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By the men . . for the men in the service

YANK TANKS STORMING ST. LO

BOMBING NAZI LINES . . . as seen from a forward battalion CP

See Page 5

ABOVE: Engineers at work removing mines from a building in St. Lo, just after the town was occupied. The men toiled under heavy mortar and artillery fire.
BELOW: Here, Cpl. David Green, of Westminster, Md., has dug himself in at a St. Lo cemetery, which came in for a good share of the shelling.

St. Lo was no cinch

The town was occupied, but that didn't mean the boys were lolling around bistros, chatting with the ma'moiselles. On the contrary, the German artillery was still pounding away on its own erratic but deadly timetable. But even so, some of the men who had been in on the big push were able to relax a bit to the sweet boom of our own big guns.

Pvt. Arthur Landbish, of New York, member of MP unit about to enter St. Lo.

By Sgt. SAUL LEVITT
YANK Staff Correspondent

ST. LO.—The taking of some towns in Normandy in the push south from the beaches has not been the sudden, dramatic affair the headlines might lead one to imagine; the taking may go on for some time after American troops have established physical occupation of a given piece of real estate. Getting such places completely out of German control has proved to be a prolonged and difficult business. St. Lo is one of those towns.

On July 18, a cavalry reconnaissance unit, closely followed by tanks and units of the 115th Infantry, took over St. Lo. But from some of the hills behind the town, German artillery poured in shells at unpredictable intervals, pinning men down and exacting a quota of wounded and killed. These shells make the word "occupation" an uneasy term: are you in, or do you just think you are? Well, the doughboy is in: it has taken more than a week of lost time, strength, and friends to bring him into St. Lo. Now he has dug in. In his personal history of the war, the map of France down to St. Lo is marked by the names of the men whom he knew and who now are dead, and not by the bewildering, nasal sounds which are the place names of France.

The doughboy stayed on in St. Lo. And the shells kept falling on St. Lo.

Two of us tried out the German artillery's timetable. We tried it twice. The first time was when we attempted to get into occupied St. Lo about 18 hours after the first Americans had reached the town square. There was a soldier walking back out of town, looking dazed—one of those lonely, tired soldiers who can't answer questions, who doesn't want to answer them, and who responds to everything with a wan, vague smile. Then the enemy artillery started coming over the road, and to hell with either questions or answers. Shells talk death, pure and simple, and we dug into a beautiful and handsome ditch at the side of the road. For the time being, St. Lo was off limits to us, and when the shelling stopped we drove the other way.

We tried it again that afternoon. The road into St. Lo moved through a quiet, ruined landscape, under a cloudy sky. On the way you could see the normal violences of war as registered on men, animals, machinery, and houses. Outside a shattered farmhouse were the inevitable dead cows, lying in the grass with bodies swollen to balloon size and legs sticking stiffly up in the air. The cows looked as if they had been very badly over-stuffed by a taxidermist. We got out of the jeep and began to walk. There was a fantastically twisted body on the other side of the road—sex, nationality, and color indeterminate—the product of a direct shell hit. During the first hours after St. Lo fell, that body became a road marker, and now when somebody wants to indicate how far into town he was able to get under German shellfire, he refers to "that body on the side of the road." Farther on, two doughboys lay on the grass. The shells had been more decent to them and you could see them in their whole shape and form.

When we reached the cemetery it was very quiet, but the gravestones and religious emblems had gone through a furious pounding. A young infantry officer with a grimy face, walking slowly down the road out of town, said, "The shelling's picking up again up forward." The correspondent with me came across a pair of Sunday shoes—clean wooden sabots which somebody must have walked right out of in a hurry.

A shell burst 40 yards away and gray smoke drifted up from it. Lt. Paul Herwig, of Newark, N.J., stood up in the turret of a battered M8 which had stopped in front of the cemetery, and asked, "Does anyone want a ride in this thing? Speak up. I'm pulling this thing out of town now." We got in. Now, the M8 is a piece of armor, and if it were spotted travelling along it would be of great interest to the German artillery. So we went out of St. Lo as fast as this crippled machine would take us. On the way, Herwig shouted that the M8 had been used as a forward CP the night before. When the M8 stopped and we crawled out, Lt. Herwig followed and sat down near us. He had been in the push on St. Lo the preceding night and had been under the early-morning shelling. It was the worst shelling he had ever been through, and he admitted it and looked it. He walked off—a very grim, tired, unhappy young man.

MEANWHILE, that unpredictable enemy shelling of St. Lo went on, and it would keep going on until our observation found where it was coming from and our bombs and guns knocked it out and pushed it back. And the infantry stayed on in St. Lo through the shelling and the tanks stayed in and our communications ran into St. Lo and we occupied St. Lo.

Some M8s—a cavalry reconnaissance unit of the 29th—had followed Pvt. Tom Foster, of Poughkeepsie, N.Y., the machinegunner on a jeep, into the shattered quietness of St. Lo. The unit had been briefed in the afternoon. They had been told that their job was to keep moving in until they reached the square in the town, and not to stop moving until they got in.

The M8s moved along the stillness of yet another strange road leading into yet another strange town—another step along the long road of war that leads back to the States. Right behind Tom Foster's jeep was an M8 called "The Moonshiner," with a crew consisting of T/5 Donald McConnell, of Coburn, Va., Pvt. Lester Urban, of Cleveland, O., S/Sgt. George McGee, of Beaver Falls, Pa., and T/5 James B. O'Brien, of Roanoke, Va.

The Engineers moved with the unit, clearing mines, but several times the recon men moved ahead without waiting for the mines to be cleared. They passed wounded on the road who begged for help, but the orders at briefing had been to move on in. What they did do was to radio back to the medics, two of whom—Pvt. Ernest Webb and Sgt. Frank Devers—picked up the wounded.

Once Cpl. McConnell asked gloomily, "What is this, a suicide mission?" But the procession was under way and bearing in, and McConnell kept driving along. Out of the silence came the first opposition, the thin little sounds of rifle bullets, and the Americans spent a mere half belt of .50-calibre ammo on the riflemen responsible for it, and then moved on. Sgt. McGee, a tall, lantern-jawed soldier, stood up and looked over the terrain. A German riflemen drew a bead on him, but Cpl. Fred ("Pop") Hinz, riding in another M8 just behind, shot the Nazi through the head. Now the tanks came up, and the bigger German stuff hit them. Together with rifle and machinegun fire, the mortars poured in.

When the Americans made the center of town, they set up guards with machineguns at the entrances to the square. They dug in as well as they could into the rubble, and the tanks went on ahead toward the southern end of town. Tommy guns at the entrances to cellars effectively brought up prisoners.

The recon men were dug in. Night came on, moonless, and with it came the big German artillery fire, lighting up buildings. And now the doughboys were in, too. The recon men who had led the way could go back the next morning, go back to the bivouac area and lie on the grass, hearing very near them the ground-shaking roar of their own

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Pvt. Lasmi Waszkielewicz, from upstate New York, testing for mines at St. Lo.

artillery and eating their K-rations.

Once back in the bivouac area, Lt. Edward G. Jones, of Glenarm, Md., in command of this recon unit, called his men around him. They got up with the luxurious slowness of men to whom no business could be urgent after the night they'd been through. Lt. Jones is a young man, with a large, sandy moustache, and right now he had a little medal-giving to do. "Men," he said, "because of conduct under fire I'm awarding the Bronze Star to Sgt. McGee." McGee was quite embarrassed. He is an old soldier by now and only this morning had been slightly wounded by shrapnel, making his second Purple Heart since the landings in France.

"Lieutenant," said McGee, "there are lots of men. . . ."

"You have been awarded the Bronze Star," said Lt. Jones, authoritatively.

The ceremony was repeated with Cpls. Marck and Hinz as recipients. Both men shifted around on their feet and cleared their throats and tried to say something appropriate. It was the simplest ceremony you ever saw. There wasn't a Class A in sight. With St. Lo just a little way in front of them, the men were taking it easy under the huge and comfortable shoulder of their own artillery. Lt. James Fernley, of Philadelphia, who had gone on through the town with the tanks, was chewing on his K-ration chocolate. Tom Foster kept grinning. Tom is the man in the jeep in front, and now he's done it again. He is very young, with a soft brown stubble along his jaws, and he grins and grins at everything and everybody, and stretches out on the grass.

HEAVEN for men who have just fought is to not have to fight and to be able to stand up, sit down, wash, shave, and sleep without enemy interference. On our side of St. Lo, somewhere down a path into a hollow, the men who had done the spadework of pushing up to the town were resting. (As Pvt.—soon to be Sgt.—Robert S. Kelly, of Boston, put it: "We were in visual contact with St. Lo, so we decided to dig in and stay where we were.") Here too you could hear the reassuring roar of your own big guns every once in a while.

Around about were the men who had waded ashore onto the beaches. Along the road leading to this grassy place, the MPs had told you where you would find these men, for in these parts they are known as veteran soldiers who have fought hard and for a long time.

In the taking of St. Lo, they had moved through woods down a hill and then up another hill to within sight of the town. To push this far was the assignment given to their battalion, but only one company and part of another made it before the German line closed behind. With these men who had made it were the battalion commander, Lt. Col. Sidney Bingham, and a company commander, Lt. Eugene M. Raggett.

A patrol had filtered through to ask them if they wanted to get back. Col. Bingham, a former GI who got a direct appointment to West Point, briefed his men. He explained to them that if they went back it might take a week to regain this ground. In the process, other American soldiers would be killed. They were given the responsibility for other men's lives very directly and they stayed.

What they had when they decided to stay there in the woods were enough K-rations for two meals per man, no water supply beyond their personal canteens, and the gamble that the enemy would not be able to figure out how large a contingent they were. It was clear that they would be wiped out if the Germans knew that there was only a company and a half of men to deal with. The men in that company and a half could only wait for our big push for St. Lo to pick them up as it swept along.

The push did not pick them up for three days and two nights. In the meantime, they got their water by fighting for it. It was in a chateau and behind the chateau was a hedgerow, and behind the hedgerow were four German machineguns and a mortar. Two squads of men knocked out the machineguns and the mortar and then they had their waterhole.

The Germans knew so little of the group's position and its numbers that the Americans were able to snipe-hunt on enemy troops passing along the main road to St. Lo. This was the reverse of the roles normally played by both forces in Normandy. As American snipers picked off Germans going along the road, they remembered how often their own men had been picked off by German snipers.

They needed plasma for their wounded, and in the end communicated back for it through a patrol. The wounded had waited. But now the push was coming through, and the Piper Cubs dropped down the plasma. This gave away the group's position, but the timing had been good and the stranded men were caught up now in the main advance.

They told me about all this hours after it was over. Except for the taking of the beach, St. Lo had given them their most casualties. Here in this resting place there was plenty of water, plenty of food, plenty of cigarettes—and more than this isn't to be found or to be asked for in a battle area. Of men like Col. Bingham and Lt. Raggett they spoke with great pride and affection. "They daddied us through," this man or that would say. "And here's Rodgers. This is T/Sgt. Howard W. Rodgers, of Harrisonburg, Va., one of the men who led the first assault on the beach. He's fought all the way down—and don't forget old Hack, that's S/Sgt. Henry C. Hachreiter, of Brooklyn. When Hack shoots he stands up straight and never ducks or nothing. He's gotten 30 Jerries now. And here's Sanderson, meet Sanderson. . . ."

Sanderson, hearing his name, drifts over. He is a private from Tracy, Minn., a lean boy with a five-day beard which he's getting ready to shave.

"Tell him about those three Germans, Sandy."

"They shot one of our men through the chest," says Sanderson, rubbing the fuzz along his jaws, "and three of us jumped into a two-man trench. I looked up and saw them right on the edge of the trench, levelled my gun, and got the three of them. . . ."

"With three bullets," says someone, proudly. "Out of a carbine."

"It was one of those cases of got, or be got," says Sanderson, "and I got."

There were new men in this outfit, too, because the way up from the beaches had been hard. For many of the new men St. Lo was their baptism of fire, and they talked about that baptism in awed voices.

"I went over that first hedgerow," said one kid, "and I didn't know whether to stand, duck, sit, or go blind. I started to duck, and here was Lt. Raggett walking around straight as a ramrod—he's a guy with glasses that looks like a schoolteacher—so I just stood up, too. . . ."

"And there's lead everywhere. Lead in the air, lead everywhere. . . ."

"We did a little grenade tossing, white-phosphorous grenades that set the Jerries screaming. . . ."

"You see this big hole in my pants? I tore that out myself after tumbling down, right smack into where a Jerry had been putting in some latrine time. . . ."

SGT. Rodgers was lying quietly in the grass, listening. Finally, he said: "On Tuesday night, just before the push, the Jerries thought they had us, and they were yelling across to us, some of it in English, and one guy yelled: 'We're gonna get you now.' They knew this outfit; they know us since the beach. When we took prisoners at the beach, they told us that they had given us a name. And we've held that name ever since."

Our big guns roared, and some of our planes went across overhead, and nearby there was the contented splashing and gabbing of men getting clean—relaxed men who were looking in mirrors and seeing their faces for the first time in five days and rolling their own names over their tongues.

"What was the tag the Germans gave you?"

"*Amerikanischer Panzer*," said Sgt. Rodgers.

Under our feet was the ground-shake, and through the air the roar of our own guns. In the town of St. Lo the infantrymen were still dug in. And going away from the men resting in the hollow, you could see at a crossroads a couple of GIs leaning against a wall. In some manner, they were conversing fluently with a French farm girl who was scrubbing dirty clothes in a tub. It seemed to be a very interesting conversation, in which all parties kept laughing almost continuously even though the French girl plainly didn't understand a word of English, and the GIs couldn't get past "parlay-vous."

Cpl. Leland Larmon examining a German anti-personnel mine which he has just removed with his bayonet from the tall grass adjoining a road on the outskirts of St. Lo.

"WE LOOKED TO THE SOUTH AND SAW HUNDREDS OF EARTHEN FOUNTAINS PLAYING SKYWARDS." THIS PICTURE OF AMERICAN BOMBS BURSTING ON GERMAN LINES IN THE BIG PUSH NEAR ST. LO WAS THE LAST ONE TAKEN BY G. BEDE IRVIN, AN AMERICAN WAR PHOTOGRAPHER FOR THE ASSOCIATED PRESS, BEFORE HE WAS KILLED INSTANTLY BY A BOMB FRAGMENT.

Barrage by Bomber

There were 3,000 planes over the front line that day, helping the big push to the South get underway. Here, a YANK reporter, who was at the forward CP of an infantry battalion, describes the scene as he saw, heard, and felt it.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH A U.S. INFANTRY DIVISION WEST OF ST. LO.—On the day of the first great air-support attack by 3,000 Eighth and Ninth Air Force planes which started the big breakthrough across the St. Lo-Perier road, another correspondent and I got lost wandering up to the front.

We drove in our jeep along a muddy road through a landscape that was rather different from the Hollywood conception of the day of the big push. The road was almost deserted. In the fields on either side, camouflaged Sherman tanks were waiting, and GIs were sitting around doing the same thing. But we didn't realize that we were approaching the front until we noticed the usual signs—dead cows and pigs, burned-over vehicles, bearded and mud-caked signalmen, and a weapons-carrier passing in the opposite direction with the feet of half a dozen American dead protruding like cordwood from its rear.

It was then that we stopped at a little shell-wrecked cottage to ask where we were. A raw-boned buck sergeant was sitting on some broken red roof-tiles that had been stacked against the wall. He was cleaning his carbine. "I know where you are now," he drawled. "But if you keep going up the road, you're going to be where we ain't. This is the forward battalion CP."

Just as we walked into the building, a shell from a German 75-mm. tank gun whistled sharply and cracked into the next field. We hit the dirt floor.

We decided this was as good a place as any from which to watch the air bombardment.

This was the battalion CP of an infantry division and it consisted of a field telephone, a small map with acetate overlay, a lieutenant colonel, a few lieutenants and captains, and a handful of GIs. For a workroom they were using the cottage's cellar, which, as in most French country buildings, was not underground but merely a ground-level room at the back of the house. Farm tools and boxes were strewn about, and over in one corner was a huge hogshead of cider, from which someone would take a drink out of a canteen cup every now and then. The roof had been hit, and red tiles were scattered everywhere. The rest of the house was in ruins.

