BRITISH EDITION

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

3d AUG. 27 1944

VOL. 3. NO. 11

By the men . . for the men in the service

"KAMERAD!"

The jig is up for this Nazi officer, and a couple of MPs intend to see it stays that way.

4-DAY DIARY FROM A BRITTANY FRONT

—Pages 2 to 4

The American military machine rolled irresistibly into Brittany—south, east and west. Cogs in the machine wore out and men groused when they paused for a cigarette, but when someone up the road yelled, "Let's go!" the machine rolled forward again. Here's a four-day report from one sector of the big drive, written by a YANK correspondent who went along with the troops and saw the great plan unfold.

THE NATIVES KNOW ALL ABOUT THE BIG AMERICAN EXPRESS AND INQUIRE POLITELY WHEN IT WILL GET TO PARIS AND BERLIN.

THE PFC. FROM PHILADELPHIA ASKED, "DID YOU EVER NOTICE ALL THE DIFFERENT POSITIONS SOLDIERS CAN SLEEP IN?"

THE FRENCH STAND AROUND LIKE VISITORS AT THE ZOO TO SEE THESE STRANGE ANIMALS—GERMANS AS PRISONERS.

By Sgt. SAUL LEVITT
YANK Staff Correspondent

THURSDAY.

WE have managed to catch up with one of the fast-moving American columns that have suddenly smashed through the German lines and changed the complexion of the war. It stretches for miles along the road. We pass the tank destroyers and the armored cars as we seek the head of the column. As the four of us in our jeep move along we see soldiers asleep on supply trucks. Whenever the column stops, men grab a minute's nap. Our driver, Pfc. Andrew M. Ciocco, of Philadelphia, says, "Did you ever notice all the different positions soldiers can sleep in?" They seem to be able to sleep standing or sitting or leaning over the edge of a vehicle.

We get up to the head of the column and near the very point of this spearhead we find the commanding officer and his staff, having an informal conference right on the road. There are men in the ditches, with guns pointing. We all know that everywhere through this country the Germans are watching us, but the CO and his staff go right on with their conference. The commander of this force is a clean-cut, well-built man with a hint of laughter in his face; he is very busy but he knows how to say something humorous every once in a while.

Now the conference is over and we are in motion again. Where are the Germans? And why aren't every one of these miles of wooded country defended as in the grim fighting farther north in Normandy? This rate of movement is strange, this open cloud of dust raised by tank destroyers and armored cars has something insolent and frank about it. We are coming through, it says, and here we go, and what are you going to do about it?

Along the road there are now French North African Colonials, still in uniform with bright red fezzes on their heads. They were German labor troops—prisoners of the Germans and now freed. The miles fall away behind us, but this ease of movement is unreal; the Germans will fight somewhere. The column halts again, and now it moves more slowly. The column is like a long insect with sensitive feelers, and now the sensitive feelers have found trouble up ahead. We finally halt. On both sides of us are thick woods. Ahead there is open space—good, clear, open space for German machineguns and big guns to find us as we move in our vast cloud of dust.

The CO thinks the Germans are going to fight here; there is evidence of fortified positions ahead. He is sending his recon armored cars in to flush out the German stuff. We move our jeeps up to the battalion CP of Lt. Col. Fuller, and we find him near his armored car, looking at a map. The recon cars stand in a line along a dirt path in a wood. The cars are expected to move in on both sides of the town of Miniac ahead and "investigate"—a pretty little job. We hear small-arms fire rattle through the woods nearby. The cars begin to move. Minutes from now on we are going to know exactly what the Germans have got and it is going to be found out the hard way—by going in there.

Sgt. Fred Kennedy, of Pearl River, N. Y., leans out of his "armored greyhound" and wants to know how the war is going elsewhere. What are the Russians doing and how are we doing in the Pacific and why the hell can't they get papers up to us? He says, "Do you know that Helen Hayes, the actress, is going to run for Congress this year? She's from my neck of the woods—Nyack, New York." Kennedy talks intelligently about politics. He talks through the dust that is all over his face and with no mention of the jump-off he is going to make in a second. He speaks about the French people and in particular about "the fine old ladies who greet us along the roads." Then Kennedy's "greyhounds" and all the other armored cars with the names of American towns and American girl friends painted on them move by through the thickness of the woods.

YOU can tell there are Germans right around us because everyone is down low and the combat engineers, armed with rifles, are deploying right and left, looking for them. And now the 88s come in, sending everyone sprawling into dead leaves, thorns, and dirt, and clawing at the ground, trying to get down into it. You want to be down low and deep and dark under that sound.

The sound stops, and there is silence in the woods. Somewhere men have been killed and wounded by those shells. Then the 88s come in again and this time they are nearer. The CO looks up through the trees, waiting for our planes. Then he turns toward us for a second and says, "There are six Tiger tanks on the prowl around here." A newsreel man offers the CO a drink of Calvados, but the

commander pats him on the shoulder and says, "No, thanks, chum. I don't need it."

In an ambulance standing near us a minor operation is performed: a thumb is neatly snipped off a soldier's hand and then the rest of him, quite intact, is off to a hospital. We talk to two pretty girls—sisters, refugees from St. Malo. We are talking to them near where the thumb was snipped off and now lies in the grass. The girls want to know when the big American military express will pull into St. Malo; there is no question in their minds as to the invincibility of our arms, but they want to know our schedule. Everywhere you go now, the French are trying to figure out our timetable—to Brest, to St. Nazaire, to Paris; it's like someone back home wondering whether the Long Island's 5:42 to Arverne in Far Rockaway is going to be on time or a little late.

Our particular section of the big express has a roadblock in front of it in the form of 88 mm. poison and other varieties of the same poison, like machineguns and some Tiger tanks, but by tomorrow we should be in motion again. We bivouac for the night two fields in from the road. We are somewhere between our force and other units pushing up. We are, in fact, in No Man's Land—there are no MPs here, no off-limits signs. But along here and elsewhere in France we know our big express is in motion and gathering momentum. At night we hear the church bells ring, and we hear the German planes droning and seeking our movement. There is ack-ack in the sky, and flares, and the dull boom of German bombs, and afterward the renewed sound of tires on the roadway. The big express is moving through the night. And every half hour you hear the deep tolling of the church bells of France.

FRIDAY.

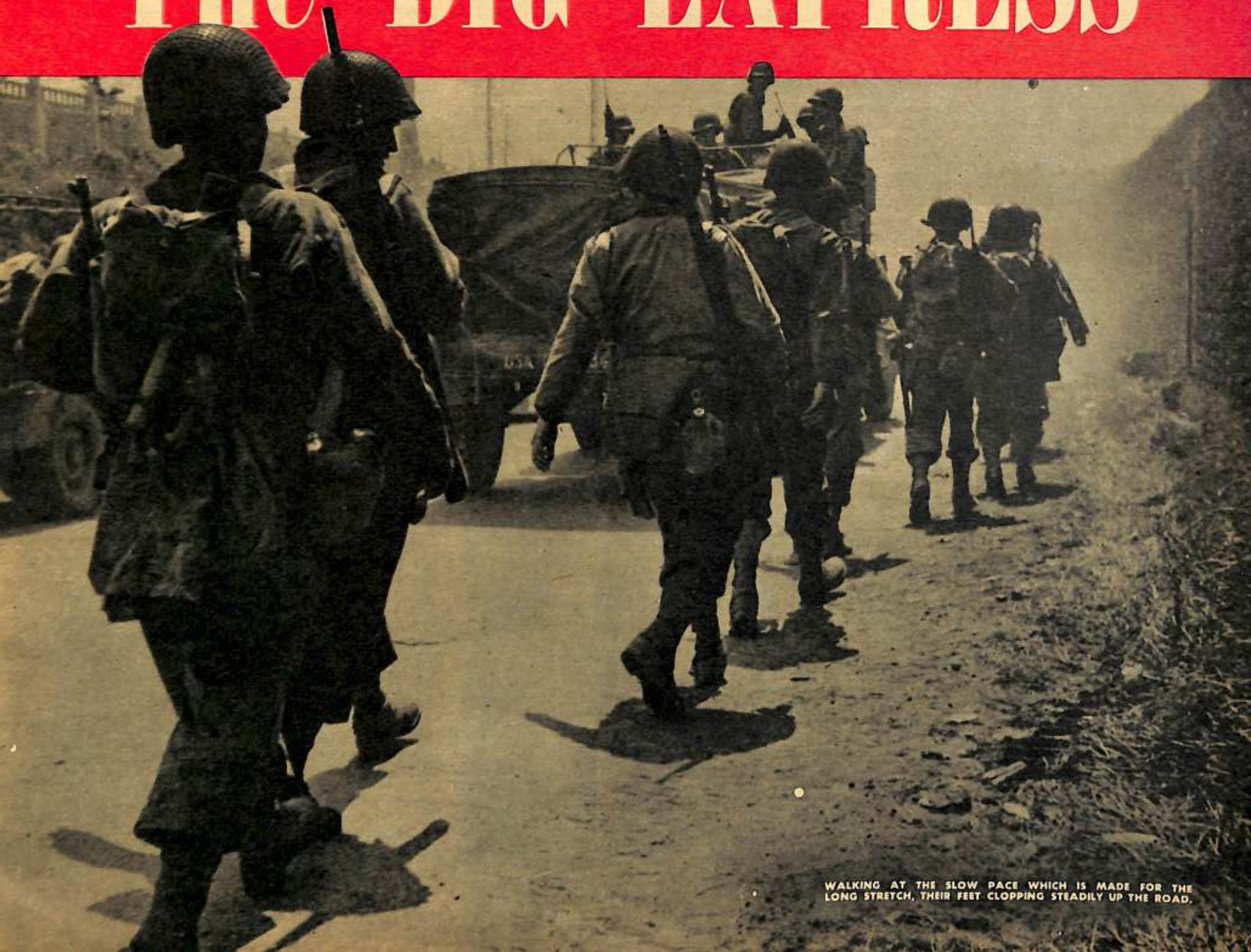
WHEN our jeep gets out on the road again we find ourselves in the midst of the infantry. They move in two columns along both sides of the road, walking at the slow pace which is made for the long stretch and as they have been walking since early morning. Their hand grenades jiggle on their chests, their packs bobble above their backsides, and their feet clop steadily up the road.

Because the road to St. Malo has developed blocks, the infantry is now moving in. The big express needs more power and here it is. Behind the tanks and the artillery, the big weapon is the plain military stuff called infantry—the final force which takes and holds. They whistle at a pretty girl on the side of the road but not the way troops in training whistle at pretty girls. They know they aren't going to stop and that there's no time and no chance right now and that this is the road home.

We go past the infantry on toward Miniac and stop for a while at a regimental CP. Prisoners are being brought in. There is the usual hunt for somebody who knows German or Polish, and S/Sgt. Joseph Zupancic, from Illinois, does the translating for two young Poles. The prisoners have been placed, quite by accident, near a wasps' nest and are trying to answer questions through a swarm of outraged wasps until some GI says, "Hell, let's move them up a little."

We go on into Miniac, which could not be entered yesterday afternoon. The town is filled with sunlight and on the faces of the townsfolk is the fresh, stunned, wondering look of people who are seeing our troops and our armor for the first time. The first Americans got in here only a matter of an hour ago. Our tank destroyers are in the village square. And under the legs of our soldiers sprawl the children and in the doorways stand the middle-aged and old women, and everywhere are the men shaking hands and offering cognac. In the midst of it all a lieutenant colonel and several young officers are

The BIG EXPRESS



WALKING AT THE SLOW PACE WHICH IS MADE FOR THE LONG STRETCH, THEIR FEET CLOPPING STEADILY UP THE ROAD.

figuring their next moves.

The Americans are moving up toward St. Malo. The tank destroyers cut through the narrow streets which will bring them on to the roads that point toward St. Malo. We ride in our jeep along up the road through the stillness. There is no sound anywhere, and this is almost as hard to take as the sound of 88s. You know that this country is a live jungle of Germans. Our infantry broom will soon sweep through, but right now, at this minute, it hasn't arrived.

We come to an intersection and to the north road that points to St. Malo. The farmer whose house is on the corner comes out with a bottle of wine shouting, "*Dans la terre,*" or something like that, and indicates that he has kept the bottle hidden for a long time and that he has been waiting for us. Everybody knows about the big American express, and the farmer and his wife and daughter all inquire politely as to when it will get to St. Malo, Paris, and Berlin.

We turn onto the direct road to St. Malo and go up a few hundred yards. The TDs are wheeling up the road. The cavalry recon men—the boys behind comparatively little armor and light self-propelled guns—have reached a swamp. Every once in a while there is a roar of heavy German guns—88s and perhaps naval guns from the estuary that borders this road and runs into the English Channel. Very heavy menacing stuff. The express will definitely need aerial support and big guns for this job.

The men who have tried to go across the swamp, outflanking Chateauneuf, come back. They have come through withering and terrible fire and they have left friends in that swamp. They lie down in a field under the constant menace of the big guns, and they are feeling war the way you feel it when you haven't been touched and your friends have. They lie there asking for water but unable to drink it because their throats are constricted and tight and they try to tell you what happened and they ask one another, "Has anyone seen Joe?" No one has, and they say, "I guess he got it then." The big train is moving fast through France, but some of the fine cogs called soldiers get worn out, as some of them were worn out this morning in the swamp south of Chateauneuf.

THE German big guns roar again and we go back to Miniac. The Army has called up planes and we see them overhead. In Miniac a woman asks us if we think her husband will be home in time for Christmas. He is a prisoner in Germany. A colonel goes by, muttering over and over again, like somebody who has found a new faith, "All you need is doughboys, that's all."

And around us are the doughboys, the slow tide of men who fight the personal war, the same ones we saw this morning—moving up, going slowly toward Chateauneuf and St. Malo.

SATURDAY.

THE big train is going ahead today. Here on a broad, flat plain before Chateauneuf the artillery barrage is on—ours this time. Perhaps some of the German guns along the estuary have been knocked out, but probably not all of them. At any rate, the infantry is moving into Chateauneuf, moving at a half-trot with their packs bobbling on their backs through clouds of dust. The German guns roar and the sound of shrapnel is heard and the infantrymen get into ditches. Then they get up and move again. The sergeants along the line wave their hands and the men move forward. Two tank destroyers come wheeling back. One of them carries two infantrymen with all their clothes and large areas of skin burned off by white phosphorus stuff that the Germans have thrown.

There is one of those milling-around moments in which the big machines wheel uncertainly. A TD man gets down on the ground and walks around, kicking at the dirt, and says, "How the hell do they expect us to move against them big guns? Why the hell can't they knock those bastards out? Where's our planes?" He lights a cigarette, and says, "I know they can replace us—we're only a dime a dozen—but this is too goddam much." Somewhere a voice yells, "Let's go!" and the man who has been so bitter gets back onto the road, stuffs his dark and bitter moment about war back into his belly, and goes to work.

The TDs turn again toward Chateauneuf. The men who have been so badly burned are laid in the grass. Though they must be in great pain, they lie there quietly as if aware that important things are taking place. Then the medics pick them up and take them off, and suddenly the war is past another point.

There is noise ahead of us, but here there is nothing at all—just our jeep and the four of us in it and the wide fields. A sniper bullet pings near us and we move off. We've loaded our jeep with sandbags, just in case we might hit a mine, though you aren't very sure that a sandbag will do much good. Near a café being used as a CP some men sleep in the sun. They lie on the concrete pavement, sleeping soundly. Lt. Francis J. Haggerty, of Philadelphia, who, two days before in that deadly little wooded area below Miniac, got an ugly-looking rip along his ear, is walking around. He didn't have the ear attended to until this morning, but now it looks much better and young Haggerty grins and the shock is all worn off.

In the café there is a young Spaniard, a refugee since the Spanish war, who is waiting to get back to St. Malo where his girl works in a restaurant. His plans are based on the timetable of our big military train. When the train has smashed its road through France, he will marry his French girl and take her to Spain. In the meanwhile, his brother is a prisoner under Franco. The Spaniard looks about him at the Americans and remarks that we are very democratic soldiers and that is is good to see the officers and the men together.

WE try another dash for Chateauneuf, and get up through some pulverized roadway to the edge of the town. At a point 50 yards before the first houses there had been a road-block made of upright rails embedded in concrete. Most of the rails have now been torn out by the combat engineers, but there are some remaining with jagged edges and we can't take the risk of getting a flat tire here, so we stop again. Some of the houses in front of us are still smoking from our artillery barrage. There are engineers working in the town, clearing booby traps, but there is no sign of anybody else, and it feels very lonely. One of the engineers waves to us. He is holding a gun on three prisoners, and our driver, Pfc. Ciocco, goes forward across the road-block on foot, across those empty 50 yards, carrying a Thompson sub-machinegun, and he brings the prisoners up. We mount them on to the hood of our jeep and bring them in. In the PW collection point the French stand around like visitors at the zoo to see these strange animals—Germans as prisoners and in great numbers. The French enjoy it immensely. In the sun, French children are holding on to their mothers' skirts and laughing at the sight.

