BRITISH EDITION

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

3d MAY. 21 1944

VOL. 2, NO. 49

By the men . . for the men in the service

A YANK Photographer in the Ruins of Cassino

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THE RUINS OF CASSINO: A SMOKE SHELL HAS JUST EXPLODED AMID THE DEBRIS AND THE SMOKE PARTIALLY OBSCURES HANGMAN'S HILL IN THE BACKGROUND. IT IS CALLED THAT BECAUSE "A PIECE OF FRAMEWORK THAT LOOKS LIKE A GALLOWS" IS STANDING THERE.

CAMERAMAN IN CASSINO

A YANK photographer crawls through the wreckage in the ruined Italian mountain town where the Allies are still locked with the Germans in one of the war's longest battles and brings back some remarkable pictures.

By Sgt. GEORGE AARONS
YANK Staff Photographer

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—They gave me a Tommy bowler and a leather jerkin and made me take off my combat suit. Otherwise, they said, the British snipers might shoot at my American helmet because it looked like the German one. The captain briefed us, explaining that our load would be rations and barbed wire. He gave us the password and checked to see if everyone knew the rendezvous at the edge of town.

There were 11 in our party: eight of the men carrying rations; the captain, another man and myself carrying wire. The moon had come up by this time, bringing the slopes of Montecassino out of the darkness.

The captain, the wireman and I started off in a jeep, sitting all three in the front; the back was loaded with the five reels of barbed wire. The windshield was down, so I got the full benefit of the cold night air. It seemed as if we were the only mechanized travel. Soon we began to pass long, slow lines of mules, heavily laden and led by soldiers. The mule lines turned and wound with the road into the valley.

The soldiers leading them were evidently of several nationalities, because whenever our jeep turned a corner and came up unexpectedly on the rear of a column, we heard voices cry out warnings in French and English and sometimes in Italian.

When the mule trains became scarcer, we caught up with jeeps pulling loaded trailers. Occasionally we passed companies of Infantry replacements moving up.

The driver was familiar with the road and he began to speed up, never lingering long on the high points or crossroads because, he said, "they have those spots zeroed in." Although the flats in front of the town were occasionally shelled, nothing fell near us.

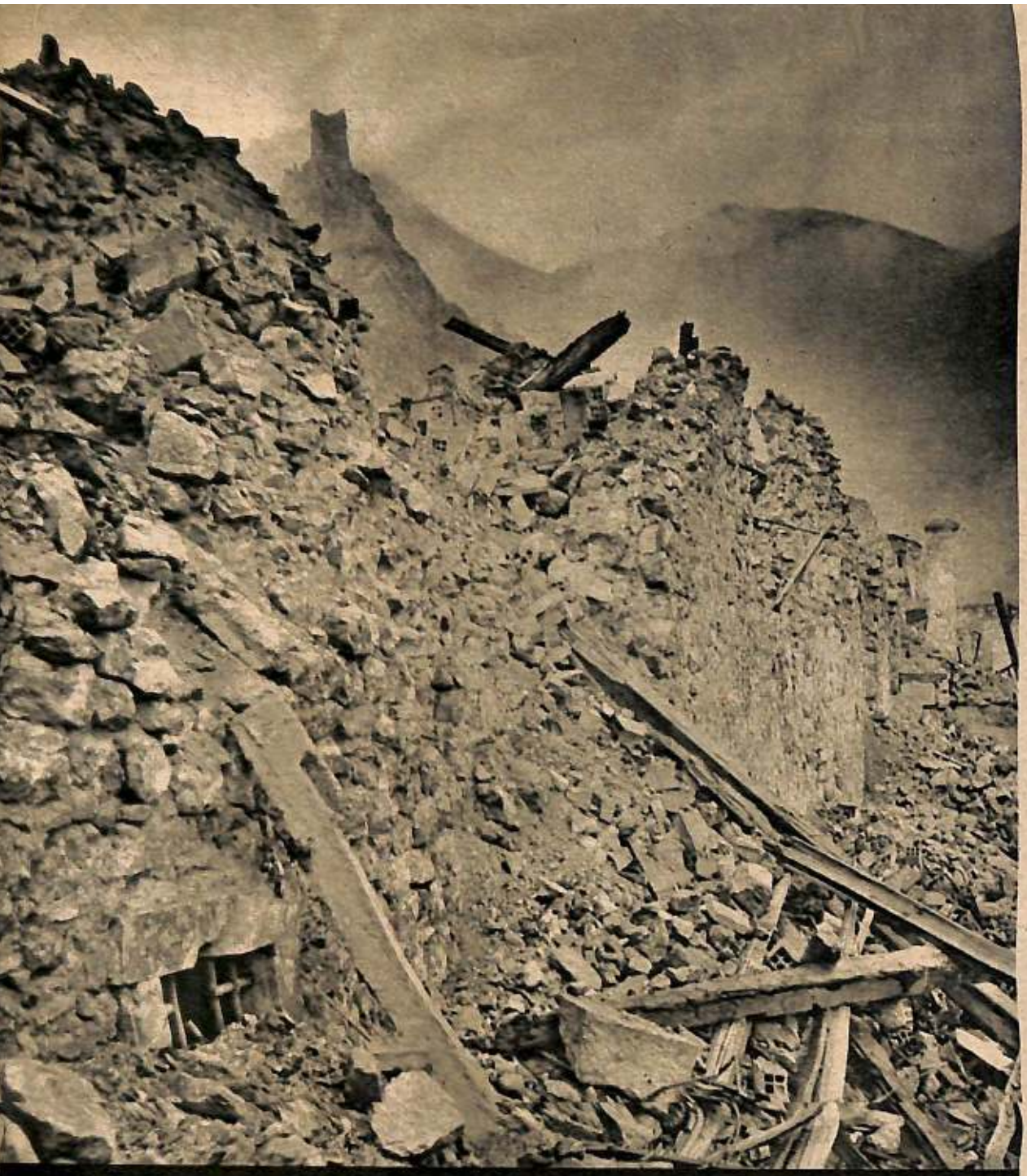
I noticed that smoke shells were being put down in front of the town, blocking out the lower slopes but leaving the monastery clearly visible above.

We passed a few dead mules by the side of the road and then a Bren-gun carrier lying in a ditch. There was a heavy smell in the air, a mixture of dead mules and the bright yellow flowers patching the flats in the valley.

Then we came to the flats flooded by the Germans. We made the turn at Hell's Fire Corner, clearly marked by strips of mine tape strung on two shot-up six-by-sixes and two wrecked ambulances.

The driver stepped on the gas, and we raced across the Rapido, bounced past a couple of knocked-out tanks and came to an intersection. The inevitable MP stood there, directing traffic. We turned left at a barracks, and it was then that we began to see the first effects of the terrific shelling and bombardment the town had received. Only a few pillars remained standing above the debris of the barracks on the outskirts. Here and there were dead Shermans, which had thrown their treads as a snake sheds its skin.

Pulling up in front of our meeting place, we quickly unloaded the wire. Before we could acknowledge the hurried "Bye, Yank, see you



RUBBLE EVERYWHERE, AND STICKING UP IN THE BACK A CASTLE—THAT IS, ITS REMAINS—NOW IN OUR HANDS.

IN A HOUSE WHERE WALLS ARE SO THICK THAT IT IS A FORTRESS, NEW ZEALANDERS INSTALL ANTITANK GUN.

tomorrow night," the driver raced away, leaving the captain and me alone with our reels of barbed wire.

I'd expected the worst during the ride but nothing had happened, and now I remarked to the captain: "It's pretty quiet tonight." He turned and said quietly that there was an understanding among the men never to mention things like that on these trips. He told me he made a trip like this one every night.

While we waited for the truck to arrive, he demonstrated how to carry a coil of barbed wire. You stand inside the coil and then grab hold of the looped pieces of insulated wire on each side.

Soon there was a terrific clanking down the road, and I was sure every German in Cassino could hear the truck coming. The noise was made by chains carried over the truck's bumper.

The men scrambled out and the captain checked to see that each man had his proper load. The rations were carried in pairs of sandbags tied together at the mouth and then slung over the men's shoulders. Each man also carried a small bag in each hand.

While the captain was attending to the final details, the Germans started. There's a funny thing about mortars: when they're going to miss you they can be heard, but the closer they get the quieter they sound.

There would be a swish-swish, a burst of flame and then a loud explosion. I felt very uneasy. The shells were exploding in the very path we were traveling, and I whispered to the New Zealander behind me: "It's getting kind of noisy." He whispered back: "Jerry's having his bit of hate."

When we moved off, the captain placed me behind him and explained that we must keep five yards between us. He picked up his coil and started off, hugging the bank alongside the road. Picking up my coil, I noticed that it was off balance but decided there was no time to do anything about it now and took up the trail right behind the captain. I heard the man behind me do the same.

Everything was still all around us. Suddenly a burst of machine-gun fire shattered the silence, synchronized with a single tracer that lazily arched its way across us toward our lines. This was followed by a couple of mortars, and then all was quiet again.

It was a beautiful night, filled with all the signs of an awakening spring. A lonely night bird was sounding off over in Purple Heart Valley, and the sting had gone out of the breeze coming down off the mountain.

When we got to the edge of the town, the captain set his coil down near an overturned Sherman and stopped. I was puffing hard and was grateful for this chance to rest. In the distance we could hear the sound of long-range shelling. Occasionally the tanks bedded down in the flats would fire a mission, and then all would be quiet again.

The captain asked me how I was doing and then said that we didn't have much farther to go, but that it would be rougher now; we were coming to the rubble. "I hope Spandau Alley is quiet tonight," a Kiwi whispered in my ear, explaining that it was a spot along our route that the Kraut sprayed every so often in the hope of catching just such a party as ours. "We've been pretty lucky so far," he said. "He's just missed every time."

As we started off again, I hoped silently that he would continue to miss. In a few minutes we were in the rubble, and when someone stepped on a tin can my heart seemed to stop. As it resumed its normal beat, I could see that we were walking on what had once been a street; we were trying to hug the stumps of walls of houses. It was so quiet that I could hear a cat crying.

There was actually no shape to the road as we climbed over heaps of rubble covering the first floor of what had once been a house, down the other side into a bomb crater and then around a tank that lay on its side. I had no idea at times whether we were going up or down a slope and just followed the man in front of me.

Suddenly the near quiet was broken by a very sharp swish, then by the crash of a mortar. The captain shouted: "Take cover, blokes." Everybody dropped what he was carrying, stretched out flat and tried to crawl to some hole or to get behind a heavy wall that was still standing.

I could hear the captain moving about to make

sure that everyone was safe. I found myself sprawled out behind a two-foot-thick wall, in the company of a Kiwi who wasn't wearing a helmet. Shivering and sweating at the same time, I whispered to him: "Isn't this a helluva place?" He whispered back: "I wish I was in the desert again." So did I.

There was another crash and a burst of flames, and the ground shook under us. The falling plaster dust tickled my nose, and I tried to get closer to the ground and curl my long legs in under me. Pieces of rubble pelted us, and a pebble hit me in the back of the neck, making me wish I was wearing my deep American helmet.

After a few seconds I raised my head. There was a lot of dust, and the smell of the shell was still hanging in the air. But I could see the captain going from man to man to check whether they were all okay. He had plenty of guts.

I heard a lot of swishing in the air over our heads. Some of it was our stuff, and I remembered someone saying that we give the Kraut about seven for every one he sends over. Any other time I would have been comforted by the thought, but at the moment it wasn't very reassuring because a lot of his stuff was coming at us. We all stayed where we were, but finally no more came, and then our guns stopped firing, too. All was quiet again, but we didn't move until the captain said: "Let's get cracking, blokes."

I went back to where I had dropped the wire. "Quite close, eh, Slim?" the captain said. "Too bloody close," I mumbled.

The dust had cleared away but it was quite dark now; some clouds had blown in front of the moon. Stumbling over huge blocks of masonry, girders and bomb craters large enough to hide a six-by-six, we made our way along.

Every so often we'd pass some Infantry replacements going in, others on their way out. I could understand now why I'd had to change uniforms. Someone seeing my different rig might have thought I was a German who'd infiltrated

COMING out of a crater behind a tank, I saw the captain step out of his coil. "We're here," he said as I came up to him. All I could see was a ruin similar to those we had passed.

The Kiwis filed in with the rations while we left the barbed wire outside. Squeezing into the entrance, I heard a voice in the dark say: "Give me your hand, Yank." I stuck my hand out, groping, and the owner of the voice grabbed it. I followed him in the dark, turned right and went down some steps into a room. It was dimly lit by a shielded candle in a box.

Coming out of the dark, I found even this light seemed bright. There were many coats and blankets lying on the floor, some American and some British. I plopped down and wiped some of the sweat off my face.

There was a double-decker bunk in one corner of the room. The Germans had built it, but none of our men was sleeping in it because it was too hard. This was company headquarters, and the bunk was serving as a set of shelves.

From here men went to various other houses to deliver the loads. I was introduced to the major in charge and to the rest of the men in the house.

A walkie-talkie was going in the corner of the house and the radioman was trying to contact a forward platoon in another house. The telephone lines were out, and headquarters was using the radio to maintain contact with this platoon.

When the men of the carrying party got back, they threw themselves down and started to light up. The major cautioned them against smoking in the outer room. One fellow lit his cigarette with a match and then passed the cigarette around so the others could light up.

The soldiers occupying the house gathered around the carrying party to get all the latest news and rumors from camp. Loud talking interfered with the radioman's reception and he shouted: "Shut up, back there!"

The captain asked if there was anything else the men wanted, but there was no answer. He picked up their letters and waited for a barrage of shelling to stop before he left. He shook hands and said that he would see me tomorrow. Then he gathered his men together and left. On the return trip they carried back salvage—broken rifles, clothing and even the dead.

The major went out to make the rounds of his forward platoons. After every barrage, the man on the phones checked to see if the wires were still in. If the platoons could not be contacted.

A KIWI, WHOSE HIGH SPIRITS EASILY COME THROUGH THE SHADOWS, CAREFULLY CLEANS HIS BREN GUN.

