BRITISH EDITION

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

3d SEPT. 3
1944
VOL. 3, NO. 12

By the men . . for the men in the service

ON TO PARIS

AN F.A. OUTFIT MAKES GOOD IN FRANCE

—See Pages 6 and 7

The Women OF St. Mars

"Hello, Amerikanski!" "Hello, Russky!" Those were the simple greetings between GIs pressing eastward and Valentina Matfeieff, one of the 215 Russian women whom the Nazis shipped to France to work as a section gang on the railroad. Now these women are pounding spikes no longer, for they and their home towns, though still far apart, have both been freed.

By Sgt. SAUL LEVITT

YANK Staff Correspondent

ST. MARS LA BRIERE, FRANCE—This little village, nine miles east of Le Mans on the Paris road, is quite small, and if your jeep goes too quickly it will sweep right on through the one main street, past the single Russian flag waving from a courtyard gate. The flag isn't a well-made one, but a kind of Betsy Ross affair, hastily sewed out of cloth remnants on August 8th—the day it became clear to 215 Russian women here that they were no longer prisoners of the Germans.

The women had worked for the Germans on the railroad through Le Mans. They had performed the heavy labor necessary to the maintenance and repair of the roadbed—laying ties, working in depots, using wheelbarrows to haul materials. Freedom for them came without any special drama. An American armored column sweeping eastward through Le Mans drove the Germans back. As simply as that, the Russian women were free. Some of them, especially the older ones like Agrippina Demisoff, came to understand this more slowly than the others. Some, like Valentina Matfeieff, who is younger and stronger and who had remained forever defiant of the Germans, went across the small bridge near St. Mars to thank the Americans personally. But most of the women never even saw the men of the armored column, who were very busy and on the move. Nevertheless, though the American soldiers moved quickly, they left behind for the Russian women the food, cigarettes, and sweets which are their special form of courtesy to strangers.

The women freed on August 8th by the American armored column fall into many categories of character, education, age, and condition of health. Some of them are prettier than others. The Germans saw fit to include all kinds as prisoner-laborers—the very young, like Tatiana Timofeieff, aged 15; the very old, like Agrippina Demisoff, aged 67; the ill, like Alvina Grinevich, who is suffering from tuberculosis of the bone; the educated, like Maria Wolkoff; the peasant, like Marfa Titowa. None was excluded. In a way utterly new in the history of modern nations, the Germans had seen fit to load these women of an enemy nation aboard a train with barred windows, move them 2,000 miles across Europe, and there put them to heavy manual labor. In exactly what classification the Germans had placed these unique prisoners is not clear. Obviously they were not prisoners of war, since they had been taken from homes, factories, and farms. Neither were they charged with being partisans. On the few occasions when some of these women heard themselves charged with something they were told that they had been friendly to, or maintained liaison with, their own armed nationals and partisans.

They had lived in a camp, had worked on a railroad, and had been paid. Perhaps, then, their work might be classified in the same way as the dragooned labor of the French, Dutch, and Czechs under the Germans. But, unlike those other workers, the Russian women were permitted no recreation or the slightest communication with their families. When their day's work was done, they were brought back to the camp where an armed guard patrolled the entrance. Though they were paid, this was a formality and a waste of bookkeeping, since most of the money came back to the Germans in the form of charges for the food the women ate, for their housing, and for some mysterious and vague "tax."

As to mistreatment, it is clear from what these women have to say that the primary objective of the Germans was labor, not punishment. Mistreatment was only incidental and at irregular intervals. Some of these incidental and irregular moments of mistreatment occurred on the trip from the east to France, according to Alvina Grinevich, one of the younger and prettier women. At points where the train stopped for water and supplies, German soldiers came aboard, picked out some of the women, removed them from the train, raped them, and returned them to the train. But the clear, general policy was one of labor, not punishment. The Kommandant of the Todt, or German labor organization, around Le Mans might, after a particularly trying day, cuff some of the women across the face as he strode through their camp. His name was Friedrich Muller. He was a small man with blonde, graying, curly hair and a small mustache. Towards June, 1944, Herr Muller's temper became even shorter and the number of cuffings showed an increase. But still the policy toward the 215 Russian women of St. Mars remained a labor policy primarily. That policy worked out to the end that they were fed, housed, and kept alive at a carefully calculated minimum which kept them strong enough to work ten and—towards June, 1944—fifteen hours a day.

The women had been imprisoned at various times, dating as far back as May, 1942. They had been taken first to concentration camps near Pskov and Riga and then in April of this year had been brought to France.

THEIR daily meals consisted of bread and ersatz coffee for breakfast, soup and the German army field ration of hard sausage for dinner and supper. Their living quarters were wooden barracks similar to those of German garrison soldiers. In the morning, before work, there was roll call and sick call. Afterwards the women were marched or were taken in trucks to points along the railroad, anywhere

YANK, The Army Weekly, publication issued weekly by Branch Office, Army Education and Information Division, War Dept., 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. Reproduction rights restricted as indicated in the masthead on the Mail Call page. Entered as second-class matter July 6, 1942, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

from Le Mans through to La Ferte Bernard.

With another correspondent and the help of an interpreter, I interviewed six of these women in the camp at which they are staying, pending their removal through channels to their homeland. Many of them were still barefoot. They had kept the yard, the barracks, and the kitchen clean. The warm sun was beating down on the courtyard where we were talking. Through a window of one of the buildings around us a girl shouted "Amerikanski!" and then withdrew her head. The older women smiled at us shyly, in the manner of peasant women unused to strangers and with a suggestion that they were perhaps tired of all uniformed men, even friendly ones, and wanted only to return to the wheatfields and harvest time back home—the things they understand best.

One old woman showed us a room in which there had been a party the night before. The French had come here, bringing some musical instruments. There had been dancing and singing. The *Marseillaise* and the Russian National Anthem had been played. This party had lasted until 11 o'clock and had included the drinking of the mild French cider which is found everywhere in this part of France.

Both the youngest and the oldest of the women to whom we spoke wept softly. The youngest was Tatiana Timofeieff, who had become 15 last December 15th, three days after being imprisoned. At that time her hair had been completely shorn and now it had grown back to the point where it could be parted and combed like a boy's. She had been raised in the village of Opatchna, 230 kilometers from Leningrad, where she lived on a collective farm. Within the space of two days last December the following happened to Tatiana: One of her sisters was found guilty of "aiding the Russians" and was taken to prison in Riga, the girls' parents disappeared, Tatiana and another sister—Louba—were taken to prison, and the village of Opatchna was burned to the ground.

While talking with us, Tatiana did not weep continually. Sometimes she smiled, and then she lost the boyish look and became very much the young girl, with her cheeks dimpling. She wriggled about and very often looked up at Maria Wolkoff, who had done clerical and other details around the camp. When asked about the trip across Europe to France, Tatiana broke down. Nobody tried to stop her from crying because it seemed to be something that had to run out its natural course. Then when she did stop crying, the dimples came again.

THE "baboushka," or the little old grandmother, was named Agrippina Demisoff, and she was 67. She, too, had lived on a collective farm between Pskov and Leningrad. She was very gnarled and thin and smiled at us politely when she sat down. When the interpreter explained that we were friendly, Agrippina Demisoff allowed herself to weep. It was clear that she would not have wept in front of the Germans, but she could weep here. She didn't cry hard or hysterically, but in a soft continuous welling of tears, which she explained to us was out of happiness. She had three daughters and three granddaughters and was not sure where any of them was. There was a son, too, who was a soldier in the Red Army. For seven and a half months the old woman had been in a concentration camp in Riga. In France she had been used to repair and renovate shoes, since she was too old for the heavy work on the railroad. At the very end of the interview, Agrippina Demisoff spoke directly to us in pantomime, brushing the interpreter aside. She got down on her knees and made a gesture of tearing her clothes off to the waist. This, it developed, was what had been done to her in an effort to get information. Then she got up and held one of us by the shoulders hard, and wept as if for a long time she had needed the strength and support of the young. She held my companion like that, and all he could do was to stand there silently and let her hold him until she herself was ready to let go.

Marfa Titowa, 48, did not cry. In her time during this war with Germany, she had seen her oldest child, a son of 20, killed by the Germans. He was a partisan and he had been killed while at home for a short visit. The house was encircled and he was shot. This was near Dvinsk. Now, wearing a headdress of American camouflage parachute silk and flanked by her two young daughters who had been sent to France with her, she sat there in the courtyard like a monument. She answered questions in a calm tone of voice, as if she had buried all the emotion of dead sons, broken family, imprisonment, and hard labor very deep and could talk evenly about what had happened. The emotion was buried deep but it was still there and would remain there.

Embarking upon its third year of publication, YANK, The Army Weekly, was privileged recently to present a radio program to the States. It was a world-wide hook-up, in which YANK correspondents in all theaters of war were represented. A portion of the ETO YANK's contribution to this program, which was carried by the National Broadcasting Company, consisted of the following message from General Dwight D. Eisenhower:

SUPREME HEADQUARTERS
ALLIED EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

Office of the Supreme Commander

18 August 1944

For two years YANK Magazine has been written and edited by soldiers for soldiers, it has given all of us factual reporting, humor, and inspiration from all fighting fronts—wherever Americans are pressing this global war for liberty and the dignity of man.

YANK is a product of the war that probably will cease soon after the end of the war, so I offer my best wishes on its second anniversary with the hope that its life may continue useful but short.

Dwight D. Eisenhower

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER
Supreme Commander Allied Expeditionary Force

Alvina Grinevich did not cry either. She was a girl of 23, very pretty in the Slavic manner, with high cheekbones and uptilted nose, blonde hair, and blue eyes. All the time we were there Alvina Grinevich brought us glasses of mild cider. She moved about very softly, as if she were trying to slip by all eyes, unseen and unheard. She had been one of the women taken off the train by German soldiers on the journey across Europe. When she talked to us, she answered all our questions directly, but always there was a sense of watchfulness and reserve, as if for a long time and perhaps forever it would not be possible to trust anyone. In Pskov she had taken a dietician's course at school; afterward, she had worked in a big kitchen maintained by a factory in Pskov. Both her young husband and herself had been taken prisoner by the Germans. The last she had heard of her husband was that he was a prisoner in Danzig. At the time she was taken prisoner, she was suffering from an incipient case of tuberculosis of the bone, and she thought it had been aggravated further by beatings and lack of food, as, for example, on the trip across Europe when there had been no food or water for two days. The Germans had beaten her at various times during her imprisonment in Russia in an effort to extract information.

Not quiet and not weeping, but strong, bitter, and tough was Valentina Matfeieff, 37, the mother of two children, whose husband was an officer in the Red Army. In all the time since the beginning of the war between the Soviet Union and Nazi Germany she had remained unbroken, openly hating the Germans. In 1941 the Germans had put the people of her native town of Kinguisep to work on the roads. When they asked the Germans for food, the Germans said, "Let Stalin feed you." Valentina Matfeieff said to them, "When Stalin was here, we ate; now let Hitler feed us." At that a German major hit her in the face, knocking out three front teeth.

Apart from this disfigurement, Valentina Matfeieff was a handsome, powerful woman. When Tatiana Timofeieff, the youngest of the prisoners was present, Valentina Matfeieff looked at her and put her hand on the girl's shoulder, like a lioness with a favorite cub. But Valentina could not talk about the Germans except with gestures of her tanned, strong hands made into fists. At the mention of the name of the German Kommandant, Friedrich Muller, she repeated the name to herself, as if marking it down for future reference. It was not impossible to believe that she could kill him with her bare hands.

WHEN we remarked that she had great spirit, she said with a look of grim pleasure and tossing her short-cropped blonde hair back over her head, that it was impossible for her to imagine herself broken by the Germans. Here, with the others, she had worked on the railroad. She spoke of our bombings around Le Mans. She thought our aviation was very impressive. She cited one day's work in which railroads and depots and other installations had been hit but not a single bomb had touched the camp. The women, she said, had been very happy about our bombings and if any bomb missed the railroad they were very disappointed. But the Germans, she said grimly, trembled when American planes were overhead.

Valentina Matfeieff spoke to us continually with great force, and the only time a hint of tears ever came was when she spoke of the freeing of the women of St. Mars la Briere. At two o'clock in the morning of August 8th she heard that the Americans were 30 kilometers away. The French told them this, just as the French of the town had done many other things for them, including giving them occasional food to round out their meagre camp fare. In the morning, Valentina had seen wounded Germans brought back to St. Mars and learned that the Germans were retreating out of the area. On the morning of August 8th the women of St. Mars la Briere had not yet seen any Americans.

In the afternoon, as some of the women sang and others cried, Valentina personally had sought out her deliverers. She had crossed the bridge out of St. Mars to a woods where a cavalry recon outfit had dismounted and was resting for a short while. The first American to whom she ever spoke is nameless. He was simply another Joe—a dirty, tired, friendly soldier who could speak a few words of Russian. Their conversation was simple enough: "Hello, Amerikanski!" "Hello, Russky!"

Other Americans came around her. She described them as being very friendly and offering her food that came in boxes and cigarettes. Then they moved on eastward along the road out of Le Mans.

August 8th is the date of the freeing of the Russian women labor-prisoners of the Germans. Now they wait to return home. They all remember the Americans as being in a great hurry going by them. Regrettably, the greetings between them were very brief as, in this matter of liberation, the Americans find little time to celebrate anywhere along the roads of France. All they could do was say hello, dispense with some rations, and make cracks in the sidewise humor that avoids direct comment on the serious, tragic events of the war through which they move daily.

Since that day there has been no roll call in the morning. The women have stayed in the same camp, but now there are no Germans here. French children run in and out of the courtyard. The old women smile shyly. Alvina Grinevich moves silently across the yard. Valentina Matfeieff shakes hands vigorously with us and then stands in the gateway with her arms folded determinedly across her chest. It is all finished now, except for the day of reckoning, as we wheel the jeep back from St. Mars la Briere to Le Mans.

A DEAD GERMAN SOLDIER LIES IN FRONT OF HIS SHATTERED TANK SOMEWHERE IN BRITTANY.

Random Shots From The Northern Front

A GI-view of some of the moments in France which have made the past few weeks momentously historic ones.

UNDER RAKING FIRE OF NAZI MACHINEGUNS AND 88s, AMERICAN INFANTRYMEN DASH ACROSS A ROAD IN THEIR SWIFT ADVANCE TOWARD THE HEART OF FRANCE.

THIS WAS A BUSY GERMAN HEADQUARTERS CAR NEAR THE FRONT BEFORE A YANKEE BAZOOKA SHELL SCORED A DIRECT HIT.

ABOVE, YANKS HERD SURRENDERING GERMAN SOLDIERS OUT OF THEIR HIDING PLACES ALONG A SHELL-POCKED STREET IN THE CAPTURED NAZI FORTRESS OF ST. MALO, BRITTANY. BELOW, AMERICANS ARE SHOWN PASSING A KNOCKED-OUT TIGER TANK, ITS TURRET BLASTED COMPLETELY OFF THE HULL AND INTO A DITCH.

