BRITISH EDITION

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

3d APR. 20
1945
VOL. 3, NO. 44

By the men . . for the men in the service

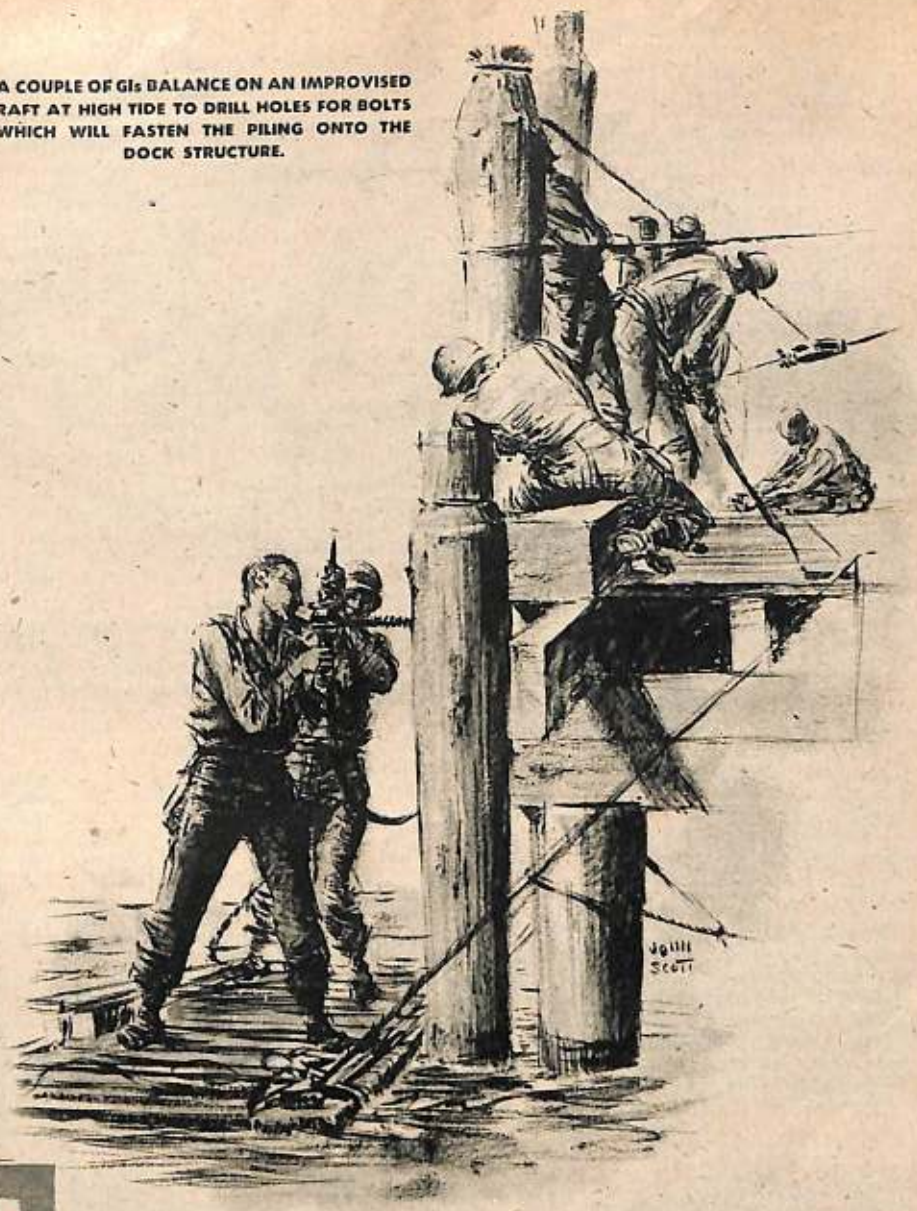
BOMBING UP

ABOVE, SOME OF THE MILES OF NEW DOCK SPACE CREATED BY THE ENGINEERS IN A FEW WEEKS IN AN AREA ONCE OCCUPIED BY NAZI 88 ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS AND PILLBOXES. CONCRETE SIDES OF THE QUAY SLOPED OUTWARD AT THE BOTTOM, AND STEEL ARMS BRISTLED WITH BARBED WIRE AT THE TOP. THE ENGINEERS PROVIDED A VAST WHARF AREA BY DRIVING IN PILING AND BUILDING OUT THE DOCK FROM THE EDGE OF THE EXISTING CONCRETE. HERE, CRANES ARE BEING ERECTED AND A RAILROAD TRACK IS BEING LAID.

BELOW, THE DIGUE HOMET—A SECTION FORMING AN ARM OF THE BREAK-WATER OF THE HARBOR OF CHERBOURG. THERE WASN'T ANY LANDING QUAY HERE WHEN THE ENGINEERS STARTED, SO THEY BUILT TIMBER DOCKS WHICH FURNISHED SEVERAL MORE MILES OF UNLOADING SPACE. LIBERTY SHIPS PACKED WITH SUPPLIES WERE THEN ABLE TO DOCK, AND TWO OF THEM CAN BE SEEN ALREADY BERTHED AT THE FIRST COMPLETED SECTIONS IN THE BACKGROUND. THE YANKS SET UP THAT MULTIPLE 50 MACHINEGUN IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND.

SGT. JOHN SCOTT

A COUPLE OF GIs BALANCE ON AN IMPROVISED RAFT AT HIGH TIDE TO DRILL HOLES FOR BOLTS WHICH WILL FASTEN THE PILING ONTO THE DOCK STRUCTURE.



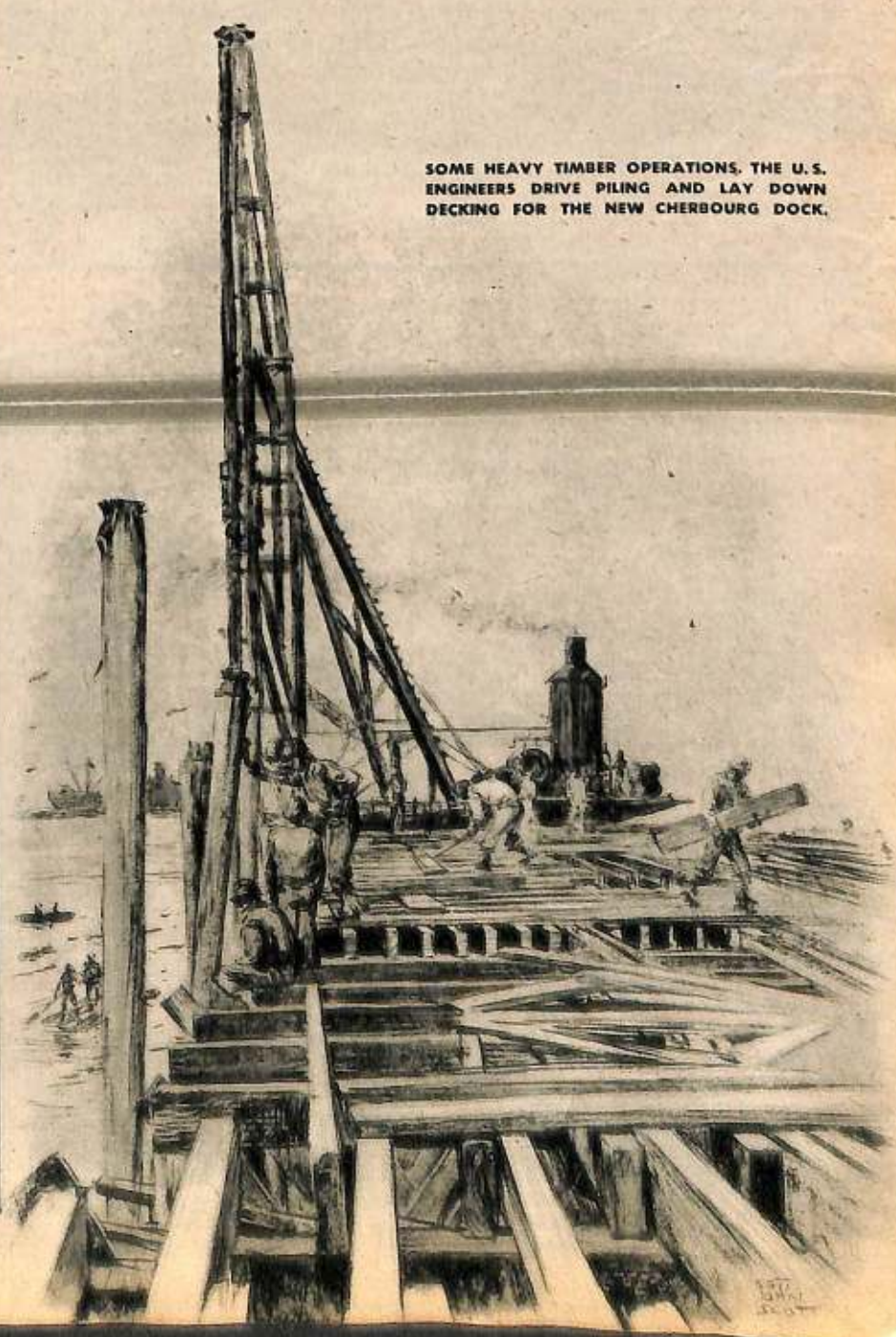
CHERBOURG

THE SPRINGBOARD TO VICTORY

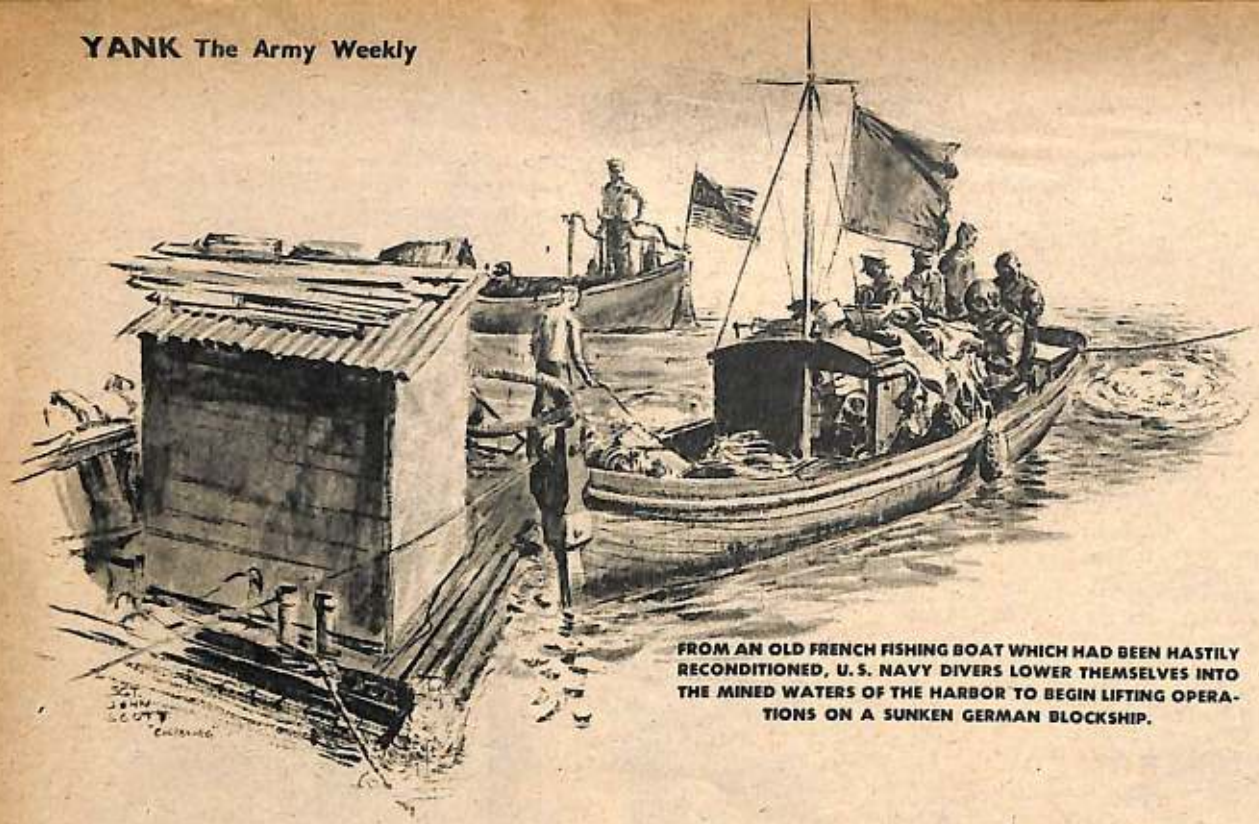
By Sgt. John Scott
YANK Staff Artist

WHEN the Allies swarmed across the English Channel on D-Day, their first big objective in Nazi-held France was Cherbourg. With that vital port in their hands, the Anglo-American forces could keep supplies and men flowing onto the Continent. Within ten days the Germans were pretty well on the run, but Cherbourg itself didn't surrender formally until June 26th. When the Yanks entered the city, they found the port a scene of complete devastation. Quays had been demolished and cranes, elevators and dozens of railway cars had been blown into the water. All types of ships had been sunk in the harbor entrances, and a quick job of all-round reconstruction was desperately needed.

That job had been only partially completed when Sgt. John Scott, YANK Staff Artist, made these sketches in Cherbourg. Rigid military censorship was imposed to prevent the Germans from knowing the exact progress and nature of the work. Since then, however, Antwerp and other valuable ports have been seized and put in use, and now the full story of Cherbourg may be told. Scott's drawings show how some of the thousands of U.S. Engineer GIs removed the debris, built a great wharf area, and re-laid railroad tracks. The artist also shows how Army and Navy divers worked in mine-strewn waters to help remove German-sunk blockships and other obstructions. Within a short time, some berths had been cleared and ships were discharging war cargo, while Ducks and barges poured stores and equipment ashore. And a few weeks later, the Port of Cherbourg was going full blast.

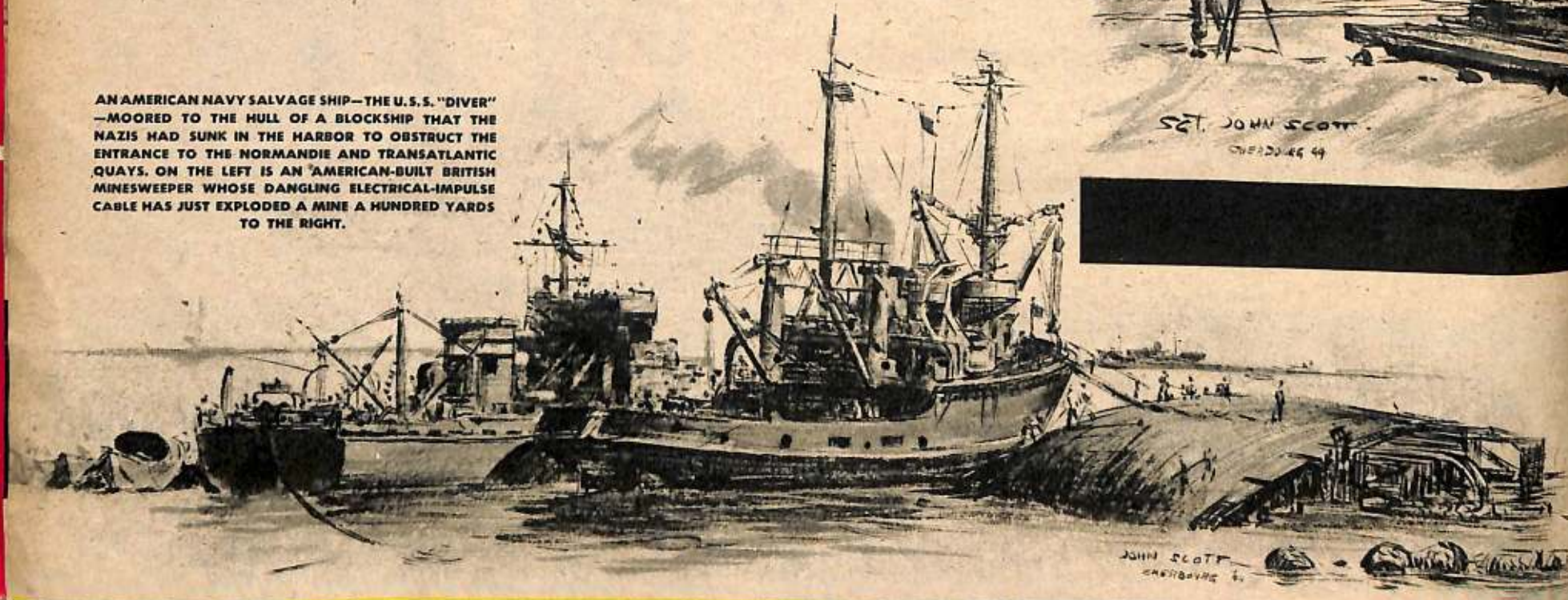


SOME HEAVY TIMBER OPERATIONS. THE U.S. ENGINEERS DRIVE PILING AND LAY DOWN DECKING FOR THE NEW CHERBOURG DOCK.



