BRITISH EDITION

YANK

THE ARMY

3d MAR. 26 1944

VOL. 2, NO. 41

By the men . . for the men in the service

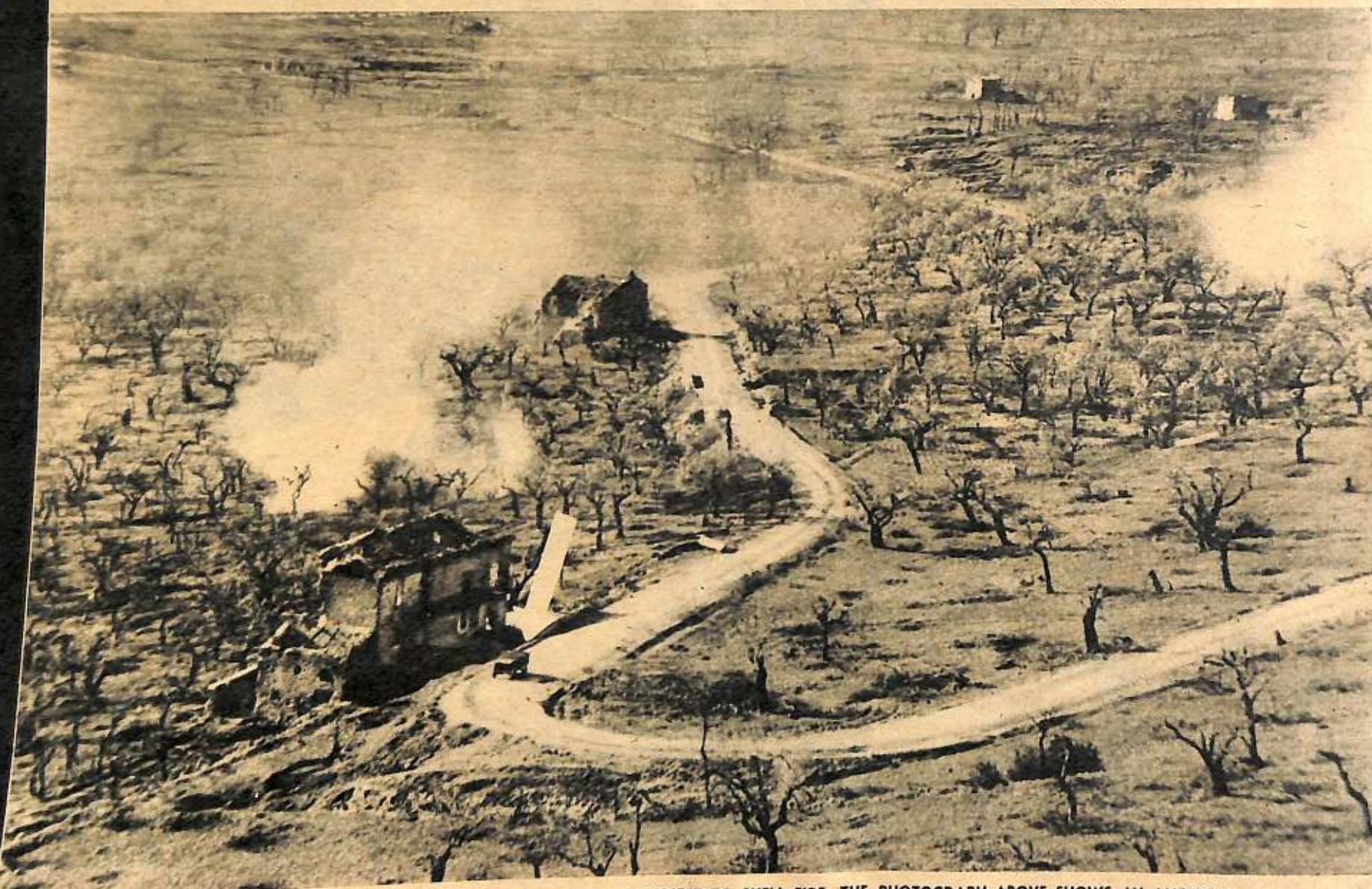
MARINE PIPER

AMERICANS OVER BERLIN — See pages 5, 6 and 7

THESE 240-MM GUNS HAVE HELPED BATTER CASSINO INTO DUSTY RUINS. WHAT WITH THE MUD, JERRY SHELLS AND BUGS, IT'S NO TEA PARTY.

U. S. SOLDIERS STATIONED AT A FIRE CONTROL CENTER IN THE CASSINO SECTOR DIRECT THE FIRE OF A LONG TOM 150-MM FIELD GUN AGAINST GERMANS 500 YARDS AWAY.

SHE'S PASSING WAR BY. AN ITALIAN WOMAN, WITH ALL SHE OWNS ON HER HEAD, TRAVELLING THROUGH FIFTH ARMY LINES ON THE WAY SOUTH.



EVERYTHING THAT MOVES ON THE ROAD TO ROME IS SUBJECT TO SHELL FIRE. THE PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE SHOWS AN AMERICAN [illegible] TRYING TO GET THE HELL AWAY FROM THOSE GERMAN SHELLS SEEKING IT OUT. THE TREES BEAR NO FRUIT.

American infantrymen of the Fifth Army. They fought hard, gaped at Ghurka knives.

..... The town that was CASSINO

As the Fifth Army continued to batter an enemy that fought a death battle from piles of rubble, Allied soldiers of many nationalities moved slowly ahead side by side—with no common language but a common objective.

By Sgt. WALTER BERNSTEIN
YANK Staff Correspondent

AT THE FRONT WITH THE FIFTH ARMY—When the town that was once Cassino is finally taken, it will be an added proof that the word "Allied" really means something in this war.

Probably never before has there been such a concentration of nationalities on one objective as there is around Cassino. Men fight side by side without knowing each other's speech. New Zealanders marvel at American rations and Americans gape at Ghurka knives. The French move professionally up one side of a mountain, while Goums and Tommies attack up the other side. They may not understand the words, but there is a common language in their efforts and their success is for every one.

Cassino lies at the foot of a mountain, blocking the entrance to a long valley that points towards Rome. The town itself will fall when the mountain is taken. This is easier said than done; the mountain has been converted into a huge pillbox by the Germans and will require a lot of taking. On top of the mountain is what is left of the famous Abbey of Montecassino: the Germans are dug deep into this, even though the building is in ruins. And dominating the area is snow-tipped Mount Cairo, which the enemy holds and from which he can observe the hell out of practically everything. All in all, it is no cinch. You can bomb and shell from today to tomorrow, but finally you will have to send in the infantry and take the thing by the simple courage and ability of the foot soldier. That's what makes the mixture of peoples up there really meaningful. They are making that word "Allied" mean something in blood.

But until that all-out drive is made, the town sits quietly ruined in the shadow of the mountain; the countryside seems peaceful and unobtrusively away. The road into Cassino comes from the north, winding through a valley that is under enemy observation from two sides and has come to be known as "Purple Heart Valley." There is another main road into Cassino from the south, but it is not healthy to travel that way.

The afternoon I came down the so-called safe road, the sun was shining and the valley held a general air of peace and quiet. Every once in a while there would be the crash of a shell off in the mountains, but it was

YANK, The Army Weekly, publication issued weekly by Branch Office, Army Education and Information Division, War Dept., 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. Reproduction rights restricted as indicated in the masthead on the Mail Call page. Entered as second-class matter July 6, 1942, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., Watford

Like portable garages back home, only different, German movable pillboxes were set up all over the area. GI inspects a captured one, complete with machine gun.

muffled and far away. Walking down the road was like being anywhere in the country; there was the smell of earth and the hot sun on the back of your neck and all the sounds seemed to come from great distances. It was a nice-looking valley, with mountains all around and a little river in the middle. It must have been nice before the war, when there were branches on the trees.

There were a lot of bivouacs along the road—artillery emplacements, first aid stations, tanks. Some of the tanks wore the French tricolor and their crews stood about them in the sun, looking tough and very GI in their American uniforms. There was a good deal of traffic along the road that afternoon, mostly jeeps going very fast. I got a ride with an Indian, who took me within a half-mile of Cassino. He was a fierce-looking character, with a huge moustache. We couldn't talk to each other, but he kept looking over and smiling, and once he pointed up toward the Abbey where the Germans were and then drew his finger across his throat. He let me off at a crossroads, and continued on away from Cassino.

At the crossroads, sitting in a hole and directing traffic, was an American MP. The hole had been conveniently dug by Germans and was really a dugout, with space below for sleeping. The MP was named Seymour and he was from Detroit. He and his partner, Pvt. Marshall A. Spetz of Cincinnati, had been in their hole for three weeks now. Both of them had a low opinion of their present position.

"It stinks," Seymour said.

Just then there was the rising whine of a shell and we all ducked into the dugout. The shell crashed about three hundred yards away, off the road.

"See what I mean?" Seymour said.

"And if it ain't the shells it's the bugs," Spetz said. He pointed down into the dugout. "We got half the lice in the Nasty Army down there."

I asked them if it was safe to go down the road toward Cassino and they said it was safe enough. "We got about a third of the town," Seymour said. "What's left of it."

There didn't seem to be any hurry, so we sat there talking for a while.

It was warm in the sun and there was no further shelling. The valley was very quiet; the snow glistened on Mount Cairo and a plane droned in the distance. We talked about the States and what we were going to do when we got home. Finally I said good-bye and started down the road to town. The road ran almost at the base of the mountain. On either side for about two hundred yards were some Italian barracks which had been completely destroyed by Allied air and artillery action. There was GI equipment scattered all around. After the barracks the road swung around the mountain out of sight. There was some kind of quarry here and a little house sitting against the mountain. Three soldiers in flat helmets were standing in front of the house. They said there was a Lt. Pocknall inside who would know the situation, and I went in after him.

The house was just one big room, with straw scattered all over the floor and soldiers scattered all over the straw. Lt. Pocknall was young and sandy-haired, with a pipe. He was very friendly; he said there was no getting into Cassino during the day, but that a supply jeep went in at night and I could go in with that.

"It's quieter in there than it is out here," he said. "Our chaps are too close to Jerry for him to do any shelling and they're all pretty well dug in."

I asked him how far up the road it was possible to go and he said he didn't know, he hadn't been up there at all. I said I'd be back, and started up the road. Once around the bend after the house, the road went straight for about two hundred yards and then curved out of sight again. The mountain went up gradually on the right and there was barbed wire along the valley side. This was the side that the Germans had flooded to keep us from coming across; most of the water had drained off by now, but it was still marshy and spotted with pools of water. There were two knocked-out American tanks on this stretch of road, lying on their side in a ditch. I walked up to the other bend without meeting any one. It was still very quiet. I peered cautiously around. The road stretched straight into Cassino, about five hundred yards away. You could see the buildings on the edge of the town, smashed and desolate. The mountain still seemed to offer good cover, so I started down the road. There was another knocked out tank sitting in the middle of the road about halfway down. I was almost up to that when a voice called out: "Hey!" A soldier looked out from a dugout built into the side of the mountain and said: "Where the hell do you think you're going?"

"Cassino," I said.

"Well, you'd better not go any further," he said. "There's a sniper zeroed in on that tank up there. He got two of our lads this morning."

There didn't seem anything to add to that, so I joined him in his dugout. Two other men were there, eating C-rations and apparently liking them.

"Ah, this is lovely stuff," one of them said, opening another can of meat and beans. "Lovely, lovely stuff."

They said there was a better view of the town further up, so I left them and began to climb. The mountain levelled off after a while and a stone wall ran along the ridge. A doughfoot had built himself a foxhole at the base of the wall and protected it with rocks; he was lying there with his rifle beside him, reading a paper-covered book entitled *Blood in the Dark*. He said it was all right to stick your head up over the wall, provided you didn't stick it too far. I got up to about eye level and looked over.

I could see about half of Cassino, almost directly below. It looked like the ruins of some ancient city that had just been unearthed. The rubble was piled high in the streets and there was no sign of life anywhere, not even a gun emplacement. The stillness hung over the town and any life would have seemed out of place. It was a dead town, suitable only for war or for small boys playing at war among the ruins. I could also see the Abbey from the wall. It seemed close enough to touch. It sat right on top of the mountain, shot to hell, but looking very hard to reach. There was still no sound of action anywhere, so I lifted my head to get a better look. There was a sharp burst like a riveting machine, very close, and I came down in a hurry.

"That's Jerry," the soldier in the foxhole said calmly, putting down his book.

"Thanks," I said.

"He's a smart baastard," the soldier said. "Got his bloody snipers all around here."

"Did he ever get any one?" I asked.

"One or two," the soldier said. "He's a smart baastard, all right."

He took up his book again and I started down the mountain. On the road I kept close to the base of the mountain until around the bend. Lt. Pocknall and his men were still in their little house. They were part of an anti-tank company and didn't have much to do. It was getting dark by then and our shelling from the valley had increased. The enemy shelling had also increased, as it always did around dusk, and the shells were dropping regularly near the crossroads where the MP's were. Every so often one would hit in the barracks area, searching for the road. Most of us stood in the doorway of the house, watching where the shells hit, and when one sounded too close we would duck back into the house. Then they opened up on the stretch of road between us and Cassino, hitting mostly around the bend. They used six-barreled mortars for this job, since they had to go almost straight up and down to reach the road, and their wail sounded like someone in great pain. There was nothing to do but wait it out. About 2000 hours a man from one of the forward positions came back and said that Jerry was hitting the road up further and had scored a direct hit on one of the knocked-out tanks. He was out of breath from running and leaned against the house for support.

"The shrap is flying like rain," he said. He looked out at the smashed barracks, still faintly visible in the dusk, and shook his head. "The Wreck of the Hesperus, by Shakespeare," he said.

About 2030 hours a tank came down the road, headed towards Cassino, and stopped by the house. Lt. Pocknall went out and spoke to the driver and then returned, shaking his head.

