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By the men . . for the men in the service

Through Belgium—On The Way To Unter den Linden

—Pages 2, 3, 4 and 5

THE BELGIANS HEARD THE NEWS OVER THE BRUSSELS RADIO, AND WERE ON HAND TO WELCOME THE YANKS AS THEY CROSSED OVER THE FRENCH-BELGIAN BORDER. THEY LISTENED TO THEIR INSTRUCTIONS AND QUIETLY WENT INTO ACTION ALONGSIDE THEIR ALLIES.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
Yank Staff Correspondent

The Belgian Forces of the Interior—the dreaded Armee Blanche—had terrorized the Germans for years. Now, the men who had never accepted surrender, the hard core of the Belgian Army, simply took up where they had left off in 1940, and went to work with the American troops—driving the Germans eastward.

NEAR ROETGEN, GERMANY—The great moment, laden with history, came this afternoon at 1451 hours when we crossed the Belgian-German border in strength. It was a quiet, business-like moment, with the tankmen rushing over the rolling asphalt highway in their tanks just the same as they had done for the last 300 miles, and the pilots in the P-47s roaring over the column just as they had done since St. Lo. There was no customs barrier, because the Germans had long since moved their official frontier with Belgium back beyond Eupen and Malmedy. But we knew it was Germany, and there were white flags on the houses.

The Belgian phase of the campaign in the west was over. It had taken little more than ten days. As we crossed the border, two strange-looking people went along with us as an official part of our Corps Headquarters. These two men symbolized one of the principal reasons for our whirlwind advance through the congested little country, where the Germans quite conceivably could have delayed us for months in the thick woods and endless industrial areas. One of the two men wore an American officer's uniform with the shoulder insignia of a captain in the regular Belgian army. The other was a tough-looking, twenty-three-year-old dressed like an ordinary GI. On his right sleeve he wore a red, yellow and blue armband (the Belgian national colors) inscribed with the letters "AB."

Both of these men belonged to the dreaded, remarkably effective *Armee Blanche*, or White Army, otherwise known as the Belgian Forces of the Interior, the Belgian Maquis, the Belgian patriots—and, to the Germans, the Belgian terrorists.

I saw the French Forces of the Interior operate in Brittany and Paris. But neither I nor anyone in the Corps came across anything to match the military effectiveness of the *Armee Blanche*. They captured whole areas in our path without requesting any assistance from us, and fanned out behind our spearheads to perform the normal mopping-up functions of infantry. Thus our general was able to commit all his division to the rapidly moving spearheads. The *Armee Blanche* was also charged by the general with stopping the flow of remnants of the German Seventh and Fifteenth armies back to Germany. They performed this task with consummate skill. Our G-2 captured a document issued by the German high command to the escaping elements. "Go to the Schwarzwald via the Ardennes Forest and the farming areas around Dinant," the document said. "Do not in any circumstances go through the industrial area of Liége. That would mean certain death at the hands of the Belgian terrorists."

The German prisoners I saw were frightened to death of the *Armee Blanche*—and apparently had been for years. In France, very often the FFI was an armed mob of eager fanatically patriotic youngsters who suffered heavy casualties because of lack of military training. That was because almost the entire French army, two million strong, was in the prison camps of Germany.

IN Belgium it was different. The little army had never accepted surrender in 1940, and most of the regulars had escaped. The officers and men drifted back into the *Armee Blanche*, so that the Belgian Maquis throughout had a hard core of solid military experience. Units of the regular army were in the *Armee Blanche* almost intact. When we entered Charleroi, I met a young lieutenant, Andre Cornet, who had fought at Liége and on the Albert Canal in 1940. He still wore the insignia of his old regiment, the Second Chasseurs, and he still commanded his old platoon. He even had the same motorcycle dispatch rider. The only difference was that the dispatch rider now rode a German motorcycle, and

THIS TOUGH 23-YEAR-OLD BELONGED TO THE HIGHLY EFFECTIVE ARMEE BLANCHE, WAS INVALUABLE HELP TO OUR ADVANCE.

With the Belgian WHITE ARMY

had since been promoted from corporal to sergeant by the Belgian government in London.

"The French did a beautiful job of helping us," said Major Sidney Brodie, of Des Moines, Ia., one of the Corps' G-3s, "but this is like watching semi-pro baseball after a long dose of the sandlots."

The Assistant G-2, Lt. Col. David Goodwin, of Lookout Mountain, Tenn., continues to be amazed every day. "Their uniformity and military discipline is good," he says, "and they even use radio communications between units. They only have small arms, but we can let them handle Germans armed with anything less than tanks and artillery. In the old days, when our intelligence reported fifty Germans in a barn, we used to send mechanized cavalry to wipe them out. Now I just call the captain on the phone, and he assigns a unit of the *Armee Blanche* to do the job."

The taking of Charleroi was typical of how the *Armee Blanche* operated throughout Belgium. Charleroi is a large, spread-out industrial city ringed by factories and booms and huge fountains of gray slag from its many coal mines. Its street-cars and miners and colorful shabbiness remind you immediately of Scranton, Pa. Charleroi was an important German headquarters town and supply center.

On Saturday, 2 September, the Brussels radio suddenly announced: "The Americans have taken Douai in France and are advancing on Tournai in Belgium." That was the signal. As if by magic, the city erupted into action. The radio at Chatelineau, which had been closed since the Germans came in 1940, mysteriously came to life and began to issue instructions. The streets became filled with *Armee Blanche* men wearing a sort of sackcloth parachutist type of tan uniform dropped to them by the British. They commandeered every car and bicycle on the streets. A dozen *Armee Blanche* arsenals were opened for the first time, and the Belgians poured into all parts of the city armed with Sten guns, Schmeissers, and Mausers.

The Germans and Rexists (the Belgian Nazis) barricaded themselves in their buildings and made ready to pull out the next day. On Sunday morning, a big German demolition party fought its way down to the river to destroy the city's three bridges.

The *Armee Blanche* had been told that the bridges were the gateway to Germany itself and that at least one of them must be preserved. The Maquis set up defenses around the most important bridge right on the main road in the center of the city. The Germans blew up the other two bridges. Then they made for the third.

But they never got there.

They were met by a withering fire from the *Armee Blanche* men, cleverly entrenched in buildings and behind parapets. Five times that morning the Germans tried to get through to the bridge and five times they were thrown back. Finally, the desperate Germans brought up tanks. The Maquis were prepared for that, too. *Armee Blanche* men, armed with captured German bazookas, opened fire. The tanks pulled back. The shattered wreck of one of them still stands where it was hit, and the people of the city are talking about making it a permanent monument to the many dead heroes of what they call "The Battle of the Bridge."

After the bridge, the Germans reformed and fell back to a big slaughterhouse near the center of town. The *Armee Blanche* ringed the slaughterhouse, and the people watching the battle made loud jokes about the great quantities of German blood now mingling with the pigs' blood on the floors of the abbatoir. After the slaughterhouse, the Germans fell back to the woods north of the city, where other *Armee Blanche* men neatly caught them from the rear.

When our Third Armored Division entered Charleroi on Tuesday, the *Armee Blanche* presented

AN AMERICAN ARMORED CAR, ADVANCING ACROSS BELGIUM, PASSES A BARN SET AFIRE BY A GERMAN SHELL.

SLOW WAY HOME

The farm carts, bicycles and a disabled tank that had to be towed, mark the German retreat through a Belgian town, as these photographs taken by an unidentified photographer, show. Note the heartwarming farewells given the Nazis by the natives.

us with the bridge and the city, plus several thousand tons of undestroyed German equipment. A touching sidelight of the presentation was that the body of an American sergeant was found lying in state covered with flowers in the center of the city when we arrived. He had fought and died with the *Armee Blanche*. How he got there and what he had done to earn a probably posthumous decoration and the gratitude of several hundred thousand people cannot be revealed now.

The *Armee Blanche* performed other valuable services. They directed military traffic where we didn't have enough MPs, and they provided us with invaluable intelligence from the time we entered their country. As we approached the borders of Germany, Lt. Edward Stolenwerck, of New York City, pushed out with a reconnaissance party far ahead of the nearest armored column. They ran into no Germans, but after a while Stolenwerck, a tall, good-looking ex-Princeton man, realized that an even more serious thing had happened. They were nearly out of gas. And the nearest depot was a hundred miles back.

Suddenly, an *Armee Blanche* sergeant popped out of the bushes, saluted, and asked Stolenwerck if he could do anything. "Sure," said the lieutenant half-jokingly, "bring me about fifty gallons of gasoline." Then he went back to thinking moodily about the Germans closing in at nightfall.

About an hour later, a swaybacked old horse came clanking down the road lugging a rickety farm cart. On the cart was a load of hay, surmounted by a seedy-looking old Belgian peasant. The Belgian was about sixty, with gray hair and a mottled red face. He needed a shave badly, and he had a dirty scarf wrapped around his neck. The cart was groaning, and the shafts nearly lifted the horse off the ground.

The Belgian came up and saluted. Then he stared to pull the hay off the cart. Under the hay were four huge drums containing no less than four hundred litres of gasoline. The old Belgian Maquis, a veteran of the last war, had slipped past the machineguns and fifty guards of a nearby German gasoline depot. "And if you need more," he said gravely, "it can be arranged."

On another occasion, an armored division task force was pushing toward the border under intense 88mm. fire which they couldn't spot. Again the inevitable Maquis came along the road. This time the Maquis was a major followed by fourteen men. The major spoke briefly to the colonel commanding the task force. Then he left. When he returned, he had with him the exact coordinates of every one of the guns the Germans were using to fire on the column. His men obviously had crawled up to within speaking distance of each of the guns to record their position. In a matter of minutes, a squadron of Ninth Air Force Thunderbolts roared over the column and the 88s were eliminated for good.

The Belgian captain attached to this Corps was responsible for innumerable trick jobs. As we approached Liége, our G2 decided that for the safety of the military operation, all telephone communication between Liége and the German border must be stopped. It was a tremendous job because each telephone exchange in that part of Belgium was then operating independently. "Can you do it?" the Belgian captain was asked. "Yes, sir," he said. No one knows how or what he did, but in two hours every telephone in the Liége area went dead. And in six hours, he and his men had filtered through the Germans to our advanced army at Vervier, killing all lines enroute.

According to a senior Civil Affairs officer in this part of Belgium, the *Armee Blanche* is composed of four different organizations which worked independently during the occupation, but which are now more or less united and under central control.

First, there is the AB or *Armee Belge*, the hard core of officers and soldiers from the regular Belgian army. These people wear the parachutist uniform supplied by the British.

Secondly, there is the powerful FIB, or *Forces Independent Belge*. The FIB has a strongly Left background, but includes all elements of the population right up to the clergy. Many escaped Russian prisoners of war joined the FIB and helped them in their military operations. The FIB work mostly in civilian clothes behind the enemy lines and are identified merely by a white armband.

Thirdly, there is the MNB or the *Movement Nationale Belge*. This developed from the powerful old Catholic party. But here, too, its members range all the way from the clergy to the extreme Left.

Fourthly, there are the *Chemises Blanches*, or White Shirts, which arose suddenly when we entered the country, as the natural opponents of the Rexist Black Shirts. These people seem to work closely with the AB.

There is no vigilantism about the *Armee Blanche* today, and we make no attempt to interfere with the due process of Belgian law. Very often, *Armee Blanche* authority was the legally constituted Belgian authority before the war. It had just resumed business where it left off in 1940.

I witnessed a strange scene in a chateau near the front just a few miles from the German border. I was led into a beautiful room, with an intricately tiled floor and flowered wallpaper, by CIC Franklin Norvish, of Boston, and T/3 George Simon, of Forest Hills, N. Y., an Antwerp-born GI who speaks fluent French, Flemish, and German. Two men were on trial for their lives there. In the room were American GIs and officers, *Armee Blanche* men lounging around with their Sten guns slung casually over their shoulders, two *Armee Blanche* men now wearing again the uniform of the national gendarmie to which they belonged before the occupation, and a Belgian magistrate, also in the uniform of the *Armee Blanche*.

The gendarmes and the magistrate were sitting at a table opposite the two prisoners. The prisoners were pasty-faced little men in civilian clothes—Belgians who had joined the Belgian Waffen SS Division of the German Army, and had then been abandoned by the Germans in their wild flight. These Belgian Nazis had been picked up by the *Armee Blanche* road control system, whereby all citizens put in a certain number of hours of guard duty at all principal intersections, reporting all strangers passing through. This is handled on the same basis as the defense passive, or air raid warden system.

There was no doubt about the prisoners' guilt. They had, in fact, confessed.

