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

**SUPREME COMMANDER GENERAL DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER**—See pages 8 and 9.

AFTER THE MARINES LANDED AND TOOK OVER ON THE ISLAND OF TARAWA—A JAP PILLBOX BLASTED INTO RUBBISH AND STREWN WITH BODIES OF ITS DEFENDERS.

*This was the toughest battle in the history of the Marine Corps. They suffered losses of 1,026 dead and 2,557 wounded in the 76-hour fight.*


SOME PARCHED AND WEARY MARINES TAKE TIME OUT FOR A DRINK OF WATER, DRAWN FROM A TRAILER-TANK ON TARAWA, WITH A DEAD JAP LYING CLOSE BY.

# DEATH BATTLE AT TARAWA

**By Sgt. JOHN BUSHEMI**
**YANK Staff Correspondent**

BETIO, TARAWA, GILBERT ISLANDS—Even the dead marines were determined to reach Tarawa's shore.

As one Higgins landing boat roared toward the dry sand, you could see a hand clutching its side. It was the hand of a marine, frozen in the grip of death.

The 2d Marine Division took this island because its men were willing to die. They kept on coming in the face of a heavy Jap defense, and though they paid the stiffest price in human life per square yard that was ever paid in the history of the Marine Corps, they won this main Jap base in the Gilbert Islands in 76 hours.

Out of two battalions—2,000 to 3,000 men—thrown onto the beach in the first assault at 0830 only a few hundred men escaped death or injury. Officer casualties were heavy. And still the marines kept coming. The Leathernecks died with one thought—to get there.

Before dawn of the first day of the invasion, the Navy opened up with a tremendous bombardment. Carrier planes dropped 800 tons of bombs while battleships, cruisers and destroyers hurled 2,000 tons of shells on an area 2¼ miles long and at no point more than 800 yards wide. This was Betio, the fortified airstrip that is the main island of 26 comprising the Tarawa atoll.

The marines were to hit the sandy beach immediately after these softening-up operations ceased, and everybody on the boats was happy because it seemed like very effective fire, the kind of intense blasting that would make the Japs "bomb happy." But that wasn't the way it worked out.

The Japs were too well dug in. Their blockhouses were of concrete five feet thick, with palm-tree trunks 18 inches in diameter superimposed on the concrete. And superimposed on the trees were angle irons, made of railroad steel. On top of these were 10 to 12 feet of sand and coral rock. Only a direct hit by a 2,000-pound bomb would cave in or destroy such blockhouses.

The Jap pillboxes were built out of sand-filled oil drums, buttressed by heavy coconut logs and then sandbags. Air-raid shelters were constructed from coconut tree trunks, piled high in two walls, with coral sand filling the space in between. Our heavy machine guns and 75s couldn't penetrate these emplacements or knock out the enemy eight-inch shore batteries and machine guns that were awaiting our assault waves.

Daylight had been chosen for the assault because it permitted naval gunfire and aviation as support, and because a night attack might have caused the boats to miss the beaches. But there was another important reason:

It was flood tide. At low tide the coral shelf that forms Betio and the rest of Tarawa atoll is practically dry; at high tide there is 4½ feet of water at the shore line, and it gets deeper farther out. The assault was timed to take advantage of the flood tide.

Then the unexpected happened. A sudden shift of wind swept the water back from the beaches. Many of the Higgins boats piled up on a treacherous table reef of coral, barely submerged in the water. The marines were forced to debark and wade in the rest of the way—some 500 to 800 yards—in the face of murderous Japanese fire with no protection.

Those few hundred yards seemed like a million miles. Even before the boats went aground on the reef, the Japs opened up with rifles, machine guns, heavy mortars, 75-mm and 90-mm guns. But the marines kept coming on, across the corpses of other marines whose lifeless heads were bobbing in the water.

The assault was made against three designated beaches by three battalion landing teams. One of the teams was so powerfully opposed that only two companies could land. Many casualties were the result of a Jap trick. Snipers, hidden in the hulk of a wrecked Jap sailing vessel on the reef, let the marines move in beyond the hulk and then shot them down from behind.

Just after noon a reinforcing wave of Hig-

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gins boats was sent in. Five-inch automatic Jap weapons on the flank blew two of the boats out of the water. Several companies were shifted against the Jap flanking position to protect the passage of new reinforcements.

Then the Hellcat fighters, TBFs and dive-bombers worked over the area for about an hour, from 1430 to 1530, flying sometimes only 60 feet off the water. No point on Betio was much more than 10 feet above sea level except where the Japs had built up their emplacements.

After the planes, two U. S. minesweepers went in and tried to trade punches with the shore batteries. Then two destroyers pushed into the lagoon and fired at close range, 700 to 900 yards. Then more planes. We had absolute aerial supremacy; the greatest number of Jap planes seen at Betio at any one time was six.

MEANWHILE the blood-and-guts landing operation was continuing. Ten or 15 feet from the high-tide mark on Betio's narrow beaches, the Japs had constructed walls of coconut logs as a barrier to tanks. Marines rushed the beaches and scaled the chin-high walls in the face of Jap machine guns.

Behind the barricade the island was ringed with about 500 pillboxes, so arranged that when you fought your way past one of the pillboxes you were moving into the cross-fire of two inner pillboxes.

In the shallows, on the beaches and before the Jap emplacements, marines died by squads. In less than 100 yards on the beach and within 20 yards of machine-gun emplacements, 105 marines were killed. But others kept advancing until at last they took the emplacements and wiped out the Jap gunners.

By the end of the first day, the three battalion landing teams and reinforcements had secured little more than a toehold—three small beachheads from 70 to 150 yards in depth. The men dug in and held on there through the night. They established all-around security with orders to shoot anything that moved. There were local efforts at counterattacking. During the night, some artillery was brought ashore.

The second day the marines began widening their beachheads and improving their positions. The center battalion pushed ahead until it was stymied by pillboxes and blockhouses. This same day reinforcements, including some light and medium tanks, were landed on the comparatively lightly defended west end of the island, and they pushed east down the airstrip, which forms a diagonal line across the island, to the point where the advanced marines were being held up by the pillboxes. The Hellcats were called in again to strafe the area while the battleships and cruisers pounded from offshore. Then Marine infantry and tanks advanced.

After the second day the battalion was able to penetrate to the opposite shore of Betio, by-passing or destroying the stubborn pillboxes and blockhouses, and by this time the critical period was past. But the fighting was not "officially" over until 76 hours had passed from the time of the assault, and even then there was still a handful of Jap snipers in trees and dugouts that had to be picked off.

In all, an enemy force of about 4,500 defenders was wiped out, including about 3,500 Imperial marines and 1,000 laborers. Fewer than 200 of the defenders surrendered, most of them laborers. Tarawa was taken by less than a division of U. S. Marines. We suffered the loss of 1,026 men killed and 2,557 wounded.

Within four days the Tarawa airfield had been put into working condition by Seabees, who followed the first waves of marines while fighting still was in progress. American planes are now operating from Tarawa as an advanced base.

Supplies were unloaded in the shadow of a Jap ship bombed by the Air Force.

# "Makin Taken"

## A sergeant from the 165th Infantry—New York's "Fighting 69th" of first World War fame—tells about the Gilbert invasion.

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Correspondent

A CENTRAL PACIFIC BASE—As his landing boat edged toward the white sand and coral beach of Makin Island in the Gilberts, Sgt. Walter Schliessman fingered the right breast pocket of his two-piece herringbone fatigues. Inside the pocket were two pictures, one of his baby daughter Mary, whom he's never seen, the other of his wife, whom he last saw in October 1941 on a 15-day furlough at his West Bayside home on Long Island, N. Y.

Up ahead of the landing boat, Navy planes flew low over the island, strafing Jap machine-gun positions and pillboxes. The sky was bright with the fires of burning Jap warehouses, shacks and barracks. An oil dump exploded. There were occasional brief bursts of ack-ack. Jap machine-gun slugs sizzled overhead, piercing the top of the barge.

But as Schliessman remembers it now, the whole thing didn't seem much different from amphibious operations in training—except for the Japs. "I'd been getting ready for a fight for three years and a month," he said later, "and there it was and I wasn't excited. I was scared, of course. I'm no hero—and no liar, either."

Ever since Oct. 15, 1940, Schliessman and most of the rest of the 165th Infantry of the 27th Division had been training for the battle of Makin—15 months at Fort McClelland, Ala., and in the Pacific since April 1942. They'd trained so long that they'd come to think they weren't going to do any fighting. "We walked for almost three years," Schliessman said, "I mean, that's about all we seemed to do—train like hell and walk. I figure if we'd kept going straight, we'd have circled the globe twice at the equator. We're probably the walkingest outfit in the Army."

The 165th Infantry is the old "Fighting 69th" of first World War fame under a new name, and until just before they left for the Gilbert Islands, the men were calling their outfit "the Non-Fighting 69th." Almost all of the original members were National Guardsmen from Manhattan and Brooklyn and Long Island, N. Y. A lot of them were Irish. And all of them knew the legends of Father Francis Duffy, the 69th's chaplain in the last war, who got the DSC and the DSM; of Col. William J. (Wild Bill) Donovan, who won the Congressional Medal; of Joyce Kilmer, the soldier-poet of the 69th, who died in the battle of the Marne. They all knew the 69th hadn't missed fighting in a war since the Revolution, and they were disappointed because it looked as if this one would be an exception.

"I'd never have been able to go back to Long Island if I hadn't got at least one Jap," Schliessman says. He got seven confirmed and several probables in the Makin action.

Jap machine guns opened up when the boats were still 500 yards offshore. About 325 yards farther in, Schliessman's boat ran aground on a ridge of coral. The ramp was lowered and the men started toward the beach. The water was up to their chests and at least two of the men of Schliessman's boat lost their rifles. A couple were hit, gasped once or twice and died.

Schliessman carried his Garand with bayonet fixed, K rations for two days, a pouch of high-explosive and fragmentation grenades, a cartridge belt, a first-aid kit, a trench knife and an extra bandolier. He didn't run, the way they do in the movies. A slow walk was the best anyone could manage.

In his hip pocket the sergeant had a map of the entire island, one he had drawn himself, showing the sandy beaches, occasional clusters of coconut palms, the chief Jap installations and the particular objective his own and two other platoons were heading for. This was a Jap tank trap, spotted and remembered by Carlson's Raiders in August 1942. Lt. Col. Jimmy Roosevelt, USMC, who was second in command on that Makin raid, was along this time as an observer and "playing coach" with the 27th Division.

"Since our fourth day on the transport," Schliessman said, "we'd gone over every detail of the assault in a series of daily meetings in

the officers' ward room. Not just the officers and noncoms—everybody. Every private knew as much about the over-all picture as his company commander. That's the way it was and that's the way it should be."

When Schliessman's squad reached the sandy strip of the beach at Makin Island, everybody sought cover—Pvt. Leslie Westberry of Odum, Ga., the first scout; Pvt. Damon Heath of Magnolia, Ky., rifleman; Pvt. Clarence Winkler of Hazel Crest, Ill., assistant BAR man; Cpl. Guido Persiani of Chicago Heights, Ill., assistant squad leader; Pvt. William Page of Holden, Mo., second scout; Pvt. William Henry of Michigan and Pvt. Donald Wright of Eureka, Calif., riflemen; and Pvt. Otis O'Neal of Bethany, Mo., assistant BAR man. Schliessman ducked behind what must have been a Jap storehouse. There were sacks of cement outside its frame, or what was left of it. Now it was only a smoldering ruin.

It took maybe 30 seconds to get themselves organized. Then they started the slow trek across Makin. Their plan was to bisect the coral island, then make a sharp turn to the right, advance about 300 yards and take the tank trap.

If Schliessman had learned anything at all during his three years of training—during the weeks spent on the assault course, on the combat firing course, on the combat-in-cities course and on the jungle-training course—it was to keep his men spread apart and to hit the ground low and hit it fast when machine guns started firing.

Each man in the squad was about 10 paces from any other man. They walked slowly, once in a while crawling on their bellies, occasionally stooping a little, usually standing erect. The machine-gun fire had stopped as soon as they hit the beach, and what few Japs they saw were withdrawing fast. None was close enough to be killed.

It took perhaps a half hour to cross the island. It was a quiet, almost unopposed crossing. Then they made their right turn and almost immediately ran into a Jap. As they approached a small wooden shack, the Jap, smartly dressed in an OD shirt and expensive-looking trousers, ran outside screaming. He seemed to be hysterical, and though he carried a rifle he made no attempt to fire it.

Schliessman hit the Jap with a slug in the right leg and the Jap dropped. Then Westberry fired and hit him in the head. Altogether Schliessman and Westberry put five slugs in the Jap. When they looked the body over, they found a wrist watch that looked new but had been shattered by one of the slugs. Westberry grabbed the Jap's rifle; it, too, was new.

Their next engagement was outside of what looked like a bomb shelter—a dugout covered with coconut logs and rising about four feet above the ground, with circular, rough-hewn entrances at each end. Schliessman threw a grenade inside. There was the sound of a dull explosion, and maybe 10 seconds later an unarmed Jap emerged. As he came out, Page, who was on the roof of the shelter, made a slight noise. The Jap whirled around and Schliessman instantly killed him with a quick shot in the back, shouting: "The hell with you, the hell with you, you dirty son of a bitch." Page gave the Jap another slug in the forehead but the first shot had been enough. He was a very dead Jap.

Then Schliessman lobbed another grenade into the shelter. Inside he could hear a tense, excited jabber of Japanese. A second man came out, this one in dark, apparently civilian, clothes. "Westberry and I shot hell out of him. We fired about seven or eight slugs apiece. He fell a few feet from the other Jap."

Page tossed another grenade in the shelter and Winkler sprayed the entrance with BAR fire. After that there wasn't any more jabbering. No one bothered to go inside and find out how many Japs had been killed. By this time the sun was bright and sweat poured down everyone's face. "It isn't the heat," cracked Page, "it's the humidity."

When they reached the tank trap, the men in Schliessman's squad threw themselves into zigzag trenches on both sides, into abandoned shellholes and shallow foxholes. Two other squads in the platoon, led by 2d Lt. Charles Yarborough, a slow-talking Texan, shared the trenches and holes with Schliessman's men, and with the men of two other platoons. There were no Japs anywhere in sight, although nobody could be sure about the coconut palms. Any one of them might have contained snipers.

"We built our defenses under brush," Schliessman said, "and Lt. Yarborough threw a smoke bomb to let the others know we were there. Then we began to wait. We stayed there all the rest of the day and all night, just holding and waiting.

"Maybe some guys slept. I didn't. I didn't eat, either. I just chewed two sticks of gum from my rations. My mouth felt dry and I kept hearing Jap rifle and machine-gun fire. For some reason it has a high pitch—sort of soprano.

"At 0330 the moon came out, and we kept firing at the slightest sound. Our orders were to fire at any noise at all, not to ask any questions, just fire. About 0430 I heard noise in the undergrowth nearby and I tossed a grenade at the spot, warning everybody to dig deep. I don't know whether I got a Jap there or not.

"About 0530 somebody spotted four lonely figures coming down the trail toward the tank trap. They looked silly as hell, half-covered with coconut fronds and trying to camouflage themselves. Two other men and I fired, and all four Japs fell, one by one. I fired 13 rounds at them."

THE battle began all over again at daybreak and with increased intensity. Not far offshore were the small rusting hulks of two aging Jap boats, and sometime during the night a few Japs must have swum to them with machine guns—or perhaps the machine guns were already there.

When it began getting light, the Japs opened up on the tank trap and everybody was pinned to the ground for almost an hour, helpless. Then a Navy plane came over and bombed and strafed the hulks for a few minutes. It was quiet after that.

Schliessman got his last Jap in a coconut palm about 25 yards from his shellhole. Picking off the sniper was simple. Later in the morning scouts went out in patrols of two and three, spraying every tree with fire. That was the only way. The Japs were tied in the trees, sitting on burlap bags just above the lowest branches, and even after they were dead, they didn't fall out but simply hung there ludicrously.

