the average soldier just glances through his hometown paper and then throws it away. All news of primary interest can be obtained in the various Army and (depending on location) civilian publications, not to mention magazines, etc., contained in Special Service kits.

Britain. Sgt. H. M. N.

No Loan for Him

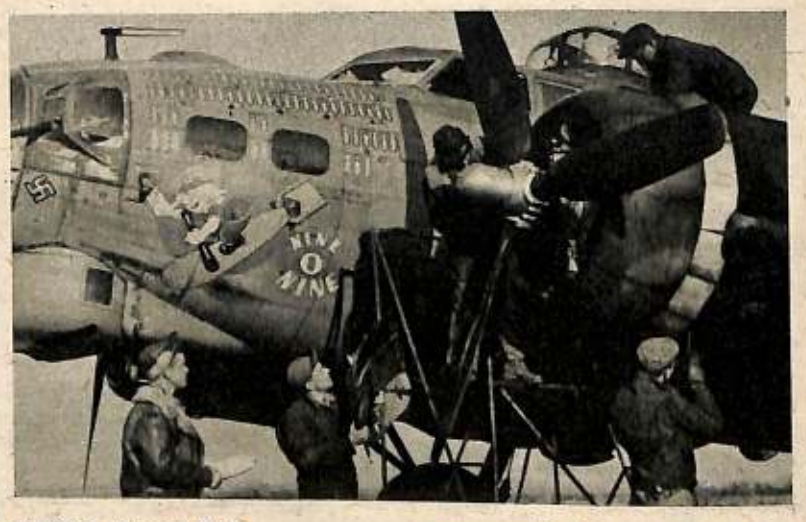
Dear YANK,

I would like a certain problem clarified on the GI Bill of Rights.

My brother was recently discharged from the Army and was contemplating going into business. He applied for a loan under the bill, but was told he would have to put up a collateral to get a loan. They will not take bonds as collateral because bonds are not transferable. If my brother had property, he would not need the government to get a loan, a bank will lend money on that. What I want clarified is this—what help does the GI Bill of Rights give a discharged vet of 30 who has no money and has possibilities of making a success in business, if he can get the capital to get into business? The government advocates the purchase of bonds, but bonds aren't transferable.

Britain. M/Sgt. SIDNEY L. LEVINE

[We think the difficulty here might lie in the phrase " possibilities of making a success." In spite of the fact that the government will guarantee 50 per cent of a loan up to $4,000, the banker or lending agency may not want to risk capital on anything far short of a "certainty of success." So far as U. S. bonds are concerned, they are always a good investment. They can be converted into cash, if necessary.—Ed.]



"909" Never Fails

Dear YANK,

Your March 18 issue of YANK had an article entitled " Notes From a UK Fort Base," in which was related the record of " Lil Audrey," a Fort in the 385th Bomb Group. It was this article that prompted this letter, as we think it is high time we let you and your readers in on the record that " 909 " has established.

M/Sgt. Rollin L. Davis has been Crew Chief on this ship since we received it in this Bombardment Squadron on February 25, 1944 with 37:00 hours on it. It has, to date, completed 126 missions without an abort of any kind, never failing to attack and has dropped a total of 562,000 pounds of bombs on the Reich. It now has a total of 1129:00 hours on it, and during this time it has had 19 engine changes, 4 wing panel changes due to flak, and 15 main gas tanks and 18 Tokyo tanks changed besides considerable flak damage in the fuselage. M/Sgt. Davis has already been awarded the Bronze Star Medal and has been recommended for the OLC to the Bronze Star Medal.

You mentioned in your article that there are only three or four Forts in the 8th Air Force that can rival " Lil Audrey's " record. Well, in our squadron alone we have "909" with 126 missions, " Hi-Ho Silver " with 116 missions, " Outhouse Mouse " with 110 missions, and the other squadrons in the group have three more ships ranging from 107 to 118, which gives us a total of six from this Group alone which we think is a pretty good record.

I am enclosing a picture of " 909 " and crew. They are: left to right—M/Sgt. Davis of Miles, Texas, Cpl. Robert Detwiler of Pottstown, Pa., Cpl. Charles H. Huffman of Missoula, Mont., Sgt. Edward Lincoln of Damariscotta Mills, Me., and Sgt. Wallace Southard of Henderson, Ky.

Britain. Maj. E. J. BUTLER, 91st Gp.

[The way things are going these days, the claim to fame of "909" may be old-hat by time this appears in print.—Ed.]

Illusion?

Dear YANK,

It was with great interest that I read in the March 18 YANK of the 385th Fortress that survived a complete loop—but here's a better one.

About the first of December, on a deep penetration mission, a Fort in the Group in front of us on the bomber stream pulled a stunt to stop all stories of aerobatics in Fortresses. For some reason this Fort started a half roll, gaining about two hundred feet in the

TOOTH PASTE IS WINNING THE WAR

Dear YANK:

NOT long ago we heard that a popular weekly magazine in the States had printed an advertisement which was described as having a cartoon with "an indelicate and offensive military angle." However, since I have seen the drawing which was called objectionable I am confused. It shows three soldiers (the home front no longer approves of our calling ourselves GIs) in a lush Pacific jungle, all of them prepared for combat. One gives the order, "We attack at 12:10, take the point at 12:20 and return here for (a popular soft drink) at 12:30."

My chief concern is that this dissatisfaction may result in the total disappearance of poster art with a military angle and rob me of my ties with home and everything that is dear to me.

