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By the men . . for the men in the service

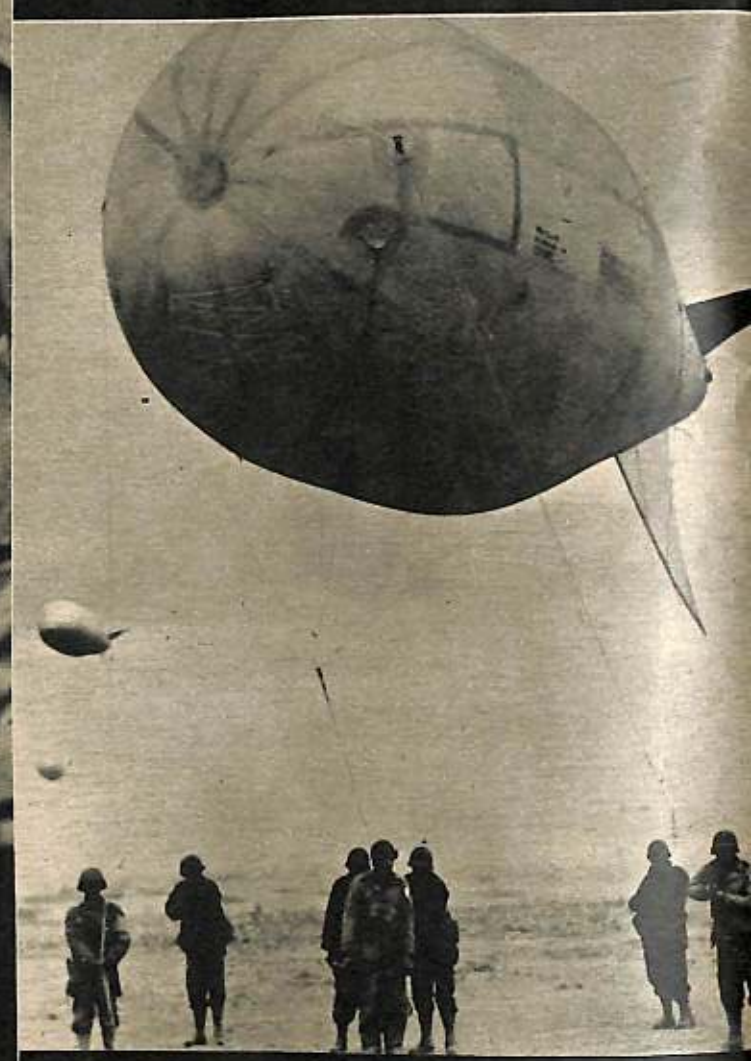
ON THE LOOKOUT—FOR SNIPERS

Stories and Pictures of the Fighting in France

—Pages 2 to 11 inclusive

This is the way the battle ended for some—with a bandaged hand and a broad smile like that of Cpl. Black, of Maine, about to re-embark for England.

These were some of the Paratroops who made it, shown joining a French woman in drinking a toast of hoarded wine.



These were the barrage balloons that helped to defeat Nazi attempts to strafe our beachheads.

The snipers made it tough. Here a group of Negro soldiers go after a Jerry hidden in a farmhouse.

Here is how it ended for others—a German soldier beside a pillbox, toes up in the Normandy sun.

A chalk cliff gave temporary shelter to this group of GIs after they had fought their way to shore through a maze of Nazi defense obstacles guarding the beaches.

25 Battle Pictures

Seldom has a battle been so faithfully recorded in pictures as was the one which started with the memorable landings from sea and air on the beaches between Havre and the Cherbourg Peninsula. Scores of photographers—both GI and civilian—went in with the fighting troops and there were few moments of the drama which their lenses failed to record. Literally thousands of pictures were taken during the first few days, and YANK herewith brings you the cream of the crop.

First aid in the shelter of a cliff. A medic bandages a soldier's hand.

Traditional welcome from the mayor to first U. S. soldier entering Colleville-sur-Mer.

Sacks, Sad, Nazi GI. The first prisoners sheltered in a trench.

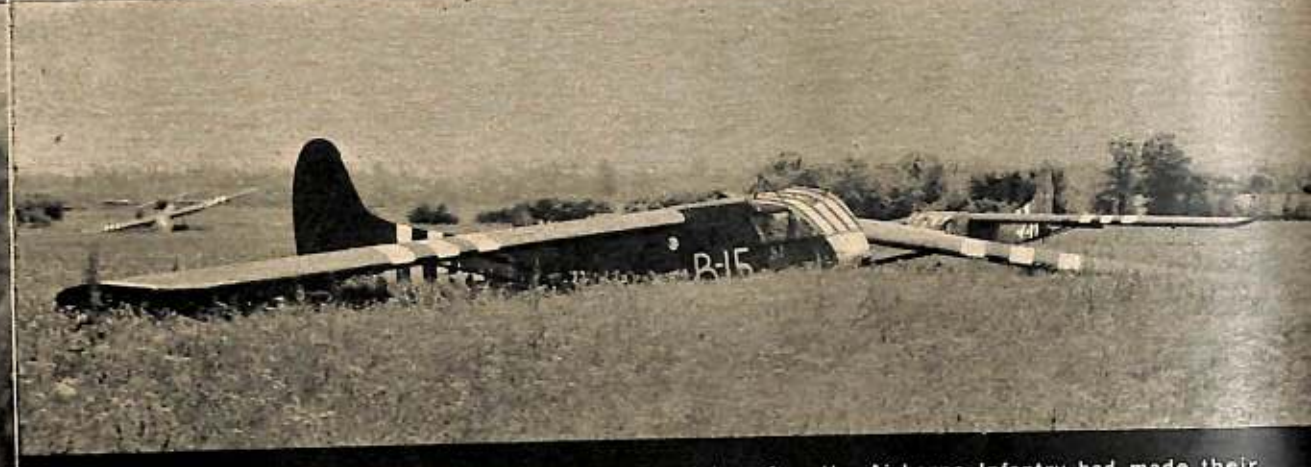
Life-giving plasma administered aboard a U. S. hospital ship.

A German sniper captured in St. Mere Eglise rides to town on a jeep.

Where Pvt. Ernest Barker, of Eastland, Texas, goes, his guitar goes along, even to the beachhead.

A captured general in the German medics tends one of his fellow prisoners.

First U. S. nurse in France is 2nd Lt. Margaret Stanfill, of Hayti, Mo.



Mission completed. Abandoned gliders in a field of daisies after the Airborne Infantry had made their landings. Mines were planted in many of the fields.

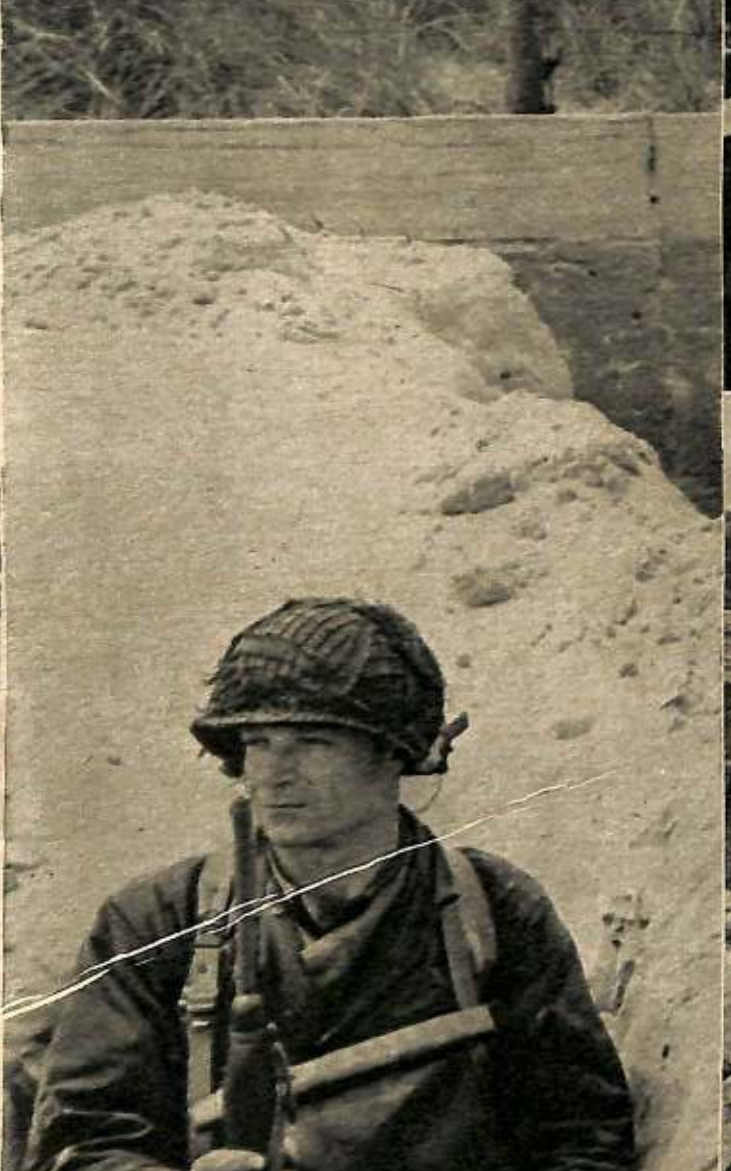
Channel coast beach scene. The bulldozer at left and the jeep at right ran aground. In the background are DUKWs, trucks, LCTs and other landing equipment.

Generals Arnold, Marshall (with binoculars) ... going over.

Burial at sea. There were such beach scenes, too, even in the short channel crossing. Here merchant seamen and marines commit the body of an Allied marine to the waves.

British soldiers looking over German "doodle-bugs" loaded with explosives.

British and American gliders like giant dragonflies on the patchwork of fields in Cherbourg Peninsula. Some gliders smashed into hedges and trees.



Hooked on for the take-off. U.S. paratroopers with static lines fixed, ready to jump.

U.S. Airborne Infantrymen passing German dead along a country road.

★ The First Eight Days

Yank paratroopers mount nags to patrol streets of St. Mere Eglise.

By Cpl. JOHN PRESTON
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH U. S. TROOPS IN FRANCE, JUNE 10—D-Day itself was a long, dull twenty-four hour wait for the particular outfit with which I traveled. All day long we were marooned out in the middle of the English Channel, sunbathing, sleeping, and watching with binoculars the action miles away on shore, hearing the quick roars and seeing greenish-white flashes of light as the Allied battleships and cruisers shelled away at the pillboxes and other Nazi installations on the beach.

We took off for the shore a day later. Four Messerschmitts dived down to strafe the landing craft as we headed in, but one of the naval gunners drove them off with a beautiful burst of ack-ack that sent them scattering and cut the tail off one of them.

The broad, flat, dark-gray beachhead itself was a scene of well-organized chaos. Trucks, bulldozers, and jeeps drove up over the dunes in a steady stream. The jeeps had the worst of it. A lot of them were stranded the minute they took off from the landing craft. All their drivers could do was to wait helplessly on the beach for the next low tide.

There were hundreds of Nazi prisoners waiting on the beach to be taken on one of the LSTs and brought back to England. They had been told that they would have to wade out to the boats, so most of them were stripped naked and squatting gloomily on their haunches on the cold, damp beach. They were almost all either older men, solidly built, hairy, Cro-Magnon types, or slender downy-faced young boys. Some of them did not look much older than 13 or 14. Their American MP guards kept them moving right along, occasionally shouting rather self-consciously at them, "Well, so you're the master race!"

It is hard to give a complete, wholesale description of the beachhead a day after the main action. There were still plenty of dog fights above our heads. Once a P47 pilot bailed out right above us and his plane came screaming down to hit the waterline and burst into flames a few feet away from the lines of trucks. Out at sea there were still mine explosions.

The day before, things had been twice as hot. I talked to Pfc. Thor Youngberg and Pvt. William Daly, of Chicago and Brooklyn, N. Y., respectively. They had been in the seaborne-infantry attack several hours after H-Hour. The pillboxes had been put out of commission long before they hit the beach, but they were pinned down for hours on end by rocket guns from an inland orchard.

I spent that night in one of the German entrenchments along the dunes, and early next morning got a lift in a jeep up to the Command Post. All the open fields by the road were lavishly planted with tall stakes wherever the Germans expected Allied gliders and paratroopers to land. There were also plenty of *"Achtung! Minen!"* signs with deathheads painted on them to make their meaning more explicit, and also the more peaceful blue triangular signs of the *Touring Club de France*.

The Command Post was located in a large, yellow-stone farmhouse. It looked like a fairly settled GI existence compared to what we had seen on the way up. The Message Center was going full swing in a wing in what had formerly been the wine cellar; the headquarters of the artillery had set up their walkie-talkie sets in the stable; and one of the men had even set himself up as a barber with his chair under the apple trees. The French family who owned the farmhouse were rapidly getting used to the idea of having Americans in their midst. They kept plying anyone who was able to pass the time of day with them in their own language with butter and with cider that first was free but is now going at fifty francs a bottle.

At these headquarters I met Capt. Charles Margulies, a tall, friendly, young man with short, thick, black hair and a small patch of clotted blood over his eyebrow. He had come over to France with the first surgical group of the U. S. Army ever to have landed by air in a glider in any combat zone. The names of this particular group therefore seem worth recording: Major A. Crandall, of Burlington, Va.; Capt. O. Vangorder, of Westwood, N. J.; Capt. J. Rodda, of Portland, Ore; Capt. S. Dworkin, of St. Louis, Mo.; and Capt. C. Yeary, of Oklahoma.

