BRITISH EDITION

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

GIs landing on Leyte thought the beaches looked much like others they'd seen. But they knew they were on the way to avenge our greatest military defeat.

Back to the

By Sgt. OZZIE ST. GEORGE
YANK Staff Correspondent

LEYTE, THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—For 2½ years, the men of Gen. Douglas MacArthur's command had said of our promised return to the Philippines: "That'll be the day!"

Now the day had come. The low murky blue islands rising out of the sea to the northwest and southwest of our convoy were the Philippines, the promised land. Otherwise A-Day (the day the invasion began) was much like any other day.

At midnight when our APA (Attack Transport) entered possible Jap mine fields, troops had been moved out of the forward compartments to sleep the rest of the night on deck until reveille at 0230 hours. Chow was at 0400 hours. General quarters was piped at 0430. About an hour later, shortly before our own naval air cover arrived, a single Jap Betty appeared and circled lazily over the task force. From our APA in the middle of the force we traced its course by the dirty black splotches of flak that peppered the sky behind and around it. And we cheered wildly for a few moments when the Betty went into a long slanting dive, but it pulled out and disappeared unscratched. A Negro mess boy stretched flat on his back under an LCVP slept peacefully through the entire raid.

In our huge convoy were the 1st Cavalry Division (dismounted), veterans of the Admiralties; the 24th Infantry Division, which fought at Tanahmerah Bay, New Guinea; the 7th Infantry Division, victors at Attu and Kwajalein, and the untested 96th Infantry Division.

Until 0700, when we were ordered below to our compartments, we watched the naval bombardment the battlewagons, light and heavy cruisers and cans were dishing out.

A lieutenant (junior grade), watching a clump of coconut trees lift bodily into the air, exclaimed to his chief of section: "This is more fun than investigating a rape case!"

The fun, however, had worn off by the time we went below to our compartments. Bumming a light from another soldier, I noticed that all four of our hands were shaking. We went down the cargo nets to our LCMs at about 0800 and circled with other landing craft until about 0900. Then we started slowly toward the beach. Six hundred yards offshore we passed two LCVPs that had been hit by mortars. One was nearly awash, the other down by the stern. A third LCVP was picking up the survivors.

The Japs dropped half a dozen mortar shells in the vicinity of our APA, but none came close. About 100 yards offshore we heard the crack of sniper fire and the pop-pop of machine guns.

As we splashed and floundered ashore in waist-deep water, the sniper and machine-gun fire was much louder, very loud in fact. Between the edge of the coconut grove and the surf line there was a two-foot drop. The majority in our wave, the fifth, joined those of the fourth and third waves huddled close against this bank. I wound up behind a coconut stump with Cpl. Joe Cramer of New Orleans, La. To our left the Navy beach party had commandeered a crater and was crouched there trying, it seemed, to hide its brilliantly colored beach markers.

The number of bursts whining seaward presently grew less and I slithered forward a few yards to the lee side of a tank. A lieutenant lying flat in one of the tank tracks asked where D Company was. "They got the captain's boat," he said. "It looks like I'm a company commander, and I can't find our mortars so I guess we're Infantry. We can be Infantry if we have to."

He crawled forward and yelled at his platoon to follow. It did, crouching a hundred yards inland just seaward of a tank ditch.

Infantrymen were slowly getting up, fingers on triggers. As the firing gradually died down, the troops moved off the beach, working inland.

LSTs were coming in to the beach when a Jap artillery piece opened up. Most of us dropped flat again as the shell whirred over our heads and struck the deck of the leading T. In turn, three more Ts were hit repeatedly. Fires broke out in two of them but were quickly brought under control. Once a man's body was flung into the air. On another T, fire reached the ammunition and smoking shells arched into the air.

Lying on the beach, we felt helpless and wondered where our naval gunfire was. The LSTs grounded and began to unload, and presently naval gunfire materialized. The Japs' artillery piece shut up but they continued dropping mortars into the bay. A man crouched near me said: "I'm glad I came in on an early wave this time."

ABOUT 1300 I found the CP of the battalion assigned to take Hill 522, a steep knobby customer overlooking and commanding the beachhead area and the town of Palo. The battalion CO was trying to locate his companies. "We've wasted all that beautiful preparation on the hill," he said. "Everybody bogged down on the beach."

"Have you got C Company commander?" he asked the radioman at the CP. Somebody said: "The CO is missing, but there's a lieutenant right here." The colonel grabbed the lieutenant.

"Dick," he said, "you're commanding now. Move out and don't hold up for a machine gun or a couple of snipers. We want to sit on that hill tonight."

A runner came in and reported that A and B Companies were 300 yards ahead of us and moving slowly. The colonel went up to see for himself and speed things along.

When the colonel came back he told the CP to start packing and sent an advance party out behind the companies to pick a new CP site. We followed them all afternoon without establishing another CP. A, B and C Companies, with D in support, moved steadily through the coconut grove, meeting only light and scattered sniper fire. Eventually they broke into open country, mostly rice paddies with water knee deep.

About 1600 it started raining. The battalion CP by this time consisted simply of those of the battalion staff who weren't running errands for the colonel, two or three enlisted men from each section and the air-ground liaison party.

The attack companies reached the highway that connects Palo with Tacloban, crossed it, called for mortar fire on the hill, got it and, seeing no sign of Japs, continued the advance.

The CP pulled up under a row of trees at the edge of a rice paddy and the colonel surveyed the hill. "Hell," he said, "there's nobody up there."

D Company was moving up now and the colonel stood in the rain slapping the mortar men on the back as they passed and urging them on to the hill.

One soldier stopped. "Sir," he said, pointing to a native house half hidden by palms on the far side of the paddy, "something moved over there."

The colonel said: "Take a squad and investigate. But they may be Filipinos. Don't fire unless fired on. But be careful."

The squad leader called his scouts out, and they moved off and cautiously circled the house. They returned in about 10 minutes herding a fair-size family of Filipinos. Already a girl of 5 or so had her hands full of C-ration candy, lump sugar and a part of a D bar. Two or three natives were smoking American cigarettes. One, a boy of about 15, had been accidentally wounded in the thigh by fragments during the day's fighting.

The colonel called for the battalion medics. With smiles to reassure him, two medics dressed the boy's wound. Then grandma and grandpa and another lad stepped forward with cut feet. The medics fixed them up, too, and explained to a girl of 12, who spoke English as if long out of practice, that she should take them to the beach the next day to have the wounds dressed. Smiling, the Filipinos retired, after telling us, "No Japs."

Battalion headquarters splashed on across three or four more rice paddies past a deserted native dwelling whose owner had left a message—"Do not burn my house"—chalked on the door, until they came to the highway.

The highway was the first any of us had seen in two years of grabbing beachheads. It had a 10- or 12-foot hard-surfaced, black-top center, somewhat in need of repair, six-foot shoulders, deep ditches and the kind of single-span cement bridges found on the average country road in the States. There was a four-strand telephone line strung on iron poles beside it. Two men from the battalion wire section cut a 20-foot gap in these lines, and we moved on before anybody could souvenir a Jap staff car that had been strafed to a standstill a few yards down the road.

Again knee deep in water, we waded through a large abaca-hempfield and reached the foot of Hill 522. A few men were already creeping up its nose toward the summit. More infantrymen were slowly spreading across the lower slopes. The Japs had evacuated all but the extreme southern shoulder, and the few still there held their peace for the moment.

WEARY GIs dragged themselves and their equipment up the last steep slopes. A four-man litter squad carrying a man with a shoulder wound began a slow, painful descent to the battalion-aid station. Mortars were mounted in gulleys on the reverse slope and MGs on the crest. The morning's bombardment and bombing had left the hill well pitted with holes. Some of the men improved these craters before tumbling into

Two and a half years after Bataan, American forces landed on Leyte Island (star) in the heart of the Philippines. First resistance was slight, possibly because the Japs had expected the attack to come on Mindqnao or Luzon. In a desperate effort to prevent expansion of our beachhead, the Japs committed the major strength of their elusive navy. It was routed in vast air-sea battles by two U. S. fleets (A and B).

Philippines

them. Others simply-fell in. One group broke out a can of C rations.

The rain had stopped and the rocky earth was damp. It had been like other landings, but tiny, flickering lights in Palo at the foot of the hill were something new and different. The men, however, were too tired to make comparisons.

Liberation's Start

LEYTE, THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—The sands were hot from the mountain guns and mortars of the Japs when we hit the beach at Leyte but that didn't stop the natives from welcoming us. It was only a few hours after the initial landings when an old man and two young girls walked quietly into the beachhead area.

One of the girls carried an American flag, or at least a reasonable facsimile of one. The Filipinos were hungry, and the GIs gave them some 10-in-1 rations. They told how the Japs had burned their homes. They ate their fill and then, smoking cigarettes, left for division headquarters.

A few minutes later a Signal Corps lineman stuck his pole climbers into the shell-scarred trunk of a coconut palm and the American flag fluttered out over the beach.

This was the first bit of American territory regained by the GIs who had been driving the Japs back since the first amphibious landing at Nassau Bay, but it was no more dramatic than any of the earlier landings. As a matter of fact, except for one sharp difference, the beach looked like all the other desolate places the GIs had visited previously. The difference was that the coral that had made their foxhole-digging so difficult had at last turned to sand.

Leyte Valley, which is the part of the island most important to us in a military sense, is also vastly important to the more than 900,000 Filipinos on the island, eighth largest in the Philippines. From this valley comes most of their food. The principal crops of the numerous small farmers are rice, coconuts and abaca hemp. The valley is in a typhoon belt and the rainfall in the approaching season will be heavy.

The rain began falling in midafternoon of A-Day, and Gen. MacArthur was caught in the downpour as he was making his speech to the Filipino people from a radio truck on the beach. The general was not dressed in the attire usual for amphibious assaults. He wore sun-tans (the pants were pleated slacks), his famous cap and oxfords. The only thing that made him look as if he might be on an enemy-challenged beach was the revolver he carried loosely in his hip pocket.

The President of the Philippines, Sergio Osmena, was with Gen. MacArthur's party and he also addressed his people over the radio.

The war went on while the speeches were being made.

—Sgt. CHUCK RATHE
YANK Staff Correspondent

From Attu to Leyte

DULAG VILLAGE, LEYTE—The 7th Division has hit another island—the biggest and the farthest from home they have struck yet. The men of the 7th thought Attu was far from home, then changed their minds when they stormed ashore at Kwajalein. Now in the Philippines, some 6,700 air miles from San Francisco, they have changed their minds again.

Most of them agree with 1st Sgt. Paul Thompson of Beverly Hills, Calif., who came ashore with the first wave of the 32d Infantry Regiment. "It wasn't as tough as Kwajalein," said Thompson, "but still tough. The beach is no beauty, but there's no coral like in them damned atolls."

And no muskeg as on Attu, either, he could have added, and no watching the medics lug in your buddies stricken with immersion foot.

The beachhead, flanked by native huts built much in the style of those on Tarawa, looked roughly like any other Pacific beachhead, but offshore the fleet of ships was so tremendous that the men, judging simply by newsreels, compared it to the Normandy invasion. Jeeps, tanks, amtracks, buffaloes, tracks of all sizes and giant panting dogs of the 40th K-9 Unit went up and down the beach in orderly confusion.

Soldiers who led the 7th-Division assault at both Attu and Kwajalein noted the absence of Japs in the beachnead area. You had to go at least 50 yards beyond the village to see anything resembling a clump of bodies.

"Mortars again!" said Platoon Sgt. Hank Holman of Selma, Calif. "They've backed up as far as possible and hope the damned mortars will stop us. Just like Kwajalein. You'd think they'd learn. Evidently they don't." —Cpl. TOM O'BRIEN
YANK Staff Correspondent

It Sarong Story

SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC — An exhilarated pilot of the Thirteenth Air Force came back from a P-38 attack on the Philippines with a story that tops all others of Filipinos waving happily to flyers making low-level raids.

He said he was flying low when he passed over a Filipino girl. He says she tore off her sarong and waved it at him. The intelligence officers who heard his story say it may be so, but they think it's a case of wishful thinking.

THE LAST BREAKFAST

LEYTE, THE PHILIPPINES—The men who went to Leyte on an LST—LST 452, if you care for numbers—weren't too keen about their last meal on shipboard, but they didn't get really sore until they heard what the men aboard an APA got. The APA crowd was served a final breakfast of steak, scrambled eggs, corn-meal mush, bread and butter, apples and coffee. The LST men got peas, Spam and dehydrated potatoes.

—Sgt. H. N. OLIPHANT
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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

The ROYAL MARINES at Walcheren

By TOM BERNARD, Sp. (x) Ic, USNR
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As it was planned, it should have been a simple operation, but as it turned out it was one of the bloodiest actions for the British since Dieppe. At this spot, it was a Royal Marine show, and in spite of the Dutch windmills spotting the horizon, the entire action was more like an assault on a Pacific island.

WITH THE BRITISH ROYAL NAVY—The vanes of the Dutch windmill stood starkly motionless above the crest of the dyke. Nearby, a tall, slender tower—church steeple or lighthouse—speared into the mottled gray sky. Orange flashes burst through the clouds of smoke hanging low over the walled-in lowlands. Every three or four minutes the resounding crack of heavy guns would reach us from the bombardment force farther out to sea. Flights of Typhoons circled, then dived, spitting cannon shells and rockets.

But there the similarity to other seaborne operations ended—ended with the eerie squeal of enemy shells overhead, the foamy towers of water lifting perilously close to the fragile landing craft, and the crippled LCT that limped out from the shore spouting flame and smoke.

Almost everything about the raid on Walcheren—the nine-by-nine-mile square of Dutch island from which enemy guns were covering the River Scheldt and the approaches to Antwerp—was unusual for the ETO. At Westkapelle, the town on the northwest tip where the RAF had bombed a 300-yard breach in the dyke to let in the sea, it resembled more an assault on a Pacific island. Royal Marine Commandos in Alligators—the tracked, clumsy-looking amphibious vehicles used by U.S. Marines—and in Weasels—amphibious versions of the jeep—were ferried to shore in LCTs. There was no infantry and no artillery—except that from sea and air. And then even after crossing the first dyke, the Commandos had to fight through more water, in the manner of Pacific Marines crossing coral reefs.

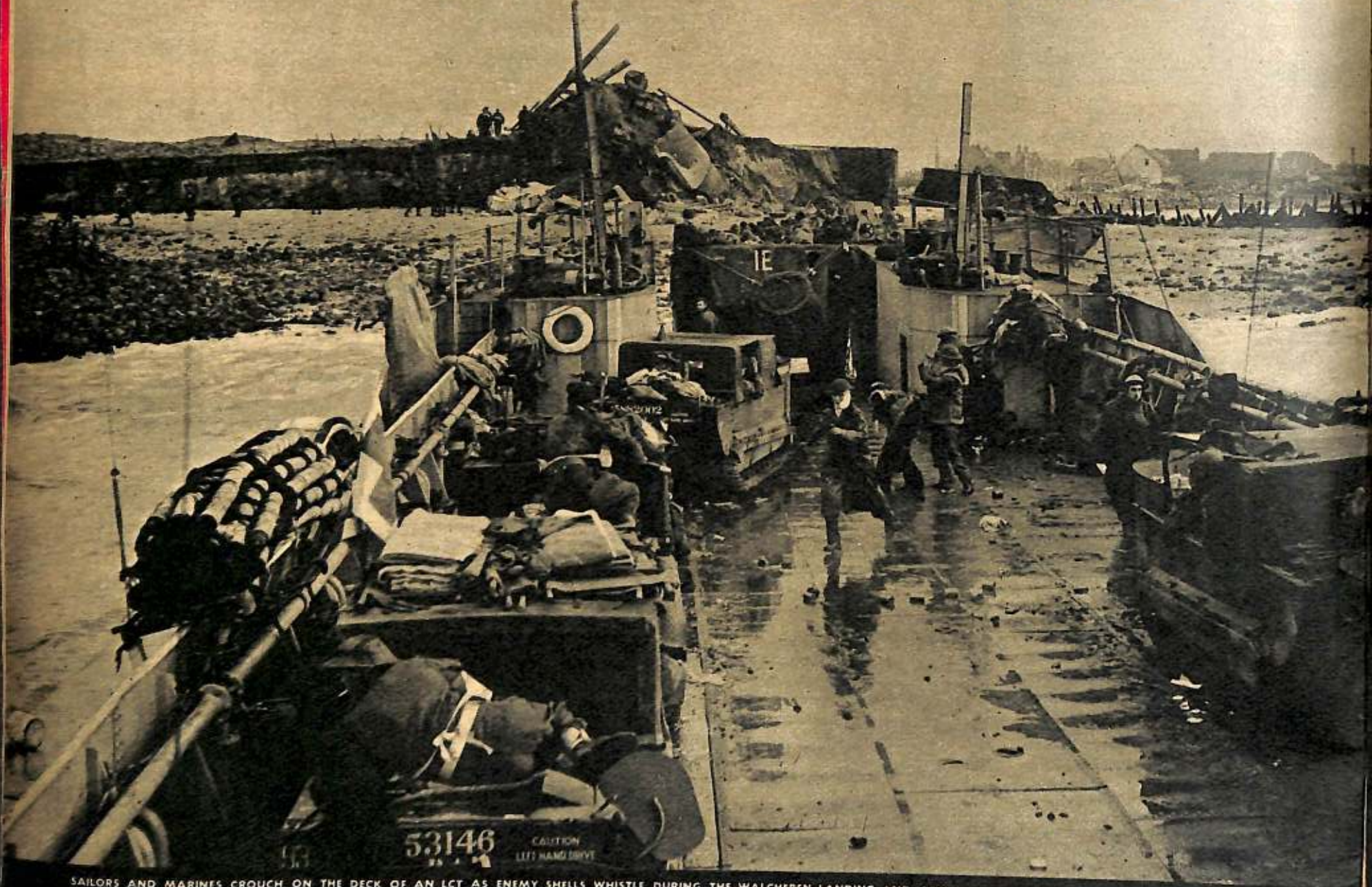
Planned as it was, weeks in advance, it should have been a comparatively simple operation. But several things happened to make it one of the bloodiest actions since Dieppe. Weather forced cancellation of the preliminary air assault. More guns manned by more Jerries than were expected were trained on the only possible landing place—the 300-yard gap in the dyke.