"You're out of luck tonight," he said to me. "It's a little sticky tonight for a jeep, so they're sending the supplies in with this tank and there's no room. You'll have to wait until tomorrow night."

I wasn't too broken-hearted. The tank rumbled off, disappearing into the dark and the shellfire. The rest of us stood in the doorway, watching the shells burst orange-red in the valley. It didn't let up at all, but nothing came close enough really to bother us. After a while we came inside and shut the door, putting a shelter half over the entrance to keep in the light. Two of the men brewed up some tea, strong and sweet and hot and very satisfying. We drank the tea without talking much, listening for shells with a corner of the mind that is never asleep any more. But none of the shells came close that night, and finally we rolled up in our blankets on the straw and went to sleep.

DEAR MR. ANTHONY: I HAVE A PROBLEM.

—Sgt. Snyder

U. S.—BERLIN

By
Sgt. SAUL LEVITT
YANK Staff
Correspondent

ENGLAND—For newspapers, bigger victories in this war are a simple problem—you just use bigger type on page one. As in the case of the American daylight raids on Berlin, for example. And in somebody's 20-volume history of World War II, to be written in 1955, an aging ex-crew chief like J. E. Woodard and a tail-gunner like Bill DeBlasio will find the Berlin raids rated a paragraph or two on page 963. But for the men concerned with it only yesterday it was just another day's work: another load of bombs to be hoisted through the bomb bays during the cold night, another gun cleaning in the winter dawn, another evening return of tired, living men—another ship sloping down to the limbo of "missing in action."

That was Berlin. Yet sometimes even a working airfield gets a sense of something special and enormous. Call it a sense of history. And on one field they had this feeling about the Berlin raids, and they chucked it in the direction of a certain crew whose plane came swinging low over the tower, home from Berlin, setting its wheels down in the late afternoon.

The crew was Captain Robert Rosenthal's—*Rosie's Riveters*. They came home to a sudden, unrestrained, crazy, holiday greeting at the home base. It was a private party; nobody else was invited in. It was their own hunk of bitter victory—for many were gone over Berlin, taking part of the Luftwaffe with them. But "Rosie," the pilot, had completed his tour of duty.

The sky was filled with flares—the armament men had given them two extra boxes before take-off that morning. They threw 4th of July up at the cold, gray sky; and the control tower, which is a grave and dignified institution at an airfield—something like the Supreme Court—came back with more flares. The request to the pilot that morning from his crew, when they learned it was to be Berlin, was for a "beautiful buzz job" coming in. The pilot gave it to them with his low swoop over the tower. Then the crew rode off in great style to the interrogation—each man on a jeep. As for T/Sgt. Michael V. Bocuzzi, the radio operator, who had to be a little different, it was a ride on the back of a proud MP's motorcycle. It is also said—though J. E. Woodard, their husky veteran crew chief denies it—that big tears rolled down Woodard's face when *Rosie's Riveters* showed at last over the tower.

Captain (then Lt.) Rosenthal and his crew came overseas quietly enough last September. They brought with them their own crew name, of course—*Rosie's Riveters*—to be duly inscribed on the nose of a Fort by some weary Joe who has seen all kinds of names tagged on to B17s that can't answer back.

(*Continued on next page.*)

After raiding Berlin, the crew of "Rosie's Riveters" scattered from London to Scotland on "seven days leave." Over a glass of beer or a cup of coffee Berlin got into the talk, but the crew men and the pilot said less about it than the people around them—which is always the way of men who "have been there themselves." They had been part of the first American formation to reach the German capital on the "thousand bomber, thousand fighter" raids on the "Big B."

They came over the "Big B" and it was clear below. Smoke billowed high in the air. The flak was thick about them.

The pilot was a quiet, inconspicuous young man of 26, who wore his visor cap clamped down on his head and walked in the shambling gait of a countryman, though he hails from the farmlands of Flatbush, Brooklyn. With him was one of those typical American "mongrel" crews that the Army arranges so well—as if in conscious answer to the "racial unity" armies of Nazi Germany. For their backgrounds were German, Irish, Scotch, Italian and others—and their home places scattered from the Eastern seaboard to the Far West.

In Dyersburg, Tennessee, "Rosie" had quietly canvassed among his crew, to find out how they felt about combat. No one backed out. Yet no one could possibly have wanted combat as they got it in their first three days of flying in this theater. As S/Sgt. Ray Robinson, the ball-turret gunner, from Arkansas City, Kansas, put it—"The first night after Bremen we were too scared to sleep, the second night after Marienburg we were too tired, and the third night after Munster, we were just through—finished."

Bremen was bad. On that one the squadron "lead crew" piloted by Captain (now Major) Everett E. Blakely had hell smashed out of it; on the Operations blackboard Sgt. Jennings could write after all plane numbers—"Severe battle damage." Marienburg, with only a few hours' sleep intervening, was

one of the longest flights ever undertaken in this theater—and then came Munster, the very next morning.

The haggard, griping crew of *Rosie's Riveters* went down to the briefing that morning in the company of experienced crews—men who had been on the first Regensburg shuttle raid to Africa and on the "longest flight in the ETO," to Trondheim.

In the late afternoon, as fog settled over East Anglia, the drone of the two remaining engines of a single Fort was a mournful elegy for the men who had been to Regensburg and Trondheim. The careful landing procedure for formations was unnecessary. There was only one plane coming in—actually half a plane—with two engines out. Thirteen planes had failed to return. The interrogation was very exclusive, like a consultation with a private physician. There was only the evidence of the dazed, battered members of *Rosie's Riveters*. It had been a ferocious and concentrated attack. One by one the planes of the group had gone down. So had part of the Luftwaffe.

Left alone, it had been Lt. Rosenthal's decision to go in on his bombing run. The bombardier kept asking, "Shall I drop them now, Rosie?"

"Not yet."

"Now?"

"No."

"We're over Munster," said Lt. C. J. Milburn, the bombardier.

"Now," said Lt. Rosenthal.

And from Munster to the French Coast trying to get home, enemy fighters queueing up like wolves. Another engine was knocked out. S/Sgt. L. F. Darling, of Sioux City, Iowa, crept up to the nose to help Lt. Ronald C. Bailey, the navigator, spot the landing field. At last the landing.

"Rosie" came down through the bomb bay to look over his crew and his wounded. Besides Darling there was the other waist-gunner, S/Sgt. J. H. Shaffer. And as "Rosie" stepped out, and went along in the ambulance with his wounded, he got a glimpse of something new—the torn-down skin of the right wing where a rocket shell looping from above had ploughed through between empty gas tanks cutting out a hole a foot across.

Mike Bocuzzi, tumbling out whitefaced, yelled, "I'm through flying these things. That's enough."

"C. J.," the bombardier, round-faced, amiable, who is a little quieter than Mike, didn't say that but thought about it. "I thought, well, if this is the way it is, they must get you sooner or later, but I'll go along until it catches up with me."

That "bowl" below is the stadium in Berlin, scene of the 1936 Olympics. Above the stadium was the grimmer, Olympian sport of air war. At this game Germany was the loser.

THAT was Munster—and it was five months more to Berlin. Young Bill DeBlasio, the tail-gunner wrote in his battle diary, "By the grace of God we were the only ship to come back. Our pilot brought us home safely."

Mike Bocuzzi, yelling, as he tumbled out, that he was going to quit was to gripe that way many more times—and never quit. T/Sgt. C. C. Hall, of Perry, Florida, a pleasant guy who camouflages it behind a sourpuss, would go on shooting down fighters for which he was reluctant to put in claims. And "Rosie," the pilot, would go on making his laconic reports to interrogation officers trying to pump him.

"The flak was meager," he'd say. "We landed with our flaps out."

"Flaps out? Were you hit?"

"A little bit. But if you get back it's a milk run."

They flew to Bremen, Rostock, Brunswick. On the "second Regensburg," the target area was snow-covered. Lt. Bailey, the navigator, commented to the crew on European history and geography. Here were the Alps. Over that way was Switzerland. Those long, wide lanes below were the "six-laned highways built by the Germans for this war." And here was where the Germans had broken through in an earlier war with France, in 1870.

Before Rostock, Bocuzzi was tired and jumpy. "Rosie"—tall, red-cheeked, rarely demonstrative—coming down to the line, put his arms around Mike's shoulders and said, "What's the matter, Mike? We're all nervous. I'm always scared myself. What's the matter?"

"Nothing," said Mike.

In his battle diary, DeBlasio wrote darkly, "They better give us a rest and a few short raids. I am very tired now."

Everything had mounted up—enemy planes shot down, pep talks . . . "By this time we'd had a hundred and two of them since Dyersburg," said Ray Robinson. "I counted them. Rosie always gave us them before the mission. After that you never heard him speak on the raid, except when he had to."

For Berlin, the briefing was like all the others. But it was Berlin, the "Big B"—to be hit in daylight. Last August, as a gag, someone had put up the red ribbon across to Berlin, and no return route indicated. Now it was no gag, and there *was* a return route. Through the briefing room there was the shuffle of heavy boots, cigarettes were lighted. Bocuzzi said to somebody, "Who got drunk last night and dreamed this one up?" as the pointer touched Berlin.

They went out down to the line. Behind them was more than a score of raids. They dived into the ground crew's kitty of cigarettes in the tent. Bocuzzi borrowed a pencil from the ground crew. "Number 12, this is. I owe you twelve pencils," said Mike.

It was a cloudy day. Berlin could always be postponed, couldn't it? Couldn't it wait for tomorrow? They looked toward the tower where the flare might go up announcing, "mission scrubbed." There was no flare, only the dull gray sky.

A new navigator was along, not Lt. Bailey riding the bike, with his navigator's briefcase under his arm, looking like a professor, but a new man, to be put at ease by "Rosie."

Then Lt. Winfrey "Pappy" Lewis, of Houston, Texas, came down, did his pre-mission job of checking up on equipment and then dived for the cot in the tent—a regular thing with him, this sack time before a mission. S/Sgt. Marion J. "Junior" Sheldon, of Arkansas, who had replaced Darling, carefully hung his two rag dolls, "Blood" and "Guts" to the receiver of his gun. All the little things had been done, and pep talk No. 103 took place—"Rosie's" usual delivery: "You worry about your guns, and let me worry about the plane."

THE only change after the more than a score of missions was that they got into the plane a little earlier than usual. That same old take-off, but the silence over the interphone was greater than usual. Interphone discipline had always been strict, but this was quieter than it had ever been.

"We were a shipload of nerves," said Ray Robinson.

As they came over the German coast the clouds began to lighten. Moving into Germany it was getting clearer. "Pappy" Lewis the co-pilot—the "bald eagle"—looked over towards "Rosie"—the "legal eagle"—the lawyer who hadn't ever practised. Everything the same. "Rosie" beginning to sweat.

"It was only thirty below," said Mike, "not foo cold."

They came over the "Big B" and it was clear below them. Things had been done here because smoke billowed high in the air. Flak was thick about them—"but not worse than Bremen," said DeBlasio Nervousness disappeared with the first fighters

"On this one," said Mike, "we didn't want them to get in close."

The bombardier got one and so did the top turret. They made their turn past the target.

The enemy coast behind them. Over the interphone "Rosie" said, "Interphone discipline is now a sack of something." Voices broke in a frenzy of babbling, laughing noises. There was a hell of a squabble in the waist and DeBlasio was refereeing between S/Sgt. Jimmy Mack and "Junior."

England again—after Munster, Bremen, Brunswick, Rostock, Stettin. After unloading bombs on the map of Germany. After 103 pep talks by Captain Robert Rosenthal of Brooklyn and Brooklyn College.

They buzzed the field. Down below were friends. Major Blakely, the C.O., was waving. The flares went up. It was private victory, but in this roaring excitement, there was the knowledge of men who had not come back. In four raids on the "Big B" it had been dished out, but they had taken it, too.

At the interrogation Captain F. E. Callahan asked his questions, and the answers were, as usual, laconic.

"We never get anything out of you," said Captain Callahan gloomily.

The new navigator told most of the story.

Somebody was always pushing over to shake "Rosie's" hand, and the navigator said complainingly, "I wish this guy weren't so popular, so we could get through."

Lt.-Col. Kidd and Colonel Harding pulled "Rosie" off to find out things. They found out little, and when he downed a scotch, he asked politely, "Would it be all right if we had a couple of bottles of scotch tonight at the barracks?"

It seemed very much OK.

One evening, a week later, they went to get decorations at the Officers' Club. There was Captain Rosenthal, Bill DeBlasio, Ray Robinson and Mike Bocuzzi. They sat quietly shoulder to shoulder dressed in Class A's. Generals Spaatz and Doolittle spoke. It was brief and to the point about the war. Jimmy Doolittle, answering a question, said in his resonant voice, "After all, it's not a matter of you and me going out, it's a question of winning the war."

"Rosie" went out, walking down towards his hut in the dark. Captain Putnam, a close and good

This 12,000 pounder has been dropped elsewhere in Germany. Berlin has not felt it—not yet.

"Rosie's" crew: front row, l to r, Lt. R. C. Bailey, Capt. Rosenthal, Lt. C. J. Milburn, Lt. W. T. Lewis. Back row, l to r, S/Sgt. L. F. Darling, T/Sgt. M. V. Bocuzzi, Sgt. J. F. Mack, T/Sgt. C. C. Hall, S/Sgt. W. J. DeBlasio, S/Sgt. R. H. Robinson.

friend, had gone down a few weeks before. This Berlin raid was a thing of the past; let its history be written elsewhere. And tomorrow was another day, another raid. At the Aero Club some mechanic got to the piano and played boogie-woogie and boys with Berlin inscribed on their jackets tapped their feet to the music, standing around the piano.

Over in the B.O.Q. Ray Robinson found "Rosie" in the midst of a lot of clothes, and the B bag open. Robinson shook his head and said pityingly, "Someone always has to pack your stuff . . . How do you ever expect to get off on that leave tomorrow?"