That evening we finally enter Chateauneuf. It is smoking, it is newly dead, and, like men newly dead, it is raw and broken. The bulldozers have not come in yet to cart off the breakage. And on the other edge of the town the doughboy is still moving. It is an illusion that the doughboy is slow in getting from one place to another. He moves slowly but he gets there faster than anybody else; he is the military tortoise. These men on the edge of town are from units that saw bitter action around Carentan and St. Tiany against crack German SS troops. Tonight they have signed the title deeds that give Chateauneuf back to the French. They've had to tear Chateauneuf open in order to get the cancer out, but they've done it. They are out past Chateauneuf now, probing the ground ahead—at a price, and with no time at all to shake hands with the French.

SUNDAY.

THREE miles to St. Malo. At a regimental CP Captain Milton M. Barger, who is a dentist, promises me that he'll look at my teeth in St. Malo. I ask him what kind of dentistry he is prepared to practice in an advance CP and he just laughs and says, "Search me." Then the 88s come in and we get down into ditches and flat on the ground. The 88s stop, and our artillery picks up, but one of the boys in the regimental mess says, "I'm staying down now. They're gonna give us a receipt in a minute." Sure enough, the receipt comes in, singing funeral elegies through the summer sky. And the kid from the mess sits up at last and says, "I can't get used to it, no matter how hard I try. Every time I hear it, it gets me the same way. A foxhole is no good, either. When I lie down in a foxhole I feel half dead already, like as if it's a grave. But when I'm not in one, I feel worse. I don't know what to do."

He is another worn cog, but the express keeps rolling.

We go back through Chateauneuf, Miniac, Pleine Fougeres, Epiniac. At Pleine Fougeres there is a pretty girl who stands at the side of the road near her house and watches the American Army pass. Her mother had made us breakfast on two mornings some days before and today, going past, we stop and give the girl canned sardines and other delicacies taken from headquarters of the German commander in Chateauneuf.

Because the movement of the Americans through this part of France had been somewhat unexpected, celebrating hadn't quite caught on three days ago. But today is Sunday. A few miles up there are the dying, the cursing, the hard living that are part of the war, but here behind the front the sense of liberation is quickening today. The girls along the roads wear their best, and many of the girls are lovely. The old men wear their black suits and the veterans of the last war stump along proudly. All along this road down to Pontorson life is quickening. On this Sunday the French everywhere have a feeling for Americans that it would be nice to believe will last.

This is the freed region of the four-day push southwest and then north to St. Malo.

And the big train is still rolling.

THESE ARE RUSSIAN GEORGIAN PRISONERS, TAKEN BY THE AMERICANS IN THEIR DRIVE WHICH CARRIED THEM INTO THE BREST PENINSULA. THE PWs SAID THEY HAD BEEN FORCED TO SERVE WITH THE NAZI FORCES FIGHTING IN FRANCE.

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, 1943, 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

What Will You WEAR After the War?

The fashion revolt will be against any clothing that smacks of regimentation.

Tailored by Sgt. AL HINE
Accessories by Sgt. RALPH STEIN

WHAT kind of clothes will the discharged veteran wear? This question and a few crumbs of tobacco are on every lip in the men's cloak-and-suit industry today.

The first reaction of the dud-starved doggie, according to M. D. C. Crawford, fashion authority of *Men's Wear*, will be to dress to the hilt. Color will splash madly about his frame, setting even service ribbons in the shade. Any color that has any slightest resemblance to khaki or OD, whether it be sand beige or deep chocolate, will be taboo. But there's an open palette on everything else.

Not only will the freed warrior go for color. He will also embrace fancier tailoring, looser cut and more comfortable fit. In some cases this may go to an extreme of zootism; in others it may leave him with little more than a pair of pajamas.

One authority—Tony Williams, the tailor who pioneered the purple dinner jacket—mentions a movement toward nudism. First the women will strip, the little darlings, and then the men. This whole development, however, is dependent upon the improvement and perfection of central heating in the house of the future.

Getting back to Mr. Crawford, who has seen a couple of wars and the changes after them, he gives us another forecast—that, after the first wave of dressing up like a civilian version of Hermann Goering, the veteran will turn to "dress for function." This simply means that when the good wife takes you out in the evening, she will force you into combinations more formal than ever, but when you go to the office, the club or the neighborhood pub, you will dress differently to fit each specific operation.

Carried out logically, this means a new uniform for every job. You will wear a soup-resistant vest at dinner for the first course and then slip into a tomato-colored jerkin immediately if spaghetti is to follow. Serious drinking will require something comfortable, padded and easy to fall down in. In subway rush hours the belt will be replaced with a circlet of spikes that will assure you room to read your evening paper unmolested in the rowdiest of crowds. Farmers who have adopted the jeep will have padded cushions on their cabooses to absorb the vehicle's famous bounce.

This tailoring for function will come into its wildest extremes as it fits in with the futuristic innovations of post-war housing and transportation. The man who lives in a transparent lucite house would do well to wear a foolproof camouflage garment when he takes his weekly bath in full view of neighbors and passers-by. The helicopter commuter might sport a detachable umbrella on his hat to ward off the depredations of high-flying birds.

This question of hats happens to be a ticklish one. The happy hat makers are sure that GIs, having been forced to wear some variety of noggin protection all their outdoor Army life, will never lose the habit. Some even think that the variety of Army headgear, from tropic topee to Arctic ear-warmer, will make hats functional, too, and that no well-dressed veteran will think of wearing the same brand of Kelly to a cocktail lounge as to the stock exchange.

A cynical minority claims the soldier will be sick unto death of covering his head. According to this school, the veteran will let his hair grow waist long in revolt against the GI haircut and wear no hat at all, summer or winter.

Coats, also, are questionable. While the wife can be depended upon to get hubby into some kind of strait jacket when he takes her to the movies, it's a moot and even zoot question as to whether he'll bother with anything above the waist but a shirt in the daytime. The comfort of GI cottons in the summer, their lack of bother in shucking and restoring a jacket every six minutes, may turn the doggie against coats for keeps. And don't think this doesn't have the cloak-and-suit boys worried. They'll probably come out with a light silk cloak of many colors and tell you in full-page ads that you'd be a boor to be caught dead without one.

The biggest number of innovations, according to Mr. Crawford, are expected to come from abroad, where we are running into local fashion trends. Before the last war, anyone who wore a wristwatch was suspected of being a trifle queer. By the time the war was over we had lifted from the British not only the wristwatch, but wool socks, low shoes, mufflers and slacks.

This time we can borrow from the British and from the whole world besides. There is the pouch of the Down Under kangaroo for stowing away keys and loose change. There are the mad beret of the French Navy and the turban of the Sikh. There are the white kilts of the Free Greeks and the flowing robe of the Iranian mullah. There are the loin cloth of the Gold Coast Negro and the feathered robe of the royal Hawaiian.

The uniforms Uncle allows us to keep will spend their time among mothballs. Years later we may dig them out to frighten the children, and then we'll find in an unopened envelope in the hip pocket that deferment notice we never received in time from the draft board.

It will be hard to tell what rank we held unless we retain insignia on our civvies.

Modern design will perfect the post-war zoot suit.

Guadalcanal GOES GARRISON

Retreat on Guadalcanal is nowadays strictly spit-and-polish with a brass band to blare the anthem.

Vegetables grow on battlefields, you get gigged for not saluting and there are 150 theaters. The men who fought there two years ago wouldn't know the place.

By Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Correspondent

GUADALCANAL—The two years since the Marines splashed ashore here in America's first offensive of the second World War have brought a lot of changes. The sad truth, chums, is that Guadalcanal has gone garrison.

According to one story going the rounds, seven enlisted men in a bomber crew were turned in to their orderly room after a raid on Rabaul. One crew member was charged with having a light beard as the ship laid its lethal eggs, and others were picked up for wearing baseball caps and sweat shirts. Whether the yarn is true (and one fellow insists he was one of the seven), there is no doubt Guadalcanal is going strictly GI.

Where men once lived in comfortable foxhole sloppiness, barracks cots are now primped above rows of shoes shined like shaving mirrors. Saluting, once banned because it was a dead giveaway to snipers, is now compulsory at many 'Canal camps. You have reveille, retreat, manual of arms, close-order drill and inspections. On this damp rock inspections are particularly painful because a rifle cleaned Friday night is likely to be rusty Saturday morning unless it is coated overnight with oil so heavy you'll get gigged if you don't find time to clean it off.

Those popular Guadalcanal mixed-uniform styles—fatigue hat with sun-tan suit, or fatigue pants with sun-tan shirt—are now forbidden. And at Service Command Headquarters Company, the voice of the first sergeant may be heard of an evening driving the company out to police up the area—in the dark, of course.

Henderson Field, the Jap-built airport where some of the earliest Jap-American fighting took place, might remind you now of the Penn Station in Pittsburgh when you see Red Cross girls serving free coffee and doughnuts from their trailer to the boys. There are now nearly 200 white women here—the Red Cross girls, Army and Navy nurses and New Zealanders. Stunned delight greeted the first of them a few months ago, but now there are grumbles from such characters as the truck drivers, who have to wear shorts when they give themselves and their trucks a simultaneous bath in the Malimbu River.

Many a GI arriving from the States still has a vague idea that he will soon be engaged in brisk hand-to-hand bayonet duels with the Japs. Instead, he learns that not a Jap has been seen for more than a year, although occasional rumors come through that a few are still up in the hills.

Rather than a primitive jungle beach, the GI newcomer finds a bustling civilization of a sort. Two piers for oceangoing ships run out from the black volcanic sand, and offshore lie so many ships that Guadalcanal now rates as one of the great American seaports.

On land the GI finds more than 200 miles of roads, some of them much busier than Main Street on Saturday night back home—so busy, in fact, that one chaplain never travels except between 1200 and 1300 hours and 1700 and 1800 hours. At these times the roads empty magically while the drivers chow up. Overhead the GI sees some of the 4,500 miles of telephone wire that are strung on poles on the 'Canal. And if he looks around he'll find other unwarlike facilities.

At a spot where patrols once encountered Japs, there is now a pleasant sun-bathed farm, which will soon cover 2,500 acres (nearly four square miles) and increase its daily production of a ton of fresh vegetables to 15 tons. The 'Canal also has a lumber camp that turns out more than seven miles of board a day.

As late as January 1943, Jap artillery pieces hidden in the hills shelled one area. Now there is a gravel quarry here, with two 40-ton gasoline shovels keeping 100 trucks busy every day running to airfield and road-repair projects.

Where the battle of Tenaru raged some three months after the first landings by the Marines there now stand two laundries that wash up to 20 tons of clothes daily.

There is an ice-cream plant that turns out 200 quarts a day—vanilla, chocolate and strawberry. Each Army outfit gets its turn, provided it picks up its allotment. Across the road from the plant is a rubber grove where the Marines maintained an important bivouac area during the fighting.

Running these States-like projects are GIs, many of whom have never seen a Jap. "This is the last thing I ever thought I'd be doing on Guadalcanal" is a frequent comment. True to Army tradition, some like it this way, some don't.

PFC. James W. (Slim) Litton of Shreveport, La., foreman of one of two parts of the vegetable farm, feels half-and-half about his job. He is stormed with applications from other ex-farmers who would like to trade rifles for rakes, and he is aware that the only GI element in the soldier-farmers' lives is their mess hall. There are no Army calls. When the ground is dry, the 60 EM get up with the sun and plow until dusk, just as they would as civilians. When it rains they work on their equipment, which, by the way, is so excellent that, according to Slim, "a poor man couldn't look at it" in the States.

It does his farmer's heart good for Slim to see the miracles of the Guadalcanal earth, which must be among the most fertile in the world. The farmers picked 3,500 watermelons off two acres; one of the melons weighed 60 pounds. Corn grows fast. There is a standard joke that you must jump back when you plant it or the stalk will hit you in the eye. Two months after planting you may have 18,000 ears per acre ready for the chow line. The farm's crops are valued at several million dollars, thanks to the GIs, the fuzzy-headed natives who help them and the civilian experts from the Foreign Economic Administration who give them technical advice.

Still Slim has a gripe. "I felt better in the Infantry," he says. "More exercise. If we wasn't climbing a hill, we was fixing to climb one."

THE 40 lumberjacks here have the same sort of professional amazement for the marvels of Guadalcanal. But they reserve the right to register a minor gripe or two.

Two-man teams—like the Californians, Pfc. Walter Shipman of Silverado and Pvt. Henry Alexander of Wilmington—chop down 8 to 12 jungle giants a day, trees averaging 150 feet in height. Just as Slim's domain might be part of the Pennsylvania farmland, so the island's jungle lumber camp resembles the Oregon woods, with the cry of "Tim-ber!" echoing through the forest. The yell is not a gag, for an instant after it is heard there is a crack, a hesitant crinkling far overhead and then a final shuddering crash as the tree collapses like a KOd heavyweight.

Winding through the jungle with its wearying tangle of "wait a minute" vines, you find Shipman and Alexander already at work lopping branches from their victim and brushing red ants from their glistening sweat-drenched backs.

The GI lumberjacks admire the 'Canal timber for its hardness and quality. There is a lot of mahogany, teak and rosewood, and some rubber. Some trees are so hard that axes bounce right off, Alexander says. "I don't know what they are," he says. "Some of this wood I never saw in my life before." But no matter how tough the tree, Alexander and Shipman usually get it down in about half an hour, even when the trunk is four feet thick. The wood here is of such good quality that, according to a latrine rumor, the wood in one crude little 'Canal bridge would be worth $1,000,000 to furniture manufacturers.

S/Sgt. Lad Belehrad of Yonkers, N. Y., the "timber cruiser" whose job is hunting for good lumbering sites in the jungle, says he and some of the others are so impressed that they're considering remaining on the 'Canal after the war. In five months, he says, a man could make enough to take it easy for the rest of the year.

But the lumberjacks gripe about the stifling 'Canal jungle, one of the hottest places on earth to swing an axe or push a saw. There is also so much shrapnel imbedded in the trees that teeth are often ripped out of saws. Among the many jungle mysteries is a strange tree whose inky black sap raises a blister on the skin that lands GI lumbermen in the hospital.

At the gravel pit T-4 John Childs of Jefferson,

Tex., member of a Negro Engineer regiment, has been running a shovel for eight months. He has no kicks at all. Ever since he was a little kid and hung around the trucks his father worked on, Childs has loved heavy equipment.

In population Guadalcanal is now the equal of many leading American cities. That means, there are odd jobs here no GI ever dreamed of when he got that letter from the draft board.

At the spot where Carlson's Raiders left the perimeter and made their bloody sortie into Jap territory in the hills above Henderson, there stands a station hospital PX where Pfc. Orval Hjermstad works full time as a soda jerk. "I'll never do this when I go back," says Hjermstad, a mechanic in civilian life from Wallace, S. Dak. "Too much work. I twisted out 1,882 nickel cokes in one day." But he prefers soda-jerking to his experiences with the Infantry on Munda.

Four GIs on the 'Canal do nothing but repair musical instruments. Live music is popular here, but few places on earth are harder on music-making devices. Cases mold, wood instruments come unglued, ants destroy gut strings, and the wire strings that are generally substituted rust in three days to three weeks even when vaseline. Most wood instruments have to be wired and bracketed together, which is just too bad for the tone. Electric-light bulbs are kept burning day and night inside pianos to keep the felt dry, but retuning is necessary once a week. One morning a drummer found a rat had eaten through one head of his drum and out the other.

The repair work on musical instruments goes on only a few yards from where the Japs had one of their main gasoline burial pits. Their plan was to protect the fuel from bombs and bullets. The idea worked so well that the fuel was ready for our use when we captured the area.

Pianos aren't the only things that are kept dry with electric-light bulbs. Unit armories keep .45s dry that way, and Finance had to do the same thing with the piles of cash in its safe; even dollar bills were mildewing. Incidentally, Finance has other troubles with its bills. Crap games are rough on money. Each month Finance has to ship $50,000 worth of paper money back to Washington to be destroyed.

The 'Canal has a full-time boxing promoter, Sgt. John Williams, former Chicago Golden Gloves welterweight champ, whose Saturday-night fights, staged near the place where the Japs had one of their big Lunga supply depots, draw up to 14,000 yowling patrons.

Williams finds that a lot of well-known Stateside fighters, now GIs, don't like to fight in these latitudes because the heat is so exhausting. Bouts have to be held to three 1½ minute rounds. Just the same he has put together a good stable: Coxswain Bob Foxworth of Sandusky, Ohio, AAU light-heavy champ last year; Cpl. Leroy Evans, 220-pounder who was Max Baer's sparring partner and who is hard to match; Marines Moe and Harvey Weiss, twins from the Bronx, N. Y.; Cpl. Petie Mateo, who fought Small Montana unsuccessfully for the world bantamweight title, and Garvey Young, Marine, who beat Freddie Cochrane, welterweight champ, in a nontitle fight.

