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By the men . . for the men in the service

## They Walked Into a Surprise Party at Eniwetok

STORY ON PAGE 3

WHEN WAR CAME TO ENIWETOK ISLAND THESE NATIVES HAD A RINGSIDE SEAT—SO NEAR THAT SOME OF THEM HAVE TAKEN TO A FOXHOLE BECAUSE OF JAP SNIPER FIRE.

***The shores of this last stronghold of the enemy in the Marshalls were so quiet at first that the landing Americans thought it was another Kiska. Then the Japs peered out of their camouflaged foxholes and opened a deadly fire from all sides.***

WHILE he was taking the pictures of the Eniwetok invasion shown on these pages, Sgt. John A. Bushemi, YANK staff photographer, was fatally wounded by fire from a Jap knee mortar and died three hours later in the sick bay of a Navy transport.

Before he joined the Army almost three years ago, Johnny Bushemi was a news photographer on his home-town paper, the Gary (Ind.) *Post-Tribune*. He came to YANK from the Field Artillery at Fort Bragg, N. C., when our editorial staff was first organized in May 1942. The pictures taken by him since he went overseas in October 1942 have been one of YANK's outstanding features. He covered combat assignments in New Georgia, Makin, Tarawa and Kwajalein and shot feature pictures at Guadalcanal, the Fijis, Tulagi, New Caledonia, Hawaii and many other Pacific islands. Cheerful, likable and sincerely devoted to his work, he made lasting friends among GIs wherever he went.

The morning after his death, funeral services for Johnny and a sailor, also killed on the first day of the battle, were held on the deck of the transport off the Eniwetok shore, while Navy destroyers and Avengers were still blasting Jap installations on the island.

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Correspondent

ENIWETOK ISLAND, ENIWETOK ATOLL, THE MARSHALLS [By Cable]—Almost everything about the battle for this island had a fantastic and unexpected quality.

The operation began in the usual fashion with an uninterrupted barrage of 16-, 8- and 5-inch shells laid down by U. S. battleships, cruisers and destroyers. From our troopships only a few hundred yards offshore, all of Eniwetok seemed on fire. Red, yellow and black smoke blanketed the island, while a dull gray smoke clung to the shattered trees and bushes. At dawn our destroyers moved closer, almost hugging the beach.

Then Navy Avengers raked the area with a dive-bombing and strafing attack, barely clearing the tops of some of the trees. This aerial bombardment began soon after morning chow, which included fresh eggs because this was the day of battle. By the time our assault boats had gathered in the rendezvous area, coconuts and huge palm fronds were floating out from the beach.

Suddenly the bombardment ceased; for a single, incredible minute there was silence. That silence seemed to underline the question all of us were asking ourselves: where were the Japs?

At no time had the enemy answered the Navy's surface and air bombardments. None of our observers had sighted a single Jap on the island—or any other living thing. Some of the men of the 106th Infantry wondered out loud whether Eniwetok was another Kiska, whether the Japs had fled without a fight.

There was nothing to make the infantrymen change their minds as the first two assault waves piled out of amphibious tractors and threw themselves over the steep fire trench that ran along the entire beach, then stood upright and moved inland. There was still no sign of Japs.

As troops under Lt. Col. Harold I. (Hi) Mizony of Spokane, Wash., moved north, and troops under Lt. Col. Winslow Cornett of White Plains, N. Y., moved south, the guns of the destroyer force shifted their fire ahead of the troops to clear the way north and south.

By this time the fourth wave had hit the beach. Sgt. John A. Bushemi of Gary, Ind., YANK staff photographer, who later was fatally wounded by a shell from a Jap knee mortar, landed in this wave, together with Harold Smith, Chicago *Tribune* correspondent; CPO D. A. Dean

# Surprise Party at Eniwetok

YANK's photographer, Sgt. John A. Bushemi, killed in action during the Eniwetok battle.

The last picture Bushemi made—Lt. Col. Mizony. Twenty minutes later, Johnny fell.

of Dallas, Tex., master at arms of our transport; 1st Lt. Gerhard Roth of Portland, Oreg., and Sgt. Charles Rosecrans of Honolulu, Central Pacific G-2 photographers, and this correspondent.

There was still no resistance. The only sounds were the sounds of our BAR and rifle fire, spraying every tree that might contain a sniper and every exposed shell crater.

Sgt. Mat Toper of New York, N. Y., lay flat on his back on the fire trench and lit the first of 20 cigars he'd managed to keep dry through the landing operation. Pfc. Albert Lee, a Chinese-American tank gunner from Los Angeles, Calif., grinned and said: "This is the easiest one yet." Lee had made three previous assault landings.

Our rear elements, preceded by tanks, were moving up to the front. At 1010 a cooling rain began to fall, and in a few minutes you couldn't see more than a few feet ahead.

It was then that the Japs decided to let us know they were present and ready to fight. The high-pitched ring of Jap rifle fire sounded on all sides, our first warning that there were nearly as many Japs behind as in front of our own lines. Knee-mortar shells, from positions on both ends of the island, began to sprinkle the landing beach, just short of the incoming boats. A few shells hit the troops south of the beach party, killing six men and wounding eight.

As 1st Lt. John Hetherington of Mt. Vernon N. Y., transportation officer, headed back for the beach in search of his motor sergeant, Sgt.

IN A SPOT WELL-MARKED BY AMERICAN SHELLS, THESE SOLDIERS BRING THE HANDIE-TALKIE INTO PLAY.

Robert Flynn of Albany, N. Y., he saw some engineers blasting away at what looked like a small pile of mangrove leaves, evidently knocked down from a tree by one of the Navy blasts.

Just ahead were some communications men, cleaning their rifles and sharing a D-ration chocolate bar. As the engineers moved out, Lt. Hetherington saw a Jap rise up from under the leaves, knife in one hand, grenade in the other. The lieutenant fired his carbine once and squeezed the trigger for a second shot. The carbine jammed, but that didn't matter; his first shot had plugged the Jap in the head. Under the palm fronds and dried leaves, Hetherington found a neatly dug square hole, four feet deep. Inside were three other dead Japs.

HE saw hundreds of similar holes later on; we all did. Some were spider trenches, connected by carefully covered underground passages, a few with corrugated tin under the fronds and mangrove leaves. Many of the trenches had been built for a single Jap, others for two or three or four men. None of the holes was large enough to accommodate more than six Japs, and almost all of them were so well hidden that it was possible to step over and beyond the holes without seeing them. The Japs had allowed platoon after platoon of American troops to pass through before they opened up.

Sgt. Chris Hagen of Fairmont, Minn., a squad leader, and eight riflemen became separated from their platoon in the landing. Just as they walked over the fire trench, in the area through which almost the whole battalion had passed without encountering resistance, scattered Jap rifle fire came from their rear, barely clearing their heads. They dropped to the ground.

"Underground," shouted Hagen. "The sons of bitches are underground." His squad began throwing grenades into every pile of fronds. Three Japs darted out of one hole and ran for the beach. Hagen fired once and hit the first one before he'd gone 15 yards. He hit the other two a few yards farther on. In the next 20 minutes, Hagen killed 12 Japs by pitching grenades into a dozen holes. Pfc. Joseph Tucker, a rifleman from Live Oak, Fla., accounted for at least nine more, and the entire outfit cleaned out about 50 in some 20 unconnected holes, all dug underground in an area that was not more than 40 yards square.

At Eniwetok, Pfc. Albert Lee, Chinese-American, was making his fourth assault landing.

As Lt. Col. Mizony, rounding out 22 years in the Army, moved up with 18 of his enlisted men, including battalion CP personnel, Capt. Carl Stoltz of Binghamton, N. Y., commander of a heavy-weapons company, yelled: "Look out, Hi!" The colonel hit the ground, and Stoltz, a former Binghamton cop, got the underground sniper with a carbine. He found four others in a tin- and palm-covered trench on the beach. As he started to walk over it, the captain stopped, looked down and noticed a movement inside. He killed two Japs with the carbine and the other two with grenades. Capt. Stoltz and Sgt. Hagen will be recommended for Silver Stars.

In almost the same area, Pfc. Sam Camerda of Akron, Ohio, and Pfc. William (Mac) Wemyrs of Tennessee, headquarters intelligence men, found three more Japs—two in one hole and one in another. S/Sgt. Delbert (Pop) Markham, former shipyard worker from California, came across a blanket-covered body a few yards inland. He pushed the blanket aside, and a Jap hand, holding an unexploded grenade, twitched. When Markham finished, the hand was still.

Meanwhile the company commanded by Capt. Charles Hallden of Brooklyn, N. Y., was being harassed from the rear and facing heavy and light machine-gun fire a few yards ahead. As they crossed the island in a rapid advance, they came upon two coconut-log pillboxes reinforced with sand, the kind that had been common in the Gilberts and at Kwajalein but were few and far between here. They cleaned out each box with flame throwers, red flares and demolition charges, followed by grenades and BAR fire.

When the company reached a native village and the smoking ruins of some Jap concrete installations, a young native stuck his head up from a hole and shouted "friend." The advance halted while the native guided 1st Sgt. Louis Pawlinga of Utica, N. Y., and a search party to other holes, where they found 33 natives—four men, 12 women and 17 children—only three injured. They were taken to the beachhead.

Just before noon the troops circled south, although there were some Japs still alive on the western side of the island. As 1st Lt. George Johnson of Sikeston, Mo., moved up with his company, the leader of the second squad, Sgt. Earl Bodiford of Pocahontas, Tenn., fired at a covered foxhole. The muzzle of a rifle moved in the shadows. Bodiford raced forward, grabbed the gun from a dazed Jap and hurled it as far as he could. He killed the Jap and moved on.

By early afternoon we had run up against concentrated underground defenses and were held up by knee-mortar fire. Shells were falling on every side, in and around the CP and ahead and just behind the front lines. Lt. Col. Cornett ordered the line held and called for reinforcements.

The sun was shining again and the atmosphere was overwhelmingly hot and muggy. Black flies covered everything — guns, clothes, faces and hands. Knee-mortar fire was falling throughout the area, no spot was safe from snipers and there was Jap heavy machine-gun fire up ahead. Lt. Col. Mizony called for some Navy Avengers.

Capt. Carl Stoltz, who comes from Binghamton, N. Y., killed five Japanese all by himself.

JOHNNY BUSHEMI, Chief Dean, Lt. Roth and Sgt. Rosecrans, the photographers; Smith, the correspondent, and I crouched behind a medium tank to smoke our first cigarettes in several hours and tell one another what had happened since we'd become separated that morning. Just before the Avengers swooped in at 1445, Capt. Waldo Drake, USN, Pacific Fleet PRO, and Hal O'Flaherty of the Chicago *Daily News* joined us. When the short, concentrated aerial strafing was completed, five of us—Johnny, Capt. Drake, Smith, O'Flaherty and I—started forward to take a look at the damage.

Johnny was winding his movie camera a few yards behind the rest of us when we stopped to examine a bullet-riddled chest filled with Marshallese books. We were just beyond the fire trench on the lagoon side of the beach, perhaps 75 yards behind the front lines. That area had been under sporadic knee-mortar fire throughout the morning, but for at least two hours none of the 60-mm grenades had fallen there.

I stayed behind for a minute to pick up a Marshallese Bible, and Smith, O'Flaherty and Capt. Drake, followed by Johnny, had gone not more than 20 paces up the line from the trench when the first shell landed in our midst. I ducked into an exposed hole, just below the chest of books, and the others threw themselves on the open ground. Shells burst all around us, chasing Lt. Roth, Sgt. Rosecrans and Chief Dean as they

raced for the beach and pinning the rest of us in a diminishing circle of fire.

Each explosion kicked up dirt and sand as it landed; we thought each shell would be our last. No one knows how many bursts there were in all—probably five or six—but after two or three interminable minutes the explosions stopped. Johnny was bleeding profusely.

Capt. Drake had a gash above his right eye and Smith had been nicked in the right arm by shrapnel. The three of us ran 300 yards down the beach to get the medics. Capt. Drake, blood pouring from his wound, refused treatment until we had started back with a litter for Johnny.

By the time we reached the shallow crater where O'Flaherty was waiting with Bushemi, Johnny had already lost a tremendous amount of blood from shrapnel wounds in his left cheek and neck and in his left leg. But he was still conscious, and as we returned through the sniper-infested area inland from the lagoon beach, he asked for his two cameras. He carried both of them until we reached the advanced aid station in a demolished coconut-log emplacement. There he was given more sulfanilamide and two plasma applications.

Johnny was conscious, joking with all of us and asking how badly Capt. Drake was hurt, until after he had reached our transport. He died at 1750, a little less than three hours after he was wounded, while Navy surgeons were tying the arteries in his neck. His last words were: "Be sure to get those pictures back to the office."

Meanwhile elements of the 22d Marines had taken an advance position on the northern end of Eniwetok, working toward the seaward side. Pvt. James Syrell of Oswego, N. Y., saw five Japs emerge from the ground not more than five feet away, each carrying a pistol. He threw grenades and got all five. The day before, on Engebi Island in the northern tip of Eniwetok Atoll (captured in six hours, five minutes), Syrell accounted for some 30 others.

During the night the advance continued on Eniwetok, the marines pushing seaward on the eastern end and the soldiers continuing northward. They moved barely 15 yards at a time, tanks leading the way, flanked on each side by infantrymen—BAR men spraying every foot and riflemen throwing grenades into each mound.

There was no organized counterattack, and only two attempts at resistance by more than small handfuls of Japs. At about 2000, an hour after the advance began, a dozen Japs tried to swim through the lagoon to reach the rear. Spotted by a destroyer searchlight, they were wiped out when they reached the beach.

The second attempt came at 0100, when 40 Japs leaped from their holes about 30 yards from the marine lines and raced forward. Brandishing sabers, hurling grenades and screaming "Banzai! The f---ing marines will die!", they leaped into the marine foxholes. There was hand-to-hand combat, jiujitsu, knifing and bayonetting. In less than 20 minutes, 40 Japs and 20 marines were killed on a line not more than 30 yards long.

Then the entire battalion was ordered back 300 yards to mop up the southern, lagoon side of the island for the second time. They found almost as many live Japs hiding under their feet this time as during the first advance.

At 0900 Capt. Hallden saw a Jap manning a knee-mortar position behind a well-concealed coconut-log emplacement. The captain fired his carbine and the Jap wilted. This mortarman was believed responsible for Johnny's death.

Every few minutes supplies were moved in over the beachhead. The Engineers were already surveying behind the lines for our installations.

Dead Japs were being piled up on the beach, but many still remained where they had fought and died—underground. At almost any spot on the island there were still some Japs alive, and occasionally rifle fire broke out around the aid station. Several times mop-up squads came back to clean out all the holes they could find. Then, after they had left, the fire would break out again in another spot. A few Japs, not many, were taken prisoner. There had been a steady stream of American casualties flowing back to the aid stations the first day, but our casualties were lighter now.

By late afternoon of the third day, Eniwetok was secured.

*In Italy, the gallant T-5 Sal Cannizzo helps French ambulance driver Nanou Calas with her knitting.*

# When Going Is Tough, French Ambulance Girls in Italy Dream of Paris Days

**By Sgt. RALPH G. MARTIN**
**Africa Stars & Stripes Correspondent**

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—The old Italian victrola scratched out some soft music and the pretty French girl with the flowing black hair waltzed around the room with a dreamy look in her eyes and an imaginary sweetheart in her arms.

"Tonight I am not here," she said in a musical accent. "Tonight I am in Paris, wearing a long red evening gown and silk stockings and satin shoes and a flower in my hair."