Margulies offered to drive me to a particular section of the front line where there were a good many wounded who had to be evacuated as quickly as possible. When we got to our section—a large field near the end of the road where a river gleamed in the distance—the men were in no mood for medics. They wanted to see tanks, and they made this quite clear—these men who were already fighting there. The firing got louder and louder around us and finally we were all flat on our faces in a grass ditch by the roadside. Then came a long half hour of lying on your stomach.

It was a very bright, clear afternoon, and the feeling of heat and discomfort grew every second as you became more and more aware of the sun on the back of your neck and of the thick, rank, gasproof OD clothing. There was also much annoyance to be gained from the fact that war correspondents as well as medics have to go unarmed. We were all therefore in danger and on the shelf, so to speak, at one and the same time.

We took four wounded men back with us to the hospital, which was located in a large and handsome manor house containing large, cool, whitewashed rooms with magnificently carved mantelpieces. The wounded were methodically laid out on stretchers in the courtyard, with paper tags giving their names and the nature of their wounds.

THERE were a large number of paratroopers in their midst. These were the boys who had been dropped into France the night before D-Day, and they all had fantastic stories to tell about themselves. Very few were in a conversational mood, however. Those who did talk gave a fairly uniform picture of an airborne invasion, of whole sticks of men landing in swamps, of numerous captures and getaways, etc. Most of the men had been fighting for four days steadily, without relief, and just about all they wanted to do was lie in the sun, smoking, stretched out on the ground, peacefully embedded in their own exhaustion.

I got back to the Command Post later in the

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The men who pushed inland from the beachhead taken during the first American landings were in no mood for medics—they wanted tanks, and said so. In this report, sent back from the front by courier, a YANK correspondent presents some vivid glimpses of the early stages of the fighting

afternoon and made a comfortable enough berth for myself and my belongings in a hayloft. The man occupying the hay right next to me was a paratroop officer from Wisconsin. A pleasant young man with steel-rimmed glasses, he had been having a terrific time of it ever since the night before D-Day.

The plane carrying him and the rest of his stick of men who were going to jump with him had lost touch with its formation, due to an overcast, and had started heading toward England again. The officer had managed to jump anyway. After he landed it took him some time to cut himself free of the silk. He came across some of the other men's chutes but could locate none of his companions. He decided to walk in an easterly direction in the hope of running into some Americans sooner or later. Instead he met up with a German. As he tells it: "There was a moment's hesitation for both of us, and then I shot him in the belly. Later on I ran into a lot more Germans. They started to throw hand grenades at me, and I finally surrendered."

These particular Germans did not give him very bad treatment. They treated him as an officer and doctored up his wounds far better than they handled the wounded among their own enlisted men. A German captain who was wearing the uniform of an enlisted man apologized for his appearance, saying that he had not expected the Americans as soon as the day of their actual arrival. They took all of the American's articles, including his chemical warfare equipment and invasion currency and compass, but left him his wristwatch. Later on, when American tanks arrived on the scene, the Germans gave him a gun and told him to shift for himself. After he was rescued, he went to the field hospital to get more medical treatment. Among the wounded prisoners he recognized the same Germans who had been his captors a few hours before.

Wherever you went you heard plenty of amazing tales of German troops shooting American paratroopers as they hung in the trees or capturing them and cutting them up with their own jump knives. No one seems to know the exact truth about anything, however.

Around nine o'clock that night I went over to the Message Center to hear the latest news over the radio. We got in just at the tail end of the broadcast however, and then the American Forces Network announcer sonorously gave out the fact that we were now about to tune in to Fibber McGee and Molly. We all groaned. Outside, the night was loud with the continuous crackle and roar of artillery fire. The man by my side, a paratrooper who had seen three days of steady action, sighed:

"If only I had a New York newspaper right now, then I'd really know how the war was coming along."

CAPTURED TOWN ★

WITH U. S. TROOPS IN FRANCE, JUNE 13—Yesterday I went to see the wreckage of what had formerly been a field hospital, one of the first set up by the Americans in this region of France. The German bombers had been around the night before, and had carried out a very effective job of destruction on this particular site. It had been an old French chateau dating back to the fifteenth century, but now brought drastically up to date by a delayed action bomb that had landed in back of the main building. It had made a crater about seventy feet in diameter and forty feet deep.

When the Americans took it over they had set up their operating theaters in the main building and had laid out the German and American wounded in a great stone courtyard out in front. There had been an enormous Red Cross flag spread out in the center of the courtyard, and it had probably been some help to the bombers in zeroing their target.

The French family who had occupied the chateau were now busily climbing around the great heaps of rubble, trying to sort out their own family effects from the various layers of GI litter—the gas masks, the musette bags, the paper copies of Damon Runyon, the life preservers, etc. We tried out our French on one native who was trying to fit onto his feet some paratrooper boots. He said that all new shoes and clothing cost thousands of francs and could only be bought on the black market which, of course, is directly controlled by the Germans.

He asked us if we came from New York City. He himself had been there once in 1929 when he had been in the Merchant Marine. He very much wanted news of the *Richelieu* and other French battleships that had been in New York over a year ago.

In back of the ruined hospital they were interrogating German prisoners who said that they had been warned by their officers that American paratroopers never took live prisoners and that when they ran into any of them they were to act accordingly.

FROM the hospital we drove out to a small farm within visual range of a town that has been under Allied fire for several days now but that had not given up yet. All along the way out were signs of fighting; gliders twisted around trees, abandoned tanks, and above all to speed us on our way were the forceful odors of dead horses and cows sprawled in the fields.

When we got to the farm, we had a good view of the town through binoculars. The Americans were taking their time about shelling it. A city that is nothing but a mass of ruins and rubble is much harder sometimes to capture than a city that is still standing. A much better defense can be made among blocked streets and heaps of rubble than in a fairly open and upright city.

Also there was a hospital that they wanted to avoid hitting, if possible. Meanwhile, the Navy was standing by ready to shell the city if it could not be captured in any other way.

Early the next morning the town fell in the face of heavy, steady artillery fire and by noon things were fairly well organized. In the open square the Civil Affair Officers of the U. S. Army were waiting to meet the new mayor. The old mayor had died several days before, but no one seemed quite sure whether he was a casualty of the bombardment or not. Meanwhile, they were looking for his secretary who was acting head of the town until the next election.

The American Civil Affairs officers and enlisted men were all set to go into action. Their main concern with the town was to keep it open and operative as a military center. Its great importance was the fact that it had a railway line going directly inland. But the Americans were issuing no proclamations. As far as possible the French were to be allowed to govern their own city.

There was no screaming, crying, general hysteria and helplessness among the French. All who have done business with the Civil Affairs officer, so far, have been efficient, friendly, and self-reliant, and very anxious to prove their loyalty to the Allies in every way.

One old man led a very excited group of Frenchmen up to the Civil Affairs committee. They had found an underground telephone in the post office, installed and used by the Germans to keep in touch with the coast. The telephone had been cut off but they still wanted the Americans to know about it.

The old man made quite a story, emphasizing his points now and then by pointing to a small purple string in the cord of his coat lapel.

Meanwhile, all over the town, life was going on relatively smoothly in the midst of the havoc. There were about ten or twelve policemen still in action and although two-thirds of the population had fled to the country to escape the bombardment, the streets were not deserted.

There were French civilians lining up to have their pictures taken by members of the Army Signal Corps; there were GIs sprawled by the walls of buildings making a lunch of K-rations and Pernod and cognac; there was a young paratroop lieutenant resting in the sun, playing with the dog tags of ten Germans that he and his outfit had killed, shortly after their landing on D-Day.

There were scores of paratroopers all over the place, their faces lined with light green dust, with sweat, and the remains of black paint. As individuals and as units, all the airborne troops have acquitted themselves magnificently during this action and most of them are still in there fighting.

As we walked through the town there would come a light singing sound and we would throw ourselves to the ground and get up rather shamefacedly. It was never anything more than a cartridge going off in some burning building. There were quite a few blazes going up but the highly ornate local fire brigade had them well in hand, as they bent over their pumps, their bronze helmets flashing in the sunlight.

ALL the walls were covered with posters, bills of sale advertising the auction of various farms in the raid zone, directions to all young men born in 1926 to report for medical examinations, recruiting posters urging all patriotic and red-blooded Frenchmen to join the French Volunteers and fight, presumably, in Russia. There were many Mothers' Day placards and one enormous poster showing a map of Italy with a great snail winding up across the toe of the peninsula, the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes wrapped around its horns. "It's a Long Way to Rome," read the jubilant caption in English.

Two Nazi PWs who claim to be 18, but hardly look it, are shown with other captured Germans.

ONE OF OUR CONVOY BURNING——
——On Way in to Anchorage

JACK COGGINS

Across the Channel with the U.S. Merchant Marine

USS TEXAS SHELLING BEACH

TUGS TOWING DAMAGED FREIGHTER —— NAVY MOTORBOAT IN FOREGROUND
SALVAGING BOXES OF RATIONS, ETC.

ENGLAND—Cpl. Jack Coggins, YANK staff artist, was in the dining saloon of a U. S. Liberty ship, the *George E. Pickett*, drinking coffee when the news came over the radio that landings on the beaches of Normandy had begun. Principal reaction of the men of the crew—it was mostly live cargo the *Pickett* was carrying—was relief that it was not another dry run. Throughout the action which followed Coggins was perched at a vantage point on the upper deck with his sketch book, making drawings of the scenes about him. The impressions which he recorded with his drawing pencil on D-Day and D plus One, when his ship reached the beachhead, are reproduced on these two pages. His verbal description of the scenes, which goes as a companion piece to the drawings, follows:—

"Our cargo was a varied one; a battery of 105s, an ambulance company, one bulldozer, a truck loaded with a dismantled Piper Cub, members of a Port Company, a Counter Intelligence Corps detachment, one platoon of a reconnaissance outfit with their jeeps and M-8s, and some infantrymen. Reaction of most of the GIs to the news that battle had begun was one of curiosity. They were not the least bit excited, but a fit and solid bunch of men. They took their briefing quietly, and seemed more interested in the money they'd just received for use in France than in where they were going. I got the impression that except for local knowledge contained in their detailed maps, most of them had no idea of the operation as a whole. . . .

"Our fleet was a terrific sight—ships as far as one could see, big ones and little ones, Liberty ships and LCTs, cruisers and tugs. DUKWs and smaller landing craft scurried about like water beetles.

"Inshore, Allied cruisers and battleships slowly and deliberately rolled out great billows of bright orange flame, marking the departure of tons of high explosive aimed at German defences inland. Our ship shook to the heavy concussion of the big guns. Once in a while, a Jerry shell would raise a waterspout close to the big ships but the enemy's return fire was negligible in its effect. The ship just astern of us, in another column, got a bit of damage and farther astern one of our own convoy was down at the stern and belching great clouds of smoke and flame amidships. As we approached our anchorage, bows and sterns of wrecked ships, the funnels and mast of an American destroyer jutting from the water, were testimony to the effectiveness of German fire on D-Day. . . .

"WHAT struck me most was the absence of enemy planes. I saw only one, an ME-109 which zoomed out of the overcast one afternoon, took violent but unsuccessful evasive action from the blast of light flak that flew up from every ship in sight, then went into the drink with a mighty splash. A few planes were over the anchorage at night, visible only through the suggestion of dotted lines of tracer fire drifting lazily skyward to mark their progress. The Navy guns on our ship got their first chance to fire at the enemy on one of these night forays—and the men loved it. Our ensign had drilled them not to fire until they could see their plane and they never did, which was more than could be said for the gun crews on some of the other ships.

"Among other things, we had a load of TNT and dynamite aboard, an uncomfortable cargo at any time, and particularly so with Jerry's 20-mm. shells dropping aboard, as they did on many occasions. It was a relief when our cargo was finally landed. . . .

"I went ashore with a load of jeeps and found the beachhead remarkably quiet and orderly. Smashed German guns and pillboxes marked the passage of our troops inland, but our engineers had done a good job of cleaning up most of the wreckage. My hat is off to the members of our port company who unloaded us; they had been so thoroughly trained that they emptied the ship without a hitch, despite air alerts and occasional shells from 88s inland. The shells were landing on the beach or in the water every once in a while and there was considerable gunfire inland. Otherwise, the scene, just in from the beach, was like a peaceful bit of England. Swarms of meadowlarks hovered overhead as I returned to the beach later, and I felt a little cheated—this was my first battlefield—and I thumbed a ride in a DUKW back to the *Pickett*. . . .

"We changed position in a hurry that afternoon. Jerry had gotten our measure and his 88s were falling uncomfortably close with a most unpleasantly threatening sound. After a couple that fell short, and a near miss off our port bow, we went searching for a safer anchorage. . . .

"The Channel was lively when we came back. We were at action stations most of the night. What with the shells and bombs and the strain of no sleep we were all glad to get back. It felt good to take your boots off for a change."

FIRES AND SHELLING IN GRANDCAMP
—— LARGE FIRE LOOKED LIKE GASOLINE, VEHICLES OR A DUMP

SHIP ANCHORED ON OUR BEAM — BURNING AND DOWN BY STERN

DAWN — ACTION STATIONS
— 20 MM. GUN CREW

"ONE of the principal reasons for the delay in mounting our offensive to drive the Anglo-Americans out of Normandy and into the sea, is the enemy's crushing superiority in the air. His fighter-bombers continually attack our road networks, rail-roads and motor columns. He has been able severely to interfere with the grouping of our counter-attacking units and reinforcements. Our troops go through hell even before they reach the front lines. We are restricted to moving at night. In this respect—the enemy's fiendish use of air power—it is our 1939 Polish Campaign in reverse."

