BRITISH EDITION

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

3d MAY 4 1945
VOL. 3. NO. 46

By the men . . for the men in the service

Front-Line Portrait of a Rifle Company Medic

The Phantom Weather Scouts of the 8th AAF

—See Pages 6 and 7

PORTRAIT OF A TIRED SOLDIER. An army advances because the individual doughs in the line advance. Most of them keep moving; some of them fall; others, like Pfc. Joseph Ieradi of Philadelphia, Pa., do their job until weariness is etched in every line of their bodies. YANK's Pfc. Pat Coffey made this photo at the 80th Division field hospital on the Third Army front in Germany.

Allies Govern Germany

When we take a German city, we take its problems, too. Cologne has typhus, ruins and displaced persons—all Allied headaches.

By Cpl. HOWARD KATZANDER
YANK Staff Correspondent

COLOGNE, GERMANY—Every morning Pfc. Gerard L. Banville of New Bedford, Mass., takes up his stand on the Kaiser Wilhelm Ring near the Military Government office here with a bundle of folded newspapers under his arm. Other bundles tied with twine are at his feet. The newspaper is *Die Mitteilungen*, published by the Twelfth Army Group Psychological Warfare Branch for the people of Germany.

Banville doesn't call out the headlines. He doesn't have to. He has plenty of customers. They stand around him in a patient circle waiting to be handed their copies. It is the first time in many years that they have been free of Goebbels' propaganda press, and they walk away eagerly scanning the first page of this new newspaper.

These people have turned away from the New Order of their Nazi masters. And today they look to us to order their lives for them. They are docile and obedient. They are calm and dignified in the presence of our GIs and obviously anxious to be friends. They are a little resentful of our policy of nonfraternization; their feelings are hurt by the inference that we do not consider them fit associates.

They are "Who? Me?" Germans, the injured innocents, a type that we are going to see a lot of for months to come. They have seen that Hitler's ship is sinking and have deserted. When you talk to them about the misery they have brought on the world and on themselves their reaction is: "Who? Me? Oh, no! Not *me*. Those were the bad Germans, the Nazis. They are all gone. They ran away across the Rhine."

They lose no opportunity to tell you of their resentment at the manner in which they were abandoned by the Nazis. They tell you over and over how the Nazis decided as far back as last September 16, which was when Patton was running out of gas, that they would surrender Cologne without attempting to defend it. They want desperately to have us believe that they are "good Germans," lovers of beer and potato dumplings and Rhine wine and good music. They have no apparent consciousness of their own responsibility for the war, and their eyes are set on a post-war world in which they hope to be able to salvage something from the ruins of their homes and their lives.

Their methods for gaining our friendship and winning our sympathy are various. When you stop a jeep to ask the direction to the Court House they do everything but open a vein and draw maps on their shirt fronts in their own blood to make sure you understand. They'll change a tire for you with lightning speed and apologize for not being able to repair the leaking tube because German patching materials are so inferior. They'll cook you an excellent meal and serve you your portion of GI steak while beaming down on you with the same motherly amusement at your lusty appetite that they would turn on members of their own families.

They will take you into their homes—those who still have anything that can be called a home—and they will make sure that you see all the crucifixes and Bibles with which they have surrounded themselves. But there are too many German homes with crucifixes on the walls whose closets are crammed with Nazi leaflets and Nazi books and Nazi uniforms and Nazi ceremonial daggers. The people of Cologne apparently were great ones for joining things. In almost every ruined home there is some kind of uniform from one or another of Hitler's little "lodges," through which he gathered almost everyone in Germany into some corner of the Nazi fold.

Some citizens of Cologne read Military Government proclamations posted on the outside of an air-raid shelter.

It is true that the Nazis deserted this city with its inhabitants still dazed by one of the heaviest in 33 months of air raids. They left it in the lurch and abandoned the people to whatever fate the Americans might have in store for them. They went off across the Rhine, blowing their last bridge and taking with them almost every man and woman who might have helped to alleviate the distress of the people they were deserting. They left drought and disease behind them, a fact eagerly seized upon by the remaining people as proof that the Nazis had no regard for them because they were not associated with the Nazis in their prime.

The job inherited by the Americans who drove across the Rhine was a formidable one. Somewhere between 50,000 and 100,000 people—the best estimates ranged around 80,000—were living in air-raid shelters, in cellars and in the battered ruins of their homes. There was a full-fledged typhus epidemic raging through the lice-infested public shelters, the Gestapo-controlled prison and even the hospitals. There were no city officials and few public employees—no services of any kind. Hardly a street remained that was not pitted by giant craters or blocked by huge mountains of rubble. The city was paralyzed.

PARALYSIS seized Cologne on Friday, March 2, which the people refer to simply as: "*Ach, der Freitag.*" Until that day, despite several thousand-plane raids—Cologne was the first German city to be hit by thousand-plane formations—all the streets were open. There were milk deliveries into the city. The *Koelnische Zeitung* was being published daily. One could go to the bank, draw some Reichsmarks, and then go shopping for some French silk hose and pause for a beer at the Domhof or the Excelsiorhof, near the famed Cologne Cathedral, before going on to the movies. One's cellar was crammed with pickles and sauerkraut in huge crocks. There were jams and jellies in a wide assortment on the shelves. There were potatoes and carrots in the root bins, and cabbages, too. Occasionally one could find an egg or a piece of meat, and if not there was frequently fish. Life was hard, but most people agreed that it was livable.

Then, on March 2, at 1000 hours, the RAF came over in one of its infrequent daylight raids. There were 850 planes, and they dropped a bomb load of 3,000 tons. They swept over the city diligently, block by block, using the RAF's technique of night-pattern bombing against a city under full daylight observation. The effective-

This French girl, Odette Bettinville, was put in a cell in the Gestapo prison in Cologne for distributing propaganda leaflets and aiding Allied prisoners. For these crimes she was thoroughly beaten and tortured by her Nazi jailers.

S/Sgt. John Smoller helps a French woman out of the Gestapo prison. She was lucky; other prisoners had to be carried out in stretchers or under sheets. In many of the cells political prisoners died of beating, starvation or disease.

ness of the raid was conclusive and the paralysis was complete.

That night, the remaining Nazi officials of Cologne called together the municipal officials and announced that henceforth there would be no municipal government in the main part of Cologne, which lies west of the Rhine. All the officials were ordered to cross the river with the city records into the collection of some 20 suburbs which comprise the main workers' quarters. There are reports that loudspeaker trucks went through some streets—those that were open—announcing this decision and urging all residents of Cologne to depart.

Either immediately before or immediately after the Friday raid, there was one last food registration which listed 98,000 people. This figure did not include approximately 100 Jews, all who remained of many thousands, or the displaced persons, none of whom were entitled to food-ration cards.

The exodus began that night over the two main vehicular bridges, the Hohenzollern and the Hindenburg. Sometime between that Friday night and the following evening the Hindenburg Bridge fell into the Rhine. Some people say there were 4,000 people crossing at the time, and that it collapsed under the weight of this throng and scores of vehicles, including two heavy tanks. The first military opinion was that the bridge had been blown, and it is possible that there was a premature explosion of the demolition charges. At any rate, the loss of life was heavy, although some estimates of the number on the bridge at the time range down to 500 persons.

The exodus was not a great one. Most of the people who had remained behind after the bulk of Cologne's pre-war population of 906,000 had cleared out seemed to prefer the uncertainty of their fate at our hands to the certainty that a withdrawal across the Rhine would only be the first of many such retreats.

After the exodus came a period of waiting during which there was almost no movement at all in the streets of the ruined city. The people say that only 1,000 German soldiers were left to provide a token resistance when we entered Cologne. The civilians remained holed up in their shelters and cellars during the fighting, coming out only after the silence told them that the battle was over.

The bulldozers and tank dozers of the combat units which occupied Cologne immediately began the job of clearing its main streets. Advanced elements of the Military Government team assigned to the city followed in their wake to find suitable quarters for offices. Bodies of victims of the Friday raid and of the fighting for the city still littered the streets. More than 300 were buried after the first occupied areas were cleared.

The first problem was the protection of our troops against the typhus epidemic, rumors of which had reached our forces from prisoners taken in the advance on the city. Capt. James W. Moreland of San Bernardino, Calif., a Military Government medical officer, quickly traced the epidemic to its source in the Klingelputz Prison, a Gestapo-ruled pesthouse for political prisoners of all shades from those whom the Germans call simply the "politically undependable" to Communists whom Nazis regard as their greatest enemies. About 85 to 90 prisoners, men and women, remained out of several hundred originally at Klingelputz. These were too weak from starvation and disease to be ferried across the Rhine.

The *Luftschutzbunker* (air-raid bunkers) were another breeding ground for typhus. They are towering, square structures of windowless, steel-reinforced concrete which dot most German cities. The typhus cases were removed from the bunkers and all the remaining occupants, in fact, all who came into the shelters, were sprayed with DDT powder. Civilians were told to wear the same clothes for at least three days and not to bathe during the time—an unnecessary injunction since there was hardly enough water for drinking.

The people of Cologne were not slow to discover the whereabouts of the Military Government. Almost from the first hour the offices were open a steady stream of people filtered through the doors with all manner of requests and offers of information and assistance. From the first of these who spoke English, the CIC quickly screened out a handful to take over the job of answering simple routine questions and to serve as interpreters in situations not involving military security. Others were hired to clean out the building and make it habitable. Still others were put to work reconditioning the few serviceable vehicles in the city for use by whatever officials would be appointed, and for hauling supplies.

A candidate was quickly found to serve as police chief. He was Karl Winkler, a Jew who had adopted the Catholic religion. He had served as a police official before Hitler, but was quickly replaced by the Nazis because of his Jewish background. A police force of 300 was appointed to deal purely with civilian police problems.

A food survey was begun and almost immediately large stocks were uncovered. Eight large warehouses, forming part of a *Wehrmacht* QM depot down on the river front, were full of canned foods and staples such as rice, apple butter, cheese, flour and sugar. People had broken into a large meat warehouse, where there was danger of the meat spoiling because the refrigerating equipment was out of order, and had carried off huge portions.

The people's clothes were generally good. The workmen usually wore a heavy denim coverall of gray or blue. Other civilians had suits of good materials and the women were neatly dressed. There was none of the outward evidence of the strain of a war economy that one found in other areas, partly because the Rhineland, like Normandy, is a rich agricultural area and, again like Normandy, disruption of the transport system had prevented shipment of food to the areas that needed it more.

Another problem was getting the banking system working again. The Germans had spirited most of the cash out of Cologne, but, anticipating this, the frugal citizens had emptied their bank accounts and most of them go around dough-heavy now with nothing to buy. Some money was found. The vaults of the Dresdener Bank and the Deutsche Bank yielded 3,800,000 Reichsmarks, which may be enough to resume the banking business. Two officials of the Deutscher Bank, which was leveled in the Friday raid, were living in the cellar of the ruined building, sleeping in front of the vault doors.

The factory manufacturing *Koelnisches Wasser* No. 4711, which the French call Eau de Cologne and we know simply as Cologne, was smashed to rubble.

Nazis were as rare as whole buildings in Cologne. There were, of course, the usual quota of *Wehrmacht* members who had donned civilian clothes, but they were no trouble. Many of the civilians reported that numerous Gestapo agents had been left behind to discourage cooperation, but there was no sign they were succeeding.

One man did fall into our hands who would have difficulty denying his politics. He is Josef Mingels, a tall, pale blond youth wearing a zoot-suit-cut tweed jacket. He was *Unterbundfuehrer* of the Hitler *Jugend* in Cologne, second in command of the Hitler Youth. Mingels was interviewed by our CIC investigators and questioned about the records of his organization. He said they had been removed across the Rhine. He said that he had no records, absolutely none. However, we found the charred remains of some of the Hitler *Jugend* records on a pile of rubble behind Mingels' house and another pile, unburned, in a closet. He was arrested and tried by a Military Government summary court presided over by Maj. James D. Clement, of Kansas City, Mo., with Capt. Arthur E. Elliott, of Joplin, Mo., as associate. Mingels' counsel, a German civilian attorney, made a stirring plea for his client. He said Mingels didn't know he was supposed to turn the records in. He said the records were old and no longer of any importance, and Mingels had just forgotten about them. He said Mingels had burned other records before we had entered the city.

But the court sentenced him to seven years' imprisonment and fined him 100,000 Reichsmarks. And if the fine is not paid, another 30 years will be added to the prison term.

There was one point which Mingels' attorney tried very hard to put over. "He was not under oath when he was being questioned," the lawyer said. "And so it was no crime to have lied."

GI Questions from GIs

By Cpl. MAX NOVACK
YANK Staff Writer

THE GI Bill of Rights has become the most discussed piece of soldier legislation in American history. Much of the discussion, unfortunately, has been based on misinformation and wishful thinking. In an effort to clear up some misunderstandings, YANK recently ran a page of questions and answers on the general provisions of the law. Since then, there has been a flood of questions about details not covered in the earlier article.

To try to answer these questions systematically, YANK has prepared a series of pages taking up separately such major benefits of the law as unemployment compensation and home, business and farm loans.

This questions-and-answers page deals with the educational benefits of the GI Bill of Rights.

Is it true that *all GIs* regardless of their age are entitled to at least one year of free schooling under the GI Bill of Rights?

■ That's correct. Only veterans who are dishonorably discharged or who do not meet the 90-day qualifying provision are out in the cold on the free schooling.

I was 22 years old when I was inducted and have now been in service for four years. How much free schooling am I entitled to under the GI Bill of Rights?

■ If you pass your first year of schooling successfully, you will be entitled to a total of four full years of study at the Government's expense. Because you were under 25 when you entered the service, you get added periods of free schooling (in addition to the one year indicated above) measured by the length of your military service. Since you have had more than three years of service, you are entitled to three additional years of free schooling.

I am 35 years old and I was not in school when I went into service. Is there any way I can get more than one year of free schooling under the GI Bill of Rights?

■ No. Veterans who were over 25 when they entered the service are limited to one year of free schooling unless they can prove their education was interrupted or delayed by going into the service.

I have been making plans about my education and have decided I will study engineering. The school I have selected charges $625 a year for tuition. I know that the maximum tuition paid under the GI Bill of Rights is $500. Will I be permitted to go to that school and pay the additional tuition myself?

■ You will. The $500 limit in the law does not mean that a GI cannot, if he can afford it, go to a school charging more than $500 a year.

The school I am going to go to after I am discharged doesn't charge very much for tuition. A full course only costs around $275 a year. I know that the Veterans' Administration will pay my various fees, but that still will leave a big margin under $500. Can I pocket the difference?

■ No. When the tuition and fees are less than $500 a year the difference does not go to the veteran.

The college I have selected takes a two-week vacation at Christmas time. Does that mean I will not get my share of the $50 subsistence during those two weeks?

■ It does not. The subsistence allowance will be paid during *all* regular school holidays but not during the summer vacation.

I landed in France on D-Day and I have hopes of being demobilized after the defeat of Germany. If that happens, I am planning to ask for my discharge right here in France, with the idea of going to school at the Sorbonne. Will my fees be paid for under the GI Bill of Rights if I go to school here?

■ If the school you have selected is on the recognized list of the Veterans' Administration (and there is no reason to suppose that the Sorbonne will not be) you can get your tuition paid under the GI Bill of Rights. A veteran can go to school anywhere he pleases as long as the school is recognized by the Veterans' Administration.

Although I was under 25 when I enlisted I had already completed my undergraduate course. Will I be permitted to take graduate work (i.e., on a master's or doctor's degree) under the GI Bill of Rights?

■ You will. You can take any course leading to any degree or no degree as you please.

I am a first lieutenant and I have heard conflicting stories about the right of men of my rank to get in on the benefits of the GI Bill of Rights. Can I or can I not go to school under the GI Bill of Rights?

■ You can. Rank has no bearing on a veteran's right to the benefits of the GI Bill of Rights.

I am not planning to return to my home state when I get out of the Marines. Does that mean I will not be eligible for the educational benefits of the GI Bill of Rights?

■ It does not. Your post-war place of residence has no bearing on your right to the benefits.

How soon after I get out of service must I apply for the educational benefits of the GI Bill of Rights?

■ You must apply for these benefits within two years after you are discharged or two years after the officially declared termination of the war, whichever is later. In this regard you should remember that this country was not officially out of the first World War until July of 1921.

If I go to school under the GI Bill of Rights, will the Veterans' Administration pay for my books, laboratory fees and other fees required by the college I select? While these fees may not amount to a great deal of money they are part of the necessary expense of going to college and would take a big chunk out of the $50-a-month subsistence I would be getting while going to school. Will they pay these fees?