He packed "Rosie's" stuff carefully into the bag.

"You won't need that," he said, throwing an extra suit of underwear to one side, after counting out the number he thought "Rosie" would need for the leave. And then he zipped the bag shut.

"Thanks, Ray," said "Rosie."

"What train you taking?"

"Early one, I guess."

"It's eight o'clock, so you better get out of the sack early—or do I have to come over and get you up? Good-night, 'Rosie.'"

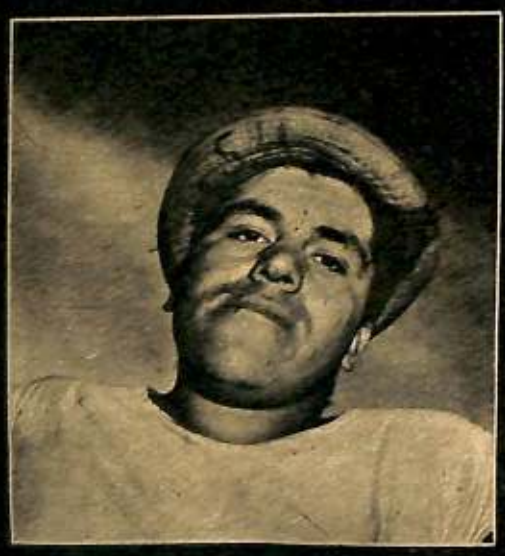
"Good-night, Ray," said Captain Rosenthal, settling into his sack.

FIRST YANKS ON JAP SOIL

These reconnaissance cavalrymen of the 7th Division will go down in the history books as the soldiers who planted the first American flag on Nipponese territory in this war. Here's how it happened in four days of furious fighting in the Marshalls.

Capt. Paul B. Gritta and 84 of his men were first U. S. troops to land on Jap soil.

Pvt. Claude R. Fair with two Yanks from his platoon killed 19 Japs in 10 minutes.



Pfc. Simon Hererra crawled close to a pillbox and threw in two grenades.

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE RECON CAVALRY TROOPS IN THE MARSHALLS—At 0430 on D Day of the attack on Kwajalein Atoll in the Marshalls, Capt. Paul B. (Red) Gritta of Galveston, Tex., and 84 of his men eased their rubber boats up to the low, dark shadow that was the beach of Gehk Island. They were the first American troops to set foot on Japanese soil in this war.

They landed on Gehk by mistake; they had been scheduled to hit Ninni Island, another pinpoint three-quarters of a mile across a coral reef to the south. But in the darkness most of the islets of this atoll were mistaken for black-capped waves, and Capt. Gritta decided that, as long as they were on Gehk, they might as well clean out any stray Japs before moving on.

In four days of fighting, the Recon Troop—a unit of the 7th Division numbering 149 men and six officers, including Capt. Gritta's party—took Gehk not once, but twice, and wiped up the three other islands of Gea, Ninni and Bigej.

When they returned to the converted destroyer that served as their troop carrier at the end of the Kwajalein operation, they had killed 106 Japs, not counting probables, and taken three prisoners. Only two of their men were killed and 22 were wounded, none of them seriously.

The first part of the operation was easy. Their landing on the south beach of Gehk was unopposed, and they lay in the sand without even digging foxholes, just talking in whispers and waiting. As the sky grew light, just before sunrise, they started up the island, spread out like a fan, each man three feet from the next GI.

They had advanced 600 yards, halfway up the island, before Jap rifle fire started to sing out over their heads from a clump of thick undergrowth about 10 yards ahead. They threw themselves on the ground and opened up.

T-5 Daniel Rygwalski of Minneapolis, Minn., who had been moving a little ahead of the others, got the first Jap with his M1, and T-4 Charles Sader of Sumner, Wash., carrying a 30-pound radio on his back, plugged a second Jap with his carbine. T-4 Arnold Allen of Portland, Oreg., and T-4 Floyd Anderson of Detroit Lakes, Minn., one of five Andersons in the outfit, fired almost simultaneously and got one each.

After that the clump of bushes was silent, but the entire American line paused for at least five minutes to throw in a few hand grenades and a bazooka blast or two, and to pepper the area with rifle fire. When they moved into the bushes, they found the four dead Japs and two others still alive, lying a few feet away. "We were in a *capturing mood,*" *said 1st Sgt. James Martin of Reading, Pa. The two Japs were evacuated.*

By 1000 the job on Gehk was finished, and Capt. Gritta's men trekked back cautiously to their landing beach, certain that there were no live Japs left on the island. In the lagoon they saw a large Jap tug, silent and apparently deserted, and next to it a small barge. Then Capt. Gritta thought he saw a man move on the deck of the tug, but he couldn't be sure and it did not seem worth while finding out; he and his men had been ordered to proceed to Ninni.

But there was still time for one small formality. Capt. Gritta, who had served nine years as an enlisted machine-gunner in the cavalry, and Sgt. Martin stopped the men on the beach and raised the Stars and Stripes on a pole the Japs had thoughtfully rigged up on top of a ragged coconut palm. It was the first American flag to be flown in the Marshalls.

Then they climbed back into their rubber boats, paddled across the reef and made their second beachhead of the morning at Ninni. There were no Japs on this island at all, but the men discovered a freshly chopped pile of wood on the beach, a few boxes of small crisp Jap crackers and a confusion of fresh footprints on the faint, irregular path leading to a deserted lighthouse.

By 1600 a flag was flying on Ninni, and there was nothing more to do that night except bivouac on the beach. The next morning Capt. Gritta and his men returned to their destroyer, where they had a hot meal, a bath and a shave, and cleaned their weapons. "It was a gentlemanly way to fight a war," said Sgt. Chester Chagnon of Burlington, Vt., a squad leader.

CHAGNON didn't know what was happening on Gea Island, where 56 men of the Recon under 1st Lt. Emmett L. Tiner of Breckenridge, Tex., executive officer and former school teacher, had landed at 0530 on D Day.

Tiner's men made their beachhead just south of the pass leading into the lagoon. A few yards to the north, the lieutenant saw four Jap buildings—small frame structures with thatched roofs. At dawn a search of the buildings disclosed they were deserted and had been used for storage.

Then the men started up the island, two platoons abreast. The first platoon, under 2d Lt. Claude Hornbacher of Sebewaing, Mich., advanced up the seaward side, along the edge of the thick coconut grove that ran through the 400-yard square islet. The second platoon, under

Pfc. Lloyd Anderson shot down Jap flag from pole with a rifle grenade.

Lt. James Mahony, Pvt. Rufus Donahue and Lt. Glenn Carr with trophy.

Pvt. Charles Fintor and Pfc. John Rysavy found Jap machine gun.

Lt. Emmett Tiner cleaned out pillbox by pushing grenades inside.

T-4 Charles Sader got himself a Jap with a shot from his carbine.

Pvt. William Toomey, with Jap machine gun, saw his first action.

2d Lt. James S. Mahony of Newton, Mass., pushed through the grove on a thin center trail. As expected, they encountered no signs of Japs for about 20 minutes.

Suddenly Pfc. Simon (Rugged) Herrara of *Las Vegas, N. Mex., a scout, saw two close-set eyes staring at him through the underbrush. He* fired his M1 twice, and a wounded pig ran squealing down the beach.

Not more than two minutes later Tiner, a few yards in advance, heard someone shout his name. It was Pvt. William Toomey of Boston, Mass., a 19-year-old with only eight months in the Army who was seeing his first action. Toomey leaped ahead toward the door of a one-story house. Just inside the door he could see a Jap marine lying on a straw mat, asleep or dead. Toomey fired twice and the marine was unquestionably dead.

Lt. Tiner and a rifle squad searched the house, finding no other Japs but discovering the remnants of stale food in the kitchen.

WHEN they had scoured the seaward side and the center of Gea, the two platoons circled back on the lagoon beach. Cpl. Philip Riccio of Hartford, Conn., a squad leader about 10 yards in front of his men, searched the thick tangles of undergrowth. Suddenly he shouted: "There they are, men—look out!" and threw two grenades. Both missed their mark, but his warning had saved the lives of the two scouts directly behind him—Pvt. Frank Holguin of Pasadena, Calif., and Pvt. Virden Johnson of Jackson, Miss.

Johnson threw himself on the ground and plugged one of the Japs in the underbrush. Then Sgt. Leonard Brink of Ft. Bragg, Calif., a section leader, rushed ahead with his tommy gun and motioned to Pvt. C. W. Anderson of North Dakota and Pvt. Claude Fair of Reading, Pa., to follow him with their two heavy machine guns.

Fair and Anderson placed their guns in the fork of a tree and commenced firing. Brink "spotted" the Japs for them, and then, as they fired each burst, Brink would jump under the machine guns, fire his tommy and throw grenades. Once, just as he was about to hurl a grenade, he looked up at the foliage of a palm not five feet away. There in the shadow was a Jap drawing a bead on him with his .25-caliber. Brink let him have an entire 30-round clip.

The whole battle in the underbrush had lasted no more than 10 minutes, but when it was ended, 19 Japs were dead. After that there was no more resistance on Gea. It was only 1000.

Just following afternoon chow, soon after Tiner and his men returned to the ship, there was a report from the defense troops on Gehk that enemy small-arms fire had been observed as they moved through on their way to Ninni. Two of their men had been killed.

So at 1700 1st Lt. Glenn P. Carr of Reeder, *N. Dak., and his second platoon made the Recon's second landing on Gehk, after a destroyer had* peppered the beach area. They dug in for the night and heard only occasional distant rifle fire.

In the morning the Japs kept quiet as the troops started up the island, about half of them making their second push up this same strip. As in the first landing, there was no enemy fire, and none came until they had gone almost 800 yards.

Then Lt. Carr, 1st Sgt. Martin, Sgt. Johnnie Bonavia of Sonora, Calif., a section chief, and T-5 John Yirgoyen of Modesto, Calif., Carr's messenger, heard an indescribably eerie yell.

Almost at once the Japs, hidden in small freshly dug holes covered with undergrowth, let loose with everything they had. That was plenty: at least one Lewis gun, 60-mm mortar shells thrown as grenades, regular hand grenades and rifle fire.

One Jap grenade caught Bonavia in the right knee. Another wounded a GI named Kovalcik in the hand. Capt. Gritta was hit in the shoulder with a rifle slug. Martin crawled to him and dressed the wound, and the captain kept going.

Cpl. Eugene Krueger of Grand Rapids, Mich., fired three bazooka shots into the position. Meanwhile machine guns had moved up on every side and were firing at point-blank range. Lt. Carr and Pvt. Jefferson Larkin of Alameda, Calif., a scout, crawled under the fire to hurl grenades. Carr threw five and Larkin three.

In 45 minutes, the hottest of the entire operation, the opposition had been wiped out. Sixty-five Jap sailors and marines were dead.

Before leaving the island, Capt. Gritta and the first platoon boarded the Jap tug still in the lagoon, now flying a large ensign from its mast. There were 12 Jap dead below decks, all of them killed by the destroyer fire that had preceded the landing of Carr's platoon.

Pvt. Rufus Donahue of Spencer, W. Va., climbed up the mast for the flag and later presented it to the commander of the destroyer, whose guns had been responsible for taking the tug. The barge alongside was deserted.

Meanwhile on the beach Pfc. Lloyd Anderson of Colon, Nebr., used a rifle grenade to shoot down a small Jap signal flag, already peppered with destroyer fire, that had been rigged up on a palm about 100 feet from the one where Capt. Gritta erected the American flag during the first occupation of the island. And now for the second time the Recon was ready for a bath, a shave and a rest.

THE outfit took its final island, Bigej, across the lagoon from the others, on D-plus-four. Bigej was a Jap supply and storage depot, and little opposition was expected. As soon as the troops had shoved their rubber boats out to sea again, they moved into the edges of the bushes and waited for daybreak before starting forward.

Sgt. John Graham of San Francisco, Calif., a section leader; 1st Sgt. Martin and Toomey made up the advance party. It was Toomey who saw the pillbox first—a good-sized one, deep, with concrete reinforcements backing up the concrete logs. "It looked like a potato cellar with a ventilator," Toomey said. "Rugged" Herrara threw two grenades, crawling up to the entrance.

As the other men drew nearer, a Jap officer charged out of the door, waving his saber in the air. That was as far as he got; when his body was examined it was found to contain 52 slugs.

Tiner and Sgt. Robert Rafford of Brooklyn, N.Y., tried dropping grenades down the ventilator, but the grenades were too large. Then Tiner tied three concussion grenades to a stick, pulled the pin and pushed them down with the stick. But they wouldn't go either, and Tiner ran like hell—not enough to avoid a slight side wound.

The lieutenant and Rafford could hear shooting inside; they thought the Japs might be committing suicide, but they couldn't be sure. So they started a fire in the entrance. It burned slowly at first but soon caught on. No one knows how many Japs died inside.

Up ahead, Graham, Toomey and Martin spotted a single line of Japs at the opposite side of a small clearing in the palm grove. Martin counted 15; the closest was hardly 10 yards away and walking toward him. T-5 Curtis Pettey of Hazen, Ark., and Pfc. Edward Flaa of Sioux City, Iowa, moved up with their machine gun and opened fire.

Under cover of the fire, Graham and Toomey edged forward. Not four feet in front of him Toomey saw a Jap light machine gun. He could see that the Jap who had been manning it was dead now, with a bullet hole in his head. He crawled up and grabbed the gun. It was jammed.

Toomey cleared the jam, fiddled with the gun a minute or two to see how it worked and then ran off a sharp burst. In all he fired 25 rounds with the Jap gun, killing four Japs.

By that time medium tanks were on their way in, and Infantry troops were moving up. For the first time in the Kwajalein operation, the Recon was brought to the rear. Its job was done.

