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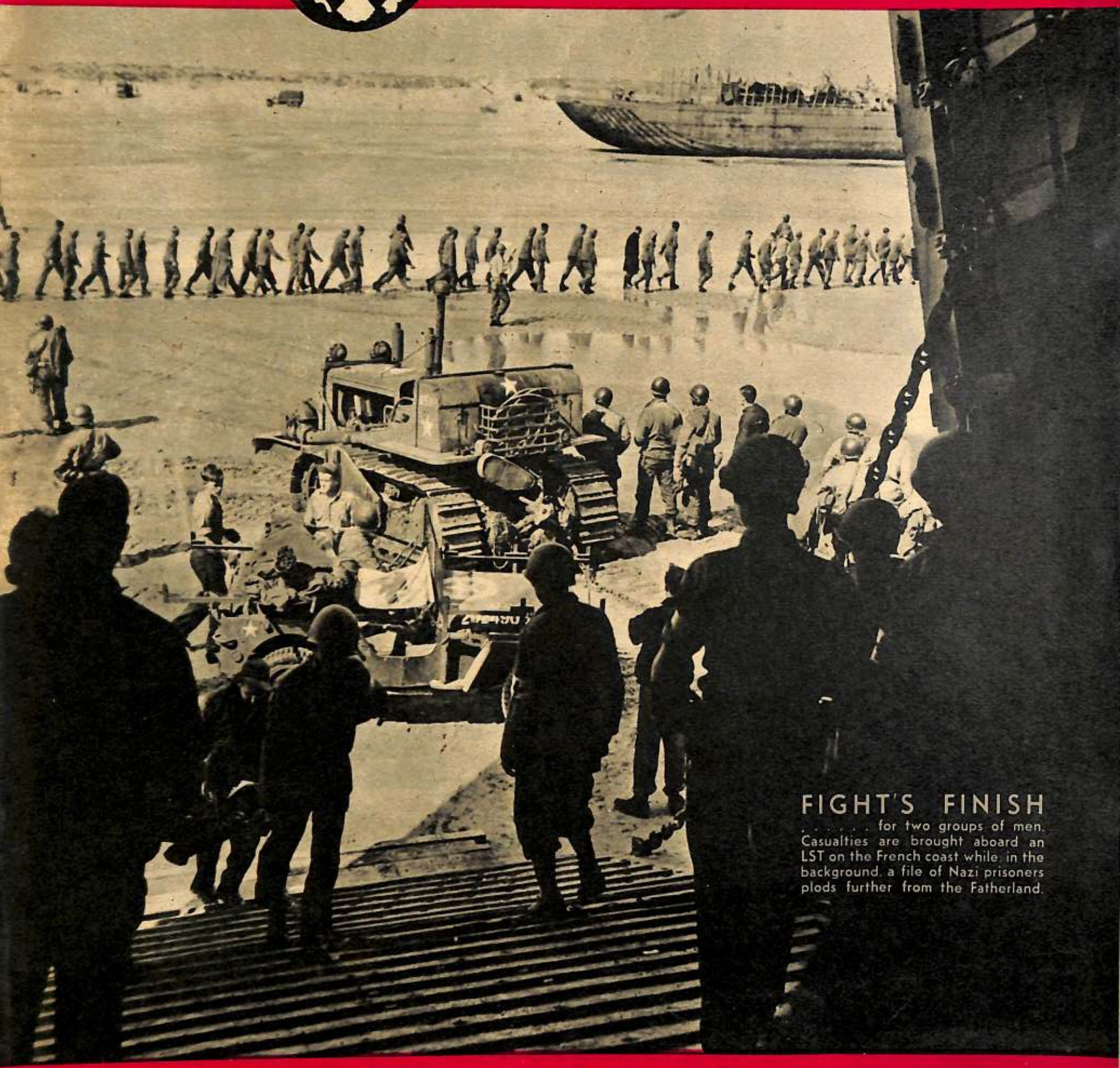
By the men . . for the men in the service



FIGHT'S FINISH

. . . . . for two groups of men. Casualties are brought aboard an LST on the French coast while, in the background, a file of Nazi prisoners plods further from the Fatherland.

MILESTONES IN THE ETO—eight paintings by a GI artist

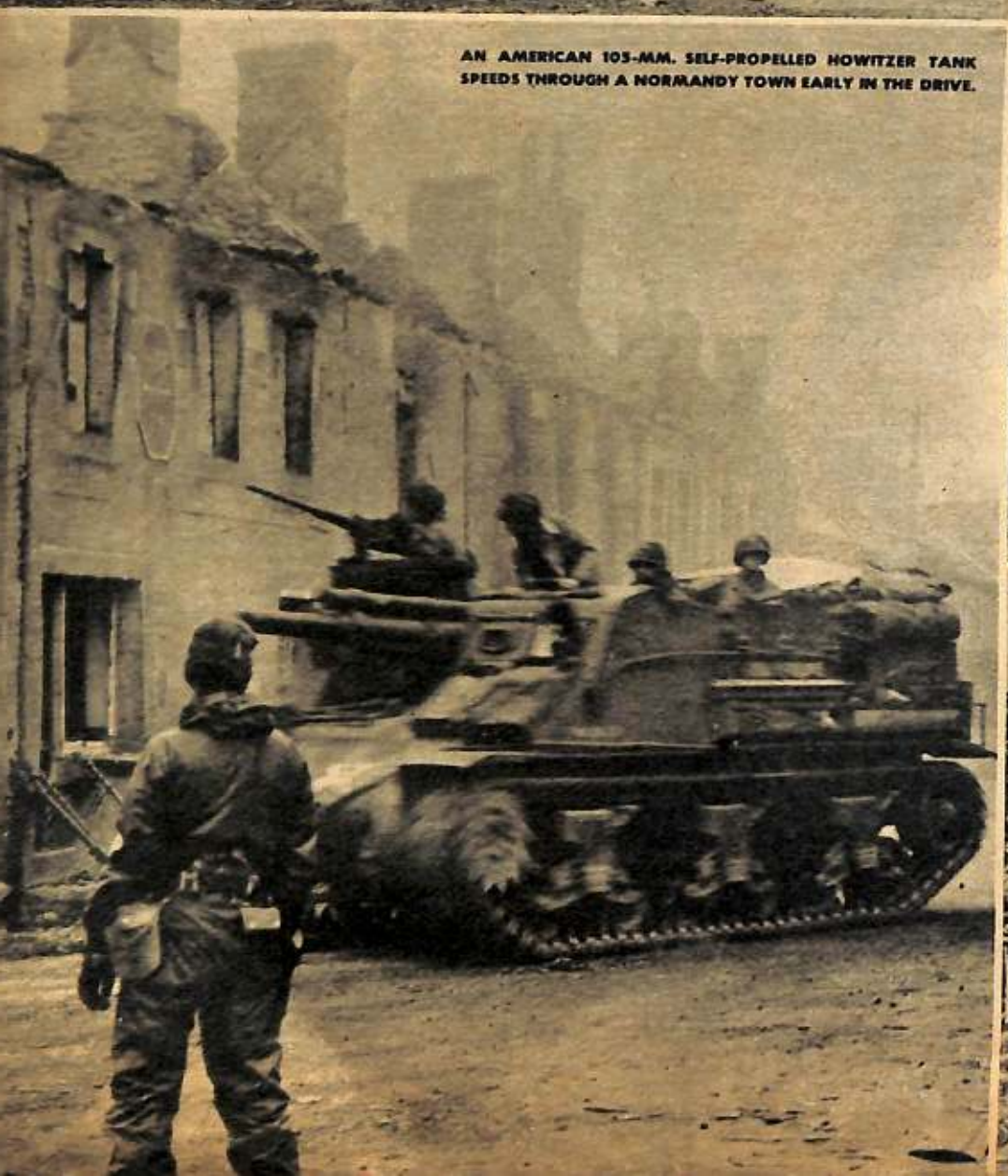
—See pages 5 to 7

"LYING ALL OVER THE ORCHARDS AND THE ROADS BETWEEN THEM WERE DEAD COWS AND HORSES—SO MANY THAT YOU NO LONGER PAID MUCH ATTENTION TO THEM."

THIS KNOCKED-OUT U. S. TANK MAY YET FIGHT AGAIN. BUT THE NAZI SOLDIER IN THE FOREGROUND NEVER WILL.

"You've waited a long time," said the voice. "Get punching." The objective wasn't far away, as distances in France were soon to be measured, but it was the beginning of the big armored push that carried the Yanks out of Normandy and well on their way to bigger prizes.

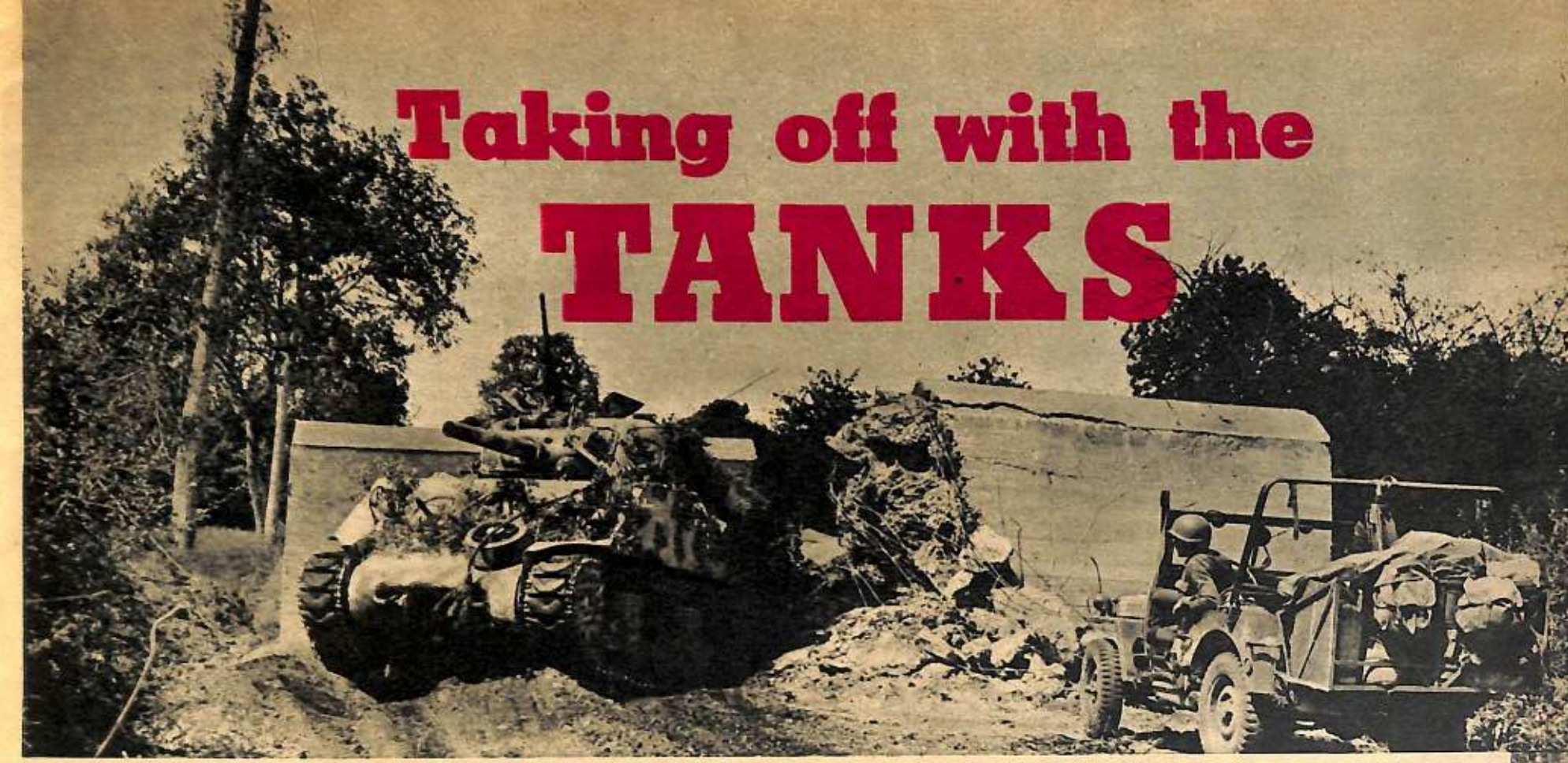
AN AMERICAN 105-MM. SELF-PROPELLED HOWITZER TANK SPEEDS THROUGH A NORMANDY TOWN EARLY IN THE DRIVE.



SMILES AND A QUICK BITE GREET THESE AMERICANS ATTACHED TO A TANK UNIT.

A U. S. ARMORED CREW ROLLS BY A NAZI OFFICER'S GRAVE NEAR ST. GILLES.

Taking off with the TANKS



A GERMAN ROAD-BLOCK THAT FAILED TO BLOCK. YANK SOLDIER LOOKS ON AS AMERICAN TANK LUNGES THROUGH A BLASTED NAZI OBSTACLE INTENDED TO IMPEDE A BREAKOUT INTO BRITTANY.

By Sgt. WALTER PETERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE SECOND ARMORED DIVISION IN FRANCE—It was the morning of the beginning of the biggest drive since the Allies had invaded the shores of Normandy. The immediate objective of Combat Command "A," the outfit I was travelling with, was to advance through St. Gilles, thence through Canisy, and finally to capture and hold the heights just before Le Mesnil Herman. Nobody dreamed that our tanks would be sweeping across Brittany and right to the threshold of Brest ten days later.

Four of us were sitting in the half-track that served as command post for the battalion commanded by Lt. Col. Amzi R. Quillian. Along with others in the battalion, the men had made an all-night trek from a bivouac area far to the rear up to a position just before the jump-off line on the St. Lo-Periers Road. The men's faces were brown with dust. Their eyes were bloodshot from lack of sleep. Dirt clung heavily from their eyebrows and eyelashes.

One of the men looked at his watch. "Ten-forty," he drawled. The drive had begun at 0900 hours. Our medium and light tanks, led by Col. Quillian, were far to the front and the men in the Combat Command half-track waited for word.

Then the word came over the radio. The colonel's voice was calm and serious. "We've made contact with the enemy and have taken a few prisoners," he reported.

"You've waited a long time," another voice

THE ROAD BACK—AND FORWARD. IT'S ALL OVER NOW FOR THESE DEJECTED HEINIE PWs, BUT FOR THE YANKS ON THE RIGHT THERE'S A LONG WAY AHEAD JUST AROUND THAT TURN.

OUTSIDE MARIGNY, THIS NAZI TIGER TANK WAS DITCHED IN THE CRATER OF A BOMB WHICH KILLED ITS CREW.

IN THE SAME VICINITY, AMERICANS PRESS PAST ANOTHER ENEMY TANK, BADLY HIT AND STILL SMOKING.

TWO WRECKED GERMAN PANZERS MARK THE WAY FOR THIS U. S. TANK MOVING UP NEAR ST. GILLES.