—Col. Ernst Von Hammer, German News Agency commentator, June 12, 1944.

TARGETS of OPPORTUNITY

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

Combat film shows U.S. fighter-bomber's attack on Nazi barracks and radio tower.

A German-held water tower becomes the target of opportunity for ground-strafers.

One U.S. fighter roars on as another punishes parked Nazi planes in mid-France.

ENGLAND—The briefing was short and to the point. It took place at 0530 hours in the cowshed that served as the Mustang fighter-bomber groups' briefing room. While the briefing was going on, the pilots rubbed the sleep out of their eyes and the egg-yolk from the corners of their mouths. The only thing that made this briefing different from the dozens of escort and bridge-busting missions the group had gone on since D-Day, was that after Lt. Burkhardt, the Assistant A-2, finished telling them their target was to be a certain stretch of railroad between two certain towns, an Infantry major stepped up to the improvised rostrum. The Infantry major was short, stocky George Bravos, a veteran of one of the assault divisions now in France. He was going to brief the pilots. This did not seem strange to the men because one such officer is now attached to every fighter-bomber group. Our Mustangs, Thunderbolts and Lightnings are being used the same as corps and divisional long-range artillery.

"Today," said Major Bravos, "you will bomb your assigned target. Then you will go out and look for targets of opportunity—for strafing."

The pilots snapped wide awake.

The Major pointed to the map. "Everything east of this line and south of this line that moves, is enemy," he said. "A panzer division is reported moving north to reinforce the Germans holding this city. When you see a panzer division, you cawn't miss it." He paused. "A panzer division is strung out for 30 to 50 miles and has hundreds of big gasoline trucks in the convoy. They burn beautifully. Also, there is a general German troop movement to the north over this entire sector." He pointed to the map again. "They're trying to consolidate their small defense garrisons all over this part of France into battle groups. Remember—everything that moves is the enemy. Go get him." The Major stepped down.

The pilots erupted out of the briefing room into the early morning brightness. A few minutes later they took off, roaring down the metal strip two by two in their graceful black-and-white-striped Mustangs.

The group wheeled, gained altitude and headed east. All three squadrons hung together flying over the Channel, in that tight, beautiful spear-like bombing formation peculiar to fighters. The weather was clear, and from 4,000 feet they could see the choppy whitecaps of the Channel, still jammed with Allied shipping. A battleship was standing off one of the beaches, firing inland, and even in the bright light of morning, the flash of the big guns hurt the pilots' eyes.

They flew over the beaches, now fairly clear and workmanlike. They flew over the peaceful-looking countryside, past the tiny gun flashes of the battle-line. Then they reached the target.

THE target was two shimmering rows of railroad track stretching flat and straight between two towns on the horizon. Slowly, professionally, the entire group (48 planes) wheeled over the target. Then, two by two, they peeled off to 1,600 feet, each Mustang dropping the two 500-pound bombs slung beneath the wings, and pulling out at 1,400. As each squadron went in, the other two circled overhead providing top cover. But not an enemy plane or gun challenged them. The whole operation was unhurried and deliberate. The first pair of Mustangs ripped four holes in the track near one of the towns. The others moved the pattern of holes straight down the track to the other town, until all that remained of the track was dust clouds and pieces of rail jutting grotesquely upwards every hundred yards or so. Direct hits on the track raised black dust clouds. Near misses raised yellow ones. As the Mustangs turned away, a squadron of P-38s, which had been standing by, wheeled in to take their crack at the tracks—along which a German infantry division had been scheduled to move.

The Mustangs left the target and split up into squadrons to look for the "targets of opportunity." Major Jack Bradley's squadron saw most of the action. They swung along at 4,000 feet, watching the roads and looking for suspicious shadows in the trees. Every once in a while, a flight (four planes) would think they saw something and go down to the deck to investigate. Then they would climb back up again.

SUDDENLY, Capt. Robert Meserve, an ex-education student at the University of Idaho, took his flight and headed off to the west. There, stretched out along a secondary road (the primary roads in the vicinity had been knocked out) was a convoy of 15 vehicles. In the convoy were two gasoline trucks, eleven loaded lorries and two staff cars.

Meserve put his ship into a dive to check on the identity of the vehicles. He almost didn't come back. The Mustang stalled pulling out of the dive. The right wing dropped. It crashed into a tree top and sawed right through the trunk, ripping off part of the tree and part of the wing as well. Miraculously, Meserve pulled out. Two things convinced him that this was indeed a "target of opportunity." In the first place, the vehicles were all plainly marked with the German Cross. In the second place, 7-mm. and 20-mm. slugs ripped around his ears.

Meserve went upstairs, re-formed his flight, and brought the four Mustangs in on the convoy in a long raking glide at 150 feet. They came in at right angles to the convoy, firing a broadside of machine guns all at once. One gasoline truck blew up. The other vehicles began to smoke. Meserve took his flight around in a complete circle and raked the convoy again from the same angle. The other gasoline truck blew up, one of the staff cars went over on its side, the rest of the vehicles burned with a greasy black smoke. No one got out.

Meserve and his flight rejoined the squadron.

A few minutes later, Capt. Carl Frantz, of Brownsville, Pa., went down to 800 feet with his wing man, Lt. Hayden Holton, who was on his first operational flight. Frantz had spotted a gasoline truck, the biggest, fattest gasoline truck he thought he had ever seen. It was so big that it was having trouble negotiating the narrow country road. The gasoline truck pulled into a clump of woods when its driver saw the two Mustangs coming, and disappeared. Frantz's slugs whipped futilely through the trees. The clump of woods was surrounded by four pastures filled with sheep and horses. The other men in the squadron saw Frantz firing his guns and thought he had lost his mind. "The crazy bastard is shooting up horses," said Maj. Bradley, over the RT. All this took place above the outskirts of a little village, and the French people were standing around on the roads shading their eyes and watching the battle.

Frantz pulled up to 800 feet and spun around. The driver of the gasoline truck apparently thought Frantz had gone away because he began to back out of the woods. Frantz swooped down. He pounced savagely on the rear end of the truck poking cautiously from among the trees. A hundred rounds—incendiary, tracer and armor-piercing—poured into the rear end of the truck. It blew up with a tremendous red-flash explosion that shot 200 feet in the air. Frantz's Mustang flew through the flames and was tossed up into the air like a cinder in a flue. He straightened out finally, and climbed back to 4,000.

It was young Holton who spotted the next "target

Air superiority is what our fighting men on the ground and on the sea like to hear we've got. But it's really Jerry who can appreciate most what happens when our Mustangs, Thunderbolts and Lightnings are put to the same use as corps and divisional long-range artillery. Here, in the story of a single fighter-bomber mission, is given some idea of the tremendous importance of our airmen over and behind the enemy's lines.

of opportunity." This was a column of six half-tracks protecting a large supply truck with what looked like dozens of upturned metal bushel baskets. The half-tracks were parked along the road, and in the woods were enemy machine guns and 20-mm. guns set up as anti-aircraft protection. All of them began firing on the Mustangs.

Frantz took his flight down first. They dived to 300 feet from 800, approaching from the front of the column. They went right down the column to the rear. The four planes set up a pattern of .50-calibre slugs that literally blanketed the vehicles. German soldiers poured out of the half-tracks. Some of them reached the woods. Others were not so fortunate. They were smashed to the ground by the .50-calibre slugs, and lay there on the road, buffeted about by further blasts of machine gun fire. Each of the Jerry half-tracks as well as the supply trucks showed little spurts of orange flame and began to smoke.

Meserve brought his flight in on Frantz's flank. His objective was the machine guns and ack-ack set up in the woods, then occupied in raking Frantz's flight. Maj. Bradley's flight came down the middle. The entire squadron made five merciless passes like this, directly over the vehicles and guns. When the five passes were over, there wasn't much left on the road or in the woods. Only one of an estimated 30 machine guns and two 20-mm. guns was still firing. It was firing spasmodically and in short bursts, as if one man was trying to feed and fire at the same time.

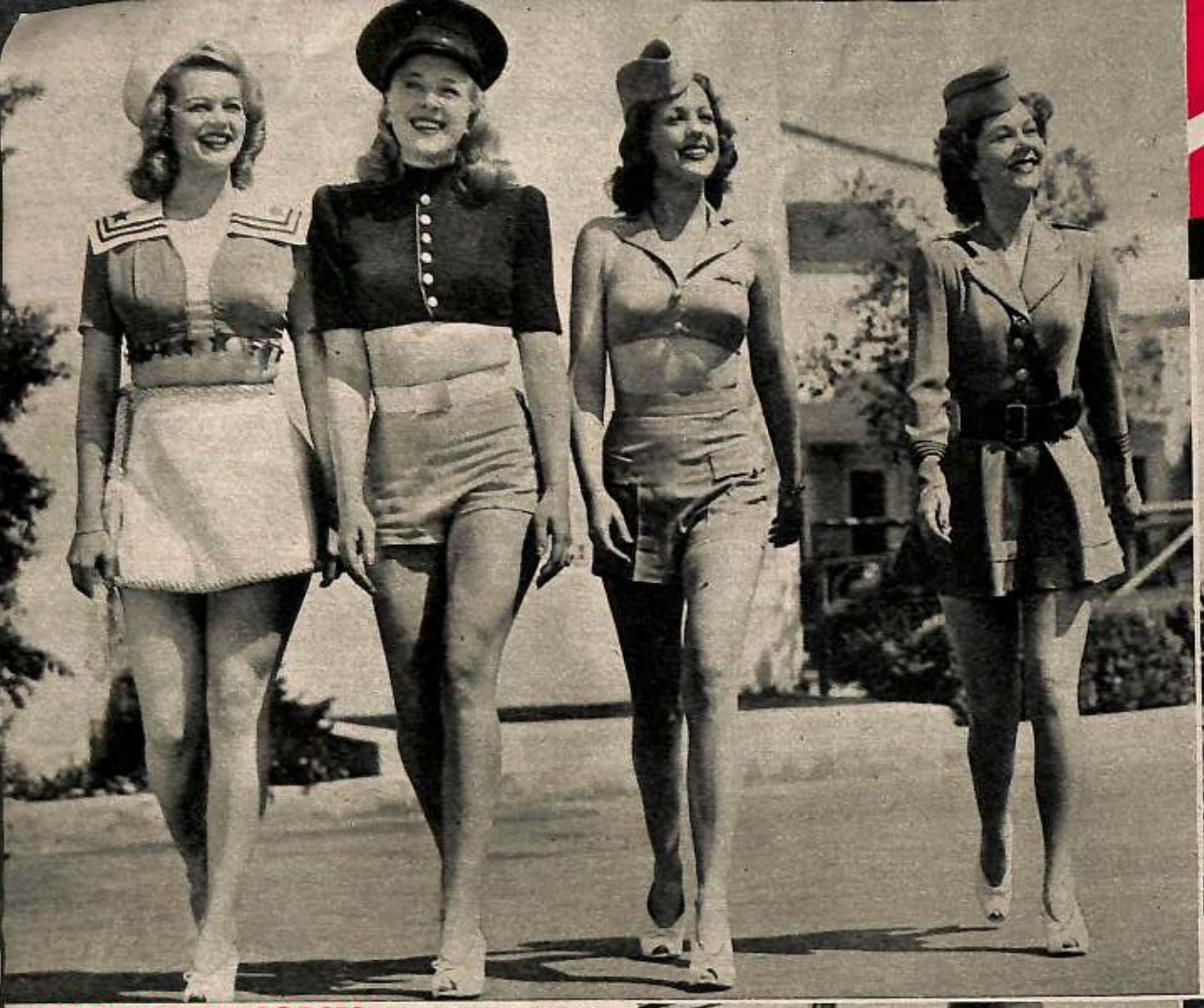
This little battle took place on the outskirts of another village, where the people also watched with a great deal of interest. Bradley lifted the squadron over the village. A railroad switch yard was sitting on the other side, completely knocked out by previous bombings. But over on a siding was a locomotive and thirty-five goods wagons, all seemingly loaded. The entire squadron pounced on this target, attacking in a broadside from 150 feet. In a matter of minutes, the locomotive had exploded and the goods wagons were burning furiously. Not a single car escaped. By this time, the Mustangs' gasoline and ammunition were running low, and the concussion of the exploding locomotive had shattered a gas gauge on young Holton's instrument panel, so the squadron decided to head for home. They passed over the beach, where the battleship was still firing. Below them was a peaceful French village, with little fishing boats drawn up on the sands. As they pulled into their home field, other Mustangs were gassed up on the line, ready to go out on the second mission of the day.

In the next 48 hours the group accounted for 117 tank cars and goods wagons; 91 trucks and armored cars; six half-tracks; three tanks; eight staff cars; 13 locomotives; eight bridges; four howitzers; one self-propelled artillery piece; one heavy gun emplacement; three machine gun nests; one ammunition dump; two radio towers; four marshalling yards; one railroad station; 50 miles of railroad track; 17 Messerschmitt 109s destroyed on the ground; one barracks; two buses loaded with about 60 German officers; approximately 200 German soldiers and one Focke-Wulf 190 in the air.

This FW-190 was the first air opposition the group had run into since D-Day. The FW-190 was skulking along a railroad at about 50 feet when he was spotted. He didn't even try to fight. He pulled up to 1,000 feet and tried to bail out. His chute didn't open, however, and he splattered down on liberated French soil a few feet from his crashed ship.

American strafers converted these German transports into charred hulks.

