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By the men . . for the men in the service

CHOW TIME IN ITALY

A couple of kids in Musso's former domain find a friend in Cpl. John Chiola, of Johnstown, Pa.

DOUBLE TIME. A bunch of surrendering German soldiers run with hands half raised past a detachment of British soldiers holding a ditch position near Salerno.

WAR CHIEFS. Gen. Harold Alexander, Allied ground chief, and Lt. Gen. Mark Clark.

INVASION SUPPORT. Motorized equipment is unloaded from landing craft.

ONE DOWN. This shattered Nazi Tank marks sector which enemy failed to hold.

HE MISSED. This Nazi soldier was riddled by American bullets before he could get behind the wall. He was in the midst of planting demolitions when surprised.

THE INFANTRY. Yanks ferret out Nazi sniper from a battered house near Salerno.

BEACH HUGGERS. U. S. Coast Guardsmen and Navy beach-battalion men hit the sand at Paestum as a Nazi bomber unloads.

FLASHES FROM THE ITALIAN FRONT

Being a Collection of Coincidences and the Like — Unusual Things Which Occur to Men in the Field of Battle as They Fight in a Strange Land.

By YANK's Correspondents

SOMEWHERE IN ITALY—Sgt. Edward A. Yost and his tank-destroyer crew had done well on the ranges of Camp Hood, Texas. But this was Italy in those early, crucial days of the Allies' fight to hold their beachhead. And those were Mark IVs coming at them.

It had been no joke on the beaches when the infantry did its dirty work, and it was no funnier here in the foothills, where the Germans could tuck themselves down behind rocks and hang on till kingdom come.

Sgt. Yost, outwardly calm, was intensely excited. This was it. This was the action for which he had dry-runned so long.

"Claude," he said to the driver, "those Jerries will be coming up the draw. We'll pull up just behind the crest and wait for them."

Pvt. Claude Stokes maneuvered the gun so that its muzzle barely poked over the ridge.

The leading Mark IV headed into the draw. Sgt. Yost gave the command to fire. "Range 1,500. Lead one half. Fire when ready."

The gunner, Cpl. Alvin B. Johnson, fired. He was short. Sgt. Yost revised the fire command. "Range 1,300. Lead one half. Fire when ready."

Gunner Johnson pulled the lanyard. The Mark IV shuddered, exploded, and burst into flames. Loader Clyde Stokes shoved five more rounds of ammunition into the breech. Five more times Pfc. Joseph B. O'Bryan slammed the breech-lock shut. Five more times Gunner Johnson pulled the lanyard. Five more times direct hits were scored on the German armor coming up the draw.

"Six out of seven," said Sgt. Yost. "Not a bad day's haul." He didn't mention the enemy's time at bat, during which they hurled more than a dozen rounds at the tank destroyer without laying a glove on her.

Alma

The bridge above Salerno was still under fire ten days after the Allied landings. It was only harassing fire, which one dodged as one dodges traffic, yet it threatened to sever communications between the nórth and south forces. For days strong British patrols probed the hills behind Salerno, searching for the one 88-mm. gun which spasmodically threw its shells at the vital span linking the coastal highway. Back at headquarters a little Italian girl came in, escorted by an AMG official. "Her name's Alma," the official said. "She can tell you where that battery's located."

Alma began to speak excitedly in Italian, with gestures. A staff officer laid a large-scale map in front of her and asked her to point out the position. But Alma didn't understand the map. The staff officer explained to the AMG official that the girl's information was of no value as far as counter-firing went. Alma, when informed, offered to lead them to a hill overlooking the position. The staff officer protested that it would mean danger for her, but Alma wasn't afraid.

Not long afterward the staff officer, an artillery observer and a patrol led by a little Italian girl were climbing into the hills. A field telephone was passed to the artillery officer, who gave the command to fire. The first round was short and almost blew the men and Alma off the hill. The next two were almost on the target. They watched intently as the German crew struggled to get their 88 out of the cavern at whose mouth it had been concealed. The fourth round was a direct hit.

Snipers

Snipers in Naples that first day were thicker than flies, to coin a phrase, according to paratrooper

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Joseph Toporski. "And you know how thick flies are around here," Toporski said.

The Yank and his Tommy pal, Sam E. Wagne of Leeds, were drinking at a newly reopened bar. "If there's something I don't like, it's snipers," said Toporski, "so me and my pal, finding ourselves all alone, just went down the street shooting. We got quite a few, and then they got my pal. I had no more carbine ammunition, so I took his. I got a few more. Then it got too hot and I ducked inside a doorway." He indicated Tanker Wagne. "That's where I met my pal here."

The Tanker took up the story. "It was very hot indeed," he said, "but inside the building it was very cool. While we were waiting, two girls came downstairs and we got to talking. One was named Joan and one Marisa. We went upstairs and they had a phonograph and American records. They were old fashioned, but it was American music. So we danced. We had a good time."

"When it had quieted down outside," said Cpl. Toporski, "we went out and worked our way back to our units. I got one more sniper on the way."

Infantry

An American infantryman lay in an evacuation hospital. He knew that people were calling him a hero and that his CO had put through a recommendation for the Silver Star. What he didn't know was that he was going to lose the sight of his right eye. All the doctors had told him was that he wasn't going to see very well in the future.

The American infantryman had been wounded in an attack near Altavilla. About 150 of his company had gone up that hill. Now there were 45 left.

"We sure caught hell," the infantryman said out of the blood-encrusted corner of his mouth. He shook his head. "I don't know why it is, but we always seem to catch hell. I mean that the infantryman always has to take it, even when he's dishing it out."

He brushed a fly from an open sore. "Look," he said, "our artillery dishes out a lot more than it takes—any Jerry prisoner will tell you that. Our Air Force has just about washed the Luftwaffe out of the air in these parts and that helps plenty. But Jerry, with his machine pistol, his mortar, and his 88 is just as tough and just as plentiful as he was in Sicily and Tunisia.

"Still, I wish you'd tell that to those people back home who think this war is going to be over by Christmas."

Translated It Means Death

Pfc. Peter Schneider, of the Bronx, N.Y., believes in calling his shots. He was considerably helped in calling eighteen of them recently on the crest of the hill above Altavilla, Italy, by the fact that, thanks to his Swiss descent, he speaks German in a way that Hitler's own mother wouldn't know the difference. Advancing with a nine-man patrol, Pfc. Schneider heard German orders coming from the other side of the hill, and translated them for his squad leader who stationed his men accordingly. When everything was ready for the kill, Pfc. Schneider began bawling out his own orders in the best Heinie manner. "Am leften angemoven!" he would shout (or something like that) and a Nazi soldier would obligingly move to the left and get picked off. There were eighteen Germans on the other side of the hill and the trick worked eighteen times. Pfc. Schneider had the pleasure of winging the Nazi officer in charge himself.

The Dog And The Bomb

If Sgt. Emil Thomas, of Pottsville, Pa., a driver at 5th Army headquarters, has his way, the QM will make a black puppy named Pisan standard equipment for invasion troops. The sergeant was sleeping on the Italian beachhead one night with a mongrel of that name curled up beside him when a German bomber circled overhead. Sergeant Thomas was too tired to hear it, but Pisan did and tugged on the soldier's boot until he awoke. Sleepy and bewildered, the sergeant didn't know which way to turn, but he saw Pisan running off into the darkness and decided he might as well follow. The mutt ran right to a slit trench, dug by the Germans a few nights before, and dog and sergeant plunged into it just as a bomb landed right on the patch of sand where the two had been sleeping. Next morning, Pisan got a can of condensed milk with his C-rations.

Nature As It Were

All was not death and destruction during the Allied landings near Naples. Take the case of Sgt. John W. Leonard, of Jefferson, Ohio, for instance. The sergeant, a farmer back home, came ashore, hopped in his tank and made off after the enemy, only to get stalled in a gully after the first five minutes or so. Getting out, Sgt. Leonard found he was near a deserted farmhouse, whose owner evidently had fled some time before, judging by the hungry looks on the faces of the chickens, cows, and pigs which immediately surrounded him. Dusting off his knowledge of feeding livestock, the sergeant, with the help of a crew member—Cpl. Raymond Christy, of St. Joseph, Ore.—dug up some barnyard chow and served it in proper portions to the beasts. By the time the maintenance tank came along and hauled the stalled tank out of the gully, Sgt. Leonard had the animals begging him for cigarettes and chewing gum.

A Family Affair

Pvt. Carmine Altamuro, of Yonkers, N.Y., is the latest to endorse the statement that it's a small world. Tired and parched, he stopped at a native's home in the Italian village of Capaccio and asked for a drink of water. The head of the house allowed as how he had a married sister living in Yonkers and began describing her and her family. Before long, the hair began to rise on the back of Pvt. Altamuro's neck because it was quite obviously his mother the old man was talking about. When word of this got around the village, the G.I.'s thirst was slaked by some of the best wine the cellars of Capaccio could produce. Not only that, but when Pvt. Altamuro's CO heard of the coincidence he gave the soldier the first 12-hour pass issued in Italy.

Of Babes And Beaches

Remember those scanty skin-tights that supposedly clothed the young ladies in the Jantzen bathing suit ads back home? One of those responsible for designing them was a fellow named Norris H. Perkins, of Milwaukee, Ore.—and it's Captain Perkins now, recipient of the D.S.C. for bravery in action during the Sicilian campaign. Nothing, probably, was further from his mind than babes on beaches when he directed an attack which captured or destroyed three 90 mm. self-propelled guns, four 75 mm. anti-tank guns, and a number of machine gun nests.

Good To The Last Drop

A solitary G.I., preparing his breakfast shortly after dawn on a beach somewhere in Italy, looked up from the coffee he was stirring to find himself surrounded by a circle of more than a hundred natives. Evidently they had been drawn by the smell of the coffee from a nearby fishing village, although when he had passed through the place a few minutes before he had thought it deserted.

Presently a middle-aged, well-dressed man stepped forward from the crowd and said in broken English: "I beg your pardon, sir, but I would like to make a request. We are not beggars in this village, but we have not tasted coffee in three years. If you have a little to spare we would most highly appreciate it."

The soldier truthfully said that he was sorry but that the coffee in his canteen cup was all the coffee he had in the world. To his chagrin, the Italian, instead of taking offense, withdrew briefly and returned with two eggs. He insisted that the American take them and refused to accept any payment. This was too much for the Joe and he held out his canteen cup, urging the other to give each villager a sip.

"Then," the soldier reported later, "began a ritual. It was too bad that the folks back home couldn't have seen it, particularly the good citizens who gripe over rationing. Each member of that circle took a small sip. He didn't swallow it immediately, but rolled the liquid about his tongue as though it were a priceless nectar. For ten minutes the cup went from hand to hand, the only sound being 'oh's' and 'ah's' of pleasure. When I left, a hundred hands waved good-bye."

MOVING UP. With other tanks following, a General Sherman rumbles to a forward position with a couple of Yanks astride.

THE ARTILLERY. A sergeant yanks the cord of a 105-mm. howitzer near Naples and another shell whams into enemy lines.

PK

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Writer

No matter what you think of Joe Goebbels, his propaganda agencies are one of your worst enemies.

PK is not the name of a chewing gum. It stands for one of the deadliest weapons the enemy can still throw against us.

The power of the Luftwaffe is being broken. The Panzers are being smashed back in White Russia and Southern Europe. The U-boat is being smashed. But PK is almost as snarlingly powerful and effective as it was at the beginning of the war. It is holding the German fighting front and home front together.

PK means Propaganda Korps or Propaganda Kompanien (companies). It is a regular part of the German Army, its men are regular soldiers, and they are dangerous.

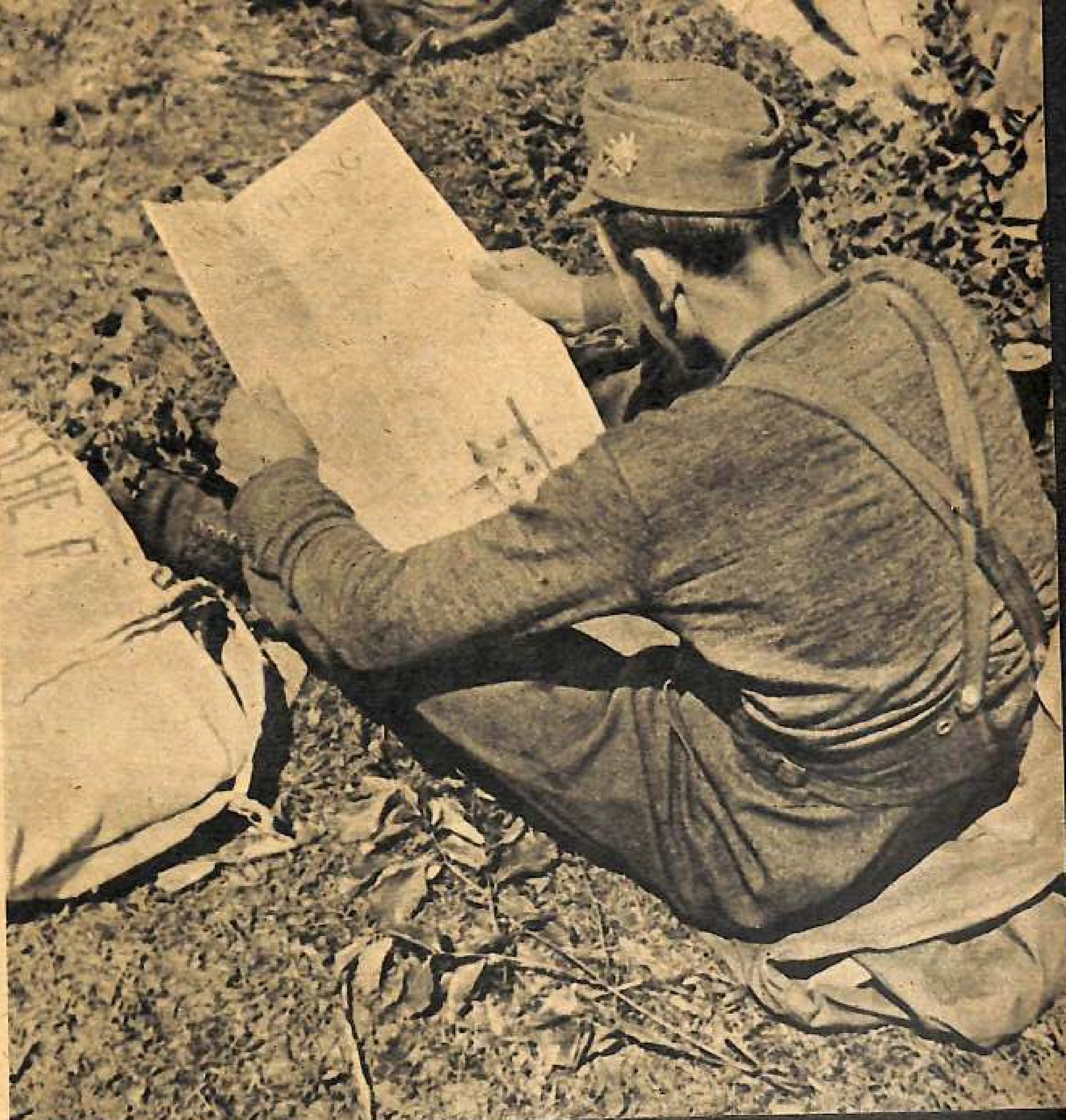
In the Sicilian campaign, a U.S. infantry outfit was advancing practically unopposed against a town on the south coast. The radio station there had already come over to the Allied side and was broadcasting Algiers news and North African HQ communiques. Suddenly, in the midst of a regular news broadcast by the recognizable voice of the regular news commentator, one of the Yank walkie-talkies picked up an official communique to the effect that the Germans had swept down from the mountains at their rear, that the outfit was cut off, and that airborne units were being sent to release it from the trap. The regiment had advanced so fast that it was out of communication with divisional HQ. The announcement threw it into confusion. It continued to listen to the radio station. The advance was delayed for hours.

Not until the next day, when Allied patrols cautiously entered the town, did they find out what had happened. A compact PK broadcasting unit of five men—three engineers and two commentators—had slipped into the town, captured the radio station, and continued to broadcast as if nothing had happened. One of the commentators even was able to imitate the Italian announcer's voice so perfectly that no one noticed the difference. Not only was the American advance messed up, but the local inhabitants became panic-stricken and refugees poured out on to the roads. Under cover of this confusion, a German panzer battalion caught to the west of the town made good its escape.

PK has popped up in the news time and time again. In Italy, PK men deliberately inserted in their front line newspapers, stories of fake Allied landings further up the coast. Escaped Allied prisoners, picking up the newspapers, flocked to the mentioned spots. They expected to cross over into Allied-occupied territory. Instead, they crossed over directly into the arms of waiting SS men.

In the Battle of France, two famous PK men—Dr. Eckert, former lecturer at the German University of Prague, and Heinz Laubenthal, former chief announcer of the Stuttgart radio—dashed through Allied lines to the Spanish border, a hundred miles ahead of the advancing Nazi armies. There they set up their portable radio equipment and did a classic broadcast that disrupted the defenses of southern France and hastened the final collapse. The French actually thought the Wehrmacht had already reached the Pyrenees.

