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By the men . . for the men in the service

North of St. Lo; the 9th AAF and the 79th Division; Week of War in Europe and the Southwest Pacific

Natives of a Normandy village chat with Yanks who have just entered the place. That's a dead German officer on the ground. He and two others were killed by the Frenchman on the right, who took up arms in street fighting after the Allies landed. The Frenchman had been forced to work for the Nazis during their occupation of his home town.

By Cpl. JOHN PRESTON
YANK Staff Correspondent

There were German troops all around, and soon there would be fighting. But now the men were freshly shaven and had their first clean clothes since D-Day, and they were in a mood for talking in their foxholes about what had happened to them since they'd landed in France, and about their friends who had been ruled out of the last big problem.

ON THE NORMANDY FRONT—The front line north of St. Lo is something very near and very indefinite like a heat mirage. It is broken up and spread out with pockets and salients of German troops right up close to Allied positions all over.

Travelling towards St. Lo you go right on down the line from one command post to another with plenty of field hospitals, ammunition dumps, motor pools, etc., in between. None of these is technically the front line but all of them are under fire at one time or another from enemy guns and aircraft.

The other day I got a lift southward in a jeep, taken over for the morning by a Sgt. Brandon and Cpl. Al White, of New York City. They talked shop steadily.

White worked for the division public relations office. Every day he went down to the advance OPs to collect stories for distribution among home town newspapers. On each one of those trips he managed to collect at least ten to fifteen stories about local boys making good. Everyone who is on the Normandy peninsula is feeling very newsworthy at the moment, no matter how dull or minor his job may be.

As we drove southward the sun mounted the sky and a very fine, clear summer morning took shape. As the jeep travelled down the hot, glaring white road it threw up clouds of dust powdering the hedgerows on either side with a light gray coating. Wherever you looked there was a steady stream of military traffic going north and south—tanks, trucks and one huge van with a KP sitting contentedly in the back surrounded by vats of coffee and great stacks of 10-in-one rations. They were on their way to supply warm meals to military police and other men on duty in remote sections

The traffic started to thin out, and finally we reached a point along the road where German mortar fire was beginning to land with some consistency. So we got out and walked the rest of the way across an open field, where the wreckage of a C-47 lay smeared all over the ground. Some of the parts had been found nearly a mile from the scene of the crash. Then on we went through bushes and thickets where a trail had been made first by driving a jeep back and forth over the brushwood, later by hacking down the shrubs with knives.

Finally we reached a small, damp green field which was the farthermost point of the American advance. It was not very eventful looking. There were two men standing near us; one of them was leaning on his rifle, the other squatting under a tree finishing a V-Mail. Beyond the fence a couple of cows were grazing in deep grass about a hundred yards from us. They were standing in the very spot where the night before German machine guns had been in action. Things looked very peaceful in the broad daylight, but last night, the sentry said, for two hours he had stood still at his post watching out of the corner of his eye what he thought was a human figure. When the morning came, he saw it was a gate post.

We went back to the small gutted farmhouse which the officers had taken over as the company command post. There were more cows in the field around this house and a flock of chickens that yielded an average of 25 eggs a day.

THERE were about six officers and noncoms sitting around the farmhouse. Some of them were making out daily reports, others were talking about possible gun inspection by their colonel and planning a quicker method of getting fresh water down to the men every two hours if possible. There was not much for them to do right now. Things were at a stalemate. They were as near the enemy as they could possibly go for the time being.

This stalemate was the nearest thing to a rest cure that the outfit had gotten since D-Day. They had been one of the first infantry units to land on the beach; they had been fighting ever since, and were looking forward to the chance to get a hot bath. When they had first taken up this position two days before, their clothes had been covered with yellow mud and no one had shaved in two weeks.

Later, fresh clothing had been sent down the line to them and now they looked like a very sunburnt, clean-shaven bunch who didn't have much to say for themselves and who, when they did talk, used the slow, flat careful voices of men who are

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thoroughly tired. We sat around with them all afternoon in the warm, blue sunlight and they all agreed that while war was hell it was better being here than on the moors of England.

The unit that they belonged to had come to England in the Autumn of 1942. They had all hoped to be included in the North African campaign but had stayed in England for nearly two years, training in one of the blackest, thickest and wettest parts of that country.

"It didn't matter whether you set up your shelter halves in the middle of the river or on a moor—you couldn't tell the difference. It got so that even the mules had to go into town to clean up every evening," one of the infantrymen remarked sombrely, as he reminisced about that period.

THE two years of intensive preparation came to a head on D-Day. They landed all right but had to pay the standard price in men and equipment for a quick and complete victory. Then they drove on across a hill and through two towns. The last town was St. Clair-sur-Elle. As their column moved in through the outskirts of the city a German company wove right into their midst and, sandwiched neatly among their ranks, marched into town with them. This stunt came off because it was during the middle of the night, pitch dark, and dead silence was being observed by all concerned. After they moved southward from St. Clair-sur-Elle, German snipers reoccupied the town and fifty men had to be sent back to clean it up again. There were plenty of Alfred Hitchcock effects as they mopped up the snipers.

"Once I entered a house with six cartridges left out of my original eight," one of the infantrymen told me. "I used three of them to smash open the doorlock and sent three more through the woodwork to make sure that my way would be clear. Then the clip jumped right out of my M1. So when I threw that door open it would have given me a very empty feeling if there had been any Krauts behind it."

Their present position was their first stop after St. Clair-sur-Elle. They had dug in deeply on the side of a hill and were now waiting for the next move in the war. By night they sent out reconnaissance patrols and combat patrols to feel out the strength and location of the enemy, and contact patrols to get in touch with other American units and find out how they were doing.

By day they sat around, slept, wrote V-mails, warmed cups of coffee over small oil burners, cleaned out their foxholes and talked about D-Day and all that had come after it. They are impressed, but not over-awed, by their losses. As one of them put it:

"We had been training, all of us together, for practically three years in the States and in England. The men we worked with in our outfit were just about the only friends we made and knew in the Army. We had all gone through so many problems, so many practice invasions and maneuvers together that it's almost impossible to believe that any of those men actually did get killed even though we saw it happen with our own eyes. It's more as if they'd been ruled out of the last problem we'd had."

After lunch everyone sat around talking, smoking, dozing, made sleepier and sleepier by the heat. All through the afternoon came the humming of insects, the light singing of occasional rifle fire, the heavy tread of the big guns going off in the south.

Once there was a light rain of mortars and we all leapt into the foxholes. One of the men, Pvt. L. C. Murrell, of Shrevesport, La., was sitting upright like a jackrabbit by the water cans filling his canteen. When a mortar shell went off right near him, he was left untouched, but shrapnel dented his cup and spoon.

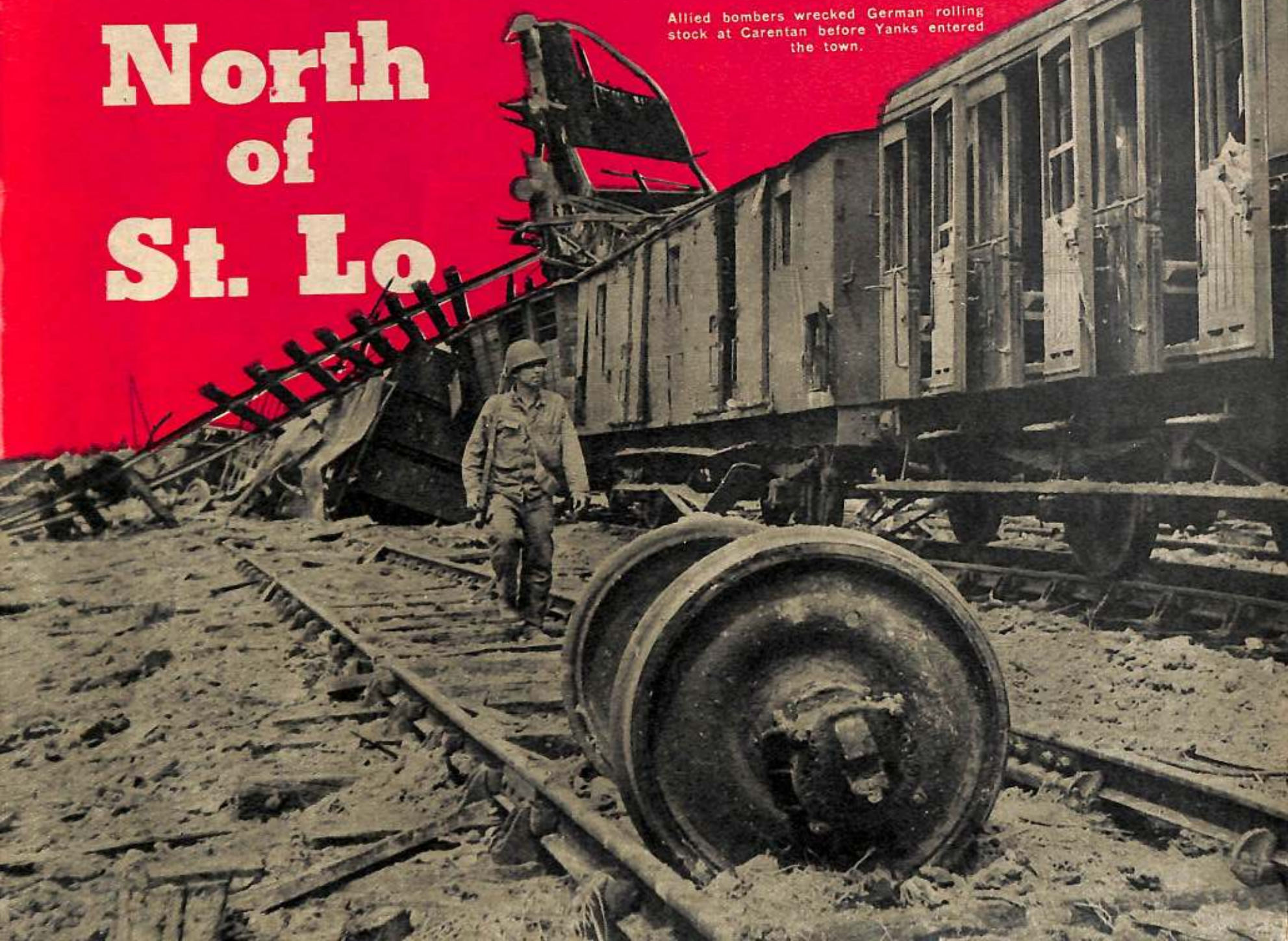
I shared a foxhole with Sgt. John Everett, of Newark, N. J. He told me that he has two brothers in the armed forces. One is a captain in the Marine Corps aviation and has just returned from the South Pacific. The other is teaching flying at an Army school. His sister works as a stewardess for Eastern Airlines. "I'm the only member of the family still on the ground—or rather under the ground," he corrected himself, after a glance around the foxhole.

After the mortar fire had stopped we all crawled out into the open. Then a cry went up for the medics. A buck private across the road had been killed by a direct hit. He was a dark, neat, good-looking fellow who had been with the unit right from the beginning. He had always made himself useful and was up for promotion to buck sergeant that morning. He was a general favorite and everyone took his death very personally. They all felt rightly insulted by the fact that a brave and hardened infantryman could get killed in the same hit-and-miss manner as a jay walker crossing Times Square.

LATER on in the afternoon, a group of replacements turned up. They were exactly like new boys at a boarding school, cocky, scared, anxious to please. For months now they had been shoved around from training center to training center, from replacement pool to replacement pool. Now, at last, they were in action, for better or worse. For the first time since they had been inducted, the Army had given them a fixed value and identity by assigning them to a regular unit with regular officers.

They laid down their rifles and unbuckled their web belting, and tried to make themselves at home. Two sergeants came up to them with picks and shovels and told them to make themselves slit trenches immediately. But things seemed quiet now and the front was not all that it was cracked up to be. So they spread out their shelter halves, blankets and extra clothing in the sun and stretched out beside them. Towards evening there was another enemy barrage, however, and you could really see the shovels begin to fly in that section.

North of St. Lo



Allied bombers wrecked German rolling stock at Carentan before Yanks entered the town.

The American 79th Division had fought its way to the base of a hill heavily fortified by the Germans, and had flowed around it toward the outskirts of Cherbourg. Jerry still used the position to pepper our rear, however, and that's where the fighter-bombers of the 9th AAF came into the picture, thereby setting up one of the better examples of ground-air coordination in this war.

AIR SUPPORT

The smoke of battle rolls across Cherbourg peninsula as American ground forces, aided by aerial artillery, close in for the final assault to seize the vital port for the Allies.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

ON THE ROAD TO CHERBOURG (DELAYED)—*La Mere a Canards* is a gently sloping hill that dominates one of the secondary highways leading into the great French port of Cherbourg. The summit of the hill is 160 feet above sea level, and as you stand on its bald top, you can look to the north and see the rooftops of Cherbourg, obscured by overcast and the smoke of battle, four miles away.

Between the hill and the city are rolling French farms cut up into the usual little squares by the omnipresent hedgerows and drainage ditches. There is an occasional patch of woods and a gray stone farmhouse, and just in front of the city, another row of picturesque low hills. Before the war *La Mere a Canards* was a popular Sunday picnic ground for the people of Cherbourg. There was a charming clump of woods on the southwest slope of the hill, and on the edge of the woods a quaint little police station, where a few beneficent old *agents de police* held forth.

But *La Mere a Canards* isn't so beautiful any more. A bitter air-land battle was fought here two days ago, and now the hill is scarred by the tracks of many vehicles, and blackened by the blasts of combined weapons. The clump of woods and the quaint police station are destroyed. The only inhabitants of *La Mere a Canards* now are the dead. The slopes are dotted with the carcasses of cattle that stepped on mines or got in the line of fire. The cattle lie there on their backs, bloated beyond recognition, with their legs jutting stiffly into the air.

The Germans had heavily fortified *La Mere a Canards*. It was a typical minor hedgehog position, with three solid concrete gun positions set into the top of the hill. The Germans cut down the trees to give the 88-mm. guns an unobstructed field of fire in all directions. Then they surrounded the concrete positions with Spandaus and flak. The hill covered one of the three main approaches to Cherbourg.

The American 79th Division fought its way up to the base of *La Mere a Canards*, and then flowed around it to the outskirts of Cherbourg, four miles away. The hill was thus an isolated island of resistance behind our lines. A U. S. combat team was left behind to reduce it. The island of resistance proved tremendously troublesome, however. It was like a big super-sniper left in the rear to harass us. The Spandaus commanded the valley leading down to Cherbourg, and they were firing at the backs of our attacking troops. The 88s were zeroed in on all the important road junctions and stream crossings in the area, and almost invariably the shells caught some of our men or materiel crossing the points covered by the guns.

Our own 105 howitzers of the combat team opened up on *La Mere a Canards*, but the shells only bounced off the concrete walls of the emplacements. Elements of the infantry battalion attacked. The doughboys worked their way up the hill, past the dead cows, and went to work on the first concrete emplacements with rifles, BARs, flame throwers and demolition charges. The emplacement was knocked out. But the men had taken a lot of punishment from the cross-firing Spandaus, and they went down the hill again, carrying their wounded, and leaving their dead behind.

The battalion commander looked at his watch. It was 1500 hours. He reached for a field telephone to call Division headquarters.

AT 1700 hours, the phone rang in the operations tent of a Thunderbolt fighter-bomber group settled down in the dust at an air strip a few miles behind the lines. The group had just returned from its third mission of the day. The ships were already gassed up and checked, and Combat Operations had been informed that the group was ready to go again.

When the phone rang, Capt. Meredith Henry, of Philadelphia, answered it. The call was from Combat Ops. Henry took the message down almost automatically. He had just finished writing his report on the last mission, and he was tired. The voice on the other end of the line droned: "Grid location so-and-so. Time over target, 2100 hours. Two squadrons to attack strong point with 1,000-pound bombs—check—1,000-pound bombs. The target will be marked with smoke, fired from artillery on the ground. The leader is to call in by radio to ground. Our troops will be withdrawn 1,000 yards. That is all."

As Henry looked at the message, Col. Gilbert L. Meyers, of Milford, Iowa, the 27-year-old commander of the group, walked in. He looked puzzled.

"Did you just get a mission from Combat Ops?" he said.

Henry handed over the order.

The Colonel studied it. "Well, I just got a phone call from Command," he said. "This mission is hot. General Bradley requested it himself. It's a strong point that's raking our guys from the rear, and the General says we must use 1,000-pounders, otherwise we don't even nick the concrete."

He called in Lt. George Coburn, of Milburn, N. J., the armament officer. "Can we take off from this strip with 1,000-pounders?" the Colonel asked.

Coburn shook his head. "The strip is too new," he said. "The mesh will billow up in front of the planes on the take-off and catch the bombs from underneath."

"How about one bomb?" said the Colonel.

"Maybe," said Coburn.

The Colonel's armorer, Sgt. Earl Adamson, of Montevideo, Minnesota, watched the Colonel and Coburn approaching. He was sitting under the wing of the Colonel's P-47 munching a D-ration and writing a letter home. He stood up, scribblin a few last words as he rose.

"We're going to load one 1,000-pound bomb under the right wing," said Coburn.

Adamson laughed. He thought Coburn was kidding. Coburn wasn't kidding, however, and a short time later, the bomb had been jacked up and clamped under the wing.

Then, mouth open, Adamson stepped back to watch.

