BRITISH EDITION

YANK

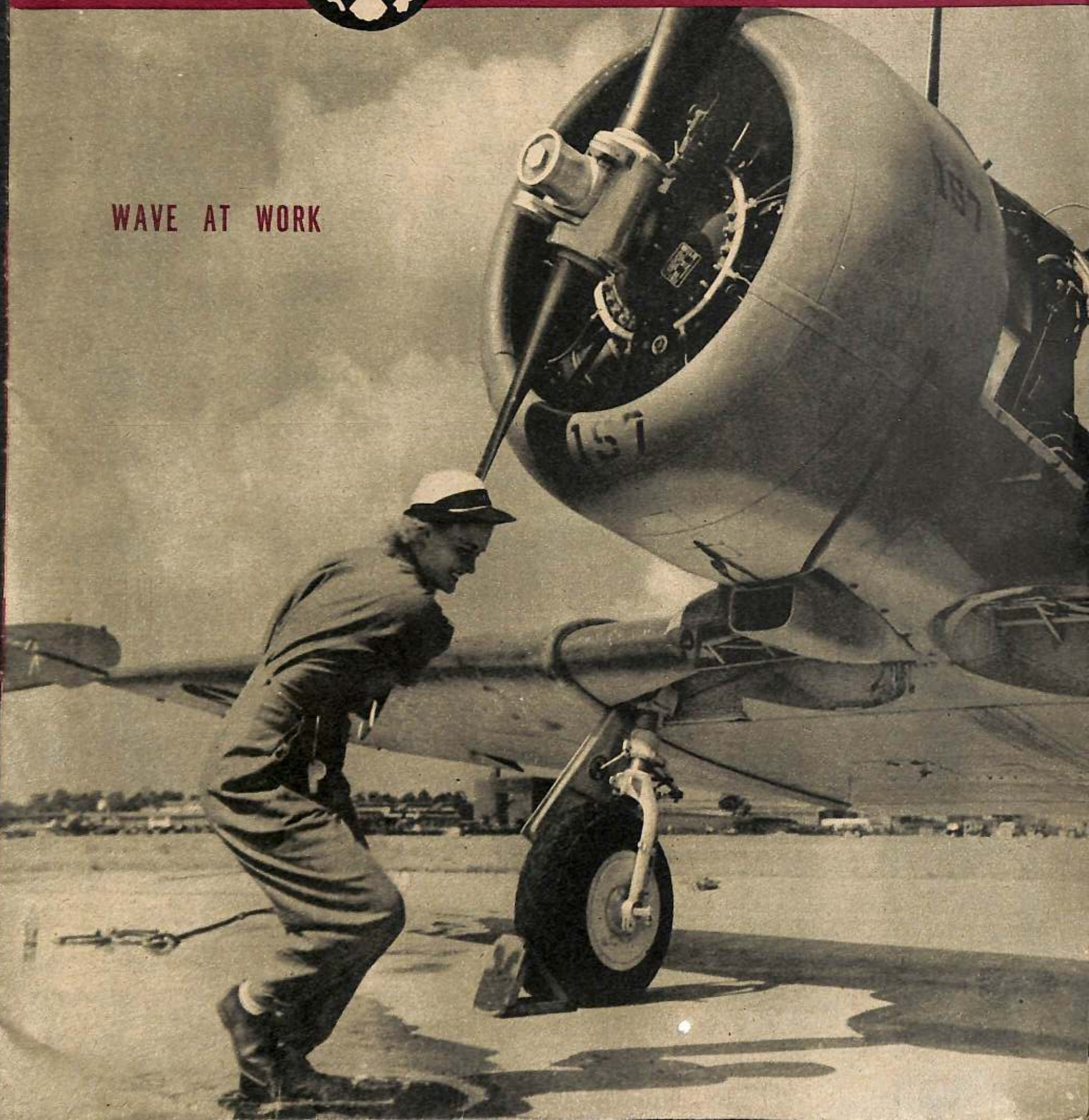
THE ARMY WEEKLY

3d FEB. 20 1944

VOL. 2, NO. 36

By the men . . for the men in the service

WAVE AT WORK



WILLAMETTE STREET, THE CENTER OF EUGENE, OREG., WHOSE CITIZENS ARE DETERMINED THAT NO RETURNING VETERANS WILL HAVE TO TRAMP THE PAVEMENTS SEEKING JOBS.

Gil McLaren is a hardware merchant.

William M Tugman edits the *Register-Guard*.

Elisha Large is mayor of the City of Eugene.

Clint Hurd, judge, also county commissioner.

Send this story home. It tells how some people in Oregon are trying to keep their servicemen from selling apples a few years from now. Your town should hear about it.

PROJECTS IN THE WORKS UNDER LANE COUNTY PLAN

PROJECT	CASH ON HAND	STATUS
Eugene Sewage Disposal	$80,000.	Site already bought; plans and blueprints completed.
Eugene Swimming Pool	25,000.	Site bought; plans being drawn.
Power and Water Plant Improvements	1,400,000.	Plans being drawn.
Eugene High School: First part of a $1,500,000 project	515,000.	70-acre site bought; blueprints being drawn.
Springfield Sewage Plant	190,000.	Plans being drawn.
Springfield City Hall	30,000.	Plans being drawn.

OTHER PROJECTS IN THE MAKING

PROJECT	ESTIMATED COST	STATUS
Eugene-Springfield Drainage	$1,000,000.	U. S. Army Engineers have agreed to furnish basic engineering in connection with their huge flood-control dams at the headwaters of the Willamette River.
New High Street Bridge	$300,000.	State engineers are working with Eugene and Lane County to coordinate the High Street Bridge with a grade separation and junction with U. S. 99 in Eugene.
Other roads and bridges	250,000.	
County-City Building	$600,000.	In the talk stage.

In addition, the Government still has $50,000,000 for the completion of flood-control dams on the Willamette River, and the State will have at least $3,000,000 for projects in the area.

THE EUGENE PUBLIC SCHOOL BOARD IS PLAYING A BIG PART IN THE COUNTY'S POST-WAR PLANS BY DEVELOPING AN EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM FOR THIS WAR'S VETERANS.

LANE COUNTY MAKES POST-WAR JOBS

By Sgt. H. N. OLIPHANT
YANK Staff Writer

EUGENE, OREG.—Apples here in Lane County are thicker than potatoes in Idaho, but no veteran of this war will ever have to tramp the sidewalks of Eugene trying to sell them.

That's the promise of this frontier-bred community which, since its settlement by America's last great pioneers less than 100 years ago, has built up a notable reputation for not welshing.

Today, with more than 7,500 of their men and women away in the armed forces, the people in and around Eugene, through a unique post-war planning set-up, are doing some important scouting and patrolling of many of the tough problems that all of us will have to face when we get back home after the war.

The set-up is called the Lane County Planning Council. It is composed of some 60-odd key citizens who represent all sections and interests in this part of the vast Willamette Valley.

Under a plan that could conceivably become a pattern for all American towns and counties, the Planning Council is mobilizing its forces for post-war reconstruction *now*. Without letting up on the war effort, it is working out a strategy for winning the peace. If other U. S. communities get on the ball and prepare similar strategies, the Planning Council believes, they can and will be in a position to see that their promises to veterans are really kept this time.

Actually, several other U.S. communities are getting on the ball. From coast to coast in such widely separated places as Albert Lea, Minn., Tulsa, Okla., and Miami, Fla., the machinery for rebuilding a war-strained America is slowly being assembled. These post-war projects, as they multiply, are encouraging evidence that certain tough-minded people back home haven't forgotten what happened after the last war when rosy promises to veterans too often degenerated into a ghastly business of walking the streets by day and sleeping in a two-bit flophouse by night. That, they say, won't happen again.

Every soldier wants to come back after the war to a good job and to a decent community where he can piece together the parts of a better life, but he knows that the change from war to peace won't be easy. He knows, for instance, that when American industry, one-half of which is currently employed on Government contracts, suddenly stops making war materials and reconverts to make peacetime goods, millions of war workers along with millions of ex-soldiers and ex-sailors will have to be employed pronto, or else.

The Government, of course, knows these things, too, and is tackling the problem from all sides; but planning on a national basis is necessarily a pretty broad and impersonal matter. In the mountains of charts and statistics that have to be kept in Washington, a human being gradually begins to look like a card-index number.

To succeed, any post-war plan has to be built

A GI talks with Mike Moriarty, representative of the Veterans' Administration in Lane County.

by and for human beings; and, while a national government can supply the skeleton for such a plan, only individual towns and cities, close to the core of everyday human living, can give it flesh and blood.

That's why the people of Lane County are out to do a job, to do their share in the building of a new and better America. Because it's the sort of job that all towns and cities will have to undertake sooner or later—a job whose success or failure means a lot to every GI wherever he is—YANK decided to take a close look at the way Eugene and Lane County are working it out.

Stockpile of Jobs

FORTUNATELY the members of the Lane County Planning Council have no illusions about the complicated problems they are up against. But by taking them by the numbers for a while, and by using hard-headed facts instead of pipe dreams for ammunition, they figure they can lick those problems. After all, as one logger out here recently put it, "our fathers and grandfathers licked a frontier wilderness back in the '40s and '50s. This frontier of a new kind of peace can't be any tougher to beat than that one was."

Led by Eugene's amiably stubborn mayor, Elisha Large, and old Clint Hurd, Lane County's shrewd, drawling commissioner, the Planning Council's first big hurdle has already been jumped. Local financial affairs, thanks to an assortment of budgets, tax bills and municipal scrimping, have been pulled almost completely out of the red. This community, according to Judge Hurd, will definitely not be caught with its economic pants down when peace comes.

"With our own affairs in order," says Fred Stickels, ex-sheriff and the Planning Council's first chairman, "we are now getting down to work on two major goals: first, creating jobs for the post-war period and, second, perfecting our plans for discharged veterans."

The Planning Council's objectives:

1) To make sure that every returning veteran gets either his old job back or one just as good. Or a better one if he deserves, wants and can handle it.

2) To see that every disabled veteran is properly taken care of.

3) To give all veterans every conceivable break both during and after the crucial period of their readjustment to civilian life.

4) To cooperate fully with the Government on the vast Federal program for veterans.

More wordy promises? Maybe. However, unlike some of the high-sounding plans for soldiers mushrooming in the States these days—plans that would provide us with everything from the Brooklyn Bridge to a cow and 40 acres of pasture in Heaven—the Lane County Plan is remarkably short on sweet talk and long on down-to-earth action.

The Planning Council's slogan is "A 5 Million Dollar Stockpile of Jobs." But the people out here are not merely sitting in the back of Gil MacLaren's hardware store or standing on the Court House steps talking about their slogan; they're doing something about it. Most of the dough has already been raised, or is earmarked in funds now in the making; and the Planning Council has arranged for the purchase of land sites, hired engineers and completed blueprints for many extensive projects, all ready to be put under way as soon as the war ends.

Formed a little more than a year ago, largely through the efforts of Alton Baker and William M. Tugman, publisher and managing editor respectively of the *Register-Guard*, Lane County's only daily newspaper, the Planning Council has plenty of other concrete achievements to show for its work:

1) The city and county debts have been virtually paid off.

2) A tax structure, by which taxes that formerly went for debt payments now go into funds for post-war public works, has been okayed by the voters.

3) A method for surveying local industry, business and labor has been evolved by which the Planning Council can get an azimuth on the post-war reemployment problem.

4) Almost 3 million bucks has been socked in the public kitty for necessary public projects, and that ain't hay for a county whose population is less than 75,000.

"We believe," Bill Tugman says between thoughtful puffs on his well-caked pipe, "that veterans of this war are not going to be satisfied with just getting jobs. Our aim, therefore, is not only plenty of jobs with full time, full pay and real opportunities for promotion. We want every one of our soldiers, if it's humanly possible, to come back and be a well-adjusted producing part of our county."

Lane County, despite its huge modern flood-control developments, its great lumber and plywood industries, its scientific farming and cooperative markets, is still essentially a settlement of pioneers. Tough, resourceful and independent as hell, these people refuse to lie back and take it easy while public funds are drained for "charity projects."

"We demand the right to do our share," Tugman says. "We don't object to Federal and State aid, but we insist on controlling our own show. In our plan are included several Federal and State works. We don't and won't interfere with their employment policies. We don't want them to interfere with ours. We simply want something of our own for our own men."

The Lane County Plan is divided into three parts, each headed by a special committee. First, there is the Committee for Industrial Mobilization whose job is to canvass local business, industry, labor and education to determine what the county will be able to provide in the way of employment, expansion and improvements after the war.

The log pool at one of Eugene's 137 sawmills, a part of Lane County's great and thriving lumber industry.

Next, there is the Committee for Public Works, which is raising the cash for the "5 Million Dollar Stockpile of Jobs"—preparing plans and specifications for such necessary public projects as a new $1,500,000 high school, for power and water-plant improvements, bridges, county-city buildings, sewage-disposal extensions and a million-dollar drainage project for some of the boggy ground around Lane County's two incorporated cities, Eugene and Springfield.

Third, there is the Committee for Veterans' Relations. This is chiefly an advisory board. By keeping in personal touch with Lane County soldiers, it hopes to find out the kinds of work they will want to do after the war, what plans they are making for the future, whether they will choose to live here or elsewhere. As more and more veterans return, the committee's primary job is to help ex-servicemen personally with the problems of getting back into civilian life.

Questions Are Asked

FOR more than a year now men like Baker, Stickels and Tugman have been belaboring their fellow citizens with a number of big questions. For example, they have asked Charlie Briggs of the Booth-Kelly Lumber Company what he as an employer can do now to create jobs for the post-war period. They have asked E. A. McCornack of the Eugene Fruit Growers to make a list of the developments he and the farmers and fruit ranchers are planning. They have asked T. V. Larsen what improvements he wants to make on his mill, 20 miles west of town. They have asked local factory owners what new tools and implements they will need. To still others they have put the question: On the basis of regular surveys of conditions and needs both nationally and locally, what do you predict the post-war markets will be for your goods?

And, finally, the most important question of all is addressed to every employer in the county: As matters now stand, how many of Lane County's veterans will you be able to employ, what types of jobs will be available to them and what will be their chances for advancement?

Answers Are Given

IN the stores and two-story frame buildings that line Eugene's main street, in the bristling sawmills and plywood plants that sprawl along the log-crammed banks of the river north of town, on the rich farms and fruit ranches that lie farther down the valley, the men on the Planning Council are beginning to bag some important, revealing answers.

Take Charlie Briggs. He says his lumber company needs a new mill, new saws, hundreds of new tools. If something is done about "withholding taxes," so he and his partners can build up adequate cash reserves, he says they should be able to spend $100,000 for plant construction.

Mack McCornack says that at present 2,000 persons are working steadily at the Eugene Fruit and Vegetable Growers, that his outfit is turning out two million cases of green beans a year, mostly for the Army and Navy. In addition, 5,000 harvest workers are seasonally employed. Crop conditions are good. Soil treatments are being experimented with for better cultivation of hops and green vegetables; but the farmers and ranchers need new plows, tractors, trucks. These needs are being noted and counted.

The Southern Pacific Railroad shops have 1,800 on their pay roll. Officials are studying ways and means of keeping their employment at the peak after the war. Women are now working in the yards on many of the jobs that men used to do, so SP experts are trying to determine how many of them will want to stay on after the war and how many will want to return to their kitchens and how many now single will want to get married. The SP is also cooperating with mill owners in figuring out the transportation problems that will confront them when war markets fold and peacetime customers start shooting in orders.

Lane County's giant lumber industry—there are 2½ million acres of the world's best timber in the county area between the rolling peaks of the Cascades and the jutting headlands of the Pacific Coast—is preparing for a terrific post-war building boom. Moreover, local sawdust savages like Dale Fisher, George Giustina and T. W. Rosborough are expecting big things from the young science of wood chemistry, which converts rotted wood and waste products into everything from plastics to sugar, charcoal, alcohol, yeast, lactic acid and even fodder.

In addition, the lumber men are cooperating with various agencies like the Home Planners' Institute to encourage the building of better homes for the future. Classes are held regularly, usually in the old high-school building, where businessmen, workers and their wives get free instruction in smart home building. Specialists from Portland and nearby cities, and local architects, designers and electricians do the teaching.

"We are sponsoring these classes," a member of the West Coast Lumbermen's Association said, "because we believe by getting sound and up-to-date construction work ready to go now, a lot of community benefits will be reaped later." These he lists as follows:

1) The construction industry will be able to provide thousands of jobs for carpenters, bricklayers, plumbers, plasterers, painters and many others.

2) A big market will be opened for household furnishings and appliances.

3) The lumber industry and producers of building materials will be kept busy.

4) Business generally will get a shot in the arm for home financing.

Big shots of Lane County industries are not the only ones who are being subjected to the Planning Council's third degree. Professional men, merchants, workers, even housewives are getting it. This is the reason. In every community there are people who grow things, people who make or distribute things and people who buy and sell things. Every one of these people, however modest his share, contributes something to the community's economy pattern. Fred Stickels and his Planning Council want to get a good unblurred gander at that pattern so they can predict with reasonable accuracy the buy-

YANK, The Army Weekly, publication issued weekly by Branch Office, Army Education and Information Division, War Dept., 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter July 6, 1942, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., Watford

ing and selling power Lane County will have after the war.

Here as elsewhere in the country, the pinch of war, the difficulty or impossibility of buying many essential materials, has created an enormous pent-up demand for civilian goods and labor. For instance, Gil MacLaren needs new counters and lighting fixtures for his hardware store at the corner of Broadway and Oak. With the release of war materials for home building and store and plant improvements, he will need a lot of new saws, planes, hammers and nails.

Charlie Steen needs a whole new set of meat knives and cleavers for his packing company down on Willamette Street. He could also use three brand-new delivery trucks.

Dave Hoover needs new hog sheds, tools and implements for his dirt farm up the valley.