Wing camera records hits by a U. S. fighter against Nazi airfield flak tower.



FAIR TO THE FORCES. Each movie cutie is dressed to represent one of the services. Whose idea? Their own. Martha O'Driscoll, Evelyn Ankers, Anne Gwynne, Grace McDonald play no favorites.

ALEUTIAN AUTOGRAPH. The long (6' 4") and short (4' 11") of it as Lucille Burnette of a USO troupe signs on the chest of S/Sgt. George E. Silk.

ONE LESS NAZI. The swastika decorating this jeep means that S/Sgt. Walton Reed spotted and captured a chutist in England.

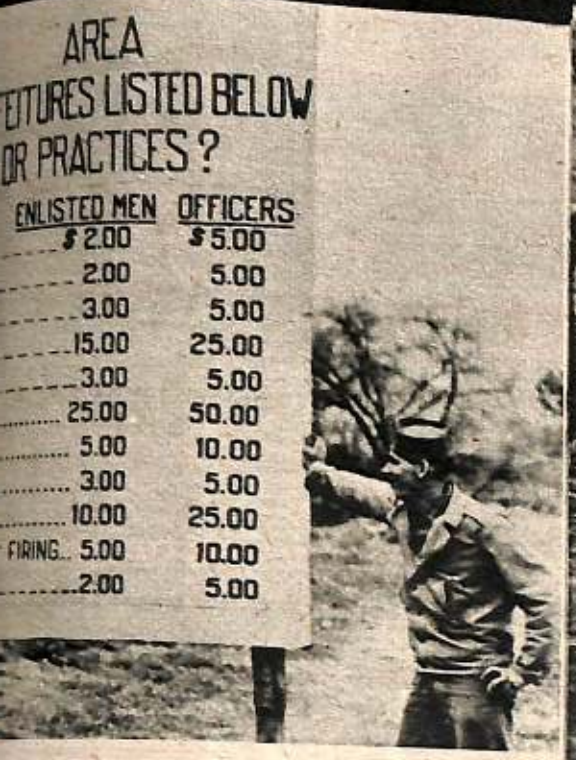
COMPETITION. In Italy, Pfc. Francis Cocca boasts about his chicken's work. Pvt. Sol Lipkin doesn't talk back.

A FAIR WARNING. "Be Careful" seems to be the best possible motto in

JEEP TO KIDS. Somewhere in southwest China, where for many centuries the native jeep has been the ponderous bullock, children at side of the road receive a thumbs-up salute from an American operations staff as it tears along a dusty military highway.

Show

ERAS OF THE WORLD



Italy. Enlisted men don't have to pay the top prices if they break rules.

CAVALRYMEN ANGLERS. The shark may not appreciate the fact, but it was caught by cavalrymen from Texas. Proud GIs posing around the catch are with 1st Cavalry Division in the Admiralties.

GUESS. A swing version of "The 3 Musketeers?" No, they're Africans who fight fires for British in Egypt.

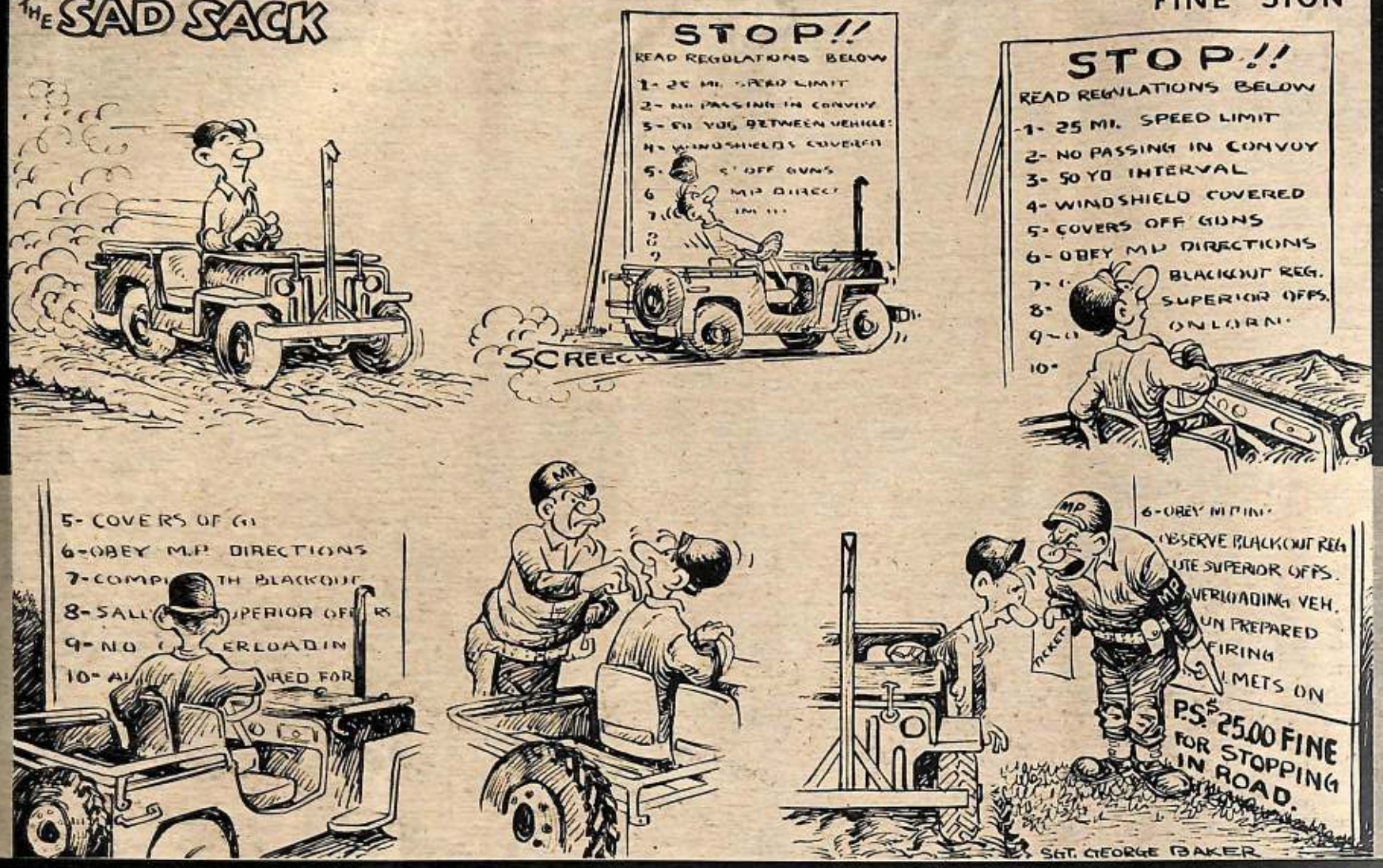
HERE'S A HAIRDO. This Pacific glamor queen, begging a light from the soldier, got her inspiration from an old-time movie still.

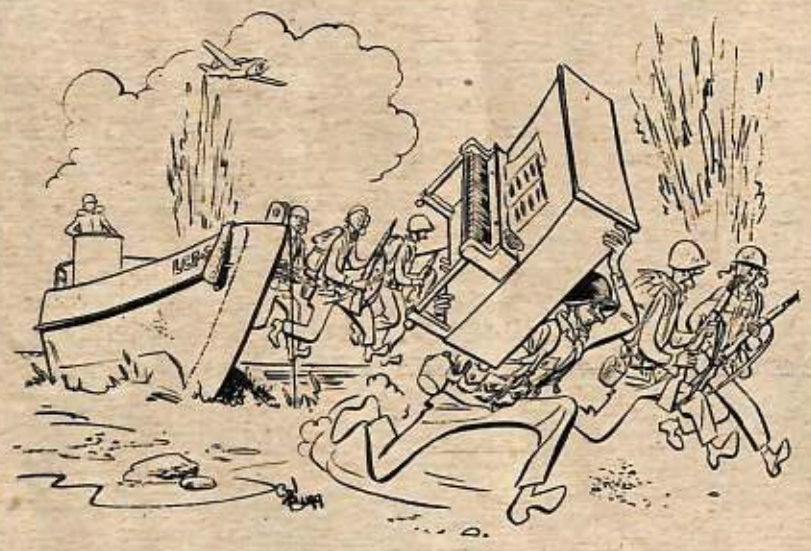
GRIDIRON CREWS. If summer comes to England, can fall be far behind? These American ground-crewmen don't think so, for they pass the time, until the bombers [illegible]. The tent in background is the mechanics' sleeping quarters.

SALUTE. The friendly hand of a Coast Guardsman reaches out to guide a wounded marine in a litter to the deck of a transport off the Eniwetok Atoll.

THE SAD SACK

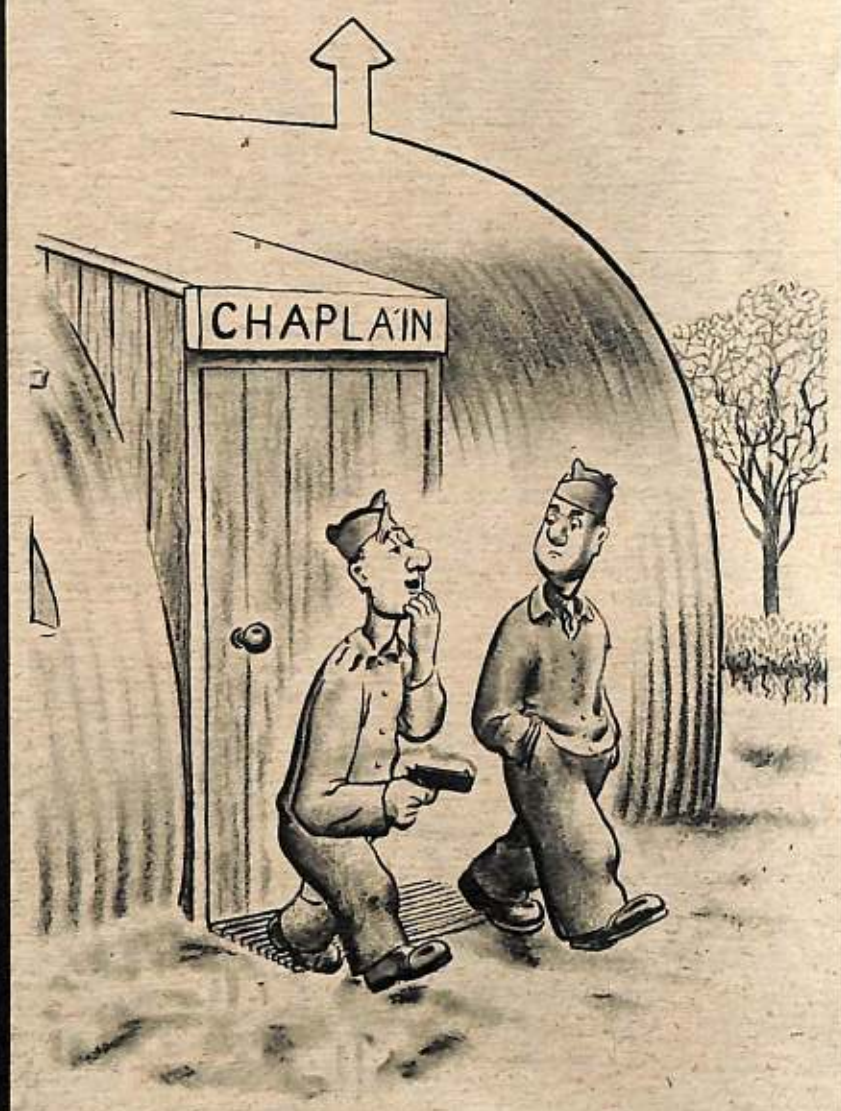
"FINE SIGN"





"HE'S WITH SPECIAL SERVICE."
—Cpl. Robert Bugg

"PORK CHOPS AGAIN!"
—By Cpl. A. Espinoza and Cpl. Joe Cunningham



"SAY . . . NOW I'VE REALLY GOT A PROBLEM!"
—Pvt. Tom Flannery

News from Home

A movie star became a Joe, the President heard from the top man in the ETO, Congress passed a bill that may mean a lot to you someday, Babe Ruth spiked a rumor, and a Wac offered proof that a woman can keep a secret

ONE out, one in. After nearly two years in the AAF, Major Clark Gable put on civilian clothes again and returned to Hollywood to make air-training films. But that old pal of yours, Mickey Rooney, is in the Army at last. For a long while he was in 4-F because of a heart flutter. Apparently, his ticker has now calmed down, for last week the Army nabbed him and assigned him to the infantry.

As a matter of fact, after the first of July, it's going to be pretty tough on lots of guys back home who aren't in the Army—or in essential war jobs. On that date the War Manpower Commission is set to take over the hiring of all men in the U. S. and it is determined to put the boys where they'll do the most good, whether they like it or not. While getting ready to take over, the commission last week made up a list of war jobs which men trained for non-essential professions could fill. Here are a few samples:—

Nightclub crooners, the commission decided, should make good switchboard operators, dancers would do a nimble job as telephone linemen, tattooists ought to work out well as knitting-machine operators. But it's the gigolos who seem due to get the gravy. Men who have been wearily ekeing out their livings in that non-essential manner, said the commission, ought to ring the bell as recreation directors.