But it's not only in the front lines that PK does its devilishly effective work. In fact, this almost unknown branch of the German Army has now been entrusted with one of the biggest jobs in history. Just how much the fate of Germany is dependent on PK is summarized in a remarkable interview recorded by the British Ministry of Information recently. The interview was by a Swedish newspaperman, and took place outside a movie theater in Berlin, with a well-known German veteran of World War I. "That," said the old soldier pointing to the theater, "is the reason we're still in the war. If we'd had PK reporters in 1918 to tell us all about the might and grimness of war in words and on the screen—the fatal alienation of front and home never would have taken place."



MORGENSTUNDE HAT GELT IM MUNDE, or if you're sitting around the Donetz and you get up early to read the DONETZEITUNG, you might grow up to be a Field-webel or worse. This picture, of course, is passe. They do not sit around the Donetz any more, reading the DONETZEITUNG.

This is the cover of SIGNAL, which is to the German Joe (pronounced Joachim) what YANK is to you, only it's written in German. Yet it also tells naughty lies.

The old boy seems to be right. It is obvious now that PK has been thrown into the breach in a mighty effort to hold the country together. Apparently, it is doing that job with a fair degree of success. The overall pattern of PK's distortions and emphasis of the news from the front is almost solely responsible for keeping the German soldier and civilian from giving way completely to despair.

There is no such thing as a civilian war correspondent or a civilian press in Germany today. PK is the regimented Nazi substitute. When the war broke out in 1939, nearly every able-bodied newspaperman, photographer, newsreel man and radio commentator was drafted into the Army and assigned to a PK unit. Today, every bit of news these thousands of experts gather in the field, every article, foot of film or recorded radio broadcast, is flown back to a central agency in Berlin, which seems to be under the joint control of Goebbel's Ministry of Propaganda and the Army. This agency disseminates the huge mass of material where it will do the most good. A great deal of it goes into front line newspapers and *Signal*, which is to the German soldier and civilian what YANK is to the American G.I. The rest goes to make up about 95 per cent of what the German people read in their newspapers and magazines, hear over the radio, and see in the movies.

PK literally smothers news of defeats. The newspapers run the High Command communique of a withdrawal. Then, the rest of the paper is filled with well-written, glowing stories from PK soldiers in the field about individual exploits of German heroism on that same front. All of the stories fit into the same pattern. A sapper fights off ten tanks single-handedly. One machine gun crew drives back an attack by a whole company of infantry. Two dive-bombers disrupt a ten-mile enemy convoy. On and on it goes. And when the reader is finished, he doesn't have

the sense of defeat at all. The overall pattern leaves him with the feeling that the Germans really have fought a brilliant retiring action, that the Wehrmacht is still invincible, and that German heroism and ingenuity are still in there pitching. If you don't think it works, remember how our own press did the same thing, unconsciously and fumblingly, in those black days of Pearl Harbor, Wake Island, Burma and Bataan. Few Americans realize *yet* the extent of the beating we absorbed.

Here are some examples of PK reporting:

On June 9, 1943, PK Correspondent Paul Brettschneider filed this little gem from the Russian front: "The Bolsheviks have broken through, and Stukas prepare for the counter-attack. In wave after wave, our Stukas throw themselves on the enemy. When one wave of aircraft has discharged its deadly load, the next wave appears. Our grenadiers are going into the counter-attack. But the enemy's observers have seen them and direct the fire of the battery towards them. There is an explosion. Mud flies. Screams. Some of our comrades have been wounded. The shells whine over, burst after burst. Hell is loose. The men believe themselves lost. But here are the Stukas again! They fly over the battleground and the enemy battery is destroyed. Our own artillery is firing. Bombs scream. Our troops advance. The old main fighting line is restored."

That action involved approximately one thousand men—at Orel. The news of its fall was lost in the shuffle.

Not long after this, PK Correspondent Reinhard Albrecht cabled from Sicily: "Without heavy arms, exposed to the horrors of a sinister battle, these men have for weeks held up the mighty Eighth Army at Catania. Fifty sappers kept whole regiments at bay. two AA guns beat back 100 tanks, three sappers kept 60 Canadians from capturing a bridge in a four-hour fight, killing 30. It is one of the most glorious pages in the history of Germany."

That day Catania fell—to the tune of a dozen such stories.

A RECENT raid on London was built up into a tremendous thing by PK for German home consumption. PK Correspondent Karl Ebert was sent along to cover the proceedings. He began his story gravely in the briefing room, and followed the flyers out on to the field. There he described hundreds of bombers warming up on this field and several others waiting to take off for the monumental blow against Britain. He accompanied the planes over the target, described the intense flak, and three huge fires raging on both sides of the Thames. London, according to Ebert, was a sea of flames.

Any one who was in London at the time knows that only fifteen light bombers got through. Three were shot down. The others caused almost negligible damage. But the German people, through PK's eyewitness report, were convinced that Hamburg had been avenged.

American shipping losses, says SIGNAL, dwarf New York. We trained a magnifying glass on the sidewalk down there by 30th street and saw our Aunt Beatrice, out buying spam.

I ITALIEN

AMERIKANSKA BLYERTSAR...

I NEDERLÄNDERNA

SIGNAL, which gets a lot of paper, puts out editions in several languages. This page, from one of its Scandinavian editions, purports to show children wounded by explosive pencils dropped by the murderous Americans. These could, of course, be old pictures. The children could have come from Rotterdam, blasted in 1940 by—guess who . . .

By the same token, Smolensk, according to a dozen PK stories, was not a defeat. Werner Hafenbach described the scene as a peaceful, orderly withdrawal—almost like a Sunday school picnic. He had birds and flowers in his story. In fact, he had everything but Russians. And when it was coupled with other stories of German heroes holding off the Bolshevik hordes miles away, Hafenbach's account was generally believed.

Our bombing attacks on Germany are pictured as The People of the City Battling the Brutal Enemy With Their Bare Hands. "Not one of Hamburg's big hospitals was spared," shrieked the PK announcer covering a raid. "Terror! Terror! Terror! Pure, naked, bloody terror!" Then he interviewed heroic young girls whose Young Love Lay Shattered in the Ruins.

Corny? So is soap opera. And millions of American women hang on soap opera's every word. PK knows the technique perfectly.

PK units are organized strictly along Army lines. The men are formed into companies with their own officers, non-coms and everything else. They wear soldiers' uniforms. They are paid according to their soldier rank. They drill, undergo combat training, eat and sleep in the field just like all other German soldiers. When detached to do a story with an infantry outfit, a Ju 88, or a submarine, they take orders from the infantry, plane or sub commander, and must fight, stand guard or even do K.P., if the commander so demands.

The strength of each PK company is variable according to the immediate need. As a rule, there is one PK company attached to every division, but sometimes you can find a crack regiment with its own PK company, or a whole Army corps with just one. Air Force, Naval and SS units have their own PK detachments, and individual PK men can be found scattered into every nook and cranny of the Nazi military machine. There is a PK man along on all major air raids, and even on such isolated expeditions as the recent attack on Spitzbergen. German PK men have popped up with the Japanese in New Guinea and in the Andaman Islands.

Usually the PK company is split up into 3 platoons—1 platoon of journalists and photographers, 1 platoon of radio men, and 1 of motion picture men. The platoons are kept separate and work under their own specialist commanders. The press correspondents have printers and layout technicians attached to their platoon, since one of their principal jobs also is to turn out a daily, front-line newspaper for the troops in their outfit. Portable printing vans accompany them right up into the battle zones.

The radio commentators have portable equipment,

America, says SIGNAL, is a long, skinny spider (genus unspecified) whose legs stretch around the world. It's a hell of a silly spider, but then, it's a hell of a silly idea.

including a new-type magnetophone recorder, tiny enough to fit into a *Volksvagen* (the German jeep). The magnetophone records in strips, which later can be pieced together like film. Thus a marvellous opportunity for faking is provided Goebbels's boys in Berlin. They can splice in battle sounds, ocean effects, and even (as they once did) the voice of Hermann Goering dropping some pertinent remarks as he accidentally passed the microphone. The film men, too, have equipment small enough to be carried in a *Volksvagen*.

The press correspondents (writers and photographers) are the glamor boys of the outfit, usually getting a byline, "by PK War Correspondent So-and-so," on their work. As a result, every young kid with newspaper leanings now rushes to enlist in this particular branch of PK, knowing it will mean the making of him as a writer. But it's not so easy to get in. The applicant must furnish proof of his racial purity as far back as his great grandparents. Then he must submit to a peculiar series of tests. First, he is interviewed by a PK officer, with a jury of other PK officers—usually headed by Eugen Hadamowsky, former deputy Nazi party press chief —listening in over a public address system in another room. Then the applicant is shown a motion picture of a military action, which he must immediately sit down and describe in a time-limit news story. Finally, he is given a half-hour to write an original story on an assigned subject. If our embryo Goebbels gets by all this, he is assigned to a PK unit for training as a replacement. Replacements, it seems, are very common things in PK units. According to Otto Dietrich, chief of the Press Section of the Propaganda Ministry, "the casualty rate, particularly in fatalities, is higher in PK than in any other branch of the service"—for which sad bit of information we can only offer a T.S. card from the chaplain.

There are, however, some pretty good men in PK. Let's not kid ourselves about that. Among them are Otto Dietrich himself (we know he personally covered the Polish campaign, along with Helmuth Sundermann, his deputy), Alfred Berndt (he directed radio activities as a lt.-col. in the Battle of France and was one of the first correspondents to reach Africa with Rommel), and Giselher Wirsing, a columnist comparable in popularity (but not in political belief) to Walter Winchell. Otto Kranzlein served as a PK private; he was the editor of *Der Angriff*, the *New York Times* of Germany. So did Schwarz Van Berk, the leading article writer for *Das Reich*, Goebbels's own magazine. Hans Fritsche, the radio commentator, is broadcasting now from Russia. Balduin Naumann, Germany's best-known sports announcer, covered the U-boat campaign in the Atlantic, the Battle of Britain and the Crimean campaign. Arno Hellmis, who got himself thoroughly hated when he came to the United States a few years ago to cover Max Schmeling's fights, also managed to get himself killed as a PK man covering the Western Front in 1940.

They're all needed now.

Perhaps the most spectacular of PK's little playthings is *Signal*, the bi-monthly picture magazine, which is distributed to all troops, all German civilians and all neutral and Nazi-controlled populations. *Signal* is printed in 21 languages besides the German, and probably has the largest circulation of any magazine in the world. For a while, when the Luftwaffe was wandering around at will over Great Britain, the Nazis made a determined effort to increase the circulation of the English edition by dumping out thousands of copies wholesale over the countryside. The British, however, with their customary aplomb, looked the magazine over, said "Hmmph" a few times, and proceeded to make the best possible use of the soft, fine-grained paper. This discouraged the Germans, and they abandoned all further attempts. The English edition today has the smallest circulation, most of which is smuggled into the United States. All editions sell for ten cents, or the equivalent in foreign currencies.

Signal, even by our standards, is a good magazine. In appearance, it resembles YANK or *Life*. It is printed on a fairly good quality, smooth French paper, the best available to the Germans today. Each issue has at least eight pages of full-color photographs and sketches—most of which seem to be nothing more than attempts to give the impression of unaffected pre-war extravagance. The layout and technical job is extremely good, and the advertising follows the modern pattern, with juicy young female Aryans exhibiting Zeiss cameras, Chlorodont toothpaste and Felina corsets with the appropriate amount of glamor.

As for content, *Signal* is, of course, loaded with propaganda—surrounded by sugar-coating. The propaganda used to be subtle. Now it is taking on the aspect of a man swinging wildly with a cudgel in the dark. However, the sugar coating remains. Each issue has one scientific article, which has nothing whatever to do with the war. There is also a so-called culture piece, sports articles, fashion spreads and movie reviews. Inevitably there is a sexy-looking pin-up girl (Aryan style), which gets the best color reproduction in the magazine. The positions in which some of the pin-up girls are photographed are enough to make even a YANK editor think twice. Women, generally, are photographed as lasciviously as possible. Even in an article depicting a happy soldier home on furlough with his wife, the PK camera manages to catch the couple from below, showing a full expanse of well-shaped female, Teutonic gams.

When you get beyond the sugar-coating you find that, propaganda or no, every page is excellently written. It is also tricky, and only a practiced eye can catch the clever Nazi distortions. In the second issue of June, 1943, for instance, there is a beautifully-convincing story on how the United States lies about its shipping losses. The story is complete with charts, photographic evidence of our fakery, and a breath-taking, full-page photograph of a huge cargo ship (signifying our shipping losses) dwarfing the Empire State Building. The only thing wrong with the story is that if you follow PK's reasoning to its logical conclusion, you discover that we have practically no merchant fleet left at all. It would work—if you didn't know about the 5,000 ships or so in which we transported the Eighth, Fifth and Seventh Armies to Italy.

Everything in *Signal* has its angles. A PK story on the Japanese soldier is run with a full-page, color photograph of a Nazi airman plunked right down in the middle of it. A careless reader will inevitably get the impression that this is a Japanese flyer, and that, damn it, he *does* look like a Far Eastern Nordic, doesn't he? The South American edition runs a full-length, color shot of the Spanish Blue Division marching happily off to fight against Bolshevism on the Eastern Front. It also runs a two-page map on which is superimposed a huge grasping spider, reaching out hungrily from New York to gobble up all the airfields of the Western Hemisphere.

In one issue there is a PK picture story of children horribly burned by "diabolical American fountain pens, dropped from planes, which explode when the children pick them up." (The kids shown could have gotten the same burns from playing with a box of matches.) There is a story on happy, liberated Russian peasants; and a full-color picture of a Russian Cossack battalion, equipped by the Germans, who are fighting "for Europe, against the Reds." In the same issue there is a series of beautiful colored maps showing how, for centuries, Germany has been the bulwark against the barbarians from the east. There are really excellent battle shots, always emphasizing the inexorable advance of the Nazis. There are stories of secret weapons. Tanks and mechanized equipment are always shot from below and distorted to emphasize the invincible power of the Wehrmacht. Europe is always pictured as a united continent, whose happy people are fighting a holy crusade against Bolshevist slavery. In every issue there is an excuse to run mouth-watering pictures of food produced in the Greater Reich and the occupied countries.

MANN LEBET NICHT VOM BROT ALLEIN. Jerry, too, has his pin-ups which, for our money, are the best part of his book.

Lately, *Signal* has been working overtime in the PK drive to dilute German defeatism, with heroic individual exploits. It began with Stalingrad. So far, it works.

Signal and PK are good. But so were the Panzers and the Luftwaffe.

When the German war machine crumbles, PK will be the last to go. It's trickier and tougher than any other branch of the service. It was the best of the Nazis' long list of war innovations. It is still the most dangerous. But just as artillery mastered the Panzer and the Spitfire mastered the Luftwaffe, chinks are beginning to appear in PK's armor, both at home and at the front.

Little by little, PK's past lies are catching up with it.

The Allies' ponderous straightforwardness at last is catching up with it.

PK is slowly being beaten by its natural enemy—the truth.

Among the debris of a German tent near Salerno a literate Yank cons the VOLKISCHER BEOBACHTER, leaving the FRANKFURTER ZEITUNG lay.

Here, below you, lost in a shroud of smoke and a wave of flame, lies the integral half of everything that moves under the sign of the swastika. Far below are the ball-bearing plants at Schweinfurt in southern Germany—factories producing half the ball-bearings for the Axis forces in southern Europe. They are in the process of being thoroughly disintegrated by Flying Fortresses.

The Schweinfurt Raid

By Sgt. WALTER PETERS

IT was still dark when they woke the crews. The fog lay thick and cold over the countryside that morning, and inside the barracks it was pitch-black and silent, except for the deep, steady breathing of the sleeping Fortress gunners. I had been awake for some time, and I heard the sound of footsteps outside, soon after the door of a neighboring hut slammed shut. Someone struck a match and announced it was six o'clock, and then the door of my barracks opened and the lights went on, cold and glaring when viewed from a warm bed. The squadron operations officer, bundled up warmly against the morning cold in a sheepskin jacket and flying boots, walked toward the center of the room and started to read a list of names from a slip of paper, quietly so as not to awaken those who were not flying that day.

"Baxter, Blansit, Cavanaugh, Hill, Sweeney——"

The men whose names he called sat up sleepily, slid their feet a little wearily to the cold floor and sat there, most of them, for a few seconds before getting dressed, shivering with the damp and cold.

"Briefing at 7.30," the officer said, and then went on to another hut.

The men got dressed quietly, trying not to disturb those who could sleep till later, and secretly envying them. Next to me, Bill Sweeney, a former tire salesman and now a gunner, lit a cigarette and came over to my bunk and said he thought this would be a fine day to christen the ship. Sweeney was talking about his Fort which had made a dozen missions but was yet unnamed. A few days before they had decided to call the ship *Yank*, and this was to be its first mission with that name.

I drew the blackout curtain and stared out at the gray, foggy morning. "It looks pretty foggy to me," I said.

"You never can tell about the English weather," Sweeney said.

"You are very god-damned right, you can't," said the sergeant-gunner sitting on the next bunk. "You never can tell."

