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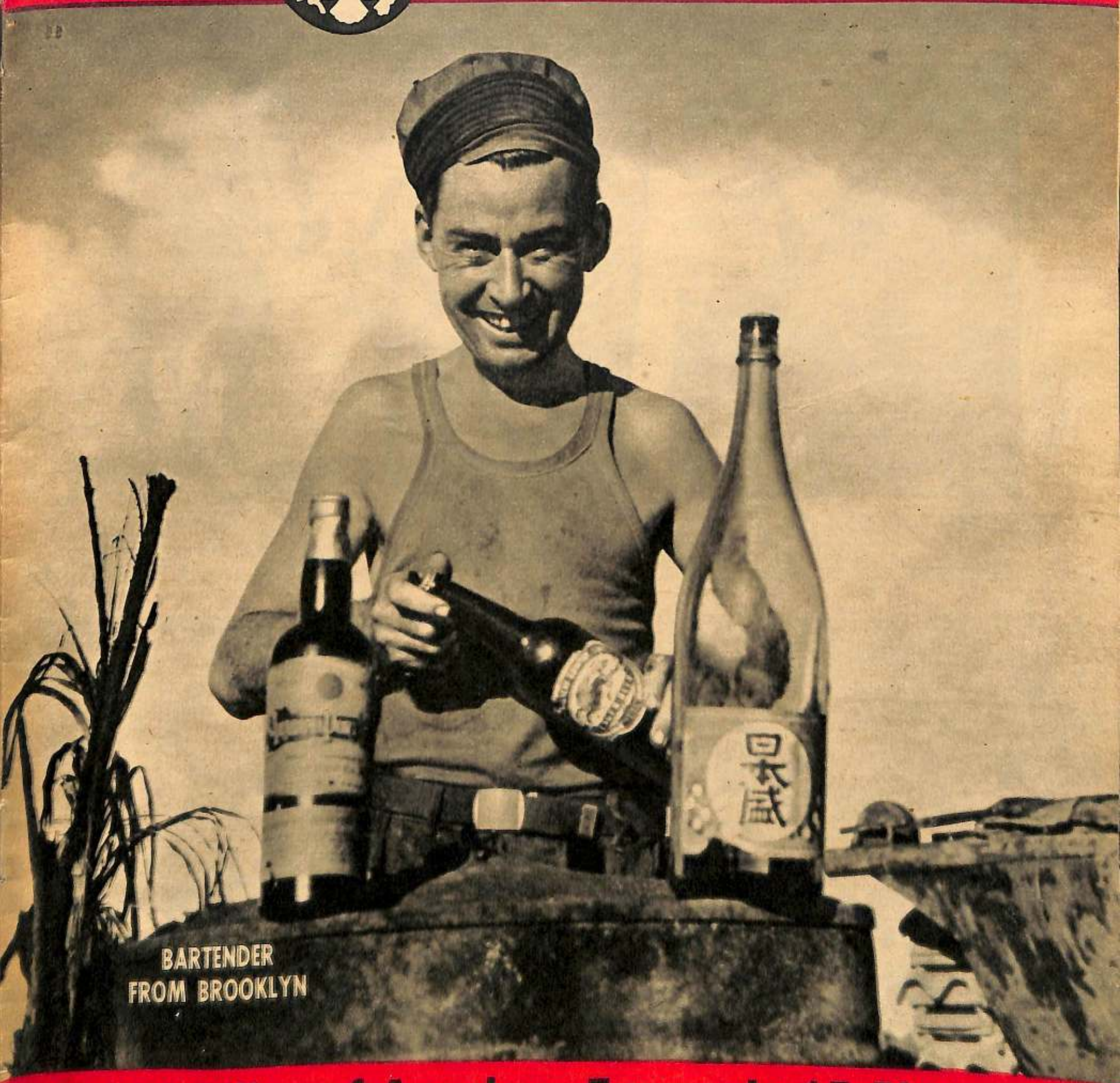
By the men . . for the men in the service



