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By the men . . for the men in the service

Symbol of Allied air forces' strategic bombing of German transportation and industry.

—See pages 6, 7 and 8

Along the Moselle—And Into the Siegfried Line

—Pages 2, 3, 4 and 5

WOUNDED ARE DRIVEN TO THE REAR AS OTHER GIs PRESS FORWARD ACROSS THE SHALLOW MOSELLE.

JUST CAPTURED, THESE MAGINOT LINE GUNS HAVE BEEN SWUNG TO FIRE EASTWARD AT THE NAZIS.

FIGHTING OUR WAY INTO GERMANY

By Sgt. SAUL LEVITT
YANK Staff Correspondent

ALONG THE MOSELLE RIVER—If you could follow the Moselle River today to its mouth, you would have to travel northeast toward Coblenz where the Moselle empties into the Rhine. Geographically, the river flows eastward; in France it runs north through Alsace-Lorraine. Everywhere along its course toward Germany high hills border the Moselle. These are its natural fortifications and to them the Germans have added strong concrete fortifications.

This is the kind of country through which the Americans are fighting today. The summer war is finished. The kissing, the champagne, the tanks covered with flowers that marked the grand climax of Paris are over. Today along the Moselle there is mud underfoot. The sky is gray more often than it is blue. It is a hard war, this war along the Moselle. For this narrow river, which is not really impressive as a river, is formidable to the soldiers who must cross it. From Thionville south through Metz down to Arnaville you can get the bitter taste of the war along the Moselle—the war that is now directly against Germany.

For three days we reconnoitred through the hills and valleys around the Moselle. They are high hills with the slopes clean of their crops looking like neat brown and green carpets. Like the river, the people, too, confuse you. They do not cheer as the French cheered Americans through the summer war. These are the people of Alsace-Lorraine and they have seen too many wars in Alsace-Lorraine.

On the way into Thionville which the Germans re-named Diedenhofen after the defeat of France in 1940, there is a sign along the road: Westmark. This was the German name for Alsace-Lorraine, meaning the west province of Germany. The road markings are in German and painted in the red, white and black national colors. But sometimes, on a wall, you can find under the bright German markings the faint blurred French lettering. France was being washed out of Alsace-Lorraine. There are many people along the road who look more German than French.

That was how it was as we came down into the valley, into Thionville which straddles the Moselle River north of Metz. Thionville had been taken this morning but the mopping up was still supposed to be going on.

On the edge of the town there was a group of neat, clean-looking three-story houses surrounding a courtyard with a swimming pool in the center of the yard. The Germans had not neglected the propaganda value of good housing and Thionville looked like a bribe. There were soldiers taking it easy in the yard. A little girl with blonde pigtails, a baby fraulein, rode a bike around the yard and spoke endearing German phrases to a little black dog. A soldier stared at the little German girl for a while. If she had been French he would probably have talked to her before this, but the soldier was a little puzzled. He dug his rifle butt into the ground and watched her for a while and then mustered up a phrase in German—"How are you?" "*Ganze gut* —very good," said the little girl cheerfully.

WE went out of the courtyard and down the road and turned onto a street marked Heinrich Himmler Strasse. Himmler Strassewas empty, except for two soldiers in a peep on patrol. We asked them the way to the river and they said, "Just keep going down Himmler Strasse until you hit Adolph Hitler Platz. It's easy after that." So we kept going down Himmler Strasse until we hit the Hotel Metropole. There were soldiers in the lobby and the hotel cafe. These were the men who had fought their way into Thionville yesterday, had fought on through the night and were just cleaning up today —up to the west bank of that stubborn river called the Moselle. The platoon sergeants were Samuel Heffner, of Iowa, and Sgt. Rudolph Orzlak, of Massachusetts. Clearing Thionville's west section had meant one of those dirty jobs of wiping out automatic weapons and houses full of snipers—a house by house job. And the tanks had come in behind them, working their big guns. A dead lieutenant and a private were still lying on a street in the town. The private had been shot dead but the lieutenant had only been wounded by rifle fire. He had died because the Germans kept firing at the medics who had tried to reach him. He bled to death on the street.

Captain Martin Adler, of Mount Vernon, New York, came into the Hotel Metropole. For a minute or two the captain got nostalgic about New York and places like Cafe Society Downtown. Then his acting first sergeant, Homer W. Gray, of Colton, California, came along with a problem in the form of a certain soldier who was stubborn and tough about it. The captain rolled it over in his mind and thought about this soldier in the hard fighting around Perrier and other places and then said, "He's always been a good soldier, hasn't he?"

"That's right, sir," said Gray.

"Well, just send him down to his platoon," said the captain.

"I've already sent him there," said Gray relievedly, "but I just hope he gets there."

THIONVILLE was very quiet, the way many towns in France have been quiet when we have come in, except that here you felt some of the residents might have left because they were not sure of their ground with the Americans. There were a few civilians around and you could try out either French or German on them and they understood you either way. In the cafe there were soldiers sitting among the broken bottles and writing letters home. And Adolf Hitler's picture, torn down from the wall last night, was lying face up on the floor.

THIS GERMAN FAMILY SEEMS TO THINK IT'S QUITE A LARK TO SEE YANKS MARCH INTO THEIR VILLAGE.

There had been shelling by artillery and mortar from across the river all night. Upstairs, on the second floor of the Hotel Metropole, I looked into a room and it was very neat and the sheets on the bed were white and unwrinkled. An infantryman put his head into the room and said, "Nice, ain't it?"

"Any of the men sleep in the rooms last night?"

The soldier said scornfully, "You think any infantryman in his right mind is going to sleep upstairs in a hotel when he can find a place to crawl into below ground?" Still he looked at the bed regretfully.

I went up to the roof of the Hotel Metropole and saw the Moselle a few hundred yards ahead. There was the tough little river that was so hard to cross and which many men have died trying to cross. It curved along beneath a blown out bridge—an industrial river like the Schuylkill in Philadelphia or the East or the Chicago Rivers. Small arms fire suddenly rattled from the other side of the Moselle. There were dense woods rising along a slope on the other side. It was hard to tell where the fire was coming from.

And this was how the Moselle looked at Thionville.

We went farther south to the main road into Metz. We wanted to see how far the Germans would let us get to the Moselle along this road. They let us up to about ten thousand yards or six miles from Metz and then chased our jeep back with 88 and 105 fire. Here before Metz the fight for the Moselle was a duel of giants, of big guns marking their trajectory across the hills to enemy positions. Nothing alive showed ahead of us. It was clear enough what the Germans thought of anybody coming up to Metz to take a look at the Moselle. They even threw their heavy stuff at a jeep.

We went farther south and turning and twisting through the valleys and over the peaks of hills we approached Arnaville. "This used to be a training area for German officers. I'll bet their artillery has got every inch of this terrain figured out," said a young artillery officer. "Hell," he said, with a touch of indignation, "it's the same as if they were trying to come into the territory around the artillery school at Fort Sill, Oklahoma."

..... through Alsace-Lorraine .....

YANK correspondent Sgt. Saul Levitt travelled with the American troops across France, through Alsace-Lorraine, and into the Siegfried Line. An account of some of the battles, and the men who fought them, appear on the following four pages. Of the violent fighting along the Moselle River, Sgt. Levitt wrote in his despatch:

"All this part of France is haunted by war. Southward is Domremy where Joan of Arc lived, who fought through another war. And everywhere through this terrain, from Verdun to the Moselle you can walk through territory where men fought for yards of ground in 1918. Now the autumn leaves lie in the mud underfoot and the big guns roar overhead. A soldier along the road out of Arnaville, looks up at the gray sky and around at the hills and says firmly, "I don't like these foreign countries at all."

We went forward into Arnaville. There was again the strange and complete emptiness of terrain that is under fire and observation. The road was pock-marked with shell holes and there were big ragged spaces in stone fence walls along the road. We reached Arnaville but the German road sign said Neuberg. We climbed along the river road. Ahead of us there was a vast cloud of smoke between two hills, a thick white rolling fog. We entered Arnaville where there were no civilians, not even a dog on the street, and the only thing which moved was a trickle of water out of an outside faucet which somebody had forgotten to turn off before leaving town.

Then we climbed up a ridge and there was the Moselle below and the smoke we had seen miles off was coming from our smoke pots on this ridge. There was that stubborn, tough little Moselle River below us. The man-made fog poured up and over the river, and a staff sergeant, Clarence James, of South Carolina, watched the smoke pots with professional interest. He was the man in charge and he had laid this smoke before, at Mayenne. There was a rift in the smoke for a moment and you could see across to the other side.

We saw a line of soldiers moving up a hill on the other side of the river. They seemed pitifully small and slow, moving up that hill and somehow or other you thought you had seen this before, and then you realized that what you were seeing was the eternal picture of the soldier—the slow movement uphill of men on foot.

They had gone across the Moselle and were moving closer to Germany. Here at Arnaville you could see the inexorable movement into the enemy homeland. They were across the Moselle and they were going east.

It has been hell along this river. There have been men wounded and killed by the German guns which let them across the Moselle and then cut them down. And then there were other men who swam this river in broad daylight under fire and brought the wounded back. Others died in assault boats. Still others swam down the river to pick up empty boats and bring them to either bank so they might be used. There are many names, especially in one infantry unit whose men surged back and forth across this river—Dale Rex, of Randolph, Utah, Norman Rivkin, of Chicago, Ross Stanley, of Winchendon, Mass., Richard Marshall, of Houston, Texas, Kelley B. Lemmon, of California. These and other men of the same single unit were in the ebb and flow movement across the Moselle and they know what it is to bring back wounded in broad daylight under enemy mortar and artillery fire. They can also tell you or perhaps they cannot, what the voices of drowning men sound like through the darkness.

And it is the men of this same unit whom we saw across the Moselle at Arnaville below Metz, moving uphill towards the ridges. We could see them through the rift in the fog of our smoke pots.

WE have crossed the Moselle in this and other places, and we move now closer to the Siegfried Line. These days the air is sometimes cold and very often there is heavy rain and thick mud underfoot. Over these autumn hills, and in the quietude of the people of Alsace-Lorraine there is the story of too much war. A little way back there is Verdun, with the bitter fields of the last war. And not far from the Moselle is the Maginot Line, a modern relic, a dead wonder of tunnels, elevators, electricity, turret guns. At Aumetz a bunch of American soldiers of a certain division went down, looked over the guns, moved through the cold, clammy tunnels, then went aloft and eastward to where they must eventually test the live guns of that other line of fortifications occupied by the Germans.

. . . A LINE OF SOLDIERS MOVING UP A HILL ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER. THEY SEEMED PITIFULLY SMALL AND SLOW, MOVING UP . . . AND YOU THOUGHT YOU'D SEEN THIS BEFORE.

....into the SIEGFRIED LINE

MIST seems to linger all the time on the hills and in the deep valleys. You see soldiers moving through the mist, digging foxholes, sitting around with bearded, dirty faces. Also there is a feeling of nakedness on this mountainside as if you are being watched by the enemy all the time. The top of the mountain—the ridge itself—has been shelled heavily by the Germans. The only satisfaction in this shelling is that, at last, the Germans must shell their own soil.

Because they know this terrain so well the Germans, during the last three days, have managed to do some filtering-in behind the bunkers we have captured and have used grenades, machineguns and flame-throwers. Americans and Germans have fought within the same bunkers. And, on pillboxes which our artillery cracked and which we then occupied, the Germans have swung back with flame-throwing tanks whose fire ran into the embrasures that our guns had made. This is the way the fighting goes in the Siegfried Line.

On this bitter slope, whenever our artillery or the enemy's lets go you can hear the thousand echoes of the guns bouncing off the hills. It is almost yodelling country, with some ridges only hundreds of yards apart. And the men fighting here say it is the hardest fighting of the war.

Last night, through the heavy fog and darkness, the medics went up the side of the mountain to bring in some casualties. They shoved their jeeps through mud and across a narrow river. At a point along this river named the Ouren they passed a stone marker where the three countries of Luxembourg, Germany and Belgium meet. They climbed slowly around the mountain along a corkscrew road and came up onto the bare slope near the ridge. Up there in the chill and darkness machinegun fire began to rattle. There was a confusion of men moving in the dark, of small arms fire and then the roar of artillery. Through this confusion T/5 Emery Pendergrass, of Lamar, W.Va., T/5 Joseph Goodrum, of Ohio, Illinois, and the other medics hunted up their casualties, found them, loaded them on jeeps and brought them down the mountainside.

They went past the border-point on the river and into Luxembourg again and brought their wounded in. They sat some of them down on chairs and put litter cases on the floor of a farmhouse. By flashlight the two medical captains, Hans P. Shiffman, of Santa Rosa, Cal., and David Kaplan, of Elmira, N.Y., examined their wounded. Watching the combat medical men work, bringing men off the front line and down to where they get attention and a cup of hot chocolate is one of the few treats of war.

The medics cut away through bloodied, dirty, wet pants and shirts to find the wounds, poured sulpha powder into shell fragment holes, stabbed with morphine needles, and lastly gave the wounded hot chocolate. This was the organized humanity of Army medicine at work and it was reflected in the big, incredulous eyes of the wounded who weren't quite sure it was true.

IN the dark valley below the German border and the Siegfried Line, after the casualties had been wrapped in blankets, the medics smoked and rested. Captain Kaplan cut a slice of bread for T/5 Pendergrass saying, "You want a slice of bread and jam?" Pendergrass, a youngster with a lot of unshaven beard along his jaws, nodded yes and kept on talking about the hill, while the captain cut him a slice of bread.

"It strikes you funny when you find yourself in enemy territory three hundred yards," he said.

Goodrum, the driver, couldn't go to sleep. He moved around the room restlessly.

"How did you see your way down that hill?" asked the captain.

"I didn't," said Goodrum.

"Did you get all the casualties?"

"I got all of them," said Goodrum.

Captain Shiffman came in and asked him how it had been up there and Goodrum said, "They just sprayed that hill right and left."

He sat down finally but he was still restless. It was as if there was something he ought to be doing right now, as if he still belonged up there on that hill raked by enemy fire. Someone said something about one of our soldiers on the other side of the ridge ahead who had somehow gotten himself into the cellar of a house and wouldn't come out. He had been there for three days and was staying there. And he was armed and no one could get him out.

"You know where he is?" asked Goodrum. "I'll get him out," he said savagely. "You just show me where he is and I'll get him out."

Pfc. Edward Crumback of Chicago, an infantry scout who had been shot down to the valley for a rest, and Captain Kaplan talked around a single flickering candle about the refugees in this town. They were a new kind—German civilians, forty-eight of them, from the other side of the border. They had hidden in pillboxes in the woods when our shells started dropping on their town. But the German soldiers had kicked them out and told them to either go farther into Germany or else "go over to the Americans and get killed."

"So they came over," said the doctor, "and hid away in the houses until it became clear to them that they weren't going to be killed. There's a pretty blonde with them, a schoolteacher and it's her opinion that the war will soon be over. Of course she may be telling us what she thinks we want to hear."

And when the Americans broke into Germany, Sgt. Levitt wrote:

"We are in the Siegfried Line at this point of the long front. Here, Americans occupy some of the hard-won concrete bunkers of the Line. But we haven't 'Hung Our Washing On The Siegfried Line' yet because the men have no time for washing on this steep mountain-slope. Their business is to keep inching over the ridge, to resist counterattacks and lastly to try to keep alive. That's the scale of priorities along this front for the infantrymen."

HERE'S SOMETHING HITLER THOUGHT WOULD NEVER HAPPEN. A WHITE FLAG OF TRUCE FLIES FROM A BUILDING IN ROETGEN, GERMANY, REACHED BY YANKS WHO PIERCED THE OUTER SHELL OF THE SIEGFRIED LINE.

INFANTRYMEN, SAPPERS AND ENGINEERS OF THE 1st U. S. ARMY HAVE TAKEN THE BITE OUT OF THESE DRAGON'S TEETH IN THE SIEGFRIED LINE NEAR AACHEN, OPENING THE WAY FOR TANKS TO PRESS ON TOWARD THE RHINE.

YANKS POUND GERMANY AT BILDOHEN, SOUTHWEST OF AACHEN, USING 155-MM. SELF-PROPELLED GUNS MOUNTED ON SHERMAN TANK CHASSIS. THIS WAS ONE OF THE FIRST HEAVY ARTILLERY ASSAULTS ON THE REICH.

"I was holding her hand yesterday," said Crumback, "until I figured she was Nazi and then I couldn't do it somehow."

Crumback talked shyly, like a kid who has been told often during his boyhood to listen more than to talk. But he warmed up gradually and before he went to bed said, "If there could be just one infantryman at that peace table, only one—but he ought to be a real, smart infantryman that knew all about fighting Jerry and at the same time to get around those diplomats."

I went out with Captain Shiffman to the road. It was black and cold and clammy tonight. Every once in a while the guns roared. On the edge of Germany, in this foggy darkness, it was possible to believe almost anything might happen. We slept that night, with our artillery barking like a faithful watchdog until dawn.

