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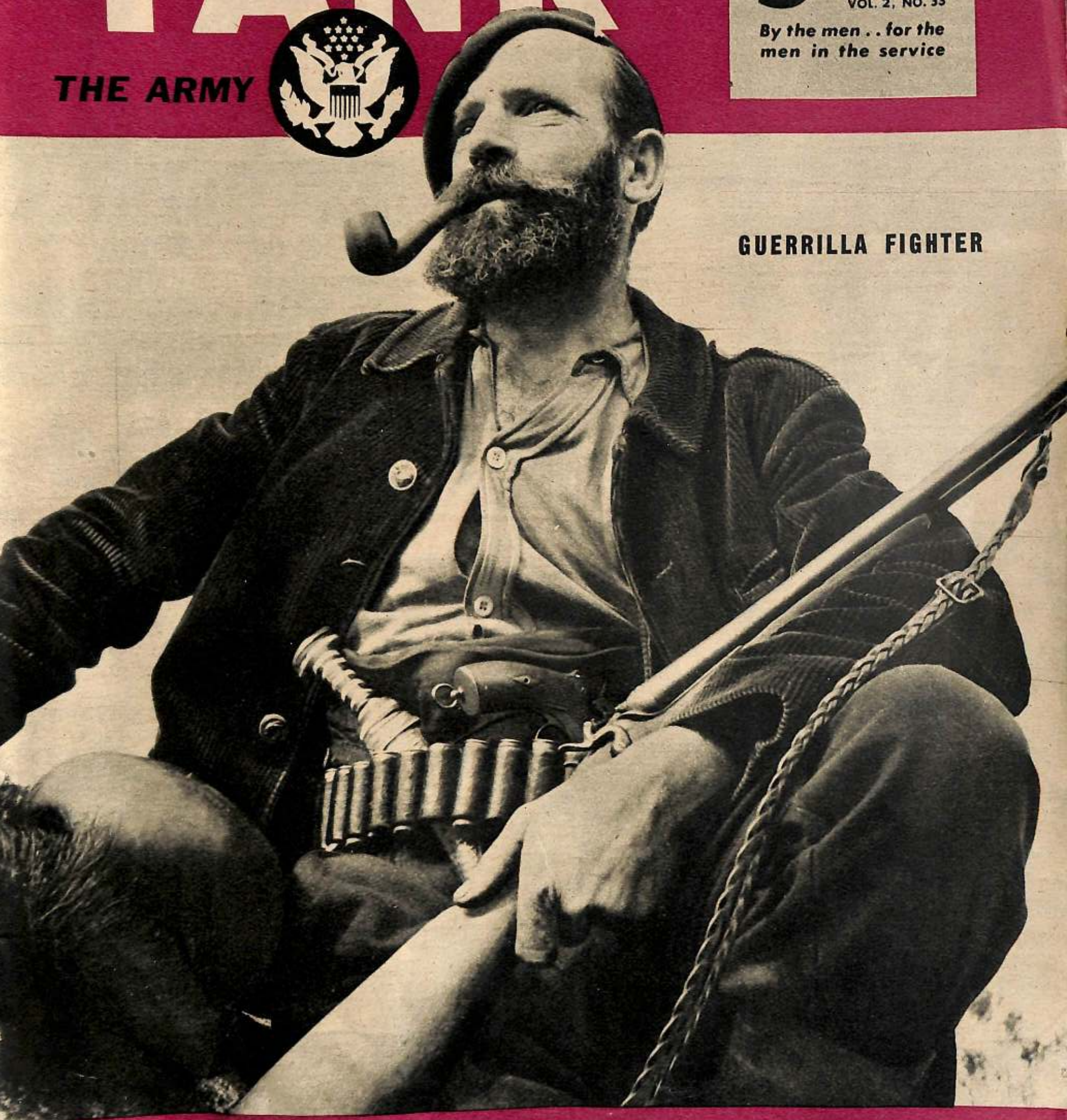


GUERRILLA FIGHTER

THE STORY OF TITO'S FABULOUS PARTISANS

—See pages 2, 3, 4 and 5

Today, Tito's Partisans can count on Allied air support. B-25s blast the German held harbor of Split, in Yugoslavia.

"IT has been necessary to shed floods of precious national blood, it has been necessary that tens of thousands of the nation's finest sons lay down their lives in the course of two years' unequal struggle with the enemy, that in the end the truth about the actual situation in Yugoslavia might hew its way through to the world. Never before perhaps has a small nation paid such a high price to convince the world that the blood which has been shed in Yugoslavia is its own blood . . . The struggles of our peoples and the brilliant successes which they have achieved on the field of battle . . . have created all the conditions necessary that our peoples may succeed in realizing their aspiration—a free, truly democratic, fraternal, federal Yugoslavia."

(Signed) Marshal Tito.

By Sgt. WALTER BERNSTEIN
YANK Staff Correspondent

FROM CAIRO (By Cable)—One morning early in 1941, somewhere in German occupied Yugoslavia, two men with empty rifles held up ten quisling policemen and relieved them of their guns and ammunition. Today, somewhere in liberated Yugoslavia, these two men have become part of a full infantry battalion that includes tanks and heavy artillery. It is a battalion of the Yugoslav Partisan Army, a force that has grown in two years from isolated guerrilla bands into an army of some thirty-six divisions—an army that has pinned down at least 300,000 Axis troops in Yugoslavia alone, and is currently fighting more Germans than the Fifth and Eighth Armies combined—an army that is the weapon of the Yugoslav people in their unity of effort against the invader and in their expressed desire for a democratic country after the war.

This army has liberated more than half of Yugoslavia, but it has, in fact, done much more than that. It has played an important, and perhaps decisive part in the general Allied struggle against the enemy. In the Tunisian campaign, for instance, the Partisans destroyed 217 German trains carrying troops and supplies to the south. During the Sicilian campaign, when the Americans were facing not more than two German divisions, the Partisans were fighting seven German divisions. During both of these campaigns, and the Italian invasion, the Yugoslav Army was tying up from sixteen to twenty Italian divisions, which would otherwise have been free for action against the British and American troops.

All this was done without outside help, and against both the lack of understanding on the outside and fifth column work on the inside. It was done without planes or any equipment of their own. It was even done without the benefit of lease-lend which in some quarters is regarded as the military equivalent of getting married without benefit of clergy. The Yugoslav Army started with nothing except courage and understanding of what they were fighting for, and what little equipment they could capture from the enemy.

Today, they have tanks, large caliber field guns, all necessary small arms, and even a few planes. They are a recognized Allied Army, commanded by their own officer who has an Allied rank of Commander-in-Chief. Today they can even call for Allied air support when they plan an attack—which is the ultimate proof that the outfit is definitely out of the bush leagues.

All of this has been accomplished by the application of militant democracy—not by any Wild West tactics. Contrary to most reports, Marshal Tito is *not* the Lone Ranger. Marshal Tito is a sober, politically minded man who has won his war as much by good politics as by superior military strategy. He has succeeded by understanding that this is a people's war and fighting it accordingly. An American military observer, returning from spending several months with the Partisans, compared

TITO and his PARTISANS

Josip Broz (right), more familiarly known to the world as Marshal Tito, commanding a United Nations army, has one of the strangest fighting organizations in the world. It is composed of both men and women (upper left).

Marshal Tito, and to a lesser extent Yugoslavia, remains a mystery to the Americans. Actually, Tito is no mystery nor are he and his army miracles. They are part of the commonplace of history. It has happened before that men have risen to defend their country; that they have succeeded in uniting it, and have won victories. Because Tito and his guerrillas have been recognized by the Allies, YANK had its correspondent in Cairo cable this factual account of the incredible underground that came above ground to fight Nazism—one of the great stories of World War II.

Tito and the present Yugoslav struggle to George Washington and our own fight for independence.

The Partisan Army is open to all who are willing to fight Nazis regardless of their race, religion or political color. It is an army with the broadest possible base, composed of Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, Macedonians, Montenegrins: Jews, Christians, Moslems: Communists and conservatives. It includes an Italian division, a Czech brigade, a Hungarian battalion, a Bulgarian battalion, and even a German company. And it is an army that *fights*. It operates on the slogan: "Hit the Nazi wherever and whenever you meet him." It did not wait for the Allies to come and kick out the Fascists. It began to do that for itself, with its own blood and brains and guts.

The development of the Partisan Army has been a tough and bloody one, and its composition is important not only as an example of the kind of army that is winning this war, but also as an example of the kind of country these Yugoslav peoples mean to create after the war. There is a direct relationship between the character of an army and that of its parent state. And the strength and democracy of the Partisan Army demonstrates that even at this early date war, for this country, has definitely become one of national liberation.

THE army developed out of spontaneous guerrilla resistance that sprang up after the Germans invaded Yugoslavia in April, 1941. The regular Yugoslav Army collapsed in seven days and the government fled the country. At first, the guerrillas were isolated, hiding in the mountains and lacking communication of any kind with anyone. Then, the movement began to grow, organized primarily by the Yugoslav Communists and led by a man calling himself "Tito," which is actually a name without any more meaning than Jack or Pete. The movement never was a Communist uprising; it was always a people's movement, embracing all sects and parties. The only entrance requirement into the organization was a willingness to kill Fascists, and as it grew, new leaders sprang up from the ranks, chosen by the people themselves. Tito remained head of the organization but there were various guerrilla bands that had no officers as such, and their policy was decided on a communal basis.

As the guerrillas became more and more successful the Partisan outfits gradually became moulded into regular army units. Equipment which had been captured from the Germans and Italians began to trickle into their hands. A network of supply, which was organized by the people of the country, grew up around the army. More and more volunteers showed up, who had managed to slip through the German lines, and the army gradually became strong enough to meet the Germans on its own terms—to set up a well-defined front while at the same time keeping units of mobile guerrillas to harass the enemy's rear.

Message center in blitzed towns. It says: "Daniels family moved to Klettenberg." "People called Auer, Pilgrim and Gottuald still alive." Underneath, the new address of a bombed-out citizen.

On May 1, 1943, the High Command issued a decree introducing officer and non-commissioned officer ranks into the army. These were chosen from among those men who had been leading the units all along, and were selected by the soldiers themselves as the bravest and most able of them all. They all had had the chance to prove themselves in the past two years, and their ranks had been steadily increased by men and women from all over Yugoslavia. They had replaced their makeshift weapons with the latest Axis pieces, and they were now fighting German tanks with German anti-tank guns. It was a far cry from that night in the dead, bloody past when a thousand guerrillas, armed only with wooden lances, had made a night attack on an entire German garrison in order to get the guns and ammunition they needed so desperately. By May 1, 1943, the guerrillas had become a proud and powerful army.

IT was a different army, though, from almost any other army in the world. It was, and is, composed of both men and women fighters with the number of women in some brigades running as high as 20 percent. Women handle a gun the same as men, and there are even women company commanders. Their dress is the same as that of the men, and they share equal hardships.

The army itself is divided into eight corps and breaks down from there through division, brigade, battalion and company. The basic fighting unit is the battalion; the company rarely goes out on anything alone unless it is a special mission. The social unit is the company, however, commanded by a military company commander and a political officer. There are also battalion, brigade and divisional political officers, and each platoon has what is called a platoon delegate who acts as an assistant.

These political officers are not representatives of any particular party. They represent the liberation movement as a whole, and more than 70 percent of them had no active political background at all before the war. The political officer for the company is appointed by the divisional staff from the ranks of platoon delegates in that particular company. The platoon delegates, in turn, are appointed from the ranks of ordinary soldiers, and their main duty is to help build fighting morale and unity among the men.

Each company has a meeting at least once a week over which a political officer presides, and at which are aired any complaints that the men may have. At these meetings, the officer brings up any political

Another photograph of Hitler's wonder boys, finding the going tough in the snowy mountains of Montenegro, as they try to find the guerrillas.

problems that have arisen, discusses the general political and military situation in Yugoslavia and elsewhere and leads the discussion on any and all topics. During the periods of battle, he is in action along with the other men. Once the battle starts, the company commander is in sole charge, but at the meeting that is always held after battle, the political officer can criticize the action, together with any of the other men. These meetings are a unique development with this army. They are held immediately before and after battle. Before battle, the men talk about the purposes of the particular action, the tactical plan, and its place in the general strategy. They send greetings to Marshal Tito. After the battle, the meeting is similar to that of a critique. Each man is free to say what he thinks of the way the company has behaved, and the way it has been led or misled. Men are singled out for praise or blame, but if a soldier criticizes anyone he must have definite proof to back up his claims. If anything or anyone has been proved wrong, the matter is immediately acted upon and set right to the satisfaction of the entire company. Once the matter has been decided, however, that decision is law.

THE company also elects a cultural-education committee whose function is to handle the social and political business of the company. Illiteracy is a crime; everyone must learn to read and write. The committee also makes up a study plan for the company and prepares lectures on everything from history to mathematics. If there are books available they are distributed to groups of five or six men working together on the same subject. In some brigades each company has its own newspaper appearing at least once a month and consisting of some forty or fifty typewritten pages. Most companies have a pocket paper which is passed from soldier to soldier and to which each man must contribute at least one article a month, and there are also battalion and divisional newspapers.

A great hunger exists for news in the Partisan Army, and when the daily bulletins are received over the radio they spread like wildfire throughout the various units. The men are particularly interested in political developments; and it is reported that the average Partisan fighter has a pretty detailed and accurate knowledge of everything from the situation inside France to wartime conditions inside America.

Each Partisan brigade also has at least one priest fighting with it. The Church has suffered as much as the nation in Yugoslavia, and has become an integral part of the liberation movement. It is a familiar sight to see long-bearded patriarchs marching along with the men—and the army even has a slogan: "A beard is worth a brigade."

There are some five thousand officers in the Partisan Army at this point, all of whom have come from the ranks. It had been mandatory that a man serve as a private before he could become an officer. Promotions were handed out according to ability and nothing else. A former deputy chief of staff of the High Command, for instance, who was a captain in the regular Yugoslav Army started in as a private in the Partisan Army two years ago. The second in command in the Second Serb Brigade received his appointment at the ripe old age of nineteen. Recently, however, a change has been made in the regulation that says each man must enter the army as a private, and men who were officers in the pre-war Yugoslav Army may now keep their rank when they join the Partisans. This change came about due to the fact that with the present expansion of the army there is a great need for practised military men.

There are no such things as orderlies or batmen, and nothing that even remotely resembles an officers' mess. On the other hand, there is more saluting per square yard than is required in the whole American Army. For instance, when men from one detachment pass men from another unit on the road, they shout the Partisan motto: "Death to Fascism!" And the others reply: "Freedom to the people!"

There are no induction centers into the army and no salaries. A dead German is considered pay enough to a Partisan soldier. When a man joins up he goes straight to his unit, receives two hours' instruction in the rifle and hand grenade, and is ready for action. This, however, is just for mature men over eighteen. Younger boys get the benefit of three weeks' recruit drill before they're allowed in action. The age limit in the Partisan Army is between fourteen and sixty-five—which is considered reasonable.