"There is just one technical point," said the magistrate to the American officers. "These men were part of the German army. We despise them as disgusting little traitors, but according to the terms of the Geneva convention, we must turn them over to you to be treated the same as other prisoners of war."

Later, an *Armee Blanche* man gave me the SS collar insignia of one of the traitors. I shall keep it as my only souvenir of this campaign. It is a pretty good reminder of the irrepressibility of the spirit of free men everywhere.

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Crossing Belgium

By Cpl. JOHN PRESTON
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CROSSING BELGIUM—The fat, spruce, young Belgian priest ran out from the crowd on the sidewalk and jumped up on the jeep. Smiling and nodding continuously he shook hands with us all. His thick, glistening black hair and loose white collar ends flapped excitedly as he talked to us in excellent English.

"You are going to Germany today?" he asked the lieutenant.

"No, not today."

"You are going tomorrow, then?"

"No—we don't think so, at any rate."

The priest looked slightly crestfallen, and then a very plaintive note crept into his voice. "It's only about one hundred and some kilometres from here."

"Yes, but we're going northwest towards Liége."

"Ah, Liége." And he was silent for a moment. Then very politely, "Well, that will do." His face broke out into smiles again, and he shook hands all around once more. Then he jumped off the jeep and disappeared into the crowd.

The convoy started to move again and our jeep went with it, spreading a holiday through the streets and country roads as the crowd kept coming in at us. There was a steady rain of hard fruit, butter, biscuits, flowers, confetti, and small children beating in upon us from all directions wherever we moved. The Belgian people were giving the Americans as warm and active a welcome as one could hope for, and the GIs in turn were making the most of it. All one soldier on the half track just ahead of us had to do was to bang two canteen cups together, and it would bring a girl running out fast from the nearest house with a pitcher of milk or cognac. At one bend in the road a self-propelled red head in a brown sweater and grey flannel skirt saw her chance and sprang upon a jeep. She was carried down the road for about one hundred yards slung diagonally and hysterically across the knees and shoulders of four grinning wiremen.

The party in our jeep included Lt. T. Huke, of Quincey, Mass., Pvt. W. Alexander, of Seattle, Wash., Pfc. R. Benaglio, of Detroit, and Pvt. W. G. Hines, of Union City, Indiana. Lt. Huke, who had worked in Boston, had served with the 66th Division back in the States, had gotten married four days before going overseas and had come to Normandy a couple of months ago as a replacement officer. He was now serving with another Division as forward observer for the company cannon of the Third Battalion. These cannon—in this case six howitzers—were used in addition to the regular field artillery to give the battalion added firing power and protection, and were serviced by a crew of men who worked alternately at the battery behind the lines, and with the forward observer as drivers and radio men.

Benaglio, our driver, was a young man of Italian descent with a deep sunburn and a corn-colored goatee. Alexander, who had Indian blood, was noiseless, nerveless and an expert radio man. Hines was big and loud and good humored and had seen action in Africa and Sicily, like the other two men. He stated emphatically that they were both playgrounds compared to Normandy.

But now we were in Belgium and making good time at that. With towns like Soissons and Mons and Château-Thierry behind us, we had expected to see scenes of battered brown fields, grey skies, rain, red poppies, and Flanders mud; in short, everything that would remind one of all that one had ever read in novels or seen in movies about the slow days of the first World War.

But there was none of that this time. Instead, we had broad, open, rolling fields and hills, thick, low forests, and a high, cold wind all the time. When we stopped for lunch everyone immediately wrapped himself up in a blanket and ducked under the side of the jeep to get some protection from the wind. Some had cut holes in their blankets and wore them in the manner of Mexican serapes. One man wore a faded brown furpiece around his neck. The man who gave it to him assured him that it was mink but the soldier had long since decided that it had come "from some damn rat or else some highly intelligent skunk."

After coffee and Ten in One rations we all felt more conversational, with the exception of one officer who bemoaned the fact that there was nothing to talk about except food and places to sleep at this stage of the game. There was also much talk about the crossing of the Meuse some days before. At that time the Germans had opened up on the Americans with machineguns when the assault craft were right in the middle of the stream. On the opposite shore were tanks, TDs, and big guns trained down on our men from all the high positions. Still, the infantry moved forward through tanks and flame throwers. Finally, our own armour came up and cleared the way for the Americans to back up their advance and all went properly from then on.

After these post-mortems on the Meuse came a long argument about citations. A major said he wanted to know why you couldn't just give the plain facts in writing up a man's case for a medal or citation. "Why do you have to go in for a lot of flowery praise and detail? After all, it's usually a pretty simple thing no matter what you are getting a medal for."

"Listen, if a man is getting shot at, nothing he does is simple," was the conclusive answer.

Then once more we were on the move but stopping every half hour or so in small fields and clearings. The 1st Battalion which was the lead battalion in front of us was running into some opposition, and this was the reason for the delays, we were told.

This was made evident to us about four o'clock in the afternoon when we drove to the top of a hill. Blue smoke rose from a forest to the left of us and there came the occasional croaking of a machine pistol. The regiment of which we were a part, surrounded a group of Germans with tanks and TDs in the forest ahead. After some skirmishing the Germans waved white flags. The Americans were told to stand by and wait as the Germans marched out of the woods double file. Then, inexplicably enough, a tank opened up and they all broke and scattered into the woods again. So the Americans had to follow them in and fight it out to a finish. Two hundred Germans were killed but not one man of the regiment was lost.

Right after this we reached our objective and bedded down for the night in a small village. The Belgian farmers took us in readily enough and in those warm, soft, ancient double beds sleep came down hard and fast over our heads.

EARLY the next morning we stood around the single street of the village in the icy, smoking September sunlight and watched the infantry move up over the hill. They were stiff and light on their feet, and moved, whistling, some with hands in their pockets, all using the quick awkward movements of men keeping right in step to keep warm. The whistling and the alacrity were as much due to the cold weather as to the fact that they were right near the German border and really in motion again.

Then one of the men in our outfit emerged from a local dry goods store, with eleven packs of playing cards in his hand. He had just bought them before going on the march again. We all stared rather doubtfully at him, until he silently flourished a Magician's Union card by way of explanation.

Then our jeep fell in line with a replacement radio man, T/5 W. H. Otis, of Winthrop, Wash., sitting in back with us, me on a pile of blankets, raincoats and rations. Once we stopped in a small town for glasses of strong cold beer. They offered us whiskey at fourteen dollars a bottle but there were few applicants. No one seemed to have that much money. At the bar Lt. Buren, of Knoxville, Tenn., introduced us to Roger, a young member of the Belgian Resistance Movement, now on detached service with the 1st Army. After 1940 he had been taken prisoner and had remained three years in Germany. He escaped, and had run into Buren and his group a couple of weeks ago near the French-Belgian border where he was hitch-hiking his way east. The Americans had asked him where he was going and he merely said, *"Pour les Boches"* (For the Germans).

As this was the same general direction the Americans were taking, they had told him to climb on, and he had been with them ever since. Roger was only one of a number of Belgian Maquis who are now working with the Allies and who are equal to anyone as far as courage and efficiency are concerned.

The climax of the morning came about an hour before we reached a river crossing. A Piper Cub got in touch by radio with the artillery observer in the jeep directly ahead of us. It reported that the Germans were dug in at a steep incline on the opposite bank of a river that we were scheduled to cross at noon. A hurried call was sent to the field artillery to lay a few shells in that vicinity but they were too late. One minute before our shells landed, the Germans had blown up the bridge and were now heading rapidly eastward in trucks.

Things still looked promising by the time we got to the river bank. The open sky above us was flecked with bombers, and one of the patrols, led by Major Keene Wilson, was scaling the high brown cliff on the opposite side. Major Wilson, who had come over to France three months ago as a first lieutenant, was now battalion commander and fairly consistent in his habit of going right up to the front line and staying there when things were hot.

WE waited about half an hour before crossing, and I took time out to read some samples of Nazi eleventh hour propaganda. These consisted of small pieces of paper lying in the streets and their message went as follows in English:

Where are the German Tigers?
Where are the German U-Boats?
Where is the Luftwaffe?
Allied propaganda claims have told you that they were wiped out long ago.
Wait and See.
We, your comrades of the Opposition, wish you the best of luck during the months ahead.
And remember, we still have some very delicate surprises for you!!!
We repeat, Wait and See.
You won't have much longer to wait!!!

Finally, we climbed into the jeeps and drove on to a bridge further down the river. Then there were more delays and more consumption of pears and bread that the local inhabitants showered us with. One or two of us got out to take in the view. The sun came out again, and looking down over the parapet at the shining, rustling water, everyone agreed that it was a very fine afternoon; in fact, just the kind of an afternoon that the war might suddenly end on, and none of us know anything about it.

Armored Patrol

OUR RECON JEEP WAS STOPPED BY A ROAD BLOCK OUTSIDE LORIENT. WITH US WAS A FRENCH PARACHUTIST DROPPED BY THE BRITISH, WHO ACTED AS INTERPRETER. HERE, THE FRENCHMAN, WHO WAS LATER WOUNDED, IS BEING "BRIEFED" ON THE GERMAN SITUATION BY A MEMBER OF THE MAQUIS.

WHEN Uncle Sam took off on his big push across Brittany, American armored might played one of the starring roles in the history-making drive. Our tankmen saw the fall of Perrier, Coutance, Avranches, Rennes, Vannes. Although many GIs and machines were lost in the blitz campaign of wholesale liberation waged against stiffening Nazi resistance, the re-conquest went on. YANK artist Cpl. Jack Coggins rode with a recon unit of the Fourth Armored Division on the last lap of the race to Lorient. These are his impressions of the unit's pioneer job probing German strength and resources of the naval port amid the enemy's barrage of shot and shell.

THE JERRIES TRIED TO RUN TWO LOCOMOTIVES AND 14 CARS FULL OF MEN AND SUPPLIES THROUGH US INTO LORIENT IN BROAD DAYLIGHT. BUT OUR M4s AND M8s, SET UP ONLY 150 YARDS FROM THE TRACKS, STOPPED BOTH ENGINES COLD WITH TWO 75-MM. SHELLS. ALL THE YANKS WERE POPPING AWAY AT THE TRAINS WITH EVERY AVAILABLE WEAPON. AND THE GERMANS WERE SHOOTING BACK AMIDST THE ROAR OF ESCAPING STEAM. IT WAS ONE HELL OF A ROW.

TOWARD NIGHTFALL THE CREWS OF A COUPLE OF HALF-TRACKS HOLED UP IN A DEEP TRENCH. THE GERMANS IN THE PORT WERE AN ESTIMATED 25,000 STRONG, AND THEY WERE USING PLENTY OF 88s, 120s, MORTARS AND MACHINEGUNS. STAR SHELLS WOULD GO UP, AND EACH TIME WE'D FREEZE WHERE WE WERE. THOSE BURP GUNS SOUNDED AWFULLY CLOSE.

BACK IN ONE OF THOSE SAME OLD DITCHES, NEVER DEEP ENOUGH, SUDDENLY, UP A ROAD CRISS-CROSSED BY MORTAR FIRE AND SNIPERS, CAME THESE THREE FRENCH CIVILIANS PUSHING A BABY CARRIAGE FULL OF HOUSEHOLD GOODS!

THERE WERE ALWAYS "AT LEAST 200 GERMANS" IN EVERY DIRECTION.

BELOW: THIS M8 NESTLED IN A GULLY. JERRY GUNS LOCATED US, THOUGH, AND WE THOUGHT A SHELL WOULD DROP DOWN THE HATCH ANY MINUTE.

Merrill's Makeshift Artillery

By Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

BEHIND JAPANESE LINES IN NORTHERN BURMA—Jap artillery was pounding Merrill's Marauders again. Three weeks before, the enemy guns had sent shells whistling into Marauder positions facing the Walawbum garrison. Two weeks before, a Jap battery had ranged in on the Marauders during their attack on the enemy supply route at Inkangahtawng. One week before, a couple of rapid-fire guns had hammered the Marauders all night after their capture of a section of the Shaduzup-Kamaing road.

And now Jap artillery was concentrated on a unit of Marauders on Nhpum Ga hill. Another Marauder unit was driving through to relieve the outfit the Japs had surrounded.

As the 70-mm shell blasts reverberated through the jungles, Maj. Edwin J. Briggs of La Grande, Oreg., CO of the attacking unit, sent for a mule skinner and offered him a new job.

S/Sgt. John A. Acker, the mule skinner, was an ex-mineworker from Bessemer, Ala., who had shipped overseas a year before with a pack howitzer outfit. The outfit had gone to New Guinea. After sitting around for months without going into action, Acker and several others grew restless. When a call was made for animal-transportation men to join Merrill's Marauders, they volunteered. That was seven months before.

