

BRITISH EDITION

YANK

THE ARMY



WEEKLY

3^d FEB. 13
1944
VOL. 2, NO. 35

*By the men . . . for the
men in the service*

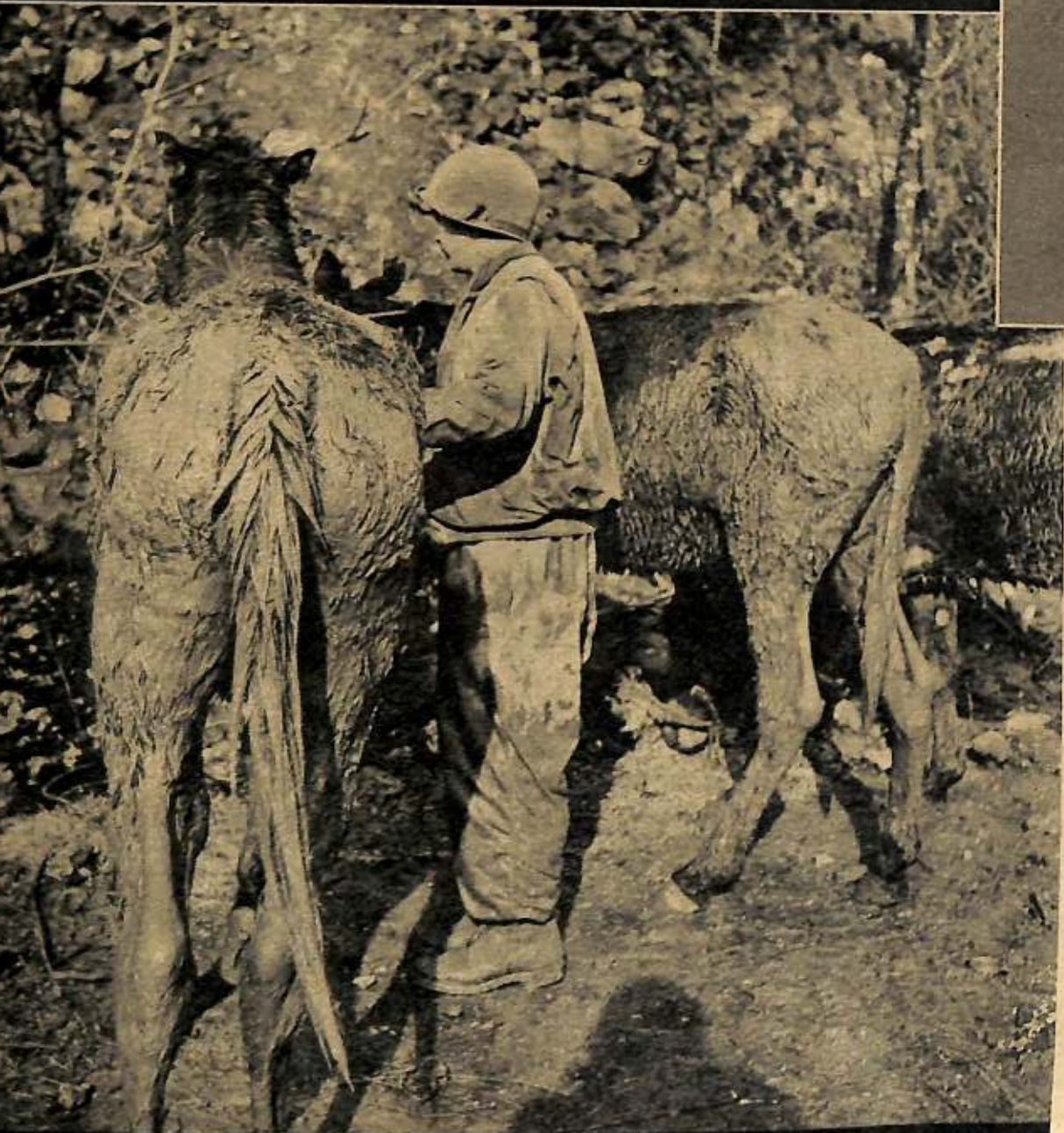
U. S. observers watch American shells burst on German positions in the Cassino battle area.





SUPPLY MEN WALK THROUGH A GRAY LANDSCAPE TO THE FRONT.

PVT. HAROLD CARLSEN OF PENN YAN, N. Y., TAKES A SHORT BREAK IN A HOLE HE CALLS HOME.



AN ARMY MULESKINNER TENDS HIS MUDDY CHARGES WHICH HAVE HOCKS STANDING OUT LIKE CHICKEN BONES.

When the Infantry's ammunition and food reach the last stage of their tortuous journey to the front, even the mules quit. The private finishes the job alone.

By Sgt. BURGESS SCOTT
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—We came up here for blood and thunder, for grenades and glinting bayonets and moaning mortar shells. We didn't get them because it was a quiet day as the Infantry business goes.

What we got, though, was better because we and few others had ever bothered to see it before. We followed a can of C rations into a fox-hole, a .30-caliber cartridge into an M1 and a quart of precious water into an empty canteen.

We had bumped into the bitter tail end of the Army's supply web where the fancy term, logistics, becomes merely a weary private's aching back and the slimy path up a front-line peak. We were up in the country where shipping and trucking are unheard-of words, where the only way to handle supplies is to manhandle them.

The location was a sector, half valley, half mountains, occupied by an American Infantry regiment. Regimental headquarters was in a row of damp caves at the base of a mountain which we had reached only after a half-mile slish through a grove of sawed-off trees. The ankle-deep mud had worked crotch high by the time we reached the headquarters.

The regiment had captured this position several weeks previously. Then it had been relieved for a rest. Now some of the headquarters men were digging back into caves they'd lived in before. That's how slow the war moves on some sectors of this mountainous front.



THE SECOND AND FOURTH MEN CARRY RATIONS ON PACKBOARDS WHICH THEY'LL SWAP AROUND FOR THE RIFLES LATER.

Supplies Are Brought Up in Italy on the GI's Back

Nevertheless, it was a good position, as positions go here. The headquarters caves were at the base of a steep peak. An enemy shell would have to have a pilot and a navigator with it to find this kind of a spot. The front line was around the peak and several miles up the valley to the north.

We saw that the men working around headquarters had their mud troubles, too. The mud was caked up to their belts and would have gone higher, but the rain water running off their backs and shoulders kept washing it off. We sat down by a private who was prying the caked mud from his instep with a trench knife. He was a supply man who had just come in across the stump flat with a 40-pound case of C rations for the headquarters cook cave.

"This ain't tough at all here," he told us. "This is just flat and muddy. You oughta see up front when it gets hilly and muddy at the same time."

He pointed to a distant embankment that intersected the stump flat. "That used to be an Itie railroad but the Engineers have fixed it up into a road that gets the trucks this far. The trucks get mired up there a piece, and they have to switch the stuff onto mules. Then a piece farther the mules mire down, and they switch the stuff onto my back. I ain't had a chance to bog down yet. Been too busy."

Most of the men in the regiment had drawn the new combat suits, and the owners of these were faring as well as possible in the steady downpour. One of them said that the new suits turned water better than any clothing the Army

ever issued. Most of the men had also received galoshes, and the net result of this issue was that the medics were treating far fewer cases of feet, trench and frozen.

A man went into the headquarters cave with our request to stick around for a few days to pick up a load of pictures and stories. The executive officer, a lieutenant colonel, came out to see us and his first question was: "How brave are you?" We told him we didn't want to stick our necks too far out, but that we felt brave enough to get a story and some pictures. He smiled and said he was leaving inside an hour on his daily trip to check on supplies and tour the line CPs, and we could go with him.

While we were waiting a fellow on guard told us why this was a dull day compared with most the regiment had seen. We could hardly hear him for the racket being made by a battalion of 105s on the far side of the flat. They were whanging a steady stream of HE (high explosive) over the peak at our back and into the Jerry lines ahead. We could hear the shells hiss as they went over.

Then we heard a different kind of hiss—more of a whine—and there was no explosion preceding it, so we knew it was an incoming one and ducked accordingly. We saw it burst with a flash and a spurt of smoke near where we'd parked our jeep in a wooded lot on the far side of the flat. We began to worry about our transportation.

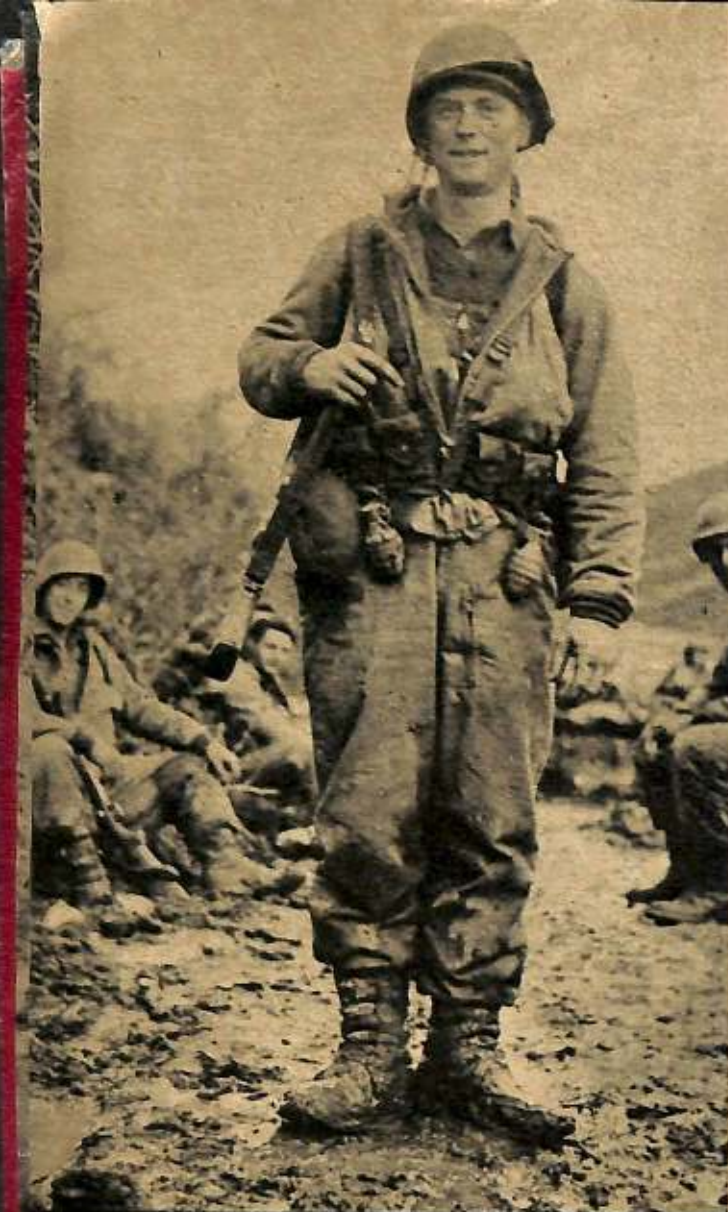
Later we learned that our jeep was untouched but that the burst had killed two of the fellows who had offered to keep an eye on the jeep



A SUPPLY CARRIER (LEFT) DRAWS CANNED RATIONS.



PVT. BOYD MUSSELMAN SCRAPES MUD OFF HIS SHOES.



Pvt. Clarence E. Shoemaker models new Infantry combat suit. He's acquired a German water bottle.



A jeep plows through a bypass which has been flooded by a creek swollen by the heavy rains.



Comes chow time on this part of the Italian front, and soldiers gather around a cook fire in a gully.

while it was parked there. A fragment of the shell had set off an ammo trailer and the resulting explosions had done the dirty work. Another GI lost a leg, but the medics grabbed him in time to save the rest of him.

An officer stopped to talk and explained the why of all the sawed-off trees in the flat at the base of the peak. He said the Krauts had sawed the trees down while they held the flat, for two good reasons. If the trees had been left standing, the shells our artillery was pouring in there would have hit the limbs and burst before they struck the ground, nullifying the protection of any foxhole the Germans could dig. And now that the trees were cut down, our troops advancing across the flat were left uncovered.

THE colonel came out of the headquarters cave wearing his helmet and raincoat, and said we'd better be moving because there was a long tough walk ahead. A second lieutenant with a carbine was our guide. We slushed behind him across the stump flat and up onto the fill of the Itie railroad on which the truck road was being built.

When we reached the top of the railroad bed, we could see how our Engineers were able to convert it into a motor road. On each side of the roadbed lay pieces of track and ties, the remains of the railroad after the Germans had run their railroad wrecker over it. The wrecker is a railroad car with a 10-ton pointed hook hanging over the rear and a chute built on each side over the rails.

When Jerry retires he couples a locomotive to the wrecker and opens the throttle. The 10-ton hook drops down between the rails and drags along, snapping the ties like toothpicks. Explosive charges slide down the chutes at intervals, attaching themselves to the rails. After the wrecker has moved ahead, the charges explode, cutting the rails into short lengths.

As we struggled to keep up with our guide's pace, the colonel told us about his riflemen and his supply men.

"In the Infantry," he said, "we learn to depend on manpower. Trucks get stuck, mules get mired, but we can always count on a man getting through. The men up in the lines are our big shots. We've taught them to do only one thing up there, and they concentrate on only one thing: how to kill Krauts. That's all they have to think about, and the rest of the regiment will break its back to see that they don't have anything else to think about.

"Except for killing Krauts, the supply men take care of all the infantryman's needs. Those needs boil down to three things: food, ammunition and water. As long as the supply men have an ounce of strength left, the man up on the line won't have to take his eye off his sights."

Soon the road-crew units thinned out to a mere sprinkling of men and then disappeared. We knew by the stillness and the tenseness that we had reached the outer fringe of the front. The lieutenant led us down the railroad embankment and into a knee-deep donkey path along which we splashed until we came to a battered farmhouse. This was the CP of a rear battalion.

Aid-station medics sitting on the back steps told us it was an unusually lean day. Two litter bearers had just come in to report nothing doing, and a couple of fresh ones were buttoning up to go into the lines and keep up the vigil.

Inside the farmhouse the lieutenant colonel commanding the battalion and his staff were eating a meal of bacon, crackers and coffee. The battalion CO cautioned us about the last leg of our trip. "You'll probably be okay until you come to the creek about a mile and a half up," he said. "It's swollen and you may have to wade it. It may get tough between the creek and the forward CP because Jerry has been shelling that sector with something big. He's been hitting it for about 15 minutes out of every hour, but lately he's been slackening up. Just be careful."

There were three big open fields to cross before reaching the creek, and at each one the colonel made us keep a 60-yard interval between men in single file because a group crossing the clearing might attract the attention of an enemy observer and draw shell fire. Crossing those fields felt like walking naked across a stage before a big audience. A few hundred yards to the left was the rolling, wooded valley floor where our patrols were out, and just beyond that were the German lines. Once, while we were strung out

across the open space, we saw the guide fall flat and we fell, too, but nothing happened, and we continued on to the next field.

In this manner we crossed the three fields and came to the swollen creek. Some supply men had already started a timber bridge across it. The bank on our side was the mulehead, and the animals were nibbling grass as the men unloaded their precious cargoes of C and K rations, water and ammunition. This was as far as the mules could carry the load they'd taken from the trucks. Now the stuff had to be manhandled.

On the other side of the creek a thin line of mud-caked men was toiling up the slippery path of a 60-foot bluff, each with a 40- or 50-pound case or can on his shoulder. This was the only way forward from there. We saw a fagged-out soldier tug a case of rations to his shoulder and start for the creek, but as he reached the edge he leaned too far forward and the case tumbled into the stream. He splashed in after it, got it back on his shoulder and then made it across the creek. We watched him start up the bluff, his soggy clothes adding to the burden, and saw him lug the load over the rim and out of sight.

A rain-soaked lieutenant in charge of the detail was working on the bridge. Up to then, he said, the men had been wading waist deep with their loads across the creek, but the bridge would soon fix that. He said that his men had been working more than 12 hours a day keeping the line companies supplied. All but six of his original crew were out from pure exhaustion; they were no longer able to put one foot in front of the other. Lately he'd had to draw on reserves from the antitank company.

He said they had tried to get their mules beyond that point, but the first one had mired into mud over his back. "We almost had to shoot him," the lieutenant said, "but mules are too valuable. We managed to get a jeep near enough to tie a line on him, and two of the fellows waded out and held his head up while we pulled him out."

We teetered across the half-finished bridge and started up the bluff, remembering the battalion CO's warning about Jerry's habit of shelling this last portion of the route. We took our place in the line of carriers who were lugging the food, water and ammunition over the bluff.

It was tough going. You stepped one foot forward and slid back two. Tufts of strong grass should have been good handholds, but the grass was slippery with mud from the hands of other supply men. A man above us lost his balance and swayed a moment, his case of rations tilting backwards. We couldn't help him by pushing because the motion would have slid us down on the ones behind, so we clung on and waited. The carrier righted himself on a piece of brush and went on up. It was a hellish job for us to get up there, just carrying nothing. We wondered what an extra 40 pounds would have done to us.

WE finally climbed to the top of the bluff, crossed a small shell-pocked flat and came onto the railway we'd left several miles back. Instead of climbing over its embankment, we walked through a gap blasted out of it and started up the rocky slope of a peak on the other side. After about 200 yards of straight-up climbing, we reached the CP we were looking for—that of the farthest advanced battalion in the Fifth Army.

The CP was in a fairly secure gully that none of the German shells had found up until then. The men had dug caves deep into the gully banks, with the floors several inches above the bed of the crevice. These, lined with dried grasses, made relatively comfortable homes.

While we were there, things perked up in the valley below. There was a moaning, banshee wail, and we saw smoke trails of the six projectiles of a Screaming Mimi (rocket projector) arch over the valley. Then we saw the six bursts in our lines.

A line of supply men arose from the cover they had taken and continued up the hill. The nearness of the burst worried a captain in the CP and he came over to the men. "The Kraut observer might see you with those square boxes," he said. "Better take the back trail."

After the captain went away, the man he'd addressed lowered his case to the mud and sat on it. "That screws up the short cut," he said. "Now we gotta go over the rocks." He passed the word down to the fork of the path. The rest of the supply men hiked their loads up on their shoulders and took the back trail—up the rocks.

These sergeant gunners have reached a state of complete relaxation—but like keyed, silent instruments waiting to be picked up and used again.