The scratchy record finished its song and she walked over to start it playing again. It was the only record in the room.

She smiled wistfully. "We are still very feminine girls, yes?" They still were. There were still traces of lipstick and powder on the faces of some of the girls in the room. They still giggled girlishly and—no matter how much their clothes disguised it—some of them were still pretty enough to be pin-ups.

But these 24 French ambulance drivers were far from Paris. They were in a tiny, cramped room in a damp Italian farmhouse where the garlic still hung from the ceiling. And they weren't wearing evening gowns; they wore GI fatigues, leggings and hobnailed boots.

"When we first come here, the soldiers they laugh at us," said Renee. "They say we are girls, and we will wreck our machines and lose our way, and we are not able to stand all this dirty living of war.

"But we stand it. It is hard at first, and we are frightened when we are shelled and when we see soldiers die in our arms, but we stand it. And our ambulances they are clean and we never have accident. Now the soldiers they no longer laugh."

All day and all night there are three ambulances, two girls in each one, making the 20-mile round trip to the front lines, within a kilometer of the actual fighting, to pick up the wounded and bring them back to the collecting station. Other girls in other ambulances take the wounded from the stations back to the field hospitals. And when there is a battle going on and the casualties are heavy, quite often all 12 ambulances are out on the road.

In the thick blackout, the girls have to guess at the road. They try to bypass the shellholes filled with water, and when the machine starts to slide in the slushy mud, they hold on tight to the wheel. And if they get a flat tire in a pouring rain, they must hurry and fix it because the wounded are waiting.

The two girls in each ambulance take turns, one driving, the other staying back with the patients—giving them cigarettes or water, peeling oranges for them, injecting morphine if they need it, talking to them.

When the first shift's work is done, a new shift goes out and the six girls go "home" for a while. They pull off their heavy GI boots and put them near the fire to dry. They take the itchy leggings off their cold legs and slip out of their coveralls into skirts, home-made from GI pants.

If they are hungry, as they usually are, they have their choice of warmed-up C rations or cold corned beef or sliced Spam.

After chow the girls pull out their knitting and finish some woolen socks for soldiers. Or they write letters to their folks or sweethearts or husbands. Sometimes they play the borrowed victrola's single record. Or, if Josie isn't driving, she takes out her harmonica, and they all sing.

And sometimes they feel a little lonely and empty. When that happens, they sprawl on the floor around the fireplace and talk freely and intimately of their problems and dreams. For more than a year they have been very close.

They spent two dirty months learning all about automobiles and then several spotless months learning all about nursing.

Some of them were nurses in France and North Africa before they became ambulance drivers, but most of them are just typical Frenchwomen, ranging from art students to farm girls. Giselle, the youngest, is 19; Armande is "something more than 35" and the mother of two soldier-sons.

"They ask me why I do this thing," said Armande, "and I tell them simply that I do it to shorten the war so I may be back with my sons."

# SHIPWRECK

Photographs by Cpl. JOE CUNNINGHAM

By Sgt. BEN FRAZIER
YANK Staff Correspondent

ENGLAND—The storm swept down out of the darkness to seaward and struck at the ship as if its fury were aimed at her alone. It came suddenly and unexpectedly and bore with it stinging, swirling, horizontal snow which tore into the faces of the men on the bridge, and blotted out all sight of the rocks ahead, as well as the spray flung up against them mast high, by the destructive determination of the wind. It also blotted out the dreaded lee shore toward which it was relentlessly carrying the unfortunate craft—helpless now. For the ship was light. She had evaded the submarines, and discharged her cargo for the forces. She was going home. There had been a pleasant feeling of a job accomplished on the part of her crew. Her huge, cavernous holds were empty and she rode high, drawing not more than fourteen feet foreward and twenty-two aft, her exposed sides showing rusty streaks from bow to stern—in sharp contrast to her trim, well-painted upperworks.

As a consequence, she was tender to steer, and kicked about, even with ballast, like a skittish race-horse. Not that she resembled a race-horse. She had been herded hither and thither about the world in close-packed convoy, uncomplaining, like one of a herd of cattle. She was not a race-horse, but she was useful.

Her cargo would even now be nearing its destination. Perhaps it was bombs to obliterate German factories, perhaps it was cigarettes for the PX, or lowly Spam for the mess-hall, or lipstick for the WACs, or tanks for the second front; she might have been a tanker with fuel for the jeeps and the trucks and the fighters. In any event, whatever she was, she had done her job and was going home.

She had had her brushes with the subs. Ships around her, ahead, astern, to port and starboard had been struck down. Some—if they were tankers—burst into flame. Some had cracked in two, like an egg and had strewn their precious contents over the ocean floor. Some had died lingering deaths, clinging to the surface in desperation. Some had been bombed.

But with the sub seemingly licked for good, the world had tended to forget the ever-present menace of shipwreck, accentuated now, with blacked-out lighthouses and the constant shifting about to different ports—all over the world—most of them unfamiliar. Currents, tides, winds and weather, all new, all hostile, all in league with the enemy.

And so, the storm had her now, as surely as any torpedo. Just ahead, round a point was safe anchorage. But she could never make it. The wind swept her down against the lee shore. Frantically, she blinked out her call for help on the aldis, and pounded it out on the wireless. And then she was gathered up and flung against the rocks in a deafening crash of breaking waves and rending steel—not on the lee shore but on the very tip of a little, uninhabited island, hardly more than a rock, just off the shore.

It was impossible to reach the island, for it was almost to windward, and there was no one to help. A rescue tug came up as close as she dared in the dark, and tried, once, twice, three times, to no avail, to shoot a line across for a breeches buoy. The storm swept it away.

When the belated, winter dawn struggled to overcome the leaden, snow-bearing clouds, it brought no relief to the shivering crew. Between snow squalls, it showed, what had been only too audible, the pounding surf on sharp jagged rocks.

The ship rose with each swell, and drove farther and farther on to the rocks. Each time it was as if she were stabbed with a hundred knives, and she groaned in almost human fashion. About dawn, the bow, still buoyant, wrenched itself off and floated away a short distance toward the mainland, before it sank, drunkenly, on one side.

One by one the lifeboats were washed away. The captain ordered the entire crew to the bridge and the pilot house as the safest spots. They crowded in, chilled to the bone. Some had a few personal belongings with them, shaving gear, soap, a few photographs. They were quiet.

When the ship had filled and settled down, the storm seemed to change its tactics. Sharp fangs of rock piercing her hull held the ship firmly fixed while above great coamers of green water smote her blow after blow, sweeping across her decks and tearing up, with angry white frothing jaws, anything in their path. Hatches, ventilators, cowls, davits, deckhouses, were swept away. Creaking and groaning the ship settled lower and lower and listed slowly to starboard. The surging swells came nearer and nearer to the huddled group on the bridge, and the spray and the snow swept over them. The chartroom clock, still bravely ticking, said 11:30, and struck seven bells.

That was the end. The clock never struck eight.

ADVANCING in frontal attack, the green coamers with their white jaws rushed the pilot house, smashing in doors, windows and equipment, and finally churning up the house and the bridge. Like twigs in a cyclone, the crew were hurled out of the doors and through the broken deckhouse sides, and spewed

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**"Ship aground!" is a cry that has brought terror to men's hearts throughout the ages, and the calamity it implies is no less a hazard in war than in peace—even if landlubbers are prone to forget such matters in times like these. A writer and a photog from YANK, out covering another story, happened across the tragedy recorded here.**

out along with pieces of chairs and bunks and doors.

By eight bells only the mainmast showed above the water.

Some of the crew found sizeable bits of wreckage to cling to. Others were knocked out then and there and drowned unconsciously and painlessly. Some were injured and had their agony drawn out and prolonged, helpless in the clutches of the storm.

From the rents in the hull, fuel oil oozed out and came to the surface in great, smelly, molasses-like globs. Like the drowning men, it clung to anything it touched. It got into the hair and the eyes and the mouths of the men gasping for breath. At the same time, it calmed the spray somewhat, and warmed the scantily-clad men with a protective cold-resisting coat of grease.

Somehow some of the men clung to driftwood and to life until they were cast up on the shore. They were nearly an hour in the bitter water. Some of them reached land only to be dashed against the rocks, but a few were washed up in a little bay where the shore was covered with smooth round stones. Two of them, miraculously, were not injured at all, and had the strength to drag some of the others out of the surf and on to the land.

Then they looked about for help. A more desolate spot would have been hard to imagine. It was as cheerless and forbiddingly impersonal as the valleys of the moon—and as cold. Bleak hills rose from the cliffs along the coast. No trees tried to compete with the hostile rocks and winds. A few forlorn bushes and grasses eked out a miserable existence.

The storm swept unchecked across this barren promontory. It bore its stinging snow squalls straight from the sea and hurried on inland, leaving the rocks bare and forbidding behind it. There was no shelter for the men. They lay on the beach, and frostbite added to their miseries.

There was no habitation within three miles, and then only a small cluster of fishermen's cottages clinging so closely to the ground they seemed to be hiding from stern and disapproving nature. Man seemed out of place and unwanted in this setting.

The two uninjured men stumbled off. By some strange chance they took the right direction. At the same time, the coast guard, warned by the nearest naval base, of the wreck, were out. They were a few old fishermen. All the younger men were in the forces. The old men, whose faces were as weather-beaten as the rocks, set out into the storm with blankets and stretchers. They knew every little path made by the sheep, for they had lived in this bleak spot all their lives. But even the sheep had sought refuge in inland valleys from the storm.

Somewhere, in a snow squall, the two survivors stumbling in the opposite direction passed the little party of fishermen without seeing them Every inch of the way was torture. One step was on solid rock, and the next knee deep into a peat bog. They tripped and fell continually. The wind tore through their thin clothing.

From the naval base, a good many miles away, a rescue party set out over the icy, mountainous roads. They had heard from the rescue tug that all attempts for a breeches buoy had failed, and that the ship had broken up. From the opposite direction, from equally far away, WREN ambulance drivers started out from the naval hospital. The road, never quite wide enough for two cars to pass, became narrower and narrower, as it wound its tortuous way toward the cluster of fishermen's houses which stood at the end of civilization. It clung in desperation to the mountainsides and seemed ready to slip headlong into the sea many hundreds of feet below. There were ice and snow and drifts. Snow squalls swirled around the ambulances and made it impossible to see more than a few yards ahead. The windshield wipers were useless. But somehow the girls pressed on.

As the coast guardsmen trudged across the moors, they were guided by the smell of fuel oil which hung heavy and foreboding in the snow-laden air. It led them to the little bay, where the bow of the stricken ship was a little way off shore. The shore was littered with driftwood, like a gigantic pile of jackstraws. Two lifeboats lay battered in the surf. One of them had wedged itself into a crevice in the rocks as if in a futile effort to escape from the storm. All over was the horrible brown layer of fuel oil, covering rocks and wreckage and men.

The oozy scum made it almost impossible to find any except the men lying above high water mark. The coast guardsmen made big fires out of driftwood which helped keep the survivors alive.

MEANWHILE the two sailors who had gone for help, stumbled out on to the road and found a house. And, finally, the outside world knew what had happened.

A group of young Tommies out on an exercise, happened to come along. Immediately, they set off to help.

It was a grim task which awaited them. They slipped and slithered over the oil rocks. It was impossible to tell an oil-covered rock from a body, on the beach. They found one body, coated in oil, and when they got to it, the head was missing. Another man, alive and conscious, was on a rock a little way off shore with the surf and spray breaking over him. He could go no further. Somehow they got him off; he never knew how, for he lost consciousness when help arrived. Most of the ship's crew, the living and dead, were a horrible sight. They were streaked with oil, with cuts and wounds from the battering they had had. The blood and the oil mixed in a dreadful paste all over them, making even simple injuries look mortal. Even the phlegmatic old coast guardsmen, who had lived all their lives battling for existence against the elements, were shaken.

One of the Tommies went around handing out cigarettes to the survivors around the fire. One huddled figure did not reply. The Tommy drew back his blanket. Half the man's face was gone, beaten away by the pounding on the rocks. Quickly he threw

**Twenty-four hours after the ship had struck, 100 workers had managed to bring back alive 12 out of the 74 men in the crew.**

back the blanket hoping the others had not seen.

In one of the cottages at the end of the road, old Mrs. McKenzie took down her precious ration of tea, and boiled it all up. She put it into the biggest jug she had, and put in all her sugar. She set off in the snow squalls across the three miles of rocks and peet bogs to carry it to the survivors. And when she had handed it out, she trudged back again over the three miles, to heat up something for the WREN ambulance drivers.

And then the rescue parties of British and American sailors came with the stretchers. And soon after the rest of the Tommies from their camp.

Bringing back the stretcher cases was the worst job of all. The storm was not deterred by nightfall. It was impossible to keep a footing. The flashlights accentuated the rocks and the hummocks. The lanterns flickered and gasped in the wind, and threw weird shapes on the ground. The men fell repeatedly. The stretchers jolted and tossed about, adding to the misery of the wounded. One of the shipwrecked men, delirious and tortured, screamed for his wife or mother, back in New Jersey. Finally he was silent, and the bearers realized he had died, as they were trying to carry him to safety.

At the cottage, old Mrs. McKenzie took in the men, survivors and bearers alike. They were all covered with grease and oil, and all in misery from the cold. She tried to give them something hot to eat and warm to drink—as much as her limited larder would allow. The WREN drivers set out down the desolate road each time a survivor was brought in feeling that each trip would be their last.

FINALLY, about midnight, they felt that all the men alive had been brought in. It was a depressingly small number, and two more had died in the ambulances on the way to hospital. The Tommies went back to their camp, frozen, wet and exhausted. They tumbled into their cots hardly stopping to take off their wet clothes.

And then there was a telephone call.

The last men searching for bodies at the wreck—four British sailors—had found yet one more survivor. How he had lived for twelve hours lying on the beach in that storm, no one could imagine. But he was very much alive and conscious. He came from Texas, he said, and told them all about it. They had plenty of blankets to wrap him up and he was warm. But there were only four men to carry him back. They, too, had been out in the storm, for twelve hours and were soaked and exhausted. They stumbled and fell. Finally, they realized that they were too tired to go further and that every fall added to the misery of the Texan. They hunted out a large rock for protection, and sent one of the men for help. He telephoned back to the camp. The duty officer came into the huts and called for volunteers. Every one of the Tommies turned out again, and went back once more over the icy road and across the rocks. Once more the WREN ambulance girls made the trip, and the last man was brought in.

Twenty-four hours after the ship had struck, one hundred soldiers, sailors and civilians had managed, by superhuman effort, to bring back twelve of the 74 men alive that morning.

The next day the storm raged on unabated. The sheep stayed in the mountain ravines, and the farmers kept their cattle in the barns. The snow lay in drifts on the narrow road.

There was no reward for this day's cold, wet, tragic work. No joy at finding a survivor. They carried back as many as they could. WREN ambulance drivers kept pressing down the narrowing road toward the cluster of fishermen's houses which stood at the end of civilization.

The rescue parties started out again, not with any further hope of saving anybody, but to bring in as many bodies as they could find. There was no reward for this day's cold, wet, tragic work. No joy at finding a survivor. They carried back as many as they could, and when the tide went out late in the afternoon, they found many more which they pulled above the high-water mark to be brought in the next day.

At the hospital, the handful of survivors were astonished to find themselves alive. Many of them had no recollection of anything from the time they had been cast on to the beach. They were numbed by their experience. They could talk about it, but in a detached way, as if they were spectators and not the victims. The shook their heads sadly about their small number, and hopefully enquired if any had been taken elsewhere. They recounted how they had been clinging to the same bit of driftwood as so-and-so. Had his body been found? Yes, it had. And they shook their heads, wondering what could have happened to him, and how it was that they had survived and the others so close to them had not.