THIS WAY FOR THE VALLEY OF THE PURPLE HEART. IN THE CENTER: AN OVERTURNED SHERMAN TANK.

headquarters would try to reach them by radio until a man could be sent to repair the break.

When the major came back, he said I could take any place on the floor and handed me two blankets. I picked out an empty spot and spread them out. There was a layer of debris dust insulating the blankets from the bare floor.

The radioman left word with the sentry to call him every hour, the major snuffed out the candle and I crawled in between the blankets with all my clothes and shoes on. All through the night many shells hit near the building; occasionally one would hit the house, but this house had withstood many previous hits. Often I could hear short bursts of machine-gun fire. They say you can tell a German Spandau from our guns because it fires more rounds per minute, but to me they all sound the same.

EARLY next morning we were awakened by the sound of machine-gun fire coming from every direction. The major leaped up and called out: "Take position, men." It was just beginning to get light, and someone said it was 5 o'clock.

The major called his forward platoons by radio to find out what had caused all the noise. He was told that the Germans had attacked earlier in the night with a strong patrol but had been detected. Flares were sent up, and our artillery had shelled them. The patrol had hunted around most of the night and at first light had attacked again. They had been beaten off and three prisoners taken. The major told me the Germans were just testing our strength.

I didn't feel like going back to bed and decided to look around the place. As I came up the stairs out of the cellar, I saw two Kiwis on guard at the window of a room right across the way. There were two guards at the lookout window at the opposite end of the room and two guards at the only entrance to the house. They all had tommy guns.

The walls of the house were at least a foot and a half thick, and there were two floors of fallen rubble over our heads. The only thing that could knock us out was a direct bomb hit. I could understand now how Stalingrad had held out. We and the enemy were so close that neither side could effectively use heavy artillery or bombs for fear of hitting its own men.

I peered out the lookout window but couldn't see much because of the early morning haze. The guard was reduced to one man at the lookout and one at the entrance, while the others set about preparing breakfast. The room used for a kitchen was also a combined dining room and latrine, and the odor left you in no doubt as to the latter function.

After breakfast two of the men stepped cautiously out of the house and crept to a nearby well to get water. Just as the men reached the well a barrage of mortars let go, and some of the shells hit the house, shaking up the rubble. The men at the well got back safely, though I never thought they would. It was my first lesson in the unwisdom of walking outside in daylight.

Though I spent most of the morning looking out the window with binoculars, I couldn't pick out a living thing. There must have been at least 60 houses occupied by our troops, besides those held by the Germans—more than a thousand men concealed before me. Yet I never saw a soul or heard a human sound. Nothing ever happens in Cassino in the daytime.

The day passed quickly. The men who were not on guard sat around talking sex and politics, except for the night guards who were sleeping. The telephone man was checking up to find out which wires he'd have to repair that night. He said that no repairs are ever made by day and that never a day goes by that wires aren't torn up by shell fire.

From my post at the lookout window I could see smoke shells landing on the flats. Each side uses smoke shells to hinder observation. As I looked out, Cassino reminded me of a ghost town wearing down with the years.

Above the house on a ridge sits the castle—or what's left of it—which we now occupy; and on the ridge right behind is Hangman's Hill, so called because a piece of framework that looks like a gallows stands there. The Germans, who hold Hangman's Hill, look down our backs as we use the outdoor latrine.

Later that afternoon the major asked if I'd like to go visiting. We started off for our next-door neighbor's. Although the distance between the houses was only about 25 yards, it looked like an obstacle course. As the major led the way, I sidestepped our barbed wire, jumped over a block of masonry and leaped in and out of a crater, never daring to look back. We rounded a chunk of wall, wiggled through an entrance that was nothing more than a shell hole in the wall, then slid down a pile of rubble to the main floor, where we ran smack into a Kiwi with a tommy gun. The Kiwi seemed to have heard all about the Yank with a camera, so I figured the communications system was still functioning.

We were barely inside when we heard the crash of mortar shells dropping on our recent route, as if to say: "You're not putting anything over on us."

This house was about the same as the other except that it had more armament. There were Bren guns, and the Kiwis were setting up an antitank gun, carried up during the night. I took a few pictures and then decided to go back. We made the same quick scramble between houses, and a few minutes after we got inside, the Germans loosed a burst of machine-gun fire that hit the outside of the house. "It's not good to run around like we did," the major said; "it angers the Kraut and he wakes up the men who are trying to sleep."

THERE was little doing the rest of the day, and life in a Cassino fortress seemed pretty dull. The boys had a pin-up of Marguerite Chapman, salvaged from a beat-up British magazine. They also had a bottle of Scotch, donated by some correspondents. They'd had the bottle for a week but there was still some Scotch left. "We're saving it for a tough spot," they said. These boys have been fighting the war for three years now, so I reckon it's going to be a pretty tough spot.

While we were eating supper the Kraut threw over some stuff. "Here comes his iron rations," one soldier said to me, looking up from his stew. "He puts over a stonk every day at this time."

By this time mortar fire sounded as common-place to me as an auto horn on a street back home. I felt perfectly safe in this temporary home.

Time wore on after supper and there was nothing to do except wait for the ration party. I sat at the entrance and made conversation with the guard. "The ration party is our only link with the outside world," he said. "They bring us our letters every day and anything we want. They had a tough job getting some rat poison we asked for."

Since the bombing of Cassino, the rats have increased in number and boldness. They feed on the dead lying in the shell holes and run all over the place at night.

I looked out the entrance and couldn't see a hundred yards in front of me. We seemed to be an island in a sea of smoke. The guard was increased; this was the time of day when most of the attacks came. Soon it was dark. There was nothing to do, so I went back in to catch a nap.

I WAS awakened by the noise of the entrance of the ration party. Now that the time had come, I was afraid to leave this safe house. I could understand now why the men never liked to go outside. We said the usual "good lucks," shook hands all around and stepped out into the darkness. The Germans had just finished a barrage, so this was the best time to leave.

Most of the men had loads of salvage on the return trip, but there was nothing for me to carry. As we were leaving the town, we heard some machine-gun fire. Looking back, I could see the faces of the men behind me reflecting the light of flares. There was mortar fire, but none came near us. I was glad I had changed my helmet; we were certainly visible to British snipers.

It had rained during the day but the sky was clear now. We kept moving, hugging the walls. In the distance the flashes of our big guns lit the sky at intervals. When we passed the spot where we had hit the dirt the previous night, the captain dropped back and showed me where a shell had landed right in the path. "It came only a few yards from the last man," he said.

The captain walked quietly beside me. Then he asked: "Do you get this kind of training in America?" The big guns were splashing the sky with angry dabs of flame. I looked back at the town, still lit by the flares, listened to the mortar shells exploding and the machine guns playing, studied the valley that the Americans had so appropriately named the Valley of the Purple Heart, and turned back to the captain.

"They didn't when I was there," I said, shaking my head, "but I sure hope they do now."

Lying flat on his stomach in an A20 a YANK correspondent saw this clear-cut view of bomb strikes on the marshalling yards and oil tanks at Busigny, France. Part of the pattern of pre-invasion bombing, these Havocs, which first blazed the combat air trails over the continent of Europe in 1942, are now blasting the Atlantic Wall in the last lap of flying in the War of Europe.

Zero-Hour Bombing

By Sgt. SAUL LEVITT
YANK Staff Correspondent

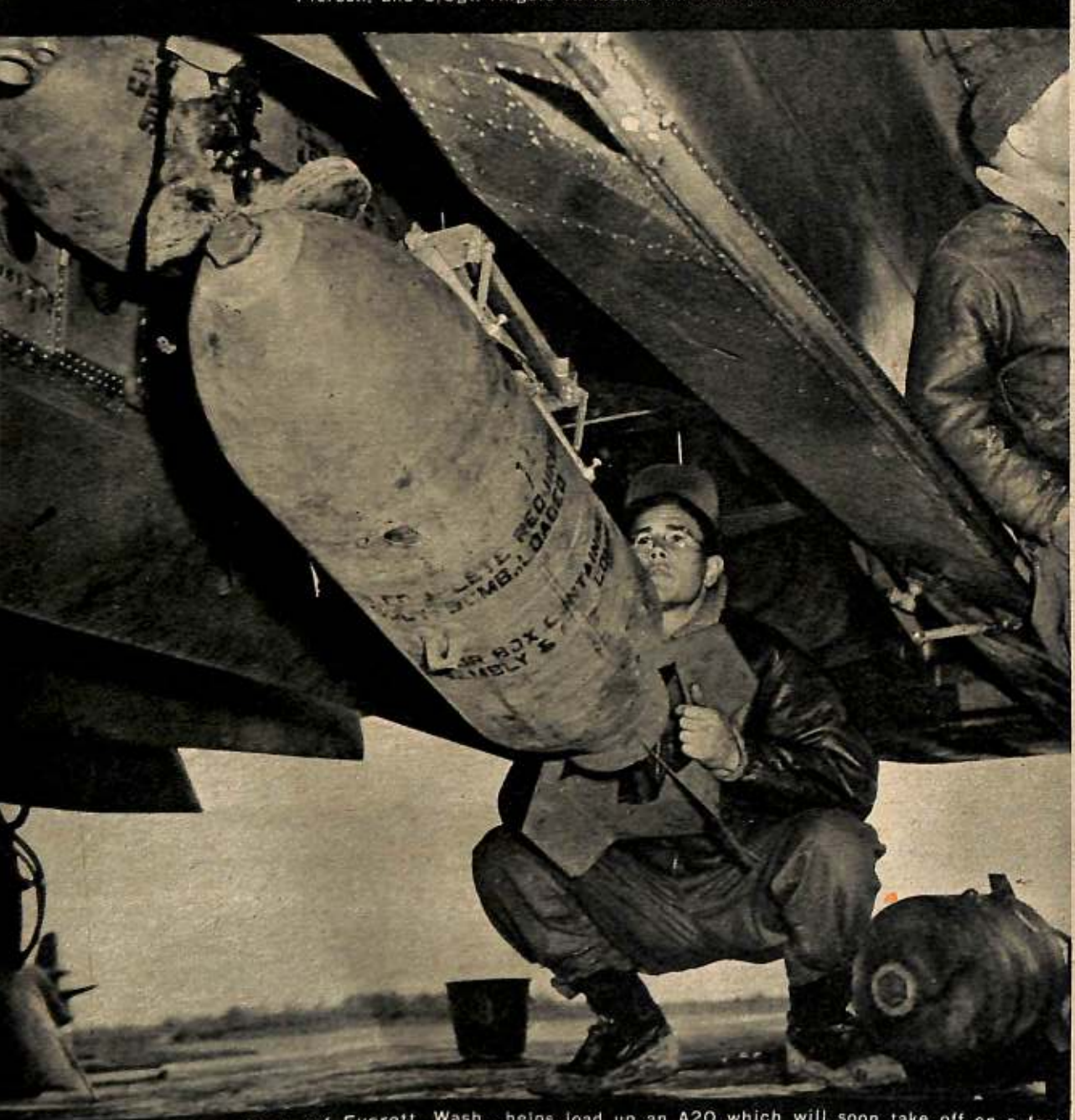
ENGLAND—Flying in an A20, the newest weapon in the arsenal of U. S. airpower to make its bow in this European theater of operations, is like grabbing a ride on a meteor. The regular flying schedule of these planes is sometimes a hot one of two missions a day. But on one of the rare afternoons when no operation was scheduled we went up to see what it was like, before getting into the real action which came the next day. The pilot was Major Albert N. Roby, Jr., a poker-faced flier with a gambler's subtle twinkle in his eye, who said casually, "Have you ever been in an A20 before?" The answer was "no"; and the Major just nodded pleasantly. We should have understood that the "no" was like a red flag to a bull, but we got aboard without any suspicion of what was to come. Along for his flying time was a flight surgeon, Capt. Ward B. Warren, whose home is in Indiana.

The bombardier-navigator was Lt. Norman W. Merrill, a very eager young man who was suffering from a mild case of "scrub" jitters. He had been briefed many times for missions but had flown only a few so far.

As if the A20 had never before been flight-tested, the Major shot it up into the sky like an ack-ack shell. Then he banked her over hard, levelled, nosed her down, and dropped her like an elevator with the cables cut. Just before it seemed we were going to dig into the ground we thought of training back in the States and of what a second looey instructor had said about what the ground was like after you hit it. "The ground, it will be too wet to plow," said the second looey.

We were thinking about how wet the ground was going to be in half a second, when Major Roby suddenly decided to level off and we skimmed along the runway like a jeep, with guys standing by, probably wondering if *(continued on next page)*

The man without the cap is Lt. John T. "Moose" Ertler—"Moose" because he's big and rangy and used to box back in Cleveland. The others are Major Arthur R. Milow, Jr., S/Sgt. William W. Pierson, and S/Sgt. Angelo A. Mattei who are crew members.



Sgt. Harold Rezk, of Everett, Wash., helps load up an A20 which will soon take off on a fast attack job across the water. A lightweight as seen against a Fort, its slim lines are deceptive. Like the deadly PT boats at sea the A20 is a dangerous raider.

they ought to call the crash wagon.

This was just to give us a hint of the possibilities of the A20. This fast, maneuverable, good-looking little attack bomber came into action quickly in the European theater and is going strong on a two-a-day attack on tactical installations in France and the Low Countries.

You can call A20 bombing part of the schedule of pre-invasion flying. It is hardly a secret that, with the B26s, their attacks on railway marshalling yards at Arras, Bethune, Busigny, Cambrai, Charleroi, Namur and other points on the Continent; on the "coastal installations" in Northern France; on aerodromes—are tactical operations designed to cripple German movement on the Continent.

In one two-week period the A20s carried out 675 sorties, dropping more than 700 tons of bombs. These are not enormous figures set against the vast tonnage of bombs that have fallen on industrial targets in Germany. But the A20 tonnage is important because it is being used to cripple the arm of German striking power, to harass and worry it and keep it from uncorking whatever it may have in the way of a Sunday punch.

