

# YANK

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





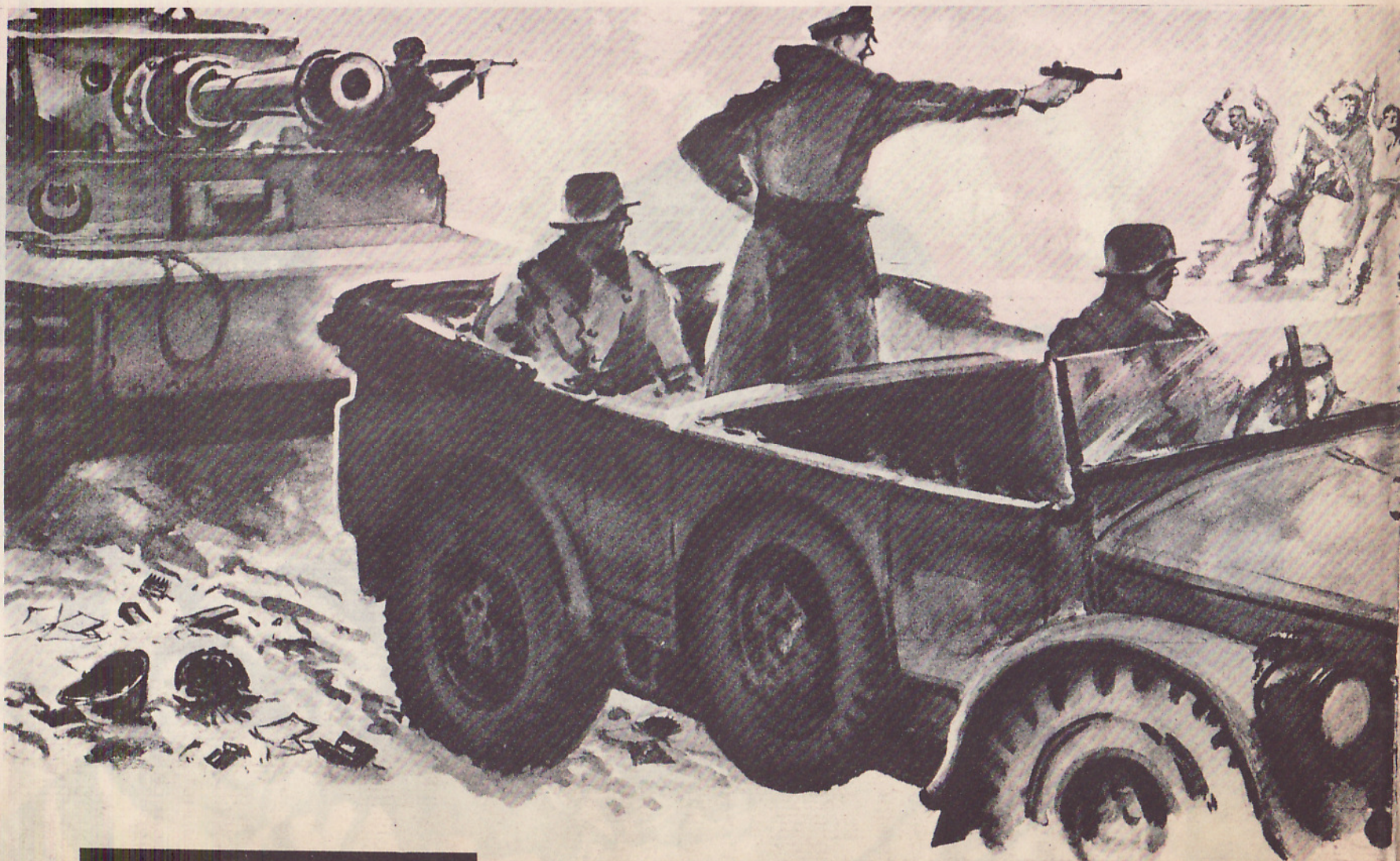


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COMPLETED

## How SS Men Murdered 100 U.S. Prisoners of War

—See Pages 2, 3 and 4





**From Belgium comes this verified account of how the Germans, on the first day of von Rundstedt's breakthrough, murdered over one hundred American prisoners of war, in cold blood. The story, a compilation of eye-witness reports and evidence supplied by captured Germans, gives a clear picture of the kind of enemy we're fighting.**

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While this was going on, an enemy half-track mounting an 88 gun made an effort to swing around to cover the Americans, but was unable to do so. In lieu of that the Germans parked tanks at either end of the field where their machineguns had a full sweep over the prisoners. Just then a German command car drew up. The German officer in the car stood up, took deliberate aim at an American medical officer in the front rank of the prisoners and fired. As the medical officer fell, the German fired again and another American dropped to the ground. Immediately, two tanks at the end of the

toward Malmedy, amid a hail of machinegun-fire from the surprised Germans. At the crossroads they were fired on by another machinegun crew stationed there. That frightened twelve of the fugitives into taking cover in a nearby house. The other three continued on to the adjacent woods.

The house became a death trap for the twelve Americans. Closing in, the Germans set up a machinegun in front of the house. Then they set the house on fire. As the helpless Americans tried to escape through the door and windows of the blazing buildings, they were mowed down. All of them died there, buried beneath the falling walls.

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**By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM  
YANK Staff Correspondent**

**M**ALMEDY, BELGIUM—In a snow-covered field three miles south of this town lie the bodies of one hundred or more American soldiers—prisoners of war—who were murdered there by the Germans on the first day of von Rundstedt's counter-offensive along the Western Front. Their frozen corpses may still be there where they fell with "some of the bodies lying across other bodies," as a German PW later described the gruesome scene.

Early in the afternoon of December 17, a convoy of Battery "B," of a Field Artillery Observation Battalion, was moving along three miles south of Malmedy on the road leading to St. Vith. About 300 yards beyond the crossroads of the cutoff to St. Vith, the convoy was hit by enemy riflemen, machinegunners and mortarmen hidden in the surrounding woods. All the American vehicles halted immediately. The men jumped off and took cover in the ditches lining both sides of the road. Several minutes later they were flushed out of their hiding place by Tiger tanks from a German armored column which lumbered along the ditches spraying machinegun fire. Other German tanks knocked out some 24 American trucks and other vehicles. Armed only with small calibre weapons, the Americans had no alternative but surrender.

The Germans had other U. S. prisoners taken earlier, including five military policemen, two ambulance drivers, a mess sergeant, several medical corps men, engineers, infantrymen and some members of an armored reconnaissance outfit. All these prisoners, totalling approximately 150, were herded

together on the road where they were searched for pocketbooks, watches, gloves, rings, cigarettes and weapons, all of which were taken from them. They were then ordered by their captors to line up in a field south of the crossroads.

While this was going on, an enemy halftrack mounting an 88 gun made an effort to swing around to cover the Americans, but was unable to do so. In lieu of that the Germans parked tanks at either end of the field where their machineguns had a full sweep over the prisoners. Just then a German command car drew up. The German officer in the car stood up, took deliberate aim at an American medical officer in the front rank of the prisoners and fired. As the medical officer fell, the German fired again and another American dropped to the ground. Immediately, two tanks at the end of the field opened up with their machineguns on the prisoners, who were standing with their hands above their heads. No effort had been made to segregate the non-combatant medical corps men, all of whom were wearing medic brassards and had red crosses painted on their helmets. They were killed indiscriminately, in deliberate defiance of the first rule of warfare.

When the massacre started, the unwounded dropped to the ground along with those who had been shot. Flat on their stomachs with their faces pushed into the snow and mud, the Americans were racked by machinegun and small arms fire from the column of tanks which began to move along the road 25 yards away. Each of the estimated 25 to 50 Tiger tanks and halftracks took its turn firing on the prostrate group. One tank and several German soldiers were left behind to finish off those who had not been killed. The Nazi guards walked among the American soldiers and shot the wounded who lay groaning in agony. They kicked others in the face to see if they were dead or just faking. Those who moved were shot in the head. One American medic got up to bandage the wounds of a seriously injured man from his own company unit. The Nazis permitted him to finish the work. Then they shot both him and the patient.

**F**ORTUNATELY, the guards were not too thorough in their search for Americans who were pretending death. Several of the prisoners had escaped injury and others were only slightly wounded. About an hour after the armored column left, several of the survivors—including some of the wounded—decided to make a break for freedom. Fifteen men made the first attempt. While their guards were some distance away, they jumped up and ran north up the road

toward Malmedy, amid a hail of machinegun-fire from the surprised Germans. At the crossroads they were fired on by another machinegun crew stationed there. That frightened twelve of the fugitives into taking cover in a nearby house. The other three continued on to the adjacent woods.

The house became a death trap for the twelve Americans. Closing in, the Germans set up a machinegun in front of the house. Then they set the house on fire. As the helpless Americans tried to escape through the door and windows of the blazing buildings, they were mowed down. All of them died there, buried beneath the falling walls.

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After that first break, several other prisoners made similar attempts. Some succeeded in getting back to the American lines, but others were killed by the now more vigilant Nazis. Most of the successful breaks were made after dark, some of the wounded not making the attempt until midnight, by which time they had been lying in the snow in below freezing temperature for eleven hours or longer.

Of approximately 150 American prisoners who were herded together as human targets for Nazi marksmen, only 43 are definitely established as having escaped the slaughter, and more than three-quarters of these had been wounded. Only 25 men of Battery "B's" roster of 138 have been reported safe; others may come in later, but this is very unlikely as the area is still in German hands.

**A**s is customary in all such cases, the Inspector General's Department made immediate investigation to determine the authenticity of the stories told by the survivors. Five of the wounded soldiers were interviewed less than twelve hours after their ordeal, when the details of it were still fresh in their minds. Thirty-two men were questioned thoroughly, and their stories were found to coincide in all but minor details. The IG Department, whose only stock in trade is proven facts—whether they be given by three-star Generals or Privates—has released some of the survivors' statements, with the guarantee that they are an essentially correct account of what happened on December 17 in that snow-covered field three miles south of Malmedy. The questioning of German prisoners captured later verified most of the story told by the Americans.

Pvt. James P. Massara was the first American to make a dash for freedom. He is one of six members of the surviving Field Artillerymen who escaped without injury. Here is his sworn account of what happened when his outfit was ambushed:





# MASSACRE AT MALMEDY

**A**BOUT three miles outside of Malmédy on the road to St. Vith, our convoy was forced to stop because of machineguns shooting at us and also 88 shells hitting the trucks and blowing them off the road. Everybody dismounted and lay in a ditch along the road for protection. We were forced to surrender because we were not armed heavy enough to stop the tanks.

"The outfit was put into one group and a German officer searched us for wrist watches and took our gloves and cigarettes. After the officer was through, we were marched to an open field about 100 feet from the road, where German tanks were waiting for

"Battery 'B,' of FA Observation Battalion in convoy going south from Malmédy, stopped the convoy at 1330, when mortar fire was heard. We got out of the trucks and jumped in a ditch beside the vehicles, then some men took off when they saw they were being captured. They (the Germans) took watches, gloves and cigarettes from the prisoners, then they put us inside a barbed wire fence. The tanks passed for fifteen minutes.

"Everything was all right until a command car turned the corner. The officer in the command car fired a shot with his pistol at a medical officer who

road and artillery, mortar and small arms fire opened up on our echelon. The fire seemed to come from the east and southeast. Some of the men got out of the vehicles and into a ditch. Then they began to shell us with mortars and artillery; about twenty rounds came in.

"I moved up close to the men who were standing by a house. A captain from my battery followed me. The men were standing out on the road with their hands up. They told me that a tank was coming down the road. Naturally, small arms was all we had. We put our hands up, and as they



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"The outfit was put into one group and a German officer searched us for wrist watches and took our gloves and cigarettes. After the officer was through, we were marched to an open field about 100 feet from the road, where German tanks were moving by. There were about 150 of us; that is, counting officers and medics. We all stood there with our hands up when the German officer in the command car shot a medical officer and one enlisted man. They fell to the ground. Then the machineguns on the tanks opened up on the group of men and were killing everyone. We all lay on our stomachs and every tank that came by would open up with machineguns on the group of men lying on the ground. This went on for about thirty minutes and then it stopped.

"Then about three or four Germans came over to the group of men lying on the ground. Some officers and non-commissioned officers were shot in the head with pistols; after the Germans left, machinegunners opened up. I lay there for about one hour sweating it out. My buddies around me were getting hit and crying for help. I figured my best bet would be to make a break and run.

"I was the first one to raise up, and we were on our way. About twelve of the men ran into a house, and myself and two other soldiers took out over the open field. They fired at us with their machineguns, but by luck we made it into the woods, where we hid until dark. The house into which the twelve men ran was burned down by the Germans. Any one that tried to escape from the fire was shot by machineguns. After it was dark, my buddy and I made our way back to our troops. We landed with an engineering battalion, told them our story and what had happened. They gave us chow and a safe place to sleep."

Massara's account of the atrocity was substantiated by T/5 Theodore J. Paluch, whose own sworn statement varies only in minor details. Paluch's version as recorded and certified by the Inspector General's Department follows:

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"Everything was all right until a command car turned the corner. The officer in the command car fired a shot with his pistol at a medical officer who was one yard to my left, then he fired another shot to my right. The tank following the command car opened fire on the approximately 175 men inside the fence. We all fell and lay as still as we could. Every tank that passed from then on would fire into the group laying there. At one time they came around with pistols and fired at every officer that had bars showing. One officer put mud on his helmet to cover his bars.

"The tanks stopped passing about 1445 or 1500, and someone said, 'Let's go.' At that time fifteen men got up and started to run north from where we were laying on the other side of the road. Twelve of the men ran into a house (at the northwestern part of the crossroads), and three of us kept going. There was a machinegun at the crossroads, plus four Germans. When we got in back of the house they could not fire at us. They burnt the house down into which the twelve men ran.

"When the three of us were in back of the house, we played dead again, because a German in a black uniform came around with a pistol, looking us over. We lay there until dark, when we rolled into a hedgerow where we weren't under observation. Laying there was a staff sergeant from—division, shot in the arm. We started to walk, but stayed 200 to 300 yards from the main road. In about a quarter of a mile we met a medic who was shot in the foot, and also a fellow from my outfit. The four of us came into Malmedy."

A first lieutenant who was wounded was the only Battery "B" officer available for questioning by the IG Department. Here is a summary of his sworn statement:

"I had the first serial of a three-serial battery. We made a turn to the right at the crossroads to head toward St. Vith. We got about 300 yards down the

road and artillery, mortar and small arms fire opened up on our echelon. The fire seemed to come from the east and southeast. Some of the men got out of the vehicles and into a ditch. Then they began to shell us with mortars and artillery; about twenty rounds came in.

"I moved up close to the men who were standing by a house. A captain from my battery followed me. The men were standing out on the road with their hands up. They told me that a tank was coming down the road. Naturally, small arms was all we had. We put our hands up, and as they approached, one of the officers in the tank stuck his head out and was going to shoot me, but I changed my position and he started to shoot at the captain instead. If he shot at the captain, he missed both times. I jumped into a ditch which was nearby.

"By this time about three or four tanks had come down the road. They told us to take off to the rear of the column, and questioned some of the men about watches, jewelry and such things. My medical corporal requested to give first aid to the wounded, but was refused.

"While we were in the field, they put a 962 on us from a halftrack, which looked like a cannon. They were unable to get the gun on us, so they set up machineguns.

"An officer shot into the crowd again and again. The machineguns opened up from both sides. Those of us who were not wounded fell to the ground and lay there motionless while they continued to shoot into the crowd. It was withering fire and I was wounded twice in the foot while lying on the field. Apparently satisfied, that group left. Then after a while, more German soldiers came up the road. As they passed the field, they took pot shots at us.

"We were lying on the field for about an hour, or an hour and a half. Then we made a break for it. I came to a barn and stayed there.

"No man in this group tried to make a break before we were first fired upon. We had our arms above our heads. None of us had any weapons while in the field."

AN American MP was directing traffic at the crossroads when the shelling started. Along with several American soldiers who had abandoned their trucks he took shelter behind a nearby house. Then the



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Germans knocked an ambulance off the road, and on hearing the blast the MP and his companions went back to the barn and tried to hide in the hay. They saw the Germans move on towards the American armored men, and saw American MPs marching with their hands up, at the point of the Nazi bayonets. After searching and disarming their prisoners, the Germans ordered them to line up in a field. Then they surrounded the barn where the MPs and others were hiding. Realizing they were spotted, the Americans came out and surrendered. They were herded into the field with the others. Here are sworn excerpts from the MP's testimony as to what happened after the firing started:

"They started to spray us with machinegun fire, pistols and everything. Everybody hit the ground. Then as the vehicles came along they let loose with bursts of machinegun fire at us. They said, 'You dirty bastards. You will go across the Siegfried Line.' Then they came along with pistols and rifles and shot some that were breathing and hit others on the head with rifle butts. I was hit in the arm, and of the four men who escaped with me, one had been shot in the cheek, one was hit in the stomach, and another in the legs.

"Men were all laying around moaning and crying. When the Germans came over they would say, 'Is he breathing?' and would either shoot or hit them with the butt of a gun. The closest they came to me was about ten feet. After they fired at us, I lay stretched out with my hands out, and I could feel the blood oozing out. I was laying in the snow and I got wet and started to shiver, and I was afraid they would see me shivering, but they didn't. I had my head down and couldn't see, but they were walking around the whole bunch and then they went over toward the road junction. I heard them shoot their pistols while next to me. I could hear them pull the trigger back and then the click. The men were moaning and taking on something terrible. I also heard the butt hit their heads and a squishing noise.

"As I lay there, I saw about 25 big tanks, and I would hesitate to say how many halftracks—they went by for two hours. When all the armor and stuff had cleared the road, we got up and ran, and two Germans sprayed us with tracer bullets, but we kept on running. We ran through the field toward Malmedy, and after running for approximately two and a half miles, a jeep picked us up and brought us in."

ONE member of the Field Artillery unit, T/5 Warren R. Schmitt, escaped the massacre by crawling into a small stream and covering himself with grass and mud. After his convoy was stopped, Schmitt jumped into a ditch along with his battery mates. But as the mortar and machinegun fire increased, he sought shelter in a one-foot deep stream, forty feet from the road, which he reached by crawling on his stomach. Estimating the Germans had 40 Tigers, Schmitt said in his sworn statement:

"They stopped at the convoy, and men in black uniforms dismounted and began rounding up the prisoners. I submerged myself in the stream and

shot three of our medics; some other medics were also shot. There were three or four lieutenants from my battery—I think one got away. When I looked around, I saw one with a green raincoat and white stripe on his helmet, running. I don't know whether he got away or not. I couldn't tell how many men got away, men were running in all directions. Quite a few ran—ten in a bunch that I was in."

Pvt. Roy B. Anderson, ambulance driver from Austin, Ind., was driving his ambulance south of Malmedy, on his way to Waimes, when he had to stop behind a convoy. It was Battery "B's" anti-aircraft guns, trucks and jeeps. Anderson was rounded up in the same field with the Artillerymen, although he was wearing his medical arm band. He said under oath that there were several other medical soldiers in the group who were also wearing arm bands, but they received the same treatment. He described the American medical officer lying next to him in the field, who had been shot in the stomach, even though the Red Cross brassard was prominently displayed on his arm. Anderson also testified that before the first shots were fired into the group, he saw no one try to make a break, and saw no American with weapons.

When the machineguns first opened up on the convoy, T/5 Charles F. Appan, who was driving one of "B" Battery's three-quarter ton trucks, thought they were friendly gunners firing at a buzz bomb which was then coming over very low. But when the bullets got closer, the men in his truck yelled for him to stop. He did. This is his sworn account of what happened after that:

"We all dove into the ditch on the right hand side of the road where we continued to receive machinegun fire and a few mortar shells. One or two tanks came along the road and strafed the ditch with MG fire. Another man and I got up and raised our hands. We raised our hands and were motioned to get out on the street. We were then formed in a circle and as the tanks went by they would stop and call us over individually and relieve us of our wrist watches and gloves.

"They penned up the whole of "B" Battery in a circle and then told us to go over a fence into a field southwest of a house. They had us there in a circle for about ten or fifteen minutes. One fellow pulled out his pistol and shot pointblank into the crowd, and one fellow to the left of me dropped. He fired again and someone at my right dropped. Then almost immediately they opened up with their machineguns.

"I hit the ground with the rest and made believe I was dead. I laid there while they searched the bodies, and I could hear the Germans' laughter, with intermediate fire at the moaning ones. I stayed there about an hour, then decided to make a break for it, as there was one tank left to guard us. I got up and headed north across open country and took to the valley, while the Germans were machine-gunning us every step of the way. I ran across a captain with some other enlisted man, and he took us to Waimes in a jeep to an aid station."

The account of how the two Medical Corps men were shot in cold blood, after one had treated the

Ahrens, of Erie, Pa., a member of "B" Battery. Ahrens knew both men, and their names are listed in his official statement.

The testimony of German PWs captured since the massacre, has substantiated the account of the atrocities as related by the Americans. Here is an extract from the testimony given by one German prisoner, a member of the SS Panzer Division:

"On December 17, 1944, at about 3.30 p.m., I saw approximately fifty dead American soldiers lying in a field near an intersection where paved roads radiated in three directions. This point was near Malmedy and between two and three kilometers from Stavelot. The bodies were between thirty and forty meters from the road, and were lying indiscriminately on the ground, and in some instances bodies were lying across each other. There was a burning house at the intersection and a barn and shed. I also observed a line of disabled jeeps and trucks on the road near the house. I did not stop at the scene, but continued on with my organization."

Questioning of the German PWs, together with the evidence of SS uniforms and insignia supplied by the Americans, has convinced Army officials that members of an SS Panzer division are responsible for the atrocity at Malmedy. Unfortunately for the wheels of justice but quite fortunately for the world at large, most of the Germans in the particular company involved are believed to have been killed in a recent battle against the American forces in eastern Belgium.

INTERROGATION of two other prisoners, both of them members of an SS Panzer division, but not of the outfit responsible for the wanton killing of the Americans, disclosed some enlightening examples of the German mind. After admitting that he had passed the scene later and saw both the American bodies and the burning house, one prisoner was asked if there was anything about the appearance of the bodies which had caused him to think something improper might have been done.

"Yes," he answered. "There were so many in one field. It was such an unusual sight I thought it was murder."

Asked if anyone had told him how these American soldiers had met their death, the same prisoner replied, "No. No one told us. We were all SS men on the tanks and it was strictly forgotten."

The second prisoner who had not personally seen the bodies but had been told the story by his German comrades, was asked if he knew why the German soldiers had killed their American prisoners.

"I have no idea," he replied. "Of course, there are people among us who find great joy in committing such atrocities."

Judging by the authenticated cases of other Nazi fiendishness, the German PW was quite right in his evaluation of certain of his fellow soldiers "who find great joy" in such wanton acts.



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"They stopped at the convoy, and men in black uniforms dismounted and began rounding up the prisoners. I submerged myself in the stream and covered myself with grass and mud, so that I wasn't captured. All during this time, I was laying in the stream and playing dead. I don't know whether they saw me or not. For about an hour after they first started firing into the group of prisoners, all of the tanks that passed fired into them. Forty halftracks that passed, fired also.

"I lay in the stream for approximately two hours and after that time was so numb I couldn't move the lower half of my body, but by crawling and dragging myself, I made my way to the woods. I rubbed my legs to get back the circulation, and then by means of my compass found my way back to the road. I went down the road until halted by a friendly guard, and was taken to an aid station."