IT'S UP, OVER AND KEEP MOVING FOR THESE U.S. INFANTRYMEN AS THEY STORM A BRITTANY TOWN IN THE FACE OF GERMAN FIRE. BETTER SCREENED ARE THE TWO MACHINEGUNNERS BELOW WHO UTILIZE THE COVER OF OVERHANGING TREES TO RAKE A NAZI HEDGEROW POSITION IN NORMANDY.

"ROMMEL, COUNT YOUR MEN!"

. . . And when Rommel counted, he was short a whole tankful of Nazis, for this crack 155-mm. howitzer outfit dropped a shell marked "From Harlem to Hitler" neatly through the turret of a German tank nine miles away. They have thrown more than 10,000 rounds against the Aryan Superman myth.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

OUTSIDE ST. MALO—The heavy artillery siege of St. Malo, on the Brittany coast, had already begun when the crack Negro 155-mm. howitzer battalion with which I was travelling received orders to move up. Five minutes later, I took off in a radio command car with the CO, Lt. Col. Harmon Kelsey, of Livermore, Calif. (the officers of this outfit are white); T/5 Martin Simmons, of Williamstown, N. J., described by the colonel as the "best damned driver I've ever seen, not scared of a damned thing"; and radio operator T/5 Horace Chapman, whose previous claim to fame is that as a bartender in Greenville, Tex., he helped develop a drink made out of tequila and called the "Wowie."

We drove slowly up the broad asphalt highway past long rows of doughboys in trucks parked along the road. The battalion's new area was on the fringe of a town less than 10,000 yards from the besieged concrete citadel of St. Malo. The town had been all beat to hell by the big guns of both armies. An infantry battalion had fought a bitter action here just the day before and had suffered severe casualties in their foxholes from airbursts over their heads. The enemy's big coastal guns had been turned around to fire inland, and we knew those guns were still zeroed in on the area. The orchards and wheat fields reeked with the odor of death, and into many of the caved-in slit trenches had been swept the pathetic debris of war—torn GI raincoats, V-mail forms, bloody helmets, riddled rifle stocks, and canteens. Three soldiers had died beside the wall of a farmhouse when a tank shell had bored a clean small hole through three stone walls of the building and exploded where the men stood on the other side. A Tiger tank that probably had fired the shell was still sitting 100 yards up the road, its left side caved in by the impact of a salvo of bazooka and anti-tank projectiles.

The artillerymen prodded unconcernedly about the area, which had not yet been swept of mines. "Fee, fie, fo, fum, I smell the blood of the boche," said Cpl. David Smith, of New York City. Sgt. Gibson Sapp, also of New York City, was looking at the pitiful, debris-filled slit trenches and composing poetry. "They died under an apple tree," he wrote. "The apples were not yet ripe."

The officers were busy laying out the battery areas and gloating about the lack of traffic on the roads this far forward. Some of the men discovered a system of underground fortification built by the Germans, and went foraging for bedroom slippers, shaving mirrors, and stationery. Near the spot where an S.S. man had absorbed a 57-mm. shellburst was a full-page portrait of the S.S. man showing him peering down the sight of a Mauser. He looked very tough in the portrait. The page had been torn out of the German magazine *Signal*, and the S.S. man had obviously been carrying it around in his pocket. On the other side of the page was an article entitled "Zwang zur bereitschaft," by Lt. Gen. Dittmar, explaining to the German soldier the impregnability of the Fortress Europa.

Negro artillerymen in France.

ONE by one the batteries of the battalion rolled in and began to dig emplacements for the howitzers. By evening they were set up and ready to fire. From under their camouflage nets the big guns pointed their short ugly snouts toward the sea. In the battalion fire-direction center, the men kidded and dug a little deeper while they waited. In the next field a cannoneer sang a song called *Low-Down Babe* in a high minor key. At 2035, orders to fire came from Group, and Lt. A. J. Howell, of Altus, Okla., left to take off in his Piper Cub. At 2101, Howell radioed that he could now observe the concrete fortress target. T/Sgt. Henry Washington, of New York City, and Sgt. Sapp sweated over their computing charts in the fire-direction center. At 2104, Sgt. Washington picked up the telephone. At 2105, Gun No. 2 of Battery opened fire to register the target for the other eleven guns.

The gun crew went about firing the round quietly and methodically. There was no time for kidding or singing now. No one even muttered the battalion's now famous battle cry, which goes, "Rommel, count your men!" before firing, and then, after firing, "Rommel, how many men you got now?" The projectile slammed into the breech. The crew whirled about rhythmically, and the bagged propelling charge flew through the air from man to man. The crew looked like a well-drilled college backfield handling a tricky lateral pass play. The breech swung closed. Then the No. 1 man, Pfc. Arthur Broadnax, of Autaugaville, Ala., pulled the lanyard. There was a flash and a roar and a whistle. Seconds later, as the sun set, we could hear the 95-pound projectile crash into the crumbling Nazi stronghold miles away.

This was the 10,000th round the battalion had fired into the myth of the Aryan superman.

The battalion fired its first round a few hours after debarking on the Cherbourg Peninsula on June 30th. On that occasion, the men had barely de-waterproofed their vehicles and set up for what they thought would be a waiting period outside Pont l'Abbe when a strange Piper Cub circling upstairs radioed their code word. The Cub said simply, "Coordinates of the target are such and such. Will adjust." That was all.

Col. Kelsey turned to a map and looked up the target. It was a towering church steeple in a town which the Germans were using as a snipers' nest and observation post. It had to be destroyed. "Okay," said Col. Kelsey. Sgt. Washington took the information down. "Fire mission," he said into the phone. "Battery adjust. Shell H.E. Charge 6. Fuse quick. Compass 5,000. Elevation 300." Four rounds and

90 seconds later, three heavy shells crashed into the invisible steeple, completely knocking it out. Then the infantry advanced through the town.

That's the kind of shooting the battalion has been doing ever since. It is reputed to have been the first Negro combat outfit to face the enemy in France. Today it is one of the most respected. The Corps to which it is attached rates it as one of the best artillery units under its control. I have heard doughboys from five divisions, watching the men of this outfit rumble past in their four-ton prime movers, say, "Thank God those guys are behind us." The reputation of a good outfit spreads fast in the front lines.

The battalion has fired 1,500 rounds in 24 hours, which didn't leave any time for sleeping. I watched the men in it set a new unofficial record by firing three rounds in a little over 40 seconds. They have developed a reputation for throwing high explosive for anyone who asks for it, regardless of affiliation, and in the Mortain sector they unhesitatingly swung their guns over a Corps boundary line to help out the Fourth Division when it needed some heavy slugging. They have knocked out countless pillboxes, tanks, buildings, and troop concentrations with their big shells, but the meat of the 155-mm. howitzer is the German 88. The 155 is as natural an enemy of the famous German weapon as the weasel is of the rat. The 88 fires on a flat trajectory. The 155 howitzer can get out of range behind a hill, fire over the hill at gun flashes, and pound the 88 to pieces with a projectile more than twice as heavy. One German prisoner captured on this battalion's front said, "What was the use of firing? For every round we sent over, we got 20 rounds of 155 dropped back on us."

The battalion fired steadily for two weeks after it arrived in France, and helped pound two important hills into submission. After that it moved into the fight for La Haye du Puits, and on to the bloody Moncastre Forest battle, where C Battery got out in front of the infantry and was so close to the enemy that it was pinned down by machineguns and mortars and couldn't fire. The battalion poured its shells across the Periers-St. Lo road on the day of the big July 25th attack and swept on through Normandy and Brittany with the big breakthrough. It was strafed and bombed and absorbed occasional counter battery fire from the enemy artillery. It got shelled in its foxholes and lost valuable men on the OP hills. After La Haye du Puits, it was issued mine detectors, but it never had time to use them. Its .50-cal. machineguns accounted for one strafing ME-109 and drove away 19 others. It captured seven prisoners on a reconnaissance near Avranches. At Coutance, it got out ahead of the infantry again and captured a town.

As in every other good outfit, men who would be classified as heroes in the outside world pop up occasionally. When the ME-109s came strafing, the battalion was in a truck column on the road. Cpl. Pink Thomas, of Batesville, Miss., stuck at the .50-cal. machinegun on top of his truck and traded round for round with a Messerschmitt until it was the Nazi who gave ground and crashed over the next hill in flames. Lt. Joe King's 21-man wire crew was shelled off a hill three times and lost two of its men to machinegun fire and shell bursts, but it managed to keep the lines open to the OPs. That day, the infantry moved ahead toward La Haye du Puits under the battalion's protective barrage. Just before the breakthrough along the Periers-St. Lo road, the Germans tried to delay the Americans with concentrations of 88s. Five of the 88s were firing counter battery at the time against our 105s. S/Sgt. Frank Crum, of the Bronx, N. Y., crawled forward then up Hill 92, and in five minutes had spotted the gun flashes. Two battalion volleys silenced the 88s for good.

When the battalion was ready to jump off from England to France, it was discovered suddenly that the big truck carrying all the fire-control equipment had broken down. No time could be spared, however, so the outfit embarked without the truck, hoping somehow to get the needed equipment on the other side. S/Sgt. James Chapman, of New York City, was left behind with a small detachment. Chapman was to guard the truck until the ordnance people came to pick it up. Then he was to come over with another outfit.

Chapman sat around with the truck for a while. Before long he got bored. He decided to go scrounging. Nobody knows how he did it, but somewhere he managed to find a truck of the same type as the one that had broken down. Without wasting a minute, he drove the truck down to the beach, put the fire-control equipment in it, and bummed a ride with a tank outfit just about ready to embark. As the only truck in the convoy of tanks, the big four-ton vehicle made an incongruous sight, but that didn't faze Chapman in the least. He debarked in France at 11 a.m. the next morning, just six hours after his battalion had landed. By noon he had found them. And at 2 p.m. they were firing at Pont l'Abbe with Chapman's fire-control equipment. If it hadn't been for his spectacular hitch hike, they might have been immobile for a week.

THE thing the battalion is most proud of is the time they scored a direct hit on the turret of a Tiger tank from 16,000 yards. When you stop to realize that 16,000 yards is over nine miles, that the 155 howitzer fires a very heavy projectile at a very high arc, that the target was completely out of sight, and that even if it had been visible a Tiger tank at that distance would have looked about as big as a Maryland chigger—when you realize all this you realize that that was some shooting.

The incident took place at Hill 95, north of La Haye du Puits. The position was still obscure on the hill, but a three-man reconnaissance patrol took off anyway to look over the site as a forward OP. The patrol consisted of Lt. Edward Claussen, of Bridgeport, Conn.; Pfc. Johnny Choice, of Millettville, Ga.; and Cpl. Howard Nesbitt, of New York City. As they advanced they strung a telephone line back to the battalion, just in case they spotted something.

At the foot of the hill, they ran into a paratrooper. "Who's up there?" asked Claussen. "Some of us, some of them," said the paratrooper. Whereupon the patrol and the paratrooper proceeded up the hill together. When they reached the top, they started digging. They stayed there for eight days, observing fire, while the infantry battle surged back and forth around them.

On the ninth day, the 88s got zeroed in on top of the hill and shelled it spasmodically day and night. This kept up for four days while Choice and Claussen spotted the flashes and the battalion engaged the slippery self-propelled 88s with counter battery fire. The telephone lines were cut and repaired and cut again. But still the men held their position on the hill.

SUDDENLY, on the 13th day, Claussen and Choice spotted the turret and apron of a single desert camouflaged tank only barely showing over the hedgerow of a road alongside a house. Just as they were phoning the information back, the 88s opened up again. One shell-burst hit five feet behind them and cut the telephone wire. Then another burst landed three feet in front of them and covered them with dirt in their foxholes. "Let's get the hell out of here," said Claussen. They got.

They left with the phone and nothing else. A platoon of paratroopers just in front of them on the slope was falling back at the same time. One paratrooper came bounding over the hedgerow. "This is the first foxhole I've left since I landed 34 days ago," he said, "but, brother, this sure is one I'm saying goodbye to now."

Claussen and Choice moved down the hill 100 yards. Then they plugged into the telephone wire again. They phoned the coordinates of the tank back to the battalion, and took chances dashing up to the top of the hill to observe results.

C Battery did the firing. They used delayed fuse shells timed to burst after the projectile had penetrated. The first round fell short. The second round dropped right down through the turret and exploded inside the tank, which flew neatly in half like a cracked walnut.

They told me at Gun No. 2 of C Battery that someone had reverted to the old GI custom and had scribbled some words in chalk on that second shell. The words were, "From Harlem to Hitler."

REJOINING HIS PARATROOP OUTFIT AFTER 20 MONTHS, MANUEL SERRANO FOUND TOP KICK'S STRIPES WAITING.

A U. S. paratrooper tells about the 10 exciting months he spent behind enemy lines in Italy, fighting as an anti-Fascist guerrilla.

been doing it for 22 years, but they really went to town when the Germans came in. There was one town where the shoemaker—he was a Fascist—was charging such wild prices that an ordinary Eyetie couldn't buy shoes. We finally got that guy, along with all his shoes. We hanged him and handed out his shoes to the poor people of the town.

"Some of the Fascists we let go — if they weren't active in the party but just paid their dues or turned on the radio to listen to Il Duce when they were ordered to. We scared the sugar out of them first before we let them go. Some of them even wanted to join up with us, but the Partisans wouldn't have them.

"And then there were some in-between Fascists we let go, but we gave them the castor-oil treatment first—just so they'd have a taste of what they used to hand out. We'd raid the Fascist headquarters and grab their stocks of bottled castor oil. Then we'd dose it out. If a Fascist was in the party 10 years, then we'd give him 10 doses, a dose a year. I know; it doesn't sound pretty. But if you expect a pretty story, I might as well stop now."

WHEN the going was tough, the Partisans hid out for weeks in the mountain recesses, in caves or in forest groves on the hillsides. They wore nondescript uniforms — part British, part German, part American, part civilian clothes. Their only weapons were a few old Italian Army rifles and *ballila* (hand grenades) and some captured German pistols. They carried sharpened Italian bayonets and used them as knives. Six months after Serrano joined the Partisans, British planes dropped machine guns and rifles to them.

The band of Partisans to which Serrano belonged was evidently only one of many bands operating all over Italy, wherever the Germans were. The units were organized and controlled through a radio station known as *Italia Combatte* (Italy Fights).

"Every night," Serrano says, "we'd turn on the radio to listen to our code signal, '*Sole tra monte* (the sun is between the mountains).' When we heard that, we'd take down the instructions for our next raid.

"These orders came in code, too. 'Pietro's beard is white might mean to blow up a railroad bridge. 'The snow in Russia is getting cold' might mean to tear down telephone wires along a certain road. The Jerries kept putting the wires up and we kept tearing them down. It got the Jerries so sore they'd shoot anybody they caught standing near a telephone pole."