WHEN properly applied behind the sights of a fifty-caliber machine gun an aerial gunner can do a good deal of newsworthy damage. It is a habit-forming way of fighting, and even at an Eighth Air Force Rest Home the most popular form of outdoor exercise is the skeet shoot. What the gunners who go to one of these homes for a week's holiday get for their money is a combination rest cure-busman's holiday, and the sounds of both rise on the air all day.

Outside on the skeet range the rapid echoes of rifle shots stretch out on the damp, gray air, and indoors the crackle of a wood fire blends with the rattle of dice, the comfortable murmurs of a black-jack game ("Go ahead, hit me, hit me, hit me, go ahead, pay nineteen"), and the smooth-running jazz from a gramophone.

"This beats the Stevens Hotel in Chicago, and I was there twenty-two weeks, too. We were at radio school, and I never wanted to graduate." The staff sergeant from Jamaica, Long Island, leans back and lights his cigar with the relaxed, ample air of a retired railway magnate.

In the corner of the room a man who was on the Ploesti raid bends over a card table and tries to deal himself out five pat hands of polka from a twenty-five card pack. Next to him on the sofa a Texan thumbs through a copy of *Fortune*. He stops dead at a General Motors advertisement, stares at it for about five minutes, swearing softly and unbelievably to himself. The ad is a magnificent painting of a bomber glistening in the sunlight, soaring over palm green islands and blue seas with a glimpse of the hawk-eyed, sunburnt, perfectly groomed pilot at the wheel. Its aim is to make aerial war seem as neat and presentable as possible—a simple, colorful routine like flying down to Rio.

On the floor in front of the fire a thin, yellow-haired tail gunner from Florida, dressed in gray flannel trousers and a red wool sweater, lies flat on his back in front of the blaze. He smokes cigarette after cigarette and reels off the facts of his life as if he were reciting from a ticker tape. "I've been in the Air Corps since 1940. I worked at the control tower on a field down south. It was a fairly sound racket in those days. You could always get flying pay on any excuse. Every time you went on a trip with a general, you got two dollars a day per diem. Also every time there was a ball game in one of their home towns, the pilots would fix up some excuse to fly home and sign us up on the crew with them."

"You probably would not stay in the Army fifteen minutes if there wasn't a war going on," his friend suggests.

"You're probably right," and he crushes out the cigarette, takes off his red sweater, makes a cushion of it, rolls over on his stomach and goes to sleep.

Whether they read or shoot crap or sleep, these sergeant gunners have reached a state of complete peace with the world. Even when, rarest of all, they are stretched out in an easy chair doing nothing, not even smoking or talking, they are relaxed but waiting in the manner of keyed, silent instruments waiting to be picked up and used again.

Gunners' Rest Home ★

By Cpl. JOHN D. PRESTON
YANK Staff Correspondent

Supper is at 1830. ODs are worn, conversation is general, and a butler hovers efficiently around the table. It is a different scene from even the very best of combat messes, and all the elemental luxuries can be found, rugs on the floor, pictures on the wall, white linen and napkins on the table.

The Red Cross girls living and working at the home are distributed one to a table at meal time, and they are very effective. They manage to dodge the main danger of such a job and at no time try to act like matrons at a boys' boarding school. Good looking, good humored, at all times completely themselves, they assure you that their assignment is one of the best that the ETO Red Cross has to offer, and they might not be wrong.

All through supper the conversation has been quiet, easy talk about movies, dog races, food, mail, life in a Nissen hut, and various other GI topics worth mentioning. Above all, they compare notes on the diet and restrictions around the various air bases. They tell of how one base sent its combat crews off on a mission supported by a breakfast of French toast and nothing more. At another field anything can happen for they get spam twice a day and ice cream three times a week.

They wonder why some outfits get training films, roll calls, gas drills and policing the area day in and day out and why other outfits will let you sleep all day in your hut if there is no mission. They wonder why they can go to bed six days a week at seven o'clock to be in good shape for a possible mission the next morning, and then when the seventh day comes they stay in town most of the night and are wakened at four in the morning to go on a raid. "You'd think that they're checking up all the time so that they can be sure we'll know how to behave correctly in a concentration camp."

THE small talk of combat crews at their ease is sometimes much more to the point than any amount of shop talk, "coming in on a wing and a prayer" anecdotes, stories told at interrogations, news interviews, PRO releases, and all other forms of "state evidence." All these accounts are honest, useful and readable enough. However, they only give the terrific surface of Air Force life, and not what goes on directly beneath it, the boredom, the restrictions, the endless physical and technical training.

Aerial gunners can kick about their lot just as much as any other members of the U. S. Forces. "If you actually believed half the things that we say you would think that we were the kind of people who holler even when you have us hanged with a new rope." Most of them knew what they were in for the minute that they signed up for gunnery school. They signed up to get into the war as quickly and directly as possible—and that's what happened.

At the dinner table in the rest home one night sat a red-haired, silent buck sergeant. He had been a cook at an air base, but had gotten tired of a life of domestic science. He put in for gunnery school, took the course, and then went on three missions. The night after his third mission he went into town, stayed late, and slept through an alert the next day. He was busted down to a private and made a cook again. He went back into town, stopped at a pub, and had one or two commemorative drinks to observe the fact that it had been exactly two months since he went to school. Right then and there he met with one of the higher-ups at his base. He told him his story and was promptly offered a second chance. Now he is a sergeant again, with full flying status.

But when the lights darkened in the rest home dining-room, and they carried in two enormous birthday cakes, Red's eyes bulged with fear. They sent up a yell for him to cut the cake. He could only sit tight and yell back at them again and again: "I'm a gunner!"

He was not going to risk a third return to his old job, not even if it merely meant the cutting of a birthday cake.

After supper some men bicycled into town, some sat around the home, and some walked down the road to a small rural hotel, to have a quiet nightcap before going to bed. As they sat around the parlor of the hotel, the talk took a sudden, sharp turn towards matters of business.

They began by talking about wrist watches and the fact that when one is twenty thousand feet up in the air, the crystal usually pops out of the case. "Once when I was drunk I tried to pawn my watch, but the pawnbroker also tried to get me to sell my parachute and the morphine in my first-aid kit."

They talked about clothing and flying gear and the man who was the only one in his barracks who had a cadet blouse. So every time he went on a mission, the blouse was hidden away. When he came back, he was met with the tactful explanation that it had been given in to the quartermaster because they did not expect to see him again. After three months of this, the victim could not stand the strain any longer, sent the blouse home to his family, and thereby found peace.

They talked about pilots, about the new ones who run the planes around all over the sky like squirrels, about bombardiers who drop practice bombs instead of depth charges when they see submarines on patrol duty, about a certain Japanese-American pilot who finished his first tour of duty and promptly signed up for another one to make up for his brother in the Jap Army.

In the manner of all men who make up the floating population of the USAAF, they talked about their travels, and agreed that, from the air, Salt Lake on a bright spring morning in Utah looks very blue, but that the Italian lakes are even bluer, and that the Mediterranean near Africa in the middle of summer is the bluest of all. They talked about Africa, where the MPs hound you because you wear flying gear into town, and small native boys also run after you and offer the services of their elder sisters with chicken dinners thrown in for a flat rate in francs.

They wondered what they would do when they finished up their tour of duty in the ETO, whether to sign up for action in the Pacific, try for a commission in the engineering, radio or armaments groups, or go back to the States as an instructor.

"If they ever send me back to the States as an instructor, I want to tell them what I know, not what they coach me to tell them. I don't want to be told not to give them the truth because it would scare them out."

The speaker was a young man about twenty-two years old, of middle height, solidly and precisely built so as to fit with ease into a ball turret or a tail gunner's post. He said that he often wondered how he came to be an aerial gunner in the first place.

"It was because of a guy back home who was stationed with me at an airfield out west. He wanted to take the exam for gunnery school and made me go with him to keep him bucked up. Well, he had nothing to worry about, because they turned him down for flat feet. But they took me. If that hadn't happened I could have been a master sergeant today in the mail department back in Boise, Idaho."

He did not sound too wistful, though.

By Appointment to the



Behind Eighth Army front, Gen. Arnold and Gen. Spaatz congratulate Capt. George Roberts for combat record of 99th.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON YANK Staff Correspondent

THE first crack to appear in the armor of Hitlerian foolishness was the theory of racial superiorities. It wasn't the intellectual George Washington Carvers—or the great men of Poland and Russia who did it alone. It was the brute force of physical contact—the only thing the Nazi psychology can understand. Joe Louis liquidated Max Schmeling in two minutes and eleven seconds, and the Master Race wondered. The Wehrmacht reeled back before the hammer blows of the lowly Slavic Russians, and the wonder turned to doubt. Tens of thousands of splendidly bred Aryans surrendered to boys from New York's East Side and London's Whitechapel in Tunisia and Sicily, and the doubt turned to suspicion.

It all started away back in 1936.

A boy from Ohio State University named Jesse Owens made fools out of the best German supermen by running them into the ground in the Olympic 100-meter and 200-meter dashes. The stadium watched sullenly as he walked over to the broad jump pit to compete for his third title. But the broad jump was an event that could be fixed. The officials were all Germans—the event was fixed.

A blond Nazi named Lutz Long was ahead with a leap of close to 26 feet. He was the best Germany had. Owens made his first jump. "No good," said the officials. "You fouled by stepping over the take-off board." Owens jumped again. It was a perfect take-off, but again the officials called it foul. "Too bad," they said, smiling to themselves and beaming at the Fuehrer over in his private box. The American's "black auxiliary" had only one jump left to qualify.

Owens thought for a moment. Then he put his sweatshirt down—one foot behind the take-off board. He went to the head of the runway. He tore down the cinder path. His foot hit the sweatshirt, and he sailed out into space. The jump, measured from

the take-off board, was over 26 feet, inches better than Lutz Long's. From the actual point of take-off, the sweatshirt, it was over *twenty-seven feet*, the greatest leap the world had ever seen. Five minutes later, Hitler's box was empty. He never congratulated Owens for his great triple victory.

Today, Hitler is suffering an equal indignity, daily and relentlessly, in the skies over the Italian battle-front. It is an embarrassment similar in scope to that of the Olympic Games because it involves the only factor his people understand. For day after day, a crack outfit of American Negro flyers, operating in support of the British Eighth Army, is ripping the Luftwaffe to shreds in every encounter, and is a constant terror to Kesselring's ground forces. This outfit is the now-famous 99th Fighter Squadron. It has flown 236 missions and 156 sorties against the enemy. So consistent have been its victories over the Messerschmitts and FWs lately, that the staid air correspondents of the London newspapers now mention it as "one of the deadliest flying circuses of the war." So devastating have been its dive-bombing attacks along the Ortona front that the Germans, remembering the heyday of the dive bomber in the beginning of the war, respectfully call the ships "the Black Stukas."

RECENTLY, when the Allies sprang their surprise landing behind the enemy lines in the Anzio-Nettuno region south of Rome, the 99th flew across the Apennines four or five times a day to help provide air cover for the beach-head army. The big German aerial counter-attack didn't develop until January 27, when the Nazis had recovered from their initial surprise and discovered that huge piles of vulnerable Allied material were accumulating on the beaches and roads. A hundred German fighter-bombers swooped down from the north. But

the Allies were ready for them. Up came the 99th in their P-40 Warhawks, led by squadron commander Capt. George Roberts, of Fairmont, West Virginia. Up came also another crack American squadron, which had hung up a brilliant record in Tunisia. Covering them were RAF Spitfires and another U. S. fighter group.

The two lightning-fast armadas closed in and clashed with a roar of motors and guns. They darted about like a roomful of brawling lightweight boxers. The sky was dark with dogfights. The men on the ground in the beach-head stopped what they were doing to watch the conflict over their heads. Then suddenly it was over. The Germans limped away. Twenty-five out of the hundred attacking fighter-bombers had been shot down. The others jettisoned their bombs.

The score in this little battle added up as follows: The 99th—8 German planes; the other crack squadron—7 German planes; the RAF Spits—9 German planes; and the remaining U. S. group—1 German plane.

The next day, the Germans came back for more. This time 50 Nazis roared over, and the same thing happened. Except that in round two, the 99th accounted for six out of twenty-one Nazi losses. The

The famous American 99th Fighter Squadron, first Negro flyers to go into action against the enemy at Pantelleria, is heard from again—this time as flying artillery on loan to the British Eighth Army, and poison for Nazi bombers over the Battle of the Beach-head.

BRITISH EIGHTH ARMY

ace of the squadron, Capt. Charles Hall, of Brazil, Ind., was cited for destroying a Messerschmitt 110 and a Focke-Wulf 190. He was the only pilot in the two-day battle to get more than one plane. All told, the Negroes had liquidated 14 Nazi supermen.

The Germans didn't come back in strength. The aerial counter-attack was broken.

But engaging Nazi planes in combat is not the principal function of these American fighter-bombers. In the Battle of the Beach-head, they were called in to help out in an emergency. Actually, their job is to provide flying artillery for the British Eighth Army in Italy. As such, they have, to all intents and purposes, been detached from U. S. Army Air Force command, and take their orders directly from British ground commanders. The 99th ranks among the most skilful exponents of the art of dive bombing. Every pilot in the squadron has an uncanny aptitude for it. That's why they are assigned here, and the peculiar arrangement provides an example of British-American air-ground co-operation worked out to the nth degree.

Four or five times a day, the long-nosed Warhawks load up with bombs at their improvised metal-strip landing field just a few miles behind the Eighth Army lines on the Italian Adriatic coast. They carry either one 1,000-pound bomb or one 500-pound bomb beneath the fuselage. They roar down the take-off path. Their wheels grate on the metal strip. They are airborne. They climb to 5,000 feet and head for the front lines—to wait, just cruising around.

Then, in a little while, something is bound to happen. Down below, a British infantry officer in a forward line observation post spots enemy tanks massing for a counter-attack, or a concentration of enemy reinforcements, or a battery of enemy mortars holding up an Allied advance. He radios the message back to HQ. Immediately HQ radios the position of the Nazi threat directly to the waiting pilots.

Down go the noses of the P-40s, and in a matter of minutes after the radio communication the Nazi tanks or troops or mortars have been blasted with thousands of pounds of bombs. It would have taken hours to get a battery of field artillery into position to accomplish the same thing.

THE 99th's development as dive-bombing specialists was a natural one. The squadron was activated at Tuskegee, Ala., in 1942, under the command of West Point graduate Benjamin O. Davis, Jr., then a captain, now a lieutenant-colonel in the Air Force. The men were nearly all college graduates—including the EM ground crews—and they had a pretty good idea of what it was all about. The squadron finished its training at Elgin Field, Fla., and Selfridge Field, Mich. Then, in May of 1943, it came to North Africa and was attached to a famous fighter group (operating with the British Desert Air Force), commanded by Col. Phil Cochran, one of the Army's top dive-bombing experts.

Cochran, the original of Flip Corkin in "Terry and the Pirates," is a fabulous character. He knows the P-40 as thoroughly as a carpenter knows his screw driver. It is rumored he can make the plane stand up on its tail and do pirouettes. In the Tunisian campaign he fought his way in over German HQ and dive bombed the place so effectively it took days to re-coordinate the Nazi front. Cochran took one look at the Negro pilots on their first flight and said: "There is a collection of born dive bombers," and thereupon took over the handling of their combat instruction himself.

For a period of several weeks, every sortie by a formation of six planes of Cochran's Fighter Group had along with it two P-40s of the 99th. The men learned by experience and from Cochran's limitless fund of dive-bombing experiences. They already knew how to fight.

Finally, on July 2, 1943, the 99th was stationed in very desolate country in North Africa—by itself. They helped bomb Pantelleria into surrender. Then they began the weary, unexciting patrol of the sea between Tunisia and Pantelleria while the invasion of Sicily was being prepared. At night, to keep from being bored, they grabbed off huge stores of captured enemy ammunition and fired thousands of rounds in a cut-throat shooting competition involving all sorts of strange desert targets.

A FEW weeks later, six of the pilots, led by Lt. A. C. W. Dryden of New York City, were on regular patrol off Pantelleria, when they first tasted Nazi blood. Twelve Messerschmitts and Focke-Wulfs swooped down out of the sun. Above the German fighters were 12 Nazi bombers coming in to smack the Allied invasion preparations. The pilots tensed.

Just as Phil Cochran had taught them, they peeled off from 12,000 feet and maneuvered to turn inside the faster Mes and FWs. Two FWs caught Leo Rayford's plane and riddled his right wing. But Spann Watson came up from nowhere on Rayford's right. He fired a burst at the two Germans. The Nazis broke off and flipped away. Willie Ashley, in the meantime, caught a FW in his sights and got in a vicious, raking burst. The German went into a flat, smoking glide down toward the sea. The other enemy planes turned and ran for Sicily. That's all there was to the 99th's first encounter with the *herrenvolk*.

Carrying belly tanks, they covered the landings in Sicily from their African base. When Capt. Hall, the ace, got the squadron's first definite, an Me 109 over Castellvetrano airdrome, General Eisenhower was on the field to congratulate him when he got back. General Montgomery was so impressed with their dive-bombing technique that he requested their transfer to the Eighth Army. In an Eisenhower fighting machine, a transfer like that is as routine as moving a T/3 from one desk to another. So they moved over to the British and provided flying artillery for the Desert Rats all the way from Reggio Calabria to Ortona. General Alexander borrowed them back again for the Battle of the Beach-head.

Two pilots have been lost in six months of consecutive combat against the enemy. Sgt. Henry Leguna, of 29 East 134th St., New York City, was awarded the Soldier's Medal for risking his own life while rescuing a comrade from drowning during the Sicilian campaign. Lt. Herbert Carter, of Mississippi, the engineering officer, has 34 combat missions to his credit. Lt. George Bolling, of Phoebus, Va., was shot into the sea by enemy flak and given up for lost. Two days later he wandered in. He had been picked up by an American destroyer floating on his rubber dinghy in the middle of the Mediterranean. There are a dozen or so Air Medals in the squadron and swarms of Oak Leaf Clusters.

Pvt. Jones, a ground crew man, was awarded the Purple Heart. He was wounded by a German "S-mine" while on forward patrol duty with the infantry, of all things, in Sicily.

The 99th today is not exactly the same outfit that first went into action over Pantelleria last summer. Ground and flying personnel—including 28 pilots—have been detached to help form three new fighter squadrons now training in the States. When these three squadrons finish their training, they will make up a completely new Negro fighter group, headed by Lt. Col. Davis, the 99th's first commander.