"Acker," said the major, "I understand you and some of the other mule drivers who used to be in the pack artillery would like to fire some howitzers back at these Japs. Is that right?"

The Alabaman said it was.

"Well, Acker," the major grinned, "this is an emergency. Two 75-mm pack howitzers will be parachuted to us tomorrow. Get two gun crews together and be ready to fire them."

Next day an expectant bunch of mule drivers stood on the airdrop field, watching brilliantly colored parachutes drift lazily down. When the parachutes hit the ground, the mule skinners became artillerymen again. They grabbed the dismantled howitzers and went to work assembling them. The guns were brand new and clean of cosmoline. Within two hours they were assembled, dug in on the airdrop field and firing.

A mile away the Marauder unit that was driving through Jap machine-gun positions along the trail to Nhpum Ga heard the shells whistle overhead. "What the hell is that?" one rifleman asked another. "Jap artillery behind us, too?" Then a radio message explained that it was Marauder artillery. Soon infantry-directed fire was blasting the strong points holding up the rifle platoon.

Two days later Acker and his impromptu artillery crews put their howitzers on mules and climbed the winding trail for three miles. They emplaced their guns on a ridge overlooking the Jap positions between the trapped Marauder unit on Nhpum Ga hill and the attacking unit. While the guns were being set up again T-4 Robert L. Carr of San Luis Obispo, Calif., started for the front as artillery observer with a walkie-talkie.

The point platoon had run smack up against one of the strongest Jap positions yet. This was a perimeter atop a little knoll from which Jap machine gunners commanded a clear field of fire for several hundred feet down the trail. The steep sides of the knoll made flanking difficult. It would have to be taken frontally. The point platoon asked for artillery and mortar support.

Carr, the observer, took his walkie-talkie up to the first squad. "Jap position approximately 700 yards from guns," he radioed, adding the azimuth. "Fire a smoke shell, and I'll zero you in."

The smoke shell whistled over, followed by a few more as Carr adjusted the firing data. Finally he okayed both range and azimuth. Lacking an aiming circle, the only piece of equipment that was not dropped with the guns, Acker and his men were obliged to use an ordinary infantry compass to gauge azimuth.

The order came to fire five rounds. Up ahead all morning there had been constant mortar, machine-gun and small-arms fire. But as soon as the howitzers opened fire, Jap bullets began singing over the artillerymen's heads. All day the Japs reminded Acker's men that they were firing practically point-blank at 700 yards.

Just after the howitzers fired the five rounds, S/Sgt. Henry E. Hoot of Shepherd, Tex., radioman with the guns, shouted to Acker: "Holy smoke! Some Infantry officer is on the radio. He's excited as hell. Says you're right on the target. And—get this—he wants us to fire 'Battery 100 rounds'."

There's no such order in artillery parlance; actually the correct order for a lot of firing is "Fire at will." Acker chuckled at the order. "Okay, boys," he said. "Open those shell cases fast. Gun crews, prepare to fire at will."

In the next 15 minutes, the jungle hills rang as the two pack howitzers threw 134 shells into the Jap perimeter. The crews had been a bit slow two days before because they hadn't seen a howitzer in seven months, but now they performed as artillerymen should.

Up front the point platoon drove through. They found parts of Jap bodies in trees and all over the ground, virtually blown out of their holes. The dense jungle had become a clearing under the terrific blasting. A platoon leader going through the area, a few minutes after the barrage, discovered two shivering Japs deep in a foxhole, unhurt but moaning with fear. He killed them with a carbine. Apparently they were the only ones who had survived and stayed in the area. The platoon moved through unopposed.

For the next few days the artillery worked hand in hand with the point platoon in blasting other Jap positions. On one of these days Pvt. John W. (Red) Seegars of Kershaw, S. C., walked up to the guns with a broad smile. Seegars had been requested by Acker as No. 1 man on one of the howitzers, but because he was a rifleman and was needed in the drive, he had not been sent back to the guns. Now Seegars was wounded in the left arm.

These mule skinners gave up their mules for a pack howitzer when Merrill's Marauders needed artillery.

The makeshift gun crew's chief: S/Sgt. Acker.

"As a rifleman I can't crawl with this arm wound," said Seegars, "so they sent me back to the aid station for evacuation. But I'm not going. I can still pull a howitzer lanyard with my right arm." Acker was glad to get him.

MEANWHILE Carr, the artillery observer, found things pretty hot at the front. On an advance with a rifle platoon, he was pinned down on the side of a hill by Jap machine guns and grenades at the top. Two men were wounded near him. He left the radio and dragged each of them back through the fire to an aid man. Returning to his radio, Carr egged the Japs into revealing their positions by throwing grenades, thus drawing fire on himself. Then he radioed the howitzers to shorten their range and swing their azimuth until the shells burst near a Jap heavy machine gun 30 yards away.

All this time, a Jap dual-purpose antiaircraft gun was throwing 70-mm shells into the midst of the trapped Marauder unit on Nhpum Ga hill. Acker got a liaison plane to spot the ack-ack gun's position. Then the howitzers fired on it all day. At dusk the Jap gun tried to fire back at the howitzers, but its trajectory was too flat to hit them. The shells either hit an intervening hill or whistled harmlessly high over the artillerymen's heads.

And that morning the Marauder attacking unit broke through to relieve the unit that had been cut off by the Japs for 10 days. Acker and his men, mule skinners no more, fired a salvo to celebrate.

By Sgt. SANDERSON VANDERBILT
YANK Staff Correspondent

TOUGH SHIPMENT TICKET

Good For One (1) Trip Past Statue of Liberty On or After Your Fifty-sixth (56th) Birthday

MAYBE the rest of you Yanks in the ETO are assuming that, since Uncle Sam got you over here, by golly it's up to him to get you back. Well, probably it is and more than likely he will, but me, I'm taking no chances. The minute I heard about all this demobilization stuff I could see I'd better start getting my papers in order for the return voyage—no easy matter for a guy who's been stumbling around these parts for the last 10 or 12 years with somebody else's dog-tags and a phoney AGO card. So I sat down and wrote to a babe I used to know in London, asking her to please drop around to the American Embassy and pick up whatever papers I'd need in order to get home without being stopped at Ellis Island. I figured that on account of those two pints of bitter I once bought her she sort of owed me a favor and I guess she thought so, too, because yesterday I got an answer from her. Or maybe you'd hardly call it an answer, since there wasn't any letter in the envelope, just a big blue form to be filled out by anyone who wants to enter the United States of America. But that was good enough for me.

So help me, if this form's not a lulu you can pin three stars on my shoulder and call me George S. Patton. It's a yard long and a foot wide and has more spaces to fill out than an application to OCS. From the wording of some of the questions, I should judge that it was designed primarily for civilians in peacetime, a fact which makes it all the more difficult for a soldier in wartime to dope out. Still, who knows? Maybe they'll wind up by discharging me overseas, especially since, from the way things look now, peace will be here and growing whiskers before I ever get home.

If, in the following paragraphs, I seem to have been unduly careful in my efforts to answer the questions accurately, it's because the form points out that mistakes are likely to cause "delay and consequent inconvenience on landing"—something which, of course, no GI who has had the privilege of travelling Army-style would put up with.

THE first thing this form wants to know is can I read, and the answer at the moment is "yes," but after a few more years of squinting my way through pony-size overseas editions of *Time* by the light of 10-watt Mazdas, the answer is surely going to be "no." So what? Does that mean I won't ever be able to get back to the States? No, fortunately not; the next blank in the form leaves me a loophole. It says that if I'm a father or grandfather over 55 years of age I may enter the U.S., whether I can read or not. By the time I'm set to sail I'm sure I'll have no trouble meeting those requirements. Round one: all mine.

The next four questions are fairly routine: name (easy), age (over 55, as noted), sex (a cinch), and married or single (married, I guess, if I'm to be a grandfather and get by the U.S. authorities without being snagged for moral turpitude). Then comes an apparently innocent job that turns out, after some study, to be a toughy. "Occupation?" asks the form. Plainly, I'm a GI, and proud of it, but in a special footnote the form says such generalities won't do. "This entry," it declares, "should describe as accurately as possible the occupation" and it specifically warns against putting down such "indefinite designations" as (1) engineer, (2) turner, or (3) polisher. Instead, it says, I must specify whether I am (1) a locomotive engineer, (2) a wood turner, or (3) a brass polisher. Well, I've never been in even a switch engine nor turned so much as a twig, so it looks like it's No. 3 for me—and a hell of a way that is for a man to end up who has followed his country's flag to the far corners of the globe.

WE'LL skip a few questions dealing with visa numbers and re-entry permits and some other things I don't understand, and take up Question 15, which wants to know about my last permanent residence. That looked right up my alley and I was about to jot down "New York City" when I came on this footnote: "Actual or intended residence of a year shall constitute permanent residence."

That "actual or intended" double-talk about what constitutes a permanent residence really got me down. All anyone has to do is to look at my service record and he'll find that my *actual* residence for plenty more than a year has been the ETO. But if he thinks I ever *intended* the ETO to be my residence for as much as a single day, he's screwy. "Intend," says the dictionary, means "to have in mind as a purpose," and if there's one thing I sure have *not* got in mind as a purpose it's living in the ETO, yet here is where beyond all doubt I actually am living. I give up. Take me back to the loony bin.*

Now we come to one that wants to know who is paying for my passage and, although I haven't yet consulted my finance officer, it seems to me that I ought to be safe in assuming that the United States Treasury will slip me a few quid or francs to get me back. However, if the finance officer renegs when the great day comes, I don't imagine I'll be in a mood to quibble but will somehow raise the dough myself. At all events, the next question is a snap. It wants to know whether I am "in possession of $50, and, if less, how much?" The answer, gentlemen, shall be divided into two parts, as follows:

Q.: Am I in possession of $50? A.: No, I am not in possession of $50.

Q.: How much less than $50, then, am I in possession of? A.: $50.

The object of Question 22 is to find out whether I have ever before been in the United States and, if so, when and where. A footnote to this one offers a sample answer, an answer that I hope to keep in mind when my memory of everything else starts to blur. Explaining the way in which a chap should note how long he has previously been in the United States and where he stayed while there, the form instructs him to show the number of years and the place in this manner: "1894-1897, Philadelphia." Okay by me; I suspect that "1894-1897, Philadelphia" will sound as reasonable as anything else by the time I finally creak up the gangplank. And anyway, what's wrong with "1894-1897, Philadelphia"? Done.

QUESTION 24 raises a point that could easily be described as moot. It asks whether the "passenger intends engaging *temporarily* in laboring pursuits in the United States." (The italics, chum, are mine, all mine.) And the next wants to know if the passenger has ever been in prison. I suppose that could mean the guardhouse—so let your conscience be your guide. Question 26 has the gall to ask how I feel about polygamy, apparently completely overlooking the fact that I settled that once and for all with an $8 ring one Saturday morning way back in 1934.

I confess that I went into a pretty rugged mental struggle with myself over Question 30, which wants to know whether I have previously been excluded or deported from the United States. Just what the deal is on that one I don't know. There were times in the POE and on the way over when I figured they shouldn't deport a dog like they were deporting me, and I may say that I've spent winter afternoons on certain moors and downs in the U.K. when I didn't feel altogether *in*cluded in the U.S.A. But that's probably just haggling over words. The answer, then, to Question 30 is, "Yes, and no, but don't quote me."

Like a soft-touch walkaway, the pace of this blue form slackens toward the finish. Height, complexion, and color of hair and eyes are the points raised in Questions 34, 35, and 36. But the dream question is left for the very end. "Return ticket, Yes or No?" it asks. Gents, I leave that answer to you.

*The author will admit, upon sober reflection within the confines of a straitjacket, that any discussion of what constitutes his permanent residence—the U.S.A. or the ETO—is pretty academic, inasmuch as the Army seems to have decided the issue pretty effectively in favor of the latter.

ABOVE, LEFT, A LITTLE FRENCH BOY, WITH HIS CAT, LOOKS SADLY AT COFFINS HOLDING HIS PLAYMATES, TWO OF THE RESIDENTS OF TAVAUX KILLED BY NAZIS WHO RETURNED TO THE TOWN AND SLAUGHTERED FOR REVENGE. RIGHT, FRENCHMEN IDENTIFY AN 80-YEAR-OLD WOMAN, ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE SAME MASSACRE.

Yanks in the ETO

ELDERLY RESIDENT OF TAVAUX MOURNS HIS KIN WHILE WAITING FOR NAZIS' VICTIMS TO BE BURIED NEAR THE UNFORTUNATE LITTLE VILLAGE.

