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By the men . . for the men in the service

NO STRANGERS TO JERRY

GENERAL DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER
LT. GENERAL OMAR N. BRADLEY

When the zero hour came, George took off for France and Bulldozer stayed behind to sweat it out on the docks. The landing was on, and both were small but vital cogs in the operation of the most elaborate military machine in history.

★ FROM D-PORT

Sailing Against Germany

Sober-faced group of Engineers get their final briefing on D-Day objective.

By Cpl. IRWIN SWERDLOW

ENGLAND—Tens of thousands of troops left their Marshalling Areas and marched or rode down to scores of concrete beaches, known as "hards." Simultaneously, the giant cranes of one of the busiest ports in England bowed their heads. A forest of ships got underway. Meanwhile, the winding streets of the port became a heaving sea of vehicles and men. The holiday trams, with their open-air platforms, which once rocked gaily through the blitzed thoroughfares, had ceased running. Columns of marching troops—British and American—cargo trucks, tank wreckers, DUKWS, guns, ambulances, prime movers, trailers and tanks poured in a steady stream from every direction, all headed for the quay. A thousand civilian stevedores and a thousand British army stevedores manned the piers. Buses moved an American Negro port battalion of stevedores from the billeting area to the docks.

When the port-battalion men were ordered to fall out in the compound that morning, Bulldozer knew that the show had started. He had played professional baseball, and it felt like the ninth inning. He was playing second base; there were two outs, with a man on third, and the ball was knocked to him. Would he get it? He was one of 21 men working a hatch into which a vehicle—truck or tank—had to go every 20 minutes. The port would be loading thousands of vehicles. There were acres of jeeps alone that would have to go down the hatch. Bulldozer hoped that he remembered his safety rules and proper slinging. "I hope the crowd doesn't see me do anything wrong," he thought.

He wondered about the guys on each side of him. They were keyed up and tense. He himself was scared, sure. The sergeant was grinning with excitement. He could do some good GI bitching, but when the boys got choked up, his silly jokes would get them going right again. They wanted it now.

At the gate, the MP gave the signal, and the bus of army longshoremen left the compound and joined the parade of mechanized armor to the wharves. The men were obviously relieved, and were laughing and singing. There were shouts of "Noah's Ark" and "Invasion from Mars." It was odd, but it reminded Bulldozer of an incident in his childhood. The Barnum and Bailey Circus had come to town and there was a procession past his house. It had seemed to continue all day. There were men dressed in the costumes of the Crusades and the Norman Conquest. The elephants looked fatherly and kind, and Bulldozer distrusted the chattering monkeys, who were like some kids he knew, but when the lions and tigers began to roar, he let out a wail and departed in headlong flight. His father had told him that the circus never visited the same street twice, and since the street represented the limits of his child's world, he was resigned to accepting this pilgrimage of beasts and history as a unique event in his life.

THE bus rumbled on to the docks. D-day was now several minutes old. Many different types of craft were milling about in the harbor. The berths in the port were filled with loading ships, half of which would sail that day. Liberty ships, which were allocated to this port every day, loaded hundreds of vehicles on an eight-hour schedule. Coasters moved from berths out into the stream. LSTs and LCTs (landing ship tanks and landing craft tanks) were loading right on the three cement hards. LCIs (landing craft infantry), hospital ships, and MTLs (motor towboats large) were coming into the harbor from all the neighboring waterways.

Bulldozer had been unemployed after 1929 and had spent most of his time in Manhattan at the Battery, with a nickel bag of peanuts, watching the shipping. But this concentration of craft far exceeded anything he had ever seen in the port of New York.

Planes zoomed overhead. The "Red Ball Express," a high-priority cargo carrier with blood, was one of the first craft to clear the port. From the direction of the mouth of the harbor there was the noise of anti-aircraft and the crash of exploding bombs. Bulldozer remembered the warning—that this port would be wiped out. Two flak ships lumbered off. Some crippled invasion craft, carrying casualties, were being towed back to the hards by tugs. At the water front, ambulances drew up before the medical tents. They expected to lose part of the cargo; Bulldozer couldn't guess the human percentage. There was a terrific blast down at the island, as the flak ships let go. The noise itself, Bulldozer agreed, was enough to shake the confidence of any snooping Jerry.

As George, the infantryman, marched up the main street of the port, it reminded him of 42nd St. & Broadway at five o'clock in the afternoon. Then it reminded him of other things. He missed the English girls who should have been there, racing past on bicycles, pulling their skirts down over their knees. He moved on to the docks, through the mobile jigsaw puzzle that General Ross's Transportation Corps had set in motion.

George had been on the move since dawn. In the early morning drizzle the news that they were leaving the Marshalling Area had evoked feelings similar to those the Thanksgiving Day game with New Utrecht High School used to at home. A chill November wind had raked the gridiron and he had had to urinate badly; then suddenly the whistle blew, and he had the ball and he forgot all about it.

George had entered the Marshalling Area a couple of weeks before. He smiled ruefully when he reflected that in comparison with this the Staging Area in Virginia had merely been a dress rehearsal. Here, as an infantryman, he formed part of a tactical team, which was assembled to perform a particular mission, and which included medics, engineers, signalmen, and sappers to go ashore with the infantry to get mines out of the way. There was even a soldier with a huge cage of fluttering and excited pigeons, the size of whose enclosure testified to the Lebensraum essential to the birds' life.

Normandy-bound, these GIs crowding into an assault barge are ready for anything.

George's unit was briefed, given all the information—what units would be on their right and left flanks. He was taught as much as possible to be on his own.

When George reached the hards, he looked dirty, tired, and—strong. With the weird camouflage net on his helmet, the bandoleers of M1 ammunition slung over his shoulder, and the grenades suspended from his neck, he looked deadly—built to kill. In front of George stood Mike, a veteran of Tunisia, North Africa, and Sicily. He chewed gum incessantly. He was leery of his fourth D-day; he had seen too many old soldiers die.

George found his thoughts revolving chiefly around home. He remembered the morning of his departure for the Army. His mother had wept silently, pressing her handkerchief to her mouth. His father had smiled wryly. At the station, a mother and a wife alternately embraced each other, like mechanical toys, their bodies and faces rigid with grief. George had determined that he did not think much of a race which asserted its mastery by making women and helpless old men cry. He had since spent two white, barren Christmases away from home. He had lain around the Red Cross clubs in London, too homesick to move, studying the faces of the Joes sullen with misery.

THERE was no waiting at the hards, as indeed there had been no waiting anywhere along the way. Weeks previously the distances that Ship Loads had to traverse from the Marshalling Area to Embarkation Points had been clocked off to the fraction of a second. Now the craft, in which George took his place, had to gauge the hour of its arrival in France to coincide with the influx of the tide, or the whole voyage might prove fatal.

The men sat silently in the boat. They were overtrained, lethal, and just did not know the word defeat. They only knew that the longest way around was the shortest way home, and they were anxious to get going.

"Homesick?" said George.

"Country sick," replied Mike, the acid kid. "I'm sick of England."

It was moving day in the forward dump for the attack on Hitler's fortress in Europe. The biggest job of coordination that the world has ever known was under way. Thousands of things had to happen at a certain time, things which, if they did not happen, would delay the entire movement. Every damned depot had to be emptied of ammunition, supplies, food, petrol, and men, and funnelled through ships to give preponderance in fire power and man power and to smother resistance on the other side.

Despite enemy action, the program of ships sailing every day was rigidly adhered to.

Bulldozer and his port-battalion mates, who normally worked many hours a day, toiled even longer hours and increased their pace in order to assure a quicker turn-around of the vessels, to compensate for the irreparable destruction of ships and berths. As George's craft rounded the island, he became part of a moving bridge of ships and men straining towards the Continent.

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64 HOURS of BATTLE

From the deck of the destroyer USS Doyle, this reporter watched for nearly three nights as the grim drama of D-Day unfolded on the American beachhead. Minesweeping, shelling of enemy positions, landings, air raids, torpedoes—he saw them all. It was only when the Doyle began running short of ammunition that the crew returned to England, and a few hours of rest.

By TOM BERNARD, Sp.(x)1c USNR
YANK Navy Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN THE CHANNEL—She was the USS Doyle, a 1650-ton American destroyer with a combat record as unblemished as that of a San Diego boot. And there she was—two-and-a-half hours before H-Hour of D-Day—steaming at five knots along the Normandy coast, escorting a flotilla of minesweepers that were clearing the way for the vast armada of landing craft yet to come. She was a prime target for coastal batteries, but she drew no fire—then.

Since midnight we had watched the prelude to the big show from the Doyle's bridge. First came the Pathfinders. Then, for a few minutes until the bombers went to work, chains of flak ripped the sky. I watched five separate air attacks, each lasting not more than ten minutes. By the time they were finished, there was not a single burst of anti-aircraft fire—just the brilliant glow of roaring flames consuming enemy positions.

The Channel having been safely swept and the sweeps having moved back out to sea, the Doyle—with the Emmons, the Harding, the Corry and others of their class—formed in a line abreast and moved slowly towards shore again. This time they were moving in to attack. Behind them were a pair of French cruisers and those venerable American battleships, the Arkansas and the Texas, all ready to thunder an announcement of freedom to the French who, for four years, had been under the Nazi heel.

Layers of orange streaked the pre-dawn blue of the sky, giving the enemy enough light by which to aim. He aimed and fired. Fittingly, one of the French cruisers returned the first salvo. Then the invasion was on.

The Doyle had been assigned two targets—the first a 125-yard stretch of cliff on which were ensconced five pillboxes, two machine gun nests, and two concrete shelters probably containing 88mm. guns all of which she must neutralize before H-hour; the second another strongly fortified position up a winding draw. But these assignments had to wait. German 155mm. rifles, far on the left flank, were pumping shells around the pre-invasion task force, raising towers of foam ominously close.

The Doyle's five-inch guns were silent for twelve minutes, and then they started smashing away at the casemated 155's. Smaller shore pieces, including entrenched French 75's, barked from the coast dead ahead. Although heavy, the enemy fire was generally inaccurate and short. One dropped 200 yards ahead of the Doyle's bow; others fell closer to other ships. I saw only one ship hit—a destroyer which took a light shell on its No. 2 gun mount. Its other guns fired a few more rounds, and then it turned and went out to sea.

Because the 155's were the worst menace to the forthcoming landings, the Doyle ignored her primary targets until the big guns seemingly were silenced. Then she went to work on her first objective, scoring repeated direct hits and putting the position out of action.

SQUADRONS of medium bombers roared overhead, dropping their high explosives on deep woods and on the beach. One stick fell short and raised towers of water almost out to the line of ships.

A little fishing village was directly ahead as we moved in to a mile and a half, firing all the way. The Arkansas and the cruisers swung around to port and started belching flaming broadsides.

Rocket craft flashed salvos toward a hillside where they burst in a dancing carpet of flame.

By twenty minutes before H-Hour, a great curtain of smoke completely hid the assault beaches. Only the rocket flashes broke through. Lines of tiny landing craft moved in towards the beach and disappeared under the smoke to our right. That was all we saw of H-Hour of D-Day.

The 155's had suddenly returned to life and were proving stubborn opponents. The Doyle opened up on them again, and again silenced them for a little while. Because she would have to steam along in front of the line of bombardment ships and in the path of incoming landing craft to reach her second target, the Doyle gave it up to another destroyer farther to the right. Instead, she searched for targets of opportunity in her immediate area.

Reports came over the inter-ship communication system of the first ship casualty of the battle.

They were the song of death of a sister ship. Within a few minutes she was sinking slowly. Even the cruiser which had rushed to her aid could not help. HMS Beagle, a British destroyer, picked up the survivors.

While the Doyle was shelling pillboxes on the hillsides surrounding the fishing village, the men on the beaches were catching hell.

German troops had just started anti-invasion exercises in the area immediately behind this beachhead. That their maneuvers developed into the real thing undoubtedly surprised them, but it also made difficulties for the Americans landing.

On the beach nearest us, about a mile to the right towards the Cherbourg peninsula, we could see through the glass the assault troops being punished by machine guns enfilading the beach from the cliffs. Heavier guns were trained on tanks, which burst into flame. The Doyle was ordered to that beach to wipe out the counter-attack.

When we reached the beach there were burning tanks and fallen dead littering the sands. Several hundred men and some vehicles had moved along to the left under the shelter of cliffs. All landing craft but those damaged by shells had been withdrawn to sea.

By 11 a.m., we had moved to the right along the shore to another beach where more resistance was being met. First snipers and 88mm. guns drilled holes in LCIs and LCMs as they scraped on the sand. Infantrymen pouring from the ramps of the LCIs were cut down almost as they stepped ashore. Then, from well-concealed positions, the mortars started to work, looping medium and heavy missiles into the beachhead and turning the sand into a shambles.

From the Doyle's decks I could see the shells strike with the naked eye. First there would be a flash and then a puff of smoke which billowed into the sky. Several tanks and landing craft were burning at the water's edge. Through glasses, I watched troops jump from their boats and start running up the beach.

Evacuation of the wounded started. Two pharmacist's mates who had been aboard a Coast Guard LCI—Charles F. Mudgett, 24, PhMlc, USCGR, of Vineyard Haven, Mass., and Robert V. Miller, PhM3c, USNR, 18, of New Cumberland, W.Va.—brought a boatload aboard the Doyle.

"I hope and pray we can stay on here," said Mudgett.

Their LCI had reached the beach, but the Germans had opened fire just at that moment, hitting the ship with mortar shells on the conning tower, amidships, and at the water line.

"We were hit seven times before we abandoned her," said Miller. "Our mess cook had a leg blown off. A soldier took five pieces of shrapnel and I guess he'll lose an arm."

Mudgett and Miller assisted Lt. Donald T. Rendel, MC, USNR, of New York and Hammond, Ind., the ship's surgeon, dress the wounds of the casualties in the wardroom.

ON the bridge we listened to an Admiral who was commanding naval support gunfire. Over the inter-ships communications system he barked orders and pleaded with ships' captains to find the mortars and wipe them out. Hidden positions prevented the American ships from finding the enemy guns all that day, and the firing went on. Not until the next morning, when information came through from night reconnaissance parties, were the batteries silenced by the ships. One strong point, a German heavy piece mounted on a railway car, was destroyed by the battleship Arkansas.

We had our first narrow escape that afternoon. While searching for targets with the Emmons and

the Harding, the Doyle moved east of the beachhead towards the scene of the morning's scrap. One of the others opened up on what appeared to be a pillbox when suddenly, from an undetermined position, 88mm. shells started bursting astern of her. The Doyle hastened in to assist. Her five-inch batteries were turned on other concealed pillboxes which had been previously attacked but which might have been refortified. At this point, the enemy battery turned its attention to us.

Its first salvo fell astern but it soon obtained more accurate range. For a frightening two minutes it pumped shell after shell within bare yards of us. Two screamed between the Doyle's stacks and crashed into the water 25 yards off our starboard beam. Others whistled overhead in a nerve-wracking whine. Our guns continued to fire.

The three destroyers worked slowly along the shore, plastering every grove of trees, every battered emplacement, every visible gulley and hole in the cliffside—everything that might conceivably hide enemy guns.

The Doyle drove two men across a field with shells bursting mere yards from their tails. With her 40mm. guns she knocked out a 90mm. gun emplacement near the fishing village. She repeatedly hit several pillboxes which had been bombarded earlier in the day. She hurled several rounds into the town proper.

The men of the Doyle were weary. They had been at General Quarters for 28 hours without sleep. That night they hoped to get a few hours "sack duty" at least. But it was not to be.

Just before midnight, low-flying enemy planes sneaked through the fighter screen and made a harassing but ineffective attack on the beach and the mass of ships. They dropped 500-pounders among the ships and at least two sticks along the sand.

One ME110, scooting along barely over the ships' masts, aimed a 500-pounder at the Doyle but missed by 125 yards. The ship shuddered and rolled but suffered no damage.

Jerry came over again just before dawn, but again did little more than annoy the men and ships.

D-plus-one was an entirely different matter. The ships opened up at dawn and by noon had the enemy reeling. There were few strong points left, and troops, tanks, and supplies were moving into the beachhead in force. Infantry units were fanning out over the higher land back of the beach, mopping up the Germans "on maneuvers."

The Doyle regained contact with her Shore Fire Control Party, which consisted of one Army and one Navy officer and twelve EMs and whose purpose was to select inland targets and to radio range and bearing to the ship. The party had not been heard from for twelve hours. We thought they were dead.

SFCP had not reached its intended position, but it could still call targets. Three times the Doyle opened fire, twice on German troop concentrations, once on a command post. Each time the word came back: "Mission completed."

By nightfall the Doyle had fired double the amount of ammunition she had fired the day before, hitting mostly at targets which impeded the advance of troops. Again she pounded the fishing village, assisted by dive bombers which roared down on enemy troops quartered in the town.

THAT night will probably go down as the most hectic in the Doyle's career. It started with another air raid, as the destroyer put out to sea on orders to patrol the Channel. Then came a "positive underwater contact" and the Doyle raced off to investigate a possible submarine. It turned out to be the sunken hull of a bombed ship.