Mrs. Mahlon Sweet, wife of Eugene's well-known aviation pioneer, has been trying to get a new refrigerator for two years. No go. Refrigerators haven't been available in these parts since Snappy Service No. 2, the coke and sandwich hang-out for high-school kids next to the McDonald Theater, got one from Portland two weeks after Pearl Harbor.

The Eugene *Register-Guard* has been struggling along with an old press for a couple of years. Alton Baker says he would pay $25,000 for a new one right now if he could find one, but that's impossible because the iron and steel that formerly went into printing presses are now going into guns and bullets.

All of these accumulated needs, great and small, are being added up and placed alongside the current city-county income, the rate of employment, the community's buying and selling power. Lane County, knowing where it stands today, is in a better position to know how it will stand up against the needs of tomorrow.

Post-War Education

LAST in the Lane County Plan for veterans, but not least by a long shot, is an important, possibly a precedent-setting, educational program that has been developed by Eugene's School Board and the University of Oregon, located in Eugene. Realizing that many soldiers, little more than kids when they joined up, will come back as mature guys with a lot more serious interests than they left with, local educators have devised special courses in the U of O "to fit the special needs of various types of returning men."

The university defines these types as follows:

1) Regular students who have gone directly into the armed forces from high school and who will be entering college for the first time and will register for courses leading to degrees.

2) Students who will have partly completed a college course before entering the services and will return to college to earn their degrees.

3) Students who have been injured and hospitalized, then discharged and sent to institutions for special training. Some of these will fall into Classes 1 or 2, but many will wish brief, intensive, specialized courses, distinctly vocational in character and not leading to degrees.

4) Ex-students, graduates, older men and others who have been dislocated by the war and will want short courses of a vocational nature.

Cooperating in Lane County's educational program is Eugene's remarkable Vocational School, which has remodeled and taken over the old brick schoolhouse on West Fourth Street. The school is so organized that students may enter at any time during the year, and the courses offered range from skilled crafts and trades to hints on baby care for prospective fathers.

Arrangements have been made between the U of O and the Vocational School that make it possible for veterans enrolled in one institution to study for credit in the other. In other words, a discharged soldier who has worked, say, in a garage may take a course in automobile mechanics at the Vocational School and at the same time ponder such subjects as physics, philosophy and Modern English poetry in the university.

Ready When Peace Comes

ALL in all, the people of Lane County are confident that their plan will work, that it will point the way to a new pattern of life much sounder than the old one that a global war has ripped to pieces.

In the 14 months since Baker and Tugman invited 70 of the county's leaders to the Osborn Hotel for the Planning Council's first meeting, a lot has been done to justify that confidence.

For one thing, their surveys have shown them four important points that give hope to any thought about post-war America. First, in Lane County, as in practically all U.S. communities, people have built up what is probably the biggest fund of private savings in history. Second, as the war goes on, the demand for civilian goods and labor increases almost hourly. Third, a tremendous output of tools and machinery will be needed for national reconstruction. And, finally, there will be an almost limitless expansion in the new industries and sciences whose growth has been held back by the war—television, commercial aviation, engineering and chemistry to name only a few.

Lane County realizes, however, that unless U.S. industry is able to get back to peacetime production in a hurry, the props may collapse. That would mean wholesale unemployment, Federal relief on a vast scale, and tighter and tighter government controls.

Lane County says that needn't happen. Its actions so far give weight to its words.

The Spirit Behind the Plan

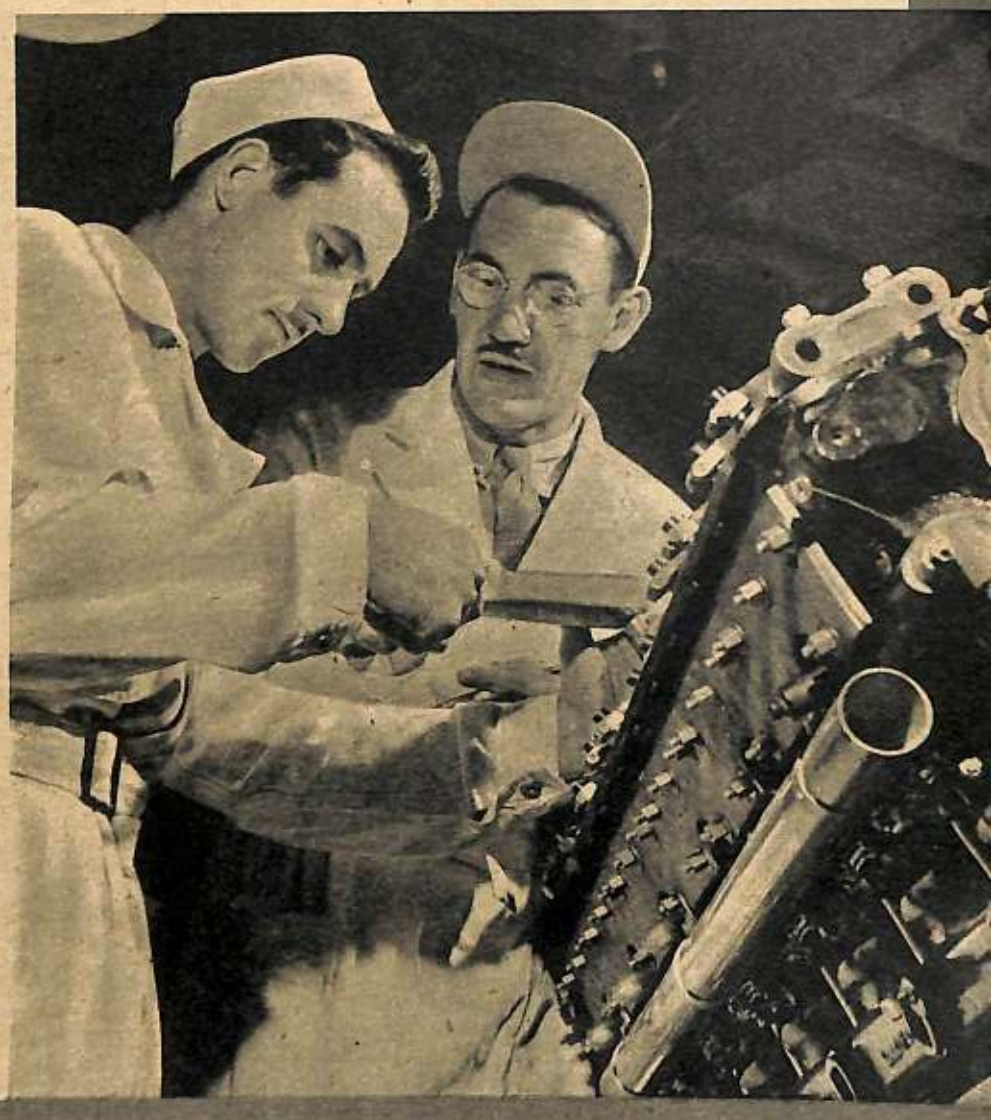
THE Lane County Plan is important, all right. But almost more important than the plan itself is the spirit of the people. It is a spirit that you see more and more these days throughout the U.S. It is hard to describe, but it is there. And you can get a good look at it in smaller communities like Lane County, which has given one-ninth of its population to the armed forces. War has never been so close to so many before. Almost every man, woman and child here has a personal stake in it, and the new spirit stems from that fact.

It would be plain goofin' off, of course, to say that everybody here in Lane County understands what's going on in the world today. There are dark forces at work molding the future which no one any place clearly understands yet. But nearly everybody, from the wealthier families in their fine big homes on Snob Hill to the poorer people in their little frame houses down by the SP tracks, feels some of the deeper implications of those problems. Sharpened and sobered by tragedy and personal loss, they realize that unless we win this war and then work together to build a saner world based on values of reason and human understanding—that unless we do this, justice, freedom, security and a decent life for our families will vanish from the earth.

The spirit that you feel out here is partly a new awareness of the bigger problems of human society and partly a steeled determination that those problems shall be solved this time.

Perhaps old Judge Hurd expressed it best the other day when, speaking of the battle for a better world and the little part that Lane County will play in it, he said: "At least, by God, we're on the alert, and our powder's dry."

WOMEN WORKERS AT EUGENE'S CANNERY PRODUCE FOOD IN BULK FOR WAR FRONTS.



HENRY RING (LEFT), DISCHARGED SAILOR, SETS VALVES IN VOCATIONAL SCHOOL.

RAID ON THE MARSHALLS

By Cpl. LARRY McMANUS
YANK Staff Correspondent

SEVENTH AIR FORCE BASE IN THE CENTRAL PACIFIC [By Cable]—Our Mitchell (B-25) bombers roar down an atoll of the Jap-held Marshall Islands in line abreast, their open bomb-bay doors barely clearing the blue-green water of the lagoon and yellow flame belching from their noses as they send 75-mm shells crashing into their targets.

Like a mile-wide aerial rake, our formation blazes its way across ground installations and anchored ships, each explosive volley leaving a furrow of destruction.

As in earlier raids on the Marshalls by these flying artillerymen of the Seventh Air Force, the Japs are caught with their heads down. They seem unable to devise any defenses against the Mitchells' flashing attack, which opens with 75-mm cannon, continues with .50-caliber nose guns, climaxes with bombs and concludes with a deadly strafing from the waist, tail and top-turret .50s. The entire action takes place at a speed well in excess of 200 mph and at an altitude as close to zero as pilots can fly bombers.

"You're going to have to look quickly to see the target," someone told me as I got ready to fly with the Mitchells over the Marshalls. The advice was good. The easternmost island of Maloelap Atoll passed under the wings of our B-25 within three minutes of the time it first showed as a dark line over the horizon. The planes continued across a lagoon 15 miles wide.

We had been briefed in a rough unpainted mess hall in a coconut grove. Then the flyers had piled into trucks, which took them to the line. Capt. Riley E. Scruggs of Bluefield, W. Va., the squadron operations officer and flight leader of this mission, made a last-minute check-up with the control tower while 1st Lt. Gust J. Yandala of Follansbee, W. Va., navigator and operator of the plane's cannon, sent the crew chief after another shell. The racks were full, but the lieutenant likes to carry an extra round in the breech.

Their noses nodding clumsily and then steadying as the throttles were eased forward, our planes took off. The leading flight circled the base as other bombers joined the formation, swooping in and settling into their assigned positions like birds standing on a stationary perch. Led by the *Coral Princess*, the Mitchells lined out for the long flight to Maloelap, central atoll of the eastern chain of the Marshalls.

The crew, veterans of similar trips over the Marshalls, rested in the after section of the plane. Sgt. Joe McDonough, former metal worker from Plainfield, N. J., was asleep, one moccasin-shod foot resting on a waist .50, his head propped against the top turret's pedestal. S/Sgt. Sam H. Sperling of Hollywood, Calif., his headset on, dozed before the radio.

Sam sat erect when a call came through the interphone, shook Joe awake and had him pass the message to the tail gunner, S/Sgt. Floyd M. Hooper of Nashville, Tenn. It was time to man the guns. The Mitchells were passing into fighter range of a Jap base.

Hooper crawled into the tail. Joe swung into the saddle and tested the turret. Sam changed the waist gun from "safe" to "fire." Before Sam sat down again, he looked forward across the bomb bay and waved a "Roger" signal to the navigator, his thumb and first finger forming a circle. Between the bomb bay and the top of the fuselage there was just room for a man to crawl through.

At the other end, Lt. Yandala—who was promoted to captain the following day—was bending over the breech of the 75. He looked at his black-faced watch and stepped up into the nose of the plane. This was the waiting period before the destination comes into sight, when every navigator sweats it out. The scattered atolls of this theater offer almost no opportunity for check points or landfalls until the objective is reached and none at all if it is missed. The navigator leaned on the pilot's and co-pilot's seats, peering ahead for a first glimpse of Maloelap.

Under the pilot's seat lay a rust-colored cocker spaniel, Pistolhead, whose name the crew members sometimes contract to two syllables when he misbehaves. The dog seemed to be asleep, but occasionally he would open his eye for a check-up on his master, Maj. S. T. (Ted) Willis of Fort Worth, Tex., group operations officer and co-pilot of the *Coral Princess* for this mission.

Trailing away on both sides, other planes followed in flights of Vs, slightly below the *Princess*.

Maj. Willis prodded the pilot and pointed ahead and to the left, where a small dark bulge broke the even curve of the horizon. The navigator smiled for the first time since the take-off, flicked a switch behind the co-pilot and stepped down into his compartment. "Don't bump into the switch," he shouted. "If you change the setting, the bombs won't drop."

The *Coral Princess* dipped her wings and the other planes moved into line abreast, their bomb-bay doors opening. Throttles were pushed forward, the needle of the air-speed indicator rising and then steadying as attack speed was reached.

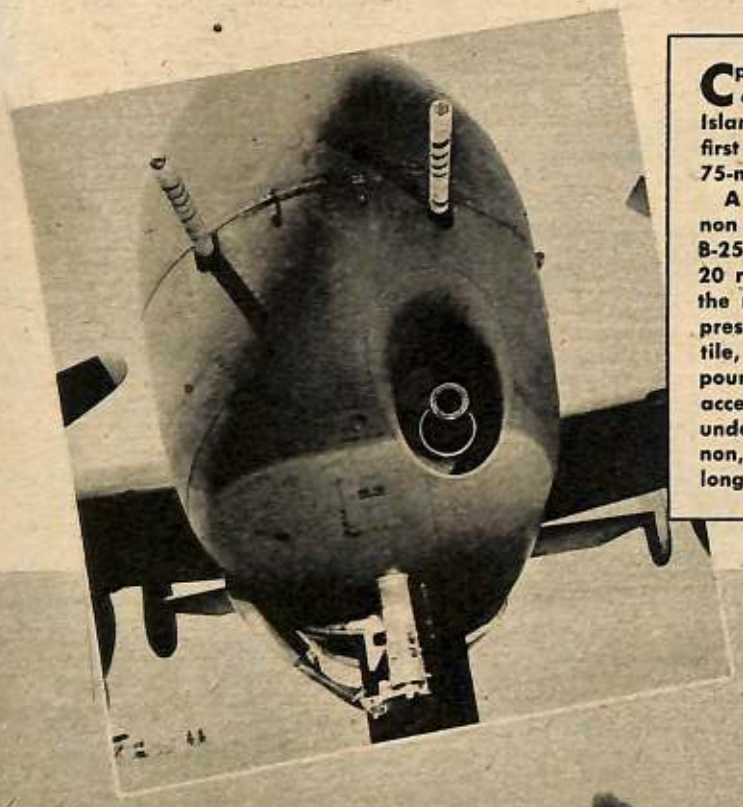
Our formation crossed the northern end of the atoll and swung right down the chain of islands leading to Taroa. No ships were sighted, but the planes whose line of flight lay over the islands blasted away with all guns. Occasionally a bomb was dropped, and smoke began to seep through the coconut groves behind the flight.

To the right of the lead plane a 75 shell hit the top of a coconut tree. There was a burst of flame and the trunk stood as bare as a telephone pole while palm fronds fluttered to the ground.

"No ships, damn it!" someone shouted as the pilot pulled the stick back to clear the islet by a few feet. The additional altitude then revealed two 125-foot ships at the south shore of the islet, which started pouring out streams of bullets.

The *Coral Princess* shuddered with the recoil of her 75, and empty shells piled up at the navigator's feet as he slammed shell after shell into the breech, smoothly avoiding the recoil as he reached for the next round. Maj. Willis released a 500-pound bomb as the plane crossed the target and the tail gunner reported that "it blew the damned ship clean out of the water."

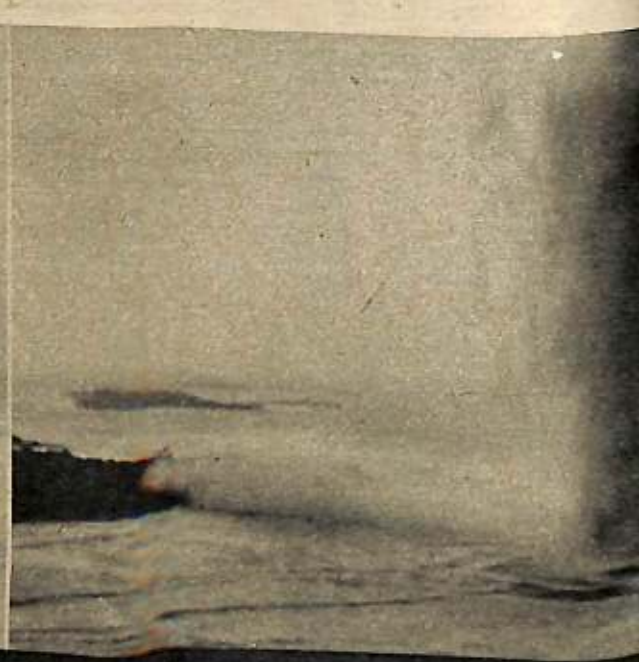
Planes of the right wing blossomed flame as their cannon destroyed other small craft in the lagoon. When no more surface vessels remained, the formation swung left and headed back for the



Cpl. Larry McManus of YANK is the first correspondent to fly over the Marshall Islands on a combat mission and one of the first to describe how Mitchell bombers use 75-mm cannon against the enemy.

A 15-pound projectile is fired from the cannon in the nose, which in this model of the B-25 is metal instead of plexiglas. About 15 or 20 rounds can be fired in less than a minute, the navigator loading and the pilot firing by pressing a button. The complete shell (projectile, case and propelling charge) weighs 20 pounds and is 26 inches long. The bombardier's access tunnel, along the left side of the fuselage under the pilot's compartment, houses the cannon, which is usually fired near the end of a long downward glide toward the objective.

A delayed-action bomb exploded and set fire to this Japanese freighter. The blaze eventually sank the ship.



There she blows! . . . in lagoon at Jap-held islands.

Muzzle of *Little Joe's* 75-mm cannon shows below the .50s in nose of Mitchell bound for the Marshalls.