Even the natives know hitchhiking signals.

Pfc. Needom Langley of Spring Hope, N. C., one of the 'Canal's full-time chauffeurs, figures he has clocked 15,000 miles up and down the island in his eight months here, even though most of the driving is along a 20-mile stretch from Kukum to Koli. Guadalcanal is 100 miles long, most of it still primitive bush with some natives wearing grass skirts—items that are only tourist bait on many another South Sea isle.

Guadalcanal has a full-time paper-storage clerk, Cpl. Byron D. Gilmore of La Crescenta, Calif. In his warehouse he has 35 million sheets in one tarpaulin-covered pile 17 feet high. In another pile are 10 million sheets of bond paper.

One of the former Jap hospitals used to stand near this warehouse, and for a long time QM's stock of shoes and uniforms was stored there. The building has been destroyed. "Tojo's Ice House," down the road, is also out of commission, but for many months it supplied sweltering American troops with several dozen two-foot cakes of ice a day. A Jap generator still helps light a large part of Henderson Field.

Bridge rebuilding is also in the island's catalogue of unusual GI occupations. Flash floods, pouring down from the mountains—some of which are a mile and a half high—will raise a stream 12 feet in 12 hours and knock out the piles under bridges by hurling big trees against them. Some bridges have had to be replaced three times in a year. A new system of ponton bridges is eliminating much of the piling, however, and the bridges are lasting longer.

Even art has arrived here. T-4 William Simpson, a sculptor in civilian life, was transferred from his mule pack-howitzer outfit after he created a model for a monument to the Guadalcanal dead. Washington officials are considering the model, a seated symbolic figure, and if it is approved, Simpson will direct the project. It will be 30 feet high. Meanwhile Simpson has been assigned to the Lunga Art Academy, a woodshed operated by Special Service where GIs may pick up art materials free or do their sketching and painting in privacy and quiet.

Guadalcanal is so quiet now that its very peace is the main complaint. "You might say we liked Guadalcanal a lot better when the bombs were dropping," said a lieutenant.

A captain agreed. "When the Japs were here," he said, "there wasn't any coke or ice, but it was a lot more interesting. In January a year ago, when three or four days passed without a raid, the men would say: 'I hope there'll be a raid tonight—a little excitement.' Now this retreat every night; it's chicken."

"The hardest part of the war," observed a major, "is just sitting around doing nothing."

Many of the Guadalcanal troops do rear-echelon work, servicing combat men farther north, and some truck and duck drivers put in 12 hours on many days. But there is almost always time to kill.

Some of the men are using it to study. There are correspondence courses in bookkeeping, accounting, physics, math, Diesel engines, mechanics and refrigeration. And there are face-to-face classes in shorthand, grammar and geography.

But the favorite time killers are the movies. The 'Canal has 150 theaters, many of them just coconut logs or oil drums in front of an outdoor screen. Audiences have been known to sit through an inch of rainfall to see a grade-C picture. What the theaters lack in roofs and soft seats, they make up in fancy names—the Coconut Bowl, Roxy, Oceanview, Lunga Palace.

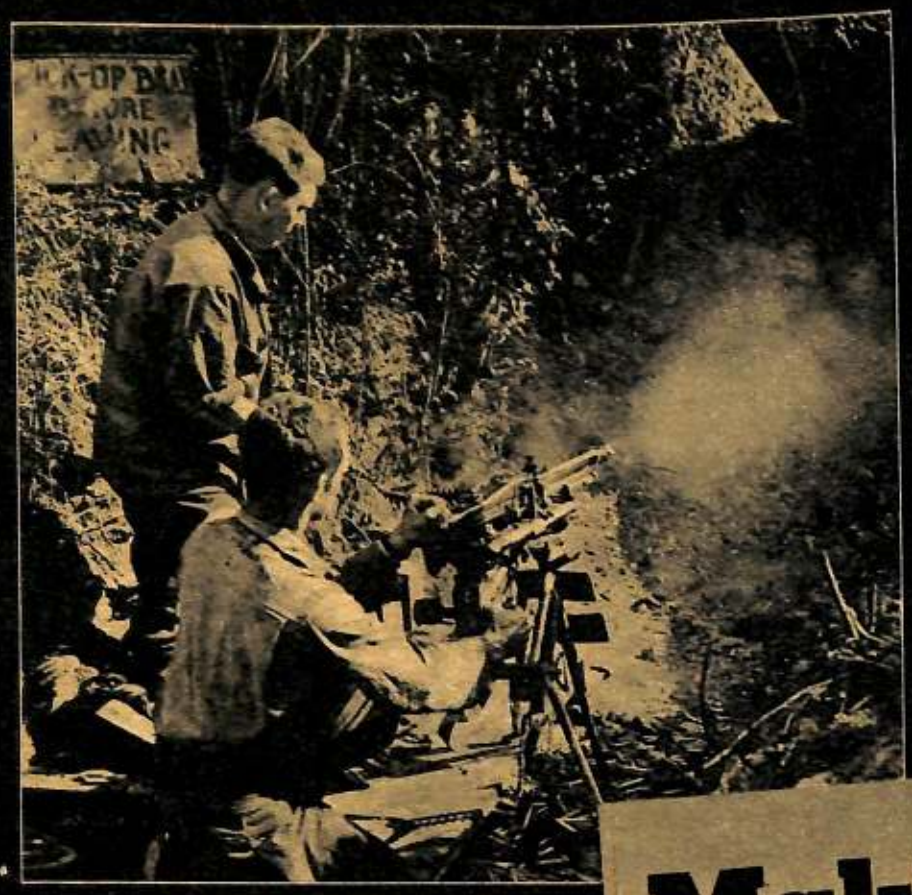
The Lunga, with 2,800 bench seats, boasts a silver backdrop cut from a 900-pound barrage balloon that a destroyer towed in from the sea. It took 14 bathers three mornings to scrub off the sea and beach stains. Another 'Canal movie, on the site of the Matanikau River battle, has a 25-foot screen, one of the highest on the island.

GIs have introduced so many diversions that sometimes the Guadalcanal scene resembles a summer resort in the States. At Kukum, you'll see outboard motorboats and sailing skiffs and an occasional aquaplaner. GIs in diving masks study the beautiful colors of underwater coral. On Sundays, fishing parties in an outboard motorboat, made from floats of wrecked planes, travel up a river that was once a savage battle site. On the roads you may see a runabout made from salvaged plane wheels and a washing-machine motor, capable of more speed than the MPs allow.

Some GIs have trained the mute green parrots of the island to sit on their shoulders. Others, like T-4 Lewis G. Fife of Ogden, Utah, grow flowers around their pyramidal tents—for beauty and to keep the dust down. (The giant zinnias are so robust here that you can transplant them in full bloom from the gardens of outfits that are moving out.) Still other GIs make rings, P-38 models, bracelets and necklaces out of Jap propellers, bullets, shells and other odds and ends.

It's a changed Guadalcanal.

CROWDED WITH GI TRAFFIC, HIGHWAY 50 AT LUNGA IS THE 'CANAL'S MAIN STEM.



TWO SERGEANTS ARE RUNNING THIS GERMAN MACHINE-GUN THROUGH ITS PACES AT AN AMERICAN ORDNANCE TEST PIT IN NORTHERN FRANCE.

SGT. JOHN CURRAN, PHILADELPHIA, REPAIRS AN OLD AUSTRIAN MACHINEGUN WHILE PFC. STANLEY ROCHLIN, NEWARK, N. J., WORKS ON A 1942 RUSSIAN TOMMYGUN.

Making Stuff where it's Needed

By Pvt. HOWARD KATZANDER
YANK Staff Correspondent

FRANCE—The man behind the man behind the gun is a genius capable of making something out of nothing, a GI who can make a tank roll where only wreckage rusted before, a clever guy with a bag full of tricks who gets a kick out of turning German guns against German troops, and watching German prisoners ride in German trucks disguised with a coat of OD paint and the familiar white star of the Allies.

Right now in a field somewhere in northern France he is rolling one 6 x 6 truck every 15 minutes off an assembly line he built himself, making use of a stretch of railroad track taken from Hitler's "impregnable" Westwall. At another point in a similar field he is picking bits of junk out of a pile of the same and coming up with fast-firing German machineguns in perfect condition. He is helping to keep our tanks rolling. He is the colossus of ordnance, which means guns, tanks, trucks, ammunition—everything a soldier uses except his clothes and his food—and he's a guy to be reckoned with.

WE followed a line of trailer trucks loaded with huge boxes down a narrow lane that opened suddenly into a field where an open-air assembly line that looked like part of River Rouge was in full operation. Down at one end the boxes were being unloaded from the trailers by a group of French laborers recruited in the vicinity. The boxes were of two kinds. One held the chassis, wheels and all the mechanical parts of two trucks; two knocked-down bodies came packed in the other.

The boxes, their sides and tops knocked off, are loaded on flat cars which run on the shortest railroad in France—400 feet of narrow-gauge line taken from German fortifications—with an engine made from discarded jeep parts. The chassis of each truck is lifted on to the assembly line, the wheels and axles are assembled and run under it, and the job is on its way.

Once the wheels are attached, each of the 19 units on the assembly line is connected by pieces of chain and each crew has 15 minutes in which to complete its part of the job. When we arrived, one of the crews—consisting of Pfc. Frank Willett, of Boston, Mass., Henry C. Sowers, of Ord, Neb., T/5 Peter Billik, of Cleveland, O., and T/4 Keith Whitmore, of Shenandoah, Ia.—was putting the finishing touches to a cab assembly and body. Sgt. Whitmore's job was to give the final turn to the nut holding the steering wheel in place while Cpl. Billik put enough gasoline in to prime the carburetor, after which Willett stepped on the starter and the completed truck rolled off the assembly line, pulling each of the incompleted units behind it up a step to another

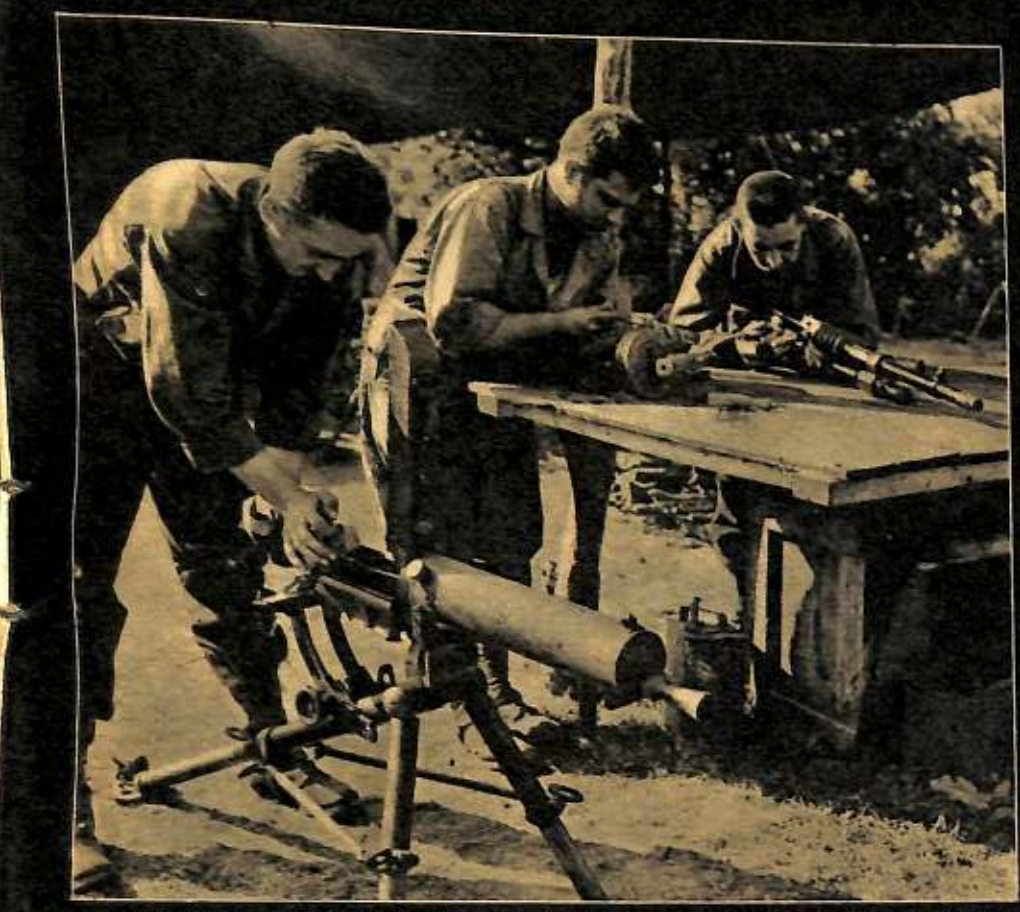
crew of mechanics.

The assembly line was set up by 1st Lt. Gaylous A. Easton, of Bloomington, Ind., and 1st Lt. Clarence L. Speelman, of Crestline, O. Thirty-six hours after the unit hit the beach, it was turning out completed trucks. Most of the men in the crew are "shade-tree mechanics," who got their training fooling around with the family Ford and the farm tractor.

A FEW miles farther along we came on another ordnance depot that turned out to be a storehouse of the weapons of death once made by almost every nation on the Continent. There were French, Czech, German, Russian, Belgian, Dutch, and Austrian weapons of every description—tanks, artillery, and small arms. That was a clue to the way the Germans did things. They made use of every piece of ordnance they could find in the occupied territories. If the Czech and Dutch tanks were suitable for the Panzer units, they were turned into self-propelled guns by shearing their turrets off and fitting them with 88s. There were dozens of the old French 75s of the last war, one of them a gun No. 23, made in 1897. These were mounted on German anti-tank carriages and fitted with muzzle brakes to cut down the recoil. There was even a battery of British 37 mm. anti-aircraft guns that had been left behind on the beaches at Dunkirk in 1940, and until lately had been used by the Germans as field artillery. The Germans have been making a practice of supplying a demolition charge with every piece of artillery, so many of the guns were hopelessly wrecked. But out of the bits and pieces of what remained, skilled GI mechanics, who had seen only photographs of the weapons before landing on the beaches of France, were assembling cannon that would some day be blowing German tanks to pieces.

The German practice was to use most of the obsolete artillery they acquired in their scourge of Europe to fortify fixed emplacements along the coast. These they furnished with 200 or 300 rounds of ammunition each, on the theory that this stuff was the most expendable.

OVER in the small arms section of this ordnance depot we found T/4 Peter Gedrys, of Camden, N. J., and T/4 Mike Westby, of Deerfield, Wis., test-firing an MG-42, a German machinegun whose sound has become so familiar to our infantrymen that it is taboo to try out the weapon when any are in the vicinity because the noise might start a battle. The gun fires 1,500 shots a minute. On a table set up under a tent, Sgt. John Curran, of Philadelphia, was working on a World War I model of an Austrian machinegun known as the *Schwarzloss*; Pfc. Stanley Rochlin, of Newark, N. J., was repairing a 1942 Russian tommygun; and Pfc. Clifton Huff, of Olean, N. Y., was dismantling a French Hotchkiss machinegun of World War I type. None of them had ever handled any of these weapons before. But now they were fixing them. They were doing the job that ordnance does all over the war fronts—making any kind of gun fire and any kind of vehicle roll along under its own power.



PFC. CLIFTON HUFF, OLEAN, N. Y., LEFT, JOINS SGT. CURRAN AND PFC. ROCHLIN AT THE REPAIR BENCH OF AN AMERICAN ORDNANCE DEPOT IN NORMANDY. HUFF IS BUSY UPON A CAPTURED FRENCH HOTCHKISS MACHINEGUN MADE AWAY BACK IN '17.

A SKILLED FRENCH MECHANIC, LEFT, HELPS OUT THE CAUSE OF LIBERATION ON HIS NATIVE SOIL. HE'S ASSISTING PVT. HENRY M. TURNER AND T/5 ANTON P. TITERA, JR., PUT TOGETHER A TRUCK AT A U. S. ORDNANCE DEPOT ASSEMBLY LINE.

LIFE
Goes to a Party

By Sgt. RAY DUNCAN

THE ALEUTIANS—We seldom see *Life* up here. Mac got the June 5 issue after searching 30 miles on a dogsled, and he had to slip a native four Good Conduct ribbons for it.

Mac was lying on his bunk, reading his *Life*, while the rest of us stared at him in envy. Suddenly the magazine dropped from his grasp. He cupped one hand over his mouth and ran for the latrine.