"They've got their guns zeroed in on this place," explained the colonel, "but we had to move back here for the show." He was frankly excited, like a kid waiting for the Chamber of Horrors exhibition at the amusement park and not knowing what to expect. His name was Robert Stumpft, and he was a big, strapping, young West Pointer, who had played four years as substitute tackle for Army, from 1934 to 1937. He had joined this battalion as a lieutenant. This was his third big push in Normandy, yet he was nervous. Everyone was nervous. You could tell that from the way the men would half open their mouths every once in a while, take a short breath, and then close them again.

The colonel went outside and looked at the morning sky. It was overcast and empty of all planes except a circling Piper Cub. "You know," said the colonel, coming back into the cellar, "We're not used to this kind of stuff. We only called on the air for help once before." He paused thoughtfully. "That was a pretty good show," he said. His mind tore itself away from the present and groped back for the details. "We had taken St. Jean de Daye and we were moving on to Le Dezert," he said, "when Jerry counter-attacked. He used tanks. God knows how he got them there, but he came down the road with his tanks and we were caught flatfooted and got pushed back. It was almost a breakthrough. We were just about holding on when these Thunderbolts came flying up. They peeled off and dropped their bombs right in front of us, and we never heard a peep out of the Jerry tanks again. They must have been wiped out. We moved forward after that, and I counted five beat-up Mark IVs myself in a one hundred-yard stretch of road." He looked out at the sky again and lit his pipe. "But that was only 12 planes. Today they're using 3,000."

THERE was a clatter outside, and a platoon of M-4 tanks rumbled into a field just across a narrow road from the CP. A moment later a lieutenant commanding the tanks walked in, spotted the colonel, and saluted. He was young, dark, and small, and wore no insignia on his OD shirt. He looked just like a GI, except that in his clean ODs he was dapper compared to the ordinary mud-soaked footslogger. "We're all set now, sir," said the lieutenant. "Fine," said the colonel, who in this complicated war was now commanding tanks in addition to riflemen, BAR men, grenade launchers, mine detectors, bridge builders, signalmen, medical personnel, machinegunners, mortar-men, and anti-tank gunners. "At the jump-off," said the colonel, who was about the same age as the lieutenant, "you move your tanks up with L Company and give close support." "Yes, sir," said the lieutenant. He turned to go. On the way out, he nudged a friend of his, an infantry lieutenant named Jack Hamilton, of Durham, N.C. "Fort Knox," said the tank lieutenant, "was never like this."

It was ominously quiet outside now. No one talked, except the corporal on the field telephone and the runners reporting back periodically from three companies that were about 150 yards ahead of us in the line. Suddenly there was a faint drone away off in the distance. Everyone rushed out. "Maybe we should have withdrawn a little farther," said Capt. Irving Silverman, of Buffalo, N.Y. "No," said the colonel. "As it is, the damned Jerries have occupied our old positions along the road. Some of them won't even get touched by the bombing."

The drone in the sky grew louder. "There they are," said Silverman. A long line of Thunderbolt and Mustang dive-bombers, in narrow, four-abreast flight formation, came up over the horizon. They wheeled and headed out towards our right. Smoke suddenly appeared about half a mile away. It had been laid down by artillery far to our rear. The first pair of planes dipped down gracefully, and two bombs shot out from under their bellies. Others followed suit. It was an endless procession. The air was filled with a frightful zooming sound. The crash of bombs shook the house and more tiles fell from the roof. No one paid them any attention.

"Those bombs came down like rifle bullets," said Silverman.

"They sure make a man feel good," said the corporal on the telephone.

"Call up Wall Street and order me a thousand shares of U.S. Steel right away," said Hamilton.

"Poor little Germans," said one of the runners.

"It looks like even the sun's gonna come out now," said another.

"They need an MP up there to direct traffic," said the battalion sergeant major, a T/3.

The colonel was looking down the road through his field glasses. He smiled. "They just got that son-of-a-bitch of a tank that chased me across the field with his 75 the other day," he said.

SUDDENLY it was very quiet again. No one talked. We were listening for another sound from the sky now. And soon it came—a deep, throaty vibrating. Now the sky was filled with Forts and Liberators. They were big and silver at 9,000 feet, and you couldn't see the end of them. The first boxes moved past us and everyone breathed easier. "Now I know how the people in German cities feel," said Hamilton. The lead plane sent long streamers of pathfinder flares spiralling down to mark the target area. They seemed to drop at our feet.

It all began with a far-away rumble, like distant thunder. We looked to the South and saw hundreds of earthen fountains playing skywards. Then the sound drew near and almost burst our eardrums. It sounded like machinegun fire at 155mm. intensity. The blast ripped at our clothes and pushed our helmets back on our heads. More tiles fell from the roof. The roaring and that 155-machinegun fire and the play of earthen fountains kept up. A huge cloud of dust rose from the target area and blotted out the sun. It was more terrifying and unreal than anything Cecil B. DeMille ever dreamed up.

"Let's get onto that ridge over there on the left," yelled the correspondent I was with. He walked a few steps in the direction of the ridge. Then the earthen fountain played on the ridge and the blast knocked us off our feet. The ridge disappeared. We got up and stood in the road, stunned. A swarm of bees, disturbed in their hive by the bombing, buzzed angrily about our ears. They were the least of our worries.

Then came a lull in the bombing. No sooner had the staccato roar of the bombs died away than we heard the whistle of an enemy shell. We hit the dirt, and the shell burst about 50 yards down the road. Then came another and another. A missile dropped and ploughed into the earth a few feet from where we were lying. We scrambled through a hole in the hedgerow.

We got in our jeep then and dashed back—away from the cottage where, over our shoulders, we could see the colonel standing and staring up, open-mouthed, at the sky.

Sketched at TRÉVIÈRES

. . . . . Five drawings from the Normandy notebook of Sgt. George Vander Sluis, formerly an instructor at the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center and now a member of an Engineer Battalion.

DESOLATE AND DREARY, THE RUINS OF THIS TOWN IN NORMANDY AWAIT THE ARRIVAL OF THE ENGINEERS TO MAKE WAY FOR HEAVY MILITARY TRAFFIC.

THE FIGHTING FOR TRÉVIÈRES GOES ON AS YANK MARKSMEN MAKE IT HOT FOR SOME NAZI SNIPERS WHO STUCK IT OUT TO THE BITTER END.

AND NOW THE ENGINEER TROOPS GET BUSY ON THE PLACE, TEARING DOWN SHELLED HOUSES AND CLEARING AWAY TONS OF DEBRIS AND RUBBLE.

FRENCH RESIDENTS OF THE TOWN PICK UP WHERE THEY LEFT OFF. THEIR FLAG FLIES FROM MANY A HOME ONLY JUST MADE LIVABLE AGAIN.

THE CENTER OF THE BADLY SHELLED COMMUNITY, WITH A GROUP OF RESIDENTS CLUSTERED ABOUT A LOUDSPEAKER TO PICK UP THE LATEST NEWS.

1st Sgt. David (Soupy) Campbell of Medford, Mass., climbed from Ranger assaultman (pfc) to top kick under rugged combat conditions in Sicily and Italy.

1st Sgt. Vincent Egan of Staten Island, N. Y., whose Ranger outfit battled tanks with TNT from the rooftops of Gela on the first day of the Sicilian invasion.

Rangers Come Home

AND BRING STORIES OF THEIR TOUGH CAMPAIGNS IN AFRICA AND EUROPE.

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
Yank Staff Writer

CAMP BUTNER, N. C.—Frankie was reclining on his bunk.

Another Ranger drifted over rather aimlessly, observed that liquor and women are fine American institutions and then corked Frankie smartly on the arm. The smack of fist against shoulder was sharp in the still barracks.

Frankie lay there and swore long enough to give the guy a head start. Then he casually rolled off his sack, picked up a GI shoe and hurled it the length of the room at the retreating Ranger. The shoe hit a fire extinguisher and dented it.

Frankie settled back on the bunk, grunted, smacked lazily at a fly and went to sleep. His target went down the stairs without looking back. The other Rangers in the squad room, resting or writing, didn't look up. The shoe lay where it fell and the fire extinguisher ceased reverberating.

The Rangers, those few who were left of the old 1st and 3d and 4th Battalions, were back in the States.

Most of them had been overseas two years and more, and all of them saw action enough to add up to eight solid months of continuous fighting. They went home on furlough and talked about the war, then reported in to Camp Butner and talked about it some more. Pretty soon they were weary of hacking their gums. So they answered the questions they were asked in public, and then in the barracks they swore rippling oaths at each other and wrestled and spoke gently to the dice and made themselves at home.

The Rangers are an independent bunch, and it was that yearning for freedom of action that appealed to most of the men who volunteered in June 1942 in North Ireland. The Rangers offered them a rugged future, but at least a man could call his soul his own. "I joined this outfit," said T-5 Clyde Thompson of Ashland, Ky., "because they sent out a letter saying they wanted men to work in little groups that would hit and run. Well, we hit more'n we run, but I'm satisfied they kept most of their promises, and we were on our own most of the time."

The Rangers spearheaded every Allied invasion in the Mediterranean. Being shock troops got in their blood. One of them, who will remain anonymous here so that his rough-riding outfit won't ride him for it, let himself go: "There was just one thing about that kind of fighting—by damn, it gave you a thrill. We never had to ask no questions about who was out front; we just started shooting. Hell, nobody wants to get killed and I was plenty scared sometimes—but it gave you a thrill, the way we fought."

Perhaps it was because they found a certain fascination in combat that the Rangers had remarkably few cases of psychoneurosis, although, as an Irish first sergeant put it: "Sometimes, when you were under it, that Jerry artillery made you want to cry."

THE original outfit, the 1st Ranger Battalion, was activated in North Ireland on June 19, 1942, with 600 men selected from more than 2,000 soldiers who had volunteered. Their training was in Scotland, and they had more casualties there than they had on their first African landing. The British Commandos were their instructors.

"Those bastards tried to kill us, or we thought they did," said Thompson. "We maneuvered with live ammunition. There were accidents, too, that sort of went with it. They had us out in a place one time that still wasn't entirely cleared of old land mines they'd put there when invasion was expected. Two of our boys jumped a barbed-wire fence and landed right on top of a mine. We were picking them up two days later. Another guy fell off a cliff and broke practically every bone in his body."

Then, on Aug. 18, came Dieppe. While it was predominantly a Canadian show, a small party of Rangers were in on the deal. A few of them got into the fight. Others were intercepted by German E-boats and never got ashore.

But less than three months later the long series of combat operations began in which the Rangers as a whole spearheaded drive after drive across Africa through Sicily to Italy. On Nov. 8,

1942, the Rangers landed at Arzew, 30 miles east of Oran. Their mission was to seize four coastal guns overlooking the town and two others guarding the approaches to the harbor.

The attack began at 0130 when four companies landed three miles above the town and came in from the rear to take the French defenders by surprise. Two other companies came through the jetties, where they were met by machine-gun fire, but their element of surprise was so great that a small fort and the two remaining coastal guns were taken with a minimum of casualties.

Three hours after the initial landing, the CO—Col. William O. Darby of Fort Smith, Ark.—fired success flares and the central task force of the African invasion came ashore.

"We went into a garrison and got them Frenchmen out of bed," grinned one Ranger reflectively. D-plus-two saw a Ranger company lend a hand to the 1st Division at St. Cloud; after eight hours the break-through came, paving the way to Oran.

THE Rangers, no longer needed, resumed combat training for three months. Then, on Feb. 7, 1943, they were suddenly ordered into transport planes and flown to the Tunisian front, mission unknown. They were landed at a front-line airport and three days later moved into Gafsa, which already had changed hands several times.

Sgt. Sherman Legg of Handley, W. Va., was on the point approximately 1,000 yards ahead of the Ranger advance party. He was riding a motorcycle and was armed with a tommy gun.

"It was my job to find out who was out there and where they were. It could have been Germans in front of us and it could have been Frenchies. I didn't know what to expect. Anyway, I was moving along and I saw this figure, dark like, over in the ditch, so I jumped over on him and threw my tommy gun into his back. He let out a yell and turned around. You know the first thing he said when he saw I was an American? He said: 'Cigarette, comrade?' So I knew it was all right. I knew he was a Frenchman."

Two days after entering Gafsa, the Rangers pulled what will always be their favorite action. Back in the States now they talk about it fondly, the way advertising men might discuss a beautiful sales-promotion job. This was the Sened Station raid or the "AEF raid"—so-called because those three companies were in on it. It was the kind of thing they were most schooled in.

Their mission was to destroy a fortified position. They entrucked at night and rode 18 miles to a French outpost and then marched cross country for 12 more miles. By dawn they were holed up in the saddle of a mountain overlooking an enemy position five miles northwest of Sened. All day, covered by shelter halves and natural camouflage, they watched proceedings at the outpost four miles away.

When darkness came, they moved forward. Around midnight, 600 yards away from their objective, they went into a skirmish line on a battalion front. When they were 200 yards away, the outposted enemy, sensing that something was out in front of them, opened fire. The Rangers continued forward without firing a shot. Then, within 50 yards of their objective, they assaulted. For 20 minutes they worked with bayonet and tommy gun and rifle and grenade, and then it was over. By dawn they were back at the French outpost, their starting point.

Almost every Ranger who was there has a favorite tale about the 20 minutes at Sened:

"This was the kind of stuff we loved to do—coming in under their fire which sometimes wasn't a foot and a half over our heads but knowing damn well those Ities didn't know where we were. We could watch their gun flashes when we got close enough." . . . "The Ities called us 'Black Death' after that, on account of our work was at night." . . . "I remember watching a motor pool, and this Itie ran out and tried to get away on a motorcycle. We were laying down a mortar concentration on the motor pool and this guy got the cycle started all right and was about to get out, and just then a 60-mm hit right on top of him and he just disappeared." . . . "There was some pretty rough in-fighting there."

When the Germans attacked at Kasserine Pass, threatening Gafsa from the east, U. S. forces withdrew to Feriana and from there to Dernia Pass, which was threatened by a German push aimed at Tebessa, the main Allied base. For three weeks the Rangers sat at Dernia waiting for the big drive that never came.

"Our work," said one Ranger, "was mostly knocking off stray German vehicles that either blundered into the Pass by mistake or were nosing around to find out if we were still there. There wasn't any real rough stuff. Funny thing about how those people would roam around. We hit a car one day and captured an Italian officer. He was a pilot, and said he was just out sightseeing."

After Dernia the outfit drew back for a rest and then went back into action by leading the American drive back through Feriana and into Gafsa again. There wasn't too much trouble that time either, but then came El Guettar. There they had another job they liked. Beyond El Guettar was a pass leading to Sfax that the Germans and Italians had defended. It was the Rangers' mission to clean up the defended ridges, which commanded a dominating position over the surrounding terrain.

Cpl. Robert M. Bevan of Estherville, Iowa, a sniper throughout the African campaigns, scored his longest accurate shooting there when he silenced a machine-gun nest at 1,350 yards.

"We came up on them by a circular route of about 10 miles and hit them from behind and above, working our way down to where we could use a bayonet. This set-up was Italian EM with German officers. There was some bayonet fighting.

"As a sniper I picked targets that were out of range for the riflemen, so I started working on this machine-gun nest. I was using our sniper rifle—a plain old '03 with telescopic sights. I ranged in with tracers and then put two shots right into the position. The gun was quiet for a couple of minutes, and then a crazy thing happened. Somebody threw a dirty towel over the gun, and then the crew came out and sat down."

After El Guettar the Rangers pulled back to Nemours, on the coast of Algeria. The 1st Battalion was split into three groups to cadre a reorganized 1st Battalion and the new 3d and 4th Battalions, which were formed there.

THEN, on July 9, 1943, the 1st and 4th landed at Gela and the 3d at Licata in Sicily. From then on, the war got progressively tougher for the Rangers.

The Gela landings were made at night, and searchlights picked up the incoming landing craft when they were still a mile out. There were pillboxes and land mines ashore, but by 1000 hours the town itself was in Ranger hands. At 1100 the fun began.

It was then that "we thought we'd have to grab the lifeboats." With only the two battalions of Rangers in Gela, Italian tanks came barreling into town, blasting. "We fought them from the rooftops by dropping TNT and sticky bombs on them. We had a 37-mm that shuttled to its targets, going from one corner to another, taking potshots at them as they came in from different directions. Our bazookas were firing point-blank."

1st Sgt. David (Soupy) Campbell of Medford, Mass., and 1st Sgt. Vincent Egan of Staten Island, N. Y., both had some hard fighting and some laughs to remember. "We were using bazookas then, and I'll never forget the trouble one guy had with one," grinned Soupy. "He was firing from inside a house, and this tank was right up on him; so he hauled down on the thing point-blank—and missed. I don't see how he did. And the backfire off the thing! The guy did more damage to the wall behind him than he did to the tank in front.