BARTENDER FROM BROOKLYN

8,000 Miles of American Farms—In 15 Pictures

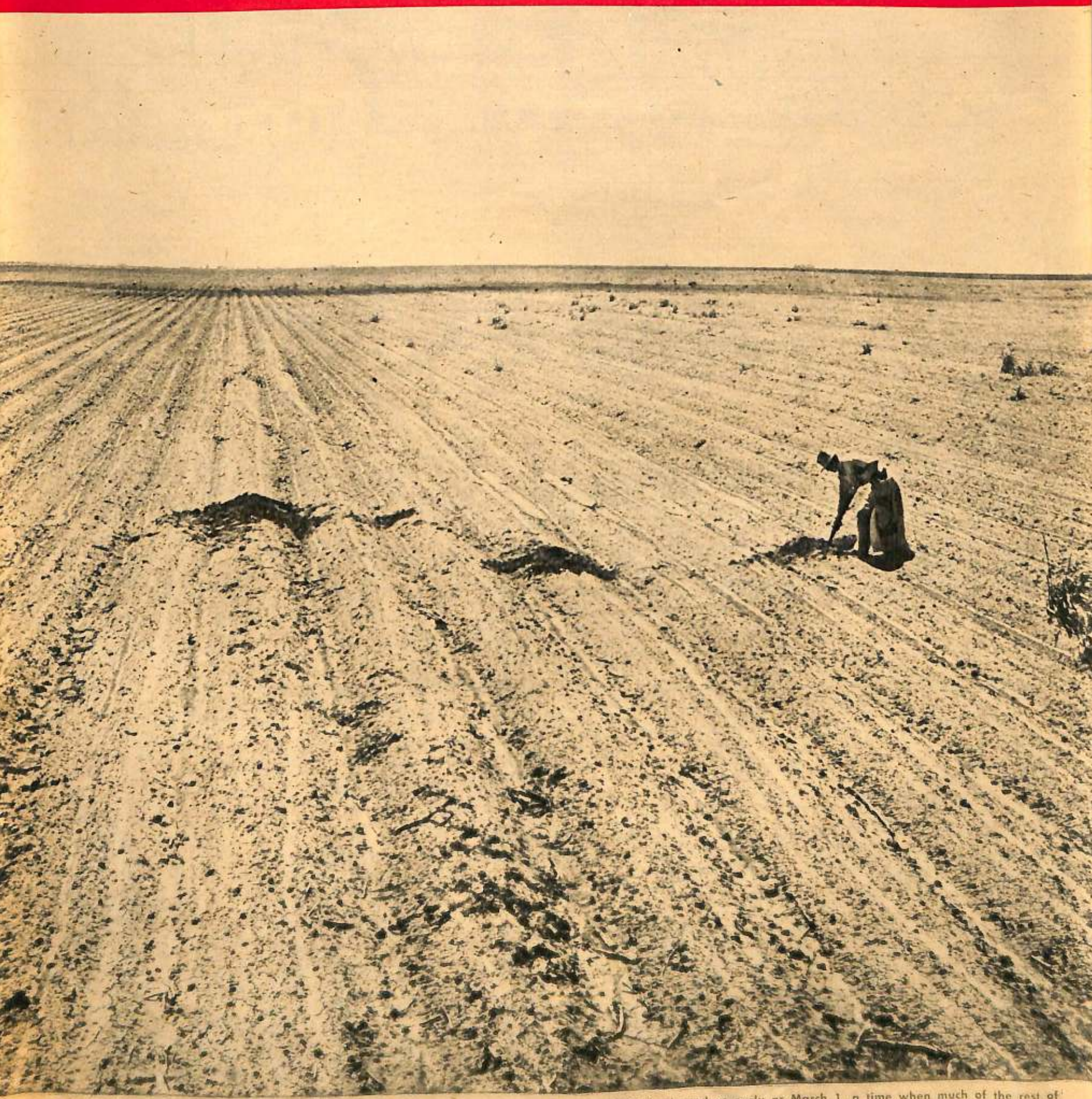
—Pages 2, 3, 4 and 5

NORTH DAKOTA Jackie Card, who drives the milk cows into the fine barn on his father's farm near Fargo, is one of the many youngsters who have helped get the work done during the war years. Farmers themselves must spend their time in the fields. That's where Farmer Leif Erickson is as he holds up a double handful of seed for the state's biggest crop: spring wheat. About the only things idle around the farm these days are the big Belgian draft horses. Tractors have left them with only minor hauling tasks. Some of these horses sell for as low as $20 each.

ALABAMA In the country around Mobile is concentrated the nation's largest new-potato production. Negroes, who are loading cuttings on this planter, live on the plantation and are paid a weekly wage. In addition, they get all they want to eat of anything grown on the farm. For every sack of cuttings which the planter buries and fertilizes in one operation, the farmer will harvest eight to 10 sacks of new potatoes. Cabbage is another big southern Alabama crop. Tom Trippe, superintendent of the Warley plantation near Theodore, is proud of this sample

On the farm

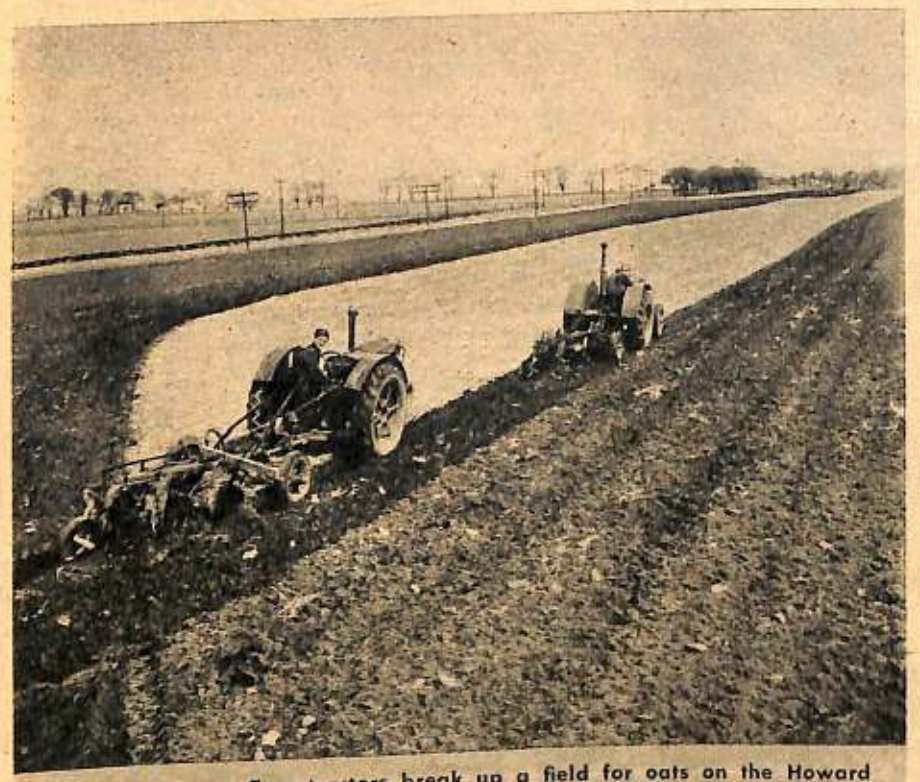
This year's spring planting brings American farmers into their fourth war year with an enviable record. During the past three years, with hired help at its lowest level in history and new equipment almost impossible to get, they reached new all-time highs in the production of food—not only for America and our armed forces, but for foreign millions as well. Farmers worked long hours to do this, and thousands of their children helped them in the fields. YANK photographer Pvt. George Aarons toured more than 8,000 miles of U. S. farmlands to get these pictures of spring on the farm in 1945.



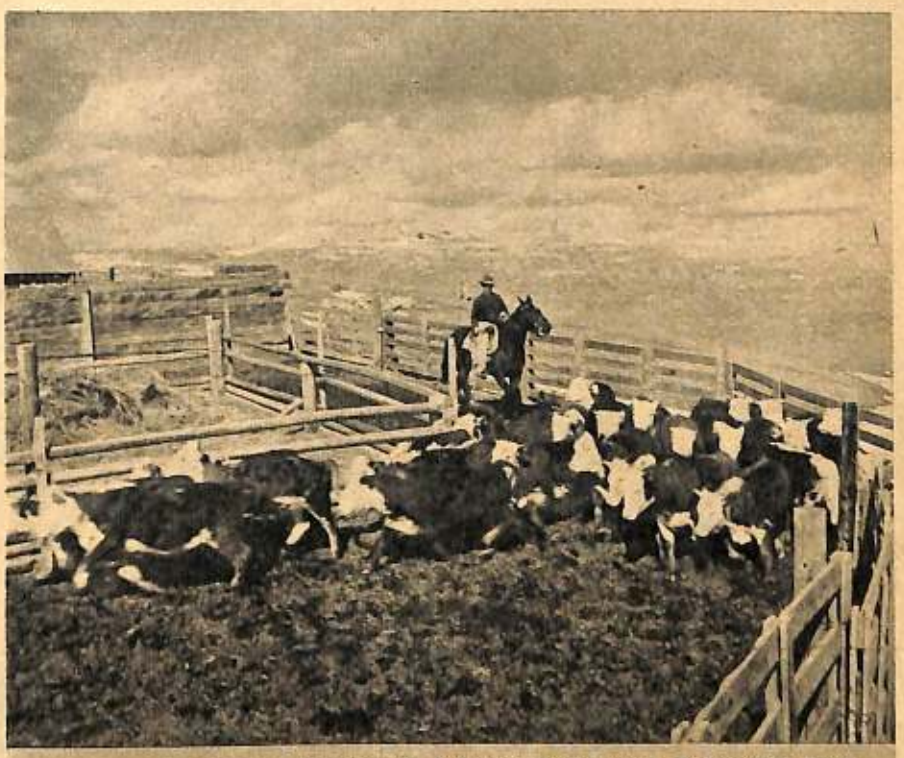
TEXAS In Texas' vast cotton fields, Mexican labor has helped farmers get around the shortage of manpower. This Mexican laborer is performing one of the many manual tasks that remain despite the modern mechanization of farming: weeding Johnson grass out of a seeded cotton field. In south Texas cotton is planted as early as March 1, a time when much of the rest of America's farmland is under snow. On the far horizon are oil well installations which dot practically every Texas farm. One big crop, maize, aside from being used as cattle feed, is combined with this oil in the making of synthetic rubber.

