

# YANK

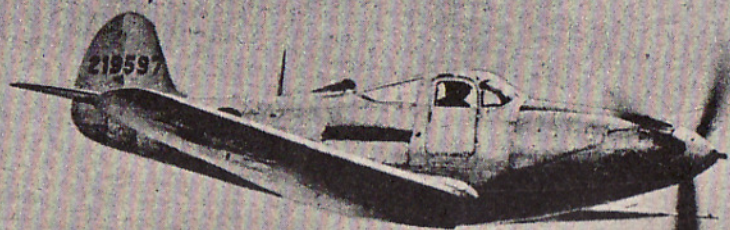
THE ARMY



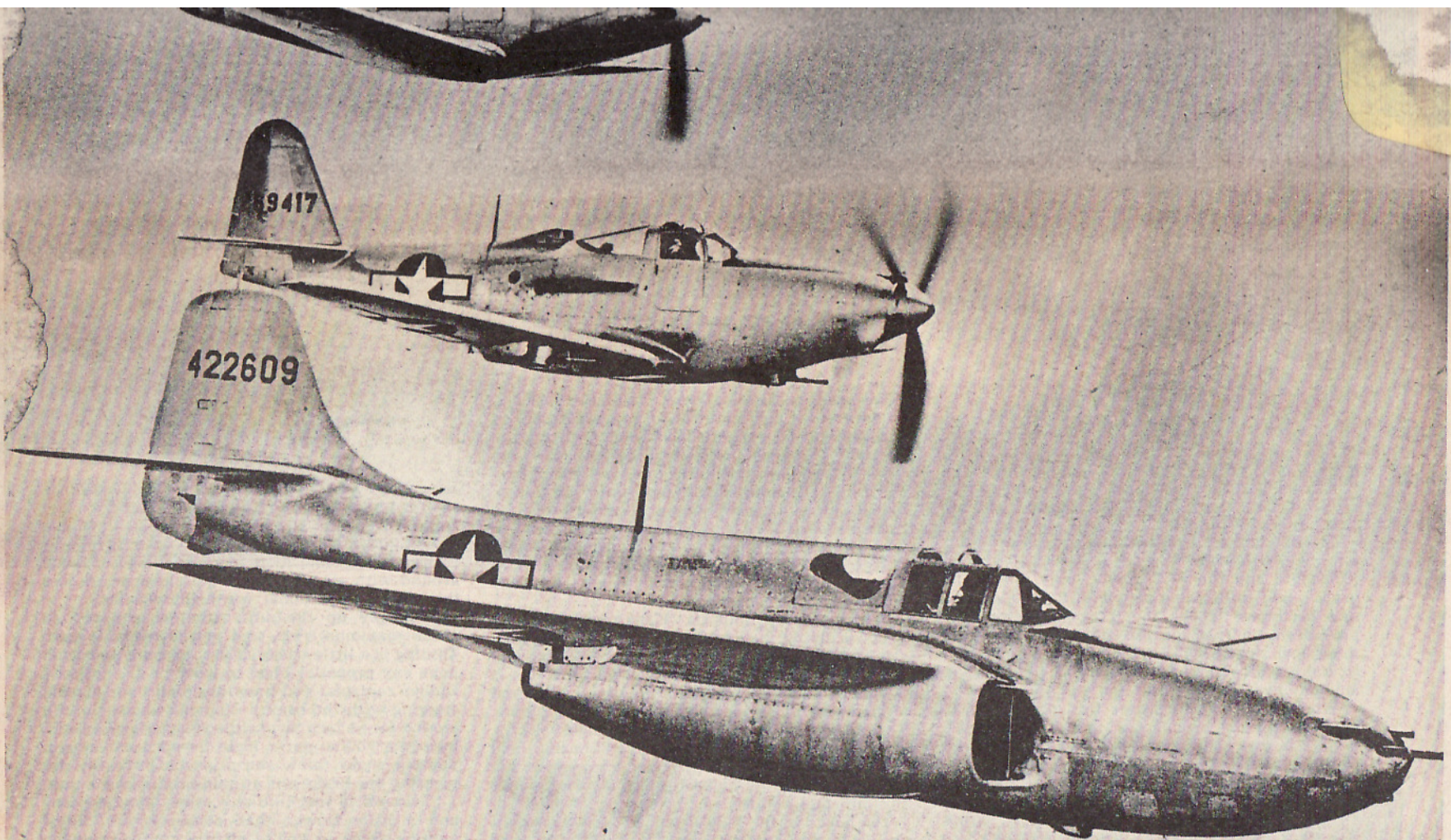
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By the men . . . for the  
men in the service







**TWO PROPS  
AND A JET**

# **The American Jet Plane and What Makes It Fly**

—PAGES 2,3 & 4



Seen from the rear, the Airacomet looks as if it is trying to stand on its nose, because of the ship's low-strutted landing gear and its high, upswept tail, safe from the jet exhaust.

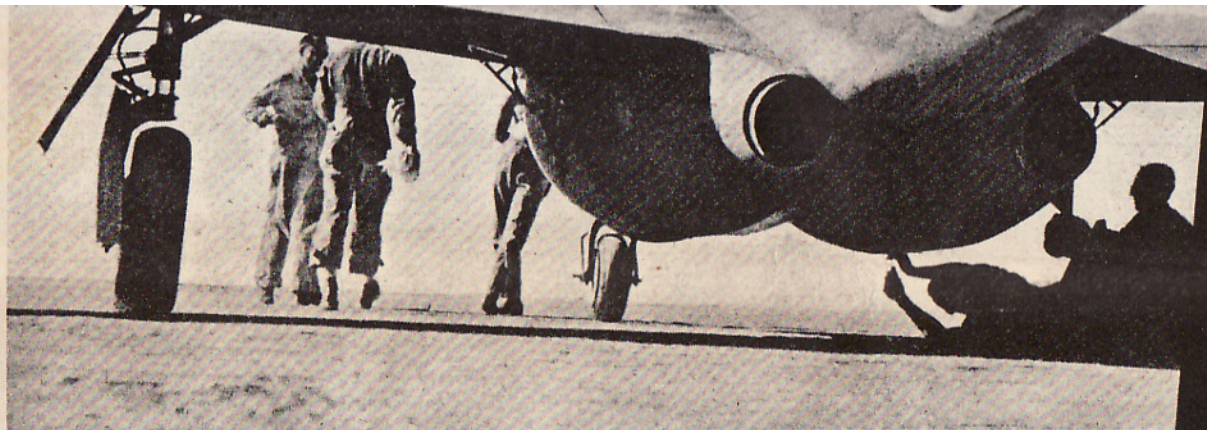


*This propellerless job, though still a subject for whispers, has been out of the lab many months, carrying our flying men higher and faster than they have ever flown before.*

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS  
YANK Staff Writer

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**N**IAGARA FALLS, N. Y.—The first time you see a jet-propelled plane in the air, it's like seeing a man walking down the street with no head. It's the propellers that do it. They aren't there.

Instead, you see a sweet twin-engined fighter job that looks like a cross between the P-63 Kingcobra and the A-20 Havoc, only where the props ought to be are a couple of dark openings, like portholes, under the wings, hanging like jowls from the fuselage, the engine nacelles taper to an open nozzle. This is the jet, the dingus that is making airplanes fly faster and higher than anybody ever flew before.

After your first surprise, this plane is impressive but not spectacular to watch in flight. It doesn't look like something that tumbled out of Mars, as a lot of us might have expected; it looks like it came right off an airframe assembly line. On the basis of performance by conventional aircraft, however, the JP is spectacular. Army and Navy pilots who have flown it lick their lips and tremble with hankering to fly the JP.

The JP isn't a laboratory gimcrack anymore. In fact, the "X"—meaning Experimental Model—has already been chopped off the designation of Bell Aircraft Corporation's XP-59 Airacomet, which I came here to see.

On the ground, the P-59, which is a fighter-trainer, seems to be trying to stand on its nose. That's because the absence of propellers lets it squat so low, plus the fact that, from the trailing edge of the wings, the fuselage angles high into an upswept tail-do. The tail assembly has to be higher than the path of the jet exhaust to keep it from catching fire.

The P-59's laminar-flow type wings have a span about three feet less than the P-38's. Just off the assembly line, the ship weighs a little over five tons.

For months the Airacomet was test-hopped at an unrevealed field in the Muroc dry-lakes section of eastern California, the same place I used to go Sundays years ago to watch high-school speed demons race against each other in hopped-up Fords and Chevies. Since the recent disclosure that the British have flown a type of jet-propelled fighter against the robot bombs and that the U. S. was "experimenting" with JP, people around Buffalo and Niagara Falls have seen the P-59 in the air regularly, usually with Alvin M. (Tex) Johnston at the controls.

Johnston is an Emporia (Kans.) boy whose 14 years of flying include 2½ years as an Army instructor at Hicks and Curtis fields in Texas and nine months in the old Ferry Command. He is now Bell Aircraft's assistant chief test pilot and a champion of jet propulsion for fighter planes.

"Jet propulsion is the answer to high-velocity, high-altitude requirements," says Johnston, and the history of aerial dogfighting shows that the plane that flies the highest and fastest is usually the one that returns to fight again.

His hours in the P-59's cockpit have convinced Johnston that the jet plane is easier to fly than any other hot fighter. There are fewer engine controls and instruments. You have three things to manipulate: the stick and the throttle with your hands, the rudder pedals with your feet.

"The first thing you notice," says Johnston, "is the lack of vibration." The thermal jet-propulsion engine has no reciprocating parts. Its total power comes from high-speed rotation of two fanlike wheels on a single shaft. "We have to put rattlers" on the instruments to make sure they're working. The lack of vibration makes pilot fatigue less of a danger than in conventional ships."

There are only a few tricks to learn, and a few flying habits to unlearn, for any good pilot to master the whole business of handling the "squirt" from take-off to landing.

"The jet job requires no warm-up," Johnston

says. "You give 'er the starter and in 30 seconds she's ready to fly. That means a lot, both tactically and to the pilot himself. You can get off the ground or a carrier in a hurry in case enemy planes are sighted. Also, you don't have to fiddle around with oil pressure, manifold pressure and the other conventional pre-flight worries.

"You rev up the units (the jet engines) to check maximum rpm, and you're ready to taxi. Taxiing is a little tricky at first because you don't have any propeller blast to work on the tail and rudder controls. You have to do all your ground steering with the brakes. You can't blast the tail around for a sharp turn while you're standing still, but once you've got a little forward movement, you can make fairly sharp ground turns by depressing one brake and gunning the opposite unit.

"Take-off is just like any other tricycle plane and a little slower than some of our fastest fighters. Soon as you're off the ground, you flip the landing-gear switch to the 'up' position. That's when you start thinking you've forgotten something, because in an ordinary ship you'd have to decrease the propeller pitch for normal climb and cut the fuel mixture from the full-on you use for take-off. In the jet, you don't have anything to do. Just fly.

"In the air the P-59 is a honey. Low wing-loading and the lack of drag on a propeller make the ship extremely maneuverable at high speed. You have to use only slight stick pressure to put her through loops, rolls, snap rolls, Immelmans and chandelles. Since there's nothing out there battling at the air, you don't have to fight torque, even at low speeds. These same characteristics give the ship a flat glide angle that lets you coast about three times as far as in an ordinary pursuit plane.



## HOW A JET-PROPULSION PLANE ENGINE WORKS

Jet-propulsion is a process of taking in cool air, compressing and heating it, then ejecting it at high velocity. In the engine shown here, air is scooped in through a pair of ducts. The rush of air in flight is enough to push it through guide vanes onto the fan blades of a compressor, called an impeller wheel. By centrifugal force, the whirling blades compress the air and throw it into a combustion chamber at an increased temperature. The chamber has two cells. The inner cell receives fuel from a nozzle like that in an oil-burning furnace. The outer cell is like a sleeve around the smaller chamber, and there are small holes permitting the air to pass from the outer to the inner cell. These are necessary because the air reaches temperatures of more than 2,500 degrees F. in the combustion chamber—too hot for the metal of a rotating part. Air seeping through the small cylinder brings the temperature down to where it can be handled as it passes at high velocity to the blades of a turbine wheel, then out through a conical jet to give the plane its propulsive thrust.

Although the air passes first through the compressor wheel, it is actually the turbine, attached to the same shaft, that provides the

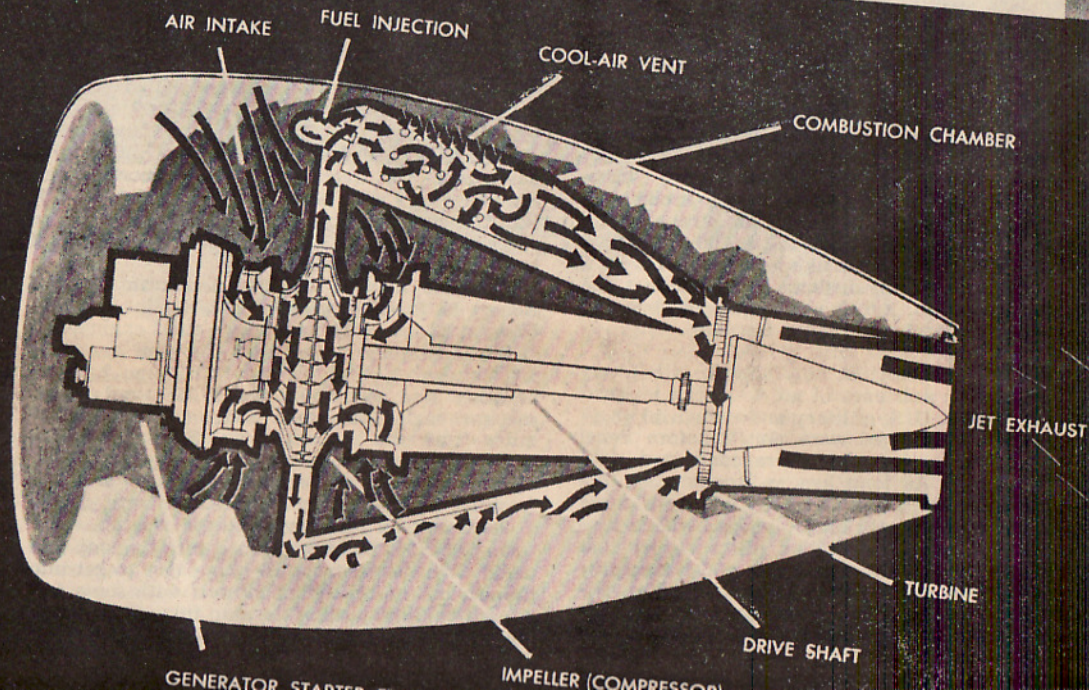
operating force of the engine. The hot expanding air hits the turbine blades so hard that it turns the shaft, making the compressor revolve so rapidly that it is continuously sucking in new air.

Since the turbine cannot start without air from the combustion chamber, it is obvious that some starting mechanism is needed. A small electric motor powered by a 24-volt battery is used. It is geared to the single shaft and turns it over so fast that within 15 seconds the engine is self-operative. An over-running clutch automatically disengages the starter when the engine has reached operating speed, and you can turn off the starting motor and ignition system.

Only one spark plug is necessary, even though an engine may have a dozen or more combustion chambers surrounding the shaft in radial pattern. Each chamber is connected to all others by a slim lead-in, so that it is like lighting an oven in a gas stove—you light the front burners, and the flame spreads back of its own accord. Actually most jet engines will have at least two spark plugs, purely as a safety factor in case one misses fire.

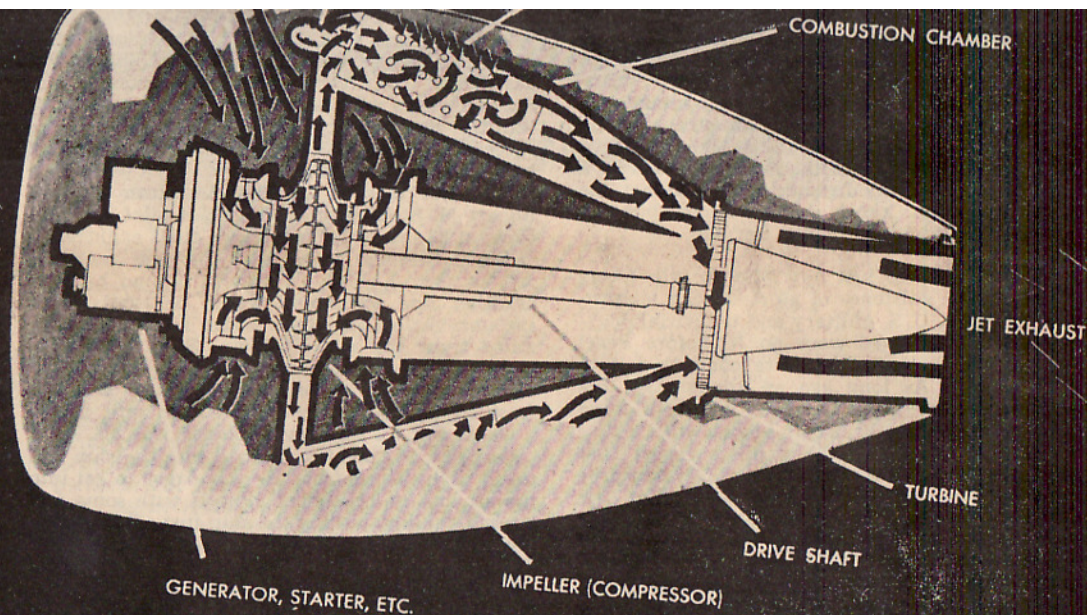
Since there is no continuous ignition, there are no electrical disturbances to radio transmission from a jet plane. And because there is only one moving part in the engine in flight, lubrication is no problem. You can pick up a JP's oil tank and carry it under one arm.

# JET PLANE





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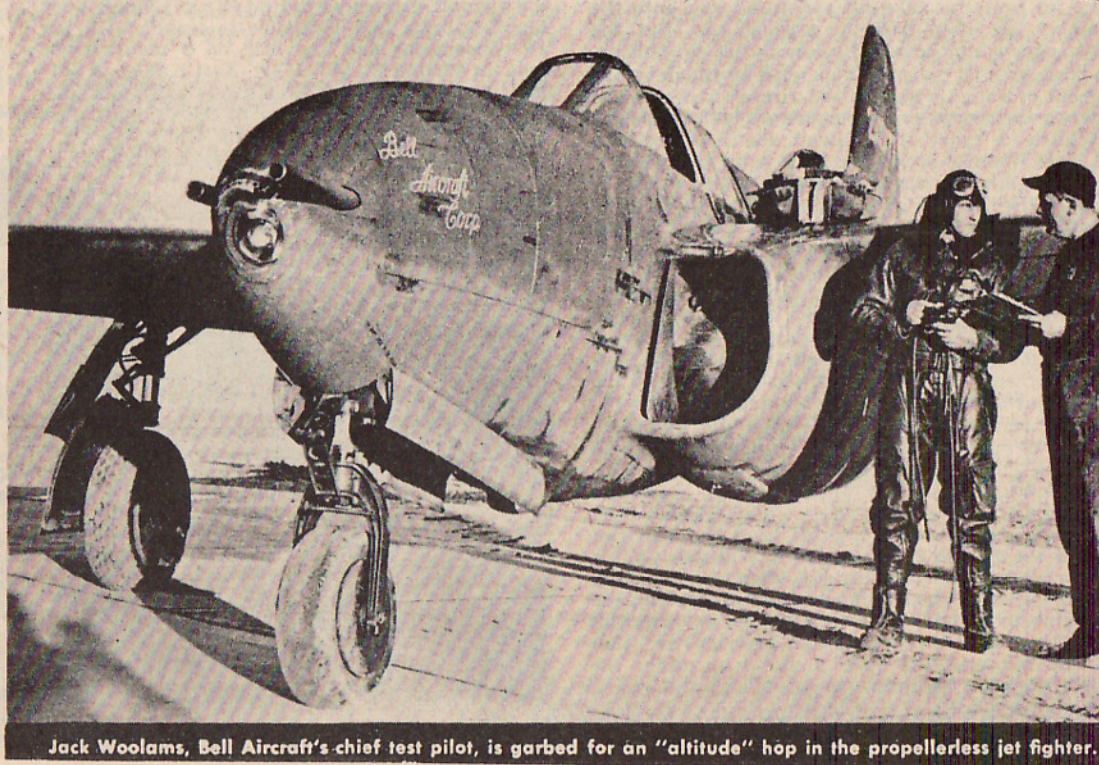
Matter of fact, the 59 has such a long glide that most pilots overshoot on their first landing.

"The jet job has good stall characteristics. You get plenty of warning. She shudders, then falls off straight ahead without yawing off into a spin. And when you do want to spin, she handles like a baby buggy. I've pulled the P-59 out of a five-turn spin in three quarters of a turn. On accelerated turns you've got to watch your step, because when you're hitting anything over 400 mph you climb to four Gs (four times the pull of gravity at sea level) in a hurry. You can only take that a few seconds before you black out."

**A**LTHOUGH enemy jet planes are reported to have flown faster than 500 mph, the top speed and ceiling of the P-59 are still not revealed. Engineers admit that the jet engines do not reach operating efficiency under 400 mph, and Johnston himself has soared past the old pre-war U. S. altitude record of 43,166 feet. How far past, he is not permitted to say.

"Even though the cabin is pressurized for 'altitude' (above 20,000 feet)," he says, "you take along your oxygen mask. When you're at 40,000 feet (real altitude) your cabin altimeter will read about 20,000 feet—8,000 feet above the point where you should start taking oxygen."

The jet plane climbs from earth temperatures into the sub-zero sub-stratosphere at such a ter-



Jack Woolams, Bell Aircraft's chief test pilot, is garbed for an "altitude" hop in the propellerless jet fighter.



rific rate that, according to Johnston, "you can hear the metal pop as it contracts from the cold and see wrinkles in the wing skin." Johnston has hit 68 below—outside temperature—in test flights. The jet engine's adaptability to temperature extremes is one of its most remarkable features.

When you're flying the ship, the only noise you hear is the roaring rush of air over the wings. The rotary engine makes very little noise, and the sound of the jet exhaust bursting in a continuous stream from the tail nozzle is not audible inside the cockpit.

On the ground you don't hear the JP until it's right on top of you. Then it streaks past with a swoosh like the blast of a giant blowtorch. As the plane grows smaller in the distance, the noise becomes a low rumble like an express train a mile away on a quiet night. There is no sputtering or crackling as with propeller-driven aircraft.

"One of the strangest feelings comes the first time you land the 'squirt,'" says Johnston. "The landing-gear struts are so short that you keep coming down and coming down, until it feels like you're landing in a hole in the ground."

Because it's so hard to hear the plane until it's within easy machine-gun range, JPs of the future should make excellent strafing craft. Also, after complete combustion is reached in the engine, the jet exhaust leaves no visible trail of flame after dark, making planes like the P-59 good for night fighting and hit-run bombing.

Two things bother you right away when you see a JP take off. You wonder what keeps the nacelle openings from swallowing up passing birds, and you worry about what would happen to a ground-crewman if he walked close to the fuselage behind the jet nozzle. The bird problem has been taken care of; there's a wire "bird-eliminator" screen over the actual air intakes inside the cowling. But anybody who strays within 20 feet behind the jet when the engine is turning up would probably look like he'd tangled with a flame thrower. At any distance beyond 20 feet, the jet exhaust might knock you for a loop, but you probably wouldn't get badly burned.

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Allies have seen this Nazi jet job over Europe.

Bell Aircraft was assigned on Sept. 8, 1941, to build the plane into which the GE engine would be installed. By now construction of both airframes and engines on the Bell and GE designs has been farmed out to other manufacturers.