GERMAN VEHICLES LITTER THIS NORMANDY ROAD AFTER CLASH WITH THE 2ND U. S. ARMORED DIVISION.

replied. "Get in there. Get punching. Get hitting. . ."

"That's the general, all right," said Pfc. Jack Giels, of Cleveland. "He's a bug on slogans."

"We're moving ahead," another voice said over the air. Our long column of trains, that included peeps, supply vehicles, and ambulances, in addition to half-tracks, began to wobble through a break in the hedges and over the orchard paths that had been cut by the tanks up ahead.

We were cutting right through enemy lines. On either side of us were reserve tanks with infantrymen of the Fourth Division riding atop them. There were also other infantrymen riding in trucks driven by Negro soldiers of a quartermaster truck battalion. To the front, the tanks charged through the hedges, spraying them with machinegun fire as they did so. When the tanks came to enemy pockets that held them up, the infantrymen would jump off and mop up.

The command-post radio was busy with conversation.

"I am held up at a sunken road, 50 yards south of phase-line orange," Col Quillian reported. The whole column stopped.

The colonel continued talking. "Doing everything I can to get across. Using bulldozers."

"Fine, fine," another voice, obviously belonging to the general, replied. "You can have anything I've got. Let's get slugging into them."

While the column was stopped, a mortar platoon sergeant came to the half-track and asked if anybody had an extra helmet. A sniper's bullet had gone right through the top of his and made it unserviceable.

"Maybe the medics have one," Giels said. The sergeant walked back to a medic half-track to see.

The tanks got over the sunken road and we moved on again. For over a mile the terrain resembled farmland that had just been plowed. Everywhere the earth was shaken and blasted by the heavy artillery that had been hurling shells on to it early that morning. There were huge craters in the earth, too, from the bombs that our planes had dropped the day before. There also were burning German tanks that had been destroyed by the tanks ahead of us.

"It would cost Hollywood a cool ten million dollars to shoot a scene like this," one of the soldiers said. The whole area was trembling from the fire of our artillery. Overhead, the sky was full of "grasshoppers," directing shell fire from the sky. Lying all over the orchards and the roads between them were dead cows and horses—so many that you no longer paid much attention to them. At one point there were about 25 young pigs running back and forth in fright, and as they ran they squealed. A soldier jumped out of a peep and took one of them in his arms.

"You'll be okay, little piggy," the soldier said, stroking the pig's back. "You'll be all right. It's just those goddam Heinie swine we're after."

One of the men picked up a German song book.

"This is a song of the Panzers," he said. "It says here that when this war is over and the Germans all get back to their Fatherland they're going to raise their children to be Panzers like their daddies."

At about 1500 hours we got on the north road leading to St. Gilles. Then our column was halted again. The enemy was lobbing mortars and 75 and 88 shells into the road. Twenty-five yards behind us a half-track belonging to a heavy-weapons platoon was hit and three men in it were killed. A couple of others were wounded.

In a field to our right were a number of M-10s. Mortar shells were falling all around and as they did so the men with the M-10s buried their faces in the earth. One of the shells landed directly on a trailer attached to an M-10. Huge flames began to spout from the vehicle. Then the crew of the M-10 ran toward the trailer and began to unload it.

"There's ammunition in that trailer," a man in a peep behind us yelled. The crew continued to unload. The fire was beyond control and the rear of the M-10 started to burn. Just then, one of the men took a fire extinguisher and doused another man who ran through the blaze and disconnected the trailer from the M-10 and then a third man drove the M-10 away to safety. Suddenly there was a terrific explosion and the ammunition began to explode.

A medic peep drove by and the man behind the wheel jumped out and ran toward the trailer. There was another explosion and I didn't see the medic again. About two minutes later I learned that he had been blown up by the explosion—both legs blown off and his body hurled on to the M-10. The man who had run through the blaze to disconnect the trailer, I heard, was Sgt. Thomas Green, of Tennessee. There was too much excitement to get more details.

The column got rolling along the road to St. Gilles. About 300 yards along it we were forced to stop again. Enemy mortars were still firing at us from somewhere ahead. Everyone took cover alongside the roads as best as he could. Then the fire subsided and we got back into our vehicles and went forward again. We came upon three men walking toward us. One of them was wounded and another was crying. He had lost his buddy only a few minutes before. His body was shaking and he was being helped along by the wounded man and the other soldier, who appeared to be quite all right.

When our column stopped again, a sergeant walked over to a lieutenant and said, "I think we lost —— ——."

The lieutenant called over 1st/Sgt. William Trinen, of Letcher, S.D.

"I'd like you to go over and make sure if that body belongs to —— ——."

"Yes, sir," the first sergeant said.

A few minutes later our half-track pulled into an orchard and the men stretched out in the grass to get some rest. After a time Sgt. Trinen came back. His face was serious. He didn't say a word for a few seconds. Then he looked at Giels and T/Sgt. Russel E. Sands, of Warren, Minn.

"His scalp was ripped wide open," he said slowly. "He didn't have a chance."

There was a long pause. None of the men said anything.

Sgt. Trinen continued: "He wasn't even 20 and didn't give a damn about anything. He was such a clean-cut kid, too."

Again there was silence for a moment.

"There ain't any of them boys bad when they're dead," Sgt. Sands said.

Giels looked up. "No, nobody's got a bad heart when they're dead."

Word came to us that the most advanced tanks were already passing through St. Gilles. I hitchhiked a ride in an ambulance half-track that was going there to pick up some wounded.

The road was jammed with our tanks that were rolling into the town. The dust was so thick that it was impossible to see more than 20 feet ahead. The infantrymen on the tanks held their hands over their eyes to keep out the dust. The hot sun beat down on their backs and their clothing was damp from sweat. The gullies beside the road were filled with burning, smoking German tanks and vehicles.

The town itself was like the inside of a furnace. Everything that wasn't stone was on fire and the smoke choked our throats while the heat made it almost unbearable to go ahead. When we reached the other end of the town the ambulance I was riding in stopped. Lying beside the road were three Americans who appeared to be dead. A fourth soldier, though wounded himself, was giving water from his canteen to a fifth man, whose right heel had been squarely cut off by shell fragments and whose chest and face were also bleeding.

Cpl. Carl Lindberry, of Chicago, a surgical technician on the ambulance half-track, felt the pulse of one of the unconscious men.

"There's still a slight beat in him," Lindberry said. "Let's take him in first."

Pfc. Willis Wacker, of Denmoss, N.D., and Pvt. Robert Jee, of Danville, Va., both first-aid men, unfolded a blanket over a stretcher and then placed the man on it. After the wounded man had been placed in the ambulance, Lindberry walked over to another of the unconscious soldiers. He felt one man's pulse and shook his head.

He walked over to the third unconscious soldier, who was lying on his back with his mouth wide open. The man's teeth protruded and the color of his skin was that of death. A little dog was lying beside this soldier, a little dog with a deep cut across his head and his bowels splattered all over himself and on the dirt around him. Lindberry felt the man's pulse. "Still a chance," he said.

Next, the man with the cut heel was lifted into the ambulance, and then the soldier who had given him water walked unaided into the cabin of the ambulance.

I got back to the Command Post just as word came over the radio from the forward tankers that there was only enough gas left for a three-hour operation.

"Keep on slugging," the general's voice said.

They did, and at about 2200 hours, Col. Quillian's battalion reached its objective.

"THE RTO"

Keeping things Moving ★

A GI artist portrays the role of transportation in carrying the attack from the U.K. to France

By Sgt. IRWIN SWERDLOW

BACK home on a farm near Tallahassee, Fla., T/Sgt. David Lax hunted and fished for a living—and he also painted pictures, some of which found their way to the Corcoran Gallery of Art, the Detroit Museum, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Since joining the Army, Sgt. Lax has continued to paint—whether as an MP, which he once was, or as a Supply Sergeant, which he also has been, or as a member of the Transportation Corps, which he is at present. Now he is engaged in depicting on canvas some highlights of the vast undertaking aimed at the liberation of France, with special emphasis on the part which the transportation boys have had in that undertaking. On this and the following two pages, YANK presents some of the sergeant's work. Briefly, below, are the stories behind the pictures.

"The RTO"

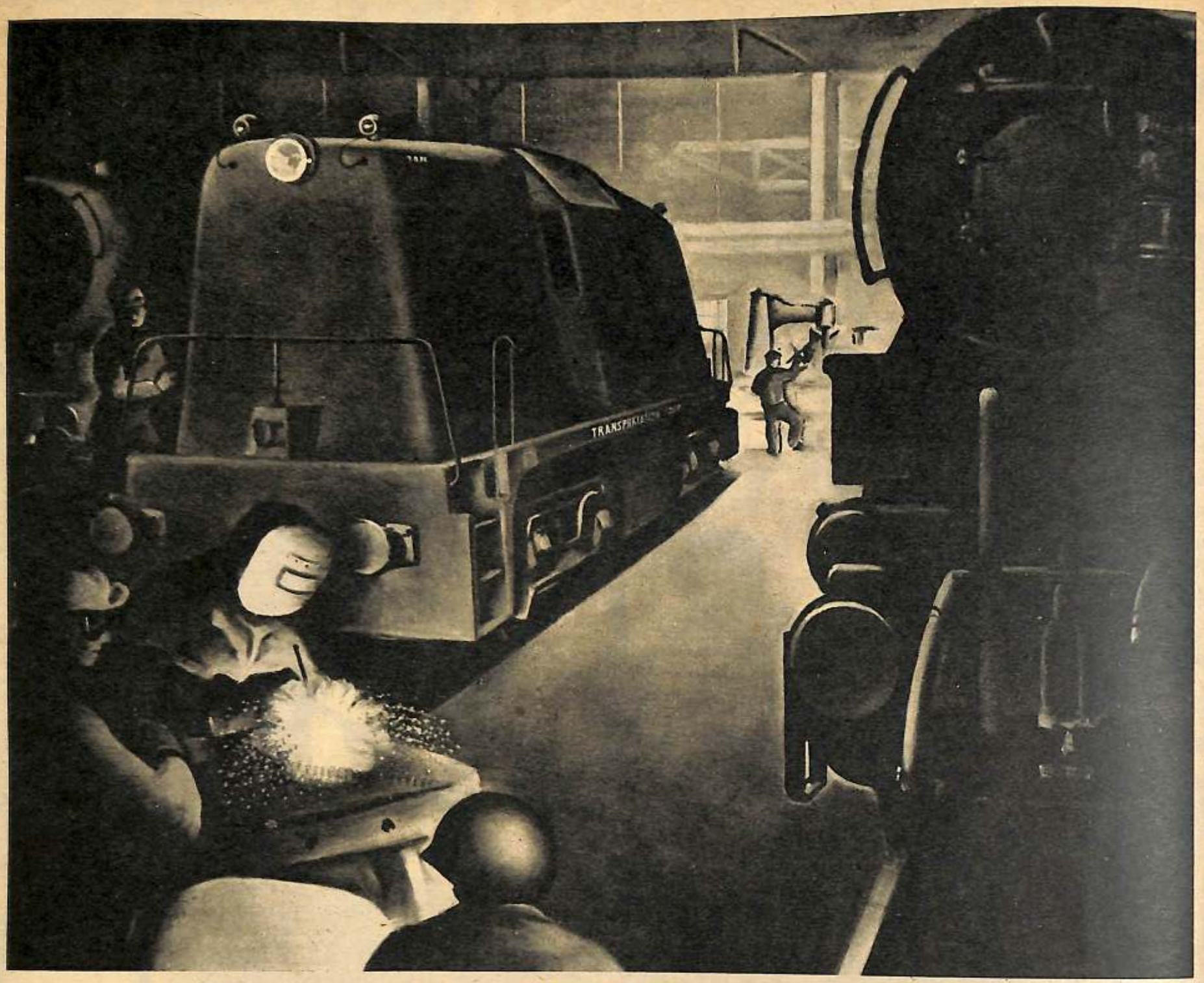
This represents a movement of weary troops from ship to train—troops who have just come 3,000 miles to a foreign country—and the RTO is there to smooth the way. The sol[illegible]er with the red brassard of the RTO on his left arm was a familiar figure again at the hards on D-Day—and later in Cherbourg and St. Lo. Yanks will meet him yet again in Paris and Berlin. Right now, penned in this dingy and dirty station, the men are wondering where is this mighty mythical England they've heard so much about. There is a dull, diffused light, which is drab and gray. The air is full of smoke, and it seems as if it's going to rain any minute. The men are tired, but alert. They are on the lookout for some pretty girl to whistle at. They wonder at the strange names of English cigarettes, and what the beer will be like.

"The Locomotive Shop"

Here soldiers of a Railway Shop Battalion are assembling locomotives and Diesel engines, which arrive from the States. Two years ago the British Isles appealed to the U. S. for engines to move urgent freight and the Americans loaned the railroads in the U. K. more than 400 locomotives of various types, with the provision that the equipment should always be available for continental operations on two weeks' notice. Waiting for the signal after the landings in France were the two triple deck seatrains—the *Lakehurst* and the *Texas*—loaded with locomotives, Diesels, gondolas, box cars, and brake vans. According to plan, the Second Military Railway Service hit the shore, with engines pre-fuelled and watered, making use of its specially prepared slings and derricks and car floats for unloading. But back of it all is a GI at a railway shop, wearing a mask and welding a bumper plate.

"Farewell to England"

A Negro outfit has a rendezvous with D-Day, as it races through a bombed British countryside. An electric generator, blitzed churches, and collapsed masonry fill the background. This is one convoy from the fleet of 10,000 trucks which, since June 6, has been working with the Ducks, and bringing



"THE LOCOMOTIVE SHOP"

supplies to the Army dumps. At all times, the 35,000 men of the truck companies, operating 20 hours a day with an additional four hours for truck maintenance, are prepared to handle a large per cent of the total miles of supply and personnel movement, leaving a smaller percentage to rail. Now it is goodbye to left-hand driving, narrow streets, bicycles, and any-gum-chum. Ahead lie knocked-out roads and strenuous crosscountry driving.

"The Building of the Barges"

The building program, which paved the way for the battle of the beaches, called for many wooden barges. These arrived knocked down from the States, to be assembled by the 31st of May—six days before D-Day. The work was originally given to civilians, but construction lagged, and a Negro Port Battalion was brought in, which built its own sloping ways beside a meandering English river and broke all records for the building of barges in this and every other theater of war. In the foreground of the picture a soldier who sharecropped a farm at Pontchartrain, La., and a Pfc. who had a laundry business in Harlem are beating eight-penny nails into a hatch-cover—with two licks and to rhythm. There is a gaiety and a bustle about the figures, as the men sing, "I got me a woman that's good in the day." To which a soldier, painting astride a beam, replies, "And that's good in the night." They have the best Pullman cooks, and so the chow is excellent, but for most of the men it's a case of every hammer stroke bringing them closer to home.

