

# YANK

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







WINTER IN  
THE WEST

**GIs, Back From Russia, Tell of Moscow Visit**

—See Pages 6, 7 and 8





**As our men closed the German bulge, they found grim traces of those outnumbered divisions that first bore the brunt of the enemy onslaught.**

By Sgt. SAUL LEVITT  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**W**ITH THE 28TH DIVISION IN BELGIUM—What was once the two flanks of the Germans' westward bulge, created by their 50-mile breakthrough, is now a single front along a line running almost due north and south. The bulge is melting like snow in April, but as it recedes eastward it still spews artillery fire from its rear, like flame from the tail of a V-1. The Germans retreat with skill.

We are nearing the end of the story of the bulge, and as the battalions advance they are finding bitter traces of the beginning of that story. The men of the 5th, 26th, 35th, of the 80th, 90th and other divisions are finding traces of the men who took the blow in the beginning. They are finding traces in Wiltz, Ettelbruck, Trois Vierges, Diekirch. In Wiltz, the CP sign of the 28th still stands. Along the road the soldier passes a burned-out American vehicle. A 5th Division soldier finds a 28th Division

and maybe the men of the 26th, when they came into the town after the retreating enemy, found the Christmas trees and trimmings that Maj. Sorman R. S. Thompson had got for a Division affair. Maybe all up and down the front they have found the APO trucks that were trapped on the roads with mail and Christmas packages for the men of the 28th who were caught in the breakthrough. It was in this area—from Lukzkampen in the north down to the Sure River near Reisdorf—that the Germans hit the 28th Division on December 16.

On December 14, according to Lt. Robert Dale, liaison officer, Lt. Col. Gustin M. Nelson, commander of the 112th Regiment, which held the northern sector of the long 28th line, stopped on a hill looking over the Our River and said, "If the Germans attacked through here, I wouldn't be surprised."

The 28th Cavalry Troop kept bringing in routine reports of German activity across the river. From the 14th to the 16th of December patrols of the 112th kept reporting "Enemy motor movement increasing . . . Units reported chopping trees, construction work."

The weather was dark and foggy along the Our River around the middle of December. At night there was the strange eerie light of flares that sputtered out and the steady light of huge searchlights "that pointed up at the clouds and reflected down on us," as Pvt. James Vondes, of Hoboken, N. J., puts it. "For several nights," he said, "the lights

Communications went to pieces, with the wires cut and radios fading. Within two days the 112th Regiment on the north, unable to maintain contact with headquarters in Wiltz, was attached to the 106th Division.

The worst part of it was that the Germans seemed to know everything too damn well. They knew where the Regimental CPs were, not merely the towns in which they were, but the buildings in those towns.

At the forefront of that surge of German power, down in the south around Reisdorf, was Pvt. Gene F. McHale, of Archbald, Penna., a member of the division's recon troop who was on duty in a sector of Company "F," of the 109th. He was able to see that first flood of German men and tanks. From an OP east of Reisdorf he saw the enemy come. "Heinies, Heinies!" he said later. "My God, it seemed like thousands of them. And bringing up ammunition, moving up the ridge 500 yards from me."

The fog was breaking up. It was a cold morning, with German artillery falling hard and regular. McHale had a mortar at the OP. With his mortar and a crew to man it, he volunteered to work for "F" Company. "I told the captain we would fire mortars for him," he recalls, "if he got us the shells." The company supplied the shells and McHale kept firing, pouring his mortars onto the ridge road where an endless column of German infantry was moving. When he tried afterwards to get out, the main road to Diekirch had already been



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In spite of the guns there is simply too much silence in these snow-covered hills. From the 16th December to the 23rd December there was one of those terrifying blanks in news which left out something of the terror—of the last stands and lonely ends of many men who first met the German charge.

These were the men of the 28th Division who held the thinnest part of our long western line. They were strung out over some 25 miles along the Our River, which separates Belgium and Luxembourg from Germany. In some places along the Our these men had broken across into Germany and held some of the pillboxes that are dug into the hills on the western bank of the river. Understrength and "resting" after the bitterness of the war in the Huertgen Forest, the 28th was dug in along 25 miles of up-and-down country. The soldiers called it the Siegfried Boulevard because from many points on the hills they could look across into the teeth of the Siegfried Line.

Behind this front were pleasant Luxembourg towns, where the men of the 28th bivouacked, had their command posts and rest center, and got to know the local bars and local girls. They knew Wiltz, where the Division CP was, and they knew Ettelbruck, where the 109th had its headquarters. But the town they liked best was Clervaux. Clervaux was a good town, as soldier's towns go behind the front. The best thing about it was the Park Hotel, which is set halfway up a hill and which the 28th was using as a rest center. There were bars, a Red Cross Club, and dances there.

Christmas was coming on, and though Christmas can never be too good at the front, there were at least a promise of turkey dinners, mail and packages from home. The 109th had a dance scheduled at Ettelbruck, down near what was the southern flank of the 28th line. Wiltz had some festivities scheduled,

the APO trucks that were trapped on the roads with mail and Christmas packages for the men of the 28th who were caught in the breakthrough. It was in this area—from Lukzkampen in the north down to the Sure River near Reisdorf—that the Germans hit the 28th Division on December 16.

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"Like the Fourth of July at Riversview Park," said Pvt. Adolph Antos, of Chicago.

At Division HQ in Wiltz, on the 16th, phones rang to bring reports of German patrols that were heavier than usual and of artillery barrages that rose in one sector to 400 rounds within 20 minutes. Even this, though, did not look like a breakthrough. "After all," said the officer who handled the calls that morning, "there have been times when we've thrown more artillery than that in and had heavier-than-usual patrols out."

But before mid-afternoon of the 16th the enemy's artillery and patrol prelude had turned into columns of men and Tiger tanks. The Germans had struck up and down the long front, including the 28th Division's sector. At the north, the 106th Division was to suffer tragic casualties of wounded, killed and missing—more than 8,000. South, the 4th Division met the assault. In the center, the 28th received the impact of "elements of more than seven divisions." By nightfall the Germans had made their greatest gains through the center of the thin line—a penetration between Vianden and Dasburg to Hosingen, which is about a mile west of the Our. Clervaux, Wiltz and Ettelbruck were threatened. The power was on and it was not to be turned off for 10 long, bloody days.

**B**y the 18th, the situation was what military men call "fluid," which is all right if you are on the advancing end. But on the receiving end, the word "fluid" means something like everything going to hell in a hurry, with nobody knowing where anybody else is and the map whirling around and around until the enemy is behind you when he should be in front of you.

The worst part of it was that the Germans seemed to know everything too damn well. They knew where the Regimental CPs were, not merely the towns in which they were, but the buildings in those towns.

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**T**wo women called out to McHale like a chorus of doom as he went down that road. "The Americans are kaput," they shrieked.

"If I'd had the time," declared Mike, "I would have gotten out of the jeep and whacked 'em. So help me."

Clervaux, farther north, was under artillery fire, but the rest center was still functioning. A sergeant of a recon troop, whom the other men called "Luscious," took a girl up into the pleasant hills that border Clervaux. It was a thick, foggy day, but the sergeant and his girl didn't mind the weather too much. They sat down under a small pine tree in a little wood. At 11 o'clock on the morning of the 16th, Luscious saw columns of Germans moving down the hills on both sides of the woods. His girl proved quite a problem. "She was frightened near to death," he says, "and I had to keep her from hollering." At 4 o'clock in the morning, the girl went one way and Luscious the other, cutting across country to Ulflingen. Like most of the soldiers caught among the streaming columns of Germans, Luscious moved under the great shadow of the Nazi drive without quite grasping its meaning. Near the outskirts of Clervaux he stopped at a house where he was able to take a bath. By the time he had finished, small-arms fire was breaking around him. Luscious kept going to his recon troop HQ at Eschweiler—and made it by 10 o'clock next day.

Clervaux—the rest center, the little resort town with ten hotels—was crumbling under artillery and tank fire. On the 17th of December, a Red Cross girl named Margaret Peggy Henry, of Columbus, Ohio, got caught in the German advance on the town. The boys at the camp mustered into units to



# THIN LINE

defend the town, and took care of her as well as they could. "Every time a tank fired up the street," she says, "somebody pushed me around a corner or stood in front of me to shield me. My gosh, those tanks were firing straight down the street."

The tanks were firing at the regimental HQ in a chateau. Pfc. Carl Fischer, of the Military Government Civil Affairs Section, got out of Clervaux at the very end. One of the Tiger tanks rolling down the hills came right to the chateau. Fischer got to the second floor of the building, with four men of his section behind him. A shell burst and Fischer didn't see them again. He made it out of a door which opened onto the hillside and headed for the valleys, knowing that the Germans would move along the ridges. The last Fischer saw of Clervaux—of the Clervaux which Major Thompson had described as a beautiful town "lying among those hills like a cupful scooped out of a bowl of custard"—fires and flares were lighting up its dark, cloudy night sky.

Fischer reached Wiltz only to find the same thing in there. For Wiltz was part of the center, the thinly held center section of the 28th's line. That center was going, and caving in with it was the 110th Regiment. Hour by hour, from the 16th December onwards, the 110th, though digging in and making many last stands in squad and platoon and company strengths along its front, was breaking down. With its attached artillery and tanks, it fought on, no longer, after a day and a half, in organized battalions but as elements, and the elements might number anywhere from one man to 50 men.

"K" COMPANY of the 110th, for example, fought infantry and 20 tanks at Hosingen. On the night of the 17th, a radio voice from "K" Company to Battalion told Maj. Harold F. Milton, of Jasper, Fla., that the situation was critical. The major ordered withdrawal.

"We can't get out," said the voice.

At 0955 of the 18th, another voice from "K" Company came on.

"Down to our last grenades," said the voice, "We've blown everything there is to blow except this radio. It goes next."

The voice cursed the Germans and the microphone at Battalion vibrated with the cursing. The voice stopped and "K" Company was permanently off the air.

From Eselborn, from wherever men still remained, they pointed now towards Wiltz, which was Division Headquarters. The Germans were streaming through on all the roads. Under instructions, men of the

T/5 Chandler H. Cpts, of Kannapolis, N. C., went down the road out of Eschweiler on patrol. Behind the vehicles in the patrol there was the rumble of German tanks and Cpts could see their red and green pin-point lights. But the tanks never fired because the patrol was moving around horse-shoe curves so fast that the big rifles of the Tigers could never get set for a shot.

The men of the 110th, after slogging through the back country and reaching Wiltz, still could not rest. With the Division Headquarters men, they got into the line around Wiltz. "And that meant Gs, too," says Major Thompson. "G-1, 2, 3 and 4. All of them." They called this defense "Task Force Caraway" after its commander, Lt. Col. Forrest L. Caraway. Typists, clerks, bakers, bandmen—everybody was in the line, taking up positions on the hills around the town.

Carrying a small cane, Maj. Gen. Norman D. Cota, the division commander, went from position to position, talking to his men. "He acted as if he were on maneuvers," says Maj. Thompson. "He always sings and whistles something when the going's tight. He said to me 'How's business?' and then walked up the road under shellfire."

Pfc. Leo B. Schwierjohann, who is big, blond and blue-eyed ("I guess I'm what they call the Aryan type"), found himself standing next to a general at Wiltz. The general asked Schwierjohann if he was busy. "I've got a bazooka," said Schwierjohann. "The general was laughing," the Pfc. recalls. "I guess he ain't got a nerve in his body."

With a few hundred men, they held on at Wiltz until the night of the 19th, and then moved on to Sibret. The men walked and rode. And between Wiltz and Sibret as between Wiltz and the river towns to the east, men disappeared into the night and were not seen again, for the Germans were blocking the roads. The hell was unending and it was everywhere.

Cpts, who had run a race in front of those Tiger tanks east of Wiltz, now ran the German gauntlet toward Sibret. He was a tough, angry boy on the night of the 19th, riding his vehicle, carrying a tommygun and spraying the sides of the road, "seeing Germans melting into the ground as we rode through."

East of Wiltz, T/5 Henry Dunnigan lay in a ditch for an hour, playing dead. "I saw a fellow moan for help," he says. "I saw a Jerry shoot the man through that was moaning. It was right at a roadblock between Wiltz and Bastogne."

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division moved again to Vaux les Rosieres, and on the 23rd, the remaining men of Division Headquarters and the 110th reached Neufchateau.

A hundred times through the country of the Our River they had dug in and fought. At Neufchateau there was enough spark left to rally the spirit of Christmas and New Year dinners. Jimmy Kondes, a 28th recon troop mess sergeant, fashioned a Christmas dinner for the skeleton force that was left of his outfit—Lt. Carl Huges and 26 men. On the 31st, the Germans tried to bust up a New Year's toast at midnight. "They delayed it for ten minutes with bombing and strafing, but we had it anyway," says Kondes.

Up north where the 112th Regiment was fighting—still fighting and never broken—there was a sort of Christmas celebration, too. The 82nd Airborne, with whom the regiment had fought for a time on the flank of the bulge, sent over turkey and fixings. The 112th didn't have a kitchen any more. They'd lost that more than a week before. The 82nd's turkey dinner reached the 112th a little cold, but it was all there, white meat and dark.

THESE are some of the things that happened to the 28th between the 16th and the 23rd of December as the Germans smashed through. It is clear now that it was not only the valiant action of the 101st Airborne and attached elements that broke the back of the German drive. All along those bitter roads westward from the Our River, men held the guns, pointed them eastward and fired. They were the tiny elements of friction slowing down the gears of the juggernaut which had expected to be in Bastogne by the 16th of December.

The 112th on the north held the Germans, the 109th on the south held them, and the small, obscure bands of men under young looies of the 110th, fighting in patches of woods and along curves of tracked country roads, held them. We know now that many obscure men who will never get bronze stars fought many obscure, bloody, little battles from the stone bridge across the Our River at Ouren down to Reisdorf, near the Sure River.

Men did things no one ever asked them to do, like the fellow named Jake Smith, a T/5 who went back to a busted-up convoy, got into an M-8 and drove it through the fire of a German roadblock. And there is another man, whose name nobody knows, who simply stayed at a multiple-barreled .50-calibre machinegun set-up and made himself a one-man roadblock against the German tide that ran over him, leaving him part of the big snow-covered silence east of Wiltz.

The big battalions have rolled the Germans back again. They have found the signs of the other men who fought here—broken guns, scattered supplies, a body under the snow, pictures of girls belonging to Pennsylvania and Ohio boys, Christmas boxes of hard candy. In the snow around Diekirch, a 5th Division soldier picks up a helmet with the red "blood-bucket" insignia of the 28th Division, and then slogs on toward the firing line.



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At 2 o'clock in the afternoon of Monday, the 18th, the sergeant named Luscious left Eschweiler, escaping eastwards. "I guess I'm a coward," he says, "because I had one round of ammunition left before I got out, but the others had none."

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"There were lots of trucks stopped on that road as I came through," says Pfc. Carl Murray, of Marion, Va. "Jerries had been raising hell. There were men lying around, wounded and dead. There was one guy shot in the stomach and I saw him die."

But for those who reached Sibret, on and after the 20th of December, it was still not the end of the story. Tired, hungry, frozen, the men fought here, too. Sibret, on the Neufchateau-Bastogne Road, was in the line of the German tide that was still rolling westward. At Sibret, hundreds fought back. The Germans attacked on the 21st. The

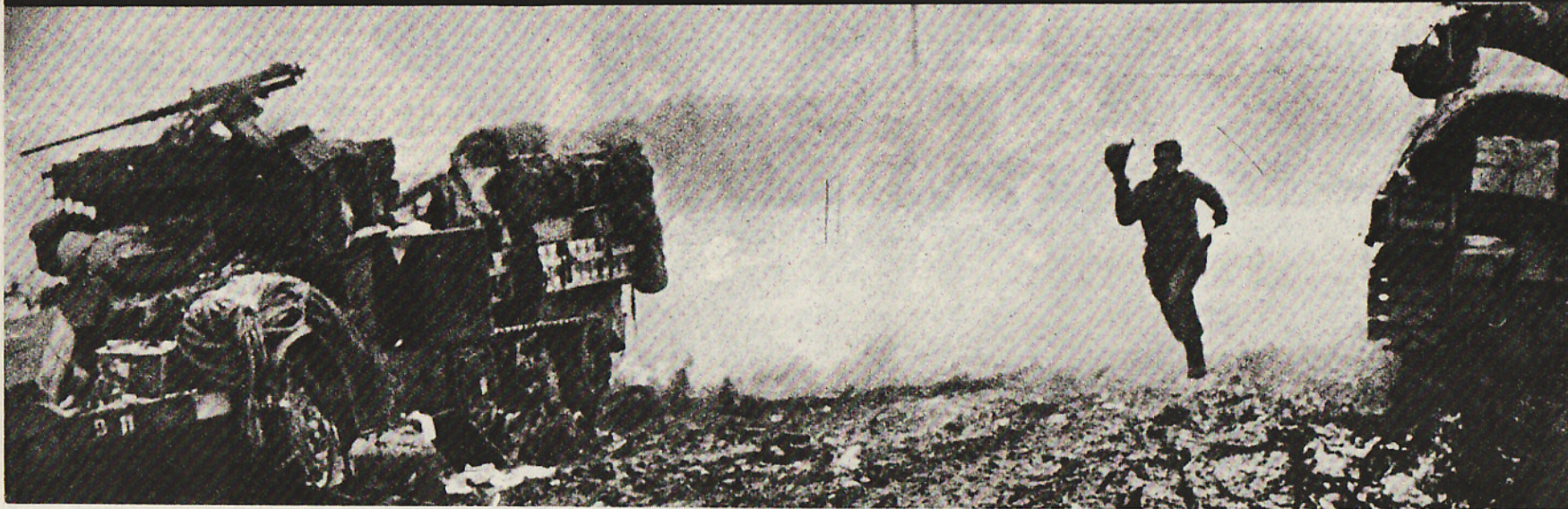
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"And tell Winchell," says T/5 Henry Dunnigan, "that the boys of the 28th didn't die down in them Louisiana swamps, either. He wanted to know what we were doing down there at Camp Livingston. Tell him that we didn't die down there, we died up here. It was boo-koo rough, it was boo-koo hell, tell them that. Where'd the Germans get everything? Boo-koo artillery and everything. It's over now, but I still don't know how we got back here. After what we had. Mud is what we had. I ate mud and sweated water. Boo-koo, man, tell them that."

IN THE CENTER OF THE ARDENNES BULGE. A U. S. SOLDIER DASHES BETWEEN AN AMERICAN HALF-TRACK AND A WEAPONS CARRIER SET AFIRE BY DIRECT HITS.





**You have time to remember, in the warm blankets of the hospital, how you got your wound and what it felt like at the time.**

By Pfc. IRWIN BASKIND  
YANK Field Correspondent

**F**RANCE—For the first time in what seems to be a lifetime you are no longer cold. The simple hospital cot beneath you makes you feel as if you were floating in air. The dry blankets cling to your still-tired body like the warm, furry collicie you used to hug to your chest. You try to recall all that has happened these last 10 hours. . . .

It is 1400. You have fought steadily for more than a week. From the moment you joined your outfit as a reinforcement, just before it jumped off on this new attack, your company has suffered badly. Your own luck in avoiding injury before this still amazes you. The rain and mud and cold have numbed your body; the 88s and mortars have numbed your brain.

Wearily you try to make sense out of the orders your platoon leader gives you. From out of the jumble of words you somehow perceive that you might have some rest. In front of you is a forest that Jerry has not seen fit to defend in force. But you can already hear the rifles of the snipers he has left behind to annoy you. The battalion is to clean out this woods. Two rifle companies move in. Your company, with heavy weapons attached, is to cover from the hills behind.

Your job is to offer security for a machine gun on the right flank. You curse this bad luck, for you are too close to a crossroads. Although Jerry seems to have no observation on it, you are enough of a veteran to know that he had it zeroed in with 88s long before you ever occupied the ground. You take your shovel off your belt and start digging your hole. You smile feebly as you remember the times in training you goofed off digging on a dry run of a problem like this. There's no goofing off here; this is no dry run.

Slowly you scrape off the ever-present mud and you grunt when extra effort is needed to make the hard ground give. You are grateful for the exercise; the exertion warms you up. The rain has stopped, but the sky is forever clouded. The cold is bitter. You stop only to light a cigarette. The acrid taste on your lips and the pungent smoke filtering through your nostrils have been your only pleasure since you hit the line.

You hear the whine of the 88 and you'll never

forget that sound. You drop your shovel automatically as you fall into the hole. It's something you've done many times, but this time you are slow. The ground heaves violently beneath you. Your ears protest under the concussion. Smoke and pieces of earth whirl before your eyes. You can't remember how many more explosions you hear. You lie on your stomach, hands folded under you, and watch the red blood flow from them.

Everything is quiet. You feel no pain. If it were not for the sight of blood, you would never know you were hit. Your first impulse is to swear but instead you sigh with relief. This has been something you have always expected and now it is all over. You start back for the aid station and ask your buddies near you if anyone else is hurt. You are the only casualty and now you really swear at your own failure to fall fast enough.

**T**HE aid station is in the village a few hundred yards behind you. Things have been quiet for the medics there today, and you are overwhelmed by the attention everyone gives you. The doctor examines your arms carefully. There is a sliver in your left little finger. There are small cuts below the right thumb and above the left elbow, and the fragments are still in them but too deep to be taken out here. A T-5 sprinkles on some sulfa powder and fixes the dressings. You drink the whole canteen of water with the wound tablets. Someone pins a tag to your shirt.