I submit the following classification of ads which have given me particular pleasure since I have been in uniform:

The first is the "All for Our Boys" ad which may also be called the "you'll get yours later" layout. I first thrilled to this type of display after I had eaten beans, Spam, powdered eggs and C-rations for three weeks and then came upon a picture of myself in one of the popular weeklies. I was in spotless sun-tans, properly tanned, healthy, clean and grinning. I was grinning because I was lugging a bright tray divided into six compartments loaded with a $1.50 steak, fresh vegetables, crisp salad and ice cream. The thing about these ads that pleases me is not the fantasy and imagination employed, but the glamor with which our life is portrayed for those back home. Uniforms are never dirty and unpressed; the portholes of the combat-bound transport always show a travel-talk horizon and a beautiful woman with flowers around her neck, and up beside the now-still howitzer is a full case of that drink I can't do without. I like to see things like that.

My second type is the "Buckies Wuckies Have Gone to War" dirge. Into this classification fall the full pages which reprint letters from former employees to large business concerns telling how they would have been unable to knock out that third tank without that wonderful lubricant which has been specially designed not to freeze, stain, corrode or lubricate (oops!). I suggest that these are highly educational and informative subjects and should not be denied us for their value as combat tips. Why, by the unsolicited testimony of thousands of unprejudiced authorities, battles have been won in 27 countries by spark plugs, shaving cream, condensed milk, chocolate bars and cosmetic tissue. Also by these commercial methods, my wife is happily lulled into thinking that I am issued a spanking new, watertight, oilskin-lined, form-fitting and rust-resisting pouch for used razor blades which was made for me by the former makers of outstanding brassieres.

These same copywriters have comforted much of the home front with pictures of neat, cross-marked graves under which is written "There will be fewer of these if you keep vital information under your (popular brand) hat."

Our third and most exciting type which has given me endless diversion, is the "What Kind of World Are You Returning to?" design, more vulgarly called "After Roosevelt—What?" These combine a "you too can have a private pipe organ" motif with the apology that, due to circumstances not under control of the manufacturer, the item is only being supplied for the armed forces. This last note is stolen from type No. 2. These plastic dreams lead us to believe that no one can live in the postwar world and throw stones. However, some schism in the ranks of copywriters has led to a conflicting and contradictory note. While some of them are suggesting that we expect to return to homes scented with the six delicious flavors, others maintain that we want to come back to find things just the way we left them.

I have not included the "My Reverie" type, for I do not think it represents the high aim of the craft. This version shows a freckled airman (always at least a captain) in an attitude of prayer, hoping that he will come home to find his favorite milk shake still available at the corner druggist's. I have rejected this type because it usually includes the mercenary assurance that he will find it.

Unfortunately most of the magazines available to the forces overseas are printed without advertisements. I have a distinct sense of insecurity when I think that perhaps men may return from the fighting fronts and foolishly demand to get their news and fiction without that necessary embellishment that makes it all readable—the advertisements.

France —T-4 ROSS DONALDSON

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maneuver, split-S'ed out of it, completed the loop and returned to his original place in the formation. All this was done with a full bomb load on the bomb run. The plane apparently suffered no ill effects and did bomb the target with its Group. There were a number of people in our Group who witnessed this peculiar gyration, and we have discussed it a number of times, always with a mixture of respect for the pilot and disbelief of what we saw. None of us have been able to discover who the pilot was, but we're agreed that he must be a liar. I've seen the same thing happen a number of times before, except that I've never seen a ship hold together through the split-S.

If any one knows who this pilot was, I would appreciate knowing his name—he's either a hell of a good pilot or a master of the art of creating illusions.

By the way, just in case you think I was flak-happy, I've found at least 20 other crew members who agree with me on the maneuver (and a few who don't . . . on one point or another).

Yours for bigger and better stories about the Flying Forts.

Britain. Lt. FRANCIS M. WILSON, 487th Gp.

One Big Family

Dear YANK,

Recently I have been reading a couple of articles on how things are going back home and of all the strikes there and the shortage of ammunition here. It seems as if the people back home aren't doing their share. Coming to think about the lack of ammo, I think that they don't give a damn if we return or not.

Why don't the people back home do as the Russians have done—stick together as a big family and do the work regardless of how great their sacrifice may be? We've never heard of Russians having strikes on account of a few more pennies in time of war. What is money compared with our life and happiness?

Back in the States there are factories without manpower. Why? Do they think that because France has been liberated and that the Allied Armies are pounding at the doors of Berlin and Tokyo the war is over? Don't they realize that they still have the toughest job ahead—to get through those doors? Do they know that wars are won with supplies as well as men? Or is it that a few rich corporations, who are in control of all our main factories, still think they need more money?

Let's give the boys up front more cooperation, and forget about strikes. We have been separated from our families for more than 26 months and that is a long, long time. It's about time to return and, in part, it's up to the people back home.

S/Sgt. FIDEL RUIZ* *France.*

*Also signed by 1st Sgt. C. A. Peralta and Sgt. A. F. Legrand, Jr.

Keeping Labor's Gains

Dear YANK,

I am one of the many soldiers here on the frontlines who have been subjected to propaganda concerning the labor problem on the home front.

For instance, the *Stars and Stripes* pleads for unity and all-out cooperation. Then why in the hell do they play up, to gigantic proportions, these labor strikes and unrest, when in reality they are of very small proportions? Things like that would not affect our great Army if they knew the truth.