"I remember another thing there. We had this young kid with us who hadn't been in the outfit so long, and he was really dying to get into a fight. So he was coming along a wall and when he turned a corner he ran smack into a Jerry. The kid was so shocked he didn't know what to do. So the Jerry shot him, right through the chest. One of our guys across the street got the Jerry, but it was too late to help the kid."

"We finally got rid of the Ities," said Egan, "but the next day came worse trouble—or it might have been. We looked out and saw 18 big Tigers (PzKW VIs) coming in. Between fire from our cruisers offshore and fire from a chemical outfit's new 4.2 mortars, 12 of the Jerry tanks were knocked out and the others quit. It was the first time those 4.2 mortars were in action, and they did damn well."

It was on that first day at Gela that Sherman Legg had his troubles, too. He had parked his motorcycle in an alleyway and was leaning against the opposite wall, just waiting for developments. Developments arrived in the form of a shell that blew his motor upside down and blew Legg back through the alley, through an open door and into a building. He was knocked out. After a while he came to, went back to his motor and found it would still run.

"I got on the thing, and this guy across the street stuck his head out. I thought he looked sort of funny. 'Hey, Legg,' he yelled, 'ain't you hurt?' I asked him what did he think. He said he didn't think I was hurt, he thought I was dead. He'd seen me standing there, and then the shell hit and he didn't see me any more."

Earlier that same morning Legg accomplished in actual fact what has been done very rarely anywhere except in the movies. He shot down a Messerschmitt-110 with a BAR.

"I was on the beach right near a wall when this bastard came over, strafing. He scared me silly. I ducked behind the wall, and he came back. I let fly at him and missed, but I found out why I missed. So the next time he came in, I put the gun on the wall and held it there and he flew right into my fire. I could see the bullets rake him. He went along a little farther, and then I saw flames coming out around the gas tanks where I'd hit. He crashed into the sea."

THE Rangers spearheaded the way across the Plain of Gela toward Butera, a 4,000-foot citadel "that looked like a castle sitting up there." One Ranger company cleared it.

T/Sgt. Francis P. Padrucco of Miami, Fla., then a buck sergeant acting as platoon sergeant, had 20 men who were part of the outfit that went straight up the long road leading to the citadel itself. It was a brash maneuver, coming flush up the obvious approach, at 2300 hours.

"We got to a bend in the road and a machine gunner opened up on us at a range of about 20 feet. He wounded my lieutenant and the radio operator. But our scout, with a tommy gun, let go with a whole drum of ammo; he got seven.

"The platoon killed about 15 and took 60 or 70 prisoners. We got a bunch of A-T guns by surprise, and some flame-thrower people. The whole thing took about 20 minutes.

"Here again it was German officers and Italian personnel. This time some German, farther back, was giving orders to two Italian officers, a colonel and a lieutenant. The Italians wanted to surrender, and the German told them to keep fighting. We told them to give up or we'd kill them. The German told them if they made a move to surrender, *he'd* kill them.

"The tanks came into Gela blasting. We fought them from the rooftops with TNT and sticky bombs and a 37-mm gun that ran from one corner of the roof to another, taking potshots. Our bazookas fired point-blank."

got away."

Paddy, for his work that night after his officer was out of action, got the Silver Star. The Rangers moved by different routes to the northeast side of Sicily. When the campaign ended, they pulled back for training and replacements.

On Sept. 9, they landed in Italy. The landings were above Salerno, and the 4th fanned out in opposite directions toward Salerno to the east and Sorrento to the west. The 1st followed and drove to the high ground overlooking the Plain of Naples. The 3d fought at Chiunzi Pass. The Rangers held the left hinge of the beachhead against every German attempt to close in and knock U. S. forces back into the sea. For 22 days they had nothing but counterattacks. It was rough work, but the Salerno sector was rough work for everybody.

T-4 Frankie Ziola of South Amboy, N. J.—the man who throws shoes—was one of four cooks in his outfit at Chiunzi Pass who volunteered for duty as litter-bearers. He spent 18 days bringing out the wounded and was awarded the Silver Star when the fight was over.

"They asked for volunteers for that detail, so we volunteered. I got me an Italian as a helper, and the two of us would go up and pull the guys out when they got hit and take them back to Battalion Aid. I didn't know anything about medicine or first aid or anything, but I damn sure learned. Funny thing about those Rangers when they were wounded. Almost every time the first thing they wanted was a cigarette."

Finally, with enemy counterattacks broken, the Rangers spearheaded the way into the Valley of Naples and relieving forces went on into Naples itself. The Rangers pulled back again to train. Their hardest fighting was still ahead.

On Nov. 1, the Fifth Army encountered strong opposition at Venafro, about 40 miles above Naples. On Nov. 3 the Rangers began a 35-day fight that was to open the way to the valley leading to Cassino. That day they crossed the winding Volturno River with the mission of infiltrating six miles behind enemy lines and taking the heights commanding the road to San Pietro.

They marched all night, passing enemy outposts, and at dawn were still undetected. They attacked, seized the enemy positions and held them for two days. Then, with their supplies gone, they came back through the enemy again to Sesto Campano. Then they moved toward Venafro. When they were through, the Rangers had advanced the lines by 12 miles.

T/Sgt. Robert O. Johnson of Shinnston, W. Va., a battalion communications sergeant, was wounded at Venafro when a shell blasted him down as he and his lieutenant were carrying a wounded man to shelter. It was in that sector that communication maintenance became a matter of survival.

"I had 22 men in my section," said Johnson, "and before we were through there, the battalion communications was being handled by only the lieutenant, a maintenance man and myself. The other 19 were knocked out by either mortar or artillery fire. I almost got it good there. I had to go two miles up Venafro Mountain checking telephones, and the whole way I had mortar fire right in my hip pocket."

After Venafro the Rangers were pulled out for a little more than a month and on Jan. 22 they went into Anzio.

"We were 66 days on the beach at Anzio," said Egan. "It was rough. We attacked a red farm on the left flank at Carroceto. Finally there were only four men left, and they took the place."

Sherman Legg, still on his motor, had another close one there: "I was going along without paying much attention where I was, and I came over the brow of this hill and a machine gun let loose on me. I guess the Jerries were excited because I don't see how they missed. Anyway I threw the motor over on the ground, spun it and started the hell out of there. I was afraid even to duck, because I might duck right into a bullet. I'm glad they were lousy gunners, or I wouldn't be here. As it was, I made sure not to take any more wrong roads around there."

Soupy Campbell likes to talk about the Ranger mortar concentrations at Anzio. "There was one time we saw this German come out of his foxhole for a minute, so we gave him concentration No. 3 (we had everything zeroed in). He must have had some ammo in that hole because the next thing we saw of that Jerry he was about 20 feet in the air, turning end over end."

Soupy grinned. "We had things to laugh at even at Anzio. There was that machine gunner on our flank who'd clear his gun every morning just about dawn. He always did it to start the day off right. 'Shave 'n' a haircut—two bits,' he'd play on that thing."

Then, on Jan. 29, disaster struck. The 1st and 3d Battalions were to attack and take the town of Cisterna, while the 4th was to support their assault. But something went wrong: the Germans had reinforced their positions and when the Rangers struck at dawn, they hit a force that overwhelmed them. Two battalions went into Cisterna; 26 Rangers came out.

Sgt. Milton Lehman, *Stars and Stripes* correspondent, wrote the story as it was reconstructed for him by survivors:

"When the sun came up, the Rangers were surrounded. Between sunrise and 0700 hours, when radio silence was broken, the Rangers knew that the battle was lost. Sunrise doomed them and marked the beginning of the hopeless, heroic fight. . . . The sand was running out in the hour glass. The Rangers knew it and the Germans knew it. Slowly and bitterly the last orders were given by the company commanders . . . the tall, bespectacled, thin-faced West Pointer telling his men to go. 'I hate to do this,' the captain said, 'but it's too late now. That direction is south. Take out, and God bless you.'"

The 4th Battalion, also stopped but not decimated, fought on after Cisterna and, with the few survivors of the 1st and 3d, came back to the States as a unit. They have friends among the newer Ranger outfits now in France.

But the Old Rangers are out of action.

Yanks in the ETO

Three More Divisions

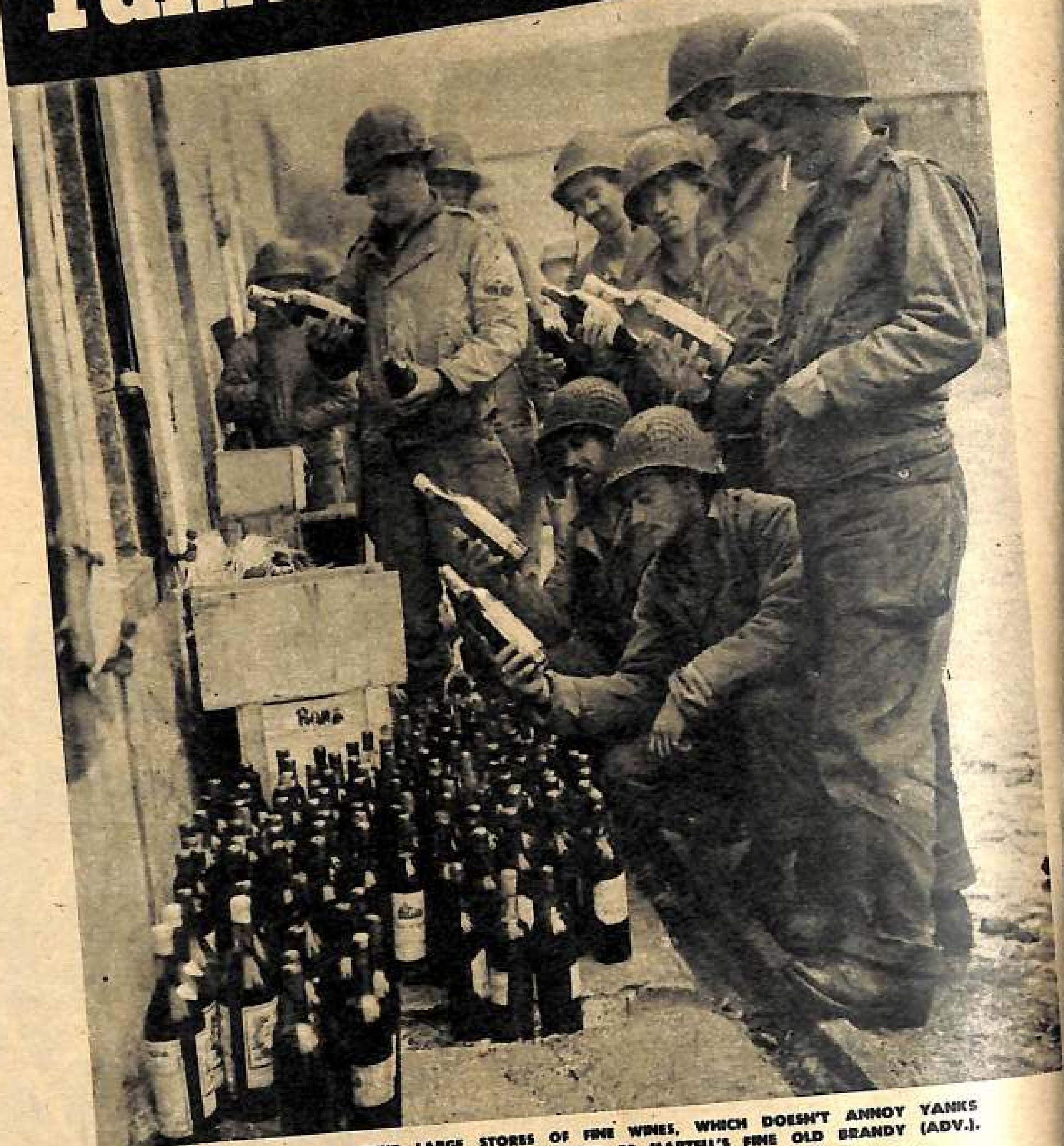
To the list of U.S. Army divisions acknowledged to be in on the Normandy deal, security now permits us to add the names of three more—the 30th, the 79th, and the 90th. All three saw their initial action in this war when they landed in France—a nation which all three had visited previously, and with distinction, a quarter of a century ago.

The 30th: During the First World War, this division took part in three victorious drives in France—Ypres-Lys, the Somme, and the smashing of the Hindenburg Line. The division paid heavily in men for its brilliant record, but its members got more than half of the British decorations given to Americans, and 12 of the 78 medals of honor given by Congress. Known as the "Old Hickory" Division, the 30th was created on July 18, 1917, at Camp Secier, in Greenville, S.C. On July 9, 1918, the division was ordered to defend the Poperinghe line in France, and the Ypres-Lys action followed, ending on September 4, 1918. Then came the Somme offensive, between September 22 and October 1, after which the 30th climaxed its career by battering the Hindenburg Line in action at Bellicourt and Nauroy. At one point, after a 20-mile advance, the division counted 8,415 casualties. The 30th was demobilized in May, 1919. Reactivation came just about 21 years later—on September 16th, 1940, at Ft. Jackson, S.C. The division was on maneuvers the next summer and participated in the Second Army games in Tennessee in June, 1941. During the autumn, it sweated out the First Army maneuvers. The division then began losing its trained men, who were transferred to bolster or activate other units. Finally on October 7, 1942, the depleted 30th traveled down to Camp Blanding, Fla., for rebuilding. More training programs followed, and more maneuvers, culminating in problems in Tennessee last September and October. It wasn't very long after that before the division headed for the United Kingdom—and Normandy.

The 79th: In the First World War, the 79th distinguished itself at Lorraine—Montfaucon, to be exact—and there identified the outfit with the Cross of Lorraine. After the Armistice, the division adopted the Croix de Lorraine, emblem of the Free French in this war, as its shoulder-patch. But before that, the 79th had a slew of fighting honors under its belt. It was activated in Camp Meade, Md., on August 25, 1917, and moved to France in August, 1918. In Montfaucon by September, the 79th occupied the Troyen sector in October under the French Second Colonial Corps. The division, which was commanded by Maj. Gen. Joseph E. Kuhn, wound up its European stay in May, 1919. Hitler's war brought about reactivation of the cross-bearers on June 15, 1942, at Camp Pickett, Va., and after that it was the landing beaches of Camp Blanding for the outfit. Successively from April to November, 1943, the 79th went through the mill in maneuvers in Tennessee, California, and Arizona. It completed its final training at Camp Phillips, Kan., and embarked for the United Kingdom. Now it's Normandy and points east.

The 90th: The 22nd American division to arrive in France during the First World War, the 90th Division, although an inexperienced unit, proved its mettle in two major engagements. When Germany capitulated, elements of the 90th were among the farthest advanced of any AEF unit. After that, the division went into the Rhineland as part of the occupying forces and headed for the States in the following May. The original 90th came into being at Camp Travis, Texas, and the same state's Camp Barkeley saw the stirrings of the present organization on March 25, 1942. Maj. Gen. Henry Terrell, Jr., headed the reactivated 90th until last January, when a new general took over at Fort Dix, N.J., the pre-staging area. Before that it had been the usual tough grind—17 weeks of basic at Barkeley, maneuvers in Louisiana and California, and successive motorization and de-motorization. The 90th spent a period at Camp Kilmer, N.J., the staging area, and then took off for the United Kingdom, arriving in England last April. In practically no time at all, it was helping to set things right in France.

By a YANK Staff Correspondent



RETREATING GERMANS LEFT BEHIND LARGE STORES OF FINE WINES, WHICH DOESN'T ANNOY YANKS ONE BIT. CONNOISSEURS CAN PICK OUT SEVERAL BOTTLES OF MARTELL'S FINE OLD BRANDY (ADV.).

Evening with the Airborne

SOMEWHERE IN NORMANDY—We got off to a good start around 8:30 in the morning. Halfway to our destination, the jeep stopped in a small town and I went into a stationery shop to get a typewriter case packed and shipped north by the local APO. The woman in charge of the shop got out all her cardboard, her toughest cord, and her strongest wrapping paper and went to work rapidly. She was small and middle-aged with black hair and a round, bony, white face. I told her that I wanted the typewriter packed as firmly as possible because it was going to be sent by mail.

"Yes, I know," she said, rather impatiently. "I've sent bigger packages than this by mail to Germany and they've all gotten there all right." Her husband, she told me, had been at a labor camp in Germany since July, 1940. When the Germans had first conscripted him, he had been a soldier. Now he was a civilian and worked in civilian clothes, but that didn't make much difference. He was still a prisoner. Her last letter from him had been dated May 15th, just about two months earlier.

