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By the men . . for the … in the service

YANK AND WOUNDED CHINESE SOLDIER IN BURMA

Landing in Burma with Cochran's Air Commandos

—Story and Pictures, Pages 2-3-4-5.

A BRITISH SOLDIER TAKES A LAST SWIG OF BEER BEFORE GETTING ON A GLIDER. THAT'S AN AMERICAN AT LEFT.

GLIDERS LINED UP IN INDIA JUST BEFORE THE TAKE-OFF

COL. COCHRAN GIVES GLIDER PILOTS SOME POINTED INFORMATION BEFORE THE FLIGHT TO BURMA

An eyewitness report from a YANK correspondent who landed 150 miles behind the Japanese lines with Col. Phil Cochran's glider and transport flyers in one of the most daring airborne attacks of the war.

By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

BEHIND JAPANESE LINES IN BURMA—Coasting down by moonlight onto an abandoned rice paddy, 150 miles behind Jap lines in the very center of enemy-occupied Burma, glider-borne U. S. Air Commandos carried out one of the most daring all-aerial operations in history. The American-piloted gliders, carrying U. S. airborne aviation engineers and a protecting British force of the famous Wingate's Raiders, landed in a jungle clearing that was rutted by buffalo bogs and elephant footprints and strewn with massive teakwood logs.

Twenty-four hours later the rice paddy was one of the world's busiest airstrips. Working all night and all day with engineering equipment flown in by the gliders, the U. S. engineers constructed a graded, well-lighted runway for U. S. and RAF transport planes. These transports, landing at night, in turn unloaded hundreds of Wingate's jungle troops, together with pack mules, light artillery and supplies.

That schedule was continued for the next five nights without the loss of a single transport plane. The airborne delivery saved the forces of Maj. Gen. Orde C. Wingate a two-month march through the jungles and put them squarely astride the Japs' chief lines of communication in Northern Burma. (Wingate himself was later killed in a Burma plane crash.)

The all-aerial invasion was conceived by Gen. Henry H. Arnold, chief of the U. S. Army Air Forces, and planned by two young American fighter pilots whose instructions from the general were to "start dreaming." They did. The result was an invasion plan that made Buck Rogers look like Colonel Blimp.

The invasion planners were Col. Philip G. Cochran, 34-year-old Erie (Pa.) pilot, who is the real-life Flip Corkin of Milton Caniff's comic strip, "Terry and the Pirates," and another famous combat pilot whose name may not be disclosed. Close friends since their flying-school days, Cochran and the other airman were naturals for the jobs of CO and deputy of the new Air Commando Force. Both loved a fight; both believed firmly in the value of daring, unorthodox air tactics.

Cochran's Commandos hit the Japs just where they never expected to be hit—right in the middle of their own back yard. They did it with an integrated striking force that included seven types of aircraft, all regular components of the Air Commando Force. Gliders, towed by C-47s, brought in GI engineers with midget equipment to build an airstrip; single-engined C-64 supply ships and tiny L-5 reconnaissance planes came next; a fleet of C-47 troop carrier planes followed the next night with reinforcements.

Cochran protected his enemy-encircled landing party by daily bombings of nearby Jap airfields, beating them to the punch for seven days before they finally managed to organize a strafing attack against the new U. S. airstrip. His P-51 fighter-bombers carried a 1,000-pound bomb under each wing, the first time a single-engined plane has attempted such a heavy bomb load. Other P-51s carried 200-foot cables with weights

BURMA AIR INVASION

attached; these planes swooped low over Jap telephone and communications lines, hooked their dangling weights on the wires and ripped off several hundred feet at a time. This trick was first used by Cochran himself in North Africa.

Even the B-25 bombers of the Air Commando Force were flown by former fighter pilots, who peeled off as if they were handling P-51s to dive-bomb and strafe at treetop levels. Later Cochran stationed several of his fighter planes at the new airstrip to beat off enemy air attacks.

The first two gliders encountered Jap ack-ack while being towed to their objective, a flight that took them across the 7,000-foot Chin Hills and the Chindwin and Irrawaddy Rivers. With only the moonlight to guide them, the gliders coasted in blind onto a strange field, obstructed by ruts, logs and a large tree in the very center. Each glider carried tough British assault troops as a defense against Jap ground attack.

Maj. William H. Taylor of St. Louis, Mo., glider unit CO, piloted the first ship to land, with T/Sgt. Perry L. Garten of Kansas City, Mo., line chief of the glider ground crews, as his co-pilot. The second glider was piloted by 2d Lt. Neal Blush of Whitefish, Mont., with Cpl. John Kinner of Iron River, Mich., as co-pilot. By the light of smudge pots carried in the gliders, they set up an electric lighting system to guide in other planes arriving later. Meanwhile British patrols pushed deep into the surrounding jungles, on the lookout for hostile forces.

As additional gliders coasted in, their pilots had to hurdle them over teakwood logs and buffalo bogs that suddenly loomed up in the way. Several accidents resulted, but only two caused severe casualties; the American and British dead were buried nearby after a Burmese chaplain conducted funeral services. Many gliders had to make 360-degree turns at almost treetop level to avoid hitting the disabled gliders on the overcrowded field.

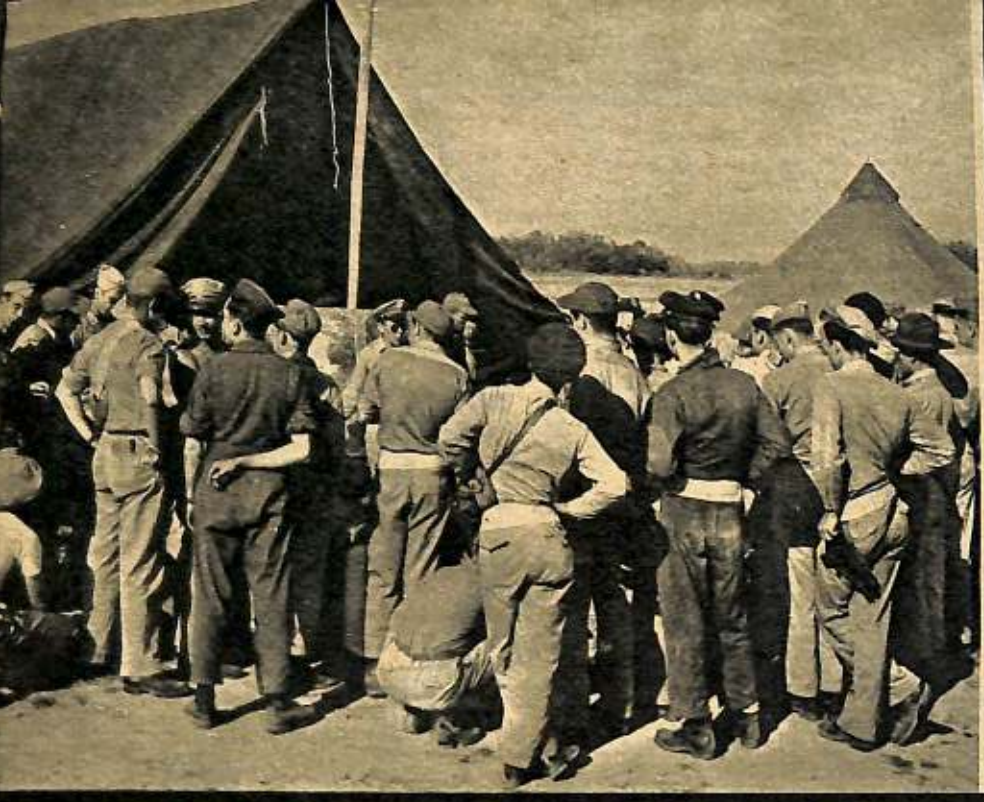
In one freak crash, a glider coasted directly between two trees, less than 10 feet apart, shearing off both wings. A large piece of equipment that the glider was hauling, intended for the airborne engineers, was torn loose from its moorings.

The machinery hooked into the corner brace of the glider's movable nose, forcing it to unlock and throwing the nose into the air. Then the 4,195-pound piece of machinery hurtled out the nose, past the pilot and co-pilot, turning over three times and coming to a stop 10 yards from the glider. When F/O Gene A. Kelly of Milwaukee, Wis., pilot, and Sgt. Joseph A. DeSalvo of Cincinnati, Ohio, co-pilot, were released from their inverted cockpit, where they were dangling upside down, they had only minor injuries.

Nine GI engineers and a shave tail, who became the unit commander when the CO was killed in a glider crash, went to work constructing the airstrip as soon as they landed. They dynamited the tree in the center, dragged off teakwood logs and crippled gliders with their equipment, filled in buffalo bogs and then—at 0600—began grading a strip on which the transport planes were to land that night. Five hours later they had a very sizable strip ready for the Air Commando Force's L-5 planes, sent in to ferry out injured U. S. and British troops.

At 1900 hours, the engineers finished work on a much larger runway, to be used by the troop transport planes. Twenty-five minutes later the first one landed. The tired and hungry engineers —a crackers-and-jam lunch was their only food for 26 hours—watched the first 12 troop planes land. Then they bunked down on the ground for their first sleep in 38 hours.

The engineers were S/Sgt. Raymond J. Bluthardt of Ogden, Kans.; Sgt. Stanley J. Ryniec of Long Island City, N. Y.; Sgt. William W. Geider



PILOTS AND CREWS OF TROOP-CARRIER PLANES AT A PRE-INVASION BRIEFING.

CAMOUFLAGED AMERICAN AIR COMMANDOS ARE CHECKED IN BY A GLIDER PILOT.

of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Cpl. Ralph R. Hammond of South Colton, N. Y.; Cpl. Walter J. Hybarger of Freeport, Ill.; Cpl. Merling E. Sneed of Springfield, Mo.; Pfc. Raymond Hylton of Clifton, Va.; Pfc. Paul F. Johnson of Proctorville, Ohio, and Pvt. Robert E. Wade of Houston, Tex. Their CO was 2d Lt. Robert Brackett of Los Angeles, Calif., a GI who went to OCS.

I was on the first troop transport to land on the second night of the airborne invasion of Burma. It was a Troop Carrier Command plane, piloted by Brig. Gen. W. Donald Old of Uvalde, Tex., and was loaded with men of a famous British North Country regiment. An unexpected tail wind pushed us many miles beyond the enemy-held east bank of the Chindwin River before dusk, a half hour ahead of schedule. At the astral dome of our C-47, Sgt. Richard H. Barlow of Jamestown, N. Y., the crew chief, kept a constant watch for enemy fighters, but none came up to intercept us.

Many of the English soldiers were veterans of Norway and Dunkerque. They didn't seem a bit worried, even though they were flying in an unarmed and unescorted transport over enemy territory toward an invasion objective where they might be thrown into instant battle. Some read, others talked casually as they made last-minute checks on their Lee-Enfield rifles and Sten guns.

Since our take-off in India, a Lancashire steel worker in the next seat, Sgt. F. W. Hutchinson, had been reading a book. Just before we landed he finished it. I picked it up. It was Jeffrey Farnol's "Adam Penfeather, Buccaneer." The first sentence read: "The executioner adjusted his noose and spoke hoarsely in the doomed man's ear." I didn't read any further. For my money, that was one hell of a book to be reading en route to an invasion.

Our C-47 hit the strip shortly after dark and rolled to a stop on the grass runway almost as easily as it would have done on concrete. Electric guide lights on both sides of the strip shone as brightly as if this were a Nebraska cornfield.

The airstrip's "control tower" was located in a glider parked near the south end of the runway. Two enlisted communications men, using a radio transmitter set up on the glider's right wing, directed traffic as the first transports came in. The GIs took their orders from Cochran's deputy, who had piloted one of the first gliders that landed the night before.

Squatting on the glider's wing, the deputy gave radio instructions to four C-47s circling the field for a landing while another ship taxied out on the runway for a take-off. "Tower, Tower to the ships coming in," said the deputy. "The landing is from south to north. Wait for our green light before making your approach. Do you read me?" The first circling plane replied immediately. "7307 to Tower. 7307 to Tower. Roger." The other three planes gave similar radio replies.

"Give that guy on the runway the green light," the deputy ordered M/Sgt. Otto Grunow, communications sergeant from Grand Junction, Mich. Grunow flashed the green blinker on his biscuit gun. The C-47 roared past our glider perch and took off toward the mountains to the south, headed back to India for another load of Wingate's invasion troops.

Less than three minutes later the four circling C-47s were parked at the north end of the strip. Battle-equipped English and Gurkha soldiers, leading pack mules, stepped out of the transport planes, lined up and marched in formation toward their nearby bivouac areas. No shots or signs of opposition came from the nearby woods —only the noisy chatter of jungle birds. We might have been on maneuvers.

In the temporary traffic lull, the deputy remarked: "Do you guys realize where we are? We're right in the middle of Jap territory, causing a hell of a racket, and they're not doing anything about it."

"We're too damned busy to worry about it, sir," Grunow said. "But if we told the folks back home that we were operating an airport 150 miles inside enemy lines, they'd call us liars."

"Yeah, they would," agreed T/Sgt. Alex McGregor, a radio operator from Chowchilla, Calif. "But I'll bet we're doing more business tonight than they are at LaGuardia Field. With electric landing lights, radio ground control, homing assistance and everything else. And the Japs still don't know it."

"They will," the deputy warned. "We'd better get some red flares up here in case of an air raid. The Japs have a field less than 10 minutes' flying time from here."

"Here comes another flight," he remarked, pointing to three red pinpoints high in the western sky. He picked up the microphone and Grunow switched on the radio transmitter.

"Tower, Tower to the planes approaching the field. Your landing is from south to north. Over."

"Roger," came back the laconic reply.

The three C-47s moved into the traffic pattern, swung into their base leg and started to set down. They came in so close together that it seemed as if the rear planes would crash into the lead ship before it could taxi to its parking strip.

I clocked them as they came in. The second plane's wheels hit the runway just 32 seconds after the lead plane landed. The third plane sat down 36 seconds after the second plane.

That precision-timed traffic went on all night. On one occasion six planes were landed, unloaded and headed back to India in 20 minutes flat. From the India side, planes were taking off every two minutes for this airstrip, with 20-minute intervals between each flight of six. The ferry service was as routine as the subway shuttle between Times Square and Grand Central Station in New York City.

American sergeant-pilots operated an equally effective ferry service from the Burma end, flying out British wounded in light planes, the first ones to land on the new strip the morning after the glider landings. After evacuating the first Allied casualties, the sergeant-pilots returned to carry out British and Gurkha soldiers who were wounded in later clashes with Jap ground forces.

The sergeant-pilots also flew daily reconnaissance patrols, spotting enemy movements and disrupting Jap pack-animal supply trains.

Jap ground forces attacked the airstrip several days after the airborne delivery of troops was completed. From then on, the sergeant-pilots made their landings and take-offs in the face of heavy Jap mortar and machine-gun fire. British patrols protected the Yank pilots during the loading of wounded soldiers onto the planes for mercy flights to hospitals in India.

The Japs established themselves at one end of the runway where an American plane was dispersed. They slashed the fabric with bayonets and punctured the gas tank with rifle fire.

Creeping through the trees to within 30 yards of the Jap positions, S/Sgt. James Oliveto of New York City made a run for the dispersal area, jumped into the plane and taxied it back to the Allied stronghold at the other end of the field, amid a shower of Jap bullets. There was just enough gas left in the punctured tank for Oliveto to start the engine and keep going until he got back to the Allied area.

But Oliveto was not finished. He went back again, this time even closer to Jap positions, to steal a spare wing tank lying in the dispersal area. With this tank, Oliveto, M/Sgt. Howard Class of Gwynedd Valley, Pa., and T/Sgt. Fintain

MAJ. GEN. [illegible] COMMANDER OF THE [illegible]

Maegerle of Tarrytown, N. Y., were able to repair the plane so it could be used to ferry out more Allied wounded.