Village Tragedy

FRANCE—We went to church to attend a mass funeral. The French had asked us to come. We thought it was for four Yanks who had been killed in the fighting here, but when we arrived we learned the service was for eight French civilians. The church was old, like most French churches are, big and beautiful, and it was crowded. There were people everywhere, in the corridors, at the back of the church and out in the street. We could sense that this service was something special.

An attendant took us through the crowded aisle down to the front where there were several seats vacant. It seemed as if they had been reserved for us. There was a strange unpleasant odor that I couldn't figure out at first. Then I realized it must come from the dead bodies lying in their caskets not far in front of us.

The service was sad, long and tedious. It lasted about three hours. The crowd was impressively silent throughout. An organ and a choir took part in it and at least three priests officiated. One gave a short sermon and although I understand some French all I could get from his speech was a reference to Hitler and something about the liberation of France.

About that time a young man was escorted to the seat directly in front of me. There was something about him that held my attention. He wore a uniform that was like our Boy Scouts' back home and it made him appear half-naked and funny in church. He was unimpressive of build, being rather soft and large around the hips, but he had dignity in his bearing. What impressed me was the parachutist's insignia over his heart.

The service went on for some time longer and then about two dozen men wearing old, pointed, gold French helmets filed down the aisle to take away the many flowers decorating the caskets. A bit more service and then the men started carrying out the caskets one by one.

The families of the dead sat on our left, all dressed in black. Deep, gasping sobs came from several women there. It was pretty bad to hear. One woman in black stood up and bent over a casket going by and sobbed. *"Mon petite,"* she moaned. I guess that it was either her child or the pet name for someone in her family, maybe her husband. At this I noticed the little guy in the Boy Scout uniform bit his lip and tears came to his eyes.

The bodies were carried outside to the waiting horse-drawn hearses. The Mayor made a speech over the caskets and then I got the story. These people lying dead in the caskets were French civilians killed in cold blood by the Germans. No reason could be found for the murders. It had happened when the Germans were evacuating a near-by hamlet. Actually, thirteen had been killed, but there were only eight here. Some of them were children.

Then a man rose to introduce the leader of the French Forces of the Interior for that town. He was the little guy in the Boy Scout uniform. He spoke quietly, in a slow, sure way as if he were trying to appeal to a person's mind rather than his emotions. The crowd seemed to pay great heed to what he said. His speech was short. When he said, "We shall get revenge for these atrocities," I noticed a murmur of approval swept through the crowd.

—By Cpl. JOE SCHIFFMAN

BELOW ARE TWO PICTURES OF ANOTHER NAZI OUTRAGE. GERMANS KILLED 14 MEN AND A WOMAN, RESIDENTS OF ST. POL DE LEON, IN REPRISAL FOR A MAQUIS UPRISING OF AUGUST 4. THE VICTIMS WERE HASTILY BURIED AT MORLAIX, WHERE, A WEEK LATER, FFI MEN STOOD GUARD WHILE NAZI PWs WERE FORCED, AS SHOWN, TO EXHUME THE BODIES FOR DECENT BURIAL.

Jerry and the Jabos

WITH THE 8TH INFANTRY DIVISION—Like a cowboy selecting a prize steer from a herd the interrogator pulled the shivering German paratrooper sergeant from the 50 or so captives in the makeshift PW stockade and ordered him to the half-tent next to a hedgerow.

"This man is a good soldier," he said. "He's been a paratrooper for five years; went through Greece, Crete, Africa and Italy and has been on the Russian front twice."

The prisoner was of medium height, blonde, gray-eyed. His hands shook while lighting a cigarette. But he was not frightened. He had been buried during a dive-bombing raid just in front of the American lines. Infantrymen captured him a short time later.

"*Jabos! Jabos!*" he declared excitedly, repeating the German nickname for the P-47 Thunderbolt.

From the sergeant and other prisoners I found that the Thunderbolt and the artillery's heavy mortars are the most feared weapons the Americans have. About the Thunderbolt, the sergeant said:

"You get the impression that it is diving bodily at you. Its machine guns start firing at extreme range and continue to within several meters of the ground. Then, when the *Jabos* has to pull out, it drops its bomb."

The sergeant has been in several Thunderbolt attacks and knows that even a deep foxhole is sometimes no protection against the Thunderbolt's spitting guns.

"I have seen men killed in their foxholes by *Jabos* fire."

About the mortars, the sergeant was just as excited. He called them "over-heavies" and described their explosion as "earth-shaking." He was buried also during a mortar barrage, suffering a brain concussion. In combination with intense American artillery fire, he believes the mortar is the worst morale smasher the Americans possess.

"You employ it much as do the Russians," he said.

ANOTHER paratrooper—a master sergeant with ten years' service in the Wehrmacht—substantiated his fellow prisoner's description of the effect of the Thunderbolt's front line activities. For eight straight days he lived under bombing and strafing attacks—and then was more than glad to be taken prisoner.

To a man facing enemy fire for the first time, the effect of American artillery is just as horrible, according to a corporal in a Jerry fire department who was pushed into the lines to fill a gap caused by losses to the paratroops. His battle experience had been so limited that he was unable to distinguish between mortar and Long Tom fire. All he could report was six hours on the front—six hours during which he saw only the interior of his foxhole.

After that he was captured—and happy to be out of it.

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

CAPTURED WHILE COMMANDING A GERMAN COMPANY IN THE FIRST WORLD WAR, S/SGT. HANS DEPPISH SUBSEQUENTLY SETTLED IN NEWBURGH, N.Y. NOW A FRONT-LINE YANK, HE CALLS ON NAZIS AT PONTANEZEN TO SURRENDER.

THREE MORE DIVISIONS IN FRANCE

Fifth Infantry Division

KILLING Germans is an old story to the famed Red Diamond Division. Back in 1918 the Fifth wrote a place for itself in history at St. Mihiel and in the great Meuse-Argonne offensive. Right up to Armistice Day the outfit continued to bore deep into Boche territory. And the Red Diamonds stayed on the job until July 3, 1919, making sure that the Allied victory would stick. Their occupation duties in the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg finished, the Fifth returned to the States for demobilization. During the first World War, the organization's casualties totaled 9,299, including 1,362 killed in action and 6,182 wounded.

The Fifth Division was inactive from 1921 until October, 1939, when Brig. Gen. Campbell B. Hodges assumed command of the present outfit at Fort McClellan, Ala. Maneuvers at Fort Benning, Ga., and in the Sabine River area of Louisiana toughened the newly-reborn Division during the following year. Then in the winter of 1940 the Diamond Division pulled into its new station at Fort Custer, Mich. During the next June it was more maneuvering—this time with the Second Army in Tennessee. The Fifth's first overseas assignment came in the fall of 1941, when it moved to Iceland for defense of the island—a tough, bleak job. It was ready for anything when in the summer of 1943, the call came to ship to England. After the toughest kind of pre-invasion training, the Red Diamonds traveled to Northern Ireland. They're moving fast in Europe now.

Seventh Armored Division

ACTIVATED on March, 1, 1942, the Seventh Armored plunged into intensive basic training at Camp Polk, La., as part of the Second Armored Corps, later switching to the Third. During the next year the Division sweated out desert training at Camp Young, Calif. Still later the Seventh headed east for its new station at Fort Benning, Ga., where it assimilated the latest tactics in panzer warfare. The outfit took off from Georgia for the ETO, and you can read the rest in the newspapers.

Thirty-Fifth Infantry Division

THE Thirty-Fifth, an outfit now known only too well by the retreating Nazis, got its start as a National Guard outfit from Kansas, Nebraska, and Missouri. It became known as the Santa Fe Division because the old Santa Fe Trail began near the Missouri-Kansas State line. Its men wear a shoulder patch bearing the Santa Fe cross. Initial training for the Thirty-Fifth came at Camp San Luis Obispo, Calif., and then the Division moved to Camp Rucker, Ala. Final polishing touches were administered at Camp Butner, N. C., before shipment to the battlegrounds of fortress Europe.

THEN AND NOW. IT'S TAKEN TWO YEARS OF BLOODSHED TO DO THIS, BUT THE JOB IS PAYING DIVIDENDS—FASTER AND FASTER THESE DAYS. MAP AT LEFT, BELOW, SHOWS HOW PERILOUSLY FAR HITLER ONCE GOT IN HIS SCHEME TO RULE EUROPE, AND AFTER THAT THE WORLD. IT WAS THEN SEPTEMBER, 1942, AND THE GERMANS WERE RIDING HIGH. BUT ALLIED MIGHT, COUPLED WITH SUPPORT FROM UNDERGROUND MOVEMENTS, HAS THROWN THE DEMENTED SAGE OF BERCHTESGARTEN REELING BACK ON HIS HEELS SO BADLY THAT BY LAST WEEK THE NAZIS WERE CLINGING DESPERATELY ONLY TO THE MEAGER AREAS INDICATED IN THE MAP AT RIGHT.

YANK'S UNITED STATES

A slap-happy map of 48 certain pieces of terrain in America that will be so nice to come home to.

By Sgt. RALPH STEIN, *YANK Staff Artist*


N A D A
MINN.
WIS.
MICH.
ME
VT.
NH
MASS
N.Y.
N.J.
PA.
MD
DEL.
VA.
W.VA.
OHIO
IND.
ILL.
KY.
N.C.
S.C.
TENN.
MO.
OKLA.
ARK.
MISS
ALA.
GA.
LA.
FLA.
IOWA
FLOUR
HOT SPRINGS
RICE
TIGER
F. KING
A T L A N T I C O C E A N
G U L F O F M E X I C O
N


Gale Storm
YANK
Pin-up Girl

News from Home

A Senator predicted that there won't be room enough in the peacetime Army for all the boys who want to stay in, the politicians brought their heavy artillery up to the front line, a honey got back from France with tales of champagne and Chanel, and a 19-year-old miss used her head about her legs.

To hear Senator Elmer Thomas tell it, once the war is over the GI who wants to get out of the Army is going to be all set ; it's the man who wants to stay in who is likely to find himself on the spot. And this despite the fact that the Senator figures the U.S. will need from three to four million men in the armed services right after peace comes and at least two million for from five to ten years after the last gun has been fired.

Thomas, who is a Democrat from Oklahoma and a member of the Senate's Army and Navy subcommittees on appropriations, put this new slant on demobilization during a press conference last week at the headquarters of the Democratic National Committee in New York. As he saw it, the two million men needed in the services after the war would be split up roughly as follows: Navy, 750,000 ; Air Corps, 750,000 ; Ground Forces, 500,000.

Here, in so many words, is the unexpected picture the Senator painted: " We have a vast number of men who want to stay in the Army, Navy, and Air Corps. There will be more than we can possibly accommodate. We will have to make a selection and keep those best qualified." So shine up those good-conduct medals, men, if you want to get in on the gravy train!

Thomas got on the subject of the strength of a future peacetime Army and Navy while answering a charge of Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York, the Republican candidate for President, to the effect that the Roosevelt administration had lacked foresight in preparing for war. To this, Thomas replied that the nation's armed services were " at their lowest ebb in 1932, when Hoover went out " and that " the moment the Democrats came into power we began to build."

This was not the only mention of Pearl Harbor among last week's developments in the Presidential campaign. The charge was made in Congress and denied by Australian officials that the Australian Government had warned the U.S. War Department prior to the Pearl Harbor attack that a Jap task force was headed for Hawaii. Both Henry L. Stimson and James V. Forrestal, Secretaries of the Army and Navy, respectively, also replied that there was no truth at all in this report.

THE big political gun of the week, however, so far as the Democrats were concerned, was fired by President Roosevelt himself. Just back from his meeting with Prime Minister Churchill in Quebec and making his first avowedly political speech of the campaign, the Democratic candidate for reelection to the White House spoke ostensibly to 900 leaders of the AFL Teamsters' Union, who had just unanimously endorsed the Democratic ticket, but his words were broadcast nationally. Roosevelt named no names, but he singled out several of Dewey's statements for special attention.