Most of the men had frostbite and their arms and legs were swollen badly and they had cuts and gashes on their faces and arms, but they were all out of danger. They had been cleaned up from the unrecognizable condition in which they had been brought in; the blood and the grease had almost all disappeared, although the oil still clung to their hair, and smudged their pillows.

Other patients and nurses fussed over them, bringing them cigarettes and razors and other little comforts, and the WREN ambulance drivers came in to see them. The men were told how they had been saved, and they asked if the Tommies could come down and see them, too; they wanted to thank them personally.

When dusk fell that day, the rescue parties fell exhausted into bed, the hospital lights were turned out on a group getting used to being alive once more, the bombs moved forward to the airfields, the cigarette cartons to the PXs, the spam to the mess halls; the WACs got their lipstick, the tanks lumbered down the small country lanes to join their units, and the jeeps dashed about with full fuel tanks.

Out on the shore, another snow squall mercifully covered the bodies still waiting to be brought in.

# PUERTO RICAN SOLDIER

*Pvt. Fulano de Tal, the typical GI, is proud of his island, fights well and likes rice, beans and the rumba.*

**By Sgt. LOU STOUMEN**
**YANK Staff Correspondent**

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO—As Jerry machine guns raked the exposed American infantrymen on the Oran hillside, Pvt. Anibal Irizarry sized up the outfit's position. There was only one way to halt that fire. The Puerto Rican soldier worked his way forward until he was almost on top of the gun, silenced it and killed the entire crew with his BAR. As he fired his last burst, Irizarry was seriously wounded by another enemy machine gun.

For that action, and for capturing eight prisoners and wiping out another machine gun with a grenade at 20 yards, also during the North African campaign, the Puerto Rican GI came home from the wars with the Distinguished Service Cross and the Purple Heart.

Many other Puerto Ricans have distinguished themselves in battle. It was at Guadalcanal that Col. Pedro del Valle of the Marines, an Artillery commander, pinned on the star of a brigadier general. 1st Lt. Jesus Maldonado, from his bombardier's seat, scored a direct hit on a Jap cruiser, shot down one Zero and survived two crash landings in the Southwest Pacific.

Another bombardier, 1st Lt. Manuel Vicente, was wounded by ack-ack on a bombing run in the African campaign, but he released his bombs anyway on the assigned targets. In a hospital in Sicily, Ernie Pyle met two Puerto Rican GIs, both wounded. One of them, Pyle wrote, still carried his guitar and strummed on it lightly as he lay on his stretcher.

More than 80 Puerto Ricans have been killed or wounded in action, no small casualty list for an island only 35 by 100 miles in size, especially when you remember that no Puerto Rican outfits, as such, have been officially reported at a fighting front. Men like Irizarry, del Valle and Vicente went into action with U. S. units.

Wartime service for the Puerto Rican outfits has been limited so far to manning guns, lights, listening devices and posts on Puerto Rico itself, in the Panama jungles, on Trinidad, Cuba, the Virgin Islands and Jamaica.

If he is stationed anywhere in the Caribbean, on his own home island or at any other base, the Puerto Rican soldier draws 20 percent extra. But when he is sent overseas to the States to attend OCS or for a tour of duty there, he gets just regular base pay.

The biggest, oldest and best-trained Puerto Rican units, whose organizations date from their part in the last war, include the 65th, the 295th and the 296th Infantry Regiments. They are composed mostly of volunteers, and they are spoiling for a fight. But except for U-boat attacks on shipping, and the shelling of Aruba and Mona Islands, in the early days of the war, the Caribbean has been pretty quiet.

In those early days, the war made its mark on Puerto Rico and her people. Blackouts came often and lasted long. The island was heavily garrisoned and fortified. U-boat successes kept the people hungry; butter, potatoes, milk powder, meat, eggs, even rice and beans were unavailable. Because of shipping shortages, the island could not export its sugar and rum products, its fruits, tobacco and coffee. Economic dislocation was widespread, and still is.

But the people took it. They showed their confidence and their sense of humor by the patriotic names they gave to their businesses: *Restaurant El Segundo Frente* (Second Front Restaurant), *Bar El Union de Todos* (Bar of the Brotherhood of Man), *Colmado de los Aliados* (Allies' Grocery Store), *El Victory Bar, Laundry El Buen Soldado* (Good Soldier Laundry).

And Pvt. Fulano de Tal, Puerto Rico's Pvt. John Doe, is a good soldier. He usually stands two or three inches shorter than his *americano* brother. He is stocky, high-cheeked, muscular, bronzed and hardened by training in the tropical sun. He's a crack shot and handy with the bayonet. He knows his jungle warfare.

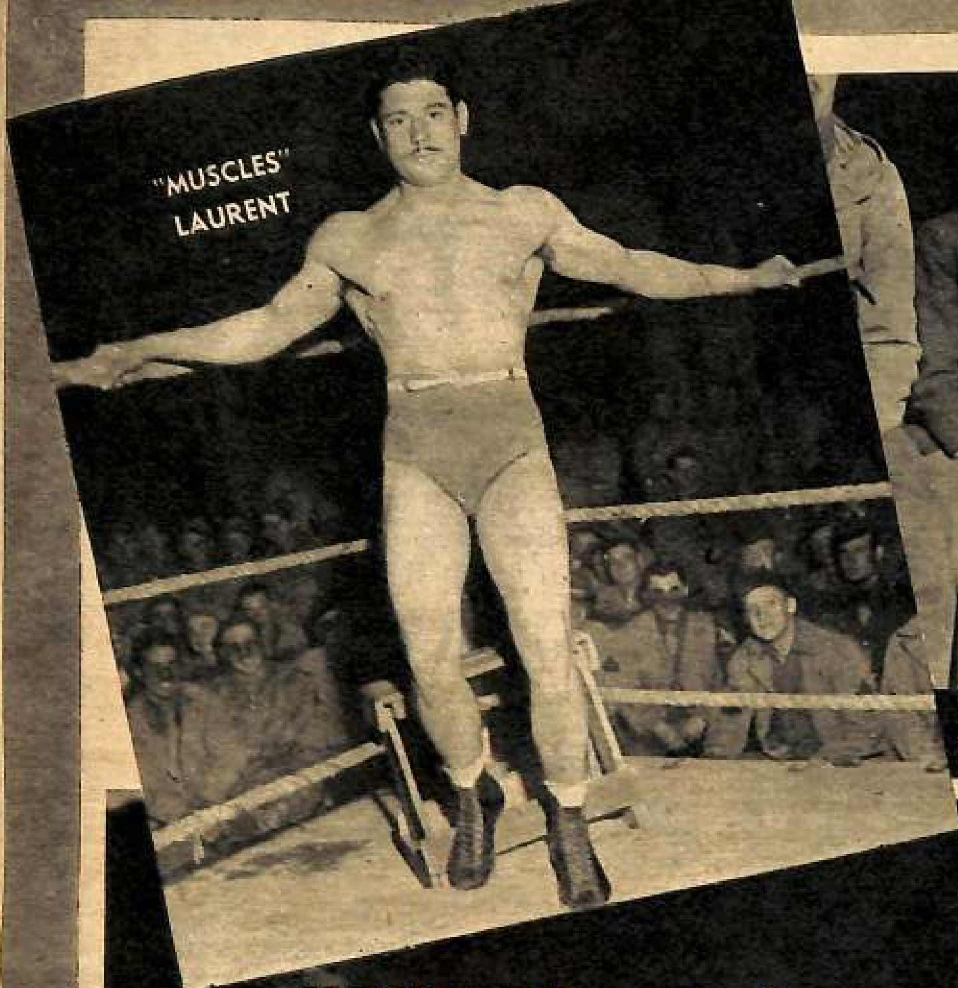
Like John Doe, Fulano may have enlisted in the Army—until volunteers were no longer accepted, the island's recruiting offices were thronged with men from the canefields, the coffee and tobacco plantations and the cities who wanted to join up—or he may have been inducted by *El Tio Sam* (Uncle Sam). A working knowledge of the English language is required of each recruit, but he is issued a War Department sex-hygiene pamphlet in Spanish, translated by the San Juan Optimist Club.

Fulano loves his rice and beans, and to the great unhappiness of any *soldado americano* who may mess with him, he eats these staples once or twice a day. He also loves to sing and dance, mostly rumba. One Saturday night, when a mild earthquake shook the Camp Tortuguero Service Club and put out the lights, the music went right on and the dancers continued their rumba without breaking step. Fulano has been known to draw company punishment for doing the rumba during close-order drill. He takes his guitar on dates, and likes to sing *"Juan"* and *"Mujer de Juan"* ("Juan's Woman") the way GIs in the States sing "Pistol Packin' Mama."

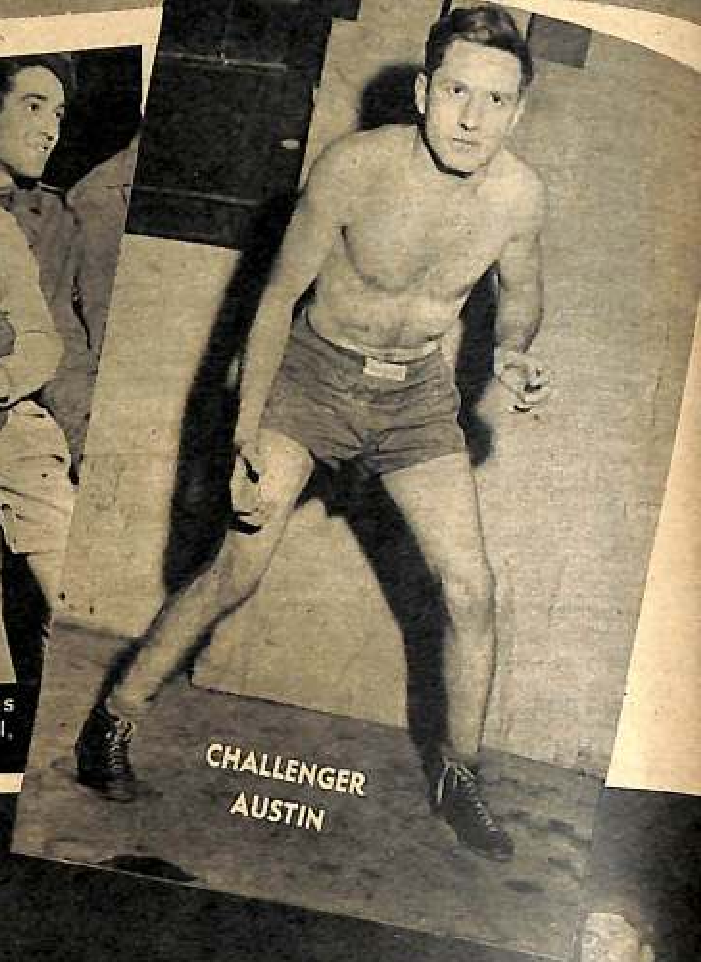
The Puerto Rican GI has a real sense of humor but, like all Latins, is proud and touchy about his *honra* (honor) and the *honra* of his beloved island. His blood is of the Spanish *conquistadores*, of the ancient Boriquen Indians and of various European nationalities that have visited his island since its discovery by Columbus in 1493. Spanish is still the language of most Puerto Ricans. But Fulano is a citizen of the U. S. by act of Congress, like all his people, and elects his own legislature. Since the Spanish-American war, Puerto Rico has been a territory of the U. S., and her governor is appointed by the President, but a bill now pending will give Fulano and his people the right to elect their own governor.

Fulano respects American efficiency, education and high standard of living, and he has a hankering to see the States after the war is over, just as the average *soldado americano* down here plans to pay a return visit to *La Isla del Encanto* (the Isle of Enchantment) some day.

*"Que pasa?"* This much Spanish every *soldado americano* knows. It means "What's cooking?" The answer is that besides a war cooking, besides a Caribbean sea frontier cooked to a well-gunned turn, Fulano is himself cooking. He and his island have grown in maturity and stature by playing their part in this war, by their sacrifices in discomfort, hunger and blood.



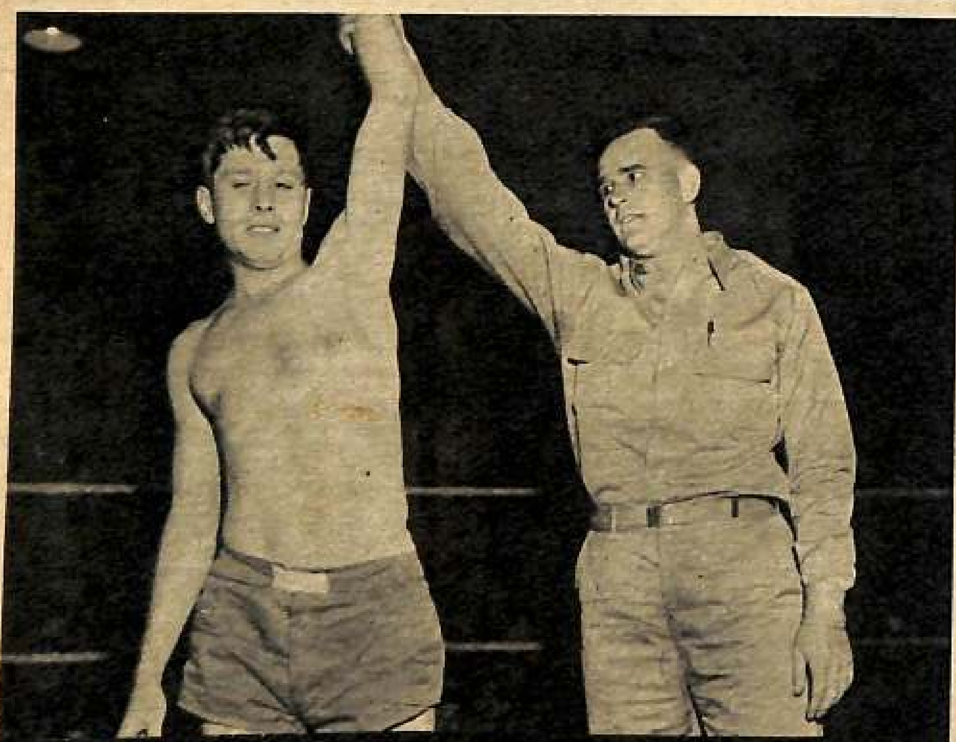
A couple of young local fans look on with their Yank pal, Cpl. Richard Cox.




# YANK Photog Snaps Wrasslers and Audience

The bout has just started and Pvt. Laurent is applying the Muscleman Squeeze while Lt. Austin starts with his left to execute one of those trick moves he learned at school.

And the crowd—or this section of it, at any rate—is hoping the private will win and mighty afraid he won't. P.S.: He didn't, but everybody parted friends.



Winnah and champeen! Lt. David B. Evanson, of Kingston, Pa., the referee, lifts the victor's arm at the end of 2 minutes and 30 seconds. Austin looks as if it hadn't been any cinch.

It all ends happily as Lt. Austin (left) shakes hands with Pvt. Laurent and the CO—Lt.-Col. John K. Boles, Jr., of Fort Smith, Ark.—congratulates them both.