After she had finished with the typewriter, I paid her with 25 francs of my new French money and a couple of bars of Lux soap. She thanked me politely for the money, but seemed really pleased by the soap.

On the way out, I looked over her stock in trade—pads, pencils, pencil sharpeners, attractive prints of French street scenes and cathedrals and cobblestoned streets and wine shops, and some mild post-cards, including pastel-tinted photographs of young men in tuxedos gazing up at their girl friends sitting on cloudbanks. There was also a large stack of back numbers of an anti-Jewish propaganda magazine.

As I walked back, the town around me was a terrible enough scene: street after street of bomb shattered houses, with one or two people here and there dragging blankets and mattresses out from the ruins. But there were several shops open, notably barber and butcher shops. The French are a martyred but businesslike people, and it is good to be able to get a haircut even among ruins.

Traveling northward again we finally found the Forward CP of the 82nd Airborne Division. This was a small group of dark-yellow stone farmhouses, surrounded by dense trees and hedges. It was a

hot windy afternoon. The sun shone down in the open, but the trees moved steadily in the breeze. There were lieutenants shaving with the help of a mirror propped up on a small stone cairn. There was a general in a paratrooper uniform, stretched out under the trees, taking a nap. There was a Nazi prisoner—a 20-year-old officer—sitting up against a wall, his eyes half closed.

He wasn't there long, though. A colonel came up to him and said, "For God's sake, get him out of here. We don't want any of them around the CP."

No one seemed to know why the prisoner was there in the first place or what to do with him. Finally he was hustled off in the general direction of the motor pool.

WE—there were four of us in the party—asked G-2 where we could get a good look at things. They recommended the view from the hill very strongly, and we decided to drive out there that afternoon.

The foot of the hill was thickly covered with trees and bushes. We left the jeep there and struggled for about 15 minutes through the wet, almost tropical woods before we were halfway up and in broad daylight again.

Then we came across two corpses, both German, laid out beside their machinegun. There was nothing left of one from the waist down, but his wristwatch was still going. The other one was lying flat on his back. His left arm was bent upright at the elbow, the hand extended out, the palm down, the thumb and three fingers drooping, and the index finger pointing southward with a curious gesture of authority. The unsensational smell of death, a mild fishmarket odour, hung over the place.

When we reached the top of the hill, the countryside opened out around us in broad, lovely sweeps of green-and-yellow fields and mountains. On the right-hand side was the town. The Americans had reached its railway yards that morning, and there was the steady sound of gunfire. All you could see were a few church steeples and clouds of white smoke. The battle seemed very near and very unconvincing, as in a newsreel.

It was almost evening by the time we got down to level ground again, and I wandered off to one of the fields where some paratroopers were encamped. Several of them were spread out under a great plane tree, opening up their K-rations. One of them had taken off his shoes and was slowly and luxuriously removing his socks. He told me that it had been ten days since he last had had a chance to take them off. At that time he had just bought a quart of cognac when his marching orders came. Along with his equipment, he had to carry a 45-pound base plate for one of the guns. He had no room for the liquor, and in 15 minutes' time they would be on the move again. So he had used the cognac to wash his feet with. "I thought the alcohol might dry up my footsores," he explained.

After supper we went on over to the open field where they had dug in on their present position. They had made all their foxholes and slit-trenches right in the middle of the field. A couple of days before, two of their number had been lying in a foxhole directly under a poplar when an airburst of shrapnel had hit the tree, dropping straight down into the foxhole and killing one man and injuring the other. So now they dug in out in the open, and only one man occupied a trench at a time.

The unit that I stayed with included Pvt. A. Kilanowski, of Browersville, Minn.; Pvt. J. Hoeppner, of Michigan City, Ind.; Pfc. J. Kirkland, of Hillerston, Tex.; Pvt. Myrel Baker, of Logansport, La.; Pvt. A. Stovall, of Goosecreek, Tex.; Pvt. Homer Fowler, of Wytheville, Va.; Pfc. Albert Gash, of Leadville, Colo.; Pvt. Eric J. Oetting, of Beverly, Kan.; Pvt. Daniel Williams, of Buffalo, N.Y.; Pvt. G. C. Couzens, of Farrell, Pa.; Pvt. Argus H. Pittman, of Muskogee, Okla.; Pvt. Donald Johnson, of Montgomery, Ala.; and Pvt. Frank Robinson, of Brewster, N.Y.

They had all been fighting ever since D-Day. The hill that they had just taken had been a minor obstacle compared with what they had faced at the beginning of their drive. It had been no pushover, though. "At some places," one of the men told me, "the fighting was so close the Krauts didn't even bother to throw their hand grenades. They just handed them over to us."

Nevertheless these men had taken their objective. Now they were at their ease and in excellent humor. We sat around all evening, smoking, talking, and making ourselves cups of cocoa, which we heated over a grill made from the rods of ammunition packing cases. Whenever the fire would die down, the men would throw increments—small charges used on the surfaces of howitzers—upon the embers to make them flare up again.

During the course of conversation I happened to ask them how they got to join the airborne in the first place. One man said that he had signed up because his buddy had an older brother who talked them both into it. Another said that he asked for something rough when they gave him his first classification. He wanted to be made an aviation cadet.

"Not right now," he was told.

"What about the Coast Artillery, then?"

"That's shut, also."

"Well, how about the paratroopers, then?"

"Oh, they're always open."

At any rate, they had all got what they wanted, including a good, long look at the world around them. The 82nd has covered quite a bit of territory since it was first activated, and the men in it long for the States just as keenly as any other GI outfit. There is also a small margin of homesickness, about evenly distributed, for Italy and Ireland. Talking about their travels, the men remember Africa for the heat, the flies, and the fact that although the mess hall was only 200 yards from their tent, a man going to chow was likely to pass right out with the sun hitting him directly. Sicily they remember for the grapes, the almonds, and their camp right on a beach where you could see the bottom of the sea as far out as you could swim. Naples had featured the black market and occasional trips to Capri, and Northern Ireland had all the steaks, eggs, and whiskey that you could hold if you knew the right place.

THEY talked a lot and well about their travels, their fighting, and their drinking exploits. Certainly the bare facts of the airborne landings and battles since midnight, June 5th, 1944, have furnished much of the authentic coloring matter for many accounts of the action in France. And the paratroopers know it, too. These days, in the foxholes of France, there are no atheists and no inferiority complexes, either.

By Cpl. JOHN PRESTON, YANK Staff Correspondent

THIS WAS A SIX-BY-SIX, ONE OF OUR BIGGEST TRUCKS, BEFORE IT FELL INTO A SHELLHOLE ON THE BEACH AND WAS GROUND TO WRECKAGE BY AN LCT. ITS CREW, LEFT TO RIGHT: SGT. JOSEPH JOJCZYK, OF CLEVELAND, O.; S/SGT. MICHAEL STRUYZNSK, OF PITTSBURGH; SGT. MIKE WONNER, OF ALLIANCE, O.; SGT. CHESTER KOBYLINSKI, OF ERIE, PA.; AND LT. JOHN M. REID, OF WORCESTER, MASS.

Variety

PRODUCED BY THE CA

KILT INSPECTION. This Italian girl seems a little uncertain about the whole thing as she gives a once-over to the pleated kilts of a Highland pipe major in Rome.

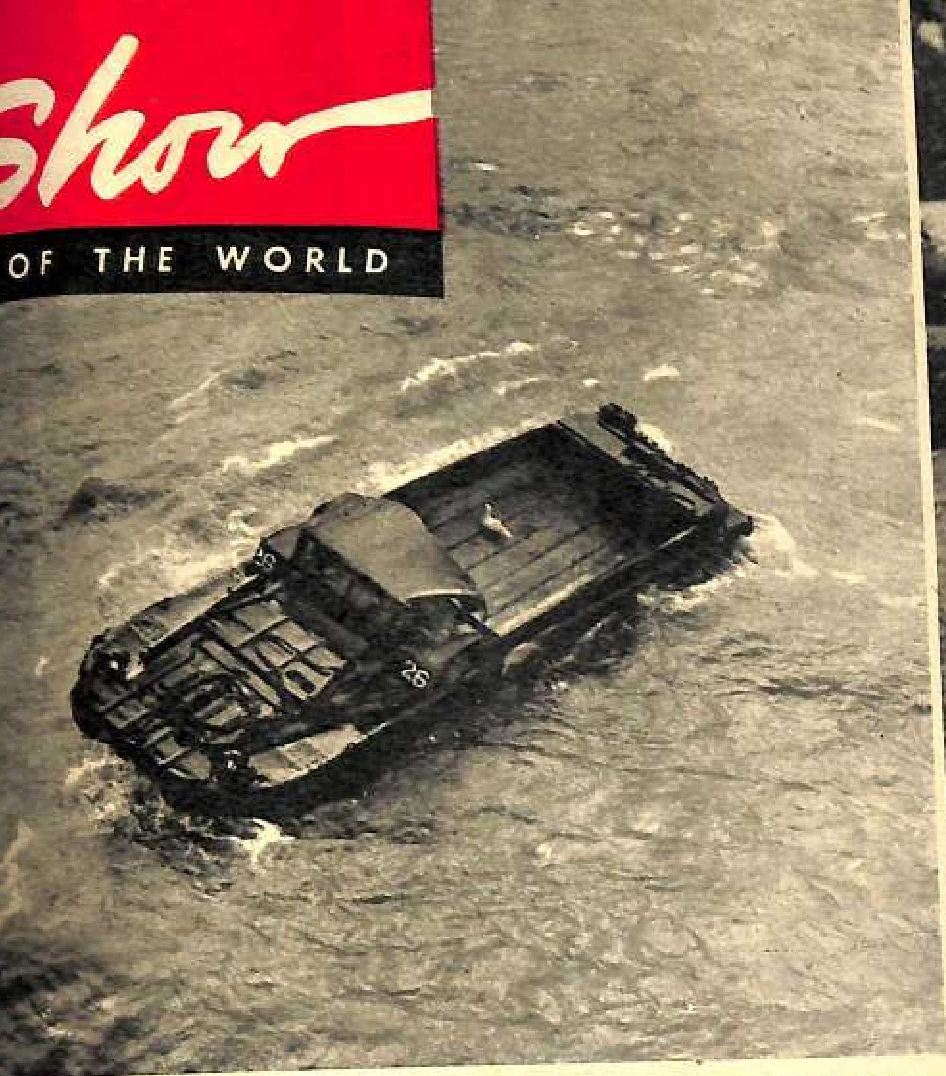
LANDING LUCK. Ens. R. Black brought his Hellcat to a carrier in the South Pacific with very little left but the propeller, the motor and one wing. Ens. Black was unhurt.

FLYING BOMB. You can see the smoke and flame pouring from the exhaust of this German jet-propelled bomb, photographed in silhouette over southern England. This is secret weapon Adolf has been crowing about.

BACK HOME. Christine Shomaker, one of Miami Beach's ...d lasses, left to marry an Army louey. Now

HEAD-HUNTERS. Lt. Delbert H. Furgason hunts Jap heads, so he carries a Boong head-hunter of

MARAUDER



'S DUCK. The best mascot for a duck is certainly a duck. That's what the ...of this SWPA amphib thinks, and here are their twin ducks afloat to prove it.

SUN BATHERS. The little girl at the right, who is obviously plastered, is not Toni Seven, number-named screen starlet who sun-bathes in the strangest company.

MAIDS' MEDALS. At a U. S. air base in Russia, Sgt. G. S. McCall of Augusta, Ga., examines the medals of two 21-year-old Red Army women. Both girls are veterans of the tough battles of Leningrad and Stalingrad.

DOUBLE SMACKER. Pvt. Warren Runyan, a Vancouver (Wash.) boy in France, is a bit shy as two enthusiastic Frenchmen embrace him in celebration of the fall of Cherbourg. →

...tish "flail" tank, now operating in Normandy battlefields. A tank chassis ... chains. As the tank moves forward, the flailing chains ... in the way and clear a path for infantry.

Joan Lawrence

YANK

Pin-up Girl

...ews from Home

The weather bureau got off a few well-chosen words about the moon and laundry, the folks back in the States heard how some boys in the 1st and 29th Divisions had done themselves proud, the AAF recalled the days when it had a T/O of three, and a Manhattan-bound subway goofed off badly.

SURE is going to be a changed country when you get back; not even the weather forecasts will be the same. They won't, that is, if Donald C. Cameron, a new regional weather forecaster in Washington, has anything to say about it. Cameron doesn't go for the dry, beat-up way in which weather predictions have been worded for years—"Fair and warmer," "Partly cloudy and colder," and so on. Consequently, he's taken to sending out forecasts to the press that are driving conservative editors nuts.

"Forecast for Washington and vicinity," read a recent Cameron effort. "A pleasant weekend, with warm, sunny afternoons. Cool in the early mornings. Moonlight nights." And a short while later came a prediction which included this homey little line: "A good day to hang out washing."

Investigating the source of such unorthodox weather copy last week, newspaper editors discovered Cameron, a 39-year-old bachelor who comes from Hartford, Conn., by way of New Mexico, who looks like Gene Autry, and who has been in the weather business for 22 years. "We've been using that fair-and-warmer-style stuff for 50 years now," he explained, "and I'm tired of it. If it's hot, why don't we say so, just like people on the street? If it's a swell day, say so, just like people at a picnic."

Cameron said he'd been conducting his own little survey to see how the public feels about his literary style. On the day his suggestion about hanging out the washing appeared, he said, he heard a man on a streetcar gripe to a lady friend: "This man-power shortage has come to a pretty pass when they let a damn-fool woman write up the weather." To which the lady replied: "But there's some sense in it. I'll put my clothes out on the line tomorrow and not worry about the rain."

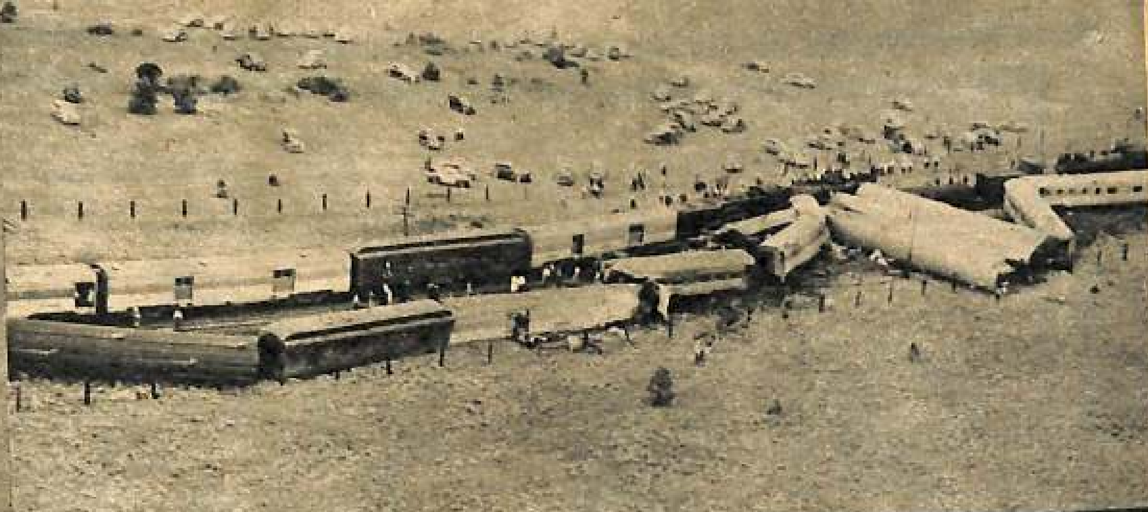
The forecaster said he puts in his predictions about moonlight nights for the benefit of youthful couples, although the young folk haven't always received his reports too kindly. Once, when the papers ran a line of his to the effect that the next day would bring "good weather for picnics or boating," he heard a kid shout to some friends: "Geez, lookit what the weather bureau says here! Must be a new jerk running the dump."

UP to last week, at least, not one American soldier had lost his life crossing the English Channel on Army transports, according to reports reaching Maj. Gen. Homer M. Groninger, commander of the New York P.O.E., who passed them along to the home folks. And, just back in the States from the ETO, Capt. Kenneth L. Dell, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who got his ship safely anchored off Normandy on D-Day-plus-1, told of having seen the transport right ahead of him, the *Susan B. Anthony*, strike a mine which lifted her clear out of the water. Every man aboard, said Capt. Dell, was safely taken off in 2½ hours, after which the ship sank.