With its nose wheel, its fuselage like a slender pencil, the A20 looks something like a long-legged insect high off the ground. You almost see her as a fighter except for the bomb-bay and other little breaks in the streamline for gun placement. She is a little dandy of a ship that comes in for landings at a hell of a clip but sets down as "steady as a baby carriage."

THE next morning after the conditioning flight we went down to the briefing room. The A20s had left early and were due back soon, to pick up another cargo and be off again across the blue ditch of the Channel. It was quiet and empty here, the way it always is around a flying field when the floating assets are out looking for business on the Continent. Today was one of those great days in the Spring, good for baseball, very good for bombing. The formation showed over the field, and the men below sat on a high mound of ground overlooking the field and indulged in the ancient sport of counting the planes and seeing them in. The fliers came down to the briefing room, carrying with them that roaring electric excitement which always comes home with the mission. Lt. Wilbert L. Sawyer's plane had gotten a couple of bullet holes through the fuselage. "When I saw the blue smoke," said Sawyer, paying grudging tribute to the Jerry fighter and talking faster for a Virginian than you consider quite normal, "I said 'that guy's fortune is made'."

Apparently, the Luftwaffe was somewhat more dead in the newspapers than it actually is over France. Another pilot, Lt. Charles A. Thomas, had one of those close calls that you tell grandchildren about—a shell that whistled across his chest and cut his mike cord, severing interphone communication between him and his crew for the rest of the trip.

However, the high point in interrogation reports at this base, which occurred after a recent raid, was brought in by Lt. P. G. Benson, who once had to announce somewhat sheepishly that he was all alone because the rest of the crew had baled out over France. The flak had been thick. He had been bounced upward once by blast and he thought that maybe the men had figured the ship had been badly hit or out of control, and had jumped. All chutes had been seen to open.

As things go in this war, you haven't time to brood. So Lt. Benson had gotten himself a new crew and had gone on with his missions.

On this two-a-day assignment that represents the stepped-up pace of the western air offensive the men get in some sack time between flights. On the benches in the locker room, the gunners and pilots dozed.

For the afternoon mission we were assigned to the crew of Major Arthur R. Milow, Jr., a squadron commander. The Major is from Omaha but a lot of time in the South has brought a slow rhythm to his speech. His bombardier-navigator, Lt. John "Moose" Ertler, a buoyant ex-amateur boxer from Cleveland, is another one of the grade A acquisitions of the Army, who really loses sleep if his bombs don't get in there. The "Moose," on one of the first flights of the A20s, was lead bombardier of the formation. He was so excited he was trying to pace the floor of the tiny nose, which is practically impossible. He kept yelling through interphone at Lt. Col. Crabtree, the pilot, a Texan, and veteran combat flier. Finally, Crabtree came back in the slowest and softest of voices, saying, "Now, Johnny, suppose you take it easy and tell me just what you want." Since then the "Moose" has settled down to become a veteran. The A20s saw flak and fighters their

first time out and it settled them all down nicely, for that matter. When Johnny Ertler gets through with his flying job for the day, for instance, he bangs out things on the tinny old piano in the Officers' Club or else he gets into a dazzling game of chess.

For turret gunner on Major Milow's ship this afternoon there was S/Sgt. Angelo A. Mattei, a boy built along the solid, reliable outlines of a baby tank. Mattei has been over the Channel now more than a dozen times in the brief period he has been on combat here. Many more times than that he flew in a B24 across the Pacific to Australia, as a civilian. Each minute across the Channel into combat, however, is a helluva lot longer than each hour across the Pacific as a civilian. Nevertheless, for Mattei, it's almost a busman's switchover. He flew that Pacific route for two years, clocking 2000 hours in the Libs for Consolidated-Vultee. It was a technical job, checking stress and strain in new ships that were going into combat—and his background for it was acquired in three and a half years of an engineering course at the University of Southern California.

—Pvt. Tom Flannery

At briefing you could hear the same things that make all briefings a classic of understatement on the part of the officers—"You may expect flak at X and again at Y . . . This should be light flak, but the Germans as you know employ mobile flak guns . . . Coming out at the coast, navigators should make sure they avoid Z which is a big town. You should have no trouble coming out if you follow the course laid out." But today there was also the scarcely uttered but still clear knowledge that now the time of the air war was running out—into the new time of the men who will invade by sea.

At the last minute Major Milow, our pilot, tells S/Sgt. Bill W. Pierson, one of his gunners, that someone is going to replace him for this afternoon's trip. The Major regrets this and says so.

"I know this is putting you behind Mattei on the missions, Bill," he says, "but we'll try and get it equalled up some other time."

Young Bill Pierson isn't mad about it, but he looks at Mattei carefully and it's clear that he's going to sweat Mattei out on the ground. These boys have flown together for some time.

Bill goes up to the plane and sees to it that we have all our flying equipment and shows us the few minor adjustments of his gun.

THIS is another time and slightly different from the flying of last year. Last April they didn't wear flak suits and the escort fighters practically were non-existent. This year they wear the suits and today there will be Spits in the sky, over and back. It's Spring, 1944, which will be remembered for more reasons than most Springs are ever remembered.

Our planes got away fast, climbed up high in a hurry. The formation was set in no time at all. Then the coastline of England, the friendly, curving, familiar shore, the beaches that many thousands of airmen have said goodbye and hello to from above, the blue ditch of the Channel below. And right behind us Lt. Charles S. Reed's plane so close and underneath our fuselage you would have thought it was infantry close order drill. We could see Reed chewing gum and grinning in his cockpit. France, separated from England by this impudent tough inlet of water called the Channel, comes up with beaches and curving shoreline like the other half of a clamshell. It was something to see today: very quiet. And the shades of yellow and yellow-green on the countryside, the little farmhouses, everything so peaceful, it suggested ambush. You knew that underneath this peace slumbered German guns, but the sight of Northern France so clean and good-looking in the Spring of '44 would have burst a loyal Frenchman's heart.

The first flak blossomed behind us. We were going very fast, with the escorting Spits outside the Boxes of A20s. The "Moose" called back and said, "If you lie on your stomach you'll be able to have a good view of the bomb hits. Will you do it?" We said yes. Lying flat you could see the sticks of bombs falling beneath the bellies of the A20s like a school of fish, lost for a moment as they blended with the landscape—and then the telltale puffs of smoke. It was the clearest sight of bombing a man might ever want to see. The bomb pattern fell in rows one after the other as if someone were planting seeds in furrows. One stick of them fell square across the center of the yards, and each bomb seemed to throw a sheet of flame ten feet high.

We told this to the "Moose" on interphone but he wasn't sure his own had hit in there and was already beginning to fret. The ordnance officer had said the bombs now used by U. S. planes had five times the concussion effect of bombs used a year ago. They looked rough exploding down there. The fire leaping off the bomb puffs made you think of the blinking eyes of enemy 20 mm. fire, but much bigger.

Then we were going back even faster than we went in. The blue ditch came into sight. Below us a freighter moved southward, with a small fast boat playing games around it and leaving a wake like a waterbug. The "Moose" was singing into the interphone and we asked him if he always did that going home.

The Major broke in to say, "You're only hearing him once, but we get it all the time."

Our A20 landed smooth and fast, and the Major said, as we climbed out, "This leading a formation is too damn much of a responsible job."

Bill Pierson was waiting for Mattei. After interrogation they went down the road to their barracks shoulder to shoulder.

THIS was the A20 raid on the railroad marshalling yards at Busigny—not a major raid by the standards of Schweinfurt, Berlin, Regensburg and Hamburg, but a different kind of attack designed to cripple the German military arm. Busigny was one of the two-a-day raids they have been making in the last few weeks. One day it was three raids, which may or may not be a record but is still an awful lot of combat flying. That was the promise of General Eisenhower to flying men in this theater and the General is making good. The men, of course, get very tired and there is very little time for the frisky evening down at the pub in town. This Spring the bombing day is a long, heavy routine like working a punch press all day long—but slightly more dangerous!

Afterwards—"the rule is Class As in the Officers' Club"—the "Moose" played the Warsaw Concerto on the piano and then slipped into more down-to-earth rhythms. In the gunners' barracks, Mattei and Pierson and Ianson lay in the sack, a lot of very tired boys.

Lt. Frederick O. Rovente, the pilot from Binghamton with the little wisp of black mustache and the manner of warm friendliness; slow-voiced Major Milow, the exuberant Johnny Ertler from Cleveland, Lt. Merrill, the bombardier with the look of a young college prof, Lt. Larry Smith, a laughing boy whose letters home go to Minneapolis and young Red Walters from Idaho and Mattei of San Diego—they are the names of some of the men who are part of the last lap flying of the war in Europe. They are in on the finish, following the war "generation" of Americans who first blazed these combat trails in A20s over the Continent on July 4, 1942.

The next morning, leaving this field, you see the A20s off again. You always imagine you can hear the planes long after they have faded over the horizon towards France.

Three of the 9th USAAF's Havocs leave the coast of France after shellacking enemy-held targets in the Low Countries.

Tell Major Albert N. Roby, Jr. (above), that you've never been in an A20 before and he'll give you a trip that makes rocket flights lullabies.

Ground forces and flyers of an 8th AAF heavy-bomber group join in tapping the keg at a 100-mission party. And there was plenty more brew where this came from.

T/5 Clinton Parcels, of Ypsilanti, Mich., and Pfc. Thomas Malloy, of the Bronx, N.Y., receive Soldiers' Medals from Lt. Gen. Carl A. Spaatz at another 100-mission party of a more formal nature. The two Joes helped rescue a wounded tail-gunner from burning plane loaded with bombs.

Yanks at Home in the ETO

Century Marks

AWHILE back someone called up to tell us about a 100-mission party which an Eighth Air Force Heavy Bombardment Group was cooking up and which was believed to be the first of its kind ever held in this theater. Well, naturally we hopped along on that, but by the time we got back to the office word had come in of a couple of other such shindigs and by the time *those* had been run off plans for even more were being hatched up. So we've settled for two—one on the moderately formal side, with plenty of brass and a meal served jointly in an officers' club and two messhalls, and the other a casual beer-spattered get-together for all hands in a hangar. Each had its points.

When you stop to think of it, there's something pretty awe-inspiring about that simple little expression "one hundred missions." Even a person who has never so much as sweated out a single twilight down on the line can hardly help having some sort of a mental picture of what the phrase means—the night-long vigils, the pre-dawn chows, the missions scrubbed, the flak and the bomb runs, the anxious countings of specks on the skyline, the swearing and the shivering, the heartache and the exultation, and all the rest of the stuff it takes to get a flock of bombers off the ground and over enemy territory 100 times. And while that many missions may make a milestone, the parties celebrating them meant nothing in the way of a let-up. The boys who did the celebrating stood ready to get the bombers off again the following dawn and/or any dawn thereafter.

No less than four generals were on hand for the first, and dressier, of the two parties, four men who know what the score is when it comes to giving Hitler the screeming-meemies. Lt. Gen. Carl A. Spaatz, head of the USSTAF; Lt. Gen. James H. Doolittle, head of the Eighth AAF; Maj. Gen. Frederick L. Anderson, deputy to Gen. Spaatz; Maj. Gen. Curtis E. LeMay, head of a bombardment division—there they all were, and so was Col. James L. Travis, the group commander, and we were glad we had remembered to shine our buttons.

Little flags had been hung about the room and at the entrance a GI band was swinging out some tunes. A young looie with a few missions under his belt turned and whispered to his neighbor: "Just like the annual Chamber of Commerce dinner back in Springfield." And, in a way, it was, what with the cigars and stag jokes and all. But in another way it was a whole lot different because the same faces turn up year in and year out at a C. of C. affair, but here a lot of men were missing, men who by every right belonged at the dinner but wouldn't be attending dinners of any kind again, at least until after the war.

And the speeches, even through a haze of gags, told a story which would have impressed the sedentary membership of a Chamber of Commerce far more than it did this party, for it was the story of those 100 missions and that was old stuff to the men who had either been on them or had sweated them out. There was the memory of the first raid, with plenty of snafu in it, and then gradually the outfit had worked its way into the big-league circuit that included performances at Schweinfurt and Regensburg.

Then the limelight switched to the EM's combat mess, where Gen. Doolittle said a good word or two to the gunners, and finally to the messhall, where the ground personnel, a bit restive by this time in their Class A's, received a couple of vigorous verbal pats on the back from Gen. Doolittle and Gen. LeMay. Gen. Spaatz gave out medals to individuals in all three groups and then everybody got down to a little partying. Tomorrow it would be fatigues again, more working and more griping, and, perhaps, a lap on the second hundred missions, but tomorrow was tomorrow.

GEN. LEMAY, chewing a big cigar, was on hand at the second party, too, but the similarity ended there. This one was given by the Base Command in honor of the ground personnel, and everybody was expected to turn out just as he happened to be dressed at the moment, which in most cases meant fatigues. For three nights previously the local PX had been bone dry, just to make sure there would be enough beer to go around, and there was even supposed to be a girl show shipped in from a nearby city, but this had to be cancelled at the last moment because of military restrictions against the cast's leaving town. "Any women here at all?" asked the GI master of ceremonies. "Then that changes the complexion of the entire show," he added, when no hands were raised, and he went on to tell the one about the Joe who was standing in a phone booth talking to his girl. "And then an officer comes along," this wheeze wound up, "and he wants to phone, so the Joe and his girl had to get out of the booth."

This party got underway at 7:30 one evening when the doors of the hangar slid shut, some spotlights were focused on a stage made of bomb boxes, and a twelve-piece band swung into action. As luck would have it, the group's 100th mission had involved a pretty rough ride over Berlin a day or two earlier and everyone was all set to relax. Well over 1,000 men were on hand, seated on the floor, perched on airplane engines, queueing up for beer, or just milling about the place. The m.c.—Cpl. Jack Prince, of Chicago, who used to gag things up at the Chez Paris out there and is now gagging things up in the ETO for Special Service—broke the news about the girls and then introduced the group commander, Col. Elliot Vandevanter, Jr., of Washington, D.C. The colonel, who led the outfit on its first mission—a relatively pipsqueak one to Amsterdam way back last July—waited until the loud, long, and enthusiastic whistling subsided and then went into his speech, congratulating the flyers, and particularly the ground men, on the hot job they'd done during the last eight or nine months. Col. Vandevanter recalled the "mudhole" that the field had been when the crews first arrived, mentioned the Regensburg raid as the group's first big one, and wound up by saying: "I hope that we don't have to do another 100 missions, but that if we do we will have finished up on Berlin and gone to work on Tokyo."

