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# YANK

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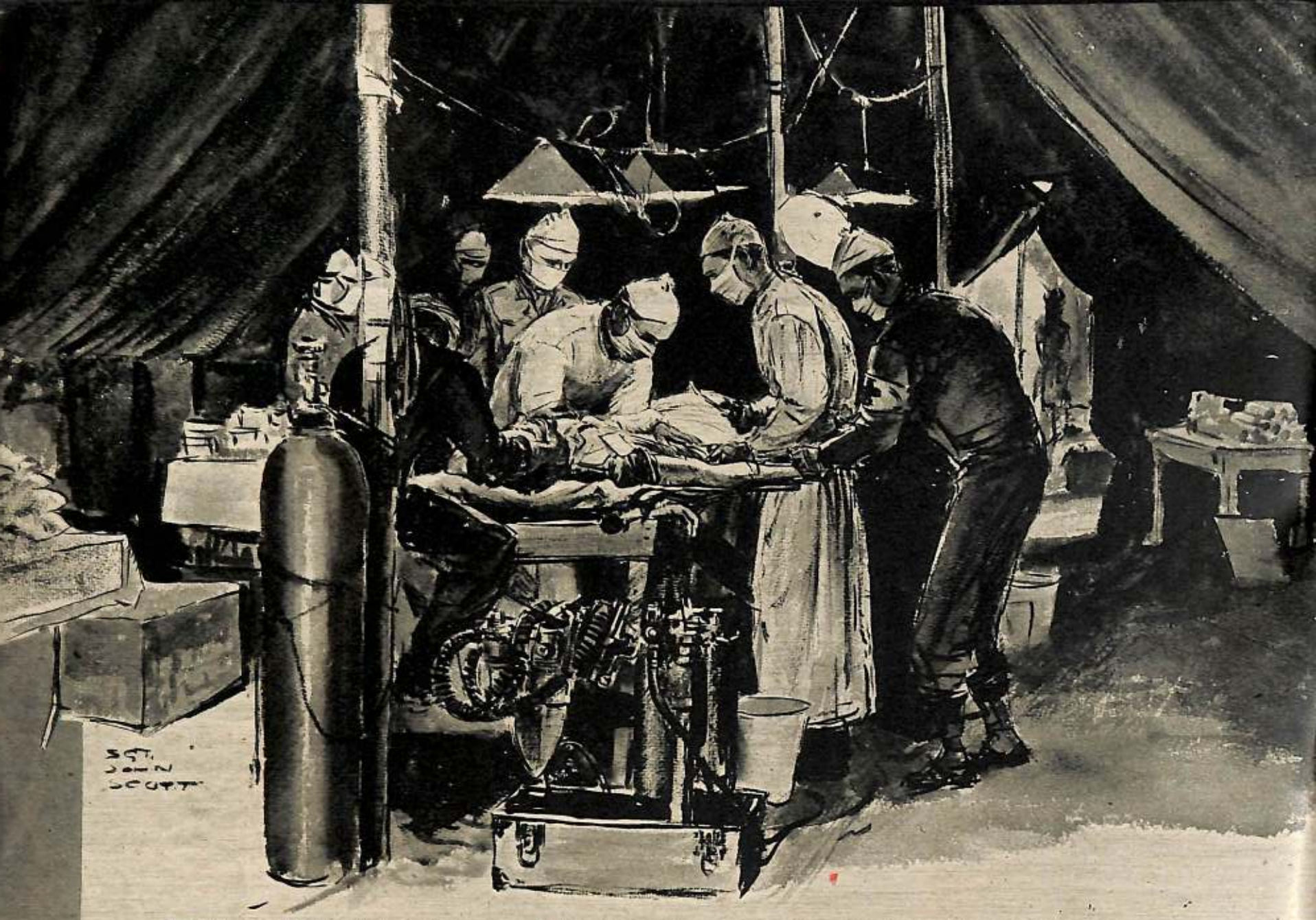
By the men . . for the men in the service



THIS WAS A JERRY GUN EMPLACEMENT

## ON THE ROAD TO CHERBOURG . . . As seen by a YANK Artist

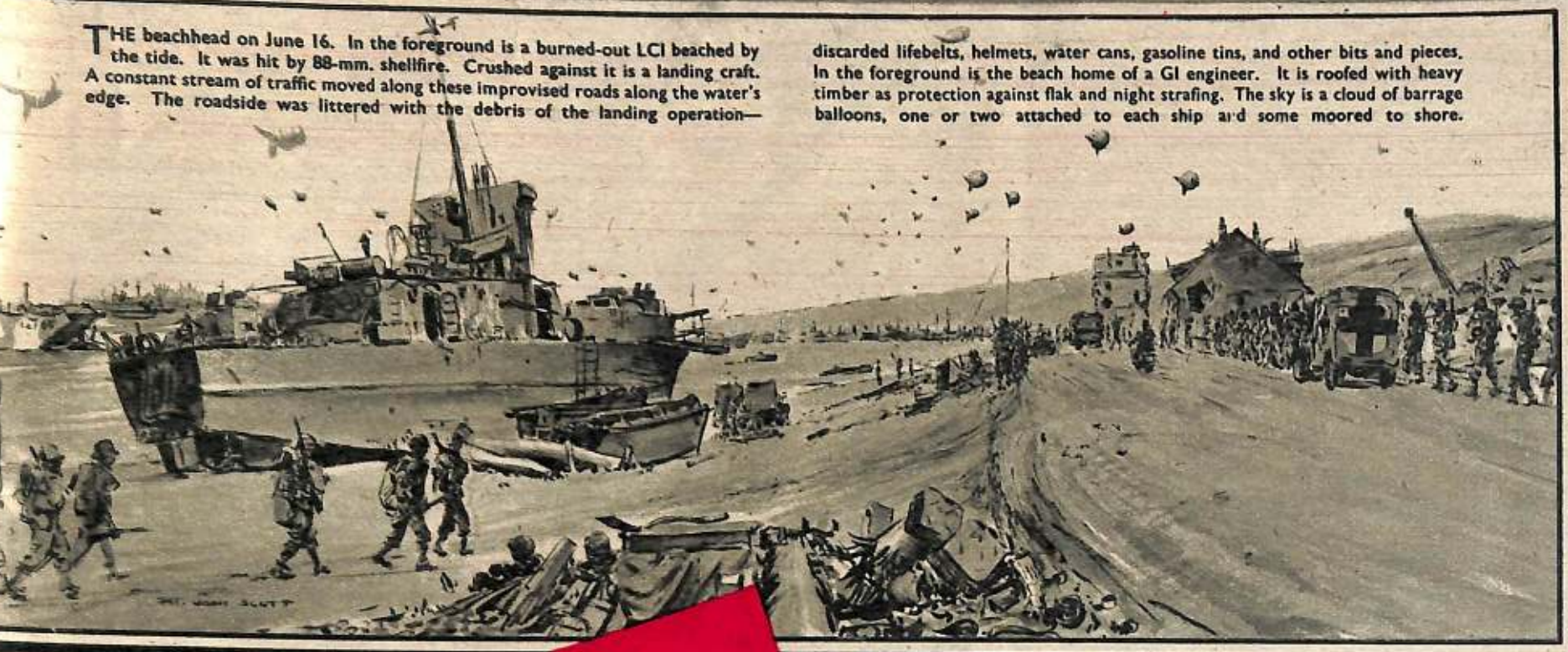
—See pages 2 to 7




THIS is a typical field hospital operating room, just off the beach, set up by an amphibious section surgical team. These medics told me that in this operating tent they had all the equipment and facilities that would be available in the finest operating room in a New York hospital, making it possible to give the wounded the full benefit of surgical science. The man on the table had a bullet through both thighs. He said it felt like being hit with a baseball bat.

ANOTHER view of the beachhead from the bridge of a Liberty ship. There was a constant stream of traffic, mostly barges and LCIs scooting back and forth like water beetles from ship to shore and back again. When the time came for unloading, the engineers handled the job ordinarily done by a port battalion. The beach after the landing was a maze of beached ships, heaps of supplies and provisions of all kinds, the bodies of both Germans and Americans. One

THE beachhead on June 16. In the foreground is a burned-out LCI beached by the tide. It was hit by 88-mm. shellfire. Crushed against it is a landing craft. A constant stream of traffic moved along these improvised roads along the water's edge. The roadside was littered with the debris of the landing operation—discarded lifebelts, helmets, water cans, gasoline tins, and other bits and pieces. In the foreground is the beach home of a GI engineer. It is roofed with heavy timber as protection against flak and night strafing. The sky is a cloud of barrage balloons, one or two attached to each ship and some moored to shore.



# ★ From ISIGNY to CHERBOURG

## A YANK Artist Portrays the Liberation of the Peninsula

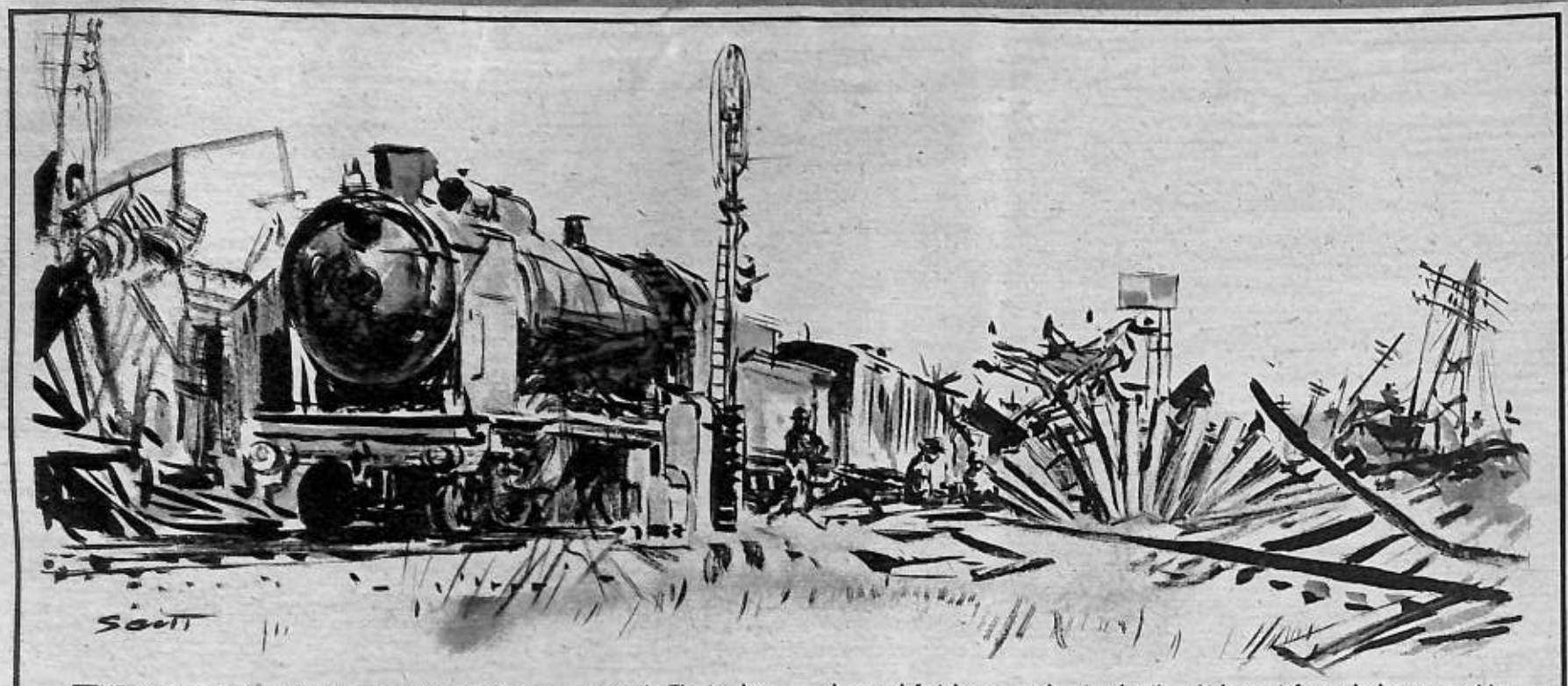
SGT. JOHN SCOTT was in the backwash of battle from the beachhead to Cherbourg. He went over with a regiment of engineers, arriving at the beachhead on D plus 5. He wasn't in any battles, didn't witness any great heroics. The closest he came to combat was a visit to a battery of airborne artillery that was shelling enemy mortar positions. But being away from the front lines he was able to see much that would be missed in the confusion of battle. What he saw is recorded here in the drawings on this and succeeding pages.

characteristic of the beachhead was the intermittent rumble of explosions as engineers would locate and destroy hidden mines. Sometimes a bulldozer would "find" a mine and as you watched half of the bulldozer would disappear. Sometimes the engineers would explode a teller mine and this would set off an "S" mine nearby, showering the men with pellets of shot. They worked in constant danger of being blown to bits in their haste to get the terrain cleared.

ENGINEERS removing an 88-mm. gun and cleaning out ammunition from an enemy flak ship which was sunk in the harbor of Isigny. It was heavily armored and armed. The center tower was made of two sheets of heavy armor plating with a core of concrete about eight inches thick. Smoke still rose from the town.

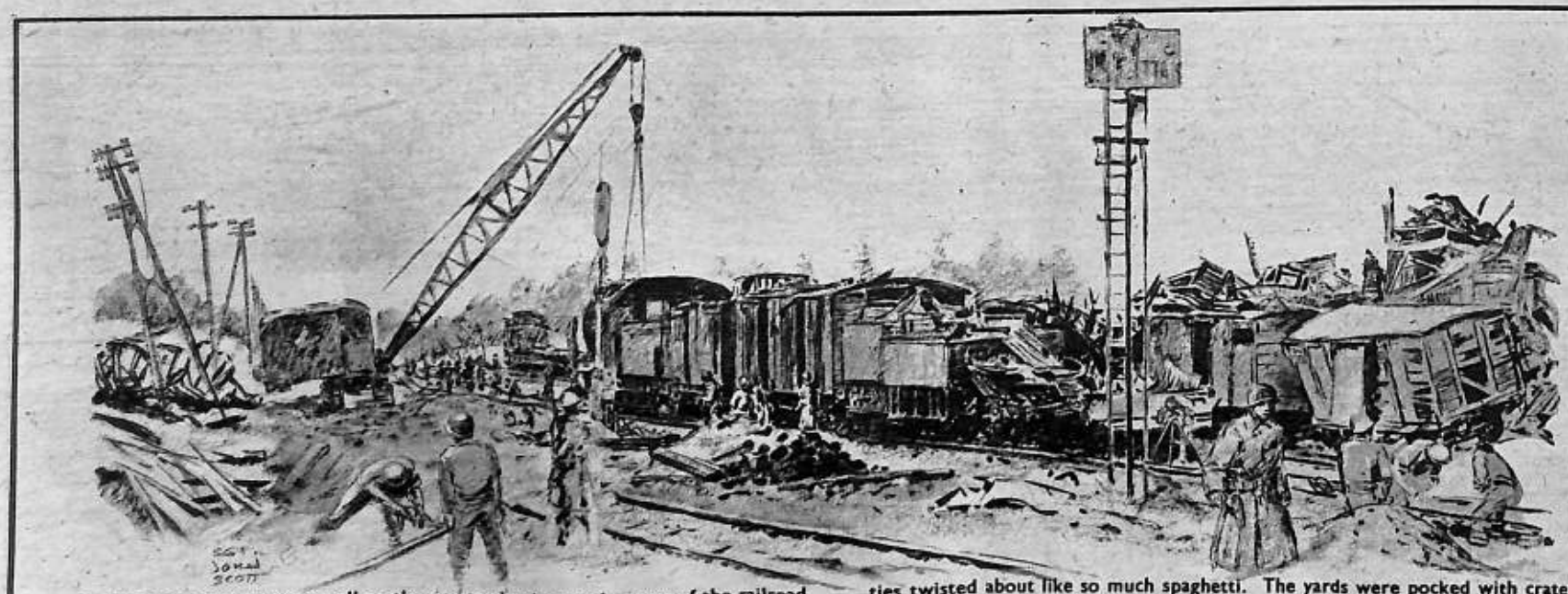

ONE of the GIs of the airborne artillery near their shelter in a ditch just behind a hedgerow that helped shield their gun emplacement. Pvt. Blackburn and others like him doubled in brass. They served not only as artillerymen but also as airborne infantry, helping to rout out German snipers and clean up their machine gun nests.