A RECRUIT isn't issued much personal equipment because there isn't much to issue. He keeps his own clothing, but is given an overseas cap bearing the red Partisan star made in a Partisan factory behind the lines. He is given either a rifle or a sub-machine gun, some hand grenades, and anywhere from one hundred and fifty to two hundred rounds of ammunition. The hand grenades are manufactured in Partisan factories, with the explosives taken from

According to the caption on this German picture, smuggled out through neutral channels, the Nazis have captured a "Bolshevik bandit" disguised in women's clothes. The captive, a mere youth, is shown being punched in the jaw by one of the Master Race.

German duds. The rifle, generally, is of German or Italian make; the sub-machine gun a Yugoslav model popular in the pre-war army or of light German make. The sub-machine gun is the Partisans' principal weapon, and in some brigades every fifth man carries one. The recruit is also given a bayonet and a knife, if he doesn't already have one.

Partisans don't wear helmets, first because they consider them too heavy and cumbersome, and secondly, because they can't get any. They wear a mixture of uniforms running all the way from German and Italian clothing to British battledress. There is nothing distinctive about their dress, although most of them carry a small musette bag and a German shelterhalf. But despite this lack of distinction, they seem to have no trouble telling their friends from their enemies.

The Partisan fighter eats regularly but only twice a day. Food is very scarce, and although he gets plenty of meat, there is very little bread, few potatoes, no fats, no sugar, and no coffee. He drinks water. If there's a drastic shortage of food, the men eat first, then the officers, and finally the High Command.

Marshal Tito explained this to a member of one of the Allied missions who pointed out to him that the men had received a piece of cheese with their ration, while the high officers hadn't.

"They are in the front line," Tito said. "We are not."

THE army's food is supplied to a great extent by people in whose territory it is moving. In every liberated village there is a committee elected by the villagers to support the liberation movement. One function of this committee is to feed the army—and they do it, even if it means going hungry themselves.

If a fighter distinguishes himself in battle, if he shows leadership ability and earns the praise of both officers and men, he is sure to be recommended by his CO for appointment by the High Command as an officer. Then, as a junior officer, he is eligible to attend any one of a dozen military academies that the army has started in the liberated territory.

These academies are similar to our own infantry schools, field artillery schools, armored force schools, etc. The instructors are men who have been through the mill and their courses never run more than two months. Time is too short to learn these military subjects backwards and forwards. The officers just learn them forwards, and then go back to the front.

If a fighter is wounded so that he cannot return to action, he is sent either to his own village where he carries on with whatever available war work there is; to an organization called "Military Forces in the Rear," whose job is to watch for saboteurs and fifth columnists and set up hospitals, organize transport and supply, and perform other rear echelon jobs.

The tactics of the army are simple. They are based mainly on two principles: (1) Never let the enemy have the initiative, and (2) always have numerical superiority at any given point.

The Partisans always try to fight the Germans where and when the Partisans want to fight. They like to fight best of all at night—which is the basic test of any army's morale and discipline. Because of these tactics, it is a highly mobile army even though its mobility is usually accomplished on foot. In one year, the Second Serb Brigade covered approximately 2,800 miles on foot. The First Serb Brigade once marched 75 miles in 36 hours, over mountains, with only one stop of a half-hour period. These are not exceptional cases.

Tito's tactical plan has been to use two armies. While he holds the Germans along a front probably similar in character to the Italian front; he hits them in the rear with swift and deadly guerrilla troops. At the present moment, there are Partisan shock units fighting miles within Austria itself; a Hungarian battalion has struck deep inside Hungary; and the Partisans have constant liaison with resistance movements in Greece, Albania, Italy and Bulgaria.

NOT the least important—Tito's army sings. It may seem strange that people who have been through such hardships have any songs left in them, but they probably sing more than any other army in the world. Their songs are not about Mommas Who Pack Pistols, but about their country, what they are going to do to the Fascists who have defiled it, and what they are going to create when they are through with the Fascists.

They are not just sweet little songs, and they are not accidental songs—any more than the army is accidental. Like the army they are a notice to the world that the people of Yugoslavia are winning their present freedom and mean to keep it.

Tito's Partisans die for their country. The photograph, smuggled out of Yugoslavia, shows guerrillas being marched out to a German execution ground after they had been rounded up in the hills.

The Germans themselves testify to the support the Allies are giving the Partisans. The photo shows a container of supplies and explosives dropped from a British aircraft and found by German troops.

Yugoslav guerrillas are tough, and nobody knows it any better than the Germans. When they capture one who looks particularly hard to handle, they don't take any chances. They use eight of their biggest Nazis to bring him in—just to be sure.

NIGHT Before a MISSION

A candy-eating colonel studied the Field Order, armament men were praying so that the mission wouldn't be scrubbed, gunners talked of superstition and fate, a ground officer griped because they wouldn't let him fly, and a couple of cooks discussed spies and dogs.

By Sgt. WALTER PETERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

A HEAVY BOMBER STATION, BRITAIN—Two second lieutenants, recent arrivals from the States, walked to the Officers' Club bar and ordered whiskies.

"Make it a double," said one of them.

"Sorry, sir, no whisky is sold during alerts," said the bartender, Cpl. James Mohafdahl of Dayton, Ohio.

"Oh, I see," the other lieutenant mused. "When'd the alert come through?"

"About 15 minutes ago, sir. Right, Dan?" The corporal turned to the other bartender, Pvt. Daniel Costanzo, an ex-cowboy and saloon owner from San Antonio, Tex.

"Yeah, about that long," Costanzo agreed.

The lieutenants smiled. "Well, we may as well get some sleep then," one said. They walked out.

"It's funny," the corporal said, "but I can practically always tell when there's going to be an alert and, better yet, whether the raid'll go through. It's just instinct. That's all. Just instinct. Ask Tiny. He'll tell you."

Tiny was a 6-foot, 260-pound former foundry worker, Pvt. Frederick Tard of Everett, Wash. He was also assigned to the club staff, but that night he was on pass.

"They're a swell lot of boys here," the corporal said. "There's no rank pulling. I've seen lots of them come in fresh from the States, and I've seen lots of them go on their first mission and never come back. There used to be one fellow, a lieutenant. He always used to come in and order a drink and never talk to anybody but me. He'd rather talk to me than to a lot of majors around. He went down on a raid. He always said: 'Corporal, you take care of me.' And believe me, I always did."

Another lieutenant walked in and asked for a whisky. Costanzo explained again that no hard liquor was sold during alerts. Beer was okay, though. The lieutenant bought a beer.

The corporal took up where he'd left off. "I don't know whether the lieutenant is a prisoner of war or not. But I'd sure like to meet him again. He was a nice guy. One thing, all these fellows know where to come when they want something. They see me, Jimmy. If it can be gotten, I get it."

A sign on the wall behind the bar read: "MEMBERS OF THE WORLD'S BEST AIR FORCE ARE SERVED AT THIS BAR."

Costanzo looked our way, paused for a moment and said: "We don't sell whisky the night before a raid."

BEYOND a one-lane winding road from the Officers' Club, deep inside a single-story building, was the intelligence room. Large maps of the fighting fronts adorned the walls, and colored markings indicated important enemy targets and other information about them.

Except for the maps, the intelligence room might have passed for a board of directors' office. In the center was a long, well-polished table, surrounded by eight comfortable leather chairs. In the corner was a radio playing soft, slow music transmitted by a British Broadcasting Corporation station. An S-2 first lieutenant relaxed in one of the chairs, his legs slung over its arm. A staff sergeant walked in and out of the room incessantly, always looking very serious, always carrying what appeared to be important documents.

The sergeant walked out of the room, then returned. "The FO is in, sir," he said.

"Okay," replied the lieutenant, "call the colonel."

Three other members of the S-2 staff walked in—Maj. F. J. Donohue, chief of the group's intelligence section, a former Washington (D. C.) lawyer; Capt. Wayne Fitzgerald of Kalamazoo, Mich., the group bombardier, and Capt. Ellis B. Scripture of Greensburg, Ind., the group navigator.

The three men sat down and watched as the sergeant tracked a narrow red tape from the spot on the map that represented the base in Britain to the enemy target that was to be bombed the next morning. The tape followed the exact course as directed by the field order.

Presently a tall, middle-aged man walked in. He was a good-looking guy with a friendly smile. This was Col. John Gerhardt of Chicago, commander of the group. With him was Lt. Col. David T. McKnight of New York, the air executive officer of the group. McKnight was short and had a personality that makes friends quickly.

Each colonel was eating a bar of candy and they offered a bite to everyone in the room. Col. Gerhardt stood before the map and studied it. Then he asked for a copy of the field order. A cat strolled by lazily. Lt. Col. McKnight stroked her back until she lifted her tail and purred. When the field order was brought in, the officers began to study it.

THE base theater, which also houses the chaplain's office and serves as a church on Sundays, was filled to capacity that night, as it usually is. The sergeant gunners and officers apparently liked the film, because they laughed a lot and occasionally somebody whistled. The picture was "Duke of West Point," featuring Louis Hayward and Joan Fontaine.

Inside the Aero Club, run by the Red Cross, enlisted men were reading home-town newspapers, playing billiards or standing in line by a long counter for an evening snack. A round-faced sergeant with a neat black mustache, Vincent Barbella of Brooklyn, N. Y., was drinking a Coca-Cola and doing a lot of talking. With him was T/Sgt. Harry D. Cooper, a radio gunner from Dayton, Ohio, and T/Sgt. Robert E. Bellora, a top turret gunner from Ellwood City, Pa.

"Tomorrow's my 12-B," Barbella said, then laughed. "To hell with it. I won't call it 12-B. I'm not superstitious. I'll call it straight number 13. I certainly hope we go tomorrow, though," Barbella said. "That will make it about the sixth time I've been trying to make my thirteenth."

Cooper smiled. "You'll make it tomorrow. I'll bet anything on that. The night is clear and the odds are that it'll stay that way until morning."

"It's not the raids that bother me," Barbella said. "It's these damned abortions. People don't realize how much there is to making a raid. They figure all you do is jump in a Fort and up you go. They don't figure that weather out here can change within a half-hour, or that after a guy is up there for a couple of hours, something can go shebang with an engine or the oxygen system, and then you have to turn back."

At an adjoining table a sergeant was reading a newspaper. Barbella turned and read the headlines. "Berlin," he said. "Boy, is the RAF giving them the works now. Boy, would I like to go there. It'd be nice to say I'd been over Berlin."

Bellora spoke up. "For all you know, you may get the chance. You never can tell. That's where they may send us tomorrow, but I doubt it. Tomorrow will make me 21 missions. Hell, it doesn't matter where you go. If it's going to get you, it'll get you over Bremen or over Emden or over Kiel or anywhere. It's all up to fate, I think. But I'm not taking any chances. I think my two .50s have a helluva lot to do with this fate racket."

Enlisted men from the theater filed into the Aero Club when the movie was over. A short, frail sergeant stopped and whispered something in Barbella's ear. Apparently it was some sort of a private joke. Barbella laughed so enthusiastically that he had to stand up.

"What the hell's eating you, man?" Cooper asked in a friendly tone.

"Oh, nothing. Nothing," Barbella replied. "But I'm going to eat somebody's stuff out if we don't go out tomorrow." He laughed again.

TALL, bespectacled 1st Lt. David B. Henderson, in charge of the base photographic section, walked into the laboratory looking very sad.

"He wouldn't let me go. Said maybe it'd be okay next mission," Henderson said. He had just returned from the S-2 room where he'd asked Maj. Donohue if he could go on the next morning's mission. In civilian life Henderson worked for the Ashland Refining Company in Ashland, Ky. His job on the base was an important one, but you got the impression that he'd be happier as a sergeant gunner.

There was an aroma of fried onions in the laboratory. It came from a room where a couple of staff sergeants were packing film into the combat cameras.

Sgt. David B. Wells of Trona, Calif., walked into the room with a loaf of bread.

"No, sir. It's nothing like this back in the States. If we're hungry, we just scrounge some grub and prepare it right in here. Wish I had a nice piece of steak to go with those onions. A guy gets hungry at this time of night. I always get hungry before missions."

"You ain't kidding, bub," said T/Sgt. Berton Briley of Wilson, Okla. Briley was a musician in civilian life. Now he is a combat photographer.

Lt. Henderson walked into the room and poured some coffee into a large tin cup. "There's nothing like a good hot cup of coffee at night. Too bad I can't go out in the morning."

THERE was no electric power that night in one of the squadron areas, so a group of lieutenants sat around inside their flat-roofed quarters and chatted by candlelight.

Four of them—Lt. Robert Sheets of Tacoma, Wash.; Lt. Jack Watson of Indianapolis, Ind.; Lt. Elmer W. Yong of Roachdale, Ind., and Lt. Joseph C. Wheeler of Fresno, Calif.—had joined the squadron only that week. They had been in the Fortress that buzzed the Yankee Stadium in New York during a World Series game in September. Mayor La Guardia raised an awful stink when that happened. The boys were hauled over the coals for it by their CO when they reported to their field in Maine.

"All of that looks funny now that we're going into actual combat," said one. "It's the first mission that counts. Once I get over the hump on that one I'll gain my bearings. I'm just itching to get that first one in."

A first lieutenant called Hapner, who kept talking about his home town, Hamilton, Ohio, stopped cleaning a carbine.

"I know just how you feel," Hapner said. "You change a lot after about the first five missions. I don't know how to put my finger on it, but you sort of become more human. You become more appreciative of the men you fight with and the men you live with. It's particularly bad when you lose some of the men on your crew, or if one guy finishes his ops ahead of you and then leaves the crew.

"My pilot just finished his ops and he's off combat now. He was a swell guy. He always said that as long as I was doing the navigating and he was holding the stick, we had nothing to worry about. That guy should have gotten the Congressional Medal if anyone ever should.

"Kit Carson went through more hell than anyone I know of, but he never complained. He was a very religious guy and talked about his mother an awful lot. He never talked about himself, though. Except for the way he talked, you'd never get it from him that he was from Texas.

"Kit lost his original crew. They went off without him once and never returned. He was really shook up by it. But would he complain?" Hapner turned as if expecting somebody to say something, then answered his own question. "No, Kit never complained."

"They assigned him as co-pilot on the *Brass Rail*. That's how we got on the same crew. The pilot at that time was Lt. John Johnson. Johnson was married and had a helluva pretty wife in East St. Louis, Ill. On a raid over Kiel, a 20-mm exploded against Johnson's side and killed him. The *Brass Rail* nose-dived about 4,000 feet and everybody in it thought sure they were goners. Ammo boxes and everything else were flying all over the plane. By some miracle, Kit was able to level the ship off. Except for Kit the whole crew would have been goners. He got the DFC for that. I really miss that guy."

The new lieutenants listened carefully. They had met Kit just before he left the squadron, but up to now they hadn't realized what he'd been through. One of the lieutenants said: "He certainly didn't toot his own horn, did he?"

"Well, neither will you after a while," Hapner said. "Combat does something to a man. You'll see."