Replacements have caused the almost unbelievable percentage of college men in the 99th to fall off somewhat, but the average IQ remains extremely high. The enlisted men come from 40 different colleges and universities. You can still wander out to their front line airfield and find a corporal-mechanic and a captain-pilot sprawled out under the wing of a parked P-40 discussing the economics of Central Europe. They claim the finest poker players in the Army, including Physics M.A.s who have everything figured out by mathematics principles. They also claim the best chow in the Army. The cooks are former dieticians who do things to Spam and C-rations that visiting war correspondents say are impossible.

The average age in the squadron is 23. At 27, Capt. Custis, the operations officer, is the granddaddy of the bunch. They are serious and eager about their assignment, and all of them are conscious of the role the war has thrust upon them. They like making a fool out of Hitler.



And discuss new dive-bombing technique which is a nightmare to Ortona front Nazis.



Then pilots get last-minute instructions from Capt. Custis, operations officer.



In these front line British Army pictures, 99th... deadly guns...

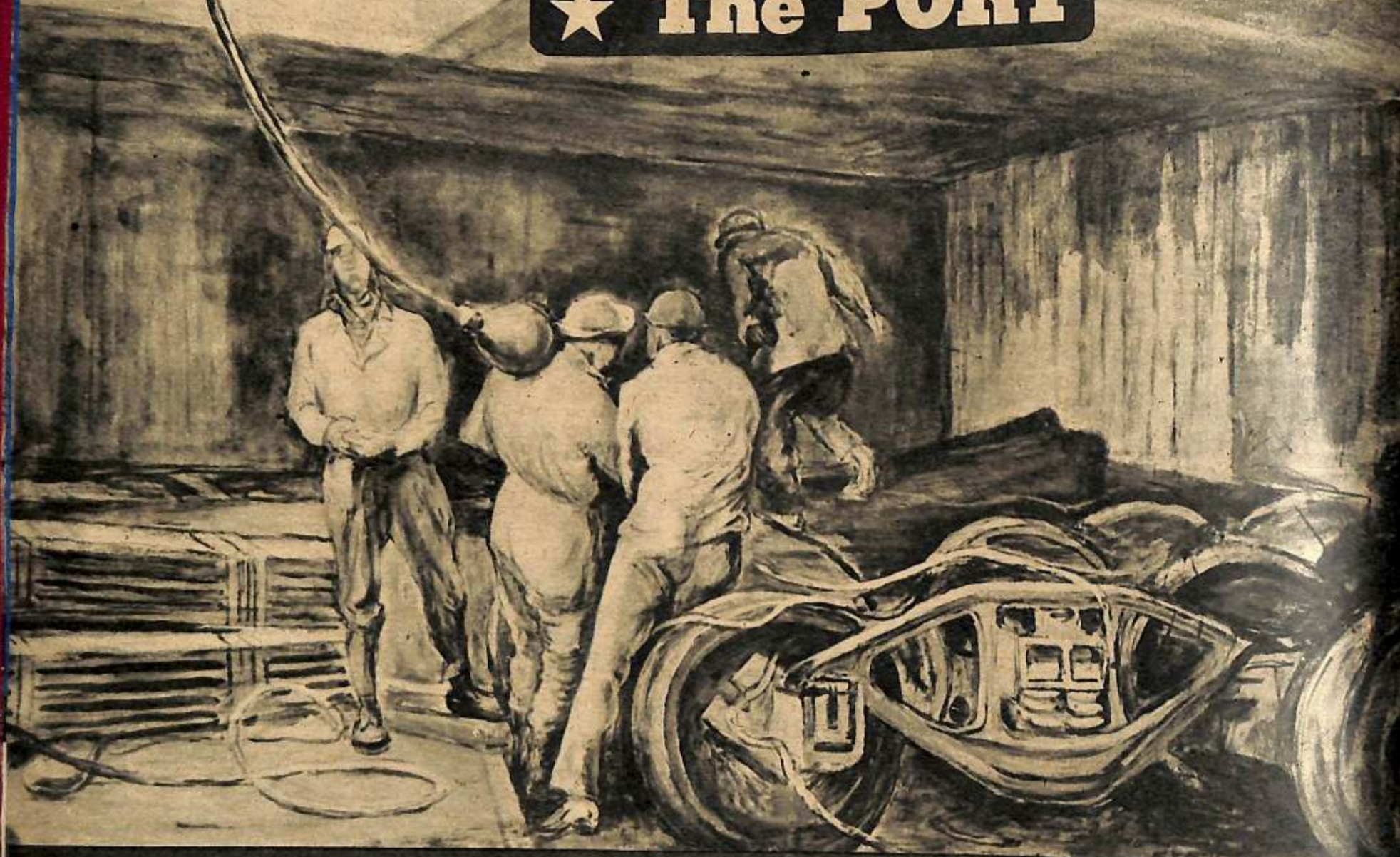


While another expert American ground crew man fondly checks the muzzles...



And crack Yank mechanic checks engines for American attack in support of British.

★ The PORT



For the soldiers whose assignment is rigging cargo in the holds of incoming ships there's no slack time.

By Sgt. SAUL LEVITT
YANK Staff Correspondent

ENGLAND—To any one who has ever lived near a port like San Francisco or New York or Baltimore this British port with its tugs warping grimy merchant ships into piers is a touch of home. Add floating cranes, barges, railroad sidings, river smell, fog and the universally lonely cry of a tug-whistle and you begin to experience an acute touch of the infection called homesickness.

But for the GIs whom you run across here—the stevedores, tally clerks, crane operators and riggers—it is just an Army job, a hard, eleven-hour stretch down in the holds and on the decks of ships, most of the time in cold, clammy, penetrating "homelike" Atlantic coast weather. This is a manpower job, the super-task of feeding the immense mouth of the war in this theater. The tonnage is endless across the Atlantic from somewhere along the coast of the United States to this port in Britain. A snaggle at the port would mean convoys held up in the roadstead blowing their plaintive whistles, clogged railroad terminals in Memphis, Tenn., and rusting machine parts on factory platforms in Kokomo; it might also mean a Fort waiting for an engine or a mess line grumbling for fruit juice.

That is the burden on the GIs of this port. Sgt. Peter E. Beggans of Jersey City, who bosses the men on the decks of the ships, says solemnly: "The officers around here are cargo crazy." You see them all around the port—Air Force, Ordnance, QM and other officers—all waiting.

The men who do the job, like the rest of the Army, came out of that crazy lottery called the draft. And so, like the rest of the Army, you have the oddest combination of Army stevedores you can imagine.

Of all things a man might want to be in this Army, a stevedore isn't generally one of them. Because this job gives so little and takes so much, because it is grimy and anonymous—and above all, because it is so necessary—it is the very heart of the Army, Mr. Jones.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SGT. MANUEL BROMBERG



Guys from Iowa who never came nearer to a port than a sea of grain, ex-bond salesmen from Boston mouthing the broad A, and of course—surprise of surprises—honest to God ex-stevedores from Jersey City and Boston. From the hold to the wheelhouse they wear that GI anonymous stare which says: "Nothing can surprise me"—not even if a caged elephant marked "Handle With Care—Air Force" had to be swung to the dock. And how the ex-stevedores missed becoming Air Force mechanics is something the Army qualification men will have to explain. But here they are.

S/Sgt. Cabot J. Morse is the ex-bond salesman from way down east in Boston. In some eighteen months around the decks of ships he has developed a weather-beaten face that will surely surprise the paper-shufflers back home when Morse sees them again. The port has, of course, been one of the apples of the Luftwaffe's eye and has been hit again and again. It has been part of the job to jump when the air-raid sirens warn of raids.

"I was in hatch five—we had a load of incendiaries—when the buzzer sounded. It's happened more than once," says Cabot J. Morse.

"What did you do?"

"Do? Hell, we got out of there in a hurry."

Hollywood notwithstanding, any guy who stays near a ship flying the red "ammo" flag when there's an alert on is Section 8 stuff and no fooling.

Sgt. Pete Beggans is one of the boss stevedores at the port. Each ship that slides in out of the fog and the sea is boarded by a waiting stevedore crew. On board ship Pete is somebody—a good-natured, decisive straw boss. Pete is from Jersey City, worked in New York which is the "big cousin" across the river, in Wall Street, and sometimes on the docks of Jersey City as well.

Good-humored, full of a flow of nice, gabby wisecracks like the bleachers crowd at Ebbets Field on a Sunday afternoon—when he's not busy—Pete is one of those rare born enlisted men. Whenever he will take off his uniform he will undoubtedly be the same kind of guy. The khaki that slid on his hefty shoulders will some day come off—and you may run across him at a tavern, a pool-room, a ball-game or a movie, asking: "Have you got a match, buddy?"

The guy he usually calls buddy at the port is T/4 Charles P. Moss of Muscatine, Iowa. "Chuck" Moss used to be a gunnery instructor at Aberdeen, Md., and how he got into the stevedoring business is beyond him. He just shrugs his shoulders. It is Chuck's job to follow the trail of Ordnance stuff like bombs, guns

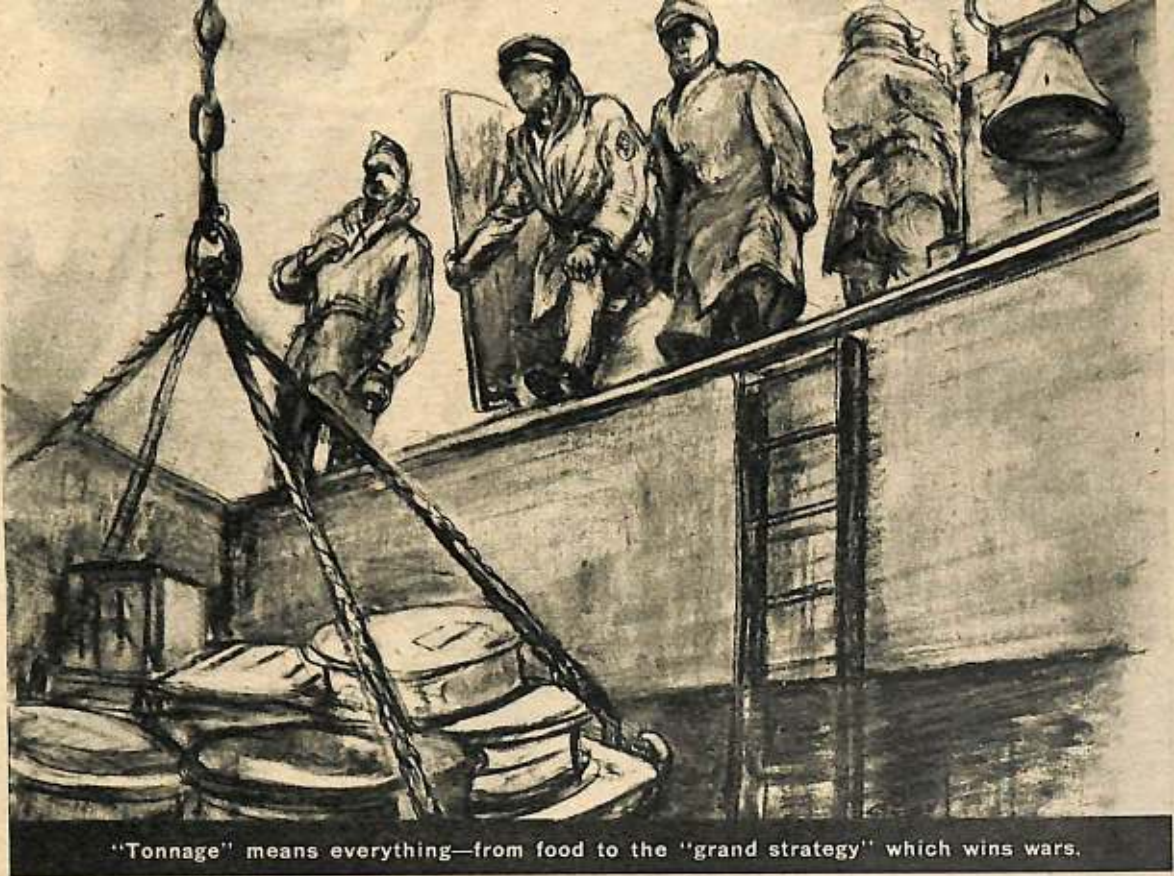
and gun parts from the hold right out to the final resting place in the railroad car. Ordnance material, particularly bombs, is listed on reports under "Precautions." It has to be loaded in a certain way. Loose bombs travel, packed separately from crated stuff and in different types of cars. Mistakes are just not allowed.

THE job the Army has thrown at these men is no cinch. There's not a single touch of anything resembling glamor throughout this grimy port area. If the infantry men beef about the Air Corps, these men could beef about the infantry. Except for this story's reference, for example, Private Allan Speed of Rockdale, Texas, will remain anonymous, a face in the Army. He is the guy way down at the bottom of the hold, the man with the shoulders, the heave and the endurance for pushing around "tonnage," and whatever gripes he has are between him and the lamp-post.

Forty feet above him Sgt. Buster Buckingham of Columbus, Miss., working the winch on a rainy day when the riggers get nervous, can't even afford a minute's day dream. His wrist movement holds a crate right over a guy who has never asked and doesn't particularly want his face remodelled by a five-ton package of gun barrels. As for the slender, shy-looking boy standing near Buster, with a pencil and notebook in his hand—Sgt. Eugene Pope—who checks the load coming up—"I took a correspondence course for two-and-a-half years at the University of Louisville. Radio technician. Wanted to get into the Signal Corps." Some guys want a fortune but what Pope wanted was a radio mechanic's job.

It's a fatigue clothes, mackinaw job from eight in the morning to seven at night. The "ship officer," or Army man in supervision of the 5,000 tons that come out of the holds of the ships just hasn't the time to be chicken even if he wanted to. Working with Beggans one day was Lt. John H. Gardner, a dark, good-looking soldier from Mt. Vernon, Washington. On his shoulders the whip might come down if the stuff was not off the ships and dispatched on time. For him, it's a matter of seeing the stuff off the boats, of corralling available space on railroad cars and lorries, of shifting his cargo downstream to sheds where it can stand by. But get it out of the boats, get the pier cleared, keep the stuff moving, see to it that spuds don't get to an Air Force depot waiting for an engine and the mess line doesn't get a juicy sizzling wing section for dinner tomorrow. A headache is all that job is, and the strain of it gets into faces. It can't be helped and Lt. Gardner is no exception.

Because the port is decisive for victory or defeat the Luftwaffe still pays it visits. Of course the blitz in its violent form is a thing of the past. But there is still the continuous atmosphere of tension. Warehouses and sheds once smashed have been neatly swept away. But the duel between port and



"Tonnage" means everything—from food to the "grand strategy" which wins wars.

Luftwaffe is forever until the day of peace. Black-out is strict. For priority cargoes which must be unloaded 24 hours a day until the last ton is on the way to waiting planes, artillery outfits, and hospitals, there is no relaxation.

There are no spotlights at night. It is a hushed harbor. Pinpoint lights ten feet apart are the best that can be gotten. In the rain and fog the job goes on, the winches creak. Close up you can see the derricks faintly. Down in the holds the men of the port battalion work in the dimmest of lights, rigging crates that will swing upward and over to the dockside. Overhead the searchlights pry through clouds. The sky over the port at night is not a friendly sky.

Day and night the men work with a minimum of extra sounds between them. "Obie," says Pete Beggans, "tell the hatch foreman that we'll load the ammo on to vans—tell him to make sure to move platforms to the vans and knock the shoring down in the hatch before stopping to discharge Air Force supplies to the shed." The men talk to each other in the brief, laconic talk of men at work like aerial gunners over the interphone in enemy territory or an artillery crew getting the range of Nazi entrenchments on an Italian hilltop.

When one ship is done, another comes sliding into the pier. The ships come in, with perfect timing that begins somewhere back in the States as the cargo first begins to roll from factories to American ports. They come in like the Lexington Avenue express trains at Grand Central during the rush hour—one after the other.

Under the terrific and constant rush—the war pressure which prods every man-jack of these stevedore crews—snaggles develop. Gears break down. A motor quits. A rigging goes.

Accidents happen. Not the screaming shell wounds of battle but grimy accidents that are like the grimy job. One of them happened in the light of day, quick and unforeseen. The lighter was alongside the ship waiting for crates to be moved downstream to a shed. The crane swung the five-ton load over and the boy standing on the lighter deck was nudged slightly by the crate against a stanchion and there he was flat on his back with his leg smashed and shoulders heaving with shock. Anglo-American cooperation was to the point and without words. The English bargemen quickly and efficiently laid him on a flat board. The crane which had brought the crate stood by over the bow of the lighter and the boy was lifted on to the crane tray. Then a GI jumped aboard the tray and placed his arm around the fellow with the crushed leg and the crane took off with its two passengers swinging high up past the disinterested gulls and over to the dockside and a waiting GI truck. The crane laid him down gently. GI coats were flung over him.

T/Sgt. Douglas J. Williams of Bay St. Louis, La., staring down at the silent boy lying on the flat board said: "They're gonna move him on a GI truck, it'll knock hell outta him. Ain't there any morphine around?"

He was very mad.

Lt. Gardner came off the gangplank and down to the shed. "Did they get that boy off?" he said quickly.

Williams nodded and said: "Sir, it's a hell of a First Aid situation around here."

"We'll have to do something about it this afternoon," said Lt. Gardner gravely.

Somehow or other the day ends. For most of the men it's a tiring day and not much to do at the end of it except the barracks chatter, the letter-writing and the sack. The town itself is a reticent, provincial "big city," busy, preoccupied, self-contained and full of blitz scars.

SOMEHOW Pete Beggans has made a small corner of it Jersey City all over again. He and Chuck Moss have found a hospitable pub-restaurant. You can eat upstairs and listen to the radio and then come down and drink beer until closing. Also you can place a few small bets on the horses. Then, because the trams have stopped running, you walk to your destination through the dark, blacked-out city: The searchlights come out with the stars and stay all night. If it's clear you can walk along and see the sky through the girders of what were once buildings.

Everything is asleep except the port itself. The port goes on. The port never stops because it must keep feeding the hungry mouth of the war.



High tide to the port soldiers means this—goodbye and to hell with it to an empty ship going out—and hello and to hell with it to another load coming in.

THEY were a couple of earnest, downy-cheeked Joes and it soon became apparent from their conversation that they had only just landed in these parts. As the bus groped its way through the darkness out toward Marble Arch, one of them said cheerfully to the other: "Gee, you know in a black-out like this, a city the size of London must save a lot of dough!"