# THE DRAMATIC ENCOUNTER OF "MUSCLES" vs. BRASS . . .

A 30-PIECE GI band played some choice snatches from Chopin's "Funeral March" and four medics rushed down the aisle lugging a stretcher when Lt. Ben Austin, of Stevenson, Ala., entered the ring the other night to wrassle the most widely known private in the ETO. And who would that be? None other than Bob Laurent, of course, the beautiful-body boy from West Warwick, R. I., famed throughout this theater and many others as the only Joe in history who became not only "Mr. America of 1939" but "Mr. Rhode Island of 1940."

What a fight, men, what a fight. In this corner you had the 27-year-old lieutenant, who was a Varsity wrestler for three years at Vanderbilt University in Nashville, Tenn. Diagonally across the ring, calm and collected and flexing his muscles as if he had a couple of boa constrictors running around loose under his hide, sat the 23-year-old private, who has also been called "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Young Man" and "The Best Developed Man in the Armored Forces."

The band with its funeral march and the medics with their stretcher were expressing their not-very-grave concern for Lt. Austin, but, as things turned out, they and a lot of other Joes present had put their money on the wrong horse. Because—we might as well ease your suspense and face the facts frankly—the lieutenant won. In fact, it was a breeze. The fight was scheduled to last eight minutes, but in two minutes and thirty seconds flat The Man Laurent was pinned to the floor and all but hollering uncle.

WITH a rare journalistic flair for being in on the great moments of history, we made a point of getting a ringside seat for the Austin-Laurent match, which was held in the camp of an ordnance outfit. Arriving in mid-afternoon on the day of the event, we found both gladiators a little jittery about the outcome of the impending struggle. Pvt. Laurent, as he has often pointed out in the "Mail Call" columns of YANK, is a physical culturist and weight-lifter by profession but he is not a wrestler, and he was not looking for a fight when he sent in those photographs picturing himself, with biceps bulging, practically in the raw.

Lt. Austin, on the other hand, was a wrestler during his undergraduate days at college, but, stripped, he's sort of hollow-chested and bony-kneed and, all in all, his physique is not something a Wac would be likely to write home—or to him—about. He frankly admitted to us that when he challenged Pvt. Laurent to a fight—via a letter to YANK—he figured his chances of meeting the fellow in the ETO were pretty darn remote and that he was not too happy to find himself transferred a few days later right smack into the strong boy's camp. By that time it was too late and neither challenger nor challengee could very well back down.

"I'm a little taller than he is, but he's a hell of a sight broader," Lt. Austin told us when we talked with him before the match. "I've seen those professional strong guys before and I have never yet seen one who could use those muscles of theirs."

So then we had a pre-fight chat with Pvt. Laurent, who told us that he used to be a pretty good man with a tank destroyer but that right now he was working as a medic in the dispensary, which indeed he was. He also told us something of his history, which began to get interesting when he reached the age of 13. "That's when I started physical culture," he said. "I was very fat and sluggish and had a weak heart at the time, so I began exercising with weights. In three months' time I had a decent figure and my heart was cured."

After that, Pvt. Laurent said, he got going gradually on a career of weight-lifting exhibitions which finally brought him to the attention of a guy who wrote for physical-culture magazines and had an interest in one of them. "He brought me down to Florida," Pvt. Laurent told us, "and had me writing letters to readers who wanted to know how to develop their chests or get rid of constipation. But physical culture didn't go very well, due to the war, and we dropped it on a large scale."

We asked Pvt. Laurent how he felt about the forthcoming fight. "Well," he replied, "I'm not a wrestler. The lieutenant says he is. Okay. The only reason I'm doing it is that I've been challenged and, although I've had no time off for training, I'm going to take him on. I'm out there to win, but whether I will or not I don't know. I don't know anything about him nor he about me."

More than 1,000 Joes turned out for the fight, which was staged in a maintenance shed where the boys had rigged up a regular ring with lights, springy ropes, gong, and all. There was a band, as noted, raising a hell of a rumpus, plenty of brass was on hand including the CO—Lt. Col. John K. Boles, Jr., of Forth Worth, Ark.—and half way through the prelims Pvt. Laurent put on a flashy weight-lifting act that brought down the house. Dressed in form-fitting brown tights with a leather belt, the muscles boy announced his own act. "I've been challenged to a wrestling match," he said, expanding his biceps until they nearly crowded him out of the ring. "I'm no wrestler. I want you to know that there's a lot more to physical culture and body building than just going around and beating people's heads in."

HAVING thus made pretty clear what he thought of Lt. Austin's undergraduate career at Vanderbilt, Pvt. Laurent got down to the business at hand, which consisted of a long bar with a concrete weight at either end and two concrete dumbbells. We didn't try their heft, but you have Pvt. Laurent's word for it that the long-bar job weighed about 150 pounds and the dumbbells 50 pounds each. Presumably they were as heavy as the body boy said they were, although a moment later a grinning Pfc. jumped into the ring and, while the private's back was turned, casually lifted the long bar high into the air. This got a big hand from the crowd, and Laurent, when he saw what was going on, didn't seem a bit put out. "Sure is a strong man's army," he said. Then, with those good old Rhode Island muscles rippling, he got ready to go into his act, standing on tip-toe and throwing his arms out behind him as if he were going to take off across the Atlantic at 12,000 feet. From this pose he suddenly flipped over and started walking on his hands and then, standing upright again, began lifting the weights—out front, sideways, above his head, and so on. The mob went wild.

This act was followed by a wrestling match between a couple of former heavyweight pros of the grunt-and-groan school—1st Sgt. James N. Holt, of Nashville, Tenn., and T/5 John T. Hurst, of Cleveland, O. Those two babies showed that they really knew their onions by clipping the warrant-officer referee almost as often as they clipped each other.

And finally came the big fight. Lt. Austin, wearing a blue robe over red trunks and tipping the scales at 165, was first in the ring. Smiling through his jitters, he stood there taking his boos and his bows and looking as if he'd like nothing better than a one-way ticket to dear old Alabam. Then Pvt. Laurent stepped through the ropes, 170 pounds of sinew and brawn, and seated himself in his corner, all calm and collected. A moment later he was hearing himself introduced by 2nd Lt. Frank Gaunt, of Portland, Ind., as "an important man, known by people all over the world." And with that the fight was on.

THE time was 9:08:54 as the gladiators met and grappled. They wove about a bit and then Laurent threw Austin. But the challenger was on his feet again before the strong man could pin him down. Then Austin tossed Laurent against the ropes and almost through them. Laurent recovered, got back on his feet, grabbed the lieutenant, and both fell heavily. Laurent was underneath and stayed that way for pretty much the rest of the fight. There were cries of "He's down!" a good 30 seconds before the end, but the referee, Lt. David B. Evanson, of Kingston, Pa., kept the thing going until there could be no doubt of the outcome. The time was then 9:11:24.

When it was all over, we went around to the dressing-room shared by the two fighters to see if they had any statement for their public or mom or whatever. Pvt. Laurent didn't seem especially upset. "The reason he got me so quick," he told us, "was I was out of shape. I didn't have any training." Lt. Austin seemed relieved to have the whole thing over. "If Laurent had spent as much time wrestling as he has on weight-lifting," he said, "I wouldn't have stood a chance. With a little training, he'd be one sweet wrassler."

The fighters then repaired to the mess hall kitchen where the cook—T/5 Sol Katz, of the Bronx, N. Y.—dished out sandwiches daintily filled with inch-thick slabs of meat loaf to refresh the matmen's sagging muscles. Somebody remarked that the food was good. "You're damn right it's good," replied Sol modestly. "For our boy Laurent I have cooked the Poolitzer Prize of meat loafs."

"JUST CALL ME 'BLOOD AND GUTS'." —Cpl. Ralph Newman

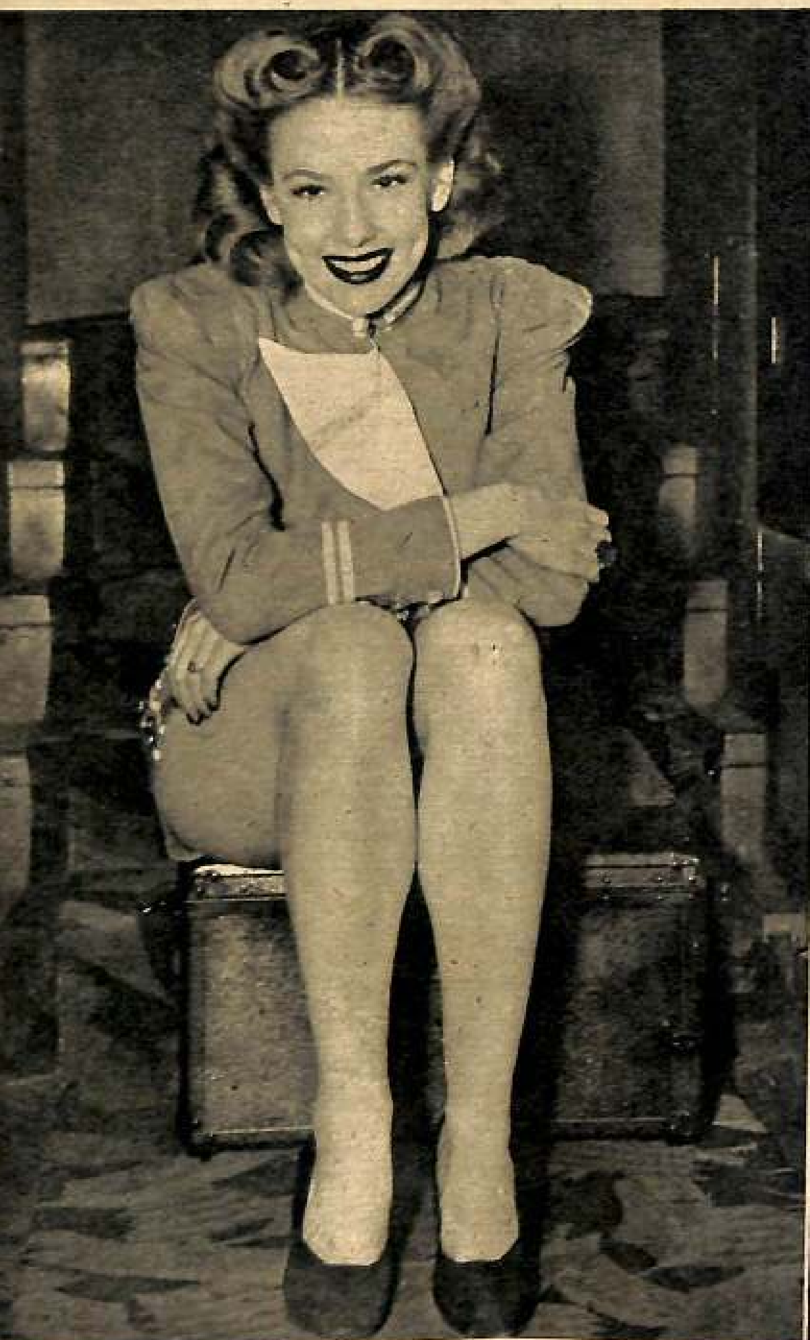
# Yanks at Home in the ETO

"—AND IT CAME IN ALL DIFFERENT FLAVORS, VANILLA, CHOCOLATE, STRAWBERRY, AND THEY'D PUT IT IN THIS CONE—" —Cpl. Eisenstat

**A DRAW.** Pvt. Romeo J. Thibodeau was so confident of his tree-climbing equipment as an Air Force linesman in the Gilbert Islands that he challenged a native to a contest. But the native, using his own feet, kept up with him.

**ON THE NOSE.** The wing of a U. S. Navy Consolidated Liberator frames a Jap oil barge being thrown for a loss. The plane's bombardier dropped a bomb squarely on the deck after the enemy vessel was sighted off the coast of New Ireland in the Pacific, and an aerial camera cooperated by scoring a picture of the hit as it was made.

**MAN TRACKS.** On the snow-covered Russian front German-killers of the Red Army crawl toward enemy lines.



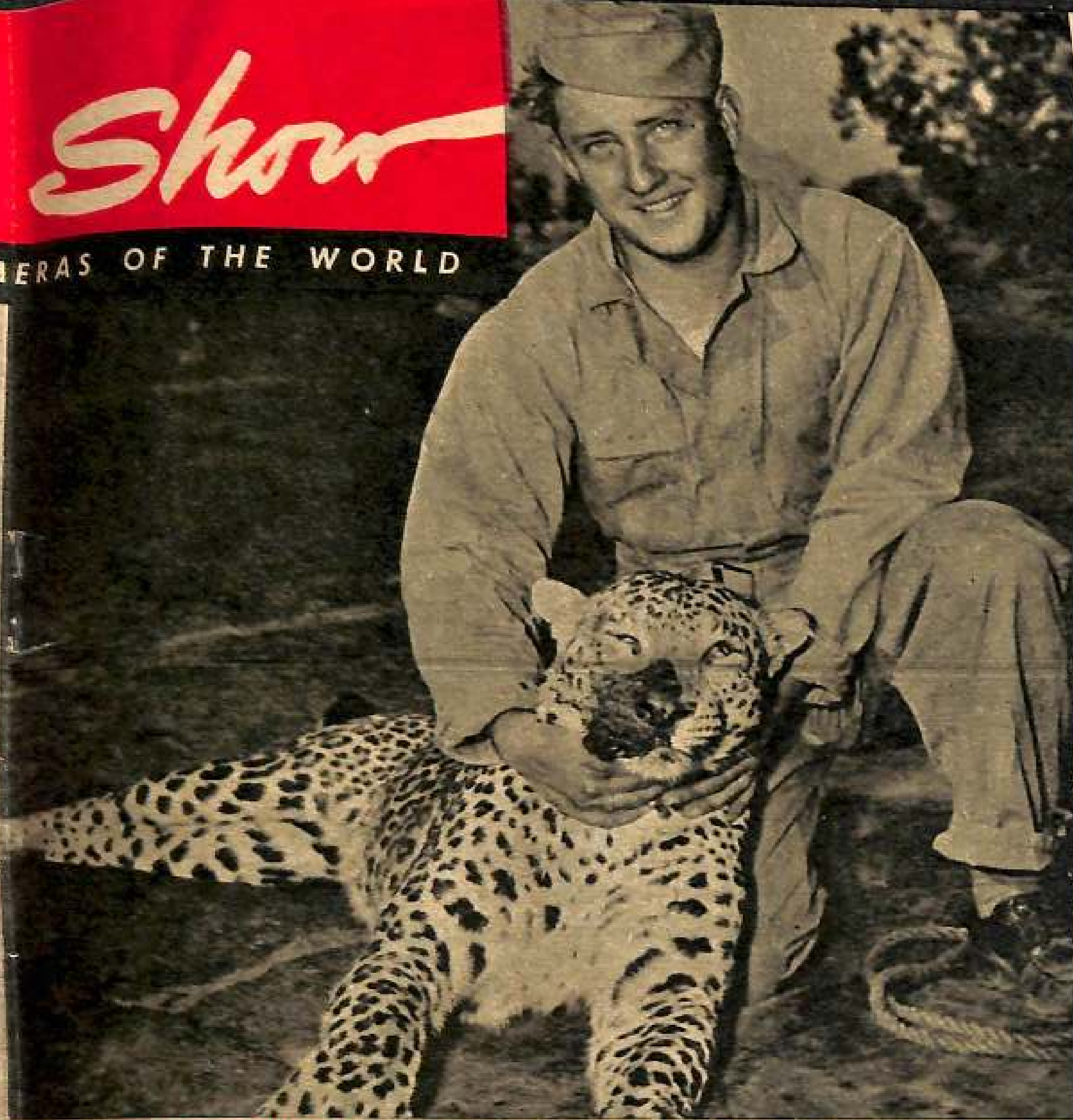
**ON HER WAY.** This little girl is going places. She's Donnah Jeanne Larson, 18, once in a Chicago high school and now headed for a Warner Bros. contract in Hollywood.