Hapner began to undress. "Well, guess I'll turn in. It may be a long one tomorrow."

IT was 2230, and the weather was still holding up. A long single file of men, almost all of them with torches in their hands, walked out of a Nissen hut. They were the armament men. They talked, but in low tones. Most of the officers and gunners had turned in, and armament men respect sleeping men of the combat crews.

An armament man said: "Maybe we won't have to unload again for a change. It looks too good out tonight, even for English weather."

Two sergeants stopped playing blackjack for a minute and talked about the armament men. Almost everybody else in the hut was in his bunk. The two sergeants were sitting on the lower section of a double bunk. A spotlight hung from the spring of the upper bunk, throwing just enough light on the cards.

"I suppose we ought to turn in," said one. "It may be a tough one tomorrow. When it comes right down to it, these armament guys really have the toughest racket. It must be hell on them to load up and then have to go out and unload when a mission is scrubbed. I hope it isn't scrubbed tomorrow."

From the corner of the room came a loud protesting voice. It was a Southern voice. "Damn that fire. Who the hell wants a fire on at night? It only goes out before you get up, and then we're cold as hell."

"Aw, shut up, you rebel," another voice answered.

The Southern boy complained again. "Well, I don't want to be going on any missions with a cold. Somebody ought to throw water on the fire."

The sergeants who were playing cards stopped the game. One of them spoke up. "You're liable to blow the place up if you throw water into that stove now, boy."

"I don't give a damn," said the Southerner.

IT was 0400 and all the combat men were sound asleep. An excited voice bellowed out of the PA system.

"Attention all combat crews! Attention all combat crews! Breakfast until 0445. Breakfast until 0445. Briefing at 0500. Briefing at 0500."

In the kitchen of the combat mess, two cooks were standing by a stove with pans in their hands. They were frying eggs for the men scheduled to fly that morning.

"I don't know why it is," the short cook said, "but about every dog in England seems to have found a home on this base."

"You'll find the same thing on all the bases," the other cook said. "Even the RAF has its share of dogs. Some of them have seen more combat than a lot of guys."

"You know, I was thinking," said the short one, "almost every new crew brings in a dog from the States. Now, if some smart apple of a German spy wanted to figure the Air Force strength in Britain, all he'd have to do is figure how many dogs there are on the bases and then multiply it by 10."

The other cook gave the short one a disgusted look.

"You're as crazy a guy as I've ever met. Who the hell's going to chase all over Britain counting dogs? Besides, you've got to figure how many of these dogs get in the family way as soon as they land here. Trouble with you is, you read too many detective stories."

The short cook grinned. "Aw, I was only thinking," he said and went on frying eggs.

BRIEFING was over. A half-ton truck was rolling along the runway. It was about 0600, but still very dark. The truck turned into a narrow road and stopped at a small shed. Then about six men jumped out and went inside.

About 25 sergeants were cleaning caliber .50s on long benches. Above them were signs reading:

WITHOUT ARMAMENT THERE IS
NO NEED FOR AN AIR FORCE
LORD TRENCHARD, Marshal of the RAF

Sgt. Barbella was cleaning his guns alongside the top turret gunner on his crew, Dean Hall, a tall, slim boy from New Jersey. Hall and three others from the crew of the *Herky Jerky* were making their 25th mission that morning.

The sergeants carefully enclosed their guns in burlap bags and headed for the hardstand.

IT was five minutes before stations. Capt. Rodney E. Snow Jr. of High Point, N. C., walked over by the tail of the plane and stood there for a moment. It was a ritual with him, just as it is with a lot of other men who are flying in this war.

Snow's bombardier, Lt. George Lindley of Seattle, Wash., was smoking a cigarette and telling the left waist gunner about his baby son. The baby was born on Oct. 16 and Lindley was sweating out a picture that was supposed to be on the way over. The mission didn't seem to bother him, but the absence of the baby's picture did.

In the ground crew's tent, a little off the hardstand, two other men from the *Herky Jerky* were debating whether they'd even get off the ground that morning.

"No. 7 was always my lucky number, and I think this is the seventh time we're trying for this mission. So I guess we'll make it," said the co-pilot. He was a big strapping fellow, Lt. John Merriman of Spokane, Wash. Everybody on the crew razzed him about his large belly and somebody kidded him about being pregnant.

"No, that's what I got for being a chow hound, I guess," Merriman answered, taking it seriously.

Snow called on all the men to get into the plane. Then No. 1 engine was started. No. 2 followed and 3 and 4 began to roar next. The plane taxied up to the edge of the runway and in a few minutes it was airborne. And that was the beginning of the mission.

Captain Walker M. Mahurin.

WITH the fighters it's the split seconds that count. And in those split seconds, Thunderbolts and Lightnings are bringing headaches to Hitler as they see to it that the thunder and lightning of U. S. heavy bombers get to the target.

Dinner

By a YANK Staff Correspondent

ENGLAND—A group of Fortress gunners were holding a bull session outside the ground crew chief's tent when suddenly the roar of a single-engined plane buzzed overhead. The men stopped talking. They watched the plane as it circled the field and then landed on the edge of the runway.

"It's a P-47," said one of the sergeants.

The plane rolled down the long, black stretch. It slowed down, then taxied toward a hardstand. A slim figure of a man emerged from the cockpit, but the gunners didn't particularly notice him. Instead, they were counting the number of crooked crosses on the plane's fuselage.

"God damn!" yelled a sergeant. "The guy's got a dozen of 'em."

"Yours?" asked one of the gunners.

The slim man smiled. "Could be," he said. Then he walked over to a jeep and drove away.

Capt. Walker Melville Mahurin, leading American fighter ace in the ETO, actually has 14 Jerries to his credit. But he's been waiting for official confirmation on the last two before painting the additional swastikas on his Thunderbolt.

By all school standards he should have been one of the biggest busts in the Army. He'll tell you so himself. Even according to Army standards he doesn't look like anything much. He's five feet nine and weighs a mere 133 pounds. The other pilots call him "Skinny," a nickname which has stuck to him ever since his boyhood days when he was a member of a kids' gang in Fort Wayne, Ind., when they used to swipe grapes, bust up street lamps with BB guns and raise hell in general.

Mahurin's interest in flying began at the age of seven. He's 25 now. One day his father took him to the local airport and paid twelve dollars for a 15-minute ride in a Stinson. It was a six- or eight-passenger plane. Mahurin doesn't remember which exactly. But the flight itself is just as vivid in his mind now as the day when he shot down his first two FWs.

It was after that ride, so he says, that he determined one day he would be a pilot.

WHILE a lot of other kids pondered over their school books, or went tearing around at night, Mahurin would curl up in his room and lose himself in hair-raising stories of dog fights during the last war. Many's the time he waged single-handed combat against Richtofen's famed outfit, and destroyed them all in daring, acrobatic flying.

But that was a long time ago—and fighter tactics, as well as the dreams of a little boy, changed with the times.

"We fight this war on a scientific basis," Mahurin points out now. "Our main job is to escort the 'Big Friends' so that they can drop their bombs without interference from enemy aircraft. We go along to keep the fighters away from the Forts and Libs, and we don't just drop out of formation to pick fights helter skelter all over the sky."

Mahurin took a piece of chalk and drew on the blackboard just what he meant by scientific fighting. He drew a diagram representing a unit of bombers, which he referred to as a "box." Then at certain points around the "box" he marked the letter "T" to represent P-47s, and went on to explain how each section in the group reacts in actual combat—from the highest element in the group to the "wing man" himself.

Each squadron, for instance, has the job of covering a certain area of the "box." One squadron is assigned to the starboard, another to the port side, etc.

The fighters fly high above the "Big Friends" and as they fly, their course marks a letter "S" pattern. They cannot fly a straight course with the heavies for any length of time as their speed is so much greater. Then, too, the "S" course gives them the opportunity to observe the skies from all points. It leaves little room for enemy aircraft to sneak into a bomber formation without being spotted by some section of the fighters.

Whenever fighter pilots observe enemy activity anywhere they immediately notify the flight leaders. At all times the group leader is pretty well informed over the radio of all the activity around him. If it's necessary for one section or flight to leave the formation to intercept enemy planes, their other fighter planes move in to give the open position coverage.

Each plane is coupled with what fighters call "my wing man." Thus, fighter planes generally fight in at least groups of twos, each plane giving the other protection. Of course, there are times when cloudy conditions will cause sections and flights to lose each other in the spacious skies. But usually it doesn't take long to catch up and get back into formation again.

As much as he disliked going to school, Mahurin knew that he'd have to have sufficient college credits to qualify him for the Air Force. It was 1939, when a lot of people talked about the Air Force—and the idea of getting in appealed to him. Unfortunately, there was no money to send him through school. Mahurin rolled up his sleeves and got a job in a boarding house near Purdue University; then he enrolled in the school itself.

There were nine students in his boarding house. "Nine beds to make," Mahurin says, "and 18 guys to feed every meal."

He would get up at 6.30 a.m. and help with the breakfast, then he'd rush through his own meal and make the beds. After that he'd wash the dishes. Often he would be late for morning classes, and quite

Only the pilot of a fighter can tell what actually happened, and pilots aren't EMs, which is why YANK here lets down the bars to a story by an officer. He's Captain James H. Hancock, of Sebring, Fla., and he flies a P-38.

und Blitzen

By Capt. JAMES H. HANCOCK

ENGLAND—Climbing out of that poor old beaten up P-38, I sat on the ground and looked at it. I couldn't believe we were back in England, on the ground, and more or less in one piece. It had never bothered me before, but all of a sudden I had a mighty warm feeling for this little old island.

Five hours before in the briefing room Major Mark Shipman gave us the works; target take-off 0910, rendezvous 1120 at over 20,000 feet, all the usual stuff. The meteorologist gave us weather conditions, we synchronized our watches and filed out.

At my plane, "Repulsive," my crew waited to give me the cold dope on engines, radio and guns. I was out of cigarettes and bummed three from my crew chief, T/Sgt. John B. Cagnon of Biddefore, Maine. Later in the day they came in handy.

Rendezvous was made as scheduled. Those big ships, stretching as far as you can see, are always a terrific sight.

We were just at the target when my radio sputtered, "Hello Whiteman Leader, Whiteman blue two here, bandits at two o'clock."

"Whiteman leader to group, watch bandits at two o'clock, bandits at two o'clock."

About ten miles away and five to six thousand feet above us, right over the target was a big bunch of Messerschmitt 109s and Focke-Wulf 190s. Watching them closely we went right on in with our "Big Friends."

Over the target the sky wasn't blue, it was black—a swarm of American and German ships. In rigid formation were B-17s and B-24s. Scattered on the edges, above and below were Messerschmitts, Focke-Wulfs, Dorniers and Junkers.

Our job was to hang there over the target and let our friends drop their bombs.

Every one in Germany knew where the Allied air fleet was by then. Every gun crew in that section was throwing up little messages of welcome, little compositions of steel and fire. Then the Luftwaffe came in.

Using their old standby, they came out of the sun. About 40 Me 109s ripped into our group of "Forked Tail Devil Ships," as they call our Lightnings. They had come down about five thousand feet and were going like hell when they went through us.

That ended our stooging around. We lined out and went into two big Luftberry circles, one a thousand feet above the other and going in the opposite direction. In this way we could protect each other and it would be easy to bounce Jerry if he went in on the bombers. On the first turn my element leader spun out and left me with my wingman.

I saw two Me 109s on the tail of a 38, and I cut across at the three ships. They were on our level and in string, first the 38, then a 109 and behind him another of the "Supermen." The tailend Charley of that formation didn't last long. I knocked off one of his wings with a forty degree deflection shot. That was my first victory of the war but I didn't think much about it; I was too eager to get at the next in line. He saw me coming, half-rolled and got the hell out of there.

WITH my wingman I climbed back up to the Luftberry and entered it again. As though a movie film had been turned back, the same thing happened again. We made one turn and there were two more enemy aircraft on another 38, the only difference being they were FW 190s.

Down we went again, the same deflection from about the same range. This time I could see strikes all over the center of the ship. They seemed to centralize around the canopy and root of the wing. The German ship staggered and the pilot bailed out. His parachute opened almost at once; he was pretty lucky, too. I was feeling damned good about that time, two of them in about as many minutes.

As that sucker went down and I sat there congratulating myself, two 109s jumped us. We saw them coming and turned inside O.K., but we lost the group doing it.

Then my worries began and didn't stop till I got back to England. My wingman and I alone, all Germany's FWs and Mes in the sky and not a sign of another Lightning.

Figuring it was best to get in with a box of bombers and come back with them, we started over. That was all, just started.

In flight school they stress looking around, and my head was on a swivel—but we didn't see those Jerries until too late. As a matter of fact the first thing I noticed was their guns blinking at me and smoke trailing behind. You can tell how long a burst is by the smoke—and theirs were mighty long. They were square on our tail. I broke left and spun down for two turns. Looking back I saw my wingman bail out. I tried a long shot but was out of ammunition.

(*Continued on upper half of next page*)

frequently he had to leave early to help prepare the noon meal. The instructors didn't like this so much. They particularly lost patience when, after a hard night's work at the boarding house, Mahurin would fall asleep during the next morning's lectures.

He was placed on probation during the first semester. The same thing happened the next semester. In 1940, when he made out even worse, the university controller suggested that perhaps he should "think it over before returning to school again."

In the summer of 1941 he worked as an apprentice engineer for the city light and power plant in Fort Wayne, and in his spare time he enrolled in a Government civilian pilot training corps and did pretty well there. When he didn't attend the Government course he used to pay seven dollars an hour for flying a private plane.

"It was a Cub job and I used to take off at about 40 and land at about 35. About the best I'd get out of it was 60 in the air, and I used to get madder than hell when I'd look down below and see a car going faster than I was," Mahurin says.

By September, 1941, he qualified for the Air Force, and enlisted as a cadet. He was much better at the Air Force school than at Purdue. Soon after enlisting he passed the math tests so well that they made him an instructor.

"There was no boarding house work. No money problems, just studying. I guess if I'd had the same chance at Purdue I'd have been much better."

Today, Mahurin has close to 70 combat sorties to his credit, including a number of fighter sweeps over Western Germany. Mostly, though, his sorties have been in escorting Forts and Libs to their targets. He arrived in Britain with his group last January and went on his first combat mission three months later.

Mahurin was doing pretty well by himself in the Air Force until one day last August. "I thought sure my number with the Army was up then," he says. On that day he was flying his P-47 over the field and was preparing for a landing when he saw a Liberator coming his way.

"I decided to have a little fun," Mahurin says, "so I made several passes at it. We were all having a helluva good time. But finally I waved goodbye to the boys in the Lib and they waved back."

Mahurin was at about 800 feet when he decided to leave the Lib. And as he left he decided to fly close under the bomber. He flew so close, however, under the two starboard engines that the propellers sucked up his tail and shaved it off. His plane immediately went into a dive, and Mahurin had to take a powder.

