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By the men . . for the men in the service

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

About The Push That Didn't Start On Time

—Pages 2 and 3

This is not a story of victory; it is the story of American troops who were forced to withdraw in the face of numerically superior German forces and enemy fire. It is a story of a line that held beyond human endurance, of the heroism of men who fought and died as expendables in a war that gives no quarter.

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By Sgt. SAUL LEVITT
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOUTH OF METZ—From the very beginning there were things wrong with the push across the Moselle at Dornot. It should, for example, have begun before dawn on the morning of Sept. 8, but it didn't because, for some reason, an armored outfit was trying to cross from the same point at the same time. And then, after the Battalion was ready, there were still armored vehicles around the crossing point. For one of those stupid reasons that no one could figure the armored vehicles lay there on the shore exposed to enemy observation.

So the push across from Dornot that did not begin on time, that had plenty of enemy observation on it, finally got under way at 1115 on Sept. 8. From the very beginning, as they began to cross in assault boats, enemy fire was on them. It never stopped.

F and G companies were the first elements across. They moved across the low ground on the east shore of the Moselle toward the slope and the German fort on top of the slope. It was a chilly day. They moved under a lowering gray sky. And as they jogged uphill they were at that moment farther east into Europe—though they did not know it—than any other Allied soldiers on the western front. Farther north, Americans and British had achieved headlines by crossing boundaries into Luxembourg and Belgium. But this territory, on the east bank of the Moselle, was still France. It did not look quite as spectacular, and perhaps it would never at any time look quite as important as the war farther north, but it would always be a bloody, fighting ground.

The first gray-green German uniforms to show in front of the Americans climbing up the slope, were the SS men and the soldier students of the officer candidate school at Metz—picked NCOs now turned back into the line. Of these men, Sgts. B. A. Munia and Clinton S. Anderson said, "They were mad . . . marching at fix bayonets and yelling like a pack of Indians." They were the boldest, the best, the picked men of the German Army, but they sounded mad as they came down the slope. The Americans inflicted many casualties.

After that skirmish, the Germans retreated and suddenly disappeared into the fort. There was something uncanny about the speed and completeness of that disappearance. Everything was very strange. The Americans could not, for example, locate the enemy fire. They could hear it, and it was killing men, but they could never spot exactly where it was coming from. They cut through five double aprons of barbed wire. And then, a few hundred yards from the fort, they ran into an iron-barred fence studded with curved iron hooks that prevented scaling. And on the other side of the barred, hooked fence was a dry moat dropping to thirty feet below ground level. From the fence they could see the fort—concrete, topped by a thick mound of earth surmounted by green grass. A combination of 18th and 20th century defenses faced Americans. The moat and the iron fence with its curved hooks belonged to another time; but the concrete and the high explosive stuff and that terribly swift rattle of German machinegun fire belonged to the here and now. There, at the top of the hill, on the other side of the moat, the here and now got an officer—killed by automatic fire as he bent over to investigate a dead German on the ground. Lt. James Wright now commanded F Company.

AROUND the fort there was a sense of ambush altogether too strong and overpowering; the unseen fire, the moat, the curved hook iron fence, the fort camouflaged under grass. Although it was good, their getting this far, the Americans had a feeling about the completeness and thoroughness of the German military movement working around them that had not been felt before in the big push through France.

It seemed advisable now to pull back four hundred yards and let our artillery comb this German spider web. The safety margin to cover the short bursts was not very great, but the fire hit generally true, exploding on and around the fort. Now, Captain Ferris Church ordered the other elements still down at the river edge to come forward in support. But that movement brought German fire whipping across the road that separated the two forces. The feeling of ambush had now become the ambush.

On that first evening the Americans broke out of the ambush. They lost men but they broke out. The forward elements crept back through the blocking fire. It was eight hundred yards down to the river and it took two companies of men three hours to get there. Some men didn't make it until eight o'clock the next morning. Many men ran into those unseen places from where the German guns were firing, and they never got back to tell about those guns. Those who came through, together with the others at the river, tried to form a horseshoe of defense around a wooded patch at the river's edge.

THE Germans were bringing their aces into play slowly. In the dusk as the men stumbled and pushed and tried to form their line the first German tanks—these unmistakable big gray shapes—came wheeling across the left flank, and firing. Another company commander became a casualty. The C.O. of E company was wounded and 1st Sgt. Claude W. Hembree had even more to do than before. Hembree was an old soldier, a Kentuckian, a hard-faced, tow-headed, steady little man with one of those sharp, cracking voices that bored through the gathering darkness as good as a searchlight. The men moved.

The dusk became a pitch blackness. And with complete darkness all the German aces went to work—the mortars, the artillery, the machineguns, the tank-infantry attacks.

Under orders, Lt. Col. Kelly B. Lemmon, of Santa Rosa, a straight, handsome man, a West Pointer, and battalion commander was staying on the west bank. He had wanted to go across but he had been ordered to stay. In the darkness he was beginning to work himself into a sense of frustration about not being there on the other side—a frustration that never left him, that would cut like a wound and finally exhaust him. Shells kept falling on the west shore of the Moselle, too, killing men around the battalion CP. By radio, and by reports from two of his officers, the Colonel could weigh the chances of his men on the other side of the river.

He knew that more men across at this time would do no good. If his men could not advance out of their position around the river bank more men would only clutter the small area, not strengthen it. And under that terrible shellfire that walked back and forth across the river like a giant a thousand feet high and a thousand feet wide nothing could move, no bridge could be erected, no communication could stay put. The telephone lines laid across the river were being constantly torn by shellfire.

It seemed to the Colonel then that he must, from the sheer military emptiness of the picture, evacuate his small, insecure bridgehead. But permission from above to do this was refused because on the night of Sept. 8 it was the only bridgehead across the Moselle. It would have to hold.

Thus, the men on the east shore, though they did not know it, were now part of that absolute expendability which war deals out to some men. They must hold, though all the facts at this Dornot crossing were in favor of the enemy. They held well through 36 counter-attacks, numberless skirmishes and steady infiltration of their positions. Two Pfc's of K Company, for example, armed with M1 rifles, held very well. When they were found dead the next morning the bodies of 23 Germans lay in front of them, and the closest Germans lay within three yards of the two Americans.

All night the Germans dropped flares across the river-crossing line. But some men moved across. The wounded were paddled back in assault boats that had to be bailed. Some of the wounded became twice wounded by shells spotting them moving across; some of them were killed, and some of the medics with them were killed. And through the night the men on both sides of the river could hear the screaming and shouting of men going down.

IN that horseshoe defense the men dug their holes deeper. They dug till the Moselle River ran into their foxholes, and still they dug. The German infantrymen shouted "Yanks, Kaput" as they advanced, and were shot down within yards of the horseshoe. The tanks made their wheeling movement across the left flank of the defense line, firing as they went. The 88s and mortars burst in the patch of woods killing men in holes six feet deep. But the worst of it was that the Americans could not locate the points from which German artillery was coming and could not give observation to their own big guns on the west shore. The German fire simply came out of the dark without visible flame.

On that first night the wounded yelled for medics. But Hembree sent his runners around to quiet them. "Top says," said the runners, "to keep quiet even if you're wounded, so you won't give away our positions to the bastards." So the wounded lay still in their wet foxholes and waited. There were no doctors on this side of the river because the German fire made it impossible to bring them across. The enlisted medics did what they could, improvising their own aid station in the darkness.

By dawn it was worse. The Americans were completely pinned down in daylight, and not a man could move without drawing heavy fire. The mines Hembree had asked for last night, with which they might have stopped the tank attacks had not come. By the evening of the second day they still had not come from the far shore and even the cool, tough Hembree watched the dusk come down with a tightening of muscles. Again those big gray iron shapes would wheel along the flank, firing their big shells. Again the wounded would have to muffle their cries and just wait; and there was to be another night lying in the Moselle River at the bottom of the foxholes.

BY that second night the priorities were really tight. The dead were kept in holes only until a wounded man needed the hole. Then the dead were lifted out, the wounded put in, and the dead served still to help the living, piled as cushioning around the holes, against enemy fire.

Dornot on the west bank now blazed with fire. The guarding German artillery never ceased that big walk across the river. Again it was pitch black, cold, foggy, except for the penetrating light of flares that hung so slowly over the river, and the flames of Dornot on the other side. Col. Lemmon had moved his CP again the second day because it could not be kept clear of German observation. The west bank, too, was getting its toll of casualties. And the Colonel must still keep his men in there and he himself was not permitted to go across.

During that second day other units of the same Division crossed the river farther south and were also fighting hard. If they held, the men who held the crossing at Dornot might be able to withdraw. But right now it was still touch and go.

As the second night came down there was again the surge of German tank and infantry attack through the darkness, this time bolder and more desperate, as if they had sized up the dwindling strength of the bridgehead. The Germans came

THE AMERICANS MOVED THROUGH MUD AND BARBED WIRE UP THE SLOPE TOWARD THE GERMANS. THEY MOVED UP AGAINST 18th AND 20th CENTURY DEFENSES—A MOAT, HOOKED FENCE, CONCRETE, AND EXPLOSIVES.

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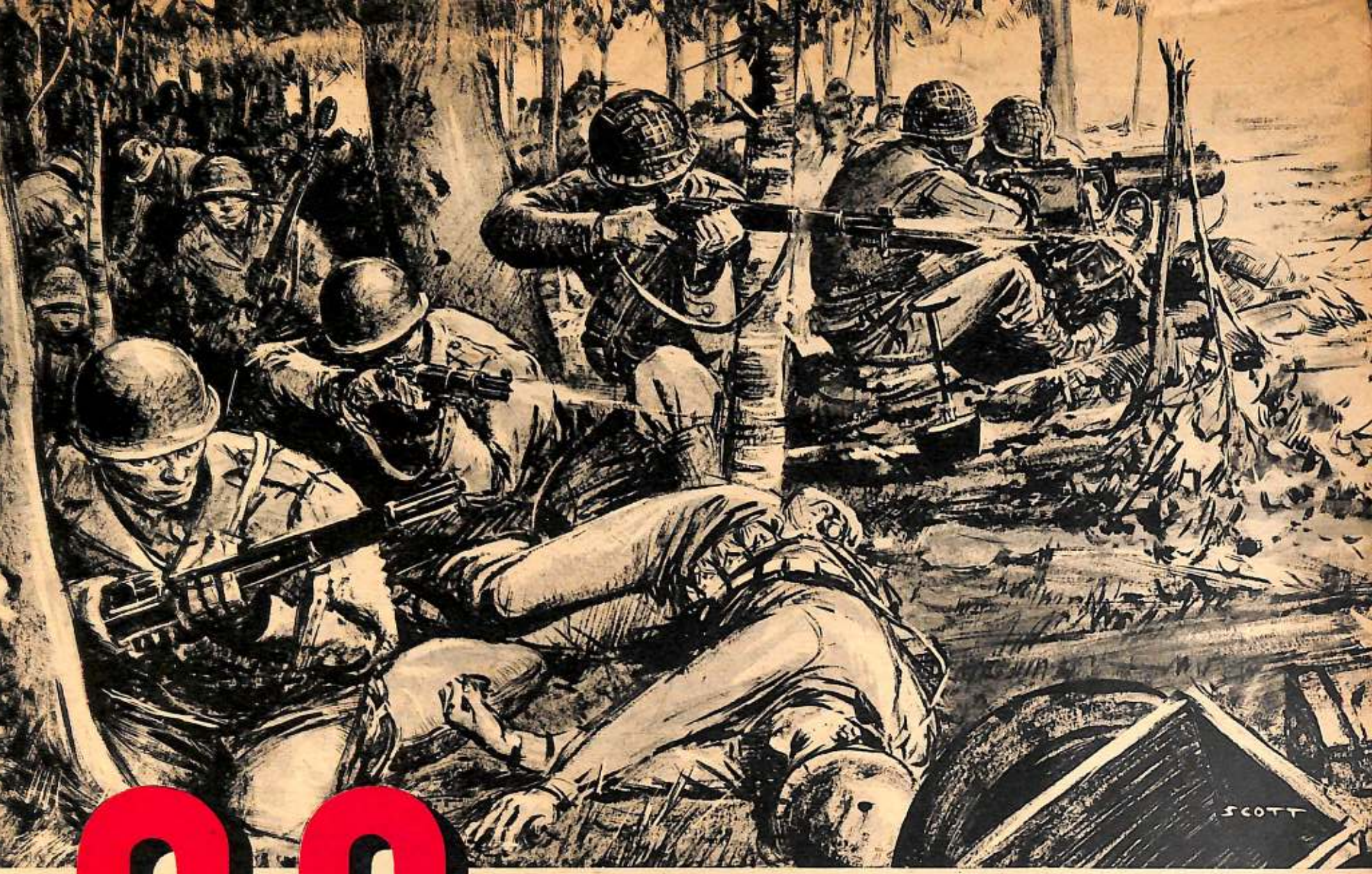


60 HOURS AT DORNOT

charging in, shouting stupidly in an English the Berlin source of which was unmistakable, and were shot down. But they were also very smart. Their machinegunners worked in teams of two. One man would fire tracers at a height of five feet. Our men would then duck below the five foot level as they moved and the other German gunner would then fire low. The Germans were filtering deeper into the horseshoe now before being thrown back. And on the west bank, still firing and still not found, one German machinegunner raked the crossing continuously. Not only did he fire a gun but he sang songs through the night. And the Americans could not find him.

On the third morning no man knew how much longer he could take it, how long he might live or where he might dig to get away from enemy fire. But the bridgehead farther south on the Moselle was holding. They had now been for forty-eight hours without sleep. Men dozed in their holes under the heaviest fire. At the end of some sixty hours the order for withdrawal came. The bridgehead farther south had held. They had helped to make that other bridgehead possible; they had killed a thousand Germans in those sixty hours, but their own casualties also ran high.

Because radio would have given away the withdrawal to the Germans, Col. Lemmon sent the message by two volunteers from I Company who plunged into the cold river and swam over to the men on the east bank.

There was no cheering at the news of withdrawal because there was no strength left any more. The men waited for dusk. Boats, with ropes tied to stakes on the west shore, were ready. Ross Stanley and Richard Marshall, first lieutenants, and Hembree and Gritzmacher, sergeants, were key men in the withdrawal, stilling the panic-feeling, organizing men under shellfire. Men who could swim were told to try to make it, but only if they were sure they could make it. The men aided the swim across: One man used contraceptive devices for waterwings; another used German 81mm. cans. All of them threw their equipment into the river. One man took his machinegun, rigged it with a hand grenade, pulled the pin, and then "ran like hell." T/Sgt. William Rhea carried wounded men from holes as far as three hundred yards from the river down to the crossing point.

T/3 Jacob J. Koehler, a medic who looks like a middle-aged, ex-employee of the local gas company, a man with the look of the Good Conduct Ribbon about him, and who speaks with a quavering voice, explained how he got wounded men across the river that night. He and one other man were paddling a boatload of fifteen across. But a quarter of the way over, exhausted swimmers began to grab at the boat until it could no longer move and was in danger of sinking. T/3 Koehler thought he had "two alternatives." He could either slap the swimmers off the gunwales or let them hang on until a shell caught the whole lot of them. Weighing the pros and cons in about a second flat, Koehler dropped his "two alternatives" in the ashcan, stripped to the skin and jumped into the river and swam to the west bank. He became fierce, like a junior officer, and ordered men down to the shore where they helped him pull the boat in.

Hembree remembered seeing a giant of a man move back and forth across the river. He didn't know the man by sight, which was reasonable enough, for the giant soldier was Dale Rex, of Randolph, Utah, a private, a replacement, and only 18 weeks in the Army. Rex swam the river that night four times, guiding other men to shore, rescuing one drowning man and helping to load and unload boats. This was only at the very end, but up to then, young Rex, working a machinegun through the 62 hours had killed many Germans.

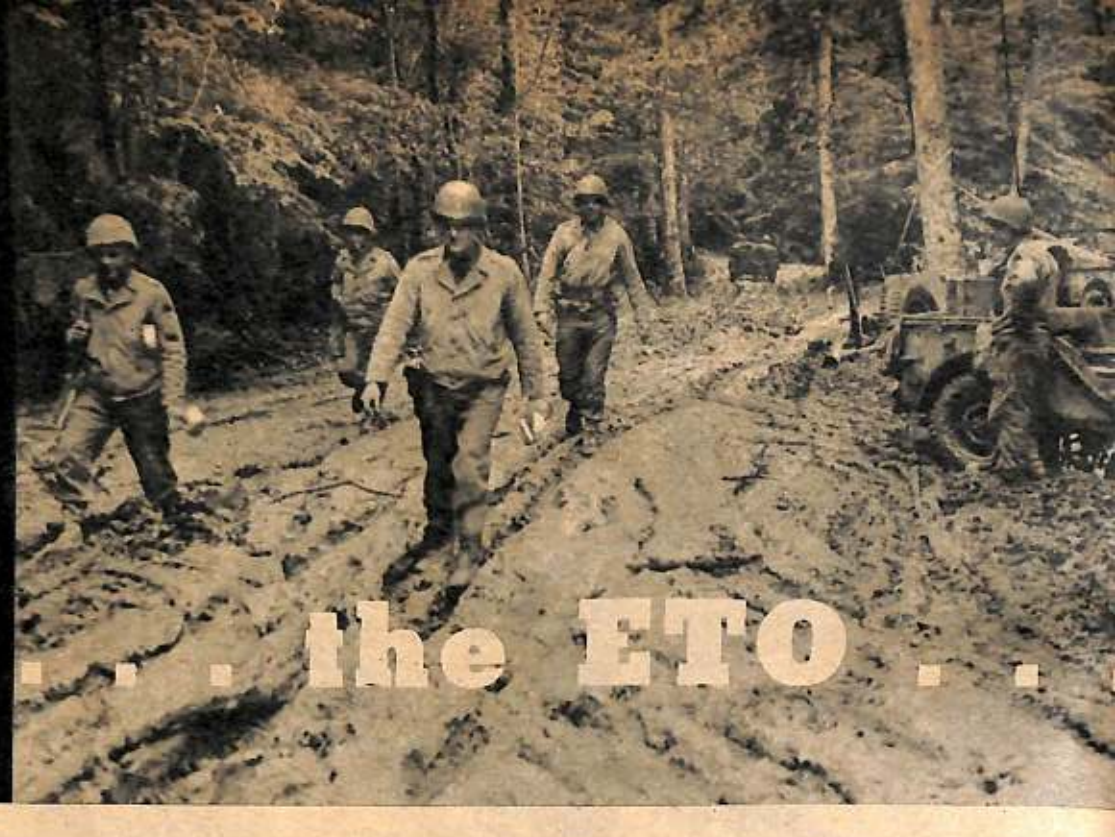
Sgt. Arthur Thompson, a reconnaissance sergeant whom Col. Lemmon called a highly intelligent and brave young soldier, said of the men swimming the river: "Some of them were naked, some were just without shoes, one guy had kept his rifle and belt —and that was all he had on. Everyone was soaked, of course, and shaking with cold. When we saw so many of the guys soaking wet we remembered some cognac we had, so a couple of us started down the road toward them and we'd give them a snort of cognac and tell them to keep going, that there were clothes and hot chow down the road for them. Some of them were so tired that they just flopped by the side of the road and went to sleep. I saw a friend of mine who had lost most of his clothes. I found a car by the side of the road with a couple of overcoats in it, so I gave one to this friend. Later on I found out it was the regimental commander's car . . ."