Then there were a few boxing and wrestling matches and some group singing, which was led by T/5 Theo Alban, of New York City, a pudgy little Joe whom you used to hear back in the States singing *Happy Days Are Here Again* as the signature on the Lucky Strike radio program. While this was going on we wandered around and met two or three of the few men still at the base who flew with Col. Vandevanter on that first trip to Amsterdam. There was T/Sgt. William Nelson, of Chicago, for instance, who has been doing armament work since completing his tour of operations and who recalled the old days when "there was nothing here to speak of" and the ground crews lived in tents. Then there was T/Sgt. Louis G. Lonsway, of Oklahoma City, who has been working in an orderly room since getting a D.S.C. for beating out a fire in a Fort over enemy territory, and Major Vincent W. Masters, of Los Angeles, who, as a group leader, manages to get in on only a couple of missions a month and consequently is still at it. "It was only a small raid," said the major, in telling us about that first one. "We just put up only about twenty ships from our group, which I guess was our maximum effort in those days. Boy, it was a big mission—four hours at least—and we had fine fighter support of about five planes."

The beer was beginning to take hold and up on the stage a free-and-easy quintet was riding into a jam session via *Honeysuckle Rose*. Joes were jitterbugging all over the floor. For our money, the musician of the evening was Lt. Michael J. Eichwald, of New York City, who used to play the accordion with Will Osborne and Rudy Vallee. The Lieutenant, who had just completed his sixteenth mission, told us that he was afraid the war had blasted his musical career because, since arriving in this combat theater, he had lost the use of one of the fingers on his right hand. "Flak?" we asked. "Hell, no," he replied, disgustedly. "I cut a tendon in the door of one of those British phone booths."

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 ...

How do you like American soldiers?

That's what YANK's photographer Sgt. Dil Ferris asked five French girls in Noumea, Caledonia. Here are their humble opinions.

RAYMONDE HILL: Most of them are swell people. Some try a "fast job" now and then, but I pay no attention. I'll miss them when they leave.

SIMONE LENAISTRE: *Ils sont tres gentils et je les aime beaucoup.* (They are very nice and I am very fond of them.)

LOULETTE HILL (Raymonde Hill's sister): Some are nice, some are not so nice. They don't even know you, yet they call you "sweetheart."

ANDRE COURTOT: They are a lot of fun but will cause a lot of heartaches for those local girls who are dumb enough to believe them.

YVETTE HANNQUIN: Most of them are good boys. They're all good if they don't drink too much. I would say they're OK.

ROOKIE. He's not exactly a member of the U. S. Army but the nearest thing to it. This native boy joined the chow line on Kwajalein to try GI food.

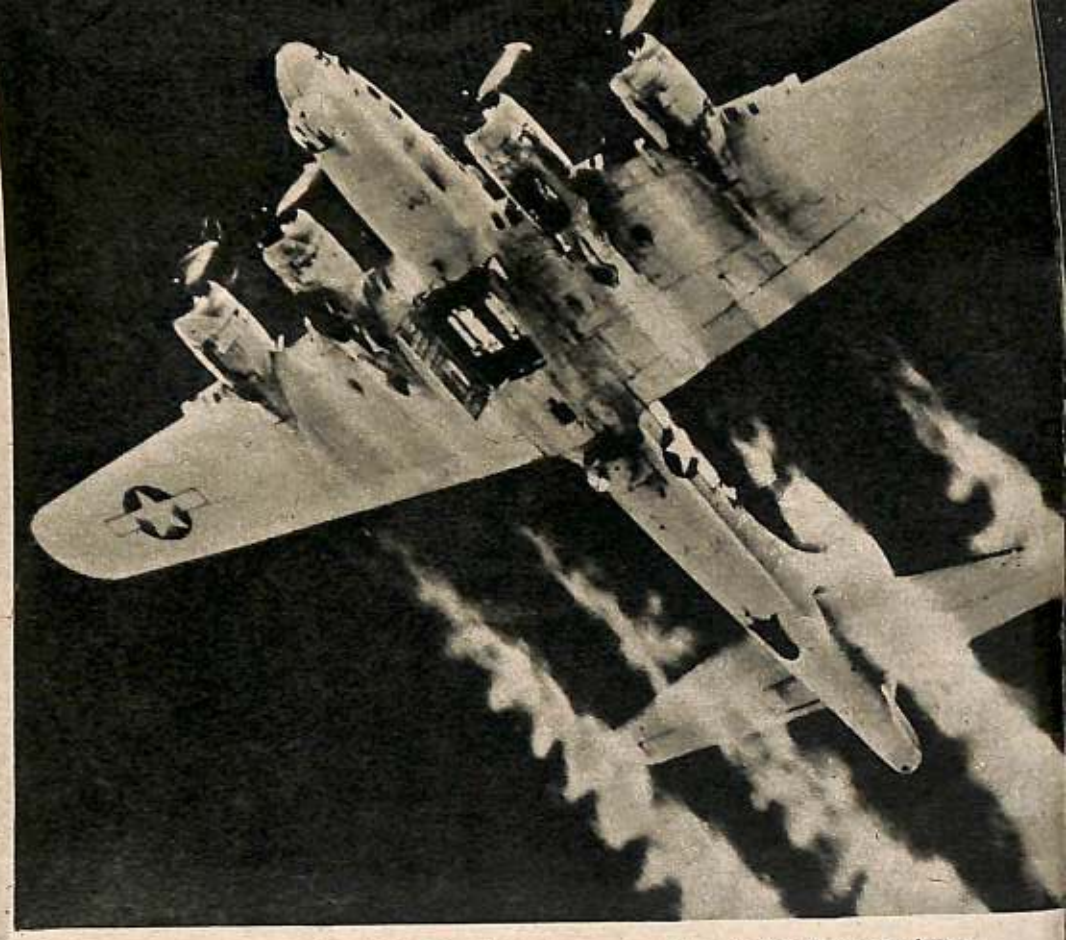
MUTUAL HOSPITALITY. In exchange for some sittin' comfort, Coast Guard Coxswain John F. Bonistalli gives his Eskimo hostess a light. It's in the Far North where Coast Guardsmen ride patrol boats.

SLOW PATROL. The U. S. Army borrowed something from the natives with this one. A reconnaissance patrol operates along the coast of New Britain in an outrigger canoe on the lookout for Japanese movements. The craft mounts a .30-caliber machine gun.

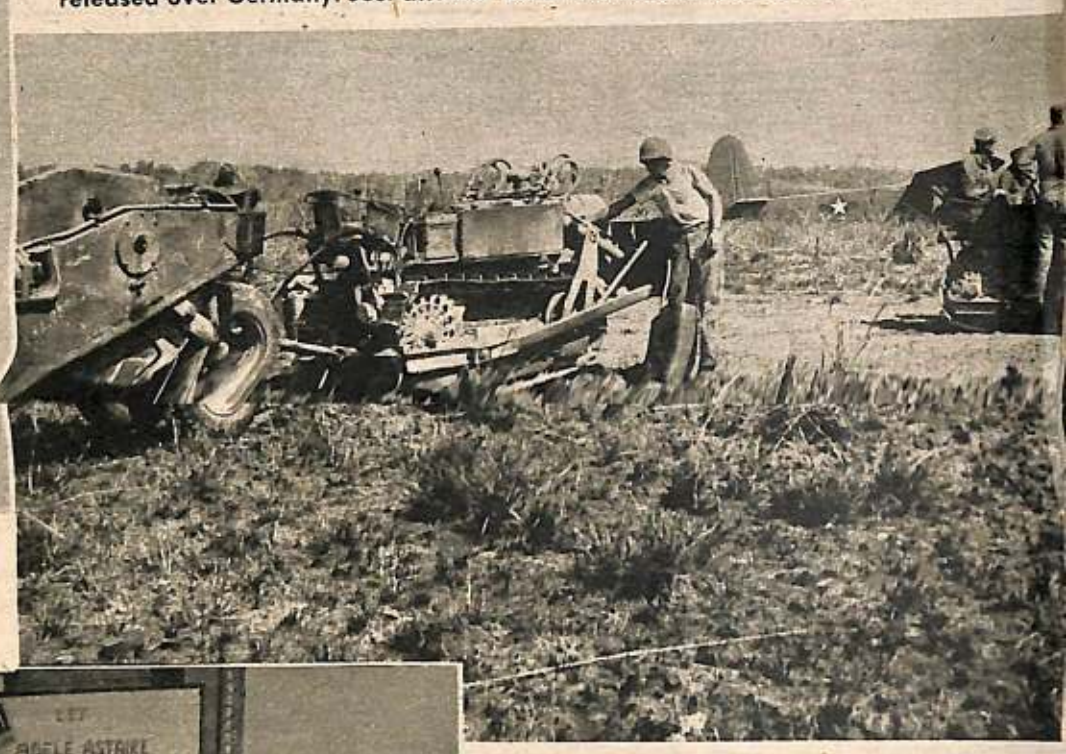
Show

MERAS OF THE WORLD

A DREAM WALKING. This disciple of Terpsichore, who the dictionary says was the muse of dancing, is Irina Baronova. She's slated to star in a Hollywood film based on Pavlova's life.



DESTRUCTION COMING. The camera caught a cluster of bombs hanging in the open bomb-bay doors of a Flying Fortress just before they were released over Germany. Just another aerial free-delivery present for the Nazis.

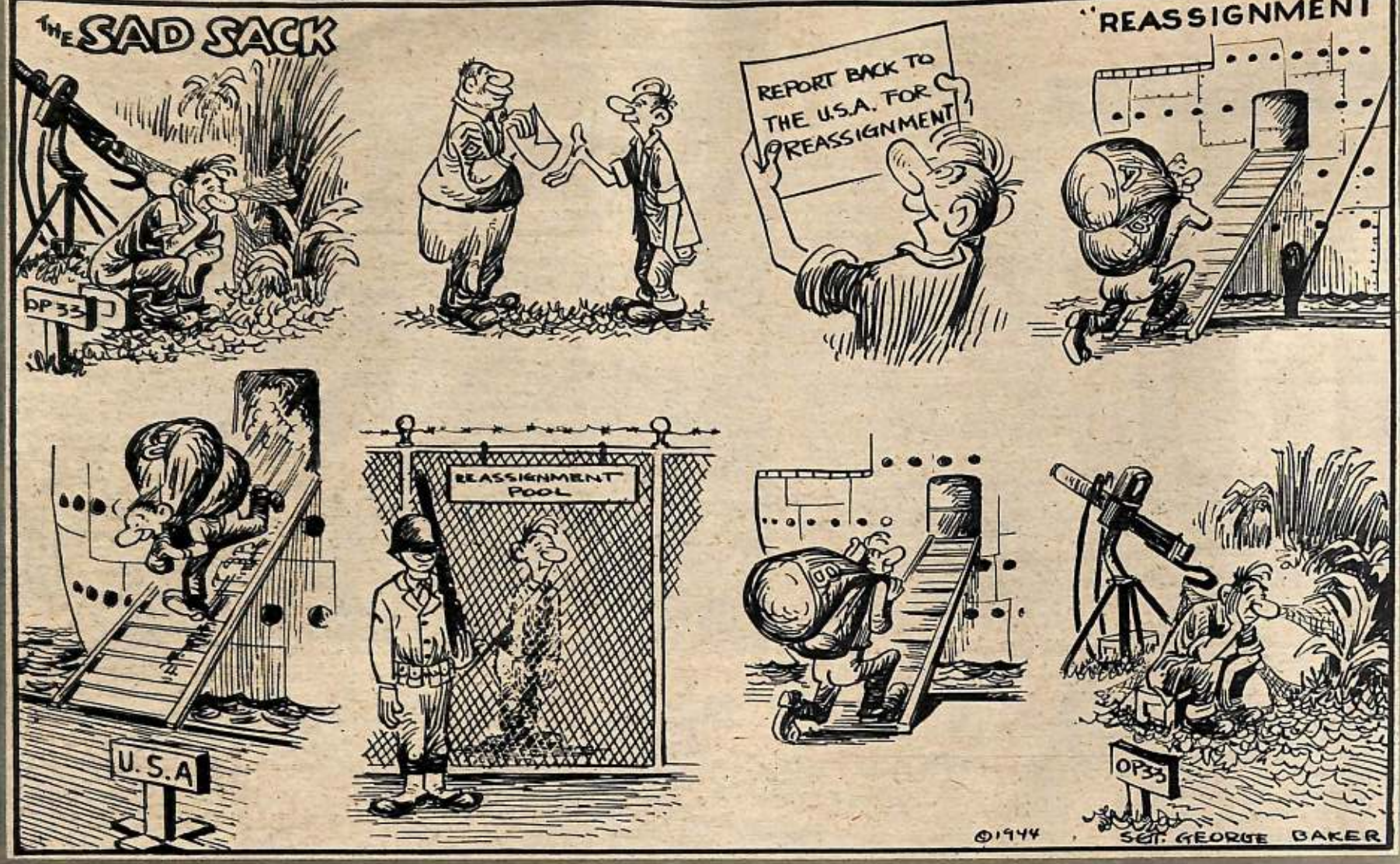


SOCK TOASTER. Up on Kiska Island in the Aleutians, Pfc. W. B. Roebuck got his feet wet and is remedying the situation.

HOMEY TOUCH. Lady Cavendish, who used to dance with her brother Fred as Adele Astaire, helps GIs to write letters at the Red Cross Club in London.

AIRBORNE ENGINEERS. U.S. glider force landing behind Jap lines in Burma brought "baby" machines to build airfields.

JUMP'S THE NAME. Step up and meet Pfc. Ernest (Johnny) Jump, whose destiny it was to be a New Guinea paratrooper.