"My chute didn't open until I got plenty close to the ground," he says. "But all that time I must have been nuts because the only thing I worried about was the colonel."

When he finally faced the colonel he was a sorry-looking specimen. Everybody in the group razzed him. Eventually he was slapped with a charge under the Articles of War which says something about the wilful misuse of Government property.

"I was fined a hundred dollars and considered myself damn lucky. You know it takes a lot of dough to build a Thunderbolt. And then there was that damaged Lib, too," Mahurin says, ruefully.

For the next five days after the Liberator incident Mahurin felt like "an awful beat-up Joe."

"Every time somebody'd look at me I thought they were going to make a wisecrack. I guess that must have been the biggest boob in my life."

Then, on August 17, he went out to escort the Forts and when he returned things were different. For on that day he destroyed two FWs and probably damaged a third.

"I was leading the X Flight, behind and below

(*Continued on lower half of next page*)

(About Captain Hancock)

BLITZEN

There are different degrees of feeling alone, and right then I felt all of them. I tried again for the bombers and almost made it. Two 109s were going in to attack the B-17s when they saw me. They changed their mind and picked me to play with.

I kicked her over and spun from 27,000 feet to 20,000 feet. Pulling "Repulsive" out of that, I dived straight for the deck. On my way down I looked at my instrument: 60 inches of mercury, Indicated Air Speed 525 m.p.h. Expecting the ship to start buffeting and shaking with the stress, I was surprised. She was smooth as silk.

I pulled her out right on the deck, not over five miles from the target. Levelling off and throttling back I shot along ten feet above the ground.

I wasn't through with the Luftwaffe. Two more 109s came down, they were too close and shot over me, but they forced me down lower—too low. I hit a tree. The impact was a sharp solid blow, tearing a jagged hole in the leading edge of my wing. Old "Repulsive" just took it in her stride. I poured on the coal and ran away from those two.

The ship was well under control, but the motors were running rough. I began to sweat them out.

THE German coast came into sight before anything else happened. There on the shore was a little town. I went straight down the main street. Perhaps that is where I picked up the high tension wire. When I got back Sgt. Ganon could see where my one prop had cut it, and there was a yard long segment in my inter-cooler.

By the time I cleared the coast I felt I was pretty well O.K., except for a few items; trivialities like being 350 miles from England, motors rough and getting low on fuel. I did relax, though, and smoked the first of the cigarettes. Mentally I rationed them, one then, one an hour later and the last when England was in sight.

I held "Repulsive" about ten feet off the water. Suddenly in front of me was an enemy convoy. With no gas to waste I had to keep on course. I went squarely over the ships and they didn't fire a gun; they were probably fishing smacks.

My relief didn't last long, though. Off the Frisian Islands I ran into another batch of ships. These weren't fishing boats. Stretching for miles were merchant vessels with armed escorts.

Flak started bursting around me—an orange flame leaving ugly black smears. Tracers kept reaching for me and I had "Repulsive" bucking all around the sky by skidding and fishtailing.

To conserve gas I drifted along at about 200 m.p.h. The last straw was a lone boat. Figuring I would have to ditch anyway and a little more trouble wouldn't matter, I flew straight for its smoke stack, and missed it by about ten feet as its light anti-aircraft chattered at me.

Then I lit the third cigarette, for there was the English coast. I can't remember when I had the second one.

Coming over the coast the visibility was poor. Some one must have been leading me by the prop for I came straight into an RAF field and sat down without circling.

I had five gallons of fuel in each tank, enough for about one and a half or two minutes of flying time.

Like I said, I climbed out, patted the grass, sat down and tried to believe I was back.

The belly gas tank on a P-47 may not look like much, but its effects have been felt deep inside Germany by Goering's boys.

Thunderbolts can be used as fighter-bombers, too. Here, a ground crew man inscribes greetings on a 500-pound cookie.

(About Captain Mahurin)

DONNER

the group leader," Mahurin said, "and we met the bombers at about 1621 just a little east of Eupen. The colonel directed our squadron to cover the lead group of Forts. As I passed to the rear of the lead Fort group I saw rockets going through the formation, so I called the colonel to tell him that I was going down to do a little cleaning up. We pulled up above to the left of the bombers and up forward of them."

Mahurin demonstrated with his hands. "Then I saw an FW going parallel to the bombers trying to reach position. I sneaked up behind him and when I got to about 300 yards I let loose with my guns. I closed up at about 200 yards when I watched him blow up.

"We pulled up to the right and into the bombers. After completing the orbit we found ourselves in the same position. Then I sighted another FW and I and my flight headed for him. We followed him until he started to make a turn into the front end of the bombers. Then I took a deflection shot at about a hundred. Hell, he blew up, too."

Mahurin and his flight made another complete orbit and saw another FW. Mahurin let loose with a burst and so did his wing man. The wing man's guns found their mark and the 190 began to smoke and went down.

A few seconds later another FW came in from the right side of the bombers and Mahurin went after him. He sneaked up behind the rear once again and began firing. When he saw that his tracers were far behind the FW he turned to the side and began firing at the FW's fuselage. The FW flipped into a half roll, rolled up again and finally flipped over and went into a tail spin.

As though this wasn't enough action for one day, Mahurin's flight pulled up ahead of the bombers when they noticed that six other FWs had made a right turn and were heading straight for a head-on attack.

"When I came back that day I found that the colonel and the boys felt much better about me. I guess they figured that two FWs and a probable was worth one destroyed P-47," Mahurin said.

Mahurin is a funny guy. Quiet and shy, nobody knows a lot about him. If you're looking for a movie hero type of flier, you won't find it in him. Nor will you ever catch him making heroic speeches.

"I'm just a lucky boob," he says.

During his leisure hours you may find him at his plane, helping his ground crew. Or he may be at the officers' club drinking a glass of beer. He doesn't drink anything else though, and only drinks beer because "it may fatten me up."

Recently, the King and Queen of England invited Mahurin, among some other American fliers, to a reception at Buckingham Palace. Mahurin sputtered and fretted. He didn't want to go. He just wanted to be left alone. But then he got thinking that perhaps the British royal family might feel offended, so he went. Everybody on the base, from the cooks in the mess hall to some of the more social-minded officers at the club were giving him those necessary little hints about the way he should behave.

Mahurin apparently did very well at the palace. While a lot of others were asking the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose the usual stock questions, like: "It must be very hard being a princess," Mahurin told them about Indiana. When the rest of the American party were ready to leave, the royal kids were still listening to Mahurin.

Somebody sold Mahurin an accordion for seven pounds ten recently and, together with a few others in his group, he formed an informal band. The "band" gets together quite frequently during the evenings now that winter is here. "I think if I didn't want to fly so much, I'd become a musician," Mahurin says. He'd probably make a damn good one, too. He plays a piano and can make a harmonica give out like something you hear from big-time professionals.

But you can best get a picture of him when you read his reports. Simple and plain as the man who wrote them, the reports on the last two enemy planes he destroyed, officially unconfirmed yet, read in effect:—

"When I had closed to 100 yards, still firing, I hit the 109's belly tank and the ship blew up. I flew through the debris and flames."

That was his number 13.

And this was his number 14: "I fell in behind the 109. I opened fire and began to take short squints into the sun, hoping that I would hit him. Evidently I did because I saw smoke. I fired at the smoke and suddenly the enemy aircraft came into view. Many parts were flying off the aircraft.

"Trip home was uneventful."

Greetings from the home front to you—200,000 dried eggs. The gents stacking the boxes are affiliated with the good old Quartermaster Corps.

Yanks at Home in the ETO

QTRS.

RANDOM Thoughts While a Couple of Medics and a Swarm of Flu Germs Fight It Out Over One All-But-Dead Body: Once we had a top sergeant who, when we came back from sick call and reported that we'd been placed on quarters, smiled sympathetically and said: "Good! Now be sure and take it easy, won't you?" It turned out, of course, that we were delirious. The pill-pusher had stuck the thermometer in our mouth wrong way to.

Day-dreaming seems to be an occupational pastime of being on quarters, like dodging a corporal with a broom. So here goes. We remember a summer evening three or four years ago when we were driving along the parkway up near Peekskill, New York. Top down, tank full, tires to burn, babe beside us—no doubt about it, life was tough then. Pretty soon, there in the headlights, stood two British sailors, bumming a ride, and we stopped and took them in. They'd been to a "roller-skyting rink" in Peekskill and were on their way back to some sort of rest camp they were staying at while their ship was being repaired in New York. "Nice boys, weren't they?" said the babe beside us, when we'd let them out. "But what a funny way they had of saying 'skating.'"

That was a long time ago, and now those sailors' folks might be picking us up one of these evenings if they had any gas to be driving around with. For many months now, we've been saying things that sound funnier to British ears than "skyting" ever did to that babe's. Looking back on the time we've been here, some of it—though not all of it, by any means—hasn't been half bad. For instance, there was that permanent KP whom we met at a camp in the Midlands and who, the next time he came to London, called us up and asked us to have dinner with him at Claridge's.

Since the first day we arrived, we have steadily admired the way the ladies do things in wartime over here. Sure, we used to see the girls going to work in factories in the States, and there were some honeys running trolleys around Norfolk and Newport News when we were in training near there. But mostly it was all still sort of a new game back home, whereas here the girls seems to have jelled in their jobs—the clippies on the buses and, especially, the tough yet likeable young things who sweat it out down in the Underground all day, announcing trains in Cockney accents we never will be able to savvy but being darned pleasant and helpful, just the same.

We also go for the way Englishwomen—all Englishwomen, apparently, regardless of age—hop on and off moving buses. We saw a gray-haired, mousy lady the other day tuck her cane under one elbow and make a deft, flying tackle of a bus that was doing a good, brisk 20 m.p.h. "Goodness gracious," she murmured, as she made her way, cane in hand again, down the aisle. "If I'd missed this I'd almost certainly have been late to tea at Irma's."

We like the GI haircuts the English give their horses and sometimes we wish the Red Cross barbers would give us one that was half so trim. We enjoy the companionship of English dogs in pubs, too. Like the night we were moodily trying to gag down a bitter and paying no attention to the people around us at the bar. Then we heard a lady say, pleadingly, right behind us: "Come away, now, Junior. You're not supposed to stand there." And looking around, we found ourself staring into the open jaws of Junior, a dog with the dimensions of a Great Dane and the face of Mussolini with a mad on. We withdrew, as had the other customers already, leaving the lugubrious Junior as ruler of the roost.

Then there was the homesick corporal, with a wife and two kids in the States, who got all a-twitter about Christmas. He signed up to be Santa for the kiddies in a town near his camp and fixed himself up with a St. Nick's costume. On the evening of the party, he started out, full of good will and tender feeling, and did such a good job that some of the elders insisted that he hang around after the children had gone to bed. The hanging-around place turned out to be the village pub and the corporal tied on a terrific one. The elders got him back to his barracks somehow, where, still dressed as a Santa, he swung like an ape from double-decker to rafter to double-decker and finally collapsed in bed. The next morning the top-sergeant—a pious gent who had been along on the party but had gone home at a respectable hour—announced at Reveille: "We had a very nice Christmas party last night. Corporal Jones acted as Santa Claus. Will you please step forward, Corporal, and tell us your experiences?" No one stirred in the pre-dawn darkness. Santa was still out on his ear.

We've picked up some fairly interesting, and pretty darn useless, bits of information as we've gone along, too. Take the Marylebone district of London—well, the name comes from the French *Marie la bonne*, or so somebody told us, anyway. And the Elephant and Castle district. That's from a sort of mixed-up French and Spanish—*el enfant en Castille*—and has to do with some historical development or other. (The British, it seems, have always been just as tough on pronouncing foreign words as we Yanks are now.) As for Boxing Day—the holiday that comes right after Christmas—it got its name from the fact that it used to be the day on which postmen and other flunkies would come around with boxes as a gentle hint that you ought to crash through with a couple of quid by way of a gift. (We after asking seventeen natives what it meant and getting nothing but bum guesses.) All we'd been able to figure out before was that Boxing Day was just a day on which all Englishmen disappear—to whereever Englishmen always disappear on their days off.

The night we moved into a small town with an outfit just off a transport was something, too. Nobody meant any harm, but it had been a long time since the boys had wet their gizzards with anything better than coffee and they'd been looking forward to a bit of a bender. The proprietor of the only pub in the village hadn't been looking forward to anything of the sort and his supplies were low. So when the brew gave out, the boys shook the bar loose from its moorings and moved the whole thing out into the street. Seemed only natural to the Yanks—like uprooting the losing team's goal posts—but it was rather hard for the old fellow who had run the place for 50 years to understand. He's learned since, though, and now even tells the story as a joke from time to time.

And then there was the night in a London chop-suey joint when we found ourselves seated opposite a sergeant wearing a Purple Heart ribbon next to an ETO ribbon with a couple of stars. He was a nice, quiet-spoken chap from the hills of Tennessee with a frank and friendly smile in his blue eyes. He said he had a job he didn't particularly care for in London but that he thought it was better than being sent home, as he could have been if he'd wanted to after being strafed at El Guettar; maybe, he said hopefully, when the invasion started they'd be able to use him for more important work than he was doing now. The only trouble, he added casually, and he was afraid they might hold it against him, was that he could only see out of one eye.

Another evening, of another sort. We were out digging up some sort of a story that required our having chow with the members of a detachment of ATS—in the officers' mess, no less. An ATS lieutenant was complaining about the dither she and her colleagues had been in all week. One of the girls, it seemed, had had to be given some time off because her husband, a major, had come home on leave from the Middle East. Another young lady had been sent by the powers that be on a special mission. A third was down with the flu. "And then," wailed the lieutenant, "right on top of everything else, the Adjutant had to go and pick this time to have a baby!"

Fun, all right, we guess. Just the same, you can still make ours Peekskill.

And now comes a Joe claiming that his mascot, Cpl. Zog, is the biggest hound in the ETO. Weight, 152. Height, 36 inches.

High on a cliff an American soldier student negotiates a hard part of the ascent and another awaits his turn below, while an Alpini instructor guards against a fall.

TRAINING MOUNTAIN FIGHTERS IN ITALY

A middle man in a party climb rests on a pinnacle 1,500 feet above an Italian village.

Instructors of the U. S. mountain-climbing school pose at the end of a day's work. Capt. Edmund Mueller, the CO, is at far left, front row.

Alpini lead man and Yank rest on the peak as third man climbs up.

A FEW miles behind the fighting front in Italy is a class which has a mountain for its schoolroom. It is there that selected personnel from U. S. divisions, officers and enlisted men alike, are taking a course in climbing that will fit them for the extensive mountain fighting that is part and parcel of the war in Italy. Headed by Capt. Edmund Mueller, a Mid-Westerner who has climbed many American ranges, the school is staffed with professional and amateur rock climbers found among the Yanks and a number of officers and men from the famous Italian Alpini regiments. The Italians wear GI uniforms, field jackets, leggings and all, but they still keep their high-crowned Tyrolean felt hats with a feather in the hat band. The staff does not expect its pupils to become experts; it wants them to learn the basic rules of climbing so they can do it sensibly and safely. But it's a tough and intensive course; some of the two- and three-day phases of it would normally take weeks. The men are taught to climb with little more than a rope, to handle extremes of temperature, to accustom themselves to dizzy heights, and to know what types of rock will hold and what will give way. Students who show the greatest climbing aptitude become the lead men in the party climbs when three men ascend together, linked by a 120-foot length of rope. Each man must be prepared to withstand the fall of any other who slips, and he must learn how to "climb with his eyes," using the rope mainly as an assurance and for emergency. These pictures were taken by YANK photographer Sgt. George Aarons.