An ambulance comes by and picks you up. The only other casualty in it is a very happy, tired kid with a bandage on one side of his face. Shrapnel cut him badly but never went completely through the cheek. It will take a few weeks to heal, leave a slight scar and give him a good rest. You try to look at your own wounds in that way. You don't seem to be badly hurt yourself and you light up a cigarette, thinking of the warm hospital beds ahead.

You are at "Collecting." The dark-haired sergeant reads your tag and adds a few lines to it. He rips your sleeve with a scissors and jabs a needle into your arm. From all they have drummed into you about care after being wounded, you guess it is penicillin.

You are in another ambulance going to "Clearing." There are two serious cases with you—one with a bullet in the thigh, the other with the swollen black feet of trench foot. You reflect bitterly on the bad luck of the last guy. After all his close calls, the rain and the cold got his feet. It seems typical of the tragedy and cruelty of war. Nothing seems fair any more.

But your eyes are fixed on the kid next to you. He has a quiet voice with a trace of a Mid-West-

ern twang. You watched him climb into the ambulance. The doctors call it combat fatigue but the GIs call it "Blowing your top," a lot more descriptive term. He is so hysterical he can hardly walk straight. He sits in his place and rambles on about nothing in particular. You've never seen a guy so bad off. Suddenly his rambling stops and he talks calmly, coherently of what happened. You realize there are some things you will always remember.

You get out long enough to get another shot and a few more lines on the tag. Then you are in another ambulance but you are too tired to notice anything any more. Between puffs on a cigarette you try to reconstruct what has happened since you left the forward replacement battalion.

You sense from all the traffic and noise that you are in a big city; you've lived in one long enough to know. You guess it is Nancy. You say so. Everyone nods agreement. Your ambulance pulls up to a ramp and you hurry through the rain into a warm, modern hospital. Your eyes blink at the unaccustomed glare of electric lights.

Someone glances at your tag, gives you a hurried looking-over and leads you to a ward. Your mind has begun to function a bit and you ogle happily at all the nurses in the hallway. Another medic shows you to a cot and helps you undress. You lie down and watch the fellow who came in with you. He has already found a pan of water and begun to clean up. You look hopelessly at your own hands, their neat white bandages surrounded by a thick mixture of mud and blood.

**Y**OUR medic comes in with hot water. He picks up your hands gently, washes them as if he has done this all his life. You close your eyes in sheer delight as he strokes at your cold, dirty face with a warm washcloth. You feel like a kid as he scolds you for playing in the mud.

He puts a tray in front of you and you remember it is Thanksgiving Day. The medic apologizes for fear the food is cold. It has been prepared early in the day, waiting for someone like you to be brought in late. You smile gratefully as he scolds you again for not being in time for your meals. You lean back to enjoy your turkey and dressing. It's the first hot meal you've had in four days—since the night the CO's jeep brought up some hot stew. You chew carefully on each mouthful. You think of the C rations you ate the other day in your hole, not more than 10 feet from bloated, rotting bodies filling the air with the odor of death. The hot coffee goes down, and you imagine you feel its warmth in your feet. You relax with a cigarette.

Someone comes in to lead you to the X-ray room. You watch the sergeant fill out a card and you admire the air of confidence about him as he does his work with such a complicated machine, one which you could never understand. You try to strike up a conversation and ask him where he is from. You discover he lives a mile from your



Your job is to offer security for a machine gun on the right flank. You curse this bad luck, for you are too close to a crossroads. Although Jerry seems to have no observation on it, you are enough of a veteran to know that he had it zeroed in with 88s long before you ever occupied the ground. You take your shovel off your belt and start digging your hole. You smile feebly as you remember the times in training you goofed off digging on a dry run of a problem like this. There's no goofing off here; this is no dry run.

Slowly you scrape off the ever-present mud and you grunt when extra effort is needed to make the hard ground give. You are grateful for the exercise; the exertion warms you up. The rain has stopped, but the sky is forever clouded. The cold is bitter. You stop only to light a cigarette. The acrid taste on your lips and the pungent smoke filtering through your nostrils have been your only pleasure since you hit the line. You hear the whine of the 88 and you'll never

weeks to heal, but you get good rest. You try to look at your own wounds in that way. You don't seem to be badly hurt yourself and you light up a cigarette, thinking of the warm hospital beds ahead.

You are at "Collecting." The dark-haired sergeant reads your tag and adds a few lines to it. He rips your sleeve with a scissors and jabs a needle into your arm. From all they have drummed into you about care after being wounded, you guess it is penicillin.

You are in another ambulance going to "Clearing." There are two serious cases with you—one with a bullet in the thigh, the other with the swollen black feet of trench foot. You reflect bitterly on the bad luck of the last guy. After all his close calls, the rain and the cold got his feet. It seems typical of the tragedy and cruelty of war. Nothing seems fair any more.

But your eyes are fixed on the kid next to you. He has a quiet voice with a trace of a Mid-West-

face with a warm washcloth. You feel like a kid as he scolds you for playing in the mud.

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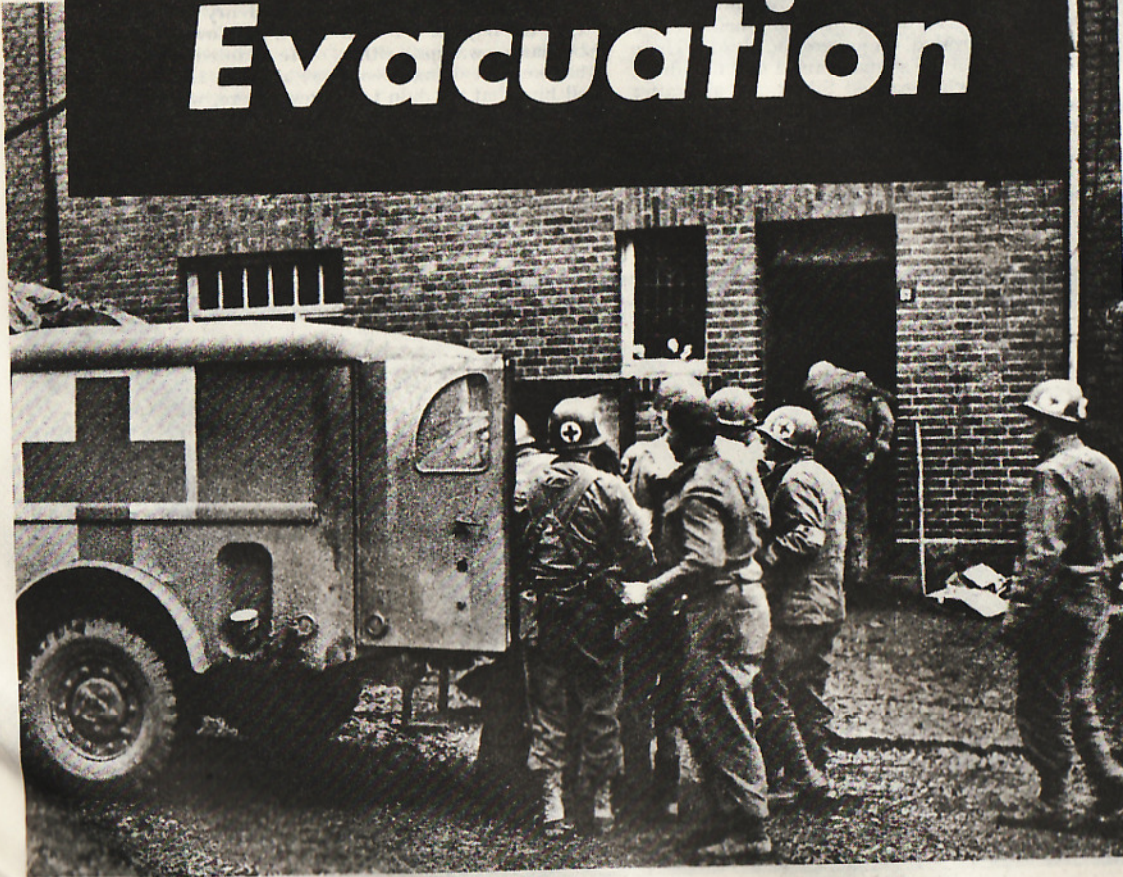
When your X-rays are ready, the doctor studies them a while and takes you to the operating room. This is one of the sights you'll always remember. There are six tables, all very busy. Doctors, nurses and technicians scurry about, and your natural fear of such a room is multiplied by the tension about it. There's work to be done and you are the work!

Someone swabs your arm with an antiseptic. The surgeon gives you shots to numb it. He picks up some instruments and starts cutting. You can't feel anything but warm blood on your wrist as he probes for the fragment in the thumb. He works on your elbow, and you stop watching him. You try to joke with the nurse nearby with a comment on how easy they go in but how hard they are to get out. Soon the surgeon's on your left hand and he tells you he gave up both pieces in the right. If he tried to get them out, he would do more damage than good. Anyway, you have two souvenirs of Germany—hard to show off but nevertheless there.

You are on your feet. A ward boy helps you to your ward. Your soft-voiced medic waits for you. He gives you another shot. All the jokes about the "hook" and dart boards rush through your head. He's got some sulfa tablets, too. It's 2300, so he adds some sleeping tablets, and you are very grateful for that.

Now you are in bed, turning all this over in your mind. It's hard to concentrate. You are still numb from concussion and the dope has begun to take effect. Suddenly you see clearly just how much you really have to be grateful for.

# Evacuation





GIs stationed near town are only ones in Iceland who take advantage of a pass and do the main drag.



# Iceland Ain't

By Sgt. JOHN MORAN  
YANK Field Correspondent

**I**CELAND—When the first soldiers landed here at the request of the Icelandic Government in the summer of 1941, they were surprised to find a country with little more December snowfall than New Jersey and only two months of the year yielding weather cold enough for ice skating. The chilly sound of the name Iceland was proved at least partly incorrect; only the permanent glaciers of the interior lived up to expectations.

Icelanders have done better with English than we have with Icelandic. Many children 9 and 10 years old not only speak English fluently but do pretty well with American slang, too.

GI marriages with the Icelandic women served to make friendships between Yanks and Icelanders even more cordial. There was an Army ban on these marriages until last spring, but since its relaxation some 75 GIs have taken local wives.

At first many soldiers lived in tents for lack of Nissen huts. The tents were OK in summer but gave little protection against sudden winter gales.

The Army training program here is thorough but limited by the rugged, barren terrain and the

tails for all personnel, but the outpost sentinels have probably the most difficult assignment of all. They are separated from their units for months at a time and remain on the alert day and night.

Social life for soldiers outside camp is limited by the small size of nearby Icelandic towns—when nearby towns exist at all. A popular activity is visiting coffee shops to enjoy the delicious pastry and cream cake. Restaurants serve familiar food, for Icelandic kitchen tradition is much the same as American. Icelandic beer is too weak for most GIs and isn't liked by most Icelanders either.

Although there are sightseeing trips, GI dances, soldier shows, pony riding (Iceland has no full-size horses) and fishing, many of the GIs prefer riding hobbies. One favorite pastime is collecting pin-ups; the men in a single hut boast 600 photos on the walls. Other Yanks make lamps from old shell casings, study correspondence courses and amuse themselves with their own broadcasting network. (A Special Service phonograph, a stack of records and home-made loudspeakers in each Nissen hut provide one camp with music.)

But the most popular hobby is watching the girls go by in town. The blond, blue-eyed Icelandic women are among the most beautiful in the world. That's the GI consensus and the opinion of Marlene Dietrich, no dog herself, who recently performed for soldier audiences here.

**I**CELAND is a neutral nation, without army or navy of its own, but the Germans ignore this. Last November a German submarine torpedoed and sank the *Godafoss*, Iceland's largest passenger ship. All but two of its passengers lost their lives.

If the Germans had occupied Iceland, the *Luftwaffe* would have been based within easy reach of Greenland, Newfoundland and eastern Canada. In the U. S., New York City and other large industrial areas along our own northeastern seaboard would have been within the radius of possible enemy air attack. Allied shipping to Britain and northward to Murmansk in Russia might have been cut off completely. Our great landings in Normandy would almost certainly have been delayed for months—or years.

Although Iceland is not a member of the United Nations, her people give warm support to the Allied cause because of the closer Icelandic-American and Icelandic-British relations developed in recent years and the kinship between Icelanders and the people of the Scandinavian countries now overrun by the Germans. (Almost all Icelanders are of Scandinavian ancestry.)

Following the torpedoing of the *Godafoss*, one of Reykjavik's daily newspapers declared: "There will be no peace and security on earth until these butchers (the Nazis) and their creed of Fascism are completely eliminated and until assurance is



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The first letters from home reflected the same popular view of the new base area. Wives, mothers and sweethearts asked for such souvenirs as caged live polar bears and walruses. They thought the GIs were living among Eskimos in igloos, in the kind of Arctic desolation they had seen in Adm. Byrd's South Pole movies.

Since those early days, the soldiers and—through their letters home—some U. S. civilians have obtained a new and more accurate picture of the tiny island republic. They know now that Eskimos, igloos, polar bears and walruses are as foreign to Icelanders as they are to the residents of Dubuque, Iowa, or Schenectady, N. Y. Icelandic civilization is one of the oldest in the western world and one of the most highly developed. Iceland has no slums, no poverty, no unemployment, no illiteracy, no capital punishment and, with a few scraggly exceptions, no trees.

There aren't a great many Icelanders—approximately 120,000, or about as many people as in Little Rock, Ark.—and the sudden influx of American soldiers caused marked reactions in almost every phase of Iceland's economy. The tremendous GI pay roll put more currency into circulation than the nation had ever seen, resulting in an immediate skyward climb of prices. Two native products, milk and butter, today cost more than three times what they did in 1940. U. S. cigarettes sell for three *kronur* (about 45 cents) a pack.

Despite this domestic upheaval, Icelandic-GI relations—a bit on the cautious side at first—have become decidedly friendly. Many soldiers are regular visitors at Icelandic homes and a few have even learned the language—no easy feat for Americans because of the different alphabet and the tricky pronunciation of Icelandic words. The

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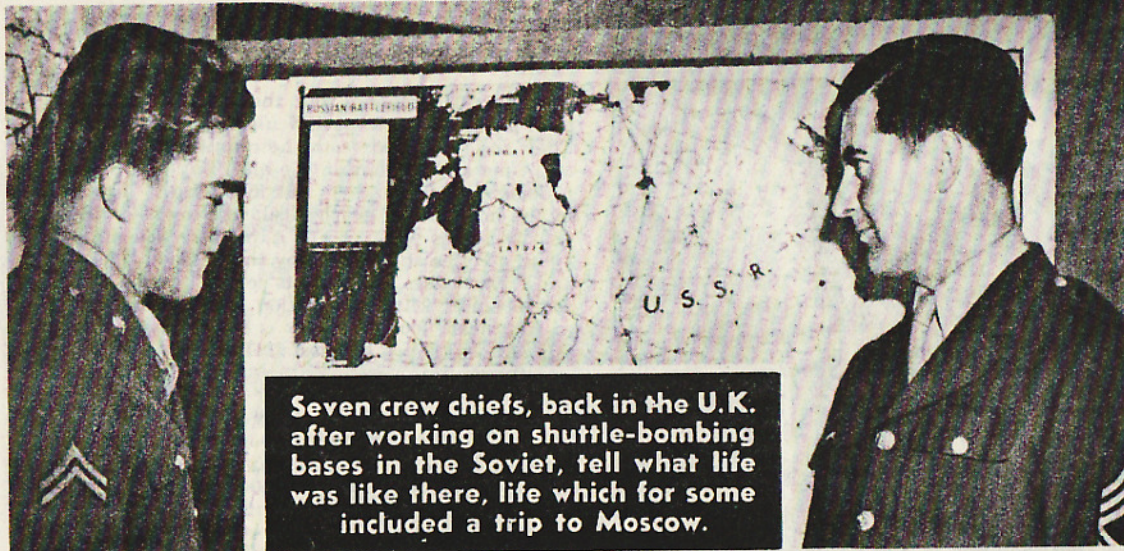
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Two young Icelandic girls (*stulkas*), dressed in native costume, walk beside a lake in downtown Reykjavik





AT LEFT, CPL. LEROY G. PIPKIN AND M/SGT. GUY C. ROBINSON RECALL SOME OF THE PLACES THEY VISITED IN RUSSIA.

By Sgt. JOE LOCKARD

ENGLAND—Several of the officers and men who comprised the Eastern Command, set up in Russia for the shuttle-bombing raids, have just returned to England and are able to talk about what will probably always remain the most memorable stretch of their lifetimes. It included the creation of airfields in the Soviet, an introduction to the Russian people and their customs, the ordeal of a heavy German bombing raid—and, for some, a trip to Moscow.

The journey began with a careful sifting of the men who had been sent to a United Kingdom Replacement Center as candidates for the trip. The men finally chosen had had an average of two years' service with the 8th AAF in the U. K. and were told only that they were to be envied.

On entering the Soviet Union last spring, each man was issued a passport to be carried at all times and produced upon demand. It described the individual, told the job he held, and where he was located. All bore an expiration date.

The men were stationed at air bases immediately upon arrival. The base nearest to the front was about 100 miles from the fighting. Among the Americans there who have now returned to the U. K. were M/Sgt. Estill H. Rapier, a former coal miner of Harlan, Ky.; Sgt. Albin J. Narlock of Milwaukee, Wis.; and M/Sgt. Guy C. Robinson of Medford, Mass., all crew chiefs. They found themselves comfortably housed in tents.

At a second base were four other crew chiefs, also now back in England—Cpl. Leroy G. Pipkin of San Antonio, Texas; Pfc. Martin F. Koski of Jersey City, N. J.; Sgt. Robert J. Rodgers of Philadelphia; and T/Sgt. Joseph M. Sorenson of Ducor, Calif. They lived in brick barracks once used by a Russian cavalry outfit. The Germans had occupied the quarters for a while, but had to get out so fast that

being severely wounded, she had been assigned to rear-line work.

The GIs had a lot of praise for the Red Army girls. "They are strictly soldiers," said Pipkin. "They share the hardest work with the men. If you ask for a detail, you're as likely to get women as men and usually it's mixed. They're swell workers and swell people."

"They're as far ahead of the ATS as the ATS are ahead of the Wacs in the kind of job they tackle," said T/Sgt. Sorenson. "They work as everything—truck drivers, snipers, pilots, artillerymen, engineers, mechanics, anti-aircraft gunners, clerks, just everything. They even pulled guard duty and helped enforce the city's 11-o'clock curfew for civilians."

"They get equal pay with the men, like in our Army, and they deserve it," added Rapier. "They're considered equals. A woman is as likely to be running the show as a man."

According to M/Sgt. Robinson, there was no funny business with the girls. "We weren't kept away from the Russian people at all," he said, "except that the soldier girls had instructions not to mix with us except in line of duty. The punishment for disobedience was immediate shipment to the front. Our CO explained this to us and they were such swell Janes that we just didn't want to get them in trouble. We just dated civilian girls. There were plenty of them nearby."

"And put this down," said Sorenson, waving a clipping of a story by Howard Whitman, a correspondent for the *New York Daily News*. The story stated that registered prostitutes were attached to the Red Army, that each man had a ration card for their services, and that these women were offered to the American forces. "There's absolutely not a word of truth in what Whitman wrote!" exclaimed Sorenson, and the others chimed in to agree.

As to the mixed nude bathing parties which Whit-

from any public place, proceed to remove the robe and take a bath. I also saw many swimming parties, but everybody wore bathing suits, just like at home."

Each crew chief had three Russian helpers assigned to him, all of whom had seen plenty of service at the front. Cpl. Pipkin's were Ivan, aged 23, whose home town was Rostov; Igor, 18, from Rzchev; and Peter, 16, from Moscow. "They were very intelligent people," said Pipkin. "We tried to teach them about Forts, and after two days they were asking questions that we crew chiefs couldn't answer. They'd take a tech order and memorize the various systems, such as the hydraulic, fuel, electrical, and so on. Then they'd trace it out for you and insist on knowing just why every nut, washer or bracket was there. They were very eager to learn and to work. You couldn't work them hard enough. If you weren't working them hard enough or long enough, they'd tell you about it."

According to Robinson, if a Russian officer passed a detail and saw that some of the men were goldbricking or taking our customary break, he'd fix it so that when you asked for the same detail again it would be reduced to the number of men he'd seen working. And all the argument in the world wouldn't increase it.

CRATIONS, powdered eggs, canned chicken and canned Vienna sausage were the main items supplied from the States for the American mess hall. This was supplemented by fresh vegetables, black bread and eggs, provided by the Russians. Borsht and other Russian soups became favorite dishes among the Americans. The fare in the Russian mess hall was principally soups and black bread. "Their best food goes to the front," said Pipkin.

About 15 per cent of the Americans could speak Russian before they entered the Soviet Union. Most of the others acquired some working knowledge of it later through daily contacts and evening classes conducted by S-2. Their chief difficulty was with the strange, 32-letter Russian alphabet. Interpreters were provided both by the Red Army and by our forces.

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"YANK and the *Stars and Stripes* reached us, but they were usually about three weeks late," said Koski. "We had to burn all American publications when we finished with them. We weren't allowed to let Russians see them. But they did get hold of YANK's pin-up gals."