Col. Meyers got into the Thunderbolt, wobbled crazily down the runway and took off. The ship swung from side to side as if the Colonel were fighting the stick. Then the Thunderbolt headed out in the direction of the enemy lines, and Adamson and Coburn could hear the explosion from where the

FOR THE 79TH

Colonel jettisoned the bomb in Jerry territory. In a few minutes, the Thunderbolt came flying back and landed. The Colonel stepped out. "No good," he said. He walked over to the line chief, M/Sgt. Joe Walker, who used to be a student at Appalachian State Teachers College, in Boone, North Carolina. "If we cut the fins of the bombs down a bit," the Colonel said, "do you think we'll have enough clearance to carry these 1,000-pounders under the belly, Joe?" Walker measured the distance. "Yes, sir," he said. "About 2½ inches off each fin ought to do it. But won't that affect the accuracy of the bomb?"

"Not from the height at which we're going to do this little job," said the Colonel.

The pilots sat around under a tree outside the squadron operations tent. They watched the group welder, Sgt. William Fields, of Springfield, Mass., carefully cut down the fins of two dozen 1,000-pound bombs with an acetylene torch, and they knew that something was up. Lt. Homer, of Warren, Ohio, a shy, mild, 20-year-old redhead called "Homicide Homer" by his fellow pilots, sat on the ground nervously reading an April issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*. Tough, blond Lt. Joe Nolan, of Springfield Gardens, Long Island, was playing one man mumblety-peg with his trench knife. The powdery gray French dust splashed like water every time the knife went into it.

Suddenly, Capt. Thomas Montag came out of the Operations tent. The pilots clustered around him. Montag posted the mission in chalk on a blackboard leaning against the outside of the tent.

THE pilots rushed away to see their crew chiefs and check their planes and equipment.

Briefing was in 45 minutes.

Capt. David Reinthal, of Cleveland, Ohio, the Assistant S-2 officer, prepared the briefing. First, he checked the grid coordinates and located the target on a big map. The target was *La Mere a Canards*. Then he took out a big book of aerial photographs of the Cherbourg area and found a picture of *La Mere a Canards*. After that, he sat down to prepare his briefing speech to the pilots.

The briefing was an interesting one. "Gentlemen," Capt. Reinthal said. "We have a tough job ahead of us today." He showed the pilots the map and photograph of *La Mere a Canards* with a Velopticon, which projected the pictures on a screen. "Ordinarily," he continued, "it would be a job for our heavy artillery to reduce the four-foot-thick concrete fortifications of this point. The ground commander in the field requested either artillery or air support, and it went all the way up to Lt. Gen. Omar Bradley, before it was decided to use dive bombers. That's us. If they used artillery, there would be danger of the shells going over the hill and hitting our own troops on the other side. Remember, we have the enemy surrounded here. He is behind our lines."

REINTHAL showed the pilots how to locate the target by following a road all the way up the peninsula. He told them how they were to take radioed directions from the ground and how the target would be marked for them in smoke. Then, with a final word of caution about our own troops just a thousand yards away all around the hill, the briefing was over.

The mission took off at 2027 hours. It was led by Lt. Col. Frank Perego, the Deputy Group Commander, who four years ago was a sales representative in Kansas City. The 24 Thunderbolts, kicking up huge clouds of dust, roared down the metal strip runway one at a time, and climbed into the air. They quickly picked up speed and elevation, and formed themselves into the spread-out, line-abreast battle formation they have adopted since they arrived in France. The sun was shining. But a haze was beginning to rise from the green fields and torn-up roads. A mile from the field, the haze became an overcast.

The Thunderbolts headed into the overcast and went up to 6,000 feet. A few minutes later, they burst out of the overcast again, down to 2,000. They were over the target, and the Battle of Cherbourg was spread out below them.

Our own lines were clearly visible—intricate trench systems jammed with soldiers, who seemed to be just waiting. The roads back from the front were clogged with vehicles, long convoys going in both directions. A big artillery duel was in progress, and the pilots could see the gun flashes of our Long Toms and 105s, and then the puff of smoke and dust as the big shells landed in the Cherbourg dook area. There was lots of light flak coming up at them from Cherbourg. The city was enveloped in smoke. An occasional tall building protruded from the smoke. Huge fires raged at scattered intervals.

The Thunderbolts turned back to *La Mere a Canards*.

They recognized it almost immediately. From all around the target flares went up, identifying friendly troops. Col. Perego called the ground on the assigned radio channel. The Ground answered. "We will drop smoke on the target," it said. The pilots wheeled and watched for the smoke, which soon appeared right on the bald dome of *La Mere a Canards*.

Lt. Nolan was flying the Colonel's left wing. They put their noses down together and headed into the target from 2,000 to 800 feet. As they dived, the flak came up to meet them. Nolan took evasive action, and before he knew it, he had gone past *La Mere a Canards*. By the time he was in position for another run, he had to queue up and wait his turn. Everything was all mixed up there below the overcast. The Thunderbolts were milling around waiting for a crack at the target. And a squadron of Col. George Bickell's Mustangs, who were supposed to be flying top cover for the Thunderbolts, were down there, too, grabbing a look at the excitement.

Finally, Nolan's chance came again, and he made his run. He went down to 800, and dropped the heavy bomb. The whole target—200 yards square—was covered with thick, black smoke. Nolan watched his bomb strike through the smoke. A tremendous red explosion licked up at him. Nolan pulled up and four or five bursts of heavy 88-mm. flak followed him. The Germans had elevated the 88s for air defense now. They'd never get them zeroed on the roads again. That took time and observers, neither of which the Nazis had any more.

Lt. Hayes was one of the last to bomb. There still was a lot of light flak when he went in. He saw it coming up at him, but it was too late to avoid the stuff, so he scooted down low in his cockpit and flew through it. He got through all right and dropped his thousand-pounder. He couldn't see a thing except the smoke now. He knew the concrete was being hit, however, because every once in a while there would be a puff of white smoke among all the black. Also, in the debris through which his plane was flying, he could make out chunks of masonry and bits of what seemed to be gun metal. None of the 88s were firing now, and even the light flak was dying away.

The Thunderbolts flew up through the overcast, reassembled into battle formation, and headed for home.

THAT night, after the ground commander had phoned headquarters that the air attack had been successful with 18 direct hits on the top of *La Mere a Canards*, the infantry attacked again. Some of the Spandaus fired, but they were soon silenced. The doughboys filtered into the shattered emplacements and pillboxes. After that they went to work mopping up and wiping out the snipers. By morning *La Mere a Canards* was firmly in our hands.

The doughboys rested for a while, and then headed north to Cherbourg.

Resting at an advanced American landing strip in France, Thunderbolt pilots [illegible] tasty chow before renewing their assaults against the German lines.

Something new is being added to this P-47 in France, with the mechanics ready to grab their carbines in case of a German assault.

A Week of War

In case anybody'd forgotten, this was global warfare in earnest. Allied fronts in France, Russia and Italy were moving closer to Festung Europa—and in the Southwest Pacific all avenues that led to Tokyo were being utilized by the Americans, British and Chinese.

THE big squeeze play against Hitler's Germany was on. From three directions last week, armies of the United Nations were exerting pressure against the dwindling divisions of the Wehrmacht. In Italy to the south, and along the Soviet border territories to the east, mighty Allied armies were rolling ahead. In France to the north, a great British-American force was gathering its strength for blows against the German armies of Western Europe. Hitler had unveiled his secret weapon and it was being taken in stride by British and Americans alike in Southern England. The summer for Europe had only just begun and here was how the situation stacked up:

FRANCE. American and British supply vessels and landing craft were using hastily improvised facilities in the blasted port of Cherbourg on the northern tip of the Norman peninsula, which was now entirely in Allied hands. German demolition squads and Allied shelling had made a shambles of the port in the last hours before it was surrendered, but our port engineer outfits were on the job cleaning out wreckage and setting up docking facilities almost before the echo of the last shots had died away.

One thing the German demolition squads could not destroy was the great deep expanse of the harbor waters themselves, which make Cherbourg one of the three finest ports in all of Europe. The Germans had their own ideas about the uses we intended making of Cherbourg. They said the port would be used to supply American armies while new landings were being planned to take Le Havre, at the mouth of the Seine River which flows southeastward through the city of Paris, for use by the British.

The count of prisoners taken at Cherbourg was still a rough one, but the total appeared likely to be around 40,000. In addition, some 4,000 German dead were buried, these German losses with other casualties totalling 75,000 men. These comprised the bulk of four infantry divisions—the 77th, 91st, 243rd and 709th—which were known to be in the Cherbourg fighting, in addition to communications and supply troops. Two Nazi generals were captured; six others were killed.

Cherbourg's defenses were powerfully built and well-stocked with food and munitions for a long siege. Correspondents reported that the weakened morale of the German armies partly contributed to its quick collapse.

Southeast of Cherbourg in the Caen area a great battle of men and tanks was shaping up along a bridgehead which the Allies had forced across the River Odon. At least seven German Panzer divisions—all the German armor known to be in Normandy—were reported in action against the British Second Army, which was spearheading the drive to outflank and occupy Caen.

Lt. Gen. Sir Miles Dempsey, commanding the British Second Army, expressed complete confidence regarding the outcome of this battle: "We have got to kill the Hun somewhere," he said. "This is just as satisfactory a place as anywhere else."

ITALY. Northward from Rome, Marshal Kesselring's broken German divisions fled in what was becoming more and more a disorderly rout. It was rough, mountainous country through which the Germans were fleeing, closely pursued by the Fifth Army, and after a few days the enemy appeared to be abandoning all pretense of a delaying resistance.

In the mountains due west of Lake Trasimeno the Eighth Army broke through strong points, which had been stubbornly defended by the Nazis, and advanced to take Castiglione del Lago and a number of other villages. Lt. Gen. Mark Clark's Fifth Army bore steadily ahead toward the great west Italy port of Leghorn and the town of Siena, lying inland, which was the focal point of a network of enemy communications. The Allies had taken 32,000 prisoners since the start of the offensive. There was no other count of enemy casualties.

RUSSIA. The great Russian offensive on the central front began as the last German defenses in Cherbourg were tottering. Powerful Red Army forces under Generals Rokossovsky, Bagramyan and Chernyakhovsky started the attack in the direction of Vitebsk.

That key city on the main railroad between Leningrad and Odessa fell before the Russian onslaught, and five German divisions were encircled and smashed beyond the city. Almost without a pause, the Red Army smashed onward toward the 1939 Polish frontier a few miles away, with Polotsk as their next big objective.

Farther south, Rokossovsky's armies crossed the Beresina river and shoved ahead like a steamroller toward Minsk. Bobruisk was taken, opening the way for a drive to outflank Minsk from the south. And at the southern end of the blazing 300-mile front, a new offensive was launched west of Mozir on the road to Pinsk, gateway to Warsaw.

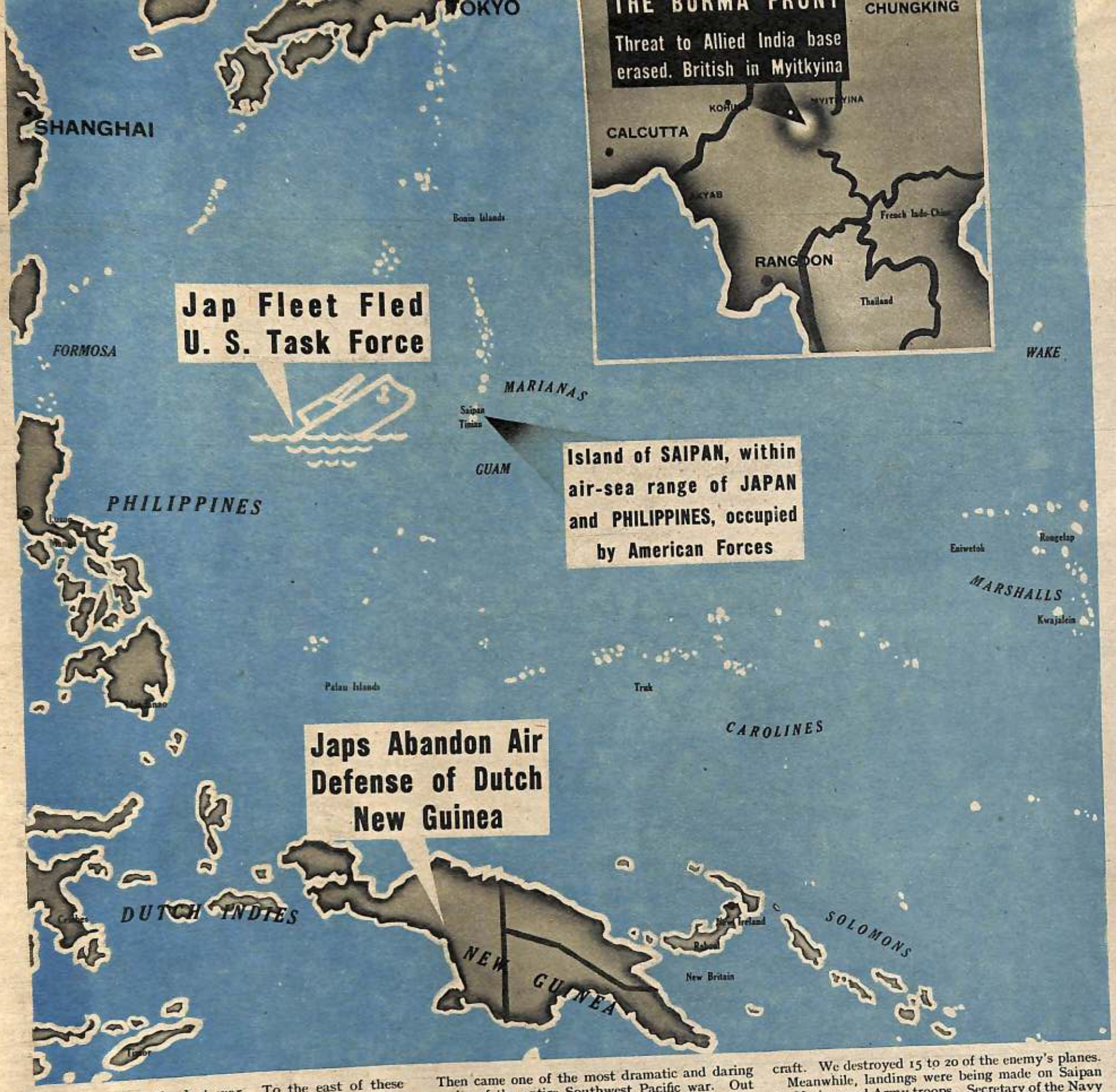
Despatches from Russia were unanimous in agreeing that the offensive was the greatest of the war, and the German defeat the most crushing they had suffered. In six days the Germans had lost upwards of 180,000 men, of whom 51,000 were prisoners. This total did not include the remnants of five divisions encircled west of Vitebsk.

In the Southwest Pacific

EIGHTEEN months ago, armchair strategists all over the United States were engaged in a furious debate over our military policies in the Southwest Pacific. The debate concerned the relative merits of "island hopping"—fighting our way back island by island to the shores of Japan—as against mounting an offensive by land and by air from the continent of Asia itself. President Roosevelt subsequently stilled the debate by announcing that we would use *all* avenues that led to Tokyo. Last week it was becoming more and more apparent just what he meant.

Stretching almost due southward from Tokyo and Yokohama Bay—the port of Tokyo—is a chain of islands that extends below the 20th meridian, ending at the island of Guam—former American base occupied by the Japanese in the first weeks of their Pacific assault. These islands are the Marianas.

About 300 miles farther south, running east and west, are the Carolines, a group of several hundred small islands which were given to Japan under a



mandate after the last war. To the east of these (*see map*) are the Marshalls and south of them the Gilberts. The great Japanese base of Truk is in the Carolines, which lie north of New Guinea, New Britain and the Solomons.

We began our campaign in the Southwest Pacific in the Solomons, advancing up that chain of islands toward New Britain, and at the same time battling through the jungles of New Guinea in an epic crossing of the Owen Stanley mountains to the Buna-Gona area. That opened the way for our offensive in New Georgia and our landings in New Britain.

While all this was going on our naval task forces were nibbling away at Japanese sea strength and advancing into Japanese territories. It began in the Gilberts with the bloody campaign at Tarawa. Then came a long over-water hop to the Marshalls where we took the principal Jap bases at Kwajalein, Rongelap and Eniwetok.

All the time, our strength in the Pacific was growing and Japanese strength was waning. Last week, it was possible for Admiral King to announce that we had 100 aircraft carriers in the Pacific.

Our navy forces, aided by long-range bombers from Gen. MacArthur's command, kept up an intermittent pounding of the great Jap base at Truk, forcing the Japanese to withdraw the larger part of their fleet from the protection of this chain of islands.