William Reem is another one of the few "B" Battery men who escaped uninjured. He said that some of the Americans who didn't have their hands up when the Germans approached, were summarily shot. Describing his ordeal under oath, Reem said:

"Some of the boys were moaning and they came around and shot them again. I couldn't understand what the Germans were saying, but they laughed and talked and then shot. They shot one fellow twice in the leg while he was lying there. They took something off him; he is a T/5. He was laying about fifteen feet away from me, and I talked with him while I was laying there. I heard them shoot him. The Germans were standing right at his head. I think they took his wrist watch or something; he was hollering, 'No, No,' and then they shot him. I asked him if he was hit and he said, 'Yes,' but he came in with me. Smith and Profanchik also escaped when I did. There were two other fellows (who escaped) who were medics; I don't know them, as they weren't from my outfit. They (the Germans)

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# SOUVENIR SAWVY

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU IF IT'S LOADED OR LOOTED.



THIS SOLDIER'S FRESHLY COLLECTED PACIFIC SOUVENIRS ARE LEGIT.

YANK Washington Bureau

**F**IVE kids were playing with a bazooka shell in a basement apartment in the Bronx, N. Y. The shell had been given to 11-year-old

An important thing for GI souvenir hunters to remember is that all the stuff sent home has to go through the Customs officials. To get a souvenir through, the GI must first obtain a certi-

trips, you can turn your home into a fortress, as long as you stay away from machine guns. But you'll have to make a lot of trips, because the limit on personal belongings and souvenirs you can bring at one time is 25 pounds. And, remember, you have to get a certificate to carry something home as well as to send it. And you have to get the certificate before you step on the boat.

**B**ESIDES Federal laws controlling what a GI can appropriate as a war trophy, international law also has something to say. The Geneva Convention, for example, says that prisoners of war shall be allowed to retain objects of personal use, excepting arms, and that identification documents, insignia of rank and decorations may not be taken from prisoners. It's all right to have these things as souvenirs, but don't take them away from any prisoners. It's against international law, too, to take them from enemy dead. But if you pick them up on a battlefield, or if you find a PW who wants to trade his medals for a pack of cigarettes, that's okay.

One thing that will really get you in serious trouble is "an item which in itself is evidence of disrespectful treatment of enemy dead." Just forget that promise to send the kid brother the jawbone of a Jap.

The Army, too, has its rules about legitimate war trophies. Explosives and ammunition are not legitimate. The story of Vincent Lennon is one reason why. But it isn't only danger to civilians back home that worries the War Department. A live shell in transit might get jostled, explode and wreck a plane or cause a lot of damage to a ship.

Theoretically you can send back ammo that is "dead," but the War Department frowns on your trying. It's hard for anyone but an ordnance expert to tell whether a shell is really dead, and the Army doesn't want amateurs killed trying to render the stuff harmless.

Anything that is worth more to the Army for Intelligence or training or scrap purposes is not fair game for souvenir hunters. The theater commander determines what the Army's needs are and informs Intelligence officers in all echelons. Your CO will not give you a certificate for any such item.

Many things are worth more to Military Intelligence than they are to your wife as a living-room decoration. To get them, all the technical services, such as Ordnance and Chemical Warfare, have their own professional souvenir hunters out in every theater picking up enemy equipment, from bullets to tanks, to send to the States for study.

Items of potential Intelligence value are small arms and ammunition, machine guns and grenade discharges, signal equipment including radio parts, aircraft equipment, chemical-warfare





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**F**IVE kids were playing with a bazooka shell in a basement apartment in the Bronx, N. Y.

The shell had been given to 11-year-old Vincent Lennon by his uncle, an MP who had come back from Africa with a load of German prisoners. Vincent had played with the shell many times because his uncle had assured his mother that it was harmless.

This time Vincent wasn't lucky. The explosion was heard four blocks away. The five kids were taken to the hospital, where Vincent, the most seriously hurt, had to have both legs amputated.

An Army Ordnance officer who made a check-up told reporters it might have been worse. He said the powder had been removed from the shell before it exploded and only the detonator cap had gone off.

After the story appeared in the New York papers the next day, police cars roamed the city picking up other lethal mantel decorations no longer desired by frightened families. Their haul for the day was four bazooka shells, five booby traps with firing pins intact, one live grenade and a variety of small-arms ammunition ranging up to .50-caliber machine-gun slugs.

The Army isn't too surprised when a casualty like Vincent Lennon happens. It knows the American GI is the biggest souvenir hunter in the world. That's okay with the Army, which in fact encourages hunting for some kinds of souvenirs. But it would be nice, the Army thinks, if collectors would use their heads and learn the regulations.

In case you didn't know, the War Department thinks souvenir hunting is not a violation of Article of War 79, which prohibits plundering. The War Department calls souvenirs "war trophies." *WD Circular 353, 1944*, describes the proper procedure for sending and bringing souvenirs home—the right kind of souvenirs.

An important thing for GI souvenir hunters to remember is that all the stuff sent home has to go through the Customs officials. To get a souvenir through, the GI must first obtain a certificate in duplicate signed by a superior officer saying the trophies are okay to send.

If you forget to get the certificate, you are just going to snarl yourself in all sorts of red tape. Even though you may have sent a legitimate souvenir, the Customs, lacking a certificate, will confiscate the trophy and send it to an Ordnance depot or a QM depot. If the Army can use it, the trophy will be sent on from the depot to troops for training purposes.

Meantime the Customs will send a confiscation notice to the person to whom the package was addressed. If that person writes you that the trophy was confiscated, you can go to a superior officer and try to get a certificate. He'll give it to you if you can alibi well enough as to why you didn't get one in the first place. Then you can send the certificate to the Customs, which will write the Army, and if the item can still be located, it may finally arrive where it was intended. That means time and trouble for you, the addressee, the Customs and the Army.

The Customs officials and the Postal authorities, of course, have their own regulations about what they will let come into the country or go through the mails. Federal laws prohibit mailing firearms that can be hidden on the person. That means you can't send pistols or burp guns. The law also prohibits private citizens from owning machine guns. And a wise guy can't get around this law by sending a few parts of a machine gun or pistol through the mails at one time and a few more at another. Gun parts will be confiscated, too. So even if an officer did slip up and give a certificate to pass such items, they couldn't be mailed.

If you bring a pistol home yourself, however, that's okay. So is a rifle. If you make enough

age to a ship.

Theoretically you can send back ammo that is "dead," but the War Department frowns on your trying. It's hard for anyone but an ordnance expert to tell whether a shell is really dead, and the Army doesn't want amateurs killed trying to render the stuff harmless.

Anything that is worth more to the Army for Intelligence or training or scrap purposes is not fair game for souvenir hunters. The theater commander determines what the Army's needs are and informs Intelligence officers in all echelons. Your CO will not give you a certificate for any such item.

Many things are worth more to Military Intelligence than they are to your wife as a living-room decoration. To get them, all the technical services, such as Ordnance and Chemical Warfare, have their own professional souvenir hunters out in every theater picking up enemy equipment, from bullets to tanks, to send to the States for study.

Items of potential Intelligence value are small arms and ammunition, machine guns and grenade discharges, signal equipment including radio parts, aircraft equipment, chemical-warfare equipment, optical and fire-control instruments, documents, maps and photographs.

The Army needs enemy equipment for several reasons. When it gets a new enemy item, it can develop effective counterweapons and counter-tactics. From analysis of materials in the weapons and equipment, it can figure out the state of the enemy's war resources. Captured weapons show the trend of enemy ordnance. They are used in developing manuals for training our men how to use enemy stuff they capture in a battle. Finally, the Army may be able to adopt any new ideas the enemy gets. For example, when Ordnance first got hold of the German MG 42, with 98 percent of its parts made of stampings and requiring very little machining, it picked up some pointers for American machine-gun makers.

**B**UT the Army definitely does not need or want everything the enemy leaves around on the field of battle. Any Samurai sword you pick up you are more than welcome to. Knives, flags, decorations, officer-of-the-day sashes, uniforms and helmets are all fine. Where no local shortage of the model exists, you can grab rifles and carbines, and mail or bring them home. If you bring home pistols, you'd better consult your state laws to see if they should be registered. And watch out for booby traps when you go souveniring.

One last tip. Don't think you can get around postal restrictions by insuring a package. Army Intelligence authorities had quite a time with one soldier's wife. The GI picked up a live German incendiary bomb in England and mailed it home, insuring it for \$150. When the bomb was confiscated, the wife wrote the Government a very sharp note. She said she wanted the bomb, or the \$150, or else. She got else.

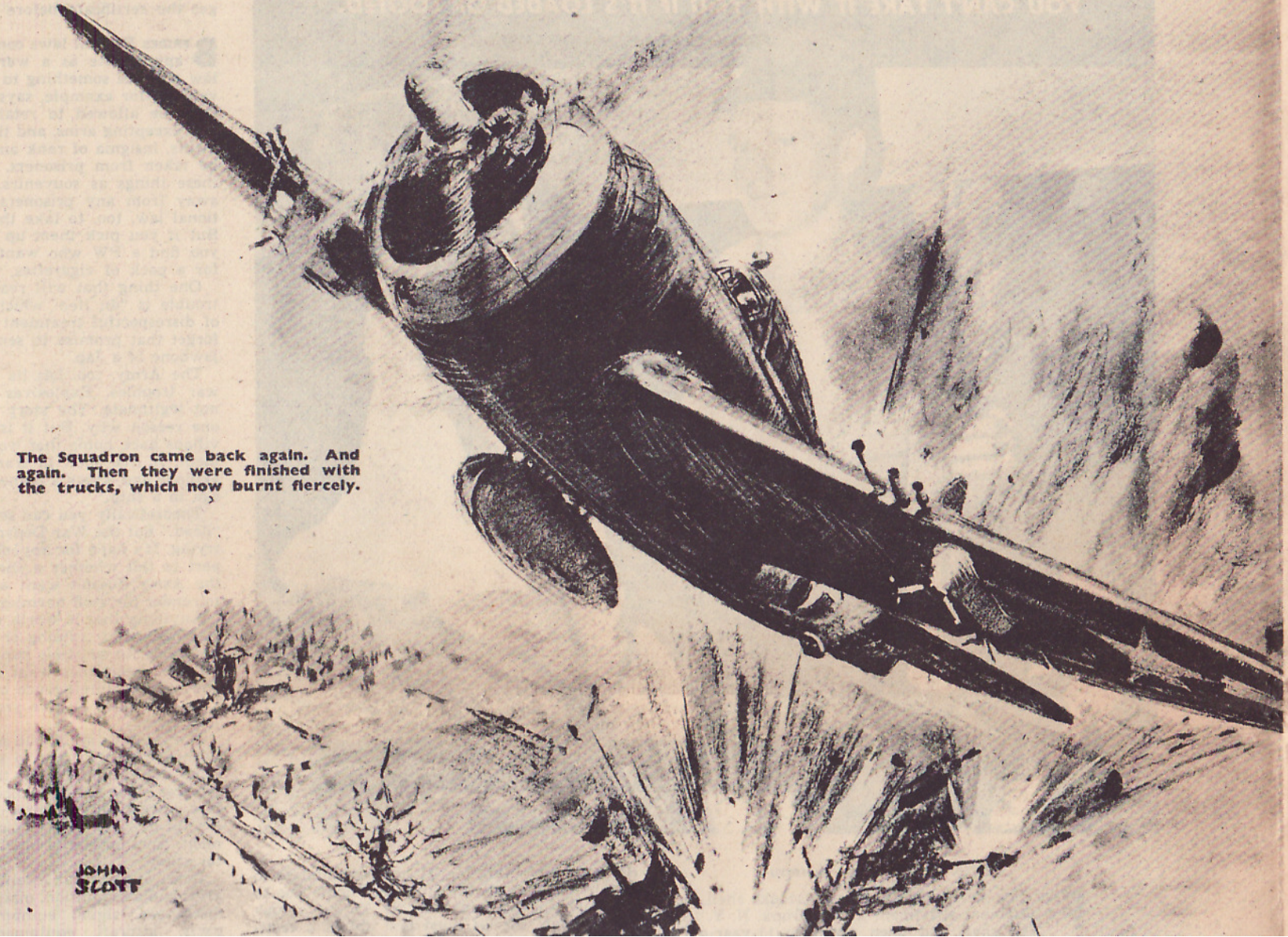


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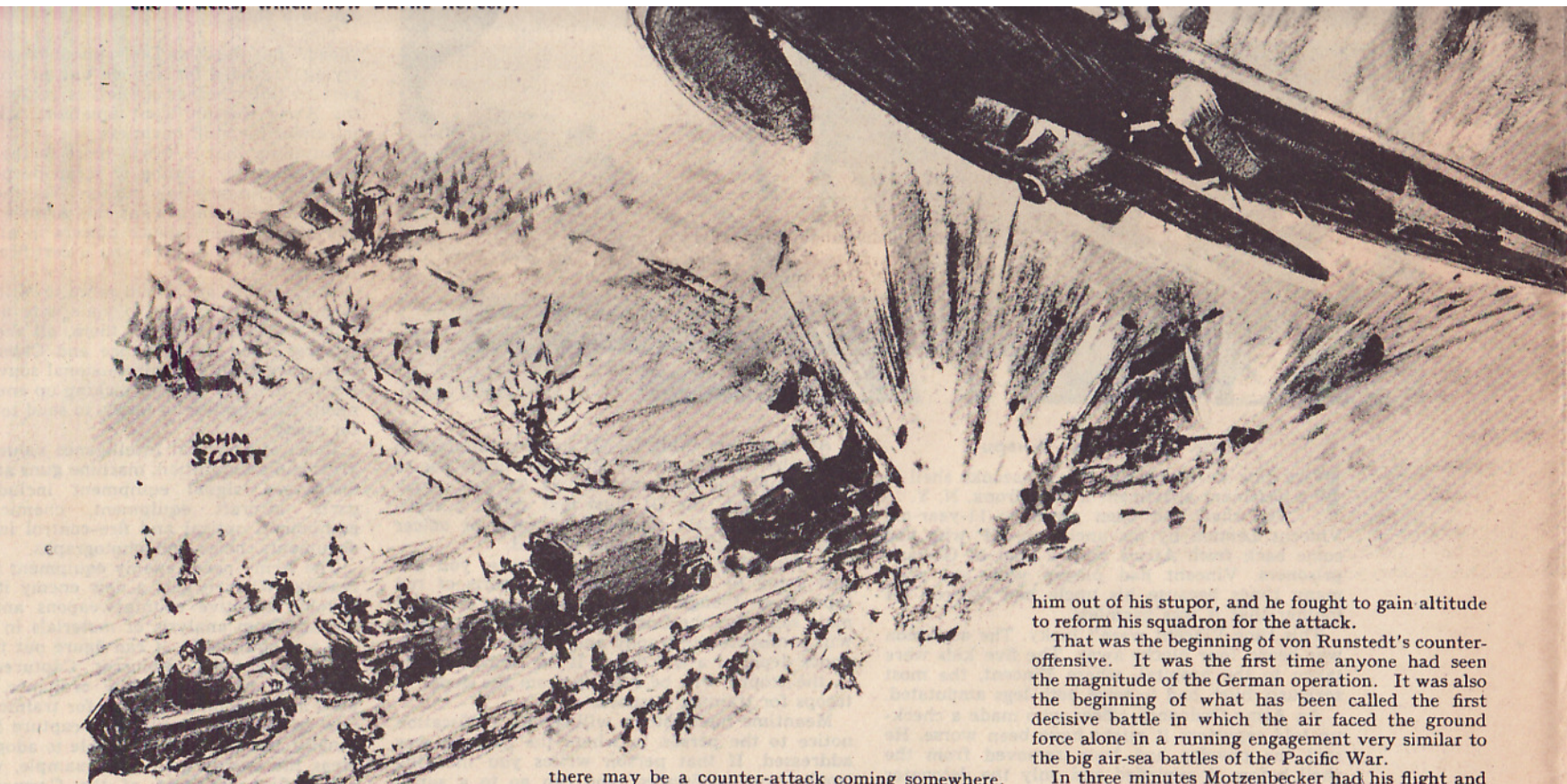
# “... Even The

The Squadron came back again. And again. Then they were finished with the trucks, which now burnt fiercely.

JOHN  
SCOTT







By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**W**ITH THE NINTH U.S. AIR FORCE IN BELGIUM—Major John Motzenbecker, who used to sit behind a desk in a Newark (N.J.) mortgage loan company, was piloting his Thunderbolt fighter-bomber the morning of 17 December, covering the quiescent Monschau-Duen area with his squadron of P-47s. It was a routine mission. Two of the planes were carrying leaflets. Others were supposed to attack any ground targets requested by the 78th Division, which the P-47s were supporting.

Motzenbecker was slightly bored. It was too damned quiet.

The 78th Division ground controller cut in on the radio. "We have no targets for you today," he said, sounding a bit sleepy.

"That means," said Motzenbecker, "that we've got an hour or so to kill."

"Well," said the ground controller, "we think

there may be a counter-attack coming somewhere. If you want to, you can have a look around and see what you can find."

"Roger," said Motzenbecker. And he told his squadron to follow him down. Below them they could see a river that looked pretty and peaceful winding along through the white snow and green firs.

"There's a main road down there," said Motzenbecker. "Give me some top cover and I'll go down and have a look."

He dropped in lazy circles down to the road, and had a look. What he saw made his head bounce back against the canopy. The road was clogged with German tanks, halftracks and motor transport. They were heading directly into our lines south of Monschau. There were at least 150 vehicles in this one convoy and it stretched for four and a half miles. All the side roads were crammed with transport. Motzenbecker had not seen anything like this since the headlong flight of the Germans across the Seine in August.

Ground guns began firing at Motzenbecker. A piece of flak ripped through his wing. That shocked

him out of his stupor, and he fought to gain altitude to reform his squadron for the attack.

That was the beginning of von Runstedt's counter-offensive. It was the first time anyone had seen the magnitude of the German operation. It was also the beginning of what has been called the first decisive battle in which the air faced the ground force alone in a running engagement very similar to the big air-sea battles of the Pacific War.

In three minutes Motzenbecker had his flight and then his squadron back together again. He called fighter control back at Ninth TAC. "There is a hell of a big convoy heading into our lines just south of Monschau. They fired at me. Could that be us or is it the enemy?"

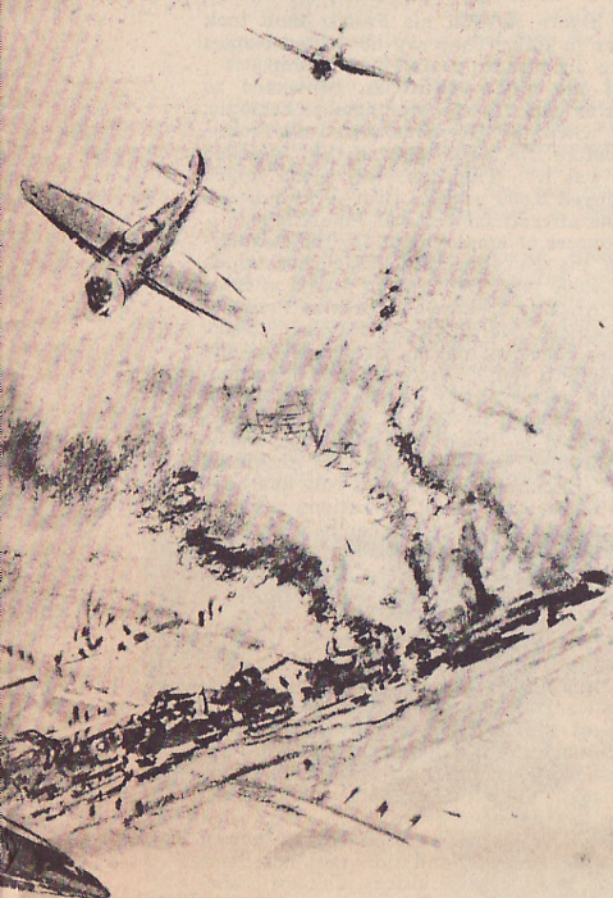
"That," said the fighter control, "is the enemy."

"Then," said Motzenbecker, "send some reinforcements. We are going down on them."

**M**OTZENBECKER split the squadron into four flights of four planes each, then took them onto the deck. By the time they got there the big enemy column had dispersed into the woods and bushes and light ack-ack was firing at them from the foliage. About fifty of the larger trucks were still on the road and the Thunderbolts made a sweeping pass at them from the side. This meant 128 fifty-calibre machine-guns were firing at the trucks simultaneously. The squadron came back again. And again. Then they were finished with the trucks. Every vehicle that had been on the road was burning fiercely or had been thrown into the ditch by the blast of machine-gun fire. The squadron moved down the side roads.



# Birds Walk"



The Thunderbolts were on a routine mission that December morning, until they made a far-from-routine discovery. Then came the fogs, but the pilots kept groping through them and strafing the Germans, who, the Colonel said, had nothing but service troops, cooks, and bakers between them and the English Channel. And the column heading west from Stavelot finally had to change its direction.

out getting murdered by flak. And now he is known as a specialist at this sort of thing.

Colonel Meyers knew Stecker from away back. "That Jerry column you hit the other day," he said, "has been reinforced and has broken through our lines to Stavelot. In fact, there is now nothing between it and the English Channel but service troops and cooks and bakers," said Meyers.

"The weather," said Stecker.

"I know," said Meyers, "the weather is down on the deck, and it probably will be suicide, but God damn it, the army says we've got to get something in there or the bastards will be in Liege. If you can just send a four-plane flight it might help."

"I'll see what we can do," said Stecker. He hung up. He called in the squadron that had been standing by since daybreak. This squadron was commanded by Major George Brooking, of Livingston, Mont.

"Men," said Colonel Stecker, "this is going to be rough, but the Krauts have just given us a hell of a kick in the pants at the front." He explained the situation to them. Then he briefed them on what they were supposed to do.

AT 1305 the first flight of four planes, headed by Brooking, took off into the fog. Other flights were

expected to feel the crash of his plane against the ground at any moment.

But, suddenly, he broke through the clouds.

He wasn't more than twenty feet above the biggest concentration of German tanks and armored vehicles he had ever seen in his life. They were rolling serenely along the road as if the German weatherman had said to them, "Don't worry your little heads at all about enemy aircraft today. Nothing can fly in weather like this." The Germans looked at Brooking and Brooking looked at the Germans. The surprise was so mutual that not a single shot was fired.

BROOKING scooted up the valley and called his flight down. Gingerly, other P-47s came down through the clouds. "Follow me, boys," said Brooking. And in single file they roared up the valley just a few feet above the ground and a few feet beneath the clouds. As they reached the enemy column, a tremendous concentration of flak came up to meet them. But they crashed through and dropped their bombs.

Captain Jim Wells, of Houston, Texas, dropped his two bombs right in the middle of eight German tanks traveling a foot or so apart. At this point the German column was on a road running on the top of a hill. Two of the tanks disappeared altogether. The other six were literally thrown off the road. They lay on their sides at the bottom of the hill with their lone 88s twisted at crazy angles. There were two big craters blocking the road. The rest of the flight had the same luck with their bombs. Then they split up to strafe. They made three passes apiece and many fires began to burn on the road beneath them.

After that Brooking tried to reform the flight. But Lt. Wayne Price, of Sunnyside, Calif., said, "I've been hit too badly, Brook. I'll have to try to belly land somewhere." Price disappeared, flames streaming from his P-47. He showed up at the base the next day.

"They've got me, too," said Wells.

"Badly?" asked Brooking.

"No, I think I can make it home," he said.