The men went on to say that there once had been a distinct German minority group in the Ukraine which had been pro-Nazi. They figured that the Soviet Government probably kept American publications from the Russians in order to prevent



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"We were made comfortable with good beds, good mattresses, two sheets, a pillow and pillowcase, and two Russian camel-hair blankets," Cpl. Pipkin said the other day during a bull session at which some of the men who had just got back were describing the time they had. "It was a welcome change from our English aching-back sacks."

Cpl. Pipkin said that his group went to work building an airfield. All of the enlisted men were crew chiefs, clerks, or sub-depot men. They made a control tower out of airplane-engine boxes and five telephone poles.

The site had formerly been a German airfield, but it had been mined and demolished by the Nazis. The Russians had cleared the mines and regraded the field. Pierced metal planking had already been received, and construction of two runways and taxi strips started at once.

"Red Army soldier girls did most of that work," said Pfc. Koski. "Our crew chiefs and a few Red Army men helped them. The Russian soldiers work from sun-up to sun-down, and we worked right with them. That makes a damn long day. In the Ukraine at that time of the year the sun comes up at forty-three. But we wanted to do it."

The field was ready by the first of last June. About 300 Americans and about three times that many Russian Army personnel were stationed on it. The field also was an operational Russian base and Red Air Force planes were based there.

The Red Army personnel lived in barracks about a mile from the field and had their own mess. Russian civilian women served as KPs in the American mess halls and also cleaned the Yanks' barracks. One of them was a Polish woman who had been decorated a Hero of the Soviet Union for enticing German soldiers home with her and then killing them. After

enforce the city's 11-o'clock curfew for civilians."

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As to the mixed nude bathing parties which Whitman also described, Sgt. Narlock said: "I never saw any such thing and I used to go down to the river pretty often. The houses over there have no bathtubs or running water, so people do bathe in the river, but it's in the Saturday-night sense, no other. I saw lone persons come down dressed in a loose-fitting gown and, after going several hundred yards away

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The men went on to say that there once had been a distinct German minority group in the Ukraine which had been pro-Nazi. They figured that the Soviet Government probably kept American publications from the Russians in order to prevent any material which might help foster disunity from getting into the hands of the remnants of the pro-Nazi crowd.

"In Russia the people get their news through a 'Red Square' in each city or village," said Pipkin. "Maps of the world are put up, showing all fronts.





# YANKS IN RUSSIA



ABOVE, YANKS DETRAINING IN RUSSIA. A LAND FEW OUTSIDERS HAVE SEEN SINCE THE WAR BEGAN.

INSET SHOWS PFC. MARTIN F. KOSKI (LEFT) AND SGT. ALBIN J. NARLOCK, TWO OF THE GIs BACK IN ENGLAND AFTER SEVERAL MONTHS IN RUSSIA, LOOKING OVER THEIR SOUVENIRS—RUSSIAN RUBLES.

The actual battle-lines are kept up-to-date, and there is a radio running 24 hours a day giving them the news. The Russians wait for the Orders of the Day like we do for a World Series final score. They all have their favorite marshal and clap like hell if his Army is honored. Every house has a loudspeaker hooked up to a central radio set and some listen there instead of going to the local Red Square. They're interested in news all over the world and they follow MacArthur's progress just like their own."

Koski reminisced about the night of the Normandy invasion. "What a night!" he said. "The vodka

plenty steep. Beer cost 14 rubles a bottle, or \$2.80 at the official rate of exchange of five rubles to the dollar. Champagne was 117 rubles. "Yet no one ever went thirsty," said Koski. "And food was somewhat cheaper. A dinner consisting of soup, two steaks, three eggs, caviar, vegetable salad, fish salad, brown bread, butter, ice cream, and a glass of vodka cost \$5."

Pipkin said he'd been to the Red enlisted-men's canteen on a couple of occasions but that the big pastime there was too tough for him. It consisted of flinging around a 50-pound iron ball.

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Koski, who speaks Polish, visited lots of Russian homes—simple four- or five-room buildings put up by community "house-raising" to take the place of pre-war houses which the Germans wrecked when they left. The houses he went to were made of mud and straw, topped by a thatched roof. They were neat and clean inside, even though two or three families sometimes lived in one dwelling because of the housing shortage.

"The Russian women keep things very clean," said Koski. "They manage somehow, although there's hardly any soap. But this isn't true of the Russian men, and I figure that the fact that we kept





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Koski reminisced about the night of the Normandy invasion. "What a night!" he said. "The vodka flowed and the dancing and the singing were wilder than ever. They really pounded us on the back and cheered the Second Front." Narlock said the greeting to the Yanks was: "We'll meet you in Berlin!"

"They followed our breakthrough at St. Lo and the sweep across France the way we've been following their drive to Berlin," continued Koski. "They got to know Patton and they're nuts about him. They're all armchair generals, just like we are, and would stand around the square, study the map and try to figure where he'd go next."

"Each village has a movie theater which shows swell newsreels," said Pipkin. "The Russians are shown plenty of news, both bad and good. They don't cut out defeats or pictures of Russian dead. Their feature pictures are simple and true to life."

The Americans had an outdoor theater and the Russians sent them groups of entertainers who traveled with the Red Army like USO shows do with ours. "They sent us vaudeville, choirs, operettas, orchestras, and all kinds of stuff," said Narlock. "Sometimes as often as twice a week when we first got there, and we had a dance after every show. But they gradually cut them down as the attendance fell off. They were good, but you know how it is—the guys find gals."

The only sport the Americans played with the Russians was volley-ball. "They were okay at it," said Koski. "In fact, they usually beat us."

Apparently there's little gambling in the Russian Army. "There are only 32 cards in their deck," Sorenson said. "They don't play poker—nor shoot crap—but we didn't forget how."

Each base had a "Russian Club," which was built for our forces by the Soviet Government and was open from 1800 to 2300 daily. The clubs sold champagne, cognac, vodka and beer at prices that were

plenty steep. Beer cost 14 rubles a bottle, or \$2.80 at the official rate of exchange of five rubles to the dollar. Champagne was 117 rubles. "Yet no one ever went thirsty," said Koski. "And food was somewhat cheaper. A dinner consisting of soup, two steaks, three eggs, caviar, vegetable salad, fish salad, brown bread, butter, ice cream, and a glass of vodka cost \$5."

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The talk turned to the relations between Russian officers and enlisted men. "They work hard together, but they don't socialize off the job," said Pipkin. "All Russian ranks and officers salute each other and return the salute, and then quickly follow it with a handshake. This means privates salute corporals, and so on right on up the line."

"There's real comradeship on the job," said Rapier, "but there's no doubt that the officer is the boss. You can quickly see that. But every officer starts as a private so they're not rank-happy. The pay is graduated but the differences are not as great as in our scale."

**T**HE weather, the men said, was about like it is in our Midwest. It got up to about 100 degrees, but it wasn't bad. The countryside reminded them of the Midwest, too. "The soil is black as far down as you can dig," said Pipkin. "The land is divided into small farms, which are all part of big collective farms. The collective-farm manager gets the same pay as everyone else."

"But they're poorly equipped," Sorenson put in. "Around my base all I saw were crude, horse-drawn, wooden plows. They may have been mechanized before the war, I don't know. Probably they were, because I saw lots of machines in an area the Germans didn't reach. But those bastards took everything with them when they left. Oh, there were a few harvesters and combines that escaped them, but not many."

The number of languages spoken in the Soviet baffled the men. "You'd have to be a linguist to really get around over there," said Pipkin. "You'd need at least Russian, Armenian, Serbian, Yiddish, Ukrainian and German." German, it seems, is the usual secondary language in the Ukraine. Some of the GIs used it to talk to their Russian helpers.

Koski, who speaks Polish, visited lots of Russian homes—simple four- or five-room buildings put up by community "house-raising" to take the place of pre-war houses which the Germans wrecked when they left. The houses he went to were made of mud and straw, topped by a thatched roof. They were neat and clean inside, even though two or three families sometimes lived in one dwelling because of the housing shortage.

"The Russian women keep things very clean," said Koski. "They manage somehow, although there's hardly any soap. But this isn't true of the Russian men, and I figure that the fact that we kept clean and that our uniforms were neat is one of the big reasons we made a hit with the gals."

The Russians, Koski said, proved very hospitable. "I bummed around with a couple of other Polish-speaking GIs," he said, "and everywhere we went we were always offered food and vodka. Many times it was a full-course dinner. Girls would always bring us an apple, or something else to eat, when we had dates. They're a generous bunch."

"When we went to their houses we'd sit around in the room they use as a combination kitchen, dining and living room, and they'd tell us about their country and the war. There'd always be tea and vodka. They pour vodka into you like water and get really insulted if you don't drink it in a gulp. You'd better learn to drink it their way—or else don't go around."

"We'd give them American cigarettes in return. They loved them. But that wasn't strange, because Russian cigarettes are terrible. They tear a piece off an old newspaper and pour out a bit of a very lousy grade of tobacco, roll one, and light up."

From all Koski could discover, very few Russian women associated with the Germans during the occupation. "The fate of those who did wasn't pleasant," he said. "If they didn't leave with the Germans, they were sent to the salt mines in Siberia. People frequently talked of the salt mines and I gathered it's a place they'd rather not see."

Koski said that although the Poles and Russians knew that there was an ancient hatred between them, both felt it wasn't good for either. He told of meeting many Poles who were serving in the Russian Army. "You never hear anybody talk politics in Russia," said Robinson. "They don't seem to worry about things like the Russian-Polish border."

(Turn to next page.)



A GI CHATS WITH RUSSIAN CIVILIAN WOMEN  
WORKING AT ONE OF OUR SHUTTLE-RAID BASES.



Koski, who is a Roman Catholic, often went to Russian churches. "It's some branch of the Catholic church," he said. "They have Ukrainian priests and Mass is said. I saw plenty of Russian soldiers attending. There's Mass every morning and on Sunday, and a daily evening service. We'd hear the church bells ringing for it."

"There's a lot of religion in Russia," said Pipkin, a Protestant, "but you see it mostly at births, deaths, and weddings. A few Russians attended services conducted by our Army chaplain."

Pictures of Stalin and Lenin are everywhere, the men said, and Koski said he had seen framed portraits of Roosevelt hanging with them in several homes. He found no interest whatsoever in the Presidential campaign which was then going on in the States.

**T**HE men found the Russians quite impressed by the quality and amount of American equipment. "All motorized sections of the Red Army depend on American vehicles," said Rodgers. "They've developed a love for Studebaker 6x6s and call everything that's dependable 'Studebaker.' They use plenty of jeeps, too." Koski recalled giving two Red Army men such an exhibition of a jeep's agility in overcoming obstacles that they took him to town and got him tight, testing jeeps and trucks

two-acre American military cemetery at the base with three more of our men. The American flag flies there."

The men saw rebuilding and rehabilitation constantly increasing during their stay in the U.S.S.R. They noticed steadily increasing populations in the towns near their bases as the citizens returned. They think that Russia has a great industrial future.

"But," said Pipkin, "the Russians still make the man do the work. We make the machine do it. They've got a lot to learn, but they're busy learning. I visited a tank factory and an aircraft plant where most of the workers were women and girls. Their machine tools aren't up to our standards, but they work damn hard and get fine results."

The Americans thought that the possibility of future contact with their Russian friends was slight. "The Soviet government won't let letters be sent into the country," said Sorenson. "The girls can write out to us, but we can't answer, and you know how long that kind of correspondence lasts. We couldn't visit relatives, either. We were told to apply through channels for time off and permission to travel if we had any relatives we wanted to visit. One GI did, and shortly after his papers were passed up he was shipped out of the country. Apparently the Soviet government didn't

major with a Cadillac, and they took us to the Hotel Metropole. At four o'clock they picked us up for a sight-seeing tour which included the War College and the School of Medicine, and we had a quick look inside each with a Russian officer as guide. They're modern buildings, all right. Then we drove back through Red Square and went into the Kremlin where the main government offices are located. Finally, we visited Stalin's country estate. What a beautiful lay-out he's got!

"We went back to the hotel for dinner, and then had a choice of the opera or the Russian circus. I chose the opera. We were late in arriving and found that the performance had been held up 35 minutes for us and it didn't get going until after we were seated in a box down front.

"The next morning we started off on our own. I went to the place where the Germans had been stopped in their drive for Moscow. It's quite close. The Red Army just got them stopped in time.

"The Moscow subway system is the most modern in the world. I've been in New York's and London's, but this is super. It's noiseless, the stations are beautiful, there are good escalators, and all the attendants wear neat uniforms.

"They also have modern double-decked, trackless trolleys. Then there are regular trolleys—highspeed, streamlined cars. Moscow's an easy city to get around in.

"The buildings are somewhat on the Oriental style. I had a good walk around and went through two department stores, looking for souvenirs and got some perfume and bath water. The stores seemed to have enough practical things like clothing and boots, but the prices were terribly high. A pair of men's boots costs about \$1,500. That's because goods sold in these stores are over and above what a worker's rations entitle him to and can be bought only by those who earn extra by producing over their quotas.

"Then I walked to Red Square. It's a huge place where civil and military parades and demonstrations are reviewed by Stalin. Lenin's Tomb there was closed. There's a big statue of Stalin and pictures of all the famous marshals of Russia, past and present. The city didn't seem damaged, much, except in the outskirts.

"I had a look at some of the parks, and just bummed around in general. Had a look-in at a couple of art galleries, too, and then I went to a Russian circus. It's totally different from our circuses. More like a fun house.

"Several nurses had come up to Moscow with us and we'd arranged to see them. So that evening we went out to the American Embassy, where they'd been invited to stay by Kathleen Harriman, the Ambassador's 21-year-old daughter.

"We came in just as a diplomatic reception was starting and Miss Harriman invited us to meet the guests. All of a sudden I found myself getting a big handshake from Molotov, the Commissar for Foreign Affairs, and then from Marshal Rokossovsky, who'd been called to Moscow to be decorated. And from Ambassador Harriman, and the British



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The Russians thought the B-17 a fine plane, but couldn't figure out why such a big aircraft had such a small bomb bay. "They make bombers or fighters out of every type aircraft that flies," said Pipkin. "They've put a top turret mounting two .30-caliber guns on C-47s and used them as heavy bombers by kicking the bombs out the side door. They also use C-47s for hauling freight and for dropping paratroops. They compare the P-51 with the Yak, and that's quite a tribute coming from them, since they rate their Yak very high."

On June 2nd the fields of the Eastern Command became operational with the first shuttle raid made by Forts of the 15th Air Force coming up from Italy. The planes were quickly turned around and, with the aid of Russian aviation gasoline and bombs, did another job on the way home.

June 21st and 22nd will long be remembered by all. On the 21st, the first shuttle raiders from England came in. There was a whole slew of dignitaries on hand to greet them, including the U. S. Ambassador to the U.S.S.R., W. Averell Harriman; Lt. Gen. Ira Eaker, commanding the 15th Air Force; and Gen. Piremov, of the Red Air Force. That night the Nazis pulled a bombing raid of their own on one of our bases, making good "Axis Sally's" oft-repeated chant to the men of the Eastern Command.

"The thing I remember most," said Sorenson, "is the way the Red Army soldiers—girls and men—rushed across the airfield at the height of a raid on my base to fight blazing fires by shoveling dirt on them. What a job!

"One American soldier who'd been wounded on the shuttle raid was hit again while being evacuated during the bombing and died. He's buried in a

with three more of our men. The American flag flies there."

The men saw rebuilding and rehabilitation constantly increasing during their stay in the U.S.S.R. They noticed steadily increasing populations in the towns near their bases as the citizens returned. They think that Russia has a great industrial future.

"But," said Pipkin, "the Russians still make the man do the work. We make the machine do it. They've got a lot to learn, but they're busy learning. I visited a tank factory and an aircraft plant where most of the workers were women and girls. Their machine tools aren't up to our standards, but they work damn hard and get fine results."

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Koski found a few Russians who had been in the United States, but none of the men had met anyone inquiring "about my cousin in Milwaukee."

Rapier and Pipkin were two of the lucky few who got to Moscow, visiting the city as guests of the American Embassy and taking a couple of days to explore the capital. "I could have used a couple of months," Pipkin smiled. "But did I hit the high spots!"

Rapier said he didn't do much the first evening—just a little free-lance sight-seeing.

"Next morning," he went on, "I had breakfast in the Metropole dining room and while I was eating I noticed what looked like a couple of Japs at the next table. I called the waitress over and asked what nationality those guys were, and found I'd hit it on the head. They were members of the staff of the Japanese Embassy. I stared right at the bastards but they deliberately avoided my eyes. I kept it up until they raised their newspapers in front of their faces.

"Later I went to an exhibition of captured German war equipment just across the river from downtown Moscow. They've got everything there from German pfc. stripes to Royal Tiger tanks. I spent several hours there, and then went to Red Square and some of the public buildings. Then I chased through several department stores looking for souvenir picture postcards, but didn't find any. After that I had to go back to my base."

Pipkin was able to stay a couple of days in Moscow and had a more lively time.

"We arrived by plane at two o'clock in the afternoon," he said, "and were met at the field by some American officers driving limousines. I drew a

only by those who earn extra by producing over their quotas.

"Then I walked to Red Square. It's a huge place where civil and military parades and demonstrations are reviewed by Stalin. Lenin's Tomb there was closed. There's a big statue of Stalin and pictures of all the famous marshals of Russia, past and present. The city didn't seem damaged, much, except in the outskirts.

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"We came in just as a diplomatic reception was starting and Miss Harriman invited us to meet the guests. All of a sudden I found myself getting a big handshake from Molotov, the Commissar for Foreign Affairs, and then from Marshal Rokossovsky, who'd been called to Moscow to be decorated. And from Ambassador Harriman, and the British Ambassador, the Chinese Ambassador, the Soviet Commissar of Public Health, and lots of other Russian big-shots. I don't remember their names. I always did have trouble with those tricky Russian names.

**I**r was mighty interesting listening to those people talk. Some of the questions put to Molotov seemed kind of blunt but he answered them frankly through his interpreter. I got an excellent impression of him. We stayed around for a while, and then Kathleen told us the dinner to follow the reception would get pretty dull so we took off for town to see the Moscow night life."

Pipkin said he discovered four theaters in Moscow showing American films, mostly first-run stuff, but that our jazz was practically unknown in Russia, except for a few very special pieces, like *Bei Mir Bist du Schön*, to which Russian words have been written.

"A Russian band plays American jazz at Moscow's Hotel Moscow, though," Pipkin went on, "but it doesn't start till midnight, and you need a card to get in. But Kathleen had fixed us up. There were no other Americans there and, as we were the only couples dancing to this music, some gorgeous Russian girls began cutting in, wanting to dance American-style. Pretty soon the place was a madhouse, with lots of people dancing, and we were having ourselves a hell of a time.

"I was in Moscow the night that Stalin's Order of the Day declared that the last German had been driven from Russian soil. I'll remember those victory salutes as long as I live. What a scene! Vodka flowed like water and there was dancing everywhere in the streets. I'd give anything to be there the night the Russians get to Berlin."



## PEOPLE ON THE HOME FRONT

# Bernard Baruch

By Sgt. WALTER BERNSTEIN  
YANK Staff Writer

**T**HE very tall, white-haired man was turning off the heat in the large office on New York City's Madison Avenue. He went from window to window, opening them and adjusting the covered radiators.

"Too hot in here," he said. "Man can't breathe in all this heat."

He wore a dark blue suit and a white shirt with a stiff collar. His face was old but lively. He had deep-set, blue eyes. His nose was large and strong, and so was his mouth. He had all of his hair, white and fine and loosely parted just off center. He wore a hearing device in his left ear, holding the battery in his hand and fiddling with it as he talked.

He shook hands with his left and apologized. "I hit a man with my right when I was 68 years old," he said. "Can't use it much now. Guess a man shouldn't go around hitting people when he's 68."

He's 74 now. His name is Bernard Mannes Baruch and he is what is called an "elder statesman." An elder statesman is a sort of wise man to the government, whose advice on state matters is sought and followed because he is considered to be above petty politics and selfish interest. Baruch is of particular importance to the GI because right now he is giving advice on matters that may have a good deal to do with the kind of life a GI can expect when he gets home.

In the first World War Baruch bossed all U. S. production. In this war he was appointed by President Roosevelt to survey the rubber situation and later was asked to prepare a report on industrial mobilization and demobilization. Besides these little jobs, Baruch also acts as general consultant on the war effort, not because he is necessarily an expert on any one subject, but because he is a smart and practical man who has made a fortune by being smarter and more practical than most other men. This has raised him to as high a level as any American can go as a private citizen.

In many respects, Baruch is the average American, only several million dollars richer. He started with practically nothing, and he has become rich and famous by hard work and smart trading.

"When I began my career," he says, "I didn't

war than people to take them. Baruch considers the goal of 60 million post-war jobs set by President Roosevelt as entirely possible, "if we use half the sense God gave us."

He does not believe that even a period of temporary unemployment will be necessary once we stop producing for war. He feels, for example, that our war-increased production plant has a tremendous post-war market in the devastated countries of Europe and Asia. These countries will need food, clothing, machinery—the whole range of U. S. manufactured products. And Baruch thinks there will be no trouble about their paying for the things we make.

