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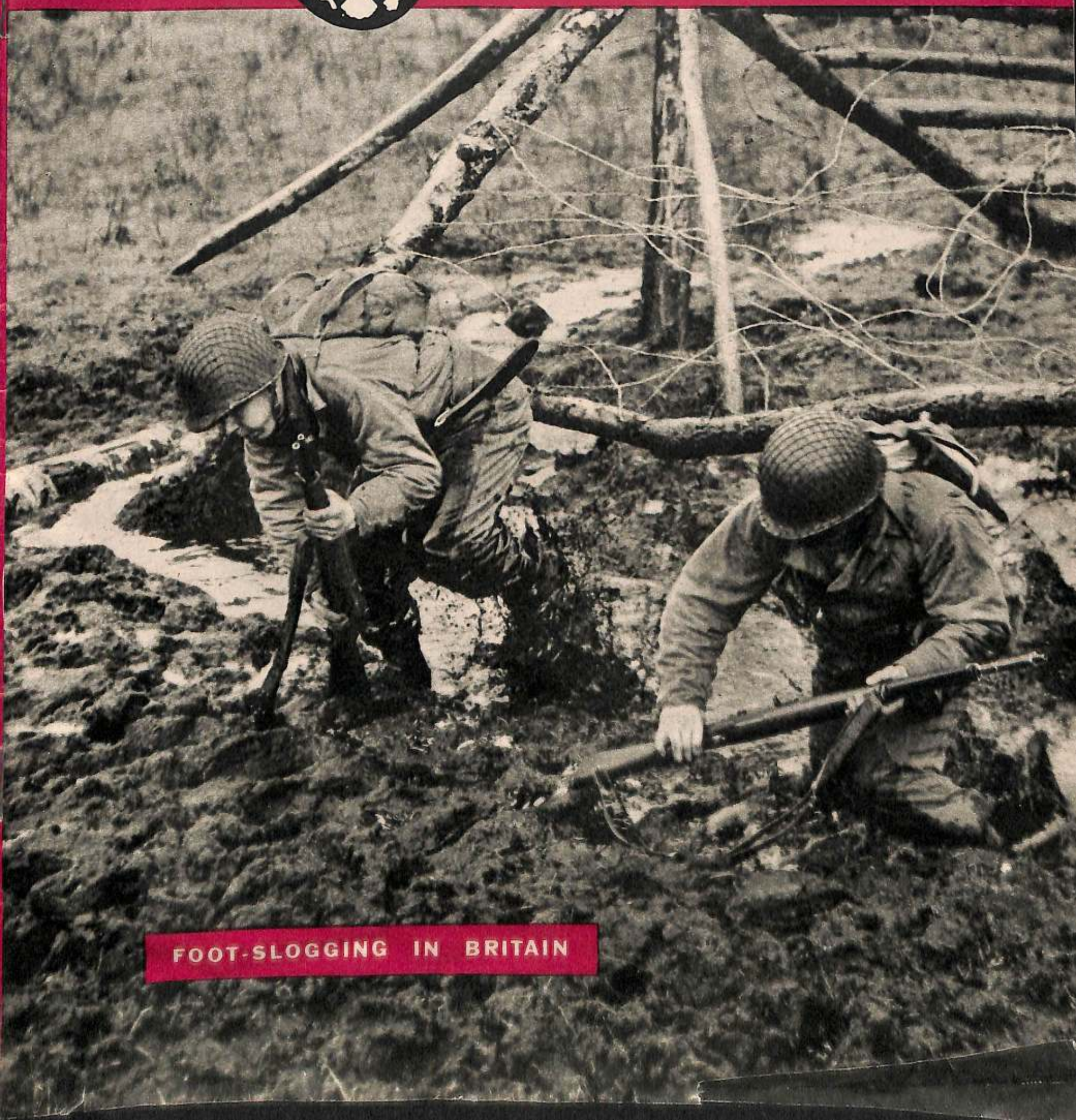
By the men . . . for the men in the service



FOOT-SLOGGING IN BRITAIN

T-5 Joe Mello, miner from Chandalar, 125 miles above the Arctic Circle, packs a sourdough valise. Most of the Scouts were trappers, miners or fishermen.

Pfc. Jacob Acachek Stalker, Noatak Eskimo, and Pvt. William R. Harvey of Winnetka, Ill., paddle the canoe they rigged from scraps of an old GI tent.

Sgt. Dale D. Sims of Ashland, Nebr., once worked for Ringling Bros. Circus. This tent in which he lived on Attu and Kiska is a bit different from the big top.

He looks like a movie hero. He is a hero. T-5 Fuller S. Thompson of Anchorage, Alaska, pulled 12 men out of water when boats capsized at Amchitka landing.

The Alaska Scouts

Whenever the Army and Navy planned an invasion in the North Pacific, they sent a few of these tough regulars and ex-trappers ashore first to find the best landing beaches and to locate the Japanese positions.

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

HEADQUARTERS, ALASKAN DEPARTMENT—You can't bring the war in the Aleutians into a bull session up here without someone mentioning the Alaska Scouts. But that's not hard to explain. They led the way.

Any yardbird in the Aleutian Chain will tell you that on the four biggest amphibious operations of the North Pacific campaign — Adak, Amchitka, Attu and Kiska—it was the Scouts who, in darkness, first paddled ashore from submarines or destroyers or troop transports to stake out landing beaches and locate the enemy.

The Scouts are not supermen and they're not a band of bloodthirsty thugs who eat raw meat. They're especially adapted to their assignment, sure. But that's because most of them are sourdough trappers and miners and fishermen who know how to get around in Alaska and on the Aleutian Chain. Several of them are Eskimos, Indians and Aleuts. A few more are old-line dogfaces with years of service at the Territory's old Chilkoot Barracks. Until shortly before the U. S. went to war, Chilkoot was the only permanent garrison in Alaska. It was really there that the idea for the Alaska Scouts was born.

But the real organization didn't come into existence until Nov. 19, 1941, a few weeks before Pearl Harbor, at the headquarters of what was then the Alaska Defense Command. That morning Col. Lawrence Vincent Castner, ADC intelligence chief, called a corporal and three privates into his office. Norton M. Olshausen of San Francisco, Calif., was the corporal. The privates were James H. Radford, a stringy hillbilly from Tennessee; Donald O. Spaulding of Rexburg, Idaho, and William B. (Sam) Bates of Ogden, Utah, two of them pre-war veterans of Corregidor. Everybody knew everybody else, because when Col. Castner had been a captain several years before, he was their CO down at Chilkoot.

The colonel told them he'd gotten authorization from Lt. Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner Jr., head man of ADC, to form an Alaska Combat Intelligence Detachment. "I've picked out you four for a starter," he said.

The colonel had also picked out the officer who was to teach the men the meaning of combat intelligence. This was a long-legged major—now lieutenant colonel—with a jaw like an anvil and a military career probably almost as spectacular as he himself made it out in tongue-in-cheek bull sessions. His name was William J. Verbeck.

"I really gave those boys hell," Lt. Col. Verbeck recalls. "Fifteen hours a day. Hardening marches through the snow out in the woods. Sketching and map making. Day after day of shooting every weapon a man can carry over his shoulder or on his back."

When war came, Col. Castner got the nod to expand his Scouts to a platoon of 24 men and one officer. That original platoon was handpicked from a collection of ruggedly independent characters who probably would have been a pain in the chair-knuckle to the commander of any ordinary outfit. Most of them wanted no part of Army routine. But Col. Castner knew a way to put their woodsmen's wiles and hardy attachment to the outdoors to vital military purpose.

Finding the right officer was not so easy. He finally settled on Lt.—now Capt.—Robert H. Thompson of Moccasin, Mont. In brute strength Thompson was as rough a customer as the men he was to lead, and the colonel was certain he could work with the platoon without snowing under the basic individualism which made them valuable. Today there isn't a man among the Scouts who wouldn't crawl on his stomach to hell with a sack of hand grenades if Capt. Thompson or Lt. Earl C. Acuff suggested it. Lt. Acuff, who hails from Moscow, Idaho, was assigned to the platoon when it was expanded later to 66 men.

By the time the Japs tried their sneak into Dutch Harbor, the Scouts had been split into small detachments and sent out as intelligence reporters to Kodiak, the Pribilofs, the secret bases at Cold Bay and Umnak, and Dutch Har-

bor itself. From the brow of Ballyhoo Mountain at Dutch Harbor, Spaulding—now a staff sergeant—and his detachment observed the Jap attack on Dutch Harbor. Their reports on the raiding flights and the Japs' tactical maneuvers were called by Col. Castner "cool, impartial, correct and the best" received by ADC Intelligence.

THE Japs' feint at Dutch Harbor was their last advance toward North America. From then on the Yanks were headed west—with the Scouts leading the way. When we made one of the most important decisions of the Aleutian campaign, the decision to take Adak and fortify it as a main base, two Scout detachments, one under Col. Castner and the other under T/Sgt. Woodrow W. (Hank) Farrington, landed on the island from submarines on the nights of Aug. 27 and 28, 1942. Several days later they directed the occupation of Adak by blinker lights from shore with the help of two Navy signalmen and a radioman who volunteered to go with them.

Before the public back home even knew of the Adak occupation, Lt. Col. Verbeck, Capt. Thompson, S/Sgt. Edgar M. Walker of Merced, Calif., and Sgt. Joe Kelly, an ex-miner and trucker from Fairbanks, Alaska, were already scouting the next stepping stone, Amchitka, a 15-minute flight by Zero from Kiska.

Nine Scouts and 30 volunteers from the Infantry went ahead of the main landing forces at Amchitka on Jan. 12, 1943. Under the very nose of the Japs, and in the face of a rising storm that made the undertaking hazardous, the advance party sought out the safest beachhead. Then, as soon as landing operations of the main force were in progress, the Scouts struck out for the northern tip of Amchitka and established an OP from which they could see the shores of Kiska through breaks in the fog. A few days later, when the Japs began daily attacks on Amchitka, Scouts spotted the enemy seaplanes almost as soon as they left their Kiska anchorage.

Seven months later four Scouts, all Alaskans, were the first Yanks to set foot on Kiska. They were Sgt. Clyde Peterson, a Sitka fisherman, and Pvts. Stanley Dayo of Livengood, Chuck O'Leary of Nome, and Billy Buck, a half-Eskimo from the fishing village of King Cove.

But in the months between, the Scouts had their toughest assignment. It began in a veil of fog that made Holtz Bay on Attu a blind passage the morning of May 11. A special reconnaissance group with commando training had been picked to lead the 7th Division onto Attu. The Scouts were picked to lead the recon group.

Capt. Thompson, then still a lieutenant, commanded the biggest detachment of 25, which loaded into two Higgins boats with 10 days' rations, radio equipment, hand grenades, full ammunition belts and extra bandoleers. Each Higgins towed a string of smaller boats, called "plastic whaleboats." A thousand yards from shore the Scouts transferred into these noiseless boats and rowed through the fog toward Red Beach.

At the same time two other Scouts, Cpl. George Bishop of Fairbanks and Cpl. Raymond F. Conrad of Dubois, Wyo., were guiding another patrol ashore at Scarlet Beach. Conrad had transferred into the Alaska Scouts only two weeks before and said: "I'm only along for the experience." He got his experience; later he also got a Silver Star.

On the southern shelf of Attu at Massacre Bay still other patrols of Scouts were stealing onto the narrow strip of beach. One of the first casualties of the battle was Sgt. Clyde Peters of Anchorage, Alaska. Peters was accompanying Col. Edward P. Earle, regimental commander, on a reconnaissance foray high on a ridge when the first shots fired by the Jap defense entrapped them. Col. Earle was killed by mortar fragments. Peters, with 11 bullet wounds, was lugged to the beach by sweating medics, and the Scouts never saw him again. For months Pete was carried on their books as "killed in action" until finally one of the boys got a letter from him, mailed from a hospital in California.

Over on the Holtz Bay side the day after Peters was wounded, the only Scout killed in the Aleutian campaign was shot down. He was Cpl. Willis (Red) Cruden of Talkeetna, Alaska, an old seaman who had been trapping in the interior for several years. "He always said," Cpl. Philip N. Kendrick of Nome recalls, "that if he had his way about it, he'd never venture more than a half-mile from the sea again." He never did. He was cut down on a mossy Attu slope by a sniper's bullet through the heart.

The Scout mixing flapjack flour is S/Sgt. Robert Lee Garr of North Bend, Oreg. In the Army for 10 years, he's spent five of them in Alaska

Two more Scouts, Cpl. Albert L. Levorson from the Badlands of South Dakota and Pfc. Theron G. Anderson, once a ranger at Mount Rainier National Park, were given the sweet task of guiding 50 infantrymen over saw-toothed Sarana Ridge to wipe out a strong Jap machine-gun emplacement, spotted from aerial photos. They discovered that the Japs were also well fixed with mortars capable of outdistancing anything the Yanks had on hand. The patrol's radio equipment went sour, and the only way they could get word back to the CP was by sending the two Scouts.

By this time the Japs had closed in behind them on the crest of the range. Together Anderson and Levorson skulked their way through snow, down deep ravines slippery with moss and over rocks wet by waterfalls. When the Scouts were within sight of the American lines, the Japs spotted them and opened fire.

The shots roused the Yanks in the valley, and they cut loose at the jagged sky line. Anderson and Levorson were sewed up in the cross-fire for several hours. They finally made the valley in darkness. The next morning artillery and machine-gun bursts kept the Japs above the fog line busy, while Levorson scaled the sheer cheek of the mountain again to tell the infantrymen to hold on and that help was coming.

On the last day of the battle Cpl. Conrad and Cpl. Edward R. Bagby of Medfra, Alaska, were pacing a patrol of Infantry down the rocky slant of Chichagof Ridge toward the beach. They were spread wide, gunning for Jap stragglers not already killed by their own grenades.

"Our job was really finished," Conrad says. "We had already located the enemy's general whereabouts for the Infantry, but Bagby and I went along for the hell of it."

It turned out to be a small-scale massacre.

"We almost stumbled over the first Jap we saw. He was wrapped up in a blanket. When he heard us, he peeked at us from under the blanket, then covered up his head. He wouldn't surrender and he wouldn't fight. We shot at him a couple of times, and after he was mortally wounded he pulled out a grenade and blew himself to pieces. A fragment of the grenade hit one of the infantrymen in the finger.

"A little farther down we dumped some grenades into a stovepipe that was smoking over one of those half-burned huts. Ammunition was stored there. After the explosion it looked like a bomb had hit the place. We didn't stop to count how many Japs had been hiding in there.

"On a low mound within 100 yards of the beach we caught sight of three more Japs and two others diving into a cave. The infantrymen went to work on this bunch. By this time Bagby and I were getting interested, so we pulled ahead to see what next. Through his glasses Bagby spotted a Jap crawling toward a big boulder with a hollow behind it. Bagby pegged away at him five or six times, and we saw the Jap struggle over the ground and finally kill himself with a grenade. I saw one stand up and start running toward the rock, and I shot him.

"Bagby and I held a little conference. We'd been pretty lucky in some tight spots up to then, and we didn't want to stretch our luck too thin. We measured our chances. We didn't figure there could be more than four or five Japs behind that rock, and it would be a hell of a lot of fun to smoke 'em out."

So, yard by yard, Conrad and Bagby began their advance, one sliding forward on his stomach while the other lay in a position to cover him. On the way down the slope they killed four Japs who peeked out to try to take a shot at them.

"We guessed then there must be at least one more," says Conrad, "but it was getting risky. Bagby decided to crawl back and bring up some grenades. I played possum until he got back."

For an hour and a half they waited for the Infantry patrol to catch up with them. They covered the rock, and every time they decided it was safe to advance, another bullet came zinging past them. When they heard the patrol coming behind them, they prepared to close in.

"I had never thrown a grenade in my life," Conrad admits. "Personally, they scare the wadding out of me, but I hated to admit to Bagby I was a coward. So I let one go. I even held it a few seconds after pulling the pin so it would explode just right. It cleared the rock by six inches."