Which is a way of looking at it that hadn't occurred to us—nor, we imagine, to a lot of our British friends.

Block That Rouge!

Just like—or anyway almost like—in the days when we used to cover the press conference of the coach of Tarrytown High on the eve of its big game with Portchester, we went around last week to get the hot dope on a football team which the ETO is to hurl against Canada in the White City Stadium, London, this Sunday. It really isn't as big as all that, as the Pirates (that's the Yanks) come from only the Central Base Section, but obviously in times like these you couldn't get a wholly representative ETO eleven together over here. Anyway, they

figure it's going to be representative enough to be nicknamed the Tea Bowl Game and to draw a crowd of 25,000, and that's no sandlot figure.

We had a talk with the coach—Major John L. Donovan, Jr., who used to be line coach at Harvard—and three of his husky charges who happened to be off duty. They were Cpl. James J. Aurelia, of Hatboro, Pa., who played at the University of Tennessee from '38 through '41; Pfc. William Rudolph, of Braddock, Pa., who, as a member of the Braddock H. S. team, used to play against Aurelia when the corporal was in school at Swissville, Pa.; and Pfc. Frank Denbrowski, of Erie, Pa., who played for Detroit University in '38 and '39.

As the interview progressed, we got the impression that the game might turn into something of a rat race over the question of rules. Canadian football, it seems, is almost exactly like ours, but just enough different to make things tough, and moreover there are two schools of thought—the East and the West—in Canada as to how the game ought to be played. Pfc. Rudolph made a brave stab at being knowing

when one of the officers present asked him if he was familiar with Canadian football rules. "No sir," he replied. "I ain't never seen Rugby played." Which was close, but unfortunately irrelevant, and therefore no cigar.

The big stumbling block, we suspect, when the teams switch over to Canadian rules in the second half, is going to be the "rouge"—which is something the Canadians chalk up a point for but which the Yanks, of course, don't. A rouge has to do with booting the ball way the hell and gone into the end zone or beyond, and means that the side that can kick has a slight edge on its opponents. Then, too, the Canadians allow only three downs instead of four, so our guys will probably be figuring they was robbed half the time.

The Yanks, though, can look forward to the possibility of seeing the Canadians bicker among themselves, judging by this excerpt from a communication from Canadian Military HQ which was brought to our attention: "There is an East-West dispute over rules in the Canadian game which creates minor friction. The western rules are almost exactly the same as the American rules." So if the Pirates start to fall behind, boys, just pray for a little minor friction.

We also had a talk with Major C. D. T. Mundell, of Kingston, Ontario, the line coach of the Canadians—who are known as the Mustangs, by the way. Major Mundell, who answers to the name of "Chicks," told us that the team's manager, Captain E. H. C. Leather, came from Toronto. A moment later, the major came hurrying back. "I told you Toronto," he said. "Should have been Hamilton. That's as bad as saying a fellow from Manhattan comes from Brooklyn." Or vice versa, major. Or vice versa.

Insignia

A new bit of insignia has appeared in the ETO and, security or no security, we're going to try to squeeze word of it by the censor. You won't see many examples of it around; in fact, so far as we know, there are only two in the whole theater. These are being worn by a couple of test pilots at an Eighth Air Force Service Command Base, who thought it up after they'd been hopelessly stymied by the Army in their efforts to get switched from testing to combat. It's a tastefully designed circular job they've fashioned, to be worn on the flying jacket, and portrays a plane tethered to the ground by a piece of rope tied to an anchor. In the upper left-hand corner are the inevitable cryptic letters: T.S.

Cheap At Half The Price

Here, from the front page of the staid London Times, is an ad the like of which we never thought we'd live to see: "Advertiser offers Martell's genuine Three Star Brandy in exchange for Heinz or Campbell's Tomato Soup—Write Box H.165, The Times, E.C.4."

And it used to be three cans for a quarter, as we remember, at the corner A. & P.

Live (In London) And Learn

Sometimes Yanks—Joes and officers alike—on coming to London from less cosmopolitan theaters, find themselves knocked sort of groggy for the first day or two by all the saluting that goes on in the big town. It takes a man who's been stationed on a mountain top a little time to become accustomed to highballing the Navy and it's no cinch for a chap fresh out of training in Texas to wise up to the various uniforms and insignia of all the Allied armies, navies, and air forces represented hereabouts.

Which probably accounts for the peculiar reflex action we observed the other morning in a lieutenant who, on coming out of Claridge's, conscientiously returned the salute of the hotel's bespangled, befrilled, and darn near bewigged doorman. And it almost certainly explains the bewilderment of a couple of majors we found ourselves walking behind on Regent Street the other day. A passing gob saluted them, a gesture which so startled them that they hardly got around to returning it. "That's the second time a sailor has saluted us today," said one to the other. "I wonder what's the matter."

Ah, Love!

Trying to thaw our toes out on the gas range of an alley pub the other evening, we found ourselves seated next to a woozy Pfc. and his not-a-bit woozy girl friend—an ATS corporal. Even if we'd wanted to, we couldn't have helped eavesdropping without passing up our share of the fire, so we stayed. The Pfc., it seemed, was pitching a sad load of woo. "You're pretty girl," he said, fumbling with his bitter. "I love you. Wantcha t' marry me." "Don't be silly," replied the ATS briskly. "Why, you don't even know my name." "Well," said the Pfc., blinking as the truth sank in, "maybe I don't. But I could call you 'corporal'."

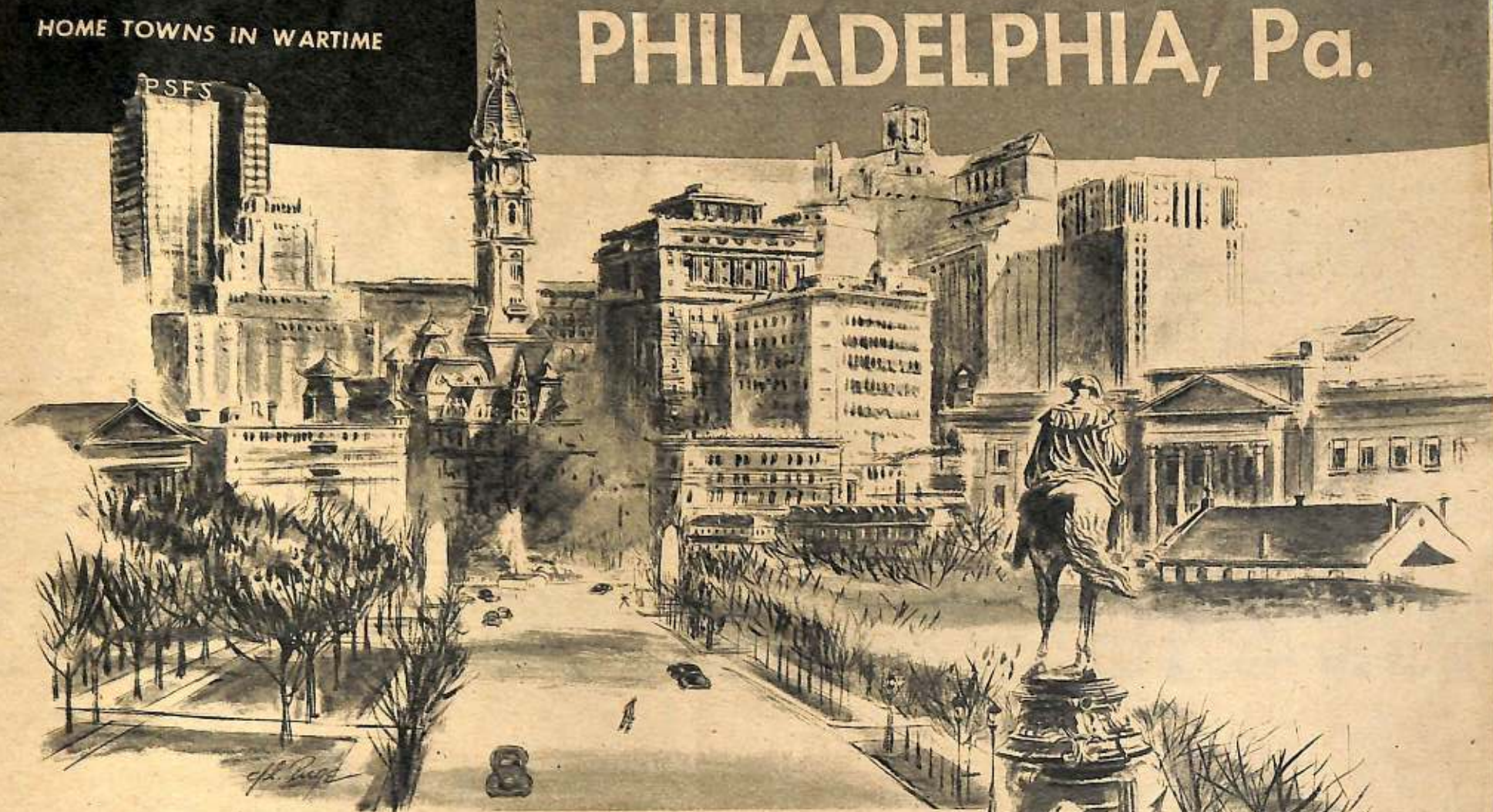
Yanks at Home in the ETO



To Carry YANKS and for YANKS to Carry

ABOVE, a train brings still more invasion equipment to an already jammed U. S. Army Ordnance Depot in the ETO. Right, the contents of Ration K which, according to present plan, is to be GI for GIs who tackle the Continent. Here's what you get: Breakfast—two packets of biscuits, one 3½-ounce tin of chopped pork and egg yolks, one fruit bar (like fruit cake), soluble coffee, sugar, chewing gum, four cigarettes; dinner—two packets of biscuits, one 4-ounce tin of processed cheese with bacon, 15 tablets of malted milk dextrose and dextrose tablets, lemon-juice powder, chewing gum, four cigarettes; supper—two packets of biscuits, one 3½-ounce tin of corned pork loaf, one 2-ounce bar of vitaminized chocolate, soup powder, sugar, chewing gum, four cigarettes. Each man will also get a heating unit, water-purifying tablets, and Field Ration D, which consists of three bars of specially fortified chocolate.





By Cpl. HARRY SIONS
YANK Staff Writer

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—You can boil down nearly all the changes that have taken place in Philadelphia since Pearl Harbor to one word: prosperity.

It's true, of course, that not every Philadelphian has shared in that prosperity. The thousands of the city's white-collar workers, like practically all white-collar workers everywhere else in the country, are finding it increasingly difficult to meet sharply rising prices with pre-war salaries. And more than 4,000 small storekeepers have been forced to close during the war because they couldn't get help or merchandise, or both.

But the jammed department stores, theaters and night spots, and the hundreds of giant war plants throughout Philadelphia give ample evidence of the prosperity that war has brought to great masses of the city's population.

You need just one set of figures to illustrate the sharp lift in the city's economic life:

In 1940 the average factory worker in Philadelphia was making \$27 a week and the city's total factory pay roll was 393 millions. In 1943 the city's factory workers averaged \$48 a week and the total factory pay roll was 1¼ billions.

These figures really take on life when you drive through the great industrial sections of the city like Kensington, Manayunk, Tacony, Frankford, Nicetown and parts of South and West Philadelphia. Before the war these sections were for the most part cities of dead factories. Today they are loaded with war plants and booming night and day.

The city's social life, too, has taken a terrific shot in the arm. If you recall downtown Philadelphia at night before the war you know that although it wasn't exactly the graveyard with electric lights that New Yorkers claimed it was and the people never really took the pavements in after 9 o'clock, the general atmosphere was quiet, sedate and relaxing.

You went, let's say, to a movie or to a play if any plays were running, or to the Academy to hear the Philadelphia Orchestra if it was Saturday night. After that you might have gone to Arthur's on Chancellor Street for a steak sandwich, or to the Shanghai for chow mein, to the Bellevue for a drink, or to H & H for a cup of coffee. In those days downtown Philadelphia at 2 A.M. was so quiet you could hear a girl's heels clicking a couple blocks away.

It's different now. If you're set in your ways you'll probably stick to the same old places even though they're likely to be crowded. But if you're a GI or a defense worker you're more likely to

be found lining up six deep at one of the many new bars and night spots that have mushroomed since the war—places like Lou's musical bar (there are three Lou's, two downtown and one in Germantown) and others that give a kind of second-rate Times Square atmosphere to formerly quiet neighborhoods like Market Street west of Broad, and Locust Street east of Broad.

This change to a boom-town atmosphere is not restricted to downtown Philadelphia at night. It's true also of the amusement centers of North, South and West Philadelphia, of 69th Street, of Frankford and Germantown and all the other great sprawling cities within a city that make up Philadelphia.

They tell the story of a soldier from Germantown who was released last November from the Valley Forge Hospital where he had been treated for wounds received in Sicily. The GI went down to the busy section of Germantown, popped his eyes at the crowds milling about Germantown and Chelton Avenues, and remarked: "Say, this looks just like New Year's Eve." And the answer he got was: "Every Saturday night now is like New Year's Eve."

It's a good bet that the war has changed many aspects of your girl's life, too, especially her work. Don't be surprised if she writes you that she is driving a cab or a PTC trolley, or working on a welding job at Kellet Auto-Gyro in Southwest Philly or on the small-arms assembly line at Edward G. Budd's in Nicetown. Or, in fact, that she is doing any one of a dozen jobs that would have seemed fantastic in the old days. Your girl may not look as glamorous as she used to—it's pretty hard to look glamorous in a pair of cotton slacks and an old jacket—but she's making a lot more money than she used to make pounding the typewriter or selling step-ins at Lit Brothers. And besides, with more than 200,000 Philadelphians estimated to be in the armed services, there aren't many guys left to look glamorous for. Even the prettiest girls, from Germantown, for instance (the town's prettiest girls come from Germantown, though nobody knows why), are lucky if they can get one good date a week.

Many of the city's girls fill in their social lives by entertaining GIs as junior hostesses at the various USO Clubs, like the Stage Door Canteen at Broad and Locust Streets or, if they belong to labor unions, at the popular USO-Labor Plaza located on Reyburn Plaza in the summer months and in Town Hall in winter.

Other social notes of wartime Philadelphia: There were fewer marriages in 1943 than in 1942, more divorces and many more babies.

One aspect of Philadelphia life that hasn't been changed much by the war is its politics. In the

city election last year the Republicans ran acting Mayor Barney Samuel against the Democrats' choice, William S. Bullitt, former U.S. ambassador to Russia and France. The Democrats, as usual, accused the City Hall machine of being responsible for the city's debts, for bad housing and for broken-down sewers. The Republicans, as usual, won.

Other phases of Philadelphia life that the war hasn't changed: The monotony of the row houses in the great residential sections of North and West Philadelphia; the lifting beauty of the Philadelphia Orchestra concerts; the summer picnics in Fairmount Park; the walks along Wissahickon Drive; Benjamin Franklin Parkway looking down from the steps of the Museum of Art; the pushcart stands on Fourth Street and Marshall Street in South Philly; the men's Bible classes and the Sunday suppers in the neighborhood churches; the dank smell in the City Hall corridors; the "chlorine cocktail" drinking water.

Philadelphia has its post-war plans, like most of the nation's cities. Headed by Edward Hopkinson of Drexel and Company and John H. Neeson, director of public works, a City Planning Commission has lined up 216 millions worth of projects. The program, according to Mr. Neeson, could easily be extended to 350 millions.

Typical of some of the citizen reaction to the ambitious plans of the City Planning Commission is this comment by an editor of one of the town's large newspapers. "Post-war problems?" he barked. "What the hell's the use of talking about post-war problems when we haven't solved our pre-war problems yet?"



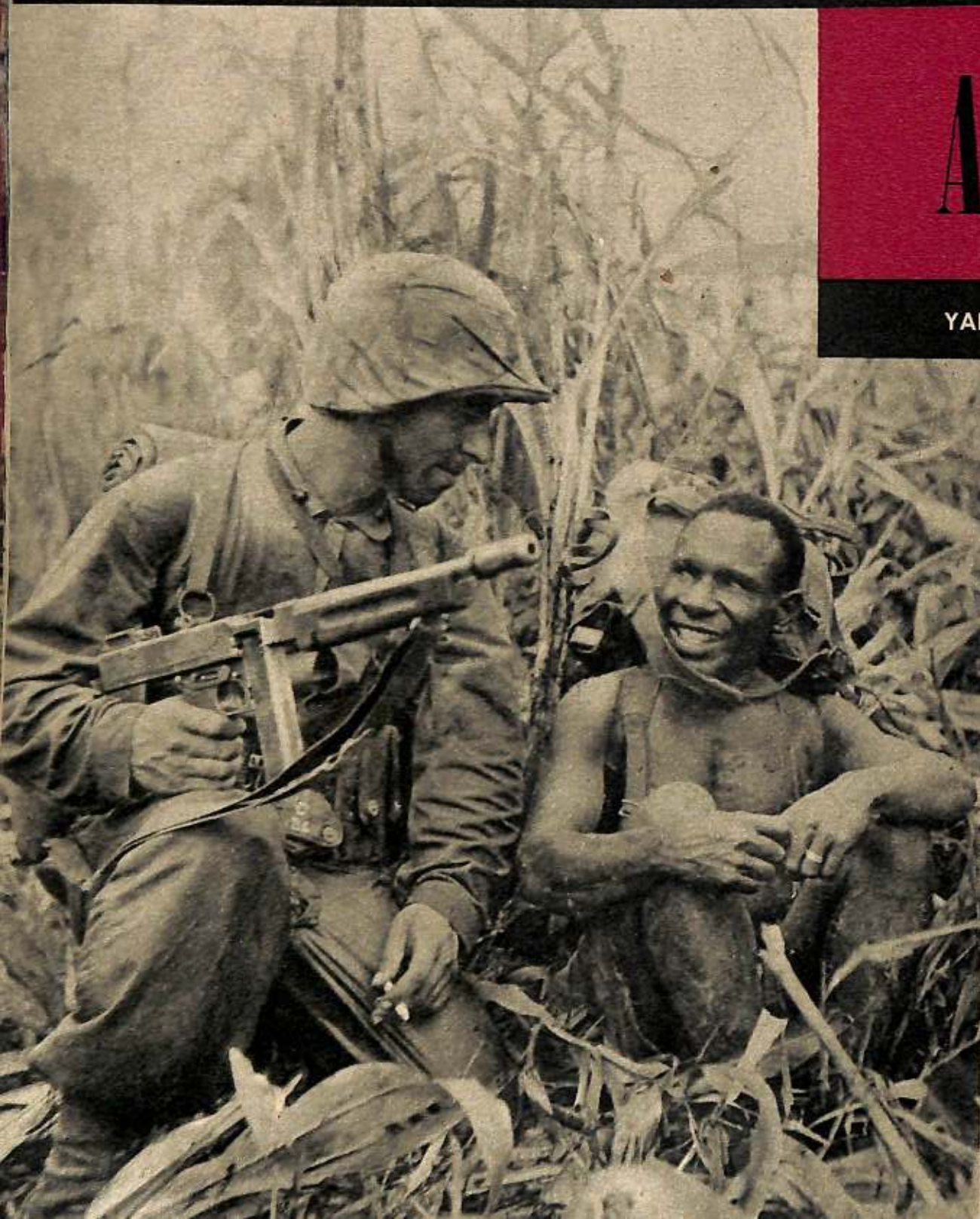
1. On a loading beach somewhere in New Guinea a line of marines carry ammunition containers on their shoulders to be put aboard landing craft invading Jap-held New Britain.



