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By the men . . for the men in the service

AIRBORNE OPERATIONS IN FRANCE

—Pages 2, 3, 4 and 5

Three glider pilots, a power pilot and a YANK correspondent tell of U.S. paratroopers, airborne infantry and whirlwind action which began about midnight on June 5th and continued with bloody, grim relentlessness, as the men from the skies coordinated their activities with those of the men on the ground.

ENGLAND—*The paratroop action that took place on D-Day—hours before the landings in France were actually under way—and the airborne operation which followed it, timed to "zero in" with the landings of Allied soldiers on the French beaches, forms one of the most important panels of the huge, bloody, delicate opening phase of the action. It was absolutely required that, at whatever cost, paratroopers wipe out enemy gun positions ahead of the first thin lines of our troops landing on the beaches; capture airfields; disrupt communications. And the task of the airborne infantry who followed the paratroopers into that unknown darkness of France was to strengthen the original gains of the paratroopers: to disrupt the enemy movement further and to hold on.*

Richard F. Brown, of Louisville, Ohio; Primo Ceravolo, of Toledo, Ohio; Frank R. Doubek, of Chicago, Ill., were flight officers—pilots of the powerless planes called gliders—which they set down beyond the beaches, loaded with men and equipment, on the night of June 6th. 2nd Lt. Samuel S. Cromie, of Phila., Pa., was a power pilot. His responsibilities in the initial operations were twofold: to pilot his plane as a troop-carrier, bringing the first paratroopers into France; then to go up again the following day as the pilot of a towplane from which a glider would cut loose and float down to earth. On his second mission—the towing job—Cromie's plane, riddled by enemy fire, crashed in France.

The glider pilots who let down in France—except those killed before their powerless planes hit the ground and those others killed on the ground—wandered and fought their way to the beaches. Without training in ground warfare, without specific military responsibilities after landing, they became ground soldiers and made their own responsibilities.

Together with them, Lt. Cromie, whose plane had crashed, encountered the enemy guns and the enemy silence. In practical terms, he was just another guy dropped, in the middle of a war, on the ground without any training in the tactics of ground warfare. In practical terms he was caught in the same pattern as the men trained for the "single shot," the single "real life" landing of real soldiers in a real war after a thousand practice landings.

The glider pilots call the real landing "The Down and Go" . . . "you put it down and then you go." And this story by three glider pilots and one power pilot is how they put down and how they went. They wish it made clear that their roles merely illustrate the general role of all glider pilots who put down in France on D-Day.

It all began about midnight of June 5th. England was a moonlit island as the first paratroopers climbed aboard the planes.

* * *

Cromie—We spearheaded the invasion. That day General Eisenhower had reviewed our paratroopers. On take-off General Ike stood along the runway and waved us off. We took off just around twelve o'clock, midnight. It was a beautiful night, you could fly formation by moonlight it was so doggone bright. The first look at France and there was the flak coming up at us. We kept inspecting the flak but it didn't get any of us. The crew chief kept informing the paratroopers aboard of the progress along the route. The men had been briefed so well they knew where the plane was at all times. They kept smoking a lot and drinking a lot of water. We broke open our emergency water cans for them. A lot of them were praying all the way over, kneeling on the floor. When we pulled in over the peninsula we found a perfect cover of clouds there which kept us away from the fire on the ground. Then, just as we started in over the DZ (drop zone), the bullets and the flak started coming up at us again, in every color of the rainbow. We gave the men the red light warning showing that we were four minutes from the DZ, told the crew chief to wish them all luck from us, slowed down for the drop, gave them the green light, and out they went. The last man got stuck in the door, and never did find the rest of the men when he got down. I met him later and he told me about it. . . . Two of our ships missed the DZ area and made a 360 degree circle trying to find the area again. Guns were meeting the paratroopers as they dropped, following them all the way down to the ground. We saw a big fire on the ground, probably set by bombers that had been there before us. The area was fully lighted. After the men were out of my ship I saw my airspeed jump to 190, and got the hell out of there. Over the Channel we could observe the sea just jammed with ships in the clear moonlight, moving in toward the beaches. As we made landfall we saw other groups coming in, towing gliders. When we landed, the glider pilots and anyone who hadn't had a chance to fly yet, were waiting for us. We were mobbed.

Ceravolo—We kept saying to Sam, what's the deal, what's the deal?

* * *

(1000 C 47 transports and gliders landed men in that first wave. During the night the weather changed. And the Channel waters were choppy as the first landing craft brought infantrymen ashore. From the air, fliers saw the all-day unfolding of the beach assault. The great flotillas never stopped moving across the water. The lines across the Channel were without end into the dusk and the rain and cold of the night of D-Day. At 1900 hours on D-Day another caravan of planes and gliders wheeled onto the runway, and were airborne under lowering skies.)

Brown—It was a funny feeling before taking off, plenty of tension.

Doubek—We took off nineteen hundred hours of D-Day right on the nose. Before take-off everybody told us it was going to be a milk run, but that turned out to be the biggest lie of the whole invasion.

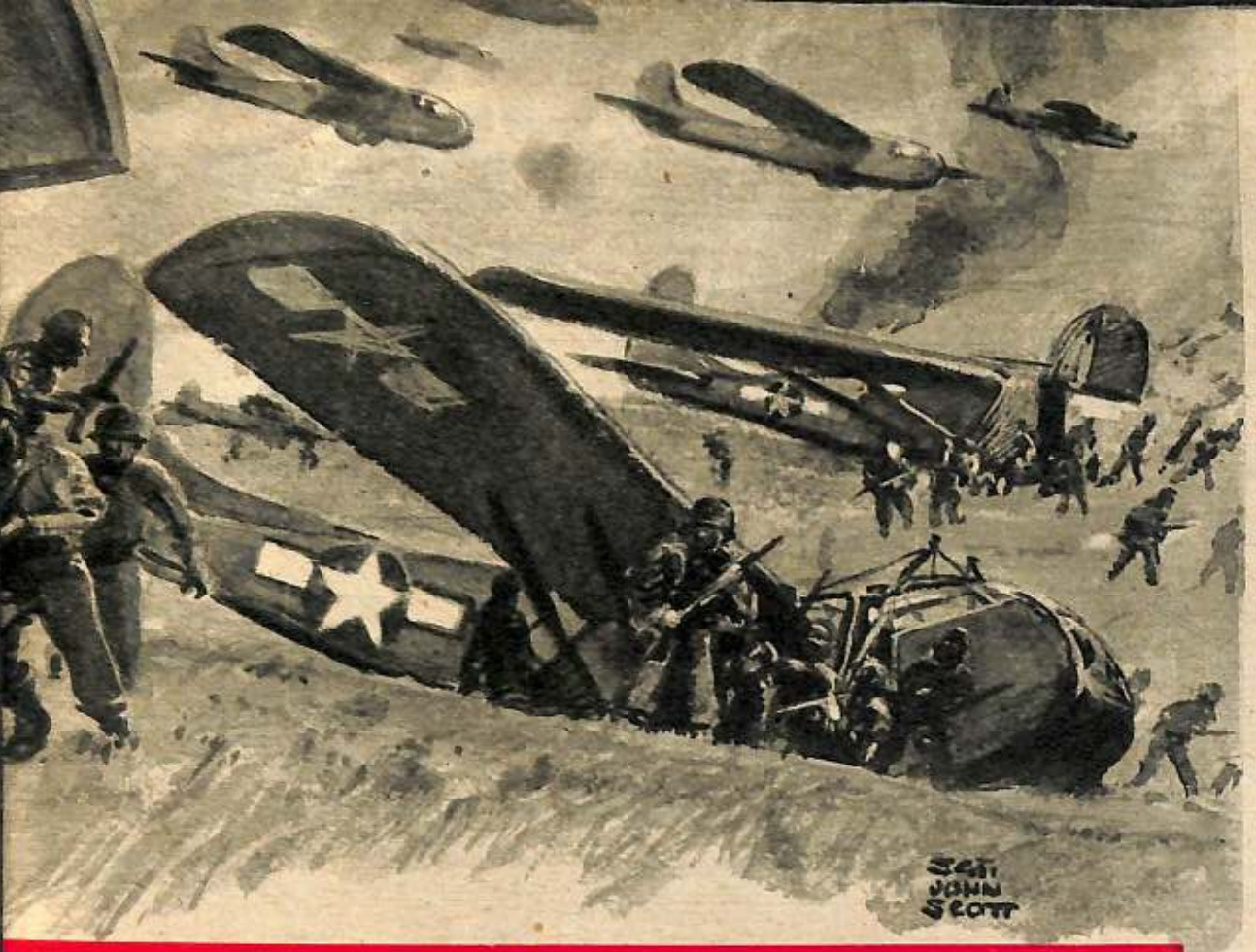
Brown—You know what bothered us most? We were afraid we would break loose from our plane before we got there. We sweated that out harder than anything else. We knew this was the Down and Go drop, the Big Joe.

Doubek—Most of our loads that trip were armored jeeps. One enlisted man with us on that load acted as a gunner. He had the guns all set for firing before we landed. That was Sgt. Borne.

Brown—We circled our field for half an hour. It was very rough weather while over England. After our group formed and we got near the Channel we started to see a lot of fighter protection. A very happy sight that was.

Ceravolo—Our gliders were hard to handle that night. But once we hit the Channel our Major was very considerate and saw to it that we had no prop-wash, and, consequently, we had a beautiful ride right into the coast. We didn't see much of anything until we hit the French coast. After that, boy, they threw everything at us. And then they took their ammunition apart and their guns and threw the pieces at us. There was lots of small arms fire, but too low.

Doubek—They'd told us at briefing we'd find large fields and small trees, very good for glider landings. But when we came over we found that the big fields had been flooded, and all that was left were small fields with tall trees, maybe seventy feet high. And we ran into enemy machinegun and mortar fire.



"Down and Go"

Two Stories By and Of Our AIRBORNE TROOPS in France

Cromie—Lt. "Red" Coleman, one of our glider co-pilots, was being shot at while coming in for his landing. So he took out his rifle and busted the plexiglass with the butt end and picked off a sniper who was using a machinegun pistol down there. "Red" did that while still in the air.

Brown—We were the second glider in. There was gunfire coming at us all the time. We came out of our glider and the first second we landed we were not sure of our next step. We were pinned to the ground for quite a while. Then we made a run for the edge of the field. There were nine of us. We laid on the ground scattered out for a while, then got together. We found what looked like a tunnel and there was a wounded German there. How he got there we don't know. We asked him where the Americans were and he answered, "All over." Then we asked him where the Germans were and he said, "All over."

Cromie—I was the power pilot on the plane towing the last glider of the formation. Flight Officers Clark and More were in that glider and just after they cut loose, the Jerries riddled my right wing. We managed to turn off and then they got the right engine. My co-pilot Floyd Bennett started to feather the right engine just as the left engine was shot out and we were then just like a glider with both engines dead. There was no field big enough for even a glider to land in, much less a power plane. Those fields are all small and narrow and they have got great big trees, big as telegraph poles. We started to land, touched the field and one of the trees took off the whole right wingtip. It flashed through my mind very suddenly, something I'd once read about a B17 making a good forced landing by using the trees to act as brakes, so I aimed between two trees and what they did instead of acting as brakes was to take off my wings and engines and the body kept going just as fast. There we were sailing through the air with just the body of the ship. The crew had already braced themselves for the crash. I can see the front of the ship coming up at me. Then we hit. Don't ask me how I'm here. The glider boys would have checked me out as a glider pilot with that landing because I had no engines. But I didn't have any wings either and you don't check out even on a glider unless you have wings. I don't know what I am. . . . We came down right in the middle of the fighting. There was low grass, hedgerows and trees. The paratroopers were running across the fields and there was gunfire all around us. One of the worst spots was where a glider pilot came down. That boy went through hell. They landed in a field and they were under fire all the way down and into the field and they never had a chance to get out of the glider. His pal, the other pilot in the glider, had been wounded before the glider hit the ground, and when it touched down, the first thing he said was, "Get me out of here." The glider pilot went to his pal's assistance and just then the Germans opened up with their machine-guns again. The men in that glider fell wounded and dead under the wings, before they had a chance to get away. The Germans came right up to the glider and killed two wounded men under the wing. One pilot played dead and they didn't touch him. But different units of Germans passing by kept throwing machinegun and mortar fire at the glider for twelve hours. The pilot lay there among the dead. He was soaked in the blood of dead guys and lying under bodies. Several times he wanted to commit suicide. He lay there until noon the next day when our paratroopers took over the field. He pulled through and he's alive this minute in England.

Doubek—The first contact we made with American forces on the ground was with tankmen. About an hour later we ran across paratroopers. They were just as happy to see us as we were to see them. They threw their arms around us glider pilots and hugged us. It was wonderful seeing those boys. We glider pilots think that the paratroopers are the toughest bunch of boys in the Army. They are twice as tough as they think they are. We take off our hats to the paratroopers.

Ceravolo—If the entire American Army was made up of 10 million paratroopers it would be just right. This war would have been over two years ago.

Brown—Another reason they liked to see us glider men—they liked our flak suits. When the gliders come in, the paratroopers are after those vests. They use them when going after snipers—"snipe hunting" they call it.

Ceravolo—One of them I saw, he had on three flak suits. Paratroopers work in teams of three or four, one man meeting the fire to draw it out and the others covering him and picking snipers off by the gun flashes. Well, this guy with the three flak suits simply walked out into a field to draw fire. He said, "Now! Let's go." He went out and his buddies kept picking the snipers off. You could see the German fire coming at him but he kept going.

* * *

(The gliders had landed at 2132 hours of D-Day. Around them in the dusk and then the darkness, among the tall old trees and fields of Normandy there was a movement of men and the splutter and roar of light and heavy guns. It was not a clear night. And the men beyond the beaches, creeping through the grass and around trees, did not know that the beaches were being rapidly cleared of the enemy and that the beaches were being linked up. In Normandy the airborne men scattered on the ground began to link up, too, snowballing into larger groups. . . .)

Doubek—We had met our paratroopers and tankmen after hitting the ground. We were supposed to take our equipment and personnel to the nearest CP but we were told it had fallen into enemy hands. But there was another CP being set up. So we dug in there; we expected a counter-attack. The glider men volunteered to take over outpost duty to relieve the tankmen who had been fighting all day and to give them the well-needed rest they had been planning on. We did outpost duty in shifts. The enemy was supposed to be 2000 yards away from our tank park but we found out they were not more than a hundred yards away. At dawn our tanks started up again. Some of the glider pilots got into action riding on the backs of tanks, all the time under the fire of enemy snipers. The job was to knock out a hill which was pouring out 88-mm. fire. The hill was finally knocked out about 11 o'clock that morning. That hill sure had us pinned down for a while.

Ceravolo—The snipers we met were using wooden bullets in some cases. They are just a shade larger than our .30 caliber—a red-colored bullet. They make a nasty wound. They are hollow and splinter after hitting, and spread. I saw one paratrooper who had been hit with one in the leg. You never saw a bullet hole like that in your life—it was right through his thigh and where the bullet had come out there was a great big hole.

Cromie—Remember how we had crashed? Without wings or engines? Only one man was injured, my co-pilot. We had to get him back to the

beachhead and a hospital in a hurry. The medics got him into a captured German truck. All the way along the roads, snipers picked on us as we went on.

Doubek—After that hill was knocked out, we dug in, expecting another counter-attack from the Germans, and the glider pilots pitched in. They were behind the tanks and ready. Very surprising to see the way they acted tactically. It was their first time in combat. Just about midday of D plus One our heavy equipment started to move up from the beaches—big guns, tanks, all kinds of stuff. It was the most beautiful sight you ever saw. Meanwhile, the glider pilots were pouring in from everywhere and bringing prisoners with them, some they had taken themselves and others that the paratroopers had unloaded on them. It was funny the way the paratroopers would hand them over to us, because they figured we were superior officers. We stayed at the CP until about six o'clock that evening and then proceeded to the beach, taking a load of prisoners with us.