Of the close support craft—LCFs, LCGs and LCRs—some were knocked out and others dispersed before they were finally of much use to the LCTs nosing up on the beach. Worst break of all, though, was that the enemy apparently knew what was coming at least three hours before the first LCT touched down in broad daylight.

The LCT which I boarded shortly after midnight on the day of the assault was in a group known as "Serial 13." Its youthful officers and 11-man crew were veterans, as were the 120 Marines, Royal Navy beach party men and Royal Engineer sappers bedded down in the Alligators and Weasels jammed together on the tank deck.

"Our objective is simple," explained Captain D. J. Flunder, 22-year-old commanding officer of the Commando troop. "We go in through the gap and move to the right inside the dykes. Tanks will go ashore and support us farther inland while guncraft will lend support from sea. Along the coast are several strong points—a radio station, a coastal gun battery, several concrete pillboxes. We'll have to get them. When we get to Zoutelandè—about 6,000 yards—another Commando passes through and links up with the forces landing at Flushing."

Aerial reconnaissance disclosed that the town of Westkapelle had been completely gutted by the RAF. But damage to emplaced guns was not known. Up the coast to the north, near Domburg, was a battery of big stuff, probably 280mm. South of Domburg was another emplacement. Closer to the gap was a



SAILORS AND MARINES CROUCH ON THE DECK OF AN LCT AS ENEMY SHELLS WHISTLE DURING THE WALCHEREN LANDING AND COMMANDOS IN THE BACKGROUND SHELTER BY A DYKE.

line of five guns in pillboxes. Just south of Westkapelle another heavy battery was known to have been located, and there was another to the rear. But it was believed that many of these guns had been bombed out.

The whole thing sounded smooth and easy. And that's the way it was as we put out to sea in the early morning and chugged in line to a point off the gap.

We were easily five miles from shore when our line of craft started drawing fire and that LCT came out trailing smoke and flame. Although it was little more than an hour from then until we beached and returned to the assembly area, each minute of those sixty seemed like a year.

From the matchbox of a bridge we could see that the chaos, the fires, the shellbursts on or near shore were not all caused by our ships and planes. There were more bursts at sea than on land, and just as many fires. To the left of the gap we watched one of our flak ships armed with two-pounders and 20mms. tackle a line of five or six pillboxes atop the dyke. Red tracers streaked landward for a few minutes. Then the LCF (flak ship) disappeared in a mighty blast of fire and smoke. Later, we learned she had taken a direct hit on her magazine, suffering severe casualties.

EIGHT knots was the speed of our LCT and, as the bursts around us increased in number and nearness, we felt as if we were riding the shell of a snail. The Jerry gunners were trying to get the exact range of the line of the LCTs. First, the third craft ahead of us squeezed between two near misses and rocked drunkenly. Then a string of six explosions ran along our starboard side, showering the decks with spray and sending fragments pinging against the side. Four more rounds pounded off port and shrapnel rained down on the bridge.

The blast reminded you of the buzz-bomb. I was standing behind the quartermaster at the wheel when a mortar shell rammed into an Alligator on the starboard side of the tank deck, bare inches from the wheelhouse. The quartermaster flew back, catching me amidships and catapulting me against the after bulkhead where I hit the deck, but hard. The quartermaster's first words pulled me back to my feet.

"Are ya okay, bridge? Skipper! Skipper! Are ya okay?" he yelled into the bellowed mouth of the speaking tube.

The Captain, a 20-year-old Exeter man, called down that everything was under control.

Flames licked up in front of the single porthole through which the quartermaster steered his course. Smoke, lifting in gusts, swirled past the port, obscuring his vision. The stern and side of another LCT loomed out of the murk. Staccato orders piped down the tube from the bridge.

"Hard a-port. Starboard engine full astern. Full ahead both. Starboard fifteen. Stop both."

The scream of shells increased in violent crescendo, but they all burst astern. The ramp dropped and the first Alligator waddled off onto the sand. Shell fragments flicked at the stern and the sickening odor of cordite mixed with burning flesh swirled back from the tank deck.

Slowly, like in a nightmare, the Alligators lumbered across the lowered ramp, across the brief stretch of sand, swerved suddenly to the left and ambled across the top of the dyke, a good fifteen feet above us. Weasels scuttled like frightened calves in a spring roundup among the heavier vehicles. Two other LCTs against which we bumped in beaching had disappeared. Apparently they had scampered back out to sea.

"Look! Look!" yelled the quartermaster. And I could see a score or more Jerries tumbling over the dyke with their hands raised above their heads, herded together by Marines.

IT was 1035, three minutes after our LCT beached, when she pulled off, unburdened except for the burning Alligator next to the deck house. Marines and sailors were playing fire extinguishers on it. The Marines numbered nearly thirty and they were members of a machinegun platoon scheduled to support the other Alligators.

Color Sergeant George Over, London Marine Commando, commanding the platoon, was cursing a blue streak.

"This is my fifth landing and I dam' well gotta get ashore," he said, between epithets. He directed other Marines in hauling the wounded from the Alligator.

We pulled off, the keel grinding and straining against the sand. The LCT swung sharply to starboard. The crash of the second hit against the bridge was more deafening than the first. The quartermaster shouted again to the bridge—and got no answer. *(Continued on next page.)*

A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE ASSAULT ON WESTKAPELLE AS SMOKE FROM BLASTED ENEMY INSTALLATIONS DRIFTS OVER THE BEACH AND AN LCT DISCHARGES ITS CARGO OF ALLIGATORS AND WEASELS NEAR SHORE.

THIS LCT, POUNDED BY GERMAN SHELLS, IS SLOWLY SINKING UNDER THE CHOPPY SEAS OF WESTKAPELLE WHILE TWO MEN CLING TO A MAKESHIFT RAFT IN THE LEE OF THE CRAFT AND OTHER SURVIVORS CLAD IN LIFEBELTS SWIM AWAY.

ROYAL NAVY SAILORS WOUNDED DURING THE HARD-FOUGHT WALCHEREN LANDING ARE BEING HELPED ABOARD AN LCT SEVERAL MILES OFFSHORE. THEY HAD RUN INTO MORE GUNS MANNED BY MORE JERRIES THAN HAD BEEN ANTICIPATED.

(continued from page 5)

"Skipper, skipper!" he bellowed above the pounding of the bursting shells. "Are you all right, bridge? Are you all right?" He held his course, the port engine full ahead, and I stumbled out on deck yelling for the Number One.

The quartermaster continued to shout up the tube. When I got back, after locating Number One, a faint, vague voice was coming from the wheelhouse end.

"No, no. I'm not. I've been hit," the voice said. "Put in to the beach. Hard aport. Put in, put in . . ." the voice trailed off.

FROM an operational standpoint the second landing was a thorough failure. Sgt. Over tried to land his bulky .303 guns and men but the water was too deep, and the black, menacing anti-landing obstacles were too sharp and protruding.

Two men got off. One gun went to the bottom. The LCT pulled off again.

Sailors and Marines hugged the deck, wishing that it was possible to dig foxholes in that welded steel plate. As the craft headed out to sea, her engines were pumping as casually as a concrete mixer.

Jerry's desire to sink us was manifest as soon as we left the beach. For five miles, at eight knots an hour, we shuddered and shivered while near misses punctured the sides and added to the holes in the bridge and fo'c'sle. The crew and sea-stranded Marines were still trying to extinguish the flaming Alligator until some of the 47,000 rounds of .303 ammunition it was carrying started to explode like penny firecrackers. Everyone retreated in the lee of the deckhouse or huddled inside the armor plate surrounding the 20mm. guns aft.

Out past the firing line, out of range of the 11-inch coastal batteries, the 105s, the 155s, the 88s, the 75s and everything else with which Jerry had tormented us, the crew went to work again on the Alligator. They drenched it with salt water from a hose and shrank from looking at the dead Royal Engineer driver and the radio operator burned crisply black in the forward compartment. Just aft of the tank deck "Curley" a critically wounded Marine, lay strapped in a naval stretcher. Farther aft, in the fantail, two more Marines gritted their teeth and told their comrades that fractured legs and shrapnel-punctured bellies meant nothing. A few more Marines sat on deck aft, sipping rum, staunching the blood from their minor head wounds with emergency dressings and worrying about Joe and Pete and "Curley."

The ride out was no comfort. Between shell-bursts we'd peek over the gunshield and search for other craft. An LCG's fantail and half of her deckhouse protruded dismally from the surface. Farther out only the battle ensign showed on another sunken landing craft.

I made a rapid tour of the craft. Two men had been killed, seven Marines wounded. The Captain was in the wardroom where a sailor dressed deep shrapnel wounds in his face and left hand. Shell fragments littered the deck. There was a jagged hole in the side of the mess deck. The starboard side of the engine room had been holed six or seven times. Splinters of wood and steel were scattered on the bridge.

As we approached the assembly area we could see an LCI burning. It appeared to have been hit on the bridge. As we drew closer we could see men struggling in the water. Some of our crew rushed to a small boat and started to lower it overside. But another LCI nosed in and tossed white life preservers to the men and picked them up, one by one.

For twenty minutes we wandered around among craft, searching for the LCT which had been converted into a hospital ship. Finally we found it, but had to wait our turn as other craft nestled alongside and discharged their wounded.

When our turn came she pulled alongside and tied up with bow and stern lines. I jumped across to the hospital ship and climbed to the bridge to talk to the Captain. We were looking at two LCTs floating listlessly together two hundred yards away when a violent geyser of water and smoke erupted together with a resounding explosion. One of the LCTs jumped in the air like a wounded stag, then rocked furiously back and forth on its bow and stern. For nearly a minute it was impossible to pick out any detail of her superstructure through the smoke.

"That's the second one," said the hospital craft skipper.

As soon as the damaged craft settled she made for the hospital craft, evidently intending to transfer wounded. She came at us at full speed, seemingly out of control. As I jumped back aboard our LCT I heard the Captain yell, "Full astern both." But the order was too late. The stricken LCT rammed into our starboard bow.

Three of us were standing on the port side near the wheelhouse.

SUDDENLY, we were catapulted violently into the air and almost deafened by a thunderous roar. The deck kept coming up to hit us. I was bounced backwards like a rubber ball, winding up against a 20mm. gun shield. The craft shuddered and thrashed for what seemed like several minutes. A heavy rain of water showered down on us.

Some of us struggled to our feet; others lay stunned, their eyes glazed. I limped up to the rail overlooking the tank deck and saw smoke pouring from it near the bridge. The entire forward half of the deck flapped like the lip of a Ubangi. Our LCT's back was broken. Someone shouted from the fo'c'sle deck forward. Four or five sailors stumbled along the side and reached a badly-wounded man. They lashed him to a stretcher.

The word was passed. "Abandon ship! Abandon ship!"

An LCI came toward us, then halted to pick up some of our crew who had been blown into the water. Then it came alongside. Some men, hoping to salvage personal belongings, tossed gear onto the LCI's deck. Others passed the stretcher case across to hands on the LCI. The Captain of the LCI kept shouting:

"Forget the gear. Get aboard quick! Get aboard before she sinks!"

The LCI's decks were already crammed with other survivors and wounded. Our Captain checked hurriedly through his crew. Seven men, some Marines, had been blown overboard. Seven more were injured. Two of the crew were missing.

The LCI pulled away and started toward the flagship for orders. Some of us stood on the LCI's after deck and watched our LCT settling slowly. Around her were two other LCTs, their backs also broken, and a burning LCI.

ROYAL MARINE COMMANDOS HAD TO SMASH THROUGH THOSE BRISTLING BARRIERS (BACKGROUND) IN THEIR ALLIGATORS AND WEASELS DURING THE DRIVE ON WALCHEREN. JERRY'S DESIRE TO SMASH THE LANDING CRAFT WAS VERY APPARENT.

The COUNT

THAT old snake-in-the-grass T/5 known as the Count has been having an attack of heart trouble—about his wife back in the States. "Of course, I'm married," he says, when someone expresses surprise that such a crumby specimen could snag himself a babe. "When I seen me draft board was going to get me, I grabbed the first chick I could lay me hands on and steered her down to the marriage-license bureau. You don't catch me passing up a 28-buck-a-month ride on the gravy train."

It seems the Count had it figured out that he'd be in pretty near a dollar a day extra by getting himself a wife. The plan was that he'd put up $22 as his share of a dependency allotment, the Government would chip in its $28, and then the little woman would send the whole $50 to her loving spouse.

"Only," he moans, "it ain't working out that way. She ain't sending the 50 like we agreed, nor any portion thereof. That's gratitude for you. Here I make a respectable woman of her, give her me name and a chance to become the mother of an infant image of meself, and she holds back on the 50 fish!"

The Count hasn't any patience with suggestions that, in view of the rising cost of living back in the States, maybe his wife needs the dough to keep alive. "Naw," he says, "can't be she's broke. She makes 12 bucks a week cleaning up some office building at night—a cinch job that leaves her all day to make a little extra by taking in washing or something, if she wants.

"And besides," the Count goes on, "if you're talking about the cost of living, how about me? You think things is cheap over here, maybe? Hell, it costs me six shillings—that's one buck, twenty—every time I buy a doll a drink."

ACCORDING to the Count, his wedding was not on the showy side. "We both passed our blood test the first time we tried," he says with a touch of pride. "Then we went down to the City Hall. I picked up a couple of guys in the corridor for witnesses, some clerk married us, and I gave the witnesses a couple of nickel cigars—one apiece, that is."

The Count says he left his wife at the City Hall and lit out for his reception center. "It was daylight outside," he explains, "and I didn't want to be seen with her on the street any more than necessary because, naturally, she ain't no rose. So I borrowed a buck from her and scrammed. Told her I'd take out $10,000 Army life insurance and make her the beneficiary as a wedding present, but what's the use of that? It costs $7.50 a month, and they don't pay off unless you go and get yourself killed."

THESE WACs, FITTINGLY CLAD FOR FOOTBALL, DREW CHEERS FROM ENGLISH SPECTATORS AT THE YANK EXHIBITION.

Yanks in the ETO

By Cpl. FRANK CADY
YANK Field Correspondent

AN AIR SERVICE COMMAND STATION IN ENGLAND—Frankly, we don't know what's been done to Anglo-American relations in this part of the country. All we know is that about 5,000 bewildered English men and women laughed, cheered and "Oooooed!" their way through an American football game.

They seemed reasonably impressed by the fact that the First Base Air Depot "Bearcats" beat the Navy's "Sea Lions" by the narrow score of three to nothing. Correction: The score was three nil. We have that information directly from an Englishman we sat next to.

As a matter of fact, we gathered a great deal of information from our English friends and (as we figure we're never too old to learn) we took it all in.

This game was the real American article. There were an Army mule and a Navy goat on the field. There was a band marching and playing, and there were five WAC cheerleaders in bright, tight-fitting yellow sweaters and things.

We found out right away that the average Englishman is just as much a sucker for five girls in tight, yellow sweaters as we are. The hell with the football game. He liked those sweaters and the cut of the WACs' navy-blue slacks. And as about 10,000 howling GIs were in full agreement on the subject, we could see that things were getting off to an amicable start.

Anyway, there was Army out on the field, going through the customary warm-up, and the public-address system was blaring the names and numbers of all the players—and their home towns. After every familiar town the GIs would cheer. We asked a sweet old English lady what she thought of all that cheering and she said, "It's very nice."

But another English lady had her mind on the Army men who were running up and down, limbering up, catching passes and fielding punts. "They'll wear themselves out before they start," the lady said.

Her husband was watching the warm-up, too. "Look," he said, "they can throw it half the length of the field." And darned if they couldn't.

Finally, the game got under way. Army kicked off and Navy received. The Navy man started off hard with the ball, when all of a sudden he was plowing through the mud, face down, with his feet up in the air.

"Ooooo, good!" said a bloodthirsty Britisher next to us.

About this time the five WACs were going through their paces and the Army stands were, together to a man, expressing the following sentiment:

SMASH 'em!
BUST 'em!
That's our CUSTOM!
Go, team, GOOoooo!

The man on our left listened to this and said, "They've got it off, haven't they?"

We admitted that we thought they had, and hoped that by doing so we hadn't committed ourselves to anything we'd regret later because, the truth is, we didn't know what he meant at all.

Well, Army got hold of the ball and after a few futile line bucks, we felt a tap on the shoulder and the man behind us said, "Wouldn't it be better if they had a line out?"

We said we didn't know but we guessed so. He said, well, it would seem to him that when they saw it was no good trying to push straight through, they should rush around the end of the line. And right then we knew we had a brother grandstand quarterback because we'd been pulling for an end run ourselves.

FOOTBALL STANDBYS—THE ARMY MULE AND THE NAVY GOAT.

An Army player found an opening and drove through for 12 yards. "He beat one man very well, didn't he?" said one of our friends.

ABOUT that time the referee started to lose his pants and we discovered that that kind of stuff goes over big in any country. Everybody cheered.

"I suppose the idea," said the Englishman on our left, as he watched seven Army men getting ready to go into the game, "is to get the other team tired and then put a fresh team on."

We admitted that perhaps this was part of the strategy.

Then Army was offside. "That was an obstruction, wasn't it?" the man on our right asked.

We figured that if the Army man was obstructed he couldn't have got offside. We didn't know for sure; we just let the whole thing drop.

Army punted and a Navy man started running the ball back at about 90 miles an hour when an Army player dived in, hit him just below the knees, and dumped him on his head.

"They're jolly good at this!" said the bloodthirsty Britisher.

"It's a proper association game," said the man behind, and they all laughed.

We missed the point of that one, but everybody else thought it was pretty good, so we laughed, too.

"Last week," observed the bloodthirsty guy," the losing team had better ideas—but they didn't come off."

"Oh," we said.

At half time the band marched around the field and formed an "N" and played *Anchors Aweigh*. Then it marched around again and formed an "A" and played an Army tune. We were surprised to learn that this was "smashing."

Then the Army mule walked unhappily around the field, while one of the WAC cheerleaders rode it. The Navy goat didn't want to go any place and had to be pushed. We found that there was no point in trying to explain why all this was going on, and anyway we didn't know.

DURING this half-time interval, we found out exactly what the English like about the game of American football.