GQ was relaxed and half the crew was permitted to sleep where they could—on the decks, curled around stanchions, under gun mounts, any place. But the respite lasted only twenty minutes. The raiders came again.

A warning was shouted over the inter-ship. There was a huge splash nearby. Opinion was divided as to whether it was an aerial mine or a glide bomb.

For an hour and 40 minutes the Doyle cruised quietly off shore. Then the enemy struck again.

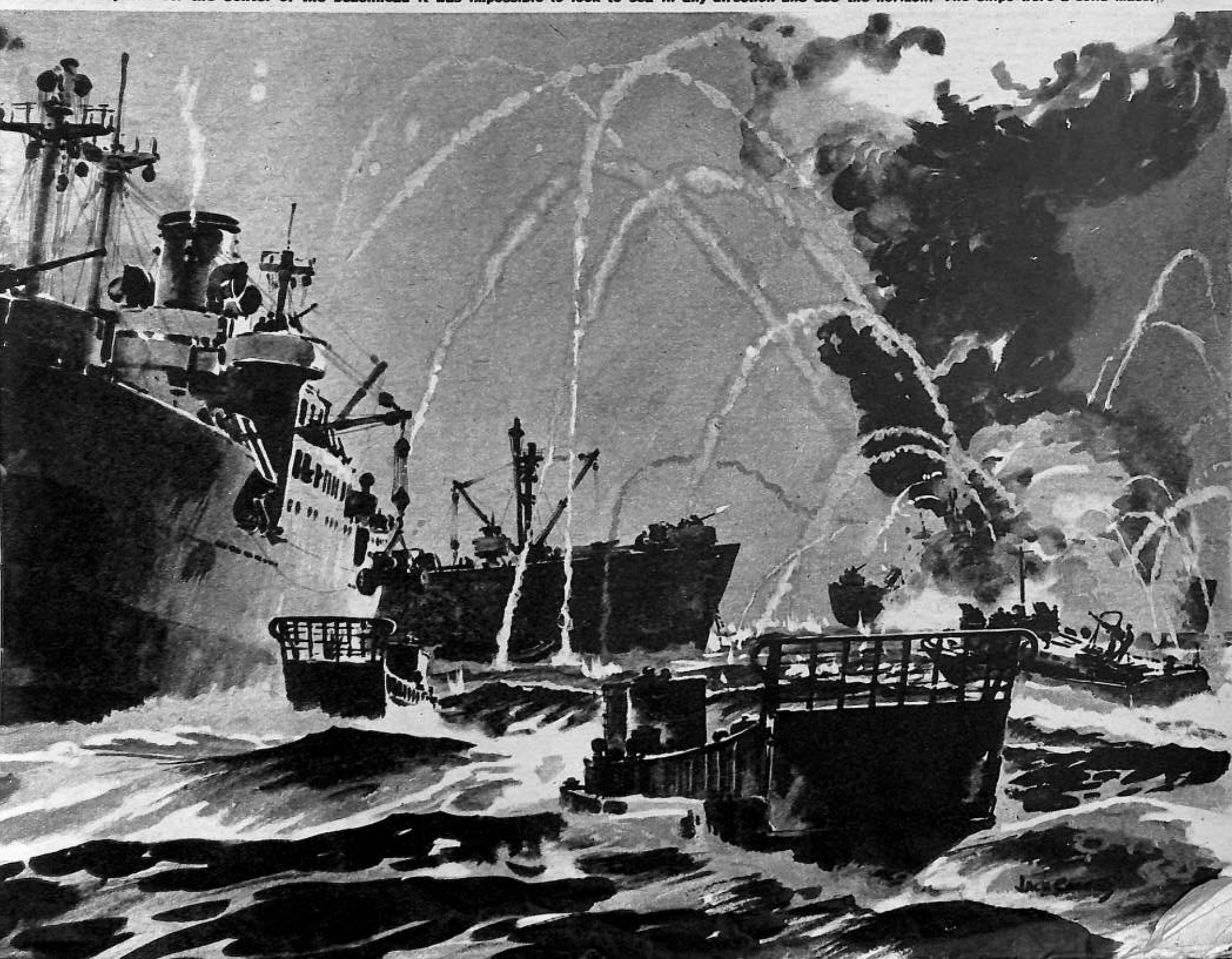
The port bridge wing lookout yelled: "Torpedo wake!" Then he almost screamed it. We took evasive tactics, and watched three fast wakes coming down the path of the rising moon. The Doyle paused as they passed, as if expelling a huge sigh of relief along with her men.

The rest of the night was uneventful. The Doyle went out to sea and picked up a convoy, bringing it into the beachhead at dawn. From a command ship, the Doyle picked up a rear-admiral and a major general who had been on a special mission up to the front lines. They wanted to see the beachhead and the destroyer gave them a Cook's tour, starting on the easterly end and working up towards Cherbourg.

As the Doyle neared the beachhead, she found progress more difficult. She had to thread her way cautiously between ships and small craft constantly streaming back and forth. From a point off the center of the beachhead it was impossible to look to sea in any direction and see the horizon. The ships were a solid mass.

After the tour, the Doyle headed through the transport area and out into the Channel, where her engines rushed her along at more than 30 knots. She was going back to England for more ammunition—and for rest after 64 hours of battle.

From a point off the center of the beachhead it was impossible to look to sea in any direction and see the horizon. The ships were a solid mass.



High-Low ★★ D-Day Bombing

Both flying gunners passed mid-Channel naval traffic "like Times Square" on D-Day.

By Sgt. SAUL LEVITT
YANK Staff Correspondent

ENGLAND—You had to keep reminding yourself on the afternoon of June 6, 1944, that this day was something special and enormous. After all, the machinery that moved American Forts and Libs out of England and over Fortress Europa is no new thing, but an established and finished apparatus. Its movement from briefing to takeoff, bombing, return and late chow for the crews is something classic.

D-Day did not change the routine.

D-Day for the Eighth Air Force was a day of bombardment across the Channel in France, the same kind of bombardment that had been going on for a long time. The commanders and Operations officers and pilots of the Eighth Air Force are veterans. D-Day or not, Major Roy W. Forrest, a squadron commander at one of the bases covering "our friends on the ground," was relaxed, although busy, at operations with his feet perched on the desk; the ground men went through the thorough checking of aircraft; the pilots moaned about lack of sleep and long flying hours and got ready for another takeoff.

Captain S. L. Burr, the briefing officer, busy giving bombardiers the detailed breakdown of the afternoon's target, asked about the chow he had missed at noon, and stared sadly at his quick-lunch jam sandwich.

At the briefing there was only one new touch—a bomb line; i.e., a line roughly outlining the area inland from the enemy coast which Allied penetration should have covered by H-Hour plus on D-Day.

"You will not," said Captain Burr, "under any circumstances drop your bombs within the bomb line."

Out on the stand the newer silver and the older green-painted Forts waited for another raid. The pilots in the officers' lounge listened intently to a radio speaker talking an awful lot about D-Day but saying very little. The pilots were very interested even though they themselves were going to fly today and were in effect part of the invasion operation. They listened to somebody off in London giving them the low-down.

They made a lot of interesting comments while waiting for the afternoon raid. They said: "I called Calais 1 and 2, but was told the telephone line wasn't quite ready yét," and "It's dangerous ditching in the Channel today. There's no room in the water."

They had nothing much to say about the early morning raid. There had been ten-tenths cloud cover. On the way back, landing barges and naval craft had been seen in the Channel through a break in the clouds.

There was a young Chinese-American pilot from California in the officers' lounge, Lt. Dong Ong, for whom this afternoon of D-Day would provide his No. 1 or entry mission into the European Theater of Operations. His crew called him "Swede" and they stood around him before the mission showing a great deal of affection and respect for this stocky, amiable young pilot who would command them in action.

Lt. Col. Chester C. Cox, of Superior, Wis., strolled around Operations with his hands in his pockets. This morning, flying in the lead ship of the earliest formation of American heavy bombers to cross the enemy coast on D-Day, had given him the honor of being the first U. S. heavy bombardment pilot to drop bombs in direct support of landings in France. The event had taken place at 0700 this morning, but other mornings Col. Cox had seen more flak, more enemy fighters, and more merry hell than he had seen today. He was taking it easy.

But the man who was really taking it easy today was Lt. Robert H. Thompson, who had finished a tour of duty on D-Day's morning raid. The lieutenant had started with Berlin. He'd been over Berlin eight times, and had gradually worked his raids closer to the French coast, ending up with a raid on France on Invasion Day. This was the reverse of the tour of duty when the Forts began to fly in November, 1942. You began at the coast in those days and worked into Germany.

D-Day wasn't a good day for flying. There were clouds, and very late in the day there was rain. Carefully controlled, but nevertheless very real, were the signs of a sense of responsibility towards the men storming onto the French beaches. Short of a typhoon, the weather would not stop flying. At the briefing at 2100 hours the night before, they had been told the next day was invasion and there had been one long burst of cheering and then back to the business-like routine of plane checkup, takeoff, and bombing. The ground crews worked with a little more zest than usual. For more than a year now they had loaded bombs and checked engines and guns and nothing to show for it except what it said in the papers. But this invasion made a milestone in two long years of bombing. It was as if the pin-ups in the barracks were beginning to stir out of their paper frames and would soon talk for real in the accents of the girls back home.

At 2 o'clock there was a briefing; at 3 o'clock the mission was scrubbed; at 4.30 it was on again, leaving your chow halfway down your gullet. It might be D-Day, but it was just like any day at an airfield.

I was assigned to the crew of Lt. James J. Gabler, of Pittsburgh, Pa. At the ground-crew tent the flyers sat around and gassed with mechanics. One of the ground crewmen is 43 years old and Lt. Gabler, squinting out at the clouded sky, said, "I wish I was 43 right now," and moved around trying to imitate someone with St. Vitus's dance but fooling nobody, for he is a big, healthy-looking young man.

WE took off at 1720 hours of a cloudy day and climbed up through the overcast to join our formation, which was led by Col. William B. David. Everything was shipshape except that you couldn't see much through the overcast and everyone aboard was very much interested in what "our friends" were doing downstairs. Through an occasional break in the sky we could see the Channel. Over France was revealed the mystery of no flak and no enemy fighters. Moving into our target we could see smoke columns and fires clearly visible below, although you couldn't tell if they were the result of off-shore shelling or bomb damage. The navigator, 2nd Lt. David L. McGee, handed over a pair of binoculars and the fires really stood up big through the glasses.

We dumped our load, and the bombardier, Lt. Harry M. Hill, looked satisfied and relaxed. Lt. Gabler, the pilot, sounding slightly bored, asked his radio operator, T/Sgt. John T. Middleton: "See if you can find out anything about this invasion on the radio."

"I'll see what Jerry has to say," said the radio operator.

On the way home we followed the most ambitious traffic pattern ever conceived for aircraft. For, in effect, the all-day trains of aircraft at all levels from England to France and home again meant a careful "all-the-way-through" pattern that would not crowd the air over England to a danger point. So we swept wide on the return, making it a long trip home.

There were broken clouds below us and through them the first real glimpse of invasion. You could see miles-long columns of ships moving like herds across the water. Long streamers of gray gun smoke lay near the water.

We were above the overcast and letting down very slowly. The props of No. 1 and No. 2 whirled in the sunlight, but Nos. 3 and 4 were caught in the evening dusk; over on the right the moon was up above the clouds. We let down through the clouds. The bombardier dozed off.

Rain and almost night now. Another huge flotilla was moving toward the enemy coast below us. We looked down and could see them and we knew the men were looking up at us. We had nothing to say to them, except that perhaps it was understood between us that there is a thing called "air support."

We were over England. Somewhere a light flashed a welcome mat for returning planes. We set down nicely at the home base at 0010 hours of June 7 or ten minutes after D-day was finished. In the rain and cold wind we asked one of the ground mechanics, "What's happening?"

"Churchill spoke, there's been hymns and prayers, and casualties are not as heavy as they expected," he said, and got to work on the Fort. The interrogation was smooth and over with quickly. One of the nurses grabbed hold of a gunner who had hurt his head in the flight by banging into something in the waist and ran her fingers through his hair to find the wound, scolding him like his big sister.

Everybody was off to bed because today had meant fifteen hours of flying. Lt. Gabler said before going off: "If you want to really do a job, why don't you come along with us to Berlin sometimes?"

Two YANK correspondents flew as gunners with the 8th and 9th Air Forces on D-Day. Sgt. Saul Levitt went with the Forts above 5,000 feet. Sgt. Walter Peters went with the A-20s, as a tunnel gunner, below 5,000 feet. Both these men, who have many combat missions to their credit, tell their stories on these pages

By Sgt. WALTER PETERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

AN A-20 BASE, ENGLAND—Inside the hut, in a small ante-room, a little group of men stood before the large maps of France on the wall. Outside the room, a white-helmeted MP, with an air of great importance, watched carefully to see that nobody but authorized persons could enter. For many days now the MP had been standing guard in that same position, the same look on his face, the same scrutinizing eyes. Prior to this particular morning, only the colonel and his immediate staff members had been allowed to enter the little room which the men of the Group called the Second Front Room. Now there were the colonel, his staff, and the box leaders and their deputies—men who were to lead the Group over the target in support of the ground troops already in France.

"Well, gentlemen," said the colonel, "this is it."

Col. Preston P. Pender, of Hendersonville, N. C., the CO of the Group, didn't elaborate any further. To the men around him it was quite obvious what their chief meant by *this is it*. For months now the men of the Group had been sweating and fighting in flights over "secret" targets in Northern France—secret targets whose bombing they understood to be the prelude to the invasion of the Continent. The more they bombed these "secret" targets the more they wondered if D-Day would ever come. Now they no longer wondered. It was here.

"The Huns," said a lieutenant colonel, "are expected to rush troops here (pointing to a spot on the map) and we have got to attack at these crossroads at exactly ——hours."

The men looked at their watches. There was a slight pause.

"Christ," said a major, "that doesn't give us much more than a half-hour for takeoff."

"Yes," said the lieutenant colonel, "maybe thirty-five minutes at most. Bomber Command says you will fly at ——feet."

A pilot with first-lieutenant bars on his collar protested. "Hell, that's suicide," he said.

Another lieutenant interrupted. "No, no," he said. "It'll be all right. Anyway, there's not a damn thing we can do about it. The men are in there and we've just got to do the job."

The lieutenant colonel continued. "Whether you fly at ——feet or ——feet depends on the weather over there."

There was a slight recess. The lead fliers began to discuss the invasion of France in general terms. The officer who had said, "Hell, that's suicide," laughed aloud. It wasn't a forced laugh. You could see it was genuine right to the wrinkles on his forehead. "Dammit," he said. "We'll probably get home for Christmas yet."

In the crew room, about ten minutes' walk from the secret map room, other flying officers and their EM gunners stood around in little groups. Some sat, two in a chair. The place was heavy with smoke, loud with conversation.

"We want a 48-hour pass in Paris," one of the guys said.

"I like French wine," said 1st Lt. Walter Conner, a pilot, from Lexington, Ky.

"And I want to see the Arc de Triomphe," said 2nd Lt. William W. Deane, of Washington, D. C., pilot of the A-20 *Terry K.*, named after his daughter.

"And I want to see Hitler—dead," said S/Sgt. Eugene B. Nelson, Detroit tunnel gunner.

"And," said another sergeant sourly, "who the hell doesn't?"

Peeps, trucks and trailers raced along the roads leading to the hardstands, at speeds that violated all post regulations. MPs drove by, too, slowly and showing no inclination to chase traffic violators on the morning of D-Day. The trailers were filled with mechanics and other ground personnel. In the trucks and peeps were flying men, hurrying to their planes.

By a ship called *The Avenger*, a truck stopped and discharged the plane's pilot, 1st Lt. Gilbert L. Farr, of Sturgis, Mich.

Farr collared his crew chief, T/Sgt. James M. McDonough, of Scranton, Pa., and went into a huddle with him. Suddenly he stopped talking and, grinning, nodded his head approvingly at the slogans the armament men had painted on the bombs. They read:

"Down with the Hun!"

"——on Hitler!"

Somebody had even taken the occasion to extend personal greetings. "Love to Adolph, from Annie and Janie Fowler," was written on one bomb.

Farr introduced me to his crew—Lt. Morris Rafalow, a former Bronx salesman, now a bombardier-navigator; S/Sgt. Neicy Clopton, top-turret gunner from Henderson, N.C.; and S/Sgt. Nelson, the tunnel gunner from Detroit.

"The colonel said Peters will fly in your place on this one," Farr told Nelson.

Nelson looked at me; rather enviously, I thought.

"Just what I've been waiting for," he said. "Well, anyway, good luck."

In a way, I felt like a heel.

THE engines began to turn over boisterously. There wasn't the usual time allotted for warming up. In less than five minutes *The Avenger* taxied toward the long runway and a few minutes later it was taking its place in the formation.

There was no time to lose on this mission. Hitler's armies might well be driving over those crossroads toward the beachheads at this minute. This was not just an ordinary mission. It was the beginning of a mission that some day might end all combat missions.