By late afternoon the battle was over, except for killing a few stray snipers, and Makin belonged to the men of the 27th Division. Maj. Gen. Ralph Smith, who commanded the division, messaged Rear Adm. Richmond Turner, commanding all amphibious operations in the Gilberts: "Makin taken."

*As they approached a small wooden shack, the Jap, smartly dressed in an OD shirt and expensive slacks, ran outside screaming. He seemed to be hysterical.*

# THE TREE

By S/Sgt JAMES DUGAN

*"Listen to me," said the Demon, as he placed his hand upon my head. "The region of which I speak is a dreary region in Libya, by the borders of the River Zaire. And there is no quiet or silence."*

SILENCE—A Fable, by Edgar Allan Poe.

* * *

IT was evening, and the Liberator *Big Job* was returning from a mission to an airdrome in Italy. The pilot and his crew, fresh from training in the States, were just completing their second raid.

As night fell they realized sickeningly that they were lost. At 0345 hours, *Big Job* ran out of gas; red lights showed in the cockpit. The pilot feathered the four engines and the crew hastily parachuted from about 6,000 feet.

Four of the crew gathered immediately—Lt. Milo Rasmusson, the Wisconsin navigator; the co-pilot, Lt. Oscar Street of French Lick, Indiana; and two gunners, S/Sgt John P. Gomez of North Bergen, New Jersey, and S/Sgt Royce O. Magee, Tylertown, Mississippi. They began to yell for the others, but could locate none of their six comrades. They decided to stay where they had landed, until morning. They made beds out of their chutes on the strange rocky ground, slept three hours until dawn and then started out on a search.

The morning light revealed the puzzling terrain as a great waste of gnarled and broken black lava, with ragged ridges and cracks, and scattered patches of sand. They climbed some of the rugged lava formations "just walking around and looking."

In a few minutes they saw two white parachutes spread out on the black landscape and were reunited with two more gunners, Dale P. Wilson of West Virginia, and Elmer H. Renk of Pittsburgh. Renk had a gash in his leg and had lost blood.

They took stock of their situation. The crew was dressed in desert khaki and wore G.I. shoes. The mission had been a medium altitude flight and no altitude equipment had been worn. They had no arms, no rations, no sun helmets, no flare pistol, and no water, except for a few ounces in Magee's canteen. There were several dime-sized compasses but they didn't mean much in that endless bed of lava, where it took hours to travel a mile.

"The walking was very rough," said Royce Magee. "You had to find a rock you could step on before you could even move."

Renk and three of the others had wounds and severe sprains.

They decided to start slowly in a northerly direction to find water and try to attract rescuers. Gunner Magee and co-pilot Street, who were in the best physical condition, were to go on ahead, with the other four following as well as they could.

"We expected to find Wogs or camels or anything," said Magee, "and get help for the other guys."

They walked throughout the heat of the day, looking back at their mates diminishing in the black waste. They walked until late in the afternoon, when they lost all sight of the others behind.

The lieutenant and the sergeant were hot and parched. They found shelter from the scorching sun in some large cracks in the lava and crawled in. They thought about the four missing members of the crew who had never appeared. Lt. Street had been the next to last man to jump and the pilot had been all set to follow him immediately.

Magee and Street spread out a piece of parachute in the fissure and waited for sunset. Out in the tumbled bed of lava, heat waves eddied up over the horizon. The grotesque shapes of the lava swam gently around them like a black sea.

When it grew cooler they started to walk again.

**Mostly, it's just poets who rave about trees. Poets—and these six flyers, forced down in a hell of lava and stranded there for twelve thirst-ridden days.**

They walked until they could not find another rock to carry them on their tortured search.

"We must have walked ten miles that first day," said Magee.

They saw no signs of life, except an occasional dwarf shrub and a few little birds.

"I don't know how the birds survived," said Magee. "I guess it was because they could fly and we couldn't."

They slept wrapped in the chute, huddling together in the cold. But they didn't sleep well. They were too thirsty. They began walking again early in the cool dawn, when it was possible to bear their thirst. They wondered vaguely about the radio operator's SOS, sent out in the last minutes of the flight. T/Sgt Thomas F. McDermott of Providence, R.I., had not been seen after the bail-out.

They walked until the sun was full again and their throats rattled when they swallowed. As they were about to crawl into another crack to escape from the sun, they saw a tree three or four miles ahead of them.

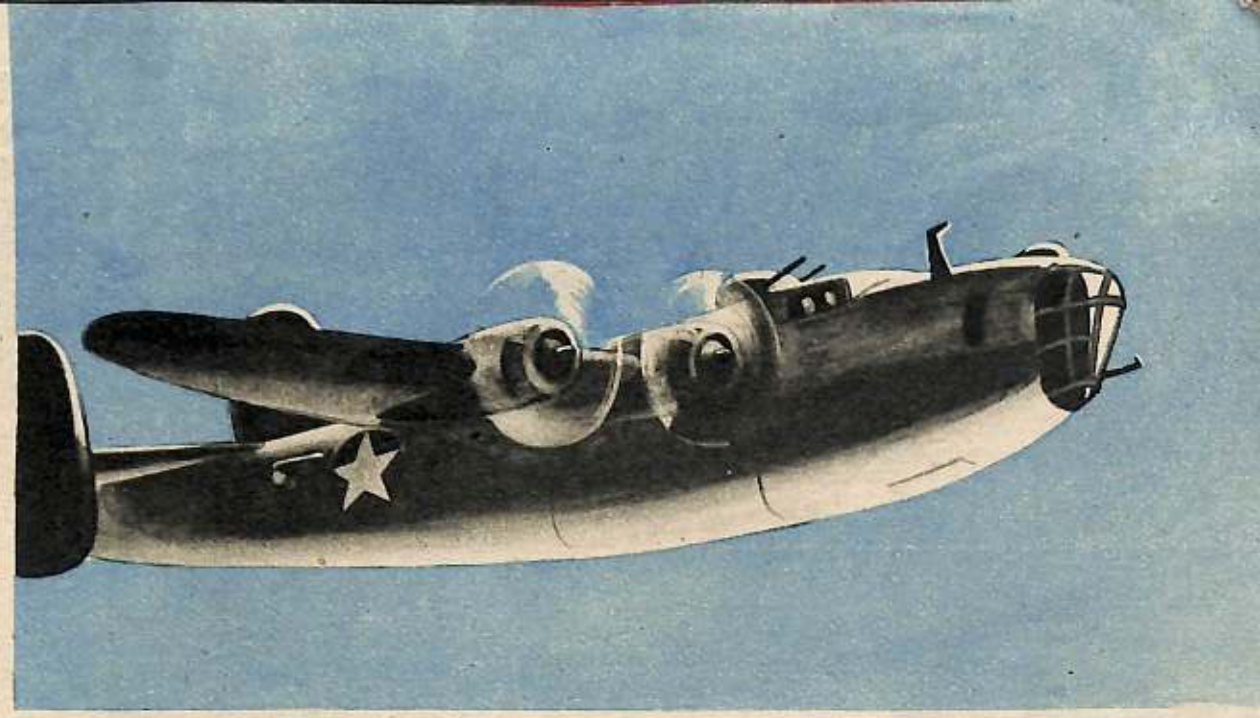
"The tree was very large," said Magee. "We thought sure we'd find water there."

They arrived at the tree at noon, and the tree was down in a hole in the rock where all the water drained in. But there wasn't any water there.

The gunner and the co-pilot fell exhausted in the meagre shade of the tree, and lay there spiritless throughout the fiery afternoon.

IT was near sundown when they heard aircraft motors far off in the dancing heat. They got to their feet and waved their bit of parachute. A green-camouflaged Liberator appeared and roared in low near the tree. They saw the insignia of *Joisey Bounce*, one of the B-24s of their own squadron. McDermott's SOS had been heard!

The pilot of *Joisey Bounce*, Lt. Walt Stewart, came in past the marooned fliers a second time. Magee held up his canteen and pointed at it desperately. The air crew threw out their personal canteens full of water.



Six canteens crashed into the flinty lava and broke. Magee and Street fell, got up, fell again, crawled a little way, and reached them. One after another of the split water bottles was empty. They licked the rocks for a few drops of water. *Joisey Bounce* disappeared.

Two more Liberators came in and threw out another can, and some packages. They ran to the can and unscrewed the cap. No water came out. It was a message can, of the type used by Air-Sea Rescue Service of the RAF to drop messages to airmen on life rafts. It contained a very dry note.

"SUPPLY SHIP COMING SOON. YOU ARE 320 MILES SOUTH OF BASE. HAVE FOUND FOUR OTHER CREW MEMBERS 7 MILES SOUTH-EAST OF YOU. HAVE DROPPED VERY PISTOL AND K RATIONS."

Magee and Street lay on their piece of dirty parachute and read the note. "We didn't care anything about food," said Magee. "We wanted only one thing in the world—water."

The fliers lay under the tree for three more days, unmoving and undisturbed. The lava heat rippled around them and morose little birds appeared and disappeared. No motors were heard in the brassy Libyan sky.

On the fifth day of their exile a Liberator appeared over them at several thousand feet. The two men under the tree had to struggle to think. They realized dimly that they were lost and this airplane was looking for them. The airplane didn't know exactly where they were. This was the most desperate moment of the ordeal, thinking that the plane above them might lose them again. They thought and acted as if in a slow-motion picture. But they managed to shoot the flare pistol.

The plane was piloted again by Walt Stewart. For three days patrols had been unable to find the lost men. Stewart finally said: "I can take you right to the place." He brought the chaplain along. The padre was vomiting in the fuselage from air sickness. Most of the crew were ill from the bumpy ride over the desert heat waves, from straining their eyes into the shifting and swimming wastes. Stewart saw the flares and went in low and buzzed the tree.

He dropped a five-gallon can of water and some cases of food. Street and Magee saw the can hit a thousand yards from them and disappear in the tumbled lava. The thought of water was enough to revive the dying men. They got up, stumbled, fell, and staggered towards the can.

There were two gallons left in the battered water can. They drank a gallon between them and sat grinning madly at each other through cracked lips. They were not strong enough to carry the remainder of the water back to the tree. They crawled slowly, their heads hanging down, feeling the water slosh in their stomachs as they labored back to the tree.

They slept some more and rested until the cool hours of the day. Then they stood erectly and walked to the water can. They brought in the food. There were cans of grapefruit juice, peaches and pears, C rations—canned beef stew, pork and beans—and a new chute, as well as more flare shells. With a skyborne can-opener they opened the grapefruit juice and shared it, feeling like kings of the world. They ate a can of peaches. They went into their palace of shade under the lonely tree and slept.

The next day the burning lava was not the same. Street and Magee looked at it and defied it. They were safe with their gallon of water and their food. They felt strong.

On the eighth day a RAF Wellington came to the tree and dropped a note asking for a heading on the rest of the crew. Street drew an arrow in a patch of sand and the Wellington flew south-east. It came back and dropped a note: "DO YOU NEED ANYTHING?"

Street wrote: "WATER" in the sand. Four canteens were dropped. All burst. Street wrote: "WATER BURSTING." The Wellington flew away.

ON the ninth day a Liberator appeared and flung them a well-packed seabag with five-gallon and two-gallon cans of water in it. The pack did not break. There was also more food.

Magee said: "That was our brightest moment. We had enough water and food to last it out. The plane dropped a note saying a rescue party would be along within five days."

On the tenth day a Wellington notified them that a rescue party was in the area, proceeding towards them. They were to start shooting flares in 24 hours. There was more water.

On the eleventh day a RAF plane was back with a note saying they should begin shooting flares at five-minute intervals. "RESCUE PARTY NEAR YOU." Soon they saw a column of dust in the north.

The rescuers arrived on the afternoon of the eleventh day since *Big Job* had strewn her crew in the remote depths of Libya. There were three six-wheeled trucks of the British Army Long Range Rescue Service, manned by ten Indian soldiers, commanded by a Capt. Gardner.

They tried to tell Capt. Gardner how glad they were to see him. He sucked his pipe and said: "I see," at intervals.

The Indian troops gathered up the small mound of supplies that had been dropped and the convoy moved off to pick up their four comrades.

At dusk they found them. A tent had been dropped and the castaways had insulated it with a parachute. The four had undergone greater hardship from lack of water than Street and Magee. Renk was in a serious condition with a festered leg wound. Water was shared out and the party moved out in the evening.

That night, they met four more trucks of the rescue convoy, carrying a medical officer who looked after the sick and wounded. There were three English troopers and a Sudanese detachment. The British soldiers took good care of the fliers.

Travelling slowly out of the lava on the twelfth day, stopping often to remove rocks from the trail, the convoy covered 25 miles to an Arab village.

"The Wogs came out with bowls of sour goat milk to show their hospitality," said Magee. "We drank some—kinda tasted of it, so as not to offend them."

The British troopers cooked a meal of corned beef hash and onions that pleased the castaways better.

IT was 60 miles before the lava bed was crossed. On the first stretches of sand possible to land aircraft two Wellingtons were waiting. The men slept under the great wings of the Wimpies and were flown back to base on the morning of the fourteenth day.

They went to a hospital for a week and then came back to duty. The radio man, McDermott, was rescued by Arabs, but no trace was ever found of the other three crew members.

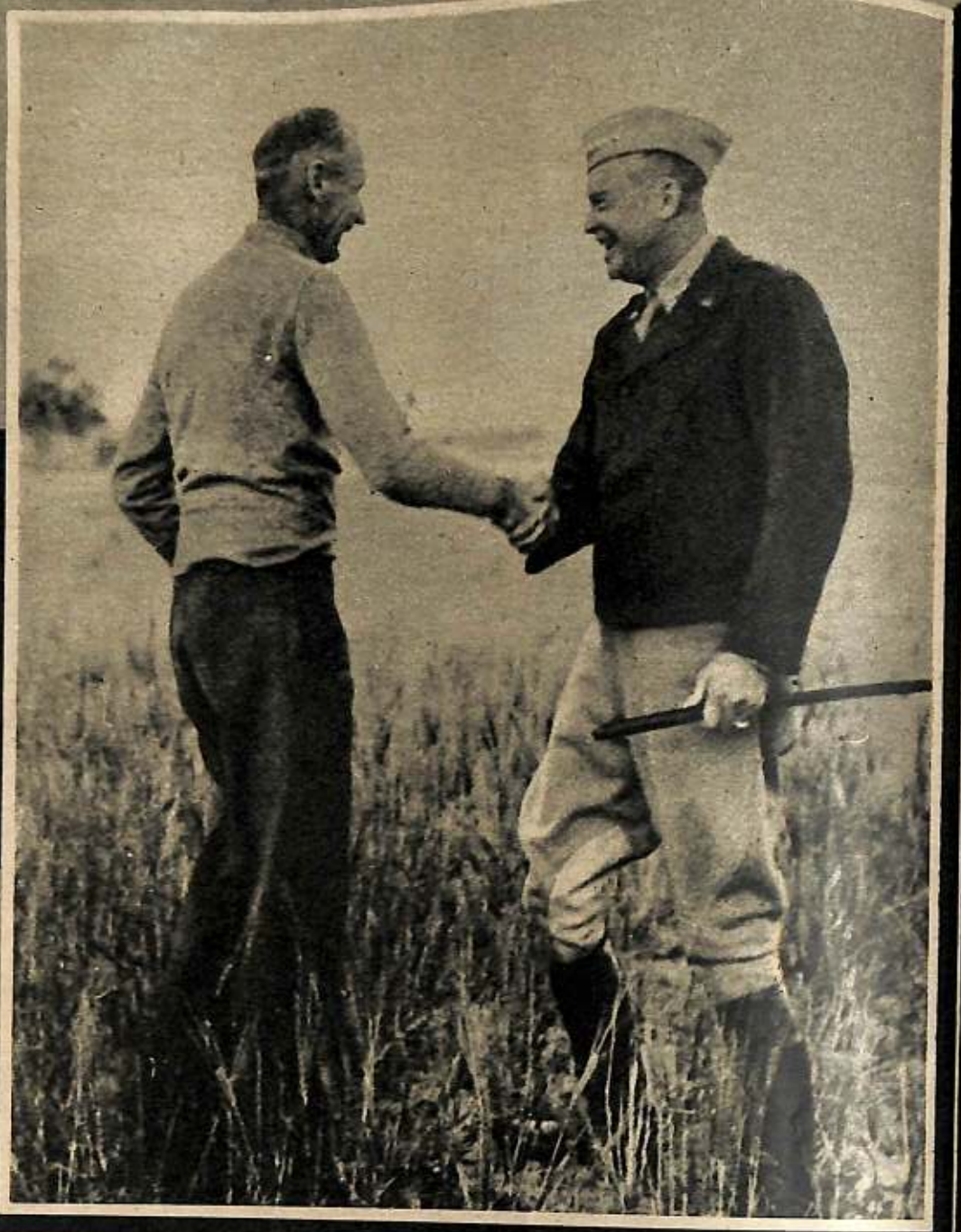
There was no difficulty after that in finding any of the survivors of *Big Job* around the desert drome. They wore full canteens on their belts everywhere they went.