**SOOTHING.** Lt. Lloyd Milligan, Pacific flyer, embroiders while waiting to go up—and dares you to make any cracks.

**LETHAL BOWLING.** In Italy Pvt. Ed Gazler holds concrete ball Nazis rolled down hill against Allies

# Show

MERAS OF THE WORLD



**JUNGLE TROPHY.** Pvt. Leo T. Keahey of Eden, Ala., went off into the jungle near a training center in India and came back with some evidence of his marksmanship that was much better to look at than a dead Jap. It's a 122-pound Indian leopard with so many bright spots on it that Keahey didn't even have to adjust his sights.

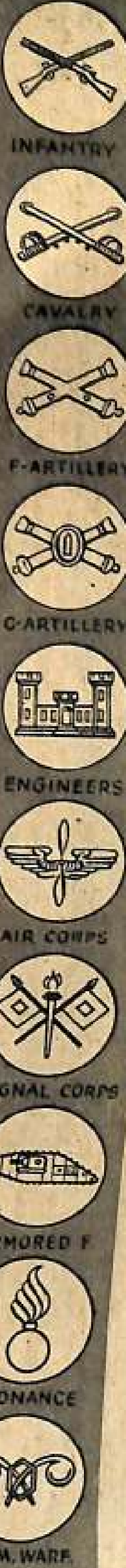
**OCS DOWN UNDER.** After four months of hard work and study at an officer candidate school in Australia these 600 U. S. soldiers raise their hands to be sworn in as second lieutenants in a mass open-air ceremony. Now to put learning into action.

**SPECIAL AWARD.** "Bugs Bunny" wears the Purple Heart, bestowed on him by Lt. Howard J. Blum, a navigator in the Fifteenth Air Force, Mediterranean area. "Bugs," adorning the side of a Flying Fort, got shot up by a Nazi fighter plane.

**CUT TO TASTE.** In this special barber service in Italy a Goum, one of the African tribesmen who fight for the French, trims the beard of a friend, who checks up on him with a mirror to see that the job is done right.

**FOR STUDY.** If you think this picture is printed the wrong way, turn it around; we guarantee it will look just as good. The damsel is Jane Russell of the movies.

# ★ THE GROUND FORCES UNITED STATES ARMY ★



AIDES

**COMMANDING GENERAL**
OF ARMY GROUND FORCES

STATISTICS

GROUND TECHNICAL INFORMATION SECTION

**CHIEF OF STAFF**
ARMY GROUND FORCES

**DEPUTY**
CHIEF OF STAFF

SECRETARIAT

## GROUND STAFF (GSE)

- GPD — PLANS
- G-1 — PERSONNEL
- G-2 — MILITARY INTELLIGENCE
- G-3 — OPERATIONS AND TRAINING
- G-4 — SUPPLY, CONSTRUCTION TRANSPORTATION AND EVACUATION
- REQUIREMENTS — DEVELOPMENT, PUBLICATIONS, ORGANIZATION & EQUIPMENT PERTAINING TO THE ARMS

## SPECIAL STAFF

- GROUND ADJUTANT GENERAL
- GROUND ENGINEER
- GROUND SURGEON
- GROUND ORDNANCE OFFICER
- GROUND QUARTER-MASTER
- GROUND SIGNAL OFFICER
- GROUND BUDGET & FISCAL OFFICER
- GROUND CHEMICAL OFFICER

## COMMANDS

- ARMIES & OTHER UNITS OR FORCES ASSIGNED
- ARMORED COMMAND
- ANTIAIRCRAFT COMMAND
- TANK DESTROYER CENTER
- MOUNTAIN TRAINING CENTER
- AIRBORNE COMMAND
- DESERT TRAINING CENTER
- REPLACEMENT AND SCHOOL COMMAND

"ARMY TALKS" ART STAFF

IN CASE YOU'D FORGOTTEN—OR IN THE REMOTE EVENT THAT YOU NEVER KNEW—

**THIS IS THE SET-UP OF THE GROUND FORCES OF THE U.S. ARMY**

# News from Home

**A man who had thrown his hat into the ring followed it with the towel, a famous movie star couldn't figure out how to call his wife, the White House physician issued a report on the state of the President's health, and Jack Benny lost a stooge to the Navy.**

Most of last week was more or less quiet on the war fronts, but the home front was in a turmoil. For one thing, there was the political bombshell exploded by Wendell L. Willkie when, at the end of a prepared speech on foreign policy, he abruptly told a crowd of 3,000 in Omaha, Neb., that he was dropping out of the race for the Republican Presidential nomination. For another thing, Charlie Chaplin, the 54-year-old film comedian, was acquitted of Mann Act charges after a trial in Los Angeles which had been elaborately reported on the front pages of a large part of the nation's press. And for a third, those new luxury taxes mentioned here last week were playing hob with a large section of the nation's night life.

Willkie's dramatic announcement, putting an end to the energetic nationwide political campaign he had been waging for several months, momentarily stunned the country. The man who was the Republican Party's candidate for President in 1940 had suffered a bad defeat earlier in the week in the Wisconsin primary which failed to give him a single delegate to his party's convention. Twenty-four candidates were chosen, 15 of whom were pledged outright to Governor Thomas E. Dewey, of New York, who thus came out easily on top although he was neither an active nor a declared candidate in the State contest. What's more, Dewey also had three other delegates claimed for him. Willkie, who had made 40 speeches in a 13-day barnstorming tour of Wisconsin just before the primary, ran fourth, trailing not only Dewey but Lieutenant Commander Harold E. Stassen, former Governor of Minnesota, and General Douglas MacArthur, both of whom, being on active duty in the armed forces, were not permitted to campaign.

The Willkie announcement, made in Omaha's City Auditorium, came at the close of a five-day campaign which the candidate had been making of Nebraska. The prepared speech which preceded it gave no indication of what was to come. Still in the role of a candidate, Willkie attacked the present administration's foreign policy in what seemed to be a routine campaign address and then told his audience that he was through, explaining: "It is obvious that I cannot be nominated." He went on to say that "no Republican could be nominated for President unless he received at the convention the votes of some of the major midwestern States." The G.O.P. was enjoying its greatest resurgence in that part of the country, he said.

Admitting that the result of the Wisconsin primary was "naturally disappointing," Willkie said that it was "doubly so since the delegate who led the poll for delegates is known as one active in organizations, such as the America First, opposed to the beliefs which I entertain." In Milwaukee, Fred R. Zimmerman, Secretary of State, who led the field of delegates, retorted that he was not affiliated with the America First Committee.

Willkie apparently was not sore. He wound up his surprise announcement by saying that he would "continue to work for those principles and policies for which I have fought during the last five years." He advocated, he said, "every sacrifice and cost necessary to winning and shortening the war" in addition to "tangible, effective economic and political cooperation among the nations of the world for the preservation of the peace and the rebuilding of humanity." At the end, he shook hands with the local political bigwigs who had sponsored his speech, while the crowd lingered in a state of bewilderment.

As everyone who used to see the old silent films knows, Charlie Chaplin has been around quite a while. Nevertheless, he still doesn't know how to make a telephone call from a pay booth—even an American one. Less than half an hour before he was acquitted, he wanted to call up his wife—the former Oona O'Neill—from the courtroom to tell her how things were going and had to ask a reporter to get his number for him.

"I want to talk to my wife," he said helplessly. "Please would you get the number for me? I don't know quite how to get my own number." He'd have been in *real* trouble, now, if, as had been threatened before his acquittal, they'd ever shipped him back … A and B buttons and all that. … harges that

Here's that old fire-eater, Mayor F. H. LaGuardia, of New York City, eating a piece of cake, for a change. He's attending the second birthday party of the Stage Door Canteen.

Now, now, girls, is that nice? The nine young ladies above have been held in Salt Lake City, Utah, on charges of conspiracy to advocate the practice of polygamy.

he had transported his former protege, 22-year-old Joan Barry, to New York and back for immoral purposes, isn't out of the woods yet. He still faces charges that he is the father of Miss Barry's 6-month-old daughter and that he conspired to deprive Miss Barry of her civil rights.

THOSE new taxes made a lot of night-spot managers decide to do business differently in the future. Rather than nick the customers for the fancy high-bracket taxes required of places offering liquor and dancing, Jack Dempsey's Restaurant in New York City announced that it was doing away with those attractions and would sell only food in the future. Many other similar places followed suit. In many a joint where there formerly had been dancing to juke-box music, the boss gave up his cabaret license and put tables out on the dance floor, thus avoiding the greater part of the new 30 per cent levy.

Under the new law, beer should sell for 11 cents, but many bars were absorbing the extra penny on beer and making up for it by boosting the cost of mixed drinks a nickel, although the actual increase in the cost of these was only two to four cents. This procedure was against the rules, but bartenders explained they weren't geared to fiddle around with pennies. Anyway, they muttered, when there weren't any O.P.A. snoopers around to hear, their customers would rather pay a flat four bits for a highball than bother with the small change involved in 47-cent drinks.

Vice Admiral Ross T. McIntire, the White House physician, announced in Washington that President Roosevelt had undergone an extensive physical examination and had been found to be in satisfactory shape except for lingering traces of bronchial and sinus irritations. Reviewing the state of the President's health during the past winter, McIntire recalled that Roosevelt had come down with an attack of flu early in January and that late in March, just as he was on the threshold of complete recovery, he had contracted a head cold with the bronchial and sinus complications.

McIntire said that each year the President is given

"NO BUTTER, NO CAVIAR, NO ANCHOVIES, NO ROQUEFORT . . . CONFIDENTIALLY, GIRLS, THEY'RE LOUSY!"

—T/5 Alexis Pencovic

"a very complete physical check similar to the examination given senior officers in the services," and that this year's one had been completed only a few days earlier. "For a man of 62 plus, we have very little to argue about except that we had to combat influenza and respiratory complications recently," the physician declared.

Reversing its stand of nine years ago, the U. S. Supreme Court, by a vote of eight to one, declared that Negroes have a right to vote in State primary elections, a decision it reached in connection with charges by Lonnie E. Smith, a Negro of Houston, Tex., who charged that the Democratic Party in Texas had been denying voting rights to people of his race. The majority decision was delivered by Justice Stanley Reed and the lone dissenting vote was cast by Justice Owen J. Roberts, a native of Pennsylvania. Noting that the court was reversing itself, the majority opinion stated: "When convinced of former error, this court has never felt constrained to follow precedent."

So much for the big headlines. In Danbury, Conn., Rose Wilder Lane, 56-year-old novelist, said she was giving up writing and taking to farming as a protest against "governmental regimentation." She said she was especially burned up about rationing. "If a person admits the Government has a right to say if he can eat, there is no liberty left," she exclaimed. "I am opposed to rationing as a form of tyranny."

Five boys, all in their 'teens, were taken into custody by police in Jackson, Mich., on a charge of belonging to a secret society whose purpose was "to control the Government and dominate inferior races." The cops said that four of the five were members of prominent families and that the society was well supplied with strange flags and armbands, printing materials, hunting knives, flashlights, and imitation police badges. The 17-year-old leader said that the members, as part of the society's ritual, were accustomed to wiping their feet on the American flag and stabbing the Bible with a knife wrapped in a purple cloth.

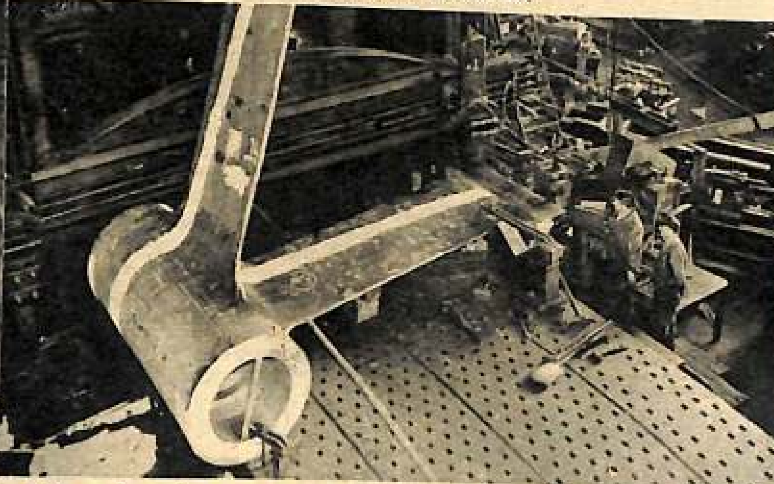
Lawn mowers being scarce as well as the men to push them, city officials of Springfield, Ill., have decided to hire 200 Montana sheep to keep the grass in trim on the 2,000 acres of park at Lake Springfield.

THE first twin kangaroos to be born in captivity were discovered in the Philadelphia Zoo by Michael O'Shea, a keeper. The curator, Roger Conant, said that twin kangaroos had always been considered a zoological impossibility because the mother of the species never has room for more than one in her pouch—but here they were. Just when the Philly ones were born was not known because this mother had somehow managed to squeeze both twins into

## WHEELS, BOTH BIG AND LITTLE, KEEP TURNING ON THE HOME FRONT

A new invention designed to double, almost, the life of plane tires. Those rubber fins, outlined in white on the sidewall, open when the plane's landing gear is lowered, catching the wind and starting the wheel spinning.

Solving the gas-rationing problem, this war worker in South Bend, Ind., has rigged his bike up to run on a couple of three-cell automobile batteries.



This gadget for a new U. S. warship weighs a mere 45 tons. It's a two-armed strut to hold the vessel's propeller shaft in place beyond the stern.

Lana Turner, the screen lovely, announced that she was separated from her husband, Stephen Crane, stockbroker and heir to a tobacco fortune. What's next she didn't say.

Another screen actress, Lillian Bond, won an uncontested divorce from her husband, Sydney A. Smith, of New York. He was "irritable," she said.

General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff of the Army, asked Congress to call off its scheme to create a new rank of General of the Armies, which the legislators had planned as a means of giving high American Army officials the proper prestige when dealing with the top men of the military machines of other nations.

As a test of Boston's ban on *Strange Fruit*, a novel by Lillian Smith, on the grounds that it is indecent, Bernard De Voto, the author and Harper's editor who lives in Cambridge, Mass., walked into a bookstore and bought a copy of the book. The stage had been carefully set, with police on hand to arrest him and the bookseller who sold him the volume. In one of the reviews printed when the novel was first published, it was described as telling "the story of a white man's love for a Negro girl and the reactions of the middle-class citizens of a small Georgia town to the affair."

A famous midwestern dairy herd was scattered when Longview Farms put its 758 cattle up for auction in Kansas City. The farms are operated by Loula Long Combs, who also breeds and exhibits thoroughbred show horses and who gave up the dairy herd because it's impossible to find men to tend the critters. They'll be replaced by 700 beef cattle, which require less care.

Erastus Corning, Mayor of Albany, N. Y., was ordered to report for induction into the Army on April 13.

Spring officially came to Manhattan when the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus opened as usual in Madison Square Garden.

HERE'S a break. After the war's over it will take only ten hours to get back to the ETO—just in case you want to spend your vacations here. So said Juan T. Trippe, president of the Pan-American Airways System. Speaking in San Francisco, he predicted that 280-mile-an-hour Clippers will carry American vacationists from the West Coast to the Orient in 23 hours and from the Atlantic Coast to Europe in less than ten. Too bad they won't be running in time to take you home, Joe.