Ceravolo—I guess about thirty-five of our boys left for the beach that evening, but I didn't. I was lazy and I wasn't going to walk. I waited for a ride. Some interesting things happened while waiting for that ride. . . . I was talking to this QM colonel and there was a sniper working his machinegun. The colonel said that this sniper wasn't going for the wounded but for the medics who went out to bring in the wounded. Everybody was busy and just didn't do anything about this sniper for about an hour, and then some paratrooper just couldn't stand it any more and said, "Let's get out and get the sonovabitch." They simply went out and got him. This same colonel asked me to help him get the parapacks being dropped by our planes. We had to go in among the trees to get the packs—K rations, medical supplies and ammunition. And that's where we saw some paratroopers hanging out of the trees. They never had a chance; their harness and chutes caught in the trees as they floated down and they were just shot up and bayoneted where they were.

* * *

(With established beachheads widening and deepening beyond the trampled sands where the landing barges had come up early the day before, the Allies . . . "were establishing contact between our seaborne and airborne troops." The German reserves were now in action, but the forging of the scattered Allied links went on. It was another dark night on land, another day of choppy waves in the Channel. Overhead, Allied planes marched, inserting their well-placed sticks of bombs at proper bridge and railroad locations. For the men fighting in Normandy the land, the people, the enemy, now fell into a more familiar war pattern; the tension of yesterday's unknown was changed to today's more routine but just as grim warfare. . . .)

Ceravolo—I finally joined a convoy of about forty vehicles and started for the beach, riding on a captured German jeep. I was sitting on the back of the jeep looking for snipers. Three miles from the beach a German paratrooper jumps out of the bushes and I started fumbling for my gun. Any ground soldier knows that he has to carry his gun ready, but I'm just a glider pilot. If this guy had wanted to shoot me he could have had me three times, but it turns out that he's surrendering and he drops to his knees.

Cromie—What impressed me were the weapons and horses the Germans had on hand. I saw our paratroopers coming along the roads with captured German horses. Well-groomed horses. Our boys were loaded down with grenades, rifles, each man looking like an armory. Any number of guns along the roads. Seemed you could always find plenty of guns.

Ceravolo—You find German equipment in heaps all over the roads. Stacks of gas masks. I saw one paratrooper mounted on a beautiful horse all loaded down with enemy guns, and he was patrolling that road big as hell. I said to him, "You're so high up they could get you easy." He said, "Like hell they can. They can't hit the side of a brick—house."

Brown—And do you remember the little French kids along the way giving the American salute? When we stopped for a second at the crossroads they came out with wine.

Cromie—We ran across some French who used their horses and trucks to bring in our wounded for us.

Ceravolo—And they were being shot at all the time, too. I saw one brought up for treatment who seemed to have half his face blown away. He knew it and was quite conscious. He had kept his truck moving back and forth hauling our wounded until they winged him. We had something funny occur along our road—this is about K-rations. In our convoy we had eleven German paratroop prisoners. When we stopped once, somebody said that they hadn't been searched. When we got through searching them, we found fifty boxes of our K-rations on them. We stacked them in the road. Then we told the French kids that the K-rations were theirs.

Brown—Those Germans are careless about the Red Cross, did you notice that?

Ceravolo—Well, we captured two German medics carrying Lugers under their blouses. Our medics are unarmed.

Cromie—I don't know what to say. In some cases they've shown respect for the Red Cross. I saw Red Cross vehicles moving back and forth and no one firing at them. I haven't got it figured out yet.

Ceravolo—I heard of one case where a German stabbed the medical officer who tried to help him. The German lieutenant came out of the bushes saying "Kamerad, I am wounded," and the medical officer ran to help him and the German stabbed him. There was one of our wounded paratroopers lying nearby and he grabbed his carbine to shoot the German, but an S-2 officer held that wounded paratrooper down. He said, "We want this guy for interrogation."

Pillrollers! That's the wrongest name ever used for medics after seeing those boys in action. They go anywhere. One of our wounded paratroopers was lying in a field. This medic spotted the paratrooper and started running toward him. A sniper fired on the medic and he dropped. He held up his arm to show the Red Cross band but the sniper fired again. A couple of our paratroopers who saw this just went crazy and yelled, "Let's go get him." They went out after the sniper and he didn't fire any more.

Cromie—I saw the Germans leave Red Cross trucks go by. But when we got to the beach they strafed the hospital. First we tried to find a place to sleep. Next thing I remember is planes. One pulled off and dropped a bomb on the beach. They were 109s and our boys got two of them, but not until they had strafed the hospital. And the Red Cross painted on the outside must have been about four feet wide. And the wounded lined up outside because there wasn't enough room inside.

* * *

(As the glider pilots drove on jeeps and trudged along the road up the beach, some learned, some didn't, and others were too tired to care that Bayeux' German occupants were under fire, soon to surrender to the Allies—the first town in France to be wrested from German occupation. The glider pilots had brought Americans into France, had fought on the ground. Now they were going back, carrying along their luck and their indisputable evidence of having seen and having conquered in France—German prisoners. Some men took red poppies back—another milder form of evidence to show to people in England. . . . They came up to the trampled sands and the gray chop of the Channel on the evening of D plus One and during D plus Two the following day. Their "Down and Go" was nearly over as they looked over the gray waters toward England.)

Doubek—When I got on the beach I was like a kid waiting for the ice cream man. When you realized the predicament those men on the beachhead had been in and the men further in, when you understood how badly and how much they needed everything, it made you feel awfully good to watch our big stuff coming in off the landing craft—big guns, tanks, trucks, bulldozers, and it all looked good. There was quite a collection of prisoners on the beach under barbed wire when we came up. And we glider pilots brought more up, men that the pilots themselves had captured and others that the paratroopers had put in our charge.

Ceravolo—A couple of prisoners I saw had been shot accidentally by their own men. One was shot through the arm and the other had his hand partly shot away. All you saw were either old men or very young kids that didn't look more than fifteen or sixteen. The old men weren't so bad but the kids were sassy as hell, insolent young bastards, full of that Nazi stuff; born in it, I guess.

Doubek—When we got to the beach we reported to the beachmaster. He took our name, rank and serial number and immediately told us when there would be a tug to take us out to a ship. He asked us if we would take charge of some prisoners to be taken to England. Most of the German prisoners knew that they would have to wade out into the water so they took off all their clothes right up to the waist. But we glider pilots waded right in with all our clothes on. For days afterwards we were picking salt and sand out of our cigarette lighters.

Ceravolo—When we got aboard the LST and I saw that steak and ice cream I said, "Come to me," and I just couldn't stop putting that good food away.

Doubek—Most of the German prisoners we took over didn't look like crack troops. Mixed in with them were some officers in their middle twenties. Most of the troops aboard claimed to be Russians and Poles, captured when the Germans had invaded their countries and forced to fight under threats that their families would be taken care of. They were happy to be captured by us and said they wouldn't give us any trouble. About seven o'clock in the evening we passed out some canned corned beef. We saw that the prisoners only ate half of it. We asked them why and they said they hadn't had so much meat for so long that they were saving the other half for the next day. Each one of the officers had a briefcase and a very small piece of hard dried sausage inside. They also had plenty of butter in a screwtop dish with a red, plastic top. They had been searched on the boat but we were taking extra precautions. After we got through, one of them brought up a razor that we had missed. The prisoners were kept on the tank deck. They had no cigarettes. We gave them some for French money, which we wanted as souvenirs.

Ceravolo—You should have seen one of our glider pilots on that trip home. We called him "Nazi Sam" because he could speak that lingo so perfectly. He patrolled that deck up and down, getting them to do their own policing in their own language. He was having a hell of a good time.

Doubek—You can't say too much for the Navy—they treated us very well—everything of the best—like kings. We were so grateful that we were glad to guard the prisoners. We waited one day for our convoy back to England to form. We were aboard the LST two nights, and on D-Day plus Three reached England and returned to our base.

—Compiled by Sgt. SAUL LEVITT
YANK Staff Correspondent

Glider-landed U.S. machine gunners were set to disrupt Nazis, hold our initial gains.

"Down and Go"

Two Stories By and Of Our AIRBORNE TROOPS in France

In 24 hours, Ninth Air Force Engineers built America's first airfield in France. To the left of the busy bulldozer is a U.S. glider which crashed the day before.

As the fighting got under way, it resembled the localized ferocity of some of the island battles in the South Pacific. A man fought his way back through enemy lines for eleven days, scattered groups organized themselves for quick combat, and Jerry fought well and died easily.

By Cpl. JOHN PRESTON
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE AIRBORNE TROOPS IN FRANCE—An airborne invasion is probably the least cut and dried of all military operations. No matter how many plans and formulas have been worked out beforehand, all the individual paratrooper or glider rider can rely on in the long run is his own luck, sense of direction, and fighting momentum that he seems to acquire the minute he hits the ground. Yesterday, M/Sgt. Milton Marsh arrived at our camp. He had been missing since D-Day, and had been fighting his way back through enemy lines ever since. Along with the rest of his outfit he had jumped around three o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, June 6th. He had been the first to clear out of the plane, and had been separated from the rest of the men. He landed in marshy land and swam across two swamps until he came to a farmhouse.

The French family there gave him whiskey and coffee, and told him that there was a captain in the neighbourhood who could speak English. The "captain" turned out to be a sergeant in Marsh's company. Gradually, other paratroopers straggled in. They organized themselves into a small, defense unit and dug in on the side of a hill. They were adequately supplied with weapons, with carbines, tommy guns, mortars, machineguns and other weapons. A lot of their equipment had been dropped into the swamps and Frenchmen had gone out in boats to salvage it.

Every day from their defense position they sent out patrols. One day a patrol ran into two German motorcycles still covered with the desert camouflage used in North Africa. The patrol finished the Germans off with their Browning Automatic Rifles.

The Germans closed in on them steadily, however. The Americans moved back, withdrawing from the hill, the town beyond, and the swamps. The fighting was particularly hard in the towns. When one of the gunners was killed, his officer picked up the machinegun with his bare hands, and sprayed the street with bullets as long as he was supplied with belts of ammunition.

All the time the Germans were advancing they never encircled the Americans. If they had just sent one squadron of men to pick off the Yanks from behind they would have been able to wipe them out in a matter of minutes.

But the Americans finally broke up altogether, split up into small groups, and made their way northward through swamp, dry land and hedgerows. They spent most of their daylight hours hidden under the hedgerows. The only food they had for the rest of that week was one half a loaf of black bread and a pound of butter for which they paid the French farmer the equivalent in francs of about sixteen American dollars.

At one time they came across a German mess hall. The troops were lining up for lunch, and there were a couple of Frenchwomen waiting in line also. Marsh, and the other men with him, promptly scrambled for their lives and left most of their equipment, including their all-important jump knives, in their flight. They spent the rest of that day lying in a ditch under the briers by the roadside. But they were still in motion. Listening carefully they could hear the German sentries yelling "Halt" up and down the road, and in that way they could tell where the sentry posts were, and finally were able to slip through the lines and come up to our camp.

Sgt. Marsh, who comes from Miami, Florida, said that one reason he wanted to come through the fight with his skin intact was that he had been promised a three day pass if he made his first combat jump and came back to England all right.

HERE is another airborne experience; the adventure that befell a certain glider rider named T/4 Charlton, of Nashville, Tenn. Charlton became sick coming over. Added to that he got a bad crack on his head when his glider made a crash landing at approximately 2100 hours on D-Day. As a result, he wasn't thinking too clearly when he got out of the glider.

They all came under fire immediately upon landing and all Charlton could think of at that moment was getting back after his shovel. Most of the Americans had moved on and as mortar fire began to fall near the glider, Charlton decided to improve his position rapidly. He found a ditch containing four other Americans, and they all waited there feeling relatively safe, until the Germans launched an infantry attack upon them. A German killed the man beside him and Charlton shortly after killed that German. He moved farther down the ditch and saw and shot another German. They shot at him and missed and he still kept moving on down the line into more German muzzles.

When finally taken prisoner, he was sent to a first aid station in a large town nearby. Upon the recapture of that town, after a great Allied bombardment, he was returned to his unit.

There is no fixed, clear-cut front line here now and not much trench warfare. Hedgerows and foxholes and suburban villas take the place of trenches. The Germans dig in deeply whenever they make any kind of a stand, and their foxholes are almost always deeper, roomier, and safer than ours. They are putting up an excellent resistance; one reason being that the propaganda that they use upon their own men insists on the fact that airborne troops have been recruited from among convicts in American jails, and plays up the fact that a good many of the Americans have had their heads shaved to show that they are all lifers and homicidal types. This may sound absurd, but it certainly accounts for the violent fear and stubbornness that seems to come over the average Nazi trooper when he runs into one of our paratroopers. It also may explain the fact that a good many paratroopers were found strung up in the trees with their throats cut and still suspended from their shrouds.

The fighting around here involves the massing of large numbers of men in small areas. As such it has something of the localized ferocity of the South Sea Island Marine landings about it. In the taking of Carentan, which was entirely a victory won by the paratroopers, despite the stories that went out about a Ranger victory, the fighting was really stiff.

One battalion, led by a Colonel from Texas, lost many of its men either as dead and missing, or wounded and evacuated during this battle. Almost every man in this battalion can qualify for a Purple Heart, and almost every man killed at least three Germans before the action was finally over.

The men who told me about it included Pvt. Roy Helton, Chattanooga, Tenn., Sgt. Herb Kurzer, Middle Village, Long Island, Cpl. Robert Everett, of Texarkana, Texas, Sgt. S. Sprecker, of Tipp City, Ohio.

They said that the action began about dawn. The battalion's objective was to take a bridge leading over a causeway into the town. The Germans had them pinned down all the time with 88s and machineguns. The bridge had collapsed and they sent men out to repair it with a couple of ropes and a sheet of corrugated steel. They could only send out two men at a time; any more would have attracted too much fire.

The Germans had the area studded with machinegun nests, and around the fields and in a large white stone house. The Americans were backed up by long range artillery fire behind them. They could only move down one narrow road, as there were swamps on either side into which a man could sink up to his neck. Finally, they fanned out across an open field. The Colonel leading them, walked, but everyone else around him said that they felt like running hard, even into the fire. They took their objective, however, and blasted the Germans with hand grenades. There was a lot of bayonet and hand-to-hand fighting, and they told of one mail clerk who killed two Germans with his bayonet and then went right up against the machine gun nest with his grenades. "The last God-damned thing he did right after they finally shot him was to throw a grenade."

IN describing this fight, no one tries to underrate the capability of the German in combat. They all agree that Nazi markmanship is not what it could be, though. Jerry does not particularize much when he fires but tries to make as much noise as possible and fire as rapidly as possible. During the action of the Texas Colonel's battalion, he said that most of the Nazi bullets seemed to be raining up against the telegraph wires along the road. In general, all agree that the Germans are fighting superbly but when it comes their turn to die or surrender, they do both very easily and in large numbers.

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The Beach Battalion digs in for their first night on French soil.

U. S. Navy medics set up this first aid station on a French beach.

Beachhead team-work. Navy aid men help wounded soldiers in France.

It takes "just a little training and a lot of guts and imagination" to run a beachhead—and the Navy Beach Battalion had all three. An assault force of 41 men swam and crawled through heavy enemy fire for 12 hours to reach its objective 1,000 yards away, and took over the job of getting American men and machines to the front.

On the Normandy Beachhead—Time is too precious and men are too busy just now. The blackened hulk of the LCI, settling deeper each day into the sands of this "toughest beach," must remain where it is—a few yards from the main lateral road. Perhaps it is just as well. Not because the vessel struck a mine and was riddled by 88s and burst into a mass of flame during that first full fury of German defense. Nor because its forward hold for days clung stubbornly to the bodies of the soldiers who died there.

But because it is a monument which epitomizes the seemingly insuperable obstacles overcome by a Navy Beach Battalion in landing American men and machines of war and in keeping them flowing to the Second Front.

Only 41 men of the battalion's 150 who made up the assault force started for shore on the LCI. Those who did had to swim for it through 150 yards of water slashed to a frenzy by rifle and machine gun slugs. On the beach they scrambled ahead crab-fashion, on their hands and knees, ducking under coils of barbed wire, weaving through steel and concrete barricades tipped with anti-personnel mines.

Twelve hours later they reached their assigned beach only a thousand yards away. They had crawled all the way. The medics lost their bags of blankets, flasks of plasma, their morphine and battle dressings. Somewhere in the shallows were the handie-talkies, the larger radios and the signal lamps of the communicators, and the tools and instruments of the hydrographic and boat repair men.

