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By the men . . for the men in the service

OVER THE RIDGE LIES THE REST OF ITALY.

Three sergeants of the Fifth Army, on patrol, cautiously scan the terrain before them from the vantage point of a rain-formed gully in the wooded hills.

YANK'S FIRST ANNIVERSARY IN BRITAIN—See page 19

The marble ladies of an Italian fountain get some olive-drab rigging as these Yanks of the Fifth Army do their laundry.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE

"The attack must be executed with speed and ruthless aggression," the chief of staff dictated.

By Sgt. WALTER BERNSTEIN
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—The division was to attack in the morning.

The preceding afternoon, back at G-2, the three war correspondents sat in the war room and studied the terrain map.

"This is the objective," said the G-2 major who had charge of the Press. He pointed to the cluster of the contour lines. "This ridge here," he said, "will be attacked by a full regiment after one hour of artillery bombardment. Two other battalions will make a flank attack to the south, but the main movement will be across this valley and directly up the ridge."

"Will you have plane support?" one of the correspondents asked.

"If the visibility is good we may put some air on it," the major said.

"How about tanks?" another correspondent asked.

"We'll use tanks in the valley," the major said.

"How steep is the ridge?" the third correspondent asked.

"You can see by the contour lines," the major indicated on the map. "It's pretty steep."

"Do you expect much opposition?" a correspondent asked.

"Yes," the major said.

"What time is the jump-off, major?" one of them asked.

"Daylight," the major answered.

"There won't be too much to see until it gets going," a correspondent said. He turned to the others. "We can get out here by 9 o'clock."

"It takes two hours to get here," one of the others said.

"Well, 9.30," the first one said. "We'll leave right after breakfast." He turned to the major. "See you then."

"Fine," the major said.

When the correspondents had gone the major called for the sergeant.

"Take the jeep," he said, "and find an observation post where I can put those correspondents tomorrow." He indicated a point on the map. "About here should be good," he said. "Some place where they can get a good view and be out of the way."

"Yes, sir," the sergeant said. He went out of the room and walked slowly over to a jeep that was under some trees.

"Put on your helmet," he said to the driver, who was playing solitaire on the hood of the jeep. "We have to find a grandstand for the show tomorrow."

UP at regimental the new lieutenant in charge of the reconnaissance platoon buckled on his belt and prepared to go forward to establish an OP. His squad was already in the jeep, watching him carefully. This was the lieutenant's first mission with these men; they had been through two campaigns already and proved themselves. They were now waiting for the lieutenant to prove himself.

"You don't know how good it is to be settled," the lieutenant said. "I've been a casual ever since I got out of OCS. Three months in the States, five months in Africa. It gets you down after a while." He patted his belt and leaned over to adjust his leggings. "You don't know half of it being in one of those replacement centers," he said. He got into the front seat of the jeep. "How about it?" he said to the driver. "Think we'll get some action this trip?"

"Could be," the driver said.

"Well," said the lieutenant, "it can't be any worse than being a casual."

The lieutenant in charge of the wire section and his driver, rode slowly along a cow-trail, checking the route over which the wire would go. The trail ran crookedly along the floor of a valley next to a series of low hills. The valley itself branched sharply to the left when it came to the high ridge that was to be the objective on the next day. When the jeep came to this branch the lieutenant called halt and got out to investigate on foot.

"There's enemy commanding that valley," the driver said.

"I know," the lieutenant said.

He walked into the valley and looked up and down. It was late afternoon and the sun was slowly going down behind the mountains. The valley was quiet and very peaceful. The ridge loomed black and forbidding directly ahead, silhouetted against the light. In the distance were other mountains, with their peaks hazy in the clouds. The valley was green and had a river winding pleasantly through the center. Sheep were grazing against the ridge.

The lieutenant moved farther into the valley and the driver shook his head. "Just my luck," he said. "I had to get a guy who likes to investigate. I couldn't get a guy who was careful." He shook his head again, gloomily. "Old safety-last, over there," he said, "he doesn't give a damn for anything. People tell him there's enemy up ahead but he has to find out for himself. He never heard of the word careful." The driver thought for a minute. "Well, he's careful about planes," he said. "With planes he's careful. But anything else," the driver leaned over and spat, "phooey!" he said.

On the way back there were some half tracks blocking the road and the driver got out to argue with them. "You know," the lieutenant said, "that driver is one of the bravest kids I've ever seen. He'll go anywhere. He's got a Silver Star already and I've got him in for an oak leaf cluster." The lieutenant shook his head. "I sure am lucky to have a driver like that."

On the grassy bank off the road near the front, the regimental commander was briefing some of his officers. They were sitting on the grass and the colonel was on his feet talking to them.

"A lot is going to depend on this," the colonel was saying. "You're going to have to jump off on time and all together."

"Beg your pardon, sir," said a young lieutenant commanding a cannon company, "I am not exactly sure who I am supposed to support. I thought I might go over and help out the artillery. They said they'd be glad to have me."

"Son," the colonel said kindly, "I think you'd better stay with us this trip. We'd also be glad to have you."

To one end of the valley, under the shadow of a hill, five artillerymen were surveying the ground so that howitzers could move into position during the night. Two men were working with instruments and the other three lay under a tree chewing grass and looking up at the sky.

One of the men with an instrument stopped working to wipe the sweat from his face and light a cigarette. Another man came up to join him and they looked out across the valley to the ridge.

"I am glad that I don't have to go up that thing tomorrow," one of the men said.

"You and me both," the second one said. They didn't say anything for a while, and then the second one said, "It looks like a drumlin to me."

"You're crazy," the first man said. "They don't look like that."

"Hell I am," the second one said. "This is a glacial valley all right and that ridge is shaped just like a drumlin."

"Oh, drumlin," the first man said. "I thought you said gremlin."

The regimental chief of staff sat in the cellar that was part of the regimental CP and dictated the battle order to a staff sergeant. The chief of staff was a West Pointer. He was 35 years old and looked 45. He wore glasses and had tired lines around his eyes.

"Enemy capabilities," he dictated, "believe occupied by two battalions. Estimated strength between four to five hundred, with one battalion as an immediate reserve."

The chief of staff took off his glasses and wiped them carefully. The staff sergeant blinked his eyes to keep awake. This was his third night without any sleep.

"Vehicles will not be moved without first obtaining road priority. Prisoners and captured documents will be moved to the rear through normal channels."

The staff sergeant blinked and wrote it down in neat, accurate shorthand.

"The attack must be executed with speed and ruthless aggression," the chief of staff said.

Outside, it was already dark.

In the field hospital down the road, the medics checked their equipment. Ambulance drivers were already asleep in their vehicles. The anaesthetizers were checking the ether supply; the doctors were having a technical discussion about the kinds of cases they might expect on the next day. The ward boys were playing poker in the blacked-out tent. All about the place was a general air of expectancy.

A COLONEL in charge of one of the battalions sat in the regimental ward room and waited for the regimental commander to return. The room was lighted with candles that threw crazy shadows on the walls. There were maps on the table and two field telephones in the corner. Also on the table were two bottles of Black and White, traditional gifts of the division commander on the eve of a big attack.

"Schofield Barracks," the colonel said dreamily. "There was a post." He nodded appreciatively: "Schofield Barracks," he said, rolling the words around his tongue like old brandy. "That's as close to heaven as I want to get. The weather, ocean, people. Everything man could want." He took a small sip of Scotch. "Four lovely years," he said. "A millionaire without money." He took another sip of Scotch. "Four lovely years," he said. "*Four lovely* years."

A guard paced up and down in front of the battalion CP. He was a replacement who recently arrived with the division, and this was his first post. He was only 18 years old and determined to make good. The night was very dark, so when the guard heard footsteps he came quickly to port arms and shouted fiercely: "Halt! Who's there?"

"This is your regimental commander," a voice came back, "and I don't know the password. What are you going to do about it?"

"Oh," the guard said. "You recognize me?" the voice said, coming closer, "I can't stand out here all night."

"Well," the guard said unhappily. He couldn't recognize his grandmother on a night like this. Oh, Jesus, he thought, whatever I do I am a screwed sheep. He was extremely unhappy.

"How about my voice?" the voice said impatiently. "You recognize my voice?"

The guard brightened. A voice he could recognize. "Yes, sir," he said. "I recognize your voice all right. Yes, sir, I certainly do. Pass right on in, colonel."

"Thanks," the colonel said, brushing past.

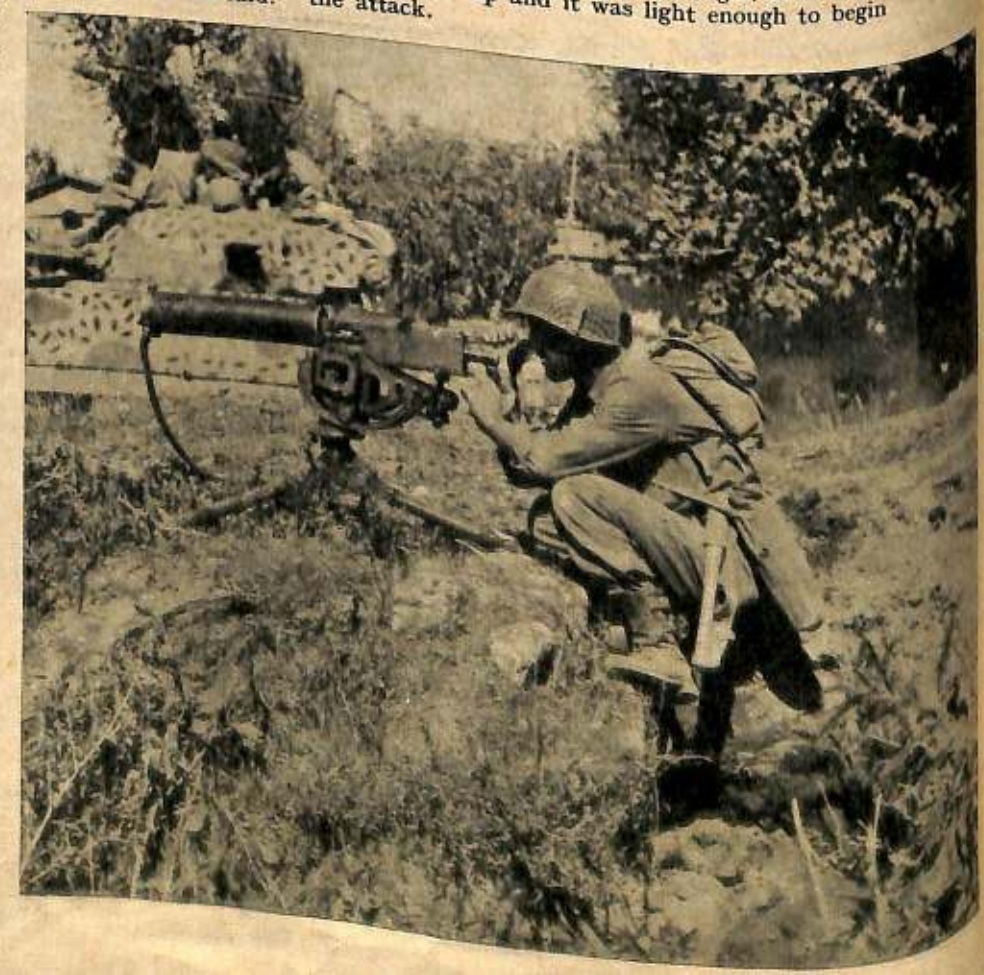
The guard took a deep breath and continued his walk with increased vigilance. When his heart finally stopped pounding, he thought to himself that when you came right down to it he had carried that off pretty well. By the time the corporal of the guard had relieved him he was thinking that the least he should get out of it was a Pfc.

AT midnight the line company moved out of the bivouac and started for the line departure. The sky was black and it began to rain before they had gone a half-mile, but by this time they were used to anything. The company commander called halt and the men pulled out the half-blankets they always carried and wrapped them around their heads and shoulders. Then they put on their raincoats and helmets again and resumed their march. The rain was not heavy but constant, and the soft dirt on the road soon turned to mud. The men marched quietly, slopping along in the mud, not talking much and not singing at all.

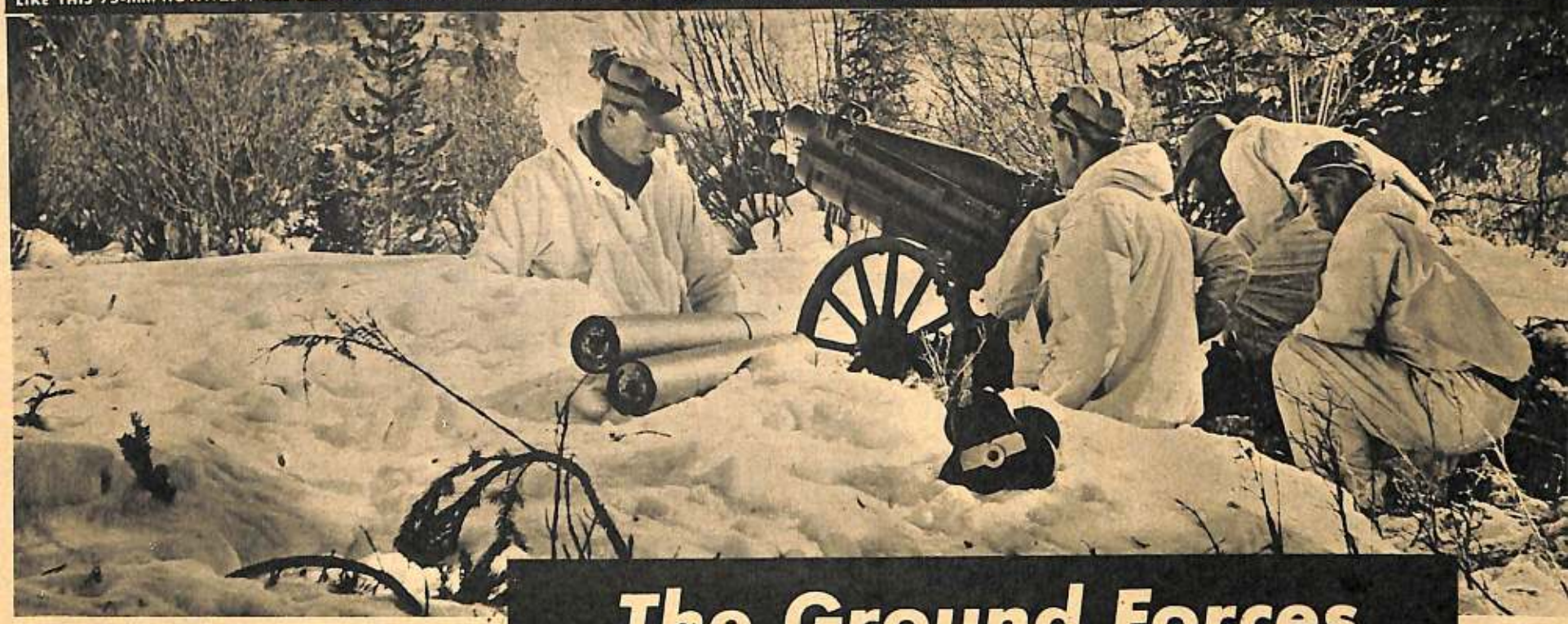
When they did talk it was in words of one syllable. They marched steadily, without a pause, passing the division CP, regimental CP, down the cow-trail, through the field that the artillerymen had surveyed and finally climbed the last hill before the valley. By now the wind had come up from the mountains and drove the rain into their faces and down their backs. They carried their arms over-slung shoulders, barrels down to keep the water out.

Once in a while, when climbing up a hill, a man would slip and the column would rustle past him and he would have to hurry to his place when he got up. When they came to assembly point it still lacked two hours until daylight and the men were told they could rest. They flopped on the ground where they were, not bothering to take any shelter from the rain. It was too dark to see anything, and there was nothing they particularly wanted to see. They slept instantly. They knew what was coming in the morning and it bothered them no more than the last one they had, and the next one they would have. They knew that their objective would first be bombed by planes and shelled by artillery; they knew they would get tank support in the valley. They also knew that they were the ones who would have to climb that ridge and dislodge the enemy with their arms and their blood.

This did not make them either particularly proud or frightened. It did make them a little resentful of every other branch of the service, but it was a mild resentment and not important. At the moment they slept, and after a while the rain stopped and the sky became light around the edges, and finally the sun came up and it was light enough to begin the attack.