In a climbing problem for medics a patient is being let down a line.

Two instructors, an Alpini and Pvt. Jack Young of New York City, wind up their climbing ropes.

Medical students in a mountain-climbing class learn how to bring a casualty down the face of a 100-foot cliff on a taut equipment line.

Ascending cliff, Yank reaches stopping point as an Alpini watches.


Patricia Dane
YANK
Pin-up Girl

News from Home

Secretary Knox suggested that post-war compulsory military service might help get veterans home fast, Selective Service was talking about grabbing some 700,000 more right now, and the idea of drafting civilians for war work was given a boost and a drubbing.

DURING his two-week tussle with the flu F.D.R. lost ten pounds. Those bugs are tough babies over there, too.

Mrs. Pauline W. Ogden, wife of Brigadier General D. A. D. Ogden and cousin of Lieutenant General Jacob L. Devers, enlisted as a private in the Wacs, after saying goodbye to her husband, who has been sent overseas. A salute from Pvt. Ogden ought to be enough to brighten the heart and bars of any second looie.

Service in the Wacs has done a fine polishing job on the modern young Miss, according to Captain Mildred M. McAfee, national commanding officer of the outfit, who said: "She doesn't even slam doors or throw books for relief." And that's sure a step forward.

Wide attention throughout the nation was given to an address by Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox to the Boy Scout Council of Cleveland, Ohio, in which he called for a permanent post-war program to provide a year of compulsory military training for every American youth between the ages of 17 and 19. Not a new idea, as such, but he suggested that such troops might be used as a post-war army of occupation to relieve men who are now serving overseas.

Knox, who said that the ideal time to draft youngsters under his proposed program would be just after they got out of high school, emphasized that U. S. youth must be better conditioned physically as a means of preparing the nation against future wars. Four out of every five men applying for the Marines are now being turned down for physical reasons, he said, and 25 percent of those drafted for the Army and Navy are tossed out as 4-Fs.

"As a people," the Secretary continued, "we are still shocked to discover that more than half of our young men are physically unfit. We now know that peace of any worthwhile duration may only be expected if we are prepared to put force behind it. The wisdom of the maintenance of an adequate Navy, an adequate Air Force, and an adequate Army is now widely recognized."

Knox figured that if the machinery for compulsory military service in peacetime could be set up now, it might be possible to train sufficient troops immediately after the Armistice to take the place of all GIs then overseas who wanted to return to the U. S.

The Secretary had barely finished speaking when Representatives Andrew J. May, Democrat of Kentucky, and James W. Wadsworth, Republican of New York, introduced bills in the House calling for a year of compulsory military training of all males between the ages of 18 and 21.

Not that there isn't plenty of compulsory military training in the States right at the moment. Lieutenant Colonel Francis V. Keesling, junior U. S. chief liaison and legislative officer of Selective Service, disclosed that in addition to the 100,000 draftees to be taken every month according to previously-announced plans, 700,000 others (probably including many pre-Pearl Harbor fathers) will be called during the first half of this year. The extra haul has been made necessary, he said, by the fact that draft boards failed to meet their quotas during the last three months of 1943.

Phil Regan, 37-year-old Hollywood singer, who has just been classified 1-A, revealed that he has been a grandfather for two months . . . Jackie Cooper has been released by the Navy to play in *Where Are Your Children?* a movie which is to deal with the wartime problems of juvenile delinquency.

A bill which would permit the prosecution of draft dodgers even after the war is over has been favorably reported to the Senate Judiciary Committee.

The No. 1 draft dodger of the last war—Grover Cleveland Bergdoll—will be released from disciplinary barracks at Leavenworth, Kansas, next month, providing he continues to behave himself until then, the WD announced in Washington. Bergdoll, a member of a once-wealthy Philadelphia brewing family, has served nearly five years of a seven-year term to which he was sentenced in 1939, when he returned from Germany, where he had been hiding out from his draft board for nearly a quarter of a century.

FROM the civilian point of view, the big national issue of the moment was, of course, the President's New Year proposal that Congress adopt a national labor draft law aimed at putting

The corn is not for you, chum. It's just a sample of the stuff grown by the three winners in the American hybrid corn growing contest. Left to right; Lawrence Trei, national champ; Mrs. Dorothy Quinn, women's champ; and Lyle Knudsen, age 15, juvenile champ.

W. C. Fields back on the old stand. He returned to Hollywood studios to work after an absence of over two years. Finding these whisky cases he went on guard. When opened they turned out to be empty.

an end to strikes for the duration. The Senate had before it for consideration the Austin-Wadsworth Bill which would make subject to such a draft all men from 18 to 64 and all women from 18 to 49 except expectant mothers and mothers with children under 18.

Arguing in favor of the bill before a hostile Senate Military Affairs Committee, Henry L. Stimson, Secretary of War, called a manpower draft "the one weapon we have neglected to use." Continuing, he said: "Certainly the nation has no less right to require a man to make weapons than it has to require another man to fight with those weapons. I can tell you that today the industrial unrest and the lack of a sense of patriotism which it seems to evidence in large numbers of our population has aroused strong resentment among the men in the armed forces."

Taking the opposite point of view, Senator Edwin C. Johnson, Democrat of Colorado, accused Stimson of trying to "Prussianize" the U. S. "Have military fascists taken over this democracy?" he wanted to know. "No boy in the slime and mud of the jungle wants his father, his mother, or his sister kicked around like dogs by bungling Washington bureaucrats."

The railroads, which were taken over by the Army a fortnight or so ago as a means of averting a nation-wide strike, were returned to private management following settlement of the wage disputes which had precipitated the tie-up. "We had the finest kind of cooperation from the management and the men," said Lieutenant General Brehon B. Somervell, in relinquishing control of the lines. The settlement gave the operating unions a four-cent-an-hour pay increase for straight time and a five-cent boost for overtime, with the understanding that the overtime rate—but not the straight time one—would be frozen for the duration.

The soldiers'-vote issue was still a hot potato that everybody was tossing around to everyone else just as fast as possible. The Senate Elections Committee approved a compromise measure, sponsored by Senators Theodore F. Green, Democrat of Rhode Island, and Scott W. Lucas, Democrat of Illinois. This bill would place responsibility for distributing the ballots in the hands of the federal government, but would leave it up to the individual states to decide whether the votes were valid.

Previously, the House Elections Committee had approved a bill leaving the whole business up to the separate states. The vote was 7 to 5, and the measure was carried by a combination of three southern Democrats and four Republicans.

Commenting on the House Bill, Representative Eugene Worley, Democrat of Texas, said that the Committee's action "means that most of the eleven million members of the armed forces will not get a chance to vote in the next election." Worley had been plugging for a bill similar to that approved by the Senate Committee, except that it would have placed control of ballot distribution in the hands of the Army and Navy. Representative John E. Rankin, Democrat of Mississippi, contended that the Worley bill would have "rung the death knell" of the Constitution.

Congress, which seemed all for handing out the dough in a big way when it first took up the mustering-out pay issue, began to sober up a bit as it got down to brass tacks on the matter. The House passed and sent to the Senate a bill which would pay a flat $300 to all discharged soldiers with more than 60 days' service to their credit and regardless of whether or not they have been overseas. Men with less than 60 days' service would get $100, and no one above the rank of captain would get a cent.

"Why be niggardly?" asked Representative William Lemke, Republican of North Dakota, during discussion of the measure. "We've got billions for everyone else and now, with more than a million already discharged from the armed forces, I think we should give them enough to tide them over a period of readjustment to civilian life."

Representative Dewey Short, Republican of Missouri, couldn't see things that way at all. "Most of the members of the Military Affairs Committee are veterans of World War I," he said, in defense of the flat $300 measure, "and have worked for weeks to provide this decent and sensible bill. Too many of the members of Congress have their minds on Election Year and want to pass the most extravagant kind of legislation. Have we gone crazy? Have we lost our minds? Who is going to pay for this? The veterans of this war and their children, not the present generation."

General H. H. Arnold, commander of the U. S. Army Air Forces, was reliably credited with having personally intervened to make hotels in Miami Beach, Fla., quit overcharging the wives of flyers back from overseas duty. The men get 15-day leaves in rest camps there, and wives who have gone down to visit them there have been stuck anywhere from $10 to $50 a day for single rooms.

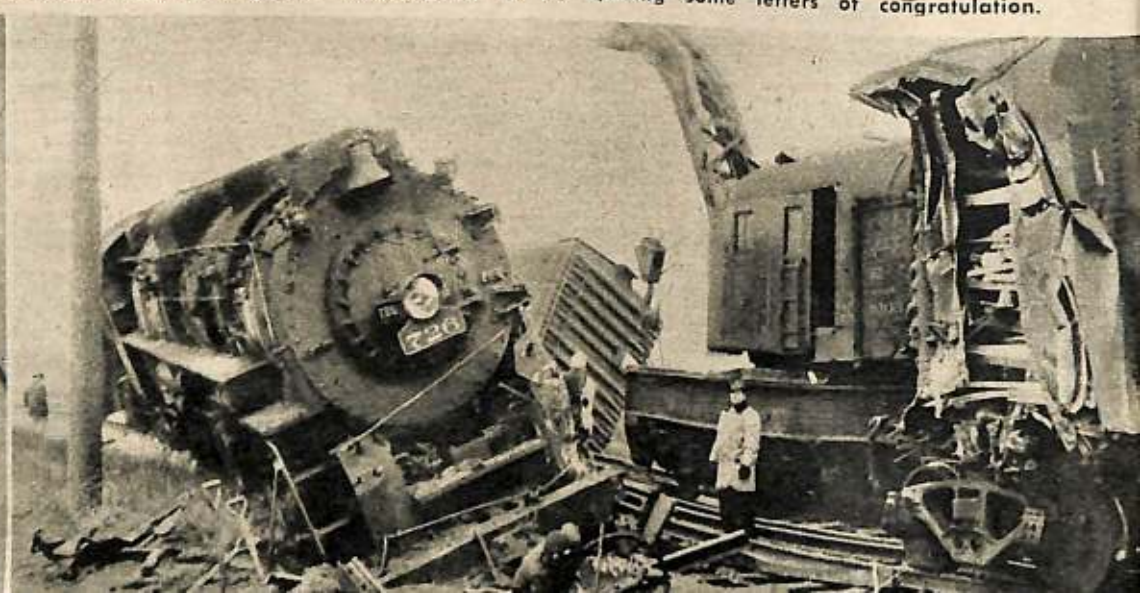
Walter Edge, former Ambassador to France, was inaugurated as Governor of New Jersey, the same post that he held during the first World War. In his inaugural address, he denounced Mayor Frank Hague, the famous old Democratic boss of Jersey City, and said that he would insist on the installation of voting machines in Hague's bailiwick.

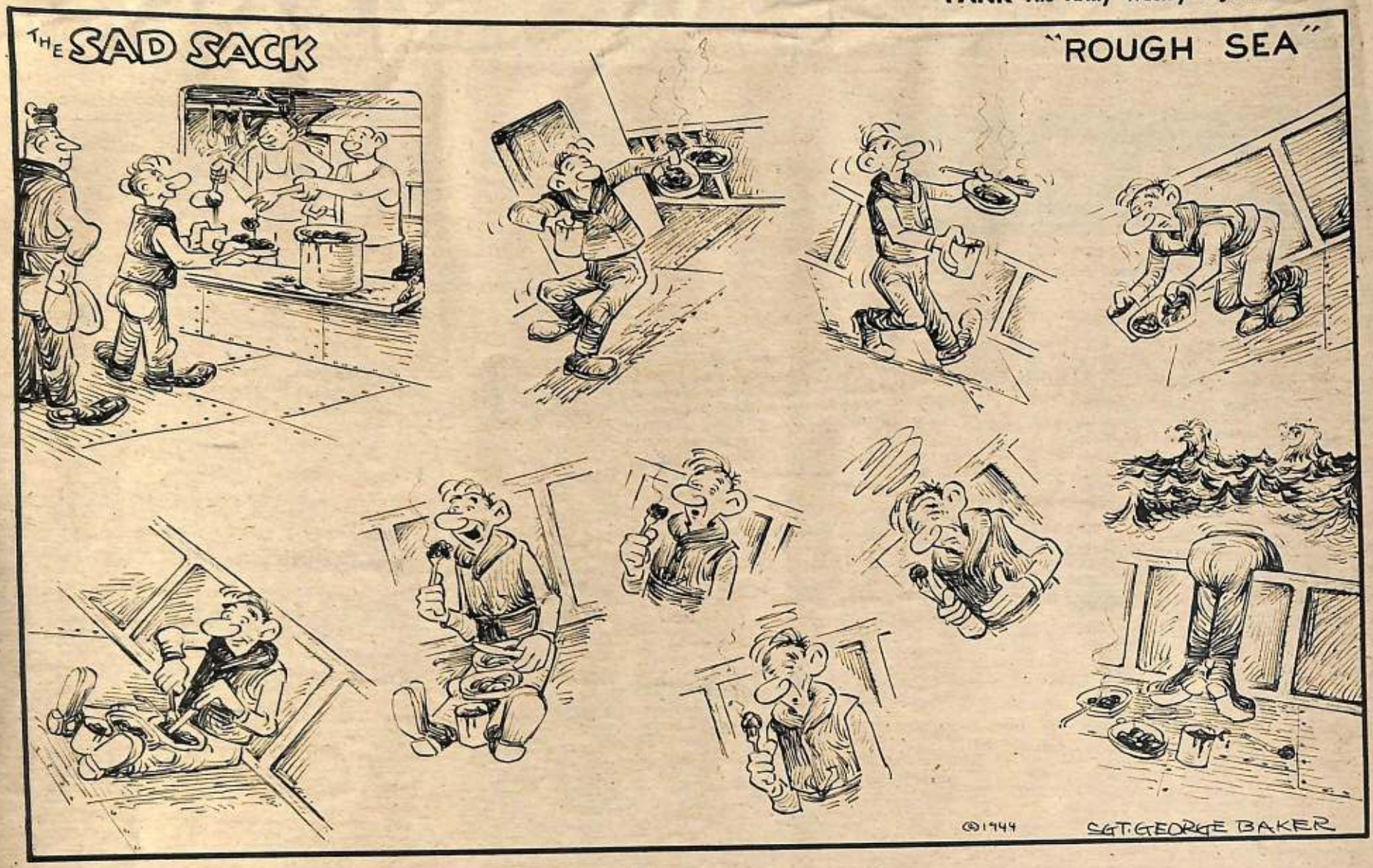
President Roosevelt announced that "the financial requirements for victory" would call for total war expenditures between June, 1940, and mid-1945 of about 300 billion (yes, billion) bucks.