FROM AN OLD FRENCH FISHING BOAT WHICH HAD BEEN HASTILY RECONDITIONED, U. S. NAVY DIVERS LOWER THEMSELVES INTO THE MINED WATERS OF THE HARBOR TO BEGIN LIFTING OPERATIONS ON A SUNKEN GERMAN BLOCKSHIP.

AN AMERICAN NAVY SALVAGE SHIP—THE U. S. S. "DIVER"—MOORED TO THE HULL OF A BLOCKSHIP THAT THE NAZIS HAD SUNK IN THE HARBOR TO OBSTRUCT THE ENTRANCE TO THE NORMANDIE AND TRANSATLANTIC QUAYS. ON THE LEFT IS AN AMERICAN-BUILT BRITISH MINESWEEPER WHOSE DANGLING ELECTRICAL-IMPULSE CABLE HAS JUST EXPLODED A MINE A HUNDRED YARDS TO THE RIGHT.



HERE ON THE BEACH OF CHERBOURG IS THE MOTOR POOL REPAIR SHOP OF THE 342d ENGINEER REGIMENT AS SEEN ON AUGUST 5, 1944. IN THE CENTER IS A PORTABLE MACHINING APPARATUS IMPROVISED ON THE BASE OF A CAPTURED GERMAN GUN MOUNT.

TWISTED WRECKAGE OF THE GARE MARITIME ON THE TRANSATLANTIC QUAY AT CHERBOURG. BEFORE THE WAR, LUXURY LINERS FROM NEW YORK DOCKED HERE AND PASSENGERS COULD WALK DIRECTLY ABOARD A PARIS-BOUND TRAIN. THIS QUAY WAS CHOSEN FOR THE MOST COMPLETE DEMOLITION BY THE GERMANS BEFORE THEY SURRENDERED THE PORT—AND THE NAZIS SUCCEEDED. ENGINEERS ARE PLOUGHING INTO THE DEBRIS WITH BULLDOZERS, REMOVING THE RUBBLE AND REBUILDING THE ESSENTIAL PARTS.

THE JOB OF PUTTING CHERBOURG INTO SHAPE TO HANDLE A MASS OF CARGO FAR GREATER THAN ITS PREWAR CAPACITY COULDN'T BE DONE IN EASY STAGES. THE PROGRESS OF A WAR DEPENDED ON THE PORT, AND PLANS MADE A YEAR BEFORE TO RESTORE IT HAD TO BE ACCOMPLISHED IN A HURRY. EVEN WHILE THE NAVY WAS TOWING WRECKS OUT OF THE WAY, ENGINEERS WERE AT WORK ALL OVER THE PLACE WITH EVERYTHING FROM SCREWDRIVERS TO PILEDRIVERS.

CPL. RICHARD W. FITZ OF COMPTON, CALIF., DRILLING HOLES FOR BLASTING CHARGES AMONG THE TWISTED STEEL OF REINFORCED CONCRETE ON THE TRANSATLANTIC QUAY.

TWO FAMILIAR AND ESSENTIAL PIECES OF ENGINEER EQUIPMENT ALONG THE VAST STRETCH OF NEW DOCK SPACE IN CHERBOURG —THE TALL, MASTLIKE PILEDRIVER AND THE AIR COMPRESSOR.

SGT JOHN SCOTT

ACROSS the

DOTTING THE SKIES OVER THE REES-WESEL AREA EAST OF THE RHINE ARE HUNDREDS OF U. S. PARATROOPERS AND THE SUPPLIES THEY USED IN CARRYING OUT THE GREATEST AIRBORNE OFFENSIVE OF THE WAR. MORE THAN 40,000 ALLIED SOLDIERS LANDED IN THE REICH.

YANK PARATROOPERS POISE IN THE DOORWAYS OF THE NEW C-46 COMMANDO BEFORE JUMPING INTO BATTLE EAST OF THE RHINE ON THE BRITISH SECOND ARMY FRONT. THE C-46 CARRIES 36 SOLDIERS INSTEAD OF 18 AND PERMITS FAST UNLOADING.

IN THE AIR

By Cpl. JACK LEVIN
YANK Field Correspondent

WITH THE 45TH TROOP CARRIER GROUP, FIRST ALLIED AIRBORNE ARMY—One of our gliders was carrying a howitzer team and I talked to some of the men in it before getting into the C-47. One was from Cleveland, Ohio—a Pfc. named Joe Kaprowski—who described himself as "just another Pole." This brought a laugh from a big, ruddy-faced fellow who said, "I'm just another guy from Philly." His name was Harry Gregory and I asked him when he expected to get back from over the Rhine. "God only knows," he replied.

As the men loaded their equipment and ammo some were silent and serious; others talked and joked all the time. Originally we had been slated to take off at 0749, but a last-minute change in the schedule made our official departure read 0819. As we roared down the runway, tauting our tow-ropes and gradually picking up speed, the tail of our C-47 lurched from side to side and our two gliders jerked towards the center of the runway. We used every inch of runway before we lifted into the air. The pilot, 1st Lt. Charles D. Cox of Greenfield, Ind., told me why.

"I've got this cockpit lined with flak pads," he said. "It makes the ship nose-heavy, but I'd rather take my chances this way."

At the suggestion of the crew chief, I took a look through the astrodome, sticking my head up in t miniature sun-porch to get a bird's-eye view of the formation. Our two gliders bucked and strained at their tows as a combination of cross-wind and prop-wash tossed them from side to side. In front of and behind us, as far as I could see, there were tow-planes and gliders. Occasionally, the sun rays would pick up an aircraft and make it dazzle. The picture was a very pretty one—until the first glider fell.

That glider broke loose from its tow-plane and immediately began circling for an emergency landing. Then, as it hovered about 200 feet above the ground, its wings buckled and it dove, nose down, into the ground. No one got out of it.

S/Sgt. Ernest T. Collins of Fall River, Mass., was sitting beside me in the radio operator's seat. A veteran of two other D-Days, he lit a cigarette after the glider fell and said: "Got a pencil? I want to check my bomber code."

Now it was 1000 hours, and up ahead of us the first parachutists to make an airborne attack on Germany proper were leaving their planes. This mission was to be the longest in troop-carrier history—just short of 600 miles.

T/Sgt. Mike Maciocia of Providence, R.I., came over to me and said I ought to look at something interesting. Her name was Betty, and Mike had a picture of her stuck up in the plane. A bright gay-colored scarf of Betty's was hanging from one of the overhead spars and Maciocia had named the plane for the girl.

"Betty and I are sweating this one out," said Mike. "We figure it might be the last one in Europe. And you hate to get it on the finale."

We were getting close to our objective now, and trying to identify all the planes that the AAF had put around us was like a class in aircraft identification. Snub-nosed P-47s bulled around us; P-38s lazed about underneath us and then zoomed upward; Spitfires went by on the hunt; and A-26 medium bombers on patrol arrogantly passed us as if we were standing still.

We were nearing the Rhine now and could see the bomb-marked terrain on both sides of the river. Down below, two P-47s lay smoking on the ground after emergency landings. Time was getting short, and we flashed the ten-minute signal to the gliders. First Lt. George Dewel of Thomasville, Conn., came back to put on his chest chute and flak-suit. The rest of us did the same.

WE were waiting for the first ack-ack burst now and the crew was having a little argument about where the safest place would be if we were on the receiving end of it. Pilot Cox said he was glad to be up front in his cabin with its flak-pad upholstery, and he issued an invitation for us to crowd up forward if we wanted to.

Mike took a look at Betty and patted the gas tank he was sitting on. "I'm staying right on this gas tank," he said. "If they hit the gas tank, we've had it anyway. So I'm staying right here."

Collins said he would join Mike on the gas tank as soon as he gave the "Go" signal to the gliders. The spare pilot, 1st Lt. Richard H. Pierce of Longmeadow, Mass., said that a good spot was behind the cargo door. Not feeling like a qualified flak-evasion expert, I just hoped.

Now we were three minutes away from our gliders' landing zone, and we no longer were just anticipating flak. Air-bursts banged in the sky and tracers bent towards us. A C-47 went blazing down at five o'clock.

We passed over the parachute DZ, where thousands of white patches broke the brown terrain and told us that paratroopers were fighting down below.

Finally we were over our LZ, which was covered by a haze of artificial fog. Sgt. Collins grabbed the Aldis lamp and signaled hurriedly through the astrodome for our gliders to cut loose. They seemed to drop right away from us. I tried to keep my eye on them as they went down, but I lost them in the confusion of burning planes and flak.

The faster speed of the tow planes and the flash of enemy tracers made many of the gliders look as if they were easing slowly to the ground—too slowly. Then I saw two gliders burst into flame, and they went straight down, and fast.

A tow plane flying in our rear took a flak shot square on the nose. The plane fell into a dive, spewed out three white parachutes, and then, as somebody fought the controls, it pulled into an almost vertical climb. But the plane's lease on life was short; a moment later she stalled, nosed over, and fell straight down.

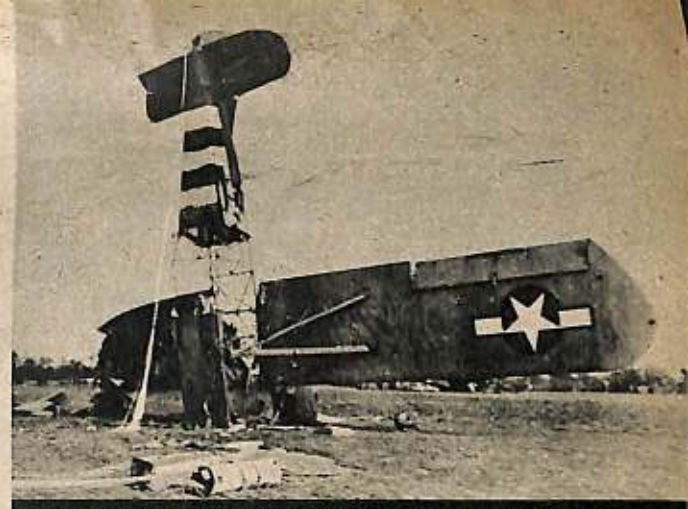
We were down to 700 feet, and that was low enough to hear a rifle's crack. But now, with our load lightened, our motors roared and the pilot gunned the plane through the sky that was spotted with ugly black and white air-bursts. I don't know what others thought about; Mike about Betty, I suppose. I sweated and wanted to live.

It wasn't until we passed over the Rhine on the way back that I relaxed. Then I remembered that, after all, what I had been through was the easiest part of it.

Somewhere back there on the ground were "just another Pole," "just another guy from Philly," and a lot of other good guys. And they were still being shot at when I went back to the rear of the plane, feeling sick at my stomach.

RHINE

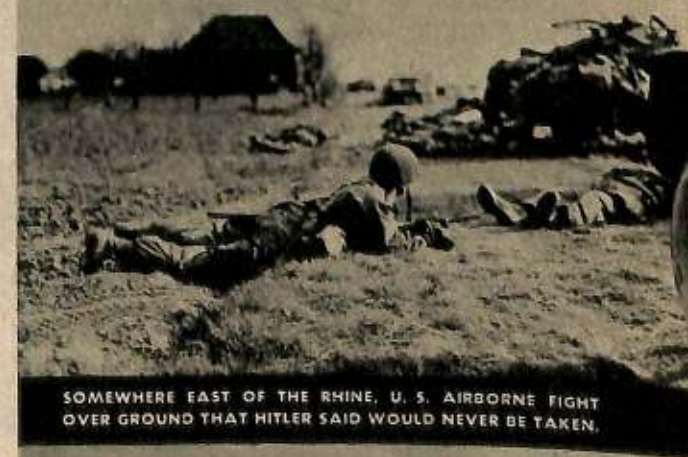
ON THE GROUND



THIS U. S. GLIDER CRACKED UP IN A GERMAN FIELD NEXT TO TWO SUPPLY CANISTERS DROPPED BY PARACHUTE.

TWO 17TH U. S. AIRBORNE MEN WHO LANDED SAFELY NEAR WESEL WATCH FOR SIGNS OF ENEMY ACTIVITY IN THE AREA.

ONCE ON GERMAN SOIL, GIs OF THE ALLIED AIRBORNE ARMY UNHINGE THE GLIDER'S NOSE AND QUICKLY UNLOAD IT.



SOMEWHERE EAST OF THE RHINE, U. S. AIRBORNE FIGHT OVER GROUND THAT HITLER SAID WOULD NEVER BE TAKEN.

AN AMERICAN LIES IN AN ALIEN FIELD, STILL FASTENED TO THE CORDS THAT CARRIED HIM TO DEATH IN GERMANY.

By a YANK Correspondent

IN THE LANDING ZONE, GERMANY—The 'troopers had been down for two hours and were already moving toward their objectives when the gliders came over the LZs. They came in ordered pairs, bouncing along in a 120-mile wind whipped up by the propwashes. Then there was a sudden slowing as the tow lines were dropped, followed by the sharp crack of machinegun bullets whipping through cloth wings.

That is when you hear flak, instead of see it as harmless balls of smoke ballooning out in the distance. That is when you realize what a slow and ungainly thing the glider you thought so graceful really is. And that is when you begin to sweat out the ground which seemed so close and now seems so far away.

As always, not all the gliders found their landing zones. The entire area of the drop, about 20 miles square, was shrouded in smoke. There was artillery smoke in the area as well as the smoke of the burning buildings set afire by the fighting that had been going on since 1000 hours. Also there was the smoke of our own smoke-shells, tossed in by the artillery to mark the LZs for the pilots.

Naturally, there was confusion, the confusion which is inevitable when two divisions of men are dropped from the sky into enemy territory by parachute and glider.

The area of the drop was heavily wooded and interspersed with small farms whose fields formed the DZs and LZs. The paratroopers who preceded the gliders came down just about the way it was planned, most of them landing in their proper zones and forming quickly to move out to their objectives.

But many of the gliders landed in fields some distance from their LZs. Many, splintered into matchwood, hung limply from trees. One struck an obstruction with its tail while landing, causing it to bounce into the air and describe a circle. Then its nose hit something and it looped again. Its entire crew was killed.

The last preliminary aerial photographs of the area were made on the afternoon before the jump. At that time the photos showed the fields chosen for the LZs as clear, but by the time the gliders came over there had been some changes made.

Two gliders, both loaded with medics, came down in a field where three machineguns formed a triangle around a Jerry searchlight. As the gliders neared the ground, the MGs opened up, raking both ships from both sides. The medics in their newly painted helmets tumbled out. They were unarmed, and were cut down in a crossfire from 20 yards away.

One of the medics was a young Harvard Medical School graduate who had just completed his training at the Mayo Hospital in Rochester, Minn., before entering the Army. He was among the first to die.

A paratrooper captain was landing near one of the LZs. The area was a field which adjoined a double-track railway intersected by a road at a grade-crossing. Around the crossing were some trees and there was also a clump of woods north of the railroad. The captain apparently saw the clump of woods and jerked his shroud lines to slip past them. But he didn't see, until too late, the trees around the grade-crossing. He caught in the top of one of them, and there he hung, in plain view of some Jerries who were in the clump of woods beyond the tracks. The captain swung his body like a pendulum in an effort to break the chute loose. He had described one arc and was swinging downwards from the peak of another when an MG spat.

The captain died there, hanging from the shroud lines, with his parachute billowing in the breeze. With his carbine across his chest, his pistol at his side, his pockets bulging with grenades and ammo clips, and his hands in new leather gloves, the captain hung from the tree for several hours, until the clump of woods was cleared.

Wherever the troopers went, they stopped to look for buddies they had not been able to locate. They would go from parachute to parachute, lifting the silk to glance at a face, then dropping it. If they recognized a friend across a field, they would dash through fire to get to him and clap his shoulder and cuss him out in relief. You never knew when you picked up a chute whether or not you'd find a body under it.

Almost all the opposition in the area came from ack-ack. The German ack-ack crews had billets in little farm houses which dotted the LZs. Each of the houses was a separate fortress, which had to be reduced by 75-mm. pack artillery or cleaned out by hand.

THE work of cleaning out these nests was going on when the Liberators came over, following the glider trains with additional supplies. The pilots of the Libs took no chances of making a mistake. They came in low, braving the flak and sweeping across their targets at 100 feet to put the stuff where it belonged.

As one plane came over there was a man in its doorway, struggling with a heavy load. The bundle broke loose and tumbled out and the man tumbled out after it. You could see him reach for his chute ring and pull it, but the chute barely had time to trail out in a loose stream of white before he hit the ground and bounced along, end over end, like the core of an apple tossed from a moving car, with the limp chute jerking after him.

That night, between artillery bursts and one flashing swoop of a strafing plane over the area, there were moments, rare moments, for rest and relaxation. And wherever there was a 'trooper or an airborne infantryman who had brought an unbroken bottle through the day, someone was sure to voice the division toast before tilting the bottle: "May your dog-tags never part."

IWO: D+8

A tour of the beach from the garrison atmosphere of one end to the bloody combat of the other.

By Sgt. BILL REED
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE MARINES ON IWO JIMA—On D-Day-plus-8 the southeastern end of Iwo Jima had very nearly gone garrison. This had been the invasion beach—the stretch of sand running down from Motoyama Airfield No. 2 to the foot of Mount Suribachi. On D-day the road paralleling the beach had been covered with mines and tank traps. Beyond the beach were Jap machine-gun nests and snipers. And the advancing Americans headed into one of the worst mortar and artillery bombardments in Pacific warfare.