In those twelve bloody hours the men underwent mortar fire and the pounding of the 88s and the whistling bullets of the snipers which kept them cowering in hand-dug foxholes for timeless intervals.

Some of the battalion—three small groups of medics and communicators—had been on the beach for an hour. Others were still landing. But they had neither time nor equipment to carry out the operational plan they had practiced so many times on the beaches of England. Their first concern was for the wounded.

The medics searched the casualties. From them they took special first aid kits containing pain-alleviating morphine, sulfas and bandages. They salvaged blankets which floated up with the tide. They pressed into service as litter-bearers the bosun's mates, the shipfitters, the radiomen, the signalmen.

"We had to," said Lt.(jg) Paul Koren, a Navy doctor who had been on the beach since forty minutes after H-hour. "The beach looked like a neighborhood junk yard with burned-out tanks and landing craft piled all over it. Only there were bodies, too, and the wounded."

All that night they worked, cloaked in the comparative safety of the dark. They managed to get two LCTs in and send them back loaded with casualties. The remaining ones they placed in the lee of the cliffs, behind rocks, any place that offered some protection. Never were they positive of their safety. The snipers were still working. And there were the booby traps, the mines.

The next day it was almost as bad. The mortar fire started again and continued until noon when destroyers, cruisers and battlewagons teamed their big guns in a devastating attack on enemy artillery. And the snipers were thinning out, as some of the destroyers concentrated on them and infantrymen were capturing them or wiping them out with hand grenades and tommy guns.

During the night, soldiers had advanced inland where they ran headlong into Nazi troops on anti-invasion maneuvers. Their casualties, too, started drifting back to the beach, accompanied by Army medical aides, who left them in the blackened shell of a two-story house, fifty yards from the beach. The Navy medics took them over for transportation out to sea and England.

By midday it was possible to release some of the men to carry out their assigned duties. The others

This Normandy beach, crowded with men and supplies for inland troops, was the Battalion's workshop.

Beachmaster's Dream

By TOM BERNARD, Sp.(x)1c, USNR
YANK Navy Correspondent

were now ashore with equipment that was sorely needed.

As best they could under the circumstances the men fell back on their training at Fort Pierce, Fla., and the "dry runs" in England. At intervals they set up command posts along the beach, each headed by a beachmaster. With him were signalmen—to bring the landing craft in through channels when the tide was right; hydrographic men to locate and mark underwater obstacles and sand bars, boat repairmen to put to right minor damage to craft and send them back to their ships.

COMMANDER Lawrence C. Leever, USNR, of Ann Arbor, Mich., CO of the battalion, found that it was difficult to operate as planned on the four beaches which his battalion had to organize. Leever had always contended that it took "just a little training and a lot of guts and imagination" to run an invasion beach properly. He has proved that thesis with Lt. Sam Byrd, USNR, of Mount Olive, N. C., a Broadway actor best remembered for his role as Dude Lester in the original *Tobacco Road*.

Sam—everyone here in Normandy knows him as such now—was the battalion's transportation officer in England during its training. He had had no combat training. He went along on the "dry runs" as an observer. He'd been a public relations officer in the States. All he knew about the how and why of beach-mastering he learned from conversations with others. Yet Sam Byrd was on that LCI—as some kind of a liaison officer. "Frankly, I don't know what the hell I was," he admitted later.

After the 12-hour crawl he ran into Doc Koren and worked with him as an evacuation officer for the wounded.

"Everyone did what he saw had to be done," said Sam. "We put casualties on anything we could grab. If they could walk, we'd put two of 'em together and send 'em down to the water to hitch their own ride. We had to, y' understand."

During the heat of the second day a request for reinforcements came through what was supposed to be Battalion HQ. Through the ships came a group of LCVPs loaded with infantry in response to the SOS. Sam Byrd crouched in the shelter of a sand dune, holding a boat paddle to one end of which he had knotted a soaking towel. With this he signalled the boats into shore.

"Every time I'd stand up to wave the towel some sonofabitch-of-a-sniper would take a shot at me and I'd duck down again," he said.

The next day Sam found himself a full-fledged beachmaster—a man in charge of an important strip of sand. But because his beach had never been included in pre-invasion planning, Byrd found himself a comparative orphan. Instead of a full platoon of men, each a specialist in one of four operations, he had to work with only two signalmen, two seamen and a signalling lamp.

For headquarters the new beachmaster took over an iron-roofed, sand-bagged hut sunk five feet below ground level at the intersection of the exit road and lateral beach road. It had been used before, apparently as a headquarters dugout for coastal defense trenches cut by Germans along the beach. His men built themselves a similar shelter nearby. They lined both dugouts with Army blankets, their only comfort then, and now.

From then on the days dissolved into one another. There was no such thing as sleep. As the Germans were pushed farther inland, more craft, including the big LSTs, started punching their flat bows into the sand, ready to unload cargo. Every night there was an air raid. Sticks of bombs occasionally blasted along the beach. Anti-aircraft batteries opened up, first from the ships and, in a few days, from the hills surrounding the beaches. Flak became more dangerous than snipers.

The biggest primary task was cleaning the beach of the litter left by war. With the men and the tools they had, the sailors could not possibly do the job. There were "hedgehogs" and other obstacles, battered tanks and trucks, holed landing craft. And mines and bodies. Through this mess must be cut definite roads before the beach could begin to operate anywhere near properly.

"The engineers were the workingest men I've ever met," Lt. Byrd said. "With their bulldozers they performed miracles of elimination. If the wrecks were too big to move they'd at least shove 'em out of the way."

Other units blasted paths through the obstacles and later removed them all. Grave-registration soldiers collected the bodies and buried them in neat rows—each marked with a white stick and a dog tag—on the other side of the beach road. The Ducks performed amazing tasks, churning through the surf and on up to the sand and back again, with wounded going out, infantry coming in. "They were always there when we needed 'em," according to Sam.

Some of the hydrographic men marked boat channels and obstacles. For markers they used strips of bunting borrowed from the Army and lashed to ten-foot posts which they stuck in the bottom.

For ten days the beach was a jam-packed section of Times Square with sand sprinkled over it. There were always emergencies, always mistakes, always traffic snarls.

"We were unloading an LST on one side of the beach, an LCT on the other, and they were fairly high on the sand," Byrd related, to illustrate the confusion. "Another LCT, standing off, suddenly decided it wanted to unload, and barged in between them only to hit a sand bar some distance out. It had not waited for our signal to come in, and it wasn't even on the right beach.

"The first truck roared down the ramp and into the water up to its windshield. Twenty infantrymen in full packs were sitting in it and the tide was rushing in at a foot a minute. We had to get them off or they'd drown."

Byrd and his men commandeered a Duck and ran out to the truck. Holding the truck and the Duck together with their hands, they helped the soldiers aboard and sent the LCT down to its proper beach. Then the Duck cut loose and took the men down to rejoin their outfit.

As the days went by Byrd found he had to sponge personnel from the other beaches until finally he had a regular rotating crew drawn from two platoons of the battalion. He needed them. The days were sometimes like this:—

"Two LSTs were lying up on the center of the beach. A Coast Guard LCI with damaged propellers was replacing them with screws from a knocked out craft. There was an LCT unloading on the left flank and a fleet of Ducks transporting supplies from ships at sea to the beach. Meanwhile, waves of LCVPs and LCMs were landing regularly, depositing men and vehicles on the sand and going back for more. Hell, boy, it was a beachmaster's dream," said Byrd.

It sounded to me more like a nightmare.

I STAYED on the beach with Sam Byrd for two days, trying to get this story. I trailed around after him like a child begging his mother for candy. But he was always busy, running from one ship to another, checking through casualties and German prisoners, censoring his men's first letters back home, trying to snatch an hour's sleep now and then. Sleep seemed most important after his job. After all he had had none for the first six days and nights.

Finally, I cornered him in his dugout just after he had conferred with a friend over the new name he had for his "home"—*La Maison de l'Oiseau sur Mer*, "The Bird House by the Sea."

We sat on the Army blankets and talked for two hours. Several times he nodded sleepily between interruptions from visitors. He was telling about how he got his men from "A" Company.

"I had known the outfit before—skrumfll—same company—brruzz——" He dropped off to sleep in the middle of the sentence.

Americans on French beach rig a lifeline to swamped landing craft.

Survivors of shell-sunk craft reach Normandy in rubber life raft.

Willing hands guide the exhausted men onto the stone-strewn beach.

Safe ashore. Below, a rescued soldier gets first aid treatment.

The Dead End Kids

These tough veterans claimed they volunteered for Merrill's Marauders to get back home from the Pacific. But they found themselves instead killing more Japs in Burma and liking it.

By Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

BEHIND JAPANESE LINES IN NORTHERN BURMA—Things were a little too quiet, even for a Sunday. After all, there should have been some fireworks by now, considering that part of the Jap 18th Division was dug in on one side of the muddy 40-foot-wide Nambyu River and our unit of Merrill's Marauders was on the other.

"Looks to me," observed a BAR man as he stripped his gun for cleaning, "like the lull before the storm. The Japs won't take this lying down." He didn't know how right he was.

The Marauders had just completed a 75-mile end run around enemy positions in the Hukawng Valley and now our unit was only 200 yards from Walawbum. We had met only small resistance from Jap patrols during our march. But surely the Japs would stand and fight us here. The native village of Walawbum was the bottleneck through which all supplies had to flow to their front-line troops, 15 miles to the north.

Across the river from us was a pretty tough bunch of Japs. We could hear their trucks pulling up, and every once in a while we could spot a few of them for a fleeting instant as we moved through the dense jungle. These were the Japs who had smashed their way into Singapore two years before and now had succeeded in slowing the Chinese drive down this valley to a measly 10-mile gain in the last month. They were fighting a stubborn delaying action from well-chosen positions, falling back from foxhole to foxhole, pillbox to pillbox.

On our side of the river were some Marauders known as the Dead End Kids. This was an appropriate nickname for this unit of Brig. Gen. Frank D. Merrill's volunteer American raiders. They had already fought the Japs in the jungles of Guadalcanal, New Guinea and New Georgia. They had joined the Marauders after President Roosevelt had issued a call to their outfits for volunteers for an "extremely hazardous" jungle-fighting mission in another theater.

"Most of us guys volunteered," one of them explained, "because we figured we might get back to the States for training first. We had all been overseas 18 to 24 months at that time and we wanted to get home. Don't get the idea that we volunteered just because we were itching to fight the Japs again."

I would have believed that statement if I hadn't heard Brig. Gen. Merrill say, a few hours earlier, that the Dead End Kids had been begging all day for permission to attack Walawbum. And if I hadn't come to know them in training camp.

The Dead End Kids wound up in India for training instead of in the States. At Christmastime they went AWOL in droves, popping up in several Indian cities to spend wads of dough that had been useless during their months in the Pacific jungles. When they returned to camp, broke but happy, they were reduced to privates. But they didn't give a damn.

They hated the GI routine of garrison life—standing formations and inspections, shooting on the ranges and going on field problems. They broke the monotony by disappearing alone into the woods and shooting deer, then bringing back the venison for a change of chow.

On training problems with other Marauder units, most of whom were proud of their preparation for combat in the jungles of Panama, Trinidad or Puerto Rico, the Dead End Kids confused and harassed their make-believe enemy with screwball tactics they had picked up while fighting the Japs. At night they would sit around their tents and bitch about "parade-ground soldiering" or reminisce about their fighting exploits.

"Combat," as one of them put it, "seems to seduce a guy. He's scared as hell while he's in it, but get him back in garrison and he'll start longing for those foxholes and shellings and bombings."

This Sunday afternoon the Dead End Kids had patrols out across the river to the north and south of Walawbum. As the patrols returned, they reported that the Japs were digging artillery and mortars into position and bringing up truckloads of men and ammunition from the south.

But the night was just as peaceful as the day had been. Next morning at 0930 hours, Sgt. Andrew B. Pung of Malden, Mass., a mortar observer, shinnied up a tree to a perch 40 feet above the river from which he could look down across a grassy clearing on the other bank.

Pung had a walkie-talkie radio with him. Soon he reported seeing some telephone wires and several emplacements at the edge of the grassy clearing. Then his routine report changed to an excited one. He forgot all about radio etiquette.

"Listen," he blurted into the microphone, "there's a bunch of Japs coming out of the jungle and into this grass across the river. A big bunch. Get ready for an attack. I'll tell you when they're near enough to open fire."

The Dead End Kids jumped into their holes all along the riverbank. Bullets were clicked into chambers and machine-gun bolts pulled back twice to cock them. Pung sent firing data to the mortars as crews ripped open shell cases. Minutes ticked by. There was a tense silence.

"GIVE it to 'em," yelled Pung from his perch. The Japs had crossed the clearing to within 35 yards of the opposite riverbank. They were now in plain sight. Machine guns, BARs, mortars and rifles opened up in a deafening deluge of fire. Shrieks and yells came back from the field. Then the Japs began returning the fire. Their 90-mm mortar shells soared over the river and burst in trees behind the Dead End Kids. Shrapnel and bullets hummed through the brush.

Up in the tree some of the lead knocked off Pung's canteen and splattered all around him. He dropped the walkie-talkie and shinnied down.

The Dead End Kids were dug in on a bluff along the riverbank, a couple of dozen feet higher than the grassy clearing on the opposite bank where the Japs were advancing in spread-out skirmisher formation. This high ground was natural cover; the Japs were firing into the bluff or high over the Marauders' heads. The Americans just lay in their holes and blasted away.

Wave after wave of Japs poured out of the jungle and into the clearing, running and diving and creeping and crawling. Many of them carried machine guns and ammunition boxes. Some, probably the officers and noncoms, yelled *"Susume! Susume!"* which means "advance." Others shrieked *"Banzai,"* the familiar battle cry.

In a few minutes Jap bodies lay sprawled on the field in little bunches. The Dead End Kids could hear the wounded crying and moaning. But the Japs kept coming—at least a company of them.

The Dead End Kids were happy. They yelled at their machine gunners and BAR men to "Mow down that bunch over there, boy!" and then shouted "Atta boy," as they concentrated their rifle fire on single targets. Pfc. George Fisher Jr. of Napoleon, Ohio, spit a gob of tobacco juice every time his M1 got a Jap.

"Those little bastards must think we're amateurs at this jungle-fighting stuff," grinned 1st Lt. Victor J. (Abie) Weingartner of St. Albans, N. Y., commanding the platoon in the center of the American positions along the riverbank. "*Banzai* charges might have terrified the civilians in Singapore, but they're nothing but good, moving target practice for us."

Lt. Weingartner was considered one of the most daring leaders of Dead End Kid patrols. Characteristically, he insisted on wearing into action the same dirty mechanic's cap that brought him through New Georgia unscathed; he willingly paid a $100 fine for not wearing a helmet at the last showdown inspection before the Marauders started their 200-mile march into battle.

Half an hour after the Jap attack began, it halted abruptly. But the Dead End Kids knew that the Japs would try again. Almost as soon as the attack ended, Jap artillery boomed several hundred yards back in the jungle. The shells whistled overhead and landed a half-mile behind the Americans, near a rice paddy. This field had been used in the previous two days as a landing area for Piper Cubs evacuating a few wounded, and as a dropping area for transport planes supplying the Marauders with rations and ammunition. Jap mortars threw a few shells into the American positions the rest of the morning.

In the afternoon the good news came that another unit of Marauders had thrown a road block on the main enemy supply route from Walawbum to the front. With Walawbum threatened by the Dead End Kids' position and with the supply route blocked, the stubborn Jap defenses 15 miles northward had collapsed. As the Japs streamed back to reinforce the Walawbum garrison, the Chinese began driving through to relieve the Marauders and make a large-scale attack. As a hit-and-run raider outfit, the Marauders were supposed to keep their positions only until relieved by Chinese divisions with the men and large weapons needed to do the main attacking. The Chinese were expected within 24 hours.

But a lot could happen in 24 hours. The Dead End Kids cleaned their guns, opened more ammunition and placed men every three or four feet along the riverbank. While they worked they could hear the Japs digging, driving up more trucks full of men and ammunition and wheeling in their artillery closer.