THE hedgerow where we bivouacked just outside of Isigny the first night we were ashore. This is a typical scene beside a typical French hedgerow, pitted with foxholes of the infantry who had gone on a few hours earlier. The ground is littered with all sorts of things—plasma bottles, bloody bandages, K-ration tins and boxes, grenades, mortar shells, both German and American.




THE railroad yard at Carentan, just after the town was occupied. This is what our engineer corps was up against. The whole place was a jumbled mass of shattered freight cars and twisted rails. Airborne infantry had a gun position alongside the remains of a locomotive, their machine gun pointing down the tracks.


THIS is a fire control post for a battery of 75-mm. howitzers, part of our airborne artillery. I ran into them on June 20 outside of Carentan and they were a busy bunch. The men in this sketch are Pfc. Andrew Wright, of Brooklyn; Pvt. John Libero, of Clifton, N.J.; and Pfc. Thomas Skonier, of Beccaria, Pa.




HERE the engineers are well on the way to clearing up the mess of the railroad station at Carentan. Two days earlier this was a shambles, a hopeless tangle of splintered and shattered freight cars piled crazily one atop the other and rails and ties twisted about like so much spaghetti. The yards were pocked with craters 30 feet across and as much as 15 feet deep. Some of the shells had struck underground springs and the craters were half full of fresh clear water.

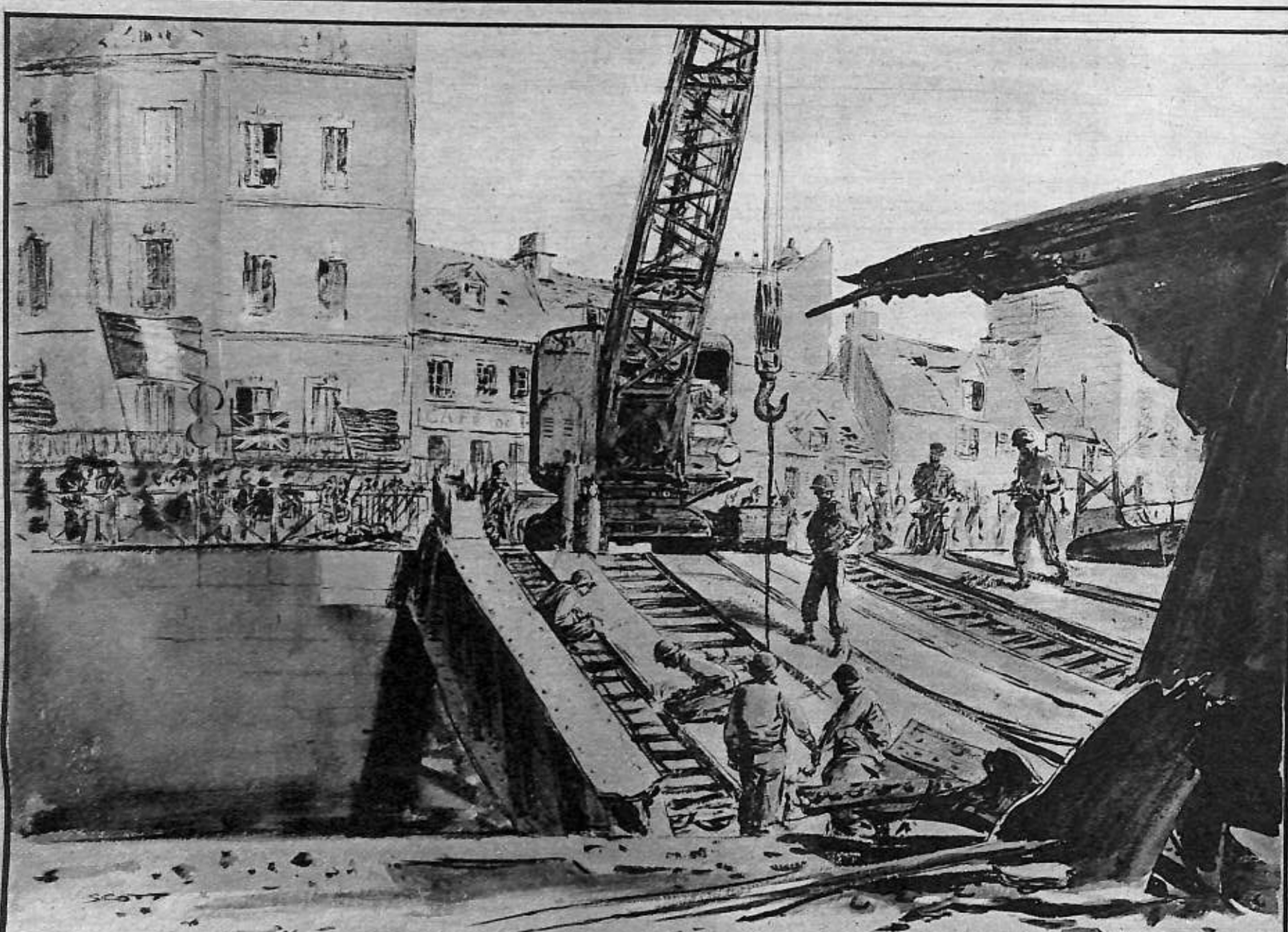

THIS was Valognes. It's all like this. At the right is the Cathedral of St. Malo. The houses at the left were almost medieval with a stream just a few feet wide winding around in the backyards, and picturesque moss-covered steps leading to the water's edge from alternate houses. The engineers were busy, when I did this, clearing the debris to make way for military traffic. Nothing was left of most of the buildings except an occasional wall. While I worked I could hear the rumble of explosives as the tottering walls were brought down by demolition squads. This was only a few hours after the infantry had moved in.

THIS is Valognes again. The town was deserted except for us. Engineers in bulldozers are clearing the rubble from the street. The driver of the one in the foreground is protected against sniper fire by a shield of armor plating. Sometimes these men go to work to clear one end of a street while the infantry is fighting for the other end.

HERE are some German prisoners, medical aid men and wounded at an American first aid station. An American medical officer is talking to them through the GI medic (with his back turned) who could speak German.

AND here is one of our Airborne Pack Howitzer sections firing on German mortar positions outside Carentan.


THIS is the wreckage of the Transatlantique Dock at Cherbourg. Ship trains used to run from this dock directly to the Gare du Nord in Paris. The twisted rails of one of the tracks can be seen at right. This destruction was no surprise to our boys. They had plans all ready for the repair job a year ago. They knew just about what to expect. Jerry had lived pretty well here. There were canned chicken, ox tongue, all sorts of tinned fruits—a large butchering plant.




CHERBOURG. Our engineers clearing away the wreckage of a bridge on one of the main streets of the city which had been blown up by the Germans. American, British and French flags were flying from the balcony of one of the buildings across the way. The engineers worked so fast that before noon on the morning I worked on this drawing most of the bridge still visible had been cut up and removed. One of the first organizations of "French sidewalk superintendents" met here to watch the construction. The men were all in black berets with an occasional orange shirt lending a touch of color. In the background at right is a gendarme on his inevitable bicycle and behind him one of the endless columns of troops that passed by all morning.

# With the Forward Battalion

**There were four days on the road to Cherbourg when everything seemed to happen—catching spies, hunting snipers, ducking the "incoming mail" and, generally, fighting a tough war.**

By Sgt. WALTER PETERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

CHERBOURG, FRANCE. (Delayed)—On our way to the front lines we stopped at a certain town not far away from Cherbourg. A large crowd of natives had gathered at the town's highest point; the artillery fire had stopped and there was silence everywhere except for the dogs barking. The day was Thursday—four days before the fall of the great French harbor city.

A gray-haired woman, speaking perfect English, came to us and said we should go no further without investigating a certain young woman whom she suspected of being a German spy.

"I've seen her with my own eyes," she said, "as she gave signals through her window last night. I warned one of your officers about her, but I see she is still free. I think something should be done about it pretty quick before she is able to do some very serious harm."

While we talked, a jeep with three MPs in it pulled up. "What house is she in?" one of the MPs asked the woman. The woman gave them the address and the MPs drove away. We followed them.

The MPs stopped before a local hotel and asked the cafe proprietor downstairs where they could find the suspected spy. The cafe proprietor led the way upstairs, and upon reaching the furthermost room in the building, knocked on the door.

The door was opened by a brunette who appeared to be about 25. We followed the MPs into the room where three other women were sitting on a bed. The girl in the center was still very much undressed, and when she saw the MPs she let out with a scream.

"Okay," said the shortest of the MPs, "which one of you speaks English?"

One of the girls, a brunette wearing dark-rimmed glasses, stepped forward and asked in half French and half English what the MPs wanted.

"The girl who flashes the signal-light at night," said the MP. "Where's the light?"

The spokesman for the girls explained that none of them had a flashlight of any type and insisted that none of them ever had anything other than "business" relations with the Germans. In fact, the girl said, "We hate Germans because they always took what they wanted from us and never paid for it."

The questioning went on for fifteen minutes, then the MPs began to search the room.

"What's this?" asked one of the MPs as he lifted a German signal flashlight from one of the girls' suitcases.

The girl who did all the talking began to do plenty more. She had never seen the light before, she said. She didn't know how it ever got into the room, and even if she had seen it she wouldn't have known how to use it.

"Okay, girls," said the short MP, motioning with his hands while speaking, "get yourself decent and let's get cracking to somebody who can speak French better than I."

The MP looked at us. "I think three of these dames are honest. You know, probably brought here by the Germans. But the one doing all the talking is a German okay. I'll stake anything she's done a little more than just entertain the Jerries."

A group of natives, smiling approvingly, were gathered in front of the hotel as the girls were led out. One man grabbed the short MP's arm and said, "*Merci, Merci.*"

THERE was a loud roar coming from the direction of Cherbourg, and more people came from all over the town to join those already on the hill. Word had gotten around that the infantry was having trouble driving the Germans out of the strongly fortified positions in the area of Mt. du Roc, and that the Air Force was coming in to bomb them out.

I stood on the roof of a chicken coop to get a better view of the bombing. The distance was too great and the planes were flying too high to see them clearly. But the smoke columns caused by the bombs rose high above the hills and seemingly into the blue of the sky itself. Later, we learned that some of our more advanced troops were in the bombed area, but that they retreated several hundred yards so that they wouldn't be endangered by the falling bombs.

After watching the bombers for about thirty minutes, an elderly Frenchman with a flowing white mustache called on me to join him in his home. As I entered he kissed my hand, then offered me a drink of cognac. In sign language he explained that his daughter lived in Cherbourg and that he was very happy the Americans were closing in on the city. He filled my glass again. "*Vive l'Amerique,*" he said.

"*Vive la France,*" I answered.

FIGHTER bombers of the Ninth Air Force were still attacking the German stronghold at Mt. du Roc when we arrived at the regimental post command. Enemy flak was bursting all around the planes and the infantry sweated out the fliers with every burst. "Look at 'em. Look at 'em," a corporal exclaimed. Other men said little, but concern for the pilots was plainly written on their faces.

"The forward battalion is going in now," the commanding general of the division said, after the last plane had dropped its bombs.

"If you're going down to the forward battalion," a young lieutenant cautioned us, "you'd better be on guard against snipers. They got a couple of our men around here this morning. There are still a number of them in the area."

Three other correspondents and myself piled into a jeep and drove off. About two hundred yards forward of the CP there was a soft crack from a rifle.

"The same bastard," said our driver, "who got our guys this morning. They'll get him though."

We turned off at a junction in the road. Artillery fire resumed soon after the Air Force had completed its job and the closer we approached the front lines the louder became the noise from the guns. None of us had been over this road before, but there was evidence everywhere that we were travelling over territory our men had taken. Here and there, on either side of the road, were the bodies of dead Germans, their equipment scattered all around them.

There was another crack from a rifle. It appeared to have come from over the hill on our right.

"Yep, that's a sniper," said the driver. "You can always tell the difference between a sniper's fire and our own carbines by the flat sound. Like the sound of your knuckles beating against marble."

Tank-buster tells YANK's Sgt. Peters how he knocked out a German pillbox.

It's a jeep-ride to the clink for these French girls, one suspected of tipping off Nazis.

**The mess sergeant is figuring up paperwork of "Consolidated Can"—GI name for field rations—near the Cherbourg front.**

WHEN we caught up with the tail end of the forward battalion our driver parked the jeep under a tree and we proceeded on foot with the infantrymen.

Our first stop was in an orchard where a heavy weapons company was engaged in mortar fire. I ran toward one of the mortars. Cpl. Howard Hodgson, of Calumet, Mich., the number one man, was kneeling by his weapon while Sgt. Kongslie, of Upham, N. Dak., relayed information which he was receiving from the OP by means of a walkie talkie.

"Twelve hundred. Fire for effect six rounds," Kongslie was shouting.

Pfc. Eugene Rossman, of Ellwood, Pa., assistant third gunner, pulled out the pins and took off the increments from the shells. Then he and the second gunner, Pfc. George Evanoff, of Hammond, Ind., loaded the mortar. When the mortar was loaded Hodgson yelled back to Kongslie.

"Six rounds ready," he said.

"Okay," Kongslie replied.

"On the way," Hodgson yelled again.

Immediately after Hodgson fired his six rounds,

there was a whining sound from overhead.

"Incoming mail," Rossman shouted. Everybody took cover in a foxhole. Jerry was hitting back.

COMPANY A's OP was about five hundred yards in front of the mortars. I found my way by following our communications wires. "Follow the wires and you'll be okay," Hodgson had told me before I left him. The OP itself was in a large hayfield surrounded by trees and hedges. In the center of the field were dummy guns of wood which the Germans had made to fool our reconnaissance crews. Our men were dug in all round the edges of the field. I began to walk toward the advanced section of the OP when a sergeant behind a machine gun told me to keep well under cover "or get your goddam head blown off." There were Jerry machine gun nests and snipers to the front and side of the OP and they tried to pick men off as they passed sections of the field not covered by hedges.

When I got to the advanced position I found Sgt. Frank Brusic, platoon leader, of Passaic, N. J., giving the orders to cease firing.

"Look out there on the hill," Brusic said.

He gave me his binoculars and I saw a Jerry waving a white flag.

"Well, that son of a bitch has been waving that flag for a half-hour, and he's still not coming in," Brusic said.

Some of the men in the platoon started to yell. One yelled in Polish, another in German, still another in Russian. "Come here," they yelled. "Come here." But the German just kept waving the white flag.

"We stopped firing, but they haven't. I'd send a man out after him but it looks like an old Jerry trick. They shot my best friend by pulling this stunt in Italy," Brusic said.

"Did he die?" a man next to him asked.

"Hell, no," Brusic replied. "He's an Irishman."

Just about then a shell whizzed by us. Then came more of them.

"Screaming meamies," Brusic said. He picked up the phone and said: "Let's give them some incoming mail." When he got the heavy weapons company on the phone, he gave them directions where they should fire. Then when the mortar shells started hitting on the hill he corrected the fire.

ON Friday morning two rifle platoons advanced to the foot of the enemy hill. I followed a group of medics toward the advanced section. The road from the OP to the advanced section was wide open for snipers. We ran and ducked at fifty-foot intervals. When we reached the section where other medics had gathered, a private warned us to hug the side of the road. Snipers were shooting at everybody in the center.

A couple of medics brought in a wounded man on a litter. They carefully laid him on the ground. Then Capt. Edmund Torkelson, of Seattle, Wash., came over and began to cut the wounded man's pants so that he could administer first aid.

"How do you feel?" the captain asked.

"All right, I guess, sir," said the soldier.

"What got you? Machinegun?" asked the captain.

"No, sir. A sniper," the soldier said.

No sooner did the soldier stop talking than a sniper's bullet whizzed over us. The captain ordered the litter to be moved back of the road.

When the wounded man was carried off, the captain looked at his hands. "I washed them a dozen times today." He looked at his hands again. They were stained with blood.

Another wounded man was brought in.

"My God," said one of the medics. The man's face was half blown off. His chin was hanging by a few shreds of skin, his nose was not visible. A 20 mm. shell had hit him in the face, an infantryman said.

The captain was ready to leave with the medics when Pvt. Frank Volpa, of Fresno, Calif., came running in.

"They got my lieutenant, sir," he said. "They got him with a machinegun right in the arm and his bone's sticking out. We dragged him from the hills, but we have to get some help to him in a hurry."