Now MPs ordered marines to police up around their foxholes; higher brass was rumored to be coming for a visit. Some junior officers already snapped Rotary Club salutes at their superiors. A brand new eight-holer had been constructed. Rear-echelon troops were going AWOL to Mount Suribachi to hunt souvenirs in the caves.

The beach was busy and confused. Ducks, amtracks, weasels, bulldozers and trucks puffed clouds of dust as they struggled from one area to another. Huge cranes looked like robot giraffes as they moved cargo from LSMs, LCMs and LSTs. Men sweated and cursed and wrangled, trying to push their freight ahead of someone else's. An officer's sedan on the road looked as out of place as a dowager in a bawdy house.

There was a Seabee camp on the beach, and below it bulldozers leveled the land and 10 men with shovels dug graves. A surveying crew took measurements to fix the exact resting place of each body. Behind a line of freshly dug earth were several rows of filled-in graves. Above each grave was a dog tag on a pointed stick. Later the sticks would be replaced by white crosses. A few marines passed between the rows examining the dog tags for the names of their friends.

Pallbearers carried bodies shrouded in green broadcloth to the graves and then returned for more. A lieutenant asked Pvt. John W. Conloy of Le Roy, N. Y., in charge of a pallbearer detail, for a receipt. Conloy handed him a slip of paper identifying the last body buried. "It's too bad, but you can't even get buried without a receipt," the lieutenant said.

To the northeast was an artillery post. The artillerymen had come in at 0300 on D-plus-1 and had fired an average of 350 rounds a day since landing. Now they were resting while Sgt. Walter T. Edwards of Lakeland, Fla., received telephoned instructions.

"The first patrol is going into a new village," Sgt. Edwards said.

"That must be where all those geisha girls are," said Cpl. George T. Delta of Berkeley Springs, W. Va., one of the crew members. "I hear they got 400 of them."

There was talk about the geisha girls, and then Sgt. Edwards listened more attentively to his earphones.

"Okay, let's go," he shouted. The crewmen jumped to their positions. "Change the deflection right, one-three-four—fire!"

Across from the artillery post was a dump piled with boxes of D- and C-rations. Cpl. Floyd M. Barton of Sarasota, Fla., sat on a box, marking figures on a pad. He had no helmet and his face puckered in a frown of concentration that was not interrupted by the boom of the gun nearby. His job was distributing rations, and he thought Iwo Jima was a better place to distribute rations than either Saipan or Guam, where he had been before. "It's cooler and there aren't so many insects," he said. The rations were picked up at his dump by trucks that carried them as far to the front as they could go. Then the boxes went the rest of the way on men's backs.

Road traffic dwindled as you moved north. Pfc. Steve A. Trochek of Clairton, Pa., lay on his back on the bank between the road and the first airstrip, repairing a communications line. He had been in the front lines for five days as an artillery observer and was working in the rear area as a rest. The line he mended led directly to the front where he expected to return in the morning.

Just two days before, the front lines had straddled this first airstrip, and already souvenir hunters had searched through the ruins of Jap fighter planes and bombers strewn across runways and hard stands. A grader worked on one end of the field, and bulldozers, tractors and other graders had been moved up to prepare the base for our own bombers. Pfc. Darrel J. Farmer of Broken Bow, Nebr., ran a grader he had brought in almost before the Japs moved out. He started his work under mortar and sniper fire, but it was quieter now. "We'll have the field ready in two days," he told bystanders.

Farther up, Pvt. John R. Dober of Milwaukee, Wis., operated a magnetic mine detector. He was as careful with it as a housewife with a new vacuum cleaner. He had to comb over every foot of the road to make sure it was safe for the bulldozers that would follow.

A battalion aid station was set up in a clearing above where Dober was working. Corpsmen gave plasma to two marine casualties. Less than an hour had passed since they had been wounded. In another 30 minutes they would be aboard a hospital ship.

A medical officer, just back from the forward CP, told Floyd M. Jenkins CPhM of Altus, Okla., to prepare to move the station 100 yards closer to the next ridge. "They've been going like hell today," he said, "and they're shoving off again at 1240."

At the top of the ridge the road blended into the sandy plain. Fighting had been vicious here. An American heavy tank lay flopped over on one side, its turret hurled 30 yards away by a land mine. The gunner, carried away by the turret, had been butchered by a jagged piece of iron. Arms, legs and bodies of other members of the crew had been twisted as badly as their tank.

Half a dozen American bodies were piled a few yards above the tank. They were covered with ponchos and shelter halves, and from beneath the covers one clenched fist jutted belligerently. American dead lay everywhere. This battlefield was so new there had been no time to clear it.

Beyond another ridge were the front-line reserve troops. They crouched in foxholes and talked quietly. They inspected their weapons and occasionally fired them to make sure they worked. They chewed on fig bars and smoked cigarettes and pawed the dirt restlessly with their feet. Beyond them were the front lines.

Souvenir hunters were already at work.

COMPARED with the noise, bickering and confusion that surrounded the southern (garrison) end of the beach, the front lines were peaceful. On D-Day-plus-8 we were just in front of Airfield No. 2 and about 700 yards from Sandy Ridge, the last major objective on the island. The battlefield was a flat, desertlike plain with no hills, shrubbery or trees for protection, and it was dominated from the ridge by Jap machine guns, snipers and mortars.

We made headway slowly. Every yard advanced was an individual problem. It was a battle of single-man charges from one foxhole to another. A man would crouch silently in a shelter and look across the sand to a foxhole ahead. He would watch the other men try to reach that foxhole, and he would figure the angle and range of the machine-gun and sniper fire that sputtered to stop them. After watching enough of the others advance successfully, the man would try to make it himself. But when one marine failed, it was a psychological hazard for everyone else.

There were too many failures. There were too many marines sprawled in the dirt with caked blood on their fatigue coats.

The field was a space of great silences. There was no conversation about the war and no cursing or bickering. When a man stumbled into a foxhole, the men who were there automatically made room for him. When he decided to leave, there was no melodramatic well-wishing. When enemy bullets dropped a man, he went down like a character in a silent picture—there were no groans or calls for help. It was a hushed pantomime of war which the sounds from machine guns, sniper fire and mortars seemed to accentuate.

Cpl. D. J. Mason, a rifleman from Lincoln Park, Mich., watched from behind a sand dune on the edge of the field. Since early morning he had been moving slowly ahead with the riflemen. He was a reconnaissance man, and it was his job to see that no unnecessary gaps occurred between his regiment and the one on its flank. Since D-Day he had been advancing yard by yard, exactly as he was advancing on D-plus-8. He figured out beforehand every dash he made between one foxhole and another. So far he had figured right. Now the vanguard patrols were beyond his range of vision and it was time to dash again.

He studied the next foxhole carefully and then he studied the ridge from which a machine gun and two snipers fired consistently at anyone who tried to reach the hole. Dirt had splattered dangerously about the feet of two corpsmen as they slid into the foxhole a moment before. A dead marine who had made the wrong calculation lay several feet to the right of the hole.

Mason rolled his tongue in his mouth as his mind worked on the problem. Then he grabbed his rifle and hurled himself toward his objective, his feet pounding out a wake of dust and ashes. As he approached the shelter the machine gun spoke sharply and the sniper's bullet pinged over his head. Then he smashed into the hole. A moment later he crawled carefully up the embankment on the other side.

He had figured right again.

James Dallas was changed from "deferred" to 1-A.

Anthony Gentile, 27, is a 4-F with a punctured eardrum.

Stewart Kent is a discharged combat veteran.

Why Ain't They in Uniform?

Everybody overseas asks that about the young civilians at home. Here are a few of their answers to the big question.

By Cpl. HYMAN GOLDBERG
YANK Staff Writer

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—"How many guys are there still left in civilian clothes back home?" and "Why?" are two questions servicemen overseas ask sooner or later.

I've often wanted to stop some rugged-looking character in civilian clothes and ask those questions myself. Recently I had the chance. With a photographer big enough to take care of any situation that might arise if some character figured I was calling him a draft dodger, I came here to Providence, stood on one of the busiest street corners in town for an hour and talked with the first male civilians of draft age who came along.

The corner was at Dorrance and Washington Streets, in the downtown section.

The first man who came along was Anthony Gentile, a tall, worried-looking man with glasses. He's 27 years old and a former bartender and lives in Providence. He's a 4-F because he has a punctured eardrum.

"Listen," he said, "you think it's easy for a guy my age not to be in the Army? You think I'm having a good time? Every place I go people spit on me, like. I didn't ask they shouldn't put me in. They said to me, 'Go home, you're no good to us.' That's a fine thing to tell a guy. I didn't even know I got a punctured eardrum. It don't bother me at all, I tell them, but they don't want to listen to me. They say I should go home."

Some time ago bartenders, along with other workers like perfume salesmen and attendants in men's rooms, were declared by the War Manpower Commission to be unessential to the war effort.

"All right, so I'm not essential," said Gentile. "So I go out and get a job in a war plant. I can make a pretty good Martini and draw a neat glass of beer, but about other things I don't know. So I get a job as a floorman. That's what they call it, but it turns out to be pushing a wheelbarrow. Lemme tell you, a guy don't get the feeling he's killing Germans or Japs just pushing a wheelbarrow around. And every place you go, if you ain't wearing a uniform, they spit on you, like. I keep going back to my draft board asking them they should take me in, but they just laugh at me and say I should go home."

A young, healthy-looking fellow wearing a good topcoat and carrying a brief case came down Dorrance Street. He would have looked good in a uniform. He laughed when I asked him how come he wasn't wearing one. He threw open his coat and on the lapel of his blue-serge suit there was a winged discharge button.

"I wore a uniform for 26 months," he said, "and then they wanted it back so I gave it to them, because who am I to quarrel with them?"

He was Stewart Kent, 25 years old, of East Providence. He's a former tech sergeant with the Fifteenth Air Force, which used him as a gunner and radio operator in Italy and North Africa.

"I made 48 missions," he said, "and then I guess my nerves gave out on me or something, and they sent me back home." He came back with the Air Medal and nine Oak Leaf Clusters. He's working as a paint salesman now and doing pretty good.

"It's no wonder you stopped me," he said, "because there are a lot of guys who are out and don't wear their discharge buttons too conspicuously. It gives me a laugh sometimes when I see people looking at me as if they're wondering why I'm not in uniform."

The next man along looked within the draft age. He turned out to be Fred E. Magee, 44 years old but younger looking. He proved Stewart Kent's point about discharge buttons by flipping back his overcoat. There was a gold emblem on his suit too. "I enlisted in the Navy in 1942 and I was a QM2c in the Admiralty Islands, the Solomons and Guadalcanal in the Pacific," he said.

Magee got out on a dependency discharge and now works for the Pullman Company here.

A husky youngster walked up. "Hey, soldier," he said, "d'ya happen to know where the Navy Recruiting Office is?"

He wanted Navy Recruiting, he said, because he was going to enlist. He was Ernest Dube of Providence. "I was 17 years old last June and I got permission from my mother and father to enlist," he said.

"I been a rigger at the Newport Torpedo Station for 18 months. Why? Because I wanted to do what I could to help win the war, that's why. I was going to enlist last June, as soon as I got to be 17, but I broke my leg and I couldn't. My leg is fine now; it's stronger than the other one. Then I was gonna enlist two months ago, but geez,, I couldn't get a day off to go to the recruiting office."

James Dallas, who is 27 and lives in West Haven, Conn., came along Dorrance Street. He's married and has a child.

"Right after Pearl Harbor," he said, "I went to the Navy and asked to be put into the Seabees. I'm an electrical expert, and I inspect electrical material for the New Haven Railroad. My brother-in-law went to the Navy with me. They took him, but they turned me down because my teeth weren't good enough."

Dallas has a couple of plates and the Navy told him to go home and wait. If the war continued, they told him, maybe his draft board would call him; anyway, the Navy didn't want him then. When his draft board did call him, the New Haven Railroad got him a deferment. Every six months after that, when the draft board called Dallas again, the railroad got him another deferment.

"I didn't want them to," he said, "but the railroad officials kept telling me that I was doing an important war job and that the railroad needed me and that without railroads the country couldn't fight a war. Well, I guess that's so, all right, but even so, a fellow my age doesn't feel right about staying out. Men older than myself have been called.

"My last deferment has until May yet, but last January my draft board called me and put me in 1-A, and I've just taken my physical and this time it doesn't matter about my teeth. I'm going in in a couple of weeks, and I'm glad about it. I only hope I can get into the Seabees, because I think that's where I can do the most good."

The next civilian to come along was Guido Lorenzo, 29. "Listen Mac," he said, "whaddaya mean why ain't I in uniform?" He flipped open his coat. He had a discharge button on his suit. "Know what that is?"

He had been in the Air Force, with the 326th Fighter Squadron at Santa Rosa, Calif., for almost two years, until July 1944, when they gave him a medical discharge. He's now working in Providence as a maintenance man for the New England Butt Company, which is engaged in the manufacture of war materiel.

Just as the hour was up, a lanky young fellow ambled up to the corner. He said his name was Victor Gold. "Why haven't I got a uniform on?" he repeated in amazement. "Gee whiz," he said, "I'm not old enough. People keep asking me all the time why I'm not in the Army or Navy. I'm only 16 years old."

Victor is in 11-A at Hope High School, where he is studying aeronautics and drafting. "Because in April I'm going to be 17," he said, "and then I'll be old enough to get in the Navy with my parents' permission. All my friends are in, and it's awful lonesome."

Refugee Camp

Poles and Belgians, Russians and French, freed from German slave labor, take the first step here on the way to their homelands.

By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

BELGIUM—Lt. Vasily Bulachic, the Russian liaison officer, asked a gray-haired Russian woman sitting on the lower half of a GI double-decker bunk to tell us how the Germans had uprooted her and her family from their home and sent them off to forced labor in the Reich. She hesitated a moment, then started speaking slowly in Russian.

When she finished, Bulachic turned to Teddy, a former high-school teacher from Holland who was acting as my interpreter, and translated her remarks into German. Teddy, in turn, translated them for me into English.

"Her name is Fedorova Alenpiade, and she is the widow of a Russian soldier killed in Finland," said Teddy. "The Germans came to her village near Rzhev in December 1942 and ordered all able-bodied men, women and children sent to Germany for forced labor. She says she was luckier than most parents of her village because she managed to keep her children with her.

"They were sent to a German Army camp near Schleiden, the *Ordensburg Vogelsang*, which is a Nazi *Fuehrer* training center. She was made to cook for the Germans, and her daughters—Maria, now 17, and Tamara, now 13—had to work in an Army kitchen also. Her son Sergei, who was only 10 at that time, was sent to a nearby farm to work in a garden. But the Germans let him come to see his mother and sisters on some week ends.

"They worked there for two years and two months. It was hard work and long hours, but they were not beaten as some of the others were. Then, on February 6, the Americans captured the town and liberated her and her daughters, and Sergei joined them a few hours later. Then they were sent here."

By "here" was meant the Displaced Persons Center, the official name of a camp operated by the U. S. First Army where hundreds of Hitler's slave-laborers, freed by advancing American forces, are registered, clothed and given medical treatment in their first stop on the road back home. The center, located in classrooms and dormitories of what was formerly a convent school for Belgian girls, is the forerunner of many more such refugee stations which will be established as we move farther into Germany. They will sort out millions of Allied nationals who were torn from their homelands and pressed into slavery by the Nazis.

This particular center is a practical demonstration of Allied cooperation. Its guard detail is composed of 11 Russians, several of them Red Army soldiers who were captured and enslaved by Germans and freed by Americans. The guards wear regular GI uniforms but with identifying red stripes sewed on the sides of their trousers and red stars pinned on their field jackets. The medical staff includes Belgian and Dutch doctors, assisted by Belgian nurses and French MMLA girls, who are the French equivalent of our Wacs. MMLAs also assist the U. S. Army personnel of the camp's administrative staff. They have been with this First Army DPC detachment since soon after D-day in Normandy. Russian, Dutch, Polish and French officers are on the camp liaison staff to look after their respective countrymen.

The bulk of the refugees coming through this station are Russians, Poles, French, Dutch and Belgians. The presence of their countrymen in staff positions at the camp has aided immeasurably in restoring confidence and initiative to the transients. This is the aim of the DPC commander, Capt. Peter Ball of Chicago, Ill. He has found in numerous cases that rehabilitation is necessary before the refugees, so long denied humane treatment by their conquerors, can fully realize that there are such things as kindness and charity left in the world. As another method of restoring their initiative, Capt. Ball, who was an advertising-promotion man for *Vogue* magazine in civilian life, plays on the refugees' patriotism and encourages them to stage shows and folk dances in their own native costume. This goes far toward building up their self-assurance.

French, Dutch and Belgian DPs are cleared and on their way home within two or three days. Russians and Poles stay longer because they must wait for travel parties to be formed for shipment to other DPCs. There they join larger groups for movement to Egypt and the Dardanelles, their route home. So far, the center has handled only one American DP. His father was American, his mother German; he had lived in Cologne but claimed American citizenship. When asked where he wanted to be sent, he chose Germany. He was shipped to a camp for German DPs—but quick.