Harry Ritz, of the zany Ritz Brothers, was facing a divorce action by his wife, Bettey Mae Ritz, who charged in Los Angeles that "all he wanted was to go to night-clubs and gamble."

Jack Benny lost a singing stooge when Eugene Dennis McNulty, better known as Dennis Day, was sworn into the Navy as an ensign and was told to report for duty as a deck officer on April 15.

In New York City, the United Jewish Appeal announced that it had received a contribution of $1,000 from the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States to help save the Jews of Europe. In a letter to Rabbi Jonah B. Wise, national chairman of the Appeal, the Rt. Rev. Henry St. George Tucker, presiding bishop, said "we wish to associate ourselves" in efforts to meet "the tragic needs of the Jewish people around the world."

The Rev. Emerson S. Schwenk, pastor of the First Universalist Church of Bridgeport, Conn., resigned following a dispute with the church's trustees who wanted to display a service flag honoring members of the congregation who are serving in the armed forces. The pastor didn't like the idea. "A service flag," he said, "is a symbol of war beside which I cannot stand to speak the word of God as I search for it."

Gil Dodds, who has set many a track record and is now a divinity student in Boston, delivered the Sunday sermon at the First Brethren Church of Smithville, O. Addressing 225 Wayne County parishoners on the subject "Confessions of a Converted Sinner," the fleet-footed divinity student, who will be ordained next year, said: "The race of life has similar rules to those an athlete follows in training."

lines of the ones used by the Army, has been placed in operation by the New York City Fire Department.

Philip Murray, president of the CIO, issued a statement in Washington urging all CIO affiliates to waive initiation fees for returning servicemen. He said that the CIO has consistently tried to safeguard the seniority rights of servicemen and to keep their union membership in good standing without payment of dues.

Captain Eddie Rickenbacker declared in New York City that he had been "terribly optimistic" three years ago when he predicted that the war in Europe would end in the fall of 1944. He said that Germany will be a strong foe "for a long time to come," and added: "We aren't going to bomb Germany out of the war no matter how many times we hit their big cities."

"SORRY, IT HAS TO GO THROUGH CHANNELS, PAL."
—Pfc. Anatol Kovarsky

Navy Captain Arnold Jay Isbell, in command of an escort carrier, was too busy or too modest to tell his wife in Washington, D. C., that he had been awarded a D.S.C. The first thing the missus knew about the matter was when she read of it in the newspapers.

Americans will be in the market for 12 million new automobiles immediately after the war and will begin getting them within six or eight months after peace is declared, Lieutenant General William S. Knudsen, the Army's production chief and former president of General Motors, declared in New York. It will take two and a half years of full production to turn out the 12 million cars and this will provide one big source of peacetime jobs for the 54 million American men and women who are now employed at home and abroad, the General said. The first new postwar cars, he went on, will be 1942 models made from molds and tools that are now stored outside of automobile plants that have been converted to making war machines.

THE War Manpower Commission ruled that there will be no more draft deferments for Federal employees in the Philadelphia area, a decision which affects 5,000 workers. Brief stays of induction will be granted key men while replacements are being trained.

Dr. William Mather Lewis, president of Lafayette College, said in New York City that he thought one year should be lopped off the customary elementary-school course and another year from high school and college. The time thus saved, he said, should be spent in military and citizenship training. "I have not found a man or woman yet," he said, "who can justify four years in college."

Andrew F. Howe, 67-year-old inventor of St. Louis, won a lawsuit against the Commonwealth Steel Co., over the patent rights to a mold which he invented 34 years ago. He'd been fighting the case for the past 15 years but figures now it was worth it since it panned out to the tune of $1,958,240—and even in these boom days back home that ain't chicken feed.

Far from home, this German Focke-Wulf, captured intact in Italy, is now being studied at Wright Field, O.

Blind for seven years, this New York widow may be able to see again after having part of a dead man's eye transplanted to one of hers.

Wise guy in Joliet, Ill., pays his income tax with 7,775 pennies. But Cashier Ann Smarker can take it with a smile.

This is where MPs found Pvt. Frank Collins, deserter. He was hiding in an areaway under the home of Mrs. Doris E. Bender, of Washington, D. C. Mrs. Bender said she had no idea he was there.

# Mail Call

### Oh! Those Thunderbolts!

Dear YANK:

In the course of your collective basic training there must have been some "Aircraft Recognition."

Your article "Invasion Inventory," YANK, April 2, calls the P-47 (Thunderbolt) a P-51 (Mustang), which any British child will tell you is wrong. I asked several of them to name the plane, which they did correctly.

D-Day approacheth rapidly, gentlemen, so be prepared—and know your aircraft, both friendly and enemy.

*Britain.* — Pvt. N. A. FLAGG

Dear YANK:

I trust you will excuse my intrusion but I feel I must, to correct a mistake in this week's issue. On page 3 you stated that "the above planes were Mustangs." Come off it, chums, surely every air-minded Limey knows they are "Thunderbolts," whatever their state of "nudity."

*Britain.* — HENRY ALLERA

Dear YANK:

Although we are not among the lucky boys on the line (we sweat over payrolls), we do know that the planes shown in the photo on page 3 of the April 2 edition are not Mustangs but P-47 "Thunderbolts" the best fighter ships in this theater.

Suggest ye editors study the latest edition of "Aircraft Recognition" so that mistakes like that will not happen again to ruin your otherwise swell magazine.

FRANK KILLIAN, MILLARD AUSTIN, WES BROUSSARD, JOHNNY SHIPMEN, BILL FACKLER, TOMMY STEWART

*Britain.*

Dear YANK:

In your April 2 issue on page 2 you show a picture of some planes, under which is the following caption:

"A couple (or maybe two or three) Mustangs are shown above, and below are a mess of gliders to transport the 'heavy equipment' soldiers, carrying howitzers, anti-tank guns and mortars."

If the planes shown in the top picture are "Mustangs" I'm a monkey's uncle and should take a refresher course in aircraft identification. For my money they are Republic Thunderbolts, P-47. I didn't know that a P51B or "Mustang" used a radial engine, and the plane pictured certainly does have a radial.

Guess that you will have quite a few letters from Thunderbolt pilots, etc., for the "injustice" done them in this picture. I agree that the Mustang is a nice plane, but a Thunderbolt is a *Thunderbolt*.

T/5 LEROY WALTON

P.S.—No, I'm not in the Air Corps. I'm just an SOS paragraph trooper.

*Britain.*

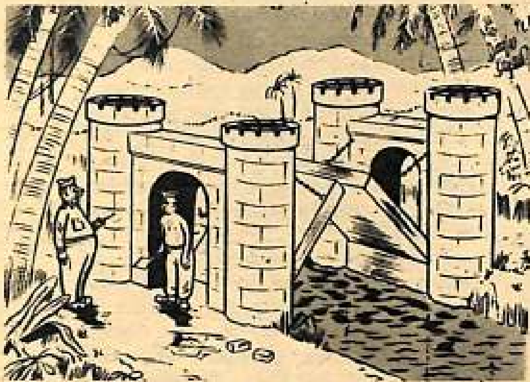
***[YANK was way off base, and knew it five minutes after the edition was off the press. Thunderbolts, not Mustangs, those planes most certainly were and the unfortunate error can be blamed only on the fact that it was a last-minute one made while the staff's several aviation experts were out of the office on other assignments. For the benefit of the caption writer who bungled this job and for the guidance of any other Etousians whose minds are still fuzzy on this important matter, YANK is printing next week a five-page, up-to-the-minute aircraft-identification chart which we hope will serve as a helpful refresher course for all.—ED.]***

### And The "Gypsy-Builders" Say—

Dear YANK:

As a note of introduction, we are the Engineer outfit that your story of March 19th titled "The Gypsy Builders" was written about.

After reading the letter in *Mail Call* in the April 2 issue of YANK it appears to us that the story and sketches have greatly confused someone. The sketches are of Butler Hangars, but the article telling about putting up a hangar in 5,000 man-hours referred to a large T-2 Hangar. This outfit has never taken over 2,000 man-hours to construct a Butler Hangar. While in a certain Base Section on Detached Service from the parent unit, one company cracked all records by erecting a T-2 Hangar in 3,500 man-hours. When the report was submitted to the Base Section Headquarters it was doubted so much that



"—AND WHAT ELSE DID THEY TEACH YOU IN THE ENGINEERS BACK AT FORT BELVOIR?"

—Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt

inspectors were sent out to see for themselves whether it were true or not. Much to their amazement it was. It was the first T-2 Hangar, at least in that Base Section, that had the roof plates welded on and not bolted as is usually done. To prove to the EM that their heart was in their work, two officers, one a Captain, the other a first Lt., worked side by side with the EM, the Captain wearing T-5 stripes and the Lt. wearing Pfc. stripes.

As for working 36 hours without sleep, it is a well known fact that the human body can work (physically) only about ten hours, and work after that ten hours is practically nil. This outfit has always been up at crack of dawn and worked till dark. When work is slack they go into an extensive training program, and last year while on the rifle range over 85 percent of the entire personnel qualified as marksmen or better.

Yes, we've heard and seen plenty of that "no camp, no rations, and no American cigarettes" stuff, too. As we are probably the oldest Engineer outfit to land in England, we understand all the hardships and problems that confront you boys.

S/Sgt. G. P. FOX, S/Sgt. E. GARRICK, S/Sgt. W. K. McCANN, M/Sgt. F. J. CARAGHER, M/Sgt. H. D. HILL

*Britain.*

### Applying For Ballots

Dear YANK:

I suppose I could write this as a gripe, but then again I guess I really haven't one coming. For, thanks to YANK, I've managed to accomplish my objective. Said objective being to apply for a primary election ballot.

It all started when I picked up the March 12 issue of YANK and read that I could apply for a primary election ballot "by mailing the WD post card to Secretary of State." Remembering YANK's warning that "time counts," I promptly went to the orderly room, hoping to find one of these cards (Form 560). The CQ was the only man on duty at the time and the best he could do was to suggest that I "see the First/Sgt. tomorrow." That I did, but the First/Sgt. had "never even *heard* of a WD post card." I decided to give the Post Office a try—they knew nothing. Then, as a last resort, I called on a friend of mine, who works in Administration. At last, a ray of hope! For after a phone call or two, he located the officer in charge of the forms and told me approximately where I could find him. Well, lo and behold, when I *did* find the officer he had none of the precious forms in his possession. However, he obligingly said he'd "see about it."

At this point I referred back to YANK and the sentence: "If you can't get one, you can apply for your ballot by letter," and without further ado I did just that.

As I said at the beginning, I've no right to gripe, but I only hope that my little escapade is no indication of how the soldier's vote will be handled in the coming presidential election.

*Britain.* — S/Sgt. E. H. HEALY

### Blame And Praise

Dear YANK:

Probably YANK, in one of its earlier issues, stated what its editorial policy was to be. I don't know, for I have been "a constant reader" for only a few months. I would like to know what it is because I heartily disapprove of it! I believe, on the basis of a few months' reading, that YANK fails utterly to fulfil its place as The Army Weekly. In fact, I fear that YANK even fails to see its place. There is a definite responsibility to being The Army Weekly—especially when said weekly is read by millions of servicemen. Admittedly this responsibility is a grave one and must be handled carefully. Is it not true, however, that the solution is not to disregard or avoid the responsibility but to accept it and use it in a wise manner?

The responsibility which YANK has so carefully (and criminally) avoided is this:

To outline the problems of the day which concern servicemen.

To adopt an intelligent solution to these problems, intelligent from the viewpoint of servicemen.

To headline these solutions in the weekly issues, backed, of course, by strong and logical editorials.

Were YANK to do this it would truly fill its place as a serviceman's paper. YANK's opinions would meet with the disapproval of many of its readers, but so what? They would be approved by more . . . YANK, you are letting us down! As our strongest voice it is your responsibility—your duty—to speak constantly and forcefully for us and for us alone. Why don't you do it?

*Camp Shelby, Miss.* — Lt. WILLIAM B. STORM

Dear YANK:

I have just read an officer's complaint concerning your ban on material submitted by officers. The lieutenant, apparently brooding over your rejection slip, doesn't make much sense. Your reply, making the point that the GI point of view differs sharply from the officer's, does. When YANK first came to life I was only recently removed from the newspaper business and my professional eye was perhaps a little sharper than it is now. I didn't like it much.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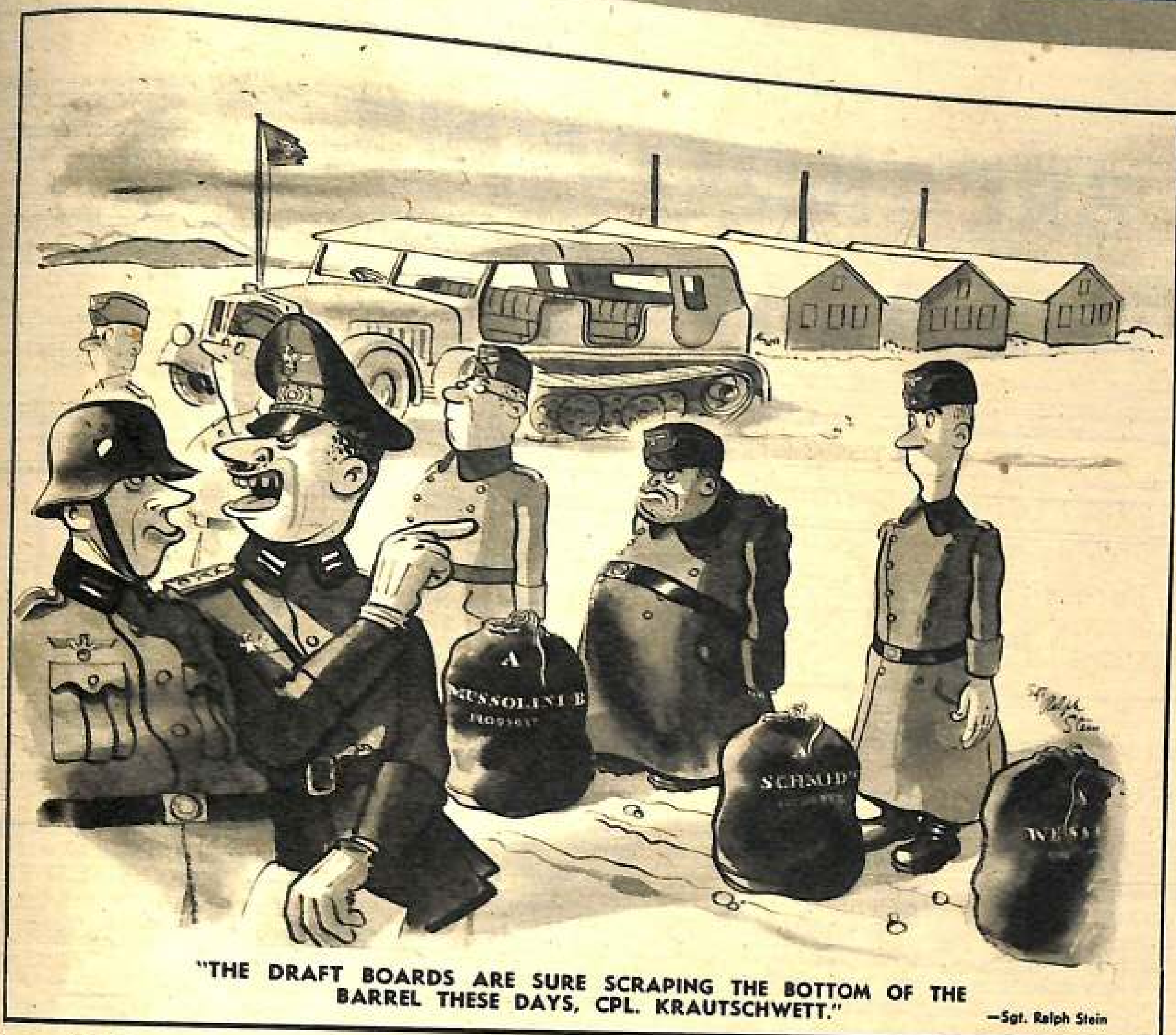
Pictures: 1, 2, 3, 4, Sgt. John Bushemi. 5, Sgt. John Frano. 6, 7, 8, Cpl. Joe Cunningham. 9, Sgt. Lou Stouman. 10, Sgt. Pete Paris. 12, top left, Acme; top right and bottom left, INP; center right and bottom center, PA; bottom right, Signal Corps. 13, top left, Signal Corps; top right, INP; center left, Acme; bottom left, Fifteenth AAF; bottom right, Keystone. 14, Army Talks. 15, top, Keystone; center and bottom, AP. 16, left, Planet; top right, Keystone; bottom right, Bippa. 17, bottom, INP; others, Keystone. 24, Hal McAlpin.