LIKE THIS 75-MM HOWITZER, ALL EQUIPMENT IN THE NEW LIGHT DIVISIONS MUST BE CAPABLE OF BEING BROKEN DOWN AND CARRIED BY HAND CARTS OR PACK ANIMALS.



The Ground Forces Get Streamlined

The Army drops regimental organization from its Armored Force and activates a new type of light infantry division.

By Cpl. RICHARD PAUL
YANK'S Washington Bureau

THE new infantry division has 8 percent fewer men and 14 percent fewer vehicles than formerly.

The latest T/O for armored divisions eliminates any regimental organization.

A new type of light infantry division has been activated, designed for amphibious, airborne, mountain and jungle operations.

These were three of the revelations of War Department Circular No. 256, dated Oct. 16. Some observers jumped to the wrong conclusions and read into the circular a fundamental shake-up in the Army Ground Forces.

Actually, for anyone connected with staff work, the circular was neither world-shaking nor new. It was simply a summary of changes which have been taking place for several months—continuous changes dictated by the policy of learning from battle experience. AGF officers speak of it as a healthy polishing procedure.

It is a healthy process because it shows that the AGF is not static. Unlike the Roman conquerors, who stuck by the phalanx until it had outlived its usefulness and who went down to defeat still using it, the AGF recognizes that war is continually changing and that with war, organization must change, too.

The staff officers who draw up the tables of organization base their changes on information from four chief sources: 1) The battle reports of commanders in the field, telling how in such and such a campaign they needed more of one weapon, less of another. 2) Findings of official observers who accompany each army. Lt. Gen. Lesley J. McNair, chief of the AGF, was wounded while on such an observation trip to Tunisia in the heat of the North African campaign. 3) Constant study of both our allies' and our enemies' armies to determine their strength and weaknesses. 4) Current shipping problems.

While the staff officers are working out changes, they constantly keep certain basic military theorems in mind. Purposes of reorganization, says the WD circular, are: "To permit transport overseas of a maximum of fighting power; to provide flexibility in keeping with the principles of economy of force and massing of military strength at the decisive point; to reduce headquarters and other overhead [to] keep pace with modern communication and transport facilities; to provide commanders with the greatest possible amount of offensive power through reduction in passive defensive elements."

The new light division is a good example of the application of these principles. Though some of these light divisions were activated early in the summer, this is the first time censorship has been lifted on the subject.

The development of the light division was principally the result of operations in the South Pacific area. Jungle terrain, with its transportation difficulties and the impossibility of extensive use of heavy artillery, made trim forces with high individual fire power essential. At the same time it was observed that the Germans have had some success with their own kind of light division.

Each of the new super-streamlined divisions is being trained for one of four operations: airborne, amphibious, mountain and jungle fighting, and the equipment of each varies with the type of fighting expected. But one rule applying to all is that every item of equipment must be capable of being broken down and carried by hand carts, pack animals and quarter-ton trucks.

That doesn't mean the light division doesn't pack a wallop. Fire power in small arms and automatic weapons is approximately the same as that of a regular infantry division, even though the number of men has been reduced. The high fire power is due to the large number of automatic weapons and the fact that the division is stripped of most of its service elements and defensive weapons.

Though the activation of the first light divisions began several months ago, the reorganization of armored divisions was started only a few weeks ago. The chief organizational change does away with the one infantry and two tank regiments and substitutes the more flexible combination of three tank and three armored-infantry battalions of increased size and power. For each armored division, two combat command headquarters have been retained, under which a varying number of these battalions will be grouped according to their task.

"The new organization of the armored division," according to the circular, "is in accordance with the principle that armored and infantry divisions will operate together in a corps." This is a lesson from early British, German and Italian battle experience in the African deserts. In the new division the proportion of infantry and artillery strength is greatly increased. But at the same the total strength of the division is trimmed down from 13 thousand men to about 10 thousand. This is done partly by increasing the tank strength but even more by eliminating service elements. The organic supply battalion is completely eliminated from the division; the individual battalions are made self-sustaining and any additional supply facilities are provided by the army to which the division is attached.

Infantry divisions have undergone change and development, too. Three months ago the motorized division disappeared as a separate type of organization. Now all infantry divisions are the same, and can be transported by a troop-transport battalion consisting of six truck companies.

The trimming of the infantry division took place last July, when the total strength was reduced 8 percent and the number of motor vehicles was cut 14 percent. On the other hand, its fire power has actually been increased. There is no basic change in organization, but it has been tightened all along the line. The trimming was accomplished largely by consolidating jobs in cases where battle has shown that one man could do the work formerly assigned to two or four men could do the work of five.

AN important trend for divisions in the pooling of defensive means, such as antiaircraft artillery or tank destroyers. Each division might feel more comfortable with enough defensive weapons organically assigned to it to meet any situation, but the AGF considers that uneconomical. Actually it would result in spreading defensive means so thin that it would seriously weaken the whole Army. Furthermore, the division is primarily an offensive unit. Therefore the revised divisions are provided organically with only a limited number of defensive weapons. Then a large pool of antiaircraft artillery and tank-destroyer units is provided under control of the army's headquarters.

In this way defensive weapons of an army can be used to protect those spots that are particularly threatened or especially vital. For example, the circular points out that though an infantry division has some antitank guns, a pool of tank-destroyer units is held in reserve to meet a massed tank attack. Similarly the infantry division gets its antiaircraft protection from caliber .50 machine guns while 40-mm and 90-mm guns are pooled to protect large installations.

Another trend that extends to the highest echelons is to relieve commanders of combat units of as much administrative detail as possible. To that end the field army now undertakes the main tactical and administrative functions. Thus the corps assigned to it is relieved of administrative jobs and permitted to concentrate on tactical and training functions. The one exception to this practice is the corps that operates separately as a small army. As many service and supply functions as possible are also taken over by the army, allowing smaller units to concentrate on aggressive and offensive operations.

AGF officers point out that none of this reorganization involves any radical change in principles. For instance, pooling—nothing new in itself—is simply being done on a larger scale in line with the principles of flexibility and massing. It's a very different sort of change than the basic transition from square to triangular divisions which took place in 1940 and 1941.

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This sketch shows the carrier's flight deck on the morning of the first blow against Wake Island. The deck crew is shown pushing a TBF (Grumman torpedo bomber) into position for launching. The wind from the swift speed of the carrier and the plane's propellers makes the men at the right lean forward to keep from blowing over. Notice man behind the plane, directing his "Airedales" with the feeling of a symphony conductor.

Navy air crews rest in the pilots' ready room for their turn to raid Wake Island. In the background, two flyers look at a map of the island while the enlisted gunner in the left foreground relaxes with a cigarette. Some play acey-deucey in the ready room, and you see a lot of six-shooters, cowboy boots and fancy hunting knives here. The squadron group picture is being signed at the right. "Hell, I'll sign when I get back," one pilot said.

Wake Island Raid

A YANK staff artist with the Pacific Fleet sketches scenes on an aircraft carrier during one of the most destructive single attacks ever delivered to the Japs.

SGT. Robert Greenhalgh, YANK staff artist, was aboard an aircraft carrier in the powerful Pacific Fleet task force, commanded by Rear Adm. Alfred E. Montgomery, that last month attacked the strong Jap air base at Wake Island, 2,300 miles west of Hawaii. He drew these sketches on the carrier before and during the action.

"When the first striking planes came back to the carrier," he wrote, "you could see holes in some of the wings and cowlings. But when the last strike returned, there were no bullet holes, no torn fabric and the pilots climbed out unhurt. They said they didn't see a living soul on the island when they flew away for the last time. Our cruisers laid off shore over there and shelled the Jap positions without ceasing until the guns on Wake were silent."

At least 30 Jap planes were shot out of the air during this raid and 31 more were destroyed on the ground. Only 13 Navy planes were lost during the two-day attack. Some 320 tons of bombs were dropped on the three islands in the Wake atoll. This is believed to be the largest tonnage of bombs ever dropped in any single operation anywhere in the Pacific Theater during this war.

The largest task force ever assembled in the Pacific forms the background for this scene in the evening. The two chiefs at the left are getting a little air after chow while the talker in the center reports a plane formation to the bridge. "The Sunday afternoon before the raid," Sgt. Greenhalgh wrote, "the pilots had a game of touch football on the flight deck. And during the raid I was busy eating steak and ham sandwiches."

Wake Island Raid

The carrier radioman enjoys a Tokyo broadcast during the raid, listening to the announcer describe the Pacific Fleet's "destruction" and a "famine" back in Texas and Iowa which would be "worse" next year.

THE radioman on the aircraft carrier is shown above as Sgt. Greenhalgh sketched him listening to the Tokyo radio news on the night of the Wake Island raid. The Jap announcer was saying: "Japanese bombers have repulsed a raid of American Army and Navy forces on Wake Island. Half the American Fleet is sunk."

Then the announcer added: "There is a famine in Texas and Iowa. Next year it will be worse."

But according to the flyers who participated in the Wake Island raid, the famine prophesied for Texas next year by the Japanese announcer was nothing compared to the destruction that the Pacific Fleet left behind when it steamed away after the first surface attack on the enemy base since Adm. William F. Halsey Jr.'s task force paid it a visit on Feb. 24, 1942.

"Those cruisers were plowing hell out of that island and it made you feel like getting up on your feet and dancing," a gunner said. "We could see an oil dump going up and my pilot said, 'They're getting a hot foot now.'"

A TBF pilot told how he saw our cruisers running back and forth, firing right on the target almost every time. "It sure was a nice picture," he added. "The most vivid picture left in my mind during the raid, though, was that of a fighter who came down in a steep dive right on a five-inch gun they had down there. It didn't fire any more. I don't know who the pilot was. Might have been almost anybody, I guess."

"Coming down on Wake, we leveled off, dropping a few bombs, and all I can remember is tracers coming up," a radioman said. "Everything we could see down there was mixed up and blown to hell. One pilot flew over the island a little later and not a gun was fired at him. So you can imagine the damage we must have done to them. He said it was like a Jap burial ground."

The pilots seemed to enjoy the raid more than anybody else on the carrier. They didn't take themselves seriously. It was often difficult to get them to describe their combat experience.

"Well, I didn't do much," one of them said. "There was one Zero below me and another Zero and one of our own planes in a dogfight above me. Well, by the time I got over to the dogfight, there was my Zero just sitting there right in front of me. I don't think he saw me. The poor bastard didn't have a chance. That was all there was to it, I guess."

This is the hangar deck of the carrier, nicknamed Java's Garage, sketched from a catwalk below the flight deck. Mechanics work on the planes here under the direction of veteran chiefs, like the one on the right, getting news of the battle from periodic reports over the loud speaker system. During the raid on Wake, the boys in the hangar deck kept a scoreboard, cheering whenever the loudspeaker announced a destroyed Jap plane.

Hardest workers on an aircraft carrier during a raid like the Wake attack are the "Airedales"—sailors who push planes into position on the flight deck, moving them forward and backward during landings and launching without a break when the going is hot. "They trot alongside their planes like grooms beside the horses at a race track," Sgt. Greenhalgh wrote. "In fact, they wear bright vermillion, green and yellow shirts, too, which makes carrier action seem something like a day at Belmont or Saratoga."

KENNY CLASS

When the turret-gunner found what had happened to him in the crash, he hoped for just two things—that they wouldn't feel sorry for him and that he'd live to be the best damned drummer in the world.

FOR a couple of days he pretended not to know, and pretending almost made him believe it wasn't true—so finally when Miss Southerland went out of the room he reached down painfully and flipped the blankets aside. He couldn't be quite sure of what he was seeing, because of the bandages, but he could see enough to be certain that both his legs were gone.

Knowing for sure, he fought back the tears, but he was sick and tired and his legs hurt him, and when Miss Southerland came back into the room she could see that he was crying. For a minute he was wrenched with fear that she would start oozing sympathy. He turned his head away from her. She came up beside the bed and stood there a second before she spoke.

"Well," she challenged, "what are you going to do about it?"

Kenny couldn't speak for a minute. The question caught him off balance, and then he turned and grinned at Miss Southerland.

"I'm going to be the best damned drummer in the world," he said, and Miss Southerland held out her hand and they shook on it.

It was the first time Kenny had been able to speak clearly since the night of the crash. The crash killed everyone else in the plane, and it smashed Kenny so badly the doctors had to amputate both legs, one just above the knee, the other just below. And for a long time Kenny lay in silence and pain; but after he knew for sure about his legs, he snapped out of his silence, and since then he hasn't asked for a word of sympathy; and every one who sees him knows that he doesn't need sympathy.

"The chaplain gave me a T.S. ticket," he says, "and I get it punched every week."

Kenny Class was turret-gunner on a B-26 Marauder that raided a Nazi airfield in France early this fall. They bombed the target OK, but one of the bombs did not release; so Kenny climbed down from his turret and went into the bomb bay. The bomb weighed 135 lbs., and Kenny isn't a very big boy, so it was quite a struggle, but he lifted the bomb and let it fall safely into the Channel.

Flying so long with the bomb bay doors open meant that they lost the formation, and by the time they got over their home field, a sudden English fog had closed in tight. Thinking to find it clear at a nearby field, they flew on, but when they got to the new field, conditions were "zero-zero," and the Marauder crashed. All members of the crew were killed except Kenny Class.

Kenny had climbed back into his turret after he got the bomb away, and when they found him he was still in the turret—and the turret was 200 feet from the rest of the plane.

"The lieutenant was the second best pilot in the Air Corps," Kenny says. "The best is Major Pratt—he was the pilot when our crew first got started—but the lieutenant was the second best, and I don't blame him a bit for the crash. All I can do is thank God I'm alive."

Kenny is young and blond, a good-looking twenty-three year old boy from Sioux City, Iowa. When he was a kid, he liked mechanical things. He fooled around with automobiles and bicycles and radios, any kind of mechanical gadget. A little while before the war started he began his career as a drummer. He played with a lot of people, and when the war started he was really beginning to get somewhere. But on December 31, 1941, he enlisted in the Air Corps, because he wanted to fly.

Kenny came overseas in June, and soon he started going out on combat missions against the fighter airfields in Nazi-occupied France. The day he crashed was his seventh wedding anniversary—seven months—and it was his squadron anniversary.

"Besides all that," he says, "it was my eleventh mission, and eleven has always been my lucky number."

KENNY liked flying in combat. He was never scared. He doesn't brag about it, but every one who knows him says he wasn't scared. Most fliers will tell you they scare easily, that they're more or less afraid from the time they walk into the Crew Room for the briefing till the last returning plane touches its wheels hotly on the long runway. They're scared before the flight, and they're scared on the take off. On the way to the rendezvous with the Spitfire escort, they're usually too busy to worry about anything, and for a while after the Spits settle around the formation of Marauders they have a

good feeling of security, but when they get close to the French coast, and the flak starts coming up, nine out of every ten men in the formation begin to "sweat it out."

Kenny was never scared. He had confidence in his Marauder and he had confidence in his pilot. And he was sure that the top turret of a Marauder is about the safest place you can find to fight a war from.

When you ask him if the flak ever worried him, he'll grin. "Sometimes I wanted to reach right up and grab the brim of my helmet and pull it down clear over me," he says, "but usually about that time I started looking around for Jerry."

HE kept hoping he'd get a crack at an FW 190 or an ME 109. Sometimes he'd see them start for the Marauders and get cut off by the vigilant Spitfires before they had a chance to fire a shot at the bombers, and then Kenny would feel himself being disappointed. Kenny wanted to fight—and when they got over the target and he stole a quick second or two to look down and see the sticks of bombs puffing across the runway and walking into the dispersal areas, he felt his heart pounding and he grinned through clenched teeth.

Kenny likes to fight. And Kenny hates Germans. He doesn't hate them for what they are, he hates them because they've smashed up so much of the world he wants. He doesn't worry about saving the world for democracy, or any such high-sounding phrases. Kenny hates the Germans because they've taken him away from his home, his folks, and his wife.

