

YANK

THE ARMY



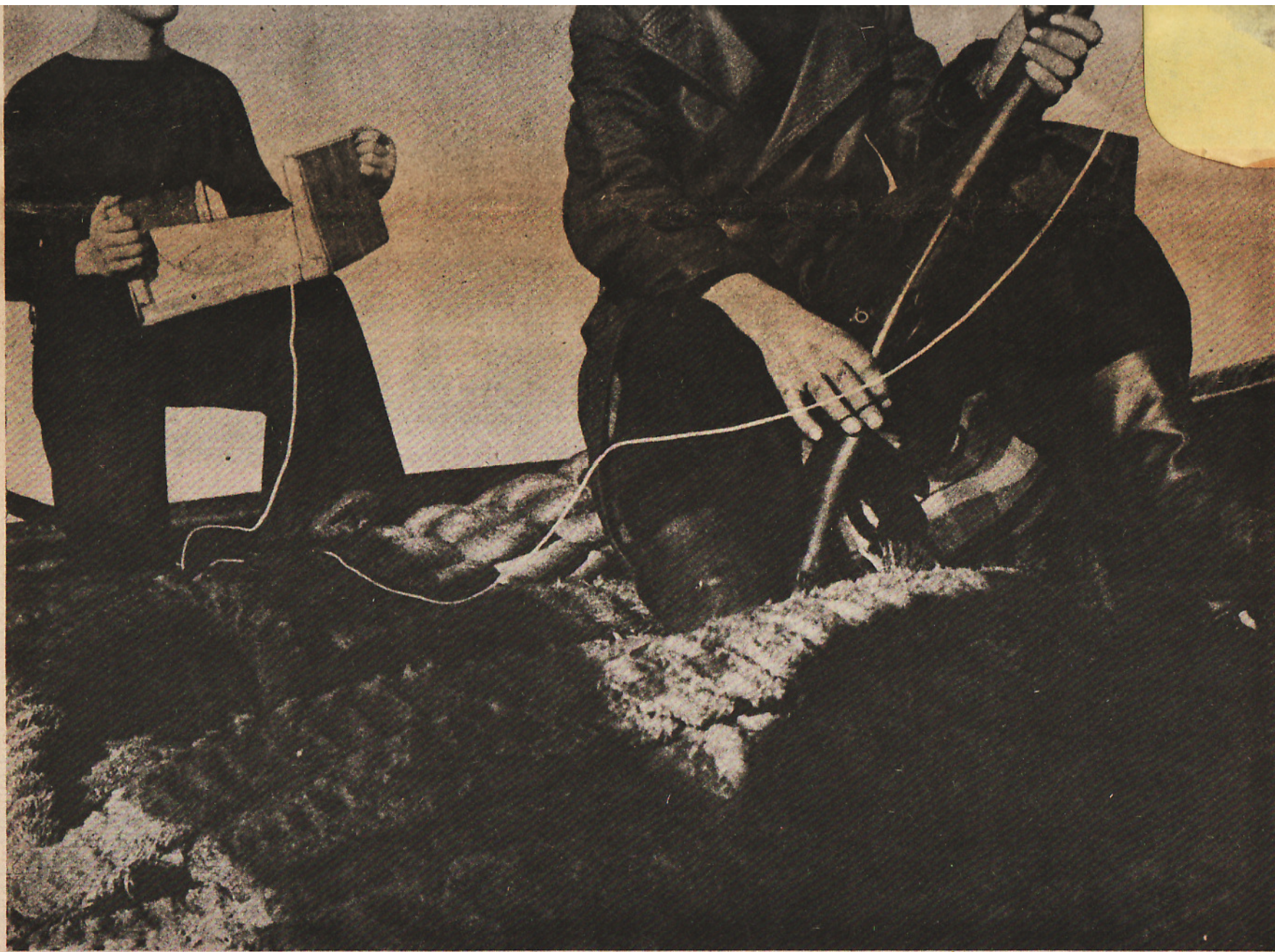
WEEKLY

3^d FEB. 1943
VOL. 2, NO. 1

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

TUG TARS
and
RESCUE RIFLE





WAR-GOING TUGS IN "E-BOAT ALLEY"

—See pages 8, 9 and 10



VISIT THE

Here is a city by city report on the New Germany, with its latest revisions and decorations as applied by the gallant technicians and workmen of the Eighth Air Force and RAF Combined Parks and Planning Commissions. It's especially written for those wishing to tour Germany in 1944.

By Sgt. WALTER PETERS and Sgt. SAUL LEVITT
YANK Staff Correspondents

How will Germany look to the traveler of 1944? Beautiful, interesting Germany, with the North and Baltic Seas washing the golden yellow sands in the north; the magnificent Alps towering above the ancient castles and gay villages and towns in the south; the romantic landscapes and huge industrial centers in the west; the vast beautiful forests and farmlands of the east; and the historic section of Central Germany, with its excellent winter sports facilities, and charming stretches of country.

Germany is as vast as it is beautiful and one should spend some time there in order to fully enjoy its many splendors. If you have never visited this enchanting country before, we would recommend that you do so at your earliest convenience.

Why not visit Hamburg first? First, of course, comes the question: "How does one get to Hamburg?" By steamer? Or by plane?

Ordinarily, we would recommend a steamer from London. The cool, fresh air of the North Sea is comforting and healthy at this time of the year. But, unfortunately, the RAF has taken a lease for an indefinite period on all waters leading to the harbors of this proud German city. Of course, special permission to travel by the sea route may be obtained, but your steamer would be forced to travel carefully and slowly in order to avoid disturbing the lessee's mine stocks.

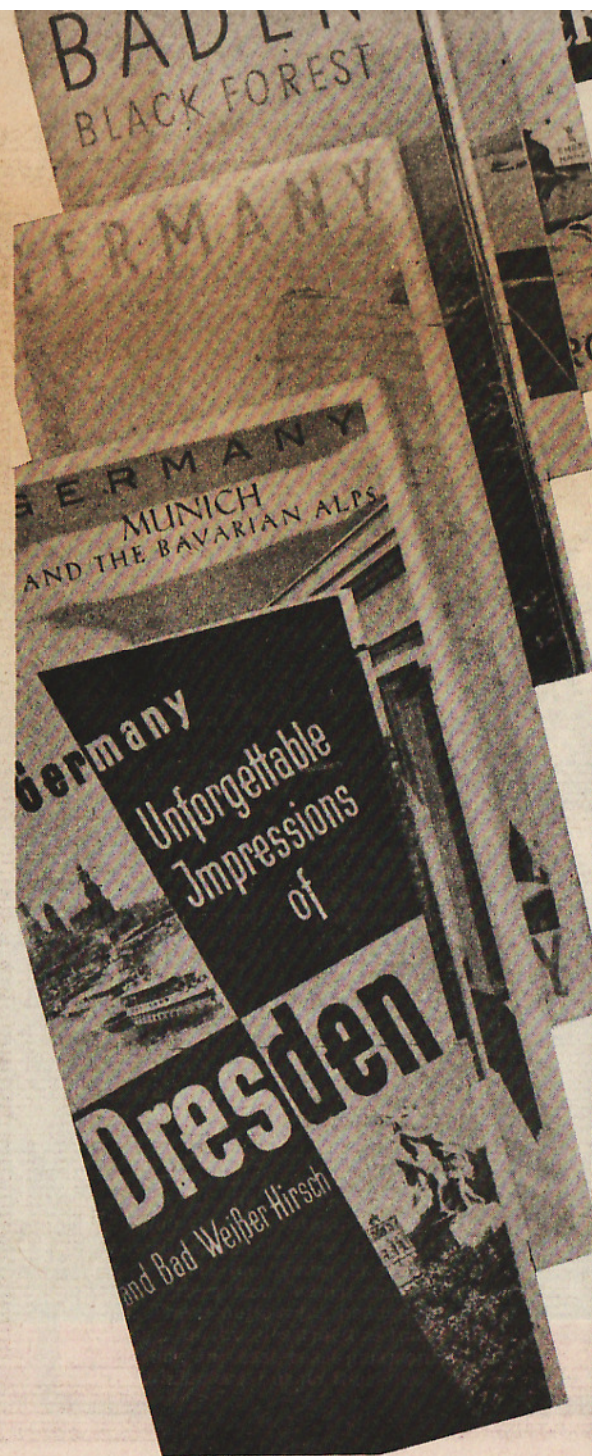
Why not put off sea travel for another journey? The Eighth Air Force and RAF have established a regular and frequent air service over Hamburg and other principal German cities. And no expense has been spared by the Allied Air Forces Parks and Planning Commission to make the visitor's stay in Germany pleasant and interesting. No matter where one may go there is remarkable evidence of the reconstruction work performed by the Parks and Plan-

In the old days many of Hamburg's natural spots of beauty were hidden because of the great string of ugly structures in the city proper and along the waterfront. The engineers of the Parks and Planning Commission agreed that the entire city would have to be renovated if one were to enjoy its hidden beauties—so the workmen were ordered to obliterate the two great electric power plants at Neuhof and Tiefstack. Certain unsightly buildings at the water-pumping stations at Billswarder, the reservoir and filter beds, the gas works at Grasbrook, were also removed; as were great portions of the ugly premises occupied by the shipbuilding firms—Blohm and Voss, Howaldswerke, Deutsche Werft A.G., and Stulken and Sohn A.G.

At the same time, most of the city's central district, all the way to the docks, was eliminated so that one could gain a natural view of this enterprising metropolis.

You should not allow your first impression of the Hamburger to opionate you. At first, he may speak to you in a tired, harsh and perhaps antagonistic tone. But you must remember, the demolition activities have been rapid and discomforting for the citizens of this city. The average Hamburger is proud and reserved, but once you have gained his confidence, you will find him honest and progressive, although probably a little boastful of his country's achievements since September, 1939.

One will particularly be impressed by the St. Pauli district. You will be amazed at the great changes that have taken place as you gaily stroll along the Reeperbahn. It will not be like the old days when noisy and gaudy amusement establishments shocked your sensitive ears. The foreign odor of the circuses and the chatter of the ventriloquists is totally absent. And the commission's workmen have taken great pains to remove the ghastly looking top floors of the buildings occupied by the Schmelze des Sentral



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And so we begin with Hamburg.

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All ugly buildings were removed to give the traveller a broad unimpeded view of the far beyond. This is Hamburg.

BEAUTIFUL RUINS OF Germany

dropped from the air to harmonize the architecture of the margarine works.

But, unfortunately, the fires became uncontrollable and spread to other buildings. The roofs of the Neur Opera House and the Operetten Theatre were totally gutted, so you will avoid booking tickets for either of those theatres.

While promenading through Hamburg, do not become unduly frightened at the strange cries and wails of sirens. It will simply be the signal that the commission's workmen have returned to put the finishing touches to their previous day's work. It would be advisable, of course, for you to take shelter with the citizens until the workmen finish.

One should by all means visit the other districts

—Neustadt, Altstadt, Harvesthude, Rotherbaum, Altona, etc. As at St. Pauli, one will find that the renovation work has accomplished unbelievable changes in all those districts.

One will be particularly delighted with the great changes that have been made in the area of the Free Harbor. The engineers of the Parks and Planning Commission took special care to eliminate the ugly warehouses and docks. It was once estimated that to get a full view of the area in the harbor, one had to walk about five days, eight hours each day. The commission felt that this was a foolish waste of time—so the demolition work was ordered. It was a job of gigantic size, requiring great planning, and upon its completion the Hamburgers swore that it was the

"most incomprehensible, unfathomable and indescribable" piece of work ever achieved by mankind.

But let us not loiter too long in Hamburg. We now journey onward to the headquarters of Der Fuehrer's naval commander-in-chief and of the Baltic fleet. Thanks to its position as a natural harbor, Kiel has become one of Germany's most important shipbuilding centers. Of course, many of these shipbuilding yards were old and undignified in appearance, so the commission embarked on a vigorous campaign to obliterate the more unsightly ones. Today one can journey through peaceful Kiel and enjoy the glorious site of the beautiful suburbs which climb gently up the wooded dunes. The boisterous noises that once came from the railroad roundhouses and shipbuilding yards have been eliminated to an appreciable extent.

We cannot recommend a visit to Bremen at this time, as the commission's busy workmen are still in the process of reconstructing that great inland port city. But why not visit Hanover, the German city of parks and gardens?

According to the Fremdenverkehr- and Ausstellungsamt travelogue publishing firm, Hanover has long been favored by the English, even above all other German cities. The great liking for Hanover has now spread to the Americans. And to show their feeling for Hanover, the commission's English and



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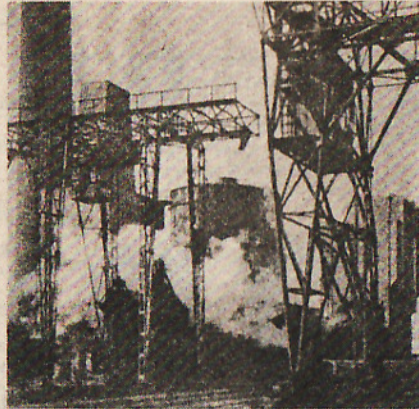
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Of what use such ugly sights as this? Down it went!



Smokestacks and repulsive-looking cranes were removed for your pleasure.



Beautiful scenery? Yes! The removal of the dam will even add to its beauty.

American sections sent great forces of workmen to completely remodel this enchanting city, to make it, in fact, even more enchanting. The workmen were rushed from their quaint Nissen cottages in Britain in fast planes, and the work was continued day and night until the board of directors were satisfied that the city was completely beautified.

Most of the buildings between the main railroad and the illustrious Machsee Lake were condemned as unsafe for habitation. The commission's engineers felt that the task of removing each building individually would be far too slow and expensive. So the technique of dropping a specially devised demolition tool, called the "block buster," was employed.

THE renovation work was watched with great interest by the people of Hanover; not only because of the workmen's efficiency, but also because of the colorful display made by the variously sized powder cans which were floated down along with the "block-buster" tool.

It was particularly beautiful to watch the rainbow-colored flames coming from the main town gas works and the Hanomag works. The Hanomag works had long been the source of great dispute among those who wished to keep Hanover a city of floral decorations and spraying fountains. The armored

and unruly railroad junctions and railroad sheds have been removed in order that the traveller may enjoy Munster just as nature intended him to. The same is true of Hagen, where the commission's workmen have made an astonishing beginning in obliterating the old and smoke-laden industrial structures, such as the Accumulatoren Fabrik, manufacturers of submarine batteries and fire control instruments, and the Fahrabteilefabrik Eipperman steel and iron works.

One should by all means visit Bochum. There, in one night alone, the commission's anti-noise section eliminated to a great extent the frightful bellows coming from the three steel plants of the powerful Vereinigte Stahlewerke combine. Some of the high priority coal mines, including one belonging to the trouble-making Krupp interests, were also eliminated for the visitor's joy and benefit.

One can hardly comprehend the supreme efforts made by the Parks and Planning Commission to make the traveler's trip more interesting. From the very beginning of its clean-up campaign, its workmen were harassed from many German sources. Perhaps the most active opposition came from the German Steel Manufacturers' Association, whose headquarters were in Dusseldorf. The commission employed every conceivable method to convince the opposing elements to cease and desist. But all appeals fell on deaf ears.

built their ugly factories within seeing distance of the museums and parks. Indeed, the invasion of industry threatened to completely bury Cologne as a leader of art and culture.

Upon entering the city, one will now find that the work of the greedy industrial tycoons has been very competently dealt with. Over 80 percent of the city's drab center has been completely levelled off. Such repulsive buildings as those owned by the internationally reputed firms of Humboldt-Deutz, Gottfried Hagen, and Felten and Guillame, makers of internal combustion engines, trucks, submarine engines and tractors, were removed.

BUT by now, one is very fatigued. Let us go to Aachen, only a few kilometres south-west of Cologne, where one can find rest and comfort in one of the 38 hot springs there. These warm brine springs (temperature about 169 F.), containing alkaline sulphureous, are excellent for the treatment of heart disease, gout, rheumatic fever, sciatica and nervous complaints of all kinds.

Because of the commission's rapid renovating work throughout Germany, many of the citizens have become afflicted by a variety of heart diseases. You may find a number of these people in one of the hot springs. Ask them for more complete details on the renovation program as it was carried out in their native city.

Visit the Municipal Suermondt Museum in Aachen. Or see one of the operettas at the Municipal Theatre. You can now enjoy the museum and theatre without being bothered by the smell, smoke and noise of industry. By all means visit what was once the industrial section in the Rote-Erde district. Recent visitors have reported that the ruins there are even more fascinating than those in Rome.

The gutted roofs of the Garbe Laymeyer A.G. electrical machinery factory and of the Kranz textile machine making company will give you a thrill.

But do not expect to find modern gas and electric facilities throughout Aachen. The commission went



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cars, trucks, gun carriages and aircraft parts made at Hanomag presented a shabby sight alongside such pleasure grounds as the Grosse Garten of Harrenhausen, where a majestic fountain springs to a height of 240 feet. But that has been taken care of, and the fires caused by the commission's workmen presented a fascinating and unforgettable sight for those who were at the Grosse Garten during the renovation work.

Incidentally one does not have to bring much money to Hanover, for most of the business center has been liquidated. Many of the businessmen there were charging excessive prices, so it was decided by the commission to do away with business entirely.

Before one decides to visit Cologne, often referred to as the gateway to German culture, one should stop at the other places in the area of Westphalia-Hesse and the Weser Hills. One will marvel at the remarkable job of massaging that the commission's workmen accomplished in such cities as Munster, Dortmund, Hagen, Bochum, Essen, Dusseldorf, etc.

In Munster, for instance, all the slummy buildings

for the visitor's joy and benefit. One can hardly comprehend the supreme efforts made by the Parks and Planning Commission to make the traveler's trip more interesting. From the very beginning of its clean-up campaign, its workmen were harassed from many German sources. Perhaps the most active opposition came from the German Steel Manufacturers' Association, whose headquarters were in Dusseldorf. The commission employed every conceivable method to convince the opposing elements to cease and desist. But all appeals fell on deaf ears.



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One night, department heads of the Parks and Planning Commission decided at a secret meeting in London to end this opposition once and for all. The following night, specially trained commission workmen were flown to Dusseldorf and eliminated two-thirds of that city's central area—including the Stahlhaus, administration center of the Steel Manufacturers' Association. It was a beautiful structure, but it hindered the commission's progressive program in other parts of Germany. Therefore, it had to go.

BUT if the visitor is startled at the changes in Bochum and Dusseldorf, he will be amazed on arriving in Cologne.

It is a standard phrase of the wise traveler to say: "He who has never seen Cologne has never seen Germany." At one time, few cities in the Reich could compare with her as a center of culture. In the Middle Ages, Cologne was the gateway to the heart of Germany. But in later times, money-mad princes of industry invaded this intellectual city and

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But do not expect to find modern gas and electric facilities throughout Aachen. The commission went to great pains to give you the advantages of a real, old-fashioned city—no modern conveniences at all. For instance, the gas works on Julicher Str. and the electric power station at Guiner Weg have been considerably reduced.

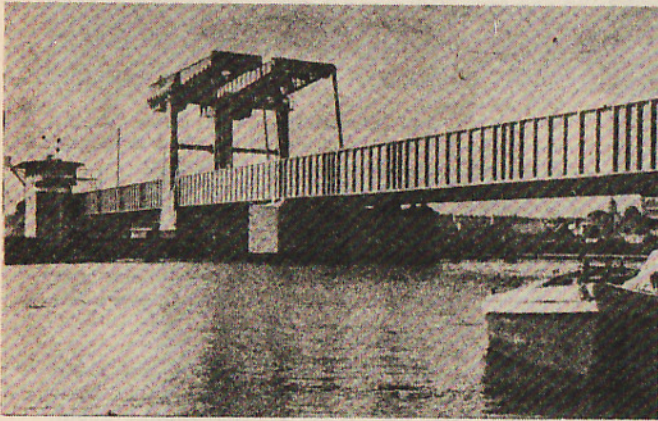
Upon arriving at Aachen's open-air railroad station, one will ask the question: "Where should I go next? Bonn? Koblenz? Frankfurt? Kassel?"

THE temptation to visit every city is great. But why not see Kassel before going farther? Kassel, the city that lies in a mountain valley, with a beautiful forest on both sides of the heights. One will stare with unbelieving eyes at the cascades and fountains in the lovely park at Wilhelmshone. Then as one approaches the vast Henschel und Sohn locomotive engine and plane works, one will undoubtedly become impressed by the commission's efficient method of landscaping by air. The H & S works have, of course, not been the only industrial works affected by the new landscaping treatment. More than 50 other industrial sites have been similarly treated; for example, plants making thermometer instruments and special types of machine tools.