"How was it coming over this way?" the captain asked. "Many snipers?"

"Yes, sir. There are quite a few of them. But I think we can do it all right."

"Okay, let's go," said the captain.

BY Saturday night there were reports all over the lines that one of the divisions had entered the eastern section of Cherbourg. I found later that rumors can be wilder on a battlefront than in any barracks latrine back home. Anyway, on this night I joined a well-known regiment.

"There goes the colonel," said Cpl. Thomas Donnelly, Jr., of Jersey City, N. J.

The colonel passed by in a jeep.

"He's the fightingest guy I ever saw," another corporal said.

"Even the Germans printed our insignia," Donnelly said. "Boy, we're really getting to be somebody."

S/Sgt. Marvin Bogart, of Lima, Ohio, commander of a half-track, told me he thought we might march into Cherbourg that night.

"You can ride in my half-track," Bogart said. "I think all they're waiting for is to get rid of a few more pillboxes and that 88 over there. Then we go."

As if in answer to Bogart, the 88 began to belch out with fire. Everybody took cover. A couple of shells hit across the road from us and one of them split a tree. Another shell hit Bogart's half-track.

"Don't worry," Bogart said. "We'll have it ready for the ride to Cherbourg in the morning."

ON Sunday night I was with the same regiment in a town called Octeville, about two miles from Cherbourg. The colonel of the outfit was standing in a church cemetery and around him were all the battalion liaison officers.

The colonel was pointing a pencil at a map of the Cherbourg sector.

"If we get that far"—he paused—"then it may be street fighting from then on. That's why I'm putting Tucker here."

The colonel looked at one of the lieutenants. "Tucker's had special training in that."

"Yes, sir," said the lieutenant.

When the briefing was over a soldier brought the colonel a canteen full of black coffee. Then another soldier poured in some sugar.

"Now," said the colonel, "who's going to split this coffee with me?"

He looked at a Pfc. The Pfc.'s face was unshaven, and his eyes were very tired.

"You will split the coffee with me, won't you, son?"

"Yes, sir," the Pfc. said.

The colonel lifted the cup to his lips.

"To tomorrow," he said.

"Yes, sir," said the Pfc. "To tomorrow."

The next day they both marched into Cherbourg.

Ignoring the fierce rifle fire crackling about them from the Nazi lines, these U. S. Medics carefully snip the clothing from a wounded American soldier near Cherbourg.

**There are no more fond dreams of conquest for this despairing German prisoner captured by American troops in France.**

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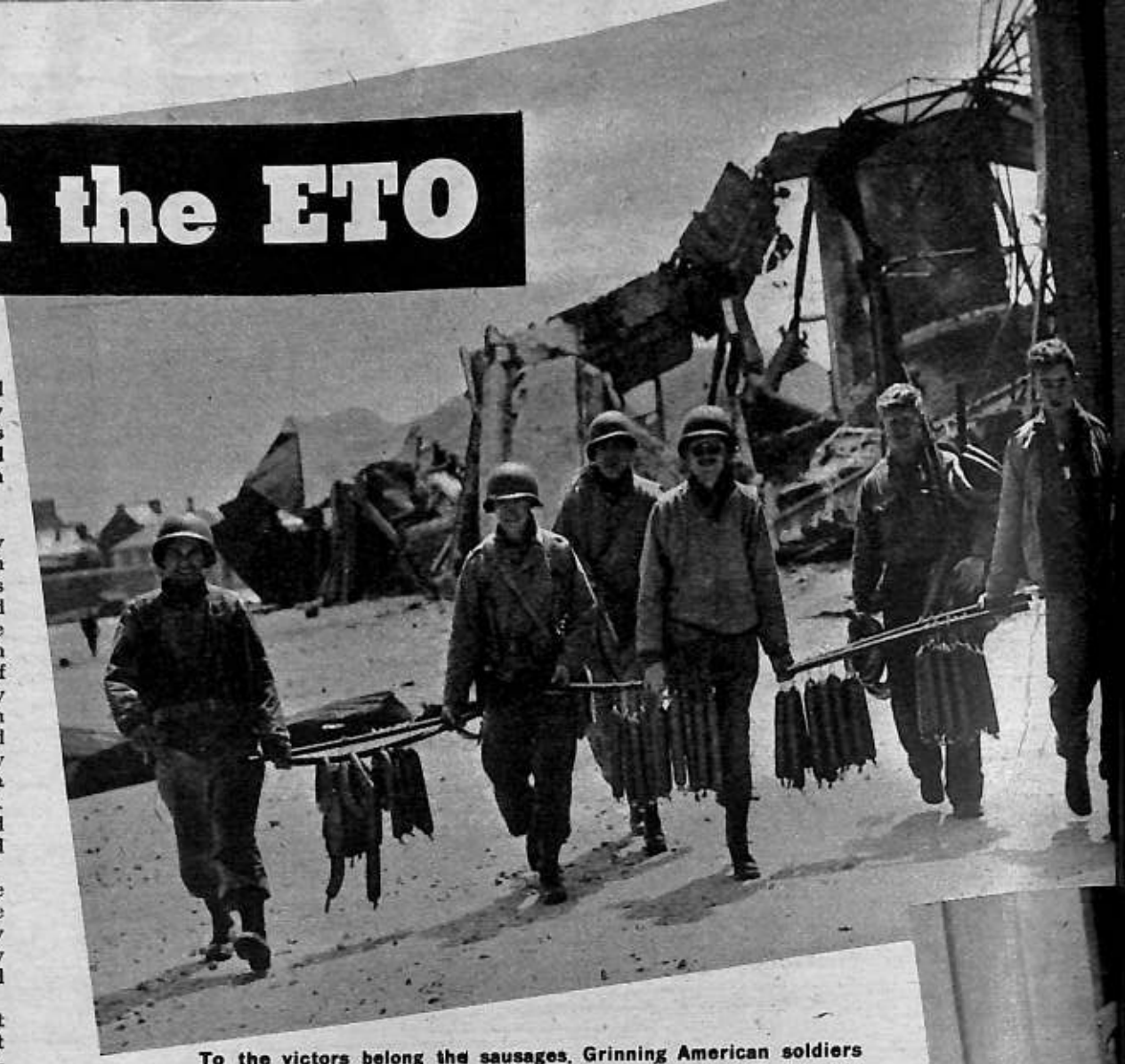
# Yanks in the ETO



To the victors belong the sausages. Grinning American soldiers triumphantly carry their toothsome "captives" through the streets of Cherbourg. Someday they'll get Vienna bread.

## Isigny to Cherbourg

**[Herewith—taken down verbatim and reprinted in the simple, unpolished manner in which they were uttered—are the oral reminiscences of YANK's Staff Artist Sgt. John Scott, after he had returned to England with the drawings which you have seen on the opening six pages.—Ed.]**

THE members of the 75 airborne artillery battery that I met outside of Carentan were firing from a field from which they had driven the Germans earlier. From the marks of those 75 shells, it looked as though the fire had just walked across that whole area, sweeping it as you would with a broom. When our artillery got there, they told me, the ranks of our infantry had been thinned pretty badly. "They sure were glad to see us," one of the artillerymen said. "Then those little 75s of ours got going and systematically worked over that area. The infantry would let them know of a machinegun nest or a mortar unit and the 75s would wipe them out. Some of those infantry guys are plenty tough and plenty rough, but some of them actually cried when they saw us, they were so damned glad."

These artillerymen have a terrific respect for the infantry. They call them the doughboys, never the dogfaces or plain GIs. They know the infantry are the boys that really do the fighting. They say, "Well, we just help out, but they do the real work."

We had reached the French coast during the night and in the morning there it was—an absolute forest of ships. While I'd lived with this engineer regiment for a year and had known them for two years, still I was surprised to find that when the time for unloading came they were going to handle the job, which was really the work of a port battalion.

On shore, traffic is directed with a great deal of speed and efficiency. Once a vehicle hits shore, it mustn't stop or stall. It keeps going right on through, leaving the beach after a few hundred yards, and turning up a road carved out by bulldozers, leading inland, on up to the transit area. Only a few hundred yards from the beach you'd go past a house that had been hit, and standing outside or perhaps visible in the window would be a small child or perhaps an old peasant woman, making an incongruous sight in the midst of this area that looked as if a tornado had struck it. That was all you'd see.

At the transit point, we found it rather desirable to sleep under the vehicles because as soon as it got dark Jerry planes came monkeying around over the beachhead and the ack-ack batteries proceeded to throw everything except the gun barrels at them.

Next morning we camped in a field, about a mile beyond Isigny. It was a typical French field, edged with hedgerows and slightly sunken drainage ditches around it. The hedges were utilized by both the Germans and our own troops as they fought over the country. In our field the Americans had dug in and you could almost read the history of their stay in the articles they left behind them. Their empty or half-empty K-ration cans. In the nervous tension of battle, it's hard for a man under fire for the first time to eat very much. That was noticeable all along. Cans half empty or a third empty, and you sort of had the feeling that you knew why these husky, healthy men hadn't eaten more heartily. In one corner they'd either set up an aid station or some men who'd been pretty badly hit had been treated there. There were empty plasma bottles, sulfa envelopes, bloody bandages and discarded first-aid packets, the contents of which had been used. Tank tracks were approaching a gate which was smashed in. In the field you could see where the tank had stopped, probably to fire into far corners of the field to wipe out the last zones of German resistance, and having completed its mission, had gone back on to the road.

IT was just about noon when we got to the camp beyond Isigny, and in the evening two little French children appeared. The men gathered around the kids, and then just stood and looked at each other—children and soldiers—with the same look of curiosity in their faces, both unabashed. Pretty soon the chewing gum and chocolate appeared—along with the French phrase books. It was there we first heard the request, "Cigarette pour papa?" that became as common as "Got any gum, chum?" was in England. A couple of the men knew a little French and there was some feeble attempt at conversation. Their first question was about the Germans. Then: Any big sisters? The boy was a little yellow-haired kid, all shaggy, dressed in sort of a pink and blue-checked smock. He had a hard sort of a birdlike look, with stork-thin young legs rising out of cumbersome wooden shoes. The men got out some candy for the kids and they went away with a sizable haul. Next day they came back, but not with their hands out asking for more. They carried a bag, and in the bag were several bottles of wine. They gave these to the men who had given them candy. As might be expected, the wine paid them back good dividends.

BULLDOZER crews the next morning went back to Isigny and started clearing streets. Others got started on the small port, where a German flak ship had been sunk alongside the concrete quay.

I rode back to the beachhead with the chaplain, who was looking for the APO. One of the GIs whose home was a little timber-covered, blanket-draped shelter on the beach, took me over to the kitchen that was set up for the crew there. We had ten-in-one-ration, which comes in two boxes containing enough for ten men. It contains corn, lima beans, string beans, cereal, canned beef, biscuits.

The GI I was eating with told of how his unit, a beach outfit, whose job was to clear, maintain and operate the beach, had landed. Resistance was so strong that the infantry still had not advanced. His unit's boat was hit and sunk and they stayed in the water and floated in with the tide on their lifebelts. Played dead in the water, with dead bodies floating all around them. The infantry finally advanced and pushed up to the crest and then they got ashore, still under fire, but not as bad. The unit all split up, he said, and all available stray GIs were being commandeered to assist the medical officers, so he became a medic for a while. Learned First Aid under fire. He crawled about with little kits containing syrettes of morphine, administering it with a needle. He did things he thought he'd never be able to do. It's very likely that guys like him, who pitched in and helped, saved a good many lives.

I hitched a ride back to Isigny. The whole countryside was being organized by our men. Bulldozers were chewing out level stretches for air strips. Food and ammunition dumps were being established, road blocks removed, wreckage cleared.

I got accommodation that night at a field hospital and they fed me and gave me a stretcher and some blankets for the night—and a tent.

That night the beachhead had one of its heaviest raids, but perhaps because of the false feeling of security that the tent gave, I managed to sleep through most of it. Next morning it was raining and I hung around talking to the medics. They were supposed to have established this field hospital on D-Day, but resistance was too strong. Not only did they not establish it until late the next day, but when they did land, instead of being free to carry on their own operations, they found themselves in with the infantry, pinned down on the beach under heavy fire, administering first aid. A medical captain told me one of the hardest things he'd ever done in his life was to pull his frame out of the little depression in the sand where he had taken shelter and go to the aid of a man who'd been hit.

I wanted to get back to the engineers, so I went on three miles beyond Isigny to where the outfit was now camped. I was sleeping in the tent that the regimental mail clerks were using for work and quarters. It was rather noisy around there that night, so in the morning Duffy proceeded to dig himself a foxhole in the middle of the tent. He was in such a hurry that he buried my shaving brush under the mound of earth. It's still there, I guess.

That morning I heard about the fall of Carentan and went to see the railroad yard there that had been badly hit. The Engineers had the job of getting the tracks in shape again. The whole place was a jumbled mass of shattered freight cars and twisted rails. There were bomb craters all over the place. Some airborne infantry had a gun position alongside the remains of a locomotive, their machinegun pointing down the tracks away from town. They'd been in the town before and had been driven out. This time they were taking no chances.

I WENT back to the bivouac area, where I spent the following day, and the next day I went back to the railroad yard. Already the bulldozers had filled

in most of the craters. It was raining, and the mud was getting rather deep. The Germans were still letting go with a few 88s, but there weren't any hits near enough to bother the men in the yards. They might just as well have been clearing up a train wreck in a Brooklyn railroad yard.

The next jump was to Valognes, an ancient town built mostly of gray stone blocks. Some of its sanitary arrangements were as primitive as parts of the town itself seemed to be. The picturesque little streams winding around in back of the houses, besides being picturesque, served a utilitarian purpose, too, carrying away the sewerage from the homes. That explains why few French in the small towns drink the water from their wells.

We must have gotten to Valognes only a few hours after the infantry had passed on through. We saw no other troops and no civilians. The town was deserted. Not so much as a cat in the square. There was a nightmare quality about this entrance into the town, uncertain as the men were as to whether or not there were Germans still in the town. Not a sound was to be heard. There was no sign of life. Only the lazy smoke rising from smouldering ruins.

The men found a small motorized railroad car with two rows of seats down the middle and a motor at one end. After a day or so of experimentation, they got it running and used it to haul track and carry men back and forth to the damaged areas of the rail yard. The motor was run by alcohol and there was none to be had. The controls were an intricate confusion of peddles and wheels, and it required considerable experimentation to get it to run on common old gasoline. But they did it. It ran perfectly after a while, giving out a high-pitched whistle like a peanut vendor's machine.

A signal corps outfit came through, replacing the damaged wire along the tracks to restore telephone communication with the men up ahead. Out beyond the station a couple of times the boys working on the poles, especially toward evening, were forced to come down rather hurriedly to get out of range of the snipers. That seemed to be the hour that the snipers worked most—toward evening, when they could take their shot and melt away into the shadows.

Other groups of engineers were busy clearing the town, blowing down the shaky walls. At the old Cathedral of St. Malo, which was ruined by shell fire, even the crumbled walls couldn't detract from the majesty and dignity of the building. You didn't feel that the building had been desecrated, but rather that its ruined walls had been consecrated to the task at hand. There was a tragic grandeur about the structure, even in ruins, even in spite of the incongruous bulldozers gnawing away at the crumbled rubble at the base of the walls.

THE Engineers were waiting for word to move into Cherbourg and had most of their stuff loaded, ready to go. As soon as the infantry would enter the town, the Engineers would be in the rear, starting to clear the roads. We waited several days, during which I roamed around the area, and on one of my absences they got word to move and had to leave without me. I borrowed a jeep and started ahead to find the front. There was a feeling of tension along that road to Cherbourg. You knew that the lines were pretty fluid and there was no telling whether the enemy might not be off to one side of the road. We met an M.P. and asked him how far we could go, and he said: "When you see the boys crawling along the side of the road on their bellies, you'll know you've gone far enough."

Then we met some men in a half track and they told us we couldn't go any farther in a jeep. Just beyond the crest of the hill we were approaching, they said, the road was under direct observation of the Germans and a vehicle would be sure to draw mortar fire. So we parked under a tree by a shattered farmhouse and went down the road on foot. At the bottom I met a captain of artillery who had one of his men with him and he said the chap with him was going to their forward OP and would take me along. I and my GI guide went down the road a little further and up a curving dirt track, partly sunken between banks, that led up the side of a hill about a quarter of a mile. The climbing was kind of hard because you had to bend half over to keep your head down below the shelter of the banks.