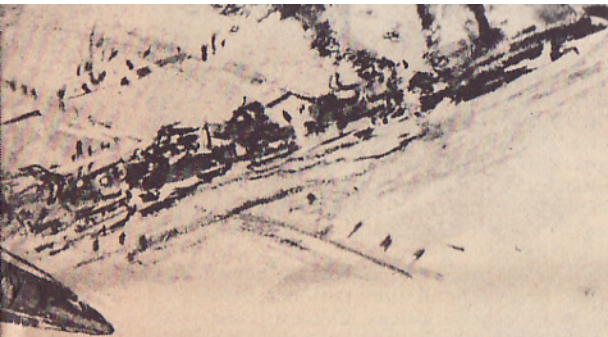
"Okay," said Brooking. "You escort him home, Thoman. I'll stay here alone and direct traffic."

Brooking called fighter control at Ninth TAC and told them to send every available fighter-bomber in the area. "When they get here," said Brooking, "tell them to call in to me and I'll put them on the target. There's plenty for all."

While he waited for the first flight to show up he investigated two other valleys heading west and found them teeming with tanks and armored vehicles. Every time he found an enemy column, Brooking strafed the lead vehicle from the rear, setting it on fire and blocking the road. Since the roads generally ran along defile fills in the mountain terrain, this would stop the column. As soon as a column got underway again, Brooking came back to block it off.

They found a concentration of tanks in the woods and dropped their 500-pound bombs directly in the middle of it. Tanks disappeared in smoke and the guns stopped firing. Then the Thunderbolts ranged up and down the side roads strafing everything they saw. The trucks lay cock-eyed on the roads, some turned over and smoking. Flak came up in streams from both sides of the road, crossing overhead to form a canopy. One of the Thunderbolts ran into





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At 1508 another squadron arrived to take over, but what was left of the great convoy was now split up into little groups of four and five vehicles.

The first phase of the great land-air battle was over. Air claims, later verified by the ground, were 107 enemy vehicles destroyed, twenty probably destroyed, and forty-five damaged. Fifteen 88mm. guns were knocked out.

On the night of 17 December bad weather set in over the battle area. At Motzenbecker's base the pilots fretted. In the morning fog was still there. Everyone looked out of the windows and one sergeant recounted an old gag, "On a day like this even the birds walk." It was used a total of twenty-one times in a three-hour period.

At noon the phone rang in the group CO's office. The group CO was Col. R. S. Stecker, a great all-American halfback at West Point thirteen years ago. The phone call was from Col. Gil Meyers, operations officer at the Ninth TAC Headquarters, and it came here instead of to anyone of the other group COs for one principal reason. During the campaign in Sicily, Stecker had been operations officer for the desert air force. At that time this forerunner of the present Ninth Air Force was supporting Montgomery's Eighth Army in their drive from Mt. Etna to Messina. One day the British had come to Stecker and said, "The Germans move at night. During the day they camouflage their vehicles and hide in the dense olive groves. It's up to you to find them and shoot them up."

So Stecker figured out a way of finding the Germans and sneaking in on them at tree-top level with-

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**A**T 1305 the first flight of four planes, headed by Brooking, took off into the fog. Other flights were to follow at twenty-minute intervals. Each plane carried two 500-pound delayed action bombs.

Brooking led his flight to the battle area. He had been there the day before. The Belgian mountains and woods into which the German column had penetrated were covered with fog. The P-47 pilots couldn't see a thing except a solid white floor. For half an hour they cruised around waiting for a break in the clouds. But none came. The next two flights showed up, but there was nothing for them to do, so Brooking sent them home.

Finally, Brooking said, "I'm going down there to poke around by myself. There must be a break somewhere in those mountains."

"You're crazy," said his wingman, Lt. Bob Thoman, of Rochester, N.Y. But Brooking set out anyway. He pushed down through the clouds, just narrowly missing mountain ridges as they loomed up in front of him. The mountains in this area are 2,000 feet high. Brooking zoomed around among them, and at last found what he was looking for.

At the floor of one of the valleys there was an opening of about fifty feet from the ground to the clouds. Brooking headed for the opening. There was just enough room for the Thunderbolt to squeeze in above the tree tops but he made it. He went up the length of the valley, made a sharp turn and came back again. The valley roads were empty. There was no enemy there.

Brooking figured out that since valleys usually run parallel to each other, there must be another one just over the ridge to his right. He put the Thunderbolt's nose up into the clouds again and crossed the ridge blind. He dropped down through the murk. He might have hit another mountain. But his hunch was right. There was another valley down there. He dropped down but still there was no sign of an opening as in the other valley. He

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Flights of Thunderbolts began to arrive from all over France and Belgium. As they hit the area they checked in with Brooking who located them and led them through to the target. When they couldn't find the target Brooking would go down through the clouds, strafing, to show them where the enemy tanks were. Now the horrible weather was an advantage. Thunderbolts played hide and seek in a fifty-foot opening and the German ack-ack couldn't spot them before they disappeared into the clouds. Some of the flights had tremendous luck. Major Arlo Henry, of East Dearborn, Mich., found a genuine hole in the clouds and dive-bombed deliberately. His flight accounted for forty enemy vehicles. Captain Neale Worley, of Emporia, Kans., found the same hole and accounted for forty more. Col. Stecker led the last flight just before dark closed in to end the battle of Stavelot.

The next day a high-ranking officer at First Army phoned Maj. Gen Hoyt S. Vandenberg, who commands the Ninth Air Force. "Thank God," he said, "for your men yesterday."

The day after that a teletype came in from First Army, "It is now established," the teletype said, "that the fighter-bomber attack on the column heading westward from Stavelot inflicted damage which caused it to change its direction to the south."

The day after that the First Army units advancing into the valleys where the battle had taken place reported that damage done to the advancing German column had greatly exceeded the Ninth Air Forces' claims of 107 vehicles destroyed.

Later on, Col. Stecker wrote official recommendations for both Motzenbecker and Brooking, which, he said, will probably be ignored because someone will look at the recommendations and remark, "Why, they didn't shoot down a single enemy aircraft."





Sketch artists get plenty of GI customers. They will paint your favorite pin-up on V-mail blanks.



This butcher has no glass in his show window. His

# Naples Today

By Sgt. AUGUST LOEB  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**N**APLES—When the wind suddenly began to blow from the west last spring and the hot ashes of erupting Mount Vesuvius were driven away from the city, many Neapolitans looked upon this fortunate turn of events as a miracle performed by their patron saint, Januarius, and as a sign that life was going to be better for them.

The people of Naples still can't get *pizza* (a kind of cheese and tomato pie) with real *mozzarella* (cheese or macaroni with tomato sauce) or many of the other things that were plentiful before the war, but they are thankful that jobs can be had, that it is possible to buy food and no longer necessary to beg. They know that the Allied officials are taking steps to prevent a recurrence of the typhus epidemic of last winter, and they have learned to look on MYL and DDT with patience even if these delousing powders do make their hair look like hell.

The Neapolitans are looking forward to entertaining American tourists, all of whom they expect will be millionaires, with Vesuvius wines of 1946 vintage. It seems that the finest vintage years of *Lachrymae Christi* (Tears of Christ) wine come two years after the volcano blows its top and spreads its volcanic ash over the vineyards, fertilizing the soil.

The situation in Naples as far as the GIs are concerned hasn't changed much since last winter when they first came in. The bars in the *Galleria Umberto*, the great arcade that is the city's outstanding landmark for GIs, are still peddling the same evil swill that passes as cognac and vermouth. And prices in the souvenir shops of the *Galleria* are higher than ever.

The air-raid shelters of the city have been locked up and Neapolitans have thrown the keys away, although the city was at the head of the *Luftwaffe's* target list only last spring. The one-time flossy water-front hotels are still the empty shells they were when the Nazis left. The four cable-car lines connecting the business and port district with the steep hills are running normally, and service has been restored on the six trolley lines. There is a great deal of auto traffic, and pedestrians jam the roadways, adding to the confusion and an-

1922 just before he and his Fascist mob took over power in Italy. They say he visited Naples only twice in his 20 years' dictatorship.

Most of the city's industries, converted to war needs as early as the war against Ethiopia, fell apart when the Germans seized the country, and before the Nazis took off they wrecked whatever was left. The Ilva steel plant, which once employed 5,000 persons, was wrecked, and so were the aircraft factories at Pomigliano.

Other sources of employment for the Neapolitans were the Navalmeccanica factories which provided 20,000 jobs; the torpedo plants at Baia, 7,500; the Ansaldo armament works at Pozzuoli, 6,500; *Cotoniere Meridionale* (textiles), 5,000; and smaller concerns making tires, jewelry and pasta (spaghetti, etc.). Virtually all these factories were destroyed by bombs or mines, or forced to close down for lack of materials.

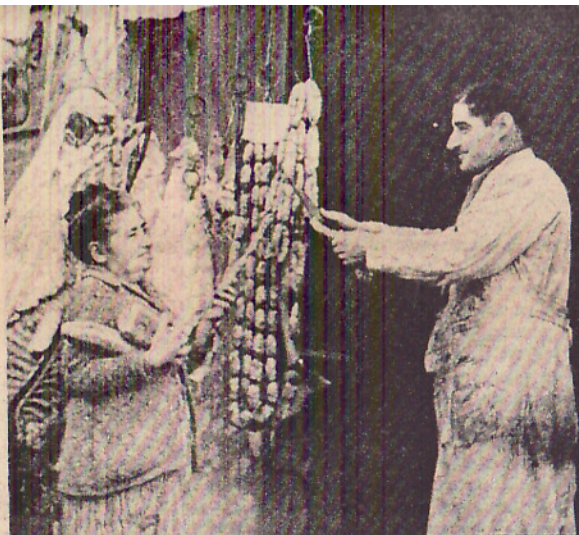
Naples would be faced with a serious unemployment problem were it not for the expansion of the port. Expansion under Axis rule had been paralyzed since Axis naval operations were on too small a scale to justify further building. The Allies, with docks built over the hulls of toppled ships, have made this one of the world's busiest ports and the Neapolitans' chief source of income.

**B**y American standards, the wages at the port—ranging from 80 cents to \$1.30 a day—are low. This is a higher scale than Neapolitans got before the war, but it doesn't work out very well in real wages. Italian civilians employed in Allied offices get salaries running as high as \$4 a day for work classed as executive. The dock workers depend a great deal on the Allied soup and bread dished out to them once a day.

Merchants and service workers do a lot better, thanks to the runaway inflation that has come despite efforts to control prices. Domestic servants are doing better than they ever did; barbers have raised their prices fivefold; and even photographers' and artists' charges have increased greatly.

There's a flourishing black market in Naples and some big-time operators have made fortunes. There are also a lot of petty rackets. A ticket on the cable-car lines costs 1½ *lire*—a *lira* is pegged at 1 cent—but passengers pay two *lire* because there's no currency smaller than a one-*lira* note, and the ticket seller can't give change;





This butcher has no glass in his show window. His woman customer carries daily bread ration for two.



The Galleria is the Radio City of Naples. Glass roof is wrecked but crowds still gather at noon.

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The festivals that used to be an important feature of Naples life aren't held any more, but that doesn't mean there's a lack of entertainment. The opera season now lasts all year at the San Carlo and operas are also performed at the Politeama Theater. Thirty civilian movie houses are scattered about the town.

Steps are being taken to restore the city to its pre-war condition, and all over town the retaining walls put up as a protection against air raids are being torn down. The Bank of Naples now looks as grand as it did before the war, and clean-up squads have restored the Town Hall. Many buildings, of course, still have scars from fire and bombardment, but the heavy dust that used to fill the air is gradually disappearing.

As an important port, Naples is still under strict military discipline, even though the front is now 400 miles away, and the Italian Government has even less authority here than in some cities close to the actual fighting.

The population depends on the activities of the port for its living, since all of Naples' pre-war industries were destroyed and about 100,000 jobs were wiped out. But the Neapolitans aren't afraid to work with their hands. "We aren't a city of white-collar workers," they say proudly. They insist that Mussolini was never very popular with them and they point out that Il Duce built up the Port of Genoa at the expense of Naples to punish the Neapolitans for whistling at him (the Italian equivalent of the Bronx cheer) when he made a speech in the city in

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There's a flourishing black market in Naples and some big-time operators have made fortunes. There are also a lot of petty rackets. A ticket on the cable-car lines costs  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lire—a lire is pegged at 1 cent—but passengers pay two lire because there's no currency smaller than a one-lira note, and the ticket seller can't give change; he keeps the change, of course. Elevator rides cost one-fifth of a lire, so, in the rare moments when elevators run, the operator collects a lire from each passenger because he can't give change.

*Cara vita* (Italian for the high cost of living) invariably comes into every conversation, no matter how casual, because it's a real problem for the vast majority of Neapolitans. Bread and pasta are rationed and fairly cheap on the regular, or non-black, market. Each person, for instance, is allowed one-sixth of a pound of pasta and two-fifths of a pound of bread daily. Most people say the pasta—made of mixed flour—is good, even though it's not up to the pre-war standards, but there's plenty of bitching about the bread. It's brown instead of white and the racket boys have moved in on the baking industry. Consumers say the bread is poorly baked and that it's watered to make it weigh more. The regular price of bread is  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cents a pound; on the black market it costs 70 cents a pound.

Each person is allowed 25 grams of sugar a month—it amounts to about a tablespoonful—and Neapolitans bitch about this, too. They say it isn't enough, and besides, what they get is brown and wet. The regular price is  $12\frac{1}{2}$  cents a pound; on the black market it's \$2.50 a pound. American food is issued to supplement the rationed Italian supply. One small can of vegetable stew and meat or luncheon pork and two-fifths of a gram of soup powder are issued once a month. Fresh meat can be bought only on the black market. Ordinary beef goes for \$2 a pound, pork for \$2.50 and ham—including the bone—at \$4. Practically all of the steak supply goes to



**Freed from the physical dangers of war, the city buckles down to work at its great port and fights against inflation without losing its gaiety.**

black-market restaurants where it's sold to GIs for \$4 to \$5 a portion.

Neapolitans have lived so long under food shortages and inflated prices that they've accustomed themselves to some pretty weird substitutes. The common substitute for coffee is toasted barley, but this stuff now goes for a dollar a pound on the black market, so most Neapolitans either skip breakfast entirely or make out with a couple of chestnuts or an apple. Lunch is generally a soup made of potatoes, greens and a small dusting of GI soup powder. Dinner is either powdered-pea soup or a vegetable broth and boiled or roasted chestnuts. Chestnuts have become a staple food, but the price has gone as high as 30 cents a pound and it's still going up because the Allied troops like them and buy a lot from the vendors.

The black-market price of American cigarettes has doubled within a year: they're now 85 cents a pack. The *Via Roma* is full of sharpshooters who bid for butts and other PX rations. The kids who used to beg for *caramelli* (candy) now try to buy it. A bar of chocolate costs 50 to 75 cents, matches are grabbed up for 20 cents a box and chewing gum goes for a nickel a stick.

A civilian suit of *lanital*, a wool substitute made from milk, costs from \$110 to \$200, but Neapolitans say it dissolves when it's washed. Shoes that cost 40 *lire* before the war now are resoled for 250 *lire*. A cotton dress that sold for \$2 now costs \$35. A raincoat made of real rubber used to be \$4; now a synthetic-rubber raincoat brings \$65.

Rent is one of the few things not very much affected by the inflation. That's because the Fascists froze rentals a long time ago and the Allies continued the freeze when they came in. As a result, a family that paid \$15 a month for an apartment with bath in the fashionable Vomero section still pays the same rent. Persons who fled to escape air raids have it tougher, however. Landlords can charge them whatever they please.

It's the poorer classes that are suffering most from the housing shortage caused by the air-raid destruction. In the poorer sections of town, people live 20 to a room in many cases.

**N**EAPOLITANS are enthusiastic mourners and the city is always full of people in mourning



When the Fascists were in power, Mussolini tried to improve traffic by banning jay walking on the *Via Roma*. Allies made the street one way, but pedestrians still rule the roost. They are a memorable driving hazard.





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**N**EAPOLITANS are enthusiastic mourners and the city is always full of people in mourning clothes. Widows under 40 wear their black clothes for two years; widows over 40 wear mourning, with a black veil down to their knees, for the rest of their lives unless they remarry, which seldom happens. Men wear mourning clothes for a year and so do children.

With the great festivals gone, the happiest days for Neapolitans are their *onomastici*, or saints' days. They celebrate the day of the saints after whom they are named rather than their own birthdays. Neapolitans—even the poorest—feast and exchange presents on their *onomastici*.

GIs who have been here a while soon become accustomed to the unrestrained behavior of the Neapolitans. The phrase "street songs" has real meaning in Naples. When a Neapolitan is happy he's quite apt to burst out into song and he doesn't give a damn even if it's noontime and he's in the busiest part of town.

The Neapolitans are safe from air raids and other hazards of war now, but they haven't forgotten the struggle. They're taking an avid interest in politics and they are impressed with the Allied policy of allowing freedom of expression in the newspapers. There is no pre-censorship and almost any point of view can get into print as long as it doesn't violate military security or interfere with the conduct of the war. The newspaper with the greatest circulation—70,000—is *La Voce*, mouthpiece of the left. The more conservative *Il Giornale* has 37,000 subscribers.

Naples today is not very pretty, like some of the other Italian cities that preserved their monuments and little else, but it has dignity. It has the dignity of a city whose people are not afraid to work hard for what they want.



When the Fascists were in power, Mussolini tried to improve traffic by banning jay walking on the Via Roma. Allies made the street one way, but pedestrians still rule the roost. They are a memorable driving hazard.



Metropolitan rush-hours in the U. S. have nothing on Naples. These civilians crowd out of an electric commuters' train just in from southern Italy. There are two classes—cushion-seat first and bare-bench third.

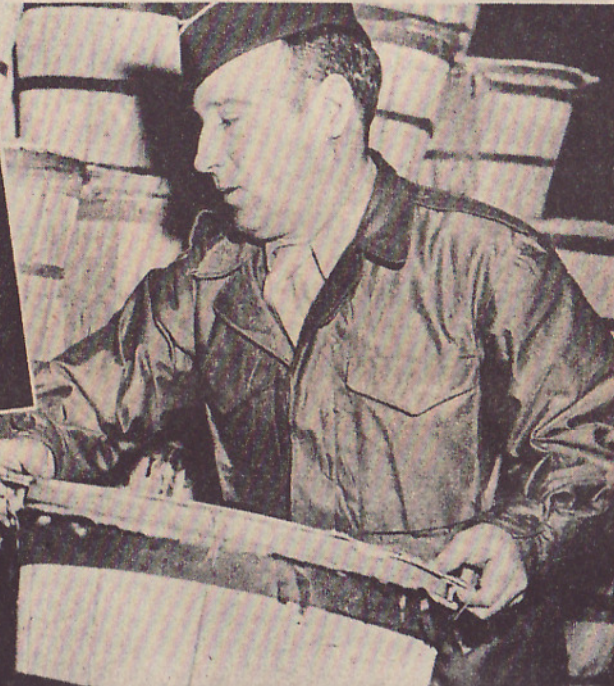




Rep. Green shows his proud family the blue civilian suit he will wear from now on as a member of the 79th Congress.

# GIs in Congress

A pfc and a corporal in the House, and a captain who served 50 days in the Senate, make the problems of veterans their big job.



By Cpl. HYMAN GOLDBERG  
YANK Staff Writer

**P**HILADELPHIA, Pa.—As soon as word got around Camp Lee, Va., that Pfc. William J. Green had been elected to the House of Representatives from his Philadelphia district and that he was out of the Army, hundreds of GIs in the camp came to see him.

"They all wanted the same thing," said Green. "They asked me to get them out of the Army. I said: 'How can I get you out, all by myself? It took 75,000 people to get me out.'"

Congressman Green—he was sworn in Jan. 3— isn't giving the GIs the brush-off, however. He had filed his intention to run for Congress before he was inducted into the Quartermaster Corps last March, but his Army life gave him a new outlook on the nation's problems.

"I understand," he said, "that there's discussion in Washington of legislation to make sure that a serviceman doesn't lose his seniority rights to his job while he's in the service and that will provide for accrual of seniority for the time spent in service. I'm for that.

"Another thing I'm going to study is the possibility of some sort of adjustment in pay for servicemen after they come out. These stories

By Pfc. DEBS MYERS  
YANK Staff Writer

**C**AMP LEE, VA.—On the night of last Nov. 7, while the voters of the 22d District of Illinois were electing him to Congress, Cpl. Charles Melvin Price of the Quartermaster Corps was on a detail here—unloading 390 bushels of apples from a truck.

"It was the biggest truck I ever saw," he said, "and even as a little boy I didn't like apples."

It wasn't until the next afternoon that Price found out he'd been elected. While he and his pals were whooping it up in the barracks, a grizzled first sergeant of nearly 20 years in the Army walked up to Price and said:

"Look, I've known you around here as a private, a pfc, a corporal and now a congressman. You've been in the Army 14 months and by now you should have learned how to take care of your feet. Just don't put one of 'em in your mouth."

Price believes that's the best advice he has had since he was elected. He plans to do an awful lot of listening and not too much talking in Congress. Even so, he will have his say any time anything comes up involving GIs.

In the Nov. 7 election, Price, who comes from East St. Louis, Ill., had the support of the Democratic Party and also of the Political Action Committee of the G.I.O. He defeated the Republican in



A pfc and a corporal in the House, and a captain in the Senate, make the problems of veterans their big job.



Cpl. Price was on a detail, unloading apples, when the election news came.



Sen. Jenner's first act was to propose a veterans' affairs bill.

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In the Nov. 7 election, Price, who comes from East St. Louis, Ill., had the support of the Democratic Party and also of the Political Action Committee of the CIO. He defeated the Republican incumbent, Calvin D. Johnson, by about 83,000 to 80,000—Price doesn't remember the exact vote.

Two things Price wants to make clear: 1) He is an internationalist; 2) he is a New Dealer.

He believes in a world organization to maintain peace and believes that it should have authority to act "without having to bow and scrape

By Sgt. RICHARD H. PAUL  
YANK Staff Writer

**W**ASHINGTON — Elected to the U. S. Senate for only 50 days, William E. Jenner, Republican, from Bedford, Ind., might have slipped in and out of the Washington political scene without a splash, except for one significant fact. Holding a seat in the Senate for the last days of the 78th Congress, he was the first veteran of this war to get to Congress.

When Capt. Jenner was discharged from the Air Force last October because of an eye infection, he had served two years and four months in the Army, with six months in a base air depot in the Air Service Command in England. While he was still in an Army hospital at Mitchel Field, N. Y., friends nominated him without his knowledge to fill the unexpired Senate term of the late Sen. Frederick Van Nuys, who died Jan. 25, 1944. The seat, pending the general election of Nov. 7, had been occupied by Sen. Samuel Jackson, appointed by Gov. H. F. Schricker.

Sen. Jenner, who is 36, and who had the active support of the Indiana American Legion,



about the big salaries people are making in war plants aren't entirely true, of course, because living costs have increased altogether out of proportion with wage increases, and taxes take a big chunk out of a man's pay. Still a serviceman is going to find when he gets out that the men who didn't get into service are ahead of him as far as money in the bank is concerned. I think something ought to be done about it, and I don't think mustering-out pay is enough."

**G**REEN is 35 years old, and that reminded him of something else: "I agree with Rep. Price (the other GI from Camp Lee elected to Congress) about the older men in the Army. If they don't get out ahead of the younger men, they're going to have it plenty tough when they go looking for jobs. After the last war, that was one of the great problems. Most businesses wouldn't hire a man who was over 35 because he was considered too old to start on a new job.