At about six-thirty Captain Shiffman woke me up and I went up with him to the line on the hill. We came up along that bare slope and found the soldiers who were living here with a diet of lots of war and no sleep. The sun was just up over the top of the ridge. Soldiers moved across the rising sun after that terrible night of German fire and infiltration, with their rifles looming up over the ridge big as flag poles. Now it was quiet but with the quietness that precedes and follows heavy fire.

We went into the CP in one of the concrete bunkers. Captain Shiffman had come up here looking for some of his medics who were missing. He spoke to Lt. Col. Benjamin Trapani, of Scranton, Pa. The Colonel and this unit have been in action from Normandy down to the German border. His men had cleared out that area of the Compiègne Forest where the peace treaties of two wars had been signed. Col. Trapani had taught mathematics at a Pennsylvania school before the war but the levelling of combat has been at work on the colonel and with his tired eyes, his beard, his lack of insignia he was just another weary soldier. He was a slender, dark young man who talked slowly, and with that distinct effort of will necessary at moments of extreme weariness.

"Check up on your medics," said the colonel, "and we'll see if we can find any who're missing."

"I think there are two missing since last night, maybe in —— company," said Shiffman.

"You check and let me know," said the colonel rubbing his eyes.

CAPTAIN Shiffman started to look for his lost medics like a mother hen seeking her young. I walked over the hillside with Major Benjamin Owens, of Carbondale, Pa. The major, too, was very weary. Even the simplest questions brought slow answers. The major was looking his men over on that hill. He moved from foxhole to foxhole where men were digging. He knew many men by name and he said good morning to them gently and they looked up at him and grinned and said, "Hello, major, how are you this morning?" The major pointed to platoon sergeant Joseph Passel, from Ohio, Illinois, a tall, thin, bearded boy, and said, "There goes what used to be a pretty big boy." Passel walked slowly like a sleepwalker.

A jeep came up the hill to the CP and a soldier jumped off, waving two letters and yelled, "Here's some mail for you, Joe." Another soldier came over to a lieutenant and said, "The doc's orders are for you to eat a hot breakfast this morning." The lieutenant held up what looked like a sandwich and said, "I've got it already and you tell him thanks." Somehow or other the normalcies of mail and breakfast for some men had stubbornly worked their way onto this scarred hill together with the morning sun. The mist seemed to be lifting and perhaps our planes would ride over the ridge today.

Captain Shiffman had been scouting over the mountainside and had found all his lost medics, except for one boy, but he thought that the missing medic was probably holed in with one of the companies and would show up. A soldier came over to the captain and said, "Captain, I had shrapnel brush right along my chest and it hurts."

"Pull up your shirt," said the captain.

He pulled it up and the doctor looked at his chest and at a faint bruise mark along his ribs.

"It's just a bruise," said the captain.

The soldier stood there expectantly.

"I suppose you want me to say you can go down, but I can't," said the doctor, but not unkindly. "Do you really think you're hurt badly enough to go down below? You know, if I send you down, there's one less on this hill. Do you think you ought to go down?"

The soldier didn't say anything for a moment. He stared around him at other soldiers digging in on the slope and then said, "No, sir," in a small voice, and trudged off.

WE went down the slope again. Captain Shiffman said, "All an infantryman ever needs is a hot breakfast, a night's sleep, a pair of dry socks and the feeling of men to the right and men to the left of him. He rarely has all of them at the same time."

We wound down the road to the valley, behind a jeep carrying one man on a litter and another with his head in a white bandage sitting up as straight as a ramrod. When we got down to the farmhouse the medics were working on the two men. The man who had sat up so straight on the ride down was Pfc. Abraham Leiter, of New York City. Shell fragments had ripped through his helmet inflicting superficial scalp wounds, ugly and painful but not dangerous. All you could see of Leiter's face through the beard and the dirt were his eyes, big, dark and unbeaten. And his talk was the sharp, staccato, wisecracking talk that belongs to the boys from the big city. He pulled his pay book out of his pocket and said, "There it is, name, rank and serial number. I'm free, white and over 21."

"And alive," said Captain Kaplan. "I guess we'll wash away the dirt and cut your hair off around these wounds."

"Haircut—OK," said Leiter, "but leave the beard on, doc, will you? By God, I don't know how Jerry missed taking my head off."

"Dammit, Leiter," said the doctor, "you're just the way you were in garrison; you got an answer right away. Sit still now."

Leiter puffed at a cigarette in short, quick puffs. "You want to know the story, doctor? You can't take a hill that's zeroed in, and you can't take it with replacements——"

"Getting pessimistic—hey?" said the doctor.

Leiter lifted his head quickly and said, "No. That Jerry, there's only one thing wrong with him. When he gets a lot of lead thrown at him he gets yellow. Right now we need some air to soften him up. Then we could take him alright."

He bent his head down in his arms so that the medics could work more easily on his wounds. And from his bent-down head came the phrase again and again—"Those guys on the hill, it's gonna be hell this afternoon."

As if Jerry had heard him there was a single air-bursting shell over the valley, a little cloud of gray smoke over the Ouren River—an announcement of impending battle. It was sunny now, with the mist gone. Crumback, the lad who had come down from the hill for a rest watched that shell burst in the air, hitched his sub-Thompson machinegun along his shoulder and went out of the farmhouse. He said to Captain Shiffman, "I guess I'm going up the hill again."

"You feel OK now, do you?"

"Yes, sir."

"You should take it easy for another day or two."

Crumback blinked behind his glasses. Unmistakably, he was a well brought up lad from the midwest. He was polite with a politeness that was more than Army discipline and he seemed to know exactly what he had to do.

"You're sure you feel OK now?"

"Yes, sir."

He went along toward the slope of the mountain. And after that first shellburst others came now, and faster, and little gray masses of smoke hung all over the blue sky.

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Strategic Bombing . . .

. . . as planned

ON 17 August, 1942, twelve Flying Fortresses took off from England and dropped eighteen tons of bombs on the railroad marshalling yards at Rouen. Slowly, from that first tiny attack that now seems almost quaint, American air power grew in Europe. It was slow because of the pressure of other fronts and because of Lend Lease commitments. It was not until February of this year, eighteen months after the first raid, that American air power was capable of sustained attack on a scale envisioned by its proponents.

Almost constantly since the great bombardments of February destroyed the heart of Germany's aircraft industry, critical points in the German war machine have felt the weight of attacks by 1,500 to 2,000 heavy American bombers. This is the air war as American advocates of strategic bombing have planned it for many years.

Whether or not strategic bombing alone could eventually have defeated Germany is an academic question. It was never intended by the military to be the sole weapon of this war. Its aim was not to destroy directly the armed forces of the enemy, but to hamstring production at critical points, cripple transport, and lessen the enemy's ability and will to wage war.

The liberation of the Paris area presented the first limited opportunity to study at first hand the results of strategic air assault, to talk with French workmen and plant managers and transport men whose businesses had been under air attack—and, more important, to find out the German attitude toward our bombing. The Germans should know whether or not our air assault was effective. Here is how they reacted to it.

By Sgt. SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

ENGLAND—There has been a question raised in some quarters about the effectiveness of strategic bombing. The Germans have not raised that question. Deep in the old mushroom-growing caves of Taverny, north of Paris, are 800 automatic lathes for the production of bearings the Germans used in aircraft and submarine engines and aircraft controls. The soapstone walls ooze water that was anything but beneficial to precision machinery and precision products. Workmen had to be paid a bonus of a franc and a half an hour to work under such conditions. Blowers had to be installed, a complete electrical system. Machinery from producing factories had to be dismantled, transported and set up. A railroad had to be constructed. But deep in the labyrinth, with entrances plugged by massive concrete bulkheads, with staggered doorways, with 40 meters of solid rock between the arched passageway roofs and the hilltop above, the workers were safe from the terror of the skies. And this was what mattered to the Nazis. This was part of their answer to the effectiveness of strategic bombing.

Another reply was found in a 2½-mile stretch of the subway system, the Paris Metro, where a branch line from the stations of Porte des Lilas to Belleville was being converted into a vast machine shop. Bolted to the concrete platforms at the Porte des Lilas station alone were 56 lathes, milling machines, drill presses, gear cutters, and other machines for the production of airplane propeller shafts. Tracks were being torn up, and the roadbed of the branch line was being concreted to make a gigantic manufacturing plant 175 feet underground that would be safe from those four-motored devils above.

But the use of the Paris Metro was in itself a makeshift expedient. When the railroad yards at Mezieres were bombed on 5 June, the German directors who had taken over a nearby French manufacturing plant decided it was time to move, and began dismantling the machinery with the idea of installing it in caves near Poissy. This plan ran into another result of our bombing, the attack on transport. There were no railway bridges remaining between Mezieres and Poissy, so the machinery was brought to the Paris Metro instead.

THE Germans know the answer to what bombing did to their plans for the defence of the Atlantic Wall, and so does M. Robert Le Besnarias, general manager of the French railways, who estimates that German reinforcements to the Normandy front were delayed from eight to fifteen days by the bombardment of railway bridges. The Ninth Air Force knocked out all the railway bridges over the Seine from Paris to Le Havre prior to D-Day, forcing traffic to detour to the south. Then on 12 June the Eighth Air Force went after the Loire bridges, stopping German divisions on the banks and isolating our bridgehead. Then destruction of other bridges stopped supplies to the robot bomb areas.

The Germans made every effort to repair these vital links in their rail transport, but as soon as a bridge was ready to go into operation our bombers visited it again. Some bridges were repaired and put out of action three or four times, the work of desperate German weeks collapsing within a few seconds under the impact of our bombs. On the day that Paris was liberated, every railroad bridge over the Loire between Nantes and Nevers was down, and in the Paris area only two small bridges were capable of supporting railroad traffic. German transport, shuttling back and forth, was snarled into a hopeless tangle.

While the Nazis retreated by horse cart, bicycle and shanks's mare, they left behind untold equipment that could have been theirs if there had been a way to take it out. At the Hispano-Suiza factory are long rows of aircraft engines, crated and ready

and desperately needed by the hard-pressed Luftwaffe, but left behind because there simply was no way of transporting them. Standing in the marshalling yards at Rheims were rolling stock and fifteen perfectly good locomotives with no place to go, while the Germans hiked for the Reich afoot. Also at Rheims was a train completely equipped as a machine shop that the Nazis surely would have taken along had there been rails to run on.

AND the Nazis can tell you what bombing did to two of their most desperately needed commodities, oil and ball bearings. At Gennevilliers, a Paris suburb, a large oil company was handling two trains of tank cars a day, making synthetic waxes for shell casings and greases to lubricate differentials, gear cases and axles of trucks and tanks. Adjoining was the Wifo oil storage depot, supplying gasoline to the Normandy front. Eighth Air Force heavies paid a single visit on 22 June, 1944, and what the bombs missed, fire, which raged for two days in a high wind, finished. In the 34,000 square meters of these plants there is hardly space as large as a night club dance floor untouched. Heavy steel girders are bent double by heat and blast. The huge storage tanks are blown open and piled about like tin cans at a refuse dump. Pipes, servicing the demolished loading platforms, are snarled like spaghetti. Needless to say, these plants did not resume operation. And while our bombers were about it they left calling cards at the former Ford plant across the road, where the Nazis were repairing military vehicles and making snowplows for the Russian front and Norway.

Ball bearings were so sorely needed that the Germans were snatching away daily the production of the two C.A.M. plants, affiliates of SKF, at Ivry-sur-Seine and Bois Colombes. These plants were producing 25,000 bearings a day before our four-motored heavies called on 15 September, 1943. This stopped production six weeks, which accounted for roughly a million bearings that never were made. Glass was blown out of buildings not destroyed, and good ball bearings can't be made where rust can start. When production began again and crept up to half the original output, American bombers came again on the last day of the year. After this, the Germans began moving the machinery into the caves near Taverny, where, of course, rust would be no problem!

After RAF bombers in 1942 hit the great Renault automobile plant at Billancourt, which the Germans had partly converted into a tank factory and which made trucks, aircraft and marine engines, and automotive components, 12,000 workmen were employed solely in repair and reconstruction work for four months. The entire production of a glass factory was requisitioned to replace 30 acres of window area. Brick, cement, steel, copper, machine tools and skilled labor were diverted from war production for the Reich. Then Eighth Air Force bombers struck again, and there was another four-month suspension. Then the bombers attacked again. Under the hammering of air assault, this great plant which formerly had kept 42,000 workers busy was never able to find work for more than 12,000. Too, there was an indirect harassment for the German management. After the bombings, French workmen could with impunity organize an effective slow-down. Critical parts always were missing—" Bomb damage." Machines were always haywire for the same reason. German tanks arriving for repair were traded worn-out parts for good parts—and, explained the French workers, there simply were no good parts to be had, because of the bomb damage. Renault officials estimate that bombing and the " slow-down " reduced efficiency of the plant 75 percent.

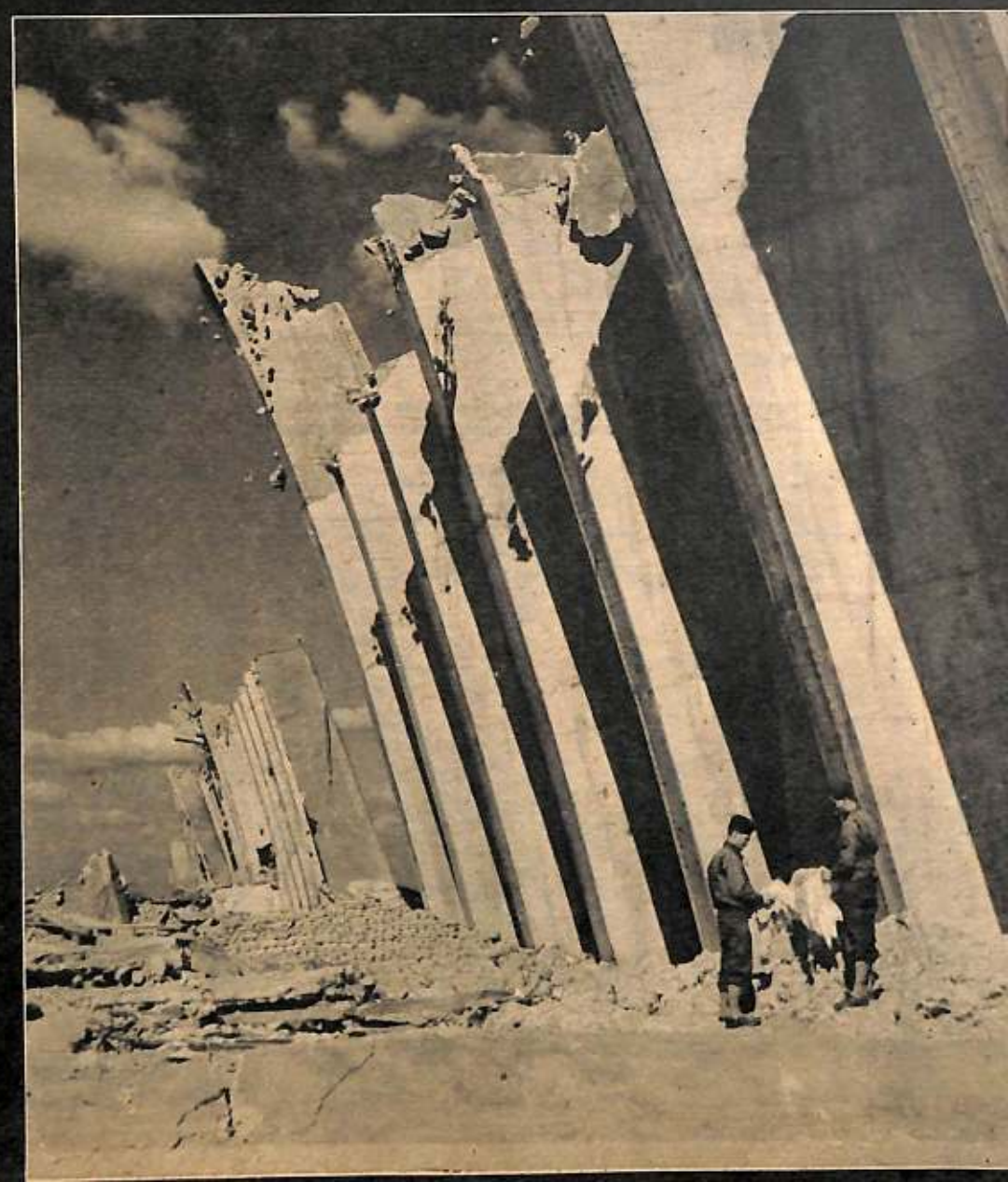
THE Hispano-Suiza plant at Bois Colombes, which was an important producer of components for aircraft engines and a major repair depot, was subjected to three aerial attacks. The first one destroyed the crankshaft plant. The second demolished the very heart of such a factory—the foundry. After this, only work which already was through the foundry could be completed. Engines were held up for want of the smallest casting. The Germans tried to pinch-hit by bringing castings from a foundry in the Pyrenees. This would have been awkward under any circumstances, but now they found themselves up against the bombardment of transport again. After the third attack the Nazis began closing up shop. They salvaged what machinery they could from the Daimler-Benz section of the plant, and set fire to the buildings.

