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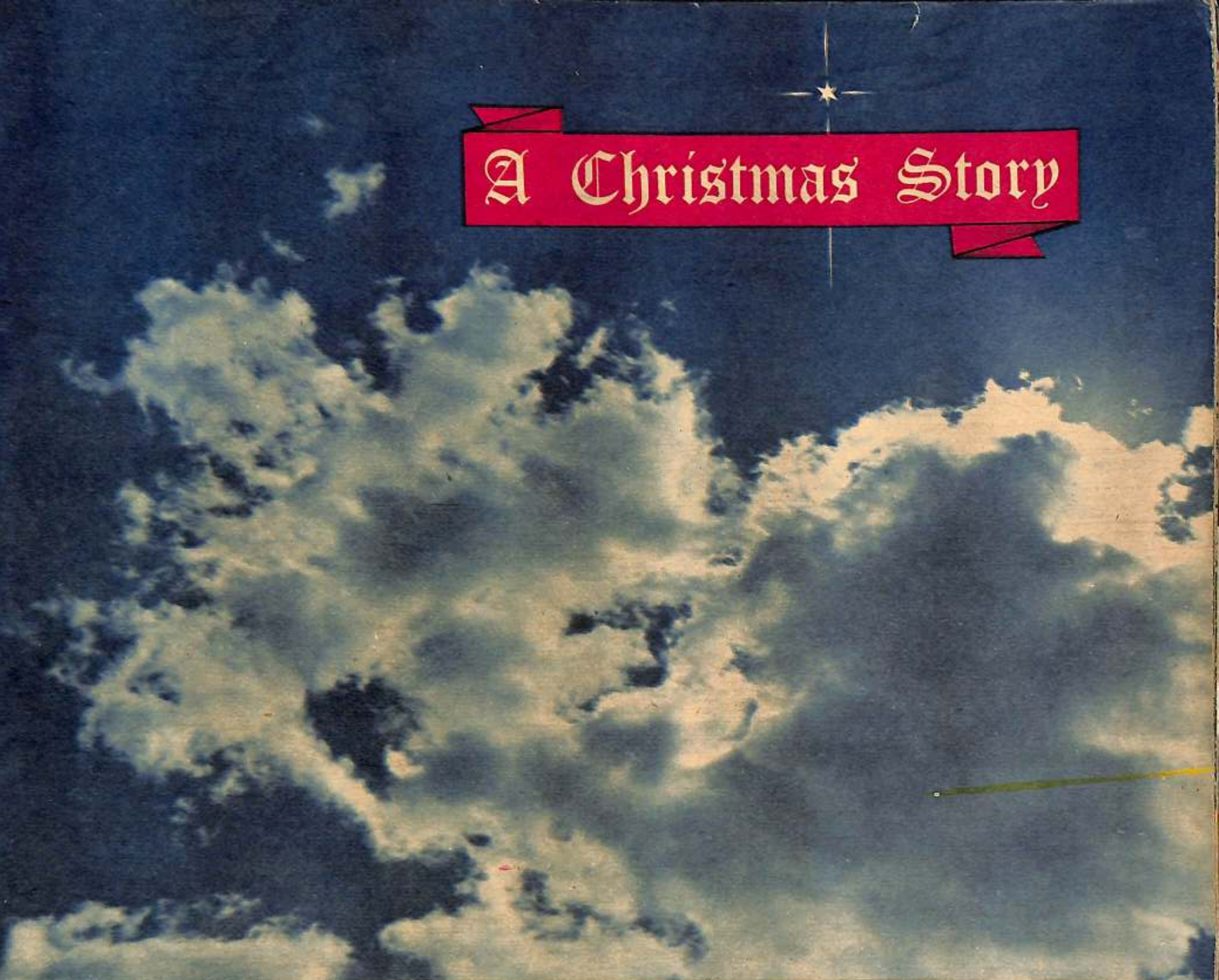
By the men . . for the men in the service

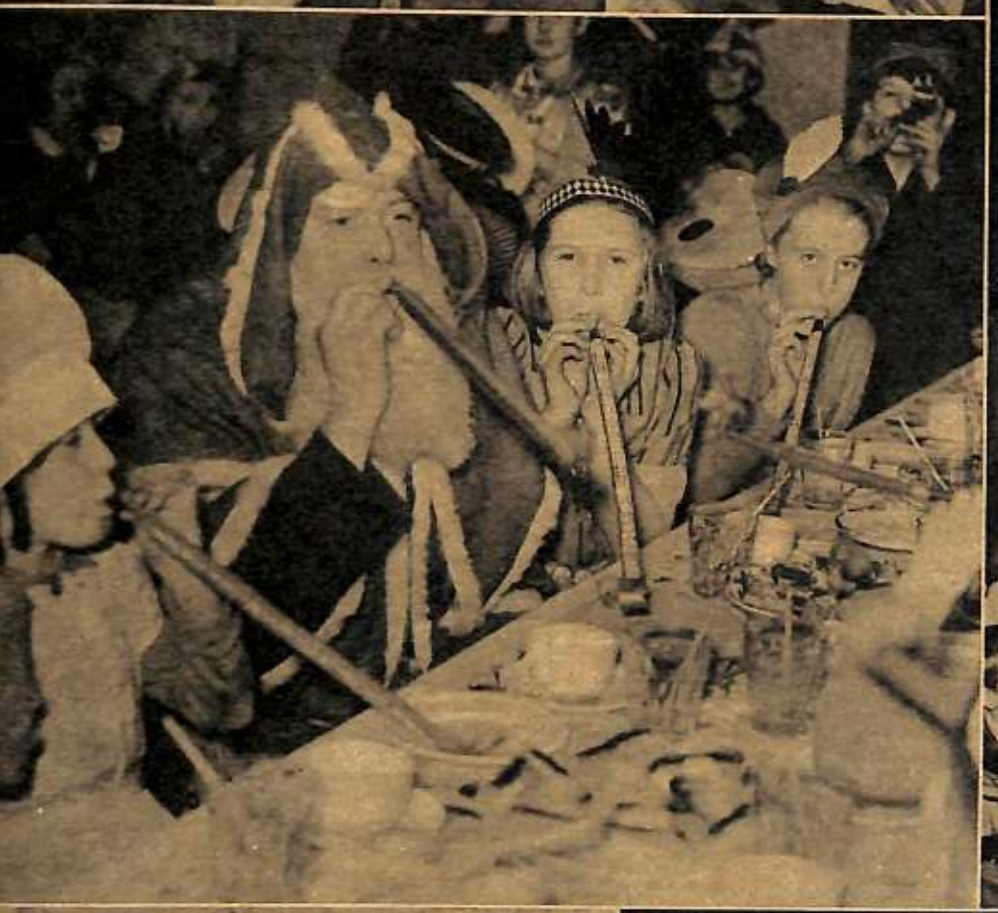
"God Rest Ye Merrie Gentlemen . . ."

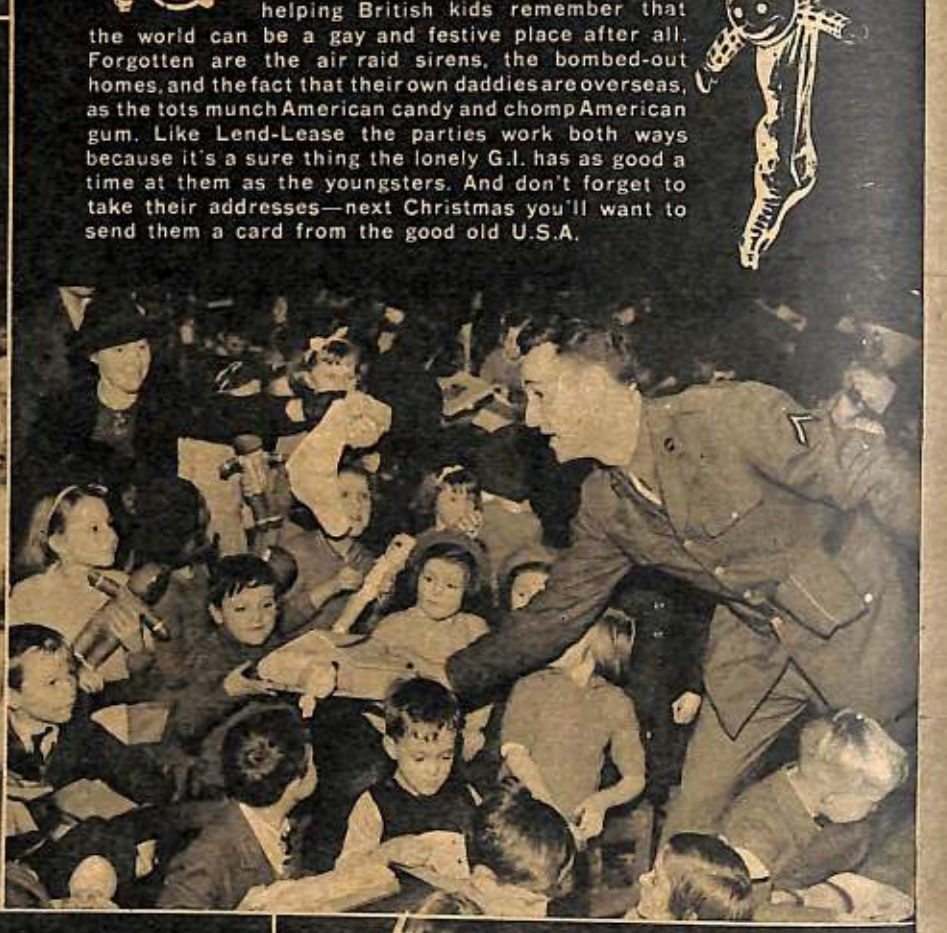


A Christmas Story

By Sgt. Nathan Asch

THERE WAS ONCE A LITTLE GIRL, and people shook their heads at her and said: Isn't it a shame that she would pick out a time like this to have a baby? And one evening the little girl's husband, an old beat-up kind of nice Joe, said to her: Come on, I know you're pretty well scared of the bombing, but maybe if we find an old stable, the bombs won't hit it; they hit only big things like hospitals and enormous air raid shelters. It was a very dark night (people all said: Tonight they'll come for sure), and the little girl and her husband (she was pretty much in a hurry, because when bombers are coming and a baby is coming too, still the baby has to come, that's the way babies are) went out of town, and she was riding a donkey, and her husband was leading it. Everything was dark because of the blackout, but in the road there were darker, moving shapes of people hurrying because they were sure they'd come over tonight. It was a very funny night. There were no stars in the sky, but there was one Star, a great big star in the East. And the husband said: I guess there's a stable down there, and maybe there is an unused manger in it. And the girl was trembling, and her husband thought she was afraid of the bombers, and he patted her hand, and she laughed a little bit in her heart, because she wasn't afraid of the bombers at all. It was very dark in the stable. There were some hens sleeping there, stirring every now and then in their sleep, and there was an old cow chewing her cud, and the little donkey the girl had ridden moved every now and then on his rope. But still it was very quiet, because they were waiting for the bombers to come. And suddenly in that waiting stillness there was a little tiny, teenie, thin wail, and for an instant the whole world lit up, just as if it was really peace, and nobody was afraid of the bombers and there didn't need to be any blackout at all. For just one instant there was brilliant, lighted peace, and then again it was dark, and aching-waiting. Then the animals became uneasy, the hens woke up and worriedly clucked, and the cow hit her head against the stanchion, and the little donkey tried to pull away from his rope. And from the town there was heard the horrible whine of the siren, and the sound of the bombers came, and a great star shell rose up in the sky and burst, like terrible fireworks. The ack-ack guns started, then the at-first-thin-and-then-louder-and-fatter-and-so-frightening shriek of the first bomb came. And in the little stable the girl lay with her baby in her arms. She was quiet. She had just had the experience that almost every woman has had, and after that experience even bombing isn't so very frightening. Pretty soon the bombers went away. Later the sun rose, and people wandered among the ruins, and came to where the mother Mary lay.



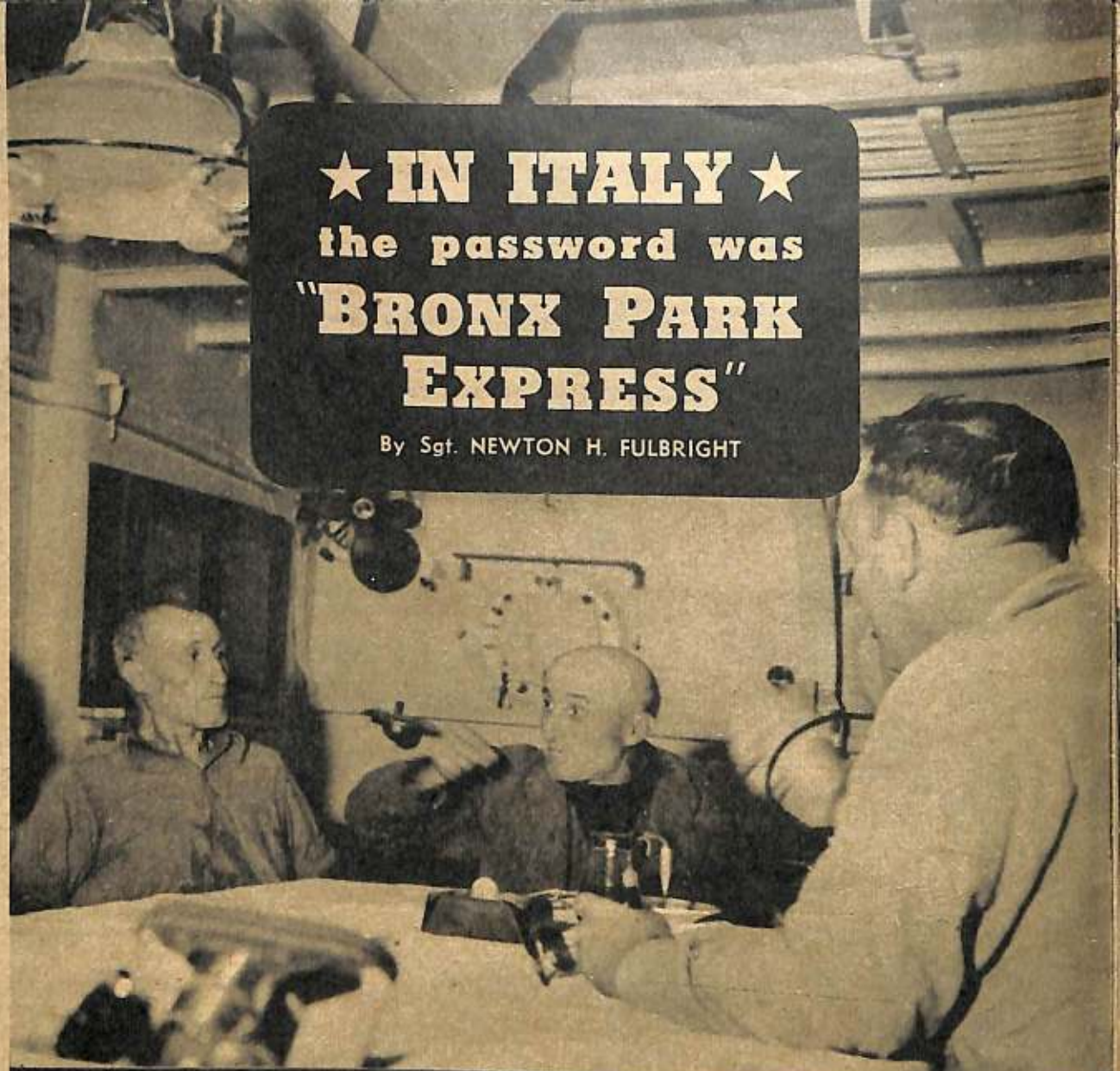


THE KIDS HAVE THEIR INNING

Throughout the ETO, Yank Santas at this season are helping British kids remember that the world can be a gay and festive place after all. Forgotten are the air raid sirens, the bombed-out homes, and the fact that their own daddies are overseas, as the tots munch American candy and chomp American gum. Like Lend-Lease the parties work both ways because it's a sure thing the lonely G.I. has as good a time at them as the youngsters. And don't forget to take their addresses—next Christmas you'll want to send them a card from the good old U.S.A.

★ IN ITALY ★ the password was "BRONX PARK EXPRESS"

By Sgt. NEWTON H. FULBRIGHT



Aboard a U.S. naval vessel, these two Italians, who once lived in Brooklyn, give officers information on German activities, between gulps of the first food they have eaten in two days.

AN INFANTRY DIVISION WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY (By Cable)—Perhaps some busy somebody has taken care of the matter—I haven't been able to read anything much lately—but in case nothing has already been done, I think the New York subway system should receive proper credit for its part in the war here in Italy.

I first came across this curious connection between the venerable and undramatic subway and the war one morning shortly after daylight on the beaches of Paestum. I was standing beside an Italian farmhouse, a little undecided about things. German MG-34 machine guns were chattering for a little while across the corn patch and I was supposed to go in that direction. I was sitting there thinking about many things when a little Italian farmer came up and started speaking English.

The Germans had gone, he said. They had gone up the road.

"Thanks," I said. "Where did you learn to speak English?"

"I worked New York subway system five years," he said.

Late in the afternoon a few of us from L and M companies plodded up the 3,500-foot Mount Soprano slope, overlooking the beach. A battery of 88s had rained concentrated hell on us from the mountain since daylight.

Nearing the town of Capaccio, we slowed up a little. Red communication wire, Jerry's sure trail, led around the mountain where the forward observers had been, and along the rugged, winding road to Capaccio where 88s were supposed to be. We did not know what was in front of us, so we moved along slowly and cautiously.

It was then that the Italian came out of the farmhouse and told us all about it.

"They've gone—all gone. Run away to east. They all been drunk all afternoon. They get all vino in town then they run away," he said.

I MET a Boston subway worker a night or two later. Some of us had taken a patrol into Trentinara just to see if any Germans were in the place. I found myself walking up the main street. It was dark and deep as sorghum syrup, and crooked as the stick held by the crooked man who walked the crooked mile, and the place was not only dark, but seemed completely deserted. Our artillery was shelling the town and the natives had mostly taken to the hills.

I nosed along, followed by a few G.I.s who didn't like the situation and plainly said so. Suddenly, an Italian stepped out of a dark alley with outstretched hand and said: "Hello."

We had quite a conversation there in the dark street. Other Italians crept timidly out of hiding, and presently a small crowd had gathered around us, talking and laughing.

All the Germans had gone. They had left the day before, eighteen of them, dressed in civilian clothes.