"HERE THEY COME, MEN! MAKE EVERY SHOT COUNT!"
—Pfc. Frank Hewitt

"HE'S A PROPELLER EXPERT—BUT CARELESS AS HELL THEY SAY."
—Sgt. William H. Turner

"THEY WEREN'T AMPUTATED, SIR—I'VE BEEN IN THE INFANTRY THREE YEARS!"
—Pfc. Jay Brown

"HEY, BUD! HOW DO I GET TO PICCADILLY CIRCUS?"
—Cpl. Ray Fisher

News from Home

The President returned to his desk to lay low some rumors and to tell of trolling with an escort of blimps, the Navy got a new head man who was recently mistaken for a junior officer, some dopesters thought it would be Roosevelt vs. Dewey, and a wife was pleased that her husband was safe and well in the ETO.

CONVINCED that violent action was due to start at any moment on battlefields 3,000 miles, or more, away from their front doors, the folks back home talked invasion last week—at breakfast and lunch and cocktails and dinner. They also looked into the mirror and asked themselves whether the nation as a whole was sufficiently in earnest about the struggle.

The majority of them, according to at least one straw vote, didn't think so. A Gallup Poll indicated that two-thirds of the civilians in the States are convinced that "most people in this country don't take the war seriously enough."

But the New York *Times* begged to differ. "Most of us do take the war seriously," it said. "Most of us are willing to make greater sacrifices than have been asked of us. Most of us are humble when we compare our easy lot with that of the front fighter."

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, who has had sort of a tough winter in the matter of colds and things, came back to the White House after a month's vacation at Hobcaw Barony, Bernard Baruch's coastal plantation near Georgetown, S. C. His return did a lot to spike rumors that had been going around to the effect that he would be physically unable to undertake a fourth term, even if he wanted to and were given it. Some Washington reporters, however, said he still did not look his old buoyant self.

It was national concern over the President's health that brought an unusually large number of journalists to the first press conference he held after he got back from his holiday. All winter long, the Chief Executive had been suffering from colds and flu, just as if he'd been in the ETO, and early this Spring he had come down with bronchitis. People kept pointing out that when he went South he had planned to be away only two weeks and that he had doubled his stay. Among the more persistent rumors was one that Vice Admiral Ross T. McIntire, the President's personal physician, would demand that he retire.

What McIntyre did do, when the official party got back to Washington, was to say that Roosevelt was in "excellent shape" and to report: "My own feeling is that we gained everything we expected from a four-week rest and I am perfectly satisfied with his physical condition."

Tanned and gesturing jauntily with his famous ivory cigarette holder, Roosevelt told the press that he had had quite a time down South, sleeping 12 hours a night, getting out in the sun a lot, cruising coastal waterways, driving around the countryside, and fishing from small boats or the pier at the Baruch estate. Two points of interest he had admired particularly were the fort at the tip of Hobcaw Barony and Belle Isle Gardens, across the bay from the place he was staying, where he admired the magnificent trees and another old fort with some of its aged guns still in place. As for the fishing, the President said it hadn't been so hot except on one occasion when he had ventured 15 miles out into the Atlantic and trolled while an umbrella of blimps and planes patrolled overhead.

The President said he had worked at times during his holiday, but only when he felt like it. Even so, he said, he had managed to dispose of nearly all current business that had trickled into Hobcaw Barony by courier and consequently he could think of no major issues or problems confronting him now that he was back.

Reactions to the apparent present state of the President's health, aside from the official one of his physician, were varied but generally favorable. The Associated Press reporter who accompanied Roosevelt on his trip South wrote that "whatever vigors the eventful months may hold for the Chief Executive as President, politician, or Commander-in-Chief, his vacation companions said they were convinced he once more was in fine physical trim." The AP added that Roosevelt had returned to the capital with a vastly improved color and with some of the tired seams smoothed from his face, and most of the other correspondents agreed that he looked "tanned and rested."

A few representatives of the press were not quite so sure, and one of them—Fred Pasley, of the anti-Administration New York *Daily News*—wrote that "he seemed a rather tired man" and that "he did not today possess the high physical

3 GIRLS AND A BOY. Fathering quadruplets may rook Concertmaster Harry Zarief's bank account, but he'll worry about that later. Here, he's handing out cigars to his pals in the CBS Symphony Orchestra.

DEATH WAGON. Four persons were killed when this tank truck, loaded with gasoline, exploded at Oklahoma City. Several others were hurt in the freak blast.

TREASURE HUNT. After the death of William Hale (Big Bill) Thompson, former mayor of Chicago, it was discovered that he had been hoarding some $1,600,000 in currency and bonds in safe-deposit boxes. His widow fainted.

buoyancy and abounding vitality that hitherto have marked him at the conclusion of long respites from the cares of office."

Roosevelt, who arrived in Washington on a special train, was met at the station by Secretary of State Cordell Hull, who rode with him to the White House. A couple of days later, Hull met reporters who, in view of the way representatives of the occupied nations had been demanding harsh peace terms for Germany, wanted to find out if there had been any change in the official U. S. policy of "unconditional surrender." Hull said he knew of none and that he could not confirm reports from Europe that the unconditional-surrender policy might be modified in the case of Axis satellites.

Then, as the week drew toward a close, a declaration made jointly by the U. S., Britain, and Russia and addressed to four Axis satellites—Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, and Finland—was disclosed by the State Department in Washington. Widely referred to as "a virtual ultimatum," the declaration offered the satellites no easy way out but warned them that if they didn't quit now they'd be in an even tougher spot later on. "There is yet time for the people of these four satellites to contribute to the coming Allied victory," the declaration asserted. It said that though the four satellites "cannot escape their responsibility for having participated in war on the side of Nazi Germany, the longer they continue, the more disastrous will be the consequences to them and the more rigorous will be the terms imposed on them."

ONE of President Roosevelt's first important public acts upon his return to Washington—and apparently a highly popular one with almost everybody—was his nomination of James V. Forrestal, a Democrat, as Secretary of the Navy to succeed the late Frank Knox, a Republican, who died of a heart attack on April 28. Predictions were widespread that the nomination would be quickly approved by the Senate, although a few seemed to think that Forrestal's outspoken opposition to plans now afoot for a single organization combining the War and Navy Departments might hold up a Senatorial okay.

Forrestal is 52, but looks so young that when he went out to the Pacific last winter to observe the invasion of the Marshall Islands he was mistaken for a junior officer and was dressed down for getting in the way. A former president of Dillon, Reed & Co., investment-banking firm in New York, he served as Undersecretary of the Navy from 1940 until Knox's death, when he became Acting Secretary. This is the second time he has been in the Navy. The first was during the last war, when he was promoted from the rank of seaman to a lieutenancy j.g., in the Naval Air Service.

Although registered as a Democrat, Forrestal has never taken an active part in politics. He is a native of Beacon, N. Y., which is located in Dutchess County, President Roosevelt's Hudson River bailiwick, and the two men have known each other for more than 30 years. Early in the present administration, Forrestal served as executive assistant to the President in the handling of Latin-American matters. As Undersecretary, he has been principally concerned with naval production problems and has been generally given a large share of the credit for the speed with which contracts were let for the rapid development of the nation's vast Navy.

For the first few days at least after he got back to the White House, Roosevelt had little to say on two matters about which the rest of the nation was saying a lot—the Montgomery Ward squabble out in Chicago and the jockeying for position in the forthcoming national political conventions.

Tension at the mail-order house, whose troubles with the government are believed almost certain to have repercussions in the Presidential campaign no matter who runs for the office, was eased temporarily when the CIO union attempting to bargain with the management won the support of the employees by a vote of 3 to 2. At this point, the government,

"IT MAY DO A GOOD JOB, BUT I'M SATISFIED WITH MY MAYTAG."

—Sgt. Bill Newcombe

which had sent in troops to take over the plant when the management refused to bargain with the union, relinquished control. But Sewell Avery, chairman of the board of Montgomery Ward, whom a couple of GIs had carried out of his office two weeks before when the troops marched in, was by no means satisfied at merely being allowed to sit at his desk and run his company again. It remained up to the courts, said Avery, to determine whether or not the government was within its rights when it seized the plant. Moreover, he said, he would not recognize a closed shop. Officials of the union indicated that they would hold out for a maintenance-of-membership clause in their contract.

As for politics, what was widely regarded as the first really significant statement on a fourth term for the President came from Robert E. Hannegan, of Missouri, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, who declared at a Thomas Jefferson Dinner in New York that Roosevelt would not only be his party's Presidential candidate but that he would be elected. Hannegan added, however, that he had not discussed the matter with the President.

In Cleveland, Philip Murray, president of the CIO, advocated a fourth term for the President before a convention of the United Steel Workers. However, it seemed unlikely that Roosevelt would receive the support of John L. Lewis, head of the United Mine Workers, who bitterly attacked the administration in a letter to William L. Green, president of the AF of L. Lewis was browned off by the fact that the AF of L's Council had not accepted his offer to join Green's outfit, and said that in so doing the Council was bowing to "imperative instructions" from "New Deal politicians who are opposed for political reasons to unity in the ranks of labor." Lewis endorsed the Republican candidate in 1940 and the question of how many of his followers will go along with him if he does so again was one which labor leaders were chewing the fat about until the early hours of morning.

THE New Deal took it on the chin from another source when Senator Robert M. LaFollette, of Wisconsin, long a Roosevelt supporter, attacked it for failure on both domestic and international fronts and congratulated delegates to his state's Progressive Party Convention for not allowing themselves to be led by some "political Pied Piper" into the Democratic fold.

Whether he cared about it or not, the President seemed to be sitting pretty in the matter of lining up delegates to support him in the National Convention. Ohio and West Virginia gave him 70 more delegates on the day that Murray came out in his favor and these brought the total of pledged Roosevelt supporters up to 525—only 64 short of the number needed for renomination.

In the Republican camp, Governor Thomas E. Dewey, of New York, was still way out ahead, with 264 delegates lined up on his side. Though most political seers were waiting until after the conventions before placing their bets, Drew Pearson reported in his *Washington Merry-Go-Round* column that some of Dewey's advisers think he can beat the President with 17 electoral votes to spare if he can carry California. "This estimate," wrote Pearson, "gives to Roosevelt all of the border states, including the South plus Washington and Utah. On the other hand, Dewey forces expect to carry all of New England and most of the Middle West, plus Pennsylvania. New York is doubtful." The columnist went on to say that Dewey backers think the election in California may be as important this year as it was in 1916 when its votes elected Woodrow Wilson over Charles Evan Hughes.

Marquis Childs, columnist who has replaced the late Raymond Clapper, wrote that he thought he could already discern what the campaign strategy of the 43-year-old Dewey would be. The Governor, said Childs, will seek election on the grounds that "the leaders in Washington today are tired; they should be replaced by vigorous younger men with imagination." Childs pointed out that Dewey, in his

widely-discussed speech before the Publishers' Convention in New York, had already said that the U. S. cannot afford the role of "a benevolent but slightly senile gentleman who seeks to purchase the good will of his poor relatives by distributing among them the dwindling remains of his youthful earnings."

The political wiseacres are expecting the Democrats to attack Dewey on the grounds of his youthfulness and they professed to see considerable significance in the Jefferson Day Speech of Senate Majority Leader Alben W. Barkley, who characterized New York's Governor as "one who became dry behind the ears on any kind of foreign policy only after he had perceptibly slowed down his own synthetic flight from a Presidential nomination."

The Senate, by a vote of 63 to 1, approved extending Lend-Lease until June 30, 1945. In doing so, however, it stipulated that the President could make no post-war military or economic commitments in Lend-Lease settlements.

Representative Martin Dies, head man of the ubiquitous Dies Committee, announced in Beaumont, Tex., that he was withdrawing as a candidate for reelection to the House because of illness and a desire to return to private business. Before becoming a Congressman in 1931, he was a lawyer in Texas.

James Houston Davis, 42, was sworn in as Governor of Louisiana on the steps of the State Capitol in Baton Rouge, succeeding Sam Houston Jones, who had held the job for the past four years. The oath was administered by Chief Justice Charles A. O'Neill of the State Supreme Court.

A special investigating committee appointed to investigate penal conditions in Louisiana, reported in Baton Rouge that the prisoners in the State Penitentiary have nothing to do but play poker and shoot crap by way of recreation. And there's never a chance to take off for the Red Cross Club.

The Pacific Gas & Electric Co.'s newest and largest hydroelectric plant, located 57 miles east of Redding, Calif., on the Pit River in the Cascade Mountains, was put into operation and began feeding 214,477 horse-power into the company's lines.

PHYSICIANS in the States, especially Army medics, were showing a good deal of interest in the announcement from Cambridge, Mass., of the discovery of a synthetic quinine by two 27-year-old Harvard chemists—Dr. Robert B. Woodward and Dr. William E. Doering. The discovery comes at a propitious time, for when the Japs overran Java they cut off the world's principal supply of natural quinine, a vital drug in counteracting malaria, just as in taking Malaya they took over a large percentage of the world's rubber plantations. Hailed in some quarters as one of the greatest scientific accomplishments of the century, the success of the two Harvard scientists in duplicating natural quinine by laboratory methods was achieved after only 14 months of experimentation, although chemists had tried in vain for 100 years before the war to accomplish the same thing. The discovery was described to the folks at home as the second sharp slap in the face that American chemistry has handed the Japs since Pearl Harbor, synthetic rubber having been the first.

Fire destroyed the million-dollar plant of the National Radiator Company which was built only six months ago on a large area in the central part of Lebanon, Pa., and was devoted entirely to the production of war goods.

Fire made less headway in the offices of the Fire Extinguisher Service Corp., on the top floor of a five-story loft building in New York City. Plain water did the trick.

OFFICIALS of the United Automobile Workers' Union of the CIO, meeting in Detroit, Mich., drafted a formal proposal for universal application of a thirty-hour week as a means of giving jobs to everyone after the war. Walter P. Reuther, international vice-president of the outfit, was delegated to present the proposal to the War Production Board in Washington.