"And anyway, what good is a man in his late 30s to the Army? He can't keep up with the kids. I know that from my own experience in basic training. As soon as it's militarily possible, I think something should be done to get these men out of service and back into civilian life where they'll really do the country some good.

and dot a million i's." He thinks the U. S. should participate in a world police force.

Concerning compulsory military training after the war, Price hasn't made up his mind. "I want to think about it some more," he said. "There is much to be said for compulsory military training, yet I don't want to do anything that might some day help set up in this country a military caste."

He believes—and will advocate in Congress—that income taxes which have accumulated against GIs should be waived. "There will be plenty hanging over the heads of these guys without them worrying about taxes," he said.

Price favors liberalizing the GI Bill of Rights by extending the educational benefits beyond the one year of schooling provided veterans over 25. "One year of schooling is simply a waste of Government funds," he said. "If a man wants to learn something, he should have a chance for complete training, regardless of his age."

Price also favors increasing the unemployment provisions of the Bill of Rights. "The present \$20 a week is rock bottom—too much so," he said. "If a man needs this money, he is going to need more than \$20 a week. Until I get to Washington and look into the matter at first hand, I won't know how high I think the payments should go."

One of the first matters Price plans to investigate when he reaches Washington is how the

"Next to the problems of the veterans, the most important thing to me is the welfare of labor. I'm going into Congress with the intention of protecting the benefits that labor has won during the Roosevelt Administration, through the Wagner (National Labor Relations) Act and other legislation."

The new congressman from Philadelphia was elected from the Kensington district of that city, one of the most concentrated industrial sections in the U. S. He was born and brought up there. He married Mary Kelly, a Kensington girl, and they have four children: William J. III, 6½; Mary Elizabeth, 5½; Anne Theresa, 3½; and Michael Francis, 15 months. They live at 3309 G Street, in what the congressman calls "a regular old row house like most Philadelphia houses without any space between them."

Green began his political career as a watcher at the polls in the 1932 Presidential election. In those days he was still a student at St. Joseph's College, where he played in the backfield on the football team, forward on the basketball team and second base on the baseball team. (Five feet 8 inches, he now weighs 168—a little heavier than in his athletic days.) He started an insurance business and became active in politics a couple of years later. Selected Democratic leader of the 33d

of victory by a single second. What we all want, of course, is for the time to come when all men can be demobilized. Yet I do believe that once Germany is defeated—and this probably will be a long, painful process—the older men should get the edge in being discharged. It's going to be tougher on them to find work. Most of them have families; more responsibility to face faster."

Price said that, "if it doesn't mess up the War Department's plans," he would favor the demobilization after the defeat of Germany of all married men 33 or older with families. "There is no use in anyone fooling himself," he said. "Men of that age, particularly men with families, just aren't as good soldiers as the younger fellows. I have seen plenty of proof of that. Matter of fact, I'm proof myself."

Price believes that reports of friction between industry and labor have been exaggerated. "Labor has done a good job and so has industry," he said. "The production job proves that. I believe that in the future labor and industry will have to get along even better. They're going to have to set an example—an example for us in getting along with other nations in the post-war set-up. We're going to have to trust one another. Without trust, there will be no basis for anything—except more violence."

Ward, he held the position for seven years. He ran for the City Council in 1935 but lost that race by less than 2,000 votes.

Green was a candidate on the Democratic ticket and was supported by the Political Action Committee of the CIO and by the AFL. Under the law, he could take no part in his campaign. He had to stay in camp and make believe he knew nothing about what was going on. On Election Day, however, he was on pass and spent the day at home. He went back to camp, winner by 12,000 votes over his Republican opponent, C. Frederick Pracht, who had held office for only one term. Next day a GI reporter for the *Lee Traveler*, camp newspaper, came to the supply room where he was working and asked for Congressman Green, and then it went all over camp.

When he got out, Green had all the civilian clothes he needed except a hat. He bought one and now he leaves it home. "After having to wear a hat all the time," he said, "it feels good not to."

"There are a lot of things I can do for the people of my district," he said, "but I'm not going to represent only them. I'd like every GI in the country to think of me as his representative. I think a guy who drew KP twice in the first week he was in the Army knows some of the problems of the GI pretty well, don't you?"

to Calvin D. Johnson, the man Price defeated.

After his defeat in the primary, Price supported Odum and went to work on the *St. Louis Globe Democrat* as a reporter. On Oct. 26, 1943, he enlisted in the Army. "I was past the draft age," he said, "but I felt a little funny about being out of uniform and decided that I never would forgive myself if I didn't get into the Army. I would be the world's biggest liar if I didn't admit that many times I've been sorry."

In the spring of 1944, the Democratic leaders of the 22d Illinois District asked Price if he would be the party's candidate. He replied that he'd like to make the race but couldn't, under the law, campaign personally. The 22d District is made up of five counties—St. Clair, Madison, Monroe, Washington and Bond. The first two are mainly industrial, the others rural. Price trailed in the rural areas—as did the Democratic ticket—but carried the industrial sections decisively enough to be elected.

A balding bachelor of 40, Price is 5 feet 8 and weighs 165—20 pounds less than when he came into the Army. He went to grade and high school in East St. Louis and was an altar boy at St. Patrick's Cathedral there. Later he attended St. Louis University for two years.

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One of the first matters Price plans to investigate when he reaches Washington is how the GI Bill of Rights is being administered—whether it is getting under way fast enough. He has heard complaints from discharged GIs and wants to get the low-down for himself.

About demobilization, Price had this to say: "The War Department has its military plans laid down far in advance. I wouldn't want to see anything done by Congress that might delay the hour

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**P**PRICE will be no stranger to Washington. From Mar. 4, 1933, to Jan. 3, 1943, he was secretary to Edwin M. Schaefer, Democratic congressman from the 22d Illinois District. When Schaefer retired in 1942, Price ran for the Democratic nomination in the primary without organization support. He lost by a close vote to a personal friend, Harry Odum, who lost in the general election

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Getting elected to Congress, Price insists, wasn't his biggest thrill. Neither was taking off O.D.s. It was covering the 1926 World Series as a kid sports writer on the East St. Louis *Journal* and seeing the Cards' old Grover Cleveland Alexander strike out the great Tony Lazzeri of the Yanks. Last summer Price ran into Alex and Rogers Hornsby, and they wished him well in his race. And Price said: "What more can an old Cardinal fan want? Now I have to win."

has veterans' affairs close to his heart. Though tradition decrees that freshman senators should be seen but not heard until they have been in Congress a couple of years, Jenner wanted in his 50 days to make a speech introducing a bill on veterans' affairs. On Dec. 11 he did.

"It was while I was in a replacement control depot," Sen. Jenner says, "that I really got interested in jobs for veterans. I talked to a lot of men coming through and in discussion groups, and practically everyone was saying, 'When I get home, I'm going to get a job at Allison's,' or 'I'm going to start me a grocery store,' or 'I'm going to help Pop on the farm.' Jobs were the main thing everyone was interested in."

Sen. Jenner's bill proposed the establishment of local veterans' service offices in each state to facilitate the administration of existing laws granting rights, privileges and special considerations to veterans. "At least one of these services should be established in each county," he told the Senate.

"By aid to veterans, I mean, first, the furnishing of information to ex-servicemen and women and their beneficiaries and dependents relating

to their benefits; second, providing help in making application for such benefits, and third, giving them aid and information with respect to re-employment, Government insurance, employment, education, vocational training, loans for homes, farms, and business, legal, financial and income-tax aid, social security and unemployment benefits and mustering-out pay.

"Under the plan presented in this bill, the Federal Government matches funds which the state governments provide for the administration of this law. In other words, it is a 50-50 financial proposition. Furthermore, the administration of the laws relating to veterans' rights and privileges is taken down not only to the state level but to the county level. Finally, each local board, staffed entirely by war veterans, both men and women, will be properly trained so it can adequately assist and advise ex-service people."

Sen. Jenner knew that his bill had little chance of passage before the end of the 78th Congress, and that it would die a natural death when the session ended, but he urged the senators to put some similar bill on "the very first order of business at the next session."

"The guys are tired of red tape and regimentation," he says. "They've done enough standing in line for chow and standing in line for mail. When a man from my home town has a pension problem, say, he doesn't want to have to go up to the Veterans' Administration in Indianapolis a couple of hundred miles away and stand in line."

Veterans of this war shouldn't set themselves up as a special class, according to the senator, but they should get "fair treatment from the government and a fair shake in industry."

**H**IS short term in the Senate over, Jenner has returned to Bedford, a city of 15,000 and the seat of Lawrence County. His wife and 3-year-old son waited for him there, figuring that Washington was too crowded and the term too short to make moving worthwhile. Though he has a farm there, Sen. Jenner intends to return to the private practice of general law, with no particular emphasis on veterans' matters. That doesn't mean he expects to retire from politics or veterans' affairs, though. He plans to work for passage of veterans' legislation in Indiana, including a bill like the one he introduced in Congress.



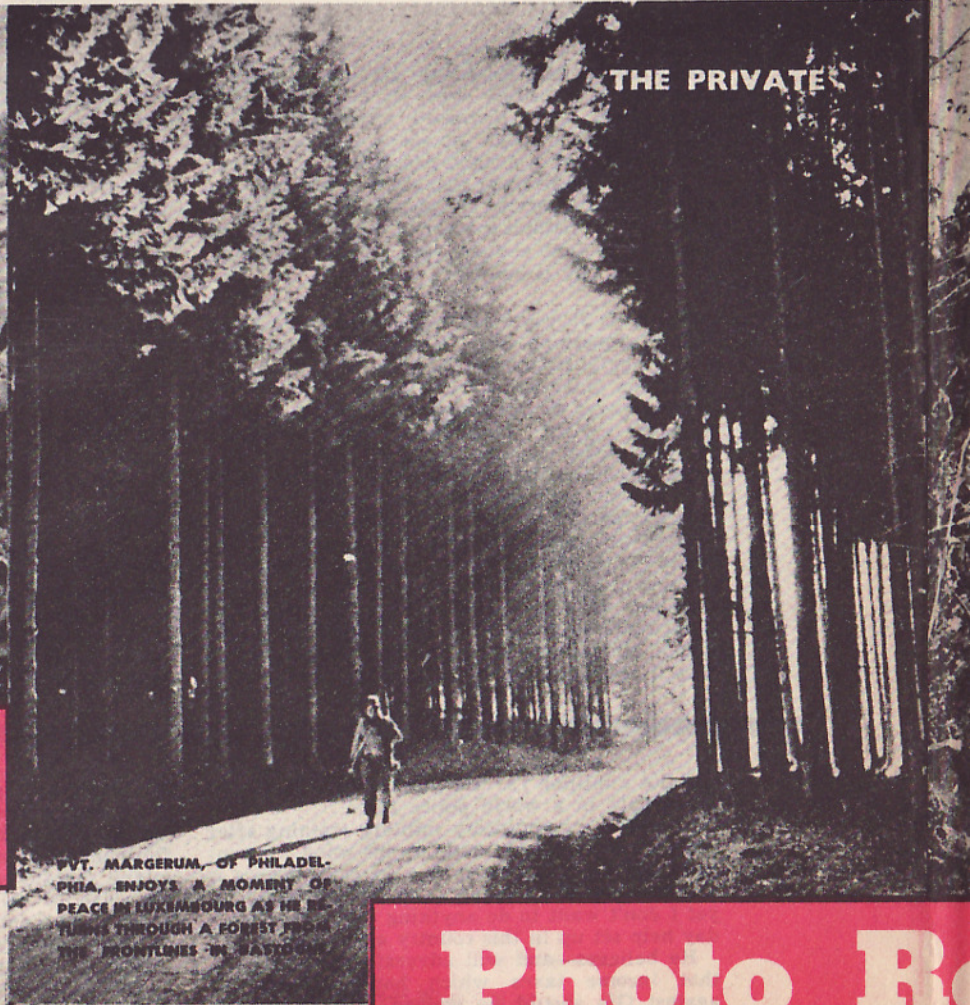
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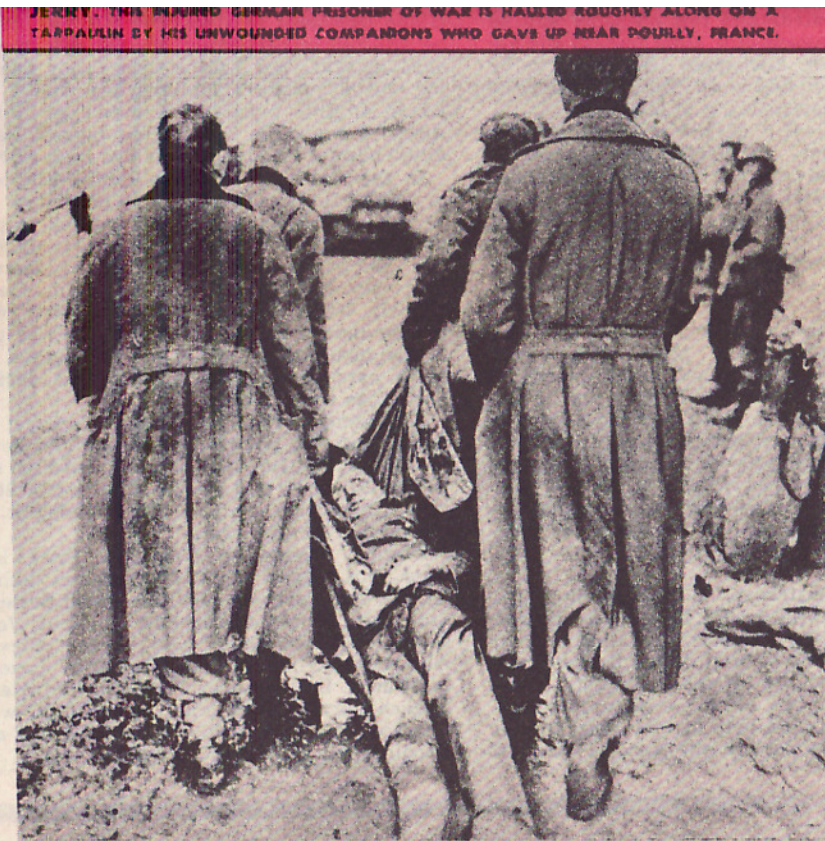
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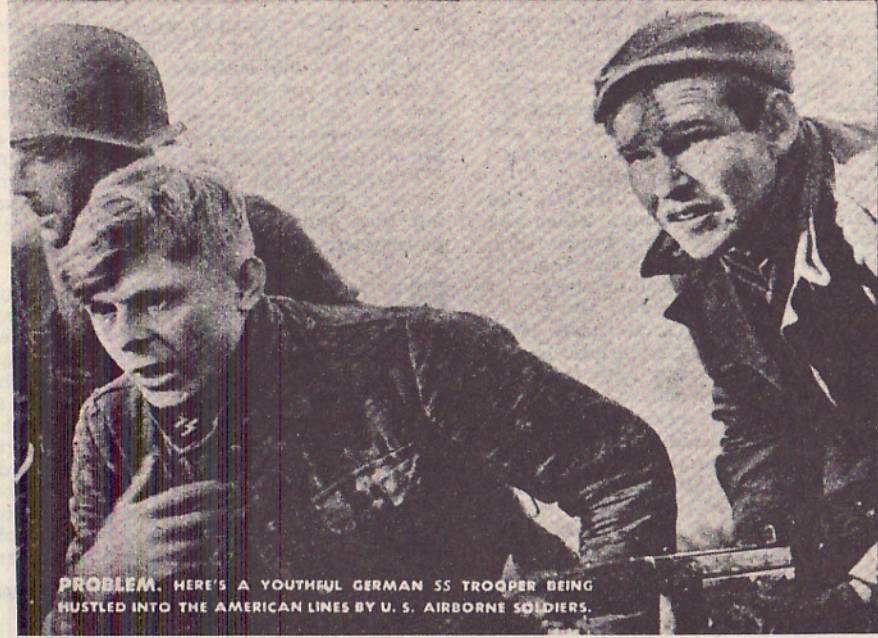
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# Photo Reprints of the West

HOLDING. FIRST U. S. ARMY INFANTRYMEN COVER A WIDE FIELD WITH THEIR MACHINEGUN AND AUTOMATIC RIFLE WHILE ENTRENCHED NEAR A GERMAN JUNCTION PLACE ON THE ROER RIVER.



PROBLEM. HERE'S A YOUTHEUL GERMAN SS TROOPER BEING HUSTLED INTO THE AMERICAN LINES BY U. S. AIRBORNE SOLDIERS.



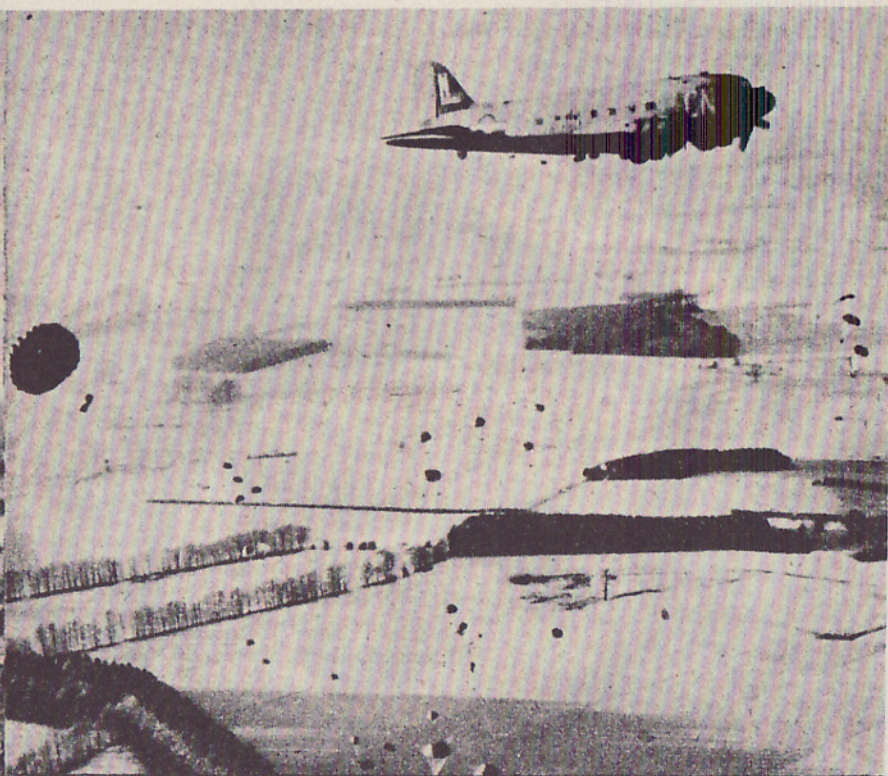
LAUGHTER. IN THE MIDST OF BATTLE, U. S. FOOTSLLOGGERS ENJOY A MOVIE IN AN UNDERGROUND THEATER NORTH OF AACHEN, GERMANY.



**THE GENERAL**



BUT MAJ. GEN. GAVIN, CO OF THE 82ND AIRBORNE, HAS TO TREAD MORE CAUTIOUSLY IN A BELGIAN DANGER ZONE.



SAMARITAN. A U.S. TROOP CARRIER PLANE DROPS AMMO AND RATIONS TO HARD-PRESSED AMERICAN TROOPS TRAPPED IN BASTOGNE BY VON RUNDSTEDT'S SUDDEN DRIVE.

**Round-up on Western Front**





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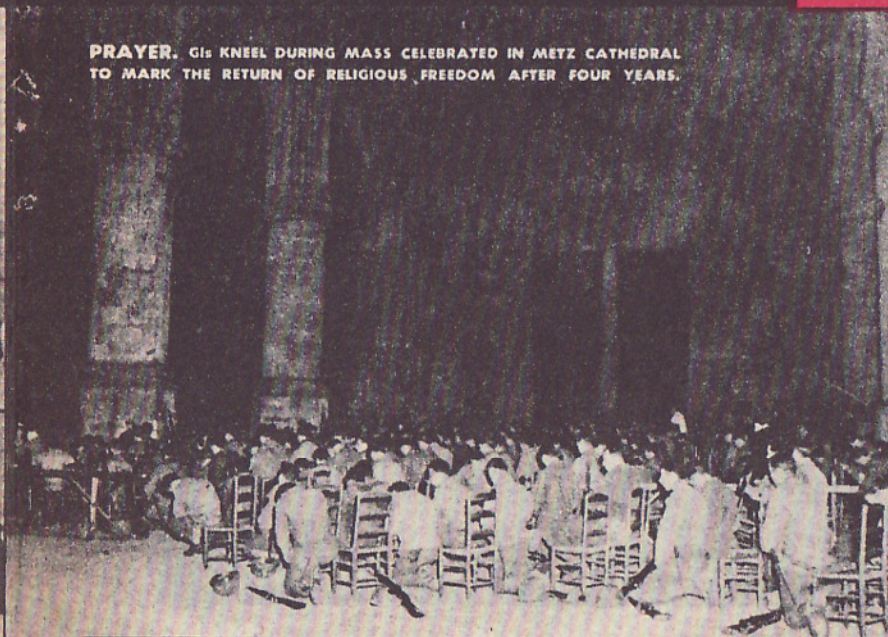


**LIBERATED.** THESE EMACIATED ITALIANS WERE RESCUED FROM THEIR HEATLESS CELLS WHEN THE THIRD U. S. ARMY OVERRAN A GERMAN PRISON IN FRANCE.



**WEARY.** PVT. ADAM DAVIS, OF PHILADELPHIA (LEFT), AND CPL. MILFORD SILLARS, OF MORRISVILLE (IND.), RELAX IN A BELGIAN TOWN DURING THE INITIAL STAGE OF THE NAZI COUNTER-THRUST.

**PRAYER.** GIs KNEEL DURING MASS CELEBRATED IN METZ CATHEDRAL TO MARK THE RETURN OF RELIGIOUS FREEDOM AFTER FOUR YEARS.



**EASTWARD.** AN AMERICAN GUN CREW DRIVES THROUGH SNOW TO THE FRONT LINES TO REINFORCE U. S. TROOPS WHO BLUNT THE VICIOUS GERMAN COUNTER-OFFENSIVE.





Rita Hayworth  
**YANK**  
*Pin-up Girl*







# NEWS FROM HOME

**A Senator wanted to keep front-line political visitors out of the headlines, another wanted an Allied pact to keep the Nips and Nazis in line after the war, private nurses learned that they might become Pvt. Nurses, and some quail out in Oklahoma didn't like getting the bird from a covey of quail.**

IN days of old, newsmen used to rush down to the docks to meet incoming trans-Atlantic ships. They'd drag along a photographer to snap a lot of leg art while they'd try to talk visiting stage celebrities into saying something newsworthy. Presto—you had headlines, with pictures. These days, the smart reporter parks himself at the big air fields in New York and Washington in order to be the first to interview political celebrities coming back from the battlefields of Europe and the Pacific.

This, says Senator Elmer Thomas, Democrat of Oklahoma, has got to stop. He wants the Administration to clamp down on trips of Congressmen to the theatres of war "only to return with statements designed to make the headlines." He insisted that such Congressmen don't get close enough to the fighting fronts to get a good picture of the war, that the gentlemen in question aren't qualified to act as judges of the war or international political questions, and that they "resort to fantastic statements" in order to get their names in big type.

One Senator who stayed at home said something that had the whole nation talking. That was Arthur H. Vandenberg, Republican of Michigan, who stood up in Congress and called for immediate Allied action "to keep Germany and Japan permanently demilitarized. In his speech, which a GOP colleague called his most important, the 200-pound solon specifically demanded a treaty pledging the United States, Britain, France, Russia, and China to work together on the Axis squelch. Such action, Vandenberg said, would dispel any fears that Britain and Russia may have that America might return to isolationism after the war.