One answer to bombing was ack-ack. The Germans tried this at the Villacoublay airfield, where they kept the largest concentration of fighter-bombers

AMERICAN BOMBERS, DESTROYING NAZI INSTALLATIONS AROUND PARIS, MADE A HOLLOW SHELL OF THIS HANGER AT ORLY FIELD NEAR THE CAPITAL AND (RIGHT) WRECKED A GERMAN PLANE ON THE GROUND AT RHEIMS.

THESE BOMB-SHATTERED BUILDINGS USED TO HOUSE THE GERMAN FLYING PERSONNEL AT ORLY.

U. S. BOMBERS KNOCKED OUT THIS GERMAN ENGINE AT THE ONCE-BUSY RAILWAY SHOP AT RHEIMS.



a repair plant and a pilot training field. American bombers attacking through intense flak visited Villacoublay six times. The first attack put the Messerschmitt factory out of business. Subsequent attacks finished the Junkers factory. Workers were sent elsewhere. Hangars, installations and runways were so damaged that the Germans were able to utilize but a fraction of the potentialities of this great airport. With typical Nazi guile they figured up a slow answer, by making a dummy replica ten kilometers away, complete with dummy landing strips, dummy hangars and dummy planes dispersed about.

Another Nazi answer was retaliation through V-1, the robot bomb. Allied bombers immediately began seeking out and destroying launching sites and depots, something the robot couldn't do in return. The great concrete dirigible hangars at Orly airfield near Paris, looking somewhat like mammoth Nissen huts, were suspected of harboring stores of V-1 and V-2. An attack by Eighth Air Force bombers smashed them completely, and whatever was inside burned for four days. The tremendous ruins rising from the plant are like something out of this world. They might be part of a dream or a nightmare, or straight from Walt Disney.

Again, deep in the forest at Isle-Adam, the German answer to strategic bombing was to make their V-1 depot impregnable by dispersal and supposedly bomb-proof construction. To this end, storage buildings were made low and squat, with thick brick walls and reinforced concrete roofs. In addition, sloping earth embankments held by wickerwork were built all around each building from grade level right up to the flat concrete roofs. Buildings were from one to two hundred yards apart, and the whole depot was dispersed over an area of three square kilometers, with a little railroad connecting them. The whole thing was beautifully camouflaged and under the trees of the forest. If ever surface installations were protected against bombing, these were.

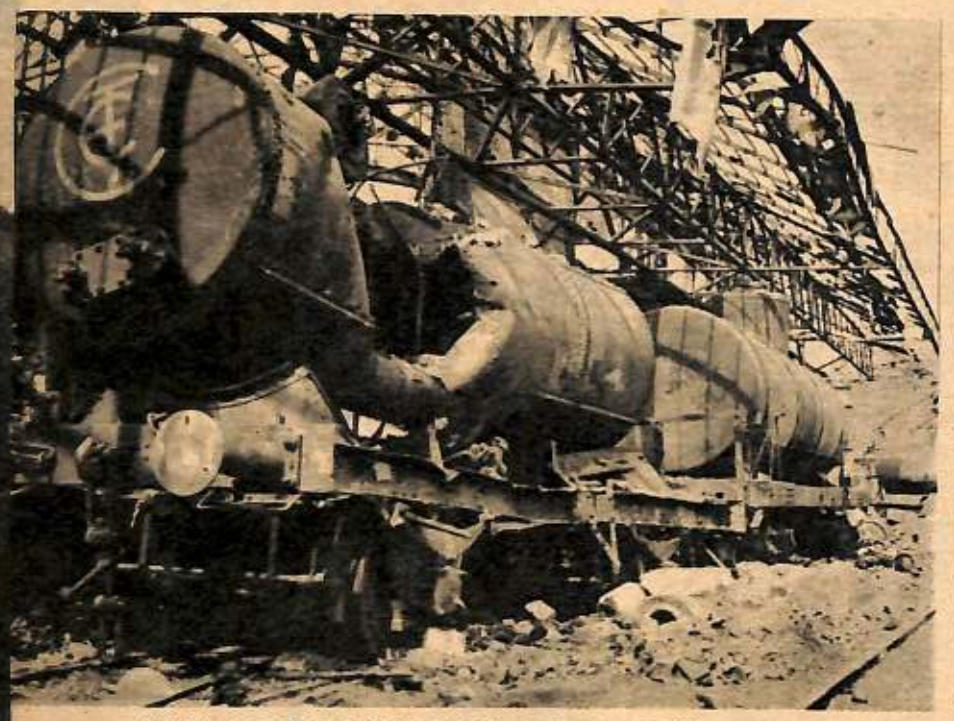
Came the Allied heavies, American and RAF. After the Eighth Air Force assault of 5 August there was, literally, nothing left. Not more than half a dozen of the buildings have walls standing upright, despite the earth embankments, and not one has a roof. Everything else is completely demolished. The tracks of the little railway poke up here and there from the heaps of earth and rubble. Hardly a square yard of earth in the whole area is undisturbed The forest is gone along with the rest. Lying about are a few 1000-lb. bombs, miraculously unexploded, that were stored in one building. There are some broken cases of gelatin dynamite from another. The cradle carts for moving the robots rust beside what was the entryway. There are some fragments of green parachutes and some aluminum canisters for the dropping of supplies to encircled troops. That is all. Nothing else remains of this depot constructed with such obvious precaution against air assault. French workmen with pick and shovel carve a roadway through the rubble, while ahead of them an FFI man gingerly digs out a German mine, and other FFIs stand with captured Mausers cocked alert for snipers—the only survivors of this carnage—who still are hiding in the surrounding forest.

The Germans have never questioned the effectiveness of our air assault. They are, obviously, looking for the $64 answer. If buildings can't be made bomb proof, and ack-ack won't work, if dispersal runs into the bottleneck of transport bombardment, then their answer seems to be caves.

But this answer is somewhat like that of the mice who decided to bell the cat. To put a single factory similar to the Renault plant underground would require 300 acres of cave space. Most heavy industry producing such things as steel, synthetic oil and rubber, cement and non-ferrous metals requires installations of too great a size to be tucked into caves and subways. And you can't land planes inside a cave, not if you're the Luftwaffe and intend to continue functioning.

The industry going underground is largely that of fabricating small components for various materiel. It is patently absurd to suppose that a modern industrial nation can put any appreciable proportion of its manufacturing in caves. And what minor proportion that is so hidden away is by no means safe from our aerial assault. Every cave has its entrance, and, as has been shown with railroad tunnels, a well-placed bomb at the entrance can collapse a good-sized hunk of mountain—which would give the workers and machinery inside all the seclusion they possibly could wish for.

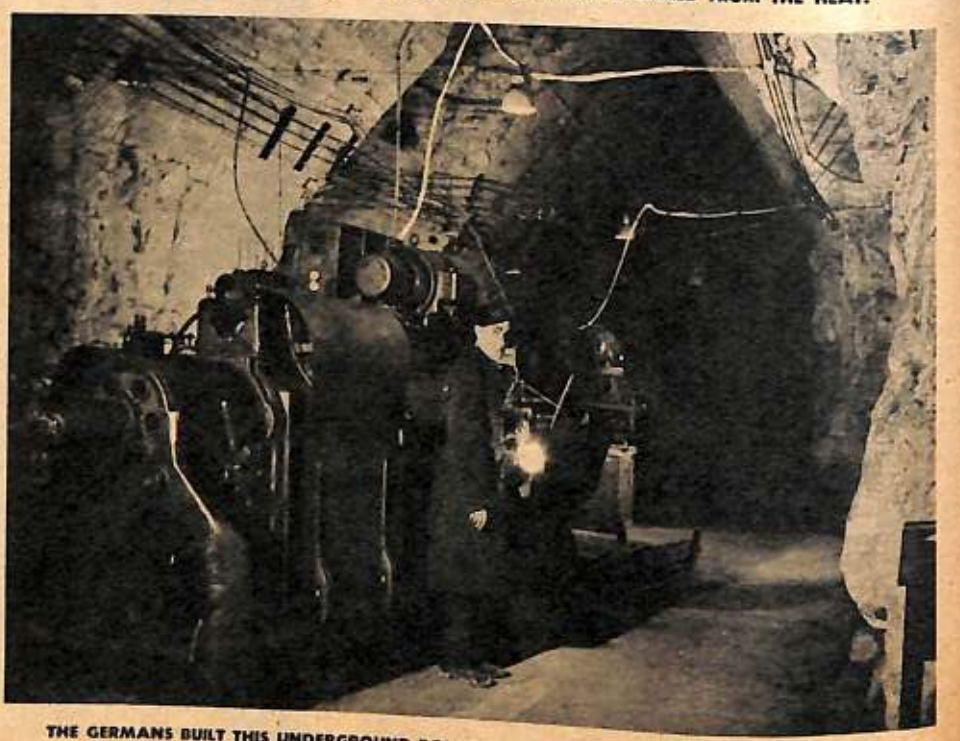
All in all, there doesn't seem to be a great deal for the Germans to do about strategic bombing, except hunch for the explosion.



EIGHTH AIR FORCE BOMBERS STRUCK A CRIPPLING BLOW AT HITLER'S TRANSPORT WHEN THEY DESTROYED THESE OIL TANK CARS AT GENNEVILLIERS, NEAR PARIS.

AMERICAN STRATEGIC BOMBING COST THE GERMANS 13,000 TONS OF OIL AND 29 VAST STORAGE TANKS AT GENNEVILLIERS. TANKS IN THE FOREGROUND BUCKLED FROM THE HEAT.

THREE FORTRESS RAIDS ON THIS HISPANO-SUIZA PLANT AT BOIS COLOMBES, NEAR PARIS, CUT DEEPLY INTO AIRPLANE ENGINE PRODUCTION AND LUFTWAFFE REPAIRS.



THE GERMANS BUILT THIS UNDERGROUND ROLLER BEARING PLANT AT TAVERNY, NORTH OF PARIS, AS A LAST RESORT AGAINST OUR BOMBERS. BUT IT WAS TOO LITTLE—AND TOO LATE.

UNmilitary Training

Army plans to build up study, recreation and sports and cut down drill in daily routine of GIs stuck in inactive theaters after the defeat of Germany.

By Pfc. IRA H. FREEMAN
YANK Staff Writer

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Army is planning a big education, recreation and athletic program that will replace most of the military training in the daily routine of GIs who get stuck in the ETO, the Mediterranean and the Middle East after the defeat of Germany.

The powers that be in the War Department feel that there is no sense devoting the whole working day of occupation troops and surplus units awaiting shipment back to the States to close-order drill, gas-mask drill and cleaning of equipment. So they have decided to let GIs spend most of their time in classrooms, in sports competition or participating in musical, dramatic or art activities.

The whole program of education, recreation and athletics will be voluntary. You will be able to take your choice of courses and activities. But each GI will have to take up something in one of the three sections. Or it will be possible to take a major activity from one section and a minor activity from another; for example, you could go to school for three hours a day and then spend two hours every afternoon playing baseball.

The program will not, of course, apply to troops who are scheduled to move on to combat zones in the CBI and the Pacific. They will continue to spend all their time on military training. When the Japanese are finally defeated, this same switch from military to nonmilitary activities in training schedules will probably go into effect in all overseas theaters.

Here are some of the details of the program:

Education

THE Army has fixed its sights on providing at least a fifth-grade elementary-school education for fellows who never had a chance to go to school when they were kids. Vocational training will be available to guys who wish to learn a trade, while the Army will send qualified men to some of the great, world-famous universities in Europe, like Oxford in England and the Sorbonne in Paris. It is possible that soldiers who left school for the service may get credit for study courses taken in the Army when they return to civilian school after demobilization.

Going to one of these temporary Army schools will not affect your chance of getting home. If your shipping orders come through while you are in the midst of a course, you just drop everything and hit the gangplank.

The brass will not attempt to force any GI to go to school. They say that you won't be put on working details, either, if you refuse to study. You will, however, have to choose something from the athletic or recreational list.

The backbone of the Army education program will be the vocational and practical courses given in battalion schools. These schools will offer two-month courses in the following subjects:

- Advertising
- American Economic Problems
- American Government
- Automobile Mechanics
- Beginning Electricity
- Beginning Radio
- Blueprint Reading
- Bookkeeping
- Business Arithmetic
- Business English
- Business Law
- Business Principles and Management
- Carpentry
- Farm Management
- Foreign Languages
- General Agriculture
- Mechanical Drawing
- Personnel Management
- Psychology
- Review Arithmetic
- Salesmanship
- Science
- Shop Mathematics
- Supervision and Foremanship

There will also be general classes in American history and traditions, as well as guidance courses to help younger soldiers pick a career. In the manual trades, such as carpentry, instruction will include actual on-the-job practice under supervision. Teachers in all these fields will be chosen from experts who happen now to be in the Army, both officers and enlisted men.

Centralized technical schools will be set up in connection with existing civilian schools to teach 150 technical courses, most of them fairly advanced, such as machine-shop practice, radio servicing and repair, refrigeration maintenance, welding and so on.

GIs who have had a high-school education, or its equivalent in technical schools or experience, may take university courses similar to those offered in American colleges. Some of these courses will be given in local civilian institutions in the occupied countries, while others will be available in special Army centers staffed by qualified military instructors. It is expected that American colleges will give students credit for work passed in these foreign universities and Army university centers.

The university courses will include not only general academic subjects, but also professional, preprofessional and graduate study. For example, a lawyer who is a corporal stationed in England, let us say, might get an opportunity of a lifetime: a chance to take a two-month course in international law under a famous professor at Cambridge University.

Recreation

THIS second part of the program of activities for soldiers in inactive overseas areas is subdivided into music, soldier shows and entertainment, and arts and crafts. It is also expected that library facilities will be expanded with the sudden increase in the men's free time, so that each post will have a big book collection like that at camps in the States, with a professional civilian librarian in charge.

As in all the other phases of the program, teachers of music, dramatics and art will be soldiers who used to do such things in civilian life.

In music there will be classes to teach beginners how to play popular instruments, as well as courses in harmony, orchestration and music appreciation. GIs who are already musicians will be able to teach, or take advanced study, or play in bands, small groups or orchestras. Men who merely like to listen to music may get a chance to go to the famous opera houses and concert halls in Europe when those blitzed spots get going again.

Weekly entertainment programs will be put on in each company, with a full-length play or musical comedy produced in the regiment or division at least once, it is hoped, in eight weeks. The better shows will be broadcast and make tours of the theater of operations.

Under arts and crafts, the Army will offer classes in painting and sculpture, photography, wood carving, radio-set making and certain popular handicrafts. Instructors in this section will lead guided tours, from time to time, to the great art museums in Italy, France, Germany, Belgium and the Netherlands.

Sports

PLANS for the Army sports program range from a grand GI Olympic Games with competitors from all theaters of operations down to chess and checker tournaments starting at the platoon level. The equipment is going to cost $20,000,000, which will drain off about 90 percent of all athletic goods made in the U. S. To get this produced, it is possible the sports goods industry will have to be declared essential. Special Services expects 60 percent of GIs in the inactive theaters will take part in the athletic program.

A partial catalogue of sports and games on the program includes:

- Acrobatics
- Archery
- Badminton
- Baseball
- Basketball
- Boxing
- Football (regular and touch)
- Lacrosse
- Soccer
- Softball
- Swimming
- Table tennis
- Tennis
- Track and field events
- Volleyball
- Wrestling

Special sports, like hunting, fishing, sailing and cycling, are also approved where local conditions and availability of equipment permit. The whole program will be varied, naturally, according to the season and climate.

Competitions, both individual and by teams, will be started at the company level, if feasible, and continue through division, corps, army and finally theater championships. Some international events might be arranged—for example, a tennis tournament among players from the American, British and French forces in Europe.

Coaches and officials for the athletic program will be officers and enlisted men who have had experience that fits them for the jobs. A corps of head coaches is being trained in special courses in the States, and these men will, in turn, instruct other coaches in the inactive theaters.

Sports will include GI Olympic Games similar to this recent inter-Allied track and field meet in Italy.

Yanks in the ETO

The Brassière Boys

BREST (DELAYED)—The siege of Brest, largest of the three Brittany garrisons, will not receive the worldwide recognition it rightfully deserves. Worse than Cassino, tougher than Caen, it was said to be one of the hardest battles fought by the American infantry in Europe since 1918. But, while it was being fought, other armored columns were thrusting with the same violence through Northern France, Belgium and Luxembourg and over the borders of Germany.

Before that siege could begin the attackers had to have a great force of men and arms. There were 40,000 Germans, headed by Gen. Ramcke and his fanatical Second Paratroop Division, ordered by Der Fuehrer to hold out for four months. The Sixth Armored Division had stuck its nose arrogantly into the outskirts of Brest, charged quickly up and down the by-roads giving the impression that the great American force was already on hand, and then departed, leaving only a handful of infantrymen to hold the fragile line. For the next vital six days those few Yanks held until the bulk of the infantry arrived and the big push started. In Army terminology they "contained" Brest. Since then the Sixth has called them " The Brassière Boys."

An armored infantry battalion from the Sixth, another infantry battalion, a battalion of artillery and two reconnaissance troops comprised the "American army" which completely fooled the Germans. They fought like a unit of Sergeant Yorks, brazenly, fearlessly, long past the point of normal human endurance. Most of them, like S/Sgt. Joe Cybor's rifle squad—"the old men"—fought for the fun of it.