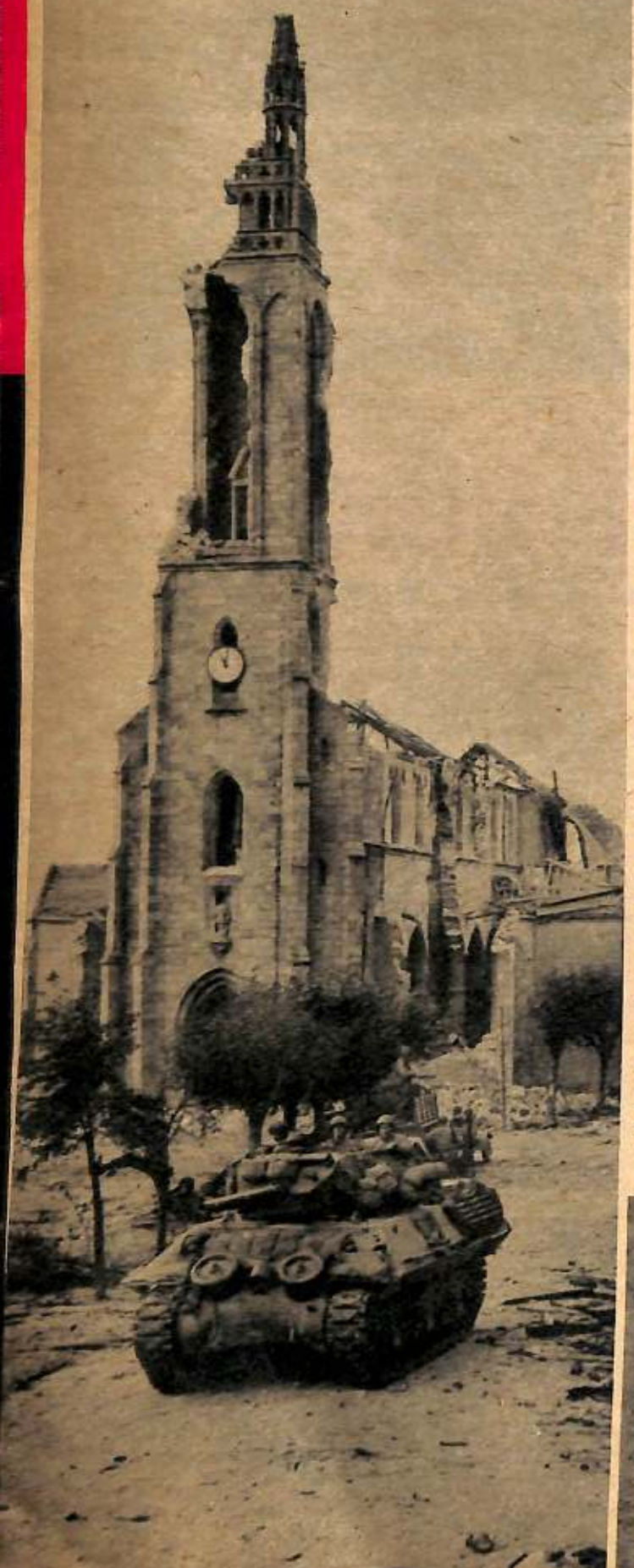
Now, not so long afterwards, the men were sitting in an old World War One trench along the Moselle. And Hembree, Koehler, Captain J. S. Gerrie, Sgt. Richard L. Marnell and others who had told the story of the Dornot crossing were there, with their rifles slung along their shoulders and their wet raincoats shining faintly in the light of a single candle. Col. Lemmon had sat there quietly, letting his men tell the story.

"Did the commander mind about that overcoat?" Thompson asked Col. Lemmon.

"No, Thompson," said the Colonel solemnly, "I don't believe he minded at all."

Which THEATER is TOUGHER . . . the ETO . . .





When a two-star General answers this question, it's news. And as such, YANK herewith presents the views of a two-fisted officer commanding troops Somewhere In Europe, who has been in the thick of the fighting both against the Japs and the Germans.

(YANK wishes it to be understood that the opinions expressed herein are those of the General . . . . and not of the Editors.)

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN EUROPE—The General was speaking of foxholes. "I'm not saying," he said, " that the men in this theater are living in the lap of luxury, but most of the time they can find straw to line their foxholes with.

"In the Solomons they could take their choice between a hole in soft mud or a hole in hard coral. There was usually no alternative."

The General with the keen insight on GI tastes in foxholes is a two-star named J. Lawton Collins. He is sometimes called "Joe Lightning."

A year ago he commanded the 25th Division which was just finishing up the New Georgia campaign. Before that they had fought at Guadalcanal.

Now "Joe Lightning" is CO of the VII Corps which has moved eastward from the D-day beaches by way of Cherbourg, the St. Lo break-through, the Mortain counter-attack and the rat-race that followed across France towards Germany.

In the Solomons he earned himself a reputation for personal combat participation by prowling around in the jungle and occasionally dueling with Jap snipers. Over here he has had less time for duels, but his corps has become known as a "spearhead" outfit and his enthusiasm hasn't suffered because of the greater responsibility.

Because he has seen war in the islands and in the hedgerows Major General J. Lawton Collins, an iron-greying West Pointer, speaks with authority and a great deal of Irish vigour on the relative merits of the Japs and the Germans and of the contrasting types of combat concerned.

He rips rather fearlessly into one of the most pregnant questions of the war: "Which is tougher—the Pacific or the ETO?" What he has to say he says quickly and with force, decisively.

"From a purely physical standpoint the Pacific campaigns have been infinitely worse for the private soldier. There he's had to live in heat and filth in the jungle, worrying about malaria and the fact that a scratch may develop into a tropical ulcer.

"The natural character of the country alone, the climate, the civilization of Europe and the lack of it in the islands, the problems of supply . . . these things are entirely opposed to each other in the two theatres.

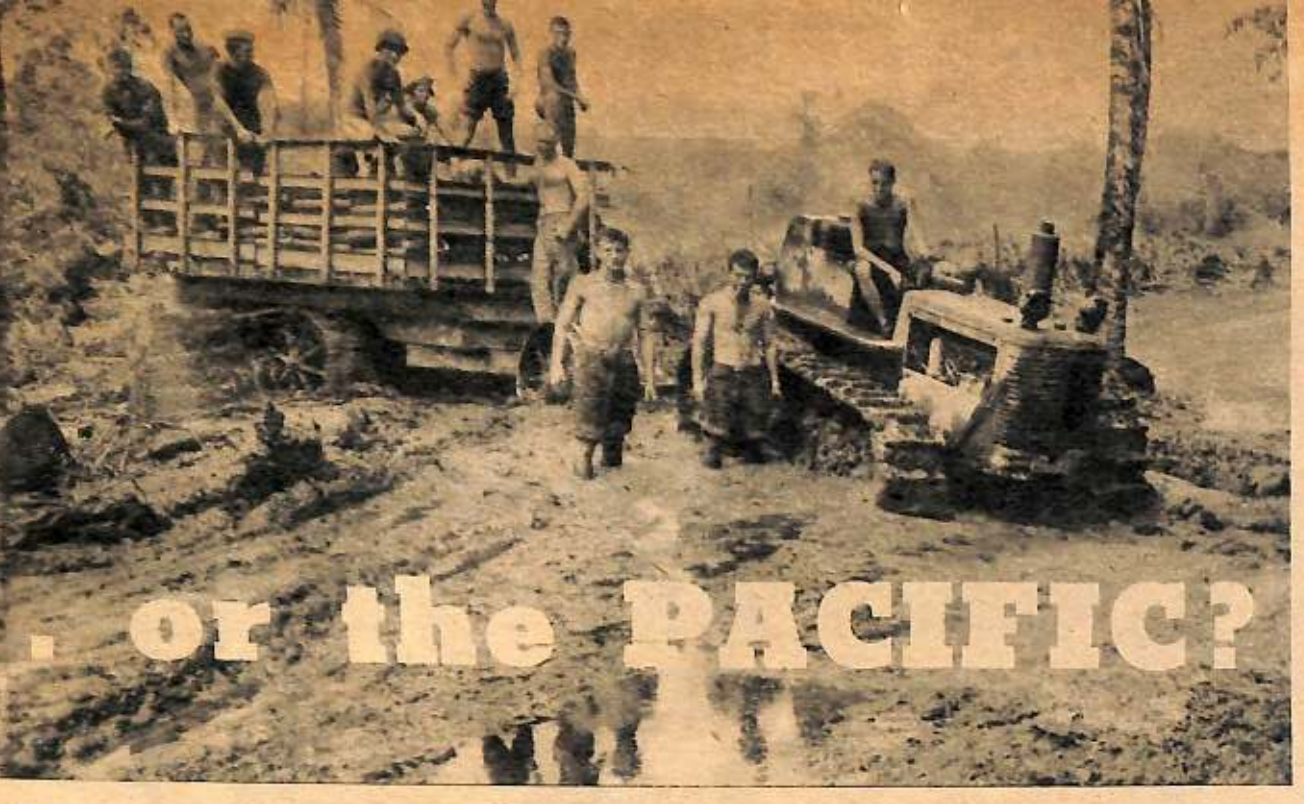
"In the Solomons the terrain and the jungle made roadnets as we know them here impossible. There was a lack of roads, and rain and mud made the few we had almost impassable. In some instances our only transportation in the islands was small boats.

"We had enervating heat in the day, and a damp chill at night. We've had rain in France but nothing like the rains in the tropics.

"Here we have been fighting in a civilized country, in which we can and do take advantage of the shelter of buildings. There we had heat and rain and mud and jungle, and nothing else.

"At one time our men had to be supplied by parachute, and the parachutes hung in the trees so that they had to be shot down by a burst of automatic fire. The men took the parachute silk and made loin cloths which they wore while their other clothes dried. They used the silk as blankets. I've slept wrapped in parachute silk and I was glad to have that much protection.

"ON New Georgia we used our cannon companies and anti-tank people as carrying parties. Food, ammunition, heavy weapons—everything that was delivered to the line—went on the backs of soldiers. Two and a half ton trucks went as far forward as possible, and then jeeps. But finally it was up to men who used their haversacks as



harnesses to carry up cases of C rations and five-gallon water cans."

"Joe Lightning" got up from his desk and paced across the carpeted floor of the room that was his office. It was a paneled room, bigger than a couple of pyramidal tents, but it was part of the corps headquarters in the field.

"The Jap is a helluva sight tougher fighter than the German," continued General Collins, "but he's not as smart.

" Even the fanaticism of the SS troops we've hit is nothing to compare with the Jap. We've had to use a bulldozer to cover up Jerry pillboxes once in a while, but if there had been Japs in those pillboxes the use of a bulldozer would have been common.

"Cut off an outfit of Germans and nine times out of ten they'll surrender. Not a Jap. On Guadalcanal we counted 2,300 dead Japs lying out in front of the division. We captured 22 Japs. But we've captured Germans by the thousands. I'd say we've probably captured ten to every one we've killed, so far.

"But the Japs are dumb. The Germans are much more skilful tactically.

"In the New Georgia campaign the Japs made one terrible blunder. To land on New Georgia we had to go in and out between a number of small islands to reach our beaches. Those islands were not defended. If it had been Germans instead of Japs, Jerry would have been sitting on every little island in the passageway, waiting for us.

"The Japs in the Solomons didn't organize the high ground overlooking our positions, in every case. Towards the end of the Guadalcanal campaign, during our push towards Kokumbona, they should have been sitting on the hills looking down our throats; but they weren't. We took the high ground, drove them down into the ravines, so we were looking down their throats.

"Over here we've had to fight for the high ground, and fight hard for it. Whereas the Japs missed key terrain features, the Germans don't miss.

"Jap equipment in the Solomons was almost childish, but for that reason they could move faster than we could. They didn't have so much to carry.

"I used to go into our bivouac areas and talk to the officers, and I'd tell 'em: 'Look around you, and everything you can see the Japs can do without!' We had a great deal more equipment than the Japs had, but we had to have those things to survive in the jungle. Our men slept on cots when they were off the line, for example.

"The Japs didn't have a lot of these things, but they died more often.

"The Germans are much better equipped than the Japs, particularly with artillery. The Japs are lousy artillerymen, but the Germans know how to use it. We are better than either of 'em.

"Over there in the jungle and in the mass of hills, where visibility was almost nil, you could never tell where your front line was and there were no accurate maps. That made it extremely difficult to adjust artillery fire.

"So we put our forward artillery observers up on the front line with the infantry and they adjusted fire by sound. They'd put the first round far out in front and then walk it back until it was falling on the Japs right in front of them. They could never see where it was hitting, but when it sounded close enough they'd fire for effect.

"We've had some fighting here in very heavy forest, and we reverted to the policy of fire adjustment by sound for that phase.

"In the Pacific we were fighting the toughest kind of warfare—amphibious warfare—the most difficult kind of military operation. In the Solomons we tried to 'land where they ain't,' and it worked. But on some of the smaller islands there is no escape from landing on defended beaches. Tarawa is the result.

"Most of the American army training is based on warfare in civilized country. We have trained the bulk of our men in the States and they have been taught combat lessons on terrain which is similar to the terrain over here. It isn't as strange to them as the jungle.

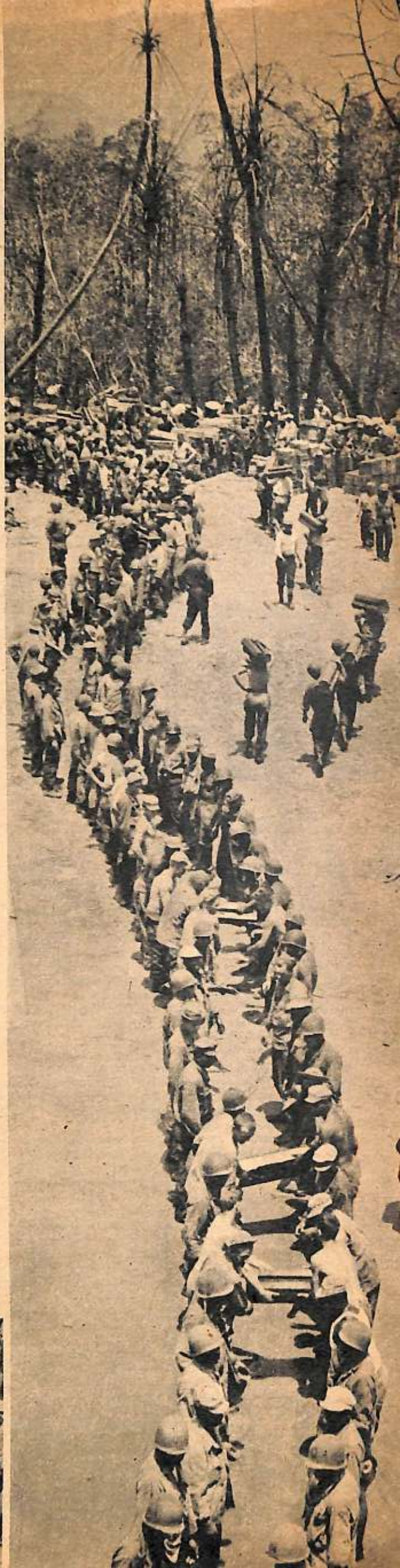
"THERE has been a lot of talk about jungle fighting versus hedgerow fighting. We had a combination of hedgerows and swamps west and southwest of Carentan that was very close to the kind of thing we hit in the jungles.

"It was hard to maneuver in that area. It was difficult to outflank the hedgerows because of the swamps, so we had to use frontal attack. Frontal attack was about all we ever got in the islands.

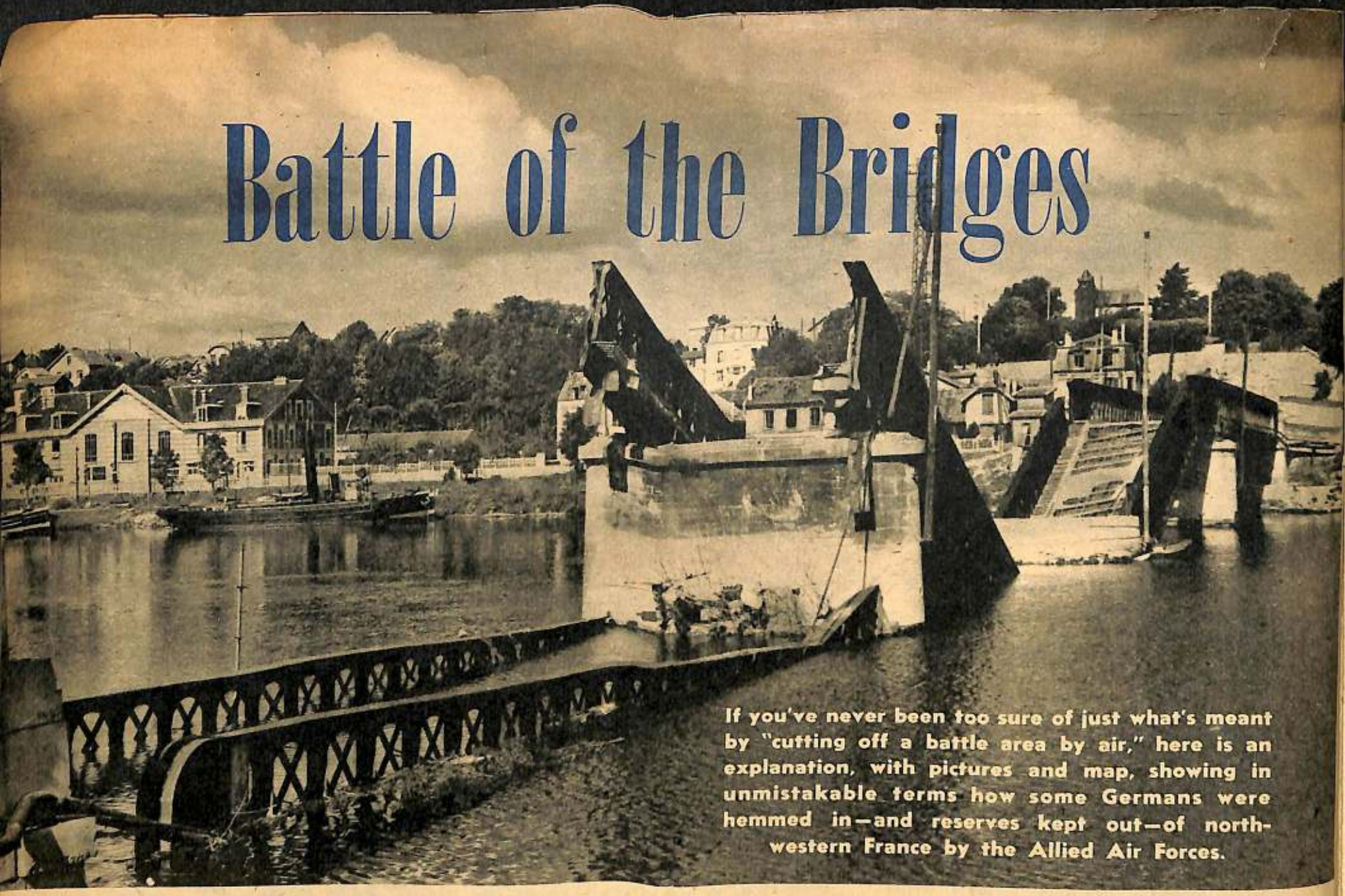
"We've enjoyed the same air superiority over here that we had in the Pacific, and it's been just as vital to our operations. As a matter of fact, however, we were bombed more often over there than we have been here. I haven't been in a foxhole yet over here and on New Georgia I was in one 15 times in one night."