"If somebody wants to buy something and somebody has it to sell," he says, "they'll get together. They always have."

Baruch feels that greatly expanded foreign trade will be mutually beneficial in many ways. In the first place, immediate markets for American goods will mean that no plants will have to shut down and, Baruch says, there will be jobs literally for everyone. Also, while we are helping ourselves, we will be helping to raise the living conditions of the rest of the world; Baruch considers a good living standard all over the world a primary condition of any permanent peace. He feels that the U. S. can be a "leavening" force throughout the world and that a higher living standard overseas can only mean a better break for domestic business, since better standards everywhere will remove the menace of sweated labor competing with the

relatively well-paid worker in this country.

Right now, on a somewhat less cosmic plane, Baruch is concerned with returning servicemen. He doesn't think they're getting as good treatment as they should be getting.

"They're not properly cared for now," he says. "I'm going to make a hell of a fight for the veterans. I'm going to see that there's one place a veteran can go to in dignity and get what he's entitled to—one central place, where he can go and get everything he's got coming, and get it quick."

Baruch usually gets what he goes after. He works practically as hard now as when he was young, dividing his days between his New York office and the famous bench in a Washington park where he sits and discusses matters of state with Washington big shots.

When he was a young man, Baruch used to do a lot of boxing, and Bob Fitzsimmons once told him he had the makings of a champion. He hasn't done much boxing lately, but he follows fights. The last one he saw was the Louis-Conn fight, and he thinks Louis is a great fighter. Pound for pound, he will string along with Fitzsimmons or maybe George Dixon, who won the featherweight championship of the world in 1892, but he likes Louis.

"Louis is a terrific hitter," Baruch says. "You can tell from the way he holds his hands. He can hit from any position. Fitzsimmons was like that. He could knock a man out with a single punch." Baruch likes hitters; he is one himself. He believes in starting to hit when the fight starts and not stopping until it is over.

For him, this fight will not be over until Germany and Japan are licked and each American who fought is back in a job of his own choice. It is a little strange to see a man of Baruch's age so sure that this is possible, when younger and presumably more fiery men hedge all over the place, but it is very comforting. Not because Baruch is 74, but because he has a habit of being right.





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In many respects, Baruch is the average American, only several million dollars richer. He started with practically nothing, and he has become rich and famous by hard work and smart trading.

"When I began my career," he says, "I didn't have two nickels, one to rub against the other."

He was born in South Carolina, the son of a Jewish doctor who came from Poland in 1855 and then served as a surgeon in the Confederate Army. When the family moved to New York, Bernard went to City College. His first job—in 1889—was as a broker's boy in Wall Street at \$3 a week. By 1912 he had a fabulous reputation as a speculator and a nest egg of 12 to 15 million dollars.

Baruch is somewhat different from most self-made men. He feels that he has been successful not only because of his wits, but also because his country has been very good to him. This has made him intensely patriotic. About 10 years ago he offered the Army 3 million dollars out of his own pocket to help prepare for what he felt was approaching war. The offer was rejected.

Baruch can correctly be called a financier, but he does not like to be called an economist. He considers many of them talkers, not doers.

"Most of them are just a bunch of pipe smokers," he says. "An economist is a man who hasn't got two dollars, one to rub against the other."

Baruch also has definite ideas about the war and particularly about people who are making money from it. He has always believed that all profits should be taken out of war and has urged controls that would make this stick. He believes firmly in the alliance of the United Nations to win the war and keep the peace, by force if necessary.

GIs will be particularly interested in his absolute belief that there will be more jobs after the

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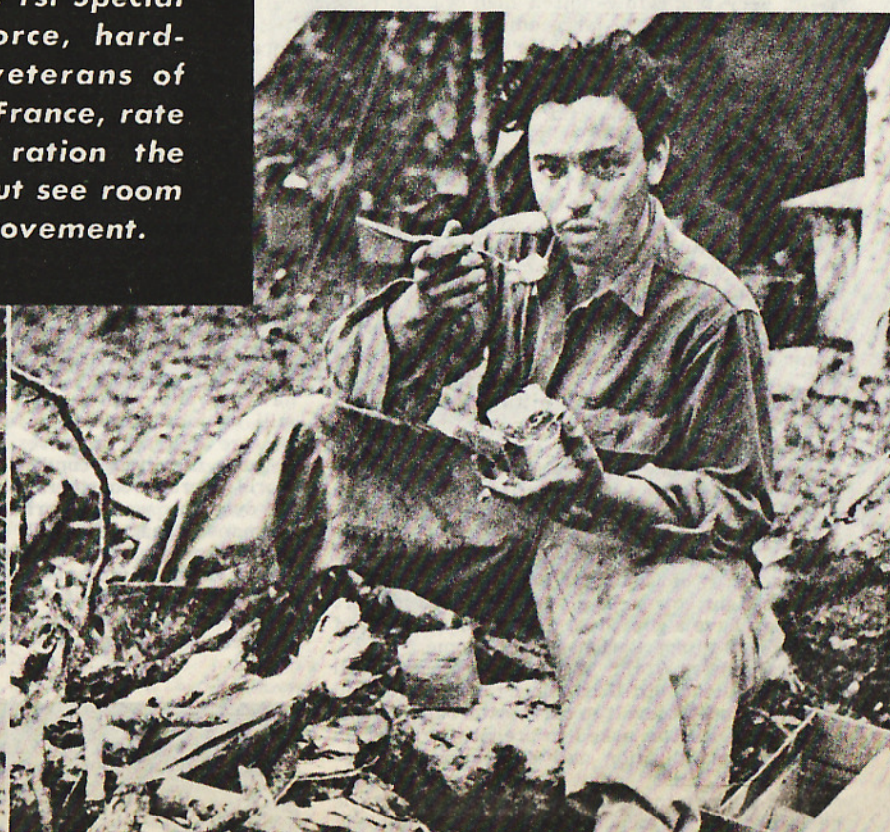
**YANK** *The Army Weekly*

**PVT. RICHARD HUYSE, Wallington, N. J.:** "I suggest more cocoa and Nescafe instead of lemon, orange and grape powders. And more caramels instead of fruit bars. The new luncheon meat is very good, much better than Spam. The vegetable and the English-style stew are very tasty. I don't like too much cheese because it makes me thirsty, and water is scarce. But, everything considered, the ration is tops. It has enough items so that something appeals to about every kind of taste that GIs have."

# RATIONS DE LUXE

*Men of the 1st Special Service Force, hard-fighting veterans of Italy and France, rate 10-in-one ration the best yet but see room for improvement.*

**SGT. MURRAY LEGGE, Prince Albert, Sask.:** "Put me down as liking the bacon and the roast beef, the ham and eggs; as hating the corned-beef hash and the fruit bars. They ought to use fewer dehydrated products. When water has to be brought on the backs of mules, anything that is dehydrated is wasted, since we can't spare the water. If they could include flour, that would help—there is plenty of bacon grease. The fellow that invented this ration should be recommended for a special medal."







**PVT. JOSEPH A. MANLEY, Nocona, Tex.:**

"The fellow who designed them must have been one of the boys. That little can opener is really a gem. We use the waterproof box that contains the cigarettes and sugar for catching rain water and would like to pass this hint along. The cigarettes are much appreciated. Would like more chocolate instead of fruit bars, because we could make cocoa, and some soda biscuits. And they might put in a little pepper. But it's already our best ration."

**SGT. ARNOLD BOUDREAU, Detroit, Mich.:**

"I like the corned beef but don't see anyone breaking his neck to get the corned-pork loaf. Would be a good idea to have more pineapple pudding, more cocoa instead of lemon powder and more caramels instead of Charms. There's no comparison between 10-in-ones and C rations or, for that matter, any other rations I've ever had. This has a variety of stuff that can be fixed up in different ways. It's about as well balanced a diet as I hoped to get."



## Dockwallopers, rail battalions and truck jockeys in the Persian Gulf Command have hefted almost 4½ million tons of vital Lend-Lease supplies to Russia, despite tough roads and killing heat.

**H**EADQUARTERS. PERSIAN GULF COMMAND—Since December 1942 when GI longshoremen, railroaders, truck drivers, engineers and a horde of other technicians skidded off their transports into the gooey gumbo mud of the Port of Khorramshahr on the Persian Gulf, this command has toted more than 4,380,000 tons of essential supplies to our fighting allies in the U. S. S. R. This figure and other statistics on the PGC have been made public by Maj. Gen. Donald H. Connolly, the CG, in a recent War Department report.

When American soldiers arrived, the monthly capacity of the two chief Gulf ports of Khorramshahr and Bandar Shahpur was only 95,000 tons. It took more than 50 days to unload a Liberty ship and get it moving back on the long voyage home. Engineers took over the job of extending existing jetties. They worked in heat that hit 170 degrees and better in the sun, but sun or no sun, and winter rains and mud notwithstanding, they kept on the job.

While the engineers worked to extend the docks, longshoremen worked beside them unloading the incoming ships, keeping the cargo moving. First white battalions, then Negro outfits

tackled the job of emptying the holds of Lend-Lease material for our Soviet ally. The heat cramped this job, too, and metal was so hot to the touch that men moving it wore heavy gloves. Still the longshoremen managed to break existing dock records and went on to break the records they had set themselves.

By October 1944 the capacity of the twin ports had been increased to 265,000 tons, almost three times the output when the Yanks arrived.

The railway troops, mostly old railway men from famous U. S. roads like the Pennsylvania, B & O, Union Pacific and Santa Fe, started their operation on a single-track line. Built mostly by the abdicated Shah of Iran, the road ran through desert and mountains. It had 133 tunnels in 163 miles, and the heat in the tunnels in summer with ancient British WD coal-burning locomotives was just a trifle less than suffocating.

The railway men were handicapped by lack of tools—the GI tools were delayed en route—and they had to dig down to the bottom of their barracks bags for old favorite tools of their own and make new ones by expediency methods in Persian railway shops before they could even assemble the shiny new Diesel engines that had

been shipped from the U. S. They got their Diesels put together and rolling, and railway tonnage rocketed.

In 1942, before the arrival of the GI hoppers, the road carried 165,555 tons. In 1943, while the road and its equipment were still undergoing reconversion and repair by the Yanks, the figure jumped to 894,767 tons. In the first 10 months of 1944, an all-time record of 1,344,151 tons rolled from the Gulf north to Russia. This record means that the command moved each month in 1944, close to the total tonnage for all of 1942.

The highway from Khorramshahr to Kasvin, where supplies were turned over to Red Army drivers for the final lap to Russia, was mostly an ill-defined camel trail through the desert and an unsurfaced, unfinished road partially hacked out of the mountains. In the desert section, GI truck drivers choked on fog-thick dust. In the mountains they wound around hairpin turns that dropped off into sheer cliffsides. There were traffic hazards all the way, including nomad caravans complete with donkeys, goats, sheep and horses along the route, and occasional native drivers heavy on the accelerator.

In spite of these hazards American drivers put in more than 97 million miles of driving over the Khorramshahr to Kasvin stretch and delivered 260,382,080 ton-miles of supplies to the Russian dump at Kasvin, in the Elburz Mountain foothills.

U. S. Engineer troops, who improved the road and kept it in usable condition, made that record possible. The engineers took over the road-construction job in the desert from a civilian company which, using a sandstone base material that had to be hauled from miles away, estimated it would take a year to complete the job.

The Army road builders developed a new type of soil-asphalt base that could be mixed on the spot. They used native labor, with GIs acting as "coolie pushers." They finished the desert section in five months and kept up the work of improving the rest of the route until, by June 1943, the whole road was able to bear its full burden of truck traffic. All this was done in the face of spring rains that often washed away in one night the engineers' efforts of painful weeks.

**T**wo relatively unpublicized phases of the PGC were its airplane- and automobile-assembly plants. The former, set up by U. S. Army and Douglas Aircraft men in February 1942, before the PGC even existed, turned out planes at Abadan, an airport on the Persian Gulf, for the Red Air Force.

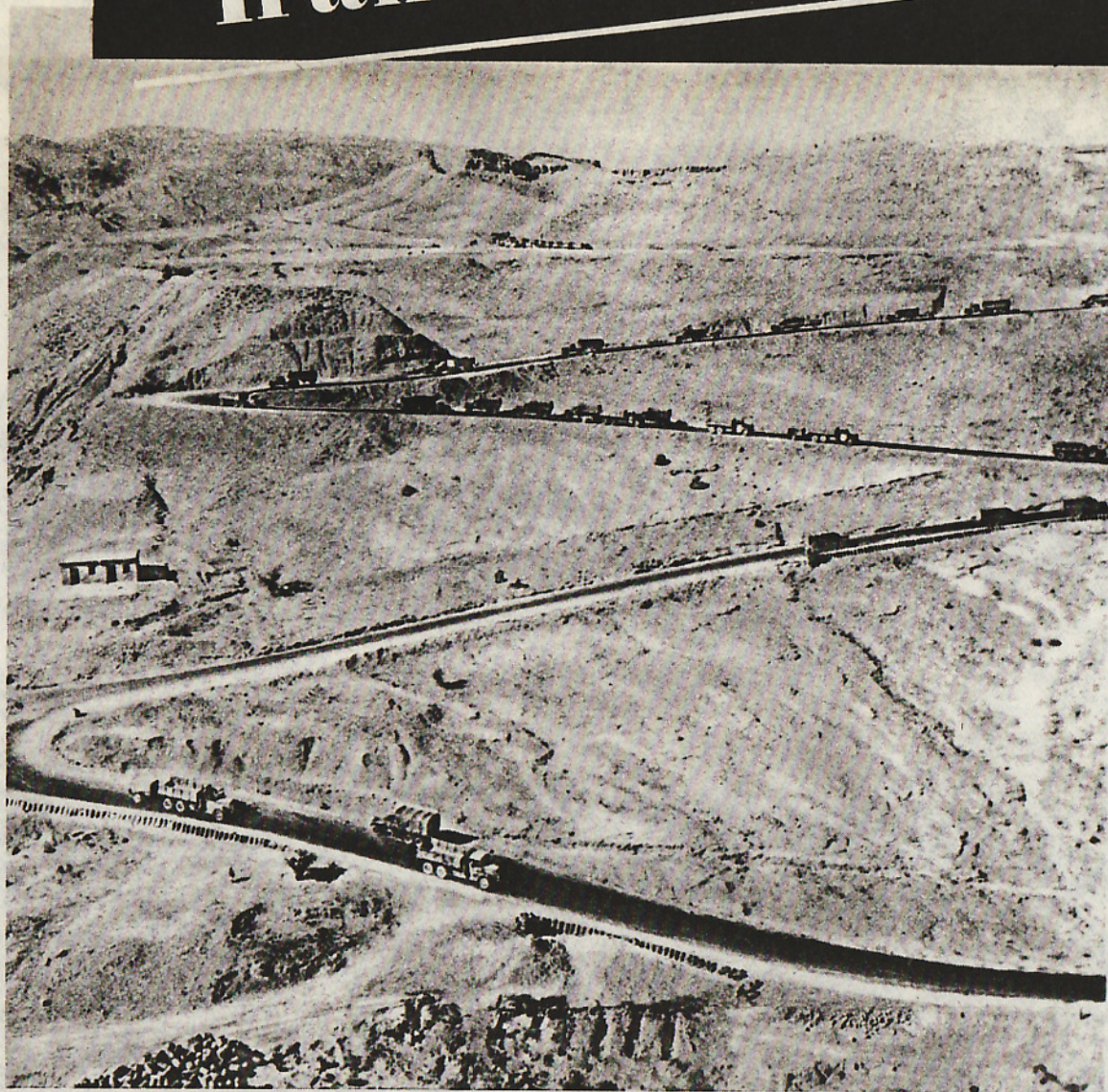
Army men gradually replaced Douglas personnel at this plant which, from February 1942 to October 1943, assembled or checked a total of 35,703 tons of operational planes. These planes, 3,087 of them, were tested by U. S. and U. S. S. R. pilots and then were flown out by Red Air Force men. Some of them, in the early days of the

# Iran Accounting





# Iran Accounting



Trucks have difficulty passing each other on a switchback, on the Persian truck route into Russia.

would take a year to complete the job.

The Army road builders developed a new type of soil-asphalt base that could be mixed on the spot. They used native labor, with GIs acting as "coolie pushers." They finished the desert section in five months and kept up the work of improving the rest of the route until, by June 1943, the whole road was able to bear its full burden of truck traffic. All this was done in the face of spring rains that often washed away in one night the engineers' efforts of painful weeks.

Two relatively unpublicized phases of the PGC were its airplane- and automobile-assembly plants. The former, set up by U. S. Army and Douglas Aircraft men in February 1942, before the PGC even existed, turned out planes at Abadan, an airport on the Persian Gulf, for the Red Air Force.

Army men gradually replaced Douglas personnel at this plant which, from February 1942 to October 1943, assembled or checked a total of 35,703 tons of operational planes. These planes, 3,087 of them, were tested by U. S. and U. S. S. R. pilots and then were flown out by Red Air Force men. Some of them, in the early days of the plant, went into combat over Stalingrad less than 24 hours after they left the Persian Gulf assembly plant. They helped substantially to turn back the German tide.

There were two truck-assembly plants—one at Andimeshk, a war-swollen boom town in the desert district, and the other at Khorramshahr. They had been begun by the General Motors Overseas Corporation in the spring and summer of 1942 and, like the plane plant, they were gradually taken over by the Army as the PGC moved in. At both points, trucks were assembled, loaded and turned over to the Red Army, whose drivers took them from the assembly lines and headed north. After a final check-up at the hands of GI ordnancemen at Teheran—some of these inspectors had come over before the command was organized and worked with Russian drivers as far north as Tabriz—the Russian drivers drove trucks and loads directly to battle lines in the Caucasus.

These American trucks, assembled by GIs and driven by Russkis, accounted for 915,669 gross tons of vehicles and supplies. A total of 143,000 vehicles of all kinds—from jeeps to fire engines—moved from Detroit to southern Iran to Russian combat zones.

Maj. Gen. Connolly's figures give an up-to-date estimate of the job done by his command. As figures on paper, they are impressive. In terms of work done under adverse condition in a killing climate, often without proper equipment, sometimes hampered by lack of man power, they are damn near incredible.



ECONOMY SET (3 volumes, one year each). DELUXE SET (6 volumes, six months each). The series of overseas YANK REPRINTS spans period Nov. 8, 1942 thru Sept. 30, 1945. For information or to order: REPRINT, Inc., 2208 No. Cotner Blvd., No. 1, Lincoln, NE 68505, (402) 464-5219. Carroll (Cal) Stewart, president. VISA or Mastercard.

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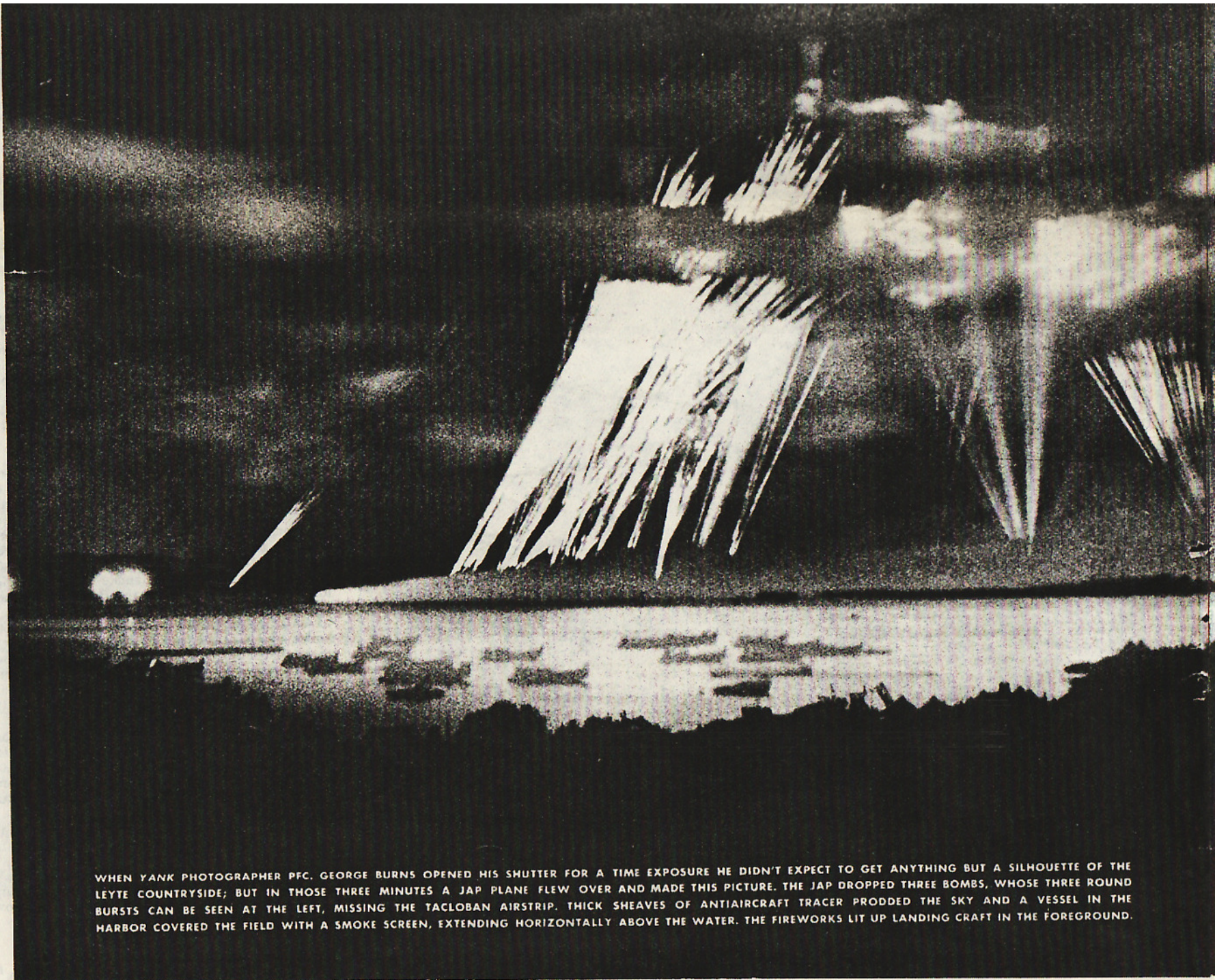
# CAMERA IN THE PHILIPPINES





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YANK REPRINTS are mailed to subscribers weekly: Six months (26 issues) \$35; one year (52 issues) \$60; full-term (154 issues) \$165; payable in advance, includes U.S. postage (foreign postage extra). Handsome bound volumes, limited edition — a collector's item — available in two formats.