In a few seconds a Jap came running out with his clothes on fire. He had been lying in plain sight near the end of the rock and Conrad and Bagby thought he was dead, but the grenade set dry grass afire around him and finally set his clothes ablaze. At that moment the first man in the Infantry patrol crawled into sight. He drew a bead and shot down the burning Jap. Then he made the mistake the two Scouts had been making. He thought that was the last of the Japs. He crept to the mouth of the hollow behind the rock and looked in. A Jap bullet killed him.

Conrad and Bagby continued to inch forward, and Jap rifles kept poking up over the edge to fire on them. By the time the patrol finally arrived in force, they were close enough to see into the hollow. There were still four live Japs, but Conrad and Bagby left them for the patrol to exterminate. The two Scouts had disposed of eight Japs in the 90-minute point-blank duel. They were awarded the Silver Star.

BETWEEN missions the Scouts as an organization like nothing better than hitting the sack, except hiking off into the hills for some fishing or shooting. It took a year before they moved into a barracks building at their home station, and then it was only because their winterized tents had been dismantled during their absence.

On the march they eat better than anyone in the Aleutians. They lug along their own side meat for frying-grease and use a hip-pocket stove to cook up sourdough flapjacks and hamburgers from dehydrated beef. They carry all this in addition to ordered field equipment.

On Attu they advanced unerringly on a warehouse containing a hundred cases of *sake*, the potent Jap rice wine. At Kiska they unearthed a cache of *Suntory* whisky, and when that was gone, they brought out a supply of Jap bamboo gin from somewhere.

The biggest difference between the Scouts and other dogfaces is their sacktime conversation. Once in a while they work around to women, but only when they weary of their favorite topic—winding snares to trap blue fox.

The ranking NCO of the outfit, T/Sgt. Farrington, probably has more military service in Alaska than any enlisted man in the Territory except veteran members of the Alaska Communications System, who are practically Alaska pioneers. Farrington has 13 years in the Army, 10 of them in Alaska.

All the Scouts resent the nickname "Castner's Cutthroats," which someone pinned on them more than a year ago. They insist they're just a bunch of peaceable guys who like to be left alone and that not one of them, probably not even Lt. Col. Verbeck, has ever cut anybody's throat. But if they happen to bump into the prune-picker who first dreamed up that colorful catch-phrase, it might be another story.

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How do you like American soldiers?

YANK'S inquisitive photographer Sgt. George Aarons asked the question of five Italian girls. Here are their answers.

MARIA TROYSE, 19, answered: "Some too fresh, others not so bad. Bad ones are bad because they pester girls too much but all of them look pretty good to a girl like me."

YOLE SPERRA, 16, minced no words. "They are the most wonderful boys I ever see," she said. "I love 'em all, but one in particular I love the most. I'm going to marry him."

LILI CROVATO, 18, said: "Mama mia, they are excellent soldiers but they do guzzle cognac! Papa smells their breath and only lets me go out with the ones who are sober."

DIANA BRESSY, 22, declared she "liked Americanos very, very much because they do not act superior. One boy will send me ticket to America after the war. I think I marry him."

MARIA GEMITA, 19, said: "Americano okey-dokey in every respect. They are lovely and perfect gentlemen. My best boy friend has promised me jeep for after the war."

AIR FORCE MECHANICS

When they have to work without spare parts and equipment near the front, service squadron men like Sgt. Manley in Italy perform miracles of mechanical surgery every day.

By Sgt. BURTT EVANS
YANK Staff Correspondent

AN ADVANCED AIR BASE, ITALY—If there were anything secret about T/Sgt. Haskell Manley, this base's "general utilities" man from Union City, Tenn., he might be called America's secret weapon.

For the one great factor the Nazis ignored in launching this war of machines, of blitzkrieg tanks and super-bombers, was that the United States is a nation of mechanics—a land where male babies teethe on Erector and Meccano sets, where every boy can run and repair an automobile before he's in his teens and can often pilot a plane before he's out of them. (He may even be a lieutenant colonel in the AAF by then.)

So it is that America's army of soldier-mechanics, armed sometimes with nothing more than bailing wire, an old two-by-four and a piece of captured equipment the enemy has discarded as junk, is forging and repairing the complicated weapons that are knocking the Nazi supermen back into their bombed beer cellars.

Take Sgt. Manley, a gangling, slow-spoken small-town boy who was one of a squadron of American mechanics that marched into this air base one drizzling night less than eight hours after the Germans had been driven out. The base was a shambles. What buildings remained standing were waist high in debris, smashed equipment and airplane parts.

The walls of the barracks in which the Americans were temporarily quartered were covered with pictures of Hitler and Axis slogans, such as the familiar Fascist "Believe, Obey, Fight." Sgt. Manley started to open a drawer to stow away some of his equipment. If he had continued to pull out the drawer this story would end right here. Some instinct stopped him. A hand grenade was wired inside to form a most efficient booby trap.

Later, in a church nearby, Sgt. Manley saw his buddy reach behind the altar for a Bible and get his hand blown off.

But Sgt. Manley and the other members of this Twelfth Air Force Command squadron were too busy at the moment to worry about the casualties or to watch the artillery flashes a few miles away or even to pay much attention to the subsequent air raids. While the Engineers were finding the mines and clearing the runways, the service crews were shoveling away the debris, patching the burst water mains and repairing the bombed wiring system.

Working by candlelight, Cpl. Ernest C. Jones of Everton, Mo., and Cpl. Bennett C. Hardin, Tolu, Ky., salvaged an Italian generator and spliced wires until the lights were on again. Meantime, accompanied by six Italian laborers, Sgt. Manley became too ambitious in his efforts to fix the sabotaged mains and fell into a water hole where the water was above his head.

There was a lot of cussing that night but—in a matter not of weeks or days, but of hours—this air base was established as an operational station, affording great tactical advantage in the pushing forward of Allied air mastery over enemy territory. And soon, not far away, the first U. S. air-depot group on the Continent was functioning—supplying any of hundreds of vital plane parts and doing the involved first-echelon repair work usually performed far behind the lines.

In Italy, Corsica, Sardinia and Africa the combat flyers are the first to tell you that their successes to date should be credited in large part to the uncomplaining labor and the miracles of mechanical ingenuity being wrought daily by the enlisted men of the ground and service crews—the grease monkeys who probably got their first experience tinkering with the old Model-T on the farm back home.

There is the case of T/Sgt. Joseph I. Disney, 30, for six years an automobile mechanic in Gray, Ky. He recently got the Legion of Merit from the Fifteenth Air Force for "outstanding services in designing and building original devices to increase the efficiency and firepower of the B-26 Marauder and simplify the maintenance of guns and turrets."

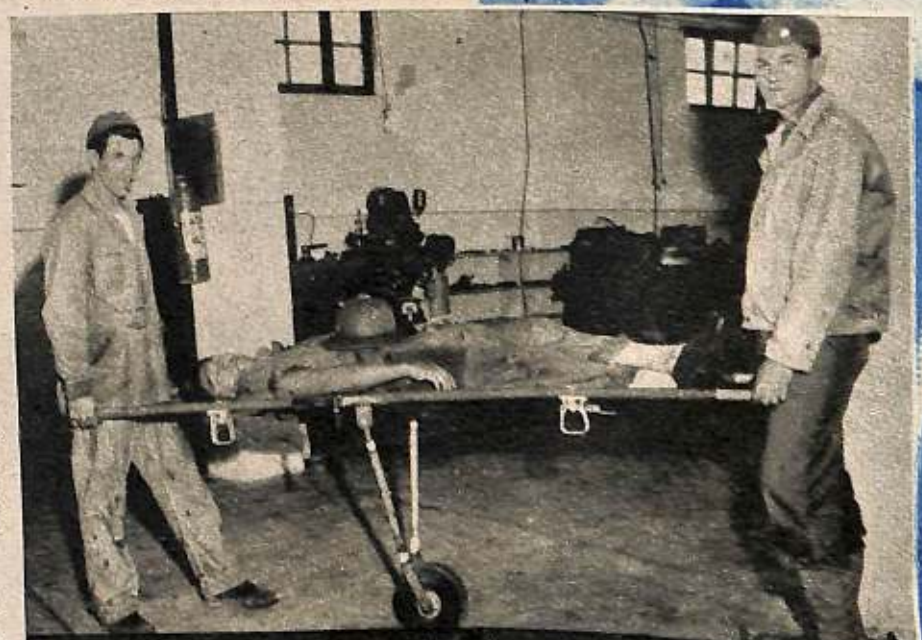
When a tail gunner complained that ammunition belts were jamming his guns because wind resistance of the slipstream stuck them in the chutes, Disney installed a tin plate as a tiny inverted windshield beneath the tail in front of the chute vent. Later Disney put in another booster motor at the end of the long winding ammunition belt leading to the tail guns, after the gunner had discovered that the existing motors were not adequate. When operation of the gun takes up the slack in the belt, the additional motor is turned on automatically, through a connection with a spring arrangement in the final roller before the belt enters the gun.

He also designed a collapsible bore-sight stand and a bore-sight reflector for turret guns. By increasing the width of a hinge guiding the ammunition, he prevented the shell rims from catching when they slipped over the top of the narrow hinges. His citation reads: "His method of ammunition feed eliminates frequent malfunctions in the tail turret and greatly increases its effectiveness in combat."

THOUGH Legion of Merit awards for ground and service crewmen are few and far between, examples of their resourcefulness in the field are not. One service squadron laid out and constructed an airfield in 24 hours in a cultivated field of wheat. Another unloaded all the gasoline and bombs from a train of freight cars overnight —with one 2½-ton truck. (They used some discarded railroad track to roll the stuff onto a siding.)

Then there was the squadron that was faced with the problem of packing parachutes without any equipment to work with. Regulations require that the chutes be inspected every 10 days, and in a tropical climate they must be repacked once a month. Often they come to the riggers damp and bullet-torn, sometimes bloody.

First the squadron built a home-made but serviceable, washing machine. Then it rigged up a drying tower from a spare "hangar nose," the covering used by ground crews when they work on plane engines outside the hangar. To repair rents in the huge silk chutes, they scouted around for the proper needles and finally found a Singer



Trying out a new litter undercarriage that ground crewmen made from a design by Lt. Col. Jay J. Palmer. Left is T/Sgt. Joseph R. Bowers and right is Col. Palmer carrying the "patient," S/Sgt. Raymond Symmes

Sewing machine outfit in a Sardinia village.

The toughest problem still had to be solved. The packing itself had to be done on a perfectly smooth table, 40 feet long. There was no wood available.

The service men soaked ordinary latrine screen in gasoline to remove the waterproofing, then attached the screen to a number of iron fence posts used for table legs. Soon they had welded a screen table together with bailing wire, operating the welder with a salvaged French airplane generator. Then they brushed the screen with the kind of dope used on airplane fabric and polished it until it glistened.

Before long S/Sgt. Amos A. Owen, a farm boy from Okmulgee, Okla., and other crewmen were packing from 8 to 10 chutes a day on the improvised table.

In another emergency, this same squadron attached a two-by-four to the front of a jeep and, by a method that might as well go down as a military secret since it defies description, straightened a bent propeller. This is not a recommended procedure, since the slightest variation in a delicately balanced prop will cause terrific vibration.

SERVICE squadrons have a time limit, often hours or minutes rather than days, to get a damaged plane back into the air. Recently T/Sgt. Marvin Borneman of Plano, Ill.; T/Sgt. Frank Richards of Memphis, Tenn., and S/Sgt. Theodore Smith, formerly a blacksmith of Fisher, Ill., were assigned to some heavy welding work on a flak-riddled plane. They had an arc welder, a regular Lincoln model, but no generator. Sgt. Borneman explained what they did:

"Well, we couldn't get 220 three-phase current, so we took the motor off a hydraulic stand and transferred the case from a jeep. Then we hooked them up with universal joints to run the welder."

By such expedients are battles won.

When it can't wait for equipment replacements from the States, and when ingenuity fails, a service squadron must sometimes resort to what is politely called "moonlight requisitioning." More planes are flying as an indirect result of someone's "moonlight requisitioning" than the War Department would probably care to admit.

That's probably how a certain squadron in Sardinia lost the GI still it was issued for distilling battery water. Anyhow the much-needed still disappeared. S/Sgt. Charles Lewis, who used to operate a moving-picture projector in Livingstont, Mont., drew up blueprints for an improvised still, and T/Sgt. Robert J. Simpkins of Dana, Ill., welded oil drums together to hold the water. Instead of the old GI kerosene heater that often got plugged up, they used a 1,250-watt electric heating unit from an airplane's oil-reservoir tank.

The first improvised still they made wouldn't work. Too much coil. But the second, powered by the water pump of a plane, turns out seven or eight gallons of distilled water a day—better than the GI still can do.

Ground and service crews in Italy are used to working under falling flak and strafing. Recently a crew headed by T/Sgt. Peter J. Cerasaro of Kingston, N. Y., replaced the wings of a damaged fighter plane while under fire. "We kept one man on the look-out for German planes," said Sgt. Cerasaro. "We were forced to duck for cover several times and once we were strafed."

The boys have a sentimental spot in their hearts for "hangar queens"—battle-broken planes whose parts are used to repair other planes. They tell of one crippled airplane whose parts enabled 17 less seriously damaged planes to keep flying.

One thing that tends to keep up the good spirits of the ground and service crews almost as much as the hot showers they improvise and the good food they get is that they know the importance of the work they are doing. They are most anxious to see the establishment of heavy bomber fields this close to Berlin, even though that means more work for them. Normally a heavy-bomber group requires something like 50,000 gallons of fuel a week, from 500 to 1,000 tons of bombs, 500,000 rounds of ammunition, countless spare parts and maintenance equipment and at least 1,500 men for air and ground crews.

To get back to Sgt. Manley, who started out to be the main character of this piece, the 36-year-old mechanic from Union City, Tenn., has spent the past few weeks salvaging Italian and German equipment—everything from lathes to potato peelers. His latest invention is an air compressor, made from the tank of a wrecked streetcar and a Fiat automobile engine, which furnishes air to all the shops and automatically maintains an even 100-pound pressure all the time.

Sgt. Manley has a sideline. Back in Africa he gained a minor notoriety by putting a stainless steel crown on an Arab's tooth. A dentist in La Senia marveled and declared that he couldn't have done better himself. Then the other day the sergeant took a piece of airplane fuselage and made a shoulder brace for an Italian lad whose arm had been shattered by bomb fragments.

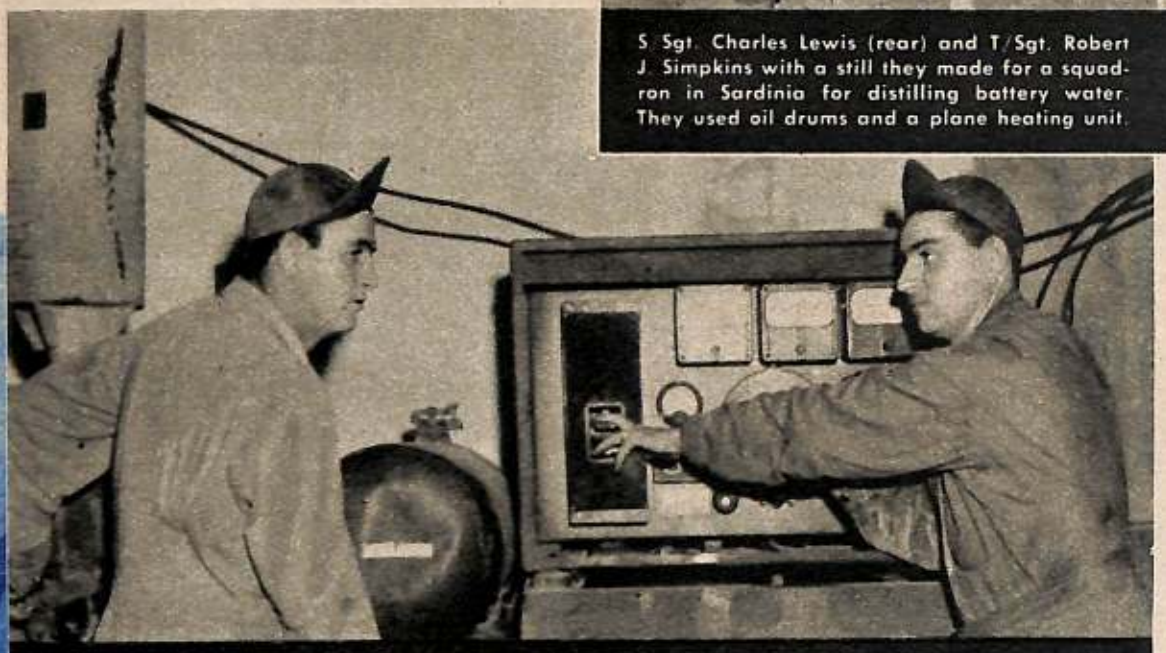
Lt. Col. Jay J. Palmer, of the Medical Corps by way of Los Angeles, Calif., came into the machine shop the other day with another job that is a little out of an airplane mechanic's line. Up in the mountainous approaches to Rome, where Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark's men have been scaling narrow mountain paths to get at the enemy, the Medical Corps has been having difficulties bringing casualties back to safety.