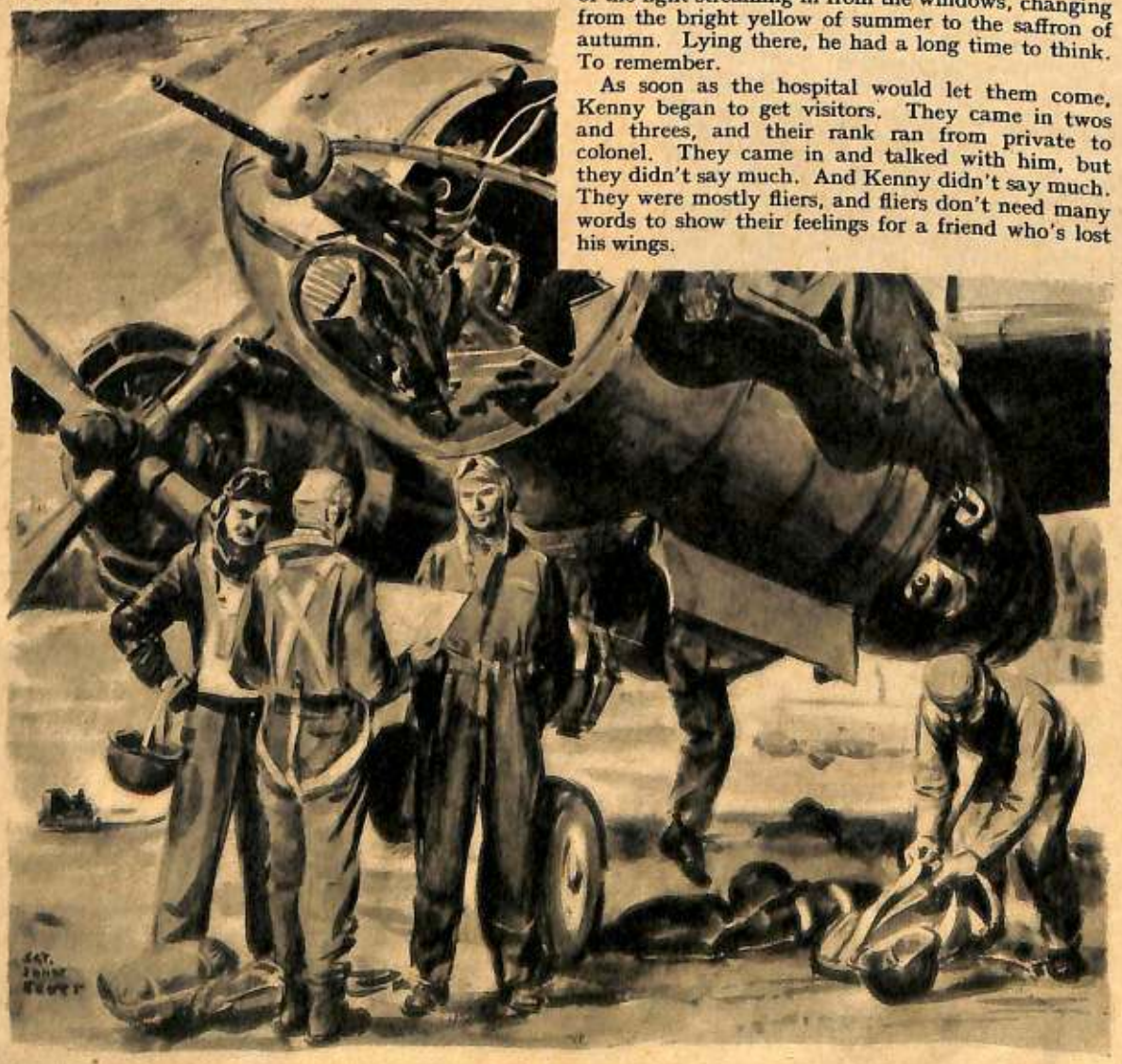
KENNY got married in February of this year. Dee used to come and live in an hotel near Baer Field right after the first of the month, and for about three weeks they'd have a fine time of it. Then Kenny would go broke and Dee would go home to stay with her folks until the next pay day.

"We figured it was better to have everything we wanted for three weeks out of every four instead of trying to stretch it over a whole month and not being able to really enjoy ourselves."

Kenny isn't being heroic when he says he's looking forward to dancing again with Dee.

"She's particular about dancing," he says, "and we'll be out on the floor with the best of them when I get used to my new legs."

Kenny has a brand new pair of English officer's boots. "I wore them for the first time the day of the crash," he says, "and they got kind of torn up when we hit; but I'm going to have them fixed up, and I'm going to wear those boots the first time I start walking again."



When they got Kenny out of his turret, 200 feet away from the snarled wreckage of the Marauder, they rushed him to hospital. For a while they didn't operate on him because he was suffering from shock and they were afraid of what the operation might do to him, but they soon realized that infection was setting in, so they gave him plasma and transfusions; and they amputated both legs, one just above the knee, the other just below the knee.

"The boys in the squadron gave me something like six quarts of blood," he says. "I've got so many people's blood in me I hardly know who I am." The way he says it, you know he's proud of the new blood.

AFTER the operation, infection did set in. A colonel who knows a lot about the use of the newest miracle drug, penicillin, climbed into a plane and flew halfway across England to take care of Kenny. And the colonel did a good job. Kenny is getting along fine.

Lying there in the long narrow room, day after day, he watched the English seasons change, slowly and imperceptibly, marked by the changing colors of the light streaming in from the windows, changing from the bright yellow of summer to the saffron of autumn. Lying there, he had a long time to think. To remember.

As soon as the hospital would let them come, Kenny began to get visitors. They came in twos and threes, and their rank ran from private to colonel. They came in and talked with him, but they didn't say much. And Kenny didn't say much. They were mostly fliers, and fliers don't need many words to show their feelings for a friend who's lost his wings.

Then Colonel Thatcher came, and he brought with him a Purple Heart ribbon.

Colonel Thatcher is tall. His face is gray. Take off his uniform and he looks like a school teacher; but he's a group commander, and his group flies Marauders. That means the fliers he leads into combat are the best pilots in the world, and his men say he's the best of the lot. It's a big job for a man in his thirties, and Colonel Thatcher's face shows it. Officers don't have any trouble remembering to say "Sir" when they're talking to Colonel Thatcher, because they know he's got the biggest job there is in war. He leads men into combat.

Colonel Thatcher walked into Kenny's room and shook Kenny's hand.

"How are you, Kenny?" he said. "Glad to see you."

"Glad to see you, sir."

"I brought something for you, Kenny, something that stands for a hell of a lot more than the simple fact that you got hurt."

"Thank you, sir."

THE colonel pinned the ribbon on the front of Kenny's pyjamas and shook his hand and walked out of the room. Kenny saluted the colonel's back as he was going out the door, and Miss Southerland who had been standing behind the colonel, looked at Kenny and looked at the empty door and she half-ran out of the room and caught up with Colonel Thatcher in the hall and grabbed him by the elbow and turned him round. Colonel Thatcher stopped and turned and Miss Southerland reached up and took him by the lapels of his blouse.

"You can't do it that way!" she said tensely. "You can't just walk in there and pin a little ribbon on his chest and walk out. That boy's all the heroes of this war wrapped up into one. That boy deserves all the medals in the world. That boy is wonderful. You can't just pat him on the back and then walk away and forget it."

Colonel Thatcher let her finish, and then looked at her for a minute.

"I know," he said at last. "I know all about Kenny. And Kenny knows that I know. There's no need for talk between Kenny and me. We understand each other. I'd be making things difficult for him if I stayed to talk with him, because he'd be working hard to keep me from feeling sorry for him."

Miss Southerland turned away uncertainly and went back into Kenny's room. She still wasn't sure. She didn't look at Kenny when she went into the room. Kenny spoke first.

"He's certainly a wonderful guy," Kenny said, and Miss Southerland looked at him, hoping Colonel Thatcher had been right in what he said.

"He's the finest man I'll ever know," Kenny continued. "He always reminds me of something I read somewhere."

"What was it?" Miss Southerland asked.

Kenny quoted: "They shook from their wings the dust of their bodies."

As he finished speaking, Miss Southerland heard an airplane in the far distance. Kenny was listening, too.

"That's a B-26," he said. And his eyes were shining.

1st Lt. ROGER C. WILLIAMS

A Week of War

Stalin had a lot to say, Hitler said nothing much, and if any one around here wants to help bomb a Japanese convoy there just may be a few ships left.

THE old singing waiter was making what would probably be his last appearance at the beer hall. It was a benefit performance, and the old singing waiter wasn't even in a good spot on the bill; he was running second to an old tympani performer named Stalin—an old tympani performer, for that matter, who had stolen some extra thunder. The old singing waiter, name of Adolf Hitler, did his best, but it sounded as hollow as a drunkard's leg. He raved, he stormed, he beat upon the table, and he made elephantine jokes. But the applause was only moderate, and the audience was not humming any of his tunes as they filed out the doors.

Two years ago it would have been a good performance; even a year ago it might have been a good performance. But this year—*niet, tovarich*. Beer halls were passé as places of entertainment. Hitler's speech wasn't even broadcast directly; ever since a few mosquitos sent Goering to the showers during a broadcast the leaders of Germany have preferred to go on record as far as the air was concerned. And he really had nothing to say, anyway.

Germany was worried. Germany, or at least, home-front Germany, was nearly at the breaking point. And Hitler, as he had done every November 8th, gave a speech in the cradle of the Nazi party, the beer hall in Munich that was bombed mysteriously four years ago. His theme was that there must be no repetition of 1918; he threatened German defeatists with death; he said that on all fronts operations, from the German point of view, were proceeding according to, shall we say, plan. Moscow, with its usual charming simplicity, described it as the speech of a cornered rat.

The cat, two days before, had told why the rat was cornered. Stalin, speaking on the eve of the anniversary of the 1917 Revolution, gave a few succinct facts and figures on the present German catastrophe. Wearing the starred and epauletted uniform of a Marshal of the Soviet Union, Stalin announced that the last year had cost the Germans 4,000,000 men, 1,800,000 of them killed. They had lost, as well, 25,000 tanks and 40,000 guns. Stalin's speech was full of hard, cold fact—fact that was borne out by a glance at the maps of the Eastern Front. And he spoke just after it had been announced that the Red Army had retaken Kiev, pivotal point of the upper Dnieper, and that the Germans in the Dnieper bend were faced with an encircling movement such as they had never imagined. The Red Army, fifty miles beyond Kiev, moving southwest, was pointing for the Bug River, a good hundred miles west of the Dnieper. The German situation between Kiev and Kherson was becoming precarious.

Last on the speech bill came Winston Churchill, speaking at the Mansion House, who gave the devil his due. The Allied campaign next year, which will climax the war, will be the most costly we have ever fought. He did not hope for a German collapse right away; Germany, he said, still had 400 divisions and was still well fed and well armed. Germany could still hold on for quite a while.

Also announced was the fact that 60 more U-boats were destroyed in the last three months, for a six-months total of 150. The U-boat menace was definitely beaten.

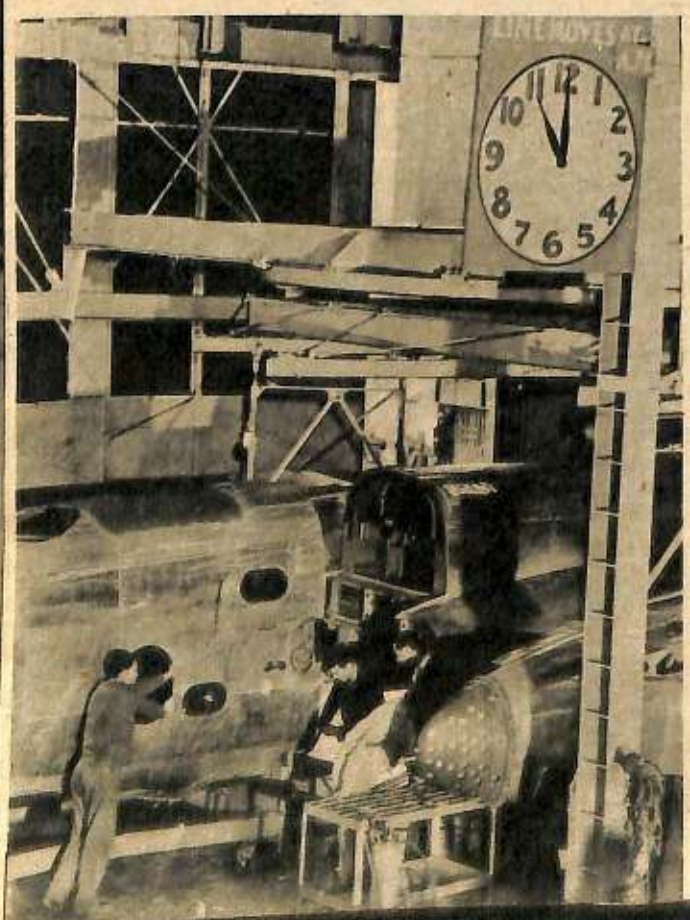
The Germans seemed to be strangely at odds with each other. In Italy Kesselring boasted that when winter made flying impossible in Russia the planes would be sent to him and he would give the air forces of the Allies in the south a real run for their money. The question was, could the planes be spared from the Russian Front? For any air war there would be the last air war Germany would ever fight; Allied planes were operating from that theater in ever-increasing numbers, preparing for an all-out blitz on southern Germany when winter came. No matter how many planes could be scrounged from the Russian Front, they could not be expected to stand up to an Allied onslaught. The Luftwaffe was a fast-fading force—fading every day in the skies over Russia and over Germany and over Italy, fading every night as the factories went up in flames. Hitler could praise the German Army, but he could no longer praise it for what it had done, except in the field of courage.

FOR it had to be admitted that the Wehrmacht was standing by its guns under merciless pounding in Russia; that it was retreating with painful slowness, as far as the Allies were concerned, in the mountains of Italy. But Hitler could praise the bulk of the German people not at all. He could threaten them, however—and he did. "Some people in Germany," he said ominously, "may believe in an enemy victory but, with thousands falling at the front, we shall show no mercy in liquidating a few hundred criminals." He spoke of individual criminals who thought they might improve their own future through treachery. Hitler talked as though he had a few definite people in mind. Perhaps a few of his listeners squirmed in their chairs. And he said one very interesting thing. "We shall not give in at the eleventh hour," he announced. "We shall go on fighting past twelve o'clock." This gave him, roughly, perhaps an hour and a quarter to go.

In the Pacific, far from Hitler, but uncomfortably near to Stalin, Germany's cheerful little Allies were running into trouble again, mainly because they liked to send convoys and things where Allied land-based bombers could get at them. North of the Solomons the bombers were getting at some lovely big convoys—a fleet of 53 warships, transports and cargo vessels, moving from the great Jap base at Truk to battered Rabaul in New Britain. Somewhere in the district the largest fleet the U. S. had ever assembled in the Pacific was biding its time, waiting to take a crack at drawing the Japanese fleet out from its Truk hole. What was going on in the Pacific at the moment was very confusing; Tokyo, as always, announced that the entire American fleet, plus the *Nantucket* lightship, had been sunk without a trace. The U. S. Navy was keeping mum, and just going ahead with the essential business at hand. Rabaul got bombed day after day, and each bombing meant that a few more Japanese planes and a few more Japanese ships went to join their ancestors. And the convoys were getting it too; interesting holes were being put in escorting Japanese cruisers and destroyers. Whether the action would develop into the biggest the Pacific has yet seen was a moot point; but it was worth a spot of conjecture.

The situation in Italy remained more or less unchanged. All roads still led to Rome, but they were all mined and all the bridges were blown. The Apennines made for some of the toughest military going in the world—worse than the desert, worse than Tunisia. It was all up hill and down. The actions were quick, ugly and bloody. It was slow in Italy, but it was going through; gradually the Nazis were being pushed back. It was one village today, and another tomorrow. Some day the Allies would break out into the level country and then it would be a different story.

One interesting result of the Moscow Conference took place in Vienna. The Conference had made much of the fact that Austria, the first country to go under to Nazi aggression, would be returned to a state of grace. The result of this pronouncement was that German S.S. divisions found it necessary to march into Vienna. The reason was that workers' demonstrations had broken out in the industrial areas of the city over the weekend. A German war reporter said that the S.S. men were young troops, none of them Austrian, and the conclusion could be drawn from this that, were there any killing to be done in Vienna, the troops would take the task in their young, non-Austrian stride.