THE same night the first troop transports went into our airstrip, another fleet of Commando gliders landed at a second point in enemy-held Burma several miles to the south. Sudden up- and downdrafts over the mountains forced the gliders to sway and dip like flying surfboards. Jap ack-ack guns opened up as the gliders passed over the Chindwin River, but all got through safely. F/O (now 2d Lt.) Jackie Coogan, onetime child star of the movies, piloted the first glider to land. His tow-plane pilot was Maj. William T. Cherry Jr. of Quail, Tex., who had also towed the first glider into the first field. Cherry piloted Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker's B-17 when it made a forced landing in the Central Pacific in 1942.

Coogan cut his glider loose from the tow plane at 1,000 feet, did a 360-degree turn and landed at 120 miles per hour on an unlighted field, covered with four-foot grass. While his load of Gurkha troops fanned out for security guard, he began setting out smudge pots to guide other gliders in.

All landed safely except one, which overshot the field and crashed, killing the pilot and two GI engineers and destroying the engineering equipment it was carrying. Without the equipment, the other U. S. aviation engineers were unable to start work on an airstrip that night. They were ordered to lie low and keep out of sight all the next day; there were fewer than 150 Gurkhas on hand to guard against any Jap thrust.

At sundown the next night, the Gurkhas started cutting down the high grass with their *kukri* knives. They had cleared 12 acres of land when a glider coasted in at 2100 hours, bringing a piece of engineering equipment from India.

Shortly after, F/Os Billy Mohr of Portland, Oreg., and Vernon Noland of Port Neches, Tex., flew in with a glider from the first Burma strip, carrying another piece of equipment and Cpl. Hybarger to operate it. Other gliders followed with two more pieces of machinery and a jeep.

At 2115 hours, the aviation engineers, under 1st Lt. Jerome Andrulonis of Shenandoah, Pa., went to work. There were just five men on hand to operate the four pieces of equipment, the odd man doubling as mechanic for the other four and as chauffeur for the jeep, which raced around the field delivering messages or towing gliders off the runway. Exactly four hours after the engineers began work, they completed a 3,000-foot grass runway, on which a C-47 set down at 0125 hours with British reinforcements.

Lt. Andrulonis and his men—Sgt. Joseph D. Walker of Richards, Tex.; Cpl. Ronald J. Cain of South Lincoln, Mass.; Pfc. Robert Bennett of Monroeton, Pa.; Pfc. Kay C. Eminbitzer of Bellefonte, Pa., and the lend-leased Cpl. Hybarger—worked all that night and the next day, leveling and grading the runway for the third night's operations. All their tools, except a screw driver and a crescent wrench, had been destroyed in the glider crash, so equipment repairs took plenty of ingenuity. At 0500 hours, Bennett fell asleep while driving one of the machines that was towing another operated by Cain. Bennett woke up as his vehicle ran off the runway. Looking back, he saw Cain sprawled on the ground. Cain had dozed off, too, while standing up in his machine. Neither was hurt.

Three days after Coogan landed, the Jap bombers came over and ripped the strip to bits. But by this time it didn't matter much; all the British troops had moved out the night before, headed for a new objective, and the Americans had gone, too, taking along their gliders and engineering equipment. All the Japs did was waste their bombs on what had been only a temporary landing strip for Wingate's Raiders.

AFTER THE LANDINGS A GURKHA PATROL MOVES THROUGH BURMA JUNGLES, LED BY AN ENGLISH OFFICER.

F/Os JOHN PRICE JR. (LEFT) AND JOHN GOTHAM AFTER THEY HAD WALKED 130 MILES IN 15 DAYS [illegible] THEIR GLIDERS CRASHED.

ON the one occasion when a serious counter-attack was imminent, Cochran's fighters and bombers beat the Jap air force to the punch.

The Japs had concentrated more than 100 bombers and fighters at three adjoining Burma airfields for an attack on either the first Burma airstrip or Cochran's headquarters in India.

While dive-bombing one of the enemy's airfields in Burma on the fourth day of the invasion, in a routine attack to keep the Japs off balance, a flight of P-51s spotted several Jap planes parked below and followed through with a strafing attack, setting fire to every enemy ship on the field. While the P-51s were engaged in strafing, 12 Zeros attempting to come into the field were intercepted and two of them were shot down by the four U. S. top-cover planes, at the cost of one of our aircraft.

Returning from a bombing attack on another Jap airfield, a second flight of P-51s spotted about 90 enemy aircraft on the ground at Onbauk. Strafing the field and setting fire to Jap planes, they headed for home when their ammunition was exhausted. As soon as the P-51s landed, Cochran sent B-25s back. Using fragmentation and incendiary bombs, they left installations and planes on the field in flames.

One-fifth of the known enemy air strength in the area was destroyed by that combined attack. The P-51s of the Air Commando Force accounted for 24 fighters, seven bombers and one transport, while the B-25s knocked out 12 fighters. 1st Lt. Hubert L. Krugg, a P-51 pilot from Fort Collins, Colo., hung up high score for the day with five Jap planes destroyed on the ground. Two other fighter pilots, Capt. Duke Phillips of San Antonio, Tex., and Capt. Lester J. Murray of Fresno, Calif., were credited with three Japs apiece.

Not until five days later were the Japs able to strike again, this time with 20 planes that strafed the first Burma strip. British Spitfires hopped them, shooting down five and forcing the others to break contact.

Cochran's Commandos went back into action again to help some British troops make a difficult river crossing. F/Os Jake Newland of Spokane, Wash.; Walter M. Steinke of Niagara, Wis.; Hadley Baldwin of Lisbon, N. Dak., and Troy Shaw of Hot Springs, Ark., piloted their gliders onto a sand bar at 2230 hours and unloaded several flat-bottomed, motor-powered collapsible boats, with which the British crossed.

On their return flight, towed by Capt. John N. Dehoney of Kansas City, Mo., and 1st Lt. Vincent L. Ulery of Newark, Ohio, the gliders brought back four Burmese traitors captured by the British forces, probably the first time prisoners of war have been transported that way.

Prize story and major mystery of the all-aerial Burma invasion concerns a Gurkha soldier who stepped where angels should fear to tread. He was in a glider 7,000 feet over the mountains when nature called. Invasion gliders have no facilities for such human frailties but that didn't deter the Gurkha. He simply walked to the rear of the fuselage, stepped on the frail fabric that is the only flooring in that section of the glider and made his own facilities. The pilot, F/O Charles Turner of Palo Pinto, Tex., almost fainted when he saw the Gurkha standing there. The fabric ordinarily won't support a five-pound weight, let alone a Gurkha and his hobnailed boots. But it did; the footprints are there on the fabric to prove it.

By Sgt. NEWTON H. FULBRIGHT

Houses of

They are dark and dingy but GIs at the Cassino front won't forget how comfortable life was behind their thick walls when the German shells were thundering outside.

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—The house on the east bank of the Rapido River was a very fine house for a CP. Like all Italian houses, it was built entirely of stone; there was no wood in its construction at all. It was two-storied, and there were many rooms. A room on the ground floor of a strong two-story house, on the side that is as far from Jerry as you can get, always makes a fine company or battalion CP.

There were barrels of *vino* in this house. The men drank the *vino* and slept in the beds and cooked in the large, smoky, messy fireplace, and lived as well as can be expected on the Italian front.

Looking back over the whole Italian campaign, especially the "40 days and 40 nights" on the Rapido River and the high cold hills above Cassino and the celebrated Abbey, I feel that the big, dingy and terribly dirty old houses of Italy have had an epic meaning in the lives of us all.

After I was captured by the Germans at Altavilla, I learned from them how to appreciate a good house. And there is something about a house—aside from its massive stone walls, tile roof and thick braced concrete floors above your head—that is spiritual, emotionally embracing and warm.

Sitting on a bed roll with two or three massive *vino* barrels in an opposite corner, I have enjoyed with our men a particular joviality and comradeship, a sort of high security, while German shells thundered a few short yards away.

"The Tedeschi is a madman," someone may say. "Listen at that—like a mad ol' man coming in the house an' kicking the dogs off the porch an' smashing cooking pots and glass bottles all over the kitchen."

We made a costly attempt to cross the Rapido on Jan. 21. After that we stayed in our houses, and the Jerry stayed in his on the smoothly sloping west side of the river. Occasionally someone at an OP would call down to us in Company M and report that the Jerry had been spotted in a house across the river. Then our mortars out in the yard would get busy. Sgt. Quentin D. Barrington of Hubbard, Tex., or Sgt. Hubert (Cowboy Slim) Simons of Rosenthaul, Tex., would drop a dozen or two HE Heavies through the roof, and the OP would report the Jerry running away and diving into dugouts.

That would make the Jerry sling a few back at us. We would receive a barrage of Screaming Mimis, or a tank would open up across the river and throw a few fast ones at one of our houses.

"I don't like this," Cpl. Harlan Copeland of Waco, Tex., a member of Cowboy Slim's mortar section, would protest. "Tear down one of the Tedeschi houses and he comes right back and wants to tear one of yours down! Somebody's gonna get hurt if this keeps up."

I REMEMBER, in particular, the excitement we had one afternoon.

I had just returned from our 1st Battalion area, up the river toward Cassino, and was standing in the road near our house, looking at a pile of mortar ammunition. The ammunition had come up during the night. Someone who didn't know what he was doing had piled it against a strawstack. A shell could set the strawstack on fire and blow up the whole dump.

I had turned away and taken a few steps when a heavy German shell—the "north of Rome" kind—crashed with a great shattering of earth and flame a few yards in front of me in the yard of the house where Cowboy Slim had his mortars. Instinctively I ducked and turned back toward the strawstack, but at that moment another shell struck it. I jumped up; there were some slit trenches in the field to the left, but just then a shell landed there, too.

"To hell with it!" I yelled, running as fast as I could. I headed for the house, about 70 yards

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away, where our company CP was located. As I crossed the road a shell crashed into the roof of a shed attached to Cowboy Slim's house. Something as big as a stove cap sailed by my head.

Inside the CP 1st Lt. Robert Hand, company executive officer from Seattle, Wash., stood with a wad of chicken feathers in his hand. Everyone laughed as I came dashing in.

"Barrington and I were preparing supper," said the lieutenant, holding up the chicken feathers, "when they caught us outside."

I looked back, and the strawstack was blazing like a bonfire at a college football rally.

It took a few minutes before the first shell in the mortar ammunition dump went off. Shells burst sporadically after that, sending blazing brands and sparks flying through the air. When the big explosion came about 30 minutes later, it flattened me against the wall.

I stood up, spitting dirt and dust. The others were looking at me anxiously out of blinking, dust-rimmed eyes. I went out in the yard and looked up at the roof of the house. Nothing but a railway gun dropping one in the upper story could have made such a noise. But the house seemed to be as sound as ever. A charred brand, still smoking, was driven into the wall. A shelter half a few feet away, covering a small pile of ammunition, was on fire.

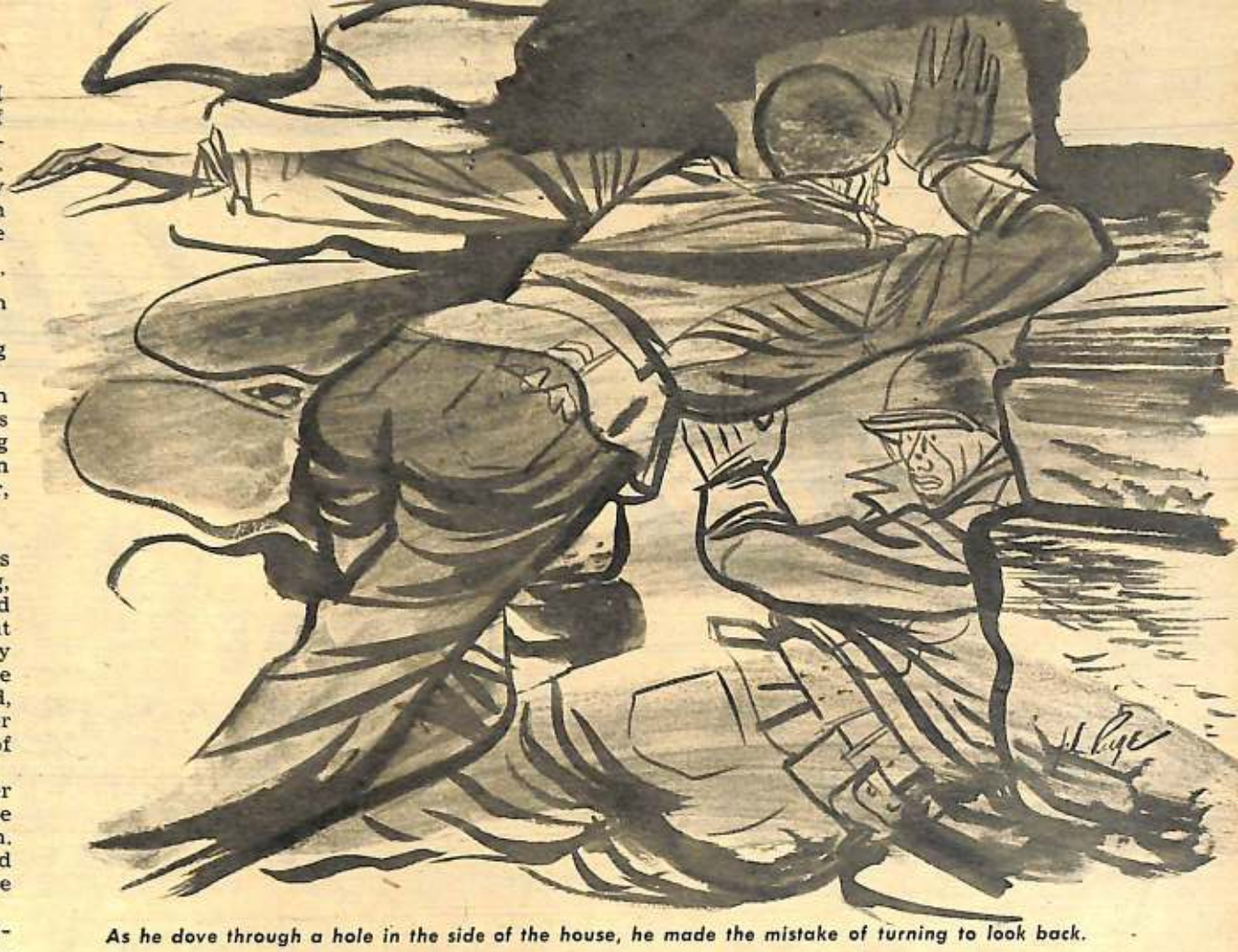
One of the men ran up and yanked the shelter half off the ammunition. I looked toward the road where the blazing strawstack had been. In its place I saw a crater wide enough to hold a heavy truck. A shed that had stood near the stack was now only a pile of scattered stones.

Telephones began ringing, battalion from regiment, regiment from division. What had happened?

We made a check and reported back: 400 rounds of HE Heavies blown up and one man with a tooth knocked out.

Cpl. Copeland was the casualty. As he dove for safety through a hole in the side of the house, he made the mistake of turning to look back. The next man crashed through, struck Copeland in the mouth with his helmet, and out went the tooth.

An hour later an old grandmother, two other women, two little girls and two little boys came up the road to fill their bottles from the *vino* barrels. The grandmother, whom we called "Mama," saw the chicken feathers first thing and made a dive for the CP.



As he dove through a hole in the side of the house, he made the mistake of turning to look back.

Italy

"Tedeschi!" I shouted. "Tedeschi—boom-boom!"

"Tedeschi, hell!" the old woman shouted back, shaking her head and waving her arms. Her meaning was unmistakable. "The damn Americanos! Americanos!" We rocked with laughter.

And I shall always remember another house, the one we had high up on Mount Cairo with a deep, narrow canyon separating us from the Germans in their houses a few yards higher up the steep, terraced hillside.

This was a three-story house, constructed entirely from flinty mountain stone; the walls were nearly three feet thick, and the floors above were of heavy concrete, supported by iron beams. The forward company CP was located in a tight little room on the ground floor, with a fireplace and one high, narrow window.

It looked out over an abrupt cliff; the tiny blasted roofs of the village of Cairo lay far below, and beyond this, smoky from shells and the belching muzzles of many British and American heavy guns, was the picturelike valley of the Rapido. The yard was encircled by a thick stone wall, waist high. There was a well of clear, clean water at one corner of the house. There were many rooms inside, safe rooms, and at the edge of the yard was another strawstack where the men could get clean straw for their beds.