(1) Tackling. They like the clean, hard way our boys chop each other off at the knees. They like the terrific, head-on collisions. When an Army and Navy man met at full speed like a couple of battering rams, one lady turned to us and said, "What's the length of their lives, as a rule?" She wasn't really worried—she loved it.

(2) They like the way the ball is put in play. One nice English gentleman put it in writing in the local paper as follows:

> "The man in possession puts the ball down in front of him, looks through his legs at the disposition of his colleagues in support, and then scoops the ball through his legs to one of them, who immediately tries to make progress. Until the ball has been scooped up in the manner described, none of the opposition is allowed to touch man or ball and I certainly think it is a system which would eliminate many of the play-the-ball scrambles which have helped spoil the Rugby League game as a spectacle."

(3) They like what they call our "fielding" of the ball, meaning the way our pass-receivers snag onto the high ones.

(4) That they eventually will come to like the game as a whole was indicated by this typical remark: "I like it better this week; I'm beginning to understand the finer points."

There are some things they don't like, too.

(1) "They don't use the ball enough," one man said. He and all the others wanted to know why the players didn't toss a lateral when they were trapped and had a man free. We didn't know.

(2) Another man said, "There's very little movement, isn't there? I mean, there's a lot all at one time and then there's a complete stoppage." Meaning he didn't like the frequent times-out and the delay in the huddles—"conferences," he called them.

(3) The fellow behind us didn't like the "pre-arranged plans" so much, especially when the passer seemed "compelled to throw the ball right into a danger spot" just because the receiver there was "the player who had been delegated." We explained that the passer had the alternative of throwing the ball to one of several receivers. Still, he favored a little more improvising.

Our general impression was that the English would prefer a more wide-open game. They'd like pro ball, we figured. They'd probably go for a good T-formation team, too. They like a fast game with a minimum of delay between plays.

Frankly, we don't know what should be done—if anything—about all the huddles, times-out for substitution, injuries, measuring, penalties and so forth. We leave that to the experts.

What we do know is that if we sit through another game with our English friends, we're going to have a rule-book right at our elbow.

In the meantime, it's our opinion that we won't lose our English audience—that bloodthirsty guy will be back next week to watch somebody else try to break his neck.

STANDARD CONSTRUCTION. If you're planning to build or buy a new home right after the war, this house is typical of what you should be able to get for $6,000.

Your Post-War Home

It will cost about $6,000 to buy or build a standard-construction house. If you wait a few years, you may get a prefabricated house for as little as $1,500.

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Writer

IF you're figuring on building or buying yourself a new house right after the war, you'd better forget about it unless 1) you've got $6,000 socked away or 2) you're going to have a job paying you at least $46.15 a week.

That sounds rough after all the fancy chatter you've been hearing about low-cost post-war housing, but it's the straight dope, based on questions put to the editors of the *Architectural Forum* and *Better Homes and Gardens*, the presidents of two home-loan banking outfits, a Federal Housing Authority administrator, a building contractor and Henry J. Kaiser.

All but two of these men agreed on one thing—the $6,000.

That's the price they figure you'll have to count on paying for a four- or five-room house that won't fall in on you during the 20 years or so you'll be shelling out the monthly payments. And monthly payments are the only way most of us will be able to dish up the money—even if about 18 percent of all soldiers' pay *is* slapped away in War Bonds. There are few GIs who will be able to walk in and hand the man $6,000 cash.

Another cheering outlook is that these housing experts say your $6,000 house will be the same bungalow you could have picked up for $4,500 before the war.

One man who waggled his head against the $6,000 estimate was the president of the First Federal Savings and Loan Association of New York. He said you ought to be able to buy a four- or five-room house for about $4,100 after the war. He recommended that I talk about price to a big multiple-housing outfit, the Castleton Housing Corporation. Edwin Wolf, Castleton's head man, said $6,000.

Henry J. Kaiser, the same Kaiser whose ships you've been hitting the beaches in, wouldn't talk about price yet, but he predicts the housing industry will go in for mass-production methods after the war. He himself has announced plans to try out assembly-line production of livable homes, using gypsum instead of lumber. These houses might sell for 23 percent less than those of ordinary wooden-frame construction.

All the boys who are betting on the assembly-line house, however, admit that it won't come until some time later. How much later depends on the attitude of the building-trades unions and of the standard-construction contractors.

The pitch, then, is high costs on materials, labor and everything else—an over-all increase at present of 30 percent above 1940 costs. Why are the costs so high? How long may conditions stay that way? And what can an ex-GI who wants his own home do about it?

Costs will hang on at a high level because the priorities on materials will be relaxed gradually as war needs thin down and because of the old angle about supply and demand. In spite of all the yammering you hear about the folks back home spending their dough like crazy, the people of the U. S. have tucked away $130 billion for a rainy day, about one-third of it in Government bonds. People with money like that are going to want to buy a lot of things after the war that they could never afford before—like houses.

It'll be a long time before the building industry's supply can meet that demand. Howard Myers, publisher of the *Architectural Forum*, told a bunch of builders and home-utilities experts that if the war ended tomorrow it would take seven to 10 months just to get enough men back into the lumber camps and enough wood out of the forests for anybody even to start large-scale building.

How long prices are going to hang high is anybody's guess, but the longer guesses are getting the best odds.

WHAT can you do, then, about buying or building a house?

The first thing to do is to be cagey. Shop around. Don't let the first fast talker who meets you at the gangplank give you a snow job about a mansion overlooking Lakeshore Drive, and don't let him work that old beauty about getting your power of attorney so you can "leave all arrangements" to him. The woods will be full of these sharpers, so know your man when you start talking houses.

When you think you've found the right house or the right plans for a house, ask yourself these questions about the location: Is it close to the bus or streetcar? How far away is a school for Junior? Is there a glue factory or rendering plant in the neighborhood, especially to windward? Will airplanes coming in for a landing or trucks on the highway keep you awake all night?

If you get satisfactory answers to all these, then take a good look at your pay check. Building experts and loan agencies calculate that if you're going to buy a house on a long-term payment plan, it should not come to more than 2½ times your annual income. Therefore, if your house is to cost $6,000, you'll have to be pulling in $2,400 a year—$200 a month or $46.15 a week.

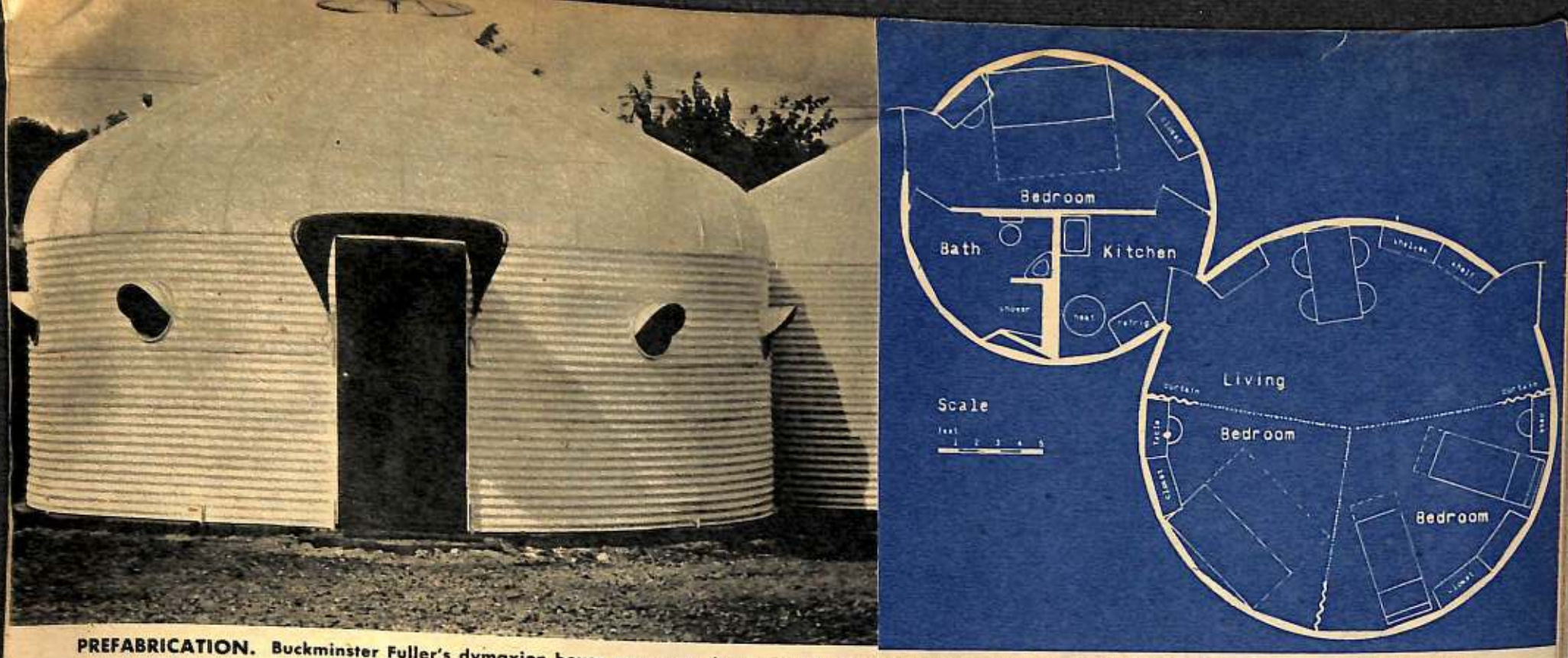
Almost any house you buy will call for a down payment of at least 10 percent. On a $6,000 house, that's $600.

(Remember that a house on the East Coast may cost more than a house on the West Coast or in the Middle West, and a house in the Deep South may be cheaper than all of them. But the difference will not be great enough for you to change your plans about where you want to live after the war.)

Under provisions of Title III, Section 501, of the GI Bill of Rights (Servicemen's Readjustment Act of 1944), the Government is making it easy for you, as an ex-GI, to borrow enough money to buy or build a new home. Regulations announced by Brig. Gen. Frank T. Hines, administrator of veterans' affairs, say that you should go about borrowing the money just as if there were no such thing as the GI Bill of Rights. That is, go to your bank, building and loan company, lending agency or individual lender and talk over your plans. If you're green at this kind of thing, see the Veterans' Administration first. They'll set you right.

If your potential lender considers that the property you want is suitable and of reasonable value, and that you can repay the loan out of your regular income, the lender himself will then get in touch with the nearest Veterans' Administration office. He'll check up on your eligibility for a loan and ask how much of the loan the Government will guarantee. The answer is that the Veterans' Administration will guarantee 50 percent of any amount you want to borrow, up to $4,000 limit.

One thing for you to remember is that you will not be borrowing from the Government. The Veterans' Administration is simply saying that if you failed to pay back what you owe, Uncle Sam



PREFABRICATION. Buckminster Fuller's dymaxion house represents the extreme in plans for prefabricated homes which may sell in a few years for $1,500 and up.

would have to cough up the $2,000 that was guaranteed. For that reason, you'll have to be regarded as a good risk all the way around, and at the same time the Veterans' Administration and your lending agency are going to make it tough for anyone to put over a shady deal on you.

The Veterans' Administration will supervise the loan cases, and they'll check up on how trustworthy a character you are and whether the house you want is worth what you'd have to pay for it. You'll probably be able to swing at least $2,000 more on top of the $4,000 on your own hook, if the Veterans' Administration decides you're any kind of a risk at all.

You'll probably never get to see the $6,000. Your bank will pay the money to the man you're buying the house from, and from then on you'll be paying back the loan to the bank. You will be given up to 20 or 25 years to do this, depending on the outfit you borrow from.

How hard will this paying-back process hit you? Well, every month you will pay $6.60 on every $1,000 of your loan to cover a prorated part of the principal, interest and insurance. You've already made a down payment of $600, so you are now paying on $5,400, and 5.4 times $6.60 is $35.64 a month. Then you will have to pay the taxes on the property. In the East your taxes will come to about $180 a year or $15 a month. This added to the $35.64 makes a total of $50.64 a month, which is considerably less than the rent you'd have to pay on a good apartment in most large cities at current rates.

These calculations are based on 20 years of payment. For 10 or 15 years the monthly rate would be higher; for 25 years lower.

Tha''s the financial picture if you're hepped on choosing your own home immediately after the war. It's a steep haul, and even the building industry admits you'll be paying a third more than the pre-war prices. (The present swollen wage scale of wartime may hang on for a spell, too, but probably not for anywhere near as long as it'll take you to pay off the mortgage.)

SUPPOSE, though, you're willing to stick around for a few years before buying a house. Elmo Roper, the survey man, took a poll and found that 13.3 percent of all the families in the country have some hazy notion about owning a new home after the war. That would mean about 4,700,000 houses. (The biggest number ever built in the U. S. in one year was 937,000, in 1925.)

Gen. Hines made a point of warning that you shouldn't rush into anything blindly, because you can apply for a loan any time within two years after you get your honorable discharge or the end of the war, whichever is later, but in any event not more than five years after war ends.

If you have the patience to hold off for ump or umpteen years, some sections of the building industry promise you'll be able to own your own home for any amount you want to spend, beginning at $1,500. And you can have your choice of the dymaxion house, the segmental house, the plank-panel house, the V-building, the house with no kitchen and the house with water on the roof. The air will be full of such terms as prefabrication, work center, modules, stress-skin tension, radiant heating and service unit.

The cheapest house yet proposed is the dymaxion house, designed by the engineer and inventor, Buckminster Fuller. It looks like an oil-storage tank with portholes and could sell for $1,500. You build it from the top down by bolting together several petal-shaped roof sections and hoisting them up a mast. Then you hang the metal wall panels onto the roof, lower them onto a circle of bricks, bolt your steel floor sections to the bottom rim and move in.

PREFABRICATION is the big excitement, though Simon Breines, a New York architect, says it's nothing new; parts of buildings have been more or less prefabricated for many years. Not so long ago it was considered a big improvement when you were able to buy a factory-made kitchen cabinet, all in one unit. Breines has designed a 3-foot-4-inch module, or standard panel, which you can use like the panels in Army field construction to build your house. One module is just right for the closet floor. Four square modules make a bathroom, nine a small dining room and 12 a bedroom.

Breines wants these modules and roof- and floor-supports to be built like airplanes, on the principle of "stress-skin tension." He's not alone in that wish, either. The United Automobile Workers have proposed that most of the country's wartime air-frame assembly plants be reconverted to the manufacture of units for low-cost prefabricated houses. The UAW estimates that three million men could be employed this way—an estimate that contradicts those who say mass-produced houses would throw a lot of men out of work.

Breines is also the fellow who figured out that if you build a flat roof with a little rim around it, then flood it with a thin film of water, you've got an overhead surface that reflects the sun's heat, thus keeping your house cooler in summer.

The innumerable quonset huts, Stout houses and K/D buildings that the Army has thrown up all over the world have proved the practicability of mass-scale prefabrication.

Norman Bel Geddes, the famous stage designer and architect, has worked out a house assembled from 27 basic units. The utility unit—a wall with all the kitchen plumbing on one side and the bathroom accessories on the other—can be stamped out by machine like an auto body. The house has no basement. It rests on seven concrete piers. Closets form the interior partitions, hold up the roof and make the rooms soundproof from each other. You can make 11 different houses from the same set of units, and six men can put up the house in one eight-hour day.

Bel Geddes' house is probably a sample of what all the prefabrication people are working toward. "Standard" features of all the factory-processed housing plans are walls with all wiring and piping inside, ready to be connected, great window spaces and mechanical dishwashers.

Harwell Hamilton Harris of Los Angeles has cooked up what he calls the "segmental house," described as "a means by which a young husband and wife can plan a house for their ultimate needs and achieve it gradually as their requirements and incomes increase." He suggests you invest in a 100-by-150-foot lot in a good location, then build a "basic house" of a small living room, bedroom, bathroom, kitchen with dining space and laundry and heater room. He figures you could put this part up for about $3,350. Harris' plan of construction makes it easy for you to add rooms at a cost of about $4 for every square foot of floor space until you've got a mansion with a living room, dining room, service rooms, six bedrooms, four baths and several "garden rooms."

One big movement gaining a lot of followers in the building industry is the sale of the complete or "packaged" house. This means that some day you may be able to walk into a big department store, look at a selection of plans, and walk out as the buyer of a house that already has in it an electric stove, refrigerator, washing machine and several other pieces of functional furniture. The cost of the extra equipment would be spread out over the same period that you would be allowed for buying the house.

For instance, in some more or less distant day, your monthly payment on a house might be $35, including interest, principal, insurance and taxes. If you were to buy in addition a range, refrigerator and automatic laundry, paying for them separately, under the present-day 30-month installment plan, they would cost about $15.80 per installment, which would increase your total monthly lay-out to $50.80. However, under this new "packaged house" arrangement, your payments on the accessories would come to only $2.38 monthly, making a total cost of $37.38 a month. In other words, although the cost of the extra equipment is no less, payment is easier in the smaller installments over a longer period.

WHY aren't all of these houses and plans on the market today? There are two obvious reasons. The first, naturally, is the war. The other is that not enough people have shown they are interested or able to buy mass-produced houses. The building industries are not going to risk a lot of capital until they're sure they can sell the houses by the numbers.

That puts you, then, right back where we started—just out of the Army and wanting a home. In fact, you're farther back than that. You're not even out of the Army yet.

But you can start planning now. Keep your eyes open. Look at houses or pictures of houses whenever you get a chance. Decide what you like. Write your girl friend or your wife and tell her to be thinking about it.

For most of us buying a house will be a lifetime investment. Don't muff it.

S/SGTS. JOE RAYMOND, PHILADELPHIA, AND FRANCIS CONLON, OLEAN, N. Y., STAGE A FRIENDLY POLITICAL TIFF ON THE WAY HOME FROM A B-24 RAID ON GERMANY.

The Line-Up for 1945 ★ ★

IN Eupen, Germany, just over the Belgian border, a crowd of American GIs and German civilians stood around a blackboard on which Pvt. Charles Lewis, of Trenton, N. J., was writing a lot of figures. The Germans didn't know exactly what was going on, but the GIs did.

It was Election Day back home and these American soldiers, who had fought their way into enemy territory, were citizens who had voted and wanted to see how their free election was coming out. Pvt. Lewis was putting up returns as fast as he got them from the radio by his side.