We headed toward the combat mess. There, in the glaring light, in a room noisy with conversation and the clatter of dishes, we had a big breakfast, polishing it off with a cigarette, and walked on to the briefing. It was beginning to get light now, but the fog still lay thick and gray in the trees off in the distance, and the ground was wet with it.

The briefing-room was bright, also, and noisy until the mild-mannered intelligence captain rose to speak. He had a long ruler in his hand and kept toying with it while he spoke, as a man toying with a swagger stick. None of his listeners knew where we were going and there was a dead silence as he raised the ruler toward the map. He pointed first to our base in Britain, then slowly moved it out over the North Sea and into Belgium, as though he himself were having a tremendous effort getting us over the target. The ruler moved on through Belgium, then slowly and deeply into Germany, until I thought for a moment that we were being briefed for Austria. Way down in the southern reaches of Germany, the ruler stopped.

"This, gentlemen," the captain said, "is your target for today—Schweinfurt."

The men listened intently, leaning forward on the long rows of chairs. The air was clouded now with cigarette smoke.

"Schweinfurt," the captain continued, "is the most important target of all in Germany today. We cannot go ahead with other targets until it is seriously crippled."

A gunner ahead of us strained forward to get a better view of the map.

"Half of Germany's ball-bearings," the captain went on, "are produced at Schweinfurt, and ball-bearings are important to Hitler. If we destroy these factories, we will have crippled the enemy's production of tanks and planes and submarines to a very great degree."

The captain went on to give some technical information concerning the target, wind and weather, and the briefing was over.

Outside, it was quite light now, a peaceful English morning. The sun was beginning to dissipate the fog, although chunks of it still lay between the trees and in spots it still hung over the airfield itself. Outside the briefing-room we were given chewing gum and candy, one of the solemn rituals of a raid.

"I think this Schweinfurt is named after a very

special kind of a pig," one of the radio operators said, as we headed toward the trucks.

We rode up the taxi strips to our hard stand, and the crews stood around the ship. Station time was thirty minutes ahead, and the guns, ammunition, radio and bomb bays had been checked.

The skipper of our ship was a 21-year-old giant from Monterey, California, Captain Ivan Klohe. While waiting for the take-off, he pitted his hulk against two of the waist gunners, Sgts. Charlie Hill and Edward Cavanaugh. Standing only just a little over five feet, Cavanaugh succeeded in pinning the captain's shoulders to the ground; Hill had a deadly lock on his legs. The remainder of the crew stood by and cheered for the gunners.

Station time was announced. The men became suddenly serious as they took their positions in the ship. I climbed into the nose with Lt. Howard J. Zorn, the navigator, and Lt. Richard J. Roth, the bombardier.

"The right gun is yours, Pete," Roth said.

The *Yank* queued up by the runway. Lt. Herbert Heuser, the co-pilot, announced through the inter-phone, "There goes the *Piccadilly Queen*." We watched her as she sped down the black runway—50, 60, 90 miles an hour. It was a beautiful take-off. So was ours.

At about 11,000 the pilot told us to check our oxygen masks. We did so and then put them on. Heuser was still on the inter-phone—making an imitation fireside chat, my friends—and the crew ate it up. Then he began to sing, and Cavanaugh and Zorn chimed in occasionally with a razzberry, a vocal trick hard to achieve on an inter-phone. There were more songs, from Hill, Roy (Tex) Blansit, who was our top turret gunner, and from Sweeney. The war was beautiful.

The formation across the North Sea was perfect. We led the "purple heart" element and before us the sky was clouded by B-17s. We counted them up to 190. Then we quit counting.

Zorn directed our attention to a long file of P-47s to our right. They sped so fast it seemed we were standing still, and left a beautiful silver vapor trail behind them. The view from the nose was great.

At 13.02 the captain warned us that we were approaching enemy territory. We were above 20,000 feet and suddenly, over the inter-phone, somebody announced the presence of unidentified vessels in the sea below us. A couple of seconds later somebody said they were shooting at us. "Why, the silly bastards," someone replied.

At 13.30 the captain announced we were over enemy territory and as he did, Heuser announced the presence of unidentified fighters. It turned out to be all right though. They were ours.

When we were over Luxemburg, the sun was still with us. The nose was so hot that there was no need to use the electric suit; a pair of white silk gloves was enough to keep your hands warm. Enemy fighters got hot just about that time, too. Heuser did most of the calling, singing out their positions in a voice that was cool and undisturbed. He sat where he could see them all, and he didn't miss a one. "Fighter at 5 o'clock high." "Fighter 10 o'clock." "Fighter 8 o'clock low." "Fighter 3 o'clock." "Fighter 12 o'clock."

There were fighters everywhere, but mostly on our tail. "The whole goddam Luftwaffey is out today," somebody said over the inter-phone. There were the single-engined Me.109s and twin-engined Me.110s; there were Ju.88s and FW190s; there also were Me.210s even Dornier bombers, and God only knows what else the Germans had thrown into the fight. The only things they didn't throw at the division were the plane factories themselves, or such factories as they have left to throw.

"This is nothing," Zorn reassured me. "We've seen worse in other raids. About 25 more minutes to the target."

The captain took a little evasive action. The plane banked to the left, then to the right. To the right we sighted a huge column of smoke, which looked at first like a big black cloud. It was the target.

Libs and Forts had already passed the ball-bearing works and hit the plants solidly. We'd soon be there, but we wondered just how soon. The passage of time is a little different up there.

The navigator told me to look out of the left side. There were a couple of planes burning there, a Fort and an enemy fighter. Three white chutes and one brown one floated in the sky. The whites belonged to our boys. Under the brown one was a German.

When in hell are we getting to that target? Time has passed so slowly these past 15 minutes. Ten minutes more and we'll surely be there. Heuser was still calling them off. The fighters were coming in from all sides now, but not too close. Maybe about 500 yards away, often as much as 1,000.

I looked back toward the fuselage. There was Tex, his left foot planted on a box of caliber 50s, his right foot lazily dangling in space. From the inter-phone we knew Tex was a very, very busy top turret gunner. His gun was tracking fighters all around the clock. Occasionally he concentrated his gun to the tail, where his friend Sweeney was busy firing at the enemy as they queued up from the rear.

A Ju.88 and a 190 attacked Sweeney's position from 4 and 8 o'clock, and high. Tex's guns worked fast. Both planes peeled off. The 190 shied off but the 88 came back from about 500 yards to the rear, flying smack into the ex-tire salesman. Sweeney calmly pressed his triggers. Meanwhile, Tex directed his fire. "You're shooting at him just a little high. Get him lower. A little lower." Sweeney did; the 88 came closer, and lobbed out two of the rockets which the Germans are now using. They were deadly looking affairs as they shot out like flames.

Tex still guided his pal over the inter-phone. "A little lower, Bill," he said. A little lower Bill went. The 88 wavered, flipped over and as it did so we could see that it was afire, trailing smoke. Then there was one less Ju.88; also one less Ju.88 crew of two. They didn't get out.

Klohe headed the Fort north-east, hitting a straight course for the tall column of smoke 6,000 feet high, which marked the target. At our level, and higher, flak blackened the sky. Roth was ready. It was only a matter of 20 seconds before he released the bombs. Then came the flak, great black balls of it were all around us. It seemed almost impossible to escape the barrage.

We weren't having fighter trouble now; our enemy was flak, and there was nothing we could do about it—except take evasive action. Klohe did just that, beautifully. It seemed a miracle that we escaped. Suddenly we heard a loud, jangling noise, even above the roar of our four engines. We looked toward the navigator. The plate glass on his side was broken. A fragment of flak had found its mark there. Zorn lifted his head quickly, took off his gloves and his fur cap and felt around that part of his face not covered by the oxygen mask. He winked. He was okay. I took a deep breath—of oxygen.

The flak ceased now, but the enemy fighters and fighter-bombers returned. Heuser was back on the job, his cool voice calling them off again. He reminded me of the stick man at a dice game in a gambling house, but his tone had the confidence that the croupier's doesn't.

"Fighter 11 o'clock," Heuser announced. The navigator tracked the plane down with 50s until he was out of sight. "Fighter 12 o'clock." Roth followed again. "Fighter 5 o'clock," and Sweeney was back at his guns. "Fighter 2 o'clock." I grabbed my gun, and tracked the German until Heuser bawled me out for using too much ammunition. I stopped fast.

Heuser's voice again: "Fighter 3 o'clock high." Tex saw him, recognized it as a 190, waited until it came closer and then let loose with a barrage. Sweeney congratulated him. From where Sweeney was he could see the 190 spiral down; he saw the pilot bale out, brown chute and all. That was the end of Jerry number two for the boys of the *Yank*. The third was claimed by Sgt. Cavanaugh, the left waist gunner. Cavanaugh bagged an 88. The plane spun earthwards in flame, while the crew of two baled out.

All the time Hill and Sgt. Ralph Baxter, our ball turret gunner, were engaging two 88s which were attacking a lone B-17 that had been forced out of formation with a feathered engine. Baxter saw the Germans dive after the 17 and appealed to Hill to give him a hand from the right waist. Between them they saved the Fort from destruction.

It was now 16.15 by the watch—but the watch we discovered, was no longer running. We cursed. More fighters came at us. We cursed some more.

Half an hour later there was more flak. It wasn't as heavy as the stuff at Schweinfurt. Zorn said he thought we were near Amiens, France. Just then we heard another loud jangle of broken glass as flak hit the left front plate. Roth ducked. Zorn went calmly about his business of navigating. I put my helmet on, then took it off a few seconds later. A helmet is not very conducive to good sight. I wanted to see.

Roth picked up a piece of flak and handed it to me. "Maybe you'll want this for a souvenir," he said.

We tried guessing the time. I figured it was about 17.30. We were well across the English Channel, and in a few minutes we could see the English coast. Klohe began dropping altitude. At 17,000 Roth and Zorn took off their masks. I followed suit. Zorn smiled.

Tired, but happy voices began coming over the inter-phone. They were kidding again. Heuser sang. Zorn told us how sharpshooter Sweeney couldn't hit one skeet out of 15 a year ago. Somebody else threw digs at Tex because he once was turned down by the Army because of flat feet. Cavanaugh kidded the captain over the inter-com, and Klohe dished it back to him. Personally, I just sat back and relaxed, pulled out a cigarette and lit it. The mission was over.

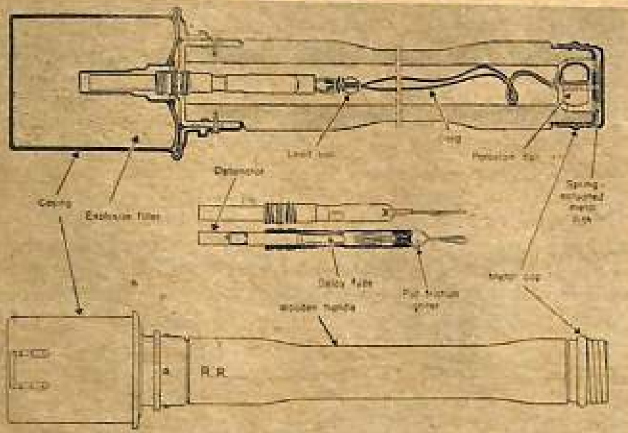
The crew of the airplane YANK. First row: Sgts. Sweeney, Blansit, Hill, Cavanaugh, Baxter, and Peters. Rear: Lts. Zorn and Heuser, Capt. Klohe and Lt. Roth.

ENEMY WEAPONS NO. 3

German Hand Grenades

STICK AND EGG-TYPE MODELS

Material for this series of articles on enemy weapons was prepared by the War Department's Military Intelligence Service with the assistance of the Ordnance Intelligence Unit.



A sketch of Stick Hand Grenade, Model 24, showing outside and cross section of grenade and fuze.

THE hand grenades used by the German Army are all of the "offensive" type: that is, they have a thin metal casing with a high proportion of explosive filler. Being of this type, they depend on the blast effect, instead of the fragmentation of the case, as in the U.S. "defensive-type" Mills grenades. They can be used safely by troops advancing erect in the open, because they can be thrown to a distance greater than their effective bursting radius. The Model 24 and Model PH 39 stick-type, or "potato masher" type, grenades are used more often than the "egg" type and can be regarded as the standard hand grenades of the German Army. In addition, there is a smoke-stick grenade which differs from the regular stick, or "potato masher," only in the marking on the head of the grenade.

STICK HAND GRENADE, MODEL 24 (Stielhandgranate 24)

How to Identify. The stick hand grenade, Model 24, may be identified by—

1) Metal casing or body screwed onto a wooden handle with a metal cap.

2) Model marking on the casing or body of the grenade.

3) Porcelain ball attached to a cord in the exposed cavity after the metal cap is unscrewed.

Characteristics. This grenade consists of a thin iron or steel casing, or head, containing the explosive filler and screwed onto a hollow wooden handle, through the center of which runs a double length of cord. This cord is attached at one end to a lead ball, which is part of the friction-igniter-detonator system, and at the other end to a porcelain ball. The cavity in which the porcelain ball rests is closed by a metal cap that screws on. Inside the cap is a spring-actuated metal disk that prevents movement of the porcelain ball.

TABLE OF CHARACTERISTICS

Over-all length	1 foot 2 inches.
Weight	1 pound 5 ounces.
Weight of explosive filler	6 ounces.
Time of delay fuze	4 to 5 seconds.
Effective blast radius	12 to 14 yards.

How to Operate. *Safety.* The detonator is not assembled to the grenade until it is carried into combat. The metal cap on the end of the handle holds the porcelain ball in place and is not removed until the grenade is to be thrown.

To arm and throw.—(a) To arm grenade: The wooden handle is unscrewed from the head, and the metal end of the delay fuze is exposed in the interior of the handle. Insert a detonator into the open end of the delay fuze. The head and the handle are screwed together again. (b) To throw grenade: Unscrew the metal cap, pull out the porcelain ball as far as it will go, and throw. Do not throw too soon, as there is a four- to five-second delay.

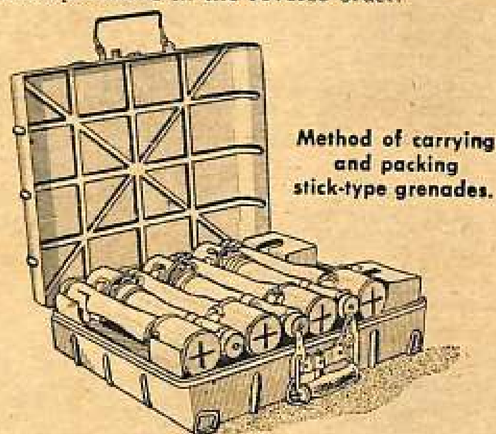
To disarm grenade.—Unscrew the handle from the head; remove the detonator from the open end of the delay fuze; replace the handle.

Method of Carrying. Stick hand grenades, Model 24, are carried in (1) a metal case holding 15 grenades and 15 detonators; (2) a sleeveless jacket fitting over the blouse (in this jacket there are 10 pockets, 5 in front and 5 in the back, in which the grenades are carried with the heads down); (3) the belt with the grenades stuck in, handle first.

Use as a Booby Trap. This grenade may be made into a booby trap by removing the delay fuze. When troops attempt to use the captured grenades, pulling the friction wire causes the grenades to explode immediately without the usual four- to 5-second delay.

To see whether or not the delaying device has been removed from the grenade, it may be tested as follows: (1) unscrew the head (explosive cylinder) from the wooden handle; (2) remove the detonator and the fuze which project from the handle; (3) unscrew the cap at the end of the handle and let the porcelain ring hang down; (4) unscrew the delayed-action device in the top of the handle to make sure whether the delayed-action cylinder actually contains the column of compressed black gunpowder.

To reassemble the grenade, carry out the above operations in the reverse order.



Method of carrying and packing stick-type grenades.

STICK HAND GRENADE, MODEL PH 39 (Stielhandgranate PH 39)

How to Identify. The stick hand grenade, Model PH 39, may be identified by—

1) Metal casing or body screwed to a wooden handle with a metal cap.

2) Model marking on the casing or body of the grenade.

3) Cord attached to the friction igniter being also attached to the metal cap (this being observed on unscrewing the metal cap on the handle).

Characteristics. Like the Model 24 stick grenade, the Model PH 39 consists of a thin iron or steel casing, or head, containing the explosive filler. This head is screwed onto a hollow wooden handle, through the center of which runs a double length of cord. At one end, this cord is attached to a lead ball, which is part of the friction-igniter-detonator system, and at the other end to the metal cap which screws onto the end of the handle.

TABLE OF CHARACTERISTICS

Over-all length	1 foot 4 inches.
Weight	1 pound 6 ounces.
Weight of explosive filler	7 ounces.
Time of delay fuze	4 to 5 seconds.
Effective blast radius	16 yards.

SMOKE HAND GRENADE, MODEL 34 (Nebelhandgranate 34)

The smoke grenade, Model 34, which is a standard stick grenade with the explosive filler replaced by smoke composition, is handled in the same manner as the other stick grenades and is identified only by a broken white line painted around the head of the grenade near its base.

EGG-TYPE HAND GRENADE, MODEL 39 (Eierhandgranate 39)

How to Identify. The egg-type hand grenade may be identified by—

1) Egg shape, of gray-green painted metal with a raised rib around the middle.

2) Blue knob protruding from one end.

