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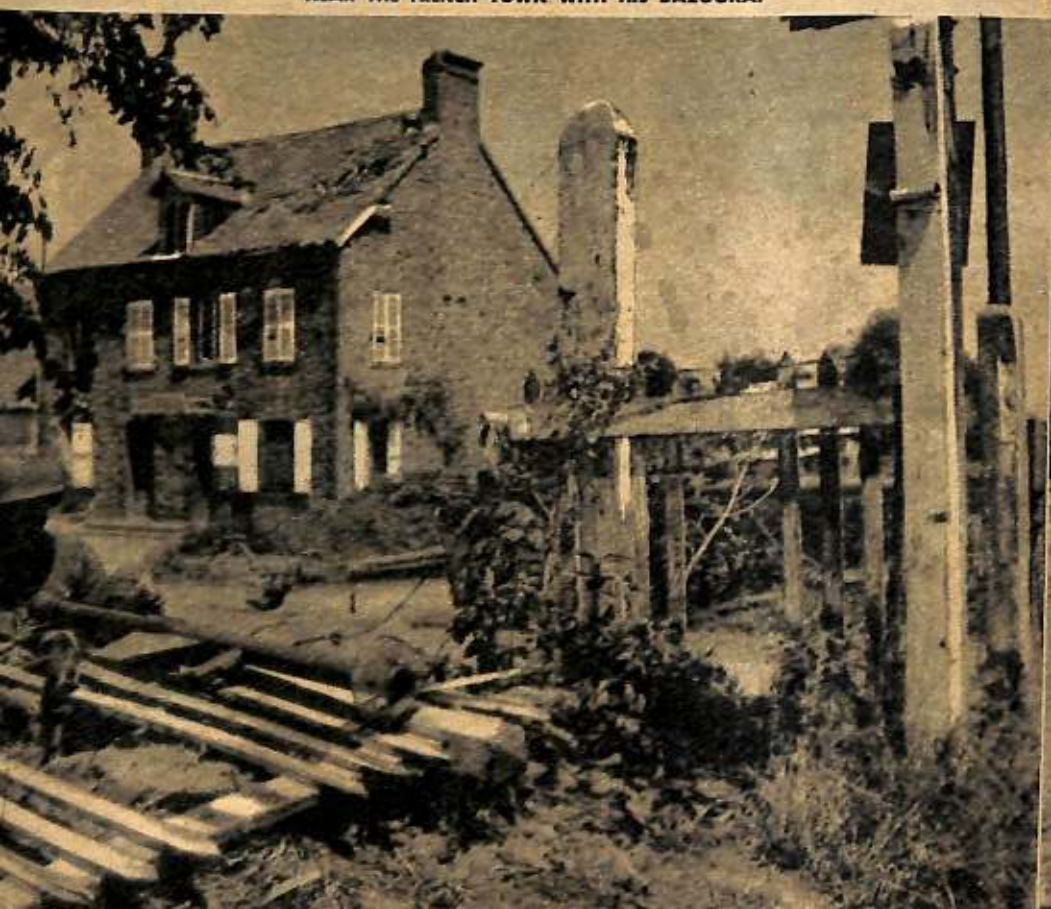
By the men . . for the men in the service

FRONT-LINE SWITCHBOARD

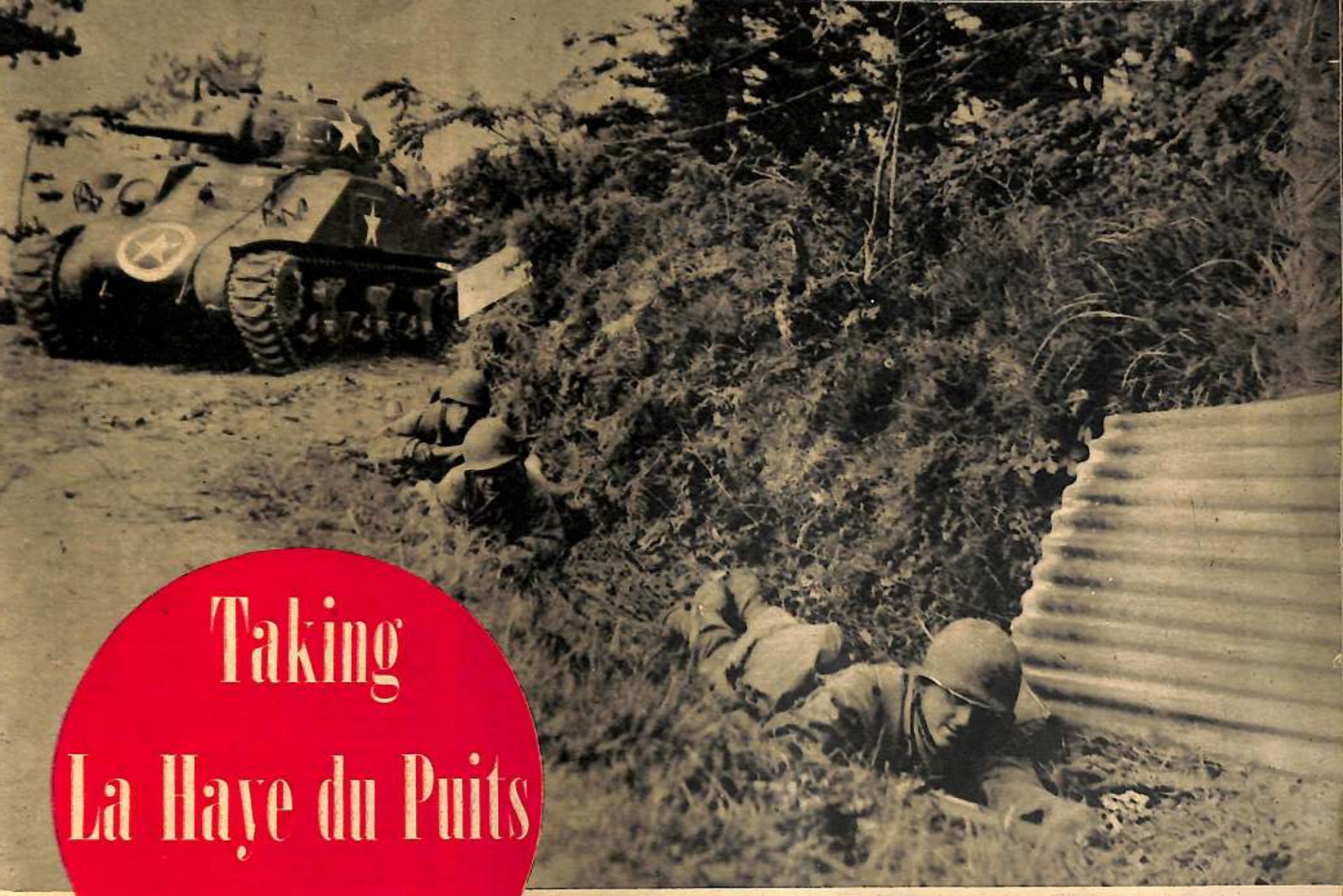
## How The Yanks Went Through La Haye du Puits

—Pages 2, 3, 4 and 5

ABOVE, POOPED JOES GET A WELL-EARNED REST CLOSE TO THE LA HAYE DU PUITS FRONT. BELOW, PVT. ED CROSS, INFANTRYMAN FROM INDIANAPOLIS, GUARDS A RAILROAD TRACK NEAR THE FRENCH TOWN WITH HIS BAZOOKA.



ABOVE, FRONT-LINE MEDICS TREAT A GI FOOTSLOGGER'S BULLET WOUND. BELOW, YANK INFANTRYMEN PRESS ON PAST A DEAD NAZI PARATROOPER. BOTH PICTURES WERE TAKEN NEAR LA HAYE DU PUITS.



# Taking La Haye du Puits

HEDGEROW BY HEDGEROW AND DITCH BY DITCH, YANK INFANTRYMEN HAVE BEEN WRESTING NORMANDY FROM INVADING NAZIS AND RESTORING IT TO ITS RIGHTFUL OWNERS. HERE SOME OF THE HARDFIGHTING BOYS TAKE COVER UNDER FIRE AS A SHERMAN TANK RUMBLES PAST.

## The Fighting in the Town

By Sgt. WALTER PETERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

LA HAYE DU PUITS, FRANCE—The G-2 colonel at corps headquarters told us that La Haye du Puits was successfully occupied this morning, so together with Jim McGlincey, of United Press, and Bill Stringer, of Reuters, I jumped into a jeep and headed for that town.

Actually, one would imagine that with the capture of a town practically all enemy hostilities there would cease. It didn't work out that way in La Haye du Puits, just as it hasn't in many other towns in Normandy.

The northern road to the town, which runs up and down like a Coney Island roller coaster, is pock-marked with holes from which our sappers dug mines planted by the Germans.

"Somebody said the Germans had thousands of pounds of TNT under here," said McGlincey, as we passed over a bridge spanning a small creek.

We parked the jeep just outside of town where a number of GIs were standing by drinking cider, and from there the three of us walked on in.

The first sign of any American activity in the town itself was a notice on a telephone pole which read: "Off Limits to All Troops." We saw nobody in front of us, and began to wonder whether or not our infantrymen had taken the notice seriously. Then as we walked along the road, stretching between wide open fields, shots came singing over our heads and the three of us dove head first into a ditch which was ankle deep with mud from a heavy rainfall.

"You guys better get the hell out of that ditch," a sergeant, behind a bush across the road, yelled. "That side hasn't been cleared of mines yet."

We got out of the ditch in a hurry. Then another soldier came down the road with a tommygun in his hands.

"Where do you think the shots are coming from?" he asked us.

"From behind that tree, I think," Stringer said, pointing.

"Give it a spray," the sergeant behind the bush ordered the soldier.

The soldier left to "give it a spray."

As we proceeded down the road there were more bursts of sniper fire, and the echo of shots from our infantrymen. At the railroad bridge we met more soldiers who said that their company command post was about three blocks further along. The soldiers explained that their battalion had entered the town that morning in a mopping-up mission.

The Americans had entered La Haye du Puits three times within a week, and had been forced to retreat each time. The fourth drive had succeeded and only needed mopping up to claim the final capture of the town.

From the railroad bridge we could see the skeleton of what once had been a beautiful town. As we reached the buildings we hugged them very closely so as not to provoke sniper fire. All the way to the command post, the buildings were a mass of ruins, no people were in sight and the only living creature was a cat walking out of a cafe where the cider barrels had been cracked open by artillery blasts.

At the CP, lst/Sgt. Joseph O. Gunssauls, of Alexandria, Va., was sitting behind a desk that only a few hours before had belonged to a German commander. In the back room, a bunch of GIs were eating K rations and trying to dry their clothing. The front windows of the command post were no longer there, the doors had been jarred loose from their hinges by our artillery, and one section of the ceiling had fallen to the floor—a pile of powdered rubble. Through the window frames came the smell of smoke and death—smoke from the burning American and German vehicles we had seen along the roads, and the smell of blood shed by our men who had fought their way into town and by the Germans who had opposed them.

Standing across from the first sergeant with a telephone in his hand was the company commander, Capt. Joseph Gray, of Hamilton, Ga.

"You came in at a historic time, gentlemen," he said.

"Yeah, goddam historic," said Pvt. Eugene Zubrzycki, of Flushing, L.I. "One of our guys just got a sniper who had shot his squad leader."

The sniper's bullet had hit the squad leader in the upper side of his chest and had gone through his arm. The assistant squad leader, Sgt. Hugh McCloskey, of Union City, N. J., had spotted the sniper in a tree and had shot him with his M-1.

Rifle fire continued outside as we talked to the CO and his soldiers of the command post.

"I think there's somebody still in that tower," a soldier said. Pvt. Zubrzycki looked through the window frames and read an advertising sign that was about the only object left in one piece on the building across the street.

"That sign says *A. Ceron, Monuments, Funeraires et Mortuaires*," he read slowly, and pronouncing the French badly. "That guy ought to be making a lot

Two YANK correspondents were around La Haye du Puits before, during and after the taking of the town. What they saw of the fighting and of what happened when the townspeople came back to take up the threads of their lives again is here told in two stories which mark some of those moments that are never forgotten by those who have seen War pass by.

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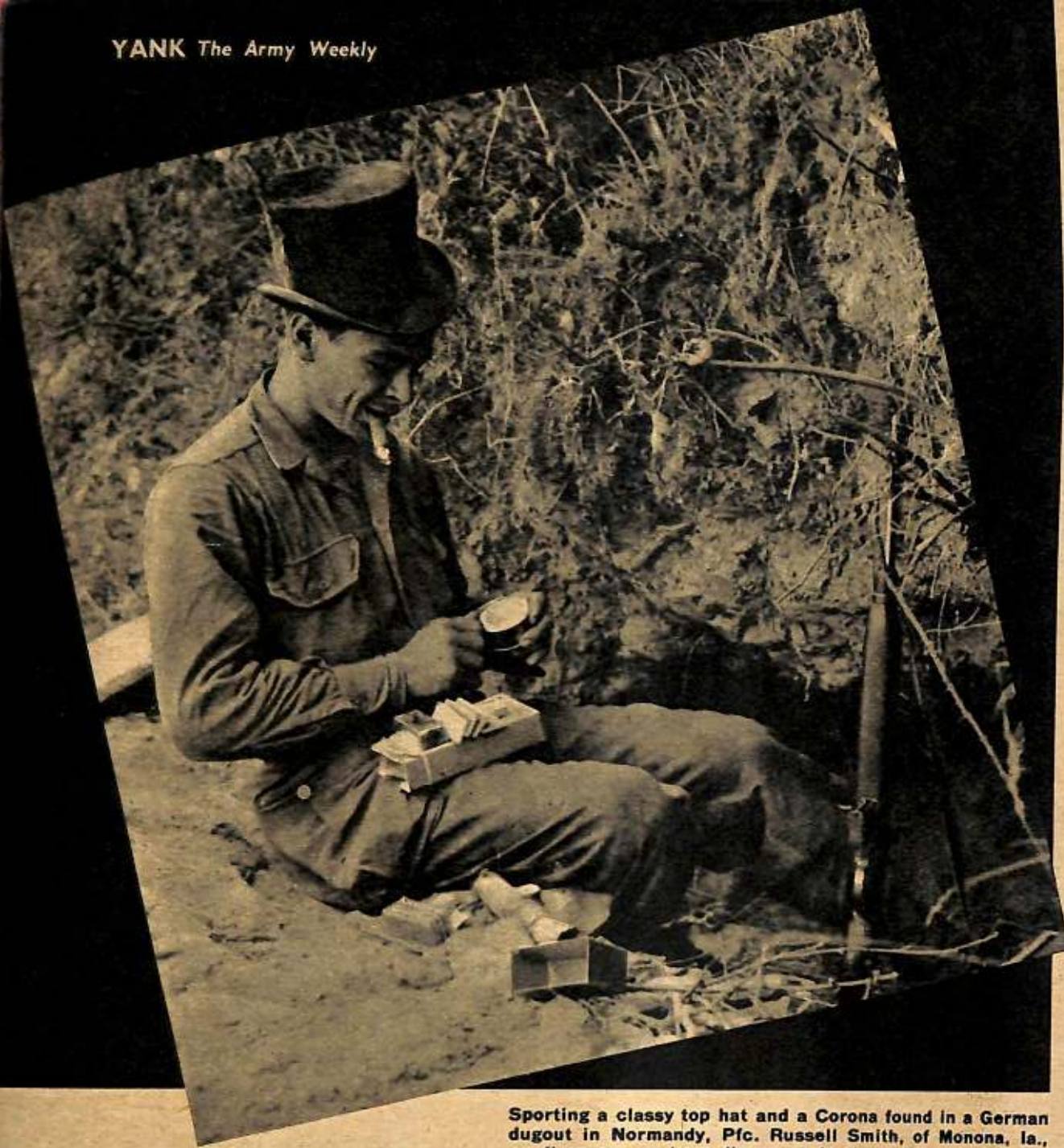


Sporting a classy top hat and a Corona found in a German dugout in Normandy, Pfc. Russell Smith, of Monona, Ia., discovers no hors d'oeuvres in these Army rations.

of business. Monuments, flowers and funerals. Great racket. Lots of business."

"Say, where the hell is Klotz?" somebody asked.

"Guess he's out celebrating his baby," another soldier answered.

That morning, just as his battalion had been ordered to mop up La Haye du Puits, Sgt. Syman Klotz, an assistant squad leader, from Brooklyn, had received a letter announcing the birth of a baby girl to his wife.

"Maybe he's across the street at the wine shop," another soldier suggested.

"Hell, no," the first replied. "There's nothing left in there to celebrate with. He's out looking for more snipers."

Several bursts from German machine pistols were heard just then, followed by rifle fire.

It was now 1430 hours. Lt. Col. Earl Lerette, of Brookline, Mass., and his battalion, had entered the town at 0900 hours and small pockets of German snipers were still offering resistance.

On the way to the battalion command post I stopped inside a building where three soldiers were searching from room to room for snipers. Their names, they said, were: Pfc. Perron Rice, of Dotham, Ala.; Pfc. Claude Shepherd, of Pineville, Ore., and Pfc. Joseph Maex, of Taos, N. Mex.

There were blasts from German 88s, and the mud near the railroad bridge where the shells were hitting flew high above the rubble that once was a town.

"There go the 88s," said Maex. "And there probably goes a couple more dead GIs, I guess. Goddam those Germans."

COLONEL LERETTE, sitting in an old house chair at battalion headquarters, was adjusting a kerosene lamp. Then, when he was through adjusting the lamp he took out his insignia of rank and started to pin them on his shoulders.

"We didn't wear our insignia coming in," said the colonel. "In fact, all the officers came in with full field packs looking the same as the GIs. Those snipers like to pick out the leaders."

Shells from the 88s continued blasting the town. In between these explosions came the comparatively quiet singing of shots from small arms.

"That's the kind of thing we've had all day," said the colonel. "The main German forces moved out but left men planted all over the damn town. It's small stuff they're shooting and they're bad shots—not so hot—but they're a goddam nuisance. We'll just have to keep right on until we clean every last one of them out."

The rifle and small arms fire seemed to get closer to battalion headquarters. "Damn, that's in close," the colonel continued.

"We were out there and watched it twice, sir," said a soldier. "Bullets were hitting the side of the building up high."

"Where do you think he's shooting from?" the colonel asked.

"I think there's some son-ofabitch up in that tall tree, sir," the soldier answered.

Another GI came in.

"Some fellows just said we got the sniper in a tree near the railroad bridge, sir," the soldier said. "The man who shot him said the sniper was lying there with a small pistol in his hand."

"A small pistol, you say?" the colonel asked, interestedly.

"Yes sir, a small pistol. It's supposed to be a damn nice one, too," the soldier said.

"Did they tell you whether the guy who shot the sniper had taken the pistol?" the colonel asked,

"No, sir. I heard that the soldier said the pistol was cocked and so he figured it might have been a booby trap," the soldier said.

"Well, I'd sure like to get that pistol," the colonel said. "But, hell, some GI's got it by now. I guess there's no use going over there. Too bad, because I'd sure like to have one of those small German pistols."

A lieutenant, with a dent in his helmet, looked up. The dent had been caused by a sniper's bullet that morning.