■ The maximum amount that the Veterans' Administration will pay is $500 a year for tuition and fees combined. Among the fees that will be paid are laboratory, health, library, infirmary, etc., as well as the cost of books, supplies, equipment and other necessary expenses.

I am a Regular Army man with 10 years of service. When this war is over I would like to go to school under the GI Bill of Rights. However, I have heard that only those who came in under the Selective Service law are entitled to the free schooling. Is that true?

■ It is not true. Both regulars and selectees who served on or after September 16, 1940, are entitled to these benefits.

I happen to be lucky enough to be stationed within a few miles of a large university and I would like to know whether or not I can start taking advantage of the educational benefits of the GI Bill of Rights while I am still in service?

■ No, you cannot. Benefits of the GI Bill of Rights are available only to veterans who meet the qualifying provisions of the law. To qualify you must have been discharged with something better than a dishonorable discharge and have had at least 90 days of service. If you are discharged because of a service-connected disability, you do not even have to have the 90 days of service.

I am planning to go to a school where I will have to live on the campus and therefore will have quite a bill for board and lodging. Will the Veterans' Administration pay for my board and lodging as part of the necessary expense of going to school?

■ No, but it will give you a subsistence allowance that you may apply on board and lodging.

Where do those of us who were in ASTP stand on the free schooling under the GI Bill of Rights? Is it true that our ASTP time counts against us in figuring our total service and the amount of free schooling we are entitled to?

■ Your time in ASTP will not count against you unless it was spent in taking a course of study which was a continuation of your civilian training and which you carried to completion in service. Thus, if you were thrown into a medical course after you had been studying art in civilian life, the ASTP time doesn't count against your right to the free schooling. Even if you were studying medicine in civilian life and went to medical school in the Army, but were thrown into the Infantry before completing your medical course, your ASTP time would not count against your right to the free schooling.

My husband and I are both in service and we would both like to take advantage of the educational benefits of the law when we are discharged. Can we both get our tuition paid and do we each get a subsistence allowance while we go to school?

■ You are both entitled to tuition and subsistence allowances. Between you, you will get $125 a month for subsistence. You are entitled to $50 a month and your husband to $75 a month. He gets the $75 because he has a wife and you rate the $50 as an individual veteran.

Is it true that if we take the mustering-out pay we cannot take advantage of the free educational benefits of the GI Bill of Rights?

■ It is not true. Mustering-out pay has *nothing* to do with the GI Bill of Rights. Mustering-out pay is based entirely on place of service and length of service. Nearly all honorably discharged veterans are entitled to mustering-out pay. In addition, they may take advantage of the benefits of the GI Bill of Rights.

I was wounded in the invasion of France and I am going to be discharged because my wounds have left me with a permanent leg injury. I understand there is some kind of a special deal which provides free schooling for disabled vets. I had been told that it is better than the educational provisions of the GI Bill of Rights. Can you tell me something about that set-up?

■ Since you have a service-connected disability you may be entitled to the special vocational training and rehabilitation which is provided for such veterans. Under this program a veteran can get as much as four full years of free schooling with free transportation to the school, and while he is in training his pension is upped to $92 a month if he is single, or $103.50 a month if he is married, with $5.75 extra for each of his children. There is no ceiling on the amount of tuition the Veterans' Administration will pay under this plan. It is entirely up to the veteran whether he chooses to take advantage of this program or of the educational benefits of the GI Bill of Rights.

PHANTOM

LT. COL. FRANK ELLIOTT OF RIVERTON, N.J., (LEFT) AND LT. WILLIAM H. BANCROFT, JR., OF DAYTON, OHIO. BANCROFT, WEARING AN ANTI-BLACKOUT SUIT, FLIES COVER FOR THE SCOUTS.

FIGHTER PILOTS PREVIOUS TO A MISSION CAN USUALLY CONDENSE THEIR NOTES INTO A FEW SCRAWLS, BUT MEMBERS OF A SCOUTING FORCE HAVE SO MUCH DATA TO REMEMBER AND CHECK THAT THEY RESORT TO MIMEOGRAPHED FORMS.

Pilots of the 8th AAF's weather-scouting Mustangs streak ahead of the bombers to ferret out last-minute data on conditions over target runs.

By Sgt. SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

ENGLAND—The Eighth AAF bomber formation was somewhere over the Zuider Zee, the heavies spaced out in squadrons, groups, and divisions, and the fighter escort stooging about the big birds, when three Mustangs passed by above and streaked on ahead like three tiny ploughs turning long silky contrail furrows through the hazy blue of the sky. The German radio had given the alert, and ahead the Luftwaffe would be forming.

The three Mustangs were Weather Scouts, officially a part of the First Scouting Force and unofficially known as the Red Raiders, the Wet Waders, and—because in the past their work has been highly secret and they have appeared unpredictably at odd hours in any weather—the Phantom Air Force.

It is routine for the pilots of these will-o'-the-wisp Mustangs to meet Luftwaffe interceptors. It is practically S.O.P. If the Luftwaffe is coming up at all, its planes will almost invariably be in the air, forming for combat, by the time the Weather Scouts reach the target.

The destruction of the Luftwaffe, however, is not the primary purpose of the Scouts. They fly out ahead of the bombers to give last-minute information about clouds, haze, smoke-screens, and any other factors affecting the bombing mission.

In Europe, the weather changes hour by hour, minute by minute. Accurate as weather prediction is, nobody can tell whether a patch of clouds will or won't be over a particular pin-point on the face of the continent at some particular moment, or if the wind will suddenly change, or if local atmospheric conditions will make contrails as dense as cloud, or what the ground haze may be like, or which of two nearby targets can be bombed visually while the other will have to be an instrument job. And, of course, not even a perfect weather forecaster can predict what the smoke screen will be like.

True, the bombers are crammed with gadgets for minimizing the handicaps of bad weather. They can use any of four methods of pin-pointing a target. But, if you want maximum efficiency, bombing isn't just a matter of getting over the target and then using the method which seems suitable for the occasion. What with the size and complexity of a big bombing operation, it takes a load off the bomber men's minds to know just what is coming up. It cuts down snafu and double-runs over flak-guarded targets.

"We merely advise them about conditions," says Lt. Col. Allison C. Brooks, of Pasadena, Calif., who runs the First Scouting Force. "They don't have to follow our advice."

The idea of a Scouting Force was hatched in the brain of Col. Budd J. Peaslee, a 42-year-old West Pointer with a passion for riding crops and six-inch cigarette holders, known to all as "Uncle Budd" despite the colonel's chickens on his shoulders. Peaslee has been around. Despite his advanced Air Force age, he had flown five types of planes on operational combat missions in this war—B-17 Fortresses, B-24 Liberators, C-47 transports, P-51 Mustang fighters and British-built Mosquitoes. He had flown as tail-gunner on the historic first attack on Ploesti.

Peaslee first got his idea for the Scouting Force back in 1943 during a bomber attack on Heroya, Norway. The briefed course for the bomb-run was covered by a low overcast and the heavies had to make two runs over the target. The flak was terrific on the first run. It was worse on the second. Every plane that got back showed battle damage. Peaslee climbed out of his plane, put a cigarette in his holder, and did some thinking. If somebody had been up ahead of the bombers a few minutes before they got there, he reasoned, a report could have been flashed back that alternate runs on the target were free of clouds.

Later on in that year Peaslee was on a mission in which an entire bomber division aborted because of a high overcast. The clouds reached up to 32,000 feet, in what weathermen call a front. You just don't fly bombers in formation into dense clouds that stretch back no telling how many miles—not without mid-air collisions. Through that high mass of cloud, though, there was a narrow corridor; how far it stretched or where it led to, nobody knew. Old bomber men call such a thing "suckers' alley" because of the likelihood that it will end in a blank wall of cloud. There is always the chance, of course, that a corridor of this kind isn't a suckers' alley at all, that it will lead out into the clear, but you can't risk air collisions among a whole bomb division in order to find out. Peaslee figured that if somebody had been there to explore that alley before the bombers got there things might have been different.

So he started to climb into the hair of the high brass, and got the general in charge of the First Bombardment Division, Robert B. Williams, interested. They figured the Mosquito was the plane for scouting, but experiments proved the Mosquito couldn't defend itself against the Jerries. So they tried Mustangs, which worked fine, except that fighter pilots didn't know the problems of bombing. They hadn't had those problems beaten into them, mission after mission. They weren't experts on atmospheric conditions.

Peaslee decided that the need was for bomber men to fly the Mustangs, experienced bomber men who had been lead pilots and command pilots and had gone through a tour of operations.

How to get them was another problem. Peaslee had scrounged some P-51 fighter planes, but he had no T/O. Lead and command bomber pilots on finishing a tour are ripe for promotion and fat desk jobs. Peaslee could offer no promotion, no recognition, no glamor—and, besides, the whole project was on the secret list. Men who joined up wouldn't even get their names in the papers. The job meant trouble. Sometimes there would be four Scouts, sometimes eight, sometimes a dozen, and sometimes just one. They were to fly out there ahead of the bombers, after the Germans had been alerted and the Luftwaffe had risen to repel the assault. They were to take off at night so as to be over a proposed target at dawn. They were to gun their Mustangs down the runway in any visibility to see what it looked like upstairs. They were to scoot across the Channel at 200 feet through fog to get a look at what the

LT. JOHN K. WILKINS, JR., OF PITTSBURGH, WHO FLIES COVER FOR THE SCOUTS, CHECKS WITH S/SGT. JEFF CALDWELL OF MEMPHIS, CREW CHIEF, AND S/SGT. RAYMOND WINTERSTEIN OF RIDGELY, VA.

AIR FORCE

clouds were like over Europe. They were to be expended on the perfectly logical theory that the risk of one or two men would eliminate the risk to bombers holding 10.

All in all, it was not a particularly inviting prospect to hold out to lead bomber pilots. Yet Peaslee got his men. In fact, today there is a waiting list. Why? "Rocks in the head," explains Capt. Harry R. Hayes, Jr., of New Canaan, Conn., an ex-bomber pilot and now a Scout. Another Scout, Capt. Charles W. Getz of Fort Wayne, Ind., defines it as "a bad case of the clanks." Lt. Col. Frank Elliott of Riverton, N. J., says that he got into Scout work because "I was upside-down at 30,000 feet at the time."

Actually, of course, the men have deeper reasons for going into the work. For instance, Capt. Dale McCrory, a former farm boy and Sears Roebuck employe of Anita, Iowa, lost a man during his tour of operations in bombers and wanted to get even. Some of them were making a study of bombing as a precise weapon against the enemy. Some of them wanted to make it easier for the men riding the bombers. All of them wanted the chance to dish it out. After sweating out a tour in the nose of a four-engined bomber, sitting there and taking it time after time from the Luftwaffe, they wanted to get into one of those Mustangs and pay back a few old scores.

It wasn't easy making the transition. By the time a man has finished a tour as a lead bomber pilot he has acquired ingrained habits that take some unlearning at the stick of a fighter. First of all, the candidates had to spend 20 hours or so in an AT-6 trainer, getting the feel of a stick and learning instrument take-off in a hooded cockpit, and then came another 20 hours or so of transition time in a Mustang. There was a higher percentage of fatalities in re-training these bomber men than there have been in combat.

On July 16 last year, Peaslee, who had tossed up a job as Combat Wing executive officer to form the First Scouting Force, tucked his cigarette holder into his pocket and climbed into a P-51 to lead the first mission. It was to Munich and nothing much happened. Nothing, that is, to make the other two bombardment divisions begin scrambling to copy the Peaslee idea.

During the bombing of Caen shortly afterwards, Ernie Pyle noted a curious thing and gave the Scouting Force practically its only public mention up to that time. Pyle saw two Mustangs flying back and forth, leading the great bombers around the German flak areas. In those Mustangs were Peaslee and McCrory. Changes in the German lines had put a heavy concentration of enemy flak along the briefed bomb run. Peaslee advised an alternate run, using smoke from a crashed bomber as the check point.

Then came the Schweinfurt mission of July 21. The First Scouting Force, out ahead, ran into a high cloud front over the scheduled bomb run, so they flew back and forth and found an alternate route which was clear of the front. The Scouts, however, had a special radio wave-length which only the bombers of the division they served—the First—could receive. So while the heavies of the First Division turned short, paralleling and avoiding the front, the Second and Third ploughed straight into the high mass of clouds, as briefed. Some of the 35 bombers lost on the mission went down after mid-air collisions.

Pretty soon the Second and the Third Divisions had Scouting Forces of their own.

Last December 24, Capt. Roger Counselman of Meadville, Pa., and Lt. William Hornickel of Elizabeth, Ind., took off in formation with 25 yards visibility through the fog, which is something extra special even for Scouts. But it was extra special business. Over 2,000 bombers flew that day to help stop the Rundstedt push. Counselman and Hornickel were awarded DFCs that afternoon by telephone.

The ex-bomber pilots chuckle over the simplicity of their equipment. A lead bomber in a formation will have two or three navigators who labor with a pile of maps, radio-location apparatus, and weird and wonderful calculations. The Scout climbs into his Mustang with a 12-by-12-inch map. With that and a compass, he pin-points the target ahead of the bombers, even though 10/10ths cloud may be below.

"We keep them big birds from getting lost," a Scout will grin.

On a mission the Scouts keep on the look-out for cloud, persistent contrail conditions, smoke-screens, ground haze and what-not, and the regular fighter pilots, rather bored with such trivia, watch for Jerry planes. When the bombers arrive, the Scouts like to hang around and see the results, while the fighter boys are eager to be there, heading off the German fighters.

"If we jump a large gaggle of bogies we might not get many, but we keep them busy," explains Lt. Col. Allison C. Brooks of Pasadena, Calif., who has headed the First Scouting Force since Peaslee went to the States on another idea. There are now three Scouting Forces. Commanding the Second is Lt. Col. John A. Brooks, III, of Greenville, Ohio. Both Lt. Col. Brookses are Regular Army, both are of medium height and wiry, both are informal and soft-spoken, and it might be a bit confusing if it weren't for the fact that Lt. Col. Allison C. Brooks has an enlisted man who scrounges shell eggs and oranges for the briefing room, and Lt. Col. John A. Brooks, III, doesn't have. Acting as CO of the Third Scouting Force is a man who simplifies things by having the name of Stanley E. Gagon and the rank of major instead of lieutenant colonel.

Lt. Col. John A. Brooks (no eggs) helped do a fair job of diverting bogies from some bombers on February 9 when his flight of four Scouts bounced a gaggle of 125-plus Jerry fighters. One of the Scouts soon got into trouble and had to leave, taking his wingman, which left only Brooks and a lieutenant known as Gooney Bird in the middle of the Nazi madhouse. Gooney Bird is a lanky pilot with a big grin, the name of William E. Whalen, and the town of Hamilton, N. Y., for a home. He's the only flier to become an ace so far in the Scouting Force, but he is known among his conferees principally as the only man known to light a cigarette in the prop-wash of a Jerry fighter.

Asked for a clue about that cigarette business, Gooney Bird grins and spins a believe-it-or-not yarn about the show of November 26 in the Hanover area. As he tells it, the bulb in his gunsight was haywire, and he didn't have time to put in the spare. Only four of his guns were working when he shot down his first Kraut for the day. He bounced another, lost his wingman, and almost rammed the Jerry plane before it exploded. By this time he was alone and only two guns were operating. He bounced another Kraut, which hit for the deck and Gooney Bird followed him all the way down. There was a smoke-screen over Hanover and the Jerry dived into it. So did Gooney Bird. The Jerry came right down on the deck, barreling along the main drag of Hanover full-bore down the center of the street with Gooney Bird on his tail, close enough to be lurching back and forth between the buildings in the prop-wash.

"I could have put in that spare bulb, then," says Gooney Bird. "It's a simple matter. But, hell, I knew that Kraut couldn't get away. And I sure did need a cigarette."

So Gooney Bird lit up the cigarette while barreling down the main drag of Hanover. The Kraut broke out of town and started a climbing turn. "I knew he would, sooner or later," says Gooney Bird. "So I rammed lead up his tail. That butt helped a lot."

FLYING FAR AHEAD OF THE MAIN BOMBER STREAM INVADING GERMANY, THREE MUSTANGS OF THE SCOUTING FORCE CHECK ON CONDITIONS ON THE ROUTE.

CAPT. GORDON W. LAMERS OF LITTLE CHUTE, WIS., (LEFT) AND CAPT. RICHARD W. HYMAN OF ROCKFORD, ILL., BOTH VETERAN LIBERATOR LEAD PILOTS, MAKE A LAST-MINUTE CHECK OF A MAP SPREAD ON A WING DROP-TANK BEFORE TAKING OFF TO GIVE THE BOMBERS INFORMATION ON WEATHER FRONTS, GROUND HAZE, SMOKE SCREENS AND ENEMY OPPOSITION.