And where's the money coming from? Well, they hope to snag 14 billion of it in the Fourth National War Loan Drive, which got underway with more fanfare than a Hollywood premiere. Some of the highlights: A nationwide plea for dough was broadcast from one of the new jet-propulsion planes during a test flight . . . In New York City, a bank executive took over the operation of a newsstand during the morning rush while the regular newsie hustled around and bought a $25 bond . . . In Winnetka, Illinois, which has occasionally been called the wealthiest town in the U. S., the executives of some of the biggest corporations in the country auctioned themselves off as odd-job men, as a means of ending the manpower shortage and raising a million

TRIPLE WAR WEDDING. After their combined marriage in Milwaukee, Wis., the three Doucette sisters sit prettily with their bridegrooms at the wedding breakfast. L. to r.: Marie and Lt. Warren M. Sparks, Catherine and Ensign Eugene Clifford, Patricia and Lt. Robert E. Wagoner.

86TH BIRTHDAY. U. S. Senator Carter Glass of Virginia, former Secretary of the Treasury, celebrates his birthday at his home in Washington, D. C., opening some letters of congratulation.





dollars in bonds. The president of the Chicago Title and Trust Co. was sold for $150,000 to chop wood for a week for the president of Marshall Field and Co., who in turn was sold to shovel snow. Then the whole group of Winnetkans paid $50,000 to throttle a representative of the U. S. Treasury who was supposed to make a sales speech. Some fun.

James H. A. Cromwell, former U. S. Minister to Canada, really dished out the dirt when he appeared in Chancery Court in Elizabeth, New Jersey, in an effort to have the bench set aside a divorce decree which his wife, the former Doris Duke, the tobacco heiress, obtained in Reno last December. He said he had never wanted for himself the seven million bucks which his wife has claimed was his price for consenting to the divorce; all he was trying to do, he claimed, was to help her give the coin to charity through a philanthropic foundation.

Cromwell, who wants a limited divorce that would restrain either party from remarrying, claimed that the real reason for his marital woes went a lot deeper than $7,000,000. Through his attorney, he contended that when he was trying to get himself elected to the U. S. Senate back in 1940, his wife was "disporting herself on the sands of Honolulu" with "a truant member of the British Parliament" who found life in that part of the world preferable to the London blitz.

Cromwell's lawyer also contended that Mrs. Cromwell's refusal to allow her husband to fly to her side at the time she prematurely gave birth to a child which later died had made it "appear to the world that in her hour of peril her husband was more interested in his campaign than in her welfare and that he was essentially heartless." Cromwell also claimed that his wife had ordered him to get his personal belongings out of their home at Duke Farms, near Somerville, New Jersey, or she'd do it herself. And then, said his lawyer, "the acme of refined cruelty was reached on the occasion when Mr. Cromwell's valet, calling for Mr. Cromwell's clothes, was compelled to wait several hours until noontime because Mr. Cromwell's bedroom was then occupied by his successor in his wife's affections." And so on and so on.

Representative Albert Gore, Democrat of Tennessee, who enlisted as a private in the Army a couple of weeks back, decided that he would unenlist and remain in Congress following President Roosevelt's order that Congressmen can't volunteer in the armed forces and still hold their legislative posts.

Toledo, Ohio, had its worst fire in 25 years and its second half-million-dollar conflagration in eight days when four buildings in a block on Summit Street went up in smoke. The fire started in a structure occupied by Harry's Auto Stores and firemen were considerably hampered in their efforts to bring the blaze under control by explosions of drums of alcohol and oil stored in the building. Fireman Edward Bade suffered cuts and was taken to Mercy Hospital. Eight buildings in the city's downtown section were razed by flames in a fire a week earlier.

Former Mayor Richard Reading, of Detroit, surrendered himself at the State Prison in Jackson, Michigan, to start serving a four- to five-year term imposed when he was found guilty two years ago, along with 24 others, of participating in a $10,000,000-a-year gambling racket in Detroit. Reading turned up at the prison gates a few hours after the deadline for filing a motion for a rehearing of the case.

Employees and officials of the Truax-Traer coal mine in Fiatt, Illinois, were commended by the government for outstanding production in 1943, during which the mine topped its output for the previous year by 43 per cent. The 1943 record was 1,350,700 tons. The miners were told by C. J. Potter, deputy coal mines administrator, that their increased output was "a splendid illustration of your determination to do your part in producing coal to win the war."

Russian-born composer Igor Stravinsky got himself into hot water with the police in Boston, Massachusetts, when he conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra in his own arrangement of "The Star-Spangled Banner," which in some quarters has been called unsingable. The authorities told the composer-conductor that he had violated a Massachusetts state law by giving the performance. Police Commissioner Thomas F. Sullivan and Police Captain Thomas F. Harvey attended a repeat concert to make sure Stravinsky returned to the conventional arrangement, but no action was taken against the musician.

Major General Claire Chennault, commander of the 14th U. S. Air Force, has been appointed game warden of Tensas Parish, in his native Louisiana. An admirer wrote to the General, asking if he would consider running for Governor or Senator in the state. The General replied that the only public office he aspired to was that of game warden. Accordingly, the Department of Conservation is mailing the General, who is now in Chungking, China, a game-warden's commission and badge.

Representative William H. Wheat, of Illinois, Republican member of the House Naval Affairs Committee, who was serving his third term in Congress, died in Georgetown Hospital after suffering a paralytic stroke . . . Norman ("Tabasco Kid") Elberfeld, 69, wiry shortstop who rose to become manager of the old New York Highlanders—now the Yankees—and thus top off a baseball career of more than 30 years, died of pneumonia in Chattanooga, Tenn.

Rush D. Holt, 38, who served in the U. S. Senate from 1935 to 1941 and holds the distinction of being the youngest man ever elected to that body, announced that he was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor of West Virginia.

Mrs. Helen Conner, a worker in an aircraft plant in Mariétta, Georgia, was notified that her husband, Chief Gunner's Mate William Jennings Bryan Conner, had died in line of duty in the Pacific. Within the past few months she has also lost her only son in Tunisia, a brother in the South Pacific, and another brother in North Africa. Both her parents—Russian born—died last year of grief over the death of relatives in the German invasion. She knows there's a war on.

In Monahans, Texas, a 10-year-old girl, apparently unaware of what had just happened, asked to go out and play a few minutes after giving birth to an 8 pound 8 ounce daughter. Who the father is she either didn't know or wouldn't tell.

Three gypsy fortune-tellers, hauled in to jail in Hollywood, California, by Policewoman Mary Galton, took a gander at their crystal ball and told their captor that they saw a confused future in store for her. The policewoman laughed at them and a few minutes later was busy beating out a fire in her car's cushion, caused by the concentration of the sun's rays on it after passing through the ball.

In Norwood, Massachusetts, John F. Reynolds, the school janitor, beat several other candidates for election to the School Board.

The Veterans' Administration announced that Mrs. Esther Hill Morgan, 86 years old, of Independence, Oregon, the daughter of a private who served in the War of 1812, was the last person left on the pension list from that fracas. At that rate, they'll be paying off the last pension from this war somewhere around the year 2076.

Mail Call

On Pulling Punches

Dear YANK:

Yours is a young, lusty publication that doesn't pull its punches, and I thought I'd drop you a letter on an issue that needs some of your punching.

Your job is to build morale for the big job we all have ahead of us. Anything that gives our already very high morale a still further boost is O.K. Anything that grounds morale is bad, very bad. Denying to millions of soldiers a sure short way of voting, for whatever reason, can help shove morale into the ground. For this denial of the right to vote is an outright contradiction of the Four Freedoms, the Atlantic Charter, our Constitution, or any name our war-aims go by. The rest of the world may really question any Four Freedoms that are not even mustered out to soldiers of a "Liberating Army."

Look, YANK, why don't you say something on this as a morale question? Secretary Stimson has said that 48 state laws make soldier voting impossible. So if we don't have the Federal Government or the Army to administrate the voting, we'll have Vote-Prohibition this war.

You're pretty sharp YANK—can't you see that the representatives of the Poll Tax and State's Rights are using that prop wash to deny the soldiers the right to vote in the same way they have denied the vote to others?

A lot of us look upon this issue as one test of the sincerity of democratic intentions in the war and in the peace. And we would much rather have our right to vote than the mustering out pay of 300 bucks which we all may pay for through the nose through inflation anyway.

The soldier voting issue is a morale one in the ETO, YANK. Our morale is high, but there is and should be no limit. Punch a little bit for us on this issue and our morale will hit an even higher ceiling. How about it?

LT. HAROLD NORRIS

Britain.

Sad Sack Shenanigans

Dear YANK:

We are a trio of GIs in the ETO who would like an explanation of Sad Sack's recent behavior. We have followed him for months and could always compare him to a few of our own characters, but now we want to know if he is finally going to get a break. He and the first sergeant crying on one another's shoulders; come now, can that happen?

We admit that saying goodbye to Miss Liberty does bring a lump to your throat, but does it happen to First Sergeants? We think not, especially Sack's NCO. Maybe the sarge is going soft; is that possible?

Please don't ruin our faith in Sack and let him become a "brown noser."

Yours for more of the original Sad Sack.

BUTCH
MAC
DOC

Britain.

In Answer To Capt. Gordon

Dear YANK:

This letter is in response to the article "I Went Home," written in the January 3 issue, by Capt. Arthur Gordon.

I'm sure the captain's thoughts are well meant and very helpful at that. But may I remind the captain that not all of us are fortunate enough to investigate the "unique opportunities" which this country has to offer. May I also remind him that certain enlisted men do not have the opportunity to review the various interesting sights. When, and if, they do get a chance their time is limited, and at that, travelling hours take up most of their precious time. Then again, we are restricted from various areas, whereas officers may be free to investigate. Indeed, the captain was fortunate in being here for over a year, while some of us may be here for just a short time.

I'm sure the captain must realize that, as an officer, in regard to passes, and to time allotted him, he has more of a chance to satisfy his curiosity than we enlisted men. Therefore, under these circumstances, I would like him to tell me how we can get to review all these so-called "useful techniques." I'm sure we'd all be interested in hearing his views.

A SOLDIER WHO WISHES TO BROADEN HIMSELF
T/5 SID TAUBE

Britain.

Why We're Here

Dear YANK:

I have a heavy bet on and am curious to know this question: "Did Germany declare war on us or did we declare war on Germany soon after Pearl Harbor?"

I would like to be enlightened on this subject.

Sgt. FLOYD O. WEEKS

Britain.

[To straighten out a lot of guys who have the wrong idea about the thing, this is the way it happened: We declared war on Japan the day after Pearl Harbor, and Japan retaliated. Then Germany and Italy declared war on us, in accordance with the terms of their Tri-Partite Pact. Congress did not declare war on Germany and Italy until nearly a whole day later, 1.35 p.m. on December 11th, 1941.—Ed.]

Everything But Daisy

Dear YANK:

The transportation problems on this base are so bad that the three of us pooled our respective bikes and turned out what you see in the enclosed picture.

The bike works like a charm, but the only catch is that we all have to agree on going the same place.

We can get a very good speed if we work hard. Our

top speed is 35 miles on the level, but God help us if anything gets in front of us.

We believe that this is the only three-man bike in the ETO.

Sgt. L. E. AULTHOUSE
Pfc. C. DONALDSON
Pvt. WM. VAN TRUMP

Britain.

Wolves With Brass

Dear YANK:

I know that YANK is published by the enlisted personnel, but could you please tell me why it is American officers are such *Wolves*?

GI JOE

P.S.—Please don't reply R.H.I.P. (Rank has its privileges).

Britain.

[We can't help it, Joe. R. just seems to H.I.P.—Ed.]

Wolves, GI Style

Dear YANK:

The tendency of some GIs to lavish their American cigarettes, sweets and wealth on our English cousins (of the grown-up female variety) is deplorable. Besides giving the military higher-ups a pain in the neck, plus the English soldier, it also irritates their GI brethren in arms, the Wolf.

We Wolves, instead of bearing gifts, depend on subtle flattery of the same make and kind we used on the gals back in the States. Instead of bragging and gifts, we bring the suave compliment. Rather than hand out a bar of candy, we bring the faultlessly creased uniform and bucked brass.

If the gal gets a candy-yearning look in her eyes, we sing praises of her complexion (which, ahem, is because of rationed sweets). To her, the States gal is just full of ugly boils and skin disorders. As for money, we never mention it, an old inborn precaution that leads to matrimonial talk. Incidentally, the only time we flash the roll is when some gal outfumbles us for the check.

I say nuts to the GI sugar daddy. They cramp our style and horse up smooth operators.

Sgt. FRED FLACK (Wolf and Tight pocket).

Britain.

After Discharge—What?

Dear YANK:

We have been reading from time to time that every one back home is busy making post-war plans for the service man. There are discussions raging in every part of the country about these plans, but we have observed that no one has asked the service man's opinion.

We are part of that small but nevertheless existent group of men who are not looking far into the future. We are only interested in the things which we will need immediately after our discharge—cars, clothes, etc., some of which are at the present time rationed.

We think that the Government should keep ceiling prices on these articles for a fixed time after the war is over, and give priorities to the returning service men and women. If they don't do this, the civilians, who are making more money than we are, will have the advantage of being able to pay more for these things than we can afford.

We don't begrudge the civvies anything, but we do want an equal opportunity to get the things which we will need to reinstate ourselves in the outside.

BERNARD SCHEER, Mus. 2/C
TED MAYHALL, Mus. 3/C
U. S. NAVY

Northern Ireland.

Pressing Problem

Dear YANK:

There is an all-important question which is uppermost in our minds at present. It dwarfs the soldiers' voting bill and makes the proposed bonus look like an anæmic Limey sausage. It's a question which must not be answered hastily and should receive the just and due consideration of all GI personnel in the ETO, for asking this question we hope to receive an answer which will aid us to come to some definite conclusion. Which should we take home after the war, our "A" or "B" bag?

Sgt. GEORGE SCHMIDT
Sgt. VERNON LONG
Sgt. BILL SOLANO
Cpl. TOM GRIER
Sgt. BILL LESTER

Britain.

War And The Poet

Dear YANK:

Enclosed is a copy of a poem which one of the fellows wrote. We all agreed that it was worth sending in to you.