Some of the instructions were repeated every night, such as the order to shoot individual Jerry motorcyclists or to help escaped Allied prisoners. Other instructions were longer and more involved. Serrano recalls one order about catching a big-shot Fascist in the town of Ascoli. The radio listed the homes the Fascist lived in at different times, his favorite coffee shops and the hours he visited them, his latest mistress and the color of her hair, and the address of their love nest. We located that Fascist late at night in the love nest, where he was waiting for his girl friend to show up. We didn't bother taking him back to the mountains. We let him have it right there."

The band was organized on a semimilitary basis. "There was a captain in the Italian Regular Army," says Serrano. "He was our CO. He gave the orders, and I mean orders. He was tough. Then there were a couple of lieutenants, I guess you'd call them. They were in charge of the units when we went out on a job. And about a half-dozen sergeants. The rest of us, including me, were privates. Of course, rank didn't make much difference in where we slept or what we ate. There weren't any special officers' quarters in our caves, and we all ate the same food when we got it."

The Partisans had no special insignia but they always wore something red. "Didn't make any

FOUR OR FIVE PARTISANS BOUND AND GAGGED EACH FASCIST AND CARRIED HIM SWIFTLY OUT OF TOWN.

difference what it was," Serrano says. "A red scarf, or a red handkerchief, or a red arm band. At first I thought it meant they were all communists, but they hardly ever talked politics. So one day I asked one of the lieutenants, and he explained that they wore these red things, first because the Yugoslav Partisans wore red, but mostly because it was the color the Jerries and the Fascists hated most."

The Partisans in Serrano's band came from all classes. There were workers and a couple of businessmen. There were Italian sailors, and officers and men of the Italian Army. And for a few months there were a couple of GIs from the 1st Division who had been captured and then escaped.

ONE of the most important Partisan jobs was to help escaped American and British prisoners. Serrano estimates that his band helped more than 100 prisoners back to Allied lines. Three girls worked with the Partisans on these deals, getting the names, ranks and serial numbers of escaped prisoners who had taken refuge in farmhouses in the area. The Partisans radioed this information to Allied headquarters at Bari.

But not all the escaped prisoners were able to make the Allied lines. Many of them were caught. If the Germans got them, the prisoners were usually just taken back to their prison camps. But they weren't always that lucky if the Fascists caught them first.

One morning in March, while the Partisans were camping in the hills near Comunanza in the La Marche region, a farmer reported that the Fascists had captured and killed six escaped Allied prisoners. They had stripped the prisoners of their identifications and clothes, he said, and had taken them to a field nearby. Then they had forced the prisoners to dig a long shallow ditch. When the ditch was dug, the Fascists machine-gunned the prisoners, threw their bodies into the ditch and covered them with a few shovelfuls of dirt.

"That night," Serrano says, "three of us made for the field. We saw the ditch but the bodies had disappeared. We checked around and learned that nuns had taken the bodies to the convent in Comunanza after the Fascists left. We went to the convent and there were the six bodies, wrapped in white sheets and lying on slabs of wood. The nuns had cleaned the bodies and wrapped them in the sheets. I lifted up the covers from the faces and recognized them all. Four were GIs from the 1st Division, the other two were British. The nuns said they would give them a decent burial. Then we left.

"I walked out of that convent and back up the hills to camp. When I got to the top of the first hill I turned around toward the convent and those six dead soldiers, and I swore that for each one of those soldiers I would kill a Fascist with my bare hands. I think for the first time I really knew what it meant to be a Partisan."

Even the Jerries didn't like the Italian Fascists, Serrano says. "Once when I was walking down the main street in Porto San Giorgio, dressed in civvies, I saw a Jerry soldier walk past an Italian Fascist officer without saluting him. The officer stopped the Jerry and said: 'Why didn't you salute me?' The Jerry took his pistol out of its holster, bashed the Fascist on the head and killed him. 'That's my salute to you,' he said and walked away.

"The Jerries stopped me three times, but only to ask directions. They thought I was an Eyetie—I was dark and spoke the language with the accent of the La Marche people. Once in Servigliano a Jerry stopped me on the street and asked the way to a certain road. While we were talking he pulled out a pack of Chesterfields and offered me one. I asked him where he got American cigarettes and he laughed. He told me they came from Red Cross parcels for the prisoners of No. 59. Later I learned that the Fascists had kept the parcels for themselves, but when the Germans came in they took the parcels away from them."

FROM April to June the Germans started going after the Partisans in earnest. Jerry planes tried to bomb them out of the hills and mortars tried to blast them out. In the last week of April a mixed unit of Fascists and Jerries had the band surrounded for three days.

"Most of us got away," says Serrano, "but five were caught. The Fascists hanged them. Not a quick hanging, like we gave them, but the slow Fascist hanging. They pulled the bodies up above the ground, then let them down slowly till the toes touched the ground, then up again after a while. That way the hangings could last a couple of days. I tell you, those Fascists were no good. The Yugoslavs were right. When we had that first trial, they said: 'What are you wasting time with trials for? Hang the swine'."

The Partisans did not let the enemy hold the offensive against them but struck back. "One day about the end of June," says Serrano, "we did a job on a Jerry convoy that was moving north up a mountain road near Sarnano. A guy named Giulio was in charge of a forward patrol of eight men. This Giulio was about 21 years old and a little guy, but he had a pair of shoulders as broad as this. He ran away from Rome when the Jerries started sending the young Eyeties to work up north.

"Each man in Giulio's patrol had a Bren machine gun, part of a supply the British had dropped down to us. The patrol was waiting on a rise just overlooking a bend in the road when the convoy showed up ahead of time. There were five trucks, loaded with supplies, and about 200 Germans.

"Giulio let go at the first truck and put it out of commission. Then the other Partisans fired their Brens at the rest of the trucks. The Jerries scrambled out and took cover behind their trucks. For five minutes there was a hot little battle. Then the Jerries ran, with the eight Partisans chasing after them. Giulio caught two Jerries and was disarming them when one Jerry pulled a pistol on him. That got Giulio mad. He lined them up against a tree and machine-gunned them."

When the rest of the Partisan band arrived, they burned the Jerry trucks, first removing all the supplies of food, clothing, pictures and silverware stolen from Italian homes. The Partisans counted 20 Jerry dead and picked up seven wounded, whom they took to the British hospital at Ascoli.

The next day the Germans came back in force, blowing up seven houses in the vicinity with mines. "They blamed the people for not warning them," Serrano says. "The people knew, all right. They always knew."

But the Partisans had their revenge, too. As the Germans retreated by night over the back roads before the advancing British, the Partisans struck and ran and struck again. For three straight nights they raided all the neighboring towns, seizing and shooting all the Fascists they could find. They used up all the ammunition from the Brens and all the fire they had taken from the Germans.

"I told the Partisans," Serrano says. "I told them: 'Get all the Fascists now, before the Allies get here. They might be too easy on them'."

ON THE fourth day the captain called the Partisan band together and told them their work in La Marche was done. Those who wished could go up north to continue the fight behind the enemy lines.

Serrano made his way back up to Servigliano and rested for a few days in the home of an Italian friend. Those were happy, confused days for the people of Servigliano. The Germans had gone and so had most of the town Fascists, but the British had not yet arrived. The people dug up all the *vino* they had hidden from the Nazis and they danced in the streets. At night they gathered in their homes and drank and sang the half-forgotten songs of a free Italy, songs they had not dared to sing in the open for 22 years. Partisans who hadn't seen their families for months streamed back into town and were hailed as heroes.

On the day Serrano left, he made a speech in the town *piazza*. "I told them I'd be back some day," he says, "and that I would tell the American soldiers what I had learned from the Partisans. They begged me to stay. They even wanted to make me mayor of the town. In fact, they wanted to give me the town's prettiest girl for a wife. But I guess I'll wait till I get back to Brooklyn and find a nice Italian girl there. I like these Eyeties. Maybe it's because I'm a Latin, too, and understand them a little better than some other American soldiers."

Forty miles from Servigliano, Serrano met an American Paratroop major, who told him where Serrano's old outfit was stationed. It wasn't very far away. A truck gave Serrano a lift across the peninsula and dropped him about eight miles from his unit camp.

"I walked those last eight miles," says Serrano. "But it didn't feel like walking. It felt like floating on air."

Back in camp Serrano met his old buddies. There were 75 left out of the original outfit as it was activated at Benning more than two years ago. After Tunisia, where Serrano was captured, the battalion had gone on to fight in Sicily and in Italy.

"I don't know what the outfit's going to have me do," says Serrano, whose first sergeant's rating came through a couple of weeks after he was captured in Tunisia. Whatever happens to him, he won't be short of folding money. He has 20 months' pay as a top kick coming, plus $50 a month jump pay, plus 20 percent overseas pay.

"I don't know what I'll do, but I know what I'd like to do. I'd like to drop back behind the Jerry lines again with an M1 and take 20 of these fellows with me."

"WE'D GRAB CASTOR OIL AND DOSE IT OUT. IF A FASCIST WAS IN THE PARTY 10 YEARS, HE'D GET 10 DOSES."

Recapturing Guam

Mortar fire poured down from the hills when the marines landed to win back the first U. S. island seized by the Japs in this war.

By Sgt. LARRY McMANUS
YANK Staff Correspondent

GUAM, THE MARIANAS [By Cable]—North of Orote Point there is a natural amphitheater some 200 yards long and 500 yards deep. Here the ground is low and level, rising gradually into brush-covered hills and then into a range of mountains farther inland. Nature has provided a stage for this amphitheater, a level coral reef some 300 yards offshore.

It was at this point on Guam that the 3d Marine Division landed in the initial phase of the operations to recapture from the Japanese the first American territory seized in this war.

Amtracks carried the first assault wave that clattered over the reef at H Hour, 0830, and lumbered ashore through mortar, rifle and machine-gun fire. When the amtracks hit the beach, the marines leaped out, some falling flat as their knees buckled under the weight of weapons and heavy packs. Then the amtracks turned around and splashed out to sea to pick up another load.

Other troops waded ashore from the reef's edge in knee-deep water, a few losing their equipment when they stepped in craters left by bombs or shells. Once ashore they climbed the sand dune, crossed the grove of shattered coconut trees and advanced up and over the first range of hills, averaging 500 feet in height, that rimmed the beachhead. As at Saipan, the Japs had only a meager beach-defense system, and this had been largely destroyed by the 17-day sea-air bombardment preceding the landing. The Japs were now resisting principally with mortar fire from the higher hills.

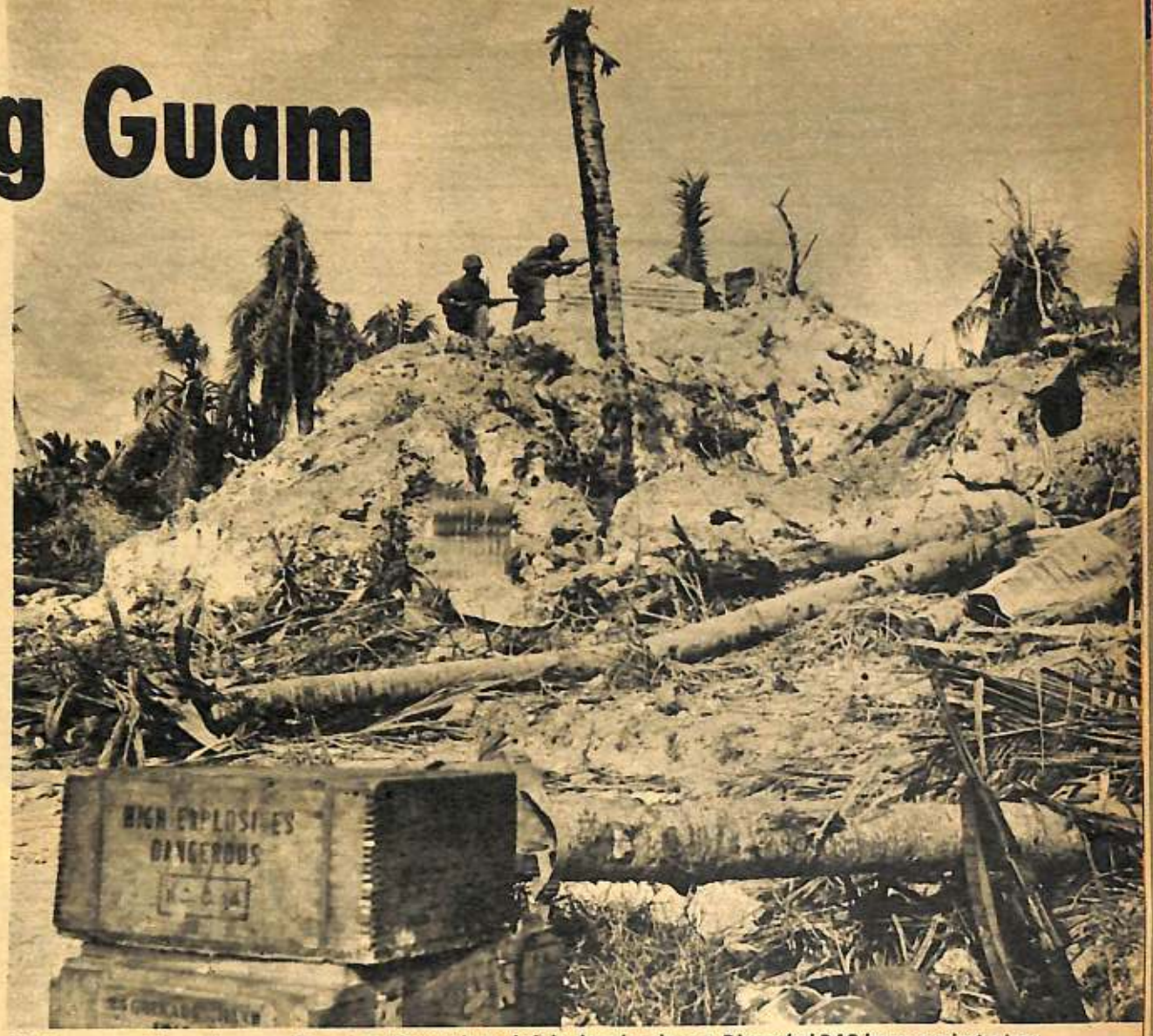
Although the beachhead received its full share of this fire, the men on the reef bore the brunt of most of the barrages. From the beach I watched a group of about 100 men disembark and walk across the reef. They dropped flat in the water as mortar shells began to explode among them; a dozen remained there when the firing stopped and the rest of the group moved in to shore. As one man put it later, "You can't dig a foxhole under water."

Tanks and bulldozers were put ashore before 0930, and soon long lines of ducks began rolling in to the beach on partly deflated tires. Each duck carried a radio-equipped jeep and an artillery piece. A mortar shell hit the fourth duck to land, setting it afire. Another shell landed in a jeep carried by one of the ducks, blowing up the jeep but leaving the duck crew untouched.

In midafternoon heavy concentrations of mortar shells poured on the clearing several hundred yards inland where our artillery was already in place. Here and there, all over the area, voices shouted: "Corpsman." Twenty feet from my foxhole a lineman was hit, the legs of his battle dress turning red with blood from his climbing irons. Two corpsmen bandaged his legs and gave him a unit of plasma.