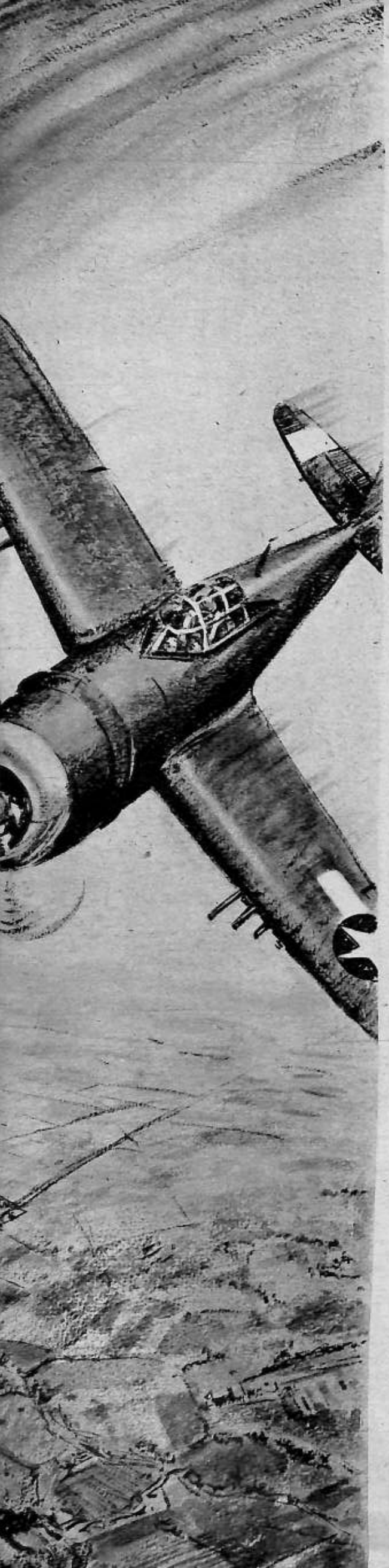
Then came one of the most dramatic and daring assaults of the entire Southwest Pacific war. Out of the deep Pacific blue one morning appeared a U.S. task force. Light bombers and fighters swept from the decks of carriers to bomb and strafe Japanese installations at Saipan in the Marianas, near the southern tip of that chain. Saipan was an important Jap base, guarding the approaches to the Philippines from the east, supporting the Jap base at Truk from the north and standing between any American attempt to approach Japan from the south. It is almost 1,200 miles from the nearest U.S. base in the Marshalls.

JAPANESE planes rose to meet the attacking force. A large part of the Japanese fleet steamed eastward from the Philippines to contest a landing. In the air battles around Saipan, the Japanese lost 353 planes. Of these, 335 were destroyed by our aircraft and 18 by anti-aircraft fire. Two of our carriers and one battleship suffered superficial damage. We lost 21 planes.

Other carrier based aircraft went out to intercept the approaching Japanese fleet, between the Marianas and the Philippines, which consisted of four or more battleships, five or six aircraft carriers, tankers, cruisers and destroyers. One Jap carrier and three tankers were sunk; a battleship, a cruiser and three carriers were hit. Our losses were 49 aircraft. We destroyed 15 to 20 of the enemy's planes.

Meanwhile, landings were being made on Saipan by Marines and Army troops. Secretary of the Navy Forrestal told the press that establishment of an American base on Saipan would make possible attacks by sea and air against the Japs in the Philippines, as well as those in the Netherlands East Indies. But the base was not being won without cost. Our casualties in the first few days of the assault totalled 1,474 killed, 7,400 wounded and 878 missing. Our troops buried the bodies of 4,591 Japs, killed during the same period.

On the continent of Asia itself, meanwhile, two other phases of the offensive against Japan were being pressed. Our B-29s had made their first raid again Japan, and our land forces, in co-operation with British and Chinese troops, were gradually squeezing the Japanese out of the strategic Myitkyina (*see inset map*) on the old Burma Road. But there was hard fighting still going on in the town itself, with American troops pushing from the north to form a juncture with Chinese troops fighting their way foot by foot from the west and south. Farther south, Chinese troops and British Chindits had assaulted and captured the Japanese stronghold of Mogaung, thus depriving the enemy of an important supply and communications base for operations in Northern Burma.



There was nothing remarkable in the relationship of the chubby bumblebee fighter and the crippled Fort, and it happened many times before in this theater—but some day the crew of a certain B-17 would like to meet the P-47 pilot who helped them home, and maybe stand treat at the local pub. It would be a nice way to cement a beautiful friendship, they think.

By Sgt. SAUL LEVITT
YANK Staff Correspondent

ENGLAND—For a certain long moment, seeing the speck in the sky, nobody could be sure. They were three hundred and fifty miles from home, and this air they so sluggishly moved through was the German air, those clouds spread underneath no real protection against the big flak guns below.

The bomber was in trouble. Minutes before, its formation had vanished over the horizon, going homeward. The bomber was ninety miles off course. It almost rolled in the air like a rudderless boat in a heavy sea. Its tail section was a sight—the upper part of the rudder and vertical stabilizer were sheared off. Head on, the view was even more interesting. Number One engine had no prop and Number-Two was feathered, with about a foot sheared off each of its three blades as if steel scissors had been at work.

Both pilots were cagey on encountering each other in this enemy sky. The bomber pilot, a big young man, a veteran of combat, could only wait. But the fighter stood far off and above, made a couple of slow passes in the sky, inviting the guns of the Fort, just in case it was the enemy.

The navigator of the Fort thought, with a certain amount of embarrassment, I bet the guy is wondering how we stay up. Then the fighter swept closer, and identification on both sides was almost simultaneous. That big round nose, the chubby bumblebee shape of the fighter was unmistakable, and over the interplane frequency the bomber pilot heard that first calm call-up which was to be repeated all the way home:

"Big Friend, from P47, what can I do for you?"

"P47, from B17 in distress, stay with us, stay with us."

The calm voice came back, "Big Friend, we will stay with you."

This was at X miles from the Ruhr. At 13,000 feet, just above the overcast, the B17 labored on—its speed of slightly more than a hundred miles an hour just around stalling point.

The fighter pilot glanced at his gas. The Fort was slow; it would take time to get him in. The fighter pilot would be close on gas; but he thought he would hang on.

Just to make sure it was real, the bomber pilot called again and the voice came back, "Big Friend, we will stay with you all the way to the English coast. Can you stay above overcast?"

"P47, from B17 in distress, we will maintain airspeed and altitude as long as possible."

In the enemy sky nothing showed but the friendly fighter. Yet down below, the bomber pilot knew that the invisible but ever-alert radio knew him, knew where he was. However, he had his fighter now, and the fighter in command of a flight had brought his three other planes into a protective screen, which the B17 pilot did *not* know, then.

The men of the bomber could afford to relax a little now. Because the fighter was acting as their guns they could get rid of the heavy weight of their own armament and ammunition, lighten their plane, pick up the plane's speed above that dangerous hundred-and-five-mile-an-hour crawl through space. The pilot called back, "Jettison all equipment you can, including guns."

The men were now just minutes past a bad dream, a bad dream of a terrific battle with a windmilling prop that had threatened to tear a wing off. Twice, fire had leaped out of the engine cowling. A single piece of flak over Berlin, lodging in the oil sump of Number One engine, had started this.

The co-pilot had called back, "All right, men, stand by for bailing out, this looks like it."

One of the gunners, thinking he was supposed to get out of the ship, was at the escape door before a crewmate pulled him back. The pilot had dived, then nosed his plane up, with the left wing vibrating like a seesaw until the prop of the damaged engine was torn off. But the free, rotating prop, still full of venom, had sheared off the tips of Number Two prop and then, still whirling, had cut off the upper half of the tail rudder and fin.

The pilot liked the sound of the fighter's voice. It was very calm, and it was always there. The B17 went through clouds, and in the silence and darkness of the clouds the bomber pilot called again, "P47, stay with us."

"Big Friend, we are still with you," said the fighter's voice.

And when the bomber came out on the other side of the cloud layer there was the ferocious little bumblebee of the P47 with its eight guns—and around the bomber but not so the crew could always see them—three more fighters with guns. That made thirty-two guns.

He was in the clear, thought the bomber pilot. Soon they'd "cross out" into the North Sea. The worst that could happen now would be a wetting if he had to ditch. He tried to transfer gas from his dead engines to his working engines, but the fuel transfer motor was burning, the fuel line leaking. There were fifty gallons in Number Four, seventy in Number Three—and they were still inside Germany.

The pilot called back to his radio operator, "Radio, from pilot, can you contact Air Sea Rescue?"

"Pilot, from Radio, that damn vibration knocked out the liaison, it won't work."

The pilot called the fighter again.

"P47, from B17 in distress, we are low on gas, low on gas, may have to ditch. Can you contact Air Sea Rescue for us?"

"Big Friend, from P47," said the calm voice, "I have already contacted Air Sea Rescue."

"Roger, thank you," said the pilot.

They were over the North Sea now—a dangerous little sea, this one. Without Air Sea Rescue you could come down and land in dinghies and float for a long time—so long, sometimes, that none of your friends ever see you again.

"P47, are you still with us?"

"Big Friend, we are still with you," said the fighter.

The B17 crawled through the air over the North Sea.

"Rescue launch below you now," said the fighter, lightly.

"Roger, I'll keep going until I have to come down."

"OK, I'll give you the launch's position."

And as the launch fell astern the fighter called out its position.

"Launch off to the left . . . launch behind you now."

High above, the bomber pilot could see the fighter sporting, then coming by his window, but too fast for him to see the pilot.

"Big Friend, I can see the English coast, about thirty to thirty-five miles ahead of you."

"P47, from B17, many thanks."

"Roger."

The bomber pilot looked at his gas gauges. It seemed impossible that they could still be up there. Whether they would make the coast or land in the sea was a matter of drops of gas——

"Keep going, Big Friend," said the quiet voice, "you're doing fine."

"P47, from B17, do you think you can get us QDM to the nearest air field?"

"Stand by."

THE crewmen were clustered in the radio room, staring through the two small windows. The pilot, poking his way underneath the cloud layer at three thousand feet, could see the shape of England's coast beneath him. Mudflats showed. This bomber pilot, a stubborn skilful veteran who had brought battered planes home before, and who was, moreover, a thrifty guy with Army equipment like a Fort worth a quarter of a million bucks, thought: sonofabitch, they didn't get us, no ditching either and at the worst now, we might have to land on these flats——

"Big Friend, from P47, your bearing on nearest field to you is Y degrees. Will you make it now?"

"P47, many thanks, I will try to bring her in."

The bomber pilot brought his ship in, almost dived his sick ship toward the runway. His Number Four

"BIG FRIEND"

engine cut out as his wheels came down, and the ship rolled on the landing strip on one engine—home.

And he sat there for a single moment. He saw his fighters swooping low over him, climb again and off, a flight of four fast planes going home. He watched them for a long time not exactly sure of what to think or what to say.

* * *

"LISTEN," said the fighter pilot, with just the slightest touch of irritation, "I didn't turn in any report on this thing because everything was all right. He set down OK. I covered him coming in and he was all right. That's why I didn't turn any report in."

"The bomber pilot said you got hold of Air Sea Rescue for him before he even asked for it."

"Hell, it was obvious enough," argued the fighter pilot. "I could see those port engines were out. I told my wing man, Lt. Leroy H. Sypher, to fly on one side of him, and I flew on the other. I sent my second element up above. They were Lt. Thomas F. Brubaker and Lt. Murray C. Bell . . . It was clear enough the big guy was in trouble. I called my element leader and said, 'Brubaker, go up and get a fix.' Then I relayed it to the B17. It was all pretty obvious."

He put his hands in his pockets and jiggled back and forth on his feet.

"You see them up there, like over Berlin, under fire from the FWs queuing up on one of the big guys slow as an ice wagon. I've seen the chutes come down like autumn leaves, and it gets you a little sick—so you go after the FWs. That's the job."

He shifted uneasily on his feet. He was a slim, small young man with very bright eyes and reddish-blond hair. He looked as if he had been, at one time or another, the kind of kid whom you call "urchin," and who, all his life, would never quite succeed in outgrowing it. Over his not unattractive, snub-nosed pan, written almost as clearly as over the hood of those sturdy one-man trucking enterprises you find over the United States you could read, "We give prompt, reliable, courteous service."

Though the fighter pilot had found nothing remarkable in the convoy job and though it has happened before in this theater, the names of the men who do them rarely break loose. And the name of this particular fighter pilot is Charles N. Keppler and his rank is Captain. He has been flying combat in this theater for about a year, having completed his tour of duty and then applying for "extensions."

He holds the Air Medal with three Oak Leaf clusters, and the DFC with two clusters. Before the War he went to the University of Wisconsin and studied engineering, but dropped out and tried to get into the Air Corps.

He was a GI in an infantry outfit for a year before getting his chance to fly.

He has knocked down three enemy fighters and has two damaged to his credit.

"That bomber pilot would like to meet you."

"I'd like to meet him myself," said Captain Keppler. "He sure did a nice job nursing that ship of his home."

"If you put down my home town," said Captain Keppler, spelling it out, "it's Wauwatosa, but maybe you ought to put down Milwaukee because Wauwatosa is kind of a small town . . . Is that all?"

That was all.

Yanks in the ETO

Seven Divisions

FOR at least five of the American divisions that landed in Normandy, fighting on French soil was no novelty. The Fourth, or "Ivy Division;" the 82nd Airborne, which is an old-timer, despite its new name; the Second; the "Fightin' First;" and the 29th, or "Blue and Gray Division," all had a hand in the first World War. They made their blows count then as they have since June 6th. For the benefit of Joes who have come in late, here are some of the highlights of these famous outfits and of two other divisions that are making their history now—the 101st Airborne and the Ninth.

Only a few months ago, the GIs of the Fourth Division were sure they were going to sweat out the rest of the war as garrison soldiers in the States. Back in 1918, the Fourth landed in France with only six months of training and went into action immediately in the Aisne-Marne offensive. But this time it looked as if it would be different.

The men of the Fourth pointed out bitterly that their division had more "shack men" than any other division in the army. A "shack man," in case you don't know, is a GI so firmly established at a post in the States that he keeps a house or apartment in the nearest town and commutes to camp every morning before reveille.

However, a few months can bring many changes. Wearing the same shoes that had been soaked so often by the waters of Boggy Gut in night problems outside Camp Gordon, near Augusta, Ga., the shack men of the Fourth were among the first American soldiers to land on Cherbourg Peninsula during the present campaign. The Fourth and 101st Airborne met the brunt of the big German counterattacks in the direction of Montebourg and Carentan during the second week of the Battle of Normandy. When the Germans attacked, the Fourth was in such close combat with enemy tanks and infantry in the streets of Montebourg that artillery on both sides had to cease firing.

The Fourth was one of the first motorized infantry divisions. It was reactivated with half-tracks in June, 1940, in the Harmony Church area of Fort Benning, Ga., and drove its half-tracks to Camp Gordon when that infantry training center was opened in January, 1942. A few months later it lost its half-tracks. That was when the GIs of the Fourth began to doubt that they'd ever see action. When they went north to Fort Dix, N. J., in the Spring of 1942, rumors circulated about overseas duty after all, but instead the men of the Fourth found themselves raking lawns and painting garbage cans.

Then came amphibious training at Camp Gordon Johnson, in Florida, and a stretch at Fort Jackson, S. C. Every time the division moved it seemed to get no nearer a P.O.E.

"We're overtrained," they said. "What're we waiting for?"

They found what they were waiting for in the streets of Montebourg.

The "Fightin' First" and the 82nd Airborne were through the mill in the Mediterranean. The First is the outfit that captured Oran in the North African campaign. Later it fought at Gafsa, El Guettar, and Mateur in Tunisia, and at Gela and Troina in Sicily. The 82nd Airborne saw plenty of action in the landings in Sicily and at Salerno.

On D-Day, the First and the 29th Divisions, with the Second in close support, fought one of the bloodiest and most heroic battles in United States military history. They landed in a sector of the Cherbourg Peninsula which had been elaborately prepared for defense by the Germans. A full German division, the 382nd, in addition to the regular coastal defense troops, was lying in wait for them on the bluffs overlooking the beaches.

A 40-minute bombardment by Allied aircraft and naval vessels knocked out some of the shore guns but failed to dislodge the Germans from the bluff. The enemy poured a thick screen of rifle, machine-gun, and mortar fire into the men of the First and 29th as they landed. From farther inland, German artillery dropped shells on the invaders with deadly accuracy. But finally, after another naval bombardment had cleared the way, the First and the 29th advanced and occupied the bluffs. Then the First pushed inland, capturing Isigny and bridging the Vire River.

The First, a regular Army unit, was activated on May 24, 1917, and almost immediately set about making that "first" in its title mean what it said. In the last war it was the first U. S. infantry division to arrive in France, the first to meet the enemy, the first to attack, the first to take ground, the first to suffer casualties, and the first to be cited in general orders. It fought major engagements at Cantigny, Soissons, Noyon-Montidier, and St. Mihiel, taking every objective assigned to it. The division returned to the States with Gen. John J. Pershing in 1919.

To prepare itself for the tough assignments it faced in this war, the First went through assault and amphibious training during 1940 and 1941 at Fort Devens, Mass., Camp Blanding, Fla., and Fort Benning. It made practice landings at Buzzard's Bay, Mass., New River, N. C., Virginia Beach, Va., and in Puerto Rico. Toward the end of its training it participated in First Army maneuvers.

In the late spring of 1942 the division moved into the staging area at Indiantown Gap, Pa., and in July sailed for the United Kingdom. The division settled in a garrison at Tidworth Barracks, but its stay there was brief. Late in October, it embarked again and on the 7th of November, 1942, at precisely 0100 hours it entered combat for the first time in this war by landing in North Africa.

The Second Division got its first taste of combat in Normandy on the left flank of the First and 29th Divisions on the Cherbourg Peninsula. As soon as it landed, the Second pushed straight inland to Trevieres, the toughest enemy stronghold in that sector. The men reached the outskirts of the town on the third day of their advance and found it powerfully defended. After several hours of bitter fighting the Second drew back and split up into three parts. One unit worked its way around the left side of the town, while another by-passed German positions on the right. The artillery came up and raked the town and the third unit moved right through the middle and down the main street.