Sultan, a lion in the Philadelphia Zoo, who died last February at the age of 22, became a posthumous pappy when Fawsa, his lioness honey, gave birth to an undetermined number of cubs. Fawsa, who had already borne 25 cubs for which Sultan was responsible, withdrew with her new brood into a private room where attendants, with an eye to their own safety, planned to let her stay for several weeks.

The face of Sheriff Arnold Eckhardt, of Austin, Minn., assumed a rosy hue when two gents whom he had grabbed in the park on a charge of gambling identified him as the third hand in the poker game in which they had been arrested. In fact, said Art Anhorn, one of the two men arrested, the Sheriff still owed 13 bucks to the kitty. The Sheriff was already in plenty of hot water as he was facing removal charges before Governor Edward J. Thye for allegedly soliciting a slice of the take from slot machines in several Austin clubs. The Sheriff admitted that he had been in on the poker game but said he had only done so in line of duty, "to obtain evidence." To which the two defendants replied, "Oh yeah?"

Eleazar Morrison, the Venezuelan Consul General, turned up 90 minutes late at a dinner given in his honor in New York City by the Commerce and Industry Association and even then couldn't eat. Trouble was, he said, that he'd already had chow, having gone by mistake to another dinner which was also being given for another gent named Morrison. Both sets of hosts gave him a warm reception.

Amelio Cavanno, 39-year-old Italian carpenter, whose pleasure it was to pay for hamburger sandwiches with century notes and never bother about the change, landed up in the observation ward at Bellevue Hospital in New York City. Before he got there, however, he had bought 21 hamburgers for a total of $2,100 and was flat broke.

I. McMullen, the proprietor of a cafe in Seattle, Wash., found the labor shortage so acute that he offered to marry the first dishwasher who would come to work for him.

For the first time in the history of New Mexico, a woman has filed for the nomination for Governor. She is Mrs. Edna Petersen, of Albuquerque, a Democrat and the 45-year-old mother of four daughters. She has served as a member for the State Cosmetology Board for ten years.

Major Robert Barton, public-relations officer at the Picatinny Arsenal, at Dover, N. J., announced that men in key jobs there who get drafted will report to an induction center to pick up their uniforms and equipment and then be sent right back to their jobs at the arsenal. They'll wear uniforms from then on but will be allowed to live at home and will receive allowances for food and quarters. About 100 men under 26 will probably be affected.

Jean Murphy Jaburg, the blonde model who dated Wayne Lonergan the night before the former member of the RCAF killed his wife in Manhattan last fall, sued her husband for divorce in West Palm Beach, Fla. He is Hugo Jaburg, a New York businessman.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., Mrs. Virginia Romana stopped a passing car and asked the driver, a fireman who was off duty, to take her to a hospital, explaining that she was about to become a mother. She got in the back seat and en route gave birth to a boy and a girl. Reaching the hospital she was rushed to an elevator and was on her way up to the maternity ward when she gave birth to a third child—another girl. The fireman disappeared in the excitement and Mr. Romano is now looking for him with a big box full of cigars.

Herbie Kay, the bandleader, died in a hospital at Dallas, Tex., where he had been taken after spending several weeks at the Mayo Clinic, in Rochester, Minn. His widow, the former Betty Denning, lives in Dallas. Kay was once the husband of Dorothy Lamour, who, as a matter of fact, got her singing start with his band.

At 7:30 one morning last week, the phone rang in the home of a pretty, 21-year-old brunette out in Lawton, Okla. It was the editor of the local newspaper calling to tell the young lady that her husband, Captain Robert S. Johnson, had just set up an ETO record by shooting down his 27th Nazi plane and had thus broken the mark established by Captain Eddie Rickenbacker. "Well," said the wife of the fighter ace who has since received the D.S.C. for his achievement, "I'm as proud as I can be, but what it means most is that at this minute he's safe and well." That was all she could think of to say, and anyway she didn't have time for more just then because she had to get to work. By eight that morning, she was back on the job as usual at Lawton's Gilbert Drug Store. Nothing wrong with that girl.

FOR GI VOTE. Washington officials ganderize the first war-ballot application forms.

BIG—AND FAST. The Lockheed "Constellation," believed the world's largest transport land plane, arrives in Washington, D.C., after flying from Burbank, Calif., in six hours, 58 minutes—a new transcontinental record.

Mail Call

Training Picture?

Dear YANK:

Just finished reading an April edition of YANK and was going to put it to "distribution" when I noticed the cover for the first time. We've had so much crammed at us about camouflage it certainly struck me funny. Right there in the center of the picture is a so-called soldier ready to "go over the top" (as it looks from here), and what's that we spy? Either a GI towel, bath, M1, or he'd just stopped the war for a quick change of drawers!

I suppose the Japs wouldn't pay any attention to something nice and white flittin' through the brush, but "that ain't the way I heerd it." I just finished reading a bulletin put out by CWS on camouflage, showing how to darken your equipment before the big push, taking the shine out of the rifle and bayonet and "stuff like that there." Evidently the boys in the picture just don't believe in CWS bulletins or else the bulletins are plain GI bunk. What's the deal? Is that picture from the actual invasion of Eniwetok, or was it taken on some South

Training Picture?

Pacific isle that long ago has ceased to be in the news and is now being used for the training in invasion tactics?

T/Sgt. CARL R. NELSON

Fort Warren, Wyo.

[The white patches were for identification purposes, worn to distinguish American soldiers from Japs when the fighting made it difficult to know friend from foe. The picture was not taken at a training base but on the beach at Eniwetok. This was where Sgt. John Bushemi, the YANK photographer who took the picture, was fatally wounded one hour after he made it.—Ed.]

Maj. Kowaloff, M.C. . . .

Dear YANK:

Your correspondent, Maj. Kowaloff of the Medical Corps, who wrote that freedom of religion, speech, justice, etc., were not ends in themselves but mere means to a greater end—the survival of American society—is suffering from an inability to express his own thoughts. If he expected to find political truths in biologic parallels, he was setting his sights too low. In the animal kingdom the struggle is for mere survival; in the society of man, however, the struggle is for greater ends than survival.

It is a mistake to proclaim that the survival of any national government is a greater principle than the great religious and political ideals for which man has striven since the beginnings of history. The United States are not the great force for good on this earth because they have the greatest resources, the most beautiful mountains and the best baseball teams. America is great and worth fighting for because it is the home of the most virile democratic beliefs, and provides more of the great freedoms of religion, of press, of speech, and freedom from economic want than most other countries. These great freedoms are not necessarily part and parcel of the American soil. Our ancestors had to fight, and bleed and suffer for these freedoms. And the struggle for the great ideals is hardly concluded in America, for there is still religious and racial intolerance, denial of political equality and economic poverty in America. How can we win the future battles for freedom if we proclaim that we are in this war merely to protect American society as it stands?

Let us not use double talk to establish a mystic unity of the United States and the great political idea of freedom. We need to know whether we are first for freedom, or first for our country. If we put ideals first, we will never be traitors to America and its heritage. But, if we place America ahead of the ideals which it symbolizes, we might be traitors.

I believe it to be true, with Maj. Kowaloff, that the preservation of America is the best practical measure by which we can safeguard ourselves and our families, and all the other families of this world, from the fascist barbarians. It is therefore a sensible aim to fight for the survival of the American society. But it is hardly the ultimate aim, whether we know so or not. We fight in the defense of America now so that we can continue within the framework of democracy, with our triumphant march for freedom of religion and speech, for economic security, justice and peace for our country and for all the world.

Cpl. M.B.

Britain.

Started This . . .

Dear YANK:

Major Kowaloff's letter in the May 7 YANK rouses me to argument. I don't agree with his statement that "Freedom of religion, freedom of speech, economic security, justice, and peace are not ends in themselves, but means to an end—the survival of American society." To me, it's just the other way around: the survival of American society is a means of preserving for the members of that society the values enumerated by Major Kowaloff, plus certain other values, unenumerated but implicit in "American society," such as physical liberty, free choice of occupation, and the privilege of painting the bedroom walls pink, wear red neckties or doing any other fool thing just because you want to do it.

It seems to me that governments are tolerated by men only because law and order increases the opportunities for a full, rich life. A society deserves to survive only in proportion as it enables each man to be the architect of his own happiness.

In the words of the Declaration of Independence: "Men . . . are endowed by their creator with certain unalienable Rights, . . . among these are Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness . . . to secure these Rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just Powers from the consent of the governed . . . wherever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it . . ."

Our society merits survival above the Nazi and Jap societies because it does more to permit men to follow the lead of their own aspirations. That is why I fight for the survival of the United States—not because somebody waves a star-spangled flag and says, "This has got to keep waving, whether it makes you free or enslaves you."

There are times when the preservation of the lives and liberties of an entire society require that, to some degree, the liberties of individuals be curtailed. The present is such a time. The continued freedom of Americans requires the defeat of the Axis.

For that reason, some 11 million of us submit to the restrictions of military life, take up jobs we would not have chosen, and obey the orders of our superiors. We do it, not simply to preserve American society, but to preserve a society *in which men may be free.*

T/4 Cliff Stratton Jr.

Britain.

By the Serial Numbers

Dear YANK:

Grrrr. Say, was it meant as a slam to all us fellows with a one on our serial number when Sgt. Ralph Stein put a "1" on the ASN of our old boy Mussie's "A" bag, not to mention Herr

Schmidt. How about that? I am requesting an apology to all volunteers.

Pvt. C. F. FEARS Jr.

Camp Shanks, N. Y.

[Apology hell. Sgt. Stein put his own ASN on Schmidt's barrack's bag; the ASN used for Mussolini's bag belongs to Sgt. Dan Polier, YANK's sports editor. Period.—Ed.]

Stein Finds a Friend

Dear YANK:

I "feel the call" to write in response to T/Sgt. Robert L. Wright's letter in May 7th issue of YANK regarding Sgt. Ralph Stein's cartoon depicting a bomb falling on a GI saying, "I think it's one of ours."

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Pictures: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, Sgt. George Aarons. 7, AAF. 8, top, AAF; bottom, OWI. 9, top, OWI; bottom, AAF. 10, left, Cpl. Joe Cunningham; right, AAF. 11, Sgt. Dil Ferris. 12, top left, Sgt. John Bushemi; bottom left, WW; top right, Coast Guard; centre right, Signal Corps; bottom right, ACME. 13, top left, ACME; bottom left, Signal Corp; top right and bottom centre, PA; centre right, Sgt. Edw. Cunningham; bottom right, Sgt. Dick Hanley. 15, top and centre, Keystone; bottom, ACME. 16, AP. 17, top, AP; bottom, INP. 20, top and bottom left, ACME; top right, PA; bottom right, INP. 21, top, Sgt. Bill Young; bottom, INP. 22 and 23, Sgt. Pete Paris. 24, MGM.

STICK-UP BY THE NUMBERS

By Sgt. RAY DUNCAN

NEWEST wrinkle in post-war planning comes from the FBI. One of its agents told reporters that 10,000,000 men, trained to kill, are coming home from the war.

This, it seems, will be quite a problem. Homecoming soldiers "are going to be post-graduates in crime," said the FBI man, who pointed out that GIs are learning to kill skilfully and silently. "The picture," he added, "is not a pleasant one."

The FBI can dream all it wants, but I'm afraid it's on the wrong scent. A GI crime wave simply wouldn't work out. Of course a few ex-soldiers may decide to take up post-war crime, but they'll never revolutionize the underworld. Let's listen to the conversations of those four ex-soldiers, in black overcoats, sitting at the table in the corner:

"Let's have another beer all around," says Mac. "I hear rumors we're pullin' a bank job tonight."

"Yer always peddlin' them rumors," mutters Bud. "Ever since basic training. We ain't gonna pull no bank job tonight. Relax. Here comes the Old Man now."

"Okay, you guys," snaps the Old Man, their former CO, "we're pullin' that bank job in 15 minutes. Get the outfit together an' be back here in 15 minutes sharp, see? This is it!"

"Yeah, this is it!" they reply as they vanish. In 15 minutes there are 55 men assembled, with their overcoats buttoned up to their chins. They sit around the place for six days, awaiting further orders.

"I finally got transportation lined up," explains the Old Man on the seventh day. "We're headin' for the bank tomorrow night! Have you guys got yer guns?"

"They ain't been issued to us yet," Mac tells him. Two days later the guns arrive, and the men line up and sign for them. The Old Man inspects each weapon. "Clean this pistol, Ace!" he barks. "You don't leave this room until it's spotless. Report to me here every hour, on the hour, until that gun passes inspection."

Next evening about dark everything is in order, and they pile into a convoy of black sedans. "Wot we waitin' for, chief?" asks Mac. "Why don't we take off?"

"Clearance, ya dope. We gotta get clearance through the head mob. I asked 'em to set up a clearance system like the Army's, so the responsibility wouldn't be on my shoulders."

THEY arrive at the bank two nights later. "First thing," yells the Old Man as they climb out of the cars, "first thing we're gonna try a dry run. Mac, you take 24 men an' go in the side window. Ace, yer gonna guard the cars with 18 men, an' challenge everyone who comes near. The rest of you guys follow me. Remember, this is a dry run."

They enter the bank, break open the main safe, then close it and come out again, empty handed.

"Very good," says the Old Man when they assemble by the cars. "Except some of you guys got yer hand signals mixed again. Don't ya know the difference between the signal for 'assemble double time' and the one for 'take a 10-minute break?' An' how many times must I tell you guys to keep low? Don't walk up that stairway, *crawl* up it!"

AFTER a short rest the Old Man says: "Okay, men, let's run through it again, only this time it's for keeps. This is it!"

"This is it!" they all echo. But just then a carful of rival gangsters whips around the corner and stops. Two men leap out, two men with punctured eardrums who were civilians during the war. They enter the bank, reappear in a moment carrying huge money bags, then roar away. Police arrive with sirens screaming in time to arrest the 55 ex-soldiers who are lined up for a final roll call and inspection.

Although only a lowly Medic, I fail to see the point in picking apart a swell cartoon simply because "German bombs do not use fuses in H.E. types of that size," and "Tail assemblies are of the four vane type without struts of the design shown, etc."