"They throw away their guns, they go northeast," one man said, pointing to the mountain. It was tall and wistful and white in the day time and it reminded me somehow of the Chrysler building in New York.

"There no more Germans left in whole country; shepherds come in from hills and report all Germans fleeing," the man said.

He wanted to talk more about Boston (he had helped build the Boston subway) and Brookline and all those backway places.

U.S. Army Engineers clearing the highways torn up by retreating Germans in Italy.

SOMETIME later, when I managed to escape from the Germans, about 100 miles behind their lines, I had the courage to ask for help at an Italian farmhouse, largely because I remembered these incidents about the New York and Boston subway system.

I had been captured with five of my men while on reconnaissance duty behind enemy lines on September 14, during the bloody battle of Altavilla, and five days later got away and started back during the night for our lines, which were far to the south.

Jerry was all over the country, but principally on the highways, trying to withdraw his tremendous and ponderous equipment to new positions north of the Volturno River. I stumbled across the country dodging villages and dogs. Dogs sailed out at me every so often, yelping and howling. The moon was down; I was glad of that even though it made travelling difficult. I was always bumping into things. Once, suddenly, I discovered I was walking down the principal street of a village in which the enemy was still quartered, but was able to back out of the place without being discovered.

After a few of these mishaps, I decided to travel by day.

I picked out a nice looking farmhouse, a couple of miles west of the village, and crawled into a haystack to wait for morning.

An old lady, who saw me first, was scared out of her wits. She dashed for the doorway, while I stood in the yard trying to smile and wiping out the wheat straw from my beard.

In the farmhouse I discovered nobody could speak English. The farmer couldn't, his wife couldn't, his mother couldn't, his sister couldn't, and neither could the sister's three little daughters, or the boy whose mother was dead.

I said something in Spanish or English, and then a mixture of both, and they would just nod their heads and laugh. I would shake hands with everyone, point to myself and say, like a bright Fuller Brush salesman: "Americano. Me Americano. Americano and Italian friends. Good. Bueno." And then I would reshake hands with everyone, including the little boy with the potshapen stomach and round, big, black eyes.

SUDDENLY, someone came into the room behind me. I turned and saw a bulky, heavy-set Italian with a very red and important looking face who held a pistol within a few inches of my stomach.

This could have been serious. Yet I wanted to laugh. The pistol was so small it looked like a cap pistol, and was so completely covered by rust I doubted that it could fire at all. I stood there while the heavy fellow went through my trousers pockets. He hauled out the few items I possessed: a broken pencil, a fountain pen, notebook with three genuine gold seal ten-dollar American bills and a picture of my girl.

After that he sat down on a little stool and put the pistol in his hip pocket. He didn't seem to know just what else to do.

Then an old Italian with a proud, graying mustache entered the door.

"Gooda de morning," he said.

"Good morning," I shouted. I jumped up and grabbed him by the arm and started handshaking as if I were an Elk meeting a fellow Elk at the Amarillo, Tex., convention. "But where in hell did you learn to speak English?" I asked.

"I worked seventeen years for the New York subway system," he said. I was so happy I could have hugged the old man.

We sat down and talked for a long time. I got rid of my G.I. clothes and got into a ragged civilian shirt and trousers. I felt like going out and grabbing a hoe and going to work on the farm right away.

That night, the mayor of the town and other influential citizens called on me. One of them, a miller, pulled out a yellowed sheet of paper from his pocket and showed me his honorable discharge from the United States Army, dated 1918.

"I lived in New York before the war," he said. "I was a doorman for the New York subway system."

He opened his mouth and started quoting names of stations—"Spring, Canal, Fourteenth, Thirty-fourth, Forty-second." After that he sang songs that were popular in the last war: "Oh, How I Hate to

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American troops, taking a 10-minute break in Naples, give a round of applause to a G.I. who passes in review with one of the local girls on his arm.

The jeep makes it again—but the tank destroyer is definitely marooned in the mud—but definitely. And that's the way of war in Italy.

Get Up in the Morning," and "Are You From Dixie?" I remembered my aunt singing that many years ago.

I hid in the farmhouse for five days. Meanwhile, the British Eighth Army was driving rapidly from the south. When the flash of artillery fire could be seen plainly in the mountains, and when the rumble sounded loud, like Texas spring thunder, I headed out again for the wars.

It was tough going; I was 16 days getting inside our lines. It was a good thing other ex-New York and Boston subway system employees lived along the way, or I never would have made it.

So that's what the subway system means to me. And the whole trip didn't even cost me a nickel.

★★ About Tanks, Snipers and Gals

By Sgt. JACK FOISIE
Africa "Stars and Stripes" Correspondent

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY (By Cable to YANK)—Sgt. Edward A. Yost and his tank-destroyer crew had done well on the ranges at Camp Hood in Texas, but this was Italy, in those early crucial days of the Allied fight to hold the beach head. And those were Mark IVs coming at them.

Though he seemed to be calm, Yost was really intensely excited. This was the action for which he had dry-runned so long. "Claude," he said to the driver, "those Jerries will be coming up the draw. We'll pull up just behind the crest and wait for them."

Pvt. Claude Stokes of McAlester, Okla., maneuvered the gun so that it barely poked its muzzle over the ridge. The lead Mark IV headed into the draw. Yost gave the fire command: "Range fifteen hundred. Lead one half. Fire when ready."

The gunner, Cpl. Alvin B. Johnson of Snyder, Tex., fired, but the shell fell short. Yost revised the fire command: "Range thirteen hundred. Lead one half. Fire when ready."

Gunner Johnson pulled the lanyard. The Mark IV shuddered, exploded and burst into flames. Claude Stokes, the loader, shoved five more rounds of ammunition into the breech.

Five more times Pfc. Joseph O'Bryan of New Haven, Conn., slammed the breechblock shut. Five more times Gunner Johnson pulled the lanyard. Five more times direct hits were scored on the German armor advancing up the draw.

"Six for seven," said Yost. "Not a bad day's haul." He didn't mention the enemy's times at bat. The Germans had hurled more than a dozen rounds without hitting the tank destroyer.

Quick, Henry, The Carbine

IN Naples that day the snipers were thicker than flies, according to Cpl. Joseph Toporski, a paratrooper from Milwaukee, Wis. "And you know how thick flies are around here," he added. The Yank and one of his Tommy pals, a tanker from Leeds, Yorkshire, named Sam Wagne, were drinking at a bar that had just been opened for business.

"If there's something I don't like, it's snipers," said Toporski, "so me and another guy, finding ourselves all alone, just went down the street shooting. We got quite a few, and then they got my pal. I had no more carbine ammunition, so I took his. I got a few more. Then it got too hot and I ducked inside a door." He nodded toward Wagne. "That's where I met my pal here."

The tanker took up the story. "It was very hot indeed. Inside the building it was very cool. While we were waiting, two girls came down and we got to talking. One of them was named Joan and one was called Marisa. We went upstairs and they had a phonograph and American records. They were old-fashioned records, but it was American music, so we danced. We had a good time."

"And when it had quieted down outside," said Toporski, "we went out and worked our way back to our units. I got another sniper on the way."

Brave Italian Girl

THE bridge above Salerno was still under fire 10 days after the Allied landings. It was only a harassing fire; you dodged it the way you dodge traffic. But it threatened to break communications between our northern and southern forces.

For days strong British patrols probed the hills behind Salerno, searching for the lone 88 that spasmodically thundered a bracket of three shells onto the vital span linking the coastal highway.

Back at headquarters a little Italian girl was brought in by an Allied Military Government official to see the Allied staff officers. "Her name is Alma," the official said. "She can tell you where the battery is located."

Alma began speaking excitedly in Italian with gestures. A staff officer placed a large-scale map in front of her and asked her to point out the position. But Alma didn't understand the map, and the staff officer told the AMG official that the girl's information was of no value in directing the counterfire of Allied artillery.

Then the girl offered to lead them to a hill overlooking the German gun position. The staff officer protested that this would put her life in danger, but Alma said she wasn't afraid.

Soon the staff officer, an artillery observer and a patrol of men, led by the little Italian girl, were climbing into the hills. A field telephone was passed to the artillery observer, who sent a fire command back to his guns. The first round fell short, almost blowing the men and Alma off the hill. The next two rounds were almost on the target. The Allied officers and men watched with Alma as the German crew struggled to get their 88 out of the cavern. The fourth round was a direct hit.

An American soldier feeds undernourished baby found somewhere in the hills of Italy.

TANKERS IN TUNISIA

These combat stories, told by the men of the Armored Forces in North Africa last April when the going was tough, should be read by every GI in the Army.

YANK reprints here selections from "Tankers in Tunisia," an excellent book of first-hand combat reports collected in Africa by Brig. Gen. T. J. Camp and now used as a training manual by the Armored Forces. But it is full of valuable advice for the Infantry and Artillery as well as tankers.

FOXHOLE INSURANCE PAID DIVIDENDS.

Sgt. Baskem Bennett, Tank Commander, —— Armored Division: We had started across the field when suddenly 10 German tanks came up on our flank. They opened up on me and hit me three or four times before they came through. Meanwhile we were firing continually.

About that time two 77-mm shells went through the turret and I discovered that my tank was on fire. I called down to the driver and radio man, but they must have been hit, because they didn't answer. The tank was burning badly now so I jumped out with the remainder of my crew. Our tank was burning yet, but it just kept going forward, and we jumped into a ditch and watched it go.

Soon we were surrounded by German tanks. We lay in the ditch for several hours until one of the German tanks started toward us. We thought he was going to run us down so we stood up with our hands over our heads. The German officer in the tank spoke good English. He asked me where our sidearms were and we told him we didn't have any.

He asked where our carrier was and we pointed to our tank which had traveled several hundred yards down the field before burning out completely.

The German officer then pointed towards our lines and told us to go, so we took off quickly.

Sgt. James H. Bowser, Tank Commander, —— Armored Division: The gunnery instruction they gave us in the States was good. There's just one thing you must remember when you're fighting Germans. When you shoot at them they stop and try to kid you into thinking you knocked them out. Then when you turn your back on them, they open up again. We shoot until they stop and then keep shooting until they burn up. . . .

It's a good idea, too, to check your ammunition closely. Once I had to climb out of a tank during an action to ram a bent shell case out of my gun, and then hurry back in before the machine guns got me. . . .

Sgt. William T. Etritge, —th Armored Infantry: Three main things that I think are important: The first is to keep your weapons clean—they won't fire if you don't. Stay under cover. I have had men who were not under cover and they haven't come back. Then get all the fire on the enemy that you can. . . . My men were jumpy but they are better now. We get plenty to eat and get a canteen of water a day.

The enemy has a good machine gun, but if you can get through you have got him. You can get away from his artillery and his mortars.

Three days ago we were going to attack; we were going toward the hill. I put scouts out in front. The enemy let my scouts get within 20 to 25 yards of them and, I guess thinking we were all there, put mortar fire behind us and opened up with machine-gun fire ahead. They got my two scouts. The scouts had got close enough so that they couldn't be hit by mortar or machine gun, but it looked as if they were hand-grenaded. The grenades set the grass on fire under the scouts and when one got up to put out the fire they got him. We seen we could not get past the machine gun so we were ordered to withdraw.

I would say the enemy's best shots use telescopic sights. Nobody could see that long a distance and be as accurate. One took a piece out of the seat of my pants at what seemed a very long distance. Without a telescope, he could not see to shoot that close. . . .

At one place the enemy had machine guns placed and protected by snipers. We were to take the hill. I was 200 to 250 yards from the enemy and was lying down. I seen a sniper from the top of his nose up. I knew that it would take a good shot and I had my rifle pointed in his direction. I decided to wait and finally he moved up to chest height and I squeezed one off but didn't hit him. Then I seen another, just his helmet. Then he raised and I squeezed another one off. I got him; he raised up on his toes and fell over. I never did get any fire from them. . . .

Sgt. Leland A. Sutherland, —th Armored Infantry: We were attached to the 2d Battalion when the last attack was made and we came under fire. Just the minute we got up there we made a night attack. The scouts drew enemy fire. All the machine guns fired and the men had to learn one thing—that was to stay down. I lost three men. I can harp and preach but the men won't get down. . . . I have learned that artillery couldn't hurt you if you just got down in a foxhole while the firing was going on. The men soon learned to get down while they are firing.

They have guns set up that don't have a grazing fire, but cross-fire. They are set up to get you on the sky line.

I have no experience to relate, but have had the hell scared out of me here for a month or so. I have learned that we have to play for keeps. One thing them Germans and Italians are like, a corporal in my platoon says—like gray squirrels; they can't stay still, and all you have to do is lay down and shoot them as they pop up. . . .

Pvt. Jack Moore —th Infantry: It seems like everything the enemy uses is designed to harass a man. They start firing at night and the guns seem to crack overhead, and it makes it seem as if they were right on top of you. Their tracers seem to have curves on them. But if you wait, and take it easy, you can soon tell where they are. They have flares that make it look like convoys coming down the road, and they have flares that are good for nothing but make it seem like an attack is taking place. They have snipers that don't have much of a chance of hitting anything but scare the hell out of you. I am not afraid of it now anymore, but last Monday we took a pretty good beating from their artillery. It was our second attack and many men were pretty scared, but you readily realize that if you are in the ground it is pretty ineffective. I try to tell the men to take it easy. . . . No matter how long a man has been in the Army, until he hears that first one go over, he is a rookie.

Lt. Col. L. V. Hightower, Executive Officer, —— Armored Division: In tank fighting nothing is more important than expert reconnaissance of your routes of advance and withdrawal. . . . In this country, too, we've learned to move slowly so as not to reveal our positions. You can't boil up to battle at high speed without broadcasting your coming in a big cloud of dust. . . .

The basic training they had in the States means a lot to our boys over here. Every time they hit the ground you'll find them digging a helluva big hole. I have yet to see one man get hit in a properly dug slit trench. One of my lads dug a shallow one and he came out with a bullet hole clear through the cheeks of his tail. You don't have to mention light discipline to them. They'll whoop and holler at anyone who uses a light at night, regardless of rank.

We've also learned that it's important for everyone to know what to do with wounds, especially shock. Although I saw one man die of shock from a simple hand wound, I've also seen our men save almost 500 casualties by prompt treatment of their wounds with sulfa drugs and proper treatment for shock. Most of the sulfa drugs are administered by the men themselves. . . .

When the Germans go into position they'll hide their guns and tanks in anything, including Arab huts. And then they dress their personnel in Arab garb while going to and from their positions. Usually they'll try to suck you inside of a 1,200-yard range. They frequently use machine guns to range themselves in, and you can duck their shells by watching their machine-gun fire. When they're moving they'll shoot at anything that looks suspicious and they'll generally knock down every Arab hut in sight. We think that's a good idea and are beginning to follow suit. Sometimes they'll get the range with high burst smoke shells. But when we see three of those in a line we take off—that's the high sign for the Stukas. When firing, we always shoot low—even the ricochets will hit them. Most of our misses have been high. . . .

Sgt. Becker, —— Armored Regiment: It's a funny thing, being tank commander. You have got to run the crew, be stern and show leadership. I had a new driver for an M3 tank. I told him to drive up a slope to a certain place and then stop. He got excited and went all the way up the hill. I told him to back up to the right place. He got excited again and went all the way back down the hill. He wouldn't listen to the interphone communication so I hollered to the 37 gunner to stop him, as I had my head out. Finally we stopped him and we drove up to a safe firing place and I asked him why he didn't pay attention to me.

TANKER WITH A GRANDSTAND SEAT FOR THE BATTLE OF TUNISIA

INFANTRYMEN OF THE FIRST ARMORED DIVISION TAKE A TOWN IN THE TUNISIAN CAMPAIGN.

Overnight, I explained how I wanted him to drive and how I wanted him to pay attention, and I told him if he didn't I would close his slot up completely and make him drive blind. That fixed him. I think I have a good driver now. . . .

Capt. Gail H. Brown, —th Infantry: . . . Something that I noticed the first night we hit here and made the attack toward the big hill was a massing of troops when they came under fire. They herded together like sheep. I was weapons commander at the time. I found machine guns emplaced close together and where they had no field of fire. The heavy machine guns and light machine guns were placed close together. However, after organizing my own machine guns and mortars and trying to help the infantry to spread out and get a field of fire, they actually learned for themselves, because that night enemy artillery and mortar fell on us. As it was they were spread out and well dispersed. The troops learn fast.

The next thing that I find important is the getting of information down to the troops, for the very simple reason that they don't know what is happening and they don't know what to expect and what to do at the proper time. It has been emphasized before, but the officers don't seem to realize the importance of it. The discipline is very good and the morale high. Replacements seem to help in this because it seems the men have someone new to talk to and tell stories to. At one time we were to get replacements and were told that they were coming in but they didn't come. The morale went down a lot that night. Last night they came in and we told them to dig foxholes and everything that we had learned by experience. The replacements look like a good bunch of boys. They were a little scared at first because they didn't know what to expect and the people at the rear told them so many different stories. The replacements arrived last night and received baptism of mortar fire this morning. Nobody was hurt because they dug all night and had good foxholes. . . .

S/Sgt. William Hagler, — Armored Regiment: At Smitty's farm at Medjez-el-Bab on Dec. 10, Germans packed mud on the turrets of their Mark IV tanks to make them look like our M4 tanks. Our own foot reconnaissance picked this up and we were ready for it. Our position was of stationary disguised artillery. We waited until the Mark IVs were within 800 yards, then opened fire. We got five Mark IVs, one of our M3 tanks being used by the Germans and one German motorcyclist in a U. S. Army combat suit. We found only three guns. The German tanks were carrying shock troops.

At El Guettar on Mar. 31 I was protecting the company commander's left flank. His platoon lost one vehicle from 88 fire. He knocked out one 88. By looking through my glasses, I saw it roll over. I knocked one motorcyclist off his cycle with a .45-caliber pistol and broke his hip. I made him crawl to me and searched him, but found nothing.

Heavy artillery fire was going on with air bursts. I was in a sweat. One crew of my platoon abandoned its tank, which had been hit. Later the company commander, 1st Lt. Boresh, with a driver, went back under fire and recovered the tank. I saw a cyclist getting away and thought he was a messenger, so I shot a super HE ahead of him and he ran into the burst. Pretty expensive shot, but he was out of .30-caliber range.

Afterwards we assembled, gathered the wounded and came out by a roundabout route. I was covering the retreat. I saw a gun crew running to their gun and gave them four supers. They got in the way and we went on. . . .

Spare parts we get now by robbing the battlefields. . . . At present the clothes I have on are all that I have. I wash them in gasoline and they dry in about five minutes. . . . Every man must know his job and the tank commander must know them all. The most important thing I have learned here is the German employment in depth of antitank guns. In tank versus tank, our M4s can handle them two to one.