ONE OF THE BOYS

Hitler's Prayer

Oh God, who art in Heaven, raise Thy holy hand and heil;
And stand at strict attention as der Fuehrer prays awhile.
You have listened to the others till my face is in a rut
Don't You know that Allied prayers are but stupid scuttlebut?
Oh Lord, please curse the Russians for their most unholy sin.
They won't accept our culture, and they kill my supermen.
Mein Gott! How can You sit there and witness such disgrace?
Don't You realize that Germans constitute the master race?
Please curse the hated Yankees, who have kicked my men around;
Who made an ass of Rommel, making *me* look like a clown.
Stop their steady, sure advancing; You could do it if You would.
Stop their shipping and production; I would do it if I could.
Why help the bloody English, who have sinned against you so
Who give the Jews protection, which I think is pretty low.
Their sins are too enormous and too numerous to tell
The beer they make is sin enough to scorch the gates of Hell.
The RAF is bombing every day and every night.
They can't do that to Germans because it isn't right.
So please destroy London, which I tried so hard to do.
You could do it with an earthquake or a hurricane or two.
Oh God, I've tried to help You; now it's time that You helped me.
I have punished quick and justly, just as You would have it be.
See what I did to Poland, who had sinned so hard and long
In wanting independence, which You know is very wrong.
My justice at Lidice was like the very hand of God,
I murdered every heathen and reduced the place to sod.
They killed my favorite hangman, and it must have made You sad;

I HAD PROMISED MYSELF TO ARRANGE FOR SOME PIANO LESSONS AT NIGHT.

From a letter, printed in the Jan. 16th issue of YANK, in which an Air Corps Captain lamented the off-duty time he'd wasted over here, and warned GIs in the ETO that they'd better get hot and soak up some culture quick or they'd be sorry when they got home.

MITTENS ON THE KEYS
or
THERE OUGHT TO BE A BABY GRAND IN EVERY FOXHOLE

(The scene is a Nissen Hut barracks of an infantry outfit stationed where all infantry outfits in the ETO are stationed—just high enough up on a moor to catch the wind and just far enough down in a fen to catch the fog. Occupying the dump at the moment are a Private, who is snoozing, and a Corporal, who is reading a copy of the Jan. 16 issue of YANK. Judging by the expression on the Corporal's pan, the magazine is about to lose a constant reader.)

Private (coming to with a groan, a yawn, and a burp): Aw, hell. I was dreaming I was home.

Corporal: You sure are lucky it was just a dream.

Private: Huh?

Corporal: Look who wants to go home and he can't even play the piano yet.

Private: Okay, wise guy. What's the gag?

Corporal: No gag. It's just this captain here says he got sent home for a while and couldn't hardly enjoy himself on the trip because he suddenly remembered he'd been over here a year without ever taking piano lessons. And here you been in the ETO eighteen months and can't even play "Chopsticks."

Private: What captain's this?

Corporal: It don't matter what captain it is. The point is, he's a soldier that's been home and he's telling you. Of course, like he says, he's lucky because he got shipped back to the ETO again and so now he's going to get a second crack at the piano. But not you. When you leave here, you're through.

Private: Gosh, I hadn't thought about it that way.

Corporal: Well, start thinking. Before you know it, there'll be an invasion and then the war will be over and they'll be shipping you home. And there you'll be, marching up Main Street, gloomy as hell because you don't see any way of getting back to the ETO and learning to tickle the old ivories.

Private: Jees, if it's as bad as all that, maybe I could use my mustering-out pay to come back here and——

Corporal: That ain't the idea. The idea is you can save all that time and money by getting busy now. As the captain explains here, the Army leaves you with plenty of time on your hands—most evenings, usually a day off each week, and so on.

Private (enthusiastically): Yeah, that's right! *(His face falls.)* But where do you suppose I'm going to find me a piano teacher?

Corporal (airily): Oh, there's probably plenty of teachers over in Muggum Wuggum-on-Squill.

Private: How far away's that?

Corporal: Probably not more than fifteen miles as the crow flies.

Private: But I ain't no crow.

Corporal: You're telling me? Well, it's probably no more than 25 miles by bus. Only there ain't no bus any more, so that makes a good brisk stroll for you after a day of loafing around out on the range.

Private (reflectively): You know, I kind of wish that captain had said the ukelele instead of the piano. I don't want to sound like a goldbrick, but it's going to be sort of hard keeping up with you fellers on maneuvers if I've got a piano strapped to my pack.

Corporal: Don't worry, pal. I'll carry your rifle for you if the going gets tough.

Private (brightening): Gee, that's swell of you! Maybe I can dig up one of those minipianos that probably don't weigh more than 100 or 150 pounds and then I'll be all set. *(His face grows apprehensive.)* You don't suppose the CO will care if I bring my piano teacher along, do you?

Corporal: Hell, no. He'll be tickled to death to see a new face. And a guy in civvies, too. Sure will make our platoon stand out from the others—distinctive, like.

Private: I wonder what the piano teacher will think—I mean having to hike all day and sleep in wet blankets all night. I suppose he'll want to charge a few bob extra for his lessons when we're in the field.

Corporal: The lousy chiseller!

Private: Oh, that'll be all right by me. What difference does a few bob make so long as a guy can feel right about things when he gets home?

(Curtain)

But I killed the whole damn village, and that must have made You glad.
Now God You must act quickly to correct Your big mistake,
For I'm getting out of patience at the choice You seem to make.
It is true You are the holy, but I also am the great,
And for your better interest you must now cooperate.
Of Thee I ask but little—just to rule this little earth
And every man upon it from the moment of his birth.
Let me have him every moment till there is no longer breath.
I will boss him while he's living; You can have him after death.
If You don't I'm out to get You; and before Your very eyes
I will send my Luftwaffe shooting and raise Hell within the skies.
So my lovely prayer is ended, and I hope it sinks right in;
For it is not propaganda, so Heil Hitler, Lord, Amen.

J. P. GILLIS, Yeoman 2/C

Britain.

Senators And Combat Fatigue

Dear YANK:

In connection with the article of Senator Robert Reynolds, N.C., which states that troops will return to the United States within a period of two years, exclusive of ETO because they have failed to experience combat fatigue.

There are soldiers in the ETO at the present time who have experienced two complete campaigns, subject to adverse climatic conditions, and other hardships due to modern warfare.

With all due respect to Senator Reynolds, we feel he should be informed of this situation. We feel that the privilege of returning to the United States has been duly earned by these troops, together with the men mentioned in Senator Reynolds's article.

There are others who share the same opinion as we, and hope that they, too, will express their views on this subject.

Cpl. H. J. ROBERTS
T/5 JOHN J. DALY
T/3 F. E. FELSTEAD
Pfc. WALTER MILSTEAD

Britain.

GI Melodies

Dear YANK:

In your December 26 issue, under a column called "GI Melodies," you had two songs written which the gang around here has enjoyed very much. The songs that I am referring to are: "You've Had It," and "Speak To Me Thru Channels." We would like to know very much what the tunes are of these two songs.

Britain. Cpl. ALAN V. SHIELDS, T.C.

[We have had several requests for the music to these songs. Photostatic copies may be obtained by writing directly to The Soldier Shows Branch, Entertainment Division, Special Service, A.P.O. 887.—Ed.]

Pro Sinatra

Dear YANK:

This concerns "The Bitching Club" which, a couple of weeks ago, gave swooner-crooner Frank Sinatra a real going over.

Before I go on let me say this; I have never met the guy personally; I can't see what the women see in him, and when it comes to singing there are a lot of other guys I would rather listen to first.

But I believe there are two sides to every story and that is why I am writing this letter. First of all, Sinatra has recently been classified as 1-A. I am not from Missouri, but if you guys have any proof that Sinatra was bribing his draft board until now to keep himself out of the Army, you've got to show me.

Secondly: It looks like "The Bitching Club," which I assume is composed of all hearty males way over the 140 pound mark, are actually *jealous*, as they implied, of this broken down little guy Sinatra.

Last, but not least, I say fellows, your "bitching" was typically American and really shows how much we enjoy free speech and make use of it. Crooning is a racket where the salary in Sinatra's case is enormous. It's a racket when your face is plastered on billboards, in the papers and on the screen. It's a racket where a lot of daffy dames knock themselves out over you. Crooning is Sinatra's racket. Sure he's making a fist full now but I say more power to him. And when Sinatra's time comes to go in the Army I am certain you guys will be proud he's in your branch of the service. I can't say I am jealous of Frank Sinatra, but I envy the hell out of him.

DON FLAHERTY, S1/C
U.S.N.R.

Britain.

Contra Same

Dear YANK:

We have been hearing of meatless Tuesdays back in the States, so we in barracks 20 have hit upon a plan. We propose to have one meatless day a week in the ETO and send huge steaks and chops to Frank Sinatra. We wish to fatten him up before German propagandists see him, and start spreading propaganda about starvation and acute food shortage in the United States.

I am sure all of the GIs who are not allergic to swoon crooning will agree with me.

S/Sgt. J. M. FURNER

Britain.

Lib And Let Lib

Dear YANK:

We have just returned to our humble abode after viewing a very wonderful display of the 8th Air Force at a Dept. Store on Oxford Street, London. It really was wonderful and without a doubt gives those very wonderful "Forts" a little *more* publicity.

We did really enjoy it very much but one thing bothered us just a little. We've heard a rumor that the 8th Air Force has a few "Libs" in it and it's rumored that they, too, have made a few raids in enemy territory. Is that true?

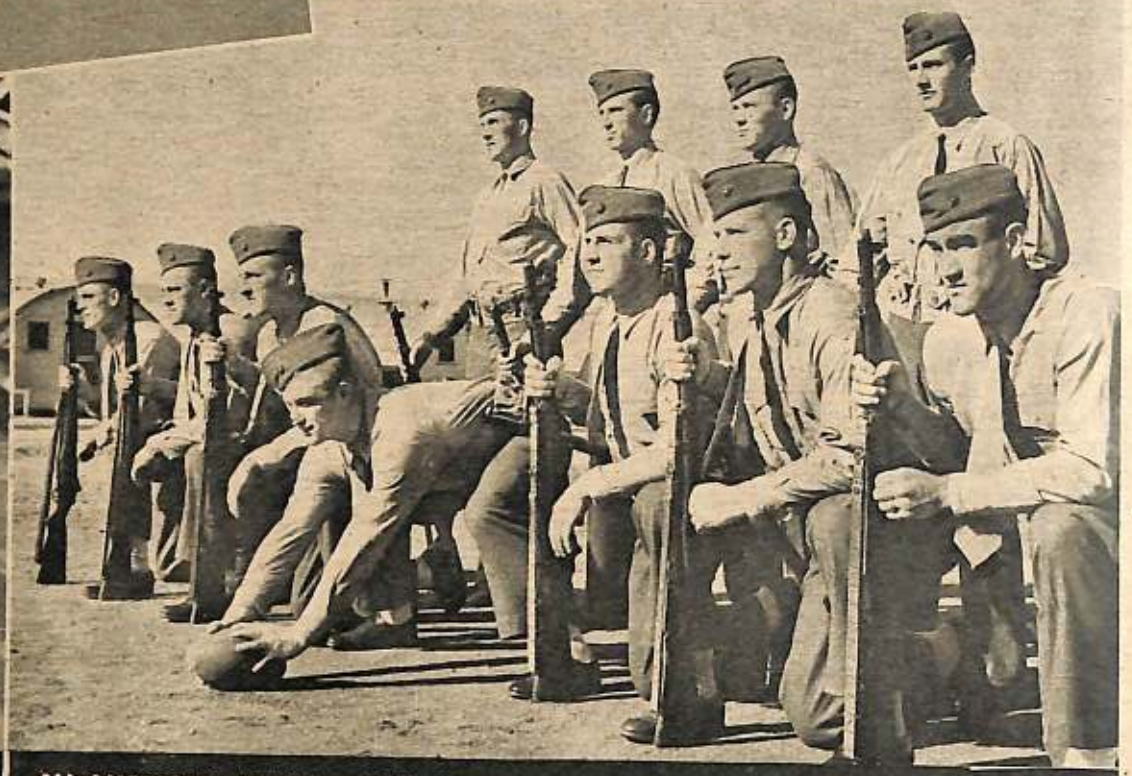
THE CREW OF TIMBA-A-A-H (a "Lib" B24)
OLD 606

Britain.

SOLDIERS IN SPORTS

LOADED DOWN after his first session with the supply sergeant, Pvt. Bill Veeck, colorful owner of the Milwaukee baseball club, reports to his recruit tent at San Diego, Calif., to begin a new career as a marine.

FRESH from his greatest season with the Chicago Bears, Ensign Sid Luckman "comes aboard" (that's Navy talk, Joe) at the Sheepshead Bay (N. Y.) Station of the Merchant Marine. He's a physical instructor.



ALL-AMERICAN TEAM to end all All-Americans lines up at Parris Island, S. C. The line (l. to r.): Tom Davis, Duke; Mike Micka, Colgate; Bert Gianelli, College of Pacific; Elmer Jones, Franklin & Marshall; Alex Agase, Purdue; Pat Preston, Duke; Ralph Heywood, Southern California. Backfield: Angelo Bertelli, Notre Dame; John Podesto, C of P; Tony Butkovich, Purdue; Mickey McCardle, S. Cal.

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YOU OUGHTA KNOW what's going on here. Harry (the Horse) Danning, the New York Giants' catcher, has just made buck sergeant at the Long Beach (Calif.) Army Air Field, and he's busy passing out cigars. Here he tantalizes Pvts. Wally Kunkle and Jack Simpson with a colossal corona.

SPORTS: HOW MANY SPORTS CHAMPIONS WILL RETURN AFTER THE WAR?

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

If the war is over in 1945, CPO Bob Feller at 27 will be good for 10 more years of baseball.

PVT. Luke Appling and Fritzie Zivic both said something the other day that started us to thinking.

Appling was telling a group of GIs in the PX at Camp Lee, Va., that he wouldn't return to baseball after the war because he didn't think his legs could stand the gaff. Zivic echoed the same sentiment in Pittsburgh, wailing loudly that he would hang up his gloves for good when he went into the Navy.

Both Appling and Zivic are fairly ancient for top-line athletes. The luscious Appling is 37 and old rubber legs Fritzie is 30 if he's a day. So there's every reason to believe they won't be coming back after the war. Not even if the war ended tomorrow.

But what about the other athletes now in service? The young champions who are full of vitamins and vinegar? How many of them can return after the duration and six and still do business at the same old stand?

Offhand, you might say Sgt. Joe Louis will have the toughest time when he starts out again in 1945 or '46 as the case may be. Boxers age more quickly than most athletes, because their success depends almost entirely on their legs. Should Louis get back into action as early as 1945, he would be 31 with more than 10 years of wear and tear on him. He wouldn't be as sharp as most of his rivals. Cpl. Billy Conn, for example, would be only 27, and Pvt. Jimmy Bivins just 24. One or both of them might be capable of relieving Louis of his championship.

On top of this, you've got to figure there will be a lot of tough and willing young fellows coming out of the Army who could make Louis's row even harder to hoe. You might paste the name of Cpl. Al Hoosman, a Negro MP from Los Angeles, in your helmet liner as a real contender in '45. He's now in Australia with a MP outfit and just recently slugged the Alabama Kid silly in 10 rounds.