NEW HAMPSHIRE Lambs are one sign of spring on a New England farm. These ewes graze with their lambs on picturesque farm near Tamworth. As on farms throughout the nation, agriculture here is being handled by the very young and the very old. Thirteen-year-old Wesley Ames has learned to work a team of oxen almost as well as old Wesley Tewksbury. Asked by Sgt. Ernest Ross of Tamworth, back from 15 months in the Pacific, why he didn't shave, the old man said: "Well son, God put them whiskers on my face and who am I to take 'em off?" That's an ox he's leaning on.

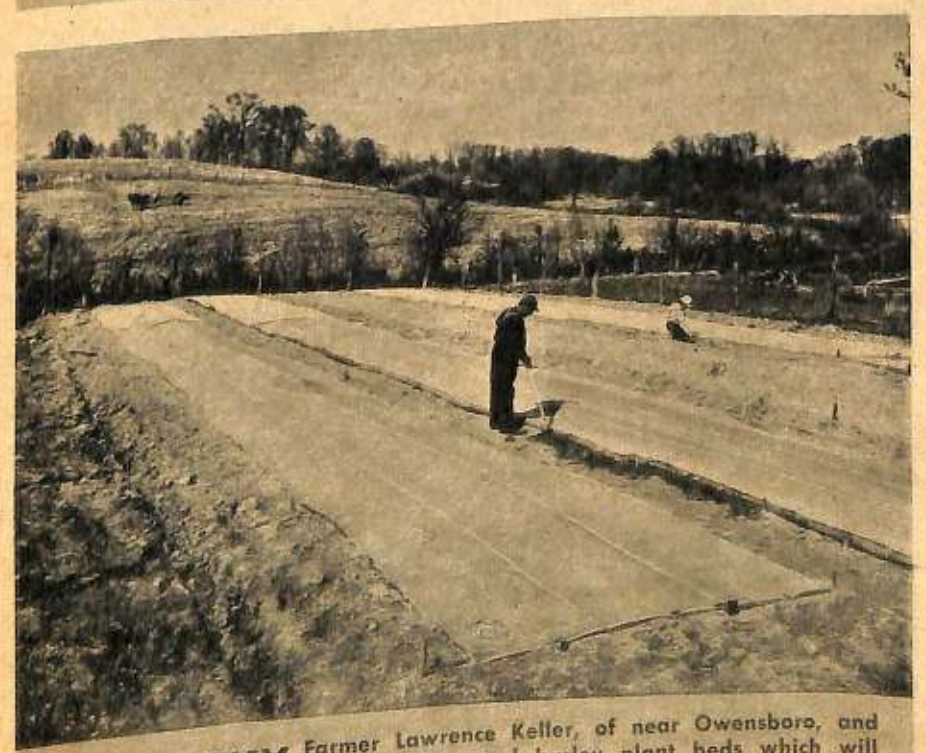
IOWA Hogs are the main reason for Iowa's tall corn. Much of the state's great corn crop goes to feed stock such as this spotted Poland China sow and her spring litter on the Clyde Jameson farm near Greenfield. A considerable portion of the crop goes into corn meal and other products for human use. Distilleries use a lot of corn. In fact, corn to be produced in the field Harold Moffitt is plowing on his rolling 160-acre farm in Adair County may some day wind up as bottled-in-bond bourbon. Spotlight under driver's seat enables Moffitt to plow at night if his time is short.



ILLINOIS Two tractors break up a field for oats on the Howard Culp farm near Decatur. Forward tractor is driven by Carl Cutler, 13, who works after school and on Saturdays. Rear tractor is driven by a hired man whose draft board deferred him for general farm work.



MONTANA Rancher Al Rehberg herds some of his 450 head of Hereford cattle into his stockpens. Past 70, Rehberg does all the work on his 10,240-acre ranch just over the rimrocks from Billings. He has on the old-time cowboy's trademark: sheepskin chaps.



KENTUCKY Farmer Lawrence Keller, of near Owensboro, and a hired man tend burley plant beds which will produce five acres of cigarette tobacco. In far background, Keller's son drives manure spreader over field in which burley plants will be reset.

INDIANA Albert Weil drives the tractor while his sons spray arsenic and lime on his winesap orchard near Evansville. Spray kills larvae of coddling moth which otherwise would destroy entire crop. His average is 15 bushels of apples per tree each season.

ALEXANDER

The victor of Italy welded together soldiers of twelve nations, but he didn't know how or when to break a story

By Sgt. JAMES DUGAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

ENGLAND—In the last week of May, 1940, the British Expeditionary Force was getting out of France. On the littered beaches under petroleum-colored plumes of smoke from their burning ordnance, the soldiers queued-up out into the neck-deep water, patiently waiting and dying. The Third Division, commanded by a thin little Major General named Bernard Montgomery, was being taken off. The First Division and the 51st Highland were fighting a rearguard action against the racing German panzers. When Field Marshal Lord Gort, commanding the B.E.F., was ordered back to London three days before the end, he deputized a "less senior officer" to complete the evacuation, the Commanding General of the First Division, a calm, blue-eyed Irish Guards officer, the Hon. Harold R. L. G. Alexander.

The new evacuation officer changed from battle-dress to a uniform of the style worn in the last war—a tunic, cavalry britches, and a Sam Browne. His driver, Sgt. J. A. Wells, whipped up his jackboots until they resembled funhouse mirrors. Then the "less senior officer" strolled to the beach in this anachronistic kit and surveyed the patient lines of soldiers. The men watched him walking along the shore and stopping to build a sand castle. In his headquarters in a ruined house, staff officers found him at breakfast on the last morning, seated at a table with a clean cloth, with a pot of Oxford marmalade at his elbow.

This kind of behavior in a battle crisis strikes troops as being very funny and very admirable. Men arrived back in England laughing and wagging their heads over the cool Irish officer who had evacuated them without so much as scuffing his boots.

As the war painfully evolved from Dunkirk—the bad beginning—soldiers on many fronts saw Alexander, dressed in various eccentric uniforms, as he steered his unruffled way from Major General to Field Marshal and from defeat to victory. In Burma he wore shorts. In North Africa he wore dusty GI shoes and pants and an American fleece-lined flying jacket. In Italy he wore shepherd's boots from Cyprus and an Italian officer's belt. The Supreme Allied Commander in the Mediterranean dresses for the part.

Lord Gort had chosen the "most pugnacious officer in the British Army" for the job at Dunkirk. Alexander, at 49, was no dark horse. He had fought throughout four years of the last war in the Battalion of Guards, went over the top 29 times, and was wounded thrice. He came out as the youngest British battalion commander. He was successively the youngest full colonel, the youngest general, and, at 54, the youngest field marshal. He was an officer with a hard analytical head, a wide variety of successful peacetime commands, and had shown that "he simply could not be rattled," according to his superiors. He was as good in defeat as in victory.