Across the road two dog handlers were injured, putting two dogs out of action. There were 12 of these specially trained animals—Alaskan huskies and Dobermans and Belgian shepherds. A few were scouts, trained to sniff out Jap snipers, but most of them were message carriers. "They are trained to carry stuff from one particular man to another," says Pfc. Harold Tesch of Rochester, N. Y., "and when one man is wounded, the dogs have to be broken in with a new master." The dogs seemed less bothered by the mortar concentration than by the heat. Each sat in a shallow trench beside his master's foxhole or burrowed in the cool sand.

As the assault troops cleared the amphitheater and rooted out the Japs on the hill crests, the reef and shore line were taken over by the Engineers, Seabees, MPs, truck drivers and all the groups that have to consolidate a beachhead.



Marines search for snipers on Guam amid wreckage left by bombardment. Discarded BAR leans against a tree.

A 15-foot sandbank barring the way from the beach to the road up above seemed like a serious obstacle until an old Seabee called Pop put in an appearance. "Pop sat up high on his 'dozer," says William Mullins PhM1c of Murfreesboro, Tenn., "and dug a road through that bank like he was working a construction job in the States. We were catching hell from Jap mortars but it didn't bother Pop. Every time we looked up he'd be wheeling this 'dozer around like he was the only person on the beach."

Going out to the reef, I found Gunnery Sgt. William Wright of Dover, N. J., who has nine years in the Marines. He was standing on the ramp of an LST and directing the duck drivers as they backed into the ship's hold to load up.

Other LSTs lined the reef and smaller landing boats grounded beside them, loaded with cargo from the huge transport fleet that brought the 3d Marine Division to Guam. As the tide went out, trucks joined the processions of ducks and amtracks shuttling between reef and shore.

On a spit of muddy soil covering the reef, a duck-company dispatcher, Sgt. Lloyd McKenzie of Amarillo, Tex., directed the ducks on the run from the LSTs to the supply dumps ashore. He was perched on a wicker chair salvaged from a house in shattered Asan village.

"Rations aboard, Mac!" a truck driver would shout, and Mac would tell him to take them to the division dump.

"Ammo aboard, Mac!" another driver would call out, and Mac would ask the caliber. Then he'd tell an artilleryman to accompany the load and direct the duck to the proper battery.

Fence posts went to the Engineers, medical supplies to the hospital. Occasionally an outward-bound duck carrying casualties would be flagged through, proceeding directly out to sea to deliver its patients to a warship.

THE sound of artillery was almost continuous while Navy planes circled overhead in the cloudy sky. The rolling c-r-r-rump of their bombs was easily distinguished from the sharper and shorter blasts of shells. Navy Kingfisher scout planes moved slowly over the mountains, flying low to direct gunfire from the warships offshore.

Now the reef party slogged toward the shore while a fresh group, winding up a three-hour break, rode out to the reef in ducks.

On the beach two litter-bearers carried a casualty into a medical tent. The wounded man was naked except for his right pants leg, and his skin was the dirty gray of men who have lost too much blood. He had been hit by a Jap grenade blast barely 10 minutes before, and a corpsman had applied battle dressings. Now he was given plasma and a few minutes later was heading for a ship in an amtrack.

Down the road came a marine driving a ridiculously small Komatsu tractor, his knees sticking out over the treads. Everybody grinned as he passed. He looked like a man on a tricycle.

A salvage party began to assemble the equipment scattered over the beach. Sgt. Milan F. Russ of San Francisco, Calif., and his men inventoried the supply, turning guns and ammo over to Ordnance and preparing the GI equipment for reissue to anyone who needed it.

At night the salvage party became a part of the perimeter ground defense. All the other beach workers, including MPs who could be spared from the business of directing traffic, joined the defense line during the hours of darkness, on guard against anticipated Jap attacks.

Adolf Should Try Pin-Ups

NORTHERN IRAN—MPs at a GI camp here have developed a secret weapon—a foolproof method for stopping Russians.

When Red Army truck drivers refused to slow down at the gate, the MPs—used to having eagles come to a dead stop and present dog tags—were vexed. As one MP said, "We were vexed."

They put their heads together, seeking some great common denominator to hurdle both the linguistic barrier and the natural impetuosity of a Russki in the driver's seat. Next morning Russian trucks skidded to a meek halt. Cheerfully Red Army soldiers showed their passes.

"We pinned up a pitcha of Ann Savage on the outside of the gatehouse," said the MP corporal. "Cut it outa YANK. Everybody stops—Russian drivers, doggie drivers, old guys on camels. Now we gotta figure some way to get them moving again."

—Cpl. DICK GAIGE
YANK Staff Correspondent

DANGER, CURVES. A snake surely had a hand in surveying this section of the Burma Road. It winds through 23 switchbacks.

HAPPY STARS. On French soil Gen. Henry H. Arnold, USAAF, and Lt. Gen. Omar N. Bradley, Ground Forces, talk things over.

BATTLE BOOGIE. They're all Fifth Army infantrymen in this 12-piece swing combo which gives out generously in Italy. They play near the front and have been shelled, but they still keep grooving.

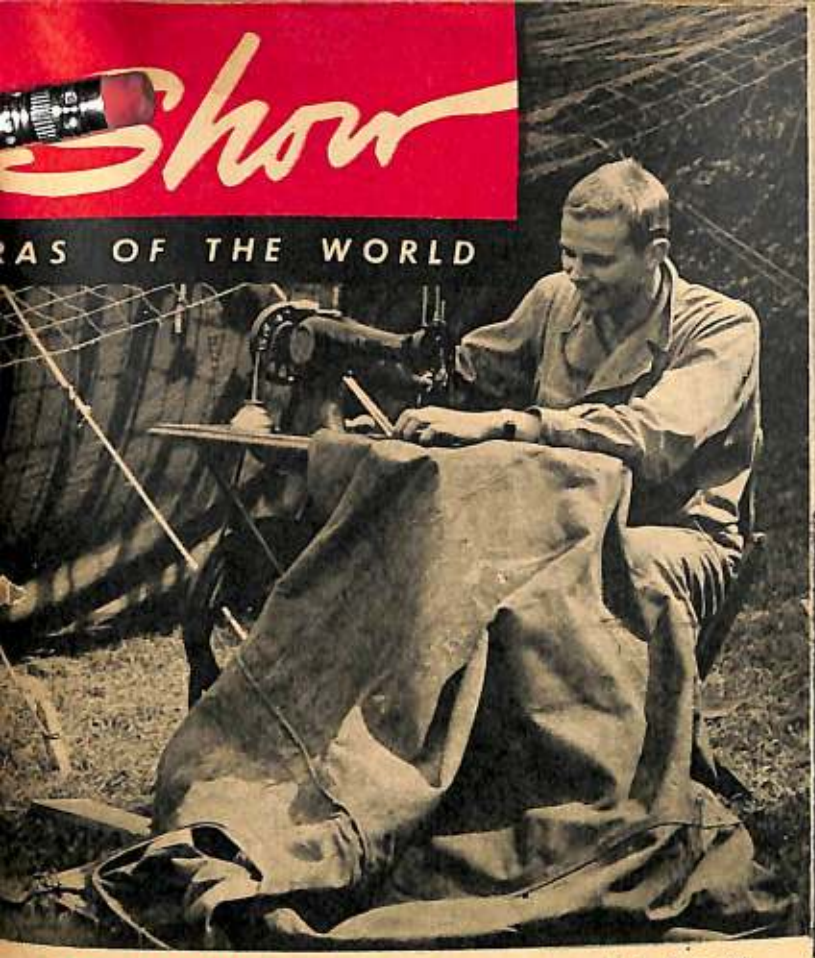
MAKING HER OWN. A French girl, unable to buy a ready-made American flag in time to celebrate liberation of her town, laboriously sews her own.

ROLL YOUR OWN. These two tobacco queens, at Valdosta (Ga.) sales, display the merits of this season's crop.

FIRST BLOOD. M/Sgt. Clifford Stoner and his lucky .50-cal. A ground man in New Guinea, he brought down a Zero first time he ever fired a machine gun.

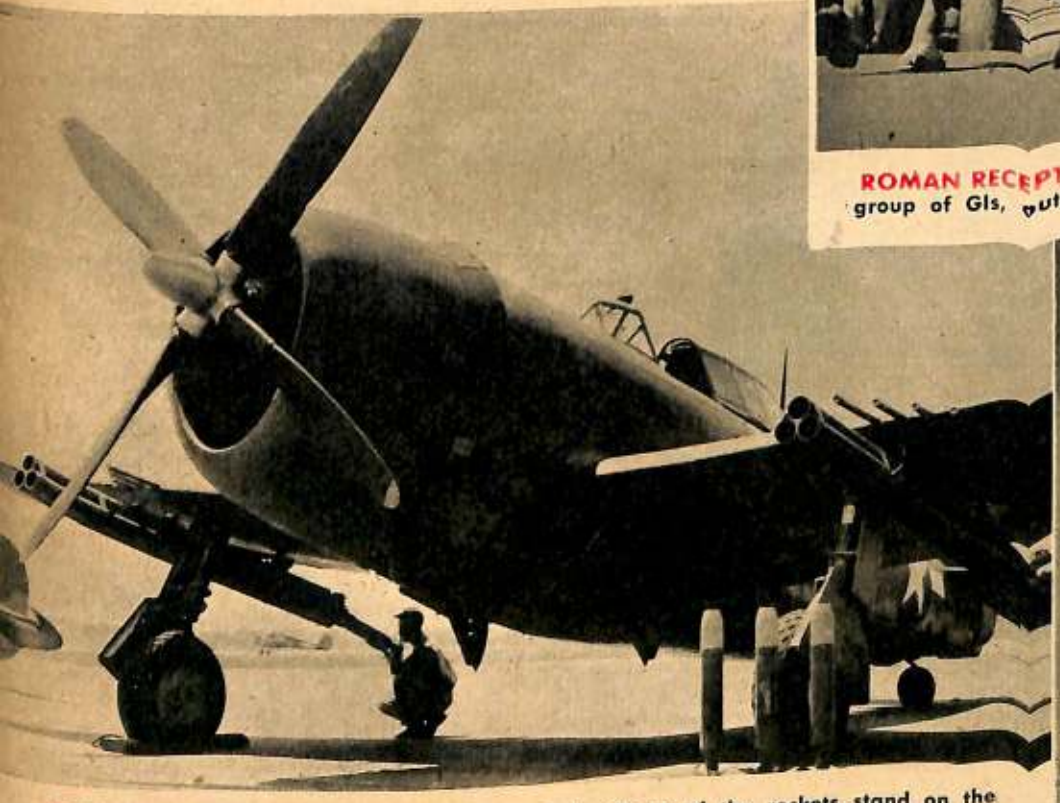
Show

RAS OF THE WORLD



JEEP SEAMSTRESS. Somewhere in France, Cpl. Donald Shilling does a nifty bit of needlework on a torn jeep top.

ROMAN RECEPTION. After Allies took Rome, Yanks didn't waste time making friends. Here a group of GIs, outnumbered but happy, take a stroll to see the sights of Mussolini's late capital.



NEW THUNDERBOLT. This P-47 fires rockets. Three of the rockets stand on the ground (right) while a soldier loads one into the rocket armament on the other side.

JAP TRACKS. This photo, made by Yank flyers in the Southwest Pacific, shows the smoky streamers of phosphorous bombs used by Zeros against attacking U. S. bombers.

WOOLLY WANDA. The fuzzy, fashionable parka on Hollywood's Wanda McKay isn't GI, but it looks very nice. Her legs will get cold, but what the hell.

Vivian Blaine

YANK

Pin-up Girl

News from Home

A shortage of popcorn threatened to mar an annual classic, the War Department changed its mind about some words the President had spoken, the GI vote looked as if it would run into the millions, and a bottler lost his honey because he didn't want to go to bed.

HEREWITH, a few nuggets of news from the home front to roll over your tongue sometime when you're curled up and comfortably relaxing inside a tank:

There's $100 in it for you if you get around to shooting Adolf Hitler any time between now and Sept. 10th. That comes straight from the members of the Rotary Club out in Salida, Colo., and they're the boys who are putting up the dough. But you've got to get cracking because several weeks ago the club scheduled a memorial service for Hitler on Sept. 11th, and here the time is drawing near and the louse is still alive—or was at this writing. Hence the hundred fish.

Just as St. Louis was proudly pointing to the fact that both the Browns and the Cardinals were ahead in their respective leagues and the citizens of that fair town were looking forward to a streetcar World Series, Blake Harper, concessionaire at Sportsman's Park, came up with some ugly news. Popcorn is scarce, he said, and he's darned if he thinks he can put his hands on the 10,000 pounds of the stuff necessary to make a bunch of Series fans happy.

A few years from now this kid, Chris Reynolds, is going to be a good guy to know during those lean days along toward the end of the month. As a matter of fact, it wouldn't hurt knowing him now. His full name is Christopher Smith Reynolds and he's the 11-year-old son of Libby Holman Reynolds Holmes, who used to sing those throaty songs around Broadway, and his income at the moment from his dead dad's tobacco fortune is $6,944 a month. What's more, if he finds it tough squeaking through to pay day, he probably can always raise a few bucks on the strength of an estate which now amounts to nearly 7 million dollars.

The National Safety Council, in cooperation with the WD's Safety Council, is getting out a new booklet, which they're going to start distributing among troops this month. It's a 14-page job called *Pvt. Droop Has Missed the War*, and outlines, by means of text and cartoons, the dangers which its compilers feel a careless GI is likely to encounter in civilian surroundings. These include such perils as fast driving, jay walking, driving while over-tired or after downing a few, and swimming in unfamiliar places. The pamphlet's usefulness, it was said, has already been tested among soldiers going on furlough from Camp Grant and Fort Sheridan, in Illinois, Fort Custer, in Michigan, and Camp McCoy, in Wisconsin, and the results show a 61 percent reduction in accidents among GIs on leave. The booklets are to be issued only to men going on furlough, so you'll probably have to wait till you get to Paris or better—and meanwhile watch that swimming in unfamiliar places.