FIRST CHOICE. 20th Century-Fox figures Gale Robbins can substitute for Betty Grable, who is having a baby. We agree.

WIND POWER. The photographer caught these marine gunners caught in turn by the wind. They look as if they're on a skating rink but they're on the deck of an aircraft carrier in the Pacific.

LUCKY CHANCE. S Sgt. Clyde Owen and his brother Pfc. James met unexpectedly on the Italian front after a year's separation.

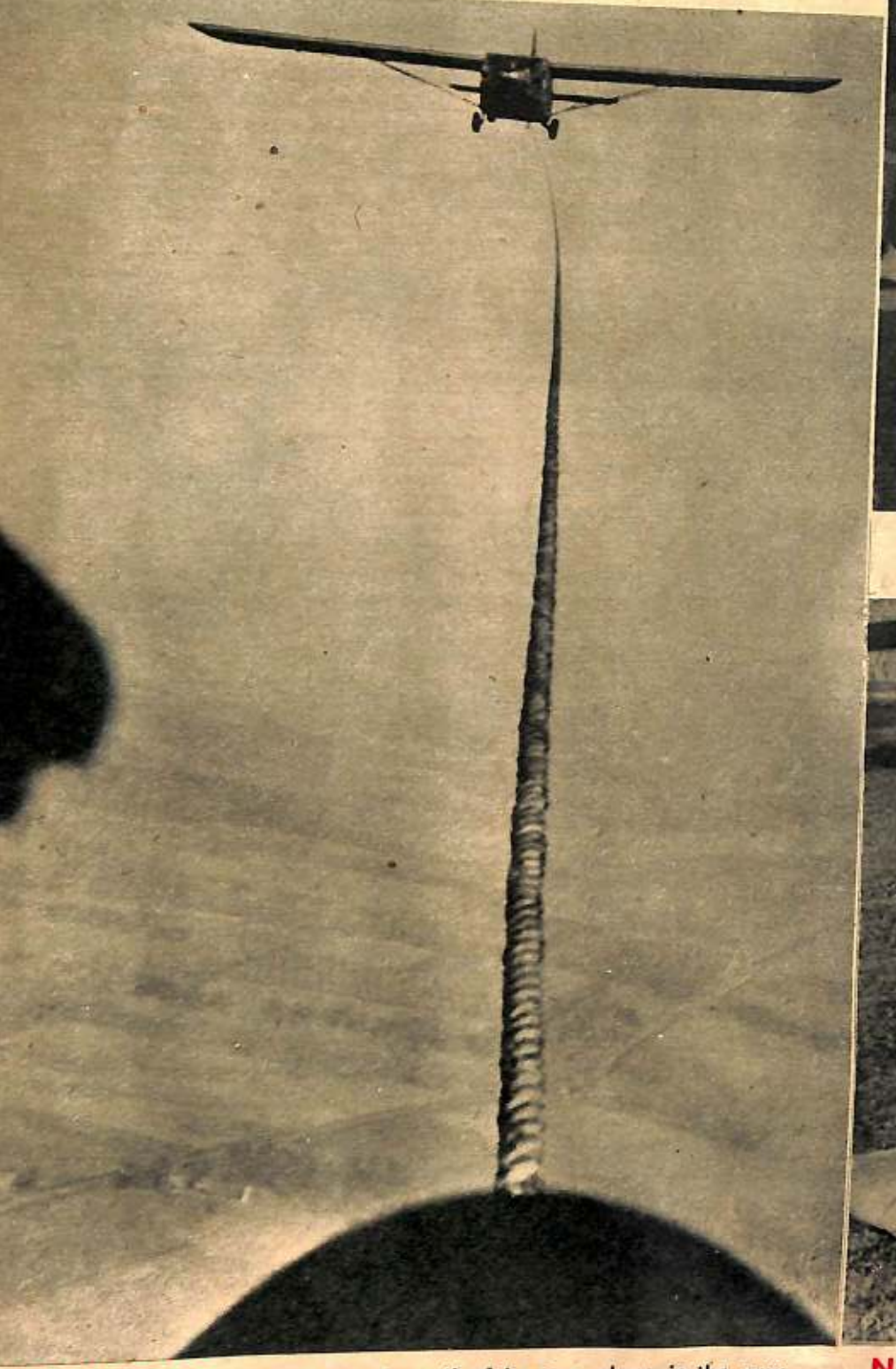
FEARLESS. This instructor in London, England, is showing "commando" firemen how to walk a tightrope with 200 pounds of hose.

GOOD MEDICINE. *Pin-ups are everywhere! See this New Guinea dancer's hat.*

SOLDIER SIGHTSEERS. Stop your tickling! But Pvt. Robert E. Devore wants to see if it's real. With him is Cpl. Alger Shipp, who's more polite. They're both visiting two Buddhist

MPROVISING. Comedian Joe E. Brown turned up to entertain a
l audience in Italy with a hat as his only prop and made a big hit.

SUCCESS STORY. Pfc. Roy Webb in his Bougainville foxhole. He won a bet he could dig it, 8 ft. wide, 10 ft. long and 4 ft. deep, in 4 hours.



Y FREIGHTER. *Seen from the tail of its tow plane is the new*
12, a big glider built to carry troops and supplies to combat zones.

INDIA JITTERBUGS. A GI stationed in India does some expert rug cutting with a pretty Indian girl who shows she can learn quickly.

NAVY'S GIRL. Some fond sailors voted Rhonda Fleming, Holly-
wood starlet, Sea Nymph of the Pacific Fleet. And why

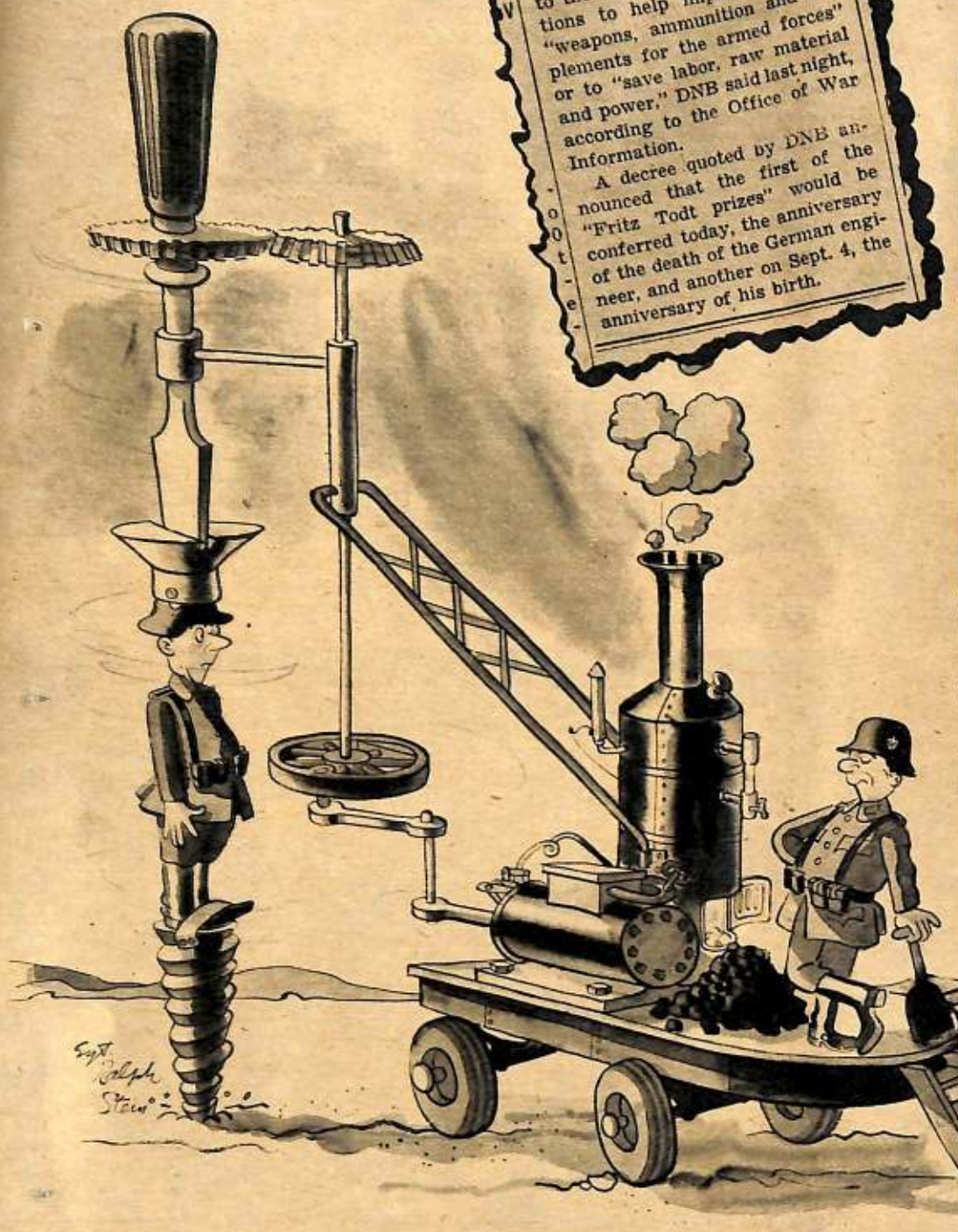
Reich Offers ... For Better Weapons

Adolf Hitler has offered prizes to the German people for inventions to help improve German "weapons, ammunition and implements for the armed forces" or to "save labor, raw material and power," DNB said last night, according to the Office of War Information.

A decree quoted by DNB announced that the first of the "Fritz Todt prizes" would be conferred today, the anniversary of the death of the German engineer, and another on Sept. 4, the anniversary of his birth.

To ease the burdens of the master race, YANK offers these modest suggestions from our own Sgt. Ralph Stein, who should of went to OCS. Der Fuehrer can keep his old money; Sgt. Stein just likes to see his pictures in print.

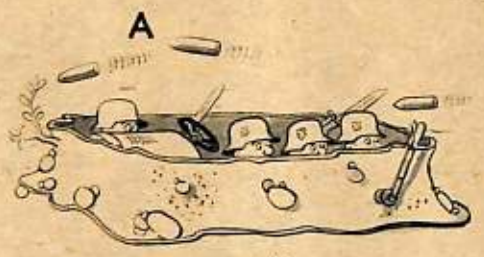
FILM FLAK. Combining propaganda with psychological warfare, the Signal Korps can scare the hell out of the enemies of the Third Reich by projecting pictures of Der Fuehrer, complete with godlike fury and a Wotan get-up, on the clouds with a lantern-slide projector. If there are no clouds, use smoke from nearest burning city or from Adolf himself who is pretty burned up nowadays.

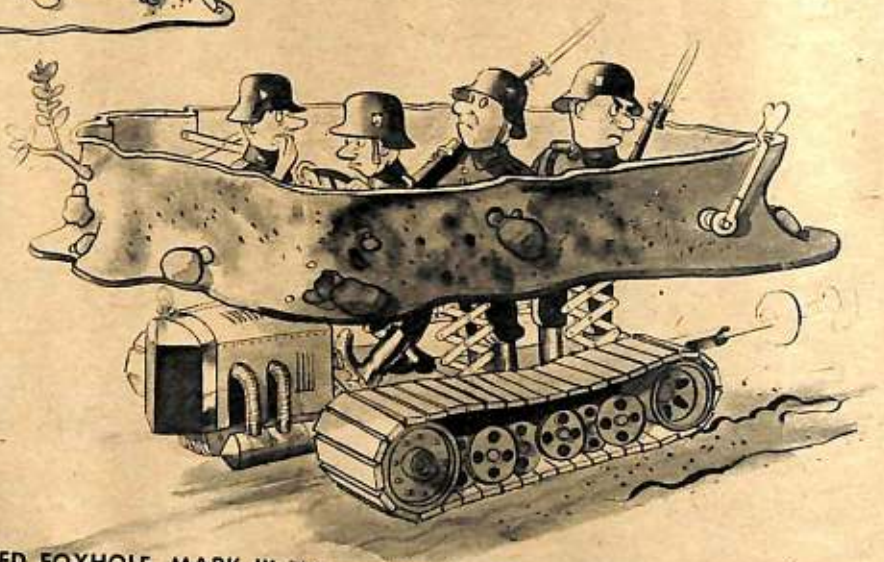


AUTOMATISCHE HERRENVOLK-HIDER, MARK II. In the interest of conserving manpower we have this handy gadget for screwing the German soldier—into the ground—and thus effectively concealing him for later use. With this steam-driven screw driver, a ton of coal will screw 60 to 95 soldiers in two hours—much quicker than the Nazi High Command usually takes for such a job.

TWO-WAY ARYAN SCOOT SUIT. This clever psychological stratagem will make the pursuing enemy think that you are really chasing him out of town.

LITTLE ADOLF CARPET-CHEWER, MARK I. *This simple mechanism is designed exclusively for You Know Who, who by this time could sure use the teeth he was going to pull from the British Lion. By chewing rugs quicker and in greater quantity, leaders can devote much more time to playing wrong hunches.*





MOBILE MECHANIZED FOXHOLE, MARK III. This machine is a necessity on a fluid front when "rearward advances including disengaging maneuvers" are in order. This marvel of engineering ingenuity looks like an innocent foxhole, king size (position A), but when danger threatens, it moves quickly.

News from Home

Money and men and matches took the limelight as means toward winning the war, some Joe's wife turned out to be the wife of another Joe and a sailor, a Chamber of Commerce man spoke bluntly to both management and labor, and a magician thought he'd try Columbus, O., when next in quest of ectoplasm.

It's a tough war Chief Boatswain's Mate Carl Henderson is fighting as he teaches some Spars how to tie knots at a Coast Guard training station at Palm Beach.

MAYBE this is the cure for the world's troubles: An official of the War Production Board last week came up with the proposal that an advertising campaign be launched to combat the superstition about lighting three butts on a match. Think of all the paper, glue, and lumber you'd save, he said, if all the trios of smokers throughout the country would learn to get along on one match every time they light up.