GIs in other parts of the world were getting the news of the election, too, almost as quickly as were the folks back in the states. The Army News Service sent the election returns to all overseas theaters by radio, point to point voice-casts, wireless and cable. ANS bulletins were broadcast in scheduled programs and frequent flashes, as important returns came in, by the Armed Forces Radio Service.

YANK correspondents in most of the overseas theaters reported that there was not much excitement in their areas on Election Day and Night. There was some betting and political debates among the soldiers but little of the intense partisanship that marked the campaign back home.

In Panama, some men listened to their radios until about eleven p.m., but the results seemed evident by eight or nine p.m., so most of the GIs turned in and waited to hear the news at reveille the next morning. There was much more excitement in Panama among the U.S. soldiers from Puerto Rico, where the Resident Commissioner to Washington and members of the local Senate and House of Representatives were being elected. Island GIs got into hot arguments before the election, and yelled for their candidates as the returns from their territory came in.

There was a long period of instruction in the mechanics of voting throughout the Panama area, and a large percentage of the men cast ballots. Cpl. Dewey Hoover, of Andover, Ohio, who is a cook in the coast artillery command, voted for the first time and told everyone how he had marked his ballot.

"I want everyone to know," he said, "that this Hoover isn't for Dewey, and that this Dewey is all out for Roosevelt."

In Puerto Rico and St. Thomas, parties were held in service clubs and officers' clubs, where radios were tuned in to the ANS reports. GIs from the states went without passes for three days so that the Puerto Rican soldiers could take time off to vote in their local elections. About sixty-five percent of the men from the states received ballots, and most of them voted early.

Some of the troops on the line on the Western Front didn't learn the results of the election until three days after it was all over. A YANK reporter and a photographer on the line heard about the re-election of President Roosevelt from troops coming up from the rear. Back in Paris, the radio in the Grand Hotel (now an AEF club) was tuned in to a jazz broadcast by the Armed Forces Network rather than to the election news.

In the Middle East most of the GIs said they were glad the election was all over. They were interested mostly in finding out just what effect the soldier vote had on the outcome. Reports on the election were received by short wave and the *Stars & Stripes* published an extra. The voting officer in this area said that a large number of the GIs voted.

In England a YANK correspondent who made a tour of GI hangouts on election night said he wouldn't have known there was an election going on in the states except the Britons kept asking how it was going. The GIs didn't pay much attention, for the most part, although a large crowd gathered in the heart of Piccadilly in the Red Cross Club at Rainbow Corner—the best known gathering place for GIs in London—to listen to shortwave broadcasts from the states. Quite a few people telephoned the Club to find out how it was going, but most of them were British.

The men in Hawaii didn't have to stay up all night long to find out how the election came out because of the difference in time. By five p.m., about the time the beer gardens were opening up, it was pretty obvious that President Roosevelt had been re-elected. According to the voting officers, about seventy-five percent of the GIs in Hawaii voted, and in some companies 100 percent of the men cast a ballot. There was a lot of betting, and odds of five to one were being laid that President Roosevelt would win. Bets were paid off at 8:45 p.m., which was shortly after Governor Dewey conceded. It was 3:45 a.m. in New York.

There was a lot of good-natured kidding between the Democrats and the Republicans in the beer gardens and rec halls, and when it was over, the feeling seemed to be, "Let's get on with the war now and get it over so we can get the hell back home."

Up in Alaska and the Aleutians, the GIs learned by midnight that Governor Dewey had conceded his defeat just before the local radio went off the air a few minutes later than usual. There was only mild concern over the radio returns, although the outcome was the favorite topic of conversation the next day. The chain was slightly less concerned than the mainland. Apathy seemed to increase with distance.

But on Leyte in the Philippines, the Signal Corps interrupted its reading of the nightly communique from General MacArthur to ask San Francisco to break into the transmission if there were any important election returns.

RAIN fell on Washington's Union Station Plaza when the President returned to the Capital after the election week-end at Hyde Park. Despite the downpour, a crowd estimated at 330,000 lined the route to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, where for nearly twelve years Franklin D. Roosevelt has lived and worked. The crowd had braved the weather to wish him luck for four more White House years beginning January 3rd.

The President had won a decisive victory, but also had his toughest fight. In 1932 he had carried all but four states, in 1936 all but two. In the last election 38 states had favored him and in the popular balloting his margin over Wendell L. Willkie was nearly five million votes. This year Governor Dewey increased to twelve the number of states voting Republican and won enough popular votes to make the election the closest in this respect since the Wilson-Hughes contest in 1916.

Like civilians, the majority of those in uniform voted Democratic. Because many states did not distinguish between soldier and civilian ballots, the exact division of the service vote may never be known, but the Associated Press hazarded a guess that about sixty-seven percent of the armed service ballots had been cast for President Roosevelt. The service vote, however, did not play the crucial part

in the Presidential election that some observers had foreseen. It was decisive, however, in the Pennsylvania and Missouri Senatorship races and in four very close Missouri House contests.

The campaign's pace was considered slow until President Roosevelt addressed the Teamsters' Union in Washington and GOP nominee Dewey had replied in his "He asked for it" speech in Oklahoma City. Thereafter, public interest mounted and both candidates and their running mates—Sen. Harry S. Truman (Democratic of Missouri) and Gov. John W. Bricker (Republican of Ohio)—campaigned vigorously.

As challenger, Mr. Dewey traveled farther and spoke more often than the President. In postmortems, Democratic commentators generally conceded that he had run a good race. Both his platform and radio manner won praise. So did his vigor and earnestness.

The question of which candidate was better able to guide our foreign relations apparently concerned many voters. The New York *Times*, which supported Wendell Willkie in 1940, came out for the President as the candidate more experienced in international affairs. U.S. Sen. Joseph H. Ball (Republican of Minnesota) came out for the President on foreign policy grounds, also. After the election the *Times* noted that the nation now seemed "very largely united" in its thinking on international affairs. "The Republican Party and Governor Dewey, its candidate and still its leader, have come to an acceptance of a broad degree of cooperation with other Powers for peace," the *Times* said.

Newspapers in the Allied countries generally expressed pleasure with the campaign's outcome. Many such papers remarked that abroad, Mr. Roosevelt had become a symbol along with Winston Churchill and Joseph Stalin of the Allied will to victory.

The President's first term had begun in the year of the great domestic crisis, his third in a year of international upheaval. The nation as a whole hoped that his fourth term would be marked by the end of the war and the opening of a new era of peace and plenty.

WHEN the 79th Congress is called to order on January 3rd, eighty familiar faces will be missing. The following well-known Senators are among those who will be absent, either because they were defeated this year at the polls or because they decided not to run for re-election: Bennett Champ Clark (Democrat of Missouri); Guy M. Gillette (Democrat of Iowa); Robert R. Reynolds (Democrat of North Carolina); Ellison D. Smith (Democrat of South Carolina); Gerald P. Nye (Republican of North Dakota); John A. Danaher (Republican of Connecticut), and Rufus Holman (Republican of Oregon).

Missing from the house will be such prominent figures as Martin Dies (Democrat of Texas); John M. Costello (Democrat of California); Joseph Starnes (Democrat of Alabama); Hamilton Fish (Republican of New York); Melvin J. Maas (Republican of Minnesota), and Calvin D. Johnson and Stephen A. Day, both Illinois Republicans.

While Republicans will be in the minority in both Houses, it was noted that a number of GOP leaders had not been affected by the Democratic sweep. In the Senate such outstanding Republicans as Robert A. Taft, of Ohio; George D. Aiken, of Vermont, and Alexander Wiley, of Wisconsin, breasted the tide which ran against their party. In the House, Joseph W. Martin, of Massachusetts, long the minority leader, will be back, and so will Clare Booth Luce, of Connecticut.

But while GOP membership in the House has been reduced, the Democrats will not have it all their own way. Of the full House membership of 435 elected or re-elected this year, at least 189 will be Republicans. At least forty of the nation's Senators will be GOP members.

"*WE have again demonstrated to the world that Democracy is a living, vital force; that our faith in American institutions is unshaken, that conscience and not force is the source of power in government of man. In that faith let us unite to win the war and to achieve a lasting peace.*"—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

"*Every good American will wholeheartedly accept the will of the people. . . . I am confident that all Americans will join me in a devout hope that in the years ahead Divine Providence will guide and protect the President of the United States.*"—Thomas E. Dewey.

Those post-election statements by the Democratic and Republican party nominees for the Presidency appeared to sum up the national mood after the voters of the United States had chosen Franklin D. Roosevelt for a fourth term.

The moment the election was over the country's political temperature dropped to normal. One reason for the political calm, perhaps, was that the results were decisive. On the basis of unofficial returns, President Roosevelt carried 36 states to Governor Dewey's twelve. The Democratic standard-bearer received 432 electoral votes, the Republican nominee 99. The popular vote was much closer but it was estimated that when the final tally was in, Mr. Roosevelt's percentage would be about 53.4 percent.

The President's party also did well in the Congressional and governorship races. The election gave the Democrats 241 certain House seats of our 435 with three races still in doubt. In 35 Senatorial contests, the Democrats won twenty seats, the Republicans thirteen, with two Senate races undecided. The majority of the governors, like the majority of the Senators and Congressmen next year will be Democrats. This year, Republicans held 26 governorships, the Democrats, 22. Come the 1945 inaugurations, it will be exactly the other way around.

Another—and probably the main—reason for the post-election goodwill was the fact that the nation was, and ever since Pearl Harbour has been, united in the belief that the war must be fought to the end. The need to fight to victory was no campaign issue and Republicans as well as Democratic candidates for national officers had praised the conduct of the war by the Army and Navy's leadership. Both parties had agreed, too, that the object of the war was to win a lasting peace.

The Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* (Independent Republican) offered this editorial interpretation of the election: "Franklin D. Roosevelt's decisive victory, we believe, can be attributed to the majority conviction (1) that the administration has been conducting the war well and should be permitted to finish the job and (2) that President Roosevelt is the best-equipped to represent us in post-war settlements including the establishment of an international organization to maintain peace."

The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* (Independent Democrat) said much the same thing: "Well, we didn't swap horses in the middle of the stream . . . . Our war leadership has been given a mandate to go ahead with the war, with plans for peace, and with preparations for reconversion."

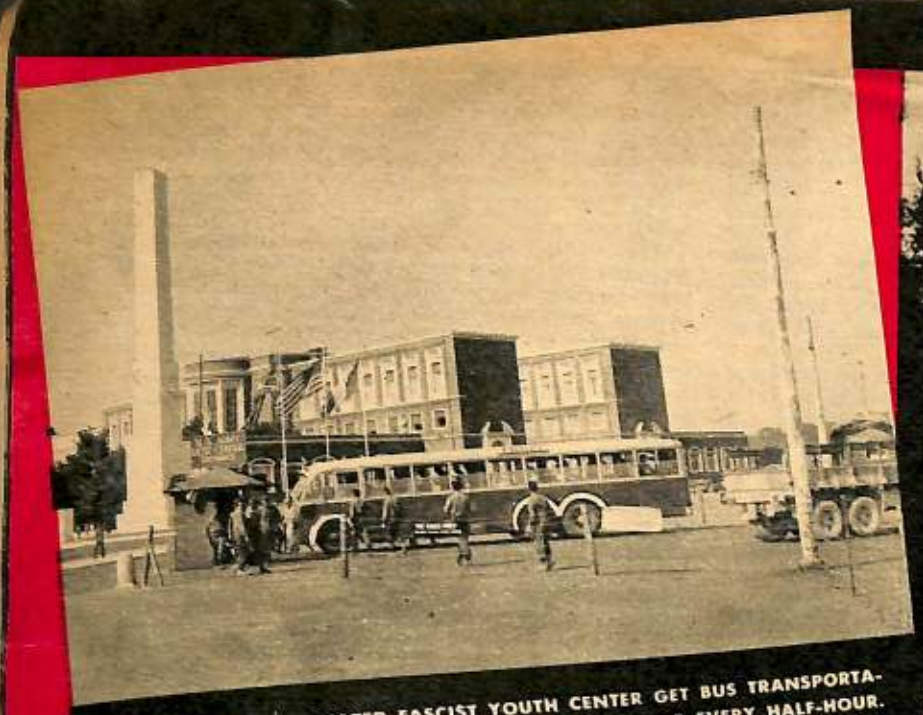
Democratic and Republican observers alike made much of the fact that a large number of Congressmen who had been labeled "isolationist" by their opponents had been defeated in the November election or in state primaries held earlier this year. Administration sympathizers interpreted these defeats—to quote the New York *Times*—as "repudiation of isolation as a political force in the United States." In any case, it was generally agreed that the President had apparently won new supporters in the House and Senate for his views on post-war co-operation.

THE meaning of the election as regards home front issues remained a matter of debate. Some observers held that the election was a victory for the administration's domestic as well as foreign policies. Other observers were not so sure. These pointed out that Mr. Roosevelt had been supported by diverse elements—Southern Democrats, Republicans who had bolted their own party, independent voters and labor groups like the CIO's Political Action Committee, and the American Labor Party. As a result, it was claimed in some quarters that the nominal Democrats in both the Senate and the House were not necessarily of one political mind, and that the President during his next term might find his party split on some domestic issues. In the past Democratic - Republican coalitions sometimes opposed, and have overriden, the administration.

Most observers stressed that the tasks ahead were enormous both on the home and foreign fronts. The war is still to be won, peace is yet to be made. Peace restored, the nation will have to deal with reconversion, with industrial employment, with farm prices, with living standards, with a host of problems that nobody regards as simple. Most of these problems seemed sure to arise during Franklin D. Roosevelt's next term of office.

YANKS IN PARIS GET THE RETURNS FROM A JEEP'S RADIO.

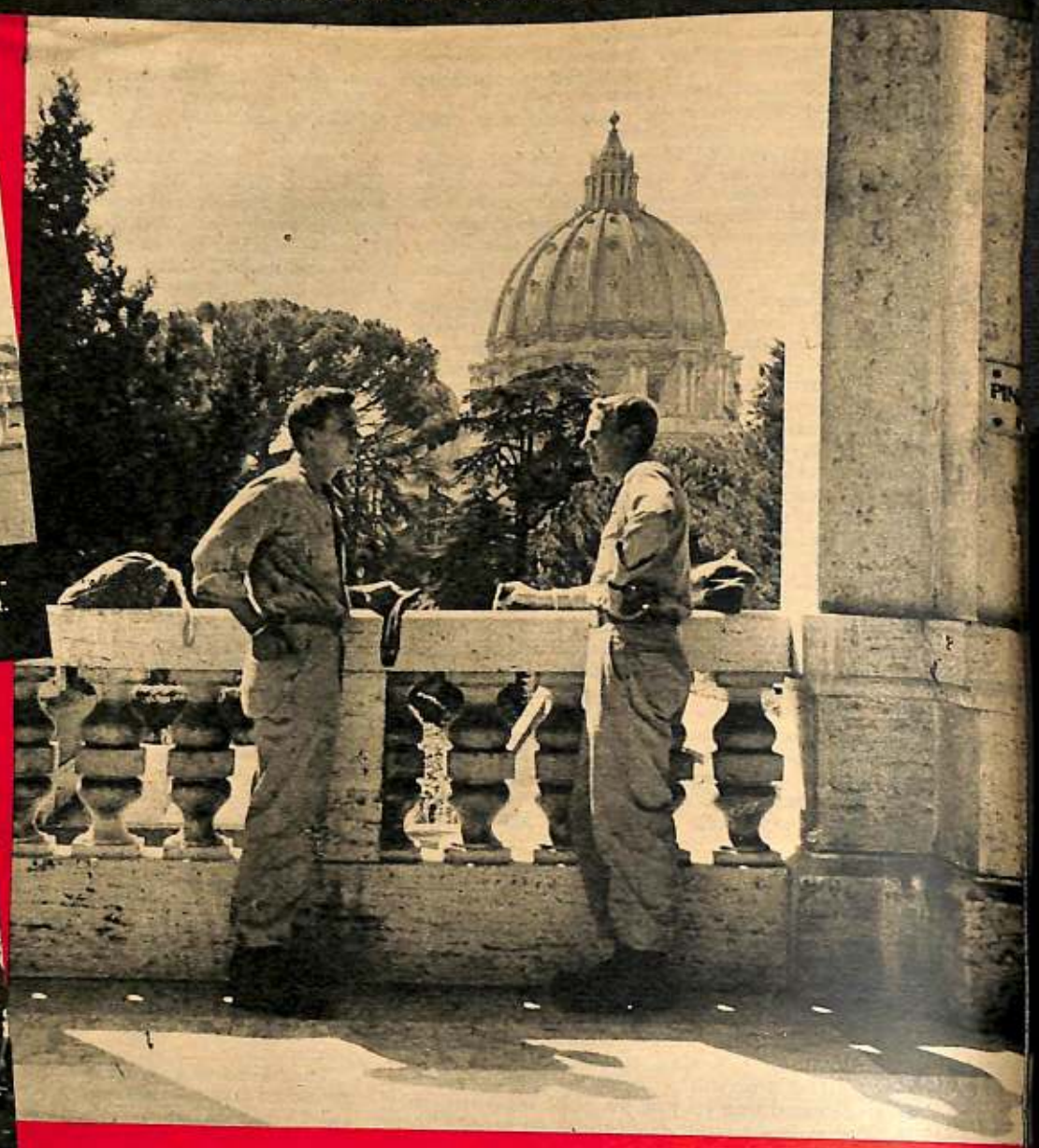
A SNAPPY-LOOKING RED CROSS WORKER CHALKED UP ELECTION RETURNS FOR THE GIs AT A CENTRAL CLUB IN LONDON.



YANKS AT THE RENOVATED FASCIST YOUTH CENTER GET BUS TRANSPORTATION TO DOWNTOWN ROME. BUSSES LEAVE THE CAMP EVERY HALF-HOUR.