"There's London," Rafalow announced, over the inter-com.

I glanced down. The acres of buildings looked quiet and peaceful.

"You'd almost think there wasn't a war on," Clopton said.

A few minutes later his voice came over the inter-com again, but this time it was high-pitched with excitement. We were over the English Channel where it was quite obvious that there was a war on. "By God, look at the ships!" he yelled.

It was a sight never to be forgotten. The navies of the world seemed to be concentrated in the Channel that day. For miles, you could see ships, like spots of pepper in a light soup. There were ships passing each other like traffic on Times Square during a pre-war holiday week-end. Those heading back seemed to be travelling faster. Maybe the fact that they had already unloaded their cargo was the reason for the speed. Major Arthur Milow, of Omaha, Neb., flying in one of our lower elements, reported that he actually saw men standing side by side on ships heading toward the French coast. The England-bound ships, Milow observed, were empty.

"About two more minutes before we hit the French Coast," Farr announced. I checked my watch. I grabbed the camera as I noticed a large warship below, apparently belching out hot lead and smoke at the Coast. But, on second thought, I put aside the camera and held on to my calibre .50 a little more fondly.

Now we were over the French Coast. Peering through binoculars, I could see no sign of life anywhere. There were the little French farm houses and long, white roads without traffic. We passed over the flooded section. Then over enemy land again.

Just at the tip of the peninsula, there were great columns of smoke, maybe about 3,000 feet high. Some of the other planes had been over that area shortly before. We wondered if it had been the heavies that we had seen heading for the English side of the Channel.

OUR plane began to weave. Other planes did the same. We were on the bomb run now and Jerry was shooting flak at us. There were two bursts to one side. Big black stuff that broke off in small raggedy pieces, shooting all over the sky and cutting like a razor. But we were enjoying a holiday compared to the elements below ours.

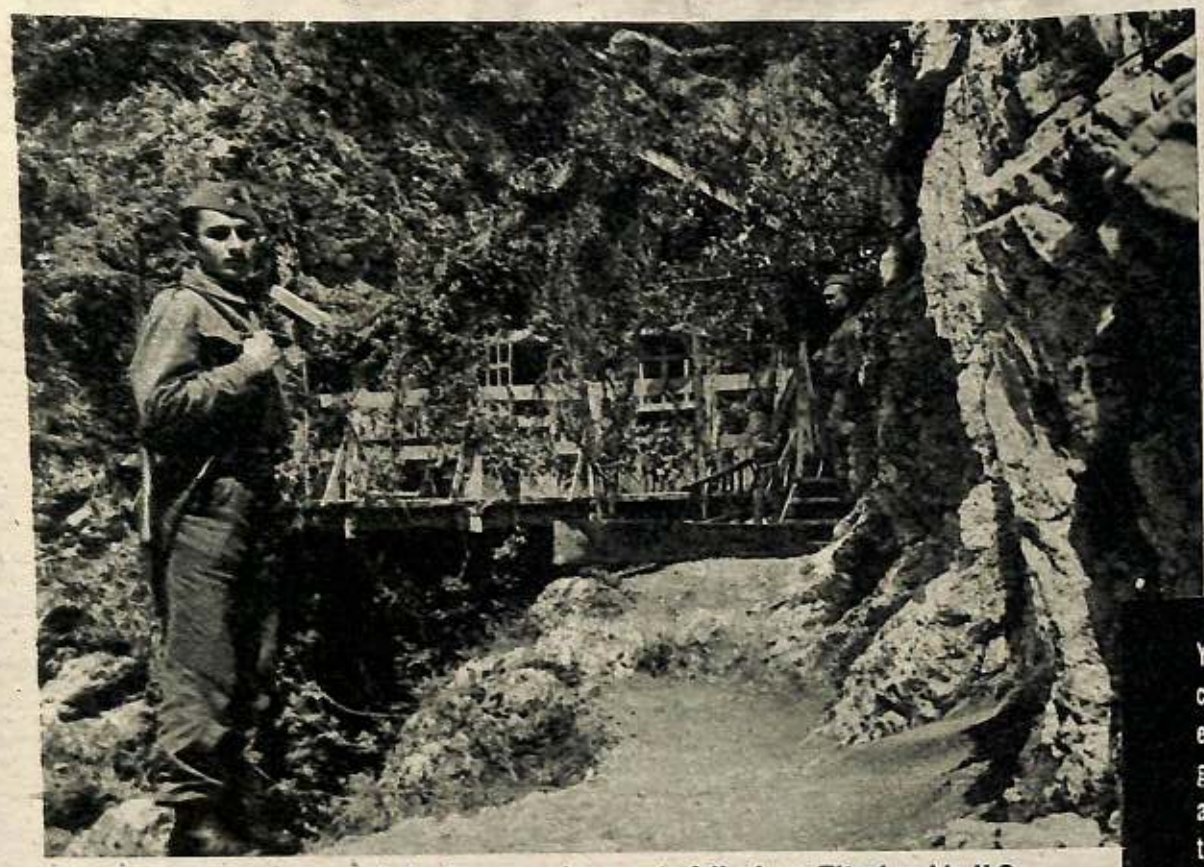
"My God, look at the stuff!" Major Milow yelled over the inter-com.

His box was far below ours. Maybe about 3,000 feet from the ground; rich gravy for enemy anti-aircraft batteries. There was no use for the Major and his box to take evasive action. There was no room to evade the stuff. The flak bursts were everywhere, like raindrops in a heavy spring shower.

"It was more concentrated than a ring of water," the Major said later.

One of the planes in the lower box went down. Others, a little luckier, began to limp toward home with battle damage.

On the way back from the target, everything looked peaceful again. There were the little French farm houses and long, white roads, still appearing deserted. Then there were a couple of fields in which there appeared to be glider planes. Off in another field were large dots of a variety of colors. They were the parachutes discarded by the paratroopers who had landed hours before. We took a last look. We felt that those parachutes didn't look too good for the Hun.



Two Partisan soldiers guard the house under a waterfall where Tito has his H.Q.

YANK's Sgt. Walter Bernstein was the first correspondent from an English-speaking country ever to meet the Partisan leader, Marshal Tito. To get the interview, Bernstein walked for seven days across rugged Yugoslavian mountain country and through German-occupied territory, which at one point brought him under heavy German machine-gun fire. After Bernstein's visit, Tito was interviewed by John Talbot of Reuter's and Stoyan Pribichevich of "Time," representing the combined Allied press. Their stories were published while YANK's interview with Tito was being reviewed by the censors.

By Sgt. WALTER BERNSTEIN
YANK Staff Correspondent

PARTISAN HEADQUARTERS, SOMEWHERE IN YUGOSLAVIA— To reach Marshal Josip Broz—Tito—in his Partisan headquarters in Yugoslavia, it was necessary to hike by day and by night for what seemed like months, most of the time over mountains and part of the time through German-occupied territory. I can report this after walking from the Adriatic Coast deep into liberated Yugoslav territory to interview the Marshal, who has taken upon himself the job of freeing his country and establishing a federal democratic state. It is a tribute to Partisan strength and organization that the party I was in finally arrived more or less intact.

The interview took place at night in the house which Marshal Tito shares with other members of his staff. It was the first time any correspondent had been to Partisan headquarters and the first time Tito had been interviewed.

The location of the house naturally must be kept secret. The area is heavily guarded by tough Partisan soldiers who shoot first and ask questions afterwards.

I was conducted to the interview by a young Partisan lieutenant. The night was very black as we walked along an invisible path and I had no idea where we were going. Once we crossed a stream over a slippery log. Several times we were stopped by guards who appeared silently out of the dark. In the distance we could hear the roar of a waterfall. The sound grew louder as we walked and finally we could see the falls, a column of water churning white and phosphorescent in the night. Next to the waterfall was the house, its outline blurred against the overhanging mountain that protected it from air raids.

We walked up to the house. There were more guards at the entrance, young men with tommyguns over their shoulders and captured German pistols at their belts. The lieutenant conferred briefly with them and one of the soldiers went into the house. The rest of us waited outside. It was cold near the waterfall and spray fell all around like thin rain. Finally, the soldier came out of the house and led us around to the side. We walked on to a porch and stopped. The lieutenant knocked on the door, opened it and stuck his head in. Then he pushed it wide and stepped back and I walked in.

Marshal Tito was seated at a desk facing the door. He stood up when I entered. I didn't know whether or not to salute but he held out his hand and I shook that instead. He indicated a chair beside the desk. There was a huge dog that looked more like a wolf, sleeping by the chair. He stirred when I sat down but Tito spoke a few words in Croatian and the dog lay still again. Then Tito sat down.

He has one of the most impressive faces I have ever seen. It is Slavic, with wide cheekbones. It is a strong face, but not hard; its most striking quality is one you do not expect from the leader of such a bloody war, and that is kindness. It is a very kind face, almost gentle. The mouth is expressive, mobile without being loose. The nose is short and straight with a high bridge. It is difficult to tell the color of his eyes; they are deep set and wide apart, and the skin underneath is soft and a little pouchy from fatigue. His forehead is high—what people like to call an intellectual forehead—and his hair is abundant, brown with flecks of gray, combed straight back.

It is a sensitive and serious face, although it has humor. It is not young and it is a little tired as though the man had been working for many months with little sleep. But it is the face of a man who knows himself and the world around him. It could be the face of an artist or that of a great industrialist. And in a sense this man is both of these.

HE was wearing a gray uniform of heavy wool, simply cut from excellent material. His insignia were three gold quarter wreaths on a red rectangular tab on each side of his collar and a gold half wreath enclosing a star on the cuff of each sleeve.

The room was simple, small and square with a patterned red rug. The walls were covered with a kind of wrapping paper heavily seamed and reinforced with strips of some white material that looked like parachute silk. One wall was covered by a large map of Yugoslavia. In the corner was a pot-bellied stove, its pipe running out through the wall. There was a little furniture: a small table in a corner, four straight-backed chairs, a large flat desk facing the door and, behind the desk, a day bed with a dull, green flowered cover. At the head of the bed were two small tables, each with a radio. You could hear the dull roar of the waterfall, muffled but constant in the small room.

A young girl came in immediately after I had entered and sat down at the other side of the desk. Her name was Olga and she was an interpreter. Tito speaks fluent German and Russian but no English. The girl spoke English well, with a pleasant accent. The Marshal would look at her when he talked, then turn to me when he had finished. He talked softly and unhurriedly, without hesitation over what he had to say. As he talked he fingered some of the objects on his desk: a GI flashlight, a copy of *Essential English*, a case of British cigarettes. He smoked steadily, putting the cigarettes into a little holder shaped like a pipe. His movements were like his voice, deliberate and sure. His hands were small, stubby, his nails short and well-kept.

He gave the instant impression of being a leader. I had heard Allied officers referring to Tito as a "big man" and I could see what they meant. Looking at him and listening to him you could understand the miracle of organization that the Partisans have created: the formation first of a complete army, and now the composition of a state with all its components from absolutely nothing—and all this in the face of the most savage terror and treachery. This was the man who had organized a whole bewildered people into a new and powerful state. Knowing nothing about him, people have called him the "Mystery Man of the Balkans." But the only mystery seems to be why people knew nothing about him, why they had not been informed of this man earlier.

HE did not talk of his life, but it was in everything he said. He was born in a village near Zagreb in Croatia. His father was a peasant, a very poor one, and Tito became a metal worker. He was drafted into the Austrian-Hungarian army during the last World War and was captured by the Russians. After the October Revolution he asked to join the new Red Army and fought with it through the remainder of the civil war. Then he returned to Zagreb.

Because of his political activities he was arrested and spent four years in jail. When released he left the country and passed some years travelling around Europe. He was in Paris when the Spanish War broke out, but contrary to previous impressions he did not go to Spain to fight. He did, however, organize the large Yugoslav delegation that fought against the Fascists in Spain. When the Germans attacked Yugoslavia, Tito was already in Belgrade preparing to organize resistance.

Tito is married and has two sons. His wife is in Slovenia working with the Slovenian Committee of National Liberation. His 20-year-old son is a sergeant in the Red Army and a Hero of the Soviet Union. He received the decoration in the Battle of Moscow, losing a hand in the process. He is now in an officers' school in Russia. The other son, aged five, is in Yugoslavia.

Tito holds four positions in the new Yugoslav state. He is a member of the executive committee of *Avnoj*, which is their congress; he heads the National Committee of Liberation, which is the cabinet; and he is minister of war and commander-in-chief of the National Army of Liberation and the Partisan detachments.

He is deeply loved by the people of Yugoslavia, not only because he has led them well but also because he has fought and suffered with them. He is probably one of the finest strategists of this war, and he still goes to the front, especially during the German offensives.

THE cosmopolitan quality of Tito becomes more apparent the longer you are with him. Actually, he is an extremely sophisticated man. There are moments when he gives the impression that he could have been a fine actor; he carries himself with a flair and wears his uniform with dash. When he was hiding from the Gestapo in Belgrade or Zagreb, he dressed in his finest clothes and posed as a wealthy businessman, and got away with it.

Tito talked to me about America. He has a feeling for the United States that is characteristic of many Yugoslavs. It stems not only from blood ties with the thousands of Slavs who emigrated to America before the last war, but also from their innate love for democracy and their conception of the United States as a great democratic country.

Tito talked about how he had wanted to go to America when he was young, but was too poor to do so. He talked of the republican tradition in America and what an inspiration it has been to Yugoslavia. He deplored the idea prevalent in other countries that there is a civil war in Yugoslavia and emphasized

Marshal Josip Broz (Tito) outside his H.Q. with his favorite pet, a German police dog named Tiger.

TITO OF YUGOSLAVIA

in what they have done. He spoke particularly of the young girls in the army marching day and night over mountains and then going straight into battle. This is not something desirable in itself, Tito said; it is only necessary because other Yugoslavs ran away or refused to fight when the Germans invaded.

I asked about the treatment of prisoners. He said that only recently have the Germans agreed to recognize the Partisans as an army. Before that the Nazis called them bandits and executed all they caught. Now, they have been compelled, by the size and successes of the Partisans, to treat them as they treat prisoners from other Allied armies. Besides, the Partisans have been capturing too many Germans.

Tito leaned forward and emphasized here that there has never been an order from Partisan headquarters to kill prisoners, but it is a fact that the men do not take many. By this time they are a trifle bitter towards the Germans, especially after the enemy's habit of killing all the Partisan wounded they could find. Those that the Partisans do take are usually held for exchange. This goes only for the Germans. So far as the natives are concerned, the Ustachi and Croatian Fascists are beyond any rehabilitation and are usually shot. There are about a hundred thousand of these and they are occasionally too bestial even for the Germans.

The captured Chetniks first are offered a chance to join the Partisans. If they refuse, they are sent back to their homes with instructions to stay there and behave themselves. Many of these Chetniks are simply poor, ignorant peasants who were told they were fighting for the Allies. Most of them are glad to escape from the Chetniks and collaboration with the Germans, but some do return after being released. I was told of one Chetnik who was captured eleven times. I asked why they hadn't finally shot him. "Don't be ridiculous," the Partisans said. "We got eleven rifles from that man."

I asked Tito about the quality of Fascist opposition. He said the Germans are unpredictable—sometimes good and sometimes not so good. It depended on how much superiority they thought they had. They didn't like to fight at night, which was right down the Partisan alley. He said the Ustachi were good since they knew they would be killed if caught. The Bulgarians are also good. There is a Bulgarian corps fighting against the Partisans in eastern Yugoslavia and they are fierce fighters. The Chetniks are not so hot. There are only about 15,000 of them at this point and their numbers are dwindling rapidly. Unless they are bolstered by strong supporting forces of Germans or Ustachi they do not have much stomach for fighting, especially on even terms.

We talked about an hour and then it was time to go. The girl interpreter looked tired. Everyone I met at headquarters looked tired, which seemed natural under the circumstances. I stood up to go and Marshal Tito rose to shake hands again. He said that he hoped the American people would finally learn the truth about Yugoslavia. We stood for a moment without talking and then he said, half to himself: "Our people will continue to fight against the invader, no matter who he is, whether he is a German or a Chetnik or Ustachi."

We shook hands and I turned to go. I opened the door and the young lieutenant moved into the room, holding open the door. It was very dark outside. The noise of the waterfall was suddenly loud and the cool, wet spray drifted lightly into the room. Marshal Tito was still standing behind his desk as I went out. He is not a tall man, but he filled the room. Then the door closed.

the unity of the people against the Germans and the native Fascists.

He talked about the army proudly, with a deep sense of conviction and belief in the people who formed it. He pointed out that they have no problem of discipline; that they have succeeded in welding the different racial and religious elements of Yugoslavia into an harmonious whole that would continue after the war. He said that the major needs of the army are physical: food and tanks and anti-tank guns, and an air force of their own, no matter how small.

Tito emphasized that they have been receiving direct and valuable aid from the Allied air force, but he pointed out that there are many qualified Yugoslav pilots sitting around in Allied territory.