* * *

*"And as the Demon made an end to his story, he fell back within the cavity of the tomb and laughed."*

**As the curtain rose on the last act of the great drama, and the principal characters stepped into their roles, an expectant world audience rose to applaud the man who once said he had—**

# "...an urgent date with GERMANY"



OUT of this past week of war—a week whose great events included the relentless pounding of the Germans' winter defense line in White Russia, the bloody inch by inch advance of the 5th and 8th Armies in Italy, and the stepping up in pace and strength of Allied smashes on Japanese strongholds in the Pacific—came the announcement of the new top leadership which will direct the frontal assault on Hitler's European prison.

These are the names of a winning combination—General Dwight D. Eisenhower as supreme commander, Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, deputy supreme commander, General Sir Bernard Montgomery commanding the British armies, General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson in charge in the Mediterranean, General Sir Harold Alexander as over-all chief of operations in Italy, Lieutenant General Carl Spaatz in command of American strategic bombing against the German homeland.

These names belong to men who led armies to victory in Africa, and set the framework in Italy within which Germany faces defeat. They bridge the gap between the dark days of German advances deep into Russia and toward Alexandria, and the rounding-up of the remains of the Afrika Korps at Cape Bon. And eventually they may be the names of the men who will give Allied soldiers their last marching orders—toward home.

In supreme command is General "Ike" Eisenhower, who, in his busier moments engineered the gigantic landing operations in North Africa and Sicily, who smoothed out the difficulties of cooperation among British, American, and French commanders. In his lighter moments this blond, friendly, yet absolutely professional soldier is something of a good poker player. Twenty-eight years is the span of his military career—from 1915 until today. And within that span he has risen from a 2nd lieutenant at the age of 25 to supreme commander, at 53, of one of the greatest military undertakings ever to confront any man.

In a superficial way, General "Ike's" advancement from a 2nd lieutenant in World War I to a supreme commander in World War II might be likened to the career of a certain corporal in World War I who rose to supreme command over the lives (and the deaths, millions of them) of the German Reich in World War II. But this unwelcome parallel in the careers of General "Ike" and Adolf Hitler ends with the contemplation of a single large fact—namely that "Ike" is going to win a war for democracy and the little corporal is going to lose a war for Fascism.

Essentially, the appointment of "Ike" Eisenhower embodies an enormous idea. For, as he steps into his new job, he becomes the first American ever destined to stand on the soil of Europe as a supreme commander of a military expedition that combines armies of our own and other nations.

In many, many ways the Nazis must find the new leader of the Allies in the west an extremely tough dose to swallow. First of all he showed them in Africa that there are brainy military strategists outside the Wilhelmstrasse. Secondly, the ancestry of General "Ike" is one of those mixed ancestries so distasteful to the Nazi "bloodline" experts. The General's family left Germany in the middle of the 17th century and lived in Switzerland for a while. "Ike's" own branch of the family then came overseas and settled in the Lancaster-York region of Pennsylvania. Later, the family went westward to Kansas in the 1870s and '80s where David J. Eisenhower, father of the General, married Ida Elizabeth Stover, who came of English stock.

With English, Scotch-Irish and German blood in his veins, General "Ike" becomes, by Nazi standards, one of the "inferior" men who is making life particularly difficult for the "Master Race."

WHAT must be even tougher for the Germans to take is that the General is not one of those traditional Army men such as the Germans have bred for hundreds of years in Prussia. It is even known that the General reads books—not only military stuff into which he has dug deeply enough, but also funny books, and books of a social character. Also he believes in allegiance to the democratic idea, in which no German general in his right mind has ever been known to believe.

This lean-faced, scholarly "Ike" Eisenhower with the eyeglasses and the smile that seems to come so easily is a professional, trained soldier, a West Pointer. But his father was no military man before him. David Eisenhower was a farmer, engineer and icemaker. And the General, as a boy, went through the public and high schools of Abilene, Kansas. He worked as a cowpuncher, ditchdigger, and farmer and took a turn at professional baseball.

**THEY'RE TOPS!** . . . **And no mistake, anyway you choose to look at it. Together, Monty and Ike—as they're known to all the worthwhile world—have done it once. Together, they're about to do it again.**

GENERAL SIR HAROLD ALEXANDER, Commander-in-Chief of Allied Armies in Italy.

But it isn't altogether true to say that the General does not come out of a military tradition. It's a tradition all right, but not of the German kind. At different, critical periods America has produced her first-rate military men. "Old Hickory" Andrew Jackson, a border Indian fighter and hero of the Battle of New Orleans, was one of them. Ulysses S. Grant, a West Pointer who went back to his father's leather business in Illinois, was another. Grant leaped with great speed from lieutenant to commanding general in the Civil War.

Our tradition has always produced first-rate commanders under the pressure of events. And that is the tradition behind General "Ike" who is "an affable and genial man . . . keenly and personally interested in waging war against the Nazis. Everything about Hitler is abhorrent to him."

As far as the American enlisted man is concerned, he will go into battle under the command of a winner. General "Ike" is the man who had the responsibility of planning the successful campaigns of North Africa and Sicily. In the two amphibious operations (the landings in North Africa and Sicily), he demonstrated his mastery of the details of modern warfare. These were operations which required the perfect co-ordination and timing of men, ships and planes on a scale never before attempted in military history.

The attack on Sicily which finally knocked out Italy and made a homeless wanderer of a certain Mr. Mussolini who could find hospitality only in the lion's mouth of Berlin, took 38 days. It was featured by tremendous and sustained aerial attack, by the follow-up of artillery, and then men and tanks on a scale never before mustered up by the Anglo-American forces. It must have told the Nazis that here at last was the successful combination of leaders, organization and materiel that would eventually destroy them.

This, then, is the new supreme boss, a man of decision, who knows and has said that men will be lost, but who also knows how to win, who "had to make up his mind on how he should dispose of his forces during the lull (during a critical battle in Tunisia). Should he hold on to what he had and make the Germans pay for every yard they advanced? Or should he clear out of Tunisia and regroup in Algeria? He chose to hold on to what he had . . . He went forward to the front many times in a Flying Fortress and held conferences under the wing of the plane on rainy days. On jeep trips to the front he sometimes covered as much as 200 miles a day."

The new supreme commander was, up to a year ago, a colonel. In one swift jump he became permanent major general; his temporary rank is full general. "Like Hollywood, the Army likes to type its officers." "Ike" was considered solely the "brainy" desk-type of general. But in North Africa and Sicily his desk was next door to the heavy guns.

From 1915 until December 7th, 1941, he was a quiet, unpublicized officer, deep in military studies mostly, with time out for training command posts. He never got overseas during World War I but commanded tank troops at Camp Dix, and the men whom he sent off to France were our first thoroughly trained tank units. He was slated to leave for France on a certain November 12th, but the Armistice took place November 11th.

After the war, he attended Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and the Army War College in Washington, and from this schooling he emerged with top honors.

In Manila he was adviser to General MacArthur. After Pearl Harbor all that long training and ability of General "Ike" came to the surface and showed. In the Louisiana maneuvers in the fall of 1941 he demonstrated field leadership in a manner that could not be ignored. Soon after, the plums began to fall.

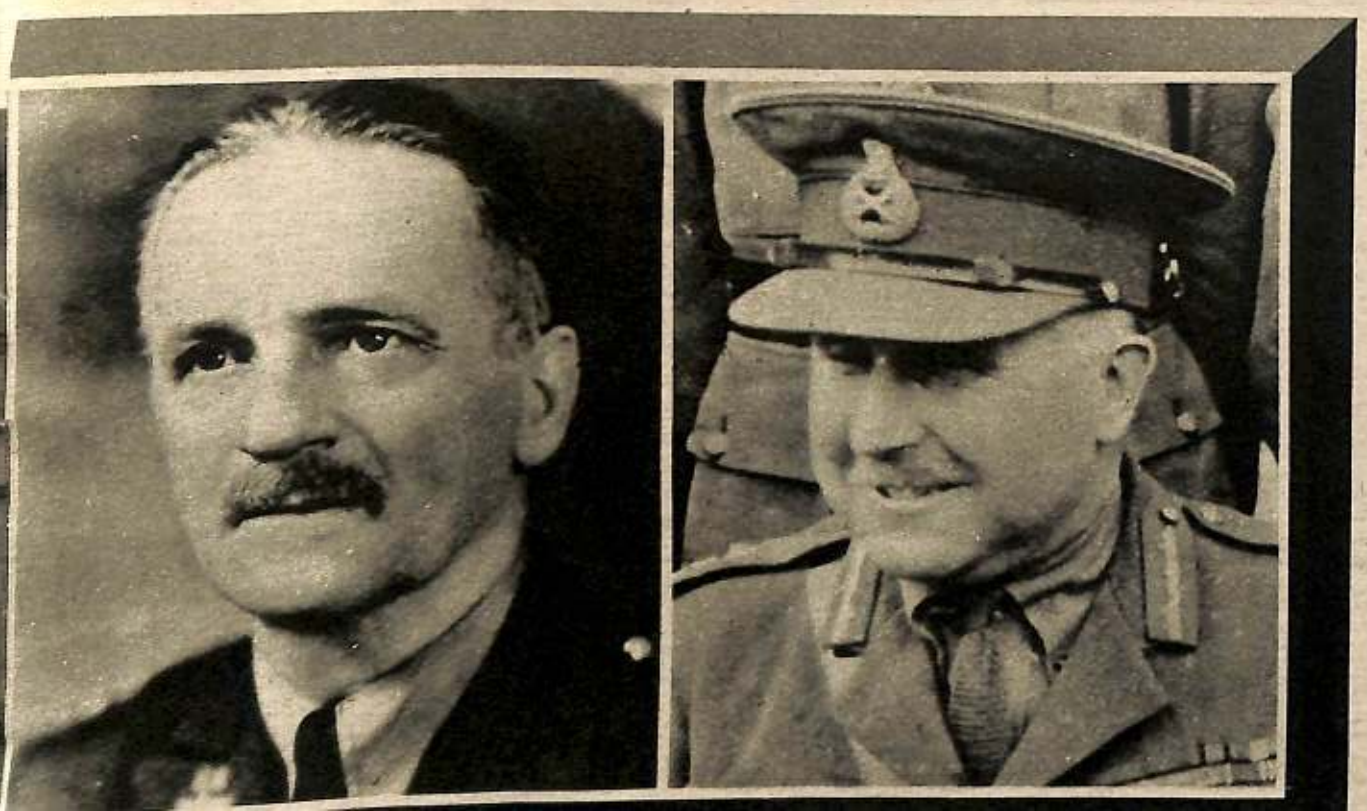
**DRESS REHEARSAL.** Remnants of Rommel's Afrika Korps, scramming smartly to the rear of Allied lines in Tunisia last May, set the pace their goosestepping comrades are doomed to follow in the months to come.

On a single day's notice, General Marshall picked him as Commander of U. S. Forces in the ETO and he was off to London. The largest part of the ETO job at that time was to harmonize the mutual tasks of American and British top-officers. It was this diplomatic ability, among other things, which led to his selection as commander in charge of the Allied landings in North Africa. Three months after that day in November 1942, he was in supreme command in North Africa of all Allied operations. And in May, 1943, he was handing the peace terms to Marshal Badoglio.

He had led the Allies in the knockout of Italy from the war. With himself as co-ordinating head, and Montgomery, Alexander and Patton as the field generals, the seasoned Anglo-American Armies smashed Mussolini's dream of empire. General "Ike" had been in from the dark beginnings, to the time when seasoned American veterans marched with the skilled British 8th and 1st Armies through Sicily.

General Eisenhower's rise is surely without parallel in American military history. From colonel to supreme commander and full general in two years—from the "mock" war maneuvers in the delta country of Louisiana to the real maneuvers that face him now as he must figure out the when and how of the attack that must drive to the very heart of Nazi Europe—that is his story.

From North Africa and Italy, preceding the General, the enlisted man's grapevine has already brought the advance news that General Ike "ain't chicken," that he hates red tape and is an expert at getting things done quickly and to the point, that junior officers who dawdle at the door of his office instead of stating their business get hell bawled out of them, that he is an easily accessible general.



This doesn't mean that a million G.I.s can beat a path to his door, because he's a pretty busy man. But it does mean that if you happen to run across him during one of those inspection tours that generals make once in a while, he will not bite your head off.

Now the last and toughest stage of the war is coming up. The General has said so, and he has seemed to know about things all along the way. There will be men going down and there will be awards—awards to the men of the line, for that is how the General has handed out awards in the past. Though General "Ike" has had experience in most of the branches of warfare, he has never lost sight of the fact that the soldier is the key figure in battle rather than the machine.

"You can fill a battlefield with all the goldarned machines that ever worked and you would still need tough human beings . . . It is making no odious comparisons with any other branch of the service to say that the dirtiest, hardest and most continuously dangerous duty is the job of the foot soldier . . . Every citizen of the United States has a right to know how important to our victories are the fighting spirit, the sense of duty and the gallantry and fortitude of our ground forces. More and more in modern warfare killing is done at a distance. But he (the foot soldier) is the only one whose business it is to close in primeval hand-to-hand combat with the enemy. Whatever other branches may do to soften up and break down the enemy, the war will be won when the infantry, en masse, enters the enemy's last stronghold. On the way to this victorious encampment the foot soldier fights and bivouacs in fearful heat or cold, in seas of mud, hurricanes of sand or dust, enduring hunger and thirst and cruel fatigue, torment of insects and the threats of wounds and death. For elite divisions there is little repose."

Some correspondents have called the General "a partisan of air-power"—of "mechanized units"—but it appears clear that the General is really just a partisan of victory and of any and all weapons needed for victory.

"You have to accumulate power you need and hit the enemy at a crucial, vital point with everything you've got."

Now General "Ike" will again have his desk near the front line—near enough so that he can hear Joe's gripes through all the shuffling of official papers.

And so, chum, this looks like *it*.

"I have an urgent date with Germany," says

The Big Three sit for their picture at the Russian Embassy in Teheran while a corps of photographers, including GIs of a Signal Photo Bn., move in for close-ups.

# A GI View of the Teheran Conference

***Soldiers in Iran who saw Stalin meet Roosevelt and Churchill no longer look upon their command as the dullest place this side of Cooks and Bakers School.***

By Sgt. AL HINE and Cpl. JAMES P. O'NEILL
YANK Staff Correspondents

TEHERAN, IRAN [By Radio]—GIs in Persia, long accustomed to considering their command the most humdrum place this side of a Cooks and Bakers School, were slightly dumbfounded when President Roosevelt, Premier Stalin and Prime Minister Churchill blew into town recently for the most historic conference of the war.

The railroad men, longshoremen and truck drivers who make up the bulk of this important supply depot's Army population couldn't believe their eyes when they saw the crowd of celebrities who followed the three United Nations leaders here for the big international surprise party—Gen. George C. Marshall, Adm. William Leahy, Anthony Eden, V. M. Molotov, W. Averell Harriman, Adm. Ernest King, Gen. H. H. Arnold, Lt. Gen. Brehon B. Somervell, Marshal Klementi Voroshilov, Ambassador John G. Winant and Harry Hopkins, to name only a few.