The General grinned in recollection.

"The worst part of it was that the Japs were such rotten bombers you couldn't tell where they were going to hit."



Battle of the Bridges



If you've never been too sure of just what's meant by "cutting off a battle area by air," here is an explanation, with pictures and map, showing in unmistakable terms how some Germans were hemmed in—and reserves kept out—of northwestern France by the Allied Air Forces.

By Sgt. SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

ACCORDING to plan the 1st SS Panzer Division entrained in the Ghent area after our landings in Normandy, to fling us into the sea. But Hitler's finest travelled in a curiously leisurely fashion. Because of transport congestion only six trains a day left Ghent, so that the first elements of the division had been on the road several days before the last climbed onto the cars. By direct route, the distance is under 300 miles, but they didn't go by direct route, important as was their mission and vital the necessity for speed. They made detours at Lille, Cambrai, St. Quentin and Laon, doubling the length of the trip. One train sat outside of Paris for two days.

When the first SS Panzer Division arrived at the beachhead from a week to ten days later, it came piecemeal and in driblets. Instead of arriving as a striking force it frittered away its strength in holding actions and small harassing attacks.

This was not according to plan.

German plans for the defense of the Atlantic Wall called for the shuttling of overwhelming force immediately to the point of attack. In May, the Allied Air Forces, preparing for D-Day, began punching holes in the vital links—the bridges—that would have made the plan possible.

There were bombing attacks on marshalling yards and grand-scale fighter sweeps which destroyed hundreds of locomotives and great quantities of rolling stock. But important as this was strategically in draining enemy reserves and diverting labor and material to repair work, the Germans might still have been able to fling heavy reinforcements immediately to the point of attack, except for the bridges.

Before D-Day the pattern of bridge destruction was not apparent to the Germans. The U. S. Ninth Air Force, with mediums and with fighter bombers using newly-developed techniques of dive, glide, and skip-bombing to destroy a bridge's underpinnings, broke all the bridges on the Seine from Paris to Le Havre, but no more could be done without indicating our point of assault, which, from indications, might have come anywhere on either side of the Seine or the Riviera Coast.

On D-Day, with deception no longer necessary, the bridge at Cloyes was destroyed, the first move of a brilliant plan for completely sealing off the battle area, hamstringing the large German reserves in the Calais area and in the south of France. Two days later, the U.S. Eighth Air Force attacked the railroad bridge over the Loire at Nantes and the three bridges at Tours, both cities being important main-line railway junctions with arterials running to the battle area. The Eighth Air Force went on to blast the Loire bridges from Blois to Nantes, and the Ninth sealed off the neck of the sack from Beaugency to Nogent le Roi, relieving the Allies of the necessity of bombing the bridges of Paris. This done, the enemy's problem of supply and reinforcement from outside the great right angle of demolished bridges was a nightmare.

The German 276th Infantry Division entrained from south of Bordeaux on 19 June. While one unit reached Le Mans within two days, others took six days. Within the sealed-off battle area the air assault against bridges and transport was going on apace, and from Le Mans the 276th Infantry headed for the front by truck, bicycle, and afoot, some units taking ten days to cover this last leg of less than a hundred miles. In Brittany, German divisions started from the Dinan area and west of Lorient on D-Day, June 6, moving at night to avoid our air attacks. The first elements began arriving on the 9th, but others were straggling in a full week later. These were the German 77th and 265th Infantry.

MEANWHILE the pressure of Allied ground troops was relentless. German forces, hammered night and day without respite, neared exhaustion. Supplies were so hamstrung that only ten rounds per day were allowed for zeroing in machineguns. All tests and practice shots with heavier pieces were prohibited unless absolutely necessary, as for instance, after a piece had been repaired. One unit, equipped with guns captured on the Russian front, had only fifty rounds per gun for the invasion. There was a critical shortage of fire fighting equipment with which to extinguish conflagrations caused by our shelling and bombing. An order of Grenadier Regiment 919 said it "bordered on sabotage" for an anti-aircraft unit to have fired 800 machinegun rounds at two circling Mustangs, and ordered that, "If the aircraft do not attack and target conditions are not favorable, fire is to be withheld." Prisoners told of a Panzer division taking five days to move from Galicia to eastern France, and a fortnight getting from there to the battle area ; of an Infantry division detouring from Holland through Alsace-Lorraine to get to Paris, and marching on foot from Paris to the front.

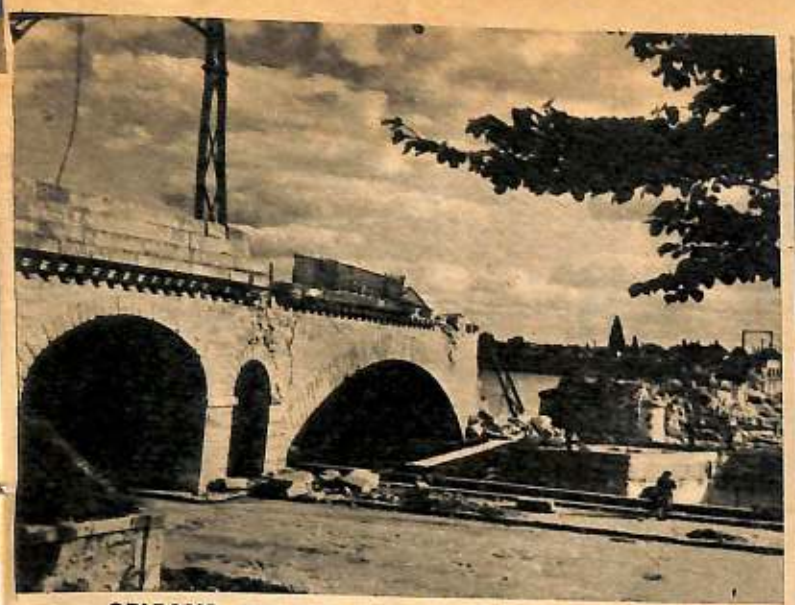
The isolated Germans in Normandy had no respite, no adequate relief or supplies. The battle of the bridges was carried on relentlessly. The railway bridges at Oissel and Le Manoir were destroyed three times—as fast as the enemy cobbled up a temporary structure capable of supporting a span of track.

THIS was air blockade with a vengeance. Enemy troops and supplies got through only after detours and bottlenecks and expedients and delays while under continual harassment. They trickled to the front not as relief but as stop-gaps flung into battle piecemeal as they arrived; there was no rest for the depleted divisions which had been facing the Allied ground and air attack since D-Day.

It was the old story of too little and too late, this time with the Germans telling it. After American ground troops broke through at St. Lo, the 2nd SS Panzer Division and 17th Panzer Grenadier Division suffered crippling losses, through ground and air attack, trying to hold the escape gap through Coutances. Then, when we took Avranches and Granville on 31 July the Germans saw their chance and made their bid, attacking our flank at Tessy with three Panzer divisions. But they hadn't been able to husband their strength for this blow or move in force from outside our bridge blockade. Of these three Panzer divisions, the 2nd and 21st were pulled from the British sector at Caen, and only one, the 116th, came from east of the Seine. It was too little and too late again, and we swung around and squeezed the pincers at Falaise.

Fighting blind without air reconnaissance, unable to supply and reinforce, German resistance collapsed and the battle of France was from then on largely a chase, Allied ground forces chewing up five German armies and capturing almost a half million prisoners.

An important element in the success of this brilliant campaign was the battle of the bridges which enabled the Allied ground forces to destroy the German armies piecemeal, employing the old military maxim of divide and conquer.



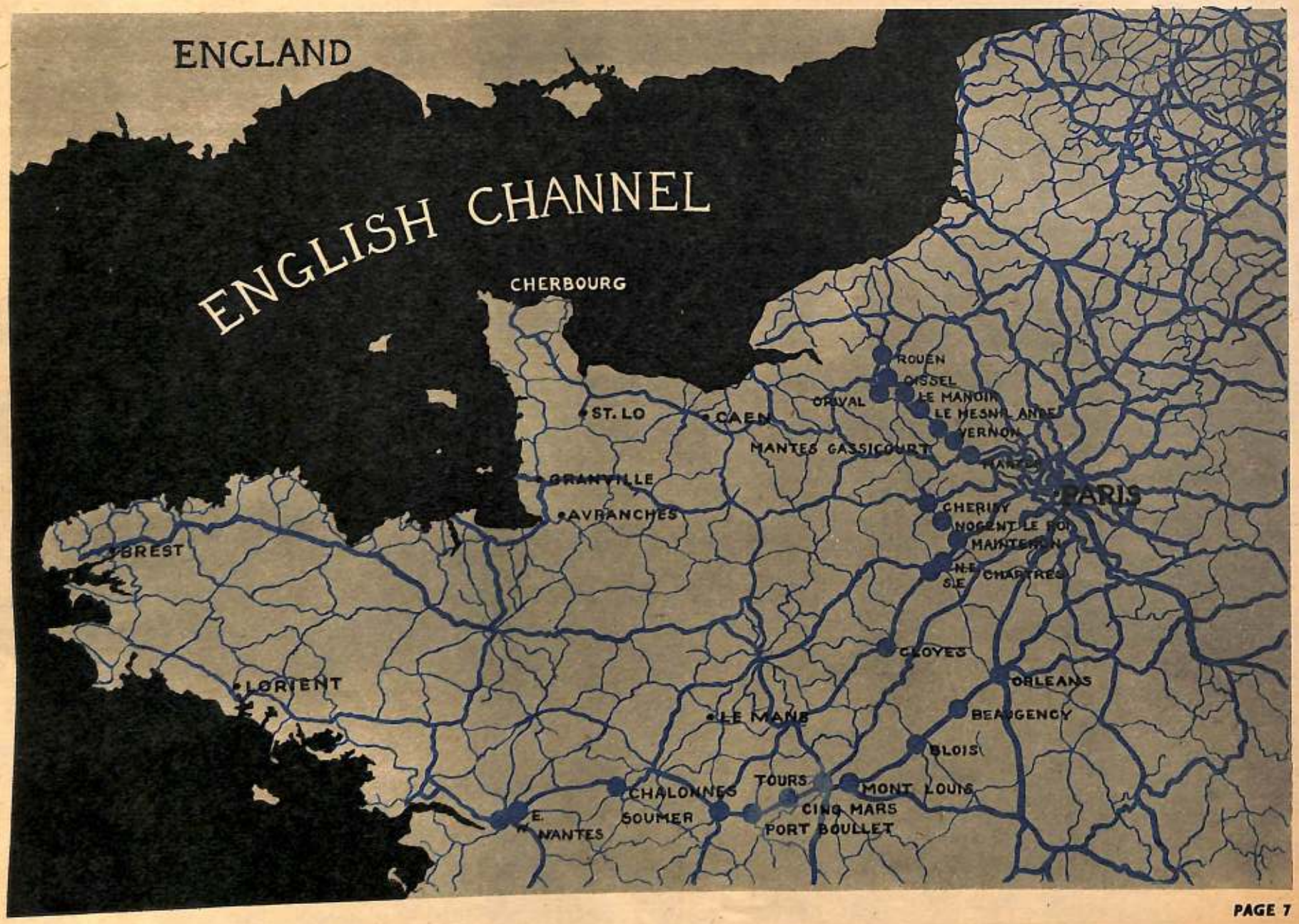
ORLEANS. THIS RAIL BRIDGE OVER THE LOIRE RIVER LOST TEN OF ITS FOURTEEN SPANS TO U. S. HEAVIES LAST JUNE 15TH.

ROUEN. THE ROYAL AIR FORCE TOOK CARE OF THIS IMPORTANT SEINE RIVER SPAN.

NANTES. YANK BOMBERS MADE SURE THIS SPAN OVER THE SEINE COULDN'T SPEED RESERVE GERMAN DIVISIONS TO NORMANDY.

TOURS. ADOLF COULDN'T RUSH REINFORCEMENTS OVER THIS LOIRE BRIDGE TO THE BEACHES AFTER U. S. BOMBINGS IN JUNE.

P-38s DISABLED THIS RAILROAD BRIDGE ON THE MARSEILLES-PARIS LINE.



Troops of the U. S. 26th Cavalry moved up to counterattack superior Jap forces. Hunger, fatigue and lack of supplies finally put an end to their struggle.

On Bataan, the radio was the last remaining link with home. Before Manila fell, its local station broadcast a "Voice of Freedom" program to GIs and civilians.

Corregidor, famed as "The Rock," was the last stronghold of American forces in the islands.

Revenge for the Men

Landings of American forces in the Philippines recall the grim last stand of U. S. heroes in the dark early days of the war.

By Cpl. JAMES GOBLE
YANK Staff Writer

"GIVE 'em hell for us."

Those words were part of the last messages Sgt. Irving Strobing, radio operator from Brooklyn, N. Y., tapped out on Corregidor before it fell to the Japs early in the war.

Now American troops have landed in the Philippines and are giving the Japs the hell Strobing asked for.

It's being dished out for Strobing and all the Americans and Filipinos who held out against the enemy for almost six months after the first attack on the islands on Dec. 8, 1941. Before the ragged, half-starved, disease-ridden Americans and Filipinos finally surrendered, they made Corregidor and Bataan as famous as Valley Forge and the Alamo.

It was on May 5, 1942, that Strobing tapped out those last words. Dead and wounded were all around him. Like everybody else on Corregidor, the 22-year-old sergeant, now believed to be a prisoner of war in Japan, had been exhausted for many weeks. At times he seemed hysterical. One of his last communications said:

"They are not near yet. We are waiting for God only knows what. How about a chocolate soda? Not many. Not near yet. Lots of heavy fighting going on. We've only got about an hour, 20 minutes left. . . ."

The peninsula of Bataan, four miles from the tiny island of Corregidor, already had fallen. Gen. Douglas MacArthur had withdrawn his troops to the peninsula Jan. 1, 1942, according to a strategy prepared years before. The intention was to hold out 60 days, until reinforcements arrived. They never came. The men didn't know it, but the fate of the Philippines had been sealed with the Jap attack on Pearl Harbor.

The extent of the Pearl Harbor disaster had been minimized. The men on Bataan had no way of knowing that there was no available protection for a convoy to take supplies and reinforcements to them. They looked to the sea for ships that never came. They built airfields for planes that never arrived.

Virtually all the planes on the islands had been destroyed before the Americans and Filipinos knew there was a war on. The Japs took care of that 10 hours after Pearl Harbor. Fifty-four heavy Jap bombers zoomed over Clark Field, 40

This is Corregidor Island in Manila Bay. Its long finger points toward the city of Manila. The U. S. last-stand post, Fort Mills, was located on Corregidor.

In tunneled bomb-shelter buried deep underneath "The Rock," the Army medics arranged hospital cots to take care of wounded U. S. and Filipino defenders.

miles north of Manila. On the ground was our main bomber force. The crews stood beside their planes. Down came the Jap bombs. Behind the Jap bombers came 86 Zero fighters. They strafed what was left of our planes and the crews, ground forces and antiaircraft batteries. At the same time the Japs were similarly attacking nearby Iba Field, where our main force of fighter planes was parked. Next day the Japs bombed Nichols Field on the outskirts of Manila. That attack destroyed the planes assigned there to protect our Naval base at Cavite.

With our planes destroyed, it was easy for the Japs to bomb Cavite, the Asiatic Fleet's only effective operating base in the Philippines. And it was easy for them to land troops at Aparri, Vigan, Lingayen Gulf, Legaspi and Davao.

ON Bataan two combat planes were the most we could get into the air on any one day. Skilled pilots and mechanics, without planes to fly or service, fought and died as infantrymen.

Four light unarmed civilian planes, called the Bamboo Fleet, made regular night flights to take quinine and other drugs to Bataan, but neither the quinine nor the planes lasted long. The Bamboo Fleet had been aptly named; the planes were held together with bamboo, pieces of wire and odds and ends.

Bataan's defenders lacked not only planes but sufficient quantities of everything except nerve and guts. They had only one radio direction finder, only one fully equipped antiaircraft battery and only one group of mounted 75s.

They had only one squadron of PT boats, but that squadron made history. Its leader was Lt. Comdr. John D. Bulkeley, who later was in on the invasion of Normandy. It was this squadron that took Gen. MacArthur and his family away in March 1942. It also carried Manuel Quezon, president of the Philippine Commonwealth, and other key men on the first lap of their trip to Australia. Earlier the squadron had sunk a light cruiser, a 5,000-ton transport and other Jap ships.

Comparative inactivity marked the first two weeks for the Americans and Filipinos on Bataan. It was not until Jan. 15, 1942, that the Japs launched their first attack in force. The Americans and Filipinos were beaten back from their front line, extending across the peninsula from Abucay to Moron; then counterattacks by our troops won back the lost ground. But many snipers had infiltrated behind our lines, and the Americans and Filipinos had to withdraw nearer the peninsula's tip.