Cybor and "Swivelfoot" Hale and "Tony" Kunstek and others were " up on the point " in their halftrack during that grueling 250-mile race up the Brittany peninsula. They headed the column, in front of the tanks and the other halftracks and the " trains." They shot up horse-drawn artillery, infantry columns, road blocks and pillboxes, always moving, seldom walking.

Then, suddenly, they were back in the kind of hedgerow war they thought they had seen the last of the other side of Avranches. " Take Hill 105," they were ordered. They dismounted and got to work, moving as far forward as they could up a sunken, winding road.

Long, rangy, 37-year-old Joe Cybor pulled his helmet down over his spiked red hair and started out to his squad's position on the right flank of the hill.

"We was there a day an' a half right smack between their arty and ours. There was a pillbox right below the top of the hill and the captain says to go get it.

"I see there's no chance of the squad going in so I tell Hale and Kunstek, my two bazookamen, to go after it."

THE two men advanced but were soon detected. Three enemy machineguns pinned them down like plaster on a wall. Cybor took in the situation quickly. He had a Tommygun but he didn't think it enough. Sgt. Bob Baker, of Pittsburgh, another squad leader, was nearby. Joe yelled for a machinegun. Baker brought him a light, air-cooled .30.

Like a Minute Man on a ten-cent war stamp, Joe stood up and let go, holding the mg as if it were a popgun. His riflemen fired madly, trying to create a diversion.

"I see we aren't gettin' very far so I fire a burst at Hale's corner to wise him up but he don't pay much attention."

Hale was too busy listening to the Jerries talking in their pillbox. He eased up closer and tossed in a grenade. Meanwhile, Baker returned and said the company had withdrawn 700 yards and that the squad was cut off. When Hale, loaded with six bags of bazooka ammo, and Kunstek, munching on K-ration biscuits, finally got back, the squad started the long voyage home.

Two men scooted across a 100-yard field. The others blasted away with rifles at concealed enemy gun positions. Then two more, and two more. It was hedgerow to hedgerow until they finally slid, panting and aching, down a bank into a railroad right-of-way.

Their refusal to leave two of their squad behind, although they might have escaped more easily after Baker's warning, was typical of their cohesiveness during the next hectic days.

After failing to take the hill—an entire regiment later fought for days to capture it—they regrouped and spread out in a paper-thin line near the village of Guipavas, on the left flank of the "front."

Eleven men of the squad—one had been wounded earlier—held a 150-yard strip of line with rifles, one Tommygun and a light machinegun.

The one battalion of artillery was pounding away 24 hours a day, doing its utmost to convince the German garrison that the siege was underway. But the Jerry arty was pouring it back. And in between were the unarmored infantrymen.

"Yup," recalled Cybor, ejecting a brown squirt of tobacco juice at a passing wasp, " we got a little sleep. Doubled up, two guys to a post. One'd sleep two hours, then the other."

For six days they held their line, repulsing probing German patrols and putting up a magnificent show of fooling the enemy.

Nine Jerries tried to break through their sector early one morning. The squad pulled together, checked the situation, then opened fire. In a matter of minutes the area was safe again, with one German dead, another wounded and the rest running like hell for their own lines.

Occasionally, they'd capture a prisoner and grin happily to themselves when he'd report to an interrogator that the whole garrison felt it was hemmed in by a great force.

Once they got pretty jittery. Seven men from another company had been captured by an unusually aggressive German patrol.

"We worried a bit, thought maybe those GIs might spill the beans about there bein' only one battalion of infantry where there shoulda been a division."

But, obviously, the captured Yanks refused to talk.

THERE were no large-scale attempts to break through the attenuated American lines. But, as the men became more fatigued with the strain of their unbroken vigil and the pounding of the artillery, the enemy apparently began to suspect that something was amiss. Patrols became bolder, more active; they moved on a broader scale and into places hitherto uninvestigated. The long watch was telling on the men. They were haggard, weary, aching for a solid night's sleep.

When at last their relief arrived they just sat and stared.

Fresh, strong men came along the hedgerows in single file, hundreds of them with plenty of guns and ammo. When they were all ready to go there were battalions where there had been companies, a platoon to take the place of the eleven-men squad.

Logically that should have been the end of the campaign for the Brassière Boys; they had contained Brest for the required time, holding back a confused

PVT. J. H. LOUGH, OF NEW HAVEN, CONN., FORMERLY A TRAINMAN ON THE N. Y., N. H. & H. AND NOW A MEMBER OF AN ARMY RAILROAD BATTALION, BOARDS THE ENGINE OF A PASSENGER TRAIN ON THE REGULAR RUN BETWEEN CHERBOURG AND CARENTAN.

DISHES, DISHES, DISHES—JUST A FRACTION OF THE LOOT LEFT BY THE NAZIS WHEN THEY LEGGED IT OUT OF CHARTRES. TIRED OF THAT MESSKIT, JOE?

almost bewildered enemy until the big push could start. But Brest was not the lone prize which the Americans sought. Tactically, the reduction of the enemy garrison was to be more than a prolonged siege on one concentration in a waterfront city.

To the left of the city the Landerneau River slices down into the Brest Roads, separating the Daoulas Peninsula from the mainland. Still farther down another strip of water penetrates inland, forming the larger Crozen Peninsula, the finger of which curves around and points at Brest. On both these peninsulas were more Jerries, well-armed and just as determined, for the land they held constituted possible escape routes from the city by water.

The armored infantry battalion was ordered to join a task force composed of tank destroyers, tanks, cavalry units and artillery ready to plunge along Daoulas. They crossed the river at the town of Landerneau and joined the rest of the force moving towards the lofty bridge spanning the mouth of the river.

It was a small-scale war compared with the great conflict at Brest but it was just as deadly and personal. First, an infantry battalion craftily outmaneuvred the enemy deeply dug into concrete fortifications on strategic hill 154, a prominence dominating the lower land ahead. Then the battle began in earnest. The Germans demolished one span of the bridge, trained their twin-mount 88s on 154 and tried to halt the attack which soon was to flatten them like a steamroller or run them into the sea.

AGAIN the Brassière Boys proved their worth. Leading one thrust on the left flank they scampered over low hills and into crossroad villages and down past venomous nests in the hedgerows.

Patrolling out ahead one morning they cautiously approached a cluster of farm buildings at a road intersection. Frenchmen told them where the Germans were and they sprayed the area with fire, then surrounded and occupied the place. They sent word back of their success and waited for the main force to catch up.

Rotund, bristle-faced Pvt. Hugh Cheshire, a 26-year-old "youngster" of the old-men squad, said: "The ——— wouldn't believe us. They said the place wasn't captured. We sat there for three hours while they argued about it in the rear. Then they ordered us to withdraw." He spat disgustedly.

That afternoon the outfit moved forward again and found the buildings reoccupied. "We had a helluva time gettin' back in," said Cheshire. "But they'll believe us after that."

During that same rugged battle along Daoulas Cybor's old men made an unusual contribution to alleviate the dullness of official reports.

The entire platoon, commanded by 2nd Lt. Raymond S. Novakoski, 32, of Grand Rapids, Mich., was pinned down by heavy fire from 40 mm. AA guns being used as anti-personnel weapons. The platoon hadn't moved in some time and the men were getting restless.

As if as one man the whole squad started forward, firing their weapons from the hip. The progress was slow but steady. After they had advanced 200 yards the pint-sized offensive halted. A long, gangling figure, Tommygun suspended from one hand, rambled back through the field. It was Cybor. He wanted to know "where the hell" was the rest of the platoon.

On the overlay map at CP that night the advance was officially labelled: "Sgt. Cybor's Thrust."

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

DAN AND DON CASEY, BROTHERS, OF ST. LOUIS, MO., NIBBLE DOUGHNUTS SERVED IN A NORMANDY RED CROSS BY BARBARA NEAL, OF SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Keeping Clean In France

SCATTERED throughout France, but perhaps not advertised well enough, are QM Laundry and Shower sites. You may, for example, have been up at the front and the idea of a shower and a clean shirt and pair of socks is a dream you associate with home. And then you fall on to one of these "QM Laundry and Shower points." You can take a shower and, while under needle-sharp hot water, all your clothes are put through the cleaning process. In something like one hour you have had a shower and all your clothes are clean.

This, mind you, happens in K-ration, cold water country where the fighting is taking place. Just how it is done is one of those efficient and realized dreams that are not always worked out in actual practice.

QUAKING in his GI shoes at the thought of at last being in a combat zone, the Count—our favorite T/5—landed in a western English port the other afternoon. "Keep your heads down!" the hero of D-plus-105 muttered hoarsely to his comrades as they tramped along the waterfront. "There might be snipers in them buildings!"

The Count's trip over had been a tough one. The ocean was as smooth as a pond but the Count had turned out to be no sailor, even under ideal conditions. After two days out he reported for sick call and told the doctor he hadn't been able to keep a thing on his stomach since leaving the States. "Here, take this," said the doc, handing him a pill. "That'll help you keep your next meal down."

The Count swallowed and left. The next morning he was back. "Did the pill keep your meal down all right?" asked the doctor. "I couldn't keep the pill down long enough to find out," the Count replied.

Despite the smoothness of the ocean, some other men got seasick on the Count's ship. The doctors laughed them out of the office and wouldn't let them near the sick bay. Not so with the Count. On his second trip to see them, the doctors took one look at his shaking frame and put him to bed. Kept him there for three days, too, stuffing him with adrenalin.

Things weren't much better when the Count got ashore. He arrived in London green about the gills and gasping. "It's me ectoplasm," he told us earnestly. "It's all swollen so I can hardly move. The medics say I'm fog-sick."

"MAN, THIS IS IT!" SHOUTS SGT. LE ROY LUCE, FOOT-SLOGGER FROM BROOKLYN, N.Y., AS HE STRADDLES BELGIAN-GERMAN BORDER DURING THE AMERICAN ADVANCE NEAR AACHEN.

But this is what happens: the Laundry and Shower unit travels along behind the fighting men. It carries along trailers which mount powerful generators, attached to trucks. When the officer in charge thinks the site is practical, the trailers are unhitched, the motors start to hum and the Laundry and Shower unit is ready to go.

The actual time in which your laundry can be washed, rinsed and dried is near 37 minutes. These units now are supposed to service divisions and are close up behind the fighting outfits to which they are assigned. But the transient, the guy passing through, can also drop in, get into a shower and come out into newly washed and still warm clothes.

We came across one of these oases in Luxembourg, near one of the outfits now fighting so hard in the Siegfried Line. The miracle was to watch a sad-faced Joe strip to the skin, get into a shower and then come out into clean duds looking as if he had enjoyed a furlough. We tried it out ourselves and by God it is a miracle. The old field jacket glowed like milady's face mirror.

The non-coms who ran this unit were three of the nicest, smoothest-working soldiers you have ever seen in your life. It is a Negro outfit, specially trained at Fort Warren, and it knows its job well and runs off its assignments with the smoothness of the Hotel Ritz presenting you with your bill. We got into the shower, got through and sat around in a towel sarong for half an hour waiting for the clothes to come off the conveyor belt. While waiting, it was easy to heat up a C-ration with all that heat and power lying around.

And in the meanwhile we talked to the non-coms in charge, T/Sgt. Abner Freeman, of Asheville, N.C.; S/Sgt. Walker L. Brown, of Harrisburg, Pa.; and S/Sgt. Wm. H. Calhoun, of Pine Bluff, Ark. Freeman knew his equipment thoroughly, had gotten into France soon after D-Day and was by this time used to the look of grateful surprise on the faces of GIs who get run through his roadside miracle and emerge with glowing faces and clean clothes. He said that his outfit was now servicing a front-line unit fighting over the German border in the Siegfried Line. There was enough power generated by this unit to service any fair-sized French town with sufficient electricity for all purposes.

By the time he got through telling us this, our clothes were all done. I had put my belt and leggings to one side but Sgt. Brown hadn't overlooked them, and had thrown them in with everything else. If I hadn't watched my shoes, they would have gone into the wringer, too.

And we were on the road again, collecting mud all over within an hour after getting to this QM Laundry and Shower point.

—By a YANK Staff Correspondent

A NATIVE GROOM FROM THE GI STABLES WHIPS THIS AMERICAN ENTRY INTO THE FRAY.

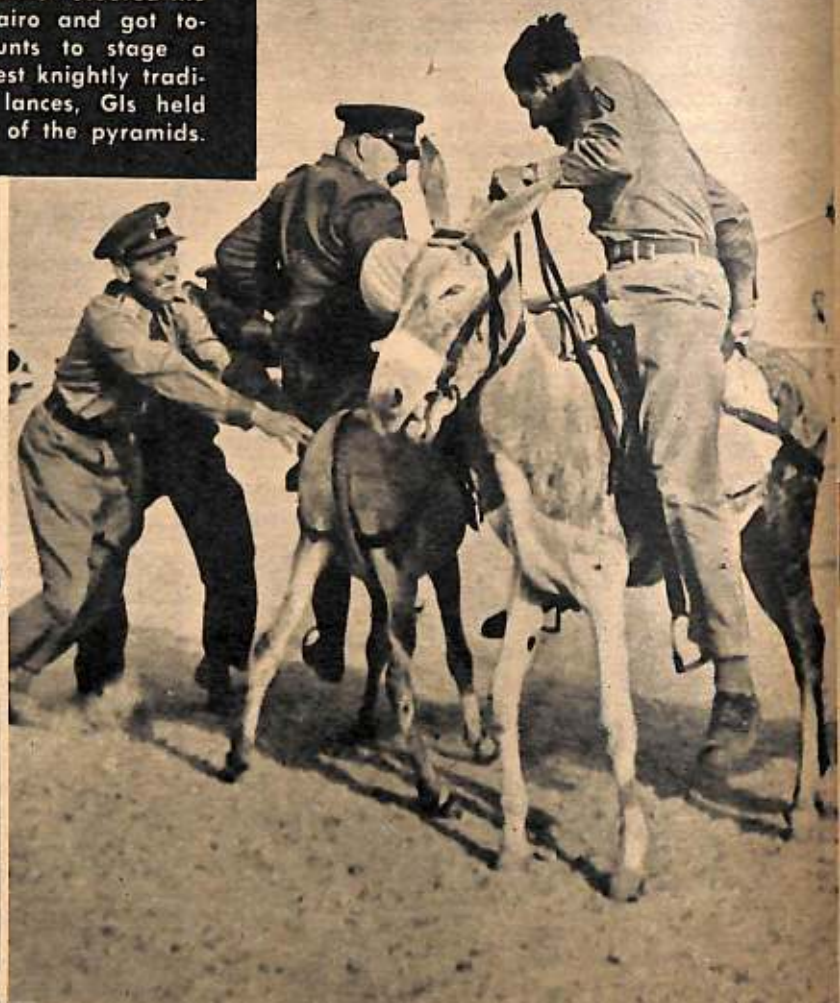
FIRST BLOOD TO THIS YANK. HE TIPS A BRITISH MAJOR OFF HIS DONKEY, INTO DUST.

MAJOR, JOUSTING WITH CORPORAL, IS GOING TO BE SURPRISED.

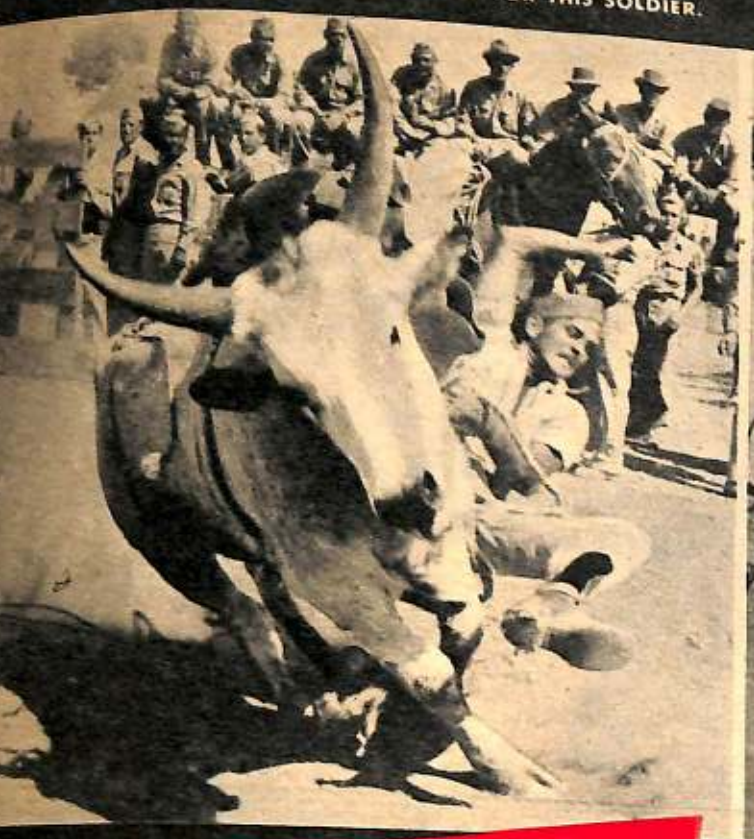
In EGYPT

GI HOR

THE horseplay in Egypt is on donkey-back. Yanks and British scoured the donkey marts of Cairo and got together enough mounts to stage a tournament in the best knightly tradition. With padded lances, GIs held joust in the shadow of the pyramids.