"The Duck—A Detail of Invasion"

A North Sea coaster lies off the shore of France. Because of enemy fire, the Ducks are dispersed, and as soon as one loads, it takes off and another darts in, to be grappled by a spring line to the coaster's side. The ship's booms unload M1 ammunition from the hold and ease the cargo net down into the boat. It is toward evening and foggy. The sea is rough, wave after wave sweeps over the Duck, which swings out from the coaster and then rams into it with terrific impact. The men work doggedly, and the Duck sinks lower and lower with the enormous burden of its cargo, while the black wall of the coaster, with its slippery steel plates, towers in the mist overhead. When the men finish loading, they pick up their guns, and the Duck slithers across the water in the rain. Suddenly the Duck hits the shore and rises six feet out of the water. The tires are hastily deflated, to provide more traction on the beach, and the amphibious truck rides like hell for the nearest dump.

"Tug of War—Little Ship What Now?"

The crew of the tug in the foreground consists of a North River rat, a Mississippi boatman, a corporal who used to have a pleasure boat on the Great Lakes, and a private who navigated the aisles of a department store as a floor-walker. The tugs are operated by Harbor Craft Companies and 500 civilians from the Army Transport Corps, who share with the enlisted men the democracy of enemy action. Since D-Day the tugs have shuttled tirelessly between England and France, hauling barges that were built in Devon by a soldier who once worked in a steel mill in Birmingham, Ala., and towing hundreds of huge bridge sections, floated on cement and metal pontoons. In the picture the Mississippi boatman's tug is preparing to pull an LST, which a floating crane has just finished stowing, out of the harbor.

"Overseas Movement"

The action here takes place in the hush of twilight. To the soldier at the hard, awaiting embarkation, the flotillas of coasters and MT ships at quayside and in the harbor and the landing craft and landing ships at the concrete beaches seem strangely shaped indeed. The ESO (Embarkation Staff Officer and brother to the RTO), with the familiar red brassard on his left arm, calls a craft-load forward to embark in accordance with the agreed program. Similarly, at a quay, a Liberty ship is being stowed in conformity with the tactical loading plan. An overwhelming sense of order prevails over the whole operation.

"The Hospital Train"

Two medics set down a casualty on the floor as the nurse quickly scans the case history of the wounded man. In the last war, the ambulance train was employed merely as a means of conveyance. Today modern hospital equipment has been moved onto trains, where the casualty in need of emergency treatment can receive immediate and expert care. Old British passenger cars and diners have been converted into ambulance trains, designed according to American specifications. Hospital trains are composed of 14 cars, seven of which are ward cars, furnished with triple decker beds and holding 250 stretcher cases. A pharmacy car has an operating room with all the necessary equipment. The rest of the train consists of kitchen cars and sleeping quarters for the medical staff. The atmosphere in the car shown in the picture is gray and very gloomy, punctuated by small blue blackout lights. The wounded paratrooper has begun the long voyage home.

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"FAREWELL TO ENGLAND"

"THE BUILDING OF THE BARGES"

"THE DUCK—A DETAIL OF INVASION"

"TUG OF WAR—LITTLE SHIP WHAT NOW?"

"OVERSEAS MOVEMENT"

"THE HOSPITAL TRAIN"

The Ninth's aviation engineers can turn out a landing strip for Yank planes in six hours despite hedgerows, German snipers—and silly donkeys.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

NORMANDY—The aviation engineers of the Ninth Air Force here in France have been griping plenty these past few weeks, which means, according to true hair-ear tradition, that they have been well and happy. What's more, they've been doing a good non-combat job about as close behind the lines as non-combat troops ordinarily can get.

When they followed the British Eighth Army across Africa, where at first their job consisted of marking out rectangles of desert with flags and calling them air fields, the Ninth's engineers griped about the dust. Then they set about constructing fields so big that whole groups of fighters could take off at once, line abreast, thereby cutting the dust problem down to a relatively small number of doses a day.

Here in France, the principal gripes can be catalogued as follows: (a) the hedgerows and trees are bigger, older, and more deeply-rooted than they ever were back in England; (b) German snipers, 88s, and mortars have created delays in construction schedules every once in a while; and (c) the French donkeys don't seem to understand what the engineers are there for, and persist in rolling about playfully on graded, finished, dirt surfaces.

In spite of these minor obstacles, the engineers have been doing things in France which Maj. Gen. Pete Quesada, CG of the fighter groups that use the fields, describes as "incredible." He is not just talking. Any one who has been kicking around this part of the world since D-Day feels much the same way. The aviation engineers have converted hedgerows, wheat fields, and orchards into emergency landing strips in six hours, and into full-fledged aerodromes with taxi-ways, hardstandings, roads, troop areas, and fuel dumps in eight days. They have built transport fields which handle more than the daily traffic of La Guardia Field in New York. Hardly any one has a bad word for the aviation engineers, which is unusual for any branch of the service in a theater of operations. They are hard-muscled, tough, working men, whose officers are West Pointers and ex-civil engineers. The men refer to a detail as "the job," and they are rarely referred to as "Sergeant" or "T/5;" with them it is "the foreman" or "the construction supervisor" or "the shovel operator." They work two shifts—from 0530 to 2230, or dawn to dusk—and the same day one field is finished, they move up ahead of the artillery, to a mile or so behind the lines at times, to begin work on another "job."

Fifty men of one of the aviation-engineer battalions came ashore with the First Division on D-Day. Headed by Lt. Col. Max McCrory, of Steubenville, O., and Lt. Herb Moore, a former middleweight boxer, they dragged their heavy equipment through mortar fire up onto the beach at 10 a.m., and then discovered that the road to the site selected for the first emergency landing strip in France was still in enemy hands. Not only that, but the beach was being heavily shelled. So, after pondering the advantages of moving ahead or staying put, they pulled their equipment up the German-held route, and fought their way through to the ELS site. They began work at 6:30 D-Day night. At 10 p.m., the strip was finished.

Then a reconnaissance party headed by M/Sgt. Charles Lane, of Ft. Worth, Tex., and Sgt. Rex McDaniel, of Earl Park, Ind., went out to look over two possible sites for ALGs, or advanced landing grounds. They made their measurements while walking down the middle of a fire-fight between U. S. paratroopers and a company of Germans. They selected one of the sites. The next day the 50 engineers went to work. This strip was completed on D-plus-8.

Lt. Col. John Livingston's battalion, in the meantime, came ashore with the Fourth Division above Carentan, after being forced back six times by enemy fire. Because of the fighting, it was impossible to build an ELS on the proposed site, so Livingston talked the Army into letting him have another site on top of a cliff. The Army agreed only because it needed a place for its artillery-spotting Piper Cubs to take off from. When the ELS was finished, Livingston discovered that the site for his ALG was also in German hands. He then talked the Army and the Navy into a deal whereby they let him have an area originally designed for a Navy bivouac area and an Army gasoline dump. He was to relinquish the site in five days. At the end of that time, however, so many wounded were being evacuated from the strip that the Army and the Navy decided to let him stay on. No less than 15,000 men were flown to hospitals in England from the ALG Livingston's men had built on his borrowed site. Medical officers later credited him with being instrumental in saving the lives of hundreds of men.

THE sites which the engineers have been working on lately were selected many months before D-Day by means of aerial photos taken by our reconnaissance planes. Every tree and hedge has been counted. Before a battalion moves in to get to work at one of the sites, the regiment sends out a reconnaissance party to look the situation over, often while the Infantry is still fighting for the place. Then, if the site lives up to expectations, the battalion arrives, clears out mines and booby traps, and immediately sets to work on construction. Sometimes peculiar circumstances arise. One old French lady complained because the engineers were appropriating her potato field, which constituted her only source of livelihood. The GIs of the battalion thereupon painstakingly dug up the potatoes and presented her with several truckloads of them before obliterating the field as a crop-raiser. Civil Affairs, naturally, is paying rent for every square foot of land. I was present when a noble-looking old farmer insisted on making an outright gift of his apple orchard to the engineers, even though their strip and taxi-ways ran 100 yards from the orchard and our men had no intention of using it.

YANK photographer Cpl. Joe Cunningham and I saw the aviation engineers build the air strip pictured on these pages. The strip, which has already gone into operation, was just a mile or so from the fighting when construction began. Our own shells whistled constantly overhead, and the strip was under enemy artillery fire during most of the work. One 88-mm. shell landed in an equipment pool at 11 a.m. one day, killing a press operator and severely wounding a sign-painter and a mechanic. The strip, however, relentlessly took form, cutting through 60 fields and four apple orchards. In 12 days, the first Thunderbolt of a new fighter-bomber group took off from its smooth, gray, 5,000-foot Hessian-mat surface.

The battalion that did the work was a well-known one back in England, commanded by Maj. Alfred D. Curradi, of Washington, D. C. It built heavy-bomber bases, air depots, and two of the all-important invasion strips in Southern England just before D-Day. At one of the heavy-bomber bases, a Fortress overshot the field one day and crash-landed in an all but inaccessible valley that was closed off on three sides. The battalion went in and built a 3,000-foot special strip down to the crashed plane, so that the Fortress could fly out. The men had to cut through hedges and water pipe, and smooth out cultivated fields. After the Fort successfully took off, they had to rebuild the hedges, re-lay the pipe, and re-plough the field for the farmers.

"That," Lt. James Gary, of Kansas City, the battalion A-3 told me, "was tough. But," he went on, in true engineer-griper fashion, as we both instinctively ducked at the sound of some shell-fire up ahead, "the damned weather was better, even there—and we didn't have any damned silly donkeys to mess up our strips."

1 T/SGT. TOM HAYDEN, OF OWENSBORO, KY., WAS A SURVEYOR IN CIVILIAN LIFE—AND STILL IS.

2 THESE NORMANDY HEDGEROWS, IMPLACABLE FOE OF ADVANCING TROOPS, ARE NO MATCH FOR A BULLDOZER.

3 NEXT, A CLAMSHELL STEAM SHOVEL SWIFTLY CLEARS AWAY TREES AND HEDGES TOPPLED BY THE 'DOZERS.

7 T/5 JOHN J. PARISE, EX-TRUCKER FROM PORT RICHMOND, N. Y., RUNS THE NINTH'S WATER-SPRINKLER.

8 PVT. GEORGE SEOTTO, OF GARY, IND., ON DUTY AT HIS .50-CALIBRE ACK-ACK GUN TO REPEL GERMANS.

9 ENGINEERS EXAMINE THE TOP SURFACE TO MAKE SURE LANDING MATS CAN BE SECURELY SLUED IN PLACE.

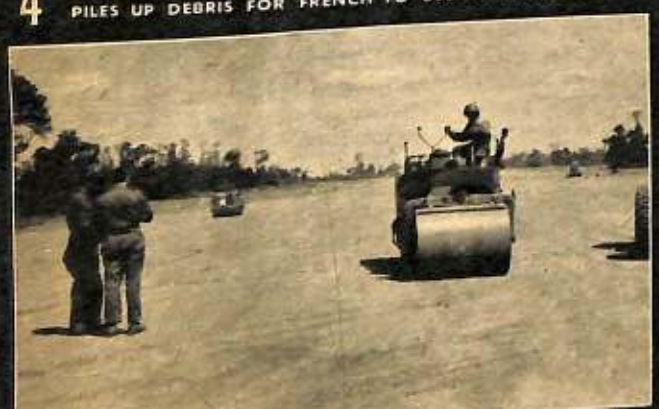
Building Air Fields under Fire

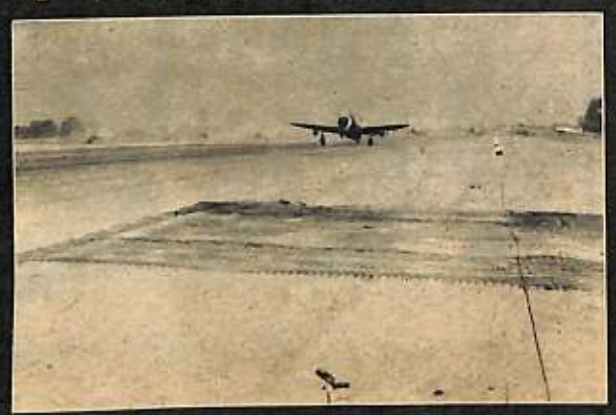
PVT. FRANK BRISTLE, OF MELVIN, ILL., SMOOTHS THE SITE WITH A WOBBLEWHEEL ROLLER.

4 PVT. FRANCIS WHITMAN, OF HANCOCK, MASS., PILES UP DEBRIS FOR FRENCH TO USE AS FIREWOOD.

5 A TRACTOR AND CARRY-ALL "SKINS THE SOD" TO REMOVE THE OVERWORKED AND SPONGY TOP SURFACE.

6 CARRY-ALLS, GRADERS, ROLLERS, AND WATER SPRINKLERS SQUASH THE SOIL INTO BRICK-LIKE HARDNESS.





10 THUNDERBOLTS TAKE OVER THE NEW AIRFIELD AS SOON AS IT IS READY.

Yanks in the ETO

THESE TWO ARMY NURSES IN FRANCE—LTS. MARY McCRACKIN, OF LOWELL, KY., AND RALPHINE MAYNARD, OF CHARDON, OHIO—RELAX WITH SOME STRING AND A COUPLE OF BENT PINS. SEEM TO BE MAKING OUT ALL RIGHT, TOO.

Can This Be The Army, Mr. Jones?

AN ATC BASE IN ENGLAND—GIs flying to and from Africa and Italy on ATC planes from this base have to pinch themselves when they open their box lunches en route and find a "passenger commend card" lying neatly on top of their sandwiches.

The commend card, exactly like those employed by the commercial airlines in the States to solicit comment from their paying customers on the service, asks such questions as:

Is the lunch neatly and well packed?

Is the food fresh and palatable?

Is quantity satisfactory?

Were beverages at correct temperature at time of consumption?

Is cabin temperature satisfactory?

Are the lavatory and cabin clean?

Are the Flight Traffic Clerk's services satisfactory and rendered in a courteous manner?

But the pay-off comes when the flight traffic clerk, usually a corporal, saunters down the aisle to ask a GI if he prefers one lump or two in his coffee.

—By Sgt. JAMES WINCHESTER

Parade of the PWs

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE—The prisoners march by the forward battalion command post. They march in columns of two, but there is no snap, no goose-stepping, no sign on their faces or bodies that would indicate they are members of a once all-conquering military machine. They are beaten men and most of them look it.

You can easily distinguish the privates from the non-coms and officers without bothering about insignia. The privates walk in a slouch, hanging on to little tattered bundles or knapsacks. The non-coms don't fare much better in their baggage, but their walk shows more life, their faces are a little more spirited, and their eyes indicate evidence of a strong hate and arrogance toward their captors.

The officers, though, are in a class by themselves. Here they come, each with gloves and leather briefcase in one hand and a suitcase filled with extra clothing in the other. Their clothing is in good order and looks as if they'd taken time off to have their things cleaned and pressed before surrendering.

The long column marches down a dirt road along which our men are lined up on either side.

"A sniper!" a Texas corporal exclaims. He points to a German whose uniform is camouflaged.

"There's a couple more of those 'sports' in there," says a private. "They're covered with our paratroopers' parachutes."

Our infantrymen look long and hard at the snipers. They have a contempt for them that has nothing to do with their dislike for the average German soldier. The snipers walk on, their heads almost bowed, their eyes shifting from left to right.