The colonel turned to us. "Which way did you come in?" he asked.

We checked the colonel's map and pointed out the highway.

"Hell!" the colonel exclaimed. "You came in here the wrong way. You'd better go out the way my battalion came in."

As we walked out of the colonel's command post we heard somebody saying:

"There goes a couple of guys that should've been ghosts by now."

## The People in the Town

By Sgt. SAUL LEVITT
YANK Staff Correspondent

LA HAYE DU PUITS—Americans are pushing south, and where the Germans have made a stand there are ghost towns. The men call it "cowboy and Indian fighting," and one young captain calls it a "chicken ——" war, not because it is a small war but because it has been scattered duelling of riflemen and small arms backed up on both sides by artillery lobbing. It takes place in the rolling wooded hill country of the Cherbourg peninsula, along the hedgerows and the back country roads. And even after the direct front fighting moves on, the snipers and the mines remain, and their presence stays oppressively in the atmosphere like poison gas.

In one of the corridors of that southward push through northern France is La Haye du Puits. The fluid line of the "cowboy and Indian war" is now a few miles past this town. But the German guns occasionally lob shells in, and one or two of their planes like to drop over at night to strafe and scatter a few bombs. There are lots of store-front signs and house number plates, but there are no stores and no houses behind all this printing. The groceries, drugs, hardware and draperies announced by the signs are no longer true. La Haye du Puits is a bad check; you simply can't cash in on this town.

Today is sunny as you drive through, going south toward the firing. For the military, however, the sun simply means lots of dust on the roads and better observation for the artillery. A civilian photographer pushes through the rubble of a store and finds an old postcard of the town—the kind of postcard you used to send home from a vacation place with the note, "Wish you were here." It was a pretty little place once, and the photographer thinks that the old postcard will provide quite a contrast to the shot of the town he is going to take now.

The shells of opposing armies are atheists; they have gotten the church here, too. However, the shells have discriminated in favor of the *pissoir* which is still standing in the center of the mountains of rubble and crumbled walls.

Overhead fly the slow-droning, slow-travelling artillery observation planes. Anti-aircraft stuff sud-

These business-like Yanks are briskly moving through the town of St. Jores on the approach to La Haye du Puits. Nazi shells have since blown that

denly goes off sharply and it seems to be right under you. Military traffic pours on and weaving through it are the homecoming French. They keep coming into La Haye du Puits with that special deep tenacity which brings people back home again everywhere. They must say to themselves that in this bingo game of war it is possible that my house is still standing while yours is gone. And after that illusion is broken, then the MPs, together with the Civil Affairs people, midwife the homeless through " channels " into habitations and food.

GI American high school French assaults the native ear everywhere. A big party of people are being moved off to what was once a German Army barracks. They are mostly women and children and a few old men. One of the women assaults a T/5 with a barrage of questions and he comes back very slowly so that you can almost see him figuring out the future tense of the verb *aller*. It seems that the woman's husband is working all day and how will he know where to find her in the evening? It has been arranged, explains the T/5, hitching his rifle uneasily along his shoulder. Then one of the old men asks something about the American operations in this vicinity. Apparently, he wants us to make sure our arms will avoid some spot he regards as especially important. The T/5 explains to monsieur old man that in this matter the monsieur will have to speak to the General. " They think every soldier they see runs the show," says the T/5 cheerfully.

DOWN through the center of this ghost town strolls an MP captain, a highly-intelligent, good-looking young officer from Atlanta named Louis Sohn, Jr., whose eye hasn't missed much in La Haye du Puits. He says: " The French keep coming back here. While the fighting was on, they went off to the countryside. Now they're coming back. This morning there was a whole convoy of them along the side of the road, with kids, donkeys, old women, horses, wagons and wheel-barrows. The thing that got you was this one woman of 35 or so—a little woman—who was acting company commander of the whole deal. Whenever it broke down, or a kid cried, she was there. She urged them and wheedled them and yelled at them. . . . Then there was an old man of 61 who insisted on being taken to his old home in town. Hell, we knew there was nothing left of it, except a couple of walls. When we took him there he just broke down and cried."

The captain said: " Don't get the idea that we're sentimental, but that old man bothered you. Anybody knows that an old man needs a house and a bed more than other people need them—that's all he needs. And then to top it off, this tough, nice little lady who had convoyed them all home, made a little speech to me, thanking the Americans for having liberated her town. It was an act and yet it really wasn't an act if you can see what I mean. All the people cheered when she made the speech. And she knew and I knew that there wasn't much of a town left, but she was thanking the Americans—and she meant it, too.

" The Germans sent over a plane last night that did some strafing and dropped some bombs. It didn't kill anybody, but it's goddam aggravating," the captain said, and he strolled down through the rubble and the dust of his domain, which is the ghost town of La Haye du Puits.

## Moving Beyond the Town

SOUTH OF LA HAYE DU PUITS: When you leave behind the confused, strange web of soldiers, French civilians, bulldozers and rubble of the town, everything becomes simpler. Everything simplifies into the word War, which speaks in the single language of the guns. We move slowly southward now because the action here is a matter of yards of ground. The muddy road is shadowed by big trees and high hedges. The jeep gets into deep ruts and fights out again. Along the ditches you pass the yellow-green wax figures of the German dead awaiting burial. We go through a path into a small clearing. This is the unit CP with the foxholes, slit trenches and the more ambitious dugouts for switchboard and commander. On the edge of the clearing is the medical unit with ambulance, doctors and medics. A matter of hundreds of yards away, perhaps less, are snipers in the surrounding woods. An infantryman is brought in, shot through the leg by a sniper. The face of the infantry hereabouts is watchful, unemotional, flat and tired, but the mention of snipers always brings a quick cursing tide of anger.

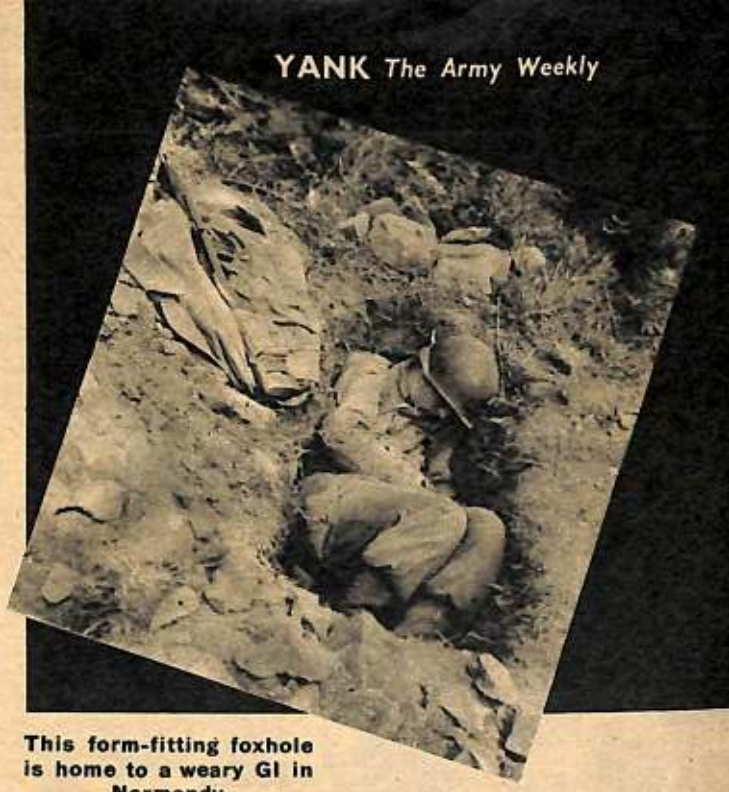
In the middle of the clearing a demolition team of two men, Pfc. Stanley Morgan, of Poughkeepsie, New York, and Pvt. Thomas Bourke, of Baltimore, listen to a captain explain a couple of jobs to them. First, they are to probe for an unexploded 88 shell in the clearing which fell here last night. Then, they are to go forward to the ammunition dump.

Young Morgan is a boy with a fine, thin face. He is fully under control and completely aware of the danger. Bourke, the other half of the team is not quite as articulate, and he lets Morgan take the lead both in operations and in conversation. When the captain is through explaining the jobs to them, Morgan says without the slightest trace of self-pity, " I've got one of the unluckiest jobs in the Army." He gets over to the white taped square on the ground inside and under which is the unexploded shell. He moves toward it in a slow, unhurried stride like a man whose daily job it is to test an electric chair. When he gets over to the white-taped square he gets down on his knees and then stretches out until he's flat on his stomach and then he probes with his fingers for the shell. The dirt comes up in small puffs. Then he and Bourke look down for a moment, straighten up, and Morgan announces sardonically to no one in particular: " OK, gentlemen, it's a dud."

As the demolition team moves out of the clearing, Morgan turns his head and says very gravely to me: " Keep your noggin down."

Two men are brought into the clearing on stretchers. They have been tagged for wounds and identification. They lie in the grass under the hedgerow, covered with blankets—wounded, alive, and quiet. One of them is ours, and the other is a young German of 18, who, before he closes his eyes to rest, announces: " My father is a prisoner of war, too."

The doctor is Captain Abraham Jacob, of Brooklyn, New York, a husky, stocky, calm young man. The German, bandaged and in good shape, but moaning, lies on his stretcher, face turned to the side. He has a pair of big hands that clutch the grass. A soldier standing nearby says: " He ain't hurt that bad, but he's moaning like that because he thinks maybe we're going to kill him." A photographer bends over to take a picture. The German boy stiffens. " Probably thinks he's going to be shot," says the nearby soldier. " One of them Hitler Youth babies—nasty stuff."




**This form-fitting foxhole is home to a weary GI in Normandy.**

Now the captain's fingers work up and down the back of the American very gently, and he says: " You'll be all right, you're not hurt very bad at all." The soldier groans a little but the doctor is not too interested, for the mercy of Army medicine gives priority to the seriousness, not the pain of wounds. The American had been picked up on the road only a little while ago; he had been captured two days before by the Germans after being hit by shrapnel, and their doctors had taken care of him and then, when retreating, had left him lying on the road, so that he might be clearly seen by our advancing troops and picked up. This morning our men had picked up the wounded German—a Panzer SS Grenadier.

A medic came over and held the German's pulse and said: " He's OK." The soldiers around the clearing stared at everything uncritically and without any special emotion, except a flat, constant watchfulness. A stray bullet, perhaps a sniper bullet out of the nearby woods, whined by and everybody nose-dived to the ground. Again there was the cold whiff of anger across all faces. Then the medics got busy again; the K-ration boxes were opened. The slow observation planes were sailing across the sky. And wire chief S/Sgt. Miles D. Wright, a big, slow-talking soldier, from Syracuse, said: " We'll be packing up and moving some time today."

The unit was moving up. Along that strange cowboy and Indian front the push goes on, and the Army along this corridor of Northern France lifts its massive body of men and materiel, and moves on. Tomorrow this will be a quiet empty clearing, a small historic place through which American soldiers in France passed.

Ike and her crew didn't come ashore on D-Day, but when they did they played their part well, protecting a vital air-strip on one side of them and a couple of divisions of infantry on the other; they fought enemy snipers hidden in the hedgerows, captured prisoners, and destroyed an unknown number of enemy aircraft. This is a story of only one ack-ack crew, but it is typical of many others.

**By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON**
**YANK Staff Correspondent**

NORMANDY—Gun Number Three of D Battery was a slim, graceful piece of 90-mm. rapid-firing anti-aircraft mechanism, with an electrical brain so keen and exacting that the men of her crew respectfully called her "Ike," after the Supreme Commander. She was a queen among artillery weapons and looked it. Her 90-mm. shells fired at planes in the air and against tanks, pillboxes or gun emplacements on the ground with crushing authority. Yet there was something delicate and feminine about her, unlike the sturdy sweating, muddy 105 and 155-mm. workhorses at the front.

There was genuine affection between Ike and her crew. They had been together for a long time. Up here, just behind the front, the men never left her night or day, and during their waking hours, spent most of their time ministering to Ike with ramrod, bore brush and some high octane gasoline they had managed to swipe somewhere. Ike, on her part, returned small favors to the men, such as supplying 110 volts of electricity for the radio so that it could be heard during the long, lonely hours of the night.

Ike and her crew came ashore on D plus 3, so they missed out on the 24 hours of genuine glory which came to the ack-ack men on D-Day down on the bloody First Division beach. But they all took justifiable pride in it just the same. On D-Day, two battalions of light ack-ack (40-mm. Bofors guns and .50-calibre single and multiple machine guns) came right in with the infantry. They set up on the beach to fend off the Luftwaffe. But no Luftwaffe came that day. Instead, German 20-mm. guns in pill-boxes on the high ground just behind the beach played havoc with our landing craft, whipping shells into the boats the moment the ramps were lowered. So the 40-mm. ack-ack depressed to zero and went to work on the pillboxes like field artillery. Half of each of the light ack-ack battalions was wiped out, but after a long duel, the pillboxes were wiped out, too. Fewer doughboys died after that, working their way in to the beach.

The enemy's heavier artillery and tank guns further back were still causing considerable damage, however. By that time, two battalions of 90-mm. ack-ack were ashore—slim, delicate, expensive guns like Ike. It was the same as using a fine scalpel to open a can of sardines, but the 90s, too, fired over open sights, engaging their opposite numbers, the German 88s, for the first time in the west. It was a bitter skirmish, but our ack-ack won finally. General Bradley later credited the 90s with breaking up three enemy tank attacks. For many precious hours, the ack-ack was the only artillery we had on the beach. All this time a Brigadier General, commander of the ack-ack brigade, was nothing less than heroic on the beach. His tall, broad-shouldered, white-thatched figure went storming about among the shell-bursts, personally commanding the batteries and urging the infantry forward from the shelf of the beach. Once, he even wandered out up to his armpits in the water—disregarding the mines and obstacles—to jockey in three landing craft loaded with self-propelled guns.

Ike and her crew had no part in all this, but their life hadn't been exactly unexciting since they dug into their picturesque French cow-pasture to protect a vital air strip on their left and a division or two of infantry on their right. The men fought snipers along the hedgerows with carbines and hand grenades. They captured a prisoner. They were strafed and bombed by a Stuka that managed to sneak in over the tops of the apple trees. And Ike fired several hundred rounds at the enemy—60 in a single night—sharing in the destruction of an unknown number of enemy planes, and claiming four for her own.

They went to sleep in the morning when everyone else was getting up; that is, after D plus 9, prior to which they didn't sleep much at all. On D plus 6, they and the other 90s burned Jerry so badly that he didn't come back in strength again. Their working day began at sunset, when the patrolling fighters came home to rest under their protective canopy.

THE sunset of this particular working day for Ike and her crew was a beautiful one.

The sun went down, red and orange, behind the poplars of the hedgerow that sheltered Battery S-2 and S-3 dugout and the deep slit trench of the battalion commander, Lt. Col. Pat Guiney, who

A heavy shell whipped out from under the sandbags and the loader slapped it into the fusecutter and then into the breech. Andrews pulled the trigger, and a tremendous wave of blast stopped our ears and sent us reeling back against the sandbags. Five times the pit became bathed in light, as if a huge neon sign were being turned on and off. Each time, Ike kicked back furiously, like Henry Armstrong bouncing off the ropes in a rally. A cluster of tiny orange specks popped suddenly in one section of the sky.

# GUN NO. 3

once was a better-than-fair basketball forward and Plebe coach at West Point.

Ike's crew carefully removed the camouflage netting and lifted her nose to the sky. The same thing happened to the other 90s and auxiliary light guns of the battery, and in a matter of minutes, the peaceful French pasture was converted into a labyrinth of trenches and dugouts, literally bristling with weapons. A herd of white-faced cattle passed through the field on their way to bed down for the night, and right next to Ike, a handsome, gray, ex-artillery horse left behind by the Germans, kept on grazing.

It grew dark slowly. In the half-light of dusk, the battery's gun mechanic, Sgt. James Sporter, of Georgetown, Louisiana, came over to take one last look at Ike. He carefully inspected her breech mechanism and daubed about with a screwdriver. Then he patted Ike affectionately on the rump.

Ike's gun commander, Sgt. Lewis Siegel, of Brooklyn, came over anxiously. "Anything wrong?" he asked.

"Nope," said Sporter. He grinned and walked away.

But Siegel wasn't convinced. He called for a test. Ike swung round and focused on a Mustang casually passing at 300 miles an hour and at 6,000 feet. Siegel opened the breech and, crouching down, looked straight up the barrel. The Mustang was caught perfectly in a set of cross hairs placed across the muzzle of the gun. The Mustang stayed there.

"Okay," said Siegel.

He closed the breech.

It was dark now. Ike's crew lay stretched out in their slit trenches around the gun. They were listening to their radio. Two members of the crew, Pvt. Loren Christman, of Fresno, California, and Pfc. Lawrence Jappe, of Big Sandy, Montana, were on guard on the gun platform, which was partially underground and ringed solidly with sandbags. Both Christman and Jappe had been ranch hands before the war, and they stood there leaning on the sandbags, professionally studying the sturdy French cattle.

"I wouldn't like to handle them babies at branding time," said Jappe.

"Yep," said Christman, and his attention shifted to the far end of the field. He was looking at the scraggly green apples on the trees, and thinking of the Sacramento Valley at this time of the year.

The BBC had closed down for the night, so the rest of the crew was listening to *Dirty Gertie* on the German's Radio Calais. "You are dying in Normandy by the thousands," said *Dirty Gertie*, "so that the Jews back home can dominate Europe."

"Turn that crap off," said Pfc. Lewis Gappae, who used to be a street car motorman in Denver.

"Leave her alone," said Siegel. "She's only good for five minutes, and then they play music again." Siegel was a quiet, authoritative little guy in his middle thirties, who had kicked around from one job to another in New York. He had a thin moustache, and for a good number of years he had driven a taxi around Flatbush Avenue.

He rolled over and carefully removed a hard lump of earth which had wedged itself between his back and the floor of his slit trench. He looked up at the sky. "Good night for Jerry," he said. Scattered clouds were rolling in over the horizon. There was no moon. Just then, on the horizon, beautiful red tracers arched up from a .50-calibre machine gun. Immediately, the sky was filled with thousands of red tracers and the slower, more deliberate 40-mm. flashes. It was ten times more impressive than any Fourth of July celebration. There was a solid dome of moving red lines all over the sky. "Trigger-happy bastards," said Siegel. "One of them thinks he sees something and starts firing, and all the rest open up." He yawned and turned over on his side. In a few minutes the firing subsided.