The large regulation Army litter, with an undercarriage weighing 60 pounds and as wide as the frame of a jeep, has proved too heavy and cumbersome for the narrow footpaths. It takes four men 24 hours to get one man out, and then the four must rest another 24 hours—a disastrous waste of manpower.

So T/Sgt. Joseph R. Bowers of New Orleans, La., and Sgt. Manley went to work on a new litter undercarriage of Lt. Col. Palmer's design. The new undercarriage is retractable, so that the Medical Corps men can push the casualty down to the ground for quick cover. A simple, one-wheel affair weighing only 15 pounds, the new undercarriage promises to save many men needing immediate medical attention—a small enough gift of the Air Force ground crews to the Infantry, those other ground men who need it for the toughest fighting of all.

S/Sgt. Charles Lewis (rear) and T/Sgt. Robert J. Simpkins with a still they made for a squadron in Sardinia for distilling battery water. They used oil drums and a plane heating unit.

S/Sgt. Amos A. Owen packing a parachute on a table that service men had made out of latrine screen, which they attached to iron fence posts and welded, brushed and polished.



Cpl. Ernest C. Jones and Cpl. Bennett C. Hardin with an Italian generator they salvaged, working by candlelight, when the Americans occupied a town evacuated only eight hours before by the Germans. Other service men were repairing damaged water mains and repairing the wiring system.

"Four natives appeared 100 feet away. The two little groups faced each other nervously."

And one of the 21 men who bailed out near the Burma border was an official from the State Department. His capture would have been worth plenty to the Japs.

LOST IN HEAD-HUNTER COUNTRY

By Sgt. BOB GHIO
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN INDIA—Like stunt flyers in the finale of the Cleveland Air Show, 21 men bailed out from a twin-engined Army transport plane, their parachutes billowing in the bright clear sky. But this wasn't Cleveland; it was the Burma-India border, and the only human beings within hundreds of miles were head-hunting natives and Japanese troops.

Two of the parachutists were government officials, whose capture would be worth thousands of dollars to the Japs. Another one was a foreign correspondent, and the remaining 18 were American and Chinese Army officers and men. Only one had ever jumped from a plane before.

When I met them in the jungle almost a month later, 20 of the men were still alive. Their story involved an encounter with the head hunters, preparation against a Japanese attack, the arrival of medical aid and supplies by air, rescue by a ground force and then a long march back to civilization. They also told of the quick thinking of an enlisted man whose radio signals when the plane was falling saved their lives.

The assorted planeload of 21 had taken off on the morning of Aug. 2 from an airfield in India, bound for China. The trip's normal flying time for the C-46 Curtiss Commando was 2½ hours, and the transport had covered an hour's part of the journey when one motor went out at 0900.

Flight Officer Harry K. Nevue of Cudahy, Wis., pilot of the ship, circled desperately in a struggle to climb over the mountains that were looming ahead. According to his calculations, the transport was over Burma. Even if they survived a crash, they'd probably be captured by the Japs. And Nevue knew that one of his passengers was the political adviser to Lt. Gen. Joseph Stilwell, John Davies Jr. of the State Department, who could not afford to be captured.

Nevue realized he could never clear the mountains in front of him. He turned the transport toward the valleys and plains lying southwest.

Fifteen minutes later Nevue ordered the passengers to throw out all the baggage. When even that failed to provide more altitude, he gave the order to bail out. They were approaching the Burma-India border, formed at this point by a ridge between two valleys. As the transport was still making considerable speed, the men were scattered over a 10-mile area.

Davies, who had been the first to jump, landed on the Burma side of the ridge with Lt. Col. Kuo Li of the Chinese Army; Capt. Duncan C. Lee of Chatham, Va.; S/Sgt. Joseph J. Gigure of Auburn, Maine; Sgt. E. Wilder of Levelland, Tex., and Cpl. Basil M. Lemon of Tulsa, Okla.

The others, who hit the India side of the ridge, were William T. Stanton of the Board of Economic Warfare; Eric Sevareid, CBS correspondent; Col. Wang Pao Chao of the Chinese Army; Lt. Roland K. Lee of Hicksville, N. Y.; S/Sgt. Joseph E. Clay of Monticello, Iowa; Sgt. Glen A. Kittleson of Ballantine, Mont.; Sgt. Francis W. Signor of Yonkers, N. Y.; Cpl. Edward Holland of East Cleveland, Ohio; Cpl. J. Sherrill of Burlington, Iowa; Cpl. S. M. Waterbury of Blue Hill, Nebr.; Pvt. William Schrandt of Philadelphia, Pa.; S/Sgt. Ned C. Miller of Ottumwa, Iowa, the transport's crew chief; Sgt. Walter R. Oswalt of Ansonia, Ohio, radio operator; 2d Lt. Charles W. Felix of Compton, Calif., co-pilot, and Nevue.

As the first of the parachutes opened under the faltering transport, Sgt. Oswalt calmly notified the nearest base that the plane would crash in a few minutes. He left the radio circuit open, instructing the base to take a bearing on his position and to send out a rescue mission. Minutes later a C-47 was taking off from the base.

Davies, Wilder and Capt. Lee landed on a hillside hundreds of yards apart but within sight of each other. It was low bush, once cultivated by the natives but now waist-high in grass and shrub. They headed for a path lower down on the hillside, joining forces in about 10 minutes.

Barely a moment later, four natives appeared 100 feet away, each holding a spear. The two little groups faced each other nervously. Then the natives plunked their spears into the ground and picked up branches, a sign of peace. The Americans made friendly gestures and walked forward to meet them.

The natives pointed to a stream in the middle of the valley below and motioned to the Americans to accompany them there. In sign language they told Davies that three other parachutists had dropped from the skies, and soon afterward two of them, Col. Kuo and Sgt. Gigure, came into sight with some other natives.

At the river bank the natives paused, evidently waiting for someone. About 30 more natives emerged from the underbrush, and then a wrinkled little man about 80 years old, apparently the native chieftain, appeared on the scene. A kind of musette bag, containing silver Indian *rupees*, was slung over his shoulder, and by his side he wore a British sword. He gave a coin to each of the survivors in token of friendship.

Then the chief and his warriors led them on an hour-long, exhausting climb up to his village, built on a hilltop as a defense against attack. They rested and tried to quench their thirst with *zu*, a native beer made from rice. Then the chief gave Sgt. Wilder a knife and motioned to him to behead a goat. The head was passed around so that the chief and his guests could drink the blood from the jugular vein, a great delicacy.

Late in the afternoon, a native runner reported to the chief that a plane had crashed in the valley on the other side of the ridge. Davies and Capt. Lee sent a message by another runner to the valley, signed with only their first names, suggesting that survivors return with the guide.

The runner came back 2½ hours later with a note from Eric Sevareid, urging the Davies party to join him instead. Sevareid wrote that one of his companions was injured and added that a friendly plane had sighted them.

Davies and the others set out that same night with native guides to cross the mountain ridge separating them from the native village where Sevareid was apparently situated. It was raining, and the men groped their way along the trail with torches. They were wet and miserable when they reached the village around 2300.

They found Sevareid and 13 others in a native communal hut, some sleeping and some sitting around a fire. The newcomers were told how the transport had crashed and exploded in a geyser of orange flames after Nevue, last of the 21 to jump, left the pilot's seat. Several of them were still in the air when the explosion came, and Sevareid narrowly avoided being blown into the blaze. Sgt. Oswalt, the 210-pound radio operator, broke his ankle when he landed.

Two hours later the C-47, summoned by Sgt. Oswalt's final radio message, flew overhead and sighted the parachutes the survivors had spread out on the ground. A radio receiver, a Gibson girl transmitter, two Springfield rifles and a sig-

nal panel set were dropped from the C-47, but the transmitter broke when it landed.

As soon as they set up the radio receiver, the pilot of the C-47 warned the group that there were unfriendly natives nearby and that it would take 12 days for a rescue mission to reach them from the nearest British base. There was no place to land a plane here safely, he said, but it would be easy to drop them any supplies they needed.

Assembling the white cloth signal panels into a message-pattern, Sevareid asked for medical assistance for Sgt. Oswalt. Around 1700 the C-47 returned with medical supplies and three medics, who parachuted down to join the survivors—Lt. Col. Donald D. Flickinger, a Regular Army flight surgeon from Long Beach, Calif., who holds the DFC; Sgt. Richard Passey of Provo, Utah, and Cpl. William G. McKenzie of Detroit, Mich.

Meanwhile the party had found that the natives of the nearby village were not hostile. When Lt. Col. Flickinger arrived and took command, however, he decided to keep the survivors away from the native village as much as possible. It was already overcrowded and he didn't want to take the risk of provoking bad feelings during the time they'd have to wait for a rescue mission.

After some dickering, the natives agreed to build a special hut out of palmetto leaves and bamboo for Lt. Col. Flickinger's men and the survivors, in an uncultivated area some distance from the village, where supplies could be dropped without damaging the native cornfields. From then on two C-47s, piloted by Capt. Hugh E. Wild of Milwaukee, Wis., and Capt. George E. Katzman of Louisville, Ky., flew over the encampment daily to drop medicine, carbines, clothing, food and even Calcutta newspapers.

They read a story in the newspapers about their missing plane, listing Davies among the passengers and saying that news of the mishap had been broadcast by radio. Realizing that Jap agents could read the papers, too, and hear the radio, and that enemy forces would probably be searching the area for the State Department official, Lt. Col. Flickinger assigned his own men to battle stations and they dug a special slit trench for the injured Sgt. Oswalt to occupy in case the camp was strafed.

As a matter of fact, Jap planes passed near the camp twice. Once an enemy observation plane flew overhead, too high to spot the survivors. Another time a flight of Zeros zoomed just beyond the hill where the village was located.

After organizing battle stations, Lt. Col. Flickinger assigned each man to a special job. Davies, a professional diplomat, was put in charge of relations with the natives. Sgt. Gigure, a mess sergeant, directed the cooking with Cpl. Sherrill as KP-pusher and the two Chinese colonels as "rice cooks."

Stanton was named signal officer and Sgt. Kittleson and Cpl. Holland as his assistants. Capt. Lee served as adjutant and supply officer, Sgt. Clay as supply sergeant and Lt. Lee and Sgt. Signor as quartermasters, bringing in the supplies as they were dropped on the hillside.

Sevareid became camp historian and chaplain. He conducted Sunday religious services and a memorial service for Lt. Felix, the co-pilot, whose body had been found under the tail of the wrecked plane, where his parachute had evidently caught when he jumped.

The lieutenant colonel and his two medics established a daily sick call, treating natives as well as the Americans and Chinese for sores resulting from leech bites. This free medical attention helped to keep the natives friendly.

To get the men in shape for the coming long march out of the jungle, Lt. Col. Flickinger also conducted a daily calisthenics session. The natives nearly knocked themselves out laughing.

Davies carried on a brisk trade with the natives, exchanging tin cans, cotton cloth and salt --all dropped by the C-47s—for firewood, labor on construction projects, spears, knives and, oddly enough, trinkets. The natives also provided corn, rice, beans, chickens, pigs and cattle.

The salt was reserved as a reward for major services. The natives who constructed the hut and those who found an important packet of papers, which Davies had dropped during his parachute jump, were paid off that way. The biggest payment went to Cpl. Lemon's rescuers.

Lemon had jumped on the Burma side of the ridge, but he landed a long distance from the others. For three days and nights he hid out in the mountainous jungles, avoiding the native searchers because he was afraid they would take his head. At night he drank water from a river that ran near his hiding place, but he had nothing to eat except his cigarettes.

On the fourth day after the crash, Lemon was picked up by the natives, his feet badly blistered. He said afterward that he was so weak then that he didn't care who they were. "I was looking for them, head hunters or not," he said.

The day after Lemon was brought to the camp, the chief ordered a friendship ceremony. A *mithon*, a kind of Indian water buffalo, was sacrificed. The ceremonies concluded with the Americans singing "I've Been Working on the Railroad" while the head hunters gaped.

One other ritual helped to pass the time while the men waited for the rescue mission. Schrandt, the only private in the group, was solemnly and formally promoted to acting sergeant so that he could sleep with the rest of the noncoms.

At last, on the sixteenth day after the mass parachute jump, a ground rescue mission reached the village. Headed by P. F. Adams, a young British political officer, the mission included a British Army officer and Capt. J. J. Dwyer of Chicago, Ill.; Lt. Andrew S. LaBonte of Lawrence, Mass.; T/Sgt. Joe L. Merritt of Rosboro, Ark.; T/Sgt. Kenneth E. Coleman of Meridian, Ohio; Cpl. Anthony Gioia of Denver, Colo., and Pfc. Frank Oropeza of Los Angeles, Calif.

Accompanying them were about 50 native porters and 40 of the district's most efficient head hunters. They have no loyalty except to their own villages, and the British maintain order by hiring the fiercest natives as a police force.

Doctoring leech bites—a popular pastime.

Natives carry Sgt. Walter Oswalt on stretcher.

Adams told Lt. Col. Flickinger and the others that the natives of both villages visited by the survivors were active head hunters. More than 100 heads had been taken in one village since January. The other village had twice been burned by British expeditions as punishment for excessive head hunting. The memory of these burnings was still fresh when the survivors landed. That's why they weren't molested. The supernatural appearance of their descent, and the prospect of a 500-*rupee* reward (paid in salt) for each parachutist brought in alive to the British authorities, also helped, Adams said.

For two days Adams and his men rested after their journey. Then, on Aug. 18, he led the party, now swollen to a good-sized caravan of Americans, Chinese and natives, on the first lap of a five-day march to his India base. It was tough walking all the way, but they averaged more than 10 miles a day over mountain peaks that sometimes rose to 8,000 feet and along a path sometimes only 10 inches wide.

Adams ordered a halt at one historic ambush point and sent the guerrilla militia ahead to comb the pass. They found no signs of hostile natives and the caravan passed on quietly. A little farther along, all drank beer dropped by plane, the only stimulants they had had since the first night when Capt. Lee handed around a bottle of gin he had hugged tight during his descent.

When the party reached Adams' headquarters, a plane dropped containers of hot chicken and gravy, mashed potatoes, ice cream and chocolate cake, and everyone feasted during a one-day stop-over. From this base it is a 2½-day march to the place where the road widens enough to permit the passage of jeeps. I met them one day's march from the head of the jeep trail.

Oswalt was still being carried by eight natives in a bamboo stretcher-chair fashioned by the two Chinese colonels. He told me that at one very bad place in the mountain road a native of half his weight had carried him piggy-back for nearly 50 yards. Oswalt was the only man to gain weight during the 26 days in the jungle.

After reaching the wide trail, the party covered the remaining 40 to 50 miles to the nearest airfield in two hours, making the journey in jeeps, command cars, carry-alls and a couple of trucks. From the airfield, the survivors were flown in two large planes to the station where they had taken off almost a month before.

You would look like this, too, if you had just walked back a hundred miles after making a forced parachute landing deep in Jap-held, disease-ridden, head-hunter-infested jungle.

On the Beach

In blinding rainstorms, the Battle of the Beachhead goes on, with news of the Germans' second offensive "petering out," after terrific casualties. YANK herewith presents an eye-witness account of the surprise landing.