The folks back home are going to have to save a lot more than matches if they hope to begin to make even a dent on the task of paying for the war, judging by figures produced by another WPB official. These showed that the U. S. is now spending $312,300,000 a day on the job of winning. Since July 1, 1940, the war has cost the nation a tidy $168,000,000,000—and that includes that extra $10 a month you get for being over here, private.

Winning the war is also going to mean an even tighter squeeze in the draft than many comfortably settled heads of homes had anticipated. A Congressional Committee was told by Selective Service representatives that 160,000 pre-war fathers are going to have to be drafted ahead of schedule because the War Manpower Commission has failed to produce replacements for young men who are now deferred because of the key jobs they hold in industry.

Steps were being taken to get young men in this category into uniform, too. President Roosevelt told a Press conference that more younger men were needed in the services and a few hours later Major General Lewis B. Hershey, the boss man of Selective Service, began beating the tom-toms to scare up the necessary recruits. He ordered that State directors of Selective Service must pass on the deferments of all industrial workers between the ages of 18 and 25. Local draft boards were immediately notified that no registrant in that age bracket may be classified as a "key man" any longer unless his deferment has been okayed by the State director of the draft.

General Hershey's latest figures: A million more men must be in the services by July 1—and a happy Independence Day to you, rookie! Of this number, 240,000 must come from the ranks of those now deferred for occupational reasons and 250,000 will have to be pre-Pearl Harbor fathers.

Simultaneously, the Army started its third canvass of camps in the States with the aim, more determined than ever this time, of ousting physically-qualified soldiers from their present jobs and sending them overseas. All GIs who have been in the Army more than a year without leaving home shores will be reassigned to foreign posts by the end of June, those under 30 going first. Places thus left vacant will be filled by civilians, Wacs, and limited-service men.

THE soldier-vote bill, which has been kicking around and kicked around so long, was finally approved by both House and Senate in compromise form and sent to President Roosevelt for his okay or veto. The Senate vote was 47 to 31; the House vote 273 to 111. The President promptly sent wires to the Governors of all States asking whether their legislatures would accept Federal ballots as substitutes for State ones when necessary and indicated that he would make up his mind concerning the bill on the basis of their replies.

As the bill stood when sent to the President, servicemen wanting to vote would have to apply to their home states for absentee ballots. Men who failed to receive such a ballot would then be entitled to use a Federal ballot, providing they were serving overseas. And, as indicated in these columns a couple of weeks back, there were several other fairly complicated provisions and reservations in the measure. If and when the President approves the bill and thus makes it law, YANK will publish a complete summary of its contents in this department so that would-be voters in the ETO will know just where they stand.

Speaking of the soldier vote, Mayor F. H. LaGuardia of New York City, declared that "any State ballot system is hopelessly impracticable and impossible." The Mayor said he reached this decision after studying the soldier-vote plan proposed to the New York State legislature by Governor Thomas E. Dewey. As the Mayor figured it, the Dewey plan would necessitate sending a total of 7,350,000 pieces of mail in order to permit the 1,225,000 servicemen of just the one State in question to cast their votes.

Seventy-one Senators, believed to be the largest number ever

YOU CAN READ THIS MAP

If you know your coordinates, you can find any spot you want on Betty Grable with this pinup-girl chart used for teaching map-reading at Lowry Field, Colo. Rookie on the right is Richard P. Bates.

Five-foot Jean Porter, picked as the perfect pint-sized Venus de Milo. She's got arms, too, which the statue ain't.

Transportation, which means that he directed the nation's wartime transportation system, died unexpectedly in Washington after a month's illness. Sixty-one years old, he had offered to resign a month ago when his physicians told him that he needed a long hospital rest. At that time, President Roosevelt sent him a letter saying: "Follow strictly the doctors' orders and take that much needed rest. Do not for a moment think of resigning. Get yourself back into good form, for the job needs you and the country needs you." A member of the Interstate Commerce Commission for many years, Eastman in his wartime job supervised all railroad operations in the States, right down to such details as how many trains a line could run and where to. He was in charge of the troop trains that took you to your undisclosed destinations. He also acted as overseer of the nation's fleets of trucks, buses, and taxis. Born in Katonah, N. Y., Eastman was a graduate of Amherst College and lived in Washington.

Concerning Eastman's death, General Brehon Somervell, chief of the Army Service Forces, said: "Mr. Eastman was a tower of strength in a critical period. The Army particularly will feel a deep sense of deprivation. It has lost a wise and sympathetic counsellor, one who has given wholehearted support to its problems and its needs." Brigadier General C. D. Young (retired) was named acting director of the ODT, to serve until a permanent successor to Eastman was selected.

Other Deaths: Mrs. John Philip Sousa, widow of the man who made "The Stars and Stripes Forever" what it is, died in New York City. . . . Colonel John William Thomason, Jr., 51-year-old author of Marine Corps stories, died in the Naval Hospital at San Diego, Calif., after an illness of two weeks. . . . William J. Davison, past national commissioner of the Boy Scouts and wrestling coach at Syracuse University, died at Syracuse, N. Y. . . . Carlo Perone, conductor for twenty years of the San Carlos Opera Company, died. He was 59 years old.

Any of you Joes married to Mrs. Helen Noxon Trimble, 39 years old, of Newark, N. J.? If so, you've got a surprise coming because she's pleaded guilty in Federal Court to having married two GIs and a sailor in order to cash in on their allotments. She's facing three years in prison and a $6,000 fine.

Bob Hope took off with a group of fellow entertainers on a four-day tour of the Caribbean Theater to give a lift to the troops stationed there. With him went Frances Langford, Vera Vague and Jerry Colonna.

MRS. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT was called the best-dressed lady journalist of 1943 and Representative Clare Booth Luce, Republican of Connecticut, the best-dressed lady politician.

Best-dressed Mrs. Booth had other, more important things in her mind. Commenting on talks in Washington to the effect that Congress would presently be invited to send a delegation to London to visit the British Parliament, she said she thought Congress should lay off accepting the bid until after the election next November. Her point, as she expressed it, was this: "It would be unfair to have the delegation comprised entirely of Democrats and it would be impossible to imagine that Republicans would be selected to make up the entire delegation. If representatives of both parties are selected, the delegation will be politically divided, at least until after the election." Mrs. Luce added that she thought it would be "splendid if members of the American Congress never opened their mouths at all" while in London.

Staid old New England turned out to be a gambling hell when FBI agents arrested 16 men in Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts, and charged them with running a numbers lottery which was based on U. S. Treasury-balance figures and rolled up an income of more than a million bucks a day. The arrests were made in Lawrence, Lowell, Haverhill, Newburyport, Portland, Concord, and Manchester.

Out in Helena, Mont., they've really kicked over the traces. From now on (you'll be glad to know the next time you visit the place on a 48-hour pass) you can legally carry a slingshot into a voting booth, hitch a horse to a tree, and even walk a dog downtown between the hours of two and four in the afternoon. Just a matter of the town fathers' getting around to throwing some old municipal ordinances into the trash basket.

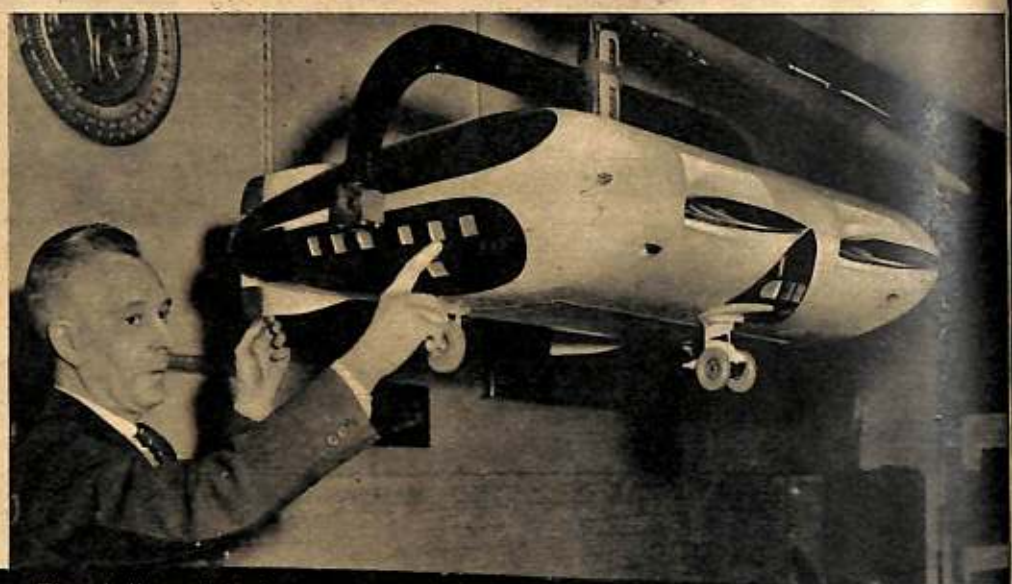
DR. E. O. HOLLAND, president of Washington State College since 1916, announced that he planned to retire at the end of this year. Now 70 years old, he came to his present post from Louisville, Ky.

President Roosevelt nominated Major General James H. Doolittle for promotion to the rank of Lieutenant-General. General Doolittle, who is 48 years old, led the famous raid on Tokyo and is now in the ETO as commander of the 8th AAF.

In Boston, Eric I. Johnston, president of the Chamber of Commerce of the U. S., indulged in some fairly plain speaking. Proposing that management and labor get together on a plan of mutual assistance, he declared: "I say just two things to you of management and to you of labor. One, go ahead and turn this country into a continuous brawl and the government will chain you both. Two, make a better choice. Work together and stay free."

Johnston recalled that from 1921 to 1930 management had everything its own way, including a friendly administration in Washington, low taxes,

From the looks of what's left of this 3-story brick rooming house on Chicago's South Side, you'd think the town had been bombed. But no, the building just collapsed, injuring three tenants.



The air liner of the future—or so its inventor, Eric Langlands, pictured here, predicts. It's a jet-propelled "flying wing," which both pulls and pushes itself along as it sucks in air and expels it.

to sponsor a bill in the 169 years of the Senate's history, were behind a measure introduced by Senator Bennett Champ Clark, Democrat of Missouri, who called it the "GI Bill of Rights." It would provide, among other things, adequate veteran hospital facilities, speedy settlement of claims by disabled vets, and loans to ex-servicemen for the purchase of homes, farms, and small businesses.

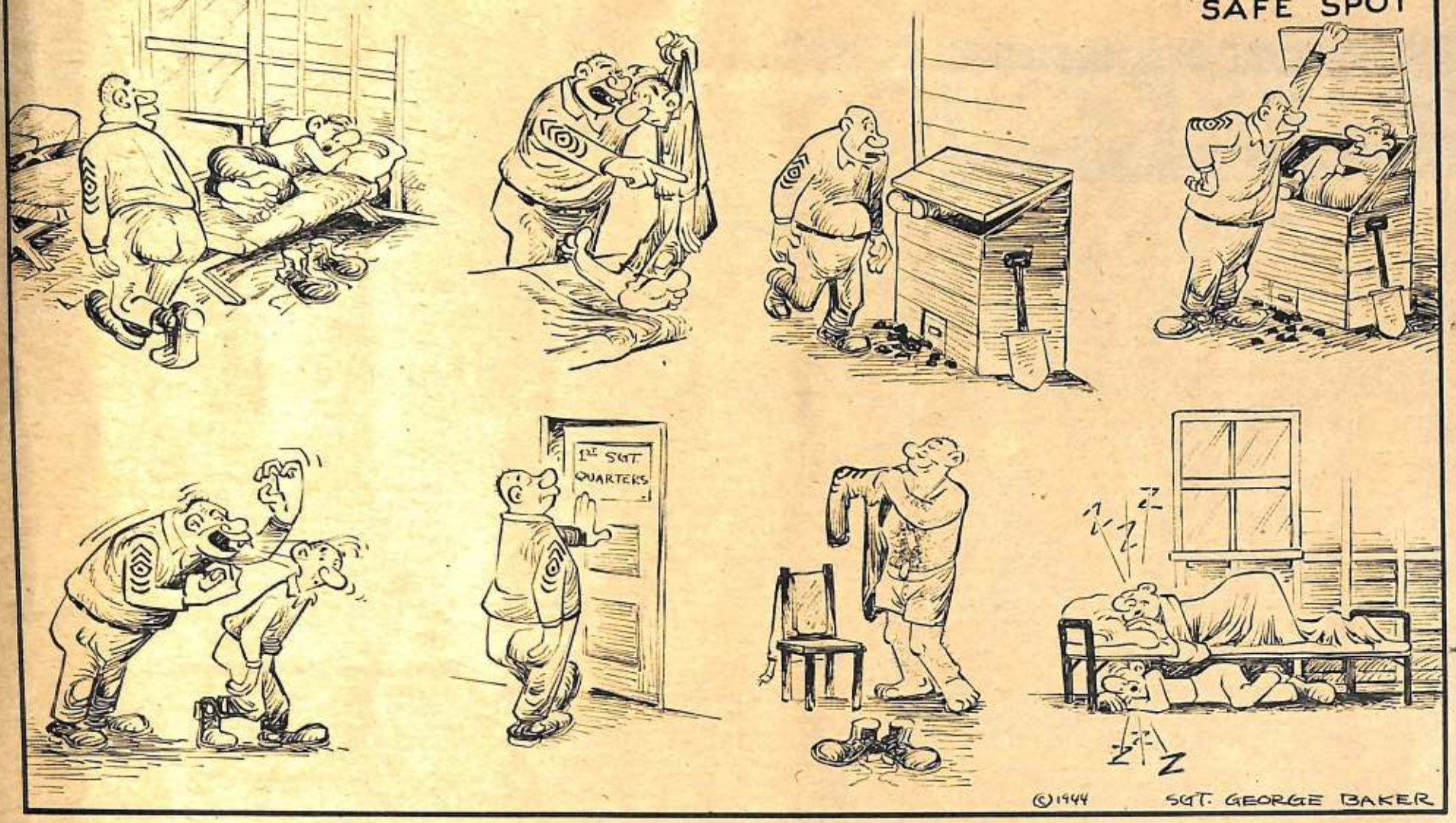
Senator Alben W. Barkley, Democrat of Kentucky, who recently resigned only to be immediately reelected again as majority leader of the Senate during a public disagreement with President Roosevelt concerning the tax bill, paid his first visit to the Chief Executive since their tiff. Leaving the White House, Senator Barkley told reporters affably: "You wouldn't have known anything had ever happened —*if it did.*"

The House Ways and Means Committee came through with a plan for simplifying the income-tax laws, which may be the least of your worries at the moment but which have everybody back home seeing red. The Committee figured it had doped out a way which would make it unnecessary for 30 million people who make less than $5,000 a year to file returns.