I had found this place one morning after we had moved into the area in the night to relieve an American battalion that had been holding here for some time. Company K, with possibly 25 men in three houses across the canyon, was trying to hold terrain formerly defended by a complete battalion. The nine machine gunners of our 1st Platoon were with them. I entered the house with the idea of bringing up our 2d Platoon to help them out. And this was such a strong house, sitting so ideally on a protruding hump of rock 50 yards above the canyon, that I immediately fell in love with it.

Inside I found an old Italian lying in bed—a virtual bag of bones in a tangle of dirty, ragged quilts and blankets.

In a thin voice he wailed: "I dunno—I'm no good for anything. I'm a sick old man."

"You speak English?" I asked.

"I work in Jersey, New York—in New Haven many years," he said.

Later in the afternoon—assisted by Pfc. Henry Hohensee, a Ganado (Tex.) boy known as the Dutchman and as Eighth Corps, who has a Purple Heart and three Oak Leaf Clusters to his credit—I succeeded in opening up and wiring in the forward CP. Cpl. R. L. Scott of Blue Ridge, Tex., returned to bring up the 10 men who then composed our 2d Platoon.

That night the Dutchman built a roaring fire in the fireplace, and we hung a blanket over the window. The men gathered around and had a roaring bull session until midnight. Two men stood guard in the upper story; the machine guns were trained on the Jerry across the draw.

Early in the evening Cpl. Scott helped the Dutchman brew up a canteen cup of bouillon for the old man in the next room. "They say it's good, else they wouldn't put it in the K rations," said the Dutchman.

The following day was quiet. The Jerry threw rounds intermittently in the draw where the battalion before us had lost 60 men. But he would never get any of us that way—we had learned long ago to keep out of draws.

In the afternoon we heard that the battalion had been suddenly ordered to withdraw to the valley again. The order, as finally acted on by Company K, called for us to withdraw from the houses immediately after dark. We were to proceed by way of a donkey trail that intersected the Terelle road several hundred feet down the almost-vertical face of the mountain.

Company K began the withdrawal shortly after dark, but as the men filed up the draw toward our house, the Germans opened a phony attack against the French, on the ridge above Terelle, over against the right horizon.

The withdrawal was held up at our house; after we left there would be no one in this sector at all. But a phony attack is nothing but sound and fury, with little or no displacement of troops; as the Jerry on the hillside above remained inactive, Company K continued its withdrawal by way of the trail.

Our 2d Platoon had been designated to withdraw with their weapons by way of the Terelle road. They had scarcely left the house to begin the climb up the terraced slope behind us when German shells began falling all over the place. We ducked inside as three crashed in the yard. Shell fragments leaping across the yawning canyon struck fire from the rocks like a whole battalion of attacking Jerries. The Dutchman and I were alone in the house. Our telephones had been ripped out, so we were isolated. Some 30 minutes later, when the Jerry artillery shifted toward the Terelle road, we ducked out the back door and scurried down the donkey trail to safety.

As we caught up with Company K, which was taking a break where the trail entered the main road, someone drove up in a jeep with an order for them to return to their positions at once.

"We'll blow for a moment," I said to the Dutchman as the company prepared to move out. I threw my roll down and sat on it. Since one cold wet night in November, I've carried a standard roll of six blankets inside two shelter halves. It's plenty heavy but it's always convenient once we reach a stopping place.

We reached the top of the hill ahead of Company K, only to find that the counterattack had played out. A few artillery shells were still falling on the hill, but we were going down again as scheduled.

"Eighth Corps," I said, "to hell with the road!" We were too tired to follow the road anyway. We just slid vertically down the mountain. We knew that the road, winding about in the perambulating style of all mountain roads, would pick us up again. A rain had started to fall, and we sat at the side of the road until the battalion went by, then slid down to the next turn.

At one of the turns we met Cpl. Scott, sloshing along with a wet roll slung over his shoulder. Just as we were doing, he was thinking of the wonderfully warm house we had just left, the roaring fire singing in the fireplace and the gallon can of coffee simmering on the coals. "Dutch," he said, "the old man will die. Nobody to take care of him."

Toward morning the Dutchman and I crawled into the one good room of a blasted house on the slope above the village of Cairo and went to sleep.

ASSAULT

This is a fiction story based on fact. Moreover, it is one GI's tribute to the Paddlefeet who will help carry the grimy burden of war to Hitler's occupied Europe. Mostly, however, it's a story about a soldier who might be any one of millions.

By Sgt. PAUL CONANT

ENGLAND—It was coming with the swiftness of English apple blossoms bursting into bloom after a sunny day, but it was coming, too, like a deep tide of darkness, rushing toward the brink, toward a terrible Niagara, and the maelstrom.

Assault was the theme, assault was the key, and assault was the marching song. D for Day and H for Hour. Kiss the boys good-bye.

* * *

THIS was not the real thing, but there would come a day when it would be the real thing, and you could say: "This is it; this is not being on maneuvers any longer," and Ronnie wanted to know how he would take it. He asked himself gravely and with stubborn persistence how he would take it, but he never got any answer, and he was afraid.

The column halted at the side of the lane, and the lieutenant gave them the "assemble" signal and perched himself on a brick wall, informally and easily. The lieutenant was just a kid, too, with sandy hair and a sandy mustache, and he looked as though he never asked himself any questions at any time. His name was Riley.

The little English rain began falling softly like a young girl's weeping . . .

"Now this is just a demonstration," the lieutenant barked, "and I don't want you to take any risks. Not any unnecessary risks, anyhow. But the commanding general is going to be watching us, and I want you to show him we've more guts than any assault outfit in the U. S. or any other army.

"One of these days this division's going to be on the beaches of Europe, and by God *that's* when we're going to need guts."

He reviewed the lessons they had learned from the Engineers in training, and then they formed a column again and marched down the lane between the walls and the hedgerows. There were thirty of them including Lieutenant Riley, and they were headed for the "problem" area. They were loaded down with bazookas and flame-throwers and bangalore torpedoes and TNT and all the other equipment an assault section of an Infantry division carries.

Ronnie was a demolition man, and that was a nasty job in anybody's army, even on ordinary exercises. He was the man who played the last act in the drama of death and destruction. He was the man the whole assault revolved around, and if he failed everything failed. You went in there to blow the damn pillbox up and you had to blow it up.

He had volunteered for the job.

That was a strange thing, too, and maybe he was running away from something by running straight at it. In the first place, when he had enlisted he had chosen the Infantry, and after he had got himself into the Infantry he stubbornly refused the desk assignments they offered him. He refused and refused and finally they gave him up as a bad job and put him in the Line. C Company, Nth Infantry—it would be found graven upon his heart.

The rain stopped falling, and a cool breeze blew. The section descended into a little wooded stream bed and halted.

"This is our jump-off position," the lieutenant said. "The general and his staff are up there on the hill to our right. The pillbox we are going to crack you can see about 300 yards ahead under the crest of that cliff. Now get spread out."

They got spread out.

"Ought to be a good show," Joe Wilkins said. "Only, damn it, I hope this bazooka's powder blast doesn't cut my face up like it did last time."

"You ought to wear your gas mask," Ronnie said, "like they tell you to."

"The hell with the gas mask," Wilkins said.

They waited. That was war, too; always you waited. The lieutenant had told them over and over again that, in battle, you were only under fire a very little of the time. The rest of the time you waited.

Up on the hill to the right an officer was outlining the demonstration to the general and his staff and the less-important spectators. There were a few newspaper reporters, and Ronnie wondered what they thought about it all. He himself had started out as a cub on *The Tribune* in Salt Lake City, but he was scared stiff to go out on stories and he had got them to put him on the copy desk.

So then he had enlisted in the Infantry and made them put him in the Line, because now there was something he wanted to find out about himself and there was only one way to find it out and this was it.

THE barrage began. It was a real live barrage and it tore holes in the smooth rising ground ahead of them, and sent up spouts of earth that looked like geysers in Yellowstone Park. You'd never think that clods of earth could turn so gracefully in the sky and fall so gently.

Ronnie found himself going tense in the ten seconds between each shell-burst, and he had to remind himself forcibly that a barrage was a friendly thing; it kept the enemy from shooting at you and it gave you shell holes to jump into as you advanced in short rushes. But it was a hell of a noise.

The barrage ceased. Then, far to the right of the barbed wire which ran like a devil's trap in front of the pillbox, a tiny puff of smoke billowed upward, and grew and blew to the left until the pillbox and the barbed wire and the cliff were wreathed in it and obscured by it.

That was their signal, white smoke drifting lazily in the Spring air. D for Day and H for Hour.

"Take off!" the lieutenant yelled with a voice like a knife. "Show the damn general we've got the best damn assault section in the whole damn division!"

THEY took off, forward by rushes, forward by teams. First the riflemen, jumping from crater to crater, pausing to blaze away with their M1's and grenades to cover the others. Forward in rushes, keep low, keep low, keep your tail down, soldier.

Ronnie landed in a shell hole, feet first, and lay breathing hard against the good sweet earth, smelling the sweet green grass. After a moment, he poked his head up slightly and looked over the rim of the crater. The riflemen were pushing forward again and the smoke was beginning to blow away, in little wisps that parted like cotton between your fingers. Far to the right he could just see the general and his staff. There would be danger around here, plenty, when the bangalores went off. Shrapnel raining down everywhere.

The sweet green grass made him think of the Salt Lake Valley and the cool white peaks of the Wasatch Mountains, and the aspens pale green in Emigration Canyon. And a girl named Nancy, tall and cool, too, who thought him a fool to join the Infantry when he could get something safer, she said; but she did not know the questions he asked himself.

One of the rocket guns went off, and there is no sound just like a rocket gun going off; it is a building falling down or something very big being split into bits.

Ronnie ran forward and jumped into another shell-hole. It wasn't any too easy, going forward, because he had to carry his load of TNT and the pole, which was an awkward thing like a hod-carrier's hod, made so you could lay the blast right in the pillbox's aperture.

Tony Monzello was lying in the same shell-hole. Tony was the other man in the demolition team; he would set his charge first, and after it had gone off Ronnie would run up and set his. That was a total of 20 pounds of TNT—10 in each pole charge—and if the Krauts were in there they would never come out any more.

"This'll be easy," Tony said, "we'll blow that thing from hell to breakfast."

"Yeh," Ronnie said, "this is a cinch."

The rockets were blasting away, flashing like exploding stars when they hit the concrete, and over on the right a BAR was cracking methodically. Ronnie peered out and more smoke was drifting across the wire. That would be for the bangalore men. In a moment there was no doubt about it; the banga-

lores went off with a roar and he ducked as the stuff came spattering down. When he looked up again the flame-thrower was going through the lane in the wire, crouching as low as he could under his heavy equipment.

When it came it burst white and red against the emplacement in a terrible spray. If the Krauts were there, they'd better come out now. But they weren't there; this wasn't it . . .

Suddenly Tony Monzello was up and out of the crater, running forward through the lane in the wire. The firing ceased. Ronnie saw Tony lean his pole charge against the aperture, set the fuses and duck around the other side into a ditch. He waited. He waited a full minute.

Hell, the thing isn't going to go off. There's ten pounds of TNT and it isn't going off. But it might go off any minute. Any second it might blow to hell and gone. And he was the No. 2 man; it all depended on him now.

He looked around to the right and to the left and to the rear and he looked up toward the hill where the general was. Why didn't somebody tell him what to do? They were all watching him, every man of them was watching him, and somewhere the sandy-haired lieutenant was watching him, too, but nobody told him anything. You are alone in a shell-crater and you have to do your own thinking.

That was a thing he had asked himself, and he had never had any answer; it was a thing that Nancy had not understood.

Ronnie grasped the terror within him by the throat and stifled it somehow, and clawed his way to the rim of the crater and out he went, running low through the barbed wire lane. Keep low, low; keep your tail down, soldier.

He reached the pillbox where Tony's pole lay against the aperture. He might get away, the first charge might never blow, but his fingers were shaking like aspen leaves while he placed his own charge and set the fuses. There weren't any Krauts inside; this was not the real thing; this wasn't worth it, but this was the answer to a question he had asked himself—and he might yet get away . . .

Twenty pounds of TNT went off at once with a murderous roar.

* * *

"You see, sir," the lieutenant said to the general with awe and trembling pity and excitement in his voice, "these kids got guts. Damn it, they got too much guts for their own good."

An Indian Boy in Iran

By Cpl. JAMES P. O'NEILL
YANK Staff Correspondent

NORTHERN IRAN — There's a Persian Gulf Command rest camp perched on top of a mountain here—a sort of poor man's version of a spot in the Adirondacks. But it's cool and it was picked as a place to give relief to dusty, sun-drunk truckers and railroaders and longshoremen who come up from the 175-degree weather below.

Not far from the camp is a village of about 600 Kurd tribesmen. They are a quiet, suspicious bunch of people, caught in the backwash of civilization and living now as their people have done for centuries. The Kurds have little use for the outside world, let alone for the wild gang of GIs who ride hell-for-leather through their village on Arabian ponies. But there was one GI at the rest camp whom the Kurds came to consider as a sort of patron saint.

This GI was Sgt. Julian Smith, an Indian from the Sioux reservation near Poplar, Mont. Like almost every other Indian in the Army, he was known as the Chief. He was riding master at the camp, with 10 Arabian ponies under his care.

The Chief stabled his horses in a dingy barn on the outskirts of the village. His caretaker was an old man of the Kurd tribe who spoke a little English. For a long while he was the only tribesman Smith knew, and in time they became friends.

The old man had trachoma, a bad case of it, and his nearly blind eyes were rheumy and almost hidden by layers of crusty scabs. One morning the Chief brought his first-aid kit to the stable. It was a standard company medical kit used to patch up the inevitable cuts that happened when a GI and his pony didn't quite agree.

Sgt. Smith took out a few cotton swabs, some mercuric acid and a bottle of argyrol. He pointed to the old man's eyes and said, "Come here." The Kurd put up an argument but—possibly because he was afraid he might lose his job—gave in.

The Chief washed out the eyes with argyrol and flushed them with mercuric acid. In a week the eyes were visible behind the scabs and after three weeks of bathing the scabs were gone.

One day the caretaker arrived with two other villagers. He pointed to their eyes, also infected by trachoma. The Chief treated them.