The food problem is the most pressing. They can continue to lift arms and ammunition from the Germans, but the army cannot function at its highest efficiency on half a loaf of bread per man per day. If they could get enough food for the army, the civilian population could somehow manage to feed itself. As it is, the civilians have given their food to the army and no one gets enough.

He talked briefly about the hardships of the people, speaking without sentimentality but with great pride

Remembering advice in basic training that your gun is your "baby," a literal-minded U.S. trooper with the advancing Allied Fifth Army in Italy trundles his 60 mm. mortar along dusty roads in a baby carriage.

Tank-destroyer and machine-gunner cooperate to blast out two Nazi battalions trapped in a tunnel during the Allied drive in Italy. The gunner is set to mow down Germans fleeing the accurate TD shelling.

Under guard of a watchful American soldier, this German trooper is headed for a prison camp behind the Fifth Army lines. He was among 3,000 Nazis nabbed in the first week of an Allied drive toward Rome.

Behind the third tank to enter Rome along the Appian Way was the jeep of Cpl. James O'Neill. The welcome he got from enemy snipers and overjoyed citizens, not to mention an imperturbable bartender wearing a monocle, is only part of the story. The rest is about GIs on the last long haul into the Holy City, and how one of them died within view of the city's towers.

By Cpl. JAMES O'NEILL
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE FIRST ARMORED DIVISION IN ROME (By cable)—It isn't a nice practice to write a story from the "I was there" angle, but this one will have to be done that way. Eight days ago I was in Teheran, five and a half hours ago I was in Naples, and tonight I entered the city of Rome under sniper and machine gun fire. I came in at 1930 hours with the spearhead of tanks from the First Armored Division, accompanied by riflemen.

How the jeep I was in, following a big Sherman III tank, arrived in this mad town filled with happy, hysterical people, snipers' fire, pretty girls, mine explosions and free wine is a weird tale.

We were talking about my plane ride from Iran, a major and I, when a corporal from the censor's office came in and told the Major our troops had entered Rome that afternoon. The Major, who happened to be my commanding officer, said, "I'd better get up there and find a press to print YANK on."

"I'd better get up there and find a story," I said.

By 1400 hours we were packed and the Major, Cpl. Sal. Canizzo, our driver and I were speeding up Highway 7, the famous Appian Way, on the road to Rome. The Major had decided to take Highway 7 because Sal had said that on the map it seemed the straightest and the easiest road to the Holy City. Sal Canizzo sure was right. The highway was in excellent condition and we moved towards the front quickly. We only slowed down in towns like Forma, Terracina and Cisterna. Here we had to pick our way through rubble-strewn streets. In the towns our road was bad enough, but the towns themselves were terrible; they were towns no longer, just endless blocks of lopsided masonry, war-dazed peasants, mangled trees and burned tanks. In every town there was the smell of death. You could tell the nearness of the war by that smell; the nearer we moved to Rome the stronger that smell became.

Until we hit Velletri there was very little traffic on the road, except for an occasional small convoy. But when we were about five miles out of Velletri the road became clogged with traffic—on one lane only, the northern bound lane that leads to Rome. Now we zoomed up the other lane, dodging in between trucks of a convoy whenever we spotted an MP.

We passed endless rows of crowded ammo trucks, gas trucks, ambulances, weapons carriers loaded with equipment and 6-by-6s filled with infantry-men. There wasn't a sign of the enemy. There was no gunfire of any kind, no planes, neither ours nor the enemy's, and not a sign of a foxhole or a tank. On this sunny afternoon the hustling, bustling column, noisy with yells and friendly curses, reminded me of the dinner-bound impatient crowds headed for home after a Saturday football game.

We sped through Albano, where the final push for Rome had started, and no sooner had we passed the quiet town than the whole scene changed. You didn't have to know much about war to sense that you were nearing the front. You could tell by the dust that now rose from the road like a giant smoke screen and obliterated the sun; you could tell by the absence of the vigilant MPs who up to now had been busily scooting our jeep back into the column.

And the column itself had changed. It now consisted of tanks, mostly heavies and mediums, and trucks mounted with heavy weapons. Straddled out in two single lines, fifteen paces apart on both sides of the road, were the infantry. Their faces were dirty from dust and partially covered by handkerchiefs that helped keep the stuff out of their mouths. The men walking up the road had their guns on their hips. Neither the riflemen nor the tank crews talked much; they just moved silently up the road.

Down the road from the north, bouncing and rattling and dodging mine holes, came a truck. In it, closely herded together, were Germans, guarded by a single MP, who held on to the tailboard of the careening truck with one hand and grasped his tommy gun with the other. The pace of the column had slowed down to a crawl. From up ahead came the sound of shellfire. The men on the road dove for the safety of an embankment and the tank crews halted and ducked into their turrets. Sal nudged the jeep over to an embankment and the three of us got out and lay down with the men on the side of the road. The shelling was over in five minutes—although it seemed like ages—and the column started to move again.

WE got back into the jeep and the Major looked at his map. For a moment he was silent, then taking off his helmet, he scratched his head and said: "It looks like that kid from the censor's office was wrong. We might end up selling these—" he pointed to the bundle of YANKS we had taken along to distribute in Rome—"to the Germans. Are you willing to go on?"

Sal Canizzo, an Italian boy with a terrible yen to get to Rome said, "Hell, yes," and I nodded my head indecisively. The Major took that for an affirmative answer, and, as the tanks started forward, the jeep moved on with them.

Soon the tanks stopped again and now our jeep was parked protectively behind the third lead tank. There was more fire. It was not the same kind of fire we had heard before; this had a whap

Welcome to ROME

instead of a whoosh to it. One rifleman came over to the car. He was a short, squat kid with a dark face. He was dirty and when he tried to smile you could see he was tired. "Hey, Yank," he said, pointing to the sticker on the jeep, "you're up pretty far to be getting autographs." He spied the bundle of magazines. "Can I have one?" he asked the Major. "Sure thing," the Major said. I reached down and handed him ten copies. He pulled a knife out of his hip pocket. "Wanna German souvenir, Bud?" he asked. Before I could reply he threw a dagger into the jeep and started across the road.

Just then there was another series of whaps. "Don't worry," said one of the infantrymen behind us. "That's just a couple of snipers in a farmhouse up ahead. We're gonna go up and get the bastards in a minnit!"

THE Appian Way at this point was a four-lane highway with a trolley line running down the middle. Through the dust you could see the city of Rome. And down the street, unmindful of the sniper fire, came the citizens of Rome, some of them carrying wine in jugs and bottles.

On the right side of the road, three or four dogfaces were talking to some of the wine-carrying civilians. Suddenly, there was a shot and one of the GIs fell over in the road. The civilians scattered and the GIs bent over their buddy. One of the crew of the lead tank yelled over to the crouching riflemen: "Is he hurt bad?" The little dark kid yelled back: "No, he ain't hurt—he's dead."

Now the tanks began to move again, and we decided to stay with them. We felt uneasy on the road, and nudged closely in behind the third tank. A second looey and a squad of riflemen started up the embankment towards the farmhouse from which had come the shots that killed the dogface.

We made the city this time. As we passed between two long rows of apartment houses that marked the outskirts of Rome, screaming, hysterical natives swarmed about the three tanks and our jeep. Some were laughing, some were crying and all of them wanted to touch us. One old lady kissed our jeep as if it had been her son. A dark-haired girl placed a rose over one of Sal's ears. Somebody threw a bunch of flowers into the car and before we could refuse we had two bottles of wine.

The tanks couldn't move without killing someone. I jumped out of the jeep and headed for the first tank, hoping to talk to the crew, but it was impossible. I got halfway up twice and was unceremoniously pushed off by the yelling crowd on it. Then I spotted an officer in the center of the road. He was trying to clear a path for the tanks.

He was a tall, thin-faced captain. "We're not supposed to stay here long," he said. "We're supposed to move up that road towards the Tiber, but these crazy people won't let us. They don't know it but they're holding up the war."

From somewhere came the whoosh of a shell from a self-propelled gun. I went back to the jeep to find that while I had been gone the Major had picked up an ex-colonel from the Italian Army. "We're going to his house for dinner," said the Major. It was a confusing ride. We would start up one street and meet a bunch of people at a corner. They would either climb all over our much abused jeep or scream something about "*Tedeschi*." This, Sal informed us, meant that there were still snipers up the street. After backtracking over half the city of Rome, we finally arrived at the colonel's home, a modern apartment building. We parked the jeep in the garage and locked it, and after fighting our way through the mob that had formed at the entrance, arrived at our host's apartment. There we were introduced to his wife, his mother, and two of his friends, a middle-aged married couple.

We had dinner that consisted of ham sliced thinner than a Walgreen Special, peas, fresh salad and white wine. We knew that food was scarce in Rome and went easy on the colonel's larder. Sal Canizzo's Jersey brand of Italian served to keep the conversation going. After dinner we took off with a volunteer guide for the Ambasciatori, the hotel at which we were to stay. Our guide found it easily and we went inside. There were no lights, as the Germans had knocked the powerhouse out of commission. At the desk we found the man in charge. He was a tall, thin man who spoke good English. He didn't seem to be ruffled by our presence.

"Aren't you surprised to see us?" we asked.

"No. We were expecting you, but not quite so fast," he said.

"Are there any Americans here?" we asked.

"Not yet," the man said, laughing quietly. "There were German officers in this hotel only an hour and a half ago."

A bellhop took us to our room. Sal and I shared a room with twin beds. He was asleep in five minutes, but at first I couldn't sleep. There was a lot of sniper fire, and with every shot I could picture some Kraut working his way towards our room. Soon the roar of tanks sounded from the street below, and I went out on the balcony. The tanks, I was glad to discover, were ours. For a minute or two, I watched them and then went back to bed. Soon the comforting roar of the tank engines made me drowsy. I remember thinking that this must all be a dream. And then I was asleep.

Early the next morning I went down to the bar and met Charlie Castellotti, a bartender who was famous in the Paris of the hectic twenties. Charlie, a dignified gent with a monocle, has two scrap books that contain practically every name in *Who's Who*, *Burke's Peerage*, and *The Blue Book*.

Over the bar hangs an autographed picture of Al Smith, which the famous New Yorker presented to Charlie. Charlie has been working at the Ambasciatori for the last nine years. He has seen a lot of Germans.

"They were sad," Charlie said of the German officers who were drinking at his bar a few hours before we arrived. "They have felt for a long time that you were going to take Rome."

There was a pretty girl sitting at the other end of the bar with a dark, beautiful cocker spaniel at her feet. I went over and petted the animal. "His name is Blacky," the girl said. "A German lieutenant gave him to me last night."

OUTSIDE, it was a warm, lazy day. The crowds were on the streets with their flags and their flowers and their wine. Every GI was surrounded by them and every vehicle smothered by them. The GIs were whizzing through town in jeeps with girls hanging on the sides, the GIs with flowers in their helmets and wine in their hands. On one of the main streets a water main had burst and four happy dogfaces were pushing each other into the growing pool. A large crowd gathered around and watched the horseplay and cheered whenever a soldier was thrown into the drink.

But all of the scene in Rome that day wasn't hysterical. Through one of the main streets, in a long, serious line, marched the infantry, on their way to the Tiber and the forward positions. On another street, tanks, trucks, guns and ammo rolled towards the front. A Sherman tank rammed into the cornerstone of a building to avoid hitting a crowd of celebrating Romans.

On one street a band of civilians, armed with guns and wearing red bands on their sleeves, stormed a radio station. They brought out the proprietor and, using their guns as clubs, beat the man to the ground and then carried him off yelling "*Fascisti!*"

Already an American flag had made its appearance. A bunch of young kids, brandishing German Lugers and driving a dilapidated Fiat, were zooming through the streets with it, yelling, "*Americano!*" and "*Liberato!*"

The pace was too fast. It would have to ease up. As Pvt. Charles Camp, of Dunbar, Pa., a rifleman who had fought from the beginning of the push to the very outskirts of the town, put it, "Comes the MPs and the Off Limit signs and this town will slow down."

HOW GIs IN ROME TOOK THE D-DAY NEWS

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ROME—A dogface in Rome on June 6 was a befuddled gent. He hadn't had time to get over the Fifth Army's historic and raucous entry into Rome when the biggest news of World War II, the opening of the second front, dropped like a bombshell on the local hysterical scene. We went out into the noisy streets after the astounding news came over the BBC radio and asked five such befuddled GIs this question.

"What do you think of the opening of the second front?"

First came Pvt. Robert J. Kinchen, an artilleryman with the 85th Division, from Verro Beach, Fla., where he raised oranges. Kinchen, who had been guarding a street since five in the morning, was tired, but anxious to give his two cents worth. He had first heard the news an hour before. Kinchen said:

"I didn't believe the news and I'm taking your word for it. I'm damned glad it finally came. For a long while, especially when we were at Anzio, we thought they'd never start it. I hope the boys don't meet much stuff when they hit shore. If the beachhead in France sticks I guess we'll whip the Germans before the year is out."

Pvt. Jerome B. Kern, an artilleryman from Detroit, was riding down a Rome street on a borrowed Italian bicycle.

"You're not kidding me?" he asked. "I heard it from an Eyetie, but these whacky people tell you anything today. If it's true, it sure is wonderful news. I don't mean to be selfish, but I hope it means we can relax a little. We had our guts full at Anzio and on the push to Rome. I've got two pals with the infantry there. I hope they get through okay."

Pfc. Bill Ellis, of the Field Artillery, was walking the street in search of some pals who had whipped off in a weapons carrier and had left Ellis stranded in the city and lost. He hails from Mobile, Ala. Ellis, like the two GIs above, was suspicious about the news.

"It sure is a hunk of news," he said. "I've been waiting for that news since North Africa and was about to give up. Rome and the second front will be too much for the Germans. I think we'll be going home in six months—I hope."

S/Sgt. Carl L. Johnson, from Minnesota, was parked in a jeep outside an office building waiting for an officer. Johnson was one of the rare GIs who had heard the news by way of the radio. He heard both the German and the BBC announcements. Said Johnson: "I got sort of a tickling sensation in my stomach when the announcer broke the news. I'm happy it came at such a swell time. I'd sure like to get over there. I can speak a little French and could make out okay with the women. I've not done so good here. The language has me whipped."

Pvt. Charles Camp, with the infantry, from Dunbar, Pa., is a 19-year-old kid with a tough outfit that fought like hell. Camp is the only guy left of a platoon that fought for 60 days.

"It's very good news," said Camp, "but I'm still happy about getting to Rome. I didn't think I'd make it. My heart is with the guys in France. I know what they're going through but I'm confident that they will push the Germans back just like we have here."

By Cpl. JAMES O'NEILL

1917 1942 YANKS

D-Day 1944 pulls the plug and the great military force that has been damming up in England since 1942 begins to funnel out across the Channel into Europe. Departures bring memories of arrivals and as this departure is different from any that has gone before, so our arrival here was unique in its way. Herewith, YANK presents a study in

GI, 1942 MODEL, IN THE FIRST PARADE IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER 2, 1942.

THE JANES GOT THEIR FIRST TOUCH OF SCOTCH FROM A BAGPIPE . . . . .

SIGHTSEEING AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE WAS A BIG THRILL IN 1942 . . . . .

WE CARRY A HEAVIER LOAD OF TOOLS AND EQUIPMENT WITH US THIS TIME . .

. . . THE JOES GOT THEIRS FROM A TEAPOT WITHOUT ANY KICK IN 1917.

. . . . . BUT BACK IN 1917 THERE WERE SPEECHES TO LISTEN TO.

. . . . BUT THE JOB WE HAD CONFRONTING US BACK IN '17 WASN'T AS BIG.

in the ETO

contrasts, photographs of Yanks in the ETO made in 1942 when the first American troops began pouring into the United Kingdom, and in 1917 when they were arriving for that other war. We liked England in 1917 and we liked it in 1942. We'll like France, too, sooner or later, in this summer of 1944.

THERE WAS WARMTH AND FRIENDSHIP IN THE WELCOME IN 1917 . . . . .

THE RED CROSS WORKERS AND THEIR TEA LOOKED GOOD IN 1917 . . . . .

PIPE THE LID FELLERS THE BOYS WERE PRETTY SHARP IN 1917 . . . . .

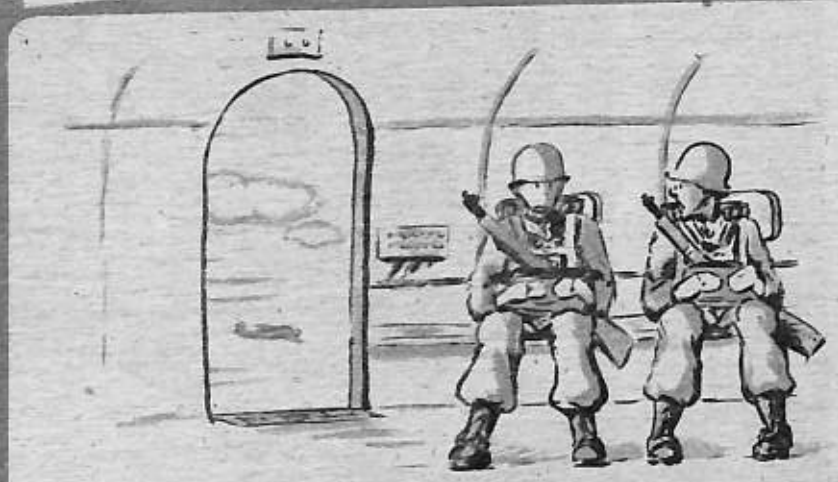
"GOT ANY GOOM. CHOOM?" AND THAT'S THE WAY IT STARTED ALL OVER AGAIN.