When we got to the top of the hill, there was a field phone beside the road at the end of a wire. The Germans had been driven from the hill just a few hours earlier. Apparently Jerry gets a great deal of mail. In the debris in the bottom of his foxholes there were always a lot of letters from home. Somehow these personal things, even though they belonged to the enemy, made you feel more of the tragic pathos of war, much more than a bloody scene of destruction. I picked up a letter written apparently by a little girl to a German soldier. It had a heart with flowers drawn at the top of the sheet in colored crayon and started out: "Mein Lieben Papa."

There were about a dozen GIs of the 79th Infantry, wearing the Cross of Lorraine on their shoulders, resting on the hill with their backs to the banks of the road near the German foxholes from which they'd just driven the enemy. They were quite indifferent to the remnants left behind by the Germans. They'd seen so much of it by then. Perhaps it's my imagination, but there is a look in the faces of men in combat that is characteristic, and that is not entirely due to the fact that their beards are grown and their faces are dirty. Even though they are under complete control and are quite calm, there is a wideness about their eyes and fixed staring quality in their glance that betray their tension. The chips are down and small details no longer matter.

Looking out from the OP, you could see all of Cherbourg. The Germans were dropping smoke shells at the bottom of the hill we were on and at the base of the hills nearby. The wind was blowing toward the town and the smoke drifted back to cover their installations there. In the distance was a German fort that we were shelling. It was almost hidden in clouds of yellow dust from our shells.

I went on back to Valognes, and two days later moved on with a port-construction outfit into Cherbourg. German dead still lay in the streets. Beside the road were the wrecks of their tanks and the everlasting .88mm. guns. I was surprised to see in what good condition the town was. Most of the houses were undamaged and we seemed to have successfully concentrated most of our fire on the German fortifications in the town.

A DEMOLITION squad was out on the sea wall, blowing a hole through it so that DUKWs could come in. I went over to watch some engineers remove the wreckage of one of the main bridges in the town. These guys take things apart and build so fast that the bridge literally melted away before my eyes. It was a heavy steel structure. They had one of the largest of our cranes set up beside it and with acetylene torches the men would cut up huge sections of steel and the crane would lift them to one side.

There was still one German fort which had not yet surrendered. The Germans here showed they had not learned any lessons from the Maginot Line and Singapore. Their guns, like the guns at Singapore, pointed mostly toward the sea and they were unable to shell our forces in the town. While I was standing by the bridge, there was the sound of approaching aircraft and a formation of nine Thunderbolts swung over the harbour. As they peeled off one by one, their guns spitting fire at the fort, you could see the two black dots of their bombs drifting away toward the fortress. Almost all of the bombs scored hits directly on the fort. There was a delicate precision about the operation, as though inexorable fingers were being stretched out toward the fortifications. The fort practically disappeared in smoke and remained shrouded in a yellowish cloud of dust from its shattered walls.

This was the end. Cherbourg was ours.

**"NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, I SUPPOSE ENGLAND DID HAVE ITS GOOD POINTS."**
—Pvt. Tom Flannery

**The people of France waited four years for this laugh. They really cut loose as a German officer, being hauled through captured Cherbourg by two Nazi soldiers, pulls up his pants to show his wound.**

Variety
PRODUCED BY THE C

**GOOD GOODS.** In Panama City, Sgts. Gerald Hubbush, Louisville, Ky., and Dan Marcus, Norwich, Conn., shop for the home folks. One native isn't interested.

**PIONEERS.** First Red Cross girls in Burma: Maxine Robertson, Portland, Oreg.; Mary Rogan, Glendale, Ohio; Judy Fitch, Hudson, Ohio; Star Giddy, New York City.

**AIMING HIGH.** Enemy altitude flyers beware. This U. S. Army 120-mm (4.7-inch) gun fires 20,000 feet higher than any other antiaircraft weapon in the world.

**POOL.** Don't let the GI's mugging distract you from the pool player. He's Maj. Gen. Arthur Wilson, Naples.

**ON A LIMB.** A Yank paratrooper Down Under has troubles. First he tangled in a tree. Next he opened his emergency chute. Then—aw, what's the use?

**TURBAN.** When the little woman writes that she needs a new beach hat, tell her what Ruth Roman, screen starlet, did with only a lowly towel. On Ruth it looks good.

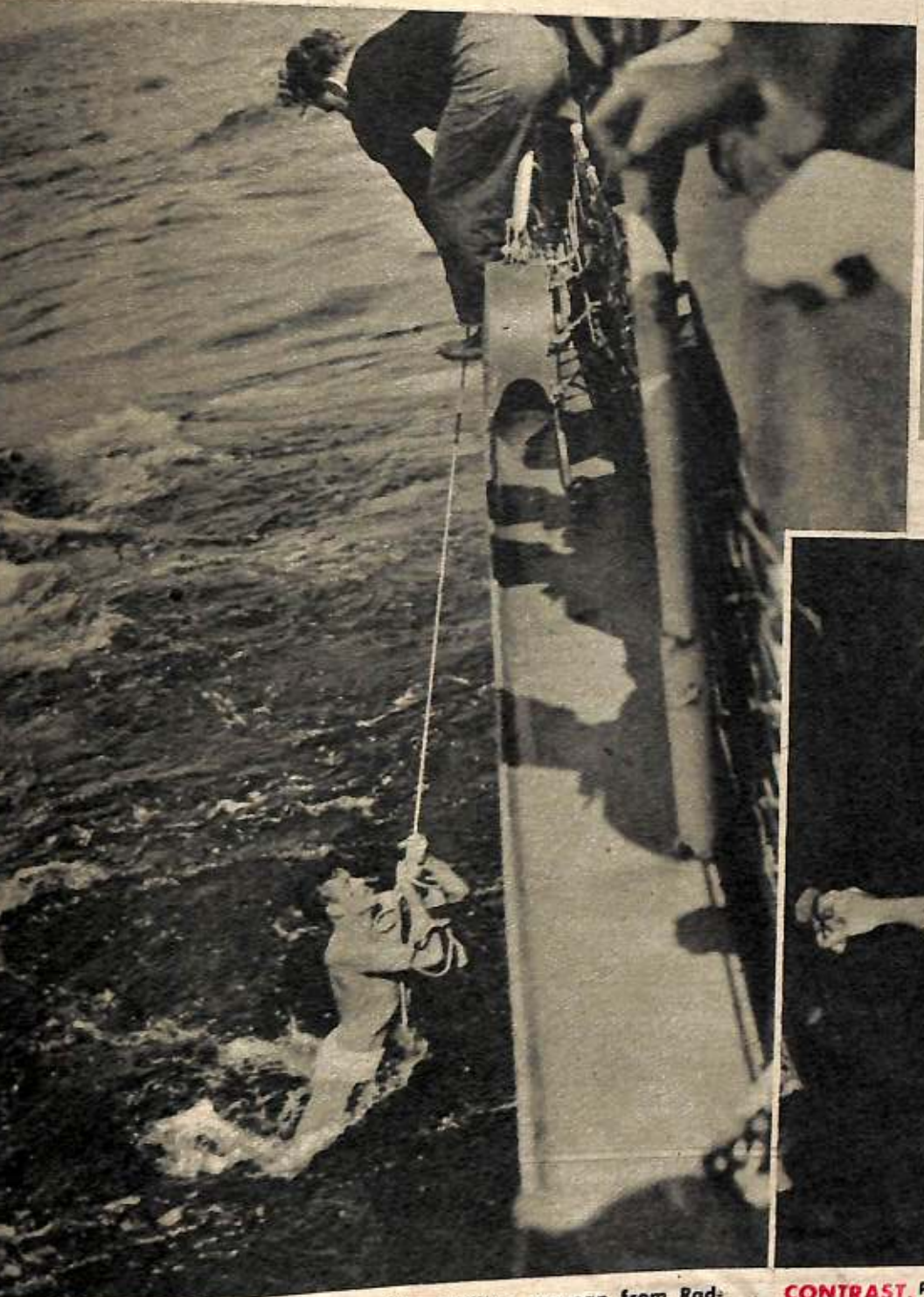
**HUNGRY HUN.** This German prisoner at Anzio isn't exactly a young man. But his appetite is young. He puts away C rations as though they were steak.

# Show

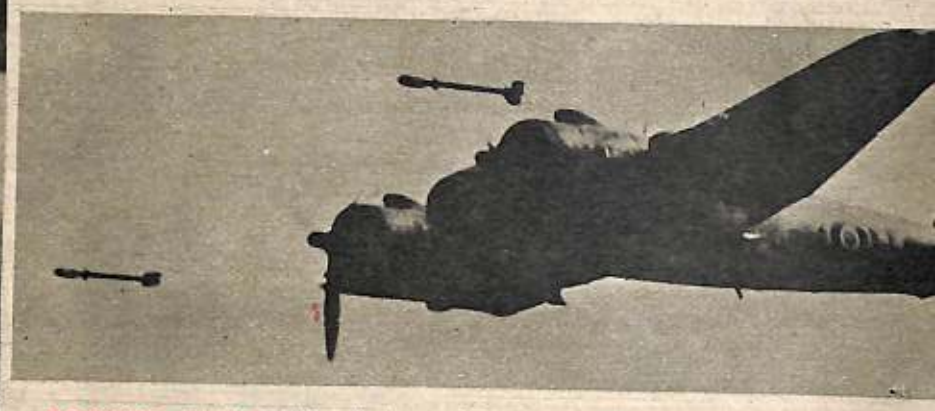
MERAS OF THE WORLD

**INGENUITY.** He hates to walk, so in New Guinea Sgt. Maurice Tombaugh, Minden, Nebr., tells T-5 John Openshaw how he made a car mainly from plane's belly tank.

**MUTUAL ADMIRATION.** Hollywood's Donna Reed holds figure of herself in gown for "Dorian Gray. She also has the gown on. That's where it looks best.



**ALL RIPLEY.** Believe it or not, Earl N. Phillips, seaman from Radford, Va., fell off a ship in mid-Atlantic. About half an hour later a



**ROCKETS AWEIGH.** Beaufighters of RAF Coastal Command now carry rocket projectiles. Here two streak out, while their gas starts to blanket plane's tail.

**CONTRAST.** Pvt. Buck Goodwin pauses for his partner, Mrs. Kettleson, to get an eyeful of jitterbugging. They're at a sourdough dance in a log-cabin recreation building made from local material on an island off Alaska. It took nine long months to build the place, but it's worth it.

Jeanne Crain

# YANK

*Pin-up Girl*

# News from Home

**A lot of people paid a tragic price for their fun, a blast that would dwarf a blockbuster's shook up a considerable portion of New England, some Georgia Negroes planned to test their case in court, and a Joe figured $50,000 wasn't too much for a hotel dick's error.**

EVER find yourself wondering how the folks back home feel about getting you out of uniform and back into civilian clothes once the Axis caves in? Well, last week the magazine *Fortune* printed the results of a poll it had made and here's the score:

Forty-four per cent of those questioned favored the immediate release of all present GIs just as soon as the war is over. (We're talking about GIs who *want* to be released, of course.) But 45 per cent said they thought it would be better to discharge soldiers only as jobs become available.

Sixty-five per cent of those polled felt that men now in uniform should get the first crack at whatever jobs there are to be filled. And 69 per cent favored compulsory military training for all American youths in the postwar years.

Morris Stanley Neff, 23-year-old son of a shipyard worker in Miami, Fla., is one gent who doesn't believe in compulsory military training at any time, at least as far as he personally is concerned. Federal authorities last week finally collared the young man in the room where, with the connivance of his parents, he'd been hiding out for the past three years in order to evade the draft. Sounds even duller than marking time on an English moor.

THE week was punctuated by a series of tragedies on the home front, a series which began with an exceptionally high death toll among pleasure-seekers over the Saturday-through-Tuesday Fourth of July holiday and which reached its climax with a mine disaster, two railroad wrecks (one of them involving a troop train), and a fire that killed at least 152 men, women and children in the big tent of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus—The Greatest Show on Earth.

A total of 447 people lost their lives over that four-day Fourth of July weekend—and that's a higher rate than the daily average of American battle losses so far. Most of the deaths were caused by automobile accidents for, despite gasoline rationing, there was an estimated increase of 25 per cent in the number of cars on the roads. (Judging by the many out-of-the-state licences which appeared in the big cities, a lot of the fuel was black-market stuff.) On the other hand, no deaths were caused by firecrackers, because there weren't any firecrackers, since all the gunpowder manufacturers were busy making more important things.

Travel was terrific, despite an appeal by the Office of Defense Transportation urging civilians to stay within 50 miles of their homes over the weekend. From 10 to 25 per cent more people went on junkets over the Fourth this year than last and the rate of travel was a full 100 per cent above what it was in 1942. There wasn't even standing room in many buses and trains. Servicemen on weekend passes were caught in the crush and were to be seen sleeping in heaps on the floor in many central railway stations whose lounges were already filled. Resorts were jammed, as witness the town of Wildwood, N.J., where an overflow of visitors had to be put up for the night in the community jail.

No sooner had folks got home and settled down to read the reports of holiday casualties, than word came that 66 men were trapped and presumably dead in a fire that broke out 350 feet below ground in the Powhatan Coal Mine, largest soft-coal pit in Ohio, 15 miles south of Bellaire. The fire started when falling rock broke a high-voltage trolley wire, causing sparks which ignited the coal. In all, there were 199 men working in the mine at the time, but 133 of them managed to escape. The only way to combat the blaze was to seal off the burning section of the pit and thus smother the flames, and this was done. Immediately, men set to work with high-speed drills in an effort to reach the imprisoned miners, but this was a job that was expected to take anywhere from two to five days. All but certain that the fate of the unlucky 66 was sealed, Coroner Clyde Hardesty prepared to pronounce the men officially dead, in advance of locating their bodies, so that their families could get workmen's compensation benefits as speedily as possible.

Next day there was more bad news when the locomotive and first five cars of a 16-coach southbound Louisville & Nashville passenger train carrying 400 inductees, in addition to other

DECEMBER TO JULY. S/Sgt. Philip J. Hans visits his honey, Peggy Scocca, in Albany, N. Y., and gets that old White Christmas feeling from a tree she'd kept trimmed for him all this time. His leave from Fort Benning, Ga., got snafued last winter, but Peggy never lost heart.


FROM PW TO GI. Former Italian war prisoners, who volunteered for non-combat duty in the U. S. Army, get the hang of it at Fort Warren, Wyo.


servicemen, plunged from its tracks into the 50-foot-deep Clear River Gorge, near Jellico, Tenn. At least 19 persons, including 17 soldiers, were killed and 200 injured. Mountainfolk in the vicinity of the wreck made the first rescues, hoisting survivors out of the gorge by means of block-and-tackle slings. They were soon assisted by Army doctors who rushed to the scene in ambulances which took the injured to hospitals in Lake City, Lafollette, and Jellico, all in Tennessee, and in Corbin and Williamsburg, in Kentucky.

Next, four persons were killed and 30 injured when the westbound Santa Fe Chief, the famous express train, jumped the tracks near Flagstaff, Ariz.

But the accident that really horrified the whole nation was the fire in the circus tent, which routed an audience of 8,000 in panic. It was in Hartford, Conn., where the show was playing a two-day stand, and the worst of it was that the fire broke out during a matinee, when the big top was jammed with kids. At least three quarters of those who perished were youngsters.

The animal act, the first number on the afternoon's program, had just come to an end, and about 1,000 wild beasts had been driven from the arena through steel-barred runways to their cages outside. Among them were 40 lions, 30 tigers, 30 leopards, 20 bears, and 40 elephants. Fortunately—or the tragedy might have been even worse—none of these broke loose during the holocaust which followed. The fire, believed to have been started by a cigarette butt or an electrical short circuit, broke out in one side of the mammoth 600-by-200 foot tent—the largest in the world. When the blaze was discovered, it was a tiny one, which witnesses later said could have been extinguished with a bucket of water, but within ten minutes it had spread throughout the tent.

The Wallendas, the famous tightrope artists, had been scheduled to go on after the animal act and they were already aloft, testing their equipment. They slid down tent poles and managed to escape, but many others were not so lucky. For one thing, the four-foot-high steel runways, through which the animals had been guided back to their cages, blocked some of the exits. For another, great flaming blankets of canvas fell from overhead into the arena, covering and burning the shrieking, stampeding customers. The band played in a desperate effort to calm the crowds, but it was no use. Parents trapped high up in the grandstand seats threw their children down into the tanbark, hoping against hope that the tots would survive and find their way out. Other parents, in the uproar, grabbed the hands of the wrong children, led them to safety, then discovered their error, and tried to battle their way back into the inferno to find their own offspring.