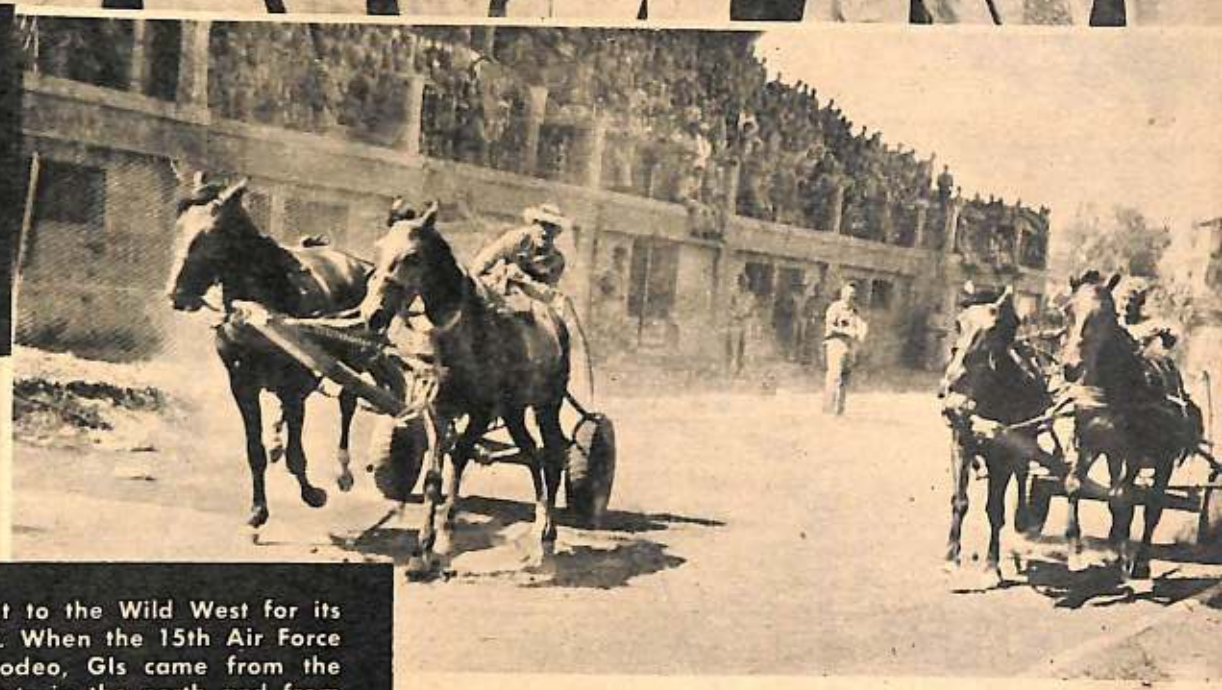
AN EYETIE STEER PROVES A LITTLE TOO MUCH FOR THIS SOLDIER.



HOT DOGS ARE A REAL HOMESIDE TOUCH. WHERE THE GI GOT THE FANCY CHAPS IS ANYBODY'S GUESS.

SEPLAY

In ITALY



CHARIOT-RACE CABS WERE MADE OUT OF SALVAGED PLANE PARTS.

ITALY went to the Wild West for its horseplay. When the 15th Air Force staged a rodeo, GIs came from the fighting fronts in the north and from the southern supply zones to try their skill. The three-day show included everything from races to bronc busting.

Belita

YANK

Pin-up Girl

News from Home

A senator said a general spoke only for himself, the nation was advised to put away its Armistice Day confetti for the time being, the Pope sent his Expressions of Affection to a sick man and gave Boston an Archbishop, and one of the best known privates in the Army married a bathing beauty of Birmingham.

No cause for being unduly alarmed by what Maj. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, the head man of Selective Service, may or may not have said about its being just as cheap to keep men in the Army as it would be to turn them loose and then try to care for them through some agency. Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney, Democrat of Wyoming, made this point clear one day last week in a statement issued at Democratic National Headquarters in New York City.

The Senator was replying to a charge made by Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York, the Republican candidate for President, who, in the course of his campaign speeches, had quoted Hershey as saying: "We can keep people in the Army about as cheaply as we could create an agency for them when they are out."

To which O'Mahoney replied: "Gen. Hershey's remark reflected nothing but his personal view as head of Selective Service. Gen. Hershey is not authorized to speak either for the War Department or the White House on the Administration's plans and policies." So—at ease, men, at ease.

And the good General himself was sounding off in a considerably less strident key last week. Addressing a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce in Buffalo, N. Y., Hershey said that 6,443 draft boards throughout the country stood ready to help discharged vets get their old jobs back or find new ones. But, he went on, the boards "will need help, much help," and he stressed the point that "no one group can hope to accomplish the task alone."

Declaring it the intention of Congress to give ex-servicemen preference in landing jobs, the General said: "It must be remembered that the veteran made his sacrifice so that others may continue to enjoy the privileges of the American way of life . . . The nation must not and will not fail to show its gratitude. It will keep the faith with its fighting men."

All of which sounds a bit of all right, as they say in Paris, although Hershey added a few remarks that may not go down so well with your kid brother still in knee-pants. The General said he was all for military training in peacetime because it would improve the nation's health and provide "true lessons in Americanism." "Besides," he said, "today's warfare has so changed in manner that the risk of unpreparedness is tantamount to courting disaster." Lots of other big shots over there have been saying things like that recently, so maybe it's going to be hup-hoo-he-haw for junior, too.

GRADUALLY, like a gent shaking off the effects of a three-day binge, the folks back home were coming around to the painful realization that maybe the war isn't over yet, after all, and the hot-dope boys in Washington were dishing out the hangover cures in as palatable a form as possible. Those well-known, if anonymous, "military observers in the nation's capital" were busy breaking the news that there's no certainty the boys will be out of the Siegfried Line foxholes by Christmas.

According to these observers, the next 30 days of fighting will determine whether Germany can hold out through the winter. During the next month, they said, General Dwight D. Eisenhower, the Supreme Allied Commander, can be expected to make one or more major efforts to break into the German homeland. If he succeeds, then the war in Europe will probably come to a quick end; if he doesn't, the Nazis will likely be able to hang on until an inevitable offensive by the Allies in the spring.

There may be another attempt to outflank the Siegfried Line from the north, said the dopesters, although they felt that this might prove pretty costly now that the Germans have had one warning. They figured that during October there would be a strong effort to plunge all the way through the Siegfried Line frontally at one or more points. None of them doubted that the Line could be pierced; from their point of view, it was only a matter of when.

And here's what the feedbag boys had to say to Hitler, assuming he could control his jitters long enough to sit down and listen to them: If the Germans hang on till spring, they will subject their country to a far worse beating than any scorched-earth policy of their own could produce. Should the European War last

GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN. Two Yank MPs perform arduous mission of showing a visiting Australian military policeman one of the best-known crossroads in the world.

WHAT NO BOARDWALK? Nope, this isn't Atlantic City after a big blow. It's the downtown section of Pueblo, Colo., at the tail end of a freak summer hail storm.

through the winter, Washington was saying, the Allied High Commands plan to go after the German cities, industries, and communications in a manner that will make past attacks on them look like child's play.

THE home folks, ever optimistic and hoping to return soon to the ways of peace, got another lot of cold water dashed in their faces by the Office of War Information, which came out with the announcement that military leaders believe it will take "an absolute minimum" of 18 months to beat Japan once Germany throws in the towel.

The average American, said the OWI, still believes that the U. S. can "lick the Japanese with one hand," that the war as a whole can't last more than a year longer, and that the fighting equipment which will be left over when the European conflict ends can be shipped to the Pacific, whereas actually the conflict with the Jap calls for special stuff of a kind the ETO has no need for.

As if to back up what the OWI had to say, J. A. Krug, the new chairman of the War Production Board, declared at a press conference in Washington that for the remainder of this year the home front has got to turn out munitions at a rate "exceeding anything we have been able to achieve before." Despite cut-backs in some lines of production for military purposes, he said, "we are at the height of our war needs."

In general, Krug went on, production is going pretty well. The total volume quota for 1944 is $67,300,000,000, and before the year is out the nation will be within two or three percent of reaching this goal. Krug contrasted this accomplishment with that of 1942, when production lagged 14 percent behind the quota, and with that of last year, when it was six percent short.

How do you want your postwar treatment of the Germans—hardboiled or soft? That was the question which a large portion of official Washington was stewing over. Four important agencies—the State Department, WD, Treasury, and Foreign Economic Administration—were tussling with the problem.

Correspondents in the capital wrote that Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr., one of the three members of the President's Cabinet Committee on Postwar German Policy, had proposed a "hard" plan of dividing the Reich into three Allied spheres of occupation and of keeping it thus split up for a long time to come. The plan, it was reported, also called for making Germany over into a nation of small farms, stripping her of her great industrial power, and giving the equipment taken by this course of action to the countries the Nazis have devastated.

Secretary of State Cordell Hull and Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson were said to be opposed to the Morgenthau plan on the grounds that all Europe would need industrial production after the war and that only Germany would be in a position to provide it. Semi-official Washington reports indicated that President Roosevelt had at first tentatively approved of the Morgenthau plan but had later swung over to the milder ideas of Hull and Stimson. The President did not make his views about what to do with Germany public and denied there was any Cabinet rift in the matter. It was disclosed by the White House that after the close of the Quebec Conference a fortnight ago, the President and Prime Minister Churchill had met again for two days at Roosevelt's home in Hyde Park, N. Y., for a continuation of their discussion of postwar politics in Europe.

Major George Fielding Eliot, the New York *Herald Tribune's* military analyst, supported the proposal to destroy German industry as the only way to make certain the Krauts wouldn't start another aggression. On the other hand, John O'Donnell, Washington columnist of the anti-Roosevelt and pro-isolationist New York *Daily News*, wrote: "The Morgenthau plan was a thumping boner, increased Allied casualties, and was completely out of tune with the political situation in Britain—and certainly not helpful to any military hope of ending the war speedily." Dorothy Thompson said in her syndicated column that the idea of a tri-partite occupation of Germany carried the danger of future collisions between the Allies. The *Christian Science Monitor* called the proposal to split up Germany into three parts "not an ideal arrangement" and said it would prefer "a plan under which the Allies would have assumed jointly an overall responsibility" for Germany. Quentin Reynolds, writing in *Collier's*, favored entering Germany "carrying a club," and the Washington reporter of the *Wall Street Journal*, which first published the Morgenthau plan, thought it would take "two or more generations" to put the scheme into effect. And that, Jackson, is a long time in any man's army of occupation.

Compared to the preceding seven days, in which much strong talk was batted back and forth by spokesmen for the two major parties, last week was a calm one on the political front. Speaking at Oklahoma City, Dewey replied bitterly to Roosevelt's admittedly political speech of the week before and called for a Republican victory "to restore the integrity of the White House so that its spoken word can be trusted once again." He accused Roosevelt of failing to prepare the country for war, saying that this failure "has cost countless American lives, it has caused untold misery," and he added: "The simple truth is, of course, that Mr. Roosevelt's record is desperately bad. . . . It is not one on which any man should seek the confidence of the American people. That's why it's time for a change."

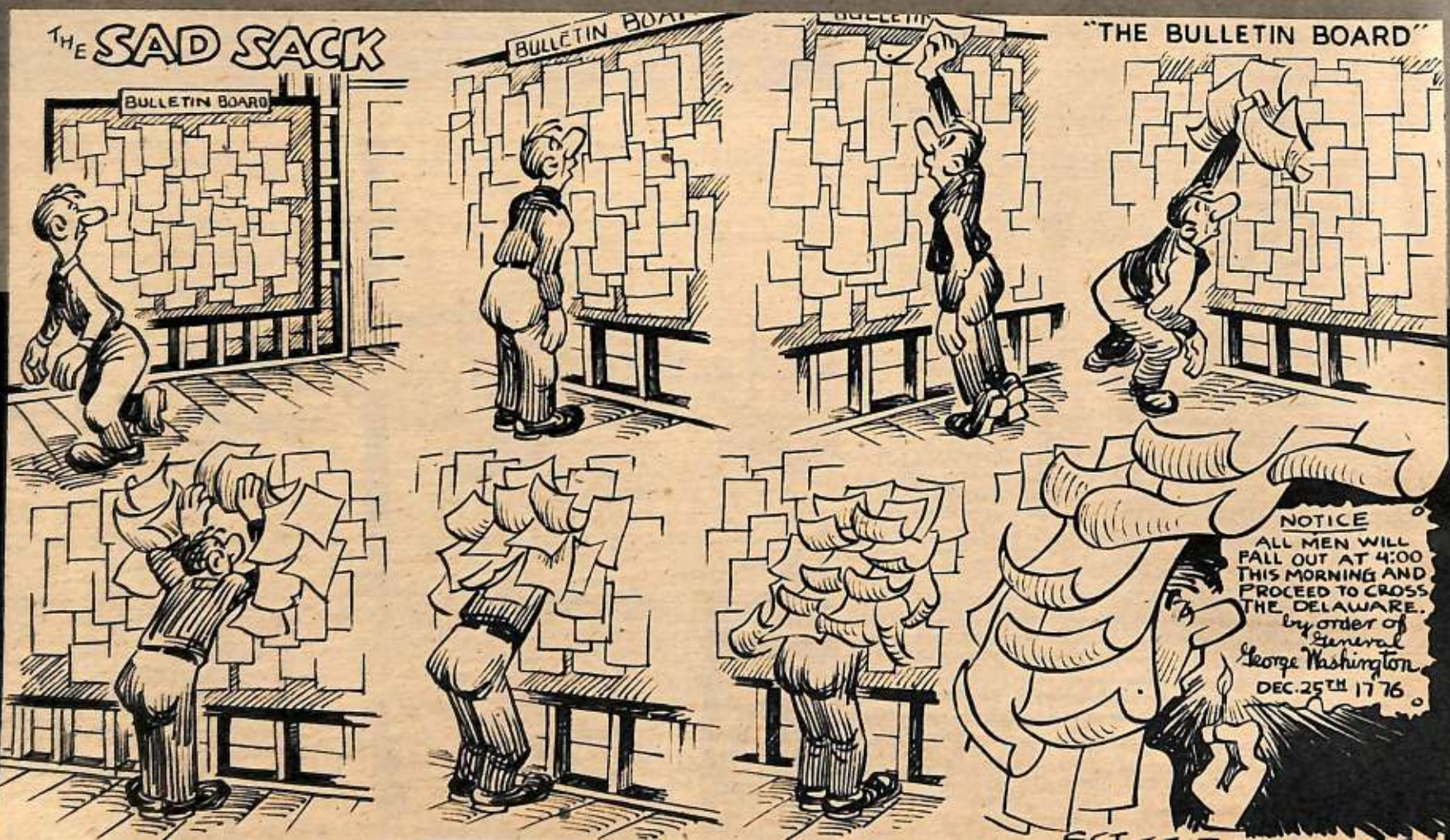
Recalling that, in accepting a fourth-term nomination last July, the President had said he would not campaign in the usual sense, Dewey declared that Roosevelt's most recent address—the "political" one—was "a speech of mudslinging, ridicule, and wisecracks." As for the notion that Roosevelt is "an indispensable man," Dewey said he was "indispensable only to a host of political job-holders" and that "if any man is indispensable, then none of us is free."

The President took no public part in the campaign last week, but some of his most loyal supporters did. Among them was Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes, who observed that Dewey seemed to be "a New Deal convert." Ickes said that Dewey's attitude toward Social Security and governmental direction of economic life, as expressed in recent speeches in California, indicated that the GOP candidate "is going to have difficulty reconciling the political religion that he got on the sawdust trail in Los Angeles with the Republican orthodoxy in which he was so carefully brought up."