The first correspondent to fly in an attack on that Jap base tells how his B-25 blasted the enemy with its 75-mm gun.

radio towers marking the Taroa airstrips. Then excited words exploded over the interphones. Anchored in the lagoon off Taroa was a 4,000-ton freighter, a destroyer and several smaller craft.

Capt. Scruggs spun the wheel sharply and headed for the Jap warship, the formation still with him in line abreast. There had been ack-ack earlier during the run down the atoll but nothing like the curtain thrown up now by the freighter and the destroyer. Thousands of tracers curved through the sky, and spouts of water reached up after the attackers as the destroyer's larger guns were trained down at the lagoon to the level of the low-flying planes. Land-based guns from Taroa poured bullets at the planes, with frantic Jap gunners attempting hopeless deflection shots.

The *Coral Princess* leaped ahead, each shot from the cannon covering her windshield with yellow flame. Her two wing planes were also slamming 75s into the targets, while planes farther to the right hit others. On the left, the next flight pounded the freighter and, still farther to the east, the end planes poured destruction over Taroa.

When the Mitchells of the lead flight were still 1,000 yards from the destroyer, the warship's guns ceased their fire. The *Coral Princess* drove ahead, nose down and all forward guns firing. A few yards from the destroyer, Maj. Willis released a 500-pound bomb, and a split second later the pilot yanked up the plane's left wing and cleared the ship's mast by inches. Jap automatic weapons on a small island south of Taroa sprayed the sky as the flight roared across it and out over the sea.

Just before the formation hit the warship and the freighter, a plane from the right wing, piloted by 1st Lt. George Leggett of Yonkers, N. Y., broke formation and headed for the Taroa airstrips. "I was out of bombs," Lt. Leggett explained later, "and was too far out on the flank to hit any ships. Hell, I couldn't waste ammunition on the lagoon."

Cpl. Henry B. Krush, Seventh Air Force cameraman who was in the Leggett plane and took the pictures with this story, saw seven Zeros taking off as the Mitchell swept over the airstrip. One turned crazily off the runway and plowed through the brush while three headed for Leggett's straggling plane, now a half mile behind the formation. Krush dropped his camera and manned a gun as the Zeros made a pass at the plane, putting a few holes in her left wing before Leggett succeeded in rejoining his formation.

The Jap flyers, like the enemy gunners on the ground, seemed unable to attack the speedy, low-flying Mitchells successfully. The Zeros tailed the formation for 15 minutes, overtaking it in level flight but falling behind when they climbed to get into attacking position.

One Zero swung wide to the right and—silhouetted against the clouds covering the setting sun—passed the formation and began an attack from 1 o'clock. Warning bursts from the American turret and waist guns drove it off, and the Jap headed home after a few weak passes.

Shortly afterward, the gunners left their posts and gathered around the radio table to shout descriptions of the raid back and forth. "We hit that destroyer solid," McDonough grinned. "There were about 30 Japs running around on the far side of the deck and jumping over the side."

"And that freighter," Joe added. "I thought those bombs were duds, they delayed so long. Then—blooey!—there was a hell of an explosion. The last I saw of the freighter, there was just the bow and the stern sticking up."

Our uneventful trip home was made by the light of a full moon. Joe and Floyd were asleep again, and Sam was dozing by his radio once more. In the cockpit, Pistolhead slept, too, happy that the cannon fire was ended. He didn't mind the .50s—he has more than 400 hours of flying time in military planes—but the 75s annoy even an Army dog.

The navigator sweated it out again, and an occasional light in the plane to the left of the *Coral Princess* showed that her navigator, 2d Lt. A. R. Wong, an American-born Chinese officer from Cleveland, was also studying his charts.

Word was passed around to hang onto something when our plane landed, in case the flak had damaged the landing gear. The formation was broken swiftly and the Mitchells set down on their Central Pacific base.

Interrogation and later checking of the claims of each crew revealed the day's score: one 4,000-ton freighter sunk, one destroyer possibly sunk, one 150-foot sloop and several smaller craft sunk, two Zeros damaged and numerous fires started among ground installations. Reconnaissance the following day disclosed that the destroyer was on the bottom of the lagoon.

A number of the Mitchells had flak holes, but there was no serious damage to them and no injury to their crews.

We walked back to our tents after the questioning, but the excitement of the day kept conversation going long after we had crawled under the mosquito bars.

"What if those Jap ships do have a lot of guns?" said a sleepy voice in one tent. "With three Mitchells, I'm willing to take on any destroyer or cruiser in the whole Jap fleet."

He'll probably have the chance. The Seventh Air Force will send many more Mitchells over the Marshalls before this particular phase of the Pacific war ends.

This display resulted from a bomb and strafing .50s.

How a formation of Mitchells appeared near Maloelap, central atoll of the eastern chain of the Marshalls.

Life of an RTO

By Cpl. IRVING SWERDLOW

RTO means Railway Traffic Officer—and you don't have to be an officer to be one. In this case he's a corporal, one of whose headaches is to make sure that American soldiers don't get lost, strayed or stolen in the web of British railways. But there's always one guy out of a trainful who will end up in Liverpool asking, "Is this Edinburgh?"

ENGLAND.—You are a member of the Transportation Corps. As you cross the wave-torn Atlantic in a hurricane, watching the slender corvettes racing up and down the horizon seeking out the submarine wolf packs; as you admire the plucky tanker breasting the heavy sea, half-submerged, coming up each time like a drowning man, and following along, like a poor relation, the last vessel in the convoy; as you stand on the deck at night, listening to the destroyers dropping their ash-cans, feeling the reverberations of the depth charges roll like thunder under your ship; as you dream of your return back home—you wonder what you're doing in the Transportation Corps.

You debark in pitch blackness, and lunge along a dark passageway, which is illuminated at intervals by soldiers who stand by with flashlights—torches, as you will later learn to call them. The man who lights your way, who catches you as you go arse over head as your foot catches in some of your equipment, is an RTO.

You line up in your first railway station in England. Trains the size of Lionel toys crawl along the tracks. You study your surroundings in the encircling gloom, you examine the high arches of blackened brick, and you conclude that if you had dreamed it, it would have been a nightmare.

"Wake up," someone says, startling you out of your reverie, and you look up at an RTO, with the red brassard of the Transportation Corps on his left arm. You lumber quickly into the train.

It is blackout, and the shades are down. You are tired and, throwing your coat over you, fall asleep. After several hours, you wake up. There is daylight in the car, and you look out upon your first day in England.

It is raining when you get off the train, but you have a glimpse of a charming English village as you trudge puffily up the hill to the Transportation Corps School. Your full field pack plus those inactive days at sea make the hill seem a mountain.

It is Sunday morning, so you take it easy. Besides, it has turned out to be a beautiful day and the countryside is like a painting by Constable.

School starts on Sunday afternoon. The general leads off. Brig.-Gen. Frank S. Ross doesn't pull his punches. He shoots straight from the hip. He tells you that you know nothing. And you are inclined to agree with him.

"The Transportation Corps will furnish the necessary transportation," he announces.

FIVE days of schooling follow. More is thrown at you than you could well master in fifty days. Claims prevention, perishable freight, documentation, port operations, movement control, bases, commands, districts—your head reels. After noon chow you sit sandwiched in between your buddies, lest you fall off your chair and into the aisle—your mind is sleepy and exhausted.

Presently you find yourself inquiring who does all this? And the suspicion becomes a certainty. It is the Railway Traffic Officer. The RTO. You are going to be an RTO. Railways, huh.

On Friday morning you finish school, and in the afternoon you are assigned. The group charges away in all directions. You arrive at Paddington Station. "American locomotive entered Paddington for the first time on . . ." you remember Col. Norman A. Ryan saying. You are rushed across London in trucks. It is noon, but there won't be any chow, because the train is late, and you can just make the train at King's Cross. Oh, well, it won't be the first time you've missed chow. You rush along the platform to your train. There seems to be a wait. Then an RTO appears with bags of lunch. Sandwiches and cakes. "Sorry, corporal," says the RTO. "No time for a hot meal." You devour the contents of your bag gratefully.

At your destination there is a further break-down of your group. You are definitely assigned to what appears to be the remotest point of the western world. You are told to repair there as RTO. "You'll see plenty of bombing, where you're going," a friendly NCO manages to whisper, as you trip over your gun going through the door.

You move along in a slow train. In the compartment an English girl considerately offers to share her small chocolate ration with you. She tells how a bomb from a German plane struck a company of nurses on parade.

You arrive at your station. Soldiers pour from the cars ahead of yours. An RTO rushes up, shakes hands with you, and then rushes off to look after the soldiers on the platform. You remain standing alone. The troops you travelled with pile into trucks and are driven away.

The RTO comes running up and asks you to follow him. You climb into the signal box, where he notes the time the train was due, the time it arrived, and the time it cleared the station. You meet the station master, who has joined the conclave for tea at the signal box, which is a combination living-room and brake-room. After a few words, the RTO and you leave, crowd into a jeep and drive off.

GI Cpl. Pinkney Shrum, of Senath, Mo., and Gilbert Weide, of the Royal Engineers, are shown in the same act at the station—"How do I get from here to there?" The two helpful gents are M/Sgt. Billington, above, and Sgt. Tomas R. Ramos, of Washington, D.C., below.

You roll precariously along a thin, twisting road in the direction of shooting. On the way you are told that you are going to be RTO at a Gunnery Range of the VIII Bomber Command. The men just over from the States take a several days' refresher course, then go on to join their bomb groups. Sixty or so had come in that afternoon, an equal number would be going out the next day. As a rule hundreds come and go every day.

Lieutenant "Shavetail" is the RTO in charge. He is a short, energetic man whose motto is: "Do today what can be done tomorrow."

You are quartered in a Nissen hut, with about thirty air gunnery instructors. The atmosphere is surcharged and intense; the conversation is heated and continues long after midnight. You lie on your bunk, and you're tired, but you listen despite yourself. You begin to catch the drift of the conversation. These are young-old gunners who have completed their tour of duty in the European Theater. They are always rehashing their raids. One consults his diary, another refers to a card for the date on which he flew over Hamburg. You are aware of a continuous roar of planes outside. It makes you feel good to know it is our men going over.

You drift off to sleep and dream that you are a gunner; you are attacked and you let blast with all barrels, just to relieve your feelings. You are awakened by a hullabaloo. Two of the men are doing their best to bring an old black horse into the hut.

But the mare is abashed by all the male company and can only be induced to set her forelegs in the door.

With the passage of days, you get to know the men better. One is a Dutchman, but he looks like Dante gone through Hell. He talks in his sleep all night about Christmas and Thanksgiving dinners at home, and what a swell chance a turret gunner has of getting a piece of flak-bone with his turkey. Another, who played varsity football on parole from a penitentiary, is the hero of the romance ward, but he has a barracks bag full of medals for shooting down enemy planes. He finds love and peril go hand in hand. He reads excessively in those lean days before pay day, and he hasn't quite recovered from the fact that Rupert Brooke lost his life in the last war because of a flea bite. What a way for a poet to die, he murmurs, rolling on his back on the bunk.

A third gunner was a meek book-keeper before the war. He talks about his twenty-third mission. The radio operator had been hit, and was lying on the floor of the plane. You wouldn't think a man had that much blood; he looked green. The plane had turned back when they were attacked again. The ex-bookkeeper had his oxygen mask shot from his face, which was a mass of blood. One of the engines caught on fire and the pilot wanted to ground. It meant the certain death of the radio operator. The men said no. So the pilot went into a nose-dive with the men pinned to the roof of the plane, like flies sticking to the ceiling in summer. The fire was extinguished. Somehow or other, the plane was brought back to England. The radio operator was rushed to the hospital. The gunner tells the story over and over again.

The biggest hero in this corrugated pantheon is a blond boy in his early twenties; he stammers and blushes easily. He was married three days before he flew over. On his sixteenth mission, he was hit. Two bullets in the legs, two in the intestines, two in the lungs; he had to keep his head back while shooting, because his mouth kept filling with blood. In this way he shot his way back to England. He has a dull pain in the stomach, where several feet of intestine have been removed, and he has some bad nights when he sweats.

You are on duty at seven in the morning, because men have to leave on an early train. You find it is a good thing to get the men out as soon and as early as possible in order to prevent congestion. If there is a group of twenty or more leaving you call up your district office, they put their heads together with the Movement Control and do the routing for you. The station master has also been informed of the projected move; it is odds that he has arranged a through coach for the men and a through baggage van, which eliminates a world of senseless milling about, mad rushing from one train to another, and a ceaseless carting back and forth of barracks bags and luggage. The men, after loading their baggage on the van, can enter their wagon and relax during the long, tiresome ride ahead.

MEANWHILE you sweep the floor of the RTO office and call up Transportation for the trucks. Lt. "Shavetail" signs the trip tickets for the drivers and we are off to tent city to pick up the men who were informed the afternoon before to be packed and ready to leave at eight a.m. You roll into tent city like the proverbial sheriff with eviction papers in his hand. The men police up, throw their bags on the trucks, jump on and leave, hurling suitable imprecations at a place where the nights are remarkable for their coolness.

You arrive at the railway station after having been slowed down in your progress by cows, dogs and pedestrians. At the station you enjoin the men not to indulge in any impious hymns, for there are generally pious civilians about.

You enter the office of the station master with your warrants. He greets you with an outburst of collegiate exuberance, because he likes American cigarettes. For you, the most expeditious time schedules are always available, no traffic snag which you may have got into is too difficult for him to unravel—and that with the greatest good humor. You have already discovered that his hero is Nelson—whom you assure him he resembles—and since yours is Lady Hamilton, you get along famously.

The train is coming around the bend. The men gang up on their baggage. You shake hands with them and wish them all the best of luck. They are off to their first mission. Tonight, as you lie on your bunk in the Nissen hut, listening to a gunner discoursing about a lovely pub—lovely people the English—you will hear the men of the morning flying overhead. Bombs away. You can't miss it.

You return from the station to find someone waiting for you. His B bag is missing—valuable personal belongings—his wife's picture was in it. Can you trace it for him? You promise to do what you can. Oddly enough, very few bags go permanently astray. Sooner or later, they all drift into London. You get in touch with London, and as often as not, the bag will be on its way.

YOU remember to send a teletype to the Bomb Group informing it of the arrival of the men who have left that morning. The colonel calls up. He wants to know how to get to Birmingham without having to go through plaguey London. A private drops around for information on trains to Edinburgh. He wants to go there on his furlough. The station master calls up. A soldier has been apprehended, riding the bumpers. He had been separated from his outfit and so had adopted this instinctive American mode of travel. You explain to him that any RTO would have been glad to fix him up with a ticket. Such tricks make an RTO homesick.

Late in the afternoon, you chart the next day's activities. You inform the men who are to leave, write warrants, prepare train schedules. In the evening, the desk is clear; so you put your feet on it. The telephone rings. The inevitable black sheep who has strayed from his group has just arrived at the station, eight hours late. He is all innocence as he bleats over the telephone. You get into a jeep and go to fetch him.

You are back at the office once more. This time you keep your feet off the desk. Lieutenant "Shavetail" rushes in. Five hundred men passing through will be stopping at the station for ten minutes. They will have traveled all night, after leaving the boat. It would be a good idea if they found breakfast waiting for them at the stop-over.

You recall your own first morning in England. So you run across to the mess hall. The mess officer is willing to cooperate. You have been tracing the whereabouts of the mess officer's wife, who is a nurse, via the RTO underground. She is due to arrive at a certain hospital on a certain date, and you have it arranged with the RTO at that hospital to inform you immediately upon her arrival. The mess sergeant will be delighted to prepare sandwiches, and promises to see that the coffee is hot. You get two trucks from Transportation. You drop in at the guardhouse and tell the MP to wake you at four-thirty.

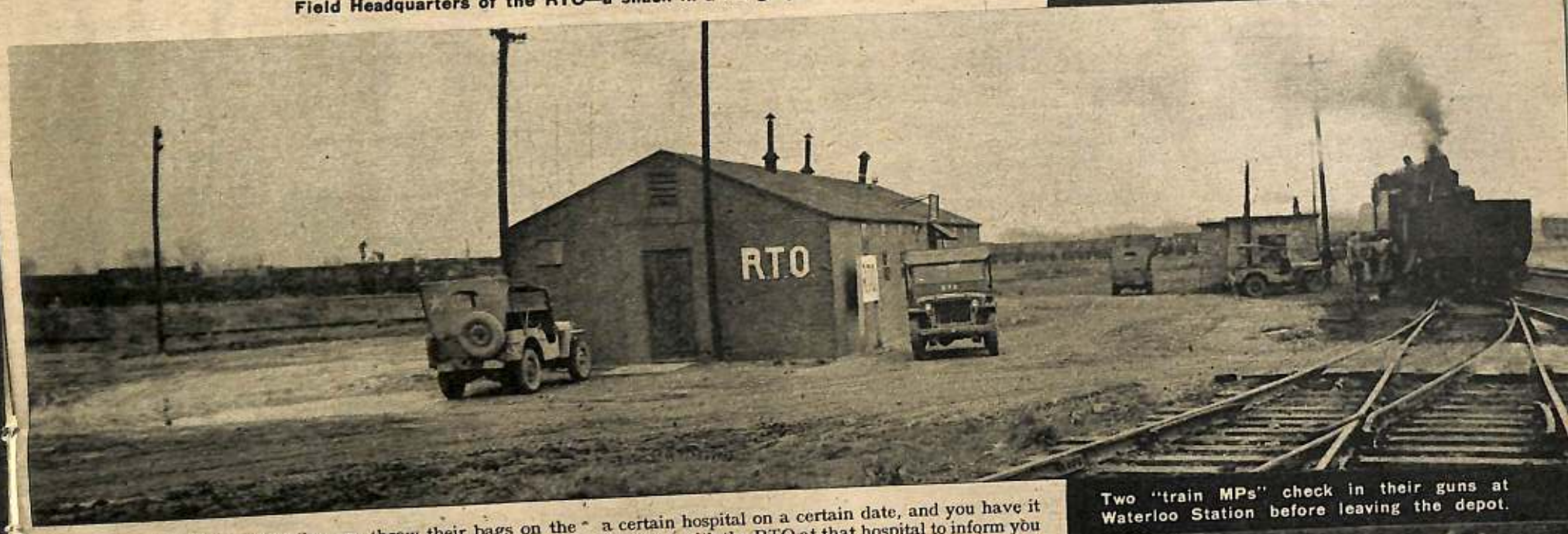
In the hut, a voice is saying: "He brought the plane in, but there wasn't a drop of blood left in his body. All there was, was five fingers clutching a control." You fall asleep.