"I wonder," says the Texas corporal, "how many of our guys those rats knocked off before deciding to give up for the comforts of an American hoosegow?"

A shell whines over the road.

"Here he comes again," one of our men shouts. "Leo, the roaring Lion."

Our men take cover in the foxholes along the road. The Germans, frightened like animals during a thunderstorm, turn their heads in the direction away from the fire. Some duck their heads and one of the snipers places his right hand over his eyes. When he uncovers his eyes, tears are rolling down his cheeks.

More shells come over the road and the PW lineup wavers and the prisoners once more turn and duck their heads in fright.

"Sure they're afraid now," the corporal from Texas is saying. "They weren't afraid when they came to France. Oh, no, they were Der Fuehrer's heroes then."

The Germans move along to the regimental PW enclosure. It once was a pasture, but the cows that grazed on it are dead now. On the grass are scraps of paper, evidence that hundreds of other Jerry prisoners have already been there before. There are German picture postcards—obscene, some of them—family snapshots, and German newspapers and magazines.

A master sergeant from New Jersey, a stocky, blond fellow, stands in the center of the field. He is a Jew and, as the PWs march toward him, you begin to wonder at the irony of it all.

In perfect German, the sergeant commands the prisoners to halt. They react like automatons. Their bodies stiffen. Their heads go up again. Their eyes look straight forward. They haven't forgotten the years of Nazi training to obey when ordered.

"One thing about a German soldier," the sergeant says. "If you give him an order properly, he'll follow you almost anywhere."

THE sergeant asks the men if they have any weapons—daggers, long knives, scissors. One man pulls out a long pair of scissors and drops them on the grass. The sergeant then orders the men to empty their pockets, bundles, and suitcases. When they finish doing so, he orders them to march about 30 paces ahead. Then, together with another non-com, he inspects the articles they've left on the grass.

In one pile is a dirty towel, a comb heavy with dirt and dandruff, a mirror, a razor and blades, and

"ANYTHING NEW ON MY TRANSFER, SIR?"
—Pvt. Tom Flannery

SGT. R. D. SHELTON, OF NEW CASTLE, PA., DEMONSTRATES THE GERMAN VERSION OF A BAZOOKA, WHICH HE FOUND IN A SLIT TRENCH. IT'S LARGER THAN OURS, HE TELLS THE OTHER THREE GIs, BUT NOT QUITE AS EFFECTIVE.

THE FIRST RED CROSS CLUB IN FRANCE—THE VICTOIRE—IS NOW DEFINITELY THE PLACE TO GO IN CHERBOURG.

other toilet articles. There also is a bill-fold with 50 francs in it. "The average German soldier doesn't carry much money with him," the master sergeant remarks.

The next pile also consists of toilet articles and includes a French watch. "He probably swiped it from a Frenchman," somebody says. We look some more. There is a pamphlet, printed in German, with pictures portraying a homosexual act.

"Filthy as hell," the sergeant says. "I'll bet this guy is married, too. It's usually the middle-aged, married type of German that carries this type of gooey in his pockets."

BURIED among the toilet articles of another prisoner is a leaflet addressed to German soldiers. The leaflet was prepared by our psychological-warfare experts; it's printed in German and Polish and urges the enemy to surrender. "It's amazing," says the sergeant, "how effective these leaflets are. A good number of the prisoners say that the leaflets helped make up their minds in surrendering."

Almost all of the piles contain letters from home. Many more, too, include obscene pictures and pamphlets. "I guess it must be about the only free press left in Germany now," says the sergeant.

The sergeant picks up a letter and reads it. "Same old story," he says. "Most German letters are pretty much of a type. This guy's mother writes that the bombings are horrible. She's worried about the coming winter because there's little fuel and there is talk that the food may be cut down some more."

We come to an officer's articles. There is a suitcase made of expensive black leather, a good wrist watch, a couple of pictures from a girl in Paris with intimate greetings on the back, and letters from his wife in Germany. His wife sends all her love and says she knows he's loyal to her and that she will "ever be his loving wife." The officer also has an extra pair of trousers with a small bottle of perfume in one of the pockets. There are pajamas, too, and toilet articles inside a kit made of brown leather. The sergeant looks through a bill-fold containing 2,000 francs and says, "Bet he got the bill-fold in Africa."

The search is over. "This is a pretty poor crowd," the sergeant says.

The sergeant orders the prisoners to do an about-face and march back. When they return he looks them over. Those who appear suspicious he searches some more. "Take off your shoes," he tells one of the prisoners. He searches the shoes. There is nothing in them.

"You'd be surprised where some of these guys hide knives and papers," the sergeant says. "It pays to be careful with them. I've often found knives hidden away in their shoes. The more fanatical Nazis are particularly dangerous. Once I asked a lieutenant very specifically if he had any weapons on his person or in his baggage. He gave me his word as an officer and a gentleman that he had nothing. I felt suspicious, though, so I thoroughly searched his baggage. When I got right down to a break in the seam of his suitcase, I pulled out a 12-inch dagger. He explained that he forgot about it. Then he said he was saving it for a souvenir. I guess the souvenir was meant for somebody's back.

"One thing about all the prisoners we've had here, they all come in with the idea that they're going to be shot. A few of them believe that only the non-coms will be shot. They act so surprised when they learn they're going to a PW camp instead of the gallows.

"Some of them love to talk. It seems that they've been listening to everything and never had a chance to express an opinion of their own. Many of them, trying to please us, say that they are sorry to hear that New York was bombed so badly."

The sergeant orders the prisoners to pick up their stuff. The EMs fill their pockets, and bundle up their toilet articles in a cloth or knapsack. The officers pack their suitcases. Trucks pull into the enclosure and the Germans pile in. Once the trucks start rolling out into the road, the PWs' faces take on a puzzled look. They haven't been shot by those American gangsters.

—A YANK Staff Correspondent.

Global Outlook

ASIDE from technological advances, one of the greatest benefits of this war is the broadening influence on the men. The GIs will return from the far corners of the world with a cosmopolitan outlook—deepened, mellowed by experience in foreign lands. No man will ever be quite the same after a visit to the ETO. Not after mild and bitter.

The broadening influences can be seen in any chance encounter between a couple of world-weary GIs.

"Yeah, I was in the South Pacific a year," the sergeant says over a bottle of coke in the Columbia Club. "It was hot, and it rained like hell. Boy, what mud!"

"Just like Ireland," the corporal says, "except it was cold and muddy and rained like hell. How was the liquor down there?"

"Lousy."

"So was ours. The dolls was mostly red-heads in Ireland. Some pretty cute tricks."

"They was black in the Pacific. But there was some pretty cute ones at that, and they got whiter the longer you stayed. Then I went to Africa. It rained like hell."

"You're telling me. I was in Africa. Boy, what mud."

"Was you ever in Big-Bosomed Bertha's joint in Oran?"

"Yeah. The liquor was terrible. Some pretty cute dolls. I was in Sicily, too."

"Me, too. It rained like hell. And, mud! But some pretty cute dolls."

"I picked up a nice little dish in a joint in Catania. It was called Scarface Al Capone's joint by the GIs."

"Yeah. His liquor was lousy. Then I went to Italy. It rained like hell, and mud eight inches deep. But the dolls was cute. Was you ever in Baldy's joint in Naples?"

"Yeah. His liquor was lousy. When you going to Normandy?"

"Pretty soon, I hope. I'd like to see that country. The dolls are cute, they say. But it rains like hell and the mud's terrible."

"And they say the liquor's lousy. But anywhere to get out of England."

"You said it, Mac. It rains like hell here, and the mud's awful."

"And what they do to their liquor shouldn't be done to a dog. I'll sure be glad to get back home."

"Me, too. But I sure hope it don't rain like it did the day we left Camp Shanks. Boy, was the mud awful!"

"And I suppose if there's any liquor at all left there it sure as hell will be lousy."

"But there's no cuter dolls, pal."

"Nope, there's no cuter dolls."

—Sgt. SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

Flyers of the Aegean patrol live in this African camp of British Bombay tents.

Abandoned truck is darkroom for intelligence photos taken over the Aegean.

Lt. Richard (Stinky) Davis, a B-25 pilot, bucks the 40-mile desert dust storm at his outfit's base. He carries his seat, a broken-down old petrol tin, with him.

American B-25 Mitchell fighter-bombers join with RAF units in patrolling the Nazi-crowded Aegean Sea. Heavily armed and crammed with bombs, their job is to clear enemy shipping from the waters that lap on Greece, Crete and the Turkish coast. YANK's Sgt. Steve Derry made these shots of the men who blast the German Caiques.

The clear blue waters of the Aegean look deceptively peaceful as the fighter-bombers skim over them. But there is Nazi shipping to be hunted down nearby.

Hunters of the Aegean

Diana Mumby

YANK

Pin-up Girl

News from Home

The draft man had an encouraging word or two for the men he'd drafted, the Army obeyed orders and thus precipitated a row, it was hot enough for pretty near everybody except the good folk of Coalville, Utah, and a former juvenile actor landed in the clink on charges of fooling around with a juvenile.

RESCUE CRAFT. GIs out in the Midwest show how casualties are picked up in rough country by a new Army helicopter with special litter compartment attached.

MAYBE there have been times when you haven't seen precisely eye to eye with that old pal of yours—Maj. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, the head man of the nation's draft boards. Could be that some of his decisions have made things a little tough for you. But lately the general has been sounding off in a way that should make a lot of war-weary GIs think he's quite a guy. Interviewed at Salem, Ore., last week, he said he didn't think there would be any reduction in the draft quotas when the war in Europe ends because "the Navy will still need many men for its Pacific war and"—pinch us, or are we dreaming?—"the Army will continue to need replacements for men who have had long service."

And earlier, while advocating military training for 18-year-olds, Gen. Hershey remarked that many men have been in the service a long time and "they would like to come home." All of which sounds a bit of all right, not 'alf—as they used to say in Canarsie.

Although, if you take the word of the 7th Service Command for it, the service has its good points. The Command's statisticians, out in Omaha, Neb., have discovered that when it comes to dough an unmarried buck private in the Army makes out better than a single civilian man back home who is earning $3,600 a year. Here's how they dope it out: A private in the U.S. gets $600 a year and has $420 left after his essential expenses are paid—assuming he steers clear of crap games. That, said the statisticians, is more than a civilian bachelor has left after he's paid his taxes and living expenses and has bought the incidentals which soldiers get for free.

True, said the boys in Omaha, the outlook isn't quite so rosy for married GIs, although they contend that pay and allotments provide the families of such chaps with a standard of living equal to that of home-front households with incomes of from $1,600 to $3,400 a year.

Another one who thinks the service has its advantages is Bernard Macfadden, the physical-culture gent who goes in heavily for vegetables, whole-grain bread, and magazines. Interviewed at Miami Beach, Fla., the 77-year-old health oracle said he thought this war will be "the saving of the nation" because Americans will come out of it in better physical condition than ever before.

"I can't say I approve of all the things they eat and do," continued Macfadden, "but the Army is doing our men a lot of good. They have to eat well and work hard. They are going to come back to peace with the idea of working hard and eating things that are right for them. We won't be a nation of weak men."

One more word for war-weary GIs: The Army has taken over the Lake Placid Club, a fancy all-year resort in the Adirondack Mountains in upper New York State, with the idea of turning it into rest billets for battle-worn soldiers. The establishment, which has accommodations for 1,200 guests, consists of 35 lakefront buildings, two golf courses, many tennis courts, some ski trails, and a ballroom. Quite a joint.

THERE was plenty of rumpus being raised throughout the nation over Title V of the Soldier-Vote Law which prohibits the distribution by the armed forces of books, magazines, or other material containing matters calculated to influence national elections. Matters more or less came to a head when it was announced in Washington that the War Department had banned two films for distribution to overseas troops—*Wilson*, which dramatizes the life of the World War I President, and *Heavenly Days*, a comedy depicting a trip to the nation's capital in wartime by Fibber McGee and Molly, the radio wags.

After various elements of the press had worked themselves up into a lather about this action for a few days, the WD issued another announcement. Neither of the pictures, it said, had as

arisen for the War Department to determine whether these particular pictures are available or eligible for showing to troops.

The debate over Title V, however, involved more than the two pictures in question. It also was brought out that the Army had forbidden the sale of British newspapers in American stations in England and France and that the official guide to the AAF had been banned because it contained a frontispiece with a pen-and-ink sketch of President Roosevelt with the title of Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy. Moreover, the Army was known to have refused to allow post libraries to circulate copies of *The Republic*, by Charles and Mary Beard, the noted historians, and of a biography of the late Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Democratic Senators Theodore Green, of Rhode Island, and Scott Lucas, of Illinois, thought the troublesome Title V should be amended in such a way as to permit soldiers freedom to read and see political matter, and the title's author, Senator Robert A. Taft, Republican of Ohio, agreed that it needed some fixing. "The Army," he said, "has construed the situation so strictly that we feel some revision may be necessary, principally to clarify our original purpose, which was to prevent only one side from being presented." Taft called the Army's interpretations of the title "silly" and expressed the belief that they were intended to force an easing of the ban on political propaganda among troops.

To this, the New York *Times* retorted editorially that the affair made Congress, not the Army, ridiculous and added: "We do not blame the officers who have interpreted the law strictly." The *Times* called the law the "handiwork of a coalition" of Republicans and conservative Democrats which sought "first, to make it as difficult as possible for servicemen to vote and, second, to make it as difficult as possible for them to discover whom or what they were voting for." Major George Fielding Eliot, military commentator for the New York *Herald Tribune*, took up the fight against the ban on selling English publications in PXs in the ETO, starting off a whole column on the matter with the statement, "This is too much," and condemning the ruling as "inconceivable official stupidity."

Wilson is a long picture concerned with the former wartime President's unsuccessful struggle against isolationists in his efforts to make the U. S. a part of the League of Nations after the last war. It cost more than five million bucks—the most expensive picture ever made. It is now playing only at the Roxy Theater in New York City, where it is breaking attendance records with audiences daily totalling 20,000.

Many Republicans and isolationists objected to *Wilson* on the grounds that it was Roosevelt propaganda. The Indianapolis *Times* called it the "first spectacular campaign document out of Hollywood," said the film should be underwritten by the Democratic National Committee, and contended that today's audiences "will never suspect the allusions, the omissions, and the distortions by which the character of Woodrow Wilson has been adroitly modelled into the image of Franklin Roosevelt."

At RKO, the producer of *Heavenly Days*, it was said that "the only possible objectionable" feature of that film was a dream sequence in which Fibber McGee floats into the Senate Chamber in Washington and makes a speech urging every American to vote.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT returned to the States from a secret tour of the Pacific during which he visited Pearl Harbor and the Aleutians. While in Hawaii, it was disclosed, he conferred with Admiral Chester W. Nimitz and Gen. Douglas MacArthur, making plans for pressing the war against the Japs. It was the first time Roosevelt and Gen. MacArthur had met since the war began. Later the President told the press that he was more confident than ever about the outcome of the fighting in the Pacific. The U. S. was going back to the Philippines, he said, and Gen. MacArthur will be a part of that operation.