How secretly all these steps were carried out was best shown by Comdr. Whittle's visit to the U. S. He registered under the name of Whitely at a hotel near a GE plant. Hotel employees took him for an eccentric Englishman with lots of cash, because he asked for a private phone that didn't go through the lobby switchboard, ate his meals in his room and always called for the same bellboy. Fearing detection, Whittle moved into the home of Reginald G. Standerwick, chief engineer of GE's supercharger and JP departments. He lived there three months and Standerwick's wife didn't learn his identity until Whittle was already back in England and the successful flight of an American jet plane had been publicly announced.

The first man to fly the American JP was Robert M. Stanley, then chief test pilot for Bell. Now, at 32, he is the company's chief engineer.

When Stanley heard that the first test was set for Oct. 1, 1942, he was afraid no hangars or other line equipment would be available at the unrevealed base then under construction, 25 miles from the nearest town. Stanley thought he would need some place to hide the new plane when it arrived, so he took an option on a Los Angeles evangelist's revival tent to rent at \$20 a week. But by test-day a hangar was up.

On Sept. 30, Stanley climbed into the ship and toyed with the controls. He was eager to get into the air, but he contented himself with some fast ground-taxiing, pulling the ship just off the landing strip for a few seconds at a time. The next day Bell and Army officials and several scien-

but it's just as interesting to see the thermal jet-propulsion engine by itself. The JP power plants are rolling out of a GE factory that used to build street lights. You get your best understanding of the whole theory of jet propulsion by seeing an engine in break-down or sketched schematically, as on the preceding page.

Jet propulsion has been known to scientists and laymen alike for 2,000 years, and you can name dozens of everyday applications. The most common are the rotary lawn sprinkler and a blown-up balloon thrown into the air. As the air squeezes out of the neck of the balloon, it makes the balloon fly around crazily. In the same way, the lawn sprinkler turns in one direction because of the force of the water shooting from the little jet in the opposite direction. These, as well as the aircraft engine, are examples of a simple physical law: every action produces a reaction equal in force and opposite in direction.

A rocket is a form of jet propulsion, but a rocket must carry its own supply of oxygen and fuel. The fuel ignites with the aid of oxygen, expands the burning gases to a point of tremendous thrust, then ejects them. The force of the ejection throws the rocket in the opposite direction.

A jet-propulsion engine performs the same function, except that it does not have to carry its own oxygen.

No high-grade fuel is needed for jet propulsion. Kerosene is the most-often used so far, but Standerwick of GE says the perfect fuel for this type of engine has yet to be developed. Capt. Ezra Kotcher of the Fighter Branch, Engineering Division, Materiel Command, says the JP will fly on "anything from coal oil to Napoleon brandy."

A jet-propulsion engine that cruises at 400 mph weighs one-third as much as a conventional aircraft engine of equivalent horsepower, and—as opposed to propeller-driven planes—the JP becomes more efficient as the altitude increases. The tips of the propellers on some of our swiftest planes revolve so fast that the combined speed of prop rotation and forward motion approaches the speed of sound and its accompanying flight disturbances. Without spinning propellers to worry about, jet-propelled planes apparently can be limited in speed only by flying so fast that the wings are travelling at the speed of sound. At that speed, the compressibility of air, effective along the whole leading edge of the wing, would be a tough problem to outsmart.

The advantages of jet propulsion over conventional aircraft can be summed up like this:

1. More speed, greater altitude.
2. Less weight per horsepower at altitudes of equal operating efficiency.
3. Fewer working parts, hence less danger of serious breakdown and fewer men needed in maintenance crews.

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In recent months, the U. S. Navy's Avenger—the ship that seagoing flyers call the world's best carrier-based torpedo plane—has used four 330-hp jet units for take-off assist and gets into the air in less than half the normal run. But the Avenger is not powered solely by jet-propulsion.

Our own jet progress depended on the development of a highly specialized aircraft power plant whose prototype was designed in 1933 by Frank Whittle, a cadet at Cranwell, the RAF training school. Whittle is now an RAF wing commander. His engine was running by 1937 and two years later the British Air Ministry placed its first order for a plane using Whittle's design. It was May 1941 before the British ship was test-hopped.

Meanwhile in the States, the National Advisory Committee on Aeronautics had set up a group to study jet propulsion. In July 1941 Britain sent copies of Whittle's design to U. S. Army aircraft engineers who liked its looks. In September one Whittle engine was delivered to the General Electric Company for duplication.

GE was selected to undertake the manufacture of the American jet engine for several reasons. Jet propulsion utilizes many principles and materials already applied to the manufacture of turbo-superchargers, which GE has been turning out for military craft since the last war. And the British firm that built Whittle's engine was an associate of General Electric. Also, GE had taken a wooden mock-up of a gas turbine engine to Wright Field as long ago as 1939, but at that date no materials had been devised that could be depended upon to stand up under the intense heat required for jet operation.

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The first Army pilot to fly the ship was Col. (now Brig. Gen.) Lawrence C. Craigie, chief of the aircraft project section at Wright Field. Very few GIs have had a chance to tinker with the JP. Exceptions are four EM on a maintenance crew at Wright Field—S/Sgt. Earl Kohler of Jeffersonville, N. Y.; Sgt. Fred Terry of Gainesville, Tex.; Cpl. William C. Meyer of San Diego, Calif., and Pvt. Hale Kern of Pomona, Calif.

The assembled plane is interesting to look at,



AN EARLY JET PLANE—THE ITALIAN-MADE CAPRONI.

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Jet propulsion's one big disadvantage may be the factor that will keep it out of commercial usage until a solution is evolved. At less than 400 mph, a jet-propelled plane requires up to twice as much fuel for operation as a conventional craft of equal power.

**T**EST-PILOT Johnston believes that jet propulsion as we know it now is merely a step toward future aviation power plants that will make even our most advanced designs look antique. "We may be moving toward jet engines that will power a propeller that can be feathered or retracted when greater thrust is necessary," he says.

Orville Wright, who with his brother Wilbur made the first successful flight in heavier-than-air craft in 1903, has said that "the day when JP will completely replace conventional aircraft is a long way off."

One possibility that has been suggested is the use of a jet-propelled transport for an "Executives' Special." This would be a 10- or 12-place job that would make one or two flights daily nonstop from coast to coast, carrying the nation's top business and governmental leaders to conferences. Such a plane could probably take you from coast to coast in six hours or less.

This is in the realm of speculation, but Lawrence D. Bell, president of the Bell Aircraft Corp., soberly foresees tremendous possibilities for JP after the war.

"Within five years no military fighter planes will be built which do not incorporate the jet-propulsion principle," Bell predicts. "There is no doubt that jet-powered planes will make all present types obsolete in years to come.

"This will give the military aircraft industry a huge job. Bombers as well as fighters will use jet engines in some form, and probably civilian transport planes too."



# Another Winter



## LT. GEN. MARK W. CLARK SIZES UP THE TOUGH JOB IN ITALY.

By Sgt. J. DENTON SCOTT  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**W**ITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—When Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark hears Italy called the "Forgotten Front," he gets mad. It's a cinch, he says, that the Germans haven't forgotten the Italian front.

The former Fifth Army commander, recently

When he came in, the general had to duck his head. A small black spaniel preceded him and ran madly about the hut. The general said he'd had the dog seven years.

Mark Clark's long face got longer when I said that generally the GIs feel pretty hopeless about the stalemate on the Fifth Army front. He took up a pointer, which he fingered constantly while he talked, and made small idle circles on

was last winter, but German discipline, Mark Clark observes, hasn't changed.

There are at least two reasons, the general thinks, why the Germans have not forgotten Italy. The first is that they never give ground without a fight. The second is the value they place on the Po Valley.

The Po Valley is by all odds the greatest economic prize of Italy. The main Italian industries are situated there and so are the most productive farms. The Po region is the Italian breadbasket, and since the Germans have lost the wheatlands of the Ukraine, Rumania and Hungary, the Po means more to the *Wehrmacht* than it ever did. The Po Valley, Gen. Clark estimates, is capable not only of feeding the Germany Army in Italy but of producing a surplus that can be sent home. The Po's industries have been heavily bombed, but much machinery can probably be dismantled and shipped to the Reich to help relieve the loss of industries in western Europe. Factories that can still be operated in the valley have a plentiful supply of well-trained Italian labor.

The Po is worth fighting for, and Gen. Clark sees signs that the Germans will fight as tenaciously inside the valley as they are now fighting to keep the Allies outside.

"The Po won't be an easy battlefield," the general said, "but I don't think anything could be rougher than these mountains."

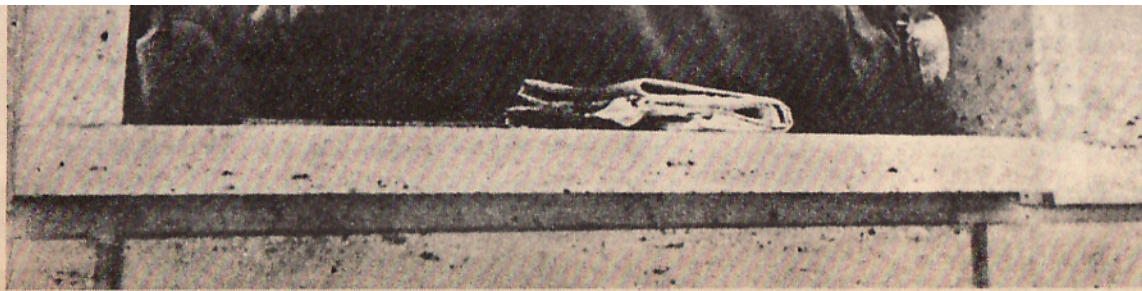
The battle for Italy, the general says, isn't isolated from the rest of the war in Europe. The fate of the Po may hinge on what the Russians achieve in southeastern Europe. If the Soviet drive beyond Budapest becomes menacing enough, the *Wehrmacht* may have to withdraw its forces from northern Italy to avoid being trapped.

Whatever happens, the general emphasizes, the campaigns on all the European fronts are part of one over-all campaign against "Fortress Germany." Each front contributes to the success of another, Gen. Clark insists.

Since the resources behind our campaigns on the Western and Eastern Fronts are much greater than they are in Italy, it seems logical, Gen. Clark admits, that the final blows to "Fortress Germany" will be dealt from one or both of these fronts. The campaign in Italy will not end earlier than the other campaigns in Europe, he figures, unless the Russians do threaten Germany from the southeast or unless the *Wehrmacht* needs reserves so desperately for the East or West that it cannot afford to keep divisions for the Po. In that case, the Germans will have the Alps as an easily defensible barrier between the Reich and the Allies in Italy.

But even if the Germans should want to withdraw from the Po and thus end the campaign in Italy, Gen. Clark observes that they might not be





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The former Fifth Army commander, recently promoted to commander in chief of the Allied Armies in Italy, says: "I dislike heartily that expression they're using about this front over here. As long as the Fifth and Eighth Armies are keeping German divisions in Italy off Gen. Eisenhower, we're shortening the war."

For tall and quiet-spoken Gen. Clark and for thousands of men under him in the Fifth and Eighth Armies, this is the second war winter in Italy. He was named commander of the Fifth when it was activated in January 1943. He came ashore with the Fifth at Salerno the following September and made the Anzio landing in March 1944. In May-June of last year, when they surged north to take Rome, the Allied armies in Italy had a brief, unaccustomed taste of fast-moving war. Most other times the men of the Allied command—who have included French, Moroccans, Poles, Greeks, Canadians, New Zealanders, Brazilians and Swazis as well as English and Americans—have fought a slow, heart-breaking and back-breaking campaign of mountains and mud. In the process they have conquered most of Italy and moved up into the peaks that guard the Valley of the Po, but the weather and terrain they grapple with this winter seem about the same as the weather and terrain that punished them a year ago. Italy is the only spot in Europe in which the Western Allies have had to fight a land campaign for two winters straight.

It was cold outside the green plywood hut, about the size of four or five wall tents, which Gen. Clark makes his headquarters when on the Fifth Army front. Inside, two large logs burned slowly in a red-brick fireplace. A squat leather divan stood before the fireplace and on the other side of the room was a big multicolored map. Two small wooden chairs, a few rugs and a telephone completed the furnishings.

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Mark Clark's long face got longer when I said that generally the GIs feel pretty hopeless about the stalemate on the Fifth Army front. He took up a pointer, which he fingered constantly while he talked, and made small idle circles on the map near the Bologna sector. He said:

"I know that it's mighty important that my men know what they are fighting for. I try to tell them every chance I get. I want you to tell them that I think they have accomplished an impossible job doing what they have in these mountains."

**G**EN. CLARK isn't trying to kid his command that the second winter in the Apennines will be any easier than the first. If anything, he says, this winter in the Apennines may well be tougher. The mountains that guard the Valley of the Po are colder and more rugged than those of last year's more southerly Garigliano front. The German defenders, he believes, are stronger than they were in 1943-44.

The main factor that slowed the Fifth's advance on Bologna, Gen. Clark thinks, was the movement to the Fifth Army front of enemy divisions from reserves and other parts of the front. The enemy force at Bologna has increased from four divisions to 13. The Allies estimate that the Germans have some 25 divisions in Italy in all. The quality of the German forces here compares favorably, Gen. Clark maintains, with the quality of the German troops on the Western Front. He notes that the Germans in Italy include remnants of the late Marshal Rommel's Afrika Korps, and though some German divisions have been virtually destroyed several times, they have been rebuilt and are carrying on the spirit of the original divisions. "I don't count the three Italian divisions which oppose us," Gen. Clark said.

German divisions which have been transferred to other fronts since Cassino and Anzio have been replaced, according to the general, by equally good outfits. In fact, he rates the 1st Parachute Division as one of the *Wehrmacht's* best. German morale in Italy may be somewhat lower than it

in southeastern Europe. If the Soviet drive beyond Budapest becomes menacing enough, the *Wehrmacht* may have to withdraw its forces from northern Italy to avoid being trapped.

Whatever happens, the general emphasizes, the campaigns on all the European fronts are part of one over-all campaign against "Fortress Germany." Each front contributes to the success of another, Gen. Clark insists.

Since the resources behind our campaigns on the Western and Eastern Fronts are much greater than they are in Italy, it seems logical, Gen. Clark admits, that the final blows to "Fortress Germany" will be dealt from one or both of these fronts. The campaign in Italy will not end earlier than the other campaigns in Europe, he figures, unless the Russians do threaten Germany from the southeast or unless the *Wehrmacht* needs reserves so desperately for the East or West that it cannot afford to keep divisions for the Po. In that case, the Germans will have the Alps as an easily defensible barrier between the Reich and the Allies in Italy.

But even if the Germans should want to withdraw from the Po and thus end the campaign in Italy, Gen. Clark observes that they might not be able to do so. The Allied air forces have been pounding away at rail lines and roads leading north from Italy. If those lines and highways are cut, Field Marshal Albert von Kesselring's men will have to stand and fight even if the *Wehrmacht* begins to crumble on other fronts. The future holds several possibilities. The present, Gen. Clark hints, holds little except fighting.

Allied equipment for the Italian fighting is superior to the German, the general is convinced. He maintains that our winter clothing, which was pretty inadequate last year, is now better than the *Wehrmacht's*. "I inspected the clothing a long time ago and it's the best the QM can produce," he said. "I am confident that this winter won't be a repetition of last as far as the men suffering from the cold is concerned."

Our side, the general says, is constantly bringing in better equipment whereas little new German equipment has showed up on this front. German airpower in Italy is relatively weak at present, though there are some indications of a build-up. The *Luftwaffe* now consists of a few reconnaissance planes, fighter-bombers and light bombers, which are capable of small raids, but Nazi air strength here is no match for the AAF.

"We're not going to sit back and wait for developments," Gen. Clark asserted. "We're going to push on."

**T**HE fire in the red-brick fireplace was now almost out. The general unlimbered his tall frame from the little chair he had been sitting in, stretched and looked toward the door. I took the hint, left the green plywood hut and walked down a muddy road past red-helmeted MPs to a jeep.

The jeep driver, a chilled T-5, scowled. "You've been gone over an hour," he said. "What the hell took you so long?"





# THEY HELD

**These were the men and these were the units who turned a little Belgian town into a major stumbling block for the Nazis in their mighty bid to break through to the West. And this is an account of how those men and units turned that town's name into a memorable one in American military annals.**

By Sgt. SAUL LEVITT  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**B**ASTOGNE TO CHAMPS WITH THE 101ST AIRBORNE (Jan. 1)—It is now possible to come up from the south into Bastogne, through a corridor originally established by elements of the Fourth Armored Division. It is still a narrow corridor to Bastogne—so narrow that you can see and hear the battle on both sides of the main Arlon-Bastogne highway. But since December 26th there's been no longer any Bastogne pocket. The fight now takes place about three-quarters of the way around Bastogne, but the evidence of the desperate eight days' struggle—until the Fourth Armored broke through—has not been entirely removed by the Engineers. South of Bastogne, as the New Year comes in, there are still the Old Year's dead, with ice matting their eyelashes, and the burnt tanks softened by the drifting snow. And if you go northwest out of Bastogne, to the last Third platoon outpost of Lt. C. A. Thompson's Company "B," you will see the Germans' New Year's dead—

elements of Gen. Hugh J. Gaffey's Fourth Armored and the Eightieth Division—was in the battle for four days. You can still see its road markers along the way in the form of burnt-out tanks and men.

With the help of the Ninth Air Force, and the 10th TAC finally getting into the picture on the 22nd, these were the men and these were the units that got in front of the thundering herd of the German Army, slowed it down, blunted its momentum, and finally deflected it so that larger army groupings might afterwards contain it.

By December 26th, the Germans did not have Bastogne. What you see now around Bastogne is a hard battle, but it is no longer the battle of the Bastogne pocket. No more American units are being overrun. We are now containing the juggernaut.

## Part Two

An MP was directing traffic near Bastogne. There was a terrific tangle of vehicles on the roads. Somebody asked him what it was all about.

"All I know," said the MP, "is that everybody's pulling out, and the 101st is pulling in."

T/Sgt. Oswald Butler, of the 101st, getting off a truck after the long trip, asked a dirty, slumped-over soldier trudging westwards, "What's going on?"

The soldier lifted his head, and said, "We took a helluva beating over that way." And his hand pointed eastward.

"Defend Bastogne," Corps told Gen. McAuliffe, Acting Division Commander of the 101st, and McAuliffe's defense was in the form of porcupine quills. In every direction, the 101st fanned out of Bastogne. The idea was to attack continuously in all directions.

over the crests of the snow-covered hills. With the Tenth Armored and 705th Tank Destroyer reserve to put a little iron into the thin ranks of Infantry dug into the cold hillsides, the 101st countered the charges. The bazooka men knocked out tanks at close range—one of the nerviest feats of warfare, this waiting for a tank coming in until it's only yards away.

But still the white flood of Germans swept on and around, and the American perimeter narrowed and converged toward its center at Bastogne. Near Villeroux, Mark IVs overran the 755th Field Artillery. And the artillerymen, with the Tenth Armored support, fought off the tanks and infantry with pointblank fire, stubbornly hanging onto their big guns, pulling them back, and trying out unfamiliar carbines.

At midnight of the 21st, the staff men at Headquarters knew that the German circle around Bastogne was complete. Our ammunition was low. "Down to eleven shells per gun, and we had to squeeze every ounce of German blood we could out of each shot," said Col. Paul W. Danahy. No planes could break through the murky skies to bring support and supplies. The wounded were too many for the few medics left. On the very first night at Bastogne, the Germans had overrun the medical unit near Herbaimont, eight miles to the west, at a time when Herbaimont was optimistically considered "Rear." The Germans stole the medical unit—wounded, equipment, doctors and medics. The medical unit just disappeared into the night.

And now, with the circle complete, the Germans demanded our surrender. You could hear the old ghost of German power talking again: "The fortune of war is changing. The order for firing will be





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What went on around Bastogne, until December 26th, was a crazy-quilt of battles. The Germans—yes, the same Germans with no *Luftwaffe*, no reserves, no material, no morale, only those V things—had broken through our most advanced lines with great speed and power.

On December 16th, they were marching fast through an area which had been the scene of their victorious breakthrough in 1940. And until December 26th, ghosts of German invincibility rode riot once again through the consciousness of the world. In its first great surge, the German power overran, rolled back and broke some American units. Make no mistake about it, we took a whale of a beating as they cracked through. Two days later, on December 18th, astride three of the main roads to the east of Bastogne, elements of the Tenth Armored met the Juggernaut head-on. They could not prevent the tide of German power from rolling on around them, but they did not crack.

On December 19th, the 101st pulled into Bastogne, and was immediately committed to battle. On December 21st, it was sealed off completely from the outside, within a circle around Bastogne covering 17 miles.

Prior to this on December 10th, the 705th Tank Destroyer battalion had been attached to the 101st. A few days later it was fighting its way south to Bastogne to join up and get into the major actions of the Bastogne pocket. Eight of its tank destroyers did not get to Bastogne until the Fourth Armored Division had finally broken the pocket. The Fourth, far from merely slugging through on the 26th to establish a lifeline for the defenders—

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It struck eastward, first sending the 501st through Bastogne on December 19th to contact the Tenth Armored, fighting desperately around Longvilly. The day was gloomy and fog-bound and in the evening the weather turned to cold and rain—"trench-foot weather." Between Bastogne and Longvilly, the 501st met German tanks and infantry in the ratio of about one to four, a ratio of superiority in favor of the Germans that was to last through all the time of the Bastogne pocket, and in all directions.

Though we lost men east of Bastogne, the Germans took heavy losses. The dead lay under the gloomy fir trees. And the 501st, grinding on, finally contacted the Tenth Armored. But the German flood continued to flow around them, north and south, toward Bastogne. It was like trying to stop water with the spread fingers of a hand. The First battalion of the 506th struck north, toward Noville, to meet other elements of the Tenth Armored which had been holding. Major Harwick was able to tell Gen. McAuliffe, "We can hold out here, but not indefinitely." The flood kept flowing around them here, too. The Second battalion of the 506th fought the German attack east and south of Noville. It caught the Germans in a patch of woods and did some killing, the evidence of which still lies among the trees.

But this did not stop the German attack. These were attacks backed up by enormous superiorities, carried forward by crack German infantry and armored units filled with high morale. From every direction it was the same.

On December 22nd and 23rd, the Germans pressed heavy attacks from the northwest and southeast simultaneously. Their white-clad soldiers and tanks, "which looked as if they wore lace curtains," came

"Rear." The Germans stole the medical unit—wounded, equipment, doctors and medics. The medical unit just disappeared into the night.

And now, with the circle complete, the Germans demanded our surrender. You could hear the old ghost of German power talking again: "The fortune of war is changing. The order for firing will be



IN THE BASTION OF BASTOGNE, THESE MEN OF THE 101ST U.S. AIRBORNE DIVISION SANG "SILENT NIGHT" ON CHRISTMAS EVE TO THE SHRILL ACCOMPANIMENT OF GERMAN SHELLS.

given immediately after this two-hour term. All the serious civilian losses caused by this artillery fire would not correspond with the well-known American humanity."

McAuliffe's one answer, "Nuts," saw the battles around the perimeter renewed. But the 22nd of December finally brought early Christmas gifts from outside. Cargo planes dropped supply chutes in the fields around Bastogne. And they floated down in the clearing sky: red, yellow, and green silk stuff spreading over the snow, their packs carrying supplies.

After the severe attacks of the 23rd—on the sectors to the northwest and southeast—the day before Christmas was "relatively" quiet, and Gen. McAuliffe incorporated his exchange with the German Commander concerning the surrender into



# BASTOGNE

Christmas greetings to his men. Mimeographed at Headquarters and brought out to the foxholes, it was the only message the men got for Christmas. Under the shellfire they could read, "Merry Christmas. What's merry about all this, you ask? We're fighting. It's cold. We aren't home. All true, but what has the proud Eagle Division accomplished with its worthy comrades of the Tenth Armored Division, the 705th Tank Destroyer Battalion and all the rest? Just this. We have stopped cold everything that has been thrown at us from the north, east, south and west. The Eagle Division was hurriedly ordered to stem the advance. How effectively this was done will be written in history. We are giving our country and our loved ones at home a worthy Christmas present, and, being privileged to take part in this gallant feat of arms, are truly making for ourselves a Merry Christmas. (Signed) McAuliffe, Commanding."