You wake up with an uneasy feeling and glance hastily at your watch. It is five oclock. You roll into your shoes with a groan. Outside, it is crack of dawn. There is a rumble of trucks speeding down the road. There will be sandwiches and hot coffee for the men on their first day in England.

T/Sgt. Albert P. Crouch escorts soldier-patients on train journey—ultimate destination, U. S. A.

British cars carrying American material are tagged by these non-coms.

Field Headquarters of the RTO—a shack in a freightyard.



Two "train MPs" check in their guns at Waterloo Station before leaving the depot.

This map shows how the Allies pulled their flanking seaborne attack in Italy, with a surprise landing at Nettuno while the main-line force struck at Cassino.

The Old One-Two Punch in Italy

1 While the Rangers threw a left hook around the German flank and staged a surprise landing south of Rome . . .

By Sgt. BURTT EVANS
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH ALLIED INVASION FORCES SOUTH OF ROME [By Radio]—It is now 0720. Just five hours ago, I was sweating out this invasion in the first landing boat of the first wave with the Rangers, the tough, commando-trained and experienced outfit that spearheaded the attack on this vital coast town.

We disembarked before midnight from a proud British ship, a former English Channel ferry that has seen them all—Lofoten, Dunkerque, Dieppe, Africa, Sicily, Salerno. As planned, we lay off shore in British invasion barges waiting for H-hour.

We had been briefed on the town until, as Pfc. Henry J. Corven of Ridgewood, N. J., put it, "I could pick out the home of the town bootlegger."

It was perfect invasion weather, neither too bright nor too dark, with a calm sea glistening in the silver moonlight. Cramped in the only available space in the rear of the barge, I listened to the Rangers.

"Did you ever hear of Zip Koons?" asked Lt. Tom Magee of Springfield, Ill. "He was the Ranger who got credit for killing 66 Germans at Dieppe. He went wrong—he's a lieutenant now, you know. We had a lot of fun with him in Sicily when he was my first sergeant. *Superman* magazine made him the Superman of the Month, so the fellows went around shouting: 'Let me be Koons today. You were Koons yesterday. After all, it's my gun'."

"I wish to hell we would get going," came a voice from the darkness, expressing the awful nervous impatience all of us felt.

"Koons told me to watch out on my third, seventh and thirteenth invasions," said Sgt. Samuel Cooperstein of Malden, Mass., who got the Silver Star for gallantry in action in Sicily and was twice awarded the Purple Heart for wounds suffered elsewhere. "This is my third."

"What worries me is those 300 yards of shallow water we have to wade through," said another voice through the darkness. "Funny thing about beaches. The boat pulls in until it can't move any more, and then you step out and it is only one foot deep. Then you move farther in and—plop—you're over your head. I hit that kind of a false beach in Sicily. Damn near drowned and took my radio equipment with me."

"My feet are cold," complained Pfc. Edward Daley of New York City. "I'm going to take my time when I hit the beach," he said, dryly. "I'm going to sit down and change into dry socks. I may even shave."

It was now 0150. H-hour was 0200. All was quiet except for the lapping of water against the barge. There was still no air interception or sign of the enemy. It seemed too good to be true.

Then at 0151 came the ear-splitting wave of sound we were waiting for. The briefing officers had told us that a British ship would fire its guns at the coast at exactly 0151, and we were glad now to have that promise confirmed.

It was suddenly silent and black again as the guns halted and the steel barges crept in at three miles an hour toward the beachhead. I disobeyed SOP and peered over the side to see the beach-front. Typical white marble and stucco Italian buildings loomed up on the terraced hillside behind the beach.

We knew roughly what we were getting into. The beach, we had been told, was probably mined. Behind it was a barrier of "three to seven feet," a sea wall with barbed wire on top. There were also several gun positions, but these were believed to be unoccupied.

Oddly enough, another version said that seven batteries of artillery had recently been moved into the vicinity. We were all thinking of Salerno, and we thanked God for the relatively flat land, which didn't make the beach easy to defend.

The barge pulled up by the sand at the proper place and the proper minute. Almost the last man out of the boat, because of my position in the rear, I followed gingerly while a score of others in squad column slosfed through several hundred yards of knee-deep water toward shore. I had one hand on my helmet, ready to dig for quick cover if machine guns or artillery opened up. The others ran up that beach so fast I was almost alone. But, even though sidestepping driftwood that might be mines, I soon caught up and passed some of the rest.

Fortunately the sea wall was only three feet and the barbed wire was easily cut. I crossed the main highway, nicknamed "Hitler Road" in the briefing and joined a squad searching one of the large, resort-type homes.

Except for less than a score of German soldiers who were quickly sent to their unhappy hunting ground by the trigger-quick Rangers, our immediate front had been hastily deserted.

Jerry had been taken completely by surprise. There was only a handful of Ranger casualties in establishing the beachhead. Careful planning, favorable weather and split-second coordination had made this a model of combined operations.

Writing this story, I have dived dozens of times for shelter from Jerry bombers hitting the beaches, but our Air Force is also much in evidence. Outside is a sign pointing to Rome.

2 the tired doughboys in the mountains north of Naples went back up to the lines and smashed a right to the body.

By Sgt. RALPH G. MARTIN
Africa Stars & Stripes Correspondent

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—They call it "Million Dollar Hill" because of the terrific artillery barrage that was poured onto it. They also call it "Mr. Five by Five" because this mountain mass is five miles long and five miles wide.

A battalion of the 36th Division was detailed for the mop-up job. Company A jumped off first, several hours ahead of the others.

"What we did doesn't sound like much," said Capt. James L. Minor, the 25-year-old CO of Company A, who was a law student at the University of Texas "about a million years ago."

"We were up there for 11 days, and we hiked about 15 miles," the captain said.

"I don't think it was even in the communique," he added thoughtfully. "But then the communique won't tell you a lot of things.

"It won't tell you about my 150 men breaking their own trail through heavy underbrush, slipping and falling on slick rocks, crawling on hands and knees in thick sticky mud, climbing cliffs that cut straight up and ravines that cut

straight down. And all the time our feet were frostbitten and swollen, our clothes were ring-ing wet from the rain, and shells and bullets were landing too damn close all around us."

The mop-up job called for the clearing of the sector from a ridge called "Prisoners' Knob" (be-cause so many Germans were captured there) to a place called "Graveyard Hill" (because so many Germans were buried there). This in-cluded an area of less than two miles; the job took more than four hours.

Company A scrambled up the hill slowly, two platoons abreast, well spread out so that the German snipers and machine guns wouldn't have too good a target. There was a pouring rain, the radio was dead and the men couldn't see five yards in front of them. After a careful comb-ing, with several short skirmishes, they reached the hilltop. Then they swerved around in a sharp arc and started down the slope.

"The fog lifted a little just about then," said the captain. "I guess the German OPs on the nearby heights were waiting for us. There was a clear stretch of ground halfway down the slope, and as soon as our advance scouts started passing through it, the Germans opened up with everything they had—small mortars, six-rocket Screaming Mimis and then their big babies, the 170s and 210s."

The captain unconsciously clenched and un-clenched his hands, then stared for a minute or two at his still muddy shoes before continuing.

"All of us flattened out," he said, "hunting for cover where there was no cover. And you can't dig foxholes in solid rock."

Pvt. William Quatman of Teutopolis, Ill., and Pfc. Coy Rankin of Rising Star, Tex., members of a machine-gun crew, set up a position by piling a wall of big boulders all around them. A little later a 170-mm shell exploded close by, lifting the two GIs up in the air and dropping them six feet, unhurt except for a ripped rain-coat and a few powder burns on their faces.

"We were just kinda surprised," said Rankin.

S/Sgt. Robert E. Swart of Blanket, Tex., was also surprised. A shell knocked out a soldier carrying one part of a mortar, so Swart picked up the mortar piece and, cursing its heaviness, carried it along with his other equipment. A few minutes later another shell landed in the area. The shrapnel tore the pack off Swart's back, cut his dog tags and heavily pockmarked the mor-tar piece on his shoulder.

The company stayed in that sector for four days, waiting for further orders. Day and night the shells came and the rains came and there was nothing they could do about it.

To quench their thirst, the patient soldiers held their canteens under slanting rocks so that water could drip in; it took about two hours to fill a canteen that way. The impatient ones scooped water out of nearby mudholes.

As for food, there wasn't any. Each soldier started out with five bars of hard D-ration chocolate. At most, that lasted for six meals.

The supply detail, scheduled to come up that day with more rations and more clothes, never arrived. Some 88s had scored a few direct hits.

Finally, on the fifth day, orders came through and the company back-tracked into a little val-ley where the entire battalion was regrouping, getting ready to push out in another direction.

Early the next morning, Company A jumped off, again ahead of the other companies. The men were still climbing straight up and down, breaking their own trails, slipping and sliding.

"We spent more time on our fannies than on our feet," said the captain, without laughing.

Once they came across a whole battery of Ger-man mortars which had been hit solid by a bar-rage from our counterbatteries. The mortars were now twisted pieces of metal and the Nazi gun crews were spattered all over the place.

AFTER days and nights of this steady stumbling forward, the company began to have foot trouble—broken ankles, bad cases of frostbite and feet that swelled so much that they broke the shoelaces. Some soldiers had to cut their shoes apart to get them off; others couldn't even fit their feet into overshoes. Those who could still stand limped back by themselves four miles to the nearest medic station. Those who couldn't stand were carried back.

There were two litter squads attached to the company, eight men to a squad. It took eight men to bring back one patient. And on every trip, one of the squad had to stay behind the litter, holding tightly onto a rope so that the litter wouldn't tip when they were taking it downhill.

Pvt. Anton Jockich of Cleveland, Ohio, told how the squads groped their way slowly in the dark, keeping away from the heavily shelled trail, often taking 12 hours to get a patient back.

"And even though we kept away from the trail," said Jockich, "the shells were still drop-ping around us. I saw one shell knock out the litter squad and its patient right ahead of me. So our litter squad had to work twice as hard."

Yanks of the Allied 5th Army in Italy ready a mortar for another jab at the Nazis.

Eventually the company mopped up its last hill, on the fringe of the mountain mass, five miles from the starting point. Nobody was talking much, just all tired out.

Then three soldiers arrived—S/Sgt. Darrel R. Bolen of Strawn, Tex., the supply sergeant; T-5 Grover T. Graven of Sullivan, Ill., the ordnance-man, and T-5 Charles D. Martin of Carrollton, Ill., the mail orderly. They had hiked all night to get there, loaded down with gloves, shoes, socks, some mail and copies of *Stars & Stripes*.

Not too long after that the captain got up and said: "OK, boys, we're being relieved. Let's go."

Company A got back to its bivouac just be-fore dawn, after six hours of plodding through the pitch blackness. Mess Sgt. Wilfred New-ton of Carlsbad, N. Mex., scrounged together some breakfast chow, the first hot meal in 11 days.

"We had hot coffee," said 1st Sgt. Jefferson Adams of Brownwood, Tex., "and hot cereal and butter and jam and cream gravy and bacon. And we had three fat slices of fresh white bread." He said that very slowly, almost reverently. "Can you imagine that? Three slices——"

The field phone rang and the captain answered. His face tightened up a little as he listened. He said "Yes, sir" a few times and then hung up.

"You better forget about that white bread," he said. "We're moving out tomorrow morning."

FIRST AID. In Italy the mule Purple Heart Mary cracked her hoof. Here she is being taken care of by veteran mule skinner Pvt. Clarence Hutchinson of Ava, Mo.

DRINK. Pvt. Theodore Van Kirk, of Knox, Ind., pauses in a Panama jungle to knock off a dram —from a water vine.

GET PICTURE TAKEN. Like these four self-conscious Yanks in Italy, looking at the birdie, tin lids in hand. Sort of like Coney Island.

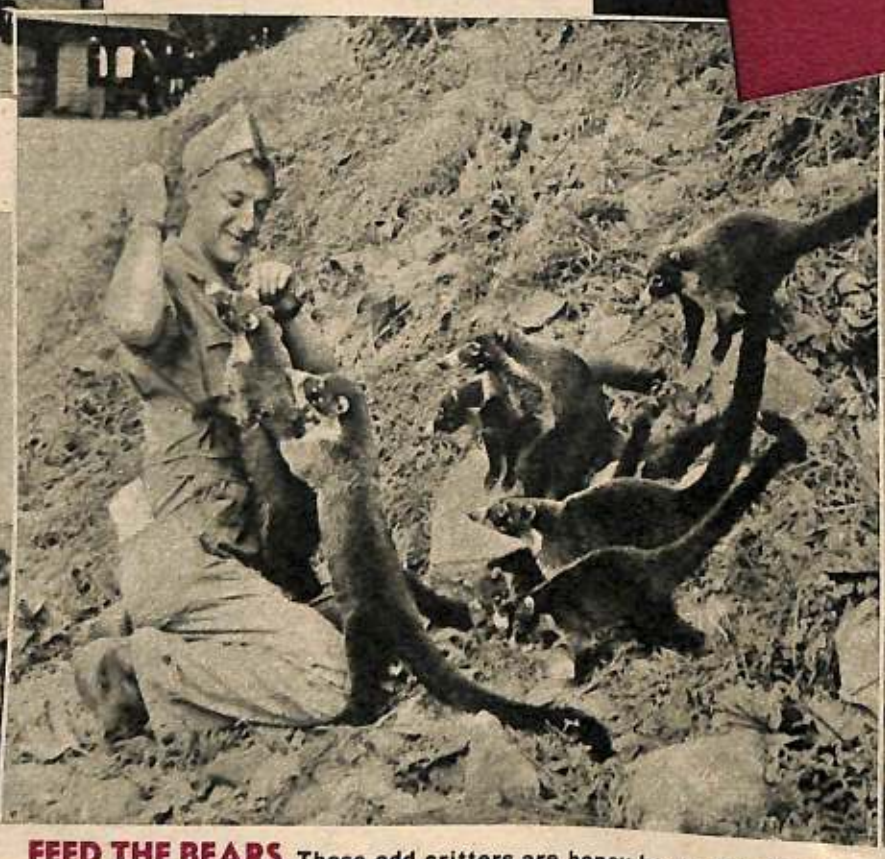
RIDE. Australia is a long way from Texas but the steers down under are just as ornery.

THINGS to ★ on a DAY

Round-the-world gli
what fighting men (ar
the gals, too) are up
spare mome

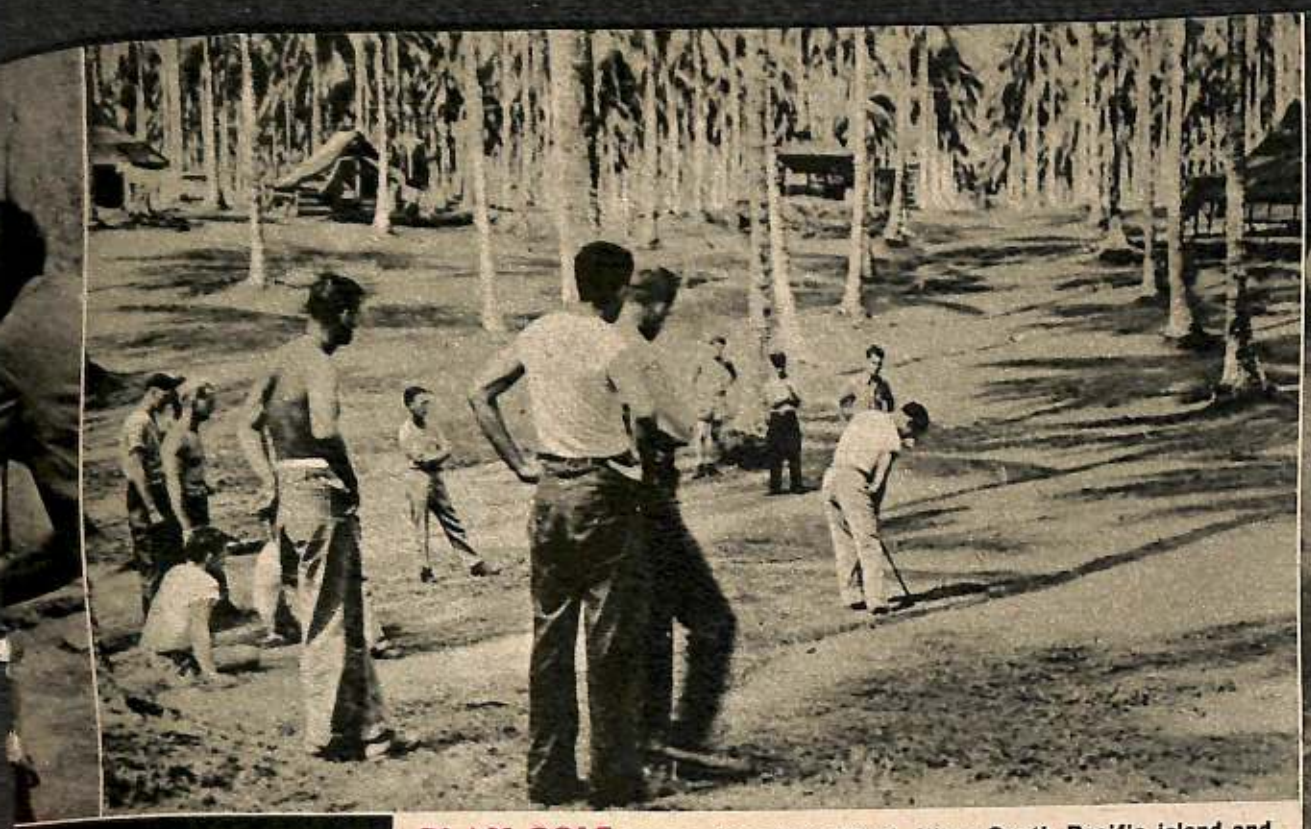
POLICE UP. Wacs in Delhi, India, pass inspection with the help of this $3-a-month slavey.