. . . . . AND VETERANS OF '14 TO MARCH WITH WHEN WE CAME BACK.

. . . . . BUT A FOAMING PINT OF ALE LOOKS MUCH BETTER TODAY.

. . . . . LOOK WHO'S TALKING. THESE WERE THE STYLE BACK IN 1942.

THE SAD SACK



"TAKE THE FIRST TURNING TO THE RIGHT. YOU CAWN'T MISS IT!"
—Sgt. Snyder

"TWO, PLEASE."
—Cpl. Tommy Connally

"HAND-SHAKER!"
—Pvt. John Bryson

News from Home

The President sat up all night to hear of something which most of his fellow-countrymen learned about at breakfast the next morning, sirens called people from their homes to pray, news broadcasts crowded commercial programs off the air, and Congress moved quickly to raise the pay of the fighting footslogger.

It was a gay night at the Trocadero out in Hollywood. The management had just staged a rhumba contest, and a marine had copped the first prize. And then came something that hushed the house—an announcement that the Allies had invaded Europe. "Gosh," said the marine, as the somber news pricked his bubble of glory. "I feel kind of silly."

In the Bendix Aviation Corporation's Marine Division plant in Brooklyn, N. Y., 600 graveyard-shift workers were pounding along at their war jobs when the news was announced that the invasion was on at last. A cheer went up, but not a worker left his post, and the whole crew plugged on more determinedly than ever through the night.

In Portland, Ore., air-raid sirens screamed in the night, but church bells rang, too, so the people knew that it was the invasion and not a bombing that they were being told of. Lights went on in countless windows and thousands went to church to pray.

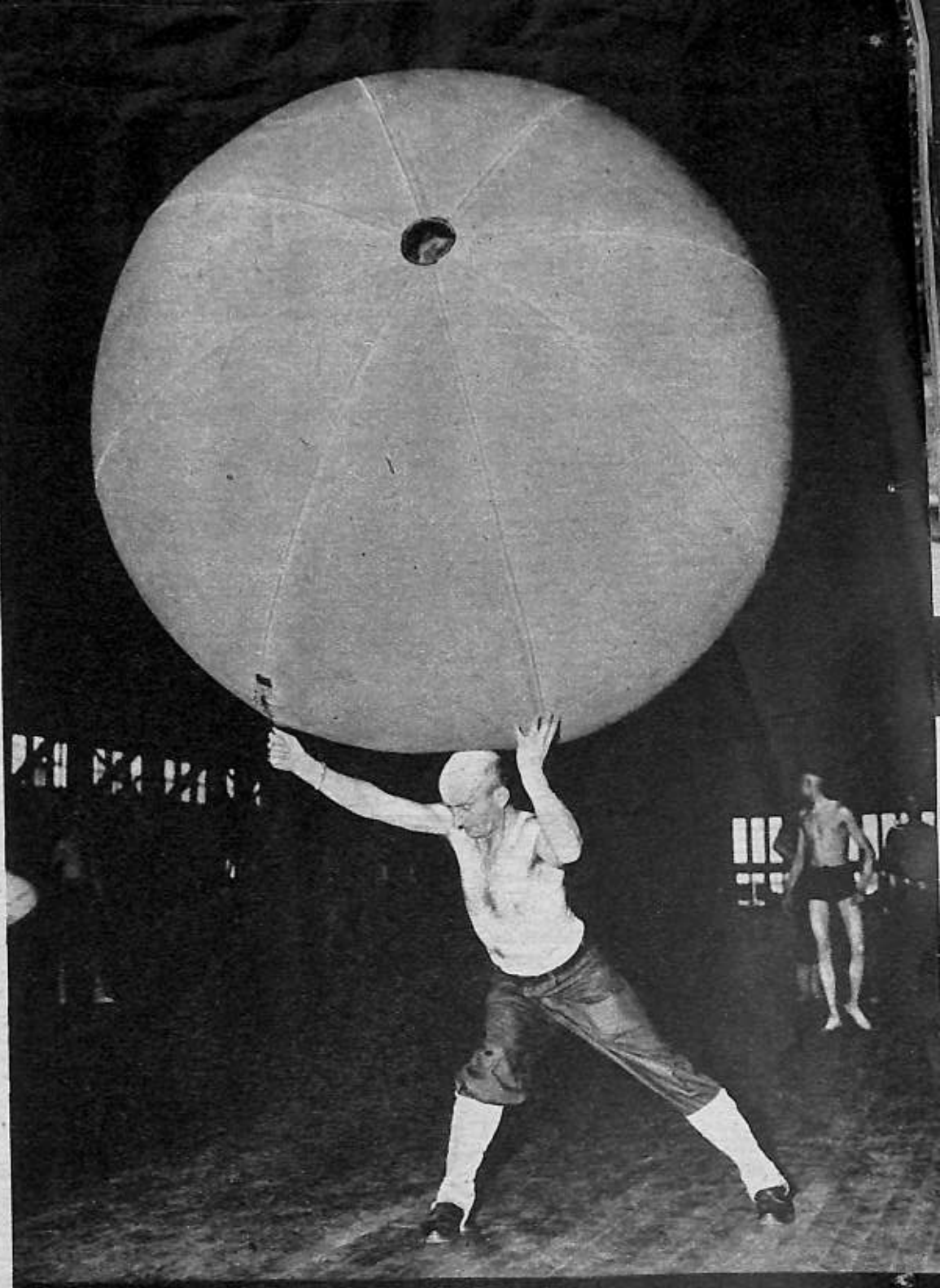
In Washington, D. C., no lights showed in the windows of the White House, and newspapermen assumed that President Roosevelt, after his Monday-evening radio address on the occupation of Rome, had gone to bed. Actually, the President was sitting up and wide awake in his bedroom, composing a prayer by hand on White House stationery and receiving secret reports from England concerning the invasion's progress. He had known, of course, that D-Day was at hand even while he was rejoicing with the nation over the occupation of Rome and warning of a tough and costly job ahead. He received the first direct report that troops were crossing the Channel a full hour before the German announcement of landings had been flashed to the States. The windows of the White House had been blacked-out for the night so that the Chief Executive's late-burning lights would not give a premature tip-off to the press.

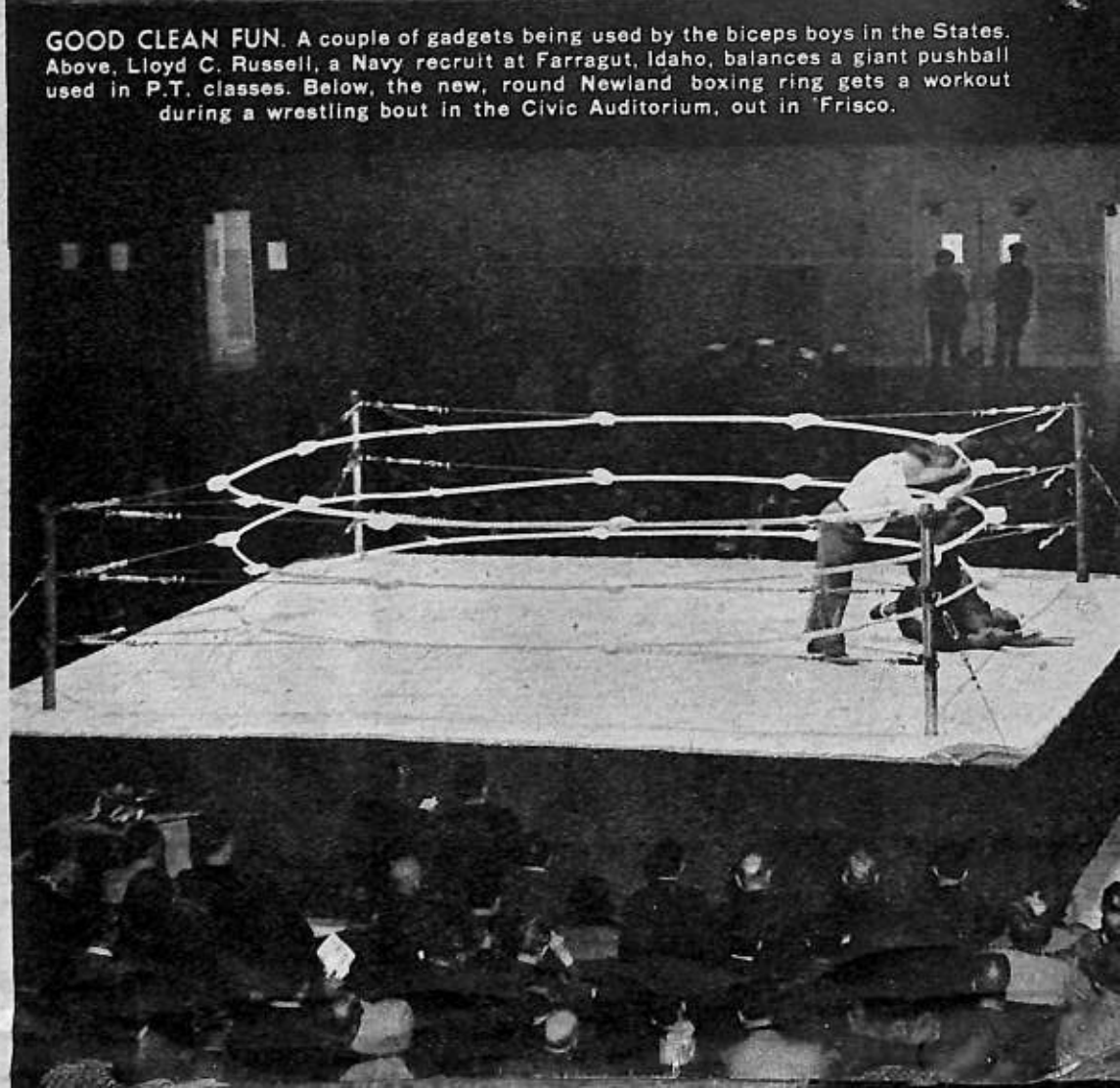
First word that one of the most momentous days in history had finally arrived reached newspaper offices in the States at 0037 hours (New York time) Tuesday. It was the German report of Allied landings and was immediately followed by the warning that there had been no official confirmation from England. Although many editors nevertheless used these reports for their lead page-one stories in their early-morning editions, night-owls who bought and mulled over them in subways and bars and grills took the enemy announcement with a grain of salt. It was not until 0333 hours (New York time) that the news tickers tapped out the confirmation from London—a single sentence which read: EISENHOWER'S HEADQUARTERS ANNOUNCES ALLIES LAND IN FRANCE. By that time a large portion of the nation was asleep.

And so it happened that most of the people back home didn't learn that the gigantic undertaking was underway until several hours after the news was out. When they did learn it, there was little hysterical excitement; to most people D-Day was a day of quiet seriousness, of determination to get on with the job, and of prayer. Foremen in war plants said they'd never seen the workers under them toil so hard and every strike that happened to be in progress in the nation at the time came to an abrupt end. By the end of the week, the War Labor Board was able to announce that for the first time in its two-year history there wasn't a case on its strike docket.

All commercial radio programs were suspended in the States on D-Day and were supplanted by an almost continuous series of news broadcasts. Invasion news crowded most other items out of the newspapers; some papers even left out all advertizing in order to squeeze in more about the great struggle. Horse-racing at Aqueduct was cancelled for the day, and so was the harness racing at Westbury, L. I. Many scheduled baseball games and boxing bouts were called off, too. Red Cross blood-donor stations were swamped by people who wanted to help swell the reserves of plasma.

Led by the President, who went on the air on the evening of D-Day to ask Divine guidance for the invading forces, the home folks prayed in large numbers. There was hardly a village church throughout the land that did not have a special prayer service, and in New York City's Madison Square 50,000 people gathered at an





GOOD CLEAN FUN. A couple of gadgets being used by the biceps boys in the States. Above, Lloyd C. Russell, a Navy recruit at Farragut, Idaho, balances a giant pushball used in P.T. classes. Below, the new, round Newland boxing ring gets a workout during a wrestling bout in the Civic Auditorium, out in 'Frisco.

outdoor prayer meeting held around the Eternal Light, which burns in memory of soldiers of the last war.

For the first time since Pearl Harbor, the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia, which heralded the nation's independence, was rung and its peals were broadcast to the country at large. As its reverberations died away, Mayor Bernard Samuel read the bell's inscription: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." Also for the first time since Pearl Harbor, floodlights were turned full on the Statue of Liberty.

Various communities responded to the news in various ways. Here are a few highlights:

Sirens and whistles sounded in Albuquerque, N. M., where Major Clyde Tingley announced: "I carried out my promise to the people of Albuquerque to notify them and call them to prayer the minute the invasion began." . . . The Tulsa, Okla., *World* dusted off and printed a headline it had set up in mammoth 212-point type nearly two months previously. INVASION ON, it read, and it was the biggest headline the paper had ever carried . . . At a smart East Side restaurant in New York the customers rose to their feet and listened with bowed heads to the radio announcement that the invasion was underway . . . Church bells rang in New Orleans, La., and the French tricolor was flown in the old French quarter . . . Special church services were held at Columbus, O., where Governor John W. Bricker declared that "every American should give every effort that the men at the battlefront may have all they need with which to fight." . . . At Harrisburg, Pa., Governor Edward Martin proclaimed a day of prayer throughout his State and urged workers to begin their "greatest period of war production." . . . Huge black headlines told the story to pedestrians on Market Street in San Francisco, who read them in an earnest, subdued manner . . . Night workers in aircraft and shipbuilding plants in Los Angeles heard the news over loudspeakers, and in one such factory the announcement was followed by a blast on a bugle . . . At the Clover Club, in Hollywood, Henry King's orchestra stopped in the middle of a number so that the news could be given, after which an Army chaplain offered a brief prayer . . . Texas probably made more noise than any other state, and was also one of the most devout. In Dallas, sirens, train whistles, and automobile horns sounded off and woke the whole town up, and the same signals were used in practically every other community in the State. Thousands in Dallas attended 3 a.m. church services, and the Baptist and First Presbyterian churches there held continuous services all day. Catholic churches in Houston were open for masses throughout the night and morning.

One reason why late stayer-uppers were skeptical of the German reports that the invasion had begun was that three days before D-Day they and the rest of the folks back home had been fooled by a false alarm. At that time, word was received over the radio in millions of homes asserting that Allied troops had already landed in Europe. The source of this report turned out to be an inexperienced girl employee of the Associated Press in London who had tapped out a "practice" message on the teleprinter, a message which accidentally got transmitted to New York. A correction followed almost immediately, but even so a lot of people got the idea that the invasion was on, and, when no reports of its progress came through, began jamming the telephone switchboards of newspapers and radio stations with queries.

SHORTLY after the real invasion got underway, a warning to the public not to put any faith in German news broadcasts was issued in Washington by Elmer Davis, director of the Office of War Information. He said that the Nazis had announced the invasion ahead of the first Allied mention of it in order to build up a reputation for accuracy in the hope of being able to "put one over" on the Allies later. "Mr. Goebbels," Davis continued, "is in business for his health and not ours."

Warning the home folks against optimism, Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson reminded them that "only the first hurdle has been taken." He went on to say: "We have come to grips at the beginning of the final test. At the end there can be but one decision, but there will be hard days ahead. It would be folly to believe the period of counter-attack will be short."

Stimson said that the invasion began at about 0500 Tuesday, when the first parachutists dropped in Normandy and were followed by glider troops. More than 1,000 planes participated in this part of the action, he said, and it constituted "the greatest airborne troop operation ever attempted." Plane losses he placed at slightly over two per cent, all the result of ack-ack.

The Secretary of War immediately set about doing something concrete in the way of rewarding the boys who are doing some of the dirtiest work. In a letter in which he remarked that the present war has demonstrated "the importance of a highly trained, tough and aggressive infantry," he proposed a $5-a-month pay boost for all expert infantrymen and a $10-a-month one for all combat infantrymen.

The suggestion made a big hit with the public and with the Senate Military Affairs Committee, which approved a bill embodying Stimson's ideas. The bill would pay an additional $5 monthly to all EMs entitled to the Expert Infantryman's Badge and $10 a month to all EMs entitled to the Combat Infantryman's Badge. The Committee was also considering a bill which would give members of glider units in the Army and Navy the same pay now received by paratroopers.

The passing of D-Day set the nation's planners to looking forward to X-Day—the day of Germany's surrender, with its consequent cuts in war production and the necessity of converting industry to peaceful purposes. The New York *Herald Tribune* said it thought "limited conversion" would probably get underway within two to four months. Bernard M. Baruch and John M. Hancock, co-authors of a report on war and postwar adjustment policies, pleaded with James Byrnes, Director of War Mobilization, to get going on plans for industrial reconversion. The Security and Exchange Committee reported that private industry would be well able to finance the program.