Although now in Allied hands, the former slave-laborers still eat German food. U. S. Army Civil Affairs regulations require that displaced persons be supplied with captured foodstuffs when possible, rather than with our Army rations. The warehouse here is filled with swastika-stamped bags of sugar, flour and other German food captured by the American troops. Likewise U. S. troops advancing into Germany collect stray cattle whose owners have fled and slaughter them for use at the DPC here and at two camps in Germany which handle German DPs. In fact, even stoves used for cooking at this center are part of captured *Wehrmacht* field kitchens.

THE case histories of recently freed Nazi slaves are an index of the treatment and privations inflicted on once-conquered countries of Europe by Hitler's "master race." For instance, there is Stephania, who was taken from her home in southeastern Poland just before Christmas of 1942 when she was barely 20 years old. Along with five other Polish girls from the same village, she was assigned to work for a German farmer near Malmedy, Belgium. Although not mistreated, they were told they were an inferior race and, as such, unfit to associate socially with Germans. On those grounds, Stephania was never permitted to go to a theater or restaurant or even to church during her two years of servitude.

Then there is Josef Przygcemski, a sergeant in the Polish Army when the war started in 1939. This is his story, told in German and translated for me by Teddy, the former Dutch school teacher:

"We fought at Warsaw when the Germans came. After that we continued to fight, even though we had to retreat often. We fought until August 1940, when I was wounded and captured at Lublin. After a year in a PW camp, I was discharged to my home because of my wounds, which would not heal. Four days after I got home there was a *Blutsonntag* (Blood Sunday), when Polish patriots killed several German soldiers, and the Germans slaughtered many Poles in revenge. Because I had been in the Polish Army, the Gestapo came and took me from my bed and put me in prison again. Every morning for 14 days they beat me with a rubber hose because they said I had spoken Polish in defiance of their order that no Pole in my town was to speak his own language. Then they released me again.

"In March 1943, when my wounds had healed, the Germans came again and ordered me to Germany as a slave-laborer. I was dressed in civilian clothes with a purple P in a yellow circle sewed on my chest to show I was Polish. I worked repairing roads that Allied planes had bombed in Berlin, Mannheim, Frankfurt and Colmar. In May 1944 I was sent to St. Malo, France. There the Gestapo treated us better and gave us the uniform of the *Todt* (fortification-construction) organization to wear. But the German commander, Col. von Aulock, the "Mad Colonel of St. Malo," warned the Polish and Russian workers that we would be shot if we tried to escape.

"When the Americans cut off St. Malo in August, von Aulock told us the Americans would shoot us too, and he gave us rifles to defend pill-

Miron Kakimor, a Red Army soldier who had been captured by the Germans, stands guard in the rain.

Gerardi Oberdan, an Italian inmate of the Displaced Persons Center, reads and works in the camp library.

Konstantin Demidov, Russian guard sergeant who was christened "GI Joe" by the camp's American staff, is a great hand with a guitar. Here he leads a song group.

ask his background is "I Russian GI Joe. I stay fight." That's his explanation for wearing the American ETO Ribbon beneath the Red Star on his shirt. Somebody gave Joe the ETO Ribbon after he had fought all the way from Cherbourg to Germany with the 3d Armored Division. Joe was in the Red Army in 1941, when he was wounded and captured by the Germans. After 2½ years in a PW camp, he was sent to Cherbourg in February 1944 to build pillbox defenses. He had been captured during the fighting around Villedieu and joined the U. S. armored outfit.

Among his other talents, Joe is an accomplished guitarist and he stages impromptu recitals for the benefit of all visitors to the DPC. His repertoire, while including a few old Russian songs, consists largely of new Soviet songs like "Horses of Steel" and "The Partisans' March."

While her Belgian mother looks on, Elfreda Dosquet, 2 years old, has her weight checked by Dr. Jane Thonus, a member of the DPC medical staff.

boxes. But two other Polish boys and I found out where the U. S. lines were on August 11, and we slipped through and joined the 83d Division. On August 17, the Americans asked me to broadcast to the garrison in Polish and German to tell them to surrender by 3 P.M. or American planes would wipe them out. White flags appeared at two pillboxes after I spoke, but other Germans would not let the ones who wished to surrender come out. At 3 P.M. the American planes came over and von Aulock surrendered. After that, I fought with the 83d Division for five months—up to Huertgen Forest. So now I am on my way back to Poland, where I will join the Polish Army and fight the Germans again."

Lt. Bulachic, the Russian liaison officer, was captured at Smolensk in 1942. He was sent to Belgium to work in coal mines and later to Aachen as a farm laborer. There he was closely guarded until the Americans pushed into Germany in September 1944. All foreign laborers were ordered to move back into the Reich by the then-frantic Germans, but Bulachic evaded them and remained in hiding until the Yanks took Aachen. Now the Russian lieutenant serves on the DPC staff, handling other refugees from his country. He wears the complete American uniform, his only Russian identification being the red U.S.S.R. shoulder patch on his field jacket and the Red Star on his lapel.

Teddy, the Dutch interpreter, who must remain anonymous because he has relatives in occupied Holland, translated one interview for me which evidently pleased him very much. It was with a fellow Hollander who, like himself, had been a member of the Dutch underground. A character right off an old-fashioned windmill calendar, he was a blond, blue-eyed six-footer.

"The Nazis arrested him several times on suspicion of sabotage but could not prove him guilty," Teddy recounted. "He had set fire to their automobile plant and sunk their barges in the canal. Finally he was arrested on charges of being *volksschaedlich*—that is, an enemy of the German people because he had political thoughts against the Nazis. That is what you Americans call, I think, 'trumped-up charges,' but they sentenced him to four years in jail on them.

"He was sent to work in Aachen, to help repair buildings which had been damaged by Allied air attacks. When Allied planes attacked Aachen, the German guards took revenge on their prisoners by beating them and cutting down on their food. The prisoners were treated very badly and forced to work 16 hours every day. For that they were supposed to be paid one mark and 20 pfennigs weekly, which is about 38 cents. The Germans said they would hold the money until the prisoners were released.

"This man never collected his money. After 18 months, he escaped and hid until the American troops liberated the town where he was staying. He was sent to the DPC, and Capt. Ball liked him and asked him to stay on as a labor foreman of the camp."

"There are two other Dutch boys on the staff here," Teddy continued. "One is the assistant to the Dutch liaison officer, and the other is a medical student who works in the dispensary. These other two came like me and joined the American 30th Division when it liberated our section of Holland. Then we joined the DPC staff as the next-best place we could help the Allied cause."

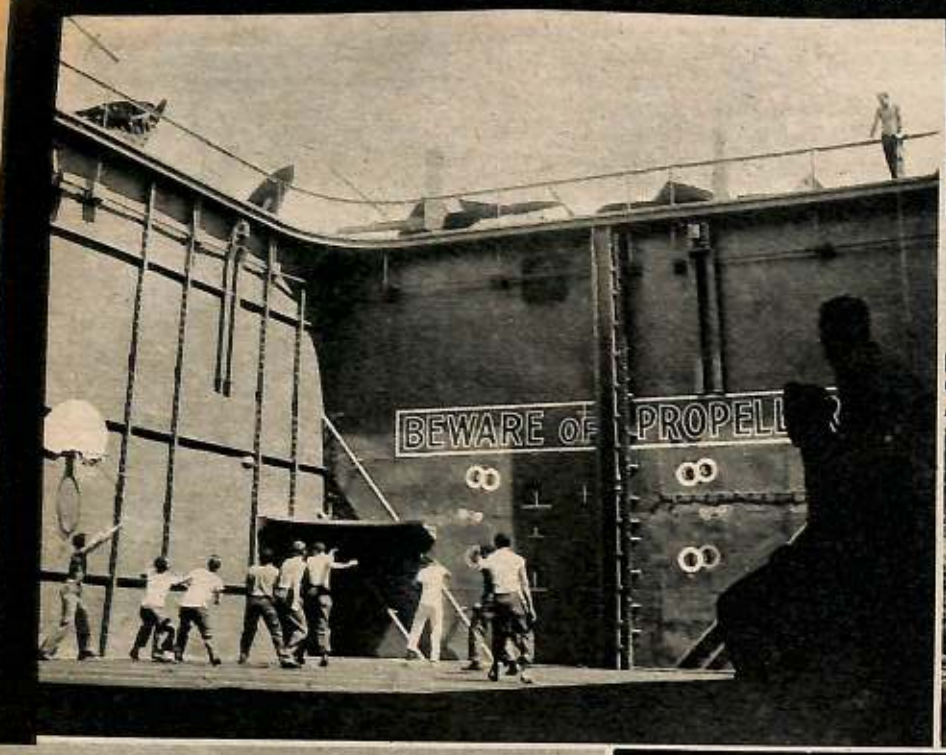
The DPC's No. 1 resident and unofficial goodwill ambassador is Konstantin Demidov, a sergeant of the Russian Guard. Rechristened "GI Joe" by the American staff, he is a husky, laughing-eyed Estonian whose stock answer when you ask his background is "I Russian GI Joe. I stay fight." The one that gets the biggest applause from his American audiences is his version of a hillbilly favorite taught him by some North Carolina GIs in the 3d Armored Division. It's "The Red River Valley," and the lyrics are sung in Estonian with a twang that would get Joe a spot on the National Barn Dance any Saturday night.

THERE was one incongruous feature that stood out above all others in this international house of newborn hopes. It stood out above the slowly comprehending eyes of the bearded Polish peasants to whom despair has become an accepted heritage, above the grim determination of the Russian soldiers who wanted to get back to killing Germans, above the laughing faces of Czechoslovakian children raised in slavery who were experiencing humane treatment for the first time in their lives. It was the ironic twist that these Poles and Russians and Dutch, having escaped German enslavement, are still speaking German —using it as their only mutual language.

I spoke to Teddy, the Dutch interpreter, about this fact, pointing out that most of our interviews had been conducted in German and regretting that such a mark of Nazi occupation had been imprinted on now-liberated countries.

"Yes," he said, "it is true they could make us learn and speak German. But they could not make us all think German. That is why they failed."

On the way to Tokyo some of the crew members get together for a game of basketball. The court is an elevator that lifts planes from the hangar deck.



This is scrubday on the carrier, and a line of men work their way down a section of the deck. The size of a carrier's deck being what it is, this is no easy detail.

This man, dressed in foul-weather gear, is loading ammunition into the wing gun of an F6F.

The carrier's guns blast at a sleeve towed behind a plane during practice firing en route to Tokyo.

That grin was a promise of things to come. The bomb he handles was last seen blowing up a piece of Tokyo.

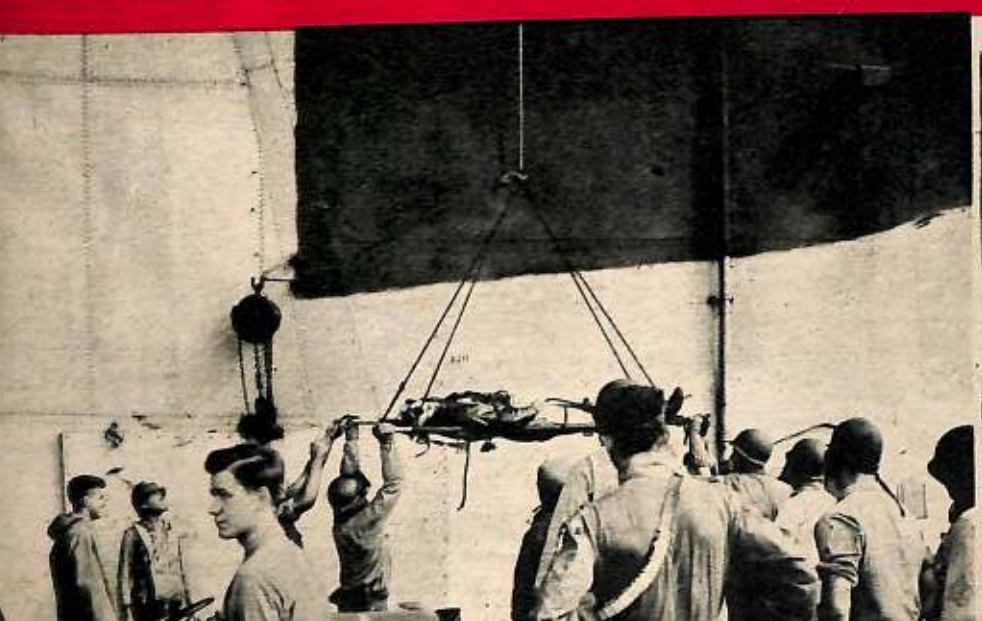
Air-crewmen gather around as Shelton Garner ACRM marks up on the black-

The carrier is somewhere in the waters off

BACK FROM TOKYO, A NAVY FIGHTER, AN F6F, LANDS ON THE WET DECK AS ANOTHER ONE COMES IN BEHIND IT AT RIGHT.

FLAT-TOP

Cpl. Lon Wilson, YANK cameraman in the Pacific, took these pictures aboard a carrier which was part of a fast task force attacking Indo-China and Tokyo.



The scene of our latest offensive in the Pacific, between Japan and Formosa, is inhabited by a people who never wanted to join Nippon.

Ryukyu Islands

THE Ryukyu, or Luchu, Islands, scene of our latest invasion in the drive on Japan, lie off the China Coast, extending in a southwesterly direction from Japan proper to Formosa. The 55 islands in the chain are actually the peaks of a submerged mountain ridge and cut off part of the Pacific to form the East China Sea.

The islands, three of them comparatively large, have a total area of 922 square miles and are inhabited by about half a million people. The three main islands are Amami O Shima in the northeast part of the chain, which is 30 miles long and has a mountain peak 2,300 feet high; Tokuno Shima, in the center of the group, and Okinawa Jima, or Greater Luchu, in the southwest. Okinawa is 60 miles long and ranges from 2 to 14 miles in width. The capital of the Ryukyus is Naha, a modern city with a peacetime population of 48,000.

The islands are mountainous and have numerous short, rapid rivers. There is only an occasional plain along the seacoast or on the banks of the rivers where sugar, wheat, potatoes, bananas and sago are produced.

There isn't very much in the history books about the islands. The inhabitants are related to the Japanese racially, and their language is similar to Japanese, but their manners, literature and government show strong Chinese influences. As a matter of fact, the natives have always seemed to prefer the Chinese to the Japs, probably because the Japs have been exploiting them since at least 1609.

In that year, the Baron of Satsuma, a powerful feudal lord from Kyushu, the southernmost island of Japan, invaded the Ryukyus and forced the natives to pay him a yearly tribute amounting to $900,000. "Ryukyu," as the Japs call the islands, is not a Japanese word; it is the way the Japs pronounce and spell "Luchu," the Chinese name for the islands.

The Luchuans had a king of their own, but, despite the yearly payment of tribute to the Baron of Satsuma, he always acknowledged the overlordship of the Chinese Emperor. Whenever a new ruler came to the Luchuan throne, the Chinese court sent a representative to supervise the crowning. And when a new Chinese Emperor was enthroned, the King of the Luchus sent envoys to pay homage.

Commodore Matthew Perry, the famed American sailor who shook the big stick at Japan and made her open her doors to trade with the rest of the world, used the Luchus as an advance base in his operations. He proposed, in 1852, that the U. S. seize and annex the islands permanently. Our Government turned his proposal down, however, and Perry signed a "Treaty of Commerce and Amity" with the Luchuan Government.

In an official letter to Perry at the signing of the treaty, the Luchuans said: "Since the days of the Ming Dynasty, it has been our great pride to be ranked as one of the outer dependencies of China, and she has for ages given our King his investiture and we have returned whatever we could for tribute; nothing of great importance to our nation has transpired but it has been made known to the Emperor." The Luchuans insisted to Perry that the tribute they paid to Japan was merely "trade" for the purpose of getting fine things for the Chinese Emperor.

In 1868, however, the Japanese Government was reorganized and full powers were restored to the Mikado. Among the rights the Mikado regained were all territories ruled by his subjects, and the Prince of Satsuma gave up the graft from the Luchus to him. In 1872 the Japs announced that the Luchu Islands would be thereafter a feudal state of their empire. They hadn't asked the Luchuans about this first, and there is some evidence that the natives resisted the Jap occupation. The Luchuans began to migrate under the Jap rule, and there are colonies of them in Formosa, South America and Hawaii. The emigres and their descendants in those places show a marked hostility toward the Japs.

The Japs, on the other hand, look down on the natives of the islands to the south of their homeland. Those natives are said to be honest, courteous, industrious and peaceable, and that may well be the reason why the Japs despise them.

When the U. S. informed Japan in 1872 that this government had a treaty with the Luchuans, the Japs replied that it would be respected despite their action in taking over the islands.

An incident in which 54 Luchuans from a fishing boat wrecked on Formosa were killed by the natives gave the Japs their first excuse to enlarge their domain and establish their power once and for all in the Luchus and even farther.