FIX DOGTAGS. Footsloggers fighting Japs silence telltale rattle with rubber cut from gas masks.



FEED THE BEARS. These odd critters are honey bears, queuing up for a snack doled out by this Joe in Panama. If they don't get enough, they raid the mess hall.

EAT. Yank on Kiska uses chopsticks to
some of the chow Japs left behind. Of
you take a steak, now—that's differ



PLAY GOLF. Nope, this ain't Miami. It's a South Pacific island and those guys are gobs. Chief Carpenter's Mate V. J. Hiemenz, of Lancaster, Pa., laid out the trick course between the palms.

DANCE. Red Cross workers from back home make Italy easier to take.

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TAKE A BATH. An irrigation set-up in North Africa converted into a shower for men in the RAF, with the help of that cigarette ad. on the left.

HAVE A BABY. Like Mrs. Frank M. Cheney, wife of the first Yank to marry in North Africa.

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INTRODUCE MOM. Wac Pvt. Theresa Bailey is introduced by her son, Alvin, to his top sergeant somewhere in Italy. Be sort of a surprise to have mother turn up like this, wouldn't it?

GET A KISS. Pfc. Stanley Flynn got his the hard way—by diving into the sea and rescuing Sgt. Hazel Wilson of the RCAF, who was drowning off Newfoundland.


Carole Gallagher
YANK
Pin-up Girl

Yanks at Home in the ETO

Move Over !

A corporal we know on some sort of special duty with an infantry outfit hereabouts has just written in to tell us how he didn't get court-martialed. He was cooling his heels and warming his toes in the office late one afternoon when he was suddenly ordered to take off with some troops on an overnight problem. High brass was involved and there was no time to be lost, not even time for our man to hop back to his barracks for his field equipment. Grabbing himself a field jacket and a stray messkit, he was on his way.

It was a lovely English evening, with fogs that settled early, winds that blew in unpredictable gusts, and a cold and gentle rain. The corporal considered himself lucky to be able to scrounge a single blanket from a guy who was going back on the chow wagon. Staking himself out a claim in the mud, he curled up and went soggily to sleep. Around 4 a.m., he was awakened by a guy who had been snoozing in the muck next to him and who was headed for the woods. After the fellow had stumbled off into the dark, the corporal did a little investigating and discovered that his neighbor had a dream nest to sleep in—rubber mattress, dry blankets, sheets, even silk sheets with his monogram embroidered on them, for all we know. Frozen and drowsy, the corporal decided to try a quick switch and crawled in.

The owner of the rubber mattress returned presently, groped around and discovered the new set-up, and then, with never a squawk, rolled up in the corporal's soaking blanket. There was a tense moment in the morning when the corporal found that the gent he had crowded out was a captain, but the latter was quite genial about it all. "Hope you had a good sleep, corporal," he grinned. "I figured you must be pretty cold. And besides, for all I knew, you might have been the colonel."

GI February

The Army, as we are probably not the first to observe, sure is hell on holidays. Here it is well past the middle of February and we're just getting hep to the fact that Lincoln's Birthday has gone and Washington's is going. There was Groundhog Day and we didn't even mention the non-existent British shadow. We also muffed Valentine's Day, neglecting to warn you in time to get off some appropriately sentimental card or even to send our own honey so much as a scrap of old lace. Moreover, we have yet to make our first crack about its being Leap Year. (Say, what kind of a magazine is this, anyway?)

We were glad to note in one of the British papers that not all GIs were as negligent as we were about sending Valentines. In fact, a despatch we read quoted a clerk in one shop where greeting cards are

Cpl. Ray Di Tullio

"Beg pardon, sir, but is it true that Cleveland is run by nine wild Indians?"

them a chance to show what they feel."

The same report went on to describe a card that bore the inscription "To My Wife on Valentine's Day," and showed the head of a big-eyed blonde girl. This, it was said, had turned out to be one of the most popular cards among GIs who are married—presumably to big-eyed blondes.

As for Leap Year, not one young lady has popped the question to us so far, indicating no doubt that we are a singularly untempting morsel. Indeed, all we know about Leap Year is that the Army pays off on a basis of 29 instead of 28 days, or, in other words, that February isn't the gravy month it usually is. But chins up, men! It'll be four more years before the Finance Office can stretch February out to 29 days again!

Fads

The latest fad in the States, we gather, is the song called "Mairzy Doats," which in the month it's been out has sold a million copies and is likely to become a second "Yes, We Have No Bananas." As you know, if you're familiar with the piece, the title makes a *little* more sense after you've heard more of the words, which translate out thus: "Mares eat oats and does eat oats and little lambs eat ivy."

The latest fad in Berlin, we see by the papers, is to refer to the city's badly beaten-up Potsdamer Platz as "Popla," and to Goebbel's Wunderwaffe (secret weapon) as "Wuwa."

We're probably prejudiced, and of course we wouldn't want to hurt old man Goebbels's feelings, but given a choice between "Mairzy Doats" and "Wuwa," we'll take Yankee double-talk any time.

Small World

It has nothing directly to do with the ETO, but we've just heard from a friend of ours in the States about an item of civilian snafu that may be of interest to all the boys who shine at mail call. Seems that a Joe from a small town in Indiana has a mother who is a demon letter-writer and who for a long time did her best to keep her son up to date on all the spicier bits of gossip about the neighbors. It was a service which the lad greatly appreciated, for he is stuck away out in the Pacific in a place that would make a moor look like Main Street.

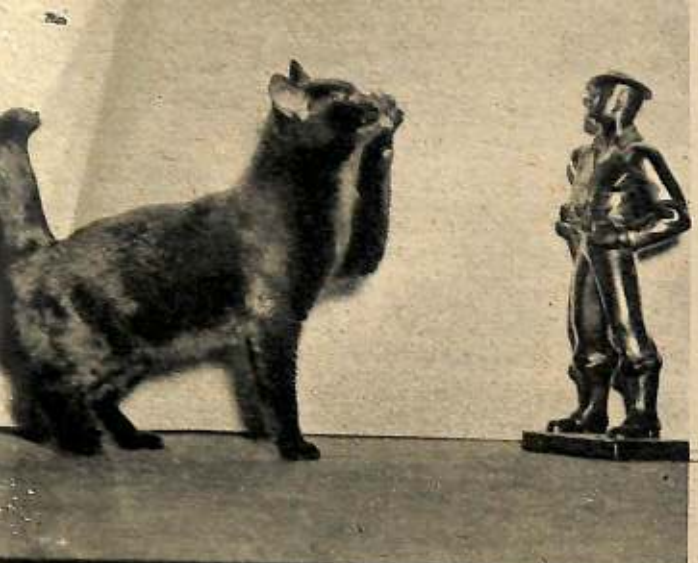
Well, not long ago the son received a letter from home that was pretty much on the dull side—just stuff about the weather and things like that. The mystery was soon cleared up. At the end of the letter was this brief note: "Yesterday afternoon, at our weekly sewing class, I ran into Mrs. Jones who told me that her son, Jimmy, is in the Army as a censor and that he recently had the pleasure of reading a couple of the most *interesting* letters addressed to you."

Word Of Warning

Don't let anybody kid you about there being nothing worthwhile for a soldier in the ETO to spend his money on. Monte Carlo, according to latest despatches from neutral territory, is still going full blast.

A Wac arrives in the ETO as a couple of Joes rush to help her with her barracks bag. That stuff on the pavement is sunshine.

Have a hat! Just a few of the skimmers left behind on buses and tubes by servicemen in London and turned in at the big town's Lost & Found.



CAT COURTESY. "Mr. Brough," a tomcat owned by G. E. Post of Pittsburgh, Pa., gives with a snappy left-handed salute to a soldier statuette. He's been trained to do it—under orders.

CHRISTENING. At Wilmington, Calif., Capt. Clark Gable looks on as Irene Dunne christens the Liberty ship "Carole Lombard," named after his wife, who died two years ago.

FAMILY MATTER. Jennie Spero (left), TWA hostess from Westfield, Mass., had a date with a [illegible] make it, so twin sister Stella

NEWS FROM HOME

★

Lipstick letters by V-Mail gave the higher-ups something to worry about, a GI found himself faced with a flock of his feathered friends, a famous cartoonist died, and the nation was blanketed with political oratory and snow.

WELL, here's good news at last for you guys who thought your T/Os were permanently frozen. Bills were introduced into the Senate and House of Representatives last week providing for Army and Navy ranks one grade higher than those of Four-Star General and Full Admiral, which are tops, of course, at present. The bills would revive the discarded ranks of General of the Armies and Admiral of the Navy, and their purpose is to give U. S. officers equal prestige in dealing with Allied officers of other countries.

The British ranks of Admiral of the Fleet, Field Marshal, and Marshal of the Royal Air Force are now higher than any American ones. General John J. Pershing (retired) is the only living permanent General of the Armies. There have been three others in U. S. history—Ulysses S. Grant, William T. Sherman and Philip H. Sheridan. If the bills pass, it will be a good idea to salute any General of the Armies you happen to encounter.

And here's some bad news. Now that St. Valentine's Day is over, young ladies who post their letters in the Chicago area will no longer be permitted to send V-mail letters with the imprint of lipstick kisses on them. The sticky stuff gums up the V-mail machines and makes a mess of letters from people of a less demonstrative nature.

GIs with honeys in and around New York City, however, are still sitting pretty, providing their girl friends are restrained in their emotions. The V-mail office there announced that it would still take lipstick letters, just so long as the marking is done *lightly* in one corner. Now there's a break for you!

As for more routine matters, a whale of a snowstorm hit the Midwest and North-east, dragging temperatures down to some pretty tough lows. It was 42 below zero in Little Golva, N. D., and 18 below in Caribou, Me. Eleven inches of snow fell in some midwestern communities and there were also heavy falls reported in New England and New York State. Schools were closed in many rural areas because the highways were impassable and traffic along the East Coast was stalled by gale-swept drifts.

In Washington, the issue of how men overseas are to vote in the election next November was being threshed out by a Congressional Committee consisting of ten members—five from the Senate and five from the House of Representatives. Of the five senators, three favor the idea of having the Federal government conduct the balloting and two want the job done by the individual States. The representatives are also divided three to two, but with the majority in favor of leaving the matter up to the States. The committee's task is to work out a compromise measure that will meet with the approval of Congress as a whole. Which, judging from the squabbling of the past few weeks, will be no cinch.

It was a big week on the political front, especially for the Republicans. *Time* magazine, in a piece spotlighting the national political scene, called attention to the "abnormal national interest nine months before Election Day in the doings and movements of politicians" and added that "the people daily absorb an amount of political news unprecedented for a February before the conventions." So don't blame us if politics makes up a lot of the news from home.

Governor John W. Bricker, the Republican Governor of Ohio, turned up in Washington as a full-fledged candidate for his party's nomination for the Presidency, staging Press conferences for himself and Mrs. Bricker and making a nationally broadcast speech at a dinner in the Mayflower Hotel. In his speech, he stuck pretty much to domestic issues and the Press reported it next day under such headlines as "Bricker Hits New Deal Fiscal Policy" and "New Deal Must Go, Bricker Declares."

THE biggest political headlines, though, went to Wendell L. Willkie, who was touring parts of the Midwest and North-west, conferring with political leaders and newspaper editors and travelling with an entourage of reporters. During a short speech before 400 listeners in Baker, Ore., he made big news with the flat statement that, "I am going to be nominated for President on the Republican ticket." Later, he took some of the edge off this by saying that the remark had been made jokingly, adding: "You'd hardly expect me to say I wouldn't be nominated."

Willkie said he would enter Nebraska's primary in an effort to get that State's 15 Republican votes. He wanted, he said, to demonstrate in this way that he had strength in the Middle West. Speaking at Twin Falls, Idaho, he urged a change of administration now because "it would be less disturbing in wartime than during the period of reconstruction with all the complexities that will follow victory."

As for the effect that a change of President at this time might have upon the nation's foreign relations, Willkie said: "The notion that the present leader of our country has such established relations with the leaders of other nations that his continuance in office is indispensable to our foreign relations is entirely illusory. Indeed," said Willkie, "our relations with other countries would be strengthened and clarified through new leadership."

Another Republican presidential possibility—Governor Thomas E. Dewey, of New York—had nothing to say for the time being. His position was outlined in an article in the New York *Times* under the headline: "Dewey in the Running While Sticking to Job; Silent on Presidency but State Leaders Line Up Delegates." This piece went on to say that Dewey was "running for President of the United States the only way he can, by sticking to State business." It added that he was discouraging "the entry of any delegates in his behalf in any State where he has to sign a declaration of consent of any kind."

Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, Republican of Michigan, writing in *Collier's* magazine, came out for the nomination of General Douglas MacArthur as the Republican candidate for President next Fall. The Senator said he spoke for no organization nor for the General and expressed the belief that MacArthur could be nominated only by "pure draft."

"The American people," Vandenberg wrote, "will be thinking more of a commander-in-chief next November than about the election of a President. . . . Should we not offer the people a better commander-in-chief, not merely for political reasons but fundamentally for the sake of the war effort?"

A lot of people didn't think Vandenberg's idea was so hot. Senator Claude Pepper, Democrat of Florida, said: "I think any one who proposes a high military or naval commander does the prosecution of the war a disservice. When a military commander begins to think in terms of politics, he ceases to be a good military commander." And the Republican Senator Robert A. Taft, of Ohio, said: "I don't think the American people will vote for a military man for President. They realize the same Army and Navy officers who direct the war now will continue to direct it under a Republican President."

They're finding something useful for prisoners of war to do these days. A batch of 100 of them have just arrived in the region of Remer, Minnesota, to work in the high timber and help alleviate the critical pulpwood shortage. Jobs for about 1,000 of them will be found by the time the project really gets underway. The PWs are slated to be drawn from camps at Concordia, Kan., and Trinadad, Colo.

A TRANSCONTINENTAL airliner crashed into the Mississippi River, near Memphis, Tenn., killing 24 persons, including 14 Army and Navy officers. The wreckage of the plane was located in 50 feet of water near Cow Island.

Mrs. Nellie H. Twele, of Baltimore, 45-year-old mother of four sons who are in the Navy and two who are in the Army, has been chosen Navy Mother of 1944. Mrs. Twele's husband is also in the Navy and one of her soldier sons has been reported missing in Europe.

In Belleville, Ill., a 4-F named Edwin Taylor got so browned off when four soldiers started to kid him

about not being in the Army that he beat up three of them while the fourth scrammed while the scramming was good. Two of Taylor's victims landed up in the hospital—one of them a private named Willard Harrell, who, before his induction, was a boxer with 25 kayoes in 28 bouts to his credit.

Part of Staten Island was peppered with 20-mm. shells when the gunner of a freighter anchored off shore pulled the canvas cover from the ship's anti-aircraft gun and accidentally started the thing shooting. No one was hurt, although the police were considerably worried as they hunted for some of the missiles which they believed had buried themselves in the ground without exploding.

Draft troubles: Harry Leonard Lim, 29-year-old authority on jazz and former editor of *Swing* magazine, was arrested in New York as a draft-dodger, specifically with having failed to return a questionnaire to his draft board in Chicago. . . . In Albuquerque, N. M., four brothers who had been hiding out in caves for four months were captured by FBI agents and charged with violating the Selective Service Act. The four, members of a family named Caudill, are Jesse, 33, Preston, 28, Foy, 21, and Earl, 19. They were armed but gave up peaceably.

On December 7, 1941, William Simonoff was a soldier in the Army aboard a troopship in mid-ocean. When word of the attack on Pearl Harbor reached the vessel, its captain put back into port. Landing on U.S. soil, Simonoff served there until he was honorably discharged. Now the Finance Office is trying to figure out whether he rates overseas pay under the terms of the mustering-out bill recently signed by President Roosevelt.

A rich oil field has been discovered in the Gage Dome section of Montana, twelve miles northeast of Roundup. One new well there has been producing 25 barrels daily since it came in nearly a month ago and D. C. Walker, production manager in charge, said tests "indicate Montana's newest commercial oil field" has been found.

WILL B. JOHNSTONE, cartoonist for the New York *World Telegram*, whose taxpayer-in-a-barrel drawings were widely known, died in St. Mary's Hospital, West Palm Beach, Fla. Surviving are his wife, daughter, and a son who is a lieutenant in the Marines.

The majority of men now being inducted into the Army are going to land up in infantry replacement divisions and be shipped overseas after seventeen weeks of training, according to Lt. Col. L. S. Moore, Third Service Command Classification Officer. "Most of the men have to go into the infantry now," said Colonel Moore, "because the infantry is doing most of the fighting. However, men who volunteer for the air corps and paratroops, and doctors, dentists, and engineers are still being assigned to units demanding their special skills."

The composer of the song *My Blue Heaven* is no expert on such matters any more. He's Walter Donaldson, and he testified in a Los Angeles court that he lives in a tourist camp while his wife is comfortably ensconced in a nine-room house. The disclosure came when his wife petitioned the court to allow her $250 a week alimony. Donaldson testified that he earned $13,000 last year, but that he owed the government more than twice that amount in back taxes, and the judge knocked Mrs. Donaldson's request down to 25 percent of what she wanted. Just Mollie and me, fellers.