WHEN YANK PHOTOGRAPHER PFC. GEORGE BURNS OPENED HIS SHUTTER FOR A TIME EXPOSURE HE DIDN'T EXPECT TO GET ANYTHING BUT A SILHOUETTE OF THE LEYTE COUNTRYSIDE; BUT IN THOSE THREE MINUTES A JAP PLANE FLEW OVER AND MADE THIS PICTURE. THE JAP DROPPED THREE BOMBS, WHOSE THREE ROUND BURSTS CAN BE SEEN AT THE LEFT, MISSING THE TACLOBAN AIRSTRIP. THICK SHEAVES OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT TRACER PRODDED THE SKY AND A VESSEL IN THE HARBOR COVERED THE FIELD WITH A SMOKE SCREEN, EXTENDING HORIZONTALLY ABOVE THE WATER. THE FIREWORKS LIT UP LANDING CRAFT IN THE FOREGROUND.



YANK photographers take some varied pictures: of bombs, of GIs at work and the nearest thing to play.



Patriotic pal. Girl's mother hid flag from Japs by making it into a dress. Soldier is T-4 Webster Anderson.



T-5 Frank Sinacola of Berkley, Mich., with a bunch of bananas he picked near his shack.



A Jap horse and 40-mm gun carriage made a sulky for these GIs, and a means of hauling water.



A Philippine woman escaped from the Japs tells American officer where the enemy is.





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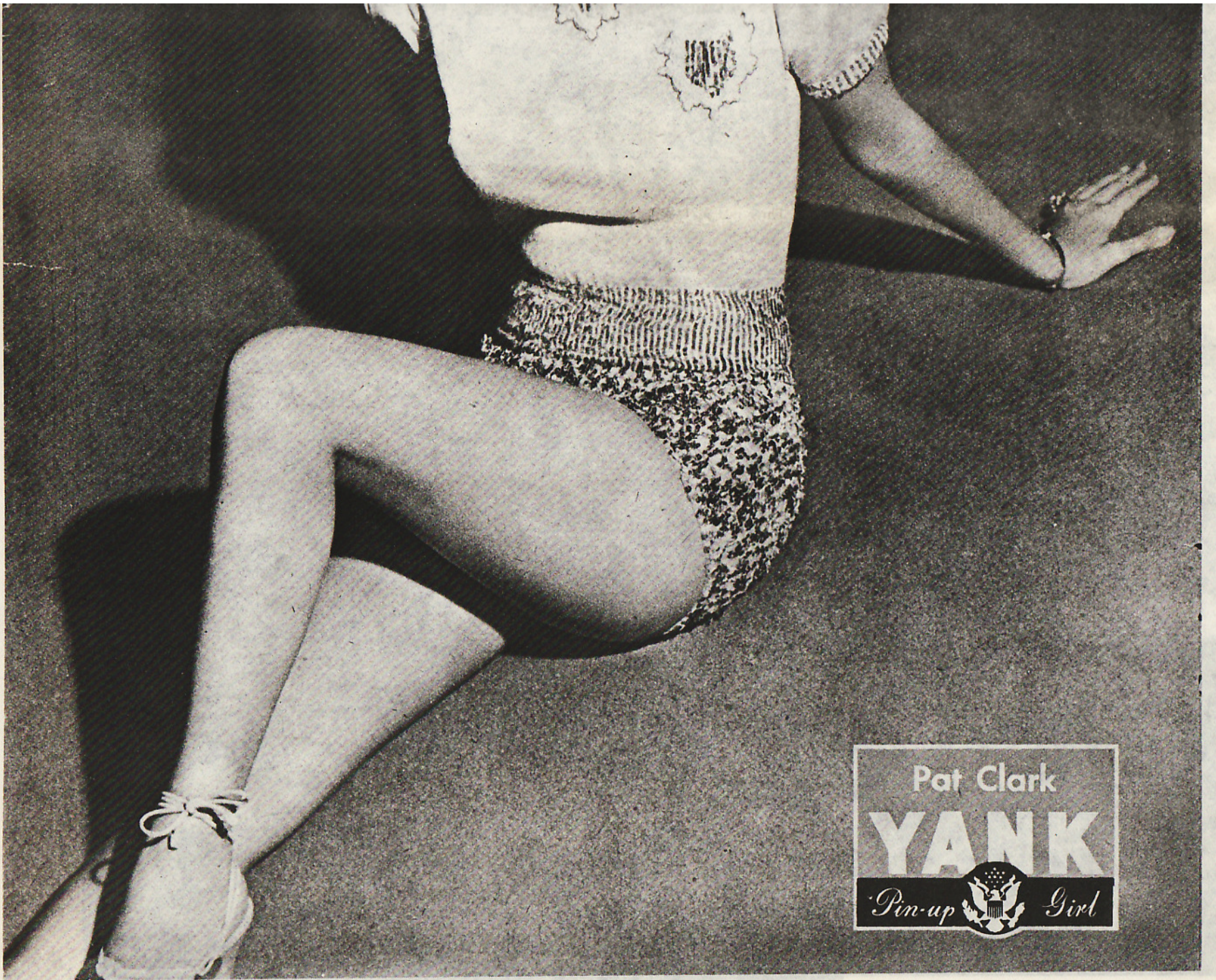


This soldier is as weary as he looks. After a long night on guard he set up his cot under the stern of a communications Duck (DUKW) and with his carbine by his side he catches up on some well-earned sleep.









Pat Clark  
**YANK**  
*Pin-up Girl*



# NEWS FROM HOME

**The nation waited and was rewarded by the Big Three's outline of a free new world, the lawmakers kept an ex-Vice President and a President's son on the anxious seat, Kansas was worried about "victory girls" and a bunch of Blackfeet showed Montana something new in the line of politics.**

It was a period of waiting back home last week—of waiting for the results of the Crimea Conference among the Big Three, of waiting to see whether there would be a draft of labor and nurses, of waiting as the Allied armies closed in on the last ramparts held by Adolf Hitler and continued to whittle down the still-potent Japanese empire.

Word that the Big Three were meeting came after several days of official silence concerning the activities and whereabouts of President Roosevelt. During that time a lot of people had been pretty sure that he was keeping his long-awaited date with Stalin and Churchill. But the nation's press kept to itself whatever it may have suspected and its patience was rewarded by two announcements, each issued simultaneously by Washington, Moscow and London—the first to the effect that the conference was indeed underway, and the second, issued early this week, setting forth a broad picture of what had been accomplished.

After meeting for eight days in Yalta, near Sevastopol in the Crimea, the Big Three announced that they had come to an agreement upon plans to end the war and to rebuild a peaceful world. Their post-conference communique was relatively brief and simple and covered a lot of points that people had been worried about.

**A** GI would not be likely to get the brush-off from Pat Clark, at least for talking about the Army. Her father is a major and an Old Army man. But let's talk about Pat. Description: unnecessary. Hobbies: swimming

In this joint communique, Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin said that they had agreed on final military plans involving "new and even more powerful blows" against the Reich. "Nazi Germany is doomed," they said. "The German people will only make the cost of their defeat heavier to themselves by attempting to continue a hopeless resistance."

The conferees made it plain that the three nations they represent plan to continue their close collaboration by meetings of their respective military staffs and by regular conclaves of their Foreign Secretaries to follow the changing war and political situations. Plans for enforcing Germany's unconditional surrender were withheld pending the end of Nazi resistance.

The Big Three also announced that another conference of the United Nations, including China and France, would be held in San Francisco on April 25 to form an organization to maintain peace. They said the new organization "would remove the political, economic and social causes of war" through the cooperation of peace-loving peoples.

The Crimea Conference stressed that all liberated countries would have the joint assistance of the Allies in establishing peace, forming emergency relief agencies and setting up governments by free elections. Poland, it was announced, would have a new provisional government made up of democratic leaders from Poland itself and from Poles now abroad.

The mere news that the conference was underway brought a sigh of relief to the home front. It was recalled that this was the first Roosevelt-Churchill-Stalin meeting since December, 1943, when the Big Three met in Teheran, capital of Iran, for the first time. Before Teheran, Churchill and Stalin had met in Moscow, and Roosevelt and Churchill had met many times in various places. At the Iran conference the three powers had agreed on the opening of the Western Front—an agreement fulfilled just six months later. But now the time was ripe to decide even bigger things.

A significant comment on the conference, made while it was still going on, came from Gov. Thomas E. Dewey of New York in his first major address since the 1944 Presidential Election. Dewey said: "At that conference, the President of the United States

"Our people are prepared to uphold the hands of their own representatives. They ask in return that the decisions to be made shall be in harmony with our American ideals of liberty and justice. They ask that the actions to be taken shall not be concealed and shall not be devious. They ask that the actions to be taken shall not ignore the opinion of mankind. Our people insist that mighty decisions shall not be made in the cynical spirit of power politics."

One view of Dewey's speech was that he was taking the same line as Sen. Arthur H. Vandenberg, Republican of Michigan, who earlier had called for the U.S. to join with her allies in guaranteeing the permanent disarmament of Japan and Russia. While endorsing international cooperation, the Senator had declared that the nation would not support an "unjust peace."

Many observers held that the Dewey-Vandenberg speeches would strengthen the President's hand in present and future negotiations with Russia and Britain and would also enhance the cause of international cooperation at home. A Washington correspondent said that more than two-thirds of the Senate favored "promulgation of treaties among the major United Nations to keep Germany and Japan permanently demilitarized."

Vandenberg had another succinct quote on the subject: "I am frank to say that I want our intelligent American self-interest just as vigorously protected by our spokesmen as British self-interest is always protected by Mr. Churchill and as the self-interests of the Soviets always are protected by Mr. Stalin."

On the domestic side, the house-passed "work-or-jail" bill was still causing heated talk after a week of closed debate by the Senate Military Committee. It was a question that swelled the Congressional mail call considerably. Many persons seemed to think that the main barriers to the passage of any kind of national service law were the novelty of drafting labor in America, and the advanced state of the war.

Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson and his Undersecretary, Robert P. Patterson, made further personal pleas to the Senate committee on behalf of the bill, which would affect 18 million men between the ages of 18 and 45. Both declared that quick Senate action on the measure would stimulate the morale of U.S. fighting men and increase needed war production. Patterson was quoted as saying: "No one is entitled to a free ride in this war. . . . Half-hearted mobilization is not the way to bring about unconditional surrender at a minimum cost in lives. . . . It (the bill) will serve notice on the Axis that they have no chance of respite, that the momentum against them will be maintained until their final defeat is an accomplished fact."

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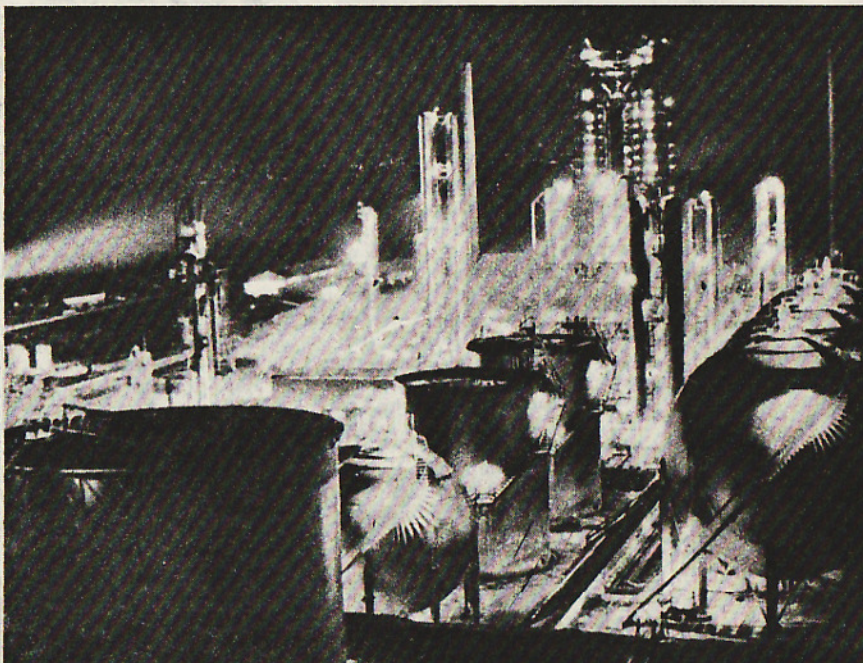
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**CHOICE BEEF.** DAN GUNNISON (CENTER) SOLD TWO HEREFORD BULLS AT A STOCK SHOW IN DENVER, COLO. FOR A RECORD PRICE OF \$50,000 EACH. THEIR TWO NEW OWNERS, R. C. RIGGS AND E. F. FISHER, STAND BY THEIR PRIZE PURCHASES AT LEFT AND RIGHT.



**SUPER MECHANICS.** THIS FANTASY OF TANKS AND TOWERS LIT UP AT NIGHT IS A NEW \$20,000,000 HUNDRED-OCTANE GASOLINE REFINERY NEAR SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. THE UNITED STATES PRODUCES MORE HUNDRED-OCTANE FUEL THAN ANY OTHER COUNTRY.





**COED.** JILL DRUM OF DECATUR, ILL., IS THE FIRST GAL SPORTS EDITOR OF THE "DAILY ILLINI" AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS. SHE BEAT OUT A MALE COMPETITOR TO WIN THE JOB.



**DONOR.** "DUCHESS," A SEEING-EYE DOG, LOOKS ON AS HIS BLIND OWNER, JOHN URICH, MAKES HIS TENTH BLOOD DONATION AT WASHINGTON, D.C.



**HERO.** IT'S HOME AGAIN TO SANTA ROSA, CALIF., FOR LT. HAROLD O. MILLER, WHO IS THOUGHT TO HAVE STRAFED AND KILLED ROMMEL. HIS WIFE AND FATHER BEAM AS MOTHER COLLECTS A BIG KISS.

tion and other huge lending agencies from the Commerce Department.

But while wrangling over this and that, Capitol Hillers were reported agreed on one thing—that something should be done for "homeless" Congressmen in overcrowded Washington. Rep. Luther Patrick, Democrat of Alabama, said that all his colleagues were in favor of a bill to construct a \$3,000,000 Congressional apartment house near the Capitol. "Our constituents realize," Patrick added, "that their Congressmen can't do a good job of representing them when they have to spend their time running around looking for a place to live."

A man thought that something should also be done for the wives of our Presidents, and so he did something. Under the will of Henry G. Freeman, a Philadelphia lawyer, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and all future First Ladies are to get an income of \$12,000 a year. Freeman's will stated that the ladies deserved an outside income "because I feel that the President of the United States receives such a miserable pittance for a man holding the greatest position on earth." Roosevelt gets \$75,000 a year.

Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker came up with a plan to prevent a World War No. 3. We can do just that, he said, by maintaining the greatest air force in history and by perfecting the designs of secret robot bombs and jet missiles now in our possession. "The world will look to us to keep the peace and we can do it if we maintain our air genius," Ricken-

celebrated its fourth anniversary. In those four years, 150,000 USO camp shows have played to audiences totalling 85 million servicemen, and at the moment there are 848 men and women in 160 units on tour overseas and in camps in the States, according to Chester I. Barnard, USO President. He said there were now 76 touring units in Europe, 36 in the Mediterranean, and the rest scattered all around the world. Barnard also let it out that the USO is making plans to keep on entertaining troops "for two years after the last signed armistice, whether it be with Germany or Japan." It didn't take observers long to figure that if the USO knows what it's doing, there are going to be plenty of soldiers overseas in need of entertainment for at least two years after peace comes.

Speaking of entertainers, singer Ella Logan, the lass with a Scotch burr in her voice, came back to the States after her second long tour to combat zones in France and Italy. She came back with two regrets: "I wanted to stay and go on into Berlin, not as a fresh newcomer over there but as one who had been there and saw it happen." Ella also regretted that every entertainer in show business doesn't go overseas to perform for the servicemen. As she put it, "if God was good enough to give us talents as entertainers, the least we can do is to use those talents in time of trouble." Ta, Miss Logan.

Dr. John K. Norton, of Columbia University, told a Senate committee



**TIE-UP.** WHEN A BIG SNOW STORM HIT PITTSBURGH, TROLLEY CARS WERE STALLED ALL OVER THE PLACE. THERE WERE 22 IN THIS ONE GROUP ON THE CITY'S EAST SIDE.

Purple Heart to armed-forces personnel wounded by enemy action, the *United Press* reported. Bennett was quoted as criticizing the giving of the medal to "dogs and blues-singers." He meant singer Jane Froman, hurt in a plane crash while enroute to entertain troops, and a war dog, "Chips," veteran of Sicily. The *United Press* also reported that



something should be done for "homeless" Congressmen in overcrowded Washington. Rep. Luther Patrick, Democrat of Alabama, said that all his colleagues were in favor of a bill to construct a \$3,000,000 Congressional apartment house near the Capitol. "Our constituents realize," Patrick added, "that their Congressmen can't do a good job of representing them when they have to spend their time running around looking for a place to live."

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Meanwhile, the nation's armed services announced the creation of a new board of civilian and military scientists to develop weapons for any future conflict. The joint Army-Navy statement stressed that "war is an increasingly total war in which the armed services must be supplemented by active participation of every element of the civilian population."

Lt. Gen. James H. Doolittle, 8th AAF Commander, gave the U.S., in a transcribed broadcast, a summary of what just one part of our Air Force is doing. Citing the effectiveness of combined RAF-8th AAF raids on Germany, Doolittle reported that 500,000 aircraft have been dispatched in three years of joint operations, dropping 500,000 tons of bombs. Twelve thousand German aircraft were destroyed in those three years, while we lost 5,000 planes and some 40,000 men killed or missing, the general disclosed.

Maj. Gen. Levin H. Campbell, Army Chief of Ordnance, had a good word for our ground weapons, too. Uncle Sam, he said, doesn't need to apologize for any item of American ordnance in comparison with the enemy's. Campbell said he had received that assurance from top-ranking generals and scores of enlisted men during his recent tour of the European and Mediterranean Theaters. He scouted reports that our tanks weren't big enough to stand up against the German Royal Tiger and Panther tanks. "General Eisenhower told me," said Campbell, "that to date the Germans have lost two tanks to every one of ours." He described the 73-ton Royal Tiger as "big and clumsy, plagued by a great deal of engine trouble and subject to being caught in soft mud where it's like a sitting duck."

The United Service Organizations (USO to you)

units on tour overseas and in camps in the States, according to Chester I. Barnard, USO President. He said there were now 76 touring units in Europe, 36 in the Mediterranean, and the rest scattered all around the world. Barnard also let it out that the USO is making plans to keep on entertaining troops "for two years after the last signed armistice, whether it be with Germany or Japan." It didn't take observers long to figure that if the USO knows what it's doing, there are going to be plenty of soldiers overseas in need of entertainment for at least two years after peace comes.

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Dr. John K. Norton, of Columbia University, told a Senate committee that draft rejections for illiteracy have deprived America of at least two million fighting men. Assailing "educational slums," Norton spoke in support of a bill providing Federal allotments of \$3,000,000 a year to aid schools. He said millions of children would be denied "a decent educational opportunity" as long as educational financing was done mainly by states.

Sgt. Gregory B. Tissier was back home in East St. Louis, Ill., on a 30-day overseas furlough, but he wasn't happy about it. It seems that while in the U.K. he married an English girl and then got shipped to France last July. After trying vainly three times for a furlough, which he hoped to spend with his wife in England, the sergeant got one—but to East St. Louis.

Four actresses advised wives and sweethearts of overseas servicemen to "stay as sweet as you are" in preparation for the men's homecoming. Mae West said: "Get in shape—good shape." Tallulah Bankhead counseled: "Be natural and utterly yourself." Jane Wyatt added: "Stay essentially the same, though matured." And Cornelia Otis Skinner advised: "Men hate a change." All four agreed that American women have nothing to fear from foreign girls, and they said it would be "almost suicidal" for home-front girls to adopt foreign mannerisms. Which doubtless includes snoods.