I grabbed the open magazine to see what troubled Mac. It was a series of pictures called "Life Goes to a Bicycle Party for GIs." One page showed a movie actress welcoming five handsome soldiers to her house. She stood in the doorway, turned three-quarters from the camera, a position which accidentally showed her figure to advantage.

Then the soldiers and starlets went for a bike ride—and guess what happened? Ooops, they took a spill! Luckily the photographer was there with his camera when they fell. Things got even wilder back home later on, when everyone drank beer and cokes. "To make it a real Hollywood party," whispered *Life*, "they shot craps, played slot machines free."

That party happened some time ago, and maybe it's better that way. There are five men in our hut who hope to return to the States pretty soon, for the first time in 27 months. I hate to think what might happen if Mac, Slim, Vic, Fred and Tony were invited to a GI bicycle party.

"Say there, colonel," says this man in the checkered sport coat, "how'd you and your buddies like to go on a party?" He steers the five soldiers out of the stream of Hollywood Boulevard traffic.

"I ain't no colonel," Mac begins.

"That's okay, colonel. Just hop in my car, all of you. My name's Flash Bennett. Have a cigar. We had five soldiers from the USO lined up for this thing, but at the last minute they had to go on a clambake with *Look*."

"Say, wot's the deal?" Mac asks. "Geez, wot house is this we're stoppin' at?"

"Just stand there in the doorway for a minute, all of you," says Flash Bennett. He takes a camera from the trunk of his car. "This is Beatrice Buxom, fellahs. She's giving you a bicycle party. Hey, close your mouths, fellahs! Now, smile."

Miss Buxom is wearing a very tight blouse, and her attractive midriff is bare. Behind her are four other starlets in sweaters. The five GIs fidget while the picture is snapped, then they crowd into the 20-room house.

"Say, nice of ya to have us over," grins Mac at Miss Buxom. "Got some music? Let's dance—just to get things started. Know wot I mean, babe?"

"Where's the liquid refreshments?" Slim asks after he and the others finish staring at the starlets. The girls retreat as the soldiers advance.

"Just a minute, fellahs," says Flash Bennett sharply. "We must get a picture of you boys dunking doughnuts with the girls in the patio."

"Look, junior," says Mac. "Here's 20 bucks for ya. Go away with that camera, will ya? We're gonna be busy for a couple of days."

"Flash, who are these men?" cries Beatrice, retreating behind a sofa. "I thought you were bringing some nice boys over, like the ones we toasted marshmallows with for *Pic*."

"Please, fellahs," says Flash. "I've got a cute idea for a picture. You're all playing Musical Chairs, see——."

"We just blew in from the islands, honey," says Mac, drawing closer to Beatrice. "We're lonesome, that's all. How's about you an' me takin' a stroll? You show me aroun' the place. Know wot I mean?"

One of the starlets, barricaded behind the grand piano, decides to try a different plan.

"So you boys are from overseas!" she says. "How nice. We think you boys are doing a grand job, and we folks here at home can't do too much for you."

"Well?" leers Slim.

"Are you interested in music?" she says hastily. "We're ever so glad that you're enlisted men, because we like enlisted men especially. So do the editors of the picture magazines. Officers are so stuffy, and besides it isn't the uniform, it's the man inside that counts."

"Come on, fellahs," pleads Flash Bennett. "We're all going bike riding, and I'll take lots of pictures."

"Look, junior," says Slim, "bike ridin' don't appeal to us. We came home for a rest."

"Hey, junior, take a picture of this," cries Mac, and he makes a dive for Beatrice. She screams. The other GIs all grab their squealing starlets and dance them violently around the room.

Flash Bennett grabs the ivory telephone to call the police. During the scuffle several GI shoes trample his camera underfoot.

"Stop!" A colonel steps into the room, hand upraised. "What is the meaning of this?" Reluctantly the five soldiers let go of their starlets.

"You men are a disgrace to your uniforms. Leave this house! I want your names, ranks and serial numbers!" But the five Aleutian GIs have already obeyed his first command, by diving out through the French windows.

"Beatrice," says the colonel, "aren't you through posing for those pictures yet? The four majors and I are tired of waiting outside for you girls."

BORN IN DETROIT OF BRITISH PARENTS WHO MOVED TO ENGLAND WHEN HE WAS TWO, CECIL COX (RIGHT) ENDS UP AS AN AMERICAN SAILOR TRAINING IN IRELAND. HE'S SHOWING KNOTS TO BM2/C R. W. NEWTON, EASTHAMPTON, MASS.

Yanks in the ETO

PVT. JAMES JANON, BRYN MAWR, PA., JOINS THE FRENCH LADIES WITH PADDLE AND BRUSH TO DO HIS LAUNDRY, WHILE PVT. JERRY KAHN, NEW YORK CITY, STICKS TO THE OLD RELIABLE HAND METHOD.

That Decadent Democracy

HERE, in a headline and a news item that appeared in the London *Star* one day last week, is a friendly pat on the back from the British and a bewildered one from her deadliest enemy:

THEY'RE TELLING U.S.

"The nature of the American attacks in France is so contrary to form and so puzzling that it is extremely difficult even to try to guess what they are going to do next."—Berlin Military Spokesman.

Breathing Spell

FRANCE—The war assumes few new shapes as it moves through the French countryside. In the cities, though, things change fast enough. After the Allied advance has swept through them, big thriving towns suddenly take on the look of sunbaked, empty ruins like the pueblos and cliff-dwellings of Arizona.

It's different in the countryside. There, things remain the same. A division that has been fighting to win a sector of fields, orchards, farms, and manor houses will be pulled out of the lines into an identical series of fields, orchards, farms, and manor houses, and told that this is a rest area.

Not often do you get the feeling that you are on the continent of Europe, in general, and in France, in particular. "The only time you really think that you're in another country," said someone the other day, "is when it's Sunday, and you see all the women in black going to church." A while back, a regiment of the 4th Division was pulled out of the lines and given a two-day breathing spell. Such a rest-cure is often not as good as it sounds because the GIs sometimes get a lot of close-order drill and physical training thrown in with their resting period. "Why don't they realize that we get all the discipline we need off from those 88s?" said one GI on the subject.

For all that, this particular 4th Division Regiment didn't do so badly by itself on its two days off. The Regimental OP was set up in a small but elegant country house. The grounds around consisted of enormous light-green lawns, walled in by heavy, dark-green cedars and plane-trees. The lawns sloped down to a small creek where some infantrymen were washing their fatigues. From not far off came the rapid creaking of machinegun fire and the sound of P-47s on their way southward.

The house itself was filled with gilt mirrors, well-bound books, and bad, modern-looking wallpaper. S2 and S3, which had most of the paper-work to do at this time, had taken over the living-room and library. The wires from the walkie-talkie telephone sets were strung up through a grimy chandelier. Someone tested the piano for booby-traps, and then thumped off a few random bars of *This Is the Army, Mr. Jones.*

The war still seemed very close and credible. Truck-loads of men, brought back from the front, were being unloaded here. Some flung themselves down on the grass with an air of emphatic exhaustion and reached for the small, sour, green apples lying near at hand. Others pitched pup-tents, or lined up to get on the trucks that were convoying men to the showers. The engineers had set up the showers that afternoon, and ten men per company could be handled there each hour.

Sitting around in the grass and playing with a police dog tied to a post were some members of the wire crew, including Pvt. Pleas McCorter, of Lena, La.; Pvt Curtis Wiles, of Chicago; and various others who answered to the names of "Snake," "Tobacco," "Sasha," and "Aircooled." Each battalion has a wire crew of about nine men, whose job it is to set up the wires between battalion and regiment and battalions and companies. Their main responsibility is to keep the lines in good running order and work the switchboard. McCorter was one of the wiremen. He had been in the Army since 1940 and had had quite an eventful time of it. After going AWOL a couple of times in the States, he had gone to cook-and-baker school, and then served as cook and battalion tailor for his regiment. On D-Day, he came ashore with the rest of his outfit as a lineman in the infantry. Sent off on a mission to get in touch with another group, he got lost and joined up with a regiment of the division. They fought at Vologues, Montebourg, and were one of the first American units to hit Cherbourg. A tall, thickset man with thick, brown hair and small, shrewd, friendly, brown eyes, McCorter was wearing overalls over his fatigues. He had on a black scarf that he had picked up in a German tank and knotted around his throat, a turquoise-and-silver ring made by the sister of a New Mexican friend of his, and a wrist-watch that a German prisoner had passed on to a GI runner, who, in turn, had either given or loaned it to him, McCorter wasn't sure. At any rate, here was a man of parts and a natural born collector.

—By Cpl. JOHN PRESTON
A YANK Staff Correspondent.

Three Against Forty

AN 8TH AAF FIGHTER STATION, ENGLAND—This is the story of three P51 Mustang fighter pilots who, almost out of ammunition, barged smack into the middle of 40 Nazi FW-190s and ME-109s. The enemy aircraft were just taking off from an airdrome in France when the 8th Fighter Command fliers blundered right into their midst at better than 300 m.p.h. From then on, it was confusion and chaos in the skies over that region.

Tangling with this flock of German fighters were Lts. William T. Kemp, of East Peoria, Ill.; Leonard A. Wood, of Lansing, Mich.; and Urban L. Drew, of Detroit, Mich. The trio had been doing some bounce-strafing, destroying several German trucks and shooting up about 10 flak towers. They had dropped their wing tanks and, with their range thus shortened, couldn't continue on their original assignment as bomber escort.

"The enemy ships were wheeling around and forming up all the way from zero altitude to 1,500 feet when we sighted them," said Lt. Kemp after the team got back to England again. "We started debating quick over the intercom whether or not to take a crack at 'em, since we were low on ammunition. As we debated we kept right on going and barreled right through one formation like bowling balls."

"About half of the formation broke away as we

"THERE, THERE, IT MAY NOT BE TOO BAD. YOU CAN'T REALLY TELL ABOUT THESE THINGS UNTIL AFTER THEY'VE EATEN THE STUFF."
—Pvt. Tom Flannery

"WELL, DITCH MY BLINDERS AND HAND ME MY BOOTS AND SADDLE; I GOT A GALLOPING DATE WITH RITA HAYWORTH," SAYS OLD DOBBIN WHEN CPL. JACK COGGINS, YANK STAFF ARTIST, GIVES WITH A RECENT PIN-UP SOMEWHERE IN NORMANDY. AND WHERE COULD YOU FIND BETTER HORSE SENSE? ALL DOBBIN NEEDS NOW IS A ROTATION PLAN.

FAR FROM THE SKYSCRAPERS OF DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN, IN WHOSE SHADOW SHE ONCE PLIED, THIS AMERICAN TUG NOW HELPS MOVE WAR STUFF IN A BRITISH PORT. DON'T ASK US HOW THEY GOT HER OVER HERE.

hit them from the rear," said Lt. Drew. "The others kept right in their turn as if nothing had happened, but we spit-curled around and broke up those boys, too. It was just like a bowling alley before we went through but when I looked back it was like a 'strike'—a wide swath and planes scattering all over the sky. From then on we had to keep breaking them up so they wouldn't get together and gang up on us."

The P51 pilots chattered to each other like a football backfield—"Let's go!" "Let's hit 'em!" "Let's give 'em the works!" They all wanted to make sure that they were going in together and they talked it up in lively fashion.

"We went absolutely crazy trying to follow some of those Germans," said Lt. Drew. "The Jerries took off in 30 different directions, dropping belly tanks, lowering landing gears, sitting down anywhere and everywhere in open fields, pastures, roads, and what-not in their hurry to beat it."

There were 10 or 15 airplanes still on the ground in take-off position, warming up. When the three American fliers barged through the swastika-marked horde above, those below scattered like bees toward revetments at the edges of the big field.

"Some of the pilots didn't even bother to save their planes," Lt. Kemp said. "They scrambled frantically out of their cockpits and ran like mad, with 'chutes and flight gear flapping around their legs. They had the fear of God in them and were looking over their shoulders at us as we tore by only a few feet over their heads. They must've felt wind, all right!"

In line abreast, the trio chased after any ships nearby. "I needed a swivel neck," said Lt. Wood. "Everywhere I looked—top, bottom, and both sides—there were swarms of planes. I kept calling them out like a train announcer." The Mustang airmen passed aircraft going at right angles to them and in the opposite direction, like trains passing each other on different tracks. Lt. Kemp climbed onto an FW and gave it a short squeeze. "He exploded in a 30-yard blob of brilliant flame and I flew right through the top of the explosion," the pilot said later. "If anything was left to fall to the ground we didn't see it. Then I latched onto another FW, and had just got a few hits on his canopy when I felt like someone was staring at the back of my neck. Looking back, there was an ME-109 blinking his cannon and I certainly moved fast!" The Messerschmitt also went its way.

Lt. Drew had been mixing it up with an FW when a pair of MEs made an attempted attack. "I pulled over more to discourage them than anything else," he said, "and as soon as my guns fired they tailed off. Then I jumped another ship—all you had to do was sit there and something would come by—and got some hits on him and then my guns stopped. I broke away and another Messerschmitt whizzed by with cannon flaming. I turned into him, even though I had no ammo, and he lit out fast like the rest. After this I kept making head-on passes and pulling in behind planes even though I had no bullets; otherwise, they might have gone after me. If we'd ever let the bunch get together we'd have been duck soup. As psychological warfare it worked out fine."

Lt. Kemp flushed a Jerry whose sole idea was to get away from the insane melee. The German was so anxious to land that he went through two power lines, bounced into a field, tore through a fence, and kept right on taxiing towards a wood, while dragging along sections of fence on his wheels and undercarriage. "He was in one hellùva hurry," said Lt. Kemp. "I slowed him up when he was still moving and stopped him with some hits in the cockpit."

The trio was about all out of ammunition by now. "We sat there beating our heads against the cockpit canopies," said Kemp. "It was the golden opportunity of a lifetime and I could hear all of us bellowing and moaning over not having any more bullets. We stuck with the enemy aircraft in the meantime so that the ground defenses wouldn't send up any flak at us, and wondered what to do next."

Miles away, the rest of the squadron had been listening to some of the conversation going on between the three Mustang pilots and was frantically trying to locate them. The trio, however, was too busy chasing airplanes and trying to avoid being hit to give their location. Maj. Roswell Freedman, the squadron CO, heard Kemp say, while chasing an elusive FW-190, "Let me catch the so-and-so and I'll chew off his tail with my prop!"

The three Americans finally gave up the dizzy merry-go-round and headed for home. "Sooner or later they'd have gotten wise to us and our empty guns," said Lt. Drew. "We wheeled around in a sort of simultaneous decision. I heard Kemp say, 'Let's hit the deck!' I told him I was already there, and damn low too, and that we'd better clip the grass and kick up lots of dust."

The pilots clipped bean poles and hedges and dodged trees, power lines, and farmhouses in their hurry to leave the spot. The engines of Drew's and Wood's airplanes started to cut out; Kemp was just about out of gas. The three P51s drew closer together.

"We were really sweating now," Drew said. "One whole magneto was out on my ship and I could hardly sit still in my cockpit, the plane was shaking so bad. Kemp was praying that his gas would hold out and Wood wasn't feeling too good since his engine was running very rough, too."

The Mustangs just made it to an emergency landing field on the English coast.

"Those Germans must've been taking off to go after the bombers," said Woods, "but we certainly changed their minds fast. Sitting here and thinking of what we did, we're not so eager about it. But I'll never forget how disgusted we were at the time, with Jerries all over the place and no bullets."

The pilots still can't figure out how the Nazis ever missed getting them. "Here we were three mice in a mess of cats, and no ammunition," said Lt. Drew. "They had altitude and everything else in their favor and only a couple of ships made even a half-hearted attempt at us."