The Japs' next large-scale attack came in February. Again they were beaten back. By this time, though, it was apparent the Japs could take Bataan any time they were willing to pay the price—and the price was high. Meanwhile they discovered the price was equally high at Corregidor, where bombs and shells were also falling.

The Japs made four attempts to land behind our lines on Bataan. All were beaten back. Then the Japs decided to pay the price. They brought up more artillery, tanks and dive-bombers and thousands of hand-picked shock troops. Late in March, about the time of Gen. MacArthur's departure, they started the final battle on Bataan. Fifteen days later it was all over.

The Japs had Bataan.

The exhausted Americans and Filipinos were forced farther and farther back into the peninsula's jungle. The troops had been on half-rations since January. The Army not only had to feed itself but also the thousands of civilians who had fled from Manila and the natives who had lived on the peninsula. Cigarettes sold for $2.50 each. There are reports that even crocodiles and pythons were slaughtered for food. Toward the last, a cup of rice and a few scraps of mule meat were the daily ration for each soldier. There were no drugs and virtually no medicine. In a typical regiment, 80 percent had malaria, 10 percent had amoebic dysentery and others had hookworm.

The troops lived and killed and died in foxholes that sometimes were scooped out by hand. It was in one of Bataan's foxholes that the famous expression about atheists was born. During a heavy bombing attack Lt. Col. Warren J. Clear jumped into a foxhole beside a sergeant. The sergeant crouched lower to make more room. The attack ended, and the officer said: "Sergeant, I noticed you were praying." The sergeant didn't bat an eye. "Yes, sir," he answered. "There are no atheists in foxholes."

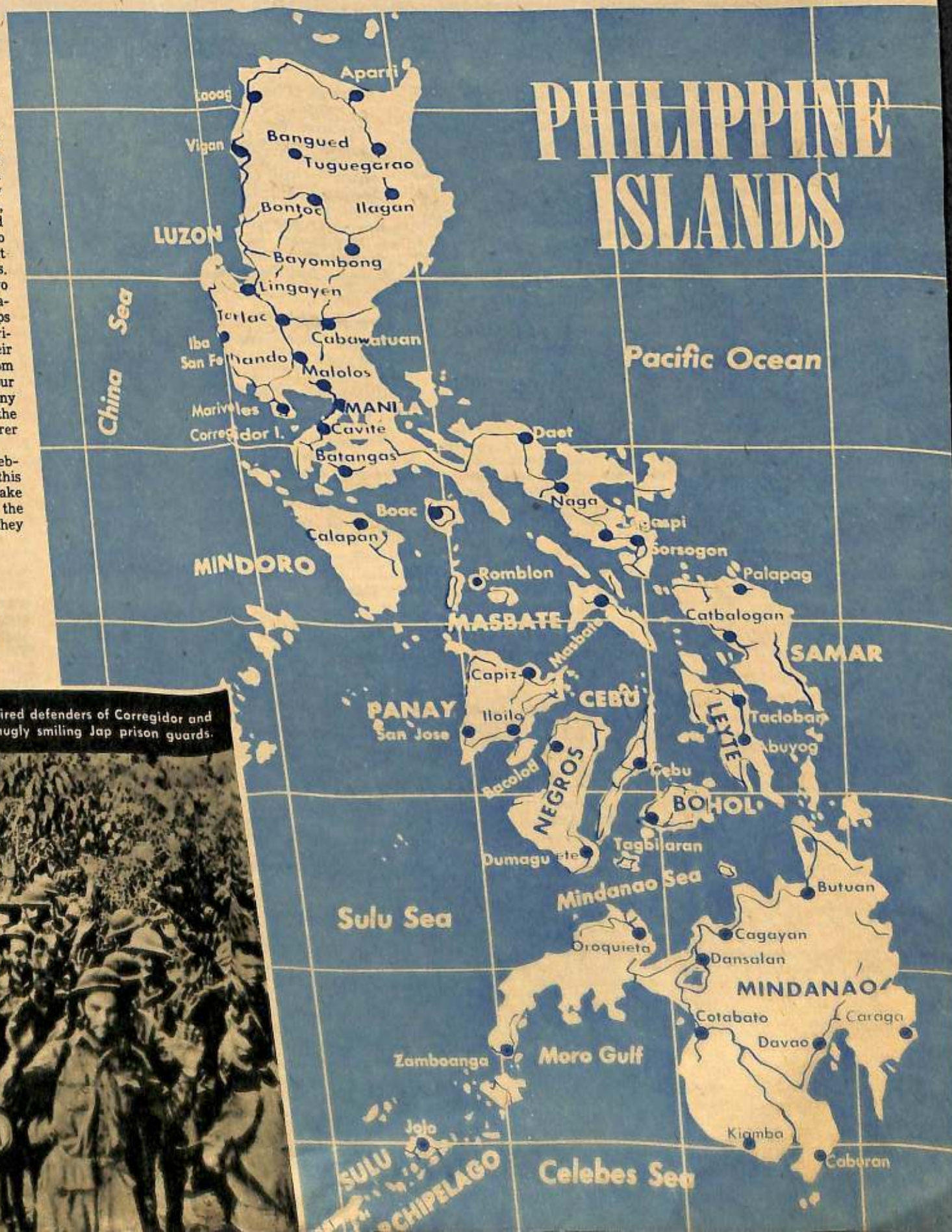
During the last day and night, as many men as possible were evacuated to Corregidor by what ships the Navy had. Many Americans and Filipinos jumped into the water and started swimming toward the island. Some made it. The Navy picked up a few. Others drowned.

THE Bataan campaign delayed 200,000 Japanese troops for six precious months. It gave the U. S. time to recover, at least partially, from the disaster of Pearl Harbor. And it gave us time to prepare for Australia's defense and to set up sea routes across the Pacific.

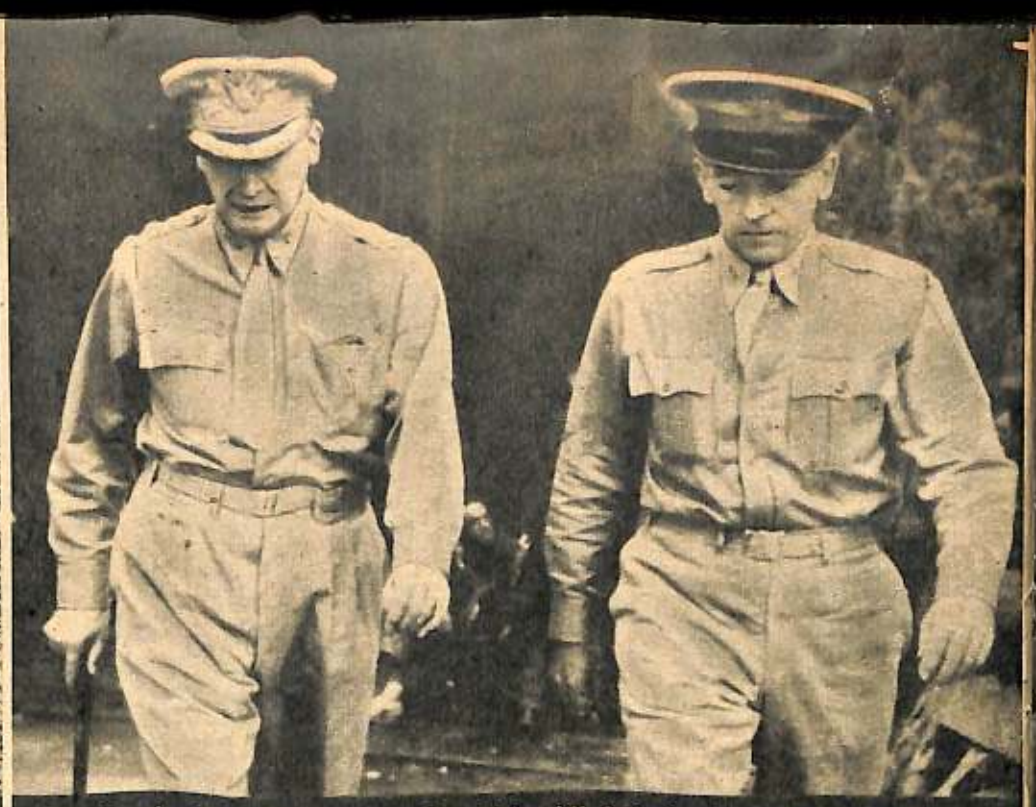
The War Department estimated that the Japs

# of Bataan

This was the "March of Death." The bearded, tired defenders of Corregidor and Bataan were herded along to captivity by smugly smiling Jap prison guards.



On Bataan, this corporal snatched a nap beside the motorcycle on which he carried dispatches. He slept lightly through the night, weapons within easy reach.



Gen. Douglas MacArthur and Maj. Gen. Richard K. Sutherland, his chief of staff. Gen. MacArthur directed the defense of the islands until ordered to Australia.

had captured 35,000 American and Filipino combat soldiers, several thousand noncombat soldiers, many of them sick and wounded, and 25,000 civilians. Among the prisoners were three American major generals, seven American brigadier generals, one Filipino major general and five Filipino brigadier generals.

One who escaped to Corregidor was Lt. Gen. Jonathan (Skinny) Wainwright. He had conducted Bataan's defense after Gen. MacArthur's departure. Others who escaped from the peninsula were 68 Army nurses and a relatively small number of troops, including about 1,500 marines and 2,000 sailors. The marines and sailors had fought on land as well as on the sea.

But the escape to Corregidor wasn't really an escape; it merely postponed the inevitable. Corregidor fell about a month later. And this time there was no place to go. Gen. Wainwright, the nurses and everybody else were taken.

The island was not a labyrinth of tunnels as many in the U. S. believed. It had only one tunnel. In this only about 600 of the 10,000 on the island could be sheltered, and most of those sheltered, of course, were the sick and wounded.

The island's mortars and 12-inch rifles were in the open. Recommendations had often been made that the guns be hidden in Corregidor's rocky cliffs, but that was forbidden by the terms of a treaty with Japan, which we observed. There was little protection for the gun crews. They were the target of bombs and shells from all around. After the fall of Bataan, this situation was worse; the Japs had set up big guns on the peninsula that commanded all Corregidor.

On May 6, 1942, Corregidor surrendered.

The Land

JAPAN had to take the Philippines if her drive to the south was to be successful. Stretching about 1,150 miles from north to south, they were in her path of invasion.

The islands lie about 7,000 miles from San Francisco, east of the South China Sea. They have an area of 114,000 square miles—about the same as that of Arizona. There are more than 7,000 islands, but at least 4,000 of these are small, uninhabited and unnamed. Some of the others are well populated and a few correspond in size to certain of our states.

Luzon, at the northern end of the chain, is the largest island—about the size of Kentucky. Its main city is Manila, the Philippine capital, whose pre-war population was 354,000. Many parts of the islands are connected with Manila by railroads and highways. It was on Luzon that the Japs made most of their landings.

The annual average temperature at Manila is 80 degrees. For nine months of the year the nights are fairly cool, at least for the tropics. There are some very hot nights during the other three months. The rainy season lasts from June to November; the cool dry season from December to February; the hot dry season from March to May.

Fields of tobacco grow in northern Luzon's Cagayan Valley. Its mountain slopes are covered by hardwood forests. Iron is mined in southeast Luzon. The island is almost as rich as California in gold, which was mined and washed from streams near Baguio, the pre-war summer capital.

Mindanao, at the southern end of the chain, is the second largest island. It has an area of 37,000 square miles, making it a little larger than Indiana. On Mindanao is Mount Apo, 9,688 feet high, the tallest peak on islands where mountains are not uncommon.

Mindanao is important for its hemp, which makes the best rope. The Philippines also are famous for their sugar, coconut oil, chromite and manganese.

The People

THERE were about 16,000,000 Filipinos on the islands before the war. English was becoming the national language, although 87 dialects were still spoken. Nearly all the island-made movies were in Tagalog, but the leading Philippine newspapers and magazines were printed in English.

Before the war, 117,500 Chinese and 29,000 Japanese lived in the Philippines. There never was any doubt that the Japs were unpopular. Many of the educated Filipinos looked upon them as sharp-trading foreigners, who raised hemp, fished and glutted village markets with cheap rubber-soled shoes, cotton cloth and toys.

Moros compose about 20 percent of Mindanao's population. In the fourteenth century Malays from Borneo spread Mohammedanism among the Moros, and to some extent the Moros still resent the migration of Christians to Mindanao. A few Moros live on other Philippine islands, but the majority are on Mindanao. They claim much of their land as our Indians claimed that on which buffalo once roamed—on the basis of tribal heritage instead of titles recorded in books.

The Government

THE Philippines came under control of the U. S. late in 1898 after the Spanish-American War. The Treaty of Paris ceded the islands to the U. S. for $20,000,000.

From the start, U. S. policy has been to provide the Filipinos with increasing self-government. In June 1900 a five-man commission was appointed by President McKinley to govern the islands. William Howard Taft, head of the commission, was the island's first governor general. Shortly after the commission was created, three Filipino members were added to it. The commission provided for almost complete self-government in the cities and partial self-government in the provinces.

Outstanding achievements of U. S. rule were improvements in education and public health. A public-school system was established, then expanded as rapidly as funds would permit. Before the war, the Philippines had eight universities, one of which was the University of Santo Tomas in Manila, founded in 1611, a quarter-century before Harvard was established. American doctors began to stamp out the islands' epidemics of smallpox, plague and cholera. Later, Filipino doctors and sanitary experts took up this work.

A few years after the creation of the commission, Congress passed an act providing for a Philippine Assembly. It was to share legislative powers with the commission. The act also provided that the Philippines would send two men to the U. S. House of Representatives as resident commissioners. The first Philippine Assembly was inaugurated Oct. 16, 1907.

About five years later it became the policy to appoint a majority of Filipinos instead of Americans to the commission. This policy gave control of both legislative branches to the Filipinos. However, the American governor general retained the executive powers.

In 1934 Congress passed the Tydings-McDuffie Act, providing for complete independence of the islands after a 10-year period of commonwealth government by a Filipino executive. The government during this period was to be independent in all respects, except for some reservations to safeguard American interests during the transition period.

Late in 1935 the Commonwealth government was inaugurated with the late Manuel Quezon as president. Frank Murphy, at that time governor general, became high commissioner.

It was also in 1935 that Gen. MacArthur, scheduled to retire as U. S. Army chief of staff, became director of the Philippine Commonwealth's organization of national defense. In 1936 he became the island's military adviser and was commissioned a field marshal in the Philippine Army by President Quezon. In 1937 Gen. MacArthur retired from the U. S. Army but remained field marshal of the growing Philippine Army.

In 1941, with relations between the U. S. and Japan growing more tense, President Roosevelt placed the Philippine's sea and land forces under U. S. command for the duration of the emergency. The President also appointed Gen. MacArthur, who was recalled to active duty with the U. S. Army, as commander of the U. S. Army in the Far East. Soon U. S. troops, most of them former National Guardsmen, were arriving on the islands to serve with the Filipinos. What they did is history.

The 10-year period of trial self-government by the Philippines was scheduled to end in 1946, at which time full independence was to be granted. But it might happen sooner. A joint Congressional resolution, promising the Philippines independence as soon as possible after the Japs are driven out, was signed June 30, 1944, by President Roosevelt. The resolution also provided for U. S. acquisition of land, sea and airbases on the islands for the mutual protection of both countries. In addition, the resolution renewed the U. S. pledge of aid to the Philippines in driving out the Japs:

". . . the U. S. shall drive the treacherous, invading Japanese from the Philippine Islands, restore as quickly as possible the orderly, free democratic processes of government to the Filipino people, and thereupon establish the complete independence of the Philippine Islands as a separate, self-governing nation."

Not a Combat Story

Our fashion reporter says that black straps make a woman look more naked than a woman with no black straps at all.

By Cpl. HYMAN GOLDBERG
YANK Staff Writer

"ALL the emphasis was placed on sex," said the newspaper story. "Skirts were two or three inches above the knee. hips were closely swathed to show every curve. busts were overdraped or overexposed—beauty was completely shorn away."

That's what a fashion expert said about what had happened to women's fashions after the last war. After I took a cold shower I went out to see if the same thing was happening to women's fashions this time.

My survey lasted several days, and now that it's over and I am back from a nearby rehabilitation center where they give the Keeley Cure, I am able to report that there seem to be two schools of thought among the fashion designers.

These opposing schools are represented by Russeks, the New York store on Fifth Avenue that specializes in fur coats, and by Bergdorf Goodman, the ultrafashionable Fifth Avenue store where, as they say, "the mood is proud and positive and confident, discarding understatement." Those pretty words were interpreted by one of the leading fashion writers of the country as meaning: "What the women are going to wear for the boys who come home will accentuate nudity." She explained that there will be great big open spaces in strategic places in the dresses and that black straps in those open spaces will make them seem even more open.

Russeks was holding what the spokesman for the store called a "Pink Champagne Party of Design Studio Furs" when I went up there. A pretty lady with a boyish bob called over a waiter and twisted my arm until I consented to drink a glass of the bubbly needled grape juice. Then she gave me a seat among all the magazine and newspaper fashion writers who were guzzling the stuff with apparent pleasure.

Some time later I discovered they had some stuff imported from Scotland, and after I had cleared my palate with a bit of caviar, I switched. Before the show actually started a man got up in front of the merry throng and gave a brief lecture on what he thought of the new season's styles.

"I," he said modestly, "am an authority on fashions; I live fashions, I dream fashions." He was wearing a blue suit which he told me later was made of the lightest English flannel, a shirt with blue-and-white stripes and a bow tie also with blue-and-white stripes but with stripes running horizontally, not vertically, as on the shirt. Me for that stuff.

After he had established himself as an expert to his and our satisfaction, he went on to tell about the things he was afraid would happen to women's fashions after the war is over. "After the last war," he said, "women's skirts climbed to a point four or five inches above the knee." I applauded happily but was shushed by my neighbors—a couple of magazine girls who hadn't heard yet of the uptown trend toward nudity.

The fashion show finally began, and the lady with the boyish bob, whom I will call Miss Castle (because that's her name) acted as the master, or rather, mistress of ceremonies. Two blondes, a redhead and two brunettes came out of a little doorway at one end of the big mirror-lined room, waved their hips and incidentally showed the clothes they were wearing. At first I had a little trouble, probably because of the pink champagne, because somehow I could see right through the clothes the girls were wearing. After a while, however, I adjusted myself to my environment.