Your Home-Town Paper

It looks just the same at first glance, but when you inspect it you find fewer pages, more women reporters, more GI news.

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Writer

JUST to take a quick look at it, the newspaper you got every day or every week before the war still looks like the same old home-town paper—except for the headlines about the war.

But war changes a town, even a home-front town, and the changes are reflected in the news the local paper prints. You can spot the changes in the pages of every one of the 1,744 daily and 10,504 weekly papers published in the States.

The main reason the news has changed is that most of the younger men are in a war and away from home. That leaves a hell of a hole in the local scene. Editors try to plug the hole with the stories they think readers are most eager to see—personal stuff about home-town GIs.

A GI can make headlines in his home-town paper on D-Day, A-Day, S-Day and all the other days in the invasion alphabet. If he gets a slug through the chair knuckle, the home-town gazette plants his picture where all the neighbors can see it; if he squeaks through without a scratch, the picture runs anyway because he *didn't* get shot. The editor picks up two pieces of copy from an Army Public Relations Office. One story tells about a new lightweight gas drum that will save millions of cubic feet of shipping space; the other mentions that some home-town doggie got himself a pfc stripe. The editor plunks the gas-drum story into the wastebasket and runs the pfc promotion. Sam Sampson writes his mother from Tacloban, saying he bumped into Joe Gish, who used to drive the milk truck, and the whole town reads about the meeting.

When it began stressing the part, however humble, that the home-town GI plays in the war, the press may not have had any conscious notion of bucking up the GI or bringing the war home to civilians. But there are editors who claim that the policy serves both those ends. The average GI, they claim, can't help being pleased when somebody mails him a copy of the home-town paper with his name in it. The average civilian may have no idea whatever of what the front is like, but editors say he's bound to feel a bit closer to the war when he reads that the guy from across the street had a rough time at St. Lo or Mindanao.

BUT the sort of stuff they print in their columns is only a part of the changes the war has brought to the home-town papers. In Ironwood, Mich., for example, there's a choice little redhead by the name of Connie Murphy on the *Daily Globe*. She's not yet 20, but for the last two years Connie has been a *Globe* reporter, filling in for Douglas Tremain, now a sergeant with the 94th Infantry in Germany. Connie Murphy's routine is pretty much the same as Doug Tremain's was when he was legging the same beat. Every morning she crosses the Montreal River to the little next-door city of Hurley, Wis., and picks up news at the Iron County (Wis.) Court House, the City Hall and the school superintendent's office, and back on the Ironwood side she stops at the Grand View Hospital. Then she hotfoots it back to the *Globe's* clean, new-looking building on McLeod Street and bats out her copy in the second-floor newsroom. But the stories that Connie gets these days are different from those Tremain wrote before the war.

Edwin J. Johnson, who went to work for the *Globe* 25 years ago and is now its managing editor, explains it this way: "There are 4,000 men and women in uniform from this neck of the woods. Their absence hits nearly every aspect of the paper. The *Globe* covers a big area that gets no other daily paper, so we have to play the war news heavily. But local news is still the backbone of our reader appeal.

"Now, take the social news. It's all lopsided. There's almost nothing doing, because there aren't enough men to go around. We've been giving a lot of space to teen-age activities, like the dances at the Municipal Memorial Building where 400 to 500 kids turn out every week.

"Look at the sports page. Ironwood used to be a great winter-sports town. Now there are no more tournaments with the big-time skiers jumping down the big slide. Semipro football and baseball are out, too. No men. The hottest thing left in sports is high-school basketball.

"We don't even get the old-time run of police-court news. Traffic violations are a rarity, and an assault-and-battery case makes a big story these days. The younger high-school sprouts don't have a chance to get in dutch with the family car; they can't get gas. And I guess the older men that are left don't get tanked up in the taverns and whale into each other so much.

"Then we come to the censorship problem. We're not squawking about it, as long as we know it's doing any good, but sometimes it's a hard thing to explain to our readers."

Johnson's favorite example of censorship, which is strictly voluntary, is the time Maj. Richard Bong, the Pacific air ace, gave a talk at the high-school auditorium. He noticed the girl from the *Globe* making notes, so when the talk was finished, the major told the reporter, "Of course, you realize everything I said here is off the record." "It's pretty hard," Johnson says, "for us and the townspeople to see how a speech delivered to 500 high-school kids can be called off the record."

The *Globe* seldom prints an interview with a furloughing GI on his combat experiences. "We've found that most soldiers clam up on us if we ask what they did in action. They act as if they're scared to talk, as if they've been given instructions to keep their mouths shut. We don't object to that, if that's the way it has to be, but we know we're passing up a lot of good stories that the folks around town would like to see in print."

Connie Murphy is filling in for a reporter now a GI in Germany.

The best sources for first-hand stuff about the home-town GIs overseas are the letters they write themselves. Relatives run into the newsroom at all hours of the day with mail they've received from one battlefront or another, and the *Globe* prints all or part of almost every letter brought in. The letters run in a column called "With the Colors," a daily feature which, since the war began, has carried the pictures of more than 2,000 GIs from Gogebic County on the Michigan side and Iron County in Wisconsin.

In the day-to-day grind of getting a paper on the streets, smaller newspapers like the *Globe* have been hit harder by the manpower shortage than bigger publishing outfits. Experienced men have been lured from small papers to more glamorous and sometimes better-paid jobs on metropolitan papers, forcing the little sheets to fall back on women or green hands. Connie Murphy, for instance, is one of an estimated 40,000 replacements for the 50,000 regular staff reporters, editors, typographers, pressmen, advertising men, etc., who are gone. On the *Globe's* staff there are five women subbing for men.

A byproduct of the manpower shortage is the boypower shortage. It takes 100 carrier boys to handle the Globe's circulation of 7,000, and boys are hard to get. This is something new, especially in Ironwood. "We run to large families here," says the managing editor, "and there used to be competition among the boys for jobs on a *Globe* route. When one boy grew out of the job, he passed it along to his kid brother. We can't hire boys under 14. I guess now a boy over 14 can make more money on some other job, or else his folks are giving him a big allowance and he has no reason to want to go to work."

Multiply the Globe by 1,744 and you have a pretty good sketch of some of the things that are happening to every daily paper in the country. Linwood I. Noyes, publisher of the *Globe*, is in a position to know that the problems of his sheet

are fairly typical, particularly of the 1,531 dailies published in cities of less than 100,000 population. Noyes is winding up his second term as president of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, whose membership represents 735 dailies in the United States and Canada.

In spite of wartime handicaps, including a slight population decrease shared by cities elsewhere that are not big war-production centers, the *Globe* has climbed in the last year to its highest circulation. This rise is in line with national figures showing an increase of 1,562,009 in circulation of daily papers during 1944 to a total of 45,954,838. Five dailies, staggered by shortages of men and newsprint, went out of business, but during the same period 10 new dailies were started.

To newspaper people these figures are significant, because circulation continues to grow while publishers worry about restrictions on the use of newsprint paper and a nation-wide decline in advertising, which in 1944 averaged 2.5 percent under the 1943 volume. In 1944, daily papers got only 86.4 percent as much paper as

The Taylor family—Valetta, Orrin, Editor and Mrs. W. O. and Vincent—ready the Archbold Buckeye for press.

they got in 1943, and in 1943 they got 20.2 percent less than they got in 1941. There was no curtailment of quotas for papers under 3,000 circulation—mainly weeklies, of which there are 8,727 published in towns of under 50,000 population. You can get your home-town paper overseas more easily if it's a weekly.

In the heart of Ohio's farming section, the Archbold *Buckeye* ships out 275 copies to GIs all over the world every week—about one-eighth of the paper's total circulation. The *Buckeye* makes a good example of what's stirring among the weeklies, because it has knocked off a fistful of national prizes for this and that, including general excellence.

In the first place, Archbold is a deeply religious Mennonite community with a population of 1,234. When the first paper was founded there in 1886 by W. O. Taylor, he says the Mennonites had a moral ban against reading newspapers. This stymied Taylor for some years, but he explains, "I waited for the next generation."

Now, at 78, Taylor still edits the *Buckeye*. His 71-year-old wife is the star reporter, and his two sons Orrin and Vincent and daughter Valetta make up the rest of the staff.

So many men were pulled out of Archbold that the paper is freckled with advertisements of farm sales by families who can't make a go of it with sons and husbands gone. But news of farm activities, crop prospects and livestock marketing still fill a great many columns in the *Buckeye*, as is natural in a place where there are fewer people than there are Duroc, Hampshire and Poland China hogs and Black Angus and white-faced Hereford beef cattle.

The Archbold paper goes whole hog on every scrap of information it can get about home-town GIs. A regular feature is a column called "New Addresses." Everytime anyone gets a change of address from a serviceman, the *Buckeye* runs it so the GI's friends can keep track of him.

Columns like this and the Ironwood *Daily Globe's* "With the Colors" are standard with all papers. Letters from GIs to relatives that are published in these columns seldom contain much more than such personal observations as "I'd trade the whole Mediterranean for one cupful of Lake Superior." But once in a while a letter comes through that gives the paper's readers a more intimate picture of what goes on in a war than all the millions of words pounded out daily by high-powered correspondents working for papers, syndicates and leased-wire services.

Here's a letter from Iwo Jima which Pfc. Billy Meacham wrote his wife in Paducah, Ky., and which the Paducah *Sun-Democrat* republished:

"As you know, we are on Iwo Jima and this is our sixth day. I haven't had my clothes off nor have I as much as washed my face since D-Day. Things have been plenty tough, but I am safe and well and wish I was back on that ship, even though I did get pretty seasick on the way over from Guam.

"I'm sitting in a foxhole now, and believe me it feels plenty good when these mortar shells start falling. I can't write much in all this confusion, and you probably have read all the news in the paper.

"I've prayed more in the six days I've been here than I did in all my life before. . . . I know you all are praying constantly for me too, and that makes a fellow feel mighty good."

Even in the once-impersonal pages of the big-time metropolitan sheets—213 of them, published in 90 cities of over 100,000 population—Cpl. Pete Zilch's picture will turn up when he captures two Germans or breaks his leg stumbling down the gangplank. And the casualty lists look longer and more ominous in the big-city journals.

Very much on the increase just now are columns giving servicemen and their families information about Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil Relief, veterans' organizations and the like. Some of these columns undertake to give individual readers "personal, confidential replies."

Readers who only scan headlines and don't bother about the text of stories are apt to get the impression that Patton, Zhukov, MacArthur, Eisenhower and Montgomery are smashing their way through the enemy single-handed or at best covered by a squadron of B-17 pilots, all from Brooklyn and shouting "Nuts!" The people who write the heads appear to be incurably optimistic, and civilians who read them must find it hard to understand why the war did not end in 1942. Even in the tabloids, by the way, the war has banished crime from page one. It takes a very juicy rape or murder to rate a big play today.

In spite of the spectacular climb to popularity of several war correspondents—notably Ernie Pyle and Hal Boyle—in the American press at large, no columnist has been able to challenge the position of Walter Winchell as the one with the most widespread audience. Winchell's fans still gobble up his Broadway tidbits, his intimate investigations of the international scene and his word acrobatics. Among the political columnists, Drew Pearson and Westbrook Pegler are still holding their own near the top in circulation figures. Editors say that the most popular comics of the moment are "Terry and the Pirates," "Dick Tracy" and "Li'l Abner," but in almost any paper you pick up you can find some of the old favorites such as "Blondie," "Popeye," "Superman," "Joe Palooka," "Bringing Up Father" and "Little Orphan Annie."

The old riddle about whether the chicken or the egg came first has a parallel in the newspaper business: Should newspapers lead public opinion or merely try to reflect it? As with the chicken-egg problem, there seems to be no one answer that everybody will accept, but the last Presidential campaign made it appear that Americans do not pay as much attention to what they read in the papers as editors would like to think they do. Sixty percent of all daily papers in the States and 53 percent of the weeklies came out for Tom Dewey before the election.

Publishers say that concern with freedom of the press is as strong as ever in America. Noyes of the Ironwood *Globe* is satisfied that U. S. newspapers are "in exceptionally good hands—as conscientious a crowd as you could expect to find."

Numerous mechanical developments that have been in experimental stages for several years may make some changes in newspaper-production methods, but your post-war paper probably won't look much different from the one you left behind—at least for another decade or so. By then, facsimile and television gadgets may be ready either to supplement or supplant the newspaper as we know it now.

Robert U. Brown of *Editor & Publisher*, the industry's leading trade magazine, believes that newspaper staffs will be both enlarged and improved as a result of lessons learned during the war. Hundreds of newspapermen from individual papers in cities like Philadelphia, St. Louis, Des Moines and St. Paul are overseas as war correspondents. (Many of these men are sent out to give their papers exclusive coverage and also, according to Elmer Davis, Office of War Information chief, to bleed off some of their papers' excess taxes.) This means that many American newswriters who might otherwise never have left this country are getting a broader viewpoint about the rest of the world. After the war they'll bring this viewpoint back, and their papers may become less provincial and more international-minded. Brown foresees greater attention to interpretive material, which will demand higher qualifications among newspapermen. This in turn should create a better pay scale for newsmen and may put an end to milking newspapers of their best talent by weekly magazines, advertising agencies, public-relations outfits, etc., that have been offering more money.

One thing is certain, and the men who make the newspapers know it. Reporters are going to have to be on their toes and bat 1.000 when they sit down after the war and write about the far corners of the earth. If they start shoveling shale, they're liable to get 10,000,000 razzberries, because, gents, you'll have been around, too.

Merioneth Whittaker has already worked for Uncle in Bolivia. Now she would like a job in Europe.

Margaret Murphy, a supervising bookkeeper, has no preference, just wants to go anywhere abroad.

Gwen Mallach works at Grumman Aircraft. She'd like to go to Paris because she's half French.

Betty Loughran, a secretary, would like to go to Switzerland to see what has happened there.

If man bites dog is news, what is it when civilian girls like these start pleading for tours of duty in the overseas war zones?

They Want To Go

By Cpl. HYMAN GOLDBERG
YANK Staff Writer

THE old gag that goes, "If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the mountain," is getting a new twist back home these days. A lot of wives and girls of GIs in overseas theaters who have been sweating out their men's return are now trying to get overseas to join them.

The Office of Strategic Services, the Government agency that coordinates intelligence for the Joint Chiefs of Staff, recently announced that it had some 200 jobs for women aged 23 to 42 in various spots abroad. Though it's true the salaries offered, plus overtime and maintenance allowances, were considerably higher than the prevailing rates paid for such jobs in the States, the OSS officials were amazed at the great number of women who responded.

The girls who thought they saw an opportunity to join their men were disappointed. The State Department doesn't allow civilian employees of the Government to go to theaters where their relatives or boy friends are assigned, and the OSS can't hire them.

It was the first time a great number of jobs for typists and financial clerks in Africa, the Far East and Western Europe had been offered to American civilian women. Besides the thousands who applied in person in Washington, D. C., and New York City, the two places where the OSS held interviews, thousands more telephoned, sent telegrams and wrote air-mail letters asking that jobs be reserved for them.

The jobs pay a base salary of $2,000 a year, and a maintenance allowance of $1,377 in the Far East and $1,134 in Western Europe. In addition, there is an annual allowance of $410 in both places for overtime. OSS officials say the money is almost as great a lure as the husbands and boy friends overseas; to a girl used to making from $35 to $40 a week, the average of about $70 a week looks pretty attractive.

But it wasn't just sex and adventure, or the comparatively high salaries, that brought all the girls to the OSS hiring offices. Here are some of the reasons women gave for wanting jobs overseas:

Winifred Lieck, who lives at Great Neck, Long Island, N. Y., is a secretary for an executive in a chemical concern that's doing war work. "Even so," said Miss Lieck, "I don't feel quite near enough to the war. I think that if I went overseas I could do much more for the war effort."

Merioneth Whittaker returned to the United States recently from Bolivia, where she had spent nine months with the Rubber Development Corporation, a Government agency. "I'd like to go over to Europe and see what has happened there," she said. "I would like to see how the war has affected the people and I would like to help them in any way I can." Miss Whittaker was born in Colorado, went to school in Switzerland and has traveled in France and Germany. She speaks several languages.

Gwen Mallach, a small, slim brunette from Farmingdale, Long Island, is a clerical worker and production planner at Grumman Aircraft. "Why do I want to go overseas?" she asked. "Why, I want to see all those places I've been reading about in the papers since the war started. I would like to go to Paris. My sister Maxine is a sergeant in the WAC. She was in the Philippines when the prisoners of the Japs were freed, and she saw them.