Japan immediately sent protests to the Chinese against the slaughter of the "poor Luchuan sailors." China, at that time, was in no position to take punitive action against the aborigines on the coast of Formosa. Jap agents were sent there to look over the field, and when they made sure of China's weakness an expedition was sent over to "establish order." Although the Chinese disclaimed all responsibility for the actions of the aborigines of Formosa, rather than have trouble with the Japs they agreed to pay an indemnity to Japan for the killing of the Luchuan seamen and for the cost of the expedition.

The Chinese were so completely buffaloed they allowed the Japs to insert into the treaty which settled the dispute the words, "subjects of Japan," in referring to the inhabitants of the Luchu Islands.

In the next few years, China lost her control over Annam, Burma, Korea, Manchuria, Mongolian Tibet and Assam. And in 1895, the Japs took Formosa away from China, made the Luchus a regular military station in the Jap defense system and ordered the King of the Luchus to stop sending tribute to China.

Both China and the Luchus protested against these aggressive Jap actions, and both countries appealed to the foreign powers to step in and act as arbitrators. To the U. S. and most other nations the Luchus were just a few rocks sticking out of the ocean, and most people had never even heard of them. Anyway, it was—to those not directly concerned—a squabble between a lot of strange people on the wrong side of the world, and all the foreign powers decided to let the interested parties iron it out.

The Japs further complicated the entire matter by blandly refusing to admit there even was a dispute. As far as they were concerned, the whole thing had been settled.

The Japs sat back to see what would happen, and when it was evident that no foreign country was going to step in, they really went to work and enforced their conquest. All the higher Luchuan Government officials were fired and the most important ones were given pensions as *samurai*. Some lower officials, closer to the people, were allowed to retain their positions as a sop to the natives. The King of the Luchus, however, was busted down to the rank of marquis, and he and the whole royal family were moved to Tokyo because, as the Japs explained, all nobles have to maintain their residence at the capital. It was no accident, either, that they could keep a closer watch on the king in Tokyo.

About that time the Chinese, who had much more important problems to think about on the continent, acknowledged the right of the Japs to rule over the Luchus.

Since the entrance of the U. S. into the present war, however, the Chinese Government has revived its claim to the islands. For more than one reason, the Luchuans would much rather be considered Chinese than Japanese.

NEWS FROM HOME

Stalin's popularity in the States hit a new high, reconversion talk came back into style, the Vice President waxed cheerful about jobs for ex-GIs, and a New York paper pointed out the folly of guessing wrong out loud.

THE engineer of a freight locomotive pulled the whistle for a crossing in southern Kansas one day last week. The whistle stuck, and the train screamed its way 75 miles across the countryside. Just as happened during a similar occurrence a couple of weeks before D-Day nearly a year ago, the train left behind it a widening trail of citizenry convinced that the war was over. By the time the engine reached the Kansas City roundhouse, hundreds had grabbed their telephones seeking confirmation of "the Armistice."

A few days later, Josef Stalin figuratively let out a whistle that electrified the whole country—and the rest of the world. His whistle came in the form of a radio announcement from Moscow that Russia would not renew the five-year Soviet-Japanese Pact when it expires on April 13, 1946. Stalin reminded the Japs that they were lending assistance to Germany in its war against Russia, and that they were fighting Britain and the U.S., now allies of the Soviet Union.

Coincidentally, Tokyo announced the formation of a new Jap government following the resignation of Premier Kuniski Kioso's cabinet. Baron Kantaro Susuke, 77-year-old retired admiral, was appointed premier to handle the "grave military situation."

Both Russia's denunciation and Japan's political shake-up brought a terrific response in the States. A good many people hailed Stalin's gesture as the prelude to swift Russian entry into the war against the Nips. Others foresaw immediate establishment of long-desired American air bases in Siberia. Some experts were more cautious, though, pointing out that diplomatic relations between Russia and Japan wouldn't be affected for another year, and that Russia hadn't said anything concrete about entering the Pacific struggle.

Typical of nationwide press comment was an editorial in the New York *Times* which said: "The full effects of these dramatic developments remain to be disclosed. Technically, the Russian denunciation doesn't terminate until April, 1946, but the denunciation, which bluntly states that the Russo-Japanese Pact has 'lost its meaning' and that its 'continuance has become impossible,' is so challenging that the pact may not last that long. For Japan has a penchant for anticipating events by striking first, and if she follows precedent the entire war situation in the Far East would change overnight."

One result of the Russian action was to arouse higher hopes in the States for the success of the International Security Conference starting April 25 in San Francisco. Washington observers saw Russia's position at the meeting as considerably improved. Earlier, there had been some speculation that the 'Frisco gathering might be postponed because of differences among the convening powers. One of these differences was sharply pointed up when Britain and America jointly rejected Russia's demand that the Polish government in Warsaw be invited to the conference, which would leave the Polish regime in London out in the cold.

State Department workers throughout the country were putting on a whirlwind educational campaign to make the people more familiar with America's new international relations and responsibilities. That such a campaign might have a lot of justification was borne out by the results of a survey by the League of Women Voters in Chattanooga, Tenn., who asked 98 pedestrians in that city: "What do you think of Dumbarton Oaks?"

Back home in Springfield, Ill., after two years in a Jap prison camp, Sgt. Marcus L. Keithley said he thought front-line soldiers "don't suffer as much from war as the women at home." "Look at my wife," said Keithley. "She's 20 or 30 pounds underweight; I'm five pounds overweight. Women are under greater emotional strain than men in wartime."

One sweet young femme answered: "I don't know—we're strangers in town." A middle-aged woman said: "I live in Georgia, so I don't know." And from a stenographer: "I don't eat anything but Shredded Wheat." Of the 98 persons polled, only 46 had any idea of what Dumbarton Oaks was all about. Among those 46, all but two said they approved of it.

Actually, as *you* doubtless know, Dumbarton Oaks is a mansion in the Georgetown area of Washington, D.C., where representatives of the U.S., Great Britain, Russia and China talked about international affairs for seven weeks late last summer. The delegates agreed on certain proposals for the establishment of a General International Organization, embracing a General Assembly, an 11-nation Security Council, an International Court of Justice, a Secretariat, an Economic and Social Council and a Military Staff Committee.

The Dumbarton Oaks proposals will be laid before the San Francisco conference, which will draw up a charter for some kind of postwar security organization. Then it will be up to the member nations to ratify or reject the charter in accordance with their various constitutional methods. In the case of the U.S., approval by two-thirds of the Senate is required.

Until Russia's denunciation of her pact with Japan, the biggest news about the San Francisco conference last week was the revelation that the Big Three at their Yalta gathering had agreed to submit at the West Coast meeting a Soviet plan for increasing the number of both Russian and American seats in the Assembly of the proposed international-security organization. Russia's feeling apparently was that, since the U.K. and British Dominions would get a total of six seats, it wasn't fair for the U.S. and Russia, which are at least as economically and militarily powerful as the British Commonwealth of Nations, to have just one seat and one vote each.

The Russian proposal ran into stern opposition in some American quarters. Sen. Arthur H. Vandenberg, Republican of Michigan and a member of the American delegation to 'Frisco, quickly declared that he was against the idea. The senator said he stood for the principle that each nation, however small or large, should get just one seat in the security organization, and that any other arrangement would create international distrust. Others didn't like the fact that the Russian proposal hadn't been announced immediately after the Yalta meeting.

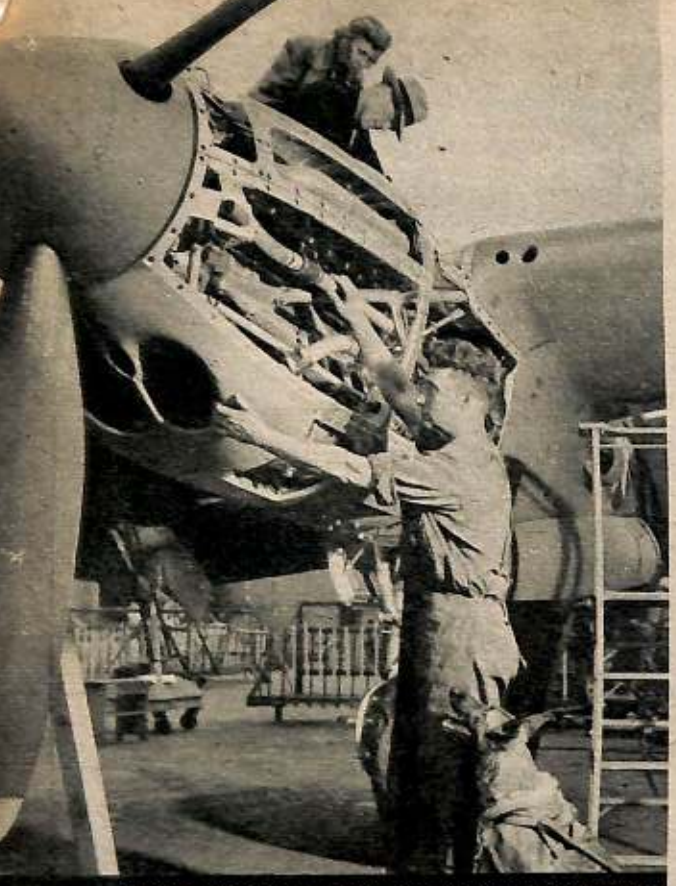
Then Secretary of State Edward R. Stettinius, temporary chairman at San Francisco, made the dramatic announcement that the U.S. would not try to get itself extra seats in the Assembly but would continue to back the Russian request for two more Soviet seats. Almost everybody thought the Secretary's words cleared the air a little bit, and the New York *Times* said: "We're back on the right track." Sen. Claude Pepper, Democrat of Florida, remarked: "The question of influence in the Assembly is much bigger than the question of the number of votes any one country will have. I daresay American influence will be greater than any other country's, and whether we have one vote or three is immaterial." But Sen. Robert A. Taft, Republican of Ohio, countered with the accusation that increased voting power for the Russians "is absolutely a violation of the Dumbarton voting agreement."

AT no time since last fall had there been so much talk about reconversion, demobilization and redeployment of troops, and postwar topics in general. Reconversion talk started when James F. Byrnes turned in his final report as Director of War

THEY'RE TOPS. THESE THREE HAPPY "OSCAR" WINNERS SNAPPED IN HOLLYWOOD ARE (l. to r.) BARRY FITZGERALD, BEST SUPPORTING ROLE; INGRID BERGMAN, BEST ACTRESS; AND BING CROSBY, BEST ACTOR.

SO SORRY. YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE ALL BROKEN UP, ACCORDING TO EVELYN CARMEL'S PRESS AGENT, BECAUSE SHE WENT AND GOT HERSELF MARRIED RECENTLY IN MIAMI BEACH. SEE WHAT HE MEANS?

VET GRAD. MAURICE PION (RIGHT), ONE-ARMED VETERAN, IS AMONG FIRST TO RECEIVE DIPLOMA FROM PREXY PAUL DOUGLAS OF AMERICAN UNIVERSITY AFTER COMPLETING SPECIAL COURSE FOR DISABLED.



BLIND WORKER. LACK OF EYESIGHT DOESN'T KEEP JAMES A. STONE FROM PRECISION WORK ON P-38s AT THE LOCKHEED PLANT IN BURBANK, CALIF. TRAINED DOGS GUIDE THE BLIND TO WORK IN THIS FACTORY.

CHINATOWN. CHINESE SOLDIERS LOOKING FOR RELATIVES IN NEW YORK'S CHINATOWN CAN ALWAYS GET HELP FROM THE "MAYOR." HE KNOWS EVERYBODY.

Mobilization, letting it be known that during the first year after V-E Day the nation would probably cut war production by 30 per cent. He also announced that the midnight curfew and the ban on horse racing would disappear with V-E Day.

Byrnes said he felt that the day of victory in Europe wasn't far off and, almost immediately after releasing his report, tendered his resignation to President Roosevelt. He told the President that he had never wanted to direct civilian reconversion, and that he considered his job as war mobilizer virtually ended. Nobody seemed to know whether Byrnes' resignation came as a surprise to the White House. In any case, the President promptly named Fred Vinson, who recently succeeded Jesse Jones as Federal Loan Administrator, to Byrnes' post.

Some Americans thought that the mobilization report had at least one unfortunate effect. No sooner were reconversion plans announced than the Senate killed the long-pending manpower bill to freeze war workers in their jobs for the duration of the emergency. According to some senators, the action was a direct result of the belief that no such controls would be needed once the war in Europe ended.

More than one commentator expressed the opinion that the Senate might be moved to reject the House-approved bill to draft nurses for the Army and Navy. The War and Navy Departments reiterated their endorsement of this bill, and the Administration stood committed to passage of some kind of labor-control act on the grounds that the danger of workers drifting away from war plants will be much greater after V-E Day.

Fleet Admiral Ernest J. King and Gen. Henry H. Arnold, chief of the AAF, gave out with warnings that there was a war in the Pacific to win, too. Similar admonitions were sounded in high places practically every hour, on the hour. Gen. Arnold said our air strength would be shifted to the Far East as soon as circumstances permitted.

Gen. George C. Marshall, Army Chief of Staff, did some plain talking about this redeployment business. He said, among other things, that the transfer of high priority American troops from Europe to the Pacific must start "literally on an hour's notice," as of V-E Day. According to the general, if all European veterans got to see their families and sweethearts before facing the Japs it would cause "critical days" of delay at the expense of American lives.

The people of Blytheville, Ark., hope that their version of the ideal World War II memorial will be taken up all over the country. The memorial will be a 10-room house, complete with chickens and poultry-run, a garden and even a play center. When it's finished, the place will be occupied by the widow and eight children of Pfc. J. C. Privett, a Blytheville soldier who was killed in Luxembourg.

The nation was also impressed by Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower's announcement that there would probably be no clear-cut ending to the European war and that the victory would be signalized only by an Allied proclamation. Commentators had been saying the same thing for weeks, but the home front generally had been talking as though it believed V-E Day would be exactly like Armistice Day in the first World War.

SOBERING announcements from various government agencies informed the home front that it needn't expect a return to prewar production and consumption for many months after V-E Day. On the whole, it was said, Americans wouldn't eat as well during 1945 as they did last year. The nation was also urged to remember that it was far better off than the rest of the world and that it should do everything possible to help other nations stave off starvation.

Congressional investigators had their sights fixed on the meat situation. Rep. Clinton P. Anderson, Democrat of New Mexico and Chairman of the House Food Committee, suggested that the Army take over and operate closed packing houses for military use. Anderson said the present shortage was so acute that no meat would be available for export under lend-lease or through international relief organizations during the three months beginning July 1.

Here is the book that every KP has been waiting for, no doubt—a book on how to do KP. It's now being published by the Quartermaster Corps, and it contains all the facts that you must know if you want your dishes and pans to sparkle. Currently circulating in the more exclusive Army kitchens, the volume tells how to get the most out of soap and washing compounds—in hard or soft water. It may even have some information on what to do with grease pits.

War Production Board Chief Jules A. Krug took pains to squelch current rumors that Detroit would get busy any day now on production of new cars. He said that production would be approved only after the fall of Germany and "probably not for a long time after that." Krug also announced the appointment of Henry P. Nelson, present director of the WPB's Aircraft Division, as co-ordinator of reconversion for the auto industry.