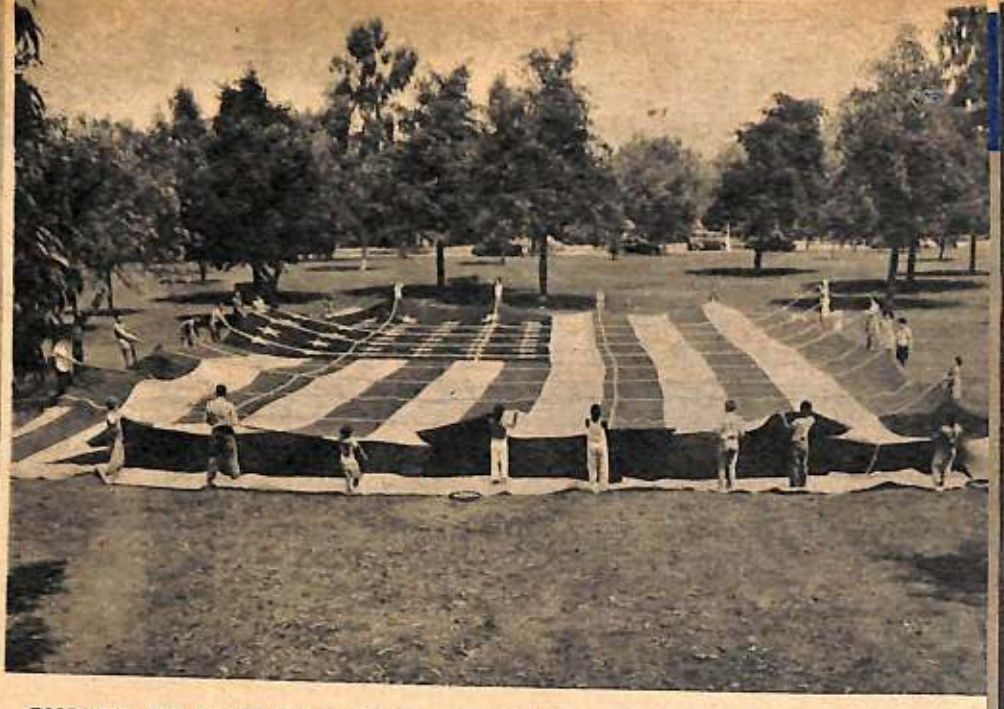
ANOTHER who rose to champion the President's reelection was Vice President Henry A. Wallace, who started out on a campaign trip for the Democrats although he did not receive his party's renomination for office. Addressing thousands of shipyard workers in Philadelphia, Wallace warned them that "unemployment will be with us more continuously than any other enemy." Republicans, he said, seemed to think that "the miracle of full production took only the green light of industry," whereas in reality "only intelligent planning will solve the problems of the post-war era." Wallace declared that in view of the President's "background, experience, heart, and imagination you will be more likely to get jobs under Roosevelt and the Democratic Party than under the Republican Party."

The Socialist candidate for President, Norman

Reprinted by Request



EMBLEMS OF VALOR. In Washington, D. C., President Roosevelt presented Congressional Medals of Honor to these four men: Pfc. William J. Johnston, S/Sgt. Jessie R. Drowley, T/Sgt. Forrest L. Vosler and Lt. Arnold L. Bjorklund.



EMBLEM OF VICTORY. It took a special dispensation from the WPB and the U. S. Treasury to make this giant flag (60x100 feet) in Los Angeles, Calif. It will be hoisted over Seattle, Wash., to mark the end of the European War.

Thomas, said in a broadcast from New York that on Roosevelt's record in the " handling of prewar issues, there's no reason to accept the indispensability of the Roosevelt administration for handling peace." But Thomas also thought that Dewey " apparently still favors the system which led to the great depression and wants nothing better than a slightly more sophisticated, and I hope more honest, version of Harding's return to normalcy."

The President signed a bill repealing the law which used to deny pay to servicemen who were absent from duty because of VD. The Army and Navy have found, it was explained, that the threat of losing pay didn't keep men on the straight and narrow path but merely prompted them to hide the fact that they had caught VD, to attempt to treat themselves for it, and to do business with civilian medics, plenty of whom were quacks.

Aimee Semple McPherson, the evangelist who founded the fancy Angelus Temple in Los Angeles, died in her hotel room in Oakland, Calif., under somewhat mysterious circumstances. At first she was thought to have been a victim of a heart attack but an autopsy showed this was not the case. Pathological tests were then started to determine what had caused her death, while investigators set about checking the source of some sleeping capsules which were found near her bed and which didn't bear a prescription number, as required by law.

The Most Rev. Bishop Richard J. Cushing, a native of South Boston, Mass., and auxiliary bishop of the Catholic diocese of Boston for the last five years, was appointed by Pope Pius XII to be Archbishop of Boston, it was announced in Washington by the Apostolic Delegation. The new appointee succeeds William Cardinal O'Connell, who died last April.

Mrs. Helen Hay Whitney, 68, the first woman to own two Kentucky Derby winners, died in a hospital in New York City. She was the widow of Payne Whitney, who died in 1927 leaving an estate of nearly a quarter of a billion dollars, and a daughter of the late John Hay, the former Secretary of State. She was also the mother of Col. John Hay ("Jock") Whitney, a member of the 15th Air Force who recently escaped after being ambushed in a jeep and captured by the Germans in Italy and who is now in Washington. Mrs. Whitney, who owned the Greentree Stables, won the Derby with *TwentyGrand* in 1931, and again with *Shut Out* in 1942. With her when she died were her daughter, Joan, and her daughter-in-law, Betsey Cushing Whitney, the former wife of James Roosevelt.

OTHER Deaths: The Rev. Michael J. O'Connor, senior chaplain of the famous 26th Division during the first war, died in the rectory of St. Bridget's Catholic Church, in Framingham, Mass., where he had been a pastor for 20 years. A native of Ireland, he went to the States as a boy and was graduated from Holy Cross College in 1897. During his tour of duty overseas, he saw front-line service at Belleau Wood, the Argonne, and St. Mihiel and was gassed and wounded. . . . Brig. Gen. Victor V. Taylor, 51 and retired, died on a train while en route to the nation's capital from his home in Montecito, Calif. He went into retirement early this year after a lifetime career in the Army. . . . Francis Schmidt, 58, who became famous for his razzle-dazzle teams at Ohio State and was the head coach at the University of Idaho until last March, died in Spokane, Wash.

The Apostolic Benediction and Expressions of Affection from Pope Pius XII were conveyed to 70-year-old Alfred E. Smith, former Governor of New York, who was reported to be seriously ill at the Rockefeller Institute Hospital in New York City. The messages came in a cablegram from Archbishop Francis J. Spellman, of New York, who was in Vatican City at the time.

Constance Bennett, of whom you've heard, and Gilbert Roland, the Mexican actor who became her fourth husband when they eloped to Yuma, Ariz., in 1941, announced in Hollywood that they had separated because of "temperamental differences."

ANOTHER celebrity who was married for the fourth time in Yuma was divorced. That was Artie Shaw, the bandleader, whose 1942 marriage in the Arizona city to Elizabeth Kern, daughter of the composer, Jerome Kern, has just been legally ended in Los Angeles. The fourth Mrs. Shaw testified that she and her husband separated in the middle of one night early last July after he told her: "We just don't make sense together anymore." Shaw and Lana Turner came to the same conclusion in 1940.

Carole Landis's Hollywood studio announced that she had separated from her husband, Maj. Thomas C. Wallace.

Lola Lane, another Hollywood honey, was divorced from Henry C. Dunham, an executive in an aircraft company, in Los Angeles. It was the third time she's shed a hubby.

Xavier Cugat, the rhumba-happy band leader, was sued for divorce by Carmen Castillo, a singer in his outfit who married him in 1929. Trouble with their marriage was, said Mrs. Cugat, that Xavier had too many girl-friends for her peace of mind.

Rod Cameron, cowboy of the cameras, was ordered by a Hollywood court to pay $350 hospital expenses for Toni St. John, former secretary to Ed Garbegen, radio ventriloquist, when she has the baby she expects two months from now. Cameron figured he was taking sort of a drubbing, since even the learned judge himself couldn't figure out whether the father of the unmarried Toni's infant-to-be was the cowboy actor or a couple of other fellows.

Here's an item to brighten your long, hard days, men. Mickey Rooney is married again. Pardon—it's *Pvt.* Mickey Rooney now, of Camp Sibert, Ala. Anyway, he's gone and married a tall, 17-year-old blonde named Betty Jane Rase, the "Miss Birmingham of 1944." It was a whirlwind courtship no end, for Rooney first met the young lady on a Sunday and was sealed to her by the holy bonds of matrimony on the following Saturday. The two were introduced at a movie preview in Birmingham by Lily May Caldwell, a local newspaperwoman who had accompanied Miss Rase to the recent beauty pageant in Atlantic City, N.J., where the bride-soon-to-be ran fifth. The wedding ceremony was held at the home of Maj. Harry Jackson, an Army officer stationed at a Birmingham air base, with Dr. Marvin Franklin, pastor of the Highlands Methodist Church, officiating. Rooney, who was inducted last June after previously having been rejected on physical grounds, was first married in 1942 to Ava Gardner, an actress, who got a divorce from him a year and a half later. After the wedding last week, Pvt. and Mrs. Rooney took off on a 36-hour honeymoon. Why no longer? Because Mickey had to be back in time for reveille Monday. Tough teeayter!

Salt Lake City, Utah, was all a-twitter over the trial of 32 members of the "Fundamentalist" cult on a charge of conspiring to practice polygamy. The state's star witness, Mrs. Mary Ford Petty, the confessed "plural" wife of Follis G. Petty, of Pocatello, Idaho, turned out to be a dud, but another witness made up for her failure. She was Mrs. Cathryn Cosgrove, of San Diego, Calif., who testified before some 20 of the defendants, including several pregnant plural wives, that her husband, Heber K. Cleveland, had sent her and a "sister wife" to talk other young ladies into their "family." Other witnesses included a nurse who told of her 22 months as a plural wife, an attractive divorcee who said the teachings of polygamy had estranged her husband from her, and a teen-age girl who described her "celestial marriage" to the husband of another woman. District Attorney Brigham E. Roberts had 38 witnesses in all on hand to help paint a pretty picture of a "wife-recruiting drive." The defendants claim to be following the original doctrine of the Latter Day Saints (or Mormon) Church, except that they don't recognize a church order issued in 1890 outlawing polygamy. All Prosecutor Roberts had to say to this was: They sure don't.

GRAMP OF GRAMPS. Lewis W. (Daddy) Brown of West Palm Beach, Fla., says he's 102. There isn't anybody around old enough to contradict him.

Mail Call

On Getting Out Of The Army

Dear YANK,

With the demobilization plan coming into effect in the very near future, we medical boys certainly face a situation. Under the third category of this plan, "Combat Credit" enables a soldier to a speedier discharge based on the amount of medals and stars he has.

We ask you, how in the world can we ever get such things when we're non-combatant? Of course, we realize and give full credit to the fighting boys, but supposing they were to give medals for saving lives instead of destroying them? And believe us when we say we sure had our share.

THE EENT BOYS

Britain.

Dear YANK,

Short of the actual defeat of Germany it's difficult to calculate anything that would cause more jubilation than the text of the army's demobilization plan. It's plain to see that what the soldiers themselves deemed fair and just was considered, and became the method of demobilization finally adopted. No doubt, the exigencies of the situation at war's end in Europe might work a hardship on individuals here and there, but in the main, it would seem that no large group should suffer any grave handicap.

If there be a shortcoming in the demobilization plan, I would say that it resides in the fact that age of the soldier is not considered a factor in determining a man's priority for demobilization.

Pfc. ALFRED KREECH

Britain.

Dear YANK,

The army proposed "demobilization point plan," sounds too much GI to suit me, just like doing it by numbers.

Contrary to the opinion of the army that the point system is the supreme and righteous way to demobilize, I suggest a volunteer plan, making the volunteering successful by raising the volunteers pay, say $50.00 per month, until Japan is eliminated.

Cpl. EDGAR R. LEESON

Britain.

Dear YANK,

We men of this particular Service Squadron in the ETO believe that the awarding of Battle Participation Credit (awarding of Bronze Stars on the ETO ribbon) is not made on a fair basis to the members of this station as well as other similar stations and organizations in this theater.

This has a direct bearing on the release of each man from the Army under the credit point plan and will cause Service Squadron men, who are just as deserving, and who worked on the same station and did much of the work to keep planes on an operational status, to be discharged at a later date than the Fighter Squadron personnel who were awarded the Battle Participation Credit for the battles "Air Offensive Europe" and "Western Europe."

Under present regulations the Fighter Squadron personnel are authorized the Bronze Star. We believe that all members of the Service Squadron and others who helped to keep the planes on an operational status should be awarded the same credit. A clerk or cook in a Fighter Squadron gets the award under the present regulations but a Service Squadron man who does the majority of the modifications, repairs battle damage, and does many of the engine and wing changes and other jobs of great importance in maintaining an aircraft in flying condition gets no credit for his work whatsoever. In many cases the Service Squadron personnel have been working side by side doing the same kind of work as the Fighter Squadron personnel.

SOME OF THE BOYS IN THE 394th SERVICE SQUADRON

Britain.

Dear YANK,

The details of the demobilization plan came as a shock to a lot of us over-age enlisted men. In previous reports it was intimated that age would be one of the point-determining factors. It was not mentioned.

The draft boards are not calling up the men who are over 30, if any reason can be found to exempt them. Does that make the soldier who is over 38, and 8 years older, feel he is being treated fairly.

I have no quarrel about the men who have been under fire receiving first consideration. They deserve it.

T/5 THOMAS G. POWELL

Britain.

Dear YANK,

The plans for discharging a portion of the Army when Germany is beaten has met with general approval. On the whole it is eminently fair—if it doesn't get fussed up somewhere along the chain of command between the WD and the unit commanders. However, there is a small minority, the pre-Pearl Harbor fathers now in the service, who wouldn't get much of a break.

Yes, you guessed it, I've got two kids, ages 4 and 7—and I'd like to get home at least for their graduation exercises.

T/5 WILLIAM VAN BAALEN

Britain.

All Or Nothing Pin-ups

Dear YANK,

We would like to make a comment on your pin-up girl Angela Greene.

We think it is very immoral, and really does not become the subject in the least.

There is no doubt in our minds that Angela (if she doesn't mind) is a very pretty girl, but to expose herself thusly does not improve on her beauty and is very demoralizing to we boys in the Eastern Command. (Russia.)

We like your pin-up girls very much and also your magazine, but we would appreciate it no end if you would refer Miss Greene and the photographer to the popular hit (at least in Russia): "All or nothing at all."

This is probably the first of many letters from Russia. We hope the ones following will be more complimentary.

THE BOYS IN TENT 106 and 320

Russia.

Never Ran a Man In

Dear YANK,

We saw in your Mail Call of Sept. 17 issue of YANK where the front line troops were running the MPs down. We have been MPs for two years and and have traveled about as much as the next man. We will admit there are some bad MPs, but what's the use of running us all down? We would like to remind those guys if they want to see some good MPs, and want some MPs to back them as far as they can when they are in town, they should be with our company.

During two years of service we have never run a man in. Not because we didn't need to, but we realize that every man is in this war for the same reason no matter what branch of the service he is in.

A GOOD COMPANY OF MPs

Britain.

On Going Home To Forget

Dear YANK,

Gentlemen, I am worried. The latest "howls" seem to center around who will be the first ones demobilized. This in itself isn't too bad, we all want to go home as soon as possible, but reading between the lines, one can't help but feel the attitude of "let's get home and forget the whole damn business." If we do so we'll have to begin looking forward to "coming over" again in due time. Those of us who will be "safe" from the next war will be busy preparing to send forth our daughters and sons.

The tempo of post-war transportation, trade, etc., will be such that every nation shall be each other's neighbor, separated by a few hours of flying time. The world must be of interest to us all if we are to demand a peaceful world. If we sit back and refuse

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Here is our Official Demobilization Card

ADJUSTED SERVICE RATING CARD

NAME..... ARMY SERIAL NO.....

UNIT..... ARM OR SERVICE.....

Type of Credit	*Number*	*Multiply by*	*Credits*
1. SERVICE CREDIT — Number of months in Army since Sept. 16, 1940			
2. OVERSEAS CREDIT — Number of months served overseas			
3. COMBAT CREDIT — Number of decorations and Bronze Service Stars			
4. PARENTHOOD CREDIT — Number of children under 18 years old			
		TOTAL CREDITS	

READ INSTRUCTIONS *on reverse side before filling card out*

CERTIFIED BY.....

ARMY'S ADJUSTED SERVICE RATING CARD WILL LOOK LIKE THIS. WHEN READJUSTMENT OF PERSONNEL AND PARTIAL DEMOBILIZATION START AFTER GERMANY'S FALL, EACH ENLISTED MAN WILL GET ONE OF THESE CARDS TO FILL OUT. POINT VALUES FOR THE MULTIPLICATION COLUMN THEN WILL BE ANNOUNCED SO EVERY GI CAN FIGURE HIS OWN SCORE. THE WD ALSO WILL ANNOUNCE HOW HIGH YOUR SCORE MUST BE FOR A SURPLUS RATING THAT MAKES YOU ELIGIBLE FOR DISCHARGE. BUT IF YOU ARE CONSIDERED ESSENTIAL, YOU WON'T GET OUT IMMEDIATELY NO MATTER HOW HIGH YOUR SCORE.

Instructions for filling out ADJUSTED SERVICE RATING CARD

DETERMINE ALL CREDITS AS OF THE DATE OF CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES IN EUROPE. *Write the proper number for each type of credit in NUMBER column. Multiply this number by the figure on the same line in the MULTIPLY BY column, and write the resulting figure in the CREDITS column: Add all figures in the CREDITS column to obtain the TOTAL CREDITS.*

SERVICE CREDIT and OVERSEAS CREDIT. *After determining the number of whole months, give credit for an additional month if you have 15 or more days left to your credit. Overseas service means any service outside of continental limits of the U. S., including Alaska. It begins on the date of leaving a POE and ends on the date of arrival at a port in the U. S.*

COMBAT CREDIT. *Include the first and each additional award of the following only:* MEDAL OF HONOR, DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS, LEGION of MERIT, SILVER STAR, DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS, SOLDIER'S MEDAL, BRONZE STAR MEDAL, AIR MEDAL, PURPLE HEART and BRONZE SERVICE STARS (Battle Participation Stars). *No other awards or ribbons will be included.*

PARENTHOOD CREDIT. *Credit will be given for children under 18 years of age as of date of cessation of hostilities, but will not be allowed for more than 3 children.*

to participate in world problems, it will be possible to lose the peace.