One GI who had a ringside seat at the conference from start to finish was Cpl. Matt Volenski, a railroad man from Pittsburgh, Pa., who was in charge of the billets for the entire American party.

"There was never a dull moment," Matt says. "A couple of other noncoms and I got our first hint that someone big was coming when they told us to move all our colonels from their regular billets into the wing of the hospital. But they didn't tell us then what it was all about."

Needless to say, it was a rare pleasure for these corporals and T-5s to be able to tell the silver eagles to pack up and get out.

"We were hearing plenty of rumors about the reasons for the moving," Matt added, "and, of course, the Cairo Conference gave us something to base our rumors on. Sure enough, they told us one morning that the President was coming, so we finished moving the colonels, but fast, and brought in cots, soap, towels, sheets, food, envelopes, toilet paper and everything else we could think of.

"We had a hell of a time getting around, too, because we had no special passes and the whole town was being guarded as tight as a drum. We had to buck Russian guards, argue with our own MPs and run our old beat-up trucks like they were never run before. When the conference got into full swing it was even giddier. I had our minister to Iran, Louis G. Dreyfus Jr., guiding me on one trip from the Russian Embassy where the President stayed for two nights. He hopped on the truck and directed me through the jumble of guards and shrubbery. At one point, I ran up against a Russki secret-service man who gave me a puzzled look from head to foot and then, still puzzled, saluted me. I saluted him back and kept on going."

Since Matt was on duty all the time bringing in food and supplies, he had a good backstage view of the conference. What he didn't see himself, he picked up from the cooks who prepared the meals for the President's party.

They reported that FDR especially liked the gazelle that had been shot here by GI hunters for one of his dinners. His other favorite dishes were odd snacks and fish. The cooks said he made a crack about fish being brain food. The President eats plenty of spinach and likes a little garlic flavoring in his meals.

"That Soviet marshal, Voroshilov, was the biggest man I've ever seen in this command," Matt said. "And Gen. Marshall certainly looked like a general ought to look. He made a great hit with the Polish waitresses when he gave them mementos of the visit—wrist bands that he bought here in the GI PX. One waitress said to me: 'Oh, Gen. Marshall is such a clean-cut and good-looking man. He's got such good eyes you can see that he's foresighted.' She said she was so nervous she almost went to pieces every time she waited on him."

## They Shot the Works

THE official pictures of the conference were taken by six GIs in the 846th Signal Photo Bn. —T/Sgt. Arthur Daniels, S/Sgt. Robert Davis, Sgt. Robert Murray, Pfc. Munroe Oettinger, Pfc. William Coggswell and Pfc. Grant Nelrad, all former cameramen at top Hollywood studios.

Their photo section works with a 35-mm Mitchell movie-camera machine propelled by a gasoline engine that makes a hell of a racket. When they were suddenly called to the Russian legation to shoot conference pictures, they draped camera hoods over the machines to try to cut down on the noise. "The damn thing sounded like a B-24," Sgt. Daniels said afterward.

While these boys, who had taken pictures at El Alamein, Tripoli, Algiers and Malta, were "shooting" Stalin, Roosevelt and Churchill on the legation porch, a secret-service man came up and told them one of the hoods was on fire.

"To hell with the hood," Pfc. Oettinger told him. "We're busy. Put it out yourself."

Later the pfc. apologized. "I guess I sort of lost my head," he says. "Just think when this is all over and the cameramen back on the lot in Hollywood start bragging about the big stars they've shot, I'll step in with a story about this job and top them all."

The six GI photographers never expect to

focus on anything more important for the rest of their lives. "Even the occupation of Tokyo will be an anticlimax after this assignment," says Sgt. Davis.

### Long Way From Home

THE 19th Station Hospital is located on the road that leads to the field where the President reviewed the U. S. Army troops from Camp Amirabaq. All the convalescent patients were allowed to go outside to watch the President pass by. Pvt. William Wiley of Tacoma, Wash., confined to the hospital with a fractured leg, wangled the only wheel chair in his ward and maneuvered it to the side of the road.

When the President came along and saw the patients, he stopped his jeep in front of Wiley's wheel chair. "We're both a long way from home, aren't we, son?" he said.

"Yes, Mr. President, we sure are," Wiley replied. He has been overseas for a year with the 186th Quartermasters.

### The Generals Eat Spam

T/SGT. George McClusik, an ex-coal miner from Clarence, Pa., walked into his barracks after a hard day on a bulldozer and bumped into his first sergeant. The first sergeant was carrying McClusik's ODs in his hands. "Here," he said, handing over the clothes. "You're going on guard."

George tried to give the top kick an argument, but before he knew it he was posted outside the door of a small room off the officers' mess where the generals ate their meals. A louey told George not to let anyone through the door unless he gave an okay.

"What will I do if you are not around, sir?" asked George.

"Don't let anybody in except generals," said the shavetail.

George obeyed the rule, with two exceptions—Adm. King and Adm. Leahy. "The louey didn't tell me anything about admirals," he said, "but I figured they rated."

When the generals sat down for their first dinner in Iran the mess officer told Gen. Marshall that he was going to serve them the first fresh meat ever received by the command. It had arrived the night before by boat at a Persian Gulf port and the officials had flown the precious stuff to Teheran for the conference.

But Gen. Marshall refused the meat, graciously but very firmly. "If this is the first meat to arrive here," he said, "I think the men who have been stationed here should have the privilege of eating it. We'll take Spam and bread." And they got Spam and bread.

"This isn't hooey, either," says George. "I heard Gen. Marshall say it. And for my dough, he's a regular guy."

### The Intrepid Irishman

CPL. John Kennedy was the guard stationed outside the conference room. He had to check another door to the room. The only way to reach it was to walk right through the conference where the American, British and Russian officials were discussing confidential matters of world-wide significance.

Kennedy, an intrepid Irishman from Philadelphia, Pa., swallowed a couple of times nervously. Then he threw back his shoulders and marched straight into the room past the table where the astonished dignitaries were turning to stare at him. He tried the unchecked door. Then he about-faced and marched smartly out again.

"I sort of had a lump in my throat," Kennedy said. "But I guess those big shots understood that duty is duty. But I could see that they were wondering at first just what the hell I was doing in that room."

### When You Gotta Go, You Can't

THE assignment of guarding the President and his party was given to Co. H, 727 Military Police Bn., and this was a great honor for these MPs who, in a noncombatant zone like Iran, usually have nothing to do except boring town-cop duty.

The entire company was placed in strategic spots all over the grounds of the American Legation. They guarded the President so well that first day and night that they were also selected to watch over all three of the conference leaders throughout the historic two-day meeting that followed at the Russian Embassy.

Presentation of the Sword of Stalingrad to Marshal Stalin by Mr. Churchill was one of the highly dramatic moments of the conference. Marshal Voroshilov eagerly shows the splendid gift to President Roosevelt.

of their assignment. They wouldn't let anyone go anywhere without proper authorization. One high-ranking British official, who attempted unsuccessfully to get past them and into the embassy without a pass, shook his head and muttered: "This is the most bloody guarded place I've ever seen."

Pvt. W. G. Atkinson of Scranton, Pa., was the guard on the back door of the embassy when a colonel came up and asked if he could go in to use the latrine. Atkinson refused to allow him near the door.

"Don't you know who I am?" demanded the colonel. He merely happened to be the commanding officer of Atkinson's own MP outfit.

"Sir," replied Atkinson coldly, "until this thing is over. I don't recognize nothing or nobody unless he's got a pass."

The colonel went out into the garden where there were plenty of trees.

### Presidential Reviews

REVIEWING the troops here before boarding his plane for home, President Roosevelt drove through the camp to the baseball diamond where he talked to the soldiers from his jeep.

The President took a microphone in his hand. It didn't work. Then he tried another that did not work at first; either. He smiled and said: "And these are supposed to be the most powerful weapons of the war."

His speech was short, lasting only about four minutes. He wore his familiar brown felt hat, a dark coat, a gray flannel suit, a white shirt and black tie. He looked rather tired after the long days of the conference.

He told the gathered troops how he had looked out the window the first morning he woke in Iran and thought at first that he was somewhere in Arizona. The terrain here does resemble that part of America. And he went on to tell them about his meeting with Churchill and Stalin.

"We discussed not only plans for getting the war over," he said, "but also more important plans for peace."

He told the soldiers that the people back home were aware of the fine job they were doing here. He said he wished those people could see the job with their own eyes.

"I am going home now," he concluded. "And I wish I could take all of you with me."

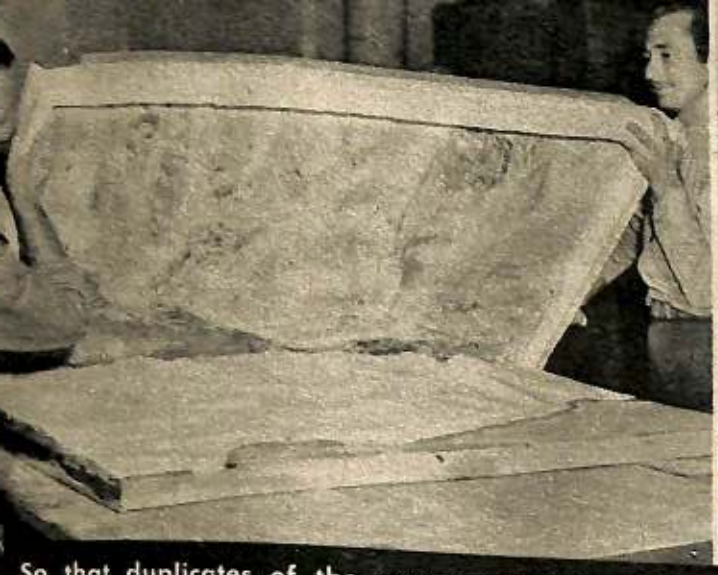
There were no cheers after he finished speaking. Instead there was a hushed silence that seemed to last for a full minute until the troops were called to order arms. The metallic clatter of the pieces rang out over the baseball field. Then the men shouldered arms and began to march away. Many of their faces were bright and many of them had strange marks around their eyes. For most of them, it was the first time they had ever seen a President of the United States.

Cpl. Francis D. Mealey studies aerial photos of Rabaul before starting in on scale model.

Cpl. Morris S. Yellis and Cpl. Mealey mold soggy newspaper into contours of the terrain.

Cpl. Mealey, Cpl. Leonard L. Lester and Cpl. Yellis begin painting colors as seen from a plane.

U. S. bombers come down to make a few changes in Rabaul as it appears on a relief map. Fires spread on the shore as a B-25 flies past a burning ship.



So that duplicates of the map can be turned out quickly, a plaster-of-Paris cast is made.

The relief map is completed. Hills, valleys, rivers, airfields are all shown in exact proportion.

The relief map is photographed so that copies of it can be distributed to bombing squadrons.

# RABAUL RAID

## But there's more to the job than dropping bombs.

"THE harbor was practically swept clean, nearly every ship there being heavily hit or sunk by 1,000-pound bombs. Before our planes had left the scene after combat, the following ships had been sunk: three destroyers, eight large merchant ships of an aggregate tonnage of 30,000, and two tankers of 6,000 and 8,000 tons." That was the communique issued after one of the raids by planes of the Fifth U. S. Army Air Force on the big Jap base of Rabaul in New Britain. Communiques give the facts but not all that lies behind them. The success of these bombers can be partly traced to a group of soldier map makers in Australia. Their job is to make it easier for a bomber's crew to visualize the target before the take-off. Headed by Cpl. Francis D. Mealey, former sculptor, they make miniature scale models of each Jap base exactly as it will be seen from the air.

Diana Lewis

# YANK

*Pin-up Girl*

# News from Home

**Some Congressmen had a couple of fancy dreams for servicemen, the President came through with a few of the grim realities, the Army took over the railroads in order to avert a strike.**

IT'S only a gleam in a Congressman's eye so far, but here's a thought to toy with as you down your New Year's bitter. Representative Clare Hoffman, Republican of Michigan, has introduced into the House a bill which would require that furloughs home be given to servicemen who have sweated out a year or more in combat areas or in places where disease is prevalent. One section of the bill stipulates that men would not be furloughed in cases where their absence from duty would endanger a battlefront, but it also calls upon their commanding officers to "exercise diligence" in releasing men whenever possible.

Here's another: Senators Ernest W. McFarland, Democrat of Arizona, and Burnet F. Maybank, Democrat of South Carolina, said that when their colleagues reconvene on January 10th they will start a drive to pass a bill of theirs which would pay servicemen $2 for every day served in the U. S. with four-bits extra for each day of foreign service. The maximum payment to one man would be $1,200 and the boys would be paid off in ten-year nontransferable bonds. All this would be in addition to mustering-out pay. The bill has the okay of the American Legion.

And here's the latest dope—as of last weekend, at any rate—concerning the draft and this business of taking fathers. Revised figures made public by Selective Service Headquarters set the goal for the combined strength of U. S. armed forces by next July at 11,300,000. If things should ride along as they are right now, this would mean 1,200,000 more draftees. But it's also figured that another 700,000 to 900,000 men will be needed as replacements during the same period, which means a total call-up of 2,000,000, more or less. Half of these will be pre-Pearl Harbor fathers, drafted in accordance with the new law which permits their being taken only after there aren't any other eligible men left.

As a matter of fact, fathers have been going plenty fast recently, law or no law. The Selective Service report showed that 50,465 of them were drafted during October and November. In addition to the 1,000,000 more fathers due to don uniforms during the next six months, Selective Service has its eye on 350,000 youngsters who will become 18 before the end of June, 300,000 men now in deferred jobs, and between 100,000 and 200,000 4-Fs who face reclassification. Happy New Year, boys!

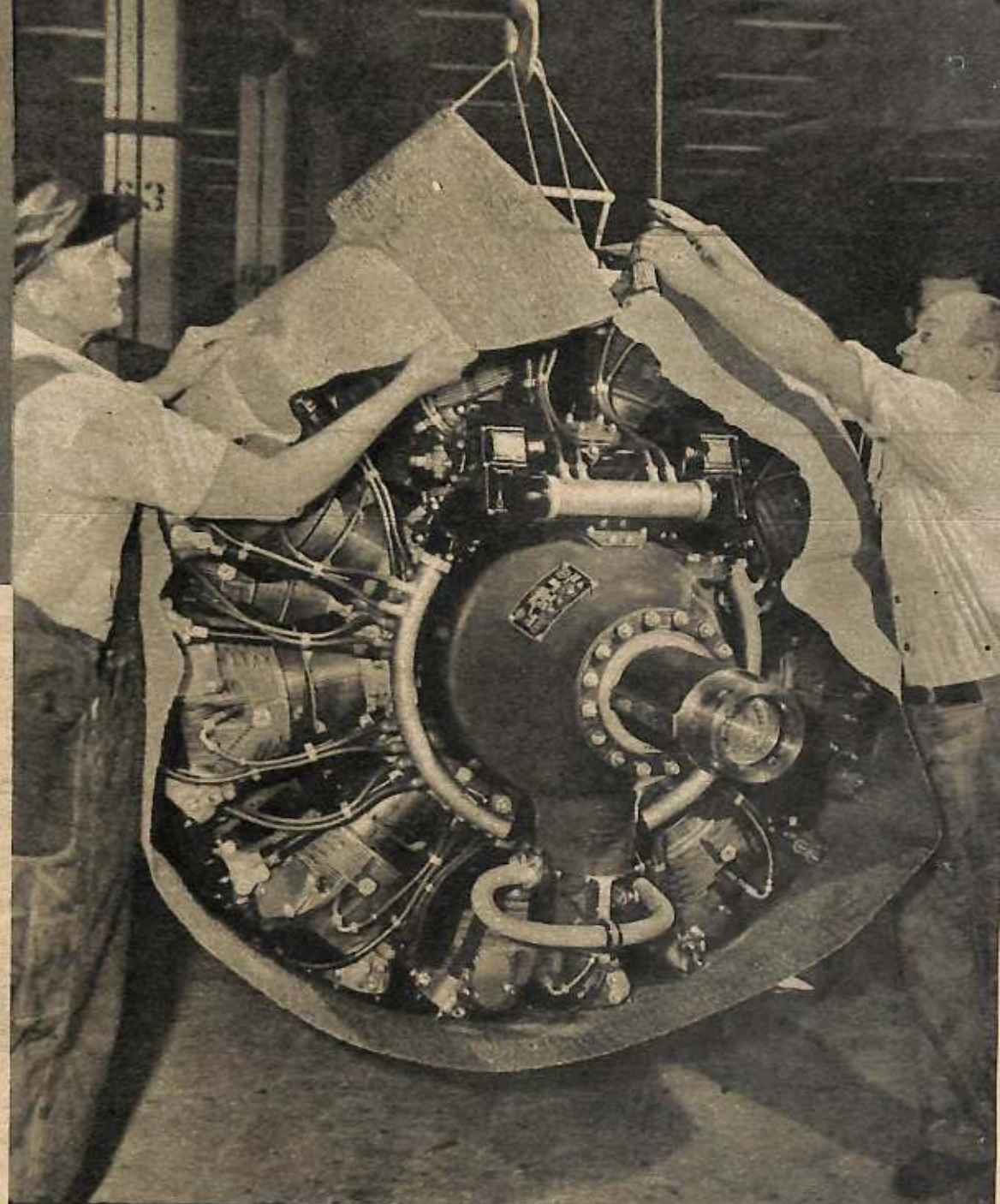
Already there are more than 10,000,000 Yanks in uniform and 3,800,000 of them are serving overseas, President Roosevelt disclosed during his Christmas Eve broadcast to the world in which he announced the appointment of General Dwight D. Eisenhower as Allied Commander of the forthcoming "combined attack" on Germany. By July, the President predicted, the overseas figure will probably rise to 5,000,000 or higher.