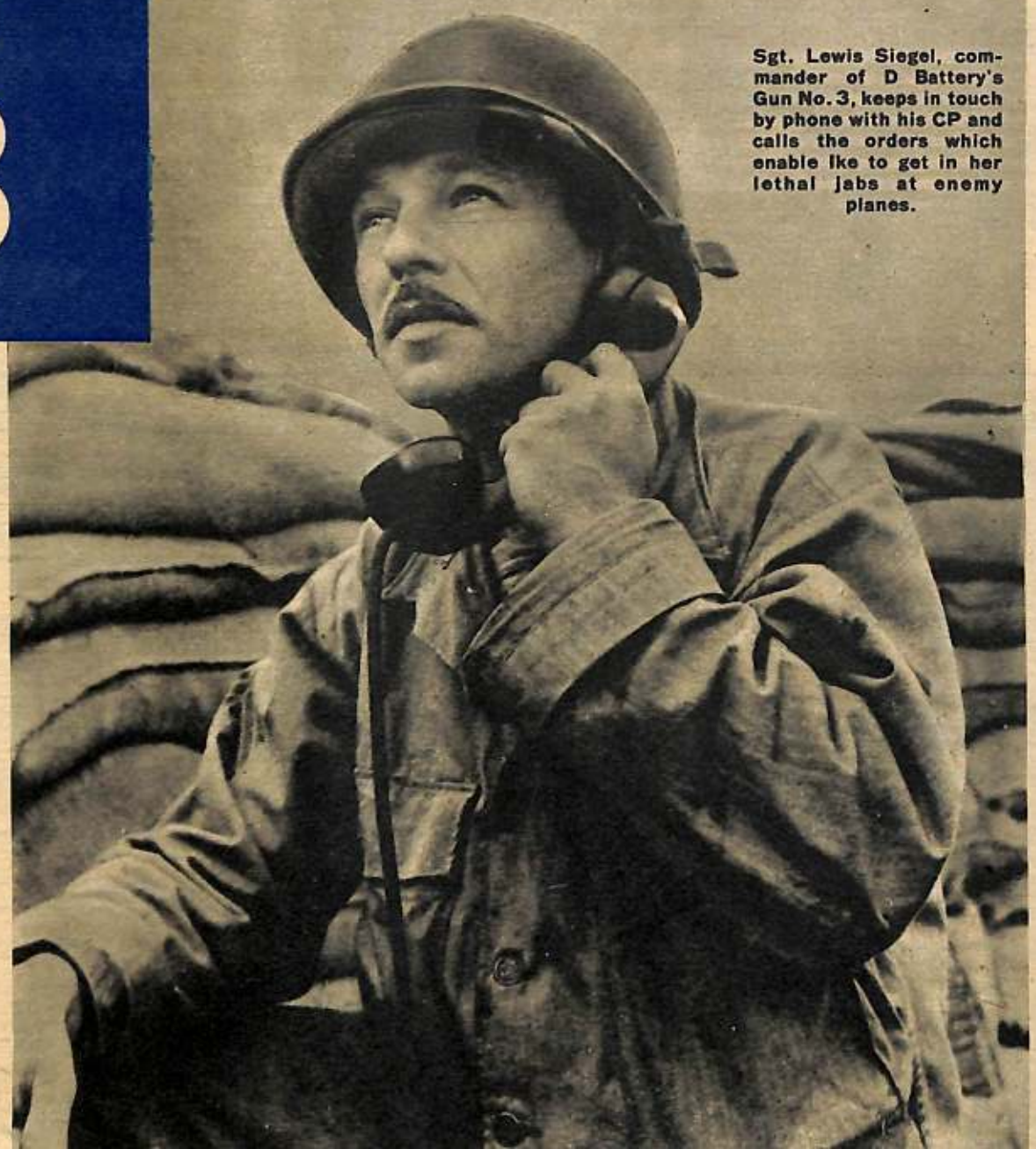
The night wore on. In a computing van, rolled into a dugout scooped out for them by the engineers, T/4 Albert Duschka, of Tecumseh, Nebraska, and Pfc. Reuben Shlafmitz, of New York City, sat at the controls. Over in a corner, under another light, their relief, Cpl. John Werner, of Madison, Wisconsin, was reading a pocket edition of Tolstoy's *War and Peace*.

The battery CP was dark and quiet, but over in the sealed air-conditioned computing van, Col. Guiney was writing a letter to his wife, and Lt. James Spencer, of Weathersfield, Conn., and S/Sgt. Fred Pluhar, of Glasgow, Montana, were dozing. After a while, Pluhar went out and came back with a pot of boiling water he had heated on the exhaust of the generator. We all had coffee, with cheese and jam spread on K-ration biscuits. Then the colonel went out to look over the gun crews.

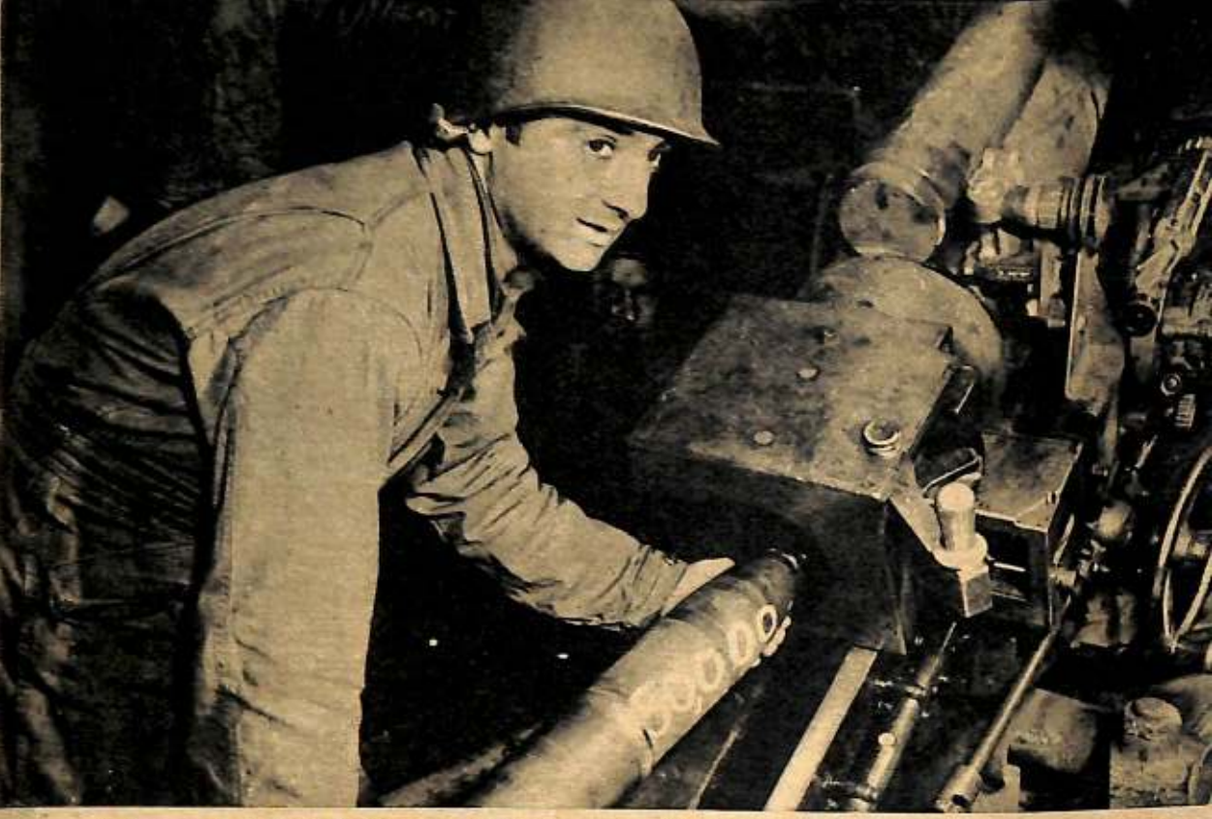
On Gun Number Three, Pfc. George Andrews, of Paso Robles, California, was on guard, with Pfc. Howard Louie, a young Chinese high school boy, from San Francisco. They were arguing quietly about a poker game they had had the day before. Louie was by far the best poker player in the crew.

"If this keeps up," complained Andrews in the darkness of the gun pit, "you'll be owning half the chop suey joints in San Francisco."

Over in the slit trenches, the Jerry radio station had gone off the air, and Pfc. Pete Radonich, of Anaconda, Montana, and Pfc. J. W. Nolan Smith, of Stockton, California, were discussing the relative shortstop merits of Joe Boley and Leo Durocher. Finally, they called on Cpl. Jerry Gardner for a decision. Powerful, 22-year-old Gardner had played



Sgt. Lewis Siegel, commander of D Battery's Gun No. 3, keeps in touch by phone with his CP and calls the orders which enable Ike to get in her lethal jabs at enemy planes.



In France, Pvt. Tony Andenucio, of Pueblo, Colo., who fired one of the first rounds against the Afrika Korps at El Guettar, loads the 50,000th round his unit has sent against the Nazis.

Above, Nazi nurses, captured during Yank advance in Normandy, await repatriation. Below, GI bakers toil in first Army mobile kitchen in Normandy, turning out 27,500 pounds of bread every 24 hours.

## What's the Army Doing to Help

# STATE ABSENTEE VOTING?

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Writer

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Back in November 1940, when he was beginning to sweat out the draft in Des Moines, Iowa, George Smith walked two blocks from his home and voted.

This year Smith is a sergeant in an AA outfit in Calcutta, India, but, if he wants to, the chances are he still can vote in the general election in November. He probably won't even have to walk two blocks.

The WD, through the Coordinator for Soldier Voting, Col. Robert Cutler, is trying to make it as simple as possible for Smith, and every other eligible GI who's interested, to cast a ballot no matter where he's stationed. Many men in actual combat won't, of course, have the time.

But the WD is issuing two soldier-voting manuals, one explaining voting for GIs in the U. S., the other for those overseas; five explanatory posters that will be distributed down to company and battery level and a Walt Disney short on voting for the Army-Navy *Screen Magazine*.

Naturally, neither Smith nor anybody else can vote just because he's in the Army. To cast a state absentee ballot, which a majority of GIs overseas and almost all those stationed in the U. S. will be using, you have to be eligible under the laws of your home state.

Your eligibility will be decided by local election officials back home—on the basis of your age by Nov. 7 (21 for every state except Georgia, where it's only 18), citizenship, place of residence and other factors. For instance, in some Southern states you'll have had to pay your poll tax.

Smith's home state, Iowa, is one of 25 whose governors have already announced that their laws do not authorize the use of the Federal ballot. The others are Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Louisiana, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nevada, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia, Wisconsin and Wyoming.

Some additional states may still approve use of the Federal ballot, but even GIs from states where it is okay can only use it if they fail to receive by Oct. 1 a state absentee ballot for which they applied before Sept. 1.

Here's the way Smith will go about voting by absentee ballot, and his case is fairly typical:

1. First of all, he and every other EM and officer in his outfit soon will be given a regulation post-card application for a state absentee ballot.

Most of these cards—of which the Army has had 31,000,000 printed—should be distributed to everybody in the Army in every theater in the world sometime early in August and in the U. S. before the end of August.

The card simply asks for the information required by law to determine your eligibility—dope like your age, home address, voting district (if you know it), complete military address and ASN.

2. When Smith has filled out the application, he'll have to have some officer or noncom not below the rank of sergeant witness his signature.

3. The next step for Smith is to mail his application back to his secretary of state at the state capital, which, in his case, is Des Moines. Like all other war-ballot material, it will be returned to the U. S. by high-priority air mail.

Since Smith is from a state that doesn't authorize the Federal ballot, he ought to mail the application so that it will get back to Des Moines about the time Iowa starts sending out its state ballots. In Iowa's case that's Sept. 13. The dates for other states can be found by a glance at WD Soldier Voting Poster 2, which very shortly will be posted on your company or battery bulletin board or perhaps simply tacked on a nearby tree.

Sending the application so that its arrival is as near that date as possible cuts down the risk of delay because of a change of station between the time the application is submitted and the time the ballot is mailed.

4. After Smith receives his ballot, also by high-priority air mail, he should mark it and mail it back to Des Moines immediately. Even though it's sent from Calcutta, it's almost certain to get back to Des Moines in time to be counted—because it will be returned to the U. S. by high-priority air mail.

Thus Smith has voted.

In general, the procedure Smith followed will be the same for most registered GIs casting state absentee ballots. Dates and details may vary, and again they can be checked by studying Soldier Voting Poster 2.

GIs from Washington, D. C., like District of Columbia civilians, are unable to vote either in person or by absentee ballot. In New Mexico and Kentucky, cases are pending to determine whether state absentee ballots are okay. When these cases are decided, the WD will let you know the results—All the other 46 states provide absentee ballots.

OF course, the chances are that a lot of GIs won't know whether they're eligible to vote by absentee ballot or even whether they're registered back home.

In 36 states, simply sending in an application or voting a ballot is enough for registration. However, you have to take an extra step if you are not registered and are from one of the following 12 states: Alabama, Arizona, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, Montana New Jersey, South Carolina and West Virginia.

If you're from one of these states and don't know whether you're registered or have any other doubt about your eligibility to vote, write a V-Mail letter to the secretary of state in the state capital, or to your local election official—if you know who he is. List your full name, serial number, military unit and APO. Then, in the message blank, write a couple of paragraphs like these:

"I am a citizen of the U. S. For ——— years preceding the general election of November 1944 my home residence has been in the state of ———. For ——— years preceding such election my home residence has been in the city, town or village of ———, in the county of ———, at (street and number, if any, or rural route). My voting district to the best of my knowledge is ———.

"I want to know if I'm eligible to vote by state absentee ballot in the November election and, if not, whether I can become eligible and how."

The time between the day you read this and the election will be short. So it's best to get this V-Mail written and sent as soon as possible.

GIs who are still in doubt as to what exactly they should do to vote—and a lot of us will be—should get in touch with the Soldier Voting officers of their outfits. One will be appointed for every military organization down to company and battery level.

In addition, the WD posters will answer a lot of questions that will be cropping up. If you don't see the posters, ask the Soldier Voting officer where they are. The first should be available now, and the second very shortly.

The first poster just outlines general information on voting.

The second poster contains specific dope on requirements for voting by state absentee ballot in the different states.

The third poster is a huge map of the U. S. showing every Congressional district in the country and is designed to help men from states that authorize use of the Federal ballot, who—like most of us—aren't sure what district they're from.

The fourth poster lists, in addition to the Presidential and Vice Presidential candidates, the senatorial and congressional nominees in states whose laws allow the Federal ballot to be used (giving their names, addresses, party affiliations and the offices for which they've been nominated). As of right now, the governors of 15 states have certified that use of the Federal ballot is okay under their laws: California, Connecticut, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, North Carolina, Oklahoma, Oregon, Rhode Island, Utah, Washington and Vermont.

If others are added to the list, they will be announced by the WD.

The fifth poster outlines just what GIs who are eligible to use the Federal ballot must do.

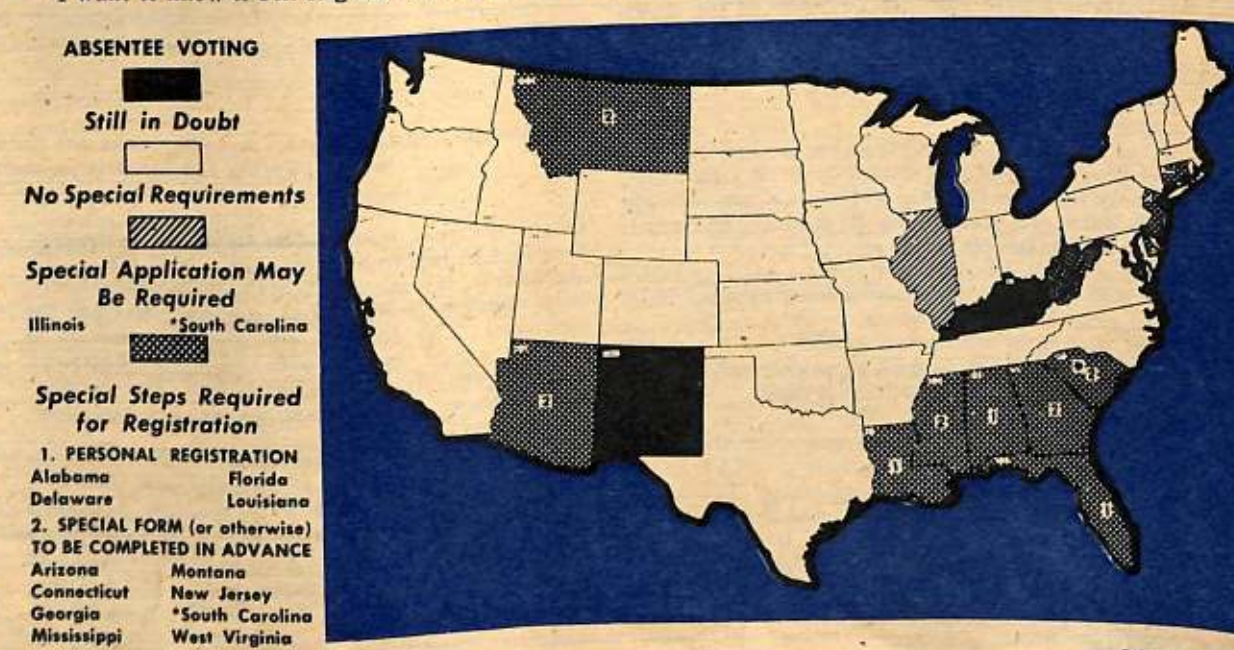
But remember that even if you live in a state that recognizes the Federal ballot you won't be able to get one unless you have applied for a state absentee ballot before Sept. 1 and have not received it by Oct. 1.

In any case, use of Federal ballots won't begin until October, and YANK in a later issue will publish detailed information about them.

WHETHER you vote by Federal ballot or by state absentee ballot, secrecy is a fundamental principle of a free election. That means you ought to mark your ballot so that no one else can see how you vote.

Nobody will try to influence the way you vote. Nobody will march you to a polls. The WD policy is strict impartiality toward the election. If you're eligible and want to vote—okay, go ahead.

An American soldier is an American citizen.



## Rangers at Work

ABOARD THE U.S.S. TEXAS (delayed)—These 238 men, with U.S. Navy and British liaison officers, belonged to companies of a Ranger Battalion. They went in under cover of our guns, they asked for and got our shells on Germans rushing up to counterattack, and they sent back to us—a mile off the beachhead—their first batches of prisoners, their first wounded and dying, and some of their dead. It was from several of the Rangers with lesser wounds that we heard the story of their first 34 hours in France.

At two hours before H-hour, some 10 or 12 miles out in the Channel, the Rangers' big transport dropped them and their small landing craft into the dark, rough sea. From there they began their trek towards a section of the fortified German coast, a replica of which they had been studying for weeks. Its center was Pont du Hoe, a bold point on the coastline. Below the 100-foot reddish-brown cliffs was a 30-yard beach. Ten feet from the cliff tops, at a break in the nose of the point, was a German observation post.

The battle-plan was all down in black and white, and clearer than that in the mind of each Ranger. With the aid of gunfire from the *Texas* and other naval units to pin down and neutralize the enemy for 36 of the 40 minutes before they landed, the Rangers were to swarm over the beach and up the towering cliffs within half an hour. Then they were to fan out and take a series of strong points extending 1,200 yards inland, centered on casemated six-inch guns and including pill-boxes, machinegun nests, mortars, snipers in trees and farmhouses, and a well-connected system of trenches and tunnels.

They would not have to finish the job alone. Within a few hours after H-hour they were to have reinforcements coming in from both flanks—three more of their own companies, another whole Ranger battalion, a full regiment of infantry.

But nothing worked out that way.