The Treasury Department created a "GI War Bond," which will be sold only to members of the Army, Navy, Marines, Coast Guard, and Maritime Service. Costs $7.50 and pays off at 10 bucks.

A Gallup Poll found Governor Thomas E. Dewey, Republican, of New York, leading President Roosevelt as a White House choice by four per cent of the vote in the Empire State—which both men, of course, now call home. In the same poll, Roosevelt had a four per cent lead over Dewey among Pennsylvania voters, whose state is second only to New York in the number of electoral votes. A poll of Illinois, third in electoral votes, gave Dewey a six per cent lead over Roosevelt. A newspaper's poll of all the legislative correspondents at Albany, N. Y., brought forth the unanimous prediction that, if Dewey runs, he'll lose, although he may do better than Wendell Willkie did in 1940.

Mark Sullivan, anti-New Deal columnist, conceded that the invasion had already bolstered the President's leadership and enhanced his chances of reelection. On the other hand, many people saw the resignation of James A. Farley from the chairmanship of the New York State Democratic Committee as a revolt against a fourth term for the President, although Farley explained that he was acting only because his job as chairman of the board of the Coca Cola Export Sales Company wouldn't allow him enough time to participate in a political campaign. The anti-Administration New York *Daily News* expressed the opinion that "the Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces does not seem to have nearly as much political strength in 1944 as he had in 1940."

THE President nominated two temporary colonels in the Air Force, both still in their twenties, for promotion to the rank of brigadier general. The two men, whose permanent rank is that of first lieutenant, are Richard C. Sanders, 28 years old, of Salt Lake City, and Clinton Vincent, 29, of Natchez, Miss. According to the War Department, if Sanders' nomination is okayed he will become the nation's youngest general officer.

The Navy announced the names of the first four Waves to work up to CPO from the lowest enlisted ratings. Here they are: Rhodell Angel, of Thief

V FOR VEGETABLES. Betty Carlson at Sebastopol, Calif., displays two giant banana squashes from her Victory Garden.

ACCUSING FINGER. In the kind of courtroom scene you read about in books, Mrs. Helen Romanowski in Chicago points to Joe Buck as her husband's slayer.

CUPID'S COILS. Rosemary Bertrand, of New York, models some antique wedding rings. Ancient Hebrew one on far right is oldest known.

SNEAK WEDDING. In Minneapolis, Sailor Richard Envey has an SP as his best man. A South Pacific veteran about to ship again, Envey went AWOL from San Diego to get married, then was hustled back alone.

POLL-TAX PICKETS. While the Senate pondered an anti-poll-tax bill, these visitors to Washington, shown waiting for a traffic light to change, paraded to protest the levy still required by several southern states.

River Falls, Minn.; Vera Pearson, of Loda, Ill.; Frances Hanusik, of Yonkers, N. Y.; and Marion Longhurst, of Stamford, Conn.

Yanks are more than "a bunch of homesick kids whose only consolation is a pin-up," said Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker, the World War I ace, in an address at Kansas City, Mo. American servicemen, he declared, "are intelligent, they are tough, they know what they want." Rickenbacker went on to say: "Men who face death have other things to think about, and that includes politics. . . . Speaking of politics, the campaign platform that they are interested in has only three planks: First, every American must help in producing material and equipment that will bring victory at the earliest possible moment; second, full opportunity for all to make a decent living in the postwar world; third, a sound, workable plan for lasting peace that will mean freedom and justice for all."

Two war heroes—Lt. Ernest Childers, of Brokenbow, Okla., and T/Sgt. Charles E. (Commando) Kelly, of Pittsburgh—both of whom already held the Congressional Medal of Honor for heroism in the Italian campaign, received Combat Infantryman's Badges. The award, which is the nation's newest decoration, is given for showing exemplary conduct in the face of the enemy.

Claiming to have unearthed the biggest gyp of its kind since the war began, FBI agents operating out of Boston nabbed 130 shipyard workers in the Hingham, Mass., plant of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corp., and charged them with having cooked up a scheme among themselves to snag something like half a million dollars in unearned pay. According to E. A. Soucy, head man for the FBI in the Boston area, the arrests grew out of a dicker which some of the shipyard's welders, who are paid on a piece-work basis, made with some of its counters, who get their dough on a straight salary for keeping tabs on how much work the welders do. The counters under suspicion, said Soucy, agreed in exchange for a kickback to give a number of the welders credit for more work than was actually done—an illegal bonus which in some instances amounted to as much as $75 a week. The suspects have been arraigned in Federal Court, Boston, and if found guilty may be sentenced to a maximum of ten years imprisonment and a $10,000 fine.

Just in case you're interested, Milwaukee is the safest big town of the States to be in if it's automobile accidents you're dodging—or at least it was the safest during the first four months of this year, with 1.9 deaths for every 10,000 registered vehicles. Detroit was second and Chicago third, according to figures released by the National Safety Council. The total number of persons killed by cars in the States during the period involved was 7,650.

Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes was faced with the problem of making the range lands of the isolated Owyhee River country in Southeast Oregon available for cattle grazing by ridding them of 2,000 wild mustangs. Under his orders, more than 100 cowboys rode into the deserted region with the intention of rounding up the mustangs and driving them away. The plan misfired badly, however, when a batch of the riders' ponies stampeded with 500 mustangs. Eighty disgruntled bucaroos returned to civilization without a single wild horse, while the rest remained out on the range trying to round up their own ponies.

The recent purchase of the formerly independent radio program *America's Town Meeting of the Air* by *The Reader's Digest* was called "loaded with dynamite" by *Variety*, the trade weekly of the entertainment world. *The Reader's Digest*, bidding for the program against the Goodrich Rubber Co., *Newsweek*, and the New York Stock Exchange, paid a cool one million smackers for the program, and *Variety* said it feared the sale constituted a threat to freedom of speech on the radio.

So Benny Goodman isn't through after all. A few weeks ago the old maestro disbanded his orchestra and put his clarinet in mothballs, but now word has come out of Hollywood that he is assembling another band to provide the hot licks for a forthcoming Disney film to be called *Swing Street*.

A DISCHARGED veteran with three years of Army service to his credit, to say nothing of 21 combat missions as a gunner on a B-26 over Tunisia, Pantelleria, Sicily, and Sardinia, celebrated his 17th birthday in Yates City, Ill. He's Clifford R. Wherely, who was compelled at the age of 16 to become a civilian again when the Army caught up with him and found that, although decorated several times and entitled to a hashmark, he was two years under age. Clifford, a farm boy when he's not in uniform, spent his birthday in Peoria signing up with the Navy.

Another youngster, 9-year-old Carolyn Sue Oliver, of Pueblo, Col., showed that she has plenty of that old shoot-first-and-ask-questions-after spirit. Left home by her parents for a couple of hours one afternoon, she discovered a strange man rummaging about in a shed back of the house. Carolyn Sue slammed the door of the shed and locked it and then hung around, laughing like anything, while the man yelled and beat on the walls, trying to get out. Finally the man shouted that he would call the police if Carolyn Sue didn't open the door at once, to which the little girl sensibly replied: "You can't call the cops. You're locked in." When the child's parents returned, she proudly reported that she had taken a prisoner. Her daddy unlocked the shed door and let out an infuriated junkman whom the elder Olivers had asked to come up and get some paper for salvage.

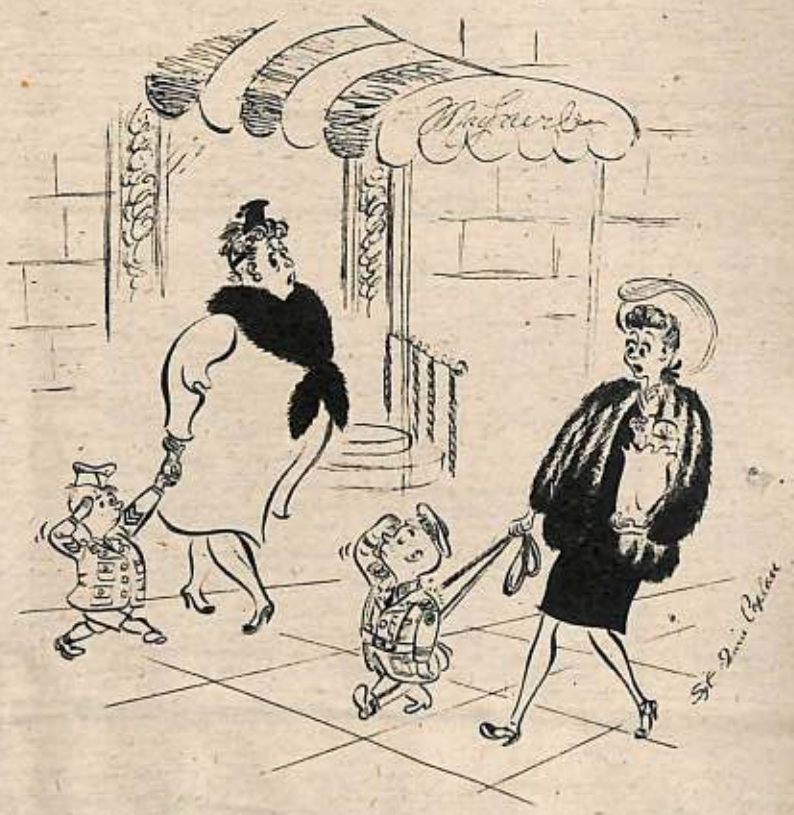
Two GIs pulled off a rescue down in Waco, Tex. They were Cpl. Joseph Kye and Pvt. Ralph Woodrow, who were waiting on a railroad station platform for a train to take them back to Camp Swift when they saw a fire in the nearby Katy Hotel. Shinning up a tree to a fire escape, Kye and Woodrow brought Y. D. Buckalew, 52, and his 18-month-old child to safety. The two Joes were then taken in tow by the Waco city authorities, who helped them paint the town a bit. This meant that Kye and Woodrow were late on pass, but the Army, in view of the circumstances, said okay.

Mortimer J. Rubin, 21 years old, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who has been on duty at the Newport Naval Training Station in Rhode Island, is out of uniform and back at his rabbinical studies, which were cut short last November when his local draft board hauled him out of the Beth Joseph Seminary in New York and put him in 1-A. Judge John P. Hartigan, in Federal Court, ruled that Rubin's draft board had been way off base in switching his classification from that of theological student to 1-A, and that his induction was "capricious and illegal."

Kay Kyser, the band leader, married Georgia Ann Carroll, 24-year-old singer in his outfit.

Captain Morrison J. Wilkinson, of the AAF, went on trial by court martial in Santa Ana, Calif., charged with bigamy, rape and larceny involving a 17-year-old cabaret dancer.

They're really conserving material over there these days. The latest dope is that girls' bathing suits this summer will be scantier than ever, often consisting of no more than a meager brassiere and trunks without side panels—just two small patches of fabric, one front and one back.



—Sgt. Irwin Caplan

Mail Call

Said The Privates . . .

Dear YANK,

In the letter headed " Idealism and Biology " by Major Kowaloff (YANK, May 7) we are finding ideas which we would violently attack were we to see them in the *Volkischer Beobachter*, but which we are supposed to swallow meekly for no other reason but that they are printed in YANK.

The idea that the state or society of a country is a biological organism with the members its cells is the cornerstone of the Nazi philosophy. I don't want to bore you by citing such forerunners of Nazism as Chamberlain and others to show how the idea of the state as a biological form influenced Hitler and Rosenberg. But that is their basic thought and once you admit that, you are in no position to blame them for any one of their innumerable crimes and bestialities. If the survival of the country of which a person happens to be a citizen is the highest motive, how can we blame the Nazi soldiery for all their wanton murder, arson, rape, and robbery? Except for a few little tactical mistakes like delaying the invasion of Britain in 1940 or the stupidity of starting a war against the U.S.S.R., Hitler would have made Germany great and powerful, and that would have been justification enough for everything they did.

The only difference with Major Kowaloff on that score is that as a " means to an end " Hitler did not choose " freedom of religion, freedom of speech, economic security, and peace," but brutal force. And for a means to an end it almost worked.

To my mind the shoe is on the other foot. America itself is nothing but a geographical location and the people who live there and form the American society are not better or worse than people anywhere else. What makes them " American " in the sense of the " American way of life " is that they have adopted ideals not as a " means to an end " to be changed as you change production methods, but as a compass needle in these turbulent and uncharted waters we are traversing right now. For these ideals the best of us were willing to make the supreme sacrifice, and they would lose every ounce of faith in America, if we should ever abandon them.

America is only part of humanity. She has now assumed a position of leadership in the best endeavors of the present. She cannot rid herself of this sometimes cumbersome burden, under the flimsy pretext of biological necessities, any more than an officer can leave his men in the lurch. If we do not live up to the expectations of our fellow men we will have broken the only trust which the disillusioned people of this globe still hold. I am sure none of us wants to do that.

Britain. **Pfc. MANFRED E. PHILIP**

. . . To The Major

Dear YANK,

May I say that I disagree emphatically with the writer of " Biology and Idealism." The line of thought presented can lead only to greater American isolationism, a continuous armament race, and ever recurrent war.

For the American soldier to fight intelligently for the preservation of his own country he *must*, of necessity, concern himself with promoting democracy in the rest of the world. He will do this not out of soft-headed " idealism," but the most practical kind of self-interest.

Not to understand this is to have missed the main lesson of the war—an island of peaceful American democracy cannot exist indefinitely in an ocean of hostile, anti-democratic forces.

We are fighting not merely against two countries, Germany and Japan, but against a system of thinking that is the sworn enemy of democracy. To defeat these countries in battle is not enough, but in the words of a recent editorial in *Stars and Stripes*, we must recognize and encourage, wherever our troops may go, the truly democratic aspirations of the people—wipe out the conditions that can produce another Hitler.

Is this a tough dish to feed the American soldier? Perhaps it is. But so is our entire war effort. If the army can, in a short time, turn a civilian into a soldier, it can also produce a soldier who knows that: To fight for a democratic world is to serve your own best interests.

Britain. **Pvt. MORTIMER CASS**

Panther's Home

Dear YANK,

The kids in East Orange High School, N. J., plunked down 92,000 smackers from sale of war stamps and bonds and bought a P-51 Mustang fighter plane. Named it " Flying Panther " after their baseball team and sent it along to England to combat.

It probably isn't YANK's job to let them know how their investment is producing, but it's ours, so here's a correction to your swell publication, please.

Your June 4 issue on page 16 carries a picture of the " Flying Panther " being delivered to the Ninth Air Force. That is swell and good, but it simply isn't true as far as combat goes, tho' the Ninth in the form of a depot received the fighter to make trim for air fighting. It was then sent to the Eighth Air Force.

Yes, the " Flying Panther " has gone into combat for the kids of East Orange. It has scored against Hitler. It took off from a Mustang station on its third mission (two previous were from here also), roared to Mannheim, Germany, and taxied back for its first swastika. That was May 27, 1944.

Pretty proud to fly that Mustang is its assigned pilot: 1st Lt. Edward K. Simpson, Jr., of Orange, N. J. He was born in Orange, and his mother attended the school which bought the fighter.

" Panther " came where it will be utilized, as can be seen by the record of the group she was assigned to: 102 German planes downed in 19 days of air fighting. Col. Donald W. Graham was glad to get her.

Am enclosing a picture of " Panther " and pilot. He is reading over the dedication portfolio, signed by the kids, which accompanied the new Mustang.

Britain. **Lt. TANNER LAINE**

[YANK's picture was taken while the " Flying Panther " was still at the 9th's depot.—Ed.]

Orderly Complaint

Dear YANK,

I'd appreciate a clarification on a very disturbing (to the writer) problem.

I have been assigned the spec. number of 695. This number I've held since immediately after basic training. The Company Commander that assigned the job to me explained that although the number signified orderly, my duties would be those of a clerk, general.

The Battalion Comander that we now have has ordered our CO's to have their orderlies tend to their wants, such as shining shoes, making beds and waiting on them. The writer is 34 years of age, a graduate of a University in the United States and, prior to being inducted into the Army, a successful business man.

I fully realize that the Army selects men to fill jobs that it thinks will fill them best. However, in my case the idea of being another man's lackey is repulsive.

Please, Ye Editor, be a good guy and let me know whether or not a Captain of the Signal Corp is entitled to an orderly, or at any rate give me a true definition of the " Spec " number 695.

Britain. **Pfc.**

[AR's give the classification of Specification Serial Number 695 as " Orderly."—Ed.]

That Record-Breaking Deal

Dear YANK,

In your copy of YANK of May 21, the boys from the American Forces Network certainly handed me a terrific blow to my chin. I was author of a letter, signed " The Radio Maintenance Boys " of a Heavy Bombardment Group in Britain, which you published in your magazine on May 7. In this letter, I wanted to know just what steps must be taken to get our hands upon those atrocious recordings advising us to keep our shoes shined, to get a hair cut today, and etc.