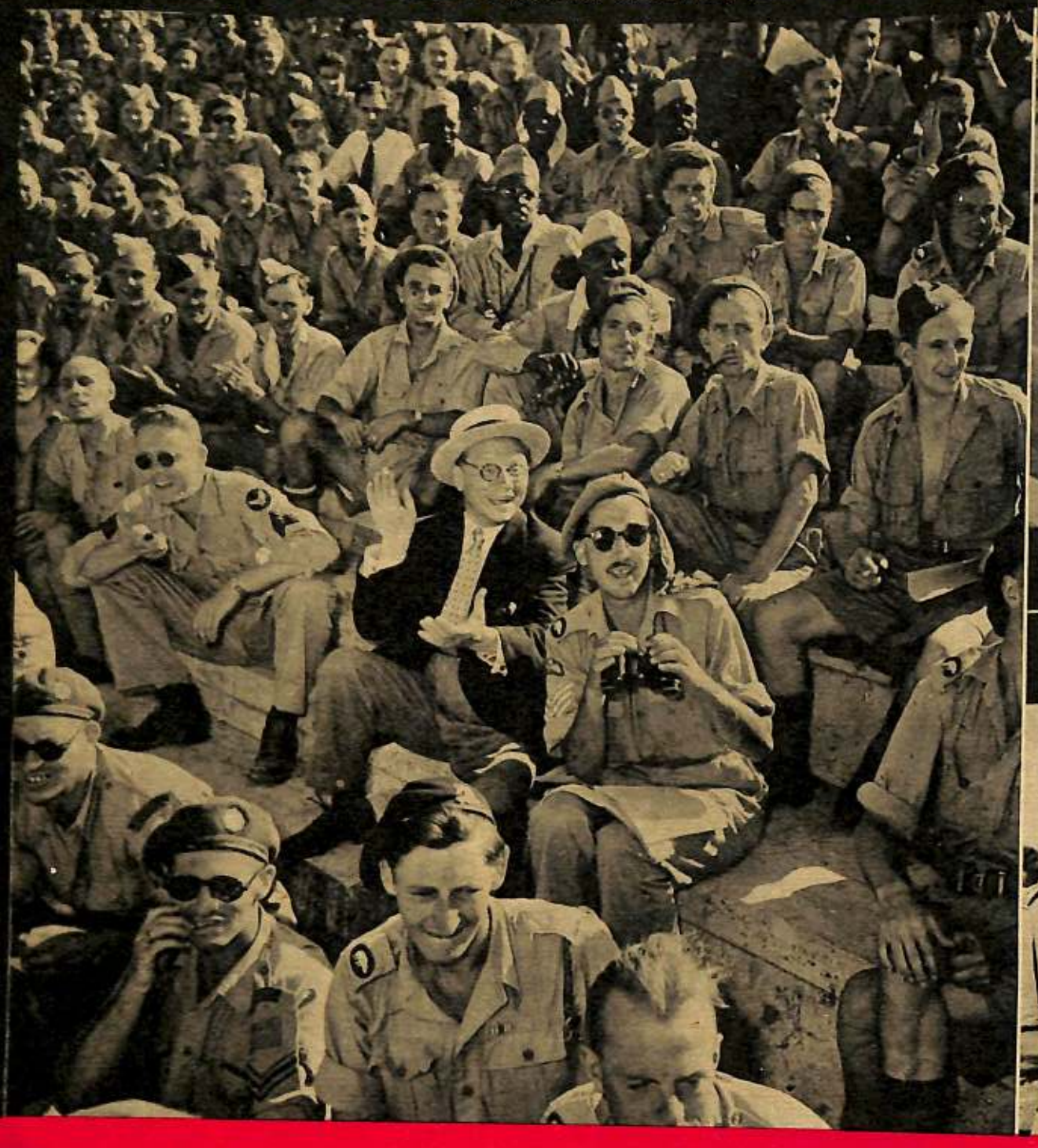
The squadron CO still shakes his head when he thinks about what the three young pilots went through. "It would have been a field day if we could have gotten there," he says. The rest of the pilots in the squadron chorus "Amen!" to that one.

—By Sgt. SIDNEY ROSENBLATT

ABOVE, A FRENCH LAD IN ST. HAMBYE SEEMS PUZZLED AS HE LEARNS "GUM CHEWING" FROM A GI PHOTOGRAPHER.

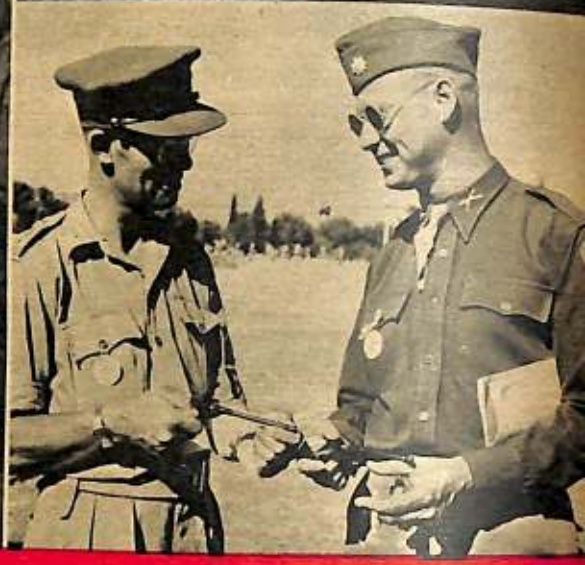
THIS MURAL, LEFT INTACT BY NAZIS WHO SURRENDERED AT CHERBOURG, MAY DEPICT CONSTRUCTION OF FLYING BOMB BASES. THE BUILDING IS NOW A MESS HALL.

THIS STRAW-THATCHED ITIE ESQUIRE SUPPLIED A MEN'S HIGH FASHION NOTE TO THE TRACK-MEET GATHERING.



SGT. FRED SNELL, HIS HAIR TOUSLED, MUSTACHE AWRY, WEARS THE MAPLE LEAF OF CANADA.

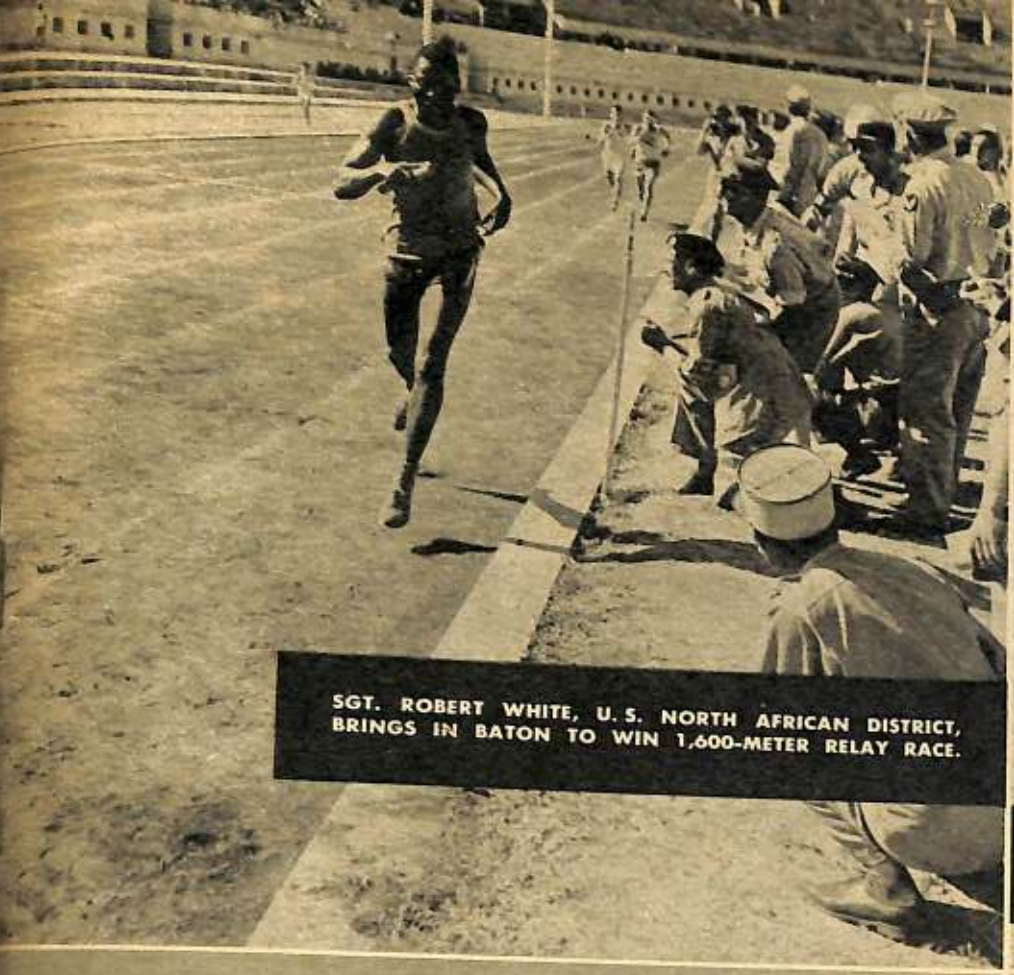
OFFICIALS, CAPT. E. P. SHAW AND MAJ. R. F. PILLEY, EXAMINE MIDGET STARTING PISTOLS.



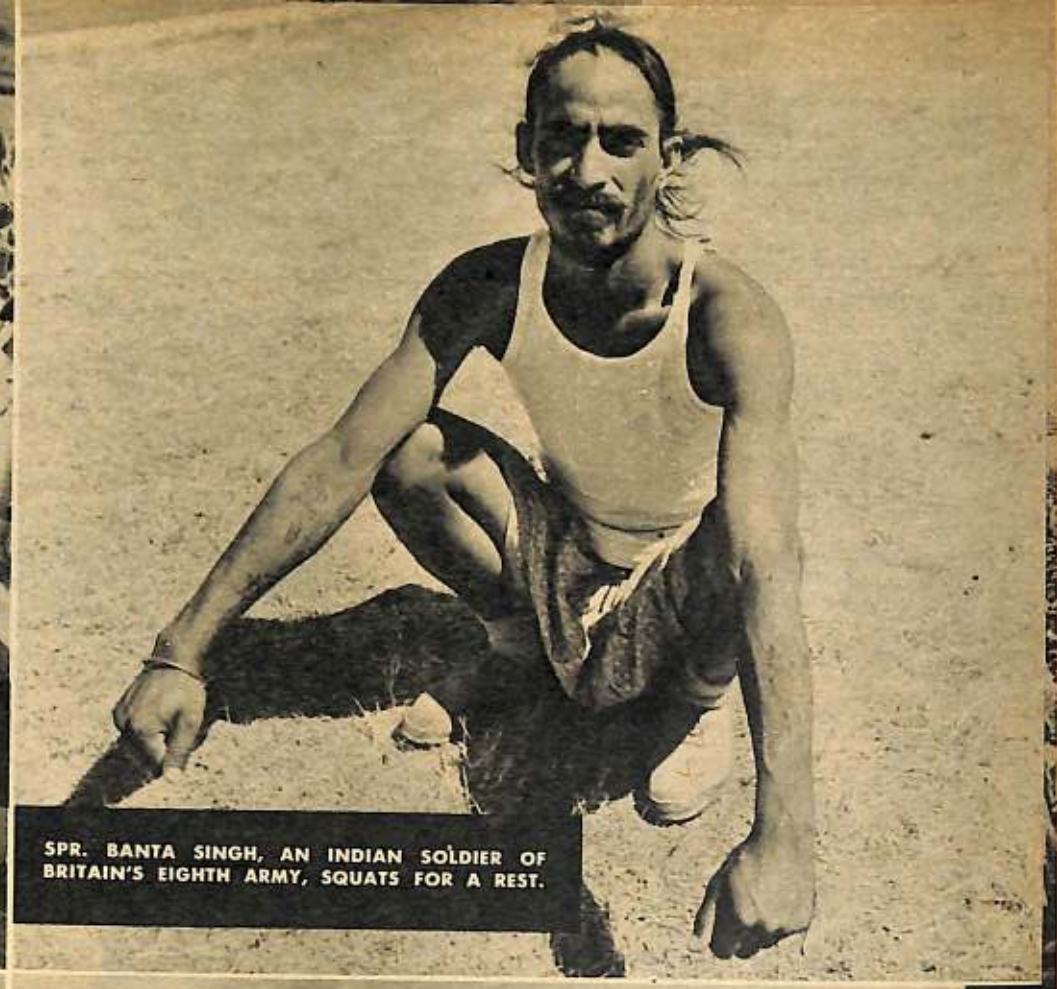
Roman Holiday

The Mussolini Stadium, built by the chunky Duce back in 1939 to house (he thought) post-war Olympic Games, had its opening big show when GIs, changing its name to Il Foro D'Italia, held the finals of the Allied Track and Field Championships. The meet, photographed by Sgt. George Aarons, was not so fancy as the Penn Relays, but a GI crowd of 25,000 got its money's worth.

ALLIED ATHLETES MARCH INTO IL FORO D'ITALIA AS THE MEET OPENS.



SGT. ROBERT WHITE, U. S. NORTH AFRICAN DISTRICT, BRINGS IN BATON TO WIN 1,600-METER RELAY RACE.



SPR. BANTA SINGH, AN INDIAN SOLDIER OF BRITAIN'S EIGHTH ARMY, SQUATS FOR A REST.

FLEET FRENCH ARMY TOP KICK, SGT. TAHAR BEN SMAIN, AN ARAB FROM ALGIERS, GETS A WARM RECEPTION AFTER WINNING THE 5,000-METER RACE HANDILY.

FOUR YANK STAND-OUTS: PVT. ZEMERI COX, PFC. DICK FORD, CPL. JACK REYNOLDS (100-METER STARS) AND PFC. WILLIE STEELE (HIGH- AND BROAD-JUMP WINNER).

...LOCAL ... UMBRELLAS TO SHIELD THEM FROM THE BLAZING ... TRACK AND FIELD MEET.

WILLIE STEELE, U. S. ARMY, SOARS OVER THE HIGH JUMP AS A BATTERY OF PHOTOGRAPHERS SHOOT HIM. BRITISH OFFICER-JUDGE KEEPS TALLY ON HEIGHT JUMPED.

Mildred Cowles

YANK

Pin-up Girl

News from Home

Some people figured the war was all but over, others figured that lots of GIs in the ETO still had a long row to hoe, there was talk of vets displacing civilians in jobs, Indiana was pretty sure it hadn't seen a buzz-bomb, and a lady didn't think home would be home without a pachyderm or three around.

THE way a lot of people back home were carrying on last week, you'd have thought it was just about all over but the shouting. In fact, many business firms announced detailed plans for doing their shouting. If the Armistice is announced on a weekday morning, according to a survey by the *Wall Street Journal*, most concerns plan to close down for the rest of the day; if the word comes in the afternoon or evening, they won't open the following day. They won't, that is, unless the news reaches the States on a Sunday, in which case it will be business as usual Monday morning.

What's more, Walt Disney got to work revamping some of his Mickey Mouse films, dubbing in German titles and dialogues. So you can see we're plainly over the hump.

In some quarters, though, there was a lot of far more serious talk about the end of the war with Germany and about what it's going to mean to the men who are fighting it—and it wasn't talk that was calculated to make a guy over here feel any too hot about his immediate post-Armistice prospects, either. Col. Paul H. Griffith, chief of the veterans' personnel division of Selective Service, said: "If the war ended in Europe tomorrow, it would take more than a year to bring back the boys in Europe now, to say nothing of those who will be transferred to the Japanese theater."

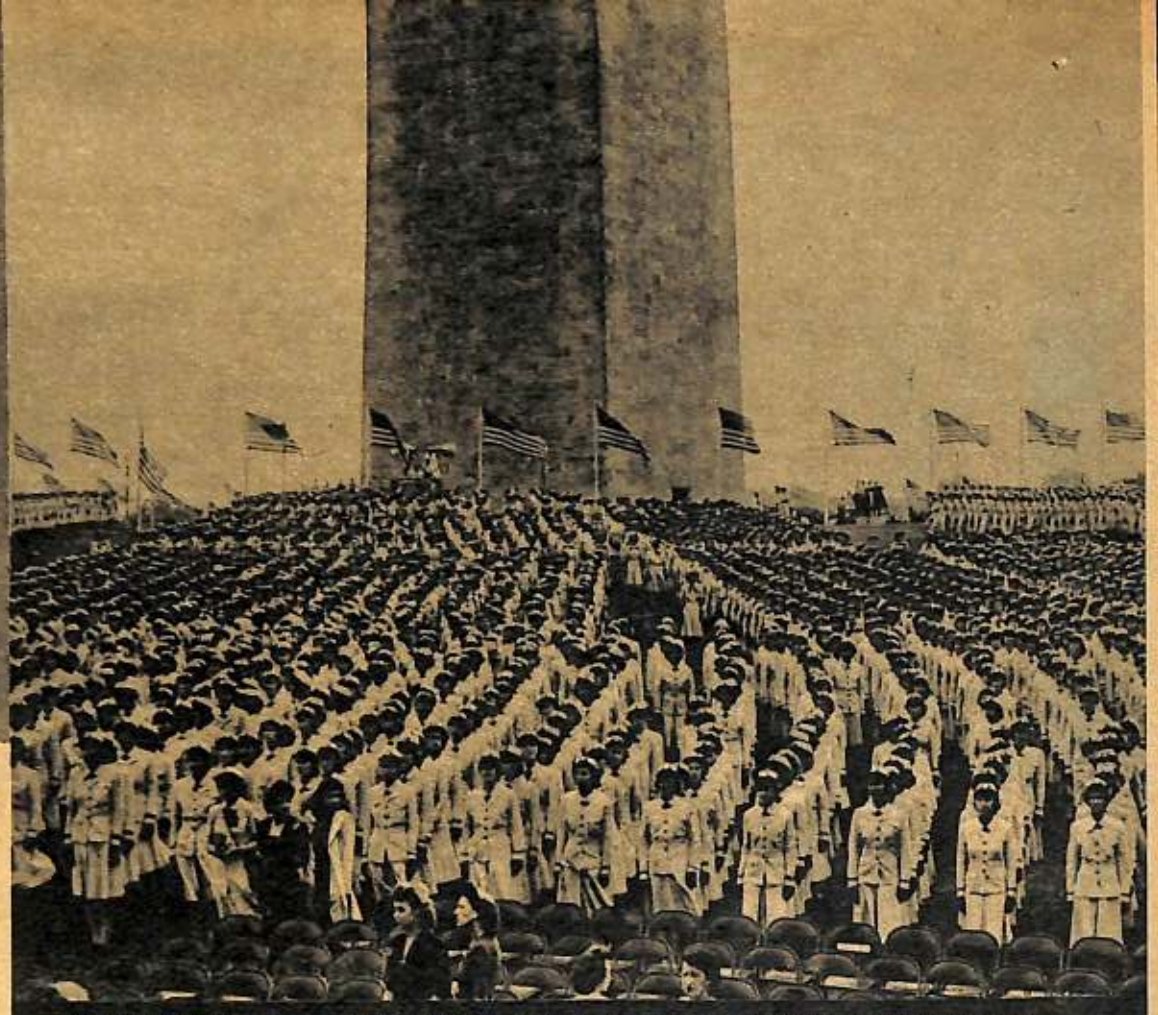
And here's another bit of news you'd better take with a good stiff snort of calvados. Addressing a Spanish War Veterans' encampment at Cincinnati, Lt. Gen. Ben Lear, commanding general of the Army Ground Forces, predicted that "much of the Army now in Europe" will return home after years of absence "via the Suez Canal and Tokyo." Join the Army and see the world, chum.