Joseph B. Eastman, head of the Office of Defense

and a friendly public. "And," he asked, "what did we do with our power? On the economic side, we gave this country a balloon boom that had to burst. On the moral side, we produced men like Insull and Hopson and Musica who undermined the confidence in business. So what did we get? Beginning with 1933 we got the biggest public beating that any group of Americans ever took."

Turning to labor, Johnston said: "Gentlemen of labor, I must accuse you of not being very original from 1933 to 1942. You rode high on a friendly administration in Washington. All sorts of favors were fed to you daily from the Washington political table while management was weak and intimidated. So what did you do with your power? On the economic side, you gave yourselves a labor boom. On the moral side, you produced men like Browne and Bioff and Scalise, who gave all labor a black eye. You forgot the very thing we forgot: In the architecture of American society it's just three jumps from the master bedroom to the dog house. Now the dog house is yawning for you. The Federal government and many of the State governments are beginning to sock you with laws, and don't think you can duck away from it by yelling 'Anti-labor' and 'Reactionary' and 'Fascist.' We didn't escape any



blows coming our way by yelling 'Anti-business' and 'Bureaucrat' and 'Communist'."

In Fort Worth, Tex., Mrs. Ruth Googins Roosevelt, wife of Colonel Elliott Roosevelt, the President's second son, announced that she will file suit for divorce on grounds that will include cruelty but not misconduct. Colonel Roosevelt, who is now in the European theater, married his present wife in 1933, five days after his first wife, the former Elizabeth Donner, obtained a Reno divorce. He operated a chain of radio stations in the Southwest before entering the Army shortly after the outbreak of the war. Since then he has seen service in several areas. He and his present wife have three children.

Jessie Royce Landis, the actress, was awarded a divorce from her husband, Colonel Rex Smith, former newspaperman. Major Charles MacArthur, former playwright and husband of Helen Hays, the actress, was the only witness for Miss Landis and testified concerning Colonel Smith's actions while in Calcutta, India, and Alexandria, Va.

Dr. O. M. Goodloe, of Peoria, Ill., said that he thought the chances were better than 50-50 of saving the life of a 24-ounce girl born three months prematurely in the Galesburg (Ill.) Hospital. The infant's mother was reported to be an unnamed and unwed 14-year-old child. One foot long, with arms and legs as big around as a man's little finger, the baby was being fed mother's milk through an eyedropper and had gained an ounce in weight since birth.

At a busy intersection in Los Angeles, an automobile collided with a 16-ton Army tank. Five occupants of the auto were injured but the Joes in the tank hardly knew anything had gone wrong. Damage to the automobile came to something like $800. Damage to the tank: two bucks.

The draft proved the undoing of the famous Curtis String Quartet, which for 16 seasons had averaged 70 concerts a year, playing in all parts of the country. Three of the musicians were turned down on their physicals but the fourth—the first violinist—was snagged, so the others decided to call it a day. The quartet had played together ever since its members met as students in the Curtis Institute of Music, and had toured Europe three times.

Wacs in the ETO will be glad to learn that Washington says they may now be married in the satin-and-lace gowns of tradition instead of in uniform, as the rules have heretofore required. Washington did not say where they can get the coupons to get the dresses.

In Indiana, Pa., Miss Mary Wilson Stewart, sister of Major Jimmy Stewart, the film actor, was married to Lieutenant Robert M. Perry, of Newcastle, Pa., a chaplain in the Naval Reserve.

S/Sgt. John B. Zealor, of Roxbury, Conn., decorated three times for service in the African operations, returned home in January, 1943, and was given a furlough with instructions to await orders. The sarge went hunting and fishing and as the months piled up began to figure the Army was pretty generous with its furloughs for veterans. However, if it suited the Army it sure suited Zealor, so he went on hunting and fishing. The other day, thirteen months after he started his furlough, his mother got a wire from the War Department asking where, for the love of Pete, was her son. So Zealor guessed his furlough must be up and checked in. Turned out to be a case of snafu and he had been due back only about twelve months earlier. He was sort of peeved to find he'd been off the payroll for a year.

NICHOLAS SPARTICHINO, of Cambridge, Mass., is a bird with considerably more curiosity than Sgt. Zealor. Although 37 years old and the father of five children, he got to wondering why his draft board hadn't been bothering him and finally dropped around to see. The officials were surprised, to say the least, since they thought he was dead. They'd confused him with his brother, who was killed two years ago in an automobile accident. Don't worry, Nick is 1-A now.

Male wage earners in manufacturing plants in New York State are averaging $55.11 a week and women are knocking down an average of $32.72, it was disclosed in Albany by Industrial Commissioner Edward Corsi.

In Chicago, Mrs. Florence C. Meyers sought a divorce from her husband, Wilbur S. Meyers, of Peoria, Ill., whose business consists of leading a performing monkey and a dog through the streets. Mrs. Meyers didn't object to the way her husband earned his living, but she put her foot down when he insisted that the dog and monkey eat at the family table.

Loretta Young, the movie star who is married to Lieutenant Colonel Tom Lewis, the former radio executive, announced that she will become a mother later this year.

In Detroit, Mich., Claude Noble, a local businessman and magician, announced that he had failed for the sixth time in his annual attempt to receive a message from the spirit of the late Clarence Darrow, the famous Chicago lawyer. Before he died, Darrow agreed with Noble to try to communicate with him at intervals. Undaunted, Noble said he is going to keep on trying and that he plans next month to see if he can pick up word from the spirit of the late Howard Thurston, the magician, with whom he made an arrangement similar to the one with Darrow. He said he's going to Columbus, O., to try to get in touch with Thurston, evidently having concluded that Detroit's not such a hot hangout for spooks.

Lt.-Gen. Alexander G. Rudenko, of the Red Army, christens the first of 800 locomotives built in the U. S. for Russia.

Mail Call

Pro Wacs

Dear YANK:

Excuse me if I seem a little burned up, but unfair criticisms and distorted facts usually affect me that way.

I'm referring to Sgt. Bob Bowie, of New Hebrides, and his asinine dissertation in the March 12 edition on WACs and the job they're doing. Bowie says, "All I ever heard of them doing is peeling spuds, clerking in the office, driving a truck or a tractor or puttering around in a photo-lab."

Seems to me that's quite a lot of work, but maybe Bowie is hinting that he'd like to have them in the front line to help him carry his rifle, too!

It's quite true that they do the jobs Bowie mentions, and countless others too, some big, some small, and each one of them was formerly done by a man—a possible fighting man, who thus was able to be released from such hum-drum jobs, to be sent to a combat zone for duty more fitted to his qualifications.

At some camps and air-bases back home, the WACs are fortunate enough to be able to lead a social life that includes, as Bowie accuses, "Dances, picnics, swimming, parties and bars." Let me ask Bowie this, and any other GI who cares to side with him: When you were back in the States, how many of the above social functions did *you* dodge? I dare say you had a good attendance record at them all, with an accent on the dances and bars, or you're a hell of a lot different from any GI I've ever met. There's an old adage about "People who live in glass houses" that is particularly apt here, don't you think?

You have to give those girls a lot of credit, not just the WACs but the women in every U. S. women's service, for having the courage to volunteer and stick with it in the face of such severe and unfounded criticism men such as Bowie like to spout. I doubt if I'd have the courage to, or Bowie either, if we were in their place.

There are a lot of great men, such as President Roosevelt, General Arnold, Sec. of War Stimson, to name a very few, who think the women's services have done, and are doing, a great job. Every man is entitled to his own opinion, but I'd sure hate to enter into a debate against an array of talent like that, wouldn't you, Bowie?

Constructive criticism is the life blood of any organization, and the WACs will welcome it, Bowie, but keep it fair and leave out the rabbit-punches and eye gouging tactics.

Sgt. W. L. BOLLINGER

Britain.

Ditto

Dear YANK:

I should like to add my protest to those I know will be forthcoming re the status of our WAC. I'm using the possessive pronoun deliberately because too many of us overlook that point.

Neither of the letters published last week denouncing the WAC can be considered very important or even remotely representative, but they will sting a bit, and I'd like to remove the stinger, or at least blunt it some.

Pvts. Heron and Toya are so obviously a pair of youngsters, freshly slapped down, that they succeed only in being comic in their indignation. The WAC who "froze them" had undoubtedly seen "ETO Heroes" before and was as unimpressed as the rest of us by their mild-and-bitters bravado.

Wise up, boys, these gals have a hell of a lot more on the ball than either of you. They weren't drafted (selected, to you), and their service requirements are a good deal more than the ability to sign the pay roll. They're not exactly the type for you two, if you follow me.

As for Sgt. Bowie—it must be a terrible thing to feel so strongly on any subject. I imagine he lies awake nights fairly seething with all sorts of passionate outbursts. I really feel for the Sgt., as I spent nearly four years in the Pacific area myself, and I'm afraid the Sgt. is suffering from a rare malady known as "Going Asiatic." It is a psychopathic state bordering on dementia, and is usually caused by overexposure to the sun. Very serious in some cases—the victim rants and raves and occasionally froths at the mouth——.

Your WAC relative, Sgt. Bowie, probably figures correctly that you need to hear of something besides the old GI routine, and is trying to be entertaining. How happy she'll be to know she has been successful!

Frankly, boys, you disgust me. It would be a rare privilege to tell you in person just how deeply you disgust me. But perhaps the idea has gotten across.

I'd like to go on record as being one GI who isn't so worried about his own male prestige that he won't give the girls the credit due to them. I'm all for you, WACs, and am mighty happy to number a few of you among my friends. Don't let a few knuckleheads make you feel like ugly ducklings. The bulk of us are damned proud of you and what you're doing.

1/Sgt. R. S. BROWDER

Britain.

Contra Wacs

Dear YANK:

Sgt. Bob Bowie's letter concerning the WACs in your issue of YANK, March 12, is very good. We agree with Sgt. Bowie that the women could be doing their part in the war effort at home and be much more respected by us. Are the WACs in the Army because they are patriotic or are they in it for adventure and a good time? We may be a little old-fashioned but we don't think the Army is any place for women.

Cpl. W. E. LOWE
Pfc. D. F. DICKINSON
Pfc. K. B. YOUNG

Britain.

Craps And Conscience

Dear YANK:

I come from the backwoods of North Dakota. I had never seen a crap game until I entered the service. When I saw my first game back in the States I joined in, just for the fun of it. It came my turn to shoot the dice. I shot $5 and made an "11." One of the boys told me this was an easy point to make, so I rolled again. The boys all offered to bet me I wouldn't make "11" again. The sergeant bet me $10 I couldn't make "11" on the next roll. I accepted all bets on this "11" and made it—breaking all my buddies, including the sergeant. After reading the gambling articles in YANK, I now realize that "11" was no point to roll for and that I should have won my $5 on the first roll. I also realize that making an "11" on one roll is a 17-1 bet. So here is my problem. Shall I return the money to my buddies, who I now see were trying to take advantage of me, or shall I keep it? Oh yes, I forgot to mention that I can throw an "11" any time I desire. I learned to do it while playing parchesi back home in Ellenville, N. Dak.

Pvt. J. H. R.

Iran.

[Why write to YANK? Any guy who shoots an "11" any time he wants to can't possibly have any problems—ED.]

War And The Poet

THE HOOK

If by mischance, some raider germ,
Should bite us, on that chew he'd squirm.
For sure as sin, his tiny hulk.
Would fill with toxic fluid in bulk.
Immune to illness; typhoid, tetanus,
Typhus, yellow, Rocky Mountainous,
From these well-inoculated
And where called for, vaccinated.
One more job, the battle's won!
A brand new serum, our "Well done!"
The cure for flashes, cold and hot
We get when posted—"Due for shot!"

M/Sgt. LARRY McCABE

Britain.

Final Word On Ribbons

Dear YANK:

We have heard so many conflicting stories about wearing the American Theater of Operations Ribbon, the Naval Reserve Ribbon and the Navy Good Conduct Ribbon—in YANK and every place else—that we wish you would straighten us out on this once and for all.

THREE NAVY JOES

Northern Ireland.

[We apologize for past mistakes in this respect. Here direct from YANK'S Washington Bureau are the correct official rulings according to the War Department. The American Theater of Operations Ribbon is awarded for thirty day service or longer in the American Theater for any period from December 7th, 1941, to a date six months after the termination of the present war. The American Theater includes all of South America, Central America and the North American continent excluding Alaska and Greenland. It does not include service in the continental United States. Men on anti-submarine patrol off the Atlantic and Pacific coasts are entitled to wear that ribbon if they were assigned to any such unit in this theater for a period longer than thirty days. The Naval Reserve Ribbon can be worn by anyone who has completed ten years of honourable service in the Naval Reserve. For each additional ten years service, he is entitled to a bronze star. The Navy Good Conduct Medal may be awarded to any man who has completed at least three years of his six-year enlistment, provided he has attained an average of 3·5 proficiency. On the old basis when enlistments were for four years, a man had to complete all four years before he was eligible for the Good Conduct Medal—ED.]