In my estimation Artist Stein has a good cartoon, well drawn and putting over a definite point. Why quibble over irrelevant technicalities?

Cpl. O. C. BOWMAN

Britain.

Smokeless Powder

Dear YANK:

We here in this area have been wondering why both the Japs and Germans have smokeless powder while we do not. If you have ever been fired upon by a sniper (the writer's outfit fought at Makin.—Ed.) you will realize what a terrific advantage it is to the enemy and that it would most certainly help us in the same way. We know that we have the best rifle in the world, but with the powder we are using your position is given away. . . .

Pvt. RICHARD S. HURD

Central Pacific.

[It is true that the Japs are using smokeless powder, but there are no indications that the Germans are using it to any great extent. Because the Jap rifle must be fired at fairly close range to be effective, the use of smokeless powder is important to the Nips. Moreover, sniping is primarily a defensive tactic, and the Japs, needless to point out, are concentrating on defense. Smokeless powder tends to corrode and, therefore, to dissolve the bore of the gun more rapidly. It also provides less initial velocity. Because the U.S. rifleman is trained to fire at greater distances than any other soldier in the world, initial velocity and length of life for his rifle are particularly important to him. Basic American strategy is conceived on the basis of attack, and the U.S. Army has never been overly impressed with the use of smokeless powder by GI snipers.—Ed.]

Re: Those Photographs

Dear YANK:

We are writing in regard to the three pictures which you are having so much difficulty in locating the rightful owner.

We have been in the ETO for several months ourselves. What we would like to know is, how long does a fellow have to be here before he has such a lapse of memory that he can't recognize pictures of his wife and friends?

We also feel that an investigation is in order. If either of the young ladies in the pictures have as many husbands as is indicated by the number of letters printed in the May 7th issue of YANK, they would be receiving a tidy sum from Class "F" Allotments.

1st/Sgt. C. E. OSTERHOLT
S/Sgt. M. O. ALICIE
T/5 B. F. FRAIPONT

Britain.

Love Sonnet from the AFN

Dear YANK:

This is so sudden! Received the "love sonnet" from the radio maintenance boys of a heavy bombardment group in Britain which was printed in last week's YANK—and we're still blushing prettily.

Well, fellows, we were never ones to take a challenge lying down, so we're laying it right in your lap. To remind you of the words you so carelessly dropped, (we quote) ". . . I have been requested to find out just what steps . . . must be taken to get our hands upon those offensive, obnoxious, detestable, hateful, nerve-wracking, repellent, insidious, putrid recordings sung in a terrible, twangy, whiny, nasal drawl advising us to get a haircut, to keep our shoes shined, to use V-mail, to observe blackout regulations and last but not least to be considerate of MP's" (and we close quote).

You then went on to give us your very frank opinion of our very weak attempt to be corny. But here's the challenge we referred to above (and once again we quote) ". . . our Armament Section has gladly and willingly volunteered to stow those atrocious recordings in the bomb bay of a bomber whose flight will take them deep over Germany. Base Photo has offered to take pictures of the whole deal and also the final (we hope) deliverance of these records to our worthy foes."

You, if we may say so, have had it. Send us your address and the recordings are yours. You guarantee to drop 'em over Berlin, and you have our word that the "offensive, etc." voice you so thoroughly "loathe, etc." will disappear from the air never to be heard again. You keep your part of the bargain and we'll keep ours. Okay?

(Signed) THE AMERICAN FORCES NETWORK

Britain.

P.S.—We already have our eye on an ETO Frankie Sinatra for a new series of "singing spots." We hope you like 'em.

YANK'S AFN Radio Guide

Highlights for the week of May 21.

SUNDAY 1700—Information Please—with Clifton Fadiman, John Kieran, Franklin P. Adams, Oscar Levant and guest John P. Marquand, author.

MONDAY 1905—The Red Skelton Show—with Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson's Orchestra.

TUESDAY 2200—Duffy's Tavern—with Archie Gardner, Eddie Green, guest Major Edward Bowes.

WEDNESDAY 1905—Rhapsody in Khaki—featuring soldier talent of the Southern Base Section.

THURSDAY 2225—One Night Stand—Harry James, his golden trumpet and his orchestra. James solos on "Cherry."

FRIDAY 2225—Suspense—"Sorry, Wrong Number" with Agnes Moorehead.

SATURDAY 1130—YANK's Radio Weekly.
1930—The Dinah Shore Show—with Cornelius Otis Skinner, Roland Young and Emmett Doland's Orchestra. Dinah sings "The Dreamer."

1375 kc. 1402 kc. 1411 kc. 1420 kc. 1447 kc.
218.1 m. 213.9 m. 212.6 m. 211.3 m. 207.3 m.

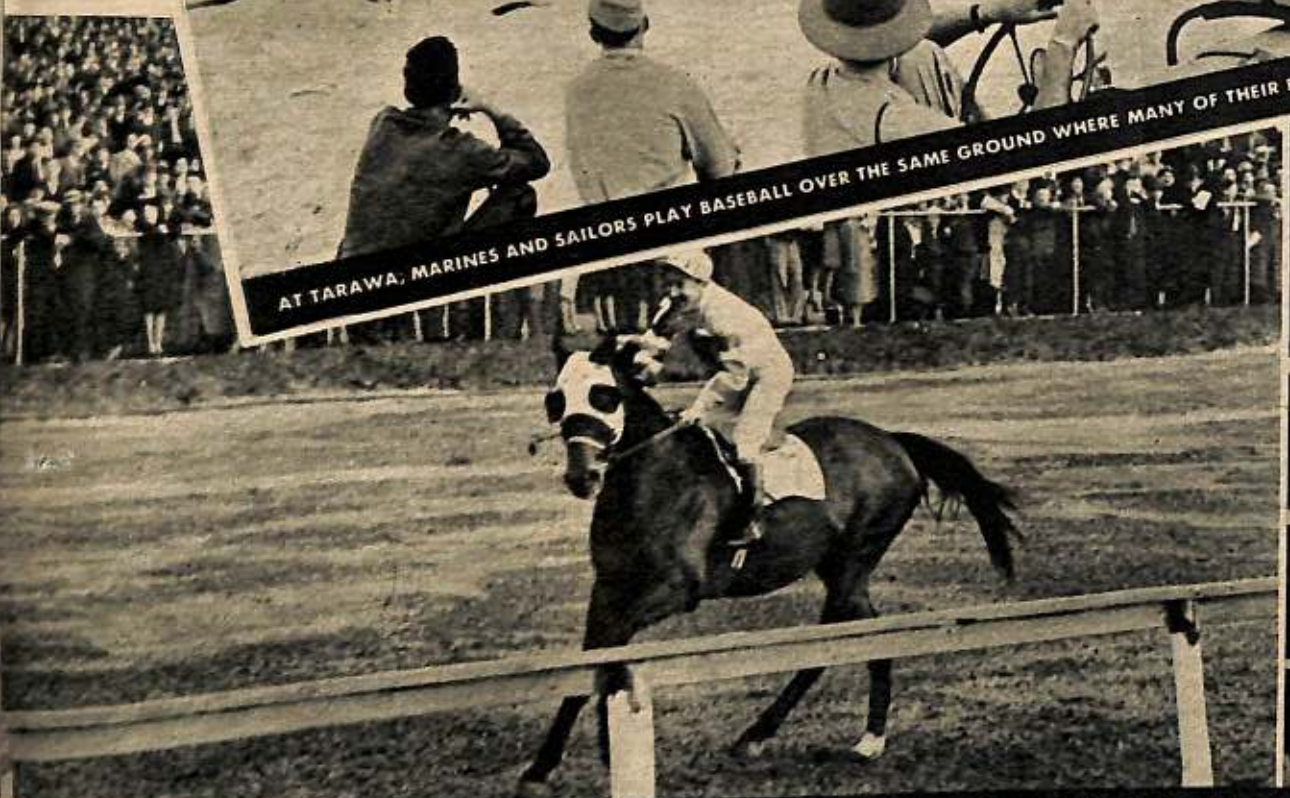
sports round-up

LOOKING FOR SOMETHING? Stan Musial, Cardinal outfielder, slides home safely in the first game of St. Louis' City Series, but Myron Hayworth of the Browns hardly notices him. He was busy looking for the ball that wasn't there.

MUSEUM PIECES. Jack Johnson and Jess Willard square off at the [illegible] Fair Museum in Los Angeles, where they are currently featured, just as they did 30 years ago when Willard won the championship. Johnson is 66, Willard 60.

AT TARAWA, MARINES AND SAILORS PLAY BASEBALL OVER THE SAME GROUND WHERE MANY OF THEIR BUDDIES FELL IN THE BLOODIEST BATTLE OF MARINE CORPS HISTORY

SURE THING. Crowd at Jamaica track in New York knew the winner of this race before it started. Star of Padula was the only horse that showed up when the grooms went on strike and he took $1,800 purse just by cantering around the track. Next day he ran with six other horses and paid $79.70 to win.



THE SERGEANT SINKS. We said sinks. Sgt. Lou Woods goes down for nine-count after being clipped by Jake LaMotta at Chicago. LaMotta won decision.

SPORTS:

HERE'S HOW THE MAJOR LEAGUE RACES LOOK AS OF THIS MINUTE

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

ENCOURAGED by the outstanding success of our first publication, *A Handy Guide to the Kentucky Derby*, we now offer, at no increase in prices, *A Handy Guide to the Major League Pennant Races*, which includes the confessions of a draft board and a short cut to the World Series.

Washington Senators. What happened to Clark Griffith shouldn't happen to your mother-in-law. This spring he stocked his club with a gang of draftproof Cubans and hired an interpreter so Manager Ossie Bluege could communicate with them. Then came the draft edict that all foreigners must either register with the draft here or go home. The Cubans beat it back to the canebrakes and the interpreter, we understand, is now playing center field.

New York Yankees. There's absolutely no truth in the rumor that Yankee Stadium will be turned into an induction center. In fact, Spud Chandler and Ernie Bonham—both of whom had passed their induction physicals and were about ready to enter the Army—have returned to the team under the latest draft directive deferring men 26 and over. Shortstop Frankie Crosetti, now waiting a draft call, may come back, too. Joe McCarthy insists the Yanks are the team to beat. "After all," he says, "we're champions, aren't we?"

Chicago White Sox. Here's the team that might beat the Yankees. Lou Boudreau, a pure Einstein from Cleveland, says they've got the power to do it. That power Boudreau is talking about is Hal Trosky, a 300-plus slugger whom Lou traded to the White Sox last winter.

St. Louis Browns. Good field, good hit, good pitching and good chance. The infield of Vern Stephens, George McQuinn and Don Guttridge is especially strong. They'll be close.

Boston Red Sox. They're keeping the draft status of their players a closely guarded secret. But it's no secret that Joe Cronin is 1-A and the pitching staff is shot.

Detroit Tigers. What's left of the pitching staff is strong and safe: Newhouser (4-F), Trout (4-F), Overmire (4-F) and Gorsica (4-F). But when 1-A Rudy York goes, that's the ball game, chums.

Don Savage, highly-valuable 4-F from Newark, cuts loose a throw from third base, where he'll play this season for the Yankees.

Cleveland Indians. Their best team is in service, and Boudreau is about ready to join them.

Philadelphia Athletics. Connie Mack is now 81.

St. Louis Cardinals. The only thing that could keep them from winning the pennant is a case of measles. Even if they do lose Slats Marion, Walker Cooper and Stan Musial, they've got the reserves to step in and keep them going at a swift pace. To fill Cooper's chest protector, they have Ken O'Dea, who can bang the ball out of sight on occasion. Pepper Martin will play the outfield as long as he holds together.

Pittsburgh Pirates. They have enough bounce and defense to stir up a pretty good race. They might even finish second. Rip (4-Ephus) Sewell should win six million games against the kind of hitting he will face.

Boston Braves. Bob Coleman will boot this club home to a rousing first-division finish. No kidding.

Cincinnati Reds. The Reds you want to bet on are playing in another league.

Chicago Cubs. Jimmy Wilson is trying to trade Lou Novikoff for a catcher. He'd better get some pitchers while he's at it. The Cub outfield is drunk with power and will make trouble. Left to right: Bill Nicholson, Dom Dallessandro and Ival Goodman with Ed Sauer (.368 at Nashville), Andy Pafko (.353 at Los Angeles) and Novikoff waiting for a chance to break in.

Brooklyn Dodgers. Things are so bad at Ebbets Field that a fan leaned over the grandstand the other day and yelled to Dixie Walker, who was playing third: "Hey, Dixie, get the hell outta there before you get hoit." The Dodgers haven't a single regular infielder left from last year. Tom Warren, a discharged Navy Commando who fought at Casablanca, will be a starting pitcher.

New York Giants. Mel Ott is 1-A, which is the highest classification the Giants will get all season.

Philadelphia Blue Jays. By any name, they're still the Phillies.