Said the President: "There is no easy road to victory and the end is not yet in sight." Remarking that this was the third Christmas some of the boys have spent overseas, he declared: "It is the purpose of their government to win this war and to bring them home at the earliest possible date." He added that the head men of China, Russia, Great Britain, and the U. S. had agreed at the recent conferences in the Middle East that "if force is necessary to keep international peace, international force will be applied for as long as it may be necessary."

Churchill and Stalin, the President went on to say, are agreed with him "that Germany must be stripped of her military might and be given no opportunity within the foreseeable future to regain that might." However, he said, this does not mean that the Allies intend to enslave the German people. On the contrary, according to Mr. Roosevelt, the Germans will be given a "chance" to become "respectable members of the European family."

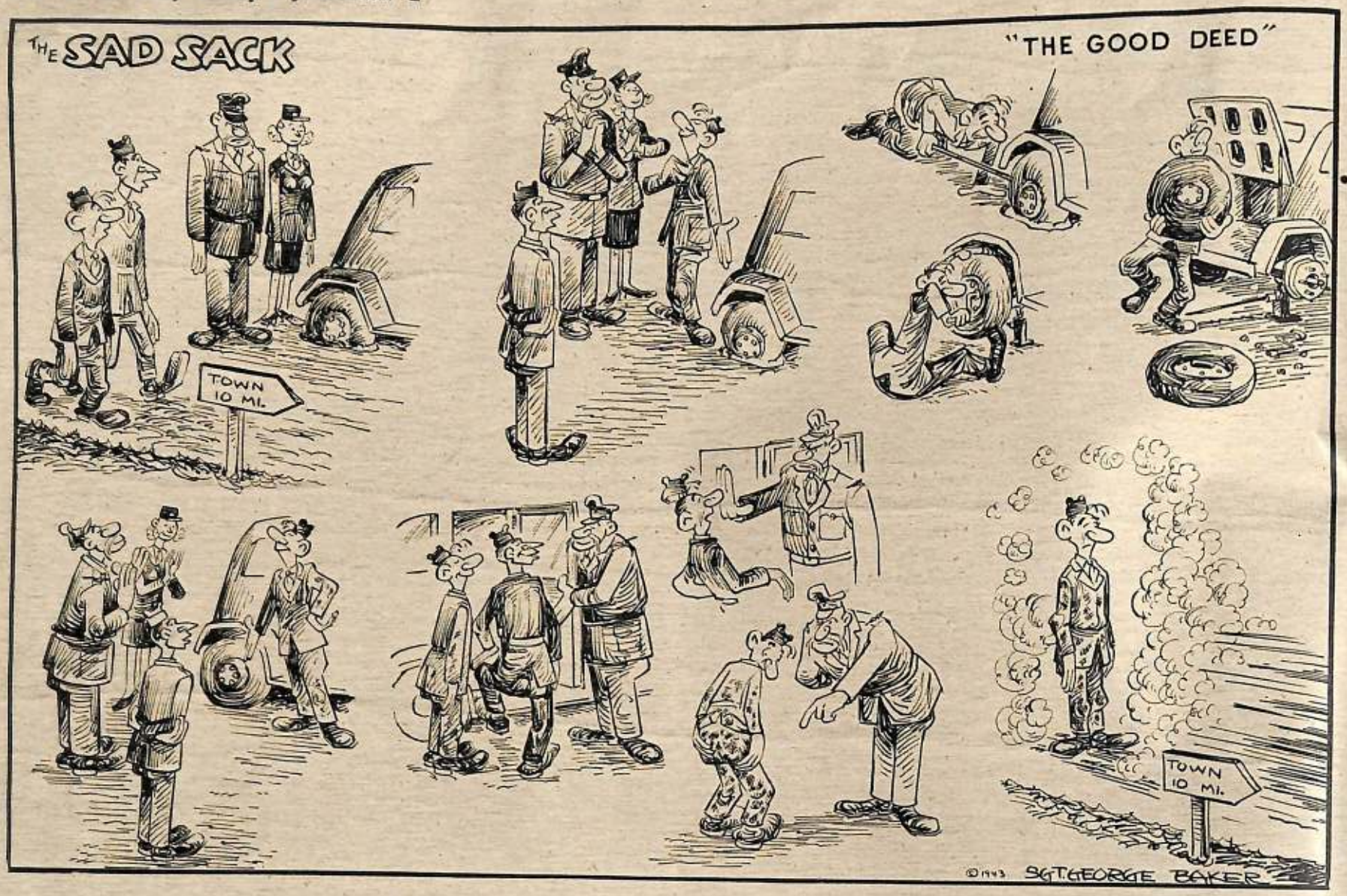
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT stepped in and averted a nationwide railroad strike by ordering the Army to take over control of every line in the country. At the same time, he awarded the railroad workers a raise of a nickel an hour. They had been demanding an eight-cent-an-hour raise in their dickerings with their private employers and intermediaries.

"The government will expect every railroad man to continue at his post," said the President. "Major military offensives now planned must not be delayed by the interruption of vital transportation facilities. If any railway employes strike now, they are striking against the Government of the United States."



They get bigger and better. This latest U.S. airplane engine, being wrapped for delivery, has 2,200 horsepower. Most powerful motor previously built had 2,000 horsepower.

Need some shoes? Dick Tregaskis, war correspondent in Italy, couldn't find




The railroad managements, or some of them, were causing the President trouble in more ways than one. Twelve southern lines defied an order of the Fair Employment Practices Committee which forbids racial or religious discrimination in the hiring of men for defense industries and which was designed to help Negroes get better jobs. The defiant railroads questioned the constitutionality of the committee itself.

The old political cauldron was bubbling, too, heated to a considerable extent by the fires stirred up over the issue of how, if at all, servicemen overseas are to vote in next fall's election. The President told a press conference that he thought Federal machinery should be set up to give all soldiers the opportunity to vote except those actually in combat on Election Day.

Senator Scott W. Lucas, Democrat of Illinois and co-author of the Green-Lucas soldier-vote bill which the Senate killed, said he had a compromise measure ready to introduce when Congress gets going again after the holidays. The original bill called for a Federal four-man commission to supervise the overseas balloting and died amid charges and countercharges involving the poll tax and state rights.

In the House, however, Representative John E. Rankin, Democrat of Mississippi, attacked Federal soldier balloting and characterized any compromise as "worse than the original Lucas bill."

The Senate Judiciary Committee recommended passage of a bill already approved by the House which would do away with poll taxes altogether as a requisite to voting.

The President was faced with threats of a party split. Senator Ellison D. Smith, Democrat of South Carolina, said he knew many who wanted to take part in a movement to separate the Conservative elements in the Democratic Party from the New Deal faction. "I know others," he went on, "who have been trying to discredit this movement, but self respect demands that we begin it. The southern states have been kicked around long enough. Every bill that comes up in Congress is a criticism of the South."

But Senator Allen J. Ellender, Democrat of Louisiana, replied that he doubted if there would be any bolt by members of his party.

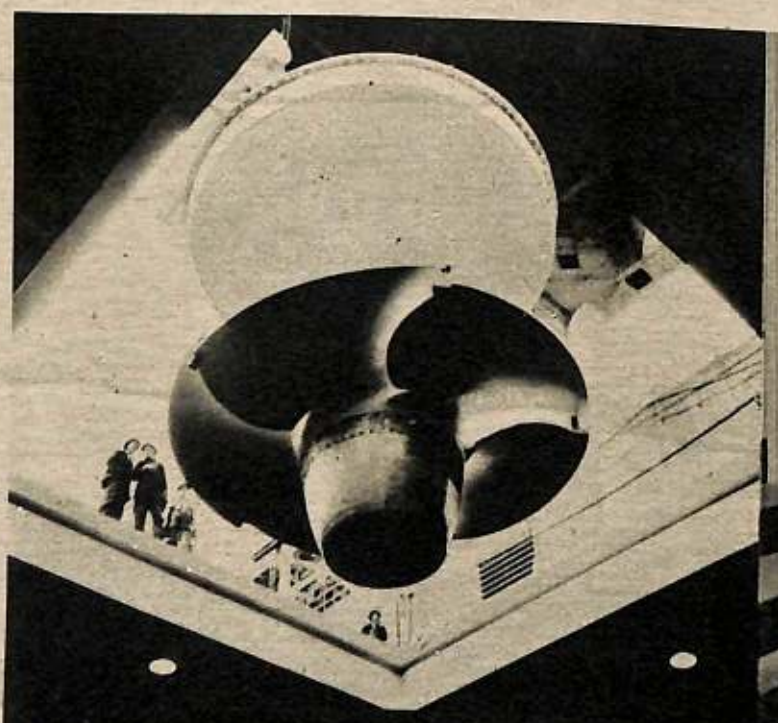
The White House let it be known that President Roosevelt wants to scrap the term "New Deal" and substitute in its place the slogan "Win the War." This got Harrison E. Spangler, chairman of the Republican National Committee, all steamed up. "Can the leopard change his spots?" he demanded. "Evidently Mr. Roosevelt thinks so when he tells the press that he wants to get away from the tattered emblem 'New Deal.' The American people on the day after Pearl Harbor adopted the slogan 'Win the War.' After two years Mr. Roosevelt has caught up with them, but the spots still remain."

Mr. Spangler also asked Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox how come the censors had deleted part of a letter written by a Marine in the South Pacific to his mother in which the son had attempted to explain why he wanted his mother to send him some Willkie buttons from the 1940 campaign. Mr. Knox replied that he had no idea why the censors had taken it upon themselves to scissor the request, although he pointed out that it is against the dress regulations of the Army, Navy, and Marines for a man to wear a political button on his uniform.

Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, Republican of Michigan, said that he was going ahead with his drive to draft General Douglas MacArthur as Republican candidate for President. "I shall continue to assume that he will accept," said the Senator, "unless he says he would not."

Henry J. Kaiser, the shipbuilding nonesuch, came out for polling servicemen along broad, non-political lines, and Mr. Knox, the Secretary of the Navy, said that his department was considering the plan. Mr. Kaiser's idea was that questionnaires should be sent to Yanks on all fighting fronts to see how *they* feel about the post-war world, especially where they want to live and what they want to do. "Many may want to go back to their studies," said Mr. Kaiser. "Many have been trained in new trades and they may want to follow these new lines of work. Maybe there will be a million boys coming back who will want to work in the air. Let's find out."

Mr. Kaiser also sounded off on the matter of production, saying that he felt the time had come to resume manufacturing civilian goods. "So great is this country's productive capacity," he said, "that the peak of our war-materials production is past



You are looking up at a water-wheel being lowered into place to be connected to a 32,000 kilowatt generator as part of the T.V.A.'s new Fort Loudoun power project.

She's Peggy Maley, Hollywood showgirl. But it's the mop she wants you to look at! It's a hand-

Lucille Fridell, Chattanooga, Tenn., got the reputation of being a champion letter writer after receiving 500 letters from service men in answer to those she writes daily.

James R. Beasley, of Savannah, Ga., kissed the flag after 10 months in a Jap prison camp. He was among 1,223 Americans to land in New York from Swedish exchange liner "Gripsholm."

Hoyt Holden, 13, is holding down a job at the Army Aviation Cadet Examining Board. After distributing 100,000 stickers and 10,000

before we have hardly begun to fight." But a spokesman for the War Production Board hastened to throw cold water on this point of view. Schedules for 1944, he said, call for production in quantities somewhat larger than in the past year.

The fact is that some small-arms munitions plants have already been closed and a few other war-production plants have been permitted to return to making, on a small scale, the civilian commodities which were their stock-in-trade before the war.

Just to show that Mr. Kaiser hasn't lost his touch while mulling over such matters, the 399th Liberty ship was launched at the Kaiser Shipyards in Richmond, Calif. It was christened U. S. S. *Otis Skinner*, in honor of the late actor.

Jesse H. Jones, Secretary of Commerce, announced that the government would stop buying scrap rubber as of the new year and that the scrap-rubber business would be returned to private industry.

The outlook for paper remains bad. Manufacture has been running away ahead of the production of pulp with the result that the War Production Board has ordered a new cut in the quotas of paper allowed to publishers. Estimated saving of paper in 1944: 1,250,000 tons.

Because of the shortage of new cars (and that means 1942 models these days) the Office of Price Administration ruled that an automobile must be driven at least 60,000 miles before it can be legally considered useless. Heretofore the minimum has been 40,000 miles.

Figuring the danger is past, the Metropolitan Museum of Art has begun to move back its collection of art treasures which have been hidden in a bomb-proof shelter some fifty miles out of town.

The Department of Commerce announced that the war has caused a population shift of some 2,500,000 people, mostly to the west and the south, where jobs have been plentiful.

According to Dr. James Shelby Thomas, technologist and economist of Chicago, the "perfect man" a hundred years from now will measure 6 ft. 6 in., will never grow gray or fat, and will live to be 125 years old—all because of advances in medicine, chemistry, and diet which are supposed to be just around the corner.

Obituary Section: Thomas Joseph McCarthy, composer of tunes they used to sing in the good old days, died in New York City at the age of 58. Among his hits were "Alice Blue Gown," "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows," "Rio Rita," and "They Go Wild, Simply Wild, Over Me." He also wrote the scores for *Irene, Kid Boots,* and several other top-notch musical comedies . . . . Within 24 hours and in the same city, another composer, George Whiting, died at the age of 61. Among his best-known numbers were "My Blue Heaven" and "Believe It, Beloved." . . . Dr. James Henry Kimball, famous meteorologist at the New York City Weather Bureau, died in the town where he had been so active. Dr. Kimball prepared the first weather maps for trans-Atlantic air trips and served as adviser to Charles A. Lindbergh and other pioneers of aviation. . . . Mrs. Marie R. H. Cook died in Philadelphia at the age of 66. She was the divorced wife of the late Dr. Frederick A. Cook, the explorer, who claimed to have discovered the North Pole—and maybe he did and maybe he didn't.

The third national poll conducted by the publication *Film Daily* among magazine, newspaper, and radio critics to determine the outstanding movie performances of the year gave top honors to Greer Garson for her work in *Random Harvest* and to Paul Lukas for his in *Watch on the Rhine*. Second place went to Ingrid Bergman in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and James Cagney in *Yankee Doodle Dandy*. Rated best for their performances in supporting roles were Charles Coburn in *The More the Merrier* and Katina Paxinou in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. In the juvenile class, Jack Jenkins was voted tops for his performance in *The Human Comedy* and Margaret O'Brien led the girls for the part she played in *Journey for Margaret*.