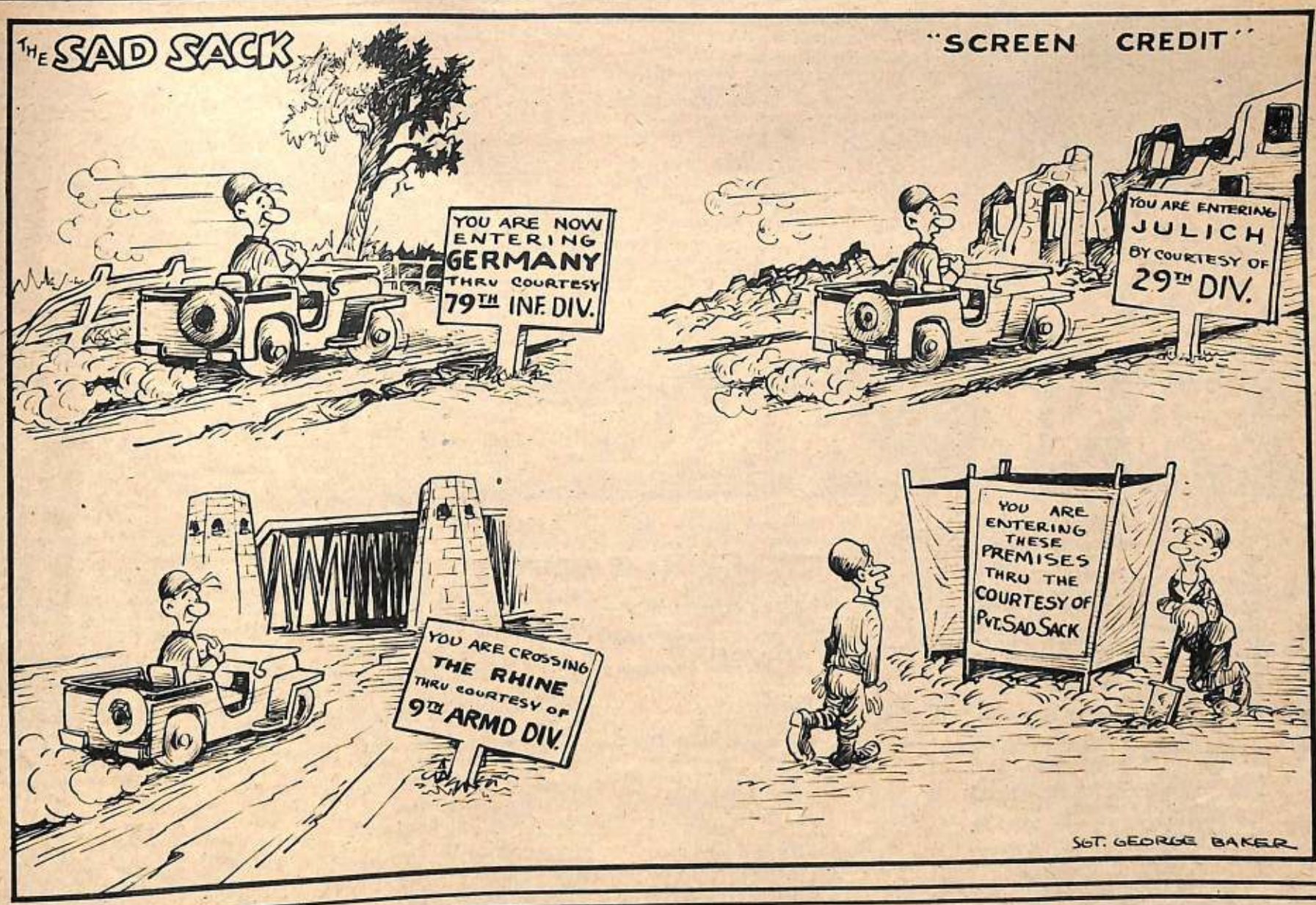
President Roosevelt took time out to call for a revival of the spirit of religion in tackling the country's various problems. In a message to the centenary dinner of the Congregation Emanuel in New York City, Roosevelt said he doubted if there were any problem "that would not melt away before the fire of such a spiritual awakening." Said the Chief Executive: "The great majority of Americans find religious unity in the common biblical heritage of the Old Testament . . . It is well for us, therefore, in the face of global war and world upheaval to emphasize the many essential things in which we as a nation can find unity . . ."

On the labor front, John L. Lewis and his coal-mine unionists—both bituminous and anthracite—again held the national limelight. Miners in 200 soft-coal pits in eight states quit work in wildcat strikes because the operators rejected contract demands by Lewis's United Mine Workers. They walked out despite an agreement by Lewis for a 30-day extension of the old contract, which expired March 31, and a warning by Lewis himself. The War Labor Board promptly threatened to seize and operate the mines unless the approximately 27,000 idle miners got busy again. In Washington, however, representatives of both miners and operators expressed confidence that they would agree on a new contract without drastic government action. Commentators saw more trouble ahead, though, as Lewis opened negotiations for a new contract with anthracite producers, offering the hard-coal men the same contract demands he had made upon the soft-coal industry—plus some new objectives which included a flat 25 per cent pay boost for anthracite workers. Hard-coal miners were scheduled to take a strike vote under the Smith-Connally War Labor Disputes Act on April 26—one month after the date on which soft-coal workers have voted to strike if necessary to enforce their terms.

Hollywood's movie strike continued, and even spread, although production of film in the major studios managed to go on somehow. Work on the processing of Army training films suffered when some more union electricians walked out. Film producers notified all strikers that their contracts had been terminated because of their refusal to return to work.

The CIO's United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers Union expelled six of its members and suspended and fined eight others in Long Island City, N.Y., for slowing down production of 40-mm. shells. Union leaders announced that the fines, amounting to $325, would be turned over to the Navy Relief Fund. The six slow-down ringleaders, who had been irked at production standards proposed

BEATS US. JUST WHAT THIS HOLLYWOOD GENT IS UP TO WE WOULDN'T KNOW, EXCEPT THAT HE HAS 10 DANCERS ON A TRUCK, AS YOU CAN PLAINLY SEE BY COUNTING THE LEGS AND DIVIDING BY TWO.



by the company, will lose their jobs under a closed-shop contract with the Matam Corporation of Long Island City.

People who didn't want to talk about the war, international affairs or labor problems had a perfect topic for a chin-fest in the weather. After an exceptionally early spring, the Midwest was enveloped overnight by heavy snows, bitter cold and high winds. The Mississippi threatened to go on a rampage all the way from Cairo, Ill., to the Gulf of Mexico. In Louisiana, half-a-million acres were flooded and 5,000 families left their homes when the Red River spilled over its banks. Troops from Camp Livingston were thrown into the battle and German prisoners of war were used to hoist sandbags against the sagging levees. Army field-kitchens and tent refugee-colonies were set up to help marooned families. Army assault boats, naval amphibious planes, Coast Guard cutters and even helicopters joined in the fight.

Vice President Harry S. Truman gave GIs cause for rejoicing by predicting that veterans might come back to find a manpower shortage rather than a saturated postwar labor market. Speaking at Buffalo, N.Y., Truman declared: "About six million people may be expected to leave the nation's labor force when victory comes, while there are only about four million veterans ready to step into their places." Truman estimated that two million of the 11 million servicemen would go back to school, two million would be self-employed in the professions and farming, one million would have special positions awaiting them, and two million "may remain in the service as a career or be replaced by others." Breaking the thing down, the Vice President checked off 3,500,000 working women expected to return to their homes, two million boys between 14 and 17 who "should be sent back to school," and 500,000 persons over 65 who "are entitled to retire on pensions." Truman added: "This time there surely will be no bonus army. The Veterans' Bill of Rights has assured servicemen and women that they will not have to fight again for justice on the home front."

Mrs. Guiomar Valencia Nannetti, wife of a Colombian diplomat, has a full-fledged case of subwayphobia—and small wonder. On her first visit to Manhattan, she ventured into the subway and got lost, which seems natural enough. But Mrs. Nannetti stayed lost for 18 hours, riding helplessly back and forth, too scared to seek the street. Finally she emerged in the Sheepshead Bay section of Brooklyn, where a kindly cop put her on the right track —surface, this time.

Dr. Winfred Overholser, head of a Federal hospital in Washington, D.C., urged the wives of servicemen discharged for mental reasons neither to nag nor to pamper their husbands. He recommended that when economically possible the wife, if employed, quit working and devote herself to the veteran's readjustment. "Many servicemen who break at the psychological level snap back quickly when they get away from the military regime because they have been civilians at heart all along," asserted the doctor. He pointed out, too, that a lot of people become better workers following such "mental episodes."

The War Department announced that wounded enlisted men who have been returned from overseas and for whom no appropriate assignment is available may be discharged at their request. To be eligible for discharge, the wounded soldier must be considered surplus to the Army as a whole, and he won't be considered that if he can fill an assignment in the States which would release an able-bodied man for overseas service.

First Sgt. Jerry B. Davis, 36, of Macon, Ga., became the first Negro in the country to win the Legion of Merit, the Army's fourth highest decoration. Davis got the medal while a patient at Lawson General Hospital in Atlanta, Ga. The sergeant, who led a section in the 92nd (all-Negro) Division in Italy, was wounded while bringing rations to his gun crews during a heavy enemy barrage at the battle of the Arno River.

Apparently kids throughout the country are going to get their annual look at the biggest show on earth, after all. Officials of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Combined Shows had expressed fear that the show couldn't go on the road after its New York debut because of the jailing of six key employes as a result of last July's disastrous fire in Hartford, Conn. An official of the circus said, however, that loss of the men wouldn't keep the show from going through with its 1945 tour.

In Trenton, N.J., Gov. Walter E. Edge signed a bill creating a four-man commission to administer a state project for the rehabilitation of alcoholics. Legislators said the measure would make New Jersey "one of the first states officially to recognize that alcoholism is a disease and an alcoholic is a sick person."

You don't get drunk any quicker by mixing your drinks than by sticking to the same beverage, according to the "Journal" of the American Medical Association. It's not what you drink, it seems, so much as how much you drink. "The concentration of alcohol in the blood and brain is determined chiefly by the amount of alcohol consumed," explained the AMA organ soberly. Don't say YANK *doesn't bring you the news, but hot.*

The town of Wickliffe, Ky., was left without a local telephone exchange service when 33-year-old Roscoe Paterson left for the Army. Paterson was the linesman and owner of the Wickliffe Telephone Company, serving 190 subscribers.

Delegates to the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union Convention at San Francisco addressed a cable to Gen. Eisenhower in care of "Supreme Headquarters, Allied Command," assuring him that they would continue their "no-strike policy" for the duration. The cable was returned, marked "Insufficient Address."

The New York *World Telegram* hit on a sly way of warning the folks at home to count their chickens strictly on a COD basis. The paper ran a story about all the notables who at one time or another have made sour guesses as to the end of the European war. The article pointed out that Adm. William F. Halsey and James A. Farley had both picked 1943 as the war's last year, and that among those who chose 1944 were Henry Ford, Sgt. Alvin York and Undersecretary of War Robert P. Patterson. Hitler, however, appears to have been the furthest off base on the forecast. Der Fuehrer, said the paper, picked 1941.

The COVER

An Ordnance crew at the 91st Bombardment Group of the Eighth Air Force loads "Sure Shot," a B-17 Flying Fortress, with 300-pound bombs.

Pictures: Cover, Sgt. Gerald Massie, USSTAF. 6 and 7, Signal Corps. 9, Pvt. George Aarons. 10 and 11, Sgt. Reg Kenny. 12 and 13, Cpl. Lon Wilson. 15, left, PA; center, Wide World; right, Acme. 16, lower, Keystone; others, INP. 20, upper left, INP; center and lower right, PA; others, Acme. 21, Acme. 22, Selznick International. 23, left, USSTAF; right, ATG.

YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

BRITISH EDITION

EVENING STANDARD BUILDING

47 Shoe Lane, LONDON, E.C.4

Managing Editor, Sgt. Durbin L. Horner; Art Editor, Sgt. John Scott; Staff: Sgt. Earl Anderson, Cpl. Edmund Antrobus, Cpl. Frank Busch, Sgt. Francis Burke, Cpl. Jack Coggins, Pfc. Thomas Flannery, Sgt. Rudolph Sanford, Sgt. Sanderson Vanderbilt; Business Manager, Sgt. George Bailey; Officers in Charge, Lt. Col. Charles L. Holt (ETOUSA), Capt. Harry R. Roberts (London); Publications Officer, ETOUSA, Brig. Gen. Oscar N. Solbert.

MAIN EDITORIAL OFFICE, NEW YORK: Managing Editor, Sgt. Joe McCarthy; Art Director, Sgt. Arthur Weithas; Assistant Managing Editor, Sgt. Justus Schlotzhauer; Assistant Art Director, Sgt. Ralph Stein; Pictures, Sgt. Leo Hofeller; Features, Sgt. Marion Hargrove; Sports, Cpl. Tom Shehan; Overseas Editor, Sgt. Al Hine; U.S. Editor, Sgt. Hilary H. Lyons; Associate Editors, Sgt. John Hay, Cpl. Margaret Davis, Cpl. Max Novack.

WASHINGTON: Sgt. Ralph Boyce, Sgt. Barrett McGurn.

FRANCE: Sgt. Merle Miller, Cpl. Robert Abramson, Sgt. Art Alexander, Pfc. David Berger, Sgt. Charles Brand, Sgt. Howard Brodie, Pfc. Patrick Coffey, Sgt. Ed. Cunningham, Sgt. Robert Debnam, Sgt. Allan Ecker, Sgt. Tom Fleming, Sgt. Dewitt Gilpin, Cpl. Robert Krell, Cpl. Howard Katzander, Sgt. Reg Kenny, Sgt. Saul Levitt, Sgt. Ralph Martin, Sgt. Robert McBrinn, Sgt. Mack Morriss, Cpl. Roland Roy, Cpl. Irene Schafer, Pvt. David Whitcomb.

ITALY: Cpl. George Barrett, Pfc. Ira Freeman, Sgt. August Loeb, Sgt. Dan Polier, Pfc. Carl Schwind, Sgt. Harry Sions, Pvt. Dave Shaw.

AUSTRALIA-PHILIPPINES: Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt, Sgt. Roger Cowan, Sgt. Jack Crowe, Sgt. Marvin Fasig, Sgt. Dick Hanley, Sgt. LaFayette Locke, Cpl. John McLeod, Sgt. Charles Pearson, Sgt. Charles Rathe, Sgt. Ozzie St. George, Cpl. Joe Stefanelli, Sgt. Lionel Wathall, Cpl. Roger Wrenn. Cpl. Frank J. Beck.

CENTRAL PACIFIC: Pfc. John O. Armstrong, Pfc. George Burns, Cpl. Ted Burrows, Cpl. James Goble, Sgt. Larry McManus, Don Morgan Yic, USCGR, Sgt. H. N. Oliphant, Mason E. Pawlak CPhoM, USNR, Sgt. Bill Reed, Vernon H. Roberts, Sic, USNR, Cpl. Lon Wilson, Evans Wylie, SPic (PR), USCGR, Sgt. Bill Young.

MARIANAS: Cpl. Tom O'Brien, Sgt. Dillon Ferris, Pfc. Justin Gray, Sgt. Jack Ruge, Sgt. Paul Showers.

BURMA-INDIA AND CHINA: Sgt. George J. Corbellini, Cpl. Jud Cook, Sgt. Paul Johnston, Sgt. Walter Peters, Sgt. Dave Richardson, Sgt. Lou Stoumen.

ALASKA: Sgt. Ray Duncan, Cpl. John Haverstick.

IRAN: Sgt. Burtt Evans, Cpl. Alfred Kynch.

PANAMA: Cpl. Richard Douglas.

PUERTO RICO: Sgt. Don Cooke, Pfc. James orio.

BRAZIL: Pfc. Nat Bodian.

BERMUDA: Cpl. William Pene du Bois.

ICELAND: Sgt. John Moran.

MIDDLE EAST: Sgt. Richard Paul.

NEWFOUNDLAND: Sgt. Frank Bode.

NAVY: Donald Nugent, Sic.

Commanding Officer: Col. Franklin S. Forsberg.

Executive Officer: Maj. Jack W. Weeks.

Business Manager: Maj. North Bigbee.

Overseas Bureau Officers: Britain, Capt. Harry R. Roberts; France, Lt. Col. Charles L. Holt, Lt. H. Stahley Thompson; Australia-Philippines, Maj. Harold B. Hawley; Central Pacific, Maj. Josua Eppinger; Marianas, Maj. Justus J. Craemer; Italy, Maj. Robert Strother; Burma-India, Capt. Harold A. Burroughs; Iran, Lt. David Gafill; Panama, Capt. Howard Carswell; Puerto Rico, Capt. Frank Gladstone; Middle East, Capt. Knowlton Ames; Alaska, Lt. Grady E. Clay, Jr.

YANK is published weekly by enlisted men of the U.S. Army (Branch Office, Information and Education Division, War Dept., 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N.Y.) and is for sale only to those in the armed services. Material in YANK may be reproduced if not restricted by law or military regulations, provided credit is given, release dates observed and prior permission granted for each item. British Edition printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., Watford. Reviewed by U.S. military censors.

MAIL CALL

Strikers and Awols

Dear YANK,

It seems to me that Z.E.A., writing in the March 25 *Mail Call* about strikers, is very hot under the collar on a subject that leaves a certain minority of GIs open for as much criticism as certain civilians.

Z.E.A. should be aware, as most of us are, of the appalling rate of awols in ETO. Comparatively speaking, the awol and the striker are one and the same thing, both have a job to do and they are not doing it. I think, however, that if there could be a comparison in the number of man-hours lost through awols and strikers, the awols would probably be larger.

My opinion is that if awols were publicized to the American public as much as strikers are to us someone else might get the impression of being let down.

Which, therefore, is the most un-American? The soldier who is under his own oath and army law not to absent himself without proper leave but does so anyway, or the civilian who is not yet, under any oath or law whatever? Who is letting who down?

Britain. Pvt. FLOYD H. WELLINGER

Discharge Button

Dear YANK,

Far too often we read in articles like *Two New Civilians* in the March 25 YANK about honorably discharged soldiers being the object of embarrassing stares on street cars and buses from people who wonder why they are not in the service.

It is evident that the public fails to fully realize the significance of the discharge emblem authorized for wear by all honorably discharged soldiers, and I would say that the fault lies with the Army Public Relations Office.

Why don't the higher-ups in the Army PRO inaugurate a campaign to make people as "discharge-emblem conscious" as they are conscious of a young man not in a uniform?

There is no reason why an honorably discharged soldier should be made the victim of public ignorance.

Britain. Sgt. JEROME M. ASH

[Newspapers and magazines have carried stories and pictures supplied by the War Department. The main criticism in the States seems to be that the emblem itself is not distinctive and easily recognizable.—Ed.]

New Name

Dear YANK,

Suggest that Yanks who have served over 18 months in the ETO be referred to as "ETOpians." Corny, eh, wot?

Britain. Lt. R. L. MICHAUD

[It will do 'till a better one comes along.—Ed.]

Machinegun Belts

Dear YANK,

. . . Who, may I ask, got the conniption fit not too long ago and started the brilliant idea of cloth belts for .50 calibre machinegun bullets? Who let them go through with anything so idiotic? . . .