The boys of the AFN certainly handed me a swell sporting challenge. Quote: " You guarantee to drop 'em over Berlin and you have our word that the 'offensive, etc.' voice you so thoroughly 'loathe, etc.' will disappear from the air never to be heard again."

Quick thinking on your part, boys, and I respect you all the more for putting up such a gallant fight for the recordings in question.

You were well aware of the fact that I could not possibly carry out your challenge and have them dropped over Berlin. Please don't think I'm welching, but they still make a practice of keeping the destination of each flight as secret as possible. So due to security reasons, I cannot fulfill the conditions of your specific challenge.

You have me badly battered and reeling on the ropes, boys, but don't forget you, too, are vulnerable. Nowhere in my letter did I mention Berlin as the ultimate destination for these recordings. I should have written "- -a bomber whose flight will preferably take them deep over Germany."

You can send the records on to me, boys, if you find you can spare them. I firmly believe that our Base Photo will do their utmost in getting a picture that will satisfy even you. Mind, I don't guarantee a safe delivery but I can say this: " If I can get these recordings they will be dropped somewhere over enemy territory."

Now, boys, it's all up to you. What's the verdict? Do I get 'em?

Great Britain. **Pfc. GEORGE HERBIG**

[The " offensive " recordings are being shipped to Pfc. Herbig by AFN for delivery as stipulated. Everybody happy?—Ed.]

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Pictures: 2, Planet. 3, top, Bippa; bottom, AP. 6 and 7, AP. 8 and 9, BOP. 10, top and center, Bippa; bottom, AP. 12, top left, US Army Signal Corps; bottom left, APS; right column, Henry Guttmann. 13, left top, AP; others left column, Henry Guttmann; right column, top to bottom, Keystone, Planet. Sgt. Reg Kenny, Planet. 15, top, Keystone; bottom, AP. 16, left top, WW; left bottom, INP; right top, Acme. 17, Acme. 20, 21, 22, Sgt. Dave Richardson. 23, top, Pvt. Robert Norton; bottom, PA. 24, Paramount Pictures.

By Cpl. PAUL E. DEUTCHMAN

SOMEWHERE IN SARDINIA—Mail call is one of the most important things in a GI's life, I was reading the other day. It's good for that ethereal something that USO hostesses, advertising copywriters and sundry other civilians back home call morale. With the correspondents some GIs have, though, no mail is good mail. Leave us look at some of these morale-boosters.

IDGETY-FILLY Type

"Snookie, dear—I drove out to Petter's Perch the other night, along the Old Mill Road. You remember, don't you, dear? The moon was bright and the stars twinkled just like when you were there with me, and made me feel so-o-o romantic!

"Some girls complain about the man shortage. But not me! Last night three fellows took me to the movies, and afterwards they took turns with me out on the back porch—dancing. But don't worry, dear, they were all servicemen. I won't go out with a man except in uniform. One of them, Casper Clutchem, who is sorta blond and cute and a Marine sergeant, says for me to tell you 'the situation is under control.' He is *awful* strong.

"Guess what we were drinking? Those potent daiquiris. They really make me forget myself—almost.

"And did I tell you? Casper is stationed just outside of town and has promised to come see me real often. I couldn't very well refuse him because he said he was leaving for overseas almost any month now. I believe in doing my bit to help the servicemen because, after all, some of them are so far from home and don't know a soul in town."

HOME-GUARD Type

"Dear Corp—I am back in Dayton for another furlough and I am looking after Lulu, just like you asked me to. She's really a wonderful gal and a smooth dancer. And if she weren't your wife I could really go for her myself. Do you realize, I've gotten to know Lulu better than you do—almost! And boy can she hold her likker!

"We had dinner at the Cove tonight and are now back at your apartment. It is just midnight, and while Lulu is slipping into something more *comfortable*, I thought I'd drop you a line. Ha, ha, old man, I'm only kidding."

CIVILIAN BRASS-HAT Type

"Dear Bill—All of us here at the Old Company, from the office staff up to me, are thinking of you boys in the service and doing our part to help you fellas. We're all buying War Bonds and cutting down on meat and butter—and some of the girls in the office are even rolling bandages on Saturday afternoons when they aren't working.

"Rationing is pretty grim now. Steaks only twice a week and no more cherries in cherry cokes. But we don't mind because the papers say that you fellows overseas are getting all the good things—and you certainly deserve them.

"Yes sir, no one can say that the Old Company is not well represented in the foxholes and trenches of our fighting fronts all over the globe. Rollie is a warrant officer at Camp Dix, N. J., and Jim is at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and Harry is a chauffeur to a marine colonel in Philadelphia. Van is way down in Texas and Charlie is a quartermaster clerk in Georgia and you're in the Infantry in Italy. Give 'em hell boy."

MAN-OF-AFFAIRS Type

"I've been doing swell at the office. Just got the Whatsis Soap and Whoozis Hosiery account. That's $4,000,000 billing, besides the pleasure I get from interviewing models for the 'leg art' pictures. But it's nothing like the swell job you boys are doing over there. I wish I were in there with you, but——

"Give 'em hell for me, old fellow! They asked for it—and we're just the guys to give it to them. I'm buying War Bonds like an insane stamp collector, I really wish I were out in the foxholes with you, but——"

OH-YOU-DEVIL Type

"You guys over there in Italy must be having a big time with all those little dark-eyed signorinas. Do they wear those grass skirts like Dorothy Lamour?"

LOCAL-BOY-MAKES-GOOD Type

"Your cousin Herman is now a technical sergeant and he has only been in the Army five months. I can't understand why you're still a corporal. Are your officers mad at you?"

ALL-IN-THIS-TOGETHER Type

"Dear Pal—Things are really getting rugged now at good old Camp Kilmer. I can only get off every other week end. We went out on bivouac last week and, boy, was it rough! We slept in pup tents for three nights—right on the ground.

"Last week I was awarded the Good Conduct Ribbon at a special ceremony. You might not hear from me for a while, as I am expecting to be shipped out any day now—to North Carolina.

"By the way—what is this Spam we hear so much about?"

Mate's Picture on Magazine

ier Gets Wife

ear YANK,

I was quite flattered to adorn the cover of your arch 19th issue, but when some woman back in the ates claims me as her husband—well, tsk, tsk!

Lt. PHILLIP G. HAGLUND

itain.

That's a copy of the March 19 issue of the British ition of YANK which the pretty above is holding and gent on the cover, crouching in the nose of a 9th F Marauder, is Lt. Haglund. The picture is a clipping m "The South Bend Tribune," which printed it with s caption:

Mrs. James F. Knox, Elkhart, Ind., displays the ture of her husband, Staff Sergt. Knox, appearing the cover of the British edition of YANK magazine for March 19. Sergt. Knox, a tail gunner in a B-24 Liberator, has had an eventful three months since his arrival in England in February. Early in April he received the Air Medal which he has sent on to his wife. At present he has flown seven combat missions over Germany and has also been promoted to staff sergeant since his arrival overseas. He entered the air corps in 1941 and spent several months as gunnery instructor at Fort Myers, Fla. Mrs. Knox is employed as a punch press operator by the Chicago Telephone Supply company, Elkhart, and will make her home in Elkhart for the duration."—Ed.]

All's Well That Ends Well

Dear YANK,

Some time ago we wrote you about a certain soda fountain which arrived at our base and was not installed in the PX. Well, here is the sequel to that letter.

We were a bit hasty in writing to you then because another fountain arrived recently. That one, we are happy to say, is being utilized by one and all at our PX. So we'd like to apologize to all concerned for our false and premature conclusions.

THE SAME STATIC CHASERS

P.S. Those cokes really taste swell.

Britain.

Note To The Censor

Dear YANK,

My sincere regrets to Lt. Lewis who in your June 4 issue dwells sadly on the fact that he is required to place his signature both on the inside and outside of the folding type V-Mail forms.

Surely Lt. Lewis does not place his signature and censor stamp on the inside of an ordinary letter and leave the outside of the envelope blank. The same principle applies with regard to V-Mail. If only the inside of the V-Mail were censored, any enlisted man or officer could drop a V-Mail form in his mail box, sealed, addressed, and stamped, and who would know whether it had been censored or not? Postal Clerks are bound by Army Regulations to return all mail not properly censored and this can only be the course taken when sealed V-mail arrives at the APO without proper censorship.

A preventative from writer's cramp is the well-known finger exercise, done without the numbers.

Britain.

Sgt. WILLIAM J. WILLIAMS

YANK'S AFN Radio Guide

Highlights for the week of June 18

SUNDAY — 1905—The Jack Benny Show—with Mary Livingston, Eddie (Rochester) Anderson, Phil Harris and his Orchestra.

MONDAY — 1915—Command Performance—Another in the series of "super-entertainment" broadcasts. More stars than ever before.

TUESDAY — 1905—The Dinah Shore Show—Dinah sings several of your favorite tunes. Also another episode in the lives of William and Mary, with Cornelia Otis Skinner and Roland Young.

WEDNESDAY — 2005—Mail Call—Your favorite Hollywood and Radio stars entertain you.

THURSDAY — 1905—The Crosby Music Hall—with Bing Crosby, Trudy Irwin, and the music of John Scott Trotter and his Orchestra. Bing sings "San Fernando Valley" and others.

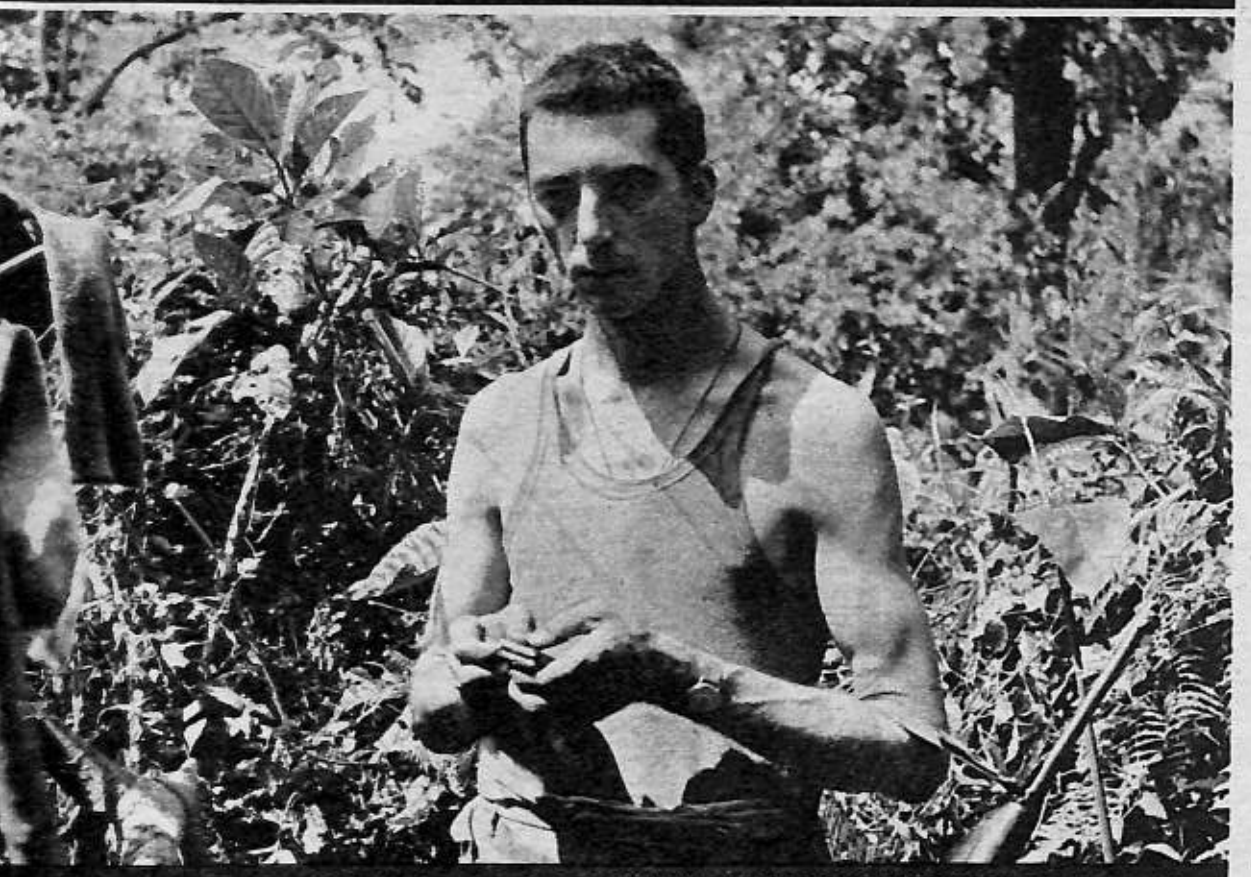
FRIDAY — 1905—The Fred Allen Show—with Portland Hoffa, the "Mighty Allen Art Players," Hi-Lo-Jack and The Dame, and the music of Al Goodman's Orchestra.

SATURDAY — 1330—YANK's Radio Weekly.

2230—The Xavier Cugat Show—featuring the Latin-American music of Cugat's Orchestra and the vocals of Lina Romay.

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.

MORTAR CREW THAT COVERED ADVANCE: LT. WOOMER, PVT. ALDERMAN, SGT. KOPEC, PVT. McGOWAN.



HE DOESN'T LIKE TO KILL, BUT LT. LOGAN WESTON, THE "FIGHTIN' PREACHER," HAS KILLED PLENTY OF JAPS.

MARAUDERS' PATH THROUGH THE 10-FOOT KUNAI GRASS.

A YANK correspondent, who marched 500 miles through the jungle with this volunteer force, tells about our first infantry battle on the continent of Asia.

By Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

BEHIND JAPANESE LINES IN NORTHERN BURMA—The crackle of a couple of Nambu light machine guns and the whipsnap of Arisaka rifles stopped the single-file column of Merrill's Marauders and sent the men scrambling for cover on both sides of the narrow jungle trail.

They had trudged nearly 250 miles in the last four weeks. After marching up 116 miles of the Ledo Road, they had swung wide around the Jap positions that were holding up the Chinese drive in the Hukawng Valley of Northern Burma. They had followed narrow native paths and elephant trails through dense undergrowth and high elephant grass and across dozens of rivers and streams.

This was to be the first of their missions as a volunteer raiding outfit behind Jap lines—attacking the enemy rear supply base of Walawbum to force a Jap withdrawal 30 miles northward so the Chinese could push through. The Marauders, led by Brig. Gen. Frank D. Merrill, who had walked out of Burma with Stilwell two years before, were this afternoon only three miles from their goal.

The CO of the unit that had bumped into Jap resistance sent for 1st Lt. Logan E. Weston of Youngstown, Ohio. A slim, quiet poker-faced young officer, Weston edged his way through the brush to the CO's side.

"Weston," said the CO, "take your intelligence and reconnaissance platoon across the river and move south to a position near the riverbank that will cover us from the Walawbum area when we drive through this village of Lagang Ga on the east bank."

Lt. Weston, like most of the others in this Marauder unit, had fought Japs before. Quitting Transylvania Bible School in Freeport, Pa., midway through his study for the ministry, he had joined the Army. He went to the South Pacific as a squad leader in the 37th Division, he was graduated from OCS in the Fijis, and then he fought in New Georgia as a platoon leader in the 37th. That's where he picked up a nickname.

"Fightin' Preacher," his men called him. As one of his original platoon explained it, "Lt. Weston continued his Bible study in spare moments, but when we got into a scrap with the Japs he was one of the fightingest platoon leaders in the division."

In New Georgia the Fightin' Preacher had always made one point clear to his men: he did not like to kill. After each action he got his men aside and said, half-apologetically: "I'm sorry I had to kill those Japs, fellas, but today it was a case of either my getting them or their getting me."

Lt. Weston's tough, swaggering platoon was a marked contrast to its gentle, mild-mannered leader. Among his men were such veterans as Cpl. Werner Katz of New York, N. Y., who fought with the International Brigade in the Spanish Civil War and with the Americal Division on Guadalcanal Katz, a burly first scout, became the first American infantryman to kill a Jap on the continent of Asia when the platoon had a fleeting brush with a Jap patrol the week before.

Then there was Pfc. Norman J. (Chief) Janis, a full-blooded Sioux Indian and former rodeo rider from Deadwood, S. Dak., who thought it was a bad day during the Buna battle in New Guinea if he had to use more than one bullet to kill a Jap. And Sgt. William L. Grimes of Lonaconing, Md., who won the Silver Star for knocking off 25 Japs at Guadalcanal. And a couple of dozen others who had battled Japs in the jungles and swamps of the South and Southwest Pacific. They had all volunteered for this "dangerous and hazardous" jungle-fighting mission.

THE Fightin' Preacher's men got to their feet and slung on their 60-pound horseshoe-type packs. They moved through the dark jungle undergrowth down to the muddy little river and crossed it Indian file, wading 40 feet to the

other side through crotch-deep water. Then, rifles cradled in their arms, they climbed the bank.