At 1645 hours the broiling Burma sun had sunk low in the sky. It glared into the faces of the Dead End Kids as they kept their eyes focused on the field across the river. The attack would have to come from the field again because the terrain was unsuitable at other places along the

The Dead End kids scrambled to their feet and cursed

river, where the banks were too high or the jungle too dense for a field of fire. And it came. Two Jap heavy machine guns hammered away like woodpeckers from the flanks of the field. Artillery and mortar fire increased. Knee mortars started clicking out grenades at close range.

The Japs really attacked this time. They came in waves that were wider and more frequent than in the first attack. And they had better support from weapons of all kinds, placed nearer the river. In each wave were several two-man teams lugging heavy machine guns. As soon as one team was hit, another ran out and grabbed its gun, only to die within a few steps. Then another.

AGAIN the machine gunners and BAR men did most of the killing for the Marauders. They raked each wave with fire. But the Japs surged on across the field until they fell. A few of them even reached the river before they were hit, but nobody crossed. This time there was at least a battalion of Japs attacking the Dead End Kids.

And this time the Japs were more accurate with their fire. Bullets sped only a few feet over the Americans' heads. Practically every leaf and every tree was marked by the fire. Some of the stuff barely cleared the bank and did some damage. Bullets smashed two BAR magazines on the bank of the foxhole where T-5 Bernard Strasbaugh of Lewisburg, Kans., was stretched. Another bullet nicked his helmet. Strasbaugh was in the center of the attack, firing as fast as he could shove magazines into his weapon. When he spotted five Japs in a group running toward a dropped machine gun, he stood up, riddled them with fire and flopped down again. He hit the ground just soon enough to escape a burst of fire.

"All a guy has to do to get a Purple Heart here is stand up for 10 seconds," he muttered.

Pfc. Clayton E. Hall of Strawn, Tex., had a close call at his machine gun on the right flank. A knee-mortar shell burst only three yards in front of him. Then two bullets pierced the water jacket on his gun. With his machine-gun corporal, Joseph Diorio of Cleveland, Ohio, Hall managed to keep the gun going by pouring water into the jacket from every available canteen. He burned his hands on the red-hot jacket doing it, but the gun fired 4,000 rounds in 45 minutes.

Back at the Dead End Kids' CP, Maj. L. L. Lew of Baker, Oreg., the unit commander, received a message saying that the Chinese would relieve his unit around midnight. It was then 1730 hours.

The Dead End Kids were running low on ammunition. Men started shouting back and forth above the din: "Hey, you got a spare clip of M1?" From the left flank came a request for every available hand grenade. A unit there, commanded by Maj. Edwin J. Briggs of La Grande, Oreg., was being attacked by Japs who had infiltrated through the jungles from the south.

As ammunition ran out, the tension increased. Dusk turned to darkness, but the Japs still fired furiously and attacked fanatically. Their bullet-riddled bodies littered the field from the edge of the jungle to the river. The wounded screamed.

Then, as suddenly as the morning attack had ceased, the dusk battle halted. Both sides stopped firing. The silence was broken by a Dead End Kid who rose to his feet on the river bank, cupped his hands to his mouth and yelled:

"Come on, you little bastards. Come and get your lead!"

A Jap yelled back. The tension was broken. To a man, the Dead End Kids scrambled to their feet, stood along the riverbank and shouted cuss words at the Japs. From the other bank came only a few bursts of light machine-gun fire. The Japs, too, must have run out of ammunition.

Now they removed their wounded from the field in the dark. The Americans could hear the wooden sound of litters being carried through the brush and the terrifying cries of the wounded as they disappeared in the jungle.

Among the Dead End Kids, thanks to the natural protection of the high riverbank and to the dug-in emplacements, there had been only three casualties all day. But several pack mules, which carried mortars, radios and ammunition, had been wounded or killed by mortar shells.

The little remaining ammunition was doled out equally. A patrol from Maj. Briggs' outfit south of the Dead End Kids brought up some more BAR and machine-gun ammunition.

At 2000 hours T/Sgt. Jim Ballard of Spokane, Wash., chief of the unit radio section, entered the perimeter, leading a mule pack train loaded with all kinds of ammunition. He had tried to contact Brig. Gen. Merrill's CP early in the attack, but couldn't get it on the radio. So he had taken Maj. Lew's message requesting more ammunition and run back four miles to another Marauder unit, over a dark trail flanked by Jap patrols and through Jap shelling part of the way. He brought back the ammunition mule train through an even more severe shelling.

The hours dragged on and a heavy fog set in. A few Japs had sneaked across the river and were booby-trapping trails in the vicinity. Across the river the Japs seemed to be getting reinforcements and ammunition again for another attack.

Chinese troops who relieved Merrill's Marauders watch the Yanks clean their BARs at a bivouac.

While some of the men peered through the mist at the field across the river, others dozed off in their foxholes, with their heads propped on horseshoe-type packs. The Dead End Kids weren't cocky or swaggering tonight; they were exhausted from the tension of the two attacks.

Finally the expected message came: "Withdraw at 0200 hours to join Marauder CP. Chinese are taking over your position."

The weary Dead End Kids put on their packs and moved silently Indian-file out of their perimeter with their pack mules.

A little way down the trail another column passed the Americans, going in the opposite direction. It was the Chinese.

"*Megwaw, ting hao!*" they grinned as they plodded past the Dead End Kids. They meant: "Americans are okay." A Chinese divisional commander later put it another way: "Your unit," he said, "made it possible for us to gain more ground in one week than we covered all last month."

One of the Dead End Kids, after returning the Chinese greeting, turned and said to the man behind him: "You know, I could almost kiss those guys, they look so good to me now." He wasn't the only one who felt that way.

Next morning an official report reached Merrill's Marauders that one of their units, as the first American infantrymen to fight a battle on the continent of Asia, had left 800 Japanese dead on the field near Walawbum.

Hearing this, a cocky, swaggering bunch of Americans swung along the jungle trail toward an area where they could rest for two days before going on another mission behind Jap lines. The Dead End Kids were back in their element.

From across the river came only a few bursts of fire. The Japs, too, had run out of ammunition.

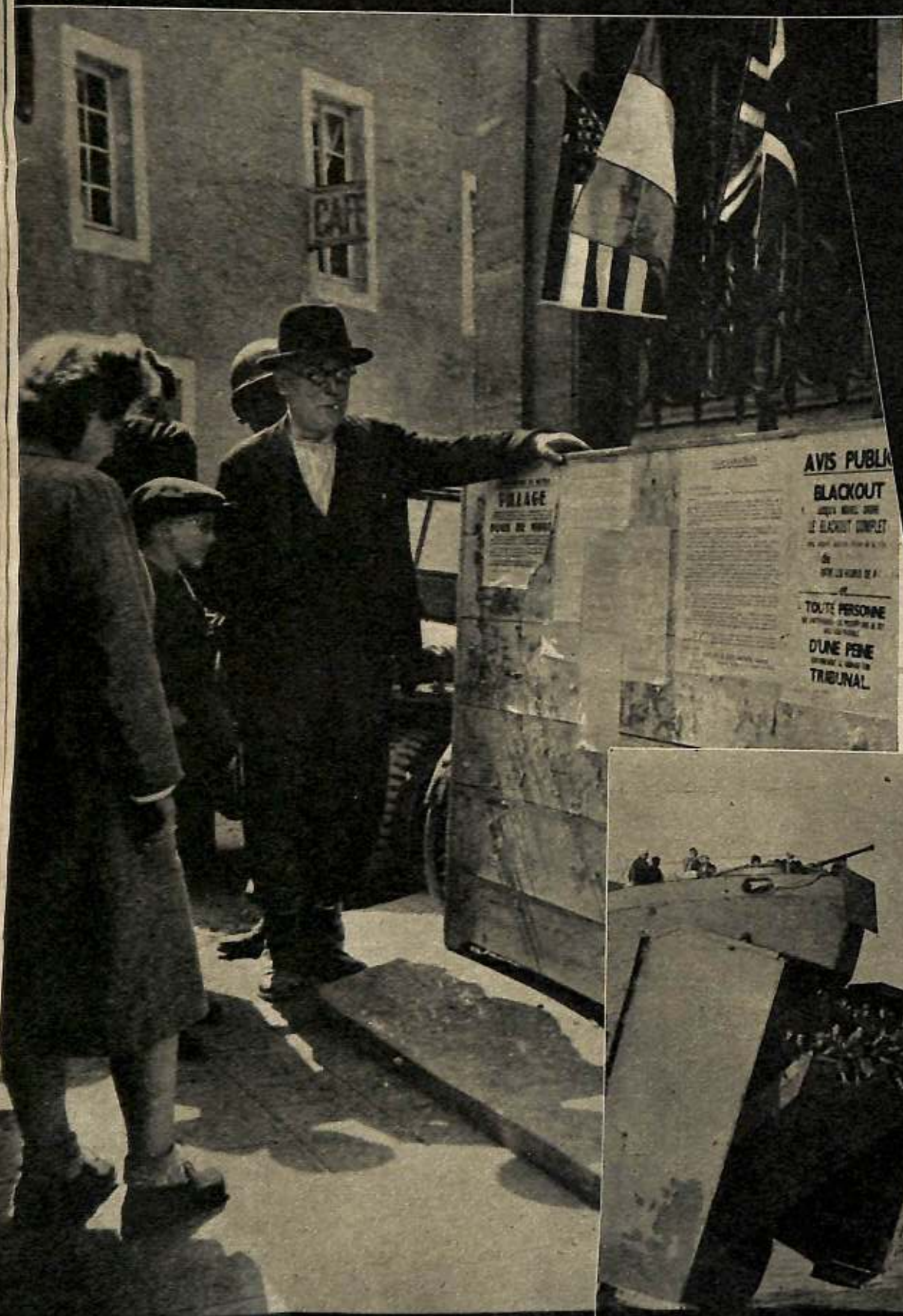
Two GIs scan Nazi war records strewn outside former enemy headquarters in Isigny.

Yanks on a French beachhead set up an impromptu messhall in front of a captured 88-mm. gun.

It's a quick trip from French beach to hospital for wounded GIs aboard this C-47.

The Camera goes to the Front . . . . .

with Sgt. Reg Kenny YANK Staff Photographer in France



French civilians pore over directions posted by Allied Civil Affairs officials in captured Trevieres.

This LST disgorges a plankful of cheering American soldiers.

U. S. Army trucks are hoisted from Liberty Ship to landing craft en route to beach.

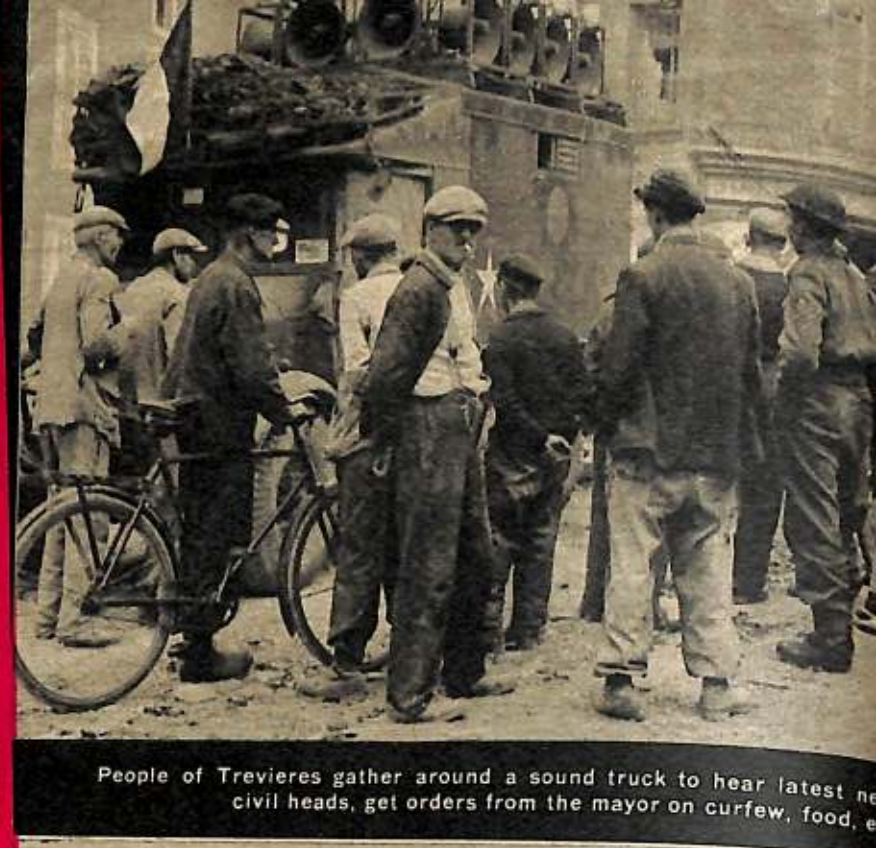
These GIs are ready to pull the trigger fast if a sniper shows up in ruined buildings of Trevieres.

Joe uses breathing spell on a Liberty Ship for a quick shave.

Ammo can serves as washtub aboard an LCT which landed U. S. forces in France.

Citizens of a captured French village tell an Allied Civil Affairs team all about collaborationists, utilities, burials, unexploded mines, and their general needs.

Here's Jean Dockholm, Baltimore Red Cross girl, having a spot of C-rations with Sgt. Jim McGahan and Cpl. Silvio Bescatore.



People of Trevieres gather around a sound truck to hear latest ne
civil heads, get orders from the mayor on curfew, food, e

Pierre Aoust, once Pierre of the N. Y. Ritz, gets cigarette from S/Sgt. Max Zadra, of Bessemer, Mich., outside his Trevieres cafe.

The ailing Thunderbolt above was the first plane to use this pioneer beachhead landing strip.

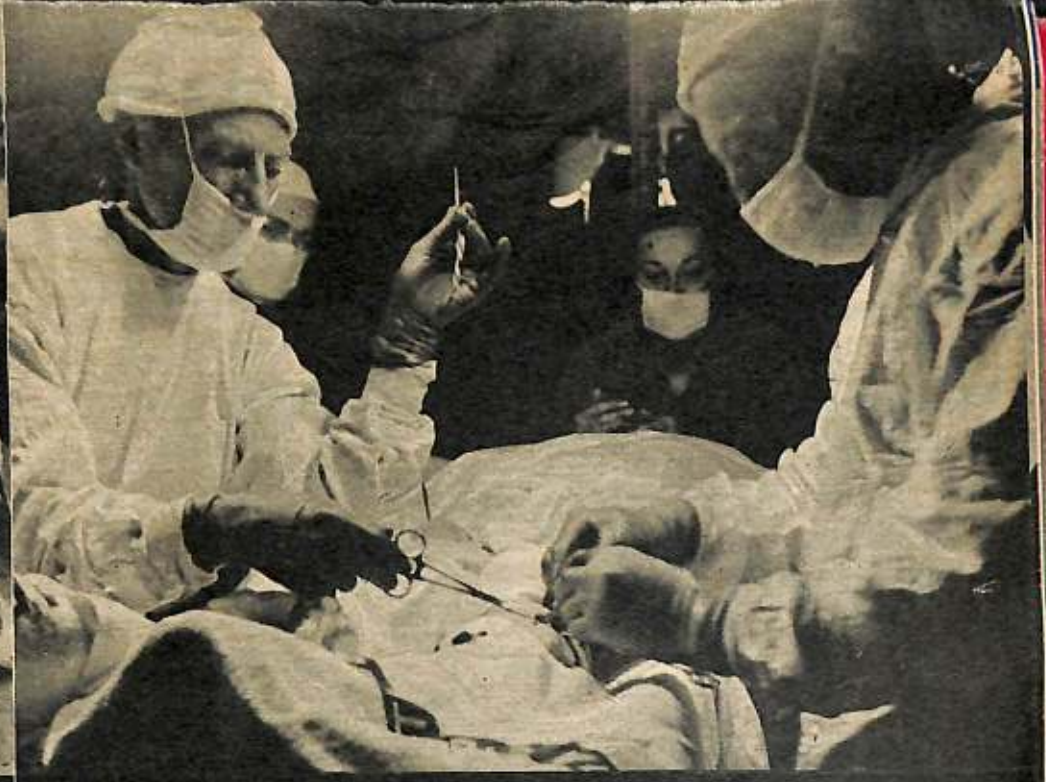
A lone

he MPs meet the gendarmerie. S/Sgt. Casimir alownia and Lt. John Shea stop for a chat in Isigny.