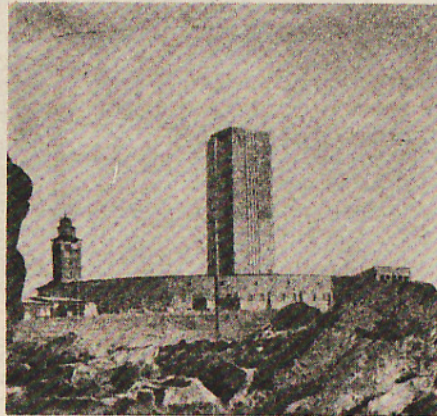
You will be particularly impressed at the hospitality of the Kassel people. After one gentle suggestion by the commission's committee on housing, thousands of Kasselites moved into the mountains in order that visitors should have sufficient housing accommodation.

But by now, one is ready to go deeper into the south of Germany. The question then arises: "Should I go by rail? By car? By water?"

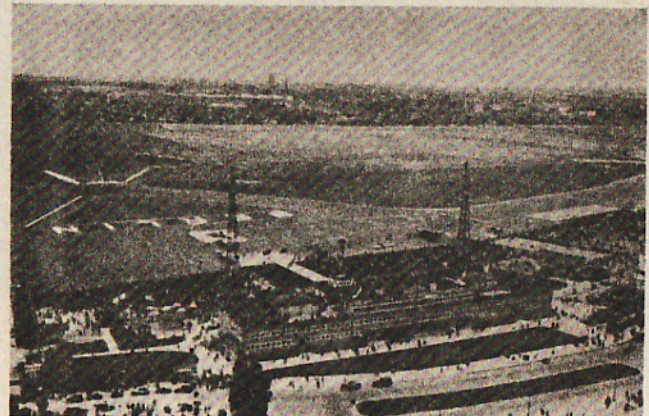
Why not go by water? One can easily obtain a collapsible boat and paddle down the clear-blue Fulda river to the town of Fulda itself, where, after a full night's lodging at one of the hostels, one will be prepared to hike to Schweinfurt, only about 50 miles south-east (as the bird flies).



Note how this bridge at Stralsund detracts from natural charm of water.



Radio transmitter stations are bad for the ears. Down they went!



"Tempelhof Central Aerodrome, Berlin, which is being completely renovated."—German guide book.

On all the highways and paths, as one passes quiet little country dwellings, one will find many Germans hiking. It is a patriotic gesture for Germans to hike nowadays.

As the traveler enters Schweinfurt, he will naturally ask: "But can this be the same Schweinfurt that I read about in 1939?"

Shall we be frank? Yes, it is the same town, but there have been certain changes. Once, the experienced traveler detoured by this industrial town. The vast chain of ball-bearing works, sprawling all over the city, presented a most unpleasant picture to sensitive eyes. But one cannot speak harshly of Schweinfurt these days. The commission made two glorious efforts to remove the unsightly obstacles. And we can assure our visitor with absolute confidence that he may now view Schweinfurt as a new city; the ugly smokestacks and concrete factory walls no longer remain.

AND then, what would suit the tourist more than the intellectual pleasures of world-famed Leipzig? It would be hard to say. Our traveler may proceed north by *volkswagen* (automobile) or train. Of course, there will be slight delays en route since the beautifying of Leipzig has brought about such minor disturbances as torn-up rails and depressions in the roads.

But these minor disturbances, as has been said,

are the price of progress. The landscape gardening achieved at Leipzig has been accomplished at great speed, and, so to speak, by fire. The visitor will, of course, be greatly interested in the old Inner City where are the Gewandhaus, the technical academies and the State Academy of the Graphic Arts and Printing Trades. These magnificent buildings are arranged in a compact, road-girdled area. You may have the honor, on entering Leipzig, of signing the Golden Book of the city where the name of the Chancellor of the Reich himself is inscribed.

And then, having signed the Golden Book, and viewed the old Inner City, wonders await you in the astounding changes wrought since 1939. Clearly, such inspiring sights as technical academies and statues could not exist side by side with the unsightly stacks and sprawling ugly pourings of concrete such as the Leipziger Wolkammerei (woolcombing plant employing 2,000 men); the ABC Baumashienen Fabrik Shuman and Co. (building machinery); the I.G.F.J.A.G. Sauerstoff Werk Vereinigte Sauerstoffwerke G.M.G.H. (oxygen equipment); and Schaffranck (chemicals). In fact, the entire area between the main railroad and the World's Fair grounds might be regarded as of obsolete construction.

Therefore, working at great speed, and at night, the commission's special project for Leipzig was accomplished. The process is sometimes described as "levelling." With a few broad aerial strokes the

change was made overnight, it might be said. Had our visitor been in Leipzig on December 2 of last year, much of the unsightly area described above would have awaited him. Yet, after the night of December 3, the "levelling" process had changed over 30 percent of beautiful Leipzig, thus making it, in one night, considerably more beautiful.

But let us go on farther. After a refreshing night's slumber underneath the slantwise beams of the Station Hotel (two walls still standing), one is beckoned to the north—to Berlin.

POSSIBLY the visitor will recognize Berlin by the columns of smoke rising into the sky—a beautiful sight. Since the commission pays visits to this city with great regularity, one can nearly always count on an arresting effect over the capital—as in the old Biblical phrase, "a column of smoke by day and a pillar of fire by night." Old Berlin never boasted such awe-inspiring sights.

But we enter the new Berlin! Where is Unter den Linden? Yes, over there, we had almost forgotten! It has been so altered. The renovation of the Unter den Linden can only be described in one word—colossal. Even residents have actually been unable to find their way around. It would almost seem as if the Unter den Linden is non-existent. Look both ways and what does one see? Practically nothing. The most magnificent alteration of history. Not a single obsolete building remains standing. This is indeed the eighth wonder of the world.

We cannot possibly enumerate all that the visitor to the Berlin of 1944 will see. He will discover for himself, in a single day of wandering about the city, all the striking changes that have been made. He will ascertain for himself what returning Swedes to Stockholm report: 40 percent of the city has vanished.

For Berlin, the commission did its aerial modelling by night with great floods of Lancaster, Halifax

SLUMS LIKE THESE ARE NOW BEING LANDSCAPED



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For Berlin, the commission did its aerial modelling by night with great floods of Lancasters, Halifaxes and clouds of Mosquitos. With simple, restful beauty as the first requirement, of what need the Tiergarten sector of buildings packed with government offices; the Prussia House, containing Goering's headquarters? Why the Ministry of Food and Agriculture, when its apparent purpose of providing food is not fulfilled; the Army Records Office, which was only a nuisance?

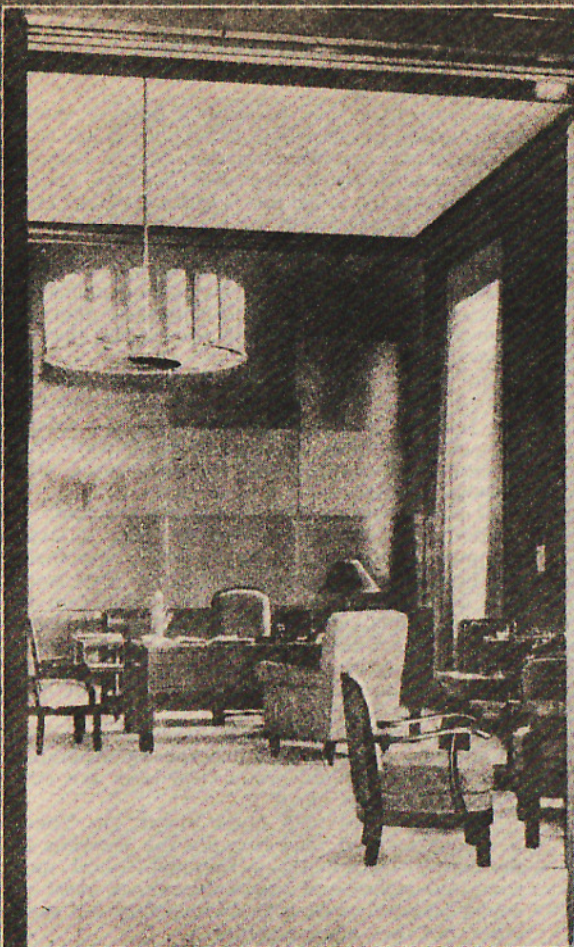
As for the huge Siemens electrical engineering works in the West Spandau district, where many Germans labored until exhaustion—that, too, the visitor will discover has disappeared. One may find it possible, therefore, to stand on the Spandauer Chausee Berliner and look north at the green outskirts of Tegeler Forst—the beautiful forest park north of Berlin—straight through the still-standing girders of the Siemens electrical plant.

And since the work of the RAF and Eighth Air Force Combined Park and Planning Commission is still in progress, further remodelling of Berlin may be expected in the near future. Soon one may be able to stand on the Potsdammer Platz and see in all its grandeur the finished work of the commission. Southwest one will be able to see clear to the Grunewald; east to the wide green reaches that lie between Alt Friedrichsfelde and Muggelheimer Strasse. All of the beautiful green country and forest land surrounding the famous old city will at last unfold to the eye. There should not remain a single standing structure to distract one's complete absorption from the view of the land meeting the sky—as in Texas.

Then, and then only, will the work of the commission be complete. Then and then only will American visitors, wearing the khaki dress that is so popular with present-day tourists from North America, be completely able to enjoy their surroundings. Perhaps—who knows—this mass visit will occur during 1944.

This is very likely.

SLUMS LIKE THESE ARE NOW BEING LANDSCAPED



Adolf's study in Reich Chancery was condemned unfit for study. Down it went!



Of what use the old German Air Ministry Building? Down it went!



Siemens' works were noisy, unsightly. Down they went!

The Boys in Battery B

Since Salerno, they've had 35 Purple Hearts. And they think they've got the best gun in the whole Fifth Army.

By Sgt. RALPH G. MARTIN
Africa Stars & Stripes Correspondent

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—You have to crawl on your belly through thick mud up a steep slope for about 20 minutes before you reach the observation post of a 105-mm howitzer outfit.

Then, if you're lucky, you can look through the broad slit in the big boulder and spot the nearby German gun positions and convoy movements. If you're not so lucky, you'll spend all your time sharing a crowded foxhole, keeping your head low, praying hard that the Jerry shells will land somewhere else.

For six days and nights, on top of Hill 769 north of Filignano, S/Sgt. Olan Herr of Bluffton, Ohio, wasn't so lucky. Sitting on top of a higher hill, the Germans spotted his OP and began blistering the sector with a continuous barrage of concentrated artillery and mortar fire, trying desperately to knock it out completely. One piece of shrapnel landed so close to Herr's foxhole that it cut the telephone wire one foot away.

"I didn't eat very well those six days," said Herr.

He didn't eat very well because an Artillery observer takes only one day's rations with him, relying on the Infantry behind to supply him

with the rest. Sometimes they can bring it to him during the night; sometimes they can't.

But whether he eats or not, Herr's job is to keep looking through his high-powered field glasses, trying to pick out enemy machine-gun positions, moving trucks and troop concentrations, and constantly reporting his findings to headquarters via radio. Then, two minutes later, he watches his battery's 105 shells pop and explode, and he keeps adjusting their fire until the shells land smack on the German positions.

Occasionally Herr gets a chance to see a little more action. He goes along with an Infantry assault company, carrying his portable radio with him, relaying back to his Artillery CP the exact coordinates of Jerry guns just a few hundred yards ahead of him. He has to be exact about his coordinates because otherwise he will have his own shells whooshing down on him.

There were some machine guns shooting concentrated crossfire on an Infantry company and Battery B got the job of wiping them out. So 1st Lt. Harry Van Ness of Newton, N. J., a forward observer, got out of position with three of his men and made a run for it across the road, right in the face of direct 20-mm fire, and jumped for some scanty bushes where he could get better observation. Van Ness and his men saw what they wanted, but one Jerry machine gun

spotted them and let loose, killing one American and wounding another. Then, in plain view of everybody and everything, Van Ness carried the wounded man back across the road to safety. They gave him the Silver Star for that.

Herr also tells about another louey, 2d Lt. Arthur B. Merchant of Woonsocket, R. I., who went out with a tank reconnaissance patrol and kept standing up in the tank, his head out of the turret, reporting coordinates while the tank guns were busy firing at some German Mark IVs down the road.

BUT the observers don't like to talk about themselves; they prefer to talk about their battery. And Battery B is worth talking about. It's the outfit that fired an unprecedented 2,000 rounds from 1800 hours to 0600 during the first critical days on the Salerno beaches. The guns got so hot that the boys had to keep pouring a bucket of water into each muzzle about every 15 minutes. This was strictly unorthodox, contrary to all rules in the Field Artillery tactic book. But in those first few days, the Fifth Army was doing all kinds of unorthodox things.

For example, the Infantry drafted 30 men from Battery B to replace casualties, leaving the other overworked, sweating Artillery boys even more short-handed, and with 700 crates of shells to unload. And all the time enemy shells were landing not more than 50 yards from the guns themselves, splattering shrapnel all over the gun shields. But the Battery B boys never stopped loading, firing, reloading.

Nobody slept that night, or the next, or the next.

Since Salerno, all four of the original guns in the battery have been knocked out and replaced. Since Salerno, out of the 112 men in Battery B there have been 35 Purple Hearts.

Like every other Artillery outfit in the Army, the Battery B boys think that they've got the best battery, the best gun. Boastfully 1st Sgt. Vincent Shaffer of Anadarko, Okla., says: "A 105 will fire more rounds, more accurately, for a longer period of time, than any other gun.

"It gets closer to the front lines, too."

He told of the different times they were so close that Jerry machine-gun and sniper fire was splattering right into their gun positions, and of the time they knocked out a German pillbox with direct fire at close range, something that just isn't done with a 105.

The 105 is supposed to be reserved for shooting at targets of opportunity, over hills far away at things it can't see. It is never farther than 2,000 yards behind the advance Infantry, and it's usually less than 700.

So they often take as large a dose of shells as they dish out. The boys of Battery B are still

of shrapnel landed so close to Herr's foxhole that it cut the telephone wire one foot away.

"I didn't eat very well those six days," said Herr.

He didn't eat very well because an Artillery observer takes only one day's rations with him, relying on the Infantry behind to supply him

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So they often take as large a dose of shells as they dish out. The boys of Battery B are still talking about the Thanksgiving dinner nobody ate because Jerry shelled them for five hours.

There was the time, too, when a German 150-mm shell landed right in a stack of artillery ammo, blowing the shells all over the place. There were two trucks nearby in danger of being blown up, and Pfc. Elmer Meier of Kingfisher, Okla., and 1st Lt. Charles K. Fetzer of Morristown, N. J., each hopped into a truck and started driving it out of the area.

One piece of shrapnel broke Meier's windshield and another landed in Fetzer's shoulder, but the two kept going until the trucks were in a safety zone. All this while the German shells were still landing in the area, and the 105s were still answering back.

"It was a helluva night," said the sergeant.

Another helluva night was the time a large group of paratroopers dropped down near them and nobody was exactly sure whether they were ours or the enemy's. T-5 Clarence Pipestem of Carnegie, Okla., went out on patrol and brought back a "smart-alecky German who knows how to speak English." The prisoner kept saying: "Take your gun away from me. Who in the hell do you think I am?"

The "smart-alecky German" turned out to be a paratroop chaplain who had become separated from the rest of his group. The boys are still kidding Pipestem about it.

They kid about their home towns, too. There is a good-natured feud between the veterans of the battery—originally a National Guard unit from Anadarko—and the replacements, most of whom seem to be from Brooklyn. They kid each other, but they work together.

"And that's why we've got such a goddam good battery," said the sergeant.



Perched high above the valley this Yank has bird's-eye view of an artillery barrage against an Italian town.

A BLIND SERGEANT, HIS HANDS ON THE SHOULDERS OF ANOTHER SOLDIER, WALKED TOWARD HIS BUNK. SOMEBODY TICKLED HIM UNDER THE ARM.



There Were No Dramatics on the Dock When This Hospital Ship Came Home

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

AN EAST COAST PORT—The USHS Acadia, her hull a startling white with huge red crosses blazing amidships, tied up at the pier where a band and a fleet of ambulances awaited her. The band played a march, and aboard ship the wounded said yeah, they knew there'd be a

The whole business of getting back home was just about as simple as that. The swing music was as inappropriate, perhaps, as the marches for the men who couldn't walk—and none could walk very far—and there was a profound incongruity about it: but war is full of incongruities, and the wounded wanted the jive even if they did come ashore with dead pans. They were pretty solemn about it, those with an arm or a

"Lookit him," spouted the 'trooper, still going strong. "Goddam Infantry soldier. Went out, him and his outfit did, to fight the whole Jerry army. We had to come floatin' down to get him out of it. Goddam Infantry."

The sober infantryman defended himself briefly: "We was trapped."

A Japanese-American captain limped through the ward. The paratrooper followed him with his one eye. "Goddam good fighters, them fellers. We used to send out patrols and the Jap boys would bring 'em back in. Our jump suits were too much like the Jerries'. Them Jap boys was takin' no chances. It was sort of rough on us. Rugged but right, though."

"Rugged, but right," echoed the happy Chief.



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And the wounded from Italy hobbled to portholes or swung up stairways to the open decks, leaned on the rail and beat time to the music with whatever limbs they had left. From all over the port side of the ship the battle casualties made like hep cats and watched as the Acadia discharged the first of her cargo, the commissioned cases who were able to walk.

They moved across the gangplank and stepped into waiting GI busses. Trained Negro litter bearers handled their luggage. Then came the psych cases, each one escorted by two men. Then the walking enlisted men, most of them with only a few personal belongings in little Red Cross ditty bags but some with barracks bags which they surrendered to the Negro boys. At the end of the gangplank two Negro soldiers grabbed every man under the arms and helped him negotiate the low step down to solid ground, that last step he took to get back to the States. One of the casualties bent over and put both palms flat on the concrete pier, yelped in mock amazement and danced rather uncertainly into his bus. He was the only one. The rest of the boys from Salerno and the Volturno and beyond hardly changed expression. Some of them seemed to relax tensed lips to let out the breath they'd been holding. But that was all. No dramatics.

The litter patients came last. The Negro handlers, who deserve the reputation they have as experts in the work, moved them into the ambulances in a smooth effortless stream. In five hours the Acadia was emptied.

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Earlier, several hours before the 800-patient hospital ship had docked, there wasn't a dead pan aboard. On B deck, Ward 31 was getting ready to disembark. Since every ward in every hospital has its comic, 31 had its paratrooper from the West Virginia hills. He and the Chief, an Oklahoma Indian, kept the bulkheads ringing with their patter.

There was an excess energy, pent up after days at sea, and the wounded sought safety valves for its release. The Chief calmly put his GI cane across his knee, threatened profanely to break it, thought better of the idea and instead banged it merrily on the deck. The paratrooper, his face and arm scarred and an eye missing because of a hand grenade some now-deceased German used in a hand-to-hand fight at Salerno, looked out the porthole to see a launch chugging alongside. He erupted.

"The U. S. Navy—in dangerous waters. Look at 'em! Goddam! Let me off this boat. I wanna get at them USO soldiers," he howled, switching services. "Oh, let me at 'em!"

He registered a burlesque ferocity and, crouching into a fighter's posture, strode up and down the narrow passage between the tiers of bunks. It will take a while for him and the others to get over that feeling which he expressed as comedy but which he actually felt as a kind of tragedy. It is an emotion most returning soldiers have, for a while, regarding servicemen who of necessity are still on duty in the States.

A grave guy from Iowa stood on his one good foot and grinned at the paratrooper.

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"Rugged, but right," echoed the happy Chief. Then he started needling some kid about having been overseas 19 months and coming home now to a wife with a 2-month-old baby. The heckled soldier swore comically, boasted that for a guy like him it was easy and invited the Chief to go to hell; it was his kid all right.

MEANWHILE the paratrooper threw his arms around a middle-aged nurse and asked for a date to get blind drunk ashore. The nurse tactfully refused and the trooper said well, he still loved her anyway. Among other nice things about the Acadia were 43 nurses who had a high average of good looks.

Two men, each with a foot encased in plaster casts that left only their toes uncovered, suddenly tumbled off a bunk and started whirling between the tiers. One was a Seabee, the other a soldier. They were trying to pull the hairs off each others' toes imprisoned in the casts. The ward looked on half-interested. The Seabee won.

A blind sergeant, his hands on the shoulders of another soldier, walked majestically toward his bunk. The ward fought its tendency to hush. Somebody reached out and tickled the blind guy under the arm. He grinned and felt for his bed. The two playful foot casualties came at him from either side and started tickling. The sergeant roared and lashed out in an arch around him, laughing. He had lost his eyes when a clip of cartridges exploded in his face, detonated by a hit on the chamber of his M1.

It was an hour before docking time. From the opposite ward came the smell of coffee and luncheon meat.

"When do we eat, goddam it?" yelled the wounded in 31.