I sincerely hope that the vets of this war will not adopt the "stay home" policy and so become the complacent ones when such a short time ago we were accusing those at home of "not knowing there was a war on." Let's go home when it's over but don't forget to think.

S/Sgt. ALEX PASKIN

Britain.

Hot Pictures From Paris

Dear YANK,

I was one of the first group of Americans to enter Paris. Being on detached service with the French division, we assumed that we were the first until we got a glimpse of the YANK photographer who was hopping around covering the story. I think that this occasion has caused me and my associates to think of YANK as a mag that has only real hot news regardless how hot it gets. Keep up the good work.

S/Sgt. JOHN ZANCHI

France.

What So Proudly We Hail

Dear YANK,

In your September 17 issue the changing of our national anthem was discussed. I agree with Sgt. Carlos H. Sparks when he says it was written in a most trying battle, and that we should not change it. In our national anthem it says: "What so proudly we hailed." I'm a battle casualty back from France. It sure was good to see that flag waving over towns we liberated. We're fighting so that the folks back home can swell with pride when they hear it. It tells everything we are fighting for.

Cpl. FRANCIS MARTIN

To Those Dear People

Dear YANK,

I'm writing this to those dear people who feel sorry for those damn Jerries. Ever since we first went in, and that was D-Day, we have lost any kind of sympathy for the b——s.

Have you fellows who feel so sorry for them ever seen a buddy machinegunned while floating to earth? Think that over the next time you see some son of a dog.

"The only good Jerry is a dead one."

S/Sgt. T. L. BOURLAND

P.S. We have seen too damn many.

France.

"Fustest With The Mostest"

Dear YANK,

I am one of many Negroes in the Transportation Corps and I see that practically everyone in the army has been hailed in your magazine except us. I know that being non-combatants we don't rate nearly as many cheers as those boys on the front lines but since we are stuck in the T.C. all that we do is to try to get there "fustest with the mostest." You know that counts a lot in war too.

From what we see we are doing a good job, of getting there "fustest with the mostest." You know we are really giving the Nazi Bull a good shellacking.

We are still looking forward to the time when our supply lines will come to an end in Berlin.

T/Sgt. CHARLES WASHINGTON and a few other T.C. members

France.

[You must have overlooked "Keeping Things Moving" in YANK'S Continental Edition of Aug. 27, describing the work of the Transportation Corps over here in general and the doings of some of the Negro T.C. troops in particular. This, of course, was only one of many accounts YANK has printed on the accomplishments of Negro soldiers—Ed.]

For Men (and Wacs) Only

Dear YANK,

Like a heck of a lot of other GIs, I've read our magazine for a long time—and never thought of complaining to you. But now there's something on my mind that's got to come off.

Briefly here it is: YANK, what in the hell right do English gals have to stick their tuppence in concerning OUR magazine, OUR letters to the editor, OUR squabbles, plans, ideas—or ANYTHING AT ALL that appears in YANK???

Every time I read one of these "Girls from over here" letters, I feel they've got a hell of a nerve "spouting off." OK—so they're nice girls, swell people—I think most of us think the English are fine, but YANK is still our magazine and I for one would like to see that policy upheld and maintained.

THE 3/4 BACHELOR

Britain.

All In The Way You Look At It

Dear YANK,

This is in answer to Pfc. Nolan's comments on "bitchery," and his advice to us in the U.K. to stop our "petty squawks." He compares himself doing Graves Registration duty in France to those in the States or the U.K., eating at the USO or Red Cross. But it doesn't occur to him that he might just as easily have compared himself to one of the men he told us about whose "bodies were mangled around the propeller of a boat." Ever since I can remember second lieutenants have dinned in my ear: "Mattick, you ought to be glad you're not out there in a foxhole dodging shells." It never occurred to these second lieutenants to say: "Mattick, you ought to be sorry you're not in Washington, D.C., dodging the surplus of females." I can't figure it out, because one comparison is as valid as the other, depending on what you want to prove.

T/Sgt. H. W. MATTICK

Britain.

YANK'S AFN
Radio Guide

Highlights for the week of Oct. 8

SUNDAY	2105—JUBILEE*—Ernie "Bubbles" Whitman, head man at Hot Horn Hall, rocks the joint with rhythm.
MONDAY	2135—VILLAGE STORE*—With Joan Davis and Jack Haley. Songs by Dave Street.
TUESDAY	2135—DINAH SHORE*—The Dixie Diva's own program with Comedian Wally Brown. Music by Bobbie Dolan's Orchestra.
WEDNESDAY	2130—FRED ALLEN*—Fred and Portland with the Mighty Allen Art Players, the Gang in Allen's Alley, Al Goodman's Orchestra and Hi, Lo, Jack and the Dame.
THURSDAY	1935—MELODY TIME*—Percy Faith and his Orchestra with modern arrangements of familiar music.
FRIDAY	1905—DUFFY'S TAVERN*—Archie puts an extra shine on the mugs where the elite meet to eat and welcome guest Herbert Marshall. Joe Venuti's Orchestra makes the music.
SATURDAY	1330—YANK's RADIO WEEKLY.
	2230—SUSPENSE—This week's spine tingler. It will keep you in Suspense.

* Also heard over the Allied Expeditionary Forces Program.

NEWS EVERY HOUR ON THE HOUR.

AFN in Britain on your dial:
1375 kc. 1402 kc. 1411 kc. 1420 kc. 1447 kc.
218.1 m. 213.9 m. 212.6 m. 211.3 m. 207.3 m.

AEF on your dial:
583 kc. 514 m.

FAILURE with the White Sox and A's, tough Mike Kreevich got a new lease on life with the Browns. He is a dependable outfielder and can bang the ball out of sight on occasions.

The Wonder Team

Win or lose, the St. Louis Browns have been the biggest surprise of the American League. Nobody thought they would still be leading the league when Labor Day passed, but they were, and now they are slugging it out with the Yankees, Red Sox and Tigers for their first pennant.

LAUGHING BOY of the Browns is second-base Don Gutteridge. When Browns opened the season by breaking all modern records with nine straight victories, Gutteridge shouted: "Only 146 more to go!"

HOTTEST MAN with a bat during Browns' mid-season rush was rookie outfielder Al Zarilla. He boosted his average from .217 to .312 in one week, pounding 21 hits in 35 times at bat. He rode bench last season.

MOST VALUABLE player is solid-hitting Vern Stephens, who is currently leading league in RBIs (90) and home runs (16). As a shortstop, Stephens is adequate rather than brilliant. Teammates call him Junior.

MOST IMPROVED player is Mark Christman, third sacker brother of ex-Missouri footballer, Paul. Mark was fired by Detroit Tigers and threatened to quit baseball. Browns rescued him from Toledo.

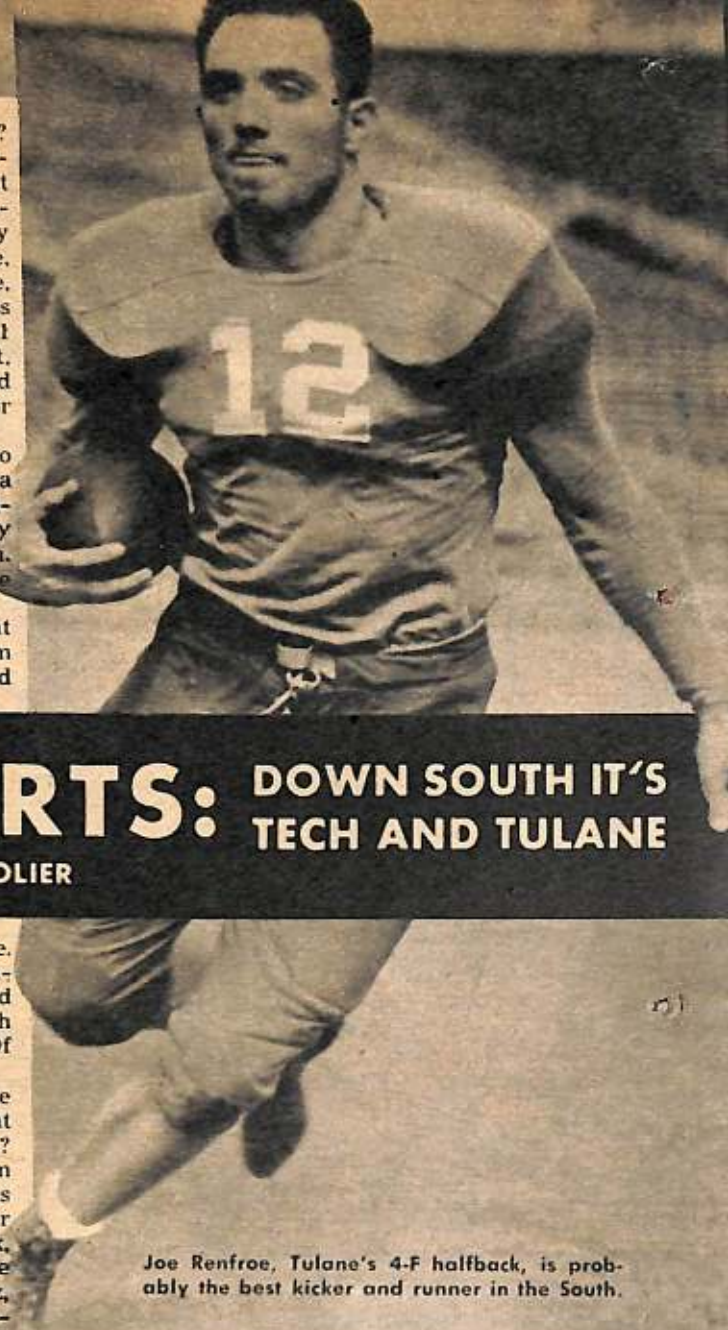
COLD, CALCULATING Jack Kramer, former Navy seaman, has been one of the Browns' best pitchers. Up from Toledo, he pitched great ball until August, then slumped, dragging his record down to 12-12.

EX-PARATROOPER Frank Mancuso (above) shares the catching duties with Myron Hayworth. Neither are outstanding. Both have brothers catching in the National League, Gus with Giants, Ray with Dodgers.

MOST TALKED ABOUT Brownie is pitcher Nelson Potter, who was banned for 10 days for alleged use of illegal spitball against the Yankees. Potter's record: 13-6. Other Brown pitchers: Galehouse, Muncrief.

SPORTS: DOWN SOUTH IT'S TECH AND TULANE

By Sgt. DAN POLIER



Joe Renfroe, Tulane's 4-F halfback, is probably the best kicker and runner in the South.

LOADED down with a generous supply of aspirin and crying towels we move South this week to volley the breeze with the glib gentlemen of the Southern coaching fraternity. But before we get down to the business at hand, let's officially welcome back after a year's lapse Harry Mehre and Mississippi, Frank Thomas and Alabama, Carl Voyles and Auburn, John Barnhill and Tennessee, Tom Lieb and Florida, Allyn McKeen and Mississippi State, and Ab Kirwan and Kentucky.

Most of you gentlemen know our first speaker as Bird Dog Mehre, the most celebrated recruiter along the Gulf Coast. It is rumored that Mr. Mehre can charm a thick-necked high-school fullback at 25 yards with only one lash of his silver tongue. How about it, Mr. Mehre?

"Only when I'm in good voice. This year I managed to charm 30 boys, and I mean boys. Not one has had a minute of experience in a college game. McCain, an end, and Bruce, quarterback on the T, will give us a good pass-and-catch combination and Timmons, at left half, and Hooker, at fullback, look especially good. We'll be okay if and when we meet some team in our class."

Speaking of bird dogs, Mr. Kirwan, we understand the Kentucky campus is fairly crawling with high-school captains and all-state players. How many did you have at last count?

"Let's see now. Fifteen All-Kentucky players, including Wilbur Schu, a protege of Senator Happy Chandler; five All-Pennsylvania players; four All-Ohio players; three All-West Virginia players; four All-New York players and only one All-Missouri player. If these kids are as good as I think they are, and they can master the T formation, we should do all right against such civilian teams as Mississippi, Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee. I don't think Kentucky or anybody else has a chance against Georgia Tech and Tulane. They've got too much Navy strength for us."

Mr. Barnhill, why are you looking so sad? Did Mr. Kirwan highjack one of your Tennessee-bound prospects?

"No. It's worse than that. We don't play Kentucky once this year, but twice, and I don't see how we can hope to handle them. The strength of my team will fall somewhere between the team we had in 1942, which finished with a victory in the Sugar Bowl, and no team at all, which we had in 1943. We are staking everything on four boys from our 1942 squad: Bob Dobelstein and E. J. Asbury, guards; Roy Cross, an end, and Bill Bevis, a blocking back. By the way, hasn't anybody here got the presence of mind to ask what kind of team Mr. Butts will have at Georgia this season? He never was an also-ran in the bird-dog department."

How about it, Mr. Butts? Are you holding out on the boys?

"The Army got Johnny Cook, our best passer, but they gave Al Perl in exchange, and I'm satisfied with the swap. Perl comes from Frankie Sinkwich's home town, Youngstown, Ohio, and is a fine runner and passer. Up front we will have plenty of experience with Mike Castronis, George Jernigan and Carlso Phillips, all from last year's varsity. Have you heard that the LSU alumni are already boosting Bernie Moore for the Orange Bowl again?"

Mr. Moore, how can you hear that remark without wincing four inches to the left or right?

"The truth of the matter is, we'll be even better than we were last year. Of course, we might not do as much scoring, but that will be because the opposition will be better. We play Alabama, Rice, Texas A & M, Mississippi State, Georgia, Tennessee, Georgia Tech and Tulane, and that's a pretty stout order. Our biggest loss was Steve Van Buren, the guy who scored 111 of our 161 points last year, but Gene Knight, his understudy, looks like a greatly improved player. And in the line we have lettermen for every position except center."

Gentlemen, let's all extend a glad hand to Mr. Gene McEver, the new North Carolina coach. Mr. McEver is probably the only lend-lease coach in the nation. He was loaned out by Davidson College, a noncombatant this season. Tell us, Mr. McEver, how does it feel to be owned by two schools at the same time?

"Great. In fact, I liked the idea so much that I borrowed my brother, Macauley McEver, from VPI to be my backfield coach. We inherited some pretty good Navy talent from last year's squad in Tom Lane, a regular tackle; Tucker McDaniel, an alternate center; Bob Weant, reserve fullback, and Jack Foster, who used to play fullback for Mississippi State. For the most part, however, our Navy personnel looks right much alike. It's all young and green. I guess we are in the same boat with Duke. The Navy cleaned them out, too. Of course, I never feel sorry for them."

From the looks of things, Mr. Cameron, there must be a shortage of bell-bottom trousers at Duke. How about giving us a few gloomy words?

"It was bad enough losing 29 lettermen from last year's squad, but now I hear the Navy is going to transfer Garland Wolfe, a regular guard, and George Balitsaris, my best fullback, four days before the Georgia Tech game. The only other lettermen I have are Cliff Haggertz, halfback; Gordon Carver, halfback; Frank Irwin, tackle, and Ernie Knotts, guard. I'd probably feel much better if we didn't play both Army and Navy this year."

MR. SIMONS, I understand things are so tough at Tulane that you are staying awake nights worrying about you third-string line.

"It's not my third-string line that's worrying me. It's my first-string gang. Everything depends on how they develop. But frankly, gentlemen, my backfield is something out of this world. Joe Renfroe, our All-Conference halfback, is running and kicking better than last year. Leonard Finley, at blocking back, is a smart field general and a good defensive man. Dub Jones, a 190-pound triple-threater at fullback, and Harry Robinson, at halfback, are fast, hard-running boys. And behind them I have Wally Schmitz, Ernie Pechon and Bennie Ellender, all lettermen. Now if I could just find a good passer for my third-string backfield."

That will do, Mr. Simons. It makes our bones ache just to hear you talk. Mr. Alexander, the boys are saying you have nothing less than a national championship team under your lash at Georgia Tech. How about it?

"If we beat everybody on our schedule, we'd have a national championship team, all right. Just look at our schedule: Clemson, North Carolina, Auburn, Navy, Tulane, Navy Pre-Flight, Notre Dame, Duke, LSU and Georgia. Fortunately the Navy let me keep seven starters from last year's team: Frank Broyles and Mickey Logan in the backfield, Ned Cummings at center, Phil Tinsley at end, Bill Chambers and Roland Phillips at tackle and George Hills at guard. Then we have three reserves from last year: Jimmy Wilson and Jimmy Dorough at ends and Tex Ritter, a transfer tailback from Vanderbilt. Now I admit that's quite a ball team. But it's got to be to play our schedule."

That's it, gentlemen—Georgia Tech and Tulane against the field, and God help the field.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

THERE'S a strong possibility that **S/Sgt. Joe DiMaggio** and the Seventh AAF Flyers will make a post-season tour to all the forward Pacific areas, playing in the Marshalls, Gilberts, Marianas, Solomons and even New Guinea. . . .