The Garfield Controversy Again

Dear YANK:

Getting back to the Garfield affair I would like to get in my sixpence worth.

I would like to correct S/Sgt. M. B. Arrieta's

YANK is published weekly by the enlisted men of the U. S. Army and is for sale only to those in the armed services. Stories, features, pictures and other material from YANK may be reproduced if they are not restricted by law or military regulations, provided proper credit is given, release dates are observed and specific prior permission has been granted for each item to be reproduced. Contents reviewed by U. S. military censors.

NEW YORK HEADQUARTERS

Managing Editor, Sgt. Joe McCarthy; Art Director, Sgt. Arthur Weichas; Assistant Managing Editor, Sgt. Justus Schlotzhauer; Assistant Art Director, Sgt. Ralph Stein; Pictures, Sgt. Leo Hofeller.

•

WASHINGTON: Sgt. Earl Anderson, Cpl. Richard Paul. ITALY: Sgt. George Aarons, Sgt. Burgess Scott, Sgt. Burtt Evans, Sgt. John Frano. ALGIERS: Cpl. Tom Shehan. CENTRAL AFRICA: Sgt. Kenneth Abbott. CAIRO: Sgt. Walter Bernstein, Cpl. Richard Gaige, Sgt. Steven Derry. IRAQ-IRAN: Sgt. Al Hine, Cpl. James O'Neill. INDIA: Sgt. Ed Cunningham, Sgt. Dave Richardson. SOUTHWEST PACIFIC: Sgt. Don Harrison, Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt, Cpl. Ozzie St. George, Sgt. Dick Hanley. SOUTH PACIFIC: Sgt. Barret McGurn, Sgt. Dillon Ferris, Sgt. Robert Greenhalgh, Sgt. George Norford. HAWAII: Sgt. Merle Miller, Cpl. Richard J. Nihill, Cpl. James L. McManus, Sgt. John A. Bushemi, Cpl. Bill Reed, Sgt. Robert Ghio. ALASKA: Sgt. Georg N. Meyers, Cpl. Robert McBrinn. BERMUDA: Cpl. William Pene du Bois. ASCENSION ISLAND: Pfc. Nat G. Bodian. PANAMA: Sgt. Robert G. Ryan, Cpl. Richard Harrity. PUERTO RICO: Cpl. Bill Haworth, Pvt. Jud Cook, Sgt. Robert Zellers. TRINIDAD: Sgt. Clyde Biggerstaff. BRITISH GUIANA: Cpl. Bernard Freeman. NEWFOUNDLAND: Sgt. Frank Bode. GREENLAND: Sgt. Robert Kelley. NAVY: Robert L. Schwartz, Y2c, Allen Churchill, Y3c.

YANK EDITORIAL STAFF
BRITISH EDITION

•

Cpl. Edmund Antrobus, Sgt. Charles Brand, Cpl. Jack Coggins, Cpl. Joe Cunningham, Sgt. Bill Davidson, Sgt. Tom Fleming, Sgt. Ben Frazier, Sgt. Durbin L. Horner, Sgt. Reg Kenny, Sgt. Saul Levitt, Sgt. Louis McFadden, Sgt. Pete Paris, Sgt. Walter Peters, Cpl. John D. Preston, Sgt. John Scott, Cpl. Sanderson Vanderbilt. Officer in Charge, Major Donald W. Reynolds. Publications Officer ETOUSA: Col. Oscar N. Solbert. Address: 37 Upper Brook Street, London, W.1.

•

Officer in Charge: Col. Franklin S. Forsberg. Overseas Bureau Officers: London, Maj. Donald W. Reynolds; India, Capt. Gerald J. Rock; Australia, Maj. Harold B. Hawley; Italy, Maj. Robert Strother; Hawaii, Maj. Charles W. Balthrope; Cairo, Maj. Charles Holt.

•

Pictures: 1, Sgt. Pete Paris. 2, top left, Planet; top right, OWI; center, Planet; bottom, OWI. 3, Sgt. George Aarons. 4, 5 and 6, OWI. 7, top, BOP; bottom, AAF. 8 and 9, Sgt. John Bushemi. 10, BOP. 11, William R. Gibbon, Cpl. U.S. Marine Corps. 12, top left, ACME; top right, PA; center left, Sgt. John Frano; center right, ACME; bottom left and right, Signal Corps. 13, top left, Sgt. George Aarons; top right, Signal Corps; center right and bottom left, INP; bottom right, ACME. 15, Keystone. 16, Keystone. 17, OWI. 20, top left and center, INP; top and bottom right PA; bottom left, ACME. 21, top, INP; bottom left, ACME; bottom right, Sgt. Ben Schnall. 22, Sgt. Ed Cunningham. 23, left, Keystone; right, OWI. 24, Ewing Krainin.

"Corporal of the guard! Corporal of the guard! Post No. 3!"

statement in the March 5 issue of YANK. I myself have been a weapons instructor in the School Center and find it impossible to fire the Browning machine gun caliber .30 model 1919 A4 by holding the barrel, due to the fact that the barrel is enclosed by the barrel jacket.

I can fire the machine gun with live ammunition 100 rounds or more continuously by holding the jacket, not the barrel, as the sergeant said he did.

If my learned sergeant friend would see the picture *Air Force* again, he would see Garfield holding the machine gun by the jacket, not the barrel. The sergeant said "Maybe Garfield will experiment to us combat men." What's he looking for? A ride home to see Garfield do it? I'll do it for him right over here.

A rookie,
Pvt. HAROLD SAUNTER

Britain.

This Should Settle It

Dear YANK:

This is not to say that John Garfield is wrong in his letter to "Mail Call," but if there is any man in the AUS who can fire the .30-cal. machine gun by holding it barehanded, or even with gloves I would like to see it done.

S/Sgt. LOUIS R. PRICE

Bowen Field, Idaho.

[Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, supreme commander of Allied invasion forces for Europe, is shown here as he was photographed a few weeks ago firing a .30-caliber machine gun from his hip. Barehanded—ED.]

Conchies And Benefits

Dear YANK:

Having read in February 19 issue of *Colliers* an article explaining benefits of the conscientious objector, namely—honorable discharge and advantages of a regular army man, we, the members of an overseas squadron, find it very difficult to understand why someone who will not fight for his country still draws the same benefits as the man who protects him. Any man who would sit back and let women come overseas and do the work he is supposed to do is a slacker. We admire these women and also have our own ideas about the objector and there is no doubt the women have, too.

S/Sgt. H. H. GLADDEN
Sgt. H. L. GIBSON
Cpl. C. L. GARDNER

Britain.

Jobs On YANK

Dear YANK:

Would you help settle an argument some of us have been having in our hut? It's about you fellows on YANK. Are you like some of us claim, civilian correspondents? Or are you, like the others say, soldiers in the Army? And if you're soldier correspondents, how did you get that way? I mean, were you drafted from civilian life just for that job or what? And how could guys like us get on the staff—if we wanted to?

THE BULL-SESSION BOYS

Britain.

[To straighten out this matter once and for all, YANK'S staff consists entirely of men who are in the regular Army—drawing Army pay, wearing Army uniforms, and subject to Army discipline. With the exception of an Administrative Officer in Charge, YANK'S staff consists entirely of enlisted men. Members of the staff are selected from the ranks of the regular Army and represent practically every branch of the service. Some of the men on YANK'S London staff were assigned to this work by their classification officers in the States, others came over here with field outfits and have since been transferred after submitting acceptable samples of their work. YANK'S pages are always open to any EM who has a story to tell—light or serious—and knows how to tell it. Openings on the staff occur from time to time and are filled by just such men. If you think you qualify, drop us a line.—ED.]

Gripe About Gripes

Dear YANK:

Reading over "Mail Call" in the February 27 edition, I notice that nearly every item is a complaint. I'll admit YANK is a great morale builder, but since when did griping get to be so moralizing? Yes, I know this is a free country and everything isn't a bed of roses, but I think we all could help a lot by making the best of what we have instead of worrying the Editor with our trivial personal affairs.

Britain.

AN ETO GI

NOW that you've learned how to say "parlez vous Francais?" and other simple phrases needed to get along, keep listening to the American Forces Network elementary French lessons Monday through Friday from 11:50 a.m. to 12 noon, and you'll find out what to say to keep on good terms with practically anybody who speaks with an *accent acute*. This is the way the phrases being taught this week (March 27 to 31) look in print:

ENGLISH	FRENCH
Where is a cafe?	Ou est un cafe?
Where is a hotel?	Ou est un hotel?
Where are the Germans?	Ou sont les Boches?
Do you have any chickens?	Avez-vous des poulets?
Do you have any eggs?	Avez-vous des oeufs?
Do you have any milk?	Avez-vous de lait?
Do you have any bread?	Avez-vous du pain?
Do you have any fruit?	Avez-vous des fruits?
Open the door.	Ouvrez la porte.
Stay here.	Restez ici.
Who are you?	Qui etes vous?
Halt. Who goes there?	Halte. Qui va la?
What is the password?	Quel est le mot de passe?
What do you want?	Que voulez-vous?
Please.	S'il vous plait.
Thank you.	Merci.
What?	Comment?
Pardon me.	Pardonnez-moi.

HOCKEY starts the month off with this kicking duel between MacDonald (8) of the New York Rangers and Bouchard of Montreal. Rangers lost, as usual, 5-3.

BASKETBALL moves in with St. John's trouncing New York University, 50-40. The guy who appears to be eating the ball is Bill Kotsores of St. John's.

BOXING takes the spotlight with Joe Baski, a 2-1 under dog, dropping Tami Mauriello in first round for a nine-count, then going on to win the decision.

TRACK rounds out the month with the National AAU meet. Here Eddie Conwell breasts the tape in 6.1 seconds to equal the world's 60-yard dash record.

Month at Madison Square Garden

BOXING produced two big upsets during the month. Bummy Davis of Brooklyn chilled ex-champion Bob Montgomery with a whistling left hook in 63 seconds of the first round. Bookies paid off at 4 to 1

SPORTS: SMALL NOTES AND STORIES ABOUT SOME BIG FELLOWS

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

FANNING JAPS. Lt. Comdr. George Earnshaw, who used to pitch for the Philadelphia Athletics, is now a gunnery officer aboard an aircraft carrier in the Pacific. Here he directs his crew at battle stations.

FOOTLOOSE-AND-FANCY-FREE DIVISION. Joe Baski, the Kulpmont (Pa.) heavyweight, who cuffed Tami Mauriello around so elegantly, was once fired as a sparring partner in Lou Nova's training camp because he belted Nova stiffer than an officer candidate. . . . Henry Armstrong, now in 1-A, plans to beat his draft board to the punch by joining the Navy as a volunteer inductee. . . . If Mel Harder decides to leave his war job and join the Indians, he's a gold-plated cinch to become the American League's only 200-game winner. He needs only three more victories. . . . Sgt. Johnny Quigley, the ex-Manhattan quarter-miler and winner of the Silver Star and Purple Heart in North Africa, has been sent back to his old outfit in Italy. . . . Jim Crowley, the Fordham football coach, will become a full commander any day now. He's on Adm. Halsey's staff in the South Pacific. . . . The new Dodger uniforms for night games will be of "jockey satin," which is almost grounds for an investigation by Judge Landis. . . . Everywhere Lefty Gomez went on his recent North African tour, the first question the GIs asked him was: "How did you get away from Johnny Murphy?"

NOTRE DAME has always enforced a strict midnight curfew. One night while Lt. Comdr. Jim Crowley was a sophomore, he happened to be wandering around in downtown South Bend. It was almost midnight and Crowley was going anywhere but back to the school, which was two and a half miles from town.

Suddenly he encountered the school's prefect of discipline. The prefect glanced at his watch and then looked at Crowley coldly. It was two minutes until midnight.

"James, you know you're due back at school," said the prefect.

"Not until 12 o'clock, Father," said Crowley.

"Well," said the prefect, "do you think you can make it?"

Crowley thought for a minute, then without batting an eyelash he said wistfully: "Not against this wind, Father."

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Glenn Dobbs, ex-Tulsa and ex-Randolph Field, and Indian Jack Jacobs, ex-Oklahoma and ex-March Field, are attending OCS at Miami Beach, Fla. . . . Lt. Bob Ison, former All-American end at Georgia Tech, is stationed at the New London (Conn.) submarine base. . . . Pvt. Tommy Bridges, Detroit pitcher, and Pvt. Maurice Van Robays, Pittsburgh outfielder, are taking basic together at Camp Crowder, Mo. . . . Lt. Bernie Masterson, the old Nebraska quarterback, is directing the Navy's athletic program down in Dutch Guiana. . . . Lt. Jim Lansing, Fordham's All-American end, is flying a bomber in the South Pacific, which he has named, naturally, the *Fordham Ram*. His teammate, Lt. Jim Noble, is operating a pursuit job off a carrier. . . . Cpl. Bob Nestell, who used to be a fine heavyweight on the Coast, is a patient in a North African hospital, recovering from wounds he picked up in the Sicily campaign. . . . Lt. Sam Chapman, the slugging A outfielder, is a flight instructor at the Corpus Christi (Tex.) Naval Air Station. . . . CPO Freddie Cochrane, NBA welterweight champion, is now stationed at Treasure Island, Calif. . . . Lt. Bob Barnett, who played center on two Duke Rose Bowl teams, is a member of a Marine fighter squadron on Bougainville.

MANAGER BILLY SOUTHWORTH is prepared for the worst now that Pepper Martin is coming back to play with the Cardinals. In the old days, Pepper was never greatly impressed by the management, especially Frankie Frisch. One day Frisch walked out of the hotel and just missed being hit on the head with a paper bag full of water. He looked up and spotted Pepper leaning out of a fourth-floor window. Frisch raced up the stairs and into Pepper's room shouting:

"Don't you know you could have killed me?"