ENGLAND—The strange, little ship weighed anchor and sliced efficiently through the gentle waves of the war-jammed harbor. Its mission was to help escort an important United Nations' convoy a hundred miles through "E-boat Alley"—one of the most dangerous strips of water in the world.

From the bridge, the vessel looked like something out of a Walt Disney fantasy. Just below and forward you could see smartly uplifted bows, gray war paint and cleared decks. The front half of the ship bristled with oiled, wicked-looking Oerlikons and Brownings.

As you looked back toward the stern from the bridge, it was another vessel altogether. The rear half was flat and low, built almost to the water's edge. Endless lengths of rope and wire lay coiled on the deck. Black, greasy smoke poured from the stubby funnel. An ugly winch jutted up unæsthetically. And a greaser in dirty civilian pants and undershirt dabbed about the machinery with an oil can.

This was a fighting ship—and a working ship.

Proudly flying the White Ensign of the Royal Navy, H.M. Rescue Tug *St. Mellons* was heading out into the North Sea to face the best the enemy could throw at her in the way of planes and surface craft—just a few miles from enemy-occupied coast.

At about the same time, another vessel of this hybrid type, the *Samsonia*, headed out into the Atlantic from a British West Coast port to take a convoy directly across the Atlantic. This ship, too, had the fighting front and the working stern. It was incomparably larger than the *St. Mellons*, and dwarfed the escorting corvettes in the convoy. It was about the size of a medium destroyer. It was beautifully streamlined and fitted with the latest equipment, including refrigeration. When a surfaced submarine was sighted, it joined the attack with its twelve pounder and other guns. When one of the merchantmen developed engine trouble, instead of allowing the vessel to fall out, to become a sitting duck target and give away the position of the convoy, it fired a tow line over by rocket and nonchalantly towed the 10,000-ton vessel along at the same speed as the convoy, until the necessary repairs were made. Then it let go, winding up the 5½-inch cable on its electric capstan as easily as a little boy playing with a yo-yo.

With these ships, born of the needs of World War II, the lowly tugboat reached the glorious climax of its career. For both the 820-ton *St. Mellons*, fighting and towing its way through the North Sea, and the *Samsonia*, fighting and towing its way across the North Atlantic, are direct descendants of the same little "puffers" and "pushers" that bustle their way about New York and San Francisco harbors. The British Navy has a large number of these Rescue Tugs, as they call them. They are serving now in every conceivable part of the world,

and range in size from the tiny ex-commercial tugs to huge, splendidly equipped monsters. No naval action or landing operation would be attempted without them. They have already saved a vast amount of merchant shipping and a censored number of warships for the United Nations.

They have hung up an enviable war record.

Two years ago, when the heroic U. S. Coast Guard cutter *Campbell* rammed and sank a German U-boat in the North Atlantic, and then wallowed about helplessly in the mountainous seas with a huge hole in her bows, who should come steaming up suddenly but the British rescue tug *Tenacity*. Ignoring the signal that there were other U-boats in the vicinity, and that the *Campbell* should be left alone to sink, the *Tenacity* came alongside and made fast a tow line. It put its big modern pumps to work aboard the *Campbell*; then, with the cutter in tow, headed to St. John's, a little matter of 1,700 miles to the west. On the way, the *Campbell* was covered by the rolling seas, the tow rope developed a layer of ice six inches thick, and the *Tenacity* spent half the trip fighting off an attacking sub with its guns. Finally, the bizarre caravan pulled into St. John's, the *Campbell* almost awash. The next day, the *Tenacity* was escorting another convoy back across the Atlantic.

ON another occasion, a Dutch tug, sailing with the British, came to the rescue of a 10,000-ton tanker that had suffered three bomb hits. The tanker was completely ablaze from aft of the bridge to the forepeak. The crew already had abandoned ship. Other vessels were standing by helplessly. It was what the tug men call a "suicide job." But, as the skipper of the Dutch tug later wrote, "We realized that the tanker was burning fiercely and had millions of gallons of petrol aboard ready to explode—so we decided to go alongside."

Half the crew leaped aboard the tanker. The plates were so hot the men's feet were scorched right through their boots. With the tug's fire-fighting equipment, they tackled the inferno. At first, the water from the hoses merely turned to steam. Then the ammunition locker caught fire, and explod-

ing shells whizzed around their heads. But they continued to fight the raging flames. The other half of the crew, in the meantime, calmly proceeded to make fast a tow line. The tug then towed the whole flaming mass back to port. The tanker was still burning when they arrived. But four-fifths of the precious gasoline was saved.

H.M. Rescue Tug *Restive*, one of the newer tugs, was cited for its part in the Sicilian landings. The *Restive* tore up and down the coast during the assault, and whenever it saw a landing craft stuck on the beach, fought its way in—often against concentrated enemy fire—and towed the landing craft out to safety.

"We did this so many times," says Lt. Bill Fowler, ex-mate on the *Restive*, "that we actually lost count."

To top this job off, the *Restive* fired 1,300 shells at the enemy and laid protective smoke screens to cover infantry landings. Next, the tug towed two damaged LCTs into harbor, and just as the crew were settling down for a bit of rest, they had to get up and fight a petrol fire on the quay that threatened to blow up an ammunition dump and destroy the port.

WARSHIPS IN DUNGAREES

By

Sgt. Bill Davidson

YANK Staff Correspondent

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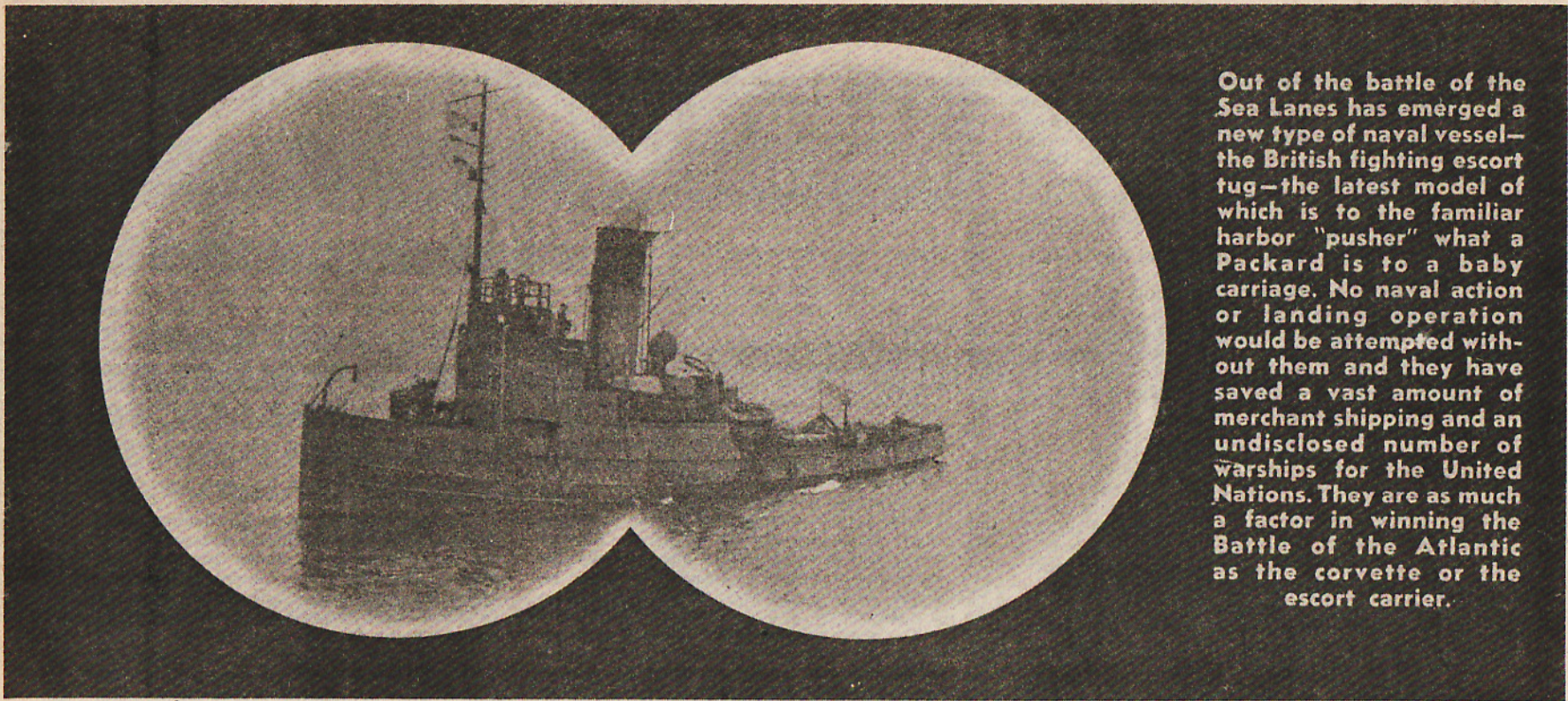
Deep in the bowels of the tug, tremendous power must be generated 24 hours a day.



With E-boats around, there is little sleep below . . .



and little real rest in the wardroom.



Out of the battle of the Sea Lanes has emerged a new type of naval vessel—the British fighting escort tug—the latest model of which is to the familiar harbor “pusher” what a Packard is to a baby carriage. No naval action or landing operation would be attempted without them and they have saved a vast amount of merchant shipping and an undisclosed number of warships for the United Nations. They are as much a factor in winning the Battle of the Atlantic as the corvette or the escort carrier.

The tiny *Seaman*, a commercial tug at the beginning of the war, is credited with being the first naval vessel to bring down a Focke-Wulf Condor, the immense German four-engined flying dreadnaught, then considered impregnable.

The *Seaman*, little larger than a harbor tug, was chugging along in the Atlantic, minding its own business and having its troubles with seas nearly twice its size, when the Focke-Wulf came along. The FW took one look at the tiny target and came over for a bombing run, nearly smothering the little ship with its wingspread.

On board the *Seaman*, every one ducked below except First Mate Jimmy Ryan, a wild, rough Yorkshireman, who had been coming up against the unexpected at sea since he was 14 years old. Ryan set himself up behind the ship's lone .303 caliber Lewis gun and watched the FW come in. Cannon shells splattered all around him. Two shots went through the funnel. But as the big aircraft loomed up overhead, Ryan got in one long, vicious burst. As it turned out later, this burst killed three of the plane's crew.

Enraged, the Focke-Wulf came back. Ryan rolled a cigarette. “I'm going to get him this time,” he yelled to the skipper. He was still rolling the cigarette when the plane lumbered over. The makings spilled on the deck as he got in another long burst.

went down twice from bomb hits at Malta, once by the bows and once by the stern. “Our middle,” says skipper Bill Bromley, “has never let us down.”

But the tug men have suffered losses.

Lt. James McKie, second mate of the *St. Mellons*, was on another tug when she was lost on the run in the North Sea.

“I was asleep below at four o'clock in the morning,” says McKie, “when I heard five explosions in quick succession. That meant only one thing—E-boats had fired a mess of torpedoes fanwise at the convoy and five ships had been hit. I rushed up on deck. Just at that moment, a terrific concussion and a geyser of water lifted me twelve feet in the air. By the time I came down on the deck again, the ship was already turning over. I jumped overboard and swam away as fast as I could, to avoid the suction. I was just in time. The only survivors were the few men who happened to be on deck when the blind torpedo struck.”

And that's the way life goes in the Rescue Tug Service.

The service is known officially as the Rescue Tug Section of the Admiralty, and is administered from Whitehall. It is almost an innovation to naval warfare, although a service was inaugurated toward the end of the last war. Today, the service is organized along highly efficient lines, with tug offices set up in

the Merchant Navy at first, so they could tow ships into neutral Irish ports.

Then, as the Rescue Tug Section took form, a bizarre tug pilgrimage to Britain began from all over the world. British tugs came home from Shanghai, Hong Kong and Bombay. South African and Australian tugs transferred to the Royal Navy and made the long trek up to the North Atlantic battleground. American tugs were transferred to the British under Lend-lease, among them the *Sabine*. The fine new *Sea Giant* was sent over as part of the same deal that gave the British our 50 overage destroyers. Although there was little about the tug in the official announcement, a British admiral is reported to have remarked at the time: “The situation in the Atlantic being what it is, the *Sea Giant* is worth at least three destroyers to us.”

One European country after another fell to the onrushing Germans, and more tugs joined the Royal Navy. The French brought several of theirs across the Channel, and their ships are sailing now under



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As skipper Jones later put it: "The fixed policy of the rescue tugs is to get the enemy first—before he provides you with a towing job."

WHEN the Americans landed in North Africa, it was a pair of British rescue tugs that cleared the obstructions out of the narrows to Oran harbor in a matter of hours after the first assault.

When a Lockheed Hudson bomber forced the first surrender of a German submarine in the Atlantic, it was the rescue tug *Salvonja* that was given the slippery job of towing the U-boat back to Iceland for study—a task comparable to towing an eel with a clothes line.

When a Sunderland flying boat was forced down in the Mediterranean, big H.M. Rescue Tug *Saucy* was sent out from Gibraltar to fetch it in. "I felt," said the skipper of the *Saucy*, "like a blinking bird dog bringing in a partridge with a velvet mouth."

It was a tug, the *Ancient*, that brought the crippled aircraft carrier *Illustrious* into Malta and then saved it again when it was bombed in the harbor. The *Saucy* once towed a bottomless merchant vessel 1,000 miles from Iceland to Britain. The sister ship of the *Seaman*, the *Superman*, actually got blown completely out of the water when a deck load of depth charges slipped from a trawler that was being towed out of a naval battle—and suffered no more than a 28 degree list when the coal shifted in the bunkers. Tugs have been sunk and raised and have gone into action again. The *St. Mellons* was bombed and sunk at Yarmouth in 1939. The *Ancient*

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Other tugs remain in port on constant call for any naval action that might develop in the neighborhood, or emergency rescue work. This smooth-working system is a far cry from the early days of the war, when the few available commercial tugs were stationed at key ports, and went out wildly and without schedule only when an SOS was received from a vessel in distress. The modern rescue tug of today is as much a brand new development of the war and as much a factor in winning the Battle of the Atlantic as the corvette or the escort carrier.

When war broke out in 1939, there were exactly five commercial tugs available for Navy use—among them the *Seaman* and the *Superman*.

Whenever a ship was in trouble in the "Western Ocean," as the tug men still call it, British, together with a swarm of Dutch and French tugs, raced out to get the job. The tug that arrived first picked up the tow and the salvage money. But the others stood by during the return trip, and all sorts of classic trickery developed to cause the towing tug to lose its line, thereby throwing the thing wide open again.

THE British put the *Seaman* and the *Superman* under Admiralty orders and called up three more, the *Salvonja*, the *Neptunia* and the *Englishman*. All of these vessels were kept under the Red Ensign of

Then, as the Rescue Tug Section took form, a bizarre tug pilgrimage to Britain began from all over the world. British tugs came home from Shanghai, Hong Kong and Bombay. South African and Australian tugs transferred to the Royal Navy and made the long trek up to the North Atlantic battleground. American tugs were transferred to the British under Lend-lease, among them the *Sabine*. The fine new *Sea Giant* was sent over as part of the same deal that gave the British our 50 overage destroyers. Although there was little about the tug in the official announcement, a British admiral is reported to have remarked at the time: "The situation in the Atlantic being what it is, the *Sea Giant* is worth at least three destroyers to us."

One European country after another fell to the onrushing Germans, and more tugs joined the Royal Navy. The French brought several of theirs across the Channel, and their ships are sailing now under



The tug men are all born sailors.

the White Ensign, with British crews. The day the Netherlands fell, a magnificent sight greeted watchers along Britain's North Sea coast. A fleet of Dutch tugs, until then the finest in the world, pulled out of Dutch harbors 30 minutes before the Wehrmacht arrived, and steamed proudly across to England to carry on the fight—pulling behind them every bit of Dutch shipping they could lay a tow rope on.

By the time France fell, the British had a pretty good idea about the kinds of tugs best suited for modern warfare. Of the original five with which the Royal Navy started the war, the *Salvonis* had stood up best to ocean and combat conditions. Moreover, it was a type that could be built in a hurry. So a whole new *Assurance* class was laid down in shipyards all over England, embodying the basic principles of the *Salvonis*.

IN 1941, an experimental model was begun. This turned out to be the *Bustler* class—the huge well-equipped, heavy-duty escort tugs that shuttle back and forth across the North Atlantic today as easily as if they were going from San Francisco to Oakland. The *Bustlers*, first commissioned in April, 1942, filled the need for a good, sturdy, heavy-weight tug with terrific power and long endurance.

The *Bustlers* have a long range at an average speed of 12 knots, and when the occasion demands, can whip along considerably faster. Their new-type pumps can remove water from flooded holds at the rate of 800 tons an hour; their fire-fighting chemical jets can extinguish flames from a distance of 60 feet. They are death on attacking aircraft. And they can take in tow a battleship as easily as a jeep can tow a 20-mm. gun. All the equipment on the *Bustlers*—windlasses, winches, capstans—is electrically operated. So modern and complicated is the machinery that each ship carries a special electrical officer.

The *Bustler* is to the ordinary harbor tug what a Packard is to a baby carriage.

At about the same time the *Bustler* was completed, the U. S. began building a new class of tugs for the British at Bay City, Mich., and Orange, Tex. These are similar to the *Assurance* class. They are, however, completely diesel-electric, and especially designed for tropical use, with air conditioning, refrigeration and soda fountains in the



YANK CORRESPONDENT'S MEMO OF FOUR DAYS ON THE ST. MELLONS

WE put out of this North Sea port and escorted our convoy northward. We were supposed to meet a southbound convoy the next day and turn around and come back with it.

The first day out the sea was flat and the sun shone down brilliantly. It was good weather for Jerry destroyers. We passed many wrecks of mined and torpedoed ships, and watched countless Allied planes swarm overhead on their shuttle run to bomb Occupied Europe. There was naval and land gunfire all around us.

"Practice—we hope," said Stimson.

Late in the afternoon there was a sudden angry buzz of a low flying plane. Equally angry concentrated gunfire roared in the distance from the convoy ahead. We heard an air-sea rescue launch put out from shore. Then it was quiet again.

The night was perfect for E-boats, and they tried to get at us. But they were spotted passing through the narrow North Sea convoy lanes. We watched star shells and tracers streak up in a distant battle as destroyers and MGBs intercepted the enemy craft. Later that night, great clouds of planes roared overhead again as our heavy bombers returned. At the height of the upstairs traffic, a red alert sounded. Jerry planes had cleverly mixed themselves up in our flying formations. We were a juicy target with our trails of black smoke and silver phosphorescence. But over on the East Anglia coast, searchlights and fighters went up and the Jerries were chased away.

The next day we hit fog. We anchored, because we were informed that there was a floating mine somewhere in front of us in the swept channel.

The third day out, we received orders to turn around and meet another southbound convoy. We hit fog again. This was bad be-

cause we were alone now and off the mouth of a large river and the strong tide might easily push us out of the swept channel and into an enemy minefield. They were all around us and we couldn't see the buoy markers. We met the new convoy and anchored. That night, we got the signal that a large ship had been sighted. Everyone froze. The signal could mean only one thing—the *Hipper*, or a Jerry merchant cruiser was loose in the fog and looking for our convoy. An hour later, the wireless flashed the news. The "large ship" proved to be an escaped barrage balloon that had come down on the sea.

The fourth day out we ducked floating mines that had gotten away from the minesweepers in the fog, and anchored mines that Jerry had sown in the path of the convoy. The fourth night, we crept along blindly in the worst fog in years, never knowing when we were going to run into the ships ahead of us. We couldn't anchor because we were in the middle of "E-boat Alley." During the night we got the signal that a few miles away two convoys had collided in the pitch blackness and that the escorting tug *Mammouth* had had to tow a destroyer, a trawler and a merchant ship back to port.

But the trip was a breeze, according to Lt. McKie.

"In the old days, the Jerry E-boats used to come right into our convoys with us and chug along for hours, as if they were part of the escort. Then they would let us have it with a dozen or so torpedoes, and scoot back to the Reich. Or they would anchor to the buoys until we came along. Or maybe even stage a fake air raid along the coast so that our own searchlights would silhouette the convoy. Once they even burned flares, as if they were lifeboat survivors in the water, and when we came over to investigate, they let go with four torpedoes, all of which, fortunately, missed."

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situation aboard a naval craft where sub-lieutenants and petty officers call themselves "Mate" (Executive Officer), "Second" (Navigating Officer), "Donkeyman" (Chief Artificer—the Petty Officer in charge of the greasers and stokers), and "Bosun" (the Chief Petty Officer—a sort of topkick for all the enlisted

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eration and soda fountains in the men's and officers' quarters—a phenomenon which never fails to mystify incoming British crews. These "Lend-lease," as the British call them, generate 1,500 horsepower and are heavily armed.