The folks at home got further word of what's been doing in France when the War Department in Washington disclosed the citation of the 16th Infantry of the 1st Division and of the 116th Infantry of the 29th Division for "extraordinary heroism and outstanding performance of duty in action" in Normandy on D-Day. The citation was made by Lt. Gen. Omar N. Bradley, commander of the U. S. forces in France.

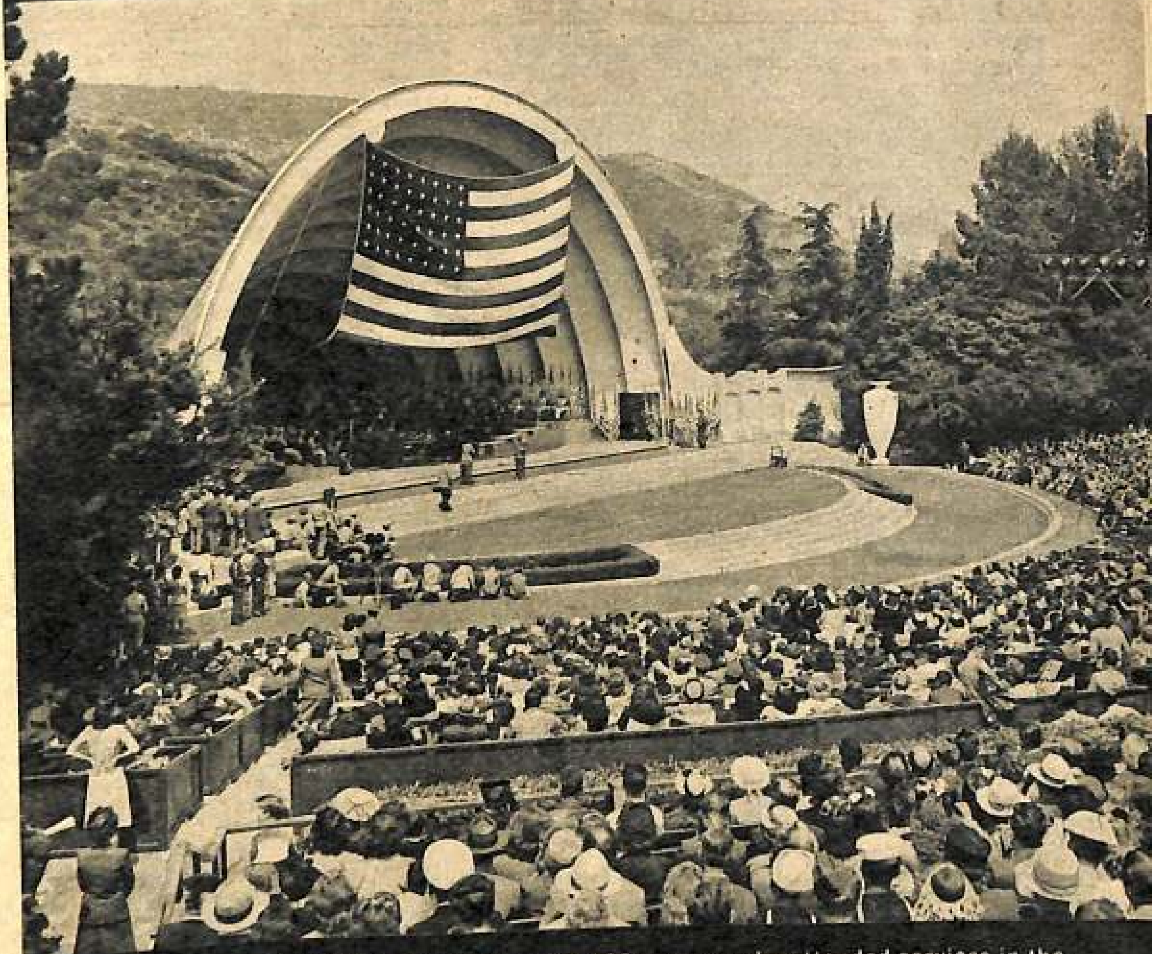
The two infantry regiments were described as having defied point-blank German fire from concrete pill-boxes and machinegun and snipers' nests in order to establish the beachhead. The 16th Infantry lost about a third of its assault strength, it was said, and the 116th had more than 800 casualties. The 1st and the 29th Divisions, according to the WD, were assigned to storm the beach just east of the Carentan area, in which an entire German division happened to be holding maneuvers.

Primaries were run off with little excitement in several states, although one contest attracted considerable attention outside the limits of the district involved. That was the successful effort of Representative Hamilton Fish, Jr., to win the Republican renomination from New York's 29th Congressional District over strong opposition, including that of Governor Thomas E. Dewey, of New York, Wendell Willkie, Playwright Maxwell Anderson, and Actress Helen Hayes MacArthur. Fish won out over Augustus W.

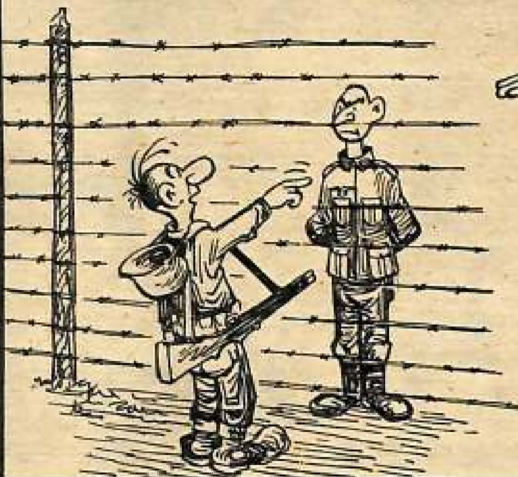


FALLEN CHIEF. Four were killed and 50 injured in this wreck of the famous Santa Fe Chief, which jumped the tracks rounding a curve near Williams, Ariz.

LEGAL SERENADE. Opera tenor Dmitri Onofrei's home rehearsals brought an off-key protest from his neighbor. Haled into a Chicago court, he gave judge a sample cadenza.



PRAYER FOR FIGHTERS. Some of the 18,000 persons who attended services in the Hollywood Bowl, out on the West Coast, to pray for soldiers in France and the Pacific.



Bennet, a Newburg lawyer, who already is the nominee of the Democrats and the American Labor Party and who said that he would go ahead and oppose Fish as an independent Republican in November.

Before the results of the primary were made known, Fish announced that he would bring a libel action against Anderson and others who signed an anti-Fish political advertisement which appeared in the press. Willkie, who is a lawyer, then came forward and said he would represent Anderson as "a public service."

DEWEY started off on his first campaign trip as Republican candidate for President, heading for St. Louis to confer with 25 other GOP governors. His first stop was Pittsburgh, where he tried out something new in campaigning by making no speeches. Instead, after walking through the streets from the station to his hotel, he talked informally and shook hands with more than 5,000 people at a lunch and reception. Then, after conferring with business and labor leaders, he held a news conference at which he said: "We are making gratifying progress in fighting the war, but governmentally we are making no progress for what will follow . . . It is too easily forgotten that in this election we are electing a President who will take office on January 20, 1945, to serve until 1949. We are electing a President most of whose term will be in peacetime. As I see it, the United States simply cannot face another period like the Roosevelt depression, which lasted for eight years with more than 10 million unemployed continuously from 1933 to 1940, inclusive."

Dewey next turned up in Springfield, Ill., where he conferred with Dwight H. Green, Republican governor of that state. Here the candidate paraded from the railroad station in an open car. He made his first speech of the trip from a platform of his train, telling the crowd that America would win the war because "our strength depends upon the American people and upon no one man." He added: "We hold elections in this country even in the midst of total war. We hold them because we know no country can remain free unless its government is by the people."

Herbert Brownell, Jr., the Republican national chairman, predicted that Dewey would win in November, carrying 25 states with 311 electoral votes. On the other hand, the New York *Daily News*, which is editorially strongly anti-Roosevelt, stated that betting odds in favor of the President's getting a fourth term were 14 to 5.

Manuel Quezon, 65-year-old President of the Philippine Commonwealth, died at his summer home at Saranac Lake, N. Y., after a lingering illness, and Sergio Osmena, Vice President of the Philippines, was sworn in at Washington as his successor. Quezon's death brought this statement from President Roosevelt: "The death of my old friend, Manuel Quezon of the Philippine Commonwealth, is profoundly shocking, although I knew, as did his many friends, that only fierce determination had kept him alive these past several years. President Quezon died without seeing the cause of Philippine independence fully realized. His death came at a time when the nation he loved and for whose welfare he labored for many years is in the hands of the Japanese invader. He died in full confidence that the 18 million Filipinos of his homeland will be freed of foreign domination."

The Navy announced the death, in a plane crash in the Pacific, of Rear Admiral Charles P. Cecil, of Flat Rock, N. C., 50-year-old former skipper of the cruiser *Helena*, which under his command became known as "one of the fightingest ships of the fleet," and which later was sunk in the Battle of Kula Gulf.

President Roosevelt sent to the Senate his nomination of Lt. Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell, deputy Allied commander in Southeast Asia and commander of American forces in the China-India-Burma Theater, for the rank of full general.

FROM Washington came word that the Army Air Forces had celebrated their 37th birthday on August 1, having been organized on August 1, 1907, when the Chief Signal Officer established a three-man Division of Aeronautics in the Signal Corps to "study the flying machine and the possibility of adapting it to military purposes." The division was headed by Capt. Charles Chandler, whose staff consisted of Cpl. Edward Ward and Pfc. Joseph E. Barrett—a couple of GIs who probably figured that the T/O in their line of work would never open up. Two years later, the Army accepted its first military plane, a two-passenger job designed and built by Orville and Wilbur Wright. A short while later, the first military airdrome in the world was established at College Park, Md., and a program of training got underway there. The 14th student assigned to that school and one of the first three officers to earn wings was a young man named Henry H. Arnold. That's right—he wears four stars these days.

Ten percent of the messages officially notifying next of kin of soldier casualities are being delayed in delivery because of incorrect addresses, the WD announced in Washington. Between 200 and 250 casualty messages come back daily with the notation that the persons to whom they were sent don't live at the places the WD's files say they do. Sometimes this is due to carelessness on the part of a soldier in reporting his correct home address, sometimes it's because a man will deliberately give a false address for personal reasons, and sometimes it's a case of an

TOJO'S TAPS. That's what David Davies, Scotch-born shipbuilder of New Jersey, may be playing on his gun-barrel flute.

old-time career-soldier who has been in the Army so long that he's lost track of his relatives.

Also in Washington, W. L. Clayton, Surplus War Property Administrator, said that the government plans to dispose of large acreages of land, acquired for war purposes and not needed in peacetime, by breaking the property up into family-size parcels and selling these to purchasers who will cultivate them. Clayton said the land would be sold as promptly as possible at the end of the war and that prices will be based on current values, but added that care will be taken not to disrupt the real-estate market. Speculators and wise guys who figure on buying many small tracts and merging them into large ones won't have a chance, according to Clayton. The government will reserve the right to recapture all such property in the event that future national defense demands it.

THE Army prepared to take over control of Philadelphia's transportation system after a three-day strike by the trolley, subway, and bus operators of the Philadelphia Transportation Co. The strike, which was an unofficial one without union authorization and which badly tied up business and industry in a city busy on war contracts, came about when eight Negroes were graded up and made eligible for operator jobs by the Federal War Manpower Employment Stabilization Program, over protests by the company and the CIO Transport Workers' local union. White employees walked out issuing this statement: "This isn't a labor-movement demonstration. It is not sponsored by any union. Philadelphia Transportation Co. men and women are simply trying to protect their jobs against unfair discrimination now being used against white employees and prospective white employees." Before the Army moved in, Negro gangs, made up mostly of 'teen-age kids, roamed a Negro residential section of the town, armed with bricks, clubs, knives, and bottles, and chasing and attacking white people who entered the area. Liquor sales were stopped throughout the city, where not a public conveyance, except for taxis, was moving.

The whole town of Odessa, Mo., turned out to view the posthumous award of a Congressional Medal of Honor—the highest tribute the nation can bestow—to 23-year-old Sgt. Joseph C. Specker, of the Combat Engineers, who was found dead beside his machinegun last Jan. 7 on a rocky ridge near Mt. Porchia, in Italy. Maj. Gen. John B. Anderson, commanding Ft. Riley, Kan., pinned the medal on the sergeant's father, Elmer C. Specker, whose wife stood beside him during the ceremony. Shortly before he was killed, Sgt. Specker's battalion had moved into positions under heavy fire. Specker, on reconnaissance, discovered German snipers in the path of infantrymen who were about to advance. He returned to his outfit and began to carry a machine-gun and ammo to the ridge, which commanded the Nazi positions. On the way there he was badly wounded, but succeeded in dragging himself and his equipment to the vantage point, where he set up the gun and fired at the enemy, knocking out a machine-gun and forcing the snipers to retire. Young Specker was inducted in September, 1942, and trained at Camp Wolters, Tex., and Camp Gruber, Okla.

A Distinguished Service Cross was awarded posthumously to another hero of Mt. Porchia—Capt. Ralph C. Fisher, 31, of Hyattsville, Md., the commander of an armored-infantry company, who lost his life only a day before Sgt. Specker lost his. In the action which led up to his death, Capt. Fisher and his company had been fighting steadily for two days in the drive on Cassino. On the afternoon of Jan. 6, Capt. Fisher reached his objective on the peak of Mt. Porchia and set up an observation post there. An hour later, he radioed his battalion commander, Lt. Col. Lyle J. Deffenbaugh, of Omaha, Neb., calling for artillery fire to break up an enemy counter-attack on his position. "It was found the requested concentration, if fired, would fall upon Capt. Fisher's position," Col. Deffenbaugh said later in an official report. "Capt. Fisher was told that the concentration could not be fired. He then said that without artillery he could not hold his position because the enemy was approaching too rapidly. He again insisted that the concentration be fired and said he would take the chance of being hit rather than give up the position. The concentration was fired and many shells were seen to explode on the crest of the mountain. I was unable to contact Capt. Fisher by radio after that." The captain's mother will receive the award.

American paratroopers and airborne troops, as a result of their successes in the Normandy operations, henceforth will be known as the "third flank" or "vertical flank," according to the New York *Herald Tribune*. The new terms, which were chosen by the War Department to supplement the familiar infantry ones of right and left flank, testify to the power of airborne troops to envelope the enemy by dropping on him from above.

Park Commissioner Robert Moses, of New York City, took a gloomy view of employment prospects after the war, and asserted that government plans for postwar public works are too small. He urged a congressional committee on postwar planning to sponsor a $15,000,000,000 program for building highways and other public projects throughout the nation in the first three years after the Armistice. Moses predicted "tremendous" unemployment immediately after the war's end.

Down in Boca Grande, Fla., 13-year-old Dolores Dama, while playing "jail" with some friends, got locked in a steel vault in an abandoned railroad station and couldn't get out again. There was no one around who could open the door, and the child was stuck in there for hours while her grandparents, with whom she had been staying, frantically tried by telephone and telegraph to locate a locksmith. They finally got in touch with one at Ailopa, 100 miles away, and he rushed to the scene by automobile and boat. Dolores, meanwhile, was kept alive by air and water forced into a vault through a rubber hose.

IN Atlanta, Ga., three little boys of knee-pants age found $760 on a shop counter and used it to go on a spree of buying ice cream, soda pop, peanuts, and hot dogs, which they shared with the monkeys in the Atlanta Zoo. Both the boys and the monkeys were plenty sick by the end of the day—and so was the shopkeeper who was minus the $760.