T/Sgt. Oswald Butler said, "It made us feel twice as mean, reading that message."

That was Christmas Eve, inside the pocket. And Christmas Day brought the renewed German offensive, concentrating now through the northwest, the sector of Company "B" and the First Battalion of the 502nd. From the southeast, the attacks had lightened a little, and it was clear that here the Germans were no longer quite so enthusiastic. But from the northwest the white flood rolled forward, now bigger than ever. It took the coolest and steadiest kind of combat men to handle this flood. Stopping it head-on was impossible.

"We let the tanks roll over us," said Capt. Robert J. McDonald, commanding "B" Company, Third Battalion, formerly the First Battalion of the 401st. "It was toward daylight. They came down on us

practically in the orderly room, as if they had been meaning to ask for a pass.

Overhead, Ninth Air Force planes got into the fighting, bombing and strafing the Germans. The Air Support officer on the ground "was as busy as the train dispatcher at Penn Station," said Col. Danahy. "You could hear him making his requests for Air all through Christmas Day, like someone repeating a message over the phone."

Toward the end of the day, the German tide receded, exposing its wreckage of dead men and machines strewn along the hills and fields and in the woods northwest of Mande St. Etienne.

Meanwhile, to the south, elements of the Fourth Armored Division, commanded by Col. Creighton W. Abrams, and an attached unit of Infantry from the 80th Division, the 318th Regiment, were fighting their way north in a series of savage encounters, trying to force a passage to Bastogne.

Farther away, at the Twelfth Evacuation Hospital, volunteer doctors and medics prepared to take off by plane and drop down by glider into the Bastogne pocket. Next day, five doctors and four sergeant medics took off. Some of them, like Sgt. John Donahue and Sgt. Lawrence T. Rethwisch, had never been in a plane before, and their first ride was going to carry them through enemy flak. The doctors—Henry M. Hills, Jr., Edward Zinschlag, Lamar Soutter, and Stanley Weslowski—thought it was going to be a parachute jump at first, but they were quite ready. "My nurses were fighting to go, too," said Zinschlag.

They took off on December 26th, landed near Bastogne in the snow, and set up their hospital. But there could be no question of taking the wounded out—not until the lifeline from the south could reach Bastogne.

The lifeline was being made below Bastogne. It was being forced by tanks. Through Teller minefields on the roads, the Fourth Armored was going north. Stopped cold at noon of the 26th by heavy resistance, and with further movement possible only at the heaviest cost, Col. Abrams and Col. Jaques decided to force through at once. They knew it would have to be a very fast and continuous movement.

The armor took off, playing machinegun fire on the woods and surrounding hills. In that drive through to Bastogne—over four days—they killed, captured and took prisoner over 2,000 Germans. But they did not come through easily. The straight last rush through the German ring cost the Fourth Armored lives. In the woods north of Assenois, Lt. Charles Boggess, Jr., lifted his head out of a turret and spoke to the first American soldiers on the inside

shook hands. Later, Gen. McAuliffe rode out in a jeep and shook hands with Bill Dwight. And as dusk started to come down, Col. Abrams rode through. He's a short, stocky man with sharp features, already a legendary figure in this war. Together with the Fourth Armored, he seems to span the history of the war. In France you met the Fourth Armored as it made its first big play in the hot summer days, going through Coutances in our big breakthrough after St. Lo. Again you ran across them in the Fall, as their big tanks lumbered through the mud of Vollerdingen near the German border, with Col. Abrams' tanks out of contact across the mine-covered hills where neither man nor jeep could follow them. And now they were in Bastogne, lumbering through the snow with the men of the 80th Division, against the blooming green of the pine trees and into the city itself. It was the end of the Bastogne pocket at 4:45 in the afternoon of December 26th, 1944.

## Part Three

Today, which is the day after the New Year, you can go into Bastogne through the corridor first opened by the Fourth Armored. From the old 101st Division CP, where shells landed that killed some of the young officers under Col. Harry W. O. Kinnard, you can go north through Hemroulle to Champs and then right into the continuing battle of Bastogne. All along the way, you pass dead things which tell the story. Near Hemroulle, on the right side of the road, are a glider and a torn-up C-47. In a field farther along are burnt-out tanks which bazookas, handled by men like Pvt. Joseph Alimeda and Orville Hammond, knocked out.

"And there's a woods on your right," says Lt. C. A. Thompson. "There was a firing line right on the edge of that woods."

All the way up to the forward OP, it is like that. There is a cart in the road near Champs with two dead horses in the traces. Some Germans came up that road driving the cart. They are buried now, but the horses, half-covered with snow, lie in the traces. Robert A. Grotjan, R. P. O'Reilly, Dominick Rivera, William Grant—there are many men and many names in the Companies along the road to Champs—fought out of holes against the big flood of Germans that overran them. They are still attacking, into the New Year.

Some of them were on leave in Paris when the 101st pulled out for Bastogne and they caught up with their units and came into the line, like Cpl. Orville Hanford, of the Third Platoon, Company "B," "re-equipped with a hangover and a pair of silk stockings."

"What are you gonna do now?" somebody asked Hanford that first day outside of Bastogne.

"Let 'em come," he said, "I'll deal 'em out some misery."

You keep going up with Lt. Thompson, up to his Company "B." His boys are cheerful right now. Why or how, I don't know. But there they are—





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AND ON THE NATIVITY AND FOR TWO MORE DAYS AFTER, THE SKY SOLDIERS HELPED TO THRUST BACK FOUR NAZI DIVISIONS UNTIL THE THIRD ARMY RELIEVED THEM.

using flamethrowers. The tanks went through—all those we couldn't knock out with bazookas—but we knew that those 705th Tank Destroyers would give them a royal working over in the rear. And then we took on their infantry that followed after the Mark IVs busted through."

Lt. John L. Adams, of Company "A," spoke of "six men defending a hundred yards of woods, and the Jerries had a company against us. We had one .50 caliber machinegun and we threw them back three times." Pfc. Marshall A. Griffith, of Company "B," knocked out a tank with a bazooka in that Christmas Day attack, but the German tide swept on toward Bastogne, got down as far as the 502nd Regiment CP. Messengers, cooks, and clerks went to work. It was no longer even in-fighting, but something closer than that, with German dead lying

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the edge of that woods."

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"Let 'em come," he said, "I'll deal 'em out some misery."

You keep going up with Lt. Thompson, up to his Company "B." His boys are cheerful right now. Why or how, I don't know. But there they are—dirty, tired and cheerful. All the way up to the northwesternmost point of our line, to the forward OP from which you can see the German positions, they look young, healthy, tough and cheerful.

Lt. Thompson had seventeen bottles of cognac. He gave eight of them to Company "B," and kept nine, "just to make sure I was the majority stockholder."

A fairly good New Year. It could be better, but it could have been worse, too, if the German breakthrough had ever taken Bastogne.



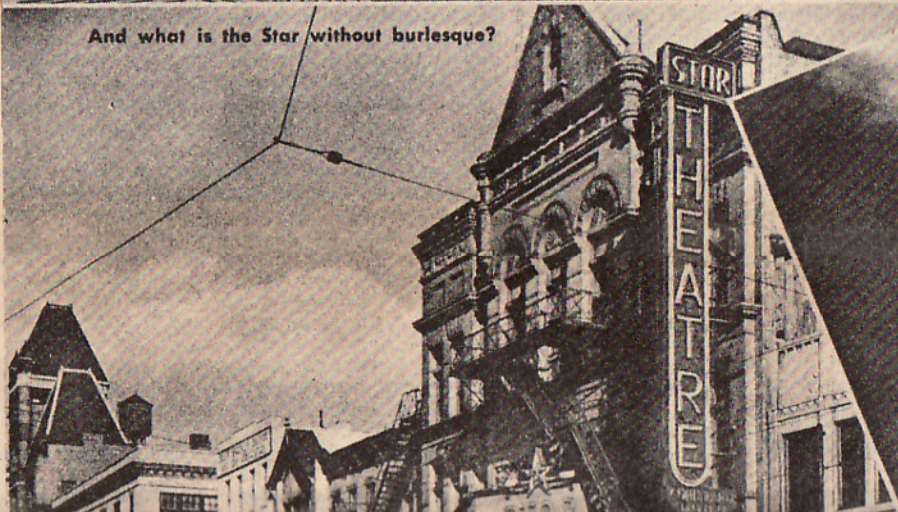
MORE THAN 300 C-47 "DAKOTAS" AND 31 GLIDERS SUPPLIED OUR BESIEGED BASTOGNE TROOPS FROM THE AIR DURING THE GERMAN COUNTER-OFFENSIVE WHICH SWEEPED AWAY AN ENTIRE U. S. HOSPITAL AND ITS STAFF. ABOVE A FORMATION IS SHOWN FLYING OVER THE TOWN AS PARAPACKS FLOAT TO EARTH WITH VITAL FOOD AND GUNS.



Borough Hall looks the same. But people can't get used to Fulton Street (right) naked without its El.



And what is the Star without burlesque?

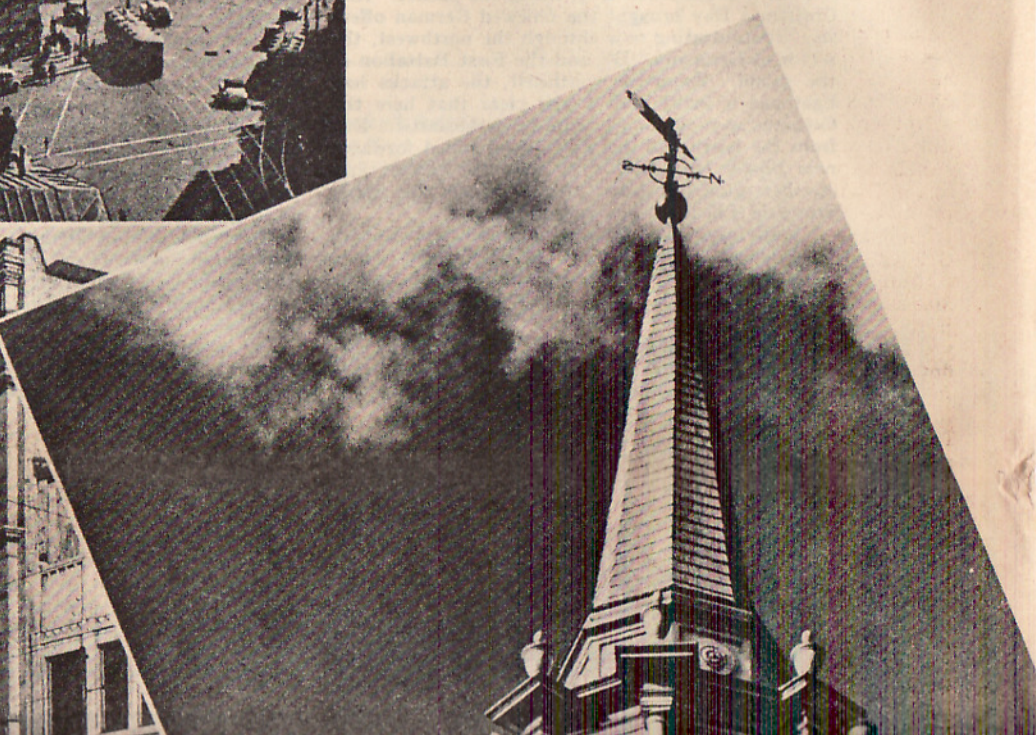


## HOME TOWNS IN WARTIME

By Cpl. HYMAN GOLDBERG  
YANK Staff Writer

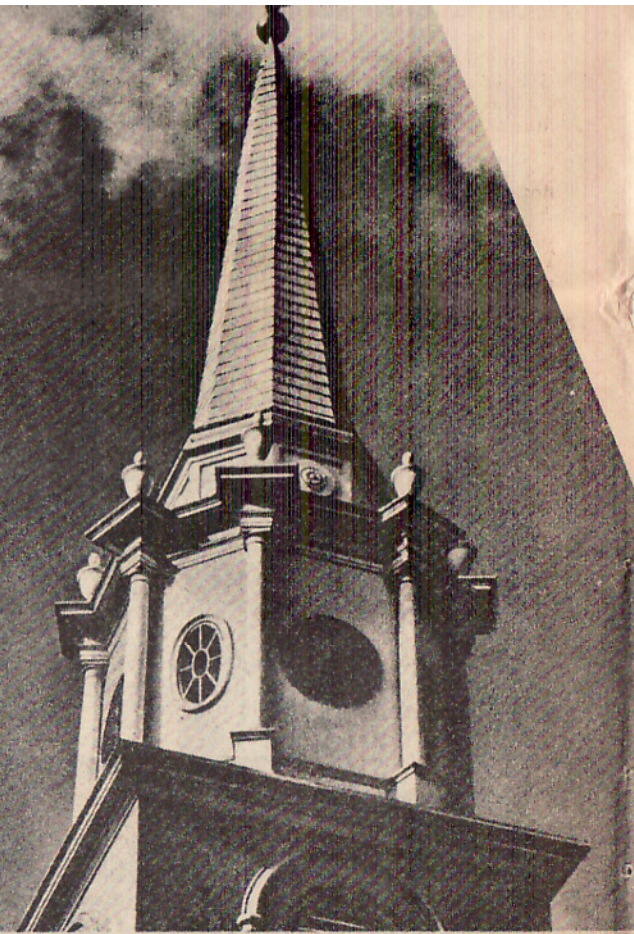
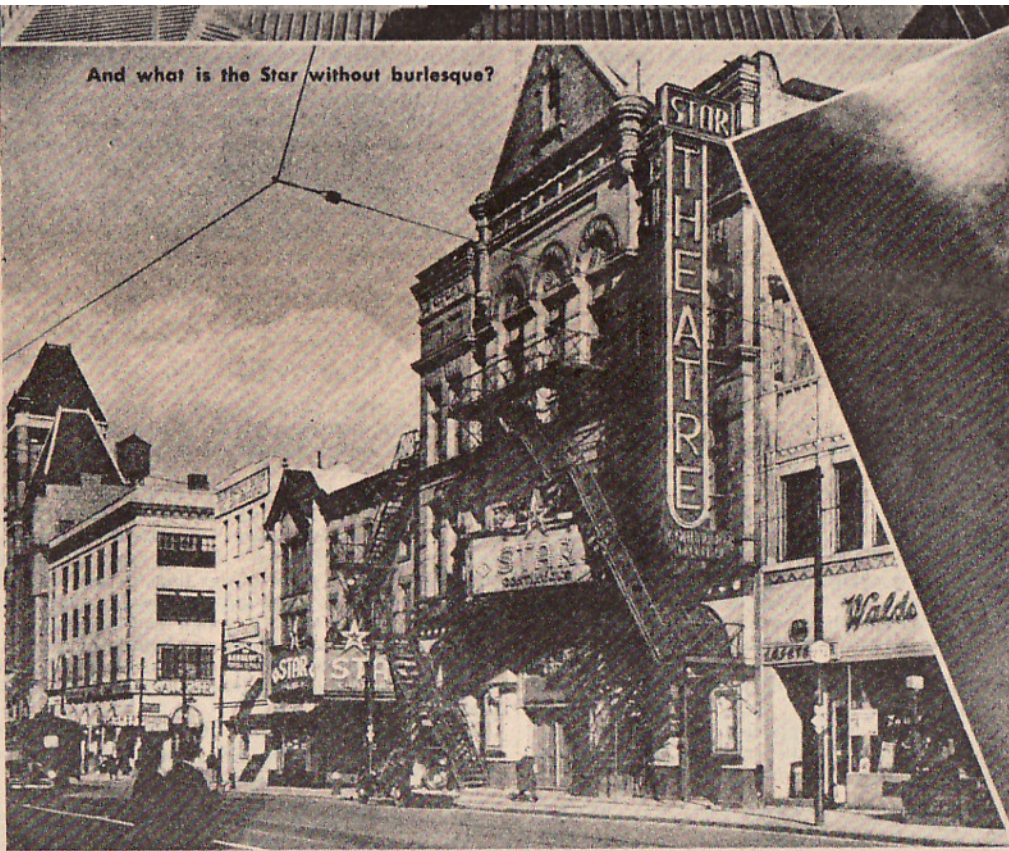
**B**ROOKLYN, N. Y.—Not long ago a large number of bitter complaints poured into the New York City Health Department, the Department of Parks, the Department of Sanitation, and several other city bureaus, about a terrible plague that was being visited upon the citizenry. It seems that some kind of vicious beast was attacking people by leaping on them from trees and biting them and goring them with two sets of horns. Strangely, all the complaints came from Brooklyn, and a very small part of Brooklyn at that. What investigators found was that some trees in the Bensonhurst section were infested with a spiny caterpillar that is apt to cause a rash when it comes into contact with human flesh.

A short time later a subway train prosaically started out from Brooklyn, bound for the West Side of Manhattan, but to the amazement of the motorman and several hundred bewildered



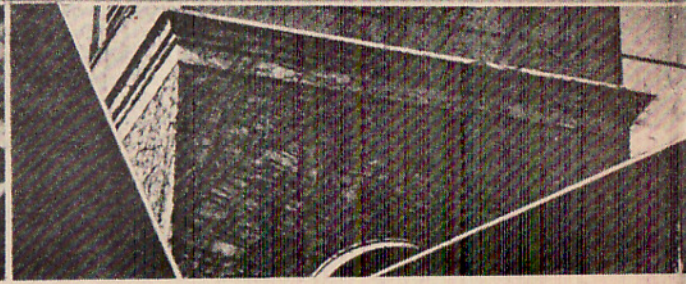


And what is the Star without burlesque?



So let's go out and root for the Dodgers.

**BROOKLYN, N.Y.**





passengers, wound up way over on Manhattan's East Side after following a route that still has to be charted or satisfactorily explained.

Brooklynites recently were enraged almost to speechlessness—but not quite—when Noel Coward, a sort of British playwright, unfavorably compared the fortitude of soldiers from Brooklyn with that of soldiers from Texas and Arizona. At Salerno, Mr. Coward said, he had seen Brooklyn soldiers weeping because they had been hospitalized with such trifling disabilities as bullet wounds and broken legs. For once, to the acute embarrassment of Mr. Coward, Brooklyn's indignation was shared not only by the continental U. S. but even by Manhattan.

And, at the close of the baseball season, the Brooklyn Dodgers were 42 games behind.

**F**ROM the foregoing, Brooklynites who have been away from home for a long time can see that the spirit of Brooklyn hasn't changed. Not in any of the essentials. The Brooklyn mood, say students of the subject, would go on despite fire, flood, famine and pestilence. A little global war hasn't even made a dent in it.

The Brooklyn Eagle and other newspapers in the borough over the river from Manhattan are still getting letters from indignant Brooklynites who say it was a great mistake for Brooklyn to have become part of New York City in 1898. Some of them say that Brooklyn will never receive its just recognition until it secedes from New York City or changes its name.

Not long ago, Park Commissioner Robert Moses did a restoration job on Grant's Tomb on Riverside Drive in Manhattan and decided that a statue of the Civil War general on a horse was needed to make the memorial complete. He looked around and found just what he had in mind in Grant Circle, Brooklyn, near the Public Library. He duly asked permission to move the statue to Manhattan. There were screams of rage in the Borough of Homes and Churches, where the forsythia, for some reason or other, is the official flower. "Why the hell," said Brooklyn with one raucous voice, "should we give Manhattan anything? Let them move Grant's Tomb over here." The park commissioner, usually a dauntless man, retired in confusion.

Although the spiritual quality of Brooklyn remains the same, physical changes have nevertheless been made. The city fathers of the borough and its business leaders have great things in store for *apres la guerre*. The entire downtown shopping center is to be reconstructed and made into a flossy Civic Center, with grassy parkways and beautiful public buildings done in the classic Brooklyn style. A start toward this dream has already been made. The Myrtle Avenue El doesn't go over the Brooklyn Bridge to Park Row in Manhattan any more. The entire

turned into bullets for our boys to shoot at them."

The good citizens of Brooklyn, who have long been enraged because the world thinks that the only industry they have is the Brooklyn Dodgers, are more intense than ever, now that the borough has been making war on the Axis for more than three years. Brooklynites who are making such varied materials for war as surgical sutures and battleships number more than the entire populations of such cities as Topeka, Kans., and New Haven, Conn. In the Navy Yard alone some 68,000 persons were employed at last report.

Here are some other war statistics that the aggressive citizens of Brooklyn throw at you if you give them less than half a chance:

Forty-five percent of the war plants in the borough have been awarded the Army and Navy "E" or the Maritime Service "M."

About half the penicillin produced in the country is made at the Chas. Pfizer & Company plant on Bartlett Street, Brooklyn.

And Borough President John Cashmore, with a chest as proudly inflated as any sweater girl's, points out that more than 280,000 Brooklyn men and women are in the armed forces, and says without any apparent fear of successful contradiction that that's more soldiers and sailors and marines than any of 39 entire states have given to the war.

Most any hour of the day or night there are a lot of uniforms in view, not only on native Brooklynites home on leave but also on a lot of service people passing through on their way to do a job on the Germans. Of course, most of the strangers in service head first for Times Square, but the next thing most Americans want to see when they hit New York for the first time—at least in summer—is Coney Island. And guess where that is.

**"T**HE YILAND" in 1944 had the busiest season in its history, and the way to the ocean from the beach was just as hard to find as ever. There was a big fire at Luna Park, and about one-third of the amusement center was burned out. That didn't close the place down, though. The burned area became one of the big attractions of the place, and the owners announced plans for its reconstruction as a bigger and better Luna Park.

It was never very hard for enterprising young fellows to make new friends at Coney Island and, since Brooklyn decided long ago that nothing is too good for a serviceman, only a dope need be without the companionship of the other sex. The dim-out didn't hurt business at Coney Island. It was really dark there, and what with the benches all along the boardwalk, a fellow and his girl didn't have to get sand in their shoes.

In behalf of their joes who have been called to a higher duty, many Brooklyn girls have gone into war work and some have become junior

But if you left a girl behind you when you marched off to Camp Upton and subsequent points east, west, north or south, you can be pretty sure that she's still there waiting for you because there's hardly a marriagable native male left in Brooklyn, and you know what chance a guy from the Bronx has of grabbing her off, because you know what a Brooklyn girl thinks of a guy from the Bronx. She thinks he stinks.

**F**OR some time now, the strange little men who had answers to all the problems of the world and who came every noon to spout their ideas from the steps of Borough Hall have disappeared. The only meetings held on the steps nowadays have something to do with the war, like War Bond Drive meetings and Blood Donor meetings. (In a stretch of 14 months Brooklynites bought more than a billion dollars' worth of bonds and gave more than a quarter of a million pints of blood.)

The old men still come around to Borough Hall to play checkers on the steps and sit in the sun, and the kibitzers still crowd around them. And Old Bill Pierce still rings the Borough Hall bell every noon, and the "Angelus Club," whose members are the politicians and businessmen in the neighborhood, still rise and stretch during the 40 seconds it takes him to ring the bell 12 times.

Bill Pierce says someone accused him of ringing the bell 16 times one day last March, but he says it's a damn lie. He says he rang it 17 times, and it was on the 17th, for St. Pat, and if anybody didn't like it they could go take a flying leap for themselves. And he says that when the peace comes he'll ring that old bell "till me arm falls off."

Brooklyn for the most part is still a 9-o'clock town, but there's plenty of gayety well after that hour in the downtown section and, of course, at Coney. They're still selling double shots of the few well-known brands of liquor left, and that's still a better buy than drinking them single.