The USO is putting together an all-girl swimming unit, headed by **Gloria Callen**, to go overseas. . . . YANK's Navy correspondent told us this one: During a Wave softball game at the Lakehurst (N. J.) Naval Station, one girl had been on first base as a runner, and when her side was retired, she picked up her glove and resumed playing at first. Then when the first batter lined out a single, the Wave, forgetting for a moment whether she was supposed to be at bat or in the field, tore out for second base. . . . **Lt. Col. Wilmer Allison**, the old tennis ace, is CO of an AAF Communications Wing at Asheville, N. C. . . . **Ex-Lt. Dick Waterfield**, a CDD from the Army, turned down a luscious offer from the Cleveland Rams and returned to UCLA where he still has a year of football eligibility. . . . **Sgt. Vic Hansen**, who was slated to become West Point's first EM football coach, was transferred before practice began, so **Pvt. Stu Holcomb**, former Miami (Ohio) coach, gets that rare distinction. Holcomb will handle the Army ends.

Killed in action: **Lt. (jg) Jim McDonald**, captain of the 1938 Illinois football team, in the South Pacific; **Maj. Bill Nosker**, Ohio State guard of 1938-39-40, in Italy. . . . *Wounded in action:* **Capt. Stuart Janney**, who rode his own horse Winton to victory in the 1942 Maryland Hunt Cup, during the battle for Saipan. . . . *Appointed:* **Pfc. Pug Lund**, all-time Minnesota football great, to Infantry OCS at Fort Benning, Ga. . . . *Discharged:* **Lt. Col. Bobby Jones**, former golf champion, from the Army under the 38-year-old regulation for officers; **Pvt. Bobby Ruffin**, top lightweight contender, from the Army with a CDD because of a sinus condition. . . . *Transferred:* **Lt. Ted Williams**, from the Pensacola (Fla.) NAS to the Corpus Christi (Tex.) NAS.

OLD TIMER. Most GIs will remember Capt. Jack McBride as a great fullback for Syracuse and later with the New York Giants. He's now in New Guinea with the Fifth AAF.

HOME TOWNS IN WARTIME

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The capital hasn't really changed much in two years. It's still overcrowded, expensive and lousy with strictly inside information.

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Writer

WASHINGTON, D. C.—A lot of people will tell you Washington has been changed beyond recognition by the war. They're the ones who haven't been away from it.

Seeing it for the first time after almost two years, it seemed to me almost exactly the same.

Union Station was jammed — officials say 150,000 to 170,000 people pass through it every day, coming and going—but, then, it always has been hurried and crowded. GIs stood six deep in front of all the ticket windows; there were a platoon of RAF pilots and a Russian captain washing up in the men's room, and a New Zealand brigadier was buying a Wac corporal a drink at the bar.

But the taxi stand was no more packed than I remembered it, and there were plenty of Diamond cabs. Diamond still has the monopoly.

The dispatcher jammed me into the front seat of one that was going in my general direction, alongside a Signal Corps lieutenant colonel. In the back seat were three Waves, all mildly pretty, and a young man with a limp wearing a discharge button in the coat lapel of his blue serge suit.

"See you been in the Pacific, sarge," said the driver, glancing at my Asiatic-Pacific ribbon. "Well, the war out there will be over by 1945. I know. I wouldn't want to mention any names, but I had a very high War Department official in here the other night, sitting right where that young lady is"—he indicated one of the Waves, a blonde—"and he said the war in Europe will be over Oct. 26, and it will take a little less than a year to clean up the Japs."

"Isn't that wonderful," commented the Wave who was sitting where the WD official had sat.

By the time we got to the place I wanted to get off, the driver was explaining to the lieutenant colonel exactly what Joe had said to Winnie at Teheran.

But that was nothing new. Washington taxi drivers have always known everything about everything. The price was still 20 cents—wholesale. Fares start at 30 cents if you're alone, but it's almost always necessary to adopt the share-a-cab plan.

Physically, the town looks just about the same—the Lincoln Memorial towering over the Mall, the new Jefferson Memorial, now completed, just across the way, the Capitol dome towering over everything, and lower Pennsylvania Avenue still dark and dirty, maybe a little more so than before. The White House needs a new coat of paint, but you can now stroll along the walk in front just as you could before the war. There are no more GIs on guard, only uniformed police.

Of course, getting a fair date while you're in town is no problem. A Canadian newspaperman recently discovered that, judging from ration-book requests, there are 82,000 single girls of what he called the "right marrying age" of 20 to 24 in town, and only 26,000 men of the same age. Therefore, he concluded, a girl has only about a 30-percent chance of getting a husband—or, for that matter, a date.

But, of course, there are always lots of GIs in town to raise the male quota—some coming home from overseas and quite a few wounded men from Walter Reed and from the Navy medical center out near Bethesda, Md.

But there are plenty of eager "government girls" just about anywhere in town—in restaurants, in bars, in the lobbies of the not-too-swank hotels. It's better to take along a pal or two; you'll usually see the girls in pairs or trios

What to do once you get a date is no problem. The night clubs are always crowded, but head waiters—along with most other Washingtonians—can always find an extra place for a GI.

Glen Echo Park is still open; there's swimming in the Crystal Pool in the afternoon and dancing in the ballroom in the evening. Alexander Smallens is conducting the Watergate concerts; the National Theater still offers the only New York stage plays in town, but it's usually sold out ahead of time.

The Gayety burlesque house—the spot where you used to see Supreme Court Justices sitting next to cabinet makers—has been redecorated a little.

But otherwise Ninth Street, especially between F and I, has the same honky-tonk atmosphere as ever and still seems to be about the most popular section of town with GIs. Tattooing is still done for a dollar a design; you can still have your picture taken while you wait; pinball machines are everywhere, and you can get six shots for 50 cents at most of the galleries, with a chance at a cash jackpot.

A lot of GIs seem to take their dates for a stroll through the Capitol grounds in the evening, and some, as always, sit on the banks of the Potomac or stroll along the Mall.

The over-friendly young women who stand in the shadows on darkened street corners don't

seem to be very numerous, possibly because of the recent Hopkins Institute scandal when it was revealed in court that the masseurs of the "massage emporium" were selling their services for the night at $75 or $100.

The case seemed to create quite a stir here, especially when one of the girls said that she had the names of the best known customers in a little black book. But, somehow, the book was never introduced in open court, and the U. S. senator and "well known" newspaper publisher whose names were said to be there are still unknown.

It's said that some of the Hopkins girls got jobs as waitresses, which would seem entirely possible since almost every restaurant in town—except for the more expensive places like Harvey's, O'Donnell's and the Occidental—has huge signs on its windows begging for waitresses, promising high pay, pointing out that no experience is necessary and, wherever possible, that the place is air-conditioned, apparently for the comfort of the employees.

The shortage of help is general, and, as in many places back home, women are doing work like collecting tickets on streetcars, driving busses and trucks and janitoring.

Washingtonians claim that it's impossible to get laundry done, and GIs stationed here say that it takes from 10 days to three weeks to get a uniform cleaned and pressed.

The town, incidentally, is still pretty GI, and occasionally the MPs start picking up EM who don't salute rank or who are wearing gabardine uniforms or have gravy spots on their ties.

THE Navy Building, which was a temporary structure in the last war, still looks as if it might be torn down any day, although its appearance is considerably brightened by the large number of Waves, mostly enlisted women, who've replaced male yeomen.

The Pentagon, just across the Potomac in Arlington County, is the most imposing new building around. It's the source of hundreds of Washington jokes, like the one about the boy who went in as a Western Union messenger and came out a lieutenant colonel. And the messenger who rides one of the Pentagon tricycles down the corridors in riding breeches, boots and spurs. And about the alleged St. Bernards with bottles of brandy tied to their necks who rescue lost colonels who don't know how to use a compass.

Actually it's quite simple to find your way around the miles of corridors if you know, before you start out, where you're going and follow the signs. An attractive civilian girl at the information desk will give you a small map, marking the corridor, hall and room you want. But you have to make an appointment in advance to see most people.

The Pentagon has eight cafeterias, two dining rooms, 10 beverage bars—soft drinks only—and a large circular luncheon bar outside in the center. Inside it's air-conditioned, and there is a book store, a small department store, a drug store, a large barber shop and a huge newsstand. And all the latrines are for both EM and officers.

Except for the Pentagon, the most impressive new building in Washington is the swank modernistic Statler Hotel at 16th and K. The Statler has thick, luxurious carpets and is expensive. Naturally you don't see many GIs around. For one thing, most of the service troops at the Pentagon have had their rations and quarters revoked and are moving into Fort Myers—to relieve the congestion in restaurants, it's said unofficially. Anyway, a drink and dinner for yourself and a date in the Statler's Embassy Room will likely set you back around $16.

There are plenty of cheaper places to eat and drink, but Washington is still the most expensive city in the U. S. to live in or visit. For that matter, it always has been.

Just now the talk about the November election is bitter, heated and long-winded, and everybody has his own swivel-chair theory about when and how the war will end, too.

When I got in a taxi to go back to Union Station, another driver looked at my service ribbon and said, "Must be a pretty tough fight out there That war's going to last a long time.

"I know. I had a lieutenant general in here the other night, and he told me the war in the Pacific won't be over for at least three years

GIs FROM BRAZIL

By Cpl. JUD COOK
YANK Staff Writer

"WE had a hard time getting accustomed to the latrines on the ship. Back in Brazil a man going to the latrine would enter a cubicle that had a door to insure privacy. It was very difficult on the ship for the men, just sitting there looking at each other. But they're getting used to it."

The officer spoke for his men, and it was the primary complaint registered in behalf of Brazilian troops attached to the Allied Fifth Army. The Brazilians make up the first Latin-American outfit to fight Hitler in his own ring.

Their recent landing in Naples came two years after throngs of students and civilians milled about in the streets of Sao Paulo, begging for a chance to get even for the dirty blows struck at sea by the Axis.

The troops in Italy were the advance portion of the green-clad South American army that shipped overseas with the bitter memory of Hitler's early U-boats that destroyed so many ships and took so many Brazilian lives at the outbreak of war.

"The Brazilian army has developed amazingly in one year both in size and efficiency, and its striking power is great," said Vice Adm. Jonas H. Ingram, commanding the U. S. South Atlantic Fleet. He made the statement a year after Brazil had begun her mobilization and during the time the republic was preparing for retaliation. Brazil declared war on Germany and Italy on Aug. 22, 1942, but was fighting only near her coast line with a small navy. Her quick response to the Allied side at the war's outbreak provided the U. S. with bomber bases and supply stations such as the American base at Natal, the supply point from which troops in Africa were serviced.

Brazil had a lot to offer the United Nations at that time but her military strength and equipment had to await a period of reconstruction. The small navy did a rough job on German submarines that harassed her ports and took the lives of 1,000 persons in a matter of months after the Nazis struck. Twenty of her merchant ships were blasted to the bottom and Sao Paulo's population rose to do something about it. On Aug. 16, 1942, they filled the city's streets and begged President Getulio Vargas to declare war.

There are Brazilian soldiers now in Naples who were in that angered crowd.

The Brazilian trooper smokes a black cigar or cigarette because "Chesterfields taste like perfume" and he is ready for just about any kind of battle condition. His size belies the rugged physique he acquired in the jungles of his homeland. Others might call his jungles impassable but he trained in them. The Brazilian soldier is rated among the best of Allied infantry units.

While they are waiting for equipment and supplies to catch up with them the Brazilians are attracting a good deal of attention as the guys with the purple pants who like C rations. Those purple trunks do not mean anything frivolous. They have the combined value of underclothes and fatigues. The trunks are a vivid purple held in place with a white drawstring.

The five types of Brazilian uniforms vary in shade, but the color is always green. Everything is green. Web belts and packs are green. Blankets are green. Even the GI soap is green. The dress uniform is green and is similar to the German ground trooper's suit.

The cap is like the German "forage" type and is worn square on the head. Shoes are black and it is not uncommon to see holes cut in them to give freedom to a troublesome bunion or corn. So long as the Brazilian can have those holes, he's a good foot soldier who does from 9 to 14 miles a day in training. There are even cases where the men are wearing shoes regularly for the first time in their lives. Many of the soldiers come from jungle territories and look somewhat uneasy with an M1, but these backwoodsmen learned about rifles quickly and they fit in well with their more sophisticated countrymen.

Every type of South American racial strain is represented. This gives a squad the appearance of a capsule League of Nations except that there are no blonds.

THERE are no pfcs in the Brazilian army. You are either one of the three classes of sergeants or you are something that's translated to mean "dustfoot." Enlisted men salute each other and the dustfoot is a weary-armed guy in garrison.

When a Brazilian GI is called out from a formation, he is called by an assigned number and not by name.

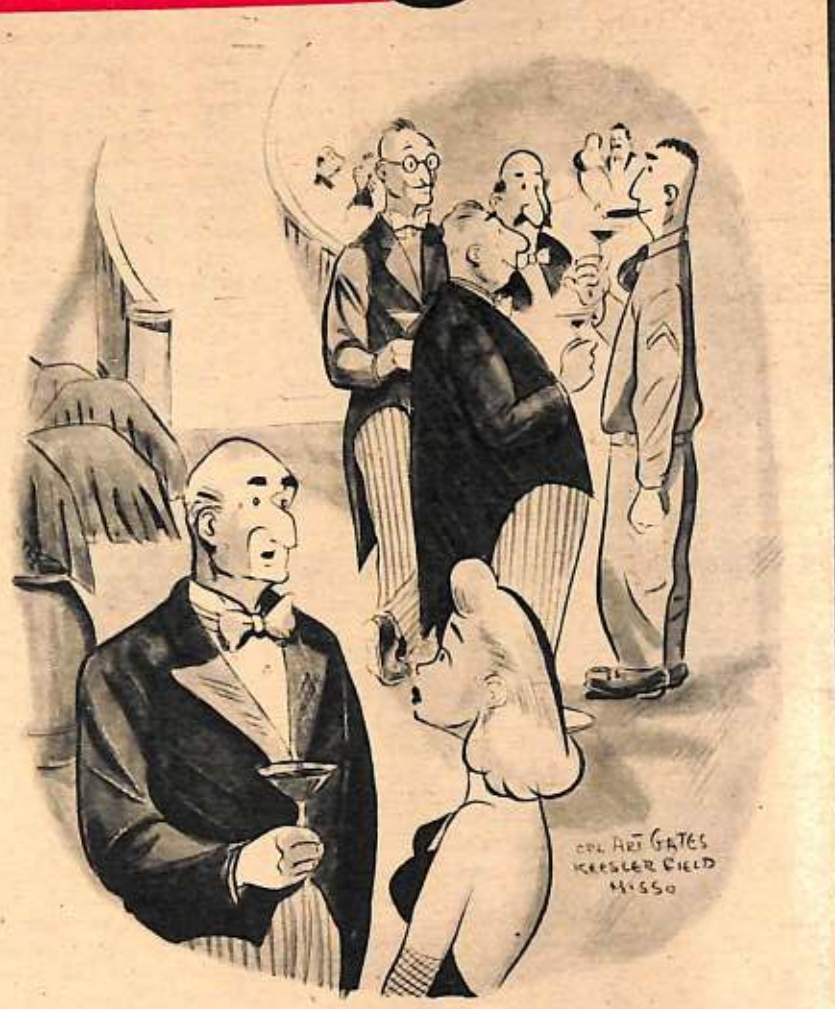
He spends a lot of time scrubbing his clothes against a tree trunk, pressing his uniform and cleaning his equipment. He is extraordinary in another way, too. Usually he bucks for KP duty. It wouldn't drive him to the chaplain if you assigned him permanently to KP because by tradition the KPs, called *rancheiros*, get their pick of the food plus a little added share. The Brazilian is not fussy about his GI chow. Most of the meals consist of his favorite black beans and rice, and you can satisfy him in the morning with a breakfast of just bread and coffee.

He's a fast learner. S/Sgt. Dilbert D. Avey of Queens, Ky., one of the Yank advisers in motor maintenance and driving, swears that even the guys who only a couple years ago were hacking their way through native jungle and who had driven nothing more streamlined than an oxcart have quickly picked up knowledge of motors.

When the Brazilian troop ship passed through the Straits of Gibraltar the commanding officer said: "Our two nations, colonized and made strong by European civilization, are now those of the Western Hemisphere most concerned with the defense of our precious heritage of freedom and human rights—not alone in the Americas but . . . on the battlefields of Europe."

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

"I AIN'T IMPERSONATIN' NOBODY . . . IT'S JUST THEM DAMNED CARRIER PIGEONS!"
—Cpl. Ralph Newman



"MONTAGUE MADE HIS FORTUNE IN OIL, PHILLIPS DID NICELY IN STEEL, SMEDLEY INHERITED HIS AND THE SOLDIER BUSTED A PAY-DAY CRAP GAME."
—Cpl. Art Gates

"I UNDERSTAND HE AND THE MESS SERGEANT HAD A LITTLE SPAT."
—Pvt. Walter Mansfield

"OH, I THOUGHT YOU KNEW—I'M AWOL!"
—Pvt. Tom Flannery

"I TAKE IT YOU'RE A NEW MAN AROUND HERE."
—Pvt. George Peltz