WHAT they are proud of at Russeks, I gathered, are their shoulders. It seems they have a designer, name of Ralph Marano, who thinks more of a woman's shoulders than anything else. Marano is missing a great deal, but that is neither here nor there. Some of the coats this fall and winter season will keep a woman warm all over. Some of them, which are shorter, won't.

The coats I saw are all made of high-class animals, like mink (in the wild and bottle-fed state), leopards and Persian lambs. A little way off Fifth Avenue, I am told, it is possible to get less costly furs, such as alley cat and Shetland pony.

One number that looked very good was called by Miss Castle a "dramatic Somali leopard wrap coat with the Marano saddle shoulder." Don't ask me why it's called a saddle shoulder; there were no stirrups on it. Miss Castle said that the nice thing about this little number is that it's the "easiest way to wear a fur coat. You just throw it over your shoulders and off you go." She depressed all us fashion writers, however, by remarking that Somali leopard is hard to get nowadays "because of all that fighting that went on in Somaliland."

I asked a nearby expert how much a thing like that would cost and she whispered back: "Not more than a couple of thousand dollars." I am told you can't borrow money under the GI Bill of Rights to buy fur coats.

Miss Castle described one of the hats worn by one of the long-legged models as a "dark purple, passionate hat made of glycerine feathers." To me it looked like the hat was made of that candy cotton they sell at the circus.

At one point it sounded to me as if Miss Castle had described one of the coats as having "a pointed brassiere." That didn't seem possible, so I asked someone sitting next to me who obviously knew about such things. She sneered at me. It turned out that what Miss Castle had actually said was "the coat had a pointed revere," and the expert explained that a revere is something like the lapel on a man's coat.

One of the blond models came out wearing a coat made of something called "nutria," and Miss Castle described her coat as "every woman's coat, because it hides all unnatural protruberances." The model frowned, opened her coat and looked herself over. I think it would be a crime against nature for a girl like her to wear such a coat.

Another coat was described as a white broadtail lamb. We were warned that this coat is not suitable for skiing. "Every time some girls see a white coat, they want to go skiing in it," said Miss Castle. She said the only skiing possible in such a coat could be done at a night club.

IT was with great reluctance that I tore myself away from my colleagues of the fashion press, such as the Countess Willaumez and the Countess de Mun, whom I last saw gaily guzzling a glass of pink champagne. But duty called, and I made a forced march up to Fifth Avenue and 58th Street, to Bergdorf Goodman's simple, modest little nine-story shop, where another fashion show was going on.

At Bergdorf Goodman, the clothes, as the store's spokesman says, "carry no suggestion of a truant queen playing dairymaid; they are clearly designed for the lady who gracefully lives up to the importance of her place in the world." They also go in for "fervent fitting" and "severely superb Oxford gray with strict stripes." One suit, according to the store's spokesman, is "molded softly, as if by a deft thumb stroke from beneath." The haughty model who wore it looked as if she had been wearing the suit when the job with the thumb was done.

I was given a fancy colored booklet that was supposed to explain just what the 20 or so models were wearing. According to Bergdorf Goodman, women should wear one dress in the morning, another dress in the late afternoon and still another dress for dinner. And any woman who doesn't—she's just a dope and to hell with her.

The model frowned, opened her coat, and looked herself over.

Here are some of the simple things Bergdorf Goodman would like women to wear: for the morning, a black crepe with black silk braid on sleeves and at high throat; for the late afternoon, a black wool dress laced up the front; for the evening, a black "velvet sheath, outlined in jet at its shallow decolletage." That's where the kicker is, in that "decolletage" jive. That means it's cut away, all the way down the front.

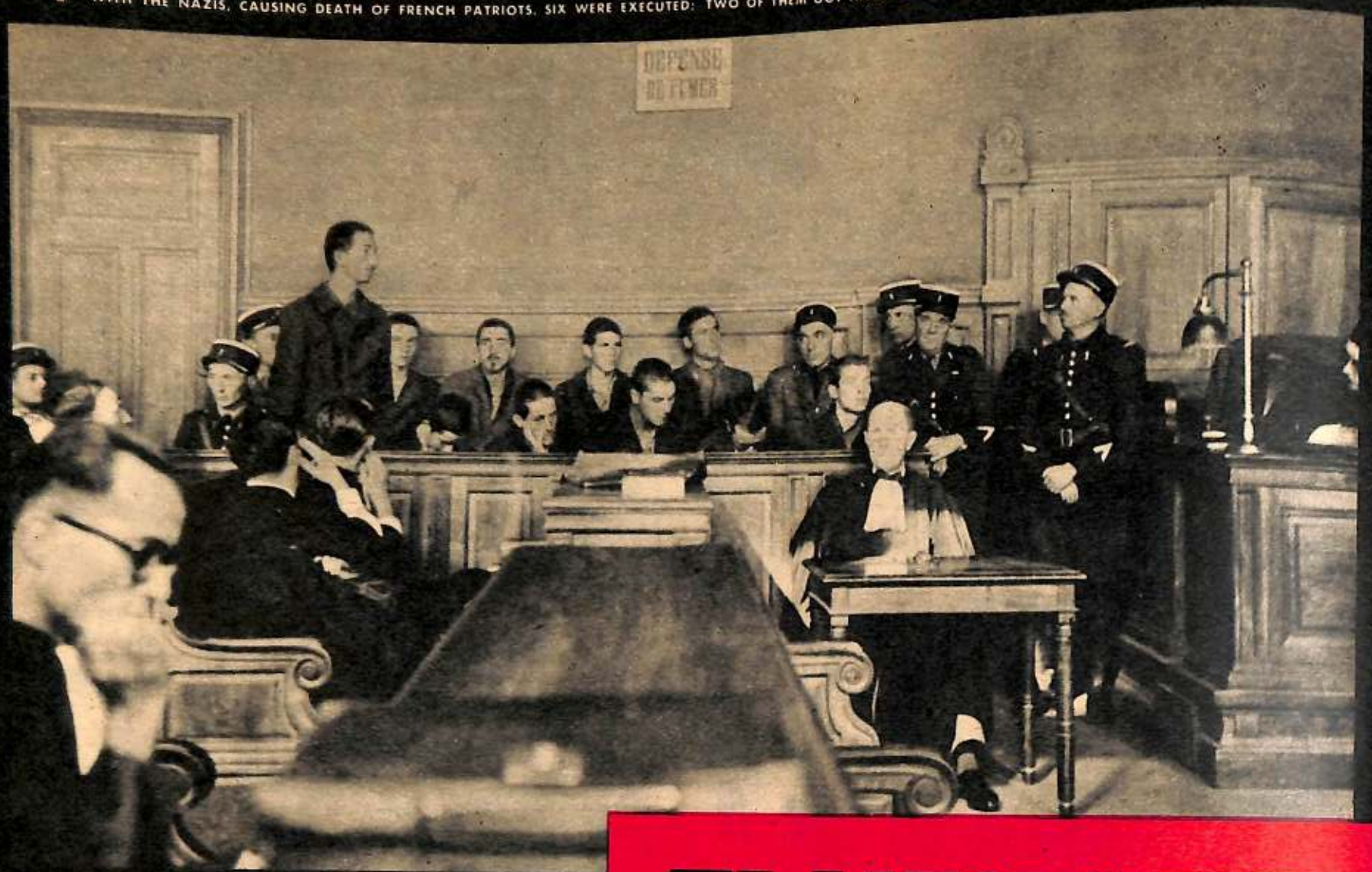
It didn't seem possible that the model who was wearing that little number could really hold herself together unless she had miraculous muscular control. I must have expressed my amazement, because a lady fashion writer sitting next to me leaned over and whispered a few facts of life that were new to me and which I will pass on because maybe things were different before you left.

All that glitters, she told me, is not gold, and appearances are deceiving. It seems they sell those things, or anyway reasonable facsimiles of those things, in the stores, for women who have been overlooked by nature. And unless you know the lady real well, you can't be sure.

To such a pass, men, has the world come.

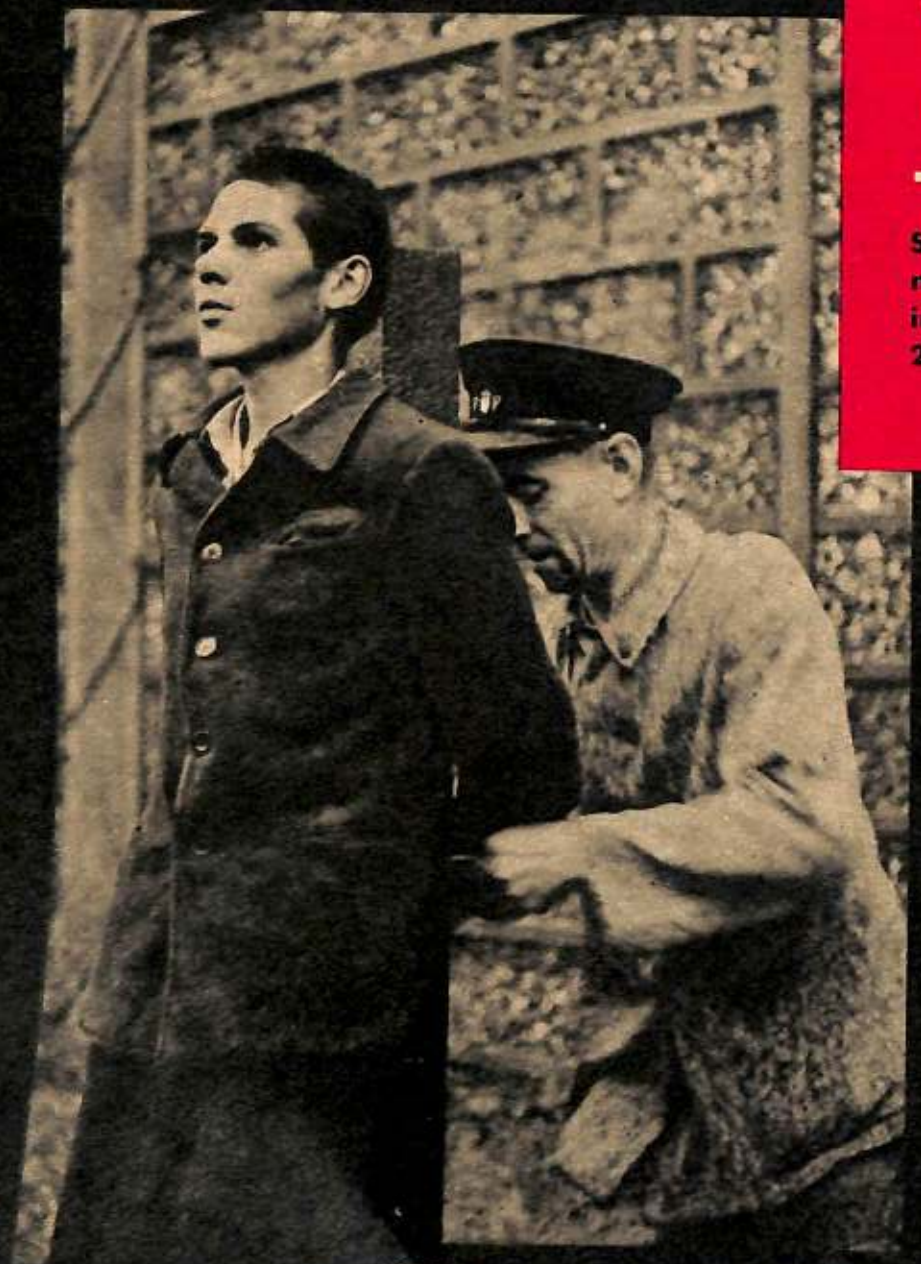
All is not gold that glitters.

1 UNDER THE EYES OF FREE FRENCH GUARDS, 10 MEMBERS OF THE VICHY MILITIA STAND TRIAL IN THE GRENOBLE COURTROOM. ALL WERE FOUND GUILTY OF WORKING WITH THE NAZIS, CAUSING DEATH OF FRENCH PATRIOTS. SIX WERE EXECUTED; TWO OF THEM GOT HARD LABOR FOR LIFE; THE OTHER TWO, FIVE YEARS IN PRISON.



TRAITORS' END

Six young French collaborationists, members of the Vichy militia who had helped the Nazis, are executed in a square in Grenoble. In this same square, under German occupation, 22 French patriots had been shot for resisting Nazi rule.



2 ONE OF THE SIX SENTENCED TO DIE IS BOUND TO A STAKE BEFORE THE WALL WHERE HE WILL FACE A FIRING SQUAD OF FREE FRENCH SOLDIERS.

3 ALL SIX MEN HAVE BEEN TIED. THE VICHY PROPAGANDA SIGN ON THE BUILDING IN THE REAR HAS BEEN MARKED OVER BY PATRIOTS.

4 THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT IS CARRIED OUT. MEMBERS OF THE FRENCH FORCES OF THE INTERIOR FIRING SQUAD ARE HIDDEN BEHIND A CLOUD OF SMOKE FROM THEIR OWN VOLLEY. SOME OF THEIR BULLETS CHIP THE STONE OF THE WALL, THROWING UP LITTLE PUFFS OF DUST BEHIND THE SIX TRAITORS.

6 ONE OF THE SIX WHO PAID THE TRAITOR'S PRICE HANGS DEAD FROM HIS STAKE. FFI MEN PUSH BACK THE CURIOUS CROWD FROM THE SQUARE.

5 THE FIRING SQUAD LOWERS RIFLES AS AN OFFICIAL RUSHES FORWARD TO DELIVER THE *COUP DE GRACE* TO THE EXECUTED VICHY TRAITORS.

7 THE EXECUTION IS OVER, BUT THE CROWD STAYS. SOON THE CORPSES WERE REMOVED FROM THEIR STAKES AND CARRIED AWAY FOR BURIAL.

Elaine Riley

YANK

Pin-up Girl

NEWS FROM HOME

A scientist thought the nation needed a skirted prexy, there were plenty of girls and kids on hand but few men, two political parties batted a general's statement around, and a GI's son called his dad's Army chow a treat.

IT'S probably too late for you to write in the name of your favorite pin-up girl this year, but here's something to keep in mind for 1948. With the bitterest Presidential campaign in 16 years zooming along toward its climax, Professor Earnest A. Hooton, a distinguished Harvard anthropologist who boasts a respectable two-inch entry in *Who's Who*, emerged from his ivory tower last week to say that in his opinion what the U.S. needs by way of a President is a lady, not a gent.

"A woman's reproductive apparatus," remarked the 56-year-old savant at Cambridge, Mass., "is so complicated that all the rest of her has to be simple, and great statesmanship calls for simplicity. It requires perfect transparency of character that does not deviate in thought and action from the course set by the principles of right, and to my mind such character is more common in women than in men. Their capacity for moral self-deception is smaller than that of males."

The noted scholar, who was a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford in his younger days and who has such tomes as *Up From the Ape, Twilight Of Man*, and *Why Men Behave Like Apes and Vice Versa* to his credit, wound up by saying: "I still look forward to the time when a woman will be sitting in the Presidential office of the White House. We should then have a First Gentleman of the Land, and some of us would rather be that than President." Who the learned prof's choice will be this November 7th was not reported.

Dr. Wilton N. Krogman, of the University of Chicago, was another anthropologist who broke into the news in an informal way last week. Out in Seattle, Wash., where he's studying the Indians of that region, he remarked that he has found the best way to get a brave to talk is to get him into a crap game and then lend him a buck. The Indians at first thought Dr. Krogman's scholarly questions were only a build-up for a land-grab deal of some sort, but they loosened up with their tongues when he produced some galloping dominoes and loosened up with his dough. As a result of his dice-game researches, by the way, Dr. Krogman reached the conclusion that the first Indians arrived in the States about 25,000 years ago—or just about the time it probably seems to you that you were leaving there.

There was cause for no end of rejoicing in some sectors of the home front when the announcement was made by liquor authorities that two ships had arrived bringing with them a precious cargo of 100,000 cases of Scotch, the first such shipments to reach the parched U.S. since way back last Spring—and that, as the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina, is a long time between drinks. What's more, liquor importers were told that they could look forward to the arrival of about 1,600,000 additional cases of the stuff within the next year.

The news of the drought's end was welcome to Charles Manning, a Civil War veteran, who celebrated his 104th birthday by granting an interview in the Los Angeles veterans' hospital where he lives. "Sure I drink," he told reporters, when they asked him about booze. "It's always stuck to me and I'll stick to it."

But not all the domestic news was so cheerful. Government agencies and tobacco experts told the nation that the cigarette shortage is due to get worse before it gets better. In some communities manufacturers are limiting deliveries of cigarettes to a mere 40 per cent of the allotments made last year and the folks of men overseas were having difficulty in digging up cartons of butts to send their loved ones for Christmas.

Why the scarcity? Well, for one thing, said those who should know, civilians are smoking more, and so is the Army. Forty-four billion cigarettes have been ordered for GIs during the coming year, and that's twice the number set aside for them last year. The Navy and Merchant Marine have stepped up their orders, too. More tobacco is being used up than ever before and, on top of this, there's a shortage of manpower and paper. In 1943 the nation as a whole—armed services and all—smoked up a record 258 billion cigarettes, which figures out to about 2,000 for every man, woman, and child in the country.

In New York City, where no one used to think twice about buying a package of cigarettes, no matter what the brand, Timothy Moriarty walked into a smoke shop and asked for a deck of Chesterfields. Nothing doing, he was told, whereat he became abusive, indulging in what the shopkeeper later described as "a blue streak" of profanity. The cops finally locked Moriarty up for the night and the next morning, while pleading guilty before a magistrate, he produced a pack of Chesterfields. "Where'd you get those?" asked the judge. "In the Tombs Prison, your honor," Moriarty replied. "You can get any kind you want there."

And cigarettes weren't the only smokers' headache. In Jefferson City, Mo., Richard Arens, legal secretary to Governor Forrest C. Donnell, announced the birth of a daughter and passed around matches among his friends. "Wartime scarcities," he said, promising cigars later on.

There were also shortages that were going to hurt conservative housewives who never touch either the weed or the grape. Washington let it be known that butter, beef, and pork were going to be pretty darn scarce for the rest of this Fall and that civilian purchases of canned fruits and vegetables were going to be sharply cut down next year unless the defeat of Germany halts the present heavy military demands for these foods. One large packing firm predicted that the total civilian supply of canned vegetables will be 20 per cent under what it was last year.

THE news was rosy for the zoot-suit set, however. The War Production Board gave out with the glad tidings that by late Spring or early Summer men's clothing stores will once again be stocked with suits that have belts, patch pockets, pleats, and even neat pleats. Two-pants suits and double-breasted coats are still taboo, though. And now, Joe, wipe that mist out of your eyes and use some elbow grease on those buttons.