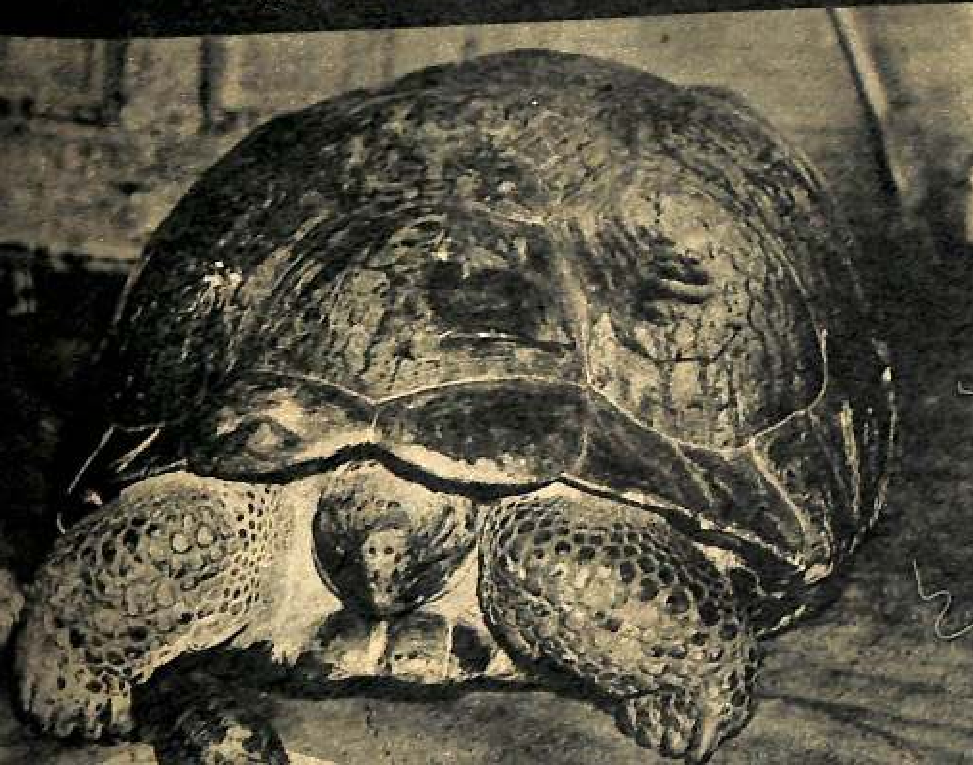
John A. Commons, former economics research assistant at the University of Wisconsin, who had been missing for 14 years and was declared legally dead six years ago, turned up driving a laundry truck in Hartford, Conn., somewhat to the concern of the insurance company which had forked over $7,500 life insurance to his wife, a government librarian living in Washington, D.C., with their 15-year-old daughter. Upon being discovered, Commons, now 52, went down to Fort Lauderdale, Fla., to visit his 82-year-old father, Dr. John R. Commons, famous historian and former professor at Wisconsin. When the son said he planned to return to his job in Hartford, the father said he guessed he'd go along, too. The insurance company decided to let Mrs. Commons keep the dough without a fight.

In a PW camp at Boston, Mass., some members of an Italian service battalion were playing soccer when one of them kicked the ball over a low fence surrounding the exercise area. A prisoner asked the MP who was guarding the group if it would be okay to climb over the fence and retrieve the ball. He was told to go ahead. Upon doing so, however, the prisoner was nabbed by a member of a detail of Boston police assigned to keep civilians from gathering around the area to gape. Seeing this, some 50 prisoners still within the area began throwing lumber and stones at the cop and a free-for-all ensued, during which one PW and three policemen received minor injuries. Assembly was sounded inside the compound and the PWs reported to their barracks area, where they were confined for the rest of the day and night.

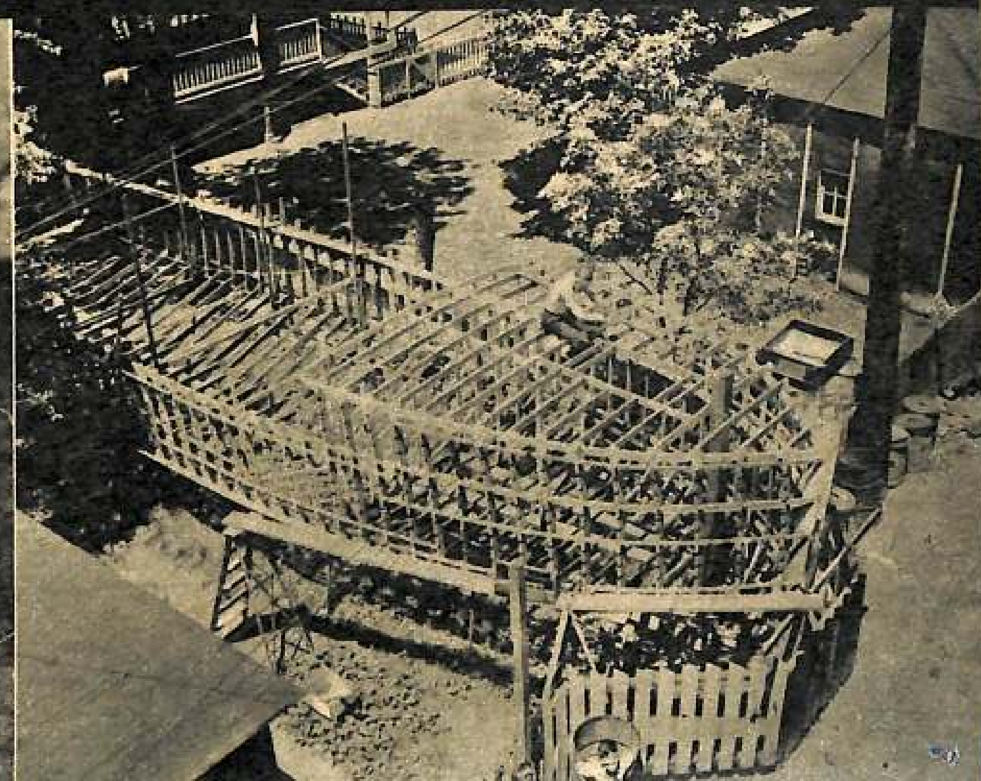
A TROPICAL hurricane spent itself over the eastern swamps of North Carolina, after causing damage to Wilmington and various beach resorts in the state. No deaths were reported, although the storm whipped up 40-foot waves which rubbed out huge sand-dunes at Wrightsville Beach and Carolina Beach, where coastguardsmen and soldiers from nearby Camp Davis helped thousands of people scram to safety just in time. Some of the rescue work was done by boats, which got to homes where first floors had already been flooded. Wilmington was jammed with refugees and had no electricity for four hours after a 60-mile gale put the town's power plant out of commission.

And here's a nostalgic item for you boys from Brooklyn. A subway towerman flubbed up as a train bound for the East Side of Manhattan pulled out of the Hoyt Street station one morning last week, and switched it over to the West Side tracks. The train consequently turned up in the Chambers Street station, to the bewilderment of the despatcher there who couldn't think of anything better to do with it than to send it down to Bowling Green. The train finally got back in its proper tunnel, but by that time it was empty, the passengers having given it up as a bad job. East Side or West Side, it would be kind of nice to hear those turnstiles clanking again; now wouldn't it, bud?

LOTS OF TURTLE. The big baby is the mama, but don't ask us whether the little one is John or Jane. The tot was hatched on Dec. 7, 1941, and lives in New York's Bronx Zoo.



BACK-YARD SHIPYARD. Eugene Kane, of Chicago, Ill., bent a part of his back-yard fence and went to work boatbuilding. He isn't expecting a second flood; he simply wants to go on a world cruise in 1947.



Mail Call

First Crack

Dear YANK,

I imagine I'm just one of thousands who feel the same as 2nd Lt. C. E. does.

Why should't we get first crack at some of the equipment the Army will have for sale after the war?

Many of the fellows will be in the market for tools, instruments, work clothing, etc.

Will it be necessary for us to pay a "middle man's" profit, or can we find some way to make our purchases right from the Government?

France. — Sgt. F. W. S.

Pro Bonus

Dear YANK,

In your issue of June 25th, I and many of my friends read a certain letter by T/3 Roger H. Garrison. He seemed to be of the opinion that a bonus of several thousand dollars for each veteran of this war would add too greatly to the already great national debt. We are of the opinion that a few billion dollars would not change the face of the vast debt to any great extent, and the personal benefit to the veterans would completely overshadow the weight of the taxes involved. I don't think any of us have any illusions about the amount of taxes that will have to be paid by the next few generations. We only hope that the effort and spending for progress and rebuilding after the war will be in some proportion to the effort and spending being done now in destruction.

I am sure that if T/3 Garrison were to spend any time overseas instead of sunny California, he would realize that the money wouldn't begin to compensate for the good years of life being spent by some, I might say, most of the men here. Lots of them—especially the Pvts., Pfcs., and Cpls.—are able to save but a very small amount of their pay and, except for the "GI Bill of Rights," will have little backing to start with when they get home. To many vets, a few thousand bucks might mean everything in ten years. Give the GI every assurance of a future that you can, Uncle Sam.

Britain. — Pvt. FRANK S. SCOTT

Dear YANK,

I read with interest, and I must add disgust, the letter written by T/3 Roger H. Garrison in regard to "that bonus." I won't discuss any personal reason he may have in vetoing the "top heavy bonus," but I must say it is short-sighted reasoning to deny the soldier the money he might have saved had he been a civilian during these days of trial.

Sgt. Garrison needn't be too worried about this government suffering from inflation due to the great amount of money spent on the soldiers' bonus. The money currently spent on our war effort would make the bonus appear to be but a drop in the bucket. Furthermore, I believe that an empty stomach has no conscience and unless the soldier *does* get a square deal when he gets out of the Army, he will have no other recourse but to crime.

I can't help but wonder what Sgt. Garrison considers a "top heavy bonus." Do these civilians working in war industry today that are reaping such fat war profits consider they are overpaid? To the contrary, a good share of them still think they are not getting enough. These same civilians who are making such fat profits have had a chance to salt away a good percentage of their pay for their future welfare. What chance does the lowly GI have? Speaking for myself, all the money I could save went for railroad fare while on furlough. Can this money spent be considered unnecessary or wasteful? If the soldier gets out of the Army with a mere pittance, his civilian status will be reduced to that of a bum. Eleven million bums does not sound too encouraging to me. I honestly believe a lopsided economy is more to be feared than inflation. Don't you think that the soldier deserves a little more than just thanks for his gallant efforts?

Britian. — Pvt. ARNOLD DERMAN

Lines

Dear YANK:

In a recent issue YANK featured lovely pin-up Sheila Ryan perched atop the hood of an automobile, but being automotive men we were drawn to notice the exquisite lines of the partly hidden vehicle. Miss Ryan leaves no room for disagreement as to the type and model that she is, but we don't quite agree as to what make the automobile is. Enlighten us.

Alaska — Pvt. PHILIP E. LASS*

*Also signed by S/Sgt. Warren, Sgt. Saul, T-4 Weckbecker, T-5s Pullman, Gavin, Martin and Fox, and Pvt. Cravin.

■ It looks like a Lincoln Continental.

New Anthem?

Dear YANK,

What do the fellows think of trying to get *The Stars and Stripes Forever* as our national anthem? True, our anthem now is very beautiful. But, with this war and good old Uncle Sam on his toes and buzzing the way he is, why not have an anthem to fit the picture?

How about it, fellows? You know how it makes you feel when a good band blares out *The Stars and Stripes Forever*. It makes you want to stand up and get going. We will always get the same thrill out of it when we are home again talking of the good times we had when we were in the Army.

Britain. — Pfc. E. C. SCHURR

Train Rookies Overseas?

Dear YANK:

Here is a problem that I have heard discussed pro and con for some time. It is the problem of the army of occupation. I have read "big shot" politicians' speeches about the good that a year of military training would do for the 18 to 20-year-old men. O.K. Instead of leaving an army of occupation over here for three or four years, only to send them back to the States at the end of that time and then forgetting Europe until the next war comes along, why not give the 18 to 20-year-old men a year of military training, two or three months of it in the States and the other nine or ten months overseas as the army of occupation?

Britain. — Pvt. LAWRENCE E. HOWIE

Or Send Wives Over?

Dear YANK:

There's been a lot of talk in your columns lately about the order and method of releasing the boys after this mess is over. Now we agree that probably those that have seen combat service or sweated out 3 or 4 overseas stripes should have first crack at returning home, but what's all this bull about married men getting preference? Why should some Joe that was trying to avoid the draft anyhow get preference over us patriotic heroes that didn't hide behind some babe's skirts?

Furthermore, from the angles of the over-all good to the country, we bachelors should go back to find ourselves some nice gals and get a family started. After all, the married ones have had a chance to start one and if they haven't been men enough to, they don't deserve to go home anyhow.

The only real argument the husbands have for returning is because some lonely wife should be cheered up by their presence and for this there is a very simple solution: Let the wives come over after the war and keep the married soldiers here for the Army of Occupation.

France. — FOUR BACHELORS

Pvt. Wideman vs. Cpl. M. B.

Dear YANK:

Methinks after reading Pvt. Wideman's letter condemning Cpl. M. B. I should attempt to be a big brother to Wideman and set him straight.

You see, Pvt. Wideman, people are born uncivilized and they assume their environment. The majority never use their gift of reason, and you seem to fall in this category.

You wish to choose the doctor that to your knowledge is the best available. Few of us are capable of selecting an M.D. for reasons other than personality or the word of another person. The state realizes this and requires a test be passed before the man can practice medicine.

You wish to invest money. Investments are usually made for interest reasons; you then have a portion of another's labors, and this holds yourself down. The only way to elevate yourself is to elevate your neighbor.

You wish to exploit men to your own benefit, which leads to wars and all the hardships of life. Cpl. M. B. does not wish to exploit men or be exploited by men; Cpl. M. B. uses his mental ability to enjoy a

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Pictures: 1, 2, 3, 4, Cpl. Joe Cunningham. 5, AP. 7, Sgt. Ben Schnall. 10, Keystone. 11, 9th A.F. 12, upper left and right, Acme; lower left and center right, PA; lower center, Sgt. Hanley; lower right, 9th A.F. 13, upper left, Sgt. Hanley; upper right and lower left, PA; center left, AAF; lower right, Acme. 14, MGM. 15, top, PA; center, PA; lower, INP. 16, Acme. 17, left, INP; right, Acme. 18, 20th Century-Fox. 20, PA. 21, upper, Acme; lower, PA. 22, Sgt. Ed. Cunningham. 23, AAF.

"ORDER UP, MONSIEURS. LAST CALL BEFORE CLOSING!"

—Pvt. Tom Flannery

full life. You, my friend, must possess the power of the dollar, or else a quart of spirits, in order to neutralize your inferiority complex. It is you that is the weak sister. I have read Cpl. M. B. and believe him to be a realist, a visionary. He uses his power of reason, while you have a great deal of nationalism, the trait we dislike of the Germans; you have no conception of freedom, rights, or duties; you are ignorant of the term Fascism, the "ism" we are fighting and dying to eliminate.

Sgt. D. V. R.

Britain.

Dear YANK:

I must have missed Cpl. M. B.'s letter, but Pvt. Wideman gave a good idea of the contents. May I congratulate Pvt. Wideman on his answer to the weak-kneed Cpl.?

I've come into the Army to fight for certain freedoms as guaranteed by the Constitution, and I don't regret the fight, as they are freedoms I've believed in. If I hadn't believed in those freedoms, I wouldn't have stayed in the United States.

I'm as anxious to get home and out of the Army as any other GI, but when anyone like our Cpl., who is afraid to do his own thinking, decides that my freedom of thought should be taken away because he can't or won't live his own life, and needs the Government to run it for him, then I am willing to pick up my M1 and start fighting again to defend my freedom of thought—which is essentially what the Cpl. does not like. He is afraid his own decisions will be wrong, both in life and handling his own money.

I think all, or most, of us are willing to make our own decisions and abide by the results of them.

Pvt. ROBERT SCHNELL

Britain.

Dear YANK:

Does Pvt. Wideman think that the "good old life with all the freedom" can't be improved? Perhaps he hasn't seen much evidence of one-third of a nation ill-housed, ill-fed, and ill-clothed, not to mention inadequately educated and inadequately cared for medically. I wonder if he would be willing to be restricted in (not denied) his choice of a physician if it would mean that others who were formerly denied any medical care could be provided with minimum essentials?

Is Cpl. M. B. a weak sister because he fears "open competition and things running wide open in general" or is Pvt. Wideman indulging in a little name calling for lack of anything better to offer?

To imply that a system which worked in 1800 should work now is to ignore a few changes that have taken place since them. As for changing the Constitution, there have been 21 changes by amendment, not to mention scores of changes in interpretation.

What is Pvt. Wideman fighting for, anyway? The privilege of making money by exploitation, by putting it over on business rivals and the customers, by investing money regardless of social consequences?

If it is necessary to return to the old days to keep our democratic government and our fundamental freedoms, let us by all means do it. But I for one believe we can retain those essential things and at the same time make some needed changes in the direction Cpl. M. B. indicates.

Pfc. J. M. R.

France.