"I know it, Frank," said Pepper. "We both gotta be more careful."

SERVICE RECORD. *Inducted:* **Tex Hughson,** ace right-hander of the Boston Red Sox, into the Navy; **Slats Marion,** St. Louis Cardinal shortstop, into the Army; **Phil Hergesheimer,** star right wing of the Cleveland Barons, into the Canadian Navy; **Mickey Livingston,** No. 1 Chicago Cub catcher, into the Army; **Sammy Byrd,** former major league outfielder who turned golf pro, into the Navy; **Roy Weatherly,** New York Yankee outfielder, into the Army; **Joe Moore,** one-time New York Giant outfielder, into the Navy; **Paul Dean,** brother of Dizzy and former Cardinal and Giant pitcher, into the Army; **Ben Chapman,** ex-American League outfielder and 1942 manager of the Richmond Colts, into the Army; **Pinky Higgins,** Detroit outfielder, into the Army; **Chet Laabs,** outfielder for the St. Louis Browns, into the Army.

Rejected: **Buck Newsom,** newly-acquired Philadelphia Athletic pitcher, because of a broken kneecap; **Pug Manders,** Brooklyn Dodger fullback, because of old injuries to his back; **Jug McSpaden,** hottest golfer on the winter circuit, because of acute asthma; **Bob Seymour,** fullback for the Washington Redskins, because of a knee injury; **Howie Schultz,** 6-foot-7 Brooklyn first baseman, for the second time because of his height; **Alex Wojciechowicz,** Detroit Lions center, because of an ailing shoulder.

Reclassified 1-A: **Hal Trosky,** Cleveland first baseman traded last season to the Chicago White Sox; **Satchel Paige,** famous negro pitcher; **Steve Sundra,** right-hander of the St. Louis Browns; **Elmer Riddle,** 21-game winner for the Cincinnati Reds.

Accepted: Pfc. **Mickey McCardle,** Southern Cal. quarterback, for Marine OCS, Quantico, Va.

Killed in action: **Lt. Pete Holovak,** Fordham backfield star, in a plane crash on Tarawa.

SHIPPING. Capt. Ted Lyons, White Sox pitcher, awaiting Pacific assignment at PE.

EX-BIG LEAGUERS. Pvt. Maurice Van Robays (left) and Pvt. Tommy Bridges talk baseball at Camp Crowder, Mo.

Sgt. C. C. Wei, radioman-gunner on a B-25, shot down the first Jap plane credited to the Composite Air Wing.

The slug had come from a P-40 which jumped a Jap fighter about to attack Seacrest's plane. The bullet, although spent in flight, crashed through the top-turret dome and hit Shin in the chest. An egg-size swelling over his heart was Shin's souvenir of the close shave.

Teamwork in China

In the Chinese-American Composite Air Wing, Chiang Kai-shek's flyers, trained at U. S. schools, sit next to Yank pilots during bomber missions over territory held by the Japs.

By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

AN ADVANCE AIRBASE IN CHINA—Capt. Carson, the American pilot, leaned over and shouted in the ear of the Chinese co-pilot of our B-25.

"We're 15 minutes from the target. Tell 'em to get ready!"

A stream of Chinese words poured over the interphone—high-pitched, sing-song phrases that crackled in my ears, adding to the mumbo jumbo of the static. It was hard to tell which was static and which Chinese. But it seemed to register with Sgt. Wei and Sgt. Yan, the two gunners in the rear. Both yelled "Roger!"

Hearing such a typical American airman's reply shouted in a sing-song accent sounded funny at first. Later, as I watched the smooth teamwork of the U.S. pilot and Chinese co-pilot in the cockpit, that Chinese-accented "Roger" began to take on a different significance. It was more than another Yankeeism, another casually picked-up word. It was part of a mutual-exchange pattern by which the airmen of the two nations are being woven into a striking force determined to rid the China skies of Japanese invaders.

That interwoven force is the Chinese-American Composite Air Wing. It's a mixture of Chinese and U. S. combat and ground crews that are working and fighting together to carry the war to the Japs.

Designed to familiarize Chinese airmen with American combat tactics and equipment, the Composite Wing was organized under the direction of Maj. Gen. Claire L. Chennault, commanding general of the Fourteenth U.S. Air Force. It includes both medium-bomber and fighter squadrons and is a part of the Chinese Air Force.

American members of the wing are attached to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's sky army but draw their pay from the U.S. Government. The new unit operates in close coordination with Chennault's Fourteenth Air Force—a working agreement facilitated by the general's double duty as air chief of staff to the generalissimo.

American combat personnel of the wing are all officers, either fighter or bomber pilots, navigators or bombardiers. However, U.S. enlisted men serve on the ground crews. They work on the same planes with Chinese mechanics, armorers and instrument men.

The U.S. officers and enlisted men are only an operational training cadre and will rejoin the Fourteenth Air Force when the Chinese pilots and crews are sufficiently grounded in American combat and administration technique. Their places will be taken by newly trained Chinese combat and ground crews from the Composite Wing's own training base in India.

I LEARNED how well the Americans and Chinese are cooperating in the Composite Wing at first hand, in a bomber mission over Jap-occupied China with Capt. Carson and his mixed crew. The mission was led by a formation of Fourteenth Air Force medium bombers, manned by all-American crews. Our formation of the Composite Wing's B-25s followed with its mixed crews. We had a P-38 and P-40 escort, several of these fighters being piloted by Chinese and U.S. officers of the wing.

The Fourteenth and CACW bombers made their target runs in flawless formation, moving with the deliberate precision of a Notre Dame shift. Circling above—in the "team" maneuvers originated by Maj. Gen. Chennault—were the fighter planes of both units, waiting like cocky bantam roosters for any sign of Jap interceptors.

Their tactics were perfectly coordinated, and it was impossible to say which planes were piloted by Americans and which by Chinese airmen. Only when the ships moved in close could you detect a difference—the white sun of the Kuomintang was painted under the wings of some while others bore the white star of the USAAF.

Our crew was typical of the mixed teams manning all the bombers in the CACW formation. Flying as first pilot was Capt. William (Kit) Carson, a 23-year-old ex-civilian ferry pilot from

Alexandria, La. His co-pilot was 2d Lt. W. Y. Pan, a 24-year-old Shanghai-born pilot. Pan, who won his wings at Williams Field in Phoenix, Ariz., acted as interpreter for the rest of the crew, none of whom spoke English.

Two graduates of the wing's India training center, Lt. H. C. Peng and Lt. L. L. Pu, were the navigator and bombardier. Sgt. C. C. Wei, the radio operator-gunner, and Sgt. S. C. Yan, top-turret gunner, were trained in India, too, by U.S. gunnery instructors.

Also making the trip was 1st Lt. Wilbur Taxis of Philadelphia, Pa., who served as navigation adviser for the wing's bombers. Some of the wing's other bombers had Chinese pilots with American co-pilots.

The target was Ansiang, an enemy-held town in the Tungting Lake rice-bowl area, where Chinese ground troops were battling the Jap forces for possession of the important city of Changteh, which later was taken. Twelve tons of bombs blasted enemy land positions and small boats in the harbor. The Japs made no attempt at interception, the first time in several weeks they had taken a bombing raid lying down.

On the two previous raids in the Changteh area, the Composite Wing bagged three enemy planes when the Japs came up to fight it out. In one dogfight, 1st Lt. Y. Y. Wu shot down a Tojo while 1st Lt. Clifford D. Boyle of Quincy, Ill., knocked off a Zero.

The next day, Sgt. Wei, the radioman-gunner on our B-25, became the first full-fledged member of the "Pistol Packin' Papas Club" when he shot down a Tojo attacking his plane. Wei, a short, smiling kid of 19, also had a probable over Hong Kong in a previous raid.

Official notice of Sgt. Wei's membership was posted, both in English and Chinese, on the bulletin board of the joint mess hall where the U.S. and Chinese crews eat. It read:

Sgt. C. C. Wei is hereby installed as the first full-fledged member of the Pistol Packin' Papas Club, an honorable organization within the 1st Bomb Group of the Chinese-American Composite Wing, composed solely of those gentlemen who have notched upon their weapons the demise of an enemy aircraft.

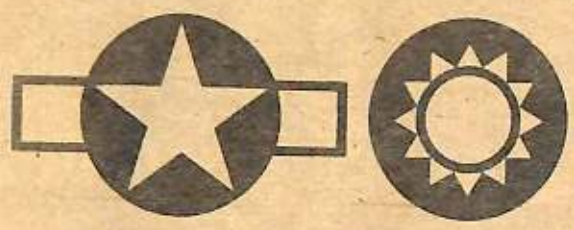
Thanks to several Chinese pilots who recently returned from the States with the words and music, "Pistol Packin' Mama" is the current hit song among the other Chinese airmen here. Its popularity was abetted by the formation of the "PPP Club." Now Chinese soldiers, who don't even know what the words mean, wander around camp singing "Pistol Packin' Mama, lay that pistol down" in a sing-song twang that would turn Judy Canova green with envy.

The Composite Wingers also claimed membership in the "Close Shavers Club" for Sgt. L. C. Shin after a freak near-tragedy that happened during enemy interception over Changteh. Sgt. Shin, a top-turret gunner in a B-25 piloted by 1st Lt. Mark Seacrest, excitedly clambered up to the pilot's compartment after they had left the target area.

Delicately handling a red-tipped .50-caliber slug, Shin burst out with a flow of Chinese words. Finally the Chinese co-pilot calmed him down long enough to discover the slug had come from the guns of a P-40 which had jumped a Jap fighter about to attack Seacrest's plane. The P-40 bullet, although spent in flight, crashed through the top-turret dome and hit Sgt. Shin in the chest. An egg-size swelling, one inch over his heart, was Shin's souvenir of the close shave.

SINCE going into action as a unit late in November, the wing's bombers have averaged a mission a day. In that time, they have run sea sweeps against enemy shipping in the South China Sea around Hong Kong, Swatow and Amoy, bombed the Kowloon docks at Hong Kong and plastered Jap positions in the Tungting Lake area. Their biggest job, however, was with the Fourteenth Air Force on the daring Thanksgiving Day attack on Formosa, only 560 miles from Japan itself—the first attack on the Japanese Empire by China-based planes.

The wing's B-25s were led by Lt. Col. Irving S. Branch of Stamford, Conn., who shares command of the bomber unit with Maj. Hsueh Yen Lee, a veteran pilot of the Chinese Air Force.



Hitting Shinchiku Airdrome in a surprise attack that has been rated one of the most smoothly executed missions of the war, the Fourteenth and Composite Wing bombers and fighters destroyed 46 Japanese planes. Runways, hangars, barracks and other enemy installations were also leveled by the Allied raiders, at the cost of a few bullet holes in three B-25s.

The Composite Wing is strictly a "combined authority" operation. Each American staff and commanding officer has his Chinese counterpart of equal rank. They work together on all plans and training phases, with briefings for combat missions conducted jointly by a Chinese and a U.S. officer to make certain that the mixed crews get exact instructions. These Chinese and Americans each schedule their own crews for missions.

Most of the Chinese fighter and bomber pilots won their wings at air schools in the United States. The navigators, bombardiers, radio operators, gunners and ground-crew specialists got their training at the wing's air school in India. Some of the Chinese ground-crew men, however, are veteran aviation mechanics on both military- and civilian-type planes. They have amazed our mechanics with their ability at improvised repairs, an asset doubly valuable in China where spare parts are at a premium.

M/Sgt. Grady Fuller, the wing's line chief from Reynolds, Ga., claims Sgt. L. T. Tsui is "the best damned instrument man I ever worked with." Tsui had 15 years' experience as a civilian airline mechanic in China before joining the generalissimo's air force.

Officers and enlisted men of both nations live in adjoining barracks in the same area. They all eat in the same mess hall, where Chinese mess boys serve either American or Chinese-style food. Some of the Yanks have mastered chopsticks and now use them instead of forks when eating Chinese food.

There is one particular spot where their Chinese crewmates come in mighty handy to the Americans. That's on forced landings or bailouts in remote regions of Free China. In identifying themselves to the local citizens and finding out where they are, the U. S. combat crews would rather rely on their Chinese crewmates than on the standard Chinese flag and "pointie-talkie" signs that American flyers carry.

Besides, the local inhabitants insist upon showering a welcome on the Yanks when they learn they are fighting side by side with the Chinese airmen. Every town the flyers pass through on the way back to their base gives banquets, concerts and other celebrations in their honor. Gifts of Chinese tapestries, silks and various types of native handiwork are also waiting for the Americans at each town.

MAJ. Thomas J. Foley of Moberly, Mo., and Lt. Taxis recently returned here after a 10-day "walk-out" trip. Their B-25, piloted by Foley, had an engine shot out on a sea sweep over Amoy. They flew on the other engine for almost a half-hour until they reached friendly territory. Then, with this engine ready to conk out, too, at any moment, they had to bail out.

Thanks to 1st Lt. Kwang Tsao, their U.S.-trained Chinese co-pilot, their identity was established immediately with the native populace. From there on, it was just one big round of parties at every town for the three officers and their two gunners, Sgt. Lo and Sgt. Yang. At one city, 25,000 people turned out to welcome them, and a huge fireworks display was staged in their honor. The pay-off, however, was when the governor of one of the larger provinces simply set aside his duties of state to escort them back personally to their base.

As Lt. Taxis said after describing his experiences, "It doesn't pay *not* to bail out over Free China."

Not playing marbles but breaking rocks, a Chinese kid helps build an airfield for Allied flights against the Japs.

Chinese mechanics give a U. S. Army cargo ship a thorough going-over at base of Major General Claire L. Chennault's 14th AAF in China.


·Chili Williams
YANK
Pin-up Girl