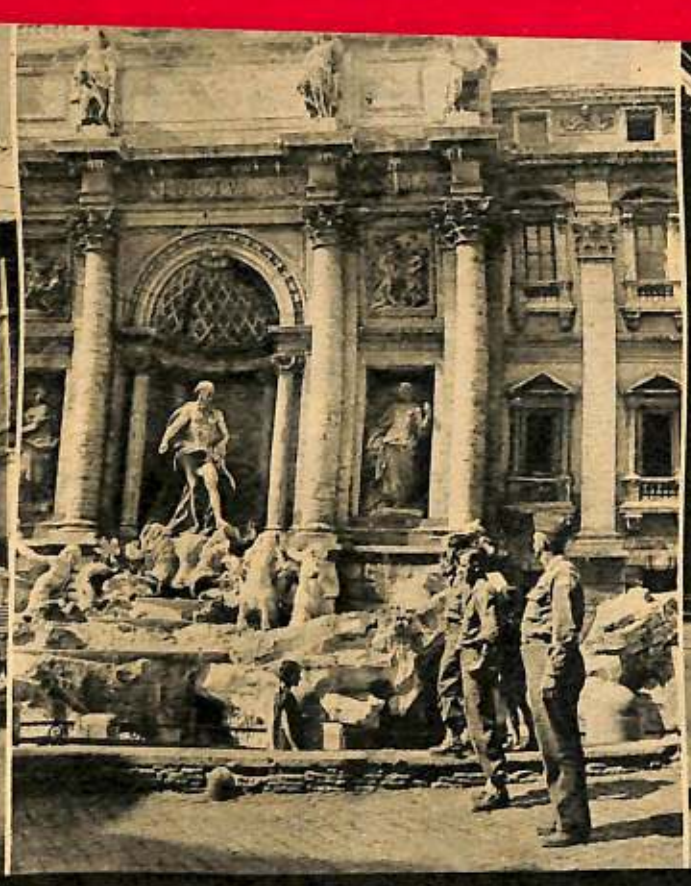
GIs ARE THICKEST AT THE AMERICAN RED CROSS CLUB IN THE FAMOUS BORGHESE GARDENS. HERE DOGGIES CAN DOWN SNACK-BAR SPECIALS.

PFC. FRANK D. KOZAK OF OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA., AND PVT. FRED CHALFOUT OF DANVILLE, ILL., BOTH PARATROOPERS, STOP FOR A MOMENT ON A TOUR THROUGH THE VATICAN CITY.



SEEING ROME

ENGLISH POETS KEATS AND SHELLEY LIVED HERE. CHURCH IN BACKGROUND IS TRINITA DEI MONTI.

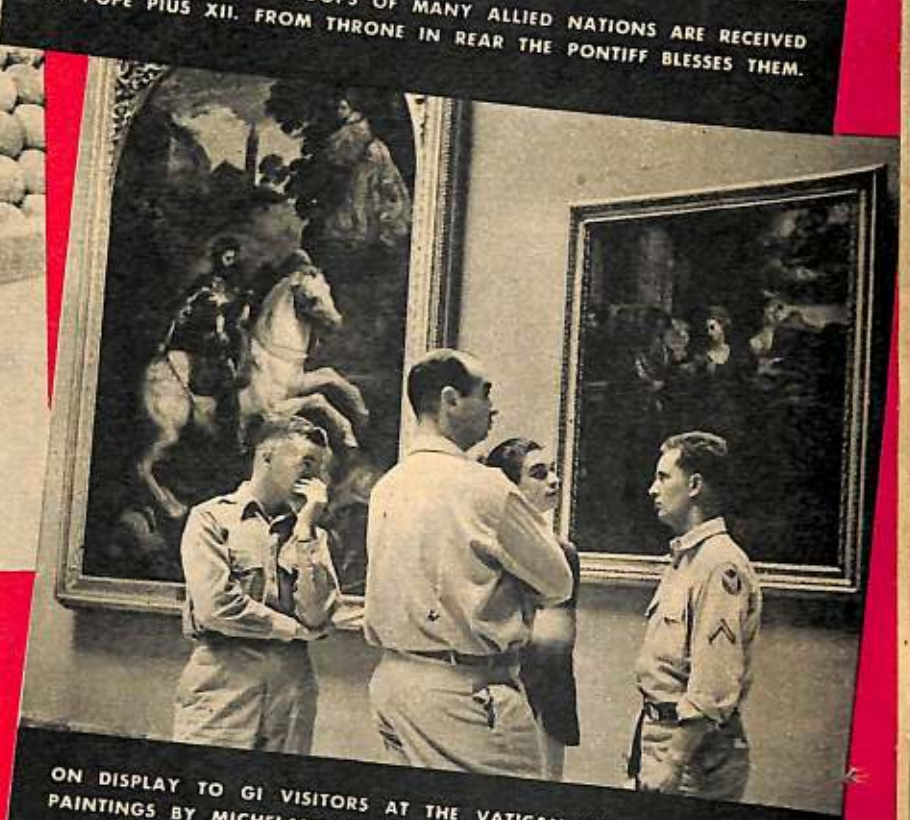


ON AN OBSCURE STREET IS BERNINI'S FOUNTAIN OF TREVI, CONSIDERED BY SOME THE FINEST FOUNTAIN IN THE WORLD.

THE PANTHEON, BUILT BY AGRIPPA IN 27 BC, IS CITY'S BEST PRESERVED MONUMENT OF THE EARLY CLASSICAL PERIOD.

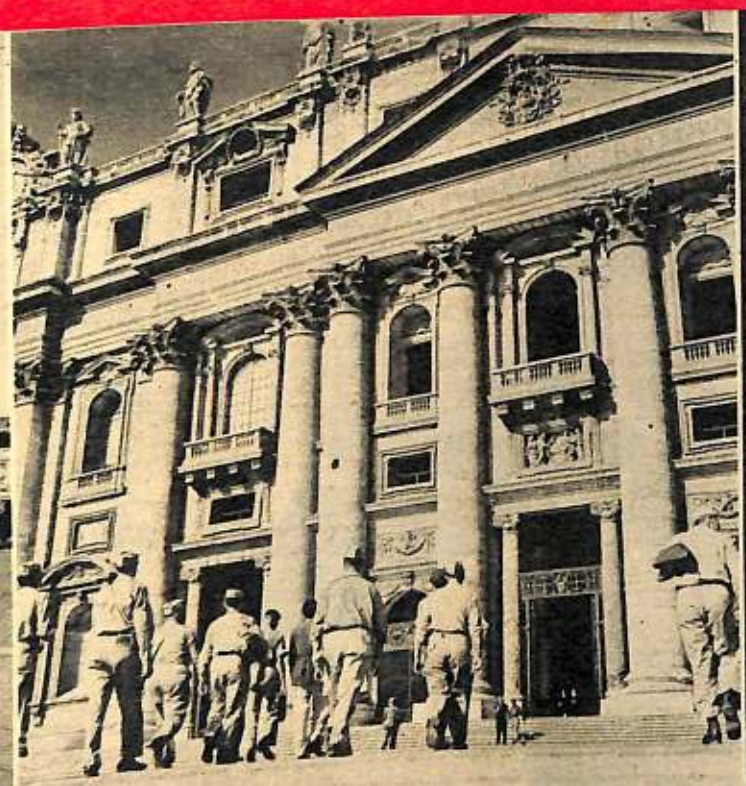
HISTORIC CASTEL SANT'ANGELO.

INSIDE THE VATICAN TROOPS OF MANY ALLIED NATIONS ARE RECEIVED BY POPE PIUS XII. FROM THRONE IN REAR THE PONTIFF BLESSES THEM.



ON DISPLAY TO GI VISITORS AT THE VATICAN GALLERIES ARE NOTED PAINTINGS BY MICHELANGELO, RAPHAEL AND OTHER ITALIAN MASTERS.

IN Rome, Sgt. Donald Breimhurst, a U. S. Army photographer, took these pictures of GIs seeing the sights of the Eternal City. When Allied troops first moved into Rome, they didn't have much time for tourist pleasures. Now that the war has gone north, the city has become a rest center for men on leave from other zones. GI rendezvous is U. S. Army Rest Center; in Mussolini's time this was Fascist Youth Training Center




Mary Ganly
YANK
Pin-up Girl

NEWS FROM HOME

It wasn't so much a matter of who's got a turkey as who's got a butt, there were thanks given for a few more drops of the cup that cheers, the creator of Babbitt lost a son in the service, and it began to seem as if Lady Godiva would look prudish if she turned up in Florida this winter.

SENSATIONS, Marvels, All Americans, Fleetwoods—those were the cigarettes that the nicotine set back home had to be thankful for last Thursday. Contrasted with the dearth of butts, the turkey shortage on Thanksgiving was small potatoes, indeed. (And how have you been making out on your diet of Woodbines, Jackson?)

The home front—or a large part of it, at any rate—didn't cotton to those make-do brands any more than you used to when Fleetwoods swamped the ETO. But in most towns it was take what you could get, or else. In many large cities you practically had to say "Joe sent me" in order to have a pack of Camels, Chesterfields, or Luckies slipped to you under the counter, just like a bottle of bathtub gin in the old Prohibition days. If you asked for a carton of cigarettes of any kind, the chances were you'd be laughed right out of the place.

Unless, of course, you were in a position to ante up a lot of extra dough and knew your way around the black market, in which case it wasn't too hard to snag a carton of your favorite brand. In Detroit, regional headquarters of the Office of Price Administration received complaints that cigarettes were selling for as much as 40 cents a pack, and an OPA investigator in Atlanta found drugstores getting rid of decks at no less than half a buck—or all of two cents more than those Craven As have been costing you lately.

It was the same story elsewhere. Two or four bits was the standard black-market price in New York State and Connecticut. Other communities in which plenty of shady deals were reported included Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Paul, and Buffalo. Throughout the nation men and women were standing in queues—pardon, lines—for hours to pick up a pack in some shop which happened to have a good supply.

In Memphis, war-plant and office workers scrambled so ceaselessly for cigarettes that retailers were persuaded to sell only before and after business hours. In Chicago, too, many shops were selling smokes only at certain times of the day and there were lines half a block long in front of such places whenever they let down the bars. There were big runs by the public on roll-your-own tobacco and cigarette papers. Pipes and pipe tobacco were in heavy demand, especially among girls.

In New York, 10,000 packs of cigarettes of so-called popular brands, which had been seized by the authorities because they lacked tax stamps, were sold at auction—a mock auction, as it turned out, because the state could not accept more than the ceiling price. Twelve tobacco wholesalers present all bid the top figure and the winner was finally chosen by lot. The cigarettes were delivered to him under a heavily armed police guard.

The Chicago Retail Druggists' Association begged the OPA to set up some sort of cigarette rationing, but it seemed unlikely that such a thing could be managed. Chester Bowles, head of the OPA, said gloomily in Boston that the cigarette shortage was a mystery to Washington officials and that rationing was apparently impossible. "We haven't the money in OPA funds and we haven't the people to organize a cigarette rationing program," he declared.

A lot of answers were volunteered to the mystery that was perplexing Bowles and his colleagues, but none of them seemed to be precisely the right one—or at least the whole one. Civilians were told that all available supplies of the popular brands were going to the armed forces (to which certain members of the armed forces said, "Oh, yeah?") and that the home front's allotment was running about 1,250,000 packs a month under what it was last year, although more cigarettes were being made than ever before.

A spokesman for the National Association of Tobacco Distributors said in New York, however, that there had been a small decline in production. He blamed the shortage principally on the enormous increase in the use of cigarettes by both servicemen and civilians since the outbreak of the war and on inequitable distribution of cigarettes caused by sudden population shifts among war workers.

He also pointed out that tobacco growing had been rated as essential throughout the war because of "the comfort, solace, and pleasure it provides our armed forces and folks at home" but that the manufacture of cigarettes was officially classed as a non-essential activity. This, he said, had resulted in a manpower shortage in the industry and, consequently, in fewer cigarettes.

According to this gent, the War Manpower Commission should make more workers available to cigarette factories, which, he said, are so mechanized that only a few thousand additional employes would do a lot to help the situation. He urged the War Food Administration and the Department of Agriculture to increase tobacco acreage by 35 instead of three percent, and he denied that manufacturers, wholesalers, or retailers have been hoarding cigarettes, explaining that the need for safeguarding the freshness of stocks made a rapid turnover essential.

Finally, the spokesman recommended that, in order to allay public alarm and checkmate tendencies toward hoarding among consumers, all official statements on the shortage be issued by one authoritative source and thus avoid conflicting pronouncements. Which may well be the most sensible comment yet made on the subject.

But every cloud has a silver lining, however tarnished, and while the home folks gasped for a coffin-nail they could at least be grateful that over the Thanksgiving holiday there would be a slight easing of the liquor shortage. The War Production Board announced that distillers could take the whole month of January off, so far as making industrial alcohol was concerned, and devote it entirely to the manufacture of whiskey. This resulted immediately in an increase—not a flood, but at least a trickle—of whiskey on the retail market, whiskey which dealers had been holding back so as to avoid a complete drought.

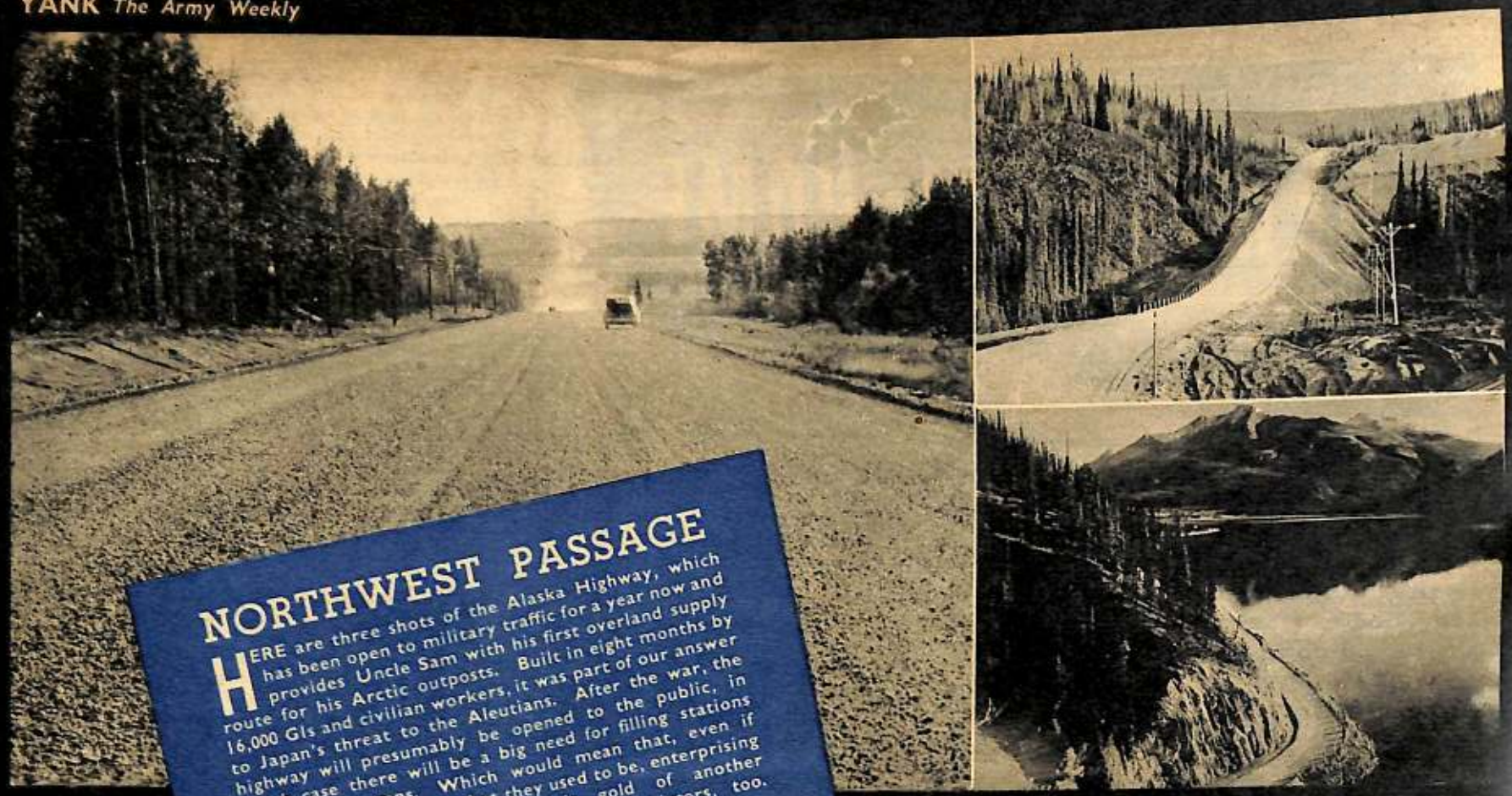
By and large, though, the fire-water they released wasn't any too tasty. Bottled-in-bond continued scarce; most of the whiskey available was green blended stuff, cut with grain alcohol that was turned out last August when the distillers were granted their last holiday from making industrial alcohol and whipped up 54 million gallons of beverage alcohol. But green or mellow, some whiskey seemed better than none as it burned its way down many a more or less parched gullet.

THE distillers were granted their January respite because the need for industrial alcohol used in making synthetic rubber is not as acute as it used to be. New plants which make rubber from petroleum are now nearing completion, which means that the rubber-from-alcohol industry can start taking it a little easy—and possibly build up a reserve nip or two for you to wet your whistle with when you come clumping off that transport.

In fact, the rubber situation looked so rosy that the WPB relaxed its restrictions on the manufacture of one type of tire and tube for trucks and busses, and it was said that it would be okay before long to resume making tubes for passenger cars. The latter gesture, however, wouldn't be much of a boon to non-essential motorists—and that means most civilians with cars—because gas is still very scarce and probably will remain so for some time. This, of course, is because of the stepped-up pace of the

TEMPLE TRANSPORT. Little Miss Marker is a big girl now, so she has a big plane named for her. In Hollywood, Shirley Temple christened this C-54 transport with [illegible]

WINNERS. Eleven United Nations girls, chosen from 300 contestants from all over the country, won a trip to New York as a reward for their War Bond sales. Here they are with their legs on arrival.