The Census Bureau in Washington came up with some tough figures for the bobby-socks babes back home. There are only 1,700,000 unmarried male civilians between the ages of 20 and 34 in the States at the moment—and one of them ain't Frank Sinatra, either. To make matters worse, there are 4,000,000 females in the same boat. Counting everybody—married and single, in uniform and out—the U.S. for the first time in its history has a majority of women. In fact, said the Census Bureau, there are probably 600,000 more gals over 21 than there are

HOTEL FIRE. The corner drug store of the Alabama Hotel is about due to go next as flames roar through the Anniston (Ala.) hostelry. Before fire was brought under control, the 34-year-old building was burned to the ground.

TEN GRAND. Employees at Republic Aviation's Farmingdale (N. Y.) plant turn out to celebrate production of their 10,000th Thunderbolt. War Department officials spoke at the meeting stressing the great importance of the P-47.

BREAK A BUST. A guard searches five tough guys who, while trying to escape from the Duval County Jail, in Jacksonville, Fla., seized the place and fought off soldiers from nearby Camp Blanding. Rifle fire and tear gas, poured into the jail's windows, finally subdued the desperadoes.

BEACH BATH. Oil fields at Huntington Beach, Calif., gushed steam, gas, mud and water erupting from sub-surface gas pockets.

men. It's hardly surprising, in view of all this, that the marriage rate is falling sharply. It jumped from 10.5 per thousand in 1939 to 13.1 in 1942, and last year slumped to 11.8.

In Allentown, Pa., Mrs. Ethel Esterly, 43, gave birth to her twentieth child, a boy, and said: "I've done my share." So, it seems, have a lot of other women, for the Census Bureau also reported that the nation's population made a bigger jump in 1943 than in any other year since 1933. There were more than three million births reported last year. The highest birthrate was in New Mexico and the lowest in New Jersey. The deathrate was higher than it had been in any year since 1937, the national total of mortalities coming to 1,400,000. The highest deathrate was in New Hampshire and the lowest in Arkansas. Low deathrates also prevailed in North Carolina, Utah, Wyoming and Texas.

THAT Sinatra guy, by the way, was having troubles of his own, and it was another young man, not the ladies, who was causing it. The Voice was sobbing his way through *I Don't Know Why I Love You Like I Do* one evening on the stage of the Paramount Theater in New York when up rose Ivanovich Dorogokupetz, an 18-year-old 4-F, and threw a couple of eggs or grapes at him—no one seemed exactly sure which. The young ladies in the theater all swore it was eggs and Sinatra said he thought it was grapes. Anyway, Frankie was hit smack between the eyes by something and poor old Ivanovich was all but lynched by the singer's irate admirers, including 15-year-old Aileen Sandakis, who grabbed and held on to his arm while hundreds of other angry lasses tried to get at him. Ivanovich was rescued by police and taken to the station house, where he said he was tired of being mistaken for Sinatra.

The next day, Sinatra's press agent, George Evans, denied that the singer had been hit by an egg—or by anything much. "He wasn't splashed," said Evans, "and only one object struck him and that struck him lightly. As for his eyes being swollen, anyone can see his eyes are as bright and pretty as ever." At about the same time, a group of sailors, who evidently had a different opinion of The Voice's eyes, gathered outside the Paramount and pelted a picture of Sinatra with over-ripe tomatoes.

All violence on the home front wasn't of such a harmless variety. Hollywood, accustomed to cooking up its own fictitious murder mysteries, had a real one thrust upon it that was grim enough for any script writer. Clad only in pajama tops, the body of Georgette Bauerdorf, attractive 20-year-old brunette daughter of a wealthy oil man, was found in the bathtub of her luxurious apartment. She had been beaten, raped, and strangled. There were bloodstains in her bedroom, which was in a terrible mess, with the bed all torn apart and her clothing scattered over it. Police said that on the night before her death, Miss Bauerdorf had told a girl friend in the Hollywood Canteen that she was afraid to spend the night alone, and they questioned seven suspects, including a few soldiers with whom she had danced at the servicemen's resort. Neighbors of the dead girl said she often let GIs who were unable to find lodgings sleep in her downstairs living room. Miss Bauerdorf had been staying alone in the apartment while her parents were on a visit to New York.

In Washington a debate was going on as to whether or not teen-age girls in government jobs ought to be sent home, a debate stirred up by the recent rape and murder there of Dorothy Berrum, 18-year-old clerk from Chippewa Falls, Wis. The Civil Service Commission had no figures on the ages of workers in the capital but did report that there are now 152,265 women employees in the Washington area as compared with 49,312 in 1939. A Civil Service spokesman observed: "We have to face the fact that this country is at war and therefore we have to call on young people for jobs that we would not ask them to do in peacetime." He added that no one was demanding that "teen-age boys overseas at fighting fronts be sent back home"—and he would sure seem to have something there.

A large area of Cleveland's heavily populated East Side was swept by a fire that followed a series of explosions which devastated the community as if it had been a battlefront. It was feared that the number of deaths would be more than 130. Sixty-one persons were known to be dead, 69 were reported missing, 200 were injured, and 3,600 were left homeless. Ten thousand more were evacuated from their homes because of the danger of further explosions. The first blast occurred in a large liquid-gas storage tank of the East Ohio Gas Co. plant. Sheets of flame shot out in all directions like giant Roman candles. Then another tank blew up, setting fire to practically all the 165 buildings in the vicinity. As families rushed out into the streets in panic, police sound-trucks raced through the community, broadcasting the warning: "The neighborhood is on fire! Get out! Run eastward!" The intense heat forced motorists on Lake Shore Boulevard to leave their cars and wade into Lake Erie. An underground gas main exploded at the height of the blaze and a firetruck was sucked into the gaping hole that was left. Manhole covers were blown out over a 30-block area, and flames shot up as high as 1,000 feet, roasting birds in flight.

THE White House made public a letter from Maj. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, the head man of the draft, to President Roosevelt, in which the General said that his previous statement to the effect that it would be cheaper to keep men in the armed forces than to let them out and care for them by means of a relief agency was just "given as my personal opinion in a field over which I have no responsibility." President Roosevelt called a Republican charge that the administration planned to delay demobilization "unauthoritative."

However, Governor Thomas E. Dewey, the Republican candidate for President, refused to let the issue drop. Addressing an audience in Kiel Auditorium in St. Louis, he declared that President Roosevelt himself had authorized the publication of a report suggesting that it would be as cheap to keep men in the Army as it would be to attempt to cope with postwar unemployment. "Now where did General Hershey get this idea that Roosevelt calls unauthoritative?" Dewey asked. "I'll tell you. He got it from another one of those White House releases put out by Roosevelt himself. Moreover, it was submitted by the President's own uncle, Franklin A. Delano, chairman of the National Resources Planning Board." The report, said Dewey, was compiled by a Conference on Postwar Readjustment of Civilian and Military Personnel, appointed by Roosevelt, which told the President that "the economic and social costs of retaining men in the services would be less than those involved in dealing with an unemployment depression through civilian relief."

The White House countered this attack by issuing a document stating that the quotation Dewey had used "was only part of a long report" which included

STAR'S BULL. In Los Angeles, actress Laraine Day appeared in court with her pet dog, a bull mastiff charged with biting a student.

such language as "smooth and rapid military demobilization is therefore to be regarded as one of the desirable objectives for any plan for postwar readjustment."

Reversing earlier plans, Roosevelt took the stump in an effort to offset Dewey's strategy, which has centered on intensive campaigning in five states generally regarded as doubtful—New York, Illinois, Missouri, Massachusetts, and Minnesota. More than a million New Yorkers turned out to greet the President as he made a four-hour open-car tour of the city in a heavy rainstorm—his first public appearance of this kind since America entered the war. He was to wind up this trip with a political address —his third of the campaign—before the Foreign Policy Association in New York, and was next scheduled to speak in Philadelphia, with other speeches likely later in both Boston and Chicago.

Heading for Rockford, Ill., where he was due to address a political meeting, Senator Scott W. Lucas, Democrat, who is campaigning for re-election, had to hitch-hike the last several miles when the tread flew off a recapped tire on the right rear wheel of his car. Asked if he talked politics to the motorist who gave him a lift, Lucas said: "No, we confined our discussions to the lack of tires."

BOND QUEEN. For having sold more bonds than any other girl in a national competition, 18-year-old Gloria Haverty wins crown in Washington.

ARRIVING in Kansas City to preside at a meeting of the National Council of Administration of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, Jean A. Brunner, of Forest Hills, N.Y., commander-in-chief of the VFW, said that "the only serious weakness in our military machinery is the virtual collapse of the War Department's plan to rotate our troops overseas in the Pacific."

Continuing, Brunner said: "The War Department has admitted that men with long periods of overseas service who have already survived several campaigns should be returned home. The total number of men actually brought home to date is relatively small. Is it because our military experts are too cautious in their willingness to substitute replacements for seasoned combat troops? We think an able-bodied replacement can do more harm to the enemy than a war-weary veteran with combat experience. Under the present system we are deliberately inviting the danger of creating an Army of millions of veterans who will be handicapped by the effects of war fatigue—a condition which will hamper their readjustment to civilian life for several years."

Col. Oveta Culp Hobby, the Wac boss, was reported to be recovering from a minor operation which was performed at the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington. Just what ailed her was not disclosed.

Capt. Joseph Gould, former fight manager, was ordered up for general court-martial proceedings on charges of fraud involving Army contracts at the New York POE, where he has been stationed. It was claimed that he conspired to defraud the government by influencing the award of manufacturing contracts involving more than a million dollars' worth of Army equipment and that he accepted money in the course of the alleged deal.

Riley M. Bryan, of Grundy, Va., showed up in New York City with Jerry, a talking dog, and tried to raise $500 so he could continue his bond-selling tour. Jerry proved to skeptical reporters that he really could say such things as "I run," "I want it," "I want out," and "Mama." Bryan said that he was "a mite surprised" the first time Jerry spoke up but that "I got used to it after a while."

A barber shop in Los Angeles hung out a sign reading: "Have your 1-A hair cut by our 4-F barbers." And an advertisement in the Chattanooga (Tenn.) *Times* offered a T-bone steak as a reward for the return of a pair of brown fur mittens lost at a football game.

There was quite a turn-out in Carnegie Hall in New York when Eddie Condon, the hot guitarist, made his first appearance in that sanctum of classical music since he and the late Fats Waller put on a concert there in 1942. Last week Condon led an out-of-this-world outfit which included James P. Johnson, Jess Stacy, Willie "The Lion" Smith, Gene Schroder, Muggsy Spanier, Bill Butterfield, and Hot Lips Page.

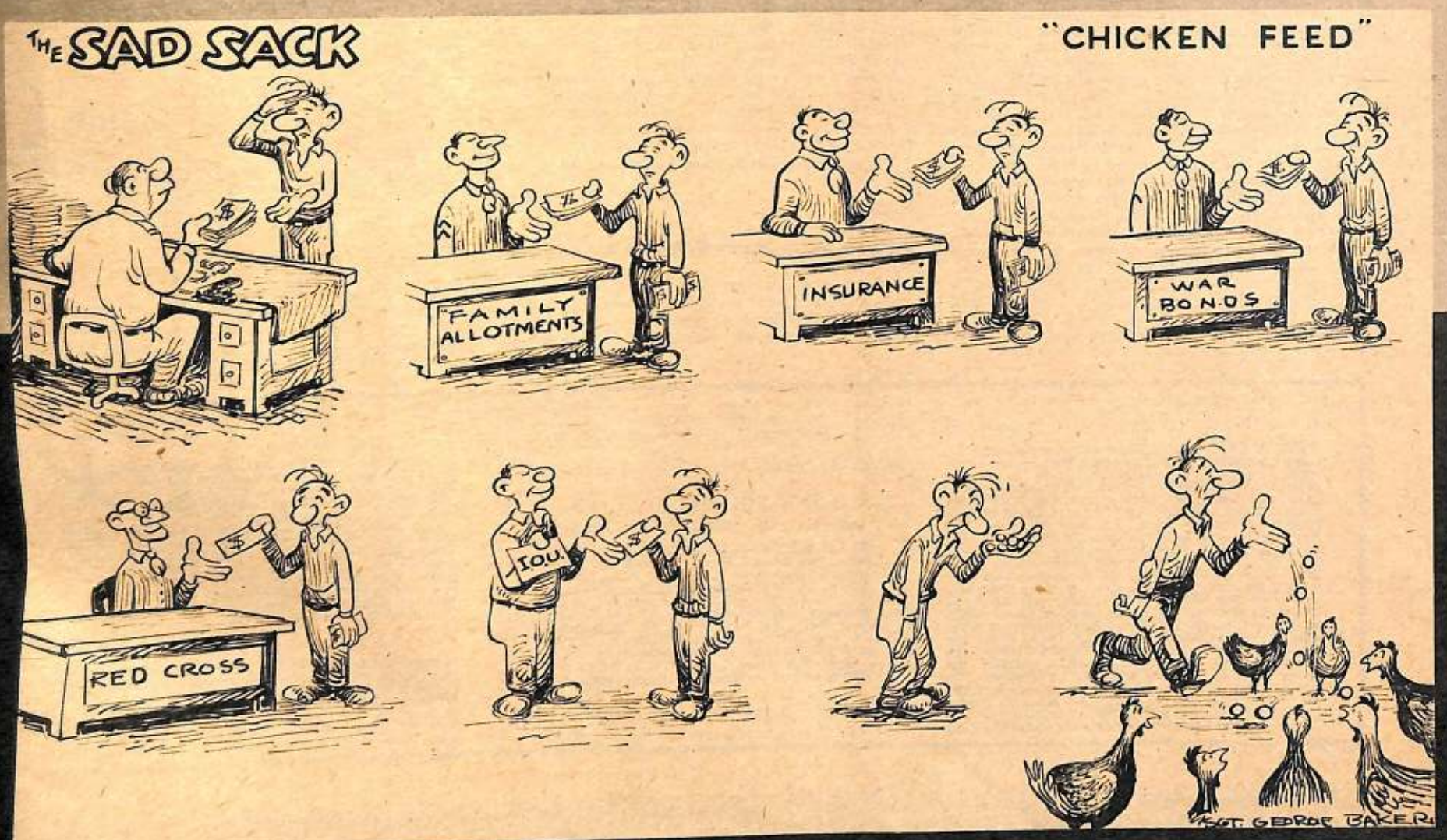
Mrs. Frances Andrews, 37, a society woman of Salinas, Calif., was acquitted of a charge of murdering her 19-year-old neighbor, Jay Lovett. The prosecution had claimed that she shot the young man in a fit of jealousy because he'd dined with another woman.

John Garibaldi, West Coast wrestler, was sentenced to four years in Federal prison on a charge of draft dodging, despite his protests that he couldn't fight because he "didn't want to hurt anyone." Asked how come he could bring himself to wrassle, Garibaldi said: "It was different in my line of work. The way I did it, they never felt anything."

Donald Crisp, Hollywood character-actor, was divorced by his wife, Jane Murfin, on a charge of desertion.

Powel Crosley, Jr., radio manufacturer and president of the Cincinnati baseball club, was divorced from his wife.

RICHARD GEMBERLING, 11, of Bethlehem, Pa., got lonely for his daddy, Henry Gemberling, a private who is stationed at the Aberdeen Proving Ground in Maryland. When he heard that pop couldn't land a furlough to come home, Richard set out for the camp and somehow covered the 150 miles without trouble. Arriving at his destination, he asked the MPs where Pvt. Gemberling was and they located his old man for him. Richard was allowed to stay at the camp overnight, sleeping in a GI cot. Put aboard a train for home the next day, the boy exclaimed happily: "Gosh, wait till the guys back in school hear that I ate in a real Army mess hall!" Pvt. Gemberling was left to reflect gloomily that one man's meat is definitely another man's poison.



Mail Call

Symbol Of Freedom

Dear YANK,

Lafayette, a Frenchman and a true patriot of early democracy, helped bestow upon our great U. S. the Statue of Liberty, the greatest symbol of freedom in the world. As a symbol of the restoration of France's democratic way of life, the following is suggested:

1. A statue similar in all respects to the one which now graces our shores be made and given to France at the end of hostilities in the ETO. It would be an everlasting token of France's refusal to submit, regardless of the increasing darkness of her days, and a reminder that she is still an ally of democracy.

2. This statue with the agreement of France should be placed on one of the landing beaches of the American liberation forces.

S/Sgt. EDWARD B. WILSON

France.

GI On Labor

Dear YANK,

As a civilian, I had a very low opinion of the press that was constantly baiting the man who works with his hands. As a soldier, I am even more contemptuous of those who point to strikes and loudly proclaim that labor is losing the war.

Strikes certainly do not speed up production. But if these self-appointed patriots would look at production records, they would find that these stoppages are more than compensated for by the splendid contribution of labor as a whole. Naturally, they do not care to view the total picture. It would encompass the minor defects and thus not serve their distorted interpretations.

When the war has ended, and men are able to look at the past more objectively, they will find that labor's contribution has been tremendous. American technical and managerial genius has been an important factor in this revolutionary production feat. But this would never have been accomplished if the millions of skilled workmen had not joined in this partnership of management and labor. It could never have succeeded if the overwhelming majority of artisans and laborers had not stuck to their home front posts through long hours of sweating and toil.

The soldier in the foxhole certainly has no love for those who are sitting it out on the home front while he sweats blood on the fighting front. But he also realizes that the magnificent equipment that is being shuttled to this side is not coming out of the thin air. The tanks, guns and munitions of every type that are flooding the military arteries are the products of the labor of millions of hands that are solidly in this fight with him. The planes that roar above, to blanket the global skies, were made by workers in Wichita, California, Georgia and all points American. They were made by the fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers of American fighting men in all theaters of war. All the anti-labor propaganda won't convince this GI that labor has laid down on the job. Not when German generals, captured after fanatical fighting, say, "We were defeated by the best equipped soldier in military history. Where does it all come from?" Not when every American unit goes into battle with the greatest concentration of large and small-arms weapons of any unit on any fighting front.

Labor does not request bouquets or laurels. But it does demand and merit a fair reporting of its accomplishments. It does demand that prejudiced partisans cease citing strikes as labor's major contribution to the war effort. No man can deny that we have achieved a production miracle during the past few years. And in this miracle, with all factors taken into consideration, the men and women behind the machines have played their inspired parts.

Pfc. SID BARD

France.

Robert C. Avery, 72, and his wife, celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary during lunch hour at an aircraft factory where both are employed

Paratroops, No Pair o' Boots

Dear YANK,

You probably won't print this, but we would like to know why we paratroopers can't get "Jump Boots."