Sgt. George Cleland, —th Armored Infantry: Men in the States should be trained to dig foxholes. It will save lives. Foxholes are better than slit trenches because they protect a man more and you can fire out of a foxhole and you can't very well out of a slit trench. . . . The first thing I would stress to a new man is leadership. I would make the man have confidence in his leader, and train him in every weapon, camouflage and to dig foxholes; also to cover up tin cans. Tin cans reflect light and give away positions. . . .

The stories on these pages are about two bomber crews—one went on a raid, the

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED . . .

Part of the true log of a mission to Bremen—by the Lead Navigator of a formation of Flying Forts.

By 1st Lt. HARRY H. CROSBY

"On this mission, Major John B. Kidd, who had done such a creditable job leading the Group on the important Regensburg raid, was the command pilot sharing the piloting duties with Captain E. E. Blakely, now squadron commander. Our co-pilot, Lt. Charles A. Via, rode in the position of tailgunner. S/Sgt. Lyle E. Nord acted as radio gunner and assistant to T/Sgt. Edmond G. Forkner, the radio operator.

"On the approach to the I.P. it was observed that Emden, apparently remembering the two previous trips of the Eighth Air Force to that area, had sent up a dense smoke screen. Also it was noted that the FW 190s, instead of devoting all their efforts to the Fortresses, turned on our escort, long-range P47s, and engaged them in combat.

"By now, much of the ground haze had cleared away. But any need to check my navigation was unnecessary. Everyone on the crew knew that the intense black cloud ahead of us marked the vicinity of our target, the town of Bremen. I have been exposed to flak before . . . I remember that in all of those instances each little burst of 'flieger-abwehr-kanone' was a distinct mean-looking little black ball. But now, over Bremen, each little ball had lost its individuality and the whole thing was now blended into a huge, angry cloud.

"Two minutes before we reached the target our plane was hit by the first burst of flak. Our ball turret gunner, S/Sgt. Wm. F. McClelland, announced in a calm voice that his turret had been struck, but not pierced, by a flak burst. Thirty seconds before the bombs were dropped a burst of flak hit our nose compartment, shattering the window to the right of the bombardier's head. One fragment struck the bombardier, Lt. James R. Douglass . . . It tore through his clothing and ripped the cloth of his flak suit but did not touch his skin . . . I am certain that Lt. Douglass thought he had been injured, by the expression on his face, but he continued the manipulation of his bomb sight and bombs were away at 1525 . . . Our own and Photo Reconnaissance photographs show that his bombs were dropped accurately and destructively.

"A mere matter of seconds later our number four engine was destroyed by flak, the control wires were shattered and the left elevator was ripped to shreds, plunging our plane into a sort of spinning dive, completely out of control. Flames were blazing from our Number Four engine. Our control surfaces were all cut and torn. (I might add that another group reported later that we were seen to fall into a flat spin, on fire, and that three chutes were observed to open from our plane.)

"The normal reaction on the part of our pilots should have been to think of their own personal safety . . . or perhaps they should have been thinking about the other members of our crew . . . Yet, in unison as we fell off into our dive, the words came over the interphone to our tailgunner: 'Signal the deputy leader to take over.' Back in the radio compartment our young radio operator knew what was going on, but still remained at his position and radioed in that 'the target was bombed at 1525.'

"For 3,000 feet Captain Blakely and Major Kidd fought to get that plane under control . . . and it was due to the combination of these two skilled pilots that we ever recovered from that dive, much less return to our base. Finally, we were thrown to the floor and shaken severely, but when we were able to look out of the window we were temporarily reassured to note that the ground was now in the right place.

"A hurried consultation was held over interphone to determine a plan for fighting our way back.

"The following facts had to be considered: we had lost all communication back of the top turret so it was impossible to determine the extent of damage or injury. Our control wires were fraying as far back as the top turret gunner could see. At least two of the crew members had reported being hit immediately after we left the target. One engine was in such bad condition that bits and finally all of the cowling were blasted away. We were losing altitude so rapidly, probably because of the condition of the elevator that any but the shortest way back was beyond contemplation . . . So we headed across the face of Germany direct for home.

"As we ploughed across Germany with our pilots carefully nursing the loss of each precious foot of altitude and flying at 120 miles an hour, we were subjected to innumerable attacks from enemy fighters. Ahead of us a lone B-17 was limping along . . . Those small planes (Me 109s) swooped in and fired for a long time at the bomber. It was with a helpless feeling that we saw our last ally turn over, spin slightly, and then burst into flame . . .

"Now the victorious Germans turned on us. And now comes the reason that we were able to return. From that point on, there wasn't a single attack made upon us in which at least one enemy fighter was not destroyed. T/Sgt. Monroe B. Thornton got the first one. He started firing when the fighter was about 800 yards away. About 300 yards the effect of his firing began to show and the prop fell off. Lt. Douglass and I saw the pilot jump. Thornton got a couple of others too, one of them an Me 110. Lt. Douglass got one.

"Back in the tail, waist and radio compartments, our gunners were paying a heavier price for their planes. Lt. Via had reported that he was hit. Lt. Via got two planes but between his first and second, a projectile passed through his hip. S/Sgt. Lyle E. Nord was pretty busy scratching flak fragments out of his face, head, neck and clothing but he still managed to bring down a fighter from a difficult position (the radio-gun).

"I've saved the waist gunners till now. They each got two but the price was enormous. S/Sgt. Edward S. Yevich has a double compound fracture in his forearm and a deep gash in his leg. S/Sgt. Lester W. Saunders fought hard but succumbed in a hospital bed one week after our return. Almost immediately after Yevich's first went down, a 20-mm. shell tore through the left waist window into the pit of Saunders's stomach. Yet in this gravely wounded condition both of those gunners retained their positions and each one of them knocked down another fighter. After his first remark we hadn't heard much from McClelland. It wasn't till shortly before our crash-landing that I learned why. He had destroyed two aircraft despite his damaged turret before he himself was hit.

"All during this time we were crossing Germany. I remember a feeling of futility when explosions burst in and around our compartment. I was so certain that I was safe from flak areas yet here was the stuff all around us. I remember another instance when the bombardier turned around and looked at me. Two holes appeared on each side of the compartment and cotton batting sifted down as a bullet went between us. I don't remember his looking back at me again.

"I hadn't even considered the coastal batteries. But flying at 7,000 feet and making the 120 miles an hour even pop-guns would have been a menace. Whole acres of some sort of flaming stuff from guns flashed up at our ship. Tracers from machine guns laced all around us. Our No. 4 engine revolving feebly became now non-existent. Captain Blakely and Major Kidd were risking everything in some last and violent evasive action.

"After crossing the coast we were at 3,990 feet and sinking rapidly. Ditching seemed the next answer. Lt. Douglass went back to make preparations and two minutes later returned with the news that we couldn't ditch because our wounded crew members could not possibly survive it . . . Moreover, our dinghy compartment had been torn to shreds and at least one of the dinghies was in ribbons. The ship was listing at such an angle that our floating compasses stuck on the side. I figured where the sun should hit the plexiglass front of the plane and called the pilot to correct him every time the sun went some place else.

"Most of us now ganged up in the radio compartment . . . There I saw Forkner for the first time . . . He has always seemed so young and perhaps excitable, but he was all there on this trip. He had completely stopped the flow of blood from all wounds, had disinfected all injuries and had calmed his patients with morphine . . .

"We cushioned ourselves for a landing we knew was going to be rough. And it was. Nothing could work properly at all, even the hydraulic system failed. And as we hit the ground the frayed cables to the rudder snapped.

"On the entire field there were only two big trees together. The larger one was hit while the plane was going 50 miles an hour. We were swung around and the nose compartment was completely destroyed . . .

"It is my understanding that this narrative will be read, edited and corrected by Major Kidd and all members of the crew before it is accepted as the true log of this, our mission to Bremen."

"On the entire field there were only two big trees together. We hit the larger one, going at fifty miles an hour."

other waited for them to come back

Sometimes you figure it's better not to have friends in combat. Then, if something happens, it's just a name and you didn't know the guy. You can figure your head off about this war business, but in the end you have the friends anyway and part of the game seems to be the ability to take it when you hear "missing" . . . . or "killed in action."

...SWEATING IT OUT ★

And at the last minute came the news of nine men alive and one fatally wounded.

By Sgt. SAUL LEVITT

We couldn't do less than to sweat out Captain Blakely's boys.

Because my old crew and the Captain's had been quartered in the same barracks all through training and now in the ETO; because we had exchanged phone numbers with them in Sioux City and other places; because we had been in the chapel at Gowen Field, Idaho, when Captain Blakely was married and his crew in turn had shared the drinks when our bombardier, Lt. Hamilton had his wedding celebration, we could not do less than sweat them out.

They did the same for us. Also, you must understand, the money situation was all mixed up, nearly all the time, with their boys owing dough to us and the other way around so it would have left the books in very bad shape if one crew didn't come back.

Then the lightning struck. It was 20 mm. and flak lightning, and this particular variety of lightning not only struck more than twice in the same place but kept hitting in there for about an hour and a half. It was on a raid over Bremen. Their ship was staggering home by itself. At the end of the hour and a half the box score read like this: Luftwaffe, nine fighter planes destroyed; American Air Force, one badly battered B-17 with most of the control cables shot away, radio equipment all smashed, and four men wounded, one critically.

On that night Captain Blakely's crew was due back at six o'clock. You know how it is these days toward evening. In this theater it's usually chilly and with that blackout night beginning to come in. The boys were not back at six. Every couple of minutes another plane roared overhead, showing its lowered landing gear. At a few minutes after six, all the planes were back reporting heavy damage on the operations blackboard. All except Blakely.

When we could hear no more planes overhead we didn't know what to do except sit in the barracks. On one side were our six beds, on the other side theirs. We had made up their beds in the morning, and whenever we flew, they made up ours. A very cosy arrangement.

Finally, George Petrohelos, our right waist gunner, said, "Saul, how about listening in for them, see if you can pick up Forky calling in." Forky was Captain Blakely's radio operator.

I went over to Operations. Jennings, the Operations clerk, was sitting at the phone and waiting. In Operations there's a radio, the same kind of receiver that's used on the Fort. I set the receiver on our home station frequency and got a pencil and paper. A few calls came in. I thought I would surely recognize Forky's, because I had listened to him pound the key often enough. Back in the States, on long flights, we had sometimes picked out a frequency and pounded messages back and forth. They were dopey messages usually such as "from commanding officer Greek Air Force Lester Saunders, to Pfc. Greek Air Force, George Petrohelos: Greek, watch your step." The answer to this would be something equally snappy: "Tell your Greek to watch his step."

You see, that was something else our two crews had in common. We each owned a Greek.

I listened in for ten minutes, but Forky never came in. Jennings phoned flight control and the answer was, "If they aren't heard from in five minutes, you can consider them missing. Their gas can't last past six-thirty."

George Petrohelos—our Greek—and H. E. Clanton of Oklahoma, the inseparable pair, came in. They sat down and smoked and stared through the window at the dusk beginning to creep over the fields. George's face was absolutely flat and without expression. At six-thirty, as in the best movies, the phone rang again.

Jennings said, "They crashlanded five minutes ago near ——."

"Who's hurt?"

Jennings shook his head.

Five minutes later there was another call, from Captain "Smoky" Stover, our medical officer. There were four men hurt, two seriously, but no names had been given.

George said to Jennings gravely, "Well, OK, thanks, buddy."

We went back to the barracks and waited some more. You must understand that this is a very special kind of waiting. Everybody looks through everybody else and says nothing. Also, you try to figure out who is hurt, and whom you would like less to be hurt than anybody else. This last part can drive you crazy.

"Four men wounded," said H. E., "and I'll bet they're all enlisted men." He shook his head. "It's the enlisted dogs that get it all the time." Nobody paid any attention to him, first because it wasn't true, and second, because he didn't mean it.

Their effects, their clothes, the pictures over their beds were looking at you. You had to smile, glancing over into Forkner's corner. He had it all rigged out, with a desk lamp and supports for clothes hangers strung on wires and all kinds of gadgets lying around. A very ingenious kid, that Forky.

At ten o'clock they came in. Just three of them: Forkner, the radio operator; Nord, the tail-gunner; and "Little britches" Thornton, the engineer. Thornton didn't say much. Forkner gave it all out in spurts. As for Nord, he kept laughing too much and he had a pie on a tin tray in one hand and a bottle of Scotch in the other. Major Kidd, who had flown as co-pilot on this mission, had gotten the bottle for the boys at the Officers' Club and he had given them explicit instructions to drink it down.

Forky, who never drank much and who certainly didn't like the stuff, sat down and talked, between big slugs of whisky. He talked about all of them. He said Lt. Via had kept yelling that his leg was gone. He had had to convince Lt. Via that the leg was there, that it was hurt but all there. But mostly he talked about their Greek, Lester Saunders.

He said, "That dumb Greek, he never said anything. I asked him where he was hurt and he pointed to his shoulder. So I started to cut away his sleeve —and listen to this, George——"

"I'm listening," said George.

"That knife they give you to cut away clothes with, it's no damn good, so forget it."

"OK," said George, "I'll remember about the knife. Do you want another shot."

"I think I will," said Forky.

"That dumb Greek, he didn't say anything about that 20 mm. right through his gut—that dumb Greek, why didn't he say something about *that*?"

He took another long drink.

Meanwhile, Nord was laughing just a little too much and going around the barracks like a waiter, handing out cuts of pie. It seemed very important to him that everybody ate the pie. So we did. We were very polite about the pie though nobody was hungry.

Forkner couldn't get over the fact that Saunders hadn't told him about the stomach wound. He thought it was his fault that Les was seriously wounded. We put him to bed and all the while he was yelling, "That dumb Greek," and our Greek, Petrohelos, sat on the side of the bed, trying to calm him down.

But it was no go. Finally, "Little britches" got out of bed, put on his clothes and went down to the Orderly Room and put through a call to the medics for some sleeping pills. Captain Kiessling, our Operations officer, came in with the pills. He said, "Listen, Forky, nobody says it's your fault. Everybody understands you did everything humanly possible. You take these pills. They ought to put you to sleep in a little while. Now you've got to snap out of it; you've got to realize that you did all you could and now it's between him and the medics."

We lay awake most of the night. We remembered the marriages and the celebrations back in the States. Throwing rice at the bride on a rainy afternoon in March. Captain Brady dancing at "Ham's" wedding celebration in his stocking feet. We were committed to the memory of those young wives of Blakely, Hamilton and Crosby waving goodbye to us as we took off for the ETO—of those marriages worked out in the little spaces between stretches of training. The American Army has certainly mixed us into rare combinations. Saunders, a quick, shrewd, humorous big city boy who had to push his way around to get anywhere, and Forky who had lived in one of those neat private homes set back on a lawn, and with certain facts like college and a profession taken for granted.

And the war had deposited us all here, 12 guys in two rows of beds in the same barracks.

The red alert came on during the night. The searchlights crossed the sky and you could hear the harsh screaming of pheasants roused from their ground nests by the thunder of anti-aircraft.

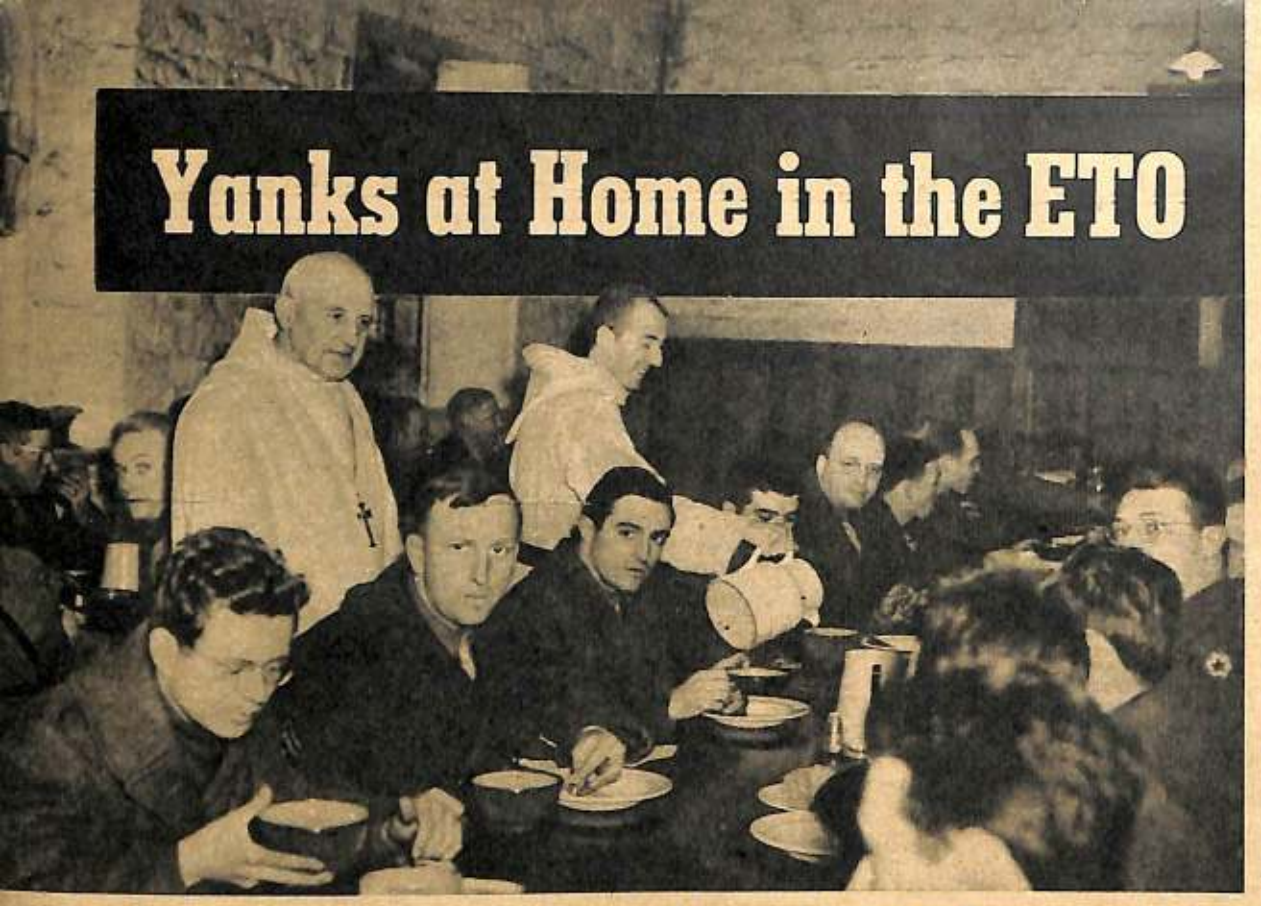
At four o'clock in the morning, "H. E." said to me, "Are you sleeping?"