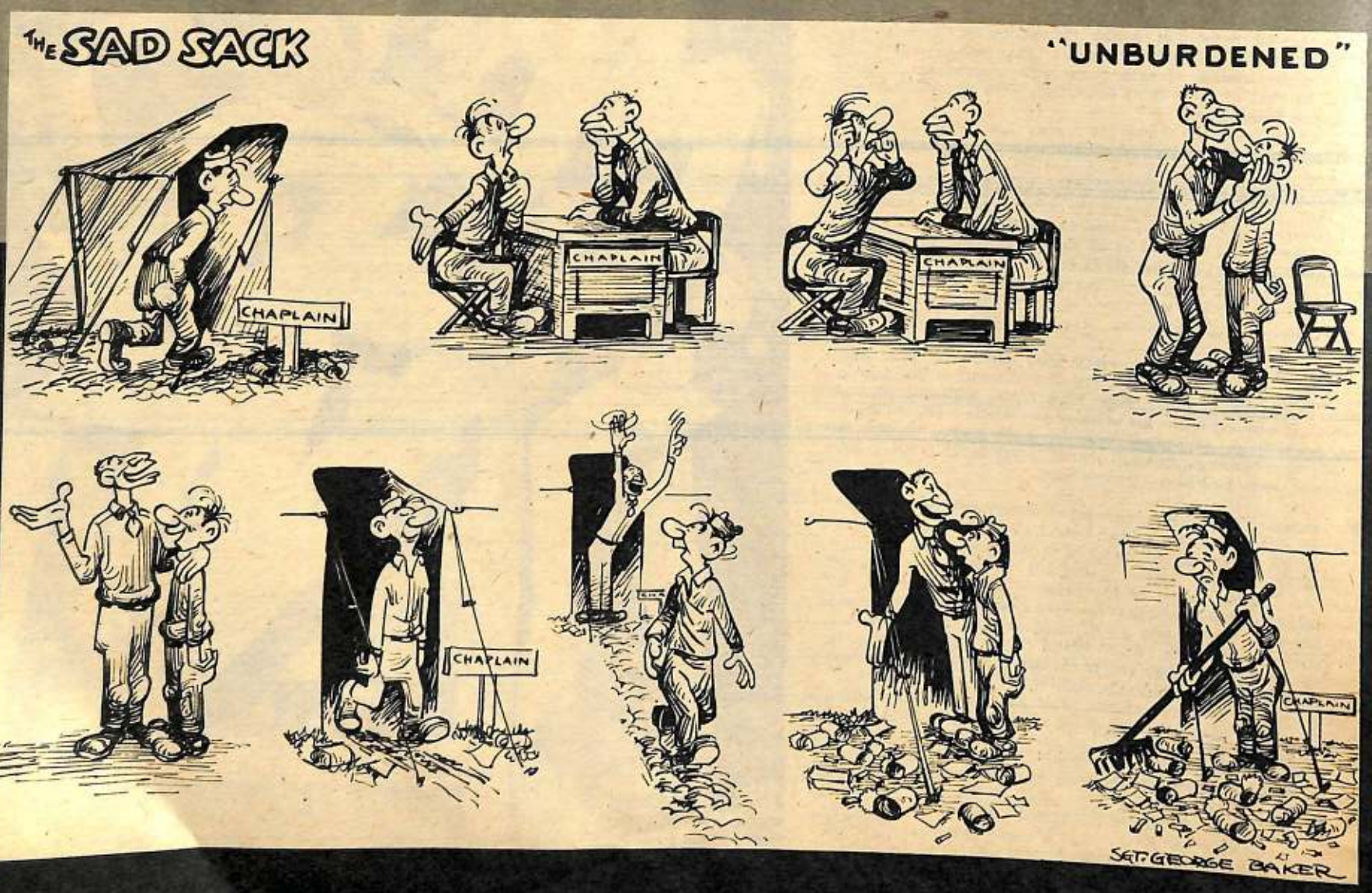
Lt. Gen. John L. de Witt, former commanding general of the 4th Army and Western Defense Command, with HQ in San Francisco, was assigned to succeed the late Lt. Gen. Lesley J. McNair in a European command, the nature of which the War Department declined to disclose beyond saying that it was of great importance. Gen. McNair was killed near St. Lo last month while observing action with a front-line infantry outfit. His death occurred when some American bombs fell short of their target during an intense Allied aerial bombardment that led up to the big breakthrough. Gen. de Witt has been commandant of the Joint Army and Navy Staff College in Washington for the past 13 months.

At the nation's capital, Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson presented two oak-leaf clusters to Gen. McNair's widow. The awards are to go on the Distinguished Service Medal which was pinned on the general by Gen. John J. Pershing in 1918 in recognition of the recipient's "marked ability in correctly estimating the changing conditions and requirements of military tactics." The clusters were added for Gen. McNair's "great initiative, foresight, and professional ability" in planning and executing the training of American ground forces during the U. S. mobilization for this war and for his converting "more than three million men, inducted from civilian life, into a powerful and aggressive striking force that has proved its superiority over the professional armies of our enemies."

Only a few days after Mrs. McNair had received the awards, word that her only son, Col. Douglas McNair, a 37-year-old artillery officer, had died from undisclosed causes on the island of Guam in the Pacific. A graduate of West Point, Col. McNair pioneered with Maj. Gen. A. D. Bruce, commander of the 77th Division, in the development of tank-destroyer techniques, served for a while at Camp Hood, Tex., and invaded Guam with Gen. Bruce and the 77th. In addition to his mother, he is survived by a wife and 10-month-old daughter, who live in Santa Barbara, Calif.

Gen. McNair's wife, who has been living at the Army War College in Washington, where only recently she saw her husband off to war for the fifth and last time, prepared to go to California to comfort her daughter-in-law and granddaughter. She disclosed that she had just received a letter from a soldier whom she had met while serving as a hostess in the Stage Door Canteen, "As a former infantryman," the soldier wrote, "the general was my boss and I need not say a greatly respected one. . . . To you in this tragic hour it may help that hundreds of thousands are thinking of you and hoping that you may get some comfort from the fact that you have shared Gen. McNair with the world. . . . You, too, are doing more than your share. I shall never forget your kindness to me when once you singled me out at a time when I was feeling particularly low and lonesome."

ABOUT 70,000 workers were out on strike in various parts of the nation. Trolleys and busses were running again in Philadelphia after the Army moved in to put an end to a five-day strike of transportation workers there, caused, it was reported, by the objection of some workers to the company's training of Negroes as motormen. GIs rode on the cars



FARMER FORD. Operating a reaper that he used as a boy of 11, Henry Ford participates in harvesting "dynamic kernel" wheat on his Tecumseh (Mich.) farm.

EXPLOSION SCENE. Jutting from the sea are remains of a munitions ship which exploded at Port Chicago, Calif., killing some 300 persons, injuring 500.

and busses under orders of Maj. Gen. Philip Hayes, commander of the 3rd Service Command, who was given the task of keeping Philadelphia's transportation moving by Secretary of War Stimson. Gen. Hayes got the workers back by posting a strongly-worded notice telling them that they would be out of jobs for the duration of the war unless they returned to their posts. What's more, he said, those of draft age who failed to comply would lose their occupational deferments. When things were running smoothly again, he announced: "The operations of the Philadelphia Transportation Co. have now been restored to normal. Therefore the training program, for both white and Negro operational trainees, will be resumed."

Coalville, Utah, was the place for the folks back home to go last week if they wanted to keep cool. Thirty-two degrees—that's what the thermometer read. But Coalville was unique, because the rest of the country was sweating out one hell of a heat wave. Texas went through its twelfth day in a row of temperatures of 100 or higher. Memphis, Tex., where the thermometer hit 117, was the hottest spot in the nation, but Yuma, Ariz., where it was 115, wasn't far behind, nor was Phoenix, Ariz., where it was 113 —the hottest it had been there in 49 years. Detroit, with a moist 98, was the warmest place in Michigan; New York City chalked up a 96-degree day. New Mexico had had nearly two weeks of temperature in the 90s; Oklahoma had at least three days with the mercury over 100. In Kansas City the thermometer hopped around between 81 and 101. In Chicago it was 92, and here are a few more: Minneapolis and St. Paul, 84; Columbus, O., 95; Cincinnati, 93; Cleveland, 96; Indianapolis, 92; Newark, N. J., 100; Baltimore, 99; and Boston, 92.

A Jap bullet rested one inch from the heart of Marine Pfc. James A. Darnell, of Hammond, Ind., who was wounded on Tarawa. But the Pfc's heart is still ticking on all 16, it became evident when he married Marjorie Ellen Patterson, a Waves hospital apprentice in the Naval Hospital at Philadelphia, where he is a patient. The Pfc. met Marjorie in May and they became engaged in June. Following the ceremony, they took off on a seven-day honeymoon. All of which must strike stout-hearted Jimmy as a bar cry from Tarawa.

New Yorkers had two holocausts on their doorstep within 24 hours. The first occurred when the famous Pier No. 4, at Hoboken, N. J., from which many soldiers embarked for France during the first World War, went up in flames, together with a lot of war materials that were stored on it. Damage was estimated at 2½ million dollars, and one man was missing, but no one was reported killed. The second blaze was one which destroyed Coney Island's famous Luna Park. Here the flames started in a scenic ride called the Dragon's Gorge and spread to the Mile Sky Chaser and the shoot-the-chutes. There were thousands of customers in the place at the time, but they all moved quietly to safety. Few were hurt and it was believed that no one was killed.

A lot of GI drama bugs overseas are soon going to get a chance to see some of the best theatrical talent of the day in a repertoire of six Broadway hits. The American Theatre Wing, sponsor of the famous Stage Door Canteen, has arranged to send Katherine Cornell, Brian Aherne, Margalo Gilmore, and an excellent supporting cast to put on the shows for GIs in war zones as yet undesignated.

The *Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey* Circus is back on the road again—minus the big top and portable grandstand that were destroyed on July 6 by a fire at Hartford, Conn., in which more than 160 people were killed. This is the first time in history that "the greatest show on earth" has travelled without its huge tent. It shoved off from its permanent quarters at Sarasota, Fla., with plans to complete the season by setting up in stadiums and ball parks.

The City of St. Louis, a side-wheeler river steamer built in 1907 at a cost of $65,000 and once the pride of the Mississippi River trade, is to be shorn of her superstructure and converted into a dock in St. Louis.

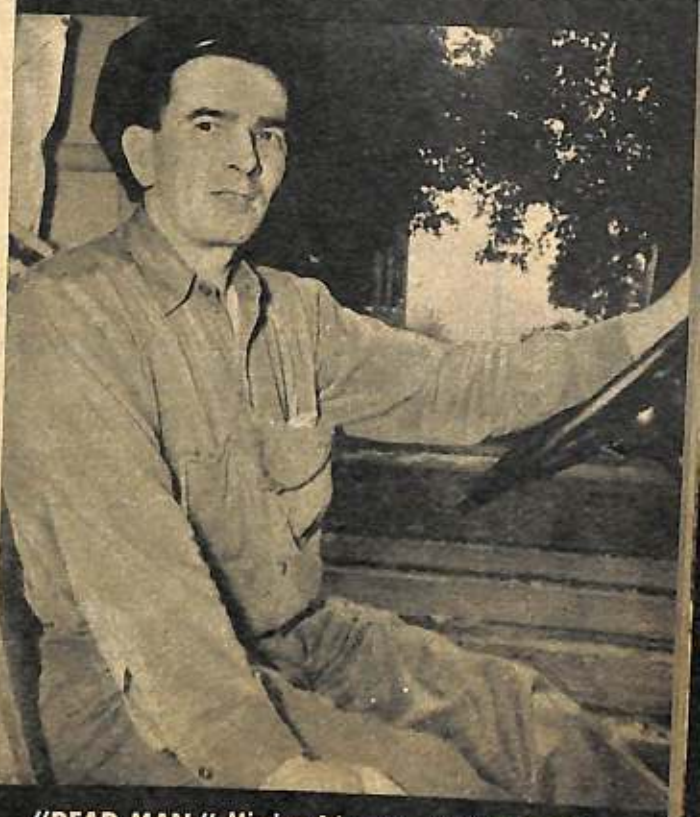
The Hollywood set has been beating one another over the head again. The first pair of gladiators consisted of Barney Oldfield, the famous racing driver in the early days of the automobile, and Michael Romanoff, a man-about-town and restaurant operator. Seems they got into a fight in Beverly Hills, where they live. Here's what happened, according to Romanoff: "I was just leaving my house when this man whom I had never seen before came rushing up to me. He called me a 'phony' and some other things and then scratched my face. He attacked me without provocation. I thought at first he was joking, but he wasn't." And here's the Oldfield version: "He tried to crowd me off the road. We exchanged a few words and then got out of our cars and started at each other. I guess there were four or five blows struck. Then I had him on the ground, and I'm 66, too. I let him up and we went our ways. I got a black eye out of it."

Next day, Tommy Dorsey, the band leader, and Jon Hall, the movie he-man, tangled with each other in a hallway outside Dorsey's Hollywood apartment. This one wound up in the District Attorney's office after Hall, who suffered a broken nose and cuts on the head and face, indicated publicly that he thought he had been the victim of criminal assault. F. A. Howser, the D.A., said he planned an investigation. Meanwhile, Hall's studio was doing its best to patch up either the actor or the film on which he was at work, playing the part of an Egyptian slave belonging to Maria Montez.

It looked as though another bandleader might be in a real jam. He's Teddy Powell, the composer of *Boots and Saddle*, who was held in bail for Federal Grand Jury in New York on a charge of conspiring with a former draft-board clerk to evade the draft. Assistant U. S. Attorney James B. McNally said that in 1942 Powell, who later landed in 4-F anyway, gave John E. Wilson, the clerk in question, a case of whisky and an expensive hat for Christmas and that the musician's draft records disappeared from the draft board's files shortly thereafter. Powell later filled out duplicate forms and reported for induction in December, 1943, when he was turned down because of a hernia. Wilson wound up by committing suicide by jumping from a window after becoming involved in another draft-evasion case.

Jackie Cooper, the kid movie actor who is now a Navy V-12 student at Notre Dame, was tossed into the brig, charged by Indiana civil authorities with having impaired the morals of a 15-year-old girl during an all-night drinking party with a batch of other sailors and under-age babes in a South Bend hotel. If he did what they say he did, he sure should have known better, seeing as how the plot of the last film he made before joining the service was based on the problem of juvenile delinquency.

DEM FEMMES. Eye-easy delegates to the Chicago convention were California's Betty Green (left) and Gloria Stuart. Gloria used to be a movie actress.



"DEAD MAN." Missing 14 years, listed as legally dead, U of Wisconsin economist John A. Commons

Mail Call

That Poll Again

Dear YANK:

In your issue of July 16, the article *News from Home* began with the attitude of the people back home toward getting us back in civilian life after the war is over by means of a poll taken by *Fortune* magazine. Forty-four per cent of those questioned favored immediate release of GIs; whereas 45 per cent, whom we consider to consist of 4Fs and agitators, are of the opinion that GIs be discharged only as jobs become available.