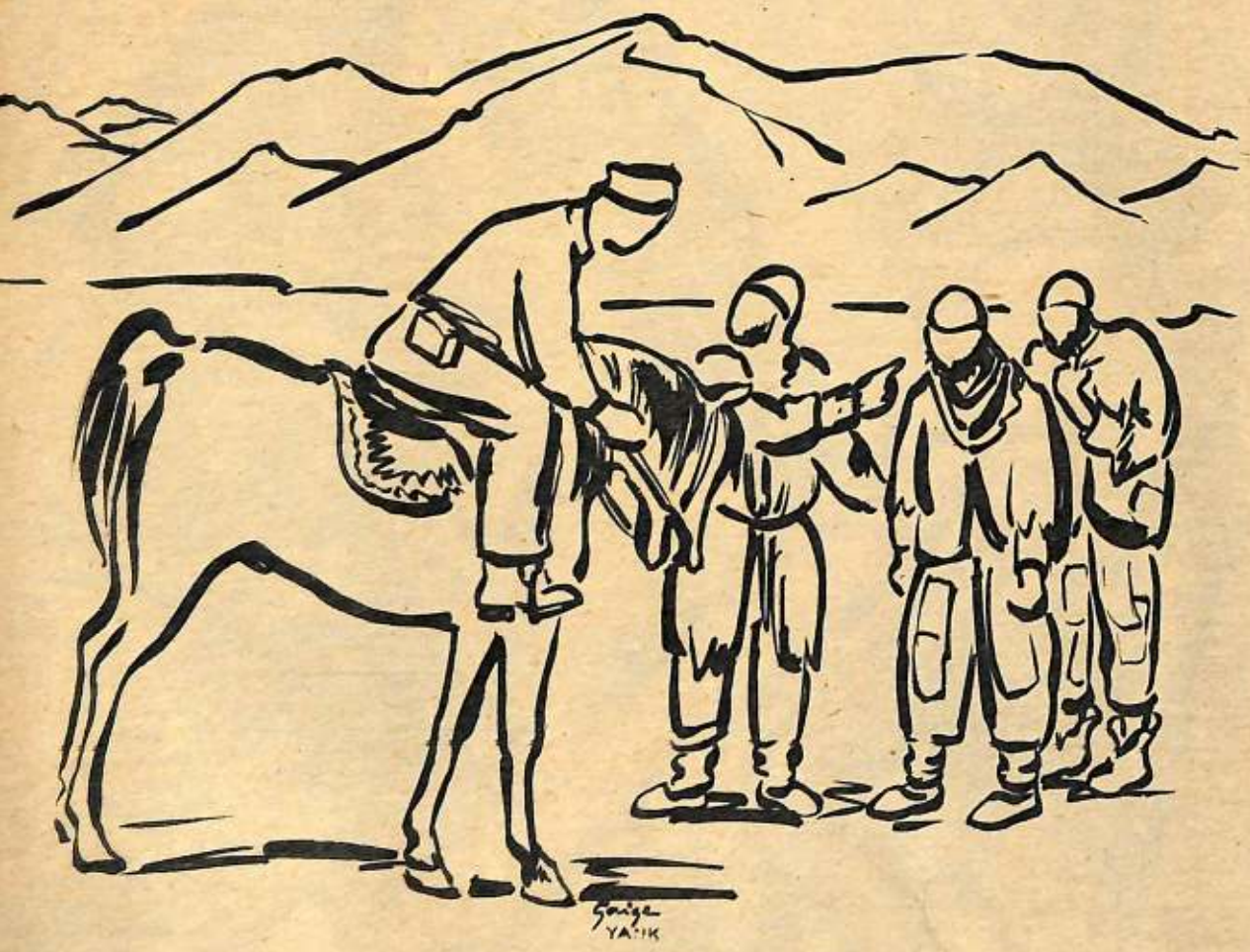
A little later there came a villager with his daughter and her 8-year-old child. The kid's legs had been badly scalded and now the left one was covered with jellylike scabs a quarter-inch thick. Some dirty substance had been rubbed over them.

"What did you put on her legs?" the Chief asked the mother, using the old man as an interpreter. She said she had taken her child to a village healer known only as the Woman, who had "treated" the legs first.

In earthy Montana English, the Chief spent five minutes cursing. Then he went to work, peeling off the scabs and massaging the raw flesh with tannic acid jelly. He had the mother bring the child back two days later, and then he spread 10-percent sulfa powder over the legs. The girl had developed a fever.

The Chief went back to camp, bought some fruit juice from the PX and stole a can opener. He gave the fruit juice and some aspirin to the mother and then spoke to the old man.

THE Chief was just an American sergeant who hailed from the Sioux reservation near Poplar, Montana. But to 600 Kurd tribesmen, he was a sort of patron saint who had the magic of healing in his hands. A rare saga of GI life in a remote part of the world, that shows what happens when a guy sets out to help his friends.



"Tell her not to give the kid anything but a can of this fruit juice, three aspirin and a pint of water every day. Tell her to bring the child back in three days."

In three days the fever was gone and the child's legs were better. The Chief kept sprinkling them with sulfa powder. In three weeks they were healed.

Then came the avalanche. The story of the child had been whispered around the village, and soon the Chief had a line in front of his stable as long as the one before a battalion dispensary on the eve of maneuvers. He treated them all.

He chiseled condensed milk from a cook in exchange for an extra ride on one of the ponies and fed the milk to kids with stomachs bound up from an indigestible diet. He requisitioned so much medical stuff from the dispensary that the docs began to think the vacationing GIs were riding dragons instead of horses.

By this time the Chief was beginning to pick up a few words of the Kurd language but, as he puts it, "I really didn't need much of it. The people in that village were like my own people back on the Fort Peck reservation. They had the same ailments, suspicions, simplicity and poverty. Seems all poor people talk the same language."

Sgt. Smith was born on a Sioux reservation. He went to Chemawa, a boarding school for destitute Indians, and played a lot of football there. Later he won an athletic scholarship to Willamette University at Salem, Oreg., where he majored in English and played varsity football and baseball.

In his junior year his father died. Smith quit school. His family needed money much more than an educated son. He went back to the reservation and found that his father's death could have been easily forestalled; he had refused medical aid.

"Same old story as with these Kurds. He was afraid of something new."

BUT the tribesmen were becoming less and less afraid of something new. When the long lines began to form in front of the Chief's stable, opposition developed. The Woman started raising hell and the head tribesman, one Mamat Bey, was ready to kick the Chief off the premises.

Just about that time the Chief and a bunch of GIs were riding through the hills one day when they found an unconscious native kid on the side of the road; a pony stood nearby. The kid was bleeding from a jagged hole an inch wide on the left side of his nose, and a bloody branch of a tree was jutting from the hole.

They carried the kid back to the stable and the Chief, after removing the branch, found that it had speared through to the child's mouth. He bathed the wound with hot water and packed it with sulfa powder. The old man informed him that the child was a nephew of Mamat Bey. When the kid became conscious, the Chief carried him home.

Next morning Mamat Bey, with the boy, was at the head of the stable dispensary line. He said nothing, but grinned while the Chief dressed his little nephew's wound.

Two days later Mamat Bey paid an official visit with his tribal council. He talked too fast for the Chief to understand, but when all the speech making was finished they escorted the Chief to a vineyard. "It's all yours," said the old caretaker. The Chief grinned and said "Thanks." Mamat Bey grinned and said "Okay, Johnee." It was the only English he knew.

When the Chief had to leave the rest camp for good a little later, he gave back the vineyard with the practical comment: "Can't take it with me in a B-bag."

Sgt. Smith's popularity with the Kurds had reached the attention of headquarters, and he had been ordered to Teheran as athletic adviser to the Iran Military Academy, the Persian West Point.

The day before his departure he was invited to Mamat Bey's house. A dinner was given in his honor and Persian music was played on an ancient victrola. Then the Chief was led outside where most of the village was gathered. They took off their hats and faced Mecca. The Chief took off his fatigue hat and faced Mecca.

As the villagers prayed, the old caretaker translated: "May Allah take you safely on your journey in the thundering wagon. May Allah always be your friend and may He someday bring you back to your friends in this village."

Against a background of one of her own creations, Annie Haywood bats a breezy breeze with Sgt. Fred C. DiCiaccio (centre), of Somerville, Mass., and T/Sgt. Francis R. Fuller, of White River Junction, Vt., who has just chalked up his 13th Mission.

Yanks at Home in the ETO

Annie puts a few deft finishing touches on yet another Fort.

Runway Artist

OUR honey for this week is Ann Josephine Haywood, a 24-year-old blonde and blue-eyed English miss, whose drawings of curvesome lovelies on the fuselages of Flying Forts are about the only things that Nazi fighter pilots like to look at in the air these days. Miss Haywood—or Annie, as she is far better known to the boys who fly the bombers she decorates—works in the American Red Cross Aero Club at an 8th Air Force Heavy Bombardment Base near the thatched cottage where she lives with her mummy and her sister Joan. Annie's chief concern is looking out for the needs of the EMs at the club and she goes in for her fairly extensive art work only in her off hours, all of which leaves her darn little time to exercise the two riding horses she still keeps as a token of the good old days when she had her own string of ponies and used to go in for amateur racing.

We ran into Annie at the base the other day and she took us around to show off some of her handiwork, which struck us as being a large bit of all right and which the combat crews swear brings them luck. She took us first to the Aero Club, whose walls she has decked out with some babes doing the rhumba, and then to the Officers' Club where, in the bar, she has painted a large mural of a forlorn-looking looie with a couple of pink elephants leering over his shoulder. Finally we made a swing with her around the field, while she pointed out such masterpieces of hers as *Dragon Lady*, *Thunderbird*, *Pregnant Portia*, and *Shack Bunny*.

All in all, it was quite a trip, for Annie is as bouncing and exuberant a young lady as ever slapped paint on a Fort, and her Aero Club work, plus the fact that she is a familiar sight on the runway sweating out missions, has made her just about the best known person at the base. Everywhere Annie took us the boys waved her a "Hi!" and she was so busy passing the time of day with them that we could barely get a word in. It seemed to us that neither her accent nor her highly vocal spirits were precisely British and later, over a butt, she confirmed this hunch. Turned out that though Annie was born near Oxford and her father was a Yorkshireman, her mother is a Viennese. Annie herself spent two years of her infancy in Austria and was brought up here by French and Austrian governesses. She was attending an English finishing school and planning to go to Paris to study art when the war came along and put the kibosh on her plans. "And what a big bum it was," Annie exclaimed, "because otherwise I should be in Paris now! Whoopie!"

The boys at the base keep telling Annie to cheer up, there's plenty of time yet.

The British Have A Word For It

We mangled a pinkie while catching our first fly ball of the season and consequently have been out of the line-up ever since, but we've never *talked* so much baseball in our life as we have the past few weeks. In fact, these British cousins of ours have been getting into our hair with questions about the game and we find it doesn't translate into English worth a damn. It's sort of like trying to describe ice to a gent who's spent his whole life in a bamboo hut on the equator.

When it comes to getting even the simplest idea of the great American pastime across to a Briton, the vocabularies of the two nations are as far apart as it is from here to Ebbets Field. You've got to start somewhere—but where? The natural place is home plate, but the chances are your listener thinks that's something in the family china closet. He knows what a ball is but that's about all—he has no conception of what four balls are or what a fair ball is or a foul one. A strike is fairly easy for him to catch on to if the batter swings and misses, but, he'd like to know, how come a strike if the batter doesn't strike? Only the Briton doesn't call it the batter. The guy's a batsmen—not, of course, to be confused with a batman.

The only thing to do, we've decided, is to give up and learn to play cricket. But not so a friend of ours, an earnest if fairly addlepated tech sergeant of the sort that tries to make Frenchmen understand his Pittsburgh American by shouting at them. We were listening to this guy in the park last Sunday as he attempted to explain a softball game that was going on to a young British chap and the way he got nowhere fast was something remarkable. After an hour and a half of it the Sergeant was still bogged down in trying to make clear the difference between a ball and a strike, a job that was considerably more difficult for him than it might have been owing to the fact that he had neglected to tell the Englishman the functions of the Special Service officer standing right behind the pitcher. At that point there was a neat double play and the pupil asked the Sarge what it was all about. Our friend tied himself up in verbal knots for five minutes trying to make the situation clear and then gave up in despair. "Sorry, chum," he said. "But I guess we'd better save that for next week's lesson."

"Not a bit of it, chappie," replied the Briton brightly. "It's all really quite clear to me now. Baseball is a *cunning* game, isn't it?"

Bargain Counter

Some Joes have all the luck. We're thinking of a T/5 we ran into the other day who told us about a find he had made on his last trip to London. Seems he was mousing around a side street off Piccadilly when he came across an antique shop with a sign in the window reading: "Foreign Coins—1d. Each." So he ambles in and asks to see some of them there one-penny coins and the clerk brings out a fistful of European and Oriental money all mixed in with some American nickels, dimes, and quarters. Casual like, the Corporal selects the Yankee dough, together with a couple of Spanish pesetas to make him look like a bona-fide coin collector, and walks out. Oh, yes, the deal cost him eighteen pence and the swag amounted to $2.05. Cunning, isn't it?

SOLDIERS GO FORWARD 15 YARDS IN MATTED UNDERBRUSH, CROUCH AND GET READY TO MOVE AGAIN.

SUPPORTING AN ATTACK, MORTAR CREW FIRES ACROS

ER.

Another Step

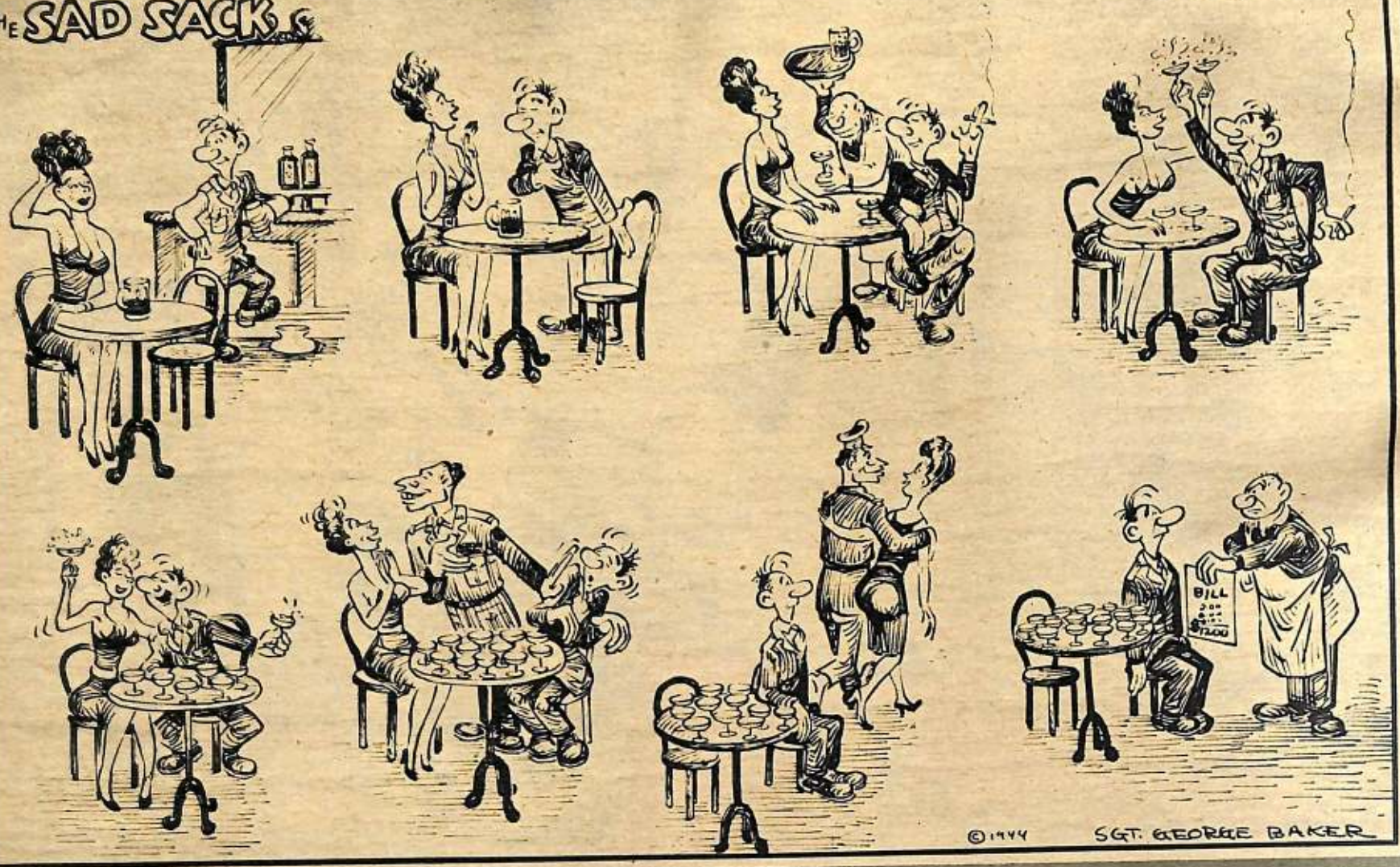
The American clean-up in the Admiralty Islands, photographed by YANK's Cpl. Bill Alcine.

ARTILLERY OBSERVERS FRAME A YANK DIGGING AN EMPLACEMENT.

ER IT WAS LAUNCHED FROM AN LST, LOADED WITH SOLDIERS AND HEADED FOR SHORE

THE SAD SACK

"SUCKER"



"FRIGHTFUL DRAFT, WOT, YANK?"
—Cpl. Raymond F. Fisher

"WELL?"
—Pvt. Tom Flannery

"SCRAM!"
—Cpl. Ray W. Ingham

News from Home

A pleasant Sunday was enjoyed by all but everyone's thoughts were on the invasion, the long arm of the law reached out and grabbed another Montgomery Ward official, a Broadway musical won a Pulitzer Prize, and Sgt. Joe Louis's wife made a hit tackling a new job.