The Second is another regular Army outfit, which, like the Fourth, is made up of around 80 percent selectees. It got its training for this war in three years at Fort Sam Houston, Tex.; Camp McCoy, Wis., and in Northern Ireland. The Second was organized in France in October, 1917. In those days, strange as it seems now, Marines fought in infantry units under Army command, and the Second included the Fifth and Sixth Marine Regiments. It made a brilliant record at Chateau Thierry and Belleau Wood and in the Marne, St. Mihiel, Champagne, and Meuse-Argonne offensives. It captured 12,026 prisoners and took 343 artillery pieces in the 66 days it was under fire. After the war the Second served in the army of occupation in Germany. The boys are hoping they won't have to do that again.

The 82nd Airborne Division is the old "All-American Division" of Sgt. Alvin C. York. It saw action in the last war at Toul, Marbache, St. Mihiel, and in the Meuse-Argonne sector. It was disbanded after the Armistice and was reactivated in March, 1942, at Camp Claiborne, La., as an infantry division under Lt. Gen. Omar N. Bradley, now chief of U. S. Ground Forces in Gen. Sir Bernard Montgomery's 21st Army Group. Gen. Bradley was then a major general.

Morale and efficiency were so high in the 82nd that it was converted into one of the Army's first two airborne divisions in August, 1942. The 101st was the other. Later, these two outfits, each composed of two-thirds paratroopers and one-third glider infantry and artillery, trained together at Fort Bragg, N. C. The 82nd went overseas first, arriving in French Morocco in May, 1943.

From there the 82nd went into the invasion of Sicily, landing near Gela, and later fought as an infantry division at Trepani. Its paratroopers jumped again at Salerno, when the German counter attacks were threatening to drive the Fifth Army back into the sea. Some landed behind the Germans and others came down on the beaches at the height of the battle, helping to turn the tide against the enemy. Units of the 82nd Airborne were among the first to enter Naples.

Shortly afterwards, the 82nd was moved secretly to England and found its buddies of the 101st, which is strictly a product of modern war, waiting there. The two divisions trained for the invasion together as they had in Louisiana, where the 101st was activated, and in North Carolina.

Among the paratroopers who jumped into the swampy section of the Cherbourg Peninsula was a special group of 13 GIs with warpaint on their faces and their heads shaved except for a scalp lock. They were 12 Indians and a GI from Brooklyn who had been admitted to this small tribe after cutting his finger and mingling his blood with that of one of the Indians. All smelled strongly. They had taken an oath not to have a bath from Christmas until D-Day. And they kept it.

Like the Second and the 82nd Airborne, the 29th Division served in the Meuse-Argonne sector in the first World War. It was originally activated on August 25, 1917, at Camp McClellan, Ala. Its first general order, placing Maj. Gen. Charles G. Morton in command, was written by Major James A. Ulio, now Adjutant General of the U. S. Army. The division was composed of both men from the North and from the South and it was at Major Ulio's suggestion that the Korean symbol of life, half gray and half blue, was selected as its insignia.

The 29th was in rest billets near Verdun, after heavy battles in which a total of 5,546 of its men were casualties, when the Armistice was announced. The division was reactivated in February, 1941, as a square National Guard division, with cadre composed of national guardsmen from Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and the District of Columbia. It was in Britain a long time, having arrived there in October, 1942, after training at Fort George G. Meade, Md., Camp Blanding, Fla., and Camp Kilmer, N. J.

The Ninth Division was organized in July, 1918, and was preparing for overseas duty when the Armistice came. It was subsequently demobilized and reactivated in August, 1940, under the command of Maj. Gen. Rene Hoyle. From October, 1940, to July, 1941, it was commanded by Lt. Gen. Jacob L. Devers, then a major general. It was assigned to the First Corps of the Second Army at Fort Bragg, and received special amphibious training.

The division participated in the original landings

Four days after D-Day, Sgt. Phillias Goulet, of Berlin, N. H., stows copies of YANK's Liberation Edition and June 9th "Stars and Stripes" into a Thunderbolt's belly tank for delivery in Normandy.

Photog Sgt. Earl F. McCollister has had safer assignments than taking this shot of T/Sgt. Charles H. James removing the fuse from a live bomb next to a wounded tailgunner.

in North Africa—at Port Lyautey, Morocco—and later fought its way across Tunisia under Gen. Bradley, taking part in the Maknassey breakthrough and becoming the first infantry division to enter Bizerte following elements of the First Armored Division.

The Ninth participated in the Sicily campaign as part of Lt. Gen. George S. Patton's Seventh Army. Its elements landed at Palermo on the north coast on August 2, 1943. Fighting through the center of the island, the Ninth helped the First Division to capture Troina and to defeat the strong German position at Randazzo. The Ninth was commanded in Sicily by Maj. Gen. Manton S. Eddy.

Presence of the Ninth in Normandy was revealed with the announcement that it had captured Ste. Jacques de Nehou, a town six miles west of the Douve River. It captured a German field hospital near Orglandes, freeing some wounded American airborne troops. The Ninth then spearheaded the drive to the west of the Peninsula, helping to seal up Cherbourg and leap-frogging through the 82nd Airborne, which had been leading the drive west from the Montebourg-Carentan line.

A Live Bomb and a Live Man

In the normal course of bombing events, the lethal stuff loaded into the bomb bay of a Fortress flying out of the ETO should land on, or not too far from, point "X," somewhere in the enemy-held part of Europe. But it doesn't always work out that way, as the boys at one heavy-bomber base can tell you. On a recent mission one bomb they had loaded boomeranged and came back home, as freakish an accident as the air war has yet produced. It was a bomb that was dropped by one Fort on to another.

Both planes were over the target at the time. The higher Fort, besieged in a "flak corridor," took violent evasive action while releasing its bombs, one of which crashed into the tail of the lower plane, lodging nose down in the compartment and fatally injuring the gunner there. It was still a live bomb.

Despite its shattered tail and unwanted extra cargo, the lower Fort was brought safely back to its base. Its pilot, Lt. Burdette L. Williams, set it down very gently on a transport landing, its tail high but lowering as it slowed to a stop. The tail-gunner was unconscious, but still alive.

It was a limpid, clear day in the English countryside. Capt. Robert J. Major, the station ordnance officer, a big, full-faced man who likes to get comfortable behind a cigar, knew only that a Fort which *might* be dangerous was coming in. The ground crewmen, the medics—that general assembly which sees the planes home—knew nothing.

Capt. Major moved across the field as the plane stopped on the runway. The crew got out of the ship quickly. Above the tail, suspended from a jagged spear of metal skin like the lonely helmet on the cross of a buried soldier, was the tailgunner's helmet. It told the Captain something of that moment of impact in the air. Looking in, he saw the gunner slumped forward, and the bomb wedged along the gunner's left side. The arming vane and stem were missing, which meant that the bomb was armed. Also he could hear the stertorous breathing —"like phlegm in the throat," as he later described it—which indicated that the gunner was still alive.

It was now a case of a live bomb and a live man. The bomb and the man were enemies, wedged together. If the bomb were jarred it would blow the man and everybody in the vicinity out of this world; if the man moved he would very likely set off the bomb.

The Captain was suddenly careful as he had never been before in his life. He lacked that habitual cigar over which he could have looked at the situation with more comfort. The man in the tail was alive; the one long chance that he might pull through could not be abandoned. Yet the dreadful mockery of it was that his faint spark of life was dangerous; that he might stir convulsively and set off a bomb that needed only the slightest of jolts to set it off. Besides, who was supporting whom—was it the man supporting the bomb or the other way around? Which were you supposed to get out of the plane first? The man or the bomb? It was a delicate issue in priorities.

T/Sgt. Charles H. James and Pvt. Willis K. Copeland, Jr., both ordnance men, came up to the plane. The Captain merely nodded toward the tail and the Sergeant and the Private looked things over and everything was clearly understood.

The crowd lay back in a wide circle, watching. The Captain's face was now very red, though it wasn't a hot day in East Anglia.

"Bob," someone called out from the crowd. "if that thing goes off, how far back do we have to stand—to be safe, that is?"

"If it goes off, Butch," said the Captain, "anybody standing over there will be blown to hell."

The crowd lost interest at once and everybody went off to write letters and mind his own business. Around the Captain now were only the medics and the two ordnance men. It was very lonely.

Sgt. James poked his arm down through the jagged hole in the tail, worked his hand gently, and came up with the nose fuse. Then he put his hand back in and unscrewed the detonator and brought up the detonator and the fuse body.

It was very still and the heavy breathing of the injured man sounded very loud. The Captain was feeling his way through, a step at a time. Step one was over. "Captain," said T/Sgt. John S. Erp, the top non-com among the medics, "I'm willing to go in there and look that man over. What about it?"

The Captain nodded.

Sgt. Erp's face was damp and glistening. He took a deep breath, and then got down underneath and crawled into the tail through the escape hatch.

"If we could hold that bomb fast," said the Captain, thinking out loud. Sgt. James called over to Pvt. Copeland to say that there was heavy telephone wire in the truck. Copeland went and got it, and the men bound the bomb carefully, working with the tongue-in-cheek concentration of women doing fancy needlework.

Now Captain Major could see his next move very clearly. He felt like someone little by little getting out from under a heavy load. He looked around carefully, in the manner of an infantry officer sizing things up before ordering an attack. Capt. Emery C. Kinder and Capt. Wendell Stover, both flight surgeons, were there and Capt. Major explained things to them. He told them that he didn't know how much movement would set off the bomb but that it didn't have to be very much. Knowing that much, he said, they knew as much as he did. It was their job to get the man out, and they could see just how careful they would have to be. They could take it away now.

The Captain stepped back. Sgt. Erp, the medic, took another gulp of good air and crawled into the tail again. He wormed forward until he could hold the injured and unconscious man under the armpits. He tried to pull him forward, but couldn't. He tugged. He came out sweating. Something was holding the gunner. Capt. Stover was too bulky to crawl through, but Capt. Kinder, a small, slim man, could. He saw that the thong of one of the gunner's boots had caught, and he cut it. Now Sgt. Erp went in again, and Capt. Kinder behind him.

The procession inside the tail wriggled slowly toward an exit. As they got to the hatchway, Capt. Stover's husky bulk came in handy. And now the gunner was clear of the ship and he could be put into the ambulance and be driven off.

Now it was no longer a case of a live man and a live bomb, but merely a live bomb. Capt. Major felt very tired, as if he had been lifting heavy loads all day. He mechanically put his hand up to his face and, not being able to find his cigar, put his hand down again.

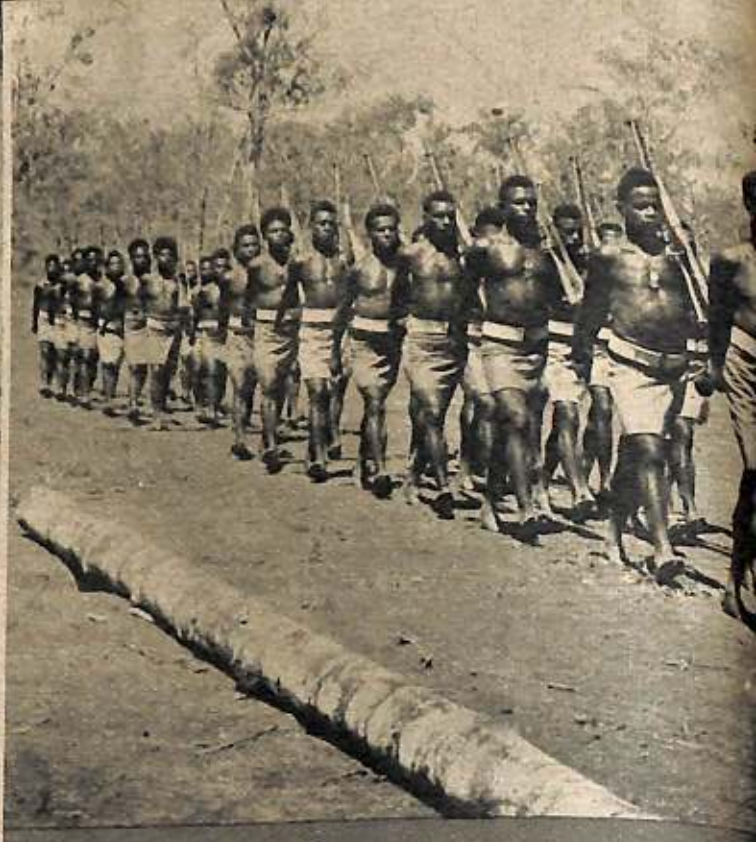
The bomb was still there; still waiting; still alive, but the MPs would block it off until British Bomb Disposal could get over and hoist it out. And the gunner was on his way to where the Army doctors would carry through to the last hard breath.

The ordnance men looked each other over carefully. In the pleasant spring morning, they went off. Capt. Major walked over to the Officer's Club and lit up a cigar.

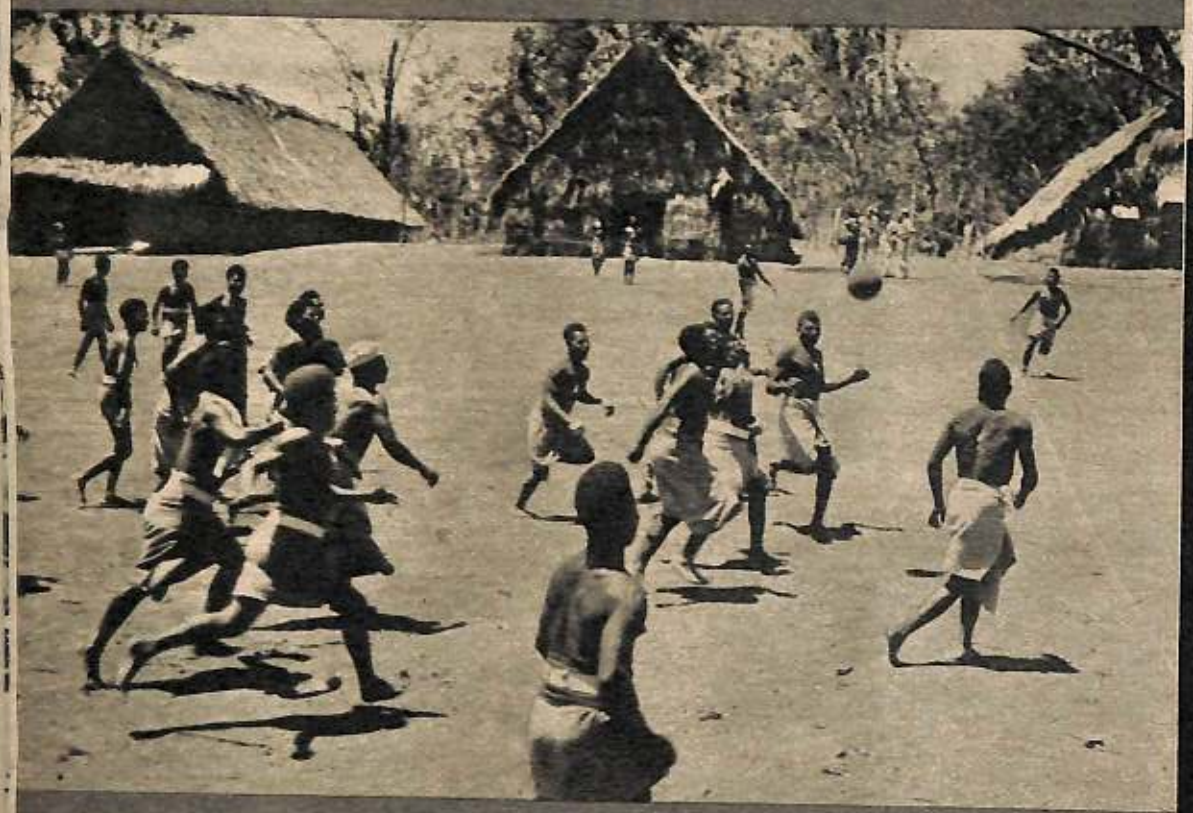
—By a YANK Staff Correspondent

ONLY SERGEANTS WEAR STRIPES BECAUSE ONLY SERGEANTS WEAR SHIRTS. GABRIEL'S A 3-YEAR VET.

THIS IS THE SAME AS SITTING ON THE BARRACKS STEPS AT FORT BRAGG AND GRIPING ABOUT CHOW.



IF YOU THINK THAT THE PAPUAN ROOKIES MARCH AS WELL AS T
YEARS OF JUNGLE COMBAT, NOW BACK AT A NEW GUINEA BASE

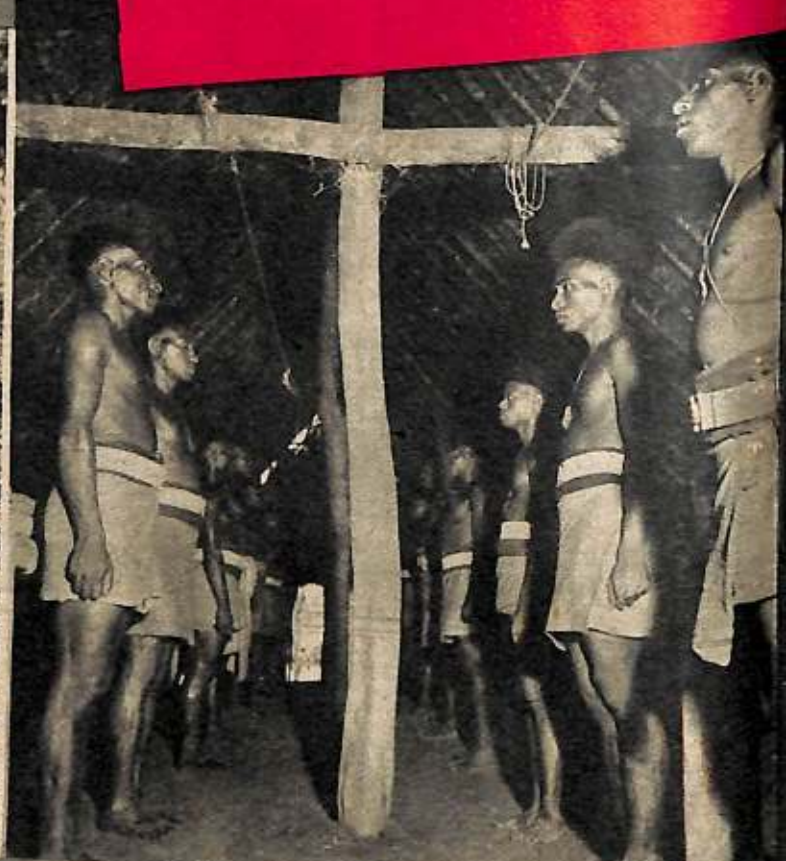


ANYTHING THAT IS A TEST OF SKILL INTERESTS THE PAPUAN, SO HE LIKES TO PLAY FOOTBALL. IN CASE YOU'RE WORRIED, THEIR BARE FEET ARE NOT HURT KICKING THE BALL. THEIR FEET ARE HARDER THAN THE BALL.