Like the ships themselves, the men who sail them are strange hybrids, with a tradition apart from the "proper" Navy. The tug men are in the Navy. They are under strict naval discipline and their officers wear the wavy stripes of the R.N.V.R. (Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve), or the entwined stripes of the R.N.R. (Royal Navy Reserve). Both officers and men, however, receive Merchant Navy pay. This is a holdover from the early days when the Rescue Tug Service was getting under way and it was necessary to attract experienced seamen immediately from the Merchant Marine. At first glance, this would appear to be unfair to the regular Navy men, whose pay is much smaller. However, as Lt. Allan Stimson, skipper of the *St. Mellons*, wryly explained it: "The regular Navy fellows get allowances which we don't get, and by the time the Government takes its chunk, there isn't a hell of a lot of difference."

The men wear regular Naval uniforms ashore, but when they are at sea they are more informal, and the ship is run more like a merchant vessel, with little saluting or naval formality.

Thus, you have the cock-eyed

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THE men themselves are almost without exception born seamen. They come from the ports, and their families have gone out in ships for generations. They are Yorkshiremen and Scots and Cockneys, and the fo'c'sle and wardroom continually ring with the gentle banter of sectional rivalry. They have been to sea since they were in short pants, most of them in fishing trawlers and other small boats.

The chief engineer in the *St. Mellons*, Thomas Bradshaw, has been going up into the White Sea in fishing trawlers for the past 30 years. Bosun Anthony Priest, a Shetland Islander, has kicked around the world in tramp steamers since 1931. Ordinary Seaman Gordon Dutton, who has developed into an incredible marksman with the Oerlikon, started working as a deck hand in the Channel steamers from Harwich to Zeebrugge when he was 14 years old. Now he's 22. Every once in a while you run across a confirmed tug man like Bryan Patrick Joseph Murphy, who started in the *Superman* as a stoker when she was commissioned and now is her chief engineer.

A surprising number of the officers went to sea in their early days, then took up profitable careers ashore, and have come back to the new tug service, as volunteers, for the duration. Lt. Bill Fowler, once a cadet with the Royal Mail Steamship Co., was a prosperous surveyor when the war broke out. He returned as an ordinary seaman. Lt. Stimson, after eight years in the merchant service, ran a swanky golf club, of all things, at Walton Heath, Surrey. Like most of us, these men are looking forward to going back to their civilian careers after the war. They are citizen soldiers.

"I've got a wife and three beautiful children," says Stimson, "and I want to watch them grow up."

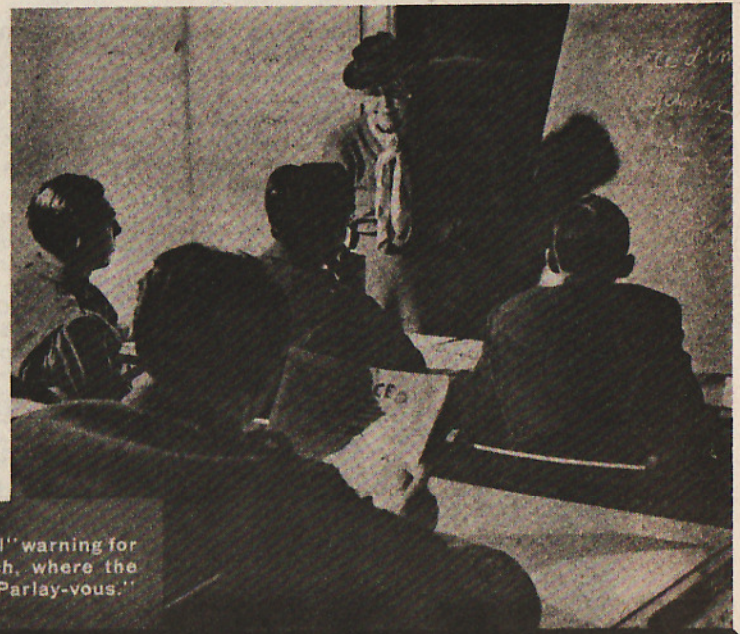
Operational Ferret

THE GI in England, as you've probably learned by this time to the extent of a couple of nips in the pinkie, is a fool for a ferret—not as a pet (which ferrets just ain't) but as a means of hunting rabbits. Probably nowhere in the ETO has the sport been developed into such an exact science as at the headquarters of the Ferret A.C., which is Barracks Eleven in a Flying Fortress Group's Intelligence Section. There you'll find the boys who really bring home the hare.

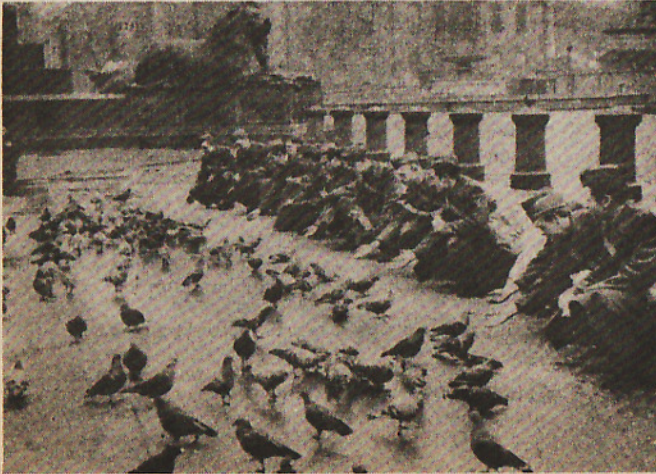
The members of this outfit, which not long ago bagged a total of 15 cotton-tails on two successive missions, are S/Sgt. Warren D. Nelson, of 6324 South Bishop Street, Chicago; Sgt. Charles J. Flang, of 21 Scammell Street, Cortland, N. Y.; Sgt. Lawrence Lombard DuPraz, of Upper Jefferson Road, Princeton, N. J.; Sgt. Thomas E. Horak, of 4225 Archwood Avenue, Cleveland; Sgt. Richard E. Charlton, of 319 Greenwood Street, Birmingham, Mich.; and Sgt. Rubin Kramer, of 1212 Lincoln Place, Brooklyn,

After breakfast, Kramer did his bit to restore his companions' morale somewhat by briefing them in a way that showed him to have a profound knowledge of his operational theater. "Gentlemen," he said, wiping a bit of the ground mess's powdered eggs off his chin, "this mission will take you through the arid wastelands of the drought-ridden English countryside. I must warn you that you may not find any water at all for as much as three or four feet at a time. Thorns will be light to heavy in patches."

At 0800 hours, the men took off with Elmer, who made the first part of the trip in a little Red Cross bag. Flash reports received during operations indicated that the boys were holding a tight formation and were finding the going comparatively



A little "handwriting on the wall" warning for Adolf. An ETO class in French, where the boys learn to say more than "Parlay-vous."



Their table manners look legit, but we wonder what Lord Woolton would say.

N. Y., who joined up because he had once heard someone down by the Gowanus say that "rabbit goes well with Pilsener."

The Ferret A.C. was organized by Nelson and Flang. The first thing, of course, was a T/O. Nelson was named commanding officer, and Flang, who claims that he once handled ferrets before (at a dog track, some suspect), was elected Chief Bombardier. Kramer rated the job of briefing officer by virtue of the fact that only the week before, in an open field, he had stalked and captured with his bare hands a rabbit that had already been shot by someone else and was nearly dead. The dirty work on the A.C.'s missions was assigned to Elmer, a ferret with a lean and hungry look, who was loaned to the boys by a

easy. One member of the party ripped his pants badly on a fence and returned early, making a perfect three-point landing despite the damage he had sustained. At 1700 hours, the rest of the group got back, reporting a bag of nine rabbits—eight dead and one alive. They wanted to interrogate the latter, but when it developed that he wouldn't talk he swiftly died of his wounds. As DuPraz said, when nobody was looking: "The paths of glory lead but to the gravy."

Elmer said nothing.

The Silver Standard

We don't generally go out of our way to sympathize home town happens to be Leavenworth, Kansas.



The Fortress "Hell's Angels" made 49 ops, then was sent to a place back home, which is definitely not in the hell class.

Yanks at Home in the ETO



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A practice mission was held and pronounced a success after Elmer had distinguished himself by hot-footing it for a culvert and hiding there until Nelson wriggled in after him and hauled him out. The A.C. was then placed on an operational basis and a regular mission scheduled. On the eventful morning, the A.C. men figured they were entitled to eat in the combat mess, but the sergeant in charge there said no soap, so there was nothing for them to do but crawl through their usual ground-mess line, just like they weren't about to become heroes. "That combat-mess sergeant," says Kramer despairingly. "There's a guy that ain't got no music in his soul."



T/Sgt. Paul G. Rushlow
Great Britain

"... and then he said, 'You simply cawn't miss it,' and boy—I sure didn't."

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The Silver Standard

We don't generally go out of our way to sympathize with the woes of officers, but we've just come across a first lieutenant who seems to rate at least a pat on the back and a "There, there, chin up, old fellow." He also rates a can of black-eye ointment, if anybody's got one handy.

"Things are always happening to me—and for the worst," said this beat-up gentleman, when we deferentially asked him how come the shiner. "Here I'm walking along the street the other night, cold sober and minding my business. Might just as well have been coming from a prayer meeting. Suddenly, as I'm passing this pub—wham!—somebody tosses out a big, husky corporal and he lands on his ear, right at my feet. So I pick the fellow up and dust him off and tell him he'd better be getting the hell out of there, but fast, before the M.P.s show up.

"And what does he do? He flashes his light at me, takes one look at my bars, and yells: 'Another first lieutenant! Second looies is okay, captains is okay, majors is okay—even colonels. But first looies is what I hate. I just got through beating one up and you're next!'"

"And," added the rueful wearer of the silver bar, "I was."

The M.P.s, by the way, never did show up, which was probably a break for that corporal—unless his



home town happens to be Leavenworth, Kansas.

Not-So-Blessed Event

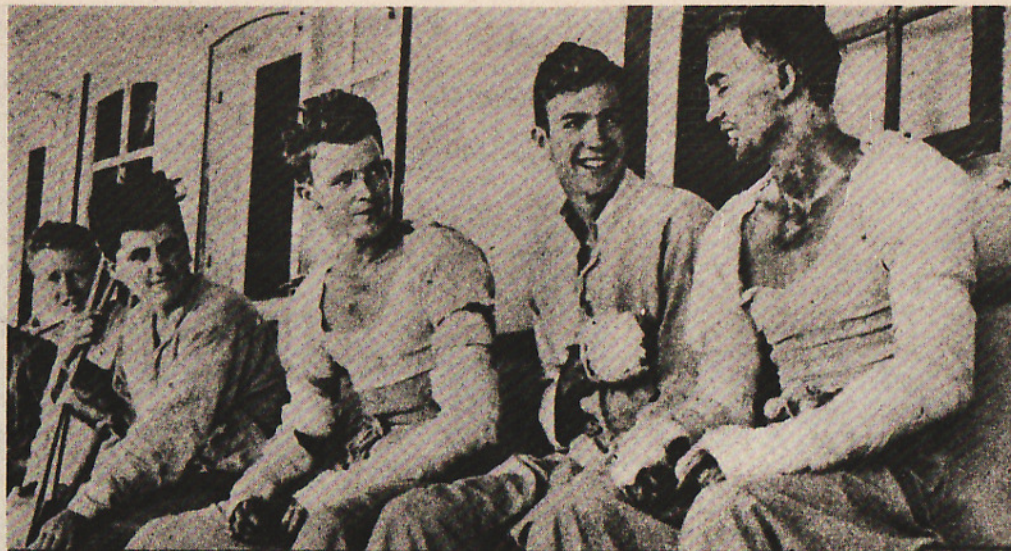
Here's another story of a cable mix-up, having to do with those fixed-message jobs which usually succeed in getting the general idea across but sometimes fail to convey precisely the right shade of meaning. The victim of this one was T/Sgt. Kenneth Snowden, of Amityville, Long Island, who has been in the ETO for, lo, these past 17 months and who recently received from his wife back home the following cable: "SON BORN FAMILY ALL WELL LETTERS SENT." A dazed gent if there ever was one, the five-striper was well on the way to the looney bin when a slow-boat air mail arrived from home a couple of days later telling him that his best friend's wife was expecting a baby.

Epicure

Sometimes, unfortunately, the efforts of our British cousins to make Joes happy over here don't even get to first base. Like in the case of a Pfc. from the Bronx whom we met in a London Red Cross Club the other Sunday morning. Seems he'd been invited to spend Saturday night with an English family and had done so to the great enjoyment of all concerned—until the maid brought up breakfast in the morning. She set the tray beside his bed and retired, remarking: "Madame ordered a real treat for you this morning, Yank. Herring roe."

Happily humming "This is the Army, Mr. Jones," our man from the Bronx raised himself on one elbow and removed the cover from the main dish. One look was enough to make him dress hastily, sneak out of the house, and leg it for the Red Cross, where he was putting away a good load of powdered eggs when we saw him. "Yuh know what was on dat plate?" he asked us in horror. "A whole fistful o' woims!"

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No. Cotner Blvd., No. 1, Lincoln, NE 68505 (402) 464-5219.



BACK FROM WAR. These Yanks were wounded in Italy and are being brought back on a hospital ship to Africa. Army hospitals in North Africa naturally are better equipped to handle the wounded than those behind the lines in Italy.



RUSSIAN BATTLEFIELD. Three Russian soldiers move ahead on a scarred and desolate sector of the Leningrad front. The man at left carries the base plate of a mortar, and at right is a wrecked Russian tank.



Variety

PRODUCED BY THE CAM



MULE PLAY. If the donkey is as sleepy as it looks these three GIs are not going to have much of a ride. But maybe they just jumped up there for some relaxation, a welcome breathing spell between rounds of fighting the Germans in Italy.

YANK REPRINTS are published weekly: 26 weeks for \$29.00; \$52.00; full-term (154 issues), \$149.00, payable in advance. Order Inc., 2208 No. Cotner Blvd., No. 1, Lincoln, NE 68505 (402) 464-52



RUSSIAN BATTLEFIELD. Three Russian soldiers move ahead on a scarred and desolate sector of the Leningrad front. The man at left carries the base plate of a mortar, and at right is a wrecked Russian tank.



HOT ON COLD. Meet Daun Kennedy, Hollywood actress. Why is she sitting on a block of ice? Somebody said she could warm an iceberg. This is the test scene.



GEN. SANTA CLAUS. Otherwise known as Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark, commander of the Allied Fifth Army in Italy. Two packages were sent to him to be given to any two American servicemen. In person, the general is presenting them to Pfc. Ernest Gonzales (center) of Los Angeles, Calif., and Pvt. Salvatore Iacono (right) of Lawrence, Mass.



ALLIED MPS. There they are, going along with the GIs in this South Pacific port as well as every other. Two Yanks talk shop with an Aussie. L to r: U. S. Marine Gunner Sgt. Glen M. Hayes, Australian Cpl. Jack Casey and U. S. Army Sgt. Michael F. Ryan.

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Show

ERAS OF THE WORLD



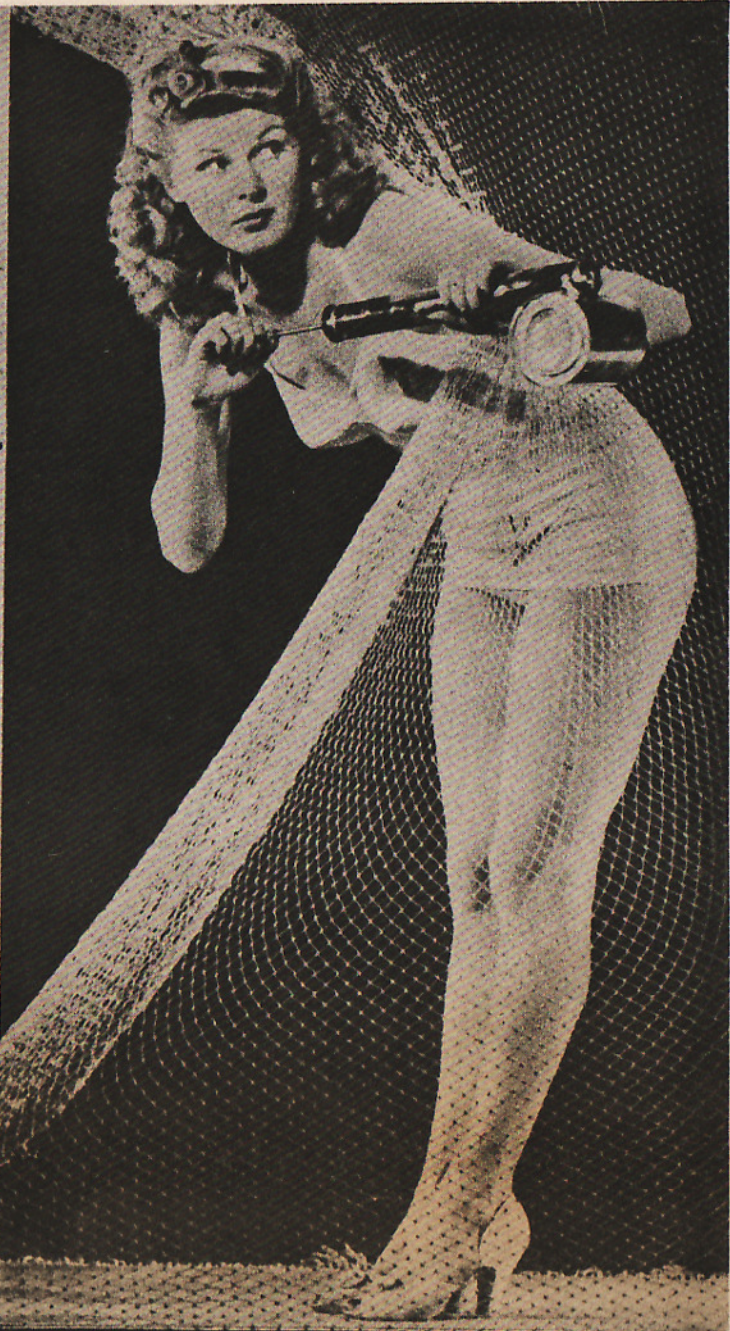
WINGS. An Army Air Force plane flies through hundreds of thousands of sea birds over Ascension Island in the Atlantic.



IMPRESARIO. Entertaining GIs at the Jungle Junction Club is Tony Steventon, India's own little Yankee Doodle Dandy.



FOR THE BOYS. Anette (Toni) Robin, formerly a commercial artist in New York City, is now a Red Cross worker in New Guinea, but in addition to her regular duties she paints and names combat planes.



SKREET SHOOTER. Rosemary LaPlanche, RKO actress, was named "Miss Mosquito Junction of 1943" by some soldiers in New Guinea, so she's living up to her title by going into action against the enemy.