The *Texas* opened up on schedule with its 14-inch guns, its shells roaring over the men in the tiny landing craft. A matter-of-fact Englishman, high up in a Spitfire, reported hit after hit on the observation post, on the six-inch battery, on the area. But the landing craft landed the Rangers minutes late, a fact which cost lives.

The *Texas* and other ships lifted their barrage, as scheduled, four minutes before H-hour, and shifted to targets inland. Had the Rangers landed then, at 0630, they would have found that most of the Germans had retreated 1,000 or more yards inland, and that the rest, dazed by the terrific blasts of our 1,500-pound shells, were cowering in their tunnels and dugouts—a fact confirmed later by German prisoners.

But as the long hushed minutes passed, following the lifting of our barrage, the Germans crept back to the cliff's edge. What they saw brought more of them, not with big guns, but with machineguns, mortars, rifles, and grenades. For the landing craft carrying the Rangers had headed in towards a different beach, almost two miles to the east, where other and larger Army forces were landing.

Finally the Rangers' craft turned up the coast toward their proper destination. They came in through a crossfire of machineguns, rifles, and mortars. Two went under—sunk or swamped. Men in various craft were wounded.

The Rangers hit the beach running. Some fell on the beach, mortally hurt; others fired their grapnels over the cliff-tops and began racing up their rope ladders.

Germans on the cliff-tops cut some of the ropes, tumbling Rangers down to the beach; other Germans dropped hand grenades. A Ranger platoon in reserve on the beach picked off some of the Nazis. A close-in destroyer, the *Satterlee*, swept the cliff-top with its 40-millimetre guns.

The Rangers fanned out from the base of the point and tried their grapnels farther down on either side. Some of them reached the top this time, among them their leader, Lt. Col. James E. Rudder, and great, burly S/Sgt. Joseph J. Cleeves.

Sgt. Cleeves hurled his supply of hand grenades at a trio of Germans, helped himself to some more from a convenient Nazi stack, and ran on throwing them, as bullets whizzed past him from his flank. An anti-personnel mine finally stopped him, but the *Texas* doctors say his condition is good.

OTHER Rangers were swarming over the cliffs. Some died as they reached the top and fell to the beach below, where the doctor, Capt. Walter E. Block, of Chicago, was already at work.

In 20 minutes from the time the Rangers hit the beach, they had a foothold on the cliffs—a foothold 200 yards long, maybe, and 100 yards inland. They fought on from there. The Germans on the cliff-tops had to run from them, but only to the nearest shellholes. It was a battle of the shellholes for hours, with numbers, terrain, and equipment favoring the Germans. The Rangers had lost their mortars in the sea; they fought with rifles and bayonets, machineguns, knives, and grenades. The Germans had all these, plus mortars and flanking and cross-fire snipers.

The bazooka man of the Rangers threw aside his heavy weapon, changed to grenades, and then to a German rifle. He was a 20-year-old, blue-eyed sergeant, a tow-haired little former machinist from New Jersey. He was wounded in the same shellhole where a wispy-haired, rugged Pfc., an ex-farmer from West Virginia, got his. The Pfc. is 29, an old man for the Rangers, most of whom are 20 to 24. The sergeant was slowly advancing from one crater to another, combining rifle and machine-gun fire and grenades with crawling and bayonet-rushing, when German machineguns suddenly pinned the two men down. Then a German mortar landed one squarely in their crater.

Each was deafened, dazed, silent for some seconds. The sergeant could feel that his left leg and foot were numb with mortar fragments. The Pfc., realizing that blood was pouring out of his right arm, ignored some cuts on his head and neck, and clasped his left hand tightly above the cut artery. Each turned to ask how the other was.

The German mortar and machinegun swung to

Peasant cart makes a control tower from which Sgt. Charles Kautz (left) and Sgt. Francis Boone direct traffic on a 9th AAF landing strip in France.

# Yanks in the ETO

It's an old English custom but the Yanks are catching on, as the Joe at left is ably demonstrating while pouring tea for British medics who are shipping for France.

GI MP gives a helping hand where it'll do the most good to a German prisoner who is being loaded into a truck at Cherbourg.

German-born and AWOL from the Nazi army, M/Sgt. Ted Henning, of Newark, N.J., cleans an enemy pistol he took near Cherbourg.

Members of a Negro ack-ack unit in Normandy seem to relish special Fourth of July chow.

shellhole to shellhole back to Dr. Block's dressing station, now in a hole near the clifftop. The morning had turned to a bright sunny afternoon, and the green trees and meadows beyond the shell-torn battlefield made it all seem very unreal. "We'd been in there for hours," said the Pfc., back on the *Texas*, "but it seemed like ten minutes. Then every now and then, that afternoon and that night, ten minutes would seem like a month."

The afternoon battle wore on. No more Rangers appeared, no regiment of infantry. No information; nothing but a terse "Sorry, boys," in answer to walkie-talkie pleas. There was a big war going on everywhere, and this dwindling band was alone in a tiny pocket of it.

Off on the left flank the reserve platoon, long since called from the beach to fill a growing gap, was methodically trying to close in on a nest of Germans in an old farmhouse where the spotter for the troublesome mortar was working.

THE difficulties here were typical of the whole area. Deep tunnels connected a hedgehog formation of German forts, sunk into the earth, with 10-foot-high, steel-and-concrete tops. The *Texas*' 14-inch shells had blasted these, and the Germans' big guns were gone, but the shattered walls, the tunnels, and the ziz-zag system of inter-connecting trenches gave the Nazis every opportunity for the kind of warfare they like.

Presently, from the tip of a bayonet, the Germans flew the white flag of surrender. The Rangers had been warned against such tricks and everyone lay low for a minute, waiting for the Germans to come out. Then, however, two of the Rangers became impatient and rose to go and get the prisoners. Rifles cracked. The first Ranger fell with a bullet through his head; the second slumped back into his shellhole with a shoulder wound.

"This sort of thing made us madder than we had been," said Lt. James R. McCullers, a 30-year-old alumnus of Columbia University, who comes from Columbus, Ga. "We finally got that house, and when we cleaned it out I mean we really cleaned it out."

Later that afternoon, McCullers was wounded by mortar fragments in the face, neck, and hands, but he managed to sweat it out in action until he was evacuated late on the afternoon of the second day.

When night approached, Col. Rudder pulled back his scattered men to form a tight defense zone around the shellholes near the cliff-tops. Men with less serious wounds guarded prisoners and stood ready to defend the pits where the badly wounded and dying lay. The doctor and his medics were busy throughout the night. Guards snatched moments of sleep, while others stood watch for them, but none of the Rangers slept much during those five hours of darkness. Weary and dirty, most of them were blood-stained and all of them were hungry. They'd had one issue of D-rations in the past 24 hours

But the Rangers didn't have much time to worry about hunger. Their patrols went out and came back from time to time with more wounded. Some did not return. In the craters where the wounded were lying a man would die and no one would know it for a time. "It does things to you," said Lt. McCullers, "to be talking with your buddies in a shellhole, and everyone is just wisecracking about what a hell of a hole we're in, and you turn to one who hasn't talked for a little while and ask him for a cigarette, and he doesn't answer, and you feel him then and find he's died."

Twice that night the Germans counterattacked in force, and twice the Rangers drove them back. A patrol of two Nazis, slithering into the wrong shellhole, met quick death from the knife of a single Ranger.

"They are not such very perfect soldiers," McCullers said simply. "If they were, they would have driven us out that night. We were badly outnumbered, we were in a constricted position where their mortars were of great use to them, and we had no mortars. But we were fighting back. After two attempts, the Germans couldn't quite face what it would cost them to clear us off those cliffs. That's why they lost."

At dawn the Rangers struck back. The living were angrier now, because of their dead and because of their own wounds, but they were better soldiers, too—more cool and cautious. "The only fault with our men, and it's rather a good fault," said McCullers, "is their impatience. They're just a bit too eager to keep moving. It takes experience to convince them that the shortest distance between two points, if they want to keep on killing Germans, is not always a straight line.

"The Germans, God damn them, are patient professionals. They'll hold their fire and sit tight for half the day, and let many a surefire shot at an American pass, so they can sweep a raft of us with surprise fire from the flank or rear later. Our boys will probably never be that patient, but they're getting on."

They got on well that second day. They retook the craters they'd fallen back from for the night, and proceeded to take more—more craters, more trenches, more tunnels, more nests behind the ruins of the fortifications. Col. Rudder was running the show despite a flesh-wound through his leg. "I guess," mused a sergeant later, "I guess every one of us up there must have averaged two or three dead Germans each. Some were luckier."

By 1700 of the second day, the Rangers had accomplished their mission. They were 1,200 yards inland, and they had all of Pont du Hoe—its casemates and pill-boxes, its trenches and woods, its dead Germans and scores of living ones. The Rangers were a few hours late, as far as the paper plans went, but they had done the job alone, and the War Department probably won't hold anything against them.

THE Rangers had plenty of their own dead and wounded. In the last bloody hours on Pont du Hoe they were fighting with only a portion of their original 238. The number of Ranger dead was hard to figure; in one row alone, beside the cliffs, lay 18 dead EMs and six dead officers. No one knew how many lay on the beaches below or spread out over the battleground.

And more died on the little LCVPs that at last answered the colonel's call and came in to take off the wounded and prisoners. The colonel, despite his wound and still not in contact with his "reinforcements," struck off inland with the remnant of his Rangers. There were plenty more Germans in Europe to be killed.

It is now three days since I began putting this story down. Today I got ashore to study the effects of naval gunfire along the beaches, and I spent hours on bloody Pont du Hoe. The Rangers had described it well. It was all as they said it was, except that the towering cliffs seemed sheerer and the shell-craters and the blasts in the concrete walls larger.

Here by this shattered farmhouse is a Ranger who obviously got it while charging in. He is still gripping his rifle. And here, near this crater, in another—you can see that a grenade stopped him. The look of surprise and pain is frozen on his face, which is not even scratched. The German in the shallow ditch is rigid, too. He has fallen over backwards, but he still holds a grenade in his right hand, and his left is still reaching over to pull the pin. His face is blackening rapidly, and there is no telling what hit him. Most of the dead Germans fell backward, and now their faces stare vacantly up at the hot sun, while most of the dead Rangers fell forward and are lying face down or with their faces to one side. That's the way it is, of course, with those who are charging forward. And that other way is how it is with those who aren't going anywhere, but just waiting there and getting it there.

I got to the cliff-top, where the doctor had worked, and looked over the sheer 100-foot drop to the rocky beach. Ten feet below, dug into the side of the cliff, were the concrete walls of the machinegun nest which had commanded the ledge the Rangers first tried to take. And there, still on that ledge 90 feet above the beach, was perhaps the first Ranger up and over the top. They got him, but it was very likely his grenade that smashed the machinegun nest to let his comrades pass on over him and continue the fight.

He was young and blond, and on the back of his green jacket were stencilled two words—"OHIO," in large letters, and "Bill," in small ones.

—By a YANK Marine Corps Correspondent

"... AND WE SHOULD DO IT THIS SUMMER ... FOR SOON WE SHALL HAVE TO CONTEND WITH THE ADVERSE WEATHER CONDITIONS OF WINTER ..."
—Pvt. Tom Flannery

**1.** One member of the patrol has just made his dash across the hot spot, aided by the covering fire of the GIs first across. Another soldier waits.

**2.** The five infantrymen who have already crossed the gap hold their rifles ready for covering fire. The waiting soldier lifts his head to scout.

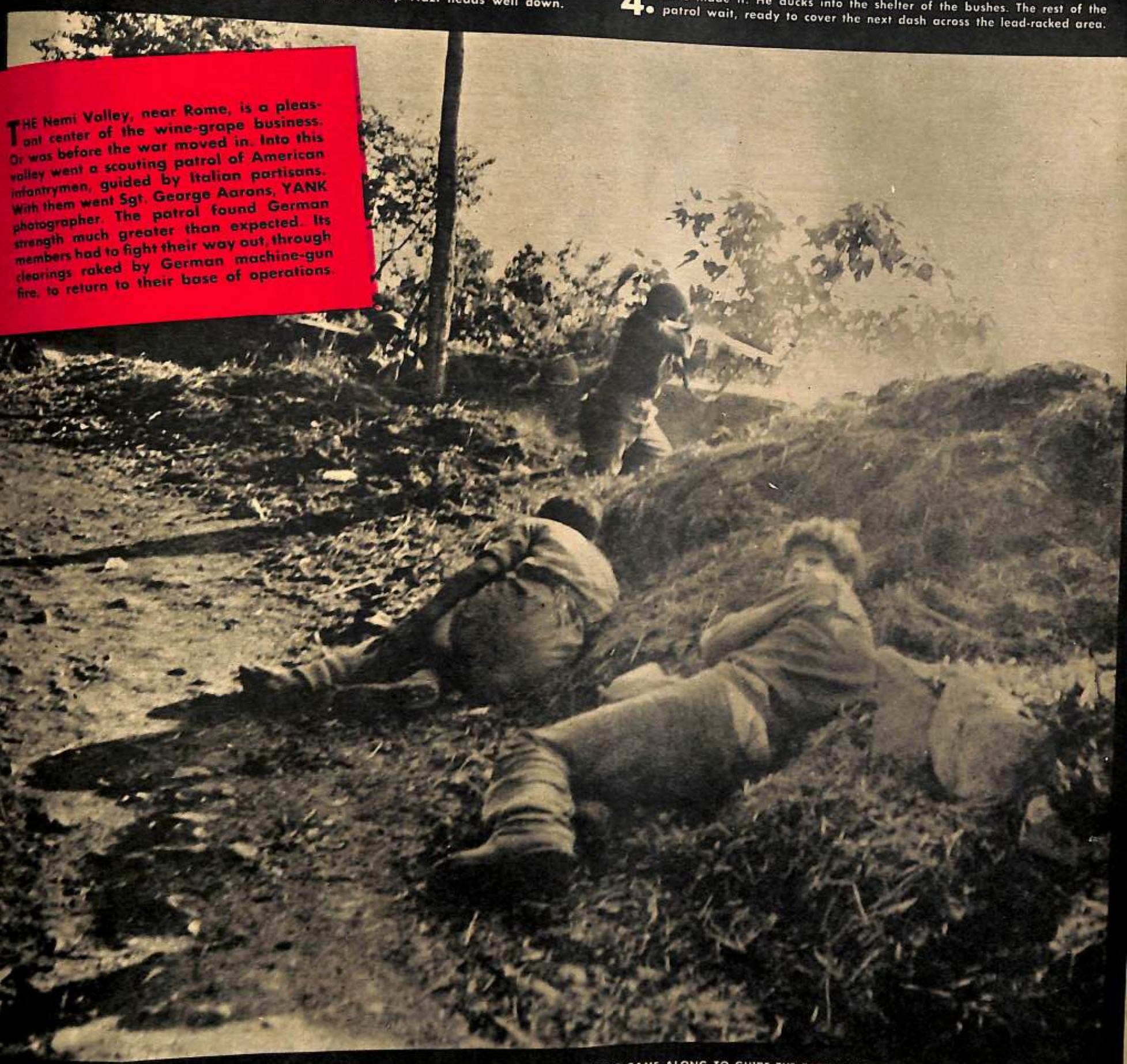
# HOT SPOT

NOW, PROTECTED BY A STONE WALL WELL UP THE HILLSIDE, IT'S THE PATROL'S TURN TO DISH IT OUT. THE TWO INFANTRY

**3.** The way is as clear as it will ever be, and the crouching dogface makes a break for it. The other GIs open fire to keep Nazi heads well down.

**4.** He's made it. He ducks into the shelter of the bushes. The rest of the patrol wait, ready to cover the next dash across the lead-racked area.

THE Nemi Valley, near Rome, is a pleasant center of the wine-grape business. Or was before the war moved in. Into this valley went a scouting patrol of American infantrymen, guided by Italian partisans. With them went Sgt. George Aarons, YANK photographer. The patrol found German strength much greater than expected. Its members had to fight their way out, through clearings raked by German machine-gun fire, to return to their base of operations.



ITALIAN PARTISANS LIE LOW BEHIND A PILE OF DEBRIS. THE ITALIANS CAME ALONG TO GUIDE THE PATROL TO THE CONCEALED GERMAN POSI

Who's this guy Sidney R. Fleisher who, according to the Treasury Department, knocked down $645,000 last year and thus became the highest salaried individual in the States? That's what everybody back home was asking last week when the annual list of big-moneymakers was released in Washington. That also was what Fleisher's son, Cpl. Robert Fleisher, stationed in Rome, was asking, seeing as how he had just sent home some of the $79.20 he makes a month to help his dad "ease the strain of the high cost of living."

It also, in a way, was what the elder Fleisher himself was wondering as he read the news while on his way to the dentist's from the West End Avenue apartment where he lives with his wife in New York City. He began to realize what he was in for when, as he settled back in the dentist's chair, a couple of quarters slid out of his pocket and fell to the floor. The dentist just kicked the coins aside, saying he guessed his patient didn't need to bother about small change any more.

A national celebrity overnight, Fleisher, who is a theatrical attorney and owns a modest nine-acre farm in Brewster, N.Y., begged to explain that it was all a sad mistake. True, he said, he did receive checks totalling $645,000 from the Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corp.—as a matter of fact, he received $1,820,000 in all from eight film companies—"but not a nickel of it stuck to my hands." He said that, as a representative of the Dramatists' Guild, he gets $15,000 a year to negotiate the sale of picture rights to Broadway plays. When Hollywood pays off on these deals, Fleisher collects the cash involved, but turns it all over to the authors and producers of the plays purchased. "It doesn't stay in my bank account long enough to get warm," Fleisher added.

With Fleisher thus placing himself reluctantly but firmly out of the picture, some of the year-in-year-out big-money boys moved up to their accustomed positions at and near the top. Eugene C. Grace, president of Bethlehem Steel, led the list with $537,000; Thomas J. Watson, head of International Business Machines, came in second with $425,000; and John B. Hawley, Jr., of Northern Ordnance of Minnesota, was third with $400,000.

Claudette Colbert led the lucre-lavish Hollywood set with an income of $360,000. And here are some of the runners-up: Fred MacMurray, $347,000; Bing Crosby, $336,000; Gary Cooper, $247,000; Ginger Rogers, $245,000; Bette Davis $220,000; Don Ameche, $194,000; Errol Flynn, $175,000; Bob Hope, $148,000; Ida Lupino, $142,000; Dorothy Kaumeyer (just call her Lamour), $127,000; Jack Benny, $125,000; Victor Moore, $103,000; Sonja Henie, $100,000; Frederic March, $100,000; Cary Grant, $100,000; Betty Grable, $92,000; Joel McCrea, $90,000; Ann Sheridan, $82,000; and Olivia De Havilland, $79,000.

Okay, let's get down to earth again.

Franklin D. Roosevelt for President, and Senator Harry S. Truman, of Missouri, for Vice President, or Governor Thomas E. Dewey, of New York, for President, and Governor John W. Bricker, of Ohio, for Vice President. That's your choice, chum, assuming you're casting your vote for the candidates of one of the two major parties in the election next November.