"The reason I'd like to go to Paris particularly is because I'm half French, on my father's side, and I studied French in high school. And, also, my boy friend is in the Army, and he's in England. No, of course that's not in France, but it's closer to him than I am now, isn't it?"

Yes, it is, dear.

ABOUT 20 percent of the girls who want to go overseas have husbands or boy friends in the places they pick, according to the hiring agent for the OSS. In most cases they know that the State Department won't give them passports because of the rule against U. S. employees being sent to countries where they have relatives. So they don't say anything about their husbands or boy friends, even if they're asked. But they might as well tell right away, because they are investigated not alone by the OSS, but by the FBI as well. In about six weeks, if a girl is accepted, she is ready to go overseas.

"I'd like to go to Switzerland," declared Betty Loughran of Hartsdale, N. Y., who is a secretary. "I would like to go there because I'm very interested in seeing what happened over there in the war. This country is really so untouched by the war. Especially," she added wistfully, "because more than five million men are out of the country. It looks to me like it would be very interesting and exciting over there."

Margaret Murphy, from the Greenwich Village section of New York City, has been a supervising bookkeeper for seven years. "And I'm getting bored with it," she said. "The thought of going overseas is awfully attractive. I've got no preferences about going any place. Just anywhere at all, as long as it's away from here. And I think the pay will work out fine. I think it will work out at least as well as it does here at home, especially with the way the cost of living has been going up here all the time."

"I've been working in a bank," said Helen McGiff of Jackson Heights, New York City. "I've always wanted to travel, and working in a bank I'd never be able to. The place I'd like to go is Saudi Arabia. But if I can't get to Saudi Arabia, I'll take Cairo. Why do I want to go there? Well, I think it's so beautiful in those places, so romantic. The Arabs are the most romantic people in the world.

"How do I know? Well," said Miss McGiff, "I've never met or known an Arab, but I've read about them, and I've seen them in the movies."

Miss McGiff heaved a sigh. A deep sigh, from all the way down.

Helen McGiff has been working in a bank. She has her sights set on "beautiful, romantic" Arabia.

Katharine Cornell during "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" overseas run.

Brian Aherne and Miss Cornell came home and revived the play in New York.

The Barretts Return on Rotation

But the audience on Broadway doesn't whistle at Cornell's kisses the way the GIs did in Europe.

By Sgt. JOE McCARTHY
YANK Staff Writer

KATHARINE CORNELL, the lady who ranks with Helen Hayes and Lynn Fontanne as one of the three best actresses in the American theater, recently brought her revived hit play, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," home on rotation after six months in Italy, France and Holland. Instead of sending the people in the cast to redistribution stations for 30-day furloughs and reassigning them to permanent parties in the States, she pushed them right into an empty theater on Broadway to put on the same show every night for civilian audiences. I imagine that the members of the cast are already writing letters back to GIs they knew in Italy and France and Holland, warning them not to get sucked in by this rotation deal because it's just a lot of chicken.

One of the gnomes with T-4 stripes who thinks up things for us boys on this magazine to write about decided that it would be a good idea for somebody to go and see the Broadway version of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and to tell how it compared with the performances before GI audiences in Europe.

If I do say so myself, they couldn't have found a better man for the job. I not only saw "The Barretts" in Europe; I practically followed it all the way from Rome to Paris last fall and winter. Or maybe the show was following me, I don't know which. Anyway, it seemed as though every time Miss Cornell drove into a new town—Florence, Leghorn, Marseilles, Versailles—she would trip over me when she was getting out of her jeep. It got so that people were stopping me at various times to shake my hand, mistaking me for a prominent member of the cast—Miss Cornell's cocker spaniel Flush.

This is all very interesting stuff I am telling you, but we better start comparing "The Barretts of Broadway" with "The Barretts of Italy and the ETO" before that T-4 gets sore and uses his influence to have me shipped to a machine-records detachment somewhere in Oklahoma. Oklahoma is still a prohibition state.

Well, the show itself is exactly the same on Broadway as it was overseas. Miss Cornell, as Elizabeth Barrett, the girl poet, still hates the taste of porter which her father tries to make her drink for her health. I could understand why she hated that rotgut in Florence and Marseilles. But I couldn't believe my ears when I heard her still refusing to drink in New York. I felt like standing right up in the theater and telling her that this stuff wasn't Eyetie hooch or that French mirabelle. I wanted to remind her she was back in the U.S.A. and it was probably good solid Ruppert's or Budweiser.

And she still falls for this poet, Robert Browning, and runs away with him to Italy. After spending the last six months in Italy, I should think she would be glad to stay home where she could get a hot bath any time she wants one instead of sweating out a line at a quartermaster clothing exchange when the outfit gets its turn. But some people never learn.

And the Browning family is still as big as it was overseas. Those five young brothers of Elizabeth Barrett are still walking around in civilian clothes. They did not say anything about being in war work, either. Why they haven't been drafted, I don't know.

Elizabeth's young sister Henrietta is still being played by that pretty redhead, Emily Lawrence, who had all the GIs in the Fifth and Seventh Armies walking around in a daze. She is still fighting with her father about that Army officer she wants to marry. Her father is still making her swear on the Bible she will never see the officer again. Her father is no fool. He probably figures that if he can make her marry an enlisted man instead she will get a family allowance, which will help pay the Barretts' grocery bill.

By the way, the fellow who plays the part of the officer should be entitled to an ETO ribbon with two battle stars, but he isn't wearing it. Somebody ought to tell him about the point value of battle stars for getting a discharge.

Elizabeth Cornell—I mean Katharine Barrett—has the same maid she had overseas. The servant problem being as tough as it is, you'd think this maid would have been snapped up at twice her salary by some one of those swanky Park Avenue families as soon as she got off the boat at the POE. Not only that. In the last act when her mistress asks her to go back to Italy, she says yes immediately without even trying to shake her down for a raise first like any servant would do these days.

Brian Aherne, who plays the part of Robert Browning, is the same as ever. He still speaks his lines in the tense, dramatic moments like a waiter telling you what he has for dessert.

When I saw Aherne playing Browning on Broadway, I couldn't help thinking of the time I saw him backstage in the big movie house near the Enlisted Men's Red Cross in Florence last fall just after one of his performances in the same costume there. A little dough came up and asked him for his autograph. The dough mentioned he had met Aherne once before at Camp Wheeler in Georgia.

"Ah, yes, I remember that day at Camp Wheeler," Aherne said. "I went out on the range with you fellows there. And I remember one of your colonels telling me, 'We are making it very hard for these men but when they get overseas they'll look back and thank us for it.' And you are thanking him for it now, aren't you?"

The little dough, who had come out of a rough sector of the 85th Division's line that morning and was going back into it again that night, just glanced up at Aherne once and said nothing.

BUT, although the show is the same on Broadway, the audience is a lot different from the ones that watched "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" in Italy, France and Holland.

The first time Aherne and Barrett—I mean, Cornell—put their arms around each other and go into a kiss, nobody in the theater whistles.

When the doctor in the first act tells Miss Cornell that she can't spend another winter in a gloomy place like London and that she should go to a pleasant sunny place like Italy, nobody in the Broadway audience cracks a smile. Every time the doctor spoke this line before the GIs in Naples, Rome, Florence and Leghorn, it took all the available MPs in the neighborhood a half hour to restore order in the theater.

Nobody in the Broadway audience laughs when Miss Cornell tells her maid not to bother packing many bags because they'll be able to buy whatever they need in Paris. This always brought the house down in France.

I guess the people in New York's

On a ship off Iwo, marines are getting set to climb over the side and get into the landing barges. One rifleman is helping another to adjust his pack.

The marines headed for the beach after a terrific rolling barrage was laid down by Navy warships. In the background is Iwo's volcano, Mount Suribachi.

Camera on IWO

THE pictures on these pages were taken by YANK photographer Pfc. George Burns, who landed with the Marines on Iwo Jima. They show something of the unsparing, bitter fighting which the Marines had to go through before they cleaned the Japs out of the little island, 750 miles from Tokyo. American casualties were 19,938. Of these 4,189 were dead, 441 missing and 15,308 wounded. The estimated number of Japs killed was over 21,000.

Troops hit the beach from a landing barge. The 4th and 5th Marine Divisions made landings on the first day and the 3d Marine Division on the third day.

They had good weather on the first day, until rough weather closed in. Lined up along the edge of Green Beach, landing craft disgorge supplies in the rain.

At first they were pinned down in the gritty, volcanic sand of the beach by Jap mortar and artillery fire, then they began to break out and move inland.

...shi ran into a group of Japs holding out in small caves and heavy brush, and used flame throwers to scorch them out.

Camera on IWO

Before the marines could take all of Iwo they had to blast many Japs out of caves. But the Japs in this picture (lower right) came out voluntarily to surrender.

These two marines, one wounded, with his arm in a sling, were snapped by the photographer as they ran for cover after being caught in the open by sniper fire.

Emplaced in the iron-grey sand, a 37-mm gun is working on targets on Mount Suribachi. The mountain was taken from the Japs four days after the landings.

A plane flies in to drop blood plasma by parachute. The medics who used it kept up their reputation for bravery during the fighting on Iwo.

NEWS FROM HOME

Everybody agreed that Mr. Truman was doing all right, the Infantry lost a pal, a comedian wasn't laughing, and a Hollywood singer said she did have more than her birthday suit on.

HARRY S. TRUMAN made his first radio address and held his first press conference last week as President of the United States. Saddened by the sudden death of Franklin Delano Roosevelt and bursting with questions about the future, the people at home listened and read—and they were reassured by the new Chief Executive's first words and actions. The President told the country what it wanted most to hear—a pledge that he would carry out the war and peace policies of his predecessor.

It was quiet in homes and offices throughout the land as the radios carried the new voice from the White House—a voice with a friendly Midwestern sound to it. President Truman emphasized that there would be no change in America's attitude toward the war and the enemy. He pounded the table as he declared, "Our demand has been and remains unconditional surrender."

Within an hour of taking office, Truman had announced that the San Francisco security conference would be held as scheduled, and in his radio address he had more to say about it. "Nothing," the President said, "is more essential to the future peace of the world than continued cooperation of the nations which had to muster the force necessary to defeat the conspiracy of the fascist powers to dominate the world."

A sympathetic response to the President's first speech had been expected, and it was given promptly. Some seasoned members of Congress said the message had brought on a demonstration of unity unparalleled since Franklin D. Roosevelt's first term. Everyone was impressed with what was described as the "humility" of the President's message. Said the New York *Times*: "The speech was all that it should have been. . . . Mr. Truman has risen to the occasion of a great moment in history with a straightforward statement which carries deep sincerity. It promises nothing which is beyond achievement. It sounds a call to duty."

At this first press conference, Truman began making good his word that Roosevelt policies would continue. He said the ban on horse racing, the midnight curfew and the nationwide brownout would stand. He indicated that he would carry on the personal meetings with the heads of other big Allied powers which Roosevelt felt were so important. He already had one major diplomatic triumph to his credit—the assurance from Moscow that Russia's Foreign Commissar Molotov would represent his country at the San Francisco conference. It had been announced previously by the Kremlin that Molotov wouldn't be able to attend the meeting—a decision which some observers thought had dampened the chances for a full understanding at the conclave.

> *"Eastern Underwriter," a weekly insurance newspaper, announced that the Georgia Warm Springs Foundation was the beneficiary of a $560,000 life-insurance policy taken out on President Roosevelt in 1930. The publication said that Keith Morgan, vice president of the Foundation and a close friend of the late President, conceived the idea and arranged for the premiums to be paid by a group interested in Warm Springs.*

TRUMAN announced that he would support the Bretton Woods monetary plan to establish an international bank and fund and also the reciprocal-trade program recently introduced in Congress. Commentators said that his categorical stand in favor of these two Roosevelt measures considerably brightened chances of their passage by Congress. Truman, it was pointed out, has friends in both the Senate and the House, and Senators and Congressmen who might have been lukewarm toward Roosevelt's objectives, as advocated by the late President, will be disposed to support the new Chief Executive as far as possible in his tremendous tasks.

All in all, reporters seemed optimistic after they left Truman's first press conference. They wrote about his simplicity and terseness, and they said they were convinced that the new President wasn't "hiding things" from them. Most of them dwelt on Truman's announcement that he was going to start work each day at 8 a.m., and told how he had shocked late-sleeping reporters by a jocular warning that he might even make it 6:30.

The press also noted that Truman is no lover of precedent or elaborate ceremony. As one story ran, the President wanted to lunch with some of his former colleagues in the Senate. White House attaches told him it just wasn't possible, since no other President had ever started his term by lunching at the Senate. The protests finally irritated Truman, and he said: "To hell with all that. I'm going." And, the report said, he did go.

Later on, the Chief Executive held the first meeting on record between a Democratic President and a Republican Senate Steering Committee. It was predicted that the result of that meeting would be closer cooperation between Republicans in Congress and the Administration than has existed since 1933, when Roosevelt first took office. Truman charted a new line of cooperation between Congress and the White House by inviting Kenneth D. McKellar, president pro tempore of the Senate and a Tennessee Democrat, to sit in at Cabinet meetings. McKellar accepted, and occupied the chair which would normally be reserved for the Vice President.

THE President gave evidence, too, that he isn't going to be any figurehead and that he's going to make his own decisions. During his first week in the White House, he nominated Lt. Gens. George S. Patton, Jr., and Courtney H. Hodges, commanders of the Third and First Armies respectively, to the rank of full general. Less than a month ago, Gen. George C. Marshall, Army Chief of Staff, had told the Senate Military Affairs Committee that Patton and Hodges couldn't be promoted because each commanded only one Army and not an Army group.

Truman also showed his independence by naming John W. Snyder, a St. Louis banker, as Federal Loan Administrator, whereas Budget Director Harold D. Smith had been widely reported as President Roosevelt's choice for that important job. However, everybody seemed to approve of the appointment. Snyder, who succeeds Director of War Mobilization Fred M. Vinson, was, like Truman, an artillery captain in the last war and has known the President for 25 years.

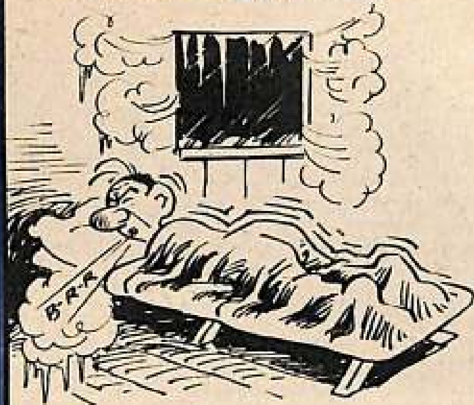
There were plenty of other indications that the

FILLS ROLE. LEFT TO RIGHT, BUT MOSTLY ON THE LEFT, IS KAREN RANDALL, WHO COMES FROM LONE WOLF, OKLA., OF ALL PLACES, A TOWN WITH A POPULATION OF LESS THAN 1,000. SCREEN PRODUCER WALTER WANGER SAYS HE THINKS SHE'S JUST THE TYPE FOR HIS PICTURE "SALOME, WHERE SHE DANCED."

SONNY GIRL. AL JOLSON HASN'T TURNED CANNIBAL BECAUSE OF THE MEAT SHORTAGE. THE 56-YEAR-OLD ACTOR IS MERELY KISSING THE PINKIES OF HIS FOURTH BRIDE, 21-YEAR-OLD ERLE GALBRAITH, OF LITTLE ROCK, ARK., WHOM HE WED IN QUARTSITE, ARIZ.

BIGGEST YET. HERE'S A MODEL OF THE LARGEST TRANSPORT SHIP YET PROPOSED, A 204-PASSENGER CONSOLIDATED VULTEE CLIPPER. PAN-AMERICAN AIRWAYS HAS ORDERED A FLEET OF THEM WHICH WILL MAKE THE NEW YORK-LONDON RUN A MATTER OF NINE HOURS.

THE SAD SACK "CHANGE OF CLIMATE"



SGT. GEORGE BAKER

nation was solidly behind its new leader. The stock markets advanced, demonstrating the confidence of big business in the new Administration. Political cartoonists for newspapers throughout the country were busy getting the Truman face down on paper, and all the caricatures were big, solid and friendly.

One of the new President's first statements to the press was an acknowledgment of a death that affected the average person almost as much as the passing of the President. Here's what Truman said: "The nation is quickly saddened again by the death of Ernie Pyle. No man in this war has so well told the story of American fighting men as American fighting men wanted it told. More than any other man he became the spokesman of the ordinary American in arms doing so many extraordinary things. It was his genius that the mass and power of our military and naval forces never obscured the men who made them. . . . He deserves the gratitude of all his countrymen."