UP FROM DOWN UNDER. This bevy of pretties, arriving in San Francisco, is part of a large number of Australian war brides who have married Yanks and have now been shipped to the land of their hubbies.

EDWARD J. TKACH, of Minneapolis, a pilot in the USAAF, was mustered out of the service in New Orleans and headed north with what in these days back home constitutes a pretty fancy gift from the Army—8,000 food-ration points. Seems that while he was serving as a pilot in the South Pacific, Tkach picked up a disease which gives him hives and hay-fever whenever he eats chicken, peas, corn, or potatoes. On the other hand, Tkach found, upon getting back to the States, that he could wolf a couple of T-bone steaks at a sitting without feeling even a twinge. So the medics fixed him up with the coupons. Tkach's malady, it was understood, is peculiar to the South Pacific and is not something you're likely to pick up in the ETO.

As a matter of fact, Tkach's bonanza darn near turned to just so much perforated paper in his hands, for a few days later Chester Bowles, head of the Office of Price Administration, issued a sweeping order which made most kinds of meat just as easy to get as they were in the good old days. From now on until further notice, said Bowles last week, there will be no more rationing of lamb, pork, hamburger, or any other meat—except beef-steak and roast beef. So Tkach is still riding the gravy train.

TOGETHER with the rest of the world, the folks back home had their minds on the ETO last week and on the invasion which most of them seemed to feel might come at any minute. Though 3,000 miles or more away, they sensed the excitement of it—and they sensed the gravity, too. The Right Reverend Henry St. George Tucker, president of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, published a special prayer to be uttered, when the day comes, by the devout and by all others who might find solace or strength in it. Plans for D-Day church services in villages, towns, and cities from the Atlantic to the Pacific were being drawn up by State and municipal authorities.

It was simply a matter of watching and waiting and pounding along through the old daily routine. So when the week began with a Sunday that brought the first really warm day of the year to a large section of the country, thousands of Americans took their cars out of the garages where they have been all winter and hit the highways for the first time this season. The continual whir of rubber on concrete made it almost like a spring Sunday back in 1941 except that there was hardly a single new car on the road. Almost without exception the models were old ones—sad-looking, well-worn jobs, dusty from long storage.

But there probably won't be another traffic-jammed Sunday for many weeks to come. No matter how balmy the weather, most civilians, now that they've had their little spring fling, are saving their gas-ration coupons for a couple of long trips during the really hot weekends of summer.

That warm Sunday also brought out more than 200,000 customers to see doubleheaders in major-league baseball parks. Sports writers immediately hopped on this fact as proof that the public, in the third spring since Pearl Harbor, was still nuts about pro ball. Others seemed to feel that the crowds in the ball parks were attracted more by a chance to bask in the sun than by the excitement of the games, for the quality of the big-time baseball being played this year has been pretty poor. Or maybe people just wanted to go out and see for themselves how bad it really was.

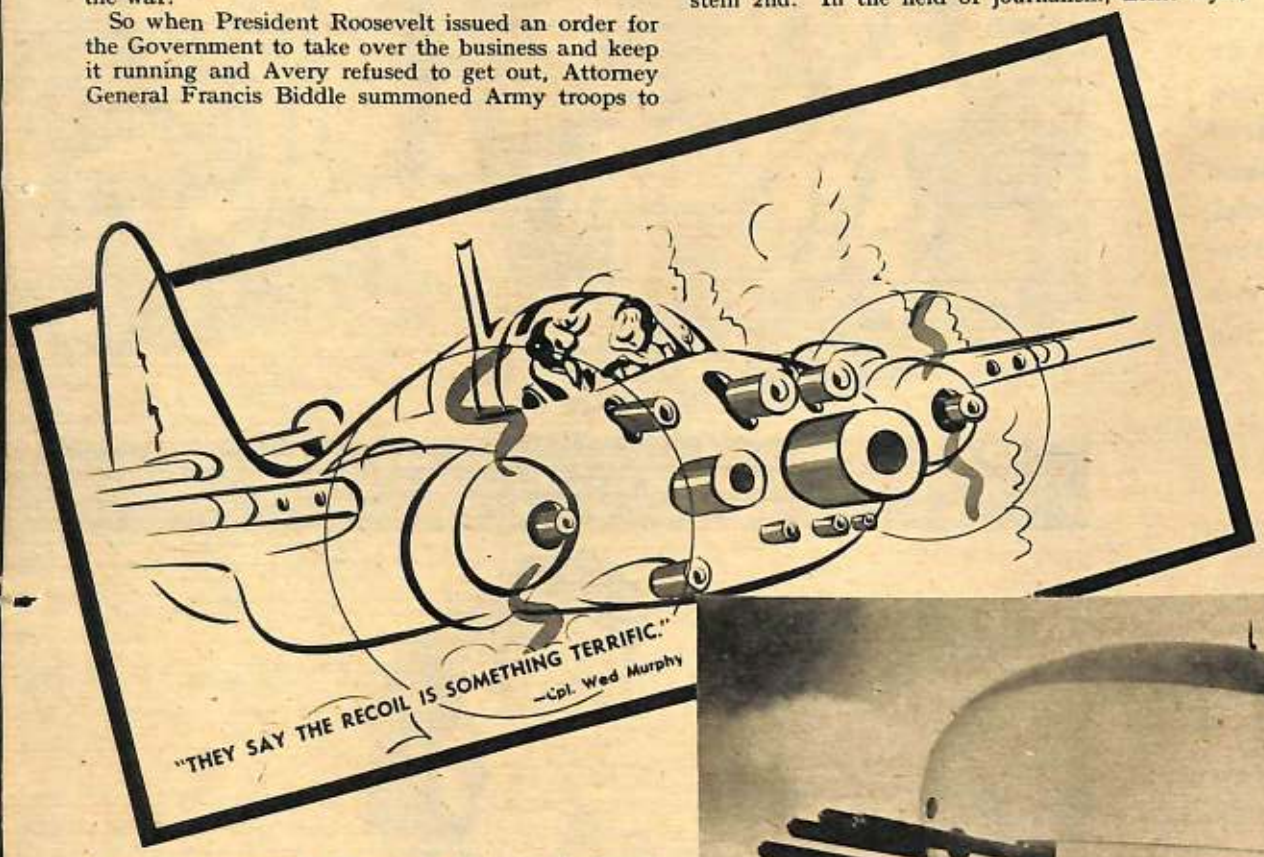
By last week, that row between the Federal Government and the Montgomery Ward mail-order house out in Chicago had kicked up more public discussion and controversy than anything that has occurred on the home front since John L. Lewis's coal miners went on strike last summer. At that time the dispute was between the War Labor Board and labor; now the set-up was exactly the opposite, for the Chicago business involved a tangle between the WLB and management. Critics of the administration claimed that it was backing the WLB much more strongly in the present tussle than it backed the board in the fight against Lewis.

As reported here last week, the trouble at Montgomery Ward

EMPIRE STATE'S ENTRY. Wac Cpl. Lisa Rutherford was picked in a Manhattan contest to represent New York in a national competition to select the "Service Cover Girl of 1944."

came about when the company refused to renew a contract with a CIO union on the grounds that the union didn't represent the majority of the 7,000 employees it had been acting as bargaining agent for. The WLB ordered the company to continue the contract until 30 days after the union petitioned for a vote among the employees to find out where they stood on the union. But Sewell Avery, chairman of the board of Montgomery Ward, said nothing doing, claiming that the WLB had no right to tinker with the affairs of a business that was not connected with the war.

So when President Roosevelt issued an order for the Government to take over the business and keep it running and Avery refused to get out, Attorney General Francis Biddle summoned Army troops to seize the company's Chicago building. A picture showing two GIs carrying Avery bodily out of the place was featured by practically every newspaper in the country and caused more comment than the famous shot of J. P. Morgan with a midget on his lap.



In the midst of all the furore that followed, Senator Harry Byrd, anti-Administration Democrat of Virginia, rose to demand: "Have we reached a state where directives of a Federal bureau can be enforced at the point of a bayonet?" He went on to say: "If Mr. Biddle can use the armed forces to seize the non-war business of Montgomery Ward, he can use the same power to seize any plant or business operation when it doesn't please him or doesn't immediately obey a directive of the numerous bureaus of the Federal Government." Senator Byrd then introduced a resolution, which was unanimously passed by his colleagues, authorizing a judiciary committee to investigate the seizure of the plant. The House Rules Committee had previously reported a similar resolution favorably.

MEANWHILE, Biddle went to court in Chicago seeking a permanent injunction to prevent Avery and his associates from interfering with the Government's operation of the Montgomery Ward plant. "No business or property is immune to Presidential order," he said, adding that in wartime the court had no right to substitute its own judgment for that of the President. Biddle also contended that the mail-order firm was vital to the war effort because it sold many things needed in war production, notably farm equipment, and he maintained that labor troubles at Montgomery Ward would affect labor in general and thereby undermine American war production. Representatives of the Treasury Department also brought out the point that the mail-order house had big contracts for lend-lease farm machinery as well as for shoes for liberated countries.

Later in the week, FBI agents started the pot boiling again when they nabbed Paul D. Sowell, assistant mail-order operating manager at Montgomery Ward as he was taking down a Federal poster that had been tacked up in one of the plant's corridors. Sowell explained to reporters that the poster—a notice that no workers were to be fired without the okay of the Federal operating manager—had caught his eye and that "rather than stand in the hall reading it I was removing the tacks to take the poster into my office and read it."

Through the haze of all the charges and counter-charges and other confusion, one point was made repeatedly by observers—whether neutral, pro, or con. This was that you'd have to go a long way outside of a democracy to find a similar situation in which Government officials, despite the fact that the President was on their side, had to appear in court to argue for their rights against lawyers representing a private enterprise.

Pulitzer Prize awards went to the novel *Journey in the Dark*, by Martin Flavin, and to the Broadway musical show *Oklahoma*, with music by Richard Rodgers and a book and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd. In the field of journalism, Ernie Pyle, war correspondent for the Scripps Howard Newspaper Alliance, who devotes most of his space to interpreting the average foot-slogging Joe for the enlightenment of the folks back home, won the Pulitzer award for "distinguished correspondence during the year." Daniel De Luce, of the Associated Press, won the award for "distinguished examples of telegraphic reporting on international affairs." Pulitzer awards in the field of photography went to Frank Filan, of the A.P., for a picture called *Tarawa Island* and to Earle L. Bunker, of the Omaha *World Herald*, for a shot called *Homecoming*. The Pulitzer Prize for distinguished domestic reporting was won by Paul Schoenstein, city editor of the New York *Journal-American*. Other awards went to Dewey L. Fleming, of the Baltimore *Sun*, for his reporting of national affairs; to the Kansas City *Star* for the editorials of Henry J. Haskell; and to Clifford K. Berryman, cartoonist for the Washington *Evening Star*. The New York *Times* won the prize for meritorious public service in connection with its survey of the teaching of American history in the nation's schools.

On the political front, the week opened with a statement from General Douglas MacArthur, stating flatly that he would not accept nomination as Presidential candidate. Reports from the Midwest indicated that the withdrawal of his name from the race had left American isolationists or nationalists—those who want to have nothing to do with the rest of the world after the war—without a candidate of sufficient stature. The General has never backed the isolationists or nationalists but his name has often been associated with their movement.

Any hope that Governor Thomas E. Dewey, of New York, would turn isolationist was generally regarded as squelched following a speech which he made before the American Newspaper Publishers' Association. This address was so internationally-minded in its flavor that Gerald L. K. Smith, the America First leader who backed Dewey against Wendell Willkie in the Wisconsin primary last month, immediately turned against the Governor. Smith, speaking for two and a half hours in Chicago, advised the Republican Party to forget about Dewey and draft someone like Colonel Robert McCormick, publisher of the Chicago *Tribune*. Accusing Dewey of "slipping into Willkie's bed and of endorsing Roosevelt's foreign policy," Smith said: "Unless Tom Dewey crawls out of Roosevelt's bed he is a dead duck."

As a potential G.O.P. nominee for President, Dewey remained so far out ahead of his rivals that by the end of the week Senator Ralph O. Brewster, Republican of Maine, a man who in the past has been a neutral observer of political trial heats, predicted that the 42-year-old Governor would be nominated on the first ballot at his party's national convention. Out of the 679 delegates thus far chosen, Dewey had a total of 239 pledged or claimed, while 269 remained uninstructed and unclaimed.

PRIMARY Day came and went in several states, producing results of varying significance, including returns from three states that were considered very encouraging to administration forces. Senators Claude Pepper, of Florida, and Lister Hill, of Alabama, won the Democratic nomination against strongly anti-New Deal rivals, and in South Dakota a Republican Senator, Chan Gurney, was renominated despite opposition charges that he had adopted President Roosevelt's political philosophy and foreign policy. In

BACKING UP THE BOMBS. The B-25 Mitchell now totes nearly five times the armament of those which bombed Tokyo. Eight more guns you can't see: Two on the other side of the pilot's compartment, two in the waist, two in the upper turret, and two in the tail.

Maryland, Senator Millard E. Tydings, with three terms in Washington already behind him, ran in a five-man race for the Democratic nomination and won, hands down. And in Nebraska, George Olsen, a Plattsmouth war-plant worker, won the Democratic gubernatorial nomination from Pat Heaton, a Sidney attorney. Olsen will run against Governor Dwight Griswold, a Republican who is seeking his third consecutive term.

Urging higher pay for white-collar workers, Senator James M. Tunnell, Democrat of Delaware, said that fifty bucks a week provides "a very low margin of living" for American civilians in wartime. He declared that a Senate sub-committee investigating the living standards of the nation's white-collar workers had found that 20 million of them had received raises that were less than the most conservative estimates of the rise of living costs in wartime and that the hardship suffered by this group was greater than that borne by any other.

The nation's output of airplanes during April slumped a bit, Charles E. Wilson, executive vice-chairman of the War Production Board, disclosed in Washington. The total turned out last month was 8,343, compared with a record output in March of 9,118, he said. Part of the decrease was planned, according to Wilson, but the slackening off was a bit more than had been called for. However, there is no cause for alarm. "We got all the planes we wanted," Wilson said.

In Medford, Mass., 28-year-old Francis C. McGerity, who holds a medical discharge from the Coast Guard, received an invitation to join the Wacs, who figured his name was Frances. McGerity wrote back, saying he hated to pass up the chance of a lifetime but that, in view of his medical record with the Coast Guard, he was afraid he wouldn't be able to pass the rigid Wac physical.

Mrs. Alfred E. Smith, 68-year-old wife of the former Governor of New York, died of virus pneumonia at St. Vincent's Hospital in New York City, after a five-week illness. Married to the famous Al for 44 years, she was always "Katie" to him—the confidante with whom he talked over his problems during the brown-derby heydey of his political career. The two were married when Al was a process server making $75 a month. They had five children, one of whom is Alfred E. Smith, Jr., a captain in the Army.

Z. W. ("Billy") Bitzer, the cameraman who filmed *Birth of a Nation* and many of Mary Pickford's early pictures, died in Hollywood at the age of 73.

John and Ralph Merlucci, of Newark, N.J., were born on the same day, had measles and chicken pox at the same time, attended the same classes in school, were inducted into the Army on the same date—February 24, 1943, and went overseas as machine gunners in the same unit. Last week, their mother, Mrs. Caroline Merlucci, back in Newark, received word that both boys were missing in action on the Anzio front in Italy.

Indirectly taking issue with a recent report by the Truman Committee to the effect that the major battles of war production have been won and that the time is near when materials will have to be made available for civilian goods, Donald M. Nelson, Chairman of the War Production Board, said that the manufacture of materials for the war had not yet reached its peak. In fact, he said, war production will have to be maintained at or near top capacity throughout the remainder of this year. "Until the European invasion comes off successfully," Nelson declared, "we cannot take a chance on returning to the manufacture of any civilian item that isn't absolutely essential."