"No."

"Let's get down to the mess, they got fresh eggs this morning."

We whistled up a ride on a jeep going down the road and had fresh eggs at combat mess. They were very good.

Yanks at Home in the ETO



The Right Rev. Don Wilfred-Upson, O.S.B., Abbot of Prinknash Abbey, near Gloucester, acts as host to some G.I. visitors, members of the Apostolic Union, as they sip tea in the refectory.

Everything But The Squeal

NUMB with cold (but utterly, as a self-made flooze we used to know back home would say), we piled out of a truck at the headquarters of the 8th Air Force Service Command one night last week plenty ready for what the boys there had cooked up —which was ten pigs. So far as our records show, this was the first G.I. barbecue to be held in the ETO and, from the look of things, it was a great success. The only trouble is you can't just decide overnight that you're going to hold one. You've got to get the piglets first, and then make them grow; and that, if the experience of our hosts the other evening means anything, takes at least six months.

A feature of this barbecue to which everyone seemed to pay a great deal of attention was the beer, drawn straight out of barrels by six husky Joes who had asked for the job in flagrant violation of the old Army dictum about never volunteering for anything. Oddly enough, they seemed to be feeling no pain on this self-imposed detail. Two of them—1st Sgt. James A. O'Neill, of 78 Racine Ave., Chicago, and Cpl. Ralph E. Baker, of Creston, Ill.—had done some bartending in civilian life, so this was just like home sweet home to them. (Well, maybe not *just* like it, but you get the idea.) "It's the same deal as at Johnny Kelly's Bar in Chicago," shouted Sgt. O'Neill above the din. "They're hollerin' for more."

Another of the bartenders—Cpl. Ted Marchhart, of 333 East 92nd Street, New York City—said that he used to be a mechanic and that the only bartending he did in those days was at home, "where we had a barrel every week." Marchhart, by the way, was the only guy we met who showed any concern about the fate that had befallen those ten porkers and even he didn't seem to suffer any loss of appetite. "We used to see those little pigs running around outside," he said, "and when some acorns would fall we'd throw them in for the pigs to eat. Real cute." Then the corporal turned to the man who was ladling out the barbecue sauce to the customers and yelled: "Make it hot, George! Dunk 'em in!"

A lot of the boys had brought their girl-friends —local ladies, Wacs, and so on—and when the crowd had had enough to eat everyone went over to the recreation room where the Flying Yanks were making with the hot music. There we were nearly run down by Pfc. Santo Arcudi, of Lancaster, Pa., who is a jitterbugger from way back and in his spare time serves the Army as a pill-roller. He was pretty busy rug-cutting with his honey, 18-year-old Iris Gladman, who works a steam-press day times and danced only ballroom steps until she met Arcudi, but he calmed down long enough to tell us that he was the jitterbugging champ of the Columbia Red Cross Club up in London. "And I've only lost out by two points from being champ of the ETO," he added. Miss Gladman, when asked how she felt toward the young man who had put her wise about dancing, replied: "I don't think I love him. Maybe. I don't know. But I like him. I strictly like him." Sounded familiar.

During an intermission, we stopped back to see Cpl. Marchhart, and found him still wrestling with his barrel and feeling melancholy. English beer, it seemed, had him down. "This stuff here isn't so bad," he said, "but most of what you get over here is real rough. Betcha when we get back to the States we'll all get stewed on only three or four glasses." Which is a problem of the post-war world that hadn't occurred to us until that moment.

Word On The Weed

Hungrily waiting in the PX line for our seven packs last week, we heard a couple of the boys talking over their Christmas loot from home. "You might think," said one, a bit plaintively, "that at least my sister would have sent me a carton, but no. I'm getting, though, so I can squeak along over weekends on British cigarettes and then Monday I get my rations again—just in time to keep my throat from shrivelling to the point where I have to be fed by injections."

25 December 1943

"I do so hope," writes that elderly and ever-enthusiastic aunt of ours on stationery all decked out with wreaths and holly, "that you will spend a very merry Christmas in England. War or no war, I can't think of a more picturesque spot to spend it in, and very likely the grim necessities of the times will help revive the old simple pleasures. I shall enjoy thinking of you on that day as riding through the snow-covered countryside in a sleigh drawn by a spirited horse with bells jingling on its harness. And then I shall imagine you as stopping at some quaint inn for a holiday dinner topped off by blazing plum pudding, and, I suppose—since boys will be boys—a steaming bowl of punch as a Yuletide wassail. And finally the ride home in the lingering dusk, past cottages with windows giving glimpses of Christmas trees bedecked with teeny-weeny colored lights. Or maybe your general will allow you the whole week-end off so that you may prolong your journey another day. What a lark!"

Well, dear auntie, lark is probably as good a word as any for it, although we have yet to hear many of our comrades refer to their holiday plans in such terms. Our general, or, to be more exact, our T/3, has thus far said nothing about our taking the week-end off and, as a matter of fact, has given us reason to believe that he even has Christmas Day mapped out for us along lines other than those you suggest. In brief, his scheme seems to be this: Get to work before daylight, quit after dark.

Simple and direct, you see, even if a trifle lacking in originality. Frankly, though, we can't complain that our sergeant is getting in the way of our sleigh-riding. Thus far, the English climate has taken care of that, and, as we write this, the juke-box set's dreams of a White Christmas seem no more likely to come true than they would in New Guinea. The only snow we have seen to date was a sleety sprinkling one morning that would have been tough in a sleigh but was just right to darn near skid the jeep we happened to be riding in into eternity.

As for that blazing plum pudding, brandy would do the trick, probably, but it's far from easy to find any one over here with brandy to waste on grub—or any one over here with brandy, period. The same, we're afraid, goes for that Yuletide wassail, for as things look now on this parched little isle, the boys will be lucky to be boys this Christmas on anything better than bitter.

And finally we come to that ride back through a dusk which we've found to be anything but lingering. All we know is that, Civil Defense Wardens being what they are, it will be at least a ten-bob fine for the luckless householder whose windows give out with so much as one glimpse of Christmas-tree lights —no matter how teeny-weeny.

Correct Procedure

We took in one of the pre-Christmas G.I. parties for British orphans last Saturday afternoon and picked up a tip on etiquette which may yet come in handy for guys who are playing Santa this weekend. Right in the middle of it, a 200-pound, six-foot Joe approached the hostess, holding a very small and slowly dampening two-year-old girl in the palm of one hand. "I wonder," he said earnestly, "if you could direct us to the powder room."

Toot, Toot!

We've heard tell of generals having their own railway cars and even their own special trains, but the other day was the first time we'd ever come across a private with a whole railway system named for him. He's Pvt. Stanford Blue, of Nashville, Tenn., and the system is the B. B. & B. Ltd., one of the dinkiest lines on record. The other two B's stand for Col. George W. Beeler, of St. Louis, Mo., and Maj. Einart T. Benson, of Denver, Colo. Beeler, Benson, and Blue—two of them officers and all three of them gentlemen and engineers—recently helped build an airfield here, setting up their Toonerville Trolley device to haul stuff around a construction dump. Tootling and chugging about, day in and day out, the trio became so expert with the gadget that they could practically make it sit up and beg, and their fame travelled far and wide across the surrounding countryside. Remember those "40-and-8" locomotives which the gayer dogs of the American Legion used to turn up with at convention time back in the States and go tootling down Main Street in? Now we're looking forward to the day when a cardboard replica of the ETO's B. B. & B. Ltd. goes rolling up Broadway.

They've long been at home in the ETO. Jeanette de Buy Wenniger, volunteer at the Washington Red Cross Club in London, pours a coke for her brother, Pvt. Mace de Buy Wenniger, who was born in the States and brought to England as a kid. He enlisted here last April.

Battle of Germany

Waging the most destructive air offensive in history, RAF and Eighth Air Force planes are outbombing the Luftwaffe at a rate of 200 tons of explosives to one.

THE greatest air offensive in history—the Battle of Germany—is raging across the whole Reich. Berlin, the bull's eye of Allied bombing, is already one-third in ruins, and every 24 hours adds staggering statistics to the bloody record of the world's most bombed city. The murderous plastering of Germany, with Flying Fortresses and Lancasters and Liberators concentrating on 90 vital Nazi industrial centers, marks one of the war's most crucial phases.

The Allied air offensive is bringing cries of "criminal outrage" from Axis propagandists. Any GI will be happy to punch their TS cards when the war's over. The Germans, in the classic phrase, "started it" on March 16, 1940, with their bombing of Britain. England struck back two days later. That's for the record, the same record that lists more than 50,000 civilians killed in Great Britain by German air raids, or almost twice the total of Americans so far killed in all our armed forces.

Now the Nazis are witnessing a bombing offensive that makes their blitz on Britain look like fireworks at the county fair.

In four years the Germans have dropped a total of 71,000 tons of bombs on Britain in steadily decreasing amounts ranging from 42,000 tons in 1940 to only 2,000 tons this year (the equivalent of less than 250 of England's big bombs). Meanwhile the Allies have been dropping bombs on Germany and western Europe in steadily increasing amounts—from less than 100,000 tons during the entire first three years to almost 180,000 tons in the past 11 months. The Allies' four-year total is now 272,000 tons, with each new month establishing higher records. In November Allied bombers based in Britain alone dropped 200 tons of explosives to every one ton the *Luftwaffe* dropped on Britain. (All these statistics are in terms of long tons—2,240 pounds each.)

Cities are the centers of a country's war production. The Allies are converting Hitler's cities to rubble. London, the worst bombed city in Britain, received 450 tons of bombs on the night of its heaviest raid. The Allies are paying back those bombs with a generous amount of interest. Cologne, vital German war center, was shattered

in a single night by 3,000 tons of bombs, as much as all of Great Britain had to take in the worst month of the blitz. Hamburg was torn by 8,000 tons of bombs in four raids. In more graphic terms, Hamburg lost in 10 days enough man-hours to build completely 10 U. S. destroyers, including the mining of raw ore, rolling of steel plates, transportation, manufacture of guns, etc.

The degree of bomb concentration in a raid is probably the best measure of success, for explosives dropped closely together in saturation raids have a cumulative, disastrous effect. London was devastated by a concentration of only 1¼ tons of German bombs a minute, yet in raids as far back as last May the average concentration of British bombs on German cities and ports was 28 tons a minute and this figure skyrocketed a few weeks later to 51 tons a minute. In the RAF raid on Berlin on Nov. 22 more than 77 tons of explosives crashed down every 60 seconds. This is a concentration 58 times the fury of the worst German raid on London.

So relentlessly are the Allies striking that German industrial production has declined perhaps as much as 25 percent. The smashing raids of American bombers on Rumania's oil refineries have cost Germany half of Rumania's oil production for a whole year, and in a single raid on a German rubber plant the Nazis lost one-fifth of their rubber production. The single raid on Germany's ball-bearing plants at Schweinfurt put the war's end six months nearer, according to some official estimates. American daylight bombers have dropped in one average attack as much high explosive as could be shot by 12,000 10-inch guns. These cold figures are bitter realities to the estimated 6,000,000 Germans made homeless, to the men and women of some 17 important German cities almost entirely in ruins, and to the Nazi overlords in the loss of 2,000 vital industrial plants.

Germany's defenses against the air offensive are sorely taxed. In spite of demands created by Russia's great offensive on the eastern front, the *Luftwaffe* has been forced to divert its major air strength to western Europe, with perhaps 2,000 combat planes there against little more than half of that number in Russia. Nazi air losses are high; the over-all ratio of German losses to U. S. losses, for example, is more than 4 to 1. The Nazis have already lost an approximate total of 15,000 planes over western Europe and the Mediterranean, and additional thousands over Russia. The Nazi monthly production of combat ships (perhaps as low as 1,200, of which some 800 are fighters designed for defense only) is being strained to keep up with the losses.

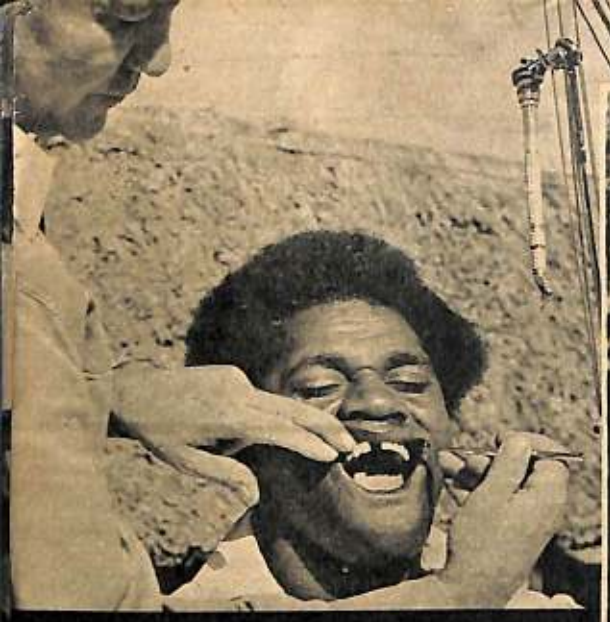
Allied plane production, on the other hand, is steadily mounting. While Nazi plane production of all types, including trainers, is probably less than 2,500 a month, Britain alone produces more than that, while the U. S. produces 8,360 a month now and will increase that to 10,000 early next year. England and America together produce upward of 1,000 heavy four-engine bombers a month and will soon produce some 1,500 a month.

These statistics add up to great odds against Hitler. New tactics, involving special Pathfinder planes to light up targets for night bombing, have increased his difficulties. And for the first time in this war, two and three great Allied fleets of bombers are raiding Germany simultaneously on widely separated targets, forcing the hard-pressed *Luftwaffe* to split up its already dwindling defense formations. Only recently the new U. S. Fifteenth Air Force, based in the Mediterranean, began to plaster enemy targets in eastern and southern Germany.

BUT there are problems—many and difficult—for the Allies to solve before Germany is knocked out of the air. The effect of raids, it must be remembered, can be easily exaggerated. Malta has been bombed more than 2,000 times, receiving 6,000 tons of bombs in one month, and it still stands and it still fights. Coventry was once badly smashed but it is producing heavily again, and even its worst damage probably never caused more than a 12-percent drop in British industrial production. The Ruhr has been heavily bombed, but many of its industries have been moved by Hitler and today the Ruhr probably accounts for less than one-fifth of Germany's industrial capacity. Rumanian oil refineries have been smashed, but if the Germans were deprived of every drop of Rumanian oil, they probably could still wage war. Theoretically, enough bombs will soon have been dropped upon Germany's production centers to force her to beg for mercy—but theory never wins wars.

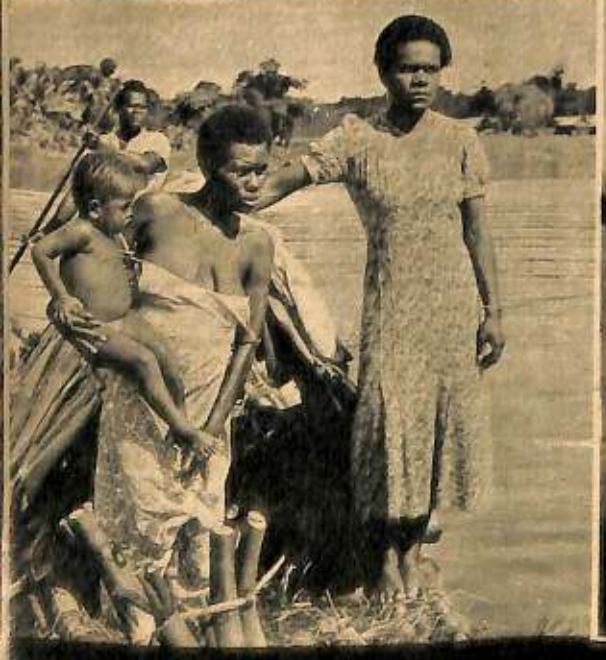
Nevertheless it is true that the air offensive alone, through the cold winter, may make Hitler sue for peace after suffering so many German defeats on land and sea. The Allied High Command, at any rate, is willing to try it—going ahead at the same time, of course, with its plans for the direct invasion of western Europe. For, no matter how effective, the air offensive that to all intents and purposes "ends" the war must be followed up by invading armies. As Lt. Gen. Ira C. Eaker, commanding general of the Eighth Air Force, recently asserted, land forces in the end must push across the Channel into Germany. Against that day the Allies are intensifying their air offensive, because every ton of bombs dropped on German industries may save the lives of 10 United Nations soldiers during the invasion of Europe.

In the meantime, Goebbels isn't trying to be funny when he says "the air raids are our most burning problem."