Now, just who are they to be consulted about our so-called welfare? Those people aren't the ones to decide our fate for us, for we are the ones that have been separated from our loved ones at home for a long time. We believe that we are speaking for 99.99 per cent of the fellows when we state that men in uniform desire to get out of the service as soon as our task—that of putting Adolf and Tojo where they belong—is accomplished. If discharge of GIs were based upon availability of jobs, many unfortunates would have to remain in uniform for the rest of their lives, for there always has been, and always will be, unemployment. We should also like to add that a large number of men contemplate owning their own businesses.

T/5 NELSON CASAMASSINA — T/4 ARTHUR NELSON
Pvt. RICHARD GALLAGHER — T/4 GEORGE KUPEC

P.S.—How willing would that 45 per cent of said agitators be to exchange places with us now and after the war?

France.

Claims To Fame

Dear YANK:

A number of the fellows in our company were recently discussing the very popular subject these days: "When are we going back to the States?" The reason this is uppermost in our minds is that our regiment left the good old U. S. A. back in March, 1942. Since then we have covered thousands of miles of land and water, observing a considerable portion of the universe and more recently being included in the landings on France. However, what we would like to know is: How many outfits in the Army, composed chiefly of selectees, not regular Army men, have been overseas longer than we have, *and are still overseas?* We are now on our 29th month overseas, and think there aren't many outfits in this man's army who can top our record.

VETERAN ENGINEERS

France.

Dear YANK:

Being an admirer of your wonderful magazine since its initial appearance in this theater, we have read various claims made by GIs as to what their outfits are doing or what they had done.

We now make a claim for ourselves as the most "letter-writingest" group in the ETO. During the past 3 months we have kept a close count of the letters written by our personnel and find that the average is better than one letter a day per man.

We consider this a record in the ETO. Can any outfit top this?

THE PEN-HAPPY BOYS AND THEIR OVERWORKED CENSOR

France.

Picnics For Prisoners

Dear YANK:

In Wednesday, July 26, copy of the *Stars and Stripes*, we the undersigned have just read of prisoners of war being allowed to go on picnics, etc. We would like to have some truth on this and if this is so, since when do the women of America have to be "forced" to entertain prisoners that men like us have fought and died to capture? This is just a little of what is in the minds of men who were wounded in France.

24 EMs and 12 OFFICERS WOUNDED IN NORMANDY

Hospital in the ETO.

By The Numbers

Dear YANK:

This fascinating game with the number 129 will surely interest some of your readers, especially the superstitious ones, at home and on the fronts. It was taken from a German prisoner captured near Cherbourg.

M/Sgt. GEORGE J. WINNER

Britain.

1760	*Birth of Napoleon*	1804	*Napoleon becomes*
129		129	*Emperor*
1889	*Birth of Hitler*	1933	*Hitler seizes power*
1789	*French Revolution*	1812	*Napoleon marches*
129		129	*on Russia*
1918	*German Revolution*	1941	*Hitler invades Russia*
1809	*Napoleon in Vienna*	1815	*End of Napoleonic*
129		129	*Wars*
1938	*Hitler in Vienna*	1944	? ? ? ?

Nightmare

Dear YANK:

In a recent magazine the following news was noted: That people in the States had redeemed $2,378,000,000 worth of War Bonds or 10.9 per cent of all E-bonds sold.

Did you hear the story about the man who had been purchasing War Bonds for quite a while, but he wanted to take a vacation trip to Florida and, to be able, he must cash in some of his bonds. He couldn't make up his mind that day so he said he would sleep on it. During the night he had a dream. He found himself on an island in the Pacific, in a foxhole with a rifle in his hands, killing Japs right and left. About that time his sergeant tapped him on the shoulder and told him he had to turn his rifle in. The fellow was surprised and asked why. The sergeant said that the people who gave him the rifle wanted it back.

M/Sgt. A. LEONBERGER

France.

Farewell To Foxholes

Dear YANK:

We engineers landed on D-Day, when hell was flying fast and loose. On D-Day we built a road under 88 mortar fire and sniper fire. We worked days on our roads and at night unloaded cargo ships filled with supplies. Although we had very little time to ourselves, cooked our own meals, and had hardly any sleep at all, we didn't care as we knew that there were some of our boys up front that needed the equipment and needed it bad. This went on for approximately a month and believe you me, we were a tired bunch, always looking for relief that never came. We did our work under our line NCOs and we got along fine and did our work in record time.

When we moved inland, we dug our foxholes and pitched our tents over them. After living like moles on the beach, some of the boys got some wood and built miniature houses over their holes. After going through all the fire on the beach without a scratch, we surely didn't want to get it now, so we even used steel on our roofs. One day a colonel came by to inspect the area, and it passed. Even the medics said it was one of the best areas they'd seen for cleanliness and protection. Then, some D-plus-? colonel came into our area and made us fill our holes and live in pup tents on top of the ground, in a straight, perfect line.

What gives?

A COMPANY OF AN ENGINEERING BN.

France.

General Confusion

Dear YANK:

Now we boys of the 29th Division certainly appreciate whatever credit YANK may give us. We liked Sgt. Peters's general description of what happened when the task force entered St. Lo, except for one thing—the good sergeant got the wrong general's name in. It was Brig. Gen. Norman D. Cota, the assistant division commander, who gave the speech and who led the task force in.

If I was Sgt. Peters I would check that carefully, then I think my face would blush something awful. How about giving us the real story now?

We still love YANK, but please, please, please, let's get our facts straight.

THE FOXHOLE QUARTET

France.

[It wasn't the good sergeant's fault; being right there under fire himself, he knew darn well which general it was. Here's what happened: At the time Sgt. Peters sent his story in, the presence of the 29th at St. Lo was a matter of security. A few hours later, the veil of secrecy was lifted and Peters, wanting to give credit to the boys he'd seen earn it, immediately wired his office, naming the 29th and its commanding general. As received, the message made it appear that this general was the one referred to in Peters' story, which, as the Foxhole Quartet points out, was not the case. At an active front, communications are often haphazard and although every effort is made to keep the record straight, an occasional slip does creep in.—Ed.]

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Pictures: 1. INP. 2, top and upper right, Keystone; rest, U.S. Signal Corps. 3, Keystone. 4, top, Pvt. Eugene C. Ford; upper center, U.S. Signal Corps; lower center, Planet; bottom, Keystone. 8, 9, 10, Cpl. Joe Cunningham. 11, U.S. Signal Corps. 12, 13, Sgt. Steve Derry. 14, Hal McAlpin, Goldwyn Studios. 15, AP. 17, upper left and lower right, PA; upper right, INP; center right, Acme. 20, upper right, PA; center right, INP; others, Acme. 21, Acme. 23, Bureau of Agriculture, Chemistry and Engineering.

"Do you think der Fuehrer will make us vote 'ja' by absentee ballot this year?"

Loans To Veterans

Dear YANK:

I was 23 when I enlisted and intend to take advantage of the educational provisions of the GI Bill of Rights when I get out. I need only one more year of college to get my degree. I know that my tuition will be paid by the Government but I can't see how

my wife and son can live on $75 a month while I go to school. I own a 10-acre farm, which could be fixed up to produce additional income if I could borrow about $1,000 for more livestock and equipment. Will it be possible for me to get that $1,000 under the loan provisions of the GI Bill of Rights, *in addition* to receiving the education benefits?

Sgt. JAMES ACKER

Italy.

[Yes. There are no restrictions in the GI Bill of Rights against a veteran obtaining more than one of the benefits of the law. To get the loan you will have to show that " there is a reasonable likelihood that such operations will be successful." If you can show that, the Veterans' Administration will guarantee 50 percent of the loan at not more than 4 percent interest.—Ed.]

Prunie Post Mortem

Dear YANK,

Just finished reading this week's edition. I'm writing in defense of Miss Lindsay (Aunt Prunie). I enjoyed her article and was surprised to learn that so many GIs took offense to her friendly comments. I'm sure that most of us have great respect for girls of her type and hold them in high esteem. When it comes to the morals and character of the average GI, I say there is plenty of room for improvement. So let's not be too critical.

In the Army, I try to live as near as possible the life I lived at home. I realize the circumstances and surroundings are different, but this is the same old world we live in, so why not carry on with the same ideals we always had? Or better still, if there is room for improvement, try to improve them?

Pvt. HUBERT A. SHANK

Britain.

Dear YANK:

Miss Betty Jane Lindsay wouldn't have to worry if the men who made the statements she disapproved of were on the front lines, because the Lord's name is only used when praying, except maybe when one of those damn Jerries shoots our courageous medics, whom we all highly respect out there. (Agree, men — and you, too, Miss Lindsay!) God forgives us of all that, though, because He's with us.

To you rough and tough men who wrote against Miss Lindsay's letter, we all agree with you, but spend your time praying, cause no matter how bad conditions are over there, those 88's make Christians of us all. The length of time on the front line might determine how good a one you are. The men in my Platoon all were the best.

JUST ONE DOUGHBOY
DET. OF PATIENTS

Hospital in the ETO

Dear YANK,

. . . I would like that very unsophisticated but nice little girl to know what a British woman feels on the subject. Firstly, I'm in a pretty good position to judge, as I'm canteen supervisor at one of the A.R.C. places . . . Before D-Day, the boys were so bored and homesick they had every right to swear if that would have eased their feelings. Since D-Day, and now that the boys are returning, either wounded or for any other reason, believe me they've plenty to swear about. But although I know best the toughest of the lot—the Airborne and Paratroops, bless 'em—I've *never yet* heard a GI use objectionable language nor tell a questionable story. Nor is this because I'm snooty, as I mix and talk with the lads freely and with real affection. Admitted I'm no pin-up girl, but the same applies to all my voluntary workers, many of whom would easily fill that role.

It should be pointed out too, that we don't have the boys in the club only on their best behaviour. Every night we have our quota of drunks, or as near drunks as one can get on ETO beer, poor boys. Then they're just more smiling and affable, more easily pleased with everything than usual.

Some of them, returned from Normandy, want to boast—and why shouldn't they? Especially—and may I also say here—the medics! Every lad I've talked to verbally takes his hat off to the medics. Another thing I notice, and am glad of, is that now they've been through things together, the different outfits have more respect and understanding for each other.

Mrs. L. G. SIMPSON (American Red Cross)

Britain.

Dear YANK,

Have a heart, boys! Can't we forgive and forget? After all, Betty Jane is only one of the millions of civilians who do not understand all the nooks and crannies of a soldier's mind. Besides, such a pretty nose shouldn't get so many pokes on it.

If Prunie found some of the retorts slightly pugnacious, I hope she has enough sense of humor to feel compensated by the fun we all had out of this scrap.

T/4 R. GIRARD

Britain.

Medic Moans

Dear YANK:

Here is a front-line pill-roller with a bellyache. What can be done? The combat infantrymen get a $10 to raise with their medal, but how about the medics, who go everywhere they do with no more protection than a few pills?

The infantrymen deserve it, alright; there is no question there, but a great many of them and all the medics feel the same as I do.

Please don't just send me to the chaplain, as I used up my card last week.

T/5 STERLING EVANS

France.

Boasts of Busts

Dear YANK,

I saw in your Mail Call column where some Joe claims to have the fastest record for being made and busted and thinks he deserves a medal for that record. Well, if there are to be any medals passed around count me in also. I was made a buck Sgt. one fine morning in Camp Ripley, Minn., at exactly 05.30, and before the order was completely distributed 2½ hours later there was another one out on my bust and even a transfer and if anyone can beat that record go right ahead. They say Sgts. are made, not born. But sometimes I wonder.

R. C.

Britain.

Dear YANK,

The " buck " who boasted that he was a sergeant for only nine hours was an old timer compared with a fella in my outfit. This lad got his three stripes at 10.30 one morning and had lost them by 11.00. Entry in the Morning Report for the next day: " Cpl. Davidson promoted to Sgt.; Sgt. Davidson reduced to Pvt."

Sgt. JOE FULLOSH (1st Sgt.)

Britain.

Dear YANK,

We've got him beat. Here goes—

We had a fellow in our outfit reduced from the grade of T/5 to private before he was made.

At the time of his " downfall " he was a private wearing a jacket belonging to his buddy, who was a T/5.

The CO, thinking our hero was a T/5, had him broken. Realizing that that couldn't be done to a private a special order was published making " our hero " a T/5 and on the same order reducing him to private.

Can anyone top that?

A "WALDO RAIDER"

Britain.

Sports Parade . .

TRIPLE WINNER. Stella Walsh (right), holder of 27 track titles, finishes a scant foot ahead of Alice Coachman of Tuskegee to win 100-meter dash in 0:12, one of her three victories in the Women's Nationals at Harrisburg, Pa. She also won the broad jump and 200-meters.

GRIMM BUSINESS. *Managing the second-division Chicago Cubs is no easy job. Just look what it's done to Charlie Grimm in the few weeks since he took over the team from Jimmy Wilson.*

ALL-STAR HEROES. Manager Billy Southworth hugs and kisses Rip Sewell (left) and Phil Cavaretta after National League's 7-1 victory in the All-Star game. Sewell ripped off three hitless innings and Cavaretta had perfect night at bat with triple, single and three walks.

THESE ARE JAP PRISONERS. In a camp near Chungking, some Chinese-captured Jap soldiers find baseball much to their liking despite the fact that it is an American game. Before the war baseball was a popular sport in Japan and drew big crowds in Tokyo.

SPORTS: LARRY FRENCH WRITES FROM NORMANDY BEACH

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

As far as we know, Lt. Larry French, the old Brooklyn letty, was the only major-league baseball player to take part in the invasion of Normandy. He was serving aboard a Navy vessel and came ashore on D-Day-plus-two when things were still plenty hot.

A few days ago, Augie Galan, the Dodger outfielder and one of French's old roomies, got a letter from Larry, telling of his experiences on the beachhead. Although the letter was addressed personally to Galan, he passed it among the Brooklyn gang to read and then turned it over for publication. He said he would feel selfish if he didn't share it. This is it:

France

Dear Augie:

A few days ago when the fighting was tough in this area I was in a foxhole with a fellow who seemed at the time to be a very good Catholic. He was praying earnestly, and, believe me, I was putting ditto marks under everything he was saying.

We could see a church over the beach crest, and the Germans had an observer in the tower. Our destroyers were taking a piece of it off at a time till finally the mortar fire we were absorbing became erratic and we knew they had lost their "eyes."

I vowed if I ever got to that church I was going to look up the *curé* and send you a medal such as the one I got at the Columbus Cathedral in Havana. Remember? It seemed to bring you good luck, and some for me, too.

It took some diligent talking in the sign language, but I did succeed in making the old *curé* understand. I told him I had a friend with the Brooklyn Dodgers who would like to have it. That puzzled him; he was the first man I ever met who didn't know all about the Dodgers.