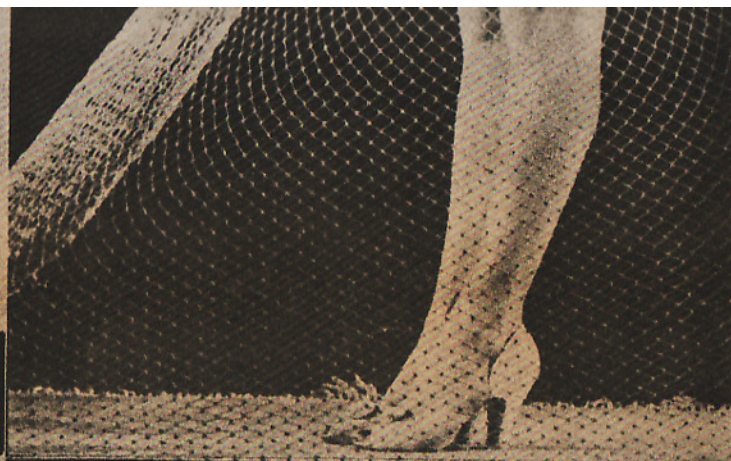
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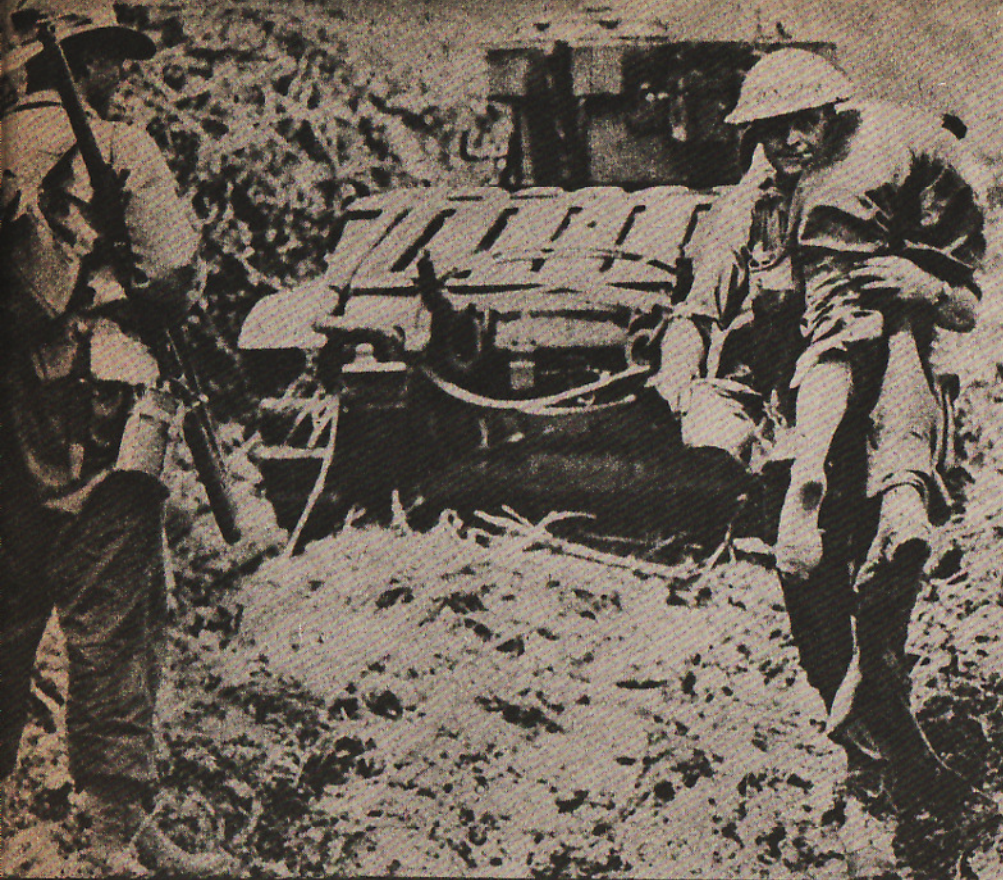
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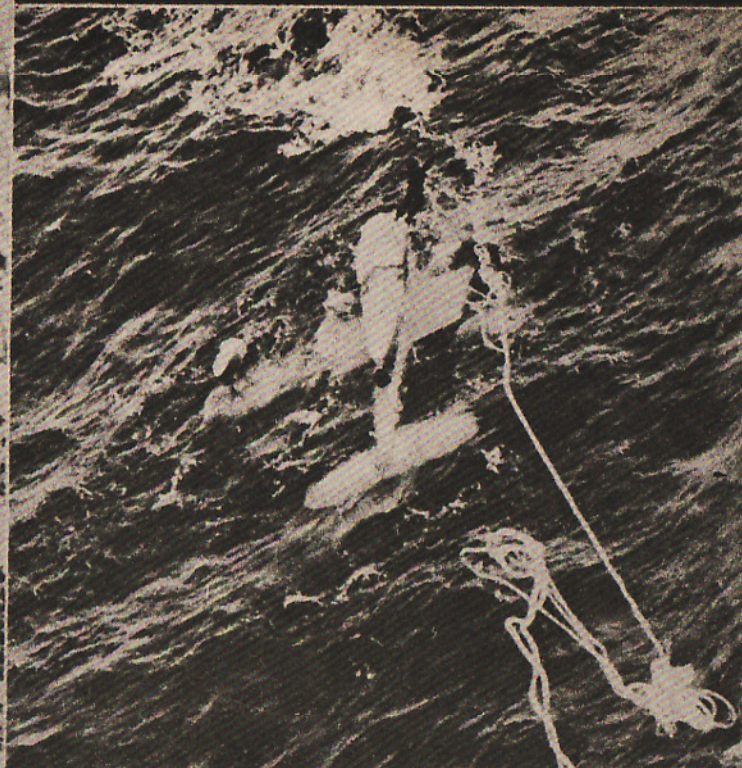
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NEW GUINEA FRONT. During one of the fiercest fights of the New Guinea campaign an Aussie comes back carrying a wounded buddy over his shoulder as a tank lumbers up toward the front. The grim shuttle went on until the Japs were driven back again.



LIFE LINE. A Navy flyer jumps from the fuselage of his floating plane to grab a line from a Navy blimp which had spotted him downed in the Atlantic Ocean.

Dorothy Day

YANK

Pin-up



Girl



News from Home

A couple of symphony-orchestra conductors sounded off on boogie-woogie, folks were sweltering and freezing in the mid-west, a famous small-town editor died, and Gypsy Rose Lee explained how it all happened.

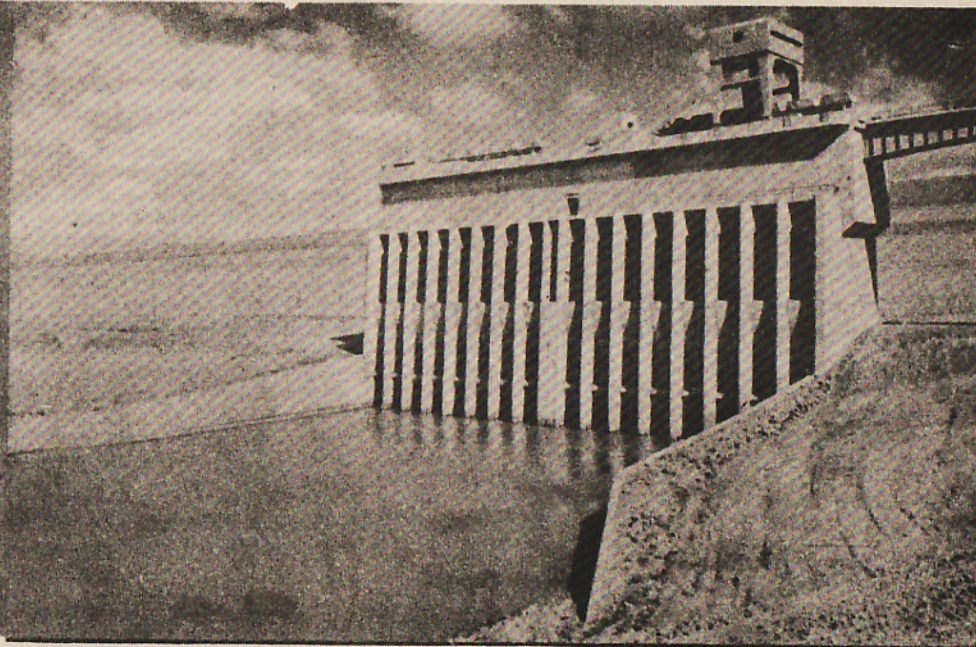
THE boys and girls back home really had something they could get their teeth into last week and part of it, you'll be glad to know, was Frank Sinatra. Argentina renounced the Axis, Bolivia was in a dither about which way to jump, and things like that—but here was an issue that was hot and no fooling.

It was all started by no less a figure in the musical world than Artur Rodzinski, conductor of the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, while giving a concert at Camp Kilmer, N. J.

Rodzinski may have got Sinatra and boogie-woogie mixed up a bit, but that is a great artist's privilege and, anyway, he made his point. It was this: He couldn't see why the younger generation of females swoons in the aisles, beats its collective bosom, and goes out of this world at the sound of Sinatra's crooning. In fact, said Rodzinski, boogie-woogie was "the greatest cause of delinquency among American youth today."

Nuts to that, replied Sinatra in Hollywood, when told what Rodzinski had said. "I come in contact with thousands of youngsters on the street and through letters they write to me, and they're sane, normal human beings," the crooner continued, revealing himself as a hitherto-unsuspected expert on social problems. "I don't know exactly what the causes of juvenile delinquency are, but I don't think any one can prove that popular music is one of them."

Then into the battle jumped Leopold Stokowski, the noted symphony conductor, and Mischa Elman, who is equally distinguished as a violinist. "I love boogie-woogie," said Stokowski, who is admittedly no juvenile delinquent. And Elman, who had just celebrated his 53rd birthday and has never been in the hoosegow, also came to the defense of boogie-woogie. "I think," he said, "that I can speak for my colleagues in the popular field of music and say that boogie-woogie can in no way be held responsible for child delinquency in America."



The new Denison Dam provides more flood control and power production for Texas and Oklahoma. Above, dam's concrete intake structure.



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Nuts to that, replied Sinatra in Hollywood, when told what Rodzinski had said. "I come in contact with thousands of youngsters on the street and through letters they write to me, and they're sane, normal human beings," the crooner continued, revealing himself as a hitherto-unsuspected expert on social problems. "I don't know exactly what the causes of juvenile delinquency are, but I don't think any one can prove that popular music is one of them."

Then into the battle jumped Leopold Stokowski, the noted symphony conductor, and Mischa Elman, who is equally distinguished as a violinist. "I love boogie-woogie," said Stokowski, who is admittedly no juvenile delinquent. And Elman, who had just celebrated his 53rd birthday and has never been in the hoosegow, also came to the defense of boogie-woogie. "I think," he said, "that I can speak for my colleagues in the popular field of music and say that boogie-woogie can in no way be held responsible for child delinquency in America."

As for Washington, the soldier-vote question remained a hot one. By a vote of 12 to 2, the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections passed the compromise Green-Lucas Bill which would simplify voting by men in uniform by establishing a Federal Balloting Commission. The Commission would see to it that blank ballots on air-mail paper were sent by the Army and Navy to all fronts and installations. Servicemen would write on these the names of their choices for President, Vice-President, Senator, and Representative, and the ballots would then be returned to the home States of the voters. It would be left up to each State to decide whether the voter was qualified to cast his ballot under the laws of that State. Although the bill seeks to have the States waive any requirements they may have concerning personal registration and the payment of poll taxes, it does not provide for imposing penalties on States which insist on enforcing such requirements.

The bill was endorsed by President Roosevelt who, in a special message to Congress, attacked the so-called States-rights soldier-vote bill which the Senate passed in December and which is now under consideration in the House. This measure simply called upon the individual States to enact legislation to facilitate absentee balloting by men and women in the services. Mr. Roosevelt said that in his opinion this bill was "a fraud on the soldiers and sailors and marines now training and fighting for us and our sacred rights."

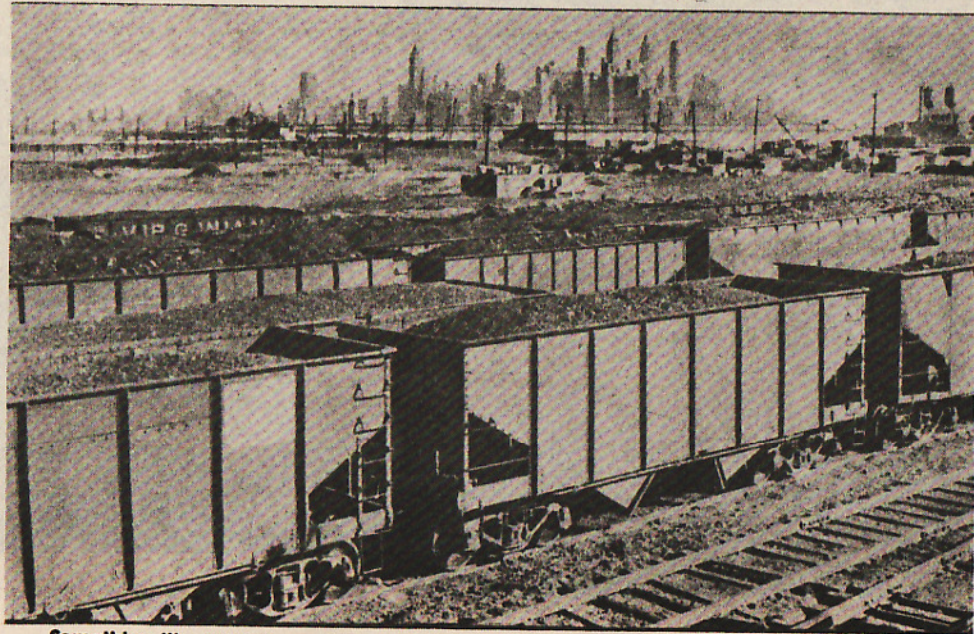
"Our men," continued the President, "cannot understand why the fact that they are fighting should disqualify them from voting. It has been clear for some time that practical difficulties and the element of time make it virtually impossible for soldiers and sailors and marines spread all over the world to comply with the different voting laws of the forty-eight States and that unless something is done about it they will be denied the right to vote."

In his message, which was read by a clerk, the President said that he spoke as Commander-in-Chief of the men in the services and remarked: "I am sure that I can express their wishes in this matter and their resentment against the discrimination which is being practiced against them." He also observed that "there are times when the President can speak as an interested citizen."

Immediately upon hearing what the President had to say, Senator Robert A. Taft, Republican of Ohio, arose and criticized the message. "I resent the designation by the President of a



Clem J. Burkley, of the Goodyear Tire Co., in Akron, Ohio, developed an airplane tire suitable for landings in ice-covered fields in the cold north.



Something like 15,000 tons of coal stood idle in Jersey Central Railroad Yards and New Yorkers shivered while dispute on overtime pay took place.

State-voting bill as a fraud," he said. "It is no fraud. In my opinion it is the proper way for soldiers to vote. I think it is most unfortunate for the President to intervene in a legislative matter and use language which is a direct insult to the members of the Senate and to members of the House." The Senator added that the Army might help reelect Mr. Roosevelt by fixing the dates on which soldiers were to cast their ballots to coincide with a great military victory.

Wendell L. Willkie, a Republican who might be a candidate for President himself next fall, came out in favor of a Federal soldier-vote law, saying: "Whether a Federal law will be more advantageous to the Republicans than to the Democrats I don't know. I do know, however, that I wouldn't wish to be elected President of the United States without every member of the armed services having the opportunity to vote to decide whether I should be."

Governor John W. Bricker, of Ohio, another Republican possibility for the presidential candidacy, said that soldiers should "by all means" be given the right to vote. "The most dangerous thing to my mind," he went on, "is the attitude of the administration that the soldiers are under the command of the administration."

The Democratic National Committee wound up a meeting in Washington by indicating Mr. Roosevelt as the party's nominee for the Presidency in 1944. Here's how the members put it: "The National Committee of the Democratic Party does express its deep conviction that the liberal spirit and far-sighted practical idealism of this nation, as exemplified to the world by Franklin D. Roosevelt, must be imprinted on the peace which follows victory. We, assembled, realizing his world leadership and knowing that our allies are praying with us for the continuation of his services, both in war and peace, do now earnestly solicit him to continue as the great world leader."

Looks as if we're going to get a lot of additional company over here. Bad news for GIs contentedly holding down jobs in camps back home came from Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson, who announced at a Press conference that by the end of this year, two-thirds of the Army would be overseas. Physically fit EMs under 30 who have served more than a year at "fixed stations or overhead activities" in the U. S. will be weeded out, starting with those who have served the longest, and assigned to units destined to go overseas.

Civilians, Wacs and men who don't come up to overseas physical standards will take over the posts of the soldiers shipped under this new policy. Physically qualified men of 30 or older will form the next batch to be reassigned to go abroad. Men who are now in the States but who have served in foreign parts since December 1, 1941, are not affected by the plan nor are men possessing "highly specialized skills" which can't be used overseas.

All this, of course, will mean a general reduction of military activities in the States. Already, according to the War Secretary, approximately 70 percent of the Air Force bases back home have been closed.

the Army up to captain and up to officers of equivalent rank in the other services. It allots \$300 to all mustered-out veterans who have served overseas or in Alaska, \$200 to men with more than 60 days' service in the U. S., and \$100 for guys who just got a sniff of the Army. Among those who won't get any of the gravy are men over 38 who were discharged from duty to take civilian jobs and chaps who have spent their whole time in the service as students in the Army Specialized Training Program.

Congress continued decidedly cool toward the President's request for a draft of civilians for war work and legislation to bar strikes in war plants for the duration. Secretary of War Stimson said over the radio that in 22 strikes which had taken place the preceding week, the nation had lost 135,000 man-days of war production, or "the equivalent of nine divisions gone AWOL for one day."

The weather was kicking up in a great way. Thousands of towns throughout the midwest experienced the warmest January 25 on record. The mercury reached 57 in Chicago, 69 in Omaha, 62 in Pittsburgh and Indianapolis, 58 in Rochester, Minn., and 54 in Minneapolis. Delegates from the northwestern States attending a convention of the American



JACK OR JACQUELINE? When Denver detectives asked Jack Starr, 47, for a draft card, he—we mean she—said: "I don't need one." Her real name: Jacqueline Moret. She'd posed as a man all her life.

Dairy Association in Chicago predicted that drought conditions in their communities may "mean trouble for the future of civilian food supply." Dan T. Carlson, of Willmar, Minn., president of the association, reported that his State had been having its mildest winter in years, with "practically no precipitation."

reached blizzard proportions, swept the midwest and Rocky Mountain region, ending the longest winter drought in ten years. Seventy communities: Nebraska and South Dakota were stranded without telephone communication.

In Redondo, Calif., two apartment houses crash into the sea when 40-foot waves, riding on the high tide of the season, swept the coast. Ten miles the north, at Santa Monica, the high surf destroy the Rendezvous Ballroom.

William Allen White, 74, died at his home Emporia, Kan. Probably the most famous small town newspaper editor of his day, he made the voice of his Emporia *Gazette* heard and respected in parts of the world.

Disturbing reports of racial antagonism, coming from various parts of the U. S., prompted Senator Guy M. Gillette, Democrat of Iowa, to tell a Press conference: "Nothing more disastrous could happen to our country than to have it fettered in the future with antagonism based on religious and racial foundations. My conviction is that there's a well defined movement in this country to foment anti-Semitic feelings. It's most noticeable in the cities."

A few rabbis in New York City reported that during the past few months stones have been thrown through the windows of their homes, swastikas and unprintable words painted on the walls of Jewish buildings, and garbage tossed into synagogues. Mayor F. H. LaGuardia, of New York City, said, however, that there were only "isolated" cases of this sort of thing in his community and that he had "been sort of pieced together and made to appear as if the city was in turmoil and the people were fighting each other."

WELL, look what's here! Tommy Manville is engaged again. This time it's to Barbara Alliso, 18, of Los Angeles. He was divorced from his seven wife last October. Don't give it another thought!

Grace Saunders, 18-year-old war worker, Cambridge, Mass., staggered into her home late on a Sunday night with swollen, frost-blackened legs. She was the only survivor of a lovers' lane party that had begun 72 hours earlier in sub-freezing weather in a car parked by a roadside in Lexington, Mass. Her three companions had died of carbon-monoxide poisoning from the car's exhaust.

Grace told the authorities how her friend, 16-year-old Ruth Place, of Waltham, Mass., had made blithering dates for both of them on the preceding Thursday night. The boys involved were John Keefe, 17, of Waltham, and his brother, James, 24, a 4-F garage hand who was separated from his wife and their two children. So the girls met the boys and they drove a while and then they parked and then, said Grace, "both boys started to get fresh and I kept telling them to behave."

The girl said that the engine was running but that the car didn't seem to pick up any warmth from it. "I kept pleading with them to take us home," she recalled, "and when they didn't I started to get out of the car. Someone pushed me back in the seat

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All this, of course, will mean a general reduction of military activities in the States. Already, according to the War Secretary, approximately 70 percent of the Air Force bases back home have been closed and an unknown number of U. S. camps are slated to be discontinued as active centers and put on a "caretaker basis." Officers who are over 38 and no longer valuable will be mustered out.

A mustering-out-pay bill was finally approved by Congress and sent to President Roosevelt for his approval or veto. The measure covers all grades in



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The association's vice-president, Dr. Robert Prior, of Seattle, said that some reservoirs in the State of Washington and western Montana are 50 feet below level "when they should be full by now." Harry Dodge, of Topeka, Kan., reported that winter-wheat production in his State is only 80 percent of normal.

By the weekend, however, things had changed considerably. A snowstorm, which in some sections

W gaged again. This time it's to Barbara Allison, 18, of Los Angeles. He was divorced from his seven wife last October. Don't give it another thought! Grace Saunders, 18-year-old war worker, Cambridge, Mass., staggered into her home late a Sunday night with swollen, frost-blackened leg. She was the only survivor of a lovers' lane party that had begun 72 hours earlier in sub-freezing weather in a car parked by a roadside in Lexington, Mass. Her three companions had died of carbon-monoxide poisoning from the car's exhaust.

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The girl said that the engine was running but that the car didn't seem to pick up any warmth from it. "I kept pleading with them to take us home," she recalled, "and when they didn't I started to get out of the car. Someone pushed me back in the seat. We all got drowsy and I fell asleep."

Grace said it must have been Saturday when she first woke up. The engine had stopped, she remembered, and she looked at Ruth and saw that her eyes were only half open. Thinking it was Friday and that she and Ruth had to get to work she tried to rouse the others and then dozed off in a stupor again. She awoke and fell asleep a couple



Rosalie Walsh, 21, stands trial for allegedly shooting girl rival in love affair.



And here is the unvarnished truth about the shortage of gas and tires that you Joes have been hearing so much about. Race track fans in Miami, Fla., are transported by horse and wagon. But for free.