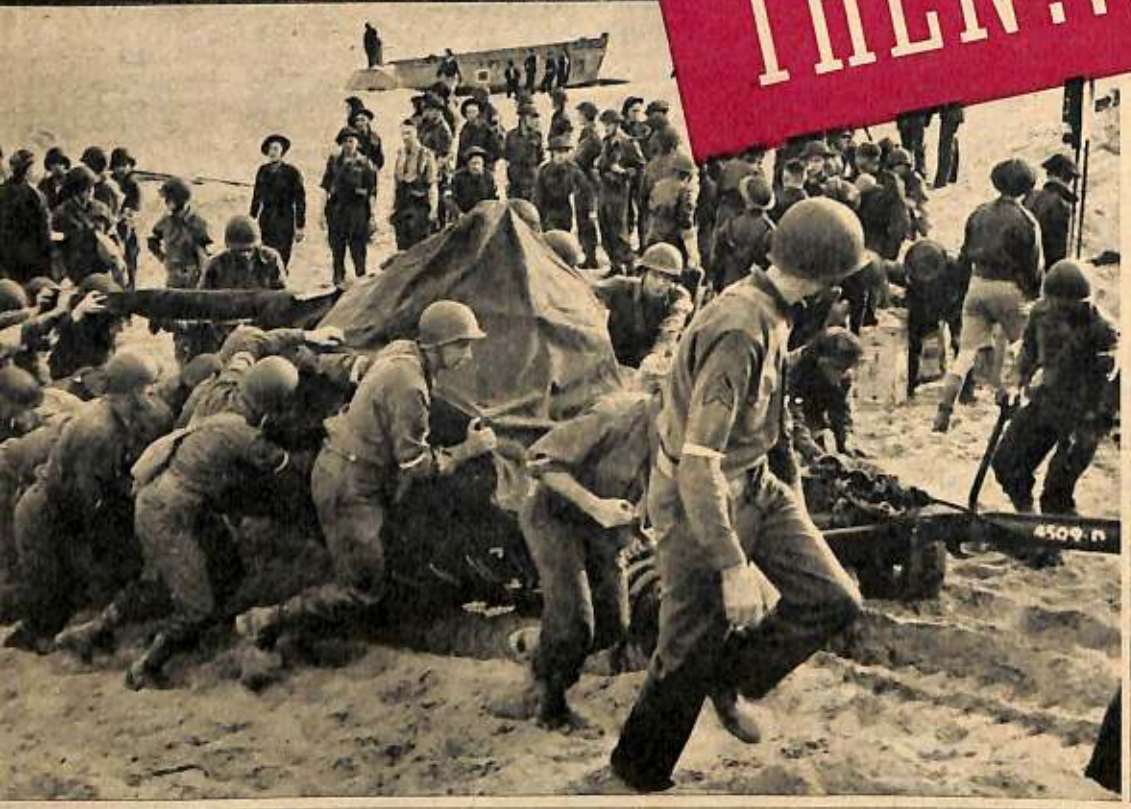


On November 11 war workers in America forgot about the minute of silence and went on with their work. This sort of thing paid dividends later, as can be seen by the bomb-demolished Italian hangar at Capodichino airfield near Naples. It would take more than war workers to patch those crates up.

On November 8, 1942, American troops landed at a score of places, all along the coast of French North Africa.

At Arzeu, at Oran, at Surcouf, at Algiers, at Bone they came off the transports.

THEN...



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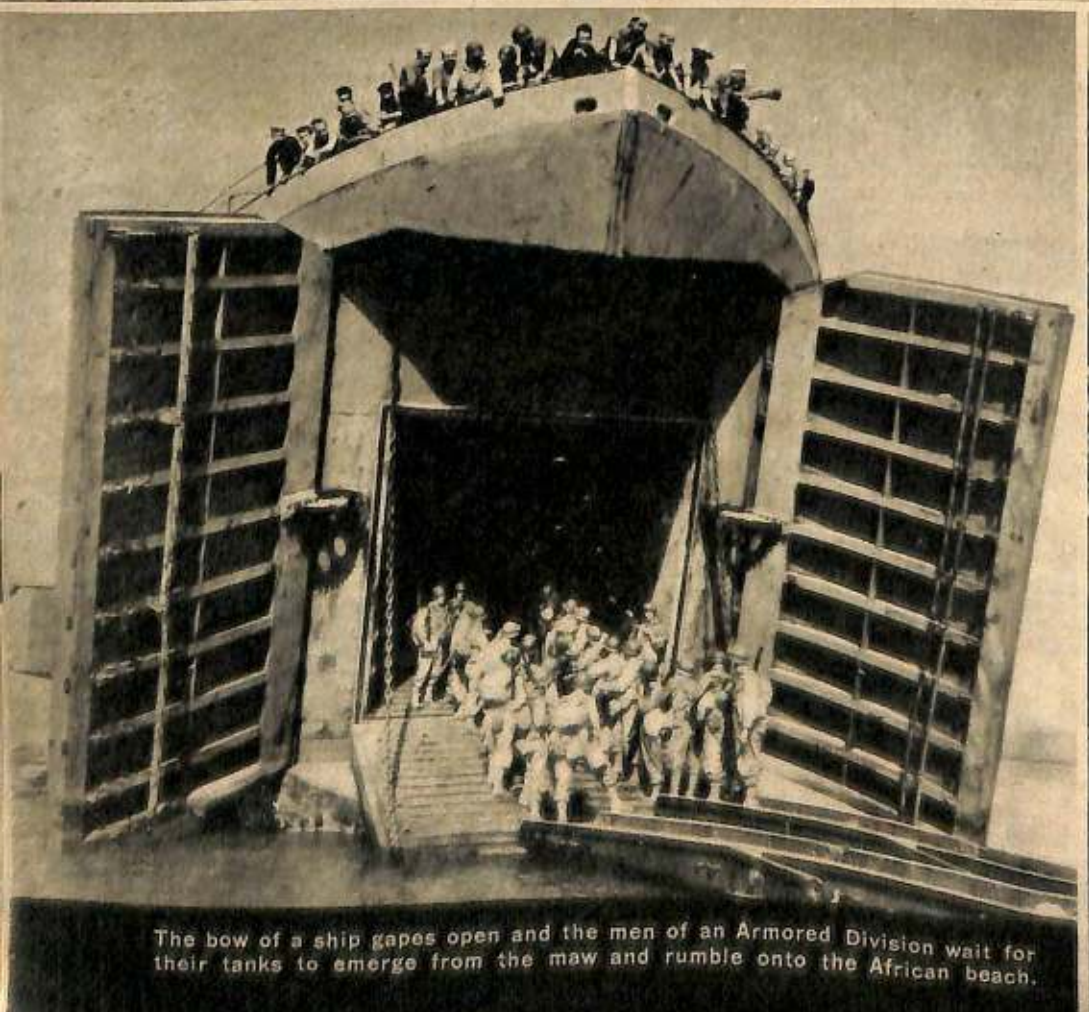


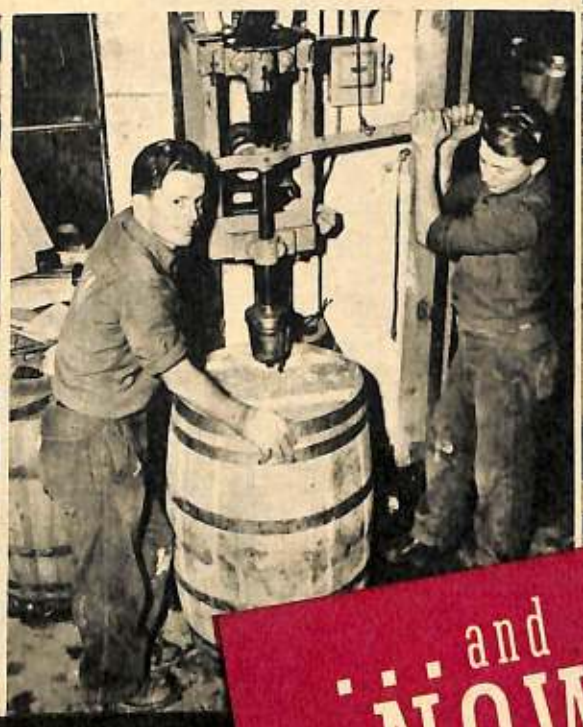
The bow of a ship gapes open and the men of an Armored Division wait for their tanks to emerge from the maw and rumble onto the African beach.

Entertainment varies during an invasion. On the transport a military ban
was in Africa where materials

day they came off their
on French colonial soil,
s who hit Africa have
way. Under their caps
isia and Sicily, and now
ing up the long peninsula
that is the Italian mainland. They had had their bad days and their good and now, battle-trained and battle-hardened, they have come a great way in a year of combat. They may yet be the first Allied troops in Berlin.

Neapolitans were glad to see the men who had come up from Africa.

Wounded German prisoners went to America, where they are doing a variety of tasks, including processing the grape crop.



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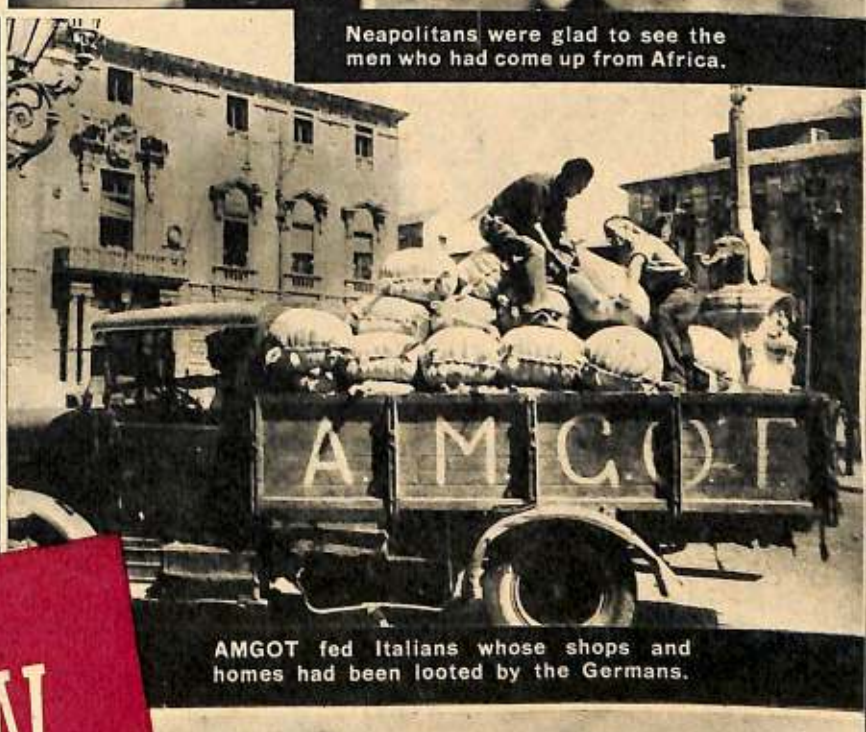
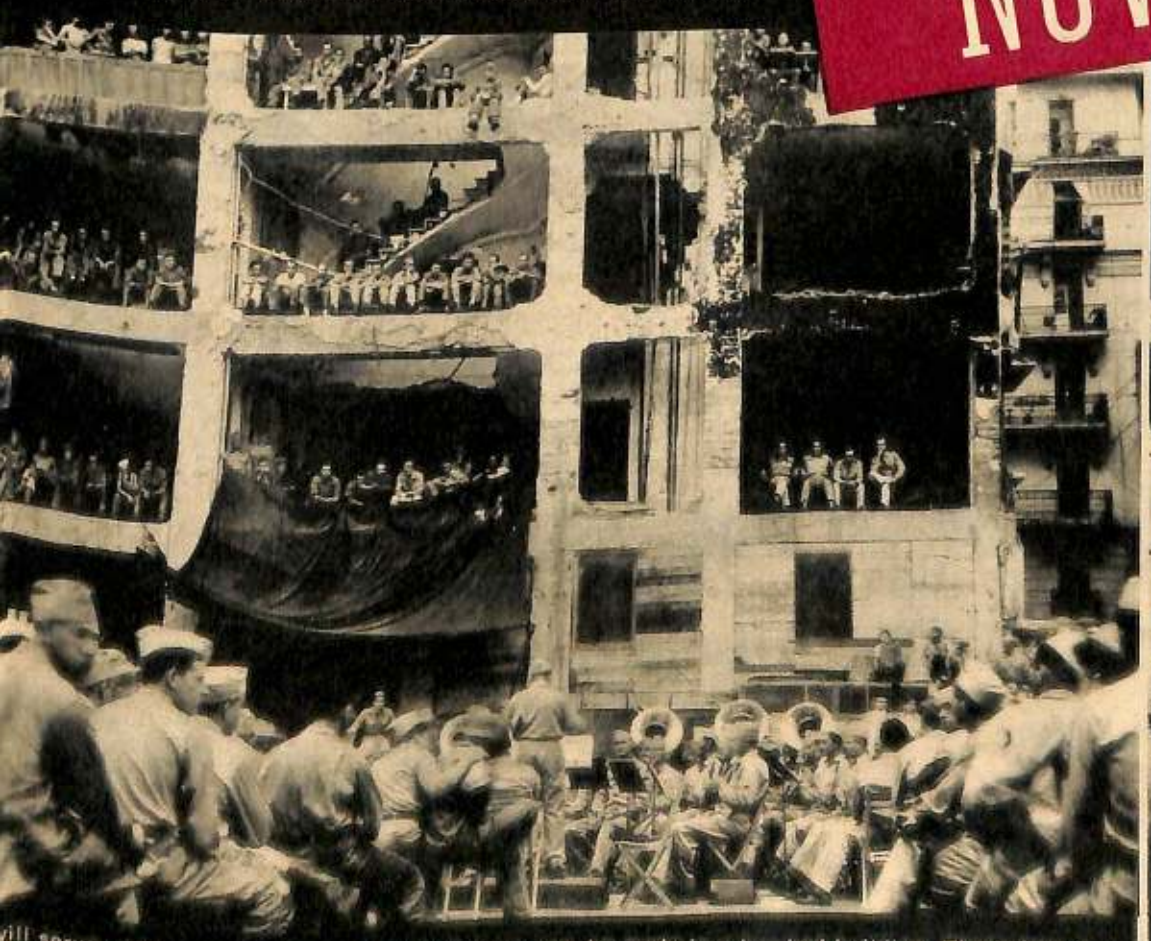
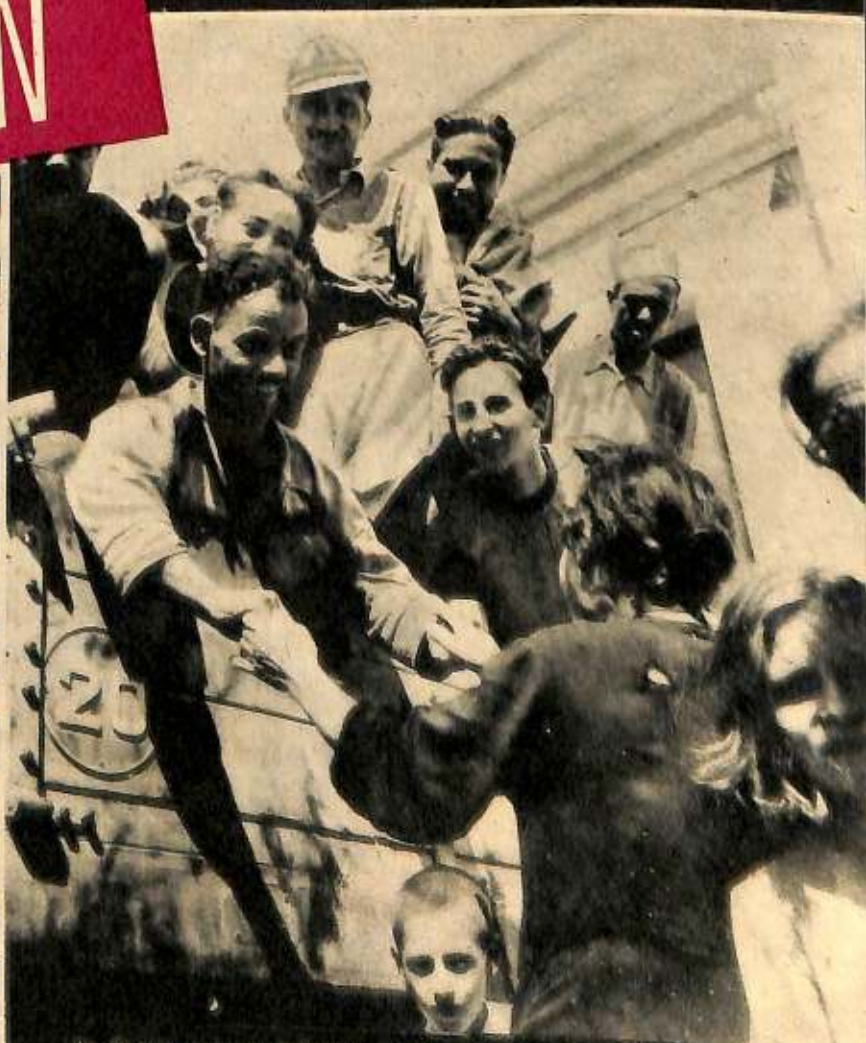


AMGOT fed Italians whose shops and homes had been looted by the Germans.



vill serve; on land a satisfactory amphitheater can be made in a bombed building. That's how it ren't available, they were improvised. C'est la guerre.