So, since maybe you're headed on a roundabout road to heaven, perhaps you'd like a little advance dope on what gives at the moment down in the China-Burma-India Theater. The Army has ruled that Yanks can't marry while serving there and, according to the press at home, this has stirred up quite a stew in Calcutta, where a newspaper columnist wrote that, compared with American girls, "Anglo-Indian girls have greater beauty and superior intelligence and are undoubtedly more charming." Furthermore, said this irate gent, Merle Oberon, Vivien Leigh, and Margaret Lockwood were all born in India. What more could you ask?

COL. GRIFFITH dropped that remark about its taking a year to get us all home from these parts during a debate with Victor G. Reuther, assistant director of the War Policy Division of the CIO's United Automobile Workers, on the proper interpretation of the Selective Service Act as it affects the employment of returning veterans. The vet, said Griffith, "is entitled to his old job back even though he displaces a man with greater seniority." Reuther replied that such a policy seemed to him to be "foreign to the intent" of the act and that it would "be a big mistake to get jobs for veterans by taking them away from someone else." Reuther added that he felt Griffith's interpretation of the act would create dissension by pitting veterans against civilians and would give the vets "super-seniority."

When Griffith replied that he favored "super-seniority" for veterans, Reuther contended that the law provided only for "like seniority," which he defined as meaning that the period of time covered by a vet's military service should be added to his work seniority and the total used as the basis on which the man would be judged in landing a job.

Griffith then summarized the law in question as a guarantee that a vet can have his job back if he reports for work within 40 days of being honorably discharged, if he is qualified to do the work, and if his former employer's circumstances have not been radically changed. The law, said Griffith, sees to it that "the returning veteran gets his job even if this means discharging a non-veteran with more seniority." Reuther observed that, under such an interpretation, a man who had two years' seniority and had been in the service could displace a ten-year-seniority man. Right, Griffith replied, providing the latter had replaced the drafted man.



NAVY NOTES. Above, 10,000 Waves celebrate their second birthday around the Washington monument in Washington, D.C. Below, young Dennis Grose, son of A/M John Grose, of Niagara Falls, N.Y., checks in with Marine Pfc. Frank Lossani, of Flushing, N. Y., at Lakehurst, N. J. Mom was visiting pop at the time.

President Roosevelt let it be known at a press conference that he expects to meet again soon with Prime Minister Churchill, but he declined to give a hint of where that meeting might take place. He did say, however, that a rather general understanding exists between the U. S., Russia, and Britain on the question of occupying Germany, regardless of how or when the Nazis give up. He added that you can't plan all the details of such an undertaking in advance, but he thought everything was going along all right. Asked about occupying Japan, he said he believed a similar agreement could be reached with China on that matter, although here again there was nothing as yet on paper—just verbal exchanges thus far between himself and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek.

Governor Thomas E. Dewey, of New York, the Republican candidate for President, warned against the establishment of a postwar alliance between the U. S., Russia, Britain, and China which would allow those nations to dominate smaller nations permanently, and he implied that such an alliance was about to be considered at a forthcoming conference between the four powers in Washington.

Next day, Secretary of State Cordell Hull denied that there was any danger of four-power world domination and asserted that no such plan had "ever been contemplated by this government or, as far as we know, by any of the other governments." Hull invited Dewey to discuss postwar foreign policy on a non-partisan and non-political basis, to which Dewey responded by appointing John Foster Dulles, a 56-year-old New York lawyer, as his representative in the matter.

Dulles has recently been serving as unofficial adviser to the Republican Party on foreign affairs. He was an aide to Woodrow Wilson and chief counsel on reparations and financial matters at the Versailles Peace Conference after the last war and has occupied other international advisory posts during the last two decades. Upon learning of the appointment, Hull said: "I'll be delighted to see Mr. Dulles and confer with him on any date or dates convenient to him."

A press conference was then held in Albany, N. Y., at which Dulles, with Dewey standing nearby, said that he thought the difficulties of forming an international-security organization ought not to be complicated by the immediate problems of disarming Germany and Japan. He proposed that the U. S., Britain, and Russia, with "substantial contributions" from nearby liberated countries, should police Germany and hold her in check and that the U. S., Britain, and China should do the same thing with Japan. Then, he said, once these duties were undertaken by the four powers, it would be possible to form an international organization in which small nations, without being subjected to four-power domination, would have a voice in the future determination of plans for a lasting peace.

Results of the first complete state-by-state Gallup Poll on the two major candidates for President showed Roosevelt leading in 28 states, with 286 electoral votes, and Dewey ahead in 20 states, with 245 electoral votes.

THE storm over Title V of the Soldier Vote Law died down after both the House and Senate unanimously passed an amendment to liberalize the restrictions against the distribution among the armed forces of books, movies, magazines, and newspapers containing political discussion. Title V had come in for some hot public criticism after the public had learned that British newspapers were being banned from U. S. Army posts in the ETO and that post libraries were not permitted to distribute books like *Yankee from Olympus*, a biography of the late Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. The amendment passed by Congress removes the restrictions on movies and reading material in the Army and Navy and also permits GIs to get a load of any radio program going to the general public. It stipulates, however, that if the Army or Navy rebroadcasts campaign talks, equal time must be given to all parties.

Senator Robert A. Taft, Republican of Ohio and author of the original Title V, collaborated with Democratic Senators Theodore Green, of Rhode Island, and Scott Lucas, of Illinois, in preparing the amendment. Taft, who had already complained that the War Department had interpreted the original law too literally, also said he thought the WD was taking too many pains to see to it that soldiers cast their votes in the November elections. He didn't like the department's instructions on voting, which call for the appointment of voting officers to assist GIs in obtaining and mailing Federal and State absentee ballots. "It seems to me," he said, "that this business of personal solicitation is going a little bit too far," and he went on to criticize the WD for creating a "get-out-the-vote organization that would be the envy of any political organization in the country."

Maybe it won't be necessary to carry out an assault invasion of the Japanese mainland after all, Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, commanding the U. S. forces in the Pacific, said at Pearl Harbor. The white-haired Texan, just back from a trip through the Marianas and the Marshalls, promised a rapidly mounting offensive against Japan, which might include bombardment by warships of the enemy homeland. He said that Jap casualties have been

The press agent had a "great idea," so here you see lovely Anne Gwynne risking splinters to get the point across.

tremendous since last November, when the Yanks began their march across island bases which has brought them to within 1,495 miles of Tokyo at Saipan. He set the figure of Jap losses in the invasions of the Gilberts, Marshalls, and Marianas at 52,323 dead and 3,022 taken prisoner, and he matched these with 5,903 Americans killed during the same campaigns—a ratio of about 10 to 1. "I am not sure nor am I convinced," said the admiral, "that invasion by assault will be necessary, but I do believe that occupation will be necessary to insure that we win the peace."

A BILL was introduced in the House of Representatives which, if it became law, would grant a permanent income-tax exemption of $2,000 to all honorably discharged servicemen and women who have been wounded or disabled or who have served more than 90 days. The $2,000 would be in addition to whatever exemption was granted the general public.

As a matter of fact, taxes were bothering a lot of our legislators again. Senator Walter George, Democrat of Georgia and chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, reported that Congressional tax experts were working on a plan to reduce corporate and individual income taxes as soon after the war as possible as a means of encouraging postwar spending and production and thus helping to ease the nation through the period of reconversion to peacetime ways. It will be necessary, George said, "greatly to reduce or to lift entirely those taxes which are wartime features." However, he made it clear that, even so, the prospects won't be too rosy since it is expected that for some time right after the war the nation's budget will have to be about four times what it was in 1939.

Eric A. Johnston, president of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, said in Washington that, if industry is to expand and provide jobs for all after the war, Congress must enact a tax law that will encourage a free flow of risk capital. "Our present laws definitely discourage job-making investments," Johnston declared. "They are so framed that money lost in business usually stays lost while a substantial part of any profits realized must be turned over to the tax collector. The government in effect says, 'Heads we win, tails you lose.'" Unless risk capital circulates freely, Johnston added, many servicemen will return to find no jobs.

The weather was acting up strangely in several parts of the country. Generally speaking, it was so hot and dry that there wasn't the usual amount of ragweed, a fact for which hay-fever sufferers affected by the pollen of that plant were thankful. But when the rains came, they came heavy. In New York City a violent thunderstorm stopped subway service, brought record temperatures down 15 degrees, and killed four persons, including Alex Nimmo, a 54-year-old building superintendent, who drowned on a roof. He was up there trying to clean out an eave-spout when sudden suction by the water in it pulled his arm into the drain and forced his head into a puddle.

Buffalo, N. Y., had the heaviest rainfall it had had on any one day since 1893. Eight street-car lines had to suspend operation as 3.64 inches of water fell in 24 hours, flooding streets to a depth of six feet in some sections.

It was so hot in Washington that the Earl of Halifax, Britain's Ambassador to the U. S., cast aside the traditional dignity of his nation and post by greeting reporters at a press conference with the suggestion that they take off their coats and proceed in their shirtsleeves. To put correspondents at their ease, the ambassador set them an example by shedding his own coat first. After everybody was thus made slightly more comfortable, Halifax, who had just returned to the States from London, told about his experiences with Nazi flying bombs in England.

Nobody seemed to know if it was the weather or what it was that caused a bright flash and a rumbling explosion in many parts of Indiana at 8:20 one morning. Reports of the phenomenon came into Indianapolis from as far north as Dunes State Park, as far south as Vincennes, as far east as Richmond, and as far west as Terre Haute. State Trooper Elmer Paul, of Indianapolis, said: "It looked like a huge silver flash—too big for a plane—high in the sky and shooting downward in a straight line. It seemed to have a trail of smoke." One explanation was that it was a large meteor that had fallen. Capt. Walter Eckert, of the State Police, had no idea what it might have been, but knew what he didn't think it was—a crashing plane, an explosion in a mine or factory, or "one of Hitler's rocket bombs."

Amusement parks in the New York area are taking it on the chin these days. About 24 hours after Luna Park burned up out at Coney Island, fire destroyed the better part of Palisades Amusement Park, on the New Jersey side of Hudson across from Manhattan's 125th Street. About 35,000 customers were milling about the place when the blaze broke out on the structure of the Virginia Reel Ride and spread rapidly down the Midway, destroying $30,000 worth of liquor and 100 automobiles in a nearby parking lot. There was no panic and nobody was killed, but 125 were treated for the effects of smoke and 24 were taken to Englewood Hospital.

T/Sgt. Charles E. ("Commando") Kelly, the "one-man army" who won a Congressional Medal of Honor for his exploits in Italy last year, was sweating out a $90 fine and three months' restriction to his company area at Fort Benning, Ga., after having been court martialed for being AWOL six days. He grinned as he blamed well-wishers for the fact that he was late returning from a furlough.

Thomas A. Quigley, 50-year-old trolley operator who refused to return to his job when the Army stepped into the Philadelphia transit strike a couple of weeks ago, found himself on an employment black-list, faced with induction into the Army. If he is rejected, he will have to earn a living for his wife and two children by doing some sort of work that does not come under the Wage Stabilization Program, and there isn't a lot of that around. He's to be black-listed from regular jobs for the duration.

Maj. Gen. Alexander M. Patch, commander of the invasion forces in southern France, was nominated by the President for promotion to the temporary rank of lieutenant general.

The National Union for Social Justice, which once had a membership of 5,000,000, folded up with nary a comment from the Rev. Charles E. Coughlin, its former leader, who nevertheless was one of the signers of the dissolution papers.

The Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith, formerly a disciple of the late Huey Long and now the America First Party's Presidential candidate, got the old brush-off when he tried to obtain a live buffalo from one of the national parks as a symbol for his outfit. Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes, who turned the request down, told Smith: "We don't play politics with our parks . . . We would not permit them to be used by a rabble-rouser trying to add stature to himself by nominating himself as candidate for President of a fictitious party . . . In a way I regret that I cannot see my way clear to arranging for you and one of our loudest-voiced bull buffaloes to be introduced to each other . . . But I don't concur in the idea that a perfectly decent and well behaved and well brought up buffalo should, without any option on his part, bear the stigma you suggest."

THOUGH flat on his back since 1942 in the Army's Ashford General Hospital, at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., as a result of wounds received in New Guinea, Cpl. Roscoe Jackson has developed a business which looks as if it would have him paying income taxes in the higher brackets pretty soon. With time on his hands and nothing else to do, this resourceful Joe started to repair fountain pens as a hobby, using only a set of files and a pair of pliers, and pretty soon the newspapers heard about it and wrote him up. This resulted in a flock of mail from people all over the country, who sent in their broken pens, asking the corporal to fix, please. Among his steady clients now are the Chesapeake & Potomac Telephone Co., of West Virginia, and the Douglas Aircraft Plant, at Oklahoma City. In three months' time, Cpl. Jackson cleaned up $1,200—which, as any other Jackson in this man's Army will agree, is hardly hay.

Mrs. Terrell Jacobs, wife of a wild-animal trainer in Peru, Ind., sought a divorce from her husband and asked the court to grant her custody of the couple's two sons and three elephants. There's one lady who is devoted to her home and doesn't want to see the lives of innocent members of the household wrecked on the reefs of marital discord.

Joseph Jablonski comforts his wife and daughter in Chicago, where he's just been pinched. A lifer, he escaped from Joliet in 1933, and became a die-maker.

Bishop Paul Yu-pin, Nanking, China, celebrates mass at St. Patrick's in New York as China ends seventh year of Japanese war.

Robert Hughes, 18, of Mt. Sterling, Ill., is the heaviest draft registrant, weighing 709 lbs. He'll need his own LST.

Mail Call

Boosts for the Medics

Dear YANK,

I think it is high time someone gave credit to some of the most gallant soldiers that have ever been in battle.

They are the forgotten ones who carry only a "red cross" on their arm.

I am not speaking of the medics in the rear, who are doing a swell job, too, but of the ones who are right on the line with their infantry.

There is no need to tell anyone what they have done; anyone who has been on the front lines knows.

T/Sgt. F. WILLMAN, Inf.

A Hospital in the ETO.

Dear YANK,

About those 5 and 10 dollar raises which are given for the Infantry Combat Badge. According to the law this badge and the raises are given to the Tank Corps, Artillery, Infantry, etc. Of course, the most important branch of the service is not entitled to it. Dear YANK, that branch of service is our front-line Medical men.

We are in one of the Infantry units of the 1st Division. We see and know what our medical men do. Us infantrymen are armed with all sorts of weapons, but our dependable aid men only have a white band with a red cross on it. To them their band is worth just as much as our M-1 or tommygun.

In previous engagements and also at this present moment the front-line aid men are doing a darn good job. Whenever one of our footsloggers is wounded, it's only a matter of a few minutes before the aid man is right alongside of him, giving him first aid under fire. That fire consists of rifle, machine-gun, and that well known 88. These bullets can hit him just as well as they can us in the Infantry or the Artillery. After all, he isn't a man of steel.