"No one in the circus business has ever seen anything as horrible as this," said Felix Adler, one of the profession's most famous clowns. For days afterwards, distraught relatives wandered through the Hartford Armory, to which the unidentified dead were taken, trying to find their dear ones. Some of the bodies were so badly charred that Mayor William H. Mortensen suggested a mass burial.

Investigations, under Governor Raymond E. Baldwin, were commenced at once by Mayor Mortensen, County Coroner Frank E. Healy, and State Police Commissioner Edward J. Hickey. Police Prosecutor S. Burr Leikind ordered manslaughter charges brought against five employees of the circus—the vice president, general manager, chief electrician, chief wagon and tractor man, and the boss canvas man. They were taken into custody by Hartford police and released in a total of $60,000 bail pending a hearing on July 19.

States Attorney H. M. Alcorn, Jr., said that the circus was not equipped with adequate fire-fighting equipment and that it lacked sufficient trained fire-fighting personnel. But his most damaging discovery was that the tent was "highly inflammable" and that it "had been treated with paraffin diluted with gasoline" to waterproof it.

By the end of the week, 143 persons were still in the hospital suffering from burns and 40 of them were in such a critical condition that they were being kept alive only by administering doses of sulfa drugs, blood plasma, and penicillin. Circus officials estimated the damage at $300,000 and said that the loss was thoroughly covered in the States and with Lloyds of London. The show, however, will be out of the running until late summer. What's left of it has been taken back to its winter headquarters at Sarasota, Fla., to be fitted with the odds and ends of last year's equipment.

Looks as if the American voter is in for one of the shortest Presidential campaigns in the nation's history. Governor Thomas E. Dewey, of New York, the Republican candidate, plans to make a seven-week speaking tour of the country, starting not before Labor Day, and expects to rely mainly on the radio and press to carry his message to the voters. President Roosevelt, should he become the Democratic candidate, as many people believe he will, is not expected to start his campaign until after Dewey does. There were persistent but unconfirmed reports that the President intended to go to Normandy soon, and that he perhaps would make a speech there by trans-Atlantic radio, accepting the nomination. Just thought you might like to know, Joe, in case you run into an American in civilian clothes on the beachhead.

General Charles de Gaulle, leader of the French National Committee, arrived in Washington on his first visit to the U. S., and was received by the President and other members of officialdom with the full honors to which heads of states are entitled. Dopesters on Capitol Hill said there were signs that the U. S. might grant the General's provisional government recognition in fact though not in law.

Vice-Admiral William L. Vickery, vice-chairman of the Maritime Commission, announced in Washing-

WAKE-UP GIRL. GIs visiting Café Zanzibar, in New York, can have this doll call them in time to catch early-morning trains.

ton that American shipyards are busy building a big fleet of new and deadly attack transports, each capable of landing 1,000 men with supporting tanks and heavy guns. The new craft—each of which was described as being a small Army and Navy in itself—are going to play a big part in the destruction of the Japanese empire, the Admiral said. Several hundred of the new jobs are being built and will have a very shallow draft for close inshore operations and for navigation around the coral reefs which dot that part of the world.

Twenty-four Army officers, specially trained in the voting laws of the various states, have already been sent overseas to all the major theaters to help service-men who want to vote in next November's election. At least two such officers have arrived in the ETO and have appointed soldier-voting officers in all outfits, down to company level, to help GIs wrestle with the complexities of the voting laws of the various states.

The German High Command has been compelled to ration the use of gasoline for military purposes, thanks to the pasting which Nazi production centers have been given by Allied bombers, General H. H. Arnold, head of the AAF, said in Washington. German production of both gasoline and aircraft has been cut at least two thirds in this way, and the enemy is now drawing on its reserve fuel supplies, continued the General, who recently visited the fronts in Normandy and Italy.

The clearest proof of the effectiveness of Allied bombings, General Arnold pointed out, was the failure of the Luftwaffe to hit at congested English ports and the crowded French beachhead during the period around D-Day. "Here," he said, "was a target such as had never been seen before. It was an aviator's dream."

There's nothing particularly new about the robot bomb, it became known, when General Arnold disclosed that the U. S. had one almost ready for use away back in the first World War. At that time, he said, Charles F. Kettering, vice-president of General Motors and head of the company's research organization, and the late Elmer Ambrose Sperry, the gyroscope man, collaborated on just such a bomb. "In 1917," the General went on, "Kettering and I worked on a pilotless aircraft, and by 1918 we had constructed what we called 'the flying bug.' We said it was good enough to put into the war, but the war ended too soon for it to be tried out . . . In the interval since the last war we worked on the problem of how long we could control it. We could control it for 100 miles, but we decided we could get more havoc and destruction from precision bombing, as we have developed it, as compared with the same effort expended on flying bugs. We believe that is still true."

TOMORROW, at this time, your Uncle Sam will have spent $140,000,000 more on the war than he has at this moment. That's the rate at which he's been dishing it out ever since July, 1940—140 million fish per diem. The Treasury's annual report, made public in Washington, showed that preparing for and fighting a global war has cost the U. S. just about 200 (hold on to your hats) billion dollars during the past four years.

But, barring serious military reverses, spending is not going to continue at that rate from here on in—you have the word of Representative Clarence Cannon, of Missouri, for that. Cannon, who is chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee, announced that war appropriations have "passed the peak" and that from now on they'll diminish at an increasingly rapid rate, unless, of course, something goes sour with the plans. The reason for this, he said, is that the construction of war plants is virtually completed, and will henceforth require appropriations only for operation and maintenance. He added that more war plants were built than were actually needed because of the threat of destruction of some of them by bombing—a threat which never came off.

Cannon also pointed out that stockpiles of all materials except ships, planes, heavy artillery, and ammunition are large, and that shipping losses have been smaller than it was at first thought they might be. He didn't think that post-war appropriations would be as low as pre-war levels because the U. S. will probably maintain strong air and sea forces for at least ten years after the Armistice, and he said it was up to private industry to provide most of the jobs that will be needed by the 11 million military personnel and 20 million war workers who will be looking for something to do when the guns stop firing.

WELL, you Baltimoreans, the Oriole Baseball Park, home of the Baltimore International League baseball team, is no more. The grandstands were destroyed by fire at daybreak, and 40 minutes after the alarm was turned in, Baltimore's Republican Mayor, Theodore Roosevelt McKeldin, showed up on the scene and went into his customary act of distributing autographed photographs of himself. Only the week before he had reported that he had already handed out his 100,000th such picture and he got rid of several hundred more at the fire.

Folks in Bedford, N. H., and for miles and miles around, had a noisier Fourth of July than they had ever figured on when, precisely at the midnight ushering in the grand and glorious day, 350 cases of dynamite exploded in the John B. Varreck & DuPont Warehouse. Thousands of windows in homes within a radius of 75 miles were shattered, but miraculously no fatalities were reported, although a number of persons were cut by flying glass. Trees near the warehouse were uprooted and the tops of others for hundreds of feet around were sheered off. The explosion cracked the walls of buildings 15 miles away in Nashua, N. H. People in Manchester, N. H., only five miles from the blast, figured that the nearby Army airfield was being bombed and scrammed out into the streets, where they milled around until police cars, equipped with loudspeakers, arrived to reassure them. Fifty miles away, in Fitchburg, Mass., hundreds of people felt the blast and fled from their homes, and windows were shattered in Worcester, Mass., a good 70 miles off. Mrs. Alvina Hould, of Bedford, who lives a quarter of a mile away from the hole that used to be the warehouse, said that in addition to smashing windows and door casings in her home, the explosion blew a large bottle of perfume "right through the wall in the second story and then back into a downstairs room."

Dough is changing hands so fast back home that the government mint is working night and day to print $1 and $5 bills to replace those that wear out. Production has risen to 1½ billion bills of all denominations a year, which is 50 per cent more than were required in 1939.

The good folk of Kansas, faced with a record-breaking wheat crop and hardly any one to help get it in, have been slighting their regular jobs to help with the harvest. The Stafford County Commissioners, for example, held their regular meeting at 3 a.m. so that they could finish business and get to the fields by 6, and, in Pawnee, emergency harvest workers included Sam Dumler, the town barber; W. E. Carter, a local jeweler; Clayton Milloway, the county treasurer; Ray Monger, deputy treasurer; and Vincent Fleming, county attorney. At McPherson, the Rev. G. C. Browne worked shoulder to shoulder with his parishoners at bringing in the sheaves. The Kansas crop this year, according to the U. S. Department of Agriculture, will come to 174 million bushels; last year it was 144 and the annual average for the past ten years has been 125 million bushels.

Encouraged by a recent ruling of the U. S. Supreme Court invalidating a Texas primary which was participated in exclusively by white voters, many Negroes in Georgia attempted to vote in their state's primaries. Nothing doing, they were told; their registrations simply couldn't be found. So now the frustrated voters are going to carry a test case to the courts.

Norman H. Davis, chairman of the American Red Cross since 1938, died at Hot Springs, Va. . . . Mrs. Frank James, widow of the famous outlaw who was the brother of the even more famous Jesse, died in Excelsior Springs, Mo.

A girl was born to Maureen O'Hara, the screen star, and her husband, Lt. Will Price. . . . Rise Stevens, Metropolitan opera star and movie singer and wife of Walter Molnar, the Hungarian actor, became the mother of a boy.

Colonel Elliott Roosevelt, son of the President and a member of the AAF, became engaged to Captain Ruth Briggs, a Wac secretary on the staff of General Dwight D. Eisenhower.

IT was announced that Capt. Burgess Meredith, of the AAF, would be the star in a forthcoming movie built around the experiences of Ernie Pyle, the Pulitzer Prize-winning war correspondent and friend of the ordinary Joe.

When Pvt. Robert Kirstein got a six-hour pass from the New York P.O.E. he naturally hotfooted it for the Manhattan hotel where his wife, a red-haired night-club singer named Marcia Dale, was living. Imagine his mortification, and his wife's, when shortly after his arrival in her room, the house dicks began whamming away on the door. Not only that, but they barged right in, despite the fact that neither the private nor his wife had any clothes on, and ordered the couple to leave. Such an indignity shouldn't be suffered even by a GI, say Pvt. Kirstein and Miss Dale, and they've taken their case to court, asking $50,000 damages for the gumshoes' boner.

HE DOOD IT. At Fort MacArthur, [illegible] just inducted.


JOURNEY'S END. A wounded GI from the ETO is lifted from a hospital plane at Atlantic City, N. J. He's one of 640 transferred by plane from New York to institutions nearer their homes.

TOUGH GUY. Boyd Thurlin, 4, of Sperry, Okla., is a veteran cigar smoker and tobacco chewer.

# Mail Call

## Airborne Argument

Dear YANK,

In answer to the discontented glider rider, we would like to make something clear. Anyone who would not gripe about not receiving more pay is a fool. As far the jump pay of paratroopers, that is open for anyone who cares to jump and can make the grade. Men are taken from every branch of service in the Army, including Glider Infantry.

As for risk. The men higher up should know what they are doing when they set the pay standard.

The paratroopers who jumped in France will admit that the glider riders deserve more pay, for a lot of us saw them come in. Don't make yourself appear small, glider riders, by bringing up the risks involved.

We think you earn more pay, so why slam us because you are not getting it?

J. T. POPE
P. J. CAREY
R. R. McCLELLAND
CARL C. SELF
And about 100 more beat-up paratroopers

*Somewhere in France.*

Dear YANK,

I'm just one of the many guys that haven't written you before because we always seem to be satisfied with what you print. I get a great kick out of the arguing that goes on continuously in "Mail Call." I can sit back and read their letters, so long as it doesn't concern *Me!* Well, this week, there was a letter from the "Glider Riders," in answer to 1st Sgt. Smith's gripe about the diseffect of the new T/O on the parachute troops. Well, the T/O doesn't make a damn to me, but when the "glider spiders" say they'll match anything the jump boys do—*Oh, My aching back!* If those guys are serious, here's my offer. Find them and tell them that for every jump they make at *400* feet, I'll go up in their glider—barefooted, *without* a chute. I don't want the readers to think I'm bragging. I'm not. What I just said is my honest offer, and for all who doubt me, bring your doubts out in the YANK and if the people with authority to do so will bring about this arrangement, brother, I'll see a "Glider Slider" turning whiter. As for the chances of the two outfits. Well, would those D.B.s (dear boys) compare the survivors of a crash landing with the survivors of an unopened chute and have guts enough to send the true score to YANK?

R. H. W., Paratrooper

*Britain.*

Dear YANK,

I've read both sides of your Glider and Paratroop arguments and sincerely believe they both have legitimate gripes. Instead of bickering, I would like to offer a suggestion to remedy the situation. Since the Glider-men want the money and the Paratroopers need the men (and they *really* do), let's get together a little. We have enough C-47s for all and plenty of extra chutes, so what say, Glider-Riders? There's a long road ahead and hardly time to wait for troops in the U. S. to reopen and go through Parachute School.

W. L. A., Paratrooper

*Britain.*

Dear YANK,

Here is an answer to both 1st Sgt. Smith and the Glider Riders. We have respect for both outfits because we are Airborne in every sense of the word. We ride Gliders and C-47s and quite a few of us are qualified jumpers, yet we receive no jump pay or flying pay. We'll take and do take all the chances they dish out in this unholy war. We're not griping, understand, we only want everyone to know that no matter what the gripe is, there's always a bigger one.

A Few Airborne Engrs.

*Britain.*

Dear YANK,

I have noticed in the past that in this magazine as well as other service publications that every time a Paratrooper ventures an opinion on some subject, that a bunch of Glider Riders gang up on him and do a lot of yowling and inevitably (irregardless of the topic in question) wind up on the same theme—"and we don't get any extra pay!" Now pride of unit is a fine thing, but is this really that or just sour grapes? Honestly, it's not our fault they don't get extra dough. We think they earn it, too. If they actually do think they're a better outfit, that's O.K. We can't stop them from dreaming. The point is, it's time to forget this petty bickering between outfits and remember that we're not a bunch of little teams but one big team all pulling together.

Let's bury the hatchet, men—in Hitler's head, if possible—and we'll all live happily ever after.

Pfc. B. JOHNSON, Paratrooper

*Britain.*

***[Amen.—Ed.]***

## 1st Sgt. vs. M/Sgt.

Dear YANK,

Yuk, yuk, yuk. Oh boy, YANK, this is good. We're way down here six miles below hell. One day we were all lounging around, what with the heat, etc., when the first sergeant walked up and started eating us out. Well, there was a master

sergeant snoozing in the shade, and the noise woke him. So he got tough, and first thing you know the master sergeant and the first sergeant were having words, as the English say. And, of course, the argument soon boiled down to a question of rank, with each sergeant claiming he was boss since he had the highest rank and precedence among NCOs. Now the whole outfit is divided into two camps, and we're all involved. What's right, YANK?

T/Sgt. VINCENT DOLICH

*New Guinea.*

***[Master sergeants and first sergeants are of equal rank, both being in the first grade of enlisted men. Precedence, however, is established as follows: (1) According to the dates of rank as stated in the warrants. (2) When the dates are the same, then by length of service in the Army. (3) When both the dates and length of service are the same, then by length of service in the Marine Corps or Navy. (4) Finally, if all those tests are not sufficient, the names go into a hat and precedence is determined by lot, believe it or not.—Ed.]***

## Missing Flowers

Dear YANK,

For the first time since my induction I have a gripe, and I believe that if you bear with me you will concede that this gripe is a just one.

Two months previous to Easter, and three months to Mother's Day, a poop sheet from higher headquarters was read to us, informing us that this year we would have the opportuity to send candy, flowers and sundries to commemorate these two great days in the American soldier's year. One was Easter, a day whose tradition we are fighting to uphold, and the other was Mother's Day, which once more brings us back to our childhood days. Quickly the GIs queued up at the PX to take advantage of this opportunity, and walked away with the feeling of complete satisfaction that Mother had not been forgotten this year even though we are many miles apart.

Anxiously we awaited the daily mail for word that would touch our hearts, that the flowers were received and so very deeply appreciated, but no such word came. Letters dated Easter, letters dated Mother's Day—still no word of having received the gifts.