By Sgt. BURGESS SCOTT

YANK Staff Correspondent

(EDITOR'S NOTE: On January 22, the Allies staged their surprise landing on the beach in the vicinity of the towns of Anzio and Nettuno, twenty-five miles south of Rome. The landing took the Germans by surprise, and at first everything looked rosy for our side as the invaders appeared to be pressing inland and northward to expand the beachhead. Then, about twelve days after the initial landing, word came that the beachhead would be turned into a bastion before any attempt was made to fan out into the surrounding countryside.

(At the same time, the Germans began their belated but very much expected counter-attack, and it was a strong one. Losses were heavy on both sides, and for a few days the civilian press seemed inclined to play up the bad news and to minimize the good—which was the fact that the Allies were holding, as planned. In the States and in Canada men in a position to know made the battle seem to be hanging perilously in the balance, but presently Prime Minister Churchill expressed confidence in the outcome. As we go to press, the Germans' second all-out offensive against the beachhead is reported to have been stopped.

(YANK Correspondent Sgt. Burgess Scott landed with the Allied troops which took the beachhead. His first-hand picture of the scene during the early days there, before the Germans started trying to hurl our men back into the sea, follows.)

ANZIO-NETTUNO BEACHHEAD, ITALY—This little Allied colony on the shinbone of the Italian boot may become one of the hottest corners on this struggling earth.

It measures only twelve miles in length along the shore and averages seven miles in penetration inland.

It is approximately eighty-four square miles in area, and every square foot is vulnerable to bombs, shells and small arms fire.

Thus there is no relatively safe area, which usually can be found in most operations. One place is as bad as another, inside or out. Men working on the ships and beaches are targets for enemy artillery and bombs. Men working in the front lines are exposed to shells and small arms fire. Those in the middle can frequently expect a mixture of all three. Everybody is thanking the American and British fighter pilots, who every daylight hour run a fine-toothed comb through these invasion skies, and the night fighters who have already turned back seven intended large-scale raids by the enemy.

Another big victory was the air-tight security of the planning, and the surprise of the assault. Stories are still coming in illustrating the completeness of the surprise. Two new infantry replacements were well up on the mainland in the first assault wave when they stopped a German staff sedan, containing an officer and two men, coming down the road. They shot the two men, captured the officer, and one of the replacements said, "We are now regular members of the outfit." The officer had been into town for the evening and said it was the first he had heard about the Allied landing.

Another party of assaulting Yanks completely spoiled the evening of a German soldier who had come down to the beach with a girl. One group captured forty soldiers who had just returned to their barracks after a night's pass. M.P.s bivouacked in an Italian schoolroom breakfasted on fried chicken taken right out of the German Army's chicken coop on D-day. Other GIs found a large dump containing pumpernickel bread, German cheeses and cases of lager beer.

The invasion areas are humming day and night with activity. Occasionally a few Kraut divebombers filter through the air and ack-ack cover to lay eggs along the beach, but the damage is slight and the work of landing supplies is only temporarily interrupted. Pvt. Maxwell Remmick, of Cincinatti, Ohio, wasn't even interrupted. He stayed by his telephone with his shoulder dislocated by the concussion of a nearby bomb blast.

The men on long pontoons who direct vehicles and the men leaving the ships must stick by their posts when the bombers come, because there is no place to go. Every night, the men who guide traffic from on top of the pontoons use blackout flashlights and hope they won't see the terrible sight of flares in the sky. On shore, the M.P.s take over directing the vehicles to assembly areas, whence they are routed to designated locations.

An unbelievable amount of men and material has been unloaded beyond the beaches in the few days since D-day. The Quartermasters, Signal Corps, Engineers and Medics are set up and operating as if they'd been here for months. Fox-holes easily dug in the soft loam provide surprising protection from the day and night sprinkling of bombs and shells.

HOSPITALS established on D-day-plus-one are waiting for a stream of casualties which so far has not materialized. In one hospital, doctors and Medics performed an appendectomy with Jerry 88 shells swishing over the ridge-pole of the operating tent. There were four or five duds in one salvo, and the men said that that was not unusual for recent days.

GIs gather to watch dogfights every time, cheering the Allied airmen and cussing the Krauts. One wounded Spitfire came in for a belly landing, bounced, and headed straight for a building used as an Army office. The soldier guard looked up as the Spit neared the building and escaped through the back door just in time. The pilot will survive, the Medics say.

From the debris littering the beach, it is evident that Anzio and Nettuno were once resort towns, as the guide books point out. The Tyrrhenian Sea's mild surf tosses strips of faded canvas and broken sticks that were once bright beach chairs. On the sand are the battered hulls of runabouts and sailboats. The bathing beaches are littered with Italian suntan lotion bottles.

The houses along the beach were built up for a resort trade, each with an outdoor shower to wash off the sand after swimming and with an air raid shelter added later. The Italians who came out into the open after the Allied occupation warmly greeted the invaders. They said the Germans had moved the residents out of the towns shortly before and converted them into rest camps for units relieved from the action thirty or forty miles to the south.

The residents also said that a day or so before D-day the Germans had moved two divisions out of the area and sent them northward. Soon soldiers button-holed citizens with wine stocks, and trading began, with cans of C-ration and cigarettes as the exchange medium.

D-day night found many Yanks quartered in elegant summer villas, mostly equipped with enough furniture left by the departing occupants for the civilization-starved dogfaces to set up light housekeeping. Wire-spring Italian beds were plentiful, and everyone had the softest sleep he'd had in months.

After the initial shower of bombs and shells, everyone figured his place was the most dangerous in town and everyone changed villas. Some faucets ran, others didn't. Water must be boiled or treated with tablets before it is drinkable. The toilets were a problem, until somebody brought up cans of salt water for hand flushing.

DURING these first days after the invasion, everyone is his own cook. Up at the front or down on the beaches or in between, everyone fixes his own meals—C-rations, K-rations, or if he's lucky, 5-in-1's. Up at the front meals are usually taken cold out of the can. But when you have time, you cook them over a gasoline burner, a gasoline and dirt fire, or plain wood coals, adding local delicacies to the meal. One man roasted a large fat Italian rabbit he had shot, garnishing it with a meat and vegetable stew.

The biggest game, however, is Kraut, found along the boundary of this little colony. One outfit strung along this flat and fertile farmland has a competition in Kraut killing, and league membership is restricted to those who have killed five apiece. The colonel of this outfit is so obsessed with Kraut killing that he no longer opens his field telephone conversations with his name and rank. When he picks up the receiver his salutation is, "How many Krauts have you killed today?"

Yanks at Home in the ETO

Cool yet comfortable—and probably the only Joes on this island who are. They're having a look at a ten-act Ice Follies staged recently at the Richmond Ice Rink, near London.

Active Ack-Ack

ALL that hullabaloo you heard the other night coming from the direction of London might have been the AA barrage and then again it might have been the boys of the first American ack-ack battery assigned to help guard the big town celebrating their second anniversary overseas. Or, of course, it could have been a little of both, since there happened to be a raid around that time.

At all events, the outfit's top-kick, Roman Robaszewski, of Chicago, assured us when we were out to see his set-up one day last week that his men were planning to celebrate the day they sailed two years ago "by staging a blowout you'll be able to hear for miles around." These ack-ack Yanks struck us as being in one hell of a mood to celebrate, too, since they had already got in four cracks at Jerry. "We think we hit one the other night," said Captain David Anderson, of Osakis, Minn. "It went out of our range of fire, so we couldn't be sure, but it was unsteady as it went." Pvt. Carl Nuich, assistant gunner of Ferndale, Mich., seemed to sum up a pretty prevalent feeling around those parts. "The day we bring one down," he said. "Boy, that's the day I'm waiting for!"

Sgt. Harold R. Weigl, gun commander of Chicago, was telling us about the plane the boys believed they had winged. "It was only a few nights ago," he said. "He was diving in on us, but it got so hot for him he had to turn away. That's when he started getting wobbly."

Pepped up by all the recent action and one thing and another, most of the boys seemed inclined to regard their berths at the moment as a decidedly good deal. In fact, one of their number—Pvt. James Zucaro of West New York, N. J.—even considers his present deal better than the one he had in the States. "This place is really all right," Zucaro told us. "Now that place I came from—Camp Edwards, up in Massachusetts—was really a hell hole and they had the worst winter they ever had when I was there, too. It's way better here." We were just about to ask Zucaro what he was bucking for, when he added: "But don't think I don't want to be back there for that Yankee Stadium opening!"

THE enthusiasm of the Americans for their present assignment, it turned out, has nothing to do with the fact that it's a cinch to get into London whenever a man's got a little time off on his hands. Most of the boys, so far as we could make out, seldom bother to make the trip, having found that the suburban pubs are both more hospitable and better supplied than those in London. What's more, for a soldier who knows his way around, the countryside is literally swarming with ATS on duty with similar British units. In other words, or rather in the words of Pvt. Frank Riccio, a fuse-cutter of Des Moines, Iowa. "It's the best damn camp I've ever been in."

It's probably no ETO record, or anywhere near one, but the outfit's mess sergeant—Edward Vaillancourt, of Racine, Wis.—is now running the 19th kitchen he's been in since leaving the States. "I can't see where any American troops can complain of their chow," he told us, and a more loyal servant of Uncle Sam we never did see. "Why, I can remember times with this outfit when we've had chicken and steak the same day." Some of Vaillancourt's pals in the orderly room seemed to think he meant the same *week*, but they agreed that, any way you look at it, they had been eating okay.

While we were getting a load of all this, the outfit's supply sergeant—Joseph O'Rourke, of Fond du Lac, Wis.—was talking busily on the phone in the corner. He had an earnest, high-powered look about him that made us think he must be ordering up a few tons of ammunition, or something, but during a lull in the conversation about chow it developed that he was busy making a date for that evening with a neighboring ATS. "You don't mean you *cawn't*," O'Rourke was saying, with a supply sergeant's customary diligence and attention to detail. "You mean you *can't*. And anyway in this case you mean you *can*."

And—oh yes. The pub nearest the camp has a piano that works and one of the outfit's ammunition relayers is Pvt. Albert H. Slevin, of Los Angeles, who used to be a pianist in Gene Krupa's band. What more could you ask?

At Easel!

Generally speaking, when it comes to art we've got a date with an air-raid shelter. It was strictly under orders, therefore, that we set out one afternoon last week to take a gander at an exhibition of soldier art, staged by the U. S. Army and the Red Cross at 215 Piccadilly, just off the Circus. And, to our untutored layman's eye, the answer is not bad—or rather, by golly, quite good.

The stuff on display runs all the way from oil paintings (there's a dream job of Sad Sack) and sculpture to a barracks-made mandolin, for the show also includes hobbies. Most of it struck us as being—to coin a phrase—a bit of all right, and the opinions we heard expressed by impressive-looking civilians who evidently knew what they were talking about bore us out in this. Our fellow GIs, who were present in surprisingly large numbers, seemed to be getting a kick out of it, too. For our money, whoever it was who thought up the idea of piping music into the gallery ought to get a special honorable mention. It's something the art-gallery folk back home might find worthwhile copying and is one lulu of a cure for art-gallery knee-bends, an affliction which ordinarily does us in at such events.

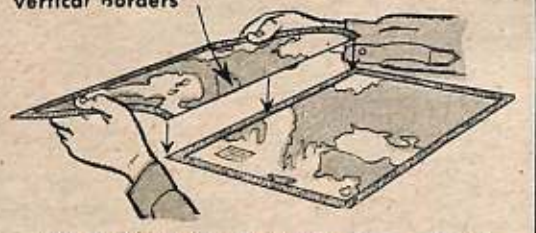
Assuming you're both able to get to the show and have a yen to (the thing will be open daily from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. through the end of this month), a semi-expert we met there told us you shouldn't miss a couple of pieces of sculpture—one called "Homecoming" and the other "Yank in Piccadilly"—by Sgt. Frank Monarch, of Schenectady, N. Y. They're done in glazed clay and, as you can probably gather from the titles, express sentiments nobody's going to have the least difficulty in catching on to. We heard a matron on the elbow of an admiral exclaiming over a painting of a London square by T/4 Charles H. Kitchell, of Larchmont, N. Y. "I'm *very* interested in this man's work," said the lady. Just thought you might like to know, sarge.

THE public has been asked to vote for the work it likes best, and just for good luck we'll toss in our two-bits worth here, although we're almost dead certain our choice won't even rate an honorable mention. It's a painting by Pvt. Ted Nawrocki, who notes that he was a brakeman in civilian life. This work of art shows a red-headed girl in a red, two-piece bathing suit, all set to play leap-frog on the sands. One look at Pvt. Nawrocki's handiwork will start you humming that old, old song, "Brakeman, stop that train!"

"WE DON'T WISH TO DISCOURAGE SOLDIER ART, CORPORAL, BUT PERHAPS SOMETHING OF A MORE MILITARY NATURE—"
—Sgt. Irwin Caplan

PIN-UP MAP OF EUROPE

ON the next two pages is the first (western) section of a two-part map of Europe. Next week YANK will print the eastern section. Fit them together and you will have a complete, detailed map of the European war theater. In each half a sufficient area has been duplicated to allow for overlapping when you put them together after cutting off one of the vertical borders



YANK thanks the National Geographic Society—especially its chief cartographer, James Darley—for preparing the maps for publication in this Army Weekly.


NORTH SEA
GREAT BRITAIN
NORTHERN IRELAND
IRISH SEA
ENGLISH CHANNEL
Dogger Bank
FRISIAN ISLANDS
NORTH FRISIAN ISLANDS
Helgoland (Germany)
KATTEGAT
SWEDEN
DENMARK
NETHERLANDS
BELGIUM
GERMANY
FRANCE
NORMANDY
BRITTANY
LUXEMBOURG
SWITZERLAND
SAXONY
BOHEMIA
BAVARIA
WURTTEMBERG
SUDETEN
MORAV
SILESI
TYROL
CHANNEL ISLANDS (Gt. Britain)
ARDENNES
VOSGES
SCHWARZWALD
BÖHMER WALD
THÜRINGER WALD
Glasgow
Edinburgh
Belfast
Newcastle
Gateshead
South Shields
Sunderland
Middlesbrough
Blackpool
Liverpool
Birkenhead
Manchester
Sheffield
Leeds
Bradford
Huddersfield
Hull
Nottingham
Birmingham
Coventry
Leicester
Wolverhampton
Norwich
Great Yarmouth
London
Croydon
Reading
Southampton
Bristol
Cardiff
Swansea
Plymouth
Portsmouth
Bournemouth
Brighton
Baile Atha Cliath (Dublin)
København (Copenhagen)
Malmö
Hamburg
Bremen
Kiel
Lübeck
Berlin
Stettin
Hannover
Magdeburg
Braunschweig
Leipzig
Dresden
Chemnitz
Halle
Essen
Dortmund
Düsseldorf
Köln (Cologne)
Frankfurt
Mannheim
Stuttgart
Nürnberg
München (Munich)
Augsburg
Würzburg
Karlsruhe
Saarbrücken
Amsterdam
Rotterdam
's Gravenhage (The Hague)
Antwerpen
Bruxelles (Brussels)
Gent
Lille
Paris
Rouen
LeHavre
Cherbourg
Brest
Rennes
Nantes
Tours
Orléans
Reims
Metz
Nancy
Strasbourg
Dijon
Basel
Zürich
Bern
Prag (Praha)
Pilsen
Brünn (Brno)
Wien (Vienna)
Linz
Salzburg
Innsbruck
Graz
Poznan (Posen)
Bresl

This is the Western half of a map of Europe which soldiers will want to keep to follow the European campaign. Next week, YANK will print the Eastern section to give you a complete map of the European war theater.