Ernie Pyle, a baldish, sensitive little man who was known as the "Foxhole Reporter" because he spent more time in foxholes than he did at headquarters, was killed in action on a little island called Ie, off Okinawa in the Pacific. He had spent 37 months in combat areas, writing in a simple, warm style for the readers of 700 newspapers exactly what the people in the armed forces were doing and saying and thinking. Pyle recorded current gripes and he added his own, since the discomforts of the infantry-

The War Department is trying to set aside a transatlantic liner with facilities to handle childbirths at sea to carry 24,000 British wives of American servicemen to the States. Their transportation is difficult now, it was said, because sea captains don't like to take pregnant women aboard.

men he wrote about were his own discomforts and their danger was his danger.

His death, of course, hadn't been entirely unexpected. Pyle himself had written in his column, and often told his friends, that he was afraid of the Pacific campaign. But still the people at home received the news of his death almost as incredulously as they had listened to the news about President Roosevelt. They stopped one another in the street to talk about it, just as they had about the earlier tragedy.

On March 31, just before the Okinawa landing, Pyle wrote to his wife in Albuquerque, N.M.: "I'm on another invasion. I never intended to. But I feel I must cover the Marines, and the only way to do it honestly is to go with them. But I've promised myself, and I promise you, that if I come through this one, I will never go on another one." Even so, it was among the doughfeet, with whom he had served so long in Europe and Africa, that Pyle met death in a burst of Jap machinegun fire.

Cabinet members, generals, admirals and members of Congress joined in mourning Pyle—joined with GIs and sailors and millions of everyday Americans. A resolution was proposed in the Senate to award him a posthumous Congressional Medal of Honor. Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson and Gen. Marshall expressed their sorrow on behalf of the Army. In Hollywood it was announced that the motion picture of Pyle's life, now in production, would be released as planned some time in July. Because Pyle was killed in the Okinawa region, the first print of the film will be sent for showing to the troops there.

In his quiet way, Pyle had helped infantrymen by more than words. Some of the gripes he voiced in his column were quickly remedied. His campaign to win a 50 per-cent increase in pay for combat soldiers found wide support in Congress. Although the full amount wasn't authorized, his efforts were said to have been at least partly responsible for the Combat Infantryman's Badge and the 10 per-cent pay bonus that goes with it. Upon news of Pyle's death, Rep. Samuel A. Weiss, Democrat of Pennsylvania, announced that he would press for enactment of a bill to provide 50 per-cent raises over base pay for all holders of combat badges and said that he would try to have the bonus made retroactive.

A chance-happening back in 1935, when he filled in while the late Heywood Broun was on vacation, gave Pyle his start. After his articles clicked and Ernie got a roving assignment, he and his wife climbed into a convertible coupe and began six years of almost continuous wandering. They traveled all around the United States, out to the

Maj. Lester J. Chase of Worcester, Mass., went to the Philippines in 1941 as an instructor to the Filipino Army and he stayed to fight with a guerrilla band. When he emerged from the hills of Luzon recently, he went to see the finance officer and came out with $12,020 in back pay. The sum covered the period from December 1, 1941, to March 31, 1945.

Hawaiian Islands, up the Yukon in a boat, down into mines and up on dams, and they drove from Texas to Mexico City before the famous highway was built. Although Pyle didn't realize it, he was in training to become America's favorite war reporter.

The country was stirred to horror and rage by pictures and stories of German atrocities against military prisoners and racial groups, uncovered when the Allies overran prison and concentration camps in the Reich. Front-paged by almost every newspaper in the nation was a picture of an American prisoner of war in Limburg lying on a cot—a living skeleton. Photos from Buchenwald and Belsen followed. Editorials were devoted to the theme that America must not forget "what the Germans are like." Arrangements were made to send delegations of Congressmen and newspaper editors to Germany to gather eyewitness accounts for the people at home. Some people remarked caustically about the healthy, well-fed look of German PWs in the States contrasted with Allied captives in Germany.

Adm. William F. Halsey, Commander of the U.S. 5th Fleet, reminded the nation in a magazine article that the Japs have been guilty of atrocities,

too. Calling for the death of a Japanese officer "two ranks higher" for every one of "our men who was murdered" in the Pacific, Halsey said, "We have documentary proof that some of our Marines on Guadalcanal were vivisected by the enemy—and I mean vivisected. It is no rumor that nuns in the Solomons were subjected to 48 hours of rape and then had their throats cut by the Japs."

The unfolding story of Axis brutality was fresh in the minds of the delegates from 44 countries who were arriving in San Francisco for the United Nations Conference on International Organization—UNCIO to the headline writers. The delegates' job was to create a worldwide organization to keep the peace. Observers emphasized that this was their only job, and that the delegates were determined to avoid bringing up any issues which might cause dissension and weaken the effect of the conference on current international unity.

From his sick bed, former Secretary of State Cordell Hull told the Allies that UNCIO would be the "acid test of whether mankind has suffered enough and learned enough." The 73-year-old statesman sent this message in a letter to Secretary of State Edward R. Stettinius regretting that he wouldn't be able to attend the opening of the conference. Hull, who has often been called the "father of the United Nations," told Stettinius and "all participating nations" that "there are no differences or difficulties" between them that couldn't be overcome.

Talk about having a GI delegate to the Conference gained momentum with an announcement by Sen. Warren G. Magnuson, Democrat of Washington, that President Roosevelt had been "seriously considering" such a move.

At least one EM will be at the Conference. He is S/Sgt. John Thomson of Minneapolis, Minn., who will serve as an aide to Comdr. Harold E. Stassen, a delegate. Thomson, one of two wounded servicemen chosen by Stassen and a victim of German bullets near Aachen, said he believed "there should be a complete and frank exposition of what is going on" at the San Francisco meeting. The sergeant expressed concern over the inclination of some soldiers and civilians to believe that war is inevitable. He said such an attitude could be "detrimental to efforts to keep the peace."

Conference delegates from occupied countries arriving in the States have been creating a small clothing boom in New York's men's shops. Owing to the fact that they haven't been able to buy handkerchiefs, not to mention suits, in their own countries for the past six years, they've been trying in New York to buy clothes in which to represent

> *Arturo Toscanini was conducting the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra recently in Weber's "Invitation to the Dance." Suddenly a barefoot woman attired in black silk slacks and shirtwaist ran on the stage and started pirouetting before the footlights, although she wasn't part of the act. Police who nabbed her said she was Helen Favill of Roanoke, Va. "I needed only one invitation to the dance," Helen explained simply.*

their countries with proper ceremonial splendor. One delegate from Yugoslavia, a full colonel and a noted guerrilla fighter, went from store to store without success before finding a suit to fit his six-foot-four-inch frame. "I thought all the men in America were tall like Gary Cooper," the colonel said. "Brother," answered the clerk, "you've seen too many cowboy pictures."

A sad note in Washington was the departure of Mrs. Anna Eleanor Roosevelt, widow of the President, to make way for the entrance of the Truman family. With the former First Lady when she left the White House for the Roosevelt home at Hyde Park, N.Y., were two of her sons and their wives—Lt. Col. and Mrs. James Roosevelt and Brig. Gen. and Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt—and her daughter, Mrs. Anna Roosevelt Boettiger. It took the energetic Mrs. Roosevelt only four days to pack up the accumulation of 12 years of life in the White House, but it took 20 Army trucks to carry away her personal effects. She resumed writing her newspaper column, *My Day*. In the meantime, companion bills were introduced in Congress authorizing President Truman to award a posthumous Congressional Medal of Honor to President Roosevelt. Such an award would make Mr. Roosevelt the first Chief Executive to receive the nation's highest decoration.

Some people at home continued to speculate as to the date of V-E Day. Many of them had their answer in a War Department announcement that the transfer of the country's full military might from Europe to the war against Japan was already underway. The *Associated Press* said that the U. S. expects to have its military forces redeployed in the Pacific four months ahead of the original schedule, thanks to new arrangements for shipping and a general tightening-up of plans. Some engineer units and some materiel which had been destined for service in Europe have already been sent to the Far East, it was reported.

People were also paying attention to Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower's warning against over-optimism regarding the European campaign—that V-E Day might be weeks away, even months. They were also impressed by requests coming in from men overseas not to celebrate V-E Day, but to wait until the "real V-Day" comes. From U.S. Eighth Army veterans in the Philippines came a letter to Mayor F. H. LaGuardia of New York City protesting any plans to celebrate V-E Day with parades and parties. They asked that all colossal shindigs be put off until everybody's V-Day arrives.

On the labor front, the War Labor Board was still pondering whether to approve John L. Lewis's contract with the soft-coal operators, which the latter had already okayed; a projected strike by 18,000 telephone operators in New York City was settled before it got underway; and workers returned to their jobs at the Cities Service high-octane refinery in Lake Charles, La., after an 11-day strike during which the government seized the plant.

A Los Angeles jury decided that comedian Charlie Chaplin was the father of Joan Barry's 18-month-old child, Carol Ann. The court wound up the case—at least pending an expected appeal—by ordering the sad-faced funnyman to pay the child $75 weekly until she is 18. Chaplin was also directed to pay $5,000 to cover the expense of the two-year legal battle. Joan's attorney was pleased by this ruling, but not over-elated since he had asked $50,000 for himself and $1,500 a month for Carol Ann. A totalling of the cash put out by Chaplin shows that by the time the Barry affair ends with Carol's coming of age, it will have cost him more than $100,000. That includes the $75 a week he's been paying the baby since last June, $11,000 he paid for the child's medical care, $5,000 for the legal fees, and the $75,000 Miss Carol will cost in the coming years. Chaplin is reputed to be worth a comfortable $8,000,000.

Gloria Vanderbilt DiCicco, 21-year-old heiress, and Leopold Stokowski, 63, former conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, got themselves hitched in Mexico. It was Stokowski's third marriage and Gloria's second, coming a day after her divorce in Reno from Pasquale DiCicco, Hollywood actors' agent who, she said, was cruel to her.

In Hollywood, Mona Ray, eye-filling singer and actress, indignantly denied in court that she had been caught either undressed or clad "only in a sweater" with her sister's husband, screen writer Josef Montague. Mona was trying to get a divorce from her husband, Hugh J. Cummings, a film writer, when the accusation was made by her sister, Judy. Miss Ray contended that she had a slack suit on when Judy broke in the glass door of a cabin where she and Montague were found.

WEDDING BELLS. CPL. JAMES D. SLATON OF GULFPORT, MISS., WHO SILENCED THREE NAZI MACHINEGUN NESTS BY HIMSELF, IS SHOWN WITH HIS NEW BRIDE, THE FORMER NELDA MARSHALL OF HOLLYWOOD. SLATON IS CALLED THE MOST DECORATED YANK OF THE WAR.

TATTOOED WONDER. RASMUS NEILSON IS ONE GENT WHO PUTS HIS WORK INTO HIMSELF. HE WORKS FOR THE RINGLING BROTHERS, BARNUM & BAILEY CIRCUS, AND HIS JOB IS LIFTING ANVILS AND THINGS WITH THOSE TWO RINGS DANGLING FROM HIS CHEST.

GENTLE READER. WAC SGT. MARY JABLONSKI OF BUFFALO, N.Y., READS A LETTER FROM HOME TO A WOUNDED GI WHO ISN'T ABLE TO DO IT FOR HIMSELF. SHE'S IN CHARGE OF THE TECHNICIANS ON WAR SERVICE AT MASON GENERAL HOSPITAL, BRENTWOOD, N.Y.

FAIR SISTERS. BELIEVE IT OR NOT, THESE GIRLS ARE THE DAUGHTERS OF FORMER JOCKEY BUTTS FAIRBROTHER, AND THEY'RE ALL SWIMMING AND DIVING CHAMPIONS IN MIAMI BEACH, FLA. LEFT TO RIGHT: SKIPPY, 18; JIM, 19; PAT, 20 AND BETTY, 22.

The COVER

The combat medic who posed for Sgt. Howard Brodie, YANK staff artist, at the Ninth Army front in Germany is Pfc. Oliver Poythress of Raleigh, N.C., attached to K Company, 406th Infantry, 102d Division. For more sketches of K Company men see pages 2, 3 & 4

Pictures: 2, Pfc. Pat Coffey. 3 and 4, Sgt. Reg Kenny. 6, Sgt. Eugene L. Kammerman. 7, lower centre, Sgt. Ben Rosenblatt; others, Sgt. Kammerman. 8 and 9, Sgt. Georg N. Meyers. 10, left, Sgt. Steve Derry; right, Vandamm. 11, Sgt. Sy Friedmann. 12, 13 and 14, Pfc. George Burns. 15, right, ANS; others, Acme. 17, center right, Acme; lower right, ANS; others, Keystone. 20, Sgt. Donald Breimhurst. 21, Sgt. John Frano. 22, Sgt. Ralph Stein. 23, Sgt. Jack Rainone.

YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

BRITISH EDITION

EVENING STANDARD BUILDING

47 Shoe Lane, LONDON, E.C.4

Managing Editor, Sgt. Durbin L. Horner; Art Editor, Sgt. John Scott; Staff: Sgt. Earl Anderson, Cpl. Edmund Antrobus, Cpl. Frank Busch, Sgt. Francis Burke, Cpl. Jack Coggins, Pfc. Thomas Flannery, Sgt. Rudolph Sanford, Sgt. Sanderson Vanderbilt; Business Manager, Sgt. George Bailey; Officers in Charge: Lt. Col. Charles L. Holt (ETOUSA), Capt. Harry R. Roberts (London).

MAIN EDITORIAL OFFICE, NEW YORK: Managing Editor, Sgt. Joe McCarthy; Art Director, Sgt. Arthur Weithas; Assistant Managing Editor, Sgt. Justus Schlotzhauer; Assistant Art Director, Sgt. Ralph Stein; Pictures, Sgt. Leo Hofeller; Features, Sgt. Marion Hargrove; Sports, Cpl. Tom Shehan; Overseas Editor, Sgt. Al Hine; U.S. Editor, Sgt. Hilary H. Lyons; Associate Editors, Sgt. John Hay, Sgt. Ralph Boyce, Cpl. Margaret Davis, Cpl. Max Novack.

WASHINGTON: Sgt. Barrett McGurn.

FRANCE: Sgt. Merle Miller, Cpl. Robert Abramson, Sgt. Art Alexander, Pfc. David Berger, Sgt. Charles Brand, Sgt. Howard Brodie, Pfc. Patrick Coffey, Sgt. Ed Cunningham, Sgt. Robert Debnam, Sgt. Allan Ecker, Sgt. Tom Fleming, Sgt. Dewitt Gilpin, Cpl. Howard Katzander, Sgt. Reg Kenny, Sgt. Saul Levitt, Sgt. Ralph Martin, Sgt. Robert McBrinn, Sgt. Mack Morriss, Cpl. Roland Roy, Cpl. Irene Schafer, Pvt. David Whitcomb.

ITALY: Cpl. George Barrett, Pfc. Ira Freeman, Sgt. August Loeb, Sgt. Dan Polier, Pfc. Carl Schwind, Sgt. Harry Sions, Pvt. Dave Shaw.

AUSTRALIA-PHILIPPINES: Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt, Sgt. Roger Cowan, Sgt. Jack Crowe, Sgt. Marvin Fasig, Sgt. Dick Hanley, Sgt. LaFayette Locke, Cpl. John McLeod, Sgt. Charles Pearson, Sgt. Charles Rathe, Sgt. Ozzie St. George, Cpl. Joe Stefanelli, Sgt. Lionel Wathall, Cpl. Roger Wrenn, Cpl. Frank J. Beck.

CENTRAL PACIFIC: Pfc. John O. Armstrong, Pfc. George Burns, Cpl. Ted Burrows, Cpl. James Goble, Sgt. Larry McManus, Don Morgan Y1c, USCGR, Sgt. H. N. Oliphant, Mason E. Pawlak CPhoM, USNR, Sgt. Bill Reed, Vernon H. Roberts S1c, USNR, Cpl. Lon Wilson, Evans Wylie SP1c (PR), USCGR, Sgt. Bill Young.

MARIANAS: Cpl. Tom O'Brien, Sgt. Dillon Ferris, Pfc. Justin Gray, Sgt. Jack Ruge, Sgt. Paul Showers.

BURMA-INDIA AND CHINA: Sgt. George J. Corbellini, Cpl. Jud Cook, Sgt. Paul Johnston, Sgt. Walter Peters, Sgt. Dave Richardson, Sgt. Lou Stoumen.

ALASKA: Sgt. Ray Duncan, Cpl. John Haverstick.