Is that what is meant by "Nothing is too good for the boys overseas?" Not that we expect much; we are willing to carry on till victory is ours, but we don't care to be used for suckers. There is a discrepancy somewhere, or perhaps a stronger term may be more appropriate.

Just a gripe—but out of curiosity, how many more feel the same?

Pfc. JOHN E. STONE, Sgt. DAVID O'MALLEY, Sgt. ROBERT GROMLEY, T/5 CHARLES A. LAU, 1st Sgt. JOHN G. DOLLARD, Pfc. RICHARD T. DORST, T/Sgt. FRED SCHABEL, Pfc. FRANK D. DuBREE

*Britain.*

Dear YANK,

About two months ago, our PX took in orders to be sent to the States to send flowers home for Mother's Day. We received words from home saying that our mothers had not received them yet. We are not worried about the money, but just why didn't they receive the flowers? The PX is no longer here, so we can't ask them.

Pfc. F. VERA
Pfc. B. KIELBASA
T/5 B. GILLIS

*Britain.*

***[We've taken this up with T/4 Ross R. McCorkle, of the Army Exchange Service's Mail and Gift Dept., and he points out that the natural thing to do is to ask your PX officer how come, just as in civilian life, if you'd ordered something from a department store and it hadn't been delivered, you'd get in touch with the store. "Your Exchange," he goes on, "is a part of one of the largest retail businesses in the world. Hundreds of thousands of gift orders were received within the last two weeks before the deadline dates for Easter and Mother's Day. Transportation difficulties were responsible for a few delays in delivery; others were caused by orders being incorrectly filled out. Anyone who placed a gift order with his Exchange and learns that it has not been delivered should contact his Unit Exchange immediately. The reason for non-delivery will be determined and the purchase price refunded or the delivery completed, whichever action is requested. Files of the Army Exchange Service have been carefully checked and***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•

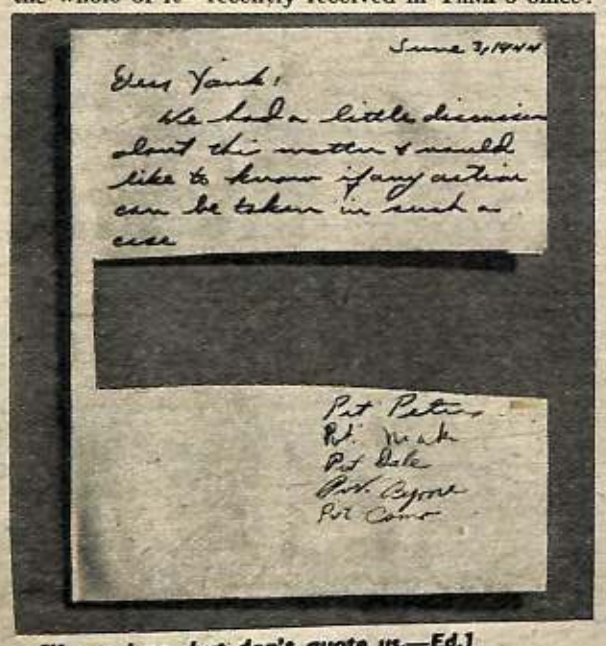
Pictures: 1, Keystone. 8 and 9, Cpl. Joe Cunningham. 10 and 11, Keystone. 12, upper left, Panama Canal Dept.; upper right, Signal Corps; centre left, Ted Fruikoff; centre right, W.W.; lower left, Acme; lower centre, INP; lower right, PA. 13, upper left, Sgt. Hanley; upper right, W.W.; centre right, Acme; lower left, Coast Guard; lower right, Alaskan Dept. 14, 20th Century-Fox. 15, top, Keystone; bottom, AP. 17, left, Acme; middle, Bippa; right, W.W. 21, upper, Pfc. George Burns; lower, PA; middle, U.S.A.F.; right, W.W. 22, Ken Harris, CPhoM, USCG. 23, U.S. Navy.


"SIR, WE HAVE THE FIRST SERGEANT'S PERMISSION TO CAPTURE THE COMMANDING OFFICER."

***copies of gift orders placed by only three of the above individuals with the gripe—T/5 Charles A. Lau, 1st Sgt. John G. Dollard and Pfc. F. Vera—have been located. It is requested that copies of the orders placed be forwarded to 'Army Exchange Service, APO 887, through your local Exchange Officer. The gifts will be delivered or refunds made, whichever action is requested."—Ed.]***

## Censor's Folly

Following is a photographic facsimile of a letter—the whole of it—recently received in YANK's office:




***[Yes and no, but don't quote us.—Ed.]***

## Prunes To Prunie

Dear YANK,

In answer to the letter from Betty Jane Lindsay in your issue of the 25th June we would like to say a few words.

If you, Betty, will look at the front page of the YANK you will see the motto, "By the men . . . for the men in the service." That pretty well sums up the situation. Most of us soldiers like YANK as it is and don't appreciate censorship from civilians. Some of us have a future generation at home right now. When we go home we can be "as gentle as lambs," but right now there is a war to win, and we fear, Miss Lindsay, gentleness has no place in it. If you should "sweat out" Jerry some time like we do, you would put more time in your war work and forget about the language we use. Although we do agree with you on the improper use of the Lord's Name.

We are not enclosing our pictures, Betty Jane, as we are not big, strong and courageous men." We, too, are only human.

*Somewhere in France.* **A Few Fellows in France**

Dear YANK,

In "Mail Call" we find a letter from a girl who is not "our Aunt Prunie." and we are very surprised that such a nice girl would want her picture in a Mag. that uses such terrible expressions. . . .

*Britain.* **Voice of the Infantry (Queen of Battle)**

Dear YANK,

Miss Betty Jane Lindsay's letter has aroused a number of very vivid discussions among the men of our Company.

Her critic on the use of rough and next-to-profane language in your publication is so significant of a widespread sentiment on the American home front that it cannot be often enough brought to the attention of our fighting men.

The remoteness of our home country from the battlefields is the cause that our people don't grasp the atmosphere we live in.

They live sheltered and in comfort, with the services of our civilization at their disposal, the same way we used to live before we were called to the forces. They do not realize that the change from such a life to our existence, based on canned rations and mud dugouts, with death in the air and murder in our hearts, so we can survive, must have its reactions on a man's mind.

We do not tend nor expect to be put on anybody's hero list. We are here to do our duty, a dirty and hazardous job, so we can go home and start life all over again.

*Britain.* **T/5 ALFRED STIEBER**

Dear YANK,

. . . In a year and a half of reading YANK, we have never seen the Lord's name taken in vain, except in a quotation from a GI that's seen plenty of action. . . We appreciate the lovely picture, Aunt Prunie. But your dress! Oh, my goodness! It's above your knees!

*Britain.* **The Disgusted Dozen of Hut 12**

Dear YANK,

. . . We use bad language because: (1) there are only GIs present to hear our outbursts, (2) we have been in the army *too* long and overseas *too* long to say, "Oh, fudge!" when something goes wrong, (3) cursing is a good way to let off steam and thus prevent a mental crack up. . . .

**1st Sgt. JOHN D. DEPRIEST**

P.S. Judging from her picture, she is *definitely not* my Aunt Prunie. I would send my picture for publication, but modesty forbids.

*Britain.*

Dear YANK,

. . . But please, Miss Lindsay, keep your nose out of the way. *Our* magazine takes care of its literature and its language. . . .

**S/Sgt. EDWIN SCHWARTZ**

*Britain.*

I, too, agree with the boy's statement.—Censor.

## Insulting The Ancients

Dear YANK,

The excellent article in the 25th June issue, "The First Eight Days," states that some German prisoners were "solidly built, hairy, Cro-Magnon types." This is unjust to Cro-Magnon man. The skeletons of the old stone-age people who have been labelled "Cro-Magnon men" (from the French village near which the best preserved specimens have been found) show that they were in all respects similar to modern men, except that they were considerably taller and had considerably larger brains—in other words, they were very fine specimens of modern man. Whether they were hairy or not there is, of course, no way of telling.

On the assumption that Cpl. John Preston meant to be uncomplimentary, I think he probably had in mind Neanderthal men, also men of the old stone age, so-called because the first specimen was found in the Neanderthal valley in Germany. These individuals were short, bandy-legged, very powerfully built, extremely beetle-browed, neckless, chinless, probably much less intelligent than modern men and in other ways unattractive. They were, in fact, so different from modern man that most anthropologists regard them as a different species—about as closely related to us, as say, a zebra is to a horse. (All living men, of course, belong to the same species.) Because they resembled the apes in so many respects, it is reasonable to guess that they were very hairy. There is, however, nothing to show that they ever acted like Nazis, and in fairness to an extinct species, which can't defend itself, they should be given the benefit of the doubt.

The point is so minor that I shouldn't raise it if it weren't for the facts that (a) it's Sunday afternoon; (b) our extinct ancestors and cousins are interesting to a lot of people and ought to be better known; and (c) the question hasn't got a thing to do with either the Army or the war.

**Lt. J. W. BISHOP, JAGD**

*Britain.*

## YANK'S AFN Radio Guide

### Highlights for the week of July 16

**SUNDAY** 1330—1400—BOB CROSBY—Variety a la carte, headlining Bob's Swingsters, vocals by the maestro himself, assisted by the Pied Pipers, and banter by Les Tremayne and Shirley Mitchell.

**MONDAY** 1130—1215—COMBINED ORCHESTRATIONS—BBC's Norman Wooland and AFN's Cpl. Harry Lytle pick the best popular music of America and Britain in this new weekly feature.

**TUESDAY** 2005—2035—BURNS AND ALLEN—The Burns household—George and Gracie—engage in an uproarious adventure involving a prominent guest star. Added features are songs by Jimmy Cash and music by Felix Mills Orchestra.

**WEDNESDAY** 2115—2145—BOB HOPE—The fast talking Bob and his hilarious half-hour, with his entire cast, including Frances Langford, Jerry Colonna, and Vera Vague.

**THURSDAY** 1805—1900—GI SUPPER CLUB—Your request tunes, picked from the extensive AFN record files by Cpl. John MacNamara.

**FRIDAY** 1905—1935—FRED ALLEN—An insight into the problems of the day, as Fred tours Allen's Alley to interview his strange collection of neighbors. Music by Hi-Lo Jack and the Dame and Al Goodman's Orchestra.

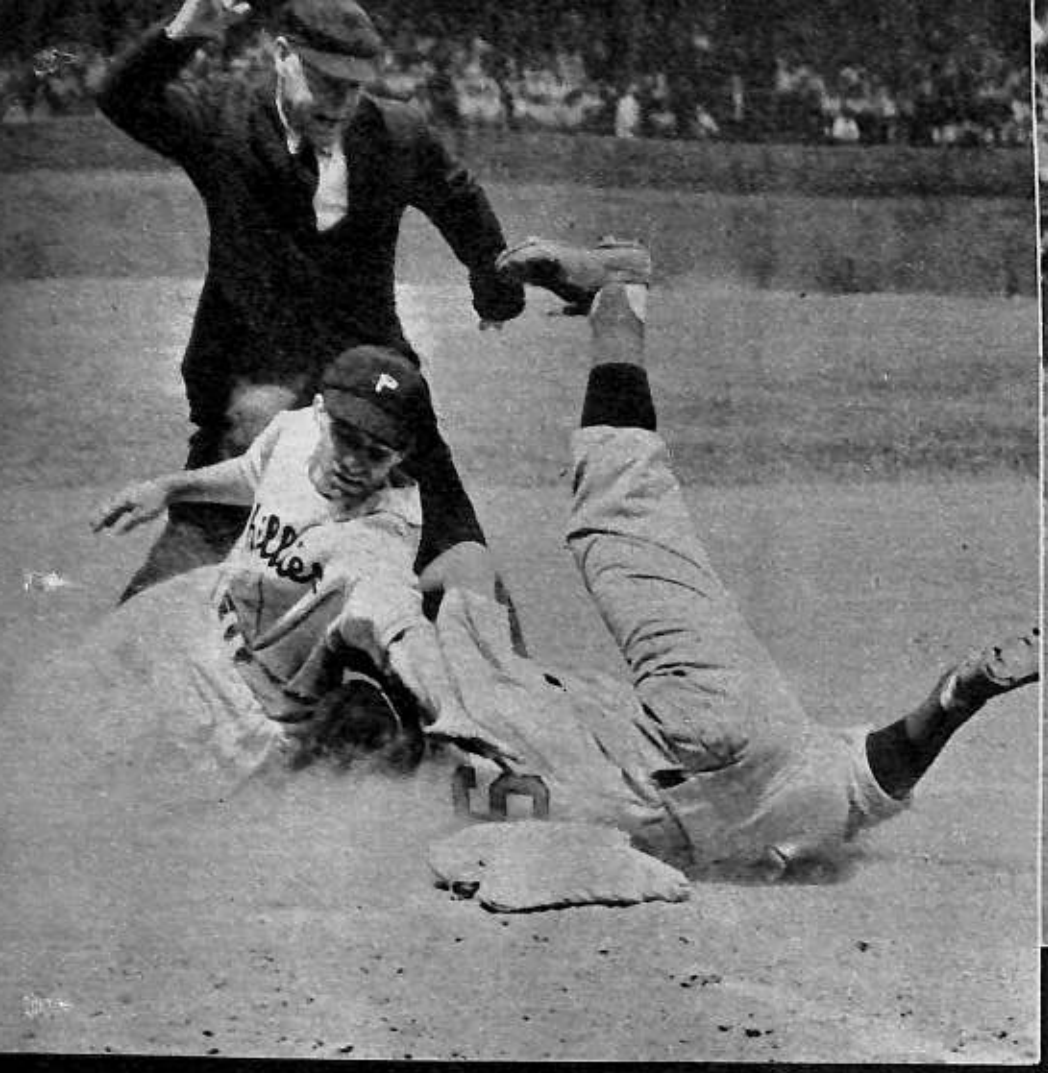
**SATURDAY** 1330—1400—YANK'S RADIO EDITION.

1935—2000—CONDUCTED BY FAITH—Smooth music, arranged and conducted by Percy Faith.

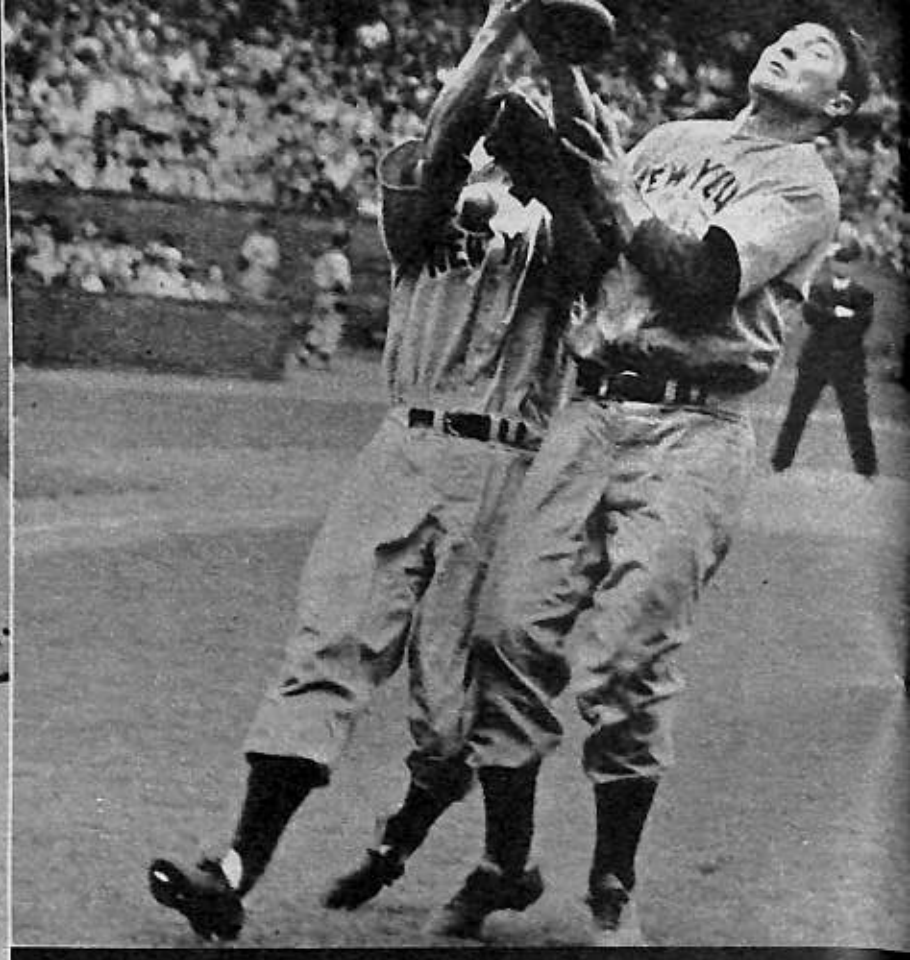
NEWS EVERY HOUR ON THE HOUR.