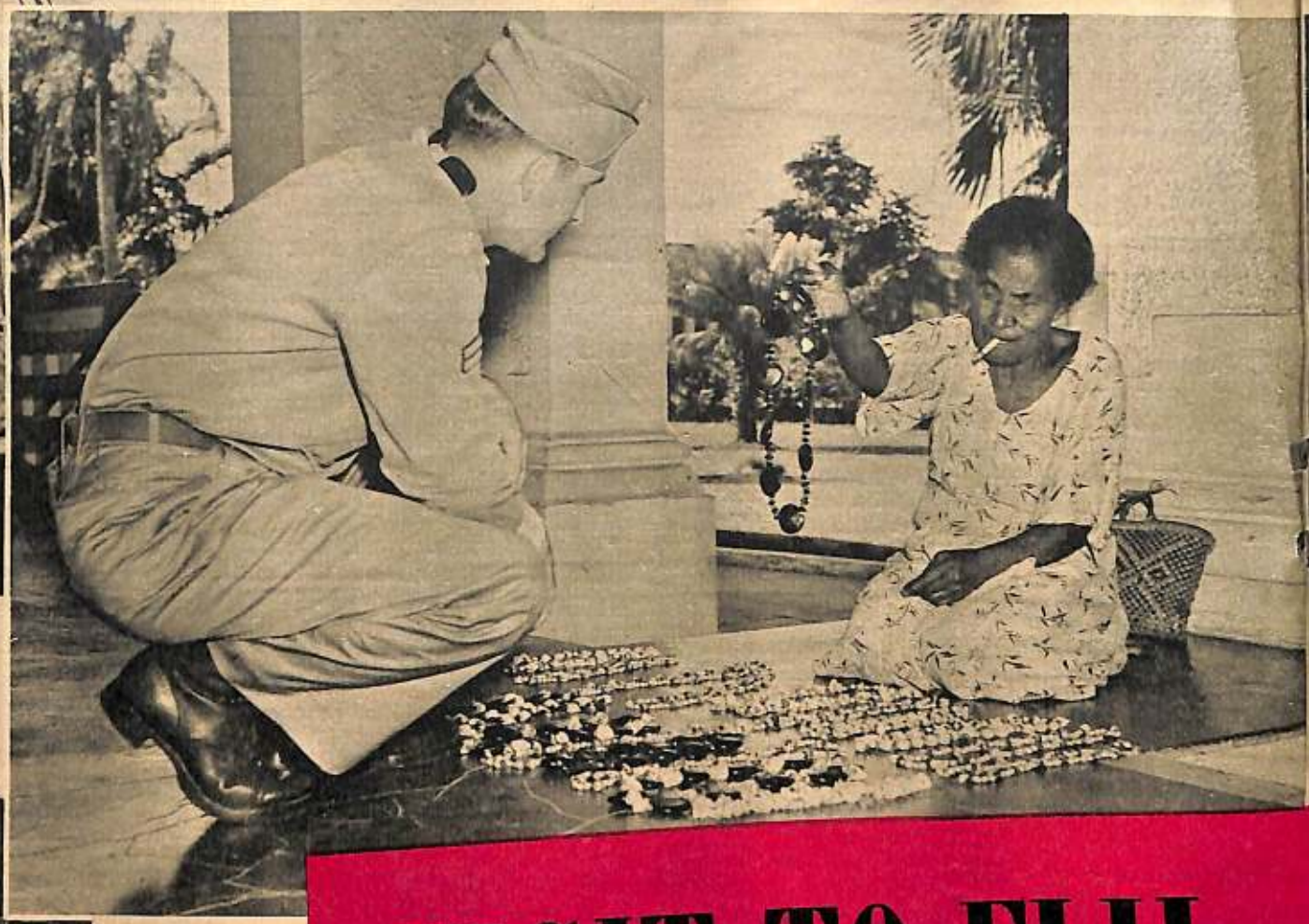
A visit to the Army dentist leaves a native missing a substantial hunk of shining ivory.

That's no trick. Natives are neat at balancing, so the hen has a steady roost.

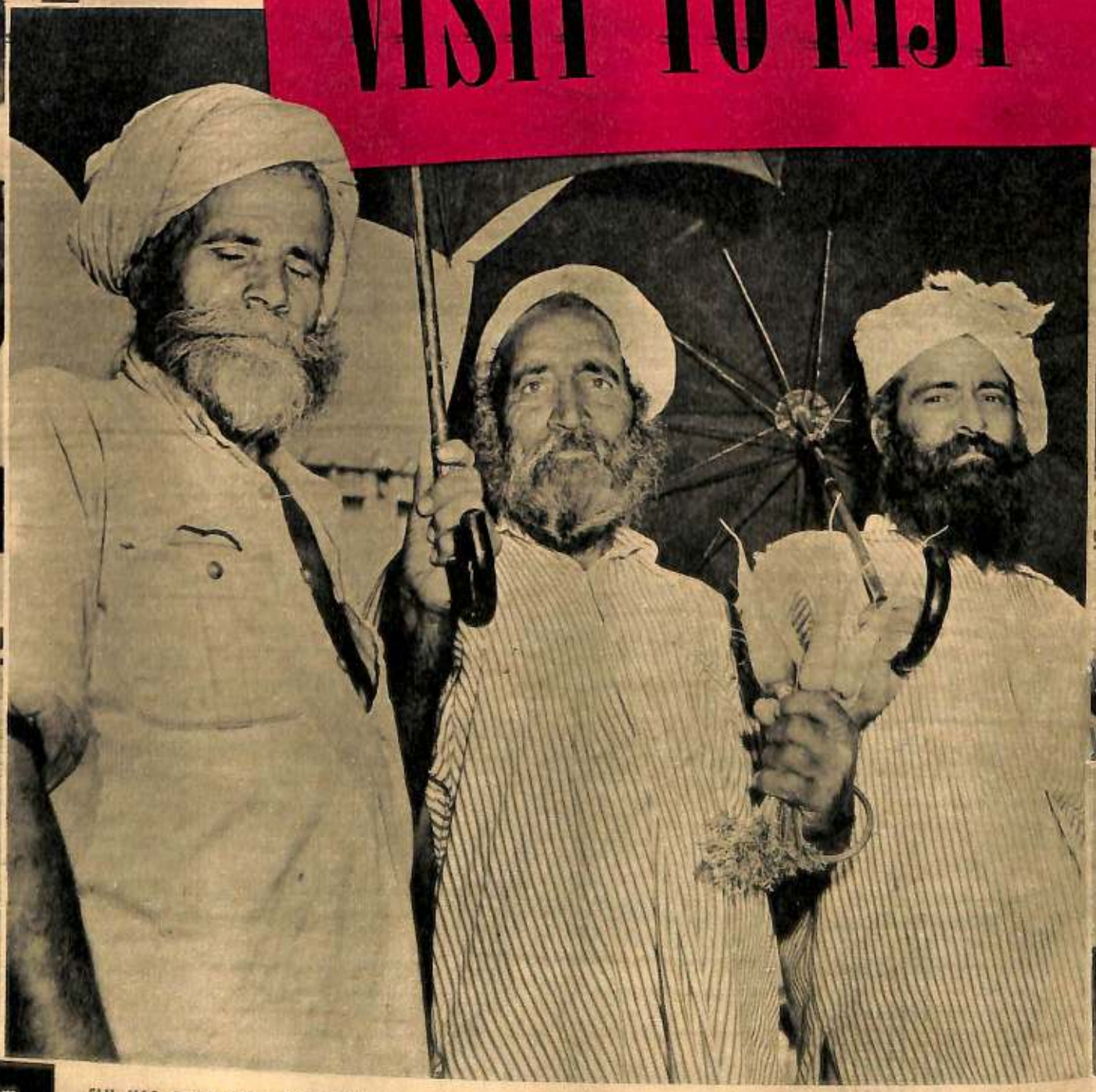


A native family comes into market at Suva from miles up the river, poling their bamboo raft.

"TWO SHILLIN', JOE." THIS SALESLADY KNOWS ANY GI IS A SUCKER FOR TRINKETS, HENCE HER CONFIDENCE.

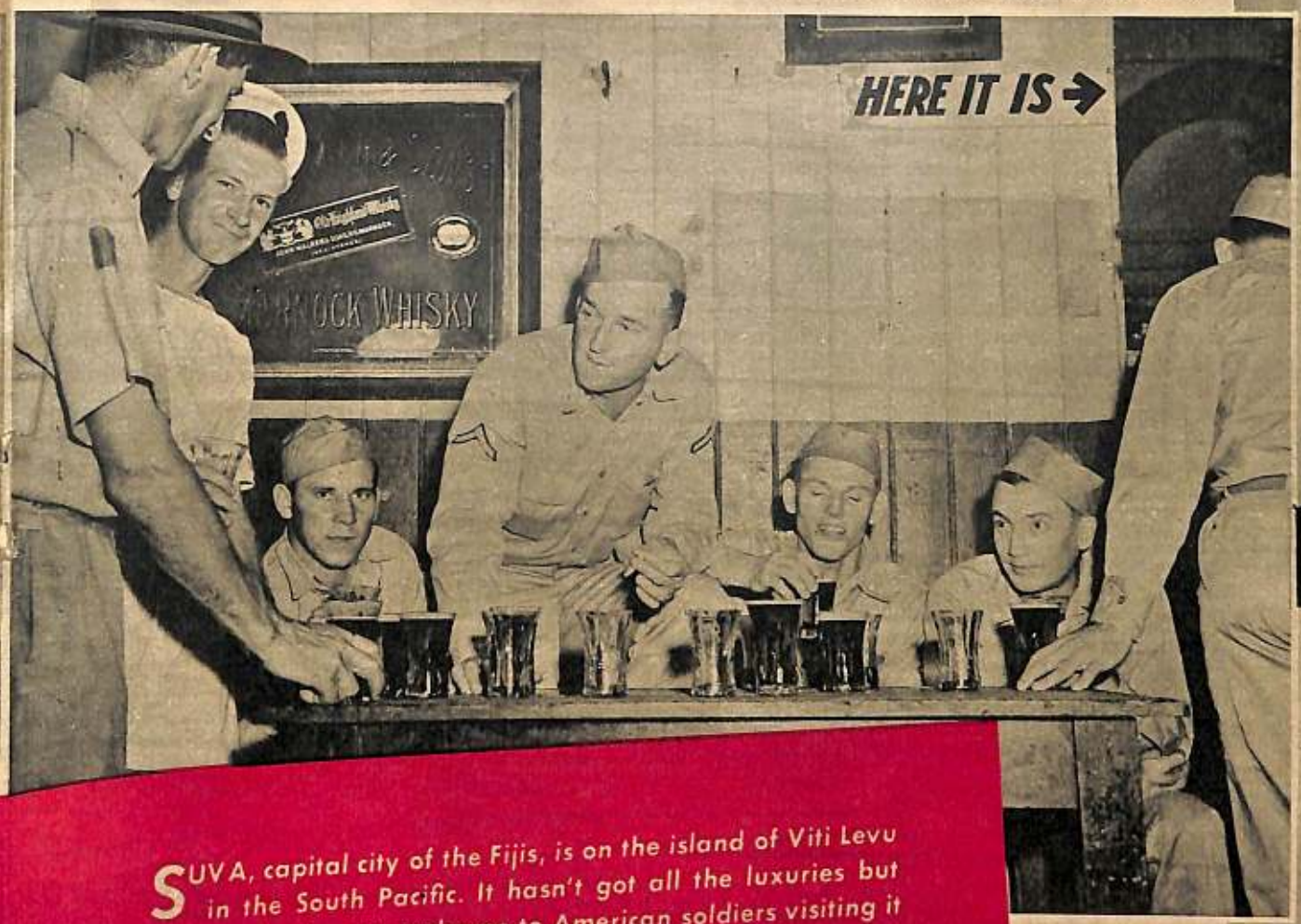


VISIT TO FIJI



FIJI HAS OFTEN BEEN CALLED "LITTLE INDIA" BECAUSE MANY INDIANS LIKE THESE HAVE MIGRATED THERE.

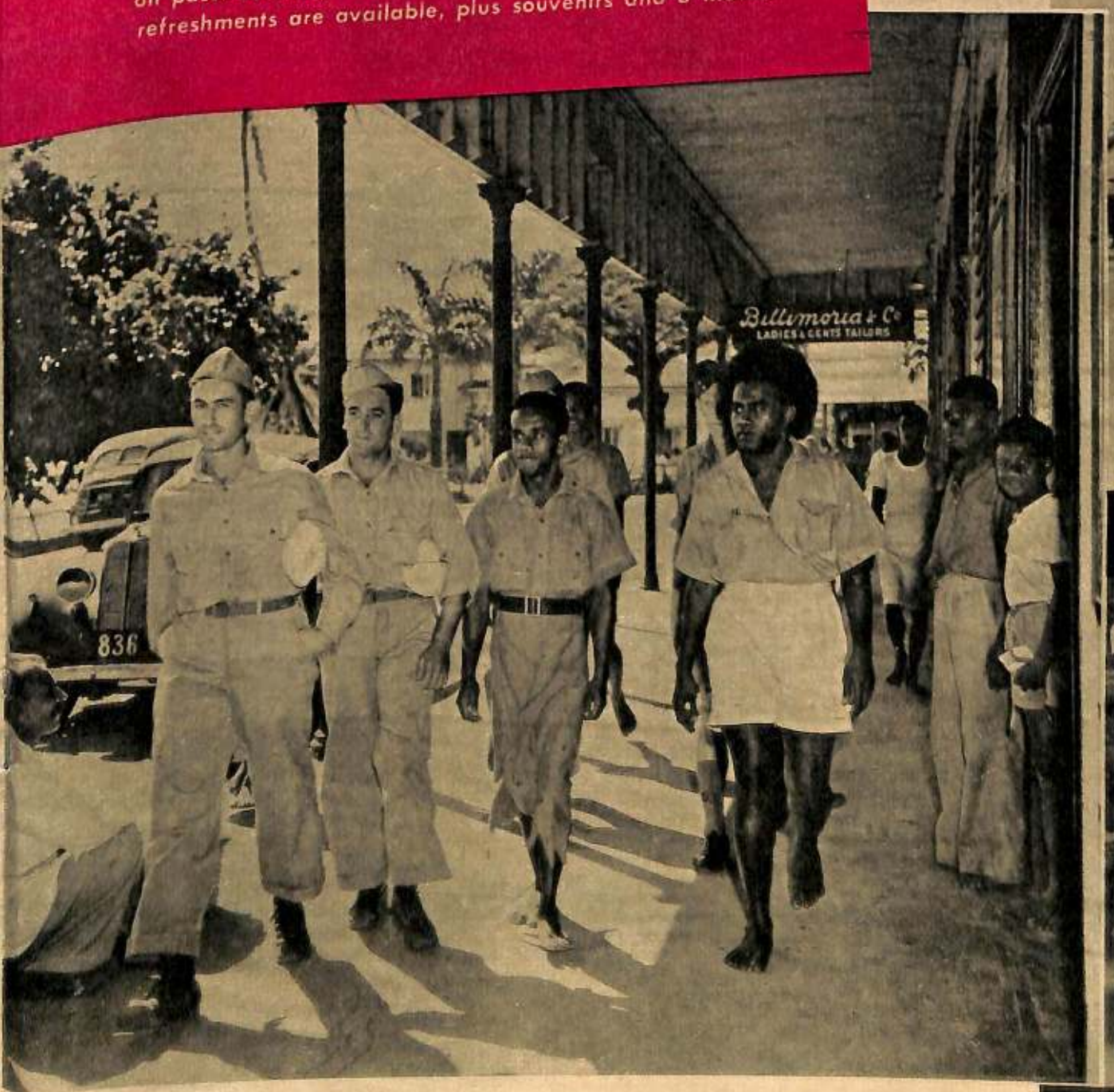
HERE'S A SMILING GALLERY OF ALLIED BEER DRINKERS. BARS OPEN AT 1 P. M. AND CLOSE BEFORE DARK.



SUVA, capital city of the Fijis, is on the island of Viti Levu in the South Pacific. It hasn't got all the luxuries but what it has is very welcome to American soldiers visiting it on pass. Saturday's the big day, when Suva offers what refreshments are available, plus souvenirs and a movie.

Hollywood's idea of a tropical beauty is a big improvement over what soldiers meet.

An MP shares the spotlight with one of the Fiji police traffic directors in Suva.



A COUPLE OF YANKS WALK THROUGH SUVA'S BUSINESS SECTION LINED WITH INDIAN SHOPS AND A FEW BARS.

This coy lady's name is Margaret and she is laundering for some nice American soldiers.


Ramsay Ames
YANK
Pin-up Girl

News from Home

The 'flu came with cold and Christmas, the President returned home from his longest trip yet, and the nation faced the prospect of a big railroad strike for New Year's.

No more than ten per cent of the G.I.s at any post in the States will get off on pass or furlough on Christmas or New Year's. So what the hell—you'd probably have been stuck, anyway.

And, it may also comfort you to know, the weather over there was not so hot either last week. During a seven-day cold wave, it snowed in Florida and the thermometer dropped to freezing or below in Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, both the Carolinas, and all but the southern tip of Texas. It was much worse, of course, in the north—zero in Columbus, O., and St. Louis, Mo., 2 above in Chicago, 3 in Cincinnati, 9 in Pittsburgh, 14 in Washington. Up in Bangor, Me., it was 20 below, and good old Owlshead, N. Y., crashed through with its usual blood-congealing record—35 below this time.

The weather or the war or something was hitting civilian health at home almost as badly as over here. An epidemic of a mild form of respiratory ailment, with some of the characteristics of both grippe and influenza, was sweeping a large part of the U. S., ranging from the northeast through the midwest and extending into some portions of the south. Health authorities, however, called the attacks generally mild and said the present epidemic could not be compared in severity with the one that overran the nation during the last war.

Approximately one out of every ten people was hit. In Philadelphia, 200,000 had got the bug; in Washington half that number were out. In Rhode Island, Dr. Edward A. McLaughlin, State Health Director, said that the ten per cent figure held good there. North Dakota reported 5,500 cases; Iowa 2,300. Twenty-five thousand had been sent to bed in Louisville, Ky.; 30,000 in Toledo, O. In Newark, N. J., 200 school teachers were out with the flu and in Detroit, Mich., 228 cops were in the same boat. Big shots in the entertainment world who were laid low included Maria Montez, Virginia Bruce, Claudette Colbert, Barbara Stanwyck, Alexis Smith, Bob Hope, Jack Benny, and Ronald Colman.

For the first time in years, manufacturers of Christmas-tree candles have been swamped with orders. The modern electric ones are scarce, owing to war shortages.

Neckties—even $5 ones in the wildest patterns—are all but sold out. Reason: There's so little liquor around that people aren't giving bottles to casual friends, as in the past, and are turning to ties instead.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, back in the White House after five weeks of history-making conferences in the Middle East, said that he would report on his talks with Churchill, Stalin, and Chiang Kai-Shek in a radio address on December 24th and that his remarks would be directed primarily to men in the armed forces.

Bronzed and rested-looking despite his arduous itinerary, the President disclosed that he and Churchill had been tipped off by Stalin about a Nazi plot to assassinate all three of them at Teheran. It was at Stalin's urgent invitation, the President said, that he had made his headquarters at the Russian Embassy at Teheran as a move to outwit the plotters. Steve Early, the White House secretary, denied a German report that the President's plane had been forced down in the Azores.

Mr. Roosevelt's most recent trip took him to Egypt, Iran, North Africa, Malta, and Sicily and was the longest he has made since he became the nation's chief executive in 1932. Just before he returned to his desk, the *Crimson*, undergraduate newspaper of Harvard University, the President's alma mater, printed the results of a questionnaire sent out to 80,000 alumni. It it, Mr. Roosevelt had given his military duty as Commander in Chief of the United States Army and Navy and had checked the word " occasionally " next to a question asking whether or not the graduate went in for foreign service.

For the third week in a row, the principal harangues in Congress had to do with servicemen—how to facilitate their voting in the election next fall and how to get them off on the right foot after the war. The Senate passed, and sent along to the House for action after the Christmas recess, the Barkley Mustering-out Pay Bill which would pay off as follows: $500 for 18 months or more overseas, $400 for 12 to 18 months overseas, $300 for less than

A new device for superchargers are these "impellers" which revolve 20,000 times a minute to give high altitude flying another boost and more power.