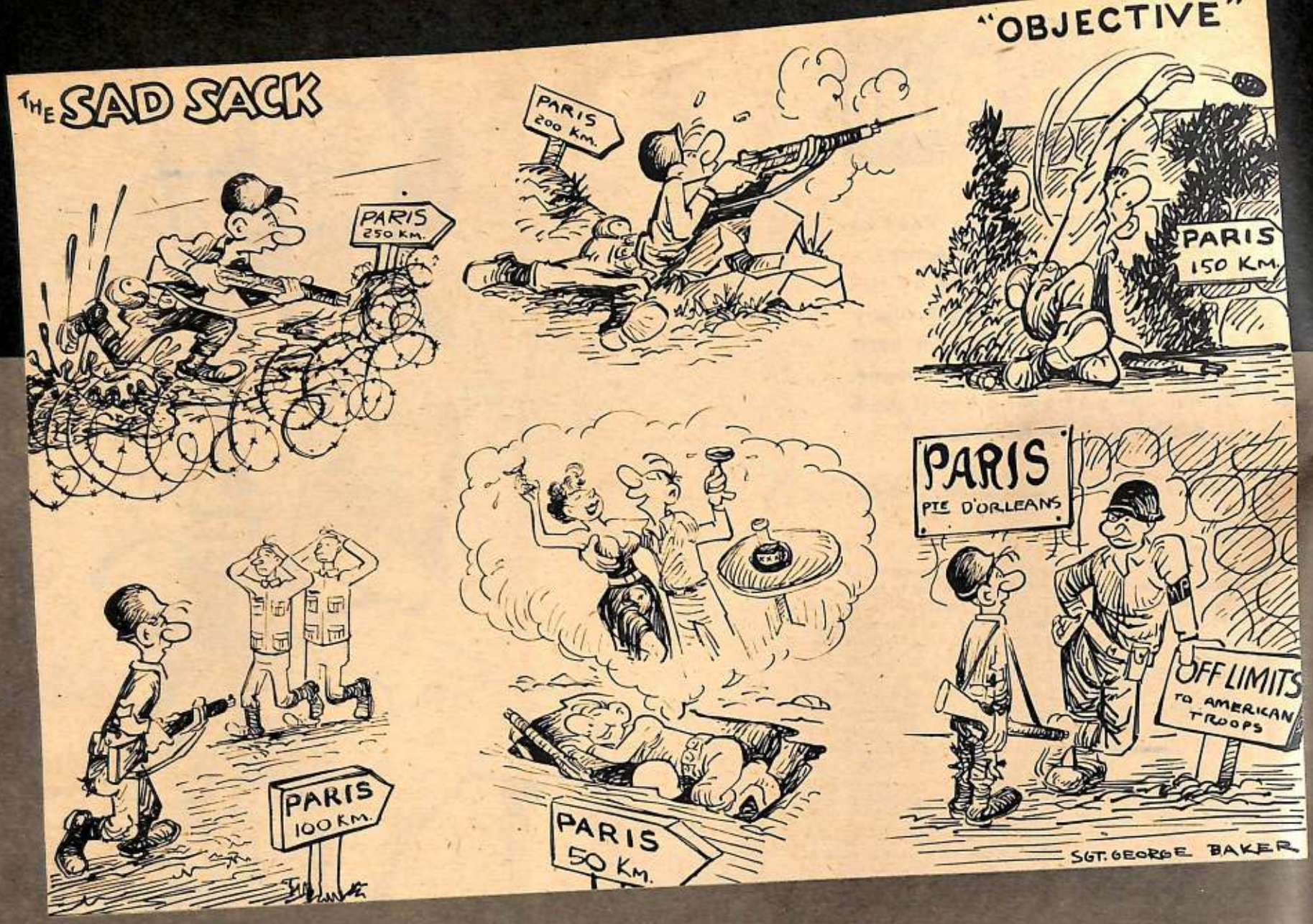
In what was widely taken to be a reference to Dewey's charge in Philadelphia that the administration planned to keep men in uniform until they could find jobs for themselves, Roosevelt said: " This callous and brazen falsehood about demobilization was an effort to stimulate fear among American mothers, wives, and sweethearts. The very day that this fantastic charge was first made a formal plan for the method of speedy discharge from the Army had already been announced by the War Department, a plan based upon the wishes of the soldiers themselves."

Roosevelt accused the Republicans of using " the propaganda technique invented by the dictators " which holds that " you should never use a small falsehood, always a big one." He said that the Republicans were now supporting reforms which his administration had introduced. " The whole purpose of Republican oratory these days," he went on, " seems to be to switch labels. The object is to persuade the American people that the Democratic Party was responsible for the 1929 crash and depression and that the Republican Party was responsible for all social progress under the New Deal." This the President called " a fraud " and then he asked: " Can the Old Guard pass itself off as the New Deal? I think not."

"Perhaps the most ridiculous of these campaign falsifications," Roosevelt continued, " is the one that this administration failed to

The female is deadlier, etc. Mrs. Ruth Knuth, of Indianapolis, Ind., was women's champion of champions in the Grand American Trapshoot held at Vandalia, Ohio.

All's well that ends well, say these Seabees, back home (or at least in Jersey City) after helping out with the Sicilian, Italian, and Normandy landings.



prepare for the war." He observed that many Republican leaders in and out of Congress had " tried to thwart and block nearly every attempt which this administration made to warn our people and to arm this nation."

Urging all Americans to vote in the November election, regardless of whom they vote for, the President said that in his opinion " millions " of service personnel had been " handicapped in or prevented " from voting by " politicians and candidates who think they stand to lose by such votes."

Meanwhile the heavy firing on the Republican front continued to reverberate from the West Coast, where Dewey was pressing on with his nation-wide speaking tour. His campaign narrowly avoided disaster when the special train in which he and his party were travelling hit a passenger train 60 miles north of Portland, Ore., but no one suffered more than a shaking-up. There was another non-political development to the trip in Portland when a string of pearls being worn by Mrs. Dewey, the candidate's wife, broke. Police saw a man pick the necklace up and, thinking he was a member of Dewey's party, said nothing. The man turned out to be a stranger; though, and disappeared, pearls and all.

In the strongly labor town of Seattle, Dewey placed the responsibility for wartime strikes on the shoulders of the Roosevelt administration and the War Labor Board. He said that the Smith-Connally Anti-strike Law, which he termed one of the New Deal's " interferences with free collective bargaining," had actually increased the number of work stoppages during the war. Democratic leaders lost no time in pointing out that Roosevelt had vetoed the Smith-Connally measure and that Congress had passed it over his veto.

In Portland, Dewey declared that no man was indispensable to America or the world. Harmony between Roosevelt and Congress, he said, was impossible because the President had tried to undermine the latter, with the result that Congress was now suspicious of the Chief Executive's every move.

When Dewey reached Los Angeles, a monster Hollywood-style show was put on in his honor by Cecil B. de Mille in the city's Coliseum. Ninety-five thousand persons turned out to see the spectacle, whose cast was headed by Ginger Rogers, Adolph Menjou, and Lionel Barrymore. The doings there included a parade of elephants, a Wild West rodeo, and a speech by the candidate. Dewey promised that the Republicans would extend Social Security to 20 million farmers, domestic servants, Federal workers, and employes of non-profit corporations, and he blamed the New Deal for the exclusion of such workers from the benefits of the Social Security Act.

SHOULD you be one of those unlucky boys whom Senator Thomas believes the peacetime Army will have no use for, you may want to take up farming and, if so, the administration is determined to help you do it. Estimating that a million vets will want to wrest their living from the soil, President Roosevelt got cracking on the problem of how to make sure that ex-servicemen can obtain productive land and credit, as well as the training needed to make a success of farming.

In a letter to Secretary of Agriculture Claude R. Wickard and Veterans' Administrator Brig. Gen. Frank T. Hines, Roosevelt said that the sacrifice and courage of men in the armed services " entitle them to expect this nation to be prepared within the limits of its capacities to offer them reasonable opportunities to get started in agriculture." He urged Wickard and Hines to take full advantage of the GI Bill of Rights in rehabilitating farm-minded veterans, and he suggested that a study be made of the special types of farming for which disabled veterans may be adapted. " Adequate credit upon reasonable terms must be assured," wrote the President, pointing out that the nation no longer has " a great new and unsettled Oklahoma or Northwest Territory to be declared open for settlement."

Just so ex-GIs who take to the farm don't get too lonesome for the Army, Willys-Overland is planning to turn out an agricultural version of the jeep after the war. Charles E. Sorenson, president of Willys, gave directors of the company a demonstration of the new vehicle on his farm at New Hudson, near Detroit, but no specific details of the peacetime jeep were released. Officials of the firm said, however, that the machine was intended to combine the basic qualities of a light truck tractor, a passenger conveyance, and an independent power unit, and that the Army jeep's gear ratio would be modified to adapt it for various types of farm operation.

Talk of demobilization brought a lot of questions in Washington about what the chances are for a GI who is over 38 to get out, to which the WD replied that his chances are just what they were before—meaning nil. It was explained that back in 1942 the Army decided that in general men over 38 were not physically fitted for combat duty, and drafting in that age category was stopped. This was followed by a decision to let overage soldiers apply for a discharge, providing that they could show themselves able to get jobs in essential industries. Then, in the spring of 1943, after about 200,000 overage GIs had been given discharges, the Army set May 1 and August 1 as the deadlines in the U.S. and overseas, respectively, after which no further overage discharges would be granted. Overage officers who are " surplus," meaning that they have no special jobs to do in the service, can apply for a discharge. So that's the set-up.

The American Legion gathered in Chicago for its 26th annual convention and, while there was a fair amount of the good old whoop-de-do, there was also plenty of serious stuff for the boys to think about. Messages from the great and the near great came from all over the world.

General Dwight D. Eisenhower sent this message: " I regret exceedingly that, due to my constant travelling about France coordinating military operations, it is impossible for me to address your national convention by radio. As we tread again the battlefields of your resounding victories of 26 years ago we are particularly sensible of the great service you men rendered humanity. I am sure you veterans would be exceedingly proud of the way your old units, your sons, and in some cases your members, have carried forward the finest traditions of the services. The excellent teamwork of the Allied armies, navies, and air forces has forced the ruthless Nazis back to their own borders. It will not be long before we will crush their vicious military machine and make this world a decent place for free men."

From the HQ of General Douglas MacArthur came word that the general himself could not speak directly

to the convention " because at this moment he is at far advanced battle positions."

Nelson A. Rockefeller, Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs, told the Legionnaires that returning servicemen who have learned how to get along with the people of other lands will find " a great opportunity " in the industrialization of Latin America if they will " displace the agents of aggressor nations."

The Legion passed a lot of resolutions, including one favoring the halt of all immigration to the States until there are less than a million unemployed in the nation. Foreign-born wives and children of American servicemen, however, should be welcomed to the States, according to the Legion. The convention also decided not to admit members of the armed forces of this war to the Legion until they are discharged, because to do so would endanger the civilian status of the organization.

Winding up its agenda, the Legion elected Edward N. Scheiberlin, a lawyer of Albany, N.Y., as its new commander, succeeding Warren H. Atherton. Scheiberlin, a 56-year-old Democrat and former City Court Judge in Albany, was an infantry captain in the last war. He was elected on the first ballot after his opponent, John Stelle, former Lieutenant Governor of Illinois, moved that the convention vote unanimously for the New Yorker. Mrs. Charles B. Gilbert, of Norwich, Conn., was elected president of the Legion's Auxiliary.

Jefferson Caffery, who just returned from Rio de Janeiro where he had been Ambassador to Brazil since 1937, was appointed by President Roosevelt to be the representative of the U.S. to the " de facto French authority " in Paris. This step was commonly regarded as preparing the way for recognition of the French Committee of Liberation as the provisional government of France. Caffery, who will have the personal rank of Ambassador, will proceed to his new post in the near future, according to reports, and will become Ambassador to France once recognition of a government in that nation is granted.

At his first press conference since returning from seven months in the ETO, Robert Sherwood, overseas director of the Office of War Information, said in Washington that his outfit was prepared to send trained personnel into Berlin in conjunction with Allied military forces once the German capital is occupied. He added that the OWI is starting to cut its overseas staffs with the aim of winding up the psychological phase of the European war operations after Germany collapses. Asked whether he had come back home to write President Roosevelt's campaign speeches, the playwright-turned-administrator laughed and said: " It ain't true."

Undersecretary of War Robert P. Patterson, speaking at ceremonies marking the completion of *Ten Grand*, the 10,000th Thunderbolt to be turned out at Republic Aviation's plant at Farmingdale, L.I., told a group of 12,000 aircraft workers there that, without the work of the AAF and of those who flew the P-47s, operations in Europe would have been utterly impossible. The wreckage of German rail yards, airfields, and supply lines, Patterson said, testified to the Thunderbolt's effectiveness.

Up in Bath, Me., the destroyer *Frank Knox*, named in honor of the late Secretary of the Navy, was christened by Knox's widow, Mrs. Annie Reid Knox, of Green Woods, Manchester, N.H. Before the ship slid down the ways, Ralph A. Bard, Undersecretary of the Navy, read a message from Knox's successor, James Forrestal, who was unable to attend. The message said that in Knox " the Navy lost a friend in the broadest sense of that word and the nation one of its finest citizens. It is for this reason that the Navy with an especial sense of pride has named this destroyer *United States Ship Frank Knox*. Over it into battle will go the flaming spirit of a happy warrior."