Do our men know that less than one-tenth of one per cent of all man-hours worked in war production have been lost by means of strikes—far less than that lost because of colds, far less than that lost because of industrial accidents?

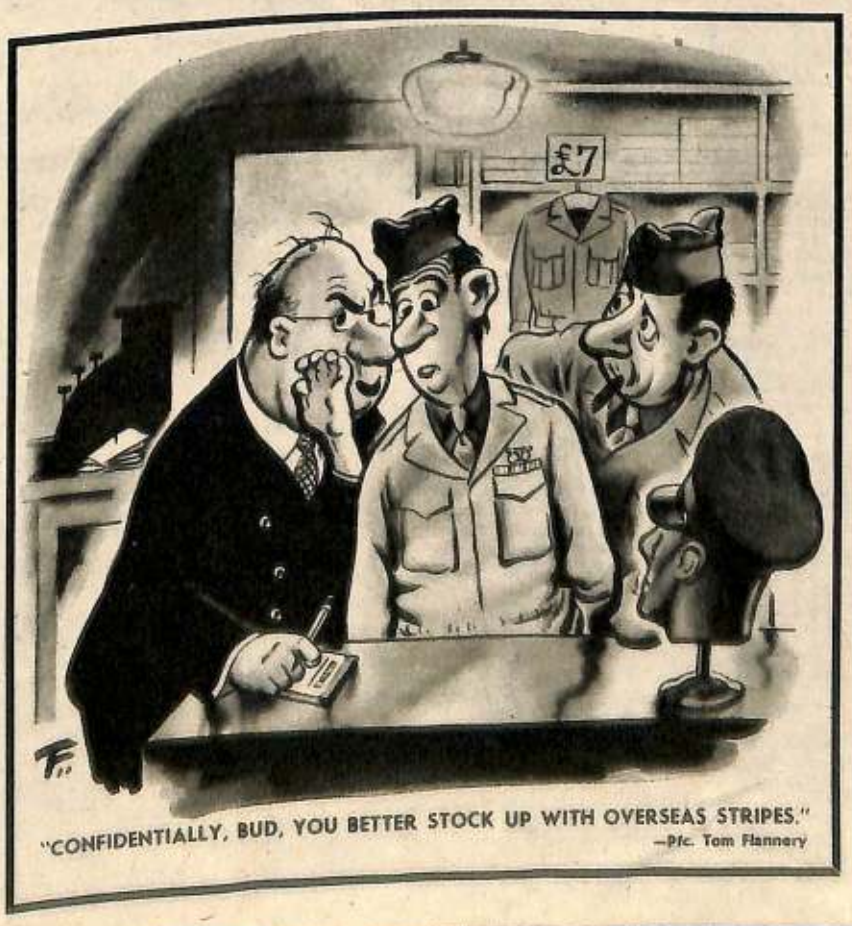
Many men now fighting here, such as myself, have fought and worked as civilians to bring about some sort of economic security, a just return for a day's work, collective bargaining. There are many industrialists to whom we entrusted our hard-earned gains when we left the shores of the U.S. Do you imagine for a moment that these industrialists have not licked their lips at the possible opportunity that war might enable them to break down many of these gains, to cut labor's share of the national-income dollar, to lengthen hours, increase output, improve technology, cut labor costs, introduce the speed-up, break the back of even well-entrenched unions with the introduction of women and unskilled workers?

Let's get smart! The things these rapacious few might like to see must be prevented if the blood and energy we are spending here and in the Pacific are to have meaning; and the tragic fact (thrown at us continually) is that the strike is still the only means labor has ever found for securing these objectives. And I say again, it is a tribute, in the face of all these facts, that less than one-tenth of one per cent of all man-hours worked in our war production have been lost by reasons of strikes. That is the true record of American labor.

Every notch lower that labor has slipped is a notch higher we will have to climb when we return. And our climb will be in a more difficult atmosphere when the strike will no longer be as potent as it would have been today, when labor will be cheap and plenty, when hunger will make a scab of some of the best men.

Ask yourselves now, men, the question: "Can the people strike when they're making the munitions and equipment that other men need to fight for their lives and the people's?" The answer is not only yes, it must be yes, or we're wasting our time in these foxholes.

Luxembourg. Lt. M. R. L.