Alexander had made much of the peaceful periods which regular army officers have sometimes been known to dedicate to golf and fishing. He attended the Staff and Imperial Defense Colleges. In peacetime maneuvers he infuriated the umpires by continuing an action after the cease fire. "I brought my men here for an education," he said, "and they're going to get it."

WHEN he got back from Dunkirk he helped to found the famous British battle schools. Wellington said that Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, but this contemporary Harrow boy thought mud and live ammunition were more pertinent to the year 1940. "Play up, play up, and play the game," the doctrine of cricket, was not effective against the S.S.

Field Marshal Alexander is the only top-hierarchy British commander who has suffered major defeats and gone on to higher jobs in the field. Many will argue that this is the test of the complete general. He demonstrated at Dunkirk and later in Burma that he knows how to organize retreat and how to keep his army-in-being. He has retained the confidence of the tough-minded Prime Minister and gained the respect of the Americans. His relations with General Eisenhower are mutually very warm. When Alexander's polyglot 15th Army Group took the German surrender in Italy, Eisenhower sent him this note:

"*Dear Alex: You and your great command are the toast of the United Nations. Your brilliant success should give even a stupid German the final proof that he is finished. I am happy for you and for all our peoples. My very best to you and all my friends serving on your all-star team.* (Signed) *Ike.*"

After the conquest of Sicily, Alexander gave a frank interview on the GI: "Were the Americans good when they first arrived in North Africa? No. But they were better trained in modern warfare than we were in France in 1940. The Americans are very fine fighting troops indeed. There is no comparison in Sicily today with the Americans of six months ago. They are at least 100 per cent better."

There is a saying that war consists of four "M's"—Men, Mobilization, Materiel, and Morale. Alexander has demonstrated that he is a masterly manipulator of the "M's," often when they were very small "m's." In Burma he extricated the 25,000 men of a small British garrison force out of Rangoon, over jungles and hills 500 miles to Assam, without air cover, supplies or transport. He destroyed his small tank force of American Stuarts, nicknamed "Honeys" by the British, but got most of his artillery out owing to the guts of Scot Chindwin river skippers who ferried the guns out to Assam. He got out with enough forces to discourage the Japanese from an immediate invasion of India. The skilful retreat, which paralleled Gen. Stilwell's withdrawal, gave the defense of India five badly needed months, and the monsoon season added five months more.

PART of his skill at mobilization, the "M" that stands for the gathering and moving of armies, is due to a keen sense of timing. Since he had at best only a slight superiority in Italy and had to fight an enemy which had the natural advantage of defensive terrain and formidable experience at defensive fighting, Alexander had to make up the difference by careful timing and maneuvering. He tried to explain it to a GI reporter in Rome. "Offensives do not just happen. An attack does not start because Stalin in the east, or Eisenhower in the west, or I in Italy want to attack. This is a huge team. I would like to say like an American football team—except that I don't understand American football. Some men hold and then pass the ball to others who score." Another time he described it as the technique of the prize ring; he threw rights with the Eighth Army and lefts with the Fifth. He did not have the stuff to hit with everything at once, although there was strong Allied air power to prepare and support general offensives.

He thought that Kesselring had handled the Germans well, especially when things were going

badly. " He hangs on and fights back very boldly and bravely, but never too long to get cut off. He's caused a lot of trouble that way. He makes a very good recovery and is a very difficult man to keep off balance."

Alexander is thought of as a great strategist, the classic Greek word for the art of the commander. However, he is lacking in one branch of military endeavor—getting publicity. He does not know when to break a story. He is always too early. His armies in Italy touched off the three-sided European liberation offensive last summer. His Order of the Day of May 11 said as much. " From East and West, from North and South, blows are about to fall which will result in the final destruction of the Nazis and bring freedom once again to Europe. To us in Italy has been given the honor to strike the first blow."

This was virtually forgotten in the excitement of June 6. Gen. Mark Clark's men captured Rome two days before D-Day. By that time the war correspondents were back in England, waiting in the invasion ships. The Rome story was a mere one-day sensation. Finally the 15th Army Group was the first to receive the unconditional surrender of the entire enemy in its theater. That, too, was obscured by succeeding acts of surrender—at Luneberg Heath, at Rheims, and the last grand autography in the Karlhorst Engineering School in Berlin on May 8.

" The guy should have a beef," said one of his junior U.S. aides. " He should grow a beard, forget to shine his shoes, and go soak up some grappo."

But the Hon. H. R. L. G. Alexander did not follow this advice. He shined his boots and went to Belgrade to see Marshal Tito about the occupation of Trieste. He is able to speak Serbo-Croatian, Tito's native language. It is much like Russian, which Alexander learned during a garrison hitch in Constantinople in the belief that it was " the language of the future." (This characteristic foresight resembles Eisenhower's decision, while doing a dull tour in Panama, to have his appendix out. There was nothing wrong with his appendix but the young officer thought he'd have it removed as insurance that it would not knock him out at some future busy period.) While masticating Russian, Colonel Alexander found time to teach the Turks how to dance the Irish jig. He entered a soldiers' field meet and won the mile. Before the last war he won a cup by doing the mile in 4:20.

With U.S. Rangers at Anzio, Alexander's temper got the better of him when correspondents spread defeatist impressions of the battle.

Alexander saw something of Russia in 1920, when, as a Lieutenant Colonel, he commanded the Baltic *Landwehr*, a mixed bag of Letts, Poles, Czarist Russians and Imperial German Army officers, who were trying to overthrow the Bolsheviks. Today the Russians of the Soviet Union are his allies. Before his final offensive in Italy he flew to Hungary to see Marshal Tolbukhin, commander of the Third Ukrainian Army Group. The two marshals attended a blowout which featured a Red Army choir singing *Tipperary* and *This is the Army, Mr. Jones,* in Russian. During the evening there was a spot of toe-dancing by ballerina Klora Rasanova, described by bug-eyed newspapermen as a " blonde bombshell." Rasanova did not have to be imported for the occasion. She is a buck sergeant in the Red Army.

When Alexander came back from this diplomatic mission he said, " Henceforth we shall not be dealing with cyphers but with people whose hospitality we have shared, whom we know and like." Like his boss, Winston Churchill, the Field Marshal believes in personal meetings with Allied chiefs.

During the war Alexander has met such assorted allies as Burmese guerrillas, Indian leaders, various kinds of Americans, a Chinese generalissimo, Greek partisan leaders, a patriarch of the Greek Orthodox Church, a Yugoslav partisan marshal, Soviet marshals, Italian anti-fascists, and the officers and men of the dozen nationalities who fought under him in Italy. He was with the Big Three at Yalta.