Here's that story again: Only this time, instead of steer getting away from the butcher, it was this little pig on the way to market, in Pittsburgh, who was caught and put in a cell.

Ten-year-old Carl J. Buehler of Verona, N. J., sold $5,450 in war bonds and was promised a jeep ride. The Army delivers with no less than a major and captain as escorts.

a year overseas or more than a year in the U. S., and $200 for less than a year in the U. S.

Representative Chester H. Cross, Republican of Pennyslvania, had something to say upon another ticklish subject. He declared that Congress had made itself " ridiculous " in passing the law which requires that ex-servicemen be reinstated in the jobs they held before they joined up. " Many pre-war jobs won't exist," he said. " Others will be different and the men will be different."

Representative Thomas J. Lane, Democrat of Massachusetts, took an even gloomier view. " Industry is on record as promising jobs back to veterans, but they're not doing it," he said. " Industry frowns on taking men with disabilities."

At a hearing of the Senate Education Committee, Senator Claude Pepper, Democrat of Florida, called the government's plan to finance the education of servicemen after the war " stingy." He made this remark after Maj. Gen. Frederick H. Osborn, director of the Morale Division of the Army and chairman of the education committee named by President Roosevelt to develop post-war education plans, had proposed that the government allow the men $50 a month plus tuition.

Asserting that this would compel the men to adopt a low standard of living while in school, Senator Pepper said, " I'd be ashamed for the government to make payments under which a boy could not hold up his end at school. You would make them marked men. I got $100 a month going to Harvard Law School. I couldn't have done it on $50 a month." To this, General Osborn replied that educators he had consulted believed $50 a month would be adequate. Servicemen with wives, he said, would get an extra $25 a month under the plan and provision would also be made for borrowing.

The Green-Lucas Bill, which would have put voting by servicemen overseas under Federal supervision, may be dead but its spirit is quite the opposite. The Senate, in shelving the bill, voted instead to let the individual States provide for the balloting, a move which was interpreted by some as playing into the hands of poll-tax advocates. Opponents of the bill held that it would jeopardize States' rights.

Last week eight wives of soldiers from New York City went to Washington to ask that something along the lines of the Green-Lucas Bill be adopted and were told by Sam Rayburn, Texas Democrat and the Speaker of the House: " The chances for Federal facilitation of soldiers' votes look much more favorable." And venerable Senator Carter Glass, Democrat of Virginia, said in Lynchburg, Va., where he had gone on sick call, that he couldn't see any way in which the Green-Lucas Bill would infringe on States' rights. The Senator has long been one of the nation's foremost champions of those rights.

The soldiers' vote was one of the hottest political issues of the day. The Democrats fell to bickering with one another after Senator Joseph F. Guffey, of Pennsylvania, charged during a discussion of the vote bill that southern Democrats had formed " an unholy alliance " with northern Republicans. Senator Harry Byrd, Democrat of Virginia, then called for Senator Guffey's resignation as chairman of his party's senatorial campaign committee, at which point Senator Ellison D. Smith, Democrat of South Carolina, got up and said: " I nominate Senator Byrd for President right now."

All was not quiet on the Republican front, either. Former President Herbert Hoover took the side of Alfred M. Landon, of Kansas, Republican candidate for President in 1936, against Wendell L. Willkie, of New York, ditto in 1940. Willkie had disapproved of certain reservations made by Landon in connection with the Moscow Pact. " Governor Landon," said Mr. Hoover, " did not take a position against the Moscow Pact, but has rightly objected to advance pledges of Republicans to commitments on peace settlements until those proposals are made known."

The War and Navy Departments joined in ruling that there is no reason why Army and Navy officers can't accept draft nominations for the office of President. This cleared the way for Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, Republican of Michigan, to press for the drafting of General Douglas MacArthur to run for the Presidency on the G.O.P. ticket next year.

The War Department announced a T.O. change for the infantry which will mean one step up the ladder for 275,000 EMs in 16 combat categories. Half of all the present privates in these categories will be made Pfcs., a move taken in recognition of the hazardous nature of an infantryman's duty.

LABOR trouble loomed again. A " progressive strike " by the nation's 350,000 railroad operating employes, starting at 6 a.m. on December 30th and taking four days to become fully effective, was threatened by the presidents of the five Operating Brotherhoods, who said that 97.7 per cent. of the membership had voted in favor of the walkout. The railroad men have been trying for a year to get a 30 per cent increase in pay and last January turned down a four-cent-an-hour raise authorized by a Presidential Emergency Board, calling the offer " an insult."

In announcing the impending strike, the presidents of the five brotherhoods said that they were " thoroughly aware " of the " immediate effects " that such a walkout would have upon the nation, but said they believed that in the long run the action " will rebound both to the military success of the war and the present and post-war welfare of the common people of this nation." They added: " It is a strike against inflation for the privileged few and deflation for the many . . . Railroad workers do not believe that swollen railroad earnings, larcenous profiteering, soaring prices, and depressed real wages are necessities of the war effort."

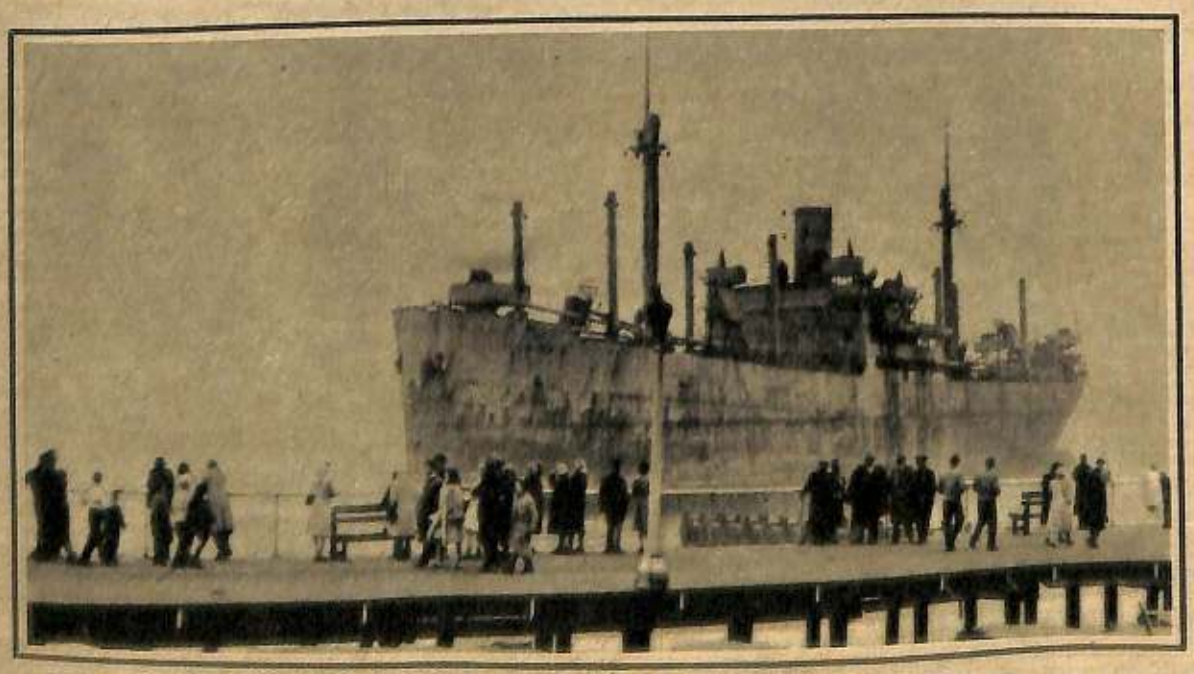
The National Mediation Board acted immediately to avert the strike by calling a meeting of railroad officials and union leaders.

There were two fatal railroad accidents during the week, one of them of major proportions. The first, and lesser of the two, occurred when the Sun Queen, crack passenger express of the Seaboard Airline Railroads, was derailed five miles south of Woodbine, Ga. One man was killed and a score of persons, many of them soldiers from Fort Jackson, S. C., were injured.

At least 81 persons, more than half of them servicemen, were killed and more than 50 persons injured in the second accident—a double wreck involving two fast passenger trains of the Atlantic Coast Line, at Lumberton, N. C. Shortly after midnight, in bitter

Come and get it! Pat O'Dawn, an Irish setter owned by Mrs. Myrl Heston, of Chicago, Ill., waits patiently while her 15 pups scramble for dinner.

Mail Call!... And be careful of that cellophane wrapper, men! As you can see, it's Leslie Brooks, and she's in Hollywood, and there we go dreaming again.



Calm after the storm. A 6,000-ton freighter makes a good boardwalk show after being driven ashore on the New Jersey coast by a gale which had the East shivering.

FBI agents remove gags and blindfolds from two truck drivers who were victims of hijackers trying to grab a load of whisky on New York City's West Side. The FBI captured five men, one an AWOL soldier.

snowy weather, the southbound streamliner Tamiami West Coast Champion hit a broken rail, hurling three of its cars over on to the northbound tracks. Forty minutes later the New York-bound Tamiami East Coast Champion plowed into the derailed cars as the snow blinded its engineer and prevented his seeing the warning flares set up by trainmen from the first wreck. Investigation by the F.B.I. disclosed no sabotage.

Obituary section: White House Secretary Marvin H. McIntyre, 65, died after a lingering illness of several months' duration. President Roosevelt, with whom he had been friendly ever since the last war, was en route home from the Middle East at the time and immediately sent word that he mourned the death of "a faithful servant." The Secretary took a leave of absence last summer in an effort to regain his health, returned to his desk in November, and was soon ordered back to bed . . . Representative Lawrence Lewis, Democrat of Colorado, died—the fourth Congressman to succumb within a month . . . Thomas W. "Fatts" Waller, 39, famous Negro jazzman, died in his stateroom aboard the Santa Fe Chief which was taking him East from California for a vacation. A pioneer in hot music and deft at boogie-woogie, the 275-pound pianist died of influenza and pneumonia, and was taken from the train at Union Station in Kansas City, Mo. . . . Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, 91, founder of the Battle Creek Sanitarium in Michigan and brother of W. K. Kellogg, the cereal-food man, died of pneumonia at his Battle Creek home.

Price Administrator Chester Bowles, in an attack on racketeering in stolen and counterfeit gas-ration coupons, hinted that the civilian allowance of gasoline may have to be cut still lower. He said that more than three out of every ten gallons produced east of the Rockies and four out of every ten gallons produced in the far west go to the armed forces.

In San Francisco, Calif., Capt. Lindsay C. Howard, whose father owns the famous racehorse Seabiscuit, was acquitted by a court martial which tried him on a charge of conduct unbecoming an officer and gentleman. The case resulted from a claim by the captain's divorced wife, Anita Zabala Howard, that he owed her $30,000 in alimony arrears and that he had entered the Army to avoid paying her the $1,250 a month alimony she was entitled to. Captain Howard testified that he "honestly believed" his wife had remarried.

Deanna Durbin (seems just yesterday she was a kid) won a divorce in Hollywood from Navy Lt. (j.g.) Vaughn Paul on the grounds that he continually criticized her movie and radio work and thus caused her extreme mental anguish. She told Judge Ingall W. Bull that she and Paul started having trouble shortly after their marriage in April, 1941, and recalled a night when Paul had gone to a stag party and hadn't returned until noon the next day. Deanna is 22 now, by the way, and her husband 28.

It was not another redskin who bit the dust but vice versa when P. J. Downs, 70-year-old landlord of a rooming house at 1204 Chestnut Street, Minneapolis, Minn., attempted to lecture an Indian lodger of his on the evil effects of too much firewater. The Indian, who had been out on a spree, conked Downs and darn near scalped him with a beer bottle—the handiest substitute he could find for a tomahawk—and then took off for the high timber.

Here's word of a Pfc. almost bright enough to be a corporal. He's Sergei V. Kirpatovsky, 33 years old, of New York City, who recently, at Truax Field in Madison, Wis., rang up the highest classroom average ever scored in an Army Air Forces Training Command radio school. He even got a pat on the back from the Brigadier General commanding the post.

Just before being put to death in the hot seat at Fallon, Nev., for the murder of Lt. and Mrs. Raymond E. Fisher, of Rochester, N.Y., in a desert region four miles west of Ballarat, Calif., last April, Floyd L. McKinney, 34, helped Sheriff Ralph Vannoy clear up the loose ends of the crime by drawing him a map of where he had buried the slain couple's duds. After seeing McKinney disposed of, the Sheriff went to Ballarat, as directed by the map, and dug up an Army trunk containing $100 in travellers' checks and a batch of jewellery.

Oklahoma has a nice juicy scandal on its hands. In Tulsa, eight prominent citizens have been indicted by the County Grand Jury on charges of having solicited bribes from publishers of textbooks by promising to see that their books were used in the State's public schools. Those indicted: A. L. Crable, state superintendent of public instruction; Dr. Henry G. Bennett, president of the Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College; J. T. Daniel, former speaker of the State House of Representatives; Howard B. Drake, reputed to be the patronage dispenser for the E. W. Marland administration; Willis Smith, president of the Jasper Sipes Schoolbook Depository of Oklahoma City; Ed Morrison, president of the Panhandle Agricultural and Mechanical College; J. E. Peery, school superintendent of Minco, Okla., and O. E. Shaw, of Oklahoma City, a member of the State Textbook Commission. Wotta mess.

Joseph Schreffler, of Oil City, Pa., has a pet groundhog named Buzz, who can't be bothered with this business of shivering in a hole all winter and coming out into blizzards to look for its shadow whenever February 2nd rolls around. Buzz is spending the winter comfortably on Schreffler's sunporch, feeding mostly on ice-cream cones.

If the folks write that *they're* riding around in jeeps now, don't be surprised. The War Department has announced it's going to put 100 early experimental models on the market.

Cafe Society started the holiday season in proper style at Manhattan's fancy El Morocco night club when Morton Downey, the 175-pound Irish tenor and former husband of Barbara Bennett, landed a haymaker on the jaw of Addison Randall, 200-pound baritone, and knocked him cold. Randall, who is Miss Bennett's present husband, is said to have started the rumpus by accusing Downey of refusing to let Miss Bennett visit her five children whose dad is Downey.

A six-pound boy was born to Charles Boyer, the actor, and his wife, the former film actress Pat Paterson.

Broadway scalpers are asking and getting as much as $12.50 for $4.40 seats for hit shows.

Sonja Henie, whose contract with Twentieth Century-Fox recently expired with completion of the show *Wintertime*, has signed up to do *It's A Pleasure*, to be produced in Technicolor by International Pictures.

Paulette Goddard, warned by the National Safety Council that whatever costume she wore in her part as a lady welder in a forthcoming picture called *I Love A Soldier* would be copied by gals in factories throughout the land, agreed to affect nothing fancy and was filmed in the real thing, leather pants and all.

Paramount is planning to produce the classic *Two Years Before the Mast*.

Thomas H. Robinson, Jr., didn't know when he was well off. Now 36, he pleaded guilty seven years ago to the 1934 kidnapping of Mrs. Alice Speed Stoll, of Louisville, Ky., wife of an oil-company official, a job which had netted him $50,000 ransom money. He drew a life sentence and was sent to Alcatraz. Recently, after 6½ years behind bars, he grew sick of it out there and, acting as his own attorney, persuaded the Supreme Court to okay a new trial. So far so good. Robinson was then taken to Louisville and, still acting as his own lawyer, went on trial again. Verdict: guilty. Sentence: death. Is he mortified!

Mail Call

Merry Christmas

Dear YANK:

I'd like to say a very special "Thank you" to all those boys in the ETO who are taking T/5 Max Schrier's suggestion to heart, and so helping to give thousands of our youngsters a good time this Christmas.

As nurse in charge of a ward of crippled children you can take it from me that your generosity is *greatly* appreciated.

And the kids love the Americans just as much as they love their candy, so I hope those of you who want to will get around to a spot of visiting, too.

A *very* happy Christmas to everyone of you, and God bless you.

D. E. S.

Britain.

On 50 Acres And A Jeep

Dear YANK:

Everyone in the States, at least everyone who wants to ensure himself some G.I. votes come the peace, has a plan for taking care of Joe when this thing is put to bed. But so far I haven't seen any suggestion other than "50 acres and a jeep" which incorporates what I, because it's mine,

think is a damn good method of helping the soldier to help himself.

My thought is this: At the end of the war there is going to be a lot of equipment now used in many capacities by the services, that will be excess, just as there has been at the end of every war. It will include building materials, pipe, power equipment, automobile equipment, furniture, stoves, kitchen equipment, in fact just about everything one can think of. And just the kind of equipment that a lot of farmers and ranchers now in the service could put to good use. Now, rather than dispose of such supplies to the profiteering large scale purchaser, why not give the ex-serviceman first crack at it? The advantage of such a policy would be two-fold: the farming or ranching serviceman would get good equipment, necessary equipment, that would enable him to support himself at a necessary occupation, at low cost, and the government, in turn, would receive fair prices for its merchandise while helping the serviceman rehabilitate himself in a self-supporting manner, thus avoiding further expenditure on his behalf, in the future.

Briefly—that's it. Now where to turn and what do you think of the idea? There ought to be a congressman who will support it!

Sgt. WALLY NISS

Britain.

[There ought to be, at that.—Ed.]

The Big Game

Dear YANK:

In a letter to me my father wrote this following paragraph. It is quite cleverly written and I thought you might be able to use it.

"Football is almost over for this year except that one big game—Allies versus Axis, with one goal post in Berlin and the other in Tokyo. This is the one game we must win, cross both goal lines and tear down the goal posts. We have them licked in the air on forward passes and our ground attack is picking up a lot of first downs. All the fans, the home folks, must keep rooting to keep the game going because we do not want to, and will not, let our team down. So keep plunging in there, making as many gains as possible and do not miss a tackle."

Cpl. BILL COUNCILL

Britain.

It Ain't Hay

Dear YANK:

I am writing you in regard to the value of the £5 and £10 notes. I have been told by English friends not to hold any of these notes for any length of time. Is there any danger of them losing their value in the years to come? In the past whenever a note of this dimension has been cashed we always had to sign our name on the back. Can you explain why?

Hoping not to be left with a few worthless pound notes, I remain,

A YANK IN THE ETO

Britain.

[We will gladly relieve you of all the £5 and £10 notes you don't want. They're as good as a 20 or a 40 dollar bill (if there is such a thing). Signing your name on the back is just an old English custom, dating back to the days when they were scarce, to help track down counterfeits.—Ed.]