"CONFIDENTIALLY, BUD, YOU BETTER STOCK UP WITH OVERSEAS STRIPES."
—Pfc. Tom Flannery

Small Homes

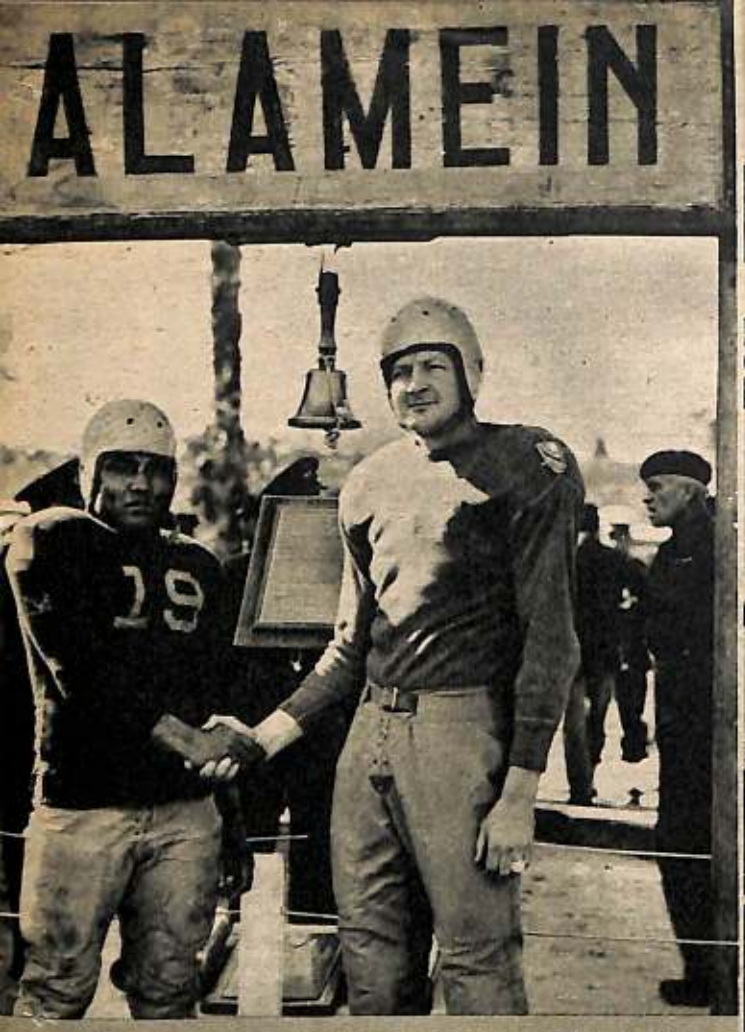
Dear YANK,

I agree with Cpl. T. H. Weiss that the Veterans Administration should furnish at low cost complete drawings of small, easy-to-build, but attractive homes for veterans anticipating building their own homes after the war. At present, various governmental agencies can offer diagrams of chimneys, foundations, etc.

Meantime, if Cpl. Weiss will send me some sketches of the size and shape of what he wants to call home, I can make the necessary drawings and instructions sufficient for him to build from. This offer goes to any other GI interested.

Sgt. MANSFIELD BASCOM
Det. of Patients, Britain.

[Send your request to YANK for forwarding to Sgt. Bascom.—Ed.]

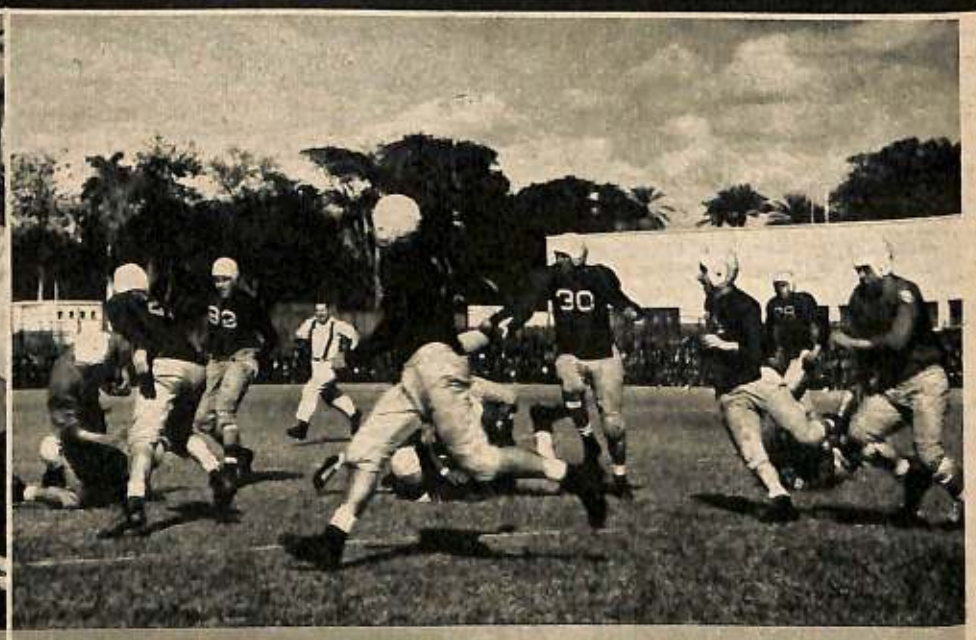


Albert Lara of the Middle East and Joe Mitchell of the Persian Gulf, rival captains, meet under sign and bell from El Alamein, now standing at El Alamein Club.

Persian Gulf vs. Middle East

Football ends on New Year's Day everywhere except Cairo. These pictures show a late-winter All-Star GI game at the El Alamein Club, where 12,000 fans saw the Persian Gulf Command beat the Middle East, 9-0.