Diplomacy is not a new experience for British generals. They have been obliged for several hundred years to conduct high diplomacy as a corollary to fighting foreign wars. Alexander is the latest of a long line of soldier-politicians. The traditions of upper class British families require the sons to enter the church, the army, the law and/or diplomacy. Many of the replacements in each ruling generation acquire experience at more than one of these basic professions. This helps to account for Field Marshal Montgomery's piety and Alexander's political sense. The Prime Minister himself is an example of three traditional virtues of the ruling families of England—statesmanship, militarism and letters.

Alexander has a quiet aristocratic manner, which has caused some Americans to mistake him for a cold fish. He is capable, however, of very human reactions. When the Eighth Army linked up with Eisenhower in Tunisia there was a consolidation of command which placed Alexander under Eisenhower. Alexander said, " In a way, I've been demoted, but I will be most pleased to work under Gen. Eisenhower. You see, the Eighth Army has got into Eisenhower's battle." He worked well. When it was over Eisenhower said of Alexander's strategy of throwing the main punch from the northwestern army group instead of the Eighth Army in the south, " It was a very subtle deception and bears the mark of a great general."

Alexander made a deadpan report to his chief in Downing Street: " Sir, it is my duty to report that the Tunisian campaign is over. All enemy resistance has ceased. We are the masters of the North African shores." Another dry report was made when the Eighth Army took Tripoli: " His Majesty's enemy, with all his impedimenta, has been completely eliminated from Egypt, Cyrenaica and Tripolitania."

The Field Marshal has a temper which occasionally ruffles the smooth diplomatic surface. During the Anzio beachhead days he called in the war correspondents and ate them out for spreading defeatist impressions of the battle and allegedly comparing it with Dunkirk. When they challenged him he could not cite scripture and text. " Face reality," he cried, banging on the table. " We have pulled off much tougher jobs than this. We have not lost a battle since El Alamein, and we will certainly not lose here." Both sides cooled off and the affair was settled amicably by placing the blame on editors at home

In North Africa he wore dusty GI shoes and pants and an American fleece-lined flying jacket.

rather than the beachhead press camp.

Alexander is the third son of the fourth Earl of Caledon, a northern Irish title. He was educated at Harrow, where he is remembered by the old boys as a " googlie " bowler at cricket. In 1931 he married Lady Margaret Diana Bingham, daughter of the fourth Earl of Lucan, in the Guards chapel at Wellington barracks, the chapel which was destroyed by a flying bomb last year. The wedding announcement in *The Times* said, " There was no reception owing to the present situation." " The present situation " was the bottom of the depression in England, which led discreet aristocrats to cancel big parties.

Lady Margaret formerly ran a hat shop in Mayfair. They have three children, who live with their mother on the edge of Windsor Park in a house which was once a Royal shooting box. Alexander writes faithfully to his family from the field. He sends the children GI-type souvenirs, such as a piece of lava from the eruption of Vesuvius which took place during the Gustav Line campaign. On one of the bitter days of retreat in the Burma hills he wrote to his wife, " The scenery out here is marvelous. When the war is over we really must take a house here." When he is home on furlough he keeps out of sight with his family, venturing out only on such non-diplomatic missions as taking five-year-old Brian riding on the handlebars of a bike.

There is a story of Alexander's salad days which furnishes a clue to his success as a general. Alexander and a pal came into London to paint the town, and found upon arriving that they had only one pair of patent leather shoes between them. The future field marshal wore them in the cab on the way to the restaurant, entered and took the shoes off and sent them out to his friend. The friend entered the restaurant. After dinner the tandem shoe system was used to get them in and out of a theater and later a night club. This readiness to improvise with insufficient equipment helped him later when he was dealing with men, tanks and guns. " Mend and make do," a motto of the home front, also served the Field Marshal.

In Italy he did not have enough troops to keep full pressure on the enemy. At the end of the Italian campaign Churchill said the 15th Army Group had triumphed over " a superior number of enemy divisions." The 15th AG was the most international of Allied armies, including Americans, English, New Zealanders, Canadians, South

Africans, Indians, French, Poles, Brazilians, Jews (a Jewish brigade from Palestine), Greeks and regular Italian divisions. The GIs included Negro and Japanese-American units. There were Yugoslavs engaged in Tito's supply line, and a Red Air Force Yak squadron, operating a shuttle from Italy over Tito's and Tolbukhin's fronts.

Still Alexander was man-hungry. His theater was regarded somewhat as a replacement depot for operations elsewhere. He had to parcel out troops to Yugoslavia, Greece and France. When he gave up a stiff percentage of his effectives to General Devers for the invasion of southern France, he had to give up his plan for attacking the Gothic Line in '44. When he was getting up the order of battle for the final offensive he asked the Soviet minister in Rome for some Russian troops. The startled diplomat said he would like to oblige the Field Marshal, but the Red Army had its hands full in its own theaters.

It was not only the manpower shortage but his political savvy which led Alexander to nurture the powerful partisan movement in northern Italy. This British aristocrat, who had three times fought guerrillas—in Latvia, in Greece, and in a campaign in the Northwest frontier of India against "The Mad Fakir"—fostered in the Italian patriot militia one of the toughest partisan forces of the war.

He began issuing an "Italian patriot communique" by radio in May, 1944, announcing in detail effective actions behind enemy lines. It bucked up the morale and strength of the partisans and established in them the pride of being full allies of Alexander. Agents went in to help them and supplies were dropped from aircraft. When he was about to attack the Gustav Line Allied radio appealed to Italians to spy on German dispositions and bring in the information. Partisan heroes were brought through the German lines to Alexander's HQ and decorated, and then returned to the battle like any soldier of the line after receiving a medal.

More than 100,000 well-organized partisans went into action in the victory offensive after Alexander had told them, "Together we will win the final battle."

Adaptability is a virtue in politicians and generals. Alexander blends into a situation with the skill of a sniper imitating a treetop. "He has a talent for not being seen," says his wife.

He has a good record as a prophet. In January, 1943, he said German resistance in Tunisia would end on May 15. The Germans surrendered unconditionally on May 13. In 1944 he said the war would end in '45, although other senior officers said it would be over in '44. Early in 1943 he poohpoohed the current theory that Hitler would invade Spain, Turkey and Persia. "He doesn't have the forces," said Alexander. When reporters asked him for a prediction, he said, "I don't guess. I calculate." He summed up the situation at Cassino by saying, "All roads lead to Rome, but all roads are mined."

His record as a soldier-diplomat set off a small newspaper boom to have him named head of the Allied Control Commission in Germany. The British press boomed him for Supreme Allied Commander in the west before Eisenhower was designated, and it thumped for him as all-over field commander in France a little later. Lately, the papers have suggested that he was going to run for Parliament. One sheet said he was joining the Labor Party. Unlike Alexander, newspapers often guess. It is a game newspaper columnists and thinkers play, like reporters play poker.

The man who saved the day in Burma in 1942 might have a certain usefulness in the war against Japan.

If martial tradition is followed, Alexander and Montgomery will be awarded peerages. They will automatically be in the House of Lords and will not have to be elected to anything. As peers they would be ineligible to sit in the House of Commons. If they selected their titles after an imaginative tradition they might become Lord Alexander of Tunis and Rome and Lord Montgomery of Alamein and Luneberg Heath. A handsome separation bonus goes with the title. The Duke of Wellington got two million dollars after the Peninsular campaign, and another $800,000 after Waterloo.