IRAN: Sgt. Burtt Evans, Cpl. Alfred Kynch.

PANAMA: Cpl. Richard Douglas.

PUERTO RICO: Sgt. Don Cooke, Pfc. James Iorio.

BRAZIL: Pfc. Nat Bodian.

BERMUDA: Cpl. William Pene du Bois.

ICELAND: Sgt. John Moran.

MIDDLE EAST: Sgt. Richard Paul.

NEWFOUNDLAND: Sgt. Frank Bode.

NAVY: Donald Nugent, S1c.

Commanding Officer: Col. Franklin S. Forsberg.

Executive Officer: Maj. Jack W. Weeks.

Business Manager: Maj. North Bigbee.

Overseas Bureau Officers: Britain, Capt. Harry R. Roberts; France, Lt. Col. Charles L. Holt, Lt. H. Stahley Thompson; Australia-Philippines, Maj. Harold B. Hawley; Central Pacific, Maj. Josua Eppinger; Marianas, Maj. Justus J. Craemer; Italy, Maj. Robert Strother; Burma-India, Capt. Harold A. Burroughs; Iran, Lt. David Gafill; Panama, Capt. Howard Carswell; Puerto Rico, Capt. Frank Gladstone; Middle East, Capt. Knowlton Ames; Alaska, Lt. Grady E. Clay, Jr.

YANK is published weekly by enlisted men of the U.S. Army (Branch Office, Information and Education Division, War Dept., 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N.Y.) and is for sale only to those in the armed services. Material in YANK may be reproduced if not restricted by law or military regulations, provided credit is given, release dates observed and prior permission granted for each item. British Edition printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., Watford. Reviewed by U.S. military censors.

YANK MAIL CALL

Final Furlough

Dear YANK,

Admiral Standley was quoted in the Mar. 13 edition of the *Stars and Stripes* as advocating a month's leave with pay for members of the armed forces at the time they are eligible for discharge.

Besides the reasons that Admiral Standley advanced there are others that would make for a more orderly and satisfactory separation. I believe that a member upon arrival at the separation center and completion of initial interview, should be given a 30-day furlough. Then the administrative details such as the closing of the service record, clothing check, preparation of final statement, etc., could be accomplished in the interim and upon the return of the soldier a speedy separation could be accomplished.

This plan might also be of assistance to the staff of the separation center in the event of the tardy arrival of records necessary for discharge.

This plan would be heaven to the ordinary soldier who would otherwise have to wait an indefinite time at the separation center until the separation machinery caught up with him. It would also be the final gesture to the GI who has run the gauntlet of waiting in the Army for everything from chow to monthly inspection.

Britain. — Sgt. ARTHUR MORROW

Can't Get Away

Dear YANK,

I have one gripe that I would like for you to print, and I hope the right person sees it.

I understand that the Army is wanting men for the Infantry, and is taking a certain amount of men from the Air Force for that purpose. Taking this into consideration, I volunteered for the Infantry, more or less for personal reasons. My department released me to go. After taking my physical and having a clothing inspection they tell me that I have a critical "spec number" (911). I am not one to say whether it is or not, but if that be the case why do all the men—including myself—in this department have to pull K.P. and do details when others here don't?

All I want, if it is possible, is to get my "spec number" changed so I can go to the Infantry and do some fighting.

Britain. — S/Sgt. FRANK H. MORGAN

No Proof

Dear YANK,

To Sgt. Koehn's pessimistic attitude that "war is inevitable" (Apr. 1 issue), let the following be said:

History does not prove war is inevitable. History can only prove that history can be made, that proof being the fact that history exists.

Nothing can prove that war is inevitable. On the other hand, nothing can prove that war is avoidable. A reign of peace, be it short or long, can be used as evidence to substantiate one theory or the other, but nothing more. It *proves* nothing. Think it over.

Britain. — Capt. FREDERICK N. KISBANY

Chinese Exchange

Dear YANK,

Reading Corporal Mar's letter in *What's Your Problem?*, entitled "Wife in China," and your reply, it occurs to some of us that the corporal and the Mrs. are the victims of a fast shuffle in international exchange. Your reply stated that allotments totalling \$2,354.00 would be paid through the Bank of China and delivered in "the Chinese equivalent" of the amount due. Many a GI wonders what that "Chinese equivalent" is when faced daily with an ever-changing black market rate ranging from 300 to 1 to 500 to 1.

The last official rate we ever heard of between the U. S. and the Chinese Governments was about 20 to 1.

If payment is made to Mrs. Mar at the 20-to-1 rate, her 47,000 Chinese National dollars will actually be worth about \$120 U. S. Somebody is making money. On the other hand, we doubt if the U. S. and Chinese Governments will recognize the black-market rate.

There must be some better solution than paying these allotments on the phony rate which of necessity must prevail between governments fighting inflation. We'll leave that to the experts. Meanwhile, won't somebody recognize the problem, at least to the extent that it's costing a two-striper money that he can't afford?

India. — TWO BYSTANDERS

Retail Business

Dear YANK,

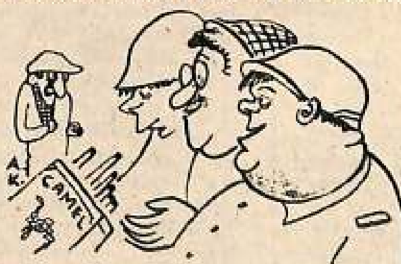
I have conceived a brilliant idea, so I'm jotting it down and sending it to you before I think it over and decide it can't be done. There are quite a number of fellows who are planning to venture into a small retail business when this thing is over. The Government will have on their hands an immense surplus of every imaginable item except civilian clothing. Couldn't that surplus be used to stock a number of these businesses, with payment for said goods being made on a long-term contract? This would all take care of the surplus as well as being an aid to the man who wants to set up in business.

Leyte. — Pfc. BERNARD W. SHEA

Dividing Camels

Dear YANK,

Amidst all our war worries, sorrows, gripes, disillusions of the homefront, wagers on when we will get back home, wondering whether we can get our best girl away from Joedi and all the other horrors of war, I just fell heir to some



Camels. The party who willed us the Camels had a total of 17 and gave them to three of us. One of us got one-half of them; another got a third of them and I got one-ninth of them. We are more than pleased with the actual number of Camels we got. Now, if someone could get his mind off of the above-mentioned worries long enough to offer us a satisfactory solution, we would appreciate it.

France. — Lt. A. K. PAULSON

Only \$40 a Week

Dear YANK,

As a citizen-soldier I am distressed at the "sad tale" in YANK of Apr. 13, concerning the 26-year-old, \$36-per-week newspaperman who became a \$7,200-per-year AAF lieutenant colonel then went home to find his old job at "only \$40 a week."

"The colonel was bitterly disappointed at the idea of taking such a drop."

The colonel is one of millions of young men whose lives and careers have been dislocated by the war. A very substantial number of our citizen-soldiers were required to suffer a loss of income in conjunction with the performance of duty. A great number of these men are still in service and basing their hopes for the future on getting back their old jobs at the old rate of pay. They realize that their skills have suffered from disuse and know that they are worth pay in their private business only in proportion to their contribution to the profitable operation of the business. While they may grudge the lost time, they know that, as grocers, butchers, accountants, managers, doctors or even newspapermen, they are back numbers and that the boss will take a loss temporarily until they get back in the swing.

It reads to me as if the young lieutenant colonel got more than a break, in a business sense, through his Army service. Surely he's a no better newspaperman now than when he left his old job, yet he has earned enough meanwhile to have saved a considerable nest egg and is already home with the old job waiting and at a better than 11 percent increase in pay. And, having proved himself capable of rapid advancement in the Army, doubtless he will apply the same methods in his civilian endeavors.

The trouble is that there are lots more like the hero of this story. If these individuals have the intelligence their rank implies, surely they should realize that Lady Luck has been very kind and they should be willing to take off the leaves and fight life like men.

Are those who have not been so fortunate during this war period forever to be plagued by these economic war babies? I think General McAuliffe used the right word at Bastogne.

Britain. — S/Sgt. HERBERT B. CHAPIN

P.S. This is not to say the gentleman concerned is not worth \$7,200 per year as a pilot.

Lufberry Circle

Dear YANK,

A slight irregularity has been noted in your Mar. 18 issue. An AAF "Slanguage" term has been garbled or "clobbered"—to borrow an expression from the same sequence. I refer to the quaint spelling of "Luftberry" which reverberates like an aborted derivative of some branch of the ex-vaunted Luftwaffe.

The maneuver is actually the modern version (as flown by P-51s, etc.) of the "Lufberry Circle" (as flown by Spads, Nieuports, etc.). Its first use in combat flying was credited to Raoul Lufberry of the famed Lafayette Escadrille. Briefly, it consists of a vicious circle whereby one joker hops on the tail of another and several others join in to give the circle a more sociable aspect.

Another maneuver, similarly named after its creator, is known by some as a training routine, by others as an acrobatic shot, and by others as plain relaxation. This, of course, is the "Immelman Turn" of the World War I G.A.F. pilot, Max Immelman. The way I heard it was that some eager Allied pilot got on Maxie's tail one day and the latter, in endeavoring to get the hell out of there, crossed his controls a few times and ended up on a heading which was 110 degrees to his original—more surprised than the chauffeur of the Allied "aircraft."

Britain. — 1st Lt. R. H. HODGES

Discharge When?

Dear YANK,

As a $41\frac{1}{2}$-year-old with 18 months of foreign service, I wish to go on record as favoring any demobilization plan that permits a serviceman to know well in advance the approximate date of his discharge. At my time of life other considerations are relatively unimportant.

Perhaps men in their twenties can afford to take it easy and "look around" for a while after discharge, but older men (and certainly those in their forties) who have to begin all over again must do some careful planning ahead of time if they hope to meet the post-war competition and establish new civilian lives successfully. Personally, I should like to begin my preparation to grapple with those changed conditions and circumstances well before the day of my discharge, and the sooner the better.

I am a lawyer, with two children and dependent parents, and it is impossible for me to plan satisfactorily my future professional or family life until I know the approximate date the Army will dispense with my services. Whether the great day be near or far, the important thing is to

have it revealed as soon as possible. If all servicemen similarly affected should express themselves vociferously perhaps something would be done. Should we write our Congressmen?

Britain. T/Sgt. DOUGLAS CARTER

An Officer Complains

Dear YANK,

. . . We officers of line companies, company commanders and platoon leaders are fighting this war over here without the wearing of insignia of rank and without title, being called by various nicknames, mine being too ribald for tender ears. We take as many hardships and chances as the men. We must always be out in front, for, unless we are, the men are reticent about being aggressive. We are merely another rifleman but with responsibility. Yet what is our recognition? Like the aid men, we are taken for granted and when any benefits of a pecuniary nature or postwar opportunity are offered, we are overlooked.

In most cases the junior officers are unmarried, and most noncoms of marital status make more money than we do. The base pay of a first lieutenant is $166.67, and for foreign service he gets 10 per cent of that base pay. He is allowed about $75 for quarters—an allowance which he never sees but which we figure we are paying for a foxhole or a pillbox sans hot and cold running water. He is allowed $21 a month for meals, and we pay at the rate of 25 cents a meal (about $23.30 a month) and many times the meal consists of C or K ration. We all have the Combat Infantry Badge, but that does not entitle an officer to the $10 each month which goes with this award.

Now the enlisted man. All his worries and cares, outside of the physical hardships and mental dilemmas, are taken care of by officers of the various branches. Besides his base pay he collects 20 per cent for foreign service, $10 for the Combat Infantry Award, and he has access to the Soldiers Deposit, which gives 4 per cent interest. Then the enlisted man gets monetary recognition for certain medals he earns. Warrant officers get 20 per cent foreign-service pay and reap many of the advantages given the GI. But the officer is always forgotten. . . .

But here's the pay-off. I refer you to the educational facilities offered to servicemen and women after the war, specifically, to the pamphlet put out by the University of Minnesota, General Extension Division, Correspondence Study Department, Schedule D for U. S. Armed Forces Institute: " . . . The Government will pay one-half the total (not to exceed $20 for any one course) for officers and enlisted personnel in the Navy, Marines, Coast Guard and Waves, and for enlisted personnel in the Army and WAC . . ."

I cannot understand why the distinction or the ignoring of Army officers . . . I am the last one in the world to look for favors or money advantages, but we officers are plenty sore and wonder what is the score. Most of us have risen from the ranks. The discrimination certainly does not rest lightly with us.

Netherlands East Indies. Lt. F. P. O'FLAHERTY

One Country

Dear YANK,

An America-divided has begun to make its appearance. On one side lounges the ex-soldier, fat with the spoils his great bargaining force in the lobbies of Congress has secured for him. On the other, there wastes the poor, unmilitary American. Unfortunate chap! Born too late or too soon for the World War II draft.

From the great mass of civilian America we all sprang. And back to that origin, we shall, and should rightly, return. The uniform and regimentation we had to assume because of an emergency that threatened our civilian ways.

For us, it must be considered a constitutional and "civilian" privilege to take up arms in our own defense. The issues won in the fighting shall become for us equally "civilian." The grand benefits to be derived shall be for all citizens.

I'm in favor of a repatriated army of civilians. Special ex-servicemen privileges, with their incipient organizations, should go by the board. Our government will suffice for all people—GIs included.

Britain. Lt. CLIFFORD STEINBERG

THE SHOOTING AT AACHEN

The German radio announced that an underground had been formed in areas already occupied by the Allies "to continue the fight against the hated enemy." The underground forces, called "werewolves," vow to risk death "daily and joyfully without regard to the childish rules of so-called decent bourgeois warfare."—*Associated Press*

Three German parachutists in uniform assassinated Franz Oppenhof, 41, Allied-appointed mayor of Aachen, on Sunday midnight, it was disclosed today. The assassins shot the mayor gangster-fashion and escaped. Military intelligence investigators said they had established no motive yet.—*New York Times*

Is there a motive in the house?

It shouldn't be hard to find one. Was there a woman in his life? Did he owe anyone money? Was anybody mad at him?

If the investigators can't find anything along that line, maybe the Germans could help. They're very obliging that way. If you miss their intentions the first time, they just keep trying. In case you missed the bombings of Guernica or Rotterdam or Warsaw, or didn't hear about the gas chambers of Lublin, or were looking the other way when they murdered Americans at Malmedy—why, they act it out for you again at Aachen.

Maybe some people can't find a motive for the Aachen killing because they still think a battle ends when a town is taken. Maybe they also think that when the German Army surrenders, they can go home and forget about Germany.

It's too bad they can't. The Germans won't let them, anymore than the Germans let them sit at home and make believe the rest of the world didn't concern them. We took Aachen. We chased the *Wehrmacht* out and moved into the city and set up a provisional government. We appointed a mayor, and the Nazis came and shot him dead.

The shooting of the mayor of Aachen shows us that our responsibility does not end with the taking of a Fascist town. It ends only when the town is clean of all its Fascism. What happened in Aachen may happen in all of Germany. When the whole German Army is beaten, we will still have a lot of dirt to clean up before Fascism is beaten. The Nazis are experts in the use of terror and they will not stop at anything.

And if their terror does not succeed, they will try other ways. They will come out of the woodwork as anti-Nazis. There will be a flood of "good" Germans, who never belonged to the Nazi party, never tortured anyone, never did anything but sit around and watch it happen. They will bank on our kind hearts and bad memories, and they will be even more dangerous than the terrorists.

For we have a terrible responsibility that must be met. We are finishing a job started many years ago by other men. It is a job that cannot be done halfway if we are to live in peace, and it is not confined to the battlefield.

The shooting of Aachen's mayor shows that.

Delightful Dances

Dear YANK,

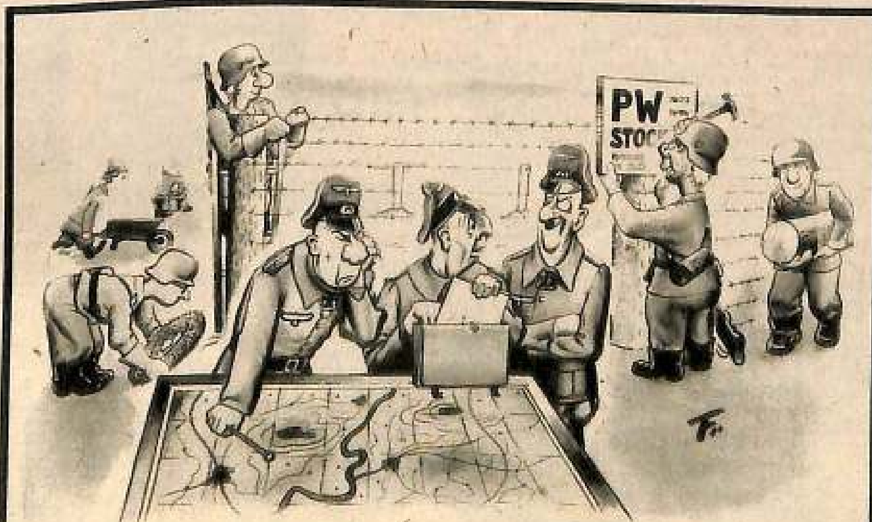
It's about time one of us "Limey" girls handed a bouquet to the American Red Cross for the way they have organized the dances and social life at their various Aero Clubs.