The Hollywood Women's Press Club ran off a poll of its members to find out how the members of the colony out there stand with the girl reporters. Ann Sheridan and Bob Hope were voted the most cooperative with the press and Joan Fontaine and Errol Flynn the least. Charles Boyer and Bing Crosby almost tied Flynn for his dubious distinction, and Greer Garson and Ginger Rogers were close to La Fontaine for hers. Lucille Ball and Carole Landis were rated second and third as most cooperative among the women and Humphrey Bogart and George Murphy came in right behind Hope among the men.

Herbert Winkler, the one-man police department of Coloma, a village near St. Joseph, Mich., sort of let his community down when he confessed to setting five fires in the town "for a thrill." The solitary flatfoot, whose thrills cost $125,000 damage, admitted his guilt after nine-year-old Jackie Pappas had already been found guilty of the crimes and sent away to Coldwater Training School. Jackie had also confessed to setting the fires, according to Prosecutor Karl Zick, of Berrien County, but evidently didn't know what he was talking about.

An adventuresome hen, becoming fed up with life in Mrs. Arthur Brown's chicken-coop in Minong, Wis., bummed a 50-mile ride into Superior by perching on the axle of a car driven by Mrs. Brown's mother, Mrs. John Pixley, who was returning home after visiting her daughter. It seemed like a good idea at the time, but the hen wound up that night in a stew on Mrs. Pixley's dinner table.

Mrs. Carolyn Davis Wilson, 20, of Portland, Ore., gave birth to a normal six-pound, ten-ounce boy after spending three weeks in an iron lung as a result of an attack of paralysis. As soon as the child was born the mother was returned to the lung. By her side was her husband Cpl. Marvin Wilson, 21, of the Air Force, who had flown from India to be with her on a furlough arranged in the crisis by the Red Cross. Shipyard workers chipped in money to set up an endowment fund for the baby.

James Robert Shawkey, former pitcher and manager of the New York Yankees, was married in Syracuse, N. Y., to Mrs. Gertrude Weiler, the operator of a beauty shop in that city.

The Judges of the Superior Court of Cook County, Ill., met in an effort to formulate some sort of policy toward divorce suits brought by men and women who are serving the U. S. overseas. The need for such a policy became evident recently when one judge denied the application of a lawyer who wanted to introduce as evidence the deposition of a soldier now in the South Pacific, and another judge allowed depositions of the same kind from a WAC and an EM now on duty abroad.

When Fred B. Wynn, husky cop of Evanston, Ill., failed to show up for duty one morning, headquarters called his home to find out what was wrong. Mrs. Wynn explained over the phone that her husband had been teaching ju-jitsu to his 16-year-old son the night before and had done such a good job of it that he had presently found himself lying flat on his back across the living-room radiator.

In Golden, Colo., Arthur H. Morris, former Assistant State Attorney General, sued the schnozzy Lakewood Country Club and its directors for $25,000 because they threw him out of the joint. He blamed it on "a certain clique" whose members didn't like his wife and said he had been damaged socially, professionally, and economically. Mrs. Morris, meanwhile, was suing Billy Jelliffe and 21 other members of the club for $100,000, charging slander and libel in connection with gossip she says she's heard to the effect that she used profane language. Home, sweet home.

Ernest E. Strain, of Stamford, Conn., is a widower with eleven children, nine of whom are in foster homes. He's due to be tapped by his draft board any day now, having withdrawn his appeal from a 1-A classification and landed in the January quota. Even if Pappy never gets to be more than a private in the Army, it's going to cost Uncle Sam several pretty pennies to keep him there—$242 a month, as our finance officer figures it. Hell, for that they could hire a looie, give him a sergeant, and still have a fistful of bob left over for cigarettes.

The old Newport News (Va.) jail is being busted up to make room for a new structure built according to modern standards. A jail and police

# Mail Call

### We're Wrong

Dear YANK:

We, the undersigned, being of the type (we think) that might be considered the average Yank, have at different times howled with fiendish glee upon reading the contents of your magazine. Then too, there are times when we tear our hair, gnash our teeth and try, with not too much success, to suppress our feelings when some gross error has been committed.

With reference to the latter statement in the above paragraph, we wish, in our humble way, to call your attention to a mistake appearing on page eight of your issue dated December 19, 1943.

In the first photo you illustrate a row of ribbons as they should be worn; that is all well and good. However, the cluster to the Purple Heart Ribbon is fastened on backwards in direct violation of AR 600-40, WD., dated August 28, 1941. Then, as if to add insult to injury, these clusters are not only on backwards, but upside down, as any fool can plainly see.

While we appreciate the fact than any one is liable to make mistakes once in a while, it must be taken into consideration that many of the fellows read and believe in YANK, which is just fine by us, but when a guy walks out with his ribbons and clusters on in a helter-skelter manner and is reprimanded, it makes a man's blood curdle to hear him reply: "Well, THAT'S THE WAY I SAW IT IN THE 'YANK' MAGAZINE."

So whatcha say you have someone THAT KNOWS check this sorta thing before it is printed, huh? Whatcha say?

JAMES B. ATKESON
T/Sgt. Aerial Engineer/Gunner
LEWIS (CHIEF) LACHER
T/Sgt. Aerial Gunner/Bombardier
CHARLES L. MUTTER
T/Sgt. Sergeant Major

*Britain.*

**[You're right, boys, and we're wrong. Our photographer, who just got back from Italy, was still a little groggy from his first contact with the ETO, and photographed the oak leaf clusters upside down. Here's the way they should be worn, according to A.R. 600-40.—Ed.]**

### We're Right

Dear YANK:

The article, "The Army Authorizes Bronze Stars," which appeared in the YANK issue of December 19, 1943, shows photographs of the correct order for ribbons most common in the ETO.

It does not appear logical to us that the Good Conduct Ribbon should take precedence over the American Defense or the ETO ribbons by appearing on the right.

According to AR 600-40, paragraph 53, "The Good Conduct Medal will be worn in the manner prescribed herein for Service Medals except that it will be worn on the *left* of all Service Medals," and paragraph 56, "Service Ribbons will be worn in the same order and position as prescribed for the decorations and Service Medals."

We are not familiar with change 24 of AR 600-40 which you use as authority.

How about enlightening us?

LT. MERRIL H. SEAMAN
LT. BENJAMIN F. GREGORY

*Britain.*

**[You're wrong, boys, and we're right. The authority you quote, AR 600-40, par. 53, of August 28, 1941, was amended on July 5, 1943 by AR 600-40, C 24, which gives as correct the order of wearing of decorations that we used. The adjutant general backs us up on this.—Ed.]**

### On God's Gift

Dear YANK:

We would like to make a comment on one Frank A. Sinatra (God's gift to the Swooning Women). According to a recent article in the daily papers we see where he was classified 4-F, because he had a punctured ear drum and also under weight. We were just wondering if it was the noise generated by the crowds of hysterical women who act like a bunch of damn fools after he finishes a song. Could it be that the $4,000 a week that he makes keeps him from hearing the $50 a month that his Uncle Sam offered him.

We have two fellows in our Company who are just common bath-tub baritones and who aren't able to hear the blast of a 105 mm. gun, but that didn't stop them from coming over to the ETO.

We are sure that the universal dishes of the ETO, namely Spam, Brussels Sprouts, Cabbage and C & K rations would fatten up Sinatra's frame to a point where he could wear his tuxedo without shoulder-pads.

THE BITCHING BOARD OF THE 3RD PLAT.:
Sgt. EMIL EMMENCH
Sgt. L. WILLIAMSON
Sgt. H. ALYANDRO
Sgt. BYBEE

*Britain.*

### Feline Fantasy

Dear YANK:

Would be interested in knowing where you acquired your information and picture of the lion the December 19 issue of YANK carried.

I was employed at the Alameda County Zoological Gardens for several years as head keeper of training, feeding and the care of all animals we had there (including lions).

Tuffy

We had no lion called "Tuffy" and all our lions were raised on horse meat. I believe the lion you have is one of several Mrs. Olga Celesta donated to us in 1940. If so I am positive it never had any steak in either case. If by chance this picture was taken several years ago at the Oakland Zoo, meat rationing has no bearing on the subject.

In our Zoo when horse meat was not available chicken heads from large poultry packing concerns was on the lions' menu.

Cpl. R. F. JOSEPH

*Britain.*

**[Don't take it too seriously, Joseph old man. The picture, with its caption came to us from the States, where there are still an awful lot of publicity men running around loose. And publicity men (even for zoos) will be publicity men, you know.—Ed.]**

### Berwick vs. Bronx (Round 3)

Dear YANK:

To commence. I am not hanging on the ropes and I am not an old cock. I am a young cock. That to the editor. But the guy I am hissed off at is P. Beyer—if he is a guy. And if he is a guy who is in the American Army, why don't he use his rank. Is he ashamed of being a buck private?

For one thing, I am uninterested in what Berwick has to offer. Beyer says it is named after a town by the similar name in England, and that I don't have good eyes or I should have seen in the subway cars back home that they were manufactured in Berwick. Listen, Bud, you evidently never rode on one of those cars yourself. Or you would realize it's so damned crowded you can't see a thing, and who cares where the car was manufactured just so long as it drives you to Fordham Road!

Beyer says he was born in Danville, Pa., and that's where they make the Bronx mail boxes. If that's so, maybe he can tell me why it takes so long for mail to get from there to here? After all, Beyer is trying to tell me he is wise and knows everything, including all about those three Indian towns near Berwick which I forgot how to spell already. Can he tell me, by the by, if it's true what they say about Scranton?

Can he tell me what place has the most universities, the best parks and zoos, the best baseball team, the best local newspaper? In case he don't know what place I am talking about I mean the Bronx, of course. As a native from the Bronx I have more culture in my little finger than he has in all of his big fat head.

He says I haven't been around. Brother, if you live in the Bronx you got everything around you and you don't have to go travelling. Not to Berwick or Danville, anyways. When I want to go travelling I go to Brooklyn. Even that's better than Berwick or Danville.

Pfc. OSCAR SPIELBERG

P.S. Who's hanging on the ropes now, Ed old cocker?

*Britain.*

### More On The Soldier Vote

Dear YANK:

Controversy between political parties whether the soldier will vote or not at the next election is apparently playing a major role on the home front. The main question seems to be, should the Federal Government control the soldier's voting right or should the States individually retain to the old laws? But what if the soldier is merely considered an "absentee" by these State laws, while under the Federal Government he could become subject to the restrictions of a hand-picked group of political members?

However, is the fighting soldier, as well as those in all parts of the world, so un-American that they

## G.I. SHORT-STORY CONTEST

**YANK announces a short-story contest, open to enlisted personnel of the armed forces. Stories must be original, unpublished and should run from 1,000 to 3,000 words. Send entries to Fiction Editor, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. The author of the story adjudged best by the editors of YANK will get a $50 War Bond. The winning story and any others deemed worthy will be printed in YANK. Entries must be received not later than Mar. 1, 1944.**


YANK is published weekly by the Enlisted Men of the U. S. Army.

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Sgt. Charles Brand, Pvt. Jack Coggins, Cpl. Joe Cunningham, Sgt. Bill Davidson, Sgt. Steve Derry, Cpl. Tom Fleming, Sgt. Ben Frazier, Sgt. Durbin L. Horner, Sgt. Saul Levitt, Sgt. Louis McFadden, Sgt. Pete Paris, Sgt. Walter Peters, Cpl. John D. Preston, Sgt. John Scott, Pvt. Sanderson Vanderbilt. Officer in Charge, Major Donald W. Reynolds. Publications Officer, ETOUSA, Col. Theodore Artemus. Address: Printing House Square, London.

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Pictures: 1, Army Pictorial Service. 2 and 3, PA. 8, top, BOP; bottom, AP. 9, center, BOP; bottom left, OWI; bottom right, AP. 10, AAF. 11, top, OWI; bottom, AAF. 12 and 13, two bottom photos, Army Air Force; all others, Sgt. Dick Hanley. 14, M-G-M. 15, top, OWI; bottom, Keystone. 16, left, OWI; right, WW. 17, left, top to bottom, ACME, INP, ACME; bottom right, ACME. 18, Keystone. 20, top two, INP; center, PA; bottom, ACME. 21, right, ACME; left, PA. 22, left, OWI; right, Sgt. Pete Paris. 23, center, Sgt. Pete Paris; bottom, OWI.

# THE BATTLE OF MAILE

THE battle got under way on December 19, when a British girl, Kathleen Maile, wrote to YANK, saying: "American men brag . . . because most of you suffer from a terrific inferiority complex which you endeavour to cover up by outbursts of American commercialism. You sell yourselves to us by enumerating your possessions, usually refrigerators, motor cars, bath showers, central heating, etc. You make excuses for . . . your lack of education . . . of tradition and heritage . . . in fact, you rob yourselves of *background*, an important possession to an Englishman. . . . The majority of you come from English, Irish or Scots stock . . . the *background* you took with you from these islands should make you a proud people. Why then not stop all this self-pity?"

The counter-attack—numbering thousands of letters—was not long in forthcoming:


Dear YANK:

When you captioned the letter, "Here We Go Again" from Miss Maile, we are sorry to say it was a rank understatement. Let's rather call it the beginning of another minor literary war started by the rash viewpoint taken by a certain English lassie. One of the reasons we like YANK so much is because very often you print letters which invariably throw a challenge at us G.I.s, and we get a big kick out of answering them. Keep it up.

This letter is entered in defense of these Bragging Americans, as Miss Maile so nicely calls them—the ones who are accused of possessing an enlarged inferiority complex which thus leads into the very serious offense of talking a little too much about the old U. S. It's really most disgusting, isn't it, Miss Maile, the way we do carry on about our home and many wonders found there. Funny thing though is we happen to be like those men ourselves, and we are much afraid that regardless of who you might happen to strike up a conversation with it will always boil down to the fact that we brag. It's too bad that you don't have the opportunity to visit the U. S. and see for yourself why it is all Americans have the natural tendency to shout about AMERICA. You accuse us of trying to sell ourselves to you by pointing out our abundance of modern home equipment and other possessions. Please believe though our statements are all true regarding the above, not one of us is trying to sell either ourselves or the U. S. to the English.

Exactly what is meant by our way of living isn't quite understood, but note that every last one of us has found the American way of life can't be surpassed. If it weren't the only right way to live, why then do you think we are giving our lives in its defense? Background is not a thing the average American talks about because life is devoted to the study of the future and not of the past. That, Miss Maile, is what has made us such a progressive country. We are proud to be Americans, not because of what we were or might have been, but rather of what we are now.

It must be admitted that some of the settlers of America were from the British Isles and thus had much to do towards our very early history. But you, too, must remember that was over three hundred years ago and that since 1776 we have been a country of our own. Since then not only British, but all nationalities—Poles, Russians, Scandinavians, Germans, Italians and French—have been welcomed to enjoy the fruits of America. So you see, Miss Maile, America owes its foundation not to England but to *many* countries. That's one thing that's not clearly understood here.

Does all of that sound like self-pity to you? No, we didn't think so, either. This isn't self-pity by far, but instead, just the opposite, it's plain BRAGGING! Any American would have become incensed upon reading your letter; we did. As we didn't start this controversy, but knowing you would expect an answer, this is our reply. Hope you will like it.

FIVE BRAGGERS

*Britain.*

Dear YANK:

The Yanks brag and we all know it. If the people over here would content themselves with saying that and no more, all would be well and good. But they don't, and Miss Kathleen Maile is typical. After reading your December 19 edition, I more than had my fill of the constant derogatory remarks about Yanks.

I have been told I represent a nation with an inferiority complex; and, furthermore, I indulge in self-pity. A more unjust accusation has never been voiced. According to my standards, which are those of the average G.I., I can sincerely say that I have never seen, heard, or felt anything here that would tend to give me an inferiority complex. According to Miss Maile's standards I should feel differently, for primarily, I lack the tradition and background that play so important a role in the English way of life.