Alexander is reckoned a modest man. He is not mock modest. He said, "I have a sneaking feeling that, when the history of this war comes to be written, the Italian campaign will be judged as one of the most successful and brilliant fought."

In his younger days he was crossing the English Channel with a literary friend, who suddenly said, "Tell me, Alex—you're really very intelligent, aren't you?"

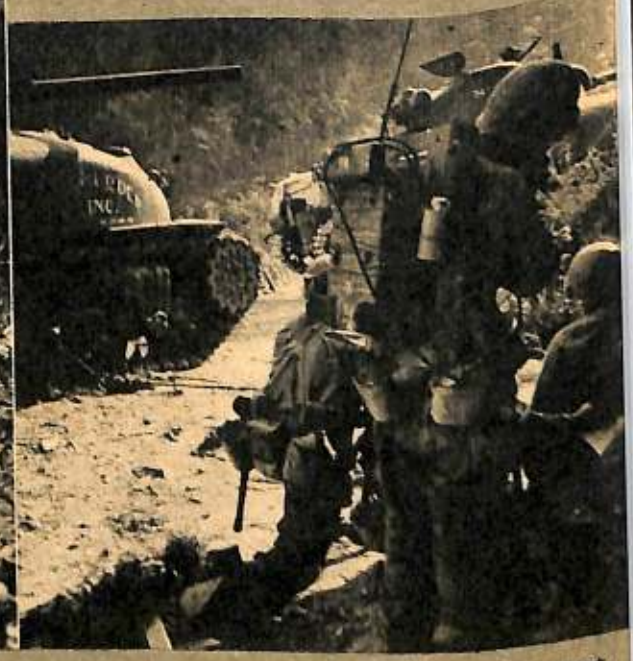
"I am," said Lt. Alexander.

MOP-UP ON MALINTA

The battle for Corregidor was won by the 503rd Paratroopers and the 34th Infantry, 24th Division. Company L, with two tanks, led the advance on Malinta Hill.

They work their way up over the slopes of Malinta Hill skirting the ravine.

Two of the infantrymen flush a Jap and one throws a smoke grenade at him.



The two tanks reach a bend as GIs look out from the corner of a building.

At this moment a Jap was killed by an infantryman. (Note his helmet by the left-hand stick.) From a hole where he huddled by the road he had thrown a grenade at YANK's photographer. Luckily it was a dud.

FRENCHIE'S RETURN

By Pfc. DEBS MYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

FRENCHIE was coming home. He had left, in the nick of time, six years before. He had gone across the border to Spain only a few hours ahead of some men with black slouch hats pulled low over their foreheads. These men had the kind of bulge in their coat pockets that is caused by a bag of peppermint or an automatic—and peppermint was scarce in France in those days.

These men had asked politely about Frenchie and seemed disappointed that they had missed him. He was, it seemed, wanted for a discussion about politics. Frenchie was an anti-Fascist and had been an officer in the French army which had been surrendered to the Germans by Marshal Petain. The men in the black hats did not seem to think it was compatible for a man to be an officer and an anti-Fascist.

Now the long convoy rolled across the Atlantic carrying Frenchie back home. It was night, and the waves slapped against the steel sides of the hold where Frenchie was telling a group of infantrymen about women and war, about political prisons and about cockroaches that jumped like jaguars. Frenchie was coming home as a buck private in the American Army. The infantrymen listened quietly. A fellow like Frenchie ought to know quite a few telephone numbers.

Some men in the corner were singing, and Frenchie talked above the noise. "There can't be such a thing as a good Fascist," he said, "any more than there can be a good cancer."

A gangling rifleman from Tennessee asked Frenchie if not liking Hitler made a man an anti-Fascist. Frenchie told him that was part of it. "Well," said the rifleman, who was 19, "ever since I was a kid I always had kinda of an urge to pat my behind at that fellow Hitler."

The men in the corner were serenading a sergeant. "Good night, dear sergeant," they sang, "we have to leave you now, you son of a bitch." The rifleman from Tennessee told them to shut up and they did.

Frenchie had been put in prison, with thousands of other refugees, when he crossed the border into Spain, and when he spoke of the prison, he spoke softly, like a man who wants to remember every detail of something.

He said that five times a day the men in his cell block were ordered to raise their right arms and cry, "*Viva*, Franco." He said some men said this quietly and others shouted it, like men counting cadence. "We watched with great care the men who cried it loudly," Frenchie said.

Frenchie said the prison was so crowded that men slept sitting up, propped against other men. "A guard told us," said Frenchie, "that being so close together made better comrades of us."

Word had gone out that it was advisable for anti-Fascist Frenchmen to claim that they were Americans and to identify themselves with American names. Some of the Frenchmen were familiar only with American names they had read in the newspapers. Their guards weren't any better informed. One day a guard picking a work detail from the roll, called the name "Clark Gable." Fourteen men stepped forward. The guard glowered, called the name again. The fourteen men took another step forward.

"Son of a potent pig," screamed the jailor, "has this Gable monster fathered a fourth of his nation?"

The prison was deep with cockroaches. "Such cockroaches I never saw," said Frenchie; "scientific masters of infighting. They would leap from the ceiling at night and spring down a man's neck. Finally we developed a kinship for them. We called them paratroopers."

Frenchie was interrupted by the loudspeaker. "Now hear this, now hear this," blared the voice of the ship's master. "Some of you may be interested to know that Adolf Hitler is dead. He has been succeeded by Admiral Doenitz as head of the German government, such as it is."

Some of the men cheered. The rifleman from Tennessee said he didn't believe it. The corporal got out of bed, scratched under his arms, and said he had been hoping the Russians would get Hitler alive. "I read once," he said, "about some natives in the jungle capturing a fellow and tying him, can down, on a shoot of bamboo. Next time the natives came back, a few months later, this fellow is still tied there, and the bamboo is growing out of his ears."

Frenchie was grave. "It seems so many years ago," he said, "that I would go to a movie in Paris. There would be newsreels of Hitler shaking his fists and screaming. We laughed until we cried. Later we just cried."

Most of the infantrymen were in their late 'teens or early 20's. Frenchie was 34. He was coming to France as an interpreter. He said he spoke five languages—French, Russian, Spanish, English and GI. He was squarely built, stocky. He didn't tell how he got out of the Spanish prison. He had been in the American Army ten months.

Frenchie didn't discuss his whereabouts or activities during the five-year lapse between the time he left prison and his entrance in the American Army. "I was busy," he said. His real name was John Volme.

V-E DAY came on the same day the transport pulled into port. Sirens wailed in the coastal town and the shouts of the people could be heard on the boat. Everyone on the transport wanted to go to town, and no one was permitted to go.

Frenchie was unhappy. "Hell of a war," he said. He drank a victory toast with a bottle of lemon soda, which he had obtained from a member of the crew in exchange for the name and address of a French girl in New York. "She is pimply, unimaginative and has a rancid smell," Frenchie confided after drinking the toast. He said the lemon soda was too sour.