Just about a month after the Republicans had met in the Chicago Stadium to name Dewey and Bricker, the Democrats gathered in the same place last week and picked Roosevelt, as expected, but turned thumbs down on Vice-President Henry A. Wallace and chose Truman instead as the President's running mate. The only excitement at the Democratic Convention was over the choice of a vice-presidential candidate and the wording of a plank in the party's platform aimed at doing away with discrimination against Negroes.

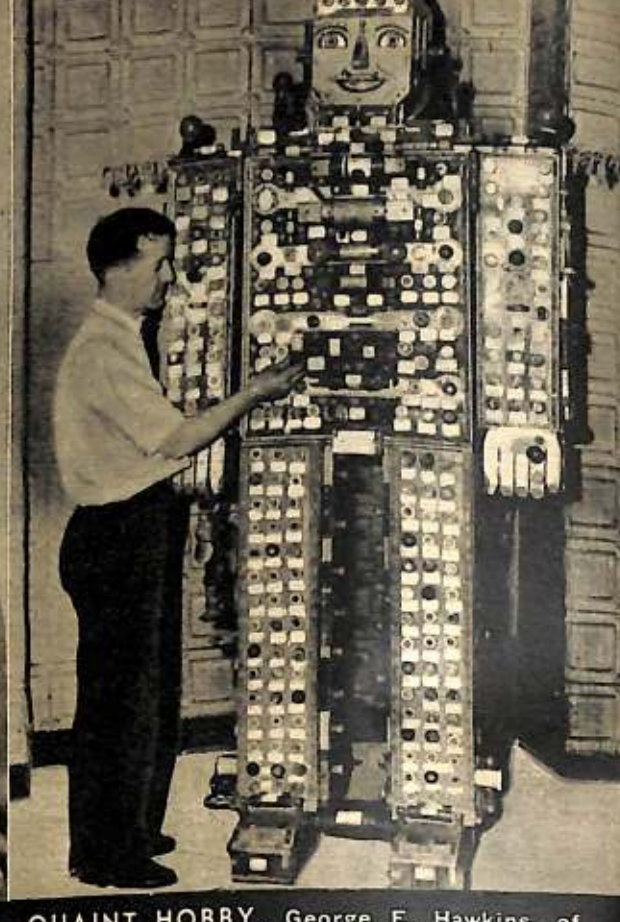
It was relatively cool in Chicago compared to the 100-degree heat which wilted the Republicans when they met in that city, but even so, sweat dripped from the chin of Robert S. Kerr, the white-haired, towering, 250-pound Governor of Oklahoma, who, wearing a broad-brimmed sombrero, delivered the keynote address. In his speech, Kerr took occasion to reply to Dewey's reference to the

**AFTER THE BATTLE.** A long way from the fighting fronts on which they were captured, these PWs work on a railroad viaduct down near Fort McClellan, Ala.

**NIGHT FIGHTER.** Rear view of the new U.S. Army Black Widow, now ready for battle and reported to be the world's largest, most powerful pursuit plane.

**GENERAL'S SON.** Cadet John S. D. Eisenhower, shown with his mother as he graduated from West Point on D-Day.

**SMOKES, NOT BULLETS.** Chicago miss models raincoats with cigarettes where Russian fighters carry cartridges.



**QUAINT HOBBY.** George E. Hawkins, of Brooklyn, N.Y., collects blown-out fuses—don't ask us why.

William F. Halsey, General Douglas MacArthur, Admiral Ernest J. King, and General George C. Marshall—who are 59, 61, 64, 65 and 63, respectively—Kerr asked whether they should be "discarded," and then went on to say: "No, Mr. Dewey, we are winning this war with these 'tired old men,' including the 62-year-old Roosevelt as their Commander-in-Chief. What diplomatic or military experience have you had that justifies you or us in believing that you can handle the most difficult and important responsibilities and duties ever placed upon the shoulders of any American?"

WHEN it came to the voting, it was Roosevelt hands down. Only his name and that of Senator Harry F. Byrd, of Virginia, were placed in nomination and the delegates chose the former by a margin of 1,086 to 87. Although not formally nominated, James A. Farley, of New York, former chairman of the Democratic National Committee, got one vote and subsequently announced he would support Roosevelt despite his opposition to a fourth term. The President was nominated by Senator Alben W. Barkley, of Kentucky, who six months ago had quite a squabble with Roosevelt over the latter's veto of a tax measure, a fact which he indirectly acknowledged.

"It is one thing," said Barkley, "to differ from a friend. It is quite another thing to discard or seem to discard leadership unsurpassed, if ever equalled, in the annals of American history, or to repudiate a record of achievement in national and international affairs so amazing and successful that his friends proclaim it and his enemies dare not threaten it with destruction."

A telegram was speedily despatched to Roosevelt, notifying him of his nomination, and he accepted in a radio address, incidentally letting the public in on where he had been since secretly leaving the White House a week earlier. The President spoke from a special train at a naval base on the Pacific Coast, a train made up of Baltimore & Ohio cars which had made a leisurely six-day trip across the continent, averaging 35 miles an hour. The name of the B & O on the sides of the cars had been painted out, but even so some people got to wondering. For one thing, a trainman in Chicago, with quite an eye for dogs, claimed to have recognized the President's famous Scotty, Fala, being exercised on a station platform. For another, a GI with quite an eye for public officials, said he recognized Elmer Davis, head of the Office of War Information and one of the President's travelling companions, strolling beside the special train on one of its stops across the country.

In the course of his acceptance speech, the President said: "It seems wholly likely that within the next four years our armed forces and those of our allies will have gained complete victory over Germany and Japan, sooner or later, and that the world once more will be at peace, under a system, we hope, that will prevent a new world war. In any event, whenever that time comes, new hands will then have full opportunity to realize the ideals which we seek."

Roosevelt said that he wouldn't campaign, "in the usual sense, for the office," explaining that "in these days of tragic sorrow, I do not consider it fitting." He added: "And besides, in these days of global warfare, I shall not be able to find the time. I shall, however, feel free to report to the people facts about matters that concern them and especially to correct any misrepresentations."

The job ahead for 1944, said the President, involves winning the war rapidly and overpoweringly, forming an international organization to arrange for the use of the armed forces of the sovereign nations of the world to make another war impossible within the foreseeable future, and to build an economy which will provide work and a decent standard of living for returning veterans and all Americans.

"The people of the United States," continued the President, "will decide this fall whether they wish to turn over this 1944 job, this world-wide job, to inexperienced or immature hands, to those who opposed lease-lend and international cooperation against the forces of aggression and tyranny until they could read the polls of popular sentiment, or whether they wish to leave it to those who saw danger from abroad, who met it head on, and who have now seized the offensive and carried the war to its present stages of success, to those who, by international conferences and united actions, have begun to build that common understanding and cooperative experience which will be so necessary in the world to come."

The voters, Roosevelt went on, will also decide "whether they will entrust the task of postwar reconversion to those who offered the veterans of the last war breadlines and apple-selling and who finally led the American people down to the abyss of 1932, or whether they will leave it to those who rescued American business and finance and labor in 1933 and who have already planned and put through much legislation to help our veterans resume their normal occupations in a well-ordered reconversion process."

The President explained that he was at the West Coast naval base "in performance of my duties under the Constitution," but his choice of this locale for delivering his acceptance speech didn't go down so well with Herbert Brownell, Jr., Republican National Chairman, who said in New York: "The American people will deeply resent his effort to exploit the armed forces of the United States by using a naval base for a partisan speech to a political convention."

Other opponents of the President attacked what they called his "pose" of being too busy with the war to pay any attention to a national election, and Marquis W. Childs, a columnist who is friendly towards the Roosevelt administration, had this to say: "War or no war, running a national campaign takes some attention from the candidate. Events in the campaign may compel the President to come down off Mt. Olympus."

Wallace made out all right in the first ballot for a vice-presidential candidate, polling 429½ votes against the 319½ chalked up for Truman. The second ballot, though, did the trick for Truman, who came through with 1,031 votes against a mere 105 for Wallace. Roosevelt, in a couple of letters to the convention, had previously endorsed Wallace and had then declared his willingness to accept Truman as a running mate.

A veteran of the first World War, Truman was commissioned a lieutenant in France, commanded Battery D of the 129th Field Artillery, served at the front in the battles of St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne, and was a major when he was discharged in 1919. Generally regarded as a moderate liberal, he gained prominence in the Senate for leading investigations of waste in war contracts. Truman was acceptable to anti-Roosevelt southern delegates and to the anti-Wallace bosses of Democratic machines in the big cities. His nomination and the defeat of Wallace were widely interpreted as a check to the CIO and to militant New Dealers.

The CIO, under the leadership of Sidney Hillman, head of the clothing workers' union, and chairman of the CIO's political-action committee, had backed Wallace, but endorsed Truman after his nomination. Frank R. Kent, political writer for the Baltimore *Sun*, reported that Hillman exerted "more influence than any other individual" at the convention, and Mark Sullivan, veteran journalistic champion of the GOP, interpreted the political rise of the CIO as marking the beginning of an American labor party, similar to England's.

The Democrats had little trouble in drafting the international plank in their platform, calling for an "international organization based on the principle of sovereign equality of all peace-loving nations . . . for the prevention of aggression and maintenance of international peace and security." But they found the sailing less smooth when they tackled the domestic issue of racial discrimination. The platform, as adopted, states that racial and religious minorities "have a right to live, develop, and vote equally with all citizens and to share the rights that are guaranteed by our Constitution."

In phrasing this plank, which was denounced by practically all Negro groups with the prediction that it would cost Roosevelt many Negro votes, the Democrats yielded to the demands of southern delegations to the convention by omitting endorsement of legislation aimed against the poll tax and lynching, legislation that has been endorsed in the Republican platform.

So that's the political scene in a rather large nutshell. Meanwhile, Dewey was having his troubles in New York, when some members of the Citizens' Non-Partisan Committee for the Servicemen's Vote, an outfit reputed to represent labor and liberal groups, turned up in Albany with a demand that the Governor legalize the use of the Federal ballot for New Yorkers in the service. The New York law requires servicemen to apply in writing for a state ballot by October 15th. Dewey refused to see the delegation, at which Democrats and laborites claimed

that he had deliberately made voting difficult for servicemen in the fear that they would vote against him. To this, Dewey retorted that his critics were waging a "campaign of deceit."

With X-Day in mind—that's the day, you know, when the Germans give up—the government proposed to the automobile industry that it start reconverting for the manufacture of civilian cars. The manufacturers, however, startled the War Production Board by unanimously protesting that it was too early to get going in that direction.

Forty-one women in the armed forces—nurses, Wacs, Waves, and marines—have died in the line of duty since the war began. The total is made up of 29 Army nurses, including six killed in the bombing of a field hospital on the Anzio beachhead in Italy, seven women marines, four Navy nurses killed in plane crashes, and a Wac killed in a jeep accident in North Africa.

A soldier's Medal was awarded in Washington to Wac Pfc. Mary Jane Ford, of Los Angeles, for her valiant but unsuccessful attempt to save a drowning soldier at Airport Lake, near Camp McCoy, Wis. Pfc. Ford saw Pvt. Falvius Hopkins become exhausted and sink while swimming in the lake. Plunging in, she swam to the spot, dove, grabbed the man, and towed him to shore. She then applied artificial respiration until a mechanical respirator arrived, but it was no use.

Seems the girls back home have been rushing to get into uniform lately, especially since June 6. Wac HQ in New York reported that ever since March enlistments have exceeded all quotas assigned to the Second Service Command and that after the Allied landings in France, enlistments were 10 percent above what was expected. At Wave HQ for the 3rd Naval District, recruiting during the first six months of this year was reported to be up 30 percent over what it was for the same period a year ago.

DURING the roughly three-year period from April 1, 1940, to July 1, 1943, the population of the States went up 1.7 percent, an increase of more than 2¼ million people, according to figures reported by the Census Bureau. This brings the national total up to almost 134 million. The bureau found that there have been important population shifts caused by the migration of war workers and others who have changed their homes because of the effect of the conflict on their lives. The northeastern and north-central states have lost two million during the three years and the southern and western states have gained four million. California registered the largest increase of any state, with more than 1½ million newcomers, and Arizona, Florida, and Nevada all had gains of over 20 percent.

While driving along a lonely trail across the desert 45 miles southeast of Kingman, Ariz., Capt. Edward Brady, of Newport Beach, Calif., 37-year-old supply officer at the Kingman Army Airfield, was literally baked to death in a converted staff car. The captain was on his way to an auxiliary airfield 90 miles from Kingman when the 130-degree temperature of the desert so dehydrated him without his becoming aware of it that he finally lost consciousness. He had weighed 180 pounds and was in excellent health when he left Kingman, but lost 60 pounds during a four-hour drive through the intense heat which evaporated the moisture from his body.

A light Army bomber crashed in flames into the Westbrook Trailer Colony, across the street from the Redbank Village Government Housing Project, at South Portland, Me., killing 15 persons and injuring many others. Twenty of the colony's 100 trailers, belonging to war workers at the New England Shipbuilding Corp., were destroyed. The bodies of eight adults and three children were found in the ruins and two adults and two children later died of burns. The Maine General Hospital, at Portland, reported that 22 injured were being treated there. Rescue work was considerably hampered by a terrific electrical storm which broke just after the plane fell.

Two GIs and their wives were burned to death while taking a Sunday-afternoon trip through a scenic tunnel boat ride called "The Old Mill" at Elitch's Gardens, an amusement park in Denver, Colo. The four were the only passengers of the only boat that was passing through the tunnel at the time the fire broke out in the wooden structure which housed the attraction. Both stationed at Buckley Field, the soldiers were Pvt. Robert McIlvain, whose wife lived at Wichita, Kan., and Pvt. R. L. Jacobberger, whose wife came from Hollywood, Calif. Two park employees—George Keithline, 16, and Edward Lowery, 30—tried to rescue the doomed quartet and also lost their lives. No one seemed to know what started the fire, which was sudden and brief. Cpl. William Killbourne, who was in a boat that was right ahead of the one carrying the two couples and had just emerged from the tunnel, gave this description of the tragedy: "I heard a scream and looked back over my shoulder. I saw a flash of flames in the other boat or beside it—it was difficult to tell just where it was. I grabbed the prow of the boat and tried to pull it out of the tunnel, but I lost it in the smoke."

Wounded servicemen want security rather than sympathy on their return home, T/Sgt Charles E. ("Commando") Kelly and Lt. Ernest Childers, both holders of the Congressional Medal of Honor, declared in New York. "The boys don't want sympathy," said Sgt. Kelly. "They just want to go back over if they can and when the war is over they want security." Lt. Childers said that wounded servicemen who are unable to go back to duty should be aided in returning to normal life "both mentally and physically as quickly as possible, and then some kind of job should be found for them."

GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING received an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws at the University of Wyoming.

T/Sgt. Joseph P. Lash, former protege of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and leader of the Youth Movement, was reported to have won the Air Medal for flights into combat areas to gather weather data.

Sgt. John A. Bushemi, YANK photographer who was killed in action in the Marshall Islands last February, was posthumously awarded the Bronze Star. At almost the same time, the CIO honored him by putting up a silver plaque to be awarded in his memory to the member union making the greatest contribution to war veterans. Bushemi belonged to the Gary, Ind., chapter of the CIO American Newspaper Guild.

Irene Manning, movie star, and Keith Kilboff, her husband, returned to their Hollywood home from a honeymoon to find that some unsentimental thug had swiped all their wedding presents.

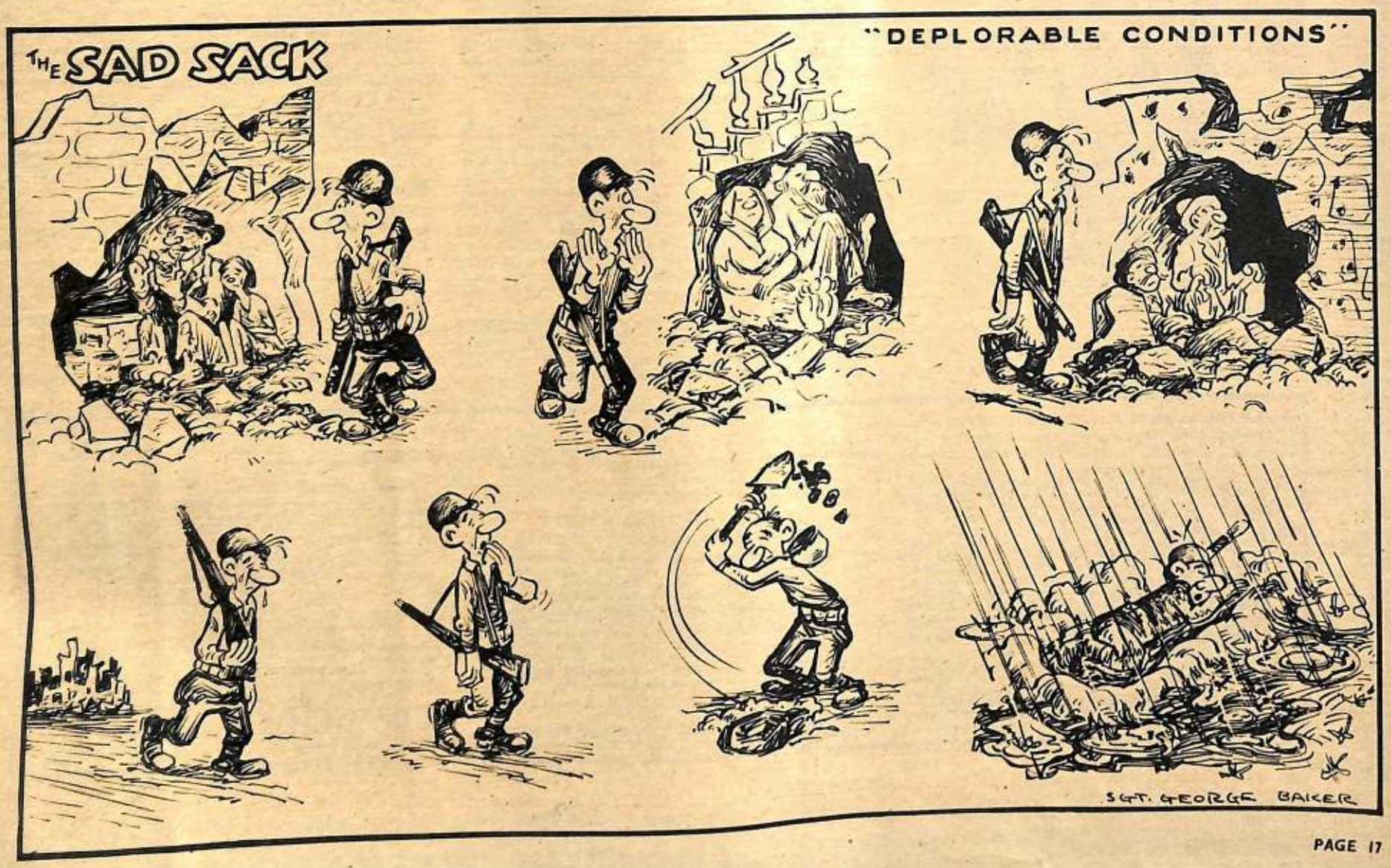
Lt. Tommy Harmon, of the AAF and former All-American halfback at the University of Michigan, became engaged to Elyse Knox, of the movies.