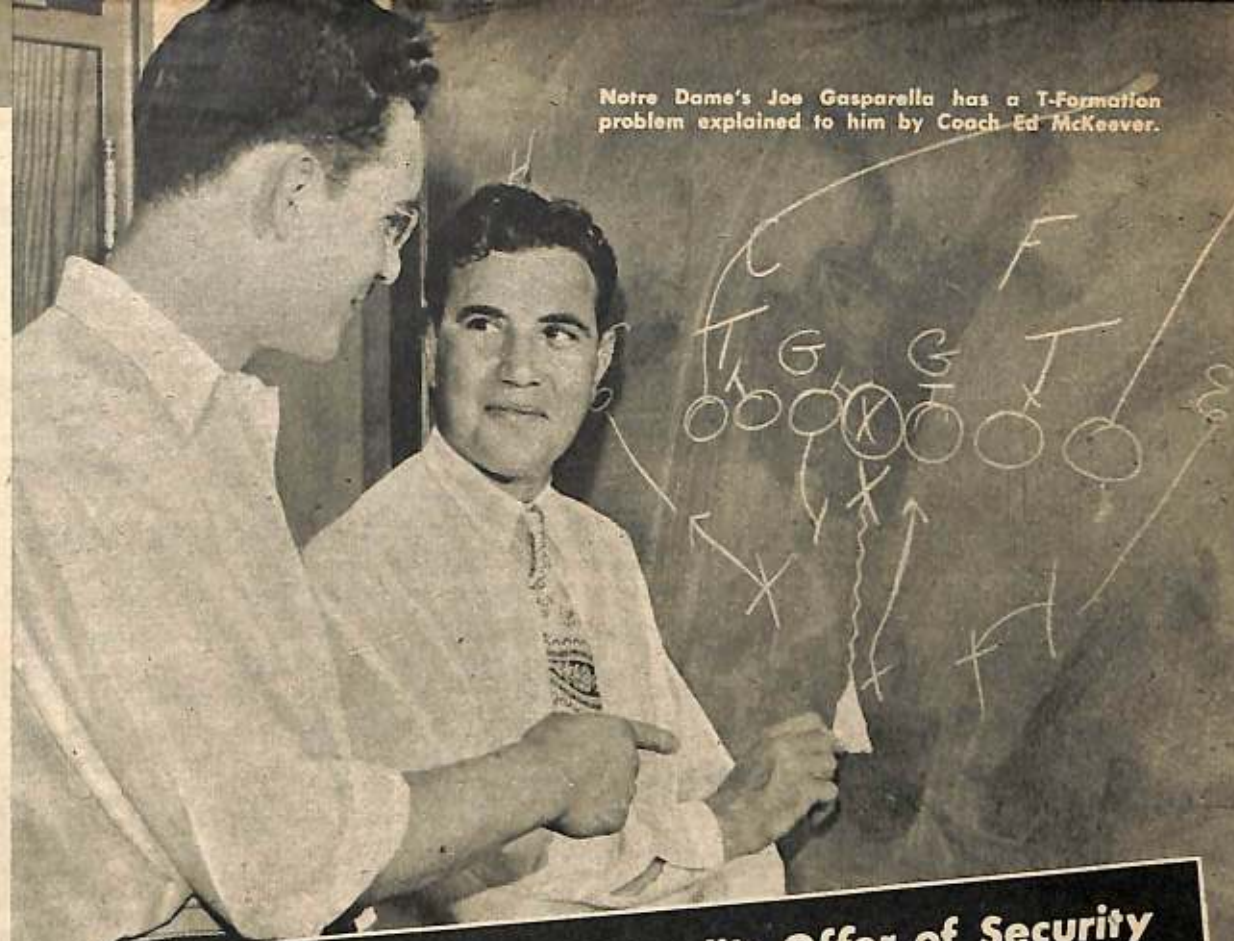
Veterinary Corps made hot dogs. Here Pfc. Phil Boyle, T-4 Carl Schneiderheinz, T-3 Dick Kell and Pfc. Mal Maney stuff them as Capt. Clark Burt supervises.



Sgt. Matt Pavalunas, PGC, hauled down by Cpl. Albert Lara, ME, after eight-yard gain. PGC scored on safety, touchdown pass and pass for point after.

Three native porters were introduced to hot dogs by these Britishers, but because of their religion they threw away the meat and ate the rolls.

After the game, Pfc. Molly Carter, Sgt. Joe Peroli and Pfc. Ariel Kier, ME rooters, were as glum as T/Sgt. John Michsich, PGC booster, was pleased over the result.



Notre Dame's Joe Gasparella has a T-Formation problem explained to him by Coach Ed McKeever.

SPORTS: Cornell's Offer of Security Looked Good to McKeever

By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN

Ed McKeever turned down several attractive offers from Fordham, Boston College and a number of professional clubs, and signed a contract to be head coach of football at Cornell because he was looking for security. He wanted to settle down in a nice small town where the 5-year-old McKeever twin girls could start school next fall without worrying about whether they'd have to move again before they got acquainted with the teacher.

"We want to marry our next coach," they told him at Cornell. "We'll promise to honor and obey, in victory and in defeat, and not even the most disgruntled alumnus will make us part."

Ithaca, N. Y., the home of Cornell, looked just right for the twins, who were born in December 1940 while their father and Frank Leahy were taking the Boston College team to New Orleans to beat Tennessee in the Sugar Bowl.

"Get out the marriage license and put that in writing," McKeever said. "I do."

A long-term and well-paid coaching career at a respectable Ivy League school like Cornell must look good to McKeever. He appreciates such a spot because he made his way to the top of the football business the hard way before he became temporary headman at Notre Dame last year, succeeding his best friend, Frank Leahy, who went to the Navy on leave of absence. Just to keep the record straight, in case you haven't seen the newspapers lately, Hugh Devore, the Notre Dame line coach who used to be headman at Providence College, is going to fill in for McKeever at South Bend until Leahy returns.

The new Cornell coach was born in San Antonio, Tex., and played high-school football at St. Edward's University Prep for Jack Meagher, an ex-Notre Damer who afterward coached at Rice and Auburn. Meagher encouraged McKeever's ambition to play under Knute Rockne, but Ed was only a freshman when the great coach was killed in an airplane crash in Kansas. He lost his enthusiasm then and began to get homesick. So he left South Bend and rode the rods back to Texas.