In Sicily released Italian prisoners went home to their families, glad to be rid of Facist yoke for first time in years.


Hedy Lamarr
YANK
Pin-up Girl

News from Home

The voters voted, the guessers guessed, and the plane plants turned out a whole slew of what it takes to win a war.

As U. S. elections go, last week's was a pipsqueak—an off-year contest in which public interest was even more apathetic than usual because through it all the war loomed as so vastly more important. Nevertheless, there was voting as usual and it provided the usual lush aftermath for the boys who make a living out of keeping an ear to the ground, a finger on the pulse, and an eye on the wind-blown straw—an awkward position, perhaps, but one traditionally calculated to give the best perspective on a blurry future.

Roosevelt was a goner in 1944 some of the dopesters said, and the stock market, cracked and dented barometer that it is, perked up. Others, with more pronounced limb-roosting inclinations, declared that New York's relatively young Republican Governor, Thomas E. Dewey, was the man and that he would be packing his duds preliminary to moving into the White House next year at this time.

Actually, what had happened was that the Republicans had given the Democrats a sound drubbing in the four states where the contests were considered most critical—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Kentucky—and that in at least one of these, Kentucky, the result was rather a surprise to both sides. In all, the GOP won six out of nine state-wide contests, and for the first time in fifteen years there were more Republican governors in the U. S. than Democratic ones. The score: 25 to 23.

The Republicans, naturally, were jubilant, and saw the outcome as a reflection in microcosm of a national anti-administration sentiment. Just as naturally, the Democrats were less vocal and inclined toward the view that local issues were the only issues at stake.

In New York, Republican State Senator Joe R. Hanley, whose campaign had enjoyed the backing of Governor Dewey and Wendell Willkie, had no trouble at all in getting elected Lieutenant Governor, a post left vacant some months ago by the death of the incumbent. Hanley received a plurality of more than 300,000 over his opponent, William N. Haskell, the retired lieutenant general, whose candidacy was endorsed by President Roosevelt and Jim Farley.

As the dopesters—or some of them—see it, Hanley's election makes it feasible for Dewey to run for President next year because now he would presumably be able to leave the Executive Mansion at Albany safely in Republican hands. After the election, Dewey said bluntly: "I am not and shall not become a Presidential candidate for the Republican nomination in 1944," but there seemed to be a feeling in certain quarters that he could be made to change his mind in a pinch.

In New Jersey, Walter Edge, Republican Governor of the state during the last war and Ambassador to France under President Hoover, won back the Governorship for his party by defeating Vincent J. Murphy, Democratic Mayor of Newark.

In Philadelphia, which was the center of Pennsylvania's political excitement, Acting Mayor Bernard Samuel, a Republican, kept his office by defeating William C. Bullitt, former Ambassador to Russia and France.

In Kentucky, the first Republican Governor the state has had in sixteen years was elected. He is Simeon S. Willis, who beat J. Lyter Donaldson, a Democrat, in the closest election Kentucky has staged in the last quarter century.

Other returns of the day: Hartford, Conn., got its first Republican Mayor in ten years when William Mortensen was elected over the incumbent Mayor O'Connor. . . . Bridgeport, Conn., returned its perennial Socialist Mayor, Jasper McLevy, to office for his sixth term. . . . Edward J. Jeffries, Mayor of Detroit, Mich., was ready to start his third term in office after defeating Frank Fitzgerald. . . . In San Francisco, Angelo J. Rossi, who had been Mayor for twelve years, was defeated for re-election by a landslide vote for Roger D. Lapham, a former member of the War Labor Board, who was at one time stationed in London, looking out for U. S. wartime shipping interests.

Election sidelights: President Roosevelt, voting as usual at his country home in Hyde Park, N.Y., was asked his occupation and replied "Tree grower." In the past he has described himself as a

Proprietor of this movie in San Francisco has won a prize for honesty. Maybe, however, he's just a lazy guy who figures this sign won't have to be changed.

Service ribbons for civilians in the WD—Here's what your Aunt Ettie will be wearing to match your ETO badge when you get home. Everybody who serves six months without lousing up receives one of the four bottom ribbons. Upper right: An extra pat on the back. Upper left: The special nonesuch.

farmer. . . . General Haskell, the loser in New York, sent the conventional telegram of congratulations to the winner. Mr. Hanley, however, did not hear from his opponent until 24 hours later because the Board of War Communications won't allow the transmission of a telegram with the word "congratulations" in it any more. Figures it's wasteful. . . . In Salt Lake City, Utah, Mayor A. B. Jenkins, running for a second term, was defeated by Earl Glade. The voters were evidently not impressed by a ceremony a week prior to election at which the "Mormon Meteor," the racing car in which Jenkins once set up some world's speed records on the nearby Bonneville Flats, was placed on exhibit, enclosed in a glass case, at the state capitol.

Election scandal: Thomas Aurelio, who, while a magistrate of New York City, was disclosed to have had political dealings with Frankie Costello, the slot-machine king, was elected Justice of the Supreme Court, despite the fact that he had been repudiated by both major parties. Aurelio, who admitted that he knew Costello but had no idea of what a bad sort he was, ran seventh, but squeaked in, anyway, thanks to the very good reason that there were seven vacancies to be filled. Practically the entire New York Press, which had opposed Aurelio vigorously, shook its head in gloom.

A little more on the general political picture at home. Although Willkie, as always, has a large following it is probably not as well organized as Dewey's, and the latter therefore seems to be the Republican white hope for next fall. The Old Guard Republicans, who still have a good deal of say about what goes, regard Dewey as a sounder and more solid party man.

Dewey appears to be just a bit more popular than Willkie with the general public, too, judging by the November *Fortune* poll. The editors drew up a list of men they evidently considered presidential possibilities for 1944 and then asked a cross-section of the public whom it would choose if the war were over by this time next year and if it were still on. The list in itself may give a pretty fair idea of possibilities we'll probably be hearing about later. Here it is: Mr. Roosevelt; Mr. Dewey; John W. Bricker, Republican Governor of Ohio; Vice-President Henry A. Wallace; Mr. Willkie; James F. Byrnes, a Democrat and Justice of Supreme Court; and General Douglas MacArthur.

The percentages of the vote for the top four were as follows—If the war is still on: Roosevelt, 51.5; Dewey, 12; Willkie, 9.8; MacArthur, 8.3. If the war is over: Roosevelt, 22.1; Dewey, 16.3; Willkie, 15.7; MacArthur, 13.3.

The C.I.O., at its national convention in Philadelphia, deferred the question of whether or not to back Mr. Roosevelt for a fourth term. However, its president, Philip Murray, and Sidney Hillman, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union, both said they would favor Mr. Roosevelt's reelection now, if that were the question, which it obviously wasn't. The C.I.O. convention also made plans to set aside a five million dollar fund for the mobilization of its voting strength, estimated at 14 million.

The Pittsburgh *Courier*, a Negro newspaper, reported that a nation-wide poll of 10,000 representative Negroes showed that 84 per cent of them wanted Willkie as the Republican candidate for President.

And that's the set-up to date, men. At the moment, you can make ours Wintergreen.

ON the morning after Naples was occupied, and U. S. bombers from North Africa had raided Munich, and more U. S. bombers had sunk three Jap ships in the Solomons, the *Chicago Tribune's* banner headline read: "Woman Shot at Funeral!" The story under it had to do with one Paul Topp, a conductor on the Chicago elevated lines, who shot his brother and sister-in-law while they were burying his mother in the Ridgewood cemetery near des Plaines. The editors of the *Tribune*, which still proclaims itself "the world's greatest newspaper," must know how to play their stories right, for they now have a circulation of 940,000.

As a matter of fact, in one way or another, Chicago was having quite a bit of funeral trouble. Fifteen funerals were delayed when striking gravediggers refused to allow hearses and other vehicles to enter St. Adalbert's Cemetery. Priests joined undertakers' pallbearers in carrying coffins through the gates and into a vault.

A far more important strike, so far as the national welfare went, was that of 530,000 coal miners, and it, happily, was ending as a result of the President's demand that the men return to work less than two days after they had walked out. A contract—signed, but awaiting final approval of the War Labor Board—would give the miners a basic daily wage of $8.50, which is $1.50 more than they were getting. It also would mean an eight instead of a seven-hour day and a shorter lunch period. John L. Lewis, the miners' union leader, ordered his men to return to work "at the earliest possible moment," but reports from various parts of the country indicated that they were by no means hustling back to the job.

The draft board of Morrison County, Minn., announced that it would induct no more men "until all strikes are settled for the duration." . . . The chairman of the draft board in Durango, Colo., a fellow named John Craug, who has four children, found he had no more single men on his lists and so drafted himself as the first pre-Pearl Harbor father to go from his community. . . . Johnnie Young, of Laurel, Miss., slapped his draft board chairman during an argument over induction and was in turned slapped into the Federal pen for two years—which is one way out of it. . . . Charles Cooper, father of Gary Cooper, the actor, didn't have to argue with his draft board chairman when he turned up for induction in answer to a notice that he had been classified 1-A. He's seventy-eight, but it was all a mistake, so don't worry about pop.

And still they go: Frank Sinatra, the man with a voice, was reclassified 1-A by his Jersey City draft board—and, if he goes, what will happen to civilian morale is terrible to imagine. Twenty-five years old, he has a daughter and his wife is expecting another child. . . . Al Barlick, twenty-eight years old National League umpire, was inducted into the Coast Guard in Chicago. . . . Eric Leinsdorf, thirty-one, the new conductor of the Cleveland Orchestra, was classified 1-A and said he didn't plan to appeal. . . . Danny Kaye, the double-talk Broadway star, landed in 4-F and announced he'd go overseas anyway—putting on his act at camps. So maybe the draft board's loss is the ETO's gain.

Winged Victory, the Army Air Force show, written and directed by Moss Hart, opened in Boston and some critics predicted it would be even more successful than *This is the Army*, Irving Berlin's G.I. musical which is at present packing them in in England.

The barbers are really trimming the customers these days. The U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics reported that the average price of a haircut is up from four bits to six and that the price will be a buck, like in the first war, before long.

WAYNE LONERGAN, the twenty-six year old would-be flyer, has been indicted for beating his wealthy young wife, Patricia, to death in her Beekman Hill apartment a couple of weeks back. One of the lawyers assigned to his defense is Edward V. Broderick, who has saved 37 clients charged with first-degree murder and has never lost one to the hot seat.

Lonergan admits he is a trifle on the queer side and his wife apparently suspected as much for she cut him out of her will without a penny, and left her entire $5,000,000 estate to their eighteen-month old son. Now there's a ripe prospect for some of you former insurance salesmen when you get back.

A RESOLUTION calling for international collaboration after the war was revised by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to include the Moscow past and then weathered two votes without a change being made in it.

And while the double-dome set savours the bouquet of that one, here's a cheering item for us all: During the month of October the U. S. broke all previous records by turning out 8,362 airplanes, and that is one hell of a lot of airplanes. The total included the largest number of heavy bombers ever produced in a single month. The figures were made public by Donald M. Nelson, chairman of the War Production Board, and prove that all is by no means strikes and skittles on the home front.

More proof: A 1,300-ton destroyer escort was launched by the Bethlehem shipyard at Hingham, Mass., a mere 25 days after its keel was laid. The Hingham workers claimed a record, and we'd be the last to challenge them.

In Denver, Colo., Major General L. H. Campbell, Army ordnance chief, disclosed that the U. S. has a new 120 mm. gun with a maximum range of 60,000 feet, which is nearly five miles and twice the present bomber ceiling.

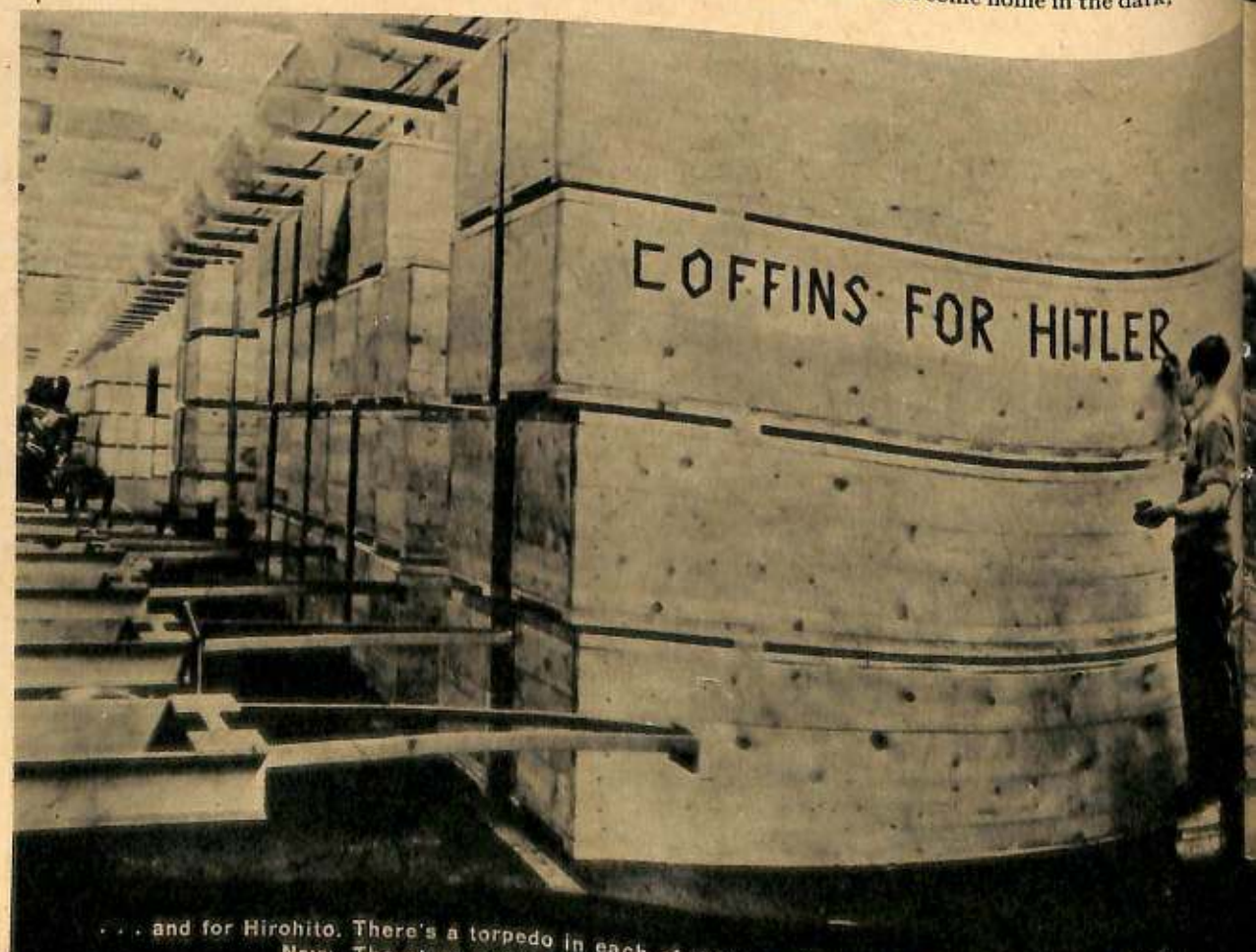
Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson said that U. S. casualties in the Mediterranean area during the past year amounted to 31,126, of which 5,539 were killed, 17,621 wounded, and 7,966 missing. The National Safety Council put the total number of U. S. fighters killed since Pearl Harbor at 21,940 and listed 65,170 as wounded and missing.

The War Department reported that 56 per cent of all generals serving with Army combat units are less than fifty years old and that fifteen of the generals on active duty are under forty.