NEW EQUIPMENT



Inspecting newly invented grenade launcher for the Army's famous Garand rifle.



Japan is the destination of this sub, the latest one made in an East Coast shipbuilding yard.



more times and then felt strong enough to stumble out of the car and find her way to the nearby Concord Turnpike, where she thumbed a ride to Cambridge.

Police found one of the Keefe brothers curled up dead at the wheel of the car and the bodies of Ruth and the other brother huddled under a robe on the back seat. A crack in the right front window next to which Grace was seated had let in enough air to revive her when the engine ran out of gas.

In Tulsa, Okla., Frank Mosley's former wife complained to the court that he was paying her the alimony due her in pennies which he mixed in a bucket of sorghum molasses and sawdust. The judge told Frank that he'd have to mend his quaint ways.

In Boston, Mass., Warren Stewart stopped his truck to give a piece of his mind to a couple of guys who were trying to pass him in a car. By the time the argument was over, the pair had identified themselves as FBI agents and had also identified Stewart as a gent who had failed to report for induction last summer.

IN New York City, Mrs. Margaret Rivers, 24, gave birth to a child in the witness room of City Court less than 24 hours after she had been pinched on a charge of street-walking.

In Los Angeles, Mrs. Elizabeth Van Allen, 73, sued her 68-year-old husband for divorce because he accused her of getting the wrong kind of thrill out of shaking hands with their minister.

In Overland, Mo., Otha Coffman found what he thought was a police dog whining at his door. He took the animal into his home, bathed and fed it, and urged it to play with his children. Presently it bared its teeth and chased the whole family out into the backyard. Turned out to be a timber wolf in police-dog's clothing.

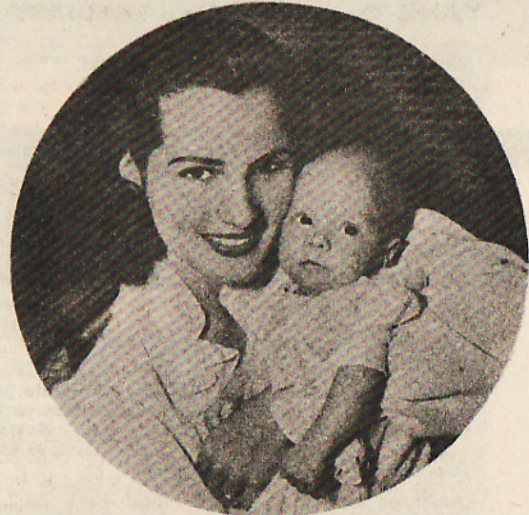
Plump, red-headed Joan Barry, former Shakespearean student of Charlie Chaplin's, told a Federal Grand Jury in Hollywood that Chaplin had deprived her of her civil rights by railroading her out of Beverly Hills a year or so ago, just when she was about to become the mother of a child whose father, she claims, is the screen star.

Louis "Lepke" Buchalter, member of New York's celebrated Murder, Inc., whose death sentence has been delayed several times because the Federal government refused to release him from a narcotics charge, was finally turned over to the State authorities who want to execute him at Sing Sing. He immediately petitioned for a new trial on the grounds of new evidence.

Velvée Dickinson, 40, proprietor of an exclusive doll shop in Manhattan, was arrested by the FBI on a charge of sending coded messages to South America. The messages, it was said, were camouflaged as doll transactions and contained vital military and naval information.

Major Betty Mandel, former Tucson, Ariz., newspaper reporter, was promoted to become the first lieutenant colonel in the WACs, and now ranks second only to Colonel Oveta Culp Hobby.

Pvt. Edward Robert Van Dover, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was arrested in a stolen jeep when he got in



HOLLYWOOD DEBUT. Brenda Marshall, movie actress, shows off her son, Peter Westfield Holden for the first time since his birth in November. Her husband is Lt. William Holden, former actor, of the AAF.

to Idaho in silver output, with Montana in third place.

Governor Forrest C. Donnell, of Missouri, announced in Jefferson City that he will be a candidate for the U. S. Senate seat now held by Bennett Champ Clark. The Governor plans to seek the designation on the Republican ticket; Senator Clark is a Democrat. State Attorney General Roy McKittrick, a Democrat, has also declared that he will oppose Clark. The latter has not yet said whether he will run again, but political leaders who ought to know suspect that he will.

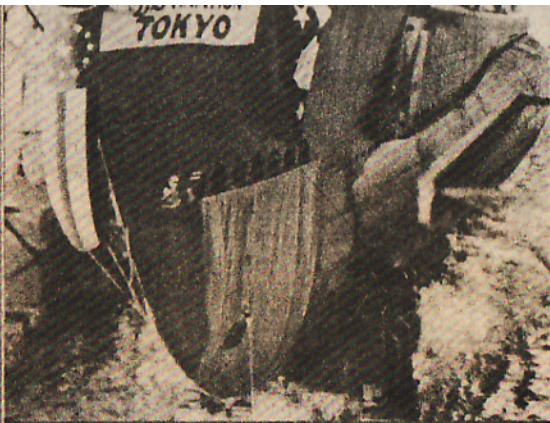
U. S. Senator Frederick Van Nuys, Democrat of Indiana, died suddenly at the age of 69. He was chairman of the Senate's Judiciary and Foreign Relations Committees.

In Columbus, O., 66-year-old Bill "Bojangles" Robinson, the nation's A-number-one Negro tap dancer, married 23-year-old Elaine Plaines, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who recently appeared with him on a vaudeville tour under the name of Sue Dash. The ceremony took place between performances which Robinson was giving at the Columbus Theater. It was his second marriage and Miss Plaines' first.

ABE LYMAN, the orchestra leader, married his singer, Rose Blane, in New York City. Both plan to take off on an entertainment tour of troops overseas in the near future.

Robert P. Steele charged that Billy Rose and Oscar Hammerstein 2nd, the producer and author respectively of the current Broadway Negro hit, *Carmen Jones*, had deliberately pirated his own interpretation of the opera *Carmen*.

Gypsy Rose Lee, the highbrow strip-tease lady, who recently recovered from an attack of pneumonia



Japan is the destination of this sub, the latest one made in an East Coast shipbuilding yard.



New camera for the Air Force. It takes simultaneous pictures of earth and night sky.



Latest Army fire-fighting truck contains three tons of liquid carbon dioxide.

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Pvt. Edward Robert Van Dover, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was arrested in a stolen jeep when he got in trouble for failing to pay a bridge toll at Somerset, Ky. He had gone AWOL from a camp in Alliance, Nev., and posed as an advance guard of a convoy of paratroopers on his way across the country.

Hell of a scandal in Lansing, Mich., where 20 members and former members of the State Legislature and six officials of automobile-finance companies were indicted on charges of conspiring by means of bribery to enact three bills which were passed in 1939 and had to do with the regulation of small-loan interest rates. Prosecutor Kim Sigler said that about \$20,000 changed hands in what he called the "bribery deal."

One of the legislators—Representative Stanley J. Dombrowski, of Detroit—is already in the can, serving a three-and-a-half-year sentence for perjury. Present legislators indicted were Senators Charles Diggs and Leo J. Wilkowsky, both of Detroit, and Representatives William G. Buckley, Earl C. Gallagher, Joseph J. Kowalski, Walter N. Stockfish, Martin A. Kronk, Adam W. Sumaracki, Francis J. Nowak, and Edward J. Walsh, all of Detroit, and Miles Callaghan, of Reed City. The former legislators indicted were Senators William F. Bradley, of Detroit, Jerry T. Logie, of Bay City, D. Stephen Benzie, of Norway, and Henry F. Shea, of Laurium, as well as Representatives Ernest G. Nagel, Joseph L. Kaminski, and Michael Clancy, all of Detroit, and Isadore A. Weza, of Ontonagon.

IDAHO has retained its lead as the nation's leading producer of silver, according to preliminary figures issued by the Federal Bureau of Mines. The State turned out 28 percent of all silver mined in the U. S. during 1943. Utah, which was replaced by California as the country's chief source of gold, ran second

run again, but political leaders who ought to know suspect that he will.

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Gypsy Rose Lee, the highbrow strip-tease lady, who recently recovered from an attack of pneumonia which she came down with while entertaining troops at Fort Bragg, N. C., explained how it had all come about. "I guess," she said, "it's because I thought I was in the Sunny South and changed too soon out of my winter, fur-lined G-str—er, that is, my clothes."



Smell of turbulent twenties. Revenue agents seized eight men in New York illegal liquor ring.

Mail Call

The Engineers Are Heard From

Dear YANK:

We have read and discussed letters from units, all of which think they have the most important parts in the war, and should receive more pay. But as yet have seen nothing from the boys in front of the man behind the gun—the Engineers.

Just recently the Infantry received a new T/O equivalent to a raise in pay. But the Engineers was just given a thought. A combat Engineer soldier must know all the tactics an infantry soldier knows plus engineering knowledge.

Sure the doughboys hike all day, but where is the combat Engineer? He is on the flank. Then the Engineer moves out to prepare the way for the dawn attack. Where does he go from there? On the flank, for the next day.

Just wondering when the boys in front of the man behind the gun will be given some consideration.

Britain.

Cpl. M. E. WILLIAMS

War And The Poet

Dear YANK:

BALLADE OF THE LUCKY BASTARDS

or

THE FIRST TOUR'S THE HARDEST

In India the troops maintain
The social season there is slack,
China is subject to much rain
And frequent aerial attack,
The South Pacific girls are black
And deep is the Aleutian snow,
But—put this in your almanac—
Brother, it's rough in the ETO!

This is the absolute domain
Of the Germanomaniac,
Of most unfriendly rocket plane
And positively hostile flak
That fills the sky with bric-a-brac,
Of flights at fifty-five below
To (possibly) Berlin and back . . .
Brother, it's rough in the ETO!

This sentiment is shared in Spain,
In Liverpool and Petrovac,
By Frenchman, Dutchman, Pole and Dane,
By warrant-officer and WAC;
Even the wretch upon the rack
In Madame Tussaud's waxworks show
Cries, as his bones begin to crack:
"Brother, it's rough in the ETO!"

L'Envoi

Pardon me, Prince, I have to pack,
But here's a tip before I go:

they advocate some unfair measure. This eventually—unlikely as it may seem—is what makes me concerned about this "vast political power," for I would not like to see it dammed up and ready for use by some wily demagogue.

And I disagree with the interpretation placed on Franklin's saying: "United we stand—divided we fall." Franklin was speaking against division and disunity in a nation struggling to become a cohesive whole. It seems to me his words are a lasting rebuke to those who would split the people into pressure groups and pushing blocs.

In saying this I hope no one will understand me to mean that I wish servicemen to sit quiet as church mice while others do their thinking for them. No, I would like to see men and women leaving the services with a determination that they are going to work with unflagging energy for a good peace and a better world. And what is to prevent them from doing so? They will be free to advance their views in freedom; the ballot boxes will still be open, their legislative houses will still be functioning.

This war won't be won when it's over. It's obvious that adjustments and planning on a truly tremendous scale are going to be necessary if we are to survive as what Abraham Lincoln called "the last, best hope of earth." We're going to need citizens who'll stand back and take a long-range vision of what are certain to be hard-fought battles.

We can and we should look after our own interests. But, above every other consideration let's look toward the future of the nation as a whole and toward the planning of a decent world order.

Britain.

S/Sgt. W. F. CODY

Inspecting Officers And Pin-ups

Dear YANK:

Why don't inspecting officers let their hair down and become human? The pin-up girls on the wall do not necessarily spoil the neatness of a barracks, when they are neatly arranged. In fact, they adorn some of these drab and dreary-looking walls and at the same time build up morale. Believe it or not.

Britain.

Cpl. DANNY MIKU, Jr.



We have tried to locate Sgt. Forristol personally, ever since his article was published in your magazine, but it seems he has taken cover for some reason, and now we will try and show you why: Sgt. Forristol states that he has not received a letter from home since September 26, 1943, and our records show that he has only been in the ETO for three months, also that this has been his only station, since he has arrived in the ETO.

We have talked to the unit mail clerks of his squadron, and they recall very distinctly of Sgt. Forristol receiving mail regularly ever since he has arrived at this station; also at this very moment, we have at this post office eleven (11) letters for this rookie of the ETO.

I have been a mail clerk in the ETO for the past 20 months, and have been at four different APOs, and I know that all the boys are doing a swell job.

So in ending this letter we want to say that we hope Sgt. Forristol enjoys his eleven letters, and that they aren't too old that they stink, and that none of them contained any bad news from his almost forgotten home.

T/4 CHARLES A. MILLER
Cpl. JOHN E. BARNHART
Pfc. LEON ROSEN

P.S.—We might also advise Sgt. Forristol, that if he wants more than eleven letters in one day, he get acquainted with more people who know how to write.
Britain.

Comic Strip Blues

Dear YANK:

We have been reading Janie, the comic strip in the London *Daily Mirror*, for some time now, doing so, not because it appeals to our lower and baser emotions, but rather in amazement, for we have never seen any reasonable fascimile as cheap and common as the much undressed "lady," in any newspaper back in the States.



How about this?

We laughed until now at all her strips—but we're not laughing any more—for we don't like to see Yanks in with or near, aiding or abetting, or associating with her in any way.

If it is necessary for the U. S. Army to get mixed up with the comics—let it be with Grett Murrum and Taffy Tucker, or in any extreme—with Little Orphan Annie.

DICK TRACY'S BOYS:
T/3 IRV BERNSTEIN
T/4 EMURIN MENDES
Sgt. CHRIS PULEO

Britain.

What Soldiers Think About

Dear YANK:

Your recently published letters from T/5 Vincent Kelly and Pvt. G.T.H. really did my heart good.

THE FIRST TOUR'S THE HARDEST

In India the troops maintain
The social season there is slack,
China is subject to much rain
And frequent aerial attack,
The South Pacific girls are black
And deep is the Aleutian snow,
But—put this in your almanac—
Brother, it's rough in the ETO!

This is the absolute domain
Of the Germanomaniac,
Of most unfriendly rocket plane
And positively hostile flak
That fills the sky with bric-a-brac,
Of flights at fifty-five below
To (possibly) Berlin and back . . .
Brother, it's rough in the ETO!

This sentiment is shared in Spain,
In Liverpool and Petrovac,
By Frenchman, Dutchman, Pole and Dane,
By warrant-officer and WAC;
Even the wretch upon the rack
In Madame Tussau's waxworks show
Cries, as his bones begin to crack:
"Brother, it's rough in the ETO!"

L'Envoi

Pardon me, Prince, I have to pack,
But here's a tip before I go:
Hit Hitler now and then—the sack;
Brother, it's rough in the ETO!

Britain.

DAVID F. PARRY, Capt., Air Corps

One-Thirteenth Of A Nation

Dear YANK:

To all those who say *Mail Call*, in addition to serving as the vehicle for the expression of all the gripes and groans GIs are heirs to, should also be a forum for the discussion of postwar problems I doff my greasy garrison. But I cannot toss the sloppiest salute to those who want the servicemen after this war to bind themselves in a close-knit body to write their own ticket. As I understand T/5s Kelly and Fischer in their recent letter, all the boys (and the girls, too) would band together to push a "common policy." There is something about this proposal which sounds a little dangerous.

I happen to believe that our legislators and public officials are at present quite sufficiently afflicted with lobbyists and pressure groups. Our alignment into sections, each pushing for its own pet program, has caused many a legislative headache and produced many a measure which, when put into practice, proved either impracticable or unfair. For, by its very nature, a pressure bloc looks after its own special interests. They very seldom serve to promote the general welfare.

Briefly, that is why I think Kelly and Fischer are off the beam. I hope to heaven that we are not to see a super-colossal veterans' organization throwing its weight around and pulling out the patriotic stops at every opportunity after the war. The veterans of this war joined together would form such a large body that I'm afraid but a few courageous legislators would have the guts to stand up against them should

Dear YANK:

Why don't inspecting officers let their hair down and become human? The pin-up girls on the wall do not necessarily spoil the neatness of a barracks, when they are neatly arranged. In fact, they adorn some of these drab and dreary-looking walls and at the same time build up morale. Believe it or not.

Britain.

Cpl. DANRY MIKU, Jr.



They're O.K. in Italy.

Chastisement

Dear YANK:

In your January 16 issue, you published a letter in the *Mail Call* section regarding the wearing of the ATO ribbon in California. Beneath the letter was a lengthy explanation by our learned editor, which included a remark about California being in the United States, "contrary to current Hollywood belief."

It may interest our editor to know that Hollywood, contrary to current editorial belief, is just another home town to the many GIs away from it. We, of Hollywood and the other Los Angeles suburbs, do not pretend to be any more worldly wise than a guy from Junction City. However, we do take a justifiable pride in our home town, just as any other Joe takes in his. It is the opinion of the undersigned that the crack about Hollywood in the editor's note was uncalled for, and most unnecessary.

The defence rests.

Britain.

Pfc. J. H. STANLEY

The APO Slugs Back . . .

Dear YANK:

In regard to the article which you recently published in your magazine, concerning the Post Offices in the ETO, we at this station, wish to give our side of the story.

We have all read the letter which was written to you from Sgt. Alfred Forristol, and since we find that he is stationed at our station, we want to put both him and you straight to his particular case, also any others who might be complaining.

never seen any reasonable facsimile as cheap and common as the much undressed "lady," in any newspaper back in the States.



How about this?

We laughed until now at all her strips—but we're not laughing any more—for we don't like to see Yanks in with or near, aiding or abetting, or associating with her in any way.

If it is necessary for the U. S. Army to get mixed up with the comics—let it be with Grett Murrum and Taffy Tucker, or in any extreme—with Little Orphan Annie.

DICK TRACY'S BOYS:
T/5 IRV BERNSTEIN
T/4 EMURIN MENDES
Sgt. CHRIS PULEO

Britain.

What Soldiers Think About

Dear YANK:

Your recently published letters from T/5 Vincent Kelly and Pvt. G.T.H. really did my heart good. Since arriving in Britain I have been very much

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Pictures: 1, Sgt. Pete Paris. 2, bottom right, BOP. 4, center left, OWI. 6, PA. 8, 9 and 10, Sgt. Pete Paris. 11, top right, Melsen; center right and left, AP. 12, upper left, INP; upper right, ACME; center left, SOVFOTO; center right, INP; lower left, ACME; lower right, USMC. 13, upper and center left, AAF; upper right, ACME; center right and lower left, PA; lower right, INP. 14, Warner Bros. 15, top, OWI; center and bottom, Keystone. 16, center, PA; bottom, Keystone. 17, left top and bottom right, Keystone; top right, ACME; others, OWI. 18, OWI. 20, U.S. Navy; bottom, INP. 22 and 23, USMC.

A Yeast is Working

By Sgt. RAY DUNCAN

ASKED for "Horrible Harper," my favorite comic book, but the PX girl gave me *Harper's* magazine by mistake. I got all the way to the barracks before I discovered the error. By then it was too late, so I read the *Harper's* article on "What Soldiers Are Thinking About."

"Service in the armed forces changes men in numerous ways," it said. "More than anything else it stimulates thinking." Later on it pointed out that "the main point is that a yeast is working."

Hurriedly I finished my business in the barracks and set out to watch the yeast work. First man I came to was a corporal who was gazing thoughtfully down the company street and belching yeastily.

"A penny," I said cooly, "for your thoughts."

"Say sarge," he grinned, "have you got an extra liquor-ration coupon?"

"Okay, a liquor-ration coupon for your thoughts." I handed him the coupon and suddenly asked, "What do you think about an International Police Force?"

"Policemen!" he spat. "I hate their guts!"

The speculative look came into his eyes again. "What you doin' tonight, sarge?"

"Well ——" I fenced skillfully.

"My little chick has got a friend," he said. "She's really a lot of fun."

"I wish you hadn't said that," I sighed, "but I'll chance it."

My date really was a lot of fun. Each time we passed an officer above the rank of captain she cried, "Hiya big shot!" and flipped off his hat.

She had a nice figure and low-cut dress, so pretty soon the marines were crowding around our table in the barroom.

"Do you mind if we establish a beachhead?" they grinned, drawing up chairs.

"What are you fellows thinking about?" I asked suddenly, whipping out a pencil and paper.

"We could tell you, junior," they replied, leering at my girl friend, "but it would only lead to bloodshed."

Over in the corner was a lone soldier at a table, fondling a glass of beer. He had a far-away and thoughtful look in his eye. "Here," I told myself, "is a soldier who is thinking about something. I must get him for my survey." But when I put the question to him he only smiled crookedly.

"Waitress," he said at length, "another beer." He blew a cloud of cigarette smoke in my face. "So you want to know what I'm thinking about?"