Characteristics. This is a small thin-cased "offensive"-type grenade with a high proportion of a low-grade high explosive. It is ignited by a friction-type igniter and a four- to five-second delay fuze.

TABLE OF CHARACTERISTICS

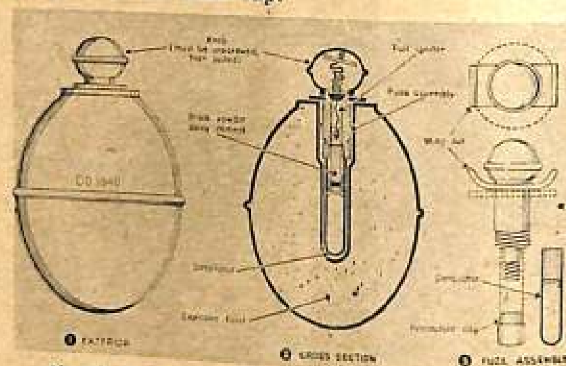
Over-all length	3 inches (approximately).
Weight	12 ounces.
Maximum diameter	2 inches.
Time of delay fuze	4 to 5 seconds.
Thickness of casing	.02 inch.

How to Operate. *Safety.*—The detonator is not assembled to the grenade until it is carried into combat.

To arm and throw.—(a) To arm grenade: Unscrew the knob from the grenade; be sure that the exposed pocket is clean; unscrew the protective cap from the detonator end of the knob; draw a detonator (standard No. 8) from its box and check the open end to see that it is dust-free and not distorted (do not use a dusty or distorted detonator); carefully slip the detonator onto the detonator end of the knob, screw the armed fuze by hand, and then use the key supplied to tighten the fuze. (b) To throw grenade: Unscrew the blue knob and pull. Throw the grenade, remembering that it has a four- to five-second delay.

To disarm grenade.—Unscrew the knob from the grenade; remove the detonator from the end of the knob, and replace the knob. To render the igniter inoperative, carefully unscrew the knob, taking care not to exert any pull on the cord. Then cut the cord with scissors and replace the knob with the cord inside.

Use as a Booby Trap. Like all other materiel, these egg-shaped grenades can be used as booby traps. It has been reported that the Germans in Africa put red primer caps on the grenades which were used as traps. If the red primer cap is unscrewed and the firing string pulled, the explosion occurs instantaneously rather than after a four- to five-second delay—the standard delay with the blue cap.



Sketch of egg-type hand grenade, Model 39.

SPECIAL USES OF STICK GRENADES

For special demolition, antitank, and antipill-box work, the heads of six Model 24 or Model PH 39 stick grenades can be removed from their handles and fastened securely around a seventh stick grenade from which the handle is not removed. The whole can then be used as a convenient concentrated charge (*geballte Ladung*) for the above purposes.

Bangalore torpedoes for blowing paths through barbed wire can also be made by binding the desired number of grenade heads behind one another on a long stick or board; the grenade nearest the operator is complete with handle and detonator, and to it is attached a long wire or cord.

A Week of War

It was the same old war, only a little more so in several places.

MEN were dying in Russia and in Italy and in the far reaches of the Pacific, dying as they had died for weeks and months and years. But the eyes of the world were focused on an empty patch of air over Germany, a swathe of air running from Schweinfurt to the sea. Now it was empty; vacant, open—but a little while before it had been full of planes. The planes had been Flying Fortresses and, with them, had been practically everything the thinned-out Luftwaffe could throw up over its own bailiwick. Schweinfurt, or at least the interesting part of Schweinfurt, had been interred under a blanket of bombs. But it had been a costly job—very costly. Down from the German air to the German earth had gone 60 Flying Fortresses. It had been the most costly raid the U. S. Air Force had ever carried out over Europe.

Sixty Forts meant some 600 men, carefully trained and taught. Sixty Forts also meant 485 tons of high explosive bombs resting quietly on what had once been the leading ball-bearing factory of Germany. Sixty Forts also meant 85 tons of incendiaries placed where they would do the most good. Sixty Forts meant a very high loss in planes and men, but 60 Forts were worth it. Very much worth it.

The American home front took it hard. As the American people saw it, sixty Forts were sixty Forts, representing nearly six hundred lives and over $30,000,000 in money. It was, to the American public, who are not flying in Fortresses over Germany, a hard blow. They wanted to know why it was that so many Forts had been lost, in spite of the damage they had done, the havoc they had created.

The reason was simple. Germany, through means unknown, had heard the raid was coming at least five hours before it came. There was no use in going over *how* Germany had found out. It was obvious. Someone had talked. Someone, after a couple of drinks, had said something that weighed heavily on his mind. So when the Forts came over Germany, there was the Luftwaffe, or what was left of it—ready, willing, and able.

The Germans paid, of course. Over a hundred fighters spun out of the sky, some quietly, some in flames. They paid, well enough. And at the conclusion of the raid, one of their factories—and a very important one, too—was missing. When it was all over and the smoke had cleared away and the reconnaissance planes with their cameras had followed in the paths of the bombers, the Allied world learned from the lips of its leaders that at Schweinfurt at least half of the Nazi facilities for making ball-bearings had been swept away. And probably not since the days of the Roman chariot has a vehicle of war moved without ball-bearings.

In Italy, where the U. S. and British armies, slogging along the ground, were having hard going, nothing was missing except a German willingness to retreat while the retreating was good. The 5th Army was across the Volturno, having gotten across the hard way, and was looking for new worlds to conquer. The nearest new world was Rome, a city to which the Germans were retreating as gracefully as Teutonic stubbornness would permit.

Teutonic stubbornness would not permit a very graceful retreat from the city of Kiev. Teutonic stubbornness had overrun the city of Kiev as the first snow cascaded down over the eastern front in the year 1941, and after two years, it would not admit of an easy victory, other than its own. The Nazis had marched into Kiev in the days when their step was a goose step. Leaving it now, when their march was in reverse and when it was a painful slogging step, the same stubbornness would not leave Kiev untouched. Months ago, entering the city, they had fired it with their artillery, and the whining Stukas had reduced it to rubble. Now, as the signal was given for a possible retreat, they would not give up easily. The men were sent with torches, soaking with gasoline and flaming with vengeance, and the Nazis last week set their fires again in the Ukranian capital of Kiev.

Thus, those experts who make the predictions for history last week predicted that the fall of Kiev was only a matter of hours.

All along the long eastern front the story was the same. The Germans, marshalled forth into semblance of attacks by the pistols pointed at the heads of the attackers, moved forward in the autumn light and autumn night toward the east, but their flurries were brief, and short-lived, in more ways than one.

Nor did the Allied world have to subsist for its encouragement upon the Moscow version of what was transpiring on the Russian front. The ordinarily bellicose gentlemen of Berlin, whose job it is to assault the ears of the world with assurances of Germany's invincibility, switched to a strangely humble note. It was not impossible to imagine the expression on the face of the average Berliner, huddled in his air-raid shelter, as he heard a Nazi spokesman confess over the radio that "we cannot deny the eastern front has disappointed us." In view of what was happening out where the east begins, the ordinarily mild word "disappoint" took on a singularly poignant significance.

"It is painful to note," continued this same broadcaster, "that our marvellous soldiers have been fighting so bravely without an outward success." The spokesman failed to indicate what, if any, inward success the same marvellous soldiers had achieved.

Far away, in the Southwest Pacific, General Douglas MacArthur was busy staging his own version of Schweinfurt. Allied bombers in a two-hour daylight attack droned over Rabaul, the Jap Gibraltar of New Britain, and returned to chalk up a score which was officially credited with having "broken the back" of the enemy base.

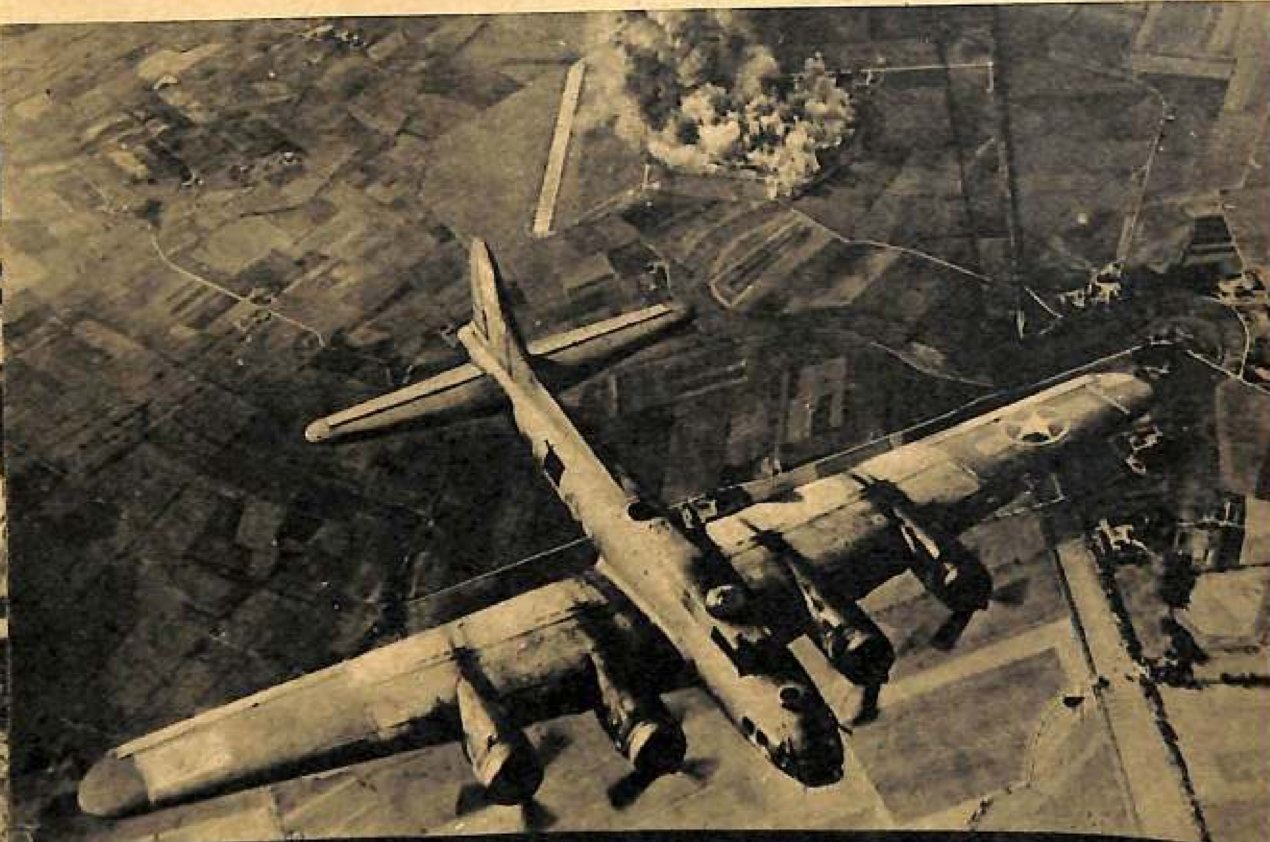
Even a goddess can do her bit in Sicily. This one, a hefty wench, had a hand that some Signal Corps man decided was an ideal repository for the wire of a field telephone. So if you call Agrigento and get Olympus, it's your own fault.

The Allied raiders, who dropped 350 tons of bombs and lost only five out of several hundred planes, were credited with a bag of 100 enemy aircraft destroyed and 51 damaged on the ground, in addition to 26 of the pitiful 40 fighters which the Japs were able to send up. Three enemy destroyers and four merchant ships also were sunk or wrecked.

"Approximately 60 per cent of the enemy's accumulated air strength at this base were lost by him in this attack," said General MacArthur's communique.

In Burma, it appeared likely that Commander-in-Chief Louis Mountbatten's combined Allied forces might come to grips in a big way with the enemy at any moment as mud from the monsoon rains, which have now abated, began to dry and harden.

If ever a sign spoke for itself, this one does. It stretches across a road on Guadalcanal, a ... that in its day saw bloody fighting, and



The plane is a B-17 and the smoke is what is left of the Focke-Wulfe factory at Marienburg. It is as pretty a picture of precision bombing as could be imagined. Not one of the bombs is off the target. The long white affair at the left of the smoke is a landing strip where Focke-Wulfe's were tested. They will not be tested here for some time.

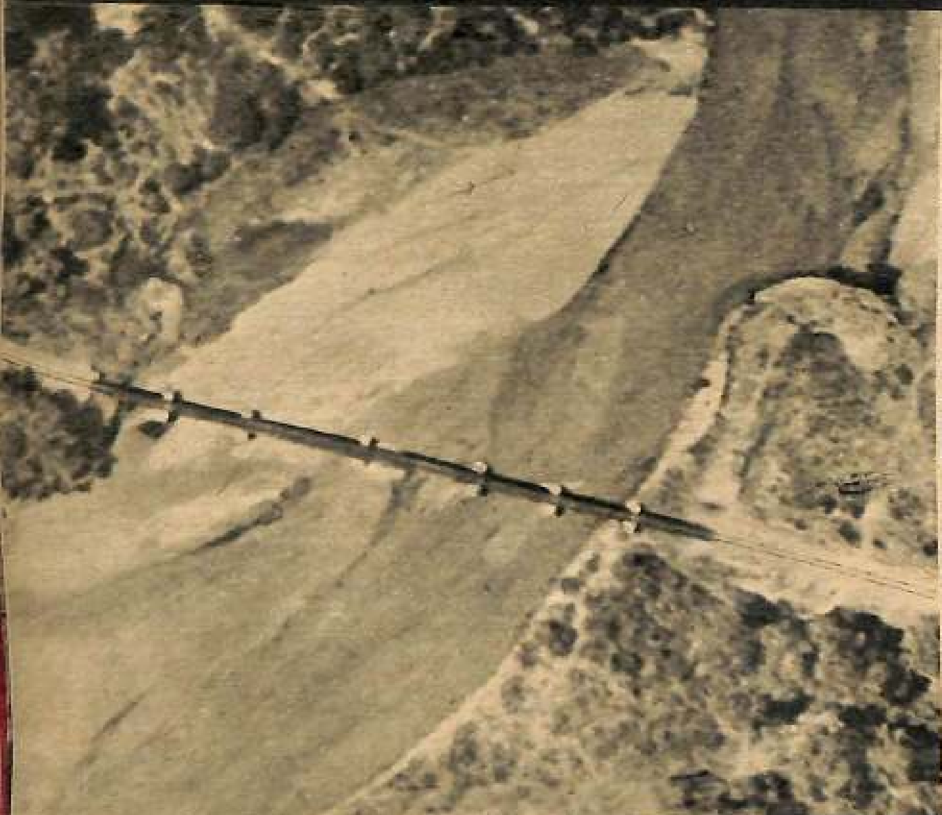
THESE OFFICERS WERE THE FIRST TO TAKE OFF FROM THEIR BASE WITH 1,000-POUND BOMBS UNDER THEIR P-40S. COL. JOHN BARR, THIRD FROM LEFT, ORIGINATED THE IDEA.

A PILOT STARTS HIS BOMB-LOADED P-40 DOWN THE RUNWAY, ON A MISSION TO BURMA.

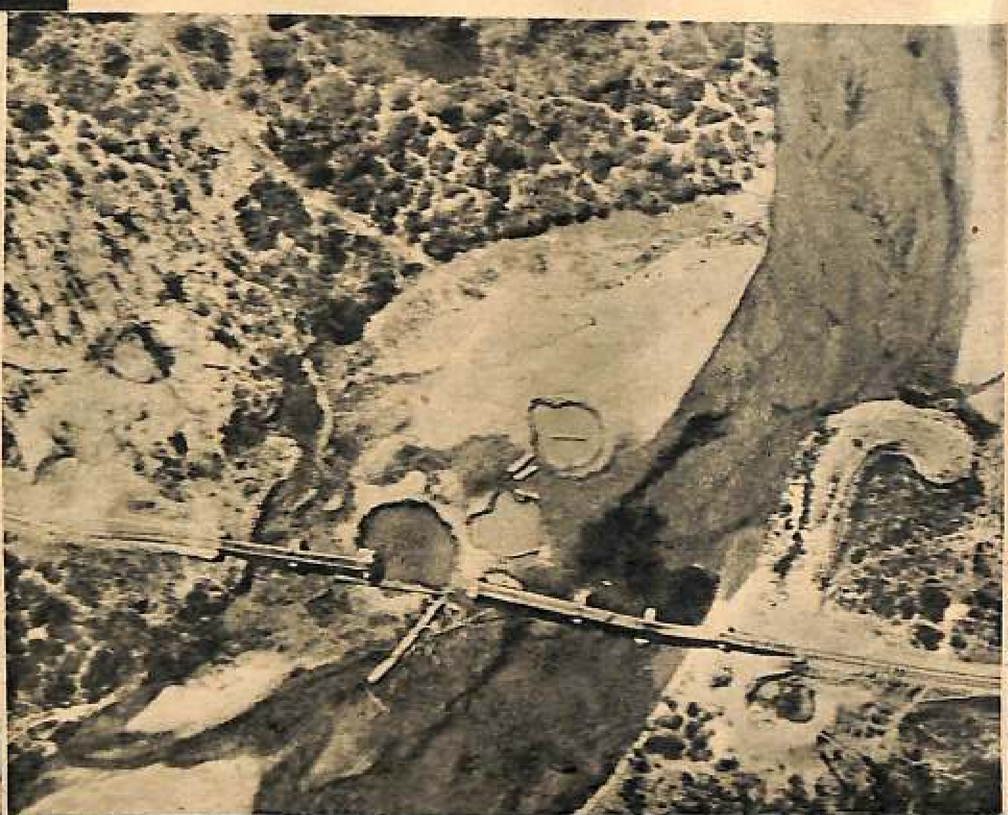
ACTION

IN I

YANK airmen at the Assam Air Base in India have gotten new results out of well tried weapons. Converting their P-40s into fast and accurate bombers by fitting them to carry 1,000-pound bombs, they can bomb the Japanese and race back to reload and bomb again.