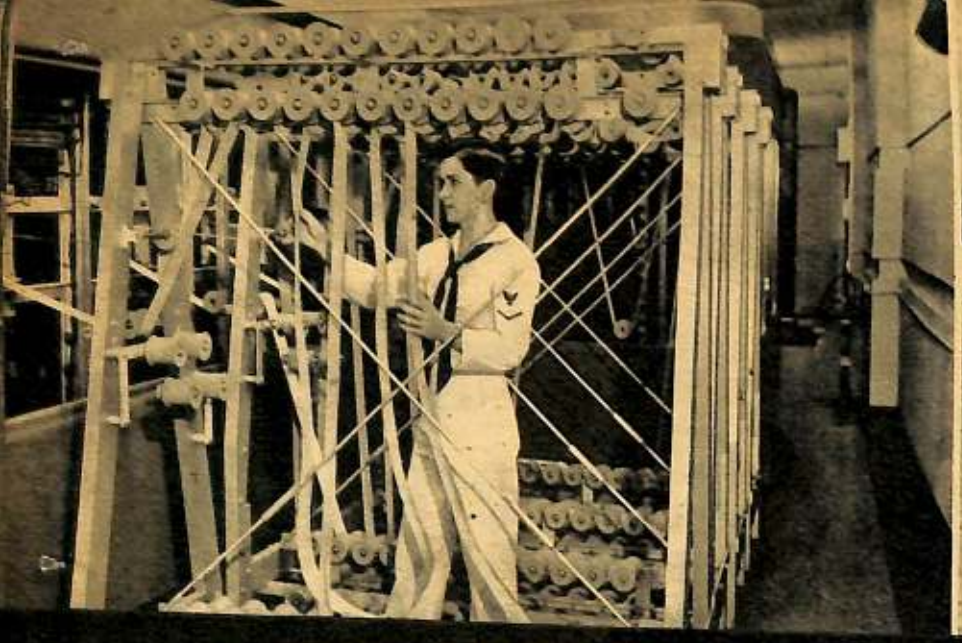
WE'D never be caught sticking our neck out trying to say who drove the first Yank vehicle to enter Paris, but someone else apparently did, with the result that back in Los Angeles last week the employees of the Birtcher Corp. got a half-day holiday in honor of their former export manager, Sacha Bollas. E. L. Birtcher, president of the firm, which before the war made electromedical equipment, said he understood that Bollas, now a captain, had driven the first American vehicle into the French capital. "I want to say," the boss added, "that Bollas's old job is waiting for him when he comes back." The captain's wife, who lives in nearby Glendora, said she hadn't heard from her husband since D-Day.

Since he has a wife and a job waiting for him, and combat experience to his credit, Capt. Bollas, if he were a GI, would probably be a natural to be included in the one to two million Joes whom Maj. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, the draft man, thinks may be let out of the Army shortly after Germany folds. The General said he was all for going on with the induction of qualified men into the armed forces for some time after the Nazis quit, although such matters, he pointed out, would depend entirely upon "the will of Congress." At present, they're still drafting the boys at the rate of between 70,000 and 100,000 a month.

Gen. Hershey predicted that men with dependents, combat experience, and the longest service would be let out first. He said that he was opposed to releasing the men who are "nearest home,

You have to keep that waistline down if you want to ride the bobtails. Jockey Sterling Young is shown above at Tropical Park, Fla., slimming the hard way.

... of film star Ann Gwynne in a Hollywood USO club. ... picture agree that the gal's extremely Leica-ble.



BRAIN BOX. Durward White, Sp3c, adjusts tape racks of the new wizard calculator in Cambridge, Mass. The machine, loaned to the Navy by Harvard, is said to be able to solve the toughest math problem.

WATER BIRDS. More than 100 craft participated in the ninth annual "Flight of the Snowbirds" yacht race in Newport Harbor, Calif. Janet Power, 17, of Balboa, Calif., was first in the small-boat regatta.

as we did in the last war," and that he favored a gradual mustering out because he felt it would be better to keep men in the service than to have to set up an agency to take care of them after they are released.

At the moment it doesn't look as if the ladies are going to make it any easier to land jobs when we all get back—not if a survey of Indianapolis, where war factories are going full blast, means anything. In that town 68 per cent of the women now engaged in war industry said they wanted to hang onto their present jobs after the war. Of the remaining 32 per cent, 18 per cent said they'd be glad to quit after the war, 11 per cent wanted lighter work, and the remaining 3 per cent just shook their pretty heads and said they didn't know.

As for this business of the collapse of Germany, Representative Clifton Woodrum, Democrat of Virginia and chairman of the House Postwar Military Policy Committee, said that Oct. 1st was the Army's "tentative" date for the end of the war in Europe. Concerning the war with Japan, Rear Admiral James H. Irish wasn't anywhere near so cheerful. He told Woodrum's committee that the Navy figured it would last "at least until the end of 1945."

Walter Lippmann, the New York *Herald Tribune's* student of foreign affairs, thought it probable that there would be no German surrender at all, in the usual sense of the word. "It is much more likely," he wrote, "that the German armies will surrender in bits and pieces as they are cut apart by the advancing Allies and that as we approach Germany itself there will be no central authority which can effectively capitulate for the whole nation."

President Roosevelt signed the amendment to Title V of the Soldier Vote Law, thus relaxing considerably the restrictions which the Army has felt obliged to place on the sort of reading matter, movies, and radio programs which could be made available to troops in an election year. Almost at once, however, the WD again found itself in hot water on the issue when the Socialist Party asked that it be allowed to broadcast to troops overseas for an amount of time equal to that given to the President when he spoke from Bremerton, Wash., on Aug. 12th upon his return to the States from a visit to Hawaii and the Aleutians.

The Socialists contended that Roosevelt had made a "political address" on that occasion. The WD at first agreed, referred to Roosevelt's Bremerton remarks as a "speech," and granted the Socialists the time on the air they had asked for. A few hours later, however, the WD changed its mind, ruled that the Bremerton remarks were a "report" and not political, and told the Socialists they couldn't have their time on the air after all.

The press branch of the WD's Public Relations Bureau said that the decision granting the Socialists radio time was made by Col. Robert Cutler, the Army's soldier-vote coordinator. The decision was overruled by Acting Secretary of War John J. McCloy, who said: "It has just been called to my attention that a decision was made by an Army agency to grant time to the Socialist Party for an overseas broadcast to troops on the basis of that party's contention that the President's report at Bremerton was a 'political address' within the meaning of Title V. . . . I have reconsidered this decision. The War Department determines that the President's report was 'not political' and accordingly no time will be granted to the Socialist Party on such a basis."

This riled Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate for the Presidency. He said that the WD's action "proves that the Commander-in-Chief, who is also a candidate for reelection, ruled that his own speech was not political" as "he is the final authority in the Army."

It's really going to matter—in many states, at least—which way the GI votes, judging by a survey of returns made by the *Associated Press*. The news service reported that if admittedly conservative estimates made by election officials in most states are correct, about 9 per cent of the voting next November will be by men and women in the armed forces. Already some two million applications for absentee ballots have been received from battlefronts, ships, and training camps, and thousands more keep coming in. A total of at least four million GI votes is expected, and some sources place the figure even higher.

Richard Yates Rowe, Illinois' Secretary of State, said he thought the service vote in his bailiwick would come to 12 per cent of the total number of ballots cast—"enough," as he put it, "to swing any election." Charles K. O'Connell, the Secretary of State in Kentucky, predicted that the outcome of the election there "will depend on the way the absentee voting goes." In New York—the home state of both Roosevelt and his Republican rival, Governor Thomas E. Dewey—more than 335,000 applications for ballots had been received and more were coming in at the rate of 8,000 a day. Pennsylvania anticipated having to send ballots to well over 500,000 and New Jersey put its number at 330,000. Estimates of the soldier vote in other states: Michigan, 150,000; Minnesota, 125,000; California, 175,000 to 200,000; Indiana, 75,000; Maine, 70,000.

On the other hand, some states didn't anticipate much of a service vote. In South Carolina, where the job of sending out absentee ballots was left to party workers, Governor Olin D. Johnson said he expected a GI vote of less than one half of 1 per cent. In Arkansas, Deputy Secretary of State Vance Clayton said it would be "practically impossible" for men overseas to vote since the state's law doesn't permit ballots to be mailed to applicants before Oct. 26th. Since Election Day this year falls on Nov. 7th, it would seem that Mr. Clayton has a point there.

Maybe you're going to be out of the foxholes by Christmas, but the authorities aren't banking on your spending the holidays at home. The Office of War Information is already cautioning your family and friends to remember that Christmas gifts to troops overseas must be mailed between Sept. 15th and Oct. 15th, and Col. Richard E. Eggleton, the port postal authority at the New York POE, said he expected 40 million presents would pass through his office on the way out.

And here's a check-list of what the OWI is telling the folks you want—just in case you care to write home and warn them off about some item you've already got or have no use for: Money orders, wallets, pipes, tobacco, razor blades, small shaving kits, pocket-sized photographs in waterproof folders, cigarettes, cigars, automatic pencils, stationery, games, cards, puzzles, hard candy, soap, dried fruit, vacuum-packed nuts, and wristwatches.

John Foster Dulles, adviser on foreign affairs to the Republican Party, went to Washington where, as an agent for Dewey, he conferred with Secretary of State Cordell Hull. After the meeting it was announced that the two men had reached substantial agreement on the advisability of considering a postwar peace set-up as "a non-partisan subject" but that they had failed to reach an immediate agreement on the extent to which public discussion of the matter would be desirable during the coming presidential campaign. The conferences, it was said, will be continued from time to time.

Dewey came out in favor of postwar internationalization of the Ruhr, the industrial area between France and Germany, as a major step toward maintaining the future peace of the world. He characterized the Ruhr, over which France and Germany have long been at odds, as "a fire trap" which has burned twice in the past 25 years with great loss of life. He said he favored international control of the region so that its products could be made available to all European countries.

Donald M. Nelson, head of the War Production Board, was off to China on what the President described as a very important mission. His going was marked by a heated wrangle over the question of partial reconversion now of war industry back to peacetime purposes. Charles E. Wilson, former chairman of the board of directors of the General Electric Company, resigned as the WPB's executive vice chairman, charging that he was being attacked by Nelson's staff and there were plenty of rumors around that Nelson himself was being edged out. Nelson has been an advocate of limited conversion now to peacetime production so that war plants will be able to provide jobs on a basis of making civilian goods as soon as the war is over. The Army and Navy don't see eye to eye with Nelson on this point and maintain that full production of war goods should go right on, at least until the war in Europe is over.

In line with his reconversion theories, Nelson recently let down the bars somewhat on the wartime prohibitions against the manufacture of goods for civilian needs. Providing, he ruled, that the necessary labor and manufacturing facilities are available and that war production is not affected, the WPB will give favorable consideration to the applications of manufacturers wishing to resume turning out vacuum cleaners, automatic phonographs, electric fans, refrigerators (but not those run by electricity or gas), metal office furniture, domestic electrical ranges, bed springs, musical instruments, electric flat-irons, sewing machines, lawn-mowers, fishing tackle, golf clubs, cutlery, fountain pens, typewriters, tire chains, telephone equipment, and steel wool. But, said Nelson, it's still no go on making automobiles, washing machines, and those gas and electric refrigerators.

According to Nelson, an "unemployment gap" will be inevitable in many industries during reconversion, but on the other hand he thought that many manufacturers will be able to switch from war to peacetime production without breaking their stride. The biggest "gap," he thought, was likely to be

HOT TIME. This is how Palisades Park, N. J., looked after a fire swept its Midway. Part of Coney's Luna Park burned the day before.

suffered in the automobile industry which, in converting to the production of tanks, planes, and guns, had been "completely scrambled." He foresaw little trouble in reconversion for the makers of farm implements, rubber tires, and textiles, all of whom have large backlogs of peacetime orders.

AFTER a brief blaze in six rear seats in the Earle Theater in Philadelphia, the police of that town took into custody a 45-year-old man whom they suspected of having the firebug itch—but bad. This gent, they said, had walked up to a cop a short while before the flames were noticed and handed him a slip of paper on which was printed: "Theater on fire." Sure enough, presently the theater, or rather a small part of it, turned out to be on fire, but the blaze was quickly extinguished by some members of the fire department who were on duty there. It was discovered that the seats in which the flames had broken out had been soaked with an inflammable liquid. Two thousand people were in the place at the time and began a panicky rush to the exits but trouble was avoided by a quick-thinking theater manager, who ordered the *Star Spangled Banner* played and thus quieted the mob.

The Pullman Company has been told by the courts that it will have to give up operating its sleeping cars or be guilty of violating the anti-trust laws. Pullman can go on making the cars, though. The postwar model won't be the familiar sleeper with upper and lower berths enclosed by curtains on the aisle. Instead, it will consist entirely of single and double compartments with private toilets. The tariff: a buck a night per berth.

FBI agents raided a warehouse of the Yale Transport Corp., in New York City, and confiscated 6,468 pairs of nylon stockings with a black-market value of about $100,000. Four men were arrested as the ringleaders of a syndicate, which, it was said, made the stockings out of thread allocated for the manufacture of parachutes and glider tow ropes. Nice guys.

A rescue party which set out from Bellingham, Wash., radioed back that it had found 17-year-old Larry Strathdee, of Seattle, lying dead at the foot of an ice cliff on Mt. Baker. The lad had slipped to his death while hiking with a friend, Jack Schwabland, 16, who guided the would-be rescuers to the spot.

A deranged Nazi prisoner of war, who presumably didn't like his first look at the land of the free, was seriously wounded by two MPs when he attempted to escape from a moving train near Monmouth Junction, N. J. Passengers were scared skinny as the guards chased the wild-eyed German down the aisle.

Led by a cripple, seven of the more than 100 inmates of the Duval County Jail, at Jacksonville, Fla., seized the institution and held it for six hours until military and civil police, using tear gas and gunfire, regained control. Three prisoners, including a woman, were injured. The cripple had smuggled a pistol in with him in the braces he wore on his legs and, with his six accomplices, used it to take over the jail's arsenal. Until the seven were overcome by tear gas, they held two guards prisoner, as well as four cops who answered the first alarm sent out from the jail.

The police of New York City had what looked like a tough murder case on their hands when the body of Mrs. Phyllis Lyons Newmark, attractive blonde wife of Melville G. Newmark, was found in some shrubbery 30 feet from the Hayden Planetarium, next to the Museum of Natural History, on Central Park West. She had been strangled. Mrs. Newmark had left her home in the Hotel Clifton only a short while before in the company of another woman. The victim's husband was at Wingdale, N. Y., at the time and hurried to the city as soon as he heard what had happened. Police said the Newmarks' marriage had been a happy one.

The Army announced that it plans to abandon 97-year-old Fort Brown, an historic military installation for which Brownsville, Tex., was named.