Alan Dinehart, stage and screen character actor, died of heart disease at Hollywood.

J. T. Ross, a discharged veteran of ten Pacific battles, was arrested with his bride in Pasadena, Calif., and charged with shoplifting. Ross pleaded that he was broke and that his wife needed clothes, and Frank Sinatra, on hearing of the case, sent him 100 bucks.

Ann Shirley, film actress, was operated on in Hollywood for an abdominal ailment, but she's okay now, thanks.

Down in Brownsville, Tex., a 66-year-old gentleman named Carmen Reyes figured he'd worked long enough and put in for an old-age pension. The government snapped the answer right back—via a letter from Reyes' draft board putting the sexagenarian in 1-A.



# Mail Call

## Front-Line Letters

### Tablet Chow

Dear YANK,

We can see by "Mail Call" that you're doing your best to help the American soldier. If you have any influence at all, please, please do one thing for us. We have never heard any GI say that they liked the malted milk—dextrose candy that is included in the "K" rations. It won't be long before we eaters of "K" rations will be gunning for all the manufacturers of these tablets that taste like (CENSORED). This, no doubt, will come under the heading of "Gripes," but as Napoleon once said, "An Army travels on its stomach," and we aim to keep travelling. But how the hell are we going to keep on travelling with dextrose? We believe that these tablets will prolong the war.

*France.* SAD SACKS FROM ADSEC

### Parachute Problem

Dear YANK,

Several days ago we read in *Stars and Stripes* that all units can now transfer to the paratroopers. Well, I've searched high and low but that is all the information I can find on it. Can you enlighten me on this by putting the qualifications, etc., in your next issue?

*France.* Pvt. C. B.

***[You must have had at least 13 weeks' basic training in one of the arms before you are eligible for the paratroops. The only way to apply is by submitting a formal letter to your CO, addressed to the Commanding General, ETO, stating that you are qualified and wish to apply for paratroop training. Army Regulations require that such an application be forwarded within a specific time. General qualifications: Age between 18 and 32, weight below 185 pounds, height below 72 inches, vision 20/40 each eye, no recent venereal disease. You must have good feet, bones, joints and muscles, and your nervous system and blood pressure must meet certain standards.***

***After taking your physical and psychological tests, you will get training at a parachute school where you will start to receive your jumping pay, which is base pay plus a $50 bonus each month. After finishing school, you will be assigned to a paratroop unit for tactical training.—Ed.]***


"FEELTHY PEEN-UPS?"

—Pvt. Tom Flannery

### Buttons and Movies

Dear YANK,

We wish to express our sympathy to the boys of Hut 2, who claim to be having great difficulties with their laundry, especially the buttons on their drawers. Poor boys, if they would but just pack up their drawers and send them to us, I am sure we can find time between skirmishes to sew buttons on for them, for you see, we boys have been here since the wee small hrs. of D-day and our laundry has not been returned, as yet.

If it isn't convenient for the boys to send their mending to us, our suggestion is, go without.

*France.* THE DRAWERLESS PARATROOPERS

Dear YANK,

In regard to Corp. Joe C. Donnelly's gripe in the July 2nd edition.

Well, corporal, everybody has his place and job in this Army. I happened to be with the boys in the front, yours is back in Britain. You complained about your CO picking 30 volunteers to attend a USO show at a nearby camp; the rest of the boys couldn't attend local theatres, go dancing, have dates, etc., because they were restricted. Corporal, when I read your letter I was sweating out a few 88s in a foxhole. Well, that's the job they picked for me and the rest of us up there. We don't get time to gripe. How about giving things like that a second thought? Have a little consideration for your brother soldiers that aren't so lucky.

*France.* ANOTHER GI

P.S. I would have written sooner but couldn't. At the present, I am in a hospital, sweating out shrapnel I stopped the other day up there.

### On Mustering Out

Dear YANK,

We boys in Normandy are taking a few moments from our pressing duties (with the 1st sergeant's permission) to get the following matter off our chest.

First, a few comments concerning the *Fortune* magazine poll on a post-war draft. We are definitely in favor of a post-war draft, but a person should be allowed to complete his education first.

As for keeping the men in the services after the war until jobs are available or mustering them out as rapidly as possible, we say it is up to the servicemen themselves as to how they wish to be discharged. Why don't they take a poll among the boys on the front lines, on all fronts? Are they afraid of the results the poll will show? What are the people afraid of who voted in favor of keeping us in until jobs are available? Are they afraid we'll grab the peace-time jobs before they would? We are sure the mothers, fathers, wives, and sweethearts didn't have their voice in said poll. They are waiting none too patiently for our safe return home, jobs or no jobs.

And now in closing, we are opposed to the WMC to use Army experiences of a soldier to fit the latter into a civilian job after the war. It was all well and good to put men where the Army thought best. But this is one of the reasons why we are fighting—that we want the right to choose our own life.

*France* A FEW INDIGNANT SOLDIERS

Dear YANK,

. . . Has the time come at home for the people to consider the soldier objectively as a man without feelings, desires, and ambitions? Has the time come for the people to imprison a segment of the nation because they are not fortunate enough to be promised employment? Perhaps the Army way of life is a normal and a happy one for some men, yet, for a lot of men, it is not a satisfactory one. . . .

*France.* Cpl. JAMES MacNAUGHTON
Pvt. WALTER B. BROOKSHIRE

### Bonus Booster

Dear YANK,

In answer to T/3 Garrison's letter, "That Bonus," published in the June 25th issue of YANK.

So you don't think a soldier's bonus should run into three zeros! Of course not, not a garrison soldier. By the way, is that your Christian name or were you nicknamed Garrison? In any case it's very appropriate.

Guess it's pretty rough in Los Angeles, California; bet you haven't had a drink or seen a woman in ages. It must really be tough laying around for

## YANK'S AFN Radio Guide


### Highlights for the week of July 30

**SUNDAY** 1935—GUY LOMBARDO'S MUSICAL AUTOGRAPHS—The tunes of today and yesterday, played by Guy and his Royal Canadians.

**MONDAY** 1100—MORNING AFTER—Each day AFN chooses one of the top programs of the previous evening and repeats it for those who may have missed it. Today's "Morning After" features the Jack Benny show, regularly heard on Sundays at 1905 hours.

**TUESDAY** 1545—ON THE RECORD—Pvt. George Monaghan spins 45 minutes of popular favorites.

**WEDNESDAY** 1905—KATE SMITH—Singing to the accompaniment of Jack Miller's Orchestra and introducing guest stars from stage, screen and radio.

**THURSDAY** 2005—COMEDY CARAVAN—Jimmy Durante and Gary Moore exchange jibes. Roy Bargy's Orchestra and songs by Georgia Gibbs.

**FRIDAY** 2005—VILLAGE STORE—Joan Davis and Jack Haley, with their regular cast and prominent guest stars.

**SATURDAY** 1330—YANK's RADIO WEEKLY.

2145—TOP OF THE EVENING—A new AFN presentation, featuring familiar songs styled by such groups as the Ken Darby Singers.

NEWS EVERY HOUR ON THE HOUR.

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

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NEW YORK: Sgt. Allan Ecker, Sgt. Marion Hargrove, Sgt. Leo Hofeller, Sgt. Joe McCarthy, Sgt. Dan Polier, Sgt. Justus Schlotzhauer, Sgt. Ralph Stein, Sgt. Arthur Weithas. WASHINGTON: Sgt. Earl Anderson, Sgt. Richard Paul. ITALY: Sgt. George Aarons, Sgt. John Frano, Sgt. James T. O'Neill, Sgt. Burgess Scott, Sgt. Harry Sions. CAIRO: Sgt. Steven Derry, Sgt. J. Denton Scott. IRAQ-IRAN: Sgt. Burtt Evans, Cpl. Richard Gaige, Cpl. Robt. McBrinn. CHINA-BURMA-INDIA: Sgt. Seymour Friedman, Sgt. Dave Richardson, Sgt. Lou Stoumen. SOUTHWEST PACIFIC: Cpl. Bill Alcine, Cpl. George Bick, Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt, Cpl. Ralph Boyce, Sgt. Marvin Fasig, Sgt. Dick Hanley, Cpl. LaFayette Locke, Pfc. John McLeod, Sgt. Charles Pearson, Cpl. Charles Rathe, Cpl. Ozzie St. George. SOUTH PACIFIC: Sgt. Dillon Ferris, Sgt. Robert Greenhalgh, Sgt. Barrett McGurn. HAWAII: Sgt. James L. McManus, Sgt. Richard J. Nihill, Sgt. Bill Reed. ALASKA: Sgt. Ray Duncan, Cpl. John Haverstick, Sgt. Georg N. Meyers. PANAMA: Sgt. John Hay, Sgt. Robert G. Ryan. PUERTO RICO: Sgt. Don Cooke, Cpl. Jud Cook, Cpl. Bill Haworth. TRINIDAD: Pfc. James Iorio. BERMUDA: Cpl. William Pene du Bois. ASCENSION ISLAND: Pfc. Nat Bodian. CENTRAL AFRICA: Sgt. Kenneth Abbott.

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Pictures: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, Sgt. Reg. Kenny. 7, Cpl. Joe Cunningham. 8, upper, U.S. Signal Corps; center, Planet; lower, U.S. Signal Corps. 10, top, 9th A.F.; bottom, Keystone. 11, left, Cpl. Joe Cunningham; center, Sgt. Reg. Kenny; right, U.S. Signal Corps. 12 and 13, Sgt. George Aarons. 14, Arthur Macauley. 15, Keystone. 16, left, AP; middle, Acme; right, Keystone. 19, PA. 20, upper left and right, INP; center right, Acme; lower, PA. 21, upper, Pfc. George Burns; lower, Acme. 23, Pfc. George Burns.

# GI BILL of RIGHTS

**By YANK Washington Bureau**

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The GI Bill of Rights, now approved by Congress and signed by the President, promises more to veterans than any law in U. S. history.

For instance, a lot of ex-GIs may get a post-war job with the help of the Veterans' Placement Service the bill authorizes; others may receive unemployment compensation for as long as a year; some may borrow as much as $2,000 to buy a home, farm or new business and many may get a free year or more of college.

Here are the main provisions of the bill:

## Education

If you were drafted or enlisted before you were 25 and served more than 90 days (except for time in the ASTP or Navy college training program), you're eligible for at least some of the educational benefits.

You can go to any college or university or trade school approved by the Veterans' Administration, and it looks now as if that will include just about all of them.

You can attend college anywhere in the country, and you can also have your tuition paid for attending school part-time or going to night school for as long as a year.

You'll be able to take any kind of a refresher or retraining course you want, and you are entitled to at least a year of training or college study. Then, if your work is satisfactory, you may be eligible for as much as three years more. However, you can't attend school longer than the time you were in the service.

The Government will pay up to $500 a year tuition and subsistence of $50 a month if you have no dependents and $75 a month if you have.

In order to get these educational benefits you'll have to start to whatever school you choose within two years after the end of the war or within two years after you get your discharge, whichever is the later. If you wait longer than that, the deal is off.

## Employment

A Veterans' Placement Service will be set up to co-operate with the U. S. Employment Service, and the combination will act as "an effective counseling and employment placement service for veterans."

In each state, and in many home towns, there will be a veterans' employment representative, himself a veteran. He will work with the Employment Service, and it will be his job to supervise the registration of veterans in local employment offices, keep up-to-date dope on available jobs, try to interest employers in hiring veterans and "assist in every possible way in improving working conditions and the advancement of employment of veterans."

*President Roosevelt signs the GI Bill of Rights.*

## Loans

The Veterans' Administration will guarantee 50 percent of a loan of not more than $2,000 at four percent interest, or less if it's for a purpose the VA finds "practicable." The VA will also pay the interest for the first year on the part it guarantees. You can borrow the money from a state or Federal agency or private institution.

You can get a loan to be used in buying a house if you plan to live in it or in building a new house for yourself on property you already own. You can also borrow money to repair or alter your home or to pay off indebtedness or taxes on the property.

If you're a farmer, you can get a loan to buy land, buildings, livestock, farm equipment and machinery or to repair buildings and equipment on your farm. All you have to show is that "there is a reasonable likelihood that such operations will be successful" and that you're not paying too much for what you get.

Ex-GIs who want to have their own businesses can borrow money for buying "any business, land, building, supplies, equipment, machinery or tools to be used by the applicant in pursuing a gainful occupation (other than farming)." The Veterans' Administration will approve such a loan if you can show that you have the ability and experience to make it "reasonably likely" that the business will succeed and that you're not being overcharged.

Finally, if you can get one loan from a Federal agency and need another to apply to the cost of a home, farm, business, new equipment or repairs, the Veterans' Administration will guarantee the full amount of the second loan if it's not more than $2,000. However, the second loan can't total more than 20 percent of the price you're paying, and the interest can't be more than one percent in excess of the interest on the first loan.

That means that if you are paying $5,000 for a house and borrow $4,000 from the Federal Housing Administration, the additional $1,000 you need will be guaranteed by the VA.

## Readjustment Allowances

If you're unemployed after you receive your discharge, you're entitled to as much as $20 a week for as long as a year if you apply not later than two years after the war or your discharge, whichever is the later date. No allowance will be paid which begins later than five years after the end of the war.

If you receive any state or Federal unemployment compensation, that amount will be subtracted from the veteran's allowance you receive.

You won't get any allowance if you're unemployed because you quit work "without good cause," are fired because of "misconduct in the course of employment," are out of work because of a strike or lock-out or won't apply for a new job or take an available free training course.

But if you have your own business and are making less than $100 a month, you will still be eligible for some allowances.

## Hospitalization

The Veterans' Administration will take over many Army and Navy hospitals when they're no longer needed after the war, and 500 million dollars has been appropriated for building new hospitals.

## Bonus

If a bonus is paid discharged GIs after the war, the act provides that benefits already paid under the GI Bill of Rights will be deducted from the bonus, and if a veteran has already received a *loan* under terms of the act, the agency paying the bonus will first pay the unpaid balance and interest on the loan.

MANY details affecting the application of the act to specific veterans remain to be worked out by the Veterans' Administration.

But there's not much doubt that the GI Bill of Rights is the most significant veterans' legislation ever passed. Just about everybody in uniform will be affected by it.

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days at a time in slit trenches and fox holes, especially when it rains and you just roll in mud. Those C and K rations probably taste awful after eating them so long. Yes, we know; we've been in Los Angeles, too.

We feel that everyone is entitled to his own opinion, but try our end of the globe and we are sure you will change your views about the bonus situation.

*France.* 2nd AMM. SECT.

P.S. By the way, does your penthouse have built-in fox holes?

## The 79th Protests

Dear YANK,

Perhaps I should warn Sgt. Bill Davidson that it would not be safe for him to encounter any of the boys from the 79th Div., after his article "Air Support for the 79th"!

It seems to us that you certainly gave enough credit in your article to the Air Force, but what about our infantrymen? Doesn't hand-to-hand battle count, or is every glory going to the Air Force?

Let me tell you that our infantry boys are fighting mad. Give the infantry men of the 79th Div. a little more in your future articles. They too are giving their lives.

*France.* Pfc. LOUIS G. HESS

***[Many thanks for your letter. We're sorry that you don't think the piece in question gave the 79th the credit they deserve. In fairness to all concerned, however, we feel it should be pointed out that the article—as its title indicated—was not intended to give a move-by-move account of the 79th's activities. Instead, it was supposed to present a broad picture of the close cooperation between air and ground forces, which is something new, so far as the Allies are concerned, in this part of the world.***

***Frankly, we realize only too well that we'll never be able to give due credit to all the outfits that are making things click in France, and we're damn sorry about that, but the unfortunate fact is that we are limited to 24 pages and we've got to cover an awful lot in that. The best we can do, we think, is to give as complete a picture as we can of what the Yanks are doing to win the war in France—covering as many branches of the service as possible. We believe that, if you've seen subsequent issues of YANK, you'll agree we've given the ground forces plenty of play—and God knows they merit it.—Ed.]***

## Front-Line Rookies?

Dear YANK,

We are just a handful of many men on the hard-fought-for shores of France. If this is ever lucky enough to be printed, we'll sure read it, because we fight over YANK.

It's bad enough over here the way it is, with our life worth about five francs, without some guys getting ideas about having "recruit" training schedules every day. We are d—— sure not a bunch of rookies, yet we have a training schedule over here on the road to Paris.

*If* we are recruits yet, what in the world are we doing over here in the most important battle of the war? It's definitely not a place for "rookies."

We hope that whoever it is who thinks a soldier will get soft, doing what we do, reads this. Maybe he will realize what we think about, and we do plenty thinking when the big ones fall close to our homes (a hole in the ground).

*France.* A GROUP FROM AN AA OUTFIT

P.S. We don't want the gag about T.S. slips handed back at us, because we have those already. We don't mean this for bitching; it's just what a U. S. dogface thinks about.

## Wondering About Rotation

Dear YANK,

We would like some information on the rotation plan. We have been overseas for over 23 months and have been in the ETO, Africa, Sicily, Italy, the ETO again, and now we are located in France. Last month one fellow from our Company went home, so we would like to know if that is supposed to be a morale builder for us boys. We all feel so sorry for those boys in the Caribbean who are getting PX beer, cokes, and have only been over a short time and are thinking of going home so soon. Of course, we like to see these boys go home, but we would like a break sometimes.

*France.* THE LOST BOYS

P.S. Please don't have us consult a chaplain, because we have never had one.

Dear YANK,

I'm just another reader of the swell YANK Mag. In the last copy I came across a piece where some Joe was complaining about not getting any credit for the job his outfit performed. Well we, or rather my outfit has seen battle on three fronts, or you can call it three D-Days, and if you think one battlefront is bad—well, we don't think complaining for that matter is worth it. A lot of Joes have been asking how much action they have to go through before they see the States again. Well, here is my answer. I think we have never heard anything good about nothing that we ever did in this war. I guess when our gunners go deaf from pulling the lanyards on the guns, and all the drivers go blind from driving in the dust, and all the rest of the boys go nuts from Jerry 88s busting in their face, then I guess we will, or may, go home after 21 months overseas and most of that spent in action. Oh, we aren't bitching. We would like for some of these Joes to know that we haven't started griping yet, only to ourselves.