The controversy that raged for a while about whether girls should be served at the bar has quieted down. Most places will serve the young dears at the bar if they're with a guy, but some of the neighborhood bars that stick to the old tradition, like Vogel's at Third Avenue and 68th Street in Bay Ridge, won't serve a woman a drink at the bar even if she has an escort when she comes in. If a dame wants a shot at Vogel's, she has to come in through the family entrance and sit down at a table like a lady, and she better not be loud about it either or she'll get trun out on her, let us say, ear.

For a long time the only burlesque houses open in New York were in Brooklyn, and all the art lovers in New York City used to make pilgrimages here. But some time ago Mayor LaGuardia looked over and saw what was going on, and he shut the Brooklyn burlesque houses down, too. That added fuel to the argument about secession.



of the Civil War general on a horse was needed to make the memorial complete. He looked around and found just what he had in mind in Grant Circle, Brooklyn, near the Public Library. He duly asked permission to move the statue to Manhattan. There were screams of rage in the Borough of Homes and Churches, where the forsythia, for some reason or other, is the official flower. "Why the hell," said Brooklyn with one raucous voice, "should we give Manhattan anything? Let them move Grant's Tomb over here." The park commissioner, usually a dauntless man, retired in confusion.

Although the spiritual quality of Brooklyn remains the same, physical changes have nevertheless been made. The city fathers of the borough and its business leaders have great things in store for *apres la guerre*. The entire downtown shopping center is to be reconstructed and made into a flossy Civic Center, with grassy parkways and beautiful public buildings done in the classic Brooklyn style. A start toward this dream has already been made. The Myrtle Avenue El doesn't go over the Brooklyn Bridge to Park Row in Manhattan any more. The entire section of the El leading from the bridge to Myrtle and Jay Street has been torn down. All the steel and iron in the structure went into war production, and Brooklyn is justly proud of this fact. "The EIs that were torn down in Manhattan all went to the Japs," says Brooklyn, "but the only El that was torn down in Brooklyn is being

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In behalf of their joes who have been called to a higher duty, many Brooklyn girls have gone into war work and some have become junior hostesses at the numerous canteens in the borough—or else, like a group of Flatbush girls who call themselves the GAMS, organized their own canteen. GAMS, these girls earnestly explain, stands for Girls' American Morale Service. Incidentally, it also means girls' legs. And what, they ask with modest pride, are a bigger morale builder?

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There's a shipyard once more at the foot of Calyer Street, where the *Monitor*, the first of the ironclad ships, was built during the Civil War. That's a change in the Brooklyn you left behind. But don't be too unhappy about how different Brooklyn is—the Gowanus Canal still stinks and so does Newtown Creek.

Despite the fire, Luna Park in Coney Island will be opened next year—bigger and better than you ever saw it before.

On Thanksgiving Day the kids still dress up in grown-ups' clothes and beg: "Mister, anything for Thanksgiving, Mister?"

Yes sir! In Brooklyn a man can get the news without it costing him a penny.





By Pfc. GEORGE BURNS  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**L**EYTE, THE PHILIPPINES—The first the outside world heard of guerrillas in the Philippines was when Gen. MacArthur released news of their daring raids before and during the invasion of Leyte. "As Commander in Chief," he said, "I publicly acknowledge and pay tribute to the heroes who have selflessly and defiantly subordinated all to the cause of human liberty."

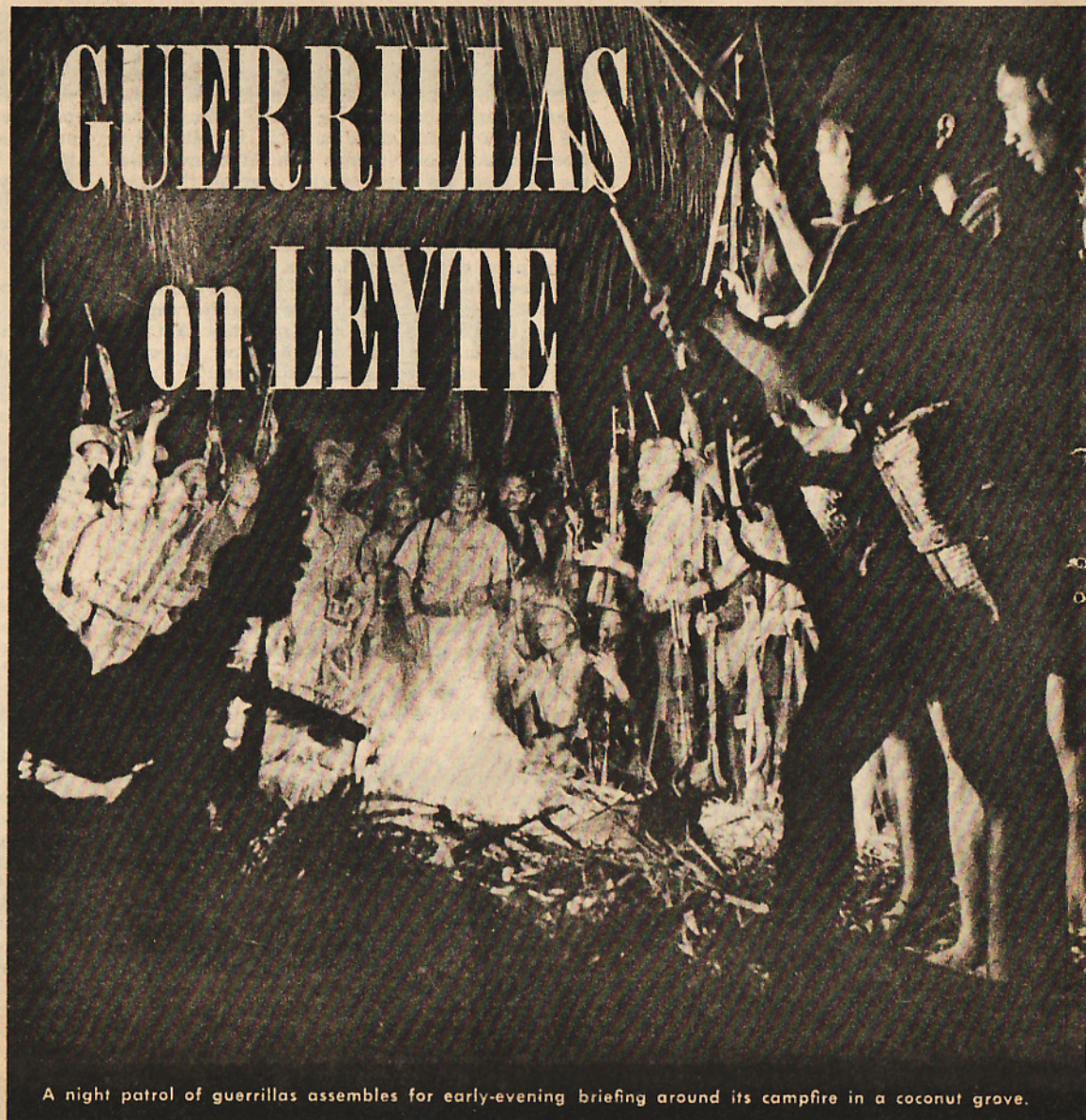
Before this proclamation, guerrillas were people in Yugoslavia, Russia, Italy and Greece. The word had no point of reference in the Pacific war. Nobody had much first-hand information about Filipino guerrillas except the Japs and a few U.S. Intelligence officers. For obvious reasons neither of these groups was talking.

When the Japs took Corregidor on May 6, 1942, the Philippines were in their hands theoretically, but not actually. Masses of Filipinos in the large cities had to accept the conquerors and do their bidding, but many small bands took to the hills before the Jap dragnet was spread. These small bands were the nucleus of the Filipino guerrilla forces praised by Gen. MacArthur and incorporated, after the Leyte landings, into the Philippine Army with the same ratings and a fixed pay scale.

The guerrilla bands started on Luzon and spread quickly through the other islands. Their leaders were members of the old Philippine Army and Yanks who escaped from Bataan. From their hide-outs they watched Jap troop movements and harassed the conquerors constantly despite the standing threat of death. Their numbers increased as the months went by. They organized and roamed the hills, not as separate bands any longer but as one consolidated army, carefully plotting attacks on Jap supply lines in coordination with over-all Pacific strategy.

An American soldier was still very much a novelty to the guerrillas when I made a trip to one of their headquarters. A Piper Cub took our party to a small jungle landing field—a 250-yard runway prepared by 98 native workers in two days. Here we were met by Capt. Francisco Delmar, a member of the civilian volunteers, who are not guerrillas proper but serve the fighters as guides, guards and messengers. Capt. Delmar was to lead us to the headquarters of Capt. Jose Illustre, guerrilla leader of the sector. Pfc. Robert Swanson, a combat correspondent with the 7th Division, Pvt. Ensencio Reas, a Filipino scout, were the others in the party.

We struck out due south and walked across unbroken fields for two kilometers until we reached a small tributary of the Cadocan River. Here we obtained a roomy hand-hewn dugout



A night patrol of guerrillas assembles for early-evening briefing around its campfire in a coconut grove.

**Fighting from the hills with home-made weapons, Filipino patriots caused the Japs plenty of trouble and helped pave the way for the American landings.**

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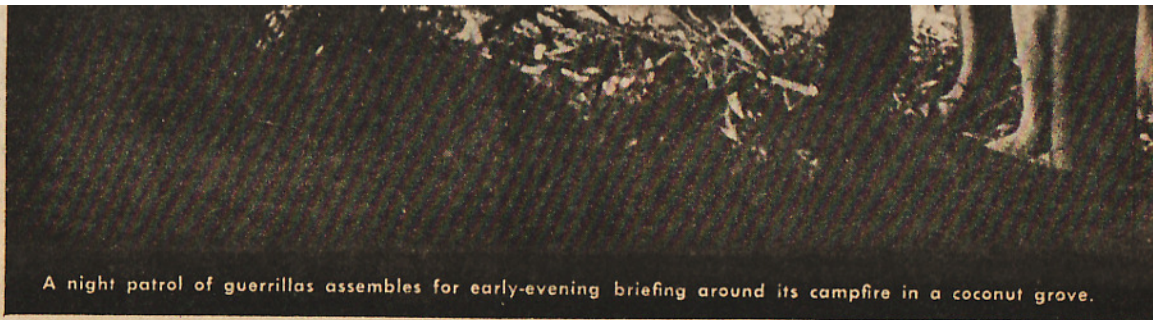
We struck out due south and walked across unbroken fields for two kilometers until we reached a small tributary of the Cadocan River. Here we obtained a roomy hand-hewn dugout canoe from a native. With Capt. Delmar and Pvt. Reas rowing and paddling, we moved swiftly down the narrow stream and into the broad, beautiful Cadocan. Heading upstream, Capt. Delmar kept close to the thick foliage of the shore to avoid observation from the air. At the village of Canzi the river ran so swiftly that we couldn't paddle farther. We tied up and went ashore. Filipinos immediately surrounded Capt. Delmar, talking and pointing to the hills.

"A guide reports Japs two kilometers up the trail," the captain said. "I believe it's still safe for us to continue. There is a band of guerrillas already on their trail." We began to hike toward the village of Ticas, across more open fields and through jungle growth. At Ticas we were met by Sgt. Pedro Cordefa. It was his platoon that had intercepted the Japs.

"I set up my CP here," Cordefa explained, "but my scouts are watching the movements of the Japs and we plan to strike again later." When we asked Cordefa how many Japs were in the area, he guessed their number to be 100 or 110. Later we learned that this is an estimate always used by the guerrillas in determining enemy strength. The average guerrilla company is made up of about 100 men, and anything that seems the same size is reported as 100 or 110, a rough measure of comparison.

This was still too many Japs for comfort. Sgt. Cordefa advised us to take another trail on the other side of the mountain. He said the Japs were busy burying their dead and gave us a guide to accompany us to Capt. Illustre's headquarters via the new route. The ascent now was steeper and the jungle growth thicker. Twice we crossed waist-high streams.

PAGE 10



A night patrol of guerrillas assembles for early-evening briefing around its campfire in a coconut grove.

## Fighting from the hills with home-made weapons, Filipino patriots caused the Japs plenty of trouble and helped pave the way for the American landings.

Word of our coming preceded us. The guerrilla warning systems work both ways and, as we went along, people who had been in hiding came out to greet us. Capt. Delmar explained their hushed exclamations as they gathered around us. "You are the first American soldiers they have ever seen," he said. "They are all anxious to have a good look at you."

We had similar experiences at other *barrios* along the way. *Barrios* are groups of huts off the trail where guerrillas take food and rest. They have been built and are maintained by families who fled to the hills when the Japs moved in. At one *barrio* we made our first acquaintance with the native brew, *tuba*, which we drank from long, hollow bamboo poles. *Tuba* is freshly made every day from the sap of the coconut tree, with the red bark of the tunuz tree added for coloring. It is alcoholic, has a sharp, nasty smell, and tasted to us more like beer than wine. We drank heartily in order not to offend our hosts.

IT WAS almost dark when we reached the headquarters of a 96th Division battalion. On the surface it looked like the *barrios* we had passed on the way, but here everything was strictly military. Capt. Illustre, in charge of the entire region south of the Abuyog Bay pass that cuts Leyte in half, came out to meet us. There were three platoons of guerrillas around the headquarters. Two of them were preparing to leave to pursue the Japs at Ticas.

When we came in, the captain called a pair of guerrilla privates to attention and ordered chairs for us. The chairs appeared in an instant. "Where are we?" I asked Capt. Illustre. He went into his hut and came back with a frayed, much-used 1937 National Geographic map of Leyte.

"This is the only map we have in the battalion," he said. "It was put ashore by the submarine that brought us supplies last June. Here, we'd better use a flashlight." Under the dim light, Capt. Illustre traced with his finger the route we had traveled and explained the guerrilla system of combating a large force with a few men.

"YOU must remember," he said, "that until a few months ago all our weapons had to be made by hand with what materials the hills would give us. It is not possible to do what you call 'fight it out' with large numbers of the Japs. We must strike and fall back and then strike again—lay snares for them as we would for animals. The hit-and-run system we developed worked this way: A platoon sets up a CP in an area known to be infested with Japs. A scout and a runner go ahead to determine whether the enemy is bivouacked or on the march.

"If they are on the march, the runner returns with the word. We guerrillas, with complete knowledge of the mountain trails, can set up an ambush in a hurry along the trail over which we know the Japs must come. We spread out 10 paces apart and 20 to 30 paces from the trail. The Japs' scout or point is allowed to pass unharmed, but when the main file appears within range, we start shooting. It's all over very quickly.

"If the Japs have established bivouac positions for the night, we form two separate attack forces. One band strikes and withdraws quickly and while the Japs are still disorganized the other comes in from a different angle to strike again. In this way a unit as small as a squad is able to engage 50 or 60 Japs."

When a small guerrilla force happens across a Jap troop on the march it sometimes makes a





Dugout canoe on the Cadocan River. Guerrilla Pvt. Ensocencio Reas rows. U. S. Pfc. Bob Swanson is in bow.

soyac, or neighborhood trap. Sharpened pieces of bamboo are thrust into the tall grass along the trail at a 45-degree angle. When the Japs reach the ambush, the guerrillas open fire. The Japs naturally dive off the trail to "hit the dirt" and impale themselves on the bayonetlike spikes.

Capt. Illustre told of another trick the guerrillas used in the early days. The device, set up on their defense perimeter at night, consisted of a storage battery and a high-frequency coil, used

monotonous meals of rice and corn, and poor sleeping arrangements had not bothered the guerrillas. A corporal who escaped from Bataan stood out among the other men of his company because he had managed to keep his GI uniform in condition. The others usually wore shirts of various origins—chiefly flour sacks and captured Jap material. Most of their hats resembled a condensed version of the Mexican sombrero.

"All I have been able to give my men is

Swanson put in a word. "Perhaps you had better let them bring him, Captain," he said. "I believe he might be useful to our G-2 at Abuyog. We have Jap interpreters there. We'll take him back with us tomorrow." Capt. Illustre waved his hand at the messenger and ordered him to produce "the damn Jap" in the morning.

We had another visitor—Lt. William Baldwin of Modesto, Calif., a platoon leader of the 32d Regiment who wanted reinforcements for a reconnaissance patrol. Capt. Illustre told him he would send two patrols. They wrote detailed instructions to their units, and a 14-year-old courier was sent out in the black, rainy night to travel 10 kilometers of dense jungle. He was part of the guerrilla communications system.

**B**Y now it was time for bed. A straw mat was placed on the floor together with a small rice-filled pillow and a Jap blanket for Swanson and myself. Capt. Illustre stretched out on the built-in wall bed after Capt. Landia had left for his own barracks. An old woman snuffed out the lights—saucer-shaped shells with red hemp wicks dipped in coconut oil—and silently went into the other room. The rain still pelted against the roof. It was easy to fall asleep.

The crowing of a cock sounded reveille for the camp. Soon everyone was bustling around. After a C-ration breakfast, we inspected Capt. Landia's barracks. It was a building of regular Filipino-style bamboo and palm leaves, but it had the air of a western U. S. bunkhouse. Along the porch ran a bench crowded with young guerrillas, watching women prepare boiled rice in front of the barracks. We boosted our popularity by distributing the last 12 packs of our cigarette supply. The boys were tired of home-made cigars.

When we returned to Capt. Illustre's headquarters, the "damn Jap" had not yet shown up, so we decided to leave without him. Capt. Delmar ordered Pvt. Reas, our original guide, to remain at Baybay, site of the headquarters, to lead a later squad, so Capt. Illustre went along with us as far as Ticas. On the way down the winding path, he told us his battalion had killed more than 500 Japs along the route of the Abuyog-Baybay pass. The important road, only southern link with the other part of the island, had been considered impassable by U. S. military experts before the invasion, but the guerrillas had kept it in repair and clear of enemy blockades.

When we reached Ticas, we learned that troops of the 7th Recon had crossed the entire route and had occupied Baybay. They were the first U. S. units to reach Leyte's western coast line in force.

Capt. Illustre said good-bye, and we settled into our dugout canoe. A group of Filipino men and women called to us from the shore. Capt. Delmar answered and swerved the boat inward. "They would like to go with us," he explained. "They haven't been out of the hills in three years."





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Capt. Illustre told of another trick the guerrillas used in the early days. The device, set up on their defense perimeter at night, consisted of a storage battery and a high-frequency coil, used much as in our electric fences for keeping cattle corralled. A sudden cry from a shocked Jap would arouse the guerrillas. "But we soon ran out of batteries," Capt. Illustre said.

The guerrillas also found a way to make the Japs exhaust their ammunition at night. They would infiltrate into a Jap camp and shower stones on the tin roof with slingshots. The surprised enemy would start shooting in all directions.

**W**E had supper that had been prepared by women of the auxiliary service—broiled chicken, rice, corn and *tuba*. During the meal, Capt. Catilino Landia, a company commander, told about the pioneer guerrilla organization. When Capt. Illustre had arrived from Mindanao to organize a battalion, the guerrillas had nothing but the clothes on their backs. To make guns for them, an arsenal was established in a blacksmith shop equipped with crude tools salvaged by the civilians when they fled to the hills. Gun barrels were fashioned from ordinary gas and water pipes, usually the diameter of 12-gauge shotgun shells, and stocks were cut from mahogany. More than 300 of these crude weapons were made.

After supper we were shown some of the guerrilla guns. Most of them were bolt-action. When the guerrillas ran short of steel for the firing-pin spring, the gun design was changed to a break-type construction with strong rubber bands forcing the firing pin to strike the shell primer. For ammunition, the guerrillas stole 12-gauge shells from the Japs at Abuyog. The empty shells were later collected and filled with home-made gunpowder and ship nails.

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monotonous meals of rice and corn, and poor sleeping arrangements had not bothered the guerrillas. A corporal who escaped from Bataan stood out among the other men of his company because he had managed to keep his GI uniform in condition. The others usually wore shirts of various origins—chiefly flour sacks and captured Jap material. Most of their hats resembled a condensed version of the Mexican sombrero.

"All I have been able to give my men is promises," Capt. Landia said. "Their spirits have gone up since American weapons came, but I will be glad when we can be garrisoned and begin again as the Philippine Army."

The American weapons were put ashore from submarines that crept into Leyte Bay last June. The basic weapon now is the M1, which the Filipinos prefer to the carbine. Each company also has five BARs, 20 tommy guns and a few pistols captured from the Japs. Capt. Illustre has three companies totaling 349 men under him, with a headquarter's detachment of 19 men. Throughout the Jap occupation, guerrilla rosters and reports were filed with the island GHQ and then relayed to Gen. MacArthur's headquarters in Australia. Thus the invasion forces knew exactly what aid to expect when they hit Leyte on Oct. 20.

**L**IGHTNING flashed across the sky and rain beat violently upon the roof of the house where we were talking. No one paid much heed; such weather is not extraordinary in the Philippines.

Our conversation was interrupted by a newcomer who edged into the faint light and saluted. "We have captured a Japanese soldier," he said. "We are holding him at Palague. We caught him trying to steal food. Sir, his feet are bad. We could not bring him here. He had a rifle and 10 rounds of ammunition."

Capt. Illustre puffed on his cigar, then stared at the guerrilla. "Why do you want to bring the damn Jap here?" he exploded. "I have nothing to ask him. We have no damn Jap interpreter here. You should know better." "Damn Jap" had been Capt. Illustre's favorite expression throughout our bull session.

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Two men and three women, carrying little bundles of precious possessions, crowded into the canoe. They were carefree and gay as the boat swung back into the stream. To us it was a small part of the bigger picture to come out of the hills. At last the guerrillas could emerge from hiding, free of danger from the enemy they had openly fought and defied. The long months of Filipino vigilance had paid off.



This is one of the home-made bolt-action shotguns.



KANDY'S BRIDAL PARADISE SHOP RATES A GRIN FROM RICKSHAW-BORNE T-4s BETTE JANE OLER AND ADALINE WRIGHT AS THEY TAKE A SPIN THROUGH THE TOWN.



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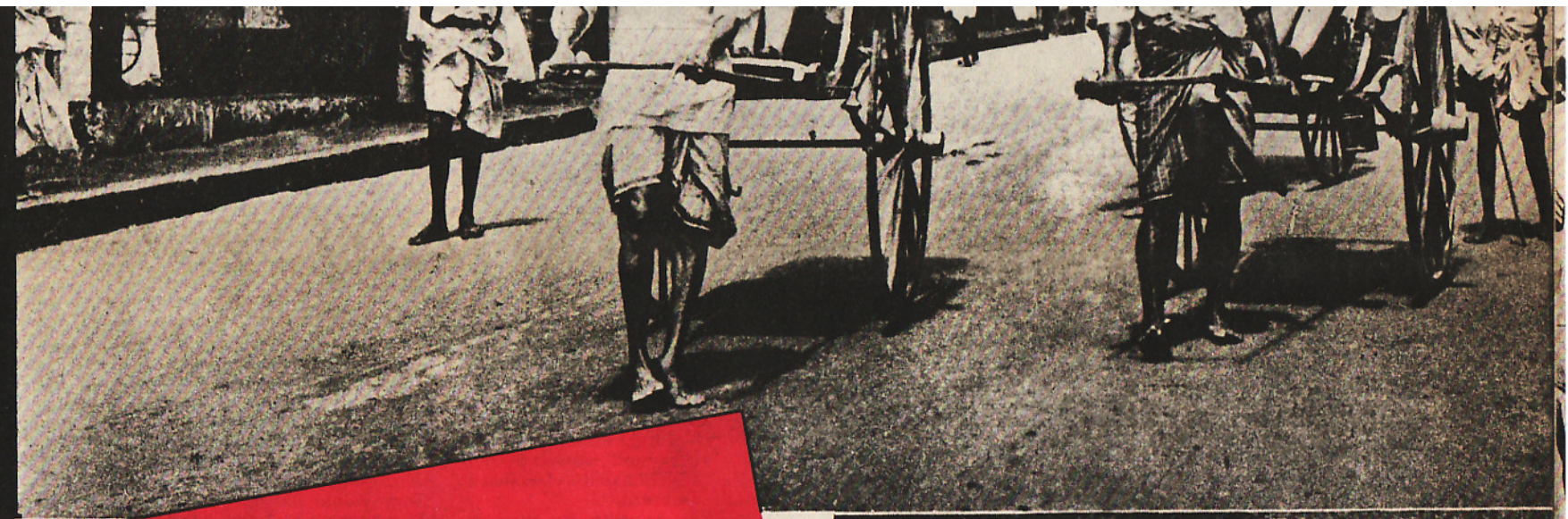


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# Seeing Ceylon

**F**ARTHEST from home of all Wacs are the girls who pound typewriters in Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten's headquarters in Kandy, Ceylon. Ceylon is a colorful island off the southeast coast of India, a source of crude rubber for the United Nations. Sgt. Dave Richardson of YANK photographed these Wacs seeing the sights of the town.