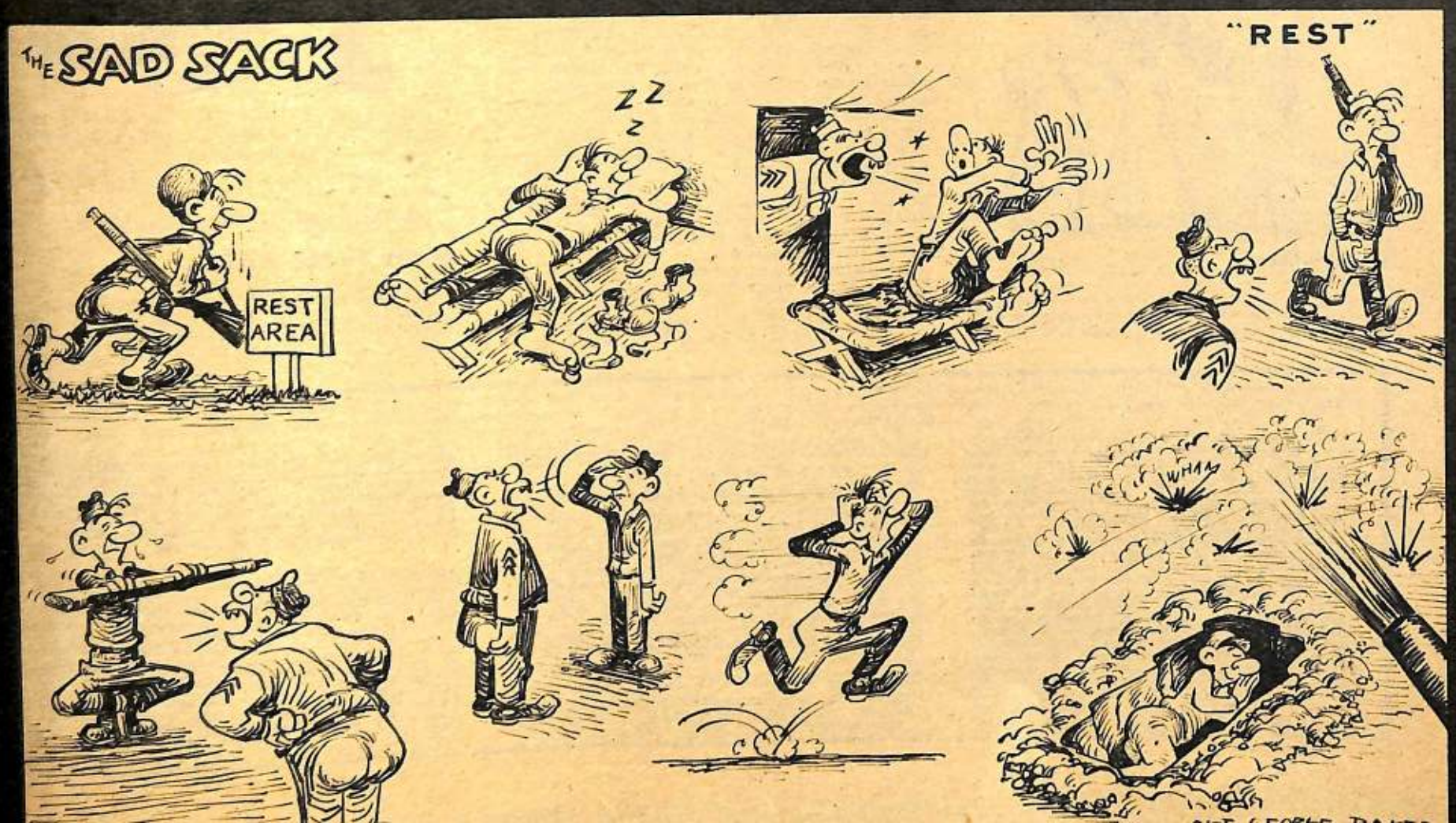
ANNE DAVIS, daughter of Elmer Davis, director of the OWI, became engaged to Army Lt. Morris Kaplan, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., a former newspaperman.

Lt. Tom Harmon, former All-American football player, married Elyse Knox, a movie starlet, in Ann Arbor, Mich. Now a flying instructor in the AAF, Lt. Harmon said that after the war he hopes "to go into radio back in Detroit." His bride said she's going to stay in pictures only for the duration. "Our marriage," she added, "is just as indefinite as any other war marriage. We can only hope for a lot of happiness." The wedding ceremony was conducted in St. Mary's Student Chapel, which the lieutenant attended when he was an undergraduate at the University of Michigan.

Jean Parker, of the movies, married Dr. Curtis Grotter, a Hollywood insurance broker, in Los Angeles. Now 26, Miss Parker had previously been divorced from George MacDonald, a New York newspaperman, and H. Dawson Sanders, a radio commentator. Grotter, who is 33, is a native of Czechoslovakia and a naturalized U. S. citizen.

Artie Shaw, the band leader, was sued for divorce in Los Angeles by his second wife, Elizabeth Kern Shaw, daughter of Jerome Kern, the composer. The suit was brought only a day after Shaw's first wife, Lana Turner, had divorced her second husband, Stephen Crane. The second Mrs. Shaw, who charged cruelty, asked for custody of their year-old son, Stephen.

Our final note this week on the domestic lives of the great, concerns 24-year-old Bonnie Edwards, who at one time in her young life was the fifth wife of Tommy Manville. She just obtained a divorce in Los Angeles from Algernon K. Barbee, the 51-year-old owner of a bottling company. Her complaint was that she couldn't get on with her husband because he knocked her down, got mad when she wouldn't drink champagne for breakfast, and "never seemed to go to bed." Rugged fellow, that Algernon.



Mail Call

Senile At 25?

Dear YANK,

Your statement that everybody in uniform will be affected by it (P.L. 346, alias the GI Bill of Rights), was quite accurate. I, for one, have been affected to the point of biting my nails and sneering bitterly for the past month. Because by Section I, Article VIII, men over 25 when they came into the Service are not eligible for government scholarships. I left the University of California for the Army in my senior college year, am still enrolled and studying now, and shall certainly return there after the war.

Most of us in our thirties have families to support, and to us each year that slips away is a tragedy. Yet there are veterans of twenty who will be handed years of scholarships where we will get nothing.

Injustice is the word used to describe the situation by President Robert Gordon Sproul of my university. This rather screwloose decision that at 25 a man slips into intellectual senility is no doubt the result of an urge to economize somewhere. But why at the most worthwhile end of the scale?

Sgt. HOWARD E. ROGERS

France.

Juvenile At 18?

Dear YANK,

Why is it that at the age of 18 to 20 we are old enough to be drafted but not old enough to vote? Good enough to be shot at but not good enough to vote. Why?

FOXHOLE FIVE

France.

Ode To A Raise

Dear YANK,

The Air Corps gets its Flying pay,
The Paratroops get their Jumping pay,
The Doughfeet now get Combat pay;
Do you think the Artillery will have its day?

GUESS WHO?

France.

[That's something, chum, we couldn't say.—Ed.]

Laundry Lore

Dear YANK,

As this is our first letter to you, we'll begin by saying we think YANK is the one magazine that can't be beat. Our purpose this time isn't to complain but is to answer a question asked by some field artillerymen in the July 30th issue. The question is, "What is laundry?"

The Quartermaster Corps has an answer for almost all army problems and although you men of the field artillery weren't directing the question of laundry at us we are in a position to answer it, so here goes. A mobile laundry unit consists of a trailer on which has been placed machinery for the purpose of washing clothes. Handling of this equipment requires men with a good knowledge of mechanics and other trades. The trailer is pulled from place to place by a five-ton tractor. Four such units and a number of GIs make up a platoon that can handle the laundry for 12,000 soldiers. The men operating these units, when attached to an outfit, must accustom themselves to the same living conditions as that outfit, although they are still "laundrymen." Outfits like yours aren't getting service from us at present due to the fact that our work is needed more urgently by field hospitals.

We won't boast that ours is a man's outfit, but we'll make a plain statement: The records on the outfits such as ours show that on occasion they've been the ones to "get there" first, and when necessary didn't do bad as infantry. Such was the case on Guadalcanal. There was a unit on the Anzio Beachhead. Another arrived in Normandy on D-Plus-2 and began operating one mile back of the lines.

S/Sgt. MORRELL F. GERBER and five others

France.

Postwar Plan

Dear YANK,

Sometime ago we learned that clothing manufacturers, tailors, etc., had estimated a cost of $60 for outfitting GI Joe in civvies. Considering the number of Joes to be discharged, clothiers are looking forward to a take running into seven figures.

Now GI Joe, together with GI Jane, is going to need a lot more than civilian duds. Radios, refrigerators, washing machines, autos, a new dining room set—in short, a whale of a lot of things peculiar to a civilian existence are going to be requisitioned by discharged vets and vetesses of W.W.No.11.

With Price-Regulation as full of holes as the German West Wall, it cannot be doubted that manufacturers of the above-mentioned items are looking forward with a great deal of relish to the day when the boys come home again. The GI Bill of Rights grants us $200 or $300 on discharge, and some of us probably will have sizable amounts in allotment savings, bond purchases, etc. In other words, a lot of us are going to be pretty "fat" when we step off the gang plank—an easy mark for the get-rich-quick boys, who plan on a postwar boom in consumption of civilian goods.

Now, here's an idea on which I would like to hear more comment. With the cessation of hostilities, the U. S. will be left with a surplus of a number of items, namely: materials for uniforms—quite suitable for making civilian clothing; leather for shoes; ordnance material—which might conceivably be utilized in the manufacture of radios; electrical appliances; and other items of that nature. Represented in the U. S. Army, we have tailors, dressmakers, shoemakers, radio technicians, machinists, executives, etc.—certainly a cross-section of American life. Put the two together—surplus materials and the men and women capable of converting at least a part of this surplus into useful civilian goods—add the cash in the pockets of the discharged vets, and do we get an answer?

Let the government subsidize certain plants and facilities for the manufacture of clothing and other civilian needs. Staff them throughout with ex-servicemen and women of comparative experience. Then you will have the means of supplying GI Joe and GI Jane with the necessary items for living happily ever after at a reasonable cost.

Of course there will be howls from certain parties. We'll be faced with the old arguments of governmental interference with private enterprises, too much opportunity for graft, and the well-known charge of governmental inefficiency. But consider the advantages of such a scheme. A large, troublesome surplus of war materials will be disposed of, a number of veterans will be assured of postwar employment, and the rest of us given an opportunity of resuming a normal life at a moderate outlay of cash. In order to prevent civilians from taking advantage of this market, and thereby causing further yelps from the manufacturers, and to insure that every vet does get a chance, some system of rationing may have to be instituted. And rationing has worked. Naturally, it is not contemplated that the plan will be continued indefinitely, so whatever regulations and restrictions are necessary to insure that the plan works will only be temporary.

T/5 FRANK JACKSON

Britain.

Like English Lassies

Dear YANK,

We are four boys who have been disillusioned in love. When we left the States, our "True Loves" guaranteed to be waiting till the end of time. So what happens? We have all received our rings back with TS cards wishing us luck. What are the possibilities of going back to England after we get thru mopping up over here? My buddies and I now realize how good an English girl is.

PUP TENT 4

France.

Rank Conscious

Dear YANK,

About a month ago I was broken from a Pfc. to a private. Yesterday a friend of mine, who was a corporal, also was busted. He claims he outranks me, because he's been in the army longer than I have, his rank was higher than mine and he has more time as a private than I have. I claim that

I outrank him because I have now been a private for one month and he has only been a private for two days. Who outranks who?

Ex-Pfc. LESTER GOLDIN
Ex-Cpl. JOSEPH "JINX" JENNERS

Britain.

[You both salute second lieutenants.—Ed.]

Salute To The AAF

Dear YANK,

Just a few words, but sincere ones, to show our appreciation for the valiant efforts of the fighter pilots of the AAF collaborating with our armored columns in France.

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Pictures: 1, PWD-OWI. 4, top, Signal Corps; lower left, Keystone; lower right, Planet. 5, upper left, Signal Corps; upper right, Signal Corps; middle left, George Greb; middle right, Signal Corps; lower left, Signal Corps; lower right, Keystone. 6, Signal Corps. 8, Sgt. George Aarons. 11, Sgt. Bill Young. 12, upper left, Signal Corps; upper right, Sgt. Aarons; lower left, Acme; center left, Signal Corps; center right, IMP; lower right, Sgt. Dick Hanley. 13 upper left, Signal Corps; upper right, Sgt. Aarons; center left, AAF; lower left, 5th Air Force; lower right, W.W. 14, 20th Century-Fox. 15, top, INS; bottom, PNT. 16, left, PA; right, Acme. 17, Acme 20, upper left, Acme; upper and center right, PA; lower left and right, IMP. 21, upper, PA; lower, Acme. 22 and 23, Sgt. Arthur Weithas, Mason Pawlak, PhoMic and Acme.

"Tell me, Hermann, how do you think I'd look without my mustache?"

Indeed, we men of these armored columns tip our hats to you fellows and if the opportunity should arise the drinks will be on us.

With you guys up there and us guys down here how can it last much longer?

THE BERLIN-BOUND CIRCUS

France.

Last Word on St. Lo

Dear YANK,

I have just seen your issue of 13 August with the two fine articles on the operations in the vicinity of St. Lo, which puts the Division in a very fine light.

I would like to take credit for having been in the city with the Task Force but somehow or other you confused me with Brigadier General Norman D. Cota, who commanded this Task Force. He, by the way, was wounded during the action and was out for about two weeks, but then returned to the Division in as good shape as ever.

You may be interested to know that the writer of the letter in Mail Call, calling attention to the fact that a certain regiment of the Division captured Isigny, signed "Colonel, Infantry, Commanding," has since been killed in action.

Troops greatly appreciate articles such as yours that tell of difficult tasks well done.

C. H. GERHARDT,
Major General, U. S. Army,
Commanding,
HQ. 29th Inf. Div.

France.

[Many thanks, General. We trust that by now you've seen the letter in the Mail Call section of YANK'S Continental Edition dated August 27th, explaining how the unfortunate error occurred.—Ed.]

Swap Jobs?

Dear YANK,

All we read in Mail Call is bitchery at its greatest. We can take it from the Infantry, the Air Corps, and the other outfits here with us in France and in the Pacific, but when guys in the States and the U.K. start to sound off, then it's time for us of the Graves Registration Service to open up.

We are members of an outfit that landed during the afternoon of D-Day when some of the others who have already bitched in Mail Call were still in the States or the U.K., eating at the U.S.O. or Red Cross.

After clearing the beaches we had to bury the dead. We also had to identify each one, which entailed searching through outer and inner garments. Sometimes it was necessary to fingerprint or take a tooth chart. On one occasion, we had to remove two men from a small navy boat that was beached. The bodies of these men were mangled around the propeller of the boat. Does anybody in the States want to swap jobs with us?

From dawn to dusk and even during the nightly visits of Jerry we labored to bury our comrades. Thus was the first American Cemetery of World War II established in France. Having little regard for possible contraction of many diseases and less regard for snipers and 88s, our 50 men and 2 officers processed, recorded and buried practically all the D-Day casualties.

So, YANK, print this and perhaps those guys in the States and the U.K. who are about to mail you some more of their petty squawks will think twice and drop such letters in the basket.

J. F. NOLAN, Pfc.

France.

Too Late To Vote

Dear YANK,

Was very interested in your August 6 article on the Absentee Voting situation, especially "point 4" of a typical absentee vote case which said "after Smith receives his ballot also by high priority air mail." On August 7, I received a ballot for Michigan's primary election, now a matter of history, which was postmarked June 28.

Does "High Priority" mean in excess of 40 days? This ballot was legibly addressed and its contents plainly marked on the outside of the envelope.

I would like an answer on this as the local election officials sent this ballot only after I insisted on it as they claimed 20 days did not offer sufficient time for the trip, and I guess they were right in spite of the promises of officialdom.