It's That Man Again

Dear YANK:

Let's all pack and go home, fellow Yanks. Why? Well, haven't you heard? Pvt. Bob Laurent is stationed here in the ETO and it won't be long now before he cleans up this European mess with his wonderful physique, which he so proudly displayed in the December 12th issue of *The Army Weekly*. We are proud of you, Brother Laurent — so proud that your pin-up picture now adorns our latrine wall—for inspiration. That letter which our pin-up boy wrote really got us burned up. There are quite a few talented men in the U.S. Army but they don't go bragging about by telling everyone how good they are or used to be. So let's put our muscles in our barracks bag for the duration, muscle-man, and not try to show up our fellow soldiers.

T/5 GUY PUORRO
T/4 JIM MINOR
T/4 JOHN FOLEY
T/5 RICHARD J. SMITH
Pfc. J. KRAWEZYKOWSKI

Britain.

On Crying In Beer

Dear YANK:

In reply to your pathetic letter crying for recognition for the SOS, we can only suggest that you and the M.P.s get together and cry over each other's beer. In other words "Hard Luck."

FORTRESS CREW:
"Little Willie"
"My Devotion"
"Screaming Red"
"Joho's Jokers"

Britain.

The Soldier Vote

Dear YANK:

A lot of letters have appeared in YANK about what we're fighting for and the kind of world we want after the war. But what good are these opinions unless we put them to work by voting in the coming elections and elect the men who will try and put our post-war plans into effect? It's common sense to support candidates who declare they want the kind of post-war world we say we're fighting for, but so far soldiers haven't made much effort to vote. Why are we throwing away what has been gained at great cost on the battlefield by indifference and neglect?

S/Sgt. LEONARD G. RUBIN

AAB, Fort Dix, N.J.

G.I. Diogenes

Dear YANK:

After reading your magazine, especially Mail Call, I would like to reveal to your readers some of the reasons the British population think we Americans are crazy, and also some of the unusual strategy we are now using. Some of the fellows didn't police up the ground outside the barracks so well; now every night we police up exactly one hour after dark. To improve the training we are all issued with a candle, to distinguish between stones and matches on the ground. I'm asking, how could we more impress British people than this, by walking along and seeing a group of the supposed most rugged soldiers, all with lighted candles, policing up.

Pvt. ROBERT HAYES

Britain.

Soldiers' Deposits

Dear YANK:

In an August issue you stated that any member of the armed forces of the United States who had deposited money in the Government bank and who was serving overseas could at any time withdraw that money whenever he wished. I have been overseas several months, and after reading your article I tried to withdraw funds but was informed that I could do so only in case of an emergency. I was told, moreover, I would first have to secure permission from my commanding officer or my regimental commander.

Cpl. G. TOWLEN

North Africa.

[Since YANK's story in August, the rules about withdrawal of soldiers' deposit funds overseas have been changed. On Sept. 29th the War Department issued a new regulation that requires G.I.s overseas to obtain the permission of their regimental or separate battalion commander before they can withdraw their money.—Ed.]

Justified Complaint

Dear YANK:

My friend and I met two American Army corporals at a dance. They seemed rather nice and we accepted an invitation to supper at a local restaurant the following night. We do ten hours work a day on munitions but we managed to keep the date and a good time was had by all until at the end of the meal the two bright lads made an excuse, left us and—did you guess?—did not return and left us to pay the bill, which included drinks for the boys, my friend and I being soft drink fans.

If you see this letter Earl and Johnny, we'd like you to know we're not mad at you, we just think you're a couple of heels and we're disgusted to think you let the rest of the boys down, though we don't suppose the rest of you are like that. If necessary Mollie and me would pay for a meal for any soldier fighting for us, but we'd appreciate it if we knew about it first.

PEGGY and MOLLIE

Britain.

Hexed Hep Cat

Dear YANK:

I'm asking advice from you. What would you do in my case? It seems like the people in the little town near us are very much against jitterbugs, and as you know there are a lot of them in the Army. Well, it seems they don't like my partner. She is a young lady from a nearby town and she is very nice and cute. Well, it seems to me why should they object to our dancing and us so far from home and trying to make friends instead of enemies? So give me your advice.

Should I give it up and sit in and twiddle my thumbs? Well I hope not, for I'm a cat and a real hep one, and for my part I expect to carry it on right up to Berlin.

NICK

North Ireland.

[Just keep on dancing, pal. It's catching.—Ed.]

On Promotions

Dear YANK:

Just a line to let you know that I have enjoyed your paper for a good many years, and as all old soldiers love to gripe I feel that I have a real gripe —not about YANK but the unfortunate position I am in. I am serving with an outfit that only has about 6 or 8 officers that are up to T/O grade. We also have Second Lieutenants who have been in grade from 8 to 12 months, some of them including myself over forty years of age. Is there

ONE of the better G.I. shows produced exclusively by the men of a single camp or station, is a review whipped out in their spare time by the soldiers of an East Anglia bomber base. The show is called *You've Had It*, and was judged good enough in its two performances at its home base, to be sent out on a grand swing of the Eighth Air Force bomber stations.

The show is a personal triumph for former Hollywood director Capt. Bernie Szold of the Soldier Shows Section of Special Service, who claims that with a little professional guidance, the finest possible talent for soldier entertainment can be unearthed and developed among the men themselves. The G.I.s wrote the script for *You've Had It*, handled their own production and even constructed their own sets. But the most noteworthy part of the show is the professional caliber of the music, written by Sgt. Isadore Rosovsky, an ex-musician from New York, and Red Cross field director Ben Irwin; a former newspaperman, who wrote the lyrics.

Here are two pretty good samples:—

YOU'VE HAD IT . . .

VERSE

Oh! British phrases can be quite perplexing
To any ordinary lad it
Always seems a little more than vexing,
To have a chappie tell you that you've had it.
I asked a British tommy what the phrase meant,
You've had it sounds damn meaningless to me
And yet I heard it everywhere that I went,
And this is what the blighter said to me:—

FIRST CHORUS

You meet a gal in Piccadill'
Who asks for a mere fifty-shill',
It's for her ailing mother Lil,
You gave it to her? Well listen Bill,
You've had it, you've had it, you've definitely had it,
For goodness' sake the gal's a fake, make no mistake, you take the cake,
You've had it—brother, you've had it.

SECOND CHORUS

An auction sale appeals to you,
You buy an antique over shoe
Worn by old Nap at Waterloo
You take it home—made in forty-two,
You've had it, you've had it, you've definitely had it,
You've been sad sacked, with brains you've lacked, just face the fact
You're slightly wacked,
You've had it—brother, you've had it.

THIRD CHORUS

You wander in a quiet pub,
A place that's called the poor man's club,
Drink all you can the next day bub,
Your head feels like a beat up tub.
You've had it, you've had it, you've definitely had it,
You're on your ear, the world seems queer, they call it beer, you'll live you fear,
You've had it—brother, you've had it.

FOURTH CHORUS

Your Army I.Q. says you're so damn smart it feels you ought to go,
To O.C.S.—the sarge says NO!!
You end up as a basic Joe,
You've had it, you've had it, you've definitely had it,
Go get yourself a drum and fife, you'll be a private all your life,
You've had it—brother, you've had it.

FIFTH CHORUS

You meet a little country lass,
So sweet and pure and full of class,
And then you learn, alack, alas
The boys all call her "two day pass"
You've had it, you've had it, you've definitely had it,
The gal's some dish, and you're a fish and wishin' won't help your condish:
Get it—brother—you've got it.

SPEAK TO ME THRU CHANNELS

This is the story of Private Jane
A glamorous gal in khaki
In that branch of the Service that's known to all,
To you, to me, as WAC-ee
'Ventually she met a Joe
A sergeant stern and grim
When Joe tried making time with Jane
Here's what she said to him.

CHORUS

If you want to date with me, Joe, remember you outrate me, Joe,
You're so high, and I'm so low,
Speak to me thru channels.
Remember you're a sergeant, my top kick Joe McCluck,
Remember I'm a private, dear, a lowly sad sack buck.
So if you want to bill and coo
As lovers have been known to do
Please fill out form 6002
And speak to me thru channels.
Speak to me thru channels and I will obey your command
Use the proper forms to tell me that our love is grand, dear.
What's a WAC to do,
Much as I love you
There's an army book,
Says our love's tabu
Every G.I. knows this can't be,
It's the talk of the base—so
If I should meet you sarge, in town
In my sweet OD evening gown,
The gals will say my nose is brownnnnn—
Channels.

If we should have a tête-à-tête and you your proud rank should forget
Why you might wish we'd never met
So speak to me thru channels.
This is the army, Mr. Jones, don't ask me how or why
Ours is not to question orders, ours but to do or die
So here's endorsement number one
On your request for having fun,
The army says it can't be done
So speak to me thru channels.

We have no common meeting ground, of that I'm not mistook,
If we associate, dear sarge, it's quite against the book,
So find yourself another gal, a Sergeant WAC so bright,
And try to tell her, Joe McCluck, that rank must have its right,
Although I know you'd like to get on army time with me,
A WAC must, just like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion be,
I've looked in vain thru ARs all the way from A to Z
And regulations, sarge, my friend, just say it's not for me,
There is no doubt about it, those ARs do mean us,
You'll have to face it boldly, Joe, there's three stripes in between us.

So—speak to me only thru thy CO,
And I will reply thru mine—cause
I'm a Yankee Doodle lady,
Lovin' a Yankee Doodle guy.
A G.I. daughter of my Uncle Sam,
Issued right out of supply.
And though I'm not in circulation
For any one who's not my rank
For taking orders just like you, for six months and duration,
And after that I'll take them from my Yank.
We might have had a nice affair, cause you know I could really care,
But what rank would our kiddies wear??
So have it writ, do it in triplicate, cause it can surely be, if you will
Speak to me thru channels.

such a thing as age in grade? Or better still if we are no damn good why aren't we sent to some other outfit where we can at least get credit for our efforts. If you have the answer please print it. If not, I hope someone else will know it and let us know.

R. H. SMITH, 2nd Lt. Corps of Engineers
Britain.

[We wish we could help you, Lieutenant, but we personally have been a buck Sergeant now for 18 months.—Ed.]

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

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Slips!

Dear YANK:

"In Denver, Colo., Major General L. H. Campbell, Army Ordnance chief, disclosed that the U. S. has a new 120-mm. gun with a maximum range of 60,000 feet, which is nearly five miles and twice the present bomber ceiling."—Quote from a recent issue of YANK.

How did two plus two work out the last time your staff conferred on it?

HASKELL CLEAVES, Col. Sig. C.
Britain.

[Sorry, Colonel. Now we see why our two-plus-two-equals-five editor has been volunteering for fire guard duty ever since the November 13th issue hit the stands.—Ed.]

Slips Again!

Dear YANK:

In your December 12 issue, under the News From Home column, is the news item from L.A. about one Louis Botellos being arrested for illegally wearing the uniform, said uniform bedecked with various insignia—Sergeant stripes and (here is what I'm interested in) 20 year Hash Marks.

As I have always thought one Hash Mark denoted 3 years' service, how is it possible to show 20 years with Hash Marks? I have between 21 and 22 years' service and would be interested in buying a set of 20-year Hash Marks.

M/Sgt. THOMAS L. WILSON
Britain.

[The same guy was responsible for this, sergeant. It will warm your heart to know he is now on the permanent fire guard duty.—Ed.]

CASIMIR MYSLINSKI, the West Point captain, was a power on defensive play. Coach Earl Blaik swears by this play-wrecker, says he was Army's most valuable man.

JOE PARKER manhandled interference for Texas in a fashion that caused old-timers to rate him one of the greatest flankmen in southwestern football history.

OTTO GRAHAM of Northwestern finished his three years of varsity football in possession of all Big Ten passing records. Altogether he showed 157 completions in 321 tosses for a total of 2,162 yards and an average of .489. Last year he set a new conference mark for forwards, completing 89 of 182 throws. This season, against Wisconsin, he tied Harmon's scoring record for a single game with four touchdowns.

RALPH HEYWOOD, in addition to being a great pass catcher, also dropped back to punt and pass. He made Southern Cal's end-around plays click consistently.

BOB ODELL was by far the best defensive back in the nation. He was also a strong runner, and a fair passer and kicker. He made a fair Pennsylvania team good.

JOHN STEBER's speed made him valuable as the man to pull out of the line and run interference for Georgia Tech's swift Prokop. He played at Vanderbilt last year.

GEORGE BROWN didn't have a bad game all season for Navy, and even when the Middies lost to mighty Notre Dame he played his guard position to perfection.

BILL DALEY, a transfer from Minnesota, was good enough to play with the Bears. In six games for Michigan he gained 817 yards. That's about seven per whack.

CREIGHTON MILLER was the outstanding man in the Notre Dame backfield and the runner of the year. Hell on quick-opening plays for which the Irish were famous.

PAT PRESTON, a Wake Forest transfer, was a bearcat on defense for Duke. He blocked a number of punts; at least two were converted into touchdowns.

JIM WHITE, like Preston, stood out above a host of great tackles. He was given much of the credit for making ND's T formation click. Starred as a fullback in high school.

Bertelli Didn't Make This All-American

Instead, the Associated Press picked Notre Dame's Miller, rated by most experts as the best runner of the year.

THE 1943 AP ALL-AMERICAN COLLEGE TEAM

Position	Player and College	Height	Weight	Class
E	JOE PARKER, Texas	6-1	200	Navy Medical
T	JAMES WHITE, Notre Dame	6-2	208	Navy V-12
G	JOHN STEBER, Georgia Tech	6-1	200	Navy V-12
C	CASIMIR MYSLINSKI, Army	5-11½	186	Senior
G	GEORGE BROWN, Jr., Navy	6-3	193	Junior
T	PATRICK PRESTON, Duke	6-2	205	Marine V-12
E	RALPH HEYWOOD, Southern Cal.	6-2	195	Marine V-12
B	ROBERT ODELL, Pennsylvania	5-11	182	Navy V-5
B	CREIGHTON MILLER, Notre Dame	6-2	185	Senior
B	OTTO GRAHAM, Northwestern	6-0	190	Navy V-5
B	WILLIAM DALEY, Michigan	6-2	206	Navy V-12

Second Team

ENDS—John Monahan, Dartmouth and Robert Hall, Colorado College.
TACKLES—Francis Merritt, Army and George Connor, Holy Cross.
GUARDS—Patrick Filley, Notre Dame and John Jaffurs, Penn State.
CENTER—William Grey, Southern California.
BACKS—Angelo Bertelli, Notre Dame; Edward Prokop, Georgia Tech; Alvin Dark, Southwestern (La.) Institute and Anthony Butkovich, Purdue.

Pictures: 2, top left, Planet; top right, AP; center left, Planet; center right, AP; bottom left, Planet; bottom center and bottom right, AP. 3, Sgt. Steve Derry. 4, top, AP; bottom, OWI. 5, top, INP; center and bottom, OWI. 6 and 7, Sgt. Pete Paris. 10, top, OWI; bottom, Army Pictorial Service. 12 and 13, Sgt. John Bushemi. 14, Universal. 15, top, INP; center and bottom, AP. 16, top, Acme; center, Planet; bottom left, Keystone; bottom right, INP. 18, Army Pictorial Service. 20 and 21, PA. 22 and 23, Cpl. Joe Cunningham.

Six Enlisted Men On GI All-American

With Dobbs, Eshmont, Smith and Todd in the backfield, this Associated Press armed forces aggregation is a honey.

THE 1943 AP ALL-AMERICAN SERVICE TEAM

Position	Player, Team	Height	Weight	College
E	ROBERT FITCH, Camp Lejeune	6-1	210	Minnesota
x-T	JOHN MELLUS, Camp Davis	6-0	215	Villanova
G	MARION ROGERS, South Plains Army	5-11	185	Maryville
x-C	VINCENT BANONIS, Iowa Pre-Flight	6-1	220	Detroit Univ.
G	GARRARD RAMSEY, Bainbridge Naval	6-2	195	Wm. & Mary
x-T	RAYMOND BRAY, Del Monte Pre-Flight	6-0	225	Western Mich.
E	JACK RUSSELL, Blackland (Tex.) Air Field	6-2	215	Baylor
B	GLENN DOBBS, Randolph Field	6-4	195	Tulsa
x-B	LEONARD ESHMONT, Del Monte Pre-Flight	5-11	190	Fordham
x-B	RICHARD TODD, Iowa Pre-Flight	5-10	175	Texas A. & M.
B	BRUCE SMITH, St. Mary's Pre-Flight	6-0	185	Minnesota

x—Played professional football.

Second Team

ENDS—Perry Schwartz, Iowa Pre-Flight (California) and George Poschner, Ft. Benning (Georgia).

TACKLES—Joseph Coomer, Camp Grant (Austin College) and Victor Schleich, Sampson Naval Training Station (Nebraska).

GUARDS—Nick Kerasiotis, Iowa Pre-Flight (Ambrose) and Joe Routt, Ft. Benning (Texas A. and M.).

CENTER—Quentin Greenough, Alameda Coast Guard (Oregon State).

BACKS—Jack Jacobs, March Field (Oklahoma); Steve Juzwik, Great Lakes Naval Training Station (Notre-Dame); Rogers Smith, Lubbock Army Air Field (Texas Tech) and Pat Harder, Georgia Pre-Flight (Wisconsin).

ENSIGN RAY BRAY, who jumped from Western Michigan into a starting tackle position with the Chicago Bears, was a bulwark on a great Del Monte Pre-Flight line.

SGT. MARION ROGERS from Maryville was tops among defensive guards in the service. He made 85 per cent of South Plains' tackles despite his weight (185).

CPL. GLENN DOBBS, ex-Tulsa All-American, was something to behold at Randolph Field. He completed 29 out of 46 aerials in beating North Texas Aggies.

ENSIGN VINCE BANONIS, former Chicago Cardinal center, didn't make a bad pass all season for Iowa Pre-Flight. Against ND, he was a holy terror on defense.

CPL. JOHN MELLUS made the All-American at Villanova before joining the Giants. He was credited with making 70 percent of the tackles for Camp Davis, N. C.

ENSIGN DICK TODD, the Washington Redskin wraith, made Iowa Pre-Flight's ground attack a feared weapon, especially in the 14-13 loss to ND's national champions.

SGT. JACK RUSSELL, Blackland end, won his football spurs at Baylor. His greatest game was against Randolph when he broke through to spill Dobbs for losses.

GARRARD RAMSEY 52c, playing on the undefeated Bainbridge Naval Station team, was even better than last year when he won All-American guard honors.

LT. (jg) LEN ESHMONT, who starred with the New York Giants after leaving Fordham, was the hottest touchdown-traveler on the Del Monte Pre-Flight team, which included such "all" guys as Missouri's Paul Christman and Parker Hall of the Cleveland Rams. It was Eshmont's great broken-field running and punting that carried once-beaten Del Monte to the Pacific Coast Pre-Flight championship.