We are fed up with having to wear GI shoes and boots that the quartermaster and Signal Corps can't use.

We realize that it must be tough on these boys to have to jump from their trucks without "Jump Boots." We also agree that they probably need these "Boots" more than we.

If every soldier who wears "Boots" was a paratrooper, we could have two airborne armies.

No, YANK, we boys don't feel superior to these boys. We earned these boots, and we want them. Do you think we are asking too much?

Do you think one of these outfits will let us have a few pair?

THE "BOOTLESS TROOPERS"

Britain.

Bronze Stars Shine Brighter Now

Dear YANK,

We fellows of the 395th Service Squadron are not ribbon happy but since Bronze Stars count something on going home we feel the same way as the boys of the 394th, who wrote to Mail Call recently about not receiving Bronze Stars for the ETO ribbon.

We landed here at this base a good month and a half before the Fighter Group. Who fixed this place up for them? Who did most of the dirty work? We did. Don't get me wrong, the Fighter Group helped when they got here but we had the dirty work done.

During the invasion we did all of the repairs and maintenance of the planes. All they did was refuel. We did battle damage, and wing changes, engine changes, and even worked the day and night before, helping them get the planes ready for the invasion, just as the 394th did. And what did we get out of it? Well, to be frank, not a damn thing. The cooks and clerks got the Stars. So what say, Ed., don't you think the 394th and 395th and many others who did a lot during the invasion ought to get something, too?

FELLOWS OF THE 395th

Britain.

Dear YANK,

In reading over the letter written by the 394th Service Squadron in the October 8 issue, we would like to put in our tuppence worth.

We heartily agree that the awarding of the battle participation Credit (Bronze Star) is not made on a fair basis. If the award were made to flying personnel alone we wouldn't say a word, but when the entire group gets the award an injustice has been done. Especially since the star counts on one's demobilization status.

Our outfit, and outfits just like it, have done just as much if not more to keep the planes operational. We take care of ninety-nine percent of the battle damage, do all of the major repair jobs and all of the shop work. So we feel that along with the group we are justly entitled to the award. We feel sure that the rest of the outfits feel just as we do.

We have been reading your magazine for a long time and think you are doing a swell job. Keep up the good work, YANK.

BOYS OF THE 452nd SUB DEPOT

Britain.

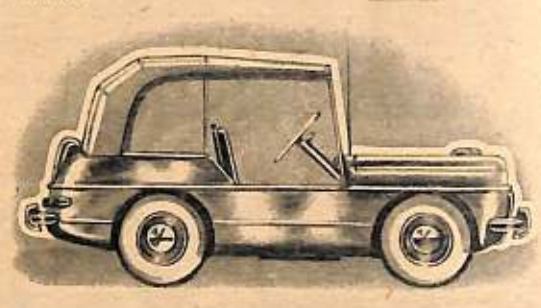
The Jeep—Remember?

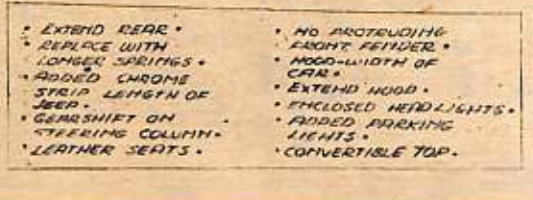
Dear YANK,

For quite some time now, we have read in your very informative magazine about the Jeep and its post-war possibilities. I have a different idea on the outcome and how it can be changed into civie dress. Since no one has really attempted to offer any sketches, having drawn a little, I thought I would make a try. I know everyone has different ideas about the Jeep, but here is my illustration.

Cpl. J. D. C.

Britain.





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Pictures: Cover, Signal Corps. 4, upper and lower right, U.S. Signal Corps; lower left, Keystone; Center, Cpl. Joe Cunningham. 5, Upper left, OWI; others, Sgt. Dick Hanley and Cpl. Bill Alcine. 6, USSTAF. 7, USSTAF. 12-13, PWB. 14, RKO Radio. 15, Acme. 16, Upper, INP; lower, Acme. 17, INP. 18, OWI. 19, OWI. 20, Upper, INP; lower center, Acme; others, PA. 21, Upper Acme; lower, Sgt. Bob Ghio. 22, USSTAF. 23, Planet.

A $1,000 Bill

THERE has been a lot of space in the newspapers lately about the bet that Lt. Gen. George S. Patton is supposed to have made when he got to France. The general allegedly hit the Normandy beaches waving a $1,000 bill and betting that he would get to Paris before Gens. Montgomery and Bradley.

Gen. Patton has since completely denied the story, adding that he has never seen a $1,000 bill. This was all a group of Texas citizens needed: they immediately got together and made up a fund "so that the general will have a $1,000 note to wave when he rides into Berlin."

Now, no amount of bad taste can disguise the issues of this war. And not even this kind of group patriotism can make a game out of it. The United States has had, since the beginning of the war, approximately 400,000 men killed, wounded and missing. The British have lost more than one million. The Russians have lost more than five million. There have been several million Poles slaughtered, more than one million Yugoslavs out of a population of 15 million, and God knows how many Greeks. No one knows how many Chinese have died since their war began back in 1931.

These men have died and more are going to die before this war is over, and nothing can cheapen what they died for. But it seems that there still are Americans who think it's some kind of game. Maybe a bloody and dangerous one, but still a game that you can play by rules and bet on, like the World Series. And these Americans aren't only at home. Don't kid yourself; most of the people at home know what the war means. The stuff that's going overseas isn't being turned out the way it is just because there's a nice fat pay check in it.

THIS other sporting attitude toward the war is strictly American, and you can find it overseas as well as at home. It comes from a lot of things, but mainly it comes from ignorance. Most guys at the front hate the Germans, but not too many hate them because of what the Germans are or what they represent. They hate Germans because they consider the Germans responsible for their being overseas and because the Germans are trying to kill them. This is natural enough, but when the killing stops, the hate sometimes becomes acceptance or indifference —a couple of attitudes that our Allies tend to regard, under the circumstances, as somewhat peculiar.

In Italy, for instance, many GIs dislike the Italians for being poor and the French for wearing our uniforms. Many of them actually have a higher regard for the Germans, who seem proud and who seemingly do not beg and who share our admiration for sit-down toilets that flush. These attitudes of ours come because we have had little or no contact with Fascism. They come from lack of understanding of what the Italians have suffered, what the French have accomplished and what the Germans really are. Enough Italian partisans are fighting in northern Italy to show that their poverty is the result of circumstance, not nationality. The French have already shown what they can do, even in clothes not their own. And this so-called German pride is simply Nazi arrogance, as rotten as the rest of their system.

It would be too bad if we carried these attitudes into Germany itself. It would be too bad if we kept treating the war as a kind of contest, like a murderous football game: and when the game is over the two sides shake hands and sit down for a drink. We bought this war with just that kind of ignorance and we're going to keep it until we smarten up. It's about time that we stopped being suckers. This war isn't a game and we can't play it like one. If we don't learn now, we might as well start fitting our kids for uniforms.

This business is more than a $1,000 bill waved at Berlin.

May Leave Us

Dear YANK,

My buddy is in pretty bad physical condition. I'm sure he would never be drafted under present rules. Does he have any show of being discharged?

HAL

Britain.

[The War Department has announced a plan to discharge soldiers who are below the minimum physical standards for induction and for whom there are no appropriate assignments in the Army. Men who are below the physical standards but are performing jobs satisfactorily will not be affected by the ruling. According to Washington, soldiers overseas who fall within the new discharge category willl be reported as available for return to the States without replacement.—Ed.]

By The Barrack Gate

Dear YANK,

I'm assigned to a bomb group here in England and I've lately heard over the radio and sung by many of the boys a song by the name of *Lili Marlene*. I would like to have the words to it and I'm sure there are many more who would like knowing those words.

S/Sgt. ROBERT H. LULL

Britain.

[Here's the way we heard it.—Ed.]

Underneath the lantern
By the barrack gate
Darling I remember
The way you used to wait.
There where you told me tenderly
That you loved me
You'd always be
My Lili of the Lamplight
My own Lili Marlene.

Front-Line Fudge

Dear YANK,

We boys of the third squad, second platoon, think that a new title should be awarded. It should be given for the first batch of fudge made on the front line. While shells flew overhead and only a short distance away planes were strafing the enemy, three D ration bars, two packages of caramels, eight lumps of sugar and one package of lemon powder were slowly heated over a small fire and the results poured on paper bags to cool. With all the labor attached, the outcome was a fine-tasting, hard fudge. So therefore, we claim the title of the first front-line GIs to make fudge.

BOYS OF THE THIRD SQUAD
An Infantry Regiment

France.

Just Kids

Dear YANK,

We have been reading your articles on the Demobilization Plan, and all in all we think it is OK, but we have a problem that we think should be taken into consideration.

We aren't old, in fact we are just kids; we don't have any dependents; we have only about one year and a half of service, and we have been overseas just a short while. We were drafted right after completing high school.

When we came into the Army we tried to get into the Army Specialized Training Program but were told it was full and they were only taking 17-year-olds. We believe that now, as in the future, a college education is needed to really complete our schooling. Now as we are still young our minds are more alert and capable of learning than they will be several years in the future. No matter how you look at it the Army has a way of lowering your mental capacity by insufficient use of thinking and figuring. If we don't start studying soon, we will never be able to study efficiently again.

Pvt. ALAN M. DENNIS

France.

[We can offer no substitute for demobilization. However, if you have free time now you may want to take some correspondence courses through the Armed Forces Institute. If you want to plan further ahead on how to take advantages of the educational provisions of the GI Bill of Rights, you can get free catalogs and detailed information from the American Schools and Colleges Association, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y.—Ed.]

YANK'S AFN
Radio Guide

Highlights for the week of Oct. 29

SUNDAY 2105—CHARLIE MCCARTHY*—Judy Garland and the King Sisters, Edgar Bergen, Mortimer Snerd and Ray Noble start their new autumn series. Also Bergen's newest character—Effie Klinker.

MONDAY 2135—DUFFY'S TAVERN*—Ed "Archie" Gardner and the whole gang.

TUESDAY 2105—MAIL CALL*—Harry James' Orchestra, Ginny Sims, Jo Stafford, the Pied Pipers, Jimmy Durante and Johnny Mercer.

WEDNESDAY 2130—BOB HOPE*—With Frances Langford, Vera Vague, Jerry Colonna, Skinnay Ennis and his Orchestra.

THURSDAY 2105—CHARLIE RUGGLES*—And songs by Carlos Ramirez and Carmen Drago's Orchestra.

FRIDAY 1905—COMMAND PERFORMANCE*—This week's cast includes Ronald Colman, C. Aubrey Smith, Dame May Whitty, Cary Grant, Ida Lupino and Ginny Sims.

SATURDAY 1330—YANK's RADIO WEEKLY.

2230—JUBILEE*—Ernie "Bubbles" Whitman and his swing de luxe.

* Also heard over the Allied Expeditionary Forces Program.

NEWS EVERY HOUR ON THE HOUR.

AFN in Britain on your dial:
1375 kc. 1402 kc. 1411 kc. 1420 kc. 1447 kc.
218.1 m. 213.9 m. 212.6 m. 211.3 m. 207.3 m.

AEF broadcasts shortwave from 0800 to 1900 hours on 6.195 mc.

AEF also continues on medium wave from 0555 to 2305 hours on 583 kc. or 514 m.

SAMMY BYRD, baseballer turned golfer, shows a group of admiring caddies the way he used to do it when he played with Babe Ruth on the New York Yankees. Byrd came into his own as golfer this summer, winning two of the richest prizes, $17,000 Philadelphia Open and $10,000 New Orleans Open.

SGT. DUTCH HARRISON is perhaps best GI golfer. Stationed at Wright Field, Ohio, he'll join the tour when it reaches the Mid-West. He plays in overseas cap, sweat shirt and OD trousers.

Golf's Gold Rush

It starts, appropriately, in the West and ends in Carolinas. To golfers making tour falls thankless job of chasing Byron Nelson. They couldn't catch him this summer; they may find pace even dizzier this winter.

BYRON NELSON, shown here with his wife Louise, is truly Mr. Golf. Nelson has two ambitions: to win another National Open and the British Open. He'll have to wait until after the war.

BOB HAMILTON of Evansville, Ind., is golf's most promising newcomer. Playing in the PGA tournament for the first time this year, he upset both McSpaden and Nelson to win the title.

JUG McSPADEN has been the most constant threat to Nelson. A superb shotmaker in his own right, Jug has already won $25,000 this season. He and Nelson are called "Gold Dust" Twins.

SPORTS: CLOSE-UP OF NELSON, WORLD'S BEST GOLFER

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

Not long ago a bunch of golf professionals put their heads together and voted their rich relative, John Byron Nelson, as the world's greatest golfer. Mr. Nelson wasn't impressed with this very fine epithet. He stepped up to a nearby tee and announced:

"You mean the world's second greatest golfer. Walter Hagen is the greatest golfer that ever lived."

Anybody who knows Nelson wouldn't be surprised to hear him single out Hagen as the world's greatest anything. Nelson has always worshipped the very fairway that Hagen strutted on. This reverence goes back to 1926 when Hagen was battling Willie Turnesa for the PGA championship under a broiling-hot sun at Dallas, Tex. Hagen needed a cap to shade his eyes and, looking over the gallery, he spotted a youngster wearing one with a long sun visor. He went over to the boy and asked if he might borrow the cap to finish out the match. Thrilled silly, the boy whipped off his cap and proudly offered it to the Great Man. Years later, when Nelson himself won the PGA, he asked Hagen: "Do you remember the time you won the PGA at Dallas and borrowed a cap from a little boy? It was me."

Hagen frankly didn't remember borrowing the cap, but he said he did, anyhow. "The disappointment," Hagen told a friend later, "would have broken Byron's heart. I'm still his idol."

Whether Nelson realizes it or not, he is not only the world's greatest golfer, but truly an all-time marvel. According to Mr. Fred Corcoran's PGA statistics, Nelson has played 73 rounds of tournament golf since spring with a 69.34 stroke average, or a break-down of 130 strokes below par. He is also the world's richest golfer. So far this year he has won $39,500, smashing all past money-winning records. Totaled up, his earnings would probably soar to a giddy $100,000.

Oldtimer Tommy Armour, who has won every major golf title in sight, says: "Even when he is only halfway putting, Nelson can't be beaten. He plays golf shots like a virtuoso. There is no type of problem he can't handle. High shots, low shots, hooks or fades—he has absolute control of all of them. He is the finest golfer I have ever seen."

Yet there is much more to Nelson's greatness than just his ability to control his swing. More important, we think, is his controlled temperament. Dogged and mechanical, he is always harder to beat when you seem to have him beat. The Knoxville (Tenn.) Open of last April provided a classic example. Trailing Jug McSpaden by two strokes at the halfway point, Nelson was actually refreshed and stimulated by the discouraging situation. When McSpaden shot a three-under-par 67 for the third round, Nelson came right back with a blazing 66 to cut the lead to one stroke. On the final lap, McSpaden pieced together a neat 69, but Byron picked up the marbles. He had a 67.

Nelson met another crisis in the 1937 Masters Championship at Augusta, Ga. Big Ralph Guldahl, for all purposes, had him beat with a four-stroke lead at the end of 63 holes. But Nelson rose to the occasion, matched Guldahl birdie for birdie on the 64th and 65th, then fired a deuce on the 66th and an eagle three on the 67th to win the championship by two strokes.

Like most professional golfers, Nelson came from the humble caddy ranks. In fact, he and Ben Hogan carried bags together at the Glen Garden Club of Fort Worth. In those days Byron used to strangle a golf club with a baseball grip and Hogan played left-handed. When Byron was 16 he won the Fort Worth Amateur but was disqualified when somebody tipped off the tournament committee that he was a caddy and not a junior member at Glen Garden. He didn't return to high school that fall but instead took a job with a railroad as an office boy and played golf in the evenings. In 1930 he went to work for a publishing house as file clerk, because the hours were shorter and he could devote more time to golf. By 1931 he thought he'd make more money playing golf and turned pro to play the Texarkana Open. Surprisingly, he finished third behind such outstanding mashie swingers as Ted Longworth and Ky Laffon. Since then, Nelson has won virtually every major open golf title, including two Masters championships, one National PGA, a National Open and a Western Open.

For all his monotonous success, Nelson has had his trying moments, too. During his first swing around the winter circuit he had to wire home for money because his earnings for the month had only come to $12.50. He lost the Greater Greensboro (N.C.) Open in 1942 because his tee shot hit a spectator on the shoulder and bounced into the rough. It took him six strokes to recover on a par-three hole and he finished a stroke behind Sammy Byrd.

Another time Nelson had second-place money all sewn up in the Hershey (Pa.) Open when his ball vanished from the fairway. The mystery wasn't solved until a few days later when this letter came: "My girl friend found a golf ball while you were playing the Hershey course and took it along with her. She doesn't know a hell of lot about golf. I'm sorry it cost you second place and I take this opportunity of sending $300 you lost by it."

The big rap against Nelson is the old, old cry that he only seems great because the equipment and courses are better today. That's true of every sport that can be measured or timed; they have all shown improvement in recent years. But to shrewd observers like the veteran Al Ciuci, who has played with all three—Nelson, Jones and Hagen—the tall Texan stands alone. Ciuci thinks Nelson hits his irons and woods more consistently than either Hagen or Jones and makes fewer mistakes from tee to green. True, Nelson doesn't have the smooth, flowing putting stroke of either Jones or Hagen, but he usually sinks the long ones when he has to.

It is too bad Nelson doesn't think himself great. Maybe Mr. Hagen should tell him.