Coming from a Republican Senator (who shortly

power pact were signed, the United States should insist on world recognition of the principles of the Atlantic Charter.

Vandenberg's proposal came at a time when President Roosevelt was preparing to get together with Stalin and Churchill in a "Big Three" meeting, scheduled some time after the President's fourth inauguration as Chief Executive on January the 20th. The President himself didn't have anything to say right off about Vandenberg's speech, but Democratic critics did. Some of them called it downright impractical, partly on the grounds that Russia can hardly sign a treaty to keep Japan demilitarized when the two nations aren't at war. Senator Tom Connally, Democrat of Texas, who heads the Foreign Relations Committee, said he thought the issue should be discussed only after the shooting has stopped on the battlefronts.

Roosevelt, according to the *Associated Press*, assured leaders that he would go into the Big Three conference free of prior commitments on Europe's tangled political problems. Senator Scott W. Lucas, Democrat of Illinois and a new member of the Foreign Relations Committee, told reporters that any attempt at this time to draw a blueprint of American intentions "would only end in chaos." Be that as it may, observers thought it was pretty plain that foreign policy and post-war organizations would be increasingly at the fore on Capitol Hill.

JUST as many brows throughout the country were wrinkled with another pressing problem—the job of supplying men for frontline warfare and workers for war production without crippling either enterprise. Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson said that the armed services want 900,000 men between now and July 1—almost three times as many as military leaders had figured on before the German counter-offensive started last month.

Stimson declared that the services may have to send greetings to every healthy male under 30 years of age regardless of his usefulness to industry or agriculture. The only trouble was that certain critical war industries were calling for additional manpower to fill Army and Navy demands for stepped-up output.

All of which called for more talk about a change

be in a mood to pass the National Service Law putting every citizen at the government's disposal as suggested again by the President in his annual State of the Union message. Undersecretary of War Robert T. Patterson, Chairman of the War Production Board J. A. Krug, and Assistant Secretary of the Navy Ralph A. Bard joined in telling the House Military Affairs Committee that such a law would be just the thing. They indicated, however, that they would settle, at least temporarily, for a reasonable facsimile. That facsimile was a compromise bill prepared by Rep. Andrew J. May, Democrat of Kentucky, Chairman of the Military Affairs Committee.

This measure would provide for the re-classification in 1-A of all males between the ages of 18 and 45 who take a powder on their priority war jobs. It would also require all deferred men—4-Fs and others—to take specified war work when ordered to by their draft boards. If they refused to take such jobs, off they'd go to the wars—the able-bodied for active duty and the rest for limited service of some kind, and neither of these groups of inductees would receive veterans' benefits. Washington correspondents thought it might be some time before a final "work-or-fight" bill is passed, though. They pointed out, for instance, that both the Army and the Navy say they have all the limited service men they can use.

(Turn to next page.)





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Coming from a Republican Senator (who shortly after Pearl Harbor described himself as an "insulationist" rather than an "isolationist"), the treaty suggestion was new—and news. Vandenberg followed it up by declaring that once such a five-

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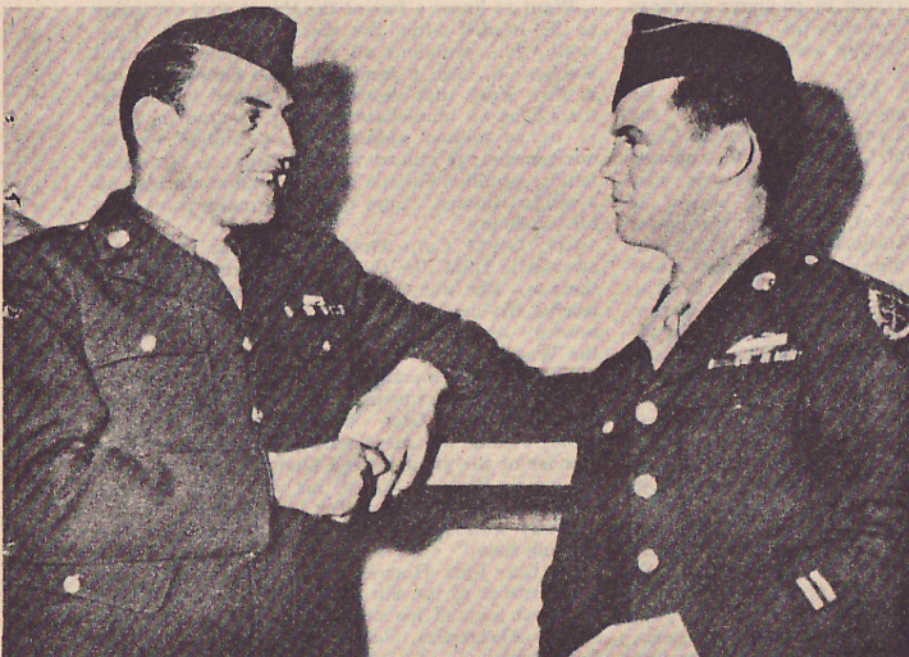
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All of which called for more talk about a change in the draft procedure, and the result of the talk spelled bad news for a lot of deferred guys—particularly for the ones in 4-F who aren't in essential industries. Congress still didn't seem to



**BOUGHT BUTLER.** AT A NOONDAY WAR BOND RALLY, MOVIE ACTOR ARTHUR TREACHER GAVE HIS SERVICES AS BUTLER TO PIPE-WELDER JAMES CRAWFORD, BIGGEST BOND BUYER AT THE CALSHIP CORPORATION YARD, LOS ANGELES.



**YOUNGSTER VETERANS.** PVT. JAMES J. GARVIN (LEFT) AND PVT. RAYMOND B. WALLACE OF CHICAGO, 17 AND 15 RESPECTIVELY, BOTH FOUGHT AT AACHEN. NOW, DISCHARGED FOR BEING UNDER AGE, THEY TALK THINGS OVER AT FORT SHERIDAN, ILL.



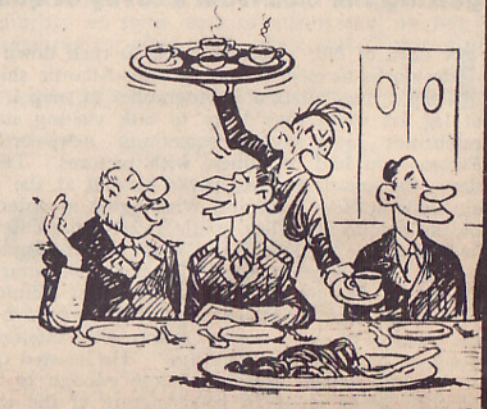
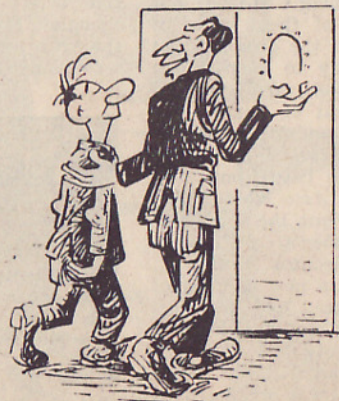
**WINTER CORNFIELD.** FLOODS WHICH SPREAD OVER KANSAS FARMLANDS HADN'T RECEDED WHEN THE FIRST WINTER COLD WAVE STRUCK. THE RESULT WAS CORNFIELDS LIKE THIS ONE NEAR CHANUTE WHERE WATER FROZE INTO A BLANKET OF THIN ICE.



# THE SAD SACK



# "BOOBY TRAP"



SGT. GEORGE BAKER

Civilian nurses figured in the manpower con-  
claves, too, as the Army and Navy submitted more  
and more urgent demands from all parts of the  
globe. Latest estimates said that there are now  
42,000 nurses in uniform. The Army is said to  
need an extra 15,000 to 18,000, and the Navy 2,000.  
There are said to be at least 27,000 nurses in the  
States who fill all Army-Navy requirements.  
The ladies just haven't been volunteering fast  
enough that's all. So in line with a Presidential

And to cap it all, the War Production Board decreed  
drastic new regulations further curtailing the pro-  
duction of civilian goods.  
The hint that Hitler might actually have a go  
at the continental United States came from Admiral  
Jonas H. Ingram, Commander of the Atlantic  
Fleet. He said that early attacks on the eastern  
coast by buzz-bombs were "possible and probable."  
There are effective ways and means of stopping  
buzz-bombs, but freezing weather is another story.

In Detroit, R. J. Thomas, president of the United  
Automobile Workers, a CIO outfit, proposed that  
"a war-service bonus" be paid to ex-servicemen  
when they return to civilian jobs. The bonus, he  
said, would amount to 20 per cent of the vet's start-  
ing wages in his postwar job and the dough would be  
paid by employers over a period equal to the time  
of the worker's military service. Thomas pointed  
out that part of the bonus would come out of funds





Civilian nurses figured in the manpower con- claves, too, as the Army and Navy submitted more and more urgent demands from all parts of the globe. Latest estimates said that there are now 42,000 nurses in uniform. The Army is said to need an extra 15,000 to 18,000, and the Navy 2,000. There are said to be at least 27,000 nurses in the States who fill all Army-Navy requirements. The ladies just haven't been volunteering fast enough, that's all. So in line with a Presidential recommendation, a bill to draft nurses was introduced into the House, and to a lot of people it seemed kind of rough. Under the bill, those who failed to enlist voluntarily as officers would be hooked as privates to do the same job.

The President gave the taxpayers a gentle reminder that all this business of fighting takes money. During the fiscal year beginning next July 1, Roosevelt revealed in his budget message, the United States will spend 70 billion dollars to carry on the war and 13 billion for other purposes—a total of 83 billion smackers. That's just an estimate, of course, since it's kind of hard to tell how this mess is going to turn out in the meantime. One nice thing about next year's estimate is that it's less than last year's budget of 100 billion, of which 89 billion represented war spending. You might blame preparations for that continental invasion for the 19 billions difference between the 1944 and the 1945 kitty. Anyway, by June 30, 1946, the battle against the Axis will have cost the American people 450 billion dollars—or about \$3,251 for every man, woman, and child in the United States. Depressing, isn't it?

There were more shortages, restrictions, and even a hint of direct attack by the Germans for the home front to think about. The Office of Price Administration said that the government was seriously considering a "request" that night clubs in the Miami area and elsewhere in the country close down. People who like bright lights were already reeling from an order by War Mobilization Director James F. Byrnes for a widespread "brown-out" of advertising lights and other illumination using scarce fuels. Then the Food Administration predicted that butter, already unavailable to civilians in a lot of places, will get even scarcer in the next few months.

And to cap it all, the War Production Board decreed drastic new regulations further curtailing the production of civilian goods.

The hint that Hitler might actually have a go at the continental United States came from Admiral Jonas H. Ingram, Commander of the Atlantic Fleet. He said that early attacks on the eastern coast by buzz-bombs were "possible and probable."

There are effective ways and means of stopping buzz-bombs, but freezing weather is another story—and a too familiar one—in the States these days. Sub-zero temperatures floated around the country in a sort of daily cycle, numbing the mid-West and then moving into the eastern seaboard and down to the Gulf and the South-Atlantic States. Sunny Chattanooga, Tenn., shivered in 20-above readings and ditto Memphis and Atlanta, Ga. The mercury dropped as low as 25 degrees below zero at Lone Rock, Wis.



Although snow and ice covered the track, the Lyndonville Driving Club, of Lyndonville, Vt., opened its Saturday-afternoon winter horse-racing season as usual. No, the manpower authorities in Washington didn't object, despite their having closed all other race tracks in the U. S. The Lyndonville races, run annually since 1908, feature nags which ordinarily plod around the community toting delivery vans and garbagewagons. The track consists of a quarter of a mile of Lyndonville's main drag.

The WD came up with the news that there are more than 700,000 Negroes in the Army, 500,000 more than there were a year ago. Sixty per cent of them are overseas, it was stated, and almost 6,000 of them are officers. In the latter group, 236 are Chaplains, one of whom, Capt. James L. Jones, won a Silver Star and Purple Heart for gallantry on the Anzio Beachhead. Negro medics are doing "a bang-up job," according to the Army, which mentioned that four companies of Negro ambulance drivers had been serving with the 1st Army in Belgium. Negro engineers, parachutists, AAF units, infantrymen, Signal Corps workers, and Wacs also came in for some laudatory pats on the back.

In Detroit, R. J. Thomas, president of the United Automobile Workers, a CIO outfit, proposed that "a war-service bonus" be paid to ex-servicemen when they return to civilian jobs. The bonus, he said, would amount to 20 per cent of the vet's starting wages in his postwar job and the dough would be paid by employers over a period equal to the time of the worker's military service. Thomas pointed out that part of the bonus would come out of funds which otherwise would have to be paid to the government in taxes and he felt that American industry, which "in every material sense has profited during the war period," could well afford to crash through in partial repayment to veterans for their service to their country.

Want to know a few of the things that are going to be needed after the war? Harvey S. Firestone, Jr., president of the Firestone Tire and Rubber Co., told a meeting of the Economic Club in New York that experts have doped it out that there'll be an immediate postwar demand for from 12 to 15 million automobiles, 5 million electric refrigerators, 3½ million vacuum cleaners, 15 million radios, 4 million electric irons, 7 million clocks, and 4 million homes. Sure ought to make some jobs for somebody.

Col. Oveta Culp Hobby, the Wac boss, was awarded a DSM, the third highest Army decoration there is. She was the first woman in the Army to receive the medal and got it for her "outstanding service" as head first of the Waacs and later of the Wacs.

The wives of generals at the front apparently don't hear any more frequently from their hubbies than do the wives of GIs. When Maj. Gen. Hugh S. Gaffey's name was mentioned in dispatches as Commander of the 4th Armored Division with Lt. Gen. George S. Patton's Army, his wife, who is living with relatives in Austin, Tex., exclaimed: "That's perfectly wonderful! It's the first word I've had in some time."

Lt. Col. John Hoover, 23, of Cresson, Pa., who is a member of the 8th AAF and is said to be the youngest man of his rank in the Army, was married at Alexandria, Va., to Helen Smith, of West Los Angeles, Calif.—but just. His bride tried to fly across the continent for the ceremony, but



weather grounded her in New Mexico and Kansas and she barely got there in time by train. Hoover, with 83 missions over enemy territory to his credit, was on leave.



Lt. William C. Caudell arrived home in Salt Lake City, Utah, on furlough, only to receive a kick in the pants from his old man. "Now I feel better," said the elder Caudell, who didn't really have any grudge against his son but who for years was a sergeant in the Army.

An airman who hasn't done the Japanese Air Force much good seems to be home to stay. Major Richard I. Bong, of Poplar, Wis., announced in Chicago that he expects to be permanently reassigned to a job in the U.S. Bong, who's 24 and has 40 Jap planes to his credit, also said that he's going to marry Marjorie Vattendahl, of Superior, Wis., next month.

Out in Heron, Mont., Sidney C. Albano, a ranchman, said that he was "mighty proud" of his son, Lt. Raymond J. Albano, who has picked up the nickname of "one-man task force." Working out with the 95th Division on the Western Front, the looney killed 82 Germans, captured 31 more and knocked out 21 machineguns, two 88s and two 20mm. cannon. That's all. But although Pop was obviously pleased, he added the hope that his son "doesn't get too dad-gummed ambitious."

Touring West Coast shipyards, Admiral E. L.

Cochrane, head of the U.S. Navy Bureau of Ships, said in Seattle that reverse lend-lease was working out fine in Australia, which is repairing U.S. ships in its yards and paying the costs of the jobs done there.

The people at home went to town on that Sixth War Loan Drive, which turned out to be the greatest single financing operation in the nation's history. The campaign netted \$21,600,000,000, a figure that topped any previous drive by nearly a billion bucks. New Hampshire led the states by subscribing 221 per cent of its quota, while Milwaukee copped the contest among the major cities with 131 per cent. Next in line among the big towns were Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Washington, Los Angeles, Boston, St. Louis, and San Francisco.

A powerful fleet of icebreakers, headed by the new million-dollar U.S.S. *Mackinaw*, made some Great Lakes shipping history. Normally, cargo vessels aren't able to clear the ice-bound locks at Sault Ste. Marie from mid-December until mid-May. This year the breakers made possible the first January clearance of the locks, running interference for three 4,000-ton ships which moved from Lake Superior's Whitefish Bay into the lower St. Mary's River. The ice was eight inches to a foot deep and windrowed in some places to a depth of ten feet.

Scathing criticism for people who talk and write too much came from Margaret Hagan, a Red Cross representative with six months' duty in the Pacific Theater. She was speaking about the all-gone feeling that the out-of-town Yanks get when they receive letters telling about allegedly faithless wives at home. It's bad enough, Miss Hagen said, when a man's better half writes that she wants to call it quits, but even worse are the large number of "I-thought-you-ought-to-know" letters from parents or friends who pass on malicious rumors about wifey's extra-marital woo-pitching.

On the heels of a Washington order that draft boards re-examine the status of discharged athletes in 4-F, it was announced that 400 outstanding professional and amateur athletes have lost their lives in the armed services since Pearl Harbor. The sports fatalities include such familiar figures as Tommy Hitchcock, polo; Niles Kinnick, all-American football back; and Charlie Paddock and Lou Zamperini, from the track world.

The police in St. Louis were interested in the death of seven-year-old Robert Pankey, officially recorded as a victim of acute alcoholism. The boy's father told a coroner's inquest that the boy drank whiskey "anytime he could get it," and had dipped into a bottle he found on a shelf in the basement of his home.

William Bioff and George Browne, who were convicted of extortion in a million-dollar shake-down of the movie industry, were released from Federal prison in Sandstone, Minn., after serving three years. Bioff was to have put in ten years, Browne eight. Both were put on probation for five years.

The Watch and Ward Society in Boston got a

corrupt the morals of a minor. The lady was Miss Margaret Anderson, who, together with her employer, the Dartmouth Book Stall, Inc., was charged with having sold a copy of Erskine Caldwell's *Tragic Ground*. It was the first time the Boston courts have failed to convict in this sort of case since Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* was banned in 1881.

Judge Adlow seemed pretty irked about the whole matter, including Caldwell's book. "This isn't indecent literature; it's bum literature," he said. "There's a difference." Expressing doubts as to whether the police had a "large enough library" to be guardians of the city's morals, the Judge continued: "It's a joke to bring this prosecution. If you didn't say anything about it, not a child would look at this book. If they do, they'll cry for their money back. It's getting so the court's business is being divided between booksellers and bookmakers. The police would do better to bring in a few pickpockets and burglars."

On the Hollywood front the biggest news wasn't news at all to a lot of GIs who managed to see a few movies last year. It was the announcement that Bing Crosby had been voted by film critics as No. 1 actor for his performance in *Going My Way*, and that Jennifer Jones had topped the ladies for her role in *Song of Bernadette*. Other male performances mentioned came from Spencer Tracy in *A Guy Named Joe*; Gary Cooper in *The Story of Doctor Wassell*; Fredric March in *The Adventures of Mark Twain*; and Claude Rains in *Mr. Sheffington*. Feminine stars who caught the critics' eyes were Ingrid Bergman in *Gaslight*; Greer Garson in *Madame Curie*; Bette Davis in *Mr. Sheffington*; and Irene Dunne in *White Cliffs of Dover*.

Joyce Reynolds was named a leading juvenile actress by the movie reviewers for her title role in *Janie*. The young lady probably didn't react to the honor as breathlessly as she would have ordinarily, since she was on a honeymoon with Lt. Robert Lewis, of Houston, Texas., a Marine fighter pilot who recently completed a year in the South Pacific.

In Hollywood, Alexander Knox, 37-year-old actor who's got the title role in the movie *Wilson*, married Doris M. Nolan, 28, of the stage and screen.

It seems only yesterday that she was a child, but now Deanna Durbin has gone and got herself a final decree of divorce from Vaughn Paul, a film producer who is now a lieutenant in the Navy.



The young ladies out in Enid, Okla., have a hunch that County Agent A. R. Jacob, of nearby El Reno, is a wolf—and with good, if not perfect, reason. Seems that Jacob was sitting in his car outside a shop in Enid and every time a girl walked by (and sometimes when one didn't) a wolfish whistle sounded from the vehicle. As more and more babes glared or smiled, Jacob grew more and more red-faced and he finally drove off in a cloud of embarrassment. The whistles,







**REUNION.** AFTER 11 YEARS OF SEPARATION, W. H. FOSTER AND HIS DAUGHTER, ESTHER GAUTHIER, DISCOVERED EACH OTHER AT WORK IN A BOMBER PLANT AT FORT WORTH, TEX.

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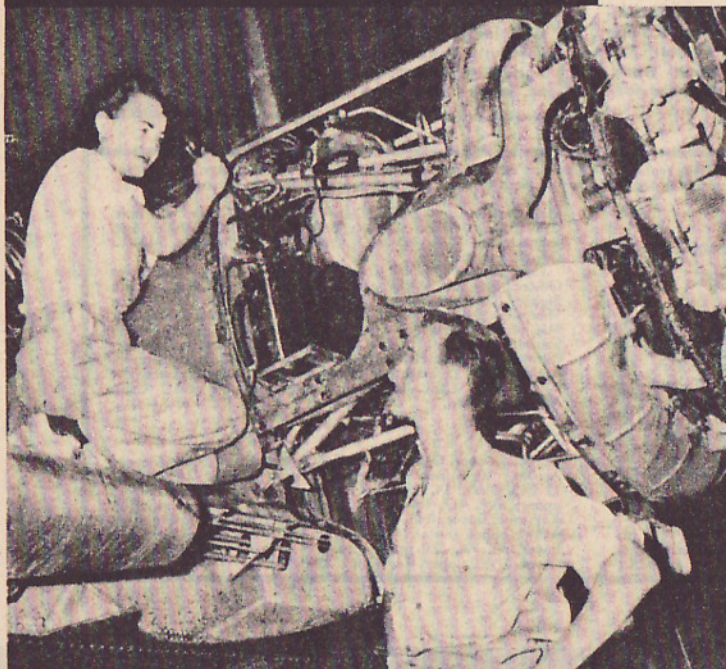
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**OKAY? RATHER!** AT FALCON FIELD, ARIZ., RAF CADET ALFRED ILLINGSWORTH, OF ENFIELD, ENGLAND, SEEMS TO APPROVE OF THE WORK BEING DONE ON HIS TRAINING PLANE BY GERALDINE GOSNEY, GIRL MECHANIC.



**MAMMOTH'S TAIL.** NOT DWARFS BUT GI GIs, THIS TRIO SERVICING A B-29 SUPERFORT GIVES AN IDEA OF THE SIZE OF PLANES OVER TOKYO.



**PWs' CHOICE.** MRS. MARSHA CHARLTON'S HUSBAND SENT HER PAPER SHOWING THAT HIS NAZI-CAPTURED MATES PICKED HER AS SNAPSHOT QUEEN.



# Mail Call

## Not Responsible, Too Young . .

Dear YANK,

1st Lt. William A. Jone, who wrote in a recent issue of YANK, I think, did a good job giving his opinions upon how to help make and keep a peace after this war, for all us GI Joes and Janes. Of course, his article dealt with the inhuman destructive powers of war, and along that line I guess he was right enough, but then that is not really all there should be to it, for as well as teaching a hatred against war, we must also teach something "constructive and human," too.

Suppose we try getting some of the fellows to write into YANK little articles of their opinions as to how we can teach other peoples to like us, and we, to like them, at least to live on the same earth with them without having to kill and be killed. I am not looking for arguments, nor the bitter feelings that the only good German is a dead German, but am trying to think of the population of our enemy nations, "not responsible, and too young, or not yet born," to have had anything to do with this war. We can teach them, surely we can, somehow, some way.