BOB FITCH CPs is a coast guardsman who played end for the Marines at Camp Lejeune, N. C. He pulled back to do the kicking, averaging close to 50 yards.

A/C BRUCE SMITH was great at Minnesota two years ago, great at Great Lakes last year, and probably the best back on the coast this season with St. Mary's.

EVERY MAN IS A STORY

Direct from the European Theater of Operations to the New York Times—or the Podunk Gazette. Sgt. Douglas Underwood gets a story off to a soldier's home town newspaper.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

The movies being what they are, many a strange thing has happened at Denham, site of one of Britain's largest movie studios. One of the strangest, however, took place a short time ago when a tough American infantry company was on loan to the British, and in the process of working as extras in an official propaganda film.

It was between scenes. It was chow time. But, incredibly enough, no one was eating chow. The company bugler had blown mess call furiously. The mess sergeant was tearing his hair and shrieking about the food getting cold. But not a single G.I. showed up.

Instead, the whole company was clustered around a tall bespectacled sergeant who was speaking to each man and taking notes in a little book. Not until the last private had been interviewed did the crowd disband and head reluctantly towards the mess hall.

This is probably one of the few cases in history in which an American soldier has been successfully enticed away from his chow. But as the bespectacled sergeant himself explained it, "Next to food and girls, what everyone likes most is to get his name in the paper."

That's exactly what the sergeant was doing at Denham—gathering material for dozens of stories to be sent back to the home town newspapers of *every* man in that particular unit. He covered three other companies stationed nearby that same day. The reporter was S/Sgt. Marvin Sorkin. He is part of a streamlined little G.I. outfit whose principal function is "to get as many soldiers' names into the paper as possible." This outfit is known officially as the Press Department of the Public Relations Section, ETO. The officers, five enlisted men, and one WAC of the Press Department, work on all Public relations duties, such as assisting war correspondents and playing nursemaid to visiting celebrities. But their first and foremost duty consists of taking care of what they call "The Budget."

A budget, in newspaper language, is merely a file of feature stories which is sent out periodically from a news agency (like the Associated Press) to a group of newspapers. In the early days, the Press Department prepared a weekly budget of 35 stories about soldiers, and mailed this budget in one cover to the Bureau of Public Relations in Washington for distribution to the soldiers' home town newspapers. Today, more than 2,000 stories a week are sent out to the U. S. individually by direct mail, but the name, The Budget, has stuck. And the whole tremendous operation of going out to interview soldiers, sending them questionnaires, preparing the stories and processing them—on an assembly line basis—still is know as "working on The Budget."

The Budget operates on one of the most peculiar principles in newspaper history. "We don't need a story to send a man out on," says Sgt. Douglas Underwood, who handles Budget assignments and processing. "All we have to do is turn one of our reporters loose on a hundred soldiers—and in a day or so, he'll come back with a hundred stories. Our premise is: *Everyone has a story.*"

And that's the way The Budget works. Everyone has a story—and an experienced newspaperman will dig it out.

Sgt. Sorkin, who used to be a reporter for the Syracuse (N.Y.) *Post-Standard* and wrote classic interviews with such diverse characters as Babe Ruth, Carl Sandburg, Herbert Lehman, Chinese Ambassador Hu Shih, and Gypsy Rose Lee, was given the stupendous job of interviewing a huge percentage of a recently arrived convoy of troops by himself. The troops belonged to an outfit on which the War Department requested quick coverage back home. In three back-breaking days, Sorkin got in touch with no less than 5,000 soldiers by personal interview or questionnaire. He then wrote six general stories on the units, with personal paragraphs added for many of the men. Inside a month, *nearly every one of those* 5,000 *men* was astounded to learn that his home town paper had carried a full-length feature story in which the soldier himself was built up as the hero. In some cases, the story broke in the local paper even before the G.I.'s first letter had reached home.

On another occasion, Pvt. Paul Conant, an old-time newspaperman who put in six years on the San Francisco *News* and was the Public Relations Director of the Golden Gate Exposition, was sent out to cover a battalion from which the lid of censorship had just been lifted. Conant was working with a photographer on this story, and everything was going fine when suddenly a soldier got up in the excited crowd. "This guy ain't taking pictures," said the G.I. "Can't you see. He's shooting with a closed slide. He's just here for morale purposes."

The crowd muttered angrily and began to move away. Just then a soldier from another outfit came up. He pulled a clipping out of his pocket. It was a story Conant had written a short time before. The crowd drifted back and Conant finished the job. A few weeks later he received a letter from the soldier who had caused all the trouble. "I must apologize," wrote the soldier. "Of the 800 guys in my battalion, more than half have already received word that pictures or stories about them appeared in their home town newspapers less than a week after you were here. My own paper ran a three column story and sent my wife a beautiful enlargement of the picture you took. I owe you two pounds. That's what I was going to spend for a photograph for her."

If you were wondering how your picture came to be splashed all over the front page of your home town newspaper, here's the way the Army did it. More than 2,000 stories, all about individual G.I.s, go back each week to the U. S. from the ETO. And most of the time, they get there even faster than V-mail. No matter where you are, these soldier-reporters will find you.

Nearly every outfit in the ETO not on the censored list for security reasons has already been covered by The Budget. Every newly arrived outfit is covered as soon as it is removed from the censor's list. In most cases, the newly arrived men are afraid to mention in their letters home what they are doing, and The Budget stories in their home town papers are the first word that many anxious parents and wives receive. Home town papers gobble up The Budget's stories and clamor for more. They are so hungry for personal news of local boys that often a Budget item will crowd formal war news off the front page. Most American newspapers feel like the Pottstown (Pa.) *Mercury*, which wrote to Brig. Gen. Tristram Tupper, head of ETO Public Relations, recently: "Thank you for your release on the reunion of Pennsylvania men in London. And thanks again to your fine newspapermen who know our wants. Their releases are like manna from heaven." According to War Department figures, nearly 93 per cent of the items sent out by The Budget are printed. "That," says Gen. Tupper, "is about triple the effective placement capacity of our million dollar civilian public relations agencies back home—which will give you an idea of the kind of job the boys are doing."

THE boys—and girl—go almost everywhere for their material. WAC Pfc. Lois Kirby, a former newspaperwoman for the Chicago *Herald-American*, is restricted by her sex, and concentrates on Red Cross clubs and M.P.s in the London area. S/Sgt. Mark Anson, ex-editor of a Kansas daily, helps Douglas Underwood with the inside work, and specializes in Army nurses. (Underwood, strangely enough, was an American-born, British-raised British war correspondent before he joined the U. S. Army over here.) But, in addition, Anson and the other three aces of the staff—Sorkin, Conant and S/Sgt. Roy Wells, of the Washington *Post*—wander around the United Kingdom, from Land's End to the Shetland Islands. Huge, six-foot-four-inch Wells was sent to cover an amphibious outfit recently. When he arrived at the unit's base, he found they were on maneuvers in their landing craft off shore. Wells climbed into a Duck, put out to sea, and proceeded to interview every man in the company. The water got choppy and Wells got sick. He barely managed to finish his interviews and wobbled back to shore. He wrote over a hundred stories, sent them to London, and then staggered into the dispensary with one of the worst cases of mal de mer on record. It was three days before the medics let him out.

The Budget has several ways of covering a unit. *First* is the direct interview method in which Anson, Wells, Sorkin or Conant go out and interview every man personally. This works best in the case of a small unit like a company or a special detachment. The reporter will then write individual stories or more often a general feature story on what kind of work the unit is doing, closing with "In the company are:" and listing the names, or "cooking for the company are:" etc. In as many cases as possible, a personal message from each man will be added to the general story.

Second is the questionnaire method, which is essentially the same as the direct interview method, but allows The Budget reporters to cover large bodies of troops in a short period of time. The reporters go out with several thousand copies of a regular questionnaire form, distribute them to a regiment or so at a time, and wait for them to come back. The form contains blanks for name, rank, grade, home address, high school or college, present job in the Army, and civilian job, as well as space for any personal message to be sent back home. This latter produces some lulus like "Don't mention any love life" and "Look for the Red Birds to win the Valley Championship" and "Oh, what I'd give for a big steak." But on the whole, enough information comes back on the questionnaires for the reporters to do almost as thorough a job as if they had interviewed the men themselves.

Third is the photographic method, which consists solely of taking pictures of all the men in a unit performing their everyday Army jobs, or attending some special class, or even just relaxing in a typical English pub. Army Pictorial Service lends The Budget two photographers a week. These photographers go out alone or with Budget reporters and come back with thousands of pictures, all of which are captioned and sent back to the home town papers, with or without an accompanying story. Here, too, no definite story is needed for taking the picture. One of the photographers is WAC Sgt. Irene Marquardt, who has The Budget's photography down to a mathematical science. "I just go out with my camera," she says, "and shoot everyone I see."

Fourth is the postcard method. Every unit is sent hundreds of printed form postcards, which are distributed to the men. Whenever a man gets a promotion, is cited for any reason whatsoever, or is sent to a special school, he is supposed to note this development on the postcard and drop it in the APO mailbox. The postcard then comes back to The Budget. Each card is good for a story.

The *fifth* and newest—also one of the most effective—is the byline method originated by Sgt. Wells. Wells goes out into the field, interviews the men in a company, and then puts their ideas into a series of first person stories, each one signed by a soldier. Usually there are several men in an outfit from the same part of the country, so one byline story can mention several other names. This is sure-fire stuff and the papers back home go into raves of ecstasy whenever they receive one. Not a single one of Wells's byline stories thus far has missed publication.

In addition to all this, stories funnel in from other Public Relations offices and The Budget covers news events and such routine matters as Red Cross tours and swimmando classes. For the latter, a standard story is used and sent out each week with new names attached to it. Big sporting events are also covered. An important track meet, for instance, has about a thousand participants, and whether a man wins a medal or not, he is good for a story—just by virtue of the fact that he took part. That means a thousand stories.

When the stories are written, they all pass on to Sgt. Underwood, who is known as "the slot man," in newspaper parlance. Underwood checks all copy and names, sometimes rewrites the stories, clears them with the censor, and sends them out for mimeographing. When the mimeographed copies come back, he addresses one copy of the story to every newspaper in the area in which every man mentioned in the story lives. (Having spent most of his life in Britain, Underwood has a hell of a time with such place names as Walpwallopen, Chappaqua and Kalamazoo.) He then files the stories by state in a specially built cabinet. They stay there until the end of the week.

Friday in The Budget is like press day in a country weekly. The place is a madhouse. Every one helps at sorting the 2,000 or so stories and stuffing them into special envelopes bearing the legend in large letters "Direct from the European Theater of Operations." Saturday morning the stories leave by official air mail. Sunday night they are in Washington, where the envelopes are checked and then mailed on. A Budget story can appear in a home town paper as early as *four* days after the soldier is interviewed. Normally, it appears in a week or ten days.

Well, lookee here—it's about me!

With all this tremendous volume, The Budget has made only one mistake thus far. This was an historic occasion when a photograph was labeled 2nd Lt. Mary Finn, and a Staten Island newspaper sent it back with the notation that the girl was *not* 2nd Lt. Mary Finn. In fact, the girl wasn't a girl at all but a burly male T/5 who was a complete stranger to them. The mystery was solved a few days later when a Pennsylvania paper wrote in, asking how the devil Mike Rydczinski had developed skirts, a permanent wave, and a commission.

ALL sorts of things happen. Very often officers get in the way, protesting that it just isn't physically possible to send back stories on all the men in their outfits and not waste time. The job becomes so routine after a while that Mark Anson once got through an interview with a soldier before he looked up and discovered that the guy had been co-captain with him of his high school basketball team. Once Lois Kirby got all the way through an interview with a G.I. from Tennessee, when suddenly the soldier blanched, grabbed her arm and said, "This ain't going to get back home, is it?" "Sure," said Lois. The soldier then practically got down on his knees and begged Lois *not* to send the story. "I'm trying," he said, "to keep my wife from knowing where I am." Sorkin, who drove a half-track unscathed in the Armored Force for months before he was transferred to The Budget, slipped and fell against some pencils in his blouse pocket on his first assignment and got himself hospitalized with a few sprained ribs.

But on the whole, their job is uneventful. Like all newspapermen, they are hard-shelled and cynical and accept their unglorious, anonymous, routine assignment philosophically. Underneath, however, they get a kick out of doing what they know is a tremendous morale job both here and at home. They wouldn't work so hard if they didn't.

Also, although they won't admit it, they are getting a kick out of this article being written about them.

They are like everyone else—they like to get their names in the paper.

Anson gets you at chow . . . . . .

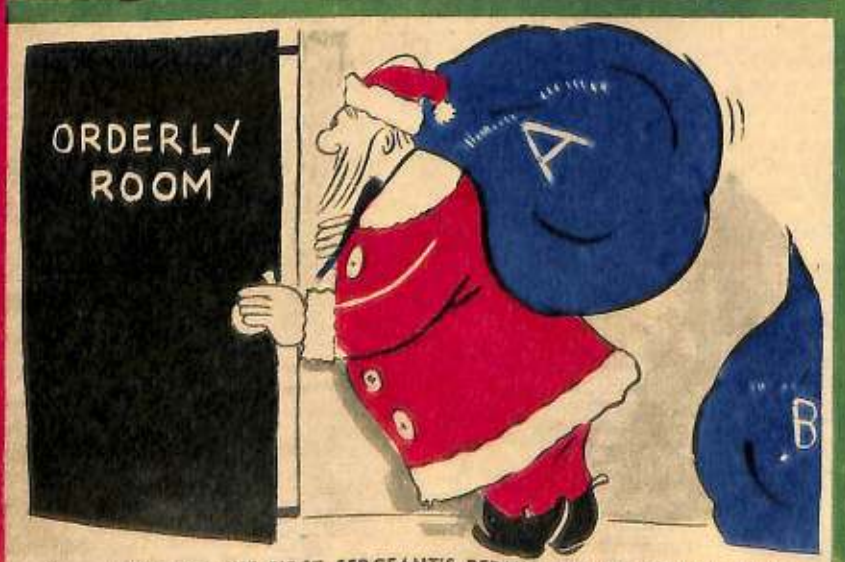
Kirby gets you in the water . . . .

and the story goes home.

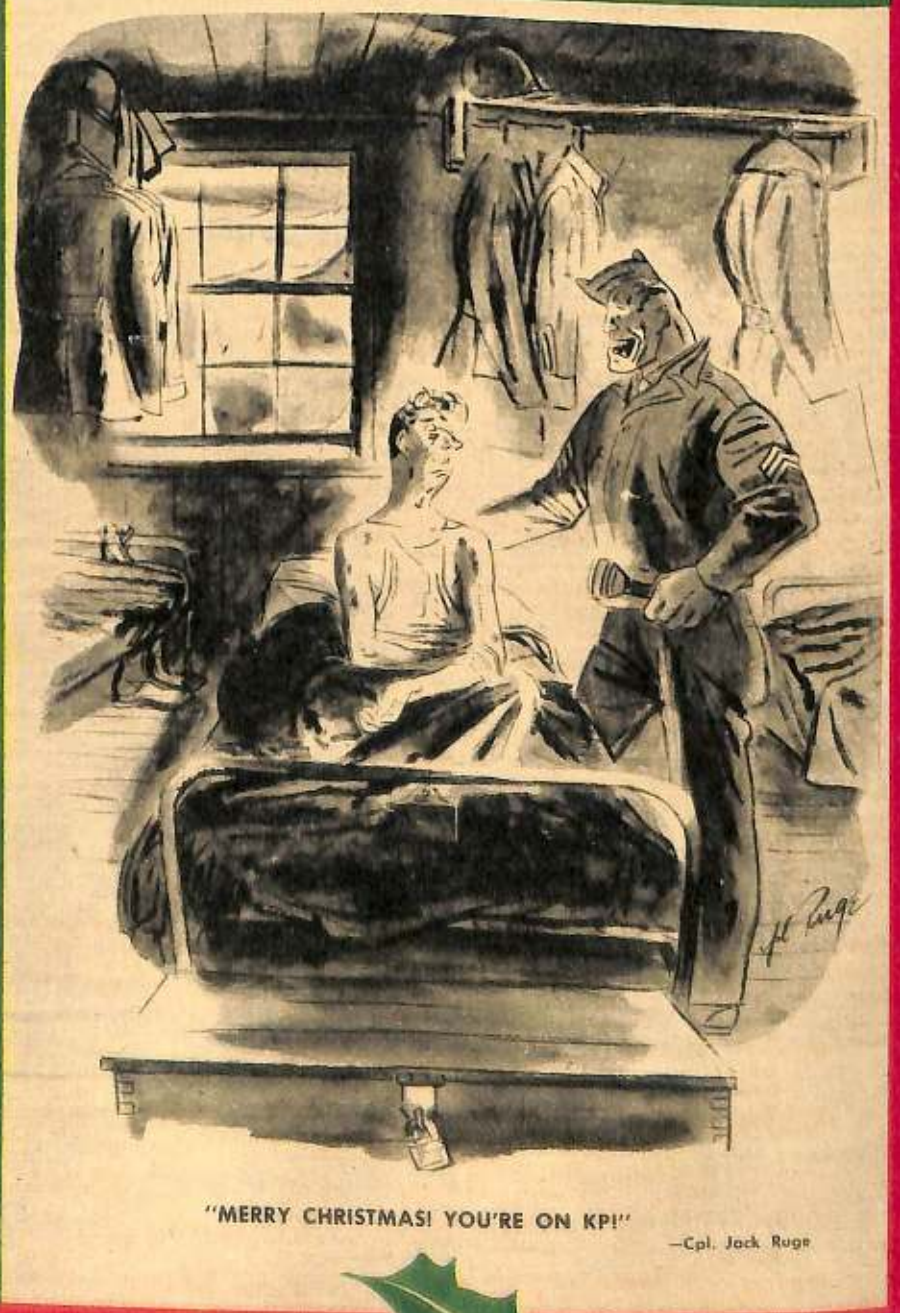
YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

"YA SURE THERE'S NO LIQUOR IN THERE, MAC?"
—Sgt. Frank Brandt

—Pfc. Kit Kramer



". . . REQUEST THE FIRST SERGEANT'S PERMISSION TO SPEAK WITH THE COMMANDING OFFICER ABOUT AN OVERNIGHT PASS."
—Cpl. Joe Cunningham



"MERRY CHRISTMAS! YOU'RE ON KP!"
—Cpl. Jack Ruge