Sgt. Ben Kuroki, Japanese-American air gunner who has flown thirty missions in Africa and Europe, put in a plea for respect for loyal Americans of Japanese descent. Kuroki, who is twenty-five and used to be a farm boy in Hershey, Neb., told the Commonwealth Club in San Francisco that he and his brother, Fred, now a sergeant in the Army, were "the loneliest boys" in the service during their training period two years ago. Kuroki took part in the Ploesti raid, holds an air medal and a flying cross, and is now trying to get assigned to the Pacific, where he hopes "to visit Tokyo in a Liberator."

Edgar Lee Masters, one of the nation's foremost poets and the author of *Spoon River Anthology*, was taken to Bellevue Municipal Hospital as a ward patient after being found in a small hotel room where he was suffering from pneumonia and malnutrition. When friends learned of his plight they arranged with the Authors' League to provide the funds to transfer Masters to a convalescent home.

In Louisville, Ky., fifty-five-year-old Sgt. Charles E. Burt, believed to be the oldest parachute-jumping GI in the Army, married Irma Edmonson. The Sergeant, who signed up in 1942 and was injured in his first combat-mission jump over North Africa, met his bride in Louisville, where he had gone to recuperate and to help out in a Wac recruiting drive.

Christian R. Holmes, forty-five-year-old president of Tuna Packers of Hawaii and wealthy grandson of Julius Fleischman, founder of the Fleischman yeast company, killed himself by taking a large dose of sleeping tablets in his room at the Savoy Plaza in New York shortly after calling up his brother and his doctor to tell them he was going to commit suicide.

In Minneapolis, Clinearth Lindley, a law-abiding resident of the town for seven years and the father of two children, was arrested and sent back to Iowa State Reformatory, from which he escaped in 1937 while serving a forty-year sentence for the murder of his brother in a quarrel. Lindley was caught when trying to sell his car in order to meet the expenses of the birth of his second child. It turned out his wife had already sold the car and a checkup of fingerprints disclosed his identity.

GROVER CLEVELAND BERGDOLL, the famous draft dodger of the first World War who hid out in Germany until the start of this one, returned to his farm in Downington, Pa., after serving nearly four years in prison for his offense. In a nasty frame of mind he ordered a servant to "bring me my rod" when reporters tried to interview him, and at his mother's home in nearby Newton someone threatened photographers with a rifle.

Madeline Webb, the little girl from Stillwell, Okla., who came to New York to get in the big time and wound up serving a life term for murder, appealed from her conviction on the grounds that she was just an innocent pawn of her lover, Eli Shonbrun. Shonbrun died in the hot seat at Sing Sing for his share in the murder in 1942 of Mrs. Susan Flora Reich in a New York hotel. It was a shoddy affair with a petty robbery as the motive.

SOME of the shows that have recently been keeping the Broadway season moving: *Othello*, with Paul Robeson, Jane Ferrer, Uta Hagen, and James Monks, produced by Margaret Webster, and designed and lighted by Robert Edmond Jones; *Oklahoma!* with Betty Garde, Alfred Drake, Joseph Buloff and Joan Roberts, music by Richard Rodgers, book and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II, directed by Rouben Mamoulian, dances by Agnes de Mille; *One Touch of Venus*, with Mary Martin, Kenny Baker, John Boles, Paula Laurence and Teddy Hart, music by Kurt Weill, book by S. J. Perelman and Ogden Nash, lyrics by Ogden Nash, staged by Elia Kazan, dances by Agnes de Mille, and presented by Cheryl Crawford.

Also *The Doughgirls*, by Joseph Fields, staged by George S. Kaufman; *Winged Victory*, by Moss Hart, presented by the U. S. Army Air Forces; *The Merry Widow*, with Jan Kiepura, Marta Eggerth and Melville Cooper, choreography by George Balanchine, produced by the New Opera Company; *Outrageous Fortune*, by Rose Franken; *Lovers and Friends*, by Dodie Smith, with Katharine Cornell, Raymond Massey, Henry Daniell, Carol Goodner and Anne Burr, presented by Miss Cornell and John C. Wilson, staged by Guthrie McClintic; *Tomorrow the World*, with Ralph Bellamy and Shirley Booth (with Elissa Landi and Paul McGrath in Chicago); *A Connecticut Yankee*, with Vivienne Segal and Dick Foran, by Fields, Rodgers and Hart, presented by Richard Rodgers; *Ziegfeld Follies*, with Milton Berle, Senor Wences, Christine Ayres, Sara Ann McCabe, Nadine Gae, Tommy Wonder, Jack McCauley and Sue Ryan, staged by John Murray Anderson.

Also *The Voice of the Turtle*, a comedy by John van Druten, with Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie, presented by Alfred de Liagre, Jr.; *The Two Mrs. Carrolls*, by Martin Vale, with Elisabeth Bergner and Victor Jory, presented by Robert Reud and Paul Czinner; *Arsenic and Old Lace* (third year), with Josephine Hull and Effie Shannon; *Kiss and Tell*, a George Abbott comedy by F. Hugh Herbert, with Jessie Royce Landis, Robert Keith, and Joan Caulfield (with Violet Heming, Walter Gilbert, and Betty Anne Nyman in Philadelphia; Katharine Warren, Clay Clement, and Patricia Kirkland in Chicago; and Katherine Alexander, Jack Davis, and June Dayton in Los Angeles); *What's Up*, a musical with Jimmy Savo, Johnny Morgan, and Gloria Warren, staged by George Balanchine, and presented by Mark Warnow.

If and when you dock at New York, maybe you'll want to put up at a club and servicemen's center which the Elks are sponsoring on West 93rd Street. It's a luxurious place—the old Nippon Club formerly frequented by wealthy Japs in New York. The Elks are seeing to it that all the Nips' decorations are removed before the GIs take over.

Pvt. Al McDonald, of Providence, R.I., told a reclassification officer at Fort Devens, Mass., that his Army job consisted of sorting and pigeonholing mail at a message center. He was reclassified, s'help us, as a pigeon trainer.

ALL-AMERICAN SENDERS. The "Esquire" All-American Jazz Band gets going in New York's Metropolitan Opera House. Among players were Red Norvo, Coleman Hawkins and Jack Teagarden.

DREAM DRIVER. Imagine finding this in your jeep! Carole Landis, of the screen, ducked the rain in this Army job during a War Bond rally in Wall Street, Manhattan. That's the autograph squad standing by.

CANNED CORN? A machine that makes recordings on a tape—and may revolutionize juke boxes, for all we know.

Mail Call

The Beautiful Ruins Of Germany, I

Dear YANK:

What do we have? Is there a bunch of Nazis in the editorial department of YANK? Namely, Sgt. Walter Peters and Sgt. Saul Levitt.

We are talking of the article "Visit the Beautiful Ruins of Germany." While we fellows discussed the article, we all arrived at the conclusion we are more than disgusted.

Has Sgt. Peters or Sgt. Levitt ever been on a raid to Germany? If they have, are they proud of the destruction they helped to cause? We would like to have an answer to those questions.

We, the interrogators, are combat men, on raids to Germany. We aren't religious maniacs and we are proud of the fact that finally we are carrying the war to Germany. But anybody who can joke and make a laughing matter of the effect of raids on Germany, stinks. We ourselves do not gloat over Germany's ruined buildings. Why should our propaganda experts gloat in such a Nazified manner?

Remember how Goebbels came out with his extensive propaganda before the war? And his underling, Lord Haw-Haw? Come on, fellows, don't make the same mistake your contemporaries in Germany did when they bragged of Warsaw and London.

T/Sgt. LEO CANNON, T/Sgt. V. W. CROFT, S/Sgt. JOHN SPIKER, S/Sgt. JOE RICHARDS, S/Sgt. C. H. THOMPSON, JOE CLOUTHIER, WALT WHIPSNISKI, CHAS. PATE, C. L. SOWERS, DEL BARNHART, A. M. FRIETAS

Britain.

[Just for the record, T/Sgt. Saul Levitt was a radio operator on a Fortress with several missions over Germany to his credit before he was injured, taken off ops. and sent to YANK as a staff writer. S/Sgt. Walter Peters is a qualified air gunner and has been on combat missions with the 8th Air Force, the RAF and the Polish Air Force. He was along, as a gunner-reporter, on the epic American raid on Schweinfurt.—Ed.]

The Beautiful Ruins Of Germany, II

Dear YANK:

I finally finished your article in the recent copy of YANK, and received a tremendous amount of amusement out of it. It took me four tries before I could finish it, as the particular style of humor appeared a little too much. I don't think I have ever laughed so hard at anything.

It is too bad our friends across the Channel haven't the capacity to appreciate the humor.

*

Britain. Major General, U. S. Army.

* Name withheld by censor

The Beautiful Ruins Of Germany, III

Dear YANK:

To my mind YANK displays definitely poor taste, naïve politics and possibly even immorality when it prints such articles as the February 6 issue's "Visit the Beautiful Ruins of Germany."

It seems to me that the moral, politic, smart *American* attitude toward the destruction, however necessary, of any human achievement as considerable as the many historically valuable and architecturally beautiful sections of Germany's cities is one of deep regret, at least. The writers of YANK's lead story last week, contrarily, seem to glory in what they flippantly and redundantly call the "relandscaping" of German cities.

It has apparently been decided by those in command that the razing of Germany's centers of population is necessary to victory; to argue with that decision would be foolish. Nevertheless, the Nazis can win a more valid victory meanwhile by letting us, their enemies, adopt typically Nazi attitudes toward fundamental facts and issues of the war and peace.

Britain. Cpl. HARRY R. DAVIS

The Beautiful Ruins Of Germany, IV

Dear YANK:

My grateful appreciation to Sgts. Walter Peters and Saul Levitt for their superb job on "Visit the Beautiful Ruins of Germany" in YANK, February 6.

That four-page spread with its illustrations was a masterpiece. It did more for my morale than a case of Budweiser's fresh off the ice. It toned up the system like the premiere of a Broadway musical comedy with a date with the leading lovely in the offing.

After feasting my eyes on that delicious four-page spread of "needling," I have one suggestion. Why not furnish bales of reprints to the employees of the "RAF-AAF 24-hour Rubble Producing Service" for distribution within the Reich where the home fires are burning. It should roll up a notable score of apoplexy cases. Fritz has become accustomed to watching burning blocks of streets in the old home town.

Now let's burn Fritz himself up. Let's give Fritz a chance to set that old blood pressure soaring!

Britain. S/Sgt. MAURICE SCHWADRON

John Garfield And The Machine Gun

Dear YANK:

A recent issue of YANK had such a personal interest to me that I decided to take a chance and spill an old crime. Ever since I played Joe Winocki in *Air Force* and fired a .30-caliber machine gun by hand, I've been hounded by "experts"—mostly armchair generals—who've insisted that it couldn't be done. The picture (in YANK) of Sgt. Grover K. Herren, however, shows him handling the gun in the same way. Now I'm convinced it can be done. As a matter of fact, it was a real .30-caliber machine gun

that was used in the motion picture, and the entire film was made under the direct supervision of the Army Air Forces. The movies frequently deal in the improbable, but a boner like that would be hard to get through in these days of technical advisers. Nevertheless, some critics used the scene as an excuse to attack Hollywood war pictures. But now I can refer doubters to your publication. Thanks to Sgt. Herren, and thanks to YANK.

Burbank, Calif. JOHN GARFIELD

[The picture referred to by movie actor John Garfield is reproduced above. It appeared on the cover of the December 3, 1943 issue of the United States Edition of YANK. This cover was not used on the British Edition.—Ed.]

Germany, Propaganda And Jive

Dear YANK:

I see that this is the section in which all the fellows present their pet gripes, of which some are silly and some legitimate. I have a pet gripe too, so I might as well start griping. Here it is:

When we Yanks have to turn to German radio stations to hear some good American music that is without interference, then things are really coming to a sad state of affairs. It's not a joking matter trying to listen to your favorite programs over the American Forces Network in the ETO through a load of heterodynes (interference caused by two stations being on or very near the same frequency with the net result of a strong whistling noise).

Over these German stations, German news in English is broadcast twice in the course of a four-hour program of non-stop recorded music which is pretty good. What isn't so good are the news broadcasts.

So why isn't something done to help us enjoy our favorite programs? Here is my solution. Instead of placing all of the AFN stations in the most congested part of the broadcast band, why not spread the stations out over the entire broadcast band or place a few stations down around 700 kcs., or on a clear channel frequency.

If any one is thinking of writing back and telling me that something is haywire with my receiver, you might just as well stop thinking because I've tried wave traps, shielding, tuning and retuning the receiver but to no avail. The other receivers on the base have the same trouble too. I only hope that this letter does something for us.

Britain. ANTHONY J. SIVO, Chief Aviation Pilot, U.S. Navy

Lt. Sad Sack

Dear YANK:

The appearance of Sgt. Baker's "Sad Sack," though heralded by laughs from all civilians as well as soldiers, was greeted by this poor lieutenant with a quiet groan because of the obvious nickname which was therewith created. The humor, however, far surpassed any remorse occasioned by the similarity of surname until the fateful issue of YANK reflecting on "Sad's" ancestors!

Sir! You have there not only plagiarized names, but ignored the heritage justified by the "Sad Sack." The family tree you quoted happens to be *mine*. Though our ancestry some four generations back happens to be Germanic, it is a stock which supplies some 10 percent of the American Army as well as our commanding general.

"Sachs" is the correct old spelling of the name, and according to tradition is of the same family as Hans Sachs the musician whom Wagner immortalized in *Die Meistersinger*. Rather than being of some low fascist background as you suggest in your "geneology," the Sachs family, you will discover, has a prominent place in American arts and sciences as a family of distinguished scholars:—

Bernard Sachs, my great uncle, is a Prof. of Neurology in N. Y.

Julius Sachs, my grandfather, was Prof. of Education at Columbia Univ., N. Y.

Paul Sachs, my uncle, a Prof. of Fine Arts at Harvard.

Ernest Sachs, my father, the first Prof. of Brain Surgery in America.

Ernest Sachs, Jr. (yours truly), a humble lieutenant in the "medics"—AND—

Sad Sack—the prototype of all yardbirds!

If the editors will forgive me for justifiable pride in being an American and not a spy, I'll accept the laughs.

Britain. ERNEST SACHS, JR., 1st Lt. M.C.

Pvt. Sad Sack

Dear YANK:

We of hut 21 wish to report that we have the original "Sad Sack" in our midst. His name is Simon O. Sack. He is a 6-footer about 200 lbs. Our boys read your YANK every week and get quite a kick out of your "Sad Sack" comic strip. This fellow just about fits in as your strip in real life. We call him "Sad Sack" and get many laughs out of him.

Our "Sad Sack" has been sweating out "Mail Call"

for the past six weeks. It looks like no one at home had written him. Today our beloved "Sad Sack" took sick and was taken to hospital. We've just had "Mail Call" and our boy has nine letters.

Britain. BOYS OF HUT "21" Pvt. S. WEISS

Long Distance Fan Letter

Dear YANK:

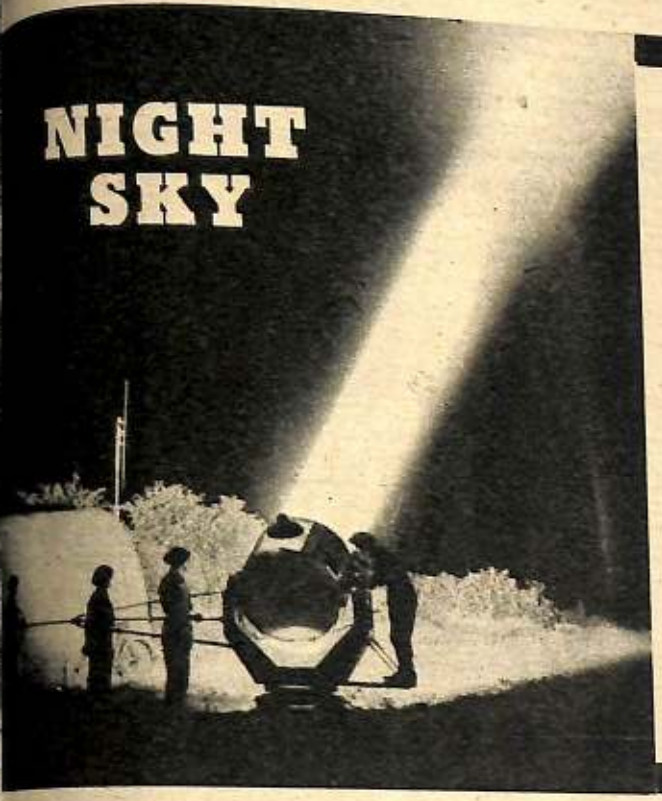
Your grand paper has even reached Mississippi. Sgt. James Scott, who was stationed here once, sends the British edition of YANK to me every time they come out. I enjoy them so much, and here's wishing you all good luck with your paper. May you publish many more.

Mississippi. CARRIE DENDY

On YANK After The War

Dear YANK:

YANK is a great magazine. It fills a great need among GIs the world over. In fact, YANK has



NIGHT SKY

The winter sun
Haunted all day by cloud
Slips wearily into the low hill.
An eager moon, in grey struggle with the dusk
Catches the cobwebs of twilight
And sweeps them off the early stars.

Soon, pewter light spilling from overhead
Is scribbled with twisting smoke
Scrambling from the flues of a score of tents.
Tents all in line mimic the soldiers who call them home;
Their roofs rise sharply to hooded points
On green pyramids.

Subtly, the sky like some electric sense
Picks up a moving speck, a muffled hum
That all day long betrayed the presence of warbirds in flight.
Though sharp and clear the night sky
Has no flood of full, extravagant brilliance
The arrowed light of precision.

Men who scan the night sky must see
And decide in the time a distant star's blink
Whether the speck that slivers along the sky
The hum that echoes in the heavens
Is friend
Or foe.