There is nothing like the metal links, and we want them back. The shells won't even stay in the cloth belt when it is being handled. We won't even try to mention the mess when you try firing them.

We're still getting by, however, as we can throw the shells rather accurately now, as we have practised upon it. But we are starting to have Dizzy Dean trouble with our arms from it. We'd much rather use the guns for firing the bullets, as I'm sure they were built for that purpose . . .

Germany. Pvt. LEONARD JOHNSON*

*Also signed by seven others.

Informed Americans

Dear YANK,

In one of your recent editions I read a story which stated that in a poll taken of American troops the average of them don't know what they are fighting for.

Whoever writes such stuff must be drunk, crazy or Axis. All Americans know better what they are fighting for than soldiers of any other nation, because they know more of what has been going on in the world for the past 20 years. Their newspapers and history books have been more complete and accurate than any others.

Inside of them they all know, but it is far too great a thing to be explained in a spur of the moment answer to some fool's question.

The nearest thing I have ever seen to an answer came in a letter from home. We hope after this, the world will get straightened out and people will concentrate on living happy useful lives.

Britain. Lt. WILLIAM R. HANST

Another Lady Coach

Dear YANK,

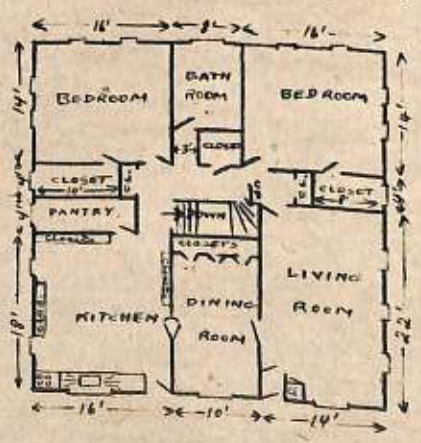
In the Mar. 11 edition of YANK you carried a picture of the "Lady Coach" in New York City, believed to be the only woman basketball coach in the country. Well, for two years now my high school, Rolla High School, Rolla, Mo., has had Miss Martha Jane Ferguson as a coach. She has had good success with boys trying to work in town after school as well as play ball.

Britain. Cpl. COMER C. HALEY

Hobby House

Dear YANK,

In the March 11 issue, Cpl. Frederick H. Weiss says he is looking for a simply designed house he can build when he gets back to civvies. I am no architect, but I've always made plans of houses as a hobby. Instead of doodling during



orientation, I sketch plans. Here's one I think the corporal can build by himself. There are no peculiar angles, and if he keeps to even lengths of lumber, he'll save time and money. Of course, there's the matter of a good, dry cellar, good insulation, careful wiring, a good roof, good plumbing and whatever fancy doodads he wants to add. But I think the plan has charm (his wife can watch the goings on in the street while she cooks, or watch the children, or just keep an eye out to see him as he gets off the street car and put the coffee on for supper) and comfort. There must be central heating, of course (especially *of course*, after the ETO means of heating) and the furnace should be in the center of the cellar to save fuel. The windows should be weatherstripped, all doors snug. If the corporal has or expects to have a big family, more rooms can be added upstairs, or the attic divided into rooms. This house is just one story high, to save his wife steps and to keep cleaning details to a minimum. Good luck, corporal. (If he wants a bigger house, let me know; I'll get one up with more rooms or along different lines—no charge).

Britain. Pfc. ELIZABETH B. DARWIN

Demobilization

Dear YANK,

I think that our demobilization plans are snafu.

Why can't the American people fix things so they can be understood and not so complicated?

What is all this stuff called "essential"? Did we not all start out "green"? Why can't the Army train and send across some of the six million boys they have in the States to take the place of the boys who have already done their part? Does the Army need these boys in the States to clutter up the railroads by shipping them to first one camp and then the other?

I have not yet met a British soldier who cannot in a few minutes tell how he stands on their plan. As for us we are completely in the dark about it all.

I too am away past thirty and married and if I do not get home soon I never will have what we are supposed to be fighting for—A HOME AND CHILDREN. This is not a gripe. I WANT to stay over here until it is all over—over here. I do not want or seek partiality for myself but only fair play for all like the British. Theirs is more democratic than ours by a long shot.

Britain. A WAR WEARY YANK

[There are 3,000,000 soldiers now in the States. They are distributed equally among (1) men in training as reinforcements for overseas, (2) men in training as tactical units destined for overseas and (3) overseas veterans and limited-service men assigned to "housekeeper" units.—Ed.]

Dear YANK,

While I, too, agree heartily with parts of the British demobilization plan, the theory that age should be the only basis on which to determine a man's discharge priority is the most unfair scheme that I have ever known one group to attempt to foist upon another. Yes, without a shadow of doubt, there should be only one means of determining priority of demobilization—length of service. Service in general should be the basis; overseas service should be counted, for example, as time and a half and combat service as double time.

What's the difference at what age the war interrupts a man's life? A year in the Army is a year shot to hell whether it be at 18 or at 38. Sure, we haven't married anybody—we don't have time. No, we didn't leave $3,000 a year jobs—we hadn't gotten them yet. But we want to get married and we want careers, and the years we have wasted in the Army are just as important to us as any later in life, if not more so.

We were dragged into this without even being given the opportunity to vote. And from what I hear there are plenty of "squirts" of 18 and 19 up on the line, spending the months since D-Day killing Krauts.

Britain. 20-YEAR-OLD WITH TWO YEARS SERVICE

Civil Service Exams

Dear YANK,

The suggestion of Sgt. Seymour Gelber to pass Civil Service exams while in the service (*Mail Call*, Mar. 11) is a sound one.

To prove his point there is an actual case (but how many more we don't know about?) of a discharged veteran who applied for a Civil Service job while the interviewer had his eye on the same post.

There could be provisions made to better help the soldier who wants Civil Service work. If he has to compete with a 4-F who has done everything with applications and brown-nosing for several years the chances are the soldier will be left out.

A serviceman who intends to do Civil Service work should be given the opportunity to make preparations now. The Armed Forces Institute qualifies those who study for high school and

Dear YANK:

BEFORE I came overseas I passed a physical for a $10,000 life insurance policy. Upon my arrival in the China theater I received notice that my policy was rejected because of a previous case of syphilis before entering the Army.

I have had a number of Wasserman and Kahn tests taken and they've all proved negative. I have consulted my commanding officer about this matter, but he has taken no forward steps toward helping me with it.

I have a wife and four children who are depending on me for support. If I were killed they would be left alone without support.

I want to know if I am compelled to stay overseas if I can't get any insurance. I would also like to know what I can do toward getting another policy and if I can get one or not.

China —(Name Withheld)

Dear YANK:

I lost my right eye in an accident a year before I was inducted into the Army. At the time of my induction I was informed I was in limited service and wouldn't leave the States, so I only took out $5,000 insurance. I filled out an application for an additional $5,000 before leaving the States but received a letter from the Veterans' Administration informing me that it was turned down because of my eye. Incidentally, when I was given my overseas physical, the vision of my glass eye was registered as 20/40.

Isn't it true all GIs that are overseas are entitled to $10,000 insurance?

Britain —Sgt. FREDERICK A. GROMER Jr.

Dear YANK:

. . . I have been in the Army for seven years and never did have Government insurance. I applied for it just before I came overseas, and it was disapproved because of physical disability. Yet I have already been on the front lines. Is it true that if the Government won't approve insurance for me I should be discharged? Also the Veterans' Administration in Washington won't approve. What should be done?

Italy —Pvt. CLARENCE G. MURFEE

Dear YANK:

One question I would like for you to answer for me. When I was in the States the Army required all soldiers to take out $10,000 worth of insurance. I took it out three months before I left for overseas. Two days before I left, I got a letter from the Veterans' Administration in Washington saying that my insurance application was disapproved, that I was too fat. So, I only have $5,000. If I am too fat, why did they bring me overseas? My weight is 265.

India —S/Sgt. THOMAS McKOY

Dear YANK:

I have been in the Burma-India theater for a little over six months now and during that time I was under the impression that I had $10,000 worth of insurance, but recently I received a letter from the Veterans' Administration which stated that my application for $10,000 worth of insurance had been denied.

Prior to my coming across the sea I only had $2,000 worth of insurance. When I got on an overseas project I applied for the $10,000 insurance and, to the best of my knowledge then, I was receiving the full amount. They even started taking a deduction of $6.70 out of my pay to cover the $10,000 policy.

The reason the $10,000 policy was denied me was because prior to my induction I had a social disease of which I was cured before my induction. At the present time I am in the best of health and have recently undergone a complete physical examination. I have taken the matter up with the authorities on this base and they tell me that there cannot be anything done about it. . . .

India —(Name Withheld)

Dear YANK:

. . . Just received a letter from the Veterans' Administration that I was [illegible] health because of *attitis media* (chronic draining of my left ear) and that my insurance premiums for the past four months would be returned to me. I feel that if I'm good enough to serve my country they should protect my family by insuring me. I'm good enough to pull KP, CQ, drill and all the details, but little consideration is given to my defects or age.

I'm married with three fine boys and will be 35 years old my next birthday. My right eye is 20/400 and civilian specialists have told me that it will have to be removed to save my left eye by the time I'm 39.

Please tell me what to expect, as I'm very bewildered and fighting in the dark. The officers here say that it is tough but that I'm in the Army. How's about it?

Texas —(Name Withheld)

■ The National Service Life Insurance Act provides that any person entering the military or naval service of the U. S. is entitled to apply for and obtain, without physical examination, insurance up to a maximum of $10,000. However, application for this insurance must be made within 120 days after you enter the service or you lose the right to get the insurance without physical examination. Once the 120-day period has passed, the applicant has to be able to satisfy the Veterans' Administration that he is in good health. Good health, as defined by the Veterans' Administration, means that "the applicant is, from clinical or other evidence, free from disease, injury, abnormality, infirmity, or residual of disease or injury to a degree that would tend to weaken or impair the normal functions of the mind or body or to shorten life." Therefore, under present Veterans' Administration interpretation of the law, a man might be considered in bad health insofar as insurance requirements go and still be considered good combat material. This doesn't make sense. YANK, like the writers of the above letters, feels that our present insurance requirements are unfair and that it is high time something was done about them.

college credits and it should also have the courses and tests for Civil Service jobs.

It is while the serviceman is in uniform that he will benefit. Several years after the war he will be a forgotten duck, completely on his own because more important matters will interest politicians.

Britain. S/Sgt. A. C. La FRANCE

Furlough Cash

Dear YANK,

Admiral Standley (among others) advocates one month's furlough before discharge. Laudable indeed, but still the set-up would be far from equitable —for the enlisted man. Officers will cash in on their accumulated unused leave time (up to four months) before discharge, going home and drawing full pay until such accumulation expires before separating from the service (AR 605-115). But when an EM's furlough year expires, all unused furlough time goes into the ashcan—forever! And very few of us have averaged better than 10 days a year, on either side of the water.

Come Demob Day, all get their separation pay. The officer gets, in addition, the aforesaid leave pay; the GI gets his discharge button and railroad fare.

Do officers undergo greater hardship than enlisted men in the matter of pay, allowances for dependants, time off, etc.? The hell they do! They're the first to admit that they have all the better of it. The tendency certainly has been in this New (citizens') Army to equalize all benefits and amenities—rations, living conditions, PX privileges, etc. Why, then, should this remnant of Old Army privilege remain? By which we mean not to take accumulated leave away from officers—but rather extend it to the enlisted men. Admiral Standley's proposal would thus be amply taken care of.

Britain. S/Sgt. BERNARD L. GROSSMAN

Officers' Whisky

Dear YANK,

. . . Why is it that only officers are entitled to a whisky ration down here in the Pacific? Is it because an enlisted man can't hold his liquor? If that is the case, then I believe the whisky ration should be done away with altogether because there are some officers who can't hold liquor as well as an EM can.

If whisky were rationed to EM it would do away with a lot of illegal drinking that goes on down this way, which undoubtedly affects a man's health, such as the drinking of butterfly rum, butterfly brandy, cheap wine and other lousy alcohols that a drinking man will drink when there is no good liquor to be had . . .

We do get a small beer ration out this way. A few bottles a month, but who in hell wants to sit and drink warm beer when someone else is enjoying good mainland whisky?

Pacific. Sgt. E. J. DAMICO*

*Also signed by six others.

"WILSON WAS WITH PATTON." —Pfc. Tom Flannery

7th Division

Dear YANK,

One thing we would like know is, what's going to happen to the 7th Division? We are out here in the Philippines with three major battles to our credit, 22 months overseas and probably some more coming, and yet when we pick up YANK we see where fellows are crying for furloughs for being overseas so long. They should be glad to be on places like Alaska, Hollandia and lots of other places where they don't have to sweat out Japs shooting at you every part of the night and sweat out your next beachheads.

Sure there are lots of outfits that have longer overseas service than the 7th, but have they seen as much action as them? If they have, they weren't in the real thing, and that's making the beachhead.

. . . Before this is over with, the 7th Division will have a small amount of its original men which they left the States with. I wish the higher-ups will realize this and leave the 7th alone. There are lots of trained troops back in the States looking for glory and action.

Philippines. Pfc. JOHN ZAKOWSKI.

Discharge Uniform

Dear YANK,

You stated some time ago that the GI would be discharged with only one complete uniform, and all other clothing revoked. What we would like to know is why don't they let the GI keep his clothing issue? We are sure that the majority of this clothing will be destroyed. Many servicemen will have spent from two to six years in the service, and will go back to normal life finding their civilian clothes will not fit, if they have any, and will have no money to buy new clothes. Sure, we get a mustering-out pay, but there will be hundreds of things to do with that. Due to the great demand for civilian clothing at the time of demobilization, you may not be able to buy sufficient clothes. You certainly won't be able to buy clothes the first day you're home, and one uniform won't go far as work and dress clothes.

In our opinion it would be a great asset to the servicemen, and also the government, if he were permitted to keep his clothing issue. How about that, fellows?

South Pacific. S/Sgt. L. S. OLSZOWY*

*Also signed by three others.

Latrine Guard

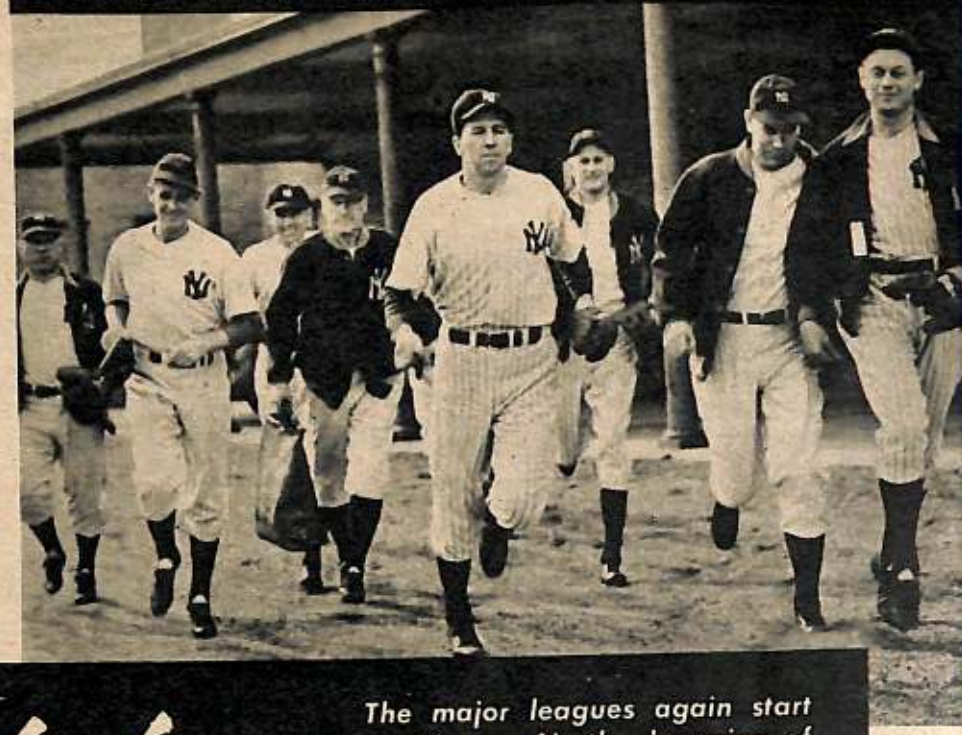
Dear YANK,

Only a short time ago I was surprised by the event I saw one night in New Guinea. I found a guard posted at the latrine, guarding the roll of toilet tissue, seeing that no one stole it. I've been in the Army over two years now, but never have I seen anything like this before.

Netherlands East Indies. Cpl. B. L. JOLLEY

Floods failed to keep the Chicago Cubs from training at French Lick, Ind. They are doing their roadwork along the banks of the overflowing Lost River.

The New York Yankees trained at Atlantic City, N. J., again. Those jackets most of the players are wearing give an idea of what the weather was like.



Spring Training

The major leagues again start practice up North, dreaming of old pre-war spring camps below the Mason and Dixon line.

Mel Ott greeted his Giants squad of rookies and veterans at Lakewood, N. J. Here they're loosening up before settling down to an intrasquad practice game.