The little people of the nations don't really have too much to think about regarding international relations with each other. In fact, if there were no war, they should probably never know anything of each other just the way it was before, and the thing which angers me the most is that not too many give a hoot. If we teach each other something about each other, and realize it is becoming more and more important that we do, perhaps then—as the world grows smaller through its aviation and the threat of a greater and deadlier war becomes more frightening—by understanding one another maybe we little people can help to evade a third world war. We can do nothing political, or fantastic, I admit that, but if the majority of the peoples of the earth learn in their hearts to hate war, and want to live in a world of friendlier feeling toward each other, why can't they?

For the promotion of international relationships, let the governments of the nations work hand in hand with the people. International organizations shall do the deciding as to whether or not any nation is not co-operating, and force a correction. We can teach ourselves that there need not be any war, and that the beliefs that war is a necessity for the decrease of population, or that as long as there are men there shall be war, are false and believed only by the ignorant.

PIc. CURTIS W. ITTNER

Britain.

## Rotation Or When?

Dear YANK,

glider and equipment in Germany on the Holland invasion and came back to England only to have the CO tell us F/Os to go out and dig drainage ditches along the highway for three days.

Nope! We didn't even bitch about that. Now we talk to bomber, fighter and transport pilots that are going back to the States for rotation after 7, 12 or 18 months. They have so many hours or so many missions to look forward to. Now what the hell have us Glider Pilots got to look forward to? Is there no rotation plan ever for us? I realize there's only a few of us boys left alive that first came over, but hell we'd all like to see that place called America once again.

F/O B. H.

PS.—Reports from the U. S. claim they have an overage of newly-trained GPs.

Britain.

## Wants Average Gal

Dear YANK,

We wish to express our opinion of your weekly pin-up girl. To say we do not admire cheese-cake or gaze hopefully and yearningly at some glamour girl



would be a silly and inane statement. For we do, as we are human like other folks are. However, we have been in the ETO for a couple of years and would appreciate a picture of a plain everyday, homelike girl. Something that would remind us of our own mother or sister. Or for that matter our girl friends. It is true that each of us believe our respective girl friends are beautiful in every sense of the word, but our personal opinion is not shared by others. We are a bit sick and tired of everlastingly seeing a girl in a tight fitting bathing suit or draped in a close fitting sarong. How about a picture of an ordinary working girl sipping coke at the local drug store? Or a picture of a young mother pursuing the duties of her household? Or the old man sitting on the front porch peacefully smoking his pipe? Beautiful women are nice to look at but they are beyond the reach of the average man. Being overseas the thing dearest to our hearts is good old U.S.A. and the

## Father's View

Dear YANK,

If I may, I would like to give one father's view on the one year compulsory military training of American youth in peace time. When we start that, we are giving up one of the freedoms that so many American boys have died to preserve!

Since the beginning of our great country, we have participated in every major war, and have never failed to produce the greatest army in the world, without compulsory training! On the other hand Germany, always under compulsory training, has ended in defeat.

Remember Pearl Harbor? If my memory doesn't deceive me, I believe our boys were training with wooden rifles, a further proof that we were caught short of modern war equipment rather than trained men.

I believe a standing army of highly trained, commissioned officers, especially trained in the art of modern warfare and the best obtainable knowledge of the very latest military ordnance, to be the sanest solution to the problem.

We are now having a repetition of the prohibition era, when the large cities back home tried to put an end to gangsterism and murder by doubling their police force, instead of correcting the cause of it. It has been proven that it just won't work. Wars are begun years before the first shot is fired by politicians who are no more fit for their jobs in foreign countries of representing our people than I am of predicting the future.

My only hope is that we don't jump into something now that will be mighty unpopular with the mass of freedom-loving people when the pain and tears of this great conflict are more or less a memory.

Britain.

PIc. ROY RIETEMA

## Bronze Stars

Dear YANK,

Several hundred of us battle casualties saw a very colorful football game today, while awaiting shipment back to our outfit on the front. At the end of the half, a General awarded several officers the Bronze Star for clearing the casualties thru the depot and the EM for selling War Bonds and Insurance, and for cleaning and repairing rifles in the rain.

We battle casualties were of an opinion that Bronze Stars were awarded for deeds above and beyond the call of duty. Are we right or wrong?

Britain.

Pvt. CHARLES KLEIN AND SIX OTHERS

[The Bronze Star Medal is awarded to officers and enlisted men who have distinguished themselves on or since December 7, 1941, by heroic or meritorious achievement or service in connection with military operations not involving participation in aerial flight against an enemy of the U.S.—Ed.]

## This Week's Cover

HIS face still blackened, Lt. Texas B. Barnes, of Phoenix, Ariz., eats Army rations after the successful completion of a dangerous



each other just the way it was before, and the thing which angers me the most is that not too many give a hoot. If we teach each other something about each other, and realize it is becoming more and more important that we do, perhaps then—as the world grows smaller through its aviation and the threat of a greater and deadlier war becomes more frightening—by understanding one another maybe we little people can help to evade a third world war. We can do nothing political, or fantastic, I admit that, but if the majority of the peoples of the earth learn in their hearts to hate war, and want to live in a world of friendlier feeling toward each other, why can't they?

For the promotion of international relationships, let the governments of the nations work hand in hand with the people. International organizations shall do the deciding as to whether or not any nation is not co-operating, and force a correction. We can teach ourselves that there need not be any war, and that the beliefs that war is a necessity for the decrease of population, or that as long as there are men there shall be war, are false and believed only by the ignorant.

Britain.

Pfc. CURTIS W. ITTNER

### Rotation Or When?

Dear YANK,

I guess everyone in the Army gets "browned off" sometime. That's putting it mildly in this case. Twenty-five months ago I was in Arabia. Since then my shack's been from Palestine, Egypt, Tripolitania, North Africa, Sicily and England.

- Now I'm not crabbing about my 25 months' overseas service or
- remaining a Flight Officer for 26 months, or
- not being able to see my wife but two days since I've been married (three years).
- Didn't even bitch when I fought my way out of Jerry sniper fire for nine days when I landed my



would be a silly and inane statement. For we do, as we are human like other folks are. However, we have been in the ETO for a couple of years and would appreciate a picture of a plain everyday, homelike girl. Something that would remind us of our own mother or sister. Or for that matter our girl friends. It is true that each of us believe our respective girl friends are beautiful in every sense of the word, but our personal opinion is not shared by others. We are a bit sick and tired of everlastingly seeing a girl in a tight fitting bathing suit or draped in a close fitting sarong. How about a picture of an ordinary working girl sipping coke at the local drug store? Or a picture of a young mother pursuing the duties of her household? Or the old man sitting on the front porch peacefully smoking his pipe? Beautiful women are nice to look at but they are beyond the reach of the average man. Being overseas the thing dearest to our hearts is good old U.S.A. and the average citizen. These are the ones we will go back to after this turmoil is over. Not to a voluptuous blonde or a beauty queen. Typical home atmosphere is what we want and wish to see.

Britain.

SEVEN GIs, ATC

[If it's typical home atmosphere you want, the picture above should fill the bill. It shows Mrs. Lucille De Cicco, Chicago war worker, tucking in her five children for the night. When she goes off to work, her hubby comes home from his war job and takes over the nursery detail. Okay, men!—Ed.]

### Bronze Stars

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### This Week's Cover

His face still blackened, Lt. Texas B. Barnes, of Phoenix, Ariz., eats Army rations after the successful completion of a dangerous trip through German lines. He is a member of a U. S. battalion which was trapped by the enemy offensive into Belgium. By blackening their faces and destroying their equipment, the American fighting unit infiltrated through enemy positions under cover of darkness to reach their own lines.



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Pictures: Cover, OWI. 5, Pfc. George Burns. 8 & 9, Pfc. George Aarons. 10, upper, Philadelphia Record; center, U.S. Army. 12 & 13, OWI. 14, Columbia Pictures. 15, left, PA; right, Acme; upper, INP. 17, lower left, Acme; lower center and right, Keystone; upper, INP. 20, upper left and right and lower right, Acme; upper center, AAF; center left, INP; center right and lower left, PA. 21, upper, Sgt. Ben Schnall; lower, AAF. 22, lower, OWI; upper, Keystone. 23, USSTAF.



## Cross

Dear YANK,

Yours truly entered an American Red Cross in England at 2130 one night, accompanied by two WAAFS. All three were neatly attired in Class A and cold sober. We had just left a show and faced a frigid hour wait for a bus if we stayed outside. We didn't get past the first landing when three Red Cross girls swooped down and told me I couldn't bring the WAAFS along. They were gracious enough to add, however, that I could readily run up two flights of stairs, purchase coffee and doughnuts and bring them downstairs to the girls. Which was simply lovely. Needless to say I was extremely embarrassed and humiliated.

The American Red Cross is home to most of us. How many times has a GI hit the Red Cross for a loan, a place to sleep, a USO show, a railroad ticket, information on the whereabouts of a relation or a buddy in the UK? These are just a few examples of what this marvelous organization does for the GI. . . . This complaint is not meant to be detrimental to the Red Cross but just to seek clarification of the group in one town. . . .

Britain.

(Name withheld)

[ARC spokesmen said that guests of GIs are admitted to Red Cross Clubs only on specified "date" nights, dances, etc. This, the ARC said, was the GIs' own idea.—Ed.]

## Combat Furloughs

Dear YANK,

I'd like to make a suggestion for furloughs for frontline Infantrymen. Why wouldn't it be possible to give a footslogger thirty days' leave after he has been on the line for six months, or after he has taken part in so many major operations? In the Infantry, it's the same old routine, day in and day out, under the most hazardous conditions, and the Infantryman is always under a mental and a physical strain. There wouldn't be too many

furloughs granted, as six months or several major operations is quite a long time to be hanging around the front. At least it would give the doughboy something to look forward to.

I know a great many YANK readers will disagree with me but, buddy, it's pretty hard to visualize what takes place on the frontline unless you are an eyewitness. If you don't believe me, come and see us sometime.

Germany.

T/Sgt. BARNEY J. VILLA

## St. Louis Woman

Dear YANK,

This is the first time I have ever voiced my opinion about anything that has ever appeared in your magazine, and I wouldn't be doing it this time but there is something in the December 31st issue that just can't go by without saying a word about it. I just want to say cheers to the St. Louis wife of a Yank for the sincere letter she wrote in to *Mail Call*. She has summed the whole situation up in a small letter, and I do believe she expressed the opinion of the majority of the wives, mothers and sweethearts of all the Yanks in this man's Army. May the people back home always be that way, may they always have plenty of everything they want or need. That is what we are in this Army for, to see to it that it stays that way always.

Britain.

Sgt. FRANK E. SUTTON

## Cheers, Navy

Dear YANK,

I noticed a letter from a sailor asking for some good reports for the Navy. Well, I have been intending to write this letter for quite a while, so I guess this is as good a time as any.

When we landed in France in the early part of December we got a cold and wet reception (seems we usually do). Well, the Navy was docked nearby and they invited us over for some hot coffee, cocoa, and sandwiches. It seemed they played

open house till past midnight. It was really appreciated by us, and I want to take this time now to tell them, "Thanks from the doughfeet."

Britain.

Pic. WILLIAM McFALL, Inf.

## Iceland Vet

Dear YANK,

The most important notation in my "Soldiers Individual Pay Record" is "Left U.S. for Foreign Service 19 Feb. 1942."

A few people like to live in Iceland; they were born there, but about 98 percent of them are waiting for a chance to escape. Well, I guess hell isn't too bad; at least it is warm there.

Then one day, long after we had gotten used to talking to the seals, and weren't even annoyed when they talked back, the Army loaded us on another boat. We were jubilant, after almost 18 months in solitary, we were going home! After the ship was well out, we were informed we were not going home. Oh, you lucky fellows, you are going to England! Talk about morale, it hit the lowest recorded point that day, a record that will stand for all time. . . .

Instead of receiving leaves we found ourselves in Recruit School, going through Basic Training, having three or four inspections a day, going to classes, etc. We were frantic. . . . After spending the winter months on amphibious maneuvers and field problems, wallowing around and sleeping in the mud, we were finally allowed into a camp and were given 7-day furloughs.

Finally, the big day rolled around. We were scheduled to be in France on D-plus 3, but due to military conditions . . . we were two days late. Since then my outfit has been on active duty except for a 3-day rest period. From a beachhead, we rolled on through France, Belgium and Holland. Where they are now I don't know.

After accidentally breaking some bones in my hand in November, I was evacuated to a hospital in England. . . . I am 31 years old and have been in the Army since August 27, 1940. . . . I last saw my family in October 1941. Since coming overseas I have been hospitalized numerous times because of ill health. . . . Before D-Day my Battery Commander offered to have me re-classified because he thought the "big show" would be too strenuous for me, but I declined because I figured the Rotation plan would take us all home before our three years were up. . . .

In the December 14 issue of *Stars and Stripes* I read an article entitled: "Combat Men Go Home on Rotation." According to the qualifications listed, I am more than qualified for such treatment. I would surely appreciate going home long enough to recuperate and perhaps see a few of my people before I entirely lose my sanity. It would be like Heaven to even be confined in a hospital knowing that I was once again in my native land. . . .

Cpl. RAYMOND J. BARTEL

Britain.

# MAR. 1 IS THE DEADLINE

## For Entering YANK's GI Parody Contest War Bond Prizes for 91 Lucky GIs!



**Y**OU can still mail your entry in plenty of time to win one of the 91 big War Bond prizes offered for the best GI parodies on popular tunes.

Take any well-known song and make up your own words to the chorus. Be sure you keep the subject close to Army, Navy, Marine or other service life—anything

**YANK'S AFN**



he has been on the line for six months, or after he has taken part in so many major operations? In the Infantry, it's the same old routine, day in and day out, under the most hazardous conditions, and the Infantryman is always under a mental and a physical strain. There wouldn't be too many

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Britain.

# MAR. 1 IS THE DEADLINE

For Entering YANK's GI Parody Contest  
War Bond Prizes for 91 Lucky GIs!



This Is a Parody on  
"I'LL GET BY"

I've got bites,  
A million bites, on me.  
Can't sleep a wink;  
I look like hell.  
Those bugs must think  
I'm Grand Hotel.  
On the screen  
Each tropic scene I see  
Has Dot Lamour  
With pure allure  
Where I've got bites on me.

**Y**OU can still mail your entry in plenty of time to win one of the 91 big War Bond prizes offered for the best GI parodies on popular tunes.

Take any well-known song and make up your own words to the chorus. Be sure you keep the subject close to Army, Navy, Marine or other service life—anything from KP to tetanus shots.

This contest isn't for professionals. It's open only to enlisted men and women in uniform and all you have to do is follow the rules outlined below.

Prizes will be awarded as follows: First-prize parody, one \$500 War Bond; five next-best parodies, one \$100 War Bond each; next 10, one \$50 War Bond each; next 25, one \$25 War Bond each; next 50, one \$10 War Bond each.

## These Are the Rules

1. Parodies must be mailed by Mar. 1, 1945.
2. Entries must be original parodies, suitable for reprinting, written by enlisted men or women of the U. S. Army, Navy, Coast Guard or Marine Corps. Do not send music; send only parody and name of song parodied.
3. Parodies must be based on complete choruses of well-known tunes only.
4. Individuals may send as many entries as they like. In case of duplicate parodies, only the first arrival will be accepted.
5. Parodies must have a service or war subject. All parodies will become the property of the U. S. Army. Entries will not be returned.
6. Judges will be enlisted personnel of YANK, The Army Weekly, and of Music Section, Special Service Division. Judges' decisions will be final.
7. Address all entries to Parody Contest Editor, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., U. S. A.
8. Winners will be announced in a May 1945 issue of YANK.
9. Include U. S. address to which you wish prize sent. BONDS WILL BE MADE OUT ONLY TO ADDRESSES WITHIN THE U. S. IF YOU'RE OVERSEAS BE SURE YOU INCLUDE HOME ADDRESS AND NAME OF PERSON IN CARE OF WHOM YOU WANT YOUR BOND SENT.
10. Violation of any of the above rules will eliminate entry.

## YANK'S AFN Radio Guide

Highlights for the week of Jan. 21

<b>SUNDAY</b>	0830—HOUR OF CHARM—Phil Spitalny's all-girl orchestra.
<b>MONDAY</b>	2135—DUFFY'S TAVERN—Archie, the manager, conspires with Finnegan, Eddie and the rest of the Tavern crowd.
<b>TUESDAY</b>	2105—CHARLIE MCCARTHY—With Edgar Bergen, Mortimer Snerd, Ray Noble's Orchestra and Charlie's guest of the week.
<b>WEDNESDAY</b>	2105—EDDIE CONDON'S JAZZ SESSION—It's jazz as played impromptu by musicians who know their hot licks from way back.
<b>THURSDAY</b>	1930—AMERICAN DANCE BAND—Sgt. Ray McKinley leads the dance unit of the American Band of the AEF.
<b>FRIDAY</b>	1901—COMMAND PERFORMANCE—The biggest and best show for GIs the world over. Always an all-star cast.
<b>SATURDAY</b>	1330—YANK'S RADIO EDITION. 1530—ON THE RECORD—Cpl. George Monaghan spins the tunes of today and yesterday.

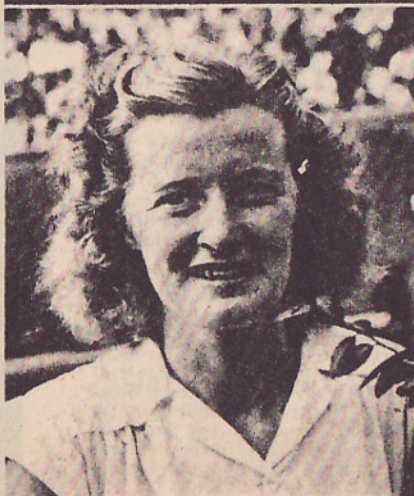
NEWS EVERY HOUR ON THE HOUR.

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





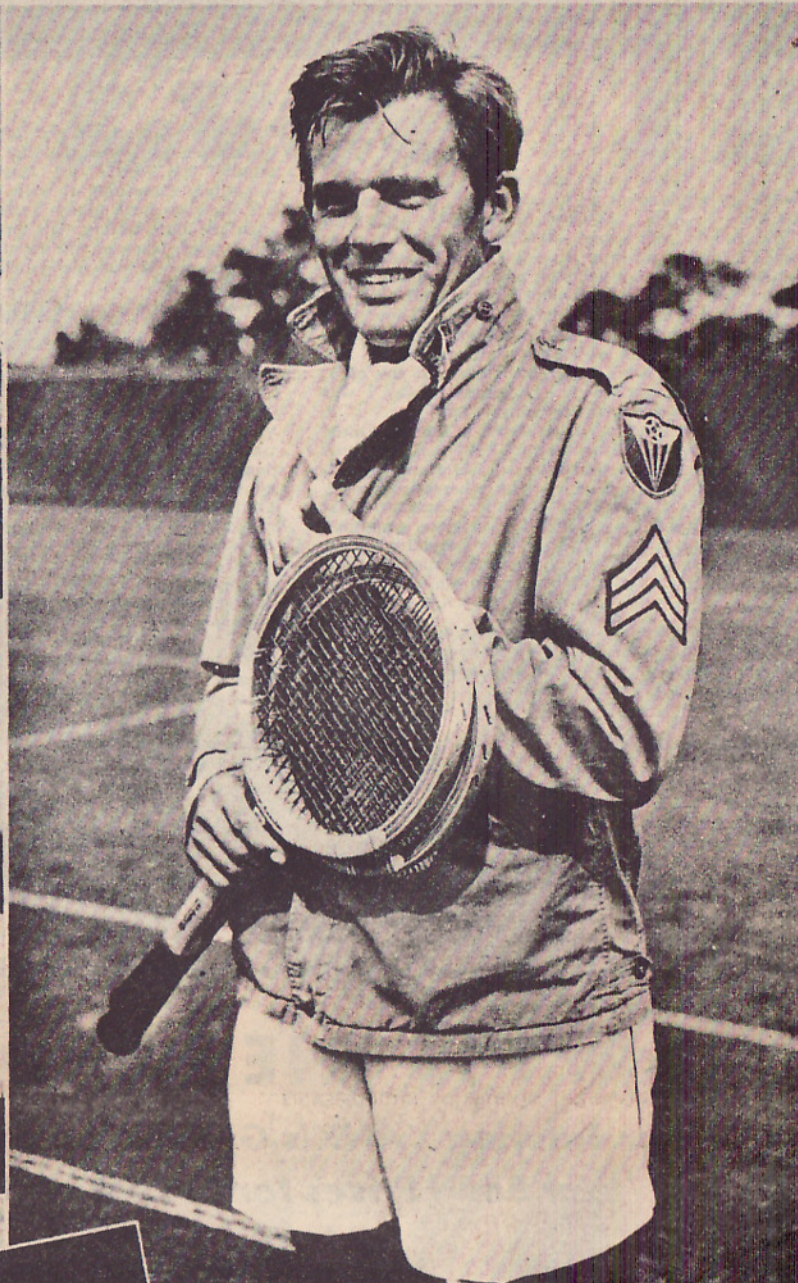
**TOP DOUBLES TEAM** was Lt. Don McNeill (left) and A/C Bob Falkenburg. McNeill, national champion in 1940, ranks fourth in the singles, Falkenburg sixth. Segura and Talbert comprised the second-ranking doubles combination.



**PAULINE BETZ** leads women's division for third successive year as champion. No. 2: Margaret Osborne.



**WILLIAM TALBERT**, runner-up to Parker in the Nationals, was ranked second. He moved up from fourth.



**SGT. FRANK PARKER** of Muroc Field, Calif., winner of the national championship last September, heads the men's singles rankings for the first time. He was eighth a year ago.