EX-PRO Sgt. Tommy Thompson of the Philadelphia Eagles rips off a nice gain as U. S. Infantry Blues defeat the Canadian Mustangs 18-0 in London's Coffee Bowl. Thompson threw two touchdown passes.

sports service record

WHEN **Joe Louis** winds up his present exhibition tour of American and British camps in England, he will probably swing into the Mediterranean theater and then to the CBI. **Sgt. Ray Robinson,** who teamed with Louis in a comedy skit on the U. S. tour, didn't make the trip. He was left behind at Hailoran General Hospital, where he's under observation. . . . New GI baseball managers: **Johnny Rigney** at the Norfolk Naval Station; **Sgt. Pat Mullin** at Camp Sibert, Ala.; **Pvt. Tommy Bridges** at Camp Crowder, Mo. . . . **Lynn Patrick,** the ex-New York Ranger, is vice president of Class 26 at the Provost Marshal OCS. His kid brother **Muzz** won a commission at the same school last year. . . . **Midget Smith,** a great bantamweight and a veteran of the last war, is now stationed in Italy and says he has something extra in **Pvt. Homer Rogers** as a heavyweight prospect. . . . One of the starting pitchers for the Los Angeles Angels in the Coast League is **Gerald Juzek,** who was cut down by machine-gun fire at Guadalcanal and told he'd never be able to walk again. . . . **A/C Bill Dudley,** Virginia's great running back of 1941, is now in advanced twin-engine training at Ellington Field, Tex. . . . The other night at Oakland, Calif., **Pvt. Harold Blackshear,** a GI heavyweight from Monterey, dropped a 10-round decision to **Al Jordan.** After the fight, two MPs climbed into the ring and arrested him. He had been AWOL for 32 days. . . . **Lt. Comdr. Jock Sutherland,** the old Pittsburgh and Dodgers' football coach, is CO of the Navy rest home at Deland, Fla. . . . Here's a line-up of college football players who are now fighting in PT boats in the South Pacific: **Boudreau, Holovak** and **Levanitis,** Boston College; **Lillis, McCormick,** and **Crimmins,** Notre Dame; **Atkinson** and **Holdgraf,** Vanderbilt; **Sangster** and **Tappan,** Southern California; **Pannell,** Texas A & M; **Ely,** Tulane; **Schwenk,** St. Louis. . . . **Lt. John Riley,** former Norfolk marathoner, filed his entry blank for the annual Hopkinton-to-Boston Marathon from New Guinea, where he's pilot. "Just for sentimental reasons," he wrote.

Ordered for induction: **Henry Armstrong,** former triple titleholder, by the Army; **Johnny Lindell,** Yankee center fielder and clean-up hitter, by the Navy; **Harry (Peanuts) Lowrey,** Chicub infielder-outfielder, by the ~~Army~~; **Bill Lee,** veteran Philly Blue Jay pitcher, by the Army; **Bob Muncrief,** St Louis Browns' right-hander, by the Army. . . . *Rejected:* Not a bad knee in the house this week. . . . *Promoted:* **Cpl. Art Passarella,** former American League umpire, to sergeant at Camp Grant, Ill. . . . *Discharged:* **Sgt. Barney Ross** from the Marines with a CDD because of malaria.

A whole slew of CG-4s being towed across the tidy countryside of the ETO.

F/O Ted Cook, of Chicago, who once flew in combat against the Japs.

Test glider pilot Bill Donkin used to be crew chief on a B-17.

15 men . . . or a JEEP

By Cpl. JOHN PRESTON
YANK Staff Correspondent

ENGLAND—Gliding is one form of air travel almost as hard to standardize as parachute jumping. No matter how often they take you up in one, each ride in a glider has its own mild risks and sensations that make the trip more than worthwhile to a GI layman. The glider and tow plane pilots of the 9th Troop Carrier Command, however, take their work as it comes. Most of them have been training for two years or more, and all of them wait for more direct action soon, rather than the endless practice missions and maneuvers carried out in the States and in England. Here is how one such mission went off a couple of weeks ago at an ETO air base.

First came a quick, off-hand briefing. I had expected to see mosaic maps and enlarged photographs of glider release zones. There were none of these. Nor were there any detailed descriptions of ploughed fields, hard earth areas, and other matters of interest to men who have to land gliders in unknown territory. All they had to do this morning was make a two-hour round-robin practice mission, covering a triangular course, and return to their home field in time for chow.

The stocky, red-faced intelligence officer said his say, and told them that they would hit a twenty-mile-an-hour wind at one thousand feet. "Oh, that's nice, that's really lovely," the men said with sweet sarcasm. But the flight officers, who wear the blue pins of Warrant Officer on their collars, went about their business good-humoredly enough. They picked up their sun glasses, maps, and leather cushions and strolled across the field to the waiting tow planes and gliders. The huge Douglas C-47s were just beginning to warm up their motors. Big, business-like and unmilitary looking ships, stripped of their drab paint and furnished with stewardesses and comfortable seats they would easily have served as standard airline planes.

Lined up parallel to the C-47s were the CG-4 gliders. Recently one of them made an unexpected landing in a field near a farmhouse. The farmer's wife stood at the doorway and watched the whole process with some interest.

"I never knew they used men in those machines," she remarked wonderingly as the crew climbed out.

She had some grounds for her remark. Entering one of these CG-4s, it seemed hard to accept the fact that this glider is built to hold fifteen men or one jeep. With its light green and brown plywood interiors, aluminum alloy tubing, and cords and pulleys strung up all over the ceiling, the ship had the bright, cheerful, bleak look of a very successful and expensive dentist's office.

The control board looked complicated enough even without oil-pressure and manifold pressure gauges, and I soon got the idea that flying one of these ships is no simple job of automatic piloting, sitting behind the wheel and letting the tow plane do all the work.

We buckled ourselves into the seats with safety belts and waited for the take-off. The pilot, Flight Officer D. T. Parker, of Bedford, Va., was small, dark, sharp-featured and friendly. He had worked as a printer and lithographer in civilian life, but had a pilot's license and had done plenty of flying during his free time. When he joined the Army he was sent into the Air Force. Too old to be an aviation cadet, he became a crew chief and later on ran a printing press at a large air base on the East Coast. So the Army was no great change for him until the glider program got started. Then they sent out a call for men with previous flying experience and Parker accordingly signed up for it.

Even at the controls of a glider he remained a conservative. I asked him if we were going to loop the loop on this particular trip and was not annoyed to hear that as we were going to fly in fairly tight formation, there would be no looping.

"I'm an old pilot, anyway," he said slowly, "and you'll find that while there are old pilots and bold pilots, there are very few old, bold pilots."

GLIDERS and tow planes were lined up in two long rows facing one end of the runway. As each tow plane moved up to the take-off position, a glider was hauled out of line and tied up to it.

Our plane was sixth in line to take off. When the right time came, the Douglas started to taxi down the runway, and the ground control car moved up to meet it. From this car, a jeep with radio equipment that serves as a mobile control tower, came the signal that the Douglas had taken up all the slack on the dusty white nylon tow rope and that now was the time to open up its motors.

At that point the glider started to show some signs of life; it resisted, quivered, dug its nose into the ground, straightened itself again, and came down hard and fast along the runway, to rise into the air at an eighty-mile-an-hour speed. Not many seconds later, the tow plane was also grazing the tree tops,

and we headed northward.

Flying in close formation wears glider pilots down physically and nervously like no other routine. Usually they fly in fifteen-minute shifts, the co-pilot taking over after the first quarter of an hour. Their chief problem is keeping the glider moving in a fairly straight line with the tow plane. As for the conduct of the tow plane, not much can be done about that except to hope and pray that it will stay on a level with the rest of the formation. Some of the gliders had walkie-talkie sets, but they were not in action.

"Why can't you stay in place?" Parker would wail to himself from time to time as our tow plane lost altitude, and later on, "Ah, that's better," when the Douglas joined the ranks again. Every time the ships in front climbed above us, our glider would start swaggering restlessly, caught in the propwash and slipstream air currents coming back hard from the propellers ahead.

Otherwise all went well. The sunlight poured into the cabin, the pilot sweated silently at the controls, and the great, steady onrush of the wind against the plexiglass had an oddly reassuring effect. It sounded much louder than any motor. The lack of propellers gave a wide, clear view of the country beneath us; the smoothly colored green and blue hills and meadows, the rivers, the red-brick towns, the arsenals, the Nissen huts, the bombers, etc.

Around noon we were hovering over the starting point again. Parker waited for his tow plane to get radio clearance from the control tower and give the signal for him to cut loose and land. No such signal came. After we reached the right area, he decided to cut loose anyway. With a loud click the tow rope sprang clear of the glider, and trailed out of sight behind the towing C-47. Then slowly, casually, we started to drop, rambling down

It's not often that glider planes and the men who fly them get their just dues—and sometimes it takes a dramatic incident like Col. Phil Cochran's daring glider attack in Burma to wake up the headline writers. All the gliders are not in Burma, of course, and here is a story of CG-4s and tow plane pilots in the U.K.

and across the air, dropping about one foot for every fifteen feet forward.

The noise of the wind faded as we circled over the field, making two ninety degree turns before coming in to land. These slow, indirect patterns were cut to give the pilot time, perspective and a better chance to make a proper landing than if he used a fast, straight-on approach.

Now we seemed to be making a sheer drop towards the earth. That was the only part of the trip that made me sincerely airsick, but, "Don't worry; things aren't going to get worse very much longer," I was told. Nose-diving easily and specifically towards one small plot of green, the glider came to rest just off the runway—right where it should have landed. We climbed out of the glider and Parker hurried me across the field to a hot lunch at the mess hall.

Meanwhile the ground crew took over where we had left off. Some of them hopped a truck and went out to the tow-rope-dropping zone to pick up three hundred-odd feet of plaited nylon. Others towed the glider off to the side and pegged it into the ground with great metal corkscrew shaped pickets. Tomorrow there would be another mission and early in the morning they would preflight each glider. This would mean a quick, careful check of all movable surfaces, ailerons, rudders, etc., to see that they moved freely and easily. The inside cables controlling these surfaces would be checked for tautness and strain by a well-named gadget called a tensiometer.

It was not as long or involved as preflighting a B-17, but there is a difference in division of manpower. A crew of two men is fully responsible for four or five gliders, and they have to work just as hard and painstakingly as any bomber's ground crew.

So much for the actual gliders themselves. The men who fly them like and respect their job, particularly since the results of the recent Allied airborne invasion in Burma were made known to the world. They take nothing for granted, however, and don't claim to know all the troubles and possibilities of an airborne invasion until they themselves see action. They know their own strength and their own inexperience, as well. Any campaign involving the landing of men and material in small areas of enemy territory is always a gamble. But with enough luck and skill, it can also be a very sober, professional gamble.

Many of the flight officers at this outfit had, like Parker, put in plenty of flying time in civilian life, but were too old to become aviation cadets when they joined the Army. F/O Everett Creasy, of Columbia, Miss., a lively, thick-set, grey-haired man had been in the Army since Pearl Harbor and had spent seven months in the Infantry when they signed him up for the glider program. It was as good a way as any to get off the ground again, he decided.

F/O T. A. Cook, of Chicago, Ill., tall, thin, quiet and yellow-haired, had spent ten months in China during 1937 and 1938, flying and fighting for the Chinese Government along with Englishmen, Frenchmen and even Germans. In December, 1939, he joined up with the RCAF, got his wings as a Flight Sergeant, and spent two years flying planes at a school for navigators in Canada. In 1941, when we went to war he transferred to the USAAF. Because he lacked two years of college, he was not accepted as an aviation candidate and got assigned to glider pilot school instead.

F/O Gerald Payeur, of Island Pond, Vt., had known quite a number of different jobs and regions during peacetime. He had worked as a counselor in a summer camp, as a singer in an orchestra, as a fruit farmer out in California, and as a shoe clerk in Maine. At one time he tried to get a job in the Southwest laying pipeline. When he was told that no such job was forthcoming, he went over the Mexican border, rented an adobe hut and took a five months' holiday from the world. He enlisted in the Army around the time that War broke out and hoped to be sent into the Air Force. They made him an MP instead, and he spent long months of guard duty on one of New England's more strategic beaches. When the glider program was launched, he signed up for it as the next best thing to being an Aviation Cadet.

All these men came from a variety of different States and civilian backgrounds, but once in the Air Force they all shared the same training, the same expectations, the same delays, and the same successes. The whole glider program was a slow and unsure development. Months of hard work and flying would be followed by weeks of enforced goldbricking and waiting around at pools and replacement centers. They got results, though.

Primary School was the first stage of their training.

Here's how a CG-4 looks before taking off with 15 men or a jeep.

Above, a tow rope is attached to a plane's tail. Below, a mechanic makes sure all's shipshape.

Here, prospective glider pilots learned to fly Piper cubs and to co-pilot "any plane that they'll give us in the Air Force, from bombers down." Each man got sixty hours of flying time if he was completely new at the game and thirty hours if he had held a civilian pilot's license. At Primary they put in plenty of time practicing dead-stick landings, cutting off the motor at a thousand or fifteen hundred feet, and coming down to land without benefit of propellers, so as to get used to the idea of gliding.

Then came the Basic Schools, usually located in Southern California, Arizona, Texas and other zones where warm, dry air currents made for superb soaring conditions. Cruising around the atmosphere during the warm, bright days and cool, moonlit nights seemed such a sound and direct, easy method of getting away from it all that a two-hour limit had to be fixed on the amount of time a trainee could spend on his own in an Aeronica, Schweitzer or Cinema sailplane.

Later on they took over at the controls of the heavier gliders like the CG-4s. Finally, came tactical school where they trained to work out problems such as coming down between two rows of high trees planted six hundred feet apart and landing in assigned positions next to the second row of trees. The finishing touch was applied at Bowman Field, Ky., where they got Commando training and were taught to fire anything from a carbine to a trench mortar.

The glider pilots and the tow-plane pilots have a naturally professional understanding. They don't fly in fixed teams but, "You can usually feel it in the seat of your pants, if the pilot in the glider that you're towing knows his job or not," was the way one tow-plane pilot put it. "If during your first fifty feet in the air the glider is still wobbling, then you know you're going to have problems."

Operating one of these Douglas tow-planes is a hard, unsensational routine, and their pilots seldom get in the news except for such an episode as the Burma campaign or such moments of isolated drama as flying a man with appendicitis in a remote part of the U.S.A. hundreds of miles to the nearest hospital, or flying a shipload of toilet paper to North Africa.

Hauling gliders is quite a different proposition, however. It is a job that cramps individualism and requires rigid air discipline, and a very active sense of responsibility not only for the troops in the tow-plane but for the men in the gliders being towed behind. The only time that the buck can be passed to the gliders is the moment when they cut loose over the tow release zones.

Almost all of the tow-plane pilots became aviation cadets in the hopes of flying bombers or pursuit planes once they got their wings. But——

"Going up in these C-47s is not such a bad life though," said one of their number. "Except that when you've got a high wind and two gliders tied behind your plane you feel as if you were trying to climb up a waterfall with your bare hands."


Ingrid Bergman
YANK
Pin-up Girl