Thus—suddenly—mighty shoots of light
Flower from man-made roots planted in vast perimeter.
Stalking the unknown, they examine it in miles-long beam.
Convinced of safety in the sight
They slash back into the roots that gave them birth
Searing the night sky with a brilliant path of retreat.

Grown weary with such nightly stagings
Of a grim play it now knows well
The moon drops casually into its schedule of setting.
And lets the dark curtain of the night sky
Safekeep for the rest.

T/3 LESLIE A. GOLDMAN

Britain.

widespread popularity among all people, civilians included. YANK is the GIs'. own publication. And we GIs are people also. So YANK is the magazine of a broad representative section of the American people in general, the magazine of the American GI in particular.

Wartime conditions precipitated the creation of YANK, but the need YANK filled was far broader and more lasting than mere wartime needs. As has been stated in previous letters to the editors, YANK must go on after the war. But whose magazine will it be by the time demobilization is under way, and when it is in the main completed? Then, as now, YANK must fill a need, to keep it vital, to keep it from becoming a mere humor sheet with retrospective nostalgic tendencies.

On occasion in the past, letters from soldiers have asked about the possibility of creating a new servicemen's organization, one different from any previous veterans' organization, a new type of organization that will keep us united in common interests after the war, in the broadest and most active sense. Some have even suggested a broad enlisted men's organization, one that would be frankly political in nature, though not in the least exclusive, as mere "fraternities" tend to become; one in which the rank-and-file would rule and decide policies, in a democratic way, and take action on these policies, in a democratic way.

Such an organization, I think, is certain to insure the future vitality of our fine magazine, YANK.

So we might as well start pushing this thing now. The present popularity of YANK gives us a golden opportunity for all us GIs to get together and stick together now and after it's all over.

Britain. 30 BOYS FROM THE 414th SIGNAL COMPANY

In Defense Of Jane

Dear YANK:

As an English girl I consider myself fortunate in being supplied, by one of our American allies, with a weekly copy of your magazine. In last week's edition I discovered, to my amazement, a letter from three irate GIs directed against one of the most popular English comic strips.

Believe me when I say that I have seen photographs and caricatures equally, to quote them, "cheap and common" in some American periodicals.

It is surprising that "Sad Sack's" female friends who, while decidedly revealing, afford great amusement to most people, haven't shocked our American comrades' adolescent modesty and caused them to launch a literary tirade against the cartoonist.

I can assure them, as a regular reader of the *Daily Mirror*, that there is nothing at all immoral concerning Jane and Hank—when in the presence of your stalwart MP our heroine is always adequately covered!

I strongly advise these three GIs never to attempt to peruse the contents of *Lilliput*, *London Opinion* or even your own magazine—*Esquire*—for, if they become so upset by a mere cartoon, the appearance of some of the actual models therein will surely reduce them to a state of apoplexy.

I have always previously found the Americans an extremely broadminded nation. Perhaps "Dick Tracy's Boys" have formerly led a sheltered life or were actually born in the early nineties. How unfortunate that it should have fallen to harmless Jane to force upon them the crude realities of the outside world.

Britain. DOREEN H. REED

To GI Wolves

Dear YANK:

Will you please forgive this liberty from a mere English gal. Ever since I can remember, I have been interested in American literature and shamelessly state that I will do almost, I said "almost", anything to obtain any of your books, papers, etc.

I have just managed to borrow a copy of January 30 edition of YANK and read with great amusement Sgt. Flack's letter, voicing with rank, disapproving groans the candy, cigarettes and bank-roll approach the GI adopts with we English er—cousins.

Unfortunately, I know how dern right he is (I hate to admit this) but . . . I should like to ask your suave Mr. Flack if he has ever thought that we also might appreciate the creased and pressed uniform and a few bland words of praise (for a change) instead of their big-hearted gestures of presents of sweets and cigarettes. Not that I am one of the lucky gals to benefit from this form of approach . . . yet!

The times I have had the pleasure of a "date" with a Yank, I invariably suggest we go home to dinner, at my home—save expense—afterwards, he can, if he chooses, dance to a fine selection of his favourite American dance bands' records, or relax in an easy chair by the fire, feet on shelf if he wants, with a little light refreshment commonly called "Scotch" I think. (This is not an indirect invitation to you or any other member of your staff!!!)

In closing, I should like to tell your Sgt. (money-packing papa) Flack I'm all for his "old time" never-failing approach. It's O.K. by me, yes, siree, but . . . I have not yet decided which I should prefer, the well-pressed uniform or the candy. The "brass" is a mere bagatelle! Personally, I prefer a man for what he is and not what he can give me!

Britain. LOUISE RAND

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Pictures: 1, Keystone. 2, 3, 4 and 5, Sgt. Ben Schnall. 6 and 7, upper (6), Acme; others, Cpl. Henry B. Krush Seventh Air Force. 8 and 9, Bacon, Army Pictorial Service. 11, top, OWI; bottom Signal Corps. 12, top left, Signal Corps, PCD; top right, Signal Corps; center, Keystone; bottom left, Sgt. John Bushemi; bottom center, Signal Corps, PCD; bottom right, Planet. 13, top left, Keystone; top right Planet; center left, BOP; center right, Cyril Hopper, S and S; bottom left, OWI; bottom right, Cpl. Howard Warner. 14, M-G-M. 15, AP. 16, PA. 17, left, Acme; center, Keystone; right, AP. 18, Sgt. John Frano. 19, BOP. 20, upper, Signal Corps; lower, Acme.

Combat Fatigue Again

Dear YANK:

I noticed in the January 30 YANK a letter on what Senator Reynolds said about things in the ETO. The fellow who wrote it has a darn good argument. Senator Reynolds was probably thinking of the base outfits and those which have not seen front-line service. Even there, many men deserve a rest. Some of the SOS, AAF ground units, and ground force outfits have had a damn tough row to hoe since they came here, especially the ones who pioneered the ETO. They have done well, and deserve an even break at least. All the units which came after have had things a bit easier because of them.

A lot of units have had things fairly easy in the States and here. My unit has had a lot of hard work, but we can't complain. Nobody's shot at us yet. Such units could stand some more duty here. So it isn't as easy as home? So what?

Speaking only for myself, I am not particular whether I go home till after the war or not. I soldiered with some guys who were in the Philippines. They will never know how home looks again. Whatever I do in this war is far less than they did. Until all this is over, I don't think I could return and feel right about it.

Britain. 1st Sgt. JOHN P. CONLON

Nomenclature

Dear YANK:

As a constant reader of yours for over a year, I would like to draw your attention to a big mistake you are continually making—a mistake, in my opinion, which is causing a great amount of mixed feelings in Britain.

I find you continually mix Britain and England. Saying "England" did this. The "English" did that. Then collectively quote in the next paragraph "Britain." Tell me, therefore, why do you as educated Americans consider these islands as England? Actually England is only a member of the Union, e.g., United Kingdom or United Kingdoms. Four Kingdoms united under one sovereign. It would be better illustrated if our papers screamed such headlines as "The New York Air Force Bombs Berlin," "The New York Navy Attacks Japan," etc.

I would (and many other folk would as well) appreciate it if you would rectify this error, and in future refer to us as Britons or British. England is nothing without Ireland, Wales and Scotland so why not give us credit. After all we are members of the United Nations.

Britain. AN INDIGNANT WELSHMAN, RAF

SPORTS: FRANKIE FRISCH LOST HIS NERVE IN ALASKA

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

SUPPOSE you were sweating out the war in Alaska and Stan Musial of the St. Louis Cardinals popped this question at you:

"Who was the first playing manager, in his first year as manager, who led his team to the National League pennant and a world series victory?"

Chances are you would look right at the manager in question and then muff the question completely. That's exactly what happened to one fog-bound GI at an outpost in the Aleutians when Musial, Danny Litwhiler, Frankie Frisch, Hank Borowy and Dixie Walker were giving a show up there recently.

"This boy looked at Frisch," Musial said, "and didn't realize he was the manager. At that, I guess it was kinda confusing with Frisch standing right there as big as life."

During their six-week tour of Alaska and the Aleutians the ball players asked a lot of questions like these, and for every one a GI answered right, he got an autographed baseball. "And don't think they were easy, either," Musial said. "Take Hank Borowy's favorite, for example: What three American Leaguers hit the most home runs in one season? The boys usually took their time figuring that one out, but they'd get it finally."

In case you are taking too much time, and not getting it, we'll tell you who they were: Hank Greenberg, Jimmy Foxx and Babe Ruth.

"Dixie Walker always asked our $64 question," Musial continued. "It's tricky. It goes like this: A runner on first base was hit by a batted ball while going to second and was called out. In the next inning, the same runner was on first base again and was hit again by a batted ball while going to second. This time he was called safe. *Why?*

"The catch is this: The first time the infield was playing deep and the runner ran in front of the infielders. According to the rule book, the runner is out if the infielders don't get a chance to field the ball. The second time, of course, the infield was playing in close and the runner ran behind them and therefore he was safe because the infielders had the opportunity to field the ball."

Don't get the idea that the major leaguers spent most of their time conducting baseball quiz shows. They answered plenty of questions themselves, too. In fact, four times a day, seven days a week, they did nothing but answer questions, run off world series movies and autograph baseballs. And still the guys clamored for more. There were many nights when the five ball players came back to their huts so hoarse that they didn't even bother to tell each other good night.

The way Musial figures it, almost every GI in Alaska had his dough on the Cardinals in the series. "Everywhere we went," Musial said, "the first question the fellows asked me was: 'How did the Cardinals happen to lose to the Yankees?' I told them the Yankees deserved to win because they played better ball and had better pitching. Borowy always got a big kick out of that, especially the part about the pitching. He's a Yankee, you know, and he pitched in the series, too.

"Hank, by the way, was the only American Leaguer in our party, and he came in for plenty of kidding from Frisch and Walker. But in the long run I guess he did all right. Don't forget he was on the winning side last year. Frisch and Walker were always bragging about the National League, telling the soldiers about their fights with umpires and crazy baseball games. But Hank would usually sum it up this way: 'If you want to see a circus, you go to the National League, but but if you want to see a baseball game, you go to the American League.' ".

Probably the best story of the trip concerns Frisch and a huge Eskimo, who must have weighed 250 pounds even without all of his furs. "I know the National League umpires will never believe it," Musial said, "but this *was one time that Frisch really lost his nerve.* One night we were giving a show before a few soldiers and a big group of Eskimos. Frisch was on the soap box telling some funny stories. The Eskimos just sat there silently without even cracking a smile. There was one big Eskimo in particular who kept whetting his knife with his thumb and looking at Frisch without batting an eyelash. Frisch couldn't take his eye off this Eskimo either. It finally got Frisch. He stopped talking altogether. He didn't think the Eskimos understood English, much less baseball.

"Frisch pointed to this hard-looking Eskimo and said: 'Hey, you. Do you know what I'm talking about? You know baseball?'

"The Eskimo smiled a little and went on rubbing the blade of his knife. Then he said: 'Sure me know baseball. Me catcher.'

"That threw Frisch. He turned to Dixie Walker and said: 'Hey, Dixie, do you want to take over?' Before Walker could say a word, this same Eskimo pointed his knife at him and said: 'Me want to go back to Brooklyn with you.'

"We got out of there. Quick."

Frisch signs this short-snorter for an engineer.

Musial and Litwhiler in the chow line.

IF the War Department is willing, a Canadian sportsman named **Frank Burns** will underwrite a title fight between **Sgt. Joe Louis** and **Sgt. Freddie Mills** of the RAF in Edmonton, Alberta, on Dominion Day next July 1. . . . According to **Branch Rickey**, something has come up to make **Leo Durocher's** overseas trip to the CBI with **Danny Kaye** appear very doubtful. Rickey wouldn't say what was hanging fire. . . . Fort Sheridan, Ill., jumps into big-time football next season with Great Lakes as an opener on Sept. 9. . . . YANK correspondents have counted more than 90 basketball teams on Attu. . . . **Capt. Forrest Evashevski**, Tom Harmon's blocking back at Michigan, is a supply officer somewhere in Australia. . . . The Navy medics must have eased up their physical requirements when they looked into **Schoolboy Rowe's** mouth and then passed him. He hasn't a tooth in his head that he didn't buy. . . . **Capt. Frank X. Reagan**, the All-American from Penn and ex-football Giant, is CO of a fleet Marine detachment on a battleship. . . . **Pvt. Mel Allen**, the CBS sports announcer, is conducting a nightly sports program from the Infantry School at Fort Benning over station WRBL, Columbus, Ga. . . . **Capt. Dave Rankin**, Purdue's 1940 All-American end, now a Marine fighter pilot in the South Pacific, has two Mitsubishi twin-engined bombers and two dive bombers to his credit. . . .

Inducted: **Ernie White**, St. Louis Cardinal southpaw ace, into the Army; **Fritzie Zivic**, former welterweight champion, into the Navy; **Norman Brown**, righthander of the Philadelphia A's, into the Army; **Johnny McCarthy**, Boston Brave first baseman, into the Navy; **Marty Marion**, star shortstop of the Cardinals, into the Army. . . . *Rejected:* **Ace Adams**, relief hurler of the Giants, because of knee injury; **Pinky Woods**, Boston Red Sox pitcher, because he is minus a big toe. . . . *Transferred:* **CPO Ken Overlin**, ex-middleweight champ, from Hawaii to Treasure Island, Calif.; **Jim White S2c**, All-American tackle on Notre Dame's national championship football team last fall, from the campus Naval-training program to Great Lakes; **Maj. Billy Southworth Jr.**, son of the St. Louis Cardinal manager and winner of five decorations as a Fortress pilot, from the Eighth Air Force to Santa Monica, Calif., for reassignment. . . . *Promoted:* **Cpl. Charley Trippi**, Georgia's 1942 Rose Bowl star, to buck sergeant at Basic Training Center No. 10, Greensboro, N. C.; **Ensign Joe Maniaci**, coach of the recent powerful Bainbridge Naval Station football team, to lieutenant junior grade. . . . *Commissioned:* **"Gentleman Jim" Yeager**, head football coach at the University of Colorado, as lieutenant junior grade in the Navy. **Rollie Brown**, track coach at Brown University, as a lieutenant junior grade in the Navy. . . . *Killed in action:* **Maj. John Hurley**, former Washington State College football star and coach, on the Italian front; **Rudolf Harbig**, the great German middle-distance runner, on the Russian front.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

BACK FROM CHINA, Lt. Tom Harmon told a press conference in Washington the only reason Japanese pilots didn't shoot him when he parachuted from his burning P-38 was that he "played dead."

FOR MEN ONLY, or SATURDAY NIGHT IN A WAC BILLET

By One Who Quite Obviously Has Never Been There

From a letter to YANK printed in "Mail Call" of February 13—

"THREE horrified GI Janes are in their billet this Saturday night and read in YANK that you saw a Wac sergeant in a raincoat with stripes. Frankly, you did not. She wore her utility coat, with belt and hood, did she not? We never wear our GI raincoats—they are beltless and horrible."

(The scene is the billet of three GI Janes and the time is Saturday night. As the curtain rises, a private named Lavinia is sewing a bit of fluff on to a piece of frill and a corporal named Dagmar is rolling a flock of cigarettes. The third Wac—a Pfc. named Penelope—is slowly tearing up a copy of YANK and twisting its pages into a set of curling papers. Suddenly one of the printed lines catches her eye and she stops to read it.)

Pfc. Penelope (indignantly): Why, the nerve of this guy!

Cpl. Dagmar (hopefully): Who? Where?

Pvt. Lavinia (fearfully): Oh—h—h! You don't mean there's a man in here, do you?

Cpl. Dagmar: I'm afraid not, child. At ease.

Pfc. Penelope: Someone on YANK claims he saw a Wac wearing a raincoat.

Pvt. Lavinia (horrified): A raincoat! Why, for pity's sake . . . !

Cpl. Dagmar (equally horrified): A raincoat! Why, the dirty little . . . !

Pvt. Lavinia: He probably means a utility coat.

Pfc. Penelope: Nope. Says right out it was a raincoat. Says it was a sergeant wearing it, too.

Cpl. Dagmar (suspiciously): How could this guy tell *what* her rank was?

Pfc. Penelope: That's just it. He says she had stripes on her sleeve. Gracious, she could probably be broken for that!

Pvt. Lavinia: Oh, dear! I hope it wasn't poor Dottie.

Cpl. Dagmar (rubbing her hands together): Something tells me maybe there's going to be a slight change for the better in our T/O.

Pfc. Penelope: But it couldn't have been Dottie. It couldn't have been any Wac. Wacs simply don't wear their GI raincoats, and that's all there is to it.

Pvt. Lavinia (indignantly): I should say not! Those beltless, horrible things! You never wear yours, do you, corporal?

Cpl. Dagmar (gruffly): I'm afraid not, dear. *(A tear trickles down her cheek.)* My boy friend swiped it to get back to Dix the night before we shipped. And that's the last I've seen of it—or him. *(Silent sobs wrack her frame.)*

Pfc. Penelope (consolingly): There, there, corporal—don't cry. The point is, though, where does this YANK writer think he gets off saying he saw a Wac in a raincoat?

Pvt. Lavinia: Why, I'd rather be dead than seen in one of those things! Of all the insults!

Cpl. Dagmar: Oh, I can think of worse ones.

Pfc. Penelope: That's not the point. It's that those silly men are always getting things wrong.

Pvt. Lavinia: I've got it, girls! Let's write them a letter and show them how wrong they are.

Cpl. Dagmar (cautiously): Of course, it's just possible that some Wac *was* wearing a raincoat. Maybe her CO ordered her to, or maybe she lost her utility coat, or something.

Pfc. Penelope: Don't be silly, corporal. It stands to reason no Wac in her right mind would wear a GI raincoat.