BEFORE ENTERING THE TEMPLE OF THE TOOTH, T-3 BETTY LOU MEEKER AND T-4 WRIGHT REMOVE SHOES ACCORDING TO RELIGIOUS CUSTOM.





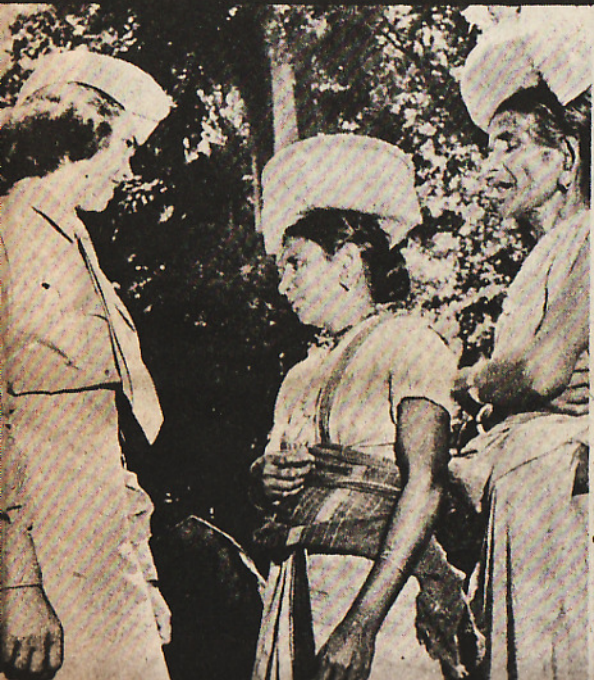
T-3 IRENE KELLEY LEAVES "WRENNERY," WHERE WACS LIVE WITH BRITISH WRNS WHO WORK WITH THEM.



T-3 MEEKER AND T-4 WRIGHT ENLIST THE AID OF SOME KANDY GIRLS AS THEY INSPECT ANCIENT ARCHITECTURE.



NOT MAPLE SYRUP BUT PRECIOUS RUBBER OZZES FROM TREE. T-4 WRIGHT AND T-3 MEEKER LOOK ON.



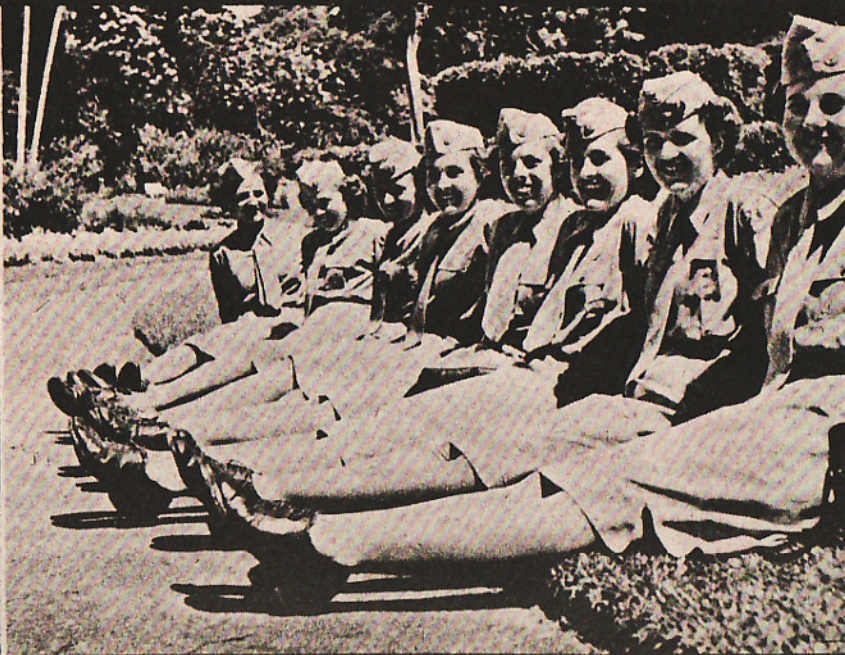




IF THEY'RE NOT DISCUSSING MEN, IT'S BECAUSE T-4 HELEN COON SPEAKS ENGLISH, HER FRIENDS SINNHALESE.

T-4s WRIGHT AND OLER BARGAIN WITH A MERCHANT FOR SILK. IT WILL MAKE UP INTO LOVELY DRESSING GOWNS.

SGT. JEAN KLANSNIC AND T-4 COON RIDE ELEPHANTS, BUT THE ELEPHANTS ARE JUST BABIES.



CYLON HAS EVERYTHING. GOLFING GIVES THE GIRLS A CHANCE TO TEST THEIR FORM. THE BEST OF THE SIGHT-SEEING PARTY KIBITZES AS ONE LESS-SHY MEMBER WINDS UP FOR A DRIVE.

IN THE ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS WHICH BOAST THE BIGGEST FLOWERS IN THE WORLD. THE GIRLS GIVE THEIR DOGS A REST. THEY DO SO VERY PHOTOGENICALLY.





Deanna Durbin  
**YANK**  
*Pin-up Girl*







# NEWS FROM HOME

**More lights went out just as the optimists were saying things were much brighter, a civilian saw stars but didn't recognize them, Congress burned the midnight oil over mobilization for the fronts and the factories, and a St. Louis official brought up a fundamental point about lipstick.**

**T**HE whole country was up to its ears last week in war talk and manpower talk. President Roosevelt signed his fourth lease on a prominent piece of real estate with a lawn suitable for egg-rolling. And right in the middle of all the excitement, with news being made almost faster than it could be reported, the famous electric newscaster flowing around the New York Times Building in Times Square was snapped off to conserve fuel.

Out in the State Capitol Building at Little Rock, Ark., a civilian gent paused in front of a stranger impressively clad in a uniform glittering with ribbons and things, and said: "Say, doorman, can you tell me how to find the sales-tax division?" The reply from the "doorman"—who happened to be Brig. Gen. H. L. McAlister, the new Arkansas adjutant general—is not recorded.

A lot of other civilians might well have decided to brush up on recognition of military insignia, because Congress was looking over the roster of all potential fighting men in the country and humming softly to itself. Some 4-Fs in non-essential jobs would have sworn the lawmakers were crooning, "It can happen to you."

At any rate, the House of Representatives was plenty busy on a "work-or-be-drafted" bill following a second urgent plea by the President to mobilize every man between 18 and 45 for war service, or else. They were also paying close attention to memoranda from the nation's top military chiefs disclosing that Army personnel losses in Europe in the past two months "have taxed the replacement system to the breaking point."

125 per cent more applications for munitions jobs in January than there had been in December. Applications in Boston jumped 40 per cent, and there was an 80 per cent rise in Dallas, Tex.

Service legislation introduced by Representative Andrew J. May, Democrat of Kentucky, would penalize men in the 18-45 age-group who left or refused to accept work in war plants. Some observers reasoned that if no such legislation were passed, the workers might later drift out of their necessary jobs just as quickly as they were now scooting in. Others pointed out that the whole manpower situation was complicated by the fact that Allied progress on the Western Front, following the rebuff to von Rundstedt's counter-offensive and the smashing Russian triumphs in the East, had started a new surge of war optimism in the States.

However, there were still hard facts to point up the continuing need for both men and equipment. Letters to Congress from Gen. George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff of the Army, and Admiral Ernest J. King, Chief of Naval Operations, said that within the next six months U.S. war plants would probably need an additional 700,000 men. During the same period, Marshall and King added, the Army and Navy plan to take 900,000 men—600,000 of them to be sent overseas by the Army as reinforcements.

Representatives of both labor and industry, which don't always see eye to eye, joined in protesting that the need for manpower could be taken care of by purely voluntary means. The National Association of Manufacturers backed up the labor unions by saying that manpower shortages were mainly local problems that could be handled by local action. Opponents of the "work-or-be-drafted" bill declared that it was impossible to predict labor needs six months ahead.

**W**HILE all this palaver was going on, the nation's draft boards went right ahead with the job of supplying men for the armed forces. Many boards called up more 4-Fs in the hope that they might be in shape this time. In general, the selective-service bodies were guided by the War Manpower Commission, which figures, along with War Mobilization

coach, passed physical exams for the services. War Department sources said, however, that acceptance of these prominent sports figures didn't necessarily set a precedent which would be followed in reviewing other professional athletes. Pep, who has a medical discharge from the Navy, was taken for general Army duty, and the 38-year-old Donelli went to the Navy.

Lt. Col. Charles Ballou, Regional Labor Representative for the Army Service Forces, came up with some thought-provoking statistics, revealing that about 3,000 pieces of American mobile equipment in Europe were being destroyed each month. He said that the toll included 1,500 jeeps, 900 2½-ton trucks, 375 medium tanks, and 175 light tanks.

Just back from a tour of the ETO, Frank L. McNamee, Philadelphia Regional War Manpower Director, discussed the possibility of shifting some heavy war industries to France as a solution to Western Front supply problems. He said such a transfer would give the workers of France a chance to contribute toward the war effort and would tend to stabilize the economic situation there by providing jobs.

Continued stiff fighting in Europe didn't make life any easier on the home front. Whereas only 34 per cent of the various available meats was rationed before Christmas, now 85 per cent was back on the list, together with the major canned vegetable products. And instead of relaxing the ban on making civilian goods, the War Production Board ordered that no more could be turned out in the next three months than were produced in the comparable three months of 1944.

The "brownout" that doused the news flicker tape on Times Square will dim street lights, store windows and theater marquees throughout the country start-





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The war chiefs also pointed out that the stepped-up tempo of warfare in the Pacific had caused heavy damage to naval vessels, many of which will need "major repairs." They reminded Congress that eight French divisions are to be put into action against the Germans, and that these will need a heap of equipment. All this, of course, was aside from the Army-Navy estimate of the hundreds of thousands of inductees required.

While Congress was debating a national-service act, thousands of civilians beat the gun by applying for war work—but quick. In Milwaukee, for instance, 11,000 men showed up at war plants within the space of a week. In St. Paul, Minn., there were

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The baseball world heaved a collective sigh of relief when the President said he thought there would be no objection to the game's continuing "if it is possible to do so without hurting employment or the war effort." This indicated that the horsehide sport had escaped the fate of horse racing, but passage of national-service legislation might mean that most of baseball's 4-Fs would be shifted into war jobs, anyway.

Meanwhile, Willie Pep, world featherweight-title claimant, and Aldo "Buff" Donelli, pro football

and theater marquees throughout the country...



PACIFIC BOUND. CORRESPONDENT ERNIE PYLE IS OFF AGAIN—THIS TIME TO THE FAR EAST. HERE HE IS WITH MRS. PYLE AT THE ALBUQUERQUE (N. MEX.) STATION.



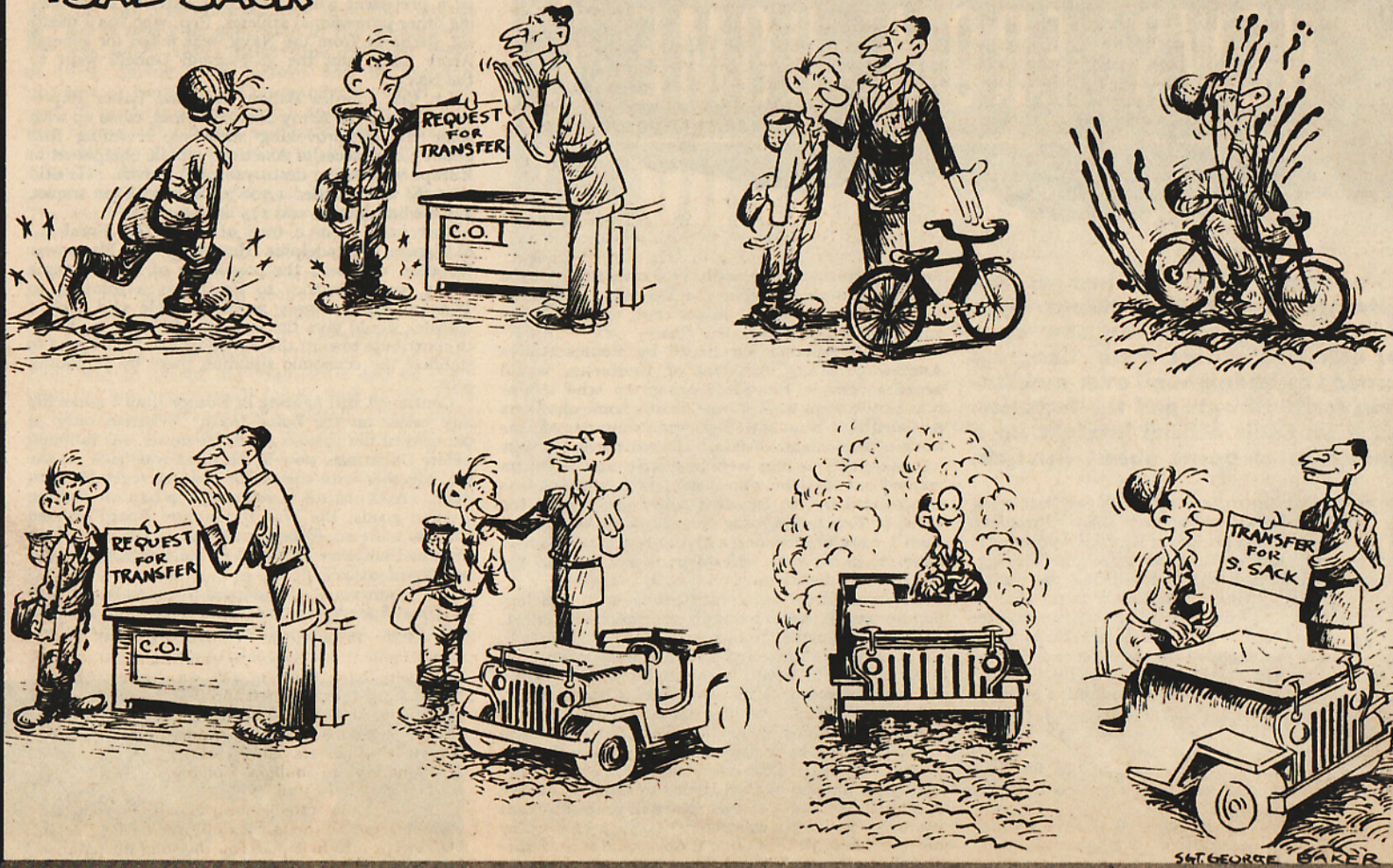
DISASTER. AFTER AN ALL-NIGHT BLAZE, FIREMEN STILL HAD TO POUR WATER INTO THE GUTTED BUILDINGS OF THE BUSINESS SECTION OF DUQUESNE, PA. THE FIRE STARTED IN A FURNITURE STORE AND DESTROYED 12 BUILDINGS, KILLED A MAN AND LEFT 150 HOMELESS.



GI LABOR. PUNCHING THE TIME CLOCK LIKE HONEST-TO-GOODNESS CIVILIANS, THESE GIs GO TO WORK AT THE DUNLOP TIRE AND RUBBER CORPORATION PLANT IN BUFFALO, N.Y., TO SPEED PRODUCTION OF CRITICALLY NEEDED TIRES. THEY GOT 90-DAY FURLOUGH.



# THE SAD SACK

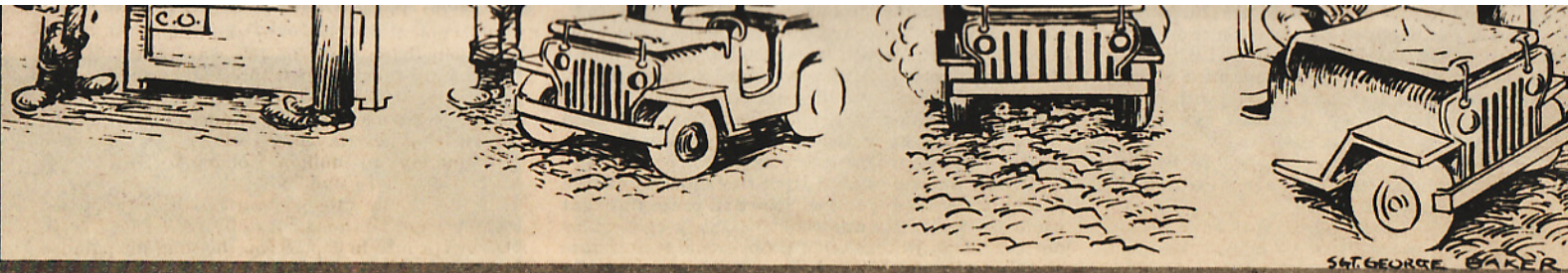


ing February 1. Government officials estimated that the order will save 2,000,000 tons of coal annually. Inland cities, which never were affected by those earlier regulations designed to foil enemy U-boats on the coast, got ready for their first taste of wartime darkness. It won't be very dark by U. K. standards, though, and a breeze will still

to underwrite tyranny and called instead for a federation of European states to prevent future wars. Senator Claude D. Pepper, Democrat of Florida, retorted by accusing Senator Wheeler of contributing to dissension among the Allies and of holding out hope to Germany by his attack on the "uncon-

\$5 a week for each dependent (but not more than \$15, for three or more) in addition to the \$20 weekly now provided. The benefits would be paid to any serviceman who had served 90 days or more instead of to vets putting in 9½ months or more, as at present.





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Inland cities, which never were affected by those earlier regulations designed to foil enemy U-boats on the coast, got ready for their first taste of war-time darkness. It won't be very dark by U. K. standards, though, and a bar and grill will still be much easier to find than a pub.

People continued to be stirred up by the cigarette and liquor situations. Under a cigarette-rationing system suggested by the National Association of Tobacco Distributors, numbered cards would be issued by smoke retailers to their regular customers. These lucky people would be required to sign a declaration that they hold only one card.

As for liquor, it was reported that thirsty Americans last year spent more than seven billion dollars for that awful stuff. Which comes to roughly five cents out of every dollar of income after taxes—and an all-time tipping record, to boot. Government economists promptly suggested that maybe the total economy might be helped if Uncle Sam boosted the taxes on booze and Representative Joseph R. Bryson, Democrat of South Carolina, said he would re-introduce his Prohibition Bill.

To top it all, War Production Chairman J. A. Krug disclosed that after this month there probably won't be another chance to manufacture beverage alcohol this year. Cheers, men.

Speculation was acute in Washington about the stand President Roosevelt would take in the forthcoming international conclave with Stalin and Churchill—but it was just speculation. The President wouldn't talk. Some observers predicted, though, that the Big Three would touch on a proposal by Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, Republican of Michigan, for an Allied pact to demilitarize Germany and Japan, and a plan by Senator Tom Connally, Democrat of Texas, for a provisional council to study Europe's political problems while peace-organization treaties are being ratified.

The sharpest foreign-policy debate of the new Congress was set off when Senator Burton K. Wheeler, Democrat of Montana, denounced the Dumbarton Oaks World Security proposal as a plan

to underwrite tyranny and called instead for a federation of European states to prevent future wars. Senator Claude D. Pepper, Democrat of Florida, retorted by accusing Senator Wheeler of contributing to dissension among the Allies and of holding out hope to Germany by his attack on the "unconditional surrender" demand.

Some people squawk about the nation's Social Security program on the grounds that it will encourage idleness but, according to the Social Security Board itself, cold facts and figures say nuts to that objection. The board reported that 700,000 men and women past the age of 65 have gone right on working and have not claimed the Social Security benefits to which they are entitled. What's more, 70,000 persons who had once retired have given up their Social Security benefits temporarily to return to jobs.



The manpower shortage will hit state legislators at Salem, Ore., in a very special way. The town's leading hotel informed the lawmakers that they couldn't expect the usual efficient room service this year. The

hotel has only one regular bellhop, a mere kid of 80, and he has to double as elevator operator.

State legislators throughout the country haven't made too much headway in passing laws to aid homecoming veterans, according to a *United Press* survey. The *UP* reported that vet aid programs are mostly in the blueprint stage, although some increased action was anticipated soon. New Jersey, however, was cited as an exception in view of its bill granting servicemen loans up to \$3,000 to establish themselves in business, with the state guaranteeing 90 per cent of the loan to the lending bank.

There were other people interested in the returning GIs. Senators James J. Murray, Democrat of Montana, and Robert J. Wagner, Democrat of New York, introduced an amendment to the GI Bill of Rights designed to liberalize its unemployment-insurance provisions. The amendment would grant

\$5 a week for each dependent (but not more than \$15, for three or more) in addition to the \$20 weekly now provided. The benefits would be paid to any serviceman who had served 90 days or more instead of to vets putting in 9½ months or more, as at present.

R. J. Thomas, president of the CIO United Automobile Workers Union, told a Senate subcommittee on post-war housing that the two-year time limit on home loans to veterans should be extended to ten years in order to prevent a "buying spree" and an inflationary boom after the war.

While a returned overseas soldier may be a hero to his family and the local Chamber of Commerce, he's still just another GI to the military police. That was made plain during a conference at the Provost Marshal General's School in San Antonio, Tex. The OD cops decreed that no undue leniency may be shown to homecoming servicemen in meting out punishment for infractions of military law. Better count ten after you get off that boat, bub.

Representative Clare Boothe Luce, Republican of Connecticut, called for a fixed limit on the time a guy has to stay at the front under fire without relief. She reported that some soldiers are bitter because they're kept too long in battle. "A combat soldier" she said, "too often comes to feel that he can't win; that if his division fights on a front which will be bitterly contested for months, his only future is to be replaced—which generally means killed or wounded." There were reports, by the way, that Mrs. Luce might try for the Senatorial berth left vacant by the recent death of Francis T. Maloney, Democrat of Connecticut.

Kind words for the doughfeet came from Maj. Gen. Leo Donovan, Assistant Chief of the Army Ground Force's operations and training branch, after making a trip to Bastogne. "There's nothing wrong with the American soldier," Donovan told a Washington press conference, adding that he had seen no sign of "chaos, rout or frenzy" among the troops. He also said that no fundamental changes in American training methods were contemplated as a result of experience gained in the German breakthrough in Belgium and Luxembourg.



The big reemployment headache after peace comes is going to be among war workers, not servicemen, William Muirhead, president of the Associated General Contractors of America, predicted in Chicago at a meeting of his organization's government and advisory boards. The trouble, he said, is going to be that lots of war workers who have moved to places offering good jobs are going to refuse to return home. "Many people who have moved to the Pacific Coast will certainly plan to stay there," he continued. "The same is true of war workers in Chicago, Detroit, and other great war-industry centers." Muirhead said he thought that about 2½ million servicemen would return to civilian life at just about the time war-plant production was being cut 30 to 50 percent, but he figured that the construction industry alone could provide jobs directly and indirectly for from 8 to 10 million workers if the nation's construction amounted to \$2 billion worth a year.



Representative Mary Norton, Democrat of New Jersey, would like to see some changes in the diaper situation. There's an increasing shortage of the tri-cornered garments for the increasing supply of customers and the diaper people blame it on the OPA and the WPB. So Mrs. Norton called on the eight other women House members to join a bloc that will demand satisfaction for the wailing juniors of the nation.