CENTRAL EUROPE & THE MEDITERRANEAN

STATUTE MILES

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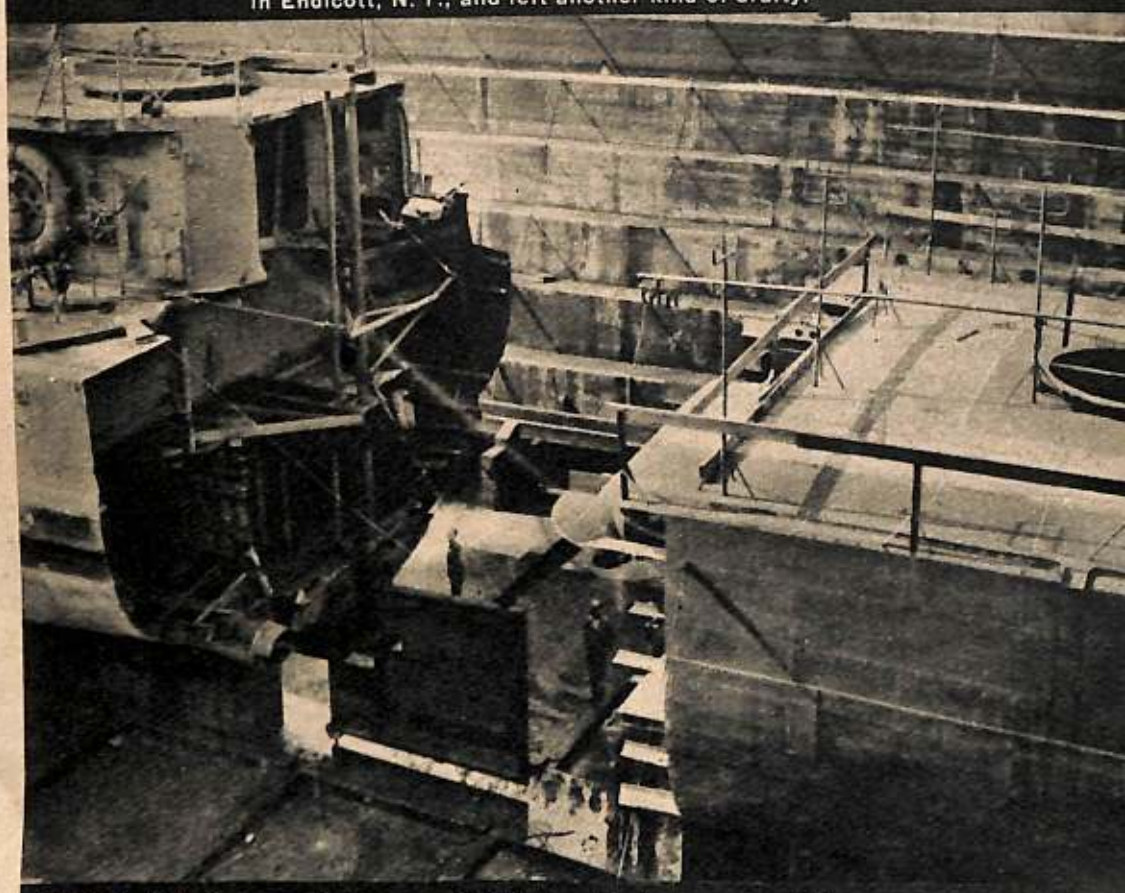
Ida Lupino
YANK
Pin-up Girl

News from Home

The naked nickel hot dog came into vogue, the draft seemed to be finally ready to call a halt, Mr. Green heard some harsh words about the effect of strikes on the progress of the war, and a burglar was mighty glad he'd been caught with his pants on.

NERVE CENTER. Naval officers try out the giant control board of the new Mars, world's largest flying boat. Wing span: 200 feet.

AIR RAID? No, some other kind of explosion (cause unknown) demolished one house in Endicott, N. Y., and left another kind of drafty.



REPAIR JOB. A damaged destroyer (left) is about to have a new tailpiece tacked on it at the Puget Sound Navy Yard in Bremerton, Wash.

YOUR wife, maybe? Or couldn't it be? Without giving any names, the War Department last week disclosed that *somebody's* wife had written in to ask that her husband be permitted to relinquish a clerkship in the Army and get on the business end of a Garand. She requested that her husband be transferred "into some place where he can do some fighting instead of sitting around in some useless branch of the service such as the one in which he now is."

Here's a significant trend-of-the-times item: One of the few places in Connecticut that still sells hot dogs for a nickel announced that what you'll get for five cents in the future will be just the frank—"absolutely naked, plain, and ungarnished." An extra nickel, however, will buy the customary toasted roll, mustard, and relish.

Well, it looks as if the end might finally be in sight for what's left of the draftable manpower on the home front. Major General Lewis B. Hershey, director of Selective Service, told members of the Rotary Club in Philadelphia that by July 1 there would be 11,300,000 men in the armed forces and that in the opinion of the General Staff this would be enough to win the war. *But*, he added, another 1,300,000 will have to be hauled in before that time to bring the total up to the required figure.

Moreover, owing to the inability of the draft to deliver men as fast as scheduled, the WD announced that the Army Specialized Training Program is to be drastically cut and that by April 110,000 men will have been removed from the colleges where they are now studying and assigned to combat units. Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson said this move was necessary "for reasons of imperative military necessity." Only seventeen-year-olds and 35,000 student soldiers who are taking advanced courses in medicine, dentistry, and engineering will be permitted to keep on cracking the books.

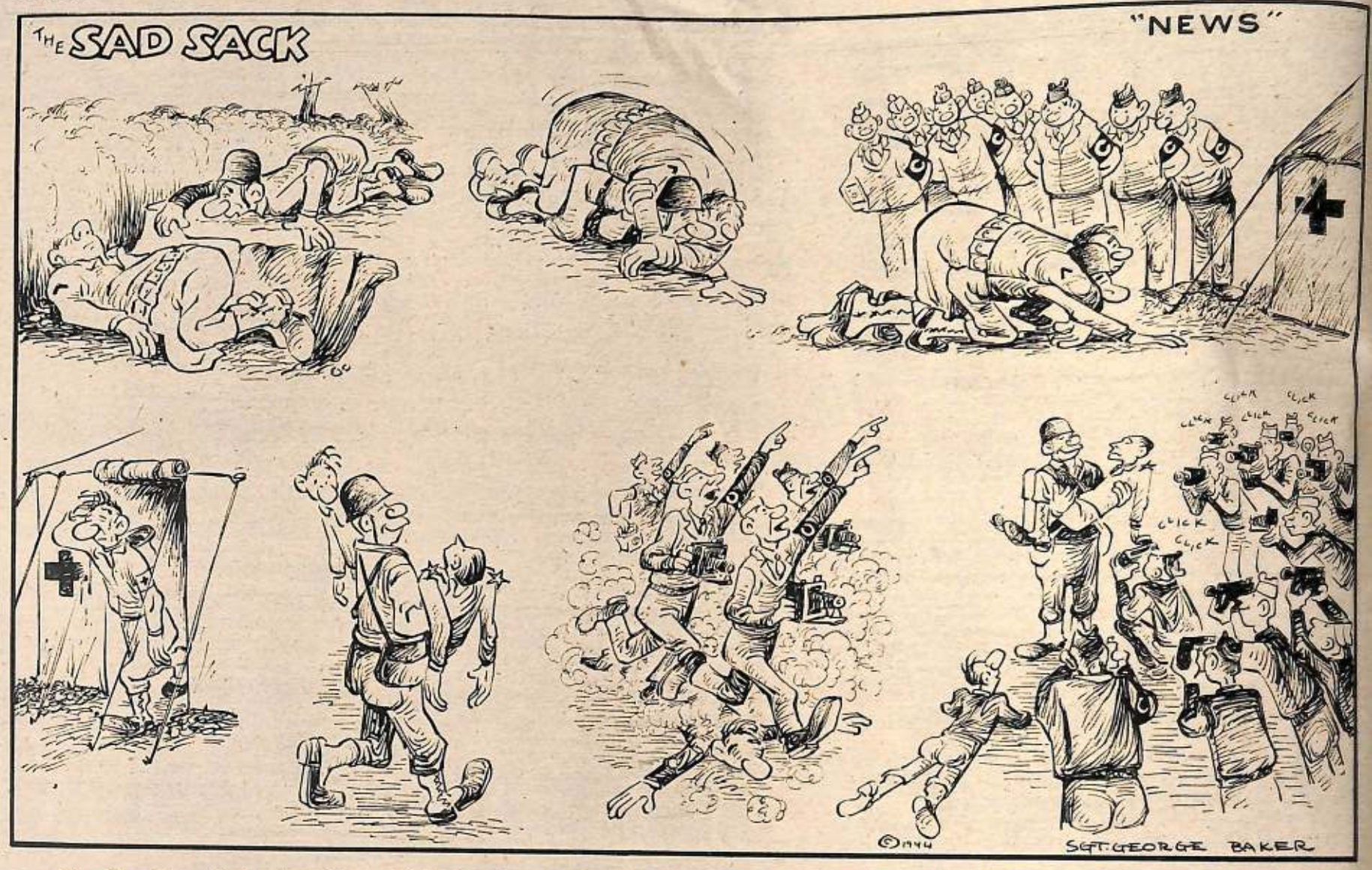
As for the boys being brought home from overseas (but not from England) under the new troop-rotation plan, Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson said that more than 200,000 are already back in the States from the African, Alaskan, and Caribbean theaters. The plan's purpose is to provide rest and a change for men who have had a tough time of it—either against the enemy or the climate or both—and has nothing to do with troops brought home because of wounds or illness. Men returning to the States under the plan get three weeks' furlough and then an unspecified amount of duty on home grounds before being sent back overseas.

ARGUMENT on President Roosevelt's proposal to enact labor-draft legislation was being heard by the Senate Military Affairs Committee, and the first to speak against it was William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor. The President has asked the passage of such legislation as the nation's one neglected means of preventing strikes for the duration. Green said he didn't think this legislation or any other could prevent all strikes as long as the nation's wartime economy remained "out of the balance." The nation's press reported that people in the know in Washington felt the President's proposal had only a slight chance of final Congressional acceptance.

In addressing the committee, Green said that a draft-labor bill would be "abhorrent to the American way of life" and "an admission that we are wrong on the basic issues of the war and the enemy is right." In reply, Senator Warren R. Austin, Republican of Vermont, said that the U. S. could have occupied the Marshall Islands in the Pacific six months earlier than it did if a national service act had been in effect.

The Senator said his statement was based on information supplied by the Secretary and Under-Secretary of War and the staff of the committee he was addressing. He blamed the manpower shortage for "our falling short month after month in our scheduled production of planes." Green asserted that any statement such as Austin's concerning the invasion of the Marshalls was "always speculation" and blamed delays in the production of planes almost entirely on "lack of material and transportation difficulties."

The question of who is going to be elected President next November and how soldiers are going to have a say in the matter kept things bubbling on both sides of the political fence. The joint



committee of members of the Senate and House which was appointed to work out a compromise measure on the soldier-vote issue appeared to be temporarily stalled. Some members reported that they hoped to be ready soon with a satisfactory bill but others hinted at a stalemate, and Representative John E. Rankin, Democrat of Mississippi, said he was ready to take the whole matter back to the floor of the House and "ask for further instructions."

As for the candidates for whom the ballots will be cast, most of the news was made by Republican possibilities. Wendell L. Willkie, having formally made a bid for the nomination, was still stumping the western states. At Sheridan, Wyo., he warned Republicans that resentment against the Federal government should not be carried to extremes even though the administration has been at times "arbitrary, capricious, and disregardful of your wishes." Continuing, he said: "What we Republicans must do is to operate the Federal government so as to coordinate the activities of the Federal government with those of the people . . . We cannot get along in the postwar period without the cooperation and stimulation of the Federal government."

Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York remained silent on the matter of whether or not he would be a rival of Willkie's for the nomination. However, speaking at a Lincoln's Birthday dinner in the Waldorf Astoria, he urged the election of a Republican President and not "a self-willed executive who wars at every turn with Congress." At the same time, Governor John W. Bricker of Ohio, who is already in the race, was telling another Lincoln dinner in Washington that the nation needed "a responsible Cabinet government."

To all this, Senator Claude Pepper, Democrat of Florida and one of the most enthusiastic supporters of the present administration, replied that Dewey was a "coy candidate" who in time would don "his Cinderella slipper and go to the ball," that Bricker was "a modern Harding," and that Willkie "probably had made himself unacceptable to the Old Guard" because "he is known to have courageous convictions about international collaboration after the war."

Vice President Henry A. Wallace told a press conference that he thought the majority of soldiers favored the re-election of President Roosevelt. "I feel," he said, "that soldiers, based strictly on the military situation, are very strong for the President —stronger than the general public." He added that he thought the common soldier sentiment was: "What the hell! We've got a war to win. Why not let the man go on and run the show?" The Vice President said that the President had not told him whether or not he was a candidate for a fourth term, but added, "I think he is going to be elected again."

Representative Clare Boothe Luce, Republican of Connecticut, said in Washington that those who want "a bigger and better Commander-in-Chief" favor General Douglas MacArthur as the Republican Presidential nominee, though she added that she planned to accept the choice of her party's convention. She said the General had made an impressive showing in recent political polls.

So much for politics. The Fourth War Bond Drive wound up nicely, the total sales coming to 91 million bucks more than the 14 billion quota. The success of the campaign, however, was due to the dough which corporations forked over, inasmuch as individuals failed to buy as liberally as had been expected. The quota for individuals was 5½ billion, but they actually kicked through with only 4 billion. In the hope of squeezing a few more million out of them, the officials decided to extend the drive.

Anna Mayer, of South Ozone Park, N. Y., was granted a request, which she had forwarded directly to President Roosevelt, that her physician be given a special leave from the Army in order to relieve her of a 45-day attack of hiccoughs. The physician—Captain Lester Samuels—was chief surgeon at Van Wyck Hospital in Jamaica, N. Y., before he entered the Army, and in that capacity he operated successfully on Miss Mayer when she had a previous attack of the same affliction two years ago. President Roosevelt referred Miss Mayer's appeal to the War Department which agreed to allow Captain Samuels to proceed to New York to perform the operation. Two days later the Captain arrived and again operated successfully.

PARADE. Manhattan gives Fourth War Loan drive a boost with one of its favorite forms of fanfare.

Snowplows finally reached Faith, S. D., to start the job of opening up the roads to several surrounding communities which had been snowbound for three weeks. Among the villages isolated were Marcus, Opal, Avance, Cooper and Red Owl.

Sub-zero temperatures in and around Columbus, O., stepped up the consumption of gas to such an extent that 150 industrial plants in the State were temporarily without fuel. The gas company decided that, for reasons of health, it would be wiser to make factories rather than homes do without. The residents of 350 towns and villages in Ohio were urged to lay off bathing and laundry and to get along on one hot meal a day. The situation improved, however, before the week was out.

Obituary Section: Major General Frank McIntyre (retired), who served as the Army's Chief of Staff during the first World War, died in Miami Beach at the age of 78. He was a native of Montgomery, Ala., and graduated in 1886 from the U. S. Military Academy, where he was a classmate of General John J. Pershing . . . Edgar Selwyn, executive director and producer of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures, died of a brain hemorrhage. He was 67 and got his start in the amusement world as an usher at the Herald Square Theater in New York . . . Ernest William Gruendler, 80-year-old millionaire hide dealer, died in Houston, Tex., 77 years after he had landed at Galveston as an immigrant . . . Henry Johnson, who was once a slave on a plantation in Richmond, Va., died at the age of 109 in the State Infirmary at Cranston, R. I.

New York City was becoming alarmed about the increasing size of its "bobby-socks brigade"—a batch of young girls between the ages of thirteen and twenty who have run away from home and hang around late at night in the Times Square amusement section. Detectives and policewomen picked up fifteen of the youthful thrill-seekers during the first week-end of a check-up aimed at keeping the kids out of trouble.

Sinclair Weeks of Massachusetts, treasurer of the Republican National Committee, took over by appointment the place left vacant in the U. S. Senate by Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., who resigned recently to enter the Army. The new Senator's father was Secretary of War in 1917-18.

Will Rogers, Jr., informed his district leaders in California that he won't run for re-election to Congress. He plans to re-enter the Army as a lieutenant and go overseas to serve with his old outfit.

A bench warrant was issued in Hollywood ordering Veronica Lake, the movie dream girl, brought into court for ignoring a ticket for speeding.

Charles E. Wilson, chairman of the War Production Board's aircraft divison, reported that four-motored bombers which once took 200,000 man hours to build now take only 13,000.

A fire, which Fire Chief Hugh F. Fisher said was probably started by a cigarette dropped in a waste-paper bailing room, did $2,000 damage to the State capitol building in Lansing, Mich.