"Yes!" I cried eagerly, pencil and paper poised. A half hour passed and he said nothing more. After another 45 minutes it was closing time, and the waitress brought him one last beer. At last he roused himself and said to me:

"Moral determination may have already been present in men when they entered the Army, and the greater fitness of body and knowledge of arms gained in training are important; but it is this comradeship, or *esprit de corps*—call it whatever you want—that has more than anything else to do with making the civilian over into a soldier. It is the grasping of hands for the long, hard and dreary effort."

His words had a familiar ring. Familiar, hell—they were right out of that *Harper's* article.

"You read that somewhere," I said cunningly.

"Don't you get cunning with me," he cried in rage and embarrassment, and leaping drunkenly to his feet he overturned the table, glass and beer in my lap. Then he began working me over, aided by the six marines, who seized this opportunity to eliminate me and get my girl. Luckily some sailors came in the door about that time.

A captain heard the battle a few minutes later and came in to stop it. My girl friend said, "Hiya, big shot!" and flipped off his hat. She was really a lot of fun, and it was a wonderful evening. The yeast was working that night, all right. The old yeast was really working.



interested in getting the slant of the soldier overseas on domestic problems and politics back home. To read most of the story-tellers of the press, the one and only problem that bothered GIs was the sporadic

time trying to get along in civilian life. Some of us are married and have children and I know that any help from the Government would help a lot and would be appreciated by all. So I wish that private

Hell Hath No Fury . . .

Dear YANK:

You are a wonderful magazine, YANK, but that

gazing thoughtfully down the company street and belching yeastily.

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interested in getting the slant of the soldier overseas on domestic problems and politics back home. To read most of the story-tellers of the press, the one and only problem that bothered GIs was the sporadic labor difficulties the country has encountered. The many good ideas stated in the above-mentioned letters would be startling, to say the least, to many of the folks back home. Of course, they think we are fine fighting men, willing to sacrifice our all for our country. They know many of us are lonely because they are lonely, too. However, they give us little credit with being concerned with domestic problems, the conduct of the war and the peace to follow.

I, for one, doubt if that opinion is justified. We all know that sooner or later we will have to face the problems on the home front. Why couldn't the American Army promote soldier forums similar to those in the British Army? In those, the Tommy has a chance to hear and discuss the economic, social and political problems that exist and will arise in Europe as well as England. Would the GI respond to such a program? I believe he would.

Our world doesn't revolve about "Terry and the Pirates."

We who are fighting for democracy should hardly be so divorced from its trials and tribulations while doing so. I think most of us want to feel competent to make a few decisions about its problems when we return.

LI. W. R. ALFINI

Britain.

On Mustering-Out Pay

Dear YANK:

In answer to that letter in the January 23 edition of the YANK written by Pvt. G.T.H. about our future back home, he is entirely right about us boys doing our best for Uncle Sam, but he said that mustering-out pay will be unnecessary. There have been a lot of arguments about this subject but we would like to add our feelings, too. The boys in our hut are not any too wealthy and they will probably have a hard

time trying to get along in civilian life. Some of us are married and have children and I know that any help from the Government would help a lot and would be appreciated by all. So I wish that private lots of luck after the war, and if he don't get his pay like the rest of us he'll be the first to gripe.

T/2 HARRY FAERY
T/5 DICK DAVIS
Cpl. JOSEPH SMITH
Pfc. ERDMAN LUEAS
Pfc. JOSEPH HARRIS

Britain.

The Meaning Of "Limey"

Dear YANK:

The word "limey," while its meaning and historical conception should be obvious, has often been mistaken by GIs as a good word to use, the better by which to insult the British.

Actually, it does not insult them; rather, it is symbolic of their place as the leading sea power of modern times. Whenever the word "limey" is mentioned in a pub, most of the GIs present snicker dirtily and look apprehensively at those English present, expecting them to resent the vernacular. The GIs assume an expression much the same as when asked to explain "Snafu" in mixed company. The English, on the other hand, are surprisingly apathetic in reaction, since they know the origin of the word and realize it has no pornographic connotation.

"Limey" refers to the English sailor, whose susceptibility to the sea disease, scurvy, made it necessary for him to consume large quantities of limes during a sea voyage. Actually, he was first called a "lime juicer" by the English soldier, who undoubtedly knew other less complimentary names for this branch of the service. "Limey" has stuck through the ages, and it has now appended itself to the English people as a whole.

I hope this clears something up for somebody.

T/5 Sgt. CHARLES W. GOODWIN

Britain.

Hell Hath No Fury . . .

Dear YANK:

You are a wonderful magazine, YANK, but that mistake you made in your *News From Home* column on January 30—oh, my! Capt. Mildred M. McAfee is *not* the commander of the WAC. She heads the WAVES. Col. Hobby commands the WACs, and you'd better not let *her* catch you making mistakes like that.

THREE GI JAMES

Britain.

[Col. Hobby, we find, won't even have to lift a finger in her own defense. After being pelted verbally and otherwise on this boner by every outraged female in the ETO, we have come to the conclusion a bit sadly perhaps, that this is just another one of the little things we don't know about women.—Ed.]



Spot From N. Y.

Dear YANK:

I would like to know if there is any reason why a selective service man can't wear a hash mark when he completes three years' service. Many of the first draft men will finish three years soon.

Ft. Jackson, S. C.

S/5 Sgt. D. P. FLANNAGAN

[Selectees are entitled to wear a hash mark after three years of honorable service. Our authority on this is AR 600-40, Paragraph 46.—Ed.]

THERE has been a lot of talk lately about the way the Navy is supposed to be keeping its athletes, especially the major-league baseball players, in cold storage at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, while the not-so-talented guys are knocking their brains out on destroyers in the South Pacific. If this is true—if, for example, the Navy is following a well-organized plan to keep Johnny Mize safely anchored in dry-dock until he can return to the New York Giants—then neither the Navy, Mize nor the Giants know anything about it.

No one can honestly accuse the Navy of employing Mize, Feller, Rigney or anybody else for the exclusive purpose of building up

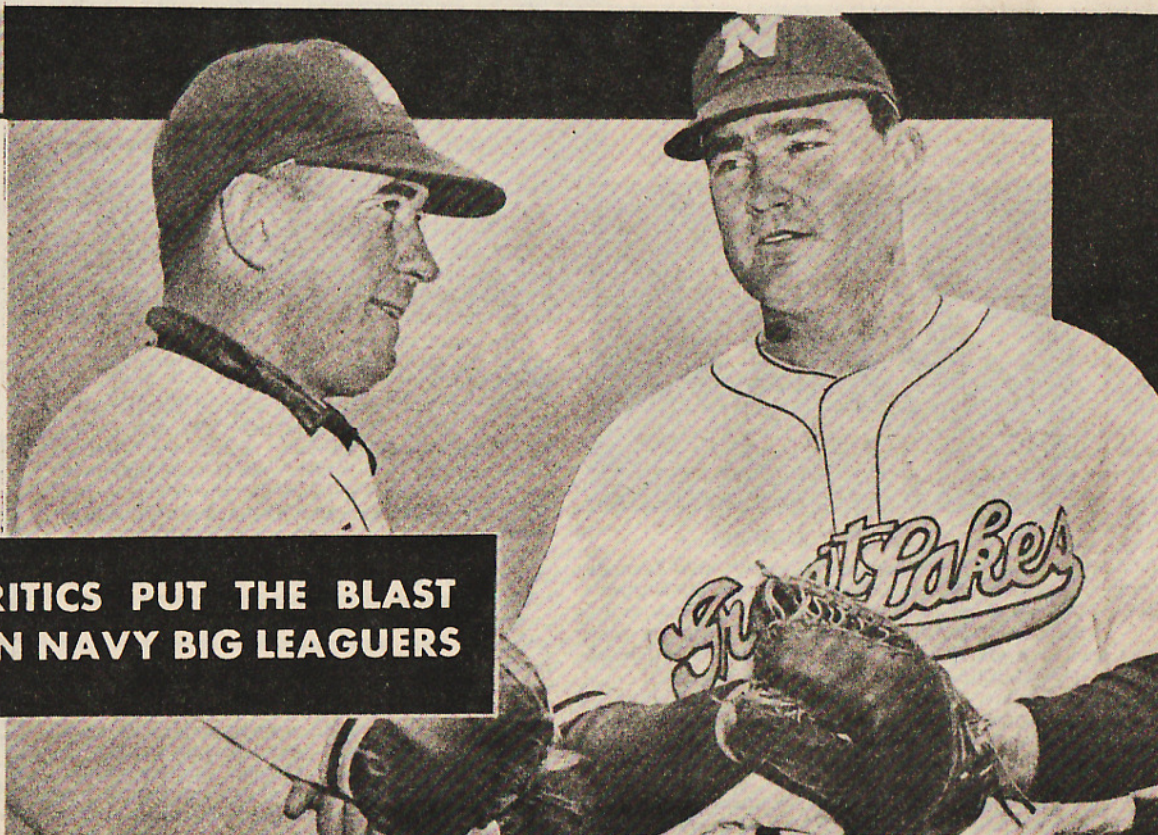
SPORTS: CRITICS PUT THE BLAST ON NAVY BIG LEAGUERS

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

the Navy's athletic prestige. True, Mize and a lot of other big-league stars played at Great Lakes last year and the season before, but their status was as legitimate as the next fellow's. Most of them were either commanders of boot companies, boots themselves, gunnery instructors or assigned to the OGU (outgoing unit) and tagged for sea duty.

It's easy to understand why the poison-pen critics have put the blast on Great Lakes. It's the largest and the best-known naval training station in the world, and its athletic teams are the most successful in the armed forces. Therefore, it becomes the most logical target. If these critics—who, incidentally, are the same crowd that fought and lost their fight against intercollegiate sports for servicemen—can make their argument stick against Great Lakes, they would have no trouble in persuading the Navy to de-emphasize baseball, football and basketball at other bases.

There's a pretty good chance that the critics can win their fight this time. They are blasting with sheer sentimental dynamite. They're telling the public there's a growing dissatisfaction among parents, wives and sweethearts because so many major leaguers are fighting this war in clefted shoes. They say, too, that parents are getting fed up comparing batting averages at Great Lakes with



Lt. Mickey Cochrane (left) with Johnny Mize before Johnny was shipped out for more intensive training.

one-term college as far as athletes were concerned. "These baseball players are in the same bathtub with everybody else here," he said. "And they all look alike to me."

You begin to understand what the commander means by this bathtub business when you thumb through the Great Lakes baseball roster for 1943. Only three players, Joe Grace and Johnny Lucadello from the Browns and Johnny Rigney from the Cubs, were back for a second term. The others were scattered from South Carolina to the South Pacific.

The only reason Grace and Lucadello were held over for another year was that they had distinguished themselves as company commanders. Although Rigney was held over, he did not play with the Bluejackets. The critics soon made a classic example of him. They said he spent most of his time driving umpires out from Chicago to the station for exhibition games while supposedly awaiting transfer to sea duty. In time, they continued, Johnny went to Bainbridge and not overseas.

commander, having been a commander himself the past winter. As it turned out, Rigney failed to get his commission, mainly because he had only 2½ years of college and the Navy feels that a fellow should have a degree before he can cut a navigation course. His transfer to Bainbridge was a normal procedure.

If there's any suspicion among the parents, as the critics say, about the whereabouts of last year's Great Lakes baseball team, they would do well to read the newspapers. Shortly after the season ended, the whole baseball gang shipped out. One group, including Johnny Mize, Barney McCoskey, Tom Ferrick, Eddie Pellagrini, Bob Harris, Vern Olsen, Joe Grace, Johnny Lucadello and George Dickey, was transferred to Bainbridge for more intensive training. Just recently it was moved again, this time to a West Coast receiving ship. If that's cold storage, then most of the Navy must be well preserved.

What the critics forget is that the not-so-talented guys ain't complaining. Perhaps

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There's a pretty good chance that the critics can win their fight this time. They are blasting with sheer sentimental dynamite. They're telling the public there's a growing dissatisfaction among parents, wives and sweethearts because so many major leaguers are fighting this war in cleated shoes. They say, too, that parents are getting fed up comparing batting averages at Great Lakes with those of the *South Dakota* gun crew. If these complaints are true, as the critics allege, then they've only been heard by the critics.

As we said before, Great Lakes is no retreat for major-league baseball players or any other breed of athletic monster. Last summer Lt. Cmdr. Russell Cooke, the station's athletic director and a CPO in the last war, told us that he was running strictly a

Lt. Mickey Cochrane (left) with Johnny Mize before Johnny was shipped out for more intensive training.

one-term college as far as athletes were concerned. "These baseball players are in the same bathtub with everybody else here," he said. "And they all look alike to me."

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The truth of the matter is, Rigney was never awaiting shipment to sea. Actually, he was sweating out a commission and was simply marking time until his papers came through. He was assigned to Lt. Mickey Cochrane's office as a handy man, and as such he did drive umpires out to the station and he umpired officer softball games. He also helped out in the boot area as an assistant

commander, having been a commander himself the past winter. As it turned out, Rigney failed to get his commission, mainly because he had only 2½ years of college and the Navy feels that a fellow should have a degree before he can cut a navigation course. His transfer to Bainbridge was a normal procedure.

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What the critics forget is that the not-so-talented guys ain't complaining. Perhaps these critics have never read a sailor's letter, telling his folks with a great deal of pride that he is in a company commanded by Johnny Rigney or that he's taking small-boat instruction from Johnny Mize. Perhaps, too, CPO Bob Feller, a battleship man, who's been home only once in 18 months, can enlighten these critics on what cold storage is like on the convoy run to Murmansk.

BOSTON College is up in arms because *Stars and Stripes* in Italy gave Harvard's informal football team credit for a 6-0 victory over BC last fall. It was a 6-6 tie. YANK goofed off by the numbers, too, a few weeks ago on an item about the Camp Croft (S.C.) Crusaders. We referred to them as the first major GI basketball team of this war when it should have read "football." . . . How about a championship match between Sgt. Joe Louis and Sgt. Freddie Mills of the RAF when Louis goes to England this spring? There are plenty of GIs in the ETO who think Mills, the British light-heavy and heavyweight champ, would have a better chance against Louis than Conn. . . . We don't believe that even the guys in the CBI know that their new deputy commander in chief, Maj. Gen. Daniel Sultan, once played on the same football team at West Point with Gen. Dwight Eisenhower. . . . Pee Wee Reese, the Dodgers' shortstop, is taking bows for the success of the Norfolk Navy basketball team. He's the manager. . . . Lt. Patty Berg says her Minneapolis neighbor, Lt. Col. Bernie Bierman, sold her on the idea of joining the Marines. . . . Sgt. Freddie Crawford, the old Duke tackle, is somewhere in England with the Eighth Air Force Bomber Command. . . . Maj. Gregory Boyington, reported missing after downing his 26th Jap plane to equal Maj. Joe Foss' record, won the Pacific Northwest amateur middleweight boxing cham-

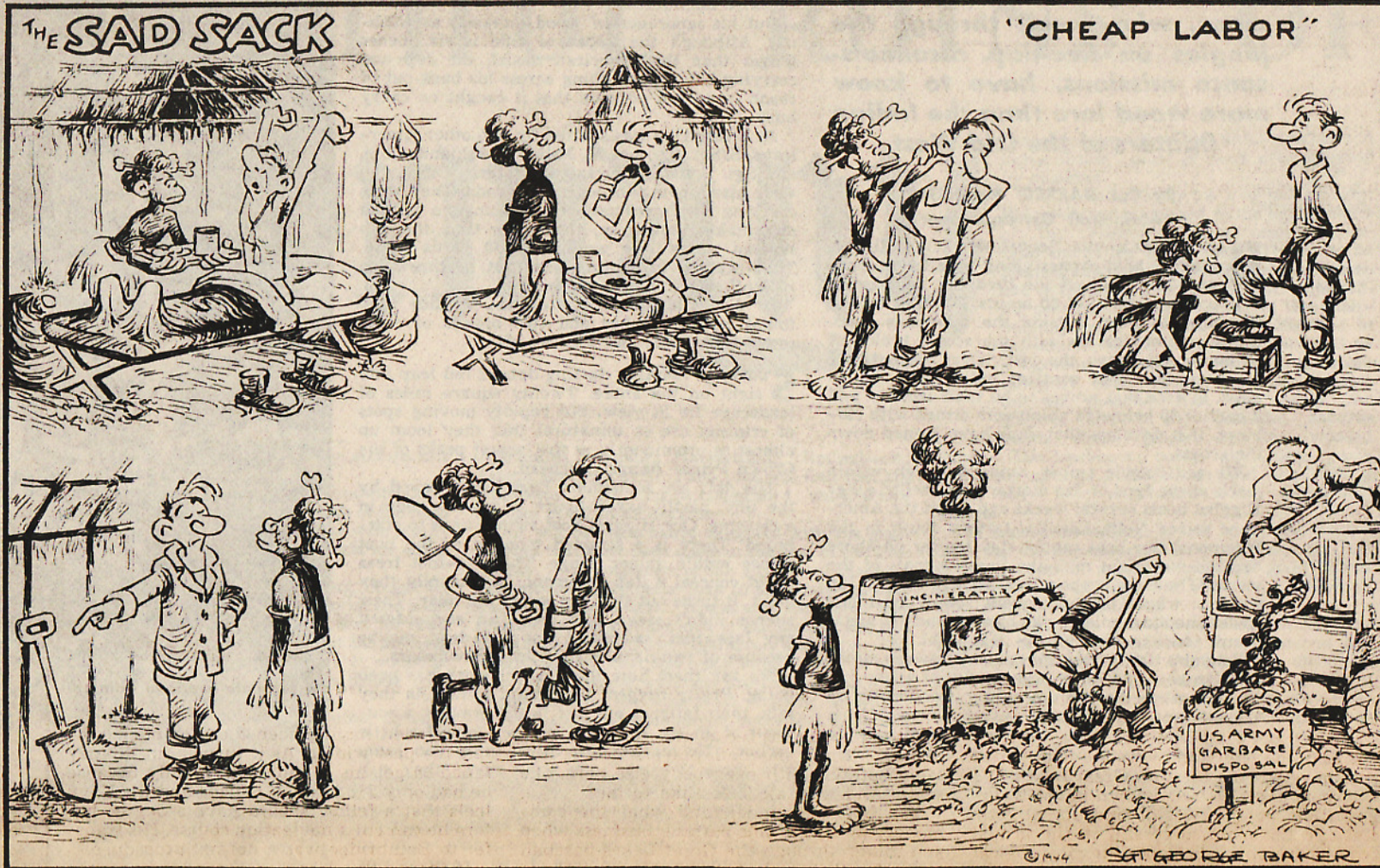
SPORTS SERVICE RECORD



TALKING IT OVER after the Bear Mountain (N. Y.) Ski Jump are Merrill Barber (left) and Sgt. Torgor Tokle, powerful jumping ace from Camp Hale, Colo. Barber won, scoring 223.7 points to Tokle's 221.7.

pionship when he was a kid. . . . You can dream up your gag for this one: the bugler at Camp McCoy, Wis., is Pfc. Ben Gan, whom you'll remember as *Small Montana*, the flyweight champion.

Ordered for Induction: Jim Bivins, "duration" heavyweight champion; Jake Early, first-string Washington catcher; Tom Young, acting head football coach at the University of North Carolina; Pete Pihos, Indiana junior who made several All-American football teams at end; Bobby Ruffin, nation's No. 4 lightweight contender. . . . *Reclassified 1-A:* Jimmy Foxx, one-time slugging first baseman of the Boston Red Sox; Dutch Leonard, knuckle-ball pitching star of the Washington Senators; Marius Russo, New York Yankee southpaw who stood the Cardinals on their heads in the fourth game of the Series; Al Milnar, former Cleveland pitcher traded last season to the St. Louis Browns; Lon Warneke, veteran Chicago Cub right-hander. . . . *Rejected:* Beau Jack, lightweight champion, because an Army psychiatrist found him uneducatable. . . . *Discharged:* Pfc. Bob Westfall, Michigan's All-American spin-back, from the Army with a CDD. . . . *Promoted:* Tom Heeney 51c, who once fought Gene Tunney for the title, to chief petty officer in New Caledonia. . . . *Transferred:* Maj. Bobby Jones from Mitchel Field, N. Y., to Eighth Air Force, England, as an intelligence officer; Pvt. Sixto Escobar, bantamweight champ, from Puerto Rico to the Panama Canal.



after the war. Here, lemme see that paper.
(Grabbing the paper and glancing at the article.) Who is this Yazoo guy, anyway?
Goering: How would I know? All Japs look and sound alike to me.
Hitler: Well, you just hop right down to the cable office and tell old Yazoo what he can do with this idea of his.
Goering: In German?
Hitler: I guess you'll have to. You don't know how to say it in Jap, do you?
Goering: You know damn well I don't know how to



JAP DIET TURNS ADOLF'S STOMACH, OR ANYWAY YOU SLICE IT, IT'S STILL WIENERWURST

— NEWS ITEM —
"A MEETING between Hitler and Tojo was urged at today's sitting of the Japanese Diet by Yasuke Tsurumi, a deputy and expert on international affairs. The deputy suggested that the hour had struck when Germany and Japan had to reveal how they intended to deal after the war with former British and United States possessions."