Quite a rumpus was kicked up in the press by the statement of Seaman First Class Leon Leroy, of Antioch, Calif., that he and two other servicemen had been put off an Army cargo plane at Memphis so that a dog might ride in their place. The Army and the White House admitted that the dog, a bull mastiff from England, belonged to Col. Elliott

Roosevelt and called the dog's shipment by "A" priority "an error in judgment." Air officers pointed out, though, that the servicemen were told in advance that the plane was a cargo ship and that they might have to get off if more cargo came aboard between New York City and California. And the cargo did come aboard—at Memphis.

Sgt. Fred J. Boyd, of Topeka, Kans., renewed acquaintance with bed No. 28, Ward A-5, at the Winter General Hospital in his home town. Some time ago, Sergeant Boyd occupied the bed when he returned to the States to recuperate from wounds received in New Georgia. Now, after a spell of action in France, he's back again in exactly the same sack.

GIs were glad to hear that the rumors about Marlene Dietrich being a captive of the Germans weren't true. It seems she's in Paris rehearsing a new show. Chester Morrison, an NBC correspondent, said the actress will appear on the GI circuit in scanty sequin costumes and that she has to wear woolen Army underwear in bed to stay warm.

Back home in Kansas City after completing 66 missions and winning several decorations in Africa, Italy, and the CBI, Lt. William E. McGonigle, of the AAF, gave the horse laugh to the boys at the local Navy recruiting office. Four years ago, when he tried to sign up with them, they told him: "You'd better go home, son. The Navy needs men."

Think you'll be able to remember your street and phone number when you get back to the States? If so, you're a better man than S/Sgt. Lee Shaw, 21, of 412 North Maybelle Ave., Tulsa, Okla., who arrived, wounded, by hospital plane and got the crew members to carry him to the nearest telephone so that he could talk to his wife on their first wedding anniversary. He turned the problem of locating his wife over to the long-distance operator who called the police department of his home town. Detective W. N. Robbins answered and the sarge gave him the name of the street on which Mrs. Shaw lives, together with the approximate block. Cops in squad cars then took off, knocking on doors along North Maybelle Ave., and finally knocked on the door of No. 412, where they told Mrs. Shaw to grab the phone. She did, and the connection was put through. Sgt. Shaw told his wife that, before coming home, he would have to go to a hospital in Denver to regain the use of his legs. His wife said she would join him there just as soon as she could—after the arrival of a young Shaw heir.

The President passed out Congressional Medals of Honor to five soldiers and two Navy men in a mass ceremony at the White House. This was the largest number of the nation's highest award for valor ever made at one time. They went to Lt. Edward S. Michael, Chicago, a Super-Fortress pilot; Lt. Beryl R. Newman, Fargo, N.D., Infantry; Lt. Jack C. Montgomery, Sallisaw, Okla., Infantry; Pvt. Leo J. Powers, Alder, Mont., Infantry; Pvt. Lloyd C. Hawks, Park Rapids, Minn., Medical Aid; Comdr. David McCampbell, Los Angeles, Naval Air Group Commander; and Comdr. L. P. Ramage, Lowville, N.Y., submarine skipper.

Bisserup was arrested for trying to give a fellow shipyard worker a hot-foot with a blowtorch. The flames ignited the victim's clothes and killed him.

A 15-year-old lad named Norman Burton was held in Dixon, Ill., on a charge of murder after apparently going berserk on the farm of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Tyne, near Ohio, Ill., and killing his 5-year-old niece, Sarah Jane Tyne. While Mr. and Mrs. Tyne were away from home, Norman, according to Coroner Frank Nagle, beat the girl's head in with a hammer, stuck her through the body with a butcher's knife, and then went out in the yard and played for several hours with two other small nieces and a nephew. He finally departed, leaving a note explaining that he was "kill crazy."

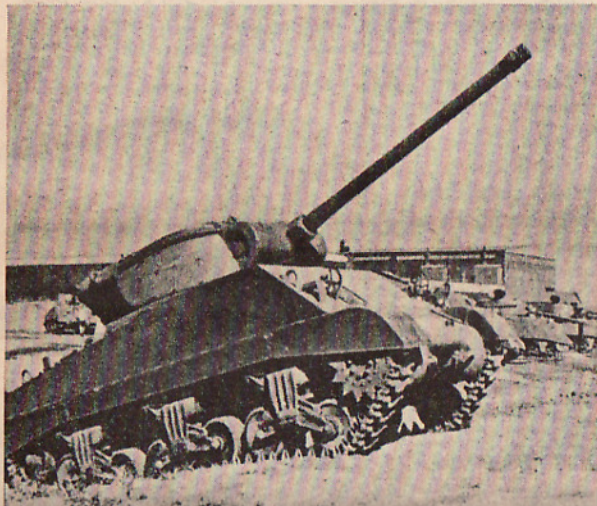
Another ugly case developed in Yakima, Wash., where Virginia Ivey, a 19-year-old waitress, was held in the county jail on a first-degree murder charge for beating 5-year-old Virgil Langley to death with a wine bottle in her apartment at Toppenish, Wash. According to Prosecuting Attorney Lloyd Wiehl, Miss Ivey said little Virgil was sleeping in her apartment, where she had had a drinking party with some friends. While Miss Ivey was cleaning up the place, the lad awoke and, although the girl warned him that she would "smack him," refused to stay in bed. So, it was charged, Miss Ivey smacked him with a bottle and, when he cried out, became alarmed and smacked him again and again until he was dead. "I don't know why I did it," Miss Ivey was quoted as saying. "I liked him."

Firemen saved the life of Bishop John Morris, of the Little Rock (Ark.) Diocese, when flames swept through the basement and first floor of the diocesan home, trapping him on the second story where he was confined to his bed as an invalid.

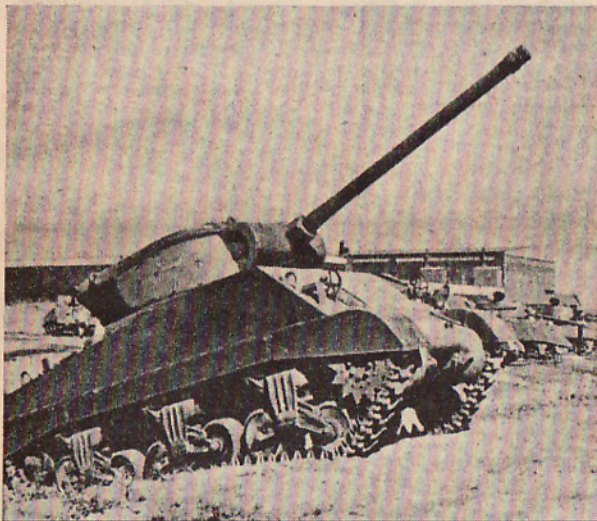
A couple of people got patted on the back for amusing the soldiers. Comedian Bob Hope was awarded the Poor Richard Club's 1945 Gold Medal of Achievement for the job he and other professional entertainers have done in the war zones. A. L. Berman and Francis Gilbert, president and secretary respectively of "This Is The Army, Inc.," were awarded citations for "exceptionally meritorious conduct." The traveling soldier revue netted approximately 10 million dollars for the Army Emergency Relief Fund.

City-bred radio crooners turned into vocal cowboys overnight as the new catchy tune *Don't Fence Me In* swept into first place on the song-hit parades. This Cole Porter melody pulled down the most nickels in the juke-box circuit and chalked up record sheet-music sales all over the place. In second position these days is *I'm Making Believe*, and in third is *There Goes That Song Again*.

The aldermen in St. Louis got to talking about lipstick on beer glasses the other day during a discussion of a health bill for cafes and tap-rooms. They said a lot of things, but Health Commissioner Joseph F. Bredeck got in the last word. "It shows the glasses aren't







IN DETROIT IS SHOWN ONE ANSWER TO THE NAZI "ROYAL TIGER" TANK—OUR LATEST M-36 "GENERAL JACKSON" TANK DESTROYER WHICH MOUNTS A 90mm. CANNON.

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Philadelphia gendarmes charged that Rufus Bisserup, 40, takes his practical jokes too seriously.

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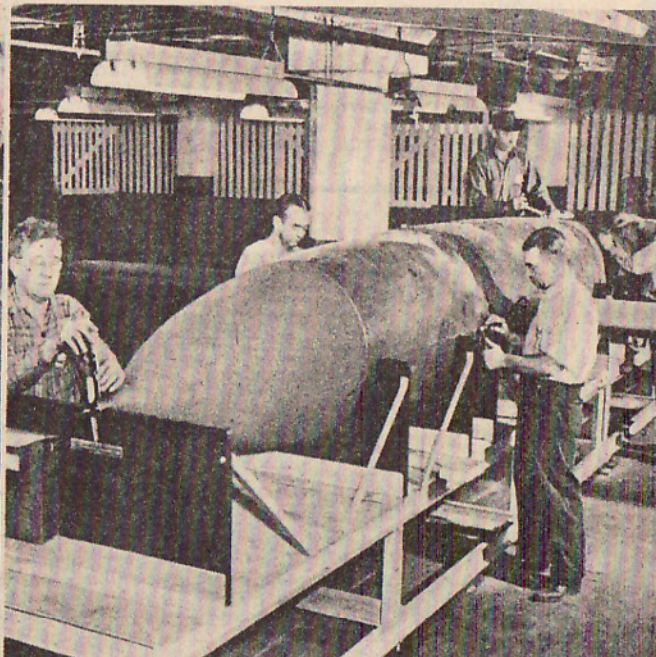
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ACTRESS-MODEL JOAN RYDELL, 27, WHO WAS FOUND UNCONSCIOUS IN A FILLED BATHTUB IN HER NEW YORK FLAT, TOLD POLICE SHE SLIPPED.



RINGS ON THIS DOUGLAS FIR TREE AT SNOQUALMIE FALLS, WASH., SHOW IT WAS OVER 50 YEARS OLD WHEN COLUMBUS DISCOVERED AMERICA. THE GALS LOOK A BIT YOUNGER.



WORKERS AT THE HUGE WILLYS-OVERLAND MOTORS FACTORY IN TOLEDO, O., ARE BUSY ON MASS PRODUCTION OF JET-PROPELLED ROBOT BOMBS, AMERICAN COUNTERPARTS OF THE GERMAN V-1.



# Mail Call

## Tsk, Cecil!

Dear YANK,

Bless our soggy old trench feet if we haven't been the silly ones. Here all the time we thought we were fighting a bonafide, all-out type of war against a pretty tough enemy and along comes Cecil Carnes, New York author, lecturer and oracle, who confides in a Cincinnati newspaper that it ain't so. Cecil, who has been over here and should know, finished off his dessert at a Cincinnati club, then got up and let it out that "our generals can take Cologne and Berlin any time they want to take them." Properly wound up, he went on to say that our generals could crash through in a week, but the price would be much heavier. Later on he added that "of course when the decision is necessary and lives must be expended our Army will go forward to victory."

Cecil didn't sit down right away either. Most of us felt pretty proud of the muddy, bloody and costly yards the Infantry had pounded out. Why not? Bush league stuff, intimates Cecil. Germany, says he, is not playing the war game in the big league in 1944, but rather the game of 1940.

Maybe it's just because we don't really know Cecil. He reveals himself as a fun-loving cut-up when he recalls that, as a sort of joke, "we actually hung our wash on the Siegfried Line." That mischief probably doubled up the whole Western Front, and the Krauts are undoubtedly still brooding over the affront of his drollery. Cecil, it is reported, also showed his audience a nice shiny Nazi party pin he had removed from a Nazi bully he caught picking on a young American boy. He punched the daylight out of him, too.

Confidentially, we hope Cecil isn't booked up too heavily on that lecture tour. Maybe he'll weary of the rostrum and drop back this way. Just between the two of us, some of those nasty German bullies keep shooting at us.

Germany.

T/J4 W. B. HAZEN

## Fowl Play?

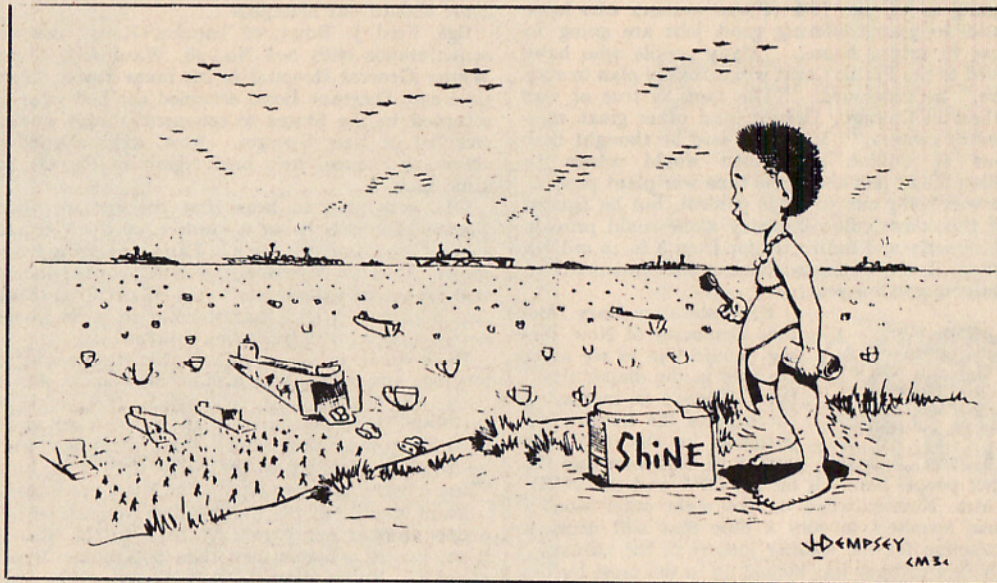
Dear YANK,

Having just recently come from the States, maybe I'm qualified to take sides in the argument that the men want to come back to foreign theaters after they've been sent to the States for rest, etc.

The main trouble is definitely *not* in the "complacency" of the folks back home but in the "chicken" they have to take from the permanent party in the camps they have to return to after their leave is up.

Britain.

Pvt. J. R. C., AAF



businesses? None. I, for one, had my own business and still have it, and I dare say my income came up to a lieutenant general's, but I am well into my fourth year of service, with 16 months of that overseas in North Africa, and now I just made pfc.

I say that if the man who holds high rank doesn't have the courage to face a civilian world, he should never have been an officer in the first place. It is with just such people, who held subordinate jobs in civil life and were suddenly elevated to such heights minus oxygen masks, that the average man usually has trouble. They don't know how to control themselves or the power vested in them. The officers who, on the other hand, do know how to use this power (I've run across a few of them and there is very little I wouldn't do for them) need not worry because, I'm sure, they will be able to adjust themselves.

As for the others, I myself am willing to employ any major or higher; all they need do is apply. I will issue each a new broom and \$12 a week. We all know that Custer wasn't the only officer made by mistake. It's going to be rough for only those that made it rough, because God takes care of all his children.

(Name withheld)

Fort Riley, Kans.

## The Lion's Share

Dear YANK,

Back in the States you hear a lot about the energies expended and trouble taken to supply the troops overseas. Yet who gets the lion's share of

## Combat Boots

Dear YANK,

What happened to the reinforced toes in the new combat boots? I miss the protection the old service shoes gave to my toes. In the month or so that I have had my combat boots, my toes have without a doubt taken more of a beating than they have had in the 20 months that I wore the standard service shoe. Many at this station feel as I do about the boots.

On several other counts I believe the new issue to be an improvement.

Somewhere Overseas.

Pfc. EDWARD F. LARSON, Jr.

## Navy Uniforms

Dear YANK,

Some sailor's letter recently stated we wear the three stripes on our collars and the black neckerchief in memory of Adm. Nelson, of the English Navy. I say he's wrong by a long shot. Our three stripes have no significance outside of ornamentation. Our black neckerchief is from the time the sailors of the sailing ships wore a cloth about the head and neck to protect them from the tar when tarring the rigging. If we wear the 13 buttons on the pants for the 13 original states then we might as well say the other navies copy us.

Bridgeport, Conn.

B. DALTON, 52c., USCGR



hung our wash on the Siegfried Line." That mischief probably doubled up the whole Western Front, and the Krauts are undoubtedly still brooding over the affront of his drollery. Cecil, it is reported, also showed his audience a nice shiny Nazi party pin he had removed from a Nazi bully he caught picking on a young American boy. He punched the daylight out of him, too.

Confidentially, we hope Cecil isn't booked up too heavily on that lecture tour. Maybe he'll weary of the rostrum and drop back this way. Just between the two of us, some of those nasty German bullies keep shooting at us.

T/4 W. B. HAZEN

Germany.

### Fowl Play?

Dear YANK,

Having just recently come from the States, maybe I'm qualified to take sides in the argument that the men want to come back to foreign theaters after they've been sent to the States for rest, etc.

The main trouble is definitely *not* in the "complacency" of the folks back home but in the "chicken" they have to take from the permanent party in the camps they have to return to after their leave is up.

Pvt. J. R. C., AAF

Britain.

### Commissioned Office Boys

Dear YANK,

I read an article recently in the *Kansas City Star* headed "OFFICE BOYS WITH HIGH RANK WORRY ABOUT POST-WAR FUTURE." It reported a speech by Brig. Gen. Julius Ochs Adler, saying that young officers holding high rank are going to find it tough to readjust themselves to little jobs and small incomes after the war, and they are going to need help in this readjustment.

In regard to this, I ask what special provisions did the Army make for those who had their own

overseas in North Africa, and now I just made pfc.

I say that if the man who holds high rank doesn't have the courage to face a civilian world, he should never have been an officer in the first place. It is with just such people, who held subordinate jobs in civil life and were suddenly elevated to such heights minus oxygen masks, that the average man usually has trouble. They don't know how to control themselves or the power vested in them. The officers who, on the other hand, do know how to use this power (I've run across a few of them and there is very little I wouldn't do for them) need not worry because, I'm sure, they will be able to adjust themselves.

As for the others, I myself am willing to employ any major or higher; all they need do is apply. I will issue each a new broom and \$12 a week. We all know that Custer wasn't the only officer made by mistake. It's going to be rough for only those that made it rough, because God takes care of all his children.

(Name withheld)

Fort Riley, Kans.

### The Lion's Share

Dear YANK,

Back in the States you hear a lot about the energies expended and trouble taken to supply the troops overseas. Yet who gets the lion's share of the food, the PX supplies and the entertainment? Who receives regular mail and packages from home? The Quartermaster Corps, Ordnance, Finance and all the other guys who never saw combat, nor ever will see the front line.

If the Army takes such pains to get the stuff over here, why doesn't it use a little more energy and see to it that these items get to the guys who really need and deserve them—i.e., the guys who are doing the fighting?

Pvt. BALFOUR PEISNER\*

Belgium.

\*Also signed by 39 others.

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### YANK EDITORIAL STAFF BRITISH EDITION

Managing Editor: Sgt. Durbin L. Horner. Art Editor: Sgt. John Scott. Staff: Cpl. Edmund Antrobus, Tom Bernard, Sp. (x) Ic. USNR, Sgt. Francis Burke, Cpl. Jack Coggins, Pvt. Thomas Flannery, Sgt. Rudolph Sanford, Sgt. Sanderson Vanderbilt. Business Manager: Cpl. George Bailey. Officers in Charge: Major Charles L. Holt (ETOUSA); Lt. H. Stahley Thompson (London); Publications Officer ETOUSA: Brig. Gen. Oscar N. Solbert. Address: 38 Upper Brook Street, London, W.1.

Dave Richardson, Sgt. Lou Stoumen. ALASKA: Sgt. Ray Duncan, Cpl. John Haverstick. IRAN: Sgt. Burr Evans. PANAMA: Cpl. Richard Douglass, Sgt. John Hay. PUERTO RICO: Sgt. Don Cooke,

service shoes gave to my toes. In the month or so that I have had my combat boots, my toes have without a doubt taken more of a beating than they have had in the 20 months that I wore the standard service shoe. Many at this station feel as I do about the boots.

On several other counts I believe the new issue to be an improvement.

Pic. EDWARD F. LARSON, Jr.

Somewhere Overseas.

### Navy Uniforms

Dear YANK,

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B. DALTON, S2c., USCGR

Bridgeport, Conn.

### Discharge Clothes

Dear YANK,

One of the biggest expenses a newly discharged soldier has is civilian clothes. . . . The \$200 or \$300 a discharged veteran receives isn't going to last long if he starts putting it on his back. Therefore, I suggest that over and above mustering-out pay, each honorably discharged serviceman (or woman) be given a credit of \$250 for civilian clothes. Some system could be worked out whereby script or a credit certificate would be issued, valid only for clothing.

T/Sgt. RICHARD MOSHER

Washington, D.C.

Pfc. James Iorio. MIDDLE EAST: Sgt. Robt. McBrinn. BRAZIL: Pfc. Nat Bodian. BERMUDA: Cpl. William Pene du Bois. CENTRAL AFRICA: Sgt. Kenneth Abbott. ICELAND: Sgt. John Moran. NEWFOUNDLAND: Sgt. Frank Bode. NAVY: Donald Nugent, S1c.

Commanding Officer: Col. Franklin S. Forsberg. Executive Officer: Maj. Jack W. Weeks. Business Manager: Capt. North Bigbee. Overseas Bureau Officers: London, Lt. H. Stahley Thompson; France, Maj. Charles L. Holt; Australia-Philippines, Maj. Harold B. Hawley; Central Pacific, Maj. Josua Eppinger; South Pacific, Maj. Justus J. Craemer; Italy, Maj. Robert Strother; Burma-India, Capt. Harold A. Burroughs; Alaska, Capt. Harry R. Roberts; Iran, Lt. David Gaffill; Panama, Capt. Howard Carswell; Puerto Rico, Capt. Frank Gladstone; Middle East, Capt. Knowlton Ames.

Pictures: Cover, 2 and 3, Bell Aircraft Corp. 4, upper, USSTAF-5, Pvt. George Aarons. 6 and 7, OWI. 8 and 9, Sgt. Ben Schnall-10 and 11, Pfc. George Burns. 12 and 13, Sgt. Dave Richardson-14, Universal Pictures. 15, left, INP; others, PA. 17, Keystone-20, upper right, PA; others, Acme. 21, upper, Acme; lower, Signal Corps. 22, OWI. 23, left, Cpl. Busch; others, Sgt. Sanford.



## Nurse Shortage

Dear YANK,

We have been recently informed that there is a good possibility of drafting nurses for the service. It really makes us think. How can a just Government designate one particular organization of women to be the victims, without a mass conscription of all? After all, this is a democracy that we're wading through mud for, or at least that was our assumption when we volunteered.

Are we any more essential than women in industry? No—and we'll tell you why. It's not the shortage of nurses, but rotten administration, poor distribution, and improper use of our professional abilities that puts us on the high-priority list.

Nursing itself is more than a full-time job, but we are forced to enact the dual role of both nurse and company clerk. Most of our time is wasted on filling out endless numbers of forms, and other clerical work that could easily be performed by any eighth-grade student.

What little leisure time we have is wasted on classes, which being repetitious in themselves are an insult to any nurse's intelligence.

Furthermore, after a tedious 12-hour night stretch, we are compelled to awaken at an early hour, and perform an hour of close-order drill, calisthenics, and other stupid antics.

Can you blame nurses for refusing to join, when they can work in Army hospitals, and still retain their civilian status, without being encumbered by the vast number of rules, regulations, and restrictions that put us more on the level of a wayward child than a professional woman?

Yes—the need for nurses, and nursing care is acute, but we cannot adequately perform the role of nurse, secretary, and basic-trainee.

We can assure you that this is not the petty bitching of a disgruntled few, but constitutes a widespread grievance within our organization.

2 Lts. AMC.

Britain.



## YANK'S AFN Radio Guide

Highlights for the week of Jan. 28

SUNDAY

1501—NATIONAL BARN DANCE—Old-time music in the old-time way by the Hoosier Hot Shots, Lulubelle and Scotty, and the rest of the folks.