Loyal fan Ernest F. Holcomb of Ft. Worth, Tex., paid a visit to the Senators. Nick Altrock, funnyman-coach of the club, joins him in a side-line holler session.

Manager Ossie Bleuge (left), Washington Senators, discusses prospects with

SPORTS

By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN

Mel Ott may not finish the season. He, too, is now 1-A.

Ott Looks at His Opposition

THIS is the time of year when all sports columnists are supposed to go into a trance and make with expert opinion about who is going to win the National League pennant. But it so happens that YANK has only one trance on its T/E and it is being used right now by the *What's Your Problem* editor, who went into it two weeks ago trying to find out when the war with Germany was going to end and hasn't been seen since.

So your correspondent decided to turn the task of predicting the National League season over to Mel Ott instead of tackling it himself. We don't need to tell you that Mel is now starting his 20th season as a major-leaguer and his fourth season as manager of the New York Giants. He is 1-A in the draft and wouldn't be at all surprised to find himself soon serving his first season as a private in the Army of the U. S.

Mel thinks that the confused, war-stricken National League situation this year will turn out to be a close, three-cornered battle between the St. Louis Cardinals, the Chicago Cubs and the Pittsburgh Pirates.

He points out that the Cardinals finished 14½ games in front of the Pirates last year, but that they have lost their slugging outfielder, Stan Musial, and that several other Red Birds may have to enter the service some time soon. Best of their new acquisitions is Albert (Red) Schoendienst, who became the International League's batting champion and most valuable player two years ago when he played shortstop for Rochester. Schoendienst was discharged from the Army last summer in time to play 27 games for Rochester. He is now in the process of being converted to a second baseman by Billy Southworth, and will compete with Emil Verban for a regular berth in the St. Louis infield.

"The Cards will be good," Ott says, "but not as good as they were last year."

A 14-day winning streak of the Pirates last August, which brought 17 victories against one defeat, enabled them to take second place a game and a half in front of the Cincinnati Reds. Frankie Frisch has virtually the same team back in Pittsburgh this spring.

"The Cubs must be good," said Mel, "when they can afford to lose an outfielder like Dallessandro in the draft, release Ival Goodman to manage Portsmouth and let Los Angeles have Novikoff. Novikoff is no great outfielder, but he hits a long ball, and a lot of clubs could use him if they could get him."

Ott thinks the chances of the rest of the clubs in the National League will depend on the strength of their reserves. "In this kind of wartime baseball you have to prepare for a lot of injuries," he says. "Players are out with injuries oftener than usual because they're older and don't recover as fast. On the other hand, there's such a shortage of men that players on the active list sometimes have to stay in the line-up when they should be resting.

"Last year my whole team took turns being out. Weintraub, Reyes, Medwick and Lombardi were injured during the most important part of the season. I sprained my ankle. A few years ago I would have been back in the line-up in a couple of days, but I was out six weeks. We brought Treadway up from Jersey City to relax some of the pressure, but then he got hurt. If it hadn't been for all those injuries, I honestly think we might have finished fourth." The Giants finished fifth in 1944, eight games behind the fourth-place Cubs and two games in front of the struggling Boston Braves.

Mel thinks that the Giants' prospects are the best since they finished third in 1942, but he has too many TS slips to believe they will be fighting for the pennant. He doesn't know how long Buddy Kerr is going to be around to play shortstop. And he doesn't know how much longer he can stand Danny Gardella, his screwy outfielder, who, despite another year of discipline at Jersey City, has a mouth as loud as ever. Mel has many other personnel problems, but he doesn't want to bore you with them.

The Braves have good pitching and catching but nothing much in the infield. The Phillies are trying out a flock of youngsters, but the tip-off on them is that they have induced Jimmy Foxx to come out of retirement and have given old Gus Mancuso a contract.

THERE was a time when any kind of ball player who donned a uniform could land a spot on an Army camp or regimental team, but not since they started inducting reexamined 4-F athletes at a 50-percent rate. A story now going the rounds concerns a player who entered the service recently and refused to draw a rifle at the induction center. "I'm a ball player," he protested.

"I've seen you play, Bud," the tough supply sergeant told him, "and take it from me, you're gonna need a rifle."

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

CHICAGO is a wonderful city, according to **Cpl. Erwin Werth.** While he was waiting to buy a ticket for the Chicago Blackhawks-Montreal Canadiens hockey game a man approached him and asked, "Are you alone?" When Werth said he was, the guy handed him a $2 ticket and said, "Here, I'm giving these to servicemen." While Werth was still examining the ticket to see if it was real, another man rushed up, grabbed the ticket, handed him another, went away and returned in a short time with a $2 refund for the first ticket. . . . **Sgt. Gerry Priddy,** former Washington Senators infielder who has been playing ball in the Pacific, is in the Army and Navy Hospital, Hot Springs, Ark., suffering from arthritis. . . . **Tex Hughson,** former Red Sox pitcher, and **Enos Slaughter** and **Howie Pollet,** ex-St. Louis Cards, are on their way to the Pacific to join the Army baseball team there. . . . Rep. Adam Clayton Powell Jr. [Dem., N. Y.] has asked President Roosevelt to make **Sgt. Joe Louis** a commissioned officer. . . . **Lt. Edward W. (Wes) Schulmerich,** former big-league outfielder who reported to Chapel Hill last fall after service in the Pacific, will coach the North Carolina Pre-Flight nine this year. . . . **Charley Soleau,** quarterback on Andy Kerr's undefeated, untied, unscored-upon and uninvited Colgate eleven of 1932, is a lieutenant in the Navy at Port Lyautey in North Africa.

Rejected: **Mike Garback,** New York Yankees catcher: **Ernie Steele,** Philadelphia Eagles halfback. . . . *Decorated:* **Lt. Bob Herwig,** USMC, former U of California All-American center and husband of Kathleen Winsor, author of "Forever Amber," with the Navy Cross for services in the Pacific. . . . *Inducted:* **Eddie Joost,** Boston Braves second baseman; **Harry Gumbert,** Cincinnati Reds pitcher; and **Dominic Dallessandro,** Chicago Cubs outfielder. . . . *Wounded:* **Lt. Si Titus,** USMC, former Holy Cross and Brooklyn Dodgers lineman, on Iwo Jima. . . . *Discharged:* **Harry Kline,** ex-New York Giants end, by the Navy after being awarded the Purple Heart; **Jimmy Thompson,** long-hitting golf pro, also by the Navy. . . . *Hospitalized:* **Lynwood (Schoolboy) Rowe,** the former speedball pitching star of the Detroit Tigers, in Pearl Harbor with arthritis contracted while serving as a seaman first class in the Pacific.


Cindy Garner
YANK
Pin-up Girl

STARTING MARITAL STRIFE TOGETHER ARE WAC CPL. EMMA RUTH OF DOUGLASSVILLE, PA., AND HER NEW HUSBAND, PVT. JOHNNY RUTH OF PHILADELPHIA, BOTH STATIONED AT AN AIR SERVICE DEPOT IN ENGLAND. JOHNNY WAS WELTERWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE ETO AIR FORCES BACK IN '43.

Flying Freight

ENGLAND—During the past year, the 31st Air Transport Group in England has hauled 55,000,000 pounds of war supplies. In a single day the Group can cram into its planes several hundred thousand pounds of priority supplies needed to keep American fighters and bombers in the air over Germany. And every day more than a quarter of a million pounds of things like aircraft parts and rocket cases are trundled by American and British trucks into the Group's air-freight depot from supply bases in the U. K. On a round-the-clock schedule, GI cargomen, aided by ingenious "dollies," swing crates through the double doors of the C-47s. Crews of four or five men can stuff a plane with 5,500 pounds of cargo in a little over half an hour.

Yanks in Britain

Stumblebum

AN EIGHTH AIR FORCE LIBERATOR STATION, ENGLAND—"No," said Lt. Paul Wingrove of South Williamsport, Pa., "our Lib doesn't have a regular name. We speak of her by her call letters. Which gives her a boy's name—'C-Charlie,' or plain 'Charlie.' We stuck by that plane through all the trouble she gave us. That is, we stuck by her until the other day. Then we had to get out and try walking for a change. We all jumped out and left 'Charlie' alone in the clouds and mist. She crashed in an open field. We could have had a new plane long ago—in fact, our engineering officer warned us that if we knew what was best for us, we'd change. But believe it or not, we liked old 'Charlie.'"

A sentiment such as here expressed by Lt. Wingrove can be attributed to that quirk of whimsy sometimes moving all of us to form affections for no-account, foolish things just because of their silliness. Poor "Charlie" never did make any sense.

The first occasion on which "Charlie" gave a notable display of her craziness—she had an instinct for precise timing—she nearly did herself and her crew in while almost directly over the target, deep in Germany. "Charlie" was flying docilely along on an even keel—with due allowance for her limitations—when she slipped over on a wing and fell several thousand feet into the clouds. There wasn't an atom of sense in a dumb play like that. She actually dropped into an ugly, slushy ocean of ice. All the windows were instantly frozen over, and the crew, still falling in a dizzy spiral, was blind. The instruments had gone on the bum, too, and there was no way of knowing how they stood in relation to Germany's sacred soil. Wingrove and the co-pilot, Lt. Michael C. Kascsak of Bayside, L.I., pulled "Charlie" out of her dippy dive by a combination of skill and common, every-day, sheer strength. Presently she became tractable again and, seemingly thoroughly satisfied with her shennanigans, flew straight and level in her lop-sided way, although the situation was still unrelieved so far as the ice and the dead instruments and the woolly clouds were concerned.

"Charlie," however, being an unqualified fool, was the particular charge of Providence. She suddenly popped her nose out into the clear, failed to crash into a single one of several hundred planes flying tight formations all over the sky, and proceeded to bomb the target.

After this mission came an interlude of exasperating capers, annoying but hardly serious, until one morning "Charlie" pulled a really malicious stunt. With a big load of bombs, she took off and, when she reached a critical altitude of about 100 feet—and a critical air speed of about 135 m.p.h., needing all she had and all she could gain in the next few seconds—why, then she threw a propeller which went whining on in front of the plane and has never been seen since. Wingrove and Kascsak kept "Charlie" going, while Lt. Roy E. Houghton of Detroit, the navigator-bombardier, salvoed all of his bombs in an open field a little beyond the end of the runway. None of them exploded, and "Charlie," with the load on her three remaining engines thus greatly reduced, was banked around and returned to the base. The crew members were genuinely provoked at her but they still stuck by her.

Up until "Charlie's" last trip, that is. On this occasion, far inside Germany, one of "Charlie's" engines went out—over the target, of course. The crew flew her back toward England, trailing the rest of the formation. The radio operator, T/Sgt. Bernard P. Brandon of Brewster, N. Y., contacted Air-Sea Rescue while they were over the Zuider Zee because they knew that their own base would be obliterated by murky weather. Directions for landing at a certain field were given, and "Charlie's" crew came all the way from Holland to England at 300 feet. They weren't able to see the field, and Air-Sea Rescue suggested another base. At this one they made four passes over the station and never once did any member of the crew get so much as a glimpse of the ground. Gas was running low, and another engine was acting up. Air-Sea Rescue gave the location of a third airfield, and Wingrove attempted to get set three times over it but again the fog was too thick. With 30 gallons of gas left, the crew knew the jig was up, and that "Charlie," at last, was a certain goner. The navigator-bombardier, with navigational aids, told the pilot when he was over a field. Wingrove climbed "Charlie" to 7,000 feet; even with one dead and one dying engine, she "staggered up the starts." Then the crew bailed out one at a time and "Charlie" flew on alone, heading for the North Sea but without enough gas to make it. She fell in a vacant field, hurting no one. "Charlie" never really hurt anyone much. Two members of her crew suffered simple ankle fractures when they landed, but recovered and are back on duty.

—By Cpl. HAROLD K. WARD

BY looking at her picture you might guess that Cindy Garner is the kind of girl who gets where she wants to. She started off as a reporter in her home town of High Point, N. C., and then went clear across the country to get a job as a hat-check girl in a Hollywood night club. Selznick International, with an eye for extra-pretty girls, spotted her there and gave her a contract.

The COUNT

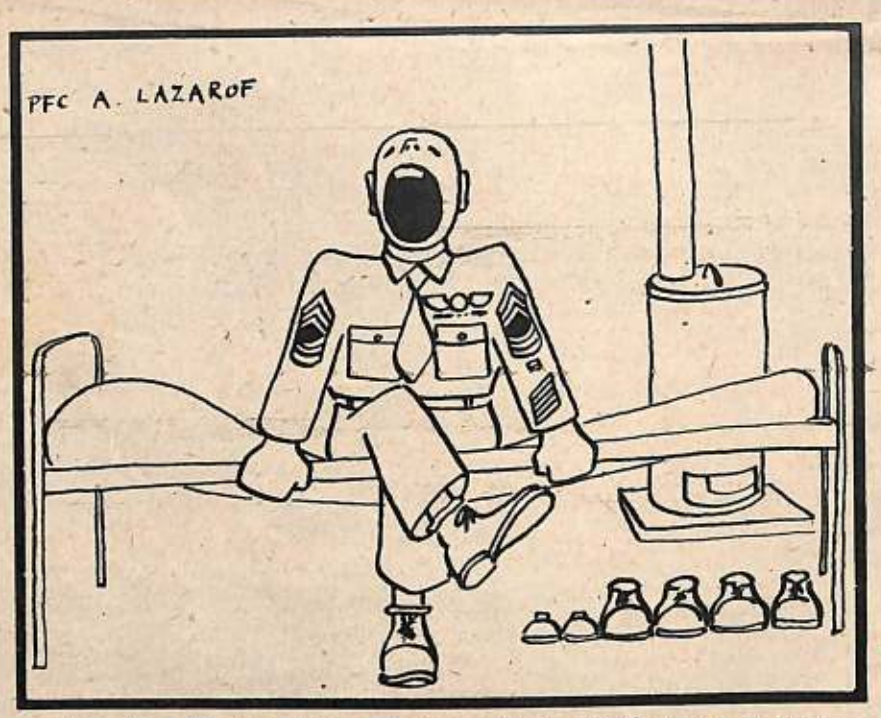
LEAFING through some old magazines from the States the other day in his perpetual quest for undraped cheesecake, that bibliophilistic ex-T/5 known as the Count came across the following lines in an article describing the Turkish Army. "By American standards, the lot of the Turkish soldier is a poor one. His uniform is badly made and his pay is fantastic—20 cents a month."

This burned the Count up, as we discovered when we dropped in on him later in the day. "What kind of journalism is that?" he asked indignantly, waving the magazine in our face. "It is just a lot of hooey obviously written by a civilian who don't know what it is to be a private in the Army I is in. What's so hot about me uniform, I'd like to know. I haven't had a piece of clothes that will fit me since I sent home me green zoot suit from Camp Upton.

"As for the dough, there's plenty of months I'd be glad to get 20 cents, especially just before pay-day. What with all the fines me CO has seen fit to impose upon me lately, I consider the Turkish rate of pay pretty high. And besides, I'm serving overseas, which them Turkses ain't. If I want to phone home I can't, and even if I could it would cost more money than I've seen since I been in the Army. But if a Turk wants to call up his wife it only costs him a nickel."

Excusing himself briefly, the Count strolled down to the end of the hut to filch a cigar from a friend who was on K.P. "Sorry, but there ain't enough to spare you one," he said as he returned, filling his lungs with smoke. "But to get back to the Turkish situation. In Turkey they got harems and it stands to reason that a Joe with a house full of wives ain't going to need much dough since there's no percentage in buying your own wife a drink."

The Count paused and blew a smoke-ring reflectively. "Besides," he went on, "I understand the Turkses' religion won't let them drink, which is a rule I would enforce upon me womenfolk even if I didn't happen to be a particularly religious guy meself. Give me a harem full of teetotalling cooch dancers and I'll become a private in the Turkish Army any day—and save money at it, too."



"HO HUM, ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER TWELVE DOLLARS AND EIGHTY-SEVEN CENTS."
—Pfc. A. Lazarof

"IT WAS SIMPLY A MATTER OF MAKING A BETTER MOUSETRAP."
—Pfc. Walter Mansfield

"WE MUST GET HIS RECIPE—IT SMELLS EVEN WORSE THAN OURS."
—Sgt. Jim Weeks

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

—Sgt. Sy Fischer

SEND YANK HOME

Mail yourself a copy of YANK every week. Use your name and the old home-town address. Have the folks keep YANK on file for you until after the shooting's over. Start today. Send $2.00 by money order or check direct to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N.Y., U.S.A., and the Domestic Edition of YANK (similar in size and make-up to the British Edition) will be sent to your home.

(Your name & military rank - NOT your parents' names) 44-B

(Home-town STREET address - care of parents, wife, etc.)

(CITY & STATE - use mail zone number : example Pittsburgh 21, Penna.)

FILL OUT THE ABOVE BLANK; attach your check or money order for two bucks, and send direct to

YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 E. 42d St., New York 17, N.Y., U.S.A.

"PIPE DOWN, MAHONEY. WANNA GIVE OUR POSITION AWAY TO THE ENEMY?"
—S/Sgt. Irwin Caplan