As you know, Augie, I wanted to see this thing; well, fella, I have. I got ashore D-plus-two, days ahead of my expectations. This beach was plenty hot—88-mm fire and mines wherever you stepped and the darndest fireworks at night: our support against the air raids which came in on schedule each evening.

First few nights we dove for our hole in the sand to get out of the flak from the trigger-happy sailors in the bay. We now just stay in the tent, realizing if the number is up it will get you anyway. I had a good friend blown up yesterday by a mine not 50 feet from me. He got off the road about 15 feet.

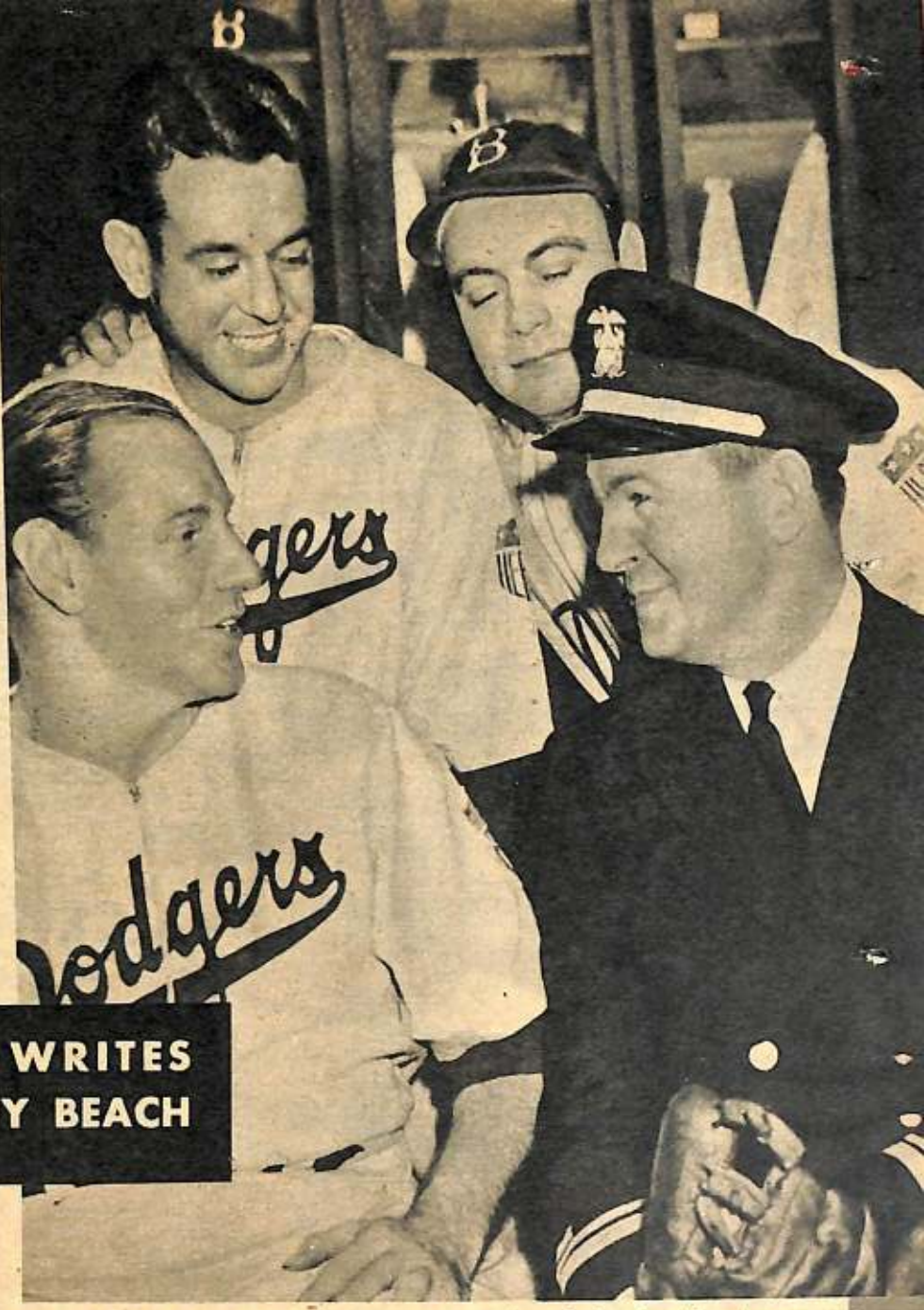
I went up front a few days ago and spent a day and a half in the lines, but my luck was all bad. All the Germans I've seen have been dead ones or prisoners. Frankly, I would like to get one in my sights. I shot around 500 rounds out of my carbine prior to D Day, and, by golly, my shooting has improved. Tell that to "Coon Skin" Davis.

There is no way for me to describe this scene of a few days ago. If you can imagine barbed wire 60 feet through, mined every inch of the way, even hanging on the wire like presents on a Christmas tree; pillboxes 20 feet thick that took a direct hit from 14-inch shells to knock out; sinking ships, dead, injured and living soldiers, sailors, flyers from all the Allies floating in the sea among every type of wreckage, you have a small picture of this beach. It was tough to take and nothing in the world did it, could have completed it, but the guts of our American kids.

Guess I've said enough about the war, but I'm just full of it, and it is all I know at present. Except that I think of you fellows often, and I want you to say hello for me to Davis and "Dixie," Webber, Wyatt, Owen and Johnny Corriden. Tell Charley Dressen I thought of his coaching line whistles when I heard those shells whining overhead.

But pass up the left-handed pitchers. I'd like to have them all over here and walk them ahead of me to clear out the mines. Then I'd be the only one left, able to go back and get the three games I need to fill out 200 wins for the book. In the meantime.

As ever, LARRY



Here's Lt. Larry French visiting old pals on the Dodgers before he shipped overseas. Seated: Leo Durocher and French. Rear: Augie Galan and Kirby Higbe.

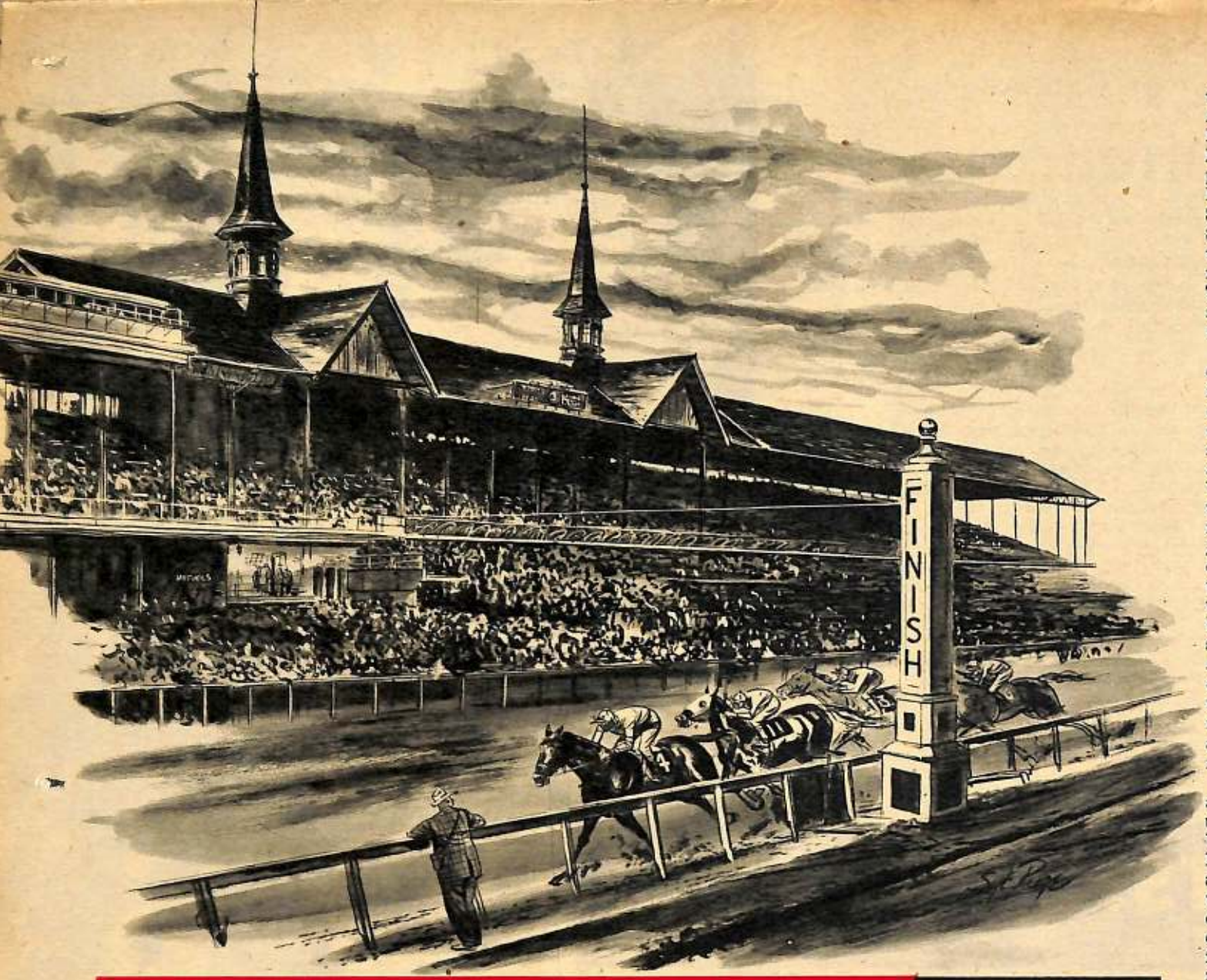
SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

CHAMPS. Lt. Don McNeill (left) and Pvt. Frankie Kovacs, both returned from overseas, meet at Forest Hills, N. Y., where they played in the Red Cross tennis show. Kovacs licked McNeill, 6-4, 6-4.

THE Brooklyn Dodgers are hearing rumors that **Pvt. Pete Reiser** may be discharged from the Army very soon because he still suffers severe headaches from running into the wall at St. Louis in 1942. He has been at Fort Riley, Kans., 18 months and has been disqualified for overseas service. If Reiser does return to the Dodgers, he will play shortstop, not the outfield. . . . After all these years, **Comdr. Jack Dempsey** finally broke down and admitted he lost his fight with **Luis Angel Firpo** in 1923. He says if the sports writers hadn't pushed him back into the ring he never would have been able to continue. Dempsey thinks **Benny Leonard** and **Mickey Walker** were the best fighters he ever saw, but added: "Guess I better give Tunney a little credit. He beat me twice, didn't he?" . . . **Lt. John Tripson**, giant tackle of the Detroit Lions, who won the Navy Cross in the North African invasion, further distinguished himself on D Day by scooping survivors from a blasted vessel out of the water with one hand while German planes tried to strafe him. . . . Our item about **Pvt. Al Blozis'** new Army record for the hand grenade (65 yards) failed to impress **Cpl. Mike Rizzo**, a grenade instructor at Camp Blanding, Fla. He went out and set a new record with an 88½-yard heave.

Pvt. Frankie Kovacs, recently returned from Australia, claims he didn't lose a single exhibition match Down Under, and he played 15 of them. Kovacs thinks **Lt. Joe Hunt** and **Ens. Jack Kramer**, our two best amateurs, could never beat Crawford and Bromwich if the Davis Cup were played now. And, according to Kovacs, Bromwich's best days are over, because of malaria. . . . **Cpl. Billy Conn**, who just arrived in the ETO to give camp exhibitions, says that if he should meet Joe Louis there it would be "just a social affair." . . . **Lt. Muzz Patrick**, the hockey star, is an MP officer on an Atlantic troop transport. . . . When **Frankie Sinkwich**, the cripple threater, was discharged from the Merchant Marine recently because of flat feet he was offered an administrative job in that service, but his draft board wouldn't permit him to accept it. The draft board ordered him to report for Army induction. He was examined and rejected because of—you guessed it—flat feet.

Decorated: **Lt. Ken Kavanaugh**, former LSU and Chicago Bear end, with the Air Medal in the ETO. . . . *Commissioned:* **Glenn Cunningham S2c**, one-time mile champion, as a lieutenant junior grade in the Navy. . . . *Discharged:* **A/C Dick Wakefield**, Detroit's $51,000 slugging rookie, from the Navy because of a reduction in the pilot-training program. . . . *Ordered for induction:* **Ray Hamrick**, shortstop of the Phillies, by the Navy. . . . *Rejected:* **Vince DiMaggio**, Pittsburgh outfielder, because of stomach ulcers.



LOUISVILLE, Ky.

HOME TOWNS IN WARTIME

By Cpl. JAMES B. GOBLE
YANK Staff Writer

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Everybody works in this war-swollen city. For a while there was even talk about closing the county jail; there weren't enough prisoners to pay for its upkeep. Everybody apparently was too busy to raise hell, and, besides, you couldn't buy a bottle of bourbon any place in town.

War plants have sprung up like mushrooms. There's Rubbertown at the south of the city, where Goodrich, Du Pont and other concerns manufacture synthetic rubber. Not far away are the Curtiss-Wright and Vultee airplane plants, and across the Ohio River in Indiana the Charlestown powder plant lights the northern sky. The old stand-bys are engaged in war work, too. The Reynolds metal plants, scattered throughout the city, produce aluminum. Tube Turns helps make artillery. The distilleries produce high-proof alcohol instead of bourbon. The boat works over at Jeffersonville, Ind., has built so many LSTs that long ago it ran out of the champagne and ribbon for launchings.

Workers flocking to the war plants have increased metropolitan Louisville's population approximately 12.5 percent since 1940. The latest Census Bureau figure was 508,718. Not all the people who come here to work are able to find living quarters. Apartment seekers have been known to stop moving vans and ask the drivers where they came from, and the story is told of one who attended a funeral just to learn the location of the deceased's vacant house. Want ads appear in the *Courier-Journal* and the *Louisville Times*, offering rewards of $50 for information about houses for rent. Frequently houses are sold—for 25 percent more than their pre-war value, but seldom are any advertised for rent. Housing projects and new subdivisions in South Louisville have helped ease the strain, but it still isn't easy to find a place to live.

War workers alone didn't cause the housing shortage. Many houses and apartments are rented by married soldiers stationed at Bowman Field on the city's outskirts and at huge, sprawling Fort Knox, 32 miles away. Early each morning US 32 is thick with traffic moving in the southbound lane toward Fort Knox. Each evening the northbound lane is almost solid with cars moving back toward Louisville.

On 4th Street, the "main drag," you can see almost as many soldiers as civilians. Occasionally you see one of the sailors assigned to studies at the University of Louisville, or a Wac from Fort Knox or Bowman Field. Sometimes you pass a Coast Guardsman from the station on the river front. Before the war Louisville's Coast Guard station was publicized as the only inland one in the nation.