ELEVEN hundred textile workers returned to their jobs in seven mills at Fall River, Mass, after a nine-week strike. The Army, acting under Presidential order, had seized the mills a few days earlier, and Colonel Curtis G. Pratt, in command, appealed to the workers to get on with their jobs as the mills have been making insect netting which is badly needed by the armed forces in the South Pacific. The strike was the result of a dispute over a seniority clause in the workers' union contract.

Tabulation of sales of Valentine cards at the P.X. at Mitchel Field, N. Y., showed that GIs, by a ratio of two to one, bought cards for their moms in preference to anyone else. Wives ran second and girl friends third. Lots of the cards destined to be sent to mothers cost a buck.

There's not much that's comic in Charlie Chaplin's life anymore. The famous movie comedian surrendered at the Federal Building in Los Angeles to face charges of conspiracy and violating the Mann Act brought against him following his reported affair with his former protege, 24-year-old Joan Barry. She claims that he is the father of her daughter, although a blood test has indicated that he is not. Chaplin is accused of depriving the girl of her constitutional rights by conspiring to keep her out of California and of taking her to New York for immoral purposes. While being fingerprinted, Chaplin was asked if he cared to make any statement for his public. The answer was no.

There was better news about another comedian. Joe E. Brown returned to New York after travelling 47,000 miles to entertain troops on the fighting fronts. His trip, which took three months and included a month in Italy, involved stops in India, China, Iran, Iraq, Arabia, Egypt, Morocco, Casablanca, and South America. Said Brown: "You can't realize the insatiable appetite of our boys for entertainment, and clean entertainment is far more acceptable to them than dirt."

Worried about what you're going to wear after the war? Raymond Twyeffort, chairman of the postwar planning committee of the Tailors' and Designers' Association, said that pants are going to be made with slide fasteners in their waistbands in order to take into consideration the fact that a man is from three to seven inches thicker around the middle when he's sitting than when he's standing. Hats will also be equipped with slide fasteners, he said, which will make it possible to zip them in two, flatten them, and carry them in one's pocket, thus saving a lot on hat-check tips.

Imperial Wizard James A. Colescott, of Atlanta, Ga., went on trial in Pittsburgh on a charge of conspiracy for attempting to revive the Ku Klux Klan in that city. Co-defendants in the case are Samuel G. Staunch, John V. Waite, and Frank S. Fite, all of Philadelphia, and Walter H. Klinzing, of Pittsburgh.

DR. HOWARD HANSON, director of the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, N. Y., declared that boogie-woogie music is harmful and that modern juke-box music is stirring up juvenile delinquency. "As rhythm gets too syncopated and off beat," he said, "it increases the emotional tension in the listener and the dissonance favored by jazz players combines with this to disturb the nervous system." So beware that juke box, Joe!

General Henry H. Arnold, chief of the Army Air Forces, was awarded the Marconi Memorial Commemorative Medal for outstanding service in the field of radio telegraph. The award was made in recognition of the work he did in 1912 when, as a lieutenant at Fort Riley, Kan., he sent the first wireless message from an airplane and directed field-artillery fire from the air.

One man was killed when fire destroyed a large portion of the Calumet Hotel in Pipestone, Minn.

Pvt. George C. Rahm, of Camp Lee, Va., confessed to police that he had obtained money under false pretences by posing as Bill Shakespeare—the former Notre Dame football player, not that chap on the Avon.

In Chicago, Mrs. Leroy Laess won a divorce from her husband after charging that every time she brought home a first-class steak he accused her of flirting with the butcher. Instead of just eating it and being glad to get it, the dope.

When Carl Gebert, assistant manager of a Kansas City hotel, tried to bounce a young lady customer who was dancing in the ballroom in slacks, she foiled him by going into the powder room, rolling her slacks above her knees, putting on her coat, and returning to the dance floor.

In Boston, 93-year-old Guiseppe Palotti got his final citizenship papers after living for 62 years in the States. He figured it was about time.

As an example to twenty-one air cadets who had just completed the first half of a round-trip training mission between Texas and New York, Mayor F. H. LaGuardia, of the eastern city, cited the record of the Negro flyers of the 99th Pursuit Squadron in the European theater.

Inability to produce a draft-registration card when questioned by FBI agents led to the capture of Captain Wolfgang Hermann Hellfritsch, German PW who escaped from a prison camp at Crossville, Tenn., last October and had been working under an assumed name on a large farm near Lexington, Ky.

Petroleum Administrator Harold L. Ickes said in Washington that the Big Inch pipe line from Texas to Illinois had delivered eighty-eight million barrels of crude oil to the East during its first year of service which ended a few days ago. He said that it would have taken a fleet of 18,000 tank cars operating steadily throughout the same period to have done the same job, and remarked that the petroleum situation in the East would have been "catastrophic" had the pipe line not been shoved through.

IN Philadelphia, nineteen-year-old William Kane, Jr., stood with folded arms in front of an oncoming railroad train, making a gesture which he figured would show the girl friend who was with him how brave he was. The train ground to a halt a few feet from Bold Willie. The only hitch was that when he looked around the girl had beat it. And the engineer raised an awful stink.

Barbara Scully, star of the show *Blossom Time*, slipped $300 under her girdle while playing a performance in Denver, Colo. When she looked for it after the show it was gone. Convinced it could not be the work of a pickpocket, police searched the theater and found the missing moola in a trash barrel.

In New York City, Mrs. Adele Hammerman, the youthful wife of a sailor, probably saved the life of a 17-year-old burglar who was trying to make a quick getaway from her third-floor apartment by jumping out of the window. She nabbed him by the seat of his pants and kept him dangling there until the cops came. Who says the age of chivalry is dead?

PIONEER. Tall, brunette Dorothy Williams takes over the controls of a subway-elevated train. Philadelphia's first El motorwoman.

FIREWOMEN. In Laurel, Md., it's no longer "Fireman, Save My Child!" Mrs. G. Beall (left) and Mrs. G. Hofmann are vamps now.

WATER SKIING. No, pal, this ain't the Thames. In fact, it's Florida, or maybe you already guessed it.

Mail Call

GI Education (I)

Dear YANK:

What's going to be done for the ex-Serviceman in the way of education after the war? Here's my case, for example: I had just completed one year of engineering at a State University when I entered the Service. My college savings will be nearly exhausted when I leave the Army, and my desire for education will not be so keen unless I get help. I'm sure other GIs who left school and stepped into the ranks will not return to a classroom unless an attractive

offer is made to them. Is there any plan or proposal whereby the education-seeking Serviceman will get official help after the war?

Pvt. JOE POMPURA

Harlingen, Tex.

[Plans for helping war veterans with their post-war education are being considered by both State and Federal Governments. Last fall President Roosevelt asked Congress to make it financially feasible for ex-servicemen and women to spend one year in a school, college, technical institution or in training in industry at Federal expense, with the aid extended to three years in certain cases. Congress is now working on a bill aimed at this objective. YANK has been making a survey of plans of State governments along these lines and has found that several States are waiting to see what program Congress adopts before going ahead with details of their own supplementary education programs.—Ed.]

GI Education (II)

Dear YANK:

I was sent to ASTP to study mechanical engineering. Being a college graduate I was sent out at the end of the first term with a recommendation for OCS. However, I was shipped to the Second Air Force and assigned to a construction battalion. Since then I have been trying to get transferred to an outfit where I can do the work for which I was trained, but last week I was told that the Second Air Force disallowed my transfer. I want to do useful work, but if the Army doesn't recognize the ASTP graduate, why have him?

Pfc. GEORGE RITZERT

Gowen Field, Idaho.

[The ASTP is not to blame. The authority of the ASTP ends at graduation, and the problem of putting you in the job that is most likely to benefit from your new knowledge belongs to the Second Air Force. Your best bet is to go to the personnel officer of your outfit and request a reassignment. The ASTP says most of its men are being grabbed up and put in good jobs—Ed.]

GI Education (Boola-Boola)

Dear YANK:

In answer to Lt. B. D.'s recent bitter letter in regard to Colleges and Future Vets, I should like to take issue with him on a few points. As a recent graduate of the University whose proposal Lt. B. D. labels as sinister, I should like to state that he is jumping to hasty and erroneous conclusions. In the first place, the very fact that Yale is the first institution to even draw up a tentative proposal for educating post-war veterans, is indicative that that University at least has the best interests of veterans at heart.

Lt. B. D. is hasty in assuming that discrimination would be rife towards veterans. There is no indication that this would be the case. It is my belief that misunderstanding has arisen due to the following: Lt. B. D. may not be aware that, unlike other universities and colleges, Yale University has never accepted subsidies from either Federal or State Governments. Thus its proposed plan to help war veterans is new and different from other university administrations.

I would be the first to heartily endorse Lt. B. D. and any others as being entitled to any educational program sponsored by the Government. Commendation, not discrimination, will be their lot at all institutions, including Yale, and every effort will be made to aid them, rather than as he suggests, bars and obstacles (most of them imaginary, to be sure) to be placed in their way.

S/Sgt. D. W.

Britain.

GI Clerks In The Future Tense

Dear YANK:

My son is sure to ask what I did in the war. I'm afraid I'm going to have a tough time answering him. I can see myself stroking my chin, gazing into nothingness and trying to word my answer so my son can be proud of his dad.

You see, my son is sure to brag about me the way all sons do—just like fathers brag about sons. If he gets in bragging competition with the son of a marine who's been in Guadalcanal or the son of an infantryman who has fought through hell in Tunisia, I'm afraid my little Johnny is going to have a real job making his dad stand on equal footing with the marine and the infantryman.

I well remember how we kids acted during World War 1. My father happened to be 35 years old. He and a group of other men in the same age bracket formed an outfit which was ready to join up as the war ended. I had a good excuse for my father back in those days when kids played Germans and Americans, not cops and robbers.

You see, I'm what the Army calls a clerk. The name doesn't look so bad in print, but it has a funny sound when you say "Army clerk." When I'm visiting a pub and someone, not too familiar with the U. S. Army Air Forces, spots my insignia with its pair of wings, he always asks me what I do in the Army. "Do you fly?" I say "No," hoping the conversation will end. Then I have a feeling my short answer has hurt someone's feelings, so I elaborate and explain, "I'm a clerk." I feel wishy-washy and incompetent when I say it.

I'll never forget the day I visited an English family. When we were at the dinner table, conversation took its usual round of trite events and then plunged into war. Being an American and from that land which takes on such a gargantuan aspect to many Englishmen, I took it on myself to talk for all things American and for all American soldiers. I built up the Americans, you can make sure of that. I was going great guns and thinking to myself, "You're not doing too bad here, young fellow," when the inevitable happened. My spirits sagged, my appetite dropped lower than the 1929 stock market, as I managed a weak "I'm a clerk." All America seemed to shudder as I said those words. The Statue of Liberty shrank to Lilliputian measurements.

Oh, to be a rip-roaring infantryman, a second Sergeant York, a pilot, a gunner, a tank driver. I'd like to be able to say I was a mechanic, an armorer or an ordnance man.

I'm not Casper Milquetoastish. I've got a clerk complex.

But, I've got an idea. When my son asks, "Dad, how many Germans did you do away with?" I'll come right back to him this way:

"Son, one day I was alone in headquarters when a big, tough-looking German armed to the teeth broke in. He had a huge gun in his hand. I was scared just a little bit. Then I picked up the pay roll book and smashed him across the face with it. I threw furlough papers at him until he was blinded. I downed him with my last pen point. When he fell, I picked up my rubber stamp and plunged it against his forehead. When I pulled that stamp away, there were big purple letters 'CONFIDENTIAL—EQUALS BRITISH SECRET.' Son, let's keep this little talk of ours that way."

Cpl. R. J. S.

Britain.

[Being fair-minded, as always, but mostly because we are trying to head off the flood of answering letters—we note that the proportion of clerks on casualty lists from the Pacific and Mediterranean battle fronts has been high—Ed.]

Can't We Get This Settled?

Dear YANK:

In reply to Dick Tracy's Boys' comment on our Jane of *Daily Mirror* fame—please persuade our buddies, Bernstein, Mendes and Puleo, to take another look at Sad Sack's girl friend in your issue of February 13, and tell us where they get the idea that Jane is cheap and common?

The "lady" in charge of Sad Sack's pants is an insult to the whole female sex in general. Had it been Jane in that cartoon the meaning would have been "subtle"—but as it stands—well, "you cawn't miss it"—can you?

Britain.

LIMEY FEMALE

More On The Power In Our Hands

Dear YANK:

It seems to me Staff Sergeant W. F. Cody's warning ("Mail Call," February 6) against the "wily demagogue" who would misuse "the vast political power" that the veterans of this war could muster is timely and thought-provoking.

The men and women in the Armed Forces, although they are decisive, are not alone in waging this war. The skill and sweat, the heartaches and lonely hours of the people back home are no small contribution. The readjustments and dislocations, the maintenance of the peace, and the building of a "decent world order" are the common problems of all the people.

We are not a separate class by virtue of our war

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Pictures: 1, Planet. 2, Sgt. Georg Meyers. 3, Sgt. Vincent A. Wallace, Signal Corps. 4, Sgt. Georg Meyers. 5, Sgt. George Aarons. 6 and 7, Sgt. Foley. 9, Sgt. Bob Ghio. 10, Keystone. 11, N.Y. Times Photo. 14, OWI. 15, top OWI, center Keystone, bottom Planet. 16, INP. 17, top row PA, bottom Keystone. 20, upper left, Signal Corps, upper and center right, PA, lower left, INP, lower right, USMC. 21, upper PA, lower INP.

MARCH 1 is the eleventh birthday of the Luftwaffe. The vaunted German air force was born secretly in gliders and model planes on March 1, 1933, and after two years of careful suckling, emerged publicly on March 1, 1935. The lusty infant tried its teeth on the defenseless Spanish town of Guernica in 1937, and went on to great combat triumphs over helpless Warsaw, Rotterdam, Coventry and Belgrade. Here are some of the official birthday tributes paid to the Luftwaffe on previous anniversaries:

March 1, 1937—Hermann Goering's Order of the Day: "The new German Luftwaffe is the sharpest instrument of war which we could develop. When the order comes to use it, it will be frightful. We will swear a solemn oath to our people that there will be nothing to deter us from acting ruthlessly."

March 1, 1939—Hermann Goering's speech in Essen, capital of the Ruhr: "First of all, I made sure that the Ruhr, where people must work quietly, will get the safest protection. We shall not expose the Ruhr to a single bomb from enemy aircraft."

March 1, 1940—Adolf Hitler's speech to the German people: "If the RAF drops two, three or four tons of bombs, we will drop 150—180—250—350—yes, even 400 tons of bombs in one night. And if they say that they will attack German cities on a large scale, I say that we will *wipe out* their cities."

March 1, 1941—Joseph Goebbels's speech to the German people: "Because of the Luftwaffe, in the London underground tunnels today, people are crowded—almost on top of each other—thousands of men, women and children perishing in dirt and misery—an inferno of human suffering."

March 1, 1942—Joseph Goebbels's speech to the German people: "The British raids on German cities will be paid back. Moreover, the RAF is losing so many aircraft and crews in their sorties over the Reich and the Occupied Countries that the question is only how long they can afford to carry out such actions."

March 1, 1943—An official statement on the Luftwaffe's anniversary by the Radio Zeesen: "The Reichsmarshal, Hermann Goering, can rightly claim that the Luftwaffe is the strongest and numerically the largest air force in the world. It has proved its superiority, and it has been victorious in many theaters of war, under widely differing conditions . . . The security of all Germany, in fact, depends on the Luftwaffe."

March 1, 1944—Official anniversary greetings to the Luftwaffe from other interested air forces:*

4,348 Luftwaffe planes destroyed by the RAF over Britain;

2,726 Luftwaffe planes destroyed by the RAF over Europe;

10,000 Luftwaffe planes destroyed by the RAF and the U. S. Army Air Forces in the Mediterranean and the Middle East;

1,088 Luftwaffe planes destroyed by the British Navy and Fleet Air Arm;

5,000 Luftwaffe planes destroyed by the U. S. Army Air Forces over Europe;

43,000 Luftwaffe planes destroyed by the Red Air Force and the Red Army over the Eastern Front, the Reich, the Occupied and Satellite countries;

216,500 tons of bombs dropped on Germany by the RAF;

23,500 tons of bombs dropped on Berlin by the RAF;

2,500 tons of bombs dropped on Berlin by the RAF in the biggest raid in history on February 16, 1944;

1,800 tons of bombs dropped on Frankfurt by the U. S. Eighth Air Force, in the biggest daylight raid in history;

55 percent of potential Luftwaffe fighter production destroyed by daylight raids alone;

3 to 1 air supremacy for the United Nations on all European fronts;

2,000 U.S. heavy bombers (plus all necessary accompanying fighters and medium bombers) with orders to complete the extermination of the Luftwaffe.