NORTHWEST PASSAGE

HERE are three shots of the Alaska Highway, which has been open to military traffic for a year now and provides Uncle Sam with his first overland supply route for his Arctic outposts. Built in eight months by 16,000 GIs and civilian workers, it was part of our answer to Japan's threat to the Aleutians. After the war, the highway will presumably be opened to the public, in which case there will be a big need for filling stations and tourist camps. Which would mean that, even if prospecting days ain't what they used to be, enterprising ex-servicemen may find there's gold of another kind in them thar hills. Nice, cool winters, too.

tank and air warfare on the European and Pacific fronts. What little gas non-essential drivers do get their hands on is pretty punk, with the result that their cars cough and stall and barely make hills in second, much less in high.

A few hundred GIs had plenty to be thankful for —they were about to kiss the Army goodbye, at least for a while. Nope, it's not the demobilization plan getting off to a headstart, but part of an effort to speed up production of badly needed heavy artillery, ammunition, tanks, and trucks. The WD let it be known in Washington that the manpower shortage was so critical in these fields that it had okayed the release of 1,000 troops from active duty. But there's no use of you lads here in the ETO putting in as a candidate for one of the thousand. The men they're going to let out must be over 30 years old and must have previously worked in forge shops or foundries. Maybe you still qualify—but wait. They must also be men who are not assigned to an infantry outfit and who have not been alerted for overseas duty. The boys will be let out only if they agree to stick to their new munition jobs and they will be subject to recall to active duty if they go AWOL from the factories or if the work they are doing becomes considered no longer essential.

Returning veterans who go back to their old jobs are entitled to any pay boosts that would have automatically come their way because of length of service if they'd stayed put and hadn't joined up with the forces. So said Jesse Freiden, general counsel of the War Labor Board, in answer to an inquiry by Safeway Stores, Inc., of San Francisco. At the same time the United Electrical Workers, a CIO union, announced that it would soon start negotiations with General Motors with the aim of drawing up a contract providing for the automatic pay raises Freiden mentioned.

Mrs. Anna Rosenberg, Presidential adviser and head of New York's Regional War Manpower Commission, had some encouraging words to say about the prospect of vets landing jobs. Just back from a Presidential mission to England and France, this 44-year-old blend of attractiveness and business who can be as appealing as a deb and as tough as a teamster, said that during her trip she got an insight into GIs "so magnificent you can't talk much about it." She was confident they would return home with new skills, greatly matured and capable of doing far greater and better jobs.

GENERAL Joseph W. Stilwell, recently relieved of his command of the China-Burma-India Theater allegedly because of a falling out with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, returned to his home in Carmel, Calif., and granted an interview. He would say nothing about the CBI shake-up but was full of praise for GIs—"the kids of America."

Said the four-star general known the world around as Vinegar Joe: "I'll take my hat off to them. They understand team play thoroughly. They are keenly intellectual and they are full of initiative. The Japs put soldier caps on their kids when they are just knee-high. I think our way is a damn sight better, with better results." He declined to commit himself on the subject of compulsory military training after the war, but when someone remarked that "apparently we are able to dig up an Army whenever we need one," he replied: "Yes, but at considerable expense and grief. We can always stand a little more preparation, but the stuff we have is good. We must have done an excellent job of training. Otherwise, how could the new divisions in action in Europe have done so well?"

A DAY or so later, President Roosevelt came out with his program for the postwar training of American youth, a program which called for a full year of service to the nation as a means of keeping the peace. He said he hoped Congress would adopt some such plan at its next session and he felt that the training should not be along purely military lines but should include things like cooking and keeping one's teeth clean. American kids of 18 or perhaps 20, he said, should undergo such training for a year as a step towards keeping the nation out of another war, and he thought that the gals might benefit from such a program, too.

Former Supreme Court Justice James F. Byrnes, director of the Office of War Mobilization, who has frequently been referred to as the "Assistant President," bowed to a personal request by President Roosevelt and agreed to hang onto his present job until Germany calls it quits. Byrnes, a native of South Carolina who formerly represented that state in the Senate, went to work in his present post in October, when Congress created it. He had planned to return to private life last week, but was persuaded by the White House to change his mind.

Commodore Arleigh A. Burke, who fought in the second naval battle of the Philippines, had some cheerless news for the New England Council's War Conference, being held in Boston. The war in the Pacific, he said, will last "longer than most people think" and will involve a costly invasion that will have to buck "a far more powerful army of hardened veterans than Germany had."

Here's the bad news from the fighting fronts of France, the Lowlands, and the German border. The WD announced in Washington that U. S. casualties there from D-Day to the first of this month, including those of the 7th Army which landed in southern France, came to a total of 200,349. Of this number, 35,884 were listed as killed, 145,788 wounded, and 18,677 missing. The figures do not include AAF casualties.

From eight to nine out of every hundred men who were wounded in the first World War died, but in this one the figure has been cut to less than four, thanks to the "miracles" of blood plasma, sulfa drugs, and penicillin, Dr. Andrew C. Ivy, head of Northwestern University's department of physiology, announced in Chicago. He credited these advances of science with having saved the lives of at least 25,000 soldiers.

Senator Ellison D. Smith, 80-year-old Democrat of South Carolina, dean of the Senate, champion of white supremacy, and arch enemy of the New Deal, died of a heart attack at his plantation in Lynchburg, S.C., six weeks before he was scheduled to give up the Senate seat he had held for 36 years. Widely known as "Cotton Ed," he devoted much of his tempestuous career to the causes of "King Cotton," the sanctity of southern womanhood, and states rights. After serving a longer time in the Senate than any other member in history, he was beaten in his state's primary last July by former Governor Olin D. Johnston.

Dr. Endicott Peabody, 87-year-old founder of the famous school at Groton, Mass., of which President Roosevelt is an alumnus, died at the wheel of his automobile while driving the wife of a former Groton master to the railroad station at Ayer. Others who have attended Groton include Sumner Wells, Joseph C. Grew, Col. Robert McCormick, Capt. Joseph M. Patterson, Payne Whitney, and W. Averell Harriman.

Lt. Wells Lewis, son of Sinclair Lewis, the novelist, was reported killed in action. Lt. Lewis enlisted before Pearl Harbor and had served in North Africa, Italy, and France.

The Black Hills area of South Dakota was snowed under, but plenty, according to reports from Rapid City which said that in some places as much as 50 inches of the stuff had fallen in two days. In the Sturgis region the snow was blown into drifts 25 feet high. There was also eight inches of good skiing snow on the slopes of Mt. Mansfield, Vt.

NINE persons were killed and something like 80 more, including several soldiers and sailors, were hurt when ten cars of the *Challenger*, a fast transcontinental passenger train of the Southern Pacific R.R., jumped the tracks near Colfax, Calif., and plunged into a dirt embankment in the foothills of the Sierra Nevadas. Rescue crews had to resort to acetylene torches to get at some of the trapped victims. Eleven ambulances were sent to the scene by the

Probably the cars, no one was killed and only 20 were injured, none seriously. Two of the cars plunged into a swamp and 13 others, together with the engine, overturned. The casualties were taken to the Atlantic Coast Line Hospital at Waycross.

Montgomery Ward and Co., the Chicago mail-order house which was taken over by the Army a few months ago for refusing to abide by a decision of the War Labor Board, got a slap in the face from the Supreme Court. The highest tribunal in the land said no soap to a petition by the Montgomery people, who wanted it to review the findings of a lower court which had held that orders by the WLB were neither enforceable nor reviewable by Federal courts and that at most they are just advisory to the President. Montgomery Ward claimed that Federal courts had the power to restrain the WLB from "acting outside its statutory jurisdiction or from failing to follow the procedure specified in the War Labor Disputes Act."

The executive board of the CIO, meeting in Chicago, voted to keep its Political Action Committee —PAC, a powerful force in the last election—as a going concern. Predicting that the PAC will "not only be retained but expanded," Philip Murray, president of the CIO, said: "The Political Action Committee is not a third party but a thoroughly independent movement that owes no allegiance to any political party. It will seek the election of candidates to public office who are fair and disposed to be friendly to the common people." Murray added that business, farm, church, and professional groups will be invited to participate in the PAC movement.

The draft finally caught up with 60-year-old William Frederick Standke, of New Orleans—just 26 years and one war late. Last week in the mail Standke, whose son is a lieutenant in the Navy, received his draft-notice card postmarked October 16th, 1918.

Gis may laugh at gag Christmas cards, but they spend their money on sweet and sentimental ones, according to T. W. Lacy, official of a greeting-card firm in Kansas City. He said that when his outfit giggled at these tickscenes showing snow-covered cottages, mistletoe, poinsettias, Santa Claus, holly, and candles—just dreaming of an old-fashioned Christmas."

lers," said Lacy, "but they spent their dough on

Addressing the Emmanuel Colleges Foreign Mission Society in Boston, the Rt. Rev. Fulton J. Sheen, of the Catholic University of America, said that "America is witnessing the disintegration of the family while Russia is legislating to preserve it." Russian couples with three or more children are tax free, he pointed out, divorces in the Soviet are costly, and maternity leaves are granted to women workers in industry. "The family is higher in Russia than in the United States," he went on, "and God looking down from Heaven may be more pleased with Russia than with us."

Four camps in the Sixth Service Command heretofore used as training centers are going to be rigged up for housing PWs, it was disclosed in Chicago by Brig. Gen. Russel B. Reynolds. The four: Camps Ellis and Grant in Illinois, Camp McCoy in Wisconsin, and Fort Custer in Michigan.

Looks as if there's been monkey business going on in the Columbia River, up near Astoria, Ore. Anyway, Chris Anderson, an angler of that town, landed a 22-pound fish with the fins and tail of a tuna and the body of a sunfish. "There's something fishy about this," Anderson muttered. "I'll bet its parents' gills were red!"

During the past year, the number of marriages in Kansas City, Kan., has increased 139 percent, while the marriage rate has dropped 62 percent across the border in Kansas City, Mo. All right, your guess is as good as the next guy's.

Pupils in the Horace Mann School at Gary, Ind., were putting on a play called *Jack and the Beanstalk* when Jimmy Wimmer, acting the part of the Giant, swung a club at the head of Billy Riggs, who was playing the role of the guy who swiped the goose that laid the golden eggs. Little Jimmy played his part a bit too realistically and landed the club square on Billy's noggin, drawing blood. Billy carried on to the final curtain, after which he opined that show business wasn't all it's cracked up to be.

aces, a pilot complained to the CO that the [illegible] weren't saluting him properly. "How many Japs have you shot down?" asked the CO. "Why, none, sir," stammered the pilot. "Then," replied the CO, "you'd better get out and bag yourself some Japs. You're lucky the men even speak to you."

In Seattle, Charles Edward Butler, 19-year-old former farmer of Port Angeles, Wash., tried to get out of the Army on the grounds that he was a humdinger at growing the plants from which digitalis, the heart stimulant, is extracted. Butler said he rated a deferred status and asked the courts for a writ of habeas corpus, which could have effected his discharge, but U.S. District Judge Lloyd L. Black said nuts to that.

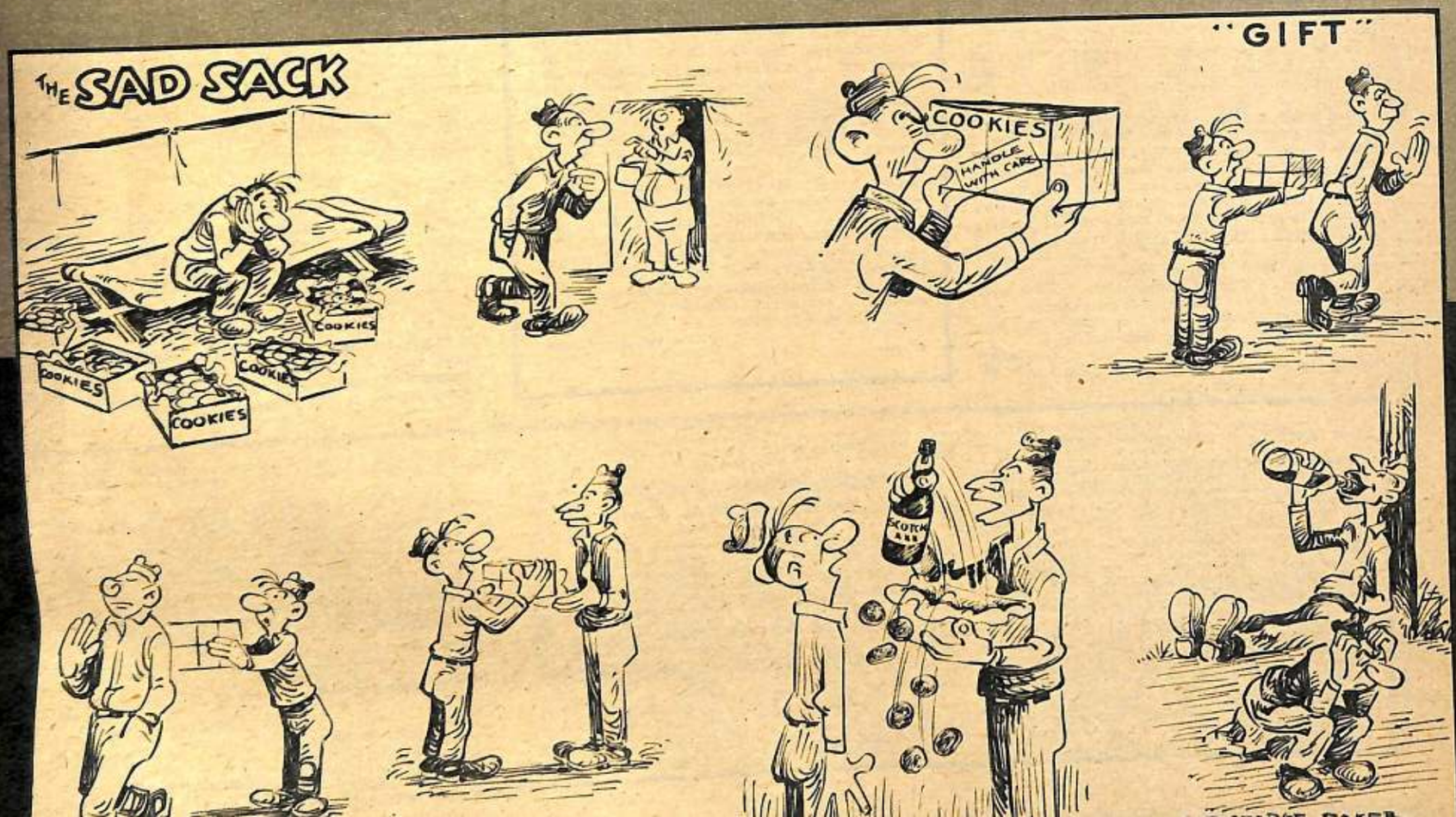
Ellis Scates, 76-year-old widower, of Long Beach, Calif., died leaving a will which included a bequest of $250 to his church. "St. Peter, take note," he wrote.

The Misses Anna and Emma McGuffin, twins of Elberton, Ga., celebrated their birthday, but didn't bother to put any candles on their cake. It would have taken a total of 164, the ladies now being 82.

George Quackenbush, 83-year-old retired tinsmith, died at Coldwater, Mich. As a boy, he was taken by his parents to Sandusky, O., to hear a speech by Abraham Lincoln and, finding the proceedings dull, crawled under a train to play. Just as the train started, Lincoln saw the kid and hauled him out to safety, and that's how you come to be reading about George Quackenbush here.

The singing team of Harry Barris and Joyce Whiteman broke up when the latter announced that she was filing a suit for divorce. They met and married 13 years ago when she was a singer in a Hollywood night club and he a songwriter and one of the Rhythm Boys.

Sports item to give you that far-away look in your eye: The shops back home are already showing women's bathing suits for the Florida winter season. Lulus these are, too. They're called "diaper suits," after the shape of the pants, and the brassieres that go with them are only just big enough to keep milady out of the hoosegow. Okay, chum, it's time to get up now—and don't forget your arctics.



Mail Call

About Non-combatants

Dear YANK,

Or should I say unsung hero Pfc. Waters (who suggested that non-combatants should get extra points towards demobilization)? We find ourselves at a loss for words in our praise for your marvellous contribution of service to the war.

We of the infantry and the Tank Corps, who have seen battle in its roughest and toughest stages and are maimed for life by its results, will be exceedingly happy to make up a petition to aid you into getting in the active service where you, too, can receive awards and points. . . .

Our hats are off to the medics—front line medics—the boys who are up there with only a hypodermic needle to protect themselves against enemy gunfire. . . .

Pvt. JACK RASKIN

Det. of Patients.

Dear YANK,

. . . I'm writing in answer to Pfc. Lewis Waters, a medic stationed in Britain. He claims he is being discriminated against since he is in a non-combatant outfit and can't win medals and decorations and that they aren't giving medals for saving lives. Just how many lives did Pfc. Waters save? By the time a wounded man gets back to England, he is past the danger stage, and if his life is still in danger there is a doctor around to do the saving.

The medics at the front are also non-combatants, yet they win medals and decorations. If Pfc. Waters wants the Purple Heart or any other decoration, why doesn't he try getting into a front line outfit as an aid-man. All he has to do is sleep on the line, work during an artillery barrage, or go out between the lines to save a wounded GI. But this is part of his job and happens every day. . . .Since his Red Crosses won't stop shell fragments or bullets, he might also get hurt. Or else a sniper might let him run up to a wounded GI and let him start saving his life; then kill the GI and shoot the medic. That's what happened to me somewhere in Germany. . . . The only gripe I have is why we can't carry arms instead of wearing targets.

Pvt. MORRIS MIGDAL

Det. of Patients.

Dear YANK,

To the "unsung heroes." Up front we have all kinds of "non-combatants." We can handle men from any job and give them a job nearly like the one they are doing. Put in for a transfer to a combat outfit, soldier, and earn a Bronze Star. As a former corporal co. clerk in a Medical Detachment I know it can be done. Combat units have priority. But leading assaults across four rivers and taking patrols into enemy towns, etc., don't qualify for awards, that's just routine duty. In 75 days of combat I've seen 21-year-old kids come out looking 35. We don't worry about points or time. We just pray to live for the "duration" and then we'll start sweating out the "plus six months."

The American combat soldier is the bravest man in the whole world and any non-combatant who could see what he does and be "up there" with him for two weeks would gladly shine his boots.

Lt. CARL GREEN
Arm. Inf.

Det. of Patients.

Escapees' Insignia

Dear YANK,

In your book a Pvt. by the name of Dale Corlock, Ft. Benning, Ga., complains that there is no medal for men who escaped after being taken PW.