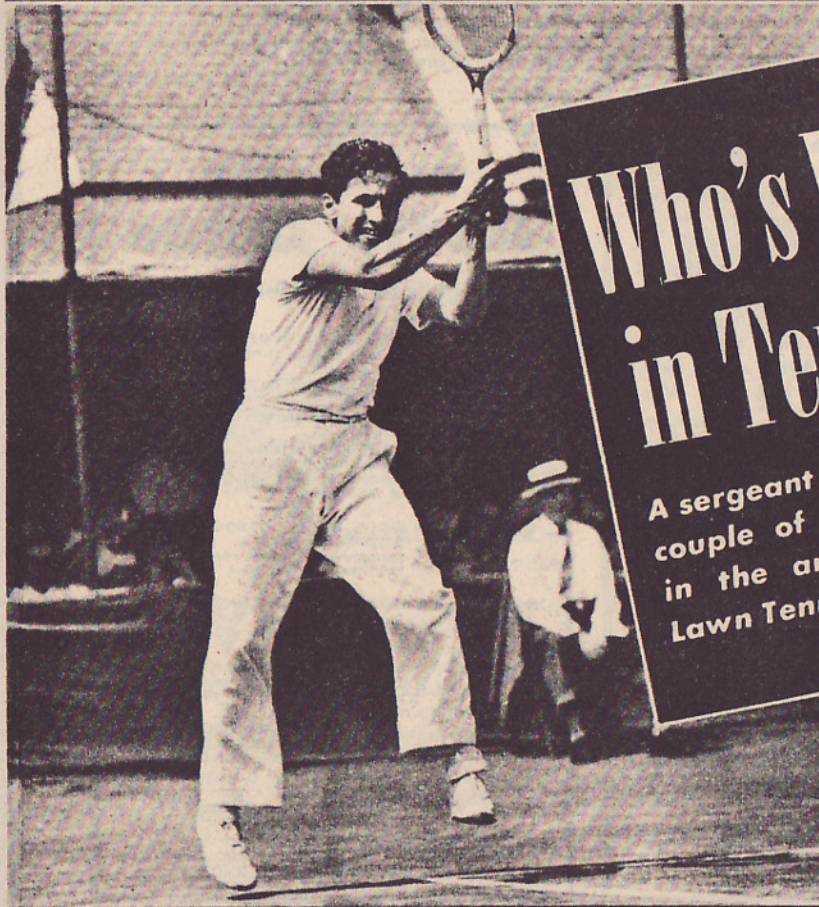
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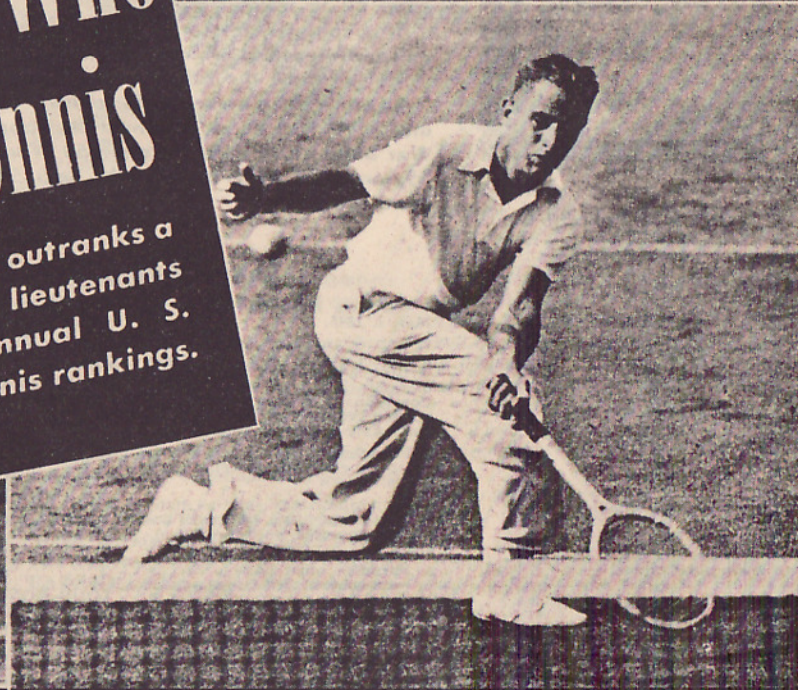
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**PANCHO SEGURA**, Ecuador's two-handed swatter, remains in third place for the second year. He lost to Talbert in semifinals at Forest Hills. Segura's dropshot, one of the best ever seen in tennis, was at a new high last season.

# Who's Who in Tennis

A sergeant outranks a couple of lieutenants in the annual U. S. Lawn Tennis rankings.



**LT. SEYMOUR GREENBERG**, AAF, holds fifth place again. Neither the 1943 champion, Lt. Gilbert Hunt, nor his runner-up, Ens. Jack Kramer, was ranked this year. Both missed grass-courts campaign because of Navy duties.



# SPORTS

By Sgt. DAN POLIER



## For Experts Only

**T**HIS is YANK's sixth sports quiz—a good proving ground for your knowledge of sports-events personalities. In scoring yourself, allow five points for every question you answer correctly. Eighty or more is excellent, 70 is good, 60 is fair, 50 is passing, 40 or below, failure.

1. Here are eight sayings by famous sports figures. See if you can match the sayings with the names of the authors, which appear in the list below. You are expected to get five.  
a) I'll murder dat bum. b) Good field, no hit. c) I forgot to duck. d) I'm on my way; they can't beat us. e) At Notre Dame, the quarterback is never wrong. f) Is Brooklyn still in the league? g) I zigged when I should've zagged. h) So you call yourselves the Fighting Irish!

Blondy Ryan, Jack Dempsey, Knute Rockne, Tony Galento, Jack Roper, Mike Gonzalez, Elmer Layden, Bill Terry.

Tony Lazzeri with the bases full in the seventh inning of the deciding game.

3. Complete these sports slogans: a) Break up the \_\_\_\_\_. b) Stagg fears \_\_\_\_\_. c) Shut the gates of \_\_\_\_\_. d) Punt, pass and \_\_\_\_\_.

4. Tommy Loughran fought every heavyweight champion since Willard, except Dempsey, Schmeling and Louis. Can you name the ones he fought?

5. Bucky Walters broke into the big leagues as a) outfielder, b) pitcher, c) catcher, d) third baseman.

6. Only six horses have ever won the Triple Crown (Kentucky Derby, Preakness, Belmont Stakes). Can you name three of them?

7. Louis Meyer was a) bowling champion, b) movie producer, c) Indianapolis Speedway winner, d) boxing promoter.

10. Identify the heavyweight champion who a) lost his title sitting on a stool; b) won his title sitting on the canvas.

11. In case you've forgotten, the Davis Cup was grabbed from us the same week that the war began in Europe. Name the two Australians who won it.

12. Who is he? He comes from a family of fighters and has been fighting for at least 15 years. Pound for pound he is one of the smartest fighters in the business, and has frequently been called one of the dirtiest. He had an undistinguished career until the time he was signed to meet the welterweight champion as strictly a dark horse. He upset the champ and then proceeded to lose the title to someone nobody ever heard of outside of New Jersey. He is now in the Army.

13. Name the catchers in these famous baseball batteries: a) Grove and \_\_\_\_\_, b) Alexander and \_\_\_\_\_, c) Cooper and \_\_\_\_\_.

14. Only two football players from colleges in Colorado have ever won All-America recognition. Who were they and what were their schools?

15. What Rose Bowl games were featured by these plays: a) Doyle Nave throwing a winning pass with 49 seconds left to play, b) Al Barabas scoring standing up on KF-79, c) Roy Riegels running the wrong way.

←16. This man was responsible for the biggest sports surprise of 1944. Who is he?

17. Who is the only major-league manager to win pennants in both the American and National leagues?

18. With what sports do you associate these trophies a) Stanley Cup, b) Walker Cup, c) Ascot Gold Cup.

19. What manager won the American League batting championship in 1944?

20. Name the three champions that Henry Armstrong defeated to win the Triple Crown.

## ANSWERS TO SPORTS QUIZ

1. a) Jess Willard, b) Max Schmeling, c) Adrian "Doc" Child, d) Whip, spurs, blinkers, e) Tech, f) American Athletic Association, g) Intercollegiate Association, h) Runs batted in. 2. a) Intercollegiate Association, b) Texas Christian University, c) Runs batted in, d) Intercollegiate Association, e) Intercollegiate Association, f) Texas Christian University, g) Intercollegiate Association, h) Runs batted in. 3. a) Break up the team, b) Stagg fears the line, c) Shut the gates of hell, d) Punt, pass and kick. 4. Tommy Loughran fought every heavyweight champion since Willard, except Dempsey, Schmeling and Louis. Can you name the ones he fought? 5. Bucky Walters broke into the big leagues as a) outfielder, b) pitcher, c) catcher, d) third baseman. 6. Only six horses have ever won the Triple Crown (Kentucky Derby, Preakness, Belmont Stakes). Can you name three of them? 7. Louis Meyer was a) bowling champion, b) movie producer, c) Indianapolis Speedway winner, d) boxing promoter. 8. Yes, 9. a) Amateur Athletic Union, b) Professional Golfers' Association, c) Texas Christian University, d) Intercollegiate Association, e) Intercollegiate Association, f) Intercollegiate Association, g) Intercollegiate Association, h) Intercollegiate Association. 10. Identify the heavyweight champion who a) lost his title sitting on a stool; b) won his title sitting on the canvas. 11. In case you've forgotten, the Davis Cup was grabbed from us the same week that the war began in Europe. Name the two Australians who won it. 12. Who is he? He comes from a family of fighters and has been fighting for at least 15 years. Pound for pound he is one of the smartest fighters in the business, and has frequently been called one of the dirtiest. He had an undistinguished career until the time he was signed to meet the welterweight champion as strictly a dark horse. He upset the champ and then proceeded to lose the title to someone nobody ever heard of outside of New Jersey. He is now in the Army. 13. Name the catchers in these famous baseball batteries: a) Grove and \_\_\_\_\_, b) Alexander and \_\_\_\_\_, c) Cooper and \_\_\_\_\_. 14. Only two football players from colleges in Colorado have ever won All-America recognition. Who were they and what were their schools? 15. What Rose Bowl games were featured by these plays: a) Doyle Nave throwing a winning pass with 49 seconds left to play, b) Al Barabas scoring standing up on KF-79, c) Roy Riegels running the wrong way. 16. This man was responsible for the biggest sports surprise of 1944. Who is he? 17. Who is the only major-league manager to win pennants in both the American and National leagues? 18. With what sports do you associate these trophies a) Stanley Cup, b) Walker Cup, c) Ascot Gold Cup. 19. What manager won the American League batting championship in 1944? 20. Name the three champions that Henry Armstrong defeated to win the Triple Crown.



**T**HIS is YANK's sixth sports quiz—a good proving ground for your knowledge of sports-events personalities. In scoring yourself, allow five points for every question you answer correctly. Eighty or more is excellent, 70 is good, 60 is fair, 50 is passing, 40 or below, failure.

1. Here are eight sayings by famous sports figures. See if you can match the sayings with the names of the authors, which appear in the list below. You are expected to get five. a) I'll murder dat bum. b) Good field, no hit. c) I forgot to duck. d) I'm on my way; they can't beat us. e) At Notre Dame, the quarterback is never wrong. f) Is Brooklyn still in the league? g) I zigged when I should've zagged. h) So you call yourselves the Fighting Irish!

Blondy Ryan, Jack Dempsey, Knute Rockne, Tony Galento, Jack Roper, Mike Gonzalez, Elmer Layden, Bill Terry.

2. What teams played in the World Series made famous by these incidents: a) Ernie Lombardi's midsummer night's dream at home plate. b) third strike missed by Mickey Owen. c) fruit shower given Joe Medwick by fans. d) Grover Cleveland Alexander fanned

Tony Lazzeri with the bases full in the seventh inning of the deciding game.

3. Complete these sports slogans: a) Break up the \_\_\_\_\_. b) Stagg fears \_\_\_\_\_. c) Shut the gates of \_\_\_\_\_. d) Punt, pass and \_\_\_\_\_.

4. Tommy Loughran fought every heavy-weight champion since Willard, except Dempsey, Schmeling and Louis. Can you name the ones he fought?

5. Bucky Walters broke into the big leagues as a) outfielder, b) pitcher, c) catcher, d) third baseman.

6. Only six horses have ever won the Triple Crown (Kentucky Derby, Preakness, Belmont Stakes). Can you name three of them?

7. Louis Meyer was a) bowling champion, b) movie producer, c) Indianapolis Speedway winner, d) boxing promoter.

8. In baseball, is the foul line in fair territory?

9. Test yourself on the following list of abbreviations: a) AAU, b) PGA, c) TCU, d) RBI, e) IC4A, f) TKO, g) AB, h) WSB. You should get five out of eight.

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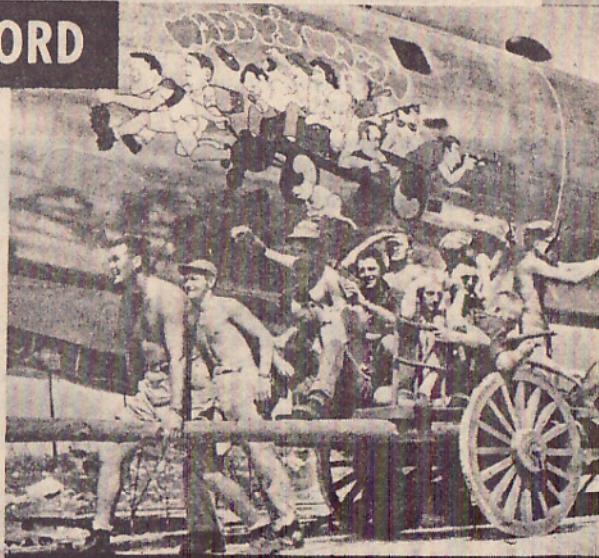
### ANSWERS TO SPORTS QUIZ

1. a) Tony Galento, b) Mike Gonzalez, c) Jack Dempsey, d) Blondy Ryan, e) Elmer Layden, f) Bill Terry, g) Jack Roper, h) Knute Rockne. 2. a) Yankees vs. Reds, 1939; b) Yankees vs. Dodgers, 1941; c) Cardinals vs. Tigers, 1939; d) Yankees vs. Cardinals, 1926; e) Yankees vs. Pirates, 1934; f) Yankees vs. Cardinals, 1941; g) Yankees vs. Cardinals, 1939; h) Knute Rockne vs. Red Sox, 1939. 3. a) Break up the team, b) Stagg fears the gate, c) Shut the gates of hell, d) Punt, pass and pray. 4. Tommy Loughran fought every heavy-weight champion since Willard, except Dempsey, Schmeling and Louis. Can you name the ones he fought? 5. Bucky Walters broke into the big leagues as a) outfielder, b) pitcher, c) catcher, d) third baseman. 6. Only six horses have ever won the Triple Crown (Kentucky Derby, Preakness, Belmont Stakes). Can you name three of them? 7. Louis Meyer was a) bowling champion, b) movie producer, c) Indianapolis Speedway winner, d) boxing promoter. 8. In baseball, is the foul line in fair territory? 9. Test yourself on the following list of abbreviations: a) AAU, b) PGA, c) TCU, d) RBI, e) IC4A, f) TKO, g) AB, h) WSB. You should get five out of eight.

**P**vt. Beau Jack and Bob Montgomery, who used to exchange the welterweight title every six weeks as civilians, will continue their honorable series when they tour the Pacific with S/Sgt. Joe Louis' new troupe. At one time Jack was sweating out a CDD, but the Army's new policy on discharges for athletes has probably changed that. . . . Capt. Bud Ward, the U.S. amateur golf champ, has been in the Philippines with the AAF since A-plus-4. . . . Medics have advised Lt. Hank Luisetti not to play basketball anymore because his heart was weakened by the use of so many sulfa drugs in treating his recent attack of spinal meningitis. . . . When Lt. Don Budge was an EM at Monterey, Calif., he once drew a detail that required him to do nothing but sleep. He was testing a new type of bunk for the Quartermaster Corps. . . . Sgt. Chick Harbert and Lt. Horton Smith, a couple of golf pros, will go overseas any day now for Special Services. Also shipping: Lt. Al Blozis, the Giants' all-pro league tackle. . . . Latest figures show 22 boxers, pro and amateur, killed in the ETO since Nov. 1, 1944. . . . After watching Randolph Field beat the Second AAF Superbombers, 13-6, Lou Little said: "Bill Dudley looked like just another good back, but that

## SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

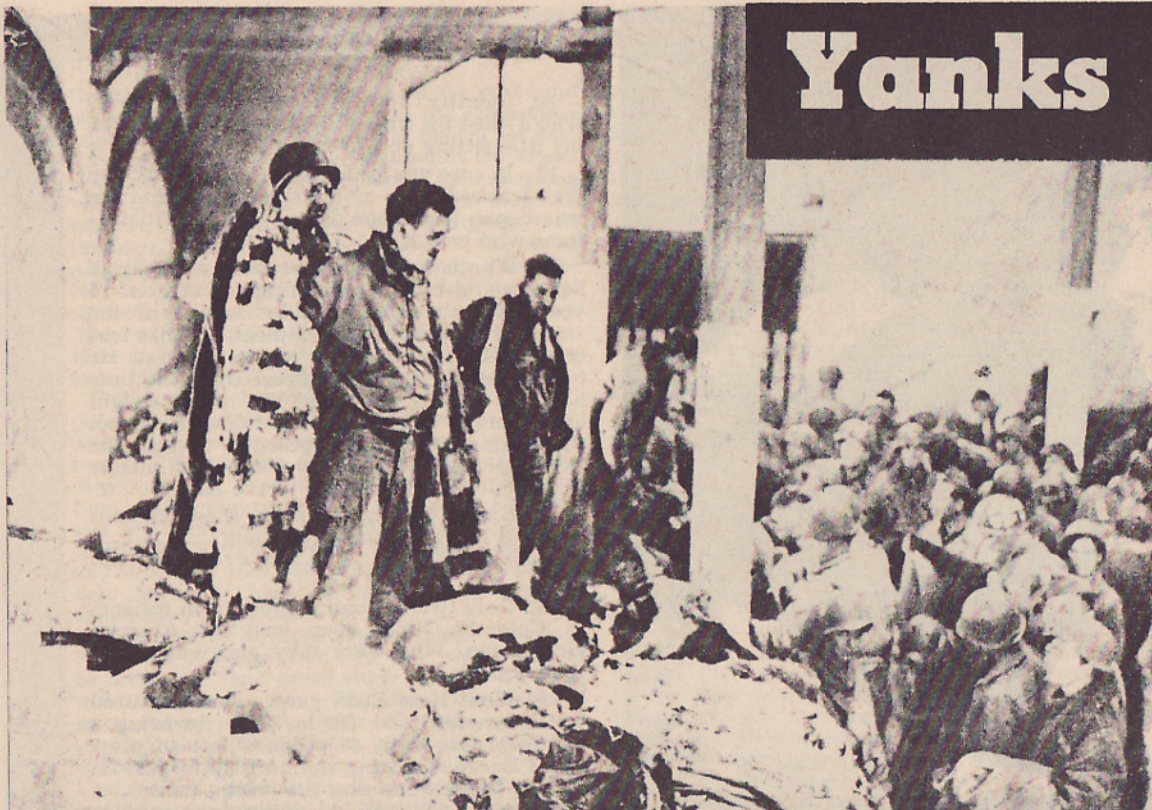
No. 46 was something to see. Man, how he can carry that ball." In case you're interested, Number 46 was Pvt. Steve Susic of Second AAF, who still has two more years of eligibility at the University of Illinois. . . . If Ed McKeever, Notre Dame's pro-tem coach, doesn't want Jim Crowley's old job at Fordham, Lt. Joe Maniaci of Bainbridge may get it. . . . Lt. John Kimbrough, Texas A & M's great fullback, is now flying a bomber in the Pacific. . . . During the Allied swimming championships at Oran, an unknown Naval lieutenant scoffed at the winning time of the 1,500-meter race and told the officials he could have beaten it by five minutes. The officials called the lieutenant's bluff and asked if he wanted to enter the 5,000 meters. He accepted and proceeded to win the race with ridiculous ease. It wasn't until the lieutenant pulled himself out of the water that he broke down and confessed he was Lt. (jg) Joe Brock, former Big Ten champion from Illinois.



**WADDY'S WAGON.** This B-29 is aptly named, because its pilot is Capt. Waddy Young, Oklahoma's All-America end. Here Young (left) and crew duplicate their caricatures at a Saipan base.



# Yanks in the ETO



YOU CAN NEVER DRESS WARMLY ENOUGH FOR A FOXHOLE, BUT HERE ARE SOME GIs EQUIPPING THEMSELVES A LITTLE BETTER FOR THE WINTER AT THE EXPENSE OF A HITLER, IN THIS CAPTURED NAZI WAREHOUSE SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

## Encounter with a Jet

“... In order to avoid the shooting down of our own aircraft, all Wehrmacht troops are to be instructed in the recognition of the new fighter plane, the Messerschmitt 262. The fighter ME 262 has two suspended jet propulsion units which project along the wings and extend backward beyond them. The wings are swept back and mounted low. The horizontal tail assembly is wedge-shaped and placed high and the vertical fin has the form of a triangle. The fuselage is wide.”

—German Aircraft Recognition Pamphlet.

“... There was no battle damage suffered and although three enemy aircraft escaped into the clouds, Lt. Valmore J. Beaudrault should receive credit for the first jet propelled enemy aircraft destroyed by any pilot of this Command.”

—Official Ninth Air Force Journal.

**W**ITH NINTH AIR FORCE IN BELGIUM—Lt. Valmore J. Beaudrault is one of those large, rugged citizens the sports writers love to look at and describe as “indestructible”. When he played football for Milford, New Hampshire, High School, he was the guy who always did the blocking

Today, the same thing is happening. Beaudrault's personal struggle with the *Luftwaffe* and the German army has been a bitter and a bloody one. He has taken a terrible beating. Three planes (named Miss Pussy the First, Second, and Third, after his girl friend) have been shot out from under him. He has spent weeks getting knit together in a hospital. Yet when you add up the score you'll find that Beaudrault has a goodly number of German planes, tanks, and vehicles to his credit, and he is still walking around, while a lot of Teutonic characters who thought they were kicking hell out of him, are now solidly planted in the good earth.

In one of his first brushes over France with the enemy, Beaudrault got mixed up with what obviously was a leading ace of the *Luftwaffe*. The German was flying a FW 190. He twisted and turned, and played around with the clumsy inexperience of Beaudrault. He made the 21-year-old youngster do everything wrong. Then when he was tired of playing, he drove Beaudrault's wing-man down to the deck and zoomed back to finish Beaudrault off. By some superhuman effort, Beaudrault managed to twist his Thunderbolt out of the way of the Focke Wolfe's guns. But the German made a beautiful tight turn and came back for another pass.

way. The Thunderbolt split in two. One wing ripped off and went hurtling into the next field. The rest of the plane was reduced to small scattered bits. Capt. George Hood, a Third Army medical officer, came running over expecting to find scattered bits of a human being, too. Instead, he found Beaudrault sitting in the midst of the wreckage with concussion, a gouged eye, mashed-up face, and a strained back. In six weeks, Beaudrault was flying operationally again.

And so it went. A few weeks ago, Beaudrault reached the apex of his bizarre career. It was a dull, overcast afternoon, and he was up with the squadron on armored reconnaissance in the Munster and Dusseldorf areas. He was flight-leader by this time, and flying top cover for the rest of the squadron at about 9,000 feet. There was not much doing. The squadron had shot up a couple of German trains down below, but that was about all. Things were dull, and Beaudrault was getting sleepy.

Suddenly, a shout from his Number Three man, Lt. Robert Teeter, woke him up.

“My God,” yelled Teeter, “what's that?”

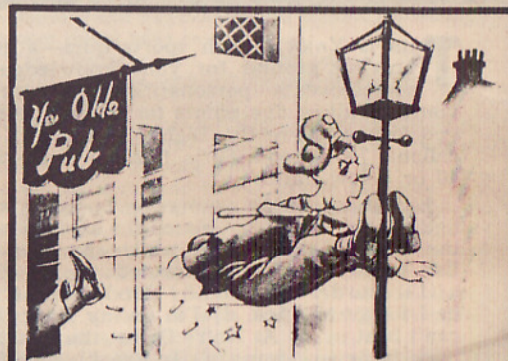
Beaudrault looked up. He was just in time to see a streak flash by his tail and then whip up into the clouds.

“Let's see what that son-of-a-bitch is,” said Beaudrault, into the RT. And the flight headed up into the clouds following the streak.

Down below the clouds again, and Beaudrault spotted another streak.

“There is Boogie at 10 o'clock,” said Beaudrault.

“Let's have a look at it.”



## The COUNT

If anybody wants the candid opinion of that scrounging T/5 known as the Count, the boys in the AAF aren't all they're claimed to be. And he figures he's in a position to know because he's just crashed one of their parties and been



## Encounter with a Jet

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When he went to work as a machinist in a Walton, New Hampshire, factory making textile machinery, he was the one who had to wrestle the heavy engines all over the floor. Yet night after night, he would tear, fresh and exuberant, past his exhausted co-workers to keep dates with his girl friend, Priscilla, in nearby Nashua.