Pvt. Lavinia: Of course it does! And if she weren't in her right mind they'd send her home on a Section 8 and then she wouldn't be in the ETO and then this YANK man couldn't have seen her.

Pfc. Penelope (triumphantly): Q.E.D.!

Cpl. Dagmar: Okay, okay. You two write the letter and I'll sign it with you. Oh, and say, girls—do you think we might just happen to mention there's a good movie showing in town next week?

(The curtain falls as Pfc. Penelope gets out some mauve letter-paper and a pen, while Pvt. Lavinia starts to do her hair up in pink ribbons and Cpl. Dagmar lights up one of her home-made butts.)

Editor's Note: A few hours after submitting the above, the author went AWOL, and was last seen heading for the States in a rowboat. So—although revenge is sweet—it's too late, girls, too late.

The GERMAN FLEET

. . . A Brief Review

Reconstructing the scene of the sinking of the "Scharnhorst," a YANK artist shows her listing badly to starboard as the "Duke of York" hovers in the distance.

By Cpl. JACK COGGINS
YANK Staff Correspondent

- **Why did Germany start the war with only four battleships ?**
- **Why has Germany fought no great naval battle ?**
- **Is the German a good sailor ?**
- **How good are German ships ?**
- **Why didn't Germany build a bigger fleet ?**
- **How much has been sunk ?**

ON the night of December 26, 1943, the British battleship *Duke of York*, supported by a force of cruisers and destroyers, sent to the bottom the last capital ship in the German Navy fit for immediate service. As the *Scharnhorst* heaved up her blazing hull and plunged below the waters of the North Cape, she undoubtedly carried with her into the icy depths more than just the 1,400-odd members of her crew. With her must have gone Germany's last hopes of seriously hindering the vital flow of Allied supplies along the northern route to Russia. More than that, the disaster must have symbolized to the German people the utter failure of their whole naval campaign.

That plan of campaign, they had been told, would cut England off from the outside world, and would deny her—by means of fast, powerful surface raiders, long-range submarines and bombing planes, and small craft operating at her very doorstep—the use of the sea lanes without which the island nation could not survive.

That plan was foredoomed to failure. History has shown time and again that commerce-destroying war alone can only hamper—but never close—the sea-lines of communication of the power which holds command of the sea. And England, whatever else her weaknesses at the time, held command of the sea.

In a way, circumstances forced Germany into this kind of naval campaign. Naturally, Hitler would have preferred to start the war with a larger fleet, but building a big fleet, and training the personnel to man it takes time, and time was one thing Germany didn't have. Her first task was the conquest of Europe before Europe got wise, and that was primarily a military operation. There would be plenty of time later to set the captured shipyards on the Tyne and the Clyde to building a fleet capable of taking the war across the Atlantic. With Britain's long commerce routes cut by sea and her industrial cities pulverized, she was through, the Germans figured. So to Germany's naval leaders fell the task of creating some sort of fleet in as short a time as possible—a fleet which would be capable of inflicting serious damage on England's shipping. They decided to concentrate on surface raiders and submarines.

It hasn't worked so far and the chances of its working from here on in are certainly remote. It now begins to look as if psychological as well as physical difficulties had hampered the German naval chiefs. The trouble probably goes back to the old Imperial German Navy which grew up mentally in a shadow. Always, across the hazy stretches of the North Sea, loomed in the minds of German naval authorities the grim, gray fleets of England, lying athwart the sea roads to the oceans of the world, hemming Germany in and leaving her free access, in time of war, to the Baltic alone. Ambitious though Germany's shipbuilding program was, she could never, as she was figuring time then, compete with Britain in numbers alone. Relentlessly though Admiral Tirpitz might press the Reichstag for ships and still more ships, in his ears continually rang the clang and clamor of British shipyards, as one great vessel after another slid down the ways to join the ever-growing Royal Navy.

Indeed, British naval supremacy weighed heavily on the minds of many of Germany's leaders. With them, it was a foregone conclusion that German ports would be blockaded and German shipping driven from the seas as soon as war was declared. This sort of strategic inferiority complex hampered the Germans badly in the last war and events of this war have strongly indicated that it is affecting their thought today.

After the last war, Germany's fleet was reduced to

six antiquated battleships, six small cruisers, twelve destroyers and twelve torpedo boats. It wasn't much but Germany seems to have set about immediately planning for her future campaign—a campaign that would involve the use of battleships of considerable size.

Now, the problem of any naval designer is to cram as much in the way of guns, armor, engines, fuel space, watertight compartments, and the hundred and one special gadgets that go to make up a warship into a hull of limited displacement, and still leave adequate living space for a large crew. For the Germans, cramped by treaty limitations, this problem was the all-important one. Their raider-battleships had to be fast, in addition to being heavily gunned, stoutly armored and, by means of internal bulges and compartments, well protected against torpedo attack. There was only one way to incorporate all these features in a single ship, and that was to increase the displacement. When, by the terms of Germany's treaty with England in 1935, the Nazis were permitted to expand their Navy somewhat, they set about building the *Bismarck* and *Tirpitz*, announcing their tonnage as 40,000, although 50,000 is believed to be nearer the mark. At the time of their launching, these two were the most powerful ships afloat, thanks to a fabulous weight of armor, eight fifteen-inch guns, a wonderful system of watertight bulkheads, and engines able to drive the giants at thirty knots. These two monsters, plus the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisnau*, made up the German battleship force.

Just what the *Graf Zeppelin*, the only aircraft carrier that Germany is believed to have in service, is up to at this moment is not known at this writing. The 820-foot floating airfield was shown in an aerial photograph during her fitting-out at Kiel in 1940 and is presumed to have been long in commission. Recent reports have suggested that she might be at Gdynia.

Germany's so-called "pocket battleships," which are really not battleships at all but heavily armored cruisers, were also prominent in her planning. These were designed and built under the curbs of the Treaty of Versailles, which set a limit of 10,000 tons to any ship Germany was permitted to build. Even so, German naval designers planned a ship that came as something of a shock to other maritime powers, and for long was the source of endless controversy. By use of a welded instead of a riveted hull, and by the adoption of Diesel engines for propulsion, they managed to save enough weight to mount six eleven-inch guns as primary armament.

This presented other nations, whose heavy cruisers carried only eight-inch guns, with a nasty problem. The speed of these pocket battleships was twenty-six knots—not as fast as the ordinary cruiser, but faster than any heavy ship then afloat, with the exception of three British battle-cruisers. In other words, they could out-run anything they couldn't fight, and out-gun anything that could catch them. Their great weakness was their armor, which was only four inches at the thickest part, vulnerable to both eight and six-inch guns. This, coupled with lack of bases of their own, or friendly ports into which they could run for repairs if damaged, proved their undoing.

The pocket battleship, the *Graf Spee*, after some none-too-successful raids in the South Atlantic, was located there by three British cruisers. Theoretically, she should have destroyed her lighter opponents one by one with her heavy guns, but in a running fight the British cruisers so mauled their adversary that the *Graf Spee* was forced to run for Montevideo. There, rather than come out and face the British ships again, she was ignominiously scuttled. This action settled the question of pocket-battleship invincibility once and for all.

Another pocket battleship attacked a convoy guarded by the British armed liner *Jervis Bay*. Instead of tearing into the convoy, the German commander, not daring to risk damage to his fragile ship even from the lightly armed Britisher, spent so long reducing the *Jervis Bay* to a flaming wreck from a safe distance that the convoy scattered and got away in the darkness.

The pocket battleship *Lutzow* stopped a torpedo off Norway in June, 1941. Since then, neither of Germany's two lone "pockets" have been much in the news, and were last heard from discreetly hiding out in the comparative safety of the Baltic.

Just as the *Bismarck* class of battleship was more powerful than any corresponding one in the British Navy, so with the heavy cruisers of the *Bluecher* class. Carrying eight eight-inch guns and with a five-inch belt of armor over their vitals, they far outclassed any eight-inch gun cruisers that the Royal Navy possessed.

They are listed at 10,000 tons, but probably displace at least 3,000 more than that. Their armor protection is believed to be fairly extensive, although their internal arrangements are said to be badly cramped and ventilated. Three were built originally, and two more were supposed to have been completed in 1942-1943. The *Bluecher* was damaged by Norwegian shore batteries in April, 1940, blundered on to a minefield, and went down. The other two are in the Baltic, one of them probably out of commission.

Germany's destroyer construction was right in line with the rest of her naval program. Emphasis was laid on heavy armament—tonnage as high as 2400, guns of 5.9 caliber, and so on. About a dozen ships of the largest class are still afloat, plus seven equally heavy ones armed with five five-inch guns, and eight 1600 tonners mounting 4.1s.

Hitler's ace-in-the-hole—his U-boat campaign—was a real threat for a while, but now the Allies seem to have the situation fairly well in hand. It is still no joking matter, however.

Finally, there are the so-called E-boats. These small, fast motor torpedo boats were designed to raid coastal convoys and, by the threat of their deadly torpedoes, to keep heavier units of the British fleet from venturing too close inshore to German or German-held territory. E-boats are tiny warships, both swift and heavily armed, and some deadly miniature battles have been fought in the Channel and adjacent waters, between them and their counterparts in the Royal Navy.

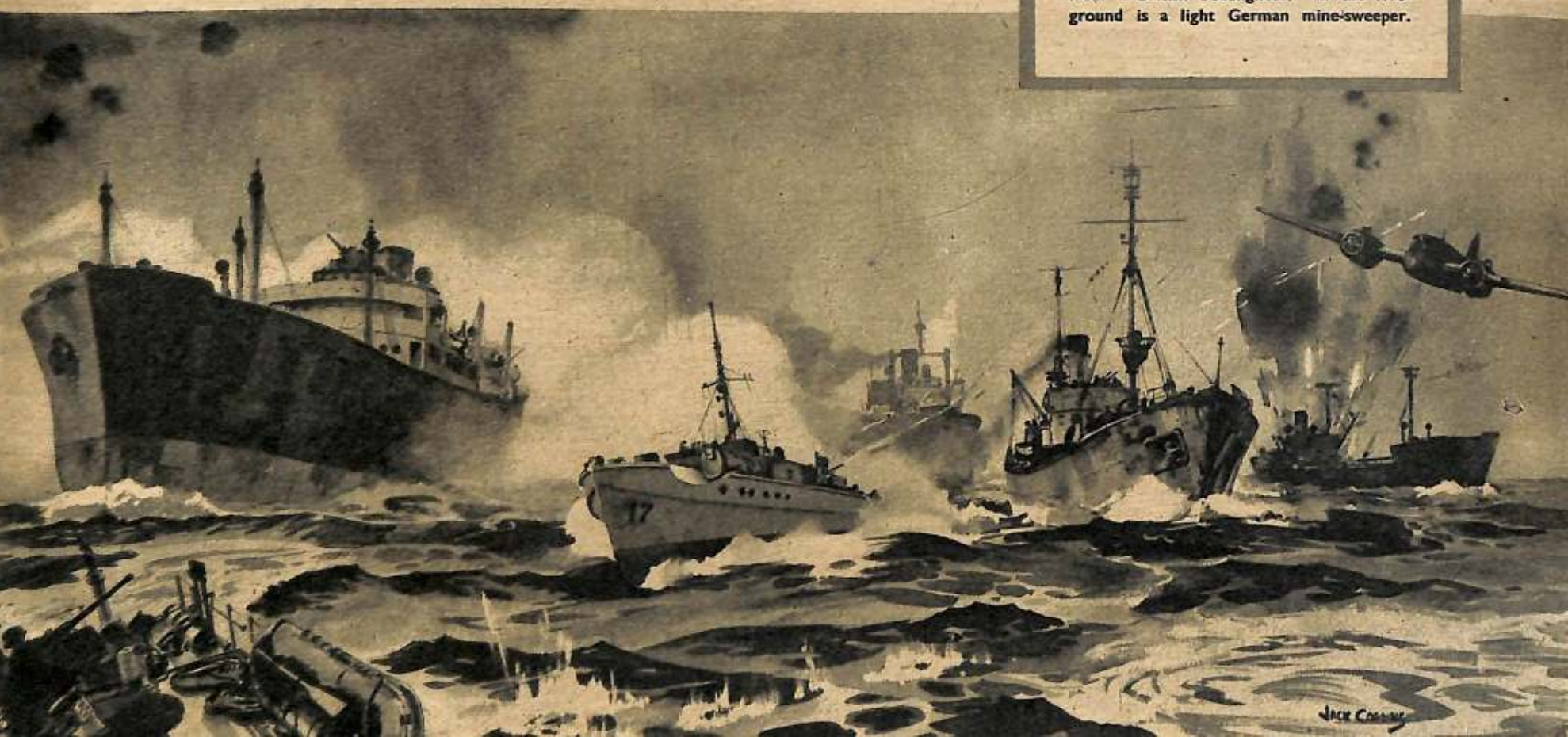
Much nonsense was written in the early part of the war to prove that German equipment was no good; was badly made out of ersatz materials, and would not stand up to the test of combat. Unfortunately, Germany's equipment is excellent. Her ships are among the finest built by any country, and are equipped with fittings, range-finders, systems of under-water protection, etc.—all of the best that German ingenuity can produce. That they have failed in their purpose is not so much the fault of their designers, as of the men who decided how and where they were to be used.

The design of Hitler's fleet was governed by his over-all strategy for this war. The thinking, and the psychology, of Hitler's seamen goes a little deeper. The Germans as a nation are not a race of seafarers. The ports and fishing villages of both North Sea and Baltic have bred a fine lot of sailors, but in the main, the German is not born to the sea. He must be trained to it—and it takes more than training to make a seaman.

It is a truism that Germans do well as long as they are winning, but given a reverse or two, they begin to get jumpy. This characteristic has been remarked on time and again both by men who have sailed with, and fought against, German sailors. Accounts of naval actions between British and German ships almost always remark on the fact that German fire is almost uncanny in its accuracy at the start, but falls off considerably when British shells begin to find the mark. German instruments are superb, but when the men behind those instruments get rattled, most of their value is lost.

Today, the German Navy, badly battered, is scattered from the Bay of Biscay to the Arctic Circle. The mighty *Bismarck* lies beneath the gray Atlantic. Crippled, on a swift foray, by torpedo planes of the Fleet Air Arm, she was smashed by the guns of *Rodney* and *King George V*, and finally dispatched by a salvo of torpedoes. *Gneisnau*, sister ship to the *Scharnhorst* and almost as useless, is in a Baltic port, and out of the war for keeps. *Tirpitz* is nursing her gashed sides in Alten fiord, victim of Britain's midget submarines. The *Graf Spee* rusts on the bottom at Montevideo. Gone to keep her company are four cruisers and more than two dozen destroyers. Torpedo boats, blockade runners, E-boats, trawlers, etc., bring the total of surface craft knocked out of the war close to 200. What the U-boat losses have been, no one knows. Estimates run as high as 350.

You can get an idea of one phase of Nazi sea activity from this drawing of a German convoy as it might look slinking along the French Coast. Left to right: a freighter, an E-boat laying a smoke-screen, another freighter, a mine-sweeper, and a third freighter, this one just hit by a torpedo from a British Beaufighter. In the foreground is a light German mine-sweeper.

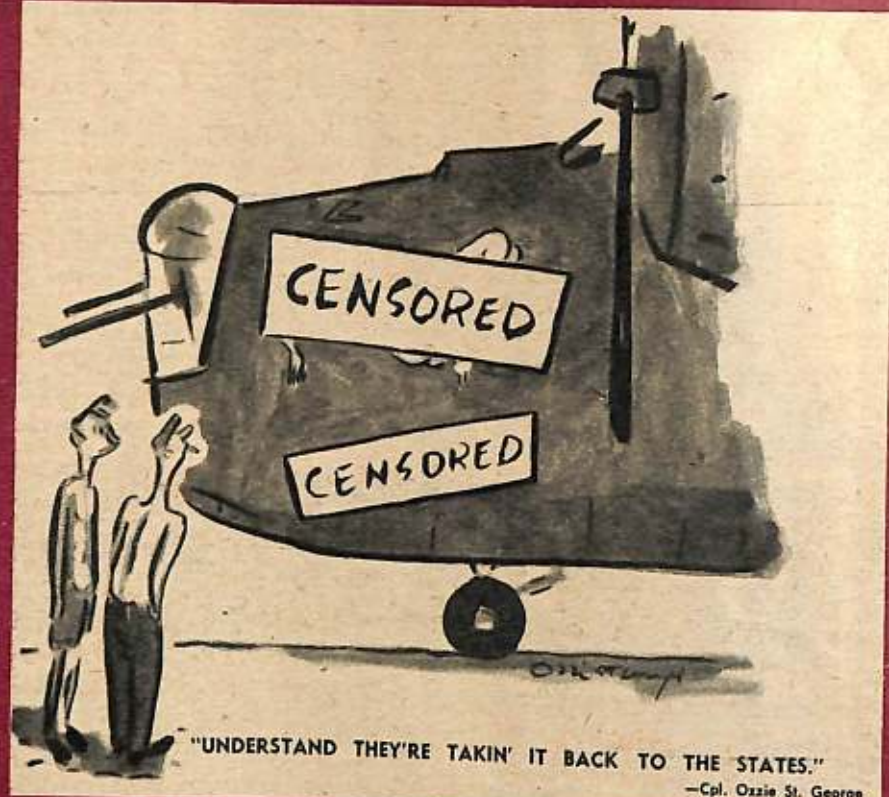


YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

"THE CORPORAL HAS QUITE A VIVID IMAGINATION."
—Sgt. Irwin Caplan

"FRANKLY, FELLOWS, I NEED THE EXTRA DOUGH."
—Cpl. Hugh Kennedy

"I'VE GOT IT! SOMETHING REALLY DIFFERENT! WE'LL SLICE THE SPAM LENGTHWISE!"
—Pvt. Thomas F. Flannery



"UNDERSTAND THEY'RE TAKIN' IT BACK TO THE STATES."
—Cpl. Ozzie St. George