Pfc. THOMAS D. O'REILLY

France.

First Pitch In France?

Dear YANK,

This is the U.S. Navy speaking their piece. I'm writing to let Pfc. Al Bruk in on a little secret. The ball game he played on D-plus 6 days, which he claims was the first to be played on the soil of France —that is a lot of hooey. Our LST's crew played the ship's medics on D-Plus-3, just before we took on casualties. We played on the beach which was cleared of mines for the day. So our game was about the first.

The Navy has beat you guys to the punch again, so please, YANK, correct Al on his statement.

Thanks a lot, pal. No hard feelings.

SALVATORE BELLO, G.M.3/c

France.

Caterpillars

Dear YANK,

Will you please inform me as to the address and requirements for membership to the Caterpillar Club for those persons who had to make a parachute jump to save their lives?

ROGER H. SOTH, 2nd Lt., AC

Britain.

[Anyone who is forced to make an emergency jump with a parachute is eligible for membership in the Caterpillar Club. Application may be made by mail to the Caterpillar Club, P.O. Box 1328, Trenton, N.J. No charge.—Ed.]

Rotation Plan Again

Dear YANK,

Being a constant reader of YANK, we read an article referring to "gripes" over length of service overseas, and we would like to add our sentiments.

We have the honor of being one of the oldest combat outfits overseas with 28 months to our credit, in which time we tasted the African climate, the the Sicilian flies, English showers, and now the French hedgerows.

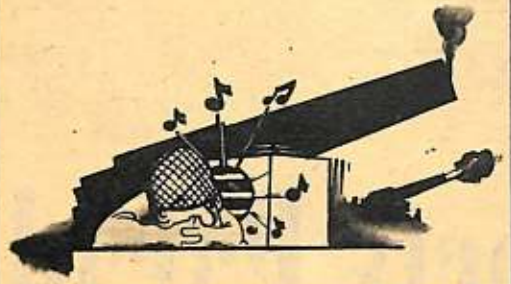
We, too, have sent but one man home through the Rotation Plan since it was put in effect a year ago last June. We would appreciate your information in regards to any ARs, or laws governing the length of service for troops overseas.

THE BOYS OF BATTERY D

France.

[Only one man on our staff claims to know the answer to this question and he's been over here nearly three years.—Ed.]

YANK'S AFN Radio Guide



Highlights for the week of Sept. 3

SUNDAY — 0935—HOUR OF CHARM*—Phil Spitalny's all-girl Orchestra in a program ranging from the classics to swing.

MONDAY — 1915—COMMAND PERFORMANCE*—The original program presented especially for the forces. Song and fun, as the stars appear at your request.

TUESDAY — 1701—GRAND OLD OPRY*—Music from the hills and from the plains, by folks who know how to give it the right informal styling.

WEDNESDAY — 2005—CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LOWER BASIN STREET*—Dr. Milton J. Cross, aided by Paul Laval's Orchestra and guests, turning out solid swing.

THURSDAY — 2115—DUFFY'S TAVERN*—Archie sprinkles fresh sawdust on the floor and you're set for fun with the regular Duffy's gang and their special guests.

FRIDAY — 2030—HIT PARADE*—The ten top tunes of the week, with Mark Warnow's Orchestra, Joan Edwards, and Frank Sinatra.

SATURDAY — 1330—YANK's RADIO WEEKLY.

1935—SATURDAY NIGHT SERENADE*—Familiar music by Gus Haenchen's Orchestra, with songs by Jessica Dragonette and Bill Perry.

NEWS EVERY HOUR ON THE HOUR.

NOW HEARD TWICE DAILY—HOME NEWS FROM THE USA—at 1055 and 2001.

* Indicates programs also heard over the AEF program.

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

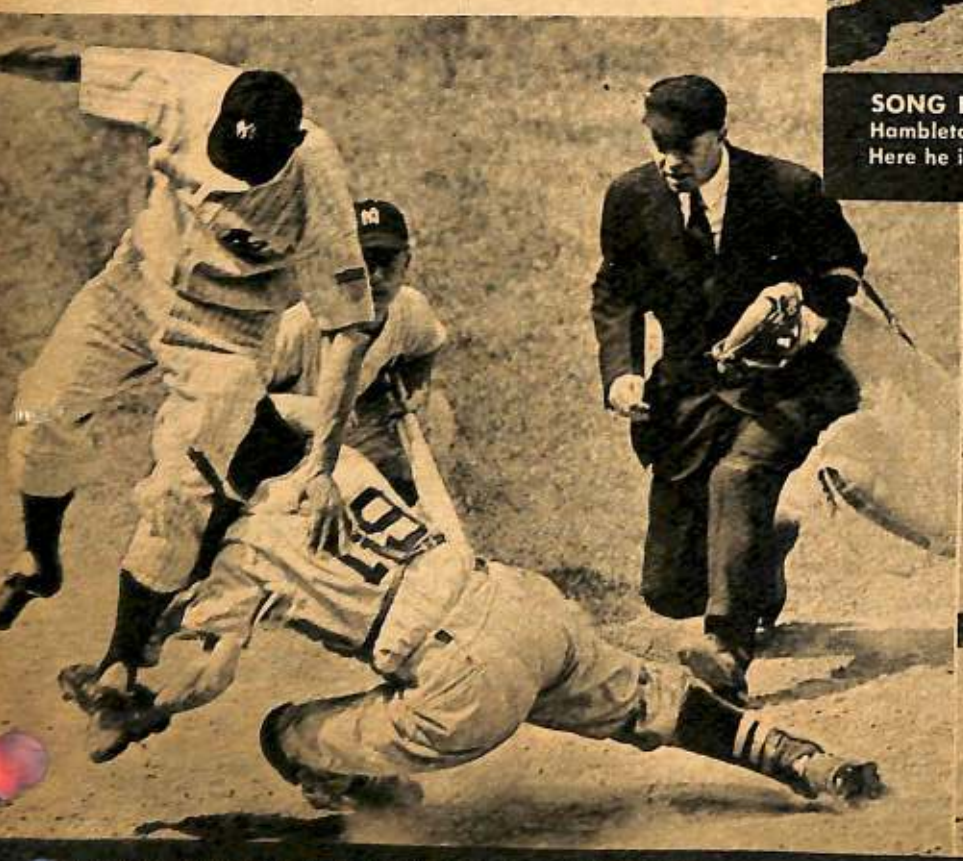
AEF program in France on your dial:
1050 kc. 285 m.

Sports Parade

COBB SWINGS AGAIN. Ty Cobb, holder of more baseball records than any man living or dead, gives the customers at the Pacific Coast League All-Star game a thrill as he takes a cut during pre-game ceremonies at Seattle, Wash.

LEAGUE LEADER. Hard-hitting Bill Nicholson, Chicago Cub outfielder, may be the first National Leaguer to lead that circuit two years in succession in home runs and runs batted in. He has hit 21 home runs and driven in 64 runs.

SONG IS ENDED. Three days after this picture was made, Volo Song, last year's Hambletonian winner, was destroyed because of a multiple break in his left foreleg. Here he is being led to the barn after fracturing his leg in a $400 race at Elkhorn, Wis.



THRILLER IN TWO SCENES: OSCAR GRIMES, YANKEE INFIELDER, CRASHES INTO BOSTON'S HAL WAGNER, BREAKING WAGNER'S SHOULDER. GRIMES WAS CALLED OUT.

SPORTS: TOUCHING ALL BASES IN THE BIG LEAGUES

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

BASEBALL G-2. This is the scout report that the Dodgers got on Pete Gray, Memphis' fabulous one-arm outfielder: "Buy him. He can play in the National League." . . . The unnamed big-league club that bid $20,000 for Clem Dreisewerd, the Sacramento pitching ace, was the Boston Red Sox. . . . The guys who should know say Leo Durocher's handling of young players this season has been remarkably bad and that is the big reason the Dodgers are running a smacking last place. . . . If Jim Farley still wants to buy the Yankees after the war, he will have to outbid Lt. Col. Larry MacPhail, who has plenty of backing from Capt. Dan Topping, the millionaire marine. . . . The rumor that Bill McKechnie is on his way out at Cincinnati because owner Powel Crosley Jr. doesn't wish to be identified with a loser has everybody guessing. All the good Deacon has done is to finish in the first division for six straight years, win two pennants and a World Series championship. . . . The Cleveland front office is hopping mad because outfielder Roy Cullenbine griped aloud that the Indians would always be a lousy ball club as long as they played in Cleveland Stadium. Cullenbine complained that the fences were so far away that everybody was suffering from eyestrain. . . . Baseball players say Dutch Leonard of the Senators would never get by in the big leagues if he didn't have a knuckle ball. His other stuff, supposedly, is only ordinary. . . . Pfc. Bill Veeck, the phenomenally successful Milwaukee owner, is slated to succeed Jim Gallagher as general manager of the Chicago Cubs after the war. . . . Give Cousin Ed Barrow an assist if Frankie Crosetti hustles the Yankees to another pennant. A few years ago when Phil Rizzuto crowded Crosetti to the bench, Washington tried to buy Crosetti, but Barrow wouldn't sell. "I don't care how much they offer," Barrow said. "Nobody can buy Crosetti. He stays with the Yankees as long as I have anything to do with running them."

One-Minute Biography. Marty (Slats) Marion of the St. Louis Cardinals, the best shortstop in the National League in 20 years. . . . Billy Southworth calls him "Mr. Shortstop" and regards him as the Cards' most valuable player. . . . Marion is lucky to be playing baseball at all. When he was 12 years old, he tumbled off a 20-foot embankment and shattered his right thigh. It took an operation, seven months in a plaster cast that covered him from chest to toes and a year on crutches before he was able to walk again. . . . Washington had first crack at Marty and, remarkably, lost him. One day he went to Chattanooga, where his brother was playing, and worked out for scout Joe Engel. He was signed on the spot, but the contract lasted only a few days. Marty asked Cal Griffith to give him some passes for his friends and Griff refused. Mr. Shortstop got mad, obtained his release and signed with the Cardinals instead. . . . In 1942 he threatened to quit baseball and become a draftsman because his batting average slumped to a ridiculously low .120. Southworth encouraged him to try different batting stances each day, and he finally started hitting again. . . . On the field Marion is nervous and never stays still a minute. Every time a St. Louis pitcher starts to wind up he reaches for the ground with the fingers of his throwing hand or taps the soil gently with the toes of his right foot. Once in a while he picks up a pebble and tosses it aside. . . . Dixie Walker says he doesn't even attempt to get a grounder by Marty any more. . . . Marty's greatest thrill came in the 1942 series when he picked Joe Gordon off second base in the final game. There was no signal on the play, and he had never pulled it before. Cooper just snapped the ball down and Marty was on top of the bag to make the tag. Since then he has worked the same play to pick off 30 men. This year he tagged out Jim Russell of the Pirates three times, and Frankie Frisch got so mad he almost exploded. "Please, Mr. Russell," Frisch pleaded with outstretched arms. "Careful, Mr. Russell." . . . Marty himself has been tagged by the Army but probably won't be inducted until after the Series.

Small Notes About Big Guys. Mel Ott is running around on a pair of legs that would make some of the young players yell murder. They are full of knots. . . The Dodgers call their new second baseman, Ed Stanky, Little Rowdy because he is so aggressive. The Yankees call Hank Borowy the Ghost. Bill Nicholson, the big home-run guy of the Cubs, is called Swish because he has a habit of waving his bat in practice swings while the pitcher is getting ready to deliver the ball. . . . Babe Herman, who at 44 is still going strong in the Pacific Coast League, uses three different bats during a game—one for hitting the ball into leftfield, another for drives through the box and still another for pulling the ball. . . . Phil Weintraub, the Giant slugger, was originally an outfielder and not a very good one. Even his mother, who knew nothing about baseball, advised him to quit playing and go into the butcher business. . . . Augie Galan of the Dodgers has a crippled right arm and can't raise it high enough to shave with. . . . Smallest feet in baseball belong to Myril Hoag, who wears a size 4½ shoe. . . . Rip Sewell has a dog named Blooper and a station wagon with Ephus painted on the side. . . . Johnny Gee, the longest pitcher in the world, naturally wears the longest shirt tail in the major leagues, and his pants are nine inches longer than average. . . . Sig Jakucki, a 200-pound cookie who pitches for the Browns, once hit three home runs in Meiji Stadium at Tokyo. That's the same field that Gen. Doolittle buzzed when he bombed Japan. . . . There's no accounting for superstition. The Cubs' Claude Passeau won't wear any number but 13 on the back of his shirt, and Billy Jurges will wear any number except 7. . . . Ernie Lombardi has finally found a roommate who doesn't mind his snoring. He's Bill Voiselle, who is 4-F because of bad hearing.

Marty Marion crosses his fingers, hoping his draft board will let him stay around until after the World Series is over.

JONES IN NORMANDY. Lt. Col. Bobby Jones, famous golf champion from Atlanta, Ga., takes his turn in the chow line at an Eighth Air Force base in France, where he serves as a G-2 officer.

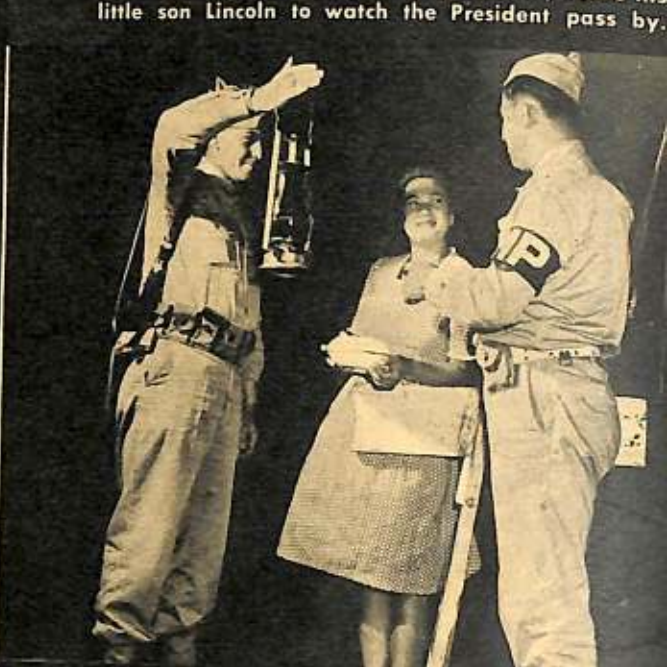
SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

HERE'S the way that terrific cross-country pitching rivalry between **Virgil Trucks** of Great Lakes and **Johnny Vander Meer** of Sampson now stands: Trucks has an earned run average of 0.73 and has struck out batters at the rate of 1.43 per inning, while Vander Meer has a 1.39 earned-run average and has fanned 55 men in 45 innings. . . . The recently popular song, "Coming In on a Wing and a Prayer," was inspired by **Sonny Bragg**, ex-Duke footballer, who wrote a letter describing an air battle in North Africa and commented: "We came home on an engine and a prayer." . . . **Phil Marchildon**, the Canadian who used to pitch for the Athletics, is an RCAF tail-gunner in England. . . . **Col. Bob Neyland**, former Tennessee football coach, told a bunch of GIs in India that **Beattie Feathers** was the best back he ever coached and **Herman Hickman** was the top lineman. . . . **Sgt. Bob Carpenter**, Phillies' new owner, and **Sgt. Bob Carpenter**, Giant pitcher, must be opening each other's mail at Camp Grant, Ill. . . . One of the first Marine officers ashore on bloody Saipan was **Lt. Col. Pat Hanley**, ex-Boston U football coach, who previously saw action on Guadalcanal. . . . **Pvt. Beau Jack**, who was deferred for such a long time because of illiteracy, has just been promoted to the second grade in the Special Training Unit at Fort Benning, Ga.