Even if there were no servicemen on 4th Street, you could still tell a war was on. Many women wear war workers' badges—and slacks. (You always saw slacks in the suburbs before the war, but never downtown.) Every other taxicab is driven by a woman. Women also operate the street cars on the Oak and 2d Street lines. Frequently you see old men wearing Western Union badges. There are about 25 of them, hired to replace some of the 18- and 19-year-olds who were drafted. William Henry Walls of 302 West Jefferson went to work for Western Union after the paper shortage hurt his newsstand business at 3d and Broadway. He has a son, Sgt. John Walls, with the Engineers in Italy. Alfred Langham, 57, of 620 Ervay, who is a records clerk for the K & I Railroad from 3 to 11 P.M., started working for Western Union mornings to reduce weight, and he lost 20 pounds in a year.

The appearance of 4th Street itself has changed very little, except that they finally tore down "Starling Roost," the old Federal Building between Chestnut and Guthrie, and replaced it with a park. Folks still stand in line at Loew's, the Rialto and the Mary Ann to see movies. The Brown and Seelbach Hotel lobbies are still the meeting places for everybody. Jutt's Bar, the Canary Cottage, Stewart's and Kaufman-Straus are more crowded than ever. Every Monday night is like Derby Eve. That's because the stores stay open until 9 P.M. for the war workers' benefit.

Juvenile delinquency is ceasing to be an outstanding problem, partly because of Gremlin Corner, a "night club" for teen-agers. It was set up in a large gymnasium at 26th and Oak by the Youth Recreation Committee and financed with Community Chest funds. There juveniles, both plain and delinquent, whoop it up at the coke bar, at the pool tables and around the juke box. Some nights the club stays open until midnight. And it's okay to smoke, only don't bring your butt on the dance floor. The club is credited with bringing an armistice between two rival juvenile gangs.

The regular night spots are still at it. Things are as usual at the Madrid, Gypsy Village, Colonial Gardens, Derby Inn, Trianon, Oasis and Joe Lurding's, except that Joe is having the second floor of his building converted into apartments for war workers. You might not get a drink of bourbon whenever you want it, but there's always some blended stock on hand. You won't see many cars parked around the night spots; lots of folks go celebrating via trolley bus or tram. And most of them drink a little and go home early.

Everybody from everywhere still comes to the Derby. Officials of the OPA reported 325 automobiles from 25 states were seen last Derby Day, despite warnings to motorists to stay at home. A record $2,144,620 was bet during the day, almost $50,000 more than the previous high established in 1926 when Bubbling Over came home first. This year's Derby was won by Warren Wright's Pensive with Conn McCreary aboard.

THERE's hardly a block in the city that hasn't sent more than one man off to war. There's Marine Sgt. Gilbert McIntosh, 4307 Vermont, veteran of nine battles in the South Pacific, who was awarded the Silver Star for gallantry at Guadalcanal. There's Sgt. Paul Wigginton, 1516 Ormsby, with the Air Corps in India, who was awarded the DFC and Air Medal. There's Sgt. Arthur Kinsella, 3618 Larkwood, who was cited for saving two soldiers from a burning truck in Italy. There's Capt. William Harrison, 1414 Eastern Parkway, holder of the Silver Star and the DSC, who escaped from an Italian prison camp, and there's Lt. Martin Neel Jr., 361 Hillcrest, who has made at least 25 raids over Germany. They are only a few among many.

Louisville is proud of its servicemen, and if you chat with anybody long enough, he soon will be telling you about his son, or his neighbor's son, and what he is doing in France or New Guinea. On the Courthouse lawn there is a white monument painted with the names of more than 250 servicemen. The names aren't arranged in alphabetical order. They go like this:

Fireman 3c Lentil Watkins, formerly of 443 East Jefferson.
Pvt. Herman Johnson, formerly of 945 Franklin.
Metalsmith 1c George S. Sikking, formerly of 1011 Lampton.
Marine 1st Lt. Giles Smith Jr., formerly of 911 Reasor.

They go on and on—the names of Louisville's real heroes in this war. They are the guys who won't come back.

FEDERAL BALLOTS

YANK Washington Bureau

WASHINGTON, D. C.—If they're eligible, overseas GIs from 20 states will be able to vote by Federal ballot in the November election. The states that have okayed use of the Federal ballot are:

California	Michigan	Oregon
Connecticut	Nebraska	Rhode Island
Florida	New Hampshire	Texas
Georgia	New Jersey	Utah
Maine	New Mexico	Vermont
Maryland	North Carolina	Washington
Massachusetts	Oklahoma	

To use the ballot a GI has to take an oath that he applied for a state absentee ballot before Sept. 1 and didn't get it by Oct. 1. He has to be 21 by the day of the election, Nov. 7, or if he is from Georgia he only has to be 18.

Men from the other 28 states will have to rely entirely on state absentee ballots.

Here's the way the Federal ballot works:

Shortly after Oct. 1 the CO of every outfit that's not on the front line will set a date for voting. Men who are away from their units on that day can vote at some other time after Oct. 2.

On the day for voting the CO will give a ballot to every soldier who asks for one and says he's willing to swear he applied for his state ballot before Sept. 1 and didn't get it.

Before voting, GIs should find their own Congressional District on Soldier Voting Poster No. 3, a huge map of the U. S. that shows every Congressional District in the country. Then they should study Poster No. 4, which lists the offices for which they can vote and the names of the candidates.

In case a man can't read or write because of sickness or injuries, his voting officer—there's one in every outfit down to company and battery level—will help him. The voting officer will also be able to answer questions on how to use the ballot.

Ballots and inner and outer envelopes will be given out by the voting officer at a specified voting place in the company area.

After he gets his voting unit, a voter should read the instructions, fill in the ballot in a secret place and fill in each item on the envelopes, including the oath on the inner envelope, address the outer envelope to the capital of his home state; then, when it's ready, return the ballot to the voting officer for mailing. The voter should not mail his own.

If a man spoils or damages his ballot or makes a mistake in writing a candidate's name, he should return it to the voting officer and get a new one.

SOME men who vote the Federal ballot may later get the state ballots for which they applied. Those who do should fill the ballots out and mail them anyway. If they get back to the voter's home states in time, they will be counted instead of the Federal ballot; if they don't, the Federal vote will count. The main advantage of the state absentee ballot is that it covers both Federal and state offices while the Federal ballot lists only the Federal offices.

GIs who are on their way back to the U. S. from overseas stations but who won't arrive until after Oct. 1 will also be able to vote and can get the details from the voting officers of their outfits or the voting officers on their transports.

South Dakota has decided to accept applications for a state absentee ballot at any time instead of only after Sept. 28. The state will mail the ballot after Aug. 27 instead of after Sept. 28, as previously announced, and, to be counted, the ballot can get back to the state as late as Nov. 7.

New Mexico has passed a law that okays voting by state absentee ballot, and a GI may send in his post-card application at any time. The state will mail the absentee ballot, which will be carried by high-priority air mail, after Aug. 1. To be eligible, the completed ballot must be received back in the state by Nov. 6. GIs from New Mexico who haven't registered have only to apply for the ballot and fill it out. No special steps for registering are necessary.

If there are any further changes in voting regulations, YANK will pass them on later. The official dope on the use of Federal ballots can be found in *WD Circular No. 302, 17 July, 1944.*

Meantime, the best source of information is your voting officer.

JEEPS ON THE FARM?

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Writer

WASHINGTON, D. C.—GIs who have been planning to use jeeps on their farms after the war are in for a big disappointment.

Unless it's changed, the war-time jeep will be just a "handy, amusing, plucky but expensive jack of all trades" and not much good for anything on the average farm.

At least that's what Dorothy V. Knibb of the U. S. Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce says in an article printed in a Government-financed magazine, *Domestic Commerce*, which ought to make it pretty official.

In the first place, Miss Knibb doesn't think much of the jeep's looks. "For all its popularity, it's unbeautiful," she writes. And what's more she doesn't think a farmer's wife is going to want to drive to town or church or go visiting in one.

In addition, Miss Knibb, who seems to have ridden in a jeep once or twice, writes that, "as a passenger car, it is uncomfortable at any high speed and several low ones.

"It has no shock-absorbing apparatus and no finishing touches in general. On the road it will go from about 12 to 15 miles per gallon of gasoline, depending on load and speed."

So Miss Knibb rules out the jeep as a civilian passenger car.

As a truck, she contends, it hasn't enough room for much of a load, although it might be "hitched to a farm wagon or trailer and pull average-size loads. Truck farmers who make frequent trips to nearby markets and carry small loads might use the jeep to certain advantage. But despite the fact that it can be used on good roads with the one-axle drive, gasoline consumption is relatively high and maintenance would be considerably more than for a pick-up truck."

What about substituting the jeep for a tractor?

Miss Knibb reports that the U. S. Department of Agriculture is trying to figure out an answer to that one and already has conducted a few tests at the Tillage Machinery Laboratory in Auburn, Ala., and at Penn State College.

"The jeep's performance was somewhat similar to that of a small tractor of about the same weight with rubber tires," the article declares.

At certain jobs, like pulling a six-foot tandem disc harrow for 6½ hours, the jeep's gasoline consumption was about 50 percent higher than that of a tractor of the same size and weight.

"In the over-all picture, the jeep's draw-bar horsepower is from one to three less than that of the small tractor," Miss Knibb continues, "its speed is half a mile faster, its pull is one-third less, as is its horsepower per gallon of gasoline."

In general, the main difference between the jeep and the tractor is the speed of its engine. A typical tractor engine averages about 1,300 rpm, while a jeep, built to go over rough roads at high speed, makes as many as 4,000 rpm, with an average of about 2,000 rpm.

Nobody knows for sure whether a jeep engine can stand up for any length of time at such a low speed because, as Miss Knibb puts it, "it has not been tested 'to the death'." However, an average automobile, which has a life of several years if its low gears are not used very often, wouldn't stand up for long if "its full engine power were used continuously in low gear."

Chances are, Miss Knibb says, the jeep would burn itself out if harnessed down to tractor work for very long, especially since it doesn't have a governor. A variable-speed governor would cost more money and might not be enough help anyway, she says.

For pulling plows, cultivators and other row work, the jeep is "obviously of little use because it has an eight-inch clearance, and its tread-width of 51 inches is not adjustable."

However, it is built so that a pulley assembly—Miss Knibb thinks one shouldn't cost more than $50—could run a wood saw, feed blower, water pump, hay elevator "and other similar stationary pieces of machinery. As an auxiliary unit, it could meet many important needs."

On large farms Miss Knibb believes the jeep could be used to carry hands to the fields, round up cattle, transport seeds and light equipment and "generally for getting into places inaccessible to trucks and cars."

If manufacturers want to modify the jeep so that it will meet civilian farm needs, its design, according to the article, will have to be either more like the tractor or more like the truck or passenger car.

"If it becomes a tractor, its hauling potentialities will be infinitely less than they now are," Miss Knibb says. "And, if it becomes a truck or passenger car, it will lose most of its tractor abilities."

But modified or not, Miss Knibb concludes that the jeep just won't be practical on the average farm, the kind most farming GIs will be working. It may be practical on large ones.

"In either case," Miss Knibb warns, "it would appear that its role would not be important enough to affect the market for farm machinery to any great extent."

NATURALLY a lot of people back home don't agree with Miss Knibb's conclusions. For instance, *Popular Science* magazine recently conducted a contest on "1,001 Post-war Jobs for the Jeep," and most of the winners were sure the jeep would be of practical use on farms after the war.

One, Lt. W. L. Hoffman of Camp Forrest, Tenn., claimed that jeeps "will do anything a horse will do, except whinny—and you don't have to feed them when they're not working."

Others suggested that jeeps should be assigned to postmen and doctors in rural areas, road surveyors and inspectors, telephone and telegraph wire stringers, and even to police and the FBI.

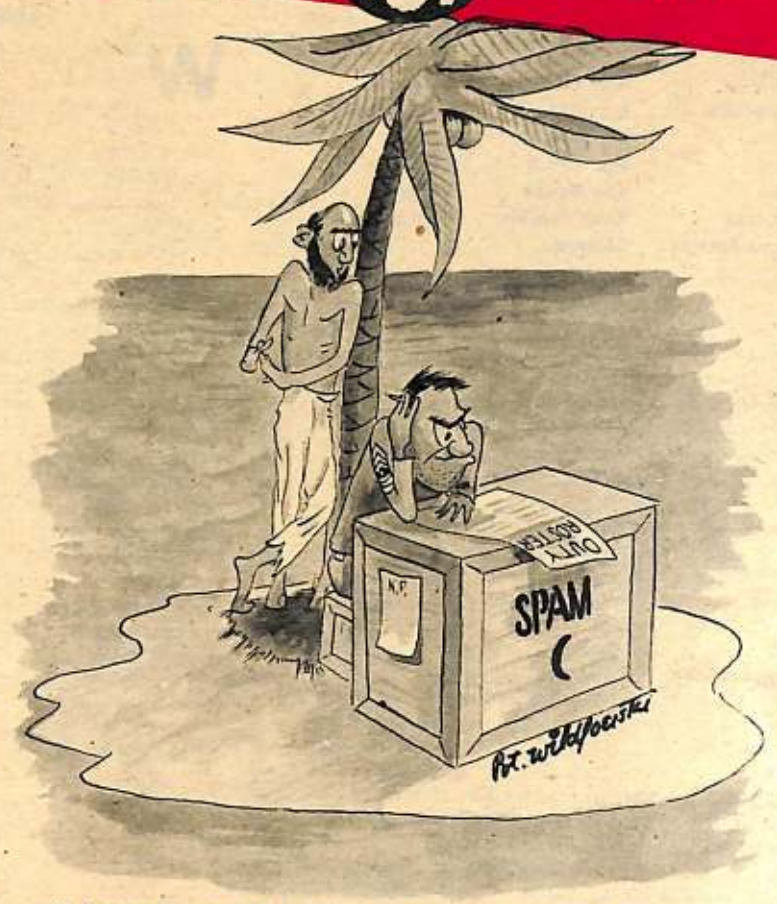
Despite Miss Knibb's feeling about the way it looks, *Popular Science* reports that "the idea of prettying up the jeep drew cries of pain from servicemen. While most of them expressed hopes of owning a jeep after the war, many simply for the pleasure of driving it around, the servicemen wanted it to retain its present rugged homeliness."

The chances are a lot of servicemen will agree, and it's almost certain that automobile manufacturers will find a way to modify the wartime jeep so it will have some post-war uses for ex-GIs.

Two samples of that luxury item, the jeep, seem able to plow and disk a seedbed on a farm in the U. S.

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

"HE SAYS IT'S OKAY, HE KNOWS EVERY INCH OF THE ISLAND."
—T-5 Arnold Thurm



"I SUPPOSE YOU'VE GOT ME ON DETAIL AGAIN TODAY."
—Pvt. Frederick Wildfoerster

We are sick of desert island cartoons, too. These are the last ones we'll ever publish.

"IT'S FROM THE OLD MAN. HE SAYS WE'RE DUE FOR TYPHOID BOOSTER SHOTS."
—Cpl. Fred Schwab

"THERE'S ONLY ONE THING I WANT TO KNOW—IS THE TIDE IN OR OUT?"
—Pvt. Mel Warenback

—Sgt. Ralph Stein