A group of American soldiers get their first close up view of a heavily armed and armored German tank after it had been thoroughly chewed

Allied

It's the same story but a different country as U. S. troops share rations with the kids in a captured French town.



U. S. Army surgeons and nurses were on the job as the first wounded were brought from the beachhead. Here's one of the first hospital tent operations.

erican sentry stands guard over the first American graveyard tablished in France after the gallant D-Day landings.

Capt. Bernard Slota, of Gilman, Wisc., left, and S/Sgt. Albion Liskovec consult a field hospital bulletin to see how the boys are doing.

for thirsty American soldiers en route to the one must be on the house.

Peggy Corday

YANK

Pin-up Girl

News from Home

A General talked of Armistice Day, a civilian talked of flying bombs, a former Governor talked about a Governor who didn't talk at all, and a bull got mad at himself and committed hari-kiri in Blencoe, Ia.

TAKE Brigadier General Auby Strickland's word for it, we're going to be through with this lousy business, so far as the Nazis are concerned, by next November 11. "I'll stick my neck out on that," the General said last week, as he arrived home in Los Angeles. General Strickland, who used to head the AAF's Middle East Fighter Command and served for a while as military governor of Pantelleria, the Mediterranean island surrendered by the Italians after the German crack-up in Africa, had been in England just before going back to the States. November 11, of course, is Armistice Day—the day the Germans hollered uncle the last time.

The Signal Corps was tossed an orchid by its boss, the War Department, for the part it has been playing in bringing about a speedy showdown across the Channel. Its work in planning and operating communications in France, said the WD in Washington, is "unrivalled in the annals of warfare." Here's more of the tribute: "Army commanders in the front line, in England, and in the United States are in instantaneous contact through ultra-high-speed radio channels that insure perfectly coordinated control of operations. Information on the progress of our troops at scores of points is flashed in a matter of seconds to General Eisenhower's headquarters in England and to the War Department in Washington."

And here's what another expert had to say about another phase of the war in the ETO. Glenn L. Martin, the airplane man, declared in Baltimore, Md., that the fact that the Germans have turned to the use of flying bombs was "a sign that the Luftwaffe has met defeat." Martin said that by throwing the robot jobs into the fight at this time the Germans showed that they could no longer risk flyers from their dwindling pilot pool. Martin also had these cheerful words to say: "We can expect automatic flying bombs to have great range in the next war. . . . They will be capable of coming from Europe to America and will have a 5,000-mile range." Then, just in case anybody was getting worried, he added: "But no one would know where they would land because of inability to compute variable winds."

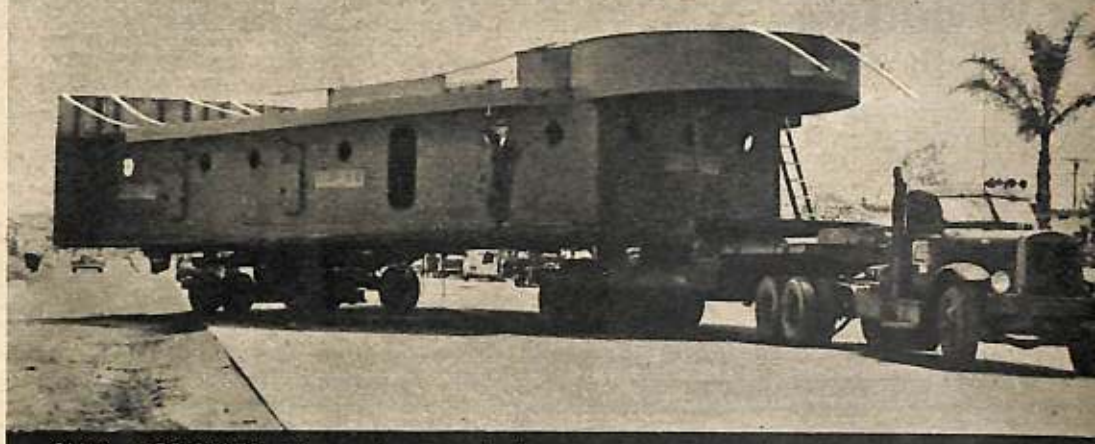
BY the time you read this, the Republicans will have opened—and may even have wound up—their national convention in Chicago. On the chance that it's still on and that they haven't yet picked their Presidential candidate, here's a little last-minute pre-convention dope by Turner Catledge, political writer for the *New York Times*. Despite the large number of delegates pledged to or claimed for Governor Thomas E. Dewey, of New York, Catledge saw "a lurking outside chance" that some other man would be picked, and he named Governor John W. Bricker, of Ohio, as the New Yorker's leading opponent.

"At the very root of the 'Stop Dewey' movement is a 'Start Bricker' drive," Catledge wrote, going on to say that, if Dewey's nomination were blocked and Bricker couldn't rally sufficient support to win, there might be a deadlock similar to the one in the GOP convention four years ago, when Wendell Willkie was chosen after the delegates had failed to agree on either Dewey or Senator Robert A. Taft, of Ohio. The possibility of such a deadlock, Catledge wrote, was sustaining interest in other candidates for the nomination, such as Governor Harold E. Stassen, of Minnesota.

One of the political seers to plunk solidly for Dewey was former Governor Alf M. Landon, of Kansas, who ran against Roosevelt in 1936. As he saw it, "Dewey will probably be nominated on the first ballot and certainly not later than the second."

As for Dewey himself, he kept mum right up to the last minute as to whether he was a candidate or not, although his managers did let it be known that he would accept a "draft." Some people who professed to know about such matters were saying that the New York Governor already had his acceptance speech written, that he had made his train reservations to Chicago, and that he even had had new clothes tailored for the occasion. Another man who was being equally tight-lipped about whether or not he was a candidate was Governor Earl Warren, of California, who was reported to be a likely Republican choice for the Vice Presidential nomination.

WESTERN SHRINE. First Baha'i temple in the western world is dedicated at Wilmette, Ill., 100 years after birth of the religion in Persia.



SHIP AGROUND. The main part of the superstructure of an Army FP (freight passenger) vessel being toted to a Pacific port from an inland shipbuilding plant.

GAS ATTACK. Treatment is given some of the 300 persons who were overcome when a chlorine tank sprang a leak while being hauled through Brooklyn, N.Y.

The press was raising a considerable to-do over the fact that Willkie, who only two or three months ago was himself making a nation-wide drive for the GOP Presidential nomination, was not even on the convention's list of invited speakers. True, he did get a bid to sit on the platform as a "guest," but it was considered more than likely that he wouldn't even show up at the proceedings.

Whatever the outcome of the convention, it was certainly going to be reported to the world as no similar event has ever been reported to the world before. A record number of journalists from foreign countries had made reservations in the press gallery at Chicago; correspondents were expected to be on hand representing the press of England, Canada, Australia, Switzerland, Sweden, Czechoslovakia, Fighting France, and China.

The Democrats, with their campaign still nearly a month away, were taking it easy. Most people seemed to think that Roosevelt was as good as nominated for a fourth term, and this point of view was considerably bolstered when Governor Ellis Arnall, of Georgia, said after a visit to the White House that he was confident the President would announce his readiness to run immediately after the Republicans wound up their affairs in Chicago and went home. Roosevelt was said to be insisting on the renomination of Vice President Henry A. Wallace, who is one of the prime targets of the anti-fourth term Democrats. The Georgia Governor predicted that Wallace would be a candidate with Roosevelt.

The magazine *Newsweek* came out with the statement, based on a poll of 118 newspaper political experts, that the nation "in its present frame of mind" would give Roosevelt a fourth term by a substantial margin. The experts figured this out on the assumption that Dewey would be the Republican candidate and they thought that, if the two men ran against each other, Roosevelt's electoral-vote margin would be smaller than it was on the three previous occasions when he ran for the office.

In Washington, the House of Representatives set up the machinery for investigating election frauds in the forthcoming campaign and for the first time included labor unions in its list of groups liable to investigation. Up to now, the only groups subject to scrutiny upon making contributions to political campaigns have been corporations and business associations.

A special convention at which practically all the leading Negro organizations in the nation were represented served notice on Republicans and Democrats alike that the Negro vote next November would go to the candidate who supported (1) "wholehearted prosecution of the war to total victory;" (2) repeal of the poll tax; (3) a Federal anti-lynching law; and (4) no discrimination against Negroes in the armed forces and industry.

THE GI Bill of Rights, which is going to make things a lot easier for a lot of Joes after the war, became a law as the President signed it with the remark that it gave "emphatic notice to the men and women in our armed forces that the American people do not intend to let them down." Quite an occasion was made of the signing, and Roosevelt used ten pens, which he later distributed to those who had sponsored the measure.

The Army is doing its best, Lieutenant General Joseph T. McNarney, deputy chief of staff, told the Senate Appropriations Committee in Washington, to see to it that GIs don't get into infantry service overseas until they are at least 19 years old. He added, however, that in some instances soldiers younger than that have been taken from replacement training centers and sent abroad as infantrymen. This, he said, had been necessary because of enforced demands at the battlefronts.

General McNarney went into this situation after Senator Chandler Gurney, Republican of South Dakota, had declared "we are getting quite a kick-back" because, he said, the War Department had made the "very definite statement" when the draft age was lowered to 18 that 18-year-olds would be given a year's training before being sent overseas. The General replied that he didn't believe the WD had ever promised that 18-year-olds would not be used as replacements. "We have a rule in the Army ground forces," he explained, "that young men under 19 years assigned to the infantry will not be sent overseas. If he is in artillery units that rule does not apply."

"ONE look at Task Force 58 convinced him that Japan had lost the war," the Navy Department announced in Washington, quoting a captured Jap flyer who had taken a gander at an armada of American war craft which is now patrolling the Pacific. The Jap got his eyeful during an air battle between carrier-launched planes from Task Force 58 and units of his nation's fleet, a battle that sent the enemy scuttling back into hiding after losing four vessels outright and suffering damage to others. Task Force 58, the Jap flyer was further quoted as saying, was "scattered over the sea as far as the eye could peer."

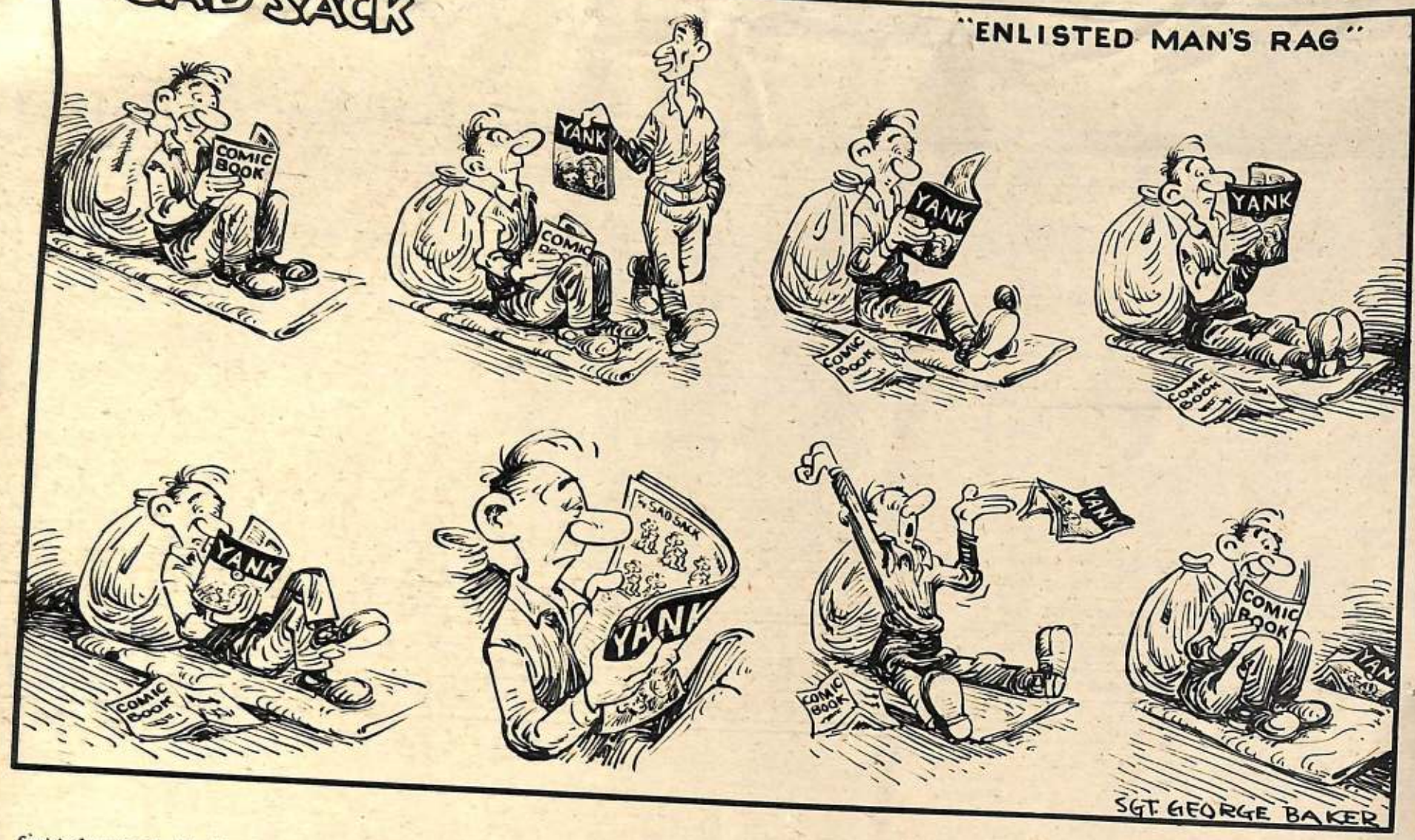
The encounter was described by the Navy as one in which "the most fearful and destructive naval unit in the history of sea warfare" met and defeated the Japanese off the Philippines. Although Task Force 58 has been in existence for six months, this was the first word the public had had of it. The Navy did not give any indication of the size of the force, except for the Jap flyer's astonished reaction to it, but said that it already "has reversed the direction of traffic in the Pacific Ocean."

Describing the sea battle, Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal said: "The Japanese were very cautious and never came very far to the eastward so that the bulk of our force could engage them. As a result, we were able to send home but one air attack at very long range from our carriers just before dark." And Rear Admiral Arthur W. Radford, acting deputy chief of naval operations, said: "The fact that Japan again avoided a showdown with her Navy is a further admission of weakness. She actually loses by such delay for every week our naval air and sea power is augmented. By the end of the year we shall have more than 100 carriers in operation, many times the number Japan probably has."

The Navy announced the loss of the three-year-old submarine *Grayback* and its crew of 65. It was the 24th U. S. sub to be lost from all causes, and the

NO NOTHIN'. Lack of nylons or shoe coupons started barefoot fad in Pueblo, Colo. Here: Joan Morgan, Donna Wilcoxson, Billie McBride.

PARDNERS. Shown on set of "Belle of the Yukon" are the Belle, Gypsy Rose Lee, and Robert W. Service, who wrote that Dan McGrew poem.



first to be reported lost in three months. During that time Navy underwater craft have stepped up their offensive against the Japs to a point where they are now sinking an average of two ships a day. The *Grayback*, on a recent mission, had been credited with sinking a Jap auxiliary cruiser and two freighters. Its loss brought the total toll of naval vessels in this war, exclusive of those lost in the landings on France, to 154.

Congress adjourned and went home (or to the convention) after a hectic final two days in which it passed bills involving 60 billion bucks, or 60 per cent of the total cash earmarked for the war and other expenses during the coming fiscal year. Theoretically, the adjournment was only to July 1, but Congressional leaders said they didn't expect either house would be able to muster a quorum until September 5, and there was some griping on the civilian front about legislators who take a lot of time off from business during a critical war period.