(The scene is Adolf Hitler's hideout, somewhere in Berlin. The Fuehrer is seated at a desk, intent on trying to hold his right thumb in his left hand and, by making extra-special-fast passes, to grab the thumb in his right hand—the old Section 8 trick. Fatty Goering is sitting opposite the boss, a cigar in his mouth, his feet on the desk, and a newspaper in his hands. He is having trouble reading the paper because it is upside down—a fact which gradually dawns on him. He turns the paper right side up, with a furtive glance at the Fuehrer to see if he has noticed the boner. Adolf, however, is still struggling with that thumb.)

Goering (after reading a while): Hey, chief, didja see this?

Hitler: See what, stupid? How do I know what you're reading?

Goering: Says here one of your Jap pals—guy named Yasuke Tsurumi, or something like that—thinks—

Hitler (interrupting): Wait a minute! Whaddaya mean, one of my pals? I never set eyes on any of those clowns except when their ambassador or some other high mucky-muck came snooping around a couple of times.

Goering: Skip it. Anyway, this Yasuke gink says he wants you to have a meeting with Tojo.

Hitler: Now ain't that a hot one? Just what would I have to say to that toothy drip at this stage of the game?

Goering: Don't ask me, chief. All I know is what I read in the paper. It says here Yasuke wants you to talk over with Tojo how you and he figure on dealing with former British and United States possessions after the war.

Hitler: On dealing with what?

Goering: That's what it says.

Hitler: Those Japs get loonier every day. Why, we'll be lucky if we have a jail cell to deal with

after the war. Here, lemme see that paper. (Grabbing the paper and glancing at the article.) Who is this Yazoo guy, anyway?

Goering: How would I know? All Japs look and sound alike to me.

Hitler: Well, you just hop right down to the cable office and tell old Yazoo what he can do with this idea of his.

Goering: In German?

Hitler: I guess you'll have to. You don't know how to say it in Jap, do you?

Goering: You know damn well I don't know how to say anything in Jap. You don't either. None of us do around here. That's one trouble with this set-up—nobody knows what those apes are chattering about half the time.

Hitler: Oh, I don't know about that. After all, they're sons of heaven, or something, and—

Goering: Sure, sure. Just the same, if you'll excuse my saying so, chief, you sure picked one lulu of an ally when you picked those Japs.

Hitler: Lay off, will you? I didn't pick them, they picked me. Just like Benny the Bum.

Goering: Phoney's seem to take to you like Rommel didn't take Africa.

Hitler: Lissen, wise guy. One more crack like that and you'll be getting one of the old Himmler hotfoots.

Goering: Okay. Okay. But how about this meeting with Tojo?

Hitler: Well, one thing's certain, for sure. I ain't going to Tokyó, not with all those paper houses and junk and the Allies—er, I mean the enemy—likely to bomb the dump any day now. God knows it's bad enough here. Besides, how would I get to Tokyo? Submarine?

Goering: Well, how would Tojo get to Berlin?

Hitler: That's up to him and Yazoo to figure out. Lissen, you stay here and answer the phone a while, will yuh? If anybody calls, I'm out. My intuition tells me there's an air raid coming on and I've got a lot of important work to do down in the shelter.

(Hitler starts to scam, just as the sirens prove his intuition right, for a change. At the door a hunk of falling masonry conks him on the head. He makes a final desperate grab for that thumb of his and catches it. Woozily but triumphantly, he exits, chanting in a high falsetto: "Deutschland, Deutschland Uber Alles!")

(Curtain)

These Army scouts in the Solomons, who sneak through the jungles on five-day reconnaissance missions, have to know more wood lore than the Indian fighters of the Old West.

By Cpl. BARRETT MCGURN
YANK Staff Correspondent

BOUGAINVILLE, THE SOLOMONS—Our Higgins landing boat drones along parallel to shore and 1,000 feet off the breakers. Its mission is to locate a party of 60 scouts, 20 miles up the Bougainville coast outside the American lines. Radio communication with the scouts broke off 30 hours ago when the last "clear" signal was received. Our boat contains extra radio equipment, in case that proves to be their trouble, and it carries 30 helmeted volunteers armed with carbines, if it develops that Japs have pinned down the scouts.

We are outside sniper range but well within reach of the type of Jap mortar that shelled other Higgins boats several weeks ago when the Americans seized Vella Lavella, farther south in the Solomons. Our boat cannot stay too far off-shore because we might miss the beach signals of the scouts. The crew keeps a weather eye out for Jap strafers, who attacked a scout supply boat last week, shooting holes in its canvas and its metal ramp, and knocking off one side light.

Bougainville's sheer green walls sweep down from heights two miles high to within a few feet of the water, like an emerald curtain hung up against the sky, hiding the jungle enemies from one another. Scanning this vast natural portiere with binoculars is S/Sgt. W. A. Orick, a regimental intelligence noncom from Cincinnati, Ohio. A lover of the woods since his father, a U. S. marshal, let him have a .38 to fool around with when he was 11, Orick is in his glory. His costume as he squats on the fan tail of the Higgins boat is an inspecting officer's nightmare: soiled fatigue pants with torn cuffs, Marine Corps suede shoes, a helmet liner and a sleeveless OD sweater that no QM warehouse ever handled. But Orick's boss, Capt. Ulysses Grant Carlan of Athens, Ga., has only smiles of approval of him as the two sit side by side.

"He's a wizard," says Capt. Carlan, who is the regimental intelligence officer. "He's my right-hand man. He sees more than any man I ever saw, and he doesn't know what fear is. He isn't happy unless he's in a hot spot. Orick, what's that white thing in there?"

Jap grenades, an American grenade and a supply of extra ammunition.

But his ignorance of wood lore was astonishing. Although the Japanese rifle is six inches longer than the American model, the Jap was carrying his weapon slung across his back out of reach in such a position that it caught on every bush.

As a result he was spotted by two other Americans, S/Sgt. Thomas M. Miller of Ashland, Ohio, and Sgt. Donald P. Evans of Fostoria, Ohio, who were also moving through the woods. They were carrying their weapons ready, doing no talking and making no noise, so by the time the Jap noticed them they were only 30 yards away. They wanted to capture him, but he threw his rifle off safety. Evans got him.

In the little knapsack slung at his side they found bouillon cubes and two brands of cigarettes, Old Golds and Fleetwoods.

SUDDENLY two tiny darting dots of red leap into sight on the shore. Twenty square miles of landscape lie in view, but rapidly moving spots of crimson are so unnatural that they loom up almost as prominently as the largest peaks of the Crown Prince Range overhead.

The dots are semaphore flags being waved by the tiny, partly naked figure of a white man in a clearing. Our Higgins boat swings hard to starboard. There is a strained moment as the boat comes within sniper range. Those 80-foot trees could conceal a Jap regiment, but happily they don't. It turns out that the scouts are okay. Their silence didn't mean that they had encountered any Japs; their radio had just gone dead, maybe because of two days of drenching downpours.

We ask them how their patrol work has been going. Pretty rugged, the scouts admit. As they talk, their fatigues are wet to the armpits, a souvenir of an icy 75-foot river they forded a little earlier. "No matter how many times you jump into those streams," one scout says, "they still take your breath away."

Short, wiry S/Sgt. William E. Lucas of Steubenville, Ohio, tells the story of their jungle trek. On two mornings, he says, the scouts woke up to find themselves in pools of rain water two or three inches deep. They stayed drenched for 48 hours, with rain, river water and sweat.

They found that every pause in the march means sending out a security guard and that at night the perimeter must be dug in. Each man stands three one-hour watches a night, and everyone sleeps with rifle and knife beside him or clutched in his hand. All cans and other refuse must be buried and all foxholes must be filled and packed down to conceal the bivouac area or at least to hide the size of the party.

Each man carries drinking water in two can-



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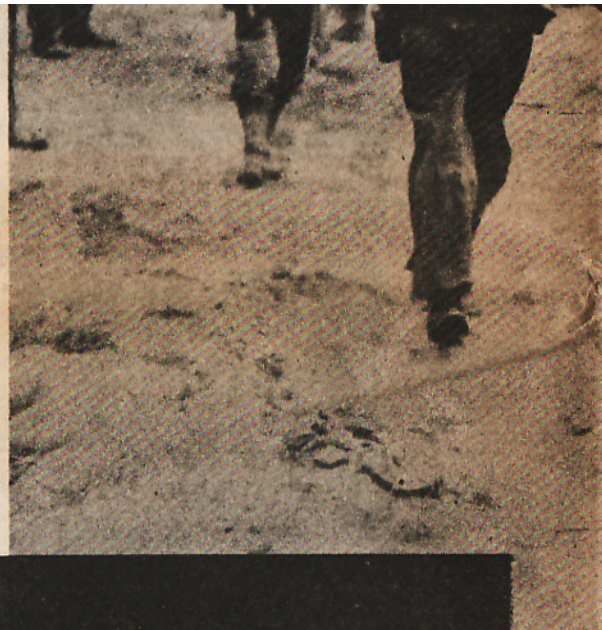
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BOUGAINVILLE PATROL

Orick peers. "Trunk of a tree," he grunts. Twice Orick has spotted signal smoke sent up by Jap patrols in the five weeks since the first American invaders landed, and once his restless eyes noticed a disturbance of earth that betrayed four buried boxes of Jap heavy machine-gun ammunition. The find provided valuable intelligence: it showed that a party of 1,000 Japs who had tried a counteroffensive a few days previously had abandoned the effort, buried their heavy equipment and scrambled.

Orick is typical of the men in this party and of those who make up the other scouting parties that are constantly daring the dangers of Bougainville's vast no-man's-land to obtain necessary information, capture prisoners and kill any other Japs contacted.

Orick points to the spot where, four days earlier, a stalking Jap became the stalked one. The Jap had spotted three infantrymen at work on a radio outside the American lines. Heavily armed, he crept toward them, carrying his rifle, three

teens slung from his cartridge belt, and when these run dry—they must be filled from streams or holes. "For three days we drank water from a hole back of a swamp," puts in Miller. "We used four tablets of halazone, the amount you use to purify very polluted water. It tasted salty and had foam on it, like beer."

Mosquitoes are a bother, too. Men of one patrol found they could escape the mosquitoes by covering their heads with shelter halves, but they had to wake up and peek out every once in a while to make sure no Japs were sneaking up.

Sleeping on patrols is done in a six- or eight-inch foxhole, with the scout wrapped in a shelter half or raincoat and covered overhead with a hut constructed of bamboo and leaves in a manner taught to the patrols by friendly natives.

Besides all these troubles the patrols have the usual tropical jungle complaints. Pores are usually open and energy is burned up even by sitting around, a luxury patrols cannot afford. There are no fresh vegetables, meat or milk to satisfy

appetites sharpened by mountain climbing. Concentrated rations begin to taste like sawdust after four or five days.

Worst of all is the combat tension, the ever-present possibility of a trap. So far only one patrol has been ambushed. S/Sgt. James L. Buffett, a Cincinnati machinist, tells about it.

"I never want another," he says. "We walked into a beauty, up there by Kuraio Mission. There were thickets on both sides of the trail. The Japs had us surrounded. Only six of us were on the patrol. They opened fire on us. We got off two shots and then ran. We had to."

If the Japs had been good shots, all six Americans would have been killed, but as it was only two were wounded.

The relief party jumps back onto the ramp of the Higgins boat and the scouts file back into the jungle. Three days later the party completes its mission. Score: No Japs encountered, but a truckload of Jap ammunition, mortars, flares and grenades discovered.

Some tired marines come out on the beach at Bougainville after fighting in the jungle.



"The natives kept repeating that it was 'about four hours' walk strong, eight hours' walk slow,'" said Buffett. It actually took four days. The last 15 hours were spent practically without food. Eventually it came out that the native guides had decided to lead the patrol over a back trail because they'd heard from the native grapevine that a large party of Japs was camped near the main trail. Buffett developed a lot of respect for the grinning, friendly natives. "They're smart ducks," he said, "smarter than you think."

Only one native could speak English, and even his was the chop-chop variety. A product of Kuraio Mission, he gloried in the name of Solomon. Many of the Bougainville natives could not even understand one another. Sometimes when a friendly native came in with information, it had to go through three or four natives and got pretty mangled in translation.

The native boys could tell instantly whether other natives were friends or enemies. Buffett never could figure out how. Another thing that amazed him was how much they knew about nature's local tricks. One day the boys "motioned to us, all excited, to get the hell out of there." Buffett recalled. The party was wading hip-deep in a stream in a steep narrow canyon. It was raining. Suddenly, in two minutes, the water rose two feet. The party got.

Each native with the patrol was given a can of 75 cigarettes every four days or so. They went for the cigarettes in a big way. "They smoke more or less like an old woman," said Buffett, holding two fingers pincer-fashion.

While GI chow held out on the trip, the native boys ate that and liked it. They pitched into a breakfast that must have seemed strange—oatmeal, pancakes, apple butter and coffee.

Twice the patrol had to get food by parachute, and usually the cases smashed open in the landing, sending cans bounding down the cliffs, with the native boys in pursuit.

WHEN the party reached Ibu, the natives with the patrol were angry because there had been no skirmish with the Japs, no "boom, boom" as they call it. The natives did not have long to grumble. A friendly bushman came in, waving both hands and jumping around on one foot as he attempted to raise the other foot to waist level. Another native recognized his problem and stretched out a hand. The first native nodded happily and put his two hands next to the other one. Everyone got the idea: 15 Japs.

About 2,000 yards farther along, the party discovered tracks and read them the way an Indian scout would. Here were the peculiar markings of Jap hobnail boots. There were the mitten-like imprints of the split-toed shoes other Japs wear, a shoe with a separate casing for the big toe. The patrol radioed its findings to the beachhead and then proceeded. After several hundred feet



Although this patrol got no Japs, all the other patrols have killed one or more of the enemy. The two Americans wounded with Buffett have been the only casualties. A typical patrol was the one on which Sgt. Virgil B. Fortmeyer of Columbus, Ind., a former salesman, and Sgt. Ray S. Smith of Niles, Ohio, a former steel-mill clerk, were the leading noncoms. They matched jungle skill with two Jap parties.

"We spotted the first group 2,000 yards down the beach from us," said Smith. "They were out in the open, walking right up the beach, coming like hell. I guess that's the way they walk—just like hell. They're always in a hurry."

A perimeter defense was organized instantly. The men dug in a foot deep and threw up a parapet, but the Jap point man was on the scene before any camouflaging could be done. Half-way past the position the Jap did a double-take, like a movie comedian—but there was no comedy in this deal. The Jap made a break for it and the Americans opened up. The point man was killed, but the six behind him got away.

Next day, waiting for the supply boat to put an end to their mission, the scouts got a second chance. "We were sitting around," said Smith, "and throwing the bull about what good food we'd be able to eat that night. Suddenly the boys on the left flank spotted two Japs."

One of the Japs was chewing on a stick and carrying his gun strapped up in its leather case. That made two violations of jungle-fighting

tactics: he wasn't keeping his mind on business and his weapon wasn't handy.

The boys let fly at the Jap and killed him. The other took off over a high cliff. "We went looking for him," Smith said. "but he could have hid anywhere. He dropped equipment, rice and candy all over the place as he went." The Americans picked up 38 containers of canned heat of a Jap variety, like the American brand in appearance, and a steel helmetful of cooked rice, still warm. Evidently the two Japs had been on their way to bring food to a patrol, but no more Japs were encountered.

Most missions last five days, but the prize one to date went 13 days. The scouts traveled 60 miles through snarled jungle and penetrated 25 miles into no-man's-land. They killed eight Japs. The patrol's first problem was to scale Crown Prince Range above the beachhead. The party moved precariously by clinging to roots, tree trunks and vines. Several times the earth crumbled underfoot, and once the mission's photographer, 1st Lt. Robert Field of Webster Groves, Mo., came close to plunging 1,000 feet.

The party wound up close to Bougainville's two volcanoes, 10,171-foot Balbi and 6,560-foot Bagana, active craters from which smoke never ceases to roll. The scouts were headed for the tiny native village of Ibu, described as four hours away from a strong Jap east-coast garrison. Miles went tediously underfoot, but no Ibu.

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There were seven Japs in the party, each armed with a bayonet. They also had two pistols and a rifle among them. As the Japs came abreast, Sgt. Buffett and the others jumped out. The Japs refused to surrender. This time there was no buck-fever shooting. Six Japs fell dead. The seventh, wounded, tried to get away, but he, too, was tracked down and killed. It doesn't pay to let a Jap get away and relay a message to other Jap forces.

Five hundred yards down the trail the patrol got two more Japs. "They gave us a bad minute or two throwing hand grenades," said Buffett. One native got a bead on a grenade thrower and emptied a whole clip into him. Someone else got another. Two got away. Again there were no American injuries. The score for the first four American patrols on Bougainville stands: Jap dead 12, wounded none; American dead none, wounded two.

"The average American will whip any six of the average Jap," Buffett declared. "As far as the bush goes, the average American is just as good or better than the average Jap. The only thing they've got on us is the art of camouflage. Those birds really know how to do it."

"Can Americans live in the jungle with all its hardships and best the Japs at it? I know darn well they can. I know they can take anything the jungle has to offer now. We could even go native if we had to, I think. You could find enough food to live on—not as healthful as regular rations but enough to live on."

YANK

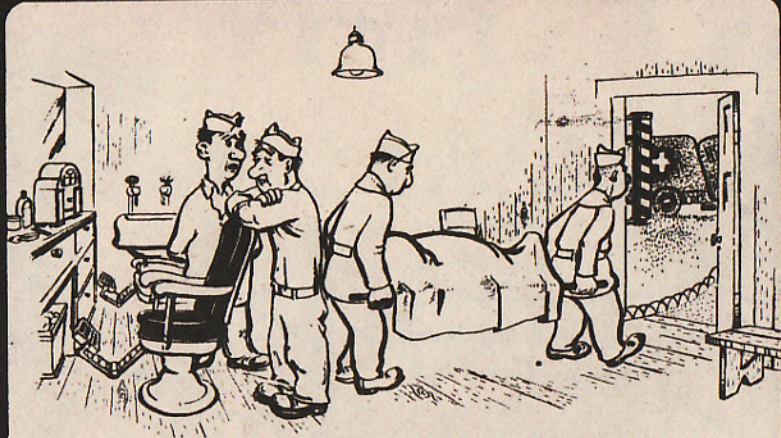
WEEKLY

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PFC.
PETER
HESSE
E.T.O.

"SOUVENIR OR NO SOUVENIR, HALEY, TAKE THAT DAMN THING OFF!"
—Pfc. Peter Hesse, ETO



"IT CAME CLOSE TO BEING THE CLEANEST SHAVE I EVER GAVE."
—Pvt. Thomas F. Flannery, Great Britain





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"HE WAS WARNED HE WOULD FIND THE RED CROSS CLUBS
A BIT OVERCROWDED."

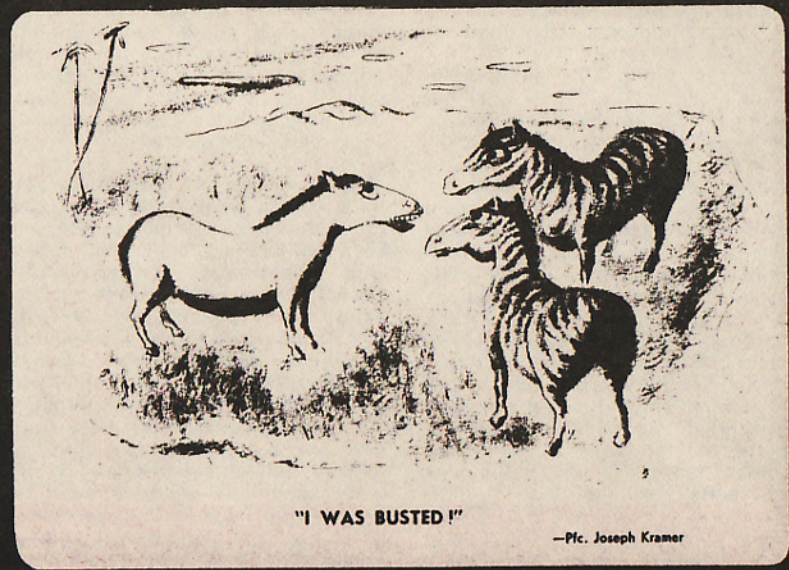
—Cpl. Joe Cunningham, Great Britain



Ray Lustica '44
ENGLAND

"HOW ISS DER BROOKLYN DOTCHERS, YET?"

—Pvt. Ray Lustica, England



"I WAS BUSTED!"

—Pfc. Joseph Kramer