The octane rating of the best gasoline to be sold to civilians henceforth will be 76 instead of 80, which means, according to Ralph K. Davies, deputy fuel administrator "that it may take a bit more time to warm up your motor." . . . A resident of Buffalo, N. Y., wrote to Mayor Kelly of that city asking for gas-ration coupons in exchange for the 217 votes he claimed to have lined up for His Honor. No deal. . . . When the Reverend Dallas F. Billington, pastor of the Baptist Temple in Akron, Ohio, was deprived of his gas rations for sixty days after being found guilty of driving 70 miles an hour, he told the court: "You must travel fast these days to save souls."

The torch of the Statue of Liberty blazed again as the dimout restrictions were relaxed in all coastal areas. Times Square grew brighter every night as more and more signs were put back into working commission, but a shortage of light bulbs and a 10 p.m. curfew on fancy illumination kept it still a mere shadow of its former self.

Eleanor Roosevelt was prompted by the end of the dimout in New York to recall that a year ago at this time she was in blacked-out Britain and to write in her column concerning her visit here: "I often wondered how the men and women who had to go to work in the dark, and then come home in the dark,



. . . and for Hirohito. There's a torpedo in each of these caskets, to be delivered by the U. S. Navy. The plant making them is [illegible]

This luxurious room used to be filled with guests of the Greenbrier Hotel, White Sulphur Springs, Va. Now hotel is a hospital. American wounded eat here.

Mom builds them, son sails them. Seaman Tom Yannuzzi, back from the Aleutians, visits mother at Port Newark (N.J.) shipyard. Tom once worked there, too.

could stand up under it. Now they are starting in on another winter. While one hears they have the same difficulties we have with absenteeism and general let-down in morale, still their production does keep up, just as ours does."

The fall enrolment at California's Stanford University set a new record of 5,300, but 3,000 of those were Army trainees. . . . Paul C. Darling, Iowa State's all-star fullback last year, is now barred by Army regulations from varsity competition so he is serving the team as waterboy.

The Stevens in Chicago, the world's largest hotel, is now open again to civilians, after being used for several months as an Army radio school.

Seems as if we'd been reading about these darned old governors and their pig ever since our neophyte days at Upton. Anyway, Governor Olin Johnston, of South Carolina, has now discovered that the sow he won on a war-bond bet from Nebraska's Governor Griswold is pregnant. Therefore, he's not going to barbecue the critter after all but will let it have its family in peace on his farm near Columbia. And that's the end of it so far as we are concerned, even if she gives birth to Siamese twins.

Juvenile delinquency being the problem it is over there, the managers of movie theaters in Kansas City, Mo., and Tucson, Ariz., have decided they won't sell matinee tickets to children who are not accompanied by their parents. . . . The Rhode Island Church Council has told the City Council of Providence that conditions downtown in the capital on Saturday nights "disgrace the Army and Navy." But what does it do to Providence?

Mrs. Meith Blackwell, of Alebanon, Ind., the wife of a Seabee stationed in the South Pacific gave birth to triplets—a boy and two girls. Quite some news for a guy perched on an atoll.

The *Normandie* has left her melancholy berth at the foot of West Forty-ninth Street for the first time in four years and has been towed down the Hudson to a dry dock where she is to be fitted out as a troopship.

An unidentified man, strolling through the wards of a military hospital in Toronto, Can., suddenly began scattering $100 bills among the patients. As he walked out through the convalescents' ward, he dropped two $1,000 bills on the floor. Now they can't get the boys out of there even by dangling medical discharges before their eyes.

The residents of Albany, Calif., pestered by some big black rats, were encouraged when Red Nichols, the bandleader, promised to pipe the rodents right in to San Francisco bay with a new "superaudible" high note—so superaudible, in fact, that humans can't even hear it but rats can, and it's supposed to drive them nuts.

Ann Corio, once the darling of burlesque, won a divorce in Hartford, Conn., from Emmett Callahan, New York theatrical agent.

The Barnum and Bailey circus played to a record crowd of 4,270,000 people this year.

Max Reinhardt, the expansively minded impresario, died of pneumonia in New York at the age of seventy.

Thomas Hathaway, a British seaman, struck up a conversation with William Ellis, a Canadian seaman, who was idling in the next chair to him at the Boston U.S.O. club. Hathaway asked Ellis what part of Canada he came from and Ellis said Montreal. At that Hathaway dug out his wallet and extracted a dog-eared snapshot. "Here's a girl lives in Montreal," he said, "but I don't suppose you ever happened to run across her." Ellis took one gander at the picture and his eyes narrowed. "What," he asked, in a tone filled with danger, "are you doing with a picture of my wife?" Hathaway replied: "She's my sister." She was, too.

In York, Pa., a lady dumped two basketsful of old tin cans in front of a steamroller operated by John Powell because she was tired of squashing them for salvage with her feet.

Mrs. Helen Robar, a war-plant employe, of Baltimore, Md., wasn't as pooped as our York friend. Told that she must take a two-month leave of absence when she reported back for work five hours after the birth of her eighth child, she spent the sixty days working as a sales girl for Montgomery Ward.

Sales of homes in Westchester County reached a new ten-year high during September, the briskest turnover being in Scarsdale, White Planes, Rye, Hartsdale, and Mt. Kisco.

Whitemarsh Hall, the Philadelphia residence of the late Edward T. Stotesbury, was sold to the Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Co., which planned to turn the homey little 147-room mansion into a laboratory for scientific research.

Judge Herbert Petersen of St. Petersburg, Fla., sentenced Roy Hines to calling up police headquarters three times a day for eight days and saying: "I'm still quiet." Hines had been convicted of using loud and profane language in public. You can almost hear the old couples in St. Pete chuckling over that one.

Izzy Gomez, a bartender, well known to San Francisco tipplers, asked President Roosevelt to forgive him for bootlegging during Prohibition. As we go to press, Izzy has yet to hear from the President. Figures F. D. R. probably has something else on his mind.

Mike, a homeless St. Bernard dog, tried to squeeze himself into the gas death chamber at Golden, Colo. When word of it got around, Sheriff Vincent received fifteen offers to adopt the waif. The sheriff guesses Mike had it doped out that way from the start.

Gamblers may die broke, but not soldiers. Not, anyway, Frank M. Frary, a Civil War veteran of Denver, Colo. Everybody always liked old Frank, but nobody ever gave him much thought until he died, when relatives found seventy-nine $1,000 bills wrapped up in brown paper and tucked away in his jeans.

A Chicagoan named Crook confessed to 35 holdups and a gravedigger in South Bend, Ind., fell dead while digging a grave. It's the same old U. S. A.

Boys with Bazookas—"Mine's the *real* thing," says Comedian Bob Burns, at Camp Hood, Tex., but Major Ralph Sleator insists his is.

Hold that Tiger! . . . only it's a Great Dane, but just about as tough. The guy on the left is Carl Spitz, Hollywood trainer now coaching dogs for the Army. The guy on the right wishes he wasn't.

Lieut.-General Jacob L. Devers

Admiral Harold R. Stark

Lieut.-General Ira C. Eaker

Major-General John C. H. Lee

Mail Call

A YEAR ago last week, the first issue of the British edition of "Yank" appeared in the ETO. At that time, Prime Minister Winston Churchill personally sent the greetings of the people of the British Empire to the American troops in this theater through the medium of "Yank." We reprint that message now because its significance has increased through this past year of our sojourn in Britain, because the friendship between us has been magnified through a year of pleasant acquaintance here in England, because the bonds between us have been strengthened by the mutual respect our troops have felt fighting side by side in Africa, southern Europe and in the skies over Hitler's roofless fortress.

PRIME MINISTER WINSTON CHURCHILL

10 DOWNING STREET,
WHITEHALL.

30 *October*, 1942.

Five months ago your Commander-in-Chief in his message to the first issue of "Yank" described you as the delegates of freedom. Since then the people of Great Britain have seen with pride and confidence the ever-increasing numbers of American troops arriving in this country. Now in this first issue of YANK to be printed in London, I myself should like to welcome to these islands all of you who are taking part in the European theater of operations.

I hope that when you and your British comrades in arms will have brought freedom to the enslaved continent of Europe, some of you will return to this country from America in the happier days of peace to renew the friendships which you are making now. In the meantime, I am sure that you will find this London edition of YANK a welcome link with your families at home as well as with your comrades serving in the other theaters of war. May its fortunes and yours prosper.

Winston S. Churchill

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL.

To the staff of YANK.

My hearty congratulations to YANK on the first anniversary of its British Edition.

It seems to me that, beyond your primary aim of helping to maintain the morale of the American forces in this theater, and to keep them in touch with home, you are to be thanked for another highly important achievement. You have made a valuable contribution toward showing our men, and all your readers, the unity on all the fronts in this war—from the Aleutians to Italy, and from Great Britain to the Solomons. In addition you have given a great number of people in the British forces and among the general public here an opportunity to see a first-class job of American reporting, American photography and American humor.

John G. Winant

JOHN G. WINANT.

AMBASSADOR JOHN G. WINANT

To the staff of YANK.

The first anniversary of YANK in the European Theater of Operations gives me this opportunity of telling the editors, reporters and all of the men who have made this service publication outstanding in the field of journalism, that I realize the difficulties which they have surmounted, and appreciate the exceptional quality and value of the work which they are accomplishing.

YANK is an excellent example of American journalism. The American Press is our only private institution which is specifically mentioned in our Bill of Rights. Also, by implication, it is mentioned among the freedoms for which we are fighting. The Press, therefore, has certain distinct prerogatives and, consequently, very definite obligations to the American people and to the entire world.

It is my deep conviction and a source of real gratification that American periodicals, as a whole, are striving to carry out their obligations with unquestionable ability and patriotism.

Correspondents, in getting the news to the people back home, have accepted the dangers of the battlefield and have gone forward with troops as determinedly and courageously as our fighting men. Both American and British correspondents have been wounded and some have been killed in this war. They, and the Press as a whole, are deserving of the highest commendation.

I take this opportunity of commending you of YANK. We are fighting for fundamental truths, and you are as much a part of this global struggle as those who conquer the enemy with bullets and steel.

Jacob L. Devers

JACOB L. DEVERS,
Lieutenant General, U. S. Army.
Commanding.

To the staff of YANK.

It is a pleasure to record the Navy's interest in YANK and to acknowledge a great debt of gratitude to it for making what in effect is a home magazine available to all of us over here.

For your first year the Navy would like to hand YANK one of the most treasured of all Navy signals, namely—"WELL DONE."

We shall continue to look forward every Saturday with anticipation and pleasure to receiving our copy of YANK.

Sincerely,

H. R. Stark

H. R. STARK,
Admiral, U. S. Navy,
Commander, U. S. Naval Forces in Europe.

To the staff of YANK.

Birthday greetings and congratulations are certainly in order and it gives me much pleasure to extend them on behalf of the Eighth Air Force. In your first year of "operational duty" in the United Kingdom your publication has filled an important place in the ranks of our fighting men. I have every confidence it will continue as a distinct morale factor.

Ira C. Eaker

IRA C. EAKER,
Lieut. General, U.S.A.
Commanding U. S. Army Eighth Air Force.

HEADQUARTERS,
SERVICES OF SUPPLY,
EUROPEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS.

To the staff of YANK.

On the first anniversary of YANK in Britain, you should be commended for the successful accomplishment of your mission during the past year.

While our primary purpose is to fight and defeat the enemy, YANK serves a very definite function in our Army—that of reflecting the activities of our troops. This job has been well done. At all times, YANK has pursued an honest and straightforward course in its journalistic efforts, and has been a credit to our Army.

It is with pleasure, therefore, that I send warmest greetings to the staff of YANK on this anniversary, and I believe that every man and woman of us will continue to look forward to its publication each week as a distinguished contribution to this experience we are sharing.

John C. H. Lee

JOHN C. H. LEE,
Major General, U. S. Army.

YANK is published weekly by the Enlisted Men of the U. S. Army.

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Pictures: 1, BOP. 2, ACME. 4, BOP. 5, Pfc. Martin Harris. 11, centre left, OWI; right, BOP. 12, top, Photographic News Agencies; top center left and right, BOP; lower center left and right, BOP; bottom left, OWI; bottom right, BOP. 13, top, Signal Corps; centre left, OWI; center right, Planet; bottom, OWI; extreme right top, BOP; center and bottom, OWI. 14, M-G-M. 15, top, ACME; bottom, OWI. 16, *N.Y. Times*. 17, top and center, INP; bottom left, AP; bottom right, INP. 19, left, AP; right, OWI. 20, top, PA; bottom, ACME. 22 and 23, Sgt. John Bushemi.

SPORTS: YALE TURNS DOWN HARVARD'S OFFER

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

Here Yale's small, brave squad of Elis romp over Muhlenberg. That's Ed Strype cracking the line.

THERE has been much moaning at the bar of the Harvard Club lately. Yale stoutly refuses to have any truck with Harvard's informal football team.

To get the whole story about why Yale gave the Johnnies the brush off, we consulted a solid Eli Blue from 'way back, T-5 Bartlett Billingsley, the only clerk in our orderly room who can spell.

"As I see it," Billingsley said, twirling a Skull and Bones key under the first sergeant's nose and patting the small bulldog he hides in the 201 files during inspections, "Harvard mislaid its football team for no good reason. And Harvard can stay out as far as we're concerned. This fall the Ivy League needed Crimson support more than ever, and they quit on us. They had as much material as anybody. They are a Navy school, and they have as many V-12s as we have.

"If you ask me," Billingsley continued, climbing on the imitation New Haven fence he hides in the Immediate Action memorandums during inspections, "this plan to lure Yale into Harvard Stadium for a post-season game in November was a vicious plot concocted on Beacon Hill by a lot of old Hasty Pudding Club men named Cabot and Peabody. They damn well knew Yale was playing a back-breaking schedule this fall, and that by November our small, brave squad of Elis would be completely exhausted."

If Billingsley wanted a few details, Yale's small, brave squad of Elis was exhausted as early as Oct. 6 when Pennsylvania belabored them, 41 to 7.

"Meanwhile," Billingsley said, "these so-called Harvard informals would be playing a ridiculous schedule of just four games with a lot of soft touches like Camp Edwards, Vassar and Wellesley. It was their plan to catch us after our small squad had been depleted by the wear and tear of a tough schedule, and then ambush us with their fresh forces. Why should we stick our necks into that mouse trap? Not a chance!"

It might be well to point out here that there's nothing informal about Harvard's football team except the wrinkles on the back of its moleskin pants. You would hardly call a backfield composed of Dick Warren, Leo Lauterbach, Swede Anderson and Paul Perkins informal—unless it's because they like to be called by their first names. Lauterbach, a Navy transfer from Minnesota, is a triple-threater in the authentic sense of the word. Anderson, a blocking back, was the boy who made Harlow's last Harvard team really click.

"Mind you," Billingsley said, "we're not afraid of Harvard. I think Yale could beat Harvard if we played them every Saturday. But just suppose we did happen to lose to them through some bad officialing. Do you know what could happen? Those Boston newspapers would go crazy. I can see the headlines now: YALE DRUBBED, 7-6, BY BUNCH OF HARVARD INFORMALS. My Gawd!

"No self-respecting Yale coach would ever leave himself open for that sort of ridicule. We'd chase him clear out of New Haven if he did. Yale offered Harvard a game last August, and they turned us down. But now they've had a change of heart. Well, it came too late."

It now develops that this wasn't the only score on which Harvard had a change of heart. When Yale gave them the cold shoulder they scheduled a game with Boston College's improvised football team for late November in Harvard Stadium. This was absolutely shocking. It meant that the plush cord was finally down in Boston. Now the unwashed McCarthys and Shehans could once again play with the Lodges and Frothinghams of Beacon Hill.

The last time Boston College and Harvard played each other was in 1919 when the Crimson's Rose Bowl team, powered by Eddie Casey, rolled over B. C., 17-0. The following spring the two schools broke off relations. Oddly enough, it was B. C. that decided to call it quits. They were hurt because Harvard had dropped them from its baseball schedule, and in retaliation they canceled their football game with Harvard.

But now after 20 years the Jesuit boys from Chestnut Hill will again romp in the sacred confines of the ivy-covered Harvard Stadium. B. C. would have better appreciated this privilege a year ago. They really had some uncouth cookies around then. Guys like Bouley and Holovak, who are now in the Army. B. C. has no Navy V-12 program and its 1943 eleven is even more informal than Harvard claims to be, which is plenty.