They have been mainly responsible for taking the stigma away from girls visiting American air bases, for in this locality prior to the Red Cross activities, all parties held on the base were viewed with a deep mistrust. After each dance or party, wild rumours would surge around town about drunken orgies complete with tales of 'Piccadilly Commando' women to add a little more spice to the gossip. Most of it was fabrication on the part of a few narrow-minded folk who were only too delighted to indulge in malicious gossip, particularly about GIs. Anyway, it served its purpose, for many decent girls would not go near the camp owing to the possibility of losing their reputations, and, since the GIs were painted as a lot of drunken wolves, few girls wished to go.

When the ARC began its Aero dances, it wisely sought the aid of our own W.V.S. in selecting dance partners and gradually the odour that surrounded all American social activities disappeared. Dubiously, the girls went and found the dance delightful in every way—good food, super music, and best of all plenty of men who, if they were wolves, kept the fact dark. Thanks to the camp artist, the club is hardly recognizable as just another hut. Soft lighting and heavy drapes cunningly arranged give it the elegance of some swank night club.

So to the ARC, I say "thanks a million." The only thing we shall regret when this war is over is that it is goodbye to the Aero Club dances.

Britain. JOAN D.



"THIS IS ONE OUTFIT THAT WILL BE PREPARED TO MEET THEM."

The Purple Heart

Dear YANK,

I wish to correct Pvt. Gepfert, who stated in the Apr. 1 *Mail Call* that every Air Force combatant who becomes frostbitten is awarded the Purple Heart. The Purple Heart is very, very rarely awarded for frost bite and then only to those who receive such injury as a direct result of enemy action. A tail gunner who had his oxygen hose severed by flak collapsed from anoxia. His hand fell against the side of the ship and was frozen. He received the Purple Heart. He was extremely lucky that he didn't croak from the anoxia.

I also was laid up eight weeks with frost-bitten feet (received on a mission) which I can truthfully say was only about ten per cent my fault, but it wasn't caused by enemy action, so I didn't get the Purple Heart. But I'm not bitching—I was satisfied with just those hospital beds and chow, even if he isn't.

Britain. S/Sgt. HOWARD H. SMITH

Such Women

Dear YANK,

Today being a rainy and miserable day, we boys of Ward 48 feel we should now put in our legitimate bitch.

In recent issues of *Time* and *Newsweek* magazines are pictures and accompanying articles about home girls "fraternizing" with none other than German prisoners of war. At least we think you could call it fraternizing, even espionage, when helping prisoners of war escape and holding hands when changing camps.

Just what is this war coming to when a tired, hungry GI who has been fighting for weeks straight is fined for looking at any German civilian, while at home girls are allowed to get away with this tripe? A GI may get busted and get a permanent blot on his service record for trying to get a bottle of wine, and yet the States allow our *former* sweethearts to do this to us.

Sgt. GORDON COOPER*

Det. of Patients, Britain.

*Also signed by 7 others.

Home for Him

Dear YANK,

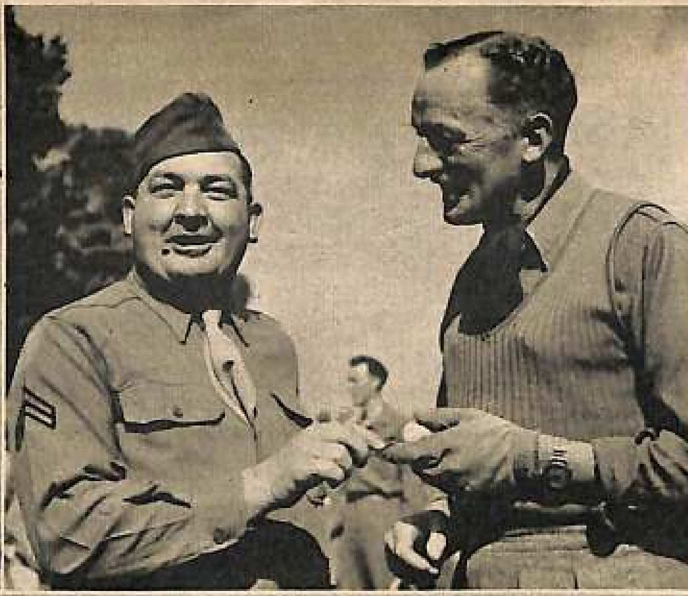
I have been an avid reader of *Mail Call* since it appeared in the ETO. I have enjoyed following the gripes and have felt the urge to bite back several times. The Boys of Barracks 32 have touched what has become a very tender spot when they suggested that men who married here should stay here for the Army of Occupation.

Just because they are fed up with this part of the world doesn't give them the right to shove it off on the men who married over here. Sure they have sweethearts and families waiting in the States. All they have to do is walk in and all's well. They don't have to go through the red tape and sign their whole history to get their wives home or should I say to the States so they can start a home.

I picked up five Hersheys bars over here and had three days with my parents out of almost two years in the States. Because I am *very* happily married here isn't a sign that I want to hang around any more than any other Joe.

Britain. M/Sgt. GEORGE SCHRAY

Angelini, who tees one up here, was discharged from the Army after freezing his feet in Russia.

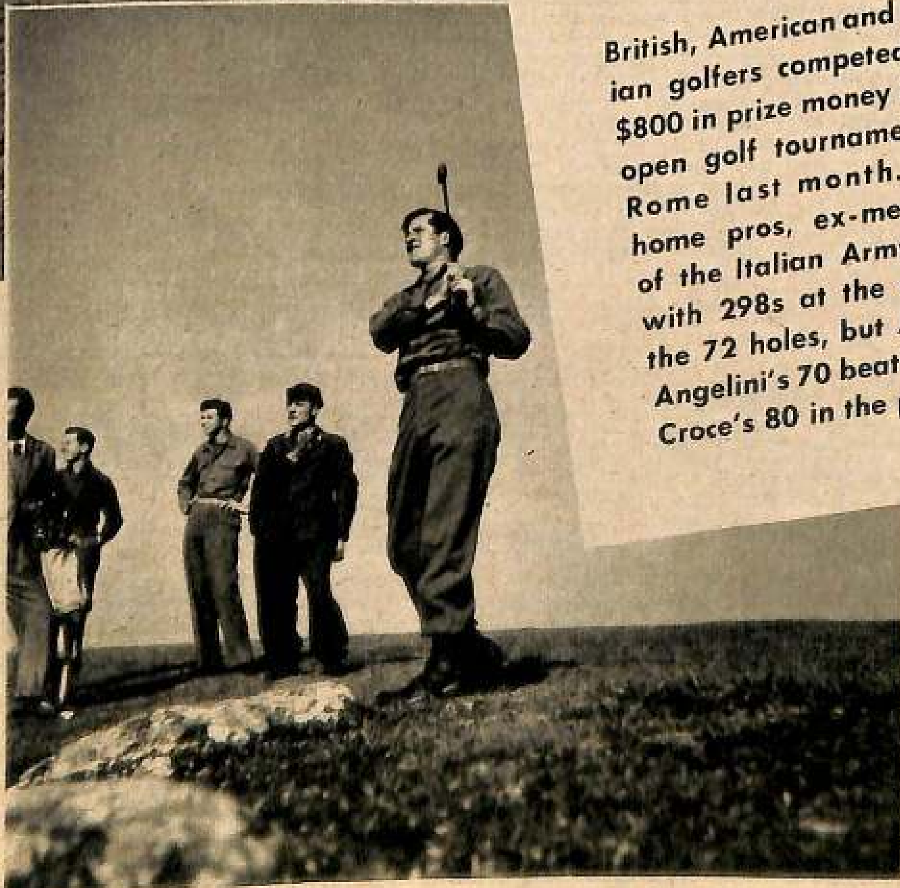


Cpl. Charles Everett borrowed golf balls from British Maj. Gen. Alan Hornby, mistaking the general for a civilian.

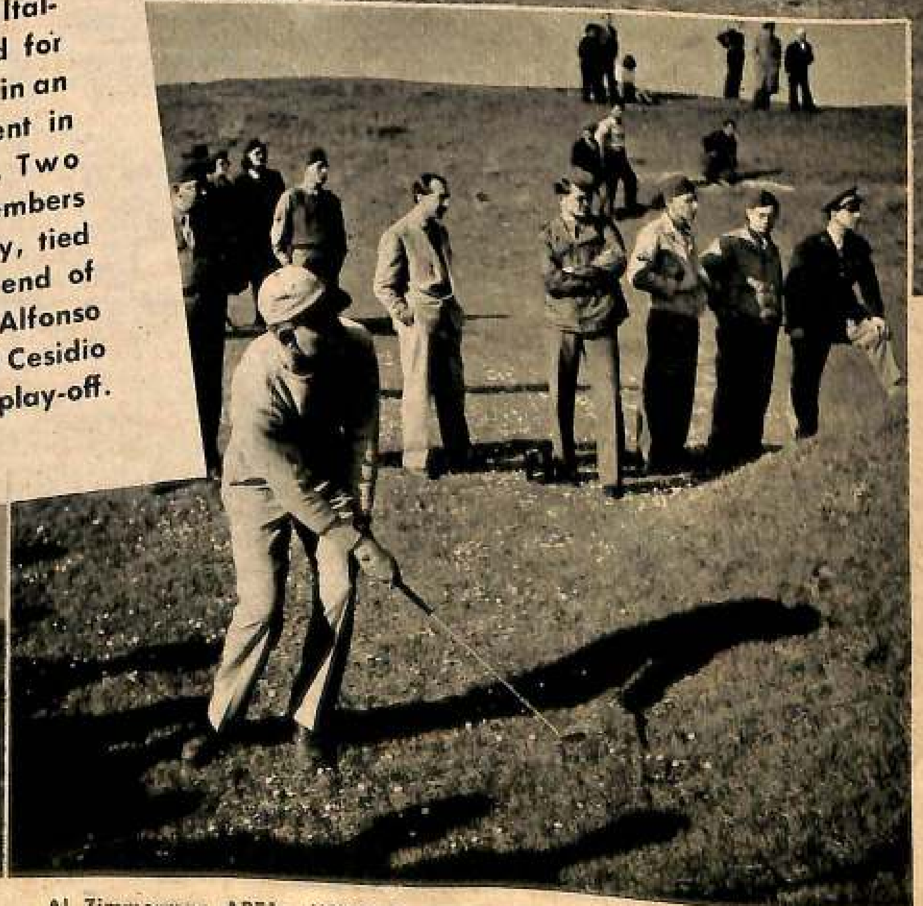
1st Sgt. Dugan Aycock, an ex-pro who served as tournament manager, had plenty of headaches.

Golf in Rome

British, American and Italian golfers competed for $800 in prize money in an open golf tournament in Rome last month. Two home pros, ex-members of the Italian Army, tied with 298s at the end of the 72 holes, but Alfonso Angelini's 70 beat Cesidio Croce's 80 in the play-off.



Pvt. Tom Bolt of Abilene, Tex., top-ranking amateur in the field, finished sixth with a 306. Bolt, who led the first round, is with an aviation engineer battalion.



Al Zimmerman ART1c, USNR, former Pacific Northwest champion from Portland, Oreg., finished third with 301 the sixth time he had played in two years.

One-Armed Big-Leaguer?

By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN
YANK Staff Writer

St. Louis, Mo.—Everybody is wondering if Pete Gray, the one-armed rookie outfielder, will be able to make the grade as a major-leaguer with the Browns this season.

"It's remarkable what this fellow can do," says Luke Sewell, the Browns' manager. "He's fast and he hits well. His only weakness is fielding drives that are hit to his right. But if I use him in left field, he is fast enough to hug the corner and take them all on his left. Understand, Gray isn't getting any special consideration from me. He has to stand or fall on what he shows. But I will say that he has surprised me with what he has shown already."

Glenn Waller, 64-year-old baseball writer for the St. Louis *Globe Democrat*, has seen too many spring sensations for too many years to go out on a limb, yet he is enthusiastic about Gray. "He takes a nice cut at the ball," says Waller. "He breaks that wrist nicely and gets a lot of whip into that bat when it meets the ball. I've seen him go after a bad ball or two, but that doesn't mean too much as long as it doesn't happen too often. I like the way he fields. One of the Toledo boys in a spring exhibition game took a little liberty with his arm and overran second base on a hit to centerfield. Pete came in fast, fielded the ball clean and threw him out before he could get back to the bag."

Frank Mancuso, who received a medical discharge from the Paratroops last year in time to land a job as a regular catcher with the pennant-winning Browns, probably expresses the attitude of most of the other St. Louis players toward Gray when he says: "I was sure when I came here this guy wasn't going to be with us very long. Now I'm not so sure. Every day I see him doing things out there that I didn't think he could do. Take his bunting. I really believe he has an advantage on a two-armed player when it comes to dragging a bunt. He just holds that bat out there and drops the bunt down where he wants it. A guy with two arms can't help moving his hands on the bat and tipping off the infielders where he's going to bunt. I saw Pete lay down two bunts against Toledo, and they couldn't make a play on him. He is fast enough to take advantage of it when he catches the infielders flatfooted."

Gray himself is a bit sensitive about all the attention his major-league trial has received. He regards himself as a ballplayer, not as a freak gate attraction. When cameramen approach him he asks, "Did Luke say it was okay?" Then he adds, "Those other guys are the big-leaguers. I'm just another ballplayer."

Although he isn't boastful, Gray is confident of his ability, determined to make good and fully aware of his value. "They tell me the Browns paid $20,000 for me," he said. "I can make a lot of money for this club. I've made money for every club I've been with. Most of them didn't make money till I went with them."

He is very enthusiastic about being with the Browns. "I never thought a first-division club would buy me, never mind a club that had just won a pennant," he says. "I figured that if I got a chance in the big leagues it would be with some second-division club."

Pete is 6 feet 1 inch tall and weighs 170 pounds. He has a loose, gangly frame and does everything gracefully, whether it is fielding, batting, running or just walking up to the plate. He likes to play cards, shoot pool and have a few beers, but baseball is a religion with him. "I can't remember when I haven't had an ambition to be a ballplayer," he says. "Being a big-leaguer is just something I dreamed of."

Pete's legal last name is Wyshner, and he is of Lithuanian extraction. He grew up in Nanticoke, Pa., a mining town about seven miles from Wilkes-Barre. He is 28 years old, the youngest member of his family. His father, mother, two brothers and two sisters are rooting for him to make good.

His right arm was crushed when he was 6 years old. He hooked a ride on a grocer's delivery truck and fell under a wagon. Rushed to the hospital, an amputation was necessary.

As a youngster Pete was a mascot for a semipro club in Nanticoke, but soon earned a regular berth on the team. He also played for semipro teams in Wilkes-Barre and other Pennsylvania cities. Then he applied for a try-out with the Bushwicks, Brooklyn's crack semipro club.

"I've heard of a lot of ways of crashing the gate," Max Rosner, the Bushwicks' manager, told him, "but this is a new one." Pete took a $10 bill out of his pocket and offered it to Rosner. "Take this," he challenged, "and keep it if I don't make good." He stayed two years.

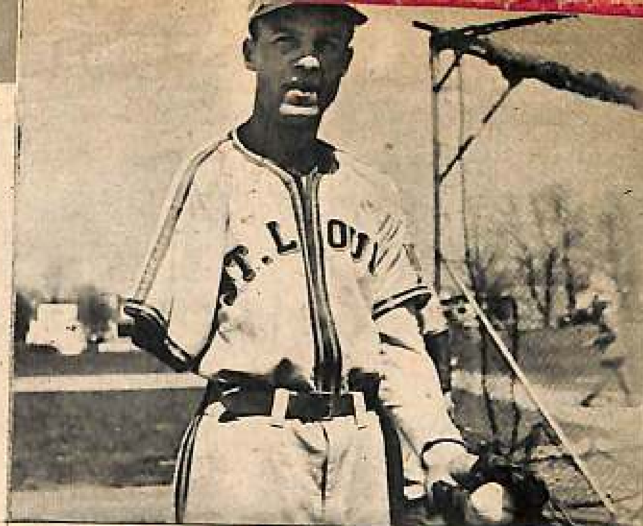
When he left the Bushwicks Gray paid his own way to a Giants training camp. Before he could show his wares to Bill Terry, then the Giants manager, he was taken sick and had to go home. Terry, who saw him play at Memphis in 1943 and 1944, says Pete should have been given a major-league try-out last year.