The dough is already being handed out to honorably discharged veterans of this war. Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson announced in Washington that during the first three months under the new mustering-out payment law the Army had forked over $653,800 to 3,345 veterans or their survivors. The top $300 payment went to 279 men who had seen service overseas; 2,944 men got the $200 authorized for soldiers with more than 60 days service in the U. S.; and the rest received the $100 allowed for men who got into the Army and out again in less than 60 days.

Secretary Stimson also disclosed that the OCS system in the States is now turning out less than 2,500 graduates each month, thanks to the Army's diminishing needs for junior officers. The peak of the OCS program was reached in December, 1940, he said, when 23,000 got their commissions. The number of OCSs is to be further cut down, according to the Secretary.

LIEUTENANT GENERAL BREHON SOMERVELL, Chief of the Army Services Forces, had an encouraging word to say about the future of all us Joes. Speaking at the dedication of the Army's $5,000,000 Crile General Hospital in Cleveland, O., he declared: "There aren't going to be any apple sellers on the street corners after this war if we can prevent it. There aren't going to be any wounded soldiers sleeping in parks or lodged in jails. The best we can do for these men isn't enough but we will do our best."

William P. Hitler, nephew of the Nazi big shot, completed his boot training in New York City and moved on to an advanced Naval Training station. A couple of his pals to be transferred at the same time were Charles W. Fuhrer and W. W. Messerschmidt.

Hedy Lamarr was sued for 10,000 fish by William Barrett, an author, who said she had bought a story called "Women on Horseback" from him for that amount and had failed to come across with the coin. Miss Lamarr denied having bought the yarn and said that anyway it was "salacious, pornographic, and immoral."

Three Army Air Force officers, accused of faulty inspection practices at the Lockheed plant of the Wright Aeronautical Corp., in Cincinnati, were found guilty on charges of negligence and sentenced by a general court martial to dismissal from the service. They are Lieutenant Colonel Frank C. Groulich, Major William Bruckmann, and Major Walter Ryan.

Ernest Hemingway, complete with beard, was working out in a New York City gym to get in shape for his forthcoming trip to England as war correspondent for *Collier's* magazine. Hemingway wrote *For Whom the Bell Tolls* as a result of his experiences in Spain during the civil war there.

WHY MEN TURN VEGETARIAN. Here we have Joy Barlow (carrots), Dorothy Gardner (tomatoes), and Ann Fredericks (her own sweet self) in a scene from a picture they are making.

Marva Louis, wife of Sgt. Joe Louis, the boxing champ who is now in the ETO, made her New York debut as a night-club singer. Appearing at the Greenwich Village Inn, she was pronounced a big hit by the critics despite the fact that her vocal career is only a few months old. Apparently her marital difficulties with Joe are all over as she was wearing his engagement and wedding rings and said: "Joe will make such a good husband when he gets home. I know from talking to him just before he went away." She added that the Sarge had just cabled her asking for news of their daughter, Jacqueline.

And up in Madison, Wis., William Ellery Leonard, eccentric poet at the University of Wisconsin, died of a heart ailment at the age of 68, after a quarter of a century during which he had never gone more than a few blocks from where he lived. For years he had complained of a distance phobia which made him allergic to straying far from home—but he never had to explain that to a draft board.

A BOY AND HIS DOGS. The picture at left of 11-year-old Richard Trenkler was made after his pet Spotty was killed by a driver in New York City. Hundreds of persons who saw the photograph of the lad offered him other dogs. He picked the cocker spaniel making friends with him at right.

FAVORITE. Freda Jacobs, 18-year-old worker in a Wilmington (Calif.) shipyard, is "Southern California Shipyard Pin-up Queen."

Mail Call

What To Do With Germany

Dear YANK:

During these hectic days, one reads much about what to do with Germany. Amid the myriad suggestions, one vague idea seems to stand out, the partition of Germany among America, England and Russia for martial occupancy.

When the occupation is over, what then? As to the form of government, I will not venture to say (altho I favor a democracy) but rather should like to make a suggestion as to its internal geography.

Most of the maps of Germany show a huge red blotch which extends over the entire northern section.

The blotch is Prussia, the ruling state of Germany and the origin of the Junkers. My suggestion then is this: Get rid of the red blotch by dividing the whole thing into the original provinces conquered in the past three hundred years by the predatory Prussians and break up the entailed estates of the Junkers, reducing them to the common herd (at least economically). This should serve to abolish or at least drastically curtail the powers of the infamous German General Staff.

Perhaps a better suggestion would be to divide the land into departments as in France. During the occupation, at least, these should serve as excellent administrative units and possibly give the Germans a new slant on life.

Pfc. L. C. METZGER

Britain.

Sam, You Made The Pants, Etc. (II)

Dear YANK:

There appeared a letter in your April 30 issue from Pfc. L. J. Sosh, who wants to know why his O.D. trousers have such a big seat and a flap in the front. As a member of the Quartermaster Corps who issues clothing, I will endeavor to enlighten this GI on the matter.

To begin with there are two kinds of trousers. There are the regular "trousers wool serge O.D." which do not have an extra flap in the front and do not have a big seat. From personal experience I've found just the opposite to be true. The seats are quite skimpy. Then we have what we call "trousers wool serge O.D. Special." These are not for ordinary issue, and these do have a large seat and do have an extra flap in the front. I'm not familiar with the procedure in the rest of the Army, but at our depot we do issue these special trousers when we are out of a particular size in the regular, and have it in the special rather than issue a misfit if it can be avoided. The reason these special trousers are made and stocked is that these are the ones that are impregnated when you get your protective clothing. The only reason I can see for the large seat might be that in the event that you had to put them on over some other clothes, there'd be enough room. However, this is just my guess. As for the extra flap in

the front, this is obviously an added protection from gas were the trousers used as protective clothing. I hope this helps to explain this matter.

Pfc. OSCAR CHAIFETZ

Britain.

Holiday Suggestion

Dear YANK:

We've tried to get some cards for Mother's Day, but it seems as though the people here in England don't even know what Mother's Day is . . . What are we going to use for a card when Father's Day comes around? We'd like to find out if the Army can't supply us with such things when they're needed and can't be found here.

Pvt. LOUIS J. DZIEURT
Cpl. FREDERICK WEISS
Pvt. JAMES R. GALLAGHER
Pvt. GUY WILLIAMS
Pvt. JAMES A. DEWHIRST

Britain.

GI Minors

Dear YANK:

I enlisted in the Army while I was under age; I lied to the recruiting officer and served two years before I was discovered. The Army gave me an honorable discharge, however. Since then I have

been drafted and am now nearing the end of my first "drafted" year. This, added to my earlier service, gives me three full years in the Army, but I have been told that I cannot wear a hash mark for that three-year hitch because I enlisted under false colors. I don't think that's fair. After all, I've done nothing I should be ashamed of.

Pfc. JAMES N. HELLER

Iran.

[According to regulations, service stripes can be worn by those "who have served honorably," whether continuously or not, and the fact that you were discharged because you were under age does not bar you from wearing a service stripe. Your discharge is an honorable one, and that's what counts. Refer doubters to AR 615-360 (39) and AR 600-40 (46-e).—Ed.]

More On GIs Who Went Home

Dear YANK:

I have never written in to any publication to express an opinion or concern. However, I'm thoroughly convinced that your "mag" is one in which good ole GI gab is spoken. Well, I've got a gripe that has been burning my insides for several weeks.

My best buddy was wounded and decorated in the scrap at Tunis, and to make a long story short, returns home. He sweats about six months in hospital; you know, "all-beat-up" with shrapnel wounds and all the other pains attached to the darn mess. After a furlough and as a Sgt., he leaves hospital and is shipped about 1,500 miles away from home to another garrison, for the purpose of returning to duty. They line the whole gang up and tell the rated men that they're sorry but the familiar GI nemesis, "the TO is overstrength and that they'll have to be reduced to the equal grade of our enjoyable character, 'Sad Sack.'" Imagine a veteran of combat, spotless record, and then they pull an unorthodox trick like that. (. . . ?)

We hear so much about "morale boosting" campaigns, risk the lives of famous artists en route overseas to entertain the servicemen that their spirits might be high, but what's the use when such incidents seem to be common happenings. The poor kid is depressed, his folks wonder what's up, and all his service buddies feel equally as bad.

And on with my gripes—the following example is what makes the preceding paragraph even more aggravating. When replacements come overseas from the States, the men retain their ratings; so then, a man who goes through a campaign and manages to get out alive can't receive a promotion because some 4-F is holding his original rating and causing the company to be overstrength. How do you suppose the fellows in the outfit feel about this? Not very good. And I can vouch for the above statement myself. What's the score? Where's the trouble? I don't expect an answer; in fact, I suppose I'll be lucky if this breaks into newsprint.

A PEACEABLE GUY

Britain.

Love Sonnet To The AFN (II)

Dear YANK:

We read the letter in "Mail Call" by Anthony J. Sivo in which he suggests that the American Forces Network do something so that we can hear them and not be forced to listen to the Jerries. We have the same trouble with the American Forces Network and we have actually been able to understand a few words of it at times! But, boy! Does Jerry come in plain! Can't we *please* have something done? And it isn't just *our* radio either—all in this area do the same thing.

We'll be listening for some results. In the meantime we will have to listen to Jerry—isn't that what you would do? If you can't get anything done about the AFN, will you please tell us where we can address requests to Jerry?

5 GIs.

Britain.

On National Anthems

Dear YANK:

I am embarrassed—not only for myself, but for the U. S. Army.

I am a newcomer to the U. K., and tonight I attended a U.S.O. Camp Show at a base that has been established for many months. At the conclusion of the show we were asked to stand and sing our National Anthem, and the British National Anthem. Ours was sung lustily enough by the probably ninety percent who know the words, but when they started "God Save the King" it was carried almost entirely by the few British Officers and men who were in the audience.

I know I was not alone in my shame at not knowing the words, and the idea occurred to me that since your magazine is so widely read, you could publish the words in some future issue—we all know the tune, of course—and many an American soldier would be glad to learn them. I, for one, certainly would.

FI/O. ALBERT W. ADAMS

Britain.

[We agree with you, and here are the words.—Ed.]

GOD SAVE THE KING

God save our gracious king;
Long live our noble king;
God save the king.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the king.

More On Puerto Rican GIs

Dear YANK:

Thank you and Sgt. Lou Stoumen for the article "Puerto Rican Soldiers" published in your magazine April 16th.

It was badly needed. Especially by the hundreds of Puerto Ricans in the U. S. forces trying our hardest to be good soldiers and be accepted on an equal footing with our North American buddies.

For economic and political reasons no doubt the North American press has in the main followed the policy of showing the Island in its worst light, playing mostly on the natural prejudices of dissimilar people. Of the few North American writers who have undertaken to present a more impartial picture of the Island many indulged in sensationalism bringing out some lurid distortions, i.e. Puerto Rican soldiers committing suicide rather than submit to discipline. This, of course, is not conducive to a fair judgment of our people. It places us instead in a very unfavorable, and I must add uncomfortable position.

Articles like Sgt. Stoumen's are a great help in combating this adverse publicity. Yes, we are maturing and perhaps growing in stature as a result of our participation in this war. But then again Puerto Ricans also fought and died in World War I.

T/5 ANTONIO RICHARDSON

Britain.

Invasion Suggestion

Dear YANK:

In conjunction with the educational program to teach languages to the service men and women before they invade a new country, I would like to suggest that representative signs around camps, bases and airfields also have printed on them, the French and German equivalent of the words.

A daily encounter with a few foreign words would

"HOW DO THEY FIND COURAGE TO CARRY ON—WITH NEW YORK IN RUINS AND ROOSEVELT A PRISONER IN BERLIN?"

—Cpl. Ruge

be much more effective in learning the words, than studying once a week or just reading a pamphlet. It has been said " One seeing is worth ten hearings."

Sgt. R. W. BENSON

Britain.

Medical Operations

Dear YANK:

Just before I got into the Army I thought I needed an operation, but my doctor told me not to have one because it would have after effects worse than the ailment itself. Now the Army tells me I must have

the operation, and when I protested, the Army doctor said I could be court martialed for refusing. I don't think I should have any operation I don't need, and I want to know whether it is true that I can be court martialed if I refuse?

Pfc. FRANK G. PENDALL

Hawaii.

[Yes. AR 600-10 (2-e-9) states that refusal to submit to a dental or medical operation in a time of war may result in court martial. If you really doubt the necessity of an operation, the matter will be referred to a three-man medical board, which decides whether the operation is necessary in order for you "to perform properly" your military duties. If they say operation, operation it is; and if you still say no, you may be tried by court martial.—Ed.]

Boost From A Boise Bard

Dear YANK:
I've an engineer in the ETO.
Who is thoughtful as can be
He sends to me your magazine
Each week across the sea.
The first thing that I look for
Is Sad Sack—poor, poor guy.
How anyone can l..ve such luck—
Ah me, it makes me sigh!
To Mail Call then to get the views
Of " boys who lived next door "
I like that page—it sounds so real—
I always wish for more.
The cartoons always catch my eye
Though some I cannot fathom,
(Being a civilian accounts for that)
But still I'm glad you have 'em.
The articles—the news from home—
Your editors, it's clear,
Are helping bridge that long, long way
From England over here.
Of all the magazines to read
I treasure most my " YANKS "
And so from far-off Idaho
Godspeed, good luck, and thanks!

DORIS BLAKESLEY

Boise, Idaho.

Censorship And Condensation

Dear YANK:

This letter censoring has me in a whirl. I could start now and write a letter four miles long, if I were allowed to say all the things I want to, but since we are limited to such things as friendship, KP, guard duty, chow and love, most of my letters (boiled down) sound something like this:

Dear Friend,
I just got off KP and will go on guard duty immediately after chow.
Love,
Chuck.

Pvt. CHARLES C. WAYNE

Britain.

After It's Over

Dear YANK:

We are having a little dispute over the answer to this one: After the war is over, and six months' duration is up, can the Army keep you for a longer period of service without getting you to reenlist for that period?

Cpl. EDWIN L. SCHMIED
Cpl. TONY LAURITIS
Sgt. ART FINK
Pfc. CARL HENSLEY

Britain.

[As yet no definite policy has been set up.—Ed.]

Post-War

The homely arts
This army has taught,
Should come in handy
When peace is wrought.
Necessity trained we are
At going
For needle and thread
On vital sewing.
Buttons off here,
A chevron there,
Rips in skivvies
And simple tear
—Are nothing!

Trade of the chef?
In this well versed!
You cook hot dogs
Until they burst!
To fry and to bake
And to boil and baste,
The ease with which now
We appeal to all taste
—Is something!

We'll use this knowledge
To ease the burden?
Of those at home?
We'll put a word in?
Offer aid?
On household running?
When through with war
And we've ceased gunning?
We'll gladly grab a
Squeegee or brush?
Cook a meal, or in a rush
Help with the dishes—be cheerful
About it? What say, my boy?
You mean you doubt it?
—Brother, you're right!

M/Sgt. LARRY McCABE

Britain.

YANK'S AFN RADIO GUIDE

Highlights for the week of May 14.

SUNDAY 1905—The Jack Benny Show—with Rochester, Mary Livingston and Phil Harris' Orchestra.

MONDAY 1930 – Command Performance – Dorothy Lamour, mistress of ceremonies with Virginia O'Brien, Vivian Della Chiesa, Ruth Carroll, T/Sgt. Dave Rose, Jimmy Dodd and Ken Carpenter. Dottie sings "Moon of Manakura" and "Would You."

TUESDAY 2030—The Fred Allen Show—with Portland Hoffa, "The Mighty Allen Art Players" and Al Goodman's Orchestra.

WEDNESDAY 2115—The Bob Hope Show—with Frances Langford, Jerry Colonna, Vera Vague and Stan Kenton's Music.

THURSDAY 2030—The Crosby Music Hall—with Bing Crosby, Jane Frazier, the Charioteers and John Scott Trotter's Orchestra. Bing sings, "San Fernando Valley."

FRIDAY 2135—The Charlie McCarthy Show—with Edgar Bergen and Ray Noble's Orchestra.

SATURDAY 1130—YANK's Radio Edition.