Rep. Marion T. Bennett, Republican of Missouri, introduced legislation to limit the award of the



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The American Legion asked the Office of Price Administration to relax restrictive rationing regulations which, it said, are barring many veterans from entering business for themselves. "It is futile for Congress to provide business loans for veterans and to facilitate their entry into business in other ways," said National Legion Commander Edward N. Scheiberling, "if government regulations make it impossible for veterans to obtain goods and materials necessary for the conduct of the business they select." Among restrictive rules cited by the commander were the denial of sugar and butter to vets seeking to open popcorn stands, of camelback to those trying to open tire-recapping shops, and of priorities for the purchase of coal by prospective fuel dealers.

Disabled veterans are going back into war jobs so fast that comparatively few are asking the Veterans Administration for specialized training, a press-association report said. Only 9,359 veterans were taking rehabilitation courses at the end of 1944, while another 37,000 entitled to the training didn't submit application forms. It was pointed out that applications may be filed up to two years from the date of discharge, or two years from the date Congress declares the war is ended—whichever is later.

Discussion continued on the proposed Army-Navy nurse draft. Surgeon General Thomas Parran told the House Military Affairs Committee that he didn't oppose the measure, but declared that the draft should apply to essential civilian, as well as military, nursing. Otherwise, he said, there might be a shortage of nurses in "tough" civilian-hospital jobs. As Dr. Parran saw it, nurses not drafted by the Army might consent to take only well-paid and



attractive, private-duty jobs, leaving the public hospitals in bad shape.



Mrs. Dolores Gunn, onetime owner of a feminine-escort bureau, was campaigning vigorously for mayor of Los Angeles. Part of her platform: "I shall build a new jail." Mrs. Gunn spent 30 days in the city

clink in 1942 for setting up her escort service without a permit.

As usual, the weather made news. One of the worst blizzards in recent times piled up 12 to 17 inches of snow in New England, paralyzed practically everything on wheels, and cost at least 10 lives and millions of dollars damage. And after all that, another headache loomed. Observers pointed out that the spring thaw would bring a threat of unusually heavy floods, especially in Eastern Pennsylvania. In New York State, the Army was canvassing all camps and barracks to determine if there was any surplus coal available for release to cities gripped by a fuel shortage.

Transportation difficulties were also mounting. The Office of Defense Transportation predicted that the fall of Hitler would increase rather than decrease the demands for rail transportation within the States. The ODT assertion was based on a report by Maj. Gen. C. P. Gross, Chief of Transportation, Army Service Forces, that the re-deployment of forces for the Japanese campaign will place an "unprecedented load" on carrying facilities. Executive Director Jack Small, of the War Production Board, said that "everything usable" would be shipped from Europe to the Pacific after the German war had ended, thus putting a stop to speculation that American troops would leave the bulk of their equipment in Europe in an effort to "speed up" the Japanese war.

Organizations like the Benevolent Order of Senior Oyster Shuckers, the Mystic Knights of the Sea and a bunch of larger groups got some bad news when the government announced a ban on non-essential conventions. The order prohibited conventions attended by more than 50 persons unless they have special permits based on their importance to the

war effort. The *Associated Press* said the ban would ease the hotel-room shortage in large cities like New York and Philadelphia. Spokesmen for the American Hotel Association were a bit glum, however. They said the edict would cut business sharply in a lot of smaller cities where the hotels weren't crowded in the first place.

State legislatures had their own problems. Kansas, for example, was pondering ways and means of controlling "victory girls." This species was defined by Rep. Paul R. Shanhan as "those who follow military camps and swarm around defense plants. They don't get anything out of it but a few hamburgers and a place to live, but they create manpower problems."

Admiral Thomas C. Hart, 67-year-old member of the Navy's general board and former C-in-C of the U.S. Asiatic Fleet, was appointed U.S. Senator from Connecticut to succeed the late Francis T. Maloney. Hart was named by Gov. Raymond E. Baldwin to serve until the November, 1946, election.

As anticipated, Gov. Ellis Arnall, of Georgia, signed a bill abolishing the state's one-dollar poll tax as a requisite for voting. "Today Georgia spoke for democracy," said Governor Arnall. Georgia's action left only seven poll-tax states in the nation—Alabama, Arkansas, Mississippi, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia.

One of the most controversial measures under consideration was California's plan to adopt a compulsory statewide health-insurance system. The proposed program would be financed by a payroll tax of one and one half per cent on both employee and employer, with a straight three per cent tax on those not covered by such a levy. California's doctors were said to be split on the plan which has the backing of Gov. Earl Warren.

Fifteen-year-old William Roach of Springfield, Mass., became the state prison's youngest lifer after pleading guilty to charges of murdering his school chum, Carolyn Bennett, 14. Roach had been selected by his junior high-school class as the "most representative all-American boy."

Eighteen persons were killed, more than 100 injured and 22 others reported missing following a collision of two oil tankers in New York's harbor. According to the Navy, one 16,000-ton ship was

tied to its pier with a load of high-octane gasoline when an 8,000-ton craft with a cargo of oil rammed it.

The 344th Army Service Forces band of Fort Sheridan, Ill., beat out 200 other Army dance outfits for the title of the nation's top Service Command band. The judges—Benny Goodman, Les Brown, Woody Herman and Deems Taylor—made their selection on the basis of recordings. Appropriately enough for the overseas trade, the winning record was *Lonesome Road*.

The case of Pvt. Henry Weber, a 27-year-old inductee stationed at Camp Roberts, Calif., attracted nationwide attention. A general court-martial condemned Weber to death after he refused to attend drill. Sen. Burton K. Wheeler, Democrat of Montana, demanded an investigation and various organizations protested. The court-martial reversed its verdict and sentenced Weber to life imprisonment at hard labor. According to his wife, Weber is a member of the Socialist Labor Party and has political rather than religious scruples against military service.

State Representative G. C. Walker, of Chilton County, Ala., disclosed a new use for carrier pigeons. Addressing a legislative committee, Walker said that flying instructors at an Alabama airport frequently put a pigeon in the training plane with the student. Then if the pilot can't find his way back to the airport, he releases the pigeon and follows the bird home. That's what Walker said, anyway.

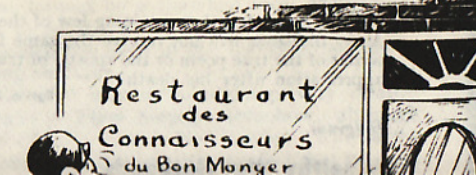
The Blackfeet Indians have picked up some of the tricks of their palefaced brethren. Led by Chief Wades-in-the-Water, a bunch of them padded into a legislative session at the Montana State Capitol in Helena, where they solemnly dubbed House Speaker George O'Connor "Chief Sun Chief" and made Senate Majority Leader H. A. Simmons "Chief Thunderbird." Then they asked the legislature to return the favor by supporting their petition for a \$350,000 Federal hospital for Montana Indians. There's wampum in them thar tactics.



**THE SAD SACK**



**"CHANGE OF DIET"**





American troops would leave the bulk of their equipment in Europe in an effort to "speed up" the Japanese war.

Organizations like the Benevolent Order of Senior Oyster Shuckers, the Mystic Knights of the Sea and a bunch of larger groups got some bad news when the government announced a ban on non-essential conventions. The order prohibited conventions attended by more than 50 persons unless they have special permits based on their importance to the

Fifteen-year-old William Roach of Springfield, Mass., became the state prison's youngest lifer after pleading guilty to charges of murdering his school chum, Carolyn Bennett, 14. Roach had been selected by his junior high-school class as the "most representative all-American boy."

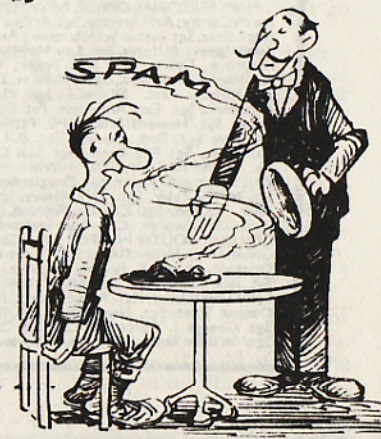
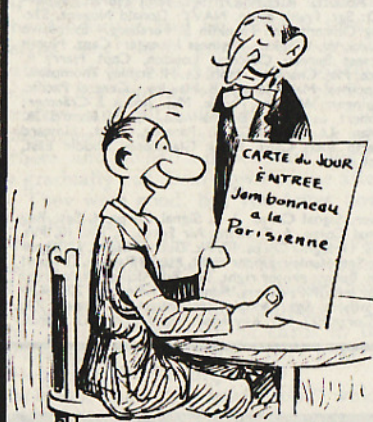
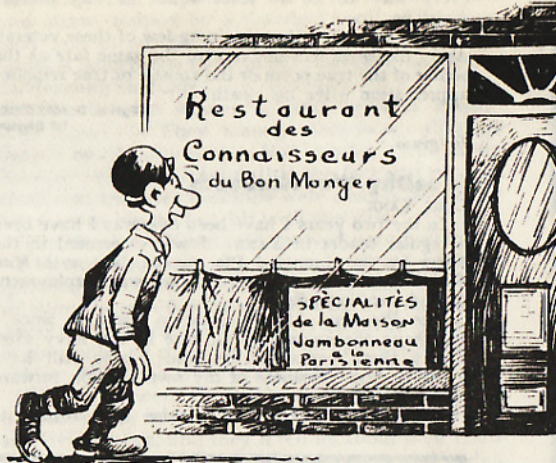
Eighteen persons were killed, more than 100 injured and 22 others reported missing following a collision of two oil tankers in New York's harbor. According to the Navy, one 16,000-ton ship was

them padded into a legislative session at the Montana State Capitol in Helena, where they solemnly dubbed House Speaker George O'Connor "Chief Sun Chief" and made Senate Majority Leader H. A. Simmons "Chief Thunderbird." Then they asked the legislature to return the favor by supporting their petition for a \$350,000 Federal hospital for Montana Indians. There's wampum in them thar tactics.

## THE SAD SACK



## "CHANGE OF DIET"



Sgt. GEORGE BAKER



# Mail Call

## Appeal for Justice

Dear YANK,

According to newspaper reports the First, Second and Fourth Marine Divisions have received Presidential unit citations for their respective divisions. The Marines are a wonderful organization, and their exploits will live for a long time in the minds of the present generation and will live forever in the history books. Every member of the Army, I'm sure, sincerely salutes the Marines.

Events since Tojo's legions plunged a dagger into Uncle Sam's back have changed a dark and apparently hopeless picture into a bright one full of assurance in ultimate victory. All arms of the American services have given unstintingly. Can it be truthfully said that the Marines have given more than others or that they have performed more brilliantly than the Army? Yet a number of Marine divisions have been specially cited for outstanding performance. Is it that the authorities are blind, not seeing that the performance of a number of Army divisions had been equally outstanding? True the Marines had Guadalcanal, but the Army had Kasserine, El Guettar, and a couple of bloody hills in Northern Tunisia. True, the Marines had Tarawa and Saipan, but the Army had Gela, Salerno and Anzio. True, the Marines had Trinan and New Britain but the Army had Omaha Beach.

To date, as far as our knowledge goes, no Army division has received a citation comparable to that received by the three Marine divisions. The Presidential citation has, it is true, been awarded to small units within some of the veteran hard-fighting Army divisions i.e., one battalion of the 39th Infantry Regiment of the 9th Infantry Division, the Cannon Company of the 16th Infantry Regiment of the 1st Infantry Division, the 116th Infantry Regiment of the 29th Infantry Division, the 16th Infantry Regiment of the 1st Infantry Division, etc. Now why are the Marine divisions cited as a whole and only small units of the Army divisions? If it isn't a bias it can only be ignorance of the facts. In this writer's opinion the First, Third and Ninth Infantry Divisions, not to mention a few armored divisions of the Army, have proven themselves in every way to be at least equal to any Marine divisions.

Can I hope that the remaining few of these veteran Army divisions will not receive the same fate as the writer of the true poem or the apostle of true religion, appreciation after his death?

Sgt. A. D. MARGIORE  
1st Division

Belgium.

## Wealthy Wac Husbands

civilian jobs that fit their ability, but I don't think the government or industry should worry too much about finding important positions for men simply because they held a high rank in the Army or Navy. Most men of real ability will find a place for themselves without much trouble.

I predict that in the very near future some politician on the home front will come out with a plan to find wealthy husbands for former high ranking Wacs so that the poor girls won't have to accept a lower standard of living when they return to civilian life.

G. E. POINTER, 51/c (MAM)

Fleet Post Office.

## Relieving Shortage

Dear YANK,

Having continually read about the manpower shortage back in the States, we who have seen many months of foreign and frontline service cannot reconcile the fact that such a condition should exist. As a result of combat and other physical disabilities we have been placed in a limited service category. For the past month we have been doing nothing but routine close order drill and road marches. The waste of time spent in such activities is absolutely sinful when our boys are dying due to lack of ammunition.

We who have been through the thick of things know and appreciate the seriousness of the situation. We would be more than glad to work in any of these war plants at our Army wage scale and guarantee that production would reach its maximum and absenteeism its minimum.

Why should there be a manpower shortage in these war plants when there are so many limited assignment men who would be more than willing to volunteer their services to help bring production to its peak?

Cpl. GEORGE S. WIENER

France.

## Combat Uniform

Dear YANK,

We of the combat troops would like to make a suggestion. Soldiers of the armed forces all wear the same uniform. We feel that troops who have seen combat should be distinguished by a uniform which is different from that worn by members of the armed forces who have never seen foreign soil. Our suggestion: a uniform consisting of an olive drab Eisenhower jacket, dark green pants, paratrooper boots and a dark green garrison cap. See what you can do.

T/J HENRY GIUTTIENREZ\*

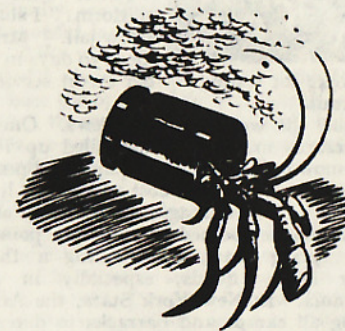
France.

\*Also signed by Pvt. R. L. Sritesky.

## German Music

Dear YANK,

We are members of a company guarding German prisoners in France. We have read articles about acting like conquerors and show the Krauts they have to pay for their crimes. Recently we read that American wounded were shot by these modern



## Palau Crab

Dear YANK:

I read about crabs on New Georgia, then I saw them "in person" here. We have here what we call the .45-caliber crab. He is by nature a hermit crab who is not issued a shell at birth, but has to live in some small sea shell. As he grows bigger he finds a bigger shell and uses it. I don't know how it happened, but this particular crab got too big for the shell he was using and went in search of a new one. It seems that sea shells were scarce, so he chose the next best thing, a .45-caliber shell, and stuck his tail in it, carrying it at a jaunty angle. So now he goes trucking down the beach with a nice, strong, shiny brass bungalow that will last till some GI character makes us police up the brass. This is a true story and I'll swear it on all the Bibles in the chaplain's office.

Palau

-Cpl. W. N. RHODES

## Bill of Rights

Dear YANK,

While the original purpose of the G.I. Bill of Rights was most commendable, as a whole it will be of negligible or insufficient aid to a large group of ex-servicemen.

The aid given to those desiring further education will be quite valuable and worthwhile, but we know full well that only a minority will want or be able to take advantage of this provision of the bill—perhaps a million or so of the younger men, unmarried and without dependents.

As far as the "unemployment compensation" is concerned, let's hope that there will be sufficient jobs available to those who want them, after the war, so as to keep this glorified dole, or W.P.A., at a minimum. Certainly the emphasis placed on this phase of veterans' "aid" doesn't speak promisingly of the government's confidence in itself to plan our future prosperity and to provide the jobs necessary to such prosperity. Charity is a poor substitute for opportunity, and little encouragement to individual initiative, ambition and self-respect.



Salerno and Anzio. True, the Marines had Trinan and New Britain but the Army had Omaha Beach.

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Sgt. A. D. MARGIORE  
1st Division

Belgium.

### Wealthy Wac Husbands

Dear YANK,

In the two years I have been overseas I have been a regular reader of YANK. I was interested in the letter by the unnamed Pfc. in the Jan. 27th Mail Call, concerning the uncertain post-war employment of high ranking officers.

The Pfc. and I have a lot in common since I still have the second lowest rate in the navy after nearly three years service, and I also still have a pretty good business of my own to look forward to once this war is over.

I would like to see all service men return to

teer their services to help bring production to its peak?

Cpl. GEORGE S. WIENER

France.

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T/J3 HENRY GIUETTENZ\*

France.

\*Also signed by Pvt. R. L. Stritesky.

### German Music

Dear YANK,

We are members of a company guarding German prisoners in France. We have read articles about acting like conquerors and show the Krauts they have to pay for their crimes. Recently we read that American wounded were shot by these modern barbarians. The very next day the prisoners in our stockades were permitted to listen to music in German over a loud-speaker set-up that could be heard all over the camp. To us every word seemed to mock the American soldier who died capturing this bunch. I'm sure there is nothing in the Geneva Convention that states prisoners are to have German music. Is there nothing we can do to stop this betrayal of our fighting men?

Pvt. DAN POMERANTZ\*

France.

\*Also signed by eight others.

some GI character makes us police up the brass. This is a true story and I'll swear it on all the Bibles in the chaplain's office.

Palau

-Cpl. W. N. RHODES

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Comes now the "loan." There are many who want, more than anything else, to own their own businesses. There are many, also, who once did have their own businesses. These have been liquidated long ago, or are war casualties, with little or no assets remaining with which to start anew. Many (most?) of these men are too old to go back to school. They have dependents to support. They would not be happy working for someone else. The best the Bill of Rights offers, in this case, is a loan—a debt. How many want to be saddled with such a burden for the next 10 or

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Pictures: Cover, Signal Corps. 2, 3, Signal Corps. 4, Sgt. Reg Kenny, 5, Signal Corps. 6, 7, Army Air Force. 9, PA. 10, Pvt. George Aarons. 11, Signal Corps. 12, Pfc. George Burns. 13, upper left and lower, Sgt. Hanley; upper right, Mason Pawlak, CPhoto; center left, Pfc. Burns; center right, Sgt. Bill Alcine. 14, Warner Bros. 15, lower left, INP; others, Acme. 16, Keystone. 20, lower right, Acme; others, Sgt. Donald Breimhurst. 21, upper, PA; lower, Signal Corps. 22, left, Keystone; right, OWI. 23, Planet.



20 years? Is economic independence entirely outside our grasp?

In short, it seems to me that all the much advertised help, which our G.I. Bill of Rights is supposed to provide, applies only to a minority, and the rest of us (those not going back to school) are left pretty much to our own devices unless we choose to assume a debt or accept public relief in lieu of jobs.

I would rather have had the Bill not passed at all. The smug assurances of our country's generosity constantly dinned into our ears by politicians and others becomes sickening after a time when one realizes the full (and feeble) effects the Bill will have. If long service on the part of the nations' soldiers is to be rewarded at all, at least let it be without strings attached. A straight bonus, even, would be better. Otherwise—what the hell?

Det. of Patients, Britain.

Pvt. G. H.

Dear YANK,

Here is something I think should be added to the G.I. Bill of Rights. Those entitled to the benefits of finishing their education should have the right to pass on their benefit to their child or children if they themselves do not return to school. The government has a responsibility to return those to school who had their education interrupted, and in many cases men who have been out of school for years will never go back and finish.

S/Sgt. D. A. CALLAHAN

Britain.

### Cleared Up

Dear YANK,

In your Jan. 28 issue, I noticed an article about the Navy's uniform by some Coast Guardsman. I don't want the Army to get the wrong impression of the Navy's uniform. That Coast Guardsman is wrong by a long shot.

Our sailor's uniform was originally designed by the British.

"Broad collar"—designed in 1700 to catch the oil from the sailors' hair.

"Three stripes"—commemorate the three sea victories of Admiral Nelson.

"Black neckerchief"—worn as a sign of mourning for Admiral Nelson.

"Blue and white colors"—adopted from the riding habit worn by the Duchess of Bedford, favorite of George II.

"Thirteen trouser buttons"—in honor of the original 13 colonies.

"Bell bottoms"—designed in the days when sailors rolled up their trousers to scrub decks.

"White hat"—copied from the mandarin hat of China in 1840.

I hope this is all cleared up.

WILLIAM GARCIA, Mo. M.M. 2/c

Britain.

### Defense of the Rear

Dear YANK,

In answer to Pvt. Balfour Peisner's gripe in *Mail Call* of 28 Jan. about the Quartermaster Ordnance

gang dream up another bitch like that, you write it on toilet tissue.

I close with best wishes and all respect due to the fighting front line men who have the decency to recognize our right of defense.

Pvt. R. HERNANDEZ\*

Britain.

\*Also signed by fifty others.

### 4-F Athletes

Dear YANK,

At various times I was a classmate of Bruiser Kinard and Frank Sinkwich and it's heart-rending to realize that these men who, as I recall their physiques, would have made damned good tank men by just mounting an assortment of heavies on them personally, are now supposedly unable to stand the rigors that many a pint-sized GI is taking. Instead, they are now leading national professional football stars because of their delicate health. Boy, these poor lads must have suffered some horrible maladies since I knew them.

Sgt. BOB SCOTT

France.

[War Mobilizer James F. Byrnes has asked for an investigation of the draft-deferred status of professional athletes.—Ed.]