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

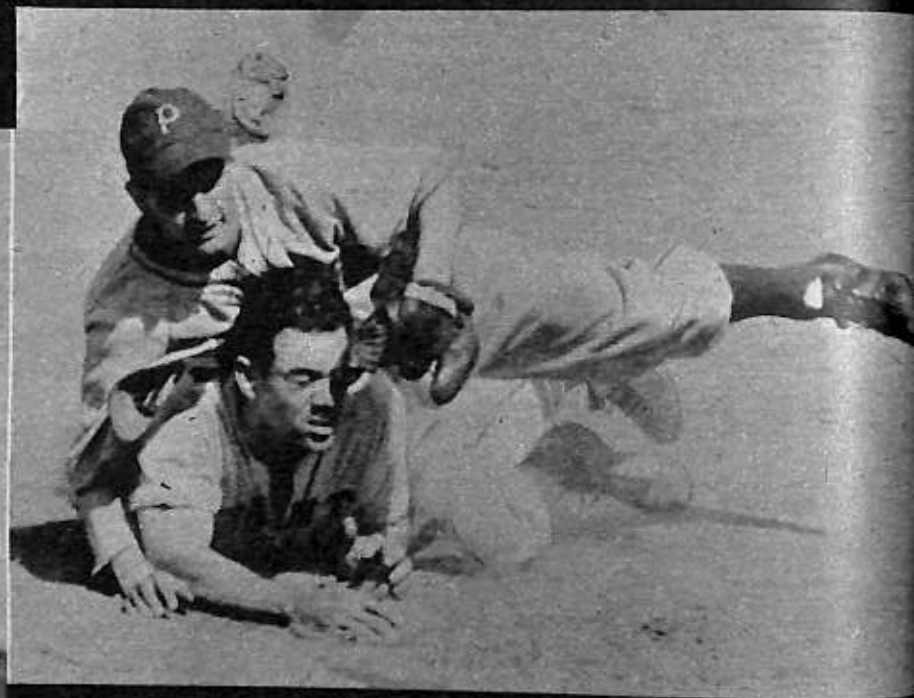
# Touching four bases



**AT PHILADELPHIA,** Steve Mesner of Reds practically turns a somersault in an effort to catch Moon Mullins, who came tearing into third on Bill Lee's attempted bunt. That's umpire George Barr calling Mullins safe. Reds trimmed the Phillies, 4-3.



**AT CLEVELAND,** Nick Etten and Don Savage, Yankee infielders, both try for Buddy Rosar's pop fly in the 11th inning. Both missed and ball landed on Savage's chest. Thanks to this mix-up, Rosar was safe at first.



**AT PITTSBURGH,** Nappy Reyes, of Giants, gets an eyeful of glove as Frank Zak, Pirates' shortstop, forces him out at second base in 10th inning. Pirates won, 7-6, snapping the Giants' five-game winning streak.

**AT CHICAGO,** Ralph Hodgin of White Sox slides home safely in 10th inning with winning run as Rick Ferrell, Washington catcher, fails to hold a throw from the outfield. Hodgin's run gave Chicago a 6-to-5 victory.

# SPORTS: JIMMY FOXX TELLS WHY RICH RED SOX FLOPPED

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

AFTER all these years we finally have learned why those talent-rich Boston Red Sox never won the American League pennant. The source of our information is none other than James Emory Foxx, who is known in most circles—including one divorce court—as the Beast.

The Beast is no longer connected with the Red Sox and therefore is free to roll out his soap box and speak his piece any time he pleases. When Tom Yawkey began unloading his million-dollar ball club a few years ago, he sold Foxx outright to the Chicago Cubs. After a dismal season with the Cubs in 1942, Foxx retired from baseball, supposedly for keeps, and went into the oil business. But the wartime manpower shortage brought him back, and now he is a part-time third baseman and catcher for the Cubs as well as a full-time authority on the Boston Red Sox.

The Beast didn't come right out and volunteer his information on the Red Sox. Somehow or other the conversation swung around to Connie Mack and Joe Cronin, and we asked why it was that Cronin, after buying up virtually all of Connie Mack's great stars, couldn't win a pennant.

"The difference," the Beast said, "is that one manager knew what he was doing and the other didn't. Cronin didn't. If he had handled our pitchers properly we might have won several pennants. Our hitting was always good, but the pitching didn't hold up. It wasn't the fault of the pitchers, either. They could have won if Cronin had used more judgment in picking their spots. Didn't every one of them turn out to be winners after they got away from Boston?"

Since the Beast turned out to be such a convincing authority on the Red Sox, we wondered if he wouldn't spare us a few words about his present employers, the Chicago Cubs. We asked why Jimmy Wilson was given the opportunity to resign, and if it was true that the Cubs were rehiring all of their old managers until they got Joe McCarthy back.

"Wilson was a good, sound baseball man, and make no mistake about that," the Beast said. "But he was too easy-going for a manager. He would argue with his players instead of telling them off. Now, Charlie Grimm is different. When he took over the team he called us together for a meeting and told us he was boss and that his word would be law. That was probably the last meeting we'll have, because everybody understood him. That is, everybody but Novikoff. Lou never understands anything the first time anyhow.

"One of the first things Grimm told us was that he expected everybody to be in his room by midnight. He warned us if anybody was caught out after 12 he would be fined $50. Then he turned to Lou and said: 'Novikoff, I'll bet you another 50 you will be the first one I catch.' Sure enough, the very next night Grimm caught Lou out of his room at 1:30 in the morning. He was sitting in the hotel lobby listening to the radio and had forgotten what time it was."

Novikoff is always a good subject, so we kicked him around for a while.

"The trouble with Lou," the Beast explained, "is that he is a bad ball hitter. In the minor leagues he could afford to hit bad balls all day long, because he probably wouldn't look at one good pitcher a week. Up here it's different. He's looking at good pitchers every day. There's only one way to play Novikoff. Just stick him in the outfield and leave him alone. Either he will wake up and learn something or he will be a minor-league player the rest of his life."

The Beast sounded almost like a manager himself. He paused for a moment, then laughed:

"I guess I do at that. Maybe it's because I want to be a manager so badly. Old baseball players usually do."

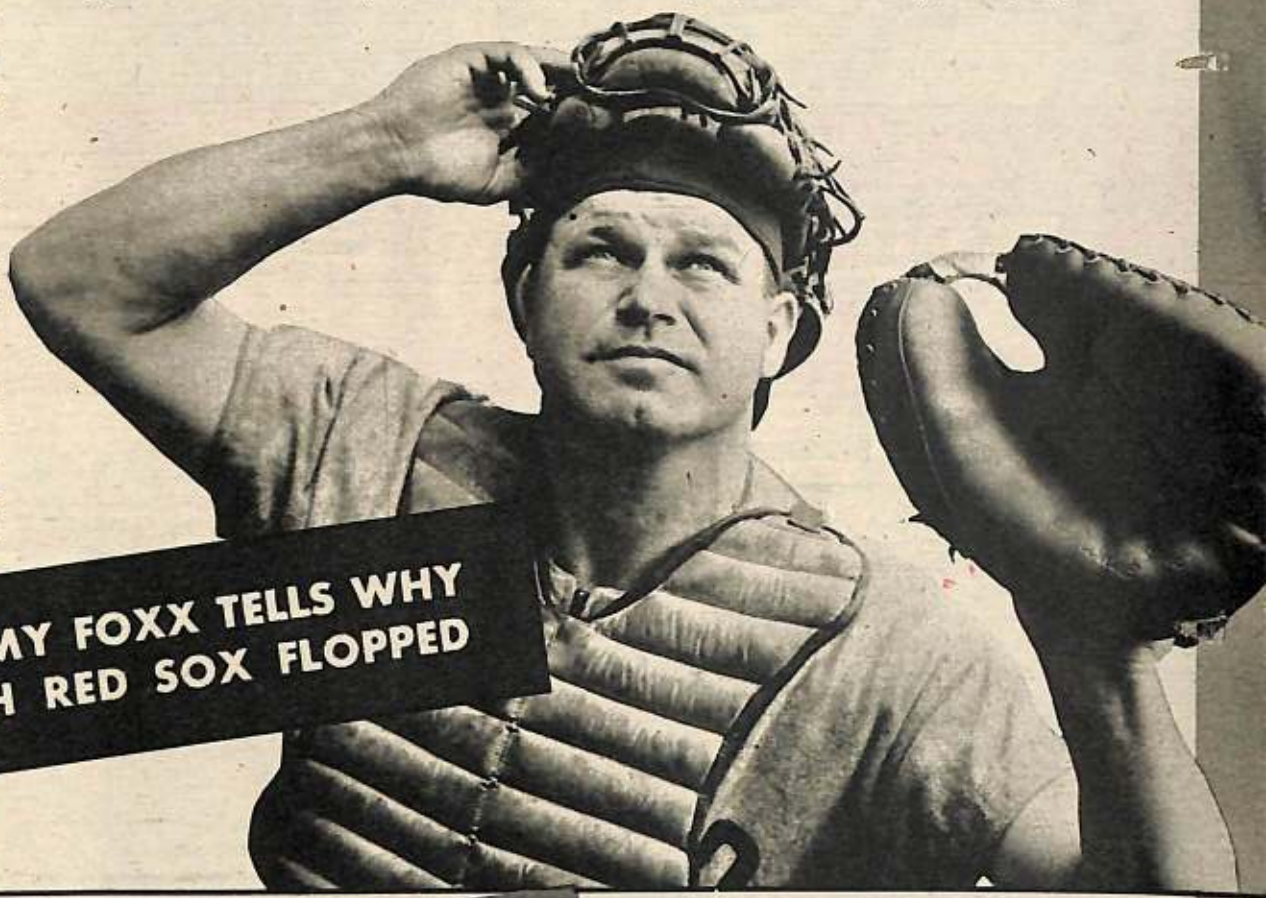
The Beast is a realist; he admits he's not half the player he was. If it weren't for the war, he wouldn't be playing today. He came back because he wanted to manage some day.

"If I ever do become a manager," he continued, "I hope I can be as successful as Connie Mack. He was the best; he knew his men and he knew how to handle them. There's one incident between Mr. Mack and me that still stands out in my memory. Maybe it will show you what I mean.

"We were playing the Yankees, and it was a tight game. I was leading off in the ninth inning, so I asked Mr. Mack what he wanted me to do. He looked at me coldly and said: 'Jimmy, what have you been drinking?' I was speechless for a minute. I hadn't been drinking and I couldn't understand why Mr. Mack should think so. Finally I said: 'Nothing but water, Mr. Mack.'

"'All right, then,' he answered, 'go up there and use your own judgment.' I worried about this all the way to St. Louis, and the next morning I told Mr. Mack: 'I don't understand that remark you made in Philadelphia. You know I haven't been drinking.'

"'I know it,' Mr. Mack said, 'but there were others listening, and some of them had. I wanted to let them know I would as soon bawl you out for drinking as anybody.'"



BATTERY. *Sgt. Harry Danning (left), former New York Giant catcher, and Sgt. Red Ruffing, Yankee pitching ace, talk things over before going into ... Service Team at Long Beach, Calif.*

## SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

ONE of the first Americans to land in France was **Lt. Bob Halperin,** an ex-Brooklyn Dodger footballer, who went ashore with the Navy and marked the beaches for the assaulting infantry. . . . When **Lt. Col. Wallace Wade,** the Duke football coach, was recovering from a broken leg last winter he complained bitterly about being cooped up and wanted to be sent overseas or else given a CDD. Wade got his wish and was shipped to England to command a field-artillery battery for the invasion. . . . **Ben Jones'** son **Jimmy,** who helped his father train Lawrin, Whirlaway and Pensive, has been commissioned a lieutenant in the Coast Guard and is stationed in Charleston, S. C. . . . According to **Capt. Steve Hamas,** who ought to know about such things, the best looking boxing prospect in the ETO is **Pfc. Tut (King) Tabor,** a sharp-punching middleweight from Oakland, Calif., who wears glasses and looks like Tommy Dorsey. . . . The two top invasion chiefs, **Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower** and **Lt. Gen. Omar N. Bradley,** played on the same football team at West Point in 1915. . . . **Lt. Comdr. George Earnshaw,** the old Athletic pitcher, was wounded in a naval engagement in the South Pacific. He commands a gun crew on an aircraft carrier. . . . This probably isn't news to anybody in the American League, but **Lt. Comdr. Mickey Cochrane** says **A/S Virgil (Fire) Trucks,** former Detroit pitcher, can throw as fast as Bob Feller or Dizzy Dean.

*Commissioned:* **Bill Dickey,** veteran Yankee catcher, as a lieutenant in the Navy; **Glenn Dobbs,** passing star of last year's powerful Randolph Field Flyers, as a second lieutenant in the AAF. . . . *Discharged:* **Pat Filley,** Notre Dame football captain, and **Wilbur Moore,** former Minnesota-Washington Redskin back, from the Marines with CDDs; **Sgt. Ray Robinson,** uncrowned welterweight champion, from the Army, with a CDD. . . . *Ordered for induction:* **Calvin Coolidge McLish,** Dodgers' schoolboy pitcher, by the Navy; **Mark Christman,** third baseman of Browns, by the Army; **George Caster,** Browns' pitcher, by the Navy. . . . *Rejected:* **Ron Northey,** Phillies' outfielder, because of high blood pressure; infielder **Bobby Doerr** and outfielder **Leon Culberson** of the Red Sox, because of knee injuries.

HAWAIIAN HOTEL, A NAVY REST CENTER. L. TO R.: GILL, HILL, LENAHAN, THOMPSON, GEMMELL, GENDRON, TABRUM, GRUEBEL, LIVINGSTON, HRANEK, BENTLEY.

# Rescue at Truk

***How an American submarine and an old Kingfisher scout plane, operating in Jap waters, teamed together to save 20 downed Navy airmen from capture.***

**By Sgt. LARRY McMANUS**
**YANK Staff Correspondent**

PEARL HARBOR—A submarine, many people believe, is a sleek, stealthy craft devoted to the science of destruction and manned by pallid sailors who consider a mission successful only when thousands of tons of enemy shipping have been sent to the bottom of the sea.

If that is true, then the *U.S.S. Tang's* mission in the two-day attack on Truk was a failure. For on that trip, the sub sank only two objects—Navy scout planes, venerable OS2U Kingfishers which were set afire by the *Tang's* deck guns.

It was in the first raid on the first day of the Truk attack that a Jap shell blew a four-foot hole in the port wing of the TBF (Grumman Avenger) piloted by Lt. (jg) Scott Scammell II of Yardley, Pa. Scammell continued his run and dropped his bomb on the atoll before banking steeply for a crash landing in the ocean. A fire kindled by the shell near the wing tank changed his plans, and to prevent an explosion that probably would have killed him and his crew, he ditched the plane in the lagoon two miles south of Dublon Island, principal Jap base of the atoll.

"The indicator read 200 knots when we hit the water," said Harry B. Gemmell ARM2c of Philadelphia, Pa., the radioman, "and we usually land at about 80. Somehow nobody was hurt. We just climbed into the raft and took a look around. We saw Dublon a short distance away and started paddling like hell."

Scammell, Gemmell and Joseph D. Gendron AMM2c of Oakland, R. I., the turret gunner, wanted to raise the sail but they were afraid the Japs would spot them if they did.

"The sail is yellow on one side and blue on the other," said Gendron. "It's okay when you're sailing away from the Japs; you can face the blue side toward them. But what can you do when you're right in the middle of the Japs?"

The three airmen solved that problem, after a fashion, by folding the sail to hide its yellow side. This left a ridiculously small surface but enough to help somewhat as they paddled toward the sea.

Two more strikes hit Dublon while the raft was in the lagoon, and Jap planes fled into the clouds as American flyers blasted the navy yard there. Between raids the men in the raft watched the Japs come out from their cover, make ferocious passes at the empty air and then go into hiding again as the Americans returned.