May I point out that in our beloved country we have all that we want in the way of tradition and background—that the Declaration of Independence, Lincoln, Washington, the "Mayflower," the Alamo, Valley Forge, the Civil War, Old Glory, the Star Spangled Banner and such are enough for us. We pride ourselves in that ours is a youthful, dynamic, ambitious, imaginative nation unfettered by the rusty chains of ancient and medieval history. We love it that way, we are intensely proud of it that way, and we intend to keep it that way!!! And we have no qualms about telling anybody what we think. Call it bragging if you wish.

As for making excuses for our lack of education—that's simply absurd. Of course there are a few less unfortunate individuals whom Miss Maile may have encountered that have not had the opportunity to acquire an education, but as a whole the States are well up on schooling. As of April 1, 1940, approximately 75,000,000 people in the United States had completed at least eight years of education, and about 46,000,000 were attending schools. A conservative estimate of the number of people who are privileged to attend college at one time or another would run to about 25,000,000. The World Almanac is my source of information. Incidentally, less than 4 per cent of the population of the United States are illiterate.

In an endeavour to settle a rather irritable situation I would like to add a few more words. No closer bonds exist between two countries than exist between the United States and England, but still some of the English people believe they have grounds on which to criticize the Americans. All this could be avoided if they would only remember that although we speak the same language, our way of living and thinking, our environment, and many of our non-political ideals differ slightly. So what say, Miss Maile, that we forget some of this groundless criticism and say that the Yanks brag and let it go at that?

Cpl. P. J. K., C.W.S.

*Britain.*

Dear YANK:

I'm a peace-loving gent. In fact I was the guy who raised the original peace dove that darts around with the olive branch in his chops; and damn near gets his pants—I mean feathers, blown off with flak. The only reason I'm here at all is because the gent sporting the grey beard, and the red, white and blue suspenders, I mean braces, pointed his finger at me and told me in no uncertain terms that he had a job for me plus about two million others.

Yesterday I read a letter written by one Kathleen Maile. Boy, I most blew my stack when she said we Yanks suffered from a terrific inferiority complex, and that we covered it up by commercializing America. She should remember that major battles were never won with an inferiority complex as a weapon. We have come a long way since Pearl Harbor, and we haven't done it on lack of confidence.

Sure we brag about the modern conveniences at home. However, this is not done to belittle the English method of living. It is merely to show the advantages of pooling ideas from a cosmopolitan race that is prevalent at home. She is entirely correct in asserting that Englishmen settled America. However, it must be remembered that since the days of the 1600s many more people from *other* countries have settled within the confines of U.S.A. Somehow the English can't realize that we are *not* an Anglo-Saxon nation, but a mixture of many races and nations.

This background she speaks of as being a "must" for every Englishman gives me and many others a great pain in the neck. Ever since I landed on the shores of the U.K. I've had it crammed down my throat that in order to be someone of importance you had to have a string of titles as long as your arm. Wake up, sister; in my country a swill-collector's son has as much chance of becoming President as does a millionaire's son. Remember Abe Lincoln? He did O.K. with a shovel and a piece of charcoal for his education.

In closing this letter I should like to add that if Miss Maile doesn't like to hear Yanks brag about their homeland, she can always fight fire with fire. I've travelled over a great deal of this country, and have seen many things that are worth bragging about. Take the pubs for instance. They are an institution that this country can well be proud of. I have yet to see more beauty than the Lake district. The economical running autos are something I have longed to see more of in the States.

Come, Kathy, if we are going to whip Hitler and his pals, we are going to have to put a stop to this "bickering" among ourselves. Let's call a truce and admit that each of us has a whole lot more to brag about than do the people of Germany and Japan.

A YANK SGT.

*Britain.*

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should become a problem when it comes to voting for a president? And if they are "absentees," was it on their own accord? Of course not. And if they can carry a rifle and shoot with it without hurting one another of the same force, do they need daddy-ish advice if they want to vote for their next president? Of course not.

Unlike the parties who are having arguments over the soldier vote, the soldier has no platform upon which he can base his arguments, nevertheless he should be well represented at the next election if he is such a problem now to political parties.

Political parties know the soldier's choice. At least they realize his vote will create unexpected results, consequently the party-alliance which worked out well through this war till election time arrived has now gone and the party beliefs are again showing their faces. But this fact should not make the soldier a rubber ball to play from one hand to another.

Perhaps a general opinion should be, and is, the soldier is fighting for his American rights—overseas or not—defending his democratic beliefs which he believes are the best in the world. This alone should be his unquestioned right to vote.

The soldier should have a right to vote. He should have his say on who the next president should be. And if he is in just for the duration plus six months you can believe he has an eye on his civilian future. Whatever happens in several years after the war will be his problem, and if he has helped elect a president who will be to his benefit or not, he will not kick himself in the pants—or someone else's—because he did not have a say about it now.

Sgt. A. C. LA FRANCE

*Britain.*

### Sweaters, Surrealism And Sex

Dear YANK:

Glad to see with Anne Gwynne in a sweater, the pin-up page taking on a down-to-earth, home-town girl type of glamor. I'm sure the fellows will appreciate more than the aloof ethereal beauties recently objected to by another reader in "Mail Call." Here's one more vote for more sweater girls with a plain background, rather than a surrealistic collection of spheres and sparklets.

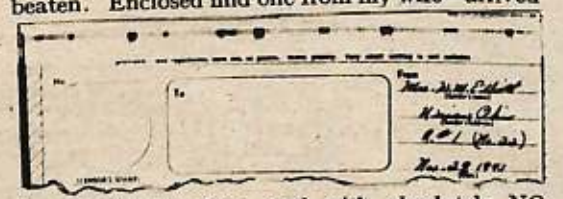
ART TRACE

*Britain.*

### A.P.O. Antics Of 1944 (Vol. II)

Dear YANK:

Believe I have S/Sgt. Johnston and his V-mail that appeared in your December 12 edition, beaten. Enclosed find one from my wife—arrived



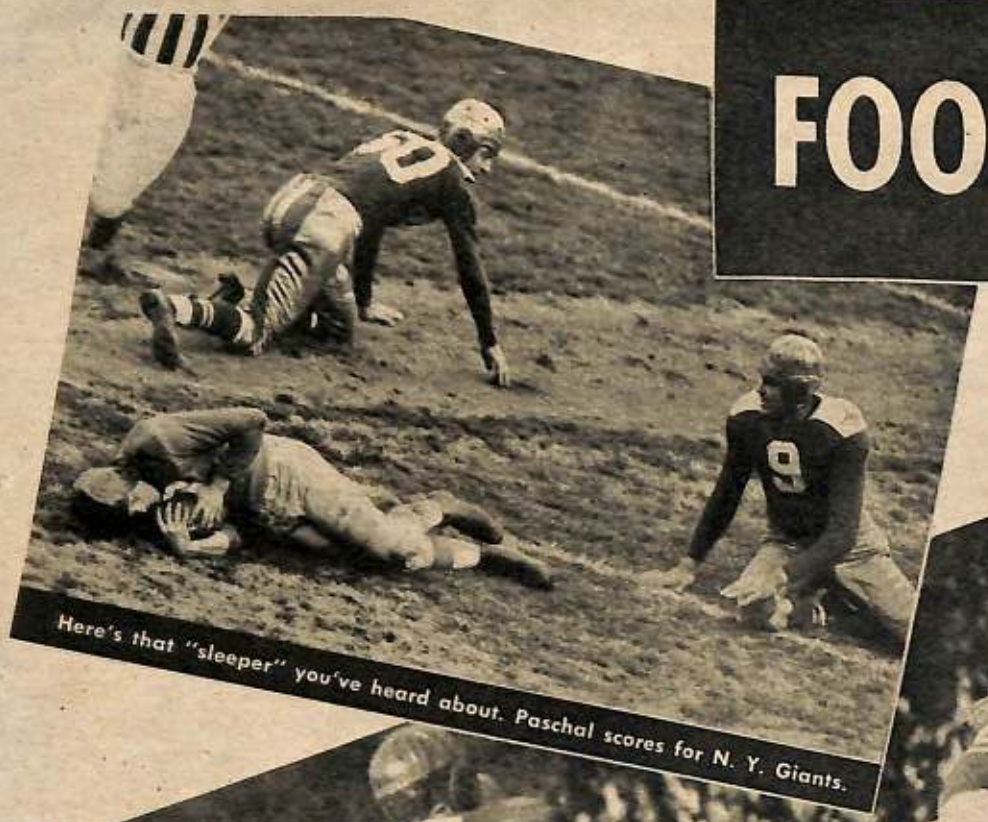
in only twelve days, and with absolutely NO address. This is one we really can't figure out, maybe you can help?

Cpl. WALTER ELLIOTT

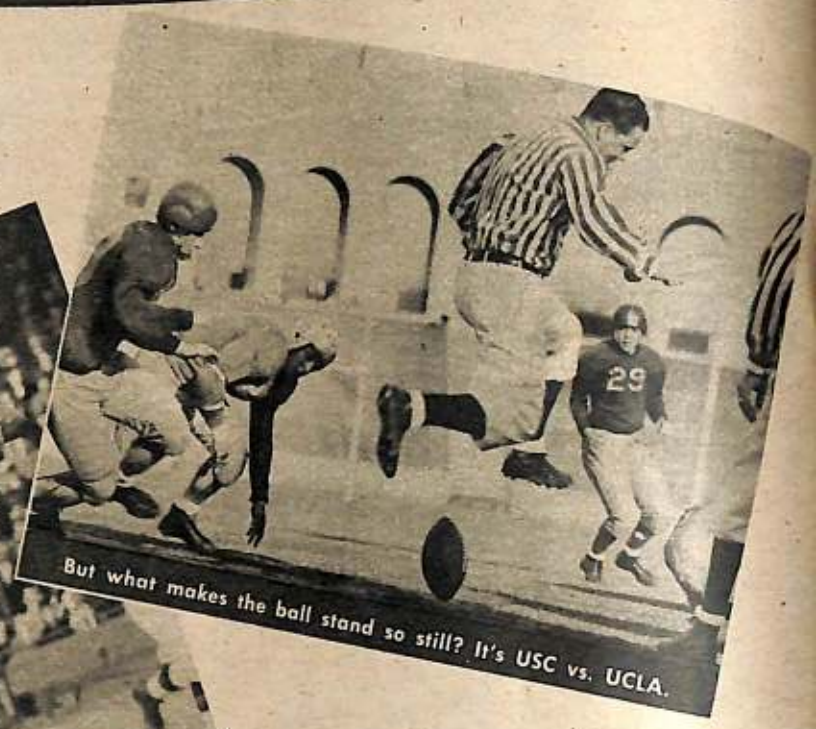
*Britain.*

**[It's beginning to look like prestidigitation to us.—Ed.]**

# FOOTBALL FUNNIES



Here's that "sleeper" you've heard about. Paschal scores for N. Y. Giants.



But what makes the ball stand so still? It's USC vs. UCLA.

O-o-o-h! That's what Moore (35) said, too, as Butler of Pittsburgh Steagles hit him.

The guy going head over heels in his work is Masterson of Redskins. The free ball is the pass he just muffed.

# SPORTS: MISTER LONG PANTS STARTS NEW CAREER

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

MISTER Long Pants slipped out of baseball just as quietly as he talked or pitched. Except for a matter-of-fact newspaper announcement that Carl Owen Hubbell, after 16 years of loyal service, would become general manager of the New York Giants' farm system, there wasn't much of a fuss made over him.

Nobody suggested that he be honored with a Hubbell Day or a testimonial banquet. He wasn't even presented with a wrist watch or the inevitable leather traveling bag.

In many ways this departure was very much like Hubbell himself. He is the meekest man in sports. He even comes from a town named Meeker, Okla.

Last summer the Giants were playing Brooklyn at Ebbetts Field and before game time Old Hub took his turn shagging flies. Then he walked back to the dugout and watched as the sad Giants got trounced, 7-4. As casually as that, on June 22, Old Hub had celebrated his 40th birthday.

Manager Mel Ott, who used to be Hubbell's roommate, probably knows Mister Long Pants better than anyone else on the Giants. "Carl's shy and he lacks color," Ottie once said. "But he has more important qualities. Like courage, skill, brains, modesty, loyalty and humility. There's character in every game he pitches."

Probably no other pitcher in baseball has been able to put so much of his personality into a ball game as King Carl. His performances reflected his earnestness, his honesty and even his shyness. Hubbell never squabbled with an umpire over a decision or blamed a defeat on his teammates' errors.

"I'm just paid to pitch," he used to say. "I leave the grousing and fighting to those who can handle it. It's not my line."

This attitude was never better displayed than in one of his classic pitching duels with Dizzy Dean in St. Louis eight years ago. Dean was being outpitched and he didn't like it. Finally he became so provoked that he lost his temper and started shelling the Giants with bean balls. Naturally, the Giants didn't take it lying down. They got hotter than a 10-cent pistol and a wild fist fight followed.

Then an unprecedented thing happened. Instead of rallying behind their favorite, Dean, and their own team, the St. Louis fans supported the Giants. It was Hubbell who had won them over. They had watched Mister Long Pants beat Dean with a clean and honest performance and they couldn't help but be impressed. When the fight was over, the St. Louis fans actually booed Dean and cheered Old Hub.

Hubbell, of course, is more famous for his screwball than anything else. And yet it was this trick pitch that caused the Detroit Tigers to send him back to the minors twice. In 1926, when Detroit brought Hubbell up for a second try-out, Manager Ty Cobb said he would never make the grade as long as he used his freak delivery. Cobb warned Hubbell that he would ruin his arm if he continued to throw "that dipsy-do."

Two years later John McGraw bought Hub for an estimated $40,000. It was the best investment the Giants ever made, for Hubbell, in his 16 years with the club, won 253 games and lost 154. He became one of the game's great southpaws, master of the screwball—the pitch that was supposed to ruin his arm—and hurled the Giants to three pennants nd one world championship..

The best description of Hub's screwball was summed up in a remark by Lou Gehrig after the All-Star game in 1934. That was the afternoon when King Carl struck out five of the greatest sluggers in the American League in a row—Ruth, Gehrig, Foxx, Simmons and Cronin.

"I'm still trying to figure out what happened," Gehrig said in the clubhouse. "I took three swings and every time I was positive I was going to hit a home run. The ball was right there, on the bat, and then it wasn't. It disappeared somewhere. No other pitcher throws anything exactly like it."

But Hubbell's success wasn't fashioned around this one pitch. He had a curve and fast ball to go with his freakish drop. The screwball was simply the pitch that identified him. Incidentally, it didn't get its name from the guy who made it famous. He's anything else but.

*Carl Hubbell is congratulated by the Giant's brain trust as he steps into the shoes vacated by Bill Terry as head of team's farm system. L. to r.: President Stoneham, Hubbell, Manager Ott, Secretary Brannick.*

**KP KIDS.** *We don't have to tell you what these two sailors are doing. But we can tell you they're a couple of All-Americans, namely: Bill Daley (left) and Merv Pregulman, both formerly of Michigan. They're in Portsmouth, Va., now, taking boot training.*

## SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

THIS year's crop of Army football champions: Randolph Field's Cotton Bowlers, with All-American **Glenn Dobbs** pitching, in the Southwest; Camp Davis, N. C., powered by ex-Bear **Norm Standlee,** in the Southeast; March Field, Calif., with at least a dozen "all" guys, in the West; Kearns (Utah) Air Base, with a defensive record of only two touchdowns scored against them, in the Rocky Mountain area; Fort Riley, Kans., in the Mid-West. . . . Incidentally, Fort Riley has the 1940 Olympic walking champion, **Pvt. Bill Mihalo,** as its trainer. . . . **Sgt. Joe DiMaggio** and **S/Sgt. Fred Perry,** the former tennis pro, are working together as physical-training instructors at the Santa Ana (Calif.) Army Air Base. . . . Add the name of **Lt. Derace Moser,** one of the all-time backfield greats at Texas A & M, to the list of All-Americans who have lost their lives in this war. Moser was killed in a Fortress crash near Tampa, Fla. . . . **Lt. Col. Wallace Wade** is still having trouble with his broken leg. He had to be moved from Camp Butner, N. C., where he commands an FA battery, to Oliver General Hospital in Augusta, Ga., for treatment. . . . What's this we hear about GIs in Algiers paying $10 top for ringside seats at soldier boxing shows?