"THE DRAFT BOARDS ARE SURE SCRAPING THE BOTTOM OF THE BARREL THESE DAYS, CPL. KRAUTSCHWETT." —Sgt. Ralph Stein

A good deal of the time it was snide. It suffered from the fault that has always characterized PM; the smart young men who produced it were too damned sophisticated, they spent too much time amusing each other, they vacillated between the Voice of Destiny technique of *Time* and *Life* and the worldliness of the *New Yorker*. You have, except for occasional lapses, outgrown that now.

You are due, I think, great praise for your format, for your cartoons and particularly for your front-line reporting, which is invariably superior to that of your commercial contemporaries. But I have been most impressed by the gradual evolution of your editorial policy. You speak eloquently for the GI, a converted civilian whose tough, bawdy, sentimental spirit enables him to survive without the loss of his dignity. I know how difficult the maintenance of such an editorial policy is. The average brass hat makes the average advertising-addled publisher look like a crusading liberal.

**Maj. HARRY S. ASHMORE**

*Indiantown Gap, Pa.*

## Anybody Belong To These?

Dear YANK:

Some GI is very disappointed. He has been sweating these pictures out for about two months now. Here is the story: I received these pictures in an unphotographed V-Mail letter from home. I didn't expect to get any pictures like two of these. So after finding out that no pictures were sent to me at all, you can guess what happened where our V-Mail is photographed.

If you will put these pictures in the YANK, I'm sure the lucky fellow will see them. So here is hoping he gets them OK.

**Sgt. CULLEN L. DAVIDSON**

*Britain.*

## We Should Of Stood In Bed

Dear YANK:

Whenever I have the opportunity (which is all too seldom) I read your paper with much interest and enjoyment. It is quite different from any "weekly" obtainable over here; both the humor and the topical articles are very much ALIVE.

So I hope you won't take it the wrong way if I venture to make a small criticism regarding the rather peculiar grammar—or lack of it—I noticed recently. Not, you understand, that the use of "SLANGUAGE" is objectionable; quite the contrary. But in your issue of March 26, on page 14, above the very amusing sketches of "Secret Weapons" we read that they were drawn by . . . "Sgt. Ralph Stein who should of went to OCS" . . . Should of went????

I dare to raise an eyebrow. Surely "Should *have gone*" is English "as she is spoke"? I can realize that it might be simple to make a slip such as "should have went," but "*of* went" has no meaning at all.

To those who will reply: "The language is the servant of the people and may be altered to suit the user" I will reply in the words of some one both older and wiser than myself.

"Language has a tendency to run off the lines, and grammar is an attempt to check that fault, and to make possible the conveyance of ACCURATE THOUGHT by formulating the practice of educated people. If every Tom, Dick and Harry were allowed to invent his own grammar to excuse his mistakes, we should have not one grammar of the English language but thousands. A grammatical error is a trivial fault, common to all however excellent their education. The person who attempts to justify a slip by attacking grammar unconsciously betrays the very fault he charges against others—pedantry."

Just in case you may get the idea I'm just another English girl trying to be superior, may I add that I had an averagely good education, rudely interrupted at the early age of 16½ by the start of the war in September, 1939. So you see, I've no grounds for supposing myself "superior" at all; it's merely that English is a pleasant language, and it seems rather a pity to spoil it by a little carelessness.

**JOANNE V. HARRIS**

*Britain.*

## More About Telephones, Etc.

Dear YANK:

After reading Pvt. Elliot Witten's account on "Phoneyphoning" ETC (European Theater of Conversation) I never dreamed any one would cross wires with him. However, after the letter signed "Two Telephonists" it is a pleasure to plug in a coupla lines in Witten's defense. The Two Telephonists have said "Sarcasm is the lowest form of wit," but do they recognize satire when they see it? Boys, where is your sensayuma?? We have three operators at our base who are blessed with the ability to cope with any "Top Blowing" incidents that may occur at the switchboard. Result, their work is enjoyed because they are the masters of the situation. Mayhap we can draw up a special T.S. (Telephone Switchboard) card for youse two tortured toll takers.

I have had one or two nasty evenings in a kiosk—holding the phone with one hand, trying to insert coins and press button A with the other while a small torch dangled from my teeth in an effort to locate Button A and the coin slot. Will hang up now as I have no more nickels (pardon) thrupenny bits.

**Pfc. HAROLD MODES**

*Britain.*

## That "Suggestive" Pin-Up

Dear YANK:

We boys of the "Upper Three" do not approve of your very indecent portrayal of the spicy looking female in the April 2 edition of our much loved and eagerly read YANK.

It seems the intelligent-looking Irene Manning would never pose for such a suggestive-looking picture.

We may seem old-fashioned, but sending YANK home to our wives and sweethearts with such a seductive-looking picture, we feel compelled to make an apology for this issue.

Is this the much publicized "Pin-Up Girl" that the Yankee soldiers so crave? We have our doubts!

Miss Manning is well dressed, but the pose—Phew! (Hays office please take note.)

Believe it or not, the average age of the "Upper Three" is twenty-three (23).

**Sgt. E. W. O'HARA**
**Cpl. P. PISTOCCO, Jnr.**
**Cpl. D. E. CLARK**

*Britain.*

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**HERE** is the fifth in the series of simple French phrases being taught on the American Forces Network this week from 11:50 a.m. to 12 noon, Monday to Friday, April 17th to April 21st. Next week's issue of "Yank" will contain the last of this series to be published.

| ENGLISH | FRENCH |
|---|---|
| Where is the bridge? | Où est le pont? |
| Where is the hospital? | Où est l'hôpital? |
| Where is the main street? | Où est la grande rue? |
| Where is the market, please? | Où est le marché, s'il vous plaît? |
| Where is the nearest town? | Où est la ville la plus proche? |
| Halt. Hands up! | Halte. Haut les mains! |
| Lay down your arms. | Mettez bas les armes. |
| Who is the leader of this group? | Qui est le chef de ce groupe? |
| Is there anyone among you who speaks English? | Y a-t-il parmi vous quelqu'un qui parle l'Anglais? |
| One of you advance. | Approchez, l'un de vous. |
| Fall in. | Formez les rangs. |
| Don't move. | Ne bougez pas. |
| Come along. | Venez. |
| Double time. | Pas de gymnastique. |
| Are any of you wounded? | Y a-t-il des blessés parmi vous? |
| Where are you wounded? | Où êtes-vous blessé? |
| Can you walk? | Pouvez-vous marcher? |
| Lie down. | Couchez-vous. |
| Are you cold? | Avez-vous froid? |
| Drink this. | Buvez ceci. |
| Eat this. | Mangez ceci. |

**SIGNS**

| | |
|---|---|
| Railroad. | Chemin de fer. |
| Grade crossing. | Passage à niveau. |
| Go slow. | Ralentir. |
| Toilet. | W.C. |
| Entrance. | Entrée. |
| Exit. | Sortie. |

# MENTAL BREAKDOWNS IN THE ARMY

***What causes psychoneurosis at the front lines? Usually it does not develop in men who have a clear idea of the necessity for the war and understand why they had to get into a GI uniform and do the fighting.***

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Writer

At mid-afternoon three men came down the trail.

Two of them trembled so it was barely noticeable, but the third held his elbows close to his sides and moved his hands up and down in a rhythmical motion.

The three, with a stretcher party behind them and another in front, went down through the jungle to the water's edge where the Engineers had built a rough landing.

An outboard-motorboat chugged up to the landing and discharged some undirtied, unbearded men who had been wounded slightly or who had had malaria a few weeks before and now were on their way back to join their outfit, 400 yards away, where the Japs were dug in.

As the litter cases were being loaded the two groups—the fresh and the exhausted—got together.

"How is it up there?" asked the clean ones.

"It's murder," replied one of the three.

"What do you mean, murder?"

"Japs. Twenty feet away. We were going to attack and 10 minutes before the jump-off they raised up 20 feet in front of us. We didn't know they were there. It was murder."

The man with the hands in motion looked down at them and said apologetically, "I can't stop them."

An 81-mm mortar squad that had been quiet suddenly went into action 50 yards away. At the sound of the increment charge, a sharp hollow explosion, the other two men jumped violently and crouched among the mangrove roots while the fresh men watched them in embarrassment.

"Take it easy, boys," said the unbearded ones.

While the motorboat was being loaded, a captain came up and took over the fresh infantrymen. He looked at the men who were getting into the boat and shook his head: "I don't understand it. There go three of the most rugged men I've ever had in the company. Now look at them. I don't understand it."

UNDERSTANDABLE to the captain or not, his men were casualties as real and as actual as the stretcher cases whose blood seeped through battle compresses slapped over shrapnel and bullet wounds. His three good men were "bomb happy," or, in plain fact, the victims of nervous breakdowns. They were psychoneurotic cases.

From 10 to 20 percent of all casualties developing in combat are nervous breakdowns of one kind or another, and of these about 90 percent come under the heading of psychoneurosis. When recognized and treated properly, from 40 to 60 percent of all the breakdowns are successfully adjusted and the casualties returned to duty.

It is possible for anybody to have a nervous breakdown, according to specialists in the Neuropsychiatric Division of the Surgeon General's Office. Literally thousands of factors in the individual soldier's life may contribute to his ultimate mental illness, and it is certainly true that some men crack for less reason than others; but any normal soldier, under the terrific physical and mental strain of war, can reach his limit. This is true, not because Americans are mental weaklings, but because the healthiest man alive, if weakened to a certain point and exposed to disease, will get sick.

Psychoneurosis is a nervous or emotional disorder that amounts to an abnormal manner of coping with a situation. It is purely an involuntary means of solving a conflict.

To understand its mechanics it should be realized that fear is the core of neurosis. It is true that not every man who suffers a breakdown has actually scared himself into becoming ill, nor is the genuine psychoneurotic case either a coward or a goldbrick. But fear, or the fear of fear, is always present.

THAT psychoneurosis is the utilization of abnormal ways of coping with resistance is illustrated in the case of Cpl. Jones.

Cpl. Jones has been picked to lead a patrol on reconnaissance. He and his men have to cross an area that is being subjected to heavy artillery. Over and above that, he has been in the line 28 days and is physically worn to a frazzle. He has already been under enough artillery to last him a lifetime, and now he has to face this artillery. Remembering some of the close ones before, he is really and thoroughly scared.

He has two normal alternatives: 1) He can go through the artillery, scared as he is, and accomplish his mission, or 2) he can say the hell with it, I'm not going. He can do it or run away from it. Either would be a normal reaction, revealing Cpl. Jones to be a very brave guy or a coward.

It happens he is not a coward. The last thing in the world he wants hung on him is cowardice. He starts a personal war within himself, his conscience on one side and his instinct for self-preservation on the other. What the hell, if I go out there I'll get blown to hell; if I don't go out there I'm yellow and the outfit will know it. His physical fatigue carries a lot of weight in the argument. The tug-of-war in his mind gets worse and worse.

Then something greater than Cpl. Jones' will power gets hold of him. He starts trembling so badly he can't hold his rifle. He doesn't want to shake but he does, and that solves his problem. Involuntarily he becomes physically incapable of holding his rifle—and he can't go on patrol.

That "something greater than his will power" has taken over in his mind and made him a psychoneurotic casualty, anxiety type. Properly treated he'll be okay in a few days—when he's had some hot chow, a few good nights of sleep and a chance to get his trouble off his chest. With these things he may be able to regain his self-control, which he so completely lost under stress.

In combat a man runs into things which he probably never would experience in civilian life. But, while there are different factors involved, the fundamental causes of nervous breakdown in war are the same as in peace—essentially the same but highly intensified. For this reason there is actually no such thing as "war neurosis," any more than there is "war malaria" or "war pneumonia."

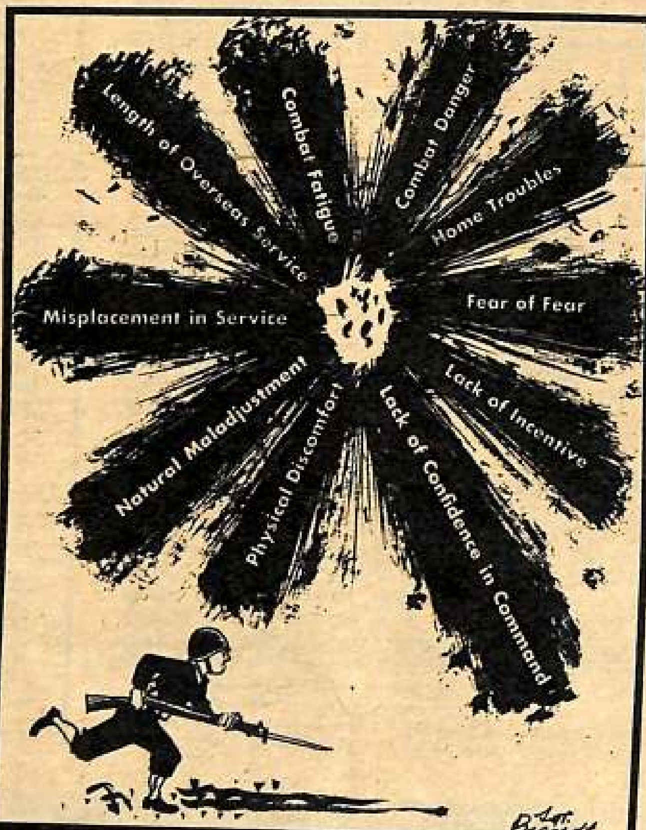
If a civilian went hungry for 10 days, had to sleep in the rain without shelter and had no chance to change his wet clothes, he'd more than likely get pneumonia.

If our civilian got involved in a riot, was beaten over the head with a piece of gas pipe, saw a friend have an eye torn away by a flying brickbat and experienced the horror of being barely missed by a burst of pistol shots, he might develop a case of the screaming mimis that would incapacitate him for a while. On the other hand, another man in the same melee might laugh it off and sleep like a baby that night.

Comparable situations are found in combat—to a much greater degree—and similar reactions among individuals are experienced. In either case the man who is emotionally disturbed becomes a victim of psychoneurosis.

THE most common neurosis in combat is the anxiety type. Its symptoms are numerous and most of them are the symptoms of fear (or anger). But the main point is that in anxiety neurosis the casualty shows an inappropriate fear. An ordinary man may jump at the sound of an exploding shell, which is dangerous, but the neurotic may jump at the sound of a glass dropping on the floor, which isn't dangerous.