BEFORE THE P-40S DID THEIR JOB, AN IMPORTANT JAP SUPPLY BRIDGE IN BURMA.



THE SAME BRIDGE AFTER THE "B-40S" HAD BLASTED IT WITH THEIR 1,000 POUNDERS.

DORSEY AT THE REST CAMP'S RED CROSS SERVICE CLUB.

THEY CAN SHOOT ELEPHANTS AND PANTHERS, TOO, BUT THIS IS A LOT MORE RESTFUL.

and REST

IDIA

A REST camp in the foothills of the Himalayas was established by the Allies to give war weary soldiers a chance to relax. Here men who have spent at least six months in India can enjoy two weeks of rest in cool weather, with sports, good food and plenty of sleep.

ONE OF THE SOLDIERS' FAVORITE PASTIMES IS TO TAKE TRIPS TO NEIGHBORING TOWNS.

AND DOUGHNUTS

RIDING UP MOUNTAIN TRAILS IS HEALTHY, TOO

News from Home

President Roosevelt thought the achievement of the Schweinfurt Raiders superb but spoke not so kindly of Five Globetrotting Senators, and poor old Louis Mayer failed to earn a million smackers.

SIGNS of the times, maybe: While Army officials were considering letting up a bit on dim-out regulations in New York and other eastern cities, the municipal authorities of Kansas City, Mo., shipped back to the manufacturer all of the 47 air-raid sirens which they bought when things looked bad, even that far inland, but which they never unpacked.

Byron Price, director of the Office of Censorship, said that, because of "improved defense and other war conditions," newspapers and radio stations would henceforth be permitted to publish and broadcast weather forecasts, reports of weather conditions and temperature charts from any part of the nation. Heretofore, since the outbreak of the war, editors and broadcasters have been requested to restrict information concerning the weather to local conditions in and around the communities they served.

The recent action of the Office of Price Administration in allowing eastern motorists a drop or two more of gasoline a week and tightening up on the supplies allotted to west coast drivers gave rise to further talk of a forthcoming big push against the Japs. The dopesters recalled the squeeze was put on the East Coast just before the Allied drive in North Africa last fall.

The Bureau of Agricultural Economics announced that civilians back home will get even less meat in 1944 than they got this year, because of a 25 per cent increase in military and lend-lease requirements. At the same time it was disclosed in Washington that 446,000 tons of food and other agricultural commodities were shipped from the U. S. to its Allies under lend-lease during August—69 per cent going to the British Empire, 23 per cent to Russia, and 7 per cent to North Africa.

U. S. publishers, already screeching bloody murder at the cuts which a shortage of newsprint has compelled them to make in the size of their periodicals, were warned that they may get from 20 to 50 per cent less paper next year. U. S. newspapers, especially Sunday editions, are not as fat as they used to be, but they are still fat enough to make a British editor's eyes bulge. Publishers of Bibles back home have decided they'll have to ration their product because (1) they can't get enough paper, and (2) there's a greater demand for Bibles than at any time in the last 100 years.

Seven counties, 14 townships, and 5 towns in Arkansas voted to go dry under a new local-option law enacted after a state-wide drive by the Anti-Saloon League.

IT was quite a week for reassuring disclosures from Washington on the progress of the war. The public, dazed by word that sixty Flying Fortresses had been shot down in a single raid on Schweinfurt, Germany, was grateful for any word which could relate such losses in proper perspective to the whole scheme of relentless prosecution of the war. President Roosevelt said he was naturally distressed at the size of the loss, but that sixty bombers was not too great a price to pay for a raid which accomplished as much as the Schweinfurt job did. General H. H. Arnold, chief of the Air Force, said in Washington that the success of the Schweinfurt mission, which is believed to have paralysed a major part of Germany's ball-bearing production, "will have a definite effect on German war economy within a reasonably short period of time—in some extremely important phases, within a month—and will result in the shortening of the war."

Criticism by the Newspaper Advisory Committee of the Office of War Information to the effect that Americans have been "inadequately informed about the war," led to one of the meatiest White House press conferences to be held in some time. To give the home front some little idea of what a big raid over Germany means, President Roosevelt revealed that 855 American planes carrying crews totalling 5,000 participated in the October 8th bombing of Bremen and Vegesack. It was the largest U. S. force ever to attack Europe from the air, he said, and it involved the expenditure of 1,000,000 gallons of gas, 25,000 gallons of oil, 2,500,000 pounds of bombs, and 2,750,000 rounds of ammo. The planes flew a total of 850,000 miles.

The President also reported to the nation that Jap ships have been sunk at the rate of 130,000 tons a month during the last six months and the good work has been accomplished "mostly by American submarines."

Mr. Roosevelt then took up the ticklish subject of the five senators—flatly branded "isolationists" by a substantial part of the Press—who recently returned from the war fronts of the world with harsh criticism of certain aspects of the way the U. S. is looking out for its interests abroad. One of the senators has claimed that a million American lives could be saved if Russia would give the U. S. air bases with which to bomb Japan. To this, the President replied that the U. S. could not reasonably or safely ask Russia for such bases at the present moment. That, he said, would be equivalent to asking Stalin to fight the Japs at a time when he needs everything he's got to throw at the Germans.

To the charge that American oil reserves had been poured into the Allied war effort while British supplies in the Middle East and nearer the battlefields went almost untouched, the President replied that had the use of oil been based strictly upon each of the nations' size and wealth there simply wouldn't have been enough fuel to keep the war machine going at full strength. Mr. Roosevelt concluded his conference with the observation that the five senators were, in a way, a damned nuisance but that in the long run they may have done some good by creating a general public discussion of important matters.

The *Chicago Sun* expressed the suspicion that the five senators have become victims of "scuttlebutt," explaining that this is a term the Marines use for the affliction of believing every wild tale one hears and that it is usually caused by prolonged exposure to gunfire.

ON the tax front, the sky continued cloudy and the forecast was storms. The only real progress made was by the House of Representatives which unanimously approved a bill to credit taxpayers next March with the amount they have already been nicked by the 5 per cent Victory Tax on pay rolls. The original plan in connection with this tax, which was recently repealed was that money collected by it would be refunded after the war; the House's bill would allow taxpayers to use the money for meeting 1943 income-tax obligations. Walter F. George, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, said he was in favor of a federal sales tax to get at the pocket-books of 9,000,000 persons who, he figured, have escaped the talons of Federal income-tax collectors since the repeal of the Victory Tax.

Coal mine owners, who have been sitting on the sidelines since May 1st when the government took possession of their property after a nation-wide strike, got their mines back. Harold L. Ickes, Federal Coal Mines Administrator, officially relinquished control of the pits, and right away 11,500 men in 25 mines in the Birmingham area of Alabama and others near Terre Haute, Ind., went on what was widely termed a wildcat protest strike. John L. Lewis, head of the United Mine Workers, who precipitated the strike last spring, asked the strikers to return to the mines immediately.

The Federal Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co., at Kearny, N.J., was practically closed by a strike of 6,000 workers protesting against the company's action in firing five shop stewards on a charge of having fomented a previous walkout. In Atlanta, Ga., a laundry strike made it necessary for the employes of a maternity hospital to do the institution's washing, which included 300 pairs of diapers a day. More than 150 policemen in Memphis, Tenn., threatened to strike for more pay, shorter hours, and reinstatement of two cops who got canned.

The O.P.A. prepared to ration coal to an estimated 100,000 buildings in New York City which were

Four inches more? They might have sent this market truck plunging into Darby Creek, Philadelphia, but the driver held his breath and climbed out uninjured.

Betty Anderson, 19, of Kansas City, Mo., met the shortage of elastic garters by cutting up a pair of gents suspenders, of which there are plenty lying idle.

without any means of heat. Mr. Ickes, doubling as Petroleum Administrator, announced that 360,000 barrels of oil were reaching the Atlantic seaboard by pipeline every day and that this figure should be increased to 700,000 barrels by next spring, but the OWI foresaw still less oil for the civilian. The quality of what little there was, said the OWI cheeringly, would get steadily worse.

Students at Bethany College, West Va., solved the fuel problem for the winter by discovering coal beneath their campus. The mine produced 500 tons in three days.

President Roosevelt asked Congress to approve promptly a bill which would repeal the Chinese exclusion act, saying: "I regard this legislation as important to the winning of the war and the establishing of a secure peace." He added that the bill "would correct an historic mistake by the United States and silence distorted Japanese propaganda." The President also gave his backing to a pending bill which would permit the immigration of 105 Chinese a year into the U. S. and allow Chinese now living in the country to become citizens.

It became known in Washington that during the year which ended last June 30, only 104,842 aliens entered the U. S.—the lowest number since 1863.

ALTOGETHER, since the outbreak of war, 114,359 members of the American armed forces have become casualties, according to figures released last week by the OWI. The figure includes 12,500 Philippine scouts. In the Army, with total casualties of 83,880, 11,153 have been killed, 27,696 wounded, 21,291 taken prisoner, and 23,740 are prisoners of war. In the Navy, where the total is 30,479, the detailed figures are: 11,739 dead, 5,376 wounded, 9,172 missing, and 4,192 taken prisoner.

United Air Lines began its first regularly scheduled flights of "flying freight cars" between New York and San Francisco. The planes are converted Douglas DC3s, each capable of carrying 6,000 pounds of air-express freight. . . . Another aviation "first" was established when two football squads arrived by glider and transport plane for games at Camp Mackall in North Carolina. The flying-gliding players represented North Carolina Navy Preflight, of Chapel Hill, North Carolina, and Duke University at Durham. . . . In Spokane, Wash., the Flying Fortress *Memphis Belle*, veteran of nine months of missions from the ETO to Europe and back, was sent to the Air Service Depot for well-earned and much-needed repairs.

After considerable deep thought and acrimony, house deputies of the Protestant Episcopal Church meeting in Cleveland, Ohio, turned thumbs down on a proposal which would have permitted divorced members of the church to remarry, subject to the approval of their diocesan bishops.

Charles Tinsley, seventeen-year-old worker at the Rock Island (Ill.) Arsenal, had long had an itch to drive a jeep. He got his hands on one last week and before he was through had smashed three civilian cars and lost his job. Uncle Sam will be able to use that boy next year.

The National Broadcasting Company announced that it will televise sports events in Madison Square Garden for the benefit of patients in Army and Navy hospitals in and near New York.

The dog-eared ration ticket—curse of every American housewife—is apparently doomed. The Osborne Register Co., in Cincinnati, Ohio, is now at work making 900,000,000 red and blue ration tokens and will have them in circulation by February. The bill, to be footed by Washington: $1,300,000. The tokens, slightly larger in diameter than a nickel yet thinner than a dime, are being made of layers of vulcanized fibre, specially treated so that they will glow under an ultra-violet light—a trick devised to make duplication difficult for counterfeiters. The blue tokens will be good for fruits and vegetables; the red ones for meat, butter and cheese.

Mrs. Colin P. Kelly, Jr., widow of the nation's first air hero in this war, plans to marry Navy Lt. Jay Watson Pedlow, a chemical engineer of Philadelphia.

Often get to wondering what happened to Tommy Manville and his seventh wife? Okay, here's what: The lady—nineteen-year-old Macie Marie ("Sunny") Ainsworth Moran Manville—arrived in Reno and was freed from the white-haired playboy after a 25-minute hearing, the longest time it's ever taken a Manville wife in the Nevada divorce mill. As she left the courtroom, the ex-Mrs. Manville smiled for the photographers and then rushed away, saying, "I must get to the bank." She knew what she was talking about, too, because a few minutes later she had deposited an $18,000 check, signed by Tommy, in her own account. Mere chickenfeed, to be sure.

In Los Angeles, Calif, Shirley Hassau, twenty-one-year-old blonde, sued Errol Flynn for $1,750 a month, charging that he is the father of her two-year old daughter. She also wanted $5,000 to pay her hospitalization expenses, $2,000 to meet court costs, and $10,000 for her lawyer. Flynn, who has heard that song before from a couple of other young ladies, sighed and said: "Any one with the $10.50 filing fee can sue any one, charging anything. Proving it is another thing."

The Washington Homestead Grays claimed the Negro World's Baseball Championship after defeating the Birmingham Black Barons, 8 to 4, at Montgomery, Ala.

Three former officials of the National Bronze and Aluminum Co. in Cleveland, Ohio, were sent to prison for ten years and fined $10,000 each after being found guilty of "sabotage by producing defective aircraft castings." . . . William Fonner, 52, of New York City, whose beard reaches well below his beltline, was taken into custody on suspicion of being a Nazi agent while he was snapping pictures in a military zone in Altoona, Pa. G-men combed his beard for hidden documents or photographs but were rewarded by only a couple of handfuls of dandruff.

Add World Series casualties: John "Beans" Reardon, National League umpire, is nursing a sprained finger incurred during a scuffle with a thief on the train which brought the teams from New York to St. Louis. Reardon was awakened by an intruder in his compartment and, finding that he was missing $300, made off after the guy, catching him in the aisle and prying him loose from the dough. The thief broke away, locked himself in the gents' washroom, and escaped through the window before the ump could jimmy the door open. "I had a terrible time," said Reardon, "trying to get back the cash and hold my pajama pants up at the same time."

For the second time, Daniel Donahue, doing a life stretch in Pennsylvania's Eastern Penitentiary, gave skin off his body to graft on to nine-year-old Evelyn Henderson in an effort to save her life. The little girl has been in Philadelphia Hospital for eleven months, suffering from burns.

BROADWAY was a-twitter with the news that Irving Berlin is going to bring the famous show, *This is the Army*, with its all-soldier cast to the ETO, on the invitation of Lt.-Gen. Jacob L. Devers, chief of the U.S. Army in Europe. *This is the Army, Mr. Jones* is only one of the hits from this wow musical which has been playing for nearly two years in the U.S. and has netted something like $5,000,000 for the relief of families of servicemen. . . . Jean Hersholt is giving up his film career for the duration in order to help the Government make training and propaganda pictures about his native Denmark.

Deanna Durbin, who is now twenty years old but whom most people think of as much younger, said that she is going to sue her 27-year-old husband, Lt. (j.g.) Vaughn Paul, for divorce on grounds of mental cruelty. The two were married in April, 1941, at which time the young bride, who already had earned something like a million dollars, said: "We shall love each other always and always." Lt. Paul was then, for a man of twenty-five, a reasonably successful film director. . . . Mrs. Dorothy DiMaggio, of Los Angeles, filed suit for a divorce from her husband, Joe, formerly the Yankee baseball star and now a sergeant in the Air Force. Mrs. DiMaggio wants Joe to pay her $500 a month for herself and an extra $150 for their two-year-old son.

Items: Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland are to be co-starred in M-G-M's film version of that old Billy Rose Hippodrome spectacle, *Jumbo*. . . . Sir Cedric Hardwicke will portray Henry Cabot Lodge, Sr., in Twentieth Century-Fox's forthcoming picture *Wilson*. . . . Olsen and Johnson's next Hollywood offering will be *Cornz-a-Poppin*. . . . Dudley Digges plays the part of a crotchety Russian grandfather in a film that's about due called *New Horizon*. . . . C.B.S. has acquired the first broadcast rights to Shostakhovitch "Eighth Symphony," which will be played by the New York Philharmonic. . . . Joe Kennedy, former ambassador to England, was the angel behind a comedy called *Another Love Story*, which opened last week on Broadway and got only tepid reviews. . . . Expectant mothers: Betty Grable, Gene Tierney, Brenda Marshall, and Alice Faye.

Top salaries paid in the U.S. last year: Louis B. Mayer, head of M-G-M, $949,765; E. G. Grace, head of Bethlehem Steel, $537,724; Ginger Rogers, $355,000; William Powell, $242,500; Ronald Colman, $203,333; Marlene Dietrich, $200,000; William Randolph Hearst, $200,000. Yes, but they don't get that 20 per cent extra for serving overseas.

Yanks at Home in the ETO

Two Yanks (neither of them, we understand, is Mickey Rooney) take a trip to Eton and meet a couple of the bhouys, dressed in the usual Eton jackets and toppers. The Yanks (both of them, we understand, are WACs) seem to be literally agog with excitement. High life always was hard on Pfcs., anyway.

Clouds With An Insane Lining

THE pony express is just in from the north country with a belated fragment of a World Series conversation between a couple of G.I.s stationed in a dankish fen up that way. It was the morning of the day the Yankees were scheduled to open in St. Louis, and the boys were not exactly sweating it out on K.P. when one of them turned to the other and asked, "How're you betting on the game this afternoon, Ed?" Ed put down the cabbage he was nursing, glanced at the sky, then picked up the cabbage again. "Don't guess they'll play," he said. "Looks like rain."