Let me straighten it out for him. There is an insignia for men who escaped; it is worn over the right breast-pocket and consists of a silver boot attached to a silver wing.

I hope Pvt. Corlock will never have to wear that insignia.

Pvt. HARRY J. KENNEDY

Holland.

Education at Home

Dear YANK,

T-5 Paul Roth stated in Mail Call that the only way to solve the problem of Germany is to place the German prisoners in a school here in the U. S. and educate them. Before we start to teach the Germans not to be prejudiced against any race, creed or nationality and try to make them understand that they are not superior to others, why not educate some Americans in the very same idea?

—Pvt. J. BELLAMY

Fairfield, Calif.

Neutralizing Tellermines

Dear YANK:

In your magazine we noticed that you indicated a method for neutralizing Tellermines.

This office at the present time operates Engineer Technical Intelligence Teams in the ETO, and one of the victories to which we can point with pride over the Germans has been that their new Tellermine Igniter with an anti-lift feature has been of no operational value to them since this was discovered by one of our teams and the word passed to all theaters of war so that troops would not undertake the neutralization of Tellermines. It is regrettable that your publication (YANK, Oct. 15) has indicated that the pressure plate can be removed to neutralize the Tellermine. While this feature is true when the Germans use the Tellermine Igniter 42 (T. Mi.Z. 42), it is emphatically untrue when they use the Tellermine Igniter 43 (T. Mi.Z. 43). The policy has been established that the troops will not undertake to find out, i.e., not neutralize but will lift only or destroy in place, which is a fatal process.

. . . . We have instructed all troops not to attempt to neutralize Tellermines, and we must insist that that be adhered to.

—Lt. Col. EDGAR L. MORRIS

France.

You're Welcome

Dear YANK,

After reading the Irish Orchid's thanks and praise for the Boys of the USAAF, I want to put in a small bit also.

Many of the fellows can gripe and moan about their hard luck and many have a right to, but if there were only a few more of those "Irish Orchids" all over the world us fellows wouldn't be in this today.

They thank us. *We* are the ones to do the thanking. When someone greets you with a big smile and a very warm affection, as we have experienced so far from home, you think twice about any griping. Talk of hearts of gold, would that God would create more of these "Irish Orchids." May God bless them and theirs. We are grateful. We know. We've been there.

S/Sgt. E. J. UNDERWOOD
and 100 Ex-Combat Men

North Ireland.

Discussted

Dear YANK,

I think the time has come when someone should complain about the terminology that is so freely splashed throughout the articles that appear in your magazine.

I refer specifically to the article: "When the Japs Held Guam," that appeared in the October 22 issue. In the opening two or three paragraphs God's name was taken in vain twice. I didn't finish the article so I can't say how many more times this occurred. It has been said that "There are no atheists in foxholes." This paragraph is a strong argument in the negative. . . .

EX-MINISTERIAL STUDENT

Britain.

Ward is Hell

Dear YANK,

In many of your letters you have answered a lot of questions for the boys. So me and a hell of a lot of the boys here can't go to town with crutches or cast, while the officers go and come as they jolly well please.

Yet the EM have to go to the officer's ward and take care of it, and do KP, sweep floors and a hell of a lot of work the ward boys should do. If this sort of thing goes on, what in the hell did we fight for?

T/5 KENNETH HARR

Det. of Patients.

Disarmament

Dear YANK,

There is a rumor going around that all small arms are being picked up. Such as P38s; Lugers and Belgian guns.

We would like to know why we can't keep these guns for ourselves? They make good souvenirs, and do come in handy at times . . .

—TWO Pfcs.

Holland.

Dear YANK,

I have a problem here which I would like to get off my mind. I would like to have some information on sending home enemy weapons. I would like to know if I could send home a German rifle. I know a lot of other fellows would like to have the same information. Thanks a lot.

—AN EX-INFANTRYMAN

Britain.

[Looks like you're out of luck. APO Headquarters says that no weapons or ammunition can be sent through the mails. Any captured enemy arms must be turned over to the army.—Ed.]

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Pictures: Cover, Mason Pawlak PhoMlC. 3, Acme. 4, AP. 5, upper, Sport and General; middle, AP; lower, British Admiralty. 6, AP. 7, U.S.S.A.F. 8, Mattie Edwards Hewitt. 9, Revere Copper and Brass Inc. 10, Sgt. Joe Pazon, USSTAF. 11, AP. 12 and 13, Sgt. Donald Breimhurst. 14, M.G.M. 15, left, INP; right, Acme. 16, OWI. 18, Signal Corps. 19, Universal Pictures. 20, upper left, PA; lower left and upper right, INP; others, Sgt. Kenny. 21, upper, PA; lower, U.S.C.G. 22, Signal Corps.

Girl With Two Legs

Dear YANK:

We liked your pin-up girl Marie McDonald *malta buono*. There is so much beauty in her left leg that we are positive that with the addition of her right leg her photo would be superb.

Italy —Pfc. BOB HISTAND*

*Also signed by Cpl. Frank Arsen and Pvts. Pete Roman, Jerry Masella and Owen (Chief) Slidesaff.

Dear YANK:

I'm a guy who whistles just as loud as the next GI when viewing a swell dame—either in the flesh or on paper—and your pin-up picture of Marie McDonald is no exception. But where the hell is her other leg?

Incidentally, before you blow your lid, let me say that I'm unlike the GIs who say that the error was noticed first. I'll say here and now that any guy who noticed a thing like a missing leg before giving at least one long, low whistle ain't human.

Brooke General Hospital, Tex. —T-5 IVAN L. KEMPER

■ YANK went to Miss McDonald herself for proof that she has two legs. Miss McDonald came up with the picture at the right and a letter stating that her other leg "at the time the YANK picture was taken was in a rigid, uncomfortable position." Figure it out for yourselves; the defense rests.

Driven Nuts

Dear YANK,

We are feeling exceptionally sorry for those boys "who are stationed at smaller bases" who claim that they never get to see or hear any of the "Big Stars" that we have all read about. How's about shedding a few tears for these hospital medics who haven't seen a USO or other GI show for months, mainly because the USO doesn't grant such luxuries to Prisoners of War hospitals? If there is anything which can lower the morale of the medic, and practically drive him nuts, it is these PWs. At times we can't figure out who the PW is—the Jerry or us.

Pvt. C.B.

England.

Dear YANK,

. . . We can find plenty of ship space to send ETO soldiers' wives to America and also South Pacific wives home so they can get accustomed to America.

I lost my mother on Apr. 15 of this year. I couldn't go home to see her before she passed away. I have tried to no avail to go home since to settle her affairs.

Pfc. CARL P. McCAULEY

Britain.

Liquid Diet Looms

Dear YANK,

. . . Is the "Army Air Corps" part of the U. S. Army or is it a separate branch of its own? If it is part of the U. S. Army, then why the hell don't they co-operate as one unit? And by that I mean this: since I came to France, I broke my lower partial plate eating K and C ration biscuits. Now for better than two months I have been carrying it with me in hopes that it would be fixed. When I went to the dentist a few days ago to see about getting a cavity filled, he said it had to come out. Now I have two teeth that have to come out from the top, but being as I have a partial upper plate he decided to leave the teeth in. . . . I am starting to have trouble with one of the teeth that had to be pulled out. If the Air Corps does not establish a General Hospital in France soon, I am liable to see many hungry days. . . .

AN AIR CORPS Pvt.

France.

Fine Fettle

Dear YANK,

Just a line from a mud-bound replacement. I'm comparatively dry, get good B rations three times a day, and seven packs of cigs a week. I've been in France since 10 July. I've never been a member of the Paratroops, Airborne, Port Battalion, S.O.S., Air Corps, A.N.C., Truck Battalion, Red Ball or Combat Engineers, but I think they are all doing hard and important work well.

I haven't crossed the longest pontoon bridge in France much less built it. I wasn't the first GI in Paris, though I may be the last out. I don't draw combat pay, nor am I worrying about getting any promotions. No one has ever taken advantage of me and I'm getting cheated by no one.

I don't hate anybody (except the Germans and Japs). Of course I want to go home but I'll go home when the Army is ready to send me.

Cpl. R. ROSENBUSH

France.

P.S. How does it feel to get a letter like this?

Simple, Really

Dear YANK,

Pardon our French, or should we say Japanese, but what are we supposed to laugh at in the upper left hand corner of the back cover of Nov. 5 YANK?

此の頃は何か良い風闇を聞いたか!

—Sgt. Lafayette Locke

I'll admit that Nip No. 1 looks like a frog, but what Jap doesn't, or is Jap No. 2 tickling him so hard that we are supposed to laugh too? . . .

Maybe the tall Nip is complaining about the Jap Air Force getting flying pay and thus screwing up his social status.

Hell, I give up!

Lt. PAUL S. HELIGH, A.C

Britain.

[何かに系と月何セ?!!?—Ed.]

No Place Like Home

Dear YANK,

I just came from France and am now in a hospital somewhere in England. Since reading your Oct. 8 issue and "Home Towns in Wartime," all about Washington D.C., I wish to express what it means to all the boys, to hear about their home towns. As for myself, I thought I was right back there. And it made me feel good to hear something about what was going on back there. All about the taxi drivers. I used to be one myself, and I know just how they are. As for the high-class and the low-class places to go, I travelled around to both, because I used to do a little boxing around there, and I know the good and bad. They all were swell to go on parties with. I just wish I could be with some of them now, as I have been overseas fourteen months, and I miss all those things.

Thanking you again for a swell GI weekly book.

A LONESOME WASHINGTONIAN

Britain.

Star

Dear YANK,

Chemical companies are highly praised for their work with squadron Ordnance and the maintenance of our own bomb dump. We worked together with squadron Ordnance on D-day but didn't receive the Bronze Star award whereas Ordnance did. How come we don't rate the award? Under orders and restrictions we are considered Air Corps, but when there are any benefits to be derived from same, we get the old story that we are only attached. Why can't we benefit as Air Corps does for our fullest co-operation?

P.S. We don't come in for the Presidential citation either.

CWS. DET. "A"

Britain.

BOSTON. Making his first appearance since being discharged from Army, Ray Robinson walks away with a second-round technical-knock-out victory over Izzy Jannazzo.

SPORTS- at home and abroad

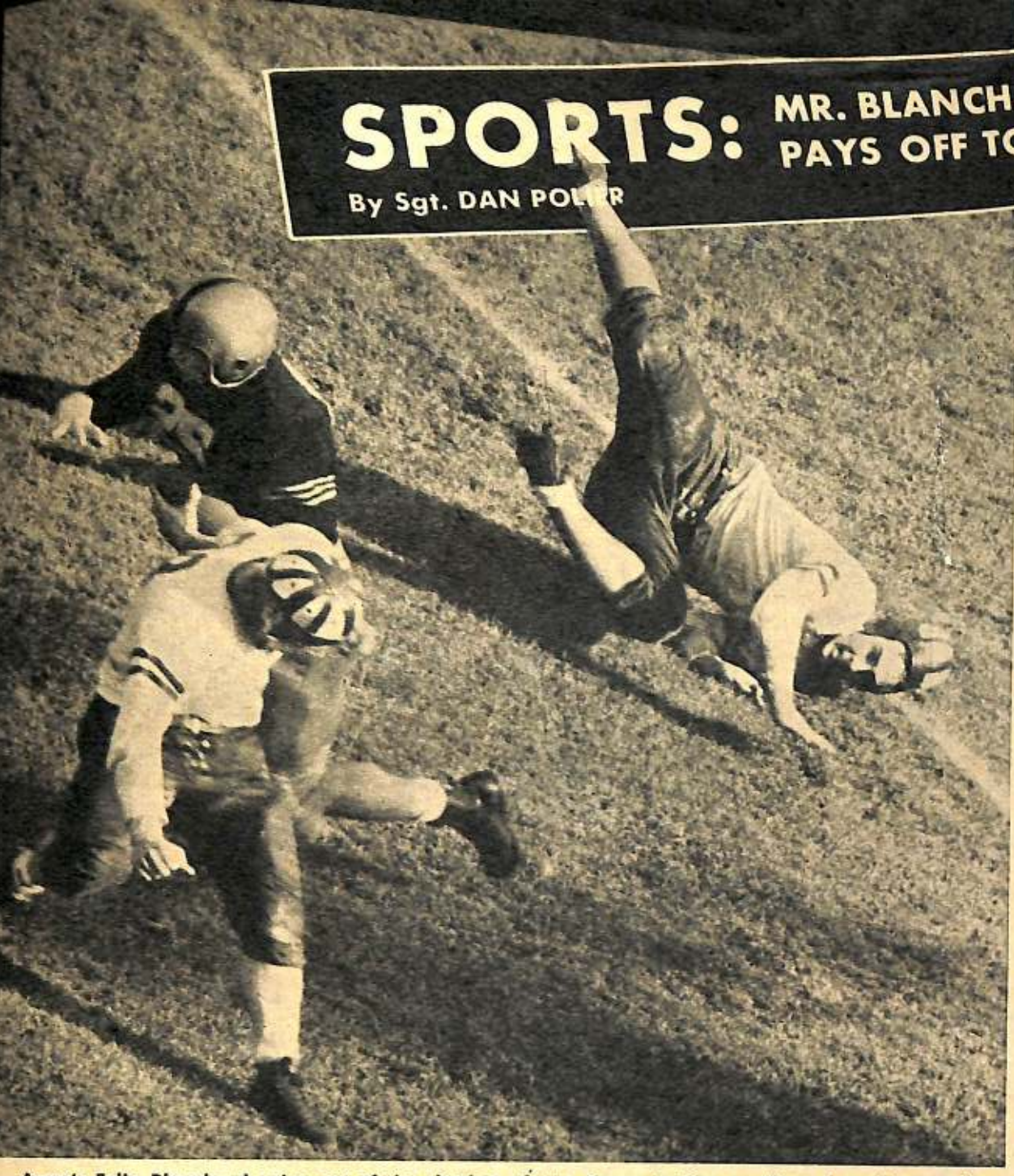
PARIS. Pictured above are scenes from one of the few baseball games ever played in Paris. The three GIs who seem to be enjoying all the comforts of a cafe are actually sitting in box seats where white-jacketed waiters served beer and cognac. Lower photo shows general view of the stadium. Game featured two GI teams.

LOS ANGELES. This touchdown pass was just made for Russ Tauscheck's arms. Bob Waterfield threw it and lots more as once-beaten UCLA overwhelmed St. Mary's, 39-0.

PARIS. In suburban Auteuil, a huge throng of well-dressed Parisians turn out for their first racing meet since Liberation Day. Here is finish of third race, won by Miss Bellovaque, on whom, of course, you did not have a bet. Eiffel Tower in background.

SPORTS: MR. BLANCHARD FINDS KINDNESS PAYS OFF TOO MANY DIVIDENDS

By Sgt. DAN POOLER



Army's Felix Blanchard spins out of the clutches of two Brown tacklers on 50-yard touchdown gallop.

IT was a few minutes after the Army football team had massacred North Carolina, 46-0. Barney Poole, a big raw-boned cadet end, sought out Mr. Gene McEver, the Carolina coach, and in a gravel-throated voice said:

"Coach, I'm really sorry we had to murder you like this. But, believe me, sir, it couldn't have happened to a nicer guy."

Two weeks later a similar scene took place. Army had just dismembered Pittsburgh, 69-7, and Felix Blanchard, Army's sensational fullback, went over to Mr. Clark Shaughnessy, the Pittsburgh coach, and said:

"Sir, I don't feel very happy about this awful slaughter. I think we should have tried to hold the score down. Say about 59-7."

Both of these young men had good reason to apologize. As late as last fall, Mr. Poole had rented out his splendid 6-foot-3, 220-pound frame to the University of North Carolina. He was their finest end and made the All-Southern Conference team. Mr. Blanchard, on the other hand, never gave a pint of blood for Pittsburgh, but he was bound to Mr. Shaughnessy by ties stronger than blood. His father (who by sheer coincidence was also named Felix) played fullback under Mr. Shaughnessy at Tulane in 1917 and took the pledge that little Felix would also toil for Mr. Shaughnessy wherever he coached.

But thanks to the little words of comfort, Messrs. McEver and Shaughnessy went away from West Point feeling more kindly toward their wayward boys and the Army horde. Mr. Shaughnessy especially. He summoned a group of newspapermen and announced:

"I just had the pleasure of being absolutely murdered by the best Army team I have ever seen. I wouldn't be surprised if it turned out to be Army's all-time best. If anybody beats them, they'll have to score 51 points, because Army will score 50.

"I would also like to say that this boy Blanchard is the greatest fullback I have ever seen. He's even better than Norm Standlee. He's just as big and faster. Yes, he's faster than Standlee and more powerful. He could play halfback as well as fullback. He can pass and kick. He's absolutely at the top of the heap as far as I'm concerned."

When Lt. Col. Earl Blaik, the Army coach, heard of Mr. Shaughnessy's speech he was horror-stricken. This generous build-up was the one thing he had been guarding against all season. He wanted Navy or Notre Dame to win the national championship on paper; he'd win it on the field when the proper time came. The colonel dispatched Maj. Andy Gustafson, his No. 1 aide, to New York to address the Football Writers with instructions to stem the wave of optimism that Mr. Shaughnessy had turned loose.

"I want to thank Mr. Shaughnessy for giving us such a nice build-up," Maj. Gustafson told the assembled group of writers. "I guess we're set to beat the world now. But, gentlemen, I want to warn you we haven't been tested as yet. We don't know how good our team is. We still have Navy, Penn and Notre Dame to play and one or all of them could lick us—especially Navy. They have too much backfield depth.

"This young man Blanchard, of whom Mr. Shaughnessy speaks so highly, is big, rough and tough, all right, but he is a victim of a peculiar disease we have at West Point. We call it 'plebitis.' It's a malady caught only by plebes, and the upperclassmen give it to them. Our tradition demands that plebes walk around with chins in and backs straight. Blanchard is so stiff that we can't even relax him on the football field. But he'll come along all right."