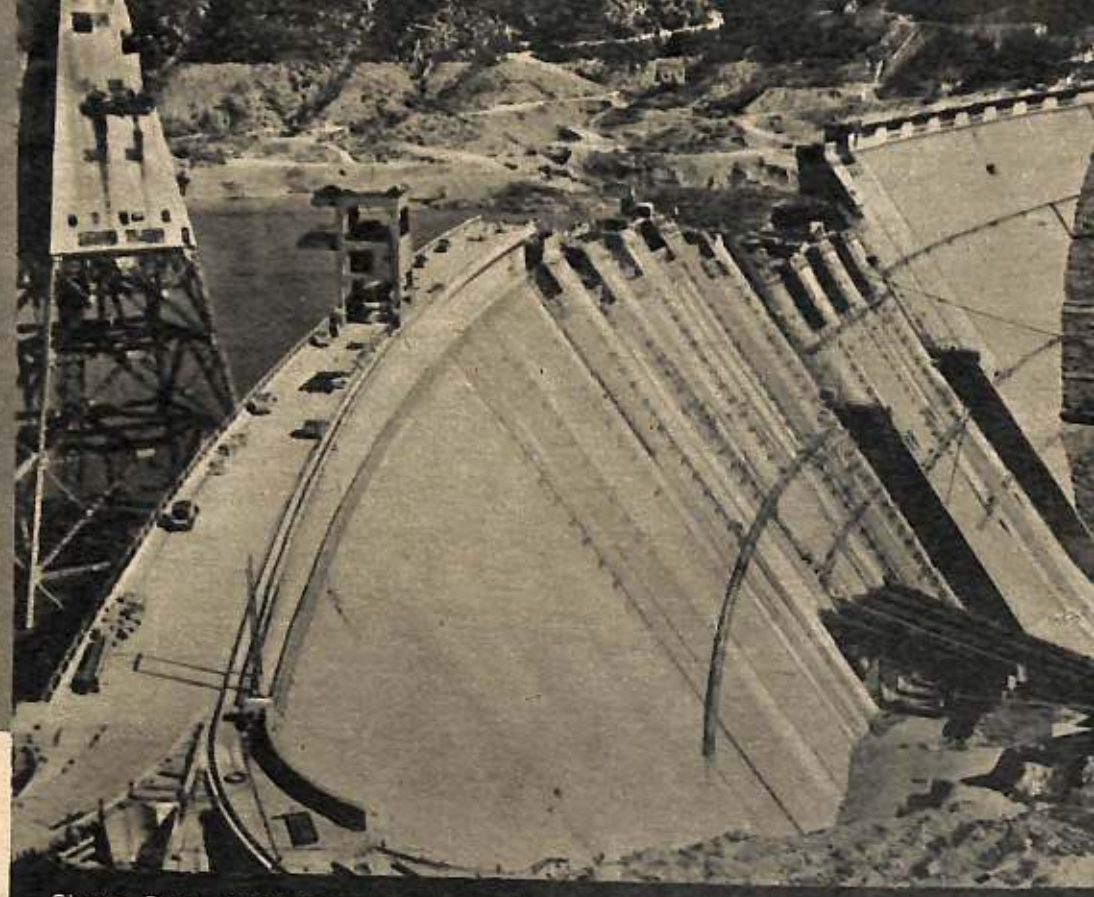
THE big news last week, of course, was made not upon the home front but upon three foreign fronts—in Italy, where the Nazis were still being routed north of Rome; in the Pacific, where the Japanese mainland was bombed by new Super-Fortresses; and in France, where the Allies continued to make headway in their drive to cut off the Cherbourg Peninsula. As the full implication of what a global war can mean was driven home to one and all, the New York *Times* summed up the prevailing opinion by observing soberly that "however distant is the final battle" this was "the beginning of the end."

The Nazis' sporadic aerial attack on southern England by means of a new pilotless torpedo plane was widely interpreted in the States as a sign that Hitler had been driven by desperation to the point of having to throw in his final trumps. Spirits were boosted by Lt. Gen. Barney M. Giles, chief of the Air Staff, who came out with the statement that the Germans had made a "colossal" error by failing to strike with all the air strength they had left at the Allied fleet as it crossed the Channel.

In a direct report to President Roosevelt, General Dwight D. Eisenhower stated that the Allied operations in France, "vast and important as they are, are only part of a far larger pattern of combined assault against the fortress of Germany by the Russian armies from the east and our forces from the Mediterranean." The General, whose report was made public by Roosevelt at a press conference, went on to state: "Satisfactory as is the progress of the battle to date, in magnitude it is but a mere beginning to the tremendous struggles that must follow before final victory is achieved." The report observed that the Allies had crossed the Channel and made their landings despite hazards and difficulties that were greater than had ever before been faced by an army tackling such a mission. Highly praising American, British, and Canadian troops committed to battle for the first time, General Eisenhower reported that there was complete unity between the attacking air, ground, and naval services, and he added that men and materials must continue to pour through "the opening thus made and through others yet to come." His view of the future was that "the Nazis will be forced to fight throughout the perimeter of their stronghold, daily expending their dwindling resources until they are overwhelmed by the hopelessness of their position."

The General's remarks about other openings to come were widely regarded by military observers in the States as a masterful means of keeping German strategists off balance in their guessing game of how much of the available Nazi strength to throw against the Normandy beachhead.

In a 500-word document, entitled simply "Statement by the President," the Chief Executive disclosed his plan for seeing to it that the world doesn't have to go through all this again.



Shasta Dam, in California, is almost finished. When completed, the Sacramento River will pour over its spillway, three times the height of Niagara Falls.

This wax mannequin almost melted in the arms of the fireman who found it in New York's Pennsylvania Hotel, where fire [illegible]

Roosevelt said he hoped to see an organization set up in which all "peace-loving" nations would be represented and whose responsibility it would be to keep world stability. Members of a world council would be elected annually by the participating nations and the council's task would be to settle international disputes. As for who would be represented on the council, the President said membership would include "the four major nations" and "a suitable number of other nations." Under Roosevelt's plan, an international court of justice would be formed and the individual nations involved would maintain sufficient armed strength to put down aggression by means of their joint action.

The President made public his plan after conferring with Secretary of State Cordell Hull, Undersecretary Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., and various State Department experts on geography and economics. Emphasizing that the plan was nonpartisan, Roosevelt elaborated on it by saying: "It is our thought that the organization would be a fully representative body with broad responsibilities for promoting and facilitating international cooperation. . . . We are not thinking of a super-state with its own police force and other paraphernalia of coercive power. We are seeking an effective agreement and arrangements through which the nations would maintain, according to their capacities, adequate forces to meet the needs of preventing war, and of making impossible deliberate preparation for war, and to have such forces available for joint action when necessary."

During a Senate debate on foreign policy, Senator Carl Hatch, Democrat of New Mexico, expressed the belief that "Roosevelt today is ready to sacrifice, if necessary, his political life" in order "to provide the necessary machinery for the peaceful settlement of disputes among nations without recourse to war." Hatch was interrupted by Senator Styles Bridges, Republican of New Hampshire, who asked if Roosevelt felt strongly enough on the issue "so that in order to have unity in this country he would be willing to announce today or tomorrow that he is through with public office, that he would put peace aims above partisan politics, and that he would pass from the political picture in order to gain uniform agreement concerning peace aims." To this Hatch replied: "I personally believe Roosevelt would be willing to make that sacrifice because he believes so strongly in the principles which he has announced. But I would not be willing for him to make that sacrifice and neither would the Democratic Party."

Bridges asked Hatch why. "Because," was the reply, "we remember 20 years ago. We remember how the people of America were led out on a limb of united support for the association of nations for the prevention of war. We also remember how the Republican Party destroyed that hope."

At this, Senator Arthur Vandenberg, Republican of Michigan, intervened. "I will not sit idly by," he said, "and let the suggestion be made here that there is any less devotion to the ideals of peace among Republicans here within the Republican Party or among Republican sons who are fighting on the battlefield than there is among those who are Democrats." Vandenberg went on to say that the Republican platform of 1920 had endorsed an association of nations and he recalled Roosevelt's 1940 campaign speech in which the President promised the fathers and mothers of the U. S. that their sons would not be sent into a foreign war. Hatch retorted that the pledge had been kept because, he said, "It is our war."

OPENING the 5th War Loan Drive—a drive with a quota of 16 billion dollars, 6 billion of them due to come from individuals—the President said over the radio that the policy of doing Germany in first meant that Japan would be forced "to unconditional surrender or to national suicide much more rapidly than has been thought possible." Germany, he observed, has her back against the wall—"in fact, three walls at once"—and he went on to say: "Men assembled in England are now being poured into the great battle of Europe. While some of our landings were desperate adventures, we have established a firm foothold and are now prepared to meet the inevitable counterattacks of the Germans with power and confidence." Russia, according to the President, is "now initiating crushing blows."

As for Japan, Roosevelt said that that nation is now deprived of the strength necessary to crush the Allied drive. "We have overcome their original advantage in the air," he went on. "We have cut off from a return to their homeland tens of thousands of beleaguered Japanese troops who now face starvation or surrender. We have cut down their naval strength so that for many months they have avoided all risk of encounter with our naval forces."

Just in case anybody didn't think there was need for a War Bond drive, Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, speaking in Texarkana, Tex., gave a few specific examples of the staggering cost of the conflict. Asserting that the nation will have to borrow 57 billion dollars next year, he said that the cost of the march from Naples to Rome had been 6 billion, 700 million, and the conquest of the Marshall Islands in the Pacific 6 billion.

News that B-29s, the new U. S. Super-Fortresses, had bombed Japan was followed up by a statement from Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson to the effect that the raid marked the beginning of another phase of the Pacific war and that no corner of the Japanese homeland was "now safe from attack." He went on to say: "The new long-range bombers have overcome tremendous distance barriers to bring the heart of Japan under the guns and bombs of the Army Air Force. These giant battleships of the air are far superior to any plane our enemies have been able to develop."

Almost simultaneously, the War Department made public some information about the B-29, describing it as a bomber that flies farther, faster, and higher with a greater load than any other plane in existence. Its performance figures are still being kept secret, but the WD did say that it has a wingspread of 141.2 feet, a fuselage 98 feet long, and a single dorsal fin 27 feet high. The Super-Fort is powered by four Wright-Cyclone engines, each capable of turning out 2,200 horsepower. Its propellers are four-bladed jobs, spanning 16½ feet—the largest in use; by means of gears, they turn only one third as fast as the engines. The plane's armament consists of an undisclosed number of machine guns, in multiple turrets, and 20-mm. cannon.

WELL, looks like we Joes are going to get something of a break when all this is over and we're back home. Both the Senate and the House in Washington finally passed a modified GI Bill of Rights, which, though less liberal than some hoped it would be in its provisions for providing loans and education for demobilized veterans, still isn't half bad.

The bill which was sent to President Roosevelt for his signature, provides for: (1) unemployment compensation of $20 a week for up to 52 weeks to vets who find themselves jobless at any time during the first two years after discharge; (2) a job placement bureau to be set up under the U. S. Employment Service to help ex-servicemen find work; (3) necessary hospitalization through the Veterans' Administration; (4) the offer of a year of schooling, and in some cases a complete college education, to vets who got into uniform before they were 25 years old—the government to pay $500 a year for tuition, and $50 a month for maintenance if the student has no dependents or $75 if he has; (5) a guarantee of 50 per cent of private loans at 4 per cent interest up to $2,000 for veterans who want cash to set up businesses or to buy farms or homes. Cash benefits will be deducted from any bonus that may be voted after the war. And the ladies in uniform are in on the plan, too.

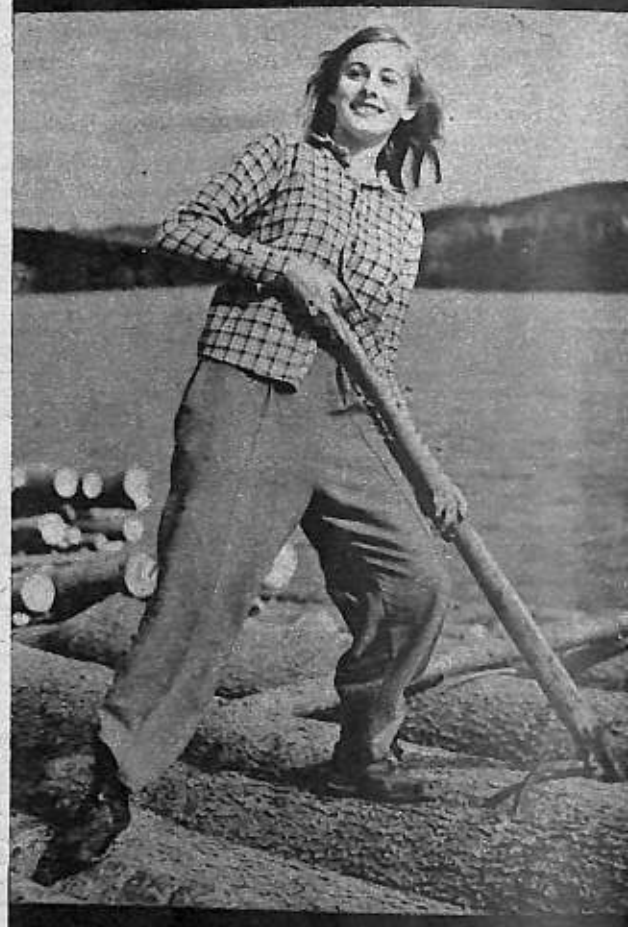
There's been a lot of bickering lately over what some anti-Administration publications are calling the "Pearl Harbor scandal." This was stirred up again when the House Military Affairs Committee issued a report accusing Col. Theodore Wyman, Jr., former district engineer at Hawaii, of delaying the installation of aircraft-warning devices out there, thus making it a cinch for the Japs to attack. The committee's report also implied criticism of the War Department for allowing Col. Wyman to stay on in his job and later awarding him a medal for the work he had done.