Obituary Section: James Ferguson, former Governor of Texas and half of the famous political team of Pa and Ma Ferguson, died in Austin, Tex., at the age of 73 after an illness of several weeks. . . . Harry Chandler, 80, publisher of Los Angeles *Times*, died in Los Angeles, the victim of a heart attack. . . . George O. Barnes, assistant to the Treasurer of the U.S. since 1940, died in Washington at the age of 65. He was a native of Bradford County, Pa., and had been an employe of the Treasury since 1902.

Not that it's likely to present you with any new targets in the immediate future, but Dr. Ira N. Gabrielson, director of the Fish and Wildlife Service, announced on the eve of the opening of the duck-hunting season in the northern part of the States that there are more migratory waterfowl now winging it down from Canada and Alaska than there have been at any time in the last 30 years. What's more, shooting regulations this year are more liberal than they have been in the past 14 years. The only hitch —a fairly important one, to be sure—is that ammunition is somewhat limited, but even in that department the situation is somewhat better than it was a year ago.

Residents of Chicago thought they must be back in the peacetime twenties again when a dynamite bomb exploded in the North Side home of William H. Johnson, superintendent of the city's public schools, jarring the neighborhood for blocks around and shattering scores of windows. Johnson was cut in the right arm, while his wife and 8-year-old daughter, Patricia, who were asleep at the time, were uninjured. The bombing, which the cops called " no amateur job," came as a climax to a two-week, city-wide rumpus over a ruling by which Johnson had abolished the school transfer system, a ruling that resulted in a change of schools for thousands of kids.

Here's a Joe who's in the dough. Pvt. John Toole Griffin, stationed at Camp Campbell, Ky., learned that he's to get 11/20ths of an estate valued at " a million dollars or more " which was left by his father, J. T. Griffin, a wholesale grocer, banker, and radio-station owner, of Muskogee, Okla., who died about a fortnight ago. The private's sister, Mrs. Marjory Leake, of Dallas, Tex., gets the rest.

In St. Louis, Chester Lake, 53-year-old former field representative of the Rural Electrification Administration who got canned last June, broke what he claimed to be an 86-day fast in protest against the " political domination " of the REA. He said he was abandoning the fast not because he was hungry so much as because he wanted " to save myself to fight further for the REA and the proposed Missouri Valley Authority and all public power." Actually, for the past several weeks Lake had been taking minor liberties with the rules of fasting by adding fruit juices and some powdered stuff to his water diet. His first real meal was no whopper—soup, toast, and coffee. Lake said he had lost 26 pounds during his fast, but, tipping the scales now at 174, he's still no mere shadow of his former self.

Taxes, it would seem, are going to prove quite a sizeable item in settling the estate of the late Edsel B. Ford, son of the man who thought up the flivver. A check for three million bucks was deposited with the treasurer of Macomb County at Mt. Clemens, Mich., in only partial payment of the state's inheritance tax on Ford's bequests. Another check, said to be in the neighborhood of 15 million, was reported to have been filed with the Collector of Internal Revenue to be applied toward the Federal inheritance tax on Ford's estate. Both checks were turned over by Clifford B. Longly, attorney for Mrs. Eleanor Clay Ford, the widow.

CATS LOVE WATER. Mrs. Fred Martini, wife of a Bronx (N.Y.) Zoo attendant, uses a hose to cool off three tigers she's raised from cubdom.

Mrs. Maudie Joseph, 28-year-old wife of a coal miner, died in a hospital in Harlan, Ky., as a result of having been bitten three times by a snake at a meeting of the Church of God, which goes in for handling reptiles. Magistrate John Keller, of Harlan, imposed a fine of $50 on the Rev. Willard Cress, pastor of the church in which Mrs. Joseph was bitten, for violation of a 1942 Kentucky statute which makes it a misdemeanor to fool around with snakes in connection with a religious service.

Mme. Chiang Kai Shek, wife of China's Generalissimo, arrived in New York City from Rio de Janeiro and went at once to the Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center for treatment. She had been ailing and under a doctor's care since reaching the Brazilian metropolis by plane from China last July.

Out in Stockton, Calif., Amos Alonzo Stagg, veteran football coach of the University of Chicago and the College of the Pacific, celebrated his golden-wedding anniversary with his wife, Stella. They were married back in 1894, the year Stagg went to work at Chicago.

Sally Haines, the blonde movie comedienne, obtained a divorce in Juarez, Mexico, from her actor-husband, Bud Wolfe, to whom she had been married a year. Miss Haines was formerly the wife of Bert Wheeler, the funnyman, from whom she was divorced in 1939.

Dinah Shore got back to New York from France, where she sang for front-line Yanks and did a propaganda broadcast aimed at their Nazi enemies across no-man's-land. She said that in Paris three decks of American cigarettes would get you a bottle of Chanel No. 5, and that American troops had so much champagne that they used it to brush their teeth.

Red-headed Venus Ramey, the new Miss America, turned down a $10,000 offer to go on the road selling soap in department stores. Interviewed in New York City in the celebrity suite of the Belmont Plaza Hotel, which she was occupying rent-free with her mother, she said she was going to hold out for a stage career. The 19-year-old lovely, who neither drinks nor smokes and refuses to give the boys a break by wearing a sweater over her 36½-inch bosom, explained that she could both sing and dance; moreover, she said, her mother had named her Venus because it might come in handy on the stage, so she couldn't see any reason for wasting her talents peddling soap. "If I don't get a stage career, I want to get married," Miss Ramey declared. "That's why I'm not the gift to the wolves some of the boys would like me to be. There hasn't been a Miss America since 1938 who got married and I want to break that jinx." Miss Ramey wears rayon stockings and doesn't bother her pretty head about nylons. Why? Because, as she says, "it isn't the stocking, it's the leg that's in it." Who said beauty and brains don't mix?

MIGHTY TRUNCHEONS. Policeman is dwarfed by these 12-foot bats and giant ball in Philly's Broad St., honoring Connie Mack's 50 years as a big-league manager.

Mail Call

Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!

Dear YANK,

As members of an organization which has made Hitler's "supermen" holler *Kamerad* in many sectors of France, we don't think that YANK will think we are being too optimistic when we tell you of the "Victory Pool" we have originated in our company.

We've pooled one hundred dollars within the company and, by drawing lots, each man has a ticket which entitles him to one third of the total pool, should his stub hold the eventful date of the "krauts" total defeat. We agreed that the confidence in American fighting spirit and our leaders' strategic planning, which we have built up through our own experiences, was sufficient to limit the pool to the short life of one month. By October 7th we expect three members of our fighting "Able Company" to be using this dough to celebrate the big occasion.

Incidentally, it was brought up that perhaps a character such as Hitler wouldn't have the foresight to realize he'd made a mistake, even if our doughboys were in the streets of Berlin, so what do we do with the hundred after October 7th? That's where YANK comes in. In the event that this should happen, we are going to forward the dough to you with a request that you turn it over to our friends the American Red Cross. Not that we're against donations to that helpful organization, but we're quite certain that this century note will be used by our own boys at the specified date.

We'll inform you of the winners—soon, we hope.

Co. A, 134th Infantry

France.

OCS in U.S., TS in ETO

Dear YANK,

In a recent issue of *Stars and Stripes* there was an announcement to the effect that "within the next eight months the War Department would begin accepting candidates for Medical Administrative Corps, OCS."

Immediately our Brigade sent out a TWX asking for a quota, and entirely on their own, over fifty enlisted men having read the *Stars and Stripes*, being qualified by AGCT, education, Army training, and experience under enemy fire in combat, submitted applications for appointment to OCS in the Medical Administrative Corps.

Finally a reply to the TWX arrived. There would be no quota allotted in the ETO.

The inference then is that the required number of candidates will be drawn from Induction Centers or Army Camps in the States from among men just completing "basic" training.

Now invariably Commanding Officers of units having been in action against the enemy, have stated that they would prefer having men under their command who had received battlefield commissions; enlisted men who had received their baptism of enemy fire rather than officers from OCS, who prior to entering OCS usually had only "basic" to their credit.

Graduates of OCS have certainly made a name for themselves in every field of endeavor in the Army. Their deeds stand by themselves. However, it would seem that soldiers who, while undergoing enemy fire, display exceptional calmness, outstanding leadership, gallantry in action against the enemy, and meritorious achievement in the accomplishment of their missions in accordance with the highest standards of the military service, in addition to their academic and other Army qualifications, ought to be given some consideration in the matter of commissions. Unfortunately, battlefield promotions can only be made when vacancies exist in a man's own unit. Try getting a promotion on the battlefield for a vacancy which exists in some other unit!

We acknowledge that there was a time when the Army did not have a sufficient number of trained, qualified soldiers from which to draw its OCS candidates or give direct commissions to, but that condition does not exist today.

Is there anything that can be done for the forgotten GIs over here?

INVASION HAPPY MEDICS

France.

Fortunes of War

Dear YANK,

Here's a little gripe that has been bothering me for a while now, and, figuring your Mail Call makes as good a chaplain's assistant as anything, I think I'll relieve my weary soul by dropping you this note:

It concerns prisoners of war, or I should perhaps say ex-prisoners, for the men of whom I speak now have the title, I believe, of co-belligerents, being Italians. Not far from our camp is a camp for these

people. We are, at present, and as we have been doing for seven months, living in tents with canvas cots, no electricity, and only a couple of Nissen huts available for Headquarters. Now, none of the men or officers in the organization have ever complained, even tho until just recently we've always been at least four miles from the nearest town and often further. But, in this co-belligerent camp a mile or so away, we see those men living in Nissen huts with steel beds and springs, electricity, and "all the comforts of home." To some of us here who fought these same lads in Africa it is rather distressing (to say the least!) to now see those same men living better than we. Not that I expect anything to be done about it, but just expressing a personal opinion which I've heard bolstered by men and officers alike.

LT. KENNETH E. SENN

Britain.

Give 'em a Chance

Dear YANK,

Since the essential war industries back home are curtailed and are starting to make peacetime goods wouldn't it be a good time to draft the fellows between 18 and 38 who were deferred for occupational reasons? Let them take over the jobs of the GI Joes in the States and ship the fellows in the States out to relieve men who have points enough to go home when the time comes. After all, the boys going home would have an easier time getting jobs when they are discharged, and it would bring "CIVILIANS" in essential war work to realize that even if there is no combat, being away from the things you love is tougher than reading about it.

"FATHER TIME"

P.S.—I have 3 children. Ages 12, 11 and 7.

Britain.

More Hospital-ity?

Dear YANK,

I have just read the letter from the nineteen nurses in your recent issue. They ask for the privilege of associating with enlisted men. I am in complete agreement with them and should understand their situation because I have been in the medical dept. for five years. I have seen our own CO give nurses a special pass to be seen on the street with enlisted men who were their own relatives.

There are plenty of nurses in this station hospital who prefer enlisted men for dates but don't dare to be seen with them. In this hospital it would be very easy to keep nurses and men who were more than friendly working on different wards so that discipline would not be affected.

The regulation which prohibits EMs and Officers from having social connections was written for male officers and applied to nurses too when the ANC was expanding during the early days of the war. But in 1942 a W.D. Cir. came out which made it lawful for nurses to marry. From then on that regulation did not apply to nurses in my opinion. If it did continue to apply to members of the ANC it would mean that nurses would have to marry officers or civilians. Is the army going to say whom a nurse can marry?

Please don't think I am speaking for myself as much as I am for others. You see, I'm a married man with a son two years old. But this subject presents a problem for single persons over here and a solution should be found at once.

M/Sgt. M. D. VAN ALLEN

Britain.

Dear YANK,

We remove our hats in respect, admiration and commendation to the nineteen (19) young ladies of the ANC. We are all EMs, with various professional backgrounds. (Lawyers, pharmacists, business executives and the writer of this letter, a former newspaperman.)

We are aware of the fact that an officer is required to be a gentleman. However, there is nothing that says a gentleman must be an officer.

Then why in the world must two people who are in love have to undergo such humiliation and criticism, because of difference in grades? There are many who are going to be rudely awakened to the fact that some brass that they are married to are very unimportant people when this mess is over and they begin to face realities.

THE SEVEN "GENTLEMEN"

Britain.

Dear YANK,

As a medical soldier I have the utmost sympathy for the nurses who objected to associating with officers only. There are a lot of Air Force and other combat officers young and single who yearn for the company of American women. Give them a break and you won't be disappointed.