This Tight Little Isle

"It certainly is a blessing," writes our cherished Aunt Agnes, with her usual wartime determination to put first things first, "to know that at last you are going to have a friend to share your experiences in England with you. Freddie Stevens has just arrived over there and his mother says he is looking forward to seeing you again. Surely you remember Freddie—the little fellow who squashed your box-turtle in a door jamb that summer at Swampscott? He's still a private, his mother tells me, owing to a silly squabble he got into with some sergeant or general. Poor boy.

"Dear me, I find that I neglected to ask Mrs. Stevens for Freddie's address, but it probably doesn't matter. After all, England is such a *small* place, isn't it? Back home here we have to keep pinching ourselves to make us bear that fact in mind. Likely as not, you and Freddie have already run across each other—as people will at tea time in London—and are making plans for rooming together. Won't that be nice!"

Pinch yourself no more, dear Auntie. On the map, when compared to a number of places where we're happy to say we ain't, England may seem to be no great shakes in the matter of size, but this, we are convinced, is all a cartographer's hoax. After travelling from a northern town to a southern town in an unheated third-class compartment (swaddled at night in a morsel of grimy gauze the conductor insisted on calling a blanket), we are ready to believe that distances here dwarf anything this side of the Gobi Desert.

As for Freddie, strangely enough, we have yet to come across him at tea time, but that's probably just because we don't drink tea (not when we can get coke or coffee, anyway) and we doubt very much if Freddie does, either. Come to think of it, we haven't met Freddie at any other time, and, since he is presumably wearing O.D.s and should therefore be easy to spot, we can only conclude that he is deliberately dodging us. Of course, it could be that Freddie has not yet succeeded in patching up that little difficulty between himself and his sergeant or general, in which case he may be finding it difficult to get down to London quite as often as he would like.

Meanwhile, the memory of that box-turtle's fate still rankles. In fact, the more we think about it the more inclined we are to cancel that request to our C.O. to let us go room with Freddie.

Strange Interlude

A fellow we know who has been stuck out in one of the boskier dells hereabouts for longer than he cares to—or, for that matter, can—remember, went to bed right after chow the other Saturday night, figuring that if he stayed put he might get his feet warm by Monday morning. He had a pass, you see, but had spent some of his dough on Christmas presents and lost the rest in a crap game, and anyway he figured that bed's the warmest place to be until they start running the Gulf Stream again. So he was lying there, staring at the ceiling and wondering what Caesar ever found so attractive about England, when suddenly from two or three cots away there came a voice. "Yeah," it said, "the food's all right in most Red Cross clubs, except sometimes they won't give you seconds on cabbage."

Our friend got up early Sunday morning and took a long brisk walk, breathing deeply with every stride. Then he had a big breakfast with plenty of fruit, did his laundry, and wrote to his folks. Finally he set out for church, stopping only briefly in the latrine to comb a few stray bits of Section 8 out of his hair.

The Ambassador

Among our friends, who include all sorts of people, there is one we know, a very intellectual Pfc. whose adventures in the Army always have for us a rare and beautiful fascination.

After the usual Oriental intrigue with the company clerk, Streather (our friend) secured a three-day pass from his particular salt-mine to visit, as you might guess, Oxford. There he looked forward to sharing a cup of tea and a slice of spam with an obscure Welsh poet who believed in reincarnation. Happy with this not so distant prospect of literature and old Gothic, he took off early one morning for an easy six-mile hike along dew-drenched lanes to the nearest railway station. While he dawdled on the platform, he noticed, even as you and I, the figure—and he later said it was quite a *nice* figure—of an unmistakably American girl. There was no mistake, because she was a corporal in the WACs. Recoiling at sight of the second stripe, Streather hastily looked the other way. He saw his train coming down the line.

When that great roaring monster had thundered to a stop, our friend quickly spied about for a compartment free of too-familiar uniforms. The one he chose appeared reassuringly safe. There was an old lady in a very curious hat, a little boy with a teddy bear, and two British officers, one a major with a monocle, and the other a RAF squadron leader, who was smoking a pipe. Streather leaned back and relaxed with an almost audible sigh of relief. Just as he was calling himself a damn lucky private first class, there was a commotion at the door, and Streather, to his horror, saw the WAC bearing down on him. She flung herself on the opposite seat with gasps of deep southern joy, stepping, as she did so, on poor Streather's beautifully polished civilian shoes. That young man did the only thing he could do. He accepted her excuses with frostbitten New England silence. To discourage any attempts at conversation, he buried himself in a poetry anthology, which by happy accident contained a discreet number of his own poems.

Streather was about to reread for the third time one of his better sonnets, when suddenly the WAC went into action.

"It's terribly stuffy in here," she said to no one else but our friend. "Why don't you open the window?"

There was no escape. After all, she was a corporal, and he, alas, was only a Pfc., so Streather did as he was told. While he struggled with the window, the British watched him with remote curiosity. When the glass fell with a bang and the wet, cold air was free to invade the compartment, Streather sat down and took up his book.

"Thank you," his fair acquaintance said. "Pipe smoke is so heavy, don't you think?" She looked square at the squadron leader. Streather wished that the War Department had thought longer before inventing the WAC.

"What's the book?" she went on, this time giving him no chance to retreat.

"Poetry," he said fiercely.

"Gosh, you—all read a lot over here," she said, adding in a sweet, mad voice, "you British."

Now it must be admitted that our friend *does* have an accent. It is something he has worked over for a long time. One part Harvard, one part Noel Coward, and one part vivid imagination. Still, accent or not, there was no getting away, and how well he knew it, from the fact of being a Pfc. in the U. S. Army. After all, the corporal should, Streather thought, find something oddly familiar about his uniform.

"What?" he said, wondering if she could be a spy.

"I suppose," his superior continued in a bright, confident tone, "it's because your transportation is so slow. I mean, it helps to pass the time—books do."

Streather looked at his own book as if it were a bomb, ready to go off any moment. He did not dare to wonder what would happen next.

"Have you been to Westminster Abbey?" the WAC asked him with superb disregard for continuity. Streather admitted he had.

"I don't like it," she said, smiling gaily both at him and at the major, whose monocle fell with a flop from his eye.

"Why?" Streather felt himself compelled to ask. She answered him at once, her smile even gayer and more inclusive.

"Because," she said, "because it's so old."

The next time we saw Streather, drinking heavily in a pub, we bought a beer and moved over to join him.

"Hi, *old fellow*," we said.

It took us a long time to calm him down.

Yep, that's Maxie Baer. Only now he's Cpl. Baer, a physical instructor in the Fourth Air Service Command. Here he shows GIs at Tinker Field, Okla., the fine art of wrestling as Brother Buddy (right) looks on.

SPORTS: IMAGINE, LOMBARDI'S AFRAID OF CROWDS!

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

You probably won't believe it, but Ernie Lombardi, the Giants' catcher, was rejected for military service because an Army psychiatrist said he was afraid of crowds! Maybe, as somebody has suggested, that psychiatrist ought to go to a psychiatrist. . . . Al Schacht, the baseball funny man, is back home from his overseas tour with this observation: "All the German prisoners looked alike to me. They all look like umpires." . . . Max Baer says his corporal's pay is only peanuts to him because he draws $1,000 a month from those annuities he bought when he was champ. Baer, by the way, has another son, making a total of two little Baers. . . . The Giants have offered Lefty Gomez a contract for next year. . . . Babe Dahlgren of the Phillies was probably the most versatile man in the majors this year. He played first, second, third, short and even caught a few games.

This is one of the better stories on Bronko Nagurski, who returns to pro football this year with the Chicago Bears. During the Minnesota-Pittsburgh game, a Pitt lineman collided with The Bronk and suffered a broken collar bone. The next week end, the Pitt team was on the road and the injured lineman was taken along just for the ride. The train made a sudden stop, shaking up all the passengers and tossing luggage all over the car. The injured lineman became panicky and ran up and down the aisle, yelling: "Run for your lives! It's Nagurski!"

Jumping Joe Savoldi, the former heavyweight wrestling champion and one of Knute Rockne's All-Americans at Notre Dame, has turned up in the Mediterranean Theater as commander of a PT boat. Just before the armistice with Italy was signed, his craft sank a 6,000-ton Italian transport. . . . Herman Hickman, Army's ponderous 300-pound line coach, is another ex-All-American (Tennessee) who was persuaded to go into professional wrestling after leaving college. But he's proud of one distinction. "I was never forced to become the champion," he boasts. . . . Take it from Dizzy Dean, the Army made "a tremendous boner" when they rejected him because of a punctured eardrum. "If they had only tooken me in," Dizzy said, "this here war would be over in less time than I ever spent listening to a speech by Branch Rickey."

The idea of taking two teams of major-league players to entertain the GIs in the South Pacific Theater isn't new. In fact, it's as old as the last war. In 1918 John McGraw was organizing two all-star teams to tour France when the armistice came along and canceled his plans. Judge Landis, who is responsible for the current tour, says he doesn't know who first thought up the idea. "Take the Washington Stadium here," he told YANK's Washington correspondent, "fill up the bleachers and seats and put someone on every lap. Then fill up the field and stand someone on every man's shoulders and then you get an idea of the number of people who say they thought it up first. The only thing I'm sure of is that it wasn't me."

The Kentucky Derby is still a long way off, but you might paste the name of Ben Jones' colt Pensive in your cap for future reference. He can fly around other horses just like Whirlaway used to do. . . . Don't be surprised if the big leagues decide to call it quits after this season. That new pre-Pearl Harbor father-draft law figures to wreck just about every team in the majors. . . . The Navy football team might turn out to be the real stunner in the East. A couple of patriotic congressmen have just appointed Don Whitmire, an All-Southeastern Conference tackle from Alabama, and Don Jenkins, another Alabama player, to Annapolis. . . . Col. Gar Davidson, one of West Point's best known football coaches, is serving on Gen. Patton's Seventh Army staff in Sicily.

Maybe somebody can tell the Poster Lameducks, an Aleutian softball team, whether they really hold the worst record of any team in or out of Alaska. "We finished in a tie for last place in our post league, losing 22 straight games, 19 of them by shutouts," they write. "We had the bases loaded 18 times without scoring. While our pitchers limited the opponents to an average of six hits per game, the rest of the club averaged 10 errors per game, which more than evened things up." . . . And from Camp Livingston, La., there comes a challenge for any camp to top this record: "Our baseball team ended the season with 39 victories against 9 losses. It won the Louisiana Semi-Professional championship and the championship of the USO Alexandria Military League. The 113th Engineers, representing our camp, copped the Southwest regional softball championship at New Orleans, winning that title without dropping a game in the tournament."

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Lt. Mickey Cochrane (center) gives his Great Lakes baseball squad a send-off as they leave for a new base in the East. L. to r.: Glenn McQuillen, Browns; Lt. Comdr. Cook, athletic officer; John Mize, Giants; Eddie Pellagrini, Louisville Colonels; Bob Harris, Athletics; Lt. Cochrane; George Dickey, White Sox; Barney McCoskey, Tigers; Johnny Schmitz, Cubs; Leo Nonnenkamp, Kansas City Blues; Vern Olsen, Cubs, and Joe Grace, Browns.

Sgt. Enos Slaughter, who helped the Cardinals win the World Series last year, spent his last furlough around the St. Louis dugout. Here he talks with Manager Southworth just before the World Series.

THE SAD SACK

"SLEEP"

© SGT. GEORGE BAKER

Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.

ARTIE GETS SHOT

"COME on over while they fill me full of goims," Artie Greengroin said.

"What germs?" we wanted to know.

"How the hell should I know what goims?" said Artie. "To me, one goim is very much like another goim. I ain't one to draw the line between types. All I know is I got a order to report for a shot this afternoon. In ten minutes from now, as a matter of fack."

"We'll go along," we said. We felt morbid that afternoon.

As we walked toward the dispensary Artie seemed nervous. He took his fag in short puffs and blew the smoke out hard.

"You seem upset, old boy," we said.

"A Greengroin is never upset," said that stalwart. "The oney thing that bothers me is that I got that "I been here before" feeling. Ever sinct I come in this gawdam Army they been shoving needles in me biceps. It was awmost the foist thing they ever done to me, and it'll probly be the lass thing, too. They's no percentage in it, ole boy. Right now I'm a walking goim factory. I been a walking goim factory for years."

"Do you feel any the worse for it?" we asked.

"It beat me," said Artie. "I forgot how I felt when I was a civilian. I can say one thing, though. I don't feel any better. For gaw's sake, they stuffed me with goims I never even hoid of. Wass cholera, anyways?"

"A disease you get in the Orient," we said.

"So thass what cholera is," said Artie. "Then they wasted a lot of goims on me. I ain't in the Orient. I'm in the English Isle."

"They may send you to the Orient some day," we said.

"Aw, they don't need ole Artie over there," said Ole Artie. "They got plenny of guys there awready. Look, maybe I can fox this guy into not giving me no goims."

"We wouldn't," we said.

"Thass because you ain't got no moral strength," Artie said.

We went up to the third floor of the dispensary. Here we found a small, white room, filled with cabinets, instruments, and a small, busy private. As we came in the private, who was writing something on a large sheet of paper, looked up.

"Hello, me good fellow," said Artie. "I been tole to report here for a shot. Obviously something's wrong. I had all me shots long ago."

"Thass what they all say," said the private. "They all had their shots long ago."

"Look up me record and give it a check," Artie said.

"I don't have to look up yer record and give it a check," the private said. "If they sent you here, this is where they want yer. What kine of shot you want?"

"Nobody tole me," said Artie. "Probly they made a mistake in the man anyways."

"How the hell can I give you a shot if I don't know what shot they want you shot with?" the private said.

"You can't, ole boy," said Artie.

The private considered the situation for a minute. "Yerse, I can," he said finally. "I'll jess give you all the shots."

"No you won't neither," said Artie. "It's illegal."

"Anything is legal in the war," said the private.

"THEY'S a small matter of a stripes on me sleeve," said Artie. "I don't like to pull rank, but if I got to, I can."

"Where medical treatment is concoined," said the private, "they's no such a thing as rank. And besides, they's a small matter of a full major in the next office, and this full major is guaranteed by the Articles of War to back up all me dictums."

"Sinct you put it that way," said Artie, "gimme the shots. All I got to say is, don't ever let me catch you in a dark road."

The private, who was busy getting out his needles, stopped what he was doing. "You want these goims to go in shallow or deep. Because if you don't keep a civil tongue in yer head, ya rummy, I'll scrape yer gawdam bones on both yer gawdam arms."

Artie's mouth dropped six inches. "I'm mum," he finally managed to say. "Go ahead."

The private picked up one of his needles. "Now this," he said, "is a spot of the ole tetanus protection. It saves yer from coming down with lockjaw and getting yer jaw locked."

"Ow!" yelled Artie.

"I slipped," said the private. He picked up another needle. "Now this one is the typhus one," he said. "You don't have to worry about typhus when a load of this is running up and down yer stummick."

"Geez!" said Artie.

"I slipped again," said the private. "Lass night I had a bad night. I drunk beer lass night. Now, how's to a little yellow fever?"

"It don't matter now," Artie said.

"Okay," the private said. "I'll try it on a new arm. The ole arm looks a little sore. Thass what I get for being too enthusiastic in me woik."

Artie said nothing.

"I ain't going to tell yer what goims I'm putting in this arm," said the private. "It would jess make you worry."

"Ouch!" cried Artie.

"Now you see how easy it is," said the private. "I jess got one more to trun inter yer arm, and then you can be as free as the wind. No more worries. Nothing. You probly won't see me again for six months, at leass."

"Help!" said Artie.

The private began to wipe his needles. "Thass all, chum," he said. "Yer a free man now. All yer worries is over."

"Thass nice," Artie said weakly.

"Oney one thing," said the private. "Don't lap up no lagers ternight. And if you feel funny later on, let me recommend you to our base horsepital. It's modern, up to date, neatly furnished."

"Was you a doctor before the war?" Artie asked in a trembling voice.

"Naw, I was a salesman," the private said.

We led Artie away.

Mail Call

LET IT SOUND OFF YOUR IDEAS

And Who Remembers Capone?

Dear YANK:

It isn't very often that I protest anything I read in YANK, but sometimes even the most docile reach the point where patience no longer rules. I refer you, rather gently, to the following two paragraphs which appeared, one right after the other, in the "News From Home" section of your Oct. 3rd issue:

> Police also raided a gambling house in Chicago and fancy Upper East Side, and discovered the names and phone numbers of 250 girls.
>
> Police raided a gambling house in Chicago and arrested 72 patrons after making the interesting discovery that the customers had checked 60 knives in the cloak room.

I must say that your idea of news from home reaches a new low in reading value. Not only that, but I wonder where this "Upper East Side" is that you refer to. I've lived there all my life and never heard of any such place in Chicago!

In printing such items (and honestly, now, do you believe that stuff about the knives yourselves?) you should bear in mind that YANK is read by countless Britons, the majority of whom think that Chicago is still going through its gangsterism era.

Yours for more of the straight dope and less of just dope straight.