Meanwhile, the President signed a Congressional resolution, which had been requested by the Administration, to put off for six months the court martial of the two head men at Pearl Harbor—Admiral Husband E. Kimmel and Lt. Gen. Walter C. Short. Political opponents of the President thereupon renewed their charges that the Administration didn't dare to try the two men before Election Day because it feared the proceedings might show it to have been guilty of neglect itself.

Results of state-by-state Gallup Polls taken so far showed Governor Thomas E. Dewey, the Republican Governor of New York, to be leading President Roosevelt by small percentages in New York, Illinois, Michigan, and Indiana, and the President to have a narrow advantage in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Massachusetts.

The weather was acting up again in many parts of the country. A tornado hit the farms of Ralph Mayberry and Clifford Stille, just north of Glenwood, Ia., and demolished their homes, although the occupants were unhurt. Dillon, Mont., was isolated by water from the Beaverhead and Bedrock Rivers, both swollen by heavy rains; it was said to be the worst flood out that way since 1908. Mrs. Lillian Mae

CONVICTED 2nd Lt. Beaufort G. Swancutt, found guilty at Camp Anza, Calif., of slaying girl friend, three others.



LUMBERJILL. Jean Mullins, 15, Allagash, Me., wields a mean peavy in drive that logged 10,000,000 feet of lumber.

JUMPINGEST FROG. This croaker soared 16 ft., 2 in. to win California contest. Joyce Reynolds, starlet, inspects it.

Whisinand, 80, of Texamah, Neb., was drowned when the house she lived in with her son, Harry, was swept away by water which overflowed the banks of the Elkhorn River and inundated six northern Nebraska counties. At West Point, Neb., 7.2 inches of rain fell in a short period of time, and the resulting flood was the third in two months in that area. Thirteen thousand acres of land were flooded in the vicinity of Yankton, S. D. At Fairview, S. D., 15-year-old Jeanette Williamson was drowned in a swollen creek while bringing some cattle home from pasture. The Des Moines River was almost overflowing near Des Moines, Ia., after a fall of 4.71 inches of rain, the third heaviest ever recorded by the Des Moines weather bureau. The Missouri River broke through a levee at Hamburg, Ia., flooding 200 homes, and it was reported rising all the way from Sioux City, Ia., to Nebraska City, Neb.

Two sharp earthquakes rocked the Los Angeles area, shaking up Laguna Beach, Pasadena, and Long Beach, and causing a landslide which blocked the Coast Highway 37 miles to the north. Six persons were injured when a violent windstorm blew off part of the grandstand roof at Milwaukee's Borchert Field, where 5,100 persons were attending a night game of the Milwaukee Columbus American Association.

Pennsylvania set up some sort of record for itself when two sets of triplets were born within its boundaries in a single day. Mrs. Ralph Sheasly, of York, who is only five feet tall and weighs a mere 100 pounds, gave birth to three boys, and Mrs. Harry Scureman, of Kingston, gave birth to two girls and a boy. Both mothers and babies doing fine, thanks.

Charles Staples, of Leominster, Mass., who was a GI in the Civil War and later became the Massachusetts commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, died at the age of 96. He was a native of Portland, Me., and enlisted in 1863.

So far in this war, 92 nurses have been decorated for heroism or for wounds suffered in action, Colonel Florence E. M. Blanchfield, superintendent of the Army Nurse Corps, reported to a nursing convention in Buffalo, N. Y.

Wac Major Marjorie Ludwigsohn, of Washington, D. C., arrived back in the States from England, which she had left "when D-Day was only hours away." She reported that 12 Wacs assigned to the staff of General Dwight D. Eisenhower had assisted in many details of the campaign, adding: "A lot of us Wacs knew about D-Day long before it happened. That disproves the old saying that a woman can't keep a secret, but it sure was an awful strain."

NORMAN THOMAS, the year-in-year-out Socialist leader, was again nominated by his party to run for President. He will campaign on a peace platform.

After 20 months as a PW, Larry Allen, repatriated correspondent for the Associated Press who was taken prisoner during the African campaign, got back to New York on the exchange liner *Gripsholm* and reported that German warlords are now claiming to have a reserve of "a minimum of 5,000 fighter aircraft to meet the invasion when it reaches a dangerous stage."

Babe Ruth was resting comfortably in the Orthopedic Hospital in New York, following an operation on his right knee, necessitated by an old baseball injury. Asked if he planned to return to the game that made him famous, he replied: "Hell, no. I'm too old for that. Some dope just wanted something to say so the story got started. I'll confine my activity to golf from now on."

Evangelist Aimee Semple McPherson, dressed in her customary flowing white robes, returned to her Angelus Temple pulpit in Los Angeles, after an absence of two months caused by illness. She was cheered by 1,200 worshippers, who then joined her in a program of prayers for the success of Allied armies in France.

"THE YANKS ARE SUFFERING AN EPIDEMIC! WHEN I TRY TO GET MILITARY SECRETS THEY JUST GROAN 'OH, MY ACHING BACK!'"

—Cpl. Ralph Newman

Any of you Joes married to a Mrs. Marion Stankowich, 35-year-old redhead who was arrested by the FBI in Detroit, Mich.? Anyone who is, according to the government sleuths, has got 14 or 15 rivals, for she's got 15 or 16 husbands—she's not sure which. Four of them are servicemen, from whom she has been fraudulently accepting dependency benefits. Mrs. S. is reported to have admitted having husbands in Michigan, Indiana, Texas, Colorado, New York, Ohio, Arizona and Florida.

A few days after the papers described her case, Mrs. Stankowich received a letter from James H. Leslie, who described himself as a gun-toting former deputy sheriff of Dallas, Tex., and said he'd like to marry her. "I'm for you 100 per cent," Leslie wrote. "If you ever become a free agent again, I would like to become husband number 17, or whatever the next number may be. I believe you're just my type." Mrs. Stankowich, who received the letter in jail, said it struck "a soft spot in my heart."

And here's another honey for you. Mrs. Dixie Rose Lane, of Denver, Col., admitted that she had married seven men in the last 14 years, explaining, not too relevantly, that she did so because she liked to travel. "I didn't always love the man I married," said La Belle Lane, cheerfully, "but I usually did like them."

ALMOST everybody loves a pooch, but Mrs. Gertrude Vachal, of Niantic, Conn., loves hers extra special. She waited eight days in her car in a Newark, N. J., parking lot for the return of her fox terrier pup, Tony, who had scrammed out of there and vanished while she was getting ready to drive home. Finally, Mrs. Vachal made arrangements to tour Newark in a sound truck from which she called to her pet by name, and, as she was passing a fire station, Tony dashed out, his tail wagging. Seems he'd been visiting there the whole time, having been taken in by two vamps who thought he was a stray and had been stuffing him with hamburgers. Lucky dog.

Sixty dogs were far from lucky when fire destroyed the kennels of the Western Greyhound Kennel Club in Phœnix, Ariz. Racers all, worth from $500 to $1,000 each, they were burned to death, although many others escaped when their owners threw open their boxes and turned them loose. Twenty-four hours after the fire, several were still at large.

Another fire ruined the interior of the Princeton gym, at Princeton, N. J., burning up the University's entire supply of athletic equipment as well as a lot of trophies such as the Childs Cup, which was the oldest intercollegiate rowing prize, and the football which was used in the first Princeton-Yale game, way back in 1873.

Still another fire destroyed the Congregational parsonage at Northford, Conn., which was said to be 200 years old and had been only recently taken over by the Rev. and Mrs. Delwin R. Lehman and their infant son, of Tacoma, Wash. A neighbor and five passing GIs awoke the Lehmans and their three guests and all escaped safely.

In Columbus, O., Lena Horne, the negro movie actress, was divorced by Louis J. Hones, who charged her with "willful absence."

In New York, Marlene Dietrich, also of Hollywood, arrived at *LaGuardia Airport, her lovely gams all* bundled up in an AAF greasemonkey's coveralls. She had just spent ten weeks with the boys in Italy and North Africa.

At Fort Jay, N. Y., M/Sgt. Joe McCarthy, managing editor of YANK, received the Legion of Merit for his direction of this weekly since 1942.

Out in Santa Ana, Calif., Capt. Morrison J. Wilkinson, Jr., 28-year-old veteran of air combat in China with the AAF, was sentenced to 30 years imprisonment after being convicted by a court martial of statutory rape, sodomy, bigamy, and theft—charges which involved a 17-year-old show girl, a 16-year-old night-club dancer, and three other young women. Rather surprised, the Captain remarked that the sentence seemed a harsh one for "a slight indiscretion."

THIS IS A HORSE CAR. If the contraption baffles you, it's what horse cars looked like. San Francisco's Mayor Roger Lapham hauled this one out to dramatize city's need for a unified streetcar system. He won.

HE'S THE FIRST. Edward S. Hope of Washington, D. C., is sworn in as a member of the USNR by Lt. Commander H. B. Atkinson in Washington. Lt. Hope is the first Negro to become a lieutenant in the Navy.

Mail Call

Seabee Likes Status Quo

Dear YANK,

Major Cushman's letter in the June 11 issue [implying that YANK is too concerned with things military and not frivolous or sexy enough] reveals that he shares an illusion frequently held by officers —that all enlisted men are abysmally ignorant and desirous of remaining so. Yet in the same issue of YANK are at least six letters from enlisted men discussing subjects far deeper than the one chosen by the Major.

Enlisted men are of all types. Some have no education—some the highest. Some are cultured and some not. A few are capable of thinking as deeply even as a major. It is impossible to lay down a single criterion of the enlisted man's likes and dislikes. Properly to appeal to all members of the armed services a magazine must be cosmopolitan in its scope. Sad Sack? Yes, by all means! A discussion of war aims? Yes, truly! Girls? Baseball? Soldiers? Battle scenes? Pictures of home? Some prefer each of these, and many of us like them all. There even might be an occasional GI slightly interested in the U. S. Navy, with which he often works so intimately.

We who proudly wear the uniform of Navy Seabees read YANK all together, and like it *as it is*.

Britain. ELTON ABERNATHY, CM, 3c

The Kowaloff Credo

Dear YANK,

My ideas (expressed in letter printed in YANK May 7, 1944) have been so seriously misinterpreted by my critics that in the interest of fairness to myself and of enlightenment of these critics I feel constrained to submit this letter of rebuttal.

The fundamental thesis which is implicit in my thought is that all ideals must be measured by their influence on the physical and spiritual welfare of men. By declaring that the ideal of freedom is a means rather than an end, I did not intend to devalue this ideal, but to put it into its correct relationship with man. Thus freedom of speech is not an absolute good, for it must be limited by truth. Neither is justice an absolute good, for it must be tempered with mercy.

Nor did I accomplish any devaluation of social ideals by comparing them with biological processes. The essence of the scientific method is to compare the more complex and less understood phenomenon with the simpler and more readily comprehended phenomenon, in order to gain an insight into the mechanisms of nature. Thus Darwin, by comparing the morphology of species of animals at the different levels of development, discovered the process of evolution. In making my analogies between social ideals and biological processes my intention was twofold. First, I wished to demonstrate that these ideals are not luxuries for society, but necessities which are vital for its healthful existence. Secondly, I wished to combat the notion held by many that selfishness and oppression are justified by the biological principles of struggle for existence and survival of the fittest.

As for my patriotism, it is not of the variety: my country, right or wrong. The following is a true picture of my attitude toward American society. For one thing I do not assert the total absence of injustice and oppression in the United States of America. However, that is not the fault of the American State, but is the result of the shortcomings of some of our citizens. It is worthy of note that whereas in the past, governments failed to come up to the standards of liberty held by the average man, the standards of freedom contained in the Constitution of the United States of America are much higher than those of many of our citizens.

Social ideals have not existed since the appearance of man on this planet, but have been created by human societies in the process of their development. It is not true that men have always sought liberty as we understand it today. In the past, prior to the formation of our government, men did fight and die for religious freedom for themselves. But they would have thought it absurd to sacrifice themselves for the religious freedom of their neighbors, if they had happened to hold different religious views. The Bill of Rights contained in the Constitution of the United States of America is the first state document in history which guarantees religious freedom to all people. This social ideal is one of the greatest contributions of American society to the progress of civilization. The United States Army post chapel, where all creeds worship God in their way under the same roof, is the most tangible proof of my statement.

My brand of patriotism, the identification of American society with the cause of freedom and humanitarianism is neither mysticism nor double talk, but is based on historical fact, and is clearly described in the sublime poetry of one of the greatest American poets, Walt Whitman. Again I assert: in fighting for the survival of the United States of America, the American soldier is inspired by the highest motive.

Britain. Major IRVING KOWALOFF, M.C.

War Is . . . Hades

Dear YANK,

I have a boy friend in an Air Force Engineer Command, Spamland, who sends YANK to me regularly. I especially like Mail Call as it expresses the honest, uncensored opinion of the GI Joes which sometimes we gals can profit by. I write and thank my boy friend for each edition he sends me and I pass them along to my girl friends. I think YANK is a super-swell, colossal publication, *but* we girls have to shudder at the slanguage you use. Our

NOT YOUR AUNT PRUNIE.

idea of a gentleman is that he speaks properly and by that we don't mean he can't slip a few ain'ts, seens and saws in the wrong place, but we do mean he talks at all times as if we are listening, even though we are not around.