"We'd see a flight of planes overhead," Gemmell said, "and we'd make believe they were F6Fs (Grumman Hellcats) coming to protect us. Then those damned meatballs would show up on each wing." When that happened, the men tried to cover the bright yellow raft with their bodies and with the blue side of the sail.

At noon, four hours after their crash inside the Truk reef, the three men steered their raft into the open sea between the islands forming South Pass. Joe Gendron, the only one aboard who wasn't seasick, bailed out the raft until the *Tang* —directed by fighter planes circling above—pulled alongside four miles southeast of Ollan Island. The three men were hauled aboard the sub. Lt. Comdr. Richard H. O'Kane of San Raphael, Calif., commanding the *Tang*, told them to bring the raft aboard, too. "For my kid," he said.

Some time later another flyer was reported down off Kuop Island, 30 miles to the east. To save time, Comdr. O'Kane decided to keep the *Tang* on the surface for a full power run. This meant that the sub had to pass close to Ollan Island. The commander figured the Japs might open fire, so he ordered his men to fire first to keep the Japs busy. A tall, red-haired subman named James M. (Gunner) White GM1c of Springfield, La., was the first man to shell Truk. By the time the Japs recovered and opened fire, the sub was 1,000 yards out of range. After searching vainly for the flyer until dark, the *Tang* pulled out for the night.

EARLY the next morning the *Tang* spotted a Jap sub escaping from Truk through the South Pass. The *Tang* dived, made an approach and came up for a quick periscope search, but the enemy sub had dived, too, because American planes were overhead. All the way back to Pearl, the *Tang's* crew blamed the flyers for driving away its quarry just when the American sub was closing in for the kill.

After the Jap sub had escaped, the *Tang* dived again and cleared away from the area for an hour at good speed. Then she surfaced and found American fighter planes overhead. The *Tang* followed them toward Ollan Island, expecting to find the pilot sought the night before.

Instead Comdr. O'Kane's men found one of the Kingfisher planes, piloted by Lt. (jg) John A. Burns of Wynnewood, Pa., with Aubrey J. Gill ARM2c of Compton, Calif., as his radioman. Crowded aboard the plane were Lt. (jg) Bert F. Kanze of Freehold, N. J.; Lt. John J. Dowdle Jr. of Wilmette, Ill., and Robert E. Hill ARM2c of Houston, Tex.

Lt. Kanze had been piloting his F6F over Fefan Island around noon of the first day of the Truk strike when his plane was hit by antiaircraft fire. He was forced down into the lagoon, climbed into his raft and put up the sail.

"But I yanked it down in a hurry," said Kanze, "when ack-ack tried to blast me. I camouflaged the raft and myself with sail and drifted till dark, when I set sail again. I wasn't thinking about being rescued; I was scared stiff I would wash up on the Jap shores."

The wind carried Kanze away from Fefan Island, and once out of range he set sail again. Finding that he was drifting toward Ollan, he rigged up a sea anchor to slow the raft. Then, by paddling and sailing all night, he managed to cross the reef of the lagoon at high tide, the only time it was possible to do so. At daybreak he was two miles out.

Soon after, Lt. Burns and Lt. Dowdle, who was flying the second Kingfisher plane, spotted Kanze. While Burns patrolled above, Dowdle went down to make the rescue. His Kingfisher landed in the heavy seas, bobbed dangerously and finally overturned as a gust of wind caught under one wing. Dowdle and Hill, his radioman, were tossed in the water alongside Kanze.

Then Burns landed in waves five feet high and the men climbed on the wings of his plane. Fifteen minutes later he taxied up to the *Tang*, put the three flyers aboard and took off again with

Gill, his radioman, to resume the patrol. Dowdle's overturned plane was sunk by the sub's guns.

MEANWHILE the *Tang*'s crew had seen a TBF crash near Ollan and throw up a column of thick smoke. Following Lt. Burns' plane, the *Tang* cruised toward the island and hove to 4,000 yards offshore, giving Gunner White a chance to throw some more shells at Ollan. Comdr. O'Kane also called for planes as support and they blasted the island's gun emplacements while the sub sped on to pick up the pilot of the crashed TBF, Comdr. Alfred R. Matter of Butte, Mont., and his two crewmen. Matter, who was also air-group commander, said that his plane had been hit as it made an approach to the target, Param Island, 25 minutes earlier.

"I was taking pictures through the bomb-bay windows when I felt a thud," said James J. Lenahan ARM2c of Westfield, N. J. "When that shell hit our engine," added H. A. (Tommy) Thompson AOM2c of San Bernardino, Calif., turret gunner, "the oil covered my turret and I thought, 'What a pot-poor way to die.' "

After landing in the water, Comdr. Matter and Thompson had worked for several minutes to inflate the raft while Lenahan rested, one arm thrown over the fuselage just forward of the fin. He was holding the emergency rations and chute pack in one hand. When the plane plunged toward the bottom, 250 fathoms below, Lenahan was momentarily dragged down with it. "What did I do?" he asked when questioned later. "I dropped the rations, of course."

Matter and his crew were hardly aboard the *Tang* when Lt. Burns radioed Comdr. O'Kane that three more rafts had been sighted east of Truk. The sub started after them but was still 15 miles away when F6Fs reported sighting two other men down between Truk and Kuop. Since this was nearer, the *Tang* followed and picked up Lt. Harry E. Hill of Virginia, Minn., and Lt. (jg) James G. Cole of Killeen, Tex.

Hill had been in his raft overnight, while Cole had been in the water less than an hour. Cole, however, had been supported only by a Mae West and was ill from sea water he had swallowed. To pick up Cole was a ticklish job. Lt. Comdr. Murray B. Freeze, navigator of the *Tang*, stood in the tower watching the reefs as the sub came in slowly within 400 yards of the surf.

IN the meantime Lt. Burns, worried by the delay in the *Tang's* arrival, had landed his Kingfisher again to continue his private taxi service for stranded airmen. The first man he picked up this time was Lt. (jg) Robert T. Barbor of Rockville Center, N. Y., pilot of an F6F. Then, at 1415, with Barbor on his wing, Burns taxied up to a raft bearing three more men.

The wind, still strong, caught Burns' plane as it had caught Dowdle's and plunged the lee wing into the water for half its length, but radioman Gill somehow scrambled out to the tip of the high wing and brought the plane back to an even keel. As he did so, a wing float punctured the life raft and it shortly disappeared, carrying along the meager supplies its three occupants had salvaged from their TBF. The airmen—Lt. Robert S. Nelson of Great Falls, Mont., a section leader; Robert W. Gruebel AMM1c of Memphis, Tenn., his gunner, and J. L. Livingston ARM1c of Lander, Wyo., his radioman—climbed on the Kingfisher's wings, where Barbor was already perched.

Then Burns taxied the plane toward another raft a half-mile farther out to sea. He found Ens. Carroll L. Farrell of Ada, Okla.; Joseph Hranek ARM2c of Philadelphia, Pa., and Owen F. Tabrum AMM2c of Portland, Oreg., whose plane had been next to Lt. Nelson's when Nelson's was downed during a formation approach to Dublon.

Ens. Farrell's plane and another from the formation had circled Nelson's life raft until fighter cover was available and then asked for permission to go in and dump their loads on Dublon.

"There was a jar," said radioman Hranek, "just before we dropped our bomb. We pulled out around 3,000. It was too high for good strafing but I couldn't resist all those targets so I gave them a few rounds as we left.

"The engine was windmilling—no power—and we set down about a half-mile seaward of Nelson's crew. It was a beautiful landing. I've landed with more force on carriers now and then. We had plenty of time. Mr. Farrell and Tabrum inflated the raft on the wing and stepped into it, barely getting their feet wet. I had to climb out the bomb-bay hatch into the water."

Burns took the men from Hranek's raft aboard, and spaced his passengers three on each wing and one on the ledge of the cockpit beside him. Everyone on the plane is still awed at the way Burns taxied his overloaded Kingfisher toward the *Tang*, which was coming to meet them.

The cross wind was severe and the plane took a terrible beating, but Lt. Burns radioed the sub that he had plenty of gas and was doing all right. After taxiing more than two hours with the seven-man overload, the Kingfisher met the *Tang* at 1730 hours.

The pounding waves had sprung the rivets in the float, and the plane had a severe angle. "If we'd had to remain in the water much longer—" Lt. Burns said later, not finishing the sentence. So Burns and his radioman Gill went aboard the *Tang* with the men they had rescued. "We sent Burns and Gill below so they couldn't see," said Comdr. O'Kane, "and then we sank their plane with gunfire." In its last 7½ hours of existence, the Kingfisher had saved 10 men.

THE *Tang's* final rescue took place just at dusk. Lt. Burns had heard earlier that an SBD (Douglas Dauntless) had been downed by ack-ack from Eten Island and had landed in the ocean 500 yards from Ollan Island, the *Tang's* familiar hunting ground. Burns had passed up this crew for the larger group.

But now the sub sped to the scene, arriving just as Lt. Donald Kirkpatrick Jr. of Evanston, Ill., and Richard L. Bentley AOM2c of Los Angeles, Calif., fired their last Very flare. Kirkpatrick had been shot down once before and was once pictured by *Life* magazine as the "typical dive-bomber pilot." Bentley enlisted in the Navy on May 8, 1942, his seventeenth birthday.

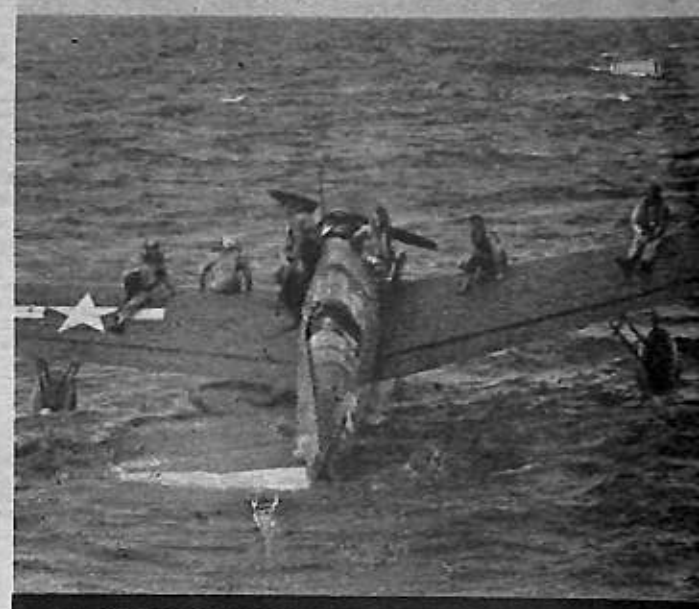
The two had rowed desperately against the wind, which was forcing them toward Ollan's shores. "Then, when the wind died down," Bentley said, "we figured to stick around for a while and if we weren't picked up we'd try to sail to New Guinea. We had our parachute for a sail, and even if that was too far for us to make, it would have been a lot better than sitting around waiting to die."

After rescuing Kirkpatrick and Bentley, the *Tang* headed for sea and a 16-day patrol assignment. Comdr. O'Kane put the flyers to work standing watches so there would be enough bunks to go around. Even so, it was crowded.

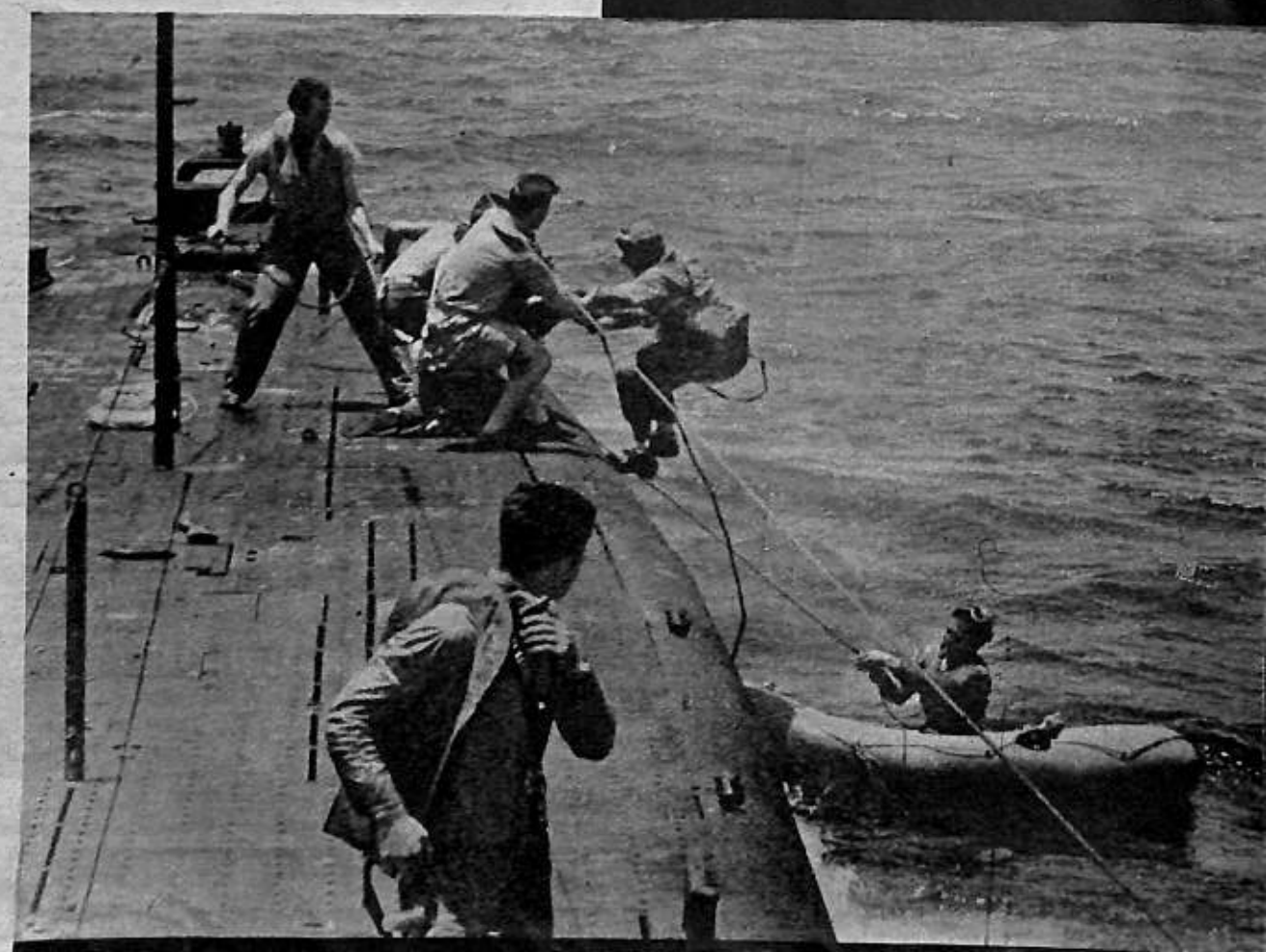
"They can have it. I'll stick to planes," said Gruebel, who has a Jap plane to his credit. "If the Navy did away with the air arm, I'd go into subs, but not before."

"If you like the air so much," drawled Gunner White, "why don't you stay in it? Then, on our next run, we might have time to get us some Japs —instead of sailing around to fish you flyers out of the water."

SOME OF THESE TRUK ATTACKERS WERE SHOT DOWN.



PERCHED ON RESCUER'S WINGS, 7 FLYERS TAXI TO SUB



CREWMEN FROM SUBMARINE *TANG* HELP ONE FLYER ABOARD FROM HIS RUBBER RAFT WHILE ANOTHER WAITS.

"I'M SURPRISED SOMEONE HASN'T THOUGHT OF IT BEFORE."
—M Sgt. Jack Lovell

"WHAT MORE SECURITY DO YOU WANT FOR TWO DOLLARS?"
—Sgt. Sidney Londi


"HE WAS NIBBLING ON SOME DEHYDRATED FOOD IN THE KITCHEN AND THEN HE DRANK A GLASS OF WATER." —Pvt. Michael Ponce de Leon

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

"I BELIEVE GEN. LE DEUX OVER-ESTIMATES OUR GOOD CONDUCT AWARD."
—Pvt. Tom Flannery


"THEY CAN TAKE THEIR OLD PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE, AND YOU KNOW WHAT THEY CAN DO WITH IT."