2. Long LSTs are lined up at New Guinea beach to be loaded with men and supplies.

AMPHIBIOUS

YANK'S SGT. DICK HANLEY LANDS WITH THE



7 Tanks have moved up with the riflemen and the attack gets under way against Japs





3. Headed for Cape Gloucester, Pfc. Ernest Gosbee, Guadalcanal veteran, brushes up.



4. Landing at Cape Gloucester, men wade waist-high through the churning surf.



5. In front of an LST's yawning bow, men pull a stalled jeep up the beach.

OPERATION

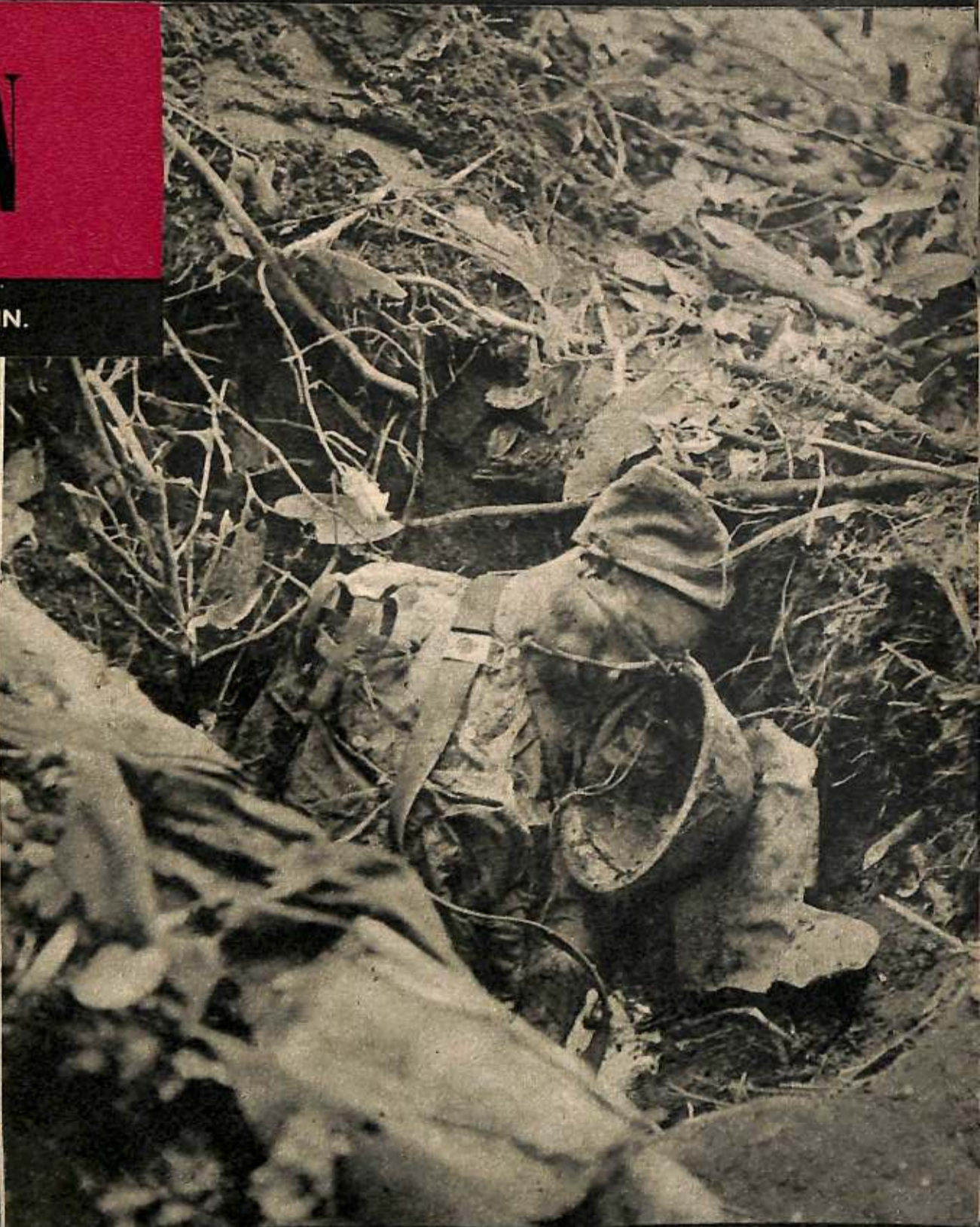
WARINES AT CAPE GLOUCESTER, NEW BRITAIN.



holding the Gloucester airstrip. Smoke rises from gun explosions and men edge up in the grass.



9. A tank crew comes back to report results. They had destroyed eight Jap pillboxes.



10. The Japs withdrew but this one never got out of his foxhole. Having dug it, he died in it and lies mixed up in the mud, leaves and branches, with his helmet hanging down.

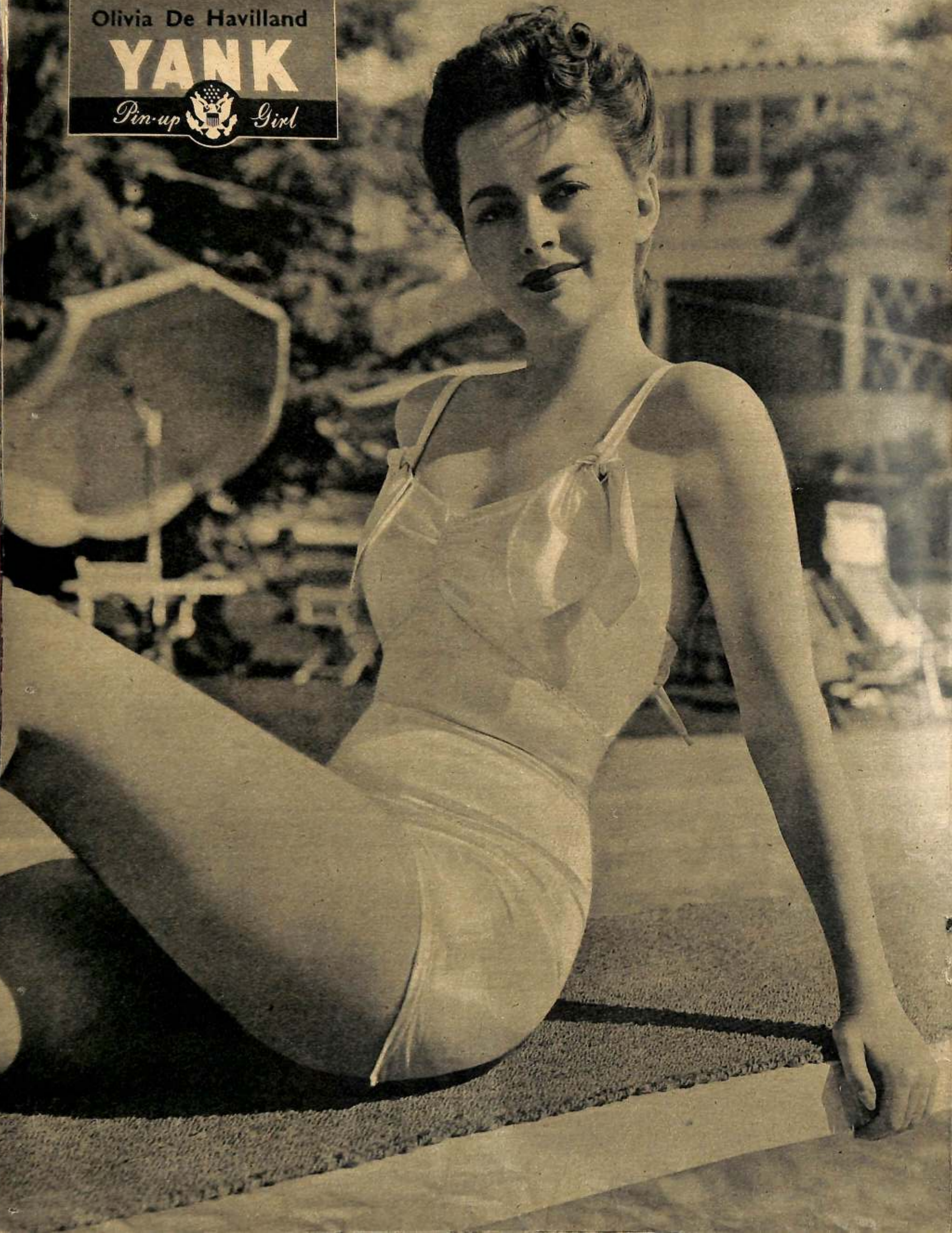
Olivia De Havilland

YANK

Pin-up



Girl



News from Home

A horse kept a guy out of the Army, the President okayed \$300 for mustered-out Joes from the ETO, there was tax talk in the air again, and a man embarrassed his brother by getting tight.

HERE'S one you never thought of: Edward M. Sheridan, 28 years old, of Hollywood, has been indicted by a Federal Grand Jury as a draft evader because he kept out of the Army for two years on the grounds that he had a dependent—Maryann Sheridan, born September 12, 1941. Selective Service investigators recently learned that Maryann Sheridan is a horse, a fact which Sheridan himself readily admits. He argues that he answered all draft-board questionnaires honestly and fully and that it's not his fault if the government doesn't know how to ask the right questions.

And in Boise, Idaho, Deputy U. S. Marshal J. W. Ames delivered a draft-dodger to an Army induction center. The prisoner was quickly snapped up and put in uniform. So, at the same time, was Ames.

Representative Samuel Weiss, Democrat of Pennsylvania, introduced a bill into the House which would bestow "inactive commissions" on all local draft-board members. Your pals would be allowed to wear uniforms and their rank would depend upon the length of time they've served—from second looie for one year up to lieutenant colonel for five. Weiss explained that he wanted to do something nice for the draft-board fellows, many of whom have worked long hours and without pay ever since 1940. His bill would provide that after the war the board members be entitled to serve in the Army for thirty days on an active status, but without pay, so that they would be entitled to join veterans' organizations.

Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., 41-year-old Republican Senator from Massachusetts, who saw action with a British tank unit in Libya in 1942, took the unusual step of resigning from the Senate in order to reenter the Army as a reserve officer with the rank of Major. His letter of resignation, which took many of his colleagues by surprise, indicated that he had discussed the matter with Army authorities and that he expected to be sent overseas. Lodge has served his State in Washington since 1936, except for the period when he fought in Africa. At that time the present restriction against members of Congress serving in the armed forces had not yet gone into effect. A successor to Lodge in the Senate must now be appointed by Governor Leverett Saltonstall of Massachusetts.

President Roosevelt signed, and thus made law, a mustering-out pay bill which will provide \$300 for all honorably discharged soldiers who have served overseas, \$200 for those with more than 60 days' service in the U. S., and \$100 for those who get out in less than two months. "It is an important first step in the program of demobilization," said the President.

A boy who probably will be able to get along even if his mustering-out pay check gets lost in the mails is Donald O'Connor, screen juvenile who goes into the Army this month. His studio filed a contract with the Supreme Court which guarantees the lad his regular \$350-a-week salary all the time he's in uniform. It was explained that the studio regards his box-office drawing power as so great that it doesn't want him off its payroll, no matter what.

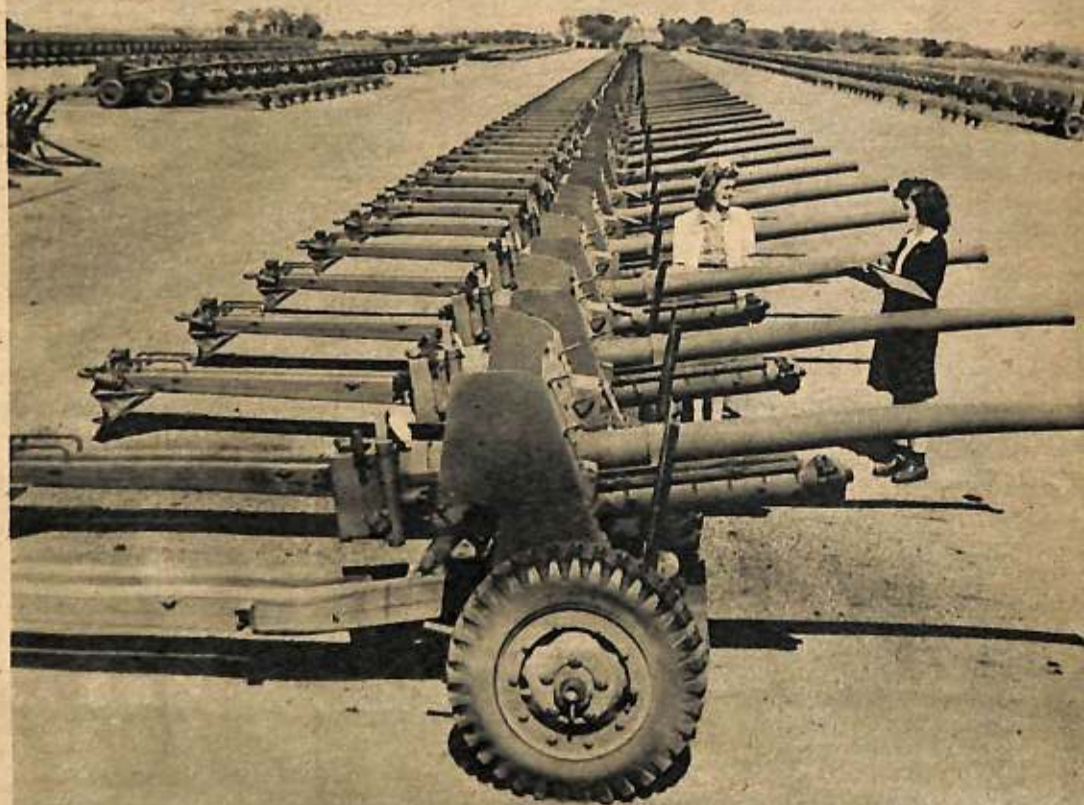
VOTING by men in the services in next November's Presidential election continued to rile Congress, and the plan to conduct the balloting by means of a standard Federal procedure received a set-back when the House, by a tally of 328 to 69, passed the Rankin Bill which would place the whole business in the hands of the individual States. The Senate, however, rejected a similar measure and kept on pondering the Green-Lucas vote bill.

The House bill consists for the most part only of recommendations to the States. It proposes that they pass legislation to facilitate balloting by men in uniform and recommends the use of postcards by each State to enable servicemen to apply for ballots not later than August 15. It also favors giving military airmail priority to the filled-in ballots.

Hot words were heard in the Senate as it tussled with the Green-Lucas Bill. "I have been informed that it is the intention of the Army to vote troops by battalions, with the military running of the whole election," said Senator Joseph Ball, Republican of Minnesota. "When democracy turns the election machinery over to the military, it's the first step toward suicide and the finish of democratic institutions."



Mrs. George S. Ross, a former draft-board clerk, leaves the Arlington, Va., courthouse, charged with having tried to fix the records to make it look as if her hubby was over 38.



Guns, and plenty of them, are being checked on the proving grounds at Aberdeen, Md., by two pretty inventory clerks. They're due for immediate shipment overseas—the guns, not the girls.

Senator James O. Eastland, Democrat of Mississippi, said that soldiers from the southern States wouldn't want the Green-Lucas Bill passed because it would be a direct blow at State control of election machinery. "Soldiers from the southern States," he said, "are fighting to maintain white supremacy and State control of the election machinery."

To this Senator William Langer, Republican of North Dakota, replied: "White supremacy! Aryan supremacy! Synonymous terms!"

Committees of both the Senate and House approved a new tax bill which would provide the Treasury with—take a deep breath—\$2,315,800,000 this year. The total is still shy by quite a few fish of the \$10,500,000,000 sought by the administration. Income tax rates would remain the same under the Congressional measure, except that the taxpayer would no longer be permitted to deduct the 10% earned-income-credit item. Otherwise, increased revenue is to come largely from taxes on luxuries—liquor, amusements, pool parlors, bowling alleys, and the like.

Wendell Willkie, who might be the Republican candidate for President next Fall, had some pretty blunt things to say about taxes. Calling for taxes practically double what even the administration wants, he told a New York City audience: "If we include the costs of the rehabilitation period among our war costs, I believe that we shall face the peace with a public debt of over 300 billion dollars. We are dependent upon our fiscal policy, now and in the future, for the realization of all economic and social aims that we want to achieve after the war."

"There's only one principle to apply to war taxation, and that's a hard principle. We must tax to the limit every dollar, corporate and individual, that's capable of bearing a tax, particularly those corporate and individual earnings which are created by the war itself."

The Willkie speech was widely regarded as a political bombshell. The following day Senator Robert A. Taft, Republican of Ohio, said he'd like to hear the details of how Willkie would raise the dough and admitted that the current tax bill was too low. Senator Walter F. George, Democrat of Georgia and chairman of the Senate's Finance Committee, said that to raise the money advocated by Willkie it would be necessary to enact a 40 percent withholding levy. "I don't think you can do that," he went on to say, "without destroying the morale of the American people. If we're to get a substantial increase of government income we must consider new sources of revenue."

RAYMOND CLAPPER, 51-year-old newspaper columnist and radio commentator, was killed when the plane in which he was riding collided with another during the invasion by U. S. troops of the Marshall Islands in the Pacific. Clapper, whose headquarters were in Washington, had travelled widely since the outbreak of the war in order to keep supplied with plenty of first-hand background for his work and had gone to the Marshalls specifically to cover the invasion.