UNABLE TO FIND A "BETTER 'OLE" IN FRANCE, THESE U.S. ARTILLERYMEN BUILT THIS RUDE DOMICILE.



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Another time Beaudrault and his squadron ran into twenty-five ME 109s over Paris. A tremendous dogfight developed. But right off the bat, five of Beaudrault's eight guns jammed. The Germans left him alone thinking they would come back to dispose of him later. But they never got the chance. Beaudrault and the rest of the squadron accounted for nine of the enemy planes for the loss of one. And Beaudrault, with just three guns in operation, got one of the ME 109s himself.

On July 10th, Beaudrault's squadron was attacking an enemy ammunition dump near La Haye du Puits. There was a lot of flak. On the second pass at the target, one Thunderbolt was shot down. On the third pass, Beaudrault's squadron leader got hit. "Take the squadron home," he said to Beaudrault.

Beaudrault tried one more pass. As he zoomed in over the dump, a whole arsenal of 20 mm. flak came up to meet him. The P-47 trembled as if it had been slugged with giant sledge-hammers. But he hit the dump. The rest of the squadron got the hell out of there, writing off Beaudrault as lost.

Somehow, Beaudrault managed to put out some of the fire in the cockpit, and got the plane back under control. He headed toward the beach, and then north, to what he thought were our lines. Just over the beach, the engine quit, and the heavy Thunderbolt dropped. Beaudrault caught the flash of an open field and put the plane into it at 150 miles per hour. A big thick tree stump got in the

There is booze at 10 o'clock, said Beaudrault. "Let's have a look at it."



## The COUNT

If anybody wants the candid opinion of that scrounging T/5 known as the Count, the boys in the AAF aren't all they're claimed to be. And he figures he's in a position to know because he's just crashed one of their parties and been tossed out on his tail.

It all happened one night last week when the Count was hanging around a pub near his camp, waiting for someone to buy him a drink. Some chaps from a nearby bomber base had engaged a private room in the joint and were staging a 100-mission party there, complete with packages of cigarettes lying around and bottles all over the place. "It was a fine example of good fellows getting together far from home," the Count told us a few days later. "From me point of view, it seemed the perfect set-up."

It seemed so perfect, in fact, that the Count pinned on the wings he keeps handy for such occasions, massaged his hat to give it the proper 1,000-mission crush, and barged in. "The boys were extremely friendly to me at first," he continued, looking at us sadly through two beautiful shiners. "Perhaps I might even say they was too friendly, for they plied me with alcohol in quantities what I should of known better than to accept. But I did not want to offend anyone by refusing a drink—and, besides, it was free."

The Count, it seems, became so muddled that he lost his customary dexterity at cadging cigarettes, and the first sign of trouble came when a couple of the flyers caught him at it, frisked him, and found his pockets bulging with ten packs he'd swiped.

"But what seemed to really get under their skins," the Count explained, with pained surprise, "was a remark I made which some of them guys appeared to think was controversial. It was me contention that flyers is the lucky ones these days because they is out of England half the time and that a ground guy like me has the rugged deal because he is stuck here 24 hours a day, a perfect target for doodlebugs. And just for that, these jerksees gives me the old heave-ho—a regular bum's rush, no less!"



Boogie is the pilot's jargon for unidentified aircraft. They took off again using water injection to get their speed up over 400 miles per hour and this time the flight got split up in the overcast. Beaudrault and his wing-man, Lt. Pete Peters, were the only ones chasing the Boogie now.

The Boogie was playing around. It seemed to slow down and let them come within range. Then it whipped around and passed within 150 yards.

"It's got wings like a C-47," said Beaudrault.

"Yeah, but no C-47 ever traveled along at 500 miles per hour," said Peters.

"It's got a tail like a P-51," said Beaudrault.

"You never saw any P-51 with paint, hop like that," said Peters.

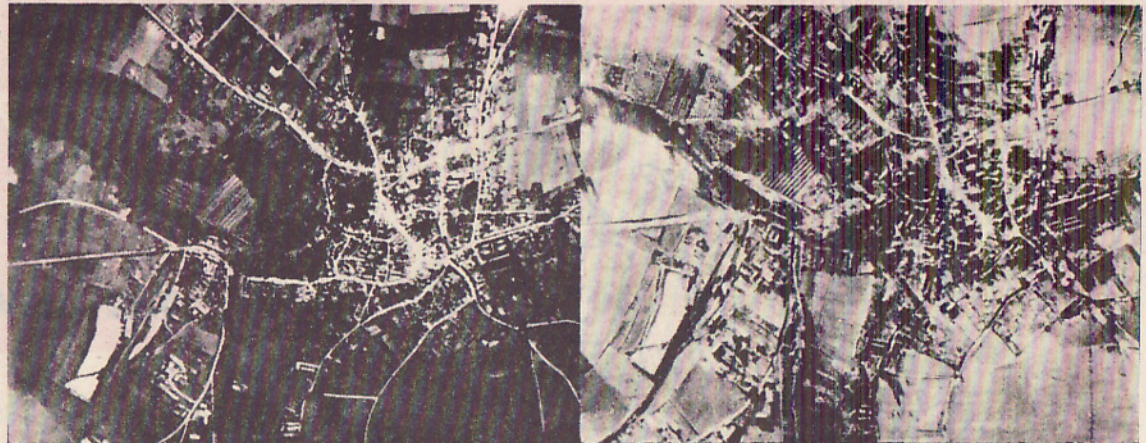
Beaudrault looked closer at the Boogie. It wore the conventional *Luftwaffe* dark camouflage. Just barely visible were the German black cross wing markings.

"Let's go," said Beaudrault.

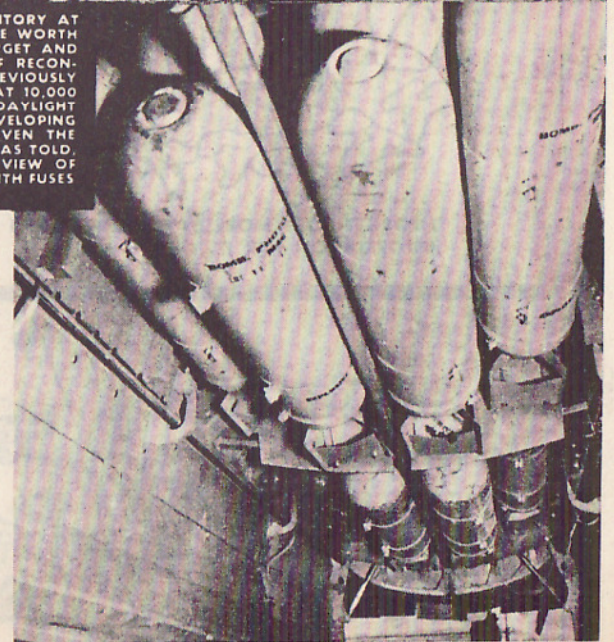
And down they went after the Boogie. There was a flash of white smoke from each of the Boogie's two engine nacelles, and the German plane pulled away from them. It whipped around and dived down on Beaudrault, with its cannon blinking.

"Well I'll be damned," said Beaudrault, and he pulled his P-47 into as tight a turn as he could manage. The Boogie went tearing by, travelling too fast to turn with him. Beaudrault pulled up waiting to see what would happen next.

The Nazi pilot, infuriated, came back again. Then again. Each time, Beaudrault waited until the last minute and then turned inside. Each time, the German plane would flash harmlessly by. Finally, the battle had worked itself down onto the deck. That's where Beaudrault wanted it to be. The white puffs of smoke from the enemy plane suddenly stopped. The German was out of fuel. Now it was Beaudrault's turn to pounce. The German, in a 300-mile-per-hour glide, tried to take evasive action by slipping from side to side. Beaudrault moved in close for a final burst. Just as he was about to fire, the German slipped sideways a little too much, and hit the ground. There was a tremendous explosion. Beaudrault made a pass over the field, but there was nothing left but a fearfully



TAKING AERIAL FLASHLIGHT PICTURES OVER GERMAN TERRITORY AT NIGHT REQUIRES A LOT OF INGENUITY, BUT THE RESULTS ARE WORTH IT IN CLARITY. USING FLASH BOMBS TO ILLUMINATE THE TARGET AND AN EXTREMELY FAST LENS, CAMERAMEN OF AN 8TH AAF RECONNAISSANCE UNIT ARE GETTING SHOTS THAT WERE PREVIOUSLY UNOBTAINABLE. THE TWO PHOTOS ABOVE WERE SNAPPED AT 10,000 FEET OVER BRETEUIL, FRANCE—THE ONE AT THE RIGHT IN DAYLIGHT AND THE ONE ON THE LEFT, AT NIGHT, UNDER EXACT DEVELOPING AND PRINTING CONDITIONS. THE NIGHT PHOTO SHOWS EVEN THE TREE SHADOWS ALONG THE ROAD. A LAYMAN, UNLESS HE WAS TOLD, WOULDN'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE. AT LOWER RIGHT IS A VIEW OF THE PLANE'S BOMB BAY FILLED WITH FLASH BOMBS FIXED WITH FUSES THAT WILL EXPLODE IN MID-AIR.



burning fire, and shining pieces of aluminum scattered over three acres.

Beaudrault picked up his wing-man who was also being chased by one of the strange German planes, and headed for home.

The first thing he did when he got back was to look at the Aircraft Recognition folder in the Intelligence tent, to see what he got mixed up with.

The next thing was to set rules for himself if he should ever run into one of the German jet jobs again. The rules were:

- (1) A good pilot in a good orthodox ship can out-manuever and turn inside the jet job.
- (2) Eventually, the jet's limited fuel will run out and you have got him.

After that Beaudrault wrote to his girl and went to chow, and then hit the sack.

—By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON  
YANK Staff Correspondent

## STRICTLY G.I.

### B-29 Fire Control

The War Department lifted the lid on one of its biggest secrets when it released details of how the B-29's system of remote fire control for 12 machine-guns and a 20mm. cannon works.

Electronics is the magic that allows B-29 gunners to ride comfortably in pressurized cabins instead of hunching in a turret. The Superfort has five turrets with a gunner's sighting station for each, but one gunner may control as many as three turrets at a time. Gun control may be shifted from gunner to gunner in as many as 30 different combinations. Thus, if one or more gunners are killed, other gunners

Gravity also has to be reckoned with. At the same 800-yard range at 30,000 feet a .50 caliber bullet will drop 4.6 yards.

Unless these corrections were made, the bullets fired from a B-29 would pass 122 yards behind and almost 14 feet below their target, assuming the Superfort was flying 250 mph. at 30,000 feet and the enemy aircraft was traveling 400 mph. at 800 yards' distance.

Up to now remote fire control of a single top turret has been used in the P-61 fighter and the chin turret of the B-17 is operated remotely.

### Reemployment Application

been discharged because of wounds or disability suffered in line of duty. They get two years' credit, on the theory that they would otherwise have remained in service that long.

These provisions apply not only to Alaska but to states that still have lands open for homesteading. You can find out whether your state has any such land available by writing to the General Land Office, Washington, D.C. Most land available in the States is suitable only for grazing, but there are many thousands of acres in Alaska that can be proved up for agricultural purposes.

### ACE Recruitments



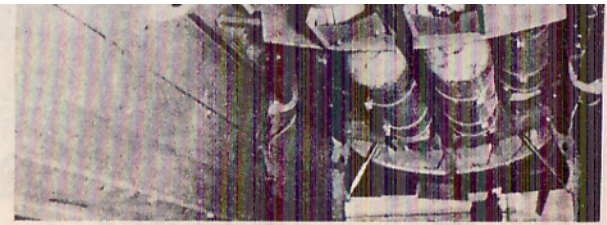
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It works like this: Each gunner sights through a small box, open at both ends and containing a slanting glass. When the gunner sees an enemy plane, he registers its size on his sight and focuses a circle of dots on its image from tip to tip. From this—the size of the enemy plane and the circle—an electrical computer automatically figures the range. The speed of the enemy plane is also automatically computed from the range and the movement that has to be imparted to the sight in order to hold the image within the circle.

The gunner moves the sight by two handles. His trigger switch is on the left, the action switch on the right. When the gunner presses the action switch, the turret that he controls is in operation. The sighting equipment is so devised that the gunner can stay relaxed and have no trouble keeping a swiftly moving plane within the circle of dots.

The navigator has instruments showing altitude, outside temperature and the B-29's air speed. He sets dials that permit the computer to determine air density. This is important in determining how the bullet's path will be curved by windage.

The "brain" of the entire system is the computer, a little black box that receives electrical impulses representing information on range and speed of the enemy plane, its angle from the B-29, the B-29's own speed and air density. The computer's job is to figure instantaneously where the bullet and enemy plane will meet and correct the aiming of the guns.

While a .50 caliber bullet is traveling 800 yards at 30,000 feet altitude, an enemy fighter going 400 mph. at the same height will move forward 110 yards. The computer provides the correct extent of lead.

A bullet fired broadside from a B-29 moving 250 mph. at an 800-yard range would be curved 35 yards rearward at 3,000 feet, and in the less dense air of 30,000 feet the curve would still be 12 yards.

Because the gunner at his sight is several feet from the guns that he is firing by remote control, the parallax angle must be compensated for by the computer.

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Up to now remote fire control of a single top turret has been used in the P-61 fighter and the chin turret of the B-17 is operated remotely.

### Reemployment Application

The President has signed a bill extending from 40 to 90 days, following release from service, the length of time in which a veteran of the second World War can ask for his old job back. The bill also says that men who are hospitalized immediately upon being released may apply for reemployment within 90 days after they get out of the hospital, provided their hospitalization does not last longer than a year.

### Transfers to AGF

Some 55,000 enlisted men from the Air Forces and 25,000 men from the Service Forces are being transferred to the Ground Forces in a program to be completed not later than the end of January. Men being transferred will not lose their grades or ratings as a result of the transfer, the WD says. Air and Service Forces personnel not affected by this change are key specialists, combat-crew members, men in combat-crew training and men whose specialized technical skills make them not readily replaceable.

### Homesteading Law

YANK ran a story some months ago about homesteading in Alaska, reporting that Congress was considering special provisions to make it easy for discharged veterans to stake out 160 acres of land for themselves.

Public Law No. 434, recently enacted, says that you can count your period of service in the military or naval forces, up to two years, as part of the three years' residence time required to own your own homestead. That means that if you've been in the armed forces for two years or more, you have to live on the ground you want for only seven months, the time regarded by the Government as fulfilling one year's residence.

If your time of service is more than 90 days but less than two years, every day you spend in uniform counts toward the three years you would otherwise have to live on the land.

There is also a special provision for men who have

been discharged because of wounds or disability suffered in line of duty. They get two years' credit, on the theory that they would otherwise have remained in service that long.

These provisions apply not only to Alaska but to states that still have lands open for homesteading. You can find out whether your state has any such land available by writing to the General Land Office, Washington, D.C. Most land available in the States is suitable only for grazing, but there are many thousands of acres in Alaska that can be proved up for agricultural purposes.

### AGF Reconversions

Excess personnel of other Army Ground Forces arms are now being shifted to the Infantry because of changing military requirements. These men are being retrained as basic riflemen for six weeks, with an additional six weeks for non-commissioned officers. AGF headquarters says that when noncoms of other arms are shifted to the Infantry because of the reconversion, every effort will be made to qualify them to keep their ratings and to do work similar to that they left. Excess Coast Artillery personnel are being converted into Field Artillerymen.

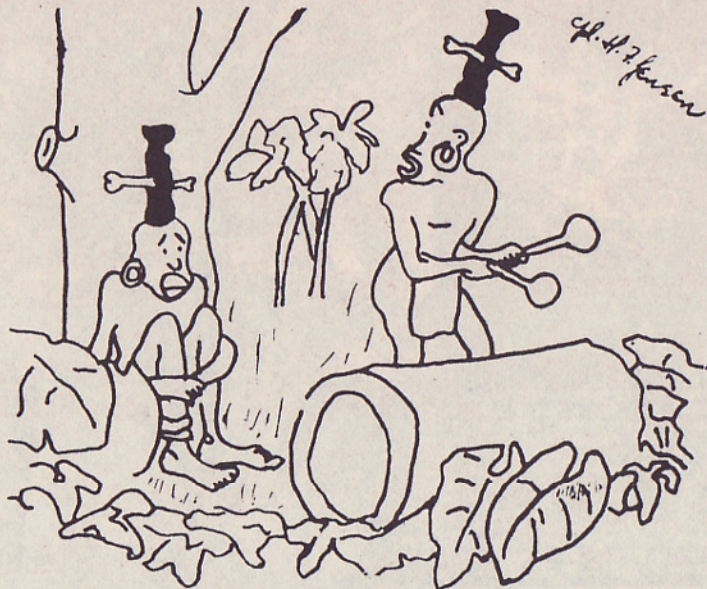
### Discharge Emblem

A new Honorable Discharge Emblem, a cloth device with the same design as the Honorable Service Lapel Button, has been adopted by the War and Navy Departments and will be worn on the uniform of all honorably discharged personnel. Worn as a badge of honor, it will be sewed above the right breast pocket of all outer uniform clothing at the time of discharge. (Honorably discharged personnel may wear their uniforms to their homes and thereafter at official ceremonies.) The basic design of the emblem will be embroidered in gold, with the background material varying to match the color of the uniform on which it is to be worn.

### Released to War Plants

Because of the urgent need for more heavy artillery, artillery ammunition, tanks and military trucks, the WD has authorized the release of 1,000 men from active service to help relieve the manpower shortage in foundries and forge shops. The men will be selected from those who have the necessary experience and will go to their jobs as civilians. The Army will have no control over them, but they will be subject to recall to active duty if they quit their jobs or if they aren't needed at the jobs any more. No man will be released who is assigned to an Infantry unit, who is alerted for overseas duty or who is less than 30 years old.





"I FORGET PORT MORESBY'S THUMP AND I HATE TO BOTHER INFORMATION FOR IT."  
—Cpl. Harry Jensen

# YANK

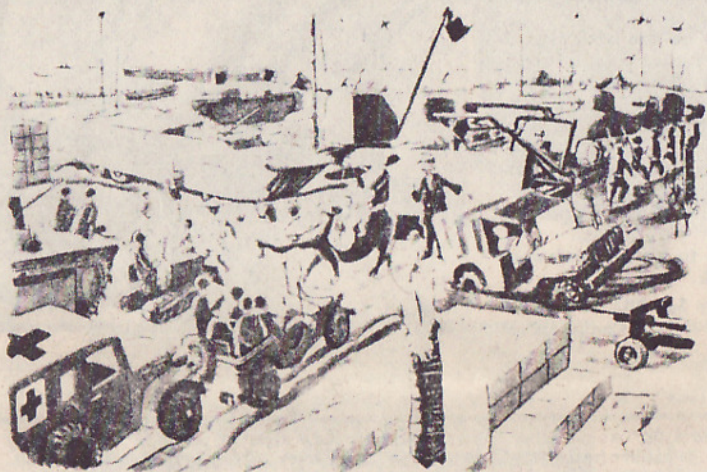
THE ARMY



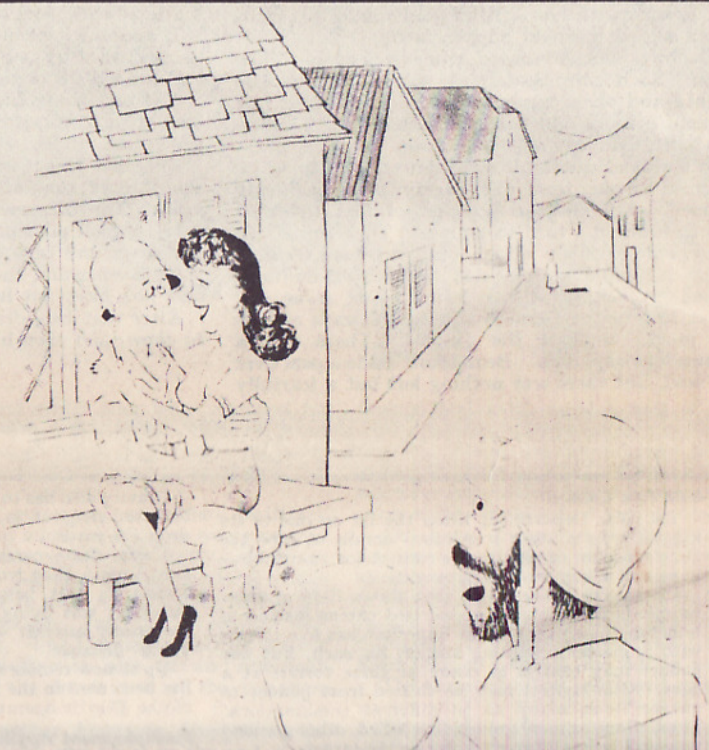
WEEKLY



"WELL, GRIDLEY, WOULD YOU CARE TO SIGN A STATEMENT OF CHARGES ON THAT CANTEEN?"  
—A/S Gerry Turner



"I KNOW! I KNOW! BUT IT WAS NEVER LIKE THIS IN TIMES SQUARE!"  
—Sgt. Charles Pearson



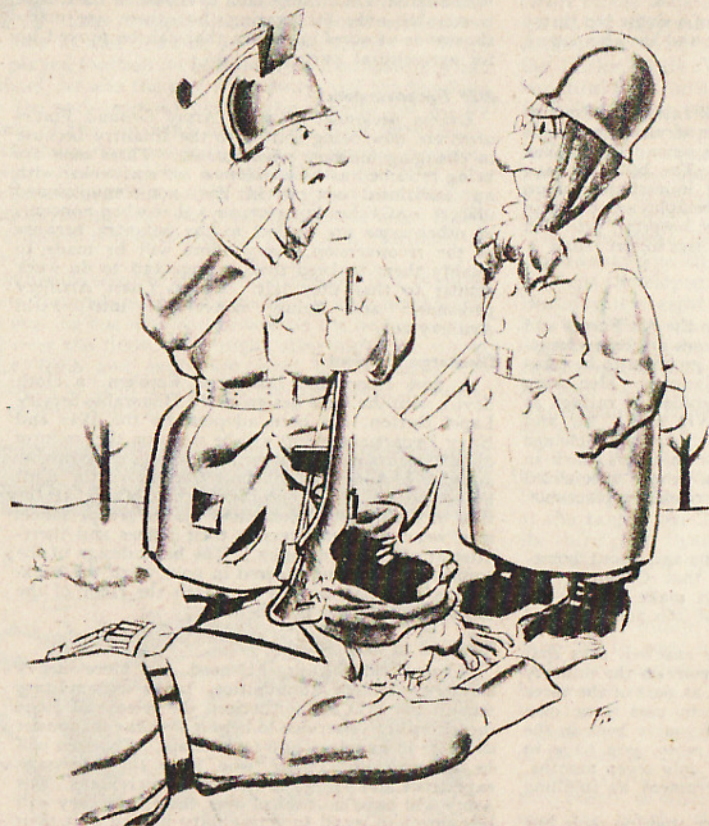




"I KNOW! I KNOW! BUT IT WAS NEVER LIKE THIS IN TIMES SQUARE!"  
—Sgt. Charles Pearson



"DEBS GETS ALL THE BABES SINCE HE GOT RID OF 1700 SHADOW."  
—Pvt. Sidney Landi



"GAD. THESE SS GUYS ARE HARD TO KILL!"  
—Pvt. Tom Flannery



"I'D OF QUIT THIS JOB A LONG TIME AGO IF I WASN'T MAKING SO MUCH MONEY."  
—Pfc. Frederick Wildfoerster