All night the revelry of the celebrants floated across the pier. Frenchie went to bed early, but slept little. France was celebrating victory in a war begun long ago, and Frenchie was marooned on a boat, anchored at a pier.

Early next morning a newsboy sold a newspaper printed in French to one of the crew members, and Frenchie read the paper aloud to his friends. At the left-hand top of the paper was a picture of Marshal Stalin. At the top right was a picture of the late President Roosevelt. Under Stalin's picture were these words: "Our comrade of the great armies that strike by land." The caption under Mr. Roosevelt's picture stated: "Our beloved friend, Franklin Roosevelt, the great American democrat who died too soon."

Later in the morning the men left the boat and walked through the streets of the town to a reinforcement depot. Frenchie was himself again. His shoulders were back, his chest was out, he almost pranced as he walked.

The people of the town came into the streets and cheered. A band played the *Marseillaise* and the people raised a mighty chorus. "March on, march on," they sang, and the words rang against the buildings and the spires and rolled far out to sea. A girl threw a rose which Frenchie caught. He gave it to the rifleman from Tennessee, who put it in his pocket, with his tobacco pouch.

The children of the town ran down the streets at the side of the soldiers. Many of the children were ragged, and many wore wooden shoes. Not a child waved, as children usually do at parades. Instead they made the V-sign.

"It is good," Frenchie told the rifleman from Tennessee, "to come back to this land and find the children making the V-sign. When I left, some very old men were making signs like beggars." The tall rifleman said he guessed so. The tall rifleman said he thought the French girls riding bicycles and showing bare legs were a pretty good sign of something, too.

At a corner below a hill an old Frenchman with a white beard stood on a bench, raised both arms above his head and spoke to the troops. He looked like a gaunt Monty Woolley, decked out in beret and smock.

Frenchie interpreted the old man's words:

"He says thank God our beloved France is saved, but the price of cognac is a loathsome scandal."

ON TH

e first leg of their trip home from a Nazi prison, these freed Allied airmen briskly march two miles to an Eighth Air Force field in Germany

Occasionally Something Happened

There was lice, and there was killing work, and there were guys who stole your food—but all things pass and now there was only quiet talk of things they didn't understand

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

CAMP LUCKY STRIKE, ST. VALERY EN CAUX, FRANCE—The story starts about here:

February 15, 1943, in Tunisia, U.S. and Allied Forces are fighting defensively against two German columns which have broken through American artillery positions west of Faid Pass in a 20-mile thrust which imperils the American anchor at Gafsa, to the south. . .

The 2nd Battalion had ten men on an outpost and the highest rank in the bunch was a pfc. The ten men sat on the high ground and watched a tank battle below them. It was one tank battle that the Americans lost—"Damn right we lost that one."

For some reason the outpost had no communications with the battalion. They didn't have anything but two five-gallon cans of water and a growing anxiety. There was no way to get through to the battalion except by direct contact, and there was no way to establish direct contact. Nobody gave them the order to fall back, so nobody fell back.

Then two radio men came up and said that the battalion had moved. They said that the battalion had moved over to the other end of the line. They said they never had a peep out of the battalion, no radio contact at all.

"Of course, those radio guys might have been sleeping; but we took their word for it."

February 16, Marshal Erwin Rommel, using veteran tank fighters and his heaviest armor, smashed the American counter-attack and made an 18-mile thrust in central Tunisia, an advance of 35 miles in three days. The 18-mile gain came after a check from an American counter-attack near Sidi Bou Zid. . .

About noon that day the outpost found that the battalion had moved, for certain. Led by the pfc., the ten men started back for the hills behind them, and in the hills they ran across 24 other GIs and two lieutenants who said they'd been caught in a cross-fire and had to get out. They began their retreat together now, 34 GIs and two officers, and it was night.

They retreated for eight hours and then they came to a ravine and some of the men were so exhausted that they said they couldn't go any further until they had a rest. So they stopped. Some of them started to dig in and some of them just went to sleep on top of the ground and the hell with it.

This was just before dawn on Wednesday morning, February 17, 1943.

Pvt. James McGuire, of Company "E," 168 Infantry, 34th Division, was part of the 10-man outpost. McGuire had been in combat exactly 15 days. He had been in the Army exactly six months. He had, officially, fired exactly ten rounds in his basic weapon, M-1. He had never fired an aimed shot at a German soldier.

"It was getting light and all of a sudden there were some shots. Nobody got hurt. Somebody yelled down that we were surrounded and that we'd better give up or they'd kill us all. The lieutenant said we were surrounded. I don't know whether we were or not. I'm just a buck private. The lieutenant said we'd surr nder.

"I was so tired and hungry I didn't care. Anyway, they said they'd kill us if we didn't, and they could have done it, too. They told us to come up where they were. I didn't care any more. I didn't think anything, either. I didn't think one way or the other about being a prisoner. I was just too tired."

Jim McGuire is a stocky kid from Tacoma, Wash. He has thick, blond hair and greyish eyes and even teeth with thin rims of gold on a couple of them. He enunciates words very carefully and his accent is clipped so that until you get used to it you miss a word or two now and then. He was 22 years old when he was captured. He went to Roy High School in Tacoma, and when he got out he worked for a grocery company and did some running around. Right after Pearl Harbor he tried to get into the Navy, but they turned him down because he is color blind. Jim went into the Army on August 18, 1942. As soon as his two-weeks' induction furlough was finished, he went down to Tacoa, Ga., where there was a new school for paratroops. The 506th was there then.

"They told me that if your eyes were 30-20 and your blood pressure was all right, you were in. They needed fellows in the paratroops then. They didn't tell me that if you were color-blind, you were out."

McGuire pulled guard and KP at Tacoa for a few days and then he and some other people were sent to Camp Kilmer. On October 3rd he sailed for England aboard the *Queen Elizabeth*. On Novem-

ber 10 he sailed for Africa as part of a replacement company. Eleven days later they hit Algiers, and McGuire was handed over to the 34th; his outfit at the time was guarding an airfield 16 kilometers from Tebessa.

"We used to go out on patrols, looking for German paratroopers, and I got some target practice. Used to shoot trees and cans and paper and little white rocks and things. We never did see any paratroopers, but, except for ten rounds they gave us in England that was about all the shooting I ever did. I shot at some Arabs one time later, but I wasn't trying to hit them. We had orders not to allow Arabs around our lines."

AFTER little more than a month of guard duty and patrol work, Jim and his outfit went into the line. They were in support, and on the first day some Jerry tanks chased the assault battalion back on them, but the American tanks came up and knocked them out. Jim could see the Jerry tanks burning. Jim's squad went out on patrol and stayed three days, but not much happened, except that he found how hard it is to dig a foxhole in Tunisia.

"I got down to six inches and couldn't go any deeper."