Dear YANK:

I heartily agree with Cpl. M. B. that every individual is obligated to society, but except with regard to moral issues and the ordinary rules of consideration and fair play, as covered by existing laws, it is the prerogative of the individual to decide how and where he can best fulfill that obligation. In most cases those who serve are rewarded. In most cases those who refuse to accept responsibility are rewarded—with adversity.

Cpl. M. B. states that "restraint of individual liberty will be necessary to achieve a higher and more equal standard of living"—a speech that would become the lips of the most fanatical Nazi. What if our inventors, business men, and industrialists had been saddled with restraints? Where would have been the amazing progress of the past century? In what way would the standard of living of the laborer or skilled workman have been raised? Would not the standard of living of the leaders of business and industry have been lowered? Would the standard of the classes mentioned have been more equal? Remember, that industry and business, unhampered, were able to expand and produce on a highly efficient basis, and at the same time pay good wages to millions of employees. These same employees bought the high quality products of industry at low cash.

There is no such thing as "the right to a job." If a man is willing to perform a service, he can always find someone who is willing to pay him for that service. This was proven over and over again by persons of resourcefulness and industry during the worst years of the depression. A man has no right to expect society to make a job for him and then pay him for doing it half-heartedly. We'd soon breed a nation of parasites.

There is no such thing as "the right to medical care." The honest industrious individual is glad to pay for the valuable services of a competent physician, and the conscientious doctor who practises with the good of humanity at heart is willing to give his services in cases of need.

The security of a man's savings should be in direct proportion to the wisdom of his investment. If he gambles, he can expect to lose, but after all, it's a man's own business. Why shouldn't he invest where and how he chooses? What if men who have given us our modern comforts and conveniences had been limited in their choice of investments? Progress depends on competition and individual initiative.

Who is to exercise all these controls that the Cpl. suggests? We know only too well the character of many of our politicians. Shall we give such men the power to direct the lives and activities of free men?

Cpl. M. B.'s freedom went out with the middle ages.

T/4 SHERMAN E. ANDERSON

Britain.

Dog-Tag Mystery

Dear YANK,

We would like to be enlightened why there is an open space on the end of our dog tags. We have asked at least 100 GIs so far and fifty percent said it was there just in case the soldier dies in battle, it can be placed between his teeth and in that way keep the body from decaying too fast. The other twenty-five percent said it was there just to make it easy to file away. And the remainder said it was there just to keep us guessing. Please, YANK; tell us so we either owe our 10 lbs. or collect 10 lbs.

Cpl. EUGENE LOMBARDO
Cpl. JACK RAYBURN
Pfc. CURTIS BONHOARE

Britain.

[The indentation is designed to fit against an extension in the stamping machine, thus holding the tag firmly in place while it is being stamped.—Ed.]

Thanks, Pal

Dear YANK:

The back of my hand to the corporal who complains that YANK is a "trade" paper for professional soldiers!

I laugh like crazy at the gags (and gag on some of them), dutifully read all the gripes in Mail Call, and also find time to read about the GIs who are doing the fighting. And if, in reading about them, I can find just *one* tip that will teach me to keep my head down when and if I ever get where the going is rough, I'll forever be grateful.

I, too, want to be a civilian again—a live civilian.

Pfc. JOHN F. JARVIS

Britain.

YANK'S AFN Radio Guide

Highlights for the week of Aug. 13

SUNDAY — 1935—GUY LOMBARDO'S MUSICAL AUTOGRAPHS—Guy and his Royal Canadians, with famous guests choosing the numbers. Also Lombardo's weekly nomination for the newest hit.

MONDAY — 1915—COMMAND PERFORMANCE—The original h[illegible]hour program, presented especially for the Armed Forces, with top stars of stage, screen, and radio.

TUESDAY — 2115—JUBILEE—Jam and jive, with Ernie "Bubbles" Whitman introducing the bands and singers.

WEDNESDAY — 1935—CARNIVAL OF MUSIC—Morton Gould's Orchestra, with Alec Templeton's piano as a special attraction.

THURSDAY — 2115—DUFFY'S TAVERN—Ed Gardner as "Archie," manager of the Tavern, exchanges verbal blows with Finnegan, Miss Duffy, Eddie, and a guest star. Music by Joe Venuti's Orchestra.

FRIDAY — 2030—HIT PARADE—The ten top tunes of the week, interpreted by Mark Warnow's Hit Paraders; Joan Edwards, and Frank Sinatra.

SATURDAY — 1330—YANK's RADIO WEEKLY.

2230—SUSPENSE—A weekly thriller dealing with the mysterious, the unknown, and the supernatural.

NEWS EVERY HOUR ON THE HOUR.

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

WALKER COOPER, brother of pitcher Mort, is the best catcher in baseball. He has been accepted for limited service but probably won't be called until fall. To take Cooper's place, the Cards have hard-hitting Ken O'Dea.

ROOKIE EMIL VERBAN (left), shown with Manager Southworth, has been a sensation as Lou Klein's replacement at second base. Said Southworth: "He may not have as much power as Klein, but he's a better fielder."

Best team in baseball

That's what the experts are calling the St. Louis Cardinals as they dash toward their third straight National League pennant. Pictured on this page are some of the key men who make them click.

SHORTSTOP Slats Marion (above) and Verban have developed into a slick double-play combination. In the first fifth of the season they handled 400 chances together and made only two errors apiece.

DELAYED DRAFT CALL for Stan Musial (right) and a deferment for Danny Litwhiler practically assure St. Louis of the pennant. Musial, '43 batting champ, is having one of his best seasons, hitting .368.

THIRD BASEMAN Whitey Kurowski, pictured here in the Cardinal dressing room, teams with Verban, Marion and Ray Sanders to give St. Louis an air-tight infield. Kurowski is currently slugging the ball well over .300.

SOMEWHERE IN INDIA—Neither of the glider crews heard the C-47 pilot shout "There's home plate! Good luck!" as they cut loose. There was no radio communication on this mission because enemy airfields were too near. But the glider crews and their load of Wingate's Chindits were satisfied anyhow. The C-47 pilot had led them safely over the jutting jungle-clad 7,000-foot Chin Hills and across enemy-held positions east of the Chindwin River and had delivered them right on the nose at one of the few spots in Burma 200 miles behind the Jap lines where enemy troops would not be waiting to greet them.

It was a neat demonstration of flying skill on the pilot's part, done with the same keen eye and split-second timing that once won him a place on the American League all-star team. Capt. John K. (Buddy) Lewis, the former Washington Senators third baseman, had justified his nomination to the U.S. Army Air Corps' all-star flying aggregation, the 1st Air Commando Force.

Lewis, an ex-GI who went to cadet flying school, was stationed with the Troop Carrier Command at Lawson Field, Ga., after winning his wings in December 1942. Despite his lack of overseas experience, Lewis was chosen by Col. Phil Cochran—the original Flip Corkin of "Terry and the Pirates"—while the colonel was organizing the Air Commando Force last autumn. Buddy was just a rookie compared with veteran Commando pilots like Maj. William T. Cherry, Maj. Jake Sartz and Capt. Dick Cole. Cherry, an old air-lines flyer, was Eddie Rickenbacker's pilot on the ill-fated South Pacific flight. Sartz, a veteran Hump pilot between India and China, had ferried 75 refugees out of Burma in a rickety DC-3 during the 1942 retreat. Cole was co-pilot for Gen. Jimmy Doolittle on the Tokyo raid and later became a Hump pilot. They were really big-league flyers. But Cochran figured Lewis could make the grade in fast company. He wasn't wrong.

Lewis and the other transport pilots flew

ELVE THOUSAND MILES OM GRIFFITH STADIUM

8 to 12 hours a night during the first week of the Burma invasion. After delivering gliders the first night, they went back the next six nights loaded with Wingate's reinforcements plus mules, artillery and supplies. They landed their planes on a jungle airstrip made in 24 hours by glider-delivered U.S. airborne engineers.

Several days after the Burma landings, which he weathered with nothing more serious than the loss of several hours' sleep, Lewis turned up at sick call as a casualty. He had a shiner and a bruised knee as a result of a touch-football game that got a little too realistic. His wounds were salved the next day, however, by an announcement from Washington that he had been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. His citation read:

"For extraordinary achievement in aerial flight during which exposure to enemy fire was probable and expected. Flying transport aircraft carrying a normal load, in addition to towing two heavy-loaded gliders, he took off at night for a point 200 miles behind enemy positions in Burma. . . . Due to the proximity of the enemy and the necessity of surprise, the entire flight was made without radio aid, requiring the highest degree of piloting skill to avoid mid-air crashes either with aircraft in the towing unit or other nearby units on the same mission."

THE award to Lewis for his precision flying in Burma probably reminded Washington baseball fans of his last appearance at Griffith Stadium in June 1943. There was a Sunday double-header scheduled that day. Before the first game, Buddy stopped by the Senators' dressing room. Smitten by his first love, he temporarily exchanged his Army sun-tans for baseball flannels and took part in his last fielding and batting practice. He couldn't wait for the games because he was due to report back at his base. But, before leaving, he told George Case, the Senators' centerfielder, that he would stop back for a final bow to Griffith Stadium.

"I'll be back precisely at 4:30, and then it will be 'so long' until the war is over."

"Can you find the field?" Case asked.

"Sure," Buddy replied. "I'll zoom down across centerfield on the dot of 4:30, split the diamond and cross over home plate."

Case was at bat in the fourth inning of the second game. It was just 4:29. Far out beyond the centerfield flagpole, a plane stabbed the blue of the sky. Case grinned, then stepped out of the batter's box to knock the dirt off his spikes. He wasn't taking a chance of having a play in progress when Buddy Lewis waved *adieu* to his old teammates.

The plane seemed to be losing altitude as it approached, and the crowd stirred uneasily. Only the Washington players knew the bit of drama that was in the offing. Most of the crowd had visions of the plane shearing off the centerfield flag pole. Case still stalled for time. The opposing pitcher growled to the umpire about the hold-up.

Just as the scoreboard clock struck 4:30, the huge transport plane roared over the centerfield fence, dipped low over the diamond, then zoomed upward as it passed home plate. Case threw a resin bag high in the air as his own farewell.

Although he is 12,000 miles from Washington, Buddy still has a couple of friends in India with whom he can talk over the old days at Griffith Stadium. One is Capt. Hank Greenberg, ex-Detroit first baseman, who is the athletic officer at a B-29 base of the Twentieth Air Force. The other is Sgt. John Derr, sports editor of the *CBI Roundup*, who used to hold a similar position on Lewis' home-town newspaper in Gastonia, N. C. When he runs into them, the old baseball days don't seem quite so far away.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Lt. Comdr. Jack Dempsey, who threw his shoulder out of place while demonstrating commando tactics to Coast Guardsmen at Manhattan Beach, N. Y., says he's getting more bumps and bruises now than he ever did in the ring. . . . Five members of Germany's 1936 Olympic team have been killed in action in the war. They are **Harbig, Wollke, Murach, Haman** and **Leichun**. . . . **Bob Feller's** shipmates write from the South Pacific that the ex-Cleveland fireballer has worked 47 consecutive innings without permitting a run. . . . **Jay Berwanger**, former University of Chicago football ace, is an instructor on aerial instruments at Lambert Field, St. Louis. . . . A couple of weeks ago we asked what became of **Bob Pastor**, who went to OCS at Miami Beach last winter. He graduated, all right, without the usual fanfare, and has been assigned to Randolph Field as an athletic officer. . . . **Doc Prothro's** son, **Tommy**, an ex-Duke footballer, is serving on an aircraft carrier in the Pacific . . . **Earl Sande**, the handy horseman, and golfer **Walter Hagen** have put in their bids to entertain servicemen overseas.

Sgt. Tommy Loughran is busy taking bows since his heavyweight protege, **Pfc. Dale (Tiny) Fawns**, has been knocking over all comers in the Solomons. Loughran trained the 6-foot-5-inch 241-pound Kentuckian at Parris Island and thinks he is a potential champion. . . . **Pvt. Al Milnar**, who used to pitch for the Browns, is working in G-2 at Fort McClellan, Ala. . . . **Bob Sweeney**, former British Amateur golf champion, has become a flight commander in the RAF . . . . Like her cousin Nick of the Yankees, **Wac Lt. Betty Etten** is playing first base for the Hill Field (Utah) softball team. . . . **Capt. Hal Van Every**, the missing-in-action Minnesota football star, has turned up as a prisoner of war in Germany. . . . **Comdr. Swede Hagberg**, the new Navy football coach, hasn't seen a football game in a year, because he has been looking through a periscope in the South Pacific.

At an Indian base, Col. Cochran briefs glider pilots for his Air Commando raid behind Japanese lines deep in Burma.

COL. CORKIN

The Real Flip Corkin

Col. Phil Cochran has tackled tougher air missions than his comic-strip double ever faced in the Sunday colored pages.

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Writer

PHILIP G. COCHRAN is probably the best known, most carelessly dressed and least GI full colonel in the U. S. Army.

Known personally to several thousand EM and officers as Phil, Cochran first became familiar to a lot of civilians while he was commanding what he called a "screwball squadron" of fighter pilots in North Africa. Millions of others heard about him when he helped plan and direct the landings of the 1st Air Commando Force behind the Jap lines in Burma.

But most people still call him "Flip," thinking he's the same colonel as Flip Corkin in "Terry and the Pirates," the cartoon character modeled after him by his friend, Milton Caniff. Somebody's always asking Phil about Taffy Tucker, the Army nurse Flip spends a lot of time with. This is apt to be embarrassing because Cochran is a man who plays the field as far as women are concerned, with a particular preference for hat-check chicks and an occasional showgirl.

But the comic-strip hero and Cochran are so interchangeable in the minds of newspaper readers that, when the Air Commando achievement was first announced, the Nashville (Tenn.) *Banner* headlined the story: "FLIP CORKIN'S MEN CARRY OUT DARING MOVE TO SPLIT JAPS."

Although Caniff has tried to make Flip and Phil very much alike, they are not identical twins. Flip is taller and somewhat handsomer than Phil and has dark hair that is usually neatly trimmed. Phil is stocky with a barrel chest. At 34, he has steel-gray hair and never has a haircut if he can avoid it.

As for Cochran's dress, when he is in the States he consents to wear a regulation uniform, although it frequently lacks a press and, as an acquaintance once quipped, "usually looks as if he'd just stepped out of a boxcar." During the eight months he spent in North Africa he almost always wore the same leather jacket, greasy pants and pair of unkempt British flying boots, all of them a dirty gray from Tunisian dust.

Once a visiting brigadier general looked over his outfit and said: "Major, if you are captured in those clothes, you'll have to wear them until the end of the war, and they look about ready to fall off now."

The general's comment deeply wounded Cochran, who insisted: "There's nothing the matter with these clothes except that they're full of dust."

During ROTC training at Ohio State University, Cochran frequently showed up at drill wearing a uniform and black-and-white sport shoes with perforated tops. In Burma he usually got by with a grimy bush jacket and a pair of slacks.

Cochran, in manner as well as dress, is completely nonregulation. Since 1937, when he was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Air Corps, most GIs in his outfit have called him Phil; saluting has always been at a minimum, and the Commandos—officers and EM—all stood in the same chow line (first come, first served), ate together and washed their own mess gear.

Cochran's written orders are also unorthodox. For example, at one time in India beards were the subject of unfavorable comment on the part of visiting brass. So Cochran issued an order:

TO: All Personnel and Attached Organizations.

Look, sports—the beards and attempts at beards are not appreciated by visitors.

Since we can't explain to all strangers that the fuzz is a gag or "something I always wanted to do" affair, we must avoid their reporting that we are unshaven (regulations say you must shave) by appearing like Saturday night in Jersey whenever possible.

Work comes before shaving. You will never be criticized for being unkempt if you are so damn busy you can't take time to doll up. But be clean while you can.

Ain't it awful.

[Signed:] P. G. COCHRAN,
Colonel, Air Corps, Commanding.

Cochran is never impressed with himself, and when a stranger brings up the fact that he is a celebrity, he is likely to say: "Hell, I'm just another goddam hero."

NATURALLY, like everyone else in the Army, he had plans for a different career. When he finished school at Ohio State University in 1935, he received a degree in business administration.

His hope of becoming a well-known football player was by that time shattered. One of six sons, he had spent all his life in Erie, Pa., where his father is still a practicing lawyer and a tax expert. At 6 Phil had been a boy soprano at St. Andrew's Catholic Church and had dreamed of becoming a jockey, but by the time he was a freshman at Central High, he was aiming toward the football team.