This rule against officer and enlisted social contacts has existed since the army began back in 1775, and has worked well to keep the enlisted men from apple-polishing and the officer from throwing his

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Pictures: 1, 2, U.S. Signal Corps. 3, lower, Signal Corps; upper, Sgt. Davidson. 4, 5, Signal Corps. 8, Sgt. Dave Richardson. 10, lower left and right, Signal Corps; rest, AP. 11, Keystone. 14, Monogram Pictures. 15 and 16, Keystone. 20, 21 and 22, Signal Corps. 23, Sgt. Steve Derry.

"Say, fellows—remember the old days when we all marched like this?"

rank on an enlisted man at social functions, and outshining him with the enlisted man's women.

The fact that you will be allowed a pass to associate with brother, fiancée or husband is a proof that the rule is not arbitrary, and should not be regarded as humiliating.

T/5 THEODORE J. JENSEN

Britain.

Dear YANK,

The nineteen nurses who would rather associate, socially, with enlisted men instead of officers have a point—I more than agree, inasmuch as it works both ways. Since I am married, but neither middle-aged nor with a family, this letter is by no means the result of an inferiority complex occasioned by their astounding revelations that male officers leave something to be desired as companions. Tsk Tsk. I suppose it would be merely sour grapes if I suggested that I have been to various and sundry social occasions with nurses, some of whom didn't exactly set the world on fire either.

Anyhow I should like to make a deal with them: Let them fraternize with the enlisted men and let us fraternize with the enlisted WACs. Fair enough? I'm afraid we would be getting the better of the deal, but perhaps we could figure out some sort of bonus we could give to the EM in order to even things up.

I have nothing but the utmost respect for the Army Nurse Corps and I am fully aware of the wonderful job they are doing, but we aren't discussing jobs—social activity is the subject at hand, and an Angel of Mercy isn't necessarily the perfect companion off-duty any more than is the skilled surgeon who is "middle-aged, married, etcetera."

BERT FITZPATRICK, 1st Lt.

Britain.

Thirsty—for Info.

Dear YANK,

The British thru their Army Bureau of Current Affairs have organized a platoon by platoon systematic use of the good old-fashioned "Bull Sessions." Many GIs have a genuine interest in the present political campaign, about plans being made for peace, demobilization, etc., and are thirsting for information.

It is about time we started learning about that "Bill of Rights" and started putting into practice some of those rights that we are fighting for. A good start would be by getting some free discussion and more information with a little organized help from the Army. If the English can put it into practice then so can we.

Sgt. V.K.

Britain.

["Army Talks" are prepared weekly by the Army Education Branch to supply background for discussion periods.—Ed.]

They Started It

Dear YANK,

We have been sweating it out over here in France since D-plus but it seems that every time we venture out of our foxholes to talk things over, an argument ensues. So how about settling this question for us? Did Germany and Italy declare war on us before we declared war on them or not?

We read YANK every week and like it very much. Keep up the good work.

By the way, Ed., make sure this answer is official because there are a lot of francs at stake.

2nd Plat.

France.

[Okay, this is official from "The War in Outline," prepared by the War Department.

"At the very moment the Japanese envoys were closeted with the American Secretary of State (Sunday, Dec. 7, 1941), Japan was committing an act of war without warning. It was the tenth such action on the part of an Axis power.

"Simultaneous attacks were delivered by Japanese forces against Malaya, Hong Kong, Guam, the Philippines, Wake and Midway, and upon the Hawaiian Islands.

"The carefully planned attack on the last named point was delivered at 7:55 a.m. Honolulu time, 1:25 p.m. EST.

"After the event Japan formally declared war upon the United States at 9 p.m. EST, Dec. 7, 1941.

"There followed in due consequence:

"1. The United States Declaration of War on Japan, Dec. 8, 1941.

"2. The Declarations of War upon the United States by Japan's allies (Germany and Italy), and the United States Declaration of War upon them on Dec. 11, 1941.—Ed.]

After Victory . . .

Dear YANK,

I suggest the following as treatment for the Germans and Japanese:

1. Defeat them.
2. Make them know they are defeated by parading them in battledress, but unarmed and under Allied Guard through their own cities. Also parade our own (Allied) soldiers in ordinary military fashion through their cities.
3. Make them know why they were defeated, and thereby defeat their will to make war, and also make them think twice before they follow anyone so blindly as they have followed Hitler by (*a*) proving to them the falsehood of the Nazi propaganda, (*b*) enlightening them as to how Hitler has misinformed them concerning the Allies' success, (*c*) teaching them the reasons free people will rise to defend their rights, (*d*) explaining to them the reasons that tyranny is not a match for the will to be free, (*e*) destroying every piece of Nazi literature, in fact every vestige of Nazism and Prussian Militarism, (*f*) letting no German or Jap soldier be left in possession of a medal that has been given him in this war, nor receive any benefits or a compensation for his war services.
4. And last, but not least, make certain of these two things. That we teach them the advantages, and responsibilities of self-government. And that we prove to them beyond all doubt that we are enemies of tyranny, but friends of all who will stand for freedom and decency. But do not leave them to govern themselves until they prove able to withstand any attempt to drag them back under the power of tyranny and military imperialism.

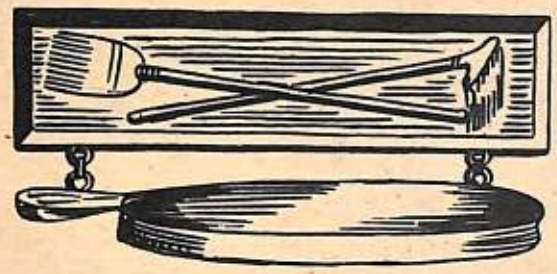
Pvt. WILLIAM BRUCE

Britain.

Glory for Grease

Dear YANK,

After reading about decorations galore for all sorts of accomplishments—expert badges of all kinds—I've decided to do something for that sorely neglected GI private the KP Joe. I've designed a medal and



EXPERT KP MEDAL

am hereby submitting the design to you. Some of the boys suggest I also send the design to the War Dept.

Maybe this will make us KP bait feel better—maybe no increase in pay—but the honor! Who can tell? Maybe it will lead to other decorations! The Gold Brick First Class, etc. Why, the field's untouched!

Yours for bigger and better KP-ers.

Pfc. ARTHUR KIRSCH

Britain.

YANK'S AFN

Radio Guide

Highlights for the week of Oct. 1

SUNDAY — 2135—GUY LOMBARDO*—The Royal Canadians play Musical Autographs for the forces. New tunes and old in the familiar Lombardo Styling.

MONDAY — 1715—MUSIC BY HARRY JAMES*—A half hour with Harry's band and that sensational trumpet.

TUESDAY — 2135—DINAH SHORE SHOW*—The Dixie Diva's own program with Comedian Wally Brown. Music by Bobby Dolan's Orchestra.

WEDNESDAY — 2105—CARNIVAL OF MUSIC*—Modern interpretations by Morton Gould's Orchestra with Alec Templeton at the piano.

THURSDAY — 1905—CROSBY MUSIC HALL*—Bing's program of variety featuring John Scott Trotter's Music, the Music Maids and guests.

FRIDAY — 1935—BOB CROSBY SHOW*—The younger of the Crosby brothers in his own program. Les Tremayne and Shirley Mitchell keep the fun going.

SATURDAY — 1330—YANK'S RADIO WEEKLY.

2030—COMMAND PERFORMANCE*—The stars bring you the AEF's own program. New time for one of your favorite features.

NEWS EVERY HOUR ON THE HOUR.

* Also heard over the Allied Expeditionary Forces Program.

AFN in Britain on your dial:
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.

AEF on your dial:
583 kc. 514 m.

FROM THIS POINT IT IS ONLY 300 YARDS STRAIGHT UP THE MOUNTAIN TO THE SUMMIT, BUT TO GET THERE THE SIGNAL CORPS CREW AND DOG TEAM MUST FOLLOW A WINDING ROUTE THAT LEADS OVER TWO MILES OF NEWFOUNDLAND'S SNOW-COVERED TRAILS

Snow. Wind and sun have put a hard crust on the drift, more than 50 feet deep.

That's the weekly beer ration the men are unloading. It was brought on a speeder to the siding where the crew was camped in four converted railroad cars.

Their plaid shirts may not be GI, but those are soldiers sampling chow prepared by T-5 Francis Stoltz in the railroad car that served as the outfit's mess hall.

When all the light supplies had been carried up the mountain on their backs, the men improvised this sled to haul heavier equipment over the snowy trail.

War Against Weather

Newfoundland Signal Corps Crew Fights a Battle as Tough as Many Combat Assignments.

THE Signal Corps soldiers in Newfoundland shown in the pictures on these pages recently fought a battle as tough as many an assignment in New Guinea or Anzio. Their objective was the top of the mountain in the photograph on the left; they had to haul up supplies, build an installation and string wires on a row of poles running up the mountain side. The enemy they had to conquer was the weather.

It took the men of the construction crew three torturous weeks to complete the job. Before it was done, one of them had frozen to death.

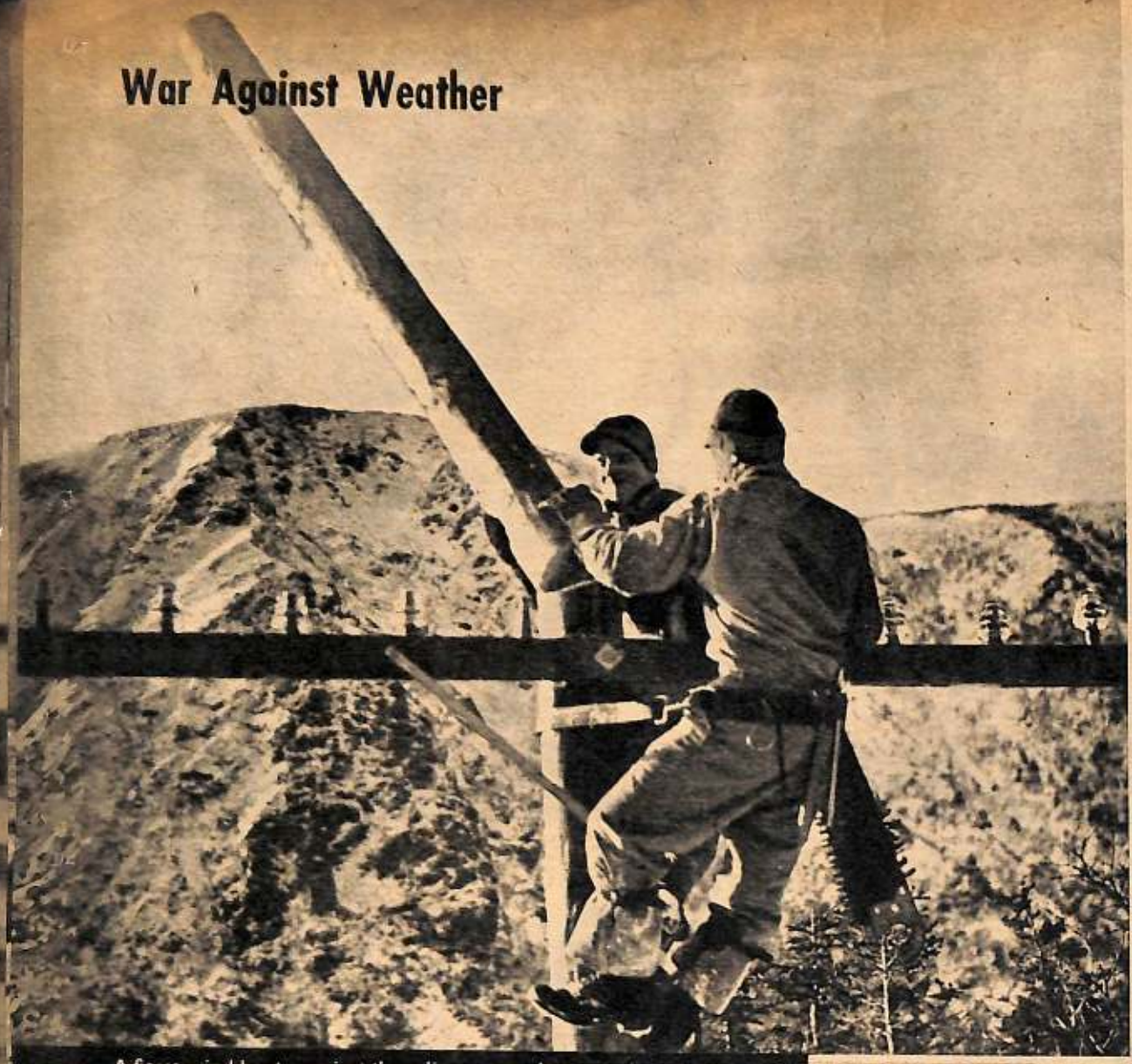
The mountain was only 2,000 feet high, but to reach the summit the men had to follow a trail that wound six miles around the mountain's side, up dangerous slopes and over snowdrifts often 40 to 50 feet deep. The trail threaded through passes that sometimes were almost completely free of snow, at other times so deep in drifts that the way became impassable. Light thaws one day followed by sub-zero weather that night covered the snow with glassy ice. At one point on the mountain the men were only 300 yards from their goal, measured straight up, but they still had almost two miles to travel.