He first tried to enroll at Rice, but Meagher, his old coach, had to turn him down because the T/O for football scholarships had no vacancies that year. Marchie Schwartz, star of Rockne's last team, had given him a letter of recommendation to Pete Cawthon, the Texas Tech coach, so that was his next stop. Cawthon wasn't sure he wanted McKeever, but he let him sleep in an empty janitor's office on the campus.

Texas Tech then had the reputation of being "the best pro club in the Southwest," but if it was McKeever wasn't one of its highest salaried men. He worked his way through school. Ed and a chum used to catch snakes, skin them and make snakeskin belts which they sold to the freshmen. Summers he worked on the range as a cowhand.

In his first play the day he made his varsity debut as a sophomore in the fourth quarter of the Baylor game, Ed caught a flat pass and raced 35 yards for a touchdown. During the next three years he played right halfback and called the signals while Texas Tech was winning 30 of 35 games. After graduation Cawthon hired him to coach the backs, and between seasons he worked for the gas company in Lubbock, Tex., where Tech is located.

Frank Leahy, then one of Jim Crowley's assistants at Fordham, met McKeever when he went to Lubbock to lecture at a summer school for high-school coaches. "If I ever get a job as head coach," Leahy told Ed, "I'm going to make you my right-hand man." Not long afterward Frank kept his promise. He was hired by Boston College and brought McKeever along to handle his backfield men.

McKeever modestly attributes most of his success to his association with Leahy. "My first big break came when I went to Boston College with Frank," he says. "I've been riding on the Leahy band wagon ever since." While Leahy served as a lieutenant in the Navy, Notre Dame won 8 of 10 games last fall. Ed did an outstanding job in holding the team together after it had been whipped 32-13 by Navy and 59-0 by Army. "It's up to you and the other fellows not to let the youngsters' spirits go down," he told Capt. Pat Filley after the Army game. "Start in on them tonight and don't stop." Notre Dame came back to beat Georgia Tech, a team which had defeated Navy earlier in the year, and Great Lakes.

McKeever's favorite story on the banquet circuit this winter concerned his effort to fire up the team before the Army game with his own version of Rockne's famous Win-This-One-for-George Gipp speech. Ed told the boys that his bedridden father listened faithfully to the Notre Dame games on the radio and that nothing would hasten his recovery faster than a victory over Army.

The Notre Dame boys went on the field all fired up, but the Cadets were too strong for them, to put it mildly. During time out in the last quarter one of the exhausted Notre Dame players looked hopelessly up at the scoreboard. "Fifty-nine to nothing," he sighed. "McKeever's old man must be dead by now."

THE BROWN BOMBER. S/Sgt. Joe Louis visits the Riverdale Children's Association home for Negroes in New York, to present a War Bond in memory of two Riverdale boys killed in the war.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Lt. Bernie Jefferson, the Northwestern Negro halfback who won Big Ten honors in 1938, is at Atlantic City, N. J., awaiting reassignment after 43 combat missions in Mustang fighters and 65 short-range sorties in P-39s and P-47s in the Mediterranean area. He is entitled to wear the DFC and the Air Medal with six Oak Leaf Clusters. Jefferson got the DFC for a bit of bold flying while on a strafing mission just before the invasion of southern France. The target was two radar towers in Toulon and 180 ack-ack guns. Bernie and 14 other pilots flew the mission and Jefferson hit the towers, pulling up and over a 400-foot cliff and then diving down to knock out the station. . . . **Lt. Ray Flaherty,** ex-Washington Redskins coach, is now stationed in Brazil. . . . Charlie Berry, the umpire, is telling his friends about the ribbing he received from **Pvt. Hank Soar,** ex-New York Giants back, during his recent visit to Grenland. Soar suggested a fishing trip, and when they reached the place he explained that the first job was to chop a hole in the ice. Berry started to work and hacked out enough ice to supply a fish market. Then Hank told him the ice was seven feet thick, and it was time to hurry back to camp anyway.

Killed: **Maj. William (Memphis Bill) Mallory,** captain of the great Yale team of 1923, in a plane crash in Italy; **Lt. Comdr. Mack Tharpe,** former line coach at Georgia Tech, in action in the Pacific. . . . *Rejected:* **Fritzie Ostermueller,** Pittsburgh Pirates pitcher. . . . *Inducted:* **Gordon Maltzberger,** 31-year-old ace relief pitcher for the Chicago White Sox. . . . *Transferred:* **Lt. Billy Brown,** national hop-skip-and-jump champion, to sea duty from the Bainbridge (Md.) USNTC; **Lt. William S. (Billy) Soose,** former middleweight boxing champion, from the Solomons (Md.) USNATC to the Armed Guard Center, Brooklyn. . . . *Promoted:* **Maj. Mike Mikulak,** former Chicago Cardinals back, to lieutenant colonel in Italy; **Lt. Birdie Tebbetts,** former Detroit Tigers catcher, to captain at Waco (Tex.) Army Air Field. . . . *Cited:* **Lt. William (Bullet Bill) Osmanski,** ex-Chicago Bears fullback now a Navy dental officer of a Marine unit in the Pacific, for rescuing a Navy doctor from quicksand. . . . *Discharged:* **Stan Koslowski,** who returned to Holy Cross after having played with the North Carolina Navy Pre-Flight team last fall; **Tony Musto,** former Chicago heavyweight, from the Navy.