Hjalmar Procope, minister from Finland at Washington, and other Finnish envoys in the States were told to leave the country. When someone pointed out to the President that Finland had just paid the U. S. its customary installment on its debt from the last war, he replied tartly that the foreign policy of the nation wasn't for sale for $148,000.

Acts of God of the freakiest sort continued to devastate various parts of the country. A tornado killed 116 persons, injured over 600, and left several more hundred homeless in southwestern Pennsylvania and northern West Virginia. The whirling wind, accompanied by the tunnel-shaped cloud characteristic of these phenomena, struck especially hard in the farm and coal country from the outskirts of Pittsburgh, which was not itself hit, to about 100 miles into West Virginia. Fifty-eight bodies were recovered in the vicinity of Shinnston, a West Virginia coal town. Among the other communities at which the tornado struck were McKeesport, Brownsville, Clarksville, Chartiers, Waynesburg, Washington, Indiana, Uniontown, Castle, and Dry Tavern, all in Pennsylvania, and Wellsburg, Clarksburg, Philippe, Simpson, Meadowsville, and Grafton, all in West Virginia. Stanley Granger, of Waynesburg, collector of internal revenue in Pittsburgh, gave an eye-witness account of the ruin the wind had brought to Chartier. "The destruction," he said, "is almost unbelievable. The entire town appears to have been levelled." And A. V. Upton, school superintendent of Harrison County, Va., had this to say about the way the tornado hit Shinnston: "It cut a path possibly a quarter of a mile wide, levelling all the houses it touched and threw some into the West Fork River."

A flash flood poured six feet of water into the streets of Salem, W. Va., causing damage but no casualties, and another swamped Mannington, W. Va. A violent wind tore down power lines and smashed several buildings at Beckly, W. Va., and similar storms hit Ravenna, near Akron, O., and Jamestown, N. Y. Earlier in the week a tornado of not such lethal proportions as the Pennsylvania-West Virginia one swept through southwestern Wisconsin and northwestern Illinois, killing ten and injuring 50. This storm centered about Lafayette County in Wisconsin and Stephenson County in Illinois. People near Platteville, Monroe, and Belmont, all in Wisconsin, really took it on the chin.

For the second time in six days, Los Angeles and neighboring communities were shaken by an earthquake—two of them, in fact. In the downtown section of the city, buildings swayed, burglar alarms were set off, and pedestrians wobbled as a lifting motion of the earth threw them off their stride. The quakes, reported to be the most severe felt out that way since 1933, lasted only a few seconds and appeared to be centered in the Compton, Inglewood, and Torrance areas south of the city. Other places affected included Hawthorne, Southgate, Huntington Park, San Gabriel Valley, Santa Monica, Glendale, Culver City, Beverly Hills, and Long Beach.

Mrs. Will Rogers, 65-year-old widow of the humorist and a native of Arkansas, died at Santa Monica, Calif. Surviving are a daughter, Mary Rogers, of Los Angeles, and two sons, Lt. Will Rogers, Jr., a former Congressman who is now on overseas duty, and Jimmy Rogers, of Beverly Hills, a publisher.

WALTER WINCHELL had his eye at the wrong keyhole it turned out, when he reported over the radio that former Supreme Court Justice Charles Evans Hughes was "gravely ill." Hughes, who was in New York, picked up the phone and called the broadcasting station to say that he had "never felt better." The station then interrupted a coast-to-coast network program to correct the Winchell report.

John T. Delaney, district attorney of Albany County, N. Y., since 1929, resigned from the job after coming under fire in an investigation of crime in his county, an investigation ordered by Governor Dewey. In a letter of resignation which he sent to Dewey, Delaney wrote that "developments clearly indicate a design to make me a political football" and went on to declare that he did not propose to be kicked around any longer.

The Rev. Donald B. Aldrich, rector of the Episcopal Church of the Ascension in New York, announced that he had declined the office of Bishop Coadjutor of Michigan, to which he was elected last month. Dr. Aldrich, who was commissioned a lieutenant in the Navy Chaplain Corps in September, 1942, explained that he felt he still owed his sole allegiance to his chaplain's duties.

In New York, Hans von Gontard, 37-year-old German-born grandson of the late Adolphus Busch, the St. Louis brewer whose beer tastes like no bitter you ever bought, was acquitted of conspiring to evade the draft. Others acquitted with him, after a month-long trial, were Lt. Francis Grottano, formerly a New York detective and now in the Army; Dr. Arnold Aaron Hutschnecker, Austrian-born physician; and Michael Mangano, secretary of a uniform company in Brooklyn, N. Y. A fifth defendant, John E. Wilson, clerk of the Manhattan draft board where von Gontard was registered, was killed before the trial opened when he fell from a window in an office building. The prosecution charged that von Gontard had tried to dodge the draft for three years by moving from the West Coast to New York and that the other three defendants had tried to help prove him physically unfit and a worker in an essential industry.

Earl L. Moran, New York poster artist who is said to make $25,000 a year, isn't all a husband should be, according to his wife, Mura. Seeking a legal separation and $125 a week, she told a Supreme Court Justice that she had dropped in unexpectedly at Moran's studio one day and found him with Chili Williams, the pin-up model, who was wearing not even one of her famous polka dots. If, Mrs. Moran asked the Justice, Chili was there simply as a professional model, how come her husband was stripped down to his shorts? Moran denied any misconduct and Chili vowed that she had never posed in the nude for him or anybody else.

That blonde and willowy movie star, Alexis Smith, married Craig Stevens, the actor.

At an auction in Blencoe, Ia., a bull and a plate glass mirror were put on the block at the same time. The bidding went along merrily and the auctioneer finally brought down his hammer on a bid of $150 for the two items. The buyer felt he had a bargain until a few minutes later when the bull got mad at his own reflection in the mirror and charged at it, smashing the glass and killing himself. Even in the States these days $150 is a fairly stiff price to pay for a few sirloins.

Mail Call

Pin-up Boys

Dear YANK:

We are three members of the ATS, who receive our copies of your swell magazine every week from our own GIs, and our unanimous opinion is that the articles, cartoons and pictures contained therein are very good, but may we make a suggestion?

Whilst appreciating the fact that YANK is published for the men of the US Army, you must realize that lots of girl friends of your soldiers read and enjoy it. So how about giving us a treat just one week and printing a picture of a Pin-up Boy? We're sure the boys will be big-hearted about a little favor like this, and do without their Pin-up Girl for once. How about it?

Britain. **Ptes. KNOWLES, MURPHY and ROBINSON (ATS)**

Pin-up Wheatfields

Dear YANK:

Coming close to starting a riot in our hut was T/5 Richard D. MacCann, when we read his letter (YANK, June 11)) asking for pin-ups of "scenes back home" instead of the irresistible "gals" every week. How long has T/5 MacCann been in the ETO to even think of suggesting that "our girls" should only be printed "every other week?" What manner of man is he? Or is he? None of us can imagine walking into our hut and seeing "pin-ups" of Kansas wheatfields or a full page spread of a rural scene. Our living from week-to-week is caused only by expectations of seeing the weekly YANK "pin-up girl." Ask any real he-man GI what he would really enjoy, the "rural scenes" or "the pin-up girl," and T/5 would be swamped with embarrassment and would forget the whole matter.

YANK, please don't take our girls from us, not even for two weeks!

Britain. **THE BOYS IN HUT 30**

Dear YANK:

Am writing this in reference to T/5 Richard MacCann's marvelous epistle in "Mail Call."

It's quite evident that the poor boy has been misled to believe that YANK is a periodical such as *Better Homes and Gardens.*

Our outfit, although we're "only" a Signal Company, regret that YANK doesn't distribute pin-ups every day.

How about it, MacCann, why not let your imagination go to work on the pin-ups! Imagine the gorgeous creature on a haystack in a Kansas wheatfield (or are there haystacks in wheatfields?) and you'll have all the beauty of Nature you want. And how much more beautiful are gigantic cottonwood trees if you put yourself plus a certain young woman into these appropriate settings!

So think this over, Mac, and you'll be just as ardent an admirer of YANK *and* its pin-ups as we are.

Britain. **Cpl. ALLEN FRANK**

PIN-UP?

What's Wrong With Linda?

Dear YANK:

In regard to pin-up girl Linda Darnell in YANK (June 4), the question of her right arm being at her side and the hand on the straw in back of her. Or is the elbow bent and the hand and forearm in her hair on the right side of her head.

The boys of our hut argue that her elbow is in her tunic and her elbow looks like a breast. Who is right? Is any part of her right arm showing in the picture?

Please answer this for the boys of Hut 14 as we have pounds bet on it.

Britain. **T/5 ALBERT E. SCHOENHUTH**

Dear YANK:

As some of us claim to be woman specialists, we just can't figure out the shadows of Linda Darnell's chest. We claim that the left part of her chest never could be as large as it appears compared to

the right. Some of us claimed that the whole thing is a fake or just a plain drawing by some artist with fancy imaginations.

We hope that you will study that matter and clear us up about the photographical technicalities. Still think that your magazine is great. We better not sign any names, because we wouldn't like to be called to Hollywood before this job is all done against Jerry.

Britain. **FIVE PARAGRAPH TROOPERS (Chairborne)**

[Sorry, boys, but YANK'S Darnell expert is out helping cover the war.—Ed.]

No Letter, No Date

Dear YANK:

In regard to your answer in the June 11, 1944 issue of YANK to the two officers who inquired about the association between officers and enlisted women of the WAC, your attention is invited to a letter from Headquarters, ETOUSA, subject, "Social Associations," dated 9th December, 1943, which states:

"Paragraph 34, Field Manual 21-50, is considered to apply to social associations between male officers and enlisted women and between female officers and enlisted men. Immediate commanders may make exceptions to this policy in cases of relatives or fiances/fiancees, in which cases specific letters of authorization shall be issued to, and carried by, the personnel concerned."

The above is quoted for your information so that those officers can be informed of the existing regulations.

You have a wonderful magazine, keep it up.

Britain. **Capt. DWIGHT T. ROBINSON**

[Para. 34, FM 21-50 says officers are "to confine their social contacts to other officers."—Ed.]

A T.S. Slip For The Major

Dear YANK:

In "What the Major Thinks EMs Want," in Mail Call, 11th June, 1944, the Major suggests that you "get it from the horse's mouth in the field." His inadequate observation of what EMs want seems rather redolent of the stable.

Britain. **Chaplain WILLIAM J. HARTY**

More Of The Same

Dear YANK:

In reply to Major Cushman's letter (June 11) insulting the intelligence of enlisted men:

1. Suggest the Major talk to some troops in the field himself.
2. Suggest to inform the Major that YANK reporters are in the field and write from the field on topics they *know* soldiers in the field are interested in.
3. Wish the Major could have heard some of the comments of some of his fellow officers.
4. Ask the EM to understand that the views expressed are *not* typical of Civil Affairs Officers.
5. Sorry the Major thinks the "Pfc. in the field" constitutes the "Horse's mouth in the field."
6. Suggest you send the Major your subscription figures. I'm sure that the American soldier doesn't buy something, 70% of which doesn't interest him.
7. Sorry that the Major's letter adds fuel to the *myth* that American soldiers are a group of sex mad individuals.
8. Thanks for the heading over the Major's letter which serves as a beautiful answer. Wish you had underlined the word "thinks."
9. Thanks for YANK.

W. WENDELL HEILMAN, 2nd Lt.—CMP (Civil Affairs)
WILLIAM H. KEOWN, 1st Lt. Inf. (Civil Affairs)
P. E. BENJAMIN, 1st Lt.—CMP (Civil Affairs)

Britain.

The General's Stars

Dear YANK:

If General Eisenhower were to wear his uniform at this Headquarters as he appears on the cover of your June 18th issue of YANK, he would be approached by the MP's. For believe it or not, he has his four star collar insignia on the wrong side! The prescribed uniform for officers requires that the insignia of grade be worn on the lapel of the collar on the right side, one inch from the front edge. Army Regulations state that only the General of Armies, the Chief of Staff, or former Chiefs of Staff may vary from the prescribed uniform.

It looks like we have one on the Supreme Commander.

Britain. **Pvt. FRANK E. RAYMOND**

Dear YANK:

Get an MP! Get an MP! Holy Mackerel! They can't both be right! "Ike" has his on his left collar and Gen. Bradley has his on his right collar. Yeah, that's right, the stars, I mean. Hell, one of them has gotta be wrong.

Britain. **Sgt. G. GARBER**

Dear YANK:

. . . . we have had a discussion come up on the wearing of the insignia of rank on the shirt collar. It seems General Bradley has his insignia on the right side of collar, and General Eisenhower has his on the left. Could you please clarify this incident and put a couple of GIs straight. Not that we are worried, but just curious.

Britain. **S/Sgt. and Cpl., Air Transport Command**

[Another picture of General Eisenhower recently prompted a similar question back home. Below, we reprint that shot, together with the reply cooked up by YANK editors in the States.—Ed.]

General Confusion

Dear YANK:

In a recent issue of a picture magazine Gen. Marshall and Gen. Eisenhower were photographed sitting together. Will you explain the wearing of the generals' stars? Which is correct, Gen. Marshall with four stars on his right collar or Gen. Eisenhower with four stars on his left collar?

Camp Plauche, La. **—T Sgt. NICHOLAS G. SHAHEEN**

■ *AR 600-40, Par. 1b,* states clearly: "All articles of uniform for wear by the General of the Armies, the Chief of Staff, and a former Chief of Staff are such as each may prescribe for himself." Insignia is officially described as part of the uniform, so it is our guess that Gen. Marshall is quite right. Concerning Gen. Eisenhower, we refer you to *Par. 52:* "When the shirt is worn without the service coat, metal insignia will be worn on collar. . . ." General officers of line are supposed to wear the insignia of grade on both sides of the collar. Other general officers, however, are supposed to wear the insignia of grade on the right side of the collar and, on the left side, the insignia indicating arm, service, bureau, etc. Under either of these classifications Gen. Eisenhower *might* be in error. If you think so, you tell him.

Dear YANK:

The attached was written by a girl of Breton stock until recently an officer of the WAAF after coming up from ACW2. [Aircraftwoman 2, lowest branch of the service—Ed.]

It impresses me as a fine emotional expression of sentiments deeply rooted in the hearts of loyal French men and women and a compatriot's cry for courage and hope.

Now, I am not too familiar with YANK's editorial policy but, as a former novelist and short-story writer with some experience of editorial policies, I am clinging to the hope that there is a small nook or cranny which will permit you to squeeze this in. I've an idea that GIs and others on the Beachhead might like seeing themselves as at least one gal of French blood sees them.

As for signature—Pamela is about all there is. How's about it?

Britain.

Major THEODORE FREDENBURGH

NOR'WESTER

The wind is whispering through the land of France,
Rising and singing with the channel tides,
Sweeping across the poplar'd plains of Normandy,
Breathing the word along the unconquered coasts,
From the staunch rocks of Brittany, splashed by
Atlantic waves,
To the gold sands of Provence, scorched by the
Midi sun.

Down the deep valley of the Rhone, echoing in the
Juras and the Vosges,
Among the rich vines and orchards of the Plain,
Ruffling the smooth coils of the leisured Loire—
Through towns and villages, fluttering striped cafe
awnings,
Stirring to life the hope in every heart. The wind
Is whispering to the waiting land of France:
"Awake! They come upon the north-west wind."

—PAMELA

Gripes, Unlimited

Dear YANK:

I have gathered up enough of courage to let you know what we (the boys of hut 2) are up against. I'm not bitching about it, but at first we didn't mind it. You see, when we get our laundry back every week, there are always buttons missing off of our drawers. Seems like it's getting to be a habit. We would not mind it at all if we could get some buttons. The ones that we had are practically all gone. I tried to buy some in town, but no one has any. We use one button at present hoping that nothing will happen. The boys are going to have to adopt a new method. One is the using of safety pins (that is, if they can be had). We have seen the Chaplain, but he has already given us a T.S. slip. So we are going to have to go a little higher up, and that is why I'm writing to you.

Hope that you can help us solve our problem.

HUT 2 BOYS

Britain.

Dear YANK:

It has come to a pretty pass in the ETO when men confined in the hospital can no longer enjoy a full-length feature picture because of the fact that the projector operator " has been ordered to cut the film short, so that the officers and personnel of the detachment can see the full-length feature beginning at 8 p.m. sharp."