Chicago had a peculiar mystery on its hands. Mrs. Adele Williams, wealthy 54-year-old wife of Frank Starr Williams, former attache to the U. S. Embassy in Tokyo, was shot and killed in her apartment in the Drake Hotel. Her daughter, Mrs. Patricia Goodbody, 28, who was with her at the time, said that the crime was committed by a strange woman who was in the apartment when she and her mother returned home from the hairdresser's. Certain discrepancies in the daughter's story led the authorities to examine her with a lie detector. Strapped to the



Does everything but light his cigarette for him. A one-man harvesting machine, with a pusher instead of a puller, threshes while it cuts and is especially designed for use on small farms.



The Most Rev. Amleto Giovanni Cicognani, Apostolic Delegate to the U. S., blesses a shipment of 50,000 rosaries on their way to Yanks overseas as gifts of the U. S. National Catholic Community Service. With him is James J. Norris, executive director of the Service.



GRANDPA AT 37. Phil Regan, 37, is 1-A in the draft and has just revealed that he has a 2-month-old grandson. The baby is Michael, son of Joseph Regan, who's with the AAF at Santa Ana, Calif.

device, Mrs. Goodbody was asked point blank: "Did you kill your mother?" "No," she replied, and the gadget confirmed her answer. Police investigating the crime learned that the murdered woman had a sharp tongue that had won her many enemies. They also were inclined to think that revenge might have been the motive for the crime in view of the fact that Mrs. Williams's husband had recently written an anti-Japanese book following his repatriation and return to the U. S. from a Jap concentration camp.

In Durant, Okla., John Randolph McLean, son of Mrs. Evelyn Walsh McLean, owner of the famous Hope diamond, married Mrs. Elizabeth Brooke Reeves, of New York City, widow of the heir to the chain of Reeves grocery stores. It was McLean's fourth marriage.

Eugene Ormandy, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, is scheduled to go to Australia to conduct at least 16 concerts as the first "lend-lease musical artist," according to the overseas branch of the Office of War Information, which is sponsoring his trip.

Five dishwashers in a New York City restaurant landed up in the hospital after partaking for several evenings of a "garbage cocktail." This appetizingly named drink consisted of the leavings found in

customers' glasses and was mixed and consumed each night after work by the help.

In Hollydale, Calif., two nine-year-old kids—Robert Mulnick, Jr., and Norman Burns—played hookey from school, wandered down to the railroad tracks, discovered an open switch, and reported it in time to save a freight train from being wrecked.

Following the Government's official revelations of Jap atrocities, Hollywood studios are rushing a lot of pictures on that subject on to celluloid. Until now, such matters have been looked upon by the Office of War Information as not very good stuff for film material.

Martha Raye, the loud-mouthed lady of the movies, obtained a divorce in Juarez, Mexico, from her third husband, Captain Neal Lang, of the Army, on grounds of incompatibility. She said she planned to marry Nick Condos, a dancer, as soon as the decree becomes final.

THE U.S.S. *Missouri*, fourth battleship of the *Iowa* class, was launched at the Navy Yard in Brooklyn, N. Y. Some experts referred to it as the most formidable ship afloat.

The War Manpower Commission announced that the nation's first central service bureau for war

NOTES TO JOES FROM ILL., NEB., PA. AND LA.: IT'S TOO BAD YOU CAN'T VOTE BY CABLE

FOLLOWING is the dope received last week from YANK'S New York office dealing with the tricky matter of voting in three early primaries and one early State election:

"If you want to vote in the State primaries and State elections of your governors, State legislators and county and local officials, the only way of doing so is by mail in accordance with the particular absentee voting regulations of your State. This is strictly a private transaction between the soldier-voter and his state Election Commission. The War Department merely supplies you with a postcard (WD AGO Form 560), which you can use either as an application for an absentee ballot or a request for an application, if your State requires such a request. Then, you're on your own.

"Illinois, Nebraska, and Pennsylvania are having State primaries in April. Louisiana, having already had its primaries, will hold a State election the same month. If you can claim one of these States as your home and want to vote, you'd better get an application for an absentee ballot in the mail as soon as possible. Full information concerning the April primaries and elections is contained in War Department circular No. 33 of January 26, 1944.

"In all four States we're discussing here, WD postcards are accepted as applications for ballots or requests for applications. These postcards are the same as the ones that have been handed out in the Army for the last two years during various State elections, and commanding officers are supposed to have a supply of them.

"In the State primaries, of course, you're picking candidates to represent your party in the final election. In applying for a primary ballot, therefore, you must state in the application which political party you belong to. In applying for a final election ballot, you do not state your party.

"Louisiana's final election in April is only a State, parish, and local affair. GIs from Louisiana will get another chance in November, just like everybody else, to vote for their Federal candidates.

"Here are the specific provisions which apply to each of the four early-bird States:

"Illinois—The primary for Federal, State, and local offices will be held April 11. GIs with Illinois voting residences can get an 'official war ballot' covering all three types of offices by mailing a WD postcard to the Secretary of State, Springfield, Ill. The State will receive your application for ballots any time before March 14. County officials will mail out ballots to applicants as soon as possible after that date. Your executed

ballot must be received back in the local election district on or before April 11.

"Nebraska—The State primary for Federal, State, and local officials will also be held on April 11. GIs with a voting residence in this State can get an absentee ballot only by mailing a special application form furnished by Nebraska. To get such a form, write a request to the Secretary of State, Lincoln, Neb., or send a WD postcard, writing on it that you want it used as a request for an application for a State absentee ballot. The earliest date on which Nebraska will accept your official application form is March 12, and it will start mailing out absentee ballots on that day. Your absentee ballot must be received back in the local election district by April 13.

"Pennsylvania—You can cast either of two kinds of ballots in the Pennsylvania primaries. You can use the 'official war ballots,' which in this State cover only candidates for Federal offices or you can use the regular State absentee ballots which cover Federal, State, and local offices. You can apply for the 'official war ballots' by sending a WD postcard to the Secretary of State, Harrisburg, Pa. This postcard should be received in Harrisburg before March 6, at which time the ballots will be mailed out. To be eligible to be counted, the 'official war ballot' must be received back in Pennsylvania no later than April 25. If you prefer to use the State absentee ballot, you must request the State to send you a special application for it. You can get this form by writing to the Secretary of State at Harrisburg or by sending a WD postcard, writing on it that you wish it to be used as an application for a State absentee ballot. The ballot must be mailed by April 25 and received back in the local election district on or before May 5.

"Louisiana—You can apply for State absentee ballots for use in the general election for State and local offices either by mailing a WD postcard to the Secretary of State, Baton Rouge, La., who will accept it as an application for a ballot, or by writing to the local election officials. The election takes place on April 18. Absentee ballots will be mailed out to applicants starting on March 18, so applications for them should reach Baton Rouge shortly before that date. Executed absentee ballots must be received back by the local election districts on or before April 17."

So, Joe, don't say we didn't warn you. We only hope that, if you plan to avail yourself of the franchise, your air-mail letters travel a lot faster than ours have lately.

TAKE A LOOK AT THOSE LOVELY LIDS!



Jane Wyatt, of the films, models this chic wartime job made of newspaper and twine. Conserves materials—see?—and would look at home in anybody's Easter Parade.



Vera Anderson sports an even trickier chapeau, which she wore while copping the title of world's champ woman welder at Pascagoula, Miss.

Mail Call

The Female Of The Species Again

Dear YANK:

Three horrified GI Janes are in their billet this Saturday night—Fire Guard—and read in YANK, 23rd January page 10, "The Passing Scene" that you saw a Wac sergeant in a raincoat with stripes.

Frankly, you did not. She wore her utility coat, with belt and hood, did she not? This corresponds to a field jacket; is not a raincoat. We never wear our GI raincoats—they are beltless and horrible—but these do not have stripes.

Retract in BIG letters.

Britain.

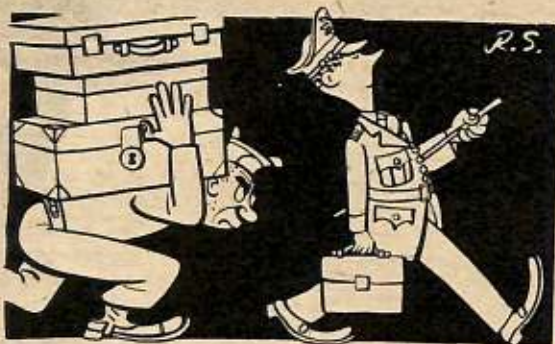
T/5 Katherine Keane

[WE STILL THINK IT WAS A RAINCOAT WE SAW, BUT WE GUESS WE WILL NEVER LEARN TO KEEP OUR BIG MOUTH SHUT WHEN IT COMES TO WOMEN.—Ed.]

Dog Robber's Yowl

Dear YANK:

I have some real griping to register in this problem of mine! Just what the hell is the enlisted man supposed to be in the Army, a servant for the officers? Is it a soldier's duty to see that officers' tents are pitched for them? To see that they get tables and chairs to sit at and eat at? Is it a private's military obligation to cut wood and build a fire for the officers? And when it's raining and it's muddier than Missouri and it's time to move on, is it the enlisted man's job to tear down the officers' equipment and pack it while he sits under a tree or in a truck? We don't



mind working our blasted heads off for our country, but we sure as blazes don't like to wait on officers or anybody else. Lots of us have too much pride to be "dog robbers." Do we have to be?

On Maneuvers in Tennessee.

A GI

[Officers are provided with orderlies for necessary "housekeeping" tasks on the logical grounds that they are too occupied with important problems concerning troops and movements to take time out for personal details. Generally, however, there are GI volunteers who are willing to serve officers, since such extra services are paid for by officers from their own pocket at a rate of extra pay usually stipulated by the Commanding Officer. In the event, however, that volunteers are not available for orderly details, any GI can be assigned to the job.]

Non-coms are not regularly authorized to have orderlies. However, if a noncom's duties prevent his taking time out to clean up his room before an inspection, for example, the CO will probably authorize the noncom to detail some GI to do the job.—Ed.]

Propaganda Back Home

Dear YANK:

It is with the deepest resentment that one can greet the flagrant unpatriotic machinations of a newly formed group calling themselves "Peace Now." How neatly this organization's plan of action dovetails with Axis propaganda becomes obvious when one examines the trend of Nazi strategy as released through their press. It is an insult to American intelligence that such groups are allowed to peddle their pro-fascist wares at the most critical moment of this great war. I believe the true purpose of this organization becomes clear if one were to ask himself the question of why peace now. That the fascist beasts are now squeaking instead of roaring is fairly evident and that their hopes hang by the thread of a negotiated peace is being understood by increasing numbers. A negotiated peace is nothing more nor less than an attempt to retain the vestiges

of decadent fascism so that in the future, it once again may be wielded as a club upon the heads of the forces of progressivism wherever they may arise. Fascism understands only too well that the tiniest iota of freedom that exists represents a menace to its inherent slave-system. Freedom's reign is assuredly fascism's demise.

Let those sponsors of "Peace Now" come face to face with the valiant peoples of Czechoslovakia, of France, of Poland, of Yugoslavia, of Russia, of all Hitler dominated Europe, let them say to the kin of the victims of the gas van, the Nazi noose, the mass burials, the victims of the Nazi rape harvest, the victims of Nazi bestiality, "We are soliciting support for our campaign which stands for 'Peace Now.' May we count on your support?"

The scorn and disgust of the fighting peoples of Europe for all such nefariousness and duplicity will find its counterpart among their American brothers and sisters who fight as one against the common enemy, world fascism.

Britain.

S/5gt. H. K.

Colleges And Future Vets

Dear YANK:

I quote from a dispatch in the *Stars and Stripes* under the by-line "Yale to Help Veterans" as of the January 24 issue. It reads "The school will have its own hand-picked faculty and private quarters apart from the regular Yale dormitories."

Now on the face of the scheme it appears to be a noble gesture on the part of our institutions of higher learning. However, I have reached the conclusion that it is possibly the beginning of a movement by our schools to segregate the "veterans" from the regular student body. Mind you, in the guise of giving us something special, we are to be put "on the other side of the tracks." Now I for one refuse to be a freak after this war is over. If I can't move in the student body as a normal civilian, then to hell with any program where I'm kept going with a meager dole and then am held up as the laughing stock of the civilian student body.

I can see the giant educational program under that set-up functioning now. Discrimination at every turn. "Oh, they are the disabled veterans," I can hear them say. "That's Army Project No. 5214 over there, they aren't eligible for fraternities." "Oh, don't invite them to the dance, they have physical handicaps and besides they are too old for us."

Well, if they can't take me after the sacrifice I've made and accept me as their equal, they know what they can do with that program.

I'm anxiously awaiting the reaction to this sinister proposal from Yale University and am watching to see if the other schools follow suit.

I think it's the duty of our Congress to see (if and when they appropriate these funds) that there are no bars or obstacles placed in the way of the returning soldiers to the campuses of our country, and that we will be freely accepted as normal students in every sense.

Surely after what most of the soldiers have been through, we can expect no less.

Britain.

Lt. B. D.

Eagles, Eagles And Squawks

Dear YANK:

I wish somebody would do something about those USO entertainers who walk around in officers' uniforms wearing their little white USO eagles on their shoulders and their caps, and giving a very good imitation of a ham actor imitating a full colonel. We've got enough people to salute already.

Britain.

S/5gt. P. V.

Comrade!

Dear YANK:

I have been reading your magazine for the year and a half that I have been in the Army. I have always found it very interesting and I always look forward to its arrival on Saturdays.

But one thing I can't understand is why so many of the men are always writing to you and complaining about some little mistake that one of your writers may have made.

There is no newspaper that does not make mistakes, but still you don't find so many of the subscribers to the newspapers back home writing in and raising hell all the time.

So what do you say, fellows, that we quit raising so much hell about a damn good magazine?

Britain.

Cpl. CHARLES E. MORRISON

War And The Poet

Dear YANK:

Since I have given up my former hobby because so

many of my buddies are red lined on payday and have nothing much to do since we are only working seventy hours per week here, and assuming that you are in the same boat, also assuming that you have someone deft at cryptography who can read my writing and correct the few simple words that constitute my vocabulary but which I, unfortunately, can't spell as lexicographers don't seem to believe in the phonetic system and as a consequence when I consult a dictionary always find "nife" under "K," herein submit the first of possibly millions of alleged poems which you can use to wrap up your fish and chips.

Sgt. GERALD P. DOOLEY

Britain.



British Blackout

Once upon a midnight dreary
I said, "Let's find a taxi dearie,"
No sooner had I made that crack
Than I found one in the small of my back.

On Thinking Straight

Dear YANK:

The majority of men taking an active part in this war know little of Allied or enemy progress. They understand nothing of the varied individual forces, or of the political and psychological factors which led us into the war. They think only subjectively of a post-war world and they want nothing more than "to go home and take life easy for a change."

Yet, these same men have the audacity to speak as authorities on international warfare. They speak of Spain's "neutrality" without knowing an iota of Franco's policy. These men cry out that we, not the English, are winning the war, forgetting the gigantic contributions made by the British in the North African campaign and in the battle of Sicily. They ignore fact and abuse reason. In many cases, their opinions cannot be substantiated as the individual has never read a book, periodical, or newspaper in an attempt to find out what is really going on. In short, these men talk loud and fast—the tragedy being that they do not know what they are talking about.

Without realizing it, these individuals shall return to civilian life with definite but erroneous ideas about the part each nation has played in this gigantic struggle, and it is not beyond the realm of possibility that they shall become the unknowing victims of those who desire to sow the seeds of a future war.

Recently the U. S. Army has started lectures and discussions in the States enabling men to discover political, social and economic truths, and possibly an answer to the question of why we are participating in and fighting this war. Such lectures are also needed greatly for us who are now fighting overseas. It should be realized that education can be as forceful a weapon as any tank, gun or plane. It is a healthy sign to see men gather together for the purpose of discussion, but discussion without facts or accurate knowledge can only result in chaos and frustration for the individual, and eventually for society.

YANK is published weekly by the enlisted men of the U. S. Army and is for sale only to those in the armed services. Stories, features, pictures and other material from YANK may be reproduced if they are not restricted by law or military regulations, provided proper credit is given, release dates are observed and specific prior permission has been granted for each item to be reproduced. Contents reviewed by U. S. military censors.

YANK EDITORIAL STAFF

Sgt. Charles Brand, Cpl. Jack Coggins, Cpl. Joe Cunningham, Sgt. Bill Davidson, Sgt. Tom Fleming, Sgt. Ben Frazier, Sgt. Durbin L. Horner, Sgt. Saul Levitt, Sgt. Louis McFadden, Sgt. Pete Paris, Sgt. Walter Peters, Cpl. John D. Preston, Sgt. John Scott, Cpl. Sanderson Vanderbilt, Officer in Charge, Major Donald W. Reynolds, Publications Officer, ETOUSA, Col. Theodore Arter. Address: 37 Upper Brook Street, London, W.1.

New York Office:

Managing Editor, Sgt. Joe McCarthy; Art Director, Sgt. Arthur Weithas; Assistant Managing Editor, Sgt. Justus Schlotzhauer; Assistant Art Director, Sgt. Ralph Stein; Pictures, Sgt. Leo Hofferler. Officer in Charge: Lt.-Col. Franklin S. Forsberg.

Pix Credit: 1, Planet; 2, 3, and 4, Sgt. George Aarons; 5, WW; 6, OWI; 7, BOP; 10, OWI; 12 and 13, Sgt. Dick Hanley; 15, Keystone; 16, top and center OWI, bottom PA; 17, left ACME, center Keystone; 22, PA, 23, top INP bottom OWI.



WATCH OUT FOR THIS BIRD



FAMILY REUNION IN TOKYO



"The only thing needed for us to win the European war in 1944 is for every man and woman all the way from the front line to the remotest hamlet of our two countries (the United States and Britain) to do his or her full duty."
—Gen. DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER.

WAR and the CARTOONIST

It is not enough to expose men to a few books, or occasionally a lecture. Instead, a definite educational program should be worked out, led by competent instructors (and they are not hard to find in service) which has as its objective a political and historical curriculum to be made available for each and every soldier. Naturally, even the most vigorous plan will fail to affect a certain number, but if a few are started along the path of constructive thinking, the effort will have been worth-while.