Jean Trent
YANK
Pin-up Girl

Yanks in Britain

(ABOVE) THE CRIPPLED LIBERATOR WHICH LT. ALBERT J. NOVIK OF TARRYTOWN, N.Y., (RIGHT) KEPT ALOFT FOUR AND A HALF HOURS WHILE FOG OBSCURED LANDING FIELDS.

ENGLAND—On January 16, 1st Lt. Albert J. Novik of Tarrytown, N. Y., dived from the flight deck of his fuel-less Liberator headfirst through the bomb bay and saved his life. His leap gave him enough speed to clear the plane while it was still gliding.

On February 16, a month later to the day, he had to bail out again and tried to maneuver a second time. But the plane nose-dived before he could make it, throwing him up against the ceiling, where he stuck, looking down at a fire sweeping through the fuselage and thinking that at any moment he would be dead.

This was the climax of four and a half bad hours for Lt. Novik. He had been flying with a squadron in the 392nd Bomb Group when, a few seconds after dropping his bombs, another Liberator in a higher formation had moved in on top to obtain a more compact bomb pattern. It came too close and dropped six bombs through Novik's left rudder.

Minus a huge chunk of its tail assembly, Novik's Liberator dropped 500 feet, becoming so nose-heavy that it took all of Novik's strength at the wheel to keep it from diving.

Novik, however, decided to continue over the target so that he could stay with the formation as protection against enemy fighters. In this way he managed to struggle back to England, but was unable to land because clouds had closed in over the home base and emergency landing fields. Together with the rest of his group, Novik was ordered to go back and land in France. Realizing that his ship would never make it, he decided to land in England if he could.

It was getting harder and harder to hold the ship in the air. Novik was under a tremendous strain, and the back of his neck was ridged like a weight-lifter's. "It was a good thing," says the navigator, F/O Wade Hampton, of Toronto, Ont., "that we had a strong, as well as a good, pilot."

For two hours they looked for a suitable field but all were fogged in, and at last they decided to head towards The Wash and bail out.

It was a painful decision. The ship had flown 70 missions without an abort. Everyone knew it was in fine mechanical condition; the fact that it could fly without a left rudder was proof of that. Someone recalled that the crew chief, S/Sgt. Eugene S. Goldsby of Los Angeles, was up for an award for the way he'd taken care of his ship.

The gunners bailed out first, then the navigator, radio operator and engineer.

After that Novik climbed out of his seat while the co-pilot, 1st Lt. Jack H. Graves of Birmingham, Ala., hung on the controls. Then, standing, Novik took over, holding the plane steady while Graves jumped. The elevator trim tabs, which normally keep the plane in level flight, were not working, and the automatic pilot could not be used because the slight shake it would cause when it went into control would probably be enough to crash the plane. Novik found that even a 10-degree turn made the ship shudder as if its tail was breaking.

When the co-pilot hit the silk, Novik gave him 30 seconds to clear the ship and then prepared to jump from the flight deck through the bomb bay, as he had done a month previously. But the second he let go of the wheel, the plane dived like a Thunderbolt. Novik was thrown against the ceiling and pinned there while the plane dived 7,000 feet.

"My first impulse," Novik said, "was to try and beat my way out through the fuselage. I thumped with the sides of my fists, but the air pressure was so strong it was an effort even to move my arms. It was the sensation you have in a dream when you are running from something and your feet get bogged down in quicksand."

Dying did not occur to him—just then. "And yet," he says, "just about this time a guy gets very religious. You start praying to something super-human because you know nothing human can help you."

It was fire that made Novik give up hope. Spread-eagled against the ceiling, he saw flames sucked in from a burning engine, spread through the fuselage, and fan up towards him as if he were on a spit, being grilled alive. At that moment he lost his fear because he no longer thought he was going to live. He smelt his hair being singed. He felt, as he now put it, "eccentric and carefree." He was not delirious or suffering pain.

Then, suddenly, he was dropped from the ceiling, as a wing, or something, came off, changing the direction of the plane. He began to claw his way through the fire up to the bomb bay. He says he didn't feel that he was escaping from death, but from death in a particularly violent form.

Somehow he dragged himself to the bomb bay and fell through, and just as he cleared the bomber it exploded over his head. He pulled his rip cord but only two feet of 'chute came out. He pulled again, this time with both hands, and the 'chute opened. He was now about 700 feet from the ground.

Looking up, Novik saw burning pieces of the plane floating down like enormous flaming leaves. He put a hand to one eye and when he took it away it was covered with blood. He thought he had lost the eye, but that did not seem important. All around him burning debris was falling, great chunks of it catching up with him and passing within a few feet of his parachute.

But, looking down, Novik saw that the real danger was on the ground, for parts of the burning plane had landed on the spot he was headed for. Only by luck he landed in a tree, which saved him being roasted in the wreckage of his plane.

Men have been hurt more turning over in bed then Novik was during his seemingly interminable brush with death. His face had been burned and his hair singed, and it was the hand he put to his eye, and not the eye itself, that had been cut. As a matter of fact, his fingers hurt more than anything else; they were numb for three days after from straining on the wheel during the four and a half hours he had struggled to keep his plane in the air.

All in all, it had been a happier landing than the one Novik had made a month before. On that occasion two of his men had jumped through the nose-wheel hatch, hit something, and been killed. This time they all landed safely and were in good condition to stand by when the colonel presented Novik with the DFC.