We all know that R.H.I.P. (Rank hath its privileges), but since when is it that officers and nurses of the post detachment can sit down to the whole enjoyment of an uncut film while the enlisted patients must content themselves with a mere two-fifths of the same film, just so " the full-length feature " may start at 8 p.m. sharp.

Does the fact that we are enlisted men preclude our enjoyment of a full-length picture?

THE BOYS OF WARD 4

Britain.

Dear YANK,

An outfit from the States had been situated in a little English town long enough to learn where to go and what to do in this new country when the C.O. of the outfit received a call for 30 men to attend a USO show at a nearby camp. After no volunteers came forward, a detail of thirty men were pulled out and sent to the show. All of the rest of the entire Co. were restricted to barracks. Many of the boys had made plans to attend the local theatre, go dancing, have dates and to accept personal invitations to English homes for the evening.

As a corporal in the U. S. Army I have no right whatsoever to even question any action of a military superior but as a citizen of the U. S. I want to know what in the hell are we fighting for?

Cpl. JOE C. DONELLY

Britain.

Dear YANK:

We have a gripe. Why is it that Yanks are always complaining about the poor quality of English ale? Some of them even say they prefer American beer to it. After an impartial study we find that we much prefer English ale to any kind of American beer. One thing about American beer is that it is too gassy, too effervescent. On the other hand English ale has just the right lift. Another thing we like is the variety of ales they have over here. If one doesn't like bitters he can have brown ale or lager, etc. The English seek to please a man's individual taste. This may be incidental but we don't think there is anything in the States to compare with an accompanying platter of fish and chips to go with one's ale. As far as we're concerned the English have the servicing of a man's alcoholic taste down to a fine art.

Capt. D. G. W.
Capt. R. A. W.
T/Sgt. W. L. B.
T/Sgt. D. W. P.
T/Sgt. D. C. L.
Sgt. P. W. W.
Sgt. L. L.

Britain.

Dear YANK,

If you will permit a lowly officer to add a few cents' worth to all the fuss and fury that is going on, please print these comments:

One post-war phase many of us seem to forget is the problem of Army equipment sold to the public. There is no moral, statistical, or legal reason why this should not be sold in small quantities to people who want it, rather than in large quantities to people who want to resell it.

Stars and Stripes says the Army is going to sell used Army trucks to authorized dealers; Willys Overland says that jeeps are too dangerous for public use and should be turned back to manufacturers rather than glut the used car market, and a construction machinery association does not want the government to dump used construction machinery on the market.

Hogwash, all of it! If GI Joe, after the war, or now, out of the Army or in, wants to buy a piece of equipment the Army has for sale here, in the Pacific, or in the States, and is willing to bid higher than any one else in person or by mail for that one thing, it should be his. If he wants to buy a mess-kit, rifle, jeep, tank-transporter, or locomotive or any other damn thing and is willing to pay, he should be able to buy it.

2nd Lt. C. E.

Britain

Dear YANK:

Will you please explain to me why a soldier's mail is held up a month, when he is moved a couple hundred miles. Is it the system or don't they give a damn?

Pvt. FOLDA R. CASE

Britain.

No Griper, He

Dear YANK:

Want to call your attention to the efficiency of the Army Postal Service.

Received a V-mail letter two days ago without my name on it. Neither was the sender's name on it. Apparently in the process of photographing or developing my name was unintentionally blocked out by overlapping of another letter. Even though my name wasn't on it, it took only about 8 days to arrive from the States.

Am holding letter as a souvenir.

Pfc. HUGH SEXTON

Britain.

c/o PM

Dear YANK,

While assisting one of the fellows in my command to interpret a letter from home, I recently came across this memorable bit of optimism. " . . . I have just heard from your brother, Joe. He is no longer at Camp Devens. I think he has a wonderful new job with the Post Office for his address is now APO 456, Care of The Postmaster, New York, N. Y."

Britain.

FREDERIC LEY, Capt., AC

YANK'S AFN Radio Guide

Highlights for the week of July 2

SUNDAY 2130—CHARLIE McCARTHY—Charlie lands in jail and gets a governess. The King Sisters sing "San Fernando Valley."

MONDAY 2005—VILLAGE STORE—Proprietress Joan Davis and Manager Jack Haley have as their guest Charlie Ruggles. Dave Street sings "Besame Mucho."

TUESDAY 2005—GI JOURNAL—This week's editor-in-chief is Kay Kyser. Kay's editorial staff includes Linda Darnell, Ish Kabibble, "Rochester," and Arthur Q. Bryan.

WEDNESDAY 2035—CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LOWER BASIN STREET—Dr. Milton J. Cross delivers a sidewinder commentary, as Maestro Paul Lavelle throws plenty of hot notes into "Bugle Call Rag" and Marie Chico Marx steps in to tickle the ivories on "Gypsy Love Song."

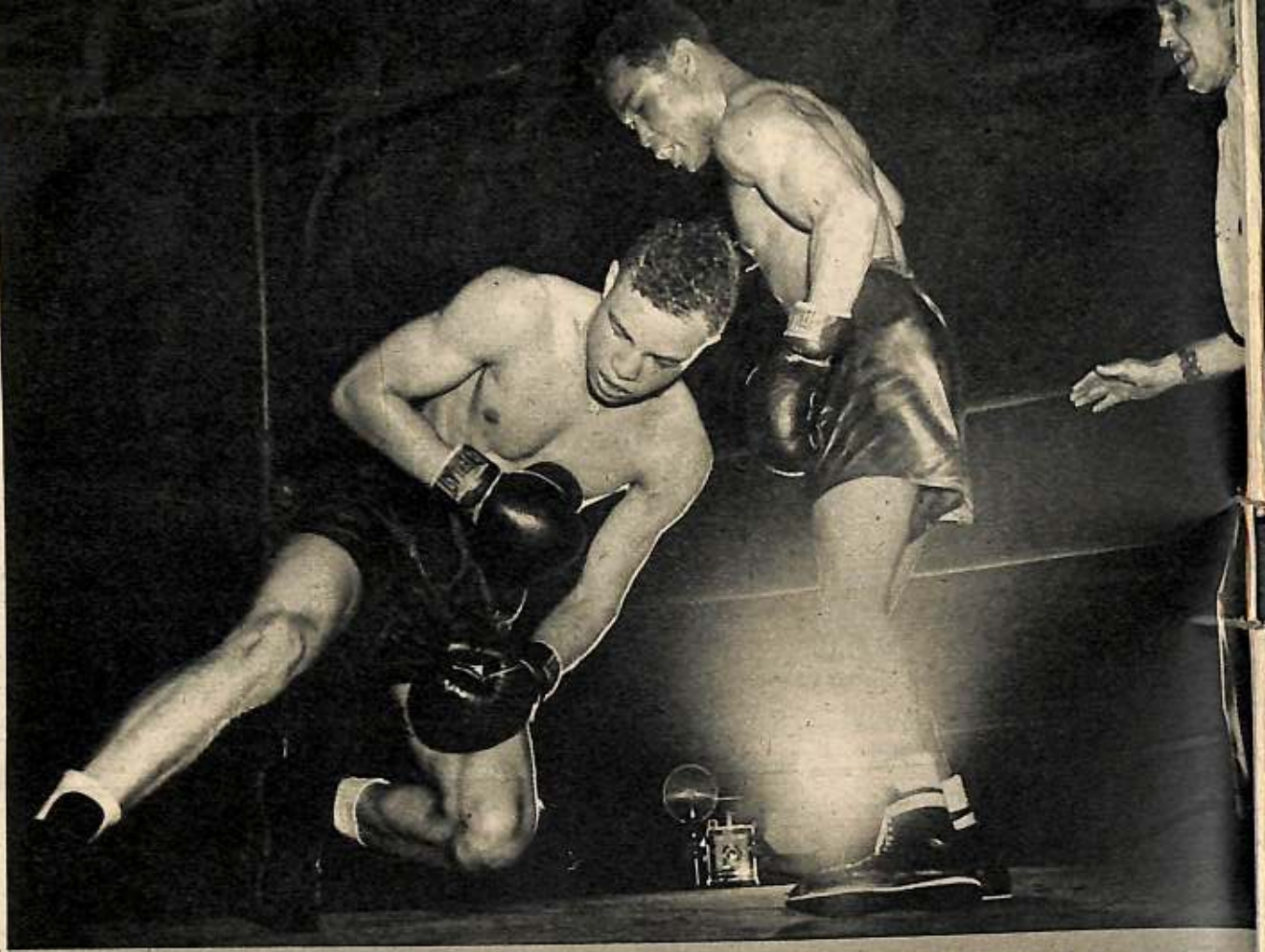
THURSDAY 2005—COMEDY CARAVAN—Jimmy Durante and Gary Moore guide the Caravan on its merry way, as Georgia Gibbs sings "Tess's Torch Song."

FRIDAY 2115—PAUL WHITEMAN PRESENTS—Guest stars Dinah Shore, Bing Crosby and Harry Barris. Musically there are special Whiteman arrangements of "Mississippi Mud," "Nevada" and "Thank Your Lucky Stars."

SATURDAY 1330—YANK's RADIO WEEKLY.
2145—SHOWTIME—A passing parade of musical favorites from the shows, including "Hallelujah," "Time on my Hands" and "Bill."

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

The sports parade



GOING, GONE. Aaron Perry starts to fall after being clipped by Henry Armstrong in sixth round at Washington, D. C. It was Perry's fifth and last trip to canvas, the referee halting the slaughter then and there.

NO HARD FEELINGS. Umpire Rue, knocked sprawling when Yankee John Lindell overran first base, laughs as he assumes a more dignified position. Yep, he called Lindell out.

NO-HITTER. Cincinnati's Clyde Shoun gazes affectionately at a

SPORTS: SO YOU KNOW SPORTS? THEN TRY THIS SIMPLE LITTLE QUIZ

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

YANK's third all-purpose sports quiz, ideal for brightening up ten-minute breaks, bull sessions and the lonely war in Alaska.

In scoring yourself for this quiz, allow five points for every question you answer correctly. Eighty or more is excellent. 70 is good, 60 fair, 50 passing, 40 or below failure.

1. Babe Dahlgren has seen service with seven major-league teams and the Pullman Company. Can you name five of the teams he played with?

2. What football player was named on the All-American team for two successive years playing for two different schools?

3. Mel Ott broke in with the Giants at the age of 16 as *(a)* outfielder, *(b)* bat boy, *(c)* catcher, *(d)* infielder.

4. Name three outstanding professional golfers whose last names begin with the letter "H"?

5. With what sports do you associate each of the following terms: *(a)* blueline, *(b)* baseline, *(c)* balkline?

6. Who was the Cincinnati catcher that committed suicide in a Boston hotel?

7. Ernie Schaaf was killed in a bout with *(a)* Baer, *(b)* Carnera, *(c)* Sharkey, *(d)* Unknown Winston.

8. What great foreign miler beat Glenn Cunningham in the Princeton meet and later ran away from him in the Berlin Olympics, where he set a new 1,500 meter record?

9. How many of the following pitchers have won 30 or more games in a single season? Carl Hubbell, Jim Bagby Sr., Herb Pennock, Dizzy Dean, Lefty Grove, Lefty Gomez, Bob Feller, Jim Bagby Jr., Babe Ruth.

10. Who is the famous football coach whose name is pronounced the same as that of a great violinist, though the last part is spelled differently?

11. On what college teams did the following professional football players perform: *(a)* Mel Hein, *(b)* Dutch Clark, *(c)* Whizzer White, *(d)* Beatty Feathers, *(e)* Ace Parker?

12. What was the last World Series to go the full seven games?

13. Jim Tobin's no-hitter against the Dodgers was the first one in the big leagues since 1941. Who pitched the one in 1941?

14. The only horse ever to defeat Man O' War was *(a)* Regret, *(b)* John P. Grier, *(c)* Upset, *(d)* Exterminator.

15. When Mel Harder of the Indians won his 201st major-league victory recently, one of the spectators was the only pitcher to win more than 500 games. Who was he?

16. Who was the only boxer to win the heavyweight championship on a foul?

17. What former Duke All-American was responsible for Notre Dame's only defeat of 1943?

18. Identify four well-known golfers known by each of the following nicknames: *(a)* Silver Fox, *(b)* Emperor Jones, *(c)* Joplin Ghost, *(d)* Wee Bobby.

19. Here are some well-known runners-up. What famous stars used to defeat them, sometimes by a close margin? *(a)* Helen Jacobs, *(b)* Blue Swords, *(c)* Lew Tendler, *(d)* Gene Venzke.

20. Here is a famous sports farewell of 1938 that you should remember. Who is the lone figure and what were the circumstances surrounding his departure?

ANSWERS TO SPORTS QUIZ

1. Cubs, Yankees, Red Sox, Braves, Dodgers, Pirates, Phillies. **2.** Bill Daley, 1942 Minnesota; 1943 Michigan. **3.** Catcher. **4.** Ben Hogan, Clayton Heafner, Dutch Harrison, Walter Hagen, Clayton Heafner, Jimmy Hines, Chick Harbert. **5.** *(a)* hockey, *(b)* tennis, *(c)* billiards. **6.** Willard Hershberger. **7.** Carnera. **8.** Jack Lovelock. **9.** Jim Bagby Sr., Lefty Grove, Dizzy Dean. **10.** Fritz Crisler. **11.** *(a)* Washington State, *(b)* Colorado College, *(c)* Colorado, *(d)* Tennessee, *(e)* Duke. **12.** Reds vs. Tigers in 1940. **13.** Lon Warneke, then with the Cardinals, against the Reds. **14.** Upset. **15.** Denton (Cy) Young. **16.** Max Schmeling. **17.** Steve Lach of Great Lakes. **18.** *(a)* Tommy Armour, *(b)* Bobby Jones, *(c)* Horton Smith, *(d)* Bobby Cruickshank. **19.** *(a)* Helen Willis, *(b)* Count Fleet, *(c)* Benny Leonard, *(d)* Glenn Cunningham. **20.** Schoolboy Rowe leaving Briggs Stadium, Detroit, after a brilliant career with the Tigers. He developed a sore arm and was farmed out to Beaumont.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

THIS year's Great Lakes line-up reads like something out of *Baseball's Who's Who*, with such major-league stars as **Max West, Billy Herman, Gene Thompson, Schoolboy Rowe, Clyde McCullough, Virgil Trucks, Bill Baker, Merrill May, Johnny McCarthy, Al Glossop** and **Syl Johnson.** And in case **Mickey Cochrane** ever needs an able pinch-runner he can always call on **Apprentice Seaman Glenn Cunningham.** . . . **Lt. Jim Lansing,** the Fordham footballer, who dropped the first bomb on Truk, has signed with the Boston pro Yankees and will join the team after the war. . . . **Lt. Ted Williams,** the Red Sox slugger, and **Lt. Bob Kennedy,** former Chicago White Sox third baseman, are Marine flight instructors in the same squadron at the Pensacola (Fla.) Naval Air Station. . . . Add the names of **Chief Specialists Pee Wee Reese** and **Hugh Casey** to the long list of major leaguers now serving in Hawaii. . . . **Lt. Darold Jenkins,** Missouri's All-American center of '41, who was reported missing in action several weeks ago, has turned up as a PW in Germany. . . . **Lt. Buddy Hassett,** one of Lou Gehrig's successors at first base, has been appointed recreation officer on an aircraft carrier now nearing completion. . . . Indiana's **Archie Harris,** who holds the American record for the discus throw, is an aviation cadet at the Tuskegee (Ala.) Army Air Field, where **Pvt. John Brooks,** the Olympic broad jump star, is a PT instructor.