We are doing a splendid job as a nation at war. Let us have the opportunity to discuss our contributions intelligently, to truly know our Allies, and to throw off the yoke of superstition, prejudice, irrationalism and ignorance.

Cpl. EDWARD STONE

Britain.

More On Sinatra

Dear YANK:

The crisis in my life has been reached and I am appealing to you for help. After reading your January 29, 1944, edition concerning the pounding Sinatra has been taking I casually mentioned to my four room-mates that the boys in the ETO were being just a little too rough on the swoon king. This evoked their anger to such a degree that they have now set their anger in the room that every time Sinatra's name is mentioned the guy who mentions it will have to shell out a shilling into the "kitty" which will be forwarded to the Medical Department majoring in research of vitamin pills to help undernourished children.

Now if Frankie boy will be good enough to send me a few hundred shillings I will disregard their threats and expand my efforts to keep his name aloft in the discussion of swoon crooners, otherwise I regret to say that I will have to put an end to building the guy up.

In closing I appeal to your (the Editor) sense of fair play to advise my room-mates accordingly so that I can mention "the voice" without fear of be-

coming a pauper. Now mind you I'm not a hog about the guy but I refuse to have my right of free speech revoked because I'm a bit sympathetic with his cause.

The four troublesome guys are

M/Sgt. "Coily" Dionne
S/Sgt. "Jeep" Gladding
S/Sgt. "Lover" Joseph
Sgt. "Kankakee" Morgan

Cpl. SY. EAGLE

Britain.

[When you're outranked like that, Eagle, old man, not even we can do anything to help you.—Ed.]

GI Saga

Dear YANK:

Here is a poem I batted out while digging a latrine.

PRIVATE DROOL AND PRIVATE CHASE

They still discuss, in idle talk,
At Camp Mahuskey, near New York,
The celebrated Army case
Of Private Drool and Private Chase.
Now Private Chase was on the ball,
He beat the bugle's clarion call
His mess-gear had a radiant shine,
In every way, he toed the line.
All obstacles he took in stride,
He was, in truth, his sergeant's pride.
On Digby Drool now let us pause,
They called him goldbrick, and with cause,
He burned the beans, he slept through drill
He went on sick call, at his will.
He often binged on GI brew,
His deeds of note were all too few.
His sergeant's face grew sad and blue
For Drool was just a GFU.
The time for ratings came about,
The rumors flew, both in and out;
The captain said, "I want a man
Who'll do the very best he can;
An outfit going overseas

Needs lots of able Pfc's."

So Chase was given one big stripe
And crossed the pond, without a gripe.
But what of Drool, the GFU?

The CO said, "That man is through,
With him I will have no more truck,
I'll transfer him and pass the buck."
So Drool was sent to "Personnel"

He got a desk, a chair, a bell;
His office had a fat T/O,
He got three stripes and one below,
His rear grew large, and calloused, too,
While Chase ate Spam in far Djeburu.
In case you think this ain't quite so,
Just ask most any GI Joe!

Cpl. GERALD GREENBERG

Britain.

Hormel Employees Or Section 8 ?

Dear YANK:

For the past 19 months in the ETO we have been reading YANK, and to the present date have made no comments pro or con.

A word *must* be said on the much talked about subject "spam." It's getting to a point where a GI can't run through your magazine without seeing spam denounced or ridiculed, in at least a dozen places. Frightfully devastating to say the least, and we are getting plenty "browned off." What's wrong with spam? When we are fortunate enough to get the luxury, it is strictly rationed—one piece per man. Two if you don't sweat out the line.

And now our proposition. You poor undernourished boys can have all our C rations, "chili" and "stew" for a week's supply of good old spam. We'll even throw in good old corn willy.

Blow that out your "B"-bag.

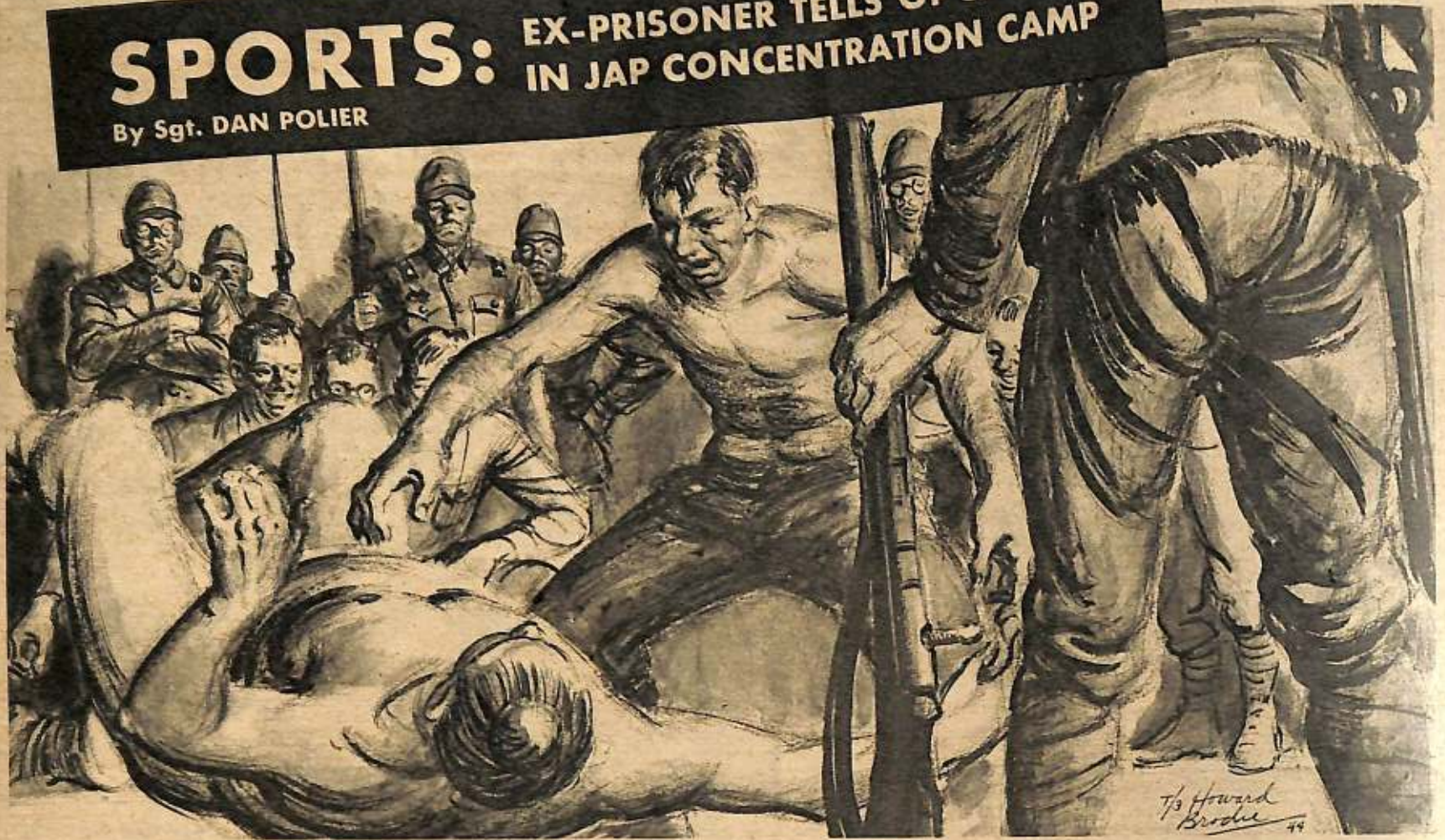
AVIATION ENGINEERS

Cpl. C. A. Palmer, T/5 Joseph C. Carley, Pfc. Edwin Nadeas, Pfc. Charles D. Hillyard, Cpl. Leo H. Busack, T/5 Edward Muraski, Pvt. Joseph Fortunato, T/4 Ted Borowski (and many more).

Britain.

SPORTS: EX-PRISONER TELLS OF SPORTS IN JAP CONCENTRATION CAMP

By Sgt. DAN POLIER



WE WENT TO THE GUARDHOUSE WITH BELL, PREPARED TO BRING AWAY THE PIECES. BUT DARNED IF THEY COULD PIN HIM. HE THREW THE SUMOS ALL OVER THE MAT.

LATE one afternoon in 1942 at the Japanese concentration camp at Santo Tomas University, Manila, the imprisoned Americans gathered around the playing field to watch a soccer game between the American and British men. Suddenly there was a big commotion at the gate. The Jap guards, who had been leaning on their rifles watching the game, popped to attention and presented arms. A whole company of Jap soldiers marched onto the playing field and proceeded to drill alongside of the soccer players.

"We were so stunned at first we didn't know what to do," said Royal Arch Gunnison of the Mutual Broadcasting System, who returned on the *Gripsholm* after spending almost two years behind barbed wire at Manila and Shanghai. "But we decided we had to save face. You know how important that is out there. So we continued to play. The Jap officer deliberately marched his company as close to us as he could. In fact, he got so close that the soccer ball got tangled up in the feet of his men. You never saw such confusion. The Japs were stumbling and falling over each other. Then to make things worse, this officer gave the command: to the rear march. Honestly, it was just like a Bob Hope comedy, only funnier.

"You know how the Jap carries his helmet on his back. Well, when these guys started bumping into each other their helmets fell off, and every time one tried to pick up his helmet he would pick up the soccer ball instead. Finally the officer saw he was losing more face than we were, so he marched his men off the field. We were afraid of how the Japs might take that embarrassment, so we quit playing. When we stopped the Americans were leading. It was the first time we had beaten the British. But they kept insisting we had to bring in Jap ringers to do it.

"That incident might sound funny to you, but actually it was serious business. If we had laughed, as most of us wanted to, they would have punished us severely. The Jap humiliates easily.

"They were always doing things like that if they thought we were enjoying ourselves too much. Sometimes they would come out to a softball game and pick four or five men from each team and cart them off somewhere to dig ditches until the game was over."

Gunnison continued:

"Sports were practically our only form of entertainment at Santo Tomas. Everybody from the little children to the women played some sort of game. We even built special fields for them. We held our own Golden Gloves boxing tournament and one for the children, too. The Japs let us organize softball leagues, and we had 30 teams playing. Each community in the camp had its own team. Some of the names were funny, like East Shanty Town, Frog Bottom, Room 13 (that room had about 30 fellows crammed into it), the Manila Polo Club and the Pan-American Airways. They were divided into the American and National League and, of course, we had our own World Series. As I remember it, the Pan-Americans won the series.

"Speaking of the World Series, we got full reports on the 1942 series through our underground system in Manila. The people on the outside would pick up the game on the short wave and slip us the batteries and inning-by-inning scores through the fence. Somebody put up a blackboard behind the lost-and-found department and kept it up to date. The Japs never did catch on. They thought it was the score of one of the games we were playing.

"As far as I know we played the Japanese in the first softball game between enemy teams in this war. The captain of the guard at the Shanghai camp was nuts about softball, and he watched us play every time he had the opportunity. One day he came over to me and said: 'Hey, Gun San, someday we play softball?'

"We stalled and tried to prevent the game, because we knew so many things could go wrong. But he kept insisting, so the game was scheduled. Everybody turned out including all the big shots from the Embassy and the Army.

"Before the game, started we noticed that the Jap pitcher was warming up with an overhand delivery. Since I was one of the prison committeemen, the fellows said it was my duty to go over and tell him this was a softball game not baseball. I got the interpreter and we both tried to show the pitcher how to throw the ball with an underhand

motion. He tried it once or twice and then said in Japanese: 'The hell with it.'

"As it turned out it didn't make any difference whether this Jap threw overhanded or not. We walloped the daylights out of him and scored 27 runs in the first inning. After the inning was over I got the team together and told them we had better throw the game and let the Japs save face.

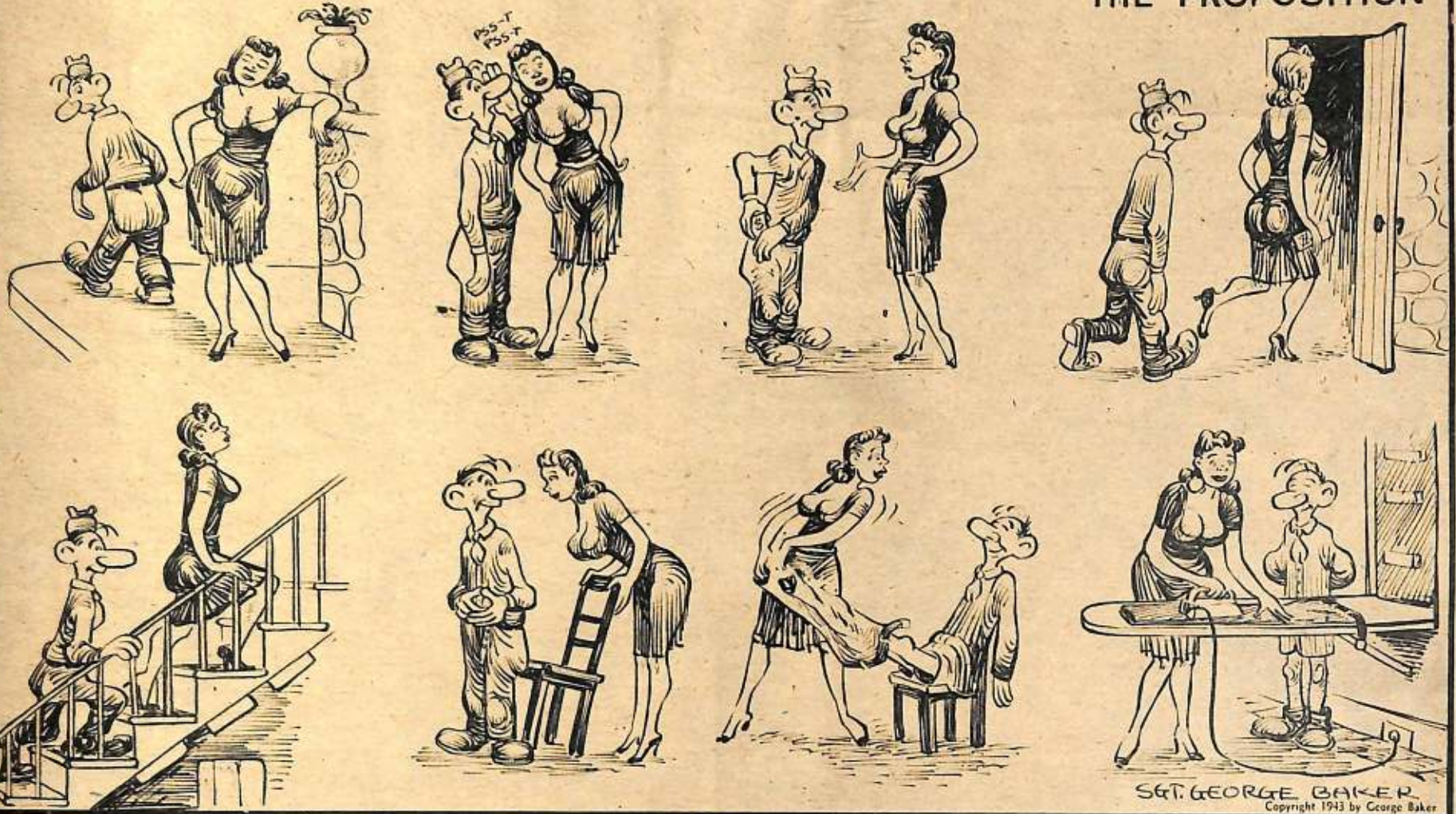
"Well, it got so funny that everybody on the side lines, except the Japs of course, nearly choked while trying to keep from laughing. We dropped balls, muffed easy grounders and stumbled all over ourselves. But they still couldn't make it an even ball game. We even tried applauding every time one of them hit the ball or scored a run. We only applauded twice, though, because after the seventh inning the score was 28 to 2.

"Then the captain of the guard called time. He came over to me and said: 'Hey, Gun San, I think more better we do not keep score. I think more better we play for sportsmanship.' That saved face for everybody including the umpire who was a Dutchman. This Dutchman was sweating plenty. He knew, if he called a close one wrong, the Japs would ask his name, number and nationality, and when they discovered he was Dutch they would give him hell. The Japs really hate the Dutch.

"That softball game was practically the only contact in sports we had with the Japanese except for a wrestling match. We had a big fellow with us, a guy named Chris Bell, who was 6 feet 2 and the rocky sort. He used to be a lumberman in Shanghai. The Jap guards were having a wrestling tournament at the guardhouse and they wanted Bell to come down and wrestle one of those huge *sumo* men. These *sumos* weigh about 300 pounds and are very agile. We tried to duck the challenge, but it was no use. They insisted. Anyway, Bell said he would like to take them on. We went to the guardhouse with him fully prepared to bring away the little pieces. But darned if they could pin him. He threw the *sumos* all over the mat. In fact, it became so one-sided that Bell had to make it look good and let them save face.

"After that the Japs always treated Bell with great respect. Every time they saw him they would pat him on the back and say: 'Bell, you plenty big man.'"

THE SAD SACK



TWO AND TWO MAKES NINETEEN, OR JOE GOEBBELS PLAYS THE BLUES ON HIS ADDING MACHINE

NEWS ITEM

"THE German News Agency announced that 900 bombers were engaged in the bombing of London last weekend. A few days earlier Propaganda Minister Goebbels had set the figure at 600."

(The scene is an underground barracks at a German air base near the coast of Northern France. Although, for the benefit of YANK readers, the characters speak English, you can tell the dump is German by the fact that over each cot is a large, if somewhat smudgy, picture of the Fuehrer. Two Nazi pilots are sprawled on cots in the foreground. One of them, a kid just out of knee-pants, is reading a newspaper, and the other, a tough-looking old buzzard, is just staring at the ceiling. Over in one corner, soaking up a copy of the "Police Gazette," is a pot-bellied Gestapo agent in civilian clothes. He has a cigar in his mouth, a derby on his head, and looks very much like the house-dick he is. His orders are to keep his mouth shut and his ears open, but the stogie makes it

difficult for him to comply with the first half of the order. But what the hell, he consoles himself by reflecting, no one's perfect—not even Himmler.)

Young Nazi Pilot (looking up from his newspaper): Say, here's something funny.

Old Nazi Pilot (yawning): Well, hang on to it then. It's the first thing of its kind we've had around here in a long while.

Young Nazi Pilot: Now what's the trouble? You sound like you was going to a funeral.