—By Cpl. EDMUND ANTROBUS
YANK Staff Correspondent

It seems the Army was partly responsible for putting this trim figure in the movies. Jean Trent was on tour of Army airfields with a Fourth Air Force show and some GIs sent her photograph to Walter Wanger. That brought her an interview and a long-time contract with Universal Pictures. She has a part in Universal's "Salome—Where She Danced."

The COUNT

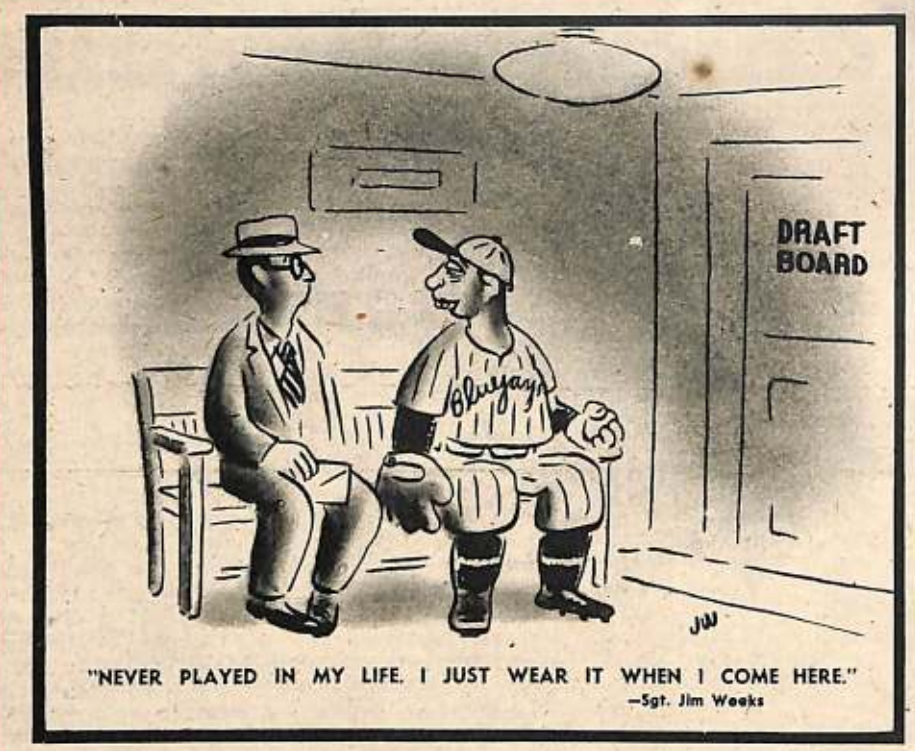
THE first thing we did last Monday morning was to scram around to the Count's field to see how that amorous ex-T/5 had made out in the Easter Parade with his honey, a Wac corporal named Abigail. We found him sitting glumly on his cot in a veritable rat's nest consisting of equal parts of mouldy blankets, shoe polish, and Soldier's Friend.

"Just the remains of me sprucing up for Easter," the Count informed us when we commented on the mess. "Let it never be said that I did not do me best to be a credit to Old Glory on the Easter Sabbath. But what cooperation did I get from the Army? None and then some is the answer."

We asked the Count what was the trouble now. "Trouble!" he rasped. "Brother, you ain't never seen no trouble like the Army gets me in. Here I gets all set for Easter, even to the extent of not collecting meself a hangover on Saturday night. I have even got me cherished Corporal Abigail into a mood where she says she will buy me a few double ginses at the conclusion of our parade to the private bar of the Magpie & Stump. I need hardly say that that is the classiest gin mill in town, because I would not think of taking a tender corporal to a lowly dump. Ginses there cost thruppence more a shot, but Corporal Abigail has only been over here a little while and don't understand English money, so it does not matter to her how much ginses cost—yet."

What, we asked, had disrupted these elegant Easter plans? "What else but the most important thing in Easter!" the Count exclaimed angrily. "Everybody knows that hats and Easter goes together—everybody, that is, except me top-kick. So what does he do but wait till Easter morning to invoke AR 600-40, which forbids EMs wearing visor hats, and what EM does he invoke it on but nobody except me! Just as I'm going out to keep me date with Corporal Abigail, this top-kick sticks his puss out of the orderly room and calls me over. Naturally, I think he is about to commend me on me soldierly appearance, but does he? He does not. 'So far as I am concerned,' he says, 'when the Army wrote AR 600-40, they had just you in mind. Gimme that hat.' And with that he grabs me headgear that I have spent many hours on to make it droop in the correct military fashion."

And then what, we asked. "And then nothing," the Count said sadly. "I do not have an issue cap and I cannot persuade any of me pals to lend me one. Ordinarily, I would have simply not kept the date, but there was the matter of those free ginses to consider. So I slaps on me helmet and rushes to meet Corporal Abigail at the gate. And there she is, all beautiful in her new pinks, but when she sees me coming, she just laughs and laughs and then walks quickly away."



"NEVER PLAYED IN MY LIFE. I JUST WEAR IT WHEN I COME HERE."
—Sgt. Jim Weeks

"FRANKLY, SEAVER—YOU'RE A DISGRACE TO THE AIR FORCE!"
—Sgt. F. Phillips

"I HEAR THE OLD MAN THREW THE BOOK AT YOU."
—Sgt. Arnold Thurm

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

"SERGEANT, THIS IS WILFRED APOLLO, WHO WILL PLAY THE ROLE OF YOU IN 'CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL.'"
—Cpl. Art Gates

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