It would appear that Mr. Blanchard's kindness toward Mr. Shaughnessy paid off too many dividends to suit Col. Blaik. This is unfortunate, because we were about to suggest that the colonel detail one member of his first team to seek out the losing coach after every game and cheer him up. A lot of coaches are going to need it. Especially, when Mr. Blanchard unbends and learns to fly right.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

JUST to keep the records straight, **Bill Dudley** is not a substitute in the March Field (Calif.) backfield as we reported here a few weeks ago. He is just about the whole backfield for the mighty Randolph Field (Tex.) Ramblers. Our mistake was made when Dudley was "loaned" out to March Field to help in a charity game against the Washington Redskins. . . . According to **Dana Bible**, whose Texas team was smothered, 42-6, by Randolph Field, the Ramblers have the individual stars for one of the greatest football teams of all time. Let's run briefly over the lineup: Ends—**Sgt. Jack Russell**, ex-Baylor, and **T/Sgt. Don Looney**, ex-TCU and Philadelphia Eagles; tackles—**S/Sgt. William Causey**, ex-Elon College and New York Giants, and **Lt. Martin Ruby**, ex-Texas A & M; guards—**S/Sgt. Joe Vaughan**, ex-Lon Morris Junior College, and **Lt. Jack Freeman**, ex-Texas; center—**Pvt. T. B. Robertson**, ex-Brooklyn Dodgers; backs—**Lt. Pete Layden**, ex-Texas, **Lt. Bill Dudley**, ex-Virginia All-American, **Pvt. Kenneth Holley**, ex-Holy Cross and Hartford Blues, **Lt. Dippy Evans**, ex-Notre Dame.

Lt. Col. Wallace Wade, the Duke football coach, is an Artillery officer in Gen. Patton's Third . . . Reports from the South Pacific say **Phil Rizzuto**, the Yankees' shortstop, is coming back to the States because of recurring malaria attacks. Another Yankee, **S/Sgt. Joe DiMaggio**, is due for a CDD: stomach ulcers. . . . **Pvt. Lloyd Mangrum**, the pro golfer, injured his arm and shoulder when his jeep overturned in France. He's back in England recovering. . . . A lot of professional football teams are going to be disappointed when they learn that **A/C Bob Steuber**, the Missouri All-American, wants to be a major-league baseball player after the war. . . . **Specialists Johnny Rigney** and **Hal White** will soon join the rest of the big-league stars in the South Pacific. . . . **S/Sgt. Joe Louis** is busy writing a book but won't tell what it's about. . . . **Charley Justice**, the sensational 19-year-old Bainbridge (Md.) NTC halfback, will play for Duke after the war. Coach Joe Maniaci of Bainbridge calls Justice "the greatest natural football player I've seen."

THE SOLDIER SPEAKS: Should veterans of this war get a bonus?

Don't Repeat 1920s

YES, by all means. It's the least a grateful Government can do for those who sacrificed that it might be preserved. It will probably take some time for the majority of veterans to adjust themselves again and they will need some kind of financial support till they can find their places in civilian life. We don't want the same conditions repeated after this war that followed the last one. In the long run it will be cheaper, not only for the nation, but for each and every local community.

Title III of the Murray-Kilgore Bill seems fair except that it shows preference to those who have had service outside the continental U. S. Haven't we who were not sent across because of some stroke of fate also done our bit? After all, not all of those who actually got across got into combat.

Camp Davis, N. C. —S/Sgt. B. H. RAPOPORT

Even Up Incomes

EVERY citizen of the United States is entitled to the same chance of making a decent living. Nobody will deny this.

At present this is not possible since some are in the Army and others at home are in war or civilian industry. Even considering the higher costs of living in the U. S., people on the home front are earning much more than the servicemen. They are able to secure a home and build up a safe future. If the economic situation after the war should get worse, they will be better able to face it.

It is an honor and a duty of each able-bodied man to defend his country. On the other hand, it is the duty of the people who stayed behind to make up to the servicemen the difference in their earnings.

We are prepared to give up quite a lot, but it is my opinion that each serviceman should receive at least a part of the difference for each day he was in the service. He should receive about $3 for each day he served while in the U. S. and $1 additional for each day he endured the hardships of service overseas. So as not to endanger the economic balance, payments should be spread out in installments over a five-year period.

The great majority of soldiers expect a bonus of not less than $2,000, and it would be an advantage to the political safety of the U. S. after the war if this question could be settled satisfactorily now.

I cannot see how anyone could have any substantial reason for opposing the bonus.

Which is the more comfortable—living at home or in the jungles of the Pacific area? Why not put each citizen on an equal basis?

New Guinea —Cpl. FRED FRIEDMAN

Tax Exemption, Too

OF course veterans should receive a bonus. Aside from injury or death, the greatest loss to an enlisted man has been time—time which might have been used in building up the useful pursuits of life. Therefore, it is only proper and right that the veteran should be given a bonus in the form of an outright grant in exchange for the time which he gave so freely in the service of his country.

The question, however, should also be whether or not the veteran who gave his time and risked his life should pay for so doing. The war will not be paid for in the life span of the veteran. Should he not be given a permanent income-tax exemption—either a definite amount each year or a certain percentage based on the percentage of the tax dollar expended the previous year in payment of expenses of the war?

Great Britain —T-5 DONALD C. HUDDLESTON

Reward for Action

PERSONALLY, I think that those men who have been in front-line troops for a long time should get a bonus.

There are boys in the South Pacific who have been there ever since this war started. I don't think they could get anything that would be too good for them since they have been through so much hardship.

I think there should be a line drawn between those who have seen only a little action and those who have had a long exposure to it. I haven't seen very much action yet myself. I was wounded in France, but I don't think I am entitled to as much as the men who have been fighting actively a longer time.

France —Pfc. HAROLD MATHISON

Loans Instead

I FEEL that most men in the service are sensitive about their financial position. They want no charity. They do want fair treatment.

They know they will return to an economy which has been severely dislocated and one which will not be fully readjusted for some years. Most feel they will be among friends and relatives who, by virtue of their deferred status, will enjoy a security of employment and a better financial condition.

Without outright grants to compensate for the soldiers' financial sacrifice, what opportunity is there for personal readjustment?

My conviction is that the Government should create an agency, similar to RFC and FSA, to make outright loans, secured by GI insurance, to servicemen. Coupled with this provision should be the privilege of buying surplus goods at appraisal prices. These goods should be sold only to servicemen for a period of one year after the duration plus six months.

Unless the Government adopts some such policy of controlled preference in purchase of surplus goods along with a liberal loan policy, the only alternative is the outright gift — the bonus.

Egypt —Pfc. WILLIAM J. GREEN

Only for Combat Men

YES, they should, but with all the benefits and considerations servicemen have already been allowed, it should be given only to men who have been part of combat units and missions. In amount it should depend upon length of time in such service.

It seems only proper that those who have shared the brunt of the battle should be justly rewarded in a practical way. However, the soldier who depends too much upon these extra lifts from the Government helps deplete an already weakened Treasury, which he himself will have to restabilize later.

Any soldier receiving mustering-out pay, hospitalization, rehabilitation training, educational and vocational aid, help in finding work to suit him, disability pension, civil-service job priorities and all else from the GI Bill of Rights isn't going to be too concerned about a bonus. If he is given a chance to work and to live in peace and security in his democracy, he will be happy.

A man who is a part of a whole society benefits himself by benefiting that society.

Chicago, Ill. —ex-T-5 E. SIEMIANOWSKI (Veteran)

Not For Sale

NO!

Why not?

Men are in the armed forces basically as an elementary duty.

Patriotism is not for sale at any price.

Pensions should care for war-contracted disabilities *only*.

Loss of income while in the armed forces is not a valid excuse for "selling patriotism and loyalty" at so much per day. "Adjusted compensation" is a compromising, weasel expression.

The Presidents of both major parties correctly vetoed the mercenary bonus bills of the other war. Their reasons are as valid now as then.

Employable men should be as gentlemanly about earning their way in civilian life as they have been gentlemanly and loyal in accepting the sacrifices of life in the armed forces.

Alaska —Pvt. LINDELL F. BAGLEY

THIS page of GI opinion on important issues of the day is a regular feature of YANK. Our next question will be "Which Was the Greater Menace to Our Country and Our Values, Germany or Japan?" If you have any ideas on this subject, send them in to The Soldier Speaks Department, YANK, the Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. We will give you time to get your answers here by mail. The best letters received will be printed in YANK.

SERVICEMEN AND CIVILIANS

You may have read about the recent incident in Kansas City when a group of some 40 servicemen, aroused by an unauthorized strike at a North American Aviation plant, stormed the plant entrance, dispersed the three pickets who were outside and tore up their picket signs. At that time the strikers were being urged to return by a regional director of their union, the UAW-CIO, which had condemned the strike as a violation of the union's no-strike pledge.

You may also have read the story a few days later, when another group of servicemen in Kansas City seized the sign from a picket in front of a liquor store and tore off an American flag that had been attached to the sign.

Now, it is wishful thinking to imagine that soldiers overseas, or even in the States, are growing any closer to civilians. They aren't. That goes particularly for many men abroad who feel that no one really has it tough unless he is overseas—and they're right. But this attitude leaves them wide open to stories about how much money the workers back home are making, how many women they've got, how soft a life they have. It's the easiest thing in the world to put over these ideas, especially since a man overseas usually doesn't have access to all the facts.

That most of these stories are exaggerated and sometimes untrue is buried beneath the anger. Tell a soldier that the national average of strikes is at the lowest level in the history of the U. S.—6/100 of 1 percent of man-hours worked—and he probably won't be very interested. What the hell are man-hours, anyway?

But you can't disguise the fact that the AFL and CIO have outlawed strikes for the duration, that the few you read about are wildcat strikes. You can't ignore figures: in the first 109 days of the Normandy invasion we put ashore 17 million ship-tons of Allied vehicles and supplies, more than twice the total received by Gen. Pershing through friendly ports in the entire 19 months of our participation in the first World War. Who do you think made that stuff—pixies?

No one is condoning strikes in wartime. There shouldn't even be the few there are. But the kind of action that took place at Kansas City is loaded with trouble. It may be spontaneous. Or it may be instigated by unscrupulous people who would like to see a wild scramble between veterans and civilians for jobs after the war. It would seem, though, that this is not exactly the way to get that "national unity" everyone talks about. There is a lot of discussion about those two words, but what they mean is simply that we are all part of the same country.

"I can't grant your furlough, Kraus, but maybe we can retreat through your home town."

We are winning the war by working together, and we will have to work together after the war if we want jobs and prosperity.

It is going to be tough enough reconverting to full civilian production without starting a fight among the men who will do the producing. And if you begin by setting veteran against civilian, you will end by setting Protestant against Catholic, Catholic against Jew, white against Negro—and you will wind up having the very thing we are fighting the war to destroy.

What's Your Problem?

Letters to this department should bear writer's full name, serial number and military address.

Refund of Premiums

Dear YANK:

I have been in the hospital for over seven months now and expect to be shipped back to the States soon. For the last three months I have been trying to get a refund on my GI insurance premiums. I did that because I read in YANK that any guy who is hospitalized for six months is entitled to get his premiums back. The insurance officer of our detachment tells me he can't do anything unless he knows the AR, circular or law which OKs the refund. Of course he can't be bothered writing to you, so I would appreciate it if you would help me out.

Hawaii —Pvt. HERMAN MICHAELS

■ The Veterans' Administration says that hospitalization in and of itself constitutes total disability for the purposes of such a refund. Your insurance officer should follow the instructions set forth in WD Cir. No. 135 (1944), Sec. 4: "Information and assistance to be furnished *totally disabled* military personnel who become eligible for disability benefits while on active duty."

Mustering-Out Pay and Schooling

Dear YANK:

The educational benefits of the GI Bill of Rights may sound wonderful, but they don't mean much for those of us who are only entitled to one year of free school. After all, while the Veterans' Administration will pay up to $500 for the year's tuition, books, etc., most colleges charge much less. In fact many cost no more than $300 a year. When you consider that by taking advantage of the GI Bill of Rights you lose your mustering-out pay ($300 for overseas service), how much do you stand to gain? As I see it, only the kids who can get more than one year of schooling under the law stand to profit by the deal. Am I right?

Bougainville —Pfc. FRED WALL

■ You're wrong. Mustering-out pay has nothing to do with the GI Bill of Rights. Every GI will get his mustering-out pay upon discharge. If he wants to go to school under the law, he may do so. The amount that will be paid for his tuition, etc., will not come out of his mustering-out pay.

Service in Allied Armies

Dear YANK:

I read your recent article on the point system for demobilizing men after Germany is defeated and cannot figure out where I stand. I joined up with the Canadian Army right after Germany invaded Poland and I have completed five full years of service, counting my time in the American Army. What I want to know is, does the time I spent in the Canadian Army get me any point credits under the plan?

Italy —Sgt. THOMAS REARDON

■ It does. Point credit will be given for service in the armed forces of Allied nations but only for time served after Sept. 16, 1940. However, no point credit will be given for foreign decorations or campaign insignia.

Allotments for Mothers-in-law

Dear YANK:

Before I went into service I supported my wife, my two children and my widowed mother. A few months ago my wife's father passed away and her mother, who has no other children, became dependent upon us for her entire support. My wife has no job and has to live on the allotments. Now that my mother-in-law has come to live with my wife, all five of them have to get along on $150 a month, the total amount that is sent to my wife and my mother in the form of allotments. Is there any way that I can get some additional allotment for my mother-in-law? Will it cost me any more money?

Britain —Cpl. THOMAS H. ARNOLD

■ You can get a family allowance for your mother-in-law. If you will look at AR 35-5540, you will note that a parent of a spouse is considered a parent for the purposes of a Class B or B-1 allowance. Since your mother-in-law is entirely dependent upon you, the ODB will increase your mother's $50 a-month check to $68 a month (the maximum allowed for two parents) to cover the support of both your mother and your mother-in-law. The additional $18 will not cost you any money since the $27 a month now being deducted from your pay is the maximum that may be deducted, no matter how many dependents a GI has.

Overseas Service Stripes

Dear YANK:

I have been overseas for 22 months now and recently I was able to get some of those new overseas stripes. What's bothering me is how many can I wear and where do I put them, under my hash mark or over it?

France —Pvt. JAMES WELLTON

■ You can wear one overseas stripe for each six months of overseas service since Dec. 7, 1941. Fractions of the six-month period do not count. Therefore 22 months' service rate three overseas stripes, and they go above your hash mark.

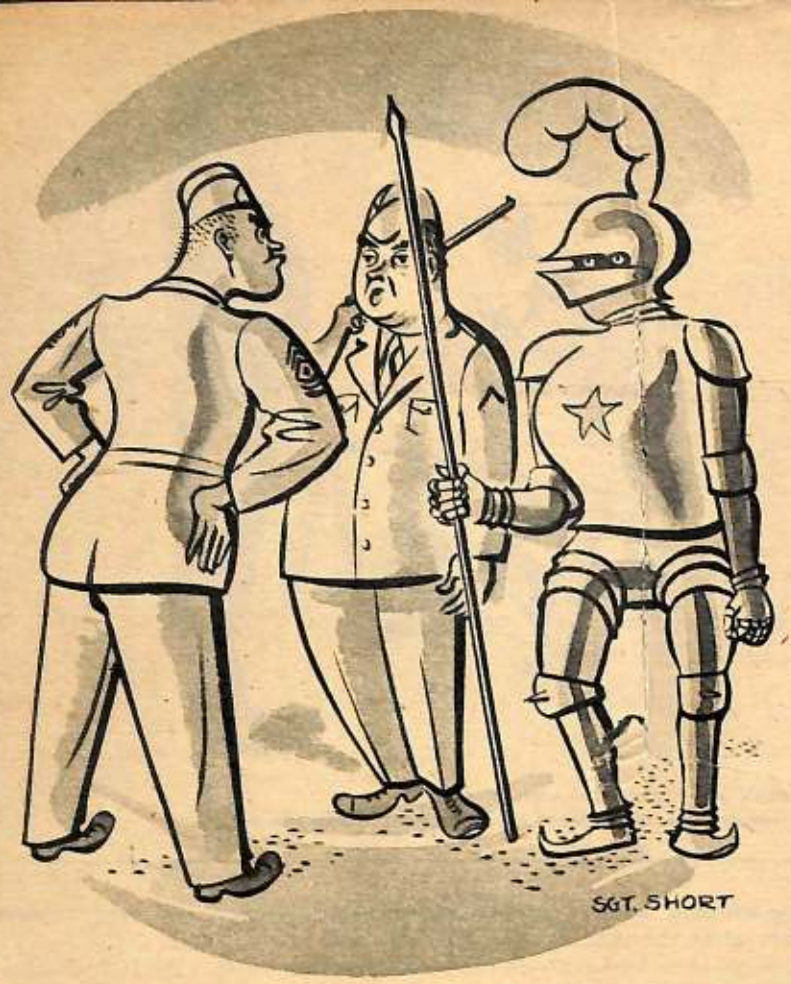
Naturalization of Aliens

Dear YANK:

I have been in the Army for more than two years now and at every camp where I have been I have tried to start the machinery going to become an American citizen. In every case I have run into nothing but double talk. My CO tells me that the reason for my failure to get my citizenship pushed through is that I came into the U. S. illegally. The truth of the matter is that I worked my way over from Holland and then jumped ship. I have been in the States for over 10 years, but I have never been able to afford the money needed to go back to Holland and legalize my entry into the U. S. Is there any way I can get naturalized despite these facts?

Marshall Islands —Pvt. HANS MOK

■ Under a recent ruling of the Immigration and Naturalization Service, you will be able to apply for citizenship when you return to the States. Your entry into the U. S. at that time will be considered a legal entry and will enable you to become a citizen. [WD Circular 382 (1944).]



"HE SAYS IT'S ALL THEY HAD IN HIS SIZE."
—Sgt. Don Short

"YOU'LL NOTICE, THOUGH, THERE'S NO GOOD CONDUCT RIBBON."
—Sgt. Dick Ericson

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

"IT'S A TRAVEL-TALK MOVIE ALL ABOUT THIS ISLAND."
—Sgt. Arnold Thurm

"WELL, WADDAYA KNOW! SEEMS WE'VE RUN OUT OF AMMUNITION!"
—Pvt. Tom Flannery

". . . IN SHORT, THE PAPER SHORTAGE AT THIS STATION MAY BE TERMED CRITICAL."
—Cpl. Frank Robinson