MONDAY

1930—DUFFY'S TAVERN—A new time on the air but the same familiar cast—Archie the Manager, Eddie Green, Miss Duffy, and Finnegan.

TUESDAY

2030—AMERICAN BAND OF THE AEF—Sweet and swing by the full, 40-piece band.

WEDNESDAY

2130—BOB HOPE—With his regular cast—Vera Vague, Frances Langford, Jerry Colonna, and Skinny Ennis's Orchestra.

THURSDAY

0925—WALTZ TIME—Melodies by Abe Lyman's Orchestra and the voices of Frank Munn and Evelyn McGregor.

FRIDAY

1901—COMMAND PERFORMANCE—for GIs the world over, always with an all-star cast.

1330—YANK'S RADIO EDITION.

SATURDAY

2205—JUBILEE—Ernie "Bubbles" Whitman kicks the jive around at Hot Horn Hall in this weekly swing session.

NEWS EVERY HOUR ON THE HOUR.

AFN in Britain on your dial:

1375 kc. 1402 kc. 1411 kc. 1420 kc. 1447 kc.

218.1 m. 213.9 m. 212.6 m. 211.3 m. 207.3 m.

## Strained

Dear YANK,

What are we coming to?

Not long ago we got our food rations. Included were a few cans of baby strained peas. I thought this was a man's army, but I have been wondering.

Germany.

Cpl. S. S. MONTOYA

## Overseas Pay

Dear YANK,

In reference to an article in *Mail Call*, written by one Pfc. W. H. Price, his statement about overseas pay reduction of 20 percent after returning from overseas duty is definitely absurd. After reading his article we're sure boiled over. Any person returning to Shangri-La should be more than happy to take a reduction in pay. We aren't fighting this war to make money, we are fighting to get back to our loved ones that mean more to us than money. We have been in combat for 19 months, not including our total time overseas, and expect to be leaving for home after not less than another six to nine months of combat duty. We will gladly exchange pay reductions and living conditions with this Pfc. W. H. Price.

Burma.

S/Sgt. R. Le GRAND\*

\* Also signed by four others.

## Priority

Dear YANK,

Having read by now nearly everybody else's private demobilization plan, I would like to add mine and suggest, if it isn't asking too much, that when they start handing out the discharges, first priority be given to Pfc's by the name of Choate.

Pfc. HARRIS CHOATE

Britain.

## Question

Dear YANK,

I have been in the U.S. Army for thirteen years and I intend to stay in after the war.

I want to know if such as I am eligible to receive mustering-out pay.

T/Sgt. JAMES GALLAGHER

Britain.

[All honorably discharged men below the rank of captain are eligible—Ed.]

## WIN A WAR BOND!

### \$10 to \$500



All you have to do is write a GI parody to a popular tune. Just set your own words, written on a subject of Army life, to any well-known tune. Tie KP to "Dinah" or guard duty to



Yes—the need for nurses, and nursing care is acute, but we cannot adequately perform the role of nurse, secretary, and basic-trainee.

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### Oops!

Dear YANK,

I think Wac Pvt. Lois Maugans had better get a leave and go look her husband over, because I'm afraid she is mistaken about her husband's picture that was on the cover of the 19 November YANK showing him getting his winter issue overcoat. The picture was taken of Pvt. Baker, "A" troop of a Cav. Recon. Sqdn. I was present at the time it was taken by the Signal Corps. Just check up and see. I'm sorry to disappoint the young lady, but I think it's time to give her husband a leave.

S/Sgt. GILMAN J. LARSEN

Det. of Patients.

[Red faces are in order for YANK and Wac Maugans. It is indeed a fact that the picture showed Pvt. Conrad Baker, of New York City. "I'm embarrassed," said Pvt. Maugans. "I'd have sworn it was my husband, but he has since written me and said Pvt. Baker doesn't look at all like him." We ran the large photo above on 31 December.—Ed.]

## WIN A WAR BOND!

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All you have to do is write a GI parody to a popular tune. Just set your own words, written on a subject of Army life, to any well-known tune. Tie KP to "Dinah" or guard duty to "Mairzie Doots." Simply follow the rules listed below and you may win anywhere from 10 to 500 dollars in War Bonds.

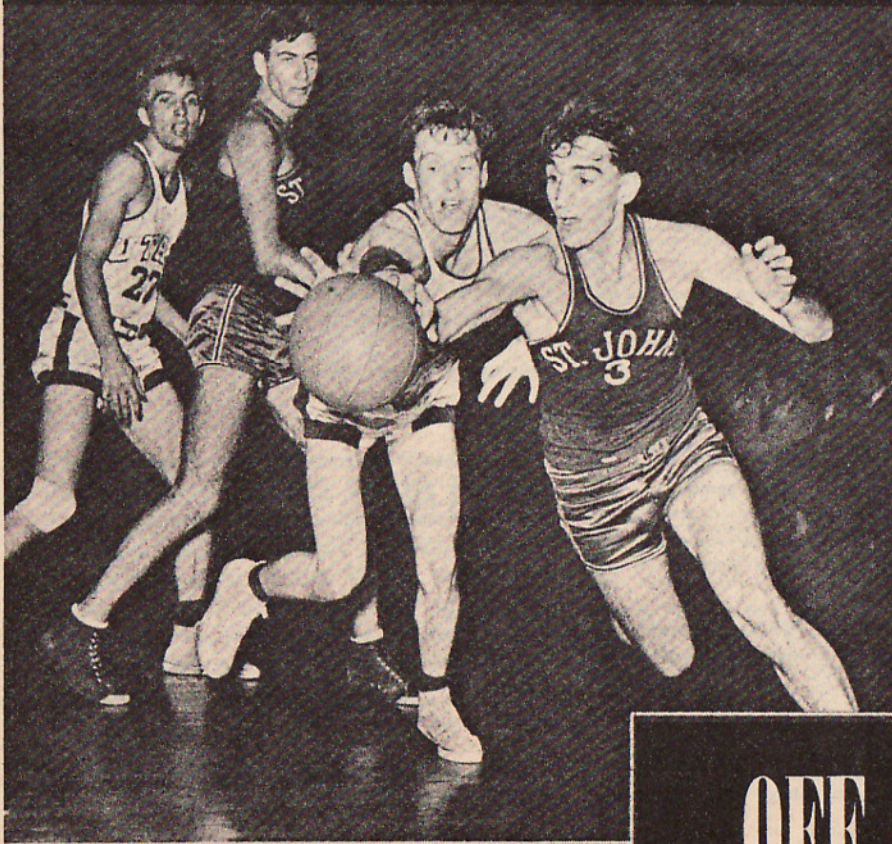
### These Are the Rules

1. Parodies must be mailed by Mar. 1, 1945.
2. Entries must be original parodies, suitable for reprinting, written by enlisted men or women of the U.S. Army, Navy, Coast Guard or Marine Corps. Do not send music; send only parody and name of song parodied.
3. Parodies must be based on complete choruses of well-known tunes only.
4. Individuals may send as many entries as they like. In case of duplicate parodies, only the first arrival will be accepted.
5. Parodies must have a service or war subject. All parodies will become the property of the U.S. Army. Entries will not be returned.
6. Judges will be enlisted personnel of YANK, The Army Weekly, and of Music Section, Special Service Division. Judges' decisions will be final.
7. Address all entries to Parody Contest Editor, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., U.S.A.
8. Winners will be announced in a May 1945 issue of YANK.
9. Include U.S. address to which you wish prize sent. **NO PRIZES WILL BE MADE OUT ON FOREIGN ADDRESSES WITHIN THE U.S. IF YOU'RE OVERSEAS BE SURE YOU INCLUDE HOME ADDRESS AND NAME OF PERSON IN CARE OF WHOM YOU WANT YOUR BOND SENT.**
10. Violation of any of the above rules will eliminate entry.

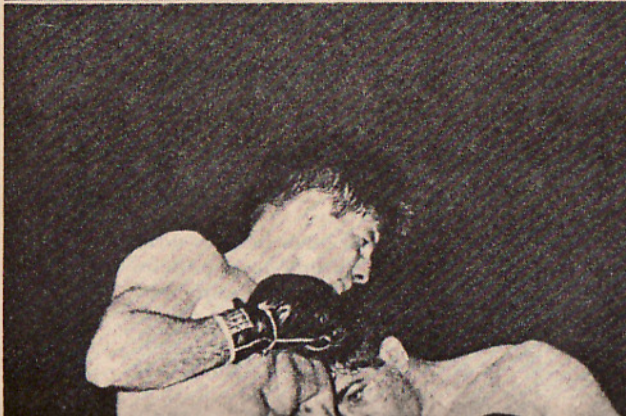
Prizes will be awarded as follows: Prize-winning parody—one \$500 War Bond; five next best parodies—one \$100 War Bond each; next 10—one \$50 War Bond each; next 25—one \$25 War Bond each; next 50—one \$10 War Bond each.



**GIMME!** Bill Kotsares (3) of St. John's University charges in fast to take the ball away from Utah's Murray Satterfield in the basketball headliner at New York. Utah whipped St. John's last year for the national title, but lost this one, 39 to 36.



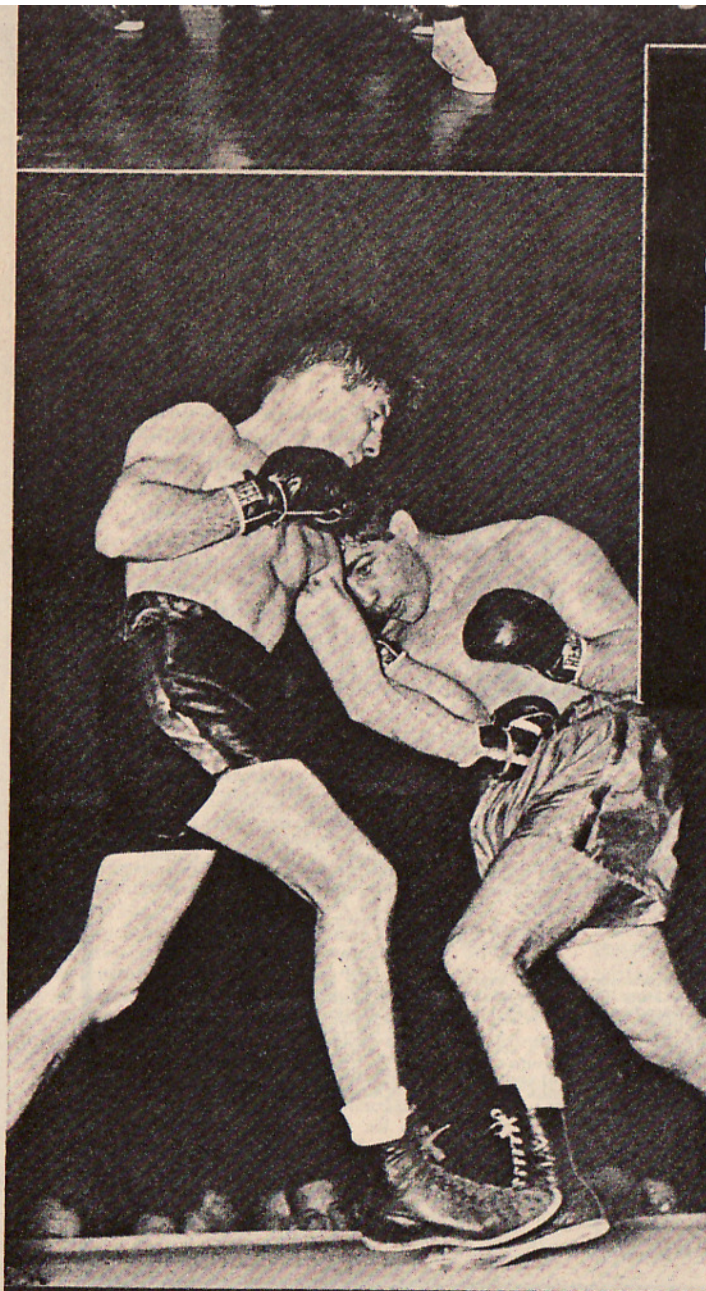
**HELP NEEDED.** Gus Dorazio, Philadelphia heavyweight, gets a helping hand from a GI after Lee Savold knocked him through the ropes at St. Paul, Minn. Dorazio finished the fight but lost decision.



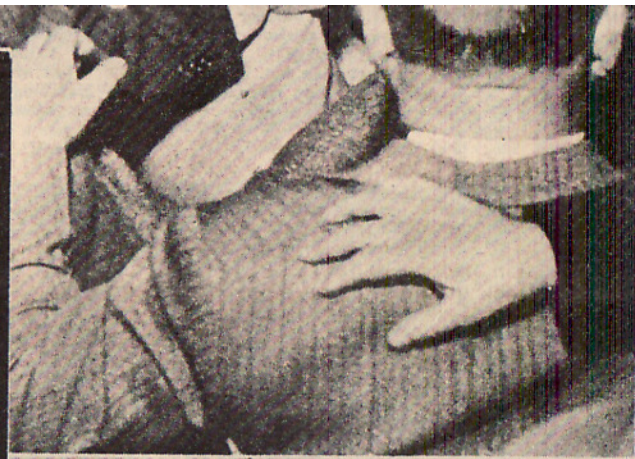
**OFF  
Season  
Is ON  
Again**



# OFF Season Is ON Again



**EX-SOLDIERS.** Bobby Ruffin digs a hard left into the mid-section of Johnny Greco during their 10-round welterweight bout at New York. Ruffin and Greco both discharged GIs, fought to a hot draw.



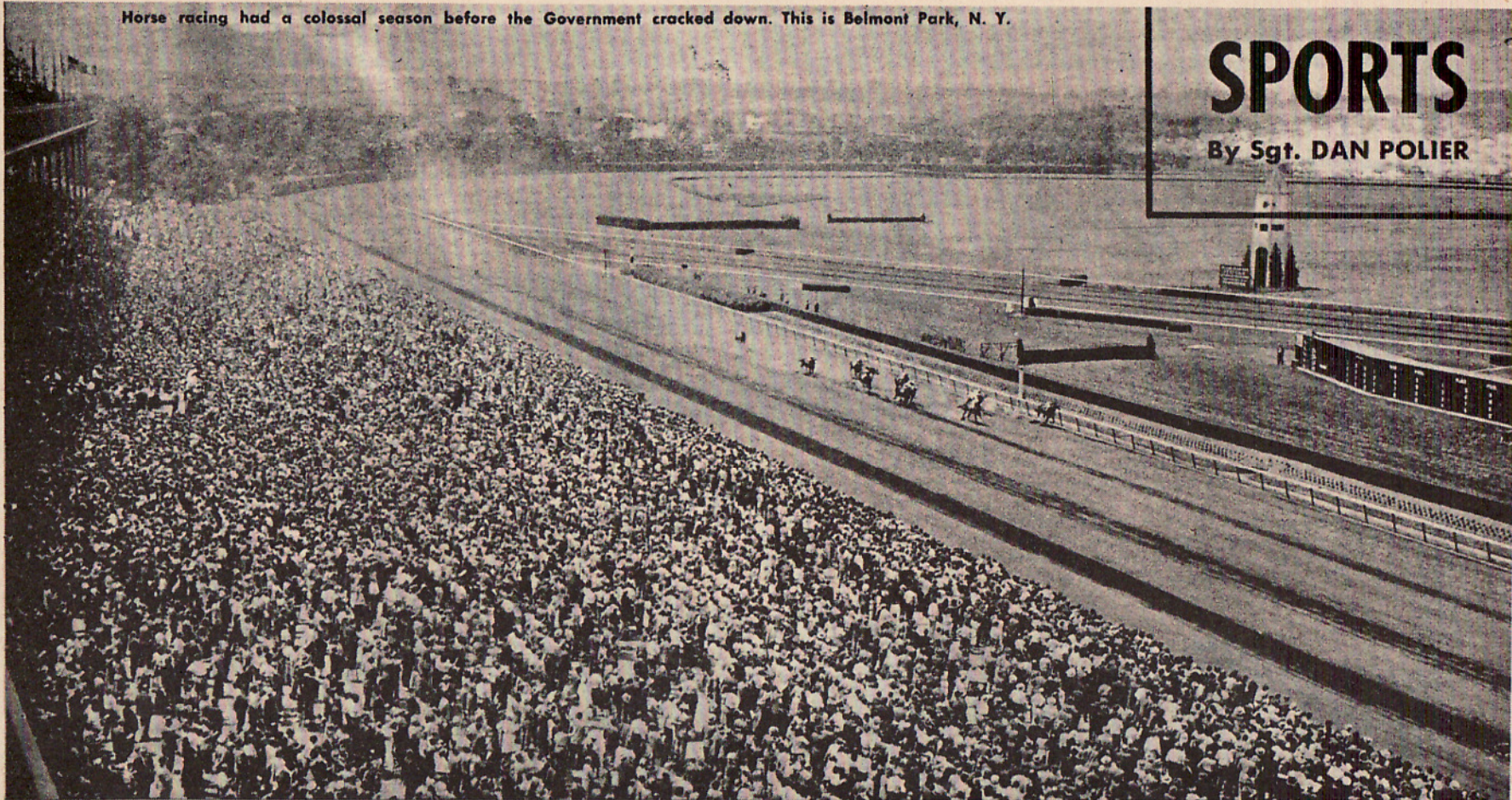
**HOT ICE.** Risking life and limb, Bill Moe (21) of the New York Rangers falls flat on the ice and the puck to break up a first period scoring attempt by the Montreal Canadiens. The classy Canadiens went on to defeat the Rangers, 4-1, at New York.



Horse racing had a colossal season before the Government cracked down. This is Belmont Park, N. Y.

# SPORTS

By Sgt. DAN POLIER



## The 4-F Athlete Takes Another Physical

**A**T the invitation of Mr. James F. Byrnes, War Mobilization Director, the induction medical authorities are getting a closer look at some of the nation's most famous trick knees, busted eardrums and bad backs. Mr. Byrnes, who knows a gifted muscle when he sees one, said he had never been able to understand how an athlete could be unacceptable to the armed forces and still be able to compete in games that place such a high premium on physical fitness. He requested that these 4-Fers be recalled and re-examined.

To prove he wasn't picking on anyone in particular, Mr. Byrnes also cracked down on the race horse, the race track and everything connected with a \$2 mutuel ticket. He or-

sports. Mr. Byrnes' crack-down on racing was a stunning blow to sports but not a fatal one. It was the Byrnes riot act against the two-legged athlete that sounded something akin to a death knell. If, as Mr. Byrnes proposes, all the 4-F operatives are whisked away, it might prove bad all around.

Let us run briefly over the line-up and see how each sport would be affected:

**Baseball** will try to operate regardless of what happens or what's left. It could lose its 4-Fs and still not be completely licked. Club owners will press into service infant prodigies, Latin-American athletes, over-age men or anything that remotely resembles a ball player. They found out last year that you don't have to give the customers major-

trainees. College basketball, likewise, will prosper under the same conditions.

**Golf** undoubtedly will lose heavily under the Byrnes edict. Most of its top-drawer professionals are 4-Fers and their loss would bring the winter tour to a sudden end. There aren't enough good over-age golfers to keep the interest alive.

**Boxing** should seize this opportunity to get rid of its 4-Fers. For the most part they were a poor lot. Solid youngsters like 17-year-old Billy Arnold will be refreshing and a sign of things to come.

**Hockey** will be virtually untouched by the Byrnes order. Most of the players are Canadians, subject to Canadian draft rules.

**Track** capital of the world has been moved



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To prove he wasn't picking on anyone in particular, Mr. Byrnes also cracked down on the race horse, the race track and everything connected with a \$2 mutuel ticket. He ordered all the horse parks to close down and told the jockeys, ticket sellers, bookies and bettors to get into some sort of war work and relieve the manpower shortage. This fade-out of the photo finish came without warning, but there was real cause: in alarming numbers war workers had been deserting their machines to watch the horses run.

It would take a pure Nostradamus to tell you what the future now holds for wartime

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**Pro Football**, which depends entirely on 4-Fers and discharged servicemen, probably will be the first professional sport to throw in the sponge. There was hardly enough talent to go around last year.

**College Football** will be able to survive since it can draw on 17-year-olds and Navy

trainees. College basketball, likewise, will prosper under the same conditions.

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**Track** capital of the world has been moved to Sweden to accommodate Arne Andersson and Gunder Haegg, so it doesn't matter who runs in the U. S. or why.

**Tennis** has nothing to fear. It already operates on a part-time basis with GI talent.

Mr. Byrnes, it seems, has taken a dead aim on sports, and it will be interesting to see what happens. Sports had a hell of a scare right after Pearl Harbor, but bounced back. Just like those 4-Fs Mr. Byrnes wants to re-examine.

## SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

**T**HE touring baseball stars, **Mel Ott**, **Frankie Frisch**, **Dutch Leonard** and **Bucky Walters** were entertaining First Army GIs in Belgium when the great German counteroffensive started. . . . Writing from Greenland, **Cpl. Hank Soar**, the ex-pro football Giant, told coach Steve Owen: "I knew we could beat Washington because all we have to do with them is walk out on the field against them and they're licked." . . . **Capt. Hank Greenberg**, recently returned from China, will ship out again to another theater. . . . **Lt. Col. Tom Riggs**, captain of the 1940 Illinois football team, delayed the German armored drive into St. Vith, Belgium, by setting up a roadblock outside of town and then hitting the foe with all the firepower he could muster from 10 antitank guns. . . . **Lt. (jg) Joe Beggs**, late of the Cincinnati Reds, is commanding a gun crew aboard a merchant ship. . . . **Jimmy Wilson's** son, **Lt. Tom Wilson**, is



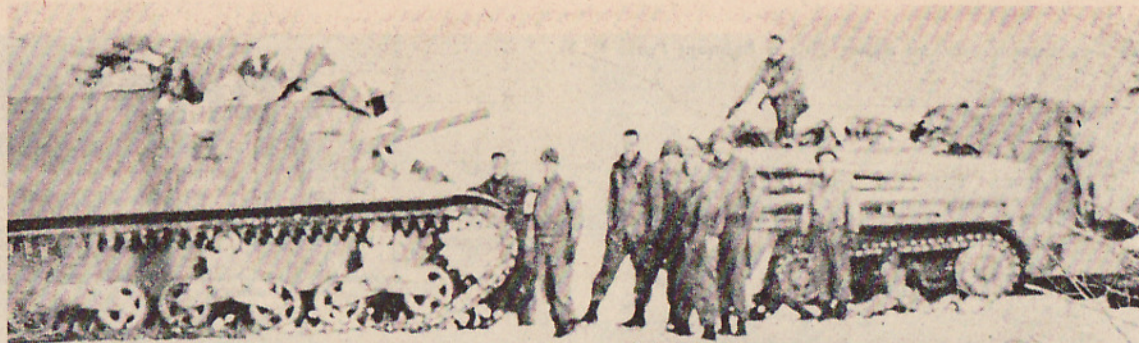
**FRENCH TRIM.** Pfc. Howie Krist, former St. Louis Cardinal pitcher, gets a haircut somewhere in France, where he's serving with the Infantry. Krist pitched in the 1939 Series.

reported missing after a B-29 raid over Tokyo.

. . . **Capt. Benny Sheridan**, one-time Notre Dame backfield star, is now commanding a cavalry outfit at Camp Gordon, Ga. . . . In addition to his regular duties, **Capt. Frank Shields**, former top-ranking U. S. tennis ace, has played more than 40 exhibitions in Britain. . . . During his recent tour of Italy, **Cpl. Billy Conn** rescued a pilot from a burning plane. . . . **S/Sgt. Joe DiMaggio** wants to get it straight once and for all: he hasn't asked for a CDD and has no intentions of asking for one.