Seeing that you are in favor of the soldiers, I think that you may be able to do something for these comrades of ours, the Medical Corps. Us fellows know that these front-line aid men should also be entitled to that badge and raise; after all, he is out in front and he cannot carry his foxhole with him. We, the Infantrymen have hopes of you, YANK, helping these men receive their infantry Combat Badge and raise.

A GROUP OF INFANTRYMEN OF THE FIGHTING FIRST

France.

[So far as we're concerned, there's nothing too good for those boys.—Ed.]

Boos for the Bachelors

Dear YANK,

We've been reading the Mail Call of the Four Bachelors who think married men should stay in the army of occupation. The bachelors are too ugly to get married or no woman would have them. The best thing for them to do is marry some girl on this side of the water and stay here.

Us married men have got more bad time in this Army than they have good time. The four bachelors probably belong to some S.S. outfit and never saw a day of action. I think us married men are entitled to go home after going through three campaigns. We have been married going on nine years with two children. Could we have gotten married to dodge the draft? We would like to get home ourselves and start a home and future for our family.

THE GO DEVILS OUTFIT

P.S. You can tell you bachelors didn't see action because you have plenty time to write letters. The only reason we have is because we are in the hospital. We never had time on the front lines.

A Hospital in the ETO.

Dear YANK,

Here's a little reply to the "Four Bachelors," and I hope they get to read this in its worst interpretation. So we married men are to stay here and let our wives come over to keep us company while we're doing our share in the "army of occupation," eh? And what about our kids? Should they come, too? Or should they just remain where they are and let some charity organization take care of them? So we hide behind some woman's skirts, do we? For your information, all married fellows we've ever known were either married a long, long time before the draft started or after they were in service. That's more than we can say about guys like you, who didn't have guts enough to face the issue. And if you're so inclined as to keep us from going home to "chew up" our "lonely wives" why the hell are you so anxious to get home and get married? Surely it would be a more simple solution to send your dear girl friends over here to keep guys like you company than to send whole families, or are you afraid of the competition? The only thing we can say is that we're glad all bachelors aren't like yourselves, or else by the time they get married they'd be too old to have children and we could kiss the future U. S. goodbye right now.

5 FATHERS OF WARD 5

P.S. At least when we fought in France we had something to fight for.

A Hospital in the ETO.

Dear YANK,

It's with disgust that I read the very thoughtless and selfish attitude of the four bachelors. Surely, Mr. Foursome, your opinion is without basic knowledge of a father's responsibilities.

It so happens that I'm thirty-six, the father of an eleven-year-old girl and a two-year-old boy and, when my number was up, I was drafted into this Army and didn't try to "avoid the draft by hiding behind some babe's skirt." Also at the time, my son was barely born and required strict attention as to special diet and care and my wife, having been left with some sort of ailment after his birth, was unable to tend him properly, hence being faced with the problem of living with relations until her condition bettered itself. We didn't squawk, but lived in the hope that everything would turn out alright, for we believe there is a God to look after the unfortunate. Also I'm pretty sure that many of the younger men have married for a more noble reason other than the narrow-minded attitude you suggest.

I'm just wondering how you'd have liked to have had your dad over here fighting during your childhood while you and your sister and your mother worried no end. But then, judging from your masterpiece in YANK, you sound like the type that wouldn't give a hoot and would confine his illusions to getting himself a "babe" or a "gal" (as you term them) to get a family started. Where I come from we call them "ladies" and "women" and offer them the same respect we'd give our mothers.

Pvt. J. A. C.

P.S. I am now in a hospital in England as I too have sweated Jerry out in the role of an infantryman attached to a rifle platoon.

A Hospital in the ETO.

Dear YANK,

The article written by the four bachelors should get a Section 8. If they couldn't get a girl to marry them before the war, how do they expect to get a girl to marry them after the war?

I am a married man myself and I enlisted in the Army. I think the married men should go back to the States first because that's what they are fighting for. And don't forget a lot of us have children, too. We are fighting for them so they won't have to go to war when they are 20 years old.

I would advise those old bachelors to try and get a girl to marry them over here and stay here.

I read the YANK every week and enjoy it very much. I never squawked till I read that article. Please print this, and I'm sure a lot of married men will agree with me.

A WOUNDED SOLDIER FROM FRANCE

A Hospital in the ETO.

He Likes It As Is

Dear YANK,

I am writing in regard to an article by Pfc. E. C. Shurr in YANK dated August 13.

In the first place, I've never heard such an absurd idea as changing the National Anthem. The *Stars and Stripes Forever* is a good song, but I ask Pfc. Shurr if he knows the history of our anthem and what it means?

I am, and certainly the people of the United States are, proud of our anthem. Pfc. Shurr wrote of the *Stars and Stripes Forever* as being more fitted for the present situation, but what could be more fitted than our present anthem? I suggest that Pfc. Shurr read over the anthem, if he can't sing it, and see if he can't get up and get the feeling he so wants. Otherwise, I think he'll get the horse laugh.

A Hospital in the ETO. S/Sgt. HARLAN POWELL

Confusing, Isn't It?

Dear YANK,

I'm disappointed, I really am. Maybe the movies are responsible for creating false illusions, though even movies are sometimes based on fact. Where are the boys in the U.S. Army who in pre-war days actually lived up to the reputation of their home state?

For instance, I haven't met one GI from Chicago yet who toted a gun in peacetime, and a Joe from Salt Lake City looked sick when I asked if he was a Mormon. (I found out later that he was a misogynist—a rare type in the Army.)

The Southerners from Georgia and Kentucky neither live in huge mansions serviced by colored people, nor do they breed horses.

A GI from Oklahoma was a traveller in lingerie instead of being a tough-shot of a cowboy I had expected.

Then lastly my own Yank, who comes from Boston, Mass., has a surname which shows that his ancestors didn't figure on the passenger list of the *Mayflower*.

It's been my pleasure to meet many GIs and I

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Pictures: 1, Planet. 2, upper, Keystone; rest, U.S. Signal Corps. 3, OWI. 4, U.S. Signal Corps. 6, 7, Sgt. Dillon Ferris. 8, 9, Sgt. Reg. Kenny. 10, left, U.S. Signal Corps; upper right, Keystone; lower right, Cpl. Joe Cunningham. 11, upper, Keystone; lower left, U.S. Signal Corps; lower right, OWI. 12, 13, Sgt. Aarons. 14, OWI. 15, 16, Keystone. 17, left and right, Keystone; center, OWI. 19, YANK. 20, upper, PA; center right, lower left and right, INP; lower center, 20th Century Sporting Club. 21, upper, Acme; lower, USCG. 23, Cpl. Joe Cunningham.

SGT. PETE PARIS

SGT. PETE PARIS, the first enlisted man to report for duty on the editorial staff of YANK when it was activated in 1942, was killed in action June 6 on the Normandy beachhead while he was covering the D-Day landings of the 1st Division for this magazine.

Before he was assigned to front-line duty in France, Sgt. Paris covered the Tunisia and Sicily campaigns for YANK as an artist, correspondent and photographer. The pictures he made at Maknassy, Gafsa, El Guettar, Licata and Troina, many of them by exposing himself to great personal danger, were some of the best combat photographs of the war.

Sgt. Paris was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Sol Paris of Brooklyn, N. Y. He attended Boys High School in Brooklyn and Syracuse University, where he received a bachelor's degree in fine arts. He was a magazine illustrator and photographer before he was inducted in March, 1941. He trained in the Engineers at Fort Belvoir, Va., where his work as editor of the *Duckboard*, publication of the Engineers Replacement Training Center, won him a transfer to YANK when this Army Weekly was still in the preliminary planning stage. During YANK's first six months he worked as an artist in the main editorial office. Then he served as an overseas combat correspondent from November 1942 until his death on D Day. He was 30 years old.

Sgt. Pete Paris

think they are a grand bunch, but when am I going to meet one who will run true to type?

Miss JOAN DYER

Britain.

GI Jury

Dear YANK,

I have just read the August 6 edition and a very good article in Mail Call written by T/Sgt. George Pethoud on the judging of Germany when the war is won.

I was wounded in France and am now in a hospital in England and I, too, am sure there are thousands of others who think Germany should be judged by men who did the fighting. No board of civilian jurors can know the true meaning of war like the men who did, and are doing, the fighting.

The Germans should be fully punished for the cruelty and horrors they have inflicted on the world and I am sure, if the jurors were men who had to do the job of beating the German Army, they would make sure they received the punishment they justly deserve. They have never given their enemies a fair fight nor should they be given any mercy in their final judgment by the Allies.

A TANKER

A Hospital in the ETO.

Doleful Dog-Robber

Dear YANK,

They call us messengers, runners, dog-robbers, or greyhounds. Supply out-did themselves to provide some of us with those dime-a-dozen Cracker-Jack novelty compasses, and then called it a day—breathing a prayer of thanks to the good Lord for having

supplied us with a pair of lungs and legs. Before D-Day our importance was questionable, negligible. Had the T/O managed to squeeze in an extra T/5, the rating would have gone to the latrine orderly—and the greyhounds would have had to be content with their lungs and legs.

Comes D-Day, and from all sources the same report and praise: that the runners did a great job; that they are VERY important, and without their (permit me) services, things would have been gloriously fouled up.

Ratings are given out right and left for everyone else, but messengers—to hell with them.

If it's going to break someone's heart to give us a T/5, how about permission to wear a T.S. patch to give support to the sagging ends of that Pfc. stripe?

ONE OF THE HOUNDS

France.

Cold Shoulder

Dear YANK,

I received a letter from a friend of mine who is at the present time in the States. The reason for this is he fell down a mountain in the Italian campaign and hurt his back. He has been through Africa, Sicily, and then Italy. His letter made me so mad; I've read it four times, and the more I read it the madder I get. He tells me the people treat him as a stranger back around camp, and that some of them look at his battle stars, of which he has four, and think he hasn't earned them. The MPs wear more ribbons than him, and they haven't been out of the States yet. He thinks he would of been better off if he were dead, as to get treated as he is back there. What are we going to be treated like when we get home? He is so damn disgusted he wants to come back over here. I think it's about time the people back home smartened up—and those civilian GIs, too.

ANOTHER GI HARRY

France.

Purty Pistol

Dear YANK,

We boys would like to give our platoon Sgt.—S/Sgt. "Ricky" Howell—a break. He has the purtiest pistol in the ETO. It is silver and black, with plexi-glass handles, and has his wife's picture on one side and his son's on the other.

We will argue the point that S/Sgt. Ricky's was the first such pistol in France, as he brought it with him. There have been any number of fellows who have had their guns fixed that way now. More power to YANK, and we enjoy reading it when we have a chance to.

The Boys of the 2nd Platoon,
Cpl. ALBERT P. KLEIN
Pvt. KELLY LEIGH
Pvt. DAVID J. AVENSAL

France.

See Here, Cpl. Dundas

Dear YANK,

Cpl. Dundas wrote in the July 23 issue that he doesn't like YANK because he thinks it's a trade paper for professional soldiers. Well, who gives a good damn whether he likes it or not? I'm sure he isn't forced to read it. He should be examined very carefully by some good doctors. As far as I can see, YANK isn't a professional trade magazine for professional soldiers. I'm not a professional soldier, either; just a paratrooper who was unlucky enough to get his teeth and tongue shot out before very many people in Britain knew it was D-Day.

And a pat on the back for Sgts. F. J. Feinning and I. T. Beals correcting the statement about what time we got in there on D-Day. Hells Bells, yes. Seven of us had 4 prisoners before 2 o'clock, after coming nearly all the way from the beach to St. Germain de Vorreville. When 5 o'clock did roll round, I had been picking out loose teeth and jaw bone for half an hour. Got proof, if anyone wants it.

A TOOTHLESS TROOPER

A Hospital in the ETO.

Don't Worry, Sis

Dear YANK,

Hoping you will assume the role of Mr. Anthony long enough to soothe my bleeding soul—I write. My problem is an old one, but none the less disconcerting. You see, I have a sister back in Madison, S.D., who is so worried about my morale that she ends every letter with clouds of advice. She always ends her letter with the burning words of "Be Decent." Try as I may, she still persists with the same cutting, "Be Decent."

Pray tell me, kind sirs, is there some very documentary looking paper in Army Files that I might be able to procure to prove to her that; (1st) I have been in France for the past several weeks; (2nd) There are no women within the ages of 14 and 50; (3rd) Liquor is out of reach of the war-torn soldier; (4th) All the cities and towns in France are "off limits;" (5th) I work so hard and long that I wouldn't want to go anyplace, anyway; (6th) I have no hair on my head and would no doubt frighten the civilian populace.

How in hell could I possibly be anything else but decent!!!!

France

S/Sgt. J. J. R.

YANK'S AFN
Radio Guide

Highlights for the week of Aug. 27

SUNDAY 1330—SAMMY KAYE'S SUNDAY SERENADE—The swing-and-sway man and his Orchestra. Songs by Sally Stewart and the Kay-dettes.

MONDAY 2005—MUSIC AMERICA LOVES BEST—A new AFN all-star feature, with something for everyone.

TUESDAY 2145—FRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS—AFN presents this national institution each evening, Monday to Friday.

WEDNESDAY 2115—JUBILEE—Ernie "Bubbles" Whitman jives his way through a solid half hour of swing, introducing famous hot bands of the day.

THURSDAY 2115—DUFFY'S TAVERN—A trip to the corner hang-out with Archie, Finnegan, Miss Duffy, Eddie, and a guest star. Music by Joe Venuti's Orchestra.

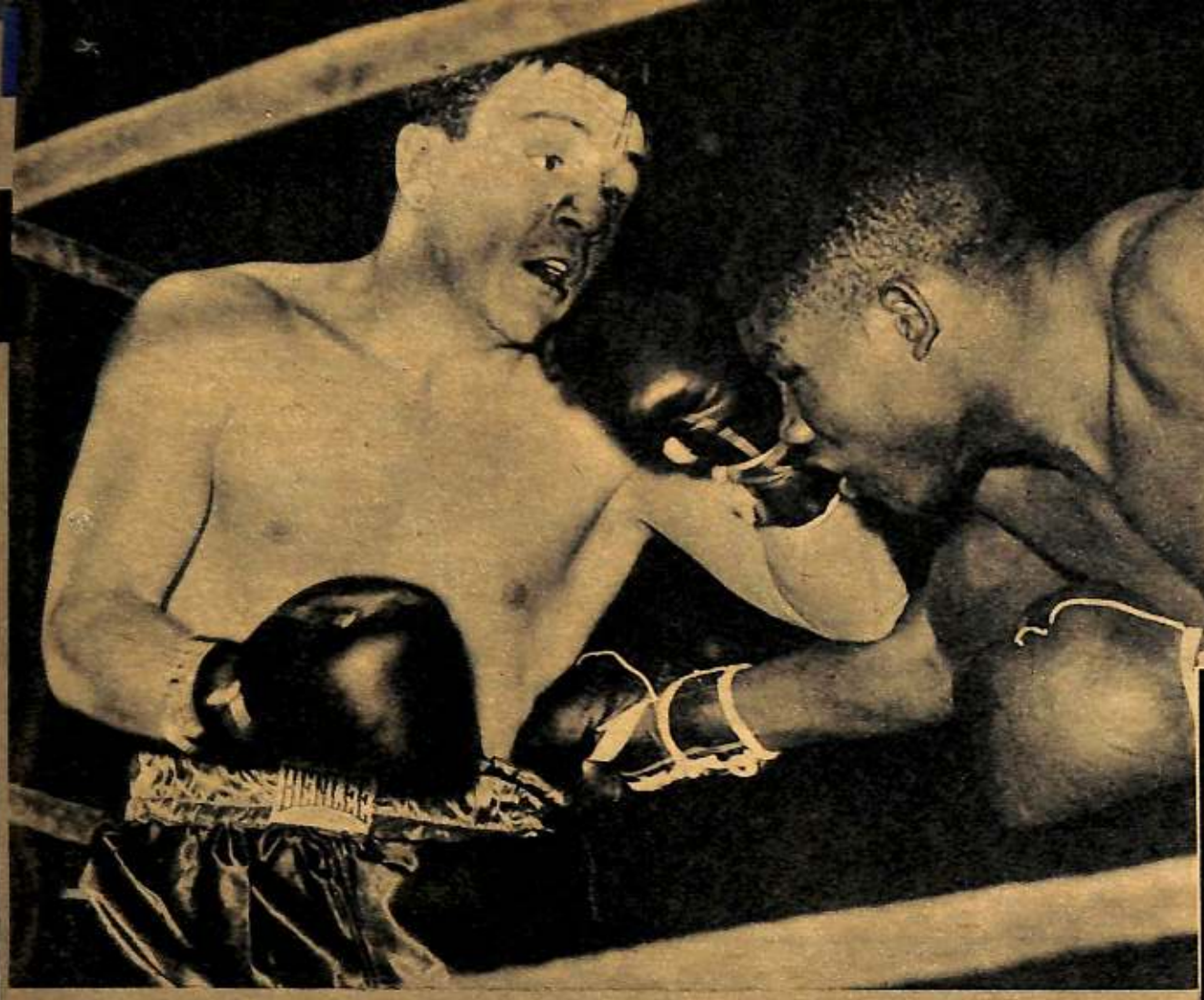
FRIDAY 1701—MUSIC BY HARRY JAMES—Thirty minutes of top tunes of the day.