Pvt. THEODORE A. GOLDBERG

Britain.

[It just might be that there are still two gambling houses left in Pvt. Goldberg's Chicago, and then again it might be that printers can err. Or, as Fats Waller would say, one never know, do one——eh, Goldie, old fellow?—Ed.]

Odd Notes From The Cemetery

Dear YANK:

On page 15 of the Oct. 17th issue of YANK there is a picture with the caption "Street Scene, Brooklyn" giving the address as 1775 East 18th Street, and the comment that the "Greengroins live a mere four blocks away."

I've been takin' it on the chin in grim silence ever since I let my buddies know that I was Brooklyn born and Brooklyn bred, but this is too much. I happen to have lived the major portion of my life (except for various Army camps and my present sojourn in the ETO) in the section of B'klyn directly referred to in the picture, and I assure you that there are no such characters within a couple of square miles of the neighbourhood, even vaguely familiar in any way whatsoever to Pfc. Artie Greengroin.

I'm sure you must have made some error, or, perhaps your information was incorrect as all of Artie Greengroin's kin live either in the "Greenpernt" or "Williamsboig" sections of the borough (if living in B'klyn at all), and as you certainly don't want to give your many readers the wrong impression of our beautiful borough, I know you will make an adequate statement of correction in one of your future issues.

Incidentally, I'm fully in favour of the P.W.D.B.A.G.T.D., and if Pvt. M. I. Root has any extra B.B.B.B. service ribbons on hand I would indeed feel honored to display same along with our own ribbon worn by members of the K.A.G.A.F.B. Committee (Keep Artie Greengroin Away From Brooklyn) of which I am proud chairman.

A PROUD BROOKLYNITE,
Pfc. Eddie Singer

Britain.

The Position of YANK

Dear YANK:

For quite a while now I've had the pleasure to read your pleasant and enlightening mag.

The first things I do when I get a mag. is to hunt out "Sad Sack," "G.I. Joe," Artie Greengroin and "Mail Call."

To "Sad Sack" I send my heartfelt sympathy. To my pal Artie, I say, "Cheer up, mate, you could be in Burma!"

But it is in "Mail Call" that I have my interest. In "Mail Call" I've read:

1. Girls praising the Yanks.
2. Girls running the Yanks down.
3. Yanks praising English people.
4. Yanks running Englishmen down.

So in the end I don't know where the hell I'm at, and to make matters worse, I'll add my piece.

ARTIE F., ACI., R.A.F.

Britain.

[Where in hell you're at is in the midst of objective journalism which allows people to shoot off their mouths as they see fit.]

News From Home

Dear YANK:

I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed your YANK paper way off in Minneapolis, Minnesota. I have a brother who is a corporal from North Dakota in the service in England and he has forwarded your magazine to me. His name is Chester L. Nowak and he has been in your country for fourteen months.

I will look forward to seeing more of YANK papers and we think it a great paper.

LUDWIK NOWAK

Minneapolis, Minn.

Our Own Uplift Society

Dear YANK:

We have been great supporters of your magazine published for the U. S. forces and take particular interest in "Sad Sack" and "News From Home," and the most outstanding thing to my knowledge is the back cover, which seems to be slightly more prominent than the main front cover.

Coming to my point quickly. Concerning the YANK edition of Sept. 19, 1943. I am not proud to send this edition to friends or home folks, and I don't stand alone in this matter. The *cartoon* in the

"PSST, HARRY—ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE USO?" —Pfc. William Scott

upper left-hand corner on the back cover by Scott with the inscription: "Psst, Harry—are you sure this is the USO?" is most immoral and degrading and not worthy to be sent to my friends. There are other immoral infringements, supposed to be clever puns, cartoons, etc. Can the editor or someone clean out this common stuff and elevate the "Good ol' YANK"?

Pvt. G. W. MILLER

Britain.

Hospitality

Dear YANK:

I am taking the liberty of writing to you, not as a regular reader of your mag. as I am not a soldier of the United States Forces, but merely as an interested Britisher who has read quite a number of your editions through the courtesy of a friend of mine who numbers amongst her friends an American soldier.

Now that the dark winter evenings are coming again and the old fireside looms up as the best place to spend an hour or so, perhaps you could enlighten me as to the best way to invite an American boy round.

ARTHUR S. HUDSON

Britain.

[The best idea is to call the special service officer of your nearest unit.]

Dear YANK:

We five G.I. Janes want to know why YANK Magazine publishes so many Pin-Up Girls for the G.I. Joes and not one G.I. Glamour Boy for the WACs.

We like to decorate our barracks, too. How about that stuff?

Cpl. RUBY NEWELL
Cpl. BONNIE BUYTAS
Cpl. BETTY HAMILTON
Pfc. AUGUSTA WHITE
Pvt. MARGIE STUMPF

Britain.

[About that stuff: For our money, every American soldier is a pin-up and YANK is full of pictures of American soldiers, so why don't you pin them up and just decorate your barracks *beautifully*.]

A Crime What Was Done

Dear YANK:

I have just returned from a pass I had, and while I was at the Liberty, A.R.C. Club, I found a picture there that had been torn.

Now, I wonder who is the guy that done this; he ought to be ashamed of himself for tearing up a pretty picture like this.

I would like to know who she is.

Sgt. DODSON

Britain.

Spam, Sgts. And Stuff

Dear YANK:

Having been over here long enough to observe the "Spam" letters, and the cycle about "Joe's" whose initials were "G.I." and other such oddities you pick up if you don't watch what you're reading, and expecting to stay over here long enough to watch a few more cycles of oddities wheel by, I herewith pin myself up on the dart board of your "letters" page.

Here's the dope. I am laying plenty of 9 to 10, that I am the only "Joe" in the ETO who has held six (6) ranks in the same theater, without a demotion, and still stand before you, a Sergeant,

"BUCK" Sgt. RICHARD POIRIER

Britain.

Democracy Unadulterated

Dear YANK:

I regret to say this is another letter denouncing the behaviour of U. S. men in the company of English girls.

I and my friends have met Americans at Red Cross dances and those given at their camps. Every time we have been treated with the most insulting, degrading manner such as only a street girl deserves and expects.

As well-bred girls desirous of meeting worth-while acquaintances and all that stands for decency, we persevere to contact wholesome, interesting people from the land I, for one, had the great ambition to visit some time.

Where are those with honour and self-respect and who have the same ideals as all decent-living people? Are we to find that, with the departure of Americans from this country, there is no such thing as sincere, clean friendship from them?

We can only feel deeply sorry for American women now being dishonoured and equally insulted to the extreme by the misbehaviour of their men overseas.

U. S. men—you are fine fellows away from the company of your opposite sex. Buck up and show your right side to us girls, too.

DISAPPOINTED

Britain.

A La Russe

Dear YANK:

Your story on the Russian soldier was something I have been looking for for a long time. We have been hearing what a wonderful hero the Russian soldier is, how he defends his home, etc., but no one has ever got down to brass tacks and pointed out he is a human being also. I was surprised to find out the Russian thinks like us and acts like us.

Pfc. JOE SMITH

Britain.

YANK is published weekly by the Enlisted Men of the U. S. Army.

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Pictures: 1, ACME. 2, top, INP; center left, U.S. Coast Guard; center right, ACME; bottom left, U.S. Navy; bottom right, PA. 3, U.S. Coast Guard. 4, ACME. 5, top, Keystone; bottom, Pfc. Joe Goebbels. 6, Pfc. Joe Goebbels. 7, top, Pfc. Joe Goebbels; bottom, OWI. 8, U.S. Army Air Force. 9, Cpl. Joe Cunningham. 11, top, Keystone; bottom, ACME. 12, top and center, Tenth Air Force; lower left and right, AAF. 13, Sgt. Bob Ghio. 14, top, ACME; bottom, PA. 15, left, INP; right, ACME. 16, U.S. Signal Corps. 17, Sid Avery. 18, top, Pro. Tinker Field, Okla.; bottom, PA. 21, U.S. Signal Corps. 22 and 23, Sgt. Bob Ghio.

CRASH LANDING

The Crash Wagon

THE sky was empty. From horizon to horizon it stretched, clear, blue and vacant. Yet the two hundred men, standing on the hard-packed surface of the landing field in England, stared into the far reaches of the air. Somewhere out there a Flying Fortress was coming home. Or *should* be coming home.

The rest of the squadron was in. One by one they had circled the field and made their landings. The crews had climbed out of their ships and had been mobbed by their ground crews. This was the way it always had been when the Fightin' Bitin' squadron came back.

Gloom descended on the spectators. Planes had not come back before, but this was something different. The one that had not returned this time was the Connecticut Yankee, piloted by Lieutenant Immanuel J. Klette. The failure of any ship to return would have sent the men back to their Nissen huts in a low state of mind, but it just couldn't happen to Klette. He'd done things with a Fort that had never been done before. He was one of the hottest pilots ever to hit the base. He had practically established a record by completing 20 missions in four months. He applied for permission to keep on with combat flying after he completed his tour of duty. And this was his last mission. *Should* have been his last. Perhaps *had* been his last mission . . .

What makes a bomber pilot? No one can really say. It is a combination of many things, of vices and virtues, of background and environment, of desire and determination. In the case of Immanuel Klette, perhaps being normal made a bomber pilot.

Not a man left the field. Flight control officers looked anxiously out of the windows of the control tower and scanned the horizon. A colonel paced up and down the balcony outside the tower, his eyes intent on the ground. Pilots who had come back stood by their ships, staring in the direction from which they had come. Nobody had heard from Klette. Nobody knew where he was. He was somewhere up in the sky or somewhere down on the ground. Wherever he was, he was in trouble. Most of them had, at one time or another, been through the same thing themselves.

A staff sergeant came up to one of the groups. "Anybody heard from Klette?" he asked.

Nobody had.

Somewhere around a quarter of a century ago a young man by the name of Karl Klette came to America from Germany. With him he brought a deep love of God and a deep hatred for Prussian autocracy. He went to the Middle West, took his theological training there, became a Lutheran minister and married. On his first-born son he bestowed the name of Immanuel. Named him for the philosopher, Immanuel Kant.

A great sudden shout went up from the men on the field. Off in the distance, seeming to limp over the trees, was a plane. But it was coming in as no Fort had ever come in before. It was flying at a 45-degree angle, with its left wing pointing obliquely toward the ground.

"It's Klette," someone yelled. "Klette coming in ass backwards."

From the day that young Immanuel began to understand the meaning of words he was taught to despise all that his father despised in the German system—the rigidity, the hardness, the coldness. And he was taught to understand the significance of the freedom his father had found in America. He was young when he learned that to have freedom you must fight for it.

The Connecticut Yankee at that moment wasn't the worst junkpile ever brought home by a Fightin' Bitin' man, but it was bad enough. Engines number 3 and 4 had received direct hits by flak, and flak had also hit the ship underneath, on the belly, and had gone through the ball turret, slightly wounding the ball turret gunner in the hand, then penetrated the nose of the ship. There was a hole a foot square where a shell had finally emerged after coming up through the open bomb bay doors after the bombs had been dropped. The right horizontal stabilizer had been hit. The life rafts had been smashed. The radio had been knocked out. The compass was out.

Klette's number 4 engine had been knocked out just before he started her on the bomb run, and the bombs had gotten away on three engines. Number 3 engine died a minute or so after the Connecticut Yankee left the target. From then on it was touch and go. The ship was knocked out of formation. Klette had to have his tail gunner keep him informed of the other groups of Forts coming on, and he managed to stay under them, thus getting temporary cover. All the rest of the gunners were ordered into the radio room, in order to get as much weight forward as possible.

Half-way across the Channel he ordered all the ammunition thrown out. He tried to send distress signals. Couldn't. He tried for QDM. No luck. As he neared the coast of Britain he had to rely entirely on the navigator's land reckoning.

Back in the ship, the waist gunner was T/Sgt. Stephen H. Holleman. He was a pal of Klette's. It was his last mission, too, and he had asked permission to go on the Connecticut Yankee. Klette spoke to him over the intercom. "Scared, Steve?"

"No," said Holleman.

"I'm going to bring you in, Steve," Klette said.

And he did. He transferred gas from his right wing to his left, just managed to slip past London's balloon barrage, and came over the trees where the two hundred men assembled on the ground saw him.

The crippled plane came sliding over the field, flying at 2,500 feet. Klette's number 3 and 4 engines were out, dead and gone, with the propellors feathered. Numbers 1 and 2 were holding the ship up—nothing else.

Long before most Americans realized the dangers of that dark hydra that had reared up over Europe and blotted out the sun—National Socialism, as preached by one Adolf Hitler—Dr. Karl Klette was thumping his pulpit and warning his congregations. The words of the father burned into the mind of the son. And in the case of Immanuel Klette, the answer to the question of what makes a good pilot can perhaps be found in a beginning such as this.

The Connecticut Yankee circled to the right. The ship was unable to make a left turn because of the damaged engines. Klette started to point in toward the field. As he did a burst of flame came from his number 1 engine.

On the control tower balcony the colonel was doing as much flying as Klette. "Bail out, boy," he yelled.

It was a solid foundation for a life, that which Dr. Klette had taught his son. And then he proceeded to see that his son got a better than average education. Immanuel took his undergraduate collegiate work at Gettysburg College. In 1939, his senior year, he was elected president of the student body. Also president of his class. Also president of his fraternity, Tau Kappa Epsilon. After Gettysburg, he went on to Columbia to take graduate work in finance and banking, working toward a Master's degree. The Army found him there.

No parachutes appeared from the stricken ship. She still lumbered along on her one engine, dipping a little lower, losing a little more altitude.

Immanuel Klette was among the first draftees of 1941. He was sent to Fort Bragg, where he trained with the Fightin' Ninth Division. Infantry.

CONTROL TOWER TO SHIP: Do you know your engine's on fire?

Immanuel Klette applied for transfer to the Air Force as a cadet, and within five days he was accepted. He had been in the Fightin' Ninth a year to a day.

PILOT TO CONTROL TOWER (laconically): Yeah, I know all about it. Clear the field for a crash landing.

Immanuel Klette had always wanted to fly a bomber. They gave him one.

The colonel kept flying the ship for Klette. "Easy, boy," he muttered. "Take it easy."

His body moved with the movement of the plane.

Immanuel Klette carried a Latin motto around with him. NAM ET IPSA SCIENTIA POTESTAS EST. Knowledge is power. *He learned to know Forts inside out.*

He sideslipped the Fort and put the fire out. He cut his remaining engine. Then he landed the Connecticut Yankee with no motors at all and with one flat tire.

The colonel mopped his face. "That was the most beautiful landing I ever made," he said.

And Immanuel Klette came to the ETO last March, to the Fightin' Bitin' Squadron.

The crew of the Connecticut Yankee came out of their ship. Klette had a shy grin on his face. He ran his fingers through his tow-colored hair. "I guess I bounced a couple of times," he said.

Klette doesn't like to walk home from crash landings. He has a lot to say on that subject.

ITEM: "If you know your plane, you save yourself a lot of grief."

ITEM: "If you know exactly what your plane can and can't do, and if you've got a crew that has good air discipline and will do what you say quickly and without hesitation, you've won half the battle."

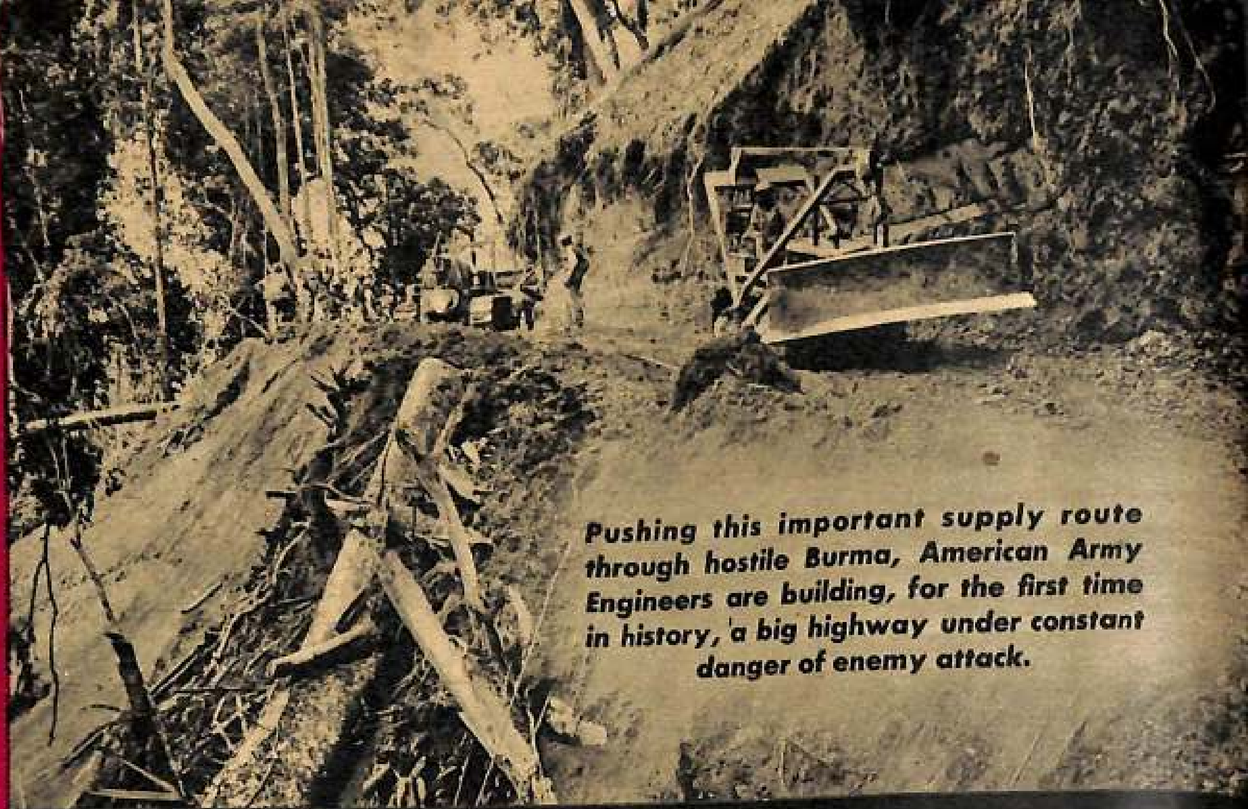
ITEM: "A bombardier I know lost his head one time when his ship was in a tight spot. He hit the silk before he got the word from the pilot. The plane got back all right. He ended up in a German prison camp. It was his 25th mission, too."