Most of the younger major-league baseball players will be back for the opening of the first post-war season. Lt. Johnny Beazley pitched only one season of big-league ball before entering the Army and he will have a full career ahead of him at 26. CPO Bob Feller will be 27 with 10 more years of good pitching in his right arm. Sgt. Joe DiMaggio at 30 and Ensign Charlie Keller at 31 will be able to pick up their gloves and play at least five more years with the Yankees. A/C Dick Wakefield was only 23 when he joined the Navy last year, and he can start all over again as a rookie. The same holds true for A/C Howie Pollett who was just 22 when he enlisted in the AAF. A/C Ted Williams at 27 will be able to pick up where he left off, too.

Capt. Hank Greenberg and the fellows in his age group, the Tommy Bridges, the Luke Applings and Red Ruffings, will have a harder time winning their jobs back. Greenberg would be 35 if he reported to spring training in 1945 and Ruffing 38. Two summers ago when Greenberg was a buck sergeant at MacDill Field, Fla., he complained after a camp game that he couldn't bring his bat around with anything like the snap he used to have.

"I felt like knocking those fat pitches out of the lot," he said, "but I couldn't connect anymore. My timing was off, and my muscles wouldn't work fast enough. Make no mistake about it, I won't play a lot of ball afterward."

After the last war football really boomed, and there's every reason to believe it will again. It may boom even more since we now have a professional league. For some reason a fellow never becomes too old to play pro football. Look at Bronko Nagurski, who came back this year to play with the Chicago Bears, and Mel Hein and Tuffy Leemans who are still operating with the New York Giants. So why shouldn't some younger men like Ensign Sid Luckman, Lt. Norm Standlee, CPO George McAfee and Lt. Bill Osmanski come back to take over their old jobs in the Bear backfield for the 1945 or '46 or '47 season?

Golf is another ageless game where a fellow can play until he's 50. Even in their 30s, Lt. Ben Hogan, Lt. Lawson Little and Navy Specialist Sammy Snead won't have any trouble regaining their peak.

It doesn't make much difference whether Ensign Greg Rice or anybody else returns to run the distance races after the war. As long as they keep bringing Haegg over here, the only guy with a chance is Count Fleet.

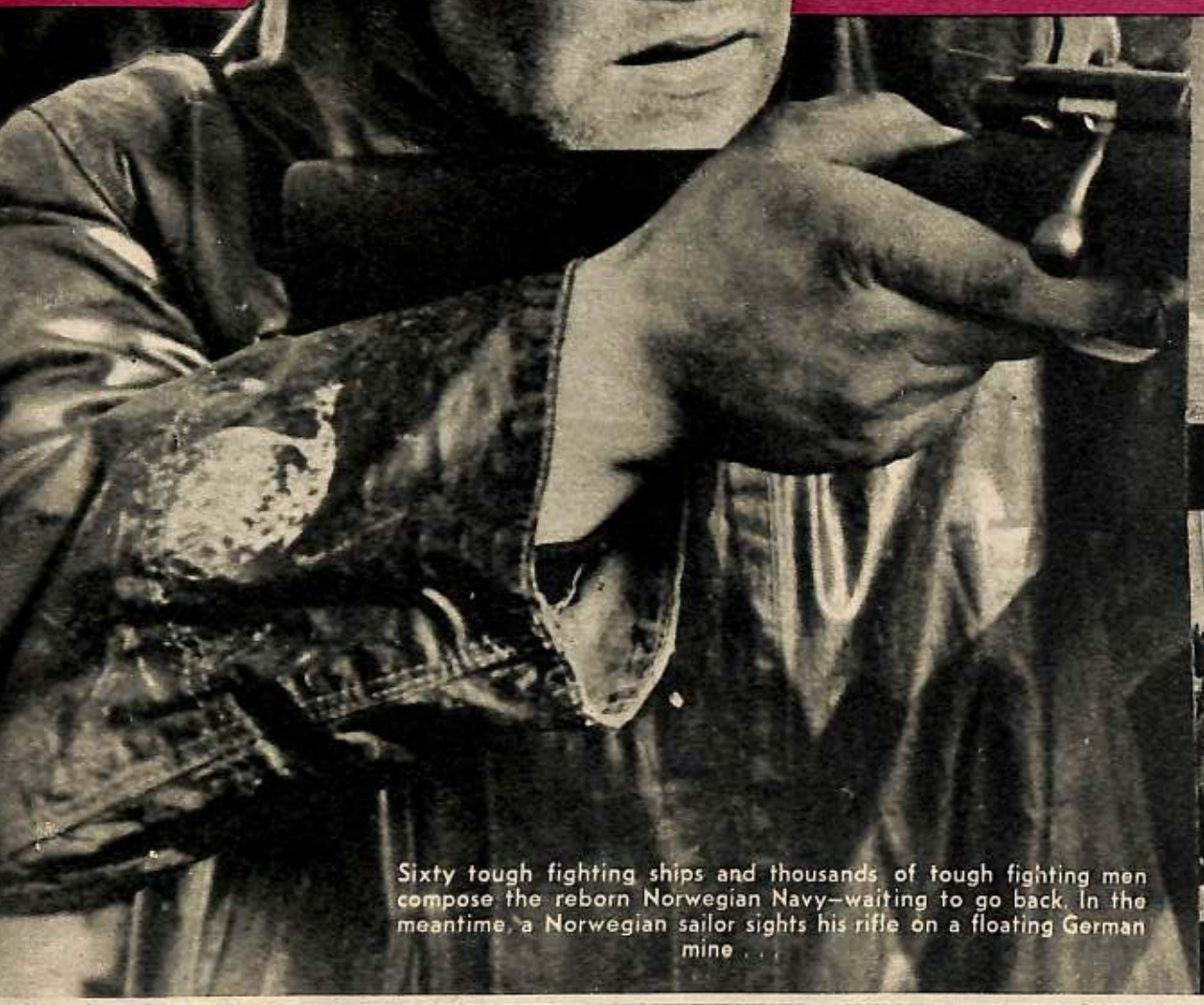
EX-CHAMP IN AFRICA. *Jack Sharkey, former heavyweight champion, who's now touring Mediterranean Army camps, samples some Algerian oranges with T-5 Vera Meyers and Pvt. Ted Rynicki in Algiers.*

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Cpl. Zeke Bonura, who's doing such a fine job promoting baseball in North Africa, has never worn his stripes and never will. Says he wants to be just one of the boys. . . . **Pvt. Terry Moore,** the ex-Cardinal slugger who flew back to the States to see the World Series, must be the No. 1 pin-up boy in the Panama Canal Department. During the recent boxing championships, thousands of GIs yelled themselves hoarse chanting, "We want Terry Moore." . . . This is **Pvt. Jimmy Bloodworth's** (he's the Detroit second baseman) second hitch in the Army. He served 2½ years with the Engineers before signing up with the Washington Senators. Bloodworth is now with the 37th Engineer Training Battalion at Fort Leonard Wood, Mo. . . . Not to be outdone by all of these "best-of-the-year" awards, the National Semi-Pro Baseball Congress has named **A/C Johnny Pesky** as its Man-of-the-Decade. Pesky played sandlot ball in Silverton, Oreg., before joining the Boston Red Sox. . . . According to **Lt. Cornelius Warmerdam,** who oughta know about such things, 16 feet is the absolute top ceiling for a pole vaulter. Warmerdam, who has cleared 15 feet 42 times, 28 of them outdoors and 14 indoors, works on the theory that no vaulter can go three feet above his gripping point. . . . The biggest news of the East India Lawn Tennis Championships wasn't **Lt. Hal Surface's** singles victory, but those two Indians who played barefooted to defeat Surface and another Special Service officer in the doubles. . . . **Lt. Pug Rentner,** the famous Northwestern halfback, has turned up in England as an operations officer with the Eighth Air Force. . . . When **Leo Durocher** goes overseas his side kick will be **George Raft** and not **Sammy Kaye.**

Inducted: **Lloyd Mangrum,** pro golfer and veteran of America's Ryder Cup team, into the Army; **Clyde McCullough,** first-string Chicago Cub catcher, into the Navy. . . . *Rejected:* **Bob Swift,** Detroit catcher, because of stomach disorder. . . . *Reclassified 1-A:* **Vern Stephens,** shortstop of the St. Louis Browns, who led the American League batting race for most of the season; **Gene Desautels,** Cleveland catcher; **Steve Sundra,** St. Louis Brown right-hander (15-11 last year). . . . *Discharged:* **Sgt. Steve (Crusher) Casey,** professional wrestler, from the Army; **Ed Levy,** Newark outfielder recalled by the New York Yankees, from the Coast Guard. . . . *Promoted:* **Lt. Jimmy Braddock,** former heavyweight champion, to captain at the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Army Base; **Johnny Rizzo,** Brooklyn outfielder, to chief's rating at Norman (Okla.) Naval Station; **Lew Jenkins S2c,** former lightweight champion, to seaman first class on a Coast Guard transport. . . . *Commissioned:* **Charlie Keller,** Yankee leftfielder, as an ensign in the Merchant Marine. . . . *Transferred:* **Pvt. Luke Appling,** American League batting champion (.328), from Fort Sheridan, Ill., to Camp Lee, Va., for basic training; **Capt. John Whelchel,** Navy football coach, from Annapolis to sea duty; **Capt. Hank Greenberg,** former Detroit outfielder, from Headquarters, AAF Flying Training Command, Fort Worth, Tex., to an undisclosed destination.

Northern Way



Sixty tough fighting ships and thousands of tough fighting men compose the reborn Norwegian Navy—waiting to go back. In the meantime, a Norwegian sailor sights his rifle on a floating German mine . . .

Light Norwegian motor craft penetrate to the very fjords of their homeland to fight Germans . . .

Norwegian destroyers and corvettes help smash German U-boats all over the world.

This is a group of Norwegian athletes, taken as hostages because they refused to participate in German sports events.

At home, too

. . . . . a Silent Army, without uniform or rank, waits for the day when the small number of uniformed Norwegian soldiers, spirited into the country on secret Allied missions, will suddenly swell up into a tremendous flood-tide of revenge.

In the meantime, this Silent Army—hundreds of thousands of men, women and children—fights on implacably against the enemy. How it fights is symbolized by these remarkable photographs from occupied Norway.

When the Germans smashed into their country in 1940, the Norwegians came to England smouldering with cold Nordic hate. They came in tiny fishing boats across the North Sea at night. They came in their merchant ships, a thousand of them, the fourth largest merchant fleet in the world. They came with the British from Trondheim and Narvik and from the innumerable Commando raids along the fjord-slashed coast. Some even flew over in captured German planes . . . Now they're all waiting—to go back.

WAITING in Iceland . . .

WAITING on the coast of Scotland . . .

WAITING at England's countless aerodromes.

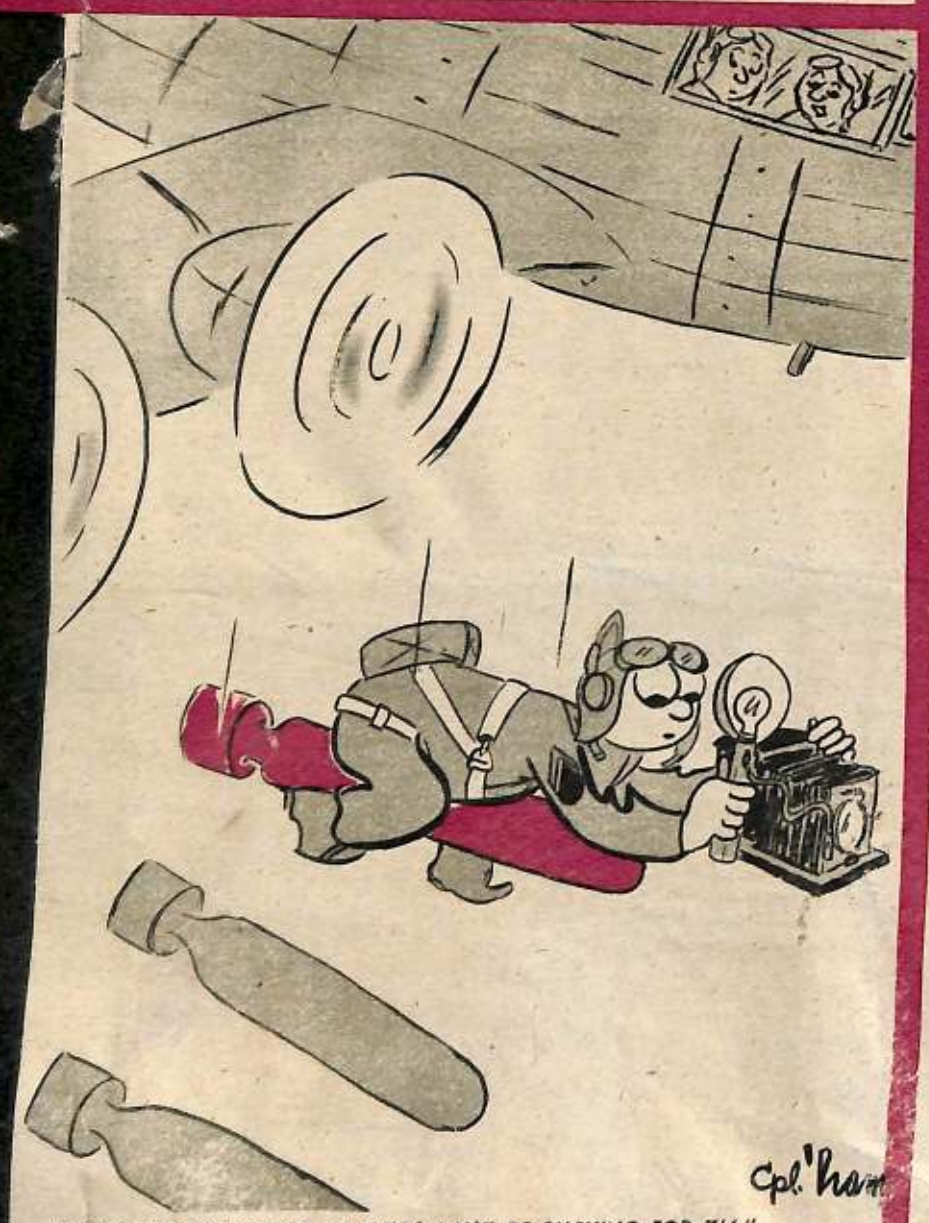
church service, presided

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

"I DON'T MIND THE 24 HOURS EXTRA DUTY SO MUCH, BUT HE TOOK ALL MY FLASH GORDON BOOKS."
—R. P. Canning EM3c.

"LIPSKY . . . . STEIN . . . . BRANDT . . . .
FRASER . . . . WEITHAS . . . . BECK . . . ."
Cpl. Hugh E. Kennedy

"HE OWES ME TWO BUCKS FROM A CRAP GAME."
—Pfc. Frank Q. Hewitt



"THAT PHOTOGRAPHER OF OURS MUST BE BUCKING FOR T/4."—Cpl. 'Ham

"SOMETHING'S THE MATTER; ALL I CAN HEAR IS 'PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA.'"
—Sgt. Tom Zibelli