In 1942 Gray got his chance in organized baseball with the Three Rivers (Quebec) club of the Canadian-American League. He dived for a ball during one of the early season games and broke his collarbone. However, he came back to hit .381 in the last 42 games of the season, which was good enough to earn him a try-out with the Toronto Maple Leafs.

Before the 1943 season started, Burleigh Grimes, who was managing Toronto, shipped Pete to Memphis of the Southern Association. Rumor has it that Gray and Burleigh didn't get along, but whatever the reason the transfer was a break for Pete. At Memphis he played under Doc Prothro, a minor-league manager who has been very successful in developing young players. "I learned more baseball from him than anybody else," says Gray.

That first season in Memphis sapped much of his strength and his weight dropped to 155 pounds, but he managed to bat .289 in 120 games. Last year he won the Southern Association's Most Valuable Player Award while batting .333. He hit five home runs, nine triples, 21 doubles and tied Kiki Cuyler's long-standing league record of 68 stolen bases. "In my two seasons at Memphis," he says, "they got me out on strikes only 15 times."

He is proud of the fact that the Philadelphia Sports Writers Association voted him "The Most Courageous Athlete of 1943," also that the War Department sent a crew of cameramen to Memphis last year to take movie shots of him playing ball. These shots were included in a film which also showed how Herbert Marshall, the actor who uses an artificial limb, and President Roosevelt have overcome their handicaps. "I never heard from anybody who ever saw the picture," says Pete, "but I get a lot of mail from servicemen who have lost an arm or a leg. I don't know what to tell them, but I try to answer all their letters."



Gray wears glove with no padding. His little finger remains outside, allowing glove to slide down hand.

Ball is held against his body by his wrist while he tucks glove away under stump of his right arm.

Throw completes the maneuver, accomplished so fast that the camera catches it only in slow motion.

35-inch, 35-ounce bat. Pete's

Gray seldom strikes out

Ramsay Ames
YANK
Pin-up Girl

THAT BEAT-UP EX-T/5 KNOWN AS THE COUNT IS FLYING COMBAT NOW WITH THE HIGH-SCORING 357th MUSTANG GROUP. CPL. HORACE D. WILSON OF LAPEER, MICH., PAINTED HIS MOULDY FEATURES ON A MUSTANG FLOWN BY 1st LT. CARROLL W. OFSTHUN OF MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. YOU CAN TELL BY HIS WORRIED EYEBROWS THAT HE HAS BEGUN TO SUSPECT THAT HIS FIRST PLANE RIDE WILL BE OVER GERMANY AND NOT BACK TO THE STATES.

Yanks in Britain

Souvenirs

ENGLAND—If Cpl. Calvin R. Henze of San Antonio, Tex., had any pull, he says, he would have exchanged jobs with any latrine orderly months ago.

His job in the ETO is making Yank souvenir hunters—which includes practically everyone—hand over items that the War Department doesn't consider fair game: American weapons, explosives, and so on. Henze does this at the 70th Reinforcement Depot in England, at which AAF men are sorted out before they go back to the States for furlough or reassignment.

Shakedown inspection at this depot is like inventory day at a Chicago pawnshop. The men fall out on an old basketball court and open their flight bags. Tucked away among shirts, neckties and blouses, enough lethal weapons are turned up there to start another war. Henze walks down the line, collecting items which can't be taken back to the States.

What a man says to Henze upon handing over a shining carbine, which he had been saving for his young nephew, can't be printed here. Henze gets little thanks. Even so, sifting illegitimate souvenirs from the legitimate is often a humanitarian act; Henze has been known to argue 15 minutes persuading a man to hand over a 20 mm. shell with a detonator in its nose.

However, Henze has less to object to now than he had a few months ago. ETO Circular 6, 17 January 1945, states that enemy weapons are legitimate trophies, provided that the soldier declares them and gets a certificate from an S-2 officer.

The new order is a great surprise to a lot of GIs who still come to the shakedown inspection with an innocent look on their pans and half-a-dozen German pistols strapped under their armpits. As a matter of fact, this happens to be just where the WD wants you to carry them. Enemy weapons are legitimate souvenirs, the circular says, provided they can be hidden on the person. The idea is not to carry the things home as if they are sidearms, nor brandish them about as if you had been chosen to play the lead in a horse-opera.

Since January, Henze has okayed a stream of Lugers, Mausers, very fancy German sheath daggers and occasionally Schmeisser automatic pistols. The latter, however, are hard to get. Of course, if a man happens to pick up a new type of enemy weapon, he has to hand it over, because Ordnance, not Aunt Hettie, must have first crack at it.

Apart from armament, the ETO, compared to other theaters, yields very conservative souvenirs. Henze has seen nothing as elegant as Samurai swords, nor anything as sensational as the jawbone of a Japanese first sergeant—items which the newspapers say are being imported by the ton from the Pacific.

ETO souvenirs, in fact, are pretty mundane. Often things which look good lose all glamor when you learn how they are obtained. Take the case of the soldier who owned a German green field cap. When asked where he had found it, he said he had bought it in a military store in Belgium. The proprietor of the place was making a good living selling Wehrmacht caps, Luftwaffe wings, and Iron Crosses to Yanks.

Henze says that GIs put up a big fight to hang on to AAF equipment, much of which is contraband as souvenir stuff because it's needed here. After completing a tour of duty, fliers are likely to rate a dependable oxygen mask, an electrical flying suit, a Mae West, or a parachute as a souvenir with a lot of sentimental value. Peaked flying caps, they figure, will come in handy for baseball.

One piece of AAF issue which sometimes does get by is a leather flying jacket that has been torn by flak. A man who has worn one while it was being ripped to shreds thinks it's worth more to him than to the Army and occasionally an indulgent shakedown officer will agree.

At the shakedown inspection there is almost always a man who wants to take a bolo knife back to the States. The layman might think this a legitimate souvenir, but the Army doesn't, because bolo knives are part of jungle kits issued to airmen taking the South American route to the ETO.

All maps, charts and diagrams of military objects are taboo. Personal diaries are out, too, as accounts of missions might be entered in them.

The men who come to the 70th Reinforcement with souvenirs are mostly Ninth Air Force personnel who have been stationed on the Continent, or Eighth Air Force men who have spent some time at emergency landing fields over there. It is strange to see fliers so attached to ground-force weapons. One tail-gunner, only five foot four, arrived weighed down with a carbine, a German Mauser, four .45 automatics and a machinegun dismantled into 15 pieces.

Even if all the souvenirs a man brings to the depot are legitimate, there is a limit to the amount he can take back; otherwise, it would be hard to prevent some GIs from turning their homes into armories. Although the average GI can pack a hip full of guns, he is likely to find it difficult to conceal a machinegun. There is also a law in most states against private citizens owning machineguns. Then again, the limit on personal belongings and souvenirs that can be brought back at one time is 25 pounds.

Although the Army will ship heavier souvenirs back home from the 70th Reinforcement as "unaccompanied baggage," the catch comes in getting them to the Depot. This is mostly a matter of rank or scrounging ability. Recently a major pulled enough transportation strings to ship a 250-pound German motor bicycle back to England from the Continent. His triumph, however, was short-lived because, although the depot sent it on to Liverpool for shipment to the States, it never got out of the harbor. The major had forgotten to drain the crankcase and all the rank in the world couldn't get it loaded onto a ship. "Too greasy," said the stevedores, refusing to lift a finger.

Henze recalls with admiration how one bulky souvenir—a Liberator propeller with a large chunk torn out of one of its blades by a piece of flak—found its way back to the States. It was the prize of a pilot who had been flying with it at the time it was nicked, and who had managed to get out alive. Understandably, he treasured the propeller as a giant good luck symbol, and wanted to hang it up in his home, just as the captain of a successful rowing club displays his oars.

For some time the pilot couldn't figure out how he could ship the thing without hiring a section of a freight train and a lower hatch in a Liberty ship. Finally he took the propeller apart and packed its three blades in separate boxes. This solved the pilot's problem, but caused a good deal of concern at the Reinforcement Depot.

The trouble was that the pilot, unable to find any ordinary boxes of the right size, had appropriated three coffins. When they arrived, Henze spent a worried few minutes prying them open with a hammer and chisel. When he saw what was inside, he passed them on as "unaccompanied baggage."

Henze says he won't be surprised if one day Hitler, Goering and Goebbels turn up in similar boxes at his depot. If anyone can find them, he's sure, the souvenir hunters will.

—By Cpl. EDMUND ANTROBUS
YANK Staff Correspondent

THIS is Ramsay Ames' second appearance on the page across the way. It hardly seems necessary to explain why. Ramsay is 21 years old. She was born in New York City, of Spanish and English parents. She is 5 feet 6 inches tall, weighs 117 pounds, has green eyes and auburn hair. Her new movie for Warner Bros. is "Mildred Pierce."

The COUNT

BACK in the States, the loused-up ex-T/5 known as the Count got in a row with the classification boys and wound up with a rather lowly spec number. This didn't particularly bother him at the time, since he was in a land where bourbon was cheap, cigarettes were plentiful, and guns were something to be seen and not heard. Now, however, as we discovered the other afternoon when we paid him our weekly visit, he has become alarmed by the realization that he is not indispensable to the Air Force and, indeed, may even be deemed more valuable to the Infantry.

"The Army never did get me classified right," the Count groaned when we asked him what the deal was. "First, they should have classified me 4-F, and they did not. I would really have got cracking as a defense worker making a hundred bucks a week and the war would have got over much sooner. Then they should have classified me limited service, like I applied for, but they did not do that either. Consequently some poor girl has had to leave her home and become a Wac to do the desk job back home that I was cut out for."

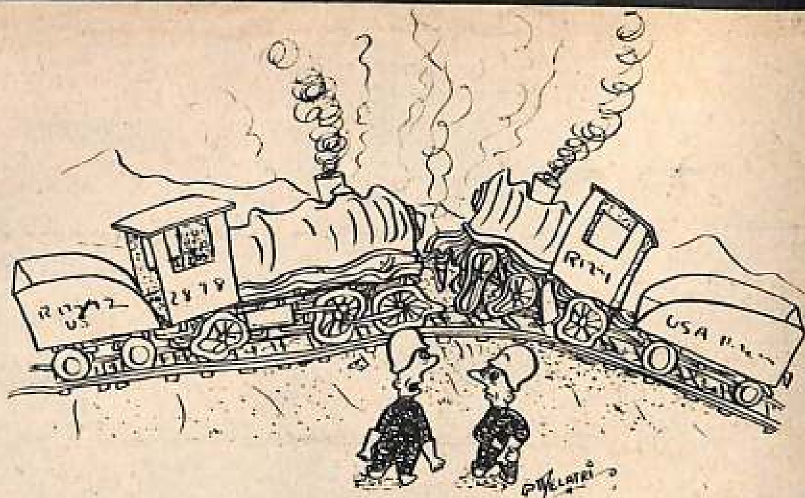
A bunch of men shuffled by on the road outside and the Count shuddered. "Marching feet!" he wailed. "All I hear in me reveries these days is marching feet. In me dreams a looie is forever saying to me: 'Here, Joe, run ahead 25 miles and stick this bayonet in a Kraut and then hurry back.' I should make with a bayonet, the looie thinks, and all for 60 bucks a month!"

The Count settled his posterior in his well-sprung cot, lay back, and lit a cigarette lugubriously. "Me only hope now is me eardrumses, both of which is weak and growing weaker," he said. "A good solid spec number would help me, too, but me CO will not even accept me application for a new one."

What spec number would the Count like, we asked.

"Six-twelve, of course—a gunner," he answered, quick like a rabbit. "I got a pal in the medics who might be able to ground me."

"I THINK I'LL STAY IN TONIGHT AND WRITE LETTERS."
—Sgt. Arnold Thurm

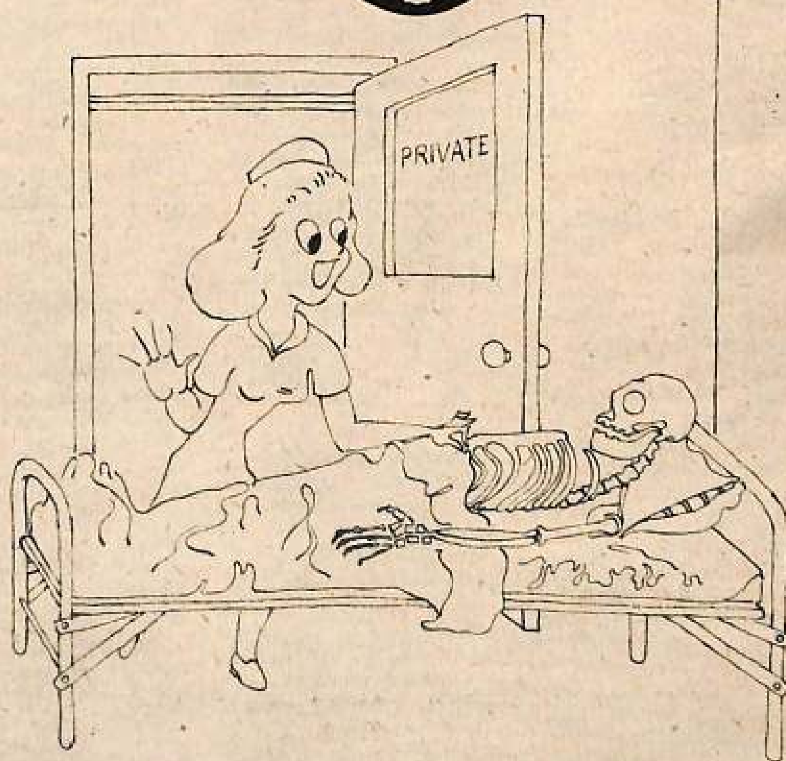


"COUPLE MORE WRECKS LIKE THIS AND MAYBE WE CAN TURN THEM IN FOR SALVAGE."
—Pfc. Anthony Delatri

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

"HAVE WE ANY PLACE FOR A GUY WITH FOUR YEARS AT YALE AND TWO IN THE HARVARD BUSINESS SCHOOL?"
—Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt



"OH, THERE YOU ARE, SERGEANT! I COMPLETELY FORGOT ABOUT YOU."
T/5 Gerald Franks

SEND YANK HOME

Mail yourself a copy of YANK every week. Use your name and the old home-town address. Have the folks keep YANK on file for you until after the shooting's over. Start today. For a year's subscription send $2.00 by money order or check direct to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N.Y., U.S.A., and the Domestic Edition of YANK (similar in size and make-up to the British Edition) will be sent to your home for the next 52 weeks.

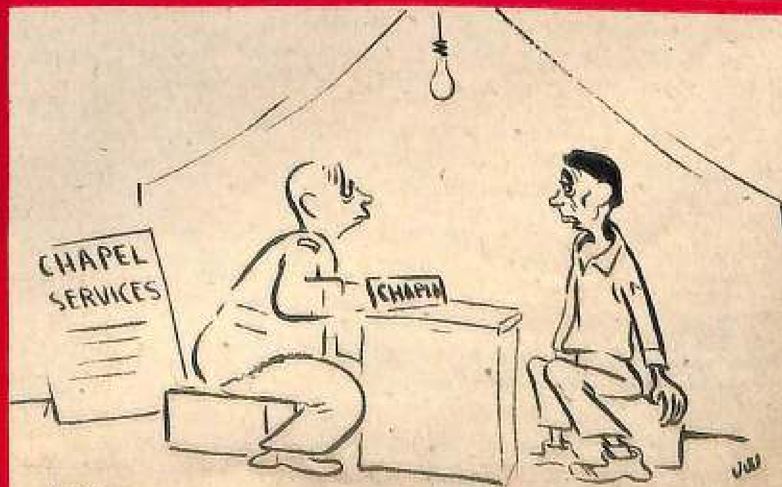
(Your name & military rank - NOT your parents' names) 46-B

Home-town STREET address - care of parents, wife, etc.)

(CITY & STATE - use mail zone number : example Pittsburgh 21, Penna.)

FILL OUT THE ABOVE BLANK; attach your check or money order for two bucks, and send direct to

YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 E. 42d St., New York 17, N.Y., U.S.A.



"WELL, ABOUT TWO MONTHS AGO I LOST MY MESS EQUIPMENT . . ."
—Sgt. Jim Weeks