Under certain conditions of mental strain the normal person becomes jumpy. This would indicate that everybody is neurotic.




*The causes of psychoneurosis won't bother you if you realize why you have to endure such hardships.*

Pvt. Denny does nothing to help himself. In the back of his mind something keeps yelling at him: [illegible] somebody else here? Why you?" Which doesn't help.

which is true to a certain extent. But everybody is not neurotic to the extent that he exhibits such symptoms in combination as extreme jumpiness, tenseness, trembling, hot and cold sweats, insomnia, loss of appetite, indigestion, diarrhea, frequent urination, rapid heartbeat and shortness of breath. The casualty may have become very irritable, he may worry too much, may be in a state of confusion, may have difficulty in concentrating, may have nightmares, may lose interest in everything going on around him.

The soldier suffering from anxiety neurosis may have any or all of these symptoms, and the soldier who is trying to goldbrick may be able to fake quite a few of them. It is the job of the medical officer, the psychiatrist, to evaluate the symptoms and determine their genuineness. It is possible that medical officers may confuse genuine neurosis with malingering. The distinction, as described in a medical circular, is this:

Malingering is the conscious, deliberate exaggeration or pretense of an illness for the purpose of escaping duty. Psychoneurosis is an actual illness. By definition, a malingerer lies about his symptoms. A person with psychoneurosis either tells the truth or what he firmly believes is the truth. It may be true that neither wants to return to duty, but the malingerer is aware that he could go back if he chose; whereas, a person with psychoneurosis either is actually unable to return to duty or sincerely believes so.

The malingerer posing before a psychiatrist as a nervous-breakdown case will almost invariably meet with an unpleasant surprise. It is difficult to escape detection for the simple reason that a man cannot fake the dilation of the pupils of his eyes. This dilation, which can't be faked, accompanies the symptom of extreme jumpiness, which sometimes can.

There is a second type of psychoneurosis, known as the hysteria type. This is not to be confused with the hysteria of a screaming woman. It is a neurosis that causes a physical part of the body to quit functioning although there is nothing organically wrong with that part of the body.

The hysteria neurotic may become suddenly blind, he may lose his memory, become deaf, lose his voice, be paralyzed in his arm or leg. Medical examination would reveal nothing physically wrong with a paralyzed leg; the trouble is in the casualty's mind. Disciplinary action, abuse or sympathy would have no effect. Psychiatric treatment would probably restore the use of his leg or his sight or his voice within a few days, because the condition is usually temporary. In some instances the man may recover by himself when the immediate stress is over, as in the case of one soldier who could not speak while enemy planes were overhead but whose voice always came back a few hours after a raid was over.

While these dramatic hysteria reactions were common in the last war, they are comparatively rare this time.

Also under the heading of hysteria, and more prevalent than the others, are reactions of stupor, repeated dodging and avoiding movement and the rhythmical reflex tremors such as were manifested by the rugged soldier who couldn't stop his hands trembling in the jungles.

It is true that there are soldiers who are predisposed to nervous breakdowns in combat. There may be underlying causes, having nothing to do with military life, which may gang up on a man and eventually cause him to blow his top. On the other hand, there are soldiers who have lived normal lives and have made the adjustments from civilian to soldier and from untested soldier to battle-tried veteran; yet, through some precipitating cause or causes, they break down.

A precipitating cause is anything that amounts to the proverbial straw that collapsed the camel. When a man's level of tolerance may be reached, one more shell coming in or one more grenade tossed may topple him over as a neurotic casualty. His nervous system, which has been taking things in stride, may be thrown off by "just one thing too many." Contrary to the laws of fiction writing, it has been found in one area that the veteran soldier cracks more often by comparison than does the green replacement who hasn't yet seen much action.

The level of tolerance varies in each individual.

In men predisposed to neurosis it is low. In the average guy it is higher, depending on his strength of character, his belief in what he is doing, his pride, his ability to adjust himself to unorthodox situations and a number of other things that combine to make up his personality.

To get a graphic picture of the struggle for mental normalcy in combat, imagine a man within a circle. Around the circle forces are closing in, representing the trials to which his nervous system is subjected. If his nervous system is strong he may be able to ward off these forces, and as long as he is stronger than the forces against him he's in good shape. He may get new strength from the effects of such things as a hot meal or a letter from home or the fact that at 400 yards he knocked a Jerry's helmet off. Or a letter from home may take his strength away, as in a case like this:

Pfc. Howard has fought through the Sicilian campaign and won the Silver Star for knocking out a mortar position. He has seen a buddy killed beside him, but it hasn't bothered him more than the sudden death of a close friend would bother anybody. When he arrives in Italy he is a little worn down; everybody in the outfit is worn down, Pfc. Howard no more than any of the rest.

By the time they reach the Volturno, he and his outfit have undergone a period of physical exhaustion. They've been through constantly lousy weather, they've eaten cold C rations and they've been under rugged artillery and mortar fire. Still, Pfc. Howard can take it.

One day he gets a letter from his girl who says she's terribly sorry to have to tell him but she's met another boy. She hopes he'll understand how it is, because she has become engaged to this other guy; she knows this is sudden, but they can still be good friends, and she wants him to be sure and look her up when he gets home.

Several hours later Pfc. Howard, a perfectly normal soldier of the line, gets caught under a mortar barrage for the seventeenth time since he entered combat. This time Pfc. Howard blows his top.

The straw that breaks him is the letter. But there are other factors. Under different circumstances he might have got mad as hell, gone out and drunk himself silly, flattened a bothersome corporal or done whatever he felt like doing to get the thing off his chest. But now, under fire, he can do nothing but lie there and take it. He is already too exhausted mentally and physically to combat this new, and unexpected, force working against him. It's too much for him.

Pfc. Howard's level of tolerance has been reached and passed, but he can be classified neither as a coward, a goldbrick nor a lunatic. He's an ordinary guy who, temporarily, couldn't swallow such a big dose of spirit-crusher. A certain amount of correct treatment and Pfc. Howard will be able to go back and fight again—when he has recovered his balance and built up his powers of emotional resistance.

There are other men who, for reasons having nothing to do with the Army, might never be able to go through as much as Howard did before finally breaking down. These are the men who are predisposed to neurosis, who might conceivably have lost control eventually in the normal existence of a civilian.

Take Sgt. Wilson, a company clerk. When he was 8 his parents were divorced. Being shy he is a little slow on dates with the girls; he's a fellow who doesn't like team sports such as football or basketball but who is good at golf and tennis. In school he makes good grades, but before a big exam he may develop a stomach ache.

Out of school he gets a job and does well. Then he is drafted.

At induction the psychiatrist who screens him finds out some of these things but passes him after slight hesitation because of Wilson's sincere desire to get into uniform. Wilson is sure the Army will make a man of him. (And it might have if he had stayed in garrison.)

In the beginning he has very little trouble, except that at first he finds it difficult to sleep. Because his feelings are easily hurt he lives hard under his drill sergeant in basic.

Finally, because of his education, he is put in an outfit as company clerk. Except for an occasional headache he feels fine. He gets a headache before an inspection of records or while sweating out a blind date in town.

His outfit goes over, and the closer they get to combat the more apprehensive Sgt. Wilson becomes. His hands tremble more than they should and he gets diarrhea. He recognizes that he is a little frightened, but he refuses to admit it even to himself.

When his outfit goes into combat, the headquarters outfit gets caught in some mild artillery and a little long-range machine-gun fire which, though not too rugged, is a "baptism of fire." Wilson withstands it very well and is immensely relieved. He was afraid of being afraid; now he feels much better about the whole thing.

Then, next day, Stukas find his bivouac. They carry out an intensive bombing, with sirens on the planes and screamers on the bombs. The noise is horrible and the bombs fall right in his pocket. In half an hour he's had all he can take. He may have to be sent back to the States.

The lack of a moral incentive and the refusal of a man to accept a situation can cause him to crack. Look at Pvt. Denny.

Denny can't figure out why he is in the Army, much less why he is overseas. He thinks the other guys should have gone, but not he. He has a brother in a war plant making good money, and he can't see why one brother should be living at home and making nothing but money out of the war while the other is sweating it out in New Guinea. When the Japs pull a sneak raid one night and bomb his area, he is not as much irked at the Japs as he is at the Marines across the river, who didn't have a close hit during the whole raid.

Finally a sniper pins him for about three hours. During this time Denny realizes that he's in a tough spot, and he gets mad at the whole outfit, collectively and individually, for not coming up to help him out. He gets mad at his brother, wishes to hell his brother was here having this Jap bastard take pot shots at him. Denny is too scared to try to knock off the sniper himself; in fact he has every right to be scared, because to raise his head might mean being hit.

Completely frustrated, Pvt. Denny does nothing to help himself. In the back of his mind something keeps yelling at him: "What the hell are you doing here? Why isn't somebody else here? Why you?" Which doesn't help matters. After about two hours of mental squirming to get out of a physical situation, Denny loses his self-control. He can't figure the thing out for himself, so it passes out of his hands. Involuntarily he has put himself in even greater danger because he has lost the power to exercise full control over himself. When the sniper is finally knocked down, Denny's buddies have to lead him back to battalion aid.

A man may recognize the importance of being in the Army, and of being overseas. He may recognize the necessity of his being in the Infantry or in the Artillery. But he may not be satisfied with his individual job, and if he is passionately dissatisfied with it he may easily weaken to the point where breakdown will come easily.

T-4s George and Joe are in the same outfit. George was a cook in civilian life; he loves to cook but winds up in an antiaircraft outfit as an instrument man. Joe, on the other hand, wants to be on a gun crew, but he's a cook who would rather be in hell with his back broke. Joe and George know about each other, and they both brood about their plight.

After a particularly heavy firing run, during which George thought the noise of the gun would drive him nuts, a detail brings up the chow. The chow has been bad lately, but this time it's the lousiest yet. George decided a long time ago that even Spam and vegetable hash could be made to taste good if a cook knew how, and George knows 10 ways to stew up something better than this slop. He sits there looking at the stuff and letting the situation build up in his mind—the bad food that could be good, the cook who wants to be a gunner, the goddam gun, the planes at night, the constant hammering of the goddam gun, the lousy chow. Finally something explodes inside him. He dumps the mess kit to the ground, walks over to his tent and gets in his bunk.

Three hours later when the battery gets another condition red, George doesn't respond. A bomb hits 50 feet away and still he doesn't stir out of his sack. He doesn't stir at all until the medics take him away next day.

In the meantime, Joe has received about 40 gripes from the battery about the food. He gets the idea he hasn't a friend left in the outfit, which is temporarily true. He broods about that and about the fact that George is on the gun while he, Joe, has to rattle pots and pans. That night a formation of bombers comes in, and, while the whole battery fires, the Japs let fly a cluster of daisy cutters that drops Joe's tent over his foxhole and covers him. They pull him out, bomb happy.

The stories of Howard, Wilson, Denny, and George and Joe are hypothetical cases that represent four of the fundamental causes for psychoneurosis in combat.

How many of these men could have avoided the underlying and precipitating causes of their breakdowns would be difficult to determine. For instance, take Sgt. Wilson, the company clerk, who was predisposed to neurosis through a string of circumstances covering most of his life. He could hardly go back and live his life over again to make the necessary corrections. But he could have recognized in himself as a soldier the weaknesses that might predispose him to break down in combat; and learning about himself he could have learned in turn how to compensate for those weaknesses. His key mistake was his refusal to admit that he was afraid. Since he was shy and sensitive, it might have relieved the pressure for him to learn that a few more people in his outfit were as frightened as he.

The man who recognizes fear (and almost every soldier experiences it in combat) can often make it work in his favor—because fear is energy. Like anger, fear shifts the body into high. If it is allowed to back up in a man, unspoken and unaired in any way, it can form a clot and create an obstacle to normal action that may easily cause disaster. If the soldier who experiences fear can talk it over with his buddies—kick it around in conversation at the right time—he can at least get it off his chest.

If, in combat, he can concentrate on what he is doing rather than on the emotions, he feels he has come a long way in overcoming fear, even though he may realize later that he was scared silly. Having a job to do, and doing it with everything that's in him, is the soldier's best protection against blowing his top.

Because fear of the unknown is the worst of all, since imagination distorts it out of all proportion, the soldier who understands what he's up against, and who recognizes it for what it is, is better off than the man who lets his imagination, working on half-truths, run away with him. In one Pacific campaign, Jap snipers terrorized troops without inflicting unduly heavy casualties. Before the campaign ended soldiers and marines regarded the sniper with something that approached scorn. They had learned that, weakened by hunger and sleepless nights, the ordinary Jap couldn't shoot straight.

Since fear plays a part in neurosis and since many of the symptoms of neurosis are also those of fear, the soldier who learns about it and who does all he can to deflect it has come a long way in insuring himself against a mental mix-up. But, obviously, there are factors other than fear involved. There are thousands of them, and in the final analysis they center about the business of being a soldier fighting, or working, a war in which many things are distasteful, foreign, and physically and mentally exhausting.

Some of the situations encountered can be altered by a man's initiative and his ability to "get used to anything." Other situations can't. Few men ever really "get used to" being shot at, as in Pvt. Denny's case, although some men accept it much more calmly than others. The man huddled in a foxhole for a night on outpost can't blaze away at every noise in order to give his fear a physical release; neither can the truck driver sprawled in a ditch get up and throw rocks at planes that are sizzling in to strafe the road. The man who hustles clover leaves of ammo up to a mortar squad can't ordinarily swap his drudgery for an office job. There are forces, mental and physical, that can be combatted in only one way:

By the moral fortitude that is built up by the soldier's belief in what he is doing.

The man who knows best why this war is being fought and why he himself is fighting it is the man who will have the inner strength to counter almost any strain.

Psychoneurosis, being an emotional disorder, is probably the only affliction that can be avoided by the normal man at least partly through the strength of an ideal.

# THE SAD SACK

## "TROPICS"

SIZZ SIZZ SIZZ SIZZ

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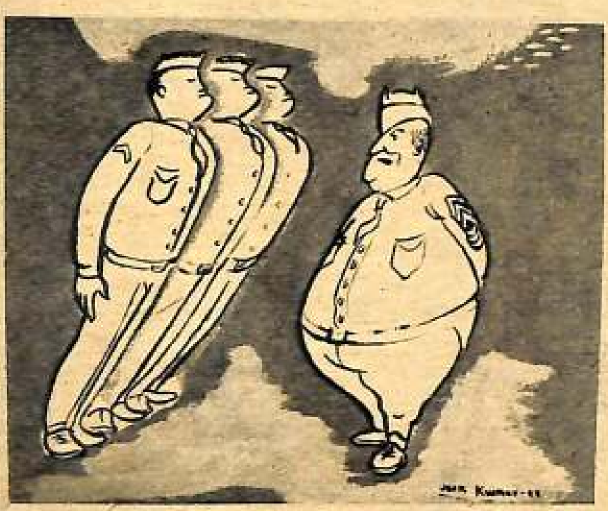

"THAT'S THE IDEA, MEN, PLENTY OF CHEST!"
—Pfc. Jack Kramer

"NO THANKS . . . I READ IT THE LAST TIME I WAS HERE."
—Pvt. Tom Flannery

"THE LACE IS FAMILIAR, BUT I CAN'T RECALL THE DAME."
—Pfc. Jay Brown

"HEY YOU, CAN'T YOU READ THE SIGN? . . ."
—T/5 Anatol Kovarisky

Gloria Anderson
YANK
Pin-up Girl