### How Dry

Dear YANK,

Well, this one is cute. We get a pass to go to town and it is dry. But there, in this same town, is a sergeants' club for rear-echelon troops that serves beer for members only. That is all right but those GI yokels stand in the window drinking this stuff and we who are fortunate enough to be in a live

7. Flood-control extension—Harness all our rivers from coast to coast. Electrify the land with power lines, not with headlines of flood disasters.

Sgt. JOSEPH S. EDELMAN

France.

### Paratroop Boots

Dear YANK,

Being paratroopers and taking the risks involved in jumping, we believe we deserve the exclusive right to wear the distinctive uniform of our branch of the service.

Since we arrived here in New Guinea we have had trouble getting boots, and a lot of us have made as many as seven jumps in GI shoes. Just recently we have been issued one pair of jump boots per man with the admonition that they are only to be worn during off-duty hours, because they can't be replaced once they are worn out. If this situation was a result of a shortage in the production of boots or transportation difficulties, it would be a different matter, but it isn't. Most of the Red Cross workers, Wacs, Army nurses, some unauthorized infantrymen, and a damned good percentage of the base commandos can get them. Why can't we?

I can hear someone saying they are engineer boots. No, they aren't. It's easy to tell the difference. Besides some of us got engineer boots as substitutes.

If these fellows want to wear jump suits and boots, why don't they become paratroopers instead of depriving some other soldier of his equipment? The Paratroops can usually use a few replacements, so it shouldn't be impossible to get in. They are either too lazy to lace their leggings or they aren't willing to labor for the fruit.

Cpl. WILLIAM G. REVEL\*

New Guinea.

\*Also signed by three others.

### Promotions for Nurses

Dear YANK,

Some weeks ago the order came out stating nurses overseas a certain length of time were to be promoted without interference of a units' TO. Some of us have been over nearly two and a half years. However, because we happened to be transferred we must wait till all the nurses in this new outfit (who have been over only a short time) can be promoted. Now why can't all our promotions go in at the same time? Or do we have to go without because of transfer due to a smaller hospital TO? We all have excellent 66-1 files.

The question is do we or don't we get the promotion? Perhaps someone should enlighten some of these chief nurses.

TRANSFERRED NURSES IN HUT 27

Britain.

YANK'S AFN

Radio Guide



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WILLIAM GARCIA, Mo. M.M. 2/c

Britain.

### Defense of the Rear

Dear YANK,

In answer to Pvt. Balfour Peisner's gripe in *Mail Call* of 28 Jan. about the Quartermaster, Ordnance, and Finance boys receiving the lion's share of food, PX supplies, entertainment, mail, etc., I have to laugh and say "silly, silly boy. That also goes for the 39 others.

But when he states phrases like "guys who never saw combat nor will see the front lines" and "other guys who really need them and deserve them," then I blow my top.

Apparently he is fighting the war all by his little lonesome and the arms, equipment and pay he receives drop right out of the clear blue sky for no reason at all. Why doesn't he stop to think for a while before he starts beating his gums?

L. A. J. CIEMIECKI, QMC\*

Britain.

\*Also signed by ten EM.

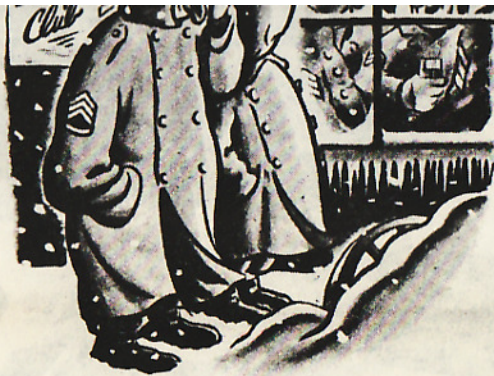
Dear YANK,

This is in reply to Pvt. Balfour Peisner's petty bitch. Him and his 39 others.

My QM unit has worked as many as 16 hours a day to salvage, repair and replace millions of different types of articles needed by the frontline men. They scrounge, work and do without so that guys up front can have enough. Not being content with that, we recently had a majority of the physically able men volunteer for frontline duty.

This outfit is now mainly composed of physically unfit and limited duty men like myself who have been there and were sent back with Purple Hearts to continue doing our share as best we can.

My unit, together with Finance, Ordnance and such undeserving bunches (including all the ex-combat one-lungers now assigned to such units), humbly requests that the next time you and your



### How Dry

Dear YANK,

Well, this one is cute. We get a pass to go to town and it is dry. But there, in this same town, is a sergeants' club for rear-echelon troops that serves beer for members only. That is all right but those GI yokels stand in the window drinking this stuff and we who are fortunate enough to be in a live outfit have to go around with our tongues hanging out.

S/Sgt. HERMAN MACK

Germany.

### Post-War Plan

Dear YANK,

Here are some changes this hospitalized combat infantryman wants to see in post-war America.

1. Socialized medicine—Draft board rejections revealed our national ill health. All America wants to be I-A but can't afford it. America can't be 4-F.

2. Full employment—Not unemployment. Work for all who want to work. Worklines for breadwinners, not breadlines for jobless.

3. Complete slum clearance—More housing projects. Three-thirds of the nation well housed. Trailer towns, stove-pipes fabrications, real estate profiteers and owners who can't bear the noise of soldiers' children must go with the wind.

4. Franchise for 18-year-olds—Some of my buddies who were killed fighting for freedom never had the opportunity to cast their votes. They knew what they fought for and if they'd voted they'd have known for whom they voted and why.

5. Representative free press—The majority of the American press has not reflected majority public opinion for the past 12 years. As witness the past four presidential campaigns. The newspapers and magazines of America had better put their ears to the ground instead of the advertising dollar.

6. Better educational system—Only a minute percentage of American youth finish college. Give every person with the intelligence and desire the opportunity to do so. Ability to learn must be substituted for ability to pay.

New Guinea.

\*Also signed by three others.

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Dear YANK,

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TRANSFERRED NURSES IN HUT 27

Britain.

## YANK'S AFN Radio Guide

Highlights for the week of Feb. 18

### SUNDAY

1501—NATIONAL BARN DANCE—The welcome sign is out for old-time music lovers. You'll hear Lulubelle and Scotty, the Hoosier Hot Shots and Pat Buttram.

### MONDAY

1930—DUFFY'S TAVERN—Archie "the Manager," Finnegan, and the gang greet a guest. Music by Matty Malneck.

### TUESDAY

2030—AMERICAN BAND OF THE AEF—A half-hour with the 40-piece band playing modern music in ultra-modern stylings.

### WEDNESDAY

2105—EDDIE CONDON'S JAZZ SESSION—Popular music by such swingsters as Krupa, Caceres, Shrader, Haggert and Spanier.

### THURSDAY

1901—BING CROSBY—The regular cast of the Music Hall gathers for fun and music—John Scott Trotter, Marilyn Maxwell, the Music Maids and Ken Carpenter.

### FRIDAY

1930—KATE SMITH—Music and comedy. Regular cast includes Harry Savoy and Four Chicks and Chuck.

### SATURDAY

1330—YANK'S RADIO EDITION.  
1430—MISS PARADE—Corporal Dick Crawford hangs up the pin-ups in their weekly display of musical charm.

NEWS EVERY HOUR ON THE HOUR.

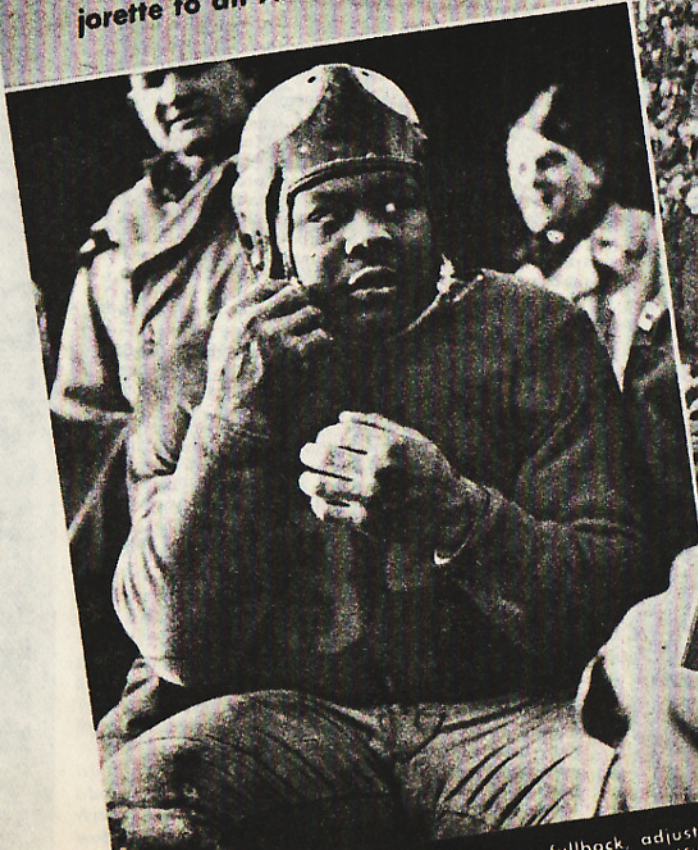
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# Spaghetti Bowl

This tasty football dish, served up to GIs in Florence, Italy, had everything from a bare-legged drum majorette to an All-American fullback.



Cpl. John (Big Six) Moody, Fifth Army fullback, adjusts his helmet before taking another crack at the Twelfth Air Force team. A former All-American at Morris Brown College, Moody ran wild as the Fifth Army won 20-0.







ITALY  
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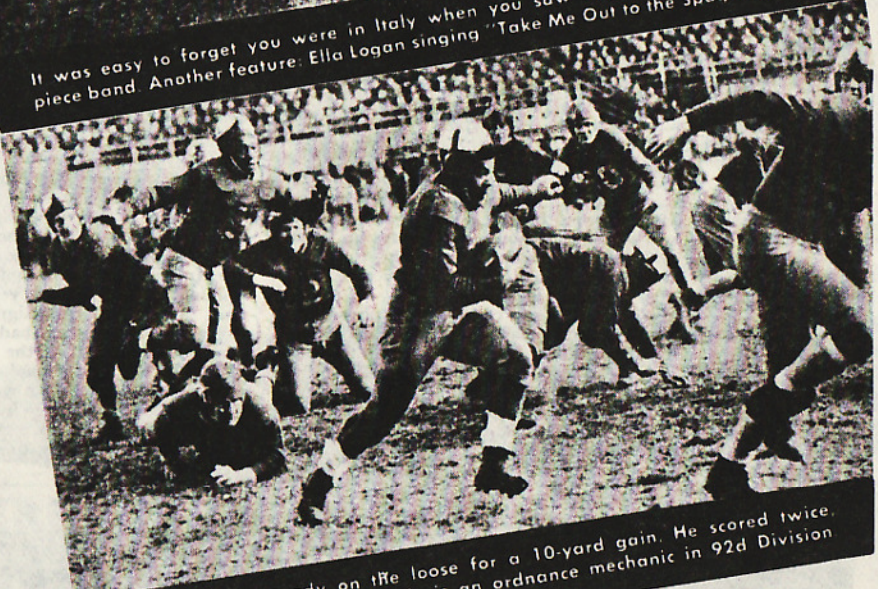
Cpl John (Big Six) Moody, Fifth Army fullback, adjusts his helmet before taking another crack at the Twelfth Air Force team. A former All-American at Morris Brown College, Moody ran wild as the Fifth Army won 20-0.



Wac and GI cheerleaders kept the Fifth Army stands humming all afternoon. Overhead there was the hum of P-38s to prevent any interference from the Luftwaffe. The Nazis threatened to show up but didn't.



It was easy to forget you were in Italy when you saw Peggy Jean leading a 56-piece band. Another feature: Ella Logan singing "Take Me Out to the Spaghetti Bowl."



Here's Big Six Moody on the loose for a 10-yard gain. He scored twice, kicked two extra points. Moody is an ordnance mechanic in 92d Division.



# SPORTS

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

## Nothing Worries Roberto

**H**ERE is a guy you should know more about. He's the Cuban baseball player. His name may be Suarez, Torres, Ortiz or Estalella and his first name is almost invariably Roberto. If there is any major-league baseball next season, Roberto will probably play most of it.

Nothing worries Roberto, not even money. He will play for slave wages because he never thought it was possible to be paid for such a nice pastime as baseball. He lives cheaply, stays at boarding houses instead of hotels and spends his money on flashy sports clothes.

If Roberto happens to be a member of the Washington Senators' Cuban colony, he will swear by a little man named Joe Cambria. Papa Joe is an ex-laundryman turned baseball scout who sold Clark Griffith on the idea of importing the cut-rate Cuban player. For 10 years Papa Joe has been beating the canebrakes for the likes of Roberto. Roberto thinks Papa Joe is very funny man because he has never been able to master Spanish. But Joe isn't so funny. He made it a point to learn only two words of Spanish—*firma aqui* (sign here)—so that he wouldn't have any trouble signing Roberto.

Roberto himself is no great shakes as a linguist. Among the 10 Cubans at Washington's spring training camp last year, only four spoke English. Clark Griffith had to hire an interpreter so Manager Ossie Bluege could converse with them. Roberto usually speaks English to suit his own convenience. He makes himself clearly understood when he wants to bum a cigarette, but he's ox dumb and tongue-tied when a manager asks why he took a third strike with the bat resting on his shoulder. Roberto picks up American slang quickly and uses it to express almost anything. His favorite words are "Taykit teezy," "Hokay" and "Toots." This "Toots" interests Roberto greatly. Next to baseball, he loves "Toots" best.

Roberto and his Cuban chums always stick together. But only because they are not accepted in baseball's social circle. Other players regard them as outsiders, invaders, and are hostile toward them. On road trips Roberto is never asked to be a fourth at bridge, or invited to parties or movies.

Opposing players also give Roberto a rough deal. He has become the favorite target of bench jockeys who think he is a fat-witted foreigner and throw some pretty terrible taunts at him. Opposing pitchers, laboring under the

match for them. During batting practice, Estalella waddled up to the plate to take his cuts. "Hey, Lallapalooza," yelled Coach Johnny Schulte. "They sure ruined a good monkey when they pulled the tail out of you." Estalella jabbed back just as deftly. He hunched his shoulders, swung his arms in simian fashion and stalked all over the field like a rampaging ape.

But most of the needling hasn't been as good natured as the Yankee treatment. Last season when the American League pennant race was at the crucial stage, the St. Louis Browns rode the Washington Cubans unmercifully. Every time a Cuban came to bat he was given a hot tongue-lashing. Finally, Roberto Ortiz, a big outfielder, went into a blind rage when a profane remark was aimed at one of the smaller Cubans. "I fight for you," Ortiz told his little friend.

Ortiz charged over to the Browns dugout with a bat on his shoulder and demanded that the player who made the last remark come out and fight. Tom Turner, a third-string catcher stepped out. "Throw away that bat first, Satchel," Turner shouted. Ortiz threw the bat aside and then started throwing punches. It

was a short but furious

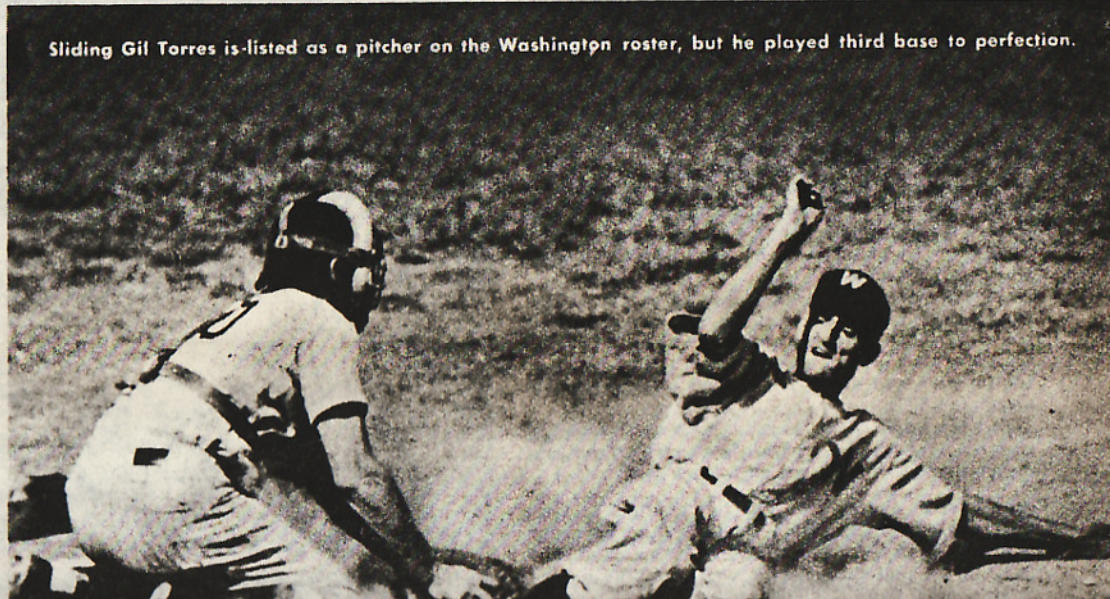
slugging match. Ortiz suffered a broken finger and Turner was bruised and scratched.

The Cuban isn't the worst ball player in the world, nor is he the best. On the average he is a talented guy who can hit better than he can field and catch better than he can pitch. Most versatile player among the Cubans is Gilberto Torres, a former minor-league pitcher, who played third base for Washington last season. A wiry, 6-foot 150-pounder, Torres wears his pants long like Carl Hubbell to hide his skinny legs. His father Dick came to Washington as a catcher in 1922 but couldn't make the grade. He is now a policeman in Havana.

Like most Cubans, Torres has a pleasant disposition and seldom broods over his batting average. Once, after a bad day on the field, Manager Bluege was surprised to find Torres sitting in front of his locker laughing and talking to himself. What had happened to him?

"Nothing," Torres said with a broad grin. "This is great way to make living. Tomorrow I play better. I can't do worse."

Sliding Gil Torres is listed as a pitcher on the Washington roster, but he played third base to perfection.





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Opposing players also give Roberto a rough deal. He has become the favorite target of bench jockeys who think he is a fat-witted foreigner and throw some pretty terrible taunts at him. Opposing pitchers, laboring under the delusion that he is short on guts, are inclined to dust him off at the plate. Roberto Estalella, the Athletics' Cuban outfielder, who is built like a fire hydrant, has been knocked down in practically every league he's played. But he usually gets up smiling, then lashes the next pitch out of the park.

The New York Yankees once gave Estalella a sharp needling, but he proved more than a

Sliding Gil Torres is listed as a pitcher on the Washington roster, but he played third base to perfection.



**OLD FRIENDS.** Capt. Buddy Lewis (right), formerly of the Washington Senators, talks over old times with Luke Sewell, manager of St. Louis Browns, at a Burma airbase.

## SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

**Y**ANK correspondent Sgt. Dave Richardson tells this one on **Dixie Walker**, **Luke Sewell** and **Paul Waner**, the baseball stars who toured China. At Kunming, Gen. Chennault recruited the three major-leaguers to play on his softball team against a Ground Forces outfit, only to lose the game in the last inning, 11-10. But the humiliating part of it was that Sewell made two errors and Walker only got a base hit. . . . **S/Sgt. Max Baer** has been disqualified for overseas service because of an old boxing injury and assigned to the convalescent training program at Kelly Field, Tex. . . . **Maj. Steve Hamas**, another heavyweight fighter, who served with the Eighth AAF in England as an athletic officer, is back in the States getting treatment for stomach ulcers. . . . According to one private in New Guinea there was so much interest in his area in the World Series that even the Japs listerfed. . . . **Capt. George Varoff**, former world's

pole-vault champion, who was reported missing after a bombing mission over China, has turned up safe at his base. . . . The GI coaching clinic in Iceland has a faculty which includes such names as **Red Rolfe**, Yale's baseball and basketball coach; **Leo Houck**, Penn State boxing coach, and **Charlie Berry**, American League umpire. **Killed in action:** **Capt. Aubrey Rion**, quarterback of Clemson's 1939 Cotton Bowl champions, in the ETO; **Lt. John Barrett**, Georgetown full-back and star of the 1942 North-South game, in Peleliu. . . . **Missing in action:** **Lt. Col. Tom Riggs**, captain of the 1940 Illinois football team, in Belgium. . . . **Commissioned:** **1st Sgt. Jack Knott**, former Browns, White Sox and A's pitcher, as a second lieutenant while serving with the 104th Infantry Division in Germany. . . . **Inducted:** **Clyde Shoun**, Cincinnati left-hander who pitched a no-hitter last year, into the Navy; **Bill Fleming**, Chicago Cub right-hander, into the Army; **Bill Conroy**, third and last member of Boston Red Sox coaching staff to be drafted, into the Army. . . . **Ordered for induction:** **Willie Pep**, world's featherweight champ, by the Army after previously being discharged by the Navy because of punctured eardrum.





## Yanks in the ETO

### Pneumonia Hill

The 17th Airborne Division, commanded by Major General William M. Miley, a pioneer parachutist, was rushed into the middle of the south flank of the Battle of the Bulge almost overnight. The thermometer flirted with zero and vicious snow lashed at the men wherever they turned, making air support impossible.

Aligned against these men were elements of two panzer-grenadier divisions and a battalion of assault guns, whose personnel wasn't as big an obstacle as was their total armor, which was believed to be over 100 medium and heavy tanks, plus a proportionate number of TDs.