SATURDAY 1330—YANK's RADIO EDITION.

1935—SATURDAY NIGHT SERENADE—A blend of music from America, with Gus Haenchen's Orchestra and Jessica Dragonette.

NEWS EVERY HOUR ON THE HOUR.

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



BEST DURATION FIGHTER is Jimmy Bivins (right), shown here whipping Tami Mauriello. Bivins, former Cleveland high-school track ace, moved out of the light-heavyweight ranks when the pickings became so easy among the big boys. He was declared "duration champion" after beating Lee Savold and Lee Murray, but refused the title because he was being inducted. He is now at Keesler Field, Miss. Mauriello, a sluggish overgrown light-heavyweight, is currently making a comeback after taking a licking from Joe Baksi. Like his manager, Frank Sinatra, he is a 4-F because of a punctured eardrum.

Duration Heavyweights

The heavyweight situation has gone to pot since Joe Louis and Billy Conn entered the Army. All that's left is a collection of 4-Fs and overgrown light-heavyweights who are fighting among themselves for the duration championship.

MOST PROMISING of the ersatz crop is Joe Baksi, 23-year-old ex-coal miner from Kulpmont, Pa., who whipped Mauriello, then split two decisions with Lee Savold. Baksi punches fairly well, but is too crude to be labeled a first-class fighter. He's a 200-pound 4-F (busted eardrum).

19 STRAIGHT victories have boosted Detroit's Lee Oma among the top five. In 1941 he lost eight out of 10 fights and was suspended for unsatisfactory showing and went into retirement until '43. Oma has a fair left hand and stabbed Lou Nova silly in winning his last fight. He's 4-F.

LANKY Lee Q. Murray of Norwalk, Conn., beaten early this year by Bivins, bounced back into the select class by mauling Curtis Sheppard. Murray's one-time manager, Col. Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle, named him Lee because he would ask: "Lee me have five bucks until Thursday."

APT PUPIL of Mike Gibbons, Merchant Seaman Lee Savold is a smart feinter and could be a top-flight heavy under any conditions if he really liked to fight. He blew decisions to Mauriello and Nova after knocking them down. He meets Baksi for third time this month in Chicago.

SPORTS: UNSOLVED MYSTERY OF BABE DAHLGREN

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

MR. ELLSWORTH (BABE) DAHLGREN, currently operating on first base for the Pittsburgh Pirates, is one of the greatest explorers of our time. By actual count, he has played with eight major-league teams, three in the American League and five in the National. He has even outdistanced the distinguished traveler, Mr. Bobo Newsom. Mr. Newsom's journeys have only covered seven teams.

It is perfectly natural that Mr. Newsom should be one of the nation's leading ground-gainers. His personality doesn't always fit certain locations; he can hurl an inkwell at a club president with the same deadly accuracy that he throws a baseball and he is an accomplished clubhouse lawyer. But Mr. Dahlgren, the Norwegian traveler, is a Norse of a different color. He is a hard-working guy and a solid team man. Just what it is that keeps him constantly hopping trains is one of baseball's greatest unsolved mysteries.

Some people have advanced the theory that Mr. Dahlgren, the model player, loathes the sight of blood. They say he has never forgotten that thin stream of blood that ran down across his lips after Billy Werber punched him on the beak for gumming up play in Boston. That was back in 1935 when Babe was a rookie first baseman, full of vitamins and vinegar, and played every game to the hilt to make an impression.

One day he made a sensational pick-up far out to his right, pivoted around and tossed a hot peg toward first. Rube Walberg was the pitcher and he ambled over to cover the bag. Walberg, of course, was no Ty Cobb. Before he reached the bag the ball hit him on the back and richocheted off, and Boston lost the game. Werber, the third baseman, ran over and cussed out Babe, and when Mr. Dahlgren said something to him, Werber clipped him flush on the schnozzola. The model player didn't fight back. To find out about this we went straight to Mr. Dahlgren himself.

"Don't worry about me taking care of myself," he boomed. "I used to be a boxer in school and I can hold my own against the likes of Werber. Here's the story of that fight. Werber and I decided to fight it out after the game in the dressing room. When I entered the clubhouse I intended to fight. Someone had tipped off Joe Cronin, and he stepped between us and ordered us to take our showers and dress and forget about the fight. We both liked Cronin and did as he told us."

Having cleared himself of the first charge, we asked Mr. Dahlgren if it was true he lost his job with the Yankees because his arms were too short. As you probably know, much was made over the length of Babe's limbs when the Yankees sold him to the Boston Braves. Manager Joe McCarthy was roasted good and proper for disposing of such a valuable piece of machinery as Mr. Dahlgren. But McCarthy countered right back, saying in effect that Babe was never such a good first baseman anyhow, and that he had short arms and made easy plays look spectacular.

"That one really had me looking into mirrors," Babe recalled. "The first thing I did when I joined the Braves was to measure my arms with every player on the team. They thought I was crazy, but I found out that, except for Max West, my limbs compared with those of everybody else. Max West's arms were a half-inch longer than mine, but he was also two inches taller than me. The Yankees lost the pennant that year and they had to blame someone, and I guess I was it."

But Mr. Dahlgren, model player that he is, nursed no grudge against the Yankees. He sent McCarthy a courteous telegram, thanking him for the kind treatment extended to a short-arm cripple. Babe had no dispute with the Braves for selling him to the Cubs. The Braves couldn't stand the financial bite.

In fact, Mr. Dahlgren harbors resentment against only one team, the Chicago Cubs. He thinks they gave him the business, but good, when they shipped him to Brooklyn.

"I didn't rate that brush-off," he contended. "I know it had nothing to do with my playing. It was purely personal. The season before, I had hit 23 home runs and 28 doubles for the Cubs, and I was given to understand that I was going to play first base again the next year. Why, that winter they even gave me a salary raise. The first day of the season I got four hits. The next afternoon I went hitless, and the third day Phil Cavaretta replaced me and I rode the bench until I was kicked upstairs to Brooklyn."

As it turned out, Mr. Dahlgren's kick upstairs worked in reverse. He was taken to Brooklyn as a relief man for Dolph Camilli, who seldom divorced himself from the lineup for a breathing spell, and in a few months Babe was kicking around Montreal and was about to be sold to Indianapolis.

"Nobody, including Judge Landis himself, could understand that one," Mr. Dahlgren explained. "Landis sent me back to Brooklyn. I got my Swedish blood up and was good and sore, knowing that the Dodgers probably wouldn't keep me anyhow. I had a good mind to quit the game. Then came the deal that sent me to the Phillies, and I said to myself: 'Dahlgren, here's your chance to show those bums you are still a ballplayer.'"

Mr. Dahlgren was a good ballplayer for the Phillies. In fact, he was two or three good ballplayers. He played first, third, short and even caught. Last winter the Phillies rewarded him for his faithful service and sold him to the first-division Pirates.

If the ball clubs and railroads last, Mr. Dahlgren hopes to become a 10-year man in the majors. Mrs. Dahlgren doesn't mind his traveling around, because every new city means another charm on her bracelet. His son Raymond is still too young to voice an opinion, but by the time he is 5 years old he will probably be selling atlases.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Phil Rizzuto, the ex-Yankee shortstop, writes Manager Joe McCarthy that he is managing the top club in the Australian service league. . . . Before the landing at Saipan, **Pfc. Jim Bivin**, former Phillies and Pirates pitcher, and **Cpl. Preacher Dorsett**, Cleveland pitcher, hurled their respective Marine teams to divisional championships. The morning after D Day, on that bloody island, they were hauling supplies from the beaches to the front lines. In the same vicinity were former All-American ends **Lts. Dave Schreiner** and **Keith Topping** and Fordham's 1942 Sugar Bowl center, **Lt. Joe Sabasteanski**. . . . **S/Sgt. Joe Louis** and **Cpl. Billy Conn** almost had to make a crash landing when they took a bomber ride over England. The landing gear stuck and for 45 minutes the bomber circled the field; then the gear finally lowered. . . . **Dick Wakefield**, recently discharged from Naval aviation, has applied for a straight Navy commission. In the meantime, he is playing the outfield for the Detroit Tigers. . . . **Carl Hubbell** will probably go overseas for the USO at the end of the baseball season.

Commissioned: **CPO George McAfee**, former Duke and Chicago backfield star, as ensign in the Navy. . . . *Transferred:* **Pvt. Joe Gordon**, former Yankee second baseman, from Hamilton Field, Calif., to Seventh Air Force, Hawaii. . . . *Ordered for induction:* **Ed Head**, Dodgers' right-hander, by the Army; **Bulldog Turner**, star center of the Chicago Bears, by the Army. . . . *Rejected:* **Bob Elliott**, veteran Pittsburgh third baseman, because of an old head injury; **Jim Bagby**, Cleveland pitching ace and recently discharged merchant seaman, for physical reasons (cause not disclosed).

CHAMP AT CHOW. *Coast Guardsman Lew Jenkins, ex-lightweight champion, takes time out for chow during the invasion of Normandy. Jenkins served aboard a landing craft on D Day.*

Sgt. Frank Brandt

LEGEND

- IRON MINES
- SHIPYARDS
- COAL MINES
- OIL FIELDS
- STEEL MILLS
- MANUFACTURING
- FORTIFICATIONS
- ARMY DEPOT
- ARMY ARSENAL
- AIRPLANE FACTORY
- AIR FLEET DEPOT
- NAVAL BASE
- NAVAL ARSENAL

0 100

JAPAN SEA

NORTH PACIFIC OCEAN

HOKKAIDO

Asahigawa
Kushiro
Otaru
SAPPORE
Muroran
HAKODATE

HONSHU

Aomori
Hachinohe
Akita
Morioka
Kamaishi
SENDAI
NIIGATA
Yonezawa
Fukushima
Koriyama
Nagaoka
Mito
Toyama
KANAZAWA
Matsumoto
TOKYO
YOKOHAMA
YOKOSUKA
SHIZUOKA
NAGOYA
Toyohashi
Maizuru
KYOTO
KOBE
OSAKA
Tsu
Matsue
OKAYAMA
Uji Yamada
WAKAYAMA
HIROSHIMA
KURE
Tokushima
Imabari
Kochi
Shimonoseki
YAWATA
Moji
SHIKOKU
FUKUOKA
SASEBO
NAGASAKI
Nobeoka
KYUSHU
Miyazaki
KAGOSHIMA

TARGETS IN JAPAN

With B-29s now operating from China and new air bases available to U. S. Fortresses and Liberators in the western Pacific, these war production centers await relentless day and night bombing.

THE SOLDIER SPEAKS: What should we do with the Germans and Japs after the war?

Masses Against Rulers

IN the midst of a war, it is pretty difficult to be objective about the enemy—but I believe we must be if we're to keep the peace.

The words Germans and Japs imply to me two distinct groups — the ruling policy makers and the masses of the people. The responsibility for Axis crimes lies almost completely in the hands of the former.

When we have won the war, we must prevent a recurrence of Nazism and Japanese militarism. The present leaders of Germany and Japan must be removed by imprisonment or death.

The masses of the people in both countries were victims of either totalitarian propaganda or fear. Just as the people were molded into following Nazi and militaristic beliefs, so they can be educated by democratic means to a decent philosophy of life.

True, the educational process is long, but its effect is genuine and lasting.

A Hospital in Italy —Pfc. P. CROLL

Modern 14 Points

HERE is a list of a modern 14 points for dealing with the enemy after the war:

1. Strip Germany of all the territory she has conquered—Austria, Czechoslovakia, Alsace-Lorraine, the Polish Corridor and the rest.
2. Give East Prussia and Silesia to Poland. This would compensate for Russian desires in eastern Poland.
3. Give Holstein to Denmark. It once belonged to her.
4. Give the left bank of the Rhine to France and the Low Countries for their security against possible future German aggression.
5. Avoid further problems by moving all Germans in other countries back to Germany proper.
6. Dismantle all German war industries and send this equipment to nations which have had their factories destroyed by the war.
7. Use German labor for the rehabilitation of devastated areas.
8. Completely disarm Germany.
9. Control German education with an emphasis on the ideals of peace, democracy and tolerance.
10. Encourage the liberal forces in Germany to lead the government.
11. Hold trials for the Nazi war criminals.
12. Put Germany in a period of probation until she has demonstrated her peaceful intentions. Once she shows these, some of the territorial and economic provisions imposed on her might be modified.
13. Form a powerful system of international collective security to check further aggression.
14. Apply similar provisions to Japan, except that in the Far East the big aim should be to make a powerful buffer state of China.

Italy —Pvt. SAUL ISRAEL

Practice What We Preach

WE AND OUR allies must educate our enemies after the war.

The Germans are healthy and intelligent. The one trait that has always got them into war is the belief that they are a superior race. We will have to police Germany with an iron hand, but at the same time we must give the people an education in peace and democracy. We must encourage religion because without God's help and faith in Him no nation or man can truly understand peace.

Japan will have to be policed many years longer than Germany since she is a pagan country as far as religion is concerned. Since the Allies are Christian nations, we should, according to Christ's teachings, bring to the Japanese the true light of faith. We must also raise their standard of living because a nation with a full belly is a peaceful nation. We could also move in some peaceful Chinese among the Japs, and we could help the crowded conditions of Japan by putting some of her people on the Pacific islands.

Finally, we must for years see that the Japanese government is favorable to peace.

As American soldiers, sailors and marines we are taught to find and destroy the enemy. After the war, we must save our enemies from themselves. The best way to do that is to practice what we preach—peace on earth, good will toward men.

Alaska —T-5 ALVA E. ZIMMERMAN

Too Idealistic

WE SHOULD turn the Germans over to the Russians and the Japs over to the Chinese and support them both in whatever policy they may choose in dealing with our enemies.

The U. S. and Great Britain are too idealistic to deal with the Germans properly. Moreover, the Russian policy under Stalin's leadership has consistently advocated world peace so that Russia might develop. I'm convinced that the Russians could solve the "German problem" in a realistic, practical manner if not hampered by our western ideals. Too, Russia has already shown many tendencies toward a liberal type of industrial democracy, not necessarily capitalistic.

As for the Japs, I think this is our one hope of handling them:

The Chinese people have through all their history shown an amazing capacity for absorbing a large population. With about seven times the Jap population, they should have no trouble absorbing the Japs this time—if we let them move in.

Furthermore, the Chinese, never an aggressive people, would find Japanese resources very helpful in building a new China. We shall have to offer China economic and military support anyway. Why not do it under a plan which promises peace in the Far East and the eradication of an ulcer in the body of world peace?

Fort Bragg, N. C. —Pvt. JAMES McCARTNEY

Turn Them Into Friends

THE only way to overcome our enemies, Germany and Japan, is not to be like them. The only possible way to get rid of them as enemies is to turn them into our friends. We must work, as has never really been done before, in cooperation with and for others, Germany and Japan included.

Even our prisons are slowly waking up to the fact that we must transform the wrongdoer as the only *real* way of making him a useful human again. Some will counter by saying that the Japanese and Germans are suffering from a collective mental disorder and must be dealt with in a different way. Usually this means they should be humiliated, deprived of self-respect and put in a subordinate position. Even granting this absurd theory, that is no cure for a mental sickness.

I'm convinced that if we treat Germany and Japan as equals—bring them into the family of nations immediately and begin to help them find themselves—the world's promise of peace will be realized beyond our most hopeful dreams.

Kennedy General Hospital, Tenn. —Cpl. FRAN LEWIS

THIS page of GI opinion on important questions of the day, open to all enlisted men in the armed forces, will appear in YANK as frequently as possible. Our next two questions will be "Who Should be Discharged First After the War?" and "Should Veterans of This War Get a Bonus?" If you have any ideas on either or both subjects, send them to The Soldier Speaks Department, YANK, The Army Weekly, APO 887. We'll give you time to get them here by mail. The best ones will be printed.

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

"ALL RIGHT, MEN, YOU ALL HAVE YOUR INSTRUCTIONS."
—Cpl. William Teason

"THANKS FOR THE PROMOTION, SIR, BUT DON'T EXPECT MIRACLES."
—Sgt. Bob Gallivan

"WHAT'S SO FUNNY ABOUT THIS SAD SACK CARTOON!"
—Sgt. Syd Landi

"SUPPLIES, SUPPLIES, ALWAYS SUPPLIES! DON'T YOU EVER BRING IN ANY WOMEN?"
—Cpl. Ernest Maxwell

—Pvt. Tom Flannery