Happy birthday, Hermann.

May it be your last!

* ACCORDING TO OFFICIAL FIGURES RELEASED BY THE BRITISH AIR MINISTRY, THE BRITISH MINISTRY OF INFORMATION AND THE U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES.

service. We can make a special contribution, in that as soldiers we have been forced to face realities. Home, children, security, commonplace things we used to take for granted, but which summed up are "the pursuit of happiness," these are precious to us because a ruthless aggressor has torn us away from them. As workers, farmers, shopkeepers, employers, as part of every group and every tendency in American life we will be the staunchest fighters to guarantee these sacred rights to all Americans.

Pfc. WILLIAM PORTNOY

Britain.

Gripe About Raincoats

Dear YANK:

Can anybody tell me why the QM didn't supply the EM of the Army with a raincoat that gives the legs some protection? I can assure you that the boys won't mind the little extra weight of a few more inches of rubberized material and surely won't mind paying taxes for the extra cost per man after this is all over. Anybody in the ETO that does any hiking in the rain knows that water running down the leggings into the shoes does more to lower morale than anything else that can be conceived of, other than no mail from his loved ones.

Cpl. E. H. RAYMOND

Britain.

Gripe About The Missing Ice Cream

Dear YANK:

We have just finished reading *Life* Magazine dated December 20, 1943, and we ran across an advertisement of a dairy company titled "If you like ice cream—read this," so naturally we read it.

To quote this advertisement: "A lot of the ice cream you haven't been getting is going to our Armed Forces."

We have been over here for an unmentionable length of time and we have yet to *see* ice cream, let alone eat it.

FORM-BOZZI-BURKETT-CAHILL

Britain.

Gripe About Mousetraps

Dear YANK:

We read in YANK about the GIs who had to police up by candle-light and that topped the one we were going to send in, when we were gigged for "dirty coal bucket." But listen why.

Our CO is a guy who insists on our quarters being meticulously clean and neat, with each item placed in its specific spot. There can be nothing on the floor or on shelves except those things which have his official sanction.

A GI discovered that when he put that package from home in his barracks bag under his bunk, a mouse was beating him to the goods. So he put a mousetrap on the floor back of the barracks bag where the mouse was most likely to go. Next day the inspecting officer came around armed with a flashlight, M-1, and the poor GI got gigged for "mousetrap on floor." So next day, in order to have everything as specified by CO, he had mousetrap neatly hung from ceiling by single white cord,

wood clean and all metal polished, exactly four feet off floor with all pertinent parts facing door by which inspecting officer would enter. How in hell are we gonna catch mouse? Even British mice are beginning to wonder what we're up to.

Britain.

WORRIED PRIVATE

Gripe About YANK's Indecent Language

Dear YANK:

In regards to indecent language used in some of your articles.

We as a group have resolved to call your attention to this fact. We are all admirers and great readers of our Army Weekly, and there are many things in it which make us feel proud of it. But YANK's constant use of smutty slang and bad language, and especially the vain use of the Lord's name has at times made us feel not a little bit disgusted.

We are fighting to keep the world from reverting back to the "dark ages." We believe there is still lots of room for culture in our own land and among our civilian and Army population. Let's begin by improving our speech. You can set a great example in this by the use of better language in your articles. As a whole we Americans are supposed to be the best educated in the world, and poor language smacks of the moron. We know these expressions aren't used in front of your mothers and sisters, so why get into the habit of saying them to each other?

Britain.

GI BIBLE DISCUSSION GROUP

Gripe About Allotments

Dear YANK:

I do hope this letter is read by someone who will enlighten several hundred of us boys who are in the ETO and are in the same predicament as I.

I am not in the habit of griping, especially where so many can know about it. But there is one thing I would like to find out.

When we were at our P.O.E. we were rudely aroused from an interesting session of bunk fatigue and marched in formation to a regimental meeting, which carried on for about an hour.

We were given a lecture by some lieutenant whose main subject was to be on the making of allotments, insurance, and the purchase of war bonds. I have nothing at all against the objective he had in mind. In fact, I thought enough of it to stand in line for nearly an hour to sign up for an allotment and monthly purchase of a war bond.

According to his story, our allotments would reach home in three to six weeks. My allotment has been taken out of my pay since December 1st, and to this date not one cheque has reached home. Have the connections between the P.O.E. and Washington been mysteriously severed, or was this just a gag to put some more men in the "grey-haired" classification, giving them something more to worry about, besides what many of them already have?

If an allotment taken out in the ETO can go through and be straightened out in a month's time, what on earth is wrong with those that were taken out at the P.O.E.?

Britain.

Cpl. GEHRT

Gripe About R.H.I.P.

Dear YANK:

We are writing you in regard to an incident that has taken place recently in our outfit, which we think is quite unfair. It is in reference to the organizing of a non-coms' club, which provides recreation and refreshments for them. We, as privates, think this is quite unfair in this respect; there are clubs for commissioned officers, clubs for non-commissioned officers, so why not one for the poor private? After all we are in this war together and we should share and share alike.

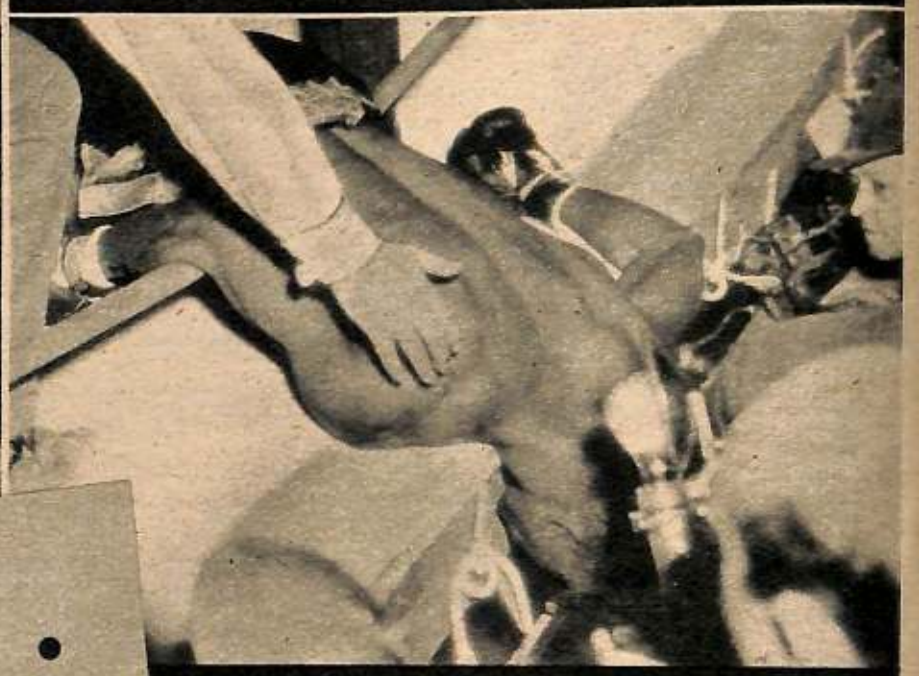
Britain.

TWO RED HEADS

In This Corner . . . A Half Dozen Champs

TEN-MINUTE BREAK. Pvt. Sixto Escobar, former world's bantamweight champion, takes a break during a problem in the Panama jungles to catch a smoke. Escobar spent six months in a Coast Artillery Battery in Puerto Rico, then was transferred to Panama and assigned to an Infantry regiment.

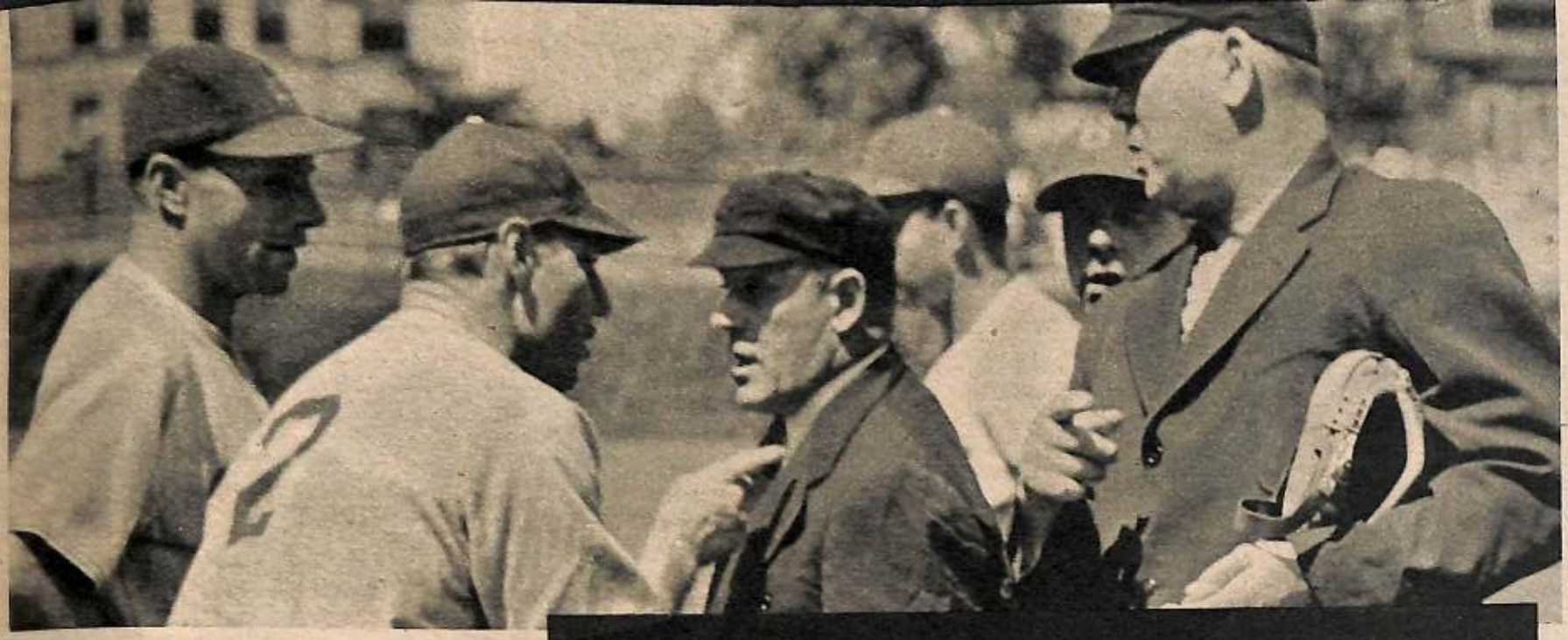
LEFT FOR A LEFT. Beau Jack (left) and Sammy Angott exchange left jabs in their 10-round nontitle lightweight fight at New York's Madison Square Garden. Jack, recognized as divisional boss in New York state, and Angott, National Boxing Association champion, fought to a draw decision.



HEAD FIRST. This is the end of Ike Williams, a promising lightweight contender from Trenton, N. J. He was chilled by ex-champion Bob Montgomery in the final round of their scheduled 12-rounder at Convention Hall in Philadelphia.

SLAPSIE MAXIE IN THE PACIFIC. Here we have Maxie Rosenbloom, onetime and long-time light heavyweight champion, as he takes on a bunch of Marines in a doughnut-eating contest during his 19,000-mile USO tour of the South Pacific. No, he didn't throw in the towel.

MICKEY WALKER ON CANVAS. Among the crowd of boxing experts who swarmed into the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York, to view Mickey Walker's first art exhibition was Tony Galento. The Jersey barkeep gives the painting titled "KO" the once-over as Walker awaits his decision.



Cpl. Clark's friends, Stewart and Magerkurth, show you what an umpire's life is like when Durocher pops off.

SPORTS: LIFE IS ROUGH IN IRAN FOR THIS UMPIRE LOVER

By Cpl. JAMES P. O'NEILL

NORTHERN IRAN—Ten years ago a bunch of kids were playing baseball on Bedford Avenue a few blocks away from Ebbets Field in Brooklyn, when suddenly a bystander broke up the game. "The Dodgers lost a close one to the Giants and they're gonna beat up the umpires!" he yelled. The next minute the Bedford Avenue gang was on its way to see the massacre. Among the gang was a corporal now serving his country and Brooklyn in Iran; he was a skinny kid and his name was Charley Clark.

The kids gathered around the players' entrance at Ebbets Field and waited for the umpires to appear. The crowd had tomatoes for ammunition. The door opened and the umps walked out with two cops on each side. The crowd closed in and the cops, Brooklyn bred and born, moved aside. All hell broke loose. The crowd bombarded the umps with tomatoes; they screamed "Robbers!" and they kicked them in the shins. Young Charley Clark watched all this and he noticed one thing. The umpires didn't try to duck the crowd. Instead they walked sedately to the cab at the sidewalk. From that day on Charley Clark wanted to be an umpire.

Instead of putting Ruth and Hornsby in his scrapbook, Charley saved pictures of Klem and Moriarity, and when the Bedford Avenue kids gathered around the players' entrance to get the autographs of the big stars, Clark waited, alone, for the umps.

When the umpires were sure that Charlie wasn't a stooge from Flatbush with a stink bomb in his pocket, they started to talk to him. Bill Stewart and George Magerkurth became his pals, and when he graduated from high school they persuaded Matty Schwab, groundskeeper at Ebbets Field, to give him a job.

Within a few months Clark became an umpire's assistant. He laid out their clothes before the game, rubbed the baseballs with soil and water to take off the smooth gloss, and he listened to all the umpire lingo. He wanted to be an umpire now more than ever. One day he went up to Bill Stewart and told him about it.

"Son," said Stewart, "take up some nice trade like lion training. An umpire's life is like being married to 10 women all at once—and all of them throwing kitchenware. Do you want to live all your life being chased out of town, getting hit with pop bottles, having your own kids boo you, and getting callouses on your cheeks from whiskered ball players shoving their pusses in your face?" Then Stewart asked as an afterthought, "Have you ever thought of bein' a missionary in a leper colony?"

Charley couldn't be swayed. He wanted to be an umpire. Even when he landed the job of announcing for the ball park, he still looked at the austere black robes on the field below with longing.

Shortly after Pearl Harbor Charley Clark enlisted. The umpires gave him a farewell party and just before he said good-bye, Charley asked Stewart one favor. "If I get back from this mess, Bill, will you try and get me a spot in some minor league, umpiring?" Stewart promised he would.

Charley was assigned to the 730th Railway Operating Battalion and placed in headquarters. His outfit moved overseas. A few months ago they formed a softball league and as soon as Clark heard of it, he parked himself on the Special Service doorsteps; when they opened up he volunteered for an umpiring assignment. He got it.

Charley was a damned fine ump—just, calm and tough. But, gradually, Clark began to lose his friends. The fellows at headquarters would only talk to him through channels and the mess sergeant never gave him a full dish of the monthly ice cream. By the time the play-offs came around, Charley was only talking to three male Red Cross workers and the chaplain.

His company, which, incidentally, had a good ball club, played in the finals and Charley worked that game. In the sixth inning, Charley called one of his boys out on three straight strikes, with two out and the winning and tying runs on third and second. The opposing team came back in the seventh and won the ball game on a run scored by a guy who received a walk from umpire Clark.

Right now Bill Stewart's friend, Charley Clark, is in a bad way. The boys have moved his bed to one end of the barracks and are building a screen around it. Even the three male Red Cross workers aren't talking to him. They had a few *rials* on his outfit.

But Brooklyn citizens are stubborn. "I'm still gonna be an umpire," Clark says, "even if they put me on detached service and the chaplain stops talking to me."