Papuan Infantry

CPL. GAMARI, WITH AUSTEN SUBMACHINE GUN AND CLOSE-CROPPED HAIR, THE PIB STYLE.

THESE ARE THE LARGE, SCARRED FEET OF A PAPUAN WARRIOR, WHO CAN WALK ALL DAY AND MORE.



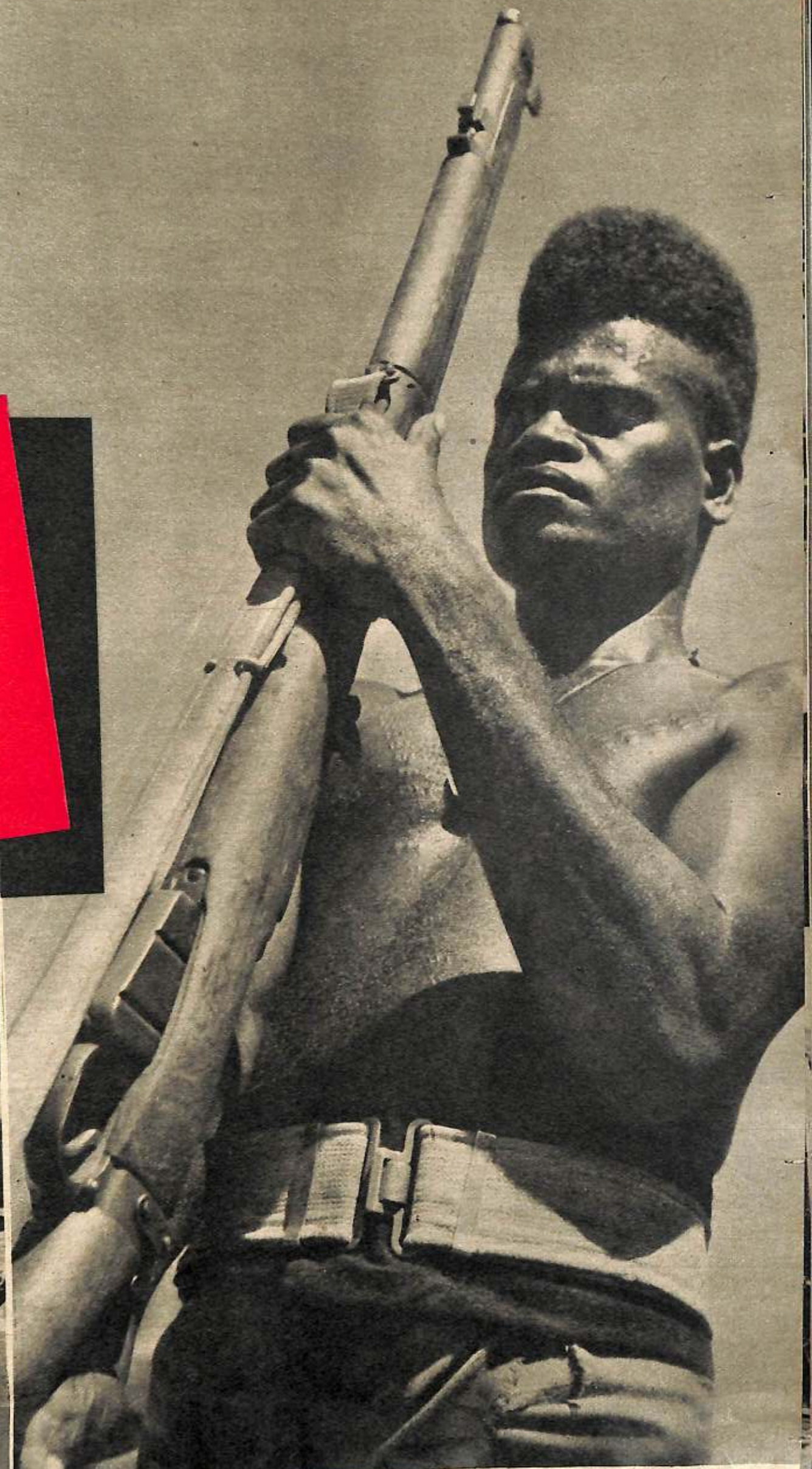
BARRACKS INSPECTION: CLOTH THE MEN WEAR IS CALLED A *RAMI* OR *LAP-LAP*. ONE THING THEY'RE NOT CONCERNED ABOUT IS A SHOESHINE.

YOU'RE WRONG. THESE MEN ARE VETERANS OF TWO REST AND REORGANIZATION.

MANY able and colorful combat outfits have fought in the New Guinea campaign. Not the least of these, on both counts, is the PIB—Papuan Infantry Battalion, photographed for these pages by YANK's Sgt. Dick Hanley. Its members, part of the Australian Army, are particularly expert at night fighting and operating behind Japanese lines. They are recruited from villages all over the islands and start with a wage of 10 shillings or $1.60 a month. They can get as high as sergeant, where the top pay is $16 a month. One good job in the PIB is in the supply room. Hats, shoes and socks needn't be stocked. And only sergeants wear shirts.

IT'S HELP YOURSELF ON THIS CHOW LINE. NATIVES ...TABLES, RICE AND BULLY BEEF.

This is Pvt. Misirai, presenting arms with a British Lee-Enfield rifle. Pvt. Misirai fled from a Jap labor force at Buna into which he had been "recruited" from his village.




Ella Raines
YANK
Pin-up Girl

News from Home

They sweltered in the States and were told to get cracking, some visitors to Chicago did exactly what it was expected they'd do, Mr. Willkie tried to send a telegram but couldn't, and a lady got $99,999,994.00 for two weeks' work.

THE weather wasn't any too hot in either England or Normandy last week, but it was plenty that way in the good old U. S. A. In fact, they were having a heat wave, as Ethel Merman used to sing, a tropical heat wave, and the folks back home, lulled by good news from all the fighting fronts, were inclined to do little more than rock on their porches and watch the world go by.

But this, they were warned by the highest authorities, was by no means the right attitude. In a joint report to President Roosevelt, the head men of the Army, Navy, and Air Forces—General George C. Marshall, Admiral Ernest J. King, and General H. H. Arnold, respectively—declared that "there is still a tough fight ahead of us." Just back from a visit to the French front, the three leaders said they noted "a state of mind in this country against which we believe the public should be warned."

The trio then went on to say bluntly: "The recent favorable course of the fighting seems to have persuaded some people that the war is as good as won and that, accordingly, they can throw up their war jobs and go back to civilian life. No doubt most of the men at the front would also like easier and better-paid peacetime jobs, but they are sticking to the jobs they have now. . . . Any one can see that desertions on the fighting fronts now would protract the war and reduce our prospects of victory. Desertions on the home front would tend to the same result. The war is not yet won; it will be won sooner if everybody in war work sticks to his job until complete victory has been attained. . . .

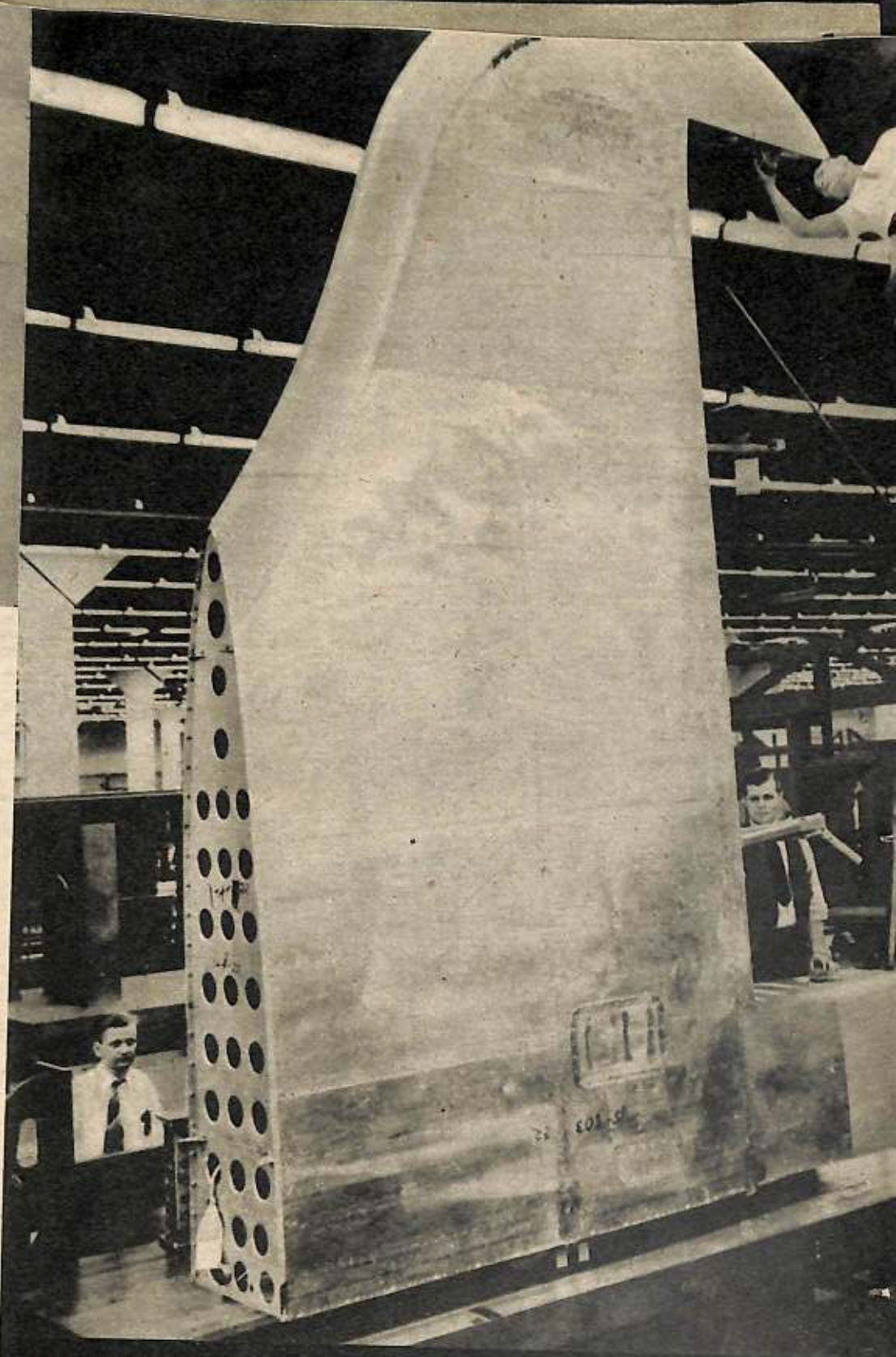
"The progress of our armed forces on all fronts against fanatical and determined enemies should be a source of the highest gratification to the American people. Our forces on land, sea, and air—many of them recently in action for the first time—have shown not only the courage that was expected of them but a toughness and technical skill that has made them more than a match for the veterans whom they opposed."

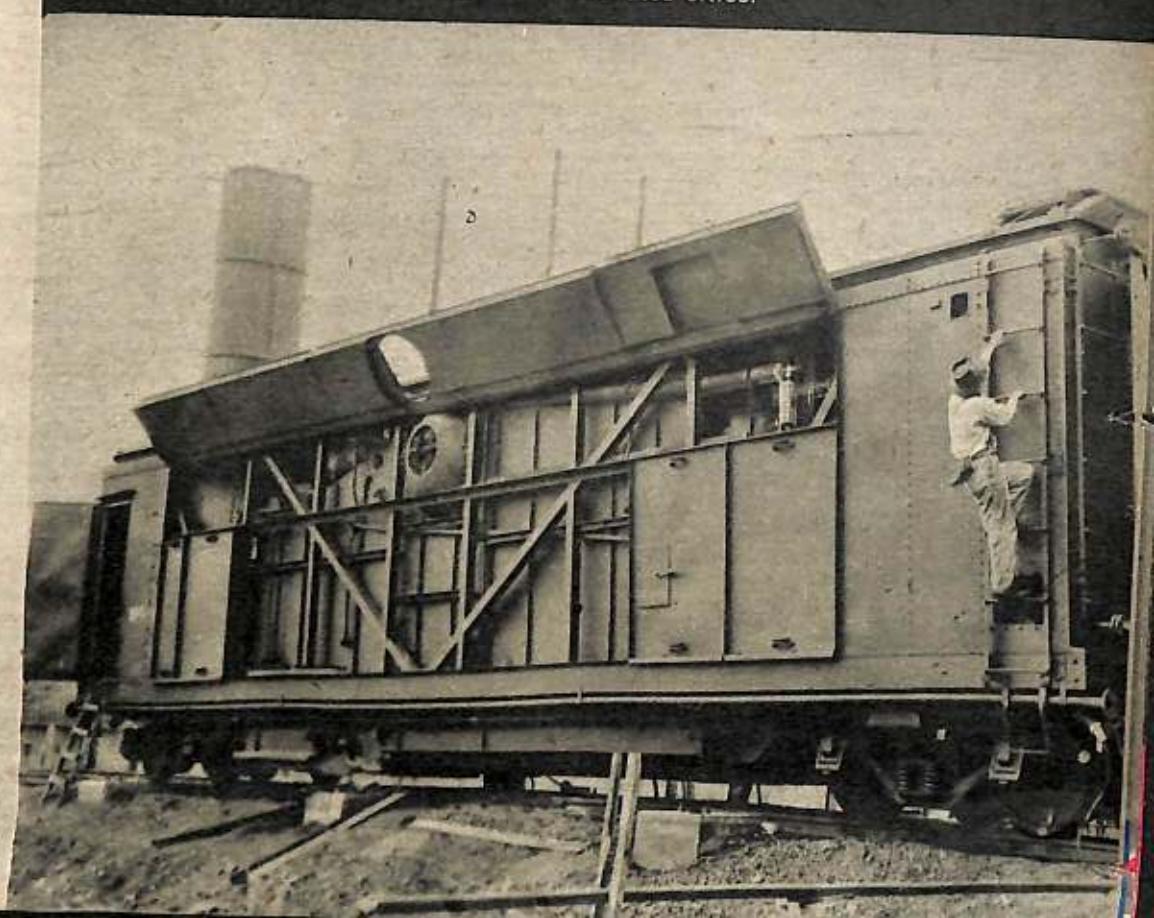
As for that heat, the mercury was well up around the 100-degree mark in many parts of the States. It was 103 out in Needles, Calif.; Westfield, Mass., claimed the record in the East with 101. Portland, Me., with the temperature at 97, had its hottest day in three years. Phoenix, Ariz., found things a bit sultry when the thermometer climbed to 112; at Bakersfield, Calif., it reached a mere 107. The Oklahoma wheat crop was booming along under sunny skies and temperatures at the 96-degree level. At Charlotte, N. C., where it was hotter than 90 for eight days in a row, farm agents were afraid that crops would be damaged unless rain fell soon. Nashville, Tenn., broke all records for that part of the country when the temperature hit 100 twice in ten days.

Here are some more scorching statistics: It was 99 in Huntington, W. Va.; 100 in Hagerstown, Md.; 96 in Washington, D. C.; 95 in Atlanta, Ga.; 90 in Spokane, Wash.; 92 in Indianapolis, Ind., and Richmond, Va.; 96 in Louisville, Ky.; and 107 in Owensboro, Ky., which claimed the distinction of being the hottest town in its State. New York sweltered with the thermometer in the 90s, and San Francisco, with a temperature of 59, was the only cool big town in the nation.