. . . **Lt. Col. Marshall Wayne**, 1936 Olympic high-diving champ, returns to Berlin every so often heading a group B-17s. . . . **Killed in action: Capt. Joe Routh**, Texas A & M's All-American guard of 1936-37, in the ETO where he was commander of an infantry company; **Sgt. James Hitt**, former Cleveland Ram end, in Germany with the infantry; **Lt. Dick Good**, quarterback on the 1939-40 Illinois teams, in the ETO. . . . **Wounded in action: Simon (Si) Rosenthal**, Boston Red Sox outfielder in 1925 and 1926, in the ETO when his ship blew up. . . . **Discharged: Sgt. Jimmy Wallace**, former Boston Braves pitcher, from the Army with a CDD.





us a government we liked, a government of Austrians. We had had friendly and close relations with Austria since the last war, when we had fed thousands of starving Austrian children. So they sent us Seyss-Inquart, the Austrian, the Gestapo chief. No, we Dutch are not of the same race as the Germans."

The Dutch, said Auguste, fought the Germans in every way they could. When the Nazis came, the common organizations of the people—the churches and the libraries, the tourist clubs and the social

## Yanks in the ETO



THESE GIs GOT A WARM WELCOME WHEN THEY OFFERED TO HELP A TRIO OF BELGIAN GIRLS ON WASH-DAY AT AMONINES. THE SOLDIERS ARE PFC. ROBERT H. HANSEN, OF EVART, MICH. (LEFT), AND T/5 JOE LAVOIE, OF WEST WARWICK, R.I.

### Land of the Tulips

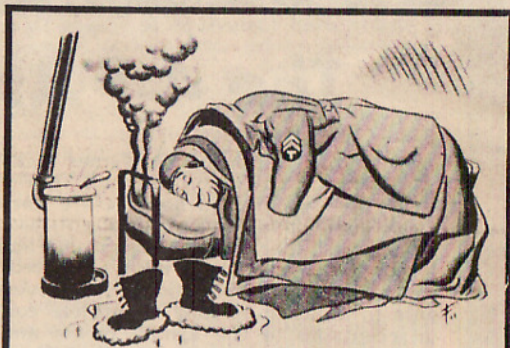
**A**CITY IN HOLLAND—France was great, exhilarating. Being there as a Yank, at the liberation, was like dancing to a Strauss waltz.

I did get to know one Dutchman well enough, a fellow named Auguste. He owned a coffee shop near our post, and all the boys would go there for a cup of homemade coffee once in a while. We'd give

clubs—all became fronts for resistance activity.

One of the most effective anti-German workers was a Dutch Catholic Bishop. With German approval, he organized a "Fund to Aid Victims of Allied Air Raids." The money was collected at church services, but went to support the underground. The Dutch understood this and gave generously.

One day, Auguste told me, Allied planes bombed a bridge in the town. A few of the bombs went wide of the target, destroyed some Dutch homes, and killed many people. It was in a poor section of town, the coalminers' settlement. Amid all the suffering the miners said, "Fine—they destroyed the bridge the Germans use as a supply road to Aachen." Some people, naturally, bemoaned the loss of life, but they were told by others, "It's the Germans' fault, not the Allies'. The Germans don't belong here. It is good work."



### The COUNT

**I**T'S turning out to be a tough winter for the Count, that liver-lipped T/5 whose blood courses through his veins like so much iced lemonade. Dropping by his camp the other day to see how his first January in England had been treating him





THESE GI'S GOT A WARM WELCOME WHEN THEY OFFERED TO HELP A TRIO OF BELGIAN GIRLS ON WASH-DAY AT AMONINES. THE SOLDIERS ARE PFC. ROBERT H. HANSEN, OF EVART, MICH. (LEFT), AND T/5 JOE LAVOIE, OF WEST WARWICK, R.I.

## Land of the Tulips

**A**CITY IN HOLLAND—France was great, exhilarating. Being there as a Yank, at the liberation, was like dancing to a Strauss waltz.

But Holland is another story. Being in Holland is like watching a heavy, tragic Wagnerian opera in a damp, cold opera house.

There is depression here, hunger and fear. It is evident to us all. We've seen it on the wan Dutch faces in the street, and at the dump pile, too. Every day lean people go there to sift through the remains of our food mixed with tobacco stubs.

There are no smiles on the faces of the people, no V signs for us. It doesn't make us too happy, and the buzz-bombs make it harder to take.

The tragedy of Holland is sharp, because it is an advanced country, old with big cities, warm-looking streets, beautiful churches, wide rivers, and many bridges. This must have been a good place to visit in peacetime; today it is sombre. The Germans hurt every little bit of life in it, it seems.

You might also get wrong ideas here. Unlike the French, the Dutch are reserved and hard to meet. Also the Dutch look a lot like Germans to us and speak a language that sounds like German. All this gave us uncomfortable doubts at first. It made us wonder about them and whether we had liberated them or not.

One of the boys saw a little article in *Newsweek* on the liberation of this town and it told of how the Dutch people cheered. I don't doubt they did, but it's hard for us now to picture them showing joy. These people are in a bad way emotionally; they can't stop talking about the war and worrying about it. They're too close to the German border, I guess. And four years of the Gestapo can't be forgotten in one happy day.

Their reticence and unhappy appearance troubled us. We were supposed to be their liberators; yet there was no close contact between us.

I did get to know one Dutchman well enough, a fellow named Auguste. He owned a coffee shop near our post, and all the boys would go there for a cup of homemade coffee once in a while. We'd give him our chocolate ration in payment, usually, because we saw he had some children who needed it.

Over those cups of hot coffee and cigarettes Auguste and I got to talking about things. I asked him about Holland and he said conditions were bad. He smiled wryly and said, "When the Germans pulled out of here they told us, 'Now the Americans are coming. You will have famine, unemployment, and chaos.' They were right."

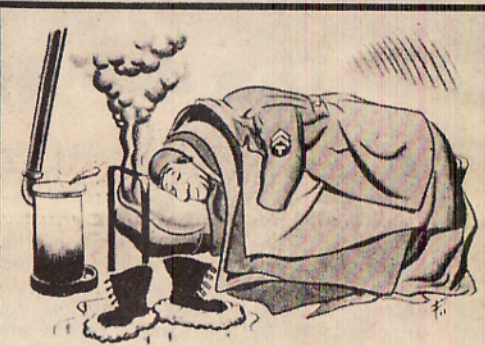
"Right?" I said, hurt. "What do you mean?" "Don't you see?" he replied. "The Germans fixed it that way. They took everything we had for four years—our food and factories and many of our men. Now they are destroying our land in the north by flooding. Of course we will have trouble."

There was something, though, that didn't make sense and it was bothering the whole gang: The Germans had been talking about race for years—how important it was—and here were these Dutch people who looked like Germans to us. Yet the Nazis gave them an awful kicking around.

I asked Auguste about this, timidly. He paused for a few moments, thoughtfully, and then said, "Maybe there is a small resemblance physically. But the real difference is in our minds, in our attitude toward the world and our neighbors."

"The Germans tried to tell us we were related to them too, and that for this reason we must help them. So they made us sacrifice more than the other occupied countries in the way of slave labor for the Reich. All the time they said they were being kind to us in this, that they had invaded us to save us from a British invasion. They promised us our own government and then put the Dutch Fascist Party in control over us. But they were hated by the people and couldn't cope with the situation. The Germans then advertised that they would give

Germans' fault, not the Allies'. The Germans don't belong here. It is good work."



## The COUNT

**I**T'S turning out to be a tough winter for the Count, that liver-lipped T/5 whose blood courses through his veins like so much iced lemonade. Dropping by his camp the other day to see how his first January in England had been treating him, we found him blue with cold, choking with fog, and in general looking as cheerful as a stalk of frost-bitten poison ivy.

"How long is this weather going to last?" he wailed from under a pile of eight or ten blankets that he had filched from his neighbors' cots. "Me teeth has been chattering so bad that all me fillings has fallen out. Me eyes is growing dim from peering for pubs in the gloom of the Northern Lights. Me mouth is full of fog what tastes like spumoni with mustard on it. I can't even go on sick call because all the medics is laid up with flu."

The Count stopped his tirade briefly to bum a cigarette and a light from us. "It is a wonder to me," he went on, "that matches can get hot enough in this country to light. The English, as I discovered by experiment soon after arriving here, do not understand the custom of administering the hot-foot, and now I see why. Their feet is so frozen all the time that they could not get the point of the joke. Right now, it would take a flame-thrower to give me the hot-foot."

It developed that the Count had been making quite a study of the groundhog situation in the U.K. "I have learned," he said, "that in England they do not have the animal which back home is called the woodchuck or groundhog. It is plain to me why this is so. As everybody knows, the purpose of the groundhog is to come out of his hole on Groundhog Day, which is next Friday, and look for his shadow. If he does not see it, there will be six more weeks of winter. Obviously, no one needs a groundhog to tell him there will be six more weeks of winter here. Months, more likely. Besides, the sun sets so fast after it's risen that a groundhog wouldn't have time to get up out of his hole. And anyway, there ain't no sun."

With that, the Count pulled the blankets up over his congealed kisser and lay as one dead.



The injured were taken to the city hospital and members of the NSB (Dutch Fascist Party), trying to capitalize on the suffering, brought them hot soup and bread. The injured refused their offerings and told them to stay away from their beds.

Auguste and I would drink our coffee and he would tell me about those dark times. Sometimes I'd try to make the conversation a bit lighter, and I'd ask him how was Holland in the old days before the war.

"Good," he'd say. "We like to eat a lot and enjoy our living. Often we'd go to Liège or Aachen for a weekend. It was fine."

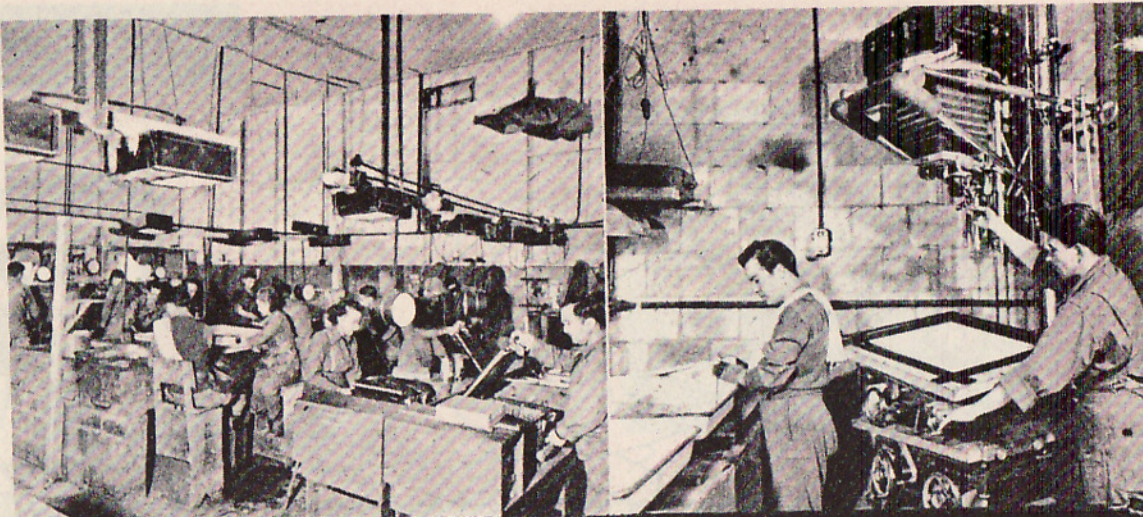
"Fine? How could you ever have had a good time in Germany?"

"Oh," he replied, "the Rhineland is beautiful country, and I had German friends in Aachen and Cologne."

But all those nice weekends, Auguste said, became different in the thirties. He saw the people going out into the country to drill on Sundays. And his friends were becoming poorer, they couldn't entertain him so well anymore. Their food became ersatz and their clothing worn. They'd explain that it was all for the Fatherland. One Sunday they began to kid him by saying Germany could knock out Holland in one day. That hurt Auguste; he



GIs ON PASS IN LONDON VISIT AN ENGLISH FILM STUDIO.



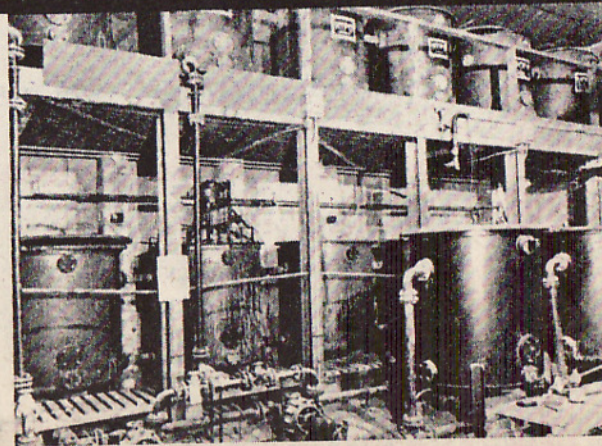
IT IS ESTIMATED THAT 80 PER CENT OF ALL MILITARY-INTELLIGENCE DATA IS OBTAINED FROM AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHS, AND NO MAJOR MOVE IS MADE WITHOUT THEM. TO PREPARE FOR THE LIBERATION OF EUROPE, AN 8TH AIR FORCE RECONNAISSANCE WING UNDER COL. ELLIOTT ROOSEVELT SET UP THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIR-PICTURE LABORATORY, SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND. LEFT, ABOVE, ARE SOME OF THE 300 TECHNICIANS WORKING IN THE CONTACT-PRINTING DEPARTMENT, WHILE ON THE RIGHT, TWO GIs ARE BUSY WITH THE PROJECTION PRINTERS USED TO CORRECT THE SCALE OF PICTURES. BELOW, IS THE CHEMICAL-MIXING DEPARTMENT OF THE LABORATORY, WHICH RUNS 24 HOURS A DAY AND TURNS OUT ABOUT TWO MILLION PRINTS EVERY MONTH. THE "PRINT FACTORY" IS SUPERVISED BY MAJOR A. G. SPEARS.

wondered what ever made them think of that. He couldn't get the joke and yet he couldn't forget it. He stopped going to Aachen.

The Dutch people would like to teach us some kind of the hate they now have for the Germans. They believe this emotion is necessary to beat Germany to a point where she can never start another war. Holland is tiny and fears a peace that might give Germany a chance to start operating in her own inimitable way all over again.

The Allies have liberated this city in Holland, but it is like the little child you see in "Cross the Streets Carefully" posters—the little girl who was hit by a car and is now being carried in the arms of a big, kind man to a doctor. Holland is that broken child to me, wanting so much to mend and live normally again.

—By Cpl. JOE SCHIFFMAN  
YANK Field Correspondent



### Too Tall?

Dear YANK:

I am 6 feet 7 inches tall and I cannot seem to get placed in any branch or outfit where I fit. When I was drafted they put down my height as 6 feet 4 inches, and I have never been able to get it changed.

I have never been issued any clothing that comes within inches of fitting. I have bought all my class A clothes in order to get off the post on a pass. Since the OD season came on I've been

## What's Your Problem?

Letters to this department should bear writer's full name, social number and military address.

get only the insurance money, because the insurance cuts off any possibility of a pension. Which of us is right?

Hawaii

—Cpl. JACK DERRING

■ You are right. No matter how much insurance a GI has, his wife gets a widow's pension if he is killed in action. One thing has nothing to do with the other, and the GI who has the foresight to buy National Service Life Insurance is only giving his family added protection.

### Points for Wives



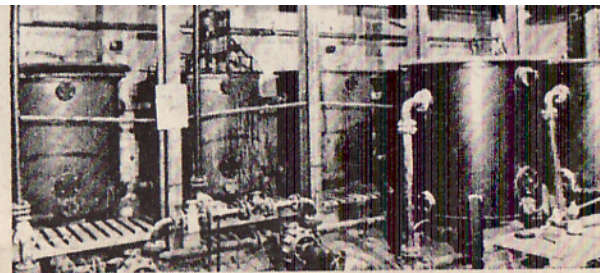


GIs ON PASS IN LONDON VISIT AN ENGLISH FILM STUDIO.

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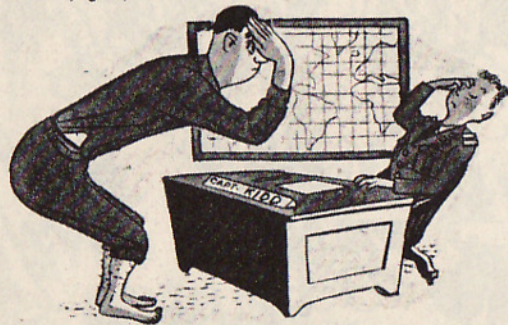
I have never been issued any clothing that comes within inches of fitting. I have bought all my class A clothes in order to get off the post on a pass. Since the OD season came on I've been confined to the post because I do not have a proper-fitting uniform.

Is there any way I can be discharged on account of my height?

Fort Monmouth, N. J.

—(Name Withheld)

■ You may be eligible for a discharge under the provisions of WD Cir. No. 370 (1944), which states that men who are presently below the physical standards for induction and for whom no suitable assignment exists may be discharged. According to paragraph 13 of MR 1-9, men who are over 78 inches in height are not acceptable for service. That extra inch may get you out.



## State Bonuses

Dear YANK:

One of the boys here says that a number of states are giving returning soldiers \$10 for every month over six months they have spent in the Army. Can you tell us which states have voted bonuses for their veterans?

France

—S/Sgt. MELVIN RAND

■ The only states which have voted cash bonuses for returning GIs are Vermont and New Hampshire. Both states pay off on the basis of length of service. The maximum paid by New Hampshire is \$100; by Vermont, \$120.

# What's Your Problem?

Letters to this department should bear writer's full name, serial number and military address.

## Maternity Care

Dear YANK:

My wife, an American citizen, is now living with her parents in Canada. One of the reasons she is in Canada is that she expects a baby next spring and prefers being with her folks at that time. Will she be able to get the maternity benefits under the Emergency Maternity and Infants' Care Plan while she is there? If so, how does she apply for this care?

Italy

—Pvt. WILLIAM POSTEN

■ Your wife will not be able to get EMIC care while she is in Canada. Maternity benefits under EMIC are administered by the individual states and can be granted to a GI's wife only if she is in the United States.

## Merchant Marine Ribbons

Dear YANK:

I served in the Merchant Marine before joining the Navy. Now I wonder if I can wear my Merchant Marine ribbons on my Navy uniform without violating regulations. Can I?

FPO, San Francisco

—JAMES R. BENSON S2c

■ You can. The November issue of the *Information Bulletin of the Bureau of Personnel, U. S. Navy*, states that such ribbons may be worn by Navy personnel who earned them while serving in the Merchant Marine. Army personnel are also authorized to wear such ribbons, according to WD Cir. No. 328 (1943).

## Insurance and Pensions

Dear YANK:

I have been having an argument over my GI insurance, and I sure would appreciate it if you'd set me straight. I contend that if I am killed in action my wife gets not only a monthly payment on my insurance but also a widow's pension. My buddy says that in such a case my wife would

get only the insurance money, because the insurance cuts off any possibility of a pension. Which of us is right?

Hawaii

—Cpl. JACK DERRING

■ You are right. No matter how much insurance a GI has, his wife gets a widow's pension if he is killed in action. One thing has nothing to do with the other, and the GI who has the foresight to buy National Service Life Insurance is only giving his family added protection.

## Points for Wives

Dear YANK:

In all the articles on demobilization I notice that points will be given for dependents but none of them say just how many points a wife rates. Can you tell me how many points are given for a wife and what the other items are that count toward point credits under the plan?

Alaska

—Pvt. GEORGE STANLEY

■ No points will be given for a wife. The only dependents who rate points are children. To date there has been no official announcement of the number of points that will be given for any of the items credited under the plan.



## Rank and Schooling

Dear YANK:

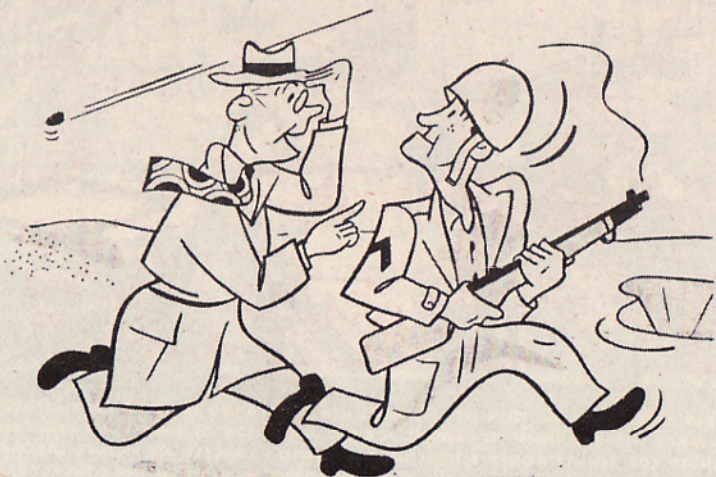
A few weeks ago I appeared before an OCS board and I hear that I may really get a chance to go to OCS in a short while. However, since then I have heard that commissioned officers do not get in on the benefits of the GI Bill of Rights and I have begun to wonder whether I should go through with my OCS application. Is it a fact that officers cannot get free schooling under the GI Bill of Rights?

Britain

—(Name Withheld)

■ Your information is not correct. Officers have the same right to the benefits of the GI Bill of Rights as enlisted men. Rank is no bar to these rights once you get your discharge and become a veteran.

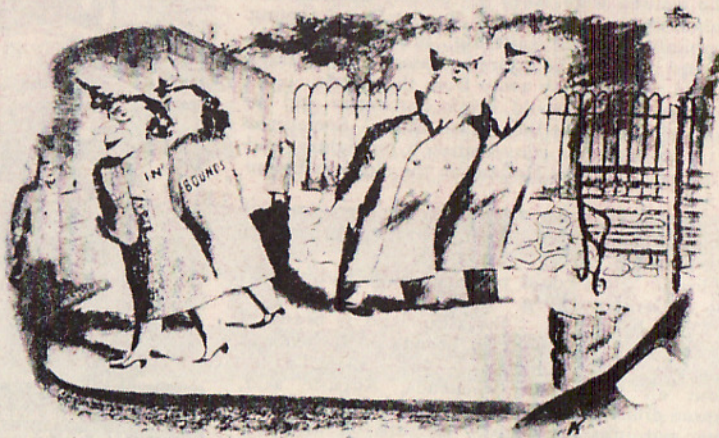




Phillip's

"I THOUGHT I'D TAG ALONG AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO MY \$18.75 WAR BOND."

—Sgt. F. Phillips



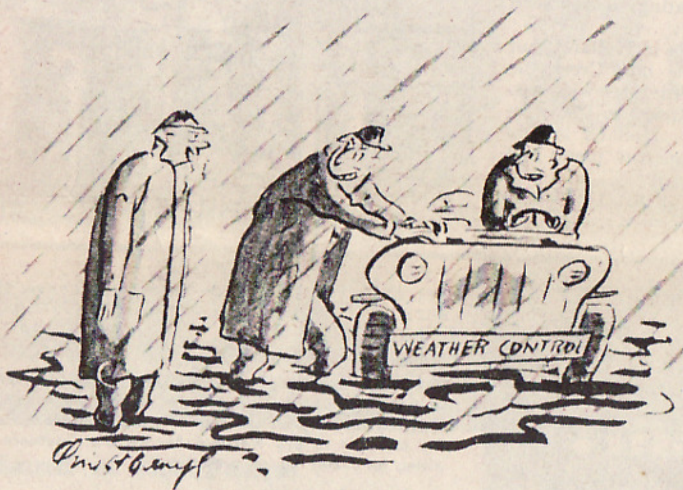
—Pfc. Joseph Kramer

# YANK

THE ARMY



WEEKLY



Chris Gump

"WELL, WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU LAUGHING AT?"







"WELL, WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU LAUGHING AT?"  
—Sgt. Ozzie St. George



"WE CAN'T TAKE PRISONERS, CAN WE, SIR?"  
—Pvt. Tom Flannery



"I'M JUST NOT HAPPY HERE."  
—Pfc. Frank Dorsay