2010 – "Take The Air" – USSTAF presents excerpts from outstanding broadcasts to America by US airmen stationed in the ETO.

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

What's the Deal on the New Soldier-Vote Law?

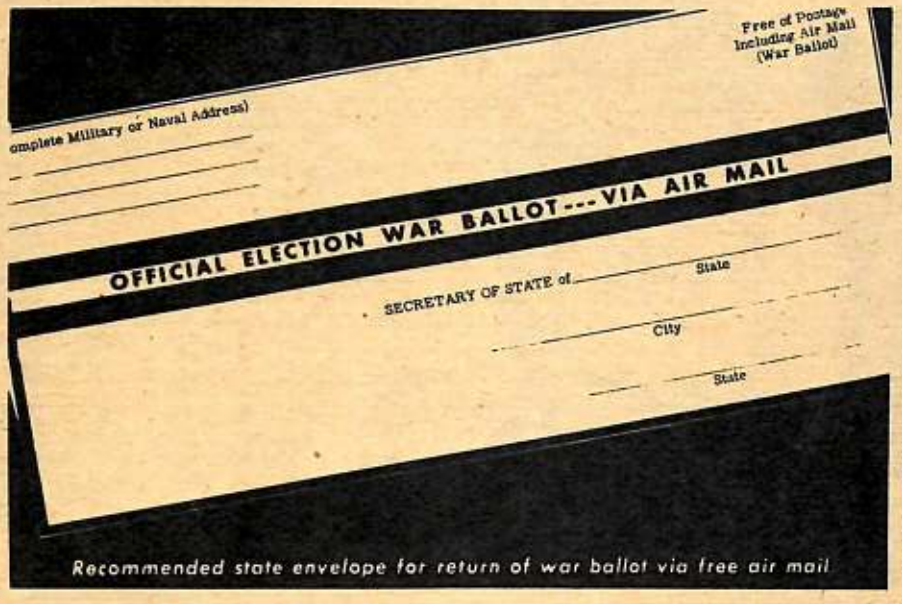
A LOT of GIs are probably wondering exactly what is the deal on soldier voting in this Presidential-election year of 1944, now that Congress, after months of debate, has passed a bill on that complex and controversial problem.

The new act of Congress on soldier voting, which officially became *Public Law 277* at 0001 on the morning of Apr. 1, is really not much different in principle from the previous law. It still leaves most of the voting procedure in the hands of the individual states rather than the Federal Government. It does provide for a Federal "official war ballot" covering the national election in November for the offices of President, Vice President, U. S. Senators and Representatives, but a soldier will not be permitted to use that kind of ballot unless his own state approves the use of it and allows it to be counted. We will not be able to tell you whether or not your particular state allows the use of the Federal ballot or how it will be distributed until July 15. On that day the state governors will inform the U. S. War Ballot Commission officially whether their state laws authorize the Federal ballot and will certify the provisions of their state absentee-voting laws.

If your state does recognize the Federal ballot, you will be allowed to use it only under two conditions:

1. If you are either within or outside the U. S. and if you come from a state which has no state absentee-voting provisions but which permits the use of the Federal ballot.

2. If you are outside the U. S., if your state permits the use of the Federal ballot and if you take an oath testifying that you applied for a state absentee ballot before Sept. 1 and did not receive it before Oct. 1.



Recommended state envelope for return of war ballot via free air mail

Nothing in the act restricts the right of a soldier to vote under his state absentee-voting laws, and that goes for primary and special elections as well as the big one in November. The act tries to make it easier for GIs to vote with state absentee ballots by recommending to the states the substitution of WD post cards for complicated special application forms, the limiting of weight and bulk of ballots, and fast delivery to make ballots available to soldiers 45 days before the elections.

The new law covers all members of the armed forces, but it leaves the eligibility of some members of the Merchant Marine and of certain "attached civilians," such as members of the Red Cross and the USO, to the individual states to determine.

Even members of the armed forces must be careful, however, to observe all the particular requirements of their individual states. Some states, for instance, may require absentee voters to go through special registration or to pay poll taxes before they are allowed to mark a ballot. *Public Law 277* allows a waiver of registration and poll taxes only when the Federal ballot is used. If there are any doubts in your mind about whether or not you are eligible to vote under your state absentee-voting laws, write a letter now to the secretary of state in your state capital and ask him about it.

After you find out whether you are eligible, you can get a state absentee ballot by the same method as usual—WD post cards. The new law provides for a new kind of post card which goes into more detail than the old card *(WD AGO 560)*. It provides spaces for your date of birth, home address and length of residence there, voting district, choice of party ballot for primary elections and spaces to print your name and serial number and write your signature. However, there are still lots of the old cards around, so you may be using them, too. If you do use an old card, remember to write your party on it if you want a state primary ballot and remember to print your name and serial number on it in addition to writing your signature.

The old card also called for the signature of a commissioned officer. But the new law authorizes not only officers but also warrant officers, noncoms above the rank of corporal and Navy petty officers to administer and witness oaths on post-card applications for ballots.

From then on, the procedure of getting an absentee ballot and voting depends on the laws of your state. Some states will send out ballots as soon as they receive the post card. Others will send you an application when they receive the post card, and you must fill out and return this application before receiving a ballot. The War Department will deliver post cards before Aug. 15 to overseas soldiers who want to vote in the November elections and before Sept. 15 to soldiers in the U. S., unless military conditions do not allow the delivery.

YANK will do its best to keep you posted from time to time on the various state laws—when they require you to mail the post card and when they require you to mail the applications or the ballots. The new act of Congress, in order to get the ballots back to the state before the election deadline, provides for them to travel from overseas by free air mail. Other points of the new law:

It holds commanding officers responsible for publicizing WD circulars on voting and making WD post cards available.

It prohibits officers or noncoms from forcing any soldier to vote if he doesn't want to vote and from forcing him to vote for any particular candidate.

It approves, however, free discussion among soldiers of political issues and candidates and prohibits Army censors from cutting political literature or arguments from letters addressed to soldiers provided that those letters contain no information that might be useful to the enemy. But it does not allow one-sided political propaganda to be given to soldiers through Government or Army publications, radio broadcasts and movies. In other words, it stops YANK from taking an editorial stand in favor of any particular Presidential candidate. Which is all right with YANK because it never wanted to back any particular candidate anyway.

That doesn't mean that YANK and other Government news organs cannot print political campaign speeches if they are newsworthy. It does mean that they must treat campaign news and speeches in a nonpartisan, objective manner that gives the reader both sides of the question.

REPEALING the Ramsay Act, which governed soldier voting in the last two years, the new law does away with "official war ballots" in state primary elections. Previous issues of YANK have published information on regulations of state primary voting under the Ramsay Act, stating that soldiers from Illinois, Pennsylvania, Florida, Maryland and New Jersey could vote in primaries with those old "official war ballots." Local election officials will decide whether or not "official war ballots" cast by Illinois GIs in the Apr. 11 primary are valid. In Pennsylvania, Florida, Maryland and New Jersey "official war ballots" already executed will be regarded as regular state absentee ballots, and soldiers from those states who have already applied for "official war ballots" won't have to get state absentee ballots. But in the future, soldiers from those four states should request state absentee ballots either in accordance with state law or by sending WD post cards to their secretaries of state.

YANK will report on the ways and means of getting the Federal ballot, provided by the new law, when that information becomes available in July. In the meantime, if there is anything else you want to know about the new soldier voting regulations, look up *WD Circular 128, 3 April 1944.*

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SPORTS: SO YOU KNOW SPORTS? THEN TRY THIS EASY LITTLE QUIZ

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

THE following sports quiz was given to 20 rookies at the Brooklyn Dodgers' spring training camp. Those who made passing grades were immediately offered contracts. Allow five points for each question you answer correctly. If you score 80 or more, you pitch the opener against the Phillies; 70 you sit on the bench; 60 you are farmed out to Montreal; 50 you are sold to the Giants; 40 or below, you are given away free to the Phillies.

1. If Brooklyn is still in the National League, where is Bill Terry?

2. Identify five out of seven of the personalities known by each of the following nicknames: *(a)* Big Poison, *(b)* Big Red, *(c)* Big Train, *(d)* Big Bill, *(e)* Little Poker Face, *(f)* Little Bill, *(g)* Little Poison.

3. Were any of the Louis-Schmeling fights title bouts?

4. Gary Cooper played the role of Lou Gehrig in "The Pride of the Yankees." Who played the part of Bill Dickey?

5. Define three out of five of the following baseball terms: *(a)* leather players, *(b)* cripple, *(c)* Jesse James, *(d)* wooden Indian, *(e)* meal ticket.

6. Have the New York Yankees ever finished last in the American League?

7. Listed below are the Eastern and Western representatives in the Rose Bowl for the last four years. Can you pair them up and name the winners?

Oregon State	Tennessee
UCLA	Nebraska
Stanford	Georgia
Southern California	Duke

8. Bobo Newsom is the most traded player in baseball. Can you name four of the teams he played with?

9. Gil Dodds recently ran the mile in 4:06.4 to set a new world's indoor record. Who ran a faster indoor mile and why wasn't it official?

10. What is Ty Cobb's lifetime batting average?

11. Name the players who formed the following combinations: *(a)* Million Dollar Infield, *(b)* Four Horsemen.

12. In case of an attempted double steal, if one runner is thrown out, is the other credited with a stolen base?

13. Who did the following heavyweight champions win their titles from: *(a)* Jack Dempsey, *(b)* Jack Sharkey, *(c)* Max Baer, *(d)* Joe Louis?

In what World Series game did this action take place and who are players involved? Answer below.

The fourth game, 1941 World Series. In ninth inning with the Dodgers leading 4-3, Henrich fanned for what should have been the last out. But Owen let third strike escape and Yanks went on to win 7-4.

14. What is considered the greatest Davis Cup upset in history?

15. Who was Tom Harmon's blocking back at Michigan?

16. How many of the following horses are Kentucky Derby winners: Man O' War, Count Fleet, Alsab, Shut Out, Omaha, Bold Venture, Brevity, Discovery, Cavalcade?

17. How many times has Louis defended his title?

18. What football teams did the following officers coach in peacetime: *(a)* Lt. Col. Wallace Wade, *(b)* Comdr. Jim Crowley, *(c)* Col. Bob Neyland, *(d)* Lt. Ducky Pond, *(e)* Comdr. Jock Sutherland?

19. Name four sports figures whose nickname is Hank?

20. Who used to own the dirtiest uniform in the National League?

ANSWERS TO SPORTS QUIZ

1. In Memphis, farming. **2.** *(a)* Paul Waner. *(b)* Man O'War. *(c)* Walter Johnson. *(d)* Bill Tilden, *(e)* Helen Wills, *(f)* Bill Johnson. *(g)* Lloyd Waner. **3.** No. **4.** Bill Dickey. **5.** *(a)* good fielders who are poor hitters, *(b)* ball pitched when count is 3-0, 2-0, 3-1, *(c)* an umpire, *(d)* player who waits out pitcher, *(e)* a winning pitcher, like Hubbell. **6.** Yes, in 1902, 1908 and 1912. **7.** Southern California defeated Tennessee, 14-0, in 1940; Stanford defeated Nebraska, 21-13, in 1941; Oregon State defeated Duke, 20-16, in 1942; Georgia defeated UCLA, 9-0, in 1943. **8.** Tigers, Browns, Dodgers, Senators, Athletics and Red Sox. **9.** Glenn Cunningham ran a 4:04.4 mile in a paced race at Dartmouth, but lack of competition made it no record. **10.** .367. **11.** *(a)* Stuffy McGinnis, first base, Eddie Collins, second base, Home Run Baker, third base and Jack Barry, shortstop; *(b)* Don Miller, Elmer Layden, Jim Crowley and Harry Stuhldreher. **12.** No. **13.** *(a)* Jess Willard. *(b)* Max Schmeling, *(c)* Primo Carnera. *(d)* Jim Braddock. **14.** The French victory over the American team in 1927. **15.** Forrest Evashevski. **16.** Count Fleet, Shut Out, Omaha, Bold Venture, Cavalcade. **17.** Twenty-one times. **18.** *(a)* Duke, *(b)* Fordham, *(c)* Tennessee, *(d)* Yale, *(e)* Brooklyn Dodgers. **19.** Hank Greenberg, Hank Luisetti, Hank Gowdy and Hank Leiber. **20.** Pepper Martin.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

PVT. HARRY WALKER, the Cards' center fielder, nearly had the equivalent of a third strike called on him recently at Fort Riley, Kans. He was suffering with spinal meningitis and at one stage the doctors gave him up. He was put in a strait jacket, but tore out of it and cleared the room of three orderlies. The next day he took a turn for the better and now is well on his way to recovery. . . . **Al McCoy,** who once had the dubious honor of fighting Joe Louis, had an even closer call at the Corpus Christi (Tex.) Naval Air School. While trying to get out of the way of two falling planes that collided during a test flight, he tripped and was injured internally. And as result has had several serious hemorrhages. . . . If you happen to be in New Guinea, tune in on station WHMS and hear **Pfc. Bitsy Grant's** news broadcasts. . . . **Johnny Pesky,** who started out as an aviation cadet with teammate **Ted Williams,** has switched to gunnery and is now working on his ensign's commission at Atlanta. . . . **Roy Weatherly,** the Yankee outfielder, volunteered for the Paratroops at the Fort Benjamin Harrison (Ind.) Induction Center and has practically persuaded **Al Milnar,** Browns' southpaw, to join him.

Missing in action: **Darold Jenkins,** Missouri's All-American center of 1941, over Germany after an air raid. . . . *Promoted:* **Maj. Bobby Jones,** one-time golf champion, to lieutenant colonel in England; **Lt. Cmdr. Jack Dempsey,** former heavyweight champ, to commander at Manhattan Beach (N. Y.) Coast Guard Station. . . . *Commissioned:* **J. Neil (Skip) Stanley,** head football coach at Brown University, as a lieutenant junior grade in the Navy. . . . *Inducted:* **Billy Paschal,** New York Giant halfback and leading NFL ground gainer, into the Maritime Service; **Jake Wade,** Cleveland lefty, into the Navy; **Rip Radcliff,** Philadelphia Athletic outfielder, into the Navy; **Wee Willie Wilkin,** 274-pound Washington Redskin tackle, into the Marines; **Dee Miles,** former American League outfielder, into the Navy; **Thurman Tucker,** Chisox outfielder, into the Army. . . . *Rejected:* **Phil Cavarretta,** Chicub first baseman, because of a bad knee; **Frank McCormick,** Cincinnati first baseman, because of back ailment; **Tom Miller,** first-string end of the Philadelphia Eagles, because of stomach ulcers; **Paul Richards,** Detroit catcher, because of bad knee.

COUNT 'EM. Those 14 markers and Jap flag on side of the bridge of this PT boat mean that Ensign Mike Holovak, ex-Boston College All-American fullback, has sunk 14 enemy barges in the Pacific.

This Marine Raider has never forgotten a certain bunch of Japs who put scars on his back in 1939.

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Correspondent

A MARSHALL ISLANDS BASE—You might think Gunnery Sgt. Victor (Transport) Maghakian, one of Carlson's fabulous Marine Raiders, would have had his revenge by now.

He killed his first Japs on Makin Island in August 1942. Uncounted others died during his 16 days behind the enemy lines on Guadalcanal. At Kwajalein in the Marshalls, he did away with the last five Japs left on one of the islets at the northern end of the atoll, and at Eniwetok he shot an even dozen. He has twice been awarded a Purple Heart, holds a Navy Cross and a Silver Star and is entitled to five battle stars on his Asiatic-Pacific Ribbon. His Raider battalion received a Presidential Citation.

But Transport is still not satisfied.

His hatred of the Japs began in January 1939, when he was still a pfc. Early one evening, as Transport sat with a Marine corporal at a table in T. T. Wong's cabaret in Chin Wang Tao, China, five Jap officers entered. One of them, a major, stopped in front of the table where the marines were sitting, bowed and then quite deliberately spit in the corporal's face.