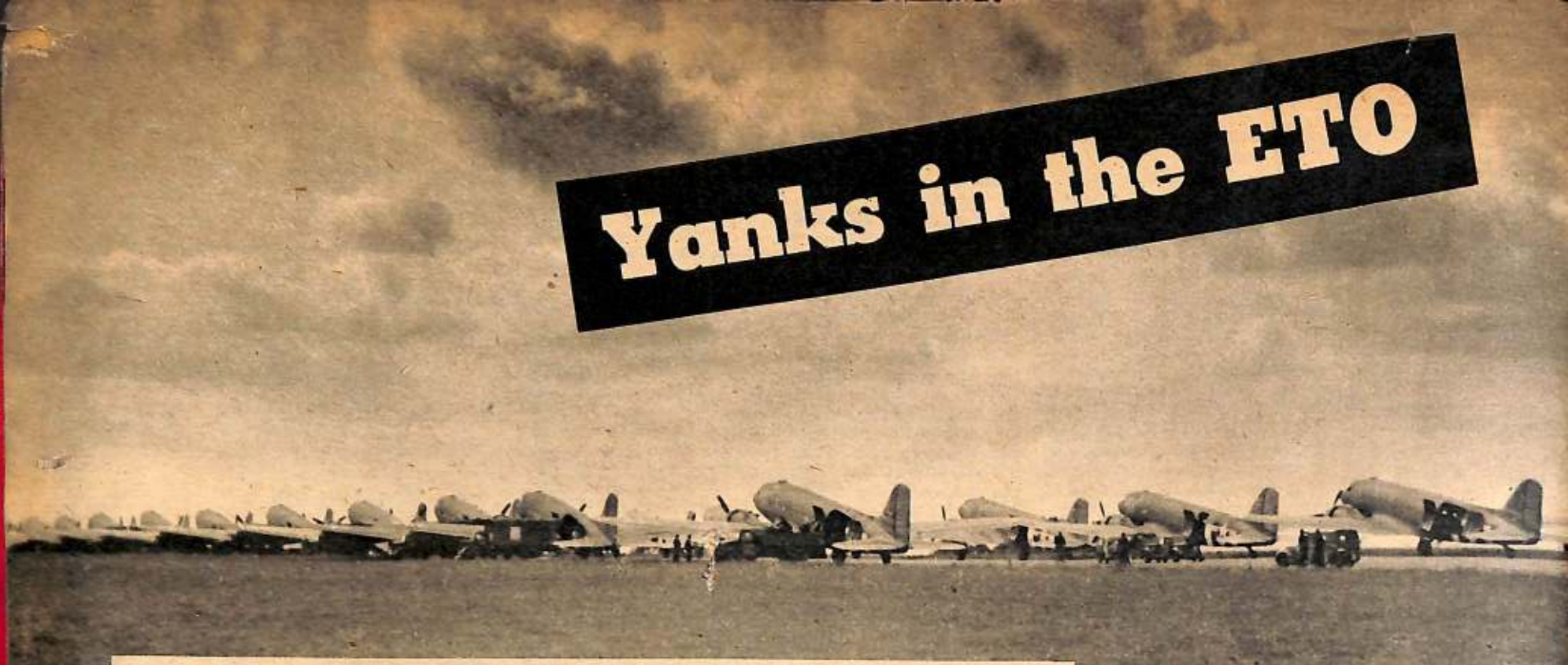
SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Overseas GIs will soon be getting a first-hand report on the major-league baseball season straight from the stars themselves. Five troupes of big-leaguers, umpires and sports writers are leaving right after the World Series to visit five combat areas where they will entertain troops with movies, story telling, answers to questions and the autographing of baseballs. They won't actually play ball. Because of security reasons, no announcement has been made of what players will make up what group or where each group will go. But here is the roster: *Managers*—**Luke Sewell**, St. Louis Browns; **Mel Ott**, New York Giants; **Leo Durocher**, Brooklyn Dodgers; **Frankie Frisch**, Pittsburgh Pirates; **Fred Fitzsimmons**, Philadelphia Phillies; **Steve O'Neill**, Detroit Tigers. *Players*—**Bucky Walters**, Cincinnati Reds; **Rip Sewell**, Pirates; **Joe Medwick** and **Billy Jurges**, Giants; **Don Gutteridge**, Browns; **Dutch Leonard** and **Joe Kuhel**, Washington Senators; **Nick Etten, Johnny Lindell** and **Tuck Stainback**, New York Yankees; **Dixie Walker**, Dodgers. *Former players*—**Lefty Gomez**, Yankees; **Carl Hubbell**, Giants; **Bing Miller**, Chicago White Sox; **Harry Heilmann**, Tigers. *Umpires*—**Bill Summers**, American League, and **Beans Reardon**, National League. *Sports writers*—**Roy Stockton, Tom Meany, John Carmichael, Arthur Patterson, Jack Malaney.**

Lt. Comdr. Mickey Cochrane, the Great Lakes baseball coach, is headed for active duty in the Southwest Pacific, and **Comdr. Jack Dempsey** has shipped to the ETO. . . . **Willie (Smoky) Saunders**, who rode Omaha to victory in the 1935 Kentucky Derby, now has a saddle on a jeep in the Southwest Pacific. . . . **S/Sgt. Burgess Whitehead**, the Giants' old second baseman, has hooked up with the Second Air Force football team as combination trainer and equipment manager. . . . **Lt. Hal Surface**, the Davis-cupper, is back in the States after serving 31 months in India. . . . You probably won't believe it, but **Bill Dudley**, Virginia's great All-American, is actually a substitute in the March Field backfield, playing behind **Bob Kennedy, Jack Jacobs, Bob DeFruiter** and **Bob Donnelly**.

PITCHER AT WORK. Sgt. Jimmy Hamilton, who used to pitch for Boston Braves, shoulders a case of ammunition at Fort Leonard Wood, Mo., where he is now a range sergeant in a Field Artillery outfit.

Yanks in the ETO



AS DAWN BREAKS OVER THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE, SKYTRAINS OF THE TRANSPORT WING LOAD UP WITH GASOLINE WHICH THEY WILL SPEED ACROSS THE CHANNEL TO FEED OUR HARD-HITTING ARMIES.

Fast Freight

FRANCE—It takes a fast freight to keep up with a big express like the one that roared from west to east across France to the borders of Germany and into Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg. A mechanized column moving day and night consumes vast quantities of gasoline, ball ammunition and K rations. The old-fashioned methods of supply just weren't fast enough and a new plan had to be devised in a hurry.

Army directives and red tape were swept aside with a ruthless hand, and almost overnight planes and crews were assembled to fly supplies right to the front. The job was entrusted to a Transport Wing of USSTAF, commanded by Col. Leslie P. Arnold, of Englewood, N.J., who had a long background of experience in hauling cargoes by air, not to mention combat experience with Eddie Rickenbacker in the old Lafayette Escadrille of World War I.

There weren't enough transport planes that could be spared to do the job right, nor were there any extra transport crews. But there were lots of B17s and B-24s that were not being used and plenty of pilots and navigators who had finished their missions and were waiting to go home. And the replacement depots were full of men awaiting assignment who could be used on the ground to muscle the supplies from the trucks to the planes.

We took off on one of those supply missions in a Liberator. The field that was used as a base was an RAF installation in England. Overnight, the men moved in, occupying every available inch of space that was not taken up by the permanent crew based there. Mess facilities were set up, trucks loaded with supplies began streaming along the roads to the field and supplies began leaving almost immediately for fields in the vicinity of Paris.

Our plane was manned by Capt. Robert A. Hill, pilot, with 1st Lt. Richard J. Preziose as navigator and three T/Sgts., Walter J. Walpers, Samuel C. Fine and Michael V. De Noia, completing the crew.

A couple of hours after we took off we landed near Paris on a runway from which German planes had been taking off a few days earlier. Trucks were waiting for the first planes of the day to land and as soon as the supplies could be wrestled out, the loaded trucks were taking off in the direction of the front.

That's how the last miles of the big push to the Siegfried Line were covered. Almost every day new fields closer to the front were brought into use. The Big Express was still way out in front, but the fast freight was doing a real job of keeping up with it.

—By Pvt. HOWARD KATZANDER
YANK Staff Correspondent

ABOVE, WHOLE BLOOD IS PLACED ON A DOUGLAS TRANSPORT FOR QUICK SHIPMENT TO THE CONTINENT. BELOW, GIs IN FRANCE SHIFT GAS FOR PATTON'S ARMORED DIVISIONS INTO WAITING TRUCKS.

The COUNT

WHILE he was holding down a comfortable desk job back in the States, our old T/5 misfit known as the Count used to promote himself several handy little rackets to pad out his $66 per, but now that he's been moved overseas to what he considers a perilously advanced position, all such gravy has become a thing of the past.

"It ain't that me combat duties keep me too busy," he told us the other day in the West of England camp where he is stationed. "And it ain't that I've lost me industrious nature. It's just that I can't make head or tail out of British money. I can't do business with nobody over here because me and the Bank of England don't see eye to eye."

A firm believer in the decimal system, the Count will have nothing to do with the idea that there are twelve pence in a shilling. "Stands to reason that ten pences make a shilling," he argues. "Ten pennies make a dime, a hundred pennies make a dollar—everybody knows that. But who ever heard of twelve pennies making anything? It just ain't sensible."

The only time the Count accepts the twelve-pence value of the shilling without protest is on pay day. "It ain't worth me while to squawk then," he says. "The way I figure it is, if the Treasury of the United States wants to string along with this twelve-pence shilling game, what good is it for one man to try to raise a stink? Besides, if I was to hold out for the ten-pence shilling on pay day, I'd be out 784 pences. And that's a lot of pences."

Another thing that drives the Count nuts about English currency is the symbol "d." for penny. He claims that it's all a mistake and that what the British mean to write is "p."

"Must be just a slip on their part," he says irritably, when anyone challenges this theory. "Otherwise, it don't make sense. Naturally, if a word starts with 'p' they ain't going to intentionally use the initial 'd.' After all, what is these things you got wearing holes in your pants pockets? Dences or pences?"

The Private Life of PRIVATE THOMPSON

with apologies to JAMES THURBER

LIEUTENANT BLUER said, "I'll only be a minute," as he stepped out of the jeep. He spoke gently; everyone spoke gently to Private Thompson. Private Thompson didn't answer; he didn't act as though he'd heard. That's why everyone spoke gently to Private Thompson.

Private Thompson sat in the jeep. He muttered, "Damn the Army," which was probably the most profound observation he had ever made. He pressed against the back of the seat and grasped the wheel with both hands, trying to make himself comfortable. He stared sombrely out over the hood to where the narrow garrison street turned into a narrow macadam road that wound out into France. . . .

. . . A narrow macadam road lay ahead, scarred occasionally by shell fire and posted with signs that said the mines were cleared to hedges.

Sergeant Thompson stopped his jeep near the stalled tank and walked forward. The Luger he had taken from a dead German officer bumped gently against Sergeant Thompson's hip. The tank crew were in a group, with their helmets awry and their faces dripping sweat. The tank commander wiped his brow on his jacket sleeve and said, "I can't figure it out. There was nothing in our training to cover this." His voice was worried and perplexed.

Sergeant Thompson said quietly, "Can I be of assistance?" A Major walked from behind the tank. "Who are you?" he demanded.

Sergeant Thompson snapped a perfect salute. "I'm the tank patrol, sir," he said.

"Well," said the Major, "you can't do anything here. This tank's out of action."

"May I listen to it anyway, sir?"

The Major looked startled and the tank crew stood aghast at such effrontery, but Sergeant Thompson was calm. He was within his rights; he was a perfect soldier.

The Major grunted something and nodded to the tank commander. Sergeant Thompson lit a cigarette and stared meditatively through the smoke at the sky. The tank motor roared, but the machine didn't move. Sergeant Thompson snapped his cigarette away and signaled for silence. He was calm; he was in command of the situation. He said, "I'll need some chewing gum, a wood match and a fingernail file."

The Major looked at him incredulously. "Are you crazy, Sergeant? You can't fix a tank with trash like that?"

Sergeant Thompson was very cool. "Yes, I can, sir," he replied. "The piston rod has slipped too close to the baffle plate. I can fix it, sir."

The Major said, "I haven't got a finger-nail file." He was unsure of himself, and was beginning to feel respect for this competent young soldier.

The tank commander said, "I have what the Sergeant wants, sir." He produced a file and removed a wad of gum from his mouth.

Sergeant Thompson accepted the gum carefully in a cigarette paper. He climbed confidently into the tank. In a few seconds he was back wiping some slight smudges of oil off his hands on to a piece of waste. He lit another cigarette and let the smoke pour out of his nostrils.

"Try her now," he said quietly.

There was a slight clank when the motor started. Then the tank rolled forward, maneuvering powerfully up and down the narrow road. The Major seemed stunned. He stared at Sergeant Thompson.

"By God, sir," the Major said. "There'll be a commission out of this for you."

Sergeant Thompson was getting back into his jeep. He was very tired; the sleepless hours he had passed showed in the deep lines of his face. The bullet holes in his steel helmet and field jacket pointed clearly to how close he had been to death. He rested his hands on the steering wheel.

"Sir," he said, "I don't want any reward. It's enough to know I'm doing my part. Maybe they'll never hear of me back home; maybe I'll die up here somewhere all alone. But I'll know I've done my part."

Sergeant Thompson put the jeep in gear. He snapped a perfect salute, but the Major didn't return it. He was too deeply moved. There were tears in his eyes and in the eyes of all the tank crew as Sergeant Thompson drove away.

LIEUTENANT BLUER poked Private Thompson gently. He said, "I'm ready to go back to the company."

Private Thompson rubbed his eyes and muttered, "I could fix a tank."

The Lieutenant was not startled. He said, "I know you could, if you had to." He spoke gently. He had known Private Thompson a long while. Private Thompson put the jeep in gear and off they went.

When the jeep stopped, Lieutenant Bluer said, "You'd better come in. I may need you to carry some things for me."

In the orderly room the first sergeant said to Private Thompson, "Sit down," and indicated a chair. Private Thompson sat down. His eyes were wistful. . . .

. . . Captain Thompson leaned forward in his chair and accepted a cigar which the General offered. The General always offered cigars to men who were not expected to come back. The General was a hard man, but it was obvious that he hated to send one of his best officers to almost certain death. He sighed deeply as he moved back behind his desk. "I suppose you've been informed of the seriousness of the mission, Captain?" the General said.

Captain Thompson nodded. "It's been explained to me, sir," he said. "I've checked my weapons, and my Ranger equipment is in order."

The General said, "Good, you'll need every resource at your command."

The General puffed smoke at the ceiling. "You'll pass through the enemy lines tonight at exactly midnight at Sector 5½," he said, stabbing a finger at the map on his desk to indicate the spot. "I don't have to tell you that one mistake will mean your life."

"I'm certain I can make it, sir," Captain Thompson replied. "I'm one of the few people in the world who can see as well at night as in the day." Captain Thompson fixed the General with his pale, gold-flecked eyes.

The General glanced out of the window. There was a hint of moisture in his eyes. "Yes, I know, Captain," he said, with unaccustomed softness. "If you can't make it no one can, but you're one of our most able officers and I hate to see you go."

Suddenly, resolutely, the General heaved himself erect. He held out a filing box full of papers. "These are the secret documents," he said. "In the event you are captured, you must destroy them."

Captain Thompson stood up. Grim lines of determination had etched themselves into his hard, sunburnt face. He knew what was expected of him. He said, "In the event that happens, sir, I'll eat them." He reached forward for the box. . . .

. . . Lieutenant Bluer let go of the box. "You'll what?" he said, startled. Private Thompson walked stiffly out of the orderly room. Lieutenant Bluer followed him and gently took back the box. "I've forgotten something," he said. "Wait right here." He guided Private Thompson over to the wall of the orderly room and went back inside. . . .

. . . General Thompson stood with his back against the wall, and lit a cigarette with extreme care. His hands were steady, his nerves were like cold steel. He was ready.

The Nazi officer in charge of the firing squad approached with a black blindfold, but General Thompson waved him away. So this was the end. He was calm; he had faced death too many times to show fear now.

The Nazi officer was impressed by such iron courage. He stopped a few paces away and said in halting English, "Why didn't you surrender when you received the ultimatum? This is a most disagreeable task for me. I wish there were some other way."

General Thompson inhaled smoke deep into his lungs. "There is no other way," he replied coolly. "I held out because it was my duty. Every soldier must do his duty, just as you must do yours now."

The Nazi officer drew himself erect. "Yes," he said. "Duty comes above all. I regret——" His voice trailed off as he turned away and walked back to the squad. There were sharp commands. Rifles leaped to shoulders, bolts clicked sharply. General Thompson braced himself, he snapped the cigarette away, he stood at attention.

There was a long wait, and then finally the Nazi officer rasped another order. The firing squad hesitated visibly, then they returned the rifles to the ground. The Nazi officer walked slowly back to General Thompson. He said, "Sir, I can't do it."

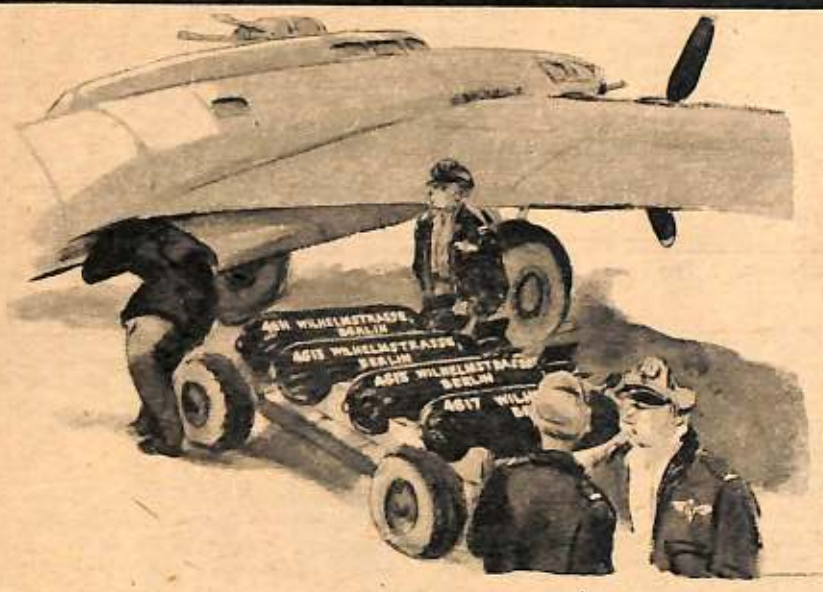
There were tears in his eyes. He drew the Luger at his hip and held it out, butt foremost. General Thompson said, "Thank you for this great honor," and gravely took over the weapon. . . .

. . . Lieutenant Bluer waited for Private Thompson's outstretched hands to grasp the filing box. He said, "That's all right, anytime at all." He spoke very gently. Everyone spoke gently to Private Thompson.

—By Sgt. F. M. THOMPSON

FRENCH MAQUIS AND POLICE EXAMINE ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF NAZI TERRORISM—A FIREPROOF AND SOUNDPROOF TORTURE CHAMBER IN PARIS WHERE FRENCH HOSTAGES WERE SLAIN.

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY



"HIS DAMNED SELF-CONFIDENCE GETS ME."
—Sgt. W. Buchholz

"WELL, WHAT ARE YOU GAPING AT?"
—Pvt. Tom Flannery

"THE POST-WAR PERIOD HOLDS NO TERRORS FOR ME. I CAN ALWAYS GO BACK TO MY PERMANENT RANK OF PFC IN THE REGULAR ARMY."