Old Nazi Pilot: Well, where do you think you're going? (The stogie in the corner raises an eyebrow at this and furtively scribbles something on a slip of paper. The Old Pilot catches him at it and turns toward him.) Okay, jerk, I seen you. Forget it, and I'll buy you the usual drink after chow. Right? (The stogie nods and tears up the paper.)

Young Nazi Pilot: Aw, cut out the gags, will you? Listen, how many planes did we have over London last night?

Old Nazi Pilot: You know damn well how many—just yours and mine and those three that got shot down. So what are you asking for?

Young Nazi Pilot: That's what's so funny. Says here we had 600.

Old Nazi Pilot: Who says where?

Young Nazi Pilot: Herr Propaganda Minister Josef Goebbels—heil!—says it right here in *Der Voelkische Beobachter*—heil! heil!

Old Nazi Pilot (glancing out of his eye at the flatfoot in the corner): Oh, Goebbels says it! Well, that's different—heil! heil! heil! Now that I come to think of it, there must have been more than five. At least, I had an awful buzzing in my ears.

Young Nazi Pilot: Maybe they was at a lower level and that's why we couldn't see them.

Old Nazi Pilot: And maybe they was at a higher one.

Young Nazi Pilot: I know I definitely sensed the presence of a great many planes off my right wing.

Old Nazi Pilot: Me, too; especially when they opened fire on me and damn near took my tail off. (The stogie starts scribbling furiously on another slip of paper, and again the Old Pilot spots him.) Hey, lay off, toots. That's another drink I owe you. (Toots nods and tears up the paper.)

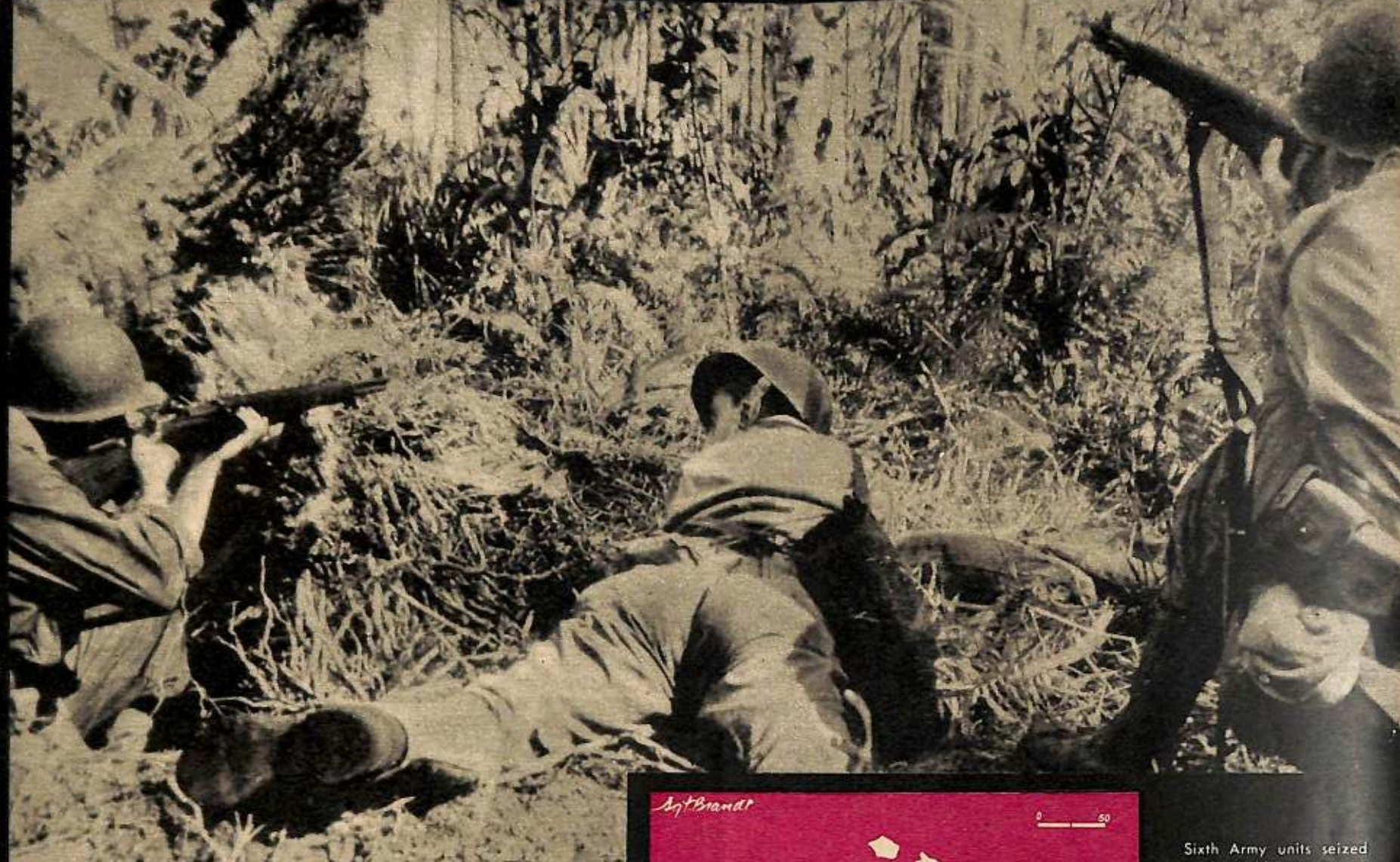
Young Nazi Pilot: You know, it seems to me it would be kind of helpful if headquarters would tip us off when we're going to be flying with 600 planes instead of just alone.

Old Nazi Pilot: Yeah, we must have looked sort of ragged with 598 planes in formation and you and me zooming all over the place by ourselves.

Young Nazi Pilot: Gee, I hope Goering doesn't hear about it or we'll both be grounded.

Old Nazi Pilot: No such luck, buddy, no such luck. (Turning quickly to the stogie.) Come on, jerk. Before you bother to write that down, let's you and me go out and get potted.

(Stogie and Old Pilot exit. The youngster fiddles with the radio and a Berlin news broadcaster comes through with: "It has just been announced by the German Propaganda Ministry that 900 German planes raided London last night instead of 600, as previously reported, and the figure may reach 1,200 or 1,500 by next week. Just how it happened that the take-off and return of 300 planes was originally overlooked was not immediately explained." The announcement is followed by an orchestra playing a tuneful arrangement of "We're Sailing Against England." After a few bars, the station goes dead, indicating that another German city is about to take it on the chin.)



BEACHHEAD ESTABLISHED, THREE YANKS INCH FORWARD AGAINST JAPS

These Texans in the American Sixth Army led the assault on New Britain, the first step in the current drive on the Jap base at Rabaul. Ten days later, the Marines landed at Cape Gloucester—bound for the same place.



Sixth Army units seized a foothold on Arawe Peninsula, New Britain, in face of limited opposition. Ten days later Marines landed at Cape Gloucester. Objective of both drives was Rabaul, major Jap base some 260 miles away. Captured airstrips will serve as advance bases for bombers now softening up Rabaul itself.

ATTACK ON ARAWE

By Cpl. RALPH BOYCE
YANK Staff Correspondent

ARAWE, NEW BRITAIN [By Cable]—"Wonder what old Sam Houston would think," said one drawling Texan, "if he could see the Texas flag waving here half way round the world from the Alamo?"

American troops of the Sixth Army that seized and held this sizable bridgehead on Jap-occupied New Britain in the Southwest Pacific were mainly National Guard Cavalry from Texas, and they brought with them into battle the flag of the Lone Star State.

Two hours before the main landing forces hit the beaches, small units of commando-trained troops in rubber landing boats made a diversionary stab at Umlingolu on the eastern side of the Arawe peninsula. At 0530 in the bright pre-dawn moonlight, they neared the shore in echelon formation of three boats to a wave.

Thirty-five yards from shore, as the rubber boats slid over a reef to the last narrow strip of water, the Japs opened up. Five machine guns, a 37-mm cannon and heavier caliber anti-aircraft

guns, lowered to fire point-blank, raked the boats in a crossfire.

The Japs were consolidated on a vantage point atop a coral cliff, to which they had hastily withdrawn from Arawe peninsula after the heavy air-naval bombardment the day and night before. Firing down on the assault force, they had the whip hand now.

Men stood up in the rubber boats to rake the shore with tommy-gun fire, and they were cut down. They fought from the boats, and they fought from the water until more than half of them were casualties. Then the Jap guns peppered the survivors as they floundered in the surf, clinging to jagged reefs or to the few boats still afloat or ducking under the boats and holding their breath. Not for three hours could rescue craft get to them, but their position was eased when a U. S. destroyer came out of the haze and with two salvos blew the Jap guns to bits.

As S/Sgt. Bill Hughes of Grand Prairie, Tex., said after seeing his platoon leader killed at his side: "Anyone who got out of that—God was on his side." But the diversion, though costly, was success-

ful. At 0730, two hours after the first troops had set off for "Blue Beach" (Umlingolu), the American Sunday punch struck at the beaches of Cape Merkus and the nearby islands of Arawe and Pilelo. The enemy, elated over his success against the rubber boats, was caught off balance when the main force of the Sixth Army landing party moved in, carried by an armada of the newest type of armored amphibious landing craft.

Unopposed and evidently unnoticed by the Japs, the destroyers and landing craft moved out of the overcast and then their guns opened up. The B-25s of the Fifth Air Force dropped out of the clouds and skimmed over Amalut plantation and Didmap village, strafing as they went.

The main assault was made at House Fireman's beach, west of Cape Merkus, by troops in "alligators" and "buffaloes," queer-looking amphibians propelled in the water by scoops on the tractor treads and combining the features of tanks and personnel carriers. Four waves landed 10 minutes apart, meeting no opposition as the carriers rolled up the rough beach and crashed through the coconut grove.

The Yanks had been on the beach little more



AFTER THE LANDING ON ARAWÉ, YANKS WOUNDED BY BOMBING AND STRAFING GOT MEDICAL ATTENTION.

than half an hour when a formation of Val dive-bombers appeared and attacked the exposed men on the beach and in the plantation. Craters made by American bombers in the softening-up operations preceding the landings, when 356 tons of bombs were dropped, came in handy for GIs seeking cover now from the Jap attack.

Small-arms fire was concentrated on the oncoming enemy planes, and U.S. fighter cover quickly appeared to tangle with the dive-bombers. Two Vals were shot down by light ack-ack from the ground.

Pvt. Lorenzo Duarte, American Indian from Barstow, Calif., manning a .50-caliber atop a buffalo, put his first burst right into the belly of one of the Vals as it swooped low. Duarte jumped to the ground and whooped: "I got the bastard."

A group of five gunners shared honors on the second Jap plane, which they filled fore and aft with ack-ack until it was like a sieve.

The men fanned out quickly toward their objectives. Seven miles east of Arawé is the Arawé Lupin airstrip, built by Australian planters as a pre-war emergency landing ground. Beyond the strip is the Pulie River, lined by several sites suitable for airstrips.

For the week following the landings, the boys of the Sixth Army toiled throughout the day building defenses that would stand up against enemy counterattack, and throughout the night burrowed like prairie dogs while the weight of the Jap air force was thrown against them.

When the week was ended, they could rub tired eyes and flop down beside foxholes, confident that the job was well done. They now held a bit of New Britain that would cost the Japs a small army to retake.

THE success of the week's work was made possible by guts and support—mostly by the guts of the hard-bitten assault troops. They were supported by a close teamwork between fighter cover and ack-ack, which drove off Jap attempts to crush the landing forces from the air. P-38 Lightnings and P-47 Thunderbolts roared from their base across the Vitiaz Strait to smash almost every daylight bombing attempt before the Japs were over their target area. Amphibian

engineers helped maintain supply lines to the area, while gun crews with land-based ack-ack threw up a protective screen of fire against the few Jap planes that broke through the air cover.

In shell- and bomb-blasted coconut plantations, along coral-reefed beaches and jungled cliffs in the front lines on New Britain itself and on the adjoining island outposts, the American defenses grew as the week progressed.

Sweaty and tiring men strung thousands of feet of barbed wire, dug gun positions, filled sandbags. Several times a day work halted temporarily as alerts sounded and men turned their guns skyward or dropped into the nearest bomb crater.

WHEN those guns did bark at the bombing and strafing Jap planes, there was seldom a full force of raiders. Even those few Jap planes that sneaked through were not safe from fighters of the Fifth Air Force, which often dove into their own ground fire to get a crack at the invaders.

By the end of the week, our pilots were running a 16-to-1 ratio over the Japs. How the men of the ground forces felt about the planes was summed up pretty neatly by Sgt. Oakley Askers of Dallas, Tex. "When I get out of here," he said, "I'm going to kiss the first P-38 I find."

If the days were fairly free from heavy attacks,



Machine guns put teeth into Arawé beach head.

the nights were not. From the time the moon came up until after midnight, there were Washing Machine Charlies overhead almost constantly. They often came in force, and then the night was lit up with the flash of bombs, the glow of flares and the fire of tracers.

Unwilling to give away gun positions, our troops gritted their teeth and dug deeper into foxholes, feeling for all the world like ducks in a shooting gallery. Before the echo of bombs had died away, aidmen and stretcher bearers were swarming over the area. They found some business but not much. The men were well dug in, and it took almost a direct hit to blast them out.

While the work of building the defenses progressed, the few remaining Japs were mopped up. Along the 200-foot coral cliffs on the east side of the peninsula, some 20 Japs were holed up in numerous caves and crevices. They were trapped, cut off at each end of the cliffs by our patrols and by the ocean down below. In the darkness, several tried to dash over the top but none got through. One soldier in his foxhole wounded a Jap attempting to sneak past, then crawled out of the hole and finished him off with a knife. Two enemy soldiers who tried to charge the CP were shot by guards. One was killed but the other who was only wounded, tried to crawl away until a lieutenant tossed a hand grenade at him. Picking up the grenade to throw it back, the Jap had his arm blown off. "That'll teach the sonuvabitch not to touch things that don't belong to him," said the lieutenant.

Foot by foot our patrols closed in on the snipers in the caves, blasting them out of their hiding places. Assisting the patrols were amphibian engineers in Army vessels patrolling offshore, who raked the areas with machine guns.

LT. Edward Coleman of Baltimore, Md., led two LCVs (landing crafts, vehicle) on a patrol. As the boats approached their objective, the lieutenant noticed a camouflaged position on the shore. He swung his glasses to the left and made out the stern of a Jap barge. As he ordered T-4 William Anthony, the cox'n, to swing the boat around, Jap guns on the shore and barge blazed out.

Both LCVs returned the fire with their machine guns, and the soldiers in the boats put up small-arms fire. As the leading LCV swung around, both its gunners were wounded and at the same time a 20-mm incendiary crashed through the port side just forward of the wheelhousing. Coleman put out the blaze with a five-gallon can of water.

Meanwhile the second craft, under T-4 Carl Pyles, a cox'n from New Martinsville, W. Va., had disappeared from sight around the bend under heavy fire from the Japs. It reappeared some time later, apparently out of control, and ran aground on a reef 300 yards from the enemy.

While the lead boat laid a protective cone of fire over the stranded vessel, T-5 Clarence Stiffler crawled over the motor hatch, took the wheel and got the boat off the reef. The two boats headed for home with three enemy barges chasing them.

As the wounded received first aid, Pfc. Joseph Santarsiero of Trenton, N. J., radioed his base not to fire as the LCVs came in.

That night the precious hours of pre-midnight sleep were ruined as our artillery barraged the area where the vessels had been ambushed. Next morning bombs worked over the place, too, and when they were finished, so were 15 Jap barges.

On the sixth night after the landing, while on one of these patrols, I had a grandstand seat at the heaviest Jap bombing yet received by the American bridgehead. Fifteen planes dropped over 100 bombs in a square mile. The attack lasted three hours, and two fires were still burning at dawn of the seventh day as we returned to our base, expecting to find the worst.

On the bridge, T-5 Lynn Meserole of New Orleans, La., and Pvt. Miguel Lavado of Rye, N. Y., the gunners, were talking to T-5 Henry Dolan of Milton, Mass., the cox'n. "I don't give a damn how many barges they got," said Meserole, "but I don't like to think of the guys we lost."

As we pulled toward shore we passed a burning barge, and up on the hill we could see a smoldering fire. In the gunpits along the bomb-pocked beach, crews were tidying up. T-5 Carl Thoden of Union City, N. J., met us on the dock. "Oh," he said, "we had a couple of guys wounded here and two or three killed by a direct hit on the hill, but nothing worse than that." The Japs had given our positions everything they had, but we were still holding our beachhead.

YANK

THE ARMY

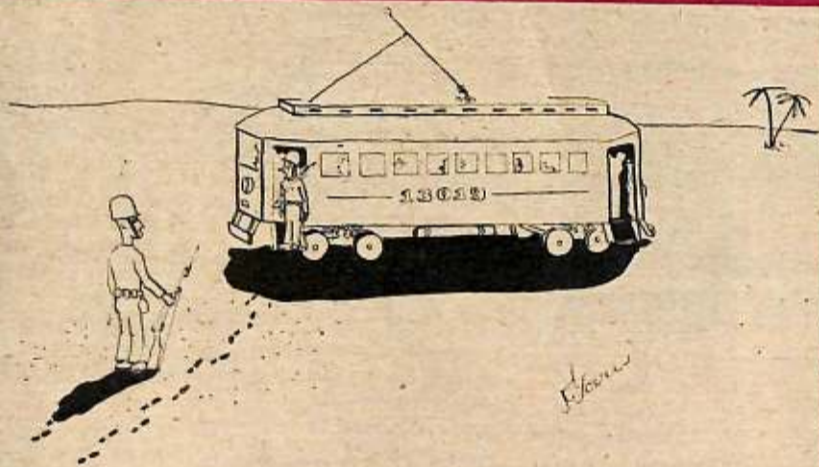


WEEKLY



"I THINK HE'S BUCKING FOR A PROMOTION."

—Sgt. P. G. R., ETO



"I DON'T CARE IF IT IS A MIRAGE—IT'S BETTER THAN WALKING."

—Pvt. R. Govus



"THAT WAS HEDY LAMARR—SHE HAD THE WRONG NUMBER."

—Sgt. Tom Zibelli



—Cpl. Joe Cunningham, ETO



"—AND HE'S ONLY HAD THE BOOK A WEEK."

—S/Sgt. Delmar Pech