They were pulled back and then moved up again on a 6 x 6, this time to Sidi Bou Zid, a "quiet sector." They pulled in at early morning, into a place that was low and with ridges three or four hundred yards away. Things started happening very quickly. From the high ground German and Italian machineguns flung fire at them. They were pinned down and stayed pinned down all day. The battalion commander was hit in the wrist by mortar fragmentation.

"He had a nervous breakdown."

His C & R car was hit and it burned. So did two or three kitchen trucks. Jim's squad sergeant was killed. For the first time in his life, Jim heard

Thin-faced GIs who fled from a German camp queue eagerly for Yank smokes at 35th Division Headquarters

artillery overhead. "That scared me worse than anything." It was American artillery. That night the outfit pulled back, advanced again next day to find the people who had pinned them down were now withdrawn, so the outfit kept moving. At Sidi Bou Zid the battalion reformed its scout platoon. Jim was part of that.

"We were supposed to have six weeks' training," he said. "We had three hours."

One time the platoon ran into trouble. Jim and a couple of other guys were out investigating some Jerry planes, when the rest of the bunch hit a Jerry patrol. There was a moon and the valley was light, and in the fire-fight that developed the lieutenant and a sergeant were hit.

"When we got back to our platoon the shooting was over, but the lieutenant and sergeant and their guns were still laying out there. So a couple of other fellows and myself went up and brought back the guns. The lieutenant had been hit in the face, and the sergeant was cut right across the chest. Must have been burp guns. Later we came back with a couple of jeeps mounting 50s and brought in the bodies. It was pretty bright then.

"But a little while after that my buddy and I went out and it was so dark that we had to hold onto each other to keep contact."

Just after that came the end of combat for Jim. When he and the rest of the outpost began their retreat, they were supposed to have been surrounded for three days. The odds, they heard, were ten-to-one. After dawn on Wednesday morning it didn't make any difference.

"It was Rommel's Panzer outfit, I guess. They made us come up to where they were and then they started going over us, looking for watches and things. They took GI watches and personal watches and they'd have got mine except that I had it in my pocket instead of on my wrist. I bought that watch in England; still got it, too.

"They weren't supposed to take personal watches, but they did. It was funny, though; if there was an officer around and he saw one of his men taking personal stuff off us he'd make him give it back. I saw one Jerry take a man's little pocket mirror.

"Some of our boys were pretty far gone for water, and the Jerries gave them just about all the water they had. We were all right, though, because we'd had those two cans with us on the outpost. I never had seen a live German up close before, but I certainly wasn't scared of those people. They looked just like anybody else. At least, they didn't look like supermen; but I already knew that, because I'd seen a few dead ones."

The first 24 hours Jim spent as a prisoner were spent walking. All of them were hunting for food and water long before they reached the end of the march to Sfax, and for the first time Jim heard a German expression that he was to hear time and again during the next 26 months:

"'Just three more kilometers,' they told us. 'Three more kilometers and there will be hot food and a warm bed.' I don't know why they always said, 'Just three more kilometers.' It never was."

From Sfax Jim went by truck to Tunis, where he and the rest were held about two weeks.

"We had enough food to just sample it."

Then he was flown to Naples.

It was in Naples that things began to get critical.

"They took our money away from us, what they hadn't taken before. We were supposed to get receipts, but, of course, we never saw any receipts.

"The food situation was really rough. At night I'd dream about being home before a stove, cooking. We all dreamed about food. You'd see boys digging around in the garbage looking for cans with a little food left inside.

"They gave us some Red Cross parcels, but the trouble was they were British parcels and the food had to be cooked. That would have been fine, but the Jerries wouldn't let us have fires.

"There was never enough food and the guys started stealing parcels from each other. I had a parcel, and half of it was stolen out from under my head while I was sleeping. Another boy tied a rope around his parcel and looped the other end around his neck and went to bed with the parcel as a pillow. That night somebody stole the parcel and almost choked him to death trying to get away with it.

"I guess a hungry man just hasn't got very many principles."

IT was a four-day trip from Naples to Stalag 7-A in Germany and the weather was bitterly cold. When Jim was captured he was wearing no underwear, so his clothing consisted only of ODs and a field jacket. Thirty-six men to a boxcar never generated enough body heat to keep them warm.

At 7-A they were deloused, registered with the International Red Cross, finger-printed and photographed. They were also issued clothing.

"They gave us whatever clothes we needed. Overcoats, hats, and what-not. I drew a French overcoat. Some of the boys got Polish pants. It was all confiscated stuff. They also gave us shoes, wooden-soled German shoes. We took them because we wanted to save our own, and wooden ones were good for running to the latrine or some place."

At 7-A, too, the first *kommando* was selected. This is the German term for working party, and working parties for PWs were compulsory.

"They sure used a funny system for getting guys on that first one," Jim recalled. "Some officer told us to take off our hats. We did. Then he went down the line and picked out all blond guys for *kommando*. Don't ask me why."

From 7-A they were moved to another Stalag—5-B—at Villingen, southwest of Stuttgart. Although they were supposed to be there for only a short time, malaria broke out and Jim and his group were quarantined for five or six weeks.

Finally, about 300 men were taken out on *kommando* to Friedrichshafen on Lake Constance. The job was construction.

"We never did know for certain what we were building, but we thought it was some kind of water works. There were a lot of pipes from the lake. There was a lot of sabotage there, too. Guys would crack pipes and leave tools and things inside them so they'd clog up.

"We fouled off plenty. We had a *feldwebel* guarding us and he was pretty strict about the Geneva Convention rules, so every time it rained we'd start yelling to come in and he'd take us in. After a little while all the other workers—slave laborers—would start coming in, too. Finally, even the German workers stopped work every time it sprinkled.

"A contractor guy named Herr Funk refused to renew his contract because he said he never would get the job finished if we stayed there. We didn't get paid for the last month, either, but nobody worried about it, because the pay was in marks."

Jim was on the Friedrichshafen *kommando* three months. He lived in barracks housing about 300 people, sleeping in double-decker bunks placed so closely together he couldn't walk between them.

"I met lice for the first time there, too."

When he first arrived, there was one latrine for 300 men.

"The boys got the GIs, and you'd get up in the middle of the night and have to sweat out a line a block long."

Jim went back to Stalag 2-B, was there for two days, and was picked for another *kommando*, this time on a farm in Pomerania a few miles from the Baltic Sea. He was there for 18 months.

"It was a good-sized farm, with wheat and barley and flax; but rye and potatoes were the main crops. There were ten of us GIs in the beginning, with 14 Frenchmen and 18 civilians. We did regular farm work, shocked grain and that kind of stuff.

"For the first three months we lived in a barn, with cows. Then some officer came up and saw how we were living and made the owner give us better quarters. So we moved into a place where we had three rooms and a stove. It was a pretty good deal."

The working hours on the farm changed with the seasons. Jim and the others spent ten hours a day in the fields in summer, nine hours for two months as the days grew shorter, eight hours during another two months, and, finally, for one month, seven hours. Then they'd come back to their quarters and hit the sack.

"As soon as we'd eaten we'd usually go right to bed. We were too tired to do anything else."

But every hour could not be spent eating or sleeping or working. There was a time during which