ITEM: "The Fightin' Bitin' is an Air Force all by itself. That's what pulls us back."

That last item is interesting. When Klette came to the ETO and landed with the Fightin' Bitin' he came into a nest of hot pilots. It had a record that its men argued was second to none. The Record, they called it, and it was what they lived by. And The Record was what Klette came to live by, too. When he brought the Connecticut Yankee in on no motors and a flat tire, he was living by The Record. It was a symbol of the fierce pride that the Fightin' Bitin' took in itself. It was the pride of men who were veteran bomber pilots, who had gone out on some of the toughest raids over Europe, knowing that, come hell or high water, they were going to get back. Until the raid on Kiel, the Fightin' Bitin' had completed 41 consecutive raids without the loss of a ship.

Sgt. JACK HORNER

ROAD TO TOKYO



Pushing this important supply route through hostile Burma, American Army Engineers are building, for the first time in history, a big highway under constant danger of enemy attack.

This picture ought to give you an idea of what the men building "The Road to Tokyo" are up against. Literally, they're carving a road out of the side of this mountain.

Map locates two roads (under construction) connecting India with the Burma Road. The "Tokyo Road" is the short route through Burma.

By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

ON THE ROAD TO TOKYO—All that separated the bulldozer from Burma soil was a red-white-and-blue ribbon. Over on the Burma side, a company of U. S. Negro engineers stood in formation in the deepening twilight. A cold rain spattered the American flag planted on the dividing line between India and Burma.

When the 12-foot blade of the big D-7 sheared the tri-colored ribbon, Lt. Col. Ferdinand J. Tate's .45 blasted out a salute. The bugler sounded off with "To the Colors" and officers and men saluted their flag—on Burma soil 3,800 feet above sea level. "The Road to Tokyo" had passed its first international boundary.

Cpl. Phil Proctor, Mitchellville, Md., and Capt. John Callan, Bronx, N. Y., sink dynamite charge.

That brief military ceremony marked the completion of the first phase of an engineering feat that rivals the Alaska Military Highway as the war's outstanding construction job. Carved out of the mountainous jungles of India and Burma, "The Road to Tokyo" may become the new supply line to China. Along the road may travel the weapons, materials and men for the coming United Nations' all-out offensive in Burma and China.

Starting in the Assam jungles in northeastern India, "The Road to Tokyo" twists up and over the foothills of the Himalaya mountains to its first international boundary on the Burma border. Plans call for it to continue on across many more miles of mountains and jungles to meet the old Burma Road, still in Japanese possession. Much of the area between the Burma border and the Burma Road is also in enemy hands. Chinese, British and American troops must drive back the Japs before a junction of "The Road to Tokyo" with the old Burma Road can be effected.

Officially, the new military highway from India to China is not known as "The Road to Tokyo." That's just what it was christened by the hard-working Negro engineer regiments that hewed it out of solid rock-masses 100 yards long and carried it up over mountain ranges that rise as much as 1,000 feet in two miles. But the soldiers who built the road figured they had the right to name it. So it's "The Road to Tokyo" and they've posted signs bearing the name.

An enemy force of 200 was beaten off recently by Chinese troops attempting a reconnaissance in the muddy, jungle country through which the new road runs. The Chinese soldiers, veterans of the 1942 Burma campaign, had been rehabilitated and trained at a Chinese-American center in India. They had been guarding the approaches to the new road for several months and had engaged in a half-dozen minor patrol skirmishes, but this was their heaviest action to date. Led by Lt. L. J. Ten Sun, a graduate of Virginia Military Institute, the Chinese fought back the attacking force and hammered its communication lines during the withdrawal.

Because of the ever-present threat of enemy attack, all U.S. troops working on the new road keep their guns within reach at all times. Jap air raids are another constant possibility.

Maj. Gen. Raymond Wheeler, commanding officer of the Tokyo highway project, tells an amusing story of the danger of his men meeting Jap patrols.

Two jack-hammer operators were working all alone up near "The Point." One mentioned the latest latrine rumor on how close the Japs were and asked what two lone American soldiers could do if they were suddenly jumped by an enemy patrol party. He wanted to know what his buddy would do against such odds.

"Well," the second soldier replied calmly, "I'd keep shootin' until all my bullets was used up.

Then I'd pull out my razor and cut my way out."

Oddly enough, a battalion of aviation engineers cut the original track through the dense mountainous jungles of this part of India and Burma. Brought in to construct U.S. airfields in Assam, the Air Corps engineers were pressed into service as road builders after they had finished their original assignment of building runways and dispersal areas.

UNDER the direction of Col. Tate, a 28-year-old officer from Eunice, La., the aviation engineers undertook their new duties on Dec. 12, 1942. The road had just been started by the British Army with Indian labor when the Yanks took over. A few months later it was cut through to the Burma border.

Orders from Gen. Wheeler called for the road to cross the India-Burma border not later than March 1, 1943. A lot of experts said it could never be done in that time. They pointed out that the crossing would have to be made at a point 3,800 feet up in the mountains, with a rise of 1,000 feet in the last two miles. The entire route was blocked by trees 150 feet high and 45 feet in diameter, and by huge boulders that had to be blasted by dynamite before the bulldozers could go into action.

But Gen. Wheeler had said that "in time of war, there is no such thing as a difficult job." The Negro soldiers in the aviation engineers battalion proved his point. When the lead bulldozer sheared the red-white-and-blue ribbon stretched across the borderline, it was exactly 5:06 P.M. on Feb. 28, 1943.

Three companies of the battalion spearheaded the drive that carried the road into Burma. A Company cleared the "Point," cutting a road wide enough for heavy Army vehicles. Soldiers of B Company did the drainage work, installing pipes up to six feet in diameter to carry off the monsoon rains into the huge ravines that line the winding mountain road. C Company widened, backfilled and graded the road.

It was a round-the-clock job, seven days a week, up on "The Point." At night drivers pushed their bulldozers into rock and dirt, always in danger of rolling too close to the edge of cliffs that dropped off into 500 feet of nothingness. In the weird glow of light cast by smudge pots, torches made from gasoline-saturated bamboo or flaming 5-gallon fuel-oil cans, soldiers from Pennsylvania and North Carolina, Ohio and Texas kept the road rolling on to Tokyo.

They encountered one of the toughest spots just west of the India-Burma borderline. A 100-yard formation of solid rock along an almost vertical cliff stopped the lead bulldozer cold. The 16-ton D-7 couldn't even get a bite in the cliff. So the air-line hose and jack hammers were put on the job, cutting eight-foot holes in the rock for charges of dynamite that would blast man-made ledges for the bulldozer to follow through. When the D-7 swept the huge boulders over the side, the men waited to hear them crash in the valley below. But no sound came back. They were too high up to hear it.

ONE portion of the new road into Burma follows the same tortuous mountain trail that British, Indian and Burmese refugees trekked across in the spring of 1942 to escape from the Japanese. Many of the refugees were too weak to continue on to India and at several points along that stretch of road the U.S. engineers found human skeletons. Beside one crudely-made *basha*, or native hut, were the remains of a man, woman and two children. Apparently an entire family had stopped to rest and had never moved on again.

"The Road to Tokyo" is probably the most extensive road-building project that the U.S. Army Engineers have tackled under constant danger of enemy attack. But man-made opposition has not been their only problem here. Almost equally dangerous foes have been natural ones—monsoon rains, tropical temperatures that rise to 140 degrees, malarial mosquitoes, blood-sucking leeches and *dimdam* flies.

During the rush to reach the India-Burma border by March 1, Col. Tate issued an order forbidding vehicles not needed for work from going up to "The Point." Recon cars and even jeeps often got stuck in the mud and had to be hauled out with tractors and graders. So Pvt. Norris Humphrey of East Point, Ga., was posted at the roadside to enforce the "Off Limits" edict.

Lt. Millard O. Peirce Jr. of Burlington, N.J., relayed Tate's order to Pvt. Humphrey, emphasizing that "nobody, not even a general, is to get through." As luck would have it, Gen. Wheeler—who hadn't been up to "The Point" for several days—chose that day to make an inspection.

When the general's jeep approached the forbidden strip of road, it was promptly halted by Humphrey. With a loaded Garand to back his story, Humphrey courteously informed the general that his jeep could go no further. Somewhat startled by Humphrey's curt pronouncement, the CG of "The Road to Tokyo" project asked the soldier if he knew who he was talking to.

"Yessir, General, sir," the out-ranked but determined Humphrey replied. "You're Gen. Wheeler but my orders says nobody's car, not even a general's, gets by here today. And nobody's does."

Nobody's car—not even a somebody's with two stars on his shoulder—did. The general got out of the jeep, told his driver to wait, commended Pvt. Humphrey for carrying out his orders, and started walking through ankle-deep mud to "The Point" two miles ahead.

That determination of Pvt. Humphrey to carry out his orders is typical of the Negro soldiers who are building "The Road to Tokyo." They're doing a tough job with a maximum of effort and a minimum of complaints. They don't begrudge the toil and sweat they're putting into it; they know that some day they're going to get a return on their investment.

What that return will be was aptly expressed by T-5 Peter C. Clark of St. Louis, Mo., assistant to Chaplain Robert F. Harrington, 30-year-old Negro Methodist minister from Aiken, S.C. Clark drives the GI weapons-carrier which Chaplain Harrington uses to visit the various Negro units along the road for Sunday services. He puts it this way:

"This here road reminds me of that Road to Hell that Chaplain Harrington's always talking about. Only thing is the Chaplain says the Road to Hell is paved with good intentions. But this here Road to Tokyo ain't paved with good intentions. This here road is paved with our bad intentions. Millions of 'em. And every one stands for one dead Jap."

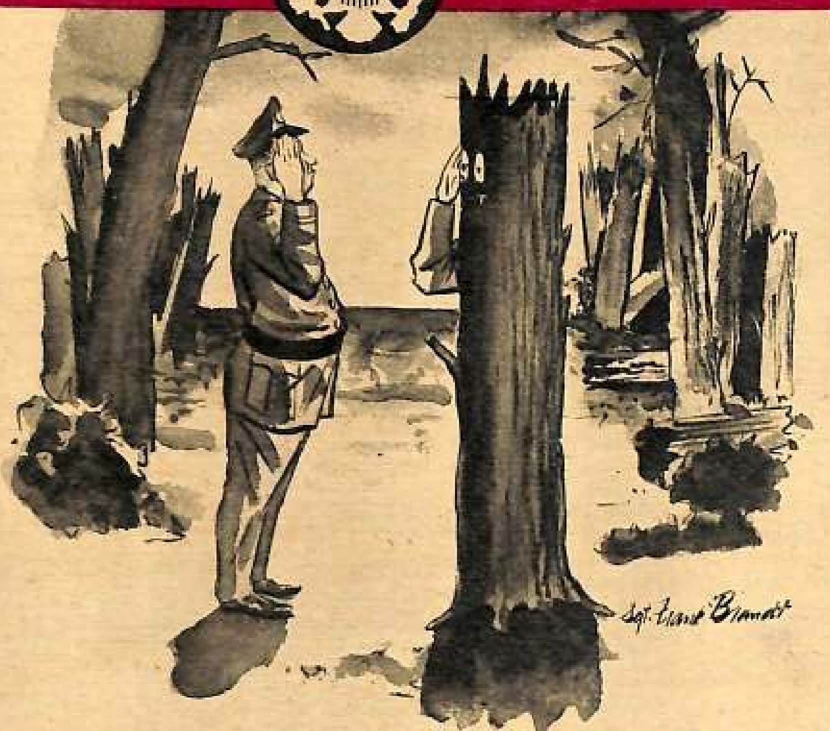
Chaplain Harrington gives his Sunday sermon.

In case Japanese planes should come over.

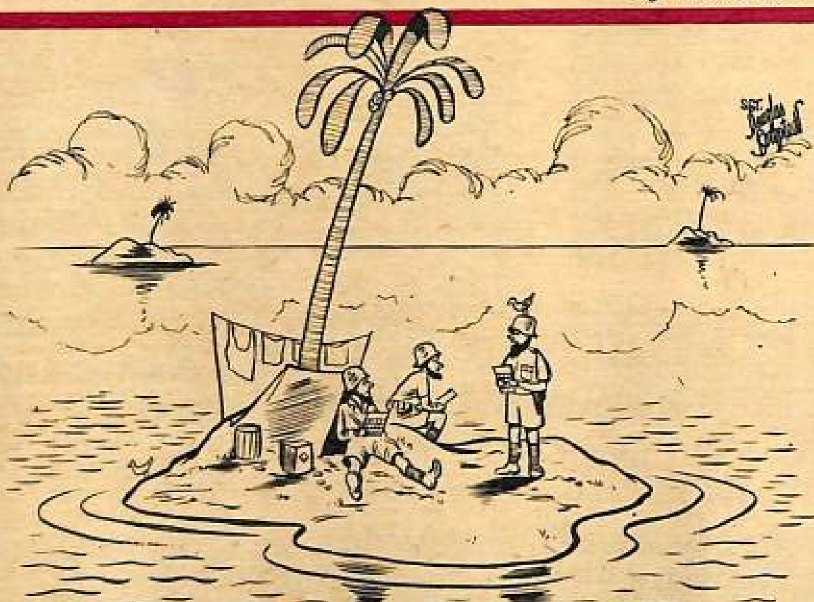
Chinese troops on their way to a jungle camp pass a group of American Negro soldiers working on the Road. Chinese recently beat off an attack by 200 Japs.

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY



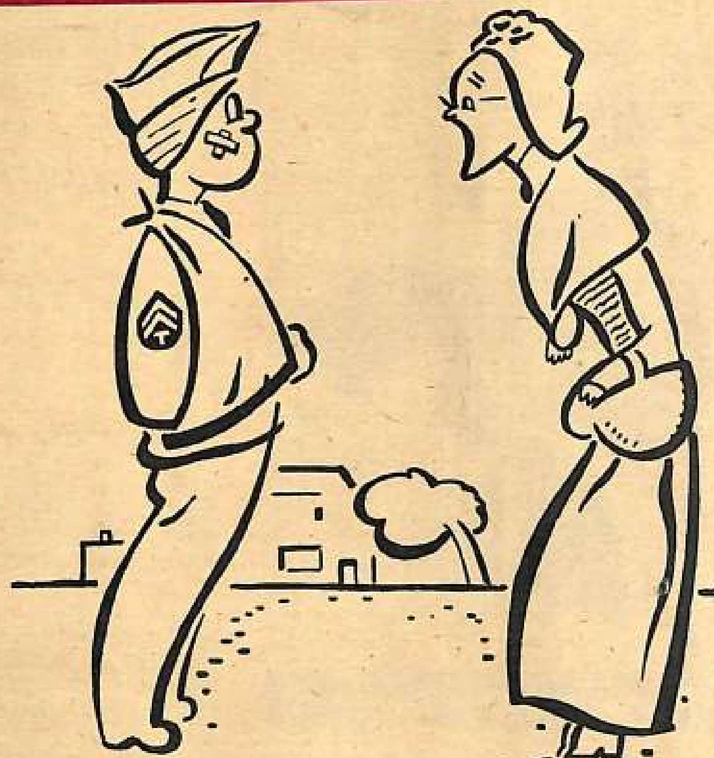
"COMPANY B! TWO MAPLES, ONE OAK ABSENT, SIR."
—Sgt. Frank Brandt



"PREPARE TO SYNCHRONIZE CALENDARS, MEN."
—Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt

"ALL RIGHT, MEN—HEAD FOR COVER!"
—Pfc. F. Q. Hewitt

"A MR. GUNGA DIN TO SEE YOU, SIR."
—Sgt. Irwin Caplan



"NO MA'AM, IT WAS NEITHER BIZERTE NOR ATTU. IT WAS AN UPPER BUNK AT FORT BROOKINGS, S. DAK."
—Cpl F J Torbert

"TO HELL WITH YOUR NIBBLE—GET OFF THERE!"
—Sgt. Dick Ericson