Decorated: **Lt. Cmdr. Slade Cutter**, Navy's All-American center of 1934, with the Navy Cross and two Gold Stars for sinking 18 Jap ships as submarine commander in the South Pacific. . . . *Promoted:* **Pvt. Howard Krist**, former St. Louis Cardinal pitcher, to corporal at Camp Croft, S. C. . . . *Discharged:* **Sgt. Tommy Loughran**, former light-heavyweight champ, from the Marines because of overage (he's 41).

Sgt. Nat Rosenzweig polishes up the Presidential seal, which he copied from a school dictionary. The decorated, renovated de luxe model jeep was ready, willing and able, but the President stuck to a sedan.

Mitsuru Furuya, American of Jap descent, holds his little son Lincoln to watch the President pass by.



Guards examine Mrs. Nalani Kekaula's pass as she returns to her home near the Presidential area.

A GI VIEW OF THE Hawaii Conference

When the President met with his Army and Navy Pacific chiefs, it meant plenty of spit and polish for the GIs, sailors and marines.

By Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Correspondent

HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS—To most of the world, the meeting of President Roosevelt, Gen. Douglas MacArthur and Adm. Chester Nimitz in this American city in the Mid-Pacific was a conference of high military strategy, second to none in this war. But to Pfc. August Foree of St. Louis, Mo., and a large number of other marines from the Pearl Harbor barracks, it was three solid days of spit-polishing.

Foree and the others had the job of protecting the President during his stay. The President lived in an estate on Waikiki Beach that has been serving as a Navy flyers' rest house, and the marines were quartered next door at "The Breakers," now a Navy recreation building.

Foree's post was the sea wall out in front of the President's house. Hidden behind a palm, he was not very conspicuous to the President and the visitors, but his bayonet was always ready.

Each guard was on duty four hours and off duty 20 hours. But as Sgt. Leo Morriss, a Marine field cook, put it: "They worked four on, and 18 off shining their gear. They shined their rifle stocks with linseed oil," he said, "spit-shined their shoes and bleached their cartridge belts in salt water. They had an inspection of gear every time before going on."

Pfc. William A. Wilson of East Gary, Ind, said he "saw the President twice. I saw others out there swimming but I didn't know who they were. I was stationed at the back of the house. My job was to allow nobody over the wall. My post patrolled right past where they ate their chow and where they sat on the lawn."

Few GIs of any branch of the service got close enough to speak with the President; Secret Service men kept strangers at a distance. But Pvt. Jack Briggs, a reporter for the *Mid-Pacifican*, Army newspaper, asked the President three questions, one about rotation, at a press conference.

The country is not forgetting the men down there in the Pacific, the President told Pvt. Briggs, just as a few hours earlier he told Gen. MacArthur, Allied Southwest Pacific commander, and a few hours later repeated it to Adm. Nimitz.

commander of the U. S. Pacific Fleet, and to Lt. Gen. Robert Richardson, commanding general of the Army in the Central Pacific area. The men, President Roosevelt said, will be brought back as soon as the safety of the country allows.

Another question popped by Pvt. Briggs brought the President's only direct-quote answer to any of the war correspondents. Asked why he thought Americans were besting the Japs in atoll and jungle fighting, the President replied: "It is the difference between our type of civilization and our type of fellow and their type of civilization and their type of fellow. Perhaps it sounds a little bit like boasting but we will take them on at any game, war or pleasure, and beat them."

At that point a colonel whispered to the private that that was enough out of him, and Briggs lapsed into a thoughtful silence.

THE President made the trip from the mainland by warship. Four marines from the ship's detachment were assigned to him as orderlies: 1st Sgt. Lewis M. Perry, who has nine years in the Corps; Gunnery Sgt. Leandrow P. Denno of Boston, Mass., with 14 years' service; Platoon Sgt. Alexander E. Cantwell of Nanticoke, Pa., three years; and Gunnery Sgt. Fred Hughes of Summersville, W. Va., four years in the Corps.

Their main job was to stand guard outside the refurnished quarters of a Naval captain in which the President lived aboard ship, but they got to see him at 1200, 2000 and 2400 hours when they brought him the navigation reports or the ship's newspaper, and during the President's occasional sunbaths on the boat deck.

Willis C. Wengert CRM of San Fernando, Calif., a Navy man for 11 years, has never had any previous newspaper experience, but he became the President's favorite editor for the days at sea. Wengert's mimeographed 6,000-word ship's newspaper, copied down each day from radio broadcasts, was the only paper aboard.

Fala, the President's low-slung Scotty, was along and enjoyed the ride as much as anyone in the Presidential party. He was also the most democratic and friendly to the GIs. For a piece of meat Fala was always willing to stand up, lie down and roll over.

One sailor pulled a hair out of Fala as a souvenir. This gave rise to fear among the Presidential party that the White House dog might return to port looking like a Chihuahua, so unofficial word went out that EM were not to pull any more hair out of Fala.

During the President's stay ashore, Fala had to be left behind on the vessel because the party heard there was a four-month quarantine in effect here for dogs. GIs took care of him, but Sgt. Perry said: "He was lonesome as hell after the President went ashore—lifeless and listless."

Sgt. Cantwell noticed on his two trips to the President's quarters that the President was playing what they call "Beat the Devil" in Cantwell's home town—otherwise known as solitaire.

All the cooking, room-sweeping and bed-making for the President were done by a group of old Navy stewards with many hashmarks, who have made all his sea trips with him for years.

THE President toured Schofield Barracks, Hickam Field, Pearl Harbor, the Jungle Training Center (where men get their last training for the Western Pacific jungle warfare) and other camps.

One of the sad aspects of the visit was the fate of *Star Dust*, the colonel's jeep. *Star Dust* takes its name from the large number of generals and admirals it has carried—a grand total of 77 stars divided among 51 men.

The men at the center decided they wanted to top *Star Dust's* career by having the Commander in Chief ride in her. T-4 Benjamin Santucci of Newark, N. J., remembered a jeep in which he once saw the President ride in a newsreel. With scrap from Kwajalein he duplicated the newsreel jeep. He raised the seat next to the driver six inches, moved it back six inches, and added a metal hand rail.

Sgt. Nat. Rosenzweig, a Brooklyn (N. Y.) artist who draws the toothy Japs that GIs learn to shoot at the Jungle Training Center, borrowed a *Webster's Dictionary* from the Kaaawa School and copied the President's seal for license plates.

T-4 Joe Ori of Sherman, Ill., and Cpl. Ray Goodhart of Akron, Ohio, repainted *Star Dust* and brightened up the olive drab by daubing the grease fittings, inspection plugs and oil-filler cap a bright red. But it was all love's labor lost. The President rode in a limousine.

But the other 21 jeeps prepared for the Presidential party under the firm hand of M/Sgt. Arthur H. Stead of Cleveland, Ohio, motor transportation sergeant, were used. They were not only scrubbed within an inch of their lives but were prettied up with white cloth seat covers.

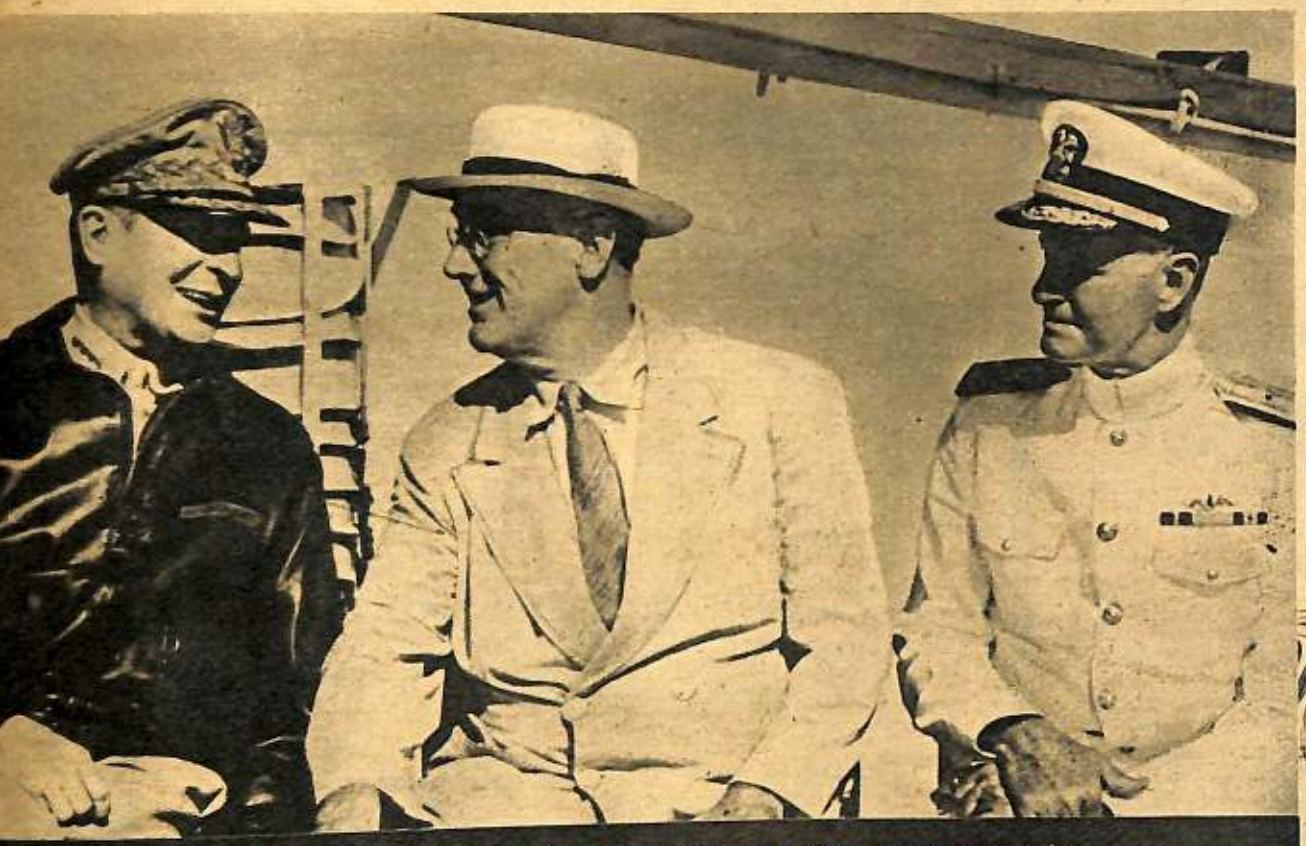
GIs lined up in front of all the farmhouses occupied by Japanese, many of whom are enemy aliens. Sometimes the dramatic weapon-carrying GIs seemed a little silly, as when Mitsuru Furuya, who was guarded by Pfc. Walter Bish of Oswego, N. Y.; T-5 Chester Miller of Long Beach, Calif., and Pfc. Delos Koller of Reading, Pa., was asked the name of his 17-month-old son whom he held clutched in his arms. "His name Lincoln," said Papa Furuya, adding fervently that he was an American citizen.

At Schofield Barracks the President reviewed the 7th Division, which fought at Attu and Kwajalein. Pfc. Cecil Shepherd of Hollywood, Calif., a sound technician, was frankly amazed at the President's salute—thumb folded across palm, hand cupped, the middle and forefinger spread apart, and the forearm curved. "But after all, he's not in the Army," Shepherd observed.

THE President's conferences covered future plans against the Japs, some of which will take months to go into effect, but at his press conference the President said only that Gen. MacArthur would get back to the Philippines to take part in granting them independence. He added that the Allies have now secured the offensive and that progress will continue.

The President said in his message to servicemen of the Pacific that the country is giving them everything it can, and in reply to one of Pvt. Briggs' questions about what contribution servicemen can make, he said that he had seen a very definitely marvelous morale in both the Army and Navy and that all any American serviceman or civilian can do is to keep morale and spirit as high as it is.

Unconditional surrender, the President said, goes as terms for Japan as well as Germany and any other American enemy.



Gen. Douglas MacArthur, President Roosevelt and Adm. Chester Nimitz chat.

SKETCHES MADE IN HAWAII
BY SGT. ARTHUR WEITHAS, YANK STAFF ARTIST.

Guard Pfc. Alfred Maleski, with a cow and a bull calf, watches for President

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

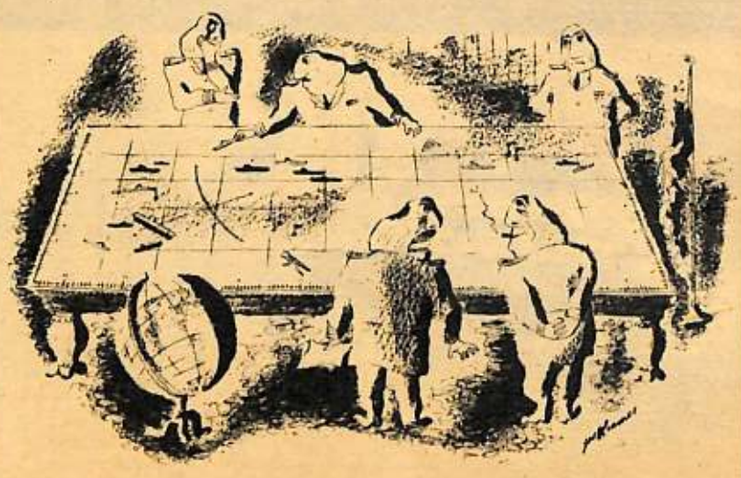
"IF YOU HAD ANY BACKBONE YOU'D JOIN THE NAVY!"
—A/S Gerry Turner

"PARDON ME, WHERE'S THE OFFICERS' CLUB AROUND HERE?"
—Sgt. Tom Zibelli

"... AND WHAT'S YOUR EXCUSE FOR MISSING DENTAL INSPECTION?"
—Pvt. Tom Flannery

"WOULD YOU MIND NOT CRACKING THAT CHEWING GUM? IT MAKES ME NERVOUS AS HELL."
—Sgt. Frank Brandt and Pfc. Archie Ellis

"I THOUGHT WE WERE GETTING OFF THAT BARGE TOO SOON."
—Sgt. Irwin Caplan



"I SAID CUT THE KIBITZING."
—Pfc. Joseph Kramer