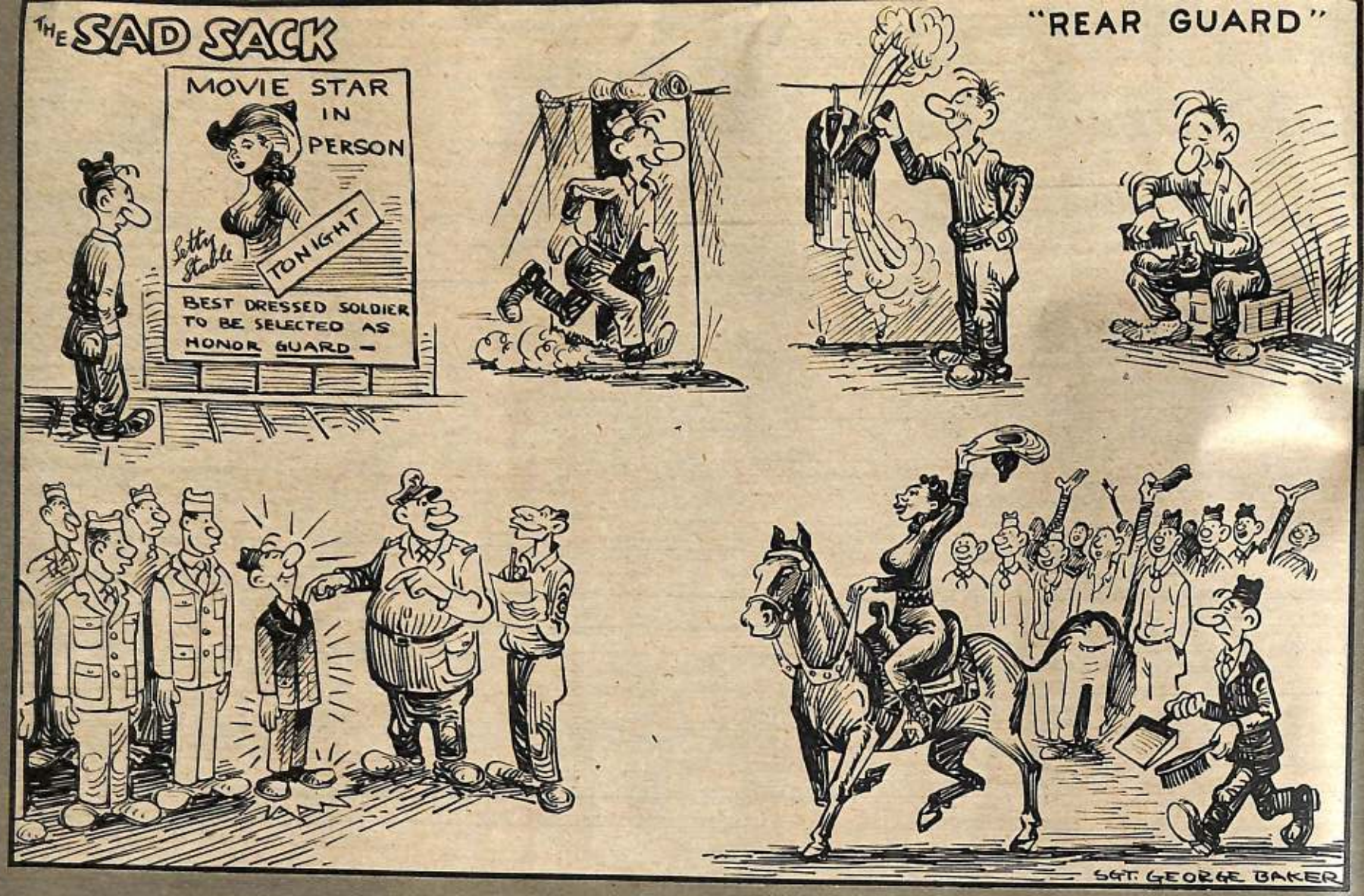
AND don't think it wasn't plenty hot in Chicago, where the delegates to the Republican National Convention got together and, by a vote of 1,056 to 1, chose Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York as their candidate. Inside the Chicago Stadium where they gathered it was so hot, indeed, that delegates often passed up convention sessions in favor of air-cooled cafes and hotel lobbies. One of them—Charles C. Wilson, 57 years old, of Meade, Kan.—dropped dead of a heart attack attributed to the heat on the hottest day Chicago had seen so far this year, a day when the mercury hit 100.

The nomination of Dewey came as a surprise to almost no one. What did surprise the dopesters was the last-minute withdrawal of Governor Earl Warren of California as a candidate for the Vice-Presidential nomination, an act which disappointed a lot of Republicans who had been counting on him to carry his State for their party's ticket next November. But with Warren out of the picture, the convention lost no time in choosing Governor John W. Bricker, of Ohio, as Dewey's running mate.





NEWS FOR THE FRONT. Back home they keep on cooking up new gadgets to make your job easier. Above, dwarfing its makers, is the vertical fin of one of the new Super-Forts which recently bombed Japan. Below, a boiler car, part of a portable power plant for liberated cities.



It was not a particularly exciting convention. As *Time* magazine put it, "the convention's main job was finished before it met." Thousands of spectators' seats remained unsold; there were no street parades and little of the usual convention hoopla. Anti-Republican writers on the scene called the proceedings "dull," "dispirited," and "defeatist," while friendly commentators spoke glowingly of the delegates' "unanimity" and "seriousness of purpose."

The nearest approach to a contest at the convention developed off-stage and had to do with the foreign-policy plank in the party's platform. Those responsible for wording this got up a "non-partisan" declaration for participation by the U.S. in a "postwar co-operative organization among sovereign nations" and for the employment of force to prevent aggression. This plan was intended to remove the nation's basic foreign policy as a campaign issue and it was reported to have struck a small group of Republican internationalists at the convention as being okay but not too hot.

The plank was denounced as "ambiguous" by Wendell Willkie, who four years ago was in the same position Dewey is now and who didn't show up at the convention, but from New York waged a long-distance and hopeless fight for a forthright internationalist commitment. Willkie later sent a telegram of congratulations to Dewey, but it was never delivered because there's a rule against jamming the wires with such messages these days. Dewey, however, heard that Willkie had tried, and wired his thanks. That message got through.

The Republican plank on labor failed to mention "organized" labor and, among labor leaders, was applauded only by John L. Lewis, head of the miners, and by William L. Hutcheson, president of the Carpenters' Union. William Green, president of the A.F. of L., called the plank disappointing and the C.I.O. had already declared for Roosevelt.

Dewey, who never once said he was a candidate for the nomination, flew from Albany, N. Y., to Chicago as soon as he had been chosen. His first appearance at the convention was when he walked on to the platform in the Stadium, accompanied by his wife. In his acceptance speech he said he wanted to make it "crystal clear" that any change in the administration would not involve changes in the high command. "General Marshall and Admiral King are doing a superb job," he said. "Thank God for both of them."

Here, according to the Associated Press, are the highlights of Dewey's speech: "I come to this task a free man. I have made no pledges, promises, or commitments, expressed or implied, to any man or woman." . . . "This election will bring an end to one-man government in America." . . . "The military conduct of this war is outside this campaign. It is and must remain completely out of politics. If there is civilian interference, the new administration will put a stop to it forthwith." . . ." The present national administration in its young days did some good things but now that it has grown old in office it has become tired and quarrelsome."

That lone dissenting vote, by the way, the one that prevented Dewey from being chosen unanimously, was cast by a delegate from Beloit, Wis., a 55-year-old farmer named Grant A. Ritter, who held out for General Douglas MacArthur. He came to the convention prepared to cast his vote for the General and, by golly, he did.

Mrs. James A. Farley, wife of the former Democratic Committee chairman who broke with Roosevelt over the third-term issue, turned up at the Chicago convention and announced that she would vote for the candidates it nominated. She added that she did not speak for her husband.

It was pretty generally agreed that Dewey would have an uphill fight in his effort to move from the Executive Mansion to the White House. The New York *World-Telegram*, which is favorable to the Republicans and is the key paper in the Scripps-Howard chain, stated: "Most GOP politicians admit off the record that the Democratic administration has the edge, and not a narrow one, at the moment." The *Fortune* poll, appearing in that magazine's June issue, found Roosevelt leading the challenger by 55 per cent to 36 per cent.

ALL of which may make it seem as if the home front had forgotten about the war for a moment, but such was not the case. Even in Chicago, reports from the battlefronts of the world got the big headlines that would ordinarily have been devoted to the convention, and the same was true in New York. On one day, for instance, when the convention was going full blast, the New York *Times* gave its big headlines, its lead position, and five of its eight front-page columns to the fighting in France and the Russian offensive. The remaining three columns, on the left-hand side of the page, told of the convention and of a three-cornered ball-game played between the Giants and the Yankees for the War Bond Drive.

And, of course, Washington, as always, was in the news. Diplomatic relations with Finland were broken off by the State Department, two weeks after the Finnish ministers to the States had been requested to leave the country for actions "inimical" to the U. S. In a note to the Finnish charge d'affaires in Washington, Secretary of State Cordell Hull quoted a recent Finnish announcement to the effect that Germany and Finland had reached "complete agreement and understanding on all points," and then went on to say that "further relations between the government of the United States and the government of Finland are now impossible."

The U.S.S. *Wisconsin*, the mightiest battleship in the world, has already been commissioned and is now on the prowl for the enemy in an undisclosed war zone, the Navy announced in Washington. In commissioning the vessel only 18 weeks after she was launched last December 7, the Philadelphia Navy Yard broke its own construction record. The Navy reported that in normal times it would have taken a whole year after launching to commission a ship the size of the *Wisconsin*. Mounting improved 16-inch gun batteries, the *Wisconsin* possesses features which make it a bigger threat to the enemy than even the *Iowa*, commissioned in February, 1943, or 25 weeks after launching, and the *New Jersey*, commissioned in May, 1943, or 24 weeks after launching. Incidentally, Admiral King revealed that both the *Iowa* and the *New Jersey* have joined the Pacific Fleet.

Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal had some other heartening things to say about the U. S. Fleet. Writing in the *Saturday Evening Post*, he reported that since July, 1940, the Navy has increased its strength by 100 aircraft carriers, 30,000 planes, and eight battleships. Since the country started on its defense program, Forrestal wrote, the Navy has added more than 20 cruisers to its fleet, as well as 600 destroyers and destroyer-escorts, more than 100 submarines, and 28,000 landing craft.

"We have had time to do it," the Naval Secretary observed, "time gained for us by the single-handed defense of England in 1940 and 1941, and the mighty

will be no such breathing spell. The next time there enemy may be over our homes on the first day of hostilities."

Therefore, as a means of preserving post-war security and peace, Forrestal advocated: maintenance of adequate strategic bases throughout the world; access to adequate raw materials, especially oil and iron ore, in the U.S. and abroad; the preservation intact of key munitions plants built since 1940; funds from Congress for extensive peacetime naval research; funds to build new naval weapons as soon as they are discovered by that research; maintenance of naval reserve training courses in leading colleges; provision for ample numbers of petty officers and chief petty officers; and funds to maintain an adequate Navy in continuous training.

STARTING in September, Waves and members of the Women's Marines will be sent overseas—but not to the ETO, at least, according to present plans. Naval commandants want Waves in Alaska and Women Marines have been requested for Hawaii, so that's where the girls are going.

A report by the Department of Commerce made it clear that something has got to be done soon about stalling off unemployment as the nation shifts back from war production to peacetime industry. So far this year, the report noted, war workers have been dropped from their jobs at the rate of 100,000 a month and jobs in non-war plants are disappearing at the rate of 50,000 a month.

A Gallup Poll showed that only half of the folks back home even know who General De Gaulle is, but that of those who can identify the leader of the Fighting French, two-thirds favor recognition of his provisional government.

Out in Los Angeles, Thomas Mann, the Nobel Prize-winning novelist who was exiled from Germany by Hitler, became an American citizen.

Well, the old *Normandie*—or *Lafayette*, rather—isn't going to become a troopship after all. The former French luxury liner, which burned at her Hudson River pier in New York in February, 1942, has been salvaged, but the Navy Department has decided not to try to rebuild her because of the difficulty in getting the labor and materials necessary for the job.

Thirty-eight of the 53 members of the police force in Jacksonville, Miss., got canned by their chief, Joel D. Holden, for their refusal to resign from an A. F. of L. union and the streets of the town were being patrolled by civilians, helped out by MPs from a nearby air base. Holden said that, in firing the men, he was acting on orders from Mayor Walter A. Scott and the City Commission. The cops who got let out refused to acknowledge the fact, hung onto their badges, and said they would continue enforcing the law.

Greensboro, S. C., spent the most exciting day it has seen in some time when the government put 4,800 pairs of nylon stockings on the market. The sale brought out thousands of women, who stood in line for hours in the broiling sun for a chance to buy three pairs, which was the maximum allowed to any one customer. The stockings were black-market stuff, picked up by Federal sleuths.

For the next two or three weeks a lot of people in Pompton Lakes, N. J., are going to be spending their spare time sorting laundry, all because Eng Yam, their Chinese laundryman, failed to get up an English translation of the hieroglyphics he used to mark their packages with. Eng Yam's oversight became known last week when he died, leaving dozens of bundles of laundry marked with a code no one could dope out. So now it's up to the owners to poke through piles of wash until they find their own duds. And they haven't even got serial numbers to go by.

Acting on a directive sent out by National Selective Service HQ, Arthur V. McDermott, New York City's draft director, told his draft boards that they can reclassify as 1-A all available doctors and dentists who have not applied for commissions or turned down offers of commissions.

Heavily-bearded and blistered by the sun after being stranded for nine days on the Tonto Plateau, 3,200 feet below the rim of the Grand Canyon in Arizona, and 500 feet above the Colorado River which flows through the canyon's floor, three Army aircrewmen finally reached safety. A rescue party consisting of Ed Laws, veteran 56-year-old Park Ranger, and Dr. A. A. MacRae, of Wilmington, Del., a professor of Bible history at Baltimore College whose hobby is mountain climbing, descended to the plateau and led the flyers back up along rock faces and through fissures. The rescued men, who became marooned when they parachuted 14,000 feet at night from a disabled bomber, were Lt. Charles Goldblum, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Flight Officer Maurice J. Cruickshank, Jr., of Lawrence, Mass.; and Corporal Roy W. Embanks, of Kalispell, Mont.

The trio, whose plight the entire nation watched with concern, were kept alive and in good mountain-climbing condition by means of food and water dropped by planes which dipped low through the canyon's treacherous air currents to accomplish their mission. The first rescue party to be sent out on foot succeeded in getting down to the canyon's floor from the south side of the rim but, despite equipment which included a Coast Guard knockdown boat and a breeches buoy flown from the Pacific Coast, were unable to cross the 400 feet of the flood-swollen Colorado River which, jammed with debris, was racing along at 20 miles an hour.

The three men got into their predicament when they were ordered to jump, after the bomber they were flying in developed engine trouble while en route from Tonopah, Nev., to Tucson, Ariz. After they had shoved off, the plane picked up and went on to land safely. When the three who jumped were first discovered, some red and green flares were dropped to them along with a request that they fire a green one for each uninjured member of the party and a red one for each who was hurt. Three green flares rose from the plateau.

Dr. MacRae and Laws made their way down to the plateau, which is a mile and a half long and a mile wide, by means of a trail through a crevasse discovered during a reconnaissance bomber flight by Col. Donald Phillips, commander of the air base at Kingman, Ariz., and Dr. H. D. Bryant, park superintendent. Frequent reports were received from the men on the plateau by means of a walkie-talkie set dropped to them by parachute. The only request they had was for three pairs of GI shoes with which to attempt to scale the canyon's side.

Upon reaching civilization again, the flyers reported they had lived well on the supplies which were dropped to them. They said they had parachuted to widely separated sections of the canyon's north wall, and had not been able to get together until their third day down there. Lt. Goldblum, it developed, had had the narrowest escape in his jump. He came down on a narrow ledge, at which point his parachute caught on some rocks and he figured it best to stay right there until morning. Then he found that he was perched hundreds of feet above a straight drop to the Colorado River and, using his shroudlines, he succeeded in hoisting himself up to a plateau above the ledge.

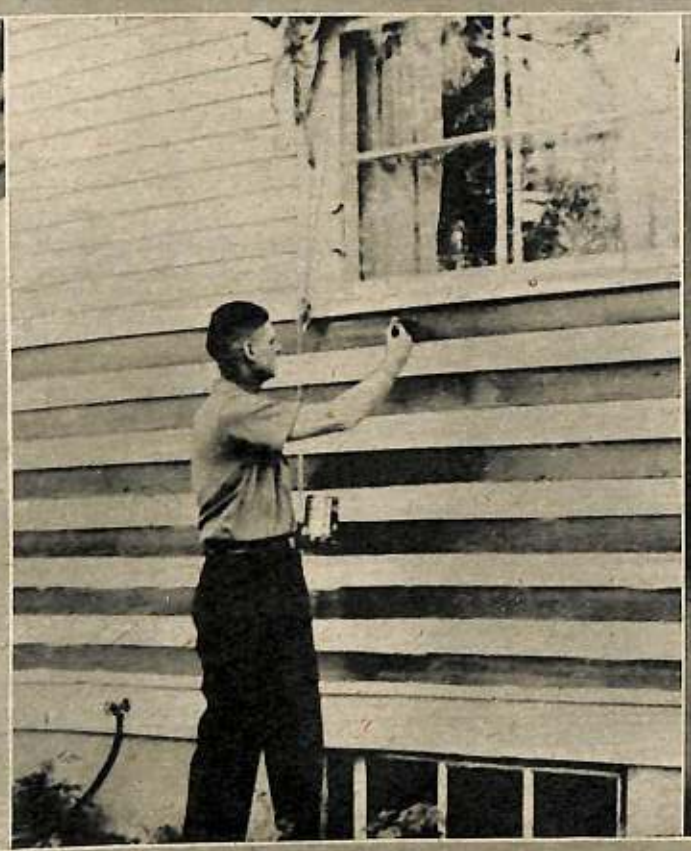
LOOKS as if there might be a break in the liquor drought which has been parching the nation. Anyway, the War Production Board has told distillers that they can go ahead and make 60 million gallons of beverage alcohol.

Othello, starring Paul Robeson, the Negro singer and actor, has broken all records for a Shakespearean production by playing 296 performances on Broadway. Present plans are to take it on the road in September for a coast-to-coast tour.