But the Eagle Claw Division, with one quarter of its strength elsewhere and only a handful of our own armor in support, received the attack order.

**B**ELGIUM—Somewhere out to our right a German machinegun spits viciously and everyone ducks. A 2nd loonie clad in a snow cape calls back to his platoon sergeant, "Better take a look at our right flank." The sergeant doesn't say a

the third to attempt to get across the shell-riddled field, and he gets over okay. We watch him disappear into the woods.

Higher up to our right our artillery throws over two dozen more rounds into the spot designated by Dukes, and then the machineguns are silent. Lt. Joe Thompson, of Detroit, who was the first man to shave his head in the marshalling area, takes his platoon and starts down the slope. We watch tensely as they enter the town unopposed.

To our right, "D" Company is being hard-pressed to keep up on "F's" flank. In front of "D" are Jerry machinegun nests dug in under knocked-out tanks. But Gatch's men press forward, leaving blood-spattered snow trails behind them.

Ahead of one platoon there is a Kraut Spandau which is taking its toll of advancing Americans. A handful of medics, led by Pfc. Herman Longerbeam, of Culpepper, Va., tried to get the wounded back, but a steady hail of fire keeps them pinned down. Finally, a youngster, whom one of his buddies later referred to as "just a little bastard armed with a Thompson," tells Longerbeam to follow him.

"We'll get them back," is all the youngster says. He steps into the open and moves forward, his gun





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**B**ELGIUM—Somewhere out to our right a German machinegun spits viciously and everyone ducks. A 2nd looie clad in a snow cape calls back to his platoon sergeant, "Better take a look at our right flank." The sergeant doesn't say a word but, hugging the snow-covered field, makes his way toward the direction of the fire. Ten minutes later the Jerry gun stops chattering, but the sergeant never comes back.

We inch forward to the edge of some woods where a forward artillery observer is directing the supporting artillery against a Kraut self-propelled 75. We can see it sitting between two tall pine trees on some high ground north of the town. Jerry also has five heavy machineguns covering the only approach to the village. Each gun covers the other. That makes the thing tough.

The FO shouts back to his communications man, "Two zero, right five, short. Give me battery"—and we heard his words echoed into the phone. Our artillery isn't too far behind us, and we can hear our shells whistling over. We watch as two puffs of smoke appear in front of the pine tree to the left of the gun, another in front of the gun itself, and a fourth seems to burst right on the damn thing.

"That's all for that baby," says Lt. Rhoades McCutcheon, liaison officer from Los Angeles, whose thirst for action was responsible for our being up on the hill overlooking the town of Rechrical.

The FO hollers back to his echo, "Enemy position neutralized."

"What's holding us up?" I ask McCutcheon, a former instructor at Fort Benning's Parachute School. A heavy machinegun in front of us opens up and we both swallow a mouthful of snow. McCutcheon spits out tobacco juice. "That's that," he says, and we move a few yards deeper into the woods.

At that moment the German 105s go into action, and the ensuing barrage plays hell with everyone on the hillside. There are 105s bursting all around you, showering leaf fragments, snow and debris on you from all angles and methodically cutting down



THESE UNIQUE ARMORED JEEPS OF THE U.S. 82ND AIRBORNE SUPPORTED A RAID ON A SMALL TOWN IN THE ARDENNES.

men next to you. It puts the fear of God into you, and though you try to wise-crack your way through it, you realize afterwards how silly you must have sounded.

"Keerist, Mac, why in hell can't you keep your ideas to yourself?" I growl. For answer McCutcheon buries his massive frame deeper into the snow. This time he doesn't spit out tobacco juice. Later he admits he swallowed his chew.

Capt. Bob Dukes, of Greenville, S.C., commanding officer of "F" Company, crawls up to the FO and tells him what he wants. He points to a house on the western edge of the town and then to a patch of woods on some high ground about 100 yards to the right of it.

"The guns are in there some place," he says. "Give me load and we'll go in and clean them out." Just then the German 105s start coming again.

The FO rogers and shouts back directions to the fellow on the phone.

Dukes calls one of his runners and tells him to get over to "D" Company, which is on our left flank.

"Tell Gatch (Capt. Gordon Gatch, of Los Angeles) that I can't stay up here under this stuff. I'm going to give artillery a few shots at 'em and then we're going down. Tell him to make sure he doesn't fire on us."

The runner starts across the snow, but doesn't get very far. We all hit the ground and swear as Jerry drops one about 25 yards to our right. Fragments catch the runner in his left leg and we learn later that he suffers a compound fracture. Another runner tries, but he is also cut down by shrapnel in the leg. Pete Schultz, of Lackawanna, N.Y., is

pumping lead in the face of Jerry fire. A bullet hits him in the right arm, sending his Thompson flying. He picks up another one which is lying in the snow and keeps going on. Another slug catches him in the leg, but it doesn't stop him. A third splatters against his gun, knocking it from his grasp, while steel slivers pierce his right arm again. He picks up an M-3 from a fallen buddy and drops to his knees, firing all the time. A fourth slug imbeds itself in his left leg and, with his gun still blazing, he faints from loss of blood. Longerbeam pulls him out, and afterwards they evacuate him.

Back at regimental CP I ask to see the CO and am told he's out with one of his battalions, leading the regiment from a front-line tank. Lt. Bob McGee, of Waco, Tex., a liaison officer who doesn't like sitting around the CP, offers to drive me out. On the way we have to dodge 88s, which are peppering the road, and I learn that McGee is a Regular Army five-striper who was given a direct commission after serving with the 27th Field Artillery in New Guinea, North Africa and Sicily.

Located on the fringe of a wooded area at the foot of some high ground which we had taken earlier in the day, the battalion CP is nothing more than a group of snow-studded foxholes and a few tanks. The CO is a gaunt six-footer who could double for Boris Karloff, but who preferred teaching Sunday school in Pennsylvania. When he isn't up front with one of his battalions he's on the phone asking the brass upstairs for hot food and heavy socks for his chilled men.

He takes off his helmet and shows me a hole in it the size of half a dollar. (In case some of you



have forgotten, half a dollar is an American coin, a little over an inch in diameter and worth 25 French francs, 22 Belgian francs, and 2/6d. in England.) The CO says that an 88 killed his tank commander five minutes after the attack jumped off. Seconds later the CO's helmet was pierced by a fragment which blunted itself against his liner.

Soon after, I learn about Dead Man's Ridge, alias Pneumonia Hill. Led by their exec, Major Morris Anderson, of Baton Rouge, La., the third battalion of the 513th Parachute Infantry Regiment had spent a freezing night in foxholes at the foot of the hill. Here, under a constant enemy assault-gun barrage, which kept up through the night and early morning, they waited for an order to storm the hill on which stood the town of Flamierge.

At dawn they dashed up the hill, personally led by Anderson, of whom one of the men said, "He was a mean old buzzard in garrison, but, boy, what a sweetheart out there." As the attackers dispersed over a 200-yard front and roared up the icy slope in high, snow beat against their faces. Some of their weapons were frozen, but with wild yells of "Kill the bastards!" they raced up.

They took the hill, they took the town, and they took a beating. Once in Flamierge, they stood off armored counter-attacks for the remainder of the day and well into the night. Early the next morning, when a division order forced them to withdraw, the sleep-starved major, his stubble blood-caked, let the mucus flow from his nose and trickle down the corner of his mouth as he repeated over and over the same phrase: "They had guts. They had guts."

The headlines screamed: "Von Rundstedt Pulling Out of Bulge." But as one shivering paratrooper put it: "The son of a bitch didn't pull out. He was asked to leave."

-By Cpl. BOB KRELL



**The COUNT**

## ONE MAN'S LOSS



THE CO OF THE 313TH TROOP CARRIER GROUP RECENTLY STAGED A SHORT-STORY CONTEST AMONG THE MEN OF HIS OUTFIT, OFFERING 50 BUCKS AND A FIVE-DAY FURLOUGH TO THE WINNER. TWO DOZEN MANUSCRIPTS WERE TURNED IN. THE STORY BELOW COPPED FIRST PRIZE.

By Sgt. EMANUEL FRACHTENBERG

**G**REAT slabs of mist drifted over the airfield, now obscuring the planes parked on the revetments, now revealing them ghostlike in the grey afternoon. Except for a tinkering mechanic here and there, the field seemed abandoned.

Frank looked at the sky and cursed routinely. He sat on an empty packing crate beneath the wing of his plane, a time-worn, war-weary C-47. He was what they elegantly called an assistant crew chief. "Assistant crew chief, my eye," he grouched. "Chief cook and bottle washer is more like it."

Seated on the box with him was Tommy, a little English kid from an adjacent farm who for several months had been a regular fixture of the revetment where Frank's plane was parked. He was skinny, and small for his eight years, and while he looked like a million other English schoolboys, he did have two distinctive features. His ears were large, comical and inquisitive, standing away from his head like two question marks, and his brown eyes were deep with the wonder that only a small boy can feel watching a machine in operation. Frank understood the little guy's absorption, wordlessly to be sure. He knew the feeling of throbbing engines and he knew the thrill that Tommy felt.

"Goddam soup!" Frank growled as he studied the sky.

"Goddam soup," Tommy agreed anxiously. "Some goddam soup." He shook his head sadly.

"Do we have wedder like dis in Noo Yawk?" Frank demanded. "Not even for a joke!" He spat contemptuously. "Not even for a joke!"

"Um hum," Tommy murmured contritely as Frank scowled at him. For some reason or other Frank always blamed Tommy for the English weather and Tommy accepted full responsibility. He never did quite understand how the blame came to be his; it was, though, and he bore it uncomplainingly.

Their conversation was interrupted by the uneven sputter of a buzz-bomb engine. They both peered upward, trying to discern its shape in the thick grey sky. The field was located in buzz-bomb alley; day and night the robots sped over the field. Some sput-

"Wotsa idear?" Frank pointed in mock indignation to his knee where Tommy rested so comfortably. "Wotsa idear pushin'? Maybe I'm in yer way? Maybe you'd like to lay down? Maybe ya want a cup of tay?" His tone was one of exaggerated deference now. "How do you like dat?" he questioned rhetorically, casting his eyes skyward.

"Frankie—" Tommy started to apologize timidly, "I—"

"Not anudder word, not anudder goddam word!" Frank subsided speechless with anger.

Tommy hung his head sadly; he felt filled with remorse. Somehow or other he had committed a grave offense. Frank saw in him the very picture of dejection.

"Chow! Chow!" he roared at the bewildered and heart-broken Tommy. "Chow! Chow!" His white teeth showed in a wide grin.

"Cheow, cheow," Tommy piped excitedly, eagerly accepting this change in mood.

Frank hoisted him on the bicycle handlebars. They raced around the perimeter track, banking sharply at turns and squeezing through impossibly narrow places. Tommy hung on for dear life and told himself through chattering teeth that it was a wonderful ride. They parted at the crossroads and Tommy walked to the farm, about a quarter of a mile outside of camp.

"CHEESUS, did you hear that bomb this morning?" The mess hall buzzed with excitement. One of the robots had fallen in the town close to camp and everybody was busy comparing reactions.

"What time was it?"

"I'd say it was about 10:30. Whatsa matter, did it knock you outa bed?"

"I wuz up before you, wise guy. Well, Frankie, like I'm tellin' you, this one lands right smack on that school in town an' kills every kid in the joint."

Frank looked up quickly. "Every kid?" he snapped.

"Yup."

The phrase turned itself over and over in his mind, slowly and insistently. "Every kid! Every kid!" and Frank felt sick. He rode his bicycle out to the line and waited for the little kid to show up but



-By Cpl. BOB KRELL



## The COUNT

LOOKING about as vigorous as a parboiled slug, that beat-up old T/5-turned-private known as the Count is feeling hardly up to scratch these days. It's not the weather that gets him down so much as work. In fact, his state of near exhaustion seems to be the result of his having to work on Lincoln's Birthday and the prospect of having to do the same on Washington's Birthday. The Count regards such a state of affairs as almost intolerable and plans to do something about it as soon as he gets out of khaki.

"It was me unhappy experience to learn on February 12th that the Army does not encourage the observance of Linkum's Birthday as a holiday," the Count told us the other afternoon when we paid him our weekly visit and found him sprawled limply on his cot. "What's more, I have reason to believe that it does not plan to do any better by Washington's Birthday. Okay, so I will have to work on February 22nd, too—unless I have better luck with going on sick call than has been me lot lately.

"But me postwar plans includes some vital changes in the nation's attitude toward holidays. I plans to start a campaign making every President's birthday a holiday. Why just Washington and Linkum? Is we going to continue to snub the sacred memories of Martin Van Buren and Rutherford Birchard Hayes?

"Franklin D. Roosevelt is a stumbling block in me plan. Four terms but only one birthday does not fit in with me holiday schedule. It shall be me endeavor to cut down the Presidential term to a period of one year—not four—or maybe even to six months, and to stipulate that no President can serve more than one term. But you will have to excuse me now for I understand that me top-kick is getting up a detail, in which case the best place for me is out behind the latrine."

And with that, the Count rose briskly from his cot and sprinted away.

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"It's a doodle bug," said Tommy.

"Shaddup! I wanna hear it cut out," snapped Frank as he continued listening intently. Somewhere off in the distance the engine coughed, rasped and died altogether. After a lapse of several seconds, seconds of dead silence, they heard the crash, and the ground shook beneath them. "Nuttin' stops dem babies," muttered Frank.

They were a common sight all right, Frank and his "little limey," as the boys called him, working on the plane or sitting on their old packing crate, Frank talking, Tommy listening. Several times Frank gave Tommy a brush and let him wash the landing gear. Tommy wielded the brush so energetically that his rear end waggled around to compensate for the great exertion at the other end.

"Poddon me, brother," Frank would say with great deference, "I tink yer motor's runnin'," and then he'd laugh loud and long as Tommy knit his brows in puzzlement. Motor? What motor? Frank was so hard to understand at times.

Sometimes Frank would tell him stories about the places he'd been or about his home in New York. These Tommy liked best of all. He listened hungrily to stories of buildings that soared into the clouds, crowds that blackened the streets, streets that shone as brightly by day as by night. He heard about impossible things that took his breath away, a sign composed of colored fish swimming high over Broadway, another that blew smoke rings, one with dancing figures. As Tommy wandered deeper and deeper into this imaginary world he edged closer and closer to Frank.

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Frank cursed mechanically as a truck forced him off the road onto the muddy shoulder. He wobbled back to the road and continued pedalling toward the barracks. He tried to think of other things, but his mind turned back to Tommy.

He was fond of the kid, sure, he liked him fine, but why this terrible depression? Relatives had died at home and he had sorrowed for them when they passed on. Boys he grew up with, trained with, fought and played with had been killed. Then, too, he had sorrowed and his bereavement was deep and sincere. Why then this special inexplicable sadness?

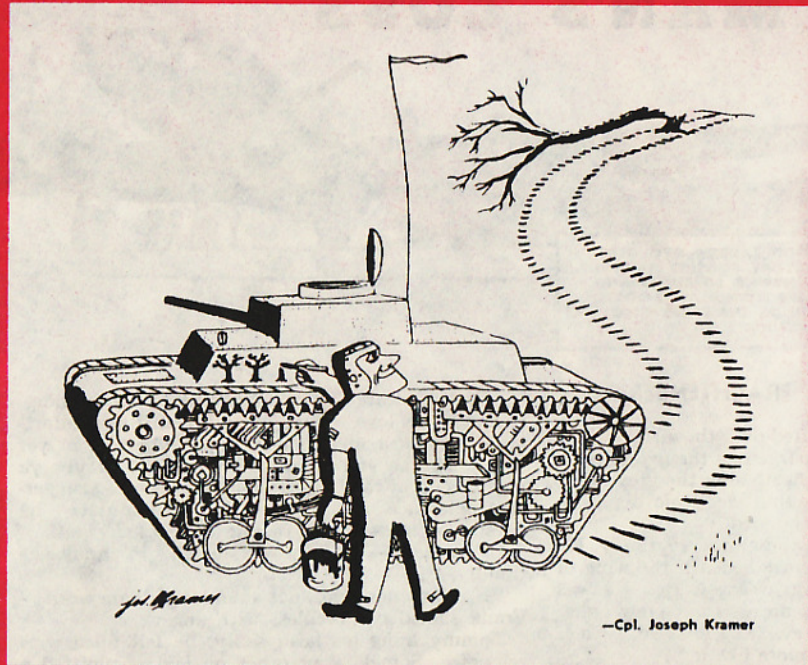
Frank pedalled on absorbed and confused. "I'm gettin' crazy as hell," he said aloud with a bitter laugh. The sound of his voice didn't distract him and the question still posed itself. Why? His legs pumped steadily and the tires made funny little ripping noises on the wet road. The rhythm, regular and monotonous, insinuated itself into his thinking, maddening in its insistence until he found himself more angry than sad. His heart was outraged by his mind's inability to accept and explain.

The others had died, but there was a pattern to their living and dying. Even the death of his friends in the army seemed to fit into some crazy design calling for death as its culmination.

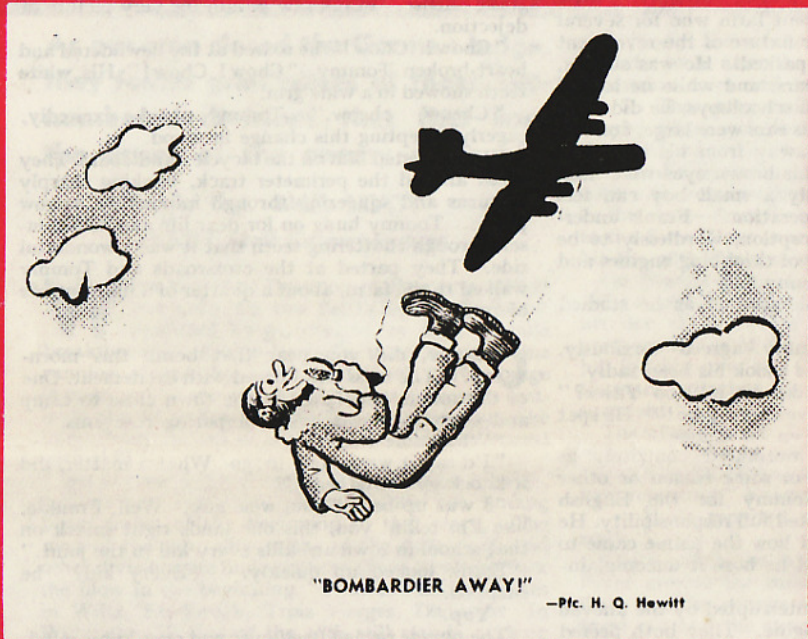
Tommy's death was absurd, that's what made his rage and sorrow speechless. It was absolutely without point, like boogie-woogie in church. It was the Wehrmacht waging war on a small boy. It was the final expression of a philosophy of hatred, hatred wild and indiscriminate.

Frank lowered his head as he pedalled viciously past the crossroads. With a rage born of futility he cursed, "God dammit, God dammit duh hell!"





—Cpl. Joseph Kramer



"BOMBARDIER AWAY!"  
—Pfc. H. Q. Hewitt



"... AND THE PFC. STRIPE I GOT AT FORT BENNING, GEORGIA."  
—Pfc. Tom Flannery

# YANK

THE ARMY



WEEKLY





"BOMBARDIER AWAY!"  
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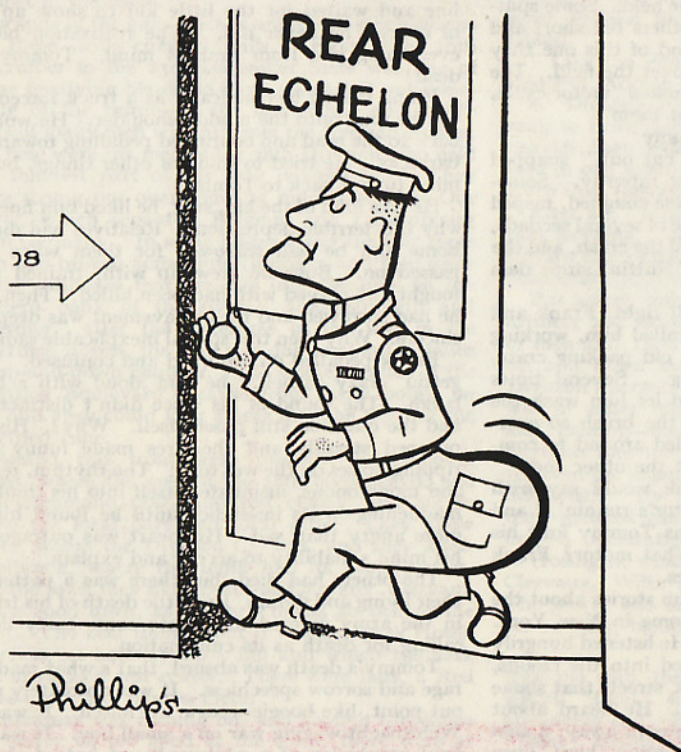
"... AND THE PFC. STRIPE I GOT AT FORT BENNING, GEORGIA."  
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# YANK

THE ARMY



WEEKLY



—Sgt. F. Phillips



"YOU'RE A DISGRACE TO THE UNIFORM!"  
—Cpl. Jim Weeks