Since he could hardly ever get his weight above 112, he spent all his time on the bench as a substitute for the all-state quarterback, and it wasn't until the last quarter of the final game of his senior year that the coach gave him his chance. He rushed on to the field, but just before he got to the referee the pistol was fired and the game was over.

Cochran worked his way through Ohio State at Columbus, with time out for a two-year job at the Hammermill Paper Company in Erie. When he graduated, no one was looking for any bright young business administrators.

So one day Cochran hocked the gold case of a watch his grandmother had left him and, without telling his mother, hitchhiked to Detroit to take an examination for aviation cadet.

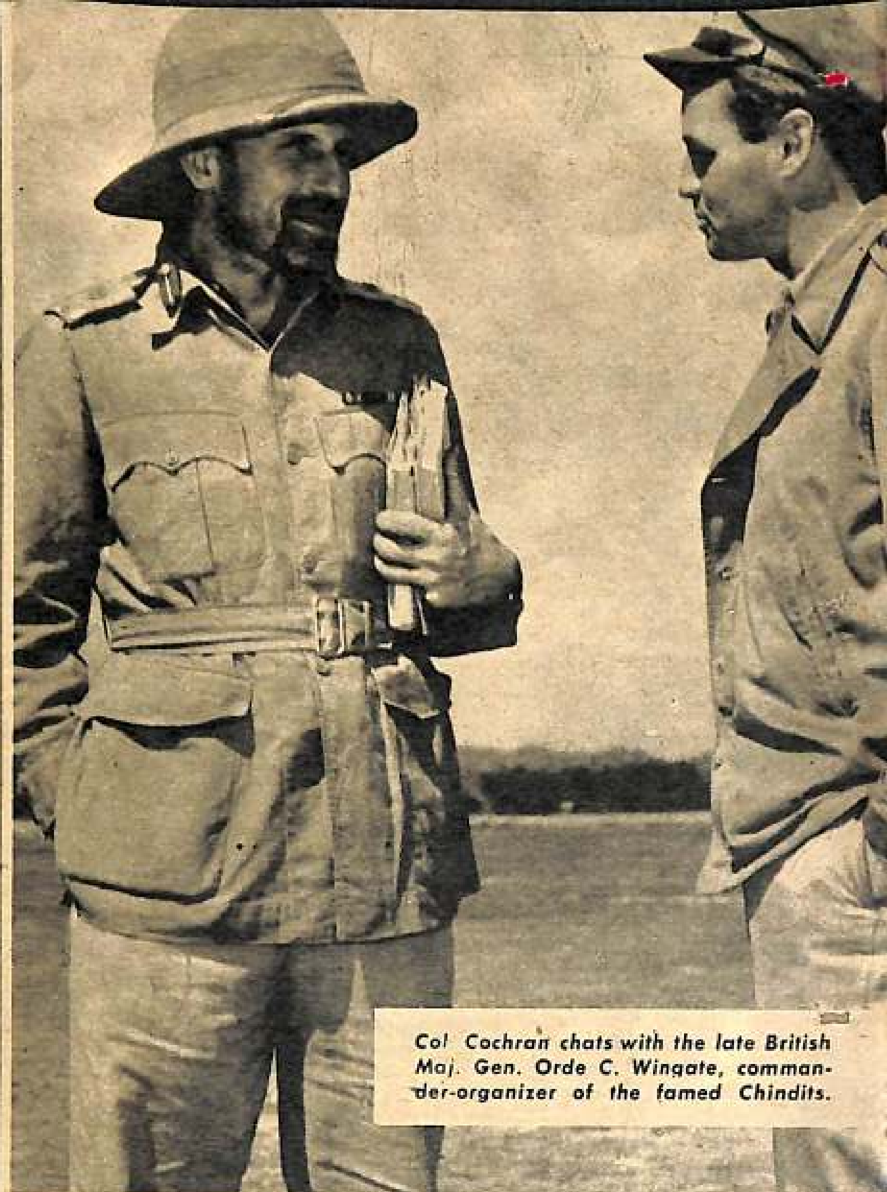
Frankly, he says now, he didn't expect to pass, but he did. "And so," he adds, "I got a blue uniform and $75 a month."

That was in June 1937. Afterward he had the usual run of pre-war Air Corps assignments—a hitch at Langley Field, Va.; another at Mitchel on Long Island, where he was everything from supply officer to mess officer. By the fall of 1941 he was a first lieutenant in command of a fighter squadron at a field near Groton, Conn.

It was at Groton that Caniff, looking for tips on Air Corps lingo and techniques, spent a few weeks with Cochran's squadron. He had been a friend of Phil's oldest brother Paul at Ohio State and later became a pal of Phil. When he returned to his home in New City, N. Y., Caniff decided he had a ready-made character for "Terry" in Phil, and Flip Corkin was the result.

There wasn't any war at the time, but Cochran trained his pilots as if there were, making them carry sidearms and maintain an unceasing

COL. COCHRAN



Col. Cochran chats with the late British Maj. Gen. Orde C. Wingate, commander-organizer of the famed Chindits.

and highly successful mock war with the 64th Squadron, based near Boston.

Cochran's squadron, the 65th, hardly ever lost a battle, principally because Phil had made the acquaintance of a pretty chick whose home happened to be near the 64th base, and she operated as an efficient interceptor system. Whenever the 64th took off for a "battle," she would go to a phone and let Phil know. As a result, the 65th was always in the air when the "enemy" arrived.

It was a highly successful though completely unorthodox kind of warfare, and when Cochran was ordered to North Africa in 1942, he was ready for the real thing.

But at Casablanca he found that the 34 pilots and 35 planes he'd brought along had been sent across simply to replace pilots killed in action, and casualties were light at the time.

So Cochran took his pilots to Rabat, Morocco, named them the "Joker Squadron" because they didn't have a number and began training them for battle. When the brass found out what was going on, they immediately ordered the Jokers back to Casablanca.

Cochran sent the rest, then got into his own fighter and started in the opposite direction. He told officials at all the fields where he refueled that he was really going to Casablanca but had lost his way. To questions of fellow flyers, he replied: "I've got to see a man about a dogfight."

When he landed at a field in western Tunisia near the Kasserine Pass, he stopped. The base was surrounded by a few French troops with outmoded 75s, a handful of U. S. paratroopers and a lot of Nazis. The only Allied airpower left consisted of the remnants of two P-40 squadsons which, as Cochran puts it, "were getting their rump shot off."

A major at the time, Cochran solved the whole problem by calling in all the pilots and announcing that as ranking officer on the field he was taking over.

Nobody objected much, and the higher echelon didn't know about it. So Cochran trained his pilots to fight a kind of guerrilla warfare in the air, strafing Nazi tanks and transports and observing and reporting enemy troop movements to the French.

Once, early in January 1943, the Germans sent a warning by radio that they were about to come through the hills of Fondouk. They would, they added, wipe out anything that got in their way.

When Cochran heard the threat, he had a bomb strapped to the wing of his P-40 and flew to Kairouan where he skip-bombed the Nazi headquarters. Just as he finished, he found himself over a small Arab graveyard full of ack-ack guns. He flew over a wall at one end, hedgehopped a Nazi airfield nearby and then, hovering over nearby Fondouk, ran into a Focke-Wulf 190.

The German shot Cochran's right aileron control away, and he was headed for a crash landing. "I kept thinking," he says, "that I'd be sitting on my fanny as a PW for the rest of the war." So he took a chance, and when the FW got close he gave it a burst.

"I guess he thought I was kidding when I started down," Cochran recalls, "because he went away. If he'd kept at me, that would've been it." As it was, Cochran got back to his field.

Although he did not know any chicks near the German field, Phil was remarkably successful at sensing the time the enemy was going to attack. It's something like knowing when to hop on or off a guy who is shooting craps, he explains. He was almost always able to have his own planes in the air by the time the Nazis arrived.

After 61 missions in which he shot down two enemy planes, Cochran was ordered back to Casablanca to teach new pilots what he had learned. By that time, he had the Soldier's Medal, the Silver Star, the Distinguished Flying Cross with two Oak Leaf Clusters and the *Croix de Guerre* with Star and Palm.

When he returned to the States, he was quite a hero, a fact he dismissed by saying: "Most of the time it was a toss-up between a court martial and a decoration."

After a few nights of night-clubbing, a "Phil Cochran Week" in Erie and several speeches at War Bond rallies, Phil was called to Washington by Gen. H. H. Arnold, CG of of the AAF. Something big was coming off in Burma, the general said; the Allies were planning an invasion, and Cochran seemed to be the logical officer to head up the program of evacuating the wounded and conducting the AAF spearhead of the drive.

Cochran wasn't too excited about the idea. He was a fighter pilot, and evacuation was a transport job. The general told him he could have whatever airplanes he wanted and pick his own personnel; how he used them would be pretty much up to him. Anyhow, how would he like to go to London and discuss the whole matter with Lord Louis Mountbatten, who'd just been named to head up the Far Eastern show?

Phil said okay and went to London.

"Why should your men have to walk hundreds of miles through the jungle before reaching the site of their operations?" he asked Mountbatten. "I will fly them in an hour."

The idea was fine by Mountbatten, and he gave Phil complete authority to go ahead. "It was a screwball idea, but I like making screwball ideas work," Phil says. He returned to the States and, with Col. John R. Alison as second in command, began recruiting personnel—experts from Panama, the South Pacific and India and from U. S. training camps.

By last December the 1st Air Commando Force was in India, using improvised tools to assemble gliders and planes, cooking its own food and borrowing trucks and elephants for its heavy work.

By Feb. 1 the Commandos were ready for action, and from then until May 20, according to Cochran, their P-51 Mustang fighters and B-25s dropped 1,589,637 pounds of bombs, destroyed 102 Jap planes and lost only 13 of their own.

And the lessons they learned about glider landings were used in Normandy when ETO paratroopers were landed behind the German lines.

"We only scratched the surface of the possibilities of moving armies by air," Cochran says of the Burma operation. "They can be placed in strategic places by airplane. We proved that."

During the operation Cochran's fighter planes were used by the British Chindits as artillery.

"They would see a target, mark it and then call us," Cochran says. "They just about led us in there by the hand. We also had a feature where we had the ground supporting us. We would have the ground forces go out and see a target to check if it was worth our while hitting it. Usually the ground people ask the air people to come and hit a certain target. But it worked the way we did it."

Cochran's comic-strip adventures still get mixed up with his real-life achievements. On Mar. 17 Flip Corkin mentioned in "Terry and the Pirates" that he was completing plans for an invasion of Burma by his newly organized gliderborne Air Commandos. The next morning the actual operation was announced.

According to Caniff, the incident was mere coincidence. He sits in his studio and tries to imagine an operation that is outlandish but still completely possible—and usually Cochran does it.

"My main trouble," he declares, "is to keep up with the guy. Hell, I can't even keep Flip promoted as fast as Phil."

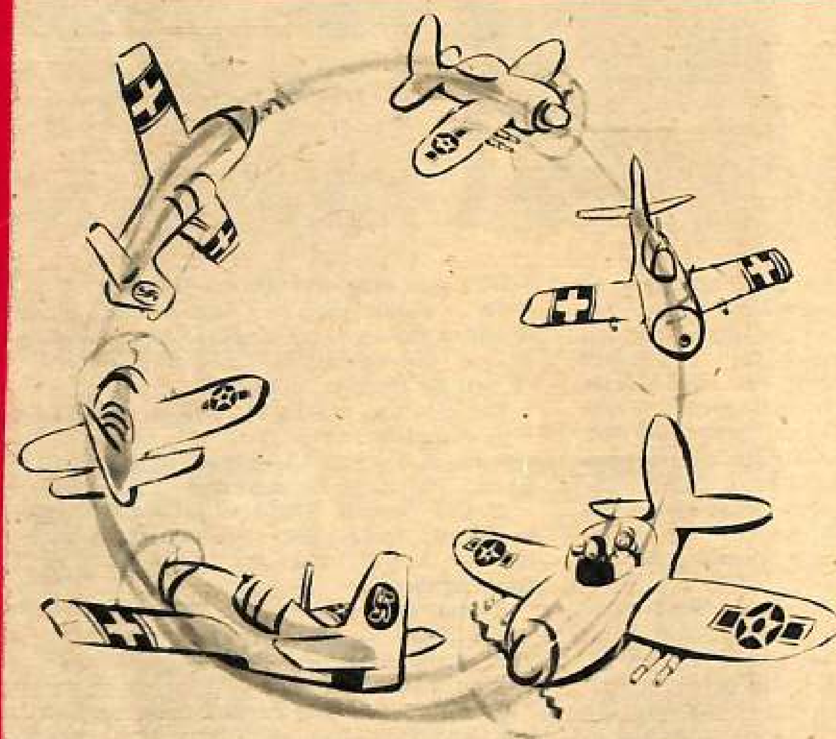
YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

"AMMUNITION HELL! THIS IS MIMEOGRAPH PAPER!"

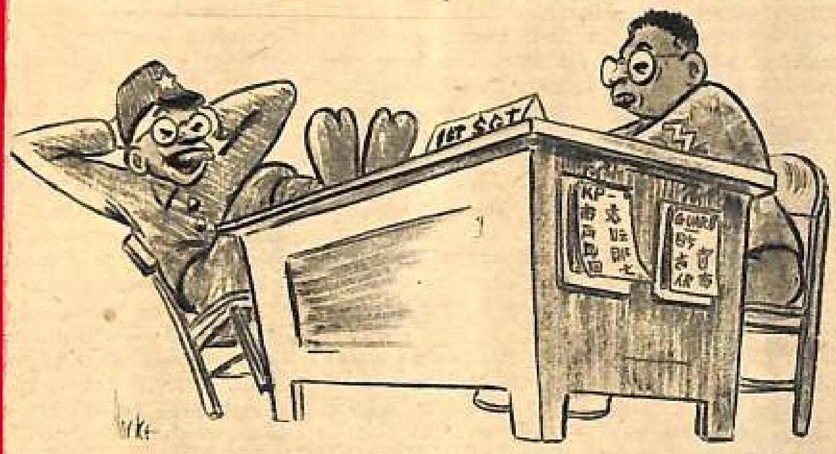
—Sgt. Basil Hartwell

—Pvt. Tom Flannery



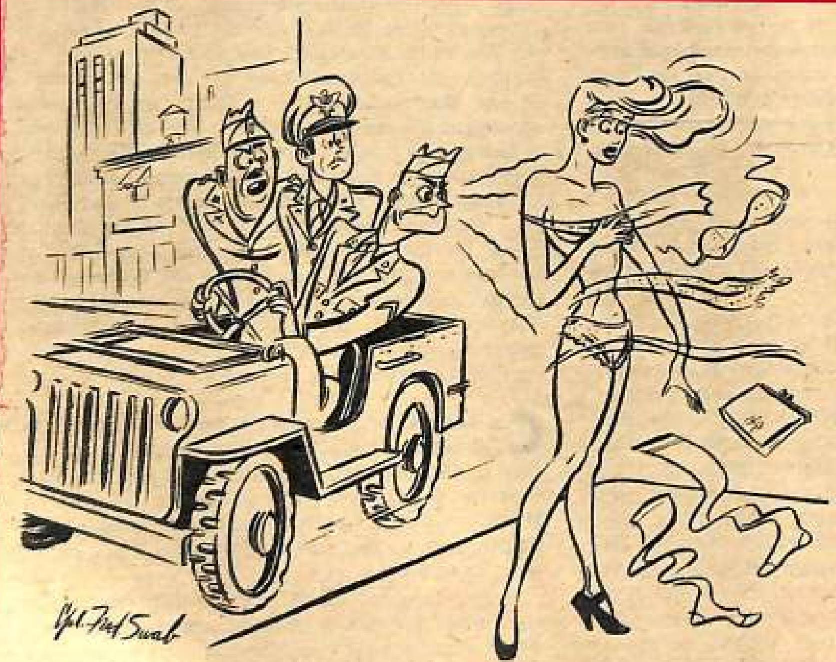
"LET'S MAKE A CLEAN BREAK AND START ALL OVER AGAIN."

—Cpl. John W. Murphey



"YOU CAN ALWAYS TELL THE GUYS WHO'RE IN TOWN ON FURLOUGH. THEY'VE ALL TAKEN SO MUCH QUININE THEY'RE TURNING WHITE."

—Cpl. LaFayette Locke



"THERE GOES STANISLAUS MENTALLY UNDRESSING PEOPLE AGAIN."

—Cpl. Fred Schwab

"HE'S PROBABLY SOMEONE FROM THAT CAVALRY OUTFIT."

—Sgt. Charles Pearson