Ann Savage, the movie lovely, married Cleland Huntington, a film editor, in Las Vegas, Nev.; Mrs. Ruth Googins Roosevelt, former wife of Col. Elliott Roosevelt, the President's son, married Lt. Col. H. T. Edison, of the AAF, at Fort Worth, Tex.; and Chub Peabody, who was an all-American guard on Harvard's 1941 eleven and is now a lieutenant in the Navy, married Barbara Welch Gibbons, a Bermuda socialite.

And out in Whiting, Ind., Mrs. Elizabeth Koby glanced down at the pay check she had just been handed for two weeks' work and found that it was made out for $99,999,994.00. She figured she'd been doing good work, but couldn't honestly believe it was as good as all that, so she asked the paymaster if there hadn't been some mistake. There had, of course; the check-writing machine had gone haywire. But you have Mrs. Koby's word for it, it was wonderful while it lasted.

POLE PAINT. Rebecca Conaty adds appeal to the flagpole-daubing profession as she wields brush at Boston, Mass. Below is her boss.



WAR PAINT. M. Stapleton of Lewiston, Mont., paints sixth stripe on his house to record another Nazi plane bagged by neighbor, Lt. Robert Weldon.

POSTURE QUEEN. That's the title they've given (and with good reason) Leslie Brooks, the Hollywood honey.

Mail Call

Plain Talk On Freedom

Dear YANK,

I want to put in a few words in answer to "The Laissez-Faire Blues" written in a letter to you in the June 11 issue of YANK by Cpl. M. B.

He is right about a lot of us boys wanting our old time freedom when we return to civilian life, and if a few weak sisters like him that is afraid of open competition and things running wide open in general gets in the way of us boys, he will get hurt. For we've put up with plenty of restriction to be able to return to that good old life with all the freedom. Also plenty of men have died to make it possible.

Among the freedom that he suggests that be taken away is, "The right of freedom as to choose a particular doctor." And second, "Curtail the freedom to invest one's own money as he sees fit."

When my family or me needs a doctor, I damn sure want to be able to get any doctor that I want. And if I have money to invest that is my own business as to how I want to invest it. Where would America be, if we had open competition closed around 1800?

Cpl. M. B., you have insulted America by referring to our freedom as "Worn out definition of freedom." And what can be better than, "Traditional American Rights?"

Cpl., you are a weak sister, and afraid to get into the big time after the war. We can pay taxes to support your kind but my heart bleeds for you and we can't afford to slow down to your pace.

Cpl., it is fighting words when anyone so much as thinks of taking a freedom from me that is guaranteed by the Constitution of the U. S. I am not a flag waver, but I'll take on one or all that tries to change that Constitution.

Pvt. HUBERT WIDEMAN

Britain.

Pin-up Boy

Dear YANK,

At last we have a picture worthy of being a "Pin-Up." Although the artist has not depicted the stream-lined figure of Captain John G. Crommelin of the United States Navy in his proper stream-lined form, he has chosen one of the better flying sailors of this war. All pin-up gals have been torn down to make room for this.

The illustration, "The Sinking of the Liscombe Bay," from YANK, June 11, 1944, is recommended to those who want a he-man for a pin-up.

Col. FRANK F. REED

Britain.

Picture Jam

Dear YANK,

After waiting around for quite a while, I finally decided to do something about my problem, so as all the other GIs do, I turned to YANK. I don't imagine that you will be able to do anything for me, but it will make me feel better if I put my complaint in the open.

About ten weeks ago, no less, I sent a roll of film to the Army Pictorial Service and as yet I haven't seen hide or hair of my film. Now I appreciate the fact that the Pictorial Service is probably very busy, but our Army is supposed to be fast and efficient, and if that is fast and efficient service, then I'll take a slow freight.

There is an Army Order out that says (this is no quote, but just a general idea) no military personnel will have film developed in any civilian concerns, and any breach of this is a court martial offence. That is swell, and it sounds just dandy when it is read from paper.

I have talked to a few civilians and all they have to say is, "My, but you Yanks are slow; why, we can have our film developed in three or four days." Court martial or no court martial, that is still a temptation.

Yours for less court martials and faster Pictorial Service.

Pfc. J. P. HUGHES

Britain.

P.S. Another fellow in this outfit has had film there for about three months.

Dear YANK,

Approximately three months ago, we were advised to have our film developed in London for free, which numerous members of our company have done, as it meant that many more "bitters." To date we haven't received a single print from any of the rolls we sent to the above mentioned location and would like to know how many more months we will have to wait as we have promised all the goils and wives back home on t'other side a snap of their Olive Drab Zoot Zooters.

T/5 CHAS. L. SHEA

Britain.

[YANK asked Army Pictorial Service what's cooking, and here's the reply received: "The delay is due to limited facilities of the Army Pictorial Service for handling amateur film. In a week the APS receives 20,000 rolls, but in that time can process only 6,000. They must, they say, give first priority to official photography. Unfortunately, there is no faster service available, as all amateur film must be censored and sent through Army channels, which at the present time is the Army Pictorial Service. The APS acts as processing agent for the censor for whom this work is done." So that's that.—Ed.]

Another Bill Of Rights

Dear YANK,

Everybody is talking about the four freedoms, Bill of Rights or some other term denoting liberation. What I want is a more specific program. Here is what I call our new Bill of Rights.

1. *Equal opportunity to all for education up to fourth year high school.*
2. *Equal opportunity in employment to all regardless of race, color, creed or national origin.*
3. *Equal pay for equal work.*
4. *Right to vote given to all citizens regardless of race, color, creed, or national origin.*
5. *Adequate and equal health facilities to all.*
6. *Adequate housing to all.*
7. *Equal accommodations to all in public places.*

This is only a minimum program and can be extended, but it will do for a start.

Let us carry the torch of freedom so that all men will be able to live decently from now on.

Pfc. LEWIS WATERS

Britain.

What, No Kitchen Sink?

Dear YANK,

Since many of the boys have been cussing the heavy field packs, I thought they might be consoled a bit by seeing this pack worn by Pvt. Don Otto, of Detroit, Mich.

Fellows, if you think your pack is heavy try this: one GI mattress, a blanket, a comforter, a pillow, a shelter-half, one GI foot-locker with equipment inside, two pack carriers and rifle.

Well, anyway, you'd sleep on a little softer ground.

Cpl. TOM MILLS

Britain.

Pastoral Pin-ups

Dear YANK,

T/5 Richard D. McCann has a good idea concerning Pastoral Pin-Ups. Please give your influence to getting us pictures of scenes of back home. It would be just as good for morale—that lasts—as the current pictures you run on the back cover of YANK.

Good wishes and thanks for a fine job you are doing.

Another rather interested reader of YANK.

LOUIS C. JOHNSON
Chaplain, Capt.

Britain.

Support For The Major

Dear YANK,

We have just finished reading Major Cushman's letter in Mail Call, of the June 11 issue of YANK, and we wholeheartedly agree with him.

YANK as it stands today is a fine magazine and a joy to the soldier, but this is no reason why it cannot be made much better. A soldier in the ETO is basically interested in six things: home, women, humor, sports, conduct of the war, and tips on how to stay alive in combat. Although YANK does cover these subjects, it could devote more space to them

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Pictures: 1, Signal Corps. 2, Signal Corps. 3, Planet. 4, 9th AAF. 5, Reg. Kenny. 10, 9th AAF. 11, Sgt. Earl McCollister. 12 and center, PA; right, INP. 20, top, Acme; center left, INP; bottom left, PA; bottom right, INP. 21, top, ATC, India, China Wing; bottom, Sgt. Bill Young. 22, Sgt. Georg Meyers.

Seems it's Nevada that's done it . . . not Texas

Dear YANK:

About that statistical misrepresentation (pardon) contained in your answer to Pfc. J. G.'s letter—"Is It True What They Say About Texas?"—in YANK's June 4 issue.

After all, it is no great feat for a populous state like New York, Pennsylvania, or Illinois to make the greatest numerical contribution to our army. But in the table I'm enclosing, just take a look at Nevada, down at the bottom of your list. The 1940 census shows she had only 16,000 eligible males between 19 and 36 years of age to call upon. This takes no consideration of those deferred by marital status, job, or health. Just the total in that age group. The top six, percentage-wise then, are really Nevada, 56.3%; Connecticut, 50.9%; New Jersey, 50.7%; District of Columbia, 50.5%; New York, 50.4%; and New Mexico, 50.0%. The national average take is 44.3%.

And poor old Texas. She drafted only 44.5%. On that basis: (1) she just squeezes by with a mere 2,000 to spare; (2) she needs 97,000 more to equal the fighting spirit of Nevada, and (3) 50,000 more to join the leaders. Incidentally, "I'm from Missouri." (Per cent: 44.6).

JOSEPH P. RAMSAY
Captain, Ordnance

Britain.

PERCENTAGE OF ELIGIBLE MEN DRAFTED BY STATES

Between Nineteen and Thirty-six Years of Age*

STATE	Men Drafted (in thousands)	Eligible Men 19-36 Years (in thousands)	Percentage Eligible Men Drafted
Nevada	9	16	56.3
Connecticut	112	220	50.9
New Jersey	272	536	50.7
District of Columbia	51	101	50.5
New York	860	1,706	50.4
New Mexico	33	66	50.0
Maine	46	94	48.9
Ohio	414	850	48.7
Pennsylvania	602	1,244	48.4
Rhode Island	42	87	48.3
Utah	32	68	47.1
Delaware	16	34	47.1
New Hampshire	26	56	46.8
Illinois	464	1,009	46.0
Kansas	95	208	45.7
Indiana	188	412	45.6
California	407	900	45.2
Maryland	107	237	45.1
Michigan	299	670	44.6
Missouri	199	446	44.6
Texas	372	835	44.5
National mathematical average:			44.3
West Virginia	105	238	44.1
Vermont	18	41	43.9
Massachusetts	237	506	42.9
Kentucky	143	337	42.4
Nebraska	64	153	41.8
Louisiana	125	302	41.4
Minnesota	143	345	41.3
Wisconsin	156	379	41.2
Tennessee	151	367	41.1
Mississippi	110	269	40.9
Iowa	119	294	40.5
Virginia	138	344	40.1
Arizona	26	65	40.0
Wyoming	14	35	40.0
Oklahoma	114	287	39.7
Alabama	139	353	39.4
Washington	87	222	39.2
North Dakota	31	80	38.8
Arkansas	92	238	38.7
South Dakota	29	76	38.2
Georgia	146	402	36.3
Idaho	25	69	36.2
South Carolina	83	238	34.9
North Carolina	161	462	34.8
Florida	100	292	34.2
Colorado	54	137	32.1
Oregon	57	180	31.6
Montana	29	73	31.5
National Totals	7,342	16,579	44.3

**Figures Based on 1940 Census. Eligibility is prima-facie only and does not take into consideration physical condition, marital status, dependents, or job deferment.*

(especially women). Too much time and space is spent on incidentals, which the average GI does not pay any attention to.

As for the women, their pulchritude (and I'm sure most GIs will agree) should be displayed to the utmost. More B-A-R-E facts are wanted

FOUR GIs

Britain.

Those Ribbons

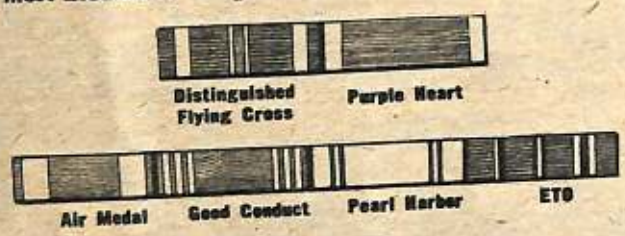
Dear YANK,

One of the pet subjects of conversation, and also one of a great controversial nature, is the subject of the proper position of "ribbons" on the blouse or shirt. What is the correct method of wearing them.

Cpl. BARNEY WATERMAN

Britain.

[YANK went into this subject fully in its issue of December 19, 1943. For the benefit of those who missed it, the diagram below gives the set-up covering most Etousians.—Ed.]



Strike Another Medal!

Dear YANK:

I've had something on my mind for the past couple of weeks, and now is as good a time as any to get straightened out, maybe. I made buck-sergeant at precisely midnight of one day—and inadvertently got myself "busted" by nine-o'clock the next and following morning. Now, YANK, my question is this: nine hours isn't very long, and it's my belief that I hold a record of some sort or other. How about it? If any of your readers have this beat, let' em sound-off; until then I'll hang onto the record, unofficially. Maybe I oughta get a medal.

"JUST ANOTHER 'BUCK'"

Britain.

In Re: Aunt Prunie

Dear YANK,

A word of advice to one of our most ardent readers. We would advise our dear, young, sophisticated lady (Betty Jane Lindsay), who complained so bitterly about YANK's slang in the June 25 issue, to stick to her own class of literature if she doesn't wish to be confronted by such superfluous words as are employed by our YANK editors. We read and understand the GI language used by our GI editors and suggest that if she wishes to reduce the amount of shuddering she goes through while reading our superfluous language that she read the *Ladies Home Companion* and such literature that doesn't contain such slanguage as used by our YANK. Some words used are meant to jive to us GIs only, and we wouldn't want one of our warworkers to lose any time censoring our YANK before letting their mothers or Aunt Prunie read it.

THE BOYS OF TENT FOUR

Britain.

Dear YANK:

This is the first time I have ever written to you but I think I have a bonified complaint in regards to a letter in this week's mag. The letter was written by an "Aunt Prunie" complaining about the slanguage used in YANK. If this young lady will take the time to look in the upper right-hand corner of the cover, she will notice a caption which reads: "*By the Men and For the Men in the Service.*" Also, on page 18, just below "Mail Call" is a line reading "YANK is published weekly by the enlisted men of the U. S. Army, *and is for sale only to those in the Armed Forces.*"

I would like to see YANK stay for the members of the Armed Forces.

"Aunt Prunie" said she was awfully busy these days, with war work, and doesn't always have time to censor YANK before her mother reads it. We fellows in the ETO are here on a pleasure trip for our health, and have nothing at all to do, and I'm sure we would be only too glad to censor YANK for her.

Sgt. JOHN J. PETERS and 40 others of the USAAF

Britain.

Unlucky Spot

Dear YANK,

Thanks for your "Highlights for the Week" with respect to YANK's AFN Radio Guide. OK, we appreciate the schedule, *but*, how in the hell do you get the station?

When we first heard about the station, we all rushed out and rented wireless sets. Now we're trying to figure out a mechanism to receive the waves thru the air.

We were told that the transmitter is very powerful and also that England isn't 100 miles from the sea at any one place. Kindly inform us GIs if the station is located underground?

CIVIL AFFAIRS

Britain.

[YANK asked AFN about this, and here's the answer we got: "If you can't get the nearest AFN transmitter on the kilocycles listed in YANK'S radio guide, tune in the Allied Expeditionary Forces program on 1050 kc. or 285 m. The AFN is supplying half the material for this new service. The AFN coverage runs over 80 per cent, so if you can't get it, you're in an unlucky spot where it can't be received or something is wrong with your radio."—Ed.]

YANK'S AFN Radio Guide

Highlights for the week of July 9

SUNDAY 1430—NATIONAL BARN DANCE—From the hayloft come all the folks who've visited with you on the air for years—including Lulu Belle and Scotty, the Hoosier Hot Shots, Louise Massey, and the Westerners.

MONDAY 2030—HIT PARADE—The ten top tunes of the week are interpreted by the Hit Paraders, Frank Sinatra, and Joan Edwards.

TUESDAY 1130—DUFFLE BAG—Cpl. Johnny Kerr's kit of melody is thrown open for his daily hour and a half program of what's bright and new, old and blue in popular music. Your requests on the final 45-minute portion.

WEDNESDAY 2230—GAY NINETIES REVUE—The spotlight swings to the turn of the century as Joe Howard proudly presents his Flora Dora Girls and Jenny Lind. Danny Donovan sings a Bert Williams favorite.

THURSDAY 1905—BING CROSBY—Banter and chatter from the Crosby Music Hall. Bing sings one of the hits of the day as well as a special tune from years gone by.

FRIDAY 2200—KAY KYSER—The doors swing wide for knowledge from the Musical Kollege. Test your wits with the contestants, laugh with Ish Kabibble, and hear what's new in music with the orchestra.

SATURDAY 1330—YANK's RADIO EDITION. 1630—AMOS 'N' ANDY—A half hour filled with the trials and tribulations of one of radio's favorite comedy teams. A famous screen star is guest to help the boys iron out their difficulties.

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.

RACE TRACK IN WARTIME: NEW YORK'S BELMONT PARK IS MOBBED ON MEMORIAL DAY WITH RECORD THRONG OF 52,029 WHO CAME TO SEE ALETERN WIN SUBURBAN 'CAP.

Sports Parade

YOUNGEST YET. Joe Nuxhall, Cincinnati's 15-year-old, 6-ft. 3 pitching find, talks things over with his new boss, Manager Bill McKechnie.

SPORTS: EAGAN, OLD AEF CHAMP, FROWNS ON PRO BOXING

By Sgt. GENE SLUTZ

SOMEWHERE IN INDIA—The oversized middleweight parried high with a long left, hopped to the left, ducked low and then measured his imaginary opponent for a fast right uppercut.

"But gentlemen," he added, "Don't, for goodness' sake, don't ever take it up for a living." It was Lt. Col. Eddie Eagan speaking to a bunch of boxing-conscious GIs at a fighter-bomber station recently. And he was reiterating the plea he had made down through the years to men who intend to lace on the gloves for something besides glory and the huzzas of the mob. This same Eagan and Gene Tunney stand alone as the only undefeated heavyweight champions of the modern ring era.