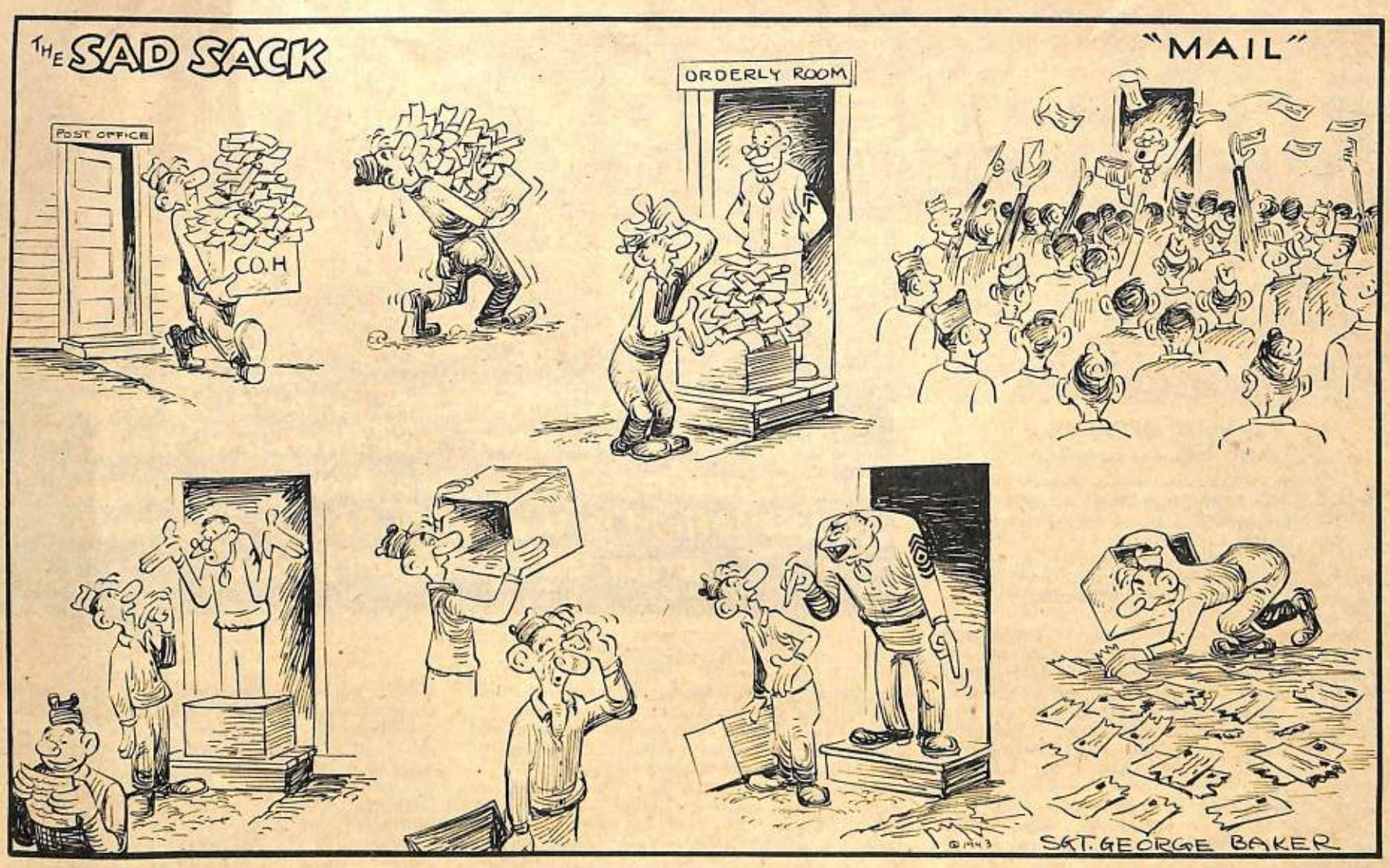
SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

For the first time in history, a football squad travels by glider and transport plane. Here one half of the North Carolina Pre-Flight junior varsity team boards a glider at Chapel Hill for Camp Mackall, N. C.

THERE'S a mess sergeant at Camp Lee, Va., who can tell you all about the appetites of the New York football Giants. When the Giants played at Lee recently, they cleaned up 35 pounds of hot dogs at a single sitting. . . . Yankee slugger **Charlie Keller** will be the next big-league star inducted under the new pre-Pearl Harbor father draft. . . . **Ken Overlin,** now in Hawaii with the Navy, could fight as heavyweight if he wanted to. He weighs 185 pounds. . . . **Mickey Vernon,** the Senators' first baseman, is taking his boot training at the Sampson (N. Y.) Naval Training Station. . . . **Bill Dickey,** whose "game and set" homer won the series for the Yankees, is back on active flying status with the CAP in Little Rock, Ark. . . . **Col. Harry (Lighthorse Harry) Wilson,** former All-American halfback at Penn State and Army, will be upped to a BG shortly. He's in the South Pacific commanding a group of Mitchell Bombers known as the "Night Nemesis" and only the other day added the Oak Leaf cluster to his decorations. . . . A recent German casualty list carried the name of **Hans Woelkke,** 1936 Olympic shot-put champion.

What's become of **Sgt. Ben Hogan** who went to OCS at Miami Beach this summer? Wasn't he supposed to graduate in the same class with **Lt. Donald Budge?** . . . **Glenn Dobbs,** Tulsa's All-American Sugar Bowl star, busted out of flying school because of a vision defect and is now a physical-training noncom at Randolph Field, Tex. His kid brother Bobby is a third-string halfback at West Point. . . . **Lt. Lou Duesing,** co-captain of Brown's 1941 football team, has completed the ATC's First Pilot School in Africa. . . . The Georgia Pre-Flight School is throwing its weight around with lots more authority since **Pat (Hit 'em Again) Harder** of Wisconsin and **Steve Filipowicz,** Fordham's rapid Ram, were added to the team. . . . It's now **Cpl. Bob Carpenter** at Camp Grant, Ill. He's the former Giant pitcher.

GIs at March Field, Calif., are booming their undefeated Fourth Air Force football team as the western representative for the Rose Bowl, come New Year's Day. You might remember some of this gang—**Cpl. Jimmy Nelson,** Alabama All-American halfback; **Sgt. Ollie Day,** quarterback of USC's 1939 Rose Bowl team; **Sgt. Bob DeFruiter,** Nebraska halfback; **Cpl. Jumping Joe Williams,** Ohio State All-American halfback; **Pvt. Leo Cantor,** UCLA and New York Giant fullback; **Pvt. Hank Norberg,** end on Stanford's Rose Bowl club, and **Cpl. Indian Jack Jacobs,** another "All" guy from Oklahoma. . . . The Navy has commissioned two more of the Chicago Bears, fullback **Bill Osmanski** and end **Johnny Siegal.** . . . To those GIs in India who were betting on the height and weight of Indiana's All-American Bill Hillenbrand: he's 6 feet and weighs 190 pounds, and not 6 feet 6, as one of you contended! In case you're interested, Bill is back at Indiana as an Army trainee, but is not allowed to play football.



Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.

ARTIE AND THE WISTFUL SAILOR

WE were strolling through Hyde Park with Artie, doing nothing in particular. It was hopeless to go to a movie because it was Sunday and the queues were too long. There was, as a matter of fact, nothing to do *but* walk in the park, unless one wanted to write letters. Artie did not want to write letters and all ours had been written.

On a bench before us we saw a young sailor, looking very glum and down in the mouth.

"Pipe the tar," Artie said. "He looks like he's got the toothache."

"Maybe he's sad," we said. "Maybe he's lonely."

"The day I see a lonely sailor," Artie said, "is the day I come up for a foist sergeantcy. Oney trouble with him is, he probly can't fine enough places to spend his dough in."

"Why don't you ask him?" we wanted to know. "Maybe you can cheer him up."

"Why should I cheer him up?" said Artie. "No gawdam sailor ever cheered me up. If it hadn't been for a crew of sailors I might never of been brought over to this jernt. I might still be sucking up the suds in Berklyn."

"Ask him anyway," we said. "He's a stranger in a far country."

"Okay," Artie said. "Affer all, he's from the U.S.A. jess like me, even if he is a sailor."

We went over to the bench.

"Hello Jack," said Artie. "Wassamatter?"

The sailor looked sadly at him. "I'm homesick," he said. "I'm sick for me home. That's wassamatter."

"I didn't think sailors ever got homesick."

"This sailor is," said the sailor. "Besides, I ain't really a sailor. I'm a Middlewesterner."

"Thass nice," Artie said. "From Chicago, huh?"

"From Milwaukee, Wistconsin," said the sailor. "What brings you to Lunnon?"

"I come to Lunnon to see the sights."

"Did you see them?" we asked.

"I seen them," said the sailor. "But it ain't like Milwaukee. I wisht I was back on me ship."

"Thass a horrible thing for any man to wisht for," said Artie. "Wass the sense of being on a rocky ole ship when you can plant yer feet on dry land? I was on one of them ships when they brung me over here. It was awful, that ship was."

"What was the matter with the ship?" the sailor said.

"It was crammed with huming beings," said Artie. "They was rodjers everywheres. Nobody had no room to move."

"They's plenty of room to move on my ship."

"They didn't gimme no cherce of ships," Artie said. "I had to take the first blassid tub they trun at me. I ain't caught up on me breathing sinct they landed me. Now, if you was in a nice upstanding Army like this one, you wouldn't be homesick."

"I wanna go home and see me goil."

"They's lots of goils here," Artie said.

"I ain't innerested," said the sailor.

"Where's all the friends you got?" asked Artie.

"They all went off to take pitchers somewheres," said the sailor. "Thass what we do in the Navy. We all buys cameras and take pitchers."

"A very respectable way to past the time, if I do say so," said Artie.

"I loss all innerest in the dry land," said the sailor. "I got to be on the bosom of the sea to be happy."

"I been on the bosom of the sea," Artie said, "and it didn't make me happy."

"Thass because you don't appreciate the wonders of nature," said the sailor. "The sea is a wonder of nature. It smells very good."

"I been on the sea," said Artie. "It smells like fish."

"Oney in the harbors," said the sailor. "Oney in places where they's people. You get out in the middle of the sea and it smells entirely different."

"I been out in the middle of the sea," said Artie. "It smelled like fish there, too. The whole gawdam place smells like fish."

"You got to appreciate the sea to unnerstand it," said the sailor. "I'm really a recluse. Thass why I don't like places with people in them. Gimmee the middle of the ocean any ole time."

"When I was a small boy in Milwaukee, Wistconsin," said the sailor, "I used to row a rowboat. I was innerested in the sea from then on."

"When I was a small boy in Berklyn, New York," said Artie. "I used to roll a hoop that come from a beer barrel, but it didn't toin me inter a drunkard. A man can overcome obstacles like that. Why are you so anxious to get back to your boat?"

"Because the boat is going back to the American United States," said the sailor, "which means I can get back to Milwaukee, Wistconsin and see me goil."

"Suppose a submarine torpedoes the boat?" said Artie. "Then you won't get nowheres."

"Thass a chance us sailors got to take," the sailor said. "Thass our contribution to the war effort."

"If I was you, Jack," Artie said, "I'd forget all about Milwaukee and settle down here. They's a strong possibility this might be a long war. You ought to feather your nest."

"I ain't happy in foreign countries."

"For gaw's sake," said Artie, "you ain't in a foreign country long enough to be unhappy in it. If you was in the Army, like us, and was sitting around on a foreign strand for two or three years you might really get down to some deep worrying about Milwaukee, Wistconsin. As it is, you're commuting across the ocean all the time. If I was you I'd go get me a camera and go take some pitchers. Affer all, Jack, you could of been drafted inter the Army, couldn't you?"

"Thass right, I could of," said the sailor.

"You don't know when you're well off," said Artie. "Well, we got to be shoving off, as they say in the Navy. Cheerio, ole boy."

We walked away. "Well," Artie said, "I guess I cheered him up, I guess. Probly he'll go out and buy a camera and take some pitchers now that I got him back his verve. It makes a guy feel good, bringing contentment to his fellow man."

"You got it so well, old boy," we said.

"Maybe it's time for the pubs to be open," Artie suggested.

We looked at our watches. "In two more hours."

"Honess to gaw," said Artie, "sometimes I wisht I was back in Milwaukee, Wistconsin, too. You know what they got on battleships? They got soda fountains on battleships. Nothing else. Sometimes I don't think the Army's bad at all."

The Five-Day Attack on Hastings Ridge

Here is an exciting story of desperately close fighting between two- and three-man American and Japanese combat teams on a jungle battlefield in the South Pacific not much larger than a football gridiron.

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH U. S. OCCUPATIONAL FORCES ON NEW GEORGIA—Hastings Ridge is just a little place, a sort of quiver in the convulsions of New Georgia's terrain.

If the rough coral slopes were leveled and the steel-scarred trees were cleared away, there might be room for a football field, certainly nothing larger.

Yet the Ridge was literally crawling with Japs—one machine-gun company and one rifle company at least. For five days the Infantry attacked it and when they gained a foothold, they fought all day and all night and then the next day to hold it.

In the jungle, war is always a personal sort of thing, one man against another. On Hastings Ridge it reached a point where individual action and individual courage were knitted together in two- and three-man units of assault, pitted against similar little units of Japs crouched in pillboxes. And the best fighters won because they cooperated with each other best.

On the first day S/Sgt. Clarence Terry of Arco, Idaho, worked his platoon up the Ridge. Two of his sergeants were ahead of him, almost on top of a Jap pillbox, working together as a team. They were using grenades and rifles, and when Sgt. Robert Chambers of Bend, Oreg., ran out of grenades, he called for his buddy to throw him more. The other sergeant tossed them forward and as he did a Jap rifleman in the pillbox shot him through the chest. The sergeant was on his feet, and when the bullet bit into him he wheeled to face the Jap and yelled like a man fouled in a fist fight: "Why, you dirty little bastard!" He raised his rifle, started forward and fell dead.

Chambers, a few feet away, went blind mad. He hurled two grenades into the Jap position as though he were stoning a snake, then leaped into the pillbox with his trench knife. When he came out, he crouched over his teammate but there was no heartbeat; he had done all he could.

Terry, in the meantime, was kept busy by a machine-gun pillbox that had pinned him down behind a tree. As he fired with a tommy gun he saw Chambers start down toward him and yelled a warning. Chambers hit the ground—a shallow fold in the coral—as the Jap gun swung toward him. Terry breathed easier. Then, seconds later, Pfc. Bob Russell, also of Bend, followed Chambers. Terry yelled again and Bob hit the fold.

With two men almost in the open before them, the Japs abandoned Terry. The cover was too slight to offer real protection and Terry saw Jap .31-caliber bullets rip into the ground and come lower and lower across the two backs until they actually were brushing the clothes of the men as they tried desperately to dig deeper.

Terry saw that the men were directly in front of a low brush pile and that just behind it was an empty foxhole. He yelled to them to edge backward and try to get to the hole. Chambers tried it but the brush stopped him. Jap bullets sprayed around his feet and he could only lie and hope with Russell.

As soon as Terry saw it was impossible for the men to slide backward, he found another solution. He called instructions to them, telling exactly how far they could move their legs and explaining his plan.

Then Terry leaped from behind the tree and let go a burst of .45 slugs at the pillbox. The Japs swung their gun toward him, and in the instant that the fire shifted, Chambers sprang backward across the brush pile and into the foxhole behind it. The Japs swung back on Russell, but half the plan had succeeded.

In a few minutes Terry leaped out again and fired, and Russell performed the back flip to safety. The platoon's teamwork was still clicking.

However, the initial American assault on Hastings Ridge had been stopped. The Infantry pulled back to gather itself for another try.

On the second day the Yanks sought to feel out the hill and spot each individual hole from which the Japs poured fire. In the dense undergrowth it was impossible to locate the Japs unless you got up within a few feet of them. A lieutenant and a sergeant pushing forward were nailed by a pillbox and probably never knew what hit them, or from where.

A scout named Herbert Hanson of Lincoln, Ark., stepped out from behind a tree and as he did a grenade exploded in his face. He dropped his rifle and without a word started back to the rear. The fragments had marked his face but had done nothing more.

Flame throwers were brought up in an effort to heat the Japs out of the ground, but without success; the flames couldn't get close enough.

So the Infantry butted and rammed and then retired.

FOR the next two days the Japs sat on Hastings Ridge and the Infantry sat on a hill opposite, not more than 100 yards away, and the two shot across at each other. Mortars and machine guns blasted into the Ridge until the trees broke out in thousands of brown spots and the limbs crashed down or teetered dangerously and became a menace themselves.