Maghakian dove around the table, grabbed the major by the belt and began pounding him in the face with his fist. Then a second major struck Transport several times on the back with his scabbard-encased sword, drawing blood. The corporal swung and knocked the second major down. As he fell, Maghakian grabbed the Luger from his holster. Then, the corporal behind him, Transport started toward the door, brandishing the pistol as he went.

The next morning Maghakian and the corporal were called before their commanding officer. Instead of the expected court martial, they found that a British officer had witnessed the entire incident and informed their CO. The CO accompanied them to Japanese Army headquarters in Chin Wang Tao, where a Jap colonel apologized for the drunken conduct of his officers.

Maghakian has never forgiven the Japs, and he still has the scars on his back caused by the major's scabbarded sword. He also has scars from Jap-inflicted wounds on both wrists.

ALTHOUGH Transport now occasionally fails to recognize the existence of other branches of service, he was actually headed toward the Navy recruiting office in Chicago when, in January 1936, he quit his job in an oil station and started down LaSalle Street. On the way, however, he stopped off at a neighborhood movie and saw Victor McLaglen in "Pride of the Marines."

"It must have been the uniform that got me," he says. He was inducted as a marine and spent most of the next three years in the Philippines and China, watching the Japs wage their war against the Chinese and prepare for their war against the U.S.

"We knew they were getting ready, and we knew they were well prepared," he says. "They were smart then, and they still are."

But just before he returned to the States in May 1939, Maghakian met a Marine officer who impressed him as being quite a bit smarter. The officer was Evans Fordyce Carlson, who had just returned to Shanghai from an expedition with the Chinese Eighth Route Army.

"Even then Carlson had a gleam in his eye," Transport declares. "You won't believe it, of course, but I had a feeling we'd meet again."

The second meeting did not come for nearly three years. In February 1940, Maghakian had been "paid off" by the Marine Corps. He spent the next two years as a deputy sheriff of Fresno County, Calif. His parents, three sisters and three brothers—one of them is now in the Merchant Marine, another a corporal in the Army Air Forces—had moved from Chicago to Fresno, where they lived two blocks from another prominent Armenian family, the Saroyans.

WHEN he joined up a second time early in 1942, he was sent to Camp Elliott, Calif., where Sgt. Maj. Harry Bryan, an old friend from his days in the Philippines, told him that Lt. Col. Carlson was forming a "suicide" outfit of Marine Raiders, to be composed entirely of volunteers.

Maghakian was one of 900 chosen from 15,000 who volunteered. "All of us," he says, "seemed to have a very special reason for wanting to fight." There was a Filipino whose sister had been raped in Manila by the invading Japs. The wife of another had been killed at Pearl Harbor. Two had lost brothers at Wake Island. A few had been members of the International Brigade of the Spanish Loyalist Army. There were several Jewish refugees from Germany. Among the officers was James Roosevelt.

At their training camp at Jacques Farm, just outside Elliott, Maghakian heard Lt. Col. Carlson give his first speech: there were to be many others later. "Discipline," Carlson said, "must be based on knowledge and reason instead of blind obedience. Individual initiative and resourcefulness must be encouraged."

During the basic training, Raider officers stood in the same chow line as the men—but behind them. They slept on the same hard ground, without blankets or shelter halves. Every day they sat in a forum and heard their ideas analyzed and frequently torn apart or discarded by privates, pfcs., corporals and any other enlisted men who had ideas.

"You must share the hardships and privations of those you lead and prove, by your character and ability, your qualifications for leadership," Carlson told his officers, and they did. Those who did not were reassigned.

From the beginning, Carlson also talked about "heart"—the indefinable something he believed had made the Chinese Eighth Route Army fight long after it was beaten.

As for tactics, Carlson had two basic principles: 1) Strike when the enemy least expects it. 2) Strike where the enemy believes it impossible.

"Each of us learned to be a one-man army," Transport explains, "to fight by himself and live by himself—like the Russian guerrillas and Tito's soldiers."

BY May 1942, the first Raiders were ready to leave the States—after 14 weeks of almost daily hikes of from 35 to 50 miles, training in judo, knife fighting, hip firing, barbed-wire crashing, mountain climbing and repeated landings in rubber boats.

Their first stop was Pearl Harbor, and after a few weeks of additional training there, 200 men and 10 officers were loaded into submarines and started for Makin Atoll in the Gilberts, where they landed before dawn on Aug. 17, 1942.

Twenty minutes after he stepped from his rubber boat onto the sandy "Y" Beach of Butaritari Island, Transport had the opportunity he had awaited for nearly three years. He shot his first Jap, a sniper tied to a tree only a few feet from the skirmish line established by the marines. Five minutes later he was the first Raider to be wounded on the island, getting a Jap .25-caliber slug through the right wrist.

He put a tourniquet around his arm himself. Sgt. Clyde Turner of Atlanta, Ga., tied a handkerchief around the wound, and Transport continued firing his tommy gun, using his left hand as he had been taught.

Three times during the morning the Japs made a charge against the Marine lines, and each time they were mowed down. By 1000, when the battle had quieted down except for occasional snipers, Transport was ordered back to the temporary-aid station, where his arm was bandaged. Fifteen minutes later he was back in the front lines, against orders. "I had lost all my noncoms," he explains. "I had to be there."

At 1045 two-engined enemy bombers, escorted by Zeros, began an hour's bombing and strafing, and immediately Carlson ordered a retreat.

"We thought he was crazy for a minute," Transport says, "but just for a minute. When we withdrew 200 yards, the Japs advanced to our original position, and the enemy planes strafed their own lines and bombed their own troops. We pulled the same trick twice, and it worked both times."

A few minutes after the air attack ended, a Jap four-motored transport landed in the Butaritari lagoon, escorted by a single-engined seaplane. Transport set up two antitank guns and opened fire on the escort ship. In less than a minute it burned and sank, and almost immediately afterward three engines of the big plane were damaged. It took off, circled the lagoon 13 times no more than 100 feet over the water and then crashed.

All during the afternoon there were other bombing and strafing attacks, but by 1600 most of the heavy fighting was over, and Transport was ordered back to the aid station.

Transport Maghakian's

PART OF THE MARINE RAIDER BATTALION COMES BACK FROM ITS RAID ON MAKIN ISLAND IN AUGUST 1942.

When he and the rest of the surviving Raiders returned to their submarine the next day, the guns of the subs had destroyed two ships in the harbor; three radio stations had been knocked out; hundreds of barrels of aviation gasoline believed captured at Guam and Wake had been burned, and all but two of the 150 Japs on Butaritari Island were dead. Carlson, the last to leave, first said a silent prayer over each marine who had died there.

TRANSPORT was still in the hospital at Pearl Harbor, and his name was on a sailing list to return to the States, when he heard the scuttlebutt that the Raiders were going to Guadalcanal. He got out of bed and called Carlson on the telephone. Maghakian doesn't remember what he said, but it must have been convincing because within an hour his name was off the sailing list. Although his arm was still in a cast, he started for the South Pacific two weeks later.

They had intense weeks of jungle training at Espiritu Santo in the New Hebrides—where, as a result of the lessons learned at Makin, the Raiders for the first time used their now-famous fire group, consisting of a three-man squad with a BAR, a tommy gun and an M1. Early in November they arrived at Henderson Field, Guadalcanal, and two days later Transport's company and one other joined advance squads in a 48-hour patrol behind the Jap lines to discover their numbers, strength and position and, of course, to kill as many as possible.

The patrol lasted 30 days.

Each Raider carried, in addition to his weapons and his Raider knife, a horseshoe roll containing half a dozen condoms filled with cigarettes and matches, a towel, a bar of soap, a GI sock filled with rice, one of tea and one of raisins, plus a few bars of D ration.

At night, during the infrequent lulls between the almost continuous rains, they built fires by the side of the trail, cooked their rice with a few raisins added for variety and cleaned their weapons. When their own food and water ran out, they used some that had been captured from the Japs. In less than a week they had used all their limited supply of atabrine and quinine, and men dropped beside the trail with fatigue and malaria. A few died of the fever.

Almost always Evans Carlson led the column as it zigzagged across rivers, over mountains, through almost impenetrable underbrush.

The patrol had almost ended when Transport was wounded for a second time. They were climbing up a densely covered ridge when a Jap heavy machine gun, just below the peak, opened

Revenge

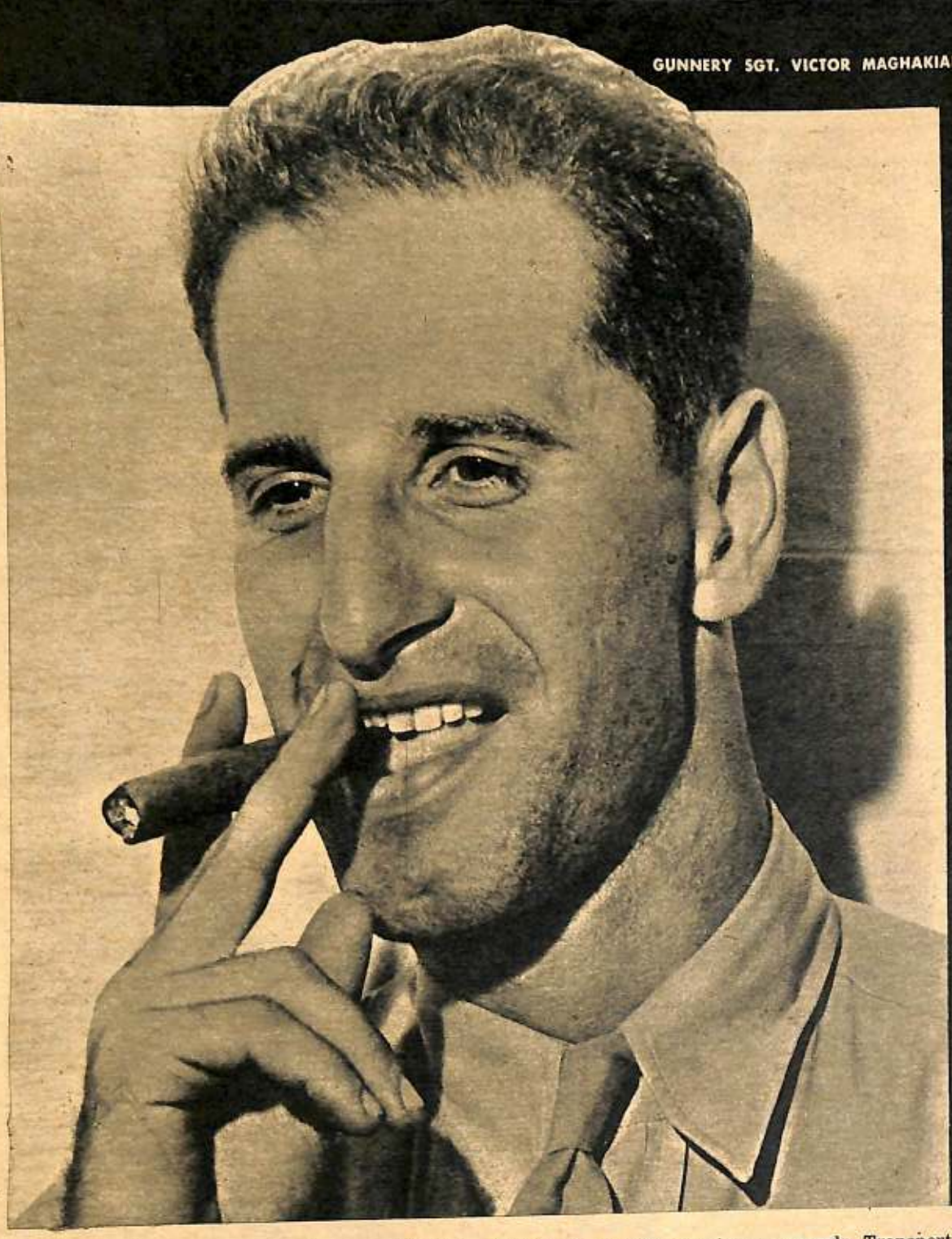
up on them, wounding a runner and Transport's platoon leader.

Maghakian placed two men on the trail to cover him and edged toward the machine-gun nest with a grenade in his hand. When he got within 10 yards, he hurled the grenade, wiping out the entire crew. As he rose to go back, a sniper crouching in the bushes just above the machine gun hit him in the left wrist with another .25-caliber slug, shattering his wrist watch. Transport still carries 13 pieces of the watch in his left arm. Luckily, the two marines who were covering him got the sniper.

Transport was given almost immediate first aid, and a few hours later began the tedious trek back to the American lines. It took two days and nights to return, fighting all the way.

During the 30-day patrol between the Aola Bay and Henderson Field, the Raiders killed 400 Japs, destroyed *Pistol Pete*—the artillery piece that had been harassing American troops since the original landing in August—and wiped out five separate Jap bases. Fifteen Raiders were killed during the operation.

AFTER Guadalcanal, Transport returned to the States on a hospital ship and spent the next two months at the Navy Hospital in Oakland, Calif. A few days after his release he was married. Then he became a Marine Scout and Raider instructor, still under Lt. Col. Carlson.



GUNNERY SGT. VICTOR MAGHAKIAN

By January 1944 he had had enough instructing. "I was afraid I'd forgotten how to fight," he says. So he volunteered for another assault mission in the Pacific. This time the destination was Kwajalein Atoll in the Marshalls.

On Jan. 31, D Day of the operation, Transport and a company of Marine Scouts (including many of the original Raiders) landed on a tiny island of the atoll.

Within an hour they had killed 18 Japs and taken two prisoners. Transport wiped out the last five, who were in a spider trench at the north tip of the islet. "It was an easy job," he says. "Like shooting fish in a barrel. I simply fired 30 rounds with my carbine and threw a grenade, and that was all. Not very interesting."

LATER Maghakian and the Scouts landed on a small island near Engebi, site of the Jap airfield on Eniwetok Atoll, 350 miles north of Kwajalein. Going ashore there the night before D Day, they met no opposition. But as they continued their island-hopping—going from shore to shore in rubber boats, walking across an island, then proceeding to the next—they had the feeling that a few Japs were retreating just ahead of them.

By the time they had secured six islands it was dawn, and the Scouts, quite naturally, were tired. They were just lying down on the sand for a sleep when orders came through that the next day they were to take several more islets, just to the north of Eniwetok Island itself.

When they went ashore at 0800 on the first of the small southern islets, they smelled smoke from a wood fire, easily distinguishable from the smoke of the Navy shelling, and saw footprints in the sand along their landing beach. About 20 yards inland Transport, whose platoon was in the lead, spotted a small, suspicious pile of palm fronds under a coconut tree.

"Stand fast," he shouted, and as his men hit the ground an American tommy gun opened up, firing six or eight continuous rounds. Transport crawled forward a few feet and fired his carbine. He got the Jap tommy gunner directly between the eyes with his first shot.

"It was my luckiest shot in a lot of shooting," he declares. In all, six Japs were killed in that one hole, and by nightfall, five other islands had been secured by the Scouts.

Assault waves of marines had landed on Parry Island, the third largest of the atoll, when the Scouts came in to do the mopping up. Reaching the front lines an hour before dark, they took the offensive and moved forward almost 100 yards before digging in for the night, setting their foxholes so close they were almost elbow to elbow.

During the night the Japs, as always, tried to crawl between the lines and climb into the Scouts' holes. They came singly and in twos and threes, but always they were unsuccessful. "It was a sleepless night, but we got Japs," Transport says. The next morning there were 17 Jap bodies between the lines, and the Scouts had not lost a single man. Transport had raised his score for Eniwetok to 12 killed.

Shortly after noon that day Parry was completely secured, and the Scouts had finished their mission at Eniwetok.

JUST where they will go from here the Scouts do not know, but they know that they will be told as soon as their officers find out. They are certain that, as always, they will be able to criticize and change the operational plan if they don't approve it, and they are positive they will succeed in their missions.

"The odds against any of us returning alive at Guadalcanal were 20 to 1," Transport says. "After that, we can live through anything, I guess."

Transport himself will be on the next operation. He doesn't think he will be fully revenged against the Japs until the scars on his back have completely disappeared.

And they seem to be very permanent scars.

Gale Robbins

YANK

Pin-up Girl