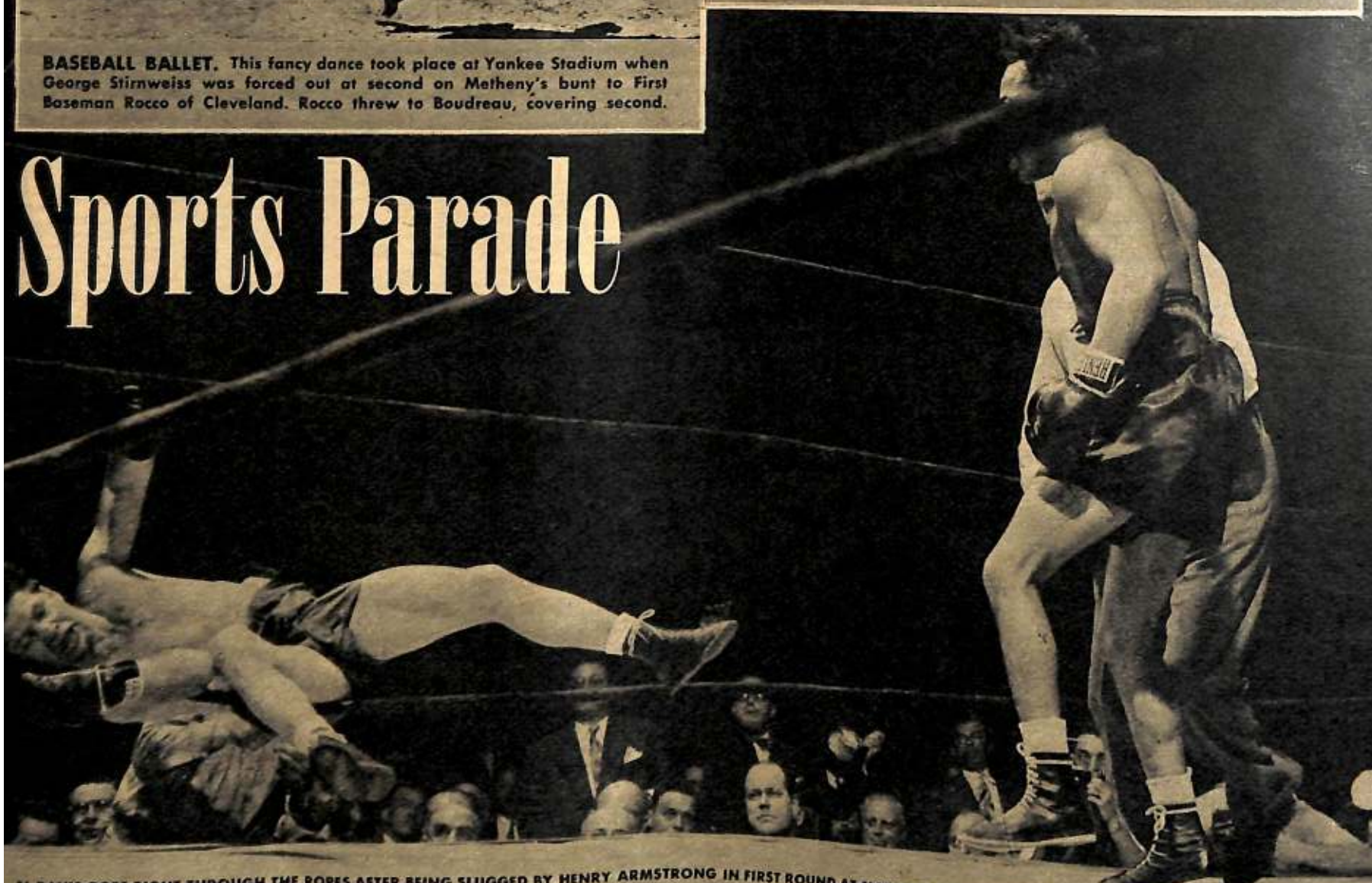
*France.* THE BOYS OF THE 58th ARMD. F.A.BN.

**BABE AND FRIEND.** Babe Ruth gets a light from a fellow patient, Corinne Colombi, at the New York Orthopaedic Hospital where he is recovering from an operation on his right knee. A piece of cartilage was removed.

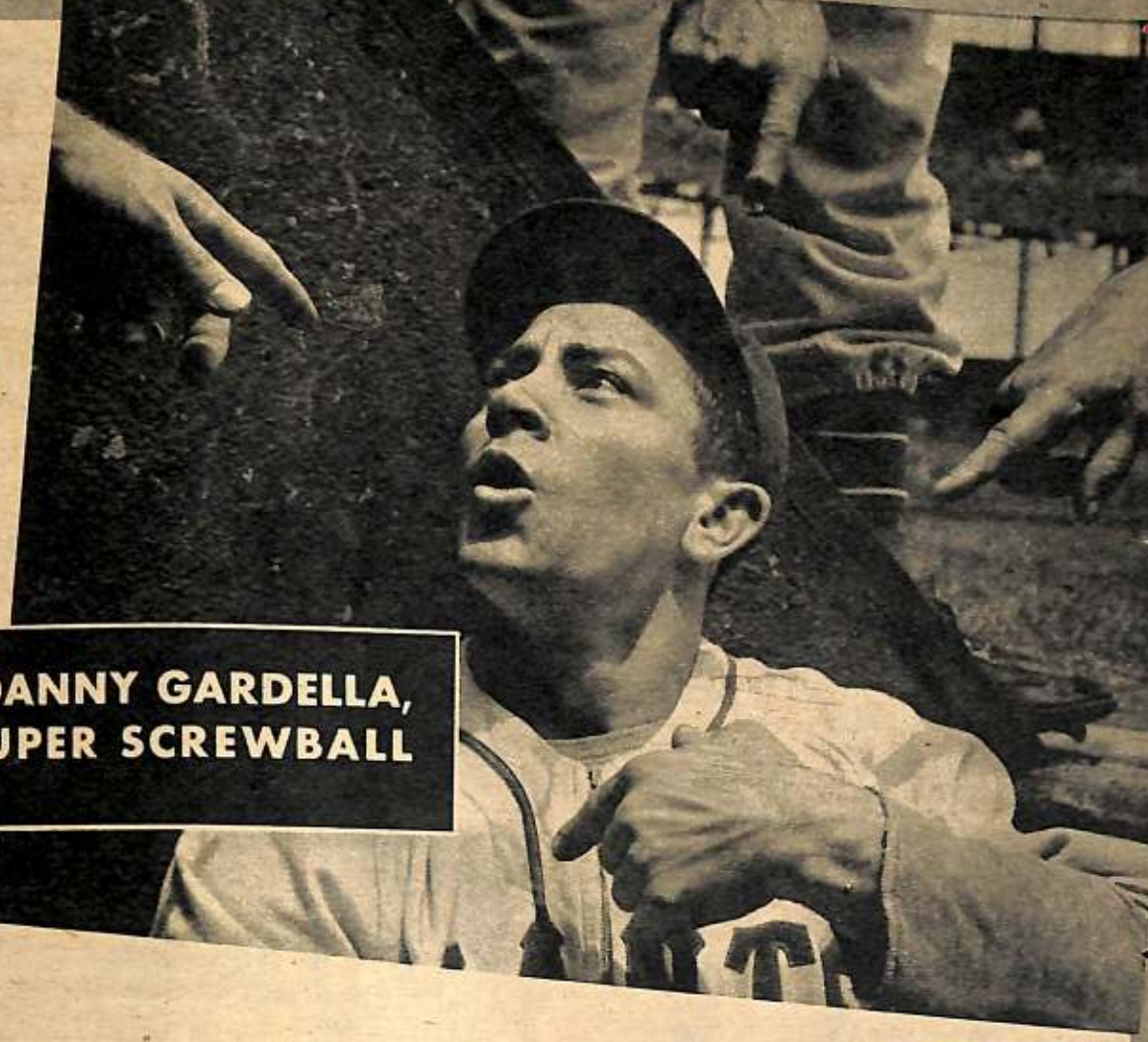
**BASEBALL BALLET.** This fancy dance took place at Yankee Stadium when George Stirnweiss was forced out at second on Metheny's bunt to First Baseman Rocco of Cleveland. Rocco threw to Boudreau, covering second.

**FASTEST HUMAN.** That's what they're calling 17-year-old Charlie Parker of San Antonio, Tex. Here he talks with Ens. Greg Rice after winning the 200-meter title in National AAU Meet. Last year he ran the 100 in 9.5.

# Sports Parade



AL DAVIS GOES RIGHT THROUGH THE ROPES AFTER BEING SLUGGED BY HENRY ARMSTRONG IN FIRST ROUND AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. ARMSTRONG WON



# SPORTS: MEET DANNY GARDELLA, THE SUPER SCREWBALL

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

EARLY this season when the New York Giants were stricken with a series of casualties, Mel Ott called up Danny Gardella from Jersey City and stuck him in rightfield. Everybody said Ott was crazy.

"Imagine," they said, "bringing up a shipyard worker to understudy the great Ott. Baseball is going to hell, sure."

Maybe Ott was crazy, but he was gambling on what Joe Birmingham, the old Cleveland outfielder, had told him this spring: "If you don't grab this kid Gardella you're nuts. He's a screwball, but he may develop into a real ball player." Birmingham had coached Desperate Danny at the Bronx (N. Y.) Consolidated shipyards, was impressed with the kid's natural hitting ability. Ott signed Gardella, shipped him over the river to Jersey City, and then promptly forgot about him until injuries started to wreck the Giants on their western road trip.

Danny had the misfortune to make his major-league debut against Rip Sewell, Pittsburgh's ephus-ball specialist. Sewell was blowing hotter than a blast furnace and Gardella couldn't do any more with his sneaky ephus than anybody else on the Giants. But Danny didn't feel too badly. He kept the outfield humming with his chatter and acted like he had been in the big leagues all his life. And when Sewell dropped him to the dust with a fast one, he picked himself up gracefully and shouted to Ott: "See, Frisch is afraid of me already."

Gardella wasn't fooling anybody with this act. He was the rawest rookie the Pirates or anybody else ever saw, and his fielding was something out of this world. On one play he would make a daring one-handed stab of a line drive and on the next he would try to surround a fly ball and strangle it to death. Once, while the Pirates were at bat, Danny paused to adjust his pants. He edged toward the privacy of the foul line and, with his glove under his arm, started to unfasten his belt when Jim Russell shot a line drive against the leftfield wall. Danny grabbed his glove in one hand and his pants in the other and dashed after the ball. Then in rabbit-like succession he retrieved the ball, threw to second and made a sensational catch of his pants before they could fall to his knees.

When the Giants moved to Chicago, Danny was assigned to the sunfield. He had never before worn a pair of sun glasses, and Johnny Rucker had to show him how to tap them down into place from the forehead when a fly ball came his way. The first time Danny tried it he tapped the glasses so hard that not only the glasses but his cap dropped down over his eyes and he staggered around blindly while the ball fell just in front of him.

So far Gardella has been everything Joe Birmingham said he would be. He is a real gold-plated screwball and the Polo Grounds fans, especially those from Daniel's native Bronx, are nuts about him. They have named the grandstand behind leftfield "Gardella's Gardens" in his honor and proudly display banners with "Gardella" splashed all over them. To most of his admiring public, he is affectionately known as "Gardenia."

Although Danny is probably the world's most unpredictable fielder, he is a powerful long ball slugger. He has been hitting at a lusty .300 clip and has already whacked six home runs, two of which broke up the games. When he joined the Giants he drove in so many runs that Ott stayed on third base for a week. And when Mel finally realized that his legs couldn't stand the gaff at third, Gardella moved over to leftfield to alternate with Joe Medwick.

DESPERATE DANNY is 24, but he's had a lifetime of adventure. He once had ambitions to become middleweight champion and got as far as the quarter-finals of a Golden Glove tournament before he was knocked out. According to Danny, he would have won if he hadn't fought two men the night before and knocked them both out. It sapped his strength, he says. He broke into baseball in 1938 with the Detroit farm system and for three years kicked around in such bush leagues as the Mountain State, Northeast Arkansas, Kitty and Coastal Plains until the manager at Wilson, N. C., took him aside and told him he would never be a ball player.

Gardella believed him and went to work at the Hotel New Yorker as an elevator operator, later working himself up to the esteemed position of house dick. He might still be at the New Yorker if he hadn't accepted a dare to jump out of the window onto the top of an automobile belonging to one of the hotel's best-paying guests. From there Danny moved to the freight yards as a stevedore and then to the Consolidated shipyards where Joe Birmingham encouraged him to resume his baseball career. Last winter he started getting into shape by working in a gym as a physical instructor. His job was to help chorus girls reduce.

Danny has a rich baritone voice and thinks nothing of roaming streets in St. Louis or Chicago singing fine old operatic arias. In Pittsburgh he walked in on a group of high-school girls who were holding their prom in the hotel where the Giants were staying and started serenading them with the "Indian Love Call." The principal finally had to ask him to leave, explaining that the affair was strictly for young people. Danny was hurt.

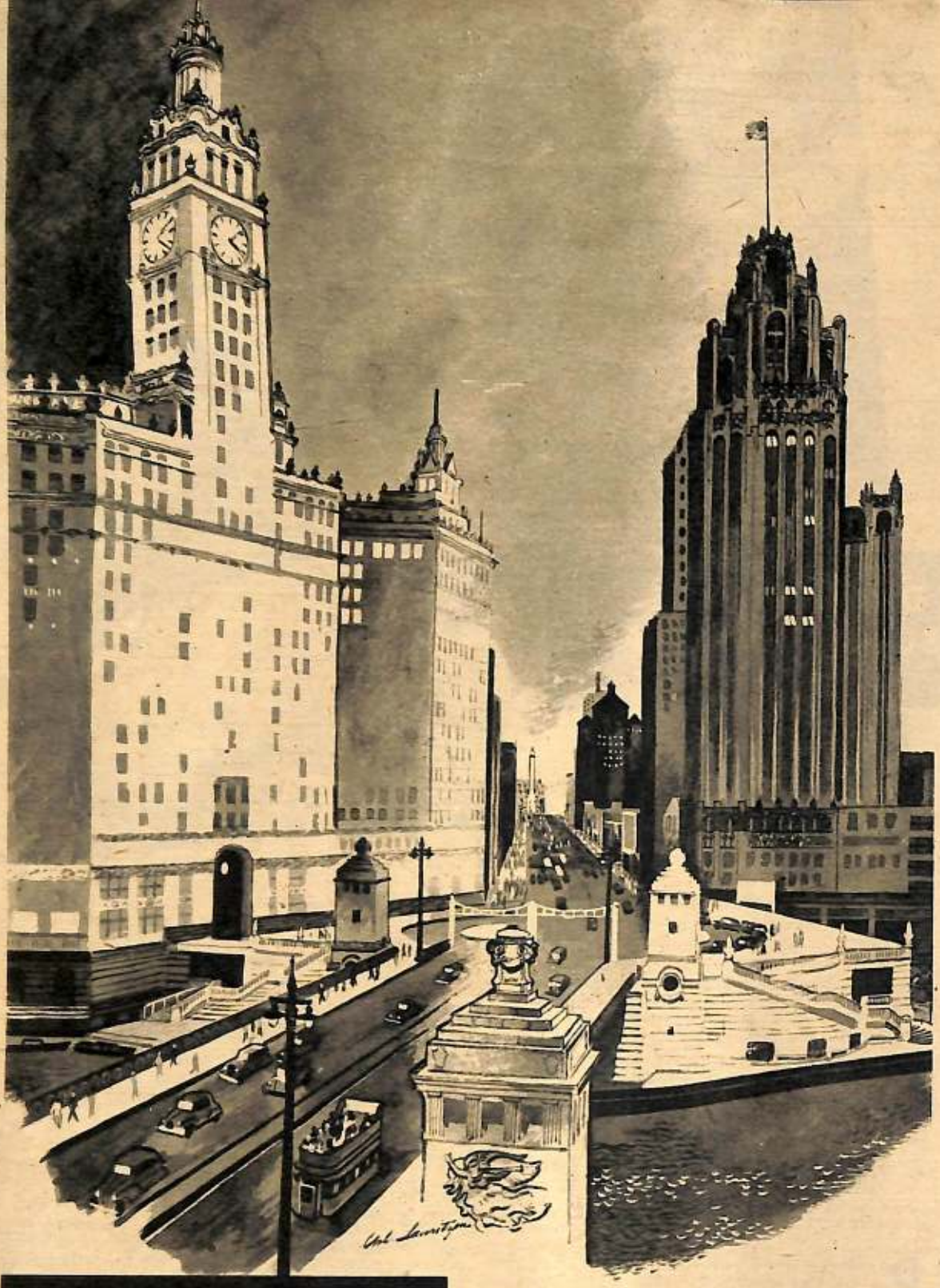
On road trips Gardella carries books on psychology and quotes from them on the slightest provocation. He is always lecturing to Medwick, Melton and Lombardi on breaking down inhibitions and acting one's normal self. They listen out of courtesy but seldom take him seriously. They still remember the time in a diner when Danny startled them by picking up his hot cakes, laying them in the palm of his hand and buttering them as if they were a slice of bread. Then, mistaking the silver coffee pot for the syrup pitcher, poured coffee over the cakes and ate them rather than confess to his mistake.

**NEW FAN.** *This laborer at a Superfortress base in China probably never heard of Capt. Hank Greenberg, but he seems perfectly willing to pose for a picture. Hank is a Special Service officer.*

## SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

WHILE **S/Sgt. Joe Louis** was giving an impromptu show at a bomber base in England recently, a Fortress came limping in from Germany with two motors shot away and crashed on the edge of the field. Louis hurried to the wreckage and placed the head of a wounded flyer on his knee. When the flyer regained consciousness he looked up at Louis and said: "Well I'll be damned—Joe Louis." The flyer had never seen Joe before. . . . What's this we hear about a Third Air Force football team being formed at Morris Field, Charlotte, N. C., with **Capt. Quin Decker**, former Centre College coach, handling the squad? . . . **Comdr. Gene Tunney** is now touring Navy bases in Latin America. . . . **Brig. Gen. Blondie Saunders**, who led the Superfortress raid over Japan, never saw a lacrosse game until he entered West Point, then made the first team for three years running. He was also a bang-up tackle on the football team. . . . **Cpl. Billy Conn** has left the ORD, Greensboro, N.C., for an undisclosed destination.

*Decorated:* **Lt. (jg) Whizzer White**, Colorado's All-American halfback who later starred with the Detroit Lions, with the Bronze Star for his courageous service with the "Little Beavers" destroyer squadron in the South Pacific. . . . *Commissioned:* **Casimir Myslinski**, West Point's football captain and All-American center, as a second lieutenant in the AAF. . . . *Promoted:* **Cpl. Bob Carpenter**, one-time Giant pitcher, to sergeant at Camp Grant, Ill. . . . *Ordered for induction:* **Bill Johnson**, ex-Yankee third baseman, by the Navy; **Buddy Kerr**, Giant shortstop, by the Army. . . . *Rejected:* **Jeff Heath**, slugging .327 Cleveland outfielder, because of a bad knee.



HOME TOWNS IN WARTIME

# CHICAGO, ILL.

By Pfc. DALE KRAMER

CHICAGO, ILL.—Report to a quarter-million GIs from Chicago: it is still Chicago, only more so.

Carl Sandburg described it as "stormy, husky, brawling." Double that. Nerves are taut with war tension. Hard work adds to the strain and increases the tempo. People walk faster in the streets. Stampedes for surface cars, elevated trains and the new subway are more chaotic than ever. In the hurrying crowds (half a million new residents have moved in to man the war plants) are old men returned to work harness, young boys in war jobs while awaiting call to the armed forces, wives and mothers and sweethearts hurrying to the factories.

The city relaxes with a bang. Everyone, not least the GI who hits the town on leave, wants his entertainment quick and rugged. At night a sustained roar rises from the cafes and nightclubs of Randolph Street, Wilson Avenue, Rush Street, upper Broadway, Sixty-third Street, Madison above Twelfth, Calumet City. Old residents say that 20 walk on Randolph Street's White Way where one walked before. The acre-big dance halls—the Aragon on the North Side, the Trianon on the South Side, the O. Henry out on Archer Road—are crammed.