Then on the fifth day the stymied Infantry sent out patrols. The static war on the two hillsides, and in the draw between them, exploded with a suddenness that caught the Japs with their guard down. The attack on Hastings Ridge began to move.

The patrols were combat-reconnaissance. On such patrols, as the Infantry says, "you either do it or you don't," which means you strike if you think you can win, and if you don't think so, you report back with information and let it go at that.

Patrols went to right and left of the Ridge, and one patrol went straight up the hill. This patrol of 10 men, including a lieutenant known as the Mad Russian, was the one that cracked the thing wide open. Ten men alone didn't take the Ridge, but they gained the crest of it and held until the rest could get up there, take over and go on with them.

The Mad Russian was the patrol leader. Called Tym by his men, his full name is Walter Tymniak, and he is a graduate of the College of the City of New York, where he captained the water polo team. In the summer he was a lifeguard and after college he became an accountant in Manhattan, working nights.

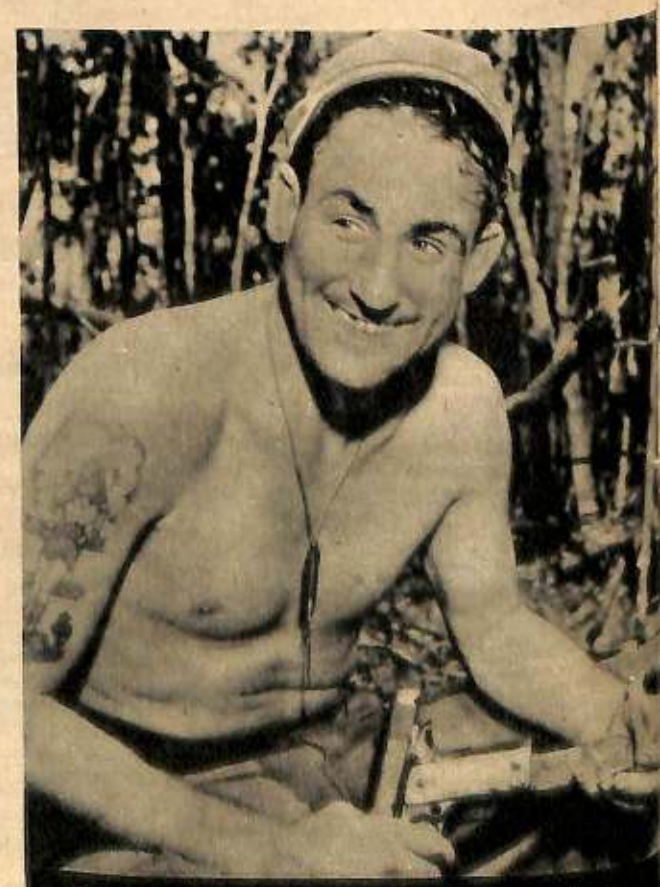
Tym's right hand was a staff sergeant named LeRoy Norton, an ex-lumberjack from Bend, Oreg., who was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for heroism on Guadalcanal. His left hand was Pfc. John Cashman of Brooklyn, who used to be a press foreman on the New York *Herald Tribune*.

The patrol moved up the face of the slope in the early morning. Tym and Nort and Cash were together, and the rest went up as skirmishers, three on the right and four on the left. Their strongest weapon was the element of surprise and they guarded it well while they could.

They hit and destroyed three pillboxes before the Japs knew what it was all about. Altogether they knocked out nine pillboxes in six minutes, and Hastings Ridge was theirs.

Norton hit a machine-gun emplacement in which there were three Japs goggle-eyed and half asleep. He shot one of the three inside the foxhole and a fourth who came stumbling up the hillside from the rear, then swung back and killed the remaining two at the gun before they could collect themselves to fire a round.

Pfc. Joe Shupe of Ogden, Utah, coming over from the left, joined him and together they moved on to the right to a .31-caliber machine-



S/Sgt. LeRoy Norton, the ex-lumberjack from Bend, Oreg., who wiped out three Japanese in a machine-gun emplacement.

When the bullet bit into him he yelled like a man fouled in a fist figh

S/Sgt. Clarence Terry, platoon leader from Arco, Idaho, cleans his nails with a trench knife after the battle at Hastings Ridge.

gun emplacement. Nort yelled to Tym that Japs were manning the gun, then with two bullets he put it out of action. Someone tossed him grenades and he threw them into the face of three Japs who were on the gun. Then he and Shupe moved on.

In the meantime Tym had grenaded out one position; to his right Pfc. Jose Cervantez of Solomonsville, Ariz., had shot out another with a BAR; to his right and in front of him the team of Pvt. Anton Dolecheck of Dickinson, N. Dak., and Ervin A. Bonow of Altura, Minn., had cleaned up two more. Tym, crouched near the mouth of a blasted-out pillbox, heard a rustling in the hole and looked in to see a Jap scampering for the opposite exit. The Mad Russian flipped in a grenade, almost indifferently, and then moved on to direct the fight.

Cashman had borrowed a clip of ammunition for his BAR from Shupe and as he saw a Jap raise his head, he fired a burst. The Jap was killed, but a ruptured cartridge jammed the gun. Cash burned his fingers pulling it out, then went on into the fight. As he and Tym worked together, they sent in a volley of grenades. Seconds later the Japs countered with a grenade barrage of their own. When the explosions ceased, Cash stuck his head around a tree and grinned at Tym: "We musta peeved 'em off."

All this happened in six minutes, and the patrol of 10 had not been hurt. The crest of the hill itself was neutralized, but now came the problem of holding it. Cash went back to bring up the battalion commander, Lt. Col. David H. Buchanan of Bluefield, W. Va. Other fights raged on either side of Hastings Ridge, and "Col. Buch" got the lay of the land and went back to coordinate the action.

More men had to be brought up quickly, but the others in the company were on patrol to the right and left flanks, in the draws that led around Hastings Ridge, and they were having troubles of their own. So Cash went back to the company bivouac to find anybody who could handle a gun.

He came back with cooks and the permanent KPs, a machine-gun section from the weapons company, 1st Sgt. Armond Pearson of Spokane, Wash., and S/Sgt. Arthur Toothman of Kirkland, Wash., the mess sergeant. These men were committed to the line.

By this time pillboxes over the crest of the Ridge were causing trouble. Nort formed a patrol to wipe them out, with Cash and Shupe in it. The patrol worked to a point within a few yards of the Jap guns. Then Shupe and another man were hit almost simultaneously. Cash got Shupe out and back to the aid station. The patrol withdrew, taking its other wounded with it, and the situation on Hastings Ridge settled down to a period of consolidating, digging in and blasting with the mortars.

During this action Terry was with the patrol on the right, stabbing at the flank of the Ridge. In the denseness of the jungle it was almost impossible for them to accomplish even a reconnaissance mission without moving blindly into the path of enemy fire. The Japs had the Ridge defended in concentric circles, roughly three deep stretching around the entire perimeter, and they could and did fire from anywhere.

Terry decided that burning the brush would help. Since flame throwers had been unsuccessful three days before, he sought another method.

He left the patrol, went back to the medics and gathered all the empty plasma bottles he could find. From Transportation he got gasoline to fill them. Then he took caps and fuses from hand grenades and fitted them into the tops of the bottles. Now he had Molotoff cocktails, made from the materials at hand.

There was one particular Jap in a pillbox who had caused too much trouble. The men called him "Button" because of his unusual accuracy with a rifle. Terry decided to work on Button. With S/Sgt. Eugene Pray of Moab, Utah, he moved up to a position behind a two-foot-thick banyan tree about 25 yards from the pillbox.

Feeling safe behind the tree, he and Pray, who was spotting for mortar fire, stood up and huddled close to each other. Button almost surprised them to death, literally, by firing a .25-caliber bullet through the tree, putting it between them and filling their necks with harmless splinters of wood and lead. Terry and Pray crouched down. Button's next shot, also through the tree, skinned across Pray's leg.

Thoroughly aroused, Terry brought his cocktails into action. Stepping from behind the tree he hurled first one and then a second gasoline-filled plasma bottle at the foxhole, then swore powerfully when both of them hit trees in front of their target.

He went back, got two more bottles and approached from another angle. Same thing—trees in the way. Button remained untouched but around him on two sides his precious camouflage blazed and melted away. Eventually that was his undoing.

Cashman, after rescuing Shupe from underneath the Jap machine guns, spent the rest of the day carting up ammunition to the men on the line. He helped bring up chow to the line, then sometime around dusk—he doesn't know exactly when—he collapsed from exhaustion. He woke up at the aid station and the medics evacuated him to a hospital.

Arriving there, Cash talked for a few minutes with some of the wounded men from the outfit who wanted to know how things were going. Then he pulled the casualty tag off his jacket, hitched a ride on a passing jeep and went back to the fight.

During the night the Japs, perhaps 15 of them, tried infiltration.

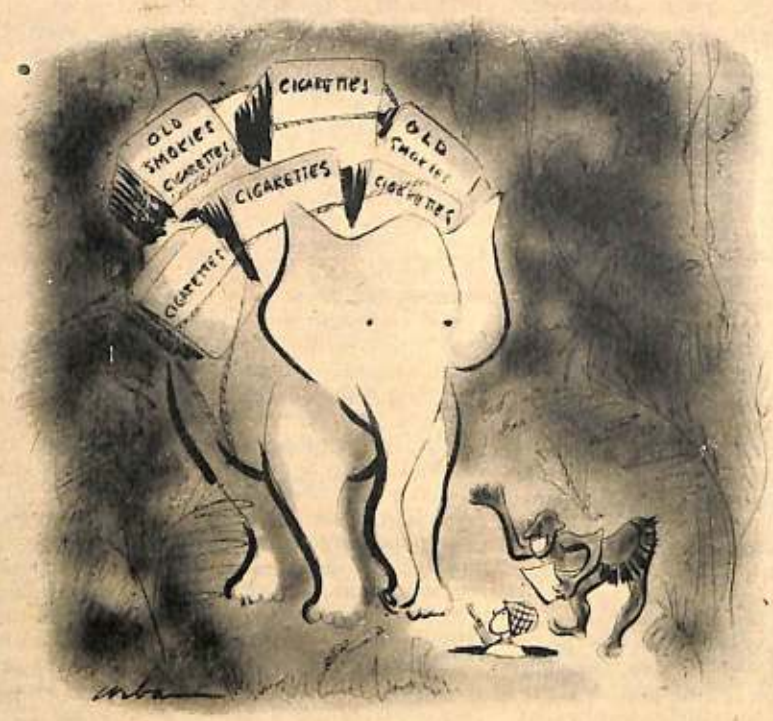
But in the foxholes on Hastings Ridge the men remembered the policy of absolute silence and immobility and adhered to it. Here, the slightest whisper was an invitation to disaster.

Sgt. George Ray of Walla Walla, Wash., occupied a hole with Bonow and Dolecheck. Three Japs moved toward them. When the first Jap reached the hole Ray quietly spitted him on a bayonet. The second went down under a hand grenade. The third came on. Ray picked up his helmet and hurled it into the Jap's face. For a while no more Japs appeared. Then a grenade landed in the hole. Bonow was lying with his helmet between his legs and the grenade hit in the helmet, tearing his calf muscles almost completely away. Bonow kept silent. Dolecheck, next to him, knew he was hit but it was not until two hours later that Ray was aware of it. Bonow made no sound until he was evacuated next morning. Even a whispered word might have meant the death of all three.

In another foxhole a mortar shell tore off a man's arm below the elbow. His buddies were all around him, silent in the dark. Next morning they found he had bled to death, in silence.

All night long the outfit remained silent and stable, picking off the Japs as they crept forward. The Japs were trying to confuse the Americans and to break up their defense by provoking them into revealing their positions. Next morning one man found that he and a Jap had spent the night in adjoining foxholes, so close together that either could have raised his head and spit in the other's face.

And next morning the positions on Hastings Ridge were still intact. From there the American attack moved forward until eventually all of New Georgia was cleared of Japs.



"PVT. JONES, YOUR MOTHER ANSWERED THE OLD SMOKIES PROGRAM'S QUESTION OF THE WEEK."

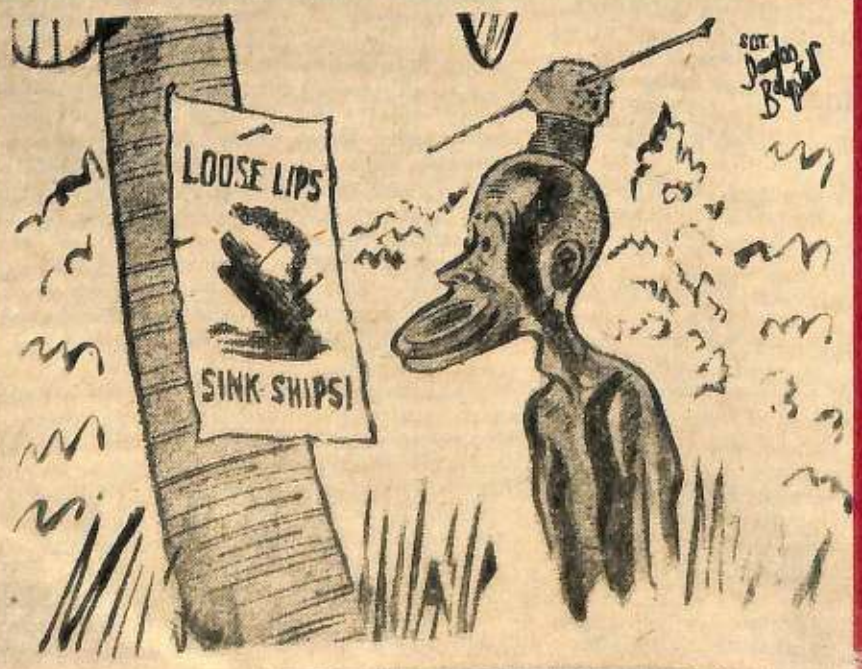
Sgt. Edward G. Urban

"NOW, SARGE?"

—Pfc. F. Q. Hewitt

"BOMBSIGHT? NO, TWO HAM SANDWICHES AND A THERMOS OF COFFEE."

—Pfc. John Styga



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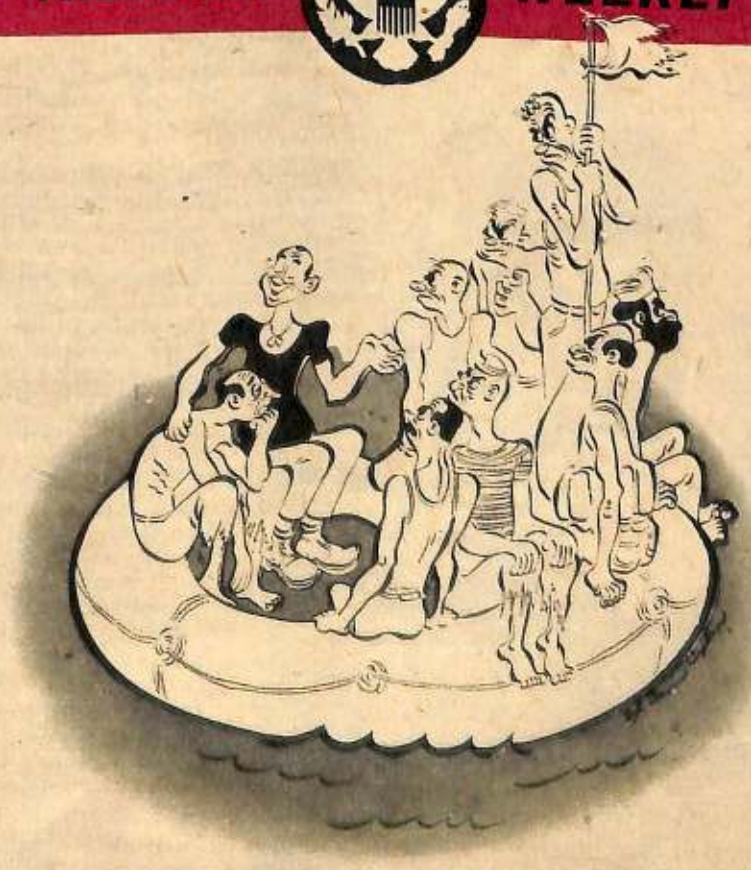
THE ARMY WEEKLY



"CHEER UP, MERVIN—WE'RE ALL IN THE SAME BOAT."

—Sgt. Irwin Caplan