They rustled their way through the brush alongside the riverbank all afternoon, cautiously covering a few hundred yards. Once or twice the scouts spotted Jap sentries and traded a few bullets with them, but the Japs got away. Just before dusk the platoon halted and dug in a perimeter of foxholes to spend the night. They could hear the main body of Marauders pushing through the Jap resistance across the river, using lots of tommy guns and BARs.

The men ate no supper; they had run out of K rations two days before. (While the Marauders were behind the Jap lines, they were supplied entirely by airdrop and there were never any drops when the men were sneaking close to their objectives, because this might reveal their position and strength.) There was nothing for the men to do but decide on the hours of perimeter guard and then curl up in blanket and poncho and go to sleep.

By dawn the next morning the Fightin' Preacher's platoon was on the move again. The scouts had located a bend in the river from which the platoon could command a wide field of fire to the south. From here they could cover the main Marauder unit as it pushed down the trail along the opposite bank.

The river bend was only 150 yards away from the night perimeter, and the platoon reached it in half an hour in the early-morning fog. They started to dig in at 0700 hours. Half an hour later Pvt. Pete Leitner, a scout from Okeechobee, Fla., was out in front of the perimeter collecting green branches to camouflage his foxhole when a Nambu light machine gun opened up.

Leitner was hit in the middle and crumpled to the ground, severely wounded. Before anyone could get his sights on the Jap machine gunner, he ran away through the brush. Sgt. Paul Mathis of Grey Eagle, Minn., platoon guide, and Lt. Weston went out and dragged Leitner back to the perimeter. The rest of the men in the platoon got down in their holes and braced themselves for a Jap attack.

They didn't have long to wait. Through the brush they spotted tan-uniformed Japs walking toward them at a crouch, some with twigs camouflaging their helmets. The platoon opened up. The Japs hit the ground and fanned out, crawling closer and shooting furiously. The Japs chattered among themselves; some seemed to be giving commands.

Then came the hollow snap of knee mortars being discharged behind the Japs. Seconds later the mortar shells exploded in the trees over the Fightin' Preacher's men. After that the mortars were fired in salvoes.

"Five Japs on the right flank!" somebody yelled. Sgt. John Gately of Woburn, Mass., spotted the first one and killed him. Pfc. Harold Hudson of Bristol, Conn., glimpsed the other four and mowed them all down, starting his tommy

THE stories and pictures on these pages are the first YANK has received from Sgt. Dave Richardson since he was swallowed up in the Burma jungles for more than three months.

Richardson's long hitch with the Marauder force, commanded by Brig. Gen. Frank D. Merrill, took him farther behind Japanese lines in Northern Burma than any other correspondent covering the theater.

A veteran of the New Guinea fighting, Richardson marched 500 miles with the Marauders and took part in all but one of their major actions. The accompanying account of the first battle between a U. S. Infantry platoon and a Jap force on the continent of Asia will be followed by other stories and pictures as they are received.

Pfc. Norman Janis, Indian marksman who killed seven Japs, looks over Betsy, his M1.

Stubborn but sturdy mules carry machine guns, mortars and ammunition across river.

gun at the rear of the quartet and working forward.

The main Jap attack was coming in the center of the platoon's defense. A squad of Japs moved in closer, crawling, running a few steps, hitting the ground, creeping and shooting. Grimes, the Silver Star winner from Guadalcanal, now added to his record of 25 Japs by pumping bullets into each one who lifted his head. T-5 Raymond F. Harris of Pekin, Ill., sprayed the squad with his BAR as some of the Japs managed to creep within 30 feet of his position. One Jap shot at Harris just as he ducked his head to put a new magazine in his BAR. The bullet dented his helmet.

INSIDE the perimeter, Lt. Weston and his platoon sergeant, T/Sgt. Alfred M. Greer of Malden, Mass., got a message from Pfc. Benny Silverman of New York, N. Y., walkie-talkie radioman, that the main body of the Marauders had chased the remaining Japs from the opposite bank of the river and had taken up positions there.

"Fine," the Fightin' Preacher told Greer. "Let's get them to help us with their mortars." Acting as mortar observer, Greer got Silverman to radio back a rough estimate of Jap positions based on his grid map. Soon the crack of a mortar discharge answered from across the river. An 81-mm mortar shell burst with a hollow explosion behind the Japs. Greer gave Silverman new elevation and azimuth figures. Another mortar shell was lobbed over. It burst a little closer to the Japs but over to one side.

"Anybody got a compass with mils on it instead of degrees?" asked Greer. Near him Cpl. Joe Gomez, aid man from Gallup, N. Mex., had just finished pouring sulfa powder into Leitner's stomach wounds and giving him sulfa pills. He was working on Sgt. Lionel Parquette of Calumet, Mich., who was mortally wounded in the head. Gomez opened a pouch at his belt and handed his compass over to Greer. "We medics got everything," he grinned.

Greer told the mortars to lay in a smoke shell and he took an azimuth reading on it. Then he gave Silverman a new set of figures to radio the mortar crew.

Across the river, the mortar chief—1st Lt. William F. Woomer of State College, Pa., called "Woomer the Boomer" in New Guinea—shouted the figures to the mortar crew. Sgt. Edwin Kopec of Lowell, Mass.; Pvt. James McGowan of West Newton, Mass., and Pvt. Wise Alderman of Floyd, Va., set the figures on the scales and lobbed over another one. Theirs was the only mortar in position to fire across the river. Another mortar crew was changing its position to clear some trees with its trajectory.

Soon, with Greer's observation, the mortars were right on their target. Greer then varied the figures every few rounds to cover the Japs from flank to flank.

"Nice goin', boys," he yelled after a series of six bursts. "We just saw a couple of Japs blown out of their holes 40 yards from our point man." As fast as the mortarmen could rip open shell cases, they poured fire across the river.

The Japs kept coming. They edged into positions on three sides of the perimeter and were even trying to get between the river and the Fightin' Preacher's platoon. Their machine-gun and rifle fire increased in intensity and volume. Lt. Weston estimated that about a company of Japs was opposing him.

Then Silverman at the walkie-talkie got an order for the platoon to withdraw to the other side of the river. Its mission had been accomplished. There was no use staying to fight the Japs with such a small force when the main body of Marauders was moving south to make a direct attack on Walawbum.

Greer, Silverman and a couple of others made litters out of bamboo poles and buttoned-up fatigue jackets to carry the few wounded who could not walk. Then, under cover of Lt. Woomer's mortar fire, the platoon withdrew to the river and prepared to cross. The Japs followed, figuring on catching them in the riverbed.

Across the river four BARs opened up to cover the crossing. The bullets whined over the platoon's heads. Lt. Weston told Silverman to radio back that the Japs were on the flanks waiting to knock off some men crossing the river. Then two of the platoon peeled off their white undershirts and put one in a tree on each flank of the platoon to serve as firing guides for the BARs. Just before the crossing, Lt. Weston ordered the mortars to throw smoke shells to the rear and flanks of the withdrawing platoon to screen the move.

One by one, the men of the platoon splashed back across the river as BARs stuttered away and mortar bursts echoed down the riverbed. After Chief Janis, the Indian crack shot, had crossed, he turned to watch Pfc. John E. Clark of Windsor, Vt., and Katz, the International Brigade veteran, carry the wounded Leitner across on a litter. Out of the corner of his eye, Janis spotted a movement in the bushes on the bank. A Jap with a light machine gun had parted the bushes and was taking aim at the litter-bearers and their burden. Janis raised his M1 and fired two shots. The Jap squealed and slumped over his gun.

"I just wanted to make sure I got him," said Janis, explaining the extra shot. His score for the day was seven Japs.

MEANWHILE the BAR men covering the withdrawal were busy. Japs seemed to pop up all over the riverbank. Pvt. Bob Cole of Englewood, Calif., got six of them, and T-5 Clyde Shields of Egg Harbor, Wis., saw two roll down the bank in his sights.

At 0930 hours the last man withdrew. The sweating mortarmen were ripping open their 113th shell case when the cease-fire order came. Lt. Weston trudged wearily into the unit CP, head bent as he worked the bolt on his carbine.

One of his men watched him with obvious admiration. "You know," he said, "the Fightin' Preacher got at least two Japs before we withdrew. I thought he was going to apologize again. Instead, all he said was that he could have got another Jap if his bolt hadn't jammed."

First U. S. infantryman to kill a Jap in Asia is Cpl. Werner Katz, veteran of Guadalcanal.

Wet, weary and heavy-laden Marauders f a Burma river on their end run around Ja

SPORTS: STORY OF FOOTSY BRITT, CONGRESSIONAL WINNER

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

ATLANTA, GA.—The right side of the Detroit Lions' line is doing all right in this war. Tackle John Tripson, USNR, won the Silver Star in the North African invasion and End Maurice (Footsy) Britt picked up the Congressional Medal of Honor, British Military Cross, Silver Star and Purple Heart in the Italian campaign.

Until somebody digs down into the history books and finds where some ancient bare-knuckle fighter won the Congressional Medal in the Spanish-American War, we will stick by Britt as the only professional athlete to win the award.

Britt's story, as he tells it from a bed in Lawson General Hospital, where he is recuperating from the loss of his right arm, sounds like something a Hollywood script writer might have dreamed up in an opium den. It makes better reading than all his football exploits put together. Better, for instance, than when he caught a touchdown pass in the last three minutes of play to beat the Philadelphia Eagles, 21-17. Or the afternoon when he snagged 10 passes to set up every one of Arkansas' touchdowns in a 27-12 victory over a great Tulsa team.

Probably the best way to tell Britt's story is to tell how he won each of his medals. His first two decorations, the Silver Star and Purple Heart, came at Acerno when the 3d Division was making its big push on Naples. Britt, then a first lieutenant, took over command of Company L when its commander was wounded and led it in an all-day running battle against a battalion of Germans.

The Germans threw everything in the book, including tanks, at Britt's rifle company, but he held on and even gained ground. One machine-gun nest in particular, tucked away in a cornfield, was raising all kinds of hell with the company. Britt sent a couple of men to knock it out, but they couldn't locate it. Finally Britt went after it himself. The Germans picked him up with machine-gun fire at 60 yards, but he managed to crawl within 40 yards and let go with an antitank grenade. He kayoed them with the first one.

Shortly afterward Britt was wounded in the leg by mortar fire, but he refused to be evacuated. He stuck with his company until Acerno had been captured. For all of this he was given the Silver Star and Purple Heart.

Britt added the Congressional Medal and British Cross to his collection at Mount Rotundo in November. His company was holding two high peaks flanking the road to Rome, and during the night the Germans surprised and captured a machine-gun crew holding the right flank by yelling confused orders in English. When Britt was making his rounds the next morning he saw the captured machine-gun crew strolling toward him from the German lines in the thick brush.

"At first it didn't sink through my thick skull that the Germans were using our men as a shield," he said. "Their trap might have worked, but one German eight-ball—there's one in every Army—cut loose with his machine pistol and started screaming, 'Surrender, surrender.' I yelled to the prisoners to take off and then started firing myself. Most of the prisoners got away, but we couldn't move. Behind us was an open field, which meant it would have been suicide to withdraw, and ahead of us were Germans. God knows how many. They seemed to be everywhere."

What took place during the next two hours was nothing short of a miracle. Britt and eight men fought Germans on three sides without losing a man and only two of them were wounded. Britt covered the woods like a roving center. He threw grenades—somebody said he threw 33, but he didn't stop to count them—and fired anything he could lay his hands on, including some of the enemy's stuff. He knocked out one machine-gun nest, killing five or eight Germans, just as they were leveling down on Cpl. Eric Gibson. With the help of Gibson, he got another nest, killing four more men. He was wounded three times, once in the leg by a bullet and in the hip and back by mortar fire. His canteen was punctured and his binoculars were shattered, but despite all of this he kept moving forward. Standing up, too.

When the Germans withdrew, Britt counted 35 enemy dead and found four Krauts left behind wounded. One of the wounded told him the Germans used 100 men in an effort to surround the eight Americans. "When I heard that, I really got frightened," he said.

Britt not only saved his own company by repulsing the German counterattack, but he kept his battalion from being cut off and isolated and at the same time protected a British company on his other flank. The British gave him the Military Cross, which corresponds to our DSC, and we gave him an Oak Leaf Cluster for his Purple Heart and the Medal of Honor. And as a Christmas present, Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark gave him a battlefield promotion to captain.

Later at Anzio, Britt lost his right arm while directing artillery fire from a farmhouse. A shell from a German Mark IV came whistling through the window and blew off his arm below the elbow and fractured every bone in his foot.

"They couldn't hit me again if they fired at that window every day for two months," philosophized Britt. "It was strictly a lucky shot."

Britt isn't sure what he will do after the war. He has several offers to coach football, including one from his old high school in Lonoke, Ark., and a radio station in Indianapolis wants to hire him at a fancy price as a news commentator.

"But I might become a sports writer," he said, grinning. "That sounds like an easy life."

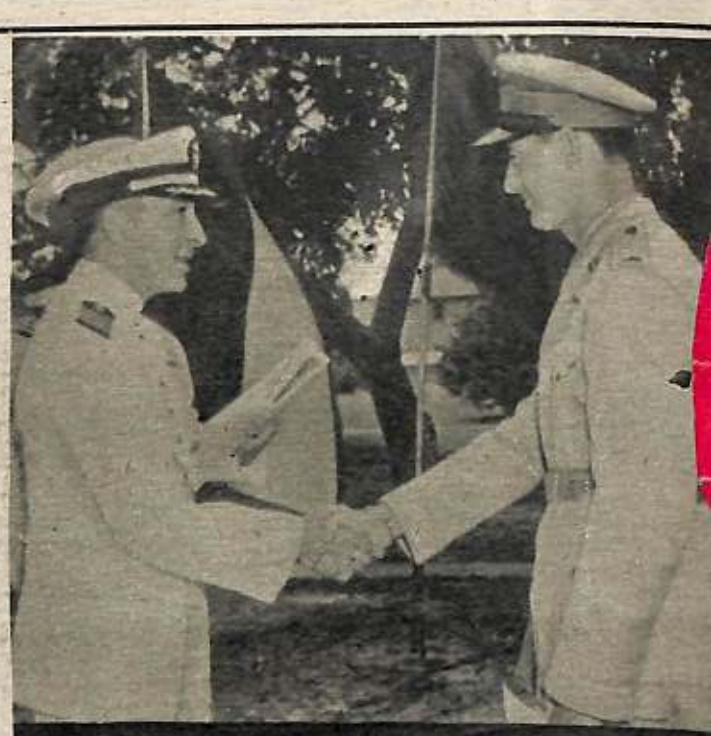
Britt and his wife Jane at Lawson General Hospital.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

IF you happen to see a guy moseying around Naples, dressed in the latest civvies and looking like **Joe Savoldi**, don't be surprised if he turns out to be your old pal Jumping Joe. The Army borrowed Savoldi from the Navy, where he used to be a PT skipper, and assigned him to the Naples police force as a plain-clothes man. His boss, **Maj. Mike Mikulak**, an old Chicago pro Cardinal halfback, credits Joe personally with breaking up one of the bigger black-market rings. . . . **Lt. Bernie Crimmins**, ex-Notre Dame footballer, is one of the most popular boys in New Guinea, on account of he owns the only roulette wheel on the island. . . . Too bad **Lt. (jg) Joe Beggs**, the Reds' rookie pitcher, and **Moe Berg**, the old Red Sox catcher, were never a battery. Beggs can pitch conversation in five languages. . . . **Cpl. Frankie Kovacs**, the tennis screwball, is back in the States after 14 months in Australia as a PT instructor. . . . **Lt. Clint Frank**, Yale's great halfback of 1936-'37, is now aide to Maj. Gen. Jimmy Doolittle in England.

Ordered for induction: **Early Wynn**, 18-game winner for Washington, by the Navy; **Mel Almada**, former Senator, Brown and Dodger outfielder, by the Army; **Harry Gumbert**, Cardinal pitcher, by the Army; **Wilbur Moore**, Minnesota-Washington Redskins halfback, by the Marines; **Ken Keltner**, Cleveland third baseman, by the Navy. . . . *Rejected:* **Lou Boudreau**, playing manager of the Indians, because of an arthritic condition in his fractured right ankle; **Johnny Hopp**, Cardinal outfielder, because of a bad back; **Gene Moore**, Browns' outfielder, because of two bad knees; **Al Gerheauser**, Phillies' pitcher, because of hip and back injuries. . . . *Discharged:* **Willis Hudlin**, one-time big-league pitcher and 1942 manager of the Little Rock club, from the Army with a CDD.

Commissioned: **Frank Leahy**, coach of Notre Dame's national football champions, as a full lieutenant in the Navy; **Ted Williams**, former Red Sox slugger, as a second lieutenant and fighter pilot in the Ma... **Andy Phillip**, one of the famous Il... Kids, as a second lieutenant in t... . . . *Appointed:* **Tom Hayes**, ...ll-Rocky Mountain end, to West P...



CONGRATULATIONS were in order for Ted Williams when he received his wings and commission at the Pensacola (Fla.) Naval Air Station.

Yvonne de Carlo

YANK

Pin-up Girl