*Inducted:* **Luke Appling,** veteran shortstop of the Chicago White Sox and American League batting champion (.328), into the Army; **Bill Veeck,** owner of the Milwaukee Brewers and one of the most colorful figures in sport, into the Marines; **Berkley Bell,** the tennis tourist, into the Army; **Lou Klein,** second baseman of the St. Louis Cardinals, into the Coast Guard; **Elbie Fletcher,** Pirates' first baseman, into the Navy. . . . *Reclassified 1-A:* **Beau Jack,** lightweight champion; **Charlie Keller,** slugging Yankee outfielder; **Bob Carpenter,** newly elected president of the Philadelphia Phillies. . . . *Promoted:* **Birdie Tebbets,** Detroit catcher, to rank of first lieutenant at Waco (Tex.) Army Air Field; **Harry Danning,** the Giants' catcher, to grade of sergeant at Long Beach, Calif. . . . *Commissioned:* **Paul Mitchell,** acting captain of the Minnesota football team and one of the finest tackles in the Big Ten, as an ensign in Navy Ordnance. . . . *Launched:* The **Charles Paddock,** Liberty ship named for the former Olympic sprint champion, who lost his life in a Navy plane crash near Sitka, Alaska. . . . *Decorated:* **Lt. Bob Saggau,** former Notre Dame football star, with the Air Medal for heroism on a dive-bombing mission against enemy shipping in the South Pacific.

Whether it's a cold on Main St., or a shattered leg at a bomber base, he's "Doc" to his patients—and the best friend they ever had.

# FLIGHT SURGEON

By Sgt. SAUL LEVITT
YANK Staff Correspondent

ENGLAND—The nearest thing in the Army to a family doctor is the squadron flight surgeon.

At one heavy bomber base in the ETO he is "Smoky"—Captain Wendell C. "Smoky"—Stover, who, like all flight surgeons, is part of his group and squadron. He was with us all through the training period in the States, and got to know us all by our first names—mainly because of the various stunts we pulled in order to get away from taking typhoid and tetanus shots.

So he is recognized as the family doctor of the squadron at this base, commanded by Col. Neil B. "Chick" Harding, former West Point football star.

Captain Stover is *not* a continuously hard-working medic. He has enough of the soldier in him to know how to be lazy. But back in the days when the missions first began to bring back their wounded and shocked gunners, Smoky was there as the red flare went up over the field. As he climbed aboard a Fort standing on the runway with a tire blown out and shellcasings strewn through the waist he got a look at his first wounded in action—three gunners lying in the radio room wrapped in flying clothes.

This was his baptism by fire.

Since then, he has done it again and again. Each time it is a little different. Each time he must act quickly, decide at once to move or not to move the wounded, hoist a bottle of plasma into the radio room or get the man quickly to the field hospital.

Back in the States there were times when Smoky seemed to have a callous disregard of the men's minor ailments—minor ailments such as hangovers, a touch of fever following shots, and assorted rashes and bruises such as G.I.s are subject to at all times. There was often a great deal of griping about Smoky. The story went around that you'd have to be pretty near dead before he'd ground you. There was a young bombardier from Chicago who told this one about the captain:

"There was a guy who got in to see Smoky and whispered to him: 'Doc, I've lost both legs——'

"'Shhh—quiet, man!' whispered Smoky, looking around carefully, 'they might ground you.'"

This was slander of course. Smoky wouldn't ground you—not unless your fever was around a hundred and one, and moving up. And looking back on the whole matter of training, you're glad that Smoky didn't ground men too easily. Combat is no fairy tale, and this husky, informal flight surgeon, who seemed so casual about your ailments must have been aware of what was coming—that you would soon be in combat, and the Army couldn't afford to pamper you, for your own sake as well as the Army's.

When the real thing came along, here in the ETO, he proved to be hard-working—at exactly the time he had to be hard-working and nowhere else. And that was when those planes hit the runway. And then you were in the hands of a doctor whose bedside manner would do for Park Avenue. You could relax.

Smoky's baptism by fire came soon after he landed in England. On a raid over Paris, Lt. Biddick's crew caught merry hell and came back with three men wounded. Radio operator "Fearless Joe" Eigen had called in, and the red flare went up before the landing. The plane swerved on the runway—flat tire—and came to a stop. Captain Stover and Captain Kinder of another squadron came aboard. They moved through the shell-strewn waist to the radio room. Vickers, Stireman, and Schellin were the wounded, but the most serious was Stireman, who had managed to drag himself from the tail to the waist on a splintered leg. The boy was in a bad way. He had done some tremendous things with his guns, which is another story. Right now he was lying in the radio room with that splintered leg, result of a 20-mm. exploding in the tail. Also he had been spilling blood from a main artery. He needed attention in a hurry. The bleeding was stopped, the leg put into a splint. Then the waist gun had to be removed before he and the other two injured men could be gotten out on litters through the waist window.

He was taken to the dispensary, given plasma, about three quarts of it, sewed up, and hours later was on the way to an evacuation hospital—alive. Several times Joe Stireman opened his eyes and smiled at the captain. He knew Smoky. Hadn't he been in on all the jokes about Smoky Stover? It's good to be in familiar hands when you're hurt that bad.

The Army's flight surgeons are picked men, just like the pilots. Specialists as such find themselves in well-equipped hospitals. But a flight surgeon is very nearly a front-line soldier. A full-fledged medical man, he must pass the Air Corps "64" examination, or flight physical. He's got to be under 35, must put in at least 50 hours' flying time, and go through an intensive three months' course at the Air Corps School of Aviation Medicine at Randolph Field, Texas.

Anchored at a fighter or bomber station, he gets to know both the personnel and the kind of aircraft out of which he must remove his wounded. Also, he takes over some of the duties that belong to the chaplain. You would be surprised to know how many guys end up by talking to the flight surgeon as if he's a chaplain. One time, a ground mechanic came over to Captain Stover and said: "Captain, I think I'm going around to the dispensary Monday to take a flight physical . . . it's only that I got a wife and kid though——"

"Well," said the captain, "I can give you the flight physical all right, Joe, but about the rest of it, that's something a man has to figure out for himself. I've got the greatest respect in the world for the boys able to go up on combat missions. It's not easy. That's why I can't tell you what to do about combat . . . Maybe you'd better think it over."

The man made his decision in ten minutes—with a clear conscience.

AT the age of 30, Wendell C. "Smoky" Stover was the youngest of seven doctors serving the population (5,000) of Boonville, Indiana—"down in the southern part of the state across the river from Kentucky."

He hadn't been many years out of Indiana University's medical school in Indianapolis; he had married at college (his wife was a musical student at Depauw) and there were two youngsters. In Boonville his clientele included coal miners, farmwives, small businessmen. There was nothing baffling or exciting about his cases—the flu, a broken leg, appendicitis or a confinement. To his job young Dr. Stover brought competence, a good rough sense of humor, and an easy ability to get along with his patients—particularly the coal miners who were given to pretty straight talk. Also he brought no frills because his patients were plain people who needed to get back on their feet as soon as possible in order to get by. As for his future in Boonville——

"You could stay there for a long time. Until you got to be known as old Doc Stover down the street——"

Then came the war.

Like many another man, Smoky "picked the Air

Corps." And today, at 33, he is a key figure in a combat outfit—not a member of a medical unit attached to a group of fighting men, but a member of the squadron. With the possible exception of the CO, he can get closest to the men who do the flying. Some flight surgeons can get closer than others, but, the men say Captain Smoky Stover is close enough.

It must be something he brought over from the Boonville days, maybe from attending to those coal-miner patients who used to say: "How long will this busted leg keep me out of work, doc?" Only now it's a wounded gunner who says: "How long will this busted leg keep me out, captain—hell, I could heal up pretty quick if they sent me back to the States."

"The States? Sure, we'll fix it up first thing in the morning."

"For about Christmas sometime."

"Sure thing, Ed, for about Christmas."

ONE Joe was a gunner on a lone-plane that showed up over the field half an hour before the scheduled return of a mission over Bremen. The plane shot off a red flare. Then little things began to happen. There were four flight surgeons standing near the tower, and the group surgeon was upstairs, haunting the control tower itself. The radio operator on the plane had called in while the plane was over the North Sea, telling base that there were wounded men aboard. Smoky got a good look at the number of the circling plane, said: "That's my baby," and climbed aboard the ambulance parked nearby. The ambulance followed the landing plane like a terrier on the heels of a horse. It came alongside as the plane taxied to a halt.

In the plane he worked very fast—surprisingly fast, because most of the time you saw Smoky Stover around the field, he was a slow-moving, slow-talking man. When he got into the radio compartment, the wounded gunner grinned and tried to say something funny: "It's about time, doc. I understand the radio operator made an appointment for me." And the captain grinned back.

The gunner and the captain knew each other, for the gunner was one of the "originals" of the squadron and so was the captain. They went through training together and didn't Smoky Stover have a hell of a time trying to catch that gunner and give him the typhoid needle three times in a row?

Now the gunner was fighting for his life, and the "family" doctor, Smoky Stover, was helping him fight. By the time Joe got to the hospital, the battle was half won.

In the hospital, too, the first doctor the wounded want to see is the flight surgeon. They can talk to him more easily than to the hospital staff doctors. They tax the captain with little errands and requests —"When you get back to the squadron, would you mind asking Gus to bring over my letter-writing folder as soon as he can? . . . Thanks, captain. And lissen, captain, apart from this leg accident, I got an old shoulder injury I wanna ask you about some time . . . Another thing I was just thinking if I should tell them about this little accident of mine at home, or wait a little while. Whaddya think?"

"That depends," says the captain. "Somebody sick at home? If it was your mother and if it would be any shock to her——"

"Well, I guess I'll wait a little while. Then I'll be able to say I *was* hurt some time ago and am on my way out now. How's that, smart, hey?"

"It sounds pretty good to me," says the captain. And the patient, still full of dope, falls off to sleep and the captain moves down the aisle.

There are other able men at this field, too. Head flight surgeon is Major Laurence S. Jennings, who has a mission to his credit—a tough one to Kassel; so has Capt. Hardy, who flew on the tactically brilliant raid over Norway which blew up an important Nazi war plant. Two Southerners complete the picture—Capt. Emory C. Kinder, of Kingstree, S.C., and Capt. Carroll E. McCarthy of Baldwin, Miss.

One gunner used to describe them as they lined up along the field when the planes came in. "You watch them through the waist window, one tall and skinny, one short, and two husky guys, waiting for you as you come in . . . when you see them you know something's up."

They came over to the ETO with a minimum of facilities at hand. From the very beginning they had to be resourceful in the G.I. manner—as, for example, in "raiding" planes that had just made the ocean trip from the States. The first-aid kits they came over with were not good enough, so they utilized the Arctic kits furnished to crews coming overseas. These worked fine.

Lighter than average GI headgear, this new flak helmet stops .45 caliber bullet at 2 ft.

Most important of their innovations was the installation of a plasma supply in the ambulance itself. This came directly out of the experience of finding men on the planes too seriously injured to be moved and requiring immediate transfusions.

It was the plasma supply aboard an ambulance which probably saved the life of S/Sgt Robert D. Turcotte. Flak had gone through the metal frame of the ball turret and entered Turcotte's back, coming out the other side through his chest, breaking two ribs and puncturing a lung, and leaving him with what the doctors call a "sucking chest wound."

Young John E. Callahan, a radio operator, had taken care of Turcotte before the plane landed. He remembered the first-aid lectures that had been pounded into the heads of the crewmen by the doctors.

"Callahan," the surgeons said proudly, "did everything any doctor could have done aboard the plane."

Callahan kept Turcotte alive. It was a masterly performance in first-aid, begun at freezing altitude level in enemy territory and carried out down to the ground. Callahan knew enough to feed Turcotte a continuous flow of oxygen even below the altitude at which oxygen is normally required—and gave it to Turcotte by surrendering his own single line of supply. He covered the wound with a heavy compress in order to keep the air from entering the chest cavity and air from escaping, an absolute necessity in order to preserve Turcotte's limited power of breathing. And finally he remembered that he must *not* give Turcotte morphine—a special injunction of the flight surgeons in cases of chest and head wounds *only*. Remembering what to do and what not to do in a case like this would have been tough enough on the ground. But to do this in combat and at altitude where efficiency is, as the flight surgeons say, "definitely impaired" was a first-class military feat. In effect, it was Callahan, remembering what Smoky and the other surgeons had drilled into him, who handed Turcotte over more dead than alive, but alive.

Then the flight doctors took over. Callahan had done his job. The man could not be moved, but must be attended in the plane. T/Sgt John Erp had rigged up a plasma bottle in the radio room so it could be successfully administered to Turcotte. And so, for two and a half hours, the radio compartment of a B-17 was a hospital bed. "During this time he was pulseless, ashen blue and breathing shallowly and rapidly. Damn near ready for KIA (killed in action). Gradually his fingernails changed from blue to pink. He was no longer in pain . . . Turcotte was given six bottles (about three quarts) during this time. Then we were able to move him.

"And then," said the flight surgeon, "the first thing he asked me at the hospital was if he had any frostbite. That chest wound didn't seem to bother him at all."

AT a squadron party recently Smoky quietly drank his beer. Pretty soon he was in the midst of a big crowd of enlisted men. He was asked about a certain gunner fighting for his life in the hospital and the captain said: "You know Les. You know how he talks. He said to me: 'I think they got the Greek this time.'" It wasn't the answer the men wanted, but it was the kind they expected—and always got.

The captain had another beer. Plainly his mind was moving back over the whole year. It was a long time in war. He was seeing all the fresh young men whom he had known ever since training days in Utah. He had seen them grow into combat, "missing in action," and DFCs. Now some of the old faces were gone and there were other young men. That was war. For a long time now he had been around gunners, pilots and Flying Fortresses. This was the winter of 1943. Maybe in another year he would be home in Boonville, starting where he left off.

"—until you got to be known as old Doc Stover down the street."

## SCIENCE DOES ITS BEST TO MAKE THE DOC'S WORK LIGHTER

# YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

# 1944

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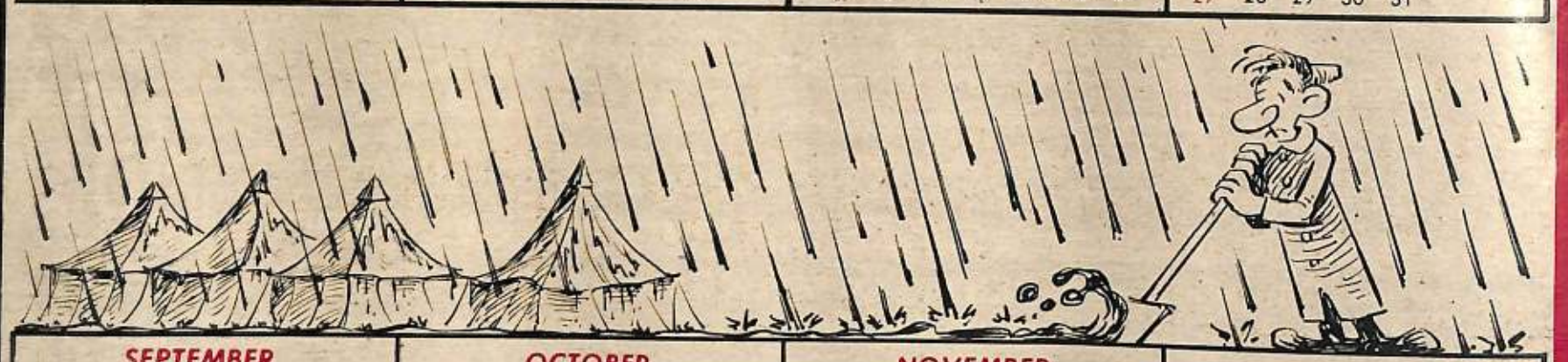

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