The catch is, of course, that Eagan, now ATC Special Services chief, never plied the trade for a living. But as an amateur he won the AAU, AEF and Olympic middleweight and heavyweight championships and fought Jack Dempsey twice in exhibition bouts.

It's been a long time since Eagan climbed into the same ring with Dempsey at Denver. Eddie, then a cocky Irish kid of 17, had floored more than 20 opponents of all shapes and sizes from the middleweight class right up to the heavyweight division and was being touted as a coming champion. But most of his ring activities had to be kept confidential because of parental objections. Once his mother caught him and a pal sparring to the tune of the "Blue Danube," and he had to tell her that he was practicing music. It was then he made up his mind to fight for nothing more than the fun of it. His first exhibition with Dempsey may have helped him along those lines.

"Frankly, I'd never heard of Jack Dempsey until that night when Jack Kearns introduced 'His Boy' as the coming champion. I'd been enjoying some success on my own hook and had faced plenty of boilermakers much bigger than Dempsey. I talked myself into believing I wasn't afraid of him."

It didn't take long for Eagan to realize that he had run into something very different from those oversized boilermakers and miners. "Dempsey landed a trip-hammer right that still makes the bees in my bonnet buzz every time I think of it. That first attempted haymaker of mine just worked in reverse and I was extremely thankful that Jack carried me for the remainder of the fight."

In the last war Eagan arrived overseas just when everything was blowing over and the Kaiser's goose had been cooked. There were a lot of the AEF hanging around and a boxing tournament was staged to help pass the time away. Eagan emerged as middleweight and heavyweight champion, and a long, lanky marine named Gene Tunney copped the light-heavyweight title.

Through that boxing show, Eagan and Tunney became fast friends. That friendship was later to play a vital part in Tunney's ascension to the heavyweight throne.

"Gene and I got to talking about what we were going to do when we got back to America. He asked me first. Well, I was intent on finishing my college career, since I was only shy of 19 at the time and especially anxious to attend Yale. It was then that Tunney revealed his ambition: 'I'm going to be heavyweight champion of the world.'"

Incidentally, despite Tunney's much-publicized bookishness, Eagan gets the nod in this department. After completing his studies at Yale, he won a Rhodes scholarship to Oxford—in short, a Whizzer White of his time. Eagan made a big hit in England's amateur boxing circles, and after winning a degree in law, toured the world with the famous British sportsman, Duke of Clydesdale.

In Australia, Eagan's opponent was something more than just a plain big man. He was at least seven feet tall and weighed close to 300 pounds. Since Eagan had just faced Dempsey in the second of their exhibitions in London, the Australian newspapers made the most of this by stretching a point and billing the American as the only man who floored Dempsey 10 times in the first round and 20 times in the second. Needless to say, the Australian was put to sleep promptly.

The biggest laugh Eagan got out of the match came when the giant's father stormed into the dressing room after the bout and roared: "You don't fight fair. You cheated. Nobody ever hit my son in the face before."

Returning to the States, Eagan helped train Tunney for his fights with Dempsey. Here in India Col. Eagan likes to show the films of these fights. Most of the men who see them agree that even if Tunney had gotten up after an actual nine-count, he still would have had an excellent chance of defeating Dempsey. "Watch Dempsey now," whispered Eagan to a nearby sergeant as Dempsey dropped Tunney. "He's as much out on his feet as Tunney seems to be."

Eagan carries only a single scar from his days as a fighter. That's a slightly dented beak. Otherwise it's difficult to identify him with the fight game. A bit of Yale here, a touch of Oxford there, plus a prosperous law firm, which he intends to rejoin after the war, have left him much happier, he insists, than if he had turned pro.

Lt. Col. Eddie Eagan plays host to Paulette Goddard during her recent visit to the China-Burma-India theater.

LIKE ALL SAILORS, *Chief Specialist Barney McCoskey, former Detroit Tiger outfielder, is handy with a paint brush. He is also handy with a baseball bat for the Aiea Naval Station team in Hawaii.*

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

S/Sgt. **Joe Louis** must have gotten a chuckle from that **Al Delaney-Sgt. Freddie Mills** fight in London the other night, in which Mills knocked out Delaney in five rounds. Back in 1934, Louis fought Delaney, then known as **Alex Borchuk,** in Detroit and chilled him in four rounds. . . . Here are some of the college football players stationed in England waiting for D-Day: **Sgt. Freddie Crawford,** All-Southern tackle at Duke; **Lt. Pug Rentner,** Northwestern's All-American back of '31, who later starred with the Bears; **Capt. Marshall Spivey,** Texas Aggie quarterback and captain in '41; **Ens. Vic Kolman,** formerly of Temple and the Bears; **Maj. Wink Davis,** one-time Georgia Tech backfield star; **Capt. Carl Hinkle,** All-American center at Vanderbilt, and **Capt. Houston Betty,** Missouri's All-Big Six center in '35. . . . **Capt. Frank Guernsey,** the tennis ace, is back from the Aleutians, where he saw plenty of action as a fighter pilot. . . . File and Forget: More than 250 boxers have been discharged from the armed forces since Jan. 1 with CDDs. . . . **Bob Hoernschemeyer,** Indiana's sophomore whiz, flunked his entrance exams for Annapolis.

Missing in action: **Capt. Hal Van Every,** Minnesota's great fullback of 1937-'38-'39, after his fourth mission as a bomber pilot over Germany. . . . *Commissioned:* **Winston Churchill Guest,** international polo player and second cousin of Prime Minister Winston Churchill, as a second lieutenant in the Marines. . . . *Promoted:* **Lt. Clarence (Soup) Campbell,** one-time Cleveland Indians' outfielder, to captain at Grand Island (Nebr.) Army Air Field. . . . *Transferred:* **Cpl. Billy Conn** from Wright Field, Dayton, O., to Overseas Replacement Depot, Greensboro, N. C. . . . *Ordered for Induction:* **George Caster,** relief pitcher of the Browns, by the Navy; **Buddy Kerr,** rookie Giant shortstop, by the Army; Pitcher **Ken Raffensberger,** catcher **Ben (Baldy) Culp,** shortstop **Ray Hamrick,** all of the Phillies, by the Navy. . . . *Rejected:* **Al Javery,** right-hander of the Braves (1 and 4 this year), because of varicose veins in both legs.

ALASKA HIGHWAY GETS DISCHARGED

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

FAIRBANKS, ALASKA—The Alaska Highway has been handed its honorable discharge. It's not in the Army any more. But it's still under military control, and you can't drive on it without the War Department's okay.

It's more than two years since Engineer dogfaces were clambering off the train at Dawson Creek, British Columbia, to start clawing out a pioneer trail 1,600 miles north to Fairbanks, Alaska. Now a thin trickle of troops is flowing back over the same path. They're headed for the States and maybe somewhere else overseas. The jobs they're leaving behind are passing to civilians hired by the U. S. Engineering Department.

These are such jobs as barreling trucks through, giving the road its daily shave with graders and massage of gravel, working in the repair shops, filling gas tanks and checking the course of all vehicles at relay stations. Soon the only soldiers you'll see on the Alaska Highway will be doing specialized jobs that Uncle Sam isn't ready yet to turn over to civilian hired hands.

Now that they're turning back, the GIs are taking stock of what became of all their sweat and toil and some blood in the last two years. Some are flabbergasted at the size of their handiwork. The Alaska Highway isn't the Lincoln Highway, but it's not the Old Ox Road, either.

Just saying it's a whale of a project doesn't give you much of a picture, but here are a couple of angles that might. If you took the train from Miami to Tallahassee in Florida, that would be about the same deal as from Edmonton, Alberta, the "gateway to the Alaska Highway," to Dawson Creek, where the road really begins. Then, if you drove from Tallahassee through Birmingham, Ala., Little Rock, Ark., Oklahoma City, Okla., and then swung north and continued to a spot on the Missouri River above Casper, Wyo., you'd have covered about the same ground, with all the twists and turns, as between Dawson Creek and Fairbanks. The only town you'd bump into on that whole trip would be about where you'd hit Oklahoma City. That town would be Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, a village smaller than Carson City, Nev.

Or look at it this way. If you stretched the Alaska Highway in one straight line, including bridges, Winston Churchill could ride in a jeep from the White Cliffs of Dover across the Channel, through Belgium, Germany, Poland and Lithuania, and right up to Joe Stalin's front door in Moscow.

As to scenery, there's no spot on the road as spectacular as, say, Yosemite Valley. The highway starts in the sprawling agricultural acres of British Columbia and winds up in the scattered farm patches around Fairbanks. In between it's mile after mile of skinny white birch, tall sticky spruce, scraggly jackpine, steep gorges, broad glacial bottomlands and rolling hummocky tundra. Curves are gentle and the hills are gradual. The highest point on the route is only 4,214 feet at Summit Lake, a pass through the Rocky Mountains 400 miles north of Dawson Creek.

All those rugged-looking pictures you used to see of the highway during construction—just a pair of muddy ruts slashing through a narrow aisle in the trees—are ancient history now. For 90 percent of the distance the road is 26 feet between shoulders. In winter the graders keep the surface as hard and smooth as concrete. The speed limit is 35 miles per hour, but you could hit 60 with safety except that it's as slippery as an oyster's abdomen. Last spring the thaw made many sections impassable, and ice wiped out a lot of the temporary bridges. The same trouble is expected this year, but on a lesser scale.

IT'S no secret that nowhere near the amount of freight is moving over the road as there would be if the Japs were still giving us a bad time out in the Aleutians. But that doesn't mean the highway isn't doing a job. Actually it has become the main trunk of a network of facilities that have

Map locates 1,600-mile route of the Alaska Highway.

Greyhound buses link Dawson Creek with Fairbanks.

rought Alaska closer to the U. S. in two years han in all its previous history.

Running alongside the highway is the longest open wire circuit in the world, connecting Alaska and the U. S. by telephone and teletype for the first time. Signal Corps and Engineer troops helped install the line, sinking about 35 poles every mile for the 2,026 miles between Edmonton and Fairbanks. The line, like the highway itself, cuts through four time zones.

Late in 1943, about the same time the phone line was nearing completion, the longest overland mail route in the world was opened over the highway. This provided daily first-class delivery out of Edmonton. The mail truck makes it from Dawson Creek to Fairbanks in about three days and 19 hours. The service is operated jointly by the U. S. and Canadian Post Offices.

For several hundred miles, the four-inch pipe line of the Canol project follows alongside the highway, and one of the main branches off the highway is the recently opened Norman Wells Road. Five QM drivers from Teslin were the first to push through a truck convoy to Norman Wells. They were Cpl. Joseph L. Frey, T-5 Joseph T. Adams and Pfcs. Otis A. Lunyou, Michael E. Doheny and Joseph T. Smallman.

Another branch of the highway, the Haines Cut-off, gives the panhandle section of southeastern Alaska its first overland connection with the rest of the Territory. This road runs from the Army's old Chilkoot Barracks docks for 154 miles, along the trail trampled out by the herd of cattle Jack Dalton drove north to Dawson City in 1898 and sold as beef for almost their weight in gold. The Haines Cut-off hits the main Alaska Highway 100 miles west of Whitehorse.

To top it off, Greyhound buses operated by the Northwest Service Command shuttle over the highway daily between Dawson Creek and Fairbanks. The buses carry GIs going on and returning from furloughs and civilian workers.

In short, except for the sloppy season of thaw, traffic over the Alaska Highway is no longer a catch-as-catch-can affair. Freighting by truck is like the old pony-express system brought up to date. A truck leaving Dawson Creek is loaded, inspected, checked through the dispatch station. The driver jockeys it to the next relay station, about 100 miles away, where another driver takes over. Until the recent shift of administration of the road to the Northwest Division, USED, all drivers were GIs from QM truck companies, and the relay stations were manned by soldier clerks and repair mechanics. GIs also operated the highway patrol that covered the road in 100-mile segments. Each patrol car cruised 50 miles north and south of its station, reporting any bad spots on the road and giving aid to stalled drivers.

SOME of the men are seriously wondering what the post-war prospects are for the Alaska Highway. They'd like to open up tourist camps. S/Sgt. William V. Koeninger of Chillicothe, Tex., already has a spot picked on the shores of Muncho Lake at a site pointed out by Indian Charlie MacDonald, a guide who lives in that section with his 104-year-old father, four sons, six daughters, six horses and six dogs.

Several others have their eye on Lake Therese, a freak hot spring that bubbles up through the snow into a pool of water at a temperature of around 100 degrees. This is a mile off the highway in Tropical Valley, 213 miles north of Fort Nelson.

Most GIs, though, claim they've had their fill of the highway for now and ever afterward. One of the stock gags is about the yardbird who wanted to get away so badly he was bucking for a Section 8 by biting trees to test their texture.

This skeptical attitude is shared in part by Brig. Gen. James A. O'Connor, who commanded the highway's operations until he was succeeded by Brig. Gen. Ludson D. Worsham of the USED. "The average tourist has two or three weeks' vacation," Gen. O'Conner said. "In most cases it would take at least half that time just to reach Dawson Creek, where the road begins. Its more important peacetime function should be making new mining and settlement areas accessible.

"Primarily the Alaska Highway was built for insurance. We wanted to be sure the line of communication with the north would always be open."

"I DON'T THINK YOU UNDERSTOOD WHAT THEY MEANT WHEN THEY SAID YOU COULD LIVE OFF THE POST."
—Cpl. Art Gates

"SOMEWHERE in the CARIBBEAN"

By Cpl. JUD COOK
YANK Staff Correspondent

PARAMARIBO, SURINAM—*Diesie na tro foe na* YANK *foe de na moro verwondroe prokserie foe mekie wie alla sabie na takkie na wan alla-dei sannie foeden boesi-nengre dei de liebie morokrosie-be foe na kantie foe Noord Amerika.*

["This is claimed by YANK to be the strangest lead ever written for publication. The language is one used by jungle natives near the shores of North America."]

The second paragraph is a word-for-word translation of the first, which was written in Talkie-talkie, a language spoken in only one part of the world—the matted jungles of Dutch Guiana, or Surinam.

Talkie-talkie is a mixture of Dutch, Spanish, French, English, Portuguese and the mumbo-jumbo of the African bush. The lingo is not easy to learn, and there are almost no printed or written records of it. In spite of this, some GIs belonging to jungle-rescue and crash-boat outfits have learned to chew the fat with the natives of the swampy underbrush.

It is in the jungles of the Guianas—British, French and Dutch—that you learn what it means to fight the war in the Caribbean. High above these jungles, Air Transport Command planes fly regular routes day and night. They are doing their job of delivering supplies, but they pay the price exacted by the weather above and the jungle below.

It is not hard to find GIs and officers in the Guianas who have tried their strength against the jungle. There are many who have tasted baboon meat during torturous weeks of pushing through the bush to reach a plane wreck, come nose to nose with a boa constrictor or slept in native huts during their jungle treks.

In the midst of this primitive wilderness, the American GIs have left their trade-mark. From an outpost called Moengo to the eastern boundary of Dutch Guiana, they have slashed "the Million Dollar Highway of the Guianas," so-called because it is surfaced for 30 miles with bauxite, the ore from which aluminum is made.

Far back in the bush, where the bauxite mines are located, American and Puerto Rican soldiers stand guard. Although players are scarce, their baseball diamond is probably one of the most expensive in the world, since it too is richly layered with bauxite. The outfield is fertile tropical grass. Apart from the American national game, there are few diversions at this and other lonely posts except GI movies and some PX beer.

Supplies to Moengo are transported by a Higgins crash boat, skippered by an ex-infantryman who was assigned to the 100-mile, 10-hour river run because he used to own and operate an East Coast fishing boat in the States. In his 15 months on the job, crewmates swear, Pfc. Robert Robinson of Philadelphia, Pa., has come to recognize every tree that slips past his eyes on the long river run to Moengo.

The entire Corps of Engineers at Moengo consists of T-4 Ralph Del Vicario of Providence, R. I., whose job is to keep refrigeration in good shape. In his spare time he has provided the boys in his barracks with a hot shower system, one of the few showers in the Antilles Command where you can turn a faucet and get hot water.

An Americanism that is notably lacking in Dutch Guiana is the slot machine—the coins are square here and don't fit. But at an airfield in British Guiana you can find an honest-to-goodness popcorn machine. Drinking American beer and eating popcorn are one of the best cures for the curse of the Caribbean—utter boredom.

THE average GI down here has been "somewhere in the Caribbean" for at least 18 months and probably as long as two years. He's all ears when you talk about rotation, just as much as the Pacific GI who has seen combat. Probably he's even a little eager, looking for a match with the enemy he can win instead of one he can take by forfeit.

As for being rotated back to the States instead of to a combat area, one man has been here so long that if he were sent back home, he said, he'd rent a room in a hotel and watch people through his window for a week "just to see how they act." And another was worried that he'd have difficulty with "these new-fangled ration laws."

But the man who's finding it hardest of all down here is T-5 John Price of Newark, N. J., assigned to a maintenance company in Trinidad. It's tough for him to sweat out his time because his daily job is to repair watches.

"PERSONALLY, I FEEL CONSPICUOUS AS HELL."
—M/Sgt. Ted Miller

"JUST MAKE LIKE YOU DON'T NOTICE THEM."
—Pfc. Frederick Wildtoerster

"SOMETHING SMELLS TERRIBLY GOOD . . . I WONDER WHAT IT COULD BE?"
—Pvt. Tom Flannery