We girls don't think it smart and sophisticated one bit to use bad language and the Lord's Name in vain. A plain "yes" or "no" and a direct statement without superfluous words before or aft hold more weight and truth with us than any phrases just come out in the latest YANK. We want to respect you big lugs, and generally do, but we don't jive ya' when you don't speak the same kind of language we do. Don't let anyone kid you. A fighting soldier doesn't have to be a big, rough, rip-snortin' Barnacle Bill-talking fellow to get on our hero list. We like you big and tough and courageous looking, but inside we want you as gentle as little lambs to soothe our nerves and not scare our future generation. A big kiss to the GI Bible Discussion Group, who wrote a timely letter in the February 27 issue and to all men who refrain from using bad language even though their buddies do. They have real courage, strength, wisdom, will power—and our hearts. So please, YANK, in the future, *please* remember we girls are awfully busy these days with war work and we don't always have time to censor YANK before our mothers read you.

Orlando, Fla. BETTY JANE LINDSAY

P.S. I'm enclosing my picture so you won't think I'm your Aunt Prunie writing under a *nom de plume*.

Lena Horne Department

Dear YANK,

1. The Gripers, Inc., Ltd., have the understanding that the back of the YANK Magazine is used to glorify the American Pin-up Girl. In view of the fact that pin-ups of the past have been excellent, the Gripers have the utmost confidence in your interpretation of what beautiful women should look like.

2. The members of the Gripers, Inc., Ltd., have not as yet seen exhibited in your mag a picture of the Gripers' favorite Pin-up Girl, namely, Lena Horne.

3. It is therefore requested that the sultry beauty of Miss Horne grace an early issue of "The Soldier's Weekly."

For the entire company:

Britain. 1st Sgt. JAMES O. HILL S/Sgt. ALONZO M. SCRUGGS, Cpl. JOHN C. SHAW, T/5 JOHNNY ALEXANDER

[Lena's "sultry beauty" adorned Page 17, YANK, July 4, 1943.—Ed.]

Preview: Post-war

If I escape the agonies of war
And not lie lifeless on the tangled wire,
I think that I could love you all life long,
If you could only bear and understand.

Could I grow tender if you pricked your thumb
When I have seen the arteries give up
The zest and brittle beauty that was life?
Or if the meat were tough, the soup too thin,
Would I not think of C-rations we ate
In fox-holes, and the flux that came
Deep in the night, 'mid falling flare and bomb?
And if our house should never quite suffice,
I do not think that I should care too much:
I should remember pup-tents in the rain,
And how they got us up at night to stand
A shivering, wretched guard in lonely gloom.

Ambition has quite left me, understand.
They will suffice, the little things of life:
An ash-tray for my ash, a room that's filled
With warmth of stove and loving tenderness,
Clean clothes and decent words again and your
Warm hand in mine along the quiet streets—
The simple not unlovely, ways of life.

Britain. Pfc. SIDNEY P. MOSS

One Man's Guess

Dear YANK,

I read your Mail Call section of YANK, June 4 issue, and I say that the movie mystery girl shown

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Pictures: 1, AP. 2, left, N.Y. Times; right, top to bottom, OWI, 9th AAF, US Signal Corps. 3, top left, US Signal Corps; top right, Bippa; center right, Bippa; bottom left to right, Planet, OWI, AP. 4, left top, AP; left center, AP; left bottom, US Signal Corps; top center, Planet; others, AP. 5, left top, US Signal Corps; left bottom, OWI; top right, 9th AAF; center left, Bippa; center right, AP; bottom center, Planet; Bottom right, Bippa. 6, OWI. 7, Planet. 10, top to bottom, 9th AAF, 9th AAF, OWI, 9th AAF. 11, top, 9th AAF; others, OWI. 12, top left, WW; bottom left, Sgt. Allan J. de Lay; center left, Acme; center right, Sgt. George Aarons; top right, INP; bottom right, Signal Corps. 13, top right, Signal Corps; bottom right, Coast Guard; center left, PA; bottom center, WW; others, Acme. 15, top, OWI; bottom, AP. 16, top, INP; center, INP; bottom, Acme. 17, left, Acme; right, INP. 20, top left, PA; center left, Acme; bottom left and top right, INP; bottom right, PA. 21, top, Acme; bottom, AAF. 22, BOP. 23, top, OWI; bottom, Signal Corps.

"I don't know, Hans, but I still say this won't get you a private room and bath."

at beginning or end of reels is either Lillian Gish or Vilma Banky.
Britain. **Cpl. DAVE L. WOLMAN**

That Bonus

Dear YANK,

There has recently been proposed a measure for granting veterans of this war bonuses amounting to several thousands of dollars apiece. This measure will probably not be the last of its kind, though up to now it is the one stipulating the largest sums. It represents an effort—possibly backed by generous motives—to recompense us in money for several years of lost earning power. Whatever the motive, there are a good many of us who believe that such bonuses and money gifts on such a large scale are bad business and short-sightedness as far as the welfare of the country is concerned. Most of will need—and feel that we are due—enough money after demobilization to return home and live decently for long enough to get a job; but not a top-heavy bonus.

We want a country on sound financial feet. We want the security of jobs that pay a decent wage, not the illusive security of a wad of money in the pocket in place of it. The national debt is already huge. It must be paid. We do not want to add to the debt another 20 or 30 billions of dollars, for the added burden will only boomerang upon us, too, in the form of heavy taxes for years to come.
T/3 ROGER H. GARRISON

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dreher vs. Thompson vs. Mustang

Dear YANK,

Here is a very legitimate gripe. It concerns the football action picture in this week's May 21 issue of the YANK magazine.

The picture shows, supposedly, Tommy Thompson, ex-pro of the Philly Eagles, cracking the Mustang line for a sizeable gain.

If you will look again, you will find that the player shown is Sgt. Dick Dreher of N. Hollywood, Calif., and *not* Thompson. We know it is Dreher because he wore the number "4" (which you can make out in the picture) and because we have all known Dickie for almost three years. He is in our outfit, our company, and he bunks in the same room with the undersigned GIs. We have known him too long to miss recognizing such a handsome, innocent face. This letter was written because we would like to see him get a break. It was written without Dickie's knowledge. He's too damned modest for his own good.

All right then? Thanks?
Britain. **Sgt. DON FAUST (AND SIGNED BY NINE OTHER SGTS.)**

Dear YANK,

In your May 21 issue of YANK you printed a picture of a football game played in London between the Canadian Mustangs and the Inf. Blues. The caption in the picture states Sgt. Tommy Thompson is carrying the ball. I think if you will examine a little closer you would find the ball carrier to be Sgt. Dick Dreher of N. Hollywood, Calif., now in the ETO.

How about watching that stuff.
Britain. **Sgt. DON CHRISTENSEN**

[Take it easy, boys, YANK photogs can't be everywhere at once and this picture happened to be sent us by a commercial agency, together with the caption dope which, it would seem, was all wet.—Ed.]

Man O' War

Dear YANK,

We are claiming the title "The Only Man in the Service" for our pal, Pvt. Jesus Chapa-Badillo, Jr., who hails from Laredo, Texas, for being the only man in the service who has officially stamped in his dogtags: "Sensitive to horse serum."

Pvt. Chapa-Badillo had an attack of lock jaw in 1939 in which more than half a million International Units of serum were injected into his body in the form of seventy-three shots in the short space of a week.

We are very proud in having him serving with us in the infantry—three cheers for the infantry!
Britain. **5 GIs**

Glider Gripe

Dear YANK,

Here is an answer to 1st Sgt. Smith of the Paratroops. It seems that he is kicking that the Paratroops didn't get in on that new T/O where all non coms were raised 1 grade. He also said that if anybody didn't think that they deserved that extra 50 that they should come on a Tactical jump with them. Well, we are a few Glider troops and we got a little kick coming too. First of all we don't get any flying pay at all. We get the same pay any GI gets and we really take chances too. If 1st Sgt. Smith doesn't think so we personally invite him to a Tactical glider ride and we'll throw in a crash landing to boot. We can match anything those jump boys got and we don't brag about it.
Britain. **A FEW GLIDER COMMANDOS**

Grand Prize

Dear YANK,

This is a suggestion—take it or leave it!

Lately I have been reading about the plane service between the UK and the good old USA. In approximately twelve (12) hours an individual can make a trip to his home town. Why not make good use of this gallant service to a few men overseas in the following manner:

Conduct various contests between different branches of the service semi-annually and have the winner of each branch get a fifteen (15) day furlough to his respective home town. It will expedite production I'm sure and make a lot of service men happy (not talking about the women-folk).

Let me know if I should be recommended for a Section 8.
Britain. **A HUMBLE PFC.**

[Probably.—Ed.]

YANK'S AFN Radio Guide

Highlights for the week of June 25

SUNDAY	1905—JACK BENNY SHOW—with Mary Livingston, Dennis Day, Eddie "Rochester" Anderson, and Phil Harris and his Orchestra.
MONDAY	2115—JUBILEE—the stars of the world of swing present a half hour of high-riding popular music.
TUESDAY	1905—DINAH SHORE SHOW—Dinah sings and Cornelia Otis Skinner and Roland Young present another episode in the lives of William and Mary.
WEDNESDAY	2115—BOB HOPE—with Frances Langford, Vera Vague, and music by Stan Kenton and his Orchestra.
THURSDAY	1905—BING CROSBY MUSIC HALL—with John Scott Trotter's Orchestra, Music Maids and Lee, and the Charioteers.
FRIDAY	2005—DUFFY'S TAVERN—Archie has a guest star and continues to popularize his new song "Leave Us Face It."
	1330—YANK's Radio Weekly.
SATURDAY	2115—10 O'CLOCK SPECIAL—a full hour of music with accent on both sweet and swing.

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

action shots

SAME OLD PEPPER. Even at 40, Pepper Martin is still risking life and limb tearing into bases for the Cardinals. Here he's safe as Pittsburgh's Elliott takes a throw too late.

BLOCK THAT KICK. That's what Bernardo Barrio of Brooklyn tried, but he tumbled and Pittsburgh's Harry Pletersek kicked a goal. Brooklyn won, 7-1, to take national soccer title.

TRACK MEET FOR BLIND. Guided by wires, these blind athletes from the New York Institute for Blind compete on equal terms with a sighted team in a 75-yard-dash event.

SPORTS: Private Life of Pensive

By Sgt. DAN POLIER
YANK Sports Editor

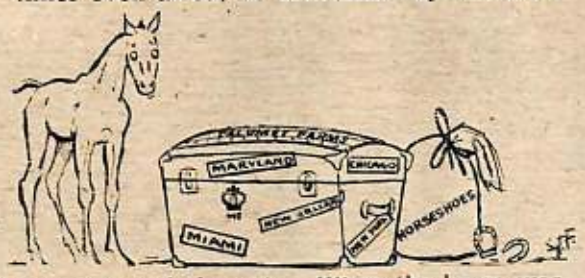
THE PRIVATE life of Pensive, winner of the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness:

The exercise boys jeeringly refer to him as the "Baking Powder Horse," because he is owned by Warren Wright's Calumet Farms. Actually he has no nickname. He is a good "doer," as the horse folks say, meaning he is a good eater. At breakfast he has two quarts of oats and for lunch and supper he settles down to four quarts of oats and two quarts of bran. This big appetite keeps him solidly on his feet, and he is seldom knocked out after a race like so many other horses.

Oddly enough, Pensive isn't popular with the Calumet stable gang. The fact that he won the Derby and Preakness has made no impression on them. Their favorite is a striking-looking brown horse named Sun Again, who won the Dixie Handicap the same day Pensive took the Derby. Plain Ben Jones, the white-hat Calumet trainer, proudly introduces Sun Again to visitors as "the most beautiful horse in America," and the grooms and exercise boys all have photographs of him, which they will produce with a minimum amount of urging.

Pensive is royalty, and he doesn't let you forget it for a minute. He runs with his head lost in the clouds, and his illustrious English breeding fairly oozes out of his chocolate-colored body. Plain Ben thinks he is probably the best bred horse in all the world. His sire was Hyperion, a winner of the English Derby. His dam was Penicuik II (pronounced Peni-quick) who came to America in the summer of 1940 as a refugee when the blitz hit England and brought Pensive with her "in utero," as Jones says. The following April, Pensive was born at the Calumet Farms in Kentucky and automatically became a citizen.

Jones has always been impressed—sometimes even awed, he confesses—by Pensive's



breeding and character. When the horse was only a few months old, Jones watched him romping with the other Calumet yearlings, and suddenly, he says, the strangest feeling came over him. "It may sound silly," Jones explains, "but I knew then that Pensive was a Derby horse. It came over me just like a dream. I had the same feeling about Whirlaway and Lawrin. I was impressed by the way Pensive looked. He had downright fine character."

But for all his character and breeding, Pensive acted like an ordinary mule-headed punk when Jones tried to break him to the saddle. He was erratic, high-strung and generally hard to bring along. "I think I had to exercise more patience with the colt than I ever did with Whirlaway, who used to drive me almost crazy," Jones says.

One of Pensive's worst habits was a nasty trick of running backward and whirling madly around in circles. Pinky Brown, the deaf exercise boy who did such a fine job of calming down Whirlaway, was put on Pensive to break him, and he has been the only exercise boy the horse has ever known. Pinky worked patiently with the colt, trying to break his bad racing habit, but Pensive was too stubborn to improve. "Then once I spanked him good and proper," Pinky admits. "After that he cut out his foolishness and started running straight."