Decorated: **Sgt. Gregory Mangin,** one-time Davis Cup winner and national indoor tennis champion, with the Distinguished Flying Cross for shooting down one enemy fighter, forcing a second one to give up the attack on his Fortress, and keeping the other German planes at a safe distance in a raid over Nazi-occupied Italy. . . . *Promoted:* **Lt. Buddy Lewis,** former Washington third baseman, to captain in Burma, where he is piloting a C-47; **Lt. Mickey Cochrane,** Great Lakes baseball coach, to lieutenant commander. . . . *Discharged:* **Al Evans,** second-string catcher for the Senators, from the Navy with a CDD. . . . *Ordered for induction:* **George Munger,** right-hander of the Cardinals (4-1 this season) by the Army; **Bill Hulse,** fastest U. S. outdoor miler (4:06), by the Navy; **Al Lakeman,** second-string catcher for the Reds, by the Army; **Ralph Hodgin,** Chicago White Sox outfielder, by the Army; **Huck Geary,** war-working Phillie shortstop, by the Army. . . . *Rejected:* **Ed Sauer,** rookie Chicub outfielder, because of high blood pressure; **Dain Clay,** Reds' outfielder, because of headaches

VOTING REGULATIONS IN FIVE STATES AND TWO TERRITORIES

NAME OF STATE OR TERRITORY	DATE AND KIND OF ELECTION	HOW TO APPLY FOR STATE OR TERRITORY ABSENTEE BALLOT	Earliest Date State or Territory Will Receive Ballot Application	Earliest Date State or Territory Will Send Ballot to Applicant*	Final Date Executed Ballot Must Be Back To Be Eligible To Be Counted	SPECIAL STATE OR TERRITORIAL PROVISIONS
COLORADO	Primary, 12 Sept.	a) In accordance with Colorado law, or b) By sending the WD or USWBC post card to the Secretary of State, Denver, Colo.	21 Aug.	23 Aug.	9 Sept.	
LOUISIANA	2 Primaries: 12 Sept. (first) and 17 Oct. (second)	a) In accordance with Louisiana law, or b) By sending the WD or USWBC post card to the Secretary of State, Baton Rouge, La. One application will suffice for both primaries, unless the applicant has a change of address.	Any time for both primaries.	13 Aug. (first) 1 Oct. (second)	11 Sept. (first) 16 Oct. (second)	Note that Louisiana holds two primaries. One application will suffice for ballots for both elections, but in case of a change of address, a soldier should make separate applications. It is understood that Louisiana is holding a legislative session, which may change some of the facts as given.
MAINE	State Election, 11 Sept.	a) In accordance with Maine law, or b) By sending the WD or USWBC post card to the Secretary of State, Augusta, Maine.	Any time	15 Aug.	11 Sept.	Note that this is not a primary but an election for state and local offices and Representatives of Congress. Voting for the offices of President and Vice President will take place at a general election 7 Nov. 1944.
NEVADA	Primary, 5 Sept.	a) In accordance with Nevada law, or b) By sending the WD or USWBC post card to the Secretary of State, Carson City, Nev.	7 June	15 Aug.	5 Sept.	
SOUTH CAROLINA	2 Primaries: 25 July (first) 22 Aug. (second)	Soldiers may request ballots if enrolled prior to 27 June with a local party club. Application for a ballot should be made to the local club or county secretary by the soldier or a relative or friend acting in his behalf. It can be made with the WD or USWBC post card, on which he has written on both sides the name and address of the appropriate club or county secretary.	27 May (first) 24 June (second)	27 May (first) 24 June (second)	25 July (first) 22 Aug. (second)	Note that South Carolina changed its election laws since YANK announced that soldiers could vote only in person. Note that soldiers must have been enrolled prior to 27 June with a local party club in order to request a ballot, and that those using WD or USWBC post cards should write on both sides of the card the name and address of the appropriate club or county secretary.
ALASKA	Territorial Election, 12 Sept.	a) In accordance with Alaska law, or b) By sending the WD or USWBC post card to the Secretary of the Territory, Juneau, Alaska.	3 Aug.	3 Aug.	9 Sept.	Note that this is the Territorial election. No further election will be held in November.
HAWAII	Territorial Primary Election, 7 Oct.	Hawaii does not provide an absentee ballot for soldiers in the primary.				Soldiers voting in Hawaii can vote only by appearing in person in their home precinct or at a polling place within the Territory, designated by the Governor.

*Application should reach officials on, or as soon as possible after, the date the state or territory starts sending out the ballots.

THIS table explains the voting rules in five states and the territories of Hawaii and Alaska, which are holding primary or general elections in July, August, September and October.

The five states and Alaska permit soldiers to apply for ballots by using either the old WD post card *(WD AGO Form 560)* or the new United States War Ballot Commission post card *(US WBC Form No. 1)*, although the War Ballot Commission card may not be yet available to you when you make your application. You may also apply by a letter that contains the text of the USWBC post card. If you use such a letter or the old *AGO Form 560*, be sure it is distinctly marked as ballot material and that it bears the appropriate air-mail marking. Be sure, too, that in addition to signing the application, you print your name and serial number. If you are applying for a primary ballot, remember that you must state your party affiliation.

To be eligible to vote in some states and territories, soldiers have to fulfill other requirements in addition to filing ballot applications. If you're not sure about your eligibility, write at once to the Secretary of State of your home state or to the Secretary of the Territory, if you are from a territory. Your letter should contain this information: date of your birth, date of the election in which you intend to vote; number of years preceding that election that your home residence has been in the state or territory; your town, county, street and number or rural route, and the number of years preceding the election that your residence has been at that place; your voting district to the best of your knowledge.

Since YANK announced that South Carolina soldiers could vote only by appearing in person at the proper local polling places, that state has changed its election laws to permit absentee voting. The new regulations are given here.

The information in this table is taken from *WD Circular 221, 3 June 1944.*

Washington O P

ASSISTANT Secretary of War John J. McCloy at a press conference described as "arrant nonsense" the reports that Italians in the north of Italy are better off than those in the south. He admitted that AMG made some miscalculations early in the campaign, particularly with regard to food shipments but, he said, "We have accomplished what we have without rounding up hostages, hangings, shootings in the square . . ." Maj. Gen. John H. Hildring, director of the Civilian Affairs Division, reported that there is less malnutrition in southern Italy now than there was in 1939. Mr. McCloy said that the Italians have been "apathetic" about setting up their local governments. . . . AMG as such will not be used in France, which has been a traditionally friendly country; however, civil-affairs officers will participate in straightening out civilian problems there.

The Civil Service Commission has issued detailed instructions to agencies and departments of the Federal Government concerning the reemployment rights of veterans who leave the Federal service. The CSC circular says that an eligible veteran shall be restored to his old job or a similar one, depending on the case, within 30 days of his application for reemployment. . . . The U. S. Employment Service placed more than 74,000 veterans of the second World War in civilian jobs in February and March. . . . The National Association of Real Estate Boards has set up a committee to help veterans get their money's worth if they buy real estate with their discharge pay or government loans.

Roane Waring, former national commander of the American Legion and vice chairman of the Legion's post-war planning committee, has been asked to accept a post as special consultant to Lt. Gen. Somervell, chief of the ASF. Waring would study WD policies and methods with respect to returning soldiers, especially those concerning hospitalization, reconditioning, rehabilitation, etc.

Mrs. Roosevelt told the ladies at her press conference that many wives of servicemen do not know of the rights they have to free maternity and infant care. To date, 309,000 wives have taken advantage of the Emergency Maternity and Infant Care program operating under the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor through state health agencies. —YANK Washington Bureau

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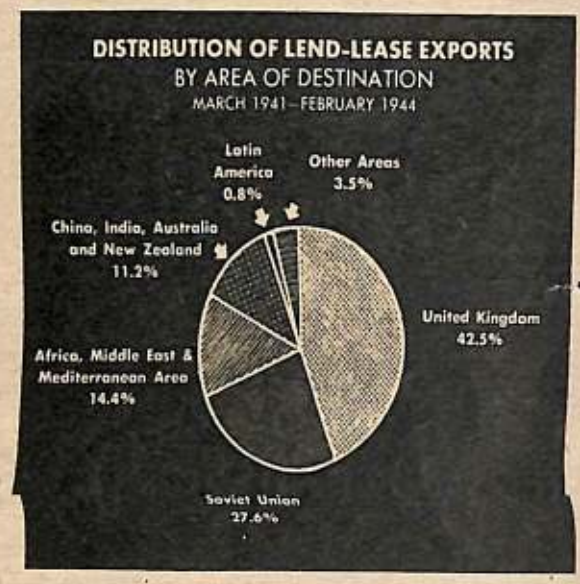
Pictures: 1, BIPPA. 5, OWI. 6, top and bottom, U.S. Navy; others, OWI. 7, U.S. Signal Corps. 9, Sgt. Dave Richardson. 10, 11, 12 and 13, Sgt. Reg Kenny. 14, Vandamm Studio. 15, top, Acme; center and bottom, AP. 16, top, INP; center, INP; bottom right, Acme; bottom left, W.W. 19, Fox. 20, PA. 21, top, PA; bottom, Sgt. Hanley.

Three Years of LEND-LEASE

Excerpts from President Roosevelt's report on the economic operations that have given our allies the things they need to beat the enemy.



Since the beginning of the lend-lease program on Mar. 11, 1941, we have sent a total of more than 30,000 planes, about 25,000 tanks, and over 800,000 other military motor vehicles to the forces of our allies.

Over 23,000 of the planes, over 23,000 of the tanks, and almost 550,000 of the other motor vehicles went under lend-lease. The others were paid for in cash by our allies.

Over half of all lend-lease aid has consisted of fighting equipment—planes, tanks, guns, ships, bombs and other finished munitions. The other supplies transferred under lend-lease—the industrial materials and products and the food—have been just as essential in the fighting.

The balance of lend-lease aid consists of services: the cost of shipping the supplies and ferrying the planes to battlefronts around the world; servicing and repairing damaged allied men-of-war and merchant ships; factories built in the U. S. with lend-lease funds to produce lend-lease equipment, and the cost of such other services as the allied pilot-training program.

What we have spent on lend-lease has been only 14 cents of every dollar spent by the U. S. for war purposes. The other 86 cents of each war dollar have been used for our own fighting men and our war production.

THE UNITED KINGDOM. In three years of lend-lease operations we have shipped to the United Kingdom over 7 billion dollars worth of lend-lease supplies. Sixty percent of them were shipped in the past year—between Mar. 1, 1943, and Mar. 1, 1944.

Britain's Lancasters and Halifaxes and most of her fighters are produced in her own factories, but RAF Mitchell and Douglas A-20 bombers, RAF Thunderbolts and Mustangs and other American-made fighters and bombers flown by allied pilots are daily joining with the USAAF in attacking German invasion defenses.

At sea, additional thousands of lend-lease carrier-based fighter planes and dive bombers and long-range patrol bombers have helped to knock out the U-boat offensive and bring 99 out of every 100 ships in convoys safe to port.

Over a billion dollars worth of ordnance and ammunition and almost a billion dollars worth of tanks and other military motor vehicles have been shipped to the United Kingdom under lend-lease—three-quarters of them in the past year.

The export figures show not quite $200,000,000 worth of watercraft sent to the United Kingdom. That is the cost of landing barges, PT boats and other fighting craft small enough to be shipped aboard cargo vessels.

We have shipped 5,750,000 tons of steel and over 500,000 tons of other metals. These metals have come out of British factories fabricated into millions of additional tons of materiel that Britain could otherwise not have produced.

We have shipped hundreds of thousands of tons of explosives to be made into the bombs that the RAF drops on Berlin.

Shipments of food and other agricultural products to the United Kingdom have also been of vital importance to British war production and British fighting power.

REVERSE LEND-LEASE AID. By the first of this year, the dollar value of goods, services and facilities provided by the United Kingdom to the U. S. Army, Navy and Air Forces and to our Merchant Marine had totaled $1,526,170,000.

One-third of all the supplies and equipment currently required for our very great forces in the United Kingdom are provided by the United Kingdom and are provided as reverse lend-lease, without payment by us.

THE SOVIET UNION. The United States has sent to the Soviet Union since the beginning of the lend-lease program almost 4¾ billion dollars worth of war supplies. Two-thirds of that amount was shipped in the 12 months between Mar. 1, 1943, and Mar. 1, 1944.

Up to Mar. 1, 1944, we sent to Russia 8,800 planes, more than we had sent under lend-lease to any other military theater. These included light and medium bombers, pursuit planes and transport planes. In the first 60 days of 1944 alone we sent more than 1,000 combat planes. The Soviet Air Force has shown a preference for Aircobra P-39 fighters, Douglas A-20 attack bombers and B-25 Mitchell mediums, and many Russian flyers have made outstanding combat records flying these planes against the Nazis. The Russians are now also getting Thunderbolt P-47s.

Mobile equipment sent to the Soviet Union from the U. S. includes over 190,000 military trucks, 36,000 jeeps, 5,200 tanks and tank destroyers, and 30,000 other military motor vehicles.

Shipments of industrial materials and products from the U. S. have been of important assistance to the Soviet's own production. We have sent, for example, 1,450,000 tons of steel, 420,000 tons of aluminum, copper, nickel, zinc, brass and other nonferrous metals, 200,000 tons of explosives and almost $200,000,000 of machine tools.

In addition to almost 7,000,000 pairs of Red Army boots, we have sent 35,000 tons of leather for production in Soviet factories of additional army boots, together with almost 30,000,000 yards of woolen cloth and 60,000,000 yards of cotton cloth for Soviet Army uniforms.

Lend-lease shipments of food to maintain Soviet Army rations totaled 2,600,000 tons up to Mar. 1, 1944. To help increase Russia's production of her own foods, we have also shipped almost 13,000 tons of seeds.

THE PACIFIC AND FAR EAST THEATERS. Almost 2 billion dollars worth of lend-lease war supplies have been shipped to the Pacific and Far East theaters for the war against Japan.

Approximately three-fifths of these supplies have consisted of fighting equipment for the Australian, New Zealand, Chinese, Dutch, British and Indian army, air, and naval forces fighting beside the U. S. forces.

Almost all the remaining shipments have consisted of industrial materials and products for the production of fighting equipment, food and strategic raw materials in Australia, New Zealand and India.

Lend-lease equipment has had an important role in the Burma campaign this year. The Chinese 22d and 38th Divisions, which include a Chinese tank corps, have made up a major part of the forces under Gen. Stilwell that have advanced down the Hukawng and Mogaung valleys, killed thousands of Japanese, retaken 7,500 square miles and are now halfway to the Chinese frontier. These divisions were trained and equipped in India under lend-lease.

To the south, airborne British jungle veterans have been cutting Japanese communication lines, while other British and Indian troops have fought back a Japanese counterthrust in the Kohima-Imphal area. These forces are also making use of lend-lease arms, in addition to equipment produced in India and Britain.

In the air over Burma the RAF and Indian Air Force are using American as well as British planes in combined operations with the USAAF.

From the northeastern Indian province of Assam runs the air line which has been our only direct connection with China since the Burma Road was cut two years ago.

Day in and day out, great numbers of transport planes make the trip. The monthly tonnage of supplies carried into China each month over the Hump is now 15 times what it was a year ago, and our shipments are increasing.

The great majority of lend-lease shipments to the India-China theater have, of necessity, so far gone only as far as India and Burma.

Reverse lend-lease aid furnished to the U. S. in India up to Mar. 1, 1944, totaled almost $150,000,000. Petroleum products, including aviation gasoline from the British refinery at Abadan (Iran) for the USAAF in India, make up a large part of the total.

AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND. To supplement the equipment furnished from British and Australian war production, the U. S. has shipped them under lend-lease almost $200,000,000 worth of aircraft and another $200,000,000 worth of tanks and other military motor vehicles.

AFRICA, MIDDLE EAST AND MEDITERRANEAN. Seventy-five percent of all lend-lease shipments for the war in the Mediterranean-African-Middle East theater has consisted of fighting equipment.

Over $300,000,000 worth of equipment and supplies have been consigned to the American commanding general in the field for lend-lease transfer to the French forces, in addition to lend-lease shipments made direct from the U. S.

SOUTH AND CENTRAL AMERICAN COUNTRIES. Up to Mar. 1, 1944, actual lend-lease shipments to the other American republics have had a total value of less than $136,000,000, while lend-lease transfers in the same period totaled $169,000,000. This was less than 1 percent of lend-lease exports to all areas. Two-thirds of these military supplies went to Brazil.

FRANCE

Scale of miles

10 5 0 10 20 30 40 50 60 70

International Boundaries

Highways

France and the Low Countries, prepared by Newsmap, and follow Gen. Eisenhower's drive into Germany.