In one way, though, the town is more like the old days than when most of its GIs left. The lights are on again—or most of them. But the powerful beacon that used to sweep the skies from the Palmolive Building remains dark; they haven't turned the floodlights on the white-slabbed Wrigley Building and at night the Buckingham Fountain is only a dismal ghost of its former self.

Physically, Chicago's major development has been the mushroom growth of its 270 war plants. The city hopes its great new airplane factories will help to make it the aviation center of the nation after the war. But the chief civic event was the opening of the six-mile length of subway between Roosevelt Road and Fullerton Avenue last fall. It is a handsome subway—worthy, what there is of it, to be matched in bull session against the gloomy stretches underneath New York. The trains get up a creditable speed, considering the relatively short distance between stations. The white-tiled walls with blue trimmings glisten brilliantly under the lights. Station platforms, two levels below ground (stores will cut in at the first level), are connected with the street by escalators.

The tracks run under State Street from Roosevelt Road to Division, west on Division, then diagonally northwest to connect with the El at Fullerton. Stations are at Congress, Jackson, Monroe-Madison, Randolph-Lake, Grand, Chicago and Clark. Sometimes pedestrians escape bad weather by going underground and walking on the continuous six-block platform that stretches under State from Jackson to Lake. It costs them a dime, though, just the same as subway fare.

Though most of the population welcomed the subway—after decades of talk it had become a sort of folk myth—not everyone was happy. In fact, some North Side residents were soon definitely and audibly unhappy. The reason was the difficulty they had getting to the west side of the Loop. Instead of taking them around the Loop as before, their trains whipped them under State and they had to walk a couple of extra blocks or more, which upset their schedules. Finally they figured out a more or less satisfactory solution by taking the local train from Fullerton or the express from Ravenswood that stays above ground in the rush periods.

THE Loop is jammed with GIs. Chicago being a great transportation center and close to large Army and Navy training stations, it doubtless will continue to be for quite a while. Yet curiously enough it is the departure of certain familiar accouterments of the military that has made Chicagoans realize how deeply we are in the war. They had grown accustomed to the sight of aviation cadets doing push-ups in Grant Park, the narrow strips of shore between the lake and Michigan Avenue. Fancy-stepping marines with flashing bayonets had drilled there, too. Now the bridge over the avenue by which the cadets crossed to the park from the Stevens Hotel has been torn down, and the Stevens, along with the Congress, has been handed back to the civilians. Chicago knows that the airmen and the marines are scattered to a thousand bases over the world. It is a reminder that the war long ago passed the practice stage.

Even more poignant reminders are present. On street corners in hundreds of neighborhoods there have been posted small plaques, each bearing a gold star and the name of a lad from that block who has fallen in this war. After the white-lettered name—printed without rank—are the letters "Sq." Hereafter the corner will be known as "Joe Smith Square," or whatever the name may be. A ceremony attended by neighbors, friends and relatives is held at the placing of each plaque.

Five thousand block flagpoles have been erected by block committees of the Office of Civilian Defense. Listed in some manner near each are the names of all GIs from the block. Some of the installations are elaborate and have bulletin boards that are kept up to date with personal news from camps and war theaters.

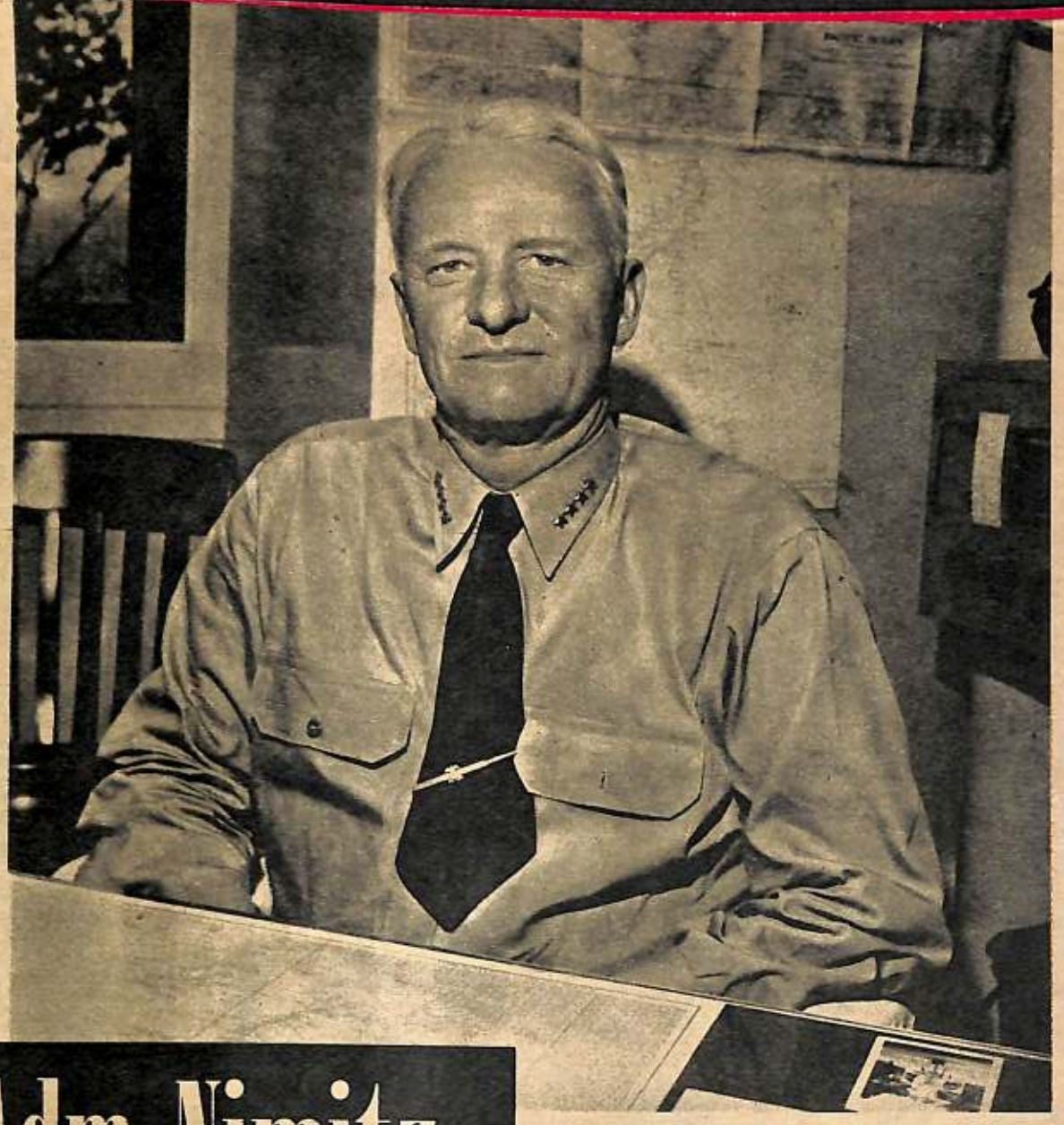
While its own men are away, Chicago is vociferously determined to make a reputation for itself as the nation's—enthusiasts say the world's—most hospitable city to GIs who visit it. There is no gauge for measuring such things, but Chicago certainly has an argument. City transportation is free except in rush hours. To supplement the usual recreational facilities, various groups have combined to sponsor several servicemen's centers under the slogan "Everything Free." No. 1 occupies 14 floors of the building at 176 West Washington Street; No. 2 is in the huge old Auditorium Hotel on Michigan Avenue; No. 3 is at 60 East Forty-ninth Street; No. 4, at Fullerton Avenue on the lake front, with a 1,500-foot beach, is called the Country Club.

Servicemen's centers reflect the city in which they are located, and Chicago's are on the lusty side. Free burlesque tickets are available along with Annie Oakleys to more sedate plays. The morning chosen for serving tomato juice is Sunday, when it is likely to do the most good. The 6,000 girls who come to dance at the centers are exhorted to brace themselves against the temptation of being taken home by GIs, but there is no rule against it, and names and addresses may be given.

This does not mean that GIs, a notoriously innocent class, are without protection. Far from it. The girls are investigated. It was not possible to learn the exact technique, but when I asked a stern-faced senior hostess at a dance what she was looking for, she replied without removing her gimlet eyes from the dancers: "Short dresses." They keep a record of that sort of thing. "Sometimes they don't wear panties," the hostess added. "That's a black mark indeed."

Sgt. H. N. OLIPHANT
YANK Staff Correspondent

# A Talk With Adm. Nimitz



PEARL HARBOR, HAWAII—In moments of crisis there is nothing that relaxes Adm. Chester W. Nimitz more than hitting a few bull's-eyes on the pistol range at U. S. Pacific Fleet headquarters.

The morning I saw him was certainly a time of crisis. A few minutes before he strolled out of the office and headed for the range, the admiral had issued one of the most important communiques of the Pacific war, reporting that heavy units of the Jap fleet—after sulking in safe waters for months—had suddenly been sighted somewhere between Luzon in the Philippines and Guam in the Marianas.

At the very minute that the admiral was drawing a bead on his target, the Fifth U. S. Fleet was steaming through enemy waters, perhaps toward a sea and air battle that might determine control of the entire Pacific. At the same time, on Saipan in the Marianas, battle-weary soldiers and marines were inching their way toward Nafutan Point and north along the western shore of Magicienne Bay against terrific opposition.

If these grave thoughts were passing through the admiral's head, he did not betray them. His strong, sharp face and calm but piercing eyes showed complete self-possession. The admiral was taking a 15-minute break.

I am able to report what happened during those 15 minutes because the admiral had promised me an exclusive interview, and I waited near the pistol range until called.

The admiral took an easy, confident stance, drew a bead and fired. His aide, a stocky young lieutenant commander, looked toward the target with his binoculars, raised one finger and said: "Check, sir—10—a bull's-eye." The admiral smiled, and the two marine guards watching him smiled back.

When he had fired his clip, Adm. Nimitz passed the pistol to the aide and took his place at the binoculars, checking hits and misses.

A minute or so later a high-ranking officer came up to the admiral and spoke to him in a confidential tone. The admiral became intensely serious, then seemed to smile in every muscle of his face. He nodded, and the other officer began to walk away. "Stick around," the admiral called, adding the officer's nickname. "We ought to have some news pretty soon now."

Then, as if some postponed thought were knocking at his consciousness, the admiral looked down at his watch. The 15 minutes were up. He headed for his office. With each step the lines in his face seemed to lose, little by little, their warm and good-natured look for a grim and fixed expression. Finally the admiral disappeared through the door into one of the world's most restricted areas—the inner office of the commander in chief of the Pacific Fleet.

TWO HOURS later Pfc. George Burns, YANK staff photographer, was standing with me at the same doorway, waiting to be admitted. The outer room was alive with bustling yeomen and messengers. There were armed marine guards all over the place. Presently a tall Naval lieutenant opened the door and said: "The admiral will see you now." I checked my tie and buttons hastily and once more wondered whether I should salute when I entered. The admiral considerately answered that question for us by standing as we entered, smiling and extending his hand.

The admiral nodded slightly to indicate that the interview could begin. "There are two questions," I said, "that GIs all over the world would give a lot to ask you, sir. The first is, 'How do the current operations in the Marianas fit into the general pattern of the grand offensive we must ultimately launch against Japan proper?' The second is, 'Now that the Sunday punches are falling, how long do you think it will take to force the Japs to their knees?"

Adm. Nimitz had a ready answer. "The invasion of the Marianas does not constitute the start of a new phase of the Pacific war," he said. "It is the normal continuation of the phase started at Midway and which will end with the U. S. in control of the seas surrounding Japan.

"It is futile to offer any estimate of the time still required to defeat Japan. There are too many unknown factors involved, too many opportunities for unpredictables to alter our timetables. But there are some certainties in the situation which provide us with a cause for optimism.

"The schedule we have maintained in the Pacific war since Midway gives us confidence born of the certainty of things past. We have driven the Japanese from the Solomons—all but the remnants of garrisons who now languish completely encompassed and without hope of succor in a pocket well within our sea control.

"Gen. MacArthur has neatly and thoroughly outflanked the enemy garrisons throughout the vast island of New Guinea, assuring the Jap's doom while preparing for still deeper encroachments into Japan's stolen empire.

"In the Central Pacific, we have in three swift leaps advanced our sea power thousands of miles to the west of Pearl Harbor. Now our westernmost bastions face the Philippines and undoubtedly worry the man on the street in Tokyo concerning the immediate safety of his own skin.

"We have greatly strengthened the security of our lines and communications leading to the western Pacific. These results were achieved by the combined power of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard, all harnessed together and all working harmoniously and effectively in one team. The fact that the team clicks smoothly is one of the guarantees of ultimate victory."

The admiral explained the background of our blow against Saipan, his finger tracing the long sweeping lines on a wall map.

"In order to turn the heat on the Marshalls," said Adm. Nimitz, "we first had to get the Ellice and Gilbert Islands. We had to have the Marshalls because we had to get forward bases for our land-based planes. Six of the Marshall Islands are still in Jap hands, but they're having a tough time of it there."

I asked the admiral how many Japs he thought were left in the Marshalls. Estimates varied a little, he said, but a safe guess would be 20,000.

Then he pointed to Ponape and Truk in the Carolines. "They're getting it, too," he said. "Regularly." His finger rested again on the Marshalls. "Our objective here was to extend our seapower farther west. That has been accomplished. We now have important sea anchorages for further westward plunges."

The admiral traced the path from the Marshalls to the Marianas. "The strategy here is the same. We're projecting our seapower farther and farther westward. As you can see, the Marianas occupy a key spot in the western Pacific. They constitute an ideal springboard for westward drives, but you can see they're as vital to the Japanese as they would be for us, and that's why the Japs are fighting so hard to hold them."

He paused. "Saipan," he said with emphasis, "is going to be a tough nut to crack."

Then the admiral summarized the early results of the operation. "We moved into Saipan in great strength. We have seized two airfields—the only two we were certain existed on the island. One of these apparently is too small for very effective operations. The other is already being used by our aircraft. We have killed a lot of Japs, and we have had losses.

"We went out to seize the Marianas and we have made a good start. Whenever the Marianas are firmly in our grasp, we will then move on to ——." The admiral left the sentence unfinished, but his eyes seemed to dart toward the Philippines, the China coast and then Japan.

I asked Adm. Nimitz about the Jap air force. "I think it's probable that Japan has been able thus far to restore all plane losses," he said. "Whether they can keep it up, I don't know."

THE interview was over. I hadn't been able to pin the admiral down on how long the war would last, but he had discussed the vital factors that would ultimately write the answer to that big question.

As I left, I remembered the target practice two hours earlier. When things get snafued or the news is bad, someone had told me, the admiral stalks to the range, grabs a pistol and peppers the target with a rapid succession of shots. On the range this morning, he had been buoyant and confident—and he had hit plenty of bull's-eyes. Maybe that supplies part of the answer, at least, to the big question.


"IS THIS THE WAY TO COME TO SEE AN OFFICER—WITH A CIGARETTE IN YOUR HAND, SOLDIER!"

—T/5 Anatol Kovarisky

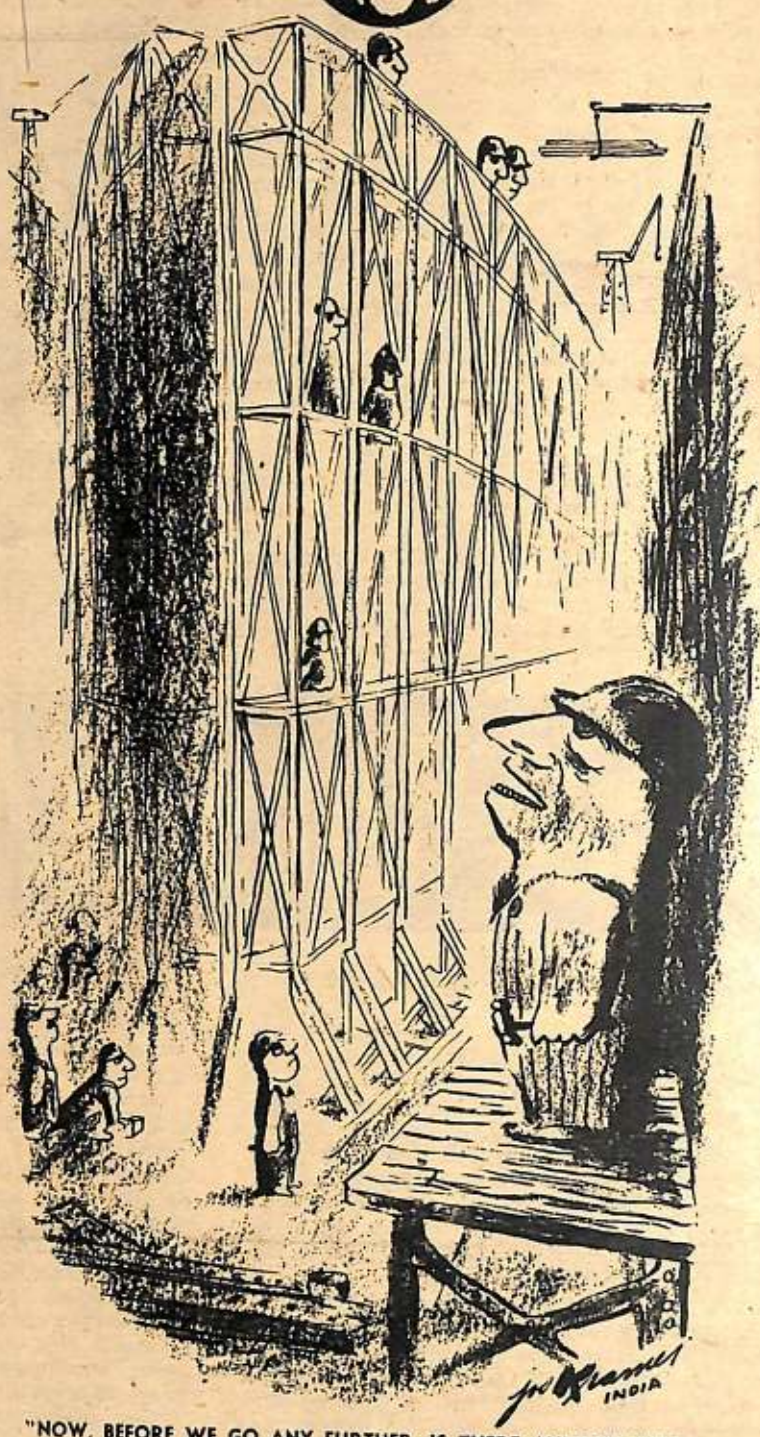
"GOOD MORNING, MADAM, IS THE MAN OF THE HOUSE IN?"

—Sgt. Irwin Caplan

"I SUPPOSE YOU TWO REALIZE THAT THIS UNION HOLDS GOOD EVEN AFTER CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES?"

—Cpl. Ralph Newman

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY




"NOW, BEFORE WE GO ANY FURTHER, IS THERE ANYONE WHO DOESN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT WE'RE DOING?"

—Pfc. Joseph Kramer


"MULLIGAN NEVER MISSES A FORMATION."

—Sgt. Charles Pearson