When Pensive was still a youngster, Jones took him along wherever the Calumet string was racing. He was the only colt in the stable accorded such an honor. They went to Miami, Maryland, Chicago, New Orleans and New York, and all the time Jones trained him as carefully as he did the older horses. In Chicago, Pensive worked a quarter in 22.2, and Jones' eyes popped. He knew he had a fast horse on his hands.

When Pensive reached his 2-year-old majority, he went to the races and won his first two starts impressively. But later at New Orleans he started to slump, became dull and looked tired and worn. Jones was puzzled. It wasn't until blood started seeping through a quarter-crack in his hoof that Jones discovered what really had been the trouble. The colt was operated on, and a piece of his hoof, about the size of a dollar piece, was cut out. When Pensive recovered Jones designed a bar plate to protect his hoof and put him back to work. Jones had used bar plates on Lawrin, too.

Pensive really got going in earnest as a 3-year-old. Jones threw him in races against older horses, and his breeding, the best on the turf, showed he was strong on consistency and stamina. He ran C. S. Howard's famed Porter's Cap into the ground and finished a good second to 7-year-old Tola Rose, who had once beaten Whirlaway. From there the story is history. . . . He finished second to Gramps Image in a Derby tune-up after he got in the lead and then sulked. . . . He took the Derby with a stretch-burning drive that left Broadcloth and the favorite Stir Up four and half lengths behind. . . . He won the Preakness coming out of the clouds like Whirlaway to beat Platter by three-quarters of a length.

Yet, for all his success and beautiful purses, Pensive is a stranger in his own stable. He stands in the corner of his stall by the hour, occasionally coming to the door to give his tongue to an exercise boy. When he travels he goes right to sleep as soon as the train starts rolling. He has a lead pony, a white-faced fellow named Baldy, who travels in the same car with him, but Pensive almost ignores him. Maybe it is his breeding.

On the left, Pensive romps home in the Preakness.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

MAKING his first convoy run to Murmansk, **Lt. (jg) John Doeg**, former national amateur tennis champion, was torpedoed and floated around in the water for two hours before he was picked up by an English ship. . . . **Capt. Maury (Footsy) Britt**, ex-Detroit Lion end who won the medal of honor in Italy, says **George McAfee** of the Bears was the greatest football player he ever saw. "I didn't get close enough to him on end sweeps to even say hello," Britt admits. . . . **Lt. Earle Meadows**, 1936 Olympic pole-vault champion, now stationed at the Fourteenth Air Force headquarters as a Special Service officer, has added a new Chinese pole-vault record to his collection. He cleared 14 feet in track meet recently. . . . **S/Sgt. Jack**

West Point tennis team. . . . **Benny McCoy**, who cost Connie Mack $40,000, is playing second base for a Navy team in the South Pacific. . . . **Pfc. Alfred Lindberg** of Minnesota, who won the Guadalcanal featherweight championship, was killed a few months later on Bougainville.

Ordered for induction: **Stan Musial**, Cardinal outfielder and NL batting champion; **Leslie Fleming** and **Henry Wyse**, Chicago Cub pitchers; **Al Zarilla**, St. Louis Browns outfielder, **Allie Reynolds**, Cleveland righthander; **Rube Melton**, Dodger pitcher; **Hal Wagner**, catcher of the Athletics; all by the Navy. . . . *Rejected:* **Ernie Bonham**, best Yankee pitcher, because of fractured vertebra in his back; **Tommy O'Brien**, Pittsburgh outfielder and one-time Tennessee footballer, because of knee injury. . . . *Promoted:* **Ensign Billy Soose**, retired middleweight champion, to lieutenant junior grade at Great Lakes. . . . *Commissioned:* **Billy Sullivan Jr.**, former catcher and sometimes infielder for the White Sox, Dodgers, Browns and Indians, as a lieutenant

MOVING UP IN ITALY

Lt. Gen. Clark chats with a priest from St. Peter's as the Allies pour into Rome.

By Sgt. FRED ROSEN

YANK Staff Correspondent

First there was mud, and then there was dust that "grates between your teeth, scrapes down your throat, sifts into your eyes, piles up on your eyelashes, and cakes every inch of your sweating body until you can feel its weight." A YANK correspondent tells how the Fifth Army inched forward along white tape marking out uncleared mine beds, ousted the Germans from a fortified town, then held on by "fingernails and eyelashes" under pulverizing enemy barrages.

ITALY—Going up to the front, a most commonplace sight is a line of GI trucks jammed with soldiers wearing huge dust goggles over their eyes and handkerchiefs across their mouths. They look like a cross between the old-time highwayman and a two-reel flicker comedian just rolled out of a flour barrel. Dust pelts your face as though it had been blown through a compressed-air sand blaster. It grates between your teeth, scrapes down your throat, sifts into your eyes, piles up on your eyelashes, and cakes every inch of your sweating body until you can feel its weight.

Looking out the back of the truck at the road snaking through the hills, you get a view of a shifting sea of dust spreading out to coat the olive trees, vines and rocky slopes; it bleaches and mottles the charred German vehicles that litter the roadside, and sifts in a white film over the toy towns that have already been shelled into white rubble. It turns the vast fields of poppies into a muddy brown, and adds a final touch of the grotesque to the fly swarms that were the eyes of Germans now sprawled dead beneath the poppies.

The dust makes it impossible to move a vehicle along the roads to the front without being spotted by Jerry. It means also that the GI driver balances life on the rim of his steering wheel every time he goes over 20 miles an hour, what with shell holes and mine craters that he cannot see threatening to ditch him at any moment. Sharp-edged shell casings, broken *vino* bottles, and the thousands of pieces of jagged metal which are the dregs of a beaten army cause an enormous number of flat tires. Motor-pool sergeants claim there are ten times the number of flats there were in the mud a few weeks back. T/5 Joe DeCoster, of Jackson, Mich., a jeep-driver in an armored reconnaissance outfit, is one who knows. On the first day of the big push, his jeep came down with 11 flat tires.

The dust works into every bit of infantry equipment and at each lull in the battle the doughfeet sprawl in their foxholes, sweating, as they give the toothbrush treatment to their M-1s, machine guns and BARs. Some platoon sergeants have laid down the rule that every shell must be wiped off before it is slipped into a clip so the weapons won't jam. Looking into a ration can he had just opened, Cpl. Gene Thompson, of Elkhart, Ind., a gunner in a tank-destroyer outfit, remarked: "I never believed that they could figure out a way to dehydrate dust."

WE were lying in a ditch along a road, looking up at the pretty little German-held town of ——. The town, like so many pretty little towns in Italy, is cocked over one eye of a mountain peak instead of being in a valley as it most likely would

be in the States. A column of tanks clanked up one side of the road, climbing slowly toward the town like a herd of steel elephants. A line of silent, dusty infantrymen, 15 yards apart, plodded up the other side of the road, their heads down against the billowing clouds of dust and grit swirling up from under the tank treads.

The taller doughboys stooped as they walked to take advantage of the shelter afforded by a stone wall running in and out and under the clots of wrecked Jerry vehicles and equipment lining the road. Each man carefully followed the path of white tape laid by the engineers to define the menace of uncleared mine beds.

Two hundred yards ahead was a sharp twist in the road with no cover on either side. This was the last exposed stretch before the smashed farmhouse which was our advanced O.P. Jerry was tossing shells on the bend whenever he spotted anything bigger than a grasshopper moving around the curve.

The tanks and the foot soldiers stopped as their platoon leaders raised their arms. It looked as though the advance might have to wait until after dusk. Just then a motorcycle came up from the rear like a bat out of hell, dragging a long, twisting tail of dust. The driver was hunched over the handlebars as he snaked his way around shell craters. Twice we saw his body tossed into the air like a sack of potatoes as he hit some rough spots, but he kept going. The cycle stopped at a signal from an M.P. who stepped into the road. The driver's face was a mask of muddy, white dust pierced only by his goggles.

"Got some dispatches and maps," he said. "Got to get 'em to the O.P."

"O.K.," said the M.P., waving him on. "It's your neck, Bud."

Then the motorcycle was off, as the tank men leaned from their turrets and the doughfeet raised their heads and watched from the ditch they were waiting in. The driver throttled down as he approached the dangerous bend.

"Damn good thing he knows his stuff," said the M.P. The driver was pulling an old trick. You've got to figure, every time you cross an exposed stretch near the line, that some Kraut is squinting at you through a pair of binoculars, the idea being to save some speed until you are about halfway across and then step on it, in the hope of knocking the Jerry gunners off their timing.

The motorbike spurted forward just about where it should have, but this time the trick didn't work. A cluster of shells burst all around the speeding bike, which flew into the air, whirling like a tossed baseball bat. When the smoke and dust had settled, there was the driver in a crumpled heap in the road. Two infantrymen crept forward and had him slung on a blanket and back under cover in 10 minutes. His shoulder was twisted queerly and there was a jagged cut in his left arm from which blood was trickling. One of the infantrymen got an envelope of sulfa out of his pack and with clumsy fingers sprinkled the white powder on the cut. Then he took out his own first-aid pack and tied the wound pack around the pink paste of blood and sulfa powder. After that, there was nothing to do but wait for an ambulance to arrive from the nearby clearing station.

OUR troops had finally driven the stubborn Nazis out of the town, building by building, cellar by cellar, alley by alley. We were in there all right, but just managing to hang on by our fingernails and eyelashes under a Jerry barrage which was pulverizing the place. In a cellar just off the main square, a small group of doughboys were squeezing their faces against the rubble as plaster rained down steadily from the shock of the bursting shells. Even in the cellars, the swoosh of the 88s could be heard, slashing through the air like the lash of a giant whip before they burst. Somehow still intact in one corner of a cellar was a knee-high plaster statue of Venus on a pedestal. With each shell blast it would quiver.

Every once in a while, Pvt. Tom Robinson, of Seattle, Wash., would hunch himself up on his elbows to see if our tanks were still in the town. They had been sweeping down the street, blasting one shell into each story of every building, then moving on to drop their calling cards in the next building—just in case there were Jerry snipers around.

Suddenly, Robinson froze on one elbow. "Look!" he yelled. "Look!" Every grimy, plaster-streaked face around him jerked up. There, right in the open, walking around what had once been a cupid-fringed fountain, was a ragged old Italian peasant, bent over and tapping along with a cane. In a couple of seconds, the patriarch's face lit up. He bent over and picked something up and stuck it behind his ear. It was a cigarette butt.

NOTES FROM THE LINE: Many a newly arrived replacement almost busts a gut his first night out when he stumbles over a long, twisted object that looks exactly like a snake of D.T. dimensions. This turns out to be one of the many treads unrolled from blasted Jerry tanks by direct shell hits. You see them everywhere, coiled around tree trunks, weaving in and out of vine groves, hanging over fences and even on roof tops. Some of them measure 30 feet from head to tail.

The crew of a recon patrol the other evening pulled up to an abandoned farmhouse to billet for the night. Right on the dot of midnight, the family that owned the farm calmly filed in. There were 19 of them in all, from grandpa to the smallest bambino. The Germans had forced them to evacuate the home in January, and they had spent the winter in a mountain cave, living on dried beans and roots. Mamma was so grateful to the embarrassed Yanks that, after the usual kisses all around and much *vino* which had been cached in the well, she insisted on doing the laundry of the whole outfit. When the boys awoke at daybreak, they found their clothes washed and dried and rolled neatly into their packs.

Definitely among the GI pets around here are the flying jallopies used as O.P.s by the artillery. There is no sector of the front where a couple are not circling around and around just behind the lines, ready to flip down as soon as Jerry starts tossing ack-ack. They are flown by sergeants, who usually carry .45's as their only armament. The Flying O.P.s have all kinds of nicknames, the commonest being "Sad Sack," because, as one of their pilots explained, "They look so sad when a Jerry plane makes a pass at them." We also hear them called "Corporal of the Guard," "On the Ball," "Flying Hot Foot," and "Jallopy Bug." But around the 45th Division, they are always the "B-45s." Read it backwards and it comes out a 45th of a bomber.

For some reason in some Yank outfits the word "Limey" has evolved into "Leroy." You hear: "Hy'a, Leroy," or even, "Here comes a Leroy." Yanks naturally are always Yanks to Limeys—or rather Leroys.

Every once in a while you see a jeep or a half-track lugging ammo to the line with a long steel bar sticking straight up from the radiator cap. It is a memento of the days when Jerry strung piano wire across narrow roads at night to slice off the heads of men in open vehicles. The boys are still taking no chances.

A couple of Pfcs, operating in the same sector on the same day, made quite a showing with weapons you never read about in the books. One was Pfc. Aaron Lyberger, of Battle Creek, Mich., a signal linesman, who was walking through high grass at night and stepped into three armed Jerries. Lyberger had only a pair of pliers in a hip holster. He stepped back in the grass, whipped out the pliers, looked ferocious, and the Jerries surrendered. While marching back, one of the Jerries offered Lyberger a brand new blanket. It was lucky the Pfc. refused to take it, because later the blanket was found to be wired with hand-grenade booby traps set to blow up when the blanket was unrolled.

The other was Pfc. Elton Gorham, of Winfield, La., an infantryman, who was digging a ditch in the lines when a Jerry suddenly popped up in front of him. Gorham whipped up his shovel like a rifle, and it was all over.

But most of the Yanks hereabouts are kinda old-fashioned and still rely on their M-1s.

American troops warily patrol the narrow, rubble-strewn streets of shell-torn Castelforte, captured by the Fifth Army. Below, U.S. Army trucks unload used shell casings rushed back from the Italian battlefronts to a salvage depot.


K. T. Stevens
YANK
Pin-up Girl