CLOSE CALL. A/C Ted Williams, now on the final lap of flight training at Pensacola, Fla., almost cracked up recently when he started to take off with his wing flaps lowered. His instructor caught him in time.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Sgt. Joe Louis and **Sgt. Ray Robinson** have started a six-week refresher in basic training at Camp Sibert, Ala., to prepare them for an overseas tour of combat zones. . . . **Capt. Jimmy Braddock** has just gone on record with a prediction that **Cpl. Billy Conn** will box the ears off Louis if the war keeps them apart for another two years. . . . Someone has just discovered that **Lt. Gen. Joseph Stilwell,** the CBI commander, used to be an Eastern Intercollegiate League basketball official and once served on the rules committee. . . . **Frank Leahy,** the Notre Dame coach, leaves any day now for Sicily and Italy where he will show films of Notre Dame's 1943 football games. . . . There's a $200-per-week broadcasting job waiting for **Sgt. Barney Ross** when he gets his CDD some time this spring. . . . One of the last things that **Maj. Greg Boyington,** the Marine flying ace, did before he was reported missing in action was to accept the St. Louis Cardinal baseball caps for his "Black Sheep" squadron. . . . You probably won't believe it, but the No. 1 sport in the armed forces is billiards. Table tennis is next, then in order: outdoor tennis (especially popular with pilots), basketball and softball.

Inducted: **Johnny Vander Meer,** Cincinnati's double no-hit kid (once rejected because of stomach disorder), into the Navy; **Van Lingle Mungo,** the Giants' old fireball hurler from the Dodgers, into the Army; **Virgil (Fire) Trucks,** Detroit's strike-out specialist (118 last season), into the Navy; **Al Milnar,** St. Louis Browns' lefty, into the Army. . . . *Rejected:* **Jimmy Foxx,** former American League home-run king, because of severe sinusitis; **Oris Hockett,** Cleveland outfielder, because of an old knee injury. . . . *Reclassified 1-A;* **Jug McSpaden,** winner of the recent Los Angeles Open Golf Tournament; **Bill Johnson,** Yankee third baseman and rookie of the year; **Billy Herman,** second baseman and key man of the Brooklyn infield; **Rudy York,** Detroit's slugging first baseman and 1943 home-run champion; **Ken O'Dea,** who had become the Cardinals' first-string catcher through the drafting of Walker Cooper; **Bill Lohrman,** former Giant pitcher traded last season to the Dodgers; **Dom Dallessandro,** Chicago Cubs' outfielder. . . . *Promoted:* **Sgts. Max and Buddy Baer,** physical-training instructors in the Air Service Command, to staff sergeants at Patterson Field, Ohio. . . . *Transferred:* **Capt. Granny Lansdell,** Southern California's 1939 Rose Bowl star, from the Central Mediterranean Air Force to Santa Monica, Calif., for reassignment; **Ensign Billy Soose,** retired middleweight champ, from Nome, Alaska, to the States for reassignment.

"We had orders not to fire back because it would give away our positions. We were curled up in our foxholes with a machete in one hand and a bayonet in the other."

Bull Session in New Caledonia

The veterans of the Solomons who pass through this replacement center in the South Pacific, on their way back and forth from combat areas, give out plenty of interesting details about the fine art of Jap fighting.

By Cpl. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Correspondent

NEW CALEDONIA — This replacement-center camp, snug at the foot of about 1,000-foot heights that remind you of Wyoming until you see the grass-roofed houses and barefoot natives, is a good place to get your first inside tips on what to expect when you go into action against the Japs.

Through these gates pass veterans of all the Solomons campaigns, most of them bound back to the jungle front after rest or recuperation at the rear. Through here also come fresh troops from the States who have a chance, at the PX or the Red Cross service club, to preview the island fighting in bull sessions with those who have experienced it.

"Japs," observed Cpl. Andrew Czajikioski of Bridgewater, Mass., a member of the 89th Field Artillery, "are the cleverest fighters, and yet they're the stupidest."

Others, sprawled along the walls of the pyramidal-tent CP, agreed. Czajikioski fought the Japs two months on the 'Canal and for six weeks this past summer at Munda, New Georgia.

"They do the most foolish things," he said. "They'll sacrifice a lot of men to find where your positions are, and then they'll try to take them with a small force. The Jap figures one Jap is better than 10 Americans."

One Jap group seemed to think it could take the cavalrymen in the 25th Reconnaissance Troop on the 'Canal by filling the air with horrible yells, Pvt. Norman Jennings of Evansville, Ind., said. Starting at 0430 one morning with a murmured pow-wow in a hollow below the American positions, the Japs began letting out blood-curdling screams in an increasing tempo. Finally, uttering a steady stream of cries, the Japs started shooting and running up the hill toward the 25th. The outfit's machine guns took care of them.

"But sometimes they're crafty, too," insisted Cpl. Harold Hannum of Cheswold, Del. He has the Purple Heart for a mortar-shrapnel wound that he received in his head after four tough weeks at Arundel and New Georgia in August and September with the 27th Infantry of the 25th Division.

"We were sitting on the beach at Arundel, 13 of us in two machine-gun positions," Hannum said. "An antitank outfit got pinned down on a little island offshore so we tried to release them by opening fire. They got out all right with some wounded, but when we opened fire the Japs discovered our positions. Next morning they opened up on us with heavy mortars."

The first shell from the Jap mortars fell 10 yards from his position, and the next two were only seven yards away.

"You felt the concussion raise you off the ground," Hannum said.

The enemy took full advantage of the peculiar jungle trees on New Georgia, Hannum added. These forest giants have roots that leave the trunk above ground level and reach out like arms. The Japs would crawl beneath the big roots with a machine gun and pile a foot-thick roof of coral over the top. "One Jap looked like he had a castle in there," Hannum said.

These emplacements resisted small-arms and

mortar fire, but they couldn't resist flame-throwing tanks. The major handicap of these root huts from the Jap point of view was that large machine guns could not traverse well inside of them. They had to use a narrow lane of fire.

Seconding Hannum's words was Sgt. Lester Goldstein of Collinsville, Conn., who saw round-the-clock fighting on Rendova and New Georgia for two weeks in July as a member of the 169th Infantry of the 43d Division.

"In some pillboxes they were really dug in—eight or 10 feet deep," Goldstein said. "They had three or four layers of coconut trees over the positions and coral on top of that."

Goldstein suffered contusions and fractured ligaments of the neck, and a slight shrapnel wound in the leg.

"The first night on New Georgia, the Japs got into our battalion area and threw hand grenades around," he said. "They used machine guns, too. They killed three of our men. We had orders not to fire back because it would give away our positions and we might hit our own men. We were curled up in our foxholes with a machete in one hand and a bayonet in the other. The second night we lost three or four men and on the third night we lost nine."

On the third night some Japs crept too close to foxholes and the Americans dragged them in. Finally, after two weeks of this guessing game, orders went out to open an attack. The Japs were allowed to filter through the perimeter defense, then the battalion let them have it with all guns. More than 200 Japs were killed.

WHEN the Jap digs a foxhole he will carry the dirt as much as 200 or 300 yards so that the excavated earth will not give him away, said Pvt. Seth Beeker of Huntington Woods, Mich. Beeker fought four weeks on Vella Lavella in August and September as a member of the 35th Infantry of the 25th Division and was hospitalized when a Jap mortar shell pitched him through a patch of vines. He suffered concussion and back injuries.

One Jap was "from here to across the tent away from me," Beeker said, indicating the 15 feet to the other side of the tent in which we were talking. The first that Beeker knew of the sniper was "a crack right by my ear as if someone took a newspaper and slapped me over the ear." Beeker tried to locate him but, hidden in a cylindrical three-foot foxhole under natural foliage, the Jap was invisible.

"But then I heard a crack as he opened his rifle bolt," Beeker said. "I took the top of his head right off."

Beeker said his company "could have done a hell of a lot more" if it had not been handicapped in night fighting by ammunition that "flared like a flame thrower." One Jap force that "we could have gone right through in daytime fled all day and then made a stand at dusk," he related. "They threw everything but their chow at us," he said, and finally it was necessary "to make that strategic retreat known as getting the hell out of there."

Pfc. John Manocchio of Cleveland, Ohio, made a comment that should interest GIs in basic who complain they need the full-size shovels and picks from the trucks instead of the small pack shovels to dig their foxholes. He spent July and August in the jungle war on New Georgia.

"When we reached the so-called village of Lambetti," he said, "we bivouacked 200 yards from the Japs. We got there about 1700 hours. When we dug in that night we used our hands, and we were very quiet about it. Can you dig with your hands? And how—when you have to."

Manocchio said Japs like to get on American nerves. By eavesdropping in the daytime, they pick up names of the men and then call them all night.

Jennings told of another Jap trick: "In your foxhole at night you'll hear a voice 'Got a match?' You're apt to answer without thinking, 'No, I haven't. You're not supposed to smoke anyway.' Then you're liable to have a grenade drop in on you."

The proper thing to do, Jennings said, is to lie quietly. "Then, if they come up to you, put a couple of grenades in their pockets."

Despite the difficulty of spotting camouflaged Japs, they are not too dangerous, Cpl. John Dorem of Brockton, Mass., commented. "The foliage is too thick in the jungle for them to draw a good bead," he said.

He had 23 days of combat at Munda with the 27th Infantry, 25th Division. His outfit made an unsuccessful attempt to throw a road block across the main Jap casualty-evacuation trail.

The one medic in the crowd was 1st Sgt. Joseph Lodge of Columbus, Ohio, a member of Headquarters Detachment, 112th Medical Battalion. He spent seven weeks on New Georgia, July to September.

"We were working under some very rugged conditions up there—rain, mud, roads hardly passable," he reported. "We evacuated some casualties two or three miles by litter before they got to a jeep trail."

Our artillery drew top praise from the veterans.

"At Munda," said Cpl. Aaron Drucker of Glendale, N. Y., "the artillery really had the Japs running." Drucker, a member of the 27th Infantry, was in action five weeks there in August and September.

"Our captain went to paint PW on his back. When he put the brush against it, the Jap screamed. He thought it was a knife."

At Vella Lavella the story was the same, agreed T-4 Donald Altheide of Detroit. "The artillery opened up, and the Japs took off. They left the rice in their mess kits. They even left their packs. They're really afraid of the artillery. That 64th Field Artillery really did some shooting for us."

Altheide was in Company D, 35th Infantry, 25th Division. All in all, he said, Company D "didn't have too much trouble with the Japs; they ran too fast."

"One thing happened that shows the Japs aren't always willing to die," Altheide continued. "We captured a Jap, and our captain went to paint PW on his back. When he smoothed the Jap's back and put the brush against it, the Jap screamed. He thought it was a knife. He knew what would have happened to one of us in that position. We gave him some cigarettes and the captain got a fatigue hat and put it on the Jap's head and then he stopped crying."

The Jap was a sailor from a barge sunk off Vella Lavella.

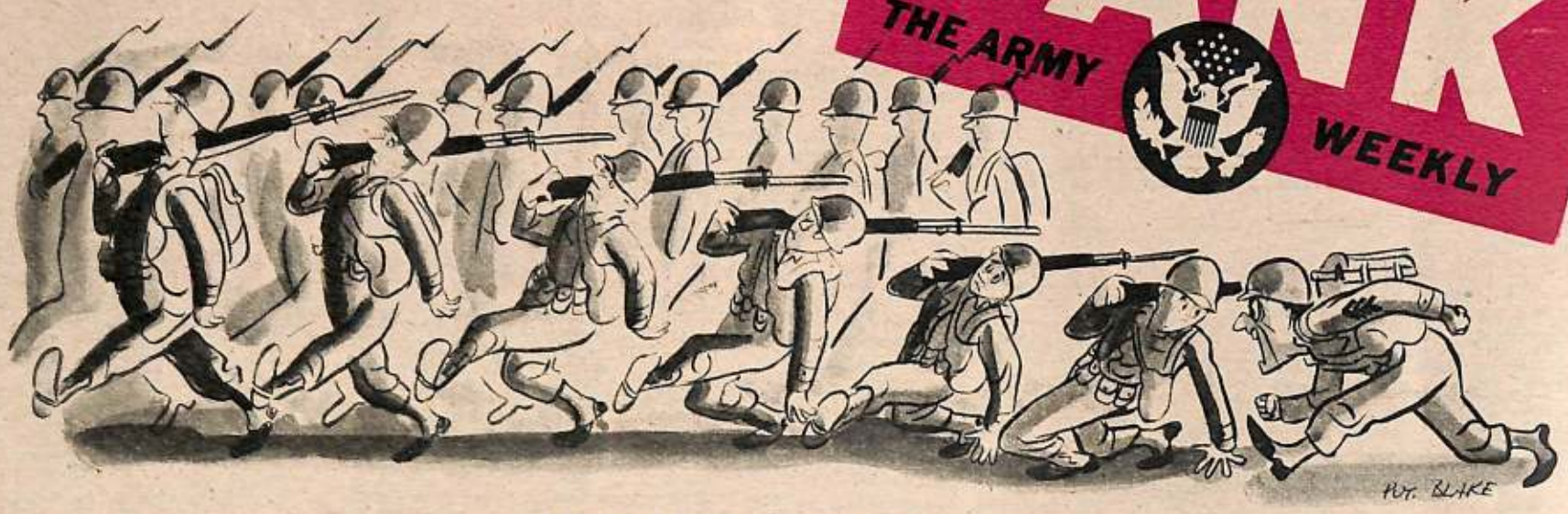
Czajikioski, as the only artilleryman present, recalled proudly that Jap prisoners asked to see "the automatic artillery" after his outfit got off 39 rounds in three minutes.

"When we dug in that night, we used our hands. Can you use your hands to dig? And how—when you have to."

PFC. JOHN FAULLA of Ridgefield, Conn., a member of the 35th Infantry, 25th Division, who saw two months' action on the 'Canal in its final stages, had what amounted to the last word.

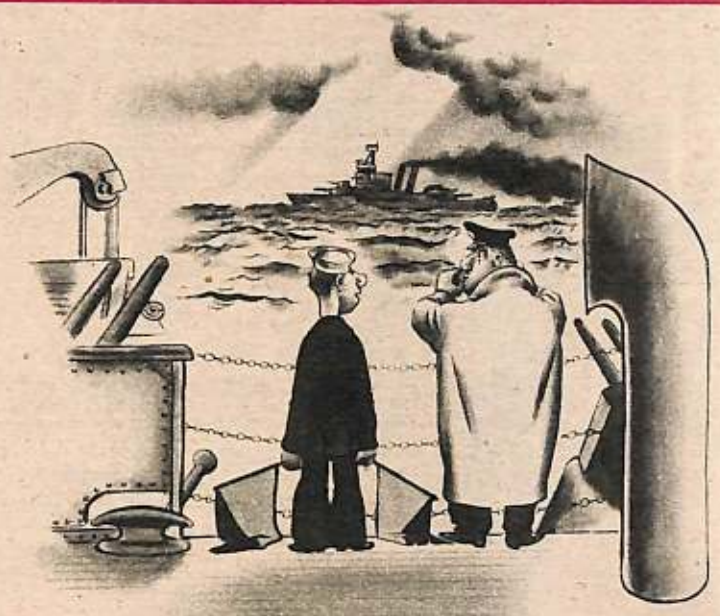
"Don't take too many chances on them playing possum," he advised. "If you shoot them, you gotta go up and stick a knife in them to make sure they're dead. One of the fellows in our company shot a Jap officer and when he went up to the Jap to take his saber, the Jap officer reached up and grabbed him by the throat. It was a close call, but he pulled the Jap's saber out and stuck it in his belly. After that we didn't give them a chance. We just put enough bullets in them to make sure they were dead."

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY



"WELL, WHAT THE HELL'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?"
—Pvt. J. W. Blake

"I DON'T THINK MUCH OF YOUR NAVIGATION, CHUM!"
—Sgt. Paul G. Rushlow



"HE SAYS FOR YOU TO TAKE THE MARBLES OUT OF YOUR MOUTH, SIR."
—Pvt. Thomas Flannery

"DAMN THAT SLICE OF YOURS!"
—Cpl. Joe Cunningham

"FRANKLY, MAC, YOUR SUNBURN INTRIGUES ME."
—Cpl. Ozzie St. George