"At first each man was his own pack mule," T-5 Mike Reynolds of Lemoore, Calif., told Sgt. Frank Bode, YANK field correspondent. "We carried 50 pounds on our backs, making two trips up the mountain a day. The going was plenty rough. If you slipped on a sharp turn, you slid down the side of the mountain 500 feet. There was nothing to stop you on that slick ice."

When the light supplies had been carried up, the men tackled the heavier stuff. Hitching themselves to tow ropes, they hauled an improvised sled up the mountainside. But when the time came to haul up some 800-pound crates, containing vital equipment that could not be broken down, the crew was stymied. The more they heaved and strained at the ropes, the deeper the men sank into the soft snow.

At last somebody thought of the Siberian Huskies assigned to a nearby Army search and rescue outfit. While the crew stood by skeptically, the 18 dogs began to pull. In 3½ hours, helped by the men on the steeper grades, the dogs hauled the sled to the top of the installation.

War Against Weather



A fierce wind beats against these linemen as they saw the end off a pole, one of many the crew set up along the trail running up the mountain.

For the three weeks the Signal Corps crew worked on this assignment, they camped in four railway cars shunted onto a siding about 11 miles from the mountain's base. Three of the cars were used for sleeping, the fourth as a mess hall.

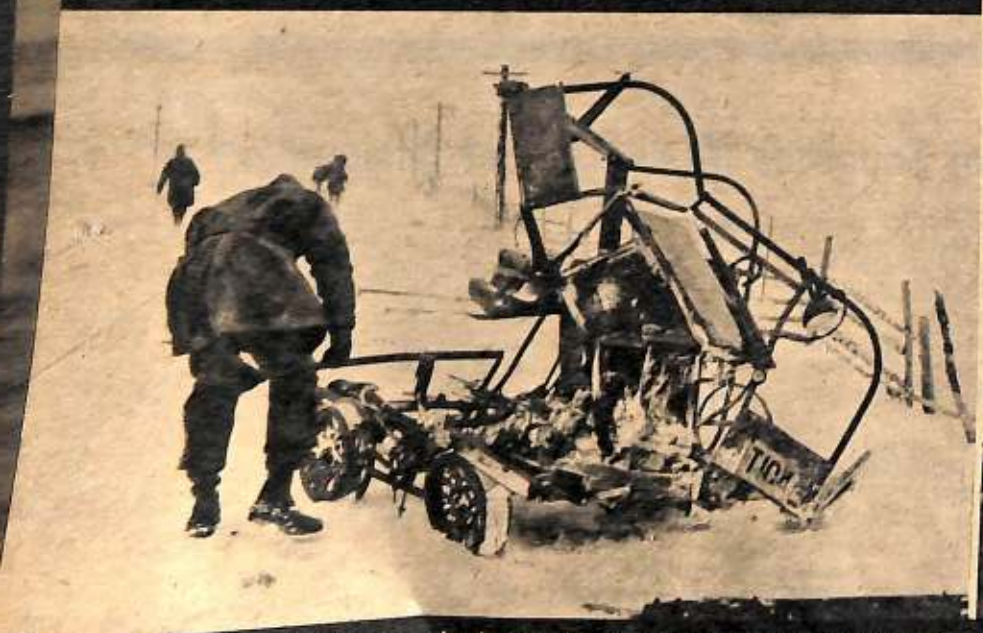
Breakfast over before daybreak, the men would bundle up in alpaca-lined parkas, load their equipment and start by rail for the base of the mountain aboard little gas-engined cars called speeders. At first the carburetors froze because of condensation in the gas lines; then the men found they could prevent this by holding lighted signal flares against the carburetors.

At times storms piled snow over the tracks three to four feet deep for several hundred yards. Once the men hit a drift and, after shoveling for three hours, had to give up and head back for camp. The snow was so thick and the roar of the wind so great that no one saw or heard a snow plow coming until it smashed into their speeder. Sgt. Walter McKinney of Cincinnati, Ohio, was thrown 50 feet through the air and landed in a snowdrift with a broken leg.

After all the equipment had been hauled to the mountaintop, a detail under T/Sgt. Gerald McCarthy of Rochester, N. Y., remained to set up an installation. Returning from a trip down the mountain for additional parts, Pfc. Robert Malloy of Whitestone, N. Y., and T-5 James Jasperse of Grand Rapids, Mich., were about a mile from the installation when they were suddenly enveloped in a swirling storm that quickly covered the trail.

Afraid that they would walk off the edge of a cliff if they kept going, Malloy and Jasperse huddled together behind a rock to wait out the storm. During the night their Newfoundland dog got back to the installation; at dawn searching parties went out. One found Malloy working his way around the mountain's crest, suffering from shock and exposure. He led them to the rock where he had taken shelter. Jasperse was dead.

Three of these railroad cars were used as barracks and the fourth as a mess. They were parked on a siding 11 miles from the mountain's base.



A snow plow hit this speeder during a blinding storm, scattering riders and equipment for 50 feet. No one was killed, but one man's leg was broken.

Posed on a pole are *(top, l. to r.)*: Pvt. Clarence Harper, Cpl. Elmer Schwanke, T-5 Michar Gilmartin; *(bottom, l. to r.)*: Cpl. Robert Harris, Cpl. Robert Bisbing, S/Sgt. James Foste

EDNA HINDIE, Armenian: They think too much of themselves and brag too much. But I like them, else I wouldn't go out with them as I do.

BARBARA CHARALAMBOUS, Greek: I don't know. I'm afraid to go out with them. They like too much to be naughty.

ANNE FANNING, Irish: They are not afraid to do or say what they think. If they want something they go out after it. I should know!

YANK's photographer Sgt. Steve Derry met these six girls in Cairo, and here's the question he popped to them while he was taking their pictures:

What do you think of American soldiers?

QUEENIE O'HANIAN, Armenian: They're always well dressed; that's all I can say, except my mother don't like for me to go out much.

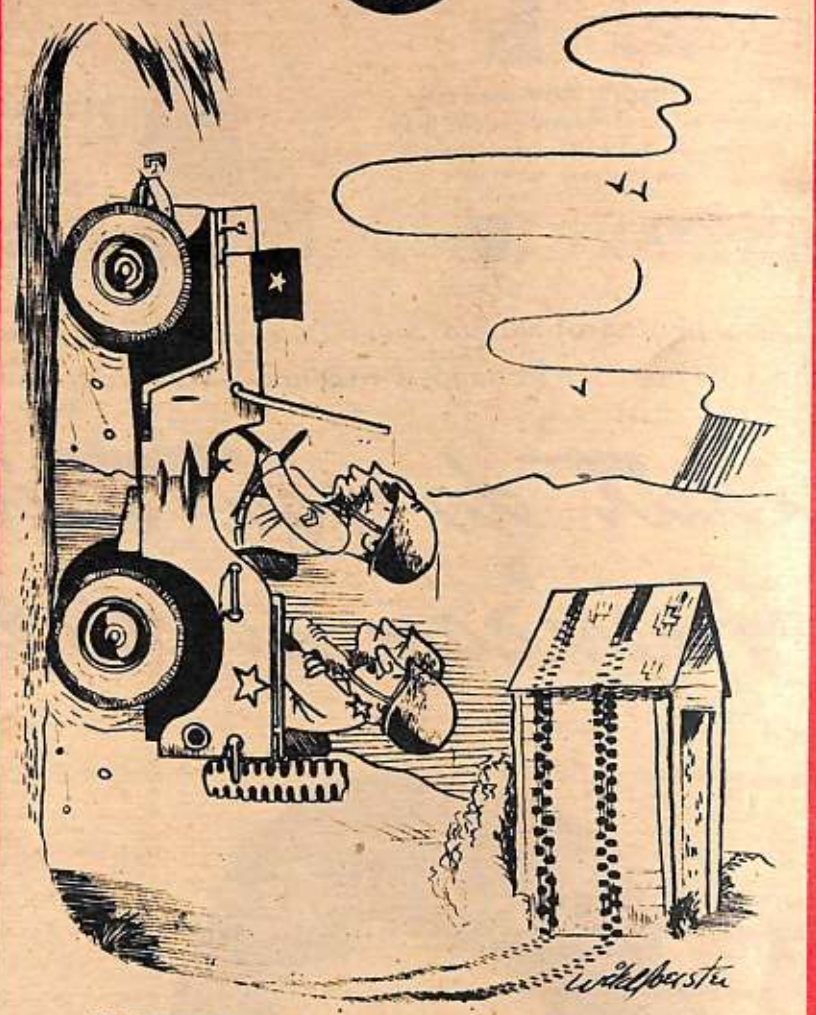
MARGARET YAZBEK, Syrian: They walk and talk like free people. Not many do that any more. They are serious at work; very good at play.

AZIZA SHOUKRY, Egyptian: They are very natural and probably would be fun to go out with, but I am Moslem and it's against our custom.

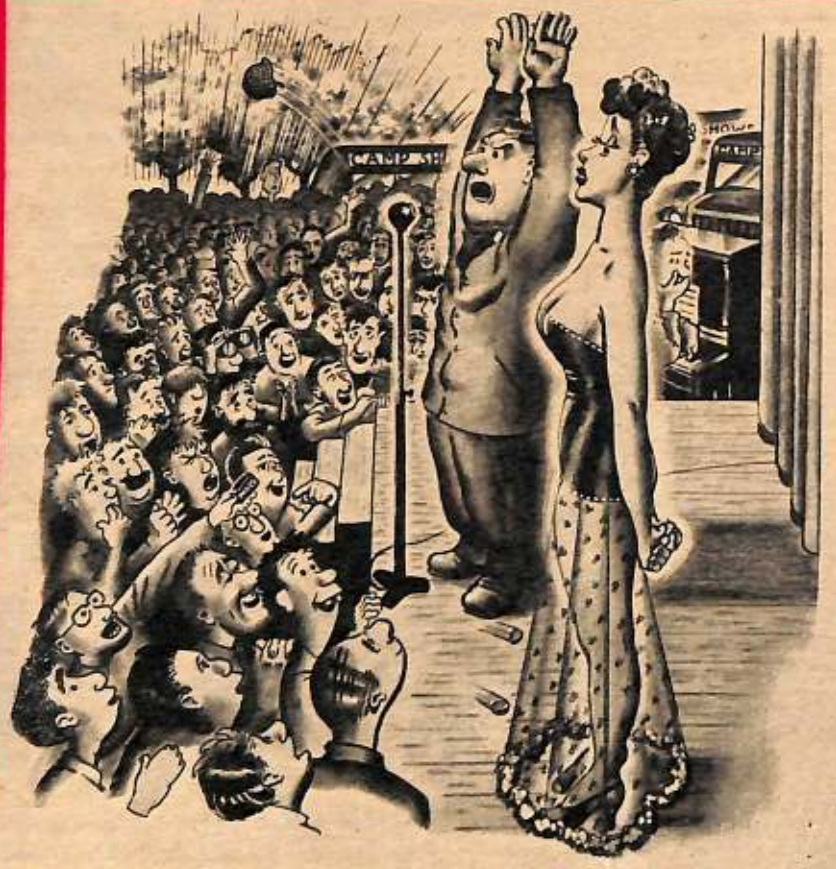
YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

"AFTER TWO YEARS' SEA DUTY, THE CIVILIANS SURE DO BEGIN TO LOOK QUEER TO A FELLOW."
—Leo Teholiz, RM, 2/c

"I SAID HAVEN'T YOU EVER DUG A STRADDLE TRENCH BEFORE?"
—Cpl. Jack Doherty



"BETTER TAKE IT SLOW UP THIS GRADE, CORPORAL."
—Pvt. Fred Wildfoerster



'AT EASE! PIPE DOWN! IF YOU GUYS WILL SHUT UP FOR A FEW MINUTES MISS HART WILL ENTERTAIN YOU."
—Pvt. Tom Flannery

"WELL, I HOPE HUMPHREY